

I'm Alive

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Flora, daughter of Xellos and Filia deals with inner sufferings and who she is.

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Chapter 1 - I'm Alive

2

1 - I'm Alive

I'm Alive

Flora knelt to the ground, wincing, nursing her wounded left arm. Through slotted eyes she glared at her opponent, Sherra. She flicked Flora's blood splats from her face, striking a feral smirk. Flora breathed in hard, sweat dripping from her brow.

"Just give up and go home child, before I have to get serious." The Mazoku warned, raising her palm offensively.

Ftttp! Flora was gone, materializing behind Sherra. She gripped the woman's plait, swinging her high, slamming her into a cliff. Indented, Sherra pushed out of the crevice, attempting to control her balance.

"My, my, so the Abomination has become a crafty one," Sherra let a laugh pass her lips before spitting to the side. "But, my dear Miss Metallium – "

Flora stared, pondering if she should take an offensive or defensive stance. "But?"

A sharp pain stabbed into her right side. Shocked and winded, Flora fell forward, wheezing. A puddle of blood trickled from her side as she lay twitching. Flora gasped, a heel digging into her back. Sherra looked down at her, smirking at the golden wings ebbing out.

"Hah, such reactions!" Mocked Sherra, twisting around her heel. "You are such a weakling, Abomination. To think, Xellas Metallium had such high hopes for her weapon," Sherra paused, giggling to herself. "I meant: grandchild. Pardon me. Child, you a mockery to all things that are and ever will be, as a creature of L-Sama it is my duty to eliminate you."

Flora closed her eyes, bracing herself. "But, I shall allow you to live. For now anyway. More fun that way." Sherra kicked Flora's wound, tracing back from her. On a whim, she looked back, admiring her handy work. "Face me again some time, Abomination, I'd love to hear you scream some more."

When you call on me
When I hear you
Breathe
I get wings to fly
I feel that I'm alive

"I am a mockery to all things that are and ever will be, huh?" Flora quietly said to herself, resting her back against her house. Flora slid down to the ground, admiring the sun setting over the hills. "The sun looks so beautiful and feels so warm, do I truly mock something so majestic?"

Flora closed her amethyst eyes, her thick dark purple fringe casting a dark shadow over half her pale face. "I'm a...I'm a..."

A warm feeling came over her. Flora opened her eyes. A pale blue gloved hand stroked her head.
“Good afternoon, Papa.”

When you look at me
I can touch the sky
I know that I'm alive

“Sherra, damn that wench,” sneered Xellos, casting a Mazoku healing spell over Flora’s wounds. “I may have to have words with her master for this – “

“No, Papa, please don’t,” sighed Flora, lying on top of her bed. “This is between me and Sherra, I don’t want Dynast or anyone else involved.”

Xellos nodded, finishing off his spell. “Very well.”

“Another thing, could you please not let Mama or the others know of my ordeal? I don’t want them to worry...”

Xellos smiled. “Agreed. However, in return you have to do something for me.”

Flora rolled over to face him, smiling back. “And what is that?”

He tapped her nose with his index finger, grinning. “That is a secret.”

When you bless
The day
I just drift away
All my worries die
I'm glad that I'm
Alive

Xian sat in the corner of his mother’s mace and antique shop, molding a vase. He hummed to himself cheerfully, occasionally watching for customers. In the backroom he could faintly hear his older brother Val, and Filia, their mother, converse as they painted ceramics.

“Wow, looking good!” Beamed Flora, appearing behind Xian. Xian, shrieked, the wheel whipped around, clay splattered into his face.

Flora rubbed the back of her head. “Well it was looking good, sorry for that bro.”

Her twin picked out a piece of clay from his long blonde fringe. He gave Flora a disgruntled glare, easing his temper. “I can always make another. Where have you been today? Since last night you’ve been really quiet, and today you decided to vanish off the face of the planet.”

Flora sat cross-legged on the hard wooden floor, placing her silver staff beside her. “I’ve been trying to sharpen my skills. So today I ventured into a Dragon valley and picked a fight with a few – “

“Flora,” sternly grimaced Xian, his sapphire eyes glowing a dangerous amethyst. “Flora I cannot believe you!”

A lump of soft, wet clay tumbled to the ground. Flora scooped it up, tossing it in her hands. “It’s not like I killed any, heck, I didn’t even injure any of them.” Her head lowered. “Truly a disappointment to the Metalliums.”

Xian placed both hands on his knees, considering the situation. “I see. So you want to be known as a Dragon hunter?”

Flora threw the clay at his head; his hand reached up, and caught it before it connected. “Xian, you’re a moron.”

“Why couldn’t you hurt them?” He suddenly inquired. “You are strong enough, it is a fact. I am strong enough after all.”

Flora looked into his sapphire eyes. Verbal language escaping her.

You’ve set my heart
On fire
Filled me with love
Made me a woman on
Clouds above

Flora flipped through a book in the Seyruun Royal library. The text was very old, and she doubted most could read it. That included her. Flora slipped the book back in its place as she heard approaching footsteps. The figure halted itself at the entrance of the library. Flora readied a smile, expecting the crown Princess. To her surprise it was not Princess Zelicia, but Prince Amaron, the princess’s year younger brother. The two stood in a moment’s silence, before the prince strolled into the room, taking out a small thick book from a shelf at level with his head. Flora blinked, cautious.

Amaron silently made his way to Flora, holding the book against one of her breasts. Flora went wide eyed.

“I was right,” Amaron quietly announced. “This book is exactly as big as your breasts.”

THUMP! Amaron slammed to the marble ground headfirst. Flora withdrew her staff, tapping her foot on the ground. “You pervert.”

Amaron coughed, looking up innocently. “I’m a keen observer, it’s in my nature. Just like being happy and cute is in yours.” He struck a warm smile. Flora whacked him again. “Is that so?”

I couldn’t get
Much higher
My spirit takes flight
‘Cause I am alive

CLINK! CLANK! Steel clashed against steel in a blaze of light. Two warriors darted around across the grass in a brilliant ballet of clever moves. A tall blonde pushed her opponent back with brute force. The stone skinned girl flipped back, charging at the blonde like a bull.

“That’s it,” she sneered. “Astral vine!” The sword lit up crimson. Her opponent huffed.

“Zelicia, we agreed magic wasn’t to be used.” Frowned Leila Gabriev, placing the blade of her sword before her. Though Leila could easily have called upon the power of the Courage Blade, her ego said it was unnecessary. The blade of Zelicia’s sword clashed with Leila’s, Leila circled around, slashing her sword blunt side down over Zelicia’s stony arm. The sword fell from her hand. “shoot.” Leila presented her sword to her friend’s neck. The tall blonde smiled kindly.

From behind a tree came an enthused clap. Leila withdrew her blade, blinking.

“Flora,” grumbled Zelicia, kneeling to take back her father’s sword.

Flora sauntered up to them, smiling as always. “That was very enjoyable my friends.” She turned to face Zelicia. “You cheated though, so very UNJUST!”

Zelicia rolled her large blue eyes. “Yeah, yeah.”

Leila sheathed her sword to the side, pulled back her long fringe. “How have you been Flora? We haven’t seen you in a while, you know, we’ve missed you very much.”

Flora giggled, observing the leave of Zelicia’s gaze. “Oh, my, really? Even Zelly?!”

Zelicia casually punched Flora on the head. “Of course. I need you for target practice after all.”

“Of course,” giggled Flora, opening one eye. “Can I ask you two a question? It’s rather – important.”

The two nodded. The three had been as close as sisters as long as they could recall, the question was a foolish one.

Flora sat back on her golden tail. “Why am I weak?”

Leila and Zelicia cocked an eyebrow. “You’re – weak?”

When you call on me
When I hear you
Breathe
I get wings to fly
I feel that I’m alive

Xala totted around the bench squawking like a baby bird. The hatchling squawked as her mother stirred soup at the stove. Flapping her wings, Xala stepped over the edge of the bench, squealing as she plummeted to the tiled floor. A gloved hand reached down to catch her.

“Xala, you’re such an accident prone brat,” huffed Flora, placing her baby sister on the bench.

Filia turned around. “Hello Flora, thank you so much for helping Xala. It’s good to see you two getting along.”

“No probyeeeeow!” Flora nursed her bitten finger, growling as the hatchling teetered away, tail up behind her. Flora glared. The child would pay dearly later.

Tapping the wooden spoon on the edge of the pot, Filia sat down at the bench, pouring herself and Flora a cup of tea. Flora lifted the cup to her mouth, taking a hearty sip. “Oh dear,” sighed Filia. “In a rough spot I see.”

“You can tell?”

Filia nodded. “Of course. I chug down tea whenever I’m frustrated like hell. I often go through thirty pots an hour.”

“What could possibly cause that?”

“Hello, hello.” Xellos appeared behind Filia.

Filia drank down the rest of the tea in her cup. “Oh...a few things...”

Xellos helped himself to a cup of tea. “Ah, I needed that. Filia my dear, you make the most delicious and refreshing tea!”

“I did use those herbs you brought home last week after all.”

Xellos set down his teacup. “Nay, it was you who brought out all the flavors of the herbs. I doubt anyone else could have done so.”

Filia blushed. “Ah, it was nothing. Tell me, where did you get them from? I’ve never seen anything like them before.”

Xellos sat up, widening his smile. “That is a secret.”

Before Flora knew it, her father was smashed to the ground courtesy of her mother’s mace. Filia withdrew Mace-Sama with a huff. Xala leaped off the bench, landing on Xellos’s stomach, crawling up to his face. She leant down and began to lick his cheek.

Filia smiled proudly to Flora. “Sometimes dealing with your problems is just as satisfying as easing the stress with tea – even if it is temporary.” She looked down at Xellos, who chuckled as Xala licked his cheek. “The problem may not go away immediately, but you’ll feel all the more better for teaching it a lesson.”

Flora beamed a smile. “Hmm...somehow I don’t think your tactic is working with Papa...”

“I know,” sighed Filia.

When you reach
For me
Raising spirits high
God knows that

Flora soared through the air in Dragon form, well away from the prying eyes of Humans. The wind under her wings and clouds around her left her at ease. Peering below at the ocean, Flora admired dolphins playing. Their carefree nature reminded her of her father’s happy exterior, and her own. Dolphins were such happy creatures, yet incredibly hard working and constantly weary of predators. I’m just like you, Flora reflected. She smiled inwardly, building up speed. Playtime! The young Dragon looped through the air, giddy with joy.

That I’ll be the one
Standing by
Through good and
Through
Trying times

“Like some company?”

Flora caught the breeze, gliding. An Ancient Dragon glided in next to her, level with her smaller body.

“What are you doing out here, Val?” Flora almost demanded.

Val nudged her with his wing. “Ah, don’t be like that, sis. Zelicia came by the shop today and told me you’ve been acting strange – well, stranger than usual at least.”

Flora flapped her wings, going ahead. Val caught up with her. “So tell, what’s on your mind.”

“That’s none of your, or anyone else’s concern, big brother.”

Val sighed. “Could you at least tell me where you’re headed?”

Flora looked at him. “Why, to the Kakkato Mountains, can’t you tell?”

“You want to see the Claire Bible...?” The Ancient Dragon almost lost his voice at the notion. “But why?”

His sister flapped harder, calling back, “I need to know!”

“Know what?!” But she was gone from sight. Val floated in midair. “Oh, Flora.”

*And it’s only begun

I can't wait for the

Rest of my life*

Black and gold sprinkled the blue sky with swarms of Dragons, all circling over a seemingly normal mountain. One Golden Dragon felt a familiar approach, a dangerous visitor. He landed near on a ridge, watching a young Golden Dragon swoop down toward the ridge. She landed in front of him, folding her wings.

"Greetings, Miss Metallium."

The two Dragons glowed, morphing their forms to that of humans. Flora grinned. "And greetings to you too, Mr. Milgasia. I expect you know what I want."

The now handsome blonde man stared at her. "Why do you wish to speak to the Claire Bible, child?"

Flora cracked a menacing smile. "That is a secret."

Milgasia stood silent, Flora eagerly awaited a reply. If he refused she would cause him pain, if he allowed her, she would finally discover a way to defeat Sherra. He opened his mouth to speak. Flora gasped in anticipation. Milgasia simply said, "Your father says it better."

Flora tipped to the side. "Huh?!"

He walked away from her, in the opposite direction of the Claire Bible's track.

"Hey, where do you think you are going?! The Claire Bible's that way?!" Hissed Flora.

Milgasia stopped in his tracks, not bothering to face her. "You are not eligible to speak with the Claire Bible, Miss Metallium."

"Oh?" Demanded Flora, tightening her grip on her staff. "Because I'm an...an abomination!"

Milgasia turned his head to the side, one eye facing Flora. "No. Your answer does not lie within the Claire Bible's knowledge."

Flora's tail sprung out with rage. "Oh and where does it lie then, huh?"

Milgasia smiled. "In the Sea of Chaos."

"You mean, with the Lord of Nightmares?" Flora giggled. "Do you know how insane that sounds, Mr. Milgasia?"

"Then look for it within your own chaos, and make two problems become one."

Flora scratched her head. "Man, I have no idea what you're saying!"

Milgasia carried on walking. Flora glared in confused. "Damn it."

When you call on me
When you reach
For me
I get wings to fly
I feel that

"Maybe he meant divide and conquer..." Flora wondered, chewing on a wheat stalk, watching the sun set once more. "My own chaos...my life is a mountain of chaos, which is expected for being a Halfling I guess." Flora sighed. "Maybe that's my problem, I was born too chaotic." Flora rested her staff, stretching down on her stomach, looking up at the sun. "I do mock you."

"Indeed you do."

A shock ran through Flora's spine. The wheat stalk tumbled from her mouth. "Sherra."

When you bless

The day
I just drift away
All my worries die
I know that I'm alive

Sherra folded her arms, leaning on the tree, watching as Flora dashed to her feet. "So, Abomination, ready to die or what?"

Flora stepped back.

"Ho, ho, look at this!" Cackled Sherra. "The cocky little girl is actually scared." Sherra pretended to wipe away a tear, smirking.

Flora growled. "It just so happens I've been training to defeat you."

"Ah yes, news traveled to me today that the eldest female abomination had taken on a group of Dragons in her Dragon form and, well, lost. Such a pity," Sherra shook her head, smirking. "You suck as a Mazoku, and suck even more as a Dragon, honestly kid, why don't you just end your misery, do yourself a favor."

"You mean, do you a favor."

Sherra shrugged. "That too. L-Sama knows you were not meant to be."

Flora stepped back, wielding her staff. Two wings slowly grew from her back. A small, innocent smile swept over her face. "But I am alive. And I am happy, with family and with friends." Two golden wings had fully grown.

Sherra tilted one eyebrow. “You’re becoming a Dragon? You do realize that would make your situation more dangerous, right?”

“Yes, I know,” she simply replied, positioning herself for an attack. “You see, I understand now why I lost to you, and why I lost to the Dragons. I saw being a Dragon and a Mazoku as two problems, not as one, and so…”

“And so?” She yawned.

“And so I couldn’t see myself,” Flora grinned ferally, her aura’s power increasing.

Sherra’s eyes widened.

“Flora the Dragon and Flora the Mazoku don’t exist. Just Flora – the Abomination.” Her feral smile faded to a kind smile. “I may not win against you today, but at least I’ll battle as myself.”

Sherra readied herself for combat, caught off-guard by her opponent’s tranquil composure.

I get
Wings to fly

Xellos stood by the house nursing his sleeping baby, admiring the first stars of the evening. He smiled curiously when Flora stumbled toward him. Her closed her torn, and her movements uncoordinated.

“Did you keep your promise?”

Flora staggered past him, pushing the door open, her tail the last thing to enter the house. Xellos grinned.

God knows that I’m alive

By: Flora Metallium (Samantha Hill)

A word from the author: Do we all like Flora? She’s supposed to be mischievous and genki – usually. Just imagine her as a not so evil Xellos-sama. *^^* This was my first song fic, I don’t think I did too bad. Think I should do more? I enjoyed writing it, and I hope you enjoyed reading it.