

Wonderland

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Prince Ennwn has been sheltered all his life until his 18th birthday where he's thrust the responsibility of being the King and then kidnapped! Now he must team up with a poor thief from his kingdom and get away safely and make it to 'Wonderland'.

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1 - Chapter 01

“Prince Ennwn, it is time to wake up. Today is the day your father is sent to the front in Spalil.” Ennwn just rolled over in his bed and pulled the covers over his head before asking, voice muffled by the pillows, “Do I really have to be present for this?”

“Prince Ennwn, he is your father!”

“He is the seed that impregnated my mother.” Ennwn sat up and glared, golden eyes shimmering, “He is nothing more than that to me.”

The servant that had awoken him stepped back some and then bowed to her prince, leaving the room and shutting the door behind her.

Ennwn sat up, running a hand through his long hair then stretched. He rose to his feet and unbuttoned his shirt as he made his way to the bathroom, where his large golden tub filled with water at just the right temperature. He pulled off the shirt and his pants and underwear, putting them through the laundry chute. He slipped into the tub and looked at the window, pulling the curtains away to look outside. He saw in the other buildings, servants running around with flowers, food, and messages. Up and down the stairs, outside to get to another building...it seemed like such a big occasion. His dad was just leaving for a while, and then coming back...he did it every few months since the war started. No big deal, right? He was tired of having ceremonies.

The royal prince ran a hand through his long green hair and slid more into the bath water, getting his hair wet. A smile touched his face as he heard the noises underwater. The water sloshing back and forth as he shifted backwards and forwards, his finger nails tapping on the bottom of the tub. He liked to imagine he was at the bottom of the sea, not up in his tower, secluded from everything and every one. He'd never been outside of the castle. All the places he'd ever seen had been in books; picture book that he read as a child and still kept. They now had him reading books about battle strategies. Books about how terrible the other countries are and how great their allies are. Books so biased, Ennwn constantly had to wonder how true it all was, if it was really just a conspiracy.

Ever since the war started, Ennwn's life had been so crazy. It started just a few days before his tenth birthday. Now? It was seven years later and his birthday was coming up. This was the anniversary of the first day of the Avius-Refolia War. Always learning how to fight with a bow and arrow- the traditional royal Avius family weapon- how to hold proper feasts and where to be when, all the duties of the king, because should the King die, Ennwn would be the one to take over. He was the eldest of 23 children that he never spoke to. And even though he knew little about his father he knew enough to suspect that there were others outside of the kingdom.

“Prince Ennwn, I've brought your clothes for the ceremony.”

Ennwn sat up in the bathtub and looked at the servant, smile gone, “Go.”

The woman bowed and left. The prince finished cleaning himself and got out of the tub, drying himself off with a large, fluffy towel. He looked in the mirror and started at his reflection, “...Who am I...?” He asked himself then dropped the towel on the floor and pulled on his clothes. They were Avius royal colors. Light blue clothes with a white scarf that wrapped around his neck, over his shoulder and around his waist. He pulled on his white gloves and buttoned up his jacket. He brushed his hair out making sure

his pride and joy looked perfect. He brought the end of his hair up to the back of his head and clipped it with his favorite red hair clip, the end of his hair just visible at the top of his head. He put on his helmet that signified his "Princelyhood" the servants always said. It was nothing more than a blue helmet with red gems in the center that was shaped like a diamond, the bottom coming down and separating his eyes. On the sides were wings, two on each side, all four spread out majestically.

He stared at him self in the mirror and shook his head at himself, walking back to his room. There he was surrounded by five of his servants who proceeded to lint roll him from head to toe, shine his shoes over again and fix the faux wings on his helmet. They applied a bit of make up to make his features pop, mainly his royal golden eyes. Another servant came over to him with a necklace and put it around his neck.

"Your mother...I know she'd like to be present." Said the servant, clipping the necklace on.

"I know. And yet I don't know." Ennwn sighed, "I can fix /myself/..."

Yet the servants didn't stop till they were done, finishing him off with a cape.

Ennwn walked past them and out the door, only to be met with the palace guards who led him along the golden corridors of his palace, the designs drawn with gems cut to perfection and place into the walls of gold; the sun shown through the open windows, causing it all to sparkle beautifully. It hurt the prince's eyes.

Soon though, after a maze of stairs and numerous turns, they were outside in the courtyard where he could hear the cheering of people. They walked to the gates and there was a large stage with stairs leading to the top. This way, Ennwn never left the castle and the people never got inside the palace grounds. He saw his father talking with his adviser about the speech and what would be happening. Ennwn, much to his dislike, was led to him.

"Ah, there you are, Ennwn Ralael."

Ennwn simply nodded in greeting, silently making it known he didn't want to be here, but knew it was his duty.

"All you have to do this time is stand there and smile," He assured him and clapped his shoulder.

"I now present to you..."

"That's our cue," The King said walking to the stairs to with Ennwn in tow.

"...His majesty, King Yurek and Prince Ennwn Ralael!"

At the top of the stairs and onto the stage, Ennwn had a smile plastered onto his face, waving at the hundreds of people in the crowd. Once the crowd had settled down and became relatively quiet, his father began to talk.

"As you, my fellow Avians, know, I must once again return to the front line of the war. Every year I have gone to help raise the moral of our troops and encourage the fighting to better protect our country from being invaded. I will help with the battle strategies and soon, we will win this war. I know there have been a great many losses but always remember, they died in something they believed in. They died for you, their family and their friends. They died for the kingdom, for Avius." The crowd proceeded to cheer, some cried. Ennwn just clapped politely as he was taught to do.

"And should I not make it back from the front, as I have said before, my dear son Ennwn Ralael will be crowned your king. Dare I say he is just like me and will continue to fight this war until we have won!" Again, more cheering, some were still crying. Ennwn smiled but it killed him to smile at this on the inside. Had his father not started to talk again about other important issues, Ennwn would have stopped the

speech and stood up to him. He was nothing like his father from what he could tell. And if he was, how could his father know? He was never around him. He was surprised the man had remembered his name. The adviser probably told him what it was.

A half an hour later, Ennwn was allowed to leave the stage with his father as he had finished the speech. They were lead by guards to the palace, Ennwn separating from his father to go to his room. There was no “good bye” not even “I’ll see you at dinner”. They left quietly and quickly.

Ennwn left the guards outside and shut and locked his door. He went to his window seat and settled in against the wall. His walls had been painted over, littered in pictures. It was his sanctuary; when he managed to get in alone and lock the door that is. He saw the people started to leave, and then looked up to the sky.

His room was the highest tower. He was closest to the clouds, closest to the sun, closest to the sky that he longed to fly in. But there were “too many dangers” the servants told him. The enemy could be lurking about anywhere. They could be waiting for him to fly out and then kill him. Ennwn rolled his eyes at the thought and got up, walking over to his closet, pulling his gloves off and tossing them onto the floor. He pulled out his easel and blank canvas and set it by the window. He pulled out the paint pallet and poured the different paints onto it and then took his jacket off, leaving his under shirt on so he wasn’t so hot, not because he actually cared about ruining his clothes. They could be replaced after all. He let his hair down and opened the window, letting the wind in and blowing his hair back. He closed his eyes and picked up his paintbrush. He tilted his head down and looked at the pain, creating colors and placing them onto the canvas.

He painted for about an hour until he was interrupted by a servant knocking on the door, “Prince Ennwn, I have brought you your lunch. You missed breakfast because you got up so late...so it’s extra special. Baked with all my love...!”

Ennwn sighed and set the brush down, “Essiel. Leave the food and the door and leave.”

“But my prince, I want to make sure it is satisfactory to you!”

Ennwn set the pallet down and walked to the door, unlocking it and opening it. The small servant boy paraded in and unfolded a small table and pulled a chair over, single handedly and set his food on it, “There you are~”

“Essiel, you’re going to get thrown in the dungeon if you keep this up...”

“As long as you’re the one to sentence it, I don’t care,” Essiel said dreamily.

Ennwn stood with a glare and a frown, but unlike the others, Essiel wasn’t scared off. It made him squeal, “I love that face- it’s one of my favorite expressions...” He said with a sigh. Ennwn gave up and took a seat, eating. While he didn’t answer Essiel’s questions of, “Is it good? Do you like it? It’s all right, right? Would you like more? Is it the best you’ve ever had?” Ennwn did like it. He liked Essiel’s cooking and Essiel was a nice person...but Essiel is a servant and Essiel could be killed for this. But nothing he did to push him away stopped him for showing up at his bedroom door with ‘food baked with love’.

“Can you leave now?” Ennwn asked, mid-bite.

“But you didn’t tell me how it iiiis!” Essiel whined, getting on his knees.

“...It’s fine,” He sighed, “Now please leave before they give the order to cut off your head or send you into battle.” Ennwn stood and Essiel got up, “Fine...I just wanted to see you...”

“I know you do, Essiel, but you know you shouldn’t.”

"I can't help it...even if it kills me, I can't...because I love you so much..." Essiel stared up at him, "So much...it hurts..." He clenched the fabric that rested above his heart.

Ennwn was silent then looked away, "Leave me, Essiel."

The boy watched him and then nodded, "I'll call you for dinner," He said and hurried out of the room, shutting the door on his way out. Ennwn locked it once more.

"Love..." He whispered and started at the carpet, "To care for some one...to make sacrifices for them...sorry Essiel." He pulled away from the door and went back to his seat and looked at the food, "...I don't care for any one like that." He looked to his vanity and into the mirror and his frowning face, "...Not even myself."

2 - Chapter 02

A few days had passed since the speech and farewell ceremony for Ennwn's father. And that meant today was Ennwn's birthday. Today he would be eighteen years old, a full-fledged adult, with the ability to become king...but nothing more than that. He was still be refined to the palace, he was not allowed to pick whether or not he wanted to study in his books or fight. He still had no choices. He was told what to do by the servants his father was in charge of. He couldn't boss them around, only the rest of the castle; some 'happy birthday' he was having already.

"Prince Ennwn...!" There was a knocking at the door. Essiel.

Ennwn woke up a little and heard his name called again, "Prince Ennwn! Please open up! I have urgent news...!"

"Urgent news from a cook?" He asked quietly as he sat up in his bed. He brushed the hair from his face and drifted over to the door, opening it up.

Essiel practically attacked him as he pushed through into his room, "Oh my Prince, I'm afraid we have grave news..."

Ennwn just shut the door, "Would could possibly be worse than turning into an adult?" He asked coolly. Essiel panicked more, walking around in a circle, "Oh my...ooooh my..." He stammered, "My Prince, this is not good...not good at all..." Essiel paused, "Prince Ennwn...you might become King today."

Ennwn looked at him funny, "But I'm still a Prince even though I'm an adult. Are you saying I'm engaged or...?"

"No, because then I would kill the dog," Essiel said with a deep sigh, "This is much more of a grave situation than you can imagine...!"

"Essiel, spit it out already," He snapped, "If you've woken me up at this ungodly hour to stammer about how terrible /something/ is, I will have you put to death!"

"Forgive me, your highness...I forget you're not a morning person..."

Ennwn grumbled, "/Essiel/..."

"Your father might be dead...the camp he went to was attacked...and because it was that one camp out of the many along the front line of the war, there must be spies in the palace. The public was not informed of which camp His Majesty would be at..."

Ennwn sighed, "I doubt he's dead. Probably sleeping with the nurses away from the camp."

"My Prince...!" Essiel stared at him, "Do you not love your father?"

"Essiel, I do not love any body, especially not at," He looked over his shoulder to the window, "What is it? Four o' clock in the morning?"

"Prince Ennwn...you...you do not love anyone? Not even me?"

Ennwn felt a pang of guilt as he looked at the boys hurt expression and he sighed, "I do not hate you, if that's what you're getting at. I just...wait a moment, why am I explaining myself to you, a servant?" He scowled, "Leave me, Essiel. Come back when you know something for sure. Until then, none of this concerns me and I'm going back to sleep."

Essiel started at him and then nodded slowly, "I'm sorry for bothering you so early in the morning...I will come back later with a brunch for you." He stayed for a moment, waiting to see if Ennwn would reply. He didn't and so Essiel sulked out of the room, shutting the door.

The Prince went back to his bed and laid down, "Again with this 'love' nonsense." He muttered, pulling the covers over himself.

Hours later there was a knock at Ennwn's door. The young man got up and opened it up with a yawn—there stood Essiel with his brunch as promised, "Here you are~!"

Ennwn sighed and shut the door behind him, letting Essiel get him his table and chair.

"...How /do/ you make it passed my personal guards anyways?" He asked thoughtfully, sitting down. He let Essiel tie a napkin around his neck.

"Easy, I flirt. Meaningless, of course," He giggled, "Egg sandwich, bacon, sausage, fruit, milk and juice,"

Ennwn looked over the food and yawned again. With as energetic as Essiel was, he was starting to think that waking up at four in the morning had all been a dream. He ate slowly with Essiel watching over him, rocking from side to side as stood on the other side of his table.

"Essiel," Ennwn asked after he at least finished his sandwich, "This morning..."

"No, it wasn't a dream." Essiel smiled meekly, "I have to put on a happy face because I don't like being sad."

"Ah..." Ennwn looked at him, confused by his nature, then took a bite of his bacon.

"I don't know what's going on for sure yet though," He said, "Just that they're working on sorting out the dead and news will be brought to us as soon as they find out where your father is."

"You know, Essiel, I really don't care about him. I don't care if he dies. I don't even know the guy..."

"But he's still your father! Prince Ennwn, you sound so spoiled right now—"

"Spoiled? How have I /ever/ been spoiled?" He asked haughtily, "That man impregnated my mother and out I came. From that point on, I was with my mother until she became sick and then /died/. Even then I wasn't with her because of all the other children she had before she got sick! And I don't even know their names because that man and his adviser keep my busy with studying biased books, listening to biased lectures, and fighting! At this rate, I hope he dies," He scowled, "I want him dead so that I can be King and end this stupid war..."

Essiel looked at him, smile gone and then hugged him, "I'm sorry my Prince...I pester you so much..."

"You do..." He said coldly, "I've lost my appetite, take this away..."

"Yes your highness..." Essiel pulled away and took the tray, moving the table back and heading for the door, "...At least you have a father, Ennwn."

"Leave." He said, shooting a glare to the younger boy. Once Essiel shut the door, Ennwn stood and went to the bathroom to bathe and calm his self. This was already such a tiring day and it wasn't even noon yet.

Ennwn undressed and got into the tub that was already filled with warm water by a servant while he'd been sleeping. He left his clothes on the floor and got into the tub. He stared at the ceiling and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly.

"...I do care." He said softly and smiled, "I do care if he dies...because if he's dead...I'm King. I don't want to be King that bad..." he said and let himself sink under the water. He opened his eyes a little and let out a stream of bubbles from his mouth before sitting up.

He relaxed in the water for a good while longer, almost an hour, then got up, grabbing a towel and

wrapping it around his waist. He walked out into his room and to his armoire to find clothes. He didn't get much time to look as there was, yet again, knocking at his door.

"One moment," He called, and pulled on underwear, white pants, and a white shirt. He went to his vanity and picked up his brush, running it through his hair as he made his way across the room and opened the door. There was his father adviser looking beaten and worn down.

"Prince Ennwn Ralael..."

"He's dead, isn't he?" Ennwn sighed and rolled his head to the other side to brush another angle of his hair, "Oh well...such a shame I never knew him."

"My Prince...!"

"Oh, just leave. Tell me when I'm to be crowned King of the Royal land, Avius," He said with a sarcastic tone, rolling his eyes.

"Your father was killed, Prince Ennwn Ralael...is this really how you feel about him?"

"Of course." Ennwn raised his head straight up and started to shut the door, "The bastard missed my birthday again." He smiled curtly, his tone to match as he slammed the door and locked it.

"Prince Ennwn!" The adviser yelled. Ennwn just sighed and took a seat in front of his vanity and looked in the mirror, "...I must seem like a heartless person..." He muttered and flipped his hair in the usual fashion, clipping it with the red clip. He looked at the surface and at the necklace box. His mother's necklace showed through the top of the case, being as it was glass. He opened it up and took it out, putting it on.

'You look just like your mother.' His father had once told him, 'Your eyes...they are just like hers. The color of Royalty.'

Ennwn laughed quietly at the memory. It was ironic that he said things like that because in all of the pictures of his mother, she had her eyes closed. She always had her eyes closed. As far back she he could remember, his mother never opened her eyes.

Ennwn held the necklace in his hand and clutched it, "...Mom, he's dead, and I'm happy. Does that make me a bad person...?" There was silence and he took the necklace off, "Of course you won't reply...you're dead too."

Ennwn stood up and hugged himself, pondering as to why he felt so alone. He was always alone from Essiel, and he wished Essiel would leave him alone. It didn't make sense to him as to why he could feel this way. Ennwn groaned and went to get his easel and add more paint to his picture. That always made him content. But when he got it out and stared at the canvas his mind locked. He got images of beautiful places and faraway lands...but couldn't bring his brush to move. He stared at the canvas for a long time before cleaning up and putting it away with nothing done. Soon they'd come in and get him ready and crown him King. He was no longer a child. On top of his already given responsibilities he now had a war on his hands.

A war that he knew not one thing about.