

# SilentSymphony RD

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*the rough drafts of the second book of SwitchbladeSymphony  
this is SilentSymphony*

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**Chapter 1 - Daughter?**

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# 1 - Daughter?

She walked around quietly, now going to her daughters room. She opened the door and was struck silently as two giant hands formed out of the ground and began to open up like a flower blooming in sunlight. From the middle of the two hands, a figure began to show. The hands opened up and laid out flat allowing the figure to step down off of them and onto the velvet red carpet. Quickly, the hands turned into sand and disappeared into the floor, leaving no sign of its presence behind.

The figure stood, his red hair ruffling as he rubbed his throbbing head as he looked to the ground. He looked up and his red eyes connected with the blue ones of the female at the door.

Silence struck them.

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Shikone looked over to see Marionnette had fallen fast asleep on the sofa. She went over and picked up the sleeping girl gently not to wake her then began her way to the childs room.

"Nero, please tend to the guests until I return," Shikone whispered to Nero.

"Yes, ma'am," Nero answered.

Shikone, walking through the massive, richly decorated halls, began to hear Naomi's voice. She ignored it thinking Naomi was having another hallucination of Keoshi.

She went and put the sleeping child into another room and covered her.

"She cant sleep without her teddy," a small, childish voice called out.

"Hmm?" She looked down at her daughter Jeannette, "oh, thank you hon," she took the teddy bear and tucked it in with Marionnette.

Jeannette took Shikones larger hand and they walked away quietly, closing the door behind them and going back to the guests.

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He quietly watched her; she'd changed so much. "You've...grown up.." He said softly.

"Duh! I had to! My daughter needed a mother, not an out-of-control teenager!" She stared quietly, savagely, at him.

He quietly responded, "daughter?" putting an emphasis on the word.

"Yes, daughter!"

"Why are you so mad?" he calmly asked.

"You left me alone at 19 to care for a baby i didnt even know i was pregnant with!!" She shouted, tears going down her face, "How do you expect me to be okay?" She asked quietly, glaring at him.

"Naomi, please, calm down," Keoshi sighed quietly.

"Calm down?! How am i supposed to calm down? MY LIFE ENDED AT 19!!" She shouted.

Keoshi watched quietly, unsure of what to say.

She'd grown taller, her hair turned a lighter blue along with her eyes that seemed so much stronger (yet weaker), her body had grown and developed into something so much more beautiful, so much more majestic. Even her voice and her soft, fragile face that were once so innocent and bright had changed. She had grown up. The old, happy-go-lucky, bright and innocent Naomi was gone.

"Stop staring at me, Keoshi," she growled under her breath.

"I'm sorry," he said to her.

"Excuse me?" the words surprised her.

"I'm sorry...i left you with her..."

"Sorry isnt going to make her disappear, its not gonna give me back my life," she responded coldly.

"You don't understand something..." he started.

"What? What dont I understand, Keoshi?" Naomi responded in an impatient voice.

"I only got myself killed as a way of keeping you two alive," he looked into her eyes.

His eyes had changed; They had an innocent, almost hurt look in them. They let off a gentle feeling that had never been there before.

Naomi didn't know how to respond to his look.

Tears again welled up in her eyes, "you BAILED."

"I did it to save you two," her repeated.

"How am I supposed to believe you? You left me at NINE-TEEN to find out that I was pregnant with your child...I still dont know what to tell her when she asks me 'where's daddy?'. Do you know what that feels like, Keoshi? Do you?" She looked back at him with pained eyes.

He let out a small sigh, " No, Naomi, i dont know what that feels like."

"I didn't think so."

The silence filled the room. Neither knew what to say to the other. Both were hurt, both were in pain but neither knew what to do about it. There was a very still, very tense silence between them.

Naomi turned her back to him and began her way out of the room. He watched silently; he wanted to say

something but the words just wouldn't come. Words wouldn't come, he was choking on the tense air she'd raised. Nothing wanted to respond.

She opened the door and left the room leaving him standing there alone.

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"Naomi, where have you been?" Shikone asked quietly.

"Sorry, Shikone," she said quietly.

"Marrionette fell asleep in Jeannette's room if you want to see her. The Monteguine's are here," Shikone told Naomi then looked at her concerned, "are you okay?"

"..." Naomi looked at Shikone silently.

Shikone could always read Naomi like an open book. Things nobody else would ever see, Shikone would notice automatically.

"Naomi," she said quietly, ".." she couldn't finish her sentence.

"We have the full family here," she said quietly before a lump formed in her throat.

Shikone's mouth dropped open a bit as she looked at Naomi. Antionette lay sleeping in Shikone's arms, so she tried to stay quiet.

"Is he here?" She asked.

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Hell rejected him."

Shikone's eyes darted around for a moment before she turned to take Antionette to her room, "please, tend to the guests..." she said quietly then quickly left.

Naomi went to the guests, putting up a fake face and greeting them.