

# The Wellspring of the Universe -- Book 1

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*A fantasy-based Shaman King story, in which different forms of fiction gently glide between the cracks of the Shamanic world in a devastatingly seductive manner.*

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## 0 - Prologue

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Author's Note:[br]

I do not want this to be like other OC-based fan fictions, when the main female lead is instantly granted a romance to the character that I, as the author, may have sexual interests with. Those fan fictions are often... horrible. The purpose of adding sort of a fantasy/crossover theme to this Shaman King fan fiction is just because I've never seen anybody do it before, even though the series is full of fantasy references. That and, hey, I get to have fun too, right? ^\_~[br]

I will be rewriting Chapter 1, because after reading back on it after about 3 months, I've come to find it to be dreadfully Mary-Sue-ish. I'll upload the original version so that you can compare them when I'm done.[br]

Please tell me what you think. ^^[br]

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~Larken[br]

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Wellspring of the Universe[br]

Book 1[br]

Prologue [br]

Story Start[br]

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One long-distant summer when nightingales sang through the evenings in the gardens of Baghdad and the air was heavy with the scent of roses, a merchant of that city grew mistrustful of the wife he loved and took a path that led him to darkness. This is his tale: [br]

[br]

He was called Abul-Hassan, she Nadilla. He was rich and powerful; she the daughter of an elderly scholar whose dark little house lay huddled in the poor quarter of the city. But when he first saw her in the spring of that year, her beauty wove a spell about him. Soon thereafter, he took Nadilla from her timid parent and made her his wife. The house he brought her to had many rooms and courtyards, but Nadilla seemed to care little for it. She drifted apathetically through the lengthening summer days, staying always in the cool shadows of the house, away from the sun that glared on the white walls

outside and flickered among the palm fronds. She ate almost nothing. Lost in some unfathomable reverie, she ignored the servants. Indeed, she appeared hardly to see her husband. [br]

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But when daylight faded and the lamps were lighted, Nadilla brightened. The stirring evening breeze seemed to revive her, and she became the wife Abul-Hassan desired, glowing and tender. With playful ease, she enticed him early to bed each night. Abul-Hassan noted the alteration but put his wife's daytime listlessness down to the dust-laden heat. The coming of cool weather would restore her, he felt sure. His sleep each night was deep and dreamless. [br]

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A night came, however, when Abul-Hassan awakened suddenly in the dark. His wife was no longer beside him, and there was no sign of her in the room. He lay alert for some moments, but finally the soft patter of palm branches moving outside the window drew him back into the embrace of sleep. [br]

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He awakened again only when the liquid wails of the muezzins echoed over the town from minaret to minaret, calling the faithful to dawn prayer. Nadilla had just returned. He watched from under his lashes while she removed cloak and veil and when she slipped into his bed, he lay as though asleep. The next night she disappeared again. The third night he followed her. [br]

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Out through the gardens and into the moonlit city she ran lightly, as though to meet a lover, and Abul-Hassan pursued. She made her way down twisting streets and along the now-quiet alleyways of the bazaar, finally halting at the gate of a walled house in the oldest quarter of the town. The gate before her seemed to spring open of its own accord. [br]

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Clinging to the shadows for secrecy, Abul-Hassan followed his wife into a courtyard, down a winding stone stair and into a corridor. There he paused, appalled at the sacrilege of entering such a place. The walls were lined with sarcophagi. This was a family tomb. He went on slowly, guided by the faint jingling of the silver bangles Nadilla wore on her ankles and the whisper of her silken trousers. Before long, he came upon an archway. The jingling had stopped, and so he peered around it cautiously. [br]

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Beyond lay a stone crypt, faintly lighted by a funerary lamp set in a niche in the wall, and close by the crypt, amid a pathetic jumble of bones and grave offerings, knelt his wife. When Abul-Hassan saw what she was doing, his heart lurched. [br]

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Panting and whimpering, Nadilla dragged a body from its coffin. She pulled an arm free. Then with a high-pitched snarl, she bent her head and tore at the gray flesh with sharp little teeth. Abul-Hassan waited to see no more of the horror. He fled to his house. During that long night he lay tormented by bleak and turbulent thoughts. His wife slipped into his bed again at dawn, heavy-eyed and flushed. He said nothing to her, but all through the next day, he watched her narrowly. She was no different from what she had been before vague, languid, clinging to the shadows and brightening when they lengthened and dusk returned. Abul-Hassan offered her food then. She refused it, but she smiled at him, and when he saw the white teeth flash, he could contain himself no longer. [br]

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Perhaps we should find you dead men's flesh, Wife, he said. [br]

[br]

She stiffened. Her eyes began to glitter blindly, and her lips stretched into a mindless grin, cruelly distorting her pretty face. Then, nimble as a cat, she sprang. Abul-Hassan was ready for her. With his curved knife, he stabbed his wife to death. He buried her at once, without ceremony, outside his walls so

that his house would not be defiled. If the servants noticed his activities, they made no comment. Abul-Hassan was a stern master, and the strange and silent woman he had brought into the house to be his wife had found no favor with them. [br]

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The trials of Abul-Hassan were not ended, however. He discovered this the third night after the killing. As he tossed and turned, staring out the window at the stars that winked between the palm fronds, his wife or some ghastly simulacrum of his wife came to him. [br]

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She rose near the foot of the bed, from among the carpets and pillows on the floor. Her white shift clung to her in blood-crust patches where he had stabbed her; one arm hung stiffly at her side; her face was mask-like, the lips loose and the eyes sunken. Whatever animated her was not life. She moved with the jerking awkwardness of a marionette, and a foul, necrotic stench veiled her. [br]

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In a grim parody of wifely affection, she climbed onto the bed where Abul-Hassan lay transfixed and crawled leadenly over him, wheezing and mumbling as she moved. The nauseating aura grew stronger, the tortured wheezing louder. She bent her head, and her sharp teeth neared the tendons of his neck.

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Nadilla had allied herself to evil during life. She had been human, but barely so flinching from the day, flourishing in the dark, and growing ever more addicted to human flesh. After death, some nameless force of darkness had claimed her wholly, using her to satisfy its own craving. She had become a vampire, a soulless corpse that drew its sustenance from human blood. [br]

Don't be fooled. This story has a lot to do with mine.[br]

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# 1 - Chapter 01 {Original}

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Author's Note:[br]

This is the original version of Chapter one. I'm going to be rewriting it, because after 3 months of not updating, and then trying to read it over to pick it up again, I realized just how Mary-Sue this chapter sounds. Those who have read the prologue author note know that I want NO affiliation with a Mary-Sue style author. The new, better version will be up soon, promise! -bows-[br]

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~Larken[br]

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Wellspring of the Universe[br]

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Story Start[br]

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Sunlight had strayed from all sight that day in January. It seemed as though a dark cloak had been placed over the shoulders of the Chinese village of Ghizou. The citizens moved quickly throughout the dirt streets, stopping only at the sides of the market place to buy maybe an orange or a new shirt for a small child. Did they know that it would rain that day? Ren could feel it. He had a heavy feeling in his chest as he walked, and the moisture in the air was unbearable. [br]

Why do these fools always stray from the rain? He wondered. Do they not realize what a gift it is? [br]

He wrinkled his nose. Sometimes, even now, certain groups of humans made him sick. They were always so unaware of the values that the Earth was constantly providing. How sad that it would take them until the time of their deaths to finally value their lives. There must've been someone out there who thought the same way that he did; he just hadn't found them yet, whether they be a male or a female. At the thought, Ren glanced back towards the mountains, where he could see the top of Castle Tao. Maybe he should go home after he finished his soda. [br]

At first, he had come down to the village to look for a young woman to become his bride. Earlier that day, around dawn, his father had brought up the fact that if he were to be the heir to the family's rein; he would need to have sons with a bride to become the next of kin. Of course... None of THESE girls were really worth it. They all seemed to be the same; Simple village girls in white kimono rushing around with

their boyfriends trying to pick out the next souvenir to send to their cousins in other countries. No, he'd probably be forced into an arranged marriage anyway. He clenched his teeth on his straw at the thought of be wedding some warlord's daughter without his own consent. [br]

He took one last sip of his cherry soda and carelessly tossed it to a garbage can. [br]

Now how easy was that? He thought to himself. Why can't everyone just hold on to their trash for a few moments? [br]

Ren decided not to think of it. It would just get him flustered, and he didn't feel like sweating it off in the home gym today. If it was going to rain, he was going to enjoy it outside or at his window, but he wouldn't be in that dark windowless gym. [br]

Just as he turned to slip through the crowd and head home, he felt a sharp stab on his stomach, and once he finally came back into focus, he was on the ground. He could feel soft hair grazing against his cheek, and a young woman's breast placed against his. The smell of apples filled him. [br]

"I'm so sorry!" He heard a feminine voice cry out. The woman who had knocked him down had lifted herself up on to her arms, and Ren was instantly hypnotized by her startling eyes. Most women in Asia had very dark, chocolate brown eyes; sometimes even black. However, this one's eyes were a bright, electric blue with shades of forest green around her pupil. Her skin was smooth and pale, and her night black hair hung down off of her shoulders, still smooth and sweet smelling on his cheek. He was completely seduced [br]

"I-I beg your forgiveness, My Lord!" The young woman cried out, lifting herself on to her knees and bowing so low that her forehead touched the dirt ground. She immediately started grabbing the various items that had scattered upon their collision and loaded them into a small wicker basket. "How foolish of me, I didn't see you coming!" [br]

Don't talk like that, Ren thought. You've done nothing wrong [br]

He'd never been more captivated by a human being before, especially not a female. Normally, he'd only paid this much attention to anyone if they were controlling a spiritual entity. This young girl had absolutely no spirits around her; accept for one small rabbit, who only seemed interested in biting one of the apples that she dropped. She couldn't be a shaman. Plus, she was dressed in the simplest of clothes; a long white maid's kimono stained with what looked like cranberry juice, and a pair of white tabi socks to go with her wooden geta. A normal peasant girl... [br]

"Yes, well" Ren began, trying to hold back the heat that he could feel rising in his cheeks. He sat up.

"Next time, I'd advise that you watch where you're going." [br]

"Err Right," she said, quickly standing. "Please, excuse me." [br]

She bowed to him a second time, then she ran off down the path. Ren tried to call out to her so that he could at least catch her name, but his voice was drowned out by the sounds of the marketplace. He knew at that moment that he'd never seen a more extraordinary person, even if she was simply a peasant girl in a rush to get home. [br]

By the time night had fallen, Ren was already in his room, sitting near the window on a large chair. He had his arms folded over his chest as he stared out at the village below. It hadn't rained like he felt that it would. Rain had eluded this village for almost a year, despite the dark clouds that were always blocking out the sun. Of course, by this point he wasn't focusing on the dried up village. His thoughts lingered on the maiden that he had seen earlier. [br]

Somewhere in that village she could be tending to a sick parent or sleeping upon a plain old sleeping mat. In one of those small houses she could be sitting in misery with an empty stomach. He realized that if he was ever given the opportunity, he would take her away from that life. Even if his father did not approve, he wouldn't allow such a beautiful, enchanting young woman live the life of a peasant; Even if she did knock him down. [br]

"Where could you be right now?" He asked her as if she were right beside him, grazing his hand. "Which

of those little houses could you possibly be in?" [br]

After hours, he finally slipped out of this world and fell asleep. Normally, his nights were restless ones in which he would awaken on opposite sides of the bed, and even sometimes on the floor. However, this night, thinking of the maiden, his rest was deep and dreamless. [br]

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