

A New Begining

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This is an old story, that i'm having issues trying to finish.

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It was a quiet night in RhyDin, which was unusual for the city, because fights and other battles were known to erupt in random places. There weren't many cars moving down the streets, but there were a lot of people wandering down the sidewalk and even in the middle of the road. Lee was one of those wanderers, shrouding his person with a large, black cloak and hood. One of the reasons he kept himself masked was because, even in his hometown, there were enemies that wanted him dead.

As he kept his pace towards the city limits, he noticed that several of the shops were shadowy and lifeless from being locked up. But still there was the occasional bar that would stay open until the crack of dawn. He just kept himself moving, until he reached the edge of the city limits. To look from above would show a line that bordered the city itself and the plains it sat on. Stepping across this boundary, he continued his journey down a dirt road, his nerves calming down a bit.

Now out of the dark, murky surrounding of RhyDin's city limits, the light of the full moon over head was able to roll across the grass and patches of trees. Off in the distance, to Lee's left was the Nakio High Reaches, the long mountain range that created a natural border between the country that RhyDin lay in, and the rest of continent. As Lee kept moving down the old dirt road, he slowly neared a thicker patch of forest that ran by the road before disappearing into the distance.

From behind, the subtle sound of a snapping twig caught his attention immediately, causing him to stop dead in his track and spin around. He quietly searched the area from which the sound came from without moving an inch, the moonlight aiding its luminescent glow to his investigation. With a silent shrug, he was about to dismiss the noise as another animal when a short looking man, around the 5'5" height range, wearing a black ninja gi, stepped from behind a tree.

"Great, another assassin..." Lee sighed softly to himself, apparently not paying attention quite as well as he should have. Before Lee had time to react, the ninja had already unsheathed his sword and had lunged at Lee, slashing the blade at his midsection. Barely dodging the attack, he slid his left foot back, and with a lightning fast strike, countered with a side kick to his attacker's face. The kick made contact, which sent the assassin staggering backward, his free hand cupped over the point of impact. These few free seconds gave Lee enough time to open up his cloak and grab the hilt of his own weapon. With motion as fluid as water, he unsheathed his katana from its scabbard on his left hip, the steel and black onyx blade glistening in the soft moonlight.

Regaining his composure, the assassin charged again, this time attacking with an overhead diagonal slash, aimed for Lee's head. But, being quicker than the ninja, he gracefully blocked the attack with his own weapon and using the momentum of the impact, brought his own weapon around and trusted it through the midsection of his attacker. Turning violently, the sword could only follow, leaving the point of where it impaled the man to slicing its way out of right side of the now dead assassin. Standing back up straight, Lee grabbed the scabbard for his katana, and with a flowing motion, he flicked the blood off the blade and sheathed his sword. The corpse fell to the earth, kicking up dust particles from the road as it landed. With a sigh, Lee turned back around, and walked away from the mess, his pace a little faster than before.

As he continued down the road, the larger patch of forest began to draw closer. It was when he was maybe a half a mile away when the building on the edge of the forest became visible. It was a sturdy; two story wooden building, whose sides disappeared behind the dense tree foliage. It wasn't too long before he was standing at the stairs to the front porch. Looking over the building, he noticed the common room was unusually dark through the window. Slowly walking up the tree stairs, he walked softly over the wood planking, and to the front door. Reaching out of his cloak with his right hand, he grabbed the brass doorknob and turned it gently, opening the door to a crack large enough for him to slip in.

He noticed immediately the change in the common room when turned around from closing the door. The room was unusually, save the faint glow coming from the fire in the fireplace. Also, all the tables and chairs had been pushed against the far right wall, leaving a large open space in the middle of the room. Dead center of the open space was Siria, practicing one of her katas. Seeing that he came in unnoticed; he walked silently over to a chair that was in one of the darker spots of the common room and sat down.

Through the firelight, Siria's body and features were very noticeable. She was tall, being between 5'9" and 5'10". Her hair was short and naturally silver. As she moved slowly with each move executed, the light just seemed to softly glint off her hair, while her stark white karate gi ruffled and moved with her. She had a slender, but well toned figure, and her smooth complexion seemed to glow with her natural beauty as well as with the soft light. But as she turned, still performing her moves, her long black wings stood out against her white uniform.

As she slowly finished up, standing back in the middle of the room, Lee stood up and walked slowly into the light, clapping. Surprised by his sudden appearance, her wings flicked behind her back, and she took a step backwards. "Uh...we are closed for the night sir." Siria said softly, still a little surprised.

"I know that Siria, I'm here so much that I've already memorized the timetable." With a smile, Lee reached up and pulled back the hood to his cloak, letting his long dark brown hair fall over his face and eyes, but not to the point that he was unrecognizable. See him come from behind his veil, Siria just reared back and punched him in the chest.

"Lee you jackass, are you trying to scare me into an early grave with that stalker stunt?" She yelled at him, exasperated. Lee looked at her surprised while one hand was rubbing the spot where she hit him. "Ow...Look I'm sorry, but you didn't have to be all brutal about it, I've been beat on enough for one night." He just groaned as he undid the cloak and threw it aside, watching it land on the back of sofa. Then, reaching over, he walked to the sofa this time, removing his katana from his place at his hip, and laying it on the sofa cushion. Turning his head to Siria, he smiled again, brushing his hair out of his face. "So do you just like practicing down here or something?"

Siria looked at him, returning the smile. Walking over to Lee, she wrapped her arms around his waist and looked at him." Or something. So, how was your little conquest that you insisted on going?" He sighed as he leaned down and kissed Siria on her forehead. "It wasn't the most pleasant thing that I got myself into." With that, he walked over to the bar and sat down, dropping his head on the oak counter with a thud.

Siria walked over behind Lee, and wrapping her arms around his waist, placed her head down on his left shoulder. Looking at him with her frosted blue eyes, her gaze roused Lee a bit. "What's got you all

disappointed? You act as if you let someone down.” He turned his head slightly to look at her. His expression showed a lot of disappointment as their eyes met for a moment. “I lost track of Caeris again. I don’t know how she did it, but I followed her to the tavern in RhyDin and watched her enter. But before I could even get one foot into the building, I was violently pulled into one of the biggest bar fights I’ve ever been in.” Lee adjusted his body on the stool, still a little sore. “Bikers are not the best of people to get into a bar fight with. They tend to use random objects as weapons...”

Siria laughed at that last comment, finding it amusing to hear from him. With one hand, she reached up and patted his head playfully...”Now, Now, they needed all the advantage they could get.” She leaned her head in closer, their foreheads touching lightly before she moved to kiss him. Their lips lingered together for a moment until she pulled back some, looking at him with a soft smile. “It’s okay, try not to beat yourself up over her. She’ll come back when she is ready. Don’t fret; I know you have other important things to take care of.” With that said, she placed her head back on his shoulder. Lee just silently thought on her words. He couldn’t help beating himself up over it. He had told her he would bring Caeris back, but he returned home empty handed. However, he rolled out of the mood when she placed her head back on his shoulder. Relaxing a bit, he turned his head to look at the hallway next to the bar.

It was about that time that Joel walked into the common room, reading paperwork out of a manila folder. A glance at him would just show a very average person. Six foot two inched, long dirty blond hair and green eyes. He wore your standard clothes; shirt, pants, and whatnot in shades of brown and black. He also had the build of a martial artist, slightly big with a toned body, but not bulky muscles. He was also a very reserved person, but seemed to put off this aura that would just overwhelm the average person. It was hard for some people to believe that a reserved looking person like Joel was the powerful leader of the Phoenix Rising, a small mercenary group the Lee and Joel both were a part of. Walking over to the right side of the bar, he closed the file he was reading to look over at Lee and Siria just slouched over one another while propped on the bar. With a small grin, he set the files on the oak bar top and took a seat. “It’s good to have you back in time. We’ve gotten an assignment after this long dead period.”

“So, what kind of job did we get? I hope its nothing to physical, because I’m not all in the mood for more punishment.” Lee sighed as he tried to make himself comfortable. “Honestly, its got me confused. The request came in just recently, and still I’m having trouble to decipher it. Why don’t you give it a try now.” And with that, Joel slid the folder to Lee, who stopped it with his right hand just before it made impact with his face. On almost instinct, both Lee and Siria sat up at the same time, before Siria released her grip around Lee’s waist and sat down on the stool right next to him.

Lee by that time had pulled the folder in front of his body and flipped it open, reading over everything quickly. Ruffling through the papers once or twice, he looked up at Joel, a little puzzled look on his face. “Was this all that you could find?” Joel looked over with a straight face, with an expression on his face that would have told Lee everything nonverbally.

”Unfortunately, yes, that was all that came up. I’ve been searching for the past hour, and all I could come up with was a few pictures and very little information on the two ladies. As for the sender, their identity escapes me for the moment, but I’m positive I’ll find something.” Satisfied with the answer, Lee looked back down at the paper work and studied it a bit more before looking back up. “They sure are offering a lot. They afraid we won’t be motivated to do this? Oh well, I guess I’ll take it. It shouldn’t take me that long to find them and get back here. Hell, this is the safest place to be, save for the ruins of

AnimA.”

Standing up, he closed the folder and looked down at Siria. Bending down, he kissed her softly before turning to the stairs to the upstairs and running up those. It wasn't long before Lee came back down, carrying a medium sized, black duffle bag. Walking back over to the sofa, he picked up his katana and cloak, and hurriedly stuffed them into the duffle bag. “Really the sooner this is taken care of the better. Joel if you would tell the sender that I've got it under control.” With that, Joel nodded and just disappeared back down the hallway that he emerged from. Standing up, Siria walked over to Lee and together they went to the front door and out onto the porch. Looking down to Siria, he smiled and kissed her again. Then setting his forehead on her's, he looked into her eyes with his dark blues. “I promise I won't be too long. Just take care of yourself while I'm gone.”

“I will, just come back in one piece.” She replied. With one last kiss, Lee went down the stairs of the porch and ran towards the left end of the Inn that was covered by trees. Within a few minutes of his disappearance, the sound of a motorcycle engine filled the night air as Lee drove out of the foliage and down the road.