

# Ashiteru

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Submitted: May 15, 2007

Updated: May 18, 2007

*A love story I wrote*

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## 1 - part 1

Hell. A place I've been forbidden to escape from. Why? Why don't they like me?  
Why? I don't know but I'm getting outa here.  
The dark one's castle is a towering sight to behold.  
There's no sorce of hope showing from anywhere.  
Don't listen to wut you've been told.

The floor is as cold as ice.  
It burns with the touch of bare flesh.  
some shoes or socks would be nice.  
Apparently they aren't allowed.

These hallways repeat and look the same.  
I've been here before I know it.  
I turn a corner and find a dead end.  
This torture is sure to drive me insane.

The windows are dust filled.  
Spiders make their homes in the unclesed dirt.  
They feed on the souls and light of the dead.  
This castle will be the end of me.

As I made my way towards the direction of the exit, a sudden burst of fear rose inside of me. My name was called by someone behind me. I turned to see what it was but all I saw was darkness. I took a step closer. Then another. (what's wrong with me? Why can't I stop?)  
I passed a lonely and cracked, silver mirror. My reflection could not be seen! I reached over to touch it but my body wouldn't move... then brightness. Fire shot down from the ceiling around me. Just barely missing me. Another one shot down skimming my back.  
It stopped momentarily and a shadowy figure arose from the dark smog. I could only make out long flowing hair but that was about it. The rest was hidden by the night. "come to me." It's right hand extened to me and I walked to it. I was as if under a spell.  
With every step I took the air got colder. When I got closer it took my hand and led me to a set of stairs. I felt like a blind man. I didn't know if I'd trip but this person's hand led me. That and I still had no control of me.  
Finally the stairs came to an end. The person opened a stell door which creaked at the touch. Light from a lit candle flooded the room. I looked around. This person brought me outside of a castle. I saw mountains far off and a full moon. The wind echoed around me. What was troubleing was: how did I get here in the first place?  
"Duke, this way." The figure was in the room and standing by a candle with it's back to me. I walked in nervously, glad to have control of myself again. "Who are you? And how do you know my name?" The figure slowly turned around. She was beautiful in everyway. She seemed to be of Asian descent. Her hair was a light brown colour and her skin was perfectly tanned.  
She was a bit taller than me and her face showed little age. She wore a dark cloak with dark red streaks

and a rope holding it up. She held a red book with gold writing. "Book of Souls" is what it said. "Duke, I believe you know my daughter." I shot her a confused look. "Her face isn't much different than mine." I stared closely then gasped.

The air was knocked out of me. This woman was Madam Kanashi. (which in Japanese means sadness) She was Lily's mother. Lily wasn't poor nor was she rich. She always seemed happy. Many people liked her and wanted her. Although she knew they didn't really love her. At the age of 20 she spent most of her time to her self. Not bothering anyone. She began to be more depressed than usual.

Here I came. A young man who wasn't at all wealthy. When I first saw her I immediately fell in love. I got to know her and she got to know me. I enjoyed every minute with her. "Where is ...?" She pressed two fingers on my lips to make me quiet.

"You do understand the age gap, right?" I glared at her. Lily was six years older than me. Then I started to weep. (There's no way she'll let me be with her now.) I knew she was trying to get us apart. "I shall keep you in this room. Do NOT try to escape unless I call for you to come. If you try to leave... I'll kill you."

My tears came down faster. Tears turned to raindrops. Rain to puddles. I wanted Lily to be there with me. To comfort me. The mysterious mother left the room shutting the door behind her. I got up and walked to the mirror and didn't see my face. All I saw was Lily's smiling face.

The tears can't stop,

My hearts torn into two,

I dream of the day when we are together,

But before that I have some things to do.

I roamed around the room making mental note of my surroundings. A curtainless window sat open on a stranded wall. The bed was worthy of kings and queens. The blanket was Red satin. The pillows were of same color but with gold trimmings and the crescent moon embroidered in the middle.

The floor was freezing as anything else. But it wasn't dirt. I finally layed back down on the fluffy bed.

Staring up at my reflection. The ceiling was a shiny silver marble. Such things must've been imported in from Europa.

Three long hours passed by until Madam Kanashi came back. She carried a dark purple cloak and rope. I sat up in the bed and stared at her. "Get dressed." She threw the clothes at me and yanked off my shirt. Nearly tearing it off. I stood up and started to take off my pants but stopped. "What's wrong? Hurry and strip so I can clothe you."

"Can you look the other way?" She grunted and turned around. I hastily took my pants off and slid on the silk cloak. I looked at her and she smiled. "I see why she likes you." I blushed turning bright red and sat back down. "I expect you down in the Monastery in five minutes."

With that said she disappeared into thin air. I got up and opened the steel door. Closing it behind me I took steps outside. It must've been midnight because it was even darker than the first time I came up here. (How does she expect me to navigate through this?!) "Snap your fingers." I spun around but didn't see anyone. (Strange. Sounded as if Lily said that.) I snapped my fingers and a miniature fire appeared. "Sugoi." This little light of mine is what I used to walk down the winding staircase.

## 2 - part 2

"your late."

"It's kinda hard to find your way around a castle as big as this. Especially when it's dark!" I walked uneasily to her. I had spent hours running through the castle looking for the Monastery. It's now mid-day outside. Madam Kanashi was in the same clothes as she was earlier. Although her book was different. It now read "Book of Fury."

"today you start your training. I've hired a monk to teach you. He should arrive shortly."

"Training? What training?!"

"watch this."

I looked at her. She shuffled backwards and mumbled something. Then my hand was getting warm. It kept getting hotter! I looked down at it and it was on fire! I swore aloud and ran around waving my hand frantically to put out the flame out.

(Hmmm...Maybe I shouldn't have went too hard.) I walked over to him. He was now on the ground holding his hand. I lifted it and blew the fire out. (But it's for the best.)

"You crazy witch! What was that for!?"

"Listen to me. You want to know how to do that, right? Then I shall teach you, but your body is still weak. We must build up your mana." I took him under my control and lifted his face to mine. Our eyes connected and I could feel his breathing on my face. I could tell his heart was beating faster. "If you defeat me I'll let you go."

(Damn it. She took my will power. Can't...move.) She let me go and I fell to the floor. She was right. I am weak. I could hardly get up. When I finally did, it was hard to keep steady. I took a few staggering steps to her. Woozy. I fell down hard and hit my head.

"Is he ready?"

"Yeah. As ready as he'll ever be."

"Good. Well then. I'll take it from here."

While I was knocked out I had a dream. I was walking to Lily's house. I looked around. Everything is as it was. There were peasants working and selling. The smell of burning fat surrounded the air around the slaughter house. Merchant's shouts of sales on the wares they were selling could be heard from miles away.

I approached Lily's House and knocked. No answer. So I let myself in and went straight to her room and saw her laying on the floor. I kneeled beside her. I reached my hand closer and closer to her. Before I could touch her the dream ended.

I awoke on the roof of the Monastery with a monk. He was sprinkling what appeared to be salt around the corners. He turned around to see me. He was balding with a light brown cloak. Sandals with woven straps covered his tattered feet.

"Oh. You're awake. I am Joseph the third and you must be duke. Madam Kanashi hired me to teach you the art of Magi."

Joseph turned to face me. He seemed to be observing me. Then he broke the silence.

"snap your fingers."

I did so and started the miniature fire as I had did before.

"Now concentrate on holding a sword and shield."

I tried. (This is just plain ludicrous.)

"I do not see the purpose of..." This tiny little ball in my hand stretched into a broad one handed sword

and a shield of flames on my other hand. (What the heck?) The monk was now holding a Bo staff. Without missing a beat he charged at me...