

The Truth Behind Legends

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AU, Shonen-ai, Eclipse's (a Japanese Lord) dairy from many years ago has been found and is being read aloud to several scholars and historians. Hear his short story about a visitng prince.

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Chapter 1 - The Truth Behind Legends

2

1 - The Truth Behind Legends

Cottontail:

1. I know that Demon Diary is Korean. I just preferred to make them Japanese.
2. Don't flame me for any pairings.
3. This is a shonen-ai fic. That means the guys like guys.
4. I type this at school, so I'm not writing lemons. Sue me.
5. I'm a little slow on updates. Sue me.
6. This story's a little old. Sue me.
7. Don't sue me. I'm so poor that I have to write fan fiction.
8. #6 was a joke.
9. I don't own Demon Diary or any of its characters.
10. This fanfic does NOT take place now. I added dates to the journal. It's only been 42 years since his last entry.
11. This is fan fiction. I am the author. My story, my world, my rules!
12. Yes, look for continuations of this story. That means a sequel and the legend itself. A Story for Another Time will be posted if you're patient.
13. Wow! I talk a lot. Well, here's your story.

Scholars and historians alike all gathered to one building. An historical discovery had been made, and someone must've thought it to be of great importance to have brought so many prestigious people together.

One man stood in the center of the room. He was handsome and appeared to be of partial Asian decent, but there was nothing physically special about him. Though he appeared young, but his eyes conveyed great wisdom. He had an air about him that could only be called magnetic because his presence brought silence to the room. Then he spoke. His voice indicated no emotion, and his English had a British accent, which was strange from the view of his guest.

“Good evening ladies and gentlemen. I don't know how familiar you are with the legend of the sun and

moon in this region. But for those who don't know, here it is:

“The sun goddess Ray and the moon god Eclipse were secretly in love, but Ray's family would never allow it. So Ray ran away to the moon and the sun stopped shining. Darkness covered the earth. The gods were angered, but before they separated the pair, they each gave each other a lock of hair. And now there is night where the sun dreams and the moon shines in remembrance of his lost love.”

An elderly man spoke out, “I'm sorry, but did you really call us here just to tell us fairy tales?”

The man smiled. “I'm glad you asked.”

The host then pointed to a black metal coffin. The sides had been welded shut, and the name scraped from existence.

“That is Prince Raenef V, also called Rae. I've been searching the globe for his grave.”

Upon holding up a book, he continued, “And this is the diary of a Japanese lord named Eclipse. The whole story was based off his love affair with a Caucasian prince.”

The same man spoke up, “So now you tell us it's a gay soap opera. We're not young girls who are entertained so easily.”

“So leave, but I you honestly don't think I would drag you all the way here if it wasn't of significantly important. Besides, aren't Westerners fascinated with the private lives of their celebrities?”

“I never recalled hearing of a Prince Raenef in any royal family trees.”

“That's because his name was erased from existence and scraped from the very coffin they buried him in. Aren't you willing to hear lost history?”

The man nodded and sat down again satisfied with the host's response, and silence fell once again.

He then took a seat at the head of a large table. “It's story time children.”

The man opened the book.

“March 13, 1893:

“I finally got back from my trip to France; Seven months with those damned Europeans was more than I could take. All I wanted to do was to be surrounded by my beloved eastern culture when a message arrived saying that a prince of Belgium was coming to discuss buying land from me. I don't know why they would send a prince because most European royalty tend to be dim-witted, inbred, pampered brats who care more about themselves than the good of their country. Nevertheless I could not refuse him because he had already left and would be arriving within a few days, and I am never one to be rude to my guests.”

“March 28, 1893:

“A carriage arrived early this morning, and out came what I thought to be a young girl, and a pretty one at that. She was the definition of beauty in the western world: silky blonde hair, slender form, bright blue eyes, and I could go on. But the funny thing was that under closer inspection did I realize this was the Belgian prince. Luckily my mother taught me many languages so speaking to them wasn't that difficult. Two older men came with him. They were more like the negotiators I was used to dealing with. Also came a young woman who was supposedly a knight, though I would never entrust me life to such a small woman. I quickly learned their names. The two older men were Aurelied and Krayon. The girl was Erutis, and the young boy was Prince Raenef. I invited them all into my house and offered them some tea. Though I could tell the older gentlemen were disappointed when they weren't served that brown concoction they call tea in the west, they hid it well. My young prince; however, wrinkled his nose and stuck out his tongue. I found this to be most amusing. Though he was ignorant and disrespectful of all my customs, I found a certain charm in it. He honestly did remind me of a girl, one that held such purity that he could make the devil get to his knees and beg for forgiveness. A girl so lovely that Venus would weep at the sight of her. And because I'm a gentleman I shouldn't confess this, but I secretly wanted to remove his clothes just to prove that he was, indeed, male. But back to our conversation: I learned that they were trying to buy property so trade would be easier. The youth had to beg his father to actually let him come. Apparently he had never even left his own kingdom in fourteen years of his life. After a few hours of discussion, I could tell they were exhausted from the journey and offered them a bed and bath. There would be a warm meal waiting for them in the morning.”

“March 29, 1893:

“Last night, I slept rather uneasy. I kept waking from nightmares, and now I feel completely drained. I will see my seer tonight. Maybe she can interpret these dreams.”

The host grew quiet, then spoke in a hushed tone, “I wouldn't imagine that any of you believe in magic. No, modern times and modern ideas. Such things are considered preposterous.”

He then continued, “The rest of the day went by slowly. Young Raenef went sightseeing with his cousin Krayon, and I was left to boring discussions with Aurelied. I later excused myself and went to visit Meruhesae. I spoke of my dreams:

‘I was standing in a dessert, and then I flew over to Europe. I could see every detail of the land and each person's face. Finally I stood in on a black road surrounded by reflecting buildings that touched the clouds while metal, horseless carriages passed by me. And the sky went black. The whole time I felt as if I was searching for something that couldn't be found.’

“And she said to me, ‘Something big will happen soon, and you will lose something very dear to you.’ When I asked how to prevent this, she only smiled and replied, ‘There's no stopping love.’ Her answers were always too perplexing. Why do women play games?”

“April 3, 1893:

“I know it's been a few days since my last entry, but I was using the time to get to know my guests. Aurelied is the one I know least about. Obviously the eldest of the quartet and a truly wise man, but there is something about him I don't like. He has an air of superiority about him that bothers me. His

mannerisms are so precise, so absolutely perfect; it almost appears to be an insult.

“Krayon is the second cousin of the prince. His playboy lifestyle has led him to bed many of my servants, male and female alike. I shan't bring it up because such things would be rude, and an oversight is often necessary to maintaining peace.

“Erutis, the knight, though small apparently is a master swordsman. Though I doubt that is why she was brought along. There seems to be a one-sided relationship between her and Krayon. Or maybe I'm wrong, and their feelings are mutual. Maybe she's just stubborn. She must be common because she's sarcastic and rude to her superiors. No Asian lady would dare behave like her.

“The young prince is the most intriguing creature I have ever come across. At first glance he appears to be an airhead, but when you look closer, there is the soul of a poet. In conversation he spouts philosophy endlessly and discusses all matters of life and love, a true romantic. His hands are also blessed, for I have caught him in my garden painting accurate likenesses of the landscapes.

“I sat down to converse. His eyes never left the canvas.”

“ `Beautiful. How long have you been painting?’

“ `I don't know. For as long as I can remember.’

“ `Do you only paint landscapes?’

“ `Yes, I find that people, though one of God's creatures, has become impure, so I don't like to paint them. Nature itself has such sincerity, such a sense of innocence that can't be tainted, that I want to capture it forever.’

“There was such truth to what he said that I almost felt offended. Was I too corrupted? Then what made him better? `Nothing lasts forever. Trees can be cut, land can be cleared, and pictures can be burned. And what about you? Aren't you human as well? Then how can you judge the rest of us knowing that you are the same?’

“I immediately felt sorry because he turned to me and responded, ` Yes, I'm human. I have my sins, but I admit it and try to atone. Most people are bitter with no appreciation for true beauty anymore. We speak of love and its existence, but do we ever find it? No, humans are too concerned with war, land, power, wealth, and sex to even bother with the trivial matters of life. I left home to experience what I thought would be a beautiful new land of excitement. Yet all I see is the same people. They may not look the same or have the same culture, but behind everyone's pleasant conduct are the same wicked desires that are rampant in the west.’ ”

The man paused and sighed. “Everyone, it's time to take a short break. Eat; my kitchen is open with dozens of chefs. Take a nap if you will. Do whatever to make you more comfortable.”

He set the book aside and walked over to the fireplace. Above it hung a painting of children playing under the cherry trees. He looked deep in thought when the annoying guest from earlier approached him.

“This would make an interesting novel. Is that what you plan to turn the diary in to?”

“Of course not. A movie perhaps,” he replied in a sarcastic tone.

“Then what is the significance of all this? It holds deeper meaning for you. Did you lose a loved one, or are you a descendant of this lord?”

The dark-haired man just smiled.

“All will be revealed in due time.”

“Excuse me for changing the subject, but I have a question.”

The host paid his full attention.

“I was wondering about this local legend derived from our delightful little tale.”

“What about it?”

“Well there's more to it, right? Would you please tell us?”

He shook his head, “I'm only concerned with the facts right no. It's a story for another time. (#8) But if you really want to hear, go to a bookstore. You might find it there.”

There was slight anger in his voice, but he hid it well from the untrained ear. Something about that story bothered him.

They waited until the next day to pick up. Everyone gathered with great anticipation because the host took his time. His eyes scanned the page searching for the last sentence then:

“I followed the boy, so I could properly apologize. Rudeness is not becoming of me.”

“`Young prince,' I called before opening the door to his chambers.

“`Please go away. You've said enough.'

“Nevertheless I stepped in. `I didn't mean to offend you.'

“`Well you did!'

“He snapped back. I stood in front of him and bowed slightly. `Allow me to make it up to you. Tomorrow, your family and I will go on a carriage ride and picnic in the country. The cherry blossoms are beautiful this time of year. The scenery is absolutely...'

“I saw a sparkle in those sapphire-like eyes. `Breathtaking.'

“He reluctantly agreed. I was walking back to my study when Krayon approached me.”

“ `Don't fall for him.'

“ `Excuse me?'

“He continued, `I know he's a wonderful child and as beautiful as any girl, maybe even more so. But don't fall in love with him. Other men have, and he shot them down in an instant. He's naïve, and the last thing he needs is to be confused about his own sexuality. A wife has already been chosen for him. You'd only have your heart broken.'

He partially closed the book for a moment and whispered in a barely audible tone, “Those were the wisest words I'd ever heard him say.”

“April 4, 1893:

“Today was a living nightmare. Our plans for a picnic were canceled due to rain, and I still tried to take Prince Raenef to see the sights. Luckily most of the stores were opened, so I took his shopping. My treat of course because his expectations for the day were ruined.

“There was a little shop that made kimonos, and he wanted one to try and blend in. I wandered around the store as I let him pick one out. Then I heard a scream. The lady that was helping him dress didn't realize he was male. I had a silent laugh at the poor girl's expense. When he came out, he was dressed in a woman's kimono. The woman had gone all out with his make-up, hair, and everything. He was stunning, and I couldn't believe my eyes. I wanted to complement him, but all I could do was yell. Yell at the woman for making him so appealing, and yelling at him for letting her.

“After he was properly dressed in a man's kimono, I took him to a local restaurant. It wasn't fancy, but the cuisine was worth it. An old woman and her daughter own it, and I took every opportunity I could to see the young beauty. I think the prince's presence confused her though.

“The daughter and I weren't exactly lovers, but I'd been with her one more than one occasion. Of course she knew that I was with other people, but if it bothered her, I couldn't tell. But she was an Asian woman, ebony hair and an adorable figure that she hides under many layers of clothing. I believe that she's engaged to a local monk.

“As I was saying, her brown eyes met mine with great confusion. I suppose because my current company was an adolescent, attractive male. And though it was not uncommon for a man to have a boy as a lover, I had never been known for that. She acted in her usual manner, kind and good-natured. I believe that's what made her appealing.

“Raenef had never eaten Asian food, and something in it gave him food poisoning. His new kimono was ruined and had to be removed. I spent the rest of the day at his bedside with a nurse trying to make him well again.”

“After several hours, of trying to convince him that he wasn't dying, he still didn't believe me and asked for me to hold him so he can grip to something when Death comes. I found his request ridiculous and

rather humorous, but I went along with it to make him feel better. He fell asleep in my arms, and I stay in his room the rest of the night. I'd never felt so content before, but Krayon's words kept ringing in my head. And I began to wonder. I had everything I wanted, but only with this child did I feel complete. Maybe it was just paternal instinct. Is now the time to start a family and have children of my own? Or am I in love?"

"April 5, 1893:

"This morning, I'd quietly left the youth's chambers and ran into a very suspicious Aurelied. 'Good morning, sir. Is there something I can help you with?'

" 'Don't give me false pleasantries. I'm here to discuss your behavior towards Prince Raenef V.'

" 'And what behavior would that be?'

" 'Don't play dumb. I don't believe our king would appreciate hearing that a foreign lord is attempting to court his son. It is a sin against our church, and that child will not be damned to Hell! If you continue with this immoral performance, we will leave and declare war against you!'

"His judgmental tone provoked me to a very defensive state. 'I, sir, have done nothing to harm this child as you call him, and I assure you that any relationship that you have created in that twisted mind of yours is completely nonexistent! Trying to nurse someone back to health is no crime, and I don't appreciate any accusations against me! I am a well-respected man, and it is time you, honored guest, gave me that respect in my own damned house!'

"I'd left him in a fury, and spent the rest of the day avoiding these foreigners. They only bring trouble. I decided to pay a visit to the monastery, but my timing couldn't have been more wrong because I'd met the young monk by the name of Chris. He was having dinner with his fiancée, my dear waitress. His adopted father Hejem, a high priest, was a significant member of the community, and to know that his daughter-in-law was tainted would be unforgivable. I pretended to be there only for business matters and quickly took my leave.

"I pondered where to go next. If my needs could not be met there, I would seek assistance elsewhere. From the beautiful Meruhesae perhaps. Her services did not only lie in supernatural matters. When I hired her, I confess that my thoughts were not solely on her clairvoyant abilities. She's a beauty of the Middle East. I went to her for help relieving some of my stress. I must admit that she is a woman of many talents.

"I ate dinner with my guests though the event seemed dead. No one spoke. I assumed that Aurelied had the same conversation with Raenef because his eyes never left his plate. I excused myself, and came to my room where I will spend the rest of the night."

"A good night's sleep was perhaps all I needed to relax my mind. I felt refreshed until my guests came to me.

"Krayon spoke up, 'Your hospitality has been so kind, but we regret to inform you that we must leave tomorrow, and that all paperwork must be finished today.'

“ `What's suddenly changed?’

“ `Raenef's bride-to-be has become a woman, and we just heard news of it. We must wed the two as soon as possible.’

“ `Really? Congratulations on the engagement, but what's the hurry? If I'm not mistaken, there is a healthy king still seated in the throne and Raenef is only a child.’

“ `Nevertheless, we would produce an heir just incase. You understand?’

“Of course I didn't. None of these people made sense. `Very well. The papers are on my desk; let me get them. Then we can spend your last day on that picnic that you so wanted, your highness. Don't concern yourself with your things; my servants will gather them for you.’

“I provided them with the papers and had a lunch prepared. A carriage was waiting as the young prince, his cousin, and I got ready to leave. The `esteemed' Aurelied stayed behind to make sure all of his affairs were in order.”

A guest spoke up, “So is this the end to our great love tale? The boy is just going home?”

“I never said the story was finished. Now if I may continue.”

The guest nodded.

“We arrived at a near-by pond. Its majesty was admired this time of year. A delicious meal was well enjoyed, then Krayon decided to be taken on a boat ride. Prince Raenef and I stayed ashore and chatted.”

“ `Are you excited about marriage?’

“ `Not really. Leeche is a spoiled, little girl. I don't really like her; it's just a marriage of convenience.’

“ `Then why don't they wait?’

“Sorrow filled his eyes, and he bowed his head slightly as if to hide that sorrow. `I'm ill. And my father wants to make sure that he has an heir if I die.’

“ `Surely you won't die. Who told you that?’

“ `It's true. I was born with this illness. That's why I came on this trip, to see the world before I go...’

“Tears flowed down his cheeks and I wiped them away. To die so young, may Heaven welcome him with open arms.”

“May 5, 1893:

“His last night here, he came to me with tears in his eyes.”

“ `I don't want to leave.'

“I tried my best to console him, but I'm no good with children. I suppose I shouldn't call him a child, an adolescent maybe. So I held him until he relaxed.

“ `Don't make such a fuss. You have your duties. You're required to produce an heir. Be brave. Now is the time that you must become a man and accept all responsibilities.'

“ `But,' he looked up at me and continued. `I want to stay with you. Can't you make them leave and keep me?'

“And I wanted to. I desperately wanted to keep him, to hold him like this forever. I tried my best to say `no,' but the word refused to form. Instead my lips gave into their true desire. I kissed him. It would've been less complicated if he had just refused me, alas no. He gave in and pressed his slender body against mine. At that moment I realized the true extent of my feelings. This boy made his way into my heart where many women had failed. I loved him. I loved Prince Raenef V of Belgium, and I could care less who knew! And in this moment of passion, our bodies came together and it was beautiful.

“I thought I would regret it. Regret taking his innocence, but I don't. And I'm sure he doesn't either because when I awoke the next morning, he was painting. It was an odd thing to do first thing in the morning, but the smile on his face assured me that I shouldn't be worried. I slowly rose from the bed to see what he was working on, and I found myself. He was painting a portrait of me. I remembered those words he spoke of human impurities.”

“ `Didn't you say,” I began to speak, but I was interrupted.

“ `I found it. I found the goodness of man. I found love. And although our love may be a sin, I will gladly go to Hell to stay with you.'

“It was all I could do to take him from his painting and make love to him again. I do have to admit that I felt uneasy seeing myself asleep and naked on his canvas, but there was nothing perverted to it. He captured beauty and innocence as he does in all of his works.

“ `Don't fear Hell. They couldn't keep you there.'

“Then I remembered that today was my last day with him. The thought was unbearable. My mind was racing for solutions. This could not be the last time I saw him. One idea did come, Meruhasae. Her potions should help. Maybe she would have something to cure his illness.”

“We went to her and asked for assistance. Our request made her uneasy, but she could tell that our love was pure. She handed us a bottle and told us both to drink, so we did. Later that afternoon, Aurelied came for the prince. I refused to give him over.

“ `Don't condemn this child! He needs to atone for the sins he has committed! Do you wish for him to die an unclean death?'

“ `I wish for him to be happy! Our love brings him joy!

“ `Your love? Your love is an illusion of the devil!

“The guards that had come to escort them back the Belgium had rushed in. We were forced apart. They took him outside so I was incapable of seeing him. Then, as punishment, they blinded me by stabbing a knife into each of my eyes. I was left bleeding and alone. It hurt to cry for my loss. I thought I would never see him again. But now, nearly a month later, my vision has returned to me. I believe that Meruhesae's potion is the cause of my miracle. I'm now able to seek out my lover, and I shan't rest until the day I find him.”

The host shut the book, “The diary ends here.”

The man, who was so critical when the host began to read, stood and said, “Is that it? Does Eclipse ever find his prince?”

“He searched the world. Since Raenef was not given a tomb or proper grave, it was difficult. His family believed him to be possessed, and they allowed the priests to bury him alive. And since Eclipse hasn't aged since that fateful day, he assumes neither has Raenef. Yes! I have found him, and he lies in the coffin before you! He must have been waiting all this time. I'm sorry I took so long.”

A few men used lasers to cut the welded lid, and Eclipse rushed to remove it. And upon opening the coffin, Eclipse found nothing.

“No...”

He took a step back. Years of searching, and he found nothing. He began to wonder if his lover even existed. There were no records of Raenef after all. So for the second time, Eclipse lost his lover, and he fell. He fell to the floor without hope of ever getting up, without hope of seeing his love, without the strength or will to seek for another forty-two years. For what is his life without Raenef?

The end

Cottontail: Mwuhahahaha! I have spoiled your hopes for a happy ending! Please don't be too mad? I promise a sequel.