

# **Secound Chances**

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Submitted: March 13, 2009

Updated: March 13, 2009

*-own characters- based on a comic me and my freind are writing*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/MiiEuthalia/55823/Secound-Chances>

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# 1 - Second chances

## Second chances

I look into what is a land of misery below me, my dark blue eyes full of woe, perched on the edge of a cold, white tiled floor. The sun behind me warms my back and shines on my golden blond tresses of hair, as I continue to look to the world with a forlorn look on my face. Tears stream from my eyes, dampening my grey clothes once more. All I can do is think about you. I am at the highest point and all I can do is watch. I can reach out for you, but you can't feel anything. When you smiled I knew it was real, when you laugh it was only for me to hear, when you look at me all I see is your inner beauty, not just a pretty face. We'd spend almost all the time we had together. I enjoyed every little bit of time we spent with each other no matter where we were or what we was doing, just being with you made my heart race. I just wish that I could have another chance, another chance to tell you how much I loved you; even if you reject me at least I would know, at least it would put my heart to rest. At least it would stop my heart aching so much. It's no use now I can't do a thing, not now, not ever.

The light starts to fade into darkness leaving only a faint glow around me. A sudden gust of bitter wind catches me off guard and I fall. I see the tiled step where I was perched, shrink into the distance. I try to use my wings but they're stiff, turning around the last thing I see is paving hurtling towards me. I crash through it and end up once more in the darkness. As the darkness clears I find myself in a dimly lit room. Candles that have overflowed their holders, covering the faded back and gold symbols etched into the stone. The walls are an unwelcoming grey stone on which hung tapestry and paintings in-between pillars that flow up onto the ceiling and joining into a point were chandeliers hang from. It was made out of gold with black crystals hanging from it. Behind me was a dark stained oak door. I was standing on a red rug embroidered with a golden thread. The rug led up three steps to a throne; behind it are five stained glass windows. On the throne is a young looking man dressed in casual clothes, reading a book titled 'the red river'. I seemed to have gone unnoticed. Balancing the book on his knee, he uses one hand to lazily turn a page and the other to tuck the locks of milky blonde hair obscuring his view behind his ear. I take a step forwards hoping that he'd notice me. His pale eye's jerk from the text and fix onto me, inhaling a deep breath before shifting around to sit properly in his throne. He closed the book after folding the page he was on, placing it carefully on the edge of the armrest.

"Name." He said flatly, his voice was tired as if he hadn't been sleeping for a couple of days. I was hesitant to reply to this, full of confusion and nervousness. After a brief moment I reply.

"M-Mii" he looked at me with surprise, like he was expecting something else. It soon went back into a cold stare.

"Are you the one whose friends with Seth?" he asked before yawning. I coyly nod my head. "Well..." he huffed "I am the king of all the under world, and I have decided to give you a second chance at living" he sighed "enjoy it and don't make mistakes that you did before blah blah blah." My eye's lit up in happiness.

"Thank you" I said with only a whisper.

“If you want to see him he’s somewhere in this castle” with that he got up and left taking his book with him. I turned to the door behind me, I walked up to it and stared for a while trying to take every thing that had happened in. I snap out my thoughts and grasp the thick iron handle, giving a hard tug. The door opened with a thud and a creak and I rush through it catching my wings on the way, plucking a couple of feathers as the door closed on them. I ignore the small pain and focus on finding Seth. I run through corridor after corridor, I soon grew tired and stop to catch my breath. The only thing I want to do is to tell him how much I love him and how much I’ve missed him. Suddenly I see a black figure in the distance. I look up, focusing my vision. My heart started racing once more, just like it used to do. He was there, my friend, the only one I care for.

“Seth...” I say silently. The tall dark figure goes through a door at the end of the corridor. I jump to my feat and race down to the door. Once I reach the door I take in a deep breath to calm my nerves, I open the door.

“Seth I-“ I froze, unable to say no more, unable to breath. I felt as if I had been shot. I stared in horror, as my best friend, my love, was kissing another. The world around me grew bitterly cold, as if it was smiling with glee as it stabbed me in the back. He’s kissing a man, the man I had met just a few moments ago. Running his hands through the others blond tresses. His raven like hair was bedraggled. whining as the older man broke their kiss to look up at me. Seth soon realized that the older man was staring at someone and turned his head towards me blushing. His eye’s lit up and he slid out from under the other man. He stood up straightening out his dark grey T-shirt and pulling up his black skinny jeans, which were hanging loosely round his hips. He smiled a small smile, pulling me into a hug.

“I’ve missed you,” he whispered, breaking the hug looking to the floor blushing once more. “Oh and th-this is my boyfriend zephyr” he turned to him and smiled the smile he used to smile at me

“c-congratulations...” was all I could muster to say as I stifled the tears threatening to appear. I put on my best fake smile I could “oh I have to clear some things up, I’ll be back later ok?” he nods, confused by my sudden leave. With that I walk out the door closing it behind me and ran, ran away from them, from every thing.

I ran to the furthest point of the castle. To a room with very little in it, every thing is covered in dust and cobwebs but not a spider in sight, the room looks abandoned and lonely, it is as I feel. The only source of light in this room is a small window overlooking the sea. The sun had already set leaving the bitter cold of the night biting at me. As I took each step into the room I would stir up dust. I sat down on the floor tucked into the corner and only now will I let those tears I suppressed hours ago flow freely from me. I feel as if this is a good secure place to spill out my sorrow, there was not a door touched in this section of the castle. It’d lain dormant until I walked through it, I feel safe that no one will find me here. I cry alone hopping to shed this overwhelming pain I feel. What have I done to disserve this, why me? Why am I suffering this pain, what have I done which was so wrong? Maybe I wasn’t meant to feel this way, were we only meant to be friends? I care for you so much; did I pass it off as love when it was only the bond of friendship? “I said I loved you... but I lied”. It wasn’t love; it couldn’t be love. My feelings are strong for you; I’d give my own life if it meant that you’d be happy. They’re too strong to be called love. I lied, the feelings of love I have felt were not true, and they couldn’t be if we were not meant to be together. But, if it was not true, why do I feel as if my heart has been ripped in two, why can’t I stop crying, why can’t I get you out of my mind? Why am I being punished like this? “What have I done to

disserve this!?" I cried out, my head falling into my lap, huddling up with my hands clutching my hair, slowly growing weary and drift into the shadows.

I wake up to a cold breeze coming from the window. I survey my surroundings with half lidded eyes. Sitting here was a constant reminder of what had happened. I need to get out of here, clear my head. I stand up and walk over to the window. I couldn't risk going through the castle and seeing them two again. I lean my head out the window, its just about big enough to fit through. With great effort I manage to squish through the narrow window and fall flat on my face. With a flutter of my pearly white wings I lift off the ground and glide to the nearest town.

I arrive at an inn just south of a small town in a midst of a forest. The leaves on the trees have turned red and dark clouds lingering, signifying the start of autumn. I head into the old Victorian inn; the décor hasn't seemed to change since it was built. I was greeted by a musky smell, normally find in an old book but a blast of welcoming warmth encourages me to go in. I head over to the bar and take a seat. A frail looking lady stood behind the bar, turning to me.

"Oh dear, poor lad" the lady said in the most extraordinary accent "yer look like some-uns trampled on yer heart" I looked up at her, my eye's still red from crying, confirming her suspicions. "'Ere yer look like yer needin' somthin' strong. Tis on thee hoose, whater' yer havin'?" she asked readying a glass for the order.

"It's ok, I don't" I paused "what am I saving myself for? Give me the strongest thing you got please" she turned around pulling an old bottle of a shelf, blowing of the dust.

"That bad ey?" I give a gentle nod as she started to pour me the drink. She passed the drink to me.

"Thank you." I said, bowing my head a little. I choked on taking the first sip, if anything was to drown out my misery this sure would. Next I took a mouthful this time only coughing once. The lady giggled and went into the back of the pub. A few choking mouthfuls later she returns holding what would seem to shot glasses, two toy pigs and a familiarly shaped bottle. My vision was blurred and I couldn't make out the brand of the bottle. She sat down slamming the shot glasses and the bottle onto the bar and rolling out the pigs.

"Yer up ta a game of pigs?" I stared at her blankly "we play fer shots, yer roll thee pigs scorin' thee most point by how they lan" I nodded and she went first rolling the pigs. They landed one sitting up and one standing. She cheered taking to shots and drinking them. She hands me the two pigs, I take them and toss them lightly across the bar top. They had both landed standing up. She cheered once more handing me three shot glasses, and I knocked one back after another. The game had ended a couple of empty bottles later. I got up to leave only to find my legs were jelly and I came crashing to the floor. I heard the lady chuckle.

"I'm ok," I said while rolling over onto my back. As I stared at the ceiling at it seemed to turn slowly. I steadily rose to my feet "jus-t need to go." I mumbled, "It's getting late" I said slurring every word into one as I steadily make my way to the door. I suddenly bump into a red clad boy, nearly knocking him back out the door. He looks up at me with his miss-matched eyes, one a fiery ruby red the other a clear ocean blue, his silvery white hair draped across his face. He was saturated from the rain outside; it'd seemed to even soak through the thick red coat. I abruptly realized who it was standing in front of me.

“Hello Lu-ke.” I smiled at him drunkenly.

“Uh hello, Mii?” he looked at me puzzled.

“What’s you doin’ here?” I asked. He blushed a little looking to the floor.

“It’s the only place that will serve me...” he mumbled.

“Hey you can come drink with me and the lady” I point over to the lady, now sleeping clutching hold of the empty bottles. “Oh well come drink with me anyway, I need some company.”

“Why are you here?” he asked.

“Huh?” I say, not quite sure what he meant.

“Why are you here? I thought you didn’t drink.” He repeated. I paused thinking of a reply, I didn’t want to tell him why I was really there.

“Celebrating!” I cheered, waving my arms in the air.

“...Celebrating what?” he asked, tilting his head to the side and I shrugged. He could tell something was wrong. The last thing I wanted to do is to talk about it. “Really? Are you suuuuure?” he asked as if he knew I would be lying if I said I was fine. I sighed and make my way over to a table.

“Fine, fine I don’t drink.” I huffed. I rest my head on the table feeling a headache coming on. I hear him walk over to the bar with his heavy sounding boots.

“But why start drinking now?” he asked, taking up a few bottles of beer and walking back over to me. “Is something wrong?”

“ I loved him...” I said softly, raising my head so I could see across the table.

“Who?” he asked, speaking softly, placing a hand on my arm.

“Seth...” I choked out, struggling to hold back the tears. “He... has someone else...” I silently cursed any form of higher being for giving me uncontrollable emotions.

“Zephyr...” he mumbled. My eyes shot to his in confusion “I know” he said, shaking his head but only gaining a more puzzled look from me. “He’s my dad...” he looked down as if he did it himself. I sat back in shock, pausing, taking in what he just said.

“What should I do?” I asked, “If I tell him would it make things worse?” I said, pressing my head back down on the table. “Should I move on?” Luke brought his chair closer, resting his head on my shoulder. “Thank you...” I murmured, pulling him into an embrace. My ear’s pressed against his chest, listening to his heartbeat double a normal pace. I pulled back looking at him. His cheeks are tinted with a slight blush, looking back at me cutely. “Are you feeling ok? You look a bit flushed.” His blush reddened as he looked down to avoid my gaze.

"I-I'm fine" he said with half lidded eye's, smiling sweetly to himself. It suddenly dawned on me, the way he was acting towards me it was how I would act around Seth. Maybe it was how he was with everyone, but I felt something shift inside me, taking away the black clouds around me, allowing me to see again. Luke looked back up me, his silvery white hair dried and messed up, and flecks of it hang over his young smooth pale face. Smiling a perfect smile gracing his delicate lips. I feel alive again but no longer longing for Seth. This can't be right, I shouldn't feel this way about Luke, I love Seth, I'm sure of it and I'll prove it. I have to tell him to stop this.

"I'm sorry I... I have to go" I get up and walk briskly for the door, not looking back to Luke.

I arrive back at the castle, where I had originally had ran from. I take one of the large silver circular handles and knock twice, with a loud deep clunk on the two large dark oak doors. I waited for a short while until the doors opened. The light was dim making it hard to see clearly. Standing there was Seth in a grey baggy t-shirt and only boxer shorts on the bottom half. I felt no blush come across my face at his half-nakedness; I felt nothing. He shifted to the side gesturing for me to come in.

" Seth I have to tell you something." I take in a deep breath preparing myself "I've felt this for a long time I just didn't have the courage to tell you back then." He stared at me with a cross of confusion and tiredness on his face. " I love you Seth." Seth's ghostly blue eye's wide from surprise. At last I finally told him but those words feel so empty, dry. I don't feel that over powering fire inside me, the yearning for Seth's love. "At least... I did" I lower my head.

"You don't any more? Why?" I bit my lower lip shaking my head, scared of what the answer might be. "Why Mii?" he asked again.

"I-... I have to go" I turn to leave but he pushes me against the wall, his arms ether side of me. His eye's fixed on mine in with a piercing stare, forcing me to tell. "You broke me, it.... really hurt.... Seeing you two together. I was at the brink where I wouldn't return, but someone picked up the pieces. I don't think I'll ever love you, not like I used to" his eye's narrow

"Who?" he asks, trying to hide the anger in his voice. I shake my head, fearing what he might do to Luke. "Why wont you tell me?" he asked, sighing to release the anger that built up. I didn't want Seth to hurt Luke, but why am I protecting him so much, its not like I love him, I can't love him. I lean forward kissing him softly, but every inch of my entire body was screaming to get away. My eyes flew open wide and I swiftly pulled away, clutching hold of my hair unsure of what I should do. My head tells me to stay but my heart tells me to go. I've made this mistake before; I listened to my head, telling me to wait for a better time. I can't make the same mistake twice. I have to go, go find Luke.

"I'm sorry, I can't do this, I have to go." I said, giving him a friendly hug good bye.

I arrive back at the old inn, the weather has cleared up and the sun is peeking through the calm white clouds, telling me it was morning. I rushed into the inn shocking the lady behind the bar.

" 'Ere whatya' doin' back 'ere?" she asked, her voice full of surprise.

" I'm looking for someone" I look around for Luke but he's not there. "Have you seen a boy with white

hair and a big red coat?" I ask.

"That'll be Lu, yeah he left out the side exit a few minutes ago" She said, with that I gave a quick wave good bye and left through the side exit. I should be able to catch up to him. I came out in a small opening, secluded by trees. A grassy pathway led up to the edge of a cliff overlooking a small coral reef leading to the sea. Sat at the top of that was Luke. He was in the shade of the tree, the light from the sun bounces off the clear water, lighting up his face. I approach him slowly and breathing in deep breathes to steady my nerves. I hear him mumbling to himself, as I get closer the words get clearer.

"I just hope you're right about this... that it's not some sick joke..." he said quietly to himself.

"Right about what?" I said, startling him a little.

"N-nothing important..." he said blushing again. I sit down next to him, smiling coyly at him and he smiles cutely back at me. I build up my strength to tell him. I've never felt so nervous in my life, my hearts racing. I swallow it down and hold it there.

"Luke I have to say something to you" I said, my voice just above a whisper. He fidgets about as if he's waiting for something. "Thank you, for being there for me. I don't know what I would have done without you..." I place my hands onto his shoulders, capturing his soft pink lips with my own. Wrapping my arms around him pulling him closer to me and he brings his hands up, resting them in my hair. We break the kiss, holding onto each other, smiling sweetly. "I'm falling for you..."

"I already have," he said nuzzling his head into the crook of my neck laying against me, holding my hand. "Does this mean I get chocolate?" he asks giggling, smiling cheekily at me.