

Oh Dear

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Aay is your every day noob in Runescape. She then meets Patrick, and then Dav, and her life gets complicated because Dav tries to ruin her and Patrick's life. What will she do?

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1 - Beware: Wannabe Warrior

Oh Dear

I was pretty useless when I first came to Runescape. I couldn't fight without getting hurt so much...but I soon started gaining levels and I was on my way. I vowed to become the best warrior at Runescape!

So when I was transported to Lumbridge, I thought, *what to do?* So I went walking along and I heard a voice.

"Boy is she ugly!"

I gasped and turned around and looked at a girl. She was grinning evilly at me. One of the people around me asked if they were the ones being called ugly, and she said no and pointed at me. "She is."

WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE TO BE CALLED UGLY? I was about to say something really really nasty to her, but she walked away and I decided to leave her be. I mean, was I that ugly? I had blonde hair that came down to my chin and it was curly, light brown tight fitting pants, and a matching light brown tank shirt.

There was a war going inside my head. I just crossed my arms and kept on walking, shield on my back and my sword sheathed. Some goblins were walking around, slobbering green ooze that made me cringe all over. I saw some people fighting the goblins so I decided I would do that too. I unsheathed my sword and sprang at the goblin.

He snarled and quickly parried, then did a quick swipe at my arm.

OF ALL THE...

I looked at my arm. It was bleeding. I quickly looked back at the goblin and thrust my sword at him. I missed a few times, but finally I just whacked his head off. *EW!* The goblin left some money, about 5 coins, and I took them.

I sighed.

So far, I sucked at being the best warrior in Runescape.

I went to the stream and cleaned my small wound. I felt a little stronger even though I had gotten hurt. I decided to fight more goblins so I could get better.

You'll laugh at how stupid I could be at fighting. I struggled with the second and third goblin, drawing

Gosh, I was an idiot. I screamed and ran right to the town, passing the Dark Wizards and getting **very** strange looks.

I guess I landed right inside the bar, and not at a very good time. Some people were drunk. They came over to me and started puking. *Oh, dear...*

WHAT TYPE OF TOWN WAS THIS?

I ran out.

I looked into my money bag. So far I had only about ten coins. So... how do I get money?

I ran to what seemed to be the central of the town because the place was so DARN CROWDED!

I asked miscellaneous people about how to earn money. Some ignored me... some said Noob, and finally one person suggested mining. OF COURSE!

But I would need a pickaxe.

So I yelled in the General Shop, saying, "BUYING PICKAXE!"

"How much?" A person asked.

I offered 5 coins.

The person said sure, and said I could get his bronze pickaxe. So we traded and I jumped for joy! Well, not really...

But anyways, I followed a path down to a bank, and then asked around saying, "Where can I mine?"

A girl said, "You can follow me, I'm going there anyways."

So I did, and met some very big rats along the way. I also saw people fighting guards. Why do that? The guards keep the peace around here. But I just shrugged and followed her.

We came to the mining place and it was crowded also. I said thank you to the girl, and walked to the back to mine some copper. I thought back, and remembered I needed tin also to make bronze.

I lifted the pickaxe and hit the copper ore. I groaned.... I hardly made a scratch!

This was going to be along day.

So I kept on going at it, switching between mining copper and tin, until I was almost full. Then this cute guy, I have to say deviously cute... came up to where I was mining. I blushed.

He seemed to ignore me and swung his pickaxe at my ore. In a blink of an eye, he had taken my ore. Then he went to where others were mining and started taking theirs.

I gasped. It had taken me so long and I was almost there, and he had stolen my ore.

I shouted at the evil cute guy. "Hey! I'm trying to mine here!"

He seemed to ignore me.

Some others joined my outcry and he still ignored us. Finally, until he was done, he left.

I stuck my tongue at him and continued to mine. *The nerve of some people...*

I finished, and went to go smelt my ore. I only knew of the one in Lumbridge, and carrying all this weight, it was going to be a long trip.

When I had gotten there, some people were already smelting and I had to squeeze in to be able to smelt.

I carefully put in the copper and tin, and waited... and out came bronze!

YAY!

So I did this for awhile.

I finished and let another person take my place.

One guy seemed to follow me out of the place. He followed me everywhere.

I tried to outrun in and pretend I didn't see him, but still he followed. I unsheathed my sword and turned around. "WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

He looks a little cute, but his stare was scary. He grinned. "You want a bf?"

My jaw dropped. All the following just for this? I sheathed my sword and spat venom at him. "Listen, buddy, you could have said that in the first place. Honestly, I don't even know you, and I don't think I ever want to."

I walked away.

Of all the little... he followed.

"PLEASE?"

I ignored him. He asked me for such a long time, and I saw tons of eligible girls that he could ask.

I finally couldn't take it anymore. I started to get my sword but a voice stopped me.

"Is he bothering you, Miss?"

I looked at the man who had asked that. My mouth just hung open. It was a knight in shining armor, but the amour was Mithril. I nodded my head.

The knight nodded and unsheathed his sword and pointed it to the man that was following me.

"I ask politely for you to leave this lady alone."

The man stepped back a little. "Well..."

The knight stepped closer. "Or shall I drag you to the wilderness?"

The man answered with turning on his heel and running away.

I gave a little clap and grinned at the Knight. "Thank you ever so much!"

The knight took off his helmet. He had wavy black hair and bright blue eyes and a crooked grin. He was cute. "Your welcome, Miss."

"What shall I call you?" I asked.

"Call me Sir Patrick." He grinned and asked, "What shall I call you?"

I gave a small smile and said, "Aay."

"That's a peculiar name."

I nodded. "I like different names."

"Well, since it seems you are new and hardly experienced, let me show you around Varrock," he said, offering his arm.

I accepted, slipping my arm through his and blushing a little.

Oh dear, this was going just fine, wasn't it?

So I started playing Runescape and I went to the game section and saw they had fanfics of Runescape! I just had to make one! And note that all of these characters are fiction, and not actual people.

AND PLEASE REVIEW!

2 - Patrick

I want to thank you for your reviews! I was deciding whether to update or not!

Sir Patrick led me through Varrock, the loudest town I had come by so far. So many people, or merchants I should say, were trying to sell their things to the people. You would here, "Buying full iron...2k!" or something like that... Really, I did see good sales, but for the money part... I could not afford it.

Patrick led me towards the bank. "Do you have any extra money with you?"

I pulled out my coin purse. "Well, let's see... I have only five coins."

He stopped and gazed at me curiously. "Only five coins?"

I nodded. "That's why I was mining for bronze, to make things and sell money."

"Yes, but to do that, it takes hell of a long time," Patrick said. He put a hand on my shoulder. "Stay here. I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Yes," I said, for I could wait a whole decade for him. Ok, ok, ok, OK! Maybe not a decade, jeez, I am sorry. Just a figure of speech...

He left, leaving me by this man selling furs. I stood talking to him awhile then I said that the price was a rip-off, but this person said he had a family to feed, too. Yes, I guess I can forgive him.

I felt a tap on my shoulder and some man wanted to trade with me. He had beautiful mithril armour... I am afraid I started to slobber. Then I shook my head. He just shrugged and went on ahead to the next person.

Patrick came into view, but he seemed to be carrying a bundle. He stopped in front of me, and handed the bundle to me.

I took it, and almost dropped it for it was so heavy, so I just set it on the ground gently. I opened it up and gasped. "For me?"

He gave a grin. "To show you are welcome here. Just think it as a gift."

I pulled out the contents... a steel plate skirt, steel kite shield, steel EVERYTHING!

I jumped up and gave him a hug. "Thank you ever so much!"

Patrick seemed a surprised at the hug. “No problem.” After the hug, he bent down and took some more things out. “Don't forget the rest... a black cape, gloves, leather boots, and a tiara to fit that beautiful head of yours. Now go and change! I'll wait for you here.”

“Ok!” I said joyfully.

“And I'm sorry I couldn't get you mithril. I didn't have any more left.”

“Don't worry; you have already given too much!” I picked up the items and went for a place to go change. The bar had an empty room and no one was there, so I slipped off my pants and pulled the skirt on. It fit perfectly around my thighs, just a bit above the knees. I whipped the shirt off, but not before checking around. Nobody was there, so I got the iron shirt, or whatever it was called, on. It looked good.

I put on the boots, though they were a little big, but I would have to get used to them. The gloves fit dandy, though.

The only mirror in the room was a bit dirty. I tried to brush my hair out. It was not that badly tangled. I put the tiara on my head. I looked like a warrior princess! I soon finished, walking out of the room with my shield on my back my steel sword attached to my belt, and the black cape running down my back.

Patrick gave a large smile when he saw me. “You look beautiful.”

“Why thank you!” I twirled around a bit. THAT got some whistles from the men around me.

He took my arm. “And now let's go to the bank.”

“Why?” I asked.

“I have another surprise for you.” He led me into the very, very crowded bank. We had to wait for SO VERY LONG!

Finally, we got up to the bank teller. Patrick said to him, “Let's access Lady Aay's bank account, please.”

“Ok, just one moment...” The bank teller searched around, then came back, carrying a box. “Here we go.”

“How much do I have in it?” I asked.

“Let's see... 25 coins, miss.”

Patrick dropped a bundle on the counter. “Add this too.”

I gasped again. “What...”

“Just some coins to get you started,” Patrick said, smiling down at me.

“How much...?” I breathed.

The bank teller answered for Patrick. “2k miss.”

I sighed. “How can I ever repay you?”

Patrick leaned down and placed a small kiss on my cheek. “You don't.” He led me out of the bank. “Now, where do you live?”

I looked toward the bar. “I was thinking of renting a place at the bar.”

“Well, then, Lady Aay, that is where I will leave you.”

“Leave me?” I frowned.

“Only for tonight. I have to do some things first.”

I nodded my head and leaned my head on his shoulder.

He walked me to the front door. “Till tomorrow, Lady Aay.”

“Around noon, Sir Patrick?” I asked.

“Around noon,” confirmed Patrick. He walked up and kissed me lightly on the lips. “Good bye.”

I whispered “Bye.”

He put on his helmet and left, and I watched him until he turned out of site.

I felt all giddy inside, and I walked into the bar. “Isn't this a LOVELY DAY?” I practically shouted.

Some people chuckled and replied, “Yes it is,” and some grumbled and took a long drink of their beer, saying, “No.”

I walked up to the man in charge of the place. “May I rent a room here, please?”

“Anything for you, little miss sunshine,” he chuckled. He filled out something and asked me to sign it. I did, and he handed me a key. “Room 2.”

OH DARN IT! Of all the imps... I had not thought of withdrawing any money at the bank.

The owner seemed to realize my frustration. “I think I can trust you, so when you go back to the bank, bring back money, and pay me.”

“Oh, thank you!” I said.

I slung my things over my shoulder and walked up the stairs. I walked into one room, and I did not realize it was the wrong one. I had walked into room 1, which people were in, and they were... "Oh dear!" Well, maybe I had better not say... No, wait... Curse my sick mind... their just sleeping. I quietly backed out.

I found room 2, and I opened it. It had a tub, dresser, and a bed. Oh, and a table too.

I closed the door and set my things onto the table. I took out my sack, filled with my belongings, and took out my small pillow and blanket. I made my bed, and decided to go and finish making some things out of bronze and selling them. I locked up my room, put the key in my pocket, and walked to the smithing place.

Once I arrived, I took out the bronze ore and had to wait my turn. I had a hammer with me that I did not realize I had gotten, well; I was actually given a few things before coming to Runescape.

My turn came and I made some axes and finally short swords. It took so dang long. Finally, I had finished, getting up and wiping the sweat from my brow. I walked out and screamed like all the other people, "Selling BRONZE axe!"

It took forever to get some people to buy some. But I did not get much. I only got around 15 coins, selling only about three axes. I went to the sword shop and sold my short swords. I walked out, sure I had enough coins to pay the rent and buy some food.

The bar was a little crowded, some picking fights that I did not feel like interfering. I sat down at the bar and asked, "What type of food do you have, Sir?"

"Nothing much, but all for five coins are bread and soup, including a beer."

"I'll take it, and how much is for the rent?"

"For you, I would say about 50 coins."

I held out my hand and gave him 55 coins. "There you go."

He tucked the money in his pocket and put some bread and soup in front of me. "Do you want a bath prepared? I have some boys who can carry hot water up there."

"Oh yes, please." This day was going just fine all the way, now wasn't it?

The soup wasn't that great and the bread was dry. I soaked the bread in the soup and ate it that way. I dreaded drinking the beer, so I decided to give it to the man beside me. He took it and gulped it down. "Can't take it, huh, sweet lips?"

"I just don't want to drink anything vile." I answered back, getting up.

He gave a loud belch and winked at me. "See you later, sweet lips."

I didn't think that my lips were sweet, but that must be what he called all the girls.

I opened my room and found the tub filled with steaming water. I closed the door and slipped off my clothes, and slowly went in. It felt great. I grabbed some soap that I had and washed my hair and the grime and sweat from my face. My hands were red, from all that mining and smithing. And my back was aching too.

I sat back and thought about how the day went. Then I thought of Patrick and had crazy girly daydreams about him.

I stayed in for awhile, and I got out when the water was cold and my fingers were all wrinkly. I slipped on my nightgown, and blew out the candle. Then I climbed into bed and sighed.

This was a day to be remembered.

Yawn... sorry, I'm tired... But anyways, how was it? And don't forget to REVIEW!

Thank ya!

3 - Jealousy

LOL! Jeez, u guys are funny... but thank you for the reviews! And about having real people in here, I'll think about that....

And what Lady Aay looks like right now is how my character looks too...but that if ya want to look me up check under warrioraayla!

And sadly, no, I have not really met my Sir Patrick... oh well.....

I woke up, feeling a bit stiff in my hands, but I did feel refreshed. I got up slowly and put on my clothes. I looked in the mirror and brushed my hair, and slipped on my shoes.

Breakfast was calling me, so I walked out and locked my door. First I walked out and looked at the sun. It was nearly around 10:00 a.m., so I had about two hours.

What I ate for 2 coins wasn't that good... it was stale bread again, though I could have the choice of eggs. When they came to me, they were burnt, though.

I decided after I was done, I would go look for a house I could by, and when I knew what price it was, I would know how much to make. I thanked the bartender for the meal, and then I put my shield over my shoulder and clipped my belt with my sword attached to it around my waist.

I walked out of the bar, it being a beautiful day. The sun was out and only a few clouds... Though I still could not believe about how many people were in Varrock.

I went past the clothes shop, and turned towards the smith shop, and just walked past that into where I saw a couple of houses when I first came into Varrock after mining. I walked down to where I think a church was and saw a cute house right before the church.

I opened the door, and what were in there were a bed, wardrobe, table, stove, and what not. It was great! I found the owner of the house, and it was around 10k. 10k... THAT'S ROADKILL! No... darn tootin... wrong word... OVERKILL!

But anyways, I vowed to be the best warrior **AND** to get rich. This was going to be hard...

The house had a few flowers, and they were blue... On the outside, and the house was stone on the

outside. So pretty...

Oh dear, I'm so weird...but hey, that's me.

The clothes shop didn't really have anything that I liked, for I had better stuff than that, really. I didn't really know anywhere to go... so I just went back to the bar.

The bar was sort of crowded... There was a barbarian woman in the room and nobody seemed to like her... they all kept fighting her! What did she ever do to them?

It was mostly likely around 11:30... another 30 minutes of waiting. I sat down with a big "SIGH."

A person started shouting "Who wants to join a clan?"

Several people walked over to him and asked about it.

He grinned and told some people that it wasn't for them. They looked like beginners to me who wanted to join.

I got up and asked, "What do you do in the clan?"

"Attack noobs in wilderness and take their things," he said.

I appeared shocked.

"And that, my dear, is why you cannot join. You are a noob yourself and you would do us no good."

"Well, I'm sorry then," I murmured and sat back down on my stool.

One girl sat beside me. She said to me, "Isn't that awful what they do to new people?"

I shook my head yes.

"But hey, once I get as good as them I could join them!"

"What?" I nearly shouted. "You were just saying how bad it is!"

"But the leader... he is so cute..." she sighed and stared at this man who was leaning against the wall.

He had broad shoulders and long wavy hair. It was dirty blonde, and he appeared to have bright green eyes. He had a little scar on his chin, too

"Is that him? Yes, I guess he looks ok..." the man must have noticed I was staring at him and he walked over.

"Hey..."

The girl beside me got up. "Sir, let you know that when I become good, I'll join your group!" the girl had stars in her eyes.

I rolled my eyes and gave a little laugh.

She looked down at me and asked, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing...nothing..." *You're just so obnoxious, that's all!*

The man gave a smile. "Sure." He sat down on my other side. He turned to me and asked, "What's your name?"

"Aay..."

"And my name is Sir Black."

I tried to hold back a laugh. "Black?"

"Hey, it's my last name; don't make of it!"

"So sorry... what's your first name, then?"

"Dav..."

"Well, Dav, pleased to meet you, though I have to say I don't agree with your clan."

"You don't have to."

"Ah..." I got up and walked toward the stairs.

He followed.

I reached the middle of the stairs when I turned around and asked, "What do you want?"

"Can we meet again?"

"Slow down... you don't want to be seen with a noob, do you?"

"I guess I can always make exceptions."

"Right..."

"Your Patrick's girl ain't you?" he asked.

"Maybe not his girl... but... how did you know I knew him?"

He shrugged. "I saw you with him."

“Lady Aay!”

I ran down the stairs. “Patrick!”

Patrick stood there, this time clad in only a loose shirt and some black pants. “Ready to go?” He offered me his arm and I accepted.

Dav came into view. “So I was right.”

Patrick's face hardened. “Dav.”

“Patrick.”

I could see that they weren't on good terms with each other. “Well, umm... Dav, I'll see you later, ok?” I asked.

“Sure,” he replied, not looking away from Patrick. He gave a small smile, but it looked sort of evil, in a way.

I led Patrick out and he asked me, “How do you know him?”

“He and his clan came into the bar to gather more people to join.”

“Ah...”

“Why aren't you on that good of terms with him?” I asked.

His face softened. “He killed a friend that I had just made in the wilderness. I haven't seen him since...”

“Did he die?”

“I don't know... every time you die, you disappear somewhere...”

“Well, then, we don't want to die, do we? Now come, show me around your something!” I started pulling him along.

“Instead of showing you around, I will show you how to fight... to protect yourself from anything.”

“Great!”

He took me to where the goblins were. “These are good practice.”

“On living...”

“Goblins minds are full of sawdust. All they do is slobber, growl, and make more goblins.”

“Gross things, I guess...”

“Before you fight one, I'm going to show you some moves, alright?”

I nodded my head, and brought out my sword. “Show me.”

I let out a breath, leaning against a tree. I was drenched, and I mean literally drenched, in sweat. Patrick had been gueling me forever, it seemed like.

He didn't even have sweat coming down his face. He laughed. “Tell me you don't give up now.”

I tossed my sword and shield on the ground and collapsed on the ground. “I won't quit, just let me catch my breath.”

“Yes, a breather is always good, but you don't always get one in combat.”

I stuck out my tongue. “This is an exception!”

He laughed.

I loved making him laugh.

A shadow came over us. “Over working the poor girl, are you Patrick?”

Patrick scowled. “What are **you** doing here?”

Dav sat down next to me. “Just watching the scenery.”

I gave a little blush, for he was looking at me.

“Hey, Aay, I'll show you how to fight.” Dav got up and pulled me up with him.

Patrick was quick to disagree, “She is training with me now.”

Dav led me away. “Don't you think I can train her a little bit?”

I gave a little nod and looked at Dav. “It's fine!”

Dav grinned. “Now, all you have to do is thrust at me...”

I did, though I tripped over *something* that was not there before... and I fell into Dav's arms and he leaned

his over me and kissed me square on the lips.

I froze and then a few seconds later I realized what was happening. I pushed him away and pointed my finger at him. "You have **NO** reason to do that!"

"I did too..." he grabbed my hands and pulled me closer. "I had forgotten what taking a first kiss is like."

I yanked my hands away and slapped him hard on the face. "You jerk."

Patrick was suddenly in front of me. "I think that was your signal to leave."

Patrick had to hold me back, for I jumped at Dav. "You will regret this day! When I become a great warrior I will kick your sorry butt!"

I seethed while I glared at Dav and Patrick picked up my sword and shield and led me away from Dav, who was looking shocked at me and holding his cheek.

Patrick was saying something. "...And I'm sorry that Dav did that..."

I just nodded my head and walked all the way back to the bar in silence.

When we had gotten close, I turned to Patrick. "I found a house that I would want to buy. It costs around 10k... how else could I raise money?" I wanted to get the scene that just happened out of my mind.

He looked a bit... well... I don't know... "You could mine, or fight in the wilderness once you get better and pick up what people had left and sell it."

"In the wilderness?"

"Well, not against any noobs, no hard feelings, but against people who actually want to fight."

I nodded my head and said to Patrick when I got to the door. "Thank you for trying to train me, Patrick... maybe again tomorrow?"

"Sure... though I'm not quite sure when I can get you... I'll just come at a random time."

I gave him a hug and said good bye. He gave a small bow and left.

The sun was going down... I had spent about 6 hours fighting goblins and getting tips by Patrick. I was doggone tired, so I ate dinner and had them prepare a bath, then took a short one, and collapsed into bed.

I sighed and closed my eyes.

This day in history **sucked**.

Well, most of it... Patrick was about the only good thing that happened... hopefully, tomorrow would go

better.

I finally went to sleep.

I couldn't think of what to do! Since I'm not a member of Runescape, it is hard to come up with ideas and I've never been in the wilderness yet because I'm still level building my girl... give me some hints to what is out there?

Thank you and please review!

4 - Puking in Runescape

I woke up feeling a little nauseous, so I slowly got up and looked in the mirror. *Ugh...* I looked really sick... food did not sound good right now. I looked at the slop bucket and just put it by my bed. How did I get sick? It was not because of Dav... ugh...

I was just plain sick now. Thinking of Dav sort of ruined my day, though; it was already ruined because I was sick.

My stomach felt like a goblin stabbed me. I collapsed on the bed and held the bucket close to my face. It came up and I puked hard into the bucket.

It was hard to breathe, and I reached for a cloth sloppily to wipe my face. "Patrick..." I murmured, then rolled over and held my stomach.

I must have dozed off because someone was shaking my shoulder. I mumbled an "Ow," and slurred, "Sstopp..."

"Aay, are you ok? E gads, what happened to you? It smells horrible in here. Are you sick?"

It was Patrick.

"Patrick..." I groaned. "I must be sick... I did not drink anything vile or eat anything..."

"Here... I have a cold cloth and I'm going to place it on your forehead... Just wait, I'm going to wash out your slop bucket."

I nodded; too tired to say anything, and I closed my eyes.

Then I fell asleep again.

I woke up feeling better; looking outside to find it was dark. I think most of it was out of my system now, and I really, badly, had to go.

Patrick had fallen asleep on the chair, and he looked like a little child. Believe me, people; you would have wanted to see this. I mean, he looked *adorable*.

But, sadly, I had to wake him up because I did not want him to wake up, seeing me using the slop bucket, so I shook him a tiny bit. "Patrick?"

He woke up immediately, his black hair falling in front of his eyes. "Yes?"

"I really, desperately need to go, and can I have some privacy?" I stood looking at him with huge

innocent eyes, begging him to leave.

He blushed and nodded. "If you need anything, just yell." He gave my arm a reassuring squeeze, then left.

After I had finished, I opened the door to find Patrick walking to me with some food.

"Here is some food you can eat," he said.

My stomach grumbled, and I actually felt like eating. I started to slobber, for when I looked at the mashed potatoes with gravy, some bread and butter, some lettuce... yum yum...

"Thank you so much!" I yelled and sat down at the table. He set the food in front of me and sat across from me. I took a bite, then another. It was so good! "Where did you get this? The bar down below doesn't have anything this good!"

"A young man by the name of Blitzer. He was selling some of the things that he had cooked..." Patrick stopped. "Heavens sake, Aay, slow down! You'll get sick again if you eat that fast!"

I was done eating. I just shrugged my shoulders and shooed him out again. "Let me get dressed and then I'll go down to thank Blitzer."

"Alright, but nearly everyone is going to bed... I'll go down to try to catch him before he leaves."

He went out and I put on my steel platelegs, steel plateskirt, and some coins for whatever use.

I locked my door when I went out, for my sword and shield were in there.

Henry was talking to a man not much younger than I, and then he pointed to me when he saw me. "That was the lady I was talking about."

I walked over and smiled to the young man. "Thank you, kind sir, for the food that you made."

He shrugged it off. "No big deal. And I would like it if you just called me Blitzer, for `sir' makes me seem a hundred years older.

I just shrugged. "If you insist."

"So you are feeling better than?" he asked.

"Oh yes," I said.

"Then how about this cake!" He showed me some delicious looking cake.

Cake didn't sound so good right now. "I'm not that hungry, so no, sorry."

"That's ok... well, I must be off. Its near midnight, you know."

I looked at both of them in disbelief. "You mean I was out for that long?"

Blitzer left us, saying goodbye.

I continued looking at Patrick. "When did you find me?"

"Around noon."

"I didn't do anything... weird, did I?"

"Well... you woke up several times puking all over the covers... you don't remember that?"

I shook my head. "No."

He shrugged. "At least you're ok now. You did really scare me for a little bit."

I patted his shoulder. "How sweet. But don't worry! I'm fine now! I don't feel sick anymore!"

"That's good. Now, since your full of energy, it seems like, how about a midnight walk?"

I put my arms through his. "That would be fine."

Walking through Varrock

The moon was bright. Patrick was explaining what towns would be best to visit, and he said that the clothes shop in town had some very few selections. But he said he might be able to buy me some.

There were some people still out, some creeping through the shadows, some just passing through, and some just being like little children. I think they were drunk.

"Neiighh!" They were playing with their toy horses. "Ye haw! Giddy-up Silver...!" And so on and so forth.

The horses were cute and would be a nice decoration for my room sometime. Though when I actually had my own house.

We were walking by the house that I wanted. "Patrick! Let me show you this house!"

I dragged him in and opened the door. Luckily it still had not been bought.

"Isn't it lovely?"

"What about it?"

"Once I get enough money, I'll buy this house! But first, of course, I'll have to make my own food."

"I can teach you how to cook, if you like."

"If you want too... I don't want to force you to teach me anything."

He just waved his hand at me. "You're no bother. You are actually very fun to be around."

I blushed a light red. Well. I think.

We walked out of the house and Patrick started to walk me back to the bar. "It is late, and even you must get some sleep."

I agreed with him, for I was getting tired already.

"Late? You call this late?" It sounded like Dav.

"Stay away, Dav, alright? I'm just getting her home." Patrick said, looking very annoyed.

Dav came out of the shadows. "I didn't see you at all today, Aay."

"I was sick." I answered him.

"Oh," was all that he said. He gave a grin. "Well, Patrick, let me walk her home. I'll do no harm."

"I'm sure you won't," Patrick muttered under his breath. At least, I think that is what he said.

I stepped in. "Dav, if you don't mind, I'll just walk with Patrick. Alright? Now please leave."

Dav looked angry for a second. "Why with *him*?"

"Because..." I thought of what to say. "He actually helps me instead of stealing something."

"You still upset about that kiss, huh?" He asked, grinning.

I just walked away with Patrick, heading to the bar.

"Well, fine! Just leave then!" Dav seemed to mutter something vile, then crept back into the shadows again.

I smiled and paused at the door. "Don't worry about Dav, I don't think that he will bother us again."

"Oh, I bet he won't... He likes to bother you until he gets what he wants. I'd still be alert around him if I was you."

"Ok then," I said.

Patrick didn't really seem to believe me.

I kissed him lightly on the lips. "I'll heed your words, don't worry!" and then I turned on my heels and ran

up the stairs.

I opened my door and still realized it still stank a little. I opened my window and let it air out.

Taking off my clothes and slipping on my nightshirt, I began thinking about how Patrick was so nice to me. I would be so lost without him, I mean, couldn't you picture me? Walking around Varrock, having like a big question mark over my head, asking everybody what to do?

I'd be a very lost puppy.

And I did not want that.

I crawled into bed and slowly fell asleep.

5 - Kissin in the Daylight

La la la... thanks you for the reviews! And I might not add all in this chapter but don't worry! You will be in it sooner or later!

I rose early feeling energetic, and through on my clothes and went down stairs to the bar.

"I would like to have breakfast, please," I told the bar keeper.

"That'll be two coins," he said, and then about ten minutes later, a bowl of soup and dry bread was sitting in front of me.

I wolfed it down and went outside when I finished eating. I carried my shield over my shoulder and my sword sheathed at my side. I also wore just the steel plate skirt and my shirt that I had from before that came just above the waist.

Nobody seemed to be out yet since it was early, so I thought to just go to the store and see what was in stock.

They didn't have much, and so there was nothing of worth buying.

I turned around to go outside and bumped into someone.

"Aay?" It was Patrick!

"Patrick!"

"What you doing up so early?" he asked.

"I might ask you the same thing!" I said, giving him a hug.

"Well... I am sort of an early riser..."

"Ah."

"What are you going to do today?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I'm not quite sure today."

"Well then..." he grinned then brought out his bow and arrows. "How `bout practicing with these?"

“Um...”

He put on a pouting face. My gosh, people, he could be so *cute*. “Oh, alright...”

“Yay for Aay! Now follow and I will show you a good place to practice.”

So I followed him out to where the mining place near Varrock was. That place could get crowded... “You idiot!!” ... and loud too. Obviously someone was taking all the ore again.

“Oh, Unicorns!” I said, the pure white creatures walking about.

“Yup. Been here for a long time.”

I saw one person dueling with a Unicorn. “Why is he fighting one?”

“Just maybe because he wants too, though the Unicorns always come back, you know.”

“Hmm...”

Patrick led me to a good size looking tree. “Here we are. Now this is the place where I practice the most when I’m shooting my arrows.”

“Ah.” I walked over and picked up the bow and an arrow. I backed a little ways away and aimed for the tree.

Patrick moved a little out of the way. “Just stay calm and when you think you are ready, shoot.”

So I carefully tried to keep the bow still and I pulled the string back. I let go. Whoosh! And it went!

...

The wrong way.

I mean, past the tree.

And narrowly missing a passer by.

I smacked my head and muttered, “Oops.”

The person came up holding the arrow and was shouting something. “You could’ve killed me there!” The person was covered in black armor with gold trim. He started coming up to me. “Hey...”

Patrick laid his hand on the mans shoulder. “She meant no harm. This is her first try shooting an arrow.”

“Really...?”

I couldn't see who he was behind his helmet, but I bet I knew who it was.

The man gave the arrow back to me. "You know, Patrick, you need to keep watch of her before she brings down the entire civilization."

"Hey!" I shouted. "I'm not the stuck up person who walks with his nose in the air."

"Why you..." He took his helmet off. "Aay, after all I've done for you? You rebuke me?"

Patrick growled beneath his breath.

Dav pushed him back with his arm and held him at arm's length. "Keep back, Patrick, you don't want to get in the way." He laughed and looked at Patrick.

I cracked my knuckles and landed a fist at Dav's mouth and kicked him in the crotch with my knee.

He let out a yell and crumpled to the ground... well, um... of course, his man pride wounded.

I laughed and grabbed Patrick's hand. "Come on Patrick!"

I ran at full speed toward the church in Varrock.

"I'll get you both for this!" Dav said, trying to rise.

Patrick had a huge smile on his face. "You know we might suffer for this."

"Pish posh. We can defeat that old cod any time," I said.

"Are you saying I'm old? I'm the same age as him!"

"Just a saying, sweetie!" I giggled and had a hard time running.

We finally made it to the church and sat down on the pew.

Patrick burst out laughing. "That was the best thing I've seen done to him!"

"Wasn't it?" I laughed, holding my sides.

We stayed there talking for a while, and then we checked around to make sure it was ok to walk around.

"All clear!" I said.

"You want to continue practicing then?"

"You bet!"

Later

It was near lunch and I was getting very close to hitting the bulls eye.

Patrick called to a halt. "Let's get back to Varrock and have some lunch, shall we?"

I nodded, wiping the sweat from my brow.

We picked up our belongings and headed for Varrock

"Please spare some coins!" someone said.

Patrick rolled his eyes. "It's our main hobo around Varrock..."

A very young man came up to us. "Spare anything?" The man stank and his clothes were in rags.

"Uhh..." I searched through my pockets. "Here, you can have a few coins."

"Hic...thank ya, miss..." he slurred, then hiccupped again.

"Kid Mental will just spend it on more beer, you know,"

Patrick said after the hobo had left.

"Kid Mental?"

"That is what everyone calls him," Patrick said, shrugging.

"Oh..." I just shrugged too and walked into Varrock, which was very crowded.

"Selling full mith!"

"Noob!"

"Buying addy pick!"

"Selling uncut emeralds!"

Boy was this dang place loud. I think I need surgery on my ear now.

No really.

I do.

What?

Don't believe me?

Ask Patrick who can't HEAR ME OVER THIS NOISE! I'm trying to say lets get some fish from this person over here.

I sighed very loud and grabbed Patrick's arm and pointed to the person. I yelled fish in his ear and he seemed to get the message.

Patrick motioned for the man to follow us.

We got to a quiet place and I asked, "Can we have some of that trout, hmmm sir?"

"Sure miss," he said, passing some finely cooked trout to us.

The trout was really good and I could afford it. "What is your name, sir?"

"My name is Lars; my friends call me 'sharkstringer' though."

"Well, Lars, thank you for the trout, and I will defiantly come get some more from you, because this looks really well cooked!"

"Thank you!" I said as Lars walked away to sell to more customers.

I pulled Patrick to one side of a building that didn't have people around, and sat down to start eating.

"This is really good!"

Patrick laughed. "Anything would taste good right now."

"You're not fond of fish, then?" I asked, taking another bite of my fish.

"Not really. Potato's and chicken are more my thing," Patrick said, slowly chewing his fish.

"Ah..."

We soon finished, our stomachs full, and we were ready to start something again.

Patrick suggested mining so I went to the bank and got my pick, and we headed for the mining place.

It was crowded.

Shall I spell it out for you?

No, I don't think you would want that.

The copper and the tin were surrounded by people and the iron got taken really quick.

Patrick took my hand and put a finger to his mouth. We crept along them and ran along the side of the fence around Varrock, then slowly crept by the dark wizards, running fast. We finally stopped near a mining site.

“Now, Aay, this is where you can mine iron, clay, or silver,” Patrick said.

“But I can't mine those yet... copper and tin are still hard to mine,” I murmured.

“I know, I know, but when you get better at it, go here for those ores. It saves a lot of time.”

“Do you know another place to mine tin and copper?” I asked.

“There is the barbarian village which has tin and some coal. Then there is Al Kharid which has a huge mining place, but scorpions roam around there, so I wouldn't go there unless you get higher in your combat level.”

I nodded my head, and then Patrick reached into his pocket for something. “Ah..., wait here for now, and I'll be right back.”

“Ok,” I said, then watched him leave.

I sat down on the ground and closed my eyes, and almost fell asleep... then a noise jolted me awake.

“Sorry miss, but this isn't the best place to be sleeping,” a man said, dressed in full rune and a nice looking sword attached to his belt.

I got up and said, “No, its ok... I'm just waiting for someone.”

“Ok then.”

His sword looked really, really, nice. “What type of sword is that, may I ask?”

He smiled and unsheathed it. “Dragon Long sword, miss.”

“May I hold it?” I asked, and he nodded.

I took it in my hands and wished desperately it was mine. But... it wasn't... sad... I gave it back to him.

“How long you been here?” he asked.

“I've been here only a couple of days. Everything is new to me, really... May I ask what your name is?”

“Calladus, miss. And yours?”

“Aay,” I said.

"Nice to meet you, Aay."

"You too."

I sat back down and smiled. Here came Patrick carrying some sort of paper.

He pulled me up and pushed back his black hair. "Here you go... Look at the paper."

So I did. And... wow... It was the deed to the house! "Patrick... you're doing so much... why?"

"Let's just say that I've taken a liking to you," he said, grinning.

"How much did it cost?" I asked, afraid of the answer. He was seriously doing too much.

"I won't tell you. It's a gift."

My eyes started to tear. "You're so nice..."

Then he kissed me. First it started out as a slow, soft kiss... Then we stood there kissing for awhile.

"Wow, its getting hot around here!" a person said. It wasn't Calladus.

I broke off, my face beet, beet red. Patrick seemed the same.

A mage stood there laughing. "Aw... It was just getting good!"

I held my face in my hands. "Ok, ok, ok... leave us alone."

"Leaving you guys alone might not be so good."

Gosh, this guy was annoying.

Patrick was just looking off into the distance.

The mage seemed to notice that he deeply embarrassed us. "Aw, sorry people. My name is Webbuu, and if you need any help with magic or anything, just seek me out and I will help you."

I finally lifted my head and nodded.

Webbuu laughed and walked away.

I put my arm through Patrick's and said, "Can you help me move my stuff from the bar into the house?"

He nodded and grinned a little. "Sure thing, Aay. Next time, let's make sure no one is watching."

I laughed. "Ok."

Woohoo! How was it? Ok I did add all of you guys! Yay!

bpliokb: For Webbuu, I might try to make your character maybe more confusing in later chapters

Sentrosi: I'll try to add more of your character, don't worry!

Calladus: I envy you... level 79, full rune, and dragon long sword????? ARG!

Mr. mental: ha-ha, made you a hobo!

And the rest of you, thank you for the reviews and for the favs!

6 - Kersplat!

Ok! 6th chapter now! Yippee!

All the things were moved into my house now, and it was quiet. It was nighttime, and Patrick had gone home. I sighed and looked at range. I needed to make her dinner.

I got out potatoes, eggs, and some meat. This would be easy to cook. I think.

I put the food to cook, and looked through the bookshelf for some books to read.

None looked very interesting.

Finally I picked one that was `The Adventures of a Dwarf, Hill Giant, and a Pretty Lady.’

I first expected for it to start as the giant stared to eat the lady while the dwarf went to try to save her. Poor dwarf. It seemed like it was eaten first.

I smelled something burning. “THE FOOD!”

The food was almost on fire. And burnt to a crisp. “I can't eat this...”

I banged my head against the wall hard. Ok, not that hard, I wouldn't want brain damage, now would I?

So I ate the burnt food that just tasted like ash. I didn't feel like cooking again.

Then I slept.

And woke up to a knock on my door. “Miss Warrior person, its me!”

“What?” I slurred, still sleepy.

I opened the door and Webbuu from yesterday stood there. “What do you want?”

“Time to teach you some magic, dear warrior.”

“What?”

“Get dressed, and then we will get you a staff.”

This was all going to fast for me. “Are you serious?”

He put his hands on his hips. "If I weren't serious then I wouldn't be waking you up this early in the morning."

I looked to the sky and saw the sun was just rising. "It's that early?"

"Yup," he said, and closed the door.

I sighed and took off my night shirt and slipped on my steel plate skirt. I wore my plate body and my sword around my waist.

"No no, no sword today," Webbuu said.

I covered myself even though I was dressed and blushed angrily. "What were you doing? Looking?"

"No no, I'm not a pervert. I just know you would take it."

"Ok then," I said. "Can I take my shield?"

"Go ahead, you might need it."

So I walked out and followed him to the staff shop.

"What kind of staff would you like? Air? Water? Fire? Earth?"

"Umm... I sort of like the fire one..." I said. "How much does it cost?"

"1530 coins."

I whistled and knew I didn't have that much with me.

"You can afford it, right?"

"Yes, just let me run to the bank." So I ran to the bank and ran to the nearest empty bank teller. "I'd like to access my bank account please."

So I withdrew around 2k.

And in a couple minutes I was holding my very own fire staff!

Webbuu handed me some runes that looked like air and body runes. "Now follow me and we will go practice on some goblins."

So I did, and we went into the cow patch for some reason. "You can attack from here, but since he is on the other side of the fence, he can't hurt you."

"Isn't that sort of taking advantage...?"

“Not really, their dumb things anyways,” he said.

“Ok...” So I pointed my staff at a goblin. “How do I do it?”

“You will cast a wind strike. Now, focus on the runes... Feel the energy run through you...”

I threw my first wind strike at a goblin and seemed to do little harm.

“Good, now try again,” Webbuu said.

It took about ten hits to bring the goblin down. “That takes a lot of mind runes,” I commented.

“You'll get used to it,” Webbuu said.

So I spent a couple hours using magic on goblins. Soon I got the hang of it and I was able to cast fire strikes.

“Good, very good...” Webbuu said, then smiled. “Now it seems like I have made up my debt to you.”

“Ok.”

Webbuu tilted his mage hat. “Ma'am.” And walked away.

It was around 11:00 in the morning And boy, was I ever starving. I ran to Varrock and searched around. Then I spotted a familiar face... Blitzer!

“Hey Blitzer!” I shouted to him.

He turned and smiled. “Glad to see you up and running, miss.”

“Can you teach me how to cook?”

“Well, ok, umm, sorry, what was your name?”

“Aay.”

“Ok then Aay, follow me.”

So I followed him and he taught me how to make a fire and cook some meat for extra energy if I was fighting.

“How do I make red berry pie?” I asked.

“Well, lets walk to Lumbridge and gather some wheat to ground into flour then. I think you might be ready to make it.”

“Ok,” I said. We walked past the dark wizards and then past the farmers, chicken house, cow pasture, then the goblins. I decided to get a conversation going. “So... how long have you been here?”

“A while, I've been practicing my skills at almost everything, and I can teach you something else if you want.”

“How about archery?”

“I'm pretty good at that.” Blitzer opened the gate for me and I picked some wheat. “Now follow me into this building and go up the stairs to the very top.”

So I did, and Blitzer said, “Pour it down through here and pull that lever, then the wheat will be grounded up into flour, and we'll collect it at the bottom.”

And there the flour was at the bottom! Blitzer reached into his bag and pulled out a pie dish and a pot for the flour to go in. “We'll get water in Varrock and mix it with the flour and get pastry dough, but first we have to pick some berries.”

“Oh joy...” I murmured.

The berries were not actually that hard to pick. Then we got a bucket of water and mixed it with the flour and got pastry dough, then added the berries in it. “Now lets go cook it,” Blitzer said.

When we arrived there, we had to wait for someone was using it. I grabbed Blitzer by the arm and hid when I saw it was Dav.

“Why do I always run into him...?” I thought.

Some person came up to Dav. “Boss, the clan is all ready to go out into the wild.”

“Fine, and the noobs that we are hunting?”

“All fresh people who don't know what their doing, sir.”

“And is there a certain blonde headed girl who is in full steel there?”

Did he want to kill me or something?

“There are some there...” the man said.

“Good,” Dav said, walking out of the door and headed to the wild.

Blitzer seemed confused. “Who are they, and why were we hiding?”

“Umm, Dav and I, sort of don't get along well, and lets just say I think he is looking forward to killing me.”

“What...?”

I gave a smile. “I will be in no harm, don't worry!”

Blitzer nodded and looked at the sky. “Oh man, I need to go. I'll teach you archery some other time, ok?”

“Ok, see you later Blitzer!” I waved goodbye.

“Bye and be safe!”

I know how to cook now, to do magic, to fight... and sort of mine. I'm getting along well, aren't I?

I felt sorry for those noobs who go out into the wild. I cannot do anything to help them. And I'm glad Dav won't be around today.

I cooked the pie myself, thank you very much. Mostly all do Blitzer's teaching of course. It came out of the oven all hot and smelling so good!

When I got to my house, I sat it on the table and went to go find Patrick. He could have some of the pie.

I found him practicing his sword fighting against some other person. Patrick moved with such grace and agility that the other person did not stand a chance.

The man landed on the ground with a thud and said, wheezing, “Ok Patrick, I give up.”

Patrick laughed and helped him up.

I got behind Patrick. “Patrick!” I whispered when I crept behind Patrick and scared the bejabbers out of him.

Ha-ha, I got him to jump!

“Aay, you scared me for a second there...” Patrick said, grinning.

“Now who could scare the almighty Patrick?”

“A chicken,” the man that Patrick had fought against said. He grinned evilly and left saying, “Even a worm could scare him.”

Patrick made a face at the man that I thought was so *cute*.

“Who was that?” I asked.

“Spirit, as we call him. Fighting isn't really his thing; he is expert at bow and arrows, though.”

“Cool,” I said.

Patrick gathered his things. "How is your day so far?"

"Webbuu, that mage that interrupted us while we were kissing, woke me bright and early and showed me magic."

"Expert mage now, aren't you?" he asked, giving a grin.

I laughed. "Not that great. Are you good at it, though?"

"Well, umm, I couldn't really concentrate to cast a wind strike to begin with, so I never went further in the training."

"Sad..."

"What kind of staff do you have?" he asked.

"A fire staff, but I might decide to trade it in for an air staff later on."

Patrick nodded and kissed me on the cheek. "Why? That fire staff fits you with all that anger in your head."

"Why you...?" I started to chase after him but slipped on some mud and went KERSPLAT, well, as I call it, into some mud pit.

Ewwwww... I was now covered in mud and Patrick had to direct me home and fill my washtub because I was so dirty.

So I spent an hour in the washtub scrubbing the mud off me, and yes, that mud pit was that bad.

When I finished I scrubbed my clothes and I could not wear my shirt. The steel plate skirt was fine, but I had to wear my plate shirt and it was so dang hot outside.

I heard some talking going outside. Patrick must still be there.

"Hey Patrick, where is your girlfriend?" a woman asked.

"In her house." Patrick answered.

"Doing what?"

"She fell in the mud so she is cleaning herself." Patrick explained.

"Why aren't you helping her? You are a couple, after all."

I opened my door and walked out. "Because I can wash myself, thank you."

The woman nodded her head. "You good at fighting in direct combat?"

"A little..." I said.

"Maybe see you in the battle field sometime, eh?" She said and walked away.

"Who was she?" I asked.

"One of the best sword fighters in these parts. Her name is Silver, and a good friend of mine. Aay, I have an idea..." Patrick started saying.

"What?"

"How about we take a romantic cruise at Port Sarim?"

I grabbed my things and said, "Lead the way."

"WOOHOO! Port Sarim! TAKE ME! TAKE ME!"

"What...?" We both said and turned around. Kid Mental stood there in his dirty clothes and pack.

He grabbed my hand and with his other hand grabbed Patrick's. "Thank you for taking me!" he said, then practically pulled us along.

So therefore, it didn't turn out to be romantic, for Kid Mental held our hand the whole time and we couldn't get rid of him. And for my puking over railing for being seasick. I didn't know I had such a weak stomach.

I swear, I was going to kill Kid Mental for ruining my day. But I said that to him, and he didn't take it seriously.

Therefore, I chased him around the boat for the rest of the trip and Patrick just stood there sighing looking across the sea.

Poor Patrick. How does he put up with me?

READ THIS!

Ok! I added some of you back in! Don't be insulted if you weren't added in again, I'm sorry!!

I can't add anymore people for I'm getting near the finishing but what I DO need is

Spiritmage99 (Seraph Azera) and blitzer boy1 archery levels!!

And if I have already entered you into the story and you wish to be evil, please state if you want to.

But I can't make Webbuu evil now, so I'm sorry. ^_^

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! I don't think it went that smooth, but oh well... I needed to update...

Please Review!

7 - Where Art Thou Patrick?

I made the Varrock center where the fountain is a bit bigger...

Yesterday was sort of a blur, really... Kid Mental ruined it all... We finally got rid of him after we returned to Port Sarim. Patrick walked me home and bought me dinner.

So now I'm here, brand new day, mining my butt off.

I've been mining, forever, it seems like.

And from all that pounding I now have a headache.

"Hello, miss Aay!"

I groaned aloud and turned to where he stood.

Of course, it was Kid Mental. And he was dressed decently, looking like he actually took a bath. He had a mith pick in his hand. How in the WORLD did he get that when he lives on the streets smelling of beer? I have no idea.

Maybe you do.

"What can you mine, Miss Aay?" he asked.

"Umm, I'm just mining for bronze right now."

"Beginner, eh?" Kid Mental opened up his pack and shoved it at my face. "Take a look!"

I saw tons of mith bars ready to be formed into whatever.

"Wow! You did all that yourself?" I asked, taking out a few and looking at them.

"Yup, and I can make full armor too."

"Well, I never... expected... that YOU..." I stuttered out.

"I..." He took out a beer from somewhere and took a drink. "... Have hidden talents."

"I can see that..." I laughed.

"Bye!" Kid Mental said and left.

And I went back to my work. Once my pack was full I walked to Lumbridge and smelted them. Of course, there were a billion people waiting in line to do it.

Wait, you know how long it would take to take a billion people to get through?

A lot.

That didn't work, so FINE. Its like, three people.

Happy now?

After I finished which took an hour or so, I had to walk all the way to Varrock. Why did they make the tools so FAR away?

Why?

I ask WAY too many questions.

I made a couple swords and now it was near dark.

Once I had sold them, I went for a walk and stretched my arms.

Then something hit me, and I felt like something very hot burned my insides.

Shoot! I had walked near the Dark Damn Wizards. I mean, oops...Dark Wizards.

I got my sword and sprang at him. He grinned evilly and tossed another one at me and I ducked and rolled. Once I was back on my feet I hit at him with my sword and got him in the arm.

He unleashed another one, hitting my arm in return.

Ok Patrick lets see what you taught me worked.

I tried to stay light on my feet so I could jump easier out of the way. Finally, I saw a chance opened, and I whacked at his knees.

Score!

He crumpled and turned to dust.

The wound on my arm wasn't all that serious, but it was bleeding a little. I walked back home and wrapped my arm in some cloth.

And went to sleep.

A pounding at my door woke me up. It just kept on pounding and pounding and UGH!

I got up and yanked open the door. "What are you doing?"

A man stood there with a hammer and a nail. "Ju..sstt... uh" he regained composure of himself. "Nailing this notice on the door?"

"On my door?" I screeched.

He grimaced and said, "I didn't know anyone bought this place."

I held my head with my hands. "I'm sorry... Here, just give the notice to me."

"Sure miss."

I looked over the notice and it said:

Hear ye Hear ye!

As of today, a contest of skills with bows and arrows will be held in Varrock by the main fountain. All wanting to participate please come to Varrock Castle to enter.

Contest begins at 4:00.

See ye there.

"Well, this is going to be sweet," I said.

"Yes, it is," he started to walk away but turned back. "Did you fight one of those dark wizards back there last night?"

"Umm... yes, I did..."

"Did you pray for him?"

"What do you mean?"

"After you bury his bones, you should pray for what you kill. The energy of that prayer then gives you power, a power that could heal you in battle."

"Really...?"

"Just a hint, really. See you at the contest, maybe."

“Yes, see you...wait, what's your name? Thank you for the information...” I waved to him and closed the door.

“Chadrizard.”

I would defiantly go to this! It would be so fun!

I cooked up some breakfast and change into my clothes and went out to find Patrick.

I searched around for awhile but didn't find him anywhere. Hmm... that's weird... he is usually around.

The bar was crowded as usual and I Blitzer sitting down at a table holding a bow and some arrows.

“Hey, Blitzer, you entering in the contest today?” I asked as I plopped down next to him.

He jumped a little and gave a grin when he saw me. “Of course.”

“You pretty confident about your skill?” I asked.

“I know I'm not the best, but I'm pretty good at it, I have to say.”

“Have you seen Patrick?”

He wrinkled his brow and said, “No, he is always around you these days.”

I blushed and looked the other direction.

Dr. Harlow was a really creepy guy. Eww! He still had blood on his jacket!

I stayed in there for awhile, and then at lunch ate some bread and fish and went to go practice on goblins.

I haven't seen Dav at all today.

YAY!

For four hours I fought against the goblins and made conversation with the people around me.

“How are you?” I asked when I was near someone.

“Go F*** off, noob.”

“Jerk,” I muttered under my breath. I swear, people can be so rude.

So I asked another person. This time it was a girl and her name was 2HOT4YOU. I doubt that it actually was, but her snottish ways made me seem she really did think of herself that way.

...

Finally, 3:30, well, by the sun, I can't be precise. So I headed to Varrock and tried to find a seat around the center so I could sit down and rest.

It was so hard, but I found one. Next to Kid Mental of course who seemed to save me a seat.

I saw Webbuu, Chadrizard, Spirit, who was one of the contestants, and Silver there. I waved to those who recognized me.

"Greeting Gentlemen and Ladies. Today our contestants will test their skill with bows and arrows!" He announced all the names of the contestants.

And the first round went off!

Some poor guys didn't make it halfway, but Blitzer hit it in the bulls eye.

"Go Blitzer!" I screamed.

I once again looked around for Patrick and didn't see him. I sighed.

The targets were taken farther away and they shot their arrows again. Blitzer and Spirit seemed to be the best.

They did this for awhile, and it turned out Blitzer and Spirit was the last contestants.

"And now, for our final round..."

"Wait! STOP!" It was that Lars guy. He was panting heavily and he came over to me. "Aay, its Patrick."

"What?" I breathed.

"He's been hurt, out in the wilderness..."

"Oh dear..."

"Come with me, and he only requested you."

Blitzer walked over. "It's the wilderness, shouldn't someone go with her?"

Lars shook his head. "No, Patrick just wants to be alone with her."

I nodded and sprang to my feet. "Show me where he is."

PATRICK'S BEEN HURT!

I'm going to go sit in my corner and cry...

Wait. I have no corner to cry in.

Anywhoo, thank you so much for the reviews and thank blitzer boy1 for bothering me to get this written and posted.

And mr. mental you happy about your character yet? And still hidden talents to come!

PLEASE STATE IF YOU WANT TO BE EVIL. That doesn't sound very good... Please state if you want to be on Dav's side. =)

The next chapter will not be written in Aay's perspective, but if you read my last fanfic, you will understand that is by no means official. I change my mind so much!

And if your username is 2HOT4YOU or anything like that, I MEAN YOU NO HARM AT ALL. Don't kill me.

And if you want to talk to me here is my name again: warrioraayla

And I am now lvl 48 and slowly getting up higher!

8 - Betrayal

Thank Otaku93 for having this put up today!

I followed Lars and we were almost past my house until I heard someone shouting, "Aay! Wait up!"

Webbuu and Kid Mental came up to us. "Let us come with you."

"No," Lars said.

Webbuu took my arm and said, "Let's fix some things for Patrick, shall we?"

"But..." I started.

"Lars, you stay here, we'll be right back." Webbuu said, and then led me into my house.

"It's a trap methinks..." Webbuu said.

"You think Lars would betray us?" I asked. "No, I don't believe it."

Webbuu grabbed my sword and handed it to me. "Take this. You will need it."

I took it slowly. "Do you want to bring Kid Mental? He is still a young man."

"Who can make him stop? He likes adventure anyways," Webbuu said then produced some lobbies from his pack. "Let's go then."

We walked out and Lars seemed very impatient. "Let us go! He could be dying for all I know!"

So we went and for the first time I stepped into the wilderness.

Kid Mental wouldn't stop blabbering. "I can't believe Patrick would be hurt! I mean, he kicks **butt** so bad..."

"Maybe he was overpowered," I said, wishing that weren't true.

"Nobody could overpower Patrick. Well, maybe me, but I don't know who else."

"You?" Webbuu asked, lifting an eyebrow.

"Nobody could beat me, for I... aw dang!" Kid Mental exclaimed then reached for his pack and rustled

through his things. "I forgot to bring an extra beer!"

"You're worrying about beer while Patrick could be dying?" Lars asked.

I was getting so overworked in my head that I was in the wilderness. My heart would not stop pounding hard.

Meanwhile, it seemed Kid Mental was going crazy that he did not have his extra one. "I knew I had it!" Kid Mental shouted. "It was for Patrick!"

"I think Patrick has a worshiper here," Webbuu said.

"I'm sure Patrick would appreciate the thought, Mental," I said, twisting my hair around my fingers.

We walked for a long time.

Lars slowed to a stop. "Umm...."

Kid Mental reached up, grabbed Lars collar, and pulled him down. "Don't tell me you got us **lost**."

Lars gave a scowl and pushed him away. "Leave me alone."

The wilderness all the sudden has gotten very quiet. Not even a cricket could be heard. A slight wind came and I shivered, rubbing my hands over my arms.

"**Are** we lost?" I asked.

Lars ignored me and said, "It's going to rain."

"We're leaving then," Webbuu said, guiding Kid Mental and I to where we came from.

"You can't leave Patrick out there!" Lars yelled and got in front of us. "Help him, for goodness sake!"

Webbuu stopped and looked around him. "It's too late, Lars. It's too late."

"What do you mean...?" Lars started to ask. He then looked around him and backed up. He nodded his head. "I'm sorry then. Good bye."

Kid Mental growled and sprang at him. In a second, he was holding Lars head to the ground with a mithril dagger to his throat. "You idiot."

A twig snapped. Webbuu stood in front of me. "Aay, I was right. It's a trap."

Tears came into my eyes. "I'm so stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid..." I closed my eyes and knelt down.

"Don't go beating yourself up, dear warrior," Webbuu said.

I looked up too him.

“If you want to be a warrior, then stop crying and get prepared to fight,” Webbuu said.

A figure stepped out of the darkness. “There's no need for fighting, dear people.”

I unsheathed my sword. “Who are you?” It was not Dav, I noticed that.

In fact, the person was female. “My name is Vevil.” She looked over to Kid Mental holding Lars. “Let go of him.”

Kid Mental looked like he didn't know what to do. “No-o...”

Vevil brought out a rune scimitar and threw it at Kid Mental at lighting speed.

Kid Mental barely had time to move it landed in the tree behind him. He clutched his arm. “Ahh! It skimmed me!” Blood seeped through his fingers.

Vevil waved her finger at him. “Tsk, tsk. You would've not been hurt if you had obeyed me.”

We were all going to die if we did not get help.

“Webbuu,” I started to whisper. “Teleport.”

“I can't leave you,” he whispered back.

“We dying here won't help us. Do it **now.**”

He hesitated for a moment then grabbed some of his runes.

“Now, don't do anything mage...” She jumped at him and missed because he had teleported.

I took this advantage and sprang at her, hitting her hard on the head. She crumpled then tried to get up. I knocked her on the head again.

She finally went unconscious.

“Nice move Aay...” Kid Mental started saying.

Lars had disappeared.

Something hit my arm and I screamed and dropped to my knees, holding my arm. When I looked at it, a mithril arrow had gone clean through it.

Another form came into view. “Aay, Aay, Aay... When will you ever learn?” It was Dav.

A tear rolled down my cheek. I was in that much pain. “Dav, I swear, I'm going to...”

Dav interrupted me. "Do what in your current state? And with a kid here with a bleeding arm, what can you do?"

Kid Mental produced many mithril daggers from his pack and threw them at Dav, who had to use his sword to block them. He had to dive to the ground to miss the last one.

I took my sword and rushed to stab Dav.

But I never did. I felt something hit me in the back of the head, and I crumpled to the ground.

"Aay! AAY!" I heard Kid Mental scream and then a muffled yell, and then I saw darkness.

Blitzer paced around the fountain. They had stopped the contest because too many people were worried about Patrick. He seemed that popular.

He stopped pacing when he saw a familiar person. "Patrick?"

Patrick grinned when he saw almost everyone by the fountain. "What's this? A group meeting...?" He stopped when people started asking him tons of questions.

"Are you hurt?"

"You need medical attention?"

"Where's Aay?"

"What happened?"

Patrick held up his arms. "Whoa, slow down people. What do you mean `where's Aay?'"

Blitzer cursed and said, "Lars came and told us you were badly hurt."

"What?" Patrick exclaimed.

"He took Aay, and then Webbuu and Kid Mental went with them I think."

"Where?" Patrick demanded.

"In the wilderness..." Silver muttered and pointed to the direction.

Patrick ran his hand through his hair. "Of all the..." He looked around. "Has everyone seen Dav?"

They all shook their heads.

“Dammit!” Patrick screamed and pointed to his friends. “Who will come with me to find them?”

“I will,” Blitzer said.

Chadrizard nodded his head. “I can help whoever gets hurt, so I'm coming.”

“Count us in,” both Spirit and Silver said.

“Patrick, I noticed all of Dav's buddies are gone today, and their a tough bunch,” Calladus mentioned. “I'm coming.”

“Thank you,” Patrick said.

“Wait!” someone said. A woman walked over. “My name is Otaku, and I will help you. I mostly know where Dav hangs out in the wilderness.”

Patrick nodded his head.

A purple light formed and Webbuu appeared. “Patrick, oh good, you're here!”

“Where is Aay?” Patrick asked.

“Come my friends, she is in bad danger,” Webbuu said.

They left.

Dum dee doo... soooooooooooooooooo.....

I really really really hope you like it so far.

Thank you too:

Seraph Azera: dun dun dun! Now even more dun dun dun's!

Kimiko's Cousin: WHOA WHOA WHOA. SLOW DOWN BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF. I can't tell you if she is going to die or not, but I can assure you, that if she does die, it will not be in vain.

Iced Perfection: I agree that the wildy is scary... especially if you are going with someone you hardly even know and they betray you and try to kill you.

Veldor9: you were right that it was a trap. Congrats! You win an iron plate body and plate legs, and a 2 hander or whatever sword!

Chad: ty for helping me out in some quests. Hope I wasn't a bother!

mr.mental: erm... I'm officially scared now... but... caffeine addicted hamsters? BRILLIANT IDEA. I downright laughed out loud when I saw that.

a runescape member: ty for offering to help and will add you too my friends list!

bpliokb: yay! Your not evil! And I don't get what you said, either... but I like it. Evil is for Evil People!

(cough) like my friend **Hurt Deep Inside**... (cough) I put her in here and visit her profile to read Harry Potter fics. She was the character Vevil.

She didn't mind that I made her evil.

And I'll do the rest of the thank you's on the last chapter... I need to get this posted.

OH and **Otaku93:** ty for getting me to update the chapter!

9 - Battle

So sorry; I said that it might be put up yesterday... I was busy and tired and unfocused so I couldn't do it... sorry but here it is today!

I like your suggestions, Chad, but let us just see how this turns out, hmm?

The pain was too much to bear. My face seemed very cold. I groaned and rolled onto my back.

"Vevil, why did you have to knock her out?" I heard someone say. I think it was Dav.

"She was going to stab you," Vevil said. She apparently hadn't been out for long. She had a hard head.

"You could've at least grabbed her," he said. I felt him pick me up and lay me onto some soft grass.

"Why are you caring for her now?" asked Vevil.

"I want her to be awake when Patrick gets here."

"How do you know he's coming?"

"You think he is stupid? Of course he'll come!" Dav growled. "They'll find us in no time!"

I opened my eyes to a slit, and saw my sword not a few feet away. I slowly crept to it and reached out for it...

Dav kicked it away. "Now, now, Aay, you wouldn't want to hurt your already hurt arm."

"Where's..." I started to slur out.

"Kid Mental?" Dav asked. He pointed to somewhere. "Look at that tree, Aay."

There he was tied to a tree. It looked like his face suffered from several bruises and he looked unconscious.

A twig snapped.

"Patrick," Dav said.

"Aay..." I think Patrick started to walk forward to me but I felt cold metal touching my neck.

“Come any closer, Patrick, and this will run through her neck,” Dav warned.

Dav motioned with his head to Vevil and she grabbed my unhurt arm and yanked me up to my feet.

My vision swirled in front of my head and I reached back to feel where I was hit. When I saw my hand, it was covered in blood.

Silver, Spirit, Webbuu, Calladus, and Chadrizard stood behind Patrick. And some other girl I didn't know.

“Dav...” Patrick stepped closer. “This is only between you and me.”

Something clicked... I was only the bait for Patrick... I rubbed my eyes and thought, stupid, stupid, stupid...

Dav unsheathed his sword and walked toward Patrick.

“Let's not start a fight, Dav,” Patrick said.

Dav stopped right in front of Patrick. “Good idea,” and with that, he swung his sword at Patrick and Patrick barely yanked out his sword and blocked him.

They went like lightning against each other...

Patrick parried, and then did karate kick at Dav's face. Dav leaped out of the way and punched with his left hand at Patrick with incredible force. Patrick stumbled back by the blow, his bottom lip bleeding.

“Patrick,” I mumbled, and tried to get out of Vevil's hold. I stopped when I felt a dagger touch my back.

Patrick and Dav were fighting again. The clash of the swords was so loud you could hear it from far away.

Patrick rolled and jumped back up, striking his sword to Dav's stomach. Dav twirled out of the way, kicking Patrick in the face, knocking him onto the ground. Patrick instantly had a dagger in his hand and stabbed Dav in the foot.

Dav howled and stumbled, and Patrick knocked his sword out of his hand, grabbed him by his hair, and laid a few punches on him.

Dav pushed Patrick away and leaped for his sword that was a few feet away, but Patrick knocked him down to the ground and held his sword to Dav's throat.

“Don't move,” Patrick said.

Vevil's grasp on my arms loosened, and yanked my hand away, took my left hand, reached back, grabbed her upper part of her arm, and flipped her over my shoulder.

Silver instantly appeared at my side and held a sword against Vevil's throat.

“Give up, Dav,” Patrick said.

Dav started laughing. “Oh, you don't know anything yet, Patrick.” He gave some sort of yell and people jumped out of the trees.

One landed on Patrick's shoulders and knocked him to the ground.

The girl I didn't know jumped like a lion and stabbed the guy in the back that jumped on Patrick.

“Thank you, Otaku,” Patrick said and rushed after Dav who was stumbling away.

There seemed to be two people for each of our people. I was able to grab my sword and fight with my sort of untrained left hand.

Blitzer and Spirit had their bows and arrows out and shot a most of the mages that had jumped down. Then they took out their swords for the close combat.

The girl, Otaku, seemed to fight pretty well. She killed two men in less than ten seconds. She worked along with Webbuu, who kept on shooting fire bolts or whatever they looked like at the men. Otaku rushed at them, stabbed them, and kicked butt.

Chadrizard and Calladus were fighting four people and doing pretty good. Calladus ducked from the oncoming sword and stabbed one of them in the stomach.

I couldn't see the rest because Silver was fighting another person and Vevil was running strait at me.

She whacked her sword at me and I blocked, but I had never fought with my left hand so it was knocked out my hand. I twirled to get out of the way of her sword, and laid a punch on her face. It knocked her back but she returned with a punch, landing on my upper lip. Blood spurted.

I also felt something go against my stomach.

Chadrizard appeared in front of me and fought with Vevil.

I held my arm and looked around and saw Calladus holding up Silver for she was holding her side, and I noticed Patrick and Dav had disappeared. Blitzer was gone too.

“Patrick!” I yelled.

Spirit had the remaining people holding their hands on their heads. He had an arrow pointed at them.

I took Silver from Calladus and he rushed over to fight with Chadrizard. Otaku and Webbuu followed him.

He stopped and I feared the worst. I saw Chadrizard crumple to the ground and Vevil stepped over his body.

“Chadrizard!” everyone screamed.

A yell came from the forest and an arrow streamed by us. It planted itself in Vevil's heart. She looked surprised, she crumpled to the ground. Blitzer walked out of the forest, cursing and running over to Chadrizard's body.

“Spirit and Calladus! Take those men to the guards in Varrock, please,” I asked them. I turned to Silver. “Silver, can you go with them?”

She nodded her head.

“WAIT YOU STUPID IMPS. I'm STILL HERE!” Kid Mental shouted.

Otaku walked over to Kid Mental to go free him.

“Someone untie him! I need to find Patrick!” I screamed and rushed into the wilderness.

Blitzer followed me.

“Patrick!” I yelled.

“Over here,” came a voice.

We walked to that direction to find Patrick kneeling beside Dav, who had a sword through his stomach. He got up and rushed to me. “Aay, are you alright?”

I hugged back with my left hand. “Me? Look at you; you have bruises all over arms.”

Patrick looked at my arm. “We need to get that removed, now.”

We sat down and he cut off both ends, and slowly pulled it out. The pain was overwhelming. I groaned when it was finally out, and tears escaped my eyes.

Luckily, Patrick had some thread in his pocket and he used that to stitch up my wound.

I asked him about Dav while he was doing it.

Patrick looked at Dav then went back to working on my arm. “He left after those guys that came from the trees attacked us, and I followed him. We fought for a while, and then I finally had to deal the killing blow. I didn't want to kill him, but if I didn't he would eventually kill me.”

I nodded my head. Patrick seemed full of grief for some reason.

I turned to Blitzer. “Can you go see if Silver is alright?” I asked him.

He nodded and left.

“Patrick...” I started saying.

“Hmm?” Patrick wrapped some cloth around my arm and helped me up.

I gasped and held my stomach. I had forgotten about that wound. “I’m hurt...”

He lifted up my shirt JUST a LITTLE ways to see the wound. “By the gods, Aay...” He lifted me up in his arms and started walking toward Varrock. “I’m getting you to the medical center right away.”

“Wait, stop over there...” I pointed to where the small battle had been. I had him set me down by Chadrizard’ body.

“May you find eternal happiness, Chadrizard. Rest with Saradomin,” I murmured.

Patrick walked back to where Dav was. I followed him painfully.

I heard him whisper, it seemed to Dav, “Rest well, brother.”

Brother?!

Otaku, do not worry, you will get bigger parts in the next chapter or so. I PROMISE.

AND YOU ARE NOT THE GIRLFRIEND OF ANYONE IN THIS.

Chad, I'm trying to follow some of your suggestions. Please don't kill me if it aint that alike!

Blitzer, oops, Veldor, where have you been? You need to collect your prize!!

Webbuu cant do teleothers yet, because I didn't know about it... so that's why he couldn't teleport Aay and Kid Mental.

So..... I'm sort of bouncing up and down here waiting to see your reactions.....

Please review!

10 - Just Rosy

I'm thinking of only having one chapter after this one and then it will be complete.

Say loudly if you might want a sequel some time.

I gasped lightly at what Patrick when he said, "Rest well, brother."

Patrick looked over his shoulder at me, and then walked back to me. "Let's go," he said. He picked me up and walked toward Varrock.

I laid my head on his shoulder and decided to ask him about his maybe "brother" later. Right now, I just wanted to sleep...

And sleep...

And sleep...

So I closed my eyes and fell asleep in Patrick's arms.

...

The smell of roses is what I woke up too. I found myself in my bed. Light was shining brightly into the house, so I expected it to be early morning. Did I sleep that long?

"Patrick," I mumbled loudly. I got up and winced. Pain shot up from my stomach and my arm. I walked over to the table. There were roses on it. Red roses. I sniffed them, feeling almost at heaven. But it wasn't quite. Where was Patrick?

The door opened and POOF Patrick was there. "Aay? Thank goodness you are awake. You sleep forever," he said, walking over to me and planting a kiss on my forehead.

"Did you sleep?" I asked him, noticing the bags under his eyes.

He ran his hand through his hair. "Not really..."

I sat him down and pulled a chair next to him. "Do you want to talk about it?"

He looked hesitant then gave a little nod. "Dav... he was my little brother.

"We grew up with each other. Our parents died, our father being one of the greatest fighters of all until he was murdered in the wilderness when Dav was just around the age of three. I was six."

I felt so sorry for him.

He continued on. "And our mother... We were one of the poorest families around, you have to understand that. She eventually caught fever and died, leaving us in rags and a very run down home. Dav seemed to bury everything deep inside and seemed to become angry at everyone. As his older brother, I always felt I had to look after him. By the time I was around the age of thirteen, Dav had already become a one of the greatest fighters around for his age. He wouldn't give any one of his opponents mercy.

"One day he was approached by a clan at the age of fifteen. This clan was one of the worst, who would kill anyone in the wilderness, young or old, men, women or children. It didn't matter. He accepted to join their clan, and soon he was a murderer.

"I confronted him about it. I knew that he was angry at the world for taking his childhood away, his parents, and that he should just let it all go. But no, he didn't. My friend..." Patrick took several deep breathes. "He was our caretaker really... He took us in and gave us food, and we stayed there until I was old enough to take care of both of us. I didn't know his name, we just called him Pappy.

"Pappy confronted Dav and tried to make him stop, but Dav wouldn't listen, and he eventually killed Pappy to make him shut up. I found Dav covered in Pappy's blood, right outside our home... Dav committed a real crime, killing in the city, and I was heartbroken. Dav threatened to kill me if I told anyone he committed that crime. I still didn't want Dav to suffer, so I let him get away with it.

"Dav then killed the clan's leader and became the leader.

"I sort of said to you that I had just met my friend when Dav killed him... I just didn't feel like talking about that at that time... I'm sorry for that..."

I shook my head. "You had every reason to, Patrick."

Patrick looked at his hands. "And from then on, Dav held some sort of grudge against me, seeming to like to see me suffer. I don't know why." He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"Patrick," I started, putting my hand on his. "Why don't you go home and get some rest."

He opened his eyes and stood up. "Maybe you're right."

I gently pushed him out and sent him home, giving a light kiss for goodbye.

I shuddered against the cold wind, and walked back inside and made some hot tea.

What I would like to do now is take a hot bath. Though I stopped getting the basin out when I heard a knock on the door. I walked over and opened it, finding Otaku standing there.

“Otaku? What are you doing here?” I asked. I waved her inside and handed her some hot tea.

She accepted gratefully and took a sip. “I just wanted to see how you were doing.”

I rubbed my arm and said, “Never better.”

Otaku smiled and said, “I can see that.”

Silence came over us.

Otaku put her cup down. “I actually came over here to see if you and Patrick would like to go to a dance.”

“A dance?” I asked.

“As a celebration for finally getting rid of one of the most feared clan's leader,” Otaku said.

“That would be good,” I said, pondering on the thought. That might actually not be a bad idea.

“King Roald is actually already planning the dance. His guards were having much trouble defeating the clan, so he might honor the ones who killed Dav.”

“But that's us...” I started saying.

“Exactly! Everyone will be there!”

I took a sip and sighed. “I don't know if Patrick will like to go.”

“Why's that?”

“He had some... difficulties with Dav... and he doesn't feel all that good about killing him.”

“Oh,” Otaku said. She leaned back and seemed in thought. She got up. “Thanks for the tea. Tell me when you make up your mind, ok?”

I nodded my head and waved good bye. “Oh, wait, Otaku... what's a good way to spend an afternoon that doesn't require much work?”

“Crafting, I would say. I have some extra clay that I'll drop by the door for you, ok?”

“Thanks,” I said, and she closed the door.

After the door closed I finished pulling out the basin and heated up some water. Finally I sat in the basin, washing all the grime and blood off me.

I spent an hour mostly in there, then put on some clothes, and walked out my door, squeezing some water out of my hair. Sure enough, some clay was there.

It looked already moist enough to work with, and I think the closest place to model clay was in the barbarian village. The barbarians were very creepy and would attack weak civilians that just passed through.

They ignored me, thankfully. They seemed to notice that I knew more about fighting than them, thanks to all that wonderful training.

The potter's wheel was free, there being only two.

I sat the clay on the wheel and slowly started the process. My arm ached a little and I didn't want to move that fast to damage the stitching. After I made about two pots that didn't look that great, I put them in oven and sat down to snooze for a little.

I didn't snooze that long, for a barbarian appeared in the room and attacked someone, making this loud "YYYYEEEEEEEEAAARRRRRRGGGG!"

I covered my ears and watched the oven.

After about an hour, I took them out and cracked one of them. The other I didn't crack and it turned out pretty nicely.

I carried the pot back to my house and set it on the table. I poured water into the jar and set the roses into it. They smelled lovely.

The smell of food being sold from the center of Varrock compelled me to go there.

When I started walking over there, I saw Patrick heading my way. He looked a little bit better, though the bags under his eyes were still there. He smiled when he saw me and ran up to me.

"Aay, I was just coming to see you," he said.

"Did you rest?" I asked.

"Only a little," he answered, taking my arm and leading me to a person selling some food.

"Good," I said.

We bought some chicken and gobbled it down like hungry lions. Patrick seemed to have cooled off and was doing fine. He joked about something's and I laughed hard at them. Yes. Patrick seemed to be doing just fine.

Some guards approached us and my eyes popped open. "Yes?" I asked.

"The king requests your presence, Sir Patrick and Lady Aay," the guard said. "Follow us please."

I shrugged when Patrick looked at me questionably, but I bet I knew what it was going to be about.

Great doors opened and we walked into the room, the king coming to greet us.

I curtsied and said, "Your majesty," Patrick doing the same, though bowing.

King Roald smiled and waved for us to stop. "Congratulations," he said. "I want to thank you for defeating the clan's leader Sir Dav Black."

Patrick seemed to give a hurt smile. "It's nothing to be praised about."

King Roald gave a laugh. "Why?"

Patrick looked at the ground. "He was my little brother."

King Roald stopped laughing. "I see." He put his hand on Patrick's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Sir Patrick." King Roald sighed and walked back to where he was standing, his hands behind his back. "Many people are glad that the clan has been dispersed, so I was planning to have a celebration, and honor, the people who was able to disperse the clan."

"What kind of celebration...?" Patrick started asking

"A dance," the king declared.

"A dance," Patrick repeated.

"You don't have to attend if it hurts you too much, Patrick."

"I'll have to think about that," Patrick said.

"Good. Now, you'll have to excuse me, I need to get back working," the king said, then walked out of the room.

We walked out of the castle and Patrick and I held hands.

Patrick seemed to be looking at my head. "Where's your tiara that I gave you?"

I gasped and ran my hand through my hair. "Oh dear! It must have fallen off in the wilderness..."

"You're going to need it," Patrick said.

I smiled inside and asked, "Why?"

"Because we're going to that dance," he declared.

YES!

Sorry I got this up very late tonight, but my mom spent ages onto the computer `cause she's flying to Texas then driving to Louisiana and she just ordered the plane tickets. That can take awhile, I guess.

Chad, I have an idea for your character, but I need your guys YAY or NAY on a sequel

THANKS! -Hugs for all!-

11 - Finale

Sorry this took like a week or over a week to update! For those of you that have chatted with me on Runescape, you may have noticed that I'm not on that much anymore ^_^ I'll get on sometime.

On with the finale!

Patrick dropped me off at my house, and then went off to find some suitable clothes for the ball.

Me, on the other hand, had a big deal on my hands. A dress? A dress?? I didn't own a dress. How would I find a dress?

I rustle through my packs and shelves. Nothing. Not even cloth or a thread. Grrr.... I then ran my hand through my hair and remembered about my tiara. Today was just not going well today.

I walked out of the house and saw Otaku walk by. A thought struck me. "Otaku!" I yelled. I ran up to her, grabbed her arm, and dragged her into my house.

"Patrick said he would go," I started saying. "And I don't have anything to wear. Nothing, zip, zero. I even lost my tiara!"

Otaku looked bewildered but regained her composure. Then she smiled. "You can go? Great!" She then grabbed my arm and pulled me into a house across the street.

"This is my house," she said. "I have an extra dress you can use. You seem about my size. But it's pretty plain, so you can redo it in some ways."

"What about a tiara...?" I mumbled.

"You can borrow one of mine. It's an air tiara and very pretty. After the ball I'll show you how to make a normal tiara."

Her house was very huge. I stood there with my mouth open, gaping at it. "Nice place," I commented.

"Thanks," Otaku said. She went over to a closet and opened the drawer.

She pulled out a pure white dress. "This I got from a frog prince. It was my first time ever kissing a frog, but it was worth it," she grinned. "It's happened to me about twice."

She handed it to me and then pulled out some blue and black cloth. "Here are some materials you can work with. I don't have mine right here at the moment, it's at my other house."

"Another house?" I gasped.

Otaku gave a smile and nodded.

She must be rich... Oh, how I would love to be in her shoes!

I tried on the dress to see if it fit. It did! I took it back off and discussed with Otaku what I should turn it in to.

"I like the blue at sleeves... We could make the sleeves part in the front, hang down, and have it attached to a wristband," I suggested.

Otaku nodded and started cutting off blue cloth and I started to cut some black.

We had the sleeves done in awhile.

"What color is your dress, Otaku?" I asked her.

"A pretty green color... Not a green color that's close to snot color, thankfully," she said.

"I think you would look good in some pink, you know?" I suggested.

Otaku seemed to shudder. "Pink? I'd rather fight a dragon than to wear pink."

I laughed. "Sorry I suggested it then."

In about two hours, we had finished the dress. I held it up against myself. "It's lovely..."

Otaku nodded in agreement. She then handed me a tiara. "Here is the tiara."

"Thank you for helping me," I said, giving her a hug with my free arm, my other arm holding the dress.

"No problem," she said. She got up. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I promised to meet with some friends."

"Sure," I said. I waved goodbye and walked back to my house.

I laid my dress on the bed and sighed. Tonight would be a fun night. One thing I wanted to find out though, and it's been bothering me... Where had Patrick been when I went out into the wilderness?

I suppose that will just have to wait until the moment is right.

Right now, I just want to go out and talk with some friends.

I didn't see any of them in Varrock, so I just went for a walk to Lumbridge.

Guess whom I found on the way? Blitzzer, Webbuu, Spirit, Silver, and Calladus sitting near a fire on the side of the walkway. Silver was hacking away at all the trees around them and seemed to chop a tree down in one hit.

"Hey guys!" I said and walked over to them and sat down next to Blitzzer who was cooking lobsters.

"Hey," they said.

Kid Mental popped out of one of the trees. His face still didn't look that great. "Hey Aay, you all ready for the dance?"

"I'm all ready to go," I said.

Silver sat down and put some more logs on the fire. "What about Patrick?"

"He should be ready."

I grabbed some of the lobster meat and took a bite. It was good...

Night of the dance

I was almost ready except for the tiara that still needed to go on my head. My hair I wrapped into a bun, curling my bangs and having them beside my face.

Then I put the hot stick in the water and gazed in the mirror. I was ready.

I heard a knock on a door and opened it. Patrick stood there with some red rose in one hand. He was dressed in mithril armor and had a flowing blue cape going down his back.

He handed the rose to me. "A beautiful rose for a beautiful lady," he said.

I accepted the rose gratefully and took his arm.

"You look beautiful," he said.

My dress had ruffles of black, blue trim, and the sleeves cut. I made the dress a little poofy so it wouldn't be on the ground.

I put my hand on his cheek and leaned up to give him a kiss. "Let's party!"

We arrived at the castle in a matter of minutes and the courtyard was filled with tons of people. Food

looked delicious. Cooked turkey, wine, salad, and cakes...

I noticed Kid Mental by the food trying the different wine. He wasn't in the shabby clothing but adamant armor with his hair slicked back. He looked older.

It seemed that all the men wore fancy armor. Calladus wore black, Blitzer and Spirit in fancy bowman suits, and Silver in, of course, a silver dress that came down in ruffles. Webbuu wore some fancy wizard outfit that I thought looked pretty good on him.

I saw Otaku arrive in her green dress that she said she had. Her hair was pinned up to one side. She had a matching shawl that she wore.

Music started playing and Patrick turned to me and asked, "Would you like this dance, milady?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick," I said, grinning.

He swept me in his arms and we were off dancing on to a slow pace.

That thing kept bothering me and I had an urge to ask him about where he was.

Patrick smiled a little. "Why the down face, Aay?"

"It's just that..." I started. "Where were you when I went into the wilderness?"

"Oh, yes, sorry about that," Patrick said. "I had forgotten that that day was the day I was supposed to meet with someone over in Port Sarim. I have started up a clan, and it's to help all the new people around here."

"Do you flirt with all of them like you do me?" I teased.

He grinned and twirled me around. "Why would I do that, when I have a lovely girl to tease right here?"

I smiled and kissed him square on the lips.

A couple hours went by of dancing and talking. Or eating. The music stopped and King Roald started talking. We stopped dancing and turned to him.

"My people," King Roald started. "We have peace from the clan that killed so many innocent people, no matter what their age or gender. A toast, to the Sir's Patrick, Calladus, Blitzer, Webbuu, and Spirit. And a toast also to the ladies who kicked butt; Lady Aay, Silver, and Otaku.

"And in memory of one of our most beloved person, Chadrizard, who died valiantly."

We were all toasted too and I heard a yell. Kid Mental walked up in front of the king. "What about me?" He yelled.

The King looked surprised and then held up his cup. "And to our famous hobo, Kid Mental."

Kid Mental grinned and bowed in front of the crowd. He kept on bowing until he had to be pulled off the stage.

“Are kings supposed to say, `kick butt?’” I whispered in Patrick's ear.

Patrick shrugged. “Who knows?”

A slow song picked up and we moved to the dance floor.

I leaned my head against Patrick's chest.

Oh dear, this had gone just perfect, hasn't it?

And there you have it! The story is finished! I hoped you liked it.

bpliokb- I'm glad you thought puking in rs was a good idea lol... thanks for reviewing and your funny comments. `evil is for evil people' - I love that one!

Kaiser Aldamon- I'll add you and your friends to the sequel when I get around to makin it, don't worry! Thanks!

Roobydoo19- I haven't been able to go on rs for a little while but I'll add ya sometime. Thank ya!

Iced Perfection- thank you for commenting on my writing! I can write more easily in first view it seems like...

Calladus- thanks for reviewing! Maybe your character will get more action in the sequel!

Lion Of Nightmares- sorry if I didn't make your character like you wanted too, but I'll try next time!

namesareforwannabes- thanks for reviewing!

Chadrizard- thanks for the help on the stupid imp catcher quest. Stupid black bead! Took forever! You also might see your character in the sequel, who knows?

Otaku93- that's for showin me the wilderness in rs. Ur the best!!!!

Seraph Azera- -ducks from random stuff being thrown around- thank you for reviewing =)

Blitzer boy1- thanks for everything on rs! You are fun to talk to

Hurt Deep Inside- -coughs- no more talking of suicidal bananas, ok? I'm sorry I even ate that banana that said EAT ME in the first place!!!

mr.mental- your crazy. Just plain crazy. But very interesting ideas! Thanks for reviewing! CAFFIENE ADDICTIED HAMSTERS - still a brilliant idea!

Kimiko's Cousin- thanks for putting the story in your favorites!! -hugs-

a runescape member- I haven't added you yet but will soon and thanks for reviewing

Sentrosi- hope you don't mind I made Lars bad. Thanks for everything =)

Ostrich Mimic- thanks for sayin it was sweet!

ozzywannabeagoat- I wasn't quite sure if all the ozzy's were all one person, so I assumed you were, but it turned out to be 11 chapters! Yay!

gennyweasley- thanks for the info on the wilderness, I'll keep it in mind =)

That took a long time....

Well, talk to all ye laterz!

p.s. I couldn't have them married cause it seems to soon. Sorry bout that!