

# Finial Rite

By Narsco\_Tepes

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*Aaah, This is my first time, so please don't kill me if it's beyond horrible. Someone put the child block up so I can't roleplay on my usual site, and I'm left home alone while my GrandMother was just taken to the hospital. A good time, it seems to right, nu*

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# 1 - Alone but Not Forgotten

For what thing in the world is there whose best exponent is not the devil, who is the Prince of the World?

In a word, ask what you will, riches, honour, and glory. You shall have it through him and what you expect of Good after your death, in that you deceive yourself.

The gloved hand of Henry Faust IIIV shut the old leather bound book. "Nein, I expect nothing." The man muttered to himself. He stood up, pulling away from his desk which he was reading the book at. The dimming candle light illuminated the golden words on the cover; Faust's Hollenzwarg. A simple translation in to English was Faust's Harrowing of Hell. He chuckled grimly to himself as he turned from the table. Books, upon Books layed stacked on the floor. What was he looking for. Faust gracefully blew out the candle he had been using to read, leaving the room dark. Shadows crept along the walls. He looked around the ruins of his Forefather. It took his breath away. The simple beauty of it all. Astonishing.

He found himself walking toward the center of the room, almost in a drunken haze, like a trance. Faust's eyes rested on a platform of stone that was raised up in the middle of the room. Upon that platform laid a beautiful young lady. His eyes swept across her clothes and body. He found breathing to be a difficult venture as he took heavy steps toward her. His Dear Eliza. His Beloved Eliza. His Eliza. The man fell to his knees weakly as he reached the stone table. His gloved fingers rested there as his eyes in took the beauty of her. Faust forced himself up to his feet with much difficulty. "I swear by my very soul I will bring you back." He said lovingly to the dead body. "I am of no use to you physically. Why? Why had not it been I? I should have been there, why?"

"Didn't you get better security for your house?" A voice came from behind the grieving man. A sly, suave voice of a cocky confidence.

Faust leapt to his feet and spun around in a heart beat. "Who dares to enter and disturb me?" He roared with unparalleled fury.

"Is a man always asked to leave his dwelling?" The voice replied coolly.

"Show yourself!" He commanded, as rage grabbed him.

Nothing but the shadows were moving. As though they had a life of their own. Faust felt his heart beat painfully against his rib cage. The noise of it drowned out proper thinking, as his eyes dashed from one corner to the other. Waiting. Watching. For nothing to appear.

## 2 - Unwanted Guest of the Past

Faust took a slow step back, his backside hit the stone table. A mixture of fear and anger was in him. "Come out! Now!" He yelled, trying to get rid of his fear with the sound of his voice. "Now, now! No need to yell." A voice said calmly. "Shhhh, my Faustus, every thing will be alright."

He creased his brow. Faustus. No one, if his memory served, ever called him that. Faust's eyes wandered to the desk where he was reading. The candle light was re-lighted. A face of a man whose voice it belong to was reviled, his shadow casted upon the stone floor. He goatee that was supported by a weak pointed chin. His face was clear of any blemishes. The intruder had a high cheek bones, his eyes were red with demonic pleasure. The man licked his full lips, as he put down the candlestick on the desk. His legs were crossed in the rather famine style. Faust took notice in what he was wearing; a red stripped jester outfit. He heard his own breath ring in his ears now, his gloved hand rested lightly on his wife's cold dead arm.

The man slide off the desk. Faust's eyes were wide with unsuppressed fear for himself, his brow creased. Hold your ground, he told himself firmly, it's just some local fool, it's not what you think-

"But it is." The man replied to Faust's thoughts.

He in took air hard. "You cannot be who you are!?" Faust yelled, denying his own believes. The man in front of him laughed, a loud gay laughter it was.

"But I am." He replied simple, crocking his head slowly at Faust. Black locks of hair falling in his face.

"Nien, nien, you cannot be him, you cannot be Mephistopheles." Faust said, refusing the truth, trying with his great might to hold a steady voice.

"Why not?" The Demon asked simply, which was growing on Faust's nerves, How dare this demon dare to intrude in the first place. He had no right to do so. Faust thought, feeling anger grow once more.

"What is it you want." Faust said, barely above a whisper. His eyes focused on him as he paced, looking Faust up and down as though to see if he approved him. Faust watch the demon glance over at Eliza of a split second. Faust gulped hard, gather courage to raise his voice.

"I ask just one last time! What is it that you want?! Why do you disturb my sorrow!?" He yelled at the calm pacing man.

"My, my some one sounds like there originator today, my child." Mephisto replied smugly. Faust didn't wish to be called child by this demon scum bag. This vile disgrace of flesh or was he. He did

not seem to be solid at all.

“So, what’s with the dead babe?” The demon asked Faust, whose face turned in to one, not of fear and shock, but of anger.