

# The Princess Leviathan

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Submitted: February 4, 2008

Updated: February 4, 2008

*This story is about a girl, who is the stereotypical Princess, who doesn't really have much going on in her life until she is kidnapped in the night by a rugged thief hoping to get money for a high society hostage.*

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# 1 - Nocturnal Thoughts

The wind howled at the windowpane, while moonlight bathed the elaborate room. The four-poster bed was dressed in woven quilts dyed in purple, and embroidered with elegant figurines of lofty nobles in various locations around the castle grounds. To the left of the bed rested a cozy lamp atop of a carved oak nightstand. Though the glowering flame from the lamp flickered violently it was dull by comparison to the milky iridescence light illuminating the room. Leviathan lay on the left of the bed near the cozy little flame.

It was near midnight, and she still scribbled away in her book. Not for pleasure, for she was wroth, and it showed as ink splashed from her quill.

*'Dear diary,*

*My name is Leviathan Aisrel, princess of Aisrel, the royal capital of Panthoria. But I do not think that name suits me. Such a weird name, why it is the name of the legendary aquatic beast! Do my parents really think their daughter is a beast? Well actually they seem to think so, they are sending me away. I am not refined enough, so my mother is suggesting I go to a finishing school! Princesses do not go to finishing school, commoners do! This is not fair. Well they gave me this as a token for going to the despicable school. I should get to bed now.*

*- Leviathan'*

Leviathan was going to turn seventeen soon, and she would be eligible for coronation of the title 'Crown Princess of Aisrel'. Of course, she was a princess, and it was already official on all the papers, but 'Crown Princess' was a transition from girl to woman and the first step to Queen. And along with it came finishing school....

"The most unheard of thing for a princess!" she announced. However, her mother insisted that Levia would meet other girls her own age, and teased her that: "You have to be more refined if you want Prince Anthony to notice you"

Levia was usually quite well-mannered, but something did not seem right about finishing school. She was raised by her governess, who scrutinized Levia's education, and taught her the most sophisticated manners: "And no royalty in the history of our country has gone to finishing school," she cried.

Leviathan lay clutching her knitted, multicoloured child's blanket. Her mother had made this for her when Levia was five and a half years of age, while going on a fetish about knitting. Queen Ayrasia was not good at it, but she told her daughter that it was not how good you are at something that matters, but if it gives you something to do. Though the blanket was what one might call hideous, it was very sentimental to Leviathan. She held the now rag of a blanket close always as a child, it hardly seemed fit that she still kept it. Also it seemed out of place among all her fine silks and down pillows, but she always kept it on her bed, half way under a pillow.

A tear slid down her glistening face; she was not angry anymore. What was wrong with her? Was it these recent happenings that made her mother drive her away?

Nearly four months ago, a series of strange occurrences have been happening. Besides her father leaving off on classified security business for Panthoria, she had been having strange feelings. At first she thought it was just the 'age,' but those feelings had been related to water. At Celestine's (her cousin in the neighboring country) coming out party, she was playing at the beach with a hermit crab, and a wave came crashing down. Leviathan screamed and the water receded around her. Then, when

she walked in drenched, a boy made fun of her and she slapped him. However, it looked like the water on her slapped him. Another strange occasion, after she took a bath, a scratch she had gotten from her kitten, Missy, was no where to be found.

She pulled the heavy quilt over her and tried to leave these occurrences in her head behind. The wind howled louder, and then there was a rumble of thunder and it was pouring. The rain tapped against the windowpane, and before a sudden tiredness came over her she thought she saw a shadow against her window. 'Must be the tree blowing about by the wind' she thought to herself, and then she was off to sleep.

## 2 - Lurking in the night

"I hope what I am doing is right," whispered Ayrasia, alone in the dark of her room. She could not help but feel loss sending her only daughter away, but she kept thinking that this 'classified security business' was suspicious. She loved her husband, but felt a little agitated about him not telling her anything. Was it so serious that he did not trust her with it? "I do not want to think about this anymore; it is too disturbing to have ever thought of such a thing" she said aloud and started to scribble on a piece of paper:

Dearest Leviathan,

My love, I do not want you to go, but I really feel it is for the best. You should be with girls your own age and socialize rather than dawdle in this dusty old castle. I want you to know I will be thinking of you, and write you every day you are apart from me. I care for you more than anything in this world. I send my best wishes to you,

Your mother

Ayrasia slipped the thin paper into an envelope and slid it under Leviathan's door. She stopped by the door...then carefully turned the doorknob, holding back a sob. Levia was asleep, on her side with her arm dangling down the side of the bed. She was so cute sleeping, mumbling softly; Ayrasia kissed her cheek and departed to her own room.

The drapes swayed in the wind. Creak...pop! The shadowy figure leaped in onto the window sill. "Aw, how cute...little miss princess in silent slumber," he snickered. The man scoped the room. "Hmm, what's this?"

He picked up the envelope off the floor, and opened it.

"My love...I do not want you to go...it is the best for you...I will think of you...everyday...best wishes...your mother," he muttered. "Well after this she will be thinking of you every day...my sweet." The man moved near the bed and spotted a quill on the nightstand, with a little book and a picture of some guy.

"What is this, princess has got herself a beau?" he said as he picked up the frame, "Probably some superficial Prince Charming that gets everything handed to him on a silver plate." His hand faltered, and he almost dropped it, but then he picked up the quill and started writing on the back of the paper.

Have taken your princess, if you want her back you will have to pay the price. Wait for further requests.

The man gazed upon Leviathan, trying to determine the best maneuver to get her off the bed. He finally just grabbed her, and made toward the windowsill and out.

It was very difficult to hold her while repelling off the side of the castle wall with a lone rope. More surprising was how she did not even make any sounds or signs of waking.

He laughed to himself, 'I could have probably thrown her out the window, and she wouldn't have wakened' he thought, but too soon, because she started to stir.

Then a chill breeze blew. She let out a sigh and stretched out her arms, and his arms tightened around her; he could not afford her waking and then screaming this close to the castle. To his luck, her body

stilled, and was clearly back into deep sleep.

After an hour of carrying her, he was relieved to see the light of an inn. Right now Leviathan felt like a whale; he quickened his pace and reached the door.

As he opened the door, warm light bathed him, and he could hear the pleasant sound of a flute in the background.

The mood was interrupted by a husky voice, "Ello der, may I help ye?"

"Yes, a room please," replied the man holding Levia.

"Wha ter perty lady, yer sweetheart?" the Innkeeper asked.

"I guess, but she's no lover to me...she's my sister. We were traveling...and she seems ill so I'm taking care of her"

"Well tha's mighty good of ye ter take care of yer sistar. Rooms up tha staers te tha righ', take yer pick and take care for tha nigh"

"Thank you," he replied and tossed the Innkeeper a small pouch of coins.

The room was very dim, with only a small lantern on the windowsill. The young man placed her on a bed near the window, and then stripped off his wet clothes. The bearskin covers warmed his cool, clammy skin. It was finally peaceful; he relaxed his muscles and went to close his eyes till sleep took him away.

### 3 - First meeting

Rays of sunlight gleamed through the dew on the windowpane. A pillar of light descended upon Leviathan, illuminating her face. The man sat upright in his bed, watching her. She looked so much like an angel aloft, in silent slumber. But instead of caressing a cloud, she rest on dingy, dun sheets, and wrapped in a bearskin blanket. This illusion wouldn't last for long, though, he thought, and soon she would wake and be stricken with terror.

A few minutes past as he watched and waited, and then a sigh broke out of this angelic figure's mouth, accompanied by a stretch of the arms.

"Heh, just a matter of time now." he whispered. There was a pause and then...

"Ah, morning already?" Levia spoke, and then opened her eyes: "ick, and finishing school..."

She turned her head, to see a young man gazing at her with a quizzical look, and a smile breaking on his face. Now she realized this was not her room and was immediately horror stuck. Unlike the screaming he expected, she started to cry.

He was a little disappointed; he had expected to have to gag her with something, but was he going to have to calm her? His smile turned into a grimace, as he watched her cry convulsively.

"Will you just stop?" he cried.

"H-how c-can I...I-I don't even know who y-you are!" she shouted and turned toward him with tears streaming down her face.

"Me, I'm Anwynd Esa, and I can't pretend this is not awkward for you, but I would really like you to stop crying," Anwynd said. The man had ruffled, dirty blonde hair, accompanied by pale green coloured eyes. His face was quite boyish, but the fine, sparse hairs on his chin were those of a man.

"Well...I am-" she started.

"I know who you are," he interrupted.

"Well I was only being polite," she wavered: "I guess you would know, being my captor," she spoke, with a hint of irritation.

"Well, princess, you're quite the looker, you'll sell well." He cackled and walked on "Hurry, we best be on our way."

"You are going to sell me?" she asked, with a look of childlike concern. She was so innocent; he almost felt compassion for her.

"No...I was only kidding, I will keep you for longer," he started, "but if you disobey me, you'll be lucky if I leave you in a ditch that is in this country," he teased, and she gasped.

"How can you say that so casually!" It was the first time she raised her voice; "you cannot play with people's lives, and I am a princess."

"Well Princess, I told you if you disobey me..." He made a gesture with his hand sliding across his neck and she scowled, "Now, you are my sister and we are traveling together...Also you need a new name." Her eyes lit up, "My mum calls me Levia."

"Levia? So we are just missing the 'than', who would be so dense not to recognize that?" he thought out loud, then noticed the disgruntled expression on her face. "What is wrong?"

"Mum...I guess it is not different that I was abducted, she was going to send me away in the first place" she spoke, and her eyes started to get misty again: "Okay, I will play along, I will be your sister, and I won't fight with you anymore so you don't have to leave me in a ditch"

Anwynd was shocked, and again felt that horrible pity. Leviathan was feeling worthless, and going along

with him, because she felt that her mother did not love her. He knew that was wrong, because of that note he read.

'What in hell is this, emotion central?' he thought and cleared his mind 'there is no way I will tell her. I have got her right where I want her.' then he opened his mouth, "You aren't going to cry again are you? I don't think I can handle anymore, ya know because I don't really have a sister."

"Oh, well you better get used to it brother dear." she teased, and it was the first time that he had seen her smile. Some how it made him feel at ease and sick to his stomach at the same time.

"That is better sister dear," he said sarcastically, "and I think I will call you Levia, not much townsfolk that are bright enough to connect 'Levia' to the word 'than.'" he said somewhat thoughtfully

"Okay," she replied, and smiled.

"Ya know, you have to be one or the other, I can't have you jumping from glum to chipper all the time," he hesitated, "and we should be going now"

Anwynd took Leviathan by the arm, and then led her out of the room and down the stairs.

## 4 - A new destination

“Good mornin’ sir and how yar sistar be?” Boomed the Innkeeper.

“Ah...her? She’s great” Anwynd answered, and Leviathan whipped around the corner.

“Why she’s pertier awake, yea.”

“Thank you,” said Leviathan.

“Well, Levia, we should go now,” Anwynd said, and grabbed her by the arm.

“Well ye take care of that lass, ya hear?” The innkeeper beamed as they left.

Leviathan and Anwynd walked out of the shabby little Inn. Leviathan gazed at it, wondering what it was doing in the middle of the forest. There was no clearing around it; it was just built right into the forest.

“Why did you stop?” Anwynd asked.

“I was just thinking...” she answered.

“Can’t you think later? We have to get going.”

“Anwynd, where are we going?” Levia asked him. He stopped himself; he could not exactly tell her he was taking her to his boss and holding her for ransom.

“Just to see some friends,” he replied.

“Okay,” she said, and did not question him.

Anwynd looked at Leviathan, she smiled, and he became hesitant to continue what he was doing... ‘It’s only 22 miles away; I will have plenty of time to change my mind,’ he thought, and then shook the question out of his head.

“Anwynd...what is wrong?” she asked, quite innocently.

“...I was just thinking,” he said, surprised that she caught him off guard. “I am sorry, let’s go now. Follow me and keep up.”

She followed him around trees and through little streams for nearly two hours, before she said,

“Anwynd...is there not a road we can follow?” she said between breathes.

“Sorry, but not to where we are going,” he answered, not paying attention to her.

“What do you mean no road!” she gasped, then supported herself against a tree.

“Levia, there is no road because nobody knows where it is,” he said starting to get agitated.

She followed him for another long period of time, in which both were completely silent. In that time, they had passed through a bog where Leviathan cringed at the sight of every slimy toad jumping about, and her satin evening gown looked like it was going through the crusades. Indeed it did: mud, dirt, and filthy swamp water, accompanied by an occasional glob of moss, dressed her garment.

Leviathan moped a little and tears slid down her soiled face. She trudged along, but stopped as she heard hissing.

“A...A—nwynd.” she whispered.

“What is it—?” he started. “Don’t move!” he said, looking at the snake as it writhed out of a bush.

“Anwynd!” she screamed, having more reason to be scared.

“I said don’t move, and be quiet. You don’t want him to strike—that’s a cottonmouth, very poisonous. If he strikes you might not see another morning.”

“Anwynd...!” she sobbed, and now her body was quivering.

Anwynd watched her, almost dazedly as her body trembled and she scrunched her shoulders together. The snake recoiled as if to strike, Leviathan whimpered and her tears fell to the ground, and something happened that he couldn’t explain. A flash of blue light and the snake recoiled again and then slithered



away back into the bush.

“What just happened?” he said softly.

“Anwynd, can you carry me?” she ignored his question, still standing petrified there.

“Why...?” He asked, a little annoyed.

“You carried me before, right? I’m too scared, please.”

“If you expect me to carry you, you can just stay here...alone,” he said wistfully and started walking away.

She stood there still; of course he wasn’t really going to leave her there, just pulling at the bait a little.

“Anwynd, wait!” she ran after him for a while, and then slipped directly into the mud.

‘Geez, who taught that girl to run...?’ he thought to himself, and then slowly walked back towards her.

He didn’t talk, just lifted her arm and swung her onto his back. He didn’t know, but she smiled a girlish smile while she rode on his back. Neither of them spoke a word, but a silent communication was in place.

## 5 - Decisions

Anwynd did not speak to her for a long time while she was riding on his back. The more he thought about it, the more she felt like a whale again. He put all his concentration on keeping his shoulders braced.

“Ahhnwynd” she said in a yawn, “I’m wearisome.”

“You are?” he said spitefully, “try carrying yourself and me for over four miles.”

“Well if you talked to me, maybe I would not be suffering from insipidity.”

Actually Anwynd was hiding what he was really thinking about, but carrying her made the situation worse. On several occasion he eased his mind with how great it would be to finally get her off his shoulders, and get a huge sum of lucre.

It was now getting late, and a sense of danger was drawing nearer.

He cautiously lifted her off his shoulder, and became silent.

“What—” she started.

“Shush!” he cut her off, “I’m trying to listen”

He stood very still, and she could see all his senses were becoming keener.

There was a rustle in the trees and she made to open her mouth again, “A—”, and he thrust his hand over her mouth as he pulled her toward him.

In a muffled whisper he said, “I told you to be quiet! You don’t know the danger that is out here, so you listen to everything I tell you, got it?”

“Yes—but”

“No, you listen to what I say.”

“Yes” she said solemnly.

His eyes fiercely scanned the trees. He became, what looked to be, an animal being hunted. He looked up for moment, calculating; he was stuck.

Terror awakened in Leviathan’s eyes, as she heard what he did; distant cries and drunken laughter.

She looked to him eagerly to escape but he still stood there calculating.

He turned and looked at her seeing the terror in her eyes, focusing on it. Then grabbed her arm and ran in one direction. She felt like she was going to scream, but she suppressed it.

They ran through the thick trees and brush. As they were running Leviathan tripped on a rock.

‘She just had to fall, didn’t she?’ he thought.

Her skirts were tangled in a mess of broken branches. He watched her hopelessly while she tugged at the hem, thinking any moment they could be caught.

Rip. It broke free leaving a mangled piece of satin.

He grabbed her hand and pulled her up. “We have to hurry; there is a little cave up ahead, okay? We can stay there.” He said.

“Alright” she said, grimacing.

And there was the little cave. They walked into it. It was very dark and clammy, with a little stream trickling through it. It was not the coziest of places.

“Well, how about I get some sticks and flint,” he said observing the cave absent mindedly.

“Why?” she said.

“To make a fire, you really think we are going to hang around here in the dark?”

“No...Does that mean you are going to leave me here?” she said concerned.

“Yeah, only for a while though,” he said turning the other way and heading out, “If I don’t now it will be too late, the sun is going down”

“Okay” Leviathan said, and he was gone. She sat down on the cold wet floor and held her knees close to her. “Oww” she said painfully as she looked at her legs; they were badly cut and scraped. ‘I want to go home...’ she thought to herself ‘This place is nothing but horrible and sad.’ Then she remembered how if she wasn’t here she would be in finishing school; she started to cry.

Soon after, Anwynd walked in: “What’s wrong?” he asked, and then continued on by starting to assemble the sticks and logs together on a smooth surface of what looked to be blue limestone.

“Nothing...” she answered softly. He didn’t answer.

She looked at him uneasily, then back at her legs. Leviathan now temperate was gazing at a stream of blood running down her leg to her feet.

‘He does not care...and why would he?’ she thought to herself, slowly getting up and walking towards the little stream.

Clack Clack Clack! Anwynd struck the two flints together; groaning in frustration until it ignited the kindling. “Levia! I did it, we have a fire” he said triumphantly expecting her to be right behind him, but she was gone.

“Levia—than...” he called. Then he saw her, a shadowy figure wading in the stream. ‘That girl must be daft, that water is froze.’

A few moments of him watching her, she noticed him. Leviathan turned to him and stepped out of the water. She stared at him angrily.

“Levia—a” He opened his mouth to speak—she collapsed.

Anwynd ran to grab her, before she hit the ground but he was too late. She was unconscious, and her body was limp.

When he lifted her he could see by the glow of the fire that her legs were blue, her lips were blue and her face was pale. He frantically dragged her close to the fire, and took off his over coat and placed it on her.

‘She can’t die now...What am I saying. She’s a princess. She’s frail like porcelain, and I’ve broken her.’ he thought to himself. He put his hand on hers, which was icy now and he looked into the fire. Some hours had past, and she was getting warmer and started to show signs of life. He took his coat from off of her and held it over the fire to get it warmer. He had determination in his eyes as he held it over the flames for several moments. “Okay that should be good enough,” he sighed in relief and placed the coat back over her.

When he placed it on her she muttered something and rolled to her side.

“That should be good enough” he said, and sat next to the fire, which soon after it stopped burning he was asleep.

Too soon he let down his guard, because he woke up a half an hour later to Leviathan screaming.

“Anwynd! Anwynd!” a bloodcurdling scream came from her. He awoke to see Leviathan in the arms of two slender looking men.

“Ah...Anwynd, brother” said the one on the left roguishly, “It seems Miss Princess is quite familiar with

you.” His expression turned into a malicious grin. “When were you going to tell us...? The boss has been looking forward to seeing her; don’t tell us you were going to keep her for yourself...”

Anwynd glanced at the two in rage. The mischievous one looked over Leviathan with lust and the other one more faint hearted just held a firm grip on her.

“What are you implying that I am traitorous? Do not think you can find fault in me! I am the most loyal servant to the boss, I was coming right over. Then it got dark...” Anwynd’s voice started to falter.

“Then prove your loyalty. Hand the girl over” the mischievous one said.

“I’m not going to let you take the credit that is mine, I am going with you; so take your filthy hands off her” Anwynd said venomously.

“Touchy...Touchy, we’ll play later princess” and he winked at Leviathan, who gave him a most disgusted look.

The four of them walked through the forest to what looked to be a little hut, but Leviathan could see it was much bigger. As they walked Anwynd’s eyes showed that this was not what he had intended. He shifted from looking at Leviathan, in a lot of rage, to the mischievous one prancing happily and flirting with her.

## 6 - A wish of preclusion

Leviathan's heart pounded louder at every step. She was so angry at Anwynd! 'Then again...It is my fault for trusting a complete stranger.' She thought looking downward at the leaves on the ground, watching how her feet seemed to move by themselves, 'Stop! Do you not know that these people are going to do vile things to you? I should have gotten the implication, when he said I would sell well.' Leviathan's heart pounded so hard that it was all she could hear. She glanced at Anwynd who kept a firm grip around her arm, then swiftly back. 'Is this what you wanted...all along?'

As they got nearer, the hut was in clear view.

"Maed, hold her for me" Anwynd said quiet flatly, and he loosed his grip.

"Gladly" said Maed cheerfully.

'So that is your name...' Leviathan thought, as she watched the mischievous one grab her arm.

Anwynd walked up to the door. He steadily tapped at the wooden door.

"Who is it?" said a girlishly high pitched voice.

"Anwynd, Maed and Tristan" he said apathetically.

"Oh Anwynd!" she said and flung the door open. "I have missed you Annie!" she squealed and embraced him.

"Karina..." Anwynd said growing more irritated. At this moment Maed was snickering and Tristan was trying to muffle his laughter.

"Who is she?" Leviathan asked Tristan, the more mature one.

"That is Karina, our sister." Tristan said.

"Annie, where have you been father has been anxious to see you and the Princess..." she whispered glaring at Leviathan as if she had a disease.

"Well it wasn't like I was off on holiday." he said grudgingly while Karina was being attached to his arm.

"Annie, father will want to talk to you right away." Karina said in a lower tone.

Anwynd looked at her, but Karina could tell that he was looking through her. "A-" she started, and then he cast his gaze away and walked ominously down the corridor.

He approached the door. He hesitated as he put his hand on the knob; there was so much he was thinking about. The reason why he captured Leviathan was not a pleasant one.

He cautiously opened the door and felt a blast of heat. 'Father always liked to be unusually warm...' he thought, and smiled until he heard someone get out of a chair and walk toward him; his smile turned into a grimace.

"Anwynd, my boy" said a thin but apparently powerful man, "I hope your journey has been well." The man was just fairly taller than Anwynd and his shag of midnight hair was streaked with silver. Also his eyes were an opaque blue and he had a deep jagged scar directly under his left eye. The appearance of this man was not jolly, but he enfolded his arms around Anwynd. Their relationship still mysterious, but he and everyone else seemed to call him father.

"Father..." Anwynd breathed apparently hesitant. He looked swiftly at the ground; his father looked at him solemnly and then put his hand to his hair.

“So, I heard the princess is quite the looker. I would suppose—”he said slyly. Anwynd still looked at the floor avoiding his father’s gaze...

Leviathan was leaning against a wall with Maed and Tristan keeping their firm grip on her. Karina was sitting on the woven reed rug holding a shard of glass in her hand and occasionally making agitated grunts of frustration while pulling her fingers through her hair then looking back into the shard. Leviathan kept her focus on Karina. Her face was dirty and she had uneven, cropped, mousey brown hair. Leviathan concluded that she was like any female, concerned about how she looked, and to Leviathan’s opinion she looked horrible. Karina was fairly younger than Leviathan; she wore no corset, or dress, but a plain tattered blouse with scandalously short skirts and a strange arrangement of straps tying her all together. Before Leviathan could continue her examination Maed interjected.

“Kreena, all you do now is stare at yourself though that little shard. Seems to me that all you ever care about is impressing Anwynd” Maed sneered and rolled his eyes. “Seriously, you don’t even make yourself useful. What kind of girl are you?”

Karina turned towards him and viciously glared at him: “Try saying that again!” she screamed venomously. “Oh my name is Maed, I’m so girly that my name sounds like a maid-en” she said mockingly.

“Well at least I’m pretty” he said growing louder with more sarcasm, “Not like dirty little Kreena, Anwynd will never like an ugly—” he spat at her, and in satisfaction as her eyes filled up with tears, “Ugly B\*\*\*\*\*!”

She ran out as fast as she could throwing the shard which broke into tiny fragments. Leviathan felt pity for her, she could have a pretty face; Maed was just picking at her insecurity. Tristan did not seem to be in well spirits with Maed either for this, he just shrugged. Leviathan could see that he had a kind heart, and was a little shy. She was going to use this as an advantage to find out more about her fate in her captors.

“Anwynd, what troubles you?” asked the mysterious father. Anwynd glanced back upward and looked into his father’s eyes. Around his father he seemed more child-like and respective.

“I-I don’t want to hurt her” Anwynd gasped. His father’s eyes lit up and his face was quite awestruck. “So that is what this is about” said father, and shrugged running his fingers through his midnight hair. There was a moment of silence as father gazed into Anwynd, as if reading his soul. “Anwynd, I never meant to hurt her, you see...”

“What do you mean? Do you think this is a joke! You said—” he said infuriated.

“Anwynd, this is not like you. What has this girl done to you?” he said empathetically, then sighed ruffling Anwynd’s dirty blonde hair. “Anwynd the loner...I admit it was really hard to motivate someone like you. It was my fault for bribing you with something like this, but it is your fault for accepting my proposal. Maybe meeting her was good for you.” He said smiling. Anwynd cast his eyes swiftly downward, he felt ashamed.

“I did not know her...and I wanted to—” he broke off. Father walked off to his chair and calmly sat down. Anwynd’s figure stood eyes downcast and in this very dark room the firelight flickered around him. ‘It was good for them to meet’ thought the mysterious man called father. He smiled: ‘It is best that they find this out together’

Leviathan rocked back and forth while leaning against the wall, she looked at Tristan who still had his arm firmly around her wrist.

“So, what are we waiting for?” Levia asked.

“We are waiting for Father’s orders for what to do with you” he said emotionlessly.

“So I was wondering if you are all brothers and sister...Is it okay for Karina to like Anwynd?” she asked curious, and Tristan looked at her suspiciously, but looked as if trying to hold back a smile.

“Well we are not real brothers and sister, and Father is not our real father.” He said.

“What?” she said confused.

“Well Father takes care of us, and we do act a kin to each other I suppose. We are mostly just strays, but we have our own stories.” He said his smile turning into embarrassment.

‘So does this mean Anwynd does not have a family? I wonder what his story is...’ She thought solemnly to herself. ‘Wait a minute what am I saying taking pity on him? That villain kidnapped me and now I am here, where I do not know if I am going to live or die. They do seem a bit kind though...But this Father character I am not too sure about, he seems to be their leader. What does he want with me?’

Leviathan’s face was determined and in deep thought. Clearly she was going to have to be more wary, and not be so easily swayed by these people. She thought to herself and then remembered when she first met Anwynd; she blushed.

‘He called me his sister...’

## 7 - Reasons revealed

Leviathan continued deep in her thoughts until a door opened.

“Father!” Tristan gasped in surprise.

“Send the girl in here.” The mysterious scarred man said. It was the first time Leviathan actually saw this “Father” and she was scared. Tristan pulled her along towards the door: “Alone” Father said.

“Yes” he said embarrassed and let go of her arm, and she triumphantly strode toward the door, and then hesitated at entering and seeing how dark it was.

As Levia entered the room she was daunted. The room was very dark, there was no window in sight, and it was dimly lighted by the fire place. Leviathan was more terrified by the brooding furnishings, and felt her heart sinking. How these people lived was obscure, and this Father of theirs seemed in no way fatherly.

“Good of you to join us Leviathan Aisrel.” Said Father coolly.

“Yes...” Levia said cautiously losing all the previous confidence she had coming here.

“Now I am sure you are wondering why I brought you here. Also I apologize for any inconvenience I have caused you.” He said calmly.

She frantically glanced around the room, not knowing how to respond. Then her gaze stopped at Anwynd. He stood in the corner of the room, his eyes, gazed intensely into the hearth. The light flickered and danced into his two...shimmering eyes. She starred at him bemused. Leviathan felt warmer as she watched this curiosity. Never had she noticed how beautiful his eyes were.

“Well...I...” she said nervously, as her view changed to the scarred man staring at her, then back to Anwynd—clearly not paying any attention to her.

“It is quite alright, Leveia...I will treat you like my own child.” he said his visage becoming more amused, “speaking of which, I haven’t seen you sense you were a wee one.” She was too shocked to say anything, and he paid no attention to it as he trailed off into enumeration. “That’s right...yes you were about 5 years of age and scampering about with the most hideous of needlework I had ever seen. You were such an adorable little girl. I was still working at the palace then—at your grandfather’s palace—yes, yes he was so proud to show you off. I think you inspired me to have children...well not really, I’ve never actually had children—”

“Excuse me, are you going somewhere with this?” she said interrupting.

“Oh of course. Wait...what I was going to say? Grandfather—cute—children—oh yeah! Your Grandfather...yes we are very good friends. A while back I left the palace—for reasons of my own—well just recently your Grandfather, contacted me to...how do I say this...”

“Father...” Leviathan said, not knowing what to call him.

“Hold on dearest, this is very urgent. Oh and sit down” Father said taking her by the hand to a near arm chair. “By the way you don’t need to call me ‘Father’, I’m very flattered if you decide to call me that—you are very welcome to—my name is Adrian Esa. Actually I’d prefer that you don’t call me by my first name...”

“Father?” She responds.

“Okay I guess you are sincerely one of my children now...” Father says.

“I am sorry but I would rather not be. So what were you saying?” she says hesitantly.



“Oh right, sorry this is all too exciting for me.” Father said giving a genuine smile. Adrian Esa was a kind man after all, but he just liked to talk a lot and his creepy furnishings were deceiving to his true character...But maybe he could like that sort of thing and still be loving? “Anwynd, won’t you come over here next to your little friend Leveia.” He said motioning Anwynd to approach him.

Anwynd turned from his current position rolled his eyes, and looked slightly irritated. “Father, stop playing with her!”

“I will, I was just lightening the mood...” Father says then turns to Leviathan, “Leviathan what you are going to hear might be upsetting to you, but please be calm.

She looks at Adrian, and listens attentively.

“You may know your father—not me—your real father has been absent for a while. I don’t know your relationship with him, and I don’t mean to offend you when I say this...but your father is—” he stops and looks at Anwynd with compassion. Anwynd grimaces and looks away. “He is a horrible, cruel, man. Oh yes...I have notified your mother too—I think she knew to begin with that something was wrong...The point is you were not safe in Aisrel—your Grandfather contacted me to get you out of there.”

“I—I don’t believe you!” she screams, terror and tears filling her eyes, and she runs out of the room and into the hallway. Blinded by tears she runs down the hallway and right into Maed.

“Well if it isn’t Miss Princess herself—” he says and reaches his hand out to her and grasps her waist and motions to stroke her hair. “Much prettier than Kreena...won’t you let me calm you?” he says seductively. Leviathan struggles from him and screams.

“Let go of me!” then breaks free stumbling even more down the hallway.

She doesn’t want to go too far so she goes out the door and goes into the woods and climb a tree so hopefully no creatures can get her.

“Lies...He is lying. My father is kind, and loves me...Nothing is wrong—he just went away for a while. He will come home soon and everything will be back to the way it always has...and I will be there with mother and we will be happy” she says to herself trying to find reassurance. She sits in the tree alone and crying.

“Maybe I should’ve given her this.” Father says holding a letter, and waving it around.

“What is it?” Anwynd asks grabbing the letter from him.

“It’s a letter from Queen Ayrasia.” Father says plainly, and then changing the subject “Anwynd go find her. It’s not safe out there; she could get attacked by blood thirsty thieves!”

“Father...we are the thieves, I really don’t think she wants anything to do with us. Maybe it’s better to leave her alone.” He says blankly.

“There are other thieves, less family oriented ones too...Now as your father I am telling you to go and get her.”

“Alright” Anwynd says obediently. ‘What has she done to my father?’

Anwynd scowls and walks out slamming the door. He continues out down the hallway and out the shabby door. The autumn air is crisp and refreshing. The cool breeze ruffles his hair as he walks. It does not take too long for him to find her; she did not go very far. She sits whimpering in a tree, her back to him.

“Leviathan” he says under his breath.