

Aki's Story

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The life story of a vampire named Aki who lived in Japan at least 2000 years ago.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/crimsoncloverv/1255/Akis-Story>

Chapter 1 - The Japanese Rose

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1 - The Japanese Rose

~*Aki's POV*~

The brightness of the lights tingled and burned on my retina, lessened only by the shadow that occasionally flitted over my face. Soft murmurs and garbled words teased my mind. I couldn't understand them, but the need to understand was maddening. I close my eyes and try to return to the peaceful oblivion that is my mind when I sleep, but a coldness rests upon my forehead and won't let me rest.

"... Aki..." one word, my very name, breaks past all the confused mumbling. As the shadow reappears, I venture to open an eye half way and make out the dimmed shades of color that the pitiful, yet painful, lighting allows. The shadow disappears far too quickly and I hiss as the light seems to pass straight through the eye and into my brain. The shadow laughs.

"Aki," the name clears my mind even as the mutters and sighs that follow confuse me. I open my mouth to speak, but it is dry. Dry as a desert all the way down. It feels as though my very insides are covered in sand and salt. I can hear more laughter. A light, feminine voice. I did not attempt to understand this soft giggling voice but I did reach up my arm to it.

A small, delicate hand slide into mine own and tender, moist lips brushed on mine before a warm coppery liquid filled my mouth. Too thirsty to wonder what was being offer, I drank greedily until it was taken back. I whimpered and the voice giggled and garbled out words.

"Mai... ur... gry...il... vell.. tyu?" Was what I heard and my brow wrinkled at the strangeness of these syllables. I heard the voice giggle again. It was somehow soothing to me. That tender sound fluctuating in my ears made me forget about the nonsense of before.

Slowly, very slowly, my eyes drifted closed and my features untensed. The voice hummed softly, releasing soft, lilting notes into the air. I smiled as oblivion overtook me and I slept.

~*3rd person*~

Himato watched with facination as her childe's eyes closed and his entire body relaxed. She sighed.

"Isn't he beautiful, Nami?" She looked up with a brilliant light in her rust brown eyes. Nami smiled and walked to the two on the floor. She swept her kimono under her knees as she knelt and brushed some hair from the young one's face.

"He is gorgeous. But..." Her onyx eyebrows arched in worry, "Will master permit this?"

Himato sat back, her long caramel bangs falling into her face as she bowed her head.

"He will have to." Nami looked her over seriously.

"And... if he doesn't? What then, Himato?" Her deep green eyes searched her sisters. Himato looked away first, staring down at the sleeping boy in front of her. She smiled a strange little smile and looked up.

"I... I suppose I'll have to leave then." She giggled at Nami's shocked expression and turned back to the newly turned childe. Her trembling fingers smoothed out his kimono and hair. Nami couldn't help but smile at how motherly her eldest sister looked as she placed the boy's hands on his stomach and removed his wooden sandals. "Syng won't hurt Aki... He'd kill me in cold blood, but he'd never harm my childe. It's... distasteful to do so."

"It's not against the rules..." Nami pointed out, masking her pain at realising her sister's doom was inevitable. "He might kill the childe."

Himato smiled and pulled back her bangs, fastening each one with a jade clip so it fell prettily in front of her ears. "He will do what he must to keep in favor with the coven... He is no fool, Nami. Now, you must

leave. He'll be coming soon and I don't want you kicked out or killed."

"H-hey! Isn't it my decision if I wanna share the blame? Or... or..." Nami protested as Himato shoed her towards the door. But Himato stopped and turned the slightly shorter girl around, smiling knowingly.

"No, it isn't." And with that she escorted Nami out of her room and reclosed the door. She turned back to her little fledgling and smiled. He looked so cute, lying there in his simple white kimono.

She knelt back down and cupped her face in her hands, sniffing back tears. She realised just a moment ago that she may never see any of them again. That she may not live to teach this child to hunt, to fight, or even the difference between a master and a sire.

"Oh, Aki... I'm sorry.." she sobbed softly, holding a sleeve of her kimono to her cheek to stop the tears running down. Her other hand was poised in front of her knees causing her to lean. A tear slide down her cheek and hit Aki's. His eyes fluttered open.

~*Aki's POV*~

I awake with a tiny jolt as the cold water splashes my cheek. The gentle voice is sobbing now and a sadness fills my heart completely. It's such a mournful sound... It made me want to weep as well. This female that possessed such a lovely voice was surely a creature that shouldn't feel sorrow... that shouldn't cry.

I can't see her... but I can understand what she says, covered by sobs, but clearer. I can hear the words even as the blurred form above me shifts and dances in my glazed vision. She's sorry... for what though? It does not matter though, I do not want her to cry any longer.

My hand reaches upward to the blur but cannot make it high enough to touch even the silky pink garment that dabs what I assume are eyes. It begins to fall back but halfway down, a tender hand guides it back upwards and lays a gentle pair of lips to the wrist.

Those lips caress my wrist, they brush the vein and the unhealed marks that are a mystery to me. My heart flutters up for a moment until another sob tears pushes it back down. Such a sad, sad sound she makes as her teeth brush my vein and eventually cut into the flesh.

It hurts badly for a moment but then it goes numb. Without the pain, I am able to feel the soft vibration of the fangs in my wrist. She's humming a song. An old folk song about a rose, but I'm not paying attention. I'm just enjoying the gentle lifts and falls of her voice and the miniscule trembling of the teeth.

I slip back to oblivion.

~*3rd person POV*~

"To the place where I was born in... Far away I'm going back..." Himato wiped her eyes and smiled at her sleeping fledgling. She knelt down and kissed his forehead, sliding her hand into his kimono and leaving a tiny bundle within. "I will miss you, Little Aki. Sleep well."

She stood and faced the door as the sound of angry foot steps grew louder and louder.

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The Japanese Rose

Thick snow is thawing now. I hear the murmuring stream.

Gathering water from the forest to the wide Ooi.

We must learn from the river. It runs slowly at the depth.

through the valley flowing to the sea. Far away I'm going back.

Oh yeah, we are blessed with the holy and glorious woods.

Rippling water and the springs. What an amazing world.

I see the young green trees, they're sprouting on the dead dry leaves.

Growing up to the big trees. Praise the Lord. The sun's shining.

We must learn from the mountain, how to live and end our lives.

Calm and gentle heart in the nature. Far away I'm going back.

(Refrain)

We've just come all the way. We've got words and too many things.

Almost lose our human gentleness, wanna be just like a flower.

I love the Japanese Rose small and yellow along the path.

To the place where I was born in. Far away I'm going back.

(Refrain)

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AN: Hi!!! *flails arms* This is the first chapter of 'Aki's Story!' Yaaaaay!~ Everybody cheer with me! ^.^

throws confetti This chapter is called The Japanese Rose because of the song Himato sings to our main character before she stands to face the wrath of Sying, The master vampire. Poor Himato.