

Trail Of Salvation

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This is a weird sort of story, IDKY I wrote it, but you either like it or not. Critique welcome. Oh yeah, it's not quite done yet...And I would like to thank my friend Amanda for looking at and editing the Introduction!

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1 - Introduction

"Abuela? Abuela? Donde esta?," said Lolitah. She was sweating now, and would have been in quite a panicked jolt if she was not of the calm sort. Brushing back her long brown-black hair behind her ear, she moved on about the little house. Lita, as everybody called her, had already searched the house at least twice already. She would have called the police already, but the fact that her Abuela only spoke Spanish would have certainly only hindered any possible help anyway.

Where in the name of the sweet Virgin, the Blessed Mother of Jesus, is that mujerita, she thought to herself. Lita could have sworn that she had just seen her not so long ago. So again, she called out to her kindred, "Abuela, me diga, por favor! Esta bien?" But all was still, and there was no answer this time around, nor would there ever again be; at least not from her Abuela

Then there was a sudden, yet subtle noise behind her, and she barely picked it up. Turning around slowly, she saw a form in the clear vision of her deep brown eyes, and called out, "Is that you, Abuela? Please, answer me...", quite forgetting that she could not speak a single lick of English. Suddenly, Lita knew that she must get out of the little doll house, but by then, it was too late.

Running towards the front door, by the sleight of a hand, her arm was grabbed. Of course, Lita screamed a curdling cry, enough to make your blood boil over, thick and steep. "Sweet, sweet child, calm yourself. I am here to save you." said a soft, calming and slightly lilting voice, with some sort of calming, hypnotizing quality, "Now please do, child, tell me your name, before you die."

All she could do was stare at the ambiguous form, for many a minute. It was a long short while before she could actually speak. Then she frailly whispered, "Wh-what d-oo you want with-th me?."

"I am here to save you, sweet child. I love you, and you are to be with me, in the Forever After." said the soft voice, eyes glazed over with a craziness that only the criminally insane could possess.

What could it possibly mean, she thought? Saved? Does it really mean to harm me? Then she had the idea to ask, in confidence, "Did you save my grandmother as you will save me?."

Then the figure said, "Now, sweet, she does not deserve to be saved, as do you. Hush yourself, or you will not be saved either...." And with that, it kissed her gently, on the cheek, "Now, we must prepare for the ceremony. Come with me, oh dear one, to the Trail of Salvation."

2 - The Rock Floor

A portal appeared, one of hellish pretenses. One of which literally reached out and grabbed Lita and it by its fiery hands. Time seemed to suspend, and agonizingly, they were taken in. Then, as if by force, the pair was kicked onto a stone cold floor.

"Where are we?,"questioned Lita,"I want to go home. Take me back, please!?"

"Shush, my darling sweet. We are in the Prince's Palace."it replied, all the while licking its cracked lips. Then it took her into its slimy arms, breathing in deeply.

Revolted, she pushed him away. Then she asked,"Who in God's Holy name are you?."

It cringed deeply, as if it were whacked upon the head by the heaviest of irons. As if scared, it said,"You musn't say such things...The Prince does not like such things to be said. Now, my sweet, I will tell you who I am, if only I can know who you are."

This she pondered, but her curiosity did eventually give. Finally, she spoke up and said,"I am Lolitah Lucinda Rodriguez."

"Very good, Luncinda. I am Gaspar, son of your mother." he said,"But, I beg of you, ask not of your mother, and I do never beg." So ask, she did not. So Gaspar continued on by stating,"I am the demon of despair, and you are my sister, the demoness of sorrow. And your true name is Celosia, my dear."

"No! I am no demoness,"she screamed., "Take me home, now, or I-I'll scream!."

"Yes...that is how it should be."said this thing who called himself a demon,"Now I suggest that you stay right here, or else..."

"I will do as I please."replied Lita defiantly. With this, Gaspar smiled sickeningly sweet.

3 - The Paths Of Ninefold

She chose to take a turn to the left, though she knew she shouldn't have. But she took it because she did not care where she went. She just wanted to get away from the Palace, as it was called.. The path was knarled and narrow, but precise all the way. After walking for what seemed like a long while, it yet diverged into not two, but nine paths.

A lusterous smell of sad silence came from the first path. It did not seem like so bad of one, because you could see precious flowers falling onto the path, as if they had had too much sun. But there was no sun to be seen. There was an almost to pleasant breeze blowing about her, when she stepped up to it. When she did, she instantly felt so peaceful, yet so sad at the same time. It was the sort of peace that you would never expect to be real... She could have just stood there forever, until she started crying, for things that she knew. But they were not her tears. They were the tears of as much sorrow as the Mother Earth is old.

After a long while, she went to the second path, which the scenery consisted of much less than the first one. Here, there was no flowers whatsoever. The wind was unbearably cold, unlike any that Lita had ever felt. It was biting and even more forlorn than the first. The hurling winds practically begged her to come unto them. More strangely, it unlocked a strange feeling of sensuality than a young girl ever should have felt. She was drawn unto this path more so than the first one. But it was the feelings that scared her off.

Upon coming to the third path, rain crashed heavily on the ground, pounding and beating it. It stank of an undecipherable smell, made an infinite times worse by being carried on the wind. She could hear painful and mournful sorrows whimpered, yet not understandable. One could surely hear and feel the agony in the soulless utterings.

Just then, she could hear someone shouting her name. She knew that if she was caught, surely her punishment would be much worse than any of these punishments that she had spied upon. The voice called again, "Celosia, if ye turn back now, ye shall come unto no harm. Celosia, my sweet."

Terrified, she quickly turned and ran to the nearest path...

4 - To Trip and Fall

The path that she was nearest was the melancholy one. Lita tore towards it at magnanimous speed, but then she tripped and fell on a newly appeared stone mouse.

She was just about to get up when she noticed that the most beautiful man that she had ever seen was starting towards her in a swaying, graceful walk. He opened his small and round mouth, somehow perfect, only to say, "Celosia, my sweet, my Princess, do not leave me. Let me take your hand, so you can come with me." The voice, so suffocating in a manner of sweetness that it held before, no longer had that slight, slimy lisp wedged into it. Recognizing whom she was beside, Lita knew she just had to get away from him. But what was a young girl to do against a man of Gaspar's build and size?

Gaspar then grabbed her hands, and he said to her, "Dear one, you hold in your hands my very heart. Were you really trying to leave me, the one who loves you? You are committing a crime that is even a sin in hell... Come with me, and all shall be well." He kissed her softly on her head, then slowly maneuvered himself to her lips.

"NO!", she screamed, pushing him back. She was absolutely repulsed, "Why are you doing this to me? I just want to go home!" Swiftly, tears started to form and stream down her face. But then she noticed that he was lying on the ground, unconscious and bleeding. Did I do this to him, she thought, how could I do? Am I really a monster? For a girl of so slight a body, she had such strength now.

A new feeling of power came over her, washing her in ultimate joy. She was quite confident now, that she could face what was behind the locked gate. She went up to the it, so rustic yet magnificent, and when her finger only lightly touched it, it quickly swung open, knocking her to the ground. And when she got up, there were several several people bowing before her, chanting the name Celosia. Their Princess had finally come...

5 - In The Palace Halls

He was back at the Palace now, which was quite beautiful with all its grand marble splendour. Gaspar knew that he dug himself a deep hole, and now he had to lay in it. All because the Princess had gotten away. Why couldn't she just have listened to me? It worked before? How could Celosia not love me now? We used to have so much together...He slowly at the sound of the Prince coming towards him at full throttle.

Gaspar hit the wall with a sickening splat. He slowly rained down on the floor, blood and bones scattering forth everywhere.

The Prince scooped before his left eye, and he picked it up; glowering into it. Then he said, "Well, well, what do we have here? Yet another failure, Gaspar, my son? Did I not tell you I did not want your return until she was safe in your hands, and back here before me. But while you are here, I will listen to your manly little sob story."

As his body came back together, only a slight dull pain was upon him. Reaching himself, he said, "She has gotten into the First Gate, sire. That is why I have come to ask...beg for your assistance in this matter."

The Prince responded with, "Ha, you think that I do not know what goes on in my kingdom? Many of the glorious kings of the past have ended up under my reign, but I-I am no fool. But you are. Why in all of hell would a demon ask for help? Just maybe, you are not fit to be one. Now go out, and fetch me my wife, or your demanity, in all your foolish pride, shall be revoked out from under you." he briefly paused as if to show off his power, "and I know that you do not want that. Did you know that it is against my sole enemy to make a move on your own sister?." When he was finally done speaking, he looked at Gaspar, testing him for the correct answer.

"My Prince, Sinner of Sinners, Lowest of the Low, Scum of the Earth, I understand." He then bowed for hours until the Prince evenacknowledged him, and he set off towards the First Gate.

6 - Undemonic Thoughts

After Gaspar was out of the Palace, he was utterly determined to find his love. It had been many a year before he had seen her, and their children. But that was before she was accidentally reincarnated. There was just no use in thinking about that now, for it was in the past.

The Prince had been right though, a demon NEVER asked, or especially never begged, another demon for help. It was just...undemonlike. The punishment was almost certainly to get your demanity revoked. You actually got a soul, of all the revolting things in the whole world itself. It revolted even Satan himself. Worst of all it made you eligible for the Gates of hell. It was a demon's worst possible fear to be locked up in the realms in which he himself helped to torment.

After a demon got his soul, which was stolen from the Collection of Human Souls, they went to live on earth. Some of them even asked for forgiveness from the One himself, and got it. They even got into Heaven. That thought sickened Gaspar to his very core.

From the time he was a little demonling, he was taught to hate the One, King of Kings. He was the one who did this to them all, banished them to hell. And all the angel Lucifer did was try to negotiate power with Him. They were all doomed to live in the dark, except when some stupid human went about summoning them, then it was time to have some fun. Or they could be let out by the Prince, or He Himself.

Gaspar was only let out from the darkened underground cavern, where the sun never shined, to fetch the Princess, Celosia. Oh, how he missed her.

His thoughts were interrupted by his coming up on the First Gate. He could hear conversation just passed it. Gaspar summoned up all his fury, and it began to rain in hell's own paradise...