

Watch me fall

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my gundam wing fanfic, featuring Trowa Barton and my gundam wing fan character. If you had to put this into a category i'd say something along the lines of twisted romance.

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1 - Tell me...

She sat upon the bridge wall, staring down. Down into what could be her future or her death. And why was she here? She couldn't remember. Remembering had never been one of her... Strong points. In fact, remembering was something that she not only could not do... But in this case, would never want to. She looks back on it, and knows she was wrong... But that was why she was here, wasn't it? Yes, she was sure of that... It was all she was sure of. Or all they thought she was sure of...

As she recalled, it was a bright evening in mid summer, in a small play park meant for little children like Shannara. But what child but her would be here at this time? She sat upon one of the large swings, demeaning her in size, and making her seem far smaller than she really was. She was tall in figure, with two long chestnut brown pig tails protruding from her head, tied with long green ribbon. And she swung, just as would be expected of a young girl in a park, back and forth on the swing. Her long black puffy dress, that almost made her seem like some form of morbid marshmallow, billowed out in the evening wind, a small smile on her day-glowing face. And just as her eyes seem to light up with this new found joy, her hands lost touch of the swing's metal chains, and for a few moments, she flew in the air, her hands outstretched, and her eyes wide in wonderment. But this did not last long, and soon she fell. She expected the ground to come quickly, and for her body to meet the gravel with a sickening crack. But no bones were broken, no bruises were made, as she fell into the arms of someone, someone who hugged her to him, and then placed her gently back on the swing before planting a delicate kiss of her forehead and running away into the undergrowth, with such rigour that it seemed so surreal that he had been so gentle. Shannara looked up, smile gone from her face.

"Thank you..." She said simply, before continuing her swinging, but no answer was to come.

A figure approached her from behind, on the bridge by the water, Startling her from her daydreams by gently tapping her upon the shoulder so as not to startle her. As she turned round, the obvious similarities between her and the little girl were apparent. That same brown hair with the same pig tails...but older. Older than could be imagined, but not to the eye.

"What's the matter?" The figure asked Shannara, in a melancholy tone, not fitting to the situation. The girl only glared, small tears evident in her eyes.

"You know what the matter is. You just won't admit it. Tell me... Please. Tell me!"

The dark foreboding figure only seemed to sigh, and turn away. It said nothing.

"Tell me! Just tell me anything that might even sound like it! TELL ME!"

But the figure spoke no words, only closed both eyes and stayed silent. As silent as he always was.

And so her dreamy flash back continued, as it seemed to do in his conversational absence. A few years had passed, and Shannara had forgotten the figure it had seemed. She was 12, and her father had just begun to teach her his way. Her father's way was something she had always admired. It was a state of great power. Many believed it to be a form of martial arts, or some other kind of mastery, but father would never tell. Father never did tell. None but his precious child Shannara, his eldest, and his beloved, would ever know. It was in the garden where she was training, her father her sparring partner. Left, right, left, punch, recall. She knew the sequence like the back of her hand, it all came naturally by now. But today, and this day only, papa decided to test his little jewel. Left, right, left, punch, recall. Left, right, left, punch, recall. Right, left, right... And then she was lost. Her father's fist connected with her jaw, harder than he had perhaps anticipated, and she went flying for a few moments, soaring through the air like a bird. And as she anticipated her connection with the earth...it never came. Dark figure caught her, her father staring helplessly as he placed her on the grass, and left once more before her thanks could be given. Her savoir never stayed for a goodbye kiss, and that she longed for.

And thus, she was disturbed once more.

"I could have let you fall. I could have let you die. Is this how you repay me?" The figure bellowed suddenly, head whipping round. And just as he did so, Shannara bounded upwards and ripped away his cloak.

"Tell me! Tell me, damn you!"

There, standing before the now 17 year old girl, was a tall thin Caucasian man, dressed in black, with a pair of soft velvet gloves. His long downwards spiked hair was wiped from his face as he glowered at her.

"Trowa...Tell me...Tell me...Or I'll do it...I swear...."

The figure simply stood there blinking rapidly, before he finally spoke.

"Help me..."

2 - The bridge

Chap 2

The young girl rose a brow, eyes twinkling. Help me? It was not what she had expected from the only one that had been there for her when others had not. And just when she was about to launch into a bout of abuse as well. She softened, watching as he dropped to his knees quite suddenly. She looked over to his cloak, grasping it in her hand. She was going to give it back to him... but something caught her eye. A thin trickle of blood was evident on the clasp of the cloak, which caused her to turn quickly to him, lifting his head before he could stop her. There on the cusp of his neck was a large graze, fragmented bullet embedded within. Shannara flinched, but soon regained herself.

“W...Who did this...?”

Trowa did not speak out loud, but did seem to mumble something, if not the answer.

“Please Trowa... You never tell me anything... You never have... If not what I want you to say, please tell me something... anything...”

“Shannara... Listen to me... Get away from here... He's coming for you... his orders are clear...” He gasped, his eyes staring deep into hers as she wrapped her arm around him to lift him up and support him as he stood.

“Its not safe...”

Shannara looked puzzled.

“Tell me one thing Trowa...”

He looked up at her expectantly, only himself realising the urgency of the situation.

“...Are you protecting me out of duty...or something else?”

He almost seemed to blush as he looked away from her quickly.

“Tell me Trowa... I won't tell anyone... Trowa...”

“I'm not going admit to something that doesn't exist...” He glared defiantly, which only got him a swift slap round the face.

“For that...I'm not leaving...ever...”

“But...Shannara...Please...Listen to me...He's coming for you...Please!”

But it was too late, Shannara quickly kicked him aside with a hiss, making him cry out in sheer pain, not only physically, but emotionally, something he had rarely done, and had tried to hide his entire life.

“If you won't tell me Trowa...Whomever he is will be gravely disappointed.”

For a few mere moments he seemed puzzled at her words then realised what she meant, bounding upwards from his crumpled positioning, only to see the tips of her fingers disappear over the side of the bridge. In a moment, Trowa nor Shannara were to be seen, and then small ripples appeared on the wide lake below the towering bridge. As sudden as it had been before, Trowa's head emerged, cradling the sullen form of Shannara as he swam towards the bank, desperately trying to stop her from pushing herself back under.

“Shannara...I love you...Don't do this...”

3 - My 'duty'

There was silence as they reached the edge. Trowa hauled the girl onto the bank with a sigh, collapsing beside her, running a finger over the wound on his neck. To his surprise, he felt another hand join his, caressing his neck lightly. He turned, smiling. "So...You're awake...." Before he got a reply, or said anything more, a hefty punch connected with his cheek and he went flying, hands flailing, closing his eyes, bracing himself for the impact, just like Shannara would have done... but no savoir was to come for him, and he connected once more with the rivers cold waters. A dark figure loomed over the bank, staring into its murky waters. Sure that he had disposed of the protector, he moved over towards the sleeping Shannara, bending down to pick her up, arms supporting her steadily as he began to rise, only to be rammed in the back of the head, collapsing to his knees. "Give my little Dove back..."He hissed. It was the nickname that Trowa had devised, as his little precious Shannara had never fell, only flew, before he had caught her. And his dove she would remain. "I said...GIVE HER BACK!" With a sudden lurch the figure backed away, placing the young girl down. Trowa closed his eyes." Pah. He only sent a henchman. Too yellow to show himself. I bet he's got..." He stopped suddenly, looking up.

He was surrounded by beings that looked vaguely like the first. His eyes widened. "Why don't you fight me like a man? Why hide behind them? You never used to be like this. You'd always get a job done yourself." And with that, the group of soldiers parted. "If that is how you wish it, Barton... Then it shall be so." Emerging from the shadows was a tall man, hair not unlike Trowa's, but less extreme, his cold eyes boring into the slumbering girl on the floor...Heero. "I have orders to take her, Barton, you know that. Duty comes before everything. If you hadn't failed all those years ago, it would not have come to this." The dark man sneered, circling Trowa. "She was merely a child, Heero! A child!" Trowa reiterated, fists clenching. "A child that grew up, and learnt that which she was never meant to know. It's your fault, Barton. Don't try to hide it. I know you saved her. We all know. We've seen you many a time. You failed us Trowa... And you will die with her. You can't stop your Dove falling now can you?" His face was almost expressionless, his voice dull and with no emphasis on anything.

"Tonight, the blood of innocents will be spilled... For with the prodigy gone... There will be none to oppose us."