

Filling the Void

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Presea was so concerned with the well being of another that she put herself in danger to ensure her safety. later, her emotions begin to come back to her. after winged dragon fight. nothing explicit. it is highly reccomended you play that far first

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1 - roommates

O.K, this is my first fanfic, about my 37th attempt, and my second one that made it onto the computer. Not good at writing summaries am I. so crappy this story may seem. But flame not, for once actually read it is, suck it will not (hopefully). This story takes place after the first winged dragon fight. Bear in mind that my writing style is freaked up to a fault...unless you don't mind using that squishy pink whosimawhatsit in yer heud. If you do read it, please write a review if you have the time. Thank you.

Chapter 1-Roommates

The tiny angel miraculously made her way through the chosen's groupies in an effort to reach her perturbed friend. The image of her pale face remained embedded in her mind. It was eerie, she was making an odd face-a face that could be described as one that someone would make when their entire world tumbles down upon them, or perhaps when they have just discovered that they have lost something-or someone- very important to them, all things considered, these two situations may not be entirely exclusive of one another. But whether she had lost someone, something, or the sky fell on the littlest axman, she felt responsible for it.

It started a short time after the group had escaped the dragon nest. They knew their mission: to sever the mana links and separate the two worlds. They were determined and steadfast in the pursuit of this goal, but they were also tired. The decision was made to rest in the imperial city. Although they were all wanted criminals, the people of the city supported the chosen too much to turn them into the papal knights. On their way to the hotel, as was the routine now, the chosen's 'devout followers' would swarm, making entrance nearly impossible. After squeezing through the mouse hole that was the door, they were finally able to find salvation in the form of locked doors.

The group needed to save their gald, so they rented four rooms, in spite of a certain gleaming knight's protest, who insisted that he needed his 'me-space', and would feel cramped up with another person in there. The professor's decision was absolute, however, so he relented, on the condition that he would room with "his great-chested hunny". This earned him a sharp blow to the back of the head from the then furious acrobat. He took refuge from the concentrated mass of yells and curses behind the group's master swordsman, whom, somehow became the silly redhead's roommate...protection from "violent demonic banshees", or simply because everyone else was so quick to choose theirs?

Whatever the reason, each person was paired with whoever was closest to them, weather it was emotionally or distantly is still unclear. Regardless, the axman spoke up when the professor's decision was announced, something she did not do very often, and stated that she would sleep with the young angel.

She did not say this in that context of course.

She then provided an explanation for her decision, "We do not know if Cruxis has abandoned their plan of resurrection, therefore, I wish to be with her to ensure she is not abducted while she sleeps." She paused and looked at the floor which seemed to have become very interesting for a few moments. She seemed to be trying to hide her face without using her hands, which would raise the questions "why?" and "how" The answers being "Indeterminable", and "Apparently, moving her eyes away from theirs, which were currently the only part of her that could emote, therefore making them the sole representatives of her face." "After all," Another pause. Shorter. "I am responsible for her.....recent ordeal..." All her short, yet time-consuming, explanation did was arouse suspicions that were supposed

to have been cleared away, had they been there. Fortunately, her bravery during prior events warranted the trust of her comrades, and she went unquestioned.

The little warlock in the corner looked disappointed, and this was not overlooked by the professor, who was quick to point out the unapparent inappropriateness of her brother's preferred decision. The now calm shinobi helped explain by stating "Didn't I make it clear when I chewed out the philanderer over here?" who was clearly trying to put some space between her and said philanderer. This could contribute to the "determined by distance" theory briefly mentioned earlier, or perhaps she just wanted to get away from him.

The small boy looked up and to the left nervously at the large man in shackles. His gaze shifted to his sister and darted back again, and he looked rather distressed. He had not been particularly friendly towards the group's battle artist when he had first joined them, provoked by his strange interest in the object of his affection. Now he was beginning to regret threatening to "turn him to ash" During his reminiscing, he had been staring at the floor, which was interesting again. When he looked up at his sister, she was no longer there. Now he really was beginning to panic. He let out a small yelp, and looked around the room frantically for someone he knew. He found one at the top of the stairs. The young man in bright red said goodnight to his friend, in a somewhat taunting fashion, probably revenge for something neither of them could remember.

His fear was not all that rational. As a half-elf, the child could use magic. Of course the weaving of mana took skill, and concentration, and time. In combat, the time needed to cast a spell was more than enough for someone such as his roommate to dispatch him thoroughly, although this situation is not likely of occurring. Despite being a convicted murderer, he had not broken any basic rules of conduct and had done nothing suspicious at all. He even insisted on keeping his shackles on. So there was no threat of physical harm, and the man wasn't one to abuse verbally, so there was really nothing to fear, but...He was so large...

"Do not worry about me." a large voice to match the man's larger frame. "I will not crack your skull in while you are asleep." It was a dangerous coincidence that this was the image that was playing in the mage's head at that very moment. "I cannot use my feet to do that."

...

"That was a joke." The large man frowned slightly while saying this. After regaining his composure to a reasonable extent, the elf was able to speak again. "Well it didn't sound like one..." It was at this point in time that the spiky-haired lad realized what he had done. He dashed down the stairs as quickly as he could without killing himself, which was quite fast as it turned out. When he reached his friend he spoke with a somewhat pleading voice. "I'm sorry, I dunno what I was thinking! Please, please, please don't leave me with that guy!!" The swordsman's pleas fell on deaf ears, as the little mage had already seen this coming, and had not hesitated to use it against the one who lay at his feet.

The chosen followed his "bud" to the lower level and complained about not getting any younger, and dragged him by the right arm up the stairs and to their room. The little boy looked on with sadistic pleasure as his companion was condemned to a one bed room (another money saving idea from the silver haired woman) with easily the most obnoxious person they had met. It was this very thought that reminded him his roommate...

2 - Night

Chapter 2-night

The younger of the two children opened the door to their room and surveyed her surroundings, as one would do when in a foreign land that was deemed unsafe. The lumberjack seemed to have safety on the brain lately. After a short time she took her companion's hand in hers-another unnecessary safety precaution-and walked her in. She then proceeded to inspect the bed. Spikes? No...Explosives? No...What about Poison lava?! No. The ceiling was next on her list of suspects, and she went on to 'interrogate' it most thoroughly. She found nothing that appeared to be "kill-the-chosen" in nature, and deemed the room safe.

She released her companion, and retired to the nearby window where she would remain for quite some time.

Her roommate watched her curiously; why did she not prepare for bed? She did not move from her position, and remained staring at the window. She turned to her troubled friend. "Is there something on your mind?" The angel did indeed have something on her mind, and it was causing her much confusion. Not one to be direct, she decided to instead say something that might cause her friend to bring up the topic instead.

"It was scary. The dragons, I mean. I thought they were going to kill all of you."

"..."

"They were only babies, and they were so fierce... they snarled and thrashed around so much...but you won." "But after you did, I felt bad for thinking even for a minute that you couldn't beat a bunch of scary monsters..."The girl's expression yo-yoed from gloom to bright and then gloom again while saying this.

"Then I felt even worse for putting you all in that situation in the first place. I'm sorry"

"You did not put us there. I did. Either way, the situation was unavoidable, the dragons were introduced to us by Rodyle. Varying inputs from either one of us would have changed nothing."

"But then the mana from my body held you to the ground, and we were going to fall into the ocean..."
"Mana is the essence of life...but mine nearly killed you...It bound everyone, and they couldn't even run away, but somehow, you were able to move... and then you broke the barrier...How?"

"You should sleep now, if you are to have enough energy to function tomorrow."

"What about you?" The angel's voice sounded concerned. "Aren't you coming to...?" The maiden stopped in the middle of her sentence, embarrassed by the secondary meaning of the words she was about to speak. After getting over her initial embarrassment, she asked her friend if something was bothering her.

Apparently, the axman didn't hear the question and refused to turn around for at least two minutes. The angel's acute hearing could hear the child mutter words she did not understand. The girl was not stupid; she simply did not understand why her friend would say them. She did not hear everything that was said, which contributed largely to her confusion. What she did hear was "Why...What is this?...Why now?...How?...Normal..." as unclear as the fragmented message became the sky outside of the precocious child's window, and at last, she left her post. She was halfway to the bed when she became uncertain of her actions and decided to consult the floor for a possible alternative. The time for searching for traps had long past, and the girl's face wore a guilty frown.

"It's ok... I don't mind...hehehehe..." Her face told the child a different story. She approached the left side of the bed reluctantly and observed at her comrade who rested on the other. She looked so...frightened... Why? "Have I done something...wrong?" her face looked hurt at her friend's fear. "No! You're fine...hehehe" The warrior's face looked very despondent, now. "Do I scare you? Am I really...a monster?" "No!!" "You're not a monster at all. You're my friend. I just got a little nervous..."

"I understand."

She took the pillow that lay there in front of her and put it in the corner of the room, where she slept.

The angel had troubled thoughts. This girl had no emotions, and stuck to the tasks assigned to her persistently. Just how much emotion could she really understand? She had begun to regain them having been released from her cruel experiment, but the process would not be immediate. What if all of these things she had done for her, all the sacrifices she made, all the work, was just another assignment? But that couldn't be. When she was rooted to dying ground and stood before death herself, she was not freed by a machine.

She could still remember her eyes. They were whole for the first time when she spoke to her and assured her that she was not to blame, that what was wrong was not her, but the world that demanded her death for their own salvation. She still remembered her cry... she was in so much pain...machines do not feel pain. And when she collapsed into her arms, she felt how warm and soft she was... machines are cold and hard.

But...when one is emotionless for so long... they do not return quickly.

"Why did you go so far?"

"I needed to save you"

"But why? You hardly knew me."

"It was my responsibility."

"No it wasn't. You couldn't think for yourself."

"..."

Her game of twenty questions wasn't working, so she decided to ask straight out.

“...Can you care about anyone?”

No more words were said between them that night, and the only sounds to be heard were those of the light sobs of a young girl. Whose world had just come tumbling down on her.