

Hi

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Sorcerous Stabber Orphen fan fic.

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“Ha! Ha! Ha!” Laughed the Troll, stamping his foot triumphantly over the back of the tied up girl. “Finally I have defeated Orphen!”

The girl beneath his foot snored, fast asleep.

Dortin looked down at the girl. “But she’s asleep, Volcan – and it’s Clarice, not even Crislina, the powerful one! How is this a triumph?!”

Volcan punched his brother in the head. “Silence! Don’t ruin the moment with your meddlesome facts!”

Dortin rubbed his head and sighed. “Have it your way. When Orphen, Cleao and their two other kids, oh, and their VERY SCARY pet come baying your blood don’t expect me to stick around.”

“Oh please,” scoffed Volcan. “Once that idiotic sorcerer sees his precious daughter is in danger, he’ll do whatever I want!” Volcan laughed again, Dortin sighed.

“Orphen’s going to kill you,” sighed Dortin. “And me too.” The Troll gulped, terrified of Orphen’s wrath.

Clarice awoke, it was early morning. Forest leaves surrounded her. She definitely wasn’t in bed. She sighed, tied up in cheap, tattered rope.

“Where are you two?” She yawned.

Dortin’s face appeared in front of her. She blinked. “I see you’re awake Miss Clarice. Would you like some breakfast?”

Dortin was pushed away by Volcan, who shoved his nose into Clarice’s. “Don’t try to scream my dear; we’re deep inside a forest far, far away from your hometown!”

Clarice managed to sit upright, leaning on a tree. Her eyes wondered around. “Oh, Fieria Forest.” She smiled. “This is only a two towns away. Daddy should find me soon. Until then, how have you two been?”

Volcan gasped, drawing back. “How the hell could you know that?!”

Clarice beamed a smile. “Well, this forest is full of Fire trees. Their leaves are a constant glow of red, orange and yellow, together like fire. There are few forests like this, the other is across the ocean, and I

doubt you two could get there in such a short amount of time.”

“Wow, you’re so smart Miss Clarice,” beamed Dortin back, clasping his hands together.

Volcan growled. “Damn it! Why aren’t you shaking in terror in the wake of my greatness?!” He began to jump on the spot, scratching his scull.

Clarice blinked her cat-like reddish brown eyes; long blonde locks messed behind her. “I could never be scared of you two, besides, this could be fun. I’d love to see what interesting punishment my father comes up with this time.”

Volcan fell back on his rear, terrified by her easiness.

“I could be wrong though.”

Volcan widely grinned. “Oh yeah?! Having second thoughts about your Dad?!”

Clarice shook her head. “No, just a thought. I do believe it is possible Leki would get here first.” The ten year old yawned, “And of course he’d teach you a lesson. Though you may be better off being punished by Daddy.”

Dortin and Volcan held each other, panicked, considering the scenarios.

“Or –“

“Or??”

Clarice tilted her head thoughtfully. “Or...you could untie me and allow me to transport myself back to my bed. Daddy and Leki would be none the wiser and you two would get off scot-free.”

Volcan’s eyes rolled back and forward as he considered the possibilities. He mumbled to himself, mostly curses at Orphen. Meanwhile, Clarice felt the cheap rope loosen around her. She looked back and smiled at Dortin. Volcan noticed what he was doing and screamed. “I didn’t agree to anything you numbskull!”

Dortin finished untying the girl. “You’re welcome to tick off Orphen, however I’d prefer to live another day. Sorry about this Miss Clarice.”

Clarice stood up, stretching. “That’s ok; it’s always good to see you two. Good luck on finding your riches Mr. Volcan, and I wish you the best in keeping your dear brother out of trouble, Mr. Dortin.”

Dortin waved as Clarice vaporized before their eyes.

Volcan stamped the ground. “That girl is so stuck up! Damn her! She ruined my plans of grandeur!”

“She did?” Queried Dortin. “Tell me, why did we take her and not Crislina or Orion?”

Volcan rolled his eyes. "Man, do I have to explain everything, such a dimwit."

"Oh, I see," nodded Dortin, raising his index finger. "Because she's the one who knows less magic, equaling the easy grab!"

Volcan folded his arms. "No, that is NOT it! I could take 'em all on!"

Dortin stared at his brother unbelievably. "Yeah, then why was it, oh great one?"

"Because..." Huffed Volcan. "Look, you're just not intelligent enough to grasp why, I'd waste both our time trying to explain it to your puny mind!" Volcan turned away, Dortin just grimaced.

Clarice skipped down the stairs, taking a seat at the table between Orion and Crislina. They had already begun to eat their porridge.

"Good morning Clarice," said her mother, placing a bowl of steaming porridge in front of her. "You're up a little late."

Clarice stretched her arms, sweating a little. "I guess I was up practicing for my piano recital too late. Sorry Mummy."

Her father looked up from an old book he was reading, taking note of a reddish-orange article in Clarice's blonde locks. "Clarice."

"Yes, Daddy?"

Orphen narrowed his eyes. "Why do you have a Fire leaf embedded in your hair?"

Clarice dropped her spoon. "Uh-oh."

"Hey, that's my pancake!" Wailed Dortin.

"I deserve it more than you!" Growled Volcan, stuffing it down his throat. "It was my genius of allowing the Finrandi brat to go that saved our asses I remind you!"

"Excuse me?" Demanded Dortin.

"No, do excuse me."

All the hairs on the two Troll's backs stood up. Their teeth chattered, their gaze turned up to a dirt ridge. Atop it stood a man staring intensely, a red bandanna tied around his forehead flapped in the wind, around his chest was the infamous Tower of Fang bat.

Volcan dumbly grinned, sweating like mad. "Or-or-or-or-ph-ph-phen..." He gulped.

“How – are – you?”

Orphen remained silent. A dark blue figure appeared next to Orphen.

“The mutt!” Shrieked Volcan.

Leki growled, claws digging violently into the ground.

“Do excuse me,” kindly said Orphen with a smile that made Dortin faint. “Leki and I were in the neighborhood and wanted to say – hi.” Orphen cracked his knuckles, teeth barely as viciously as the Deep Dragon’s.

“HI!”

THE (very excruciating, bloody, ouchy, put your children to bed, violent) END

By: Kawaii Amethyst (Samantha Hill)

Ah, my first ever Orphen fic...enjoy it? Being the queen of next gens, I naturally created one for Orphen and Cleao. In my eyes it had to be triplets. Why? Because of the Three Truths in the first series. Clarice is of course the blue gem, that which is purer than water. Crislina is the sword, and Orion the bracelet. I thought it'd be neat and make sense for them each to represent the Three Truths. This info will come in handy for future fics. Stay tuned for more stories...possibly shorties that focus on the triplets.