

# **I Will Die For You**

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*A young woman is tranced to a pool of hidden desires, hoping to be reunited with her love but can he make it before something terrible happens?*

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# 1 - Full Story

## *Ich würde für Sie sterben or I will die for you*

The night sky was clear and dark, not a star out tonight and it was a new moon. The only light that could be seen was from a maiden's aura. She seemed to be in some sort of a trance. Long black hair flown back with the night wind toying with it as a cat would toy with a mouse. Her skin was a dark color but not too dark that he blended in with the night's glorious color. She wore a simple black formal dress that shimmered in the passing light. Her feet were bare as she walked through the dusty streets. The eyes that were once a splendid purple color were nothing by gray orbs. Her feet were placed down softly with a rhythmic beat. Like she was making music simply by moving. She stops at what appears to be a lamppost. She looks back and stands there for a moment.

Turning her head back to the front, she continues to what appears to be some type of a collected water body. The water was dyed with the night's color of black, not even a ripple could be seen upon the surface. She steps lightly upon the bank of the pond like body. A delicate hand moves to her skirts as she grasps them like she was holding onto the fabric for dear life. One leg kicks out from the strangling amount of dress. The leg bends back then forward, planting itself in the icy cold night water. She repeats this with her other leg, letting her skirts fall atop the water. The material floats then slowly begins to sink into the cold and dark pool, much like she felt her heart was about to do.

The figure let her arms fall to her small sides of her body. The hourglass shape was hard to distinguish through her black outfit and the darkened night. She lets her hands graze the water before both in unison rise up to above her head. Slowly the wind picked up around her in a swirling circular motion. Her hips begin to sway gracefully side to side in a beat that only she could hear. One leg bends back in the muddy bottom of the pond. Fish and other sorts of creatures began to flow with her movement under the black velvet water. She bends her back to the rear where as her hair is grazing the top of the water with her arms in the same position. She flips over backwards and lands towards the bank, her feet placing in a triangular position upon the muddy ground. She kicks one leg out and brings the other around, making her face the way she had come to this spellbound pool.

The darkness of the night began to be illuminated by the full moon. She had called the moon to her, but why would one like her want the lunar light? Her hips began to sway with elegance around in a circle with thrusts upwards. The long delicate arms moving around her front in a meditation like way, but it seemed as if her arms were the slender beams of moonlight dancing upon the night's wind. By now, her hair was saturated with the water from her pool, much like her dress. Her body had little bumps on her thin skin, but she was too absorbed in her dance to notice or care. She back flips once more, her body moving around like a flag twisting in the breeze. She lands and looks up to the moon, opening her crimson lips slightly. Soft but eerie words come from her mouth.

*“Ich werde für Sie, meine Liebe von der Nacht sterben. Ich will nah zu Ihrem Herzen sein, als Sie zu*

*meiner Seele sind,”* Her voice sang to the night. In her mind, those words spoke in standard: *I will die for you, my love of the night. I want to be close to your heart as you are to my soul.*

Slowly she ceases her splendid dance in the water. The wind that once was her partner in this vivid dance of the night, dissipated, left her to the lonely night. Her once drenched strands of black velvet fell down to her back and bare shoulders, dry. Her dress was not so fortunate, for she was in the water and the water trailed up her long silky and reflected fabric of her dress to her mid section. She shivered in the cold with little bumps upon her skin. The water droplets seeming to evaporate off her dark skin. The delicate wisps of moonlight that was her arms fall gracefully to her side, making a slight noise upon her fabric. She turns to face the way she had came to find a figure of a man. Her eyes show pain and hope but slowly shed tears of blood. Taking steps towards the bank was the most difficult movement she had made throughout the night. One of her delicate arms raises up, with her hand outstretched and waiting to grasp a touch of another warm hand.

One hand does grasp its fingers around hers. Slowly and gently, she is pulled from the black and cold waters. Not only does water trail her skirts as she is extracted from the waters, but also a small trail of crimson liquid, none other than blood. The figure holds the woman's small frame in its strong arms. The figure looks to the woman's face, brushing a few locks of hair out of her purple eyes. A smooth and deeply accented voice spoke.

*“Meine Liebe, ich sind auf Sie zurückgegangen, als versprochen hat, aber ich befürchte, daß ich zu spät gewesen bin. Bitte, ach erfreut nimmt sie von mir nicht, Gott!”* he looks up to the dark and unforgiving sky. *“Ach meine Liebe, macht faulter weg wie die Nächte süße Umarmung nicht! Bleiben Sie in dieser Ebene von Leben und zünden Sie an!”* The translation for this is: *My love, I have returned to you as promised, but I fear that I have been too late. Please, oh please do not take her from me, God! Oh my love, do not falter away like the nights sweet embrace! Stay in this plane of living and light!*

The woman opens up her eyes to see the man. *“Sieger, meine Liebe. Ich bin freudig, Sie eine letzte Zeit sehen zu können, bevor die Dunkelheit mich zum Licht nimmt. Wenigstens jetzt wissen Sie, daß ich Sie lieben, und ich weiß, daß Sie gut und sind .....”* her hand falls limp in his, *“Ich würde für Sie sterben,”* her head slowly rolls to the side and down. (Translation: *Victor, my love. I am joyful to be able to see you one last time before the darkness takes me to the light. At least now, you know that I love you and I know you are well and I would die for you*) She was cut off for she had died. Died of a something that no one should die of, she died of a broken heart and pain of loss. She held onto her hope like she held onto her last breaths.

The night is slowly taken captive by the morning light of pastels. The man holds the woman tightly to his breast, the limp body falling back in his arms after he kisses her seemingly cold lips with a passion that should have brought her very soul back to life. He looks up to the rising sun and softly sets the woman down upon the bank. He moves to his pack that he had laid down before he came to the pool. Slowly he pulls out a very sharp rapier. His hands shake as he unsheates the blade and throws the sheath away from him, holding up the blade to the sky.

*“Wenn Tod Sie weg von mir genommen hat, muß ich auf die gleiche Reise gehen, die Sie angefangen haben. Wir werden uns wieder meine Liebe treffen und werden an der Sie für mich uns erinnern sind gestorben und ich werde für Sie heute abend sterben!”* He shouts to the dawn. (Translation: *If death took you away from me, then I must go upon the same journey that you have started. We shall meet*

*again my love and remember you died for me and I will die for you tonight!)*

The man known as Victor, thrusts his blade into his midsection, then jerks it upward. He falls to his knee and looks to the rising sun, smiling as tears of happiness flow down his cheeks. Slowly his eyes roll back in his head and collapses on the ground besides the woman, his arm around her waist. He looks upon her with one loving glance before his eyes shut forever. Together in life and death, love will never die, although people die for love.

In the spring after this tragic event, a small bluish flower grew in the spot where both of the lovers fell, and every time it rains, the flower seems to droop and bleed upon the spot, to signify that love is really never lost no matter which realm it is in. this flower was named "Forget me not," and their sacrifice will never be forgotten.