

The Marriage that Life told...

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In the Heart of Life, every thing shines from the Miracle of the World... at last, a young warrior understands the magic of bonds, and, of the one uniting him to his brother-in-arm... [Eliwood x Hector] (implied Eliwood x Ninian and Lyn x Ninian)

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1 - Brotherly love...

The Marriage that Life told

Lord Ma-koto Chaoying

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Disclaimer : I don't own Fire Emblem.

Note : This is a translation from my French fanfiction that I did for Avi. English isn't my mother tongue... so I hope you'll enjoy it and don't blame me for the mistakes. If you really enjoy it, I could translate other fanfictions, but only if there are some reviews... I don't want to bother people with my fanfictions when there are plenty of them.

Note two : Shonen-ai (and shoujo-ai implied.)

Note three : The characters may seem you OOC, perhaps because it's some "spiritual" genre.

Pairing : Eliwood x Hector (implied Eliwood x Ninian, Lyn x Ninian)

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« Eliwood... would you go there ? »

This voice...

« Y-yes... Hector. I... I believe... that I have to... »

My voice is shaking. Never so far had it shaken that way. Never... except the day, when for the first time - and how much would I have wanted it to be the last ! -, I granted a living being with death for my own survival...

I would like so eagerly... to never... never kill !

“Eliwood.”

I look at him, and in an instant, a surreal force lives in his eyes. He holds my hand in his own, so huge and calloused, before offering me his gaze so frank in the deepness of my heart.

“You are like heaven, Eliwood. Despite all raging clouds and tempests, you are always pure and noble. Never forget it... or I will never forgive you. Because me, never could I forget. I am born... not to forget.”

Like heaven... Hector...

I kiss his hand, as a proof of friendship, but I have to leave. Reluctantly, he releases his hug and lets me go away.

Like heaven... forever... pure and noble...

And... you, you are always here, and I will never experience enough of these wonderful tears and of these moving smiles, deep like Eternity, which are born and live when we are murmuring Life to each other. Moving like the Heart of Emotion and magic like the Miracle of World, I will know so much of these smiles and of these wonderful tears when we are together, Hector...

I love walking on the Heaven arch !

It's so beautiful to desire to fly.

It's so beautiful, to feel yourself walking to heavens. For if you were already at the summit of the eternal mountain, you would never tell all the heavenly love for each blade of grass, the tears covering your face in joy, when before the treasure you found, you're offering your heart to the Heart of the world and to the thousands hearts of earth and heaven.

I want to walk on the Heaven arch !

And yet I have to leave...

I leave.

I have to say good bye to the woman I've loved, the woman I've killed with my own hands. A criminal and a saint are nothing more than the same person.

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(Later...)

“Ninian...”

Her grave is here.

So strange to say it. The instant of yesterday she was here, with me, smiling to my smile and responding to my gestures. Now, she isn't here anymore.

So strange to think about. Never had I cherished a woman so much, and the day when I confess her my attraction to her... the same day... she turned into a dragon, and the Durandal sword gave her a lethal thrust, by my own hand.

I felt my heart be tense, and tears flow on my face, tears that I didn't hold back and that I will never hold back.

Why...!! By my own hand ?! Why... have I to be guilty ?! Why... did I killed her, when... I didn't want... I don't want !!

Why...

“Ninian... I...”

...I am sorry.

“...I killed you. I who...”

My voice gets hoarse.

“...who claimed... who would like... to never kill... I-I... I am sorry. If I've paid more attention... if everything had not happened that way... if...”

If everything had not happened that way, you would be alive. We would have confessed our love, you would have hidden me nothing, and we would have been married with the approval of the world.

Now, the world will look at us with shame. For you know the bond uniting me with Hector, and I know that my hands would never have given you what Lyndis's did, such an upright and proud warrior. You and me, we would have been married, because we got along so well, and that, we both knew how people look at people like us.

People loving someone of the same sex than them...

"Ninian..."

Farewell, Ninian. Farewell.

It's time for me to say you farewell, and to let you go in the immensity of the world of spirits to seek your dream, and a woman awaiting you in her own heart. It's time for me to say you farewell, and to face the ordeal of the world, where the world will look at us ashamed, Hector and me.

Still a world that we would not fear, since it's so much the fertile earth of our dreams...

When I find again the deepness of my dream, I remember how the first principle, with the Heart of Life, gave birth to me to fulfil a dream.

I will rely on the Heart of Life, to see in my time of need, my wilted-flowers soil blossom into new flowers stronger...

I close my eyes, opening my heart to the dream living in it and which gave birth to it !

All your sentiments, coming from the deep Heart of Life, are sparkling arches, reflecting all the beauty of life,

When you cease to believe that the arches in your way don't have their reason for living.

When you follow the Essence of the Heart of Life beating in you,

On your way,

You feel within you this ultimate streak, where every thing and every being is an infinite life potential.

Like the sacred reflect of the purity coming from the Heart of Life.

You just have to walk on your own way to the Heart of Life, which in the joy of your love, make the entire world shine.

And then,

You feel that everything around you, reflects what you are, in the communion with the Eternal Heart of Life.

A voice can be heard. I know he's waiting for me...

"Eliwood ?"

Wait, Hector.

Still be patient. I still must prey, still have to speak to the Heart of Life, to be in communion with Death, with all the living beings and things of earth and heaven. I must receive the prayer of heaven, to be able to love earth with all the passion of my soul, which I will share with you as we have always done.

Silence came instead of the voice. I know you understand...

I would like so much not to destroy and to kill these mysterious beings and things of the nature, yet my heart tells me first to listen to their song, made of everything, present in all the bodies of Universe.

For if you manage to listen to the communion of the love of grass rising from earth to heaven,

then you will also hear the souls of dead twigs sing their song, telling you not to torment yourself about their fate.

Death is just a door to Life.

In the heart of life you will feel the secret of death shining. Even more, the secret of all suffering, of all things not understood.

“Ninian...“ I whisper. “Thank you for everything... thank you...”

Ninian, thanks to you, I received the secret of death, where shines life...

Suddenly, I smile. Now I understand that nothing is ever lost. But now, insisting, the brother-in-arm's voice, softened with tenderness, is heard.

“Eliwood ? It's Hector. Answer me, please...”

I smile, in spite of myself. My brother-in-arm has always been a passionate and impatient nature, and yet he will everlastingly wait for my return. We have always understood each other, he and me...

For the eternity of times, I have read in Hector's gaze. I read that he would lay his hands on my shoulders, or to never do it in an other place if I asked him.

For we have a strange, a wonderful power ; we are able to read in the other's heart, and in mere gestures of friendship, to give each other what we desire so much in the bottom of our heart.

I will give nothing in exchange of the magic of all this wonder living in us. Not even - and now, I'm not afraid to say it anymore - peace of mind of a well-seen marriage with a young woman, should she have been a Ninian.

“Eliwood ! Damn it !”

This time, I laugh. Poor little Hector ! He still has progress to make for patience, even if it's better than before.

I am so happy to feel this power in us. I am so happy to feel this power ! Walking on the heaven arch, feeling Eternity when I walk on the path, to hug the world in my hearth, when a strong hand steady my pace, when I feel like crying, or smiling.

It is said that each person has immense powers, but until where magic of mine hasn't still blossomed ? What are the immense heavens, that I am so eager to taste - I can feel it ! -, so eager to understand, when I am walking to the heaven bridge where all things of the world begin to sparkle with wonder ?

Have faith in you dreams, these heavenly arches leading you to infinity.

For, within arches breaking, are born an even greater arch from ashes.

And your heart is at the same time the arch,

Its invincible transfiguration,

And infinity.

You have in you're the way to infinity and you are infinity.

I will have faith in my dream. I will trust my power, my power to love the world when I was in his arms, sharing laughs, tears, and a beam of Eternity.

I will believe in the greatest magic making the world shine.

An endless voice is heard, full of worry.

“Eliwood... where are you ? Please, answer me... I am worried... please...”

Hector, I won't make you wait for me any longer.

Here I am !

I run up so hastily that I stumble, and fall on the ground without harming myself, before getting up slowly.

“El... Eliwood ?! It's... you ?!”

His eyes widen, and when his gaze meets mine, a huge relief appears on his features. He got something of the inner peace living within me now... but he will soon know, that now, I will never be afraid.

“Eliwood...” he whispers, when I come near him, holding his neck in my hands.

I come close to him.

I will tell him what I will never be afraid to say, and what my heart will tell when Eternity, in the heart of life, will announce our marriage.

All the mystery of the birth of fibres and tides, it's the song that gives birth to you and makes you go through everything. Then I utter the name “victory” without fear, for its heart is born when shines this secret that we are eternally sharing.

“I love you, Hector. “

The End

Lord Ma-koto Chaoying