

Memories Lost

By Prodigies

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Illustration: <http://www.fanart-central.net/pic-805645.html>

Here's the written version of the picture I submitted. 83 A little preview for a story idea I'm currently working on.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Prodigies/59014/Memories-Lost>

Chapter 1 - Memories Lost

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1 - Memories Lost

Gallows ran. His legs flew out from underneath him as he pumped them as hard as he could. Despite his impressive speed, the dark scenery around him ceased to change. Every corner he swept around was an exact mimic of the previous hallway he had been in. Each corridor seemed endlessly long and were lit only by the torchlight from the fires hanging on the walls in their respective posts. There were no doors or windows, only a moth-eaten, crimson-colored carpet that expanded down the center like a pathway that led him only in what he believed was circles. The truth of it was that the place, while it looked old-fashioned and possibly ordinary, had some sort of delusion, like the camouflage of a dangerous predator about to snatch its prey: invisible, but dangerous.

Not slowing down his pace in the slightest, Gallows took a quick look backwards to check if he was in the clear. He no longer heard any voices or felt the presence of the people who were chasing him. Despite this accomplishment, he felt little comfort. He was still in the wolves' lair and while there were none in sight, a bite could still happen at any time. He had to find a way *out* of this place.

Wherever this place is... he thought grimly, suddenly remembering the information he lacked.

No windows. No doors. Not even stairs. How was he going to escape from this unknown prison?

It feels like I've been running for ten minutes straight and I've gotten nowhere... But I would've had to of traveled some, to get away from those guards that is...right? There has to be some sort of delusion charm on this place. Normally, I could sense these sorts of things in a flash and see right though them...but...my head still hurts from where I was hit...and my mind's still groggy from recently waking up... Now that I think about it...I feel funny... What did they do to me? What do they even want?

A sudden realization coursed through him like an electric shock, causing him to dig in his heels and halt to a stop, eyes wide.

Are the others here too...?! Oh guardians... Wh-What if they are? How am I supposed to find them?! What am I going to do—?

His thoughts were cut short as he felt something slide around his neck from behind in less than a second. The feeling of it was loose and translucent, like the silk of a curtain, but strangely solid and firm like a rope. Gallows didn't even get the chance to blink before the strange cord tightened dramatically and gave a sharp yank backwards, choking and flipping him onto his back. He felt himself slam down hard to the stone floor, wincing as his throat continued to be constricted. Glancing down, he quickly realized with horror that the “noose” that was strangling him was a “rope” of dark energy.

Realizing that pausing his run was a major mistake, Gallows wrestled himself to his knees as the black

aura remained firmly in place, choking him. His large eyes widened as more energy whipped itself out and locked his arms and legs securely behind him. Gasping like a fish out of water with his arms and legs in energetic shackles, Gallows drew up a conclusion: he was caught.

“Heh... You're quite the runner, aren't you?”

The voice came from the same direction the energy did, indicating the owner. Much like the fabric of the aura, it was soft and smooth, but sickly sweet and sharp. It was also male, and sounded quite young; Gallows assumed the owner was around his age, if not a bit older.

Light footsteps echoed down the hallway and grew gradually louder as did the presence of the person. Gallows struggled to twist his head to get a look, but got no results, for the energy around his neck also held his skull firmly looking forward. He withheld a shudder as a hand brushed ever so lightly across his shoulder and briefly up his neck before pulling away. His new “acquaintance” was standing right beside him, just out of his line of vision.

The ever tightening energy lariat held firm around Gallows' neck, choking him to the point where all he could do was manage a cough and sputter. As he struggled to get air into his lungs, he felt himself become rather lightheaded and his vision began to blur some from the lack of oxygen. It quickly became a fight to keep himself conscious.

From his hazy vision, he managed to make out the form of a figure step around to the front of him. The young man didn't appear to be very tall, or very short, and was dressed in dark garments from neck to toe. He had light hair and what appeared to be a smile—no, a smirk—on his face, but the rest of his appearance was too cloudy to manage.

Blinking through the tears that had settled in his eyes, Gallows strained his head and looked up at the new person, gritting his teeth from both pain and sheer force of will. “What...do you...want with...me...?”

A soft chuckle reached his ears as he saw the figure lean down to look at him. Despite being face-to-face, Gallows *still* couldn't make out what he looked like. It was like a layer of haze had settled over his eyes and wouldn't clear away.

“Many things...of which you will find out in due time, Gallows,” the young man stated in a soft, but lofty tone. His smile widened at the surprised look on his captive's face. “Oh, don't look so shocked... We know a great deal about you. You know, you gave our guards quite the slip back there. Your try-to-avoid-bloodshed nature that we've heard so much about seems to hold true. I wonder...” He reached forward and slid a finger under Gallows' chin and lifted the man's face upward. The blind green eyes stared at him with a mix of astonishment and a tiny hint of what looked like fear. “I wonder if the rumors about your hidden *bloodlust* are also true...”

A look of disgust and anger flashed across Gallows' face. It took nearly all of the strength he had just to pull his head out of the cupped hand of the stranger, thanks to the “neckband.” Narrowing his normally

kind eyes, he focused a full-on glare at his captor. "...ere's...aina...?"

"Pardon? You're a little hoarse. You may want to speak up," the man chided with a malicious grin.

"Where's...Elaina...?" Gallows snarled. This guessing game had been going on far enough, and his temperamental fuse had finally been lit. "I swear...if you...hurt...her...I'll...!"

"Oh, calm yourself. We've done nothing to her, or any of your friends...at least not yet. That's a special job we're saving for a *certain* someone... Speaking of, now I remember what *my* job was."

Gallows watched as the blurred shape of the man straightened himself to his feet, grimacing as he felt a warm hand reach under his hair and rest flat upon his forehead. The hand slid down some, forcing his eyes shut to avoid being prodded. A second later, the warmth of the hand doubled and a strange energy came forth, making him feel far more lightheaded than before.

"I was sent here to get *your* priorities straightened out...by taking away your old ones."

His head swimming, Gallows clenched his teeth upon hearing this. *What does he mean by that?* he thought in confusion. He didn't feel any different, aside from the extreme nausea he now felt growing in the pit of his stomach due to the dizziness in his skull. It wasn't so bad... He had felt way worse before. Like the time when...when...

If he could have, Gallows would've blinked. Why couldn't he remember? This wasn't one of his normal spaced-out forgetting moments; this was different. In the past, the answer would be right on the tip of his tongue, just out of his reach, but now... It was gone. Plain, solid gone. The harder he tried, the more apparent the memory's disappearance became. Now that he thought about it, it was steadily becoming more difficult to remember...anything.

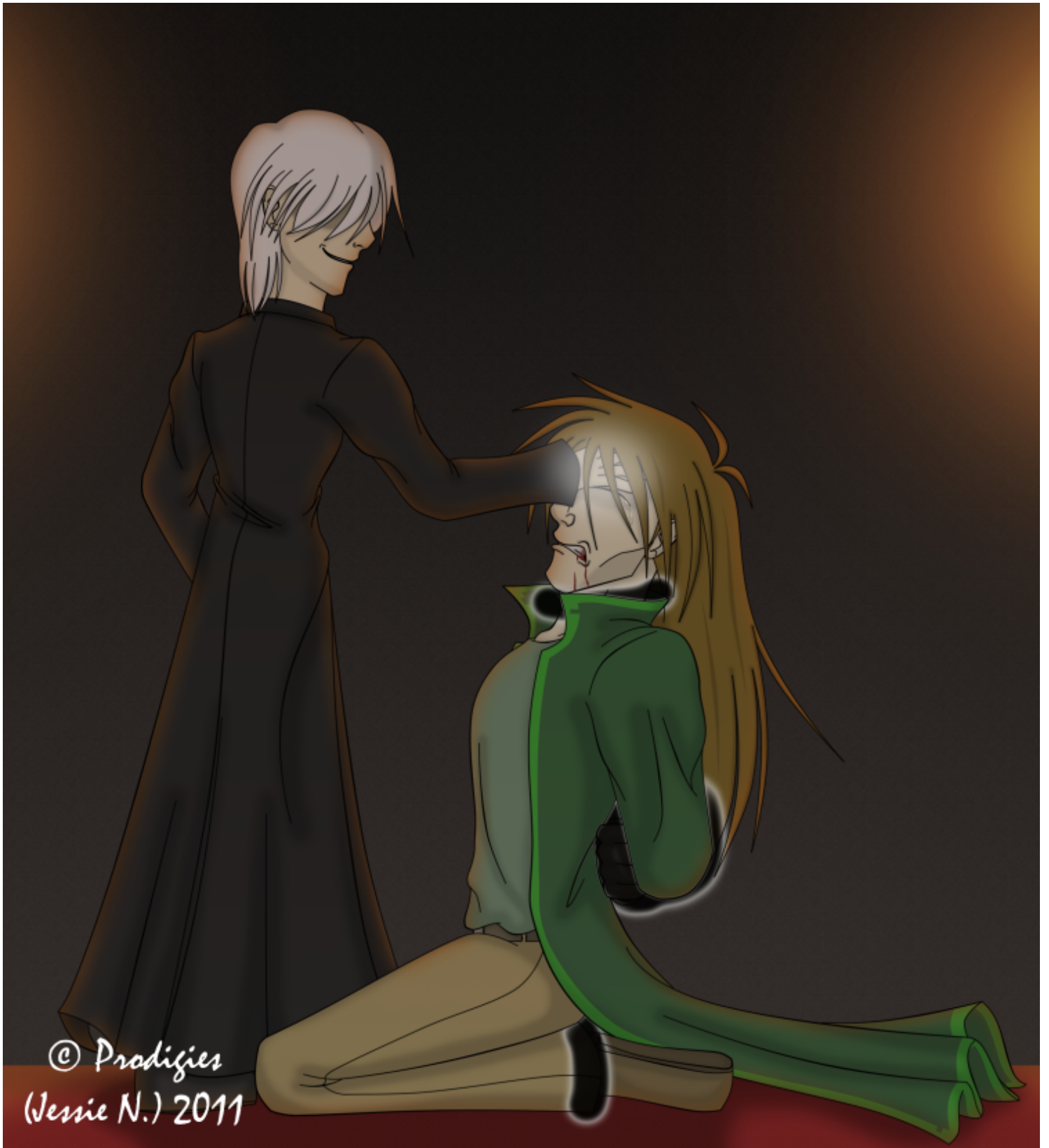
The realization hit Gallows like a ton of bricks and filled him with such horror that he almost cried out. His memories. This...*fiend* was taking away his memories. The sensation of it was like a giant clawed hand inside of his head scraping his recollections into pure nothingness.

Desperate, Gallows hissed and attempted to throw himself backwards, away from the man and his hand's contact with his mind, but try as he might, the energetic cords were too strong and held him firmly in place as his memories continued to be leached and his strength faded. As if it would help, Gallows bit the inside of his cheek and tasted the coppery tang of blood rush into his mouth and down his lip.

He had to hold on. He had to keep a grasp on whatever memories he had left. However, like sand through an hourglass, he could feel each one continue to slip away. It was becoming harder and harder to remember how he got where he was and what was even happening to him. He had a home...right? And friends...? What were their names again? He knew for a definite fact that he was in love with someone...but...who? Her name escaped him.

After he realized this, Gallows no longer felt the will to hold on and ceased struggling. A lump formed in his throat and he felt tears burn at the corners of his eyes. He had lost this fight, and he knew it.

A sudden white light flashed across his hollow mind, he felt his body go limp and crash into the floor, and then there was nothing.



AN: Just in case some of you are confused, what happened beforehand was that Gallows got into a fight with one of the baddies (they're a big group) and got himself warped to their hideout

midbattle. He wakes up and finds himself with several other prisoners, who see how strong he is and convince him to bust them out of there (they plan to ditch him).

Gallows frees them, but they can't find a way to escape from the hideout because of how repetitive it is. Several guards suddenly appear and begin to attack, but wanting to avoid a fight, Gallows runs (the prisoners who he freed tried to turn on him in hopes of getting released for "good behavior," hence why he left them behind.) That leads us to this point. *Points at story*

It's a work in progress, but it's gonna be awesome when I get some solid tracks down. :D

Hope you like!