

Foreign Warrior

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a story about this girl who is kidnapped into a parallel dimension. (basis for my later story- since disappeared)

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1 - Abduction

Arya couldn't sleep, the room was too bright and her thoughts kept on wandering. Right now she was thinking about her Mythology midterm she had the next day. She loved mythology, she felt as if she had a connection to the character in the myths and fairytales. She felt akin to several 'species,' none more than the elves. Those tall, graceful beings, more beautiful than any on earth, and dangerously magical at that. *There they go again, wandering to the most stupid things*, she thought. She was going to pass, no doubt about that, but she really wanted a good grade, 95 or higher. That would take a bit more work.

The small lump at the foot of her bed twisted in its sleep. Arya sat up to look at her cat's shimmering black fur, and tiny paws thrown carelessly around. Arya reached out to make sure the animal did not fall off the bed. Before she could get close to the cat, a golden eye shot open, startling Arya a bit. With a flash the cat was stretching on her chest, seemingly pushing her down back into the bed. "Okay! Sheeba, I get it, I'll go to sleep!" She could not remember a time when Sheeba was not around, watching with those golden eyes, able to penetrate anything, or so it seemed. As soon as she lay back down, Sheeba curled up in the niche made by her neck and shoulders, as if to keep her down.

She eyes snapped open, something was wrong. She felt someone else in the room, and it wasn't Sheeba. She had the strange habit of sensing people before she could actually see them. It actually creeped people out a lot, and that was fun. Slowly she raised herself into a sitting position, making sure not to wake up Sheeba, but nothing went past her. She was on her feet before Arya even moved. In the corner of her room, sprawled across her desk chair, was a well-muscled young man. He was maybe a year older than her, not much more. He had something alien about him; it probably had to do with his careless grace. Other than that he was pretty normal, he had blondish brown hair and a golden brown color in his eyes. Without even talking to him, she could tell that he was a very self-indulgent being, it seemed to radiate in his aura.

"What do you want?" asked Arya, a bit scared of his answer. It was not like she was defenseless, she had a long list of martial arts she had learned at some point in the past and she recently had started sword fighting. There was even a bow and a couple arrows in the corner near her bookcase, opposite to the boy.

"I only want to bring you back where you belong. I was sent here to take you back home," he said as if he found all of this amusing.

"What do you mean by 'back home'?" asked Arya, terrified out of her wits. She had been seeing too many CSIs lately. The last one was about a girl who was kidnapped in the middle of the night by some crazy wackjob. It was much like what was happening now, only he seemed entirely sane. "Who are you?" she asked before he could answer.

"I am Bellethiel Tengarason, prince of Sedena," he said, laughing at the look of pure shock on Arya's

face. *Wow, this guy really is crazy. Bellethiel is in one of the stories I needed to study for my midterm.* She thought, trying to see what he could get out of saying that. "Come with me," he whispered. Suddenly she realized that she could not resist him. While she climbed out of bed, Sheeba started to hiss loudly.

"Silence her, she will wake the entire house!" Bellethiel hissed back with an uneasy urgency. Without warning he grabbed her and they disappeared from the room.

The few moments between her room and wherever they were going felt like ages. It felt like her mind was being wrenched from her body and was drifting in eternal space, all alone.

Suddenly she was falling. After what seemed like forever she landed on a soft feather bed, in a room decorated by someone who had nothing better to do than waste money. Bellethiel landed next to her a few seconds later, and as soon as he touched the mattress he rolled over and had her trapped beneath his grip. Slowly he lowered his mouth so it touched her neck while she was trying everything she knew to get away from him. Nothing worked.

"Do you never listen? Father said to bring her back here not rape her... or terrify her for that matter," said someone behind them.

"Eleniel, what are you doing here?" asked Bellethiel, jumping off the bed, as if it could show innocence. As soon as Arya was free, she ran off herself and stood near the far wall, watching the battle of wits going on between them.

"I can sense magic, and knowing you, I suspected something sinister. I guess I was right, now let that girl go." Eleniel said with surprising authority.

"You can't tell me what to do, you were born ten minutes after me. I am the older child, I don't have to do as you say," said Bellethiel, hoping that his brother would agree.

"That's true, but father said that you weren't allowed to do anything but bring her back, and you obviously did a little more. If you don't want to be in even more trouble, I suggest you stop arguing with me," said Eleniel, smiling at his brother.

"Arrg! Someday you will pay for your... never mind," said Bellethiel, walking out of the room. As he left another man entered the room, he looked like he was about 50. His gray hair and wise look in his eyes did not betray his age.

"This is Sir Palenovar, he's the head chamberlain of the palace." Said Eleniel.

Palace! Oh gods what have I gotten myself into! Thought Arya.

"Come with me, I will bring you to your rooms," said Sir Palenovar, leading her out the door and down the hall. They climbed a beautiful curving staircase with carved handrails and down another beautiful hallway with tapestries hanging on the walls depicting scenes of glorious battles and parties. At some

point they stopped in front of a wooden door with a silver sun and moon on the door.

Sir Palenovar opened the door and said, “we hope that you find you room to your liking. If you need anything feel free to ask Medea. She will be your maid from now on.” he then walked out of the room and off to do some unknown duty, but Arya did not care. She was too amazed by the simple beauty of her room to notice anything. Off to one wall there was a four-poster bed with a silk canopy and bed sheets, and a gigantic mountain of pillows. On the other side there was a desk, bookcase, and a closet and mirror where there was an assortment of dresses and gowns spread about. On the wall in front of her was a window that took almost the entire wall. Along it's bottom edge there was a bench with even more cushions. It seemed like she had fallen in a Disney princess movie. A woman of maybe 25 entered the room.

“What are you wearing?” she asked with a gasp.

“Umm...”was all Ayra could say before she was dragged to the pile of gown and forced to try every single one on. After a lot of arguing, they settled for a dark blue dress with long sleeves and a decent cleavage. Then she was forced down on a stool in front of the mirror. Medea was brushing Arya's dirty-blonde hair when Arya realized something was wrong. As she pushed a loose lock of her hair behind her ear, she had to raise her hand higher. Her ears were pointy! An urge to look at it in the mirror confirmed her suspicions. Luckily, after a through inspection she realized that nothing else had changed. She relaxed a little, and Medea started to do some sort of intricate knot on top of Arya's head. Once she was done Medea started to pick up and put away all the discarded clothing while Arya examined the books in the bookcase. The books were written in a language different than English or French, she could only make out a couple words in the entire bookcase, and she wasn't even sure they were correct. Cautiously she took a book out of the collection and sat on the windowsill, attempting to read it.

“Since when can you read Elvin?” asked a distinct male voice. She looked up quickly and relaxed when she saw Eleniel leaning against the doorway. The twins really were different; Bellethiel looked more muscular and had a darker tan, while his brother looked like one who spent his time with books.

“I can't, but you can think what ever you want,” said Arya turning back to examining a delicate picture in the book.

“I could teach you if you want.” Eleniel said.

“Okay... you sure you don't mind?” Arya asked. When she saw the look of complete incomprehension on his face she laughed and said, “it means yes.”

“Anyways, I came here to tell you that you are to be introduced to the people in a week. On the next Restday meal, you are to come and eat with us. You will be introduced to all the nobles and their families.” He said obviously embarrassed that he had not known what she had meant before. The Medea walked into the room carrying towels.

“Oh, your highness, am I interrupting anything? Should I leave?” asked Medea in obvious distress.

“No, I was going to leave anyways... see you soon Arya, I will ask my parents about the reading lessons.” Eleniel said, leaving the room. As soon as he was gone Arya continued to unconsciously

remove the pins that held her hair up in place. As soon as her hair was free of its bonds she walked over to the bed and said, "I'm going to bed Medea, do whatever you want." She sank into the bed gratefully and fell asleep almost as soon as he got under the covers. She hardly noticed Medea picking up the book he had recently been trying to read.

2 - Lessons

After Elniel left Arya's room he walked down the hall with no purpose whatsoever. He could not get the thoughts of Arya out of his mind. Her body deemed of only a goddess, and her eyes that showed an endless well of magic. It had been a miracle he had kept his calm when he was in her room...

When he was a couple yards from his room, he bumped into a servant with a message. He said, "The king and queen want your audience, my Lord Prince. They seem to have urgent need of you."

"Not again..." said Elniel as he ran down the stairs, two at a time in order to make it to his parent's audience room faster. Once he entered the room he noticed Medea was there too.

"... It has to be her, why else would she take out this book," said the man sitting on the throne.

"What book, father?" asked Elniel.

"The Book of the Ancients, son. She picked it out a few moments ago. When Medea picked it up it was open at the page with the prophecy of the Foreign Warrior." Said Elniel's father.

"Istmeil, think reasonably. She could have just read the title and opened it to this page to make us think that she's the center of the prophecy." Said the woman on the throne next to his.

"I don't believe that it could be a coincidence, Merilwen. It is too well set up." Said Istmeil.

"She told me that she didn't know how to read Elvin, how could it have been set up mother?" asked Elniel to Merilwen.

"Well... wait a minute, what were you doing with her? We already punished Bellethiel for his actions. You do know that you are to be married to the Duke of Carlon's daughter when you turn eighteen." said Merilwen, letting her voice trail off for added emphasis.

"I only wanted to know how she was adapting, and she seems to be doing fine. I told her that I could teach her how to speak Elvin if you would agree." Said Elniel as humbly and sincere as he could. In truth he only went to see her to prove to himself that she was real and had not disappeared into thin air, but no one needed to know that, especially not his step-mother.

"I don't know... letting you go to a girl's rooms on a repeated basis might ignite rumors..." said the ever-skeptical Merilwen.

"I believe that it is a grand idea!" boomed Istmeil's voice, "Elniel is the smartest one in the family and he could benefit with more contact with people, or else he will start to talk to his books." said Istmeil with a smile in his voice.

"Fine, but you have to meet in the library, not her room. And you have to report her progress to me once a week," said Merilwen, knowing that she had lost that certain battle. Eleniel was determined to know what Merilwen was doing here. Nobody knew where she came from and she had risen to power to quickly to not have wanted power. She also controlled his father, but that was a relatively simple feat. It was so secret that she liked to surround herself with puppets, and Eleniel was one of the few who she could not control that she could not banish. Istmiel was too proud of his genius protégé of a son to make him leave his side. This last encounter had proved one of his suspicions; Merilwen did not have Sedena's best interests at heart.

The next morning Eleniel made his way towards the library. Bellethiel was really annoyed that Eleniel had a reason to see Arya everyday. Times like these, Eleniel was glad he was a book maniac, the comments about talking to books were even worthwhile.

When he walked into the library, Arya was already inside. She was walking between the rows of books, her blood red dress rustling behind her. He hurried after her. When he reached her she was sitting on the ground, with a book open in her lap.

"*Yande istnal thandas thalenti yande namorden jadenlasti,*" said Arya, concentrating on the open page in front of her.

"Since when can you do that?" asked Eleniel, thoroughly shocked.

"I said it correctly?" asked Arya, as surprised as him.

"Yes, but... are you sure you don't know Elvin?" asked Eleniel, asking himself if Merilwen there was any grain of truth in what she said yesterday.

"Trust me, I have no idea what I just said, I'm kind of scared of it myself." Arya said, looking as shocked as possible.

"Come, I will make sure that next time you do something like that you will know what you are saying." Eleniel said, extending his hand to help her up. She ignored it and got up on her own.

"I don't need anyone's help to get up, no offense intended." She said.

"None taken, there are table where we can sit down in the middle of the library." He said walking down the seemingly endless row of books. Once they got to the tables he saw that Merilwen had commandeered a table for herself. She was sitting down with an opened book in front of her. She showed no interest in it whatsoever, instead she was observing them while they walked down to the nearest free table. Along the way, Eleniel had taken a couple books that he deemed easy reading and he took a pile of parchments from a desk they had passed. Dropping his stuff on the table, and still looking at Merilwen suspiciously he sat down on the closest chair.

Arya sat down next to him and asked, "Why are you staring at her?"

"Everyone knows that she hates books, the fact that she's even here is extremely suspicious." Stated Eleniel.

"Who is she?"

"My evil step-mother," he said tearing his eyes from Merilwen and looking at Arya.

"Just like in Cinderella..." whispered Arya.

"What?" said Eleniel, not understanding what Arya had just said.

"Never mind.... What does that mean?" said Arya, pointing at a word in the title of one of the books.

"It is said *tanthislea*, it means children," he said.

"So is that a story book?" asked Arya, suddenly very curious.

"Well, yes...how did you know?" he asked.

"Well... it has children on the cover, and you said that you were taking easy books to read. It's kind of obvious." Arya said with an air of self-satisfaction.

"So you are smart as well as beautiful... no wonder my brother could not resist you," he said as Arya blushed. He opened the book and flipped to the first page. "This is the story, *Ilthanis yande thandenrush*. It means Ilthanis the wanderer. Can you translate the first sentence?" he asked.

"Ilthanis...lived...with his..." she said concentrating on the text in front of her. "I can't do this," she said.

"You were doing fine," he remarked.

"It's not that," she said as she got up. Once she was free of the chair she bolted towards the door. Eleniel followed right after her. She had no idea where she was going, he noticed after she did a couple of turns in the hallway. Eventually she reached the bridge connecting the palace to the ruins of the old castle that the ancients had built. One she got to the ruins she fell to the ground and hid her face in her hands.

"What is wrong?" asked Eleniel.

"Noting, just go away," responded Arya stiffly, apparently trying to hold back tears.

"One thing I learned, being alone only makes everything worse. " He said sitting down behind her and wrapping his arms around her. "And there is so use holding back tears, it will only make everything harder afterwards." After some time he started singing a song to no one in particular. Slowly Arya calmed down and relaxed in his arms. Once the song stopped Arya placed her head on his shoulder.

"What song was that?" she asked.

"It is *Mitholinst Galenthista*, it was written very long ago and it is in the Old Language, no one knows what the words mean anymore. My mother sang that song to me when the older kids teased me. I used to cry a lot back then. But now I don't see them anymore. I spend my time with books."

"What happened to your mother?" Arya asked, hoping to make him feel better.

"She died when I was ten. Everyone says that she died of *Senith Thurninsta*, a close relative to your 'sleeping sickness'. But Merilwen was too happy about my mother's sudden demise for it to have been accidental. There is a poison, *Thenelista*, that has practically the same symptoms."

"Then why don't you tell anyone about your suspicions? Your father could banish her or something," said Arya.

"It's not that simple. Merilwen controls my father, she can make him do anything she wants." Said Eleniel with a sigh. Suddenly Arya stood upright in his arms.

"I feel people coming," she whispered to him, "and they doesn't feel happy."

"Come," he said as they stood up. He entered the ruins and picked his way across the crumbling rocks, Arya followed carefully in his footsteps. They hid behind a large slab of rock that had once been a column and watched the scene before them. It did not take long until they saw Merilwen walking with a couple of her guards down the bridge.

"They aren't here, Siladheil!" stated Merilwen.

"But...but they passed onto the bridge not ten minutes ago. They couldn't have gotten anywhere, we were guarding the only exit." Said the man next to her, stuttering.

"Well they aren't here, they had to get away somehow. It would be too much to hope that they jumped over the river and smashed to their deaths on the rocks below... the only other way out would be the ruins... of course! Guards search those ruins for the mischievous brats!" she said.

"We have to go, now. If we are caught I don't want to know what will happen," whispered Eleniel. She nodded and they were gone, scrambling up rocks and hiding whenever Arya felt people close by. After a while it became a game, their previous melancholy forgotten, they ran across the ruins like little children.

They ran for hours, but to them it seemed like only minutes. At some point they stopped in one of the few buildings still upright.

"Anyone near us?" asked Eleniel folded over and panting. They had nearly bumped into a group of guards and had done their best to get out of the area. When Arya didn't answer he looked up at her. She was tracing a picture on the wall.

"*Aryathandathalentidore*," she whispered, still staring at the wall.

"*Thandal* sounds a lot like savior, but I do not know the rest." He said coming up behind her to look at the picture.

"There's my name too. Do you know what it could mean?" asked Arya.

"No," he lied. He knew it was bad to lie, but he did not deem her ready for that kind of knowledge yet. The picture showed a woman dressed in leather armor holding a sword above her head, she was facing an army all alone. Next to her were a couple stars, and a rose intertwined with a dagger. Eleniel was engraving the picture in his memory when Arya poked him, hard, in the shoulder.

"Wha... oh," he said seeing the three guards at the doorway.