

Summary: Love so pure, it can only be hate. A fate worse than death. What is true and what the lie? Can a lost soul redeem itself? And does it want to?...

Categories: [The Phantom of the Opera](#) Characters: None Given

Genres: Het

Warnings: Angst, Brain-Insane, Mention of Rape

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 3 Completed: No Word count: 1340 Read: 1 Published: 12/30/2017 Updated: 12/30/2017

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Chapter 1 by Delilah Draken

~ Prologue ~

There is a time when every child has the need to return home. When the pain becomes too much to bear and only a mother's gentle touch can comfort the hurting soul.

There is a time when a child proudly presents its offspring to their mother. When tears of joy fall and old lullabies are taught. When everything seems to shine in eternal glory and old wrath vanishes in the prospect of the new life.

There is a time for happiness.

There is time for grief.

There is a time for life...

~ * ~ * ~ * ~

She died three days ago.

There she lies in her bed, her body hidden from view under her loved silk sheets, and just doesn't move anymore. Now I understand what my brother always said about her. Her beauty is truly only perfect in death.

I can't look away. Every little curve on her ashen skin is branded in my memory. Her face in life always in a perpetual scowl is now relaxed and peaceful. How I hate her in this moment.

And I just can't look away.

Someone is knocking.

Go away, I think. Go away and leave me alone. But they don't go away. They stay where they are and keep knocking. Quite frantically, I have to admit. Like they are afraid. Afraid of what?

I only know of one person who knocks like that. And he wouldn't return if it were the last inhabitable place in the world. He would die before he even thought about going back to her.

Without really knowing why I stand up, through a shawl over her face and go to open the door. Something is not right. I can feel. The air smells like old pain. Like there is no hope.

The knocking has stopped. The door opens before I touch the handle. And a long forgotten shadow steps over the threshold.

What a sight he presents. Beaten and bloody, his clothes nothing but rags on his too thin frame. I want to scream. I want to take him in my arms and never let go. I want him to vanish like the illusion he is. I want him to stay till the end of time.

And then I hear him. Soft, with the hint of an accent he spent years on perfecting, the syllables leave his broken lips and float to me. How I missed his voice. How I wished to hear him speak to me just one more time. And now he is back and I can feel the magic of his speech weave its net around my soul once again.

"Lillian" he says. And I know I will do anything for him. He just has to ask.

I would die for him. My beloved companion. My long lost other half.

My twin brother.

~*~*~*~

There comes a time when one has to make a decision. When the knowledge that a piece of yourself will remain on this earth is enough to make you leave everything behind.

I never understood what that means. Not till I saw you for the last time.

You didn't stay long. Only long enough for you to press a bundle in my arms and vanish again into the night. There wasn't even enough time for me to say Good Bye.

I will miss you, brother.

I will protect the child in my arms, this little girl with your eyes.

She will be known as the daughter of a great man. "Anicka, child of Allan Giry." I whisper to the stars. "My little Meg."

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Chapter 2 by Delilah Draken

Once upon a time, there was a golden kingdom. Full of life and happiness, the people of that glorious jewel they were fortunate enough to be allowed to call home went through their days without a trace of sorrow. For there was no such thing as sorrow, or pain, or suffering. Their home was a place of perfection, a place one would think to call paradise.

But there are no places like paradise. And the perfect kingdom with its towers of black crystal and rivers of obsidian beauty fell. Everything died, the people, the knowledge, everything. Nothing remained but a child's tears and a warrior's blood.

For those two were the only survivors of the cataclysmic disaster which had the great honour to wipe a once powerful nation from the face of time. A child and a warrior. Twins, if not through birth than through experience. Brothers in blood and pain. United for all eternity in their wish for revenge.

Revenge. What a pitiful wish to avenge the victims of nature. But this is what they wanted to do. What their bleeding souls screamed to the heavens. What their broken hearts demanded. They tried to fulfil their promise. They really did, but there comes a time when one sees the impossibility of one's task, when there is nothing left but failure.

This time came for the two survivors earlier than they hoped. Grief stricken and destroyed beyond

repair they had to admit that there was nothing they could do but give up. Give up and live their lives anew, try for a small piece of happiness, a tiny bit of hope in a cold cruel world.

And though they did everything to stay alive, to not be wounded or hurt, one of them died. One of them died a horrible death full of tears and promises which could never be kept. One of them died only to be saved by his companions blade. For this was the only way to save not only the boy but his offspring as well.

The child died with a smile on his lips. For it was the sight of his child's father holding the small being up to the moon that was the last thing he would ever see.

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