Starry Sky

Her eyes lay watching the moon in the sky, glow heavily through the midnight fog that crept through the land. Everything was silent, no animals dared to break the dark silence that had been instilled. She sat down on her bed still mesmerized by the moon through her high ceiling window. So beautiful she thought, so enchanting and amazing, something like this could exist in the world. After a long while she slowly rested her head against the soft silk pillow and drifted off into a never-ending slumber.

“She’s been murdered !”

“No she killed herself!”

“It’s a conspiracy against the throne!” Town people cried in the streets. Rumors had gone around about the princess death faster then the plague. In such a place it was easier and faster to just tell someone something then to send a letter. With such tragic news the whole town of Birkshire had been pretty much closed, where windows were hung black banners to mourn , doors bolted tight with tears flowing from the door knobs and whole flower shops wilted in disbelief. Another cry from the streets “We are under attack!”

“No no no , she was to old” the crowds stopped, dead silence mid cry.

“W-w-what did you just say?” A women turned towards a man sitting on the edge of the fountain in front of the palace gate. He had his right hand parched under his chin as if he was bored , bags under his eyes from lack of sleep and slight smile upon his face. He raised his eyebrows.

“She died from old age” his grin widened “I mean she was much older then she looked, or didn't you know that? oh well” All eyes blazed at him from all angles. The crowed swirled like a vicious wave in the sea, about to come crashing down on top of him. He put his hands up and leapt onto the top of the fountain “Oh look at the time” again he leapt in the air but this time towards the main gate of the palace. His feet barely touched the spectators below as he stepped across them until he floated down behind the gate. Spinning to look at them he winked and nodded “Good day to you all, hope we meet again in less …..Tense circumstances” He turned and disappeared in to the gardens. The palace was extensive sitting in the middle of the city. A wall of dark marble and gold stretched around it with 4 gates one main two side gates and a back gate. Beyond the walls laid a thick garden that seemed to separate the palace from the rest of the world, only in the deep winter could one see the actual building that stood in the middle. The garden consisted many weeping willows and freshly cut hedges swirling around in different shapes that could be seen from one of the many windows from the palace. The only flower that was allowed to grow was the rose, but in many colors. Red , white , yellow , pink and even blue roses seemed to be ever present where ever you could look. Brown marble paths snaked across the ground leading to entrances of private seating areas or pagodas. The man that had angered the crowed earlier now walked down the main marble road toward the entrance of the palace. His eyes were dark blue slightly being covered by his long brown hair. His face was slender, pale white skin with a star tattoo under his right eye. He walked confidently wearing a cocky smile upon his lips. He stopped as he reached three ladies standing at the bottom of flight granite stairs. The one in the middle had her hands cross and the two girls on her sides seemed to be maids , both with their hands folded in front of them.

“Alabast , your late.” The middle women scowled raising her hands into the air “as always! You men can never keep your time can you?”  
 “I am sorry” he kneeled “the crowed kept me a little longer then I had wanted to” he cleared his throat as he rose “shall we discuss these matters in side or am I to fight the autumn cold? What do you say Hana.” She grit her teeth and turned walking up the stairs signaling with her hands for him to come. Alabast slowly followed observing the many guards that had eluded his vision on the way in, invisible to him or was he slipping in his old age? The doors quickly closed behind him as he entered. Sweet smell of cinnamon hit his nose with the pleasant warmth of fire roaring all around him. He filled his lungs with the calmness and released laughing to himself “ Hana I must admit this place never seems to change” he took off his coat draping it over his arm.

“oh there is one big change” Hana moved toward a double door entrance “I’m going to tell you one thing alabast and that’s becareful” Alabast raised an eyebrow.

“careful ? me ? haha never” his brown hair whipped back and forth as he shook his head chuckling.

“I warned you” Her face was serious it killed his mood. With a swift motion Hana swung the doors open and stood back. Radiant pure white light spilled out blinding everything. Alabast shielded his eyes with his coat but caught most of it. The roomed glowed for a second then dimmed down once again to its wooden feel.

“What in gods na-“where the light had pronounced its self from stood a girl gowned in a pure white dress, her hair as black as night, big brown eyes stared across as him, her cheeks slightly rosy. She moved light a phantom across the floor toward him. At speeds he couldn’t see with his eyes her hands had already been clasped upon his cheek ever so slightly. It startled him but he didn’t have the courage to retreat. Her eyes flickered back and forth between both of this eyes. Lips as red as blood moved towards his , his heart fluttered and their lips embraced. They were so warm and soft. His eyes slowly closed trying to take in the sensation. She broke away stepping back. A tongue washed upon her lips, so seductive like she was just beginning to play. Alabast was still in shock , his hands lay helpless limp at his sides. He was entranced by her beauty, hypnotized by every feature that his eyes could take in. “I thought I was dealing with a dead princess! What.. what is this?! Who is this?” He was quickly losing his cool. Many times he had been in this palace for one person only and that was the princess. He had been tending to her every need since she was a child and he had been keeping her alive for the last 700 years.

“You idiot Alabast!” Hana yelled “This is the princess, you did this to her!” Alabast drew a wild laugh.

“There is no way, no possible , no time in space or the universe that this is my fault.” Both of this eye brows raised up and he bit down on this bottom lip “at least I don’t think it is” The princess smiled at him with both her eyes and lips.

“Alodia has been like this ever since the other day. She’s been calling your name for hours upon hours” Alabast scratched his head.

“Then why doesn’t she say anything now? Huh? Did she lose her tongue when she became ….” His mouth opened and searched for the words “became so” again searched “oh what ever” his eyes met hers once again trying to search for answer, but only to be caught by his and her blushing which ended up in him looking away awkwardly. “Well have her wait in her room and let me try and figure this all out” clearing his throat he walked in to the dining room. Candles spread across the gaint oak table in the middle of the room ornate with beasts of old. The shutters were shut leaving the room glowing with dust dancing in the air. Finding a large at the end of the table Alabast plopped down and put his feet up. A coughing disapproval came from Hana but he ignored her. More pressing matters had to be dealt with.

“So what will you do about this ?” Hana sat down in the chair next to him.

“Will you stop asking me that !” Alabast growled “I still don’t even know what happened” he was now scratching the back of this furiously.

“fleas?” she laughed

“Shut it , and no. My head gets scratchy when a unforeseen problem is before me” problem was when he started itching his head it never seemed to stop. His feet dropped to the floor as he slammed his hands together on the table to make him stop. “Did you notice anything different about that night ?” Hana licked her lips and swept her brain.

“All I remember is there being a bloody annoying moon that night, so bright I had to close the shutters, shades and put a blind fold on me” The full moon of gazeal had been a few nights ago. Once in every fifty years the moon would move as close to planet as possible with out throwing it off orbit. During this time magic properties were enhanced. It was a perfect time for rituals or summons. But Alabast didn’t give the princess anything that would transform her.

“My lady! The princess ju-ju-just jumped out the window!” One of the maids cried bursting Alabast concentration.

“Bloody hell what does that mean?!” Hana jumped up running into the other room. No mortal could have jumped out her window. Alabast was now sure that she was no longer human. He walked to the other room where the maid and Hana pointed out a giant floor to ceiling window. Out there down below spun the princess around and around like a little girl, her dress wiping in the wind. A taunting tongue stuck out at him. Alabast smiled was she challenging him? Really now. With a slight push he stepped up to the window. It was quite a ways down about 40-50 feet. His eyes closed and took a little hop forward. Pockets of air formed around the soles of his shoes. Hands in his pockets he stepped down an invisible stair well of air. A vicious looking grin the whole way down. Alodia’s smile grew as she lifted her eye brows. She was impressed.

“Come on Alabast! Come find me” her words faded as she ran into the forest behind the palace. She came to a large seating area and turned around to see if he was following.

“Is that it?” She spun around. There Alabast sat with his legs crossed eating and apple in the cockiest manner he could. Crunching loudly and giving a glare to her while trying to act like he was so cool. She snatched the apple away from him and threw it into the sky where it disappeared almost instantly. “Hey now, that was good apple…” he chuckled. But that only made her angrier. A fist hurled at his face, but this time he was ready. Her speed was so incredible that even that he was excepting it he almost wasn’t able to bring his hand up to catch it. Her fist pounded against his right hand straining both his and her arm while they waged a little “who is stronger competition” he threw her fist back. She was a lot strong then he thought, she might not even be using all of her strength.