Princess Tutu: Our Hearts Are One

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Summary

"A story's birth is a sudden event. 
The start, a happy accident. 
The end, the fate for which it's meant."

Those words rang through Fakir's mind, each time he tried to write, to make Ahiru human, once more. With a new story. 
After many years of attempts. Help, finally arrives. 
In a way they hadn't expected.

Another adventure starts for the four friends.

A new girl appears, before them. 
Princess Rue (The black-swan princess), vanishes from her palace home in Mytho's kingdom, while he is away.

They have many questions, but not many answers:
#1: Who took prince Siegfried's wife, Rue, and why?
#2: Can the friends find her in time?
#3: Will helping Rue require another sacrifice?
#4: Who is this strange new, dark haired girl?
#5: What is her connection with Fakir & Ahiru?
#6: Did she have anything to do with the disappearance of the princess?
#7: Can Ahiru retain her human form, once she achieves it again?

Many more will arise as time marches on.

Notes

The future of: "the kingdom of the swans" depends on a group of 5 people:

#1: A heart-broken prince who lost his light of hope.
#2: A princess of light: Unsure of herself, torn from the light & her true love by evil.
#3: 2 dark princesses: one a twin torn from her sibling and the man she loved, long ago. The other, stuck in a deep despair, once more.
#4: A knight, who would rather hold a quill than a sword, who would do ANYTHING to protect the life, of the woman he loved.
#5: And... a small yellow duck. Who wants to be human: so that she may love the man that she cares for, properly.
Once Upon A Time... Again.

About this fanfic:

If I receive good reviews and don't lose my nerve.

Helpful/Kind Critiques & Opinions are appreciated.

This fic takes place a number of years after the end of the anime.

So there are going to be spoilers for the anime.

The relationships & pairings in this, are, as follows:

Romantically-

Fakir x Ahiru | Mytho x Rue

Friendships-

Ahiru x Rue | Fakir x Mytho | Fakir x Ahiru x Mytho

Full Quote:

Edel From "Princess Tutu (Anime)" ~

"A story's birth is a sudden event.

The start, a happy accident. The end, the fate for which it's meant.

A story that never ends is a cruel thing."

Chapter #1- Once Upon A Time... Again.

Once upon a time, there was a duck. She was a small, ordinary yellow duck to anyone who saw her, however, she fell in love with a boy. A human boy. He was elegant and so very sad looking, to her curious blue eyes.

She wished to understand what saddened him so, wished to aid this boy- to stop his suffering, Whatever it may have been.
She was soon granted the ability to change her form, into that of a human girl. A girl, but still, one with a VERY duck like- personality.

Despite her, decidedly, still Duck-Like traits, once she became a human, she tried to befriend the boy.

She joined the same school for the arts as he, enrolled in the same classes- even though she had 2 left feet (and couldn't walk properly without falling on her face or backside) let alone dance the elegant art of ballet, properly. Soon, however, she found that she was too shy to approach him.

His best friend and girlfriend made it very hard to be near him, as well, when she tried.

She soon found out that he was a prince, who had come from a story-book, once out; he'd given his heart and along with it; his memories, up to try and seal an evil monster away...

She then realized she could make another transformation, shortly after this revelation.

She could turn into "Princess Tutu".

Another character, she was told, from the same story as the prince, and the monster raven.

As Tutu she found she had powers, ballet ability (coordination along with it) and was no longer as shy, awkward and duck-like. She had become the ugly duckling that had turned into a swan. Something so beautiful and graceful.

As Princess Tutu- she did her best to help the boy. There were some misunderstandings along the way.

However, his own friend started working with her, over the course of their story, she and the knight- who was the boy's friend; began to fall in love. She realized she hadn't really loved the prince- but felt sorry for how sad he'd looked.

When it came time to save the prince- she gave up her "Tutu" persona, as well as her human one. In order to fully restore his heart, memories and powers to him.

Once again just a duck, she lived her days out with the boy/knight that she HAD fallen in love with. For the most part- they were happy, though unable to communicate or share their feelings properly.

Thus the sad story of the duck and the young knight she loved, concluded... Or did it...?

Prince Mytho and his new bride, Rue, had gone to his kingdom. She became his princess, they lived happily ever after... Or...?

As for Ahiru- she and Fakir remained together- as he had promised her, living not so happily, but fairly content.

She was no longer able to dance elegantly... But she could dance in her own ducky-way. Her legs were once again very short, and her feet, so very webbed.

Her hands were once again wings only- useless for anything, other than flying and miming some ballet signs.

Her mouth replaced with a speechless beak, only capable of saying:
"Quack! QUACK! Qua... ACK!"

On the days when he and Ahiru went out to the pond, she would often spend time with other ducks. He feared those days, sometimes. Feared that she would forget she loved him, and, that she would want to live her life out with a male duck.

The only thing that Fakir could use to be sure she was HIS "Ahiru" on those days, among all of the other ducks, was her beautiful blue eyes, they were still big, honest, innocent.

A very beautiful cerulean blue color.

Very open eyes. Without hiding any of her thoughts from him, he just LOVED looking into those eyes, even if they were now the eyes of a creature that was just... A duck.

A duck is a duck. Another way he told her apart from other ducks was: A blue ribbon she wore around her neck that matched her eyes.

She also was aging. Much faster than a human boy, like him.

By the time he was 21 years old, Fakir still had his hair in the same longish black/green, very messy, ponytail.

Ahiru had once said she liked it that way.

His eyes were a deep forest/emerald green, he still looked lovingly at Ahiru; she could lose herself in his eyes.

He had gotten only a bit taller, since the events that transpired with Mytho and Rue. His legs were still long and elegant looking, also he still had the body of a dancer- despite the fact that he was more often than not, working on, and learning to write properly...

Though Ahiru still found him practicing ballet, which she knew he'd grown to love, and had not just been doing it to keep an eye on Mytho

He was even taking on roles in the local theater at times in order to earn money via his wonderful dancing abilities.

Most young women who saw him still thought he was a bad boy- however he was the kind that could be forgiven because of his looks...

Despite that, he refused to date anyone, even when mobbed by, mostly female, fans after a performance, he'd just push threw the mob and go to his dressing room, thanking them for their support.

Then, emerging in street clothes with... A duck, sitting on his shoulder or under his arm, he'd fight his way out and head home... With his duck.

To outsiders, it looked only like he was obsessed with his small, aging pet duck. He would often be heard by others, here or there, talking softly to the duck. If people were nosy enough and listened long enough and hard enough, they would have heard her own soft, responsive quacks and seen the way she listened to him so intently.

There had also been rumors going around that he "swung the other way" as far as his sexual orientation was concerned, people thought that he was not interested in women... It was, in fact, the exact opposite.
He loved the attention the female members of the town gave him. And would never deny that if asked. Even if Ahiru had been the one asking.

However, his heart was solidly set on someone he may never have a chance to be with, in the physical way he wanted.

He had dreamed about her every night. But they were only dreams and added to his sexual frustration. In those dreams, she was human again, his clumsy sweet Ahiru.

And he'd show her how much he loved her in those dreams.

When he woke up and realized, it was just a dream, that was when he felt the most lonesome.

Sometimes he thought he might love her too much. It frightened him, at times. And, like most young men his age, he'd been tempted many times to go to the town's red light district.

However, it wasn't in him to cheat on Ahiru... While they'd never spoken about it, it was cheating as far as he was concerned. So he only passed it, without visiting the businesses there. He loved his Ahiru.

That was all there was to it, and there was no helping it.

He was now living on his own, with his beloved duck.

His foster father had died several months before the start of this story, due to an illness. Fakir and his other relative, Autor, had both been ill. Half the town had. Well... Half the human residents, most of the animals, of varying kinds, were fine, including Ahiru.

She'd done her best to nurse Charon and Fakir, but Fakir seemed to be the most ill at the time, even his foster father had been helping her care for the boy when he fell into a semi-coma like state due to the extreme fever.

She didn't notice that he was more ill than Fakir until he collapsed one day while heading to check on his son. She had been following him, wanting to help as usual, and he'd been telling her that he thought Fakir seemed a bit better... Then he was on the floor and all Ahiru could do was run around in a frenzy and quack.

Fakir eventually managed to come to, something about the tone of her voice, and the fear that she might be hurt or ill pulled him out of the fevered state he had been in and to his feet. He managed to get out to her, but when he got there and tried to wake his father up, he found him already gone.

He'd managed to snag her from her frantic circle-running and chuckled softly he petted her feathers.

"You're more like a chicken when you run around like that," He had said lightly, leaning against the wall.

She'd looked up at him then, and he smiled weakly. His eyes very sad.

"You shouldn't run around like a chicken with... Its head chopped off..."

He murmured, and she blinked, widening her eyes as tears started rolling down his cheeks, soon, he had buried his face in her soft yellow feathers and was sobbing as he hugged her to him, his legs giving out as he slid to the floor.
She knew then, glancing back at his foster father's body, that the man was gone, she leaned into Fakir's arms and cried with him softly.

It had taken a few months, but gradually, after his father's funeral, and all of the others that the town needed.

After the illness ran its course, things went back to how they'd been. Ahiru was quite old now, as far as ducks went.

Fakir feared losing her above all else, even more so than his own death. He even planned on ending his life when her's ran out. Because he loved her so much he found the thought of being without her unbearable.

He didn't care if she was a duck and he was a human.

He'd been alone and frightened before. He didn't wish to have that happen again.

He was sure, that if/when she died. He'd soon follow her by his own hand.

The young former knight, had spent the last few years learning to write properly from Autor, his relation..

Every day, he and Ahiru spent their time together. When he wasn't learning to write a living story that was...

Each evening, before bed, he'd try over and over again to write her a story so she'd be human again. On a few occasions, he saw her sparkle, her form became unfocused, and then, she'd glow. But after that, nothing ever came of it.

More than half the time, he and Ahiru would cry themselves to sleep, together with her cradled in his strong arms.

He'd cry because he'd once again failed her.

She'd cry because he'd promised her that he would kill himself when she died. She didn't want her love to do that, and he knew she didn't want it. But he knew, without a doubt, that he'd be dead one way or the other if she was taken from him.

Oh, how he so HATED Drosselmeyer for doing this to them.

He deserved more pain when the bookmen had chopped off his hands, he should have had to suffer as each finger was severed from his body - than he could have been allowed to die.

Meanwhile, Mytho and Rue had gotten married, his kingdom loved her, she'd become a wonderful princess. He adored her, as much as his people had.

However, neither of them was as carefree as they seemed to their subjects. Both often spent hours at night looking through books in his vast library, for mention of a spell to change the form of a living creature who desired it.

So far, in the last 4 years, they had found some possibilities, but none of their tests, thus-far, had worked... They knew that Fakir and Ahiru had sacrificed a lot for the sake of the both of them. In the meanwhile, Rue had been undergoing magic lessons, since she had an affinity for it.

This night, was different though, they'd been sitting silently, reading book after book and chapter
after chapter for many, many hours, in Mytho's library.

So, when Mytho- (Known as Prince Siegfried, to everyone but Rue, Ahiru and Fakir) finally cursed under his breath and slammed the large book he'd been reading, closed; Rue had shrieked in fright and looked at him.

"M-Mytho...?"

She asked a little hesitantly.

He shook his head, his sad eyes closed and he sighed.

"Ahiru will die if we can't fix this, she's getting so very old..."

He said with a shuddering breath.

"If that happens, Fakir will kill himself. I just know he will... Sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you, love."

He added as he reached out to caress her cheek, she leaned into his hand- then sighed.

"We're both tired, shall we go to bed?"

She asked him gently.

"We can continue this tomorrow... I want to help them as badly as you do... We owe it to them- after everything they gave up for us."

She pointed out as he nodded- hesitantly, and got up, they left their books there, and, together, left the room.

Before Mytho shut the door, he turned around and snapped his fingers, the torches in the room shimmered and snuffed themselves out and then all was dark when he closed the door.

Approximately 15 minutes after the royal couple left, a young woman appeared, seemingly from nowhere, she stood beside the table with the books.

She wore all black, had black hair with a reddish tinge to it. Her hair fell down her back in a long braid.

Her eyes were bright blue/green and she was very pretty & petite.

She whispered a spell and a small ball of light flickered to life floating about 3 inches above the palm of her left hand.

She walked over to a book. She read a few pages, keeping her ears directed at the hall, listening for sounds of someone coming.

Finally, she shook her head. She gathered the books with one hand as she muttered the term: "Idiots," Then she put them neatly away and then went to another row of books, she looked for about 20 minutes and finally found what she was seeking.

After retrieving it from the very last top shelf, she laid it where the other books had been.

She opened the book to the center. Placed a bookmark there and left it open.
Then she smiled and extinguished her light.

"Now, maybe the story will progress the way it should..."

Then suddenly she was gone.

The next morning Rue awoke to Mytho shaking her excitedly.

"Rue!"

He said happily, his eyes dancing!

"You finally did it. I didn't know you'd gotten out of our bed last night!"

He said, kissing the half asleep young woman. She blinked in surprise.

"Huh?"

She said, stretching and yawning as she sat up.

"You found the spell we need for Fakir and Ahiru!... D-Didn't you?"

He said, looking a bit crestfallen when she blinked at him in confusion.

"N-... N-No, I was here, asleep."

She said carefully.

"Then, how did the right book show up on the table in the library?"

He asked, now sounding very confused. She just shrugged.

"I've no idea, honestly... But, does it matter?"

She said softly. Mytho was biting his lip. It worried him somewhat. They had never told anyone in the palace about Ahiru and Fakir let alone about the predicament Ahiru was in... So who could have done it...?

Well, he supposed he could find out, another time.

"Yes, I suppose you're right... Anyway- after breakfast, I'll get ready, and go to Goldkrone town"

He added, She nodded, and stretched.

"I can't wait to see Ahiru again..."

She said then rested a hand on her stomach.

"I wonder what she'll say when she finds out!"

She added softly, with a slight glow of pride to her face.

He smiled, leaned over on the bed and kissed her softly and lovingly.

"I want to see Fakir's reaction too, when I tell him he'll be a godfather."
He said softly.

"And Ahiru, a godmother. Will... Will they be willing to live in this world?"

She asked softly.

They hadn't seen either, Ahiru, or Fakir since they left in their swan-drawn carriage, years ago.

They didn't actually know if their friends were alive or not... Just the thought that they might have died, without the prince and princess knowing, brought tears to her eyes.

"I'm a horrible friend... I've always been a horrible friend!"

She said as her voice broke, she sniffled and sobs suddenly started shaking her body as Mytho pulled her into a hug, attempting to hide his own tears and fears- which he shared with his wife.

Once he was sure his own voice was under control, he sighed, kissing her head as he gently rubbed her back.

"I'll go to their world after we have something to eat, I'll contact you immediately if either one or both of them are dead. Or if anything unexpected, at all, has happened there."

He said gently and honestly. She sniffled and nodded.

"I know you will... I just wish I can go back, with you."

She smiled as she looked up at him, hoping he'd change his mind and let her come, though she knew it was a foolish hope...

He gently brushed at her tear stained cheeks with his thumbs, as he framed her face with his hands.

"I know, but it's unsafe in your condition..."

He pointed out. She reluctantly nodded.

Then got up to go get washed up and dressed for the day.

Hours later, Rue watched, with an unfamiliar feeling of worry in her stomach, as Mytho opened a portal between the worlds and stepped through.

She had a horrible feeling that something was going to go terribly wrong.

But she had no idea exactly HOW wrong, it would go.

Ahiru was sitting in Fakir's chair, the one for his writing desk, She'd been lightly dozing, but when a bright light suddenly hit her face, she looked up, over the edge of his desk.

Her blue eyes widened as she looked at Mytho. He looked a bit disoriented, he blinked and looked around the room.

"Quack!?"

She said and jumped onto the desk, he jumped back a bit, somewhat startled and looked at her.

"A... Ahiru?"
He asked and she jumped into his arms, the force almost causing him to fall backwards. Shocking for such a small bird.

"It's good to see you as well my friend..."

He said hugging her.

She snuggled under his chin, quacking softly. After a few moments of that she looked up at him, with questioning eyes.

"Where is Fakir?"

He asked, he gently sat her on the desk of the young man in question.

She blinked, knowing full well that trying to tell him that the young knight had gone to buy dinner, and would be back soon- would be a useless endeavor.

He sighed again, looking around, he supposed that Fakir was ok, otherwise she would have done more than look at him with her disarming blue eyes.

"I'd rather have waited for him to get here, but I have a feeling that time is not on our side."

He said more to himself, she blinked, cocking her head at him.

Unclasping his royal purple cloak, gently secured it loosely around her tiny neck, just under the blue bow, then pulled a piece of paper from his pocket.

She watched in happy confusion as he started reciting some words in a strange pattern in a combination of German and French.

After a moment she started glowing, she hopped off the desk in alarm, the cloak coming off, she felt strange. Mytho did not notice because he had his eyes focused on the paper.

Down the stairs, the door was heard opening and closing, just as Mytho said the last word of the spell.

"Ahiru? I'm home!"

Came Fakir's voice from the floor below.

"Q-QU...WRAC...K-K...KIRRRRR!"

She let out a strange quick, which Mytho found painful to hear-it caused him to cover his ears with both hands, but when he looked up, she seemed fine, a beautiful young girl was laying on the floor, half under the cloak, and very naked. She appeared to be between the ages of 16 & 18...

He didn't know how old she was as a duck, so he hoped he had done the spell correctly.

Of course, when Fakir had heard the strange sound, he dropped what he'd been carrying from the grocery store, dashing up the steps 3 at a time, he entered his office, fearing his beloved Ahiru was dying or dead.

What he saw made him freeze where he stood.

He stood in his doorway, blinking.
On the floor, seeming in pain, was an older, but still small, version of a human Ahiru.

Hunched over her, sat Mytho, looking very concerned. As Fakir watched, Mytho looked up. Worry etched on his face.

"Fakir, I... I seem to have caused her pain..."

He said; his own words sounding as if they hurt, the idea was horrible for him, Ahiru lay there, under his cloak sobbing and cringing as if in pain. Fakir tried to gather his thoughts, he walked over to them, gently pushed his old friend aside and scooped the sobbing and shaking girl up and into his arms. He silently left the room, Mytho hesitated and then followed him. The cloak was wrapped around her shaking body.

When Mytho caught up to them, he found himself in Fakir's room.

He watched as Fakir, sitting on the edge of his bed, he gently caressed her face in a soft, loving way as his eyes drank her appearance in.

She was in his bed, under the covers... The expression on his face showed obvious relief.

"F-Fakir?"

Mytho asked in his usual soft voice, concerned for her condition.

The dark-haired young man looked up at the prince, sighed and, kissing Ahiru's forehead, he got up, motioning for Mytho to follow him, closing the door gently behind them as they left the bedroom. She seemed to have fallen asleep, no longer cringing or crying, so he figured she was safe to leave for a few moments. Both young men walked down the stairs to the kitchen.

"D-Did I do something wrong, Fakir?"

Mytho finally asked, Fakir looked at him with an arched eyebrow.

"Honestly, I'm not sure. And I'm not sure if I should be mad at you or falling at your feet grateful."

He said honestly.

"Why are you here now? Is your kingdom alright? Is Rue?"

He continued, as he got some tea for Mytho. He was busying himself because his emotions were on edge. He was happy Ahiru seemed to be human again- however... He'd sworn to her that HE, Fakir, would change her back.

He was somewhat mad that Mytho had stolen that promise from him. However, He was relieved that she no longer had the lifespan of a simple little duck.

"Rue and the kingdom are alright- a-al... All of this time, she and I have been looking for a way to help Ahiru be human again... I'm sorry if we stepped on your toes Fakir..."

He said, not looking at his friend, Fakir narrowed his eyes at him.

"Idiot, Why did you want to help so badly?"

He asked, sitting a mug full of tea, in front of Mytho.

Mytho blinked and his hazel eyes looked up, meeting Fakir's forest green ones.
"I... That is, W-we wanted to repay you both for what you did for us. We love the two of you so much, you're both so dear to us, it wasn't right..."

He finally said.

"Our happiness came at the greatest cost to the both of you..."

He muttered, as he suddenly found his tea mug very interesting. He knew what the response he'd get would be:

"Idiot!"

Fakir said in a harsh whisper.

"Moron!"

He added sitting down across from Mytho.

"She and I... We did what we did because we care for the both of you, because the way my ancestor engineered things was horrible for all involved.

We wanted you and Rue to be happy."

Mytho looked up at that, seeing Fakir shaking with anger, he had his head resting in his hands, supported by his elbows on the table.

"We are happy... Rue's expecting our first child..."

He simply said. Fakir looked at him.

"Huh?"

"We are happy Fakir- we knew we had to be, for your sake, and ours, but that didn't mean we had to forget or forsake our beloved friends, It took time for me to make Rue understand that I love her, raven's blood or no raven's blood in her... For quite some time she feared getting pregnant, feared tainting the royal bloodline... But she's over that now and she's happy to be pregnant. We are both very happy. She's 7 months along now."

He added honestly. Fakir looked at him; he was about to ask Mytho something, but then both looked in the direction of the stairs as they heard soft steps, then a yelp and slamming as well as grunts and an...

"OW!OW!OW!OOWOW! QUAAACKKKK!"

After a final crash- they blinked at each-other a few minutes, then Ahiru emerged with Mytho's cloak over her naked shoulders, holding it closed over her front so they didn't see her body. Her face was slightly red.

She looked shaky and tired & was limping a bit. Fakir jumped to his feet and went to her, pulling her into a gentle hug.

"Fakir.."

She breathed it like a prayer into his shirt as she hugged him back, forgetting her grip on the cloak and wrapping her arms around him, her naked body pressed to his clothed one, he was supporting most of her weight as she leaned into him. Mytho blushed when the cloak showed that she still was
naked, he looked away.

"Ahiru..."

He heard Fakir say, hugging her and kissing the top of her head.

Mytho listened to them a few minutes with a smile on his face, however, he started feeling a strange sense of foreboding. So he got gracefully to his feet.

"Fakir, Ahiru... I'll be back in a bit. I need to let Rue know you both ok. And I'll see if she can lend you some clothes, Ahiru."

He said and they both nodded, gazing into each others' eyes. Then they blinked and looked over at him as a flash of light signified that he opened a portal.

The portal closed behind him and Fakir's arms tightened around her.

"I never thought I'd hold you like this again."

He whispered as he tilted her face, she looked at him and then he was kissing her softly on the lips and she felt like she was melting. Her very first kiss. She'd had dreams of kissing him for so long now.

She leaned into his arms, blushing deeply as he began to deepen the kiss gently... She whimpered against his lips, however, he stopped, he gently pulled back and looked into her eyes.

"I missed you."

He said, resting his forehead against hers, She smiled and looked at him through. She never broke the contact of their foreheads.

"I'm glad I can talk to you again, Fakir..."

She said, reaching a hand up and caressing his face gently. After a few minutes he pulled away gently and took her hand in his own (with her other hand she held the cloak closed, as he gently pulled her into the sitting room. Once there he tossed a blanket like throw into her arms to further cover herself, he didn't want her uncomfortable... The 2 began talking, telling each other everything they hadn't been able to in the last 4 years.

They talked for a few hours, never stopping their touching as they caressed each other's arms, faces, anywhere they could touch and remain descent. Occasionally he'd cup her face gently with his hands and give her a sweet yet hungry kiss.

Some time later, another portal opened, they stopped talking and went to the kitchen when they saw the light from the portal, and soon they saw a young blond girl come through it.

She was dressed like a maid.

"Hello,"

She said this with a small curtsy.

"The prince asked me to bring these cloths for Lady Ahiru."

She said, offering a small bag with some of Rue's clothes.
"B-but Mytho said he'd come back."

Ahiru said and the maid blinked.

"M... Mytho?"

She asked, sounding puzzled, that's when Fakir sighed.

"Prince Siegfried's name here in our world if Mytho."

She nodded, but looked uneasy,

"When he came home to the palace, it seems that the princess had gone missing... He wished the 2 of you to come to our realm to help locate her."

She said and Fakir and Ahiru looked at each other, Ahiru nodded and went to change into Rue's clothes.

Once Ahiru had left Fakir looked at the maid.

"How could she just go missing?"

He demanded, she winced and backed up because of the tone of his voice, no one spoke to her like that before.

"I'm not sure, m... my lord."

She said curtsying again and he snorted at the title.

After that, silence fell on the room, he narrowed his eyes and glared at her—for some reason he got a strange feeling from her.

A short while later, Ahiru came down the stairs, once again tripping, but this time he caught her before she could land.

"You ok?"

He asked Ahiru, who nodded.

"Yeah, I'm worried about Rue..."

She said softly, tears already showing in her eyes, he sighed.

'You're far too kind to everyone but yourself... You moron...'

He thought then he looked at her clothes. She was wearing a summery dress and sandals.

Once again, her long hair was in a long braid. He looked at the maid.

"Alright, let's go then."

He said as he threaded his fingers through Ahiru's.

Together the two followed the maid through the portal into Mytho's kingdom.
To Be Continued...


Necessary Disclaimers Section:

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
The Kingdom Of The Swans

Chapter by WindStar27

A/N:

The disclaimer, located at the bottom of this chapter.

Needless to say though; I own nothing in relation to the anime &/or manga that this FanFic is about.

Helpful/Kind Critiques & Opinions are appreciated.

Chapter #2- The Kingdom Of The Swans

Ahiru's large blue eyes got even bigger as she and Fakir arrived in Mytho's world. The palace was decorated in the colors of: white, gold and silver.

There were engravings of swans all over the woodwork and everything just seemed to SCREAM priceless... And very breakable.

Fakir worried, his eyes darted over to the girl beside him. Since he had the queen of klutzes with him. He worried with good reason.

Ahiru tripped... Face first into a vase.

Fakir cursed and grabbed her with one hand and the (likely) priceless vase with his other. She smiled up, apologetically, at him and he shook his head. He placed the vase back in its spot, then he set her right on her feet gently, and tugged her along with him, as he followed the maid.

"I swear Ahiru- you need to be on a leash... Or in a padded cell... Or maybe I should carry you, ah, that's a good idea!"

He muttered in an affectionate way as he stopped walking.

She had been following him, watching her feet to try and stay on them, as she heard that though she blushed deeply, starting to bristle a bit.

"It's been years since I had these feet..."

She pointed out with a pout.

"... KAHHHYAH...!"

Then shrieked in surprise, he had scooped her into his arm, princess style. They were eye to eye now. Both turned beet red from the proximity. Still, he kept a firm hold on her as he followed the maid and snorted in response to what she'd said.

"What nonsense..."
He muttered in his usual; superior tone of voice.

"Even when you had those legs before you were on your face or, that cute ass of yours, more often than on them..."

She frowned and slid an arm around his neck.

"Not true, as Tutu I have been ALWAYS on my feet!"

She said, pouting again, he chanced a look at her and his eyes softened, she wasn't looking at him, so he could afford a soft look her way.

"When you weren't being knocked over by an enemy... Anyway, Tutu isn't the real Ahiru..."

He said softly, she blinked and looked at him, he stopped walking and felt like he was drowning in the depths of her large blue eyes.

"Ahiru. I..."

"Fakir, I..."

They tried to speak at the same time, but both started blushing again and they noticed the maid watching them with a curious look.

"Are you 2 quite done? Prince Siegfried is in desperate need of the 2 of you and beside himself with worry over the missing princess..."

She almost hissed that. They were both well chastised. Fakir started following the irate maid as he held Ahiru.

"You gonna let me walk any time soon?"

She asked dryly as she looked at him with an annoyed expression.

"Not until I can sit you down. I don't need you falling into anything and breaking it."

"You're not even the least bit worried about me getting hurt if I tripped!"

She exclaimed as she stared at him in outrage.

"That's exactly right. Because you fall all the time and I know very well that YOU won't break... Though, to me your also priceless..."

He said the last bit under his breath. She had been squirming, trying to get him to release her, but when she heard the last bit she stopped and blushed deeply as she looked at the boy holding her, she saw his own cheeks were red and he was keeping his eyes firmly straight ahead.

"Okay... I'll be a good girl..."

She muttered, still blushing.

"Thank you."

He said allowing his eyes to dart in her direction, she had her head resting on his chest now and he smiled as he could finally enjoy having her in his arms.
A while later though, the maid suddenly stopped in front of him, he stopped and Ahiru yawned softly looking around sleepily.

"Did you fall asleep?"

He asked her as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes, she blinked wide eyes up at him and smiled.

"Yeah, your comfy."

She giggled and he sighed. His arms were tired from holding her so long.

"Down you go."

He said gently bringing her to her feet, once she was standing beside him she started straightening out Rue's dress. Briefly, she wondered why it fit her so well... Then she noticed that she had breasts.

"What are you daydreaming about now...? Come on lets go, moron."

Fakir said, an affectionate tone in his voice again as he called her that annoying name.

But it brought her attention from her chest and up to him, he slid his hand into hers and gently tugged her along with him as the maid opened the door (after knocking and then receiving consent to enter), then they followed her into a bright spacious office.

There was a large window that took up most of the wall behind a large desk and chair. Fakir found the room almost TOO bright.

He preferred darker surroundings. The room was very large, with a sitting area with couches and a coffee table off to the right side of the room.

2 of the 3 remaining windowless walls were lined with shelves and shelves of books.

To the left of the room was what looked like a large meeting table with 7 chairs. The walls on either side of the door (where he and Ahiru stood) were empty of shelves and books, but there were pictures. Mostly of Rue or he and Rue together, over the years since he took her to be his wife.

Fakir had to admit, like Ahiru- Rue had grown up to be more beautiful than she was when they were in school together.

Her long hair was braided over her shoulder in a more recent picture, her large dark, once said, eyes were now filled with warmth and happiness. Almost dancing with it and she seemed to glow.

Fakir looked at Ahiru to try and point out the picture of Rue but she looked shell shocked. Her mouth hanging open and eyes so large they looked like they were going to pop out of her head.

"Thanks for coming..."

At the sound of the defeated tone of voice that was spoken in, both their heads whipped around to the sitting area, where Mytho had been sitting. He looked like pure hell.

That was the first thought that came to Fakir's mind.

Mytho sat there, his eyes dark and somewhat dead looking. It had now been a few hours since they had seen him, and the change in Mytho was drastic.
Ahiru whimpered in sympathy and rushed over and hugged the prince. Causing the now stunned maid to sputter.

"Relax. Really, they're just good friends. She'd hug a bear if it looked sad at the thought of eating her."

He said and the young woman gave him a bizarre look and stepped away.

"You're dismissed, Rachel"

Mytho called over to her, his tone sounding authoritative and leaving no opening for protest.

She frowned a moment, curtsied and left. Meanwhile Fakir walked over to Mytho and Ahiru (who was bawling her eyes out as she hugged Mytho- who looked awkwardly to Fakir for help).

"C'mon idiot, You're going to waterlog the prince."

Fakir said soothingly as he gently pulled the sobbing girl from the Prince's arms... She immediately latched onto Fakir and sobbed louder. He rolled his eyes and looked at Mytho.

"The maid said Rue vanished..."

At that, the former duck started crying in earnest- Fakir tried to ignore it and press on.

"When did she go missing? Who could have kidnapped her? Why? DAMN IT!... Ahiru! Get a grip!"

He said pushing her away gently and shaking her. She sniffled and blinked wet eyes at him.

"B-But... Rue... Rue... sh...waaahaa-"

"Shut it!"

She clamped her mouth shut as tears silently rolled down her red cheeks, she sniffled and whimpered with the effort of being quiet.

Behind her, Mytho started chuckling. They both gave him a startled look, and saw that he was crying as well as laughing.

"M-Mytho...?"

Ahiru said softly as she sniffled and swiped her hands across her eyes.

It took him a moment, but he finally stopped and wiped at the tears in his own eyes.

"Sorry... It just felt good to see you two together... And... I miss Rue..."

He said sadly as he sighed, getting to his feet.

They both remained silent as they watched him as he started to pace.

"To answer your questions, Fakir... Time moves differently here. Rue and I and the people of my world, age normally like people from yours, though people from here stop aging all together, as you saw with me, when we are in your world."

He looked at them, ceasing his pacing a moment.
"... But the time flows differently. In the span of one of your years, we have 2 years. As such... The time between when I left and came back after restoring Ahiru, spend several hours here.

At that time, the guards caught a strange girl wandering the palace grounds, and when they went to report it to Rue in my stead, she was gone. She was no where to be found... The only thing to clue us in, was a...

He paused as his voice broke and he covered his mouth with his hands.

"A what?"

Fakir prompted. Mytho glanced at him as Ahiru hit Fakir and muttered that he was an insensitive jerk.

"It's ok, Ahiru. He really needs to know... So... So do you..."

He said as he sighed, removing his hand from his face.

"A... A raven's feather was found on the floor of our bedroom."

He finished and bit his lip worriedly. Both Fakir and Ahiru froze at the mention of the bird. Ahiru went so pale that the freckles on her nose stood out like chicken pox.

"B-But... Wasn't he...?"

"Killed?"

Mytho asked her, knowing she hadn't liked that he had had to be killed.

She nodded weakly, looking down at her hands. Fakir pulled her into his arms and started rubbing her back soothingly.

"Not entirely accurate. What we rid ourselves of being an evil essence, he left part of himself here in my story world... And when we slew him in your world, the party here began to try and regenerate. I only found out last year, when it was already too powerful for me alone to defeat."

He said as he paced back and forth.

"Does this part retain all of the other's memories? Does it know about Rue, Ahiru and I too?"

Fakir asked, Ahiru gave the young man holding her, an alarmed look. Mytho nodded.

"Unfortunately, yes... Also... Wait. Fakir, did you tell her what I told you about Rue?"

Fakir shook his head and Ahiru pulled out of his arms, giving him a look of curiosity.

"Tell me what?"

She asked softly, Fakir and Mytho both weren't sure if she still harbored romantic feelings for Mytho, both young men looked at each other and Fakir sighed, he put each of his hands on Ahiru's shoulders and looked into her curious eyes.

"Rue is pregnant. She's going to have Mytho's baby."

He said gently, her already wide eyes, widened even more- and her mouth fell open again. She'd been so silent otherwise.
"Ahiru?"

Fakir suddenly wondered if she even knew what that meant. But she knew. Autor, one of the few people who remembered who she was, still watched the library from time to time, while he was there working with Fakir in a back room, she would sneak up to the romance novels section and get some books, and hide while reading them.

She knew what pregnancy was.

"Wow..."

She murmured finally, Fakir looked worried as she pulled away and got to her feet. She walked over to Mytho, blinking wide eyes at him... And then she hugged him.

"Congratulations."

She whispered before kissing his cheek. He blinked and then hugged her back.

"T-thank you Ahiru..."

He said honestly. Fakir watched the exchange and felt jealously stir inside him. She was in the arms of another man, yes, a married man who was in love with someone else... But still... She was in some other man's arms.

Mytho saw the emotions swirling in Fakir's eyes and gently pushed her away.

"But it's not congratulations if we don't find her. I fear the raven wishes to kill her and keep our child after it's born... To turn it against humans."

Ahiru paled even more at that.

"How horrible..."

Both Fakir and Mytho looked at her, then each other and Fakir shrugged.

"Yes, but the Raven's evil Ahiru-"

Fakir started.

"And it's just a fear on my part- All I have to go by is the feather..."

Mytho finished as he let himself flopped into a leather chair beside his 2 friends.

To Ahiru, he looked lost and...

"You look defeated already..."

Fakir said bluntly narrowing his eyes at Mytho and almost sneering. Ahiru's eyes widened. She hadn't heard him speak to Mytho like that in so long, it startled her.

For his part, the prince gave Fakir a sad look.

"I am, Fakir... I'm lost without my princess. She's still afraid of her blood tainting my royal line. She refuses to keep in mind that I, too, have Raven's blood tainting me already... When she first found out she was pregnant, she started panicking and wanted an abortion."
At that Ahiru looked confused.

"W... What's that? An abor-"

She almost whispered it, Fakir sighed, sliding his hand into hers and squeezed it gently, she looked over at him. Her eyes innocent and curious.

He interrupted the innocent question.

"I'll explain more about it later... That's not an appropriate question, at the moment, though..."

His voice was low and had a tone of pleading for understanding in it. She nodded, squeezing his hand back, to let him know she understood to not ask any more...

Mytho watched the exchange with a soft smile.

"Rue would like to see you two together. She and I both wanted to try and help you both so badly."

Fakir's face turned red and he looked away.

"Idiot."

He muttered and Mytho grinned.

"So... You're not happy that Ahiru isn't a duck any more?"

He teased lightly. Fakir's eyes flickered to him, leveling a glare at him, then away again.

Ahiru for her part looked confused, she shrugged, shook Fakir's hand from her own and got to her feet.

"Where are you going, Feather brain?"

Fakir said, grasping in vain for her hand.

She darted out of reach.

"Sheeeez... I just want to take a look around. And you're both confusing me, so I might as well not pay attention. You can explain things to me more carefully later..."

She frowned at him and walked over to look at the pictures of Rue on the wall, Fakir sighed, he doubted that she would hear him, so he looked at Mytho.

"I promised her that I'd make her human again... Or die trying..."

He leveled a hard stare at Mytho.

His old friend sighed.

"I know that. And I'm sorry. I'm sorry I stole your job. But- we were the reason she lost her ability to change into Ahiru the girl.

So... Rue and I felt responsible. And anyway- what does it matter? Your love isn't a duck anymore..."

At the last part Fakir's face turned red again.
"Idiot."

He said with a heavy sigh.

"I know."

Mytho said, smiling.

"Will you and Ahiru stay and help find Rue? Will you be my knight again, my friend?"

"I'm the reincarnation of your knight- if I stay will I die the same way?"

"Still worried about that? You've been editing your own story since you found out about that, I seriously doubt you'd be in that kind of danger."

He said honestly and Fakir eyed him.

"And why did you want Ahiru here?"

"Because with you by her side, Princess Tutu can do anything."

Fakir's eyes widened.

"But she's just Ahiru. A duck-turned-girl."

"She's got the ability to change into Tutu. She just isn't yet aware of it."

Mytho said, glancing over at his female friend and smiling softly when he saw tears rolling down her face silently as she looked at the picture's of Rue.

"She cares too deeply for anyone and everything."

Mytho said as he looked at Fakir and saw him giving him a strange look.

"What is it now, Fakir?"

"Are you in love with Ahiru?"

At that Mytho's eye widened, he looked at the girl in question... He was very quiet for a long time.

"I'm IN love with Rue, Fakir. However... I do love Ahiru. No, I'm not in love with her.

I was once, before I had all of my heart, memories and emotions back, but once I did, it was all Rue's and... I've also always felt bad about leading her on for all that time."

He gave Fakir a curious look.

"Do you remember why Tutu could never tell me she loved me in the story?"

Fakir blinked at the strange question and thought a bit.

"No, why?"

"Because... Tutu was my twin sister. The curse was set to keep incest from coming into play... As far as I'm concerned, Ahiru is my sister and I love her as such."

He said honestly, he then looked at Fakir and mimed the hand signs of love from ballet as he
closed his eyes.

"My heart is Rue's and I am firmly in love with HER..."

He let his hands drop and looked at Ahiru again, then back into his best friend's eyes.

"I do love Ahiru... It's just... In no way romantically."

He finished and Fakir studied him for a long time, then he relaxed.

"Good... Because Ahiru is mine."

He said finally and Mytho smiled.

"I know."

Silence descended upon the two young men for a time, and they both watched Ahiru- she had no idea that both sets of eyes were on her.

"So..."

Mytho said softly, breaking the silence, making Fakir glance in his direction.

"...You and Ahiru will be sharing a room."

It wasn't really a question. It was a statement of fact. Fakir gasped, his face going red.

"You can't make that choice fo-"

"Yes, I can. You're in my palace."

He interrupted again.

"That's dirty."

Mytho shrugged elegantly. Fakir wanted to hit him.

"Her heart needs to be firmly in one direction for her to be Tutu. And you, my friend, are the key. There will be two beds. I don't plan on forcing you two to have sex."

He said simply, Fakir's face was still red, he nodded once, reluctantly as he sighed, he bit his bottom lip as he glanced back at her.

"Besides..."

Mytho continued as Ahiru turned towards them and headed over there way.

"You need to lose your virginity sometime, man."

He smirked because she had made her way over to the sputtering Fakir, who didn't dare to say anything in front of Ahiru.

She looked at Fakir and sat beside him, leaning forward and resting her forehead against his. Mytho grinned as he got to his feet. Fakir looked about ready to faint.

"You don't look good Fakir, Are you running a fever?"
He heard her say to his friend and he heard a muttered...
"M-moron!"
"What'd I do now?"
She snapped as she shoved at him.
"A maid will be here to show you two to your room."
Mytho announced as he seated himself at his desk and snapped his fingers towards the doors.
"Y... your not p-p... Playing fair, Mytho!"
Fakir sputtered. Ahiru was completely clueless, she didn't know what Fakir meant.
"No, I'm not."
Mytho agreed, much to Ahiru's surprise; although- she still did not know HOW exactly he wasn't playing fair..
"... But it's my prerogative."
He said as a maid came through the doors after announcing herself.
"My Prince?"
She asked with a curtsy.
"Please show my friends in the room, I set aside for them and then take them to the portal, they'll need to collect some things from their home..."
He said she just nodded. Ahiru bit her lip.
"Fakir can go back on his own... I don't have any human belongings there to collect."
She said, she only had her duck belongings. Such as the basket she slept in beside Fakir's bed sometimes.
Mytho looked at her. He then nodded.
"That's alright then... And as for not having anything. Your things are in your room already."
He said, she gave him a confused look, but Fakir grabbed her hand and pulled her from the room.
Once they had seen their room, Ahiru claimed a bed and laid down to take a nap... Fakir then followed the maid to the portal and she helped him through and back to his and Ahiru's home.
Meanwhile, as Ahiru slept, she didn't notice the figure looming over her until a hand clamped over her mouth and nose with a cloth in it. She smelled something strange as she tried to fight the person off.
But then her eyesight dimmed and she fainted.
No one noticed the shadowy figure as it carried Ahiru out of her window and left.
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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
The Darkness Lurking In The Swan Kingdom

Chapter by WindStar27

Chapter Notes

Warnings:
This chapter is fairly dark at times. Mention of incestuous ideas (Though not mention of actions in that respect), suggested suicidal thoughts.

Also abuse mentioned at times, though nothing overly graphic.

I am trying to keep the character's personalities canon, and

also, I am trying to think of things that were strange or horrible enough that they would sound like something Drosselmeyer might have done or intended... Though those will be things that he set into motion before the start of the anime.

Chapter #3- The Darkness Lurking In The Swan Kingdom

Cerulean blue eyes fluttered open, the young woman they belonged to sighed, her head hurt and there was an annoying "Drip, Drip" noise. She was lying on something hard and cold, damp and smelly.

She whimpered as she shifted, trying to push herself upright.

"Ah...? A-Ahi... Ru?"

A familiar female voice to her left said softly, sounding tired and weak, Ahiru groaned as she turned to look at the owner of the voice. Her eyes widened when she saw the other young woman.

Rue, very pregnant; was kneeling on the floor in a tattered once ankle-length, burgundy colored, high necked dress. Her arms were chained to the wall above & behind her head a bit and she looked pale-as if she was in immense pain.

Her whole body quivering from the stress of remaining in that position for who-knew-how-long. Her eyes were red and swollen from crying and there were bruises on her face and what Ahiru could see of her feet, lower legs, wrists and forearms, where her dress was torn- they were all bruised too. There was even some bleeding where her wrists were shackled to the wall.

Rue even appeared unable to even sit down.

"Rue?"

She sighed and stood up shakily, then made her way over to her former schoolmate. Her friend.
Her knees wobbling when she got to Rue, giving out and she came face to face with the tattered princess.

"What are you doing here you idiot!"

Rue said in a harsh whisper, tears silently rolling down her waterlogged face from equally waterlogged eyes, as Ahiru knelt beside her and began trying to unhook her arms.

"Hey, I'm not an idiot. We haven't seen each other in so long and you start calling me names, that's not very nice."

She said, puffing her cheeks out and glaring at Rue, pouting a bit, then she went back to trying to see if she could remove the offending metal from Rue's small, battered wrists.

Rue watched her and finally sniffled as her eyes softened.

"I'm sorry..."

She said honestly as she bowed her head a bit.

"I'm just so worried about you... How did you get here?"

She asked softly and Ahiru stopped messing with the shackles, she looked at the other girl, not knowing how to free the princess and feeling useless.

"I don't know yet. I laid down on a bed in your palace, while Fakir went to get some of his belongings from our home- I fell asleep while waiting for him to come back.

Next thing I knew, I smelled honeysuckle and then someone clamped a hand with something in it, over my nose and mouth- I fainted because it smelled so foul... That wasn't where the honeysuckle scent was coming from."

She looked around and sighed. Rue watched Ahiru for a few minutes, Rue knew very well who the scent belonged to by now.

"The spell Mytho found, it worked then?"

She asked wanting to know if he or Fakir had helped her re-gain her humanity again. If it had been Fakir, who changed her from a duck to a girl... Then maybe their worry was for nothing.

Ahiru looked at her and nodded.

"Yeah, seems to have,"

She said looking at her hands and feet curiously. Rue sighed in relief, so it had been Mytho who changed her.

"Though I'm taller than I was and this body is... Curvier..."

Rue smiled at that as Ahiru ran her hands lightly over said curves.

"I'm glad it worked, and you're so pretty..."

Then the princess groaned and shifted her position a bit.

"Rue?"
"I'm ok Ahiru- It jus-Ahh... hh-hey- maybe the guys know where we are by now!? Lets k-keep that in mind!"

Ahiru frowned at her. Optimism wasn't the Rue's strong point. The once-duck frowned, though at something the princess had said.

"BY now? How long has it been since I was brought here?"

Rue's face fell, she looked away a moment, then back at Ahiru.

"You've been here 4 days and 8 hours."

She said and Ahiru sighed.

"I need to get you some help!"

"I'm ok Ahiru- It's just really... Ahhh!... REALLY hurts..."

She said in a pain filled voice.

"What hurts right now? C-can I help?"

Rue had closed her eyes from the pain. Now she opened her red/brown eyes and looked at her friend sadly.

"I wish you could- b-but... I'm in early labor."

She finally said on a half moan of pain.

Ahiru cocked her head and frowned, she bit her bottom lip, not understanding, but also not wanting to upset the other girl any more than she already was. Rue smiled weakly and looked at her.

"It means I'm having my and Mytho's child early, Ahiru."

At that the duck-turned-girl froze.

"That's no good... is it?"

She asked, looking worried.

"No, no it's not... not good on soooo... ahh...

She trailed off and quivered all over as a contraction hit her.

"...o...on so many levels..."

Rue finished finally as she panted for breath through the pain-she was covered in sweat, her dark hair, which had been in a bun when she'd been taken, was now loose, down around her neck and plastered to her fevered skin. She rested her head back against the grimy stone wall. She knew if this kept up, she'd likely die. And so would her baby. She was slumped against the wall, Ahiru could see fresh blood start to run from where the shackles were slicing into the skin on Rue's delicate wrists. To Ahiru, Rue looked so very weak at the moment.

She knew very well what the human body could take, and she also knew, that Rue's was at the limit.
Just like Rue, Ahiru also knew that if something wasn't done she and her baby would die.

If not from the pain, then from an infection of some kind or of blood loss, she'd already been in full blown labor now for a day and a half, from what Rue could remember of what her midwife had told her before; a slow labor could take days...

She'd started not long after she arrived here- no doubt triggered by the stress, fear and beating she'd been given.

She'd seen a man drop Ahiru in as well, Rue had already been experiencing labor pains when her friend showed up. But that had severely added to her fear and stress.

Suddenly both girls heard the heavy thud of boots and the sound of keys swinging. Ahiru blinked towards their cage door, and a burly man appeared with a cart that had 2 trays of food. He sneered at Rue.

"Maybe you'll eat with your friend here."

He said and Ahiru turned wide eyes at Rue.

"You've been refusing food?"

She asked worriedly. Rue, who had looked away when she realized it was him, stuck her nose in the air.

"Ahiru- I am Rue. Princess of the Swan kingdom. I am the wife of Prince Siegfried of that same kingdom. I will NOT allow anything like THAT... That... THING-"

She pointed her head towards the brute on the other side of their bars (he didn't look fully human, Ahiru wondered what he was) then Rue looked back at Ahiru.

"- To... Feed me. I can eat by myself IF I HAD HANDS FREE TO DO SO!"

She snapped, lunging her body from the wall somewhat and rattling the chains holding her, glaring at the man, not bothering to tell her sweet, innocent friend; what the man had tried to do to her, that he'd touched her in places that Mytho had been the first and only man to touch, and this man had tried to... And without her permission, at that...

The only thing that had kept him from having his way with her.

He had told her he didn't mind that she had a "brat" inside of her, maybe if he could "DO her real good" that - then maybe he'd ease her contractions by shoving the "brat" back into her stomach... If he could go "deep enough"- He had said. At that point she'd thrown up the contents of her stomach (aiming for his shoes) and clamped her knees shut, threatening to kick him in the balls if he so much as reached for the zipper of his pants while near her.

Then his mistress, the woman holding them against their will had appeared, threatened him if he touched or ATTEMPTED to touch Rue again.

Just the memory of it made her feel somewhat ill all over again, the only man she'd ever been with was Mytho. She'd first given herself to him when BOTH were under the control of Raven's blood, not long after she and Ahiru- as Tutu, had, had a ballet showdown at the swan lake where he regained his dyed shard of "love". He'd come to her and started kissing and touching her and then, he'd taken her virginity... While doing that he'd been her old Mytho.
Kind and so gentle, loving and pure.

Suddenly Rue realized she'd retreated to her mind. Her hate for this man knew no bounds. She looked at Ahiru defiant.

Ahiru looked at her, she knew there was something more wrong here, but she didn't want to press Rue.

"W-will you please unlock her hands?"

She asked the man a bit timidly. He looked at her and after a few minutes, he... Started laughing.

"No, that stupid husband of hers taught her how to use magic. If her hands were free she'd be out of there in no time. Then my head would be outside on a pike! No way!"

She sighed heavily. She hadn't realized that Mytho had had Rue learn spell casting. She bit her lip and thought a bit.

"W... Will you let me feed her, then?"

She asked, looking at him again. Again, he blinked. Rue wondered if he was taken aback by the simple innocence that shone in Ahiru's face.

"S... Sir?"

She asked and he snapped out of his trance, and Rue was frightened by the look on his face now, when he looked at Ahiru. Pure lust, what she saw on the man's face... Directed at Ahiru now,

"Sure, whatever, knock yourself out, kid."

He opened the door, placed the 2 trays on the floor and then locked them again and walked away, pulling the tray cart with him. But before he vanished from sight Rue saw him look at Ahiru and a hand drifted to the front of his pants... Then he was gone again.

Ahiru collected both trays and brought them over to Rue as the princess shuddered with worry for her small friend... She felt ill.

She then knelt in front of Rue and started trying to feed her. At first, Rue refused with a red face. But then she had a painful kick delivered from the baby to her rib-cage. She accepted Ahiru's help after that. Still red faced, though.

After they had both eaten, Rue fell asleep... Or maybe passed out, Ahiru wasn't sure. She started looking around for some way out, some weakness. By the time Rue came too, Ahiru was sitting across from her starring at the ceiling over Rue's head.

Rue wondered if she was even awake, she closed her own eyes and then looked down at her stomach. Wishing she could protect her child and Ahiru... She didn't even worry about herself. But she did care about the 2 of them... She stared at her stomach for some time, until the other girl finally spoke softly.

"Maybe..."

She lifted her head when she heard Ahiru matter that.

"Maybe?"
Rue asked the red head; breathless still, from the pain. Ahiru was now standing in the middle of the dark room. Rue followed her gaze, she was looking at a small window with 2 wide-set-apart bars across it, it was about 25 feet above their heads, and sunlight could be seen filtering through it.

There was a ledge on the inside of the window. Ahiru glanced at Rue.

She didn't know much about pregnancy. But she knew this was a dangerous situation for Rue and her baby.

Ahiru walked over to the tattered & broken princess and knelt in front her, Rue had a bad feeling about the determined look on Ahiru's face.

"What are you thinking?"

She asked, dread in her voice, her eyes wide. Ahiru's eyes softened and she smiled.

"Did that spell, that Mytho use on me, d... Did it say that it could be used again? Or allow for other form changes?"

Rue's eyes widened at that.

"Y... You're not thinking about reverting to a duck... Ahiru- we worked so hard to get you human again!"

She almost cried. Ahiru smiled and touched her friend's fevered cheek.

"Does it?"

She asked Rue again softly. Rue's eyes watered and she felt her tears start again.

"No, It doesn't Ahiru. It's meant to be a one time used spell. It can only be used on a being once. Please... If you're doing this for me... Don't. I'm not worth it! If you do what I think you're planning... You'll be nothing more than an aging duck with a webbed foot in it's grave!"

"Yes, you and your baby are worth it."

She rested a gentle hand on Rue's stomach and looked her friend in the eyes.

"Because we... ALL of us- Mytho, Me and even Fakir, we love you."

She responded, resting her bang-covered forehead against Rue's sweaty one.

Rue's reaction told Ahiru that she could revert to her duck form, though she wasn't sure how. She was hoping that she could just will it.

After a few minutes, Ahiru moved away from Rue, who was shaking her head. Her eyes pleading with Ahiru to not do this. Ahiru smiled weakly.

"I'll be back with help."

She said and then a look of concentration came over her face. Rue watched. Hoping that it wouldn't work, praying for Ahiru to remain a human. They could find some way. Some way that didn't sacrifice anything from Ahiru and Fakir again. Some way to...

'Oh, no, no... no...'}
Rue thought as her mouth fell open. She watched her friend as she started to glow a soft golden hue, the swan princess then started pulling on her restraints anew, wanting to get to Ahiru.

"NO! No... Ahiru! DAMNIT! I SAID NO! CAN'T YOU EVER LISTEN! You stupid, STUPID DUCK!"

She tried again and the glow became almost blinding. Rue closed her eyes against it and then...

"Quack...!"

Was heard as well as the sound of fabric rustling.

Rue had been looking away, and had her eyes closed. She cracked them open when she heard the Quack though, her heart hammering against her chest. Then when she realized that the light had faded, she turned her wide eyes in Ahiru's direction.

"No..."

She breathed sadly in a low, dread filled voice.

In front of her, was a bra, a set of panties, sandals and a summer dress, and a small golden duck sitting halfway in-halfway out of the dress.

The little duck blinked it's bright blue eyes at her and then with another soft quack, it took off, flapping wings and flying up in a spiral motion to reach the ledge. Once there, she looked back down at Rue, who still had her eyes locked on the duck.

Then it slipped out of the window. Leaving Rue alone again.

The princess waited until she thought Ahiru was far enough away, then she allowed herself to scream in pain, anger and frustration.

Once again angrily pulling against her restraints and feeling them slice further into the battered flesh there. Rue hated herself right now. She couldn't do anything again, not for herself, her unborn child or for Ahiru and once again... her feathered friend was giving up so much for her sake... she collapsed against the wall, blood running freely down her arms from her wrist as she sobbed openly.

But Ahiru had still heard it, she started flapping her wings faster.

Tears finally rolling down her feathered face.

'I'm sorry I upset you, Rue... But I'll be back soon.'

She thought to herself sadly... She still knew she was doing what she was meant to. Suddenly she had a flash of when Fakir had kissed her in their house after she'd first changed back. Inside, her heart sank. She knew he planned to end himself when she died... That made her chest ache. She just loved him so much...

'I'm sorry... so, SO very sorry, Fakir, my love.'

She thought as she cried harder. She had to land for a bit in order to get her crying under control... Then when she had, and she could see without tears obstructing her vision, she headed out again for the Swan Palace.
When Fakir had returned. Mytho was gone from the palace. Actually the place was mostly empty. The maid who had gone with him was just as confused as he was. She leads him to his and Ahiru's shared room- then left saying she would see where everyone was. He thanked her and then opened the door to the room. And dropped his bag with his personal belongings when he found the room was empty. The balcony window/doors open and the curtains fluttering in a breeze.

Along with it was the soft scent of honeysuckle blossoms and something more, he couldn't tell what it was he was smelling though. He took a step in the doorway. And stopped when he heard a scream and the sound of someone running towards him in the hall.

"LORD FAKIR! HELP!"

It was the maid who had been with him a short time ago. Her name was Minerva. He turned and faced her just as she skidded to a halt in front of him.

"The paah hah...hah."

She said, panting for breath, he arched an eyebrow and she tried again.

"The... Prince has gone mad. He is threatening to kill my elder sister!"

She cried grasping his hand and pulling.

"Please he seems to trust and care about you! Please ask him to stop. She's my only family!"

"Your sister?"

He asked numbly and she nodded. He was going to ask her more, but she started crying and he sighed,

"Take me to them."

He said doubting that Mytho would attempt to kill one of his servants. It had to be some kind of a misunderstanding. And... He told himself, that Ahiru HAD to be there trying to mediate whatever was happening. That idiot always meddled, after all.

He'd have to give her an ear full later... and kiss her again. He'd liked kissing her before. If they hadn't been interrupted he wondered how far they might have gone. He loved her so much that it hurt.

Since the palace was so large, the maid, Minerva, lead him threw a servant passage way, a short cut, she had said. And soon they found themselves outside, but she pressed on, until finally she stopped. Fakir froze in horror and disbelief at what his green eyes saw.

2 knights, were holding the maid, Rachel as she knelt in front of Mytho, sobbing. Apologizing as she looked at her prince imploringly..

Above her, Mytho... no. Prince Siegfried stood. He raised his sword high above his head.

"I swear, if you do not respond this time, I will kill you, here and now."

He said more coldly than even Fakir himself could manage. He sounded like he had when he was in the grips of the control of the raven's blood all of those years ago.

Fakir could not believe what he was hearing or seeing.
He shook Minerva's hand from his and walked forward, looking at Mytho in shock.

"Mytho!"

He called when he was about 7 feet away, the Prince blinked and looked at him, and frowned— that's when Fakir realized that he WAS under the hold of the Raven blood once again. He had the same eyes as before, they were their usual hazel color, but the expression was cold. The prince opened his mouth to say something.

Fakir rushed forward, slamming into the prince so hard that both fell to the ground and the sword clattered there as well, but several feet away.

A fight ensued as Fakir hit Mytho and in turn, Mytho did the same thing. They ended up rolling, as they wrestled for control of the situation, until Fakir was on top.

He reared back and slammed his fist into Mytho's jaw. The knights who had been holding Rachel were frozen, they'd let go of her, unsure what to do.

They were very confused, the prince had ordered them to consider Lord Fakir as a captain class knight, after all. Yet, here he was, abusing their prince... who did they defend? Who was right here? And who was wrong?

No one noticed when Rachel scrambled to her feet and grabbed her sister's hand and together both girls ran off.

"FAKIR! STOP!"

Mytho shouted, finally covering his face with his arms, Fakir froze a moment and frowned.

The knight in him demanded that he obey his master, his prince.

However, the friend in him... He leaned over and grabbed Mytho by the collar of his shirt.

"Why...? What in the name of all-that-is-holly or unholy for that matter, made you try to kill a maid?"

He asked as he made the silver-haired prince look at him. Mytho finally did and all Fakir saw this time was his sad story-book friend, Prince Mytho.

"Fakir... She was partially responsible of the disappearance of Ahiru and Rue! Both of them are gone!"

He said and Fakir sighed, letting his friend's collar go.

Mytho looked up at him.

"She let someone in the palace each time to take them both. I trust people and this is what it gets me!"

He told Fakir, a sound of desperation in his voice, along with a break that heralded the fact that the strong, courageous prince was on the brink of tears. As Fakir watched, he slammed his fist into the grass below him, his face was red with anger.

Fakir's own eyes widened in surprise. He looked around for the girls... But...

"Don't bother,"
Mytho said, sounding bitter and defeated now... He slammed his head against the ground under him.

"Their LONG gone by now, Fakir."

He said. Fakir closed his eyes a moment and sighed deeply. After another second, he got to his feet and, gripping Mytho's forearm (Mytho in turn, gripping his forearm) he yanked Mytho up to his, rather roughly.

"You said that a strange girl was in your dungeon? That she was found when Rue vanished. You said this when Rachel first brought Ahiru and I here, that's when you said it. What is that about, if Rachael if the guilty one?"

He asked and Mytho blinked at him a moment, trying to screw his head on straight through the emotions.

"Yes, She is the one that accused Rachel. Just after I sent you home to get your things. I wanted to see the girl. She told me that I had her locked up in vein and a maid was the traitor. She said that she, herself, was the one to find the spell to change Ahiru to a human and left it where we could find it...actually. It sounded somewhat like I was talking to you when I spoke with her... Same snide remarks."

He said, giving Fakir a curious look. Fakir for his part, arched a dark eyebrow.

"What do you mean, like me?"

He asked softly. Mytho sighed, looking around the garden where they stood. He spotted the two knights, they looked confused and were worried.

"At ease, Fakir is a captain-rank knight and a dear friend of mine. It was a simple disagreement."

He told them wearily and then motioned them to go back to their posts, and told Fakir to follow him, just before he started to head thorough the gardens of the palace. From there he lead Fakir to the dungeon entrance.

Ahiru was tired of flying. She landed in a cool, shaded spot to rest her old wings. She had never done so much flying before. And she was very old and aging rapidly in this form.

She feared her heart would give out before she made it to the palace.

She had no choice but to rest. So, she was very relieved when she saw the palace come into view, then she found a small pond and she gently glided down to it.

Landing directly into the cool waters and sighing in relief, She noticed a white swan resting in the waters not far away, but neither paid the other any mind, she closed her bright blue eyes, telling herself that she'd start out again after a little rest.

But, it was so calm and relaxing in that spot, that she soon fell asleep where she peacefully floated.

Meanwhile, Fakir found himself staring at a young girl, who, looked somewhat like himself. She was pretty, where he was handsome. Her long dark hair, which had red highlights in it- was in a high ponytail.

Where-his had deep green in it, and was kept in a ponytail at the nape of his neck, as usual, and was nowhere near as long as her own hair. Her skin was paler than his own as well and she looked
pissed off.

"OH! How wonderful!"

She cried overly dramatically, standing up when they arrived. She did a full-to-the-floor curtsy (even though she was wearing no dress- only black pants and a shirt) and her exclamation was just dripping with sarcasm as she continued, rising from her curtsy, for her blue eyes to glare icily at them both.

"The stupid, useless prince,"

At that, Mytho's eyes darted away.

"And the wannabe failure of a knight-turned talentless writer!"

She finished and narrowed her eyes directed at Fakir, who mirrored her own expression.

"Scary..."

She murmured at his look, giggling softly as she turned on heel and went to sit on a cot in her cell, facing them.

"Get it together, Idiot!"

"Get it together, moronic prince!"

Both she and Fakir snapped at Mytho- at the same time, all 3 ended up looking startled and she rolled her eyes.

"Alright,"

Fakir said going up to her bars in annoyance. Each of his fingerless gloved hands gripping the bars in annoyance.

"Who are you?"

She smiled at his question, and he noticed some freckles all over her face. They were very faint though.

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

She almost purred it... She leaned back, turning her attention from him, to Mytho who was looking wide eyed at her.

"Has the poor little duck shown up yet? You should send your solders out to find her. Because if those 2 maids find her. They'll kill her."

She said matter-of-factually.

Both young men blinked at her and her eyebrow rose and she smiled.

"OH! Sorry I forgot to tell you that. She turned back into a duck and should be resting somewhere near here if my memory serves... Those maids will come upon her shortly! She's resting in a pond in that direction."

She pointed and Fakir felt a shiver of dread, he had a feeling she was right. He immediately took
off running. Leaving the dungeon with Mytho hot on his heals.

"BOYS...? Since you're not too bright at the moment-"

She called after them sarcastically,

"- Look for water to find her!"

She knew that they had heard her, even though they made no sign that they had.

She feared that they wouldn't be in time, but as long as she was locked in here, she was as good as useless... She COULD free herself, but now was not the time for that.

Soon both young men were leaving the palace gates on horseback, Fakir is heading in the direction she had indicated and Mytho follows him.

They raced down the forest path on a white and black horse, both keeping their eyes open for large bodies of water. Suddenly Mytho stopped his horse,

"FAKIR!"

He called, the other young man reined his horse to a stop, turned it around and went back to where Mytho had stopped.

"What?"

He asked, gasping for air, panic making it hard to breath.

"Swans. Over there. There's some water too; I can sense both, even though I can't see either..."

"B-but your kingdom is the Swan Kingdom... Aren't there swans all over?"

"Yes,"

Mytho said, looking at him.

"- And like my sister, Leda - the original Princess Tutu, some could even turn into swans.

However, that water... From what I sensed, it seemed too small for the amount of swans I sense in that direction."

He finished and Fakir slipped off the horse, he tied the reins to a tree limb and patted the animal’s nose.

"Take a good rest... Sorry I pressed you so hard."

He said it then turned and started walking towards where Mytho had indicated. Mytho blinked when Fakir spoke to the horse, then he got off of his, tied it up as well and followed his friend.

"I didn't remember that you spoke to animals."

He said as he caught up to Fakir. Fakir for his part, was looking around, ignoring the pain as he stepped into a thorn bush and it tore at his pants and the legs under them.

"I started after... After- Ahiru became a duck again. I figured that they all might mke the consideration..."
He confessed softly. Mytho looked at Fakir, then sighed.

"I'm sorry I let her be taken from the pal-"

"Don't worry about it now. You have Rue and your child to worry about."

Fakir said, cutting him off. Then they lapsed into silence, Mytho eventually takes the lead since he could sense where the swans and water were.

When they got close enough, they could hear the sounds of a large group of swans, and finally they saw them as they stepped out of the brush and into a clearing.

There must have been about 15 of the beautiful white birds. In the center, laid a battered, tiny yellow body.

Fakir felt himself go cold as he saw the golden yellow feathers that were bloody in some places.

He took a step towards her, and a Swan hissed at him. He backed up looking startled.

"A... Ahiru?"

He called desperately, she wasn't moving!

"Fakir!"

He looked over at Mytho's voice. He was kneeling by a bush, a bend in the pond making the water disappear behind the bush. Fakir bit his bottom lip and glanced back at his Ahiru- she still wasn't moving. Maybe it wasn't even her... Maybe Mytho was looking at her as she peacefully floated, asleep.

The fool could be oblivious, maybe she hadn't realized she was surrounded by the larger birds... yeah, he'd go over to Mytho and she'd be there, asleep and... He went over to his friend and paled when he saw what Mytho was looking at.

"My god..."

"The swans killed them."

Mytho said solemnly as he and Fakir looked at the 2 maids, they'd been drowned and had bruises from beaks and looked like one of the girls had a broken neck.

"Swans are very strong. They probably pecked at them and beat them with their wings, they seem to have been unable to stay above water long enough due to the assault and they drowned... Minerva's neck is broken,"

Mytho commented sadly, Fakir didn't understand the sad note in his friend's voice.

"I didn't know Swans could be violent..."

Fakir said, frowning and Mytho sighed, standing up from his crouched position.

"They're generally not... But, from what I'm seeing and the sense I'm getting from the swans... their protecting Ahiru right now. So... They likely killed the maids to protect her..."

Mytho added as he sighed and turned back to the swans surrounding the unmoving duck's body.
Fakir looked at his friend.
"D-did they do that to her?"

He asked shakily as he pointed towards the small yellow bird. Mytho nodded.
"Yeah, it looks like there are rocks around Ahiru's body."

He said and walked slowly over to the birds. They looked at him, then parted and let him walk over to the duck. He motioned Fakir over once he was sure the swans wouldn't attack him as well. Fakir closed his eyes to compose himself, took a deep breath and walked over to Mytho.

He gently knelt beside her, and scooped her into his arms.
"Ahiru?"

Her eyes fluttered weakly open. She appeared to smile somewhat with her eyes, he cradled her in his arms and tried to keep from crying, he was shaking from the force of emotions threatening to overtake him. Until finally Mytho heard him start to cry softly into her feathers... He was mainly crying because he was relieved that she wasn't dead.

He'd been so afraid she was. Those maids must have stoned her.

How could anyone harm his sweet, beautiful, little Ahiru...

After a few minutes, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and he looked up and over at Mytho.
"Lets get her to the palace, there's a healer there..."

He said softly and Fakir nodded as he held her against his chest protector and stood slowly... he had to get her some help. As they were leaving, Mytho knelt in front of a swan and petted her feathers gently and thanked her for trying to help his friend, the little duck.

Fakir watched, silently, as the beautiful swan nodded and then bowed her head. To his amazement, the other swans also bowed their heads to Mytho as well.

Fakir wondered if they were swans at all or people in the guise of swans. Either way... He was extremely grateful.
"Thank you!"

He said to the birds, who looked at him curiously, he was bowing, the best he could with his injured love cradled against his chest. After a moment he straightened and the swans all nodded to him.

Then he and Mytho left the clearing. Ahiru still clutched protectively against his body.

To Be Continued...

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
Wild Emotions & Expressions Of Love

Chapter by WindStar27

Chapter #4- Wild Emotions & Expressions Of Love

The ride back was a bit slower, they were afraid that if they went too fast, that they'd injure her more... Both seriously doubted that she'd survive if they set their horses at more than a slow trot, even though their first instinct was to gallop back, at top speeds.

When they finally got back to the Swan Palace, Mytho took Fakir (still holding Ahiru, he refused to let her out of his arms or sight) to see the healer, her breathing was very weak and she seemed to be bleeding from many wounds.

There was even blood coming from around one of her beautiful blue eyes.

After Mytho saw them safely to the healer, he left, he called his adviser and explained, partially (the only people he trusted completely were Rue, Fakir and Ahiru- once it had been his twin sister, Leda as well, but she died just before he followed the raven from the book. Turning into a speck of light as she told him that she saw him as more than her brother, that she was desperately in love with him), what had happened with the maids, and asked the adviser to see to it that their bodies were collected, brought back discreetly and buried someplace off of the palace grounds.

The adviser asked no questions about why or what happened, he nodded to his prince's orders but he did ask one thing.

"Should their graves be marked?"

At that Mytho froze, he nodded after a moment though.

"Yes, they're still humans and they deserve that much. I don't know why they betrayed me, But they grew up with Leda and me and... They were our only friends for a time."

He said and the older man nodded, then he left to do as Prince Siegfried asked.

Mytho had been leaning against the wall, he now closed his eyes and rested his head against the wall. He could hear Fakir and the healer in the room behind him talking as the other man worked on healing the small duck. Thinking about his beautiful sister hurt.

He'd loved her, yes- but not as more than an older brother.

It had hurt when Leda had selfishly told him she was in love with him. She knew by then what the outcome would be, to telling him that useless piece of information.

Her disappearance aided the raven as well, which she also must have known about.

It had made the prince' powers unstable, as they were connected to his emotions and the loss of his dear twin had been a hard blow to those emotions.

Suddenly a look of determination came over the Mytho's face and he pushed himself from the wall. Glanced once more at the door to the room Fakir, the healer and Ahiru were in, then left.
He walked down the hall in the direction of the dungeons, he needed to do this before Fakir became aware of what he was up to.

Meanwhile, Inside the room. Fakir leaned against another wall. He watched as the healer worked on healing Ahiru.

"She's so old already... I just don't understand why the prince wan-"

"Just shut up!..."

His voice broke somewhat when he spoke, the healer blinked at him. A soft purple glow was emitting from his hands as they rested over the small bird on the examination table.

"... And heal the damn wounds you were asked to heal!"

Fakir snapped, feeling ill at the mention of how old she was. He felt tears sting his eyes and similar to the motions Mytho had done earlier, he pressed the back of his head into the wall behind him. He WOULD NOT cry again, damn, she was turning him into a crybaby like she, herself, was!

He had a letter opener in his pocket. Nice and sharp.

If she died... Mytho and Rue be damned, he'd end himself as soon as Ahiru took her last breath... he would NOT endure any longer without her company... Though he wished she was still human.

He absentmindedly covered his mouth with his hand as he remembered, again, the kiss they'd shared before coming here. He didn't notice as a few tears slid from his closed eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

The healer watched the young man, and realization hit him.

"She's your lover..."

He said suddenly, Fakir froze, then cracked an eye and glared at the healer.

"What of it?"

He asked, unashamed that he'd just been asked if a duck was his lover, if she had been here when he got back from collecting his things... If she'd been able to remain human, he might very well have made her his lover in every essence of the word... He'd wanted her so badly for SO long now...

"I... If she has a human form than she can change, it would be easier to-"

"Her human form is beyond her reach at the moment."

Fakir said sadly as he cut the healer off. The other man frowned.

"I'll do what I can."

He said very softly. Fakir found words too hard at the moment to get past the lump in his throat. He just nodded his thanks and sank to the floor, where he rested his forehead against his knees and hugged them.

'I will NOT cry. Ahiru would not want that.'

He told himself as he tried to get his emotions under control.
What kind of writer was he? What kind of knight? Or lover for that matter? He was crying like a little girl... It was stupid. He felt helpless, hopeless and useless.

'Ahiru... Please come back to me... I love you... Please!'

He thought silently as he hugged his knees and kept his forehead pressed against them, not noticing that he'd started rocking back and forth.

But the healer noticed, and he felt for the young man in front of him. He swore to himself he'd do what he could to help the small duck under his hands... But he couldn't do anything for her age.

He only knew of people taking swan form. He'd never met one that could turn into a duck. Also, her age was new to him, people in the swan kingdom could choose when to stop aging after they hit the age of 25... As such they tended to live very long... They weren't by any means immortal... But very long lived.

Mytho stood in the dark dungeon, he was in the cell of the young woman he'd brought Fakir to see earlier.

"Who are you?"

He demanded, his sword at his side and his hand hovering near the hilt.

"Ooozo... Scary, your Highness."

"Cheeky, aren't you?"

He said, getting annoyed.

She stood and did a curtsy, then smirked at him.

"I try to be."

The next thing she knew he'd slammed her into the wall behind- her head hit the rough stone and she groaned in some pain.

"Who the hell are you."

He asked in a growl, through his clenched teeth, as she clutched at his arm, which was pressed over her throat. She gasped, trying to pull air past his hold on her throat into her lungs, after a moment he let her go. She slid to the cot below her as she gasped for air.

She glared at him through the dark bangs that had fallen into her face, as she tried to breath again, she was rubbing her throat.

"Hate me if you will. But I will do what I need to, to protect my family. That being Ahiru and Fakir as well as Rue and our baby."

He said rather coldly. She watched him silently. Then she sighed.

"I came from another realm. From a different story, you could say."

She said hesitantly. He frowned at her.

"Drosselmeyer?"
He asked, wanting to know if he was responsible. She closed her eyes and shook her head.

"No... Someone else will write it."

She said as she stretched a bit lazily, that's when he noticed her movement.

"Y... You know ballet. Who are you?"

He asked again. She smiled at him.

"My name is Phoebe. And I am a friend. That's all I am allowed to tell you."

She said almost apologetically.

"You were taught by Tutu?"

He asked and her eyes widened.

"Yes. How'd you know?"

He frowned.

"She, My sister did those same stretches when she was annoyed..."

He said. She shrugged.

"Though, I never knew your sister... Per-say."

"What does that mean?"

"I'm not obliged to answer... Next question."

He looked startled... He was not use to anyone other than Rue, Fakir and sometimes Ahiru defy him.

"How could my sister have taught you? She never took students."

He pressed and she rolled her eyes & sighed.

"No, It was AHIRU who taught me. In my story, where I came from."

"But, how? She's from the real world, not... not..."

"Not a fake one?"

She asked him and he looked away. She sighed.

She then stood up and stretched again, he backed up somewhat and was startled when she started showing him what she knew, she started at first position, moving gracefully from that to second and back into first-He thought that would be the end of it- however, he soon realized he was wrong when she started doing more, he backed up to give her more room.

All of a sudden went into a combo of Adage and Arabesque- ending in the Arabesque position with her body supported on one leg, with the other leg extended behind her, while keeping her knee perfectly straight- he opened his mouth to speak and promptly closed it as she then went back to first position and, glancing at him, she started another move, she somehow managed to stand on Pointe, even though she had no toe shoes, she started lightly hopping on one leg- on her tip toes,
the other she kept bent, kicking it out each time she hopped.

After that, it was back to first and then on to another- this one a more simple (In his opinion) Fouetté en tournant, where she rotated on one leg with her other leg bent- foot touching the supporting leg at times and as she rotated she'd open her leg and then return it to its bent position and repeating, finally, she stopped, and looked at him, her chest rising and falling rapidly and she smiled, a rather pretty smile, he thought vaguely.

He hadn't seen anyone do some of those moves so well in quite a while.

He took a deep breath and said...

"Ahiru can barely walk straight, let alone do most of that..."

He pointed out, she shrugged and sat down. He could tell she would say no more.

"Listen, this world is neither fake, nor is it just a story."

She stated, choosing to ignore his comment about Ahiru... She didn't owe him an answer. Above all else, she hated being confined in a small place for so long... So she had moved on to a more (in her opinion) interesting comment. He looked at her sharply.

"What do you mean by that? Of course, it's a story."

He said, sounding annoyed, a little afraid of what he would hear next. And wondering how she knew what he'd feared. That he wasn't real, that his people weren't.

"I can't say any more than what I have said and this: Those stories, that Drosselmeyer and Fakir write, they are just creating portals to other realms and manipulating the creatures in them through their strange powers.

The beings in the stories existed before they wrote them. But, through their writing they can and DO, in Drosselmeyer's case, manipulate the lives there.

As for Ahiru's situation, she should be well again by now. Give her this and tell her there is no easy way to become human again after that."

She said walking over and handing him a vial of pink liquid. When she saw his hesitation, she smiled.

"It will make her human again. Her last chance to become one... By my hand at least."

She said and went to sit.

"What does that mean?"

He asked and the girl calling herself, Phoebe shrugged and lay on her cot, placing her hands behind her head and ignored his question. Again, he could somewhat see Fakir in her movements as well as those of his sister Leda's.

"If I give this to her and it harms her..."

"I'll be dead... Believe me, I know."

She said seriously, waving a hand in his direction dismissively, he bristled a bit. Not liking her
attitude, it was even worse than Fakir's was at times!

Though, something about the look she, then, gave him—as she had said that, made him think that she hadn't meant he'd harm her...

He didn't push the issue, though. He sighed, backing out of, and locking, the cell again, then left after returning the key to the guard.

He was wondering what to do, about the potion when he entered the healer's wing looking for Fakir and Ahiru.

He wanted to know how she was, and to ask the healer to analyze the liquid in the vile, but when he got there, they were gone. He looked around and found the healer—he was sitting in his back office looking worn out and drained of energy, On top of that, the older man had a mark around his throat as well as a black eye and a cut by his lip... Mytho hopped that wasn't what it looked like.

"Jamison?"

He asked the older man tentatively. Jamison looked over at the prince and sighed.

"They are in their room. I healed her to the best of my abilities. But she's old... If she was one of us, from this world she would remain one age as a swan. But she's just a... Just a duck."

He sighed, Fakir had told him where he and Ahiru came from... Mytho hadn't told him, so that was the only way the healer could know.

"D-did Fakir...?"

He trailed off, motioning to the hand print around the man's throat. The man eyed Mytho then nodded.

"You know, that boy, he reminds me of..."

"He is... He is his reincarnation."

Mytho said softly, cutting off his thoughts, the healer, having watched Siegfried, Leda, Rachel, Minerva and the young knight who had died just before their prince vanished years ago, having watched them grow up, he knew the dead knight well. Just like he knew the prince well... And knew he shouldn't say anything else about it.

"Yes, well, when I told him that she likely didn't have long left to live, he grabbed me, threatened me, when I kept insisting that I had done all that was within my power, he collapsed at my feet. Crying. I have a feeling that he's not a man who cries easily?"

At Mytho's nod of confirmation he rubbed his sore throat.

"He said he might as well end them both here and now, after that- the next thing I knew he had reached into his pocket, he pulled out a letter opener and looked at the duck that he'd called Ahiru.

I could tell that depression and fear and grief had made him unstable mentally... So, I used a spell and knocked him out and had some of the guards deposit them in their room. I have the letter opener, didn't think, given his mental condition that he should keep it.

I feel bad for them. Your highness... If there's some way to make her human again..."

"There is some hope... I just found it."
He said, and the man looked at him, relief in his eyes.

"Good, then I suggest you do something about her condition right now."

He said and Mytho nodded, he thanked the healer and left the wing, he headed to the apartments he had assigned them, some time later he was opening the door to their room, after speaking softly to the guard outside of their door.

Both were asleep on her bed, Fakir was curled up and clutching a pillow in his sleep. Ahiru was sleeping beside his feet. Her breathing very weak.

He hoped he was doing the right thing. He woke the small duck up and even though she was only half awake, he made her drink the potion slowly.

After a few minutes she started to glow and cough. He picked her up, laid her in the other bed and her body stretched and formed into that of a human girl again under the blanket he'd covered her with.

While she was changing, once again asleep, he looked around the room and took anything that Fakir might be able to use to harm one or both of them.

He knew that his friend was under extreme mental stress and he felt intense guilt over it all. After making sure he had anything that might harm them from the room, he left, after another glance to his 2 friends.

Once outside their room, he ordered that they not be bothered until one or both of them emerged from the room, then he was to be summoned- he hoped the potion didn't kill her. If a full day passed and they did not come out, he'd check on them himself.

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X~*~X Lime Warning X~*~X

******Hours Later******

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When Fakir finally came to, he sat up, looking around the bed he was in. He recognized the room, but panic set in when he realized that Ahiru was no where to be seen. That's when he noticed the soft breathing from across the silent room. He looked towards the direction, and saw the red hair sticking out from under the blankets on the other bed. He scrambled to get to his feet, tripping, having gotten tangled in the blankets, he fell on his face, half on and half off his bed.

Then, he once again got to his feet and rushed over to her side.

He briefly wondered if it had all been a bad dream? Maybe she'd never been back to being a duck, maybe they'd found another way to help Rue and Mytho. Maybe... Maybe.... Maybe.....

When he reached her, he pulled the blankets back, then he knew it was no dream. Her face still held faint bruises from the stoning and she looked pale. The freckles on her nose standing out in extreme, stark, contrast to her pale skin.

He boldly pulled the blankets the rest of the way off of her body and saw the remaining faint and fading bruises on all over her pale skin, he felt his heart sink.

"Ahiru?"
He asked covering her up and reaching out and touched her hair gently. He watched as her eyes slowly fluttered open after a few (breath-holding) seconds, she smiled weakly up at him, he smiled softly back at her, overwhelmed by relief and he remembered, for some strange reason, about dancing with her for the traveling dance troupe.

He gently caressed her hair, then down to her cheek. When his fingers brushed her skin he felt an electric shock vibrate, seemingly through his fingers and up to his arm.

"Hey..."

She said softly, His eyes darted to her lips as she spoke and he watched as she nervously licked her lips.

"Hey, yourself..."

He said, smiling back at her- his throat felt suddenly dry as he gently ran his thumb over her full, bottom lip.

"Fakir, what are you...?"

She could say no more because he suddenly knew what the overwhelming feelings he felt were. And he had leaned down, capturing her lips in an almost desperate kiss. She gasped softly in shock at his actions.

She froze at first, as he moved his soft lips against her own. This was different than the kisses they had shared, in their home, after she was changed back by Mytho.

After a few moments of her shock, though, she sighed softly into the kiss, as he ran his tongue over her bottom lip.

She then closed her eyes and opened her lips to him.

He groaned softly and took that as acceptance, he reached up and cupped her face gently with both of his hands.

Carefully tilting her head for a better angle, as he slid his tongue into her warm, willing mouth.

After a few minutes, though, he released her for the both of them to take in some air. Ahiru gasped softly for breath as she blinked curious eyes up at him.

"Fakir...?"

"Ahiru, I thought you were going to die on me...!"

He said softly, she noticed tears in his eyes as he pulled her into his arms, burying his face in her loose red hair and shoulder as he hugged her to his body.

She was now sitting in his lap and she hugged him back, burying her own face in his neck and shirt- ignoring the fact that she was completely naked.

"I'm sorry..."

She whispered softly. They held each other like that for a while, then he gently loosened his hold on her as he once again cupped her face and looked into her eyes.

She opened her mouth to say something, but he swallowed her words as he kissed her again, this time more deeply from the start as his tongue claimed her mouth right away. She whimpered in pleasure as he kissed her with teeth and tongue.

Smiling into the kiss, he was feeling a smug, male satisfaction, with each of her whimpers and moans.

She shyly brushed her tongue against his and realized that felt good.

So she grew a bit more courageous and did the same things that he had, with his tongue.
Once again, they pulled apart after several minutes, for air, but he didn't remove his lips from her, he kissed her forehead, her closed eyes, the tip of her freckled nose, her lips, jaw and throat. She moaned as he licked, nipped, suckled and kissed at the spot above her pulse on her throat. One of his hands had slid down to her lower back and she found herself leaning against that hand and whimpering his name as he caressed one of her small breasts with his free hand.

"F-Fakir..."

She whimpered and he grinned against her throat... Then he pulled back and looked at her blush redden face and kiss swollen lips. Her eyes were half-lidded, her breasts though larger than when she was 13, were still smallish, as her chest was heaving with her soft, but fast, panting breaths and he could see her desire for him in those beautiful eyes. He shifted them so that she was under him and he was kneeling beside her, as he hovered over her.

"Ahiru..."

She widened her eyes a bit when she heard him whisper her name, reaching up, she gently caressed his neck, her fingers sliding around behind his head and she pulled the band holding his hair back, loose. She smiled, looking somewhat dazed as she tangled her fingers in his long dark hair.

"I love you."

He said and her blue eyes widened even more, she looked at him, searching his face for something as he gently caressed her cheek again.

"I... I-I..."

Her blush deepened. And she saw him smirk. She always found that smirk, annoying.

"You don't need to say anyt-"

"No! I want to! Fakir, I..."

She had a determined look on her face as she reached up and gripped the hand he had on her cheek with her free hand. He arched an eyebrow at that expression on her face.

"I love you too, Fakir."

She said and he gently pulled her fingers to his mouth, kissing her hand gently. He wanted.... No, he needed her.

"My princess..."

He murmured against her hand as he locked his eyes on hers. He needed her. She smiled, blushing deeply again, she squirmed under him, feeling strange. Her lower body, especially..... It felt strange now. She was tingling all over and, as she looked up at him, she felt a strange pressure welling in her abdomen and spreading lower...

"Fakir... I..."

He laid a finger on her lips, then leaned down and gave her a tender kiss, she fisted the hand in his hair and whimpered as she felt more pressure building. It didn't hurt. But, she wasn't sure she liked it either. He broke the kiss by licking and sucking on her bottom lip, she moaned and shifted her lower body
again, her breath coming out in short gasps and pants now.

She realized his own breathing was as ragged as hers, and she saw him shift his lower body a bit. She saw a bulge between his thighs that usually wasn't there. He pressed a clothed knee, to her center, between her thighs, her eyes rolled back in her head before closing, she moaned, arching her back. His face took on a deep blush as he watched her with hungry eyes...

He could tell how aroused she was, not only was she was so wet that his pant leg was being soaked by just pressing into her there, but the scent was strong in the air..... He needed her now. At that simple thought, he could feel himself grow harder.

"Ahiru..."

He needed her now.

"... I almost lost you again... AGAIN-Ahiru... And I want to make sure you understand how much I- "

She still had her eyes closed as she pulled her hand from his hair and bit it to stifle a whimper as he shifted his knee against her. She surprised him when her hips bucked against his thigh.

'Ooh, wow..... That's really a hot turn on....'

He thought, momentarily distracted. Her hips seemed to be moving of their own accord. He groaned, his lust-hazed dark green eyes squeezing shut as he thought about that wet spot forming, where it pressed into the soft folds of the spot that he'd yet to know; what made her female. He WANTED her so badly it was hurting. He groaned again when he opened his eyes. The look on her face turned him on even more.

"F-Fakir..."

The way she said his name, that was all he could take, he needed her, damn it. He couldn't be a gentleman anymore, he had to have her, make her his. He was just frightened that he'd cause her pain... He groaned, and, sliding his arm under her shoulders, he pulled her to him, capturing her lips with his own once again. As he devoured her lips, she let out a surprised whimper at his sudden forcefulness. She slid both arms around him as she kissed him back with the same enthusiasm, though, gasping for air through her nose and between their heated kisses.

He broke the kiss, he glanced at her face, her lips were swollen and wet from his kisses, they were parted slightly as she panted and he could feel her heart pounding hard under her breast, her face was flushed, pleasure and desire etched into every inch of it. He felt more male pride in the fact that he was making her look like that.

When he stopped kissing her, she opened her hazy cerulean eyes, looking at him with nothing but pure trust and love for him shining there, that look made him want her even more. His pants seemed to have gotten very tight. Painfully so, in fact. He groaned and started trailing soft nips and kisses down her throat again.

"I'll be gentle with you... But... ngh..."

A shift of her hips.

“PLEASE, tell me, if you want me to stop... O-or if it... God, I need you..."
He stopped and looked at her, she blinked at him, he wasn't able to tell if she fully heard him, she seemed to be lost in her own desires, but he had to try to finish telling her this. His throat was so dry with just wanting her.

"..."

He continued and he saw her try to focus on him and his words. Groaning, he went back to suckle at her throat and collarbone. She lifted the leg that was between his, and he groaned, bucking his hips against her knee, as she did with his leg. She shivered as she felt his words form against her lust-fevered skin.

"- Anhhh...... If it hurts and you need... Me to stop... T-tell me... Ok?"

He breathed finally against her skin, she didn't fully understand what he meant, but she trusted him, so she nodded as he leaned down to capture her lips again, just hoping that if she said to stop, that he could... He'd never forgive himself if he couldn't bring himself to stop when/if she asked.

Her fingers tangled in his hair again as he kissed her deeply and hungrily, both putting all of their pent up love and passion into their actions. She moaned softly into his lips as his hands started to wander down her body.

Any logical (as logical as Ahiru could get on her best day anyway) thought, left her mind as her hands slid down to start unbuttoning his shirt. The only thing in her mind was being close to him. She NEEDED him, but she didn't fully understand that.

She just wanted those damn clothes gone!

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*X~*~X Lime Finished X~*~X*

(Note: The full Lemon is posted as a one-shot, because it's so long)

* Meanwhile: *

Rue had been unchained and was laying on a cot in her cell. They had deemed her in too much pain to cast any minor spells she might know.

The contractions had gotten stronger and were more painful. She was shifting between awake and asleep- the pain making her pass out, at times.

She hoped that Ahiru was ok, she was worried about her, she knew that was silly, but... She doubted anything could be done for her or her baby now, as she thought about that she rubbed her stomach and sighed as a tear slid down her face.

Suddenly she heard a door open, she looked over and a young woman wearing a black cloak came into the room, stopping at the cell doors.

"How are you today, Princess Rue."

She said and Rue pushed herself to sit-up. Her body covered in sweat from the pain and stress.

"I'd be better if you'd let me go, princess Leda."

She said weakly, the hooded girl, Leda, lowered her hood and locked eyes that were once cerulean blue: now were reddish/brown, onto Rue's own reddish/brown. A sign of having been or being
under the control of the monster Raven.

Leda was the original Princess Tutu from the story. Mytho's sister.

She and Mytho had been twins, and until Leda had turned into a speck of light and vanished after confessing that she loved her brother romantically... She had looked just like the "Tutu" that Ahiru could once change into. Once, anyway.

But now, this girl was a shadow of the original "Tutu".

Her hair was mostly a washed out form of the Tutu Rue had fought with, years ago.

The other girl's hair didn't look quite right either- Ahiru's hair had been silvery white on the ends, while reddish on the top. This girl, Leda- her hair was reddish on the ends and silvery white on top. This girl's hair was also longer, past her waist and very dull looking with a headpiece of black feathers on top of her head, partially covering the silvery white hair that was so like Mytho's.

Her skin was rather grayish looking with the mark of feathers showing along her cheeks running down her throat.

Rue wondered how much of her was feathered.

They were black and gray feathers, showing the taint of the raven in her. Leda had yet to tell Rue why she was holding her against her will, why she looked as she did, and why she smelled like the raven. She wondered if the part of the raven Mytho had sensed a while back was from Leda.

"That's not happening..."

Leda said as she removed her cloak, laying it beside her on the bench she was sitting on. She was wearing a dress with the bodice similar to Rue's own Kraehe attire- the skirt was knee length though with a handkerchief hem.

"Why am I here? Why was Ahiru here?"

"I had her here for personal reasons. I'm pissed she escaped by the way... As for you, you'll be the Raven's sacrifice. You have the type of energy he needs to revive"

"Will my child?"

"No. The raven has other plans for them."

She said and Rue blinked.

"T-Them?"

She asked softly and Leda smiled. It wasn't a pleasant smile either. Rue could tell that she must have been under the Raven's control longer than she had ever been.

"Oh yes, you're pregnant with twin boys, your highness."

She said easily, somewhat sarcastically and Rue paled, opened her mouth to say something when another contraction hit her and she cried out in pain.

"I only need one, though..."

Leda said, as if talking about a pair of shoes, and then she just got up.
Walking away as Rue cried in pain, curling up on her side and holding her stomach, never before had she wished so badly that Mytho was with her, holding her in his safe arms and telling her he loved her, that she and their baby... No, babies, were his world.

"Hurry, Mytho! Please, find us soon!... A-All 3 of us...!"

She said in a half whimper/whisper as she finally felt herself passing out.

*SLAPPPP!*

"FAKIR'S AN IDIOT!"

The sound of the slap rang throughout the silent room. Fakir, who was under Ahiru and just as naked as she was, put a hand to his stinging cheek and gave her a shocked look, his dark green eyes huge.

"Ahiru! What the-"

He snapped as he tried to sit up, He knew it had been his first time with a girl, but he'd been as careful as was possible when taking a girl's virginity...

He knew he'd likely been somewhat awkward... But he hadn't thought what they'd done a few hours before was slap worthy! And then, she started crying as she sat on top of him. He shrank back a bit.

Maybe she still hurt badly?

"What'd I do, Ahiru!"

"RUE! OH- RUE, I'M SORRY! AWAAHHHHHHHHH!"

He blinked.

"Rue?"

What did Rue have to do with the two of them having... Sex...? He was confused beyond belief now as he lay there, trapped under her and she wailed and cried.

"A-Ahiru... Could you please explain to m-"

"I gotta find Mytho and tell him!"

He paled at that, as she jumped off the bed (and him) stark naked and headed for the door!

"NOT LIKE THAT, you don't!"

He snapped reaching out and hooking an arm around her small waist, He'd be damned if he'd let Mytho see her naked! That was only for HIM to see!

However, when he hooked that arm around her, he was off balance and her forward motion had pulled him off the bed and they landed on the floor in a tangled heap. He was on top though.

"FAKIRRPPP!"

She whined and tried to turn around (he landed on her back), which she managed... Somehow, then
she started trying to shove him off of her.

"Stop!"

He yelled, grabbing her wrists, she'd been about to start beating on his chest, he pinned her arms above her head then he forcefully kissed her, swallowing another scream of frustration from the duck-turned-girl. When she finally stopped struggling, he broke the kiss and looked at her. Both gasping for air as they glared at each other.

"Explain."

He breathed in a sigh and she frowned up at him. Her chest rising and falling erratically with her breaths as she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

Then she had told him that Rue was in bad condition, starting to cry and babble as she went in every direction with her story... He became somewhat more confused than he already was.

They stayed like that, her on the floor, arms pinned above her head and him kneeling above her, holding her down. As she tried to tell him again, properly, but she got things mixed up and somewhat out of order at times in her panic.

He listened quietly and then when she got to the point of the maids coming and attacking her when she was about to take to the air again, he sighed and released her. He got to his feet and slowly pulled her up to her own feet.

"We can go to Mytho in a few minutes, I promise, but please get DRESSED first."

He said gently resting his finger under her chin and tilting her head so she was looking at him, she blushed, just now realizing that she was naked. In her worry over Rue and panic over having forgotten something so unbelievably important, she had forgotten that she had no clothes on.

"O...Oh... Yeah... Your right, Fakir... I'm sorry..."

She mumbled with a sheepish smile at him, his finger still holding her face in place.

"I don't want any other man, seeing you like this."

He murmured, and kissed her softly. She kissed him back and nodded when he pulled back.

"Sorry I slapped you..."

She said, reaching up and touching the red mark on his face. He gave her one of his sarcastic smirks as he pulled her into a hug.

"Probably not the last time you'll slap me when it's uncalled for."

He said softly, affection clear in his voice as he kissed her hair.

He gently took her hand and lead her to the bathroom, ordering her to take a shower, she said it would be faster if they both took one, together.

At the mention of that, he raked his hungry eyes over her body and shook his head. He said it would be longer, she asked why, he told her to shut up. That THEM in a shower together would be bad right now. When time was of the essence.

She shrugged it off- still not understanding his meaning, and took her shower... He made a mental
note to show her WHY it was a bad idea, later, when Rue was safe and no longer in a life or death situation. After she got out, he went in to take a quick shower, as she got dressed in another dress of Rue's that was in her closet.

Finding some boots to go with it and wondering if she could walk in those heels. Finally, she decided that it didn't matter what she wore on her feet. She'd likely be on her face or butt more often than not. When he came out of the shower, he quickly got dressed and then, taking her hand, he gently tugged her from the room to ask the guard to take them to see the prince. When they were led to the foyer to wait, she started fidgeting, so after a short while, he got up and pulled her into his arms, and started dancing with her. She protested at first, but soon her love of ballet and being in his arms, made her relax and she lost herself in the dancing.

To Be Continued...

Necessary Disclaimers Section:

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
Chapter Notes

Warnings:

Mention of incestuous ideas- with some actions attempted. Miscarriage mentioned once- and no, it's not Rue.

Also abuse mentioned at times, though nothing overly graphic.

I am trying to keep the character's personalities canon and also I am trying to think of things that were strange or horrible enough that they would sound like something Drosselmeyer might have done or intended... though those will be things that he set into motion before the start of the anime

Chapter #5- Books & Secret Quests

The day had waned as Fakir and Ahiru had slept. During that time, Mytho had seen to the burial of the 2 maids and spent most of his day reading the book he had originally seen the spell that he'd used on Ahiru days ago, in. It was all he could think to do to help anyone. He felt incredibly useless and hopeless. He didn't know how to find his wife and unborn child... Some prince, some ruler, father to be and husband he was.

He was leaving the library and heading to his office to sleep, since it was now after 10PM (He'd been unable to sleep in his and Rue's bed since she vanished. So he'd been sleeping on a couch in his office) when a guard came up to him. The knight bowed to the tired prince and then looked at him.

"Lord Fakir and Lady Ahiru have come out of their room, and wish to speak with you about princess Rue."

The knight said. Mytho blinked. He asked the knight where they were, and headed to the foyer in his apartments, it wasn't far from his office. When he opened the foyer doors, he stayed silent as he leaned against the door and watched the 2 of them dancing in the center of the room.

Ahiru was still wobbly and somewhat uncoordinated, but she was doing better than he had thought she would after not doing ballet for so long... Still, though, his hazel eyes narrowed as he thought about Phoebe. Something about her story seemed... Strange.

The girl he was currently watching, ballet dancing with his best friend (who still far outshone Ahiru in ability) was hardly able to keep up with Fakir, who was going painfully slow for her, she could not have taught Phoebe...
Still, he had to admit, Ahiru was better than she had been... He knew it was partially due to Fakir's own love of both, her and ballet, that she was doing so well at the moment.

He could tell how in love they were by watching the way they looked at each other as they danced a pas de deux (shaky on Ahiru's part) together.

A short while later, he pushed himself from the wall, and entered the room, Ahiru noticed him, and the moment was ruined between the 2, she shoved Fakir roughly away from her, screaming an:

"I'm sorry Fakir!"

At him behind her. Fakir sent a few choice swear words her way, she went and hugged Mytho who was chuckling at the exchange.

"Your human again."

He said smiling and hugging Ahiru back. Fakir gave Mytho a look that said: 'Hands off or else.' And Mytho released her immediately.

'Really? Fakir...'

He thought with a mental sigh.

"That doesn't matter!"

She said, pulling back and looking up at him. He arched an eyebrow, as his eyes darted back down to her.

"I know where Rue is! We need to go to her! NOW!"

She said tugging on his arm.

"Is she ok?"

He asked her and she shook her head.

"NO! And that's why I went back to being a duck! But she can't. She's in something called... in... Oh! Yeah! She said she was in labor! She's in a lot of pain and is feverish! She can't get out! We need to rescue her!"

She said with panic in her voice.

"Slow down,"

Fakir said, seeing Mytho was somewhat confused. Ahiru puffed out her cheeks and stamped her foot.

"NO TIME!"

She insisted and both young men sighed.

"I'll gather some knights and we ca-"

"NO! NO! NO! NO!"
She screamed, making them both wince and cover their ears as she stomped her heeled boots on the marble floor with enthusiasm, punctuating each "no" with a stomp.

Fakir grabbed her around the waist and held her in the air so her feet would stop abusing the floor and their ears, she squirmed and actually threatened to try and send her heal to his groin.

"Really? Ahiru, you're being childish, now!"

He pointed out as he held on to her.

"Wanna try me!"

She snapped, trying to crane her neck to see him. At that point, while still holding her with his left arm, he inched over to a sofa, grabbed a throw pillow and held it between her and his groin with his right hand.

Then he told her to go ahead, kick all she wanted. She did, but she didn't do any damage.

"Oh, do let her down, Fakir, this is getting us nowhere."

Mytho said, with a deep, tired, sigh- he could feel a headache forming now. Marvelous.

He just wanted her to explain, fully, what was wrong with, and where Rue was.

Perhaps he should have left her as a duck, it would have still gotten them to where Rue was... But more quietly.

"SLOWLY! Explain slowly, you feather-headed idiot!"

Fakir yelled into her ear to be sure she heard him above all of her screaming and flailing, then he just let her go. She stopped screaming. And gave a look of surprise as she fell to land on her butt on the floor.

Mytho sighed, waiting for her to go off about that, but she glared up at her boyfriend and then got to her feet silently as both watched her with arched eyebrows.

She rubbed her sore bottom through the fabric of her dress and then dusted herself off, turned to Fakir, and kicked him in the shin.

"SONOFA-Ahiru! Damn!"

He snapped, dropping the pillow to hold his throbbing leg.

Since he was on one leg now, she shoved and he fell over and onto the sofa, the wind knocked out of him.

Then she turned to Mytho who was now laughing, despite his worry about his family, so hard he was using a table to lean on in order to stay upright.

She smiled at him. Then slowly, her smile turned sad... When he saw that look, he sobered up fairly quickly.

She took a deep breath, and started over again, trying to be calmer this time. FINALLY she managed to convey the seriousness of the matter as well as Rue's poor condition, to him.

"That many people will be seen far to easily going there!"
She insisted as she noticed Fakir listening as well. Mytho nodded.

"Why will it be easy to see them?"

Fakir asked her and she blinked at him.

"It's on an island in a very large lake, and that many people crossing the water will be seen."

She explained as she bounced from foot to foot.

"Makes sense."

Mytho said looking at Fakir. Then he looked at Ahiru.

"I need to get armor for Fakir and I and then you can tell us where it is, you stay here."

He said and she shook her head.

"No, I am coming to help!"

She said and glared at them both. They sighed and nodded at her, she relaxed a bit.

"Ok, but you do as Fakir says- if he says hide, you do so... Promise?"

He asked and she nodded reluctantly.

"Ok, stay here, I'm taking Fakir get some armor. When we are done we'll get you and you can lead us to the island... ok?"

He asked and she nodded.

Fakir kissed her lips softly, then followed Mytho from the room.

"So... A kiss, huh?"

Mytho asked as they headed to the armory. He grinned when Fakir blushed deeply.

"Yeah... Well... That and... Other things."

He muttered and Mytho understood that he meant they'd gone farther than kissing.

"AH! That explains the possessive look you were giving her and the death glare you gave me when she hugged me! I was wondering why you glared daggers at me for hugging her! I'm happy for you both..."

He said honestly. Fakir glanced at him- the blush still firmly in place.

"After we... Well... Anyway-"

He looked away from Mytho.

"A-anyway... After we, uh... Woke up together, well... She woke me up, crying and calling me an idiot. She slapped me. Said she was supposed to get help for Rue..."

He said with a deep sigh, remembering what had happened after they'd made love.
Mytho chuckled as Fakir told him (most of) what had happened after they woke up, and leading up to when he walked in on them dancing.

"Maybe I should let you keep some armor, it looks like you might need it if you stay with Ahiru."

Fakir glared at him, and, then sighed as Mytho lead him into the armory.

"Why did I fall in love with her."

He asked uselessly. Mytho shrugged.

"You and Ahiru seem to be made for each other,"

He commented as he got armor together and started trying to fit it with Fakir's build. He wasn't like a lot of the knights, he was tall and thin with long legs and a somewhat elegant build, so it was a little hard. He was strong, and had muscles, but they weren't the kind that filled out armor very well.

Mytho had to finally give him a breast plate and some other light, mostly leather, armor.

Though he would have liked his friend better protected. After that, Mytho realized that he was built similarly because of his own ballet past, and as such he had to do the same with his own armor, finally he reasoned it would be easier to move in the lighter armor.

Before they left, though, he handed Fakir a black sword and scabbard- the sword had a black swan engraved on its hilt- similar to Mytho's which had 2 white swans. Fakir thought it looked familiar.

Mytho looked away, pretending to be very interested in attaching his own sword to his belt as he answered.

"It should, It belonged to the knight your reincarnated from..."

Fakir looked at Mytho, he wanted to ask for another sword, but something about the feel of this one in his hands...

"It's not cursed?"

He asked Mytho who blinked at him.

"Why would I give you a cursed sword?"

He asked with wide eyes. Fakir shrugged and sheathed the sword, then looked at Mytho again.

"Don't worry about it... Let's go get our noisy guide."

He said and Mytho followed him.

When they walked into the foyer, though, looking for Ahiru, they found... An empty room.

"Where did that feather brain go to now?"

Fakir asked in annoyance as he looked around the room.

Mytho had to smile despite the situation. Then he heard a sound down the hall a bit.

"Fakir... I hear a noise in the library down the hall..."
He said and headed out of the foyer, Fakir right behind him. When they reached the open library door, they stared in shock at all of the books littering the floor. Fakir sighed.

"I'm glad I have staff to clean the palace up."

Mytho murmured as he looked at the war zone of books lying all over.

"It looks like a book massacre..."

Fakir said with a hand to his forehead as he added.

"You should be a bit more annoyed, Mytho."

Mytho smiled and shrugged.

"At least she's not spending every second worrying herself sick over Rue..."

'Like I am...'

He said, but kept the thoughts to himself. Ahiru amused him, she always had, so she could do as she liked as far as he cared.

Fakir shook his head in disbelief, and then he gracefully jumped over some books to get into the room, looking for the culprit.

They didn't have time for this. Rue and the baby were in danger! He wondered why Mytho always seemed to be taking this so calmly. And then finally, they found her in the "L" section.

Though WHY she was there was beyond him. He stood with his hands on his hips as he watched her attempt to balance about 20 feet in the air, on the top of a rolling ladder. Mytho was beside him, both had their worried eyes, trained on her.

"That's unfortunate..."

Mytho said, wondering how they'd get her down safely. Then he covered his face with a hand and groaned as Fakir did a, in Mytho's opinion, very stupid thing.

He called out to her.

"HEY! MORON! GET YOUR, CUTE, LITTLE ASS, DOWN HERE!"

Ahiru yelped and dropped a book, it fell right where Mytho had been standing- (luckily his reflexes were still wonderful due to ballet, he moved in time). However, something else soon came crashing down. Fakir's eyes widened, and he braced himself, holding out his arms and caught the flailing girl with a groan of effort, then he cursed and dropped her as she sent an elbow straight to his face.

"OH! Fakir! I'm sorry!"

She cried as Mytho watched her try to pull his hand from his face so she could see the damage. Fakir, for his part glared at her from around the hand covering his nose and mouth.

"You're a menace, Ahiru!"

She winced at that.
"A Moron!"

He continued. She felt the sting of tears in her eyes as she looked at her hands.

"An Idiot!"

She sniffled and sighed, biting her bottom lip. Then blinked and looked at Fakir as his gentle fingers touched her cheek.

"Are you hurt?"

She shook her head sniffling back tears again softly.

"You're sure?"

He asked, his voice softening, and gently—gently—he brushed at the tears that were sliding down her cheeks, away. She nodded and smiled at him. He smiled back at her.

"Good. I don't know what I'd do if you had been hurt... Again"

He breathed softly and pulled her close to him, kissing her cheek and hugging her. She hugged him back happily. Meanwhile, Mytho was looking at the books she'd been dropping.

"Ahiru,"

He called curiously to her; she blinked and looked at the pale prince as she and Fakir pulled apart.

"Yes, Mytho?"

He held up a book with gemstones on the cover.

"Why were you looking at Lapidary books?"

He asked softly, truly curious, he actually didn't know that there were any books on the subject in the library. She blushed and after Fakir helped her to her feet, she fidgeted with her hands and skirt nervously.

"Ahiru?"

Fakir asked, She blinked and bit her lip, turning redder.

"Well... I-I... Thought, that, if I had a... a-a book about this... This la-labor thing, that Rue mentioned... That maybe I could help ease whatever pain it causes..."

She said innocently, as she glanced from him to Mytho and rocked back and forth on her feet. Mytho blinked at her and Fakir muttered that she was an idiot as he covered his own blushing face with his hand.

Neither was looking at Mytho, each too embarrassed, though she wasn't entirely SURE why she was embarrassed. But then, Mytho started laughing.

"Ahahahaha!... I- It's real... Ha-ha... r... ar-hard to s- stay... hahaha... d... Depressed w-with you two... Ha-ha... ha.. hahaha... a... Ah-around!"

They glanced at him as he sat on the floor, Fakir sighed, not knowing what to do or say. Soon, though, Mytho's laughter turned into crying, and from there, he was sobbing into both of his hands.
It was too much, it was just too much and he couldn't be strong on his own anymore. It was hard, especially when he saw how the 2 of them were together. It hurt to be without his Rue.

"I... I miss... m-my Rue..."

He cried, Ahiru was startled, she ran over and hugged him, he hugged her back, crying into her shoulder as she gently rocked him, rubbing his back softly. Fakir knew why he was like this.

He'd been there himself, when he thought Ahiru was dying. He sighed and went to look in the "P" section, for the book that Ahiru really needed.

Mytho didn't need an audience of 2; for his breakdown. Ahiru was enough comfort for their sad friend, Fakir felt no jealousy at her comforting the prince, though and he knew she was confused about the reactions she was seeing from Mytho. Fakir found the book fairly fast, but he stayed there, waiting for Mytho's cries to die down. When they finally did, he waited a little longer and then came out from the row of books. Ahiru sat with Mytho where he'd last seen them, she was rubbing Mytho's back, he was no longer clinging to her, he'd actually composed himself somewhat well, he was sitting beside her with his head in his hands, elbows on his crossed knees.

"That was humiliating..."

He moaned when Fakir walked up and handed Ahiru the book. He looked at his confused girlfriend and lost friend, and sighed.

"You know... We're all a sorry lot... Let's go and get the 4th member of our sorry lot back, before she gives birth to the 5th member, without us to help or greet it."

He said as he offered Mytho a hand up. The prince looked at him and after a moment accepted the help up.

"Rue... She makes the weak me, so much stronger..."

He said miserably- at his last comment, Ahiru looked at him, a bit startled that he'd echo what she'd thought about Fakir a long time ago.

"I know Mytho... We'll find her..."

She watched as Fakir briefly gave Mytho a one armed, brotherly hug after pulling him to his feet.

"How will we transport her?"

He asked him. The prince smiled weakly at the question.

"I have a way... It will transport only 3 people at most, O only have 2 items to go with the spell, though, so she'll have to come back with Ahiru and then you and I can..."

"We'll have to come under our own power?"

Mytho nodded head to Fakir's question. But before he could answer him, Ahiru tugged on Fakir's shirt sleeve, he glanced down at her. She held the book he gave her up, pointed to the writing on it and said.

"I need a book about something called Labor. Not this... This thing c-called..."

She looked at the book again.
"P-reg-nancy? T... That can't be causing her pain, she said she's been... Pregnant for 7 months... She can't have been in that kind of pain for that long..."

She said, trying to pronounce it... Fakir smiled, ruffling her hair as Mytho chuckled softly.

"We'll explain on the way,"

Mytho told her as Fakir's face turned red- he didn't want to explain that and sure as hell didn't want her old crush explaining it.

"OH!"

She suddenly cried out. Fakir blinked at her.

"I'll be back! I wanted to grab the backpack Fakir got from our house to bring with me!"

She said and left, the guys waited. A short while later, she came back to where they were waiting, backpack firmly on her back.

"What did you put in there?"

Mytho asked her curiously and she smiled.

"First aid things, bandages and stuff like that, and I brought some clothes for Rue and I..."

She blushed.

"I went into your room... I didn't think, given the size of her belly, that the clothes in my closet would fit her right now, so I grabbed a few of the clothes from near the front of her closet & the dresser that smelled like her, in your room."

Mytho blushed, at the thought that she'd been in their room, going through their things... But he wasn't mad, he was glad she'd thought of it.

He told her it was good thinking and they all continued on their way to the stables, as quietly as possible. They didn't need to wake anyone up.

Soon, Mytho became lost in thought, as he walked with Ahiru and Fakir, he was behind them and watching them walk and talk together made some painful memories surface, though he wasn't entirely sure why.

~*~ Just Before The Prince And The Raven Leaped From The Story ~*~

~ The monster raven (a manifestation of the ill-will and dark thoughts humans held within themselves) had killed Mytho and Leda's parents when they were babies; still under a year of age, and then had attacked them, the father of Mytho's, later, best friend: Aaron-the young knight who was Fakir's previous incarnation-had died protecting the royal twins.

The staff at the palace raised the twins and along with the young Aaron, Rachel & Manerva, of the later 3, they had been 4 (& 6 in Rachel's case) years older than the twins- Aaron's mother having died in childbirth. As they'd grown, he'd taken it upon himself to protect them. Though Mytho became aware that Aaron was in love with Leda.

Then when they'd been teenagers, disaster started. Leda started acting strangely, no one having
noticed that she'd been hurt when their parents were killed, and for all those years the raven's blood had slowly tainted her once pure soul, until, she tried to seduce her brother one night.

She'd made sure that the room had been dark, she'd wanted Mytho to not realize it was her until after the act (which she knew would be considered a sin) was done.

It was only after she had lain with the young man, that she realized she'd seduced Aaron instead.

Aaron had been wanting her for some time, so when lips and questing, feminine, hands had assaulted the sexually frustrated boy, he'd gone with it, taking her virginity as he apologized when she'd cried out in pain, having no idea that he'd been with one of his best friends, the princess-who, was not to be touched in the first place because of her rank and standing.

She ran off while he was sleeping and he never knew who he'd been with that night, she acted the same towards him as before, but with Mytho... Or Siegfried as he was known then.

She'd started to change. Her job was to aid anyone who needed help. With the nickname, of "Princess Tutu", she alleviated their emotional problems by solidifying the emotions of the people in the kingdom, into crystals and letting those crystals sink to the bottom of the lake that their palace sat in the center of.

Called "The Swan's Lake".

She was the heir, not Siegfried. In their realm, it was the female who inherited. He liked it that way. And like his sister, he worked along with Aaron to help the people in the kingdom. He seemed to love everyone and they in turn adored him.

But after she had lain with Aaron, Leda started acting strange, more so than before. She neglected her duties, disappeared for days on end, Siegfried and Aaron became aware of her actions that she was in love with Siegfried. Aaron confronted her, telling her it was wrong.

The palace mage, a woman who had acted like a mother to the 5 children, had backed up his urging of Leda to let her feelings go. She insisted that she could love whom she wanted. So, the female mage had cast a spell on her, in order to keep her from seeking her brother in a romantic way.

The rules of the spell:

Leda would turn into a speck of light and vanish if she vocalized her romantic love for her twin.

Aaron had protested, saying that that had been uncalled for. But Leda left, angry. Afterwards, Aaron had told Siegfried about Leda's feelings, so that he would be on guard. In order to deter her, Siegfried had spent more time attempting to aid their subjects, becoming loved by all, they wanted him to be the heir.

He said his sister would make a fine queen.

One evening, not long after that incident, when he and Leda was sitting and reading together, she leaned over and kissed him on the lips.

The curse set on her only worked with spoken affection.

He sat stunned a moment - then he moved away from her-appalled, he found himself both red faced and panting for air. As he tried to tell her he didn't love her like that, she had stood and slid the straps of her gown off of her shoulders- it pooled at her feet, she'd walked to him and tried to kiss him again, but he'd shoved her away roughly.
Sge landed hard on the floor and gasped as she was paralyzed suddenly by a sharp pain.

Then he'd left the room.

He stayed out of the palace for days, when he'd finally come back, he'd found Leda in the healing wing of the palace, and Aaron looking shell shocked. Neither would tell him what had happened.

He'd finally had to ask Helen the mage who cursed Leda.

She explained that Leda had been pregnant when he'd shoved her. And that, that small shove along with the stress at being rejected, had caused her to be upset enough to miscarry.

When he asked who the father was, Helen had pointed to Aaron.

Siegfried asked him why he didn't tell him that he and Leda were in a relationship. Aaron then explained what happened the night she had seduced him.

"She must have been trying to bed you..."

He finished as he looked at the prince sadly. Siegfried had known for a while that Aaron was in love with her... This new situation caused Siegfried to make a decision.

He left the palace with Aaron in tow. Leda would not see reason. Her soul was turning darker.

Things quieted down somewhat after he and his knight left her.

That was, until the raven appeared in the castle town. Leda had neglected to control the dark emotions in people's hearts as she should have, and thus had fed and called to the beast unintentionally.

When Siegfried and Aaron came back, after hearing about the monster's attack, they'd found it about to kill the princess, who was weak, with an injured leg, holding a sword, unable to stand and fight anymore, many people in the town had been injured or killed.

She HAD in all honesty tried to kill the monster- it was affecting her life, but she held no allegiance to the beast. As they got there, they saw the monster, sending a talon swinging down at the helpless girl. Without thinking or giving Siegfried time to react, Aaron had thrown himself between the monster and Tutu. Dying, as he was slashed in half in front of the frightened girl—blood spattering her beautiful dress and skin. Both she and her brother cried out for their murdered friend. While the raven wondered where Aaron had come from in the first place- Siegfried grabbed his sister and ran to hide her. After finding a safe place he made to leave, but she stopped him.

He looked at her face, covered in Aaron's blood, her own tears mingling with the blood.

"Please, don't go Siegfried... Don't leave me alone."

She begged and his face softened. He knelt in front of her and used a handkerchief to wipe the blood and tears from her pretty face.

"I have to save our people and avenge Aaron... I'll be back..."

He said naively. She shook her head.

"No- you don't, lets run away..."

She said and he frowned, his sister would never put herself above the people- (Not to this extent) -
"I can't, I'm sorry, Leda."

He said and stood to go.

"Please, no... No..."

She started crying and he felt bad, but, determinedly held his resolve to fight.

"Please! I L-"

She cried, laying on the floor of the entryway they'd been hiding in, sobbing. When he heard that, he'd paled and turned.

"No! Leda, don't say it- Please I don't-"

"CURSE BE DAMNED!"

She screamed as she sobbed openly, looking at him.

"I love you, Siegfried! I'm IN LOVE with YOU, dammit!"

She cried, looking at him with a desperate panic! His eyes widened in horror and he watched with a heavy heart as she began glowing a soft red. He reached out to her, her hand outstretched to meet his own, and his fingers went through hers as she shuddered in a softly glowing red light, sparkling and disappearing before it hit the floor.

He'd cried, collapsing to his knees and screamed in grief at the loss of his best friend AND his twin sister. After that- he'd gone after the monster.

It having absorbed enough energy, had ripped through the boundary of their realm, he'd chased the beast in a blind rage and when he caught it he used a forbidden spell to seal the creature.

After all- who needed emotions and memories anyway? When sadness was all they seemed to offer.~

Once they had the horses ready, and Fakir had helped Ahiru up onto his horse side saddle-since she was in a dress, the book about pregnancy still clutched in her arms, then mounted just behind her she giggled happily as he slid his arms around her to take the horses' reins.

Mytho wanted them to leave before the knights or any palace staff noticed them trying to sneak off, if they were spotted, the people in the palace would do whatever they could to stop him from leaving, fearing the loss of the last person of the royal line.

Mytho could NOT afford for them to be found out and detained. He feared too much for Rue and their child.

Soon they were on their way, she rested her head against Fakir's chest, listening to his heart beat, she gave them directions in between reading her book.

It was midnight by the time they FINALLY slipped out of the palace on the secret mission to save Rue. Just a bit under 2 hours after Fakir and Ahiru first came to him to tell him about Rue. Mytho hoped she could hang on until he got there... Wherever that was.
The main problem that showed up, early on, was that she was still clumsy, and kept dropping her book. Fakir had to keep stopping to let her slide from the horse, granting Fakir a nice view of her panty-clad bottom as the dress needed a moment to settle once she was off of the horse (He was grateful that she slid off the left side of the horse, while Mytho was on the right- otherwise he might have considered blinding his friend).

Each time she got her book, he'd take it from her, have Mytho hold it so he could get her settled on the horse again, then they'd give her the book and be on their way.

Fakir sighed, it would be a LOOOOONG night.

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To Be Continued...

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~*~Windeen~*~*~

~*~*~Windy~*~*~
Fakir reined his horse to a stop, Ahiru had fallen asleep against his chest a half hour before. But before that she'd spent the previous 3.5 hours asking him awkward questions about "this pregnancy thing", as she'd taken to referring to it... Until finally she seemed to understand most of it.

Anyway- after that, she'd closed her book calmly, laid her head against his heart and been very quiet- he'd thought she'd fallen asleep then, but after the long stretch of silence that either young man had experienced with Ahiru, while she was awake, she suddenly asked them to stop their horses... She apologized to Mytho when he asked if she was ok.

Then she asked Fakir to help her off of his horse, which he did, lowering her down by leaning over with an arm around her waist. He was concerned as well. At the time it was between 3 & 4 am and they had no light, other than the stars and the moon.

"Want me to come with you?"

He had asked her softly before he'd released her waist, he was still leaning slightly sideways over his horse, she shook her head and started off, but he grabbed her hand, she glanced back.

"I won't let you go until I know what you're up to."

She sighed.

"It hurts..."

He could see a faint blush on her face as she squirmed where she stood. He released her hand and dismounted his horse, he gave the reins to Mytho and told him he wanted to go wherever Ahiru was to make sure she was ok and didn't waste any time. Mytho nodded and said to call if he was needed.

Then Fakir put an arm around Ahiru and let her lead him over to a small pond. They were about 100 or so feet from Mytho, bushes separated them from him, blocking the view of each party. She sat on the sandy edge of the pond.

"Not so close, Ahiru. We don't know if there's anything in the water."

He said nervously, she smiled weakly, she kept shifting her hips. That's when he realized what hurt and he sighed, he sat down behind her, his legs on either side as he pulled her up against his front.

"The water's safe, I can tell."

She said softly as she leaned against him.

"Hey, guys!"

"Yeah, Mytho!?

"I've tied the horses to a tree, I'm going to sleep under that tree for about 30 minutes, we can all take a 30 minute break, I won't be any use if there is fighting, if I'm so tired!"
"Got it. Want me to wake you in about 30 minutes!?"

"Thank You... Is Ahiru ok?"

Mytho's voice dropped a bit- they could both hear how tired he was.

"Yeah, she's just tired from riding a horse so long."

"Ok, good, glad that's all it is."

Then they heard a horse whinny and his voice talking to the horse softly, both stayed still, listening, 5 minutes passed and no more sounds, aside from the horses.

"Am I suppose to still be sore, anyway?"

She asked softly. He shrugged, as he kissed her lips softly.

"Not from what I've heard, but- considering the fact that you've just lost your virginity and then you spent the last, almost, 4, hours sitting on a horse, even my butt hurts from sitting astride the thing so long by the way, I assume that the non stop riding has added to the soreness."

"But I was side saddle..."

"Without the proper saddle."

He pointed out and she thought about it, then nodded.

"I guess it makes sense..."

He laid down beside her, holding her close, hoping that stretching out would help her.

"Try and relax your muscles..."

She heard him whisper, she nodded and snuggled close to him.

A short while later, Fakir snuck into the clearing where Mytho and the horses waited, Mytho was still asleep, it had been about 25 minutes, he found the backpack and dug in it until he found a new pair of panties for Ahiru, then he took them to her.

"Seesh. Why'd you have to loose them, Fakir."

She whined when he came back to where she waited, she had been looking for the old ones trying to figure out where they'd gone... Where he'd tossed them.

After cuddeling a few minutes, and being unable to get her to relax, he had kissed her, and one thing lead to another and...

She took the new pair, glairing at him, and insisted that he turn around.

"But I've already seen everything you have dow-"*

He pointed out, then sighed as she glared harder, cheeks puffed out and bristling a bit.

"Oh, all right, get on with it then..."

He said- rolling his eyes, then did as she asked and turned around so she could put them on. He felt his face heat up again as he heard the rustle of her dress as she repositioned her panties then fixed
her skirt. He knew she was mad, after he'd brought her to climax, he'd cleaned her up and said they were done.

When she demanded that he enter her, he'd asked if the soreness was gone, when she had said yes, he had said that that was the goal. If he entered her that they'd be late waking Mytho up and getting to Rue. Although he did want her badly now.

"Ready."

She chirped when she was done and he smiled,

"It's that way, go wake up Mytho, I'll be there a minute."

He said and she narrowed her eyes at him.

"What? I need to relieve myself..."

He said and she sighed, leaving to wake the prince. It had been true, but likely not in the way she thought. When he came back, She was sitting on a large rock close by as Mytho yawned, just waking up. Fakir started untying the horses from the tree. Meanwhile, Ahiru had walked over and was looking at Mytho with concern.

"Can you fight if you need to?"

She asked him worriedly & he smiled.

"Yeah, I should be able to."

He said, knowing she was worried about how tired he looked.

Fakir checked his horse' saddle and then gripped Ahiru around the waist and hoisted her onto his horse, she settled her bottom on the saddle and he re-mounted the horse, she sighed in contentment and rested her head against his chest again as they started out, she told them what the remaining directions were, and then she drifted to sleep against Fakir's chest.

He didn't know what Ahiru's mind was like when she thought... He loved her, very, VERY much, so much that it sometimes hurt. But he doubted he'd ever WANT to know what her mind was like when she gave something any serious thought.

When they finally arrived 2 hours later at the place she had indicated, Fakir slid his unconscious girlfriend gently into Mytho's waiting arms so he could dismount. Grunting, Fakir swung his stiff and sore leg from the animal's back.

'She's snoring... she'd love to know her prince heard her snoring...'

He thought, somewhat amused. Watching as Mytho chuckled at the un-ladylike sounds she was making, and laid the snoring "princess" in the soft grass. Fakir knew she was in love with him now, didn't doubt it for a minute, but he also knew that she still loved Mytho, albeit in a different way than before, and she'd be horribly embarrassed if she knew he'd heard, and worst yet, SEEN, her snoring.

Both young men stretched and looked around. It was now almost 6:30 in the morning. The sun had yet to raise still-but they could see the start of the sunrise in the distance.
On top of that, there were storm clouds hiding most of the stars now and part of the moon...

Thunder sounded beyond the castle, that they could faintly see. Mytho sighed as he sat beside the sleeping duck-turned-girl.

"I was afraid she was pointing us to this location..."

He said sadly. Fakir sat on the other side of Ahiru from his friend.

"Why? Where are we?"

He asked, looking at Mytho.

"This castle... When I realized that my sister, Leda was #1) in love with me, and #2) cursed to die if she voiced her feelings for me, I moved to this castle- in the hopes of distancing us, in order to spare us both the pain... Aaron... Your former self... He came with me."

He said as he looked around. He really had a bad feeling about this now.

'Rue...'

This was where Mytho, as Prince Siegfried, fought the raven before he went to Fakir's world after the beast. That happened just after, at his current palace, Leda had confessed that she was in love with him, her brother, and vanished. Shortly before that, his best friend, Aaron was killed by a slash of the raven's talons as he tried to save Leda.

All was silent around the 3, but after a few more minutes, Ahiru groaned and opened her sleepy eyes, sitting up, she blushed as she looked at Fakir. She still remembered what she'd read about pregnancy.

He watched her as she leaned against the tree behind them.

"Hey, Ahiru? Fakir and I will be fighting, most likely, so... Please take these charms and find Rue, once you find her, put this around her wrist and say this spell. Place one on your own wrist, once in the palace, get her to the healer..."

She blinked at Mytho as he handed her 2 bracelets and a piece of paper with the spell written on it.

"O-Ok... But what about you 2?"

"We'll make it back."

She frowned, but nodded.

"Ok then."

She sighed and looked around.

"Why are we sitting here, anyway?"

"I sent a swan to scout ahead before we finally arrived,"

Mytho said.

"I'm waiting for him to come back and tell me what he finds... Also, it's stupid for us to try and go in there with little or no light."
She nodded quietly and went back to her book as she leaned against Fakir, who put his arm around her shoulders and held her close to him.

Ahiru was now reading about what labor was. And learning why it hurt Rue.

Fakir kissed her hair and rested his head against hers.

She must have drifted off again, she realized as she opened her eyes and saw Mytho a ways off talking with a large white swan. She started to move and couldn't, that's when she realized Fakir was leaning against her with his arm still wrapped around her. She didn't really want to move, she liked being in his arms, BUT she had to. She was starting to get a bad feeling.

She jabbed him in the cheek. He yelped, groaning when he slammed his head on the tree.

"What?"

He hissed at her as he rubbed his head and she moved to face him.

"You don't sense that?"

She asked, frowning at him. He narrowed his eyes, thinking and trying to see if he did sense anything. Then he shrugged.

"No... But it might be because I'm not *Super Duck*!"

He said and she glared, puffing her cheeks out.

"You know, you're not very nice at the moment..."

She pointed out and he widened his eyes sarcastically.

"Ok, I'm sorry..."

She muttered. He smirked and ruffled her hair.

"You don't need to apologize, moron."

He said, and this time affection laced his voice. They looked at each other, so lost in the activity that they didn't notice that Mytho had come over until he was right beside them.

"Earth to lovebirds."

He said and they both jumped... He put out both of his arms, each took one and he yanked them both to their feet.

"Find out anything from the Swan?"

Fakir asked curiously.

Mytho ran his hand threw his hair.

"He spotted a large magic circle in the courtyard. He also sensed high concentrations of magic from inside the castle..."
He trailed off, looking worried, Fakir blinked.

"And?"

He asked and Mytho looked at his friend sadly.

"Rue's screams can be heard from outside the castle gates... She may have gone into full blown labor."

He said and suddenly Ahiru grabbed her book.

"Do we have a bucket?"

She asked brightly, they both gave her a blank look. Finally, Fakir dared ask.

"Why do- I probably will be sorry I asked, but... WHY do you want a bucket, Ahiru?"

He asked, dreading the answer, she pointed to her book with a big smile.

"It'll be messy! If I hold the bucket under Rue when she- HEY, What's so funny!?"

At that, both young men had broken out into full fledged laughter, holding onto each other so that neither fell, she looked from one to the other in annoyance, and puffed her cheeks out in a pout.

"HEY?! I'm serious! We need a bucket!"

At that, they laughed harder- because the most amusing thing was: that she was VERY serious about her idea, that was what both found so amusing. Fakir had to give it to Mytho- he was right, it was hard to stay depressed or sad very long around Ahiru... Hard to remain serious for long either...

After both boys had finally been able to compose themselves (having had to order Ahiru to not mention buckets or any other smart ideas that her ducky-brain came up with), Mytho laid out his plan. If Rue's screams could be heard so easily, then they just had to follow those... (Though the idea of listening to the agonized screams of the woman he loved, while being unable to do much to help her, made Mytho sick).

Ahiru would be between him and Fakir, if need be, Mytho would hold pursuers off while Fakir guarded Ahiru and aided her in getting to Rue, once with Rue, Ahiru was to place the spelled bracelet on her, and Rue's wrist (he had made Fakir put his on before they started into the castle, not trusting that he would willingly go with the girls and leave him) and then she was to say the spell to activate it.

Once activated, all 3 would teleport from there to Mytho's swan palace and Ahiru was to run, getting help from the healer for Rue who would most likely need immediate medical healing. While Fakir stayed with Rue until help arrived.

After that Mytho would head back on foot to regroup & discuss whatever else they had run into the castle. Ahiru, herself was not thrilled with the idea, but she finally agreed.

After they had heard Mytho's plan, he told them he wanted to walk around and survey the place to reacquaint himself with the landmarks and such...

Fakir knew he was probably giving him some alone time with Ahiru, since they were likely to get hurt or killed in the worst-case-scenario that Mytho had worked out.

He was grateful for the time alone. Once Mytho was out of sight, Fakir pushed Ahiru rather
roughly against the tree that the 3 of them had rested under a while before, and he kissed her.

The kiss was somewhat desperate, hungry and passionate all at the same time and she'd been surprised at how rough he was when he pressed her against the tree in the first place.

She whimpered as his hands gripped her bottom and his lips and tongue invaded her senses.

Soon, she wrapped her arms around his neck as she kissed him back, he gripped her bottom with both hands, through her dress, and hoisted her legs up, so that she wrapped them around his waist, he had to unclip the belt holding his sword though because that was in the way of her leg on his right side.

Once that was done, he could stand up a bit straighter- since she was so short, his back hurt a bit if he kissed her for any length of time while both were standing.

She whimpered into the kiss as she felt his hands leave her bottom, one hand slid up her back to bury in the hair at the nape of her neck and hold her head in place, angling it a bit so he could kiss her more deeply. The other hand rested against the tree, beside her head.

Finally, when both realized that their lungs were screaming for air, they broke the kiss, he pulled back, seeing her eyes closed, face flushed and her lips slightly swollen and open a bit as she gasped for breath.

"Ahiru..."

He said softly and she slowly opened her eyes. Smiling at him she reached up and touched his cheek.

"I have a feeling that you'll either refuse to leave without Mytho or try and come back for us OR you'll try to make the transport spell take us all at once..."

He said and she looked away, confirming that he knew her so well... Maybe he did understand her thoughts after all. He moved the hand in her hair, to her chin and made her look at him.

"Don't."

He said once her eyes were on his own. Her eyes watered and she hugged him, burying her face in his neck and hair.

"We'll come back."

He continued as he gently rubbed her back.

"We'll both deffinately return."

"What if you can't?"

She asked with a whimper.

"You don't trust me?"

He asked and she pulled back, shaking her head as she looked at him.

"Of course I trust you!"

"Then believe that I will come back to you, we'll BOTH come back. Right now, you and Rue are
both non-combatants. You can't change into Tutu and Rue needs medical help badly."

He said and when she tried to look away again, he ducked his head to keep his eyes locked with hers.

"If I could still turn into Tutu, then I-"

"You can't. It's out of the question at this time, so don't even entertain the thought."

He said with a sigh. She bit her lip.

"You're being mean again, Fakir..."

"I know. But I need to be;"

He said and she sighed.

"Are you going to let me down?"

She asked after a few minutes.

"Not until you swear that you'll do exactly as we tell you."

"But... You guys told me that if I have to, in order to get to Rue, I have to leave you both behind... And I-"

"Ahiru... She'll die if she is like this much longer, you know that better than we do, and you're not selfish enough to deny getting her to help."

She looked away and he let her this time, patiently waiting. After a while, they heard footsteps and Mytho came into view, he blinked at them.

"Uh... Do I need to go for another walk so you can finish WI-"

"We're not having sex, Mytho."

Fakir said flatly and Mytho nodded, still wide eyed. Their position said otherwise, but he let it go.

"We should get going soon."

He said, feeling awkward.

"Yeah, as soon as she promises me she'll do what we say, without deviation from the laid out plan."

He said and Mytho nodded- he went to check on the horses, to give them a few more minutes.

"Ahiru I-"

"I promise..."

She said so quietly that he almost didn't hear. He nodded and kissed her cheek.

"Thank you, Ahiru."

She looked at him then, her eyes swimming with tears. He cupped her face and kissed her nose.

"You read most of that book on the way here... Do you know how one becomes pregnant?"
He asked gently as he stared into her eyes. After a moment she nodded.

"What we did in our room, in the palace..."

She said softly.

"And you understand about protection and what happens without it?"

"Yes, Pregnancy... Well, not always, but it's highly likely..."

"Good girl..."

He sighed and rested his forehead against hers, his eyes still looking into hers.

"So, you're aware then, of the other reason that I want you away from danger as fast as possible?"

She was quiet a moment, and then he felt her shift a bit and she slid a hand over her abdomen. He gave her his usual smug smirk and slid one of his over her own hand, in the same spot.

"I could have become pregnant..."

She said very softly after what seemed to him like an eternity, with his other hand, he tilted her face again and he kissed her softly it was a gentle kiss, and made her feel like he thought she might break, she wasn't sure if she liked being treated like she was breakable, but she responded to the kiss non the less.

When he broke the kiss, he kissed down her throat and around to her ear where he gently nipped and sucked at the skin, drawing a moan of pleasure from her.

"I didn't plan to try and get you pregnant either... The first time was not planned. It was only after that, that I realized that we were unprotected, and, what that might mean... But still, even though it was an accident, I don't regret being with you, Ahiru. I love you."

He whispered softly against her ear, she shivered because of his words and how he said them, she hugged him tightly.

"Don't die on me."

She said softly, a break in her voice.

"Same to you."

"I love you too Fakir."

She said softly as he finally lowered her feet to the ground. Then he took both her hands in his, she looked up at him and he leaned down to kiss her again.

"Marry me, once this is all settled."

He said and she beamed at him, then closed her eyes, a tear sliding down her cheek with the action of closing her eyes, and then she nodded happily.

"Yes, I will."

She said and then they heard Mytho clear his throat before he appeared again.
"Did you hear any of that?"

Fakir asked a bit red in the face, Mytho blinked at him.

"All I heard was you ask her to marry you and she said yes..."

He said honestly, then added,

"Did she also agree to follow the plan?"

Fakir nodded.

"Yeah, she promised. & neither of us goes back on our promises."

He said as she sighed and leaned into Fakir's side.

Meanwhile, back at the swan palace, it was time for the shift change of the guards in charge of the cell that Phoebe had been in. But when the replacement guard arrived, he found an empty cell...

Empty except for the guard that lay unconscious in its doorway.

The alarm sounded and the healer, Jamison, went to wake Mytho in his office, but of course, the prince was nowhere to be found.

During all of that- miles away, watching as Ahiru, Mytho and Fakir headed to the other castle, was an ebony swan, hiding among the tall grasses and reeds of the large pond that surround the castle's island. The black swan held a sad expression in its pretty blue/green eyes...

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To Be Continued...

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
Wounded

Chapter #7- Wounded

Entering the castle courtyard was too easy, Fakir and Mytho said it was... And the knowledge that Ahiru found she still retained, though sketchy, from when she was Princess Tutu, agreed with the two boys beside her. She'd left the book about pregnancy with Fakir's horse, the horse had promised he'd keep it safe for her and she'd been grateful.

Until he'd responded to her, she had thought that she had lost the ability to communicate with other animals. So his response had startled the former duck.

Once they had swum across the pond and were within the walls of the castle, none (except for Ahiru) had liked the idea of having to swim across the lake to the castle's island.

Their problem hadn't been with the water or even swimming, but with the fact that it was cold out and they would be wide open to attacks)... Mytho used a spell to dry all 3 of them off afraid that one or all of them would get ill from being wet then cold. Also- aside from the armor, all 3 wore dark clothing and Ahiru had her backpack on, she nervously clutched at the strap of the black pack that was resting over her thin shoulders now as she remembered her argument a short while before with Fakir.

Fakir had argued with her about taking it because it had been bulky with the extra clothes for her and Rue, so she'd taken the clothes out and defiantly slid it over her shoulders, onto her back as she glared at him-while pouting, insisting that she'd need the first aid stuff in there.

At that point Mytho had sighed and told him to drop it, it looked much lighter with the dresses gone.

Fakir had, although reluctantly, dropped it.

She wouldn't admit it, but swimming with it on had been a bit harder than planned.

But, she decided, Fakir didn't need to know about that.

Once they'd been dry and within the walls of the courtyard they were assaulted, or rather their ears were, by the echoing agonized screams coming from somewhere up high, all three paled at a particularly blood-curdling scream. All screams were from Rue.

Ahiru had cried out Rue's name and run forward, but Fakir stopped her, wrapping both his arms around her slender body. She turned her head, tears in her eyes, to yell at Fakir and she saw how sad he was, his eyes strained and he was shaking too, now that she noticed, she saw him tilt his head in Mytho's direction, she looked and paled even more. The prince looked paralyzed as he leaned against the wall and shook.

Both his hands clutched at his head on either side, he was fisting his hands in his silvery white hair and looked about ready to break down.

She looked at Fakir again, worried for Mytho as well as Rue now.
“Let's not get separated, we'll stay with him as long as possible...”

He whispered, and she nodded, then he released her. She knew she shouldn't have tried to run off. It would have been supremely stupid. Even for her duck-clogged brain.

Together the 2 walked back to Mytho and Fakir touched his friend's shoulder gently as Ahiru bent and hefted his long, swan decorated sword, holding it towards him.

They waited patiently and finally he seemed to have snapped out of it. He glanced at them, and, slowly, as if every fiber of his being hurt, he reached out and took the sword from Ahiru, murmuring an,

"I'm sorry, guys... Thank you Ahiru..."

They both nodded and waited until he'd managed to somewhat block Rue's cries out of his ears. Then Ahiru had hugged him and he smiled weakly.

"She's not being hurt..."

She told him then frowned at her own words.

"Well, she's not being hurt by an outside force. Those are the same sounds that she was making from the labor pain. Only now, their 10x's louder and MUCH more frequent..."

"So... She's not being tortured?"

Mytho asked hopefully and Ahiru nodded.

"I don't think she is, anyway."

"How can the people in this castle stand the screams? No human being with a heart could stand hearing that and not try to help the person in that kind of pain..."

Fakir said, looking ill. Mytho looked a bit more composed as he answered Fakir.

"They are likely not human, or not human anymore... Also, there are spells that are used for sound dampening and spells to cut off a room completely from sound... The fact that we can hear her, means,"

"It's a trap?"

Fakir asked and Mytho nodded.

"Likely... And likely for Ahiru, they may even be amplifying it somehow..."

They both glanced at her and saw her looking around with a frown.

"What?"

"What are you thinking?"

Fakir and Mytho both asked her at the same time.

She blinked a few times and pointed to a window in the castle wall, towards the base of the building, that disappeared slightly underground.
"I think they moved, Rue."

She said, looking concerned, as she looked around at the castle walls and towers.

"Moved her?"

She nodded at Mytho's curious question.

"Yeah, when I was here, I escaped through that window as a duck, so she and I were being held down there."

She pointed out, then looked at the castle walls again.

"But her cries, they're definitely coming from up there somewhere."

She said, biting her lip. Mytho looked around, it was too hard to tell from out here, maybe if they looked from inside... He sighed and told them that he thought that was what they should do.

Finally they agreed and headed into the castle with him, both young men had their swords drawn and at-the-ready. All 3 knew it was likely that it was a trap to get Ahiru and neither of them would allow that.

Once inside, they found another problem, the screams were louder and seemed to be definitely amplified, as well as still echoing. Despite that and that they knew it was a trap, that the sounds Rue was making, were making them all feel ill, they pressed on. Desperate to find her

Mytho entertained the thought that, if she was in some way, for some reason- beyond saving, that he'd kill her with his own hands, to end her suffering.

But as soon as the notion entered his head, he had to stop, back track, asking Fakir to keep Ahiru with him and he was sick in a corner. He just couldn't kill her, the sheer idea made him retch and he hated himself for such thoughts. He loved her too much. But still...

"I'm becoming selfish..."

He muttered as he wiped his mouth. If she was unable to be saved, the humane thing would be to kill her. He didn't doubt that she would want it... But still...

When he returned to Fakir and Ahiru, he was more pale than before and Ahiru held out a handkerchief with a sweet, albeit weak, smile... He glanced at them both, wondering how they knew he'd been ill and then he thanked her, taking the cloth and some water and washing his mouth out and face off in another corner.

Once that was done, he discarded the handkerchief when Ahiru said she had others.

Then he pulled Fakir aside, having asked Ahiru to try and see if she could sense Rue's direction.

"Fakir... Please, promise me... Swear to me, on your loyalty to me as a knight, that..."

He paused, gulping soundlessly for a moment as he tried to collect himself... The air was becoming hard to pull into his lungs suddenly.

"... That if, when we find Rue, IF she is beyond being saved, Can you pha..."

He trailed off, tears forming and his breath leaving him with panic at the idea, setting in.
"You want me to kill her, if she can't be saved?"

Fakir asked softly and seriously as he watched his friend, Mytho's eyes latched onto Fakirs and he nodded, slowly sinking to the floor, his knees bent in front of him as he put a hand over his mouth to try and muffle any noise he made from the silent tears.

Fakir knelt in front of his friend and placed a hand on his shoulder with a deep sigh.

"A-are you sure?"

He asked, staring intently at the sad prince, who nodded.

"I-I... I don't want her suffering, ... Fakir..."

He said from behind his hand.

"And I can't do it myself. I've become selfish, I can't harm her even if she can't be saved and is suffering..."

Fakir nodded at his friend.

"Try to breath, before you pass out, Mytho."

He said and the prince nodded.

Neither noticed that Ahiru, who couldn't hear what was being said, sat and watched them with concern shining in her big blue eyes. Fakir closed his eyes and ran a hand through his hair.

"How do we determine, that she can't be saved?"

"I can teach you a spell..."

"I can't use magic, there's no way!"

"Yes, you can."

He said and both stared at each other a moment.

"What kind of spell?"

He finally asked Mytho with another sigh. The prince smiled weakly.

"It's a spell designed to check a human's condition, health wise... It scans the body and if there's nothing wrong with the person glows a Soft or Light Green.

If they're unwell they will glow one of the following colors: Dark Green, Light Yellow, Dark Yellow- you won't need to worry about those... Or the light & dark orange ones either- they mean: Light Orange = Pregnant, Dark Orange = In labor- with minor to severe labor pains and/or contractions, we know she's pregnant and in labor... You'll need to look for the last color to determine if she's unable to be saved...

Please keep in mind though- it may cycle through several colors, if she's got more than one thing wrong with her. So, once you see it start to glow a color, count to 10 slowly and by the time you hit 10 it SHOULD be finished with the colors and have rested on the most severe... The other colors are:
The rest are:

Light Blue = Sprain, muscle strain or pull - it will glow the lightest at the source,

Dark Blue = Fractured bone or dislocated joint or Organ injury - it will glow the darkest at the source,

Light Purple = Pain of any kind and degree - from unknown or known source,

Dark Purple = Extreme pain from known source - it will glow the darkest at the source,

Light Red = Cancers and things that are serious and hard to cure - it will glow the lightest at the source,

And a Dark Blood Red = If the person is fatal."

He said and Fakir nodded hesitantly, wondering if he could remember it all.

"I... If it's blood red, I'm to kill her?"

He asked to be double sure and Mytho nodded, looking somewhat more composed.

"Yes. Then I plan to ki-"

He couldn't finish it, because Fakir had pulled his fist back and punched him square in the jaw. The punch caused his head to slam into the stone wall behind his head, he groaned and gave Fakir a startled look.

"If you plan on killing yourself, don't tell a knight who is sworn to protect you. I don't want to hear that you plan to k-"

He was cut off as Ahiru had run over to them, she had wrapped her arms around him from behind-apparently she thought that there would be more fighting.

She was no where near strong enough to hold him back or pull him away from Mytho, not if he was pissed off enough, which he was.

But the fact that he heard her crying behind him and felt her arms shake with sadness and upset... He pulled back and gently tugged her around in his arms and hugged her. He didn't want her upset. And he didn't want her knowing what Mytho had asked of him.

"Fakir..."

Mytho said as he looked at his friend, suddenly Fakir pulled away from Ahiru and glared at Mytho.

"Teach me that spell in a few minutes, I need to cool down first."

He growled at Mytho and then, grabbing Ahiru's hand, he started off again, leaving the room, and Mytho behind.

"F- Fakir, we can't leave him!"

"He'll be along soon, he's back to being like a lost puppy again right now."

He said rather coldly, somewhat bitterly, while trying to get his emotions in order.
"W-what happened?"

"You don't need to know."

He said in the same tone of voice. She sighed, puffing her cheeks out a bit.

After a few minutes of silence, she bit her lip, looking behind her, she saw Mytho is trailing along. Fakir's grip on her hand hurt, but she didn't dare say anything.

She just dealt with it, trying to keep up with his fast walking pace, every now and then she'd look behind her to check on Mytho...

Finally, after some time, Ahiru tripped and fell, Fakir's grip on her hand and fast reflexes helped him catch her before she could land though.

"You ok?"

He asked as she sank to her knees to rest, finally he realized she was sweating and out of breath, she'd been having trouble keeping up with his long legs and fast pace.

"Yeah, I w... Was just having trouble ka... Keeping up..."

She panted softly as she offered him a smile, then she frowned as she looked around.

"Shouldn't we have seen someone from this castle to try to stop or kill us, yet?"

She asked and he nodded, looking around, it was suspicious, but before he could say anything about it to her, Mytho caught up to them and looked worried when he saw Ahiru on the stone floor.

"What happened?"

He asked, looking for enemies, to be sure she wasn't attacked.

"I forgot she was smaller and would have trouble keeping up with me..."

Fakir said with a sigh as he stood up and looked at Mytho.

"We need to talk while Ahiru catches her breath."

He said and Mytho nodded. They walked a ways off to talk without her hearing and she sighed, she hated when they did that... But she didn't try to follow them, she needed a rest.

Meanwhile, across the room, both young men stood, facing each other.

"I'll kill Rue, if there's no way to save her, if you insist, though I won't like it, but if you wanna die too, then go kill yourself without my forewarning and know I'll be pissed off, I'm suppose to keep you alive and that's just a selfish thing to do to your subjects."

Fakir said coldly, Mytho flinched at the words and the tone of his voice, but he nodded.

"I'm sorry, it was inconsiderate of me... I don't know what came over me when I- ah... Anyway- I am truly sorry Fakir."

Mytho said as he bowed his head to his friend.

"If you still intend for me to kill Rue, then teach me that health checking spell... And Ahiru is to
never know it was me, if I end up doing it..."

Fakir added, more softly, somewhat sadly. Mytho nodded, sighing softly, he didn't like this any more than Fakir did. After a moment of silence passed between the two, Mytho started to teach Fakir the words for the spell,

However, not long after, they were interrupted by Ahiru's cries of alarm.

Both looked at her and found a troll like creature coming in through a doorway, he had a sword and dagger in each hand, he was a bit bigger than a human, he was closer to her than they were.

"Ahiru- get over here!"

Fakir called as he pulled his sword from its scabbard along with Mytho.

She was backing away from the monster, she glanced in Fakir's direction and then made a mad dash towards him, having no choice but to turn her back on the monster as she headed for the two young men, suddenly Fakir saw her pale and she fell to the floor.

He had rushed forward with Mytho when she had started towards him, Fakir caught her as her knees slammed into the stone floor, she cried out from the impact.

Mytho engaged the creature with his own sword, trying to keep it away from the two on the floor, Fakir laid his sword down and pulled her into a hug as she started to sob from pain, gently, he shifted her so he could look behind her and his heart stopped for a moment, there was a dagger, about 7-8 inches long, in her back, it was off to her right side- he looked at her stomach and saw the tip of the dagger poking through her dress with blood around it.

It was buried to the hilt. He looked up when he heard the beast fighting Mytho give a strangled cry, watching with satisfaction as Mytho pulled his sword from the monster's chest.

Mytho walked over to a tapestry and wiped the blood off of his sword and then heard Ahiru cry out as Fakir shifted her in his arms.

He kept his sword out, but went over to the two on the floor, he was about to ask if she was hurt, but then he saw the blade in the side of her back. Fakir had blood covering his hands and it was soaking through his pants and her dress as she lay in his arms.

Mytho knelt beside them, glancing around for enemies and then he sighed, he wasn't good at healing anything serious. He laid his hands over her and cast the spell he'd been teaching Fakir. He needed to be sure it had missed anything vital before he pulled it out.

The spell made Ahiru glow softly, Fakir watched as she began glowing a gentle purple color.

They waited, and it remained that way, showing that it was most likely just causing pain. Mytho looked around, he knew she'd cry out when he pulled it out. Then he gently slid the backpack from her shoulders and rummaged through it, he was wishing they hadn't made her remove those dresses now, they could have used the skirts for wrappings. He found some disinfectant.

'Good girl.'

He thought and looked up when he heard shifting. Fakir had laid back somewhat with her on top of him, trying to ease her pain as she sobbed into his shirt. Mytho turned his eyes back to her pack, he found some scissors, and some other things a lot of bandages, but they couldn't afford to spare those... He found nothing for her to bite onto or to muffle her scream.
And he doubted she was strong enough to take that pain without screaming. He sighed, glancing back at the two and he got an idea.

"Fakir, did she scream a lot when you took her virginity? Rue was so petite, that it caused her a lot of pain our first time."

He asked and Fakir turned red as he looked around his sobbing girlfriend to glare at the nosey prince.

"Mytho, now's not the-"

"It is, did she scream?"

Fakir turned redder.

"Well... Yeah... Of course she did, she's smaller than Rue and I'm built a bit taller than you are... Soooo... Yeah..."

He said as his eyes darted away from the prince. Embarrassed.

"Good,"

Mytho said, un-fazed as he started gathering some things from her bag.

"Good?"

Fakir echoed, looking somewhat startled and mortified at the same time.

"Yes, because that means you muffled it well enough, or the guard outside your room would have run in looking to help, thinking you were both in trouble."

He said as he laid the things down beside the two. He grabbed the scissors and started cutting her skirt, which had been almost ankle length, He cut a line up to her knee, then cut around as evenly as possible, once that strip of fabric was off, he cut down the center of the longest side, creating 2 long wraps. Fakir watched, Ahiru had calmed down some, her sobs easing, she was feeling a bit cold to him, though, and she seemed to be shaking as if she was in shock, he was worried that she was losing too much blood.

"Ok,"

Mytho said softly, drawing Fakir's attention to him.

"She should be ok to go once it is out of her and the pain is under control... I'm going to yank that out,"

He said, pointing at the dagger, Fakir nodded with a grim, worried look on his face.

"Then I'll pore disinfectant on it and we'll wrap a pressure dressing around her midsection, then give her some pain killers that were in her bag, hopefully that will be enough... Now, I need you to kiss her, Fakir."

He said as he scooted on his knees to get in position to pull it from her back.

"E-Excuse me?"

"I assume you kissed her when you took-... Well... Just kiss her like you did, again."
Mytho said a bit of blush showing on his face, Fakir turned red again, he wasn't use to having an audience when he kissed Ahiru like THAT.

"Isn't there some other way to keep her from crying out?"

"No. All I have here is strips of fabric from her skirt and I don't think they're clean enough to go shoving in her mouth to gag her, let alone wrap a wound, I have no choice BUT to wrap it with them though, that's why I'm poring antiseptic on them and her wound, but she can't have antiseptic drenched wraps in her mouth."

He said rather dryly, but firmly and then smirked at the annoyed expression on Fakir's face.

"- Also,"

He added and Fakir arched an eyebrow, he thought he heard amusement in Mytho's tone.

"- Most people would prefer being kissed by the person they are in love with, to being gagged anyway..."

Mytho continued, not looking at his blushing and annoyed friend as he pored antiseptic on the fabric and dug out the gauze, trying to see if he had enough to still have some left over as well... Fakir glared at him, even though he wasn't paying attention and sighed, he gently shook Ahiru's shoulder, she moaned in pain, but picked her head up to look at him, if she hadn't lost a lot of blood then maybe she was just cold from shock... He cupped her face with one hand and kissed her, her sleepy eyes widened and after a moment she kissed him back softly forgetting where they were, soon he'd deepened the kiss as his tongue swept into her mouth, she moaned softly into the kiss, he raised another hand, to the back of her head, hoping to keep her from pulling away to scream.

She kissed him back, closing her eyes and moaning softly as her tongue danced with his and she nipped at his lips before he plunged his tongue back into her mouth, running it along hers and exploring the contours of her warm, willing mouth. He found himself drowning in her taste and the feel as he kissed her passionately, somewhat hungrily. Then he used the hand at the back of her head to gently tilt it a bit and he deepened the kiss.

She felt like she was melting as she kissed him back, she wondered briefly why she was feeling cold and numb- briefly, she remembered that something was wrong, but then that thought was swept away with a caress of tongue against tongue.

Then she tensed in his arms and her warm lips stilled under his own, then he heard and felt her as she screamed into his mouth some of the sound escaping her nose it was so loud, he held her, keeping her in the deep kiss as she tried to pull away from him, it felt like the right side of her back was being flayed!

Her eyes locked onto Fakir's, pleading for him to let her go so she could stop the pain, but he had closed his eyes when he realized what the plea in hers was. He tried to get her to keep reacting to the kiss, but she was in too much pain, and then they heard Mytho say to get her upright.

Fakir broke the kiss and shifted them as she clung to him tightly, sobbing openly now. He whispered that he was so sorry, into her hair and she nodded but held onto him. Mytho then started wrapping her wound tightly with the strip from her dress and he did it faster than Fakir would have thought possible.

After the pressure wrap was in place he wrapped around and over that with gauze that was dry and then he secured it. After that came the task of getting her to take the pain killers, she was sobbing
so hard and clinging so much to Fakir that Mytho had to gently but forcefully pull her away from her lover, while Fakir forced her to look at him, he told her to get it together and she eventually did, still cringing in pain.

Then he gave her the medicine and a bottle of water. She took them and then Mytho let her sway back into Fakir's arms. Mytho started putting the remaining first aid supplies away.

"Will she be ok?"

Fakir asked worriedly as he rubbed her upper back and shoulders, she was curled up with her head pillowed on his lap. She didn't seem to care that his clothes would be uncomfortable to lay on with her blood on them, Mytho nodded. He looked worried though.

"Yeah, once the pain killers hit her, she should. She's in shock right now from the pain."

"But?"

"Huh?"

"You look worried."

"That was a troll... They, Trolls that is, can smell blood. I'm worried that more will come, she's been bleeding a lot."

He sighed, looking at the blood from her entry and exit wound on the floor and on her dress and Fakir's pants... Fakir looked at the top of Ahiru's head worriedly- they couldn't move her right now if they were attacked.

"She can move once those pain killers hit, right?"

"Yea, well... It depends on her pain threshold... If she has a low pain threshold, then those will barely touch it and we'll be in trouble."

"She doesn't have a low one, that's for sure."

Fakir said, remembering how battered and abused, she had been when she had been working with him to try and return the people of the town to being human while Mytho had gone after Rue inside the Raven.

She'd taken so much pain then and pushed through it even though any more abuse would have killed her in her tiny duck body.

"But I don't know if she's got a high enough one for dealing with that pain."

He added with a sigh, now he was gently brushing his finger threw her hair in a comforting way...

"While we wait, let me finish teaching you that spell."

Mytho said and Fakir nodded, Ahiru seemed to be dazed or in a trance... Or maybe she was sleeping a bit.

It took some time for Fakir to get the spell's wording completely right, then he cast it on her as a practice, it still showed she was in pain, but it was lighter than before.

During the time they had waited for her to come out of her shock, another two trolls showed up, Mytho dispatched them rather quickly.
And then, finally, she groaned softly in Fakir's arms and shifted her body a bit, she blinked and sat up, wincing as she did.

"Careful, moron."

He whispered gently as he helped her sit up. The tight wrapping on the bandage had helped stop or slow down her bleeding. But it was so tight it was hard to move and breathe.

She blinked, looking around, Mytho was cleaning his sword on a tapestry again and there were 3 dead trolls in the room with them.

"How long was I out?"

She asked as she put a hand to her aching head.

"About 34 minutes."

Mytho said as he sheathed his sword and headed towards them, by now, Fakir was helping her steady herself as they stood up.

"How do you feel?"

"How do you feel?"

They both asked her worriedly. She thought about it, moving a bit and wincing a lot.

"I... I, can manage..."

She said softly, she bent to pick up her pack and a cry escaped her lips from the movement. Fakir gently pulled her to him and Mytho grabbed the bag for her, as Fakir steadied her again Mytho helped her slip it on her back. The other piece of her dress was in the backpack in case they needed it later for her or some other injury.

"Thanks,"

She said softly, feeling a little out-of-it as she smiled at them, Fakir took her hand and they started heading in the general direction that they all thought Rue might be in from the way things sounded.

To Be Continued...

Necessary Disclaimers Section:

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion
though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Warnings By Numbers!:

Just in case some people are offended!:

(It's Fairly Dark Again!) - That's the last time I am warning about it being dark, if your still reading this far, you will likely have no issue with it being dark.

#1) A short instance of girl (lips-to-lips) kissing girl... It's actually not very detailed, so there shouldn't be much to bother anyone about it actually.

But I wanted to put it in the warnings anyway- just in case - (I'm trying to do things that I think Drosselmeyer might have set into motion long ago).

Anyway- it's not Rue and Ahiru, so don't worry about that... If you were.

#2) Limes.

"Here a lime, there a lime, everywhere a lime, lime... ^_^;

Limes in this and the next chapter (scattered between plot development)

It's in bits and pieces here and there- not really something I intended... But that's how it turned out.

Also - It's not between the two girls that kiss...

#3) Incestuous feelings mentioned again.

#4) Miscarriage mentioned again.

#5) Insanity or at least mental instability mentioned.

It's raven-induced insanity. For the most part.

#6) Blood & Self Harm (though, it's not harming for the sake of harming- there is a reason behind it - it's more like, total disregard for pain someone inflicts upon themselves)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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Chapter #8- Separation & Despair

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Suffocation!

It was suffocating in there! No.

That wasn't really quite true. It wasn't suffocating here, SHE was suffocating. She couldn't catch her breath. Couldn't pull air into her lungs.

The panic had set in almost immediately. She needed to get out of there. To get to HIM! To get to him out of there!

But, she was completely trapped!

Fakir and Mytho were BOTH in danger, now! Rue was STILL in danger, and now, she was trapped!

Ahiru pounded her fists against the glass in front of her- she HATED how useless she was! She felt so useless, she thought she might go mad from the oppressive realization.

Miserable and utterly USELESS! That's exactly what she was.

'Fakir!'

How could he!? No. She told herself sadly, this situation wasn't his fault.

Fakir was under a spell!

He had to be... It seemed the only logical answer.

He'd never kiss another girl. Touch another girl... After all, he'd waited to lose his virginity with her.

He'd waited for her to be human again. All of those lonely years, he'd waited and suppressed his teenage hormones, being patient.

He'd been waiting for her. He wouldn't betray her like that.

Pain in her hands!

Yes, the pain made her feel less useless... She pounded on the surface between him and her, so hard, that it hurt. Yet- It didn't seem to be hard enough for him to notice her.

She saw some blood on the glass, where she continuously slammed her small fists into it... Still, she pounded harder on the glass, screaming his name.

She told herself: That if she had to hit it hard enough to break the skin and bones of her hands, that he'd notice, and shove the girl seducing him aside, then that was what she would do. Surely if she ignored the pain from the pounding, ignored the blood from the broken and battered skin, that he'd come to her...

But he wouldn't, didn't, or maybe he COULDN'T hear her.

He couldn't see her, that much she knew.

She slammed her small fist into the glass a final time, making the glass tremor several feet away with the force, she screamed his name so hard that her ears rang and she had stopped simply crying a while ago. She was now sobbing, aside from the pain in her hands, she had aggravated her dagger
injury and it hurt so bad.

Her backpack was in the room with him, on the other side of the glass from her, her pain killers were in there.

'You're useless, Ahiru!'

She thought, again, to herself rather bitterly.

She slid to the floor, her shaking legs folding under her and her hands squeaking against the glass, creating streaks of her own blood on it, as she sank to the floor.

Her mind was as foggy as the room on the other side of the window that she was trapped behind. Fog due to the pain she was in, but also due to fear, for herself, Rue, Mytho and the young man she could see, but who couldn't see or hear her.

It was also fogged because she was mad. So very, very mad. She couldn't remember when she was last so mad.

But, then again, she couldn't even really remember how they got into the current situation. She rested her forehead against the cool glass, ignoring the blood as it smeared onto her forehead.

As she tried to focus and think, her eyes watched as Fakir made out with an exact copy of herself. He was on the other side of the glass from her and she sniffled as he kissed down the fake Ahiru's neck, her heart felt like it was shattering all over again.

The fake Ahiru glanced in the real Ahiru's direction as she smirked at the helpless girl, her hand reaching for his pants to unfasten them.

Ahiru closed her eyes, tears still pouring down her cheeks in rivers, as a heartbroken cry escaped her dry chapped lips... She couldn't bear it any longer. She'd rather be dead than suffer through this heartache.

'Damn it all. Think, you stupid bird!'

She heard the duck inside her scold her, she sniffled and forced her back on the scene before her, resting her back against the wall, she hugged her knees.

She had to try and think back. To try and remember how they ended up here.

Maybe there was a clue to help her get out of here alive with her friends and the man she loved. Before he made love to the wrong girl.

There had to be something else. Anything that she might have missed...

4 Hours Earlier

Things had gradually gone down hill after she was stabbed. More trolls had been drawn to them by the smell of her blood. Mytho had been correct about that, However, other things appeared as well.

Some as bad, some worse than the trolls. All man eaters; the prince had informed them.

And all drawn to Ahiru's bleeding wound.
They'd run, Fakir and Mytho fighting when they had to, protecting themselves and her. Until finally the screams they'd been trying to follow, Rue's screams, died down, then stopped all together.

They made a choice, then. They couldn't let these monsters delay them any longer. Mytho gave them the order to go ahead and find Rue without him.

He said he'd be fine, he'd dealt with things like them before, before he'd left the story, although, he failed, on purpose, to inform them that he'd had his loyal knight at his side every time he'd dealt with them before...

Both of his friends had been reluctant to leave him in the midst of a horde of monsters, but finally, Fakir had picked Ahiru up, and, telling Mytho to stay alive, had taken off in a dead run.

He was carrying her because she was too weak from blood loss to be able to run very fast or far without resting. When they finally stopped to rest, it was a very short rest. Not long after he sat Ahiru on her feet, to catch his own breath, more of the creature appeared. They must have slipped past Mytho. Fakir had then cursed and grabbed Ahiru's right hand in his left; yanking her to her feet they were off running.

He hadn't wanted to take the time to pick her up again and he needed one hand for his sword so he could fight if push-came-to-shove.

Her legs were burning and screaming from trying to keep up with her lover's long legged, mad dash through the dark, twisting halls and even up and down some stairs.

She squeezed her blue eyes shut tightly, as she tried to follow him, while grasping his hand tightly in her own sweaty one.

She was terrified that she'd trip, and, in doing so, get them both caught and killed... Finally, when her poor legs finally gave out, she collapsed with a startled cry of pain as she pulled him with her, unintentionally.

He jerked to a stop, but managed to catch himself before he fell as well, it had thrown him off balance, though. Her hand, then slipped from his.

He glanced back, and saw her on the floor, her right hand now pressed into the spot on her stomach where the dagger had been protruding a short while before, she was doubled over slightly and crying in between gasping for air. He noticed then that she was as pale as a piece of parchment.

He sheathed his sword, despite the monsters that were almost on them, he then bent- scooping her (princess style) into his arms once more. After looking around, he ran for a door he spotted.

Once he was through the doorway, he set her on her feet (he didn't notice that when he did, she wobbled dangerously, she also looked like her eyes were going to roll back in her head any minute), then, spinning to the doorway, he slammed and bolted it shut, just as the creatures reached it.

Screaming, snarling and slamming themselves against it, in their efforts to get to the source of the fresh blood they had been following...

The two inside jumped back (her legs gave out and she whimpered as she weakly collapsed behind him) when a particularly loud slam was heard, it had been strong enough to shake the whole door. But the door held securely shut.
Fakir pulled Ahiru to him and they went to sit in a corner to rest a bit. He was worried about how unwell she was looking, he needed to examine her.

"I hope Mytho's ok."

She said softly, her eyes were dull with pain, she was gasping for air and she was feverish when he rested his hand on her forehead.

He cast the spell that Mytho had taught him. None of the colors it showed him were red... But it was more than just purple this time.

"He'll probably be fine. He's strong. Let's just worry about us, right now."

He said giving her something for her pain and fever along with some water. He was afraid that she'd die on him at this rate.

Briefly, he grimly wondered if she'd remain human after dyeing, or, go back to being a duck, then he shook the morbid thought off with a deep sigh, his fist clenching at the thought of her death. She heard the sigh and asked if he was ok, he said a bit tensely that he was fine. Then he got up and started looking for the exit. To his horror, he realized that they were trapped- no other door in sight, one way out.

'How stupid... Poor planning.'

He thought, looking around again, It was a large room. It somewhat reminded Fakir of a ballroom... Those usually had numerous exits... So, why...?

"Fa... Fakir?"

"Yeah?"

He asked, turning to face her.

She looked out of it to him, then, he froze when she held up her hand, showing him that it was covered with new blood. Just great.

She was losing so much blood.

He went to her, taking her backpack from her shoulders, and started digging inside, to see if he could do ANYTHING.

That's when he found a small kit with a needle and surgical thread. He blinked at it in surprise. He could sew, and fairly well at that.

It wasn't something he bragged to his male acquaintances about though. The guys in writing classes with him, already thought he was weird for majoring in 2 things (it was almost unheard of, they told him).

Not to mention that one of those was a major in Dance... Worse yet, they said: Ballet, was stupid. He blushed as his thoughts drifted to the days in university.

Well... Her life depended on him, and those guys would never need to know he could sew. Though he'd never sewn up a human before... But she did need stitches.

He frowned at her as she swayed a bit where she sat, from blood loss and fever.
"I think I should put stitches in..."

He pointed out gently as he showed her the kit. Obviously Mytho had not seen it before, or else, he was worried about trying that with enemies bearing down on them.

He could have also been worried about having to remove her clothes to do it... But Fakir wasn't so shy. After all, he'd already seen, touched and tasted nearly every inch of her body, so he wasn't a stranger to seeing her naked, nor was he shy about it anymore.

She tried to focus on him and then nodded weakly, her head leaning against the stone wall as she panted lightly for air, a sheen of cold sweat covering her skin...

"Yes, It should be stitched shut..."

She finally said, softly.

"I don't have anything to numb it, it'll hurt, Ahiru..."

He warned softly, he took the disinfectant & the needle out, poring it over the needle.

"It already feels like someone ripped the skin off of the area..."

She whispered and he nodded grimly. After sterilizing the needle to the best of his ability, he set it aside and went to her side, He gently pulled her to her feet and started, she swayed, dangerously weak. He started unwrapping the bandage, his hands getting blood on them as he did so. Then letting the soiled bandages fall to the floor, he gently pulled the dress off, over her head.

Dropping the dress to the floor (It was so drenched in her blood that it made a "splat" sound as it hit the floor), he had then pulled her blood stained slip off, leaving her only in her panties, she covered her breasts with her hands and blushed slightly as he gently caressed her cheek then kissed her lips softly.

He was amazed that she still had enough blood in her body, to blush.

"I'll be as careful and quick as I can,"

He told her gently, laying the slip on the floor. Then he gave her a hand, helping her onto the floor, so she could lay on top of the slip on her stomach, the slip would keep her bare breasts and stomach from touching the dirty floor.

Then he cleaned the wound which was still bleeding badly, and took the needle and thread. He glanced at her as he readied them, seeing her with her arms folded under her head and her face buried in them.

"I'm starting."

He warned and saw her nod slightly. He took a few calming breaths and got to work, sewing the long dagger wound in the right side of her back, closed. He kept checking to see if he was hurting her too much, but she didn't show any sign of it.

When he was done with the one on her back, he helped her turn over, and then, sewed the smaller wound on the opposite side, in her stomach, closed. He could see her crying now. Despite the fact, that she had thrown an arm over her eyes - to try and hide the tears and pain filled expression. He knew that it hurt.
He had expected the tears, but still.

He hated that he was the one hurting her more.

Once he was done with that, he helped her sit up, hugging her and letting her sob into his shoulder a few minutes as he caressed her hair gently, telling her it was ok, that he was here with her, that he thought she was so very brave, that he was proud of her, and that he loved her so much.

Finally, he gently pushed her away from him, so he could then wrap her in gauze, then the other piece of her skirt was added to the binding for protection, then another layer of gauze, finally he helped her get her slip back on, but she didn't want the dress. It had been soaked in her blood earlier and was very stiff, uncomfortable because of that.

"You can't run around in your slip, Ahiru."

He said as he cupped her face gently, she was still burning up.

"I'm too hot in it and it's hard around the bodice because of the caked-on, dry blood."

She said and he frowned, she was right, he realized with a sigh. It was stiff as a board there.

"Alright, but you stay beside me,"

He said, then he kissed her lovingly and she hugged him.

Once he'd put the rest of the supplies in her bag again, he leaned against the wall and smiled as she leaned her head against his heart. The noise from the monsters on the other side of the door persisting.

She relaxed as he caressed her hair and shoulder gently, she nodded to indicate that she'd been listening to what he'd said.

1 Hour, 20 Minutes Earlier

She hadn't realized that she'd fallen asleep until she woke up. She smiled, she was still in Fakir's warm embrace- that was pure bliss for her. For a moment she felt nothing but contentment and happiness, then the pain made itself known, as she moved, and, she realized that what she had thought had been a nightmare, when she came to, had been reality. She sat up, feeling a bit better than before.

Then she realized that the pounding, snarling, growling, scratching, roaring and slamming, at the door had stopped. She glanced around, then at Fakir's face, realizing he'd fallen asleep as he'd held her, his sword in the other hand.

She sighed softly and pushed herself, shakily, to her feet- heading over to the door. Once there, she hesitated a moment and then touched the cool door with her trembling hand. Resting her face against the cool metal, listening to see if anything was still out there.

After a few minutes, she pulled back and smiled to herself.

Maybe they could go look for Rue now. Maybe Mytho had killed the beasts and was waiting for them to come out so that all 3 could head to Rue's location, wherever that was.

"Ahiru!?"
She turned when she heard Fakir calling her name.

"I'm here!"

She responded with a smile, but then she frowned when she realized she was surrounded by a strange mist. It was a purplish/gray color and very thick.

No wonder he was calling for her when they should have been able to see one another!

"Ahiru?"

She heard him call again, he sounded as if he hadn't heard her.

"Ahiru! Where are you!?"

"Right here!"

She tried again and took a few steps forward, only, to literally walk into something. She blinked as she felt her nose and breasts hit it, she took a step back and looked, she couldn't see anything, but the mist now seemed to have been stopped by whatever it was.

She bit her lip worriedly as she reached out and touched it. Only to realize that it seemed to be a glass wall.

"Ahiru! This really isn't funny. Come on, where are you?"

He called again and she saw him come into view through the mist. She smiled and took a step forward... Walking into the glass wall once again, she frowned at it. She ran her fingers along the wall, looking to either side, no matter how far she reached, there was a sea-through wall.

He walked right up to her, looking at her and through her! Then looked around as she tried to respond.

"Fakir! I'm here!"

She cried as she pressed her nose and both hands to the glass. He sighed and rubbed his head, looking beside himself with concern for her and walked away, vanishing into the mist.

"AAAHIIIRUUUU!

"Fakir!"

This went on for some time, frustrating Ahiru and frightening Fakir.

67 Minutes Earlier

"He can't hear you, Ahiru."

She turned towards the door and saw a hooded figure enter, the soft voice that had spoken came from the figure, Ahiru pressed herself against the glass wall behind her. She'd walked right through the closed door.

Ahiru gasped, as she looked at the person. She was frightened since she assumed most people in here were enemies, aside from herself and her 3 friends.
"H- How'd you... Ga... g- get through t-that... Door f- from the other side wha... W-whi- without opening it?"

The hooded figure laughed softly at her stuttered question.

Ahiru could tell it was a girl.

Then the girl reached, hands emerging from her cloak towards her hood, Ahiru saw a mixture of black and white feathers running along her wrist to her hands.

"The same way you were able to jump through the walls in goldkron town when you realized that the walls were making the stories."

She said, somewhat cryptically. Ahiru's cerulean eyes widened. She wanted to ask how she knew about that, that was another realm all together from this one, and, Ahiru didn't think that she had ever seen this girl before. But as she heard Fakir call her name, from behind her again... She found a more pressing question.

"... Why can't he hear me?"

She added as she watched the female lower the hood. And then she found that her mouth dropped open when she realized that a washed out, somewhat distorted version of herself as Princess Tutu stood before her. The other Tutu unclasped the hook at her throat, that held the cloak in place and let it fall to the floor.

Then she reached out, and gently, she lay her fingers under Ahiru's jaw and pressed up, forcing the former duck's mouth to close.

This tutu's hair was a bit different, instead of white hair at the bottom with red at the top, like Ahiru's had been, it was white tapering down to red where the white had been for Ahiru.

"You'll catch flies that way, dear. You're a duck... Not a frog."

She said, as she slid her hand up to pat Ahiru's cheek, somewhat fondly, speaking in a kind voice that sent Ahiru's nerves on edge. This tutu's eyes were blood red. A sign of the control of the raven.

"W-who are you?"

Ahiru asked, and, the other girl who was wearing a knee length, black and white dress with a handkerchief hem, and a bodice similar to Kraehe's own, backed up, moving the same way that Ahiru had when she was Tutu; in a balletic manner, and she did a small curtsy.

"I am the ORIGINAL Princess Tutu,"

She smiled as she said that. Ahiru shivered. There was almost a mocking tone in her voice.

"My name, is Leda, The swan princess of the kingdom of the swans and Mytho's twin sister. I'm the REAL princess tutu... I'm the original heir to the Swan Kingdom... Not my brother."

She added and walked over to stand beside Ahiru, looking through the glass wall at the panicked Fakir, who was still looking for Ahiru, as he stumbled through the purplish fog. As for Ahiru, she was shocked.

"W-weren't you killed, when you... - H-hey, w... Wait a minute, how do you know we call him Mytho?!"
"The curse said I would turn into a speck of light and vanish. Not that I would die... Also, Rue was miserably crying for my brother during a beating, when I asked her who "Mytho" was, she said he was prince Siegfried... Mytho is actually an interesting name..."

She pointed out calmly as she shrugged.

"Why did you need to abuse Rue? Wasn't holding her against her will, while in labor, enough pain and abuse?"

Ahiru asked, Leda smiled.

"No, not really. She should suffer more. She has my brother. She is a princess, in my stead. The people LOVE her, while they grew to hate ME, due to no fault of my own.

She had his babies, while I MISCARRIED, mine, all of those years ago. She took my life."

She hissed out the last part, her red eyes glowing, but Ahiru had noticed a quiver in her voice when she spoke about the miscarriage, and saw a tear roll down Leda's cheek despite every other word or movement she made, saying she was evil.

Ahiru found herself wondering:

How much of what was just said, was Leda, and, how much was raven-induced-insanity.

Ahiru just blinked at her. Leda suddenly felt uncomfortable, she let her eyes dart away from the girl's face and she started to pace.

The raven blood inside of her was raging along with her own anger and hurt and he was gaining control over her again...

However, for a moment, when she glanced in the direction of the boy in the room on the other side of the glass, she saw Aaron, his past incarnation and smiled softly.

A small part of the real Leda had to admit that, she had been in love with him. Deeply in love with Aaron.

If the raven hadn't fostered the darkness within her, she might very well have married him and had been happy.

But the raven made her want things she did not, that she should not have. Things that were against the laws that the humans set in place.

If Ahiru had voiced the question that she had been thinking, Leda wouldn't have been able to answer. She no longer knew herself, let alone knew what was her own thoughts and intentions. Or the ravens.

Though, she doubted that the memory of the feelings that she had had when she had been with Aaron, was anything more than her own.

She had thought that she was with her brother while she'd lost her virginity.

She'd actually been disgusted with herself for tricking him and also because she knew she didn't honestly want her brother in such a way. She had felt dirty.

But when she woke up and realized that it had been Aaron. She had been happy and wanted to stay until he woke up. To tell him how she felt.
But the raven was outraged, he caused her blood to boil with anger, she'd left, afraid that the raven would harm Aaron.

And she hadn't said anything about having been with him.

She had acted like normal. Then she'd found out that she had been pregnant, and miscarried, when her brother had shoved her away. She'd found out both, all in the same breath. She'd lost Aaron's child.

And then the raven had made her go-to tell him, that she had been trying to seduce her brother, that she didn't want him, he'd looked so hurt, and then she'd-

Leda suddenly blinked at Ahiru, she was back in hell, hurting other people on the commands of something that possessed her body and soul.

With her memories suddenly shut off, she sighed, realizing that she had tried to escape from the monster raven's clutches, into her own mind. But he held sway there as well.

The damn raven wouldn't let her be.

She fisted a hand at her side, and, gave Ahiru a rather sadistic looking, raven-tinged smile, the other girl backed away looking alarmed, to say the least.

"You know,"

Leda said, glancing at Fakir again. One of her hands resting on the glass. She licked her lips as her eyes swept over his body.

"I think I'll take your lover for myself, before I kill him to hurt my brother..."

She murmured, and, before Ahiru could react or respond in any way, Leda had turned on her, grabbing Ahiru, she pinned her to the glass wall and when Ahiru opened her mouth to protest-Leda kissed her, full on the mouth. Her tongue invading the other girls senses as she kept Ahiru's mouth open in the kiss.

Ahiru squeaked, her eyes widening as she tried to pull away. Leda had pinned the former duck's arms above her head, squirming to try and kick her was useless because those movements seemed to hurt her stitches.

She couldn't believe what this girl was doing! Then finally, as Leda's lips still moved against her own, a tongue not her own, still in her mouth, Ahiru found herself squeezing her eyes shut, struggling was obviously useless. After what seemed like an eternity of hell to Ahiru, Leda released her.

And allowed Ahiru to sink to her knees, trying to wipe her mouth off, feeling revolted, she opened her eyes to glare at Leda and saw... Herself.

She gasped as a copy of herself stood before her, blood stained slip and all.

"Wha... Wh-what...?"

She breathed, as the other Ahiru smiled down at her.

"Well, if I'm going to seduce your lover, I better look like you... He'd never betray you, after all..." She said too sweetly.
"L- Leda?"

Ahiru asked, shocked beyond belief. The other Ahiru nodded, wiping at her lips with her hand.

"I've never kissed a girl before... Hope to never do so again. I wonder what kind of kisser Fakir is..."

She said, as she eyed Ahiru, with an arched eyebrow at the still stunned girl.

"Does he like to kiss deeply?"

Ahiru blinked mutely at up her, Leda just laughed.

"Well... I'll find out soon..."

She grinned and walked through the glass wall.

"DAMN IT, Ahiru! Where the hell are you!"

She heard Fakir scream just then he sounded desperate, angry and frightened.

"Fakir! I'm here!"

Leda called out, in Ahiru's voice. Ahiru's heart sank- as she watched Fakir run up to Leda/Ahiru and kiss her softly on the lips, relief; it was etched into his face, his forest green eyes softening a bit from worry to relief.

"Thank god. Why didn't you say something sooner? Are you ok?"

He asked as he pulled back from the kiss, and, cupping her face he examined her. Leda/Ahiru looked at him, her blue eyes swimming with tears and she sniffled.

"I just woke up..."

She mumbled, trying to sound pitiful. It seemed to work as he hugged her tightly.

"Don't do that to me again, idiot. You scared the hell out of me. I thought something got in here and took you from me."

He said softly and Ahiru watched as Leda/Ahiru hugged him back.

"I'm sorry Fakir."

She said softly.

"Are you hurt anywhere else? How's your wound?"

He asked her, concerned. Not showing any shyness or embarrassment as he checked the wrappings.

"You aren't bleeding out as much, how do you think you'll do running?"

He asked, looking at her worriedly, as her slip fluttered down around her knees, Leda/Ahiru looked at him and frowned.

"I think that I'll be ok... Fakir, do you feel strange?"

She asked softly, taking a step towards him and reaching up- tangling her fingers in his dark hair as
"Yeah, I've been feeling a strong need to see you, touch you and kiss you... why?"

He asked as he caressed her cheek gently.

"I have been, as well, this mist seems to be making us feel like that..."

She said and gently pulled him down to her, kissing him softly on the lips.

After a moment his hands slid around her waist and he pulled her against him, a hand sliding down to cup her backside as the kiss deepened with a whimper from Leda/Ahiru.

Ahiru watched numbly from the other side of the glass, the light dimming in her eyes with sadness.

She was sure she'd die from heartbreak when she heard him groan into Leda/Ahiru's lips as he pushed her against a wall and deepened the kiss even more.

She found she suddenly had a lack of air, she was breathing, but, she couldn't seem to get enough air in her lungs through all of the pain, heartache and panic.

She watched as he slid a knee between the girls legs and press it against her center. Leda cried out from pleasure as he did that and he started kissing her neck.

Suffocation.

Yes, that's how Ahiru had ended up in this horrible situation. She just wanted to curl up and die. She couldn't do anything about it. Absolutely nothing at all.

Finally Ahiru closed her eyes as she really did curl into a ball on the floor, sobbing miserably as she hugged her knees to her chest. She knew it was some sort of spell.

It had to be, or else, he wouldn't be doing this.

She also vaguely wondered if the spell and the purple mist in the room were connected.

This was no situation for that, he would never behave like this normally, even with her, for several reasons:

1) Because she was injured, 2) They were on a mission to find someone in grave danger and finally, 3) This was no place or time to have sex.

She knew that if he was in his right mind, he'd know that as well. But knowing that it was likely a spell, was no help to her current situation. It didn't make it less painful.

Her lover was being seduced, by who he thought was her, and then he'd be killed. She could do nothing more than watch... What use was she as a girl or a duck!?

She stayed like that a feeling complete despair and loss, her chest hurt when she looked at them kissing. She kept her eyes shut tightly and shook...

To Be Continued...
Necessary Disclaimers Section:

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~

Chapter End Notes

Author Defining Note:

Meaning of the word - Balletic:

(in case anyone's curious)

"Balletic" =

- of, relating to, or a characteristic of ballet.

Example: "a graceful, balletic movement"

Pronounced: "bal-let-ic"

Type: adjective
Two Princesses, Tutu

Chapter Notes

Warnings:

Blood.

A lot of it.

And likely to be depressing for some.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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Chapter #9- Two Princesses, Tutu

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On the other side of the glass:

Fakir groaned as he slid his knee between her thighs, he kissed, licked and nipped at her neck as he tried to focus on something he was hearing somewhere. It was an unintelligible whisper. Somewhere... Ah, it was in the back of his mind.

Something faint was trying to nag at him.

But he was too overwhelmed with his need for Ahiru, to try and listen to it, he slid the hand on her butt down, under the slip and into her panties, he slid a finger into her and felt how wet she was. She gasped his name softly.

"Fakir..."

"Ahiru..."

He groaned as her hands went to unfasten his pants, not noticing, when those hands faltered a moment, at the sound of Ahiru's name...

The nagging in the back of his mind seemed to get somewhat louder, but he still ignored it as he caressed her cheek with one hand, while his fingers worked between her thighs, causing her to cry out in pleasure.

He groaned, he reached down and yanked her slip from one of her shoulders, watching as one of her breasts bounced over it. Then he was suckling on the rosy pink nipple that he had found. She stopped working on his pants, she threaded both of her hands into his hair as he continued to suckle at her breast.

She cried out in pleasure as he thrust his fingers into her harder and faster, a wet, squishing sound
emitting from where his fingers penetrated her, over, and over again.

She was crying out softly now, over and over again, bucking her hips against his hand, as she slid one of her own hands, from his hair, back down and she rubbed her palm against the erection that was straining against his pants. He groaned, roughly against her breast. He bit down a bit as he thrust, his clothing-clad, throbbing member, into her hand.

Then he captured her lips again, her hands started working on unfastening his pants again, and, suddenly the voice in his mind, his voice, became intelligible. And what he heard, horrified him.

The voice asked him what he was doing.

Why was he about to have sex, with his WOUNDED girlfriend?

She seemed to be at death's door not long ago and now, he was about to, do her, up against a wall, in a dirty castle full of man-eating monsters!

Something was terribly wrong here, the voice told him. It also told him that he was insane, and he realized, he very likely was, considering that he was so aroused that his pants hurt, considering what he was about to do... Another thing he realized- then, was that he felt like his mind was clouded by a... A... Something...

He felt her slide her hand into his pants, he felt her touch the fevered sensitive skin there, he groaned, thrusting his hips into her welcoming hand... The fog seemed to intensify then, he found himself floundering for the word, for his train of thought... As she...

AH! He found his thoughts again as he removed his hand from inside of her, and heard her whimper with longing...

He realized that the word he'd been searching for being: Spell... His green eyes flew open and he pulled out of the kiss, looking at the girl in front of him.

He was under a damn spell!

The girl's eyes were closed, her swollen lips parted slightly, She LOOKED like his Ahiru... But, the mouth he'd been kissing... It did not feel or TASTE like Ahiru's.

Even the way this person kissed, was not like his Ahiru. Who was he about to have sex with and where was his fiance!?

How could he have let a spell get to him so well, that he almost... He paled at the thought. He reached down, and with a groan, he pulled her hand out of his pants, his penis protecting with a throbbing pain of need.

The girl in his arms- having started to wonder why he suddenly stopped touching her, opened her eyes and looked at him questioningly...

On the other side of the glass wall, feeling completely miserable; Ahiru still cried, mourning her loss of Fakir. Regretting that she might not have told him she loved him enough, or that she hadn't apologized enough to him for all of her mistakes...

Suddenly, her thoughts were interrupted when... She heard a slam and a female scream. She looked up and at the scene on the other side of the see-through wall.

Ahiru sat up, realizing something was happening with Fakir and Leda/Ahiru.
He had the other girl against a wall, a hand around her throat as he held the dagger, that had been embedded inside Ahiru earlier.

He held it to Leda/Ahiru's stomach, as she looked down at him with fear filled blue eyes...

"Fa... Fakir?"

The original tutu gasped, she was attempting to grasp at the hand around her throat. Ahiru blinked, noting that the girls panties were rolled around the ankle of Leda's, left leg. Ahiru blushed, realizing how close Fakir had been to taking Leda...

He held the girl in the air, her feet held off of the floor, but still, she desperately tried to reach the floor with those feet.

"Who are you?"

He asked with deadly serious eyes, the eyes of the girl in his gasp widened at that.

"I-I'm A-Ahi... Ahir"

"Don't you DARE try and tell me that you are Ahiru. You may look like her, but I know what she tastes like, and you taste differently."

He hissed and pressed the dagger lightly into her side, she whimpered.

"F-Fakir... Please, I-"

"Damn it all. Who the hell are you?! Where is my girlfriend!?!"

She sighed then, giving up her act, finally. Her hands stopped grasping at his wrist and she glared at him as she folded her arms...

"I'm Leda, the original Princess Tutu."

She said in a calm voice, his eyes widened as she morphed under his hand.

"Let. Me. Go. NOW! Or your precious Ahiru will die!"

At that, his hand released her, he jumped back a few feet, landing in a fighting stance, his right hand near the sword on his hip while the dagger was still at the ready in his other hand.

"Where is Ahiru?"

He watched as she removed the damp panties, from her ankle, and threw them aside with a sigh of regret.

"She's safe, for now, she can see us. Have sex with me, here, now, and I'll let you see her."

She calmly said. He frowned at her.

"I'll never be with anyone other than her. Release her. Release Rue too... Let us all go home."

He demanded, dagger still pointed at her, though with a few feet between her and it now. He didn't doubt, though, that if she tried anything, he could/would hit his mark if he threw the dagger at her.

"Not happening."
She said as she started to circle him. He moved with her, so that his eyes were always on her, not wanting to let her get behind him.

"What do you want?"

He asked, contempt in his voice, she noticed his eyes darting around, obviously he was looking for the real Ahiru.

"Don't bother looking for Ahiru, she's where you can't see her, but she can see you..."

She reached out, trailing a finger over his lips before he could react, he jumped away. Wondering how he'd let her get close again in the first place.

Then she shrugged, and continued speaking, answering his other question.

"What do I want? Obviously, my brother. But I can't have him. So now, I want you... And I want what the raven inside of me wants. He wants Rue as a sacrifice, and her child as a host body. I want Ahiru.

I want her body for my own so I can be free of this damned raven inside of me. He's made me a prisoner in my own skin, for all, but a few years of my life, that I was too young to even remember being without him!"

She snapped, Ahiru, on the other side of the glass gasped, a hand flying up to cover her mouth in shock as she heard that. He frowned at her. He wanted to ask what would happen to his Ahiru when/if Leda took over her body, he knew the answer though.

Leda glanced at Ahiru, seeing her expression, she waved her hand and Ahiru could hear no more of what was said.

"I'd rather kill you."

He snapped and started towards her, she smiled and held a hand out, indicating to stop. He did, though, reluctantly.

"If you try that, I WILL kill Ahiru, I'll just find another body to take over."

He backed down looking worried.

"Please, just let me see her..."

He asked and the girl smirked.

"Drop the dagger, come to me, have sex with me, and I'll let you see her."

She said and he frowned, he glanced around, desperately hoping he could find Ahiru with his sad green eyes, but he couldn't see her, even when his eyes passed right over her.

Ahiru knew he didn't want to, but she watched as he finally walked up to Leda, having dropped his dagger and sword, he hesitated a moment, before he kissed the possessed swan princess softly.

"That's not a kiss, you need to kiss me more like you mean it, if you're going to get the blood pumping to aaaaaallllll!!!! the RIGHT places..."

Leda almost purred this against his lips and gasped when he glared at her and crushed his lips to hers; rather violently. Hating himself, he let her deepen, and take control of the kiss. Ahiru felt
fresh tears roll down her cheeks as she watched him press Leda to a wall, kissing her.

Ahiru closed her eyes, her forehead against the cool glass once again.

She couldn't bear to watch him with another girl. Thinking once again about how completely useless (among other insults she berated herself with) she was. Ahiru didn't notice the small surge of energy building up within her. She didn't even notice a voice in her mind that sounded like her own, but also not.

The voice was gentle but firm and told her she WAS, indeed, all of those names she called herself since she was giving up so easily.

She felt anger at the inner voice, then, that's when she finally did notice something...

She noticed that her chest was glowing.

Her eyes snapped open and she got to her feet, the dress she'd worn before as Princess Tutu, had appeared on her body, though, this one had a different skirt. Longer and fuller, almost to her knees.

The pain in her back and stomach vanished, she could now feel the surging energy in her body. She felt for the wound and found only the smooth bodice of her dress, no pain and no wrappings.

And when she pulled her hand away, no hand covered in her own blood.

She glanced at Fakir and Leda, still the same way they'd been when she'd closed her eyes before, she could tell he was resisting, even though he was holding her and kissing her...

Ahiru placed a hand on the glass wall, and, closing her eyes, she imagined herself walking through the wall.

As she opened them, she saw it dissolve after she HAD, indeed, walked through it.

She blinked and frowned- could she do that before?

She thought that maybe she had, though she wasn't entirely sure.

Finally, she shrugged to herself, heading over in their direction.

She had to put a stop to this and get them, all of them, plus the baby, out of there and home.

Fakir's eyes were closed, he didn't want this and was cursing his body for reacting to her touch as she had slid her hand back into his pants.

This was hell. And worse yet, Leda had said Ahiru could see them.

What must she be thinking now? Could she hear them?

Suddenly, he heard Leda curse softly against his lips, she then shoved him away from her, he stumbled, barely managing to stay on his feet.

He followed her line of vision as he re-fastened his pants, then he blinked when he saw Ahiru, as Princess Tutu, heading in their direction.

He took a step towards her, but Leda had grabbed his hand and she put herself between him and Ahiru- the next thing he knew he was behind some kind of glass wall and watching as Ahiru stopped in front of Leda.
"You seem to like those walls."

Ahiru commented softly, somewhat sadly. Leda just shrugged.

"They are my walls. I can do as I please..."

She said and Ahiru sighed, she made the motions with her hands to ask Leda to dance with her. Leda for her part, blinked at the girl, then burst out laughing so hard she was doubled over and holding her stomach.

"You're something else!"

She said and Ahiru sighed.

Walking over to the glass that was once again between her and Fakir, she reached through it, pulling him back to their side. He stared wide eyed at his lover. Gently, tentatively, he reached out and touched her cheek as Leda crossed her arms behind Ahiru.

Leda's amusement was now forgotten.

"Is that really you?"

He asked and Ahiru smiled up at him, leaning her face into his hand as she nodded. He sighed in relief, relaxing a bit as he studied her new appearance. Then, his eyes darted down to where her wound should be.

"You have to stay like this now that you're in this form. I can't wrap your wound again when you change form, we don't have enough wrappings... And, you'll be completely naked."

He said as he looked back from where her wound should be, to her beautiful blue eyes. She was the Tutu he knew. She nodded.

He noted that there were some differences in the way she looked now-

"You're taller, your hair stayed completely reddish and long..."

He murmured, noting that the transformation had caused her hair to coil on the back of her head, creating a pretty, feminine style. The skirt was longer, much longer actually.

He removed his hand from her face and fingered the pendant on her neck, it was resting between her collarbones.

It was the same blue of her eyes. It seemed to be the same as Mytho's, but, it was blue- the color seemed to be the only difference he could see.

He could tell though that it wasn't a heart shard from Mytho... So how did she...?

"-eda, HEY! - Are you listening? Fakir!!"

She asked, he blinked back into her eyes.

"Wh-What?"

He asked.

"I said, we need to get away from Leda."
At her words, he glanced behind Ahiru and looked at the annoyed, possessed, swan princess.

"I'm very confused... But, I have something to do, excuse me a moment..."

He told Ahiru; then, as she was about to ask what he meant, he cupped her face with both of his hands and fused his mouth to hers hungrily, his tongue invading her mouth as he pulled her against him tightly. She gasped into his kiss when she realized how hard he was below the belt. She could feel that part of him, pressing into her stomach, demanding something that really couldn't and shouldn't be done in their current situation.

Even so, she relaxed against him despite knowing that, she felt her own desire for him growing with every stroke of his tongue against hers, or the caress of his hand against her fevered skin... It had something to do with the damn purple mist in the room.

She had to do something about it.

Her thoughts were cut short as he groaned, pressing her against the wall, and, gripping her bottom, lifted her so that her legs were around his waist.

This was definitely HIS Ahiru. He thought as his tongue caressed her own, running over it and exploring the rest of her mouth. He didn't care about anything more than holding her and kissing her. He wanted to melt into her.

He wrapped her legs around his waist, he felt his manhood push against her entrance through their clothes, and ground his hips into hers a bit and felt somewhat smug as she broke the kiss, throwing her head back and crying out in pleasure, he kissed down her neck, forgetting everything but her.

Or the fact that he'd originally kissed her because he wanted to make sure she was his and to erase the taste of Leda from his mind. He forgot all of that.

"I want you."

He growled softly as he kissed his way to her ear and nibbled on her earlobe. She was panting and clinging to him. Overwhelmed by the spelled mist in the air and his touch. All she could do was, grab his face and kiss him again deeply.

He was mostly relieved that her wound was gone for the time being. That she was ok. But also, he had wanted to erase the fact that he'd had to kiss Leda by savaging Ahiru's mouth. He wanted to drown in her taste and feel.

Finally, that nagging voice in his mind, called duty and responsibility, reared its head and he sighed as he pulled his lips from hers, both were flushed and panting and he didn't want to let her go. He wanted so badly to rip their clothes off and have his way with her. But he knew they couldn't do this yet.

"You're definitely my Ahiru, I'd know the taste of your lips anywhere."

He breathed into her ear as he hugged her and then kissed her again, she smiled against his lips, leaning into his embrace... Meanwhile, something was happening to Leda, she suddenly had a stabbing pain in her head as she watched the 2 of them kissing.

That's when she knew what she should do. The raven's hold on her was somehow weakening!

"You're both free to go!"
Leda gasped through the pain, it was said sharply and in a somewhat stiff voice, as she gave them a narrow-eyed look. Fakir blinked, pulling back from Ahiru and looked at Leda. She seemed to be in some kind of pain to him.

"W-what?"

Ahiru asked, pulling away from Fakir, he slid his hand into her's and threaded his fingers through her own, afraid to let her go.

"You heard me,"

Leda said with a regal, almost bored, wave of her hand.

"Why?"

Fakir asked, and, Ahiru suddenly paled.

"Is it Rue...?"

Leda arched an eyebrow at Ahiru's question.

"You're not a stupid as I thought."

She said with a deep sigh, a hand going to her head on either side to rub her temples, she looked very pale. Fakir felt Ahiru tremble.

"Are she and the baby alive?"

Fakir asked worriedly.

"Yes, and it's babies. A set of twins."

She said, sounding strange to Fakir and Ahiru.

She was now hugging herself. Muttering faintly for the raven leave her be, that she loved her twin and wanted to know that he was happy.

That she didn't want him, not in the way she'd been working towards, she was his sister for heaven's sake.

Fakir blinked as he listened with Ahiru. Both somewhat confused.

Leda knew very well that, having those feelings for her brother was wrong, did not equate a good situation to be in.

Whether she was in love or in lust, either was wrong when the object of those feelings was her twin brother.

"Hurry! Top floor, that doorway leads there-"

She pointed out a doorway, neither had seen before. Her eyes were now flickering between blood red and a Sea-foam green color. They were both so startled, that neither could think. Let alone move.

"Hurry! GET TO RUE AND MY NEPHEWS!"
She suddenly screamed, almost doubling over, that's when the realization hit Fakir.

Leda had been under the raven's control— that they'd know, however, she was now fighting him, where she hadn't been doing so before.

Ahiru looked worried and took a step towards Leda's huddled form, but he tugged Ahiru's arm, she looked at him, then nodded sadly and let him pull her to leave the room.

She felt intense hatred from Leda, as well as fear and disgust with herself. Her actions. And sadness at what had happened between her and Aaron- the knight that Fakir was. After one more glance at Leda, who was on her knees, hugging herself and moaning in pain, black, purple and red sparks crackled all around her— the two left the room as fast as their legs would carry them.

"Keep your eyes ahead of you, you don't want to look like a moron, when you trip."

He said, stopping long enough to hand her the dagger that had stabbed her earlier.

"Use that if you need to."

He said and she looked at him, biting her lip. She had never held a weapon before. Aside from picking up his or Mytho's swords to hand them to the young men.

She feared what harm she could cause others. Her eyes darted from his face, to the long knife in his hands she reached out to take it. He felt her hand trembling, and heard her response with no problem.

"Alright..."

She whispered sadly and, reaching under her skirt she slid it into another new item on her person, a garter belt that was on her upper left thigh, she placed it on the outside of her thigh.

Then, he pulled his sword from it's sheath at his hip, and, taking her hand in his other, he started at a run again, pulling her along with him in the direction Leda had indicated.

Not long after that, though, they heard a scream from the direction she'd been left in and they knew the raven had likely won over taking control of the swan princess. They ran faster.

Finally, they found a flight of stairs and he started up them, Ahiru right behind him. Her hand still grasping his own tightly.

After a short while more, they came to another hall with one door at its end, as they neared the door, they heard the sound of a swan trumpet from inside the room and then 2 female voices screaming.

Before Fakir could stop Ahiru, she had rushed forward, flinging the door open.

Fakir and Ahiru found a strange scene before them:

A female troll, covered in blood. Blood on the floor, a lavender glow coming from a magic circle that was under the blood spatter and puddles.

The magic circle was around a cot. On the cot was Rue, she was white as a sheet and looking very much dead, save for the faint rise and fall of her chest. Her knees were bent, a blanket over them, she was in nothing but her slip. She had bruises all over the exposed skin and blood dripped from the part of the cot where her legs were.
She had a newborn baby laying, naked, on her slip-clad chest.

It was moving and whimpering slightly. Between the cot and the female troll, also in the magic circle, was Phoebe.

She held, in one arm, another baby... This one, stared wide eyed at her and the troll. While it's brother whimpered in frustration as it rested on Rue's unconscious form, he was silent in Phoebe's arms. Also, he had silvery/white hair, like Mytho's, while the other one had black, like Rue's.

In Phoebe's other hand, was a long dagger with a nasty looking hook on its point and it dripped blood as she kept it pointed at the troll- who was growling at her as it held its bleeding arm.

Mytho was across the room. Slumped on the floor, he was also unconscious, he had a gash in his left thigh that bled profusely and the wall above and behind him had a crack in it, and a smear of blood making Fakir think that he'd tried to help. But the troll-woman had likely slammed him into the wall, with enough force to create a dent and the blood was from that force, His swan sword lay at his side.

When the door opened, both the troll-woman and phoebe looked in Fakir and Ahiru's direction. The troll grinned, and taking that as her chance, she lunged at Phoebe and grabbed the new prince from her arms. As the troll had entered the circlet started to steam and screamed in pain as it burned her.

But despite that, she moved so fast that Phoebe couldn't react. She shoved Phoebe violently and grabbed the child. She shoved past the stunned and shocked Fakir and Ahiru to run off.

Phoebe and Fakir both cursed and headed after the troll-woman. Ahiru watched them go, not wanting to leave Mytho and Rue. She walked into the room, and tentatively, she tested the magic circle, afraid she'd get burned as well. When she didn't, she walked over to Rue and the baby.

Gently she picked the boy up. As she held him close, he nuzzled her fabric-clad breasts. She smiled softly, and held him a moment, wanting to somehow reassure him that it would be alright. Then, reaching out, she gently laid him on top of Rue again. She checked on Mytho's condition and then went back to Rue.

She lifted the blanket that was tented over Rue's knees. And she frowned. Rue was still bleeding there a lot. The book about pregnancy that Ahiru had found, didn't say how to stop that. She shifted Rue's legs so that they were straight and smoothed the blanket out over them, then she went and sat beside Rue's head. Rue was still feverish, But she was also still alive.

Very gently, she shifted the sleeping princess, Ahiru then rested Rue's head against her thighs. Reaching over she took the now crying baby and held him. He stopped crying to blink large eyes at her curiously. She caressed her fingers through Rue's sweat-damp hair as she watched the door worriedly.

Fakir was so pissed! Why couldn't any of his friends, his family, just be left alone and have peace?? He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the female troll grab the infant and run for it. He'd torn after her without knowing what he would do when he caught up to her.

On top of that, she was heading the direction that he and Ahiru had just come from.

To the raven possessed Leda.

He heard footsteps behind him, slowing down enough to see who it was, he was startled when he realized it was the strange girl called Phoebe.
He still doubted his ability to completely trust the girl. But something about her screamed that she needed to be trusted.

He picked up his pace again once he knew who it was, only to be stopped when he rounded a corner and found himself face to face with many trolls and other monsters.

He skidded to a halt, cursing as he grabbed his sword, not sure if he could deal with all of them himself.

A moment after he stopped, Phoebe growled in anger as she too skidded to a stop beside him.

"Damn things are all over the frigging place!"

She snapped and he blinked as there was a flash of light from her, than an instant later he found a large black swan beside him. The beautiful bird hissed at the monsters and then took off, flying over the lot of them, continuing after the troll woman and baby.

He hoped she got to them in time as he resigned himself to fighting the creatures before him.

---

**Meanwhile**

Mytho groaned in pain and shifted as he tried to open his eyes.

"Mytho?"

He groaned again, lifting a hand to push some hair from his eyes, he opened those hazel eyes and found himself looking at his own reflection in the large blue eyes of Princess Tutu.

'**Wait... P... Princess... Tutu?**'

He blinked the vision into his eyes and looked at her, no, it was Ahiru. He was sure of that, this girl's hair was still all reddish. Also, the dress was different.

"A-Ahiru?"

He asked weakly and flopped back down as he tried in vain to get up.

"Yes. Here, let me help you up, Mytho."

She said and he allowed her to take his arm and help him. Once on his feet, he leaned against the wall, his head was pounding in agony. He reached a hand behind his head and winced as he touched a spot that hurt. He pulled his hand away and found blood on his fingers. Just great.

"Mytho, come and sit by Rue."

Ahiru said softly and he blinked, his vision was still messed up. Must have been because of the head injury. He was somewhat dizzy, then, as well. However, he nodded and let her lead him over to Rue. When he got there he smiled, seeing the baby resting on her chest.

"He looks ok, good..."

He said sitting beside his wife and child. He glanced up at Ahiru and blinked.

"What is it?"
He asked worriedly as he saw the look on her face. She was dancing lightly from one foot to the other and wringing her hands, glancing often towards the doorway. She looked at him, though when he voiced his question. She bit her lip and then sighed. Her nervous movements stilled and she told him about the other baby and that it had been taken.

"Fakir will get him."

Mytho said after she was done. She nodded but still worried.

"There was a girl here when we got here,"

She said and continued by describing the girl. He nodded when she was done and she had asked if he knew her.

"Yes, she's someone I had locked in the dungeon because she was suspicious... She was here, though?"

She nodded at his question and he sighed... He didn't know what the strange girl was up to, but Phoebe was an unknown factor to him and worried both he and Fakir greatly.

He just hoped that Phoebe hadn't done anything to the child.

Ahiru looked around after a silence descended upon them again, she didn't know what to say. Mytho for his part took a few minutes, but suddenly he looked at her.

"Your Princess Tutu...?"

She blinked, startled blue eyes turned to him, then glanced down at her outfit.

"Y-yeah... I guess so. Though... The outfit is different..."

She said, fingering the fabric of her skirt and smiling weakly.

"How, though?"

She knew he'd ask that. She rocked back and forth on her feet again.

"I'm not really sure..."

She started and took a deep breath and started telling him what happened, along with their run in with Leda.

A short while later, Ahiru stood there, nervously twirling a curled strand of hair that stuck out from over her ear as she glanced around the room. Mytho had gone pale.

"Leda's still alive then..."

He said finally and glanced at Rue. He wanted to hope that his sister was now free of the monster raven, but... Looking at the signs of abuse on Rue's skin, he doubted that Leda had been freed yet.

"Did she...?"

"She was still under the control of it."

Ahiru said gently, knowing he'd ask. He nodded, gulping. Then he looked at Ahiru.
"Please take Rue and go to the swan palace. At least then, she and this baby can have medical care."

He said and looked at Rue again, he gently caressed her cheek as he watched her sleep. Meanwhile, Ahiru bit her lip. She was Princess Tutu again. She wouldn't be useless any longer. When he looked back at her, she saw him reach for his sword as he stood up. She walked over, knowing he was planning to follow Phoebe and Fakir. Ahiru hugged the startled young man then. He dropped his sword and blinked, then he hugged her back.

"Promise you won't be mad..."

He heard her whisper. He blinked and she gently pulled back from the embrace. As she did, the transport bracelet slid from her fingers into his pocket.

"Erlöse uns, zu unserer..."

He blinked as she started reciting the spell. Something wasn't right, he could feel it.

"- sicheren Hafen in die..."

"Ahiru? What are you up too-?"

He asked and found himself annoyed when she just continued.

"... l- liebevolle Umarmung der..."

He, Rue and the baby started to glow, his hazel eyes widened, he started to try to find where she put the bracelet on him.

"S... S- Schwäne Flügel..."

"We'll bring your other baby home, so, wait for us there..."

She said once the spell was finished.

"Ahiru, why are you...?"

She smiled sadly, backing up.

"You're injured. Rue and your baby need you. Fakir and I will get the other baby back."

She said and then left the room, he called out to her, but before her name could even finish leaving his lips, he blinked, finding himself with Rue and the baby, on the floor of the infirmary at their palace.

He cursed and slammed his fist on the floor as Jamison, the healer, came running at the commotion. When he got there he saw his prince kneeling beside the missing princess Rue, a new baby on her chest and all 3 did not really look to be in good condition.

He cursed and slammed his fist on the floor as Jamison, the healer, came running at the commotion. When he got there he saw his prince kneeling beside the missing princess Rue, a new baby on her chest and all 3 did not really look to be in good condition.

When he tried to get Mytho to rest, the prince refused, so he had cast a spell to make him do so, finally with Mytho asleep, the healer went to work treating him and Rue.

First stopping the continuous bleeding from the labor and then bandaging Mytho's head, after that, he treated the less serious wounds on them and gave the baby a special formula until Rue could wake up and feed him herself.
Jamison hoped that Fakir and Ahiru were ok, when the guards had found Phoebe missing, they'd gone to report to Mytho. When he'd been found gone, they'd gone to Fakir... When he and Ahiru were nowhere to be found, they'd come to Jamison. Who had figured that they had all gone after Rue.

Now he knew for sure that they had. He hoped that the knight and duck-girl would be ok.

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To Be Continued...

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Necessary Disclaimers Section:

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~

Chapter End Notes

Authors Defining Notes:

The spell (German):

Erlöse uns zu unserer sicheren Hafen in die liebevolle Umarmung der Schwäne Flügel.

In English it said:

Deliver us to our safe haven in the loving embrace of the Swans wing.

Breakdown/Meaning:

Deliever us, =

To transport from one place to another.

- to our safe haven, =
The swan palace: a place that feels safe and secure, their home.

- in the loving embrace of the Swans wing. =

The medical/healing wing of the swan palace.
Survivors

Chapter #10- Survivors

Once Ahiru was sure that Mytho, Rue and the young prince were gone, she grabbed Mytho's sword from where he'd dropped it, and headed off in the direction Fakir had gone.

She was afraid of using it. Afraid of killing another being. If she was honest with herself... She never wanted to kill ANYTHING. The sheer thought scared her. Even just the thought, made her ill.

She was happy to leave that to Mytho, Fakir and Rue. She loved all 3 dearly. But they were made, emotionally, for killing things.

She was not, and she knew that very well. Her soul, was too gentle, she supposed.

However, If Fakir was in danger, she'd kill something to save him... Even if she hated the thought. Even if, later, it shattered her weak soul.

When she finally caught up to him, she found him surrounded by monsters.

Nervously, she gulped: knowing he'd yell at her for staying.

She took a deep breath, clutching the white, swan, sword to her chest, and started towards him.

She had to hold the prince's sword, with both of her hands, due to how heavy it was, and each time she swung it at the monsters, she closed her eyes! Each swing, overwhelmed her small, dancer's body with it's still, almost birdlike bones.

The sheer weight of the sword, when in a swinging motion, sent the girl spinning, along with it, in a circle, several rotations over.

Each time she stopped, she'd stumble, she felt like her eyes were still spinning in her head.

She saw some monster bodies on the floor in front of her, so she supposed she managed to hit some... And then, finally! After she had, awkwardly, killed (then apologized to, and, said a few prayers, for) a few of the creatures, she made it to Fakir's side.

He blinked, when he felt her press her back to him... Her read head resting between his shoulder blades, as she panted for breath.

He had been worried, when he noticed her making her way to him. Why didn't she use the blasted dagger that he'd given her!?

"Where's Mytho & Rue?"

He asked, with a deep sigh, by way of greeting. She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. Blood covered her; no, Mytho's sword, and slid dangerously close to her delicate hands, which shook. But Fakir could not see the shaking from his angle.

She wanted to cry, when she saw the blood. She felt her lower lip trembling. So she bit it, hard. She wanted to be ill, all over the floor. So She took deep breaths, to try and calm her racing heart and
raging stomach.

She wanted to curl up in a ball and ask Fakir to shield her from it all, she wanted to-

"HEY! Ahiru?"

She jumped, glancing at her lover, he looked very worried. He'd started shaking her, his back to the monsters he'd been standing off against.

The beasts were looking at each other, confused about being ignored suddenly.

She hadn't realized she had spaced-out. She gripped the hilt of the long white, swan decorated sword, tighter.

She felt a whimper escape her throat when she saw the blood had reached her hands, the swans between her, long, slender fingers, and, the cold steel of the sword, were dyed a ghoulish shade of red.

"S-sor... Sorry Fakir, I was distracted. Wha... What...?"

"I asked where Mytho, the baby and Rue were..."

"Oh,"

She breathed the word, her breathing hard, because of the minor panic that set in.

Thinking that she sounded, really, rather stupid, there; she continued on, to answer his question.

"I transported them, and the baby that remained in the room, to the palace..."

She said, he was silent a moment as he watched the pale face of this brave, but tiny, girl, that he loved so much. All of a sudden her beautiful, blue eyes, widened-in stark horror, and, she tugged his arm, trying to move him, but she wasn't fast enough.

He stumbled, and then, screamed in pain as both he, and Ahiru, were slashed with a long, jagged sword.

He caught himself before he fell.

Grabbing Ahiru, who, had dropped the sword she'd held and was now sobbing, he blocked another swing of the same jagged sword, with his own back and threw her to the floor, grabbing the dagger from her thigh in the process, he spun around to face the beast and rammed the long knife into its heart.

XxxxxX Ahiru's POV XxxxxX

He'd shoved Ahiru well; she'd rolled down the hall a ways, and, as she pushed herself into a sitting position, her left arm limp at her side, blood gushing from a deep cut between her left shoulder and her neck,

She saw him disappear under the horde of beasts. She screamed his name, as she scrambled to her shaky legs, and ran towards him.

Then, a searing pain in the back of her neck...
She then collapsed to her knees. Her breathing labored, she felt so cold. Pain in her neck and, now, her chest. Fakir managed to get through the monsters, but, he froze, paling as he looked at her. Why was he looking so horrified? At least he was ok. She thought as her hands hit the floor in front of her for support.

Why did her chest hurt?

Numbly, she looked down, oh, that was why. She had a blade protruding from between her breasts. A crimson color, spread from the blade, and dyed her white dress in its bright color. Then, she watched, as the blade was pulled out.

She screamed then, her back arching on reflex, as it was pulled from her body.

THE PAIN!

Mind numbing pain!

Then she saw, through dimming vision as Fakir dropped his sword again, he angrily threw the dagger in his other hand, it soared over her head and then he was running towards her, screaming her name.

At least she thought that he was calling her, she couldn't hear through the pounding pulse and strange roaring sound in her head.

A black swan stood behind her love, it was standing among the bodies of the monsters.

It seemed to be concerned. Ahiru blinked and, in place of the bird, that girl now stood.

Ahiru gasped, blood trailing from her lips, down her chin, as she found herself unable to take a breath properly. Then she collapsed, face first, onto the floor. She felt warm now, but only the part of her that lay on the floor, her back was so cold.

Then, she was pulled into Fakir's arms, her head resting on his knees as he seemed to shout at her, she smiled up at him and touched his cheek.

'Fakir...'

She faintly wondered why he was crying and why her hand and arm seemed to be a bright, shiny red. Then it all went dark.

'Fakir... I lo-'

_____________

XxxxxX Fakir's POV Xxxxxx

The pain in his shoulder and back, that was some of the worst he'd felt. He shoved Ahiru away from him, her arm and shoulder had been slashed too, he didn't want her hurt any more than she was.

He saw her tuck her arms in and roll, she knew enough, to automatically go into a roll, when falling.

'Good girl!'
Then the monsters surrounded him. He cursed, grabbed his sword and yanked the dagger form the
monster he'd just killed.

He found himself on the other side of them.

With them now between him and Ahiru. He didn't like it. Then he heard a voice from behind him.
Phoebe and Leda, both came running towards him.

Leda, was holding the baby protectively in her arms.

She seemed like she was in pain, though. When they got close enough, Phoebe motioned for Leda
to hide, she did, taking the first born prince with her, behind a corner.

Phoebe then came over, and he saw her swing a sword, he ducked on instinct and heard the clash of
metal behind his head.

"Be observant, Fakir!"

She hissed angrily. He turned and saw her sword between him and a troll's blade. He just hadn't
been paying attention.

Things were happling so fast, he couldn't focus on it all.

"Why did Leda hold the baby?"

"Because, I don't dare give her a sword. She's fighting that damn raven off, he's trying to control
her mind and body."

She said and her sword screeched, throwing sparks, as she used it to shove the monster, and it's
own blade, back.

"Isn't he in danger with her?"

"Probably."

She said, as he took a fighting stance beside her. Both were now cutting their way through the
beasts. Things seemed to turn for them in a matter of seconds, however, a moment later, he heard
Ahiru scream his name.

"Idiot, stay away."

He said, more to himself, rather than loud enough for her to hear as he fought the beasts, alongside
Phoebe.

Only a few more between him and Ahiru.

He felt somewhat relieved. She hadn't come over. Then, he and Phoebe heard the baby start to
scream and cry around the corner. Phoebe dropped the sword, distracted by the wailing child. Then
she took her swan form, in order to dodge a swing at her, as Fakir tried to block the beast from
harming her. She flapped and took to the air, flying around the corner, to check on Leda and the
baby. While she was gone, Fakir managed to kill the rest of the tolls and other creatures. Then he
froze, heart hammering.

A large raven stood behind Ahiru. A sword was protruding from between her breasts, she was pale,
turning so white that, what freckles she had on her nose, looked like some kind of paint. She
gasped for air and he saw the blood roll from her mouth. Blood was pooling around her legs, she
had lost quite a lot of it. He suddenly felt cold. The raven behind Ahiru, wore Leda's dress.

He saw the raven pull the sword from Ahiru's small body, her back arched, with the action and she screamed. He dropped his sword, but tightened his grip on the dagger. He pulled his arm back, as Phoebe screamed: No! Behind him, but it was too late, he'd sent the smaller blade flying.

It hit the raven girl in the stomach, the creature screamed, backing up, and collapsed. Turning back into the Leda they'd met a short time ago. Her sword turned into a black feather.

Fakir screamed Ahiru's name, and rushed forward, then.

Watching as Ahiru, collapsed in a pool of her own blood. It splashed around her body.

He slipped in the blood, and skidded, on his knees, to her, when he reached her he pulled his lover into his arms.

"Ahiru!?"

He couldn't see very well, because he had tears in his eyes, by the time he got to her. But, she was so limp and he could see the blood gushing from the open wound in her chest. He rested her head on his knees, and tried, in vain, to stop the bleeding in her chest by applying pressure. She opened her pretty blue eyes and smiled up at him.

"Thank god, Ahiru, stay with me, baby. Please..."

He said when he saw her looking at him. But she didn't show any signs of having heard him. She gasped for air, a wet, gurgling, sound coming from her chest and throat as she tried to breath and speak.

He felt new tears roll down his face. Her lungs must have been punctured.

"Ahiru? Please..."

He begged, shaking all over, she reached up, her blood stained hand gently touching his cheek. He reached up and held that hand against his face. Leaning into her hand slightly. He knew he couldn't stop her bleeding, with his other hand, he smoothed some loose hair from her face.

"I love you, Ahiru."

He said, and watched as her eyes slid shut, her hand, going limp, slid from his face, to flop onto her chest.

A broken sob came from his chest as he held her.

Phoebe came skidding to a halt beside him. She shoved him away and started to heal Ahiru, now that the shock was gone.

He hugged himself, doubling over, and rocking. His whole body started shaking.

He didn't want to lose her. After a while, when he wasn't able to cry any more, and it had become just dry heaving sobs. He glanced up, through the tears in his eyes... He watched as Phoebe tried to heal Ahiru.

Then his sad green eyes, drifted over to Leda, still resting, not far away, the blood around her was a smaller pool. He saw her chest rising and falling. Anger bubbled up inside him.
"I'll kill the bitch!"

Fakir snapped suddenly, before Phoebe could react to that, he grabbed her sword and headed for Leda. But just as he swung the blade down at her, he found Phoebe between him and the dark princess. He stopped his swinging sword, but not before he slashed her in the right arm.

"Move."

He said, sounding deadly calm, and very cold.

"No... Fakir! You need to listen to-"

"I SAID MOVE! OR I SWEAR I'LL CUT YOU DOWN TO GET TO HER!"

He yelled, raising the sword. She didn't move.

"Go right ahead then. If you kill her, I'm as good as dead anyway."

She said, her eyes hard, but sad, as she stared him down. He froze completely.

"What does that mean?"

"Drop the sword. I'll tell you if you do."

She replied, her voice calm.

"But... She... She ki-"

"Ahiru is still alive, but if you don't back down, she won't be, I can't heal her if I'm worried about you, killing Leda."

"Why do you care...? Who are you? Besides a: dancer/killer/healer/swan-girl?"

He asked, the sword falling from his hand.

"I care... because, all 3 of you are my parents..."

She sighed and went back to Ahiru's side. He blinked, looking at Phoebe's back as she healed Ahiru, her voice soft as she spoke the words to a spell.

"Excuse me?"

He asked softly, shock and confusion, washing over him anew.

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**XxxxxX Leda's POV XxxxxX**

Leda had found what Phoebe had told her hard to believe. But she wanted to believe it.

So, she took the baby, when Phoebe asked her to carry him for her.

Then both girls had headed towards Rue's room. However, along the way, they spotted Fakir, fighting with the monsters that were, now, no longer under Leda's control.

"Leda, take the prince, hide around the corner-over there."
Phoebe ordered, Leda nodded and headed to the designated corner. She knelt on the floor, her back to a wall, she heard the non stop clang on swords.

She laid the baby beside her, her head had started to hurt again. She rubbed her temples with both of her hands.

She could hear him, the raven. Being so close to the smell of all of this blood & the fear that seemed to permeate the air, was adding to his strength.

'Go away!'

She screamed inside her head.

'NO!'

Was the response, and then pain overwhelmed her and she no longer had control of her body. What happened next, made her feel as if she was watching it happen to someone else, but through their eyes.

She saw herself standing up. Then her surroundings changed and she saw Ahiru in front of her, a thinning wall of monsters in front of the duck-girl. Leda saw a hand, not her own, covered in black feathers, as it turned a feather into a sword.

And Leda felt horror, as she watched her own, feathered arm, plunge the sword into Ahiru's back.

'NO!'

She screamed in her head, and she felt the joy that the raven felt. He'd moved Leda's feathered arm, he's yanked the sword from Ahiru's back, relishing her scream of pain, as he twisted it a bit, while pulling it out.

Now the duck-girl would stop getting in his way, and the black female swan wouldn't get her way. With one of the princess tutu's dead she couldn't-

Leda stopped feeling the raven's thoughts as a pain suddenly erupted from her stomach, she blinked down at it, as the sword fell from her hand.

There was a dagger in her stomach! She blinked at it, looked at Fakir and then collapsed.

'I'm so sorry, Phoebe...'

She thought as she heard Fakir calling for Ahiru, she felt like herself again.

'Aaron... I wish he was here with me...'

She thought vaguely and lost consciousness.

An hour later, outside of the castle...

The swans felt it first, a massive concentration of evil energy. They took flight from the lake that surrounded the castle.

As they few to get away, there was a massive blast from the castle and when they looked back, all that was left was a black cloud and rubble, a lot of rubble.

In the distance, they saw a massive raven like being, flying towards a mountain.
Just before the explosion of dark energy, from the castle...

In the infirmary wing of the palace, a baby appeared on a cot, a flash of light signaling his arrival... The baby was crying, swaddled in a man's blood spattered shirt, a transportation bracelet was around his tiny wrist several times, to be sure it didn't come off.

Jamison found him when he heard the wailing, a note was in the pocket, explaining who the infant was.

It was signed: ~Fakir~

2 days after the events at the castle:

2 young women, one with long, wavy black hair with red highlights in it, dressed in black, even black pants. And the other, with lighter red hair, a blood stained white dress and a hole between her breasts that no longer seemed so deep, collapsed on the outskirts of a town not far from the castle. A young man and woman found them, and took them to the town's doctor.

Also, 2 days after the events at the castle...

Rue's, once sea-green, turned, reddish-brown, eyes, slowly fluttered open. She found herself in a dark room. For a moment she was confused, frightened. But she soon realized, that it was her own bed.

She sat up, feeling pain all over her body and turned the light that sat on the bedside table, on. She then blinked as her eyes adjusted to the light- looking around, she spotted a bassinet not too far away, on her side of the bed, and in the bed with her was Mytho.

A bandage around his silver/white hair and manacle like bracelets around his wrists. She froze, when she saw those.

She knew exactly what they were. They were for magic users, who were supposed to not use their magic, for one reason, or another.

She sighed, She had been hoping that everything, that had, happened to her - was a bad dream. But with him wearing a bandage, and, the magic canceling bracelets. Along with her own painful body, the weakness she felt, the fact that she was no longer pregnant...

She didn't know how they got home, but she supposed he'd explain when he woke up.

She reached over, gently brushing some fair hair, from his face, intending to lean over and kiss him.

But just as she was about to, a cry erupted from the bassinet beside her.

She startled, and blinked over at it.

She had only a moment to wonder what was wrong, then instinct took over and she found herself scrambling to get out of bed, she walked over to it curiously. She had never even held a baby, never SEEN one... The idea of caring for ONE frightened her beyond belief, let alone, caring for 2.

She saw both boys laying in the bassinet, she smiled, relaxing. The wailing from the younger of the twins, got much louder. She gently picked the small, black haired boy up, and, cradling him in her arms, she went back to her and Mytho's bed.
She settled herself, sitting up and started feeding him.

Still. She worried about his brother... Why wasn't he waking up with the cries of the younger baby...?

She rested her head against the wall and relaxed a bit as she held their youngest son. She felt strange doing this, but also, it felt natural. She lovingly caressed his tiny, fuzz covered head, as he gazed up at her. After a few minutes of just the contented sounds of the nursing baby...

She felt the bed shift beside her, she opened her eyes and looked to her right.

Mytho was sitting up, watching their son, as he nursed.

She flushed, as his hazel eyes drifted lazily, over to her face.

"W-what?"

She asked, feeling her face redden. He grinned at that.

"Nothing much... You're adorable when you're embarrassed..."

He said, and, before she could respond, he leaned over and kissed her deeply and lovingly. His hand trailed up to caress her face, he grinned against her lips as he nipped at her bottom lip. She gasped softly, the reaction he wanted, he slid his tongue into her mouth and groaned softly as he put all of his feelings into the kiss. He wanted her to know how much he had missed her. She whimpered, leaning into his kiss, moaning softly in contentment, as she kissed him back. Until finally, when her lips started to feel swollen, he broke the kiss. She sucked on his bottom lip one last time before the contact was completely gone.

"And you're also beautiful when you're doing this..."

He whispered as he pulled back, and, running a finger, lightly, over their son's cheek, as the baby eyed them, but didn't stop what he was doing.

Rue blushed again.

Then she realized something vital. He didn't know that there were suppose to be 2 babies...

"Mytho, I was carrying-"

"-Twins? I know... One was taken, kidnapped..."

He said, pulling back to his side of the bed, glancing at the bracelets on his wrists with disgust, he looked upset, she noted.

She watched as he slid his knees up under the blanket and hugged them.

She glanced at the bassinet, that held the other baby, then back at her husband.

"Mytho, you should know that-"

"-Fakir and Ahiru are trying to rescue our other son now-"

She sighed, but then her eyebrows furrowed and she frowned at him.

"Wait, you let them go off, on their own? Why didn't you-?"
"I WANTED TO HELP!"

He shouted suddenly, clenching his eyes tightly shut, to ward off the tears he felt, starting to sting his eyes. She jumped, startled, and shrank back from him as the baby started screaming.

Mytho buried his face in his arms and knees.

"I'm sorry."

He muttered, as she pulled her nightgown back into place, now that the baby had stopped nursing, then she started her attempts in shushing the crying baby, she glanced at her husband, somewhat reproachfully.

"I'm sorry as well. I should have known, that you wouldn't leave them, if you had a choice... W-what happened? I fainted after I gave birth to the second baby..."

She said as she gently rubbed and bounced the boy in her arms, not sure how to quiet him.

"I came in just as the second one was born. You had a female troll acting as a midwife?"

He asked and she nodded and shuddered, he sat up, held his arms out, and, after a moment, she gave him the screaming baby prince. He had him quieted, within a few moments, and she smiled.

"Yes, but... I would rather it have been Leda to help me through the labor, even if she hated me, she would have been better than the troll..."

He nodded at that, knowing full well that trolls were horrible. He gently gave the now quieted baby, to his still nervous and awkward wife.

"Anyway- when I got there, you had just had the second one, the first was crying on a table in the corner. She was holding the new baby by its foot and... She flung him aside. I rushed to get to him, and caught him before he could slam into the wall.

But, I had my back to the troll then... As I stood up, holding him, I was hit from behind, my vision blurred.

The pain, it was mind-numbing, I could barely stay upright, barely breath... I didn't have time to retaliate. I jumped away from the troll as she slashed at me with a bloody, short sword. I ignored the wound, that it created in my thigh, and went to you. After making sure you were still alive, I laid him on your chest, cast a cleaning spell on him and then headed to where the other baby was, the troll had also headed there.

At this point, I felt something wet rolling down the back of my neck, I reached back and realized that when she had hit me, it hadn't been with her hand.

She'd slashed me in the neck and head, that was why the short sword was covered in so much blood... As I made it over to the baby, she did as well.

I was feeling weak from the injuries, and she shoved me so hard that I went flying 20 feet into a wall. As I slid to the floor: before I passed out, I saw her grab the baby and start to leave."

He said and noticed that their baby, the younger of the twins, was now sleeping with his head pillowed on her chest. He smiled at them both.

"What happened then?"
She asked, reaching out to brush some hair that had fallen into her husband's eyes, back. Careful not to disturb the bandage around his head.

"I came to, some time later. Ahiru was in the room with you, the baby and I..."

He then told her about Phoebe, and, that when Fakir and Ahiru had gotten there the troll had taken the 1st born, this time from Phoebe's arms. And soon, she and Fakir had gone tearing after her.

He also told her that Ahiru was Princess Tutu once again, somehow, and that she'd tricked him to get him here. Rue listened carefully and when he was done talking, she slid off of the bed, baby still in her arms, and, she gently placed him in his bassinet. She looked at the older baby and then relaxed a bit, he was breathing, so he must be ok.

Then she crawled back into bed.

She then told him that their other son was in the bassinet as well. He blinked at her, relief shining in his hazel eyes, and then he hugged her back as he finally let himself cry into her neck and shoulder, hugging her tightly...

Maybe, if their baby was there, and ok, maybe Ahiru and Fakir were ok as well!

Mytho and Rue sat in the medical wing. Rue was feeding the first born, a shawl over her shoulder, chest, and the child, to hide the bare side of her chest, from the view of others.

Mytho, sat beside her, and a maid stayed in their room, watching over the other baby with a guard as well.

Jamison looked at the royal couple, and sighed. He handed Mytho the shirt. Mytho's hand shook as he reached out to take it, it was definitely Fakir's over-shirt.

There was a nasty gash in one of the shoulders of the shirt, towards the back, near the shoulder blades. Rue looked away, pain in her eyes- when she saw more slashes in the shirt, and, more blood stains.

The 3 sat there in silence, once again, the only sound coming from the baby in Rue's arms, finally she sniffled and wiped at some tears that were threatening to fall.

Mytho glanced at his wife and put an arm around her. It was highly likely that their friends were both dead. Otherwise the bracelet could have transported them and the baby as long as all 3 were touching. The royal couple felt guilty.

Rue buried her face in her husband's neck and shoulder and sobbed openly now.

The baby peaked out from under the shawl at his mother and father, Jamison reached over, and gently took the young prince from her arms. Mytho wrapped both arms around her as he rocked her, rubbing her back and just held her. Now, the only sound in the room was the sound of the princess sobbing, and, her prince trying to comfort her.

Jamison sighed and got up with the baby in his arms, Mytho glanced at him, he motioned that he was going pit the baby, with his brother, their room. Mytho nodded, and closed his eyes, resting his head against Rue's, as the healer left them to their grief...

A week and a half, went by, no word came of Fakir and Ahiru or even Phoebe. Mytho had sent soldiers to the castle to search for them.
But when they returned, they had both his and Fakir's swords, and informed him of what they had seen there:

When they arrived, the castle was in ruins, almost completely torn apart.

Dark energy surrounded the area and they found the bodies of many dead monsters, but no sign of Lord Fakir and Lady Ahiru.

They questioned the people of several nearby towns, but aside from seeing a large, monster bird, flying away, the people had seen nothing too strange.

At this time: the healer, Jamison, removed the anti-magic bracelets from Mytho's wrists. There was no worry about him going off, half-cocked, and getting himself killed. They didn't know if they were even alive, at the current time.

Rue refused to come out of her and Mytho's rooms, she stayed in the royal suites with the babies.

He had to take care of the kingdom, otherwise, he would have shut himself in right along with her. He felt just as responsible as she did.

More-so actually, because he had given Fakir his old sword. Fakir had asked if it was cursed, Mytho now wondered if it was.

He had the sword sealed away in the treasure room.

Almost 3 weeks after the soldiers came back with the swords, and, reports of the castle's destruction. It was now a little over a month since the events, hope arrived in the form of Phoebe and Ahiru at the castle gates.

Phoebe was barely able to hold herself up, let alone, the red head as well. Later, it was discovered that Ahiru, was in a coma.

When Phoebe and Ahiru had arrived, the dark haired girl collapsed, fainting before a startled knight. The knight then sent word to the prince.

When Mytho got the message, he made a hasty b-line for the medical wing, arriving just as Ahiru was laid on a bed, the healer asked him to leave, and examined her.

While he was unable to see Ahiru, the prince went to Phoebe's room and shook her awake. She sat up and asked if Fakir had arrived yet. When he said he hadn't. The girl looked somewhat concerned, but just thanked him and sat back. Just moments before she seemed as worried about the knight-turned-writer, as he was, but now, he watched her as she visibly relaxed.

He demanded an expiation. She just smiled and said that if Fakir was dead, they'd know. When Mytho asked her to elaborate, she refused.

He took matters into his own hands and locked the room, and (since his anti-magic bracelets were removed), used a spell to seal it from anyone outside hearing anything. Then he grabbed the girl and threw her against the wall. She gasped in pain as she slumped to the floor.

She had heard that he was once a supremely kind prince. Before he lost everything and left his story.

But also, she had heard, that he grew less trusting, less pure hearted, less kind, when he had raven's
blood integrated into his own body. She knew, now, that it was true.

While he was far from evil, he was no longer as pure hearted as he had been.

That being said, he chose to sacrifice some of his pure hearted kindness and trust, in situations, where those he loved were concerned.

As he had told Fakir years ago, before he returned home with Rue. He was going to be a little selfish for a change, and protect what he loved.

And as she watched him walk towards her, she could tell that it was killing him to hurt someone, who, had done nothing OPENLY, to harm him, or those he loved. But that he would do whatever it took to get what he wanted.

As she tried to get to her feet, he grabbed her arm and yanked her off of her feet. She cried out in pain as he held her in the air by the arm.

"I don't want to hurt you, but I want answers, who are you and what kind of games are you playing, damn it!"

And he tossed her back onto her bed. She cried out again, landing on her hands and knees, she gasped for air, still not completely healed from the events at the castle. She looked at him, through a curtain of loose dark hair, hair.

He backed up, startled when she glared at him because the expression reminded him of both Fakir and Ahiru.

She sighed, closing her blue/green eyes, she sat up, pushing her hair back with both hands and glared at him again.

"I wasn't supposed to tell anyone, however, it seems I have no choice."

She said stiffly as she got settled in her bed again, laying down and covering herself up.

"Well...?"

He asked, when she remained silent, a silver eyebrow arching.

"I mentioned that I came from another story, where Ahiru, as Princess Tutu, taught me ballet?"

He nodded, leaning against a wall.

"Well,"

She continued, as she took a deep, yet shaky breath.

"It's not exactly true."

"Explain."

"I wrote myself a story. One, where I could walk through a portal, and, instead of going from one world to another... I stepped back to a certain point in time."

He blinked at her, but remained silent.

"- Anyway... As I mentioned before. I've just stepped back in time. This time, your present, is my
history. Although... I have yet to have been born. I am the second daughter of Ahiru and Fakir."
He froze for a moment. Not even blinking at her.

"Excuse me?"

"They, Fakir and Ahiru, are my mother and father, so... If either one was dead, or permanently incapacitated (such as remaining locked in a coma) then I would cease to exist. My mother taught my siblings and I ballet before she died at a very young age.

And, the reason for her death is why I came back here. It has also aided in creating the short life spans of my siblings and I.

On top of that, when she died, my father was so heartbroken he closed himself off emotionally from us... Gradually, I watched him die bit by bit, as the years went on.

Then finally, when I was 8, my father vanished. After searching a long time, he was pronounced dead. It was likely that he killed himself, having lost the will to go on without my mo-""

"Wait..."

She looked at him and stopped talking.

"Your telling me, that you're Fakir and Ahiru's daughter?"

'It makes sense, all of the similarities make sense, now...'

He thought, as she nodded.

"You have your father's ability, to write living stories?"

She nodded once again.

"All of my siblings do."

She calmly said. He frowned thoughtfully.

"He and your mother died when?"

She frowned and sighed, she looked at her hands.

"In my time, my mother, when I was 5, my father, just after I turned 8."

"How could Ahiru have taught you such advanced ballet moves, then?"

She looked at him from under her bangs, she bit her lip.

"My sister, was 8 when my mother died, she had been teaching her since she was 2... She continued teaching me."

She sighed and looked away. He could tell she was telling the truth, he could see it was painful for her.

"Why did you come back then, what can you do to stop these events?"

She let her eyes slide back to him. He could see the pain in them.
"I wanted to fix the reason for her death. In my time, she died about 16 years ago. I am currently 24... And I-

"So, what is the cause for Ahiru's death? What shortens your mother's life span?"

"She, My mother... She had only half a soul.

As a duck, the soul overflowed from her body. It was far too big for her small frame. However, As a human, it took its toll on her body. It wasn't known, though, until she started bearing children.

She started becoming week, she got ill easily. Was tired, and soon, her children were also affected.

They didn't know the cause, until after my brother was born when I was 2 and a half years old. She got sick after she had my brother, Leonteus."

He frowned.

"But, what did having half a soul in her body, do, to all of you...? And, why, exactly, did she only have half a soul, anyway?"

He asked, looking confused. She sighed. Glancing at her hands, then she looked at him.

"It's a long story. It starts before you originally left the story of the prince and the raven..."

She warned, quietly. He shrugged slightly.

"I'm here, start wherever you like."

He invited, he noted that she looked tired... She bit her lip, and, finally, she nodded.

"Ok..."

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To Be Continued...

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~
~*~Windy~*~
"So let me get this straight..."

Rue said, she was sitting beside her husband.

Phoebe blinked at her, as Rue started to summarize what they'd been told, thus far. She had arrived, not long after Phoebe started talking to Mytho. She was worried about Ahiru, and no longer shutting herself in her rooms.

But Ahiru was asleep and Rue hadn't wanted to bother her, not fully understand that the red head was in a coma. Even shaking her, would not wake her up.

"... Fakir is the reincarnated knight, Aaron, as we assumed.

He died trying to protect Leda, NOT Mytho as the book said?"

Phoebe nodded at that.

"Yes, as I mentioned, what you read was a book, a portal, if you will - from one world to another. Drosselmeyer himself did not create Mytho or the Raven."

She said and Rue nodded. Mytho was silent, still trying to process it all. He had his arms and legs crossed as he had listened, not showing much emotion on the outside. That worried Rue greatly.

"Anyway-"

Rue said, continuing her summery.

"- Drosselmeyer, himself, did not create anything in this world. He only glimpsed it and wrote what he saw, somehow changing it from what was, to what he thought would be interesting. To suit his own sick sense of fun.

That being said, Aaron's soul migrated to my world, and was reborn as Fakir. It used Drosselmeyer's book as a portal?"

The other girl nodded in agreement.

"As for Leda, and the spell. The raven had killed her and Mytho's parents along with Aaron's father, when they were toddlers.

The Raven had tainted Leda's pure-hearted soul during the attack. And slowly, as she grew older, the darkness that he fostered inside of her, festered and grew. Over time, he whispered the sins that he wished her to do in her mind. Hoping that, in doing them, she would lose her sense of self and he could gain full control of her.

He hoped, that if he broke her soul enough, that he could completely take over and manifest within her... Some of the things he ordered would have likely caused her to shatter, if they had worked..."
Such as, she was to fall in love, madly in love with her own twin brother, Siegfried and seduce him?"

Phoebe nodded, glad that they understood so far. Mytho looked somewhat ill as the memories of that awful time resurfaced.

Rue took note of this and reached over, taking his hand in her own, somewhat relieved to finally see a reaction from her prince.

Then she glanced at Phoebe and continued her summery.

"Sooooo... At first, Leda fought him for a number of years, however, the longer the darkness grew within her, unchecked, the more of a hold he had on her. No one noticed it in all of those years?"

She asked, looking at Mytho, who sighed. She felt his hand tremble, she regretted asking him that.

"No, we hadn't."

He said, with a great deal of remorse, staring at a spot on the floor. Rue sighed, rubbing his hand and looked back at Phoebe.

"... As such, he became able to push her in ways she had once resisted. Such as attempting to seduce Mytho."

Rue remembered how sweet Mytho had been, he was so kind hearted.

She doubted he would have noticed, even if his sister started sprouting feathers. She knew he wasn't stupid.

But, the kindness likely blinded him and made him unable to see what was right in front of him.

"However, she was nervous, and didn't really want to do this, so she tried to do it in the dark, and as a result, she ended up seducing Aaron; by mistake.

Aaron was the man she REALLY loved though. She saw, the next morning, in the light of day, that she had slept with Aaron, her first time had been with him and not her brother.

She was relieved, and planned on staying until he woke up. However, the raven gripped her mind and told her to do as HE said and that he would kill Aaron, through her own hands, if she spoke of it.

So she left before he awoke... Afraid he'd be harmed if she stayed.

After her night of passion with Aaron, the part of her that was still pure and innocent and in love with HIM grew a bit stronger.

The palace mage: Seraphina (who had raised the twins and the orphaned Aaron. As well as the orphans; Minerva and Rachel; along with the help of the palace healer). Noticed Leda's strangeness towards Mytho, when he was not paying attention and she confronted Leda. Along with Aaron. The outcome of the confrontation was them, assuming she was, in love with her brother and, against Aaron's protests, Seraphina placed the spell on Leda. Hoping it would deter her from acting on her lustful desires?"

She asked, Phoebe nodded again. Rue looked at Mytho. He was sitting with his eyes closed, his brows were furrowed.
"You didn't notice that she was seeming to be in love with you?"

She asked her husband and he looked at her.

"No, and she wasn't in love with me, the raven, was making her believe, at times, that she was, but she was not in love with me.

In any case, I was often off, fighting beasts that were threatening the people in the swan kingdom...

I was mostly focused on that, when she hugged me a bit too long or tightly, I figured it was because she was afraid I'd get hurt whenever I left. Or if I'd been gone for more than a day, when she'd come and sleep in my bed in the middle of the night, I thought she just wanted to be close. We were 15 when she started making more open moves towards me..."

He said irritably, angry at his inability to see it.

"I really need some fresh air... Excuse me."

He said suddenly, he got to his feet and left. Maybe if he'd noticed sooner, things wouldn't have gone so badly.

Rue frowned at him, turning back to Phoebe, she continued. She knew she needed to give him some time.

"... The raven had to snuff that pure light out of her, somehow. So, he instigated another attempt to seduce Mytho, despite the spell that stated she would turn into a speck of light and vanish if she spoke of her love for him.

2 months after her night with Aaron. It just happened.

The raven didn't realize, that Mytho already knew she had designs on him. He was on guard, and, when she came on to her brother, he pushed her away from him. She fell on the floor rather hard, and he left the room, angry.

Soon after, he left the palace on a monster hunt, so he didn't realize that, as he left her on the floor, she'd started to miscarry her and Aaron's child.

One she hadn't even been aware she was carrying.

When Mytho came back, some time later, he found out about the miscarriage. He felt horrible, of course, but even worse, when Seraphina, told him what his sister had been trying when she had gotten, with-child, by Aaron. She also told him that Aaron had been the father.

As for Aaron, he was devastated.

He'd been in love with her for a number of years, but because she was the heir, and he, only a knight, he had restrained himself from telling her that he loved her. Now he knew of her attempt to seduce her brother, and that she had seduced him by mistake, he wondered if she somehow miscarried on purpose... That thought was aided by the fact that she had bluntly, coldly, told him that she had been trying to seduce her brother, and ended up bedding him instead. And that it was a horrible mistake. His heart was broken and he was shattered. He'd left the room, not knowing that she'd been so cold to keep her own emotions at bay?"

Phoebe nodded again, both she and Rue were glancing worriedly in the direction that Mytho had gone in. He had insisted on knowing though... Rue continued.
"Her heart couldn't take killing the man she loved.

After that, Mytho and Aaron left, going to another castle that Mytho's family owned. And they stayed there. Hoping to give Leda time to get a grip on herself.

They didn't know that she fell into a massive depression with them gone, and she stopped doing her job as the heir.

Her job was to remove the darkness, the harmful/negative emotions from the hearts of the kingdom's subjects. Then turning those emotions into gems, she would cast those gems into the swan lake, that surrounded the palace, where they would be purified over time.

However, she became so consumed with her desires. One real, and one fabricated. For both her brother and Aaron, that the depression from them leaving her, as well as the loss of her and Aaron's child, that she soon neglected her duty.

Over time the people grew to mistrust her.

As such, the dark emotions of the people, as well as her own dark emotions. As well as her unstable mental state (due to the raven) aided the monster bird in his goal, to appear within the city walls?"

Rue asked, looking thoughtful, it sounded like a bad melodrama to her.

She blinked at Phoebe, pausing to be sure she was right. Phoebe nodded.

"Anyway-

"... Mytho and Aaron had been studying ways to find and kill the raven. They had spells, and spelled swords. However, when they heard that the raven was attacking the swan palace. And the capital city around it.

When they got to the swan palace, they saw the raven, he was about to kill Leda. She was on the ground, with a broken leg as well as other injuries. Many knights had fallen, trying to protect their princess.

She had a sword in her hand.

It was one she had taken from one of her fallen guards, though- It would do no good against the monster,

They watched as she sobbed at the loss of life around her and hating herself more and more for allowing this disaster.

Finally, when he could stand it no more, Aaron acted, before Mytho could even consider what he should do.

Aaron jumped between the 2, telling Leda he loved her. She could only watch in horror, as the young man she grew up with, whom she truly loved, was slashed in half by a massive talon meant for her."

Rue sighed, feeling badly for Fakir, now she knew why he was so desperate for the woman he loved, to stay with him. Mytho squeezed her hand, she looked at him, wondering when he came
back, she reminded herself that it was harder on him because HE had been there, suffering through it all.

Her depression over the situation was nothing compared to that. She continued, as she looked back at Phoebe.

"Mytho grabbed the shocked, sobbing and screaming girl and took her someplace to hide, she was covered in Aaron's blood and hysterical.

Mytho hugged her and stood, telling her to stay put.

He headed out, only to have her grab him. Begging him to not leave her. He said he had to stop the creature.

That he'd be back. But she was frightened and she was tired of suffering because of the damn monster bird. So, she screamed that she was in love with Mytho, he turned in time to see her vanish?"

Rue asked and both Phoebe and Mytho, nodded. He was lost in the memories, and Rue hugged him, seeing the pain.

"After that,

Phoebe continued, they both looked at her. They'd come to where she'd left off so that they could process it all.

"... The knight's soul was reincarnated in Rue and Fakir's world. That soul gained the name "Fakir" still retaining his regret at being unable to help the royal twins, that he had cared so dearly for. He also retained his love for the swan princess, nicknamed: Princess Tutu, by those whom she had once helped, those who had once loved her...

Meanwhile, the prince and the raven left the story, the prince desperate to end the monster, before he harmed anyone in this new world...

The story continued after he and the raven left since it was NOT, in fact, a story, but a portal to another world.

Drosselmeyer, through his writing, changed the course of events.

Affecting their lives in many horrible ways.

Unknown to Mytho, to Drosselmeyer and even the mage who cast the spell on Leda, there was a problem with the spell.

The spell wasn't worded correctly to do anything more than cause her to vanish. It was not able to kill the warped Princess. Because to do so, it would have been able to kill the raven as well.

It was not meant to kill such a strong creature.

What really happened was, the raven kept his hold over the darkness in Leda's heart, and the spell could do nothing about that.

However, it could do something with the light in her soul. The dark part of her soul and light part, split, do to the spell's mis-wording and Leda retained her body- though now she was sealed in another realm and very warped.
The light part of the princess' soul was weaker because the raven had been aiding the darker side, for more than half of her young life.

The spell then acted as if the light part was the only part of Leda's soul.

It overlooked the sleeping darkness completely. And it sent the light part through the portal, to be reborn as well, in the same realm as Fakir was.

Though, as to why it did this, no one that I've spoken to seems to know. So I can't really explain it very much.

Seraphina, herself, died in the attack on the palace, just before Aaron. The light part of Leda's soul, however, was too weak.

A human body could not maintain the soul.

So, it migrated into the un-hatched egg of a small yellow duck, who, unsuspectingly, sat on the egg that Ahiru would come from."

Rue's eyes widened at that, Mytho did as well.

"W-wait."

Rue said, sitting up straighter.

"Ahiru was the light half of Leda's soul?"

Phoebe nodded sadly.

"Yes, and each part of the soul forgot that it was split up. As it was, the spell was not set to kill her, the intention was to purge the darkness. The spell was not created to fight supernatural darkness. Just the darkness that lies within the hearts of all humans, and so-"

"They're both my sister's soul?"

Mytho asked with wide hazel eyes, a note of shock and desperation in his voice, Phoebe nodded, and both of the women with him heard him mutter:

"Thank the heavens, and gods, I wasn't responsible for her death!"

"Yes, for all intents and purposes, Ahiru is the reincarnation of your sister. Leda is what remains un-reincarnated."

She responded and he sat down looking supremely overwhelmed.

"That's why your mother died young?"

Rue asked Phoebe softly, the girl nodded.

"As I said, the light, the pure-ness, of her soul, was weak from being oppressed by the darkness for so long. As such, it wasn't really even HALF of a soul... A human body can't operate properly with such a small portion of a soul.

So it went into a body that could hold it.

Actually, that soul was far too large for such a small duck. She loved too greatly, felt too much and
was far too attracted to Mytho and Fakir. Her heart knew them, even if she didn't. However, a swan, would have been better at containing her soul, since it is a larger body... That being said. There were...

"... We didn't have any swans in goldkron Town."

Rue said sadly, Phoebe nodded and continued.

"Drosselmeyer, had already set his story telling device into the walls around the town. No swans, which are beautiful, and pure creatures, with a natural magic of their own, could enter the cursed town. His depraved soul, leapt at a chance to make her suffer through love, assuming that she too would vanish in a speck of light.

He gave her Mytho's heart shard, and changed her into a human. Despite her body not having the right amount of soul.

Afterwards, however, the people Ahiru ran into, and, her growing love for Fakir, as well as her fondness for you, Mytho, and Rue, aided in growing her soul somewhat.

So she was able to survive... However, when she started bearing children, later, with Fakir, it weakened her soul again, though, we aren't sure what one has to do with the other yet either.

When I was 5 and my brother was 2... My sister around 9.

Our mother's heart gave out while she, and, you, Princess Rue, were teaching me, my siblings and the other children you will have, with Prince Siegfried, ballet.

Ahiru, collapsed in the middle of ballet lessons, and when my father was summoned, she smiled at him... I watched, Rue had to hold Calypso and I back.

My father scooped my mother into his arms, tears in his eyes.

And left. Later, I overheard a maid, she was talking to another maid.

They said that Ahiru had died in his arms, before she ever got to see the healer. He had, apparently collapsed, screaming her name, when he realized she was dying, begging her to not leave him, not leave us...

My mother was a few months pregnant with her and Fakir's 4th child... They came to the conclusion that her body or weak soul, wasn't able to sustain her throughout another pregnancy...

My father forever thought that, in getting her pregnant again, he was the one who killed her, and he would not listen to reason.

He didn't want to hear it, when princess Rue: reminded him that it was Ahiru- who had wanted another child with him. And that it was Ahiru's choice, to get him drunk, one evening, so that he'd forget protection. Then she seduced him... He didn't want to hear any of it."

Phoebe's soft voice, was thick with pain and emotion, at the memory, then she started crying.

"Later, I asked my father what happened, they'd just told the 3 of us that my mom was going to have another baby a short while before this had happened. He just cried harder... Hugging me."

Rue was sitting with a hand over her mouth and Mytho looked stunned.

After a few minutes, Phoebe composed herself somewhat, and sighed.
"When I was around 7, my father vanished and we never found him. He'd been miserable since my mother's death."

She said sadly and looked at the prince and princess before her.

"I came back to try and prevent that."

"How?"

Rue asked.

"She, my mother: Ahiru and Leda, they need to merge. To become one soul, once again.

That's what I think... That, that is what happened at the castle. I had told Ahiru she would die if she didn't merge with Leda. Both were badly injured, I held Fakir back after explaining to them, he believed that she wouldn't be "his Ahiru" anymore, he was also trying to kill Leda. I told them all a more condensed version of what I told you, she and Leda both agreed to merge, with Ahiru being the body, Ahiru's soul would purify Leda's half.

But the raven interfered as they were merging and there was a massive explosion, likely fueled by Fakir's anger and desperate terror of, either losing her, or, of her changing... When I came to; Ahiru was beside me. My father, Leda, the raven, and the other creatures, were all gone. Flames were around us, along with a dark miasma."

She finished with a sigh and they both stared at her, unsure what to do or say.

"S-so... They merged into one body?"

Rue asked and Phoebe sighed deeply, rubbing her head.

"I honestly don't know. I looked around. Combed through the mess of the ruined castle. My mother and father had sent the baby, prince Linus, here, with a spell, while I told my mother and father, about the soul, situation. So Linus, was already with you. After a while, I felt more beasts heading our way, so I grabbed Ahiru and fled."

"Can you be sure that Leda merged with Ahiru?"

"What do you mean?"

She asked Mytho. He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly.

"When she wakes up, which personality will be in control?"

He clarified. She blushed and looked down, wringing her hands. Then she muttered something.

"What?"

Rue asked and Phoebe sighed, she closed her eyes, scrunching her face up a bit and then repeated what she had said in a shout that startled the couple before her.

"Ahiru is currently pregnant with my older sister, Calypso! My memory, still holds, firm, that my mother is Ahiru, not Leda. If Leda was in control, I think that it would have changed, or possibly I would cease to exist."

After that declaration, silence fell on the room. However, after a few moments, Rue turned large red-brown eyes on her husband, he blinked as she opened her mouth to say something- but he spoke
first. Sounding horrified.

"Don't look at me, I didn't do it!"

Rue slowly closed her mouth. Blinking at her blushing husband.

Suddenly Phoebe snorted, trying to not laugh, but it didn't work, soon she was howling with laughter. Rue, suddenly was giggling along with her. Mytho turned redder.

After a few minutes, Rue got herself under control, and spoke as she brushed at some tears in the corner of her eyes.

"REALLY, darling... I KNOW you didn't *do it*. If you had, Fakir would have found out and castrated you... And we both know that he hasn't done that..."

She giggled again when he tried to hush her, but Phoebe had turned bright red, knowing what she meant.

"I WAS just going to say..."

Rue continued,

"-That, I didn't know that she and Fakir had been intimate..."

Phoebe watched as the prince reddened even more, a hand covering his mortified face.

"Well... You looked like you were going to ask if..."

He cleared his throat self-consciously.

"I know you wouldn't do that!"

She said as she reached over and gently pulled his hand from his face.

"Awe... Your so cute when you look like you want to crawl under a rock..."

She said kissing his cheek. He sighed again. He wished there was a rock somewhere near, a nice big one with a deep hole under it, to crawl into.

"Anyway..."

Phoebe said as she cleared her throat, she was blushing as well.

"Ahiru is currently, carrying my sister, Calypso... I,"

"You knew that Fakir would jump Ahiru, that night, when you gave me that potion..."

Mytho accused and she nodded.

"Well, not entirely, BUT, I hoped he would. Even I, as his daughter, can see that he's a sexy guy, I was, quite frankly, hoping that, when he did... Ummm... Anyway,"

She blushed again slightly.

"-That he'd make her crave him so much that she'd never want to miss out again, by being a duck once more..."
Mytho had turned red again.

"Can I go?"

He asked his grinning wife. She smiled at the pained look on his face.

"Don't want to talk about your 2 best friend's sex lives... With their daughter?"

She asked him bluntly and he nodded quickly. She started laughing again, and kissed his red cheek.

"We're done, I think."

"Yes, its not exactly a comfortable subject for me, either..."

Phoebe said, she had slid her black gloves from her hands and was playing with a ring on her finger. Rue blinked, and grabbed her hand, holding it up.

"Mytho..."

She said and he looked as shell shocked as she was. Phoebe looked at her lap, wishing they'd stop staring.

"Which of our sons did you marry?"

Rue asked, her eyes moving from the rings, to Phoebe.

The girl looked at Rue, and then, at Mytho. Finally, she sighed, closing her eyes. She wished she hadn't started playing with the rings, but, she did it when she was nervous.

"Linus."

She said, and both sets of eyes on her, widened.

"You married the crown prince?"

Rue asked and Phoebe nodded. She looked like Ahiru when she was uncomfortable.

"When?"

Rue asked, she didn't like the idea of the baby, that she was still nursing, being married.

"Y-You don't need to know tha-"

"When!"

Phoebe sighed heavily.

"When I was 15 and he was 19..."

The hand still holding hers tightened, she cried out in pain and Mytho acted, suddenly grasping his wife's hand and prying it open and Phoebe gasped, reclaiming her hand.

"It may not happen like that, though, this time around... He and I eloped whe-"

"YOU WHAT!?"

Both Rue and Mytho shouted.
"Please go away..."

The girl whimpered, hiding under her blankets.

They were quiet, then she felt something lay on her head over the blanket. Rue watched as Mytho rested his hand there.

"I'm sorry I mistrusted you, Phoebe... We'll discuss this later, though. Just get some rest. Thank you, for helping to rescue Rue and our twins."

She was silent a moment, then, after he removed his hand, she pulled the blanket down, just her blue/green eyes peered at them.

"Your welcome."

She mumbled.

"Also, I'm sorry for abusing you earlier..."

He said, Rue blinked at him curiously.

"Its ok, your highness, I understand."

She responded warmly.

Finally coming entirely out from under her blanket.

"But, Mytho!"

Rue said as he started ushering her out of the room...

Ahiru, for all outward appearances, seemed, to be peacefully sleeping. However, that was not the case inside. It was a jumbled mess, inside her mind. Memories, were being sorted. And dealt with, as well.

Her memories. Leda's. Their separate and joint personalities. Along with a part of the ravens dark ego.

The raven was fighting the merger. Strongly.

It was a chaotic mess, inside the poor duck-turned-girl's, mind.

Ahiru was very confused. She remembered agreeing to merge with Leda. She remembered, Fakir arguing. Wanting to kill Leda. He had said something about her tainting, Ahiru.

She remembered that, if she didn't merge with her, she likely would die very soon. She remembered, Leda; pressing their foreheads together. Then Fakir kissed her tenderly, telling her that he loved her.

Then, pain, and feeling an overwhelming hatred, for the young man that she loved. She had shoved him away, hugging herself, then more pain, a blackness overwhelmed her,

She screamed, Fakir and Phoebe screamed and then... Here she was.

Ahiru wandered through a strange, dark forest. Every 5 trees that she passed, she found a door.
These doors, they weren't attached to anything. They just seemed to be floating in the space between the trees. They glowed around the edges, she felt an overwhelming fear, bubble up within herself.

She was so frightened... She didn't understand why she was so scared though. The fear seemed to have no solid reason.

She reached for the handle of a door, trembling, before she finally pulled back. She called for Fakir. Her voice sounded weak and pitiful, even to her own ears.

Finally, as she reached for a door, only to, yet again, begin to draw her hand back. Suddenly, a feminine hand grasped her own around the wrist. Gasping, Ahiru tried to pull away from the grasp.

"You're going to remain here, until you have opened every. Single. Door."

Said a familiar voice from behind her. She shifted, looking over her shoulder, and relaxed.

"Oh! It's just you, Leda."

She said, smiling at the other girl. The Swan Princess frowned, bristling a bit.

"Just me!? Just me!? I've done awful things to you, why the hell did you relax when you saw me!?"

Ahiru shrank away, but couldn't go far, Leda still held her in a vice like grip.

"But, but... I..."

"Oh, do shut up and open the damn door. Before I rethink allowing my existence to merge with your idiotic one!"

She said, forcing Ahiru's hand to turn the handle.

Ahiru felt herself tremble, she turned, to look back at the door before the two of them.

"Leda, I don't want to open that door..."

Leda sighed, resting her head against the back of Ahiru's head.

"I don't want you to open these doors either. That's me being honest. However, you need to accept me, my memories, the things that I have done. All of it. In order for me to merge with you."

"S... So, these doors, there...?"

"Yes. They are my memories."

She said, quietly.

"Why do they frighten me...?"

"Only the memories, that deep down, you still hold within your heart and soul. Only those, they are the ones from a time before we were separated from one being, into two..."
"So, they are really my memories as well?"

"Yes, but, you don't want to confront them. Especially this one."

"What's behind this door, Leda?"

Instead of answering, Leda forced Ahiru's trembling hand to turn the knob. The door opened, and from then on, she and Leda started the miserable task of trying to sort, merge and deal with, the memories of what Leda had done. What she had done, before and after the two were split.

Later:

Ahiru was tired of this place. She had been sitting in this forest with Leda for some time now... Neither spoke much, the mood around them was fairly depressing, considering that Ahiru was being forced to sift through Leda's memories.

"Do... Do I REALLY need to see your memories...?"

She asked Leda again. They'd just finished watching Leda, unaware of who she was with, seducing Aaron. Ahiru felt a bit dirty, after having watched that... And it was just weird. Leda and Ahiru looked similar, and so did Aaron and Fakir.

"I don't like it any more than you do... But, you need to. In order to fully merge with and accept me. Everything that I am. Everything I have done... Seeing all of this all over again..."

She sighed and Ahiru looked at her. The swan princess was hugging herself and looking somewhat ill.

"Yes...?"

She prompted, realizing that she was going to say more. Leda startled and sighed after looking at her.

"Seeing all of this; all over again, it's very hard for me. It makes me hate myself, even more than I already do..."

She admitted softly and Ahiru sighed. After a moment of hesitation, she leaned over and hugged Leda.

"I accept you and everything that you are... I don't need to see all of your painful mistakes for that."

She said and Leda sighed, she hugged Ahiru back and started crying.

Phoebe had said, that as long as she was fine and there, then it was likely that her mother and father were ok and would be together again. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been conceived, and therefore, she would cease to exist.

That's what the girl had said. And, it made sense, to Rue and Mytho...

But, several months later: when Ahiru was 4 months pregnant with Phoebe's elder sister, Calypso. Phoebe suddenly vanished, while talking to Rue.

She'd been sitting in the nursery, with Rue, when suddenly, the other girl, seemed to just
disintegrate right where she sat. At first, Rue was confused, but, then she seemed to realize what that meant.

Moments later, she was running down the hallways, her skirts held up in her hands as she ran, so as not to trip over them. Maids were ducking into alcoves and doorways, in order to get away from the running princess.

She skidded to a halt at the door to Ahiru's bedroom, then ran into the room, stopping when she saw Ahiru's bed. The healer leaning over her sleeping friend. He stood up and looked at Rue.

"Princess?"

He asked, she looked pale and frightened.

"A... Ahiru, is she ok?"

She asked, as she walked closer to her friend. She stopped at Ahiru's bedside, the opposite side of the bed from Jamison.

"She's not had any change, good or bad..."

He said, carefully. Rue sighed, and sat in the chair beside Ahiru's bed.

"Princess Rue?"

"Phoebe, she just disintegrated, right before my eyes."

She said softly. His eyes widened. He looked at Ahiru and then Rue.

"Well... Lady Ahiru seems fine. No change for the worst, so perhaps something happened to her lover? Lord Fakir?"

At that she looked at him and bit her lip. She looked back at Ahiru's sleeping form.

"I hope that he's ok... I hate to try and tell her he's gone, when/if she wakes up."

She said, also worried about Mytho. Fakir was his best friend.

"Well, we can only care for what we have in front of us."

He said, gathering his things and bidding Rue a farewell, before he left.

Rue stayed in the room, gently stroking Ahiru's soft hair.

Rue started to pray (though, she didn't know to whom): that Ahiru and Fakir would be together again.

That they'd catch a break.

Phoebe never re-appeared. That had been the last they saw of her.

Ahiru slept on, unaware of the anxious waiting that her friends did, hoping and praying that she would wake up.

The duck-girl was unaware that she was carrying Fakir's child.

Fakir had still not been found and the 6th month of Ahiru's pregnancy, came and went.
The palace had been looking for Fakir, they didn't stop.

There were wanted posters of him all over the place, in many (almost all of the towns of the kingdom) they offered a reward.

Featuring Fakir's picture. Painted by the royal portrait painter.

The posters said that he was not to be harmed, if found.

No one found him, though.

However, many, many people claimed to have seen him. All of the reports were either knowingly false, or dead ends.

Meanwhile: The raven HAD been seen.

He was fully formed and terrorizing many villages in the kingdom.

And, just as Fakir had yet to be found, the raven, had yet to be caught.

To Be Continued...

Necessary Disclaimers Section:

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.
Long Distance Longings

Let me know what you think, in reviews, please. I really appreciate those.

Warnings:

Mention of miscarriage. I think that's it for the warnings that are needed.

Chapter 12: Long Distance Longings

Rue and Mytho spent their days apart while in the palace: Mytho was searching, desperately for the raven and their friend; Fakir. Also, he had to go out quite often, and fight monsters, that would wander into the towns around the kingdom. On top of that, he had other duties as a prince, he carried them all out without complaint. Wishing that Fakir was at his side.

Rue was tending to her duties as a princess and taking her magic lessons, once more. And taking care of their twin sons: Linus & Leitus... As well as monitoring Ahiru's condition closely, along with the healer: Jamison.

However, both still found time to spend time in Ahiru's room, just to talk to her and hold her hand.

There was a slight problem, though.

And it was with Rue.

Whenever Mytho tried to be intimate with Rue, she'd start shaking uncontrollably and he'd back down. They'd end up just holding each other as sleep finally claimed them after Rue had sobbed and apologized, to her understanding, yet sexually frustrated, husband.

When asked why she seemed frightened of his touch, she would be as confused as he was and simply say that she didn't know. And, she honestly didn't.

Her beloved husband had never, EVER, harmed her. Never. He was always gentle and she didn't understand her fear of his touch.

No one in the palace knew about this issue, aside from the two of them, and the sleeping Ahiru, who Rue confided in, even though her sleeping, pregnant friend, could do nothing to help.

Then, one morning, when Ahiru was 7 months pregnant, the usual routine was taking place. Rue had just come from the nursery, where she'd been feeding her sons. She was heading into Ahiru's room; with a maid to give her friend a bath. Rue entered first and promptly dropped the wash bowl in her arms, the maid came in, curious about her mistress' reaction. When she saw what the princess was startled by, she gasped as she dropped the items that she had been holding.

"Melanie."

Rue said softly to the maid, who glanced at her.

"Go get the prince. NOW."

The maid nodded and bolted from the room as Rue quietly closed the door. Then she turned back
to the room. There sat a small raven. It sat on the balcony. The doors to the balcony were open, and the breeze quietly blowing the curtains. But, it wasn't the raven that alarmed Rue so much (although, considering their past experience, they were indeed alarming, in and of itself). It was the girl, who stood calmly petting the bird's head. Her free hand on her large, heavily pregnant belly, as she spoke softly to the black-feathered bird.

"A-Ahiru?"

The girl turned her head to look at her. Her hair was long, flowing down her back and in alternating strands of red and silver color. Her bangs were long as well, just brushing the top of her cheeks. She reached up and brushed some bangs from her eyes. Rue saw the trademark freckles on her nose, and the girl's face split into a bright grin as her cerulean blue eyes sparkled. She started towards Rue but stopped and bent to kiss the raven on the head. Seeing that, Rue hugged herself. Then Ahiru came in from the balcony as the bird left. She walked, gracefully, over to Rue and pulled her into a hug. Frowning when she realized how stiff Rue was.

"Rue?"

"Are you Ahiru or Leda?"

She asked sharply, eyeing Ahiru with some fear in her red/brown eyes. Ahiru backed up and folded her hands in front of her, they rested slightly over her distended belly, as she blinked at Rue. Rue could see understanding in her eyes and... Regret?

"A little of both..."

The girl finally answered and Rue bit her bottom lip as she watched her friend, backing away from her a bit.

"Which am I speaking to?"

"Ahiru."

"Are you certain, that you are Ahiru?"

The red/silver haired girl nodded.

"Yes, yes I am. I am definitely Ahiru."

"Why were you talking to, and kissing the head of, that raven?"

She saw something in her friend's eyes and she frowned as Ahiru answered.

"I can't tell you, Rue. I am truly sorry... But, it's not what you think."

"What do I think?"

"That that raven belonged to THE raven monster, and... That Leda is still under his control and on his side. Leda's personality is no more. It's just me here."

Rue opened her mouth to say something, but the door behind her was flung open and Mytho stood there, he looked like he had just sprinted, he was slightly sweaty and out of breath.

"My god. It's true..."

He muttered as he walked past Rue and to Ahiru, who beamed a smile at him as he picked her up
by the waist and spun her around, then, hugged her after settling the giggling girl on her feet.

"You're awake."

He whispered happily, as he hugged her tightly. She hugged him back, tears slipping out of her closed eyes as she held onto him.

"Yeah, sorry I had you guys worried..."

She whispered softly into his shoulder. Then, when he finally pulled back, he looked at her carefully.

"Do you feel ok?"

He asked as he gently cupped her face with his right hand. She nodded as she smiled up at him.

"Yeah, though... My this..."

She stepped back and indicating her belly's size, to show what she meant.

"It... Feels so very strange. But, also, right."

She finished as she hugged her midsection lightly as the prince and princess watched her. Then she opened her eyes, when Mytho sighed, rubbing his head.

"Ahiru, Fakir is..."

"Not here? I know."

She said it calmly. The couple eyed her calm demeanor. They had expected her to be frantic.

"H... How did you-"

"I can still feel his presence. And... A raven was just here. Telling me how he was."

Hazel eyes framed in silver eyelashes, and red/brown eyes framed with black eyelashes widened at the same time, as Ahiru walked to the balcony, not noticing the shock on their faces.

"A raven?"

Mytho frowned. Rue walked up, resting her hand on his shoulder, as they watched Ahiru, then he looked at his wife.

"When I came in, she-"

The door opened behind them. All 3 heads turned and saw Jamison come in with his healer's bag.

"I need to examine Lady Ahiru and her baby, now that she's awake."

He said very softly. Rue sighed as Ahiru walked into the room again.

"Examine?"

She asked the healer. Rue turned to her friend and despite not knowing if she really was dealing with her beloved friend, Ahiru or not, she reached out, taking the girl's hand, as Mytho stepped out of the room.
"Its to be sure you're physically alright... He'll look at you and use spells to do tests and you'll likely be embarrassed..."

She said, remembering her own tests. Ahiru nodded and squeezed Rue's hand gently.

"I remember this... Somewhat, what Leda experienced when she miscarried... Is it something like that?"

She asked calmly, Rue's eyes widened and then she nodded.

"Yes, except, a little different, since your baby is alive."

Ahiru's cheeks were red and Rue felt her trembling slightly. But finally she released Rue's hand.

"Thank you, Rue, for explaining."

And she hugged the dark haired girl. Rue bit her lip and hugged Ahiru tightly. This had to be their Ahiru... A little different, but still... THEIR Ahiru.

"Do you want me to stay and hold your hand?"

She asked gently as the girl pulled out of the hug, she gently brushed some bangs from Ahiru's face.

Ahiru smiled and shook her head.

"I'm a little scared, yes... But, still... I need to do this... I need to do this right, to be a mother, don't I?"

She asked softly and Rue smiled, nodding.

"Then, no... Please wait in the sitting room. I'll call for you if... If I get too scared or uncomfortable."

She said bravely and Rue nodded. She leaned forward and kissed her friend's forehead, then left the room, after asking the healer to be as gentle with her friend as possible.

He just nodded... Understanding why she was concerned.

Then, Rue stepped out of the room, quietly closing the door behind her as Ahiru walked over to her bed to get in whatever position the healer needed her in.

"Is she ok?"

Mytho asked he was sitting in the room, looking just as worried as Rue. His wife nodded, hugging herself.

"Yeah, she said she would call me if she needed me."

She said as she sat beside him. He put an arm around her and she leaned her head on his shoulder.

"What were you saying before Jamison walked in?"

He felt her stiffen in his arms and waited quietly for her to respond.

"When I walked in with Melanie... Ahiru was talking to, and stroking, a raven's head."

Now it was her husband's turn to stiffen and he frowned.
"Hmmm."

"I wonder what she meant when she said the raven was telling her how Fakir was..."

She said quietly and he nodded.

A while later, when the healer left, after determining that Ahiru and her baby were ok, the couple entered Ahiru's room. They found her in the bed, the blankets up to her chest. Her face was pale and her eyes were red. But still, she forced a smile.

"Hi..."

She said quietly, looking away again.

Rue went to her and hugged her.

"It was humiliating and uncomfortable..."

She whispered to Rue who nodded.

"I know, sweetie."

She responded softly.

Mytho waited a few minutes, then he cleared his throat to get their attention.

"Ahiru, about the Raven... Where's Fakir?"

She glanced at him, then down at her hands, as she sighed.

"He's on a mission."

"What kind?"

"It's not my place to say."

"Ahiru."

"Don't make me-"

"I need to know, for a number of reasons."

He said as he glared at her. She looked up again, meeting his eyes.

"He's investigating the raven... And, also..."

"What?"

"He's also investigating a connection to Drosselmeyer."

She finally said, frowning. They both looked at her expectantly.

"Connection?"

Rue asked gently and Ahiru nodded, biting her bottom lip.
"Yes... The raven that you saw, Rue, was a friend of Fakir's."

"Why a raven...?"

"I don't know, Mytho."

"Ahiru, I order you to te-"

"I SAID I DON'T KNOW, DAMNIT!"

She suddenly screamed as she started crying again. After that, the room was silent. Rue glanced at her husband and he sighed, sitting on Ahiru's bedside.

"I'm sorry Ahiru, I-"

"Go away Mytho..."

She said as she lay down and pulled the blankets over her head. He shot her a startled look. She had NEVER spoken to him like that before... But, Leda had... He frowned at her, and sighed deeply as he left. Rue watched him go, seeing the strange look on his face, but she stayed. Sitting there quietly. Ahiru was silent for a while, and finally, she turned to look at Rue as she pulled her blanket from over her head.

"You really don't know?"

Rue asked gently, Ahiru sighed, sitting up.

"Fakir... He's trying to find a way to end the raven once and for all."

She said softly, glancing across the room and out the balcony doors.

"You said, before, that... That you had memories. Leda's memories... But you also said that she was no more..."

Ahiru looked at her.

"Our personalities merged. She gave me her powers and memories and let her consciousness fade. I have all of her memories... I feel all of her guilt."

She said and shuddered.

"Guilt?"

"I remember, her attempts to seduce her brother... I remember how horrible she felt... How dirty."

She said, letting out a sigh.

Rue nodded and once more, silence fell across the room.

"Fakir woke me up..."

Ahiru finally said. Rue looked up.

"Was he here?"

"No."
"Then how?"

"I'm not sure about that, either."

"Will he come back, Ahiru?"

"Yes."

"Do you know when?"

"No. I'm sorry."

"It's ok..."

"He's not with the raven?"

"No, he's not."

"Ok."

"Do you want me to stay?"

"No, not really... I want to be alone..."

"Ok, I'll leave a maid outside of the room if you need me, have her come get me."

"Thanks, Rue..."

"No problem, hon."

And with that, Rue left the room.

When Ahiru was alone, she sighed, her face crumbling into sadness as she covered her mouth with her hand, trying to muffle any sound she made as she started to sob.

"I miss you, Fakir..."

She whispered as she cried into her pillow... However, she stopped crying suddenly, only a few minutes later. She gasped softly, sitting up a little. Her hand going to her belly as she felt movement. She was confused a moment, then she remembered what she had read in that pregnancy book.

"Hello Calypso..."

She whispered as she sniffled. She rolled from her side, onto her back and rested both hands on her belly as the baby kicked.

"You wanna see your daddy, too, don't you?"

After that, Ahiru eventually fell asleep, still rubbing her stomach, and thinking of Fakir.

Rue found her husband pouting a little, in the nursery, a short while later. He was holding both of their sons, sitting in a rocking chair with them.

She smiled and walked up behind him, he knew she was there, and she knew that he knew... So, he wasn't startled, when she leaned over the back of the chair and slid her arms down to his shoulders,
wrapping them loosely around his upper chest, as she rested her chin on his head.

"This is the only way I can do it. It's not fair that you're so much taller than I am."

She murmured and felt him chuckle softly.

"..."

"..."

"Is that really Ahiru, Rue?"

"I'm not really sure, yet. Some things she says and does, yes... But..."

"Ahiru doesn't speak to me like that. To Fakir, yes, she's always like that... But, she-"

"Has always held great respect for you. And is never anything but polite, friendly, and caring towards you."

Rue said as she shifted to the side of the chair, and she leaned down to kiss his lips softly.

"However,"

He said after she pulled back.

"Leda... She told me off, told me to go away without hesitation, when she wanted to be alone. She loved me, yes, she respected me as well... But..."

He sighed and handed Leitus to Rue when he started fussing. He continued holding Linus while she sat down and started feeding the second of the young princes.

"She says she's just Ahiru, though.

She said softly as she looked at him. He frowned thoughtfully.

"Well... We'll see."

He finally responded. Silence filled the room as Rue held the baby and his bottle for him while the older of the twins slept in his father's arms.

"Another thing that worries me..."

He looked up, watching his wife as she got up, finally, to put the youngest baby in his crib; when he had finished his bottle.

"Ahiru was asleep for months..."

She said, looking over at Mytho.

"She should NOT have been able to stand... Muscles that have been unused that long tend to become weak..."

"You're right, Rue... That hadn't even occurred to me."

She bit her lip as he got to his feet and came over with Linus, gently laying him in his own crib and then looking at Rue.
"We'll figure out something."

He said and she nodded.

Meanwhile, a young man wearing a hooded cloak, walked down a street in a town far from the palace.

The sky was black, the whole town was gray and depressed feeling.

The man had his hands in his pockets as he walked with his head down.

Suddenly he stopped and looked up at the sky. A raven came and landed on his outstretched arm. He stroked its head with his other hand and thanked it for doing as he had asked, then he watched as it took to the air again.

Just then, a strong breeze came, blowing his hood off as he sighed, closing his forest green eyes, and breathed in the ocean salted scent from the breeze.

That's when he heard it, barely a whisper now, almost easy to miss hearing, because it was so faint.

~"I miss you, Fakir..."~

His eyes snapped open as he watched the dark clouds overhead.

"I miss you too, Ahiru..."

He whispered back, softly, and then pulled his hood back up. Continuing to walk once more, as he headed to his current lodgings.

He wanted to go home to his lover and be with her and his friends... To support her as she had their child. But he couldn't, until he was done with his current task... Until he got to the bottom of the Raven and also... Until he figured out, why he was still currently alive, at all. By all rights... He should have been dead.

When he got to the house, he walked in, closing the door behind him, and then heading up to his room.

"Is that you, Fakir?"

He stopped and turned into a sitting room, where he saw an old man. Something about this man reminded Fakir of Charon. But he wasn't quite sure why. The old man had silvery blue eyes, and his hair was silvery gray, though hints of light green could be seen in it here and there. He was a friendly looking old man and always offering a smile...

"Yeah, master Seliond."

The man smiled at seeing Fakir. The boy looked very much like his late wife; Elisa.

"Where have you been?"

"At the library."

He said as he took off his cloak.

"Again? I was getting worried. You shouldn't go too far with that injury."
Fakir shrugged.

"It won't kill me, to go out. If I was going to die, I would have died 7 months ago, when-"

"That's not the point! You're open to all of the negativity in this town!"

Fakir closed his mouth and sighed, taking a step back, then bowing slightly.

"I'm sorry, that I concerned you. I'm sure it'll be fine though. If you'll excuse me."

With that, he turned on his heel and left the room, heading up the stairs as the man watched him go. Then Ajax Seliond sighed softly and got to his feet.

He walked over to the fireplace and looked at a picture on the mantle, after standing it up.

It was a picture of a young woman who looked like Fakir, and she held a baby in her arms. The baby had golden eyes with a hint of green in them... It looked very alert, while its mother looked very weak and unwell.

Master Seliond frowned at the baby and then laid the picture face down.

When Fakir got to his room, he closed the door. He'd told Seliond that he was fine... But. As he walked into the room, he took off his shirt and came to stand in front of a mirror after tossing the shirt onto his bed.

His eyes came to rest on his chest, reflected in the mirror.

There was a nasty scar over where his heart was... Well, where it had been. He lightly ran his fingers over the scar. He should have been dead.

Because the raven had ripped his heart out, in retaliation for losing Leda and its plans being ruined.

As it was, the scar shouldn't have healed this much, this fast. Another oddity was, Fakir would expect that, without his heart, he would be like Mytho had been. But he still held his emotions. His love for Ahiru. His loyalty to Mytho, his friendship with all of them. He still felt all of it. And, he actually didn't remember anything that happened, regarding the events of the incident where his heart was stolen. He only remembered Ahiru pushing him away from her, and then an explosion of some sort. Searing, agonizing pain in his chest and then he woke up a few months ago in the care of the old man, who explained about the healing hole in his chest.

At first, he had been extremely suspicious of the old man. But soon, he had started to trust him somewhat. And he chose to stay, when he found out that the raven's lair was close to this strange, depressing town.

And he eventually had reason to believe, that he was now without a heart. And that the raven had it sealed somewhere within its lair. He had to get it back(though, he seriously doubted that it would be of any use to him, when/if he ever DID get it back), and put an end to the creature. Once and for all.

But, he'd cross that bridge when he got to it.

Sighing, the young man turned from the mirror and headed into the bathroom to get washed up.

'I swear, I'll come back to you, someday, Ahiru...'
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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.
3 months ago (around the time that Phoebe vanished before Rue's bewildered eyes).

Fakir woke up. He was in the care of a strange old man, named Ajax Seliond.

Master Seliond was a book binder. He lived in a depressing town by the ocean. The sky had been almost always entirely dark gray. When Fakir had awoken, he'd found himself gasping in pain.

The pain radiated from his chest. When he asked what had happened, and explained that his memory was foggy, the old man informed him that he had found Fakir laying on the side of a road.

That he had had a gaping hole in his chest and was nearly dead, when Ajax happened upon him.

He'd taken the young man to a healer, and they closed the wound with magic.

But, the healer had informed Seliond that the injured young man, seemed to have had his heart stolen.

As for why Fakir was still alive, if that was the case. They concluded that there was a powerful enchantment or curse on him, maintaining his life. And, that his heart was likely undamaged, wherever it was.

Fakir did not believe them, when this was explained.

Instead, he had tried to leave. Claiming that he had to get to someone named: Ahiru.

That she was pregnant and needed him. But, when he had tried to leave, needing to fight his way out of their *care*, he had collapsed. Finally, he gave in and stayed with Ajax.

Deciding, that: working to gain his strength, in order to leave was the best option. He was intent upon finding his pregnant lover.

As the days had passed, Fakir had started to slowly heal. He was allowed out into the garden. But instead, he would often choose to stay inside. He found it too depressing here, when all he saw were gray clouds as far as the eye could see.

"Why is there no sunlight?"

He had asked this question, many times. The old man would just shrug and then return to his work, binding books.

The months passed, Fakir continued to ask the same question, as well as others.

"Why is this place so bleak and depressing? Why are there no Swans here? Why are there only ravens and dark clouds. Why have all of the trees died? Why is there such an empty feeling in this place!?"
This feeling of wrongness! It's in the air, almost suffocating! How can you people stand it, here!?
There's nothing beautiful in it. No heart, no feeling, no light. Just a cold emptiness!
And, for the love of god, why do you ignore my questions, old man!? I'm losing my sanity in this wretched place!"

He demanded, and still, the old man brushed him off.

Fakir grew annoyed with the repetition, and finally, after weeks and weeks, of his seemingly answer-less questions, he demanded an answer of the man. Refusing to allow him to walk away once more.

This day, had started out as usual for Fakir. He went to spend his day at the library, as he usually did.

Fakir walked down the cobbled-stone streets quickly.

His hooded head down, and his hands in his cloak pockets. By now he knew his way to the library well.

When he got to the library though, he froze. It was now completely gone.

Nothing was left but burned rubble and a few remaining support beams that were the color of coal.

People were standing around the building, whispering and clinging to each other, eyes wide with fear.

He pushed his way through, to see that the authorities were examining the scene.

"What happened!?!"

He demanded of the people standing closest to him. A man looked at him and frowned.

"It burned down, obviously."

"I meant, how?"

"Arson?"

The man shrugged, not really caring. No one but this green haired stranger used the library, anyway.

No one even seemed to care. Fakir wanted to hit something he was so aggravated!

Finally, he pushed his way out of the crowd and left, shoving his hands back in his pockets. He turned and walked back towards the house. And entered, slamming the door behind him.

"That you, Fakir?"

"Yeah."

He growled, as he entered the sitting room, his eyes glaring at the old man.

Seliond sat up (he'd been lounging on a couch), looking a bit alarmed. The angry aura radiating from the young man was almost visible.
"My, what happened?"

"You know damn well what happened! The library is gone!"

The older man's eyes widened, he opened his mouth, then closed it.

"And so? I told you, you were welcome to read my books, here in the library that I ha-Akh!"

Fakir had grabbed him around the throat and pinned him to his chair.

"I don't know what you're playing at, old man. I don't know what you're hiding. I don't know the connection between you and that bastard Raven. However, I am sure now, more than ever, that you ARE hiding something and that you ARE connected to the raven in some way. And likely not just you, but everyone in this damned town!"

The old man could only clutch at Fakir's hand, to try and loosen his hold. As he gasped for air, until the younger man finally released him. Turning to leave.

"W... Where are you g-going?"

He gasped at Fakir, rubbing his bruised throat.

"Out."

Was all Fakir said, before he left once more...

When Ajax finally struggled to his feet, he went to the door and watched as Fakir walked away from the house. He looked down and sighed heavily. He would have to tell the boy. He really had no other choice.

He had hoped, that he could avoid this.

Ajax's old eyes softened with sadness at the thought.

Then he went to wait for Fakir in the sitting room.

Hours later, when the young man finally came back, Ajax was still waiting for him

"There was once; a swan goddess. She was purity and light. She is incredibly kind and gifted, goodness personified. She had a nest..."

Fakir, who had just arrived, not even having removed his cloak... Looked tired, and very annoyed.

"What are you going on about, now, old man?"

He asked as he threw his cloak on a chair, got a drink and then sat across from the man, looking about ready to pass out, he was so tired.

"You wanted an answer, did you not?"

Fakir arched an eyebrow at the sharp response, but remained silent, as he watched the old man and waited.

"-The nest was jeweled. She sat upon the nest, day after day, on a mountain overlooking the ocean. She was not alone, of course. She already had a mate. He was a black swan, to her pristine white.
They loved each other greatly. The royal family was created from one of their shape-changing children."

"Wait a second, what's this!? The royal family? You mean the family that had the twins, Prince Siegfried and Princess Leda?"

Ajax nodded, his eyes moist with emotion, that Fakir did not understand.

Fakir knew, then, that this was personal for the old man.

He closed his mouth, and remained quiet, as the man started his tale again.

"Things were very peaceful and calm. The swan god and goddess, were loved by their worshippers. All was right."

He said and then the old man took a deep, shuddering breath.

"The god and goddess, would often take human form, and walk among us. They seemed to love being with us, the pitiful beings that we are. The goddess loved us more than her consort did, though. Another thing that she loved greatly, was... Books."

"Books?"

"Yes, She adored them. She also adored the other arts that we humans created. Over time, she spent more and more time among us. Posing for portraits & sculptures.

She loved being in the company of such artists. However, her mate, grew resentful of her time, spent away from him.

He demanded that they stop taking human form. He demanded that she stay upon her jeweled nest on the mountain. Away from all eyes, but his... She absolutely refused to hear it!

For, she had fallen in love with a human writer. She wished to stay with him.

However, her mate would have none of it, so, one evening, while she was out. He attempted to kill her human mate.

Even so, she was able to come to his aid within seconds. She saved his life. And, turned the sword on the black swan god. Spearing him; through the heart. But, he did not perish."

Fakir had leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands as he watched Ajax. The old man smiled sadly at the young man.

"He went back to their nest. Wounded and bitter. She stayed with and married her human lover. Many more years went by. And, one day, when she was home alone, and pregnant, she received a visitor. The visitor was a man, whom she did not know.

Yet, she treated him with kindness. He said very little, and stayed a while. When he finally left, he said that she would be the first, to fall victim to his curse. She was stricken with fear.

She sent word: for her husband to come home. When he came home, he found the villagers in a possessed rage, beating her."

"What!"

"You heard me, Fakir."
"But, she was-"

"I knew that already... Believe me, I was very much aware."

At that Fakir's forest green eyes, widened.

"Who are you in this tale?"

"I'm getting there."

Fakir growled softly, but remained silent.

"They beat her husband as well. He threw himself over her. Their home was in a blaze. Finally, the people grew bored and left. A healer, who had not been possessed. Helped them. The swan-woman, Eliza, gave birth early, to a child. A boy. She and her husband survived. But, she grew ill and weak. Her husband grew to be unable to write any longer. And their child... He was... Strange."

"And...?"

"And, she died a short while after their baby was born. The man tried to raise the child. But... He seemed, possessed. And, the father could not deal with it. Soon the father came to the conclusion, that his child was a demon who had devoured the life energy of Elisa. Yes, that must have been it.

The father tried to kill the child, when he was only 6 years old. However, a black void opened before the child, and with angry glowing golden eyes, he walked through, into it, and vanished."

"Just like that?"

"Yes,"

"And?"

"And... What, Mister Fakir?"

"You know very well what I am asking!"

"The child landed in a place called Goldkron Town, A former castle town. Located in a country, called Germany. He was brought up in an orphanage there. He grew up writing..."

Fakir had gone deadly silent. His eyes, were huge. He had suddenly begun to feel cold all over.

"His name?"

He demanded softly. Ajax eyed him, before he finally answered.

"Drosselmeyer. Drosselmeyer Seliond."

Fakir's tanned skin paled and his green eyes locked on the man.

"How old are you?"

He asked. The man didn't even blink.

"Much older than my son, Drosselmeyer."

Fakir sighed and ran a hand nervously through his hair.
"So, I'm descended from...?"

"The Swan Goddess? You are. As is the royal family. Though... You're the only one who is MY descendant with her."

Fakir was silent for a while. Thinking about what he just learned.

Then he looked at Ajax.

"What does all of that have to do with my earlier question?"

"Quite a lot."

"Explain."

"The village is depressing because the curse was placed on my unborn son here. Everyone he met, as he grew up, was in turn cursed. Also. The Swan god... He was injured badly by his own poisoned sword. He hadn't needed to poison it. But still, he did. As such. He was confined to his nest atop the mountain. There he watched his former mate as she was with her human husband. Every day, he grew more and more bitter. He began to turn from a god, into a demon. However... There are no such things as SWAN demons. So... Once demonized, he became something associated with darkness and evil... He became a-"

"A raven. Correct?"

Fakir asked and the man nodded.

"Damn!"

Fakir muttered and closed his eyes, trying to compose himself.

Ajax went on.

"Once demonized, he began feeding off of the hatred and depression that the people of the kingdom felt. The curse on my son was the cause of the greatest depression, everyone here was depressed, or arguing. Families killed each other... Just from my son walking past them... That was all it took for the curse to pass onto them all."

"But, when he left, shouldn't that have...?"

"Turned it around? Stopped the curse? No. It remained and was passed down through the generations."

"Can anything be done?"

Yes... Someone needs to go destroy that nest, first. And after that, they should be able to kill the raven if there's an-"

"Enchanted sword?"

Fakir asked. Surprising the man. Ajax nodded.

"Yes."

"I know where there is one. What will happen to me? Do I have a heart in my chest or not...?"
"You do. Though... It's only half. The other half... We have no idea what happened. It seems to have been healed by some strange form of magic. So, you should live fine..."

He said, finally answering Fakir truthfully. The younger man looked relieved.

"Thank you."

He said and got to his feet.

"Where are you going, Fakir?"

"To rest. I'm exhausted."

He said with a wave over his shoulder at the older man.

To be continued...
Planning

Chapter 14 - Planning

Several days after that-

Fakir stared at the old man, stunned. The thought had occurred to him, after his conversation with Ajax a few days ago, but, if everything that he had told Fakir happened in THIS world... Why were there no swans in his own world: Where goldkron town resided?

The answer that he had received was what had him looking at the old man like he was now. After a prolonged, stunned silence, Fakir finally spoke up.

"You can't be serious..! ... You can't be fucking serious!?!"

"I am."

"And?"

"Drosselmeyer, had been cursed by the swan god here. He hated all swans. He killed them all, every swan within goldkron town. Even though he was part swan himself..."

"And? Just in that town?"

Ajax nodded.

"And, anyway, how do you even know what happened in this other realm? Aren't you just an old book binder?"

Fakir didn't bother asking how the old man was alive after so many years. The people in Mytho's home world were very, VERY long lived. He was well aware of that.

Ajax sighed deeply- but went on without answering Fakir's new question.

"The swan god had been true to his word. He tainted our people. He weakened them. They grew to fear and hate. The emotions were what he fed off of. Meanwhile, the boy in Goldkron town, my son, grew up in an orphanage. And then, he became a writer. Had a family and aged."

As he aged. People started to see his true colors and insanity. Mainly because he became drunk on his power. I will spare telling you all of the horrible things he did with his abilities, but... It soon became clear to everyone that he was mad and needed to be reined in. Yet, it was far too late by the time they noticed. He'd become too powerful.

On top of all of that, he had also inadvertently aided the black swan god here in this world.

With his help, and with the dark emotions of the people in this world as well as in your own world, Fakir... The black swan god's power grew. As I mentioned before. He became a power hungry raven, at this point. The giant raven was bent on revenge.

And thought that my son's presence in your realm would be a wonderful help. Because the people
in this realm, this world, had protection. In the form of the royal family.

However... The people and other creatures in your world... They were-

"Utterly defenseless..."

Fakir said with sad eyes. He knew that the people of earth had no protection. It was perfect.

"Then what?"

He asked, forgetting that he had asked Ajax how he knew all of this anyway.

The old man sighed sadly. It was clear that this all hurt him. But it was also clear that Fakir didn't care.

"The newly transformed raven god..."

Another sigh from Ajax.

"He used his powers, and he controlled the ravens in your world. Through them, he could influence my already corrupted son. Which he did."

"Is that why he had killed off all of the swans?"

Ajax nodded.

"Yes, the fact was: while there were no Swans in Goldkron Town (thanks to my twisted son), there WERE ravens. Many of them. My son was unaware that the swan god was now a raven god. And so-"

"Wait. Wouldn't he be a demon, rather than a god?"

Fakir asked suddenly. Ajax smiled.

"You are correct, my boy."

Fakir just kept frowning at him. So he cleared his throat and continued.

"Anyway... He used dreams. My son no longer recognized that he came from another realm. One very different from the one he resided in. He forgot that he could open portals.

So, when he started having those dreams, he thought that they were new story ideas and he started writing them. He was well loved as a writer.

That was already an established fact. However, the bookmen were already watching him when he started writing: "The Prince & The Raven".

And, while he was writing that, he was also writing stories about the people of the town. And... He had become its mayor.

Thanks to his writing, he had also gained much wealth and power... On top of that, his wife had been the younger sister of one of these bookmen. He started meddling with her actions, through his writing. The final result was her dying along with 3 of their 4 children.

That was the final straw, as far as the bookmen were concerned.
And so, after having warned him time and again, they severed his hands. And left him for dead.

Still, though. He was so compelled to write, that he wrote with his own blood.

As you learned some time ago.

Then, with no one willing to help him, he died alone, bitter and in agony from the loss of his hands.

The book of the prince and the raven was left unfinished. His remaining son took it, though, and published it anyway and it was fairly popular, even though it was unfinished."

When the old man had stopped talking, Fakir was still frowning. Clearly, deep in thought. Then, finally, he spoke up.

"You said before, that you thought that destroying the swan's jeweled nest might be a good idea. Do you happen to know of a way for me to find, and then approach it? Also, do you know if it's protected by magic?"

He asked and Ajax eyed him.

"That would be very dangerous... Fakir... Didn't you say that your lover was pregnant?"

The young man nodded, glancing down at the floor.

'Ahiru...'

He missed her so much.

"Wouldn't you rather go to be with her?"

At that Fakir looked up at him sharply.

"What's best for everyone, is the destruction of that damn bird... I will not return as long as it still breaths..."

He hissed softly. His eyes were hard and showing clear determination, as well as obvious hatred... Ajax sighed deeply and then got to his feet.

"In that case..."

He murmured sadly, and left the room.

Fakir hurried to get to his feet. Then he followed after the old man.

Soon he realized that they were headed into Ajax's study. Fakir paused a moment, he'd been told to not trespass here... But, was it trespassing when he was following the man? When it was obvious that Ajax knew he'd likely follow him?

Sighing, he shrugged off his worry, and then he continued after his ancestor.

When they were standing side by side, looking at a bookshelf, that was when Ajax finally spoke up again.

"I'm too old and weak..."

He said and pulled over a short ladder, he started climbing up it, with Fakir steadied the ladder for
him, as he continued to speak to the boy.

"So, I was never able to do anything about it. However, You might... No..."

He shook his head, the corrected his own words.

"You CAN. You are the result of the swan goddess... Whereas, I am not."

"Her blood is very deluded in me..."

Fakir pointed out. Doubting that it would be of any use. He didn't think it made a difference. But, as he watched Ajax on top of the ladder, as the old man looked for a certain book anyway, he could see his ancestor shake his mostly gray head at what he had said.

"Not true. I feel her powers inside of you."

"I have no powers..."

Ajax stopped looking at the books and glanced at Fakir as if he was insane.

"Boy, you're an idiot."

He said, and went back to look for the book he needed as Fakir bristled.

"Hey! Watch it, or I'll-"

"Gently roll the ladder that way, please."

He said, interrupting Fakir's angry retort. A sigh from Fakir.

"Sure..."

The young man glared forest green eyes up at him. But finally did as he asked. Rolling the ladder and Ajax a bit to the right.

"Thanks."

"Hnn..."

Was the disgruntled response he got. After that, silence filled the room. Until-

"Ah-Ha!"

"Finally, remember why you're up there?"

Fakir asked a bit sarcastically. Ajax shot him a glare and grabbed the book, then climbed down the ladder.

"You know, that girl of yours must be something, to be able to put up with that attitude."

"She's something, alright."

He muttered as Ajax started leafing through the book while walking over to his desk.

"Hmm?"

He asked as he glanced up, not having heard Fakir.
"Nothing, don't worry about it."

Ajax arched an eyebrow and then shrugged.

"This should tell us how to get to the nest."

He explained as he looked back at the book.

"What is that book?"

"The diary that my wife... The swan goddess, kept."

He said as Fakir moved to stand behind him.

Over the course of his time in the ocean-side village, Fakir realized that the crowd around Ajax's home were friendly and not under the ravens control. Also, that, for some strange reason, he could communicate with these birds somehow... So, he befriended these crows. Hoping that doing so would create an asset later on for him.

Though, in all honesty. He wasn't sure how.

Not long after this fact, and while he was studying up on the Swan God and Goddess... He realized what month it was. He asked a crow to go see how Ahiru was. The bird did and when it came back. It informed him that she had been asleep for months now.

When he heard that Fakir became panicked and left Ajax's home without saying anything.

He made his way to the palace after that and when he got there, he climbed into her room (The same one that he and she had shared, the short time that they were together in the palace). He froze when he saw her sleeping peacefully.

Her belly was huge!

If he had doubted what Phoebe had told them that day, here was his proof.

He slipped into the room and over to her bedside where he gently touched her face. As he did, he felt an electrical shock run through his hand and pulled back. Looking slightly alarmed.

What was that?

He frowned at his hand and then looked back at her.

'Well... Whatever it was, I won't let it keep me from touching her.'

He leaned over, gently cupping her face and lightly pressed his lips to her forehead. And he nearly collapsed from the pain he met when his lips touched her skin. She whimpered and he groaned as he backed up, shaking from the pain, until he finally collapsed on the floor.

This shock had spread from the point of contact throughout the rest of his body. Unlike what happened with the first shock, this one was 10 times more painful.

He sat there stunned, his head spinning and body shaking. Then she whimpered again and he was up and out of the room. For some reason, he felt frightened of her finding him there!

Before he finally left the balcony, he asked the small raven who had come with him, to watch her
for him. Then he was gone. Heading back to Ajax's depressing village.

‘What was that? Why can't I touch her?’

He wondered sadly, his fingers rubbing lightly against his still stinging and slightly numb lips

Shortly after that, was when Ahiru finally woke up. His name falling from her lips softly before she realized the room was empty... Save for the small raven sitting on the railing of her balcony.

This leads us to where we were in chapter 12, when Fakir was looking at his scar in the mirror.

After his first visit there, Ahiru had awoken. Yet, he felt the need to see her. Like a pull. He went again and again. Only going after Ajax was asleep. Fakir had a feeling, though he wasn't sure why, that Ajax would object. So, he never told him. Of course, that had the downside also, of him arriving when Ahiru was asleep, as well. During these visits to her room, he made an effort not to touch her again, after the first incident.

However, one evening, the need to hold her was overpowered by her tear stained face as she cried out for him in her sleep.

So, he had slipped into her bed and pulled her into his arms. Almost immediately the pain from touching her was almost unbearable. Almost.

But he dealt with it, holding her until she had calmed down. Going so far as to lay a gently kiss on her lips... Before he left. As he was leaving, he turned to look back at her peacefully sleeping form, and he whispered: "I love you, Ahiru."

Then he was gone. The pain from holding her was still with him. He was feeling weak, and shaky. Yet he still managed to sneak out, past the knights guarding the palace, just as he had done, on his way in, as well.

'Really, they're all too lax. If I am ever able to come back here for good, then I'll have to retrain them...'

He thought with annoyance (as he looked at the half-asleep "Guards" that he had just snuck past) from where he currently sat atop the stone wall surrounding the palace garden, and then he jumped off the wall, landing a bit shakily (but still quietly) on the outside of the wall. Then he started for Ajax's home.

However, halfway back to the ocean-side village, Fakir felt the pain suddenly intensify. It was so bad that he collapsed and clutched at his chest, where the pain seemed to now be centered.

Soon after that, he lost consciousness and knew no more.

*SPLASH!*

"Aahhhh!"

"Wake up, you foolish boy!"

The now, soaking wet Fakir, sat bolt upright on Ajax's couch. He blinked as he gasped for breath.
The rude awakening had not been pleasant!

"What the hell, Old man!?"

"What the hell, indeed... That's my line! Fool!"

Fakir flinched at the man's tone of voice.

"What'd I do?"

He got to his feet and slipped off his already unbuttoned shirt, to wring the water out of it. He took note of the small empty bucket in the older man's hands.

"What did you do? WHAT DID YOU DO!?"

Ajax was so mad he was turning red with a vein pointing it in his temple. He threw the bucket aside and grabbed Fakir, he dragged the protecting boy with him out of the room and into another room, where he grabbed Fakir by the shoulders and spun him around to face a full body mirror. Fakir promptly shut up, as soon as his eyes took in his condition and he saw WHY Ajax was mad. But he didn't understand what he was seeing.

"W-What's that?"

"That... That means that you, a person who has been cursed by the damn raven, touched something pure and it damn near killed you!"

Fakir's eyes widened. He pulled out of the man's grip and walked closer to the mirror, reaching up to his chest, where just over his heart, was the symbol of a white Swan. Its wings open wide.

'W-Where... Did this co-?'

"Where were you?"

He blinked and looked at Ajax through the mirror.

"I... I went to see Ahiru."

He said softly and turned to look at the old man, who, upon hearing that, face-palmed.

"IDIOT!"

"But... I don't get what happened..."

He was truly confused.

Ajax looked at him. He couldn't be serious... Could he? He peered at Fakir's sad, confused green eyes and that answered his question.

Yes, he could be serious.

He sighed and sat heavily in a nearby chair.

"You said that Ahiru was part of Princess Leda's soul?"

Fakir sat across from the man and nodded.

"Princess Leda was purity personified as the original Princess Tutu. Therefore, Ahiru likely is as
well. We have no idea of the nature of the curse that was placed on you when your chest was ripped open.

As such, being near her, just that, would cause her to try and purify you. Even if she was unaware of it."

Sadness settled over Fakir and he looked like he was in pain, as he responded.

"S... So, I can never see or touch her again?"

"I didn't say that. But it would not be advised, for the time being."

He said with a tired sigh.

"I'm going to my room."

Fakir said and left, Ajax didn't try to stop him.

A few more months passed and Ahiru finally had her and Fakir's baby. Even though Ahiru was not technically part of the royal family... Mytho and Rue agreed to post an official, kingdom-wide announcement, of the birth of the new baby. Who, they considered their niece, even though she was not a blood relation to Mytho.

They chose to do this for 2 reasons. #1) To let Fakir know that his baby was born alive and healthy. That she and her mother were both fine and... #2) To try and flush out the raven. Babies were more easily possessed than adults, after all.

The news was splashed all over the papers that were distributed, throughout the kingdom every few days:

Special Announcement!

Prince Siegfried & Princess Rue are happy to announce the birth of another baby in the royal palace!

And it's not even their child!

The baby was born to Lady Ahiru, a dear longtime friend of the royal family, who happens to be staying with them.

The baby was born several days ago, at 12 midnight. This was after a long, difficult labor for Lady Ahiru. Both the bother and child are doing fine though.

The baby has the name and title of: Princess Calypso!

She's a really pretty baby with a full head of light brown hair and bright forest green eyes. As for her father, he went hissing 9 months ago during the massive explosion of the other royal residence. It is currently unknown if he is alive or not. But, the royal family hoped that if this announcement was made, that, perhaps, Lord Fakir (who is a caption of the palace knights, and also a dear friend of the royal family) might, at least know that his child and her mother are doing well, and waiting for his safe return!

"Sneaky..."

Ajax muttered as he read the paper. Just then, Fakir walked into the room.
"Huh?"

Ajax folded the paper up and saw it on the table beside him.

"Don't worry about it."

He said with a sigh. Fakir still had that swan mark on his chest. There was no telling what would happen if he learned about Ahiru and Calypso and went to see them with that mark there!

He had to keep this news from the boy! He needed him to remain as he was, in order to kill the damn raven, once and for all!

Ajax was worried that if Ahiru purified Fakir, that he would die in his current condition and therefore, be unable to do it. Fakir eyed him, then shrugged and left the room after grabbing the book he'd left there earlier.

A few more days later, Rue was sitting with Ahiru, the new baby was sleeping in Ahiru's arms and the girls were talking when Mytho walked into the garden. Rue looked up at him.

"Any word yet?"

He shook his head sadly.

"No, and I don't know what else to do, to get Fakir to come back.

"Don't worry, he'll be back."

Ahiru said confidently. Mytho... Who was standing behind her sighed, rolling his eyes.

"You'd think that he'd come back for you and the baby."

He said, looking annoyed, And then he flinched when Ahiru shot him a glare.

"Don't talk badly about Fakir, Mytho."

She said and he sighed again. She was sounding like his twin sister again... Maybe she should just call herself Leda after all.

"Whatever..."

He muttered and left the gardens as Rue sighed.


To be continued...

Necessary Disclaimers Section:

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.
Rue followed her husband through the halls, she hadn't said anything, but, she could tell that he knew she was following him. She watched him enter his office. When she made it to the door, she found that he had left it open for her. She walked in, closing the door quietly, behind her.

"Mytho..."

"I don't like being so out of control of the things in my own realm."

He said as he stood with his back to her and his forehead against the cool glass of the window that overlooked the gardens. He was watching Ahiru with her baby. Rue bit her lip, and wrung her hands as she thought. She had to try and help him!

"Mytho... Look at me, please?"

At that, he sighed softly and looked at her. He blinked when he noticed the tears swimming in her eyes.

"Rue..."

"Mytho, I was wondering... T-the women in your family were capable of purging the negative emotions and such, from the people of the realm. I...I was wondering how they were able to do so?"

"The Swan Goddess."

At that she cocked her head a bit, looking confused, she had learned about it, but, she didn't understand what it had-

"We are descendants of the Swan god and goddess."

He clarified, with a soft smile. She blinked.

"Is that why a lot of your people can change into swans?"

He nodded.

"Yes The ability is stronger with the women, though, than the men. However, some men can change their form..."

She nodded, looking a little disappointed.

"What were you curious for, Rue?"

"Well, I know that you were hoping that, once Leda and Ahiru merged, that Ahiru would be able to do what Leda did, and... It seems that she can't. So, I thought that, perhaps... I could... Learn?"
She said, sounding a little timid. He smiled, he had come over to stand in front of her, and he could tell that she was insecure with the idea, but also wanting to help. Gently he tilted her face so, that instead of looking at him from under her bangs, she was looking up at him directly.

Before she could say anything else, he dipped his head down and captured her lips in a soft kiss. She rested her hand on the wrist that was still resting against her face.

After a moment she leaned into his kiss, letting him deepen it a small bit. They hadn't kissed like this in a while, not since just after she realized she was pregnant. She whimpered as he finally pulled back. His eyes slid open and he found himself looking into her nervous red ones.

"W-What was that for?"

He smiled.

"Just because. I wanted to. You looked like you needed it."

At that she blushed.

"That didn't answer my que-"

"You can't learn, Rue."

She blinked up at his soft, yet assured tone of voice.

"I... Can't?"

"No, I'm sorry."

She sighed and hugged him tightly. He hugged her back, feeling her body tremble. He knew she wanted to help... But there was no way she could do what his sister had done. For numerous reasons.

Outside, Ahiru walked in the garden. She had a hand-maid with her and things seemed quiet. But, Ahiru herself, felt troubled and restless and she was unsure why.

'I feel sadness... I feel anger, but it's not mine."

She thought as she suddenly stopped walking. She frowned, holding her baby girl in her arms, the maid, who had been walking quietly behind her, looked concerned.

"Lady Ahiru?"

At that, the redhead turned to the young woman.

"What's beyond that direction?"

She asked the confused maid.

"Well, the gate that closes off the palace gardens."

She said softly as she watched Ahiru. Ahiru was biting her lip. She felt compelled... To... Do something... But what? She had no idea. It was like a faint voice was whispering to her, to DO something. Now.

"Lady Ahiru...?"
"Here, take the baby back to the nursery!"

Ahiru said suddenly and handed Calypso to the startled maid.

"But, where ar-"

"I'm going into town."

Ahiru said softly, the maid paled.

"But, the prince-!"

"-Doesn't need to know."

Ahiru finished as she walked in the direction that she'd indicated before. The maid sighed and took the baby into the palace.

A short while later, Rue was dancing in the room that they used for ballet. After all, it was a common past time in the swan kingdom. She was wearing her black leotard and as she moved and spun, she felt the tension start to leave her body. She was frustrated and-

She gasped softly, as she felt hands gripping her waist and then she was lifted. She relaxed as soon as she realized that it was her husband. When her feet touched the ground once again, she turned in his arms and smiled up at him.

"Hello beautiful."

He murmured, leaning down and kissing her softly. She kissed him back, and when the kiss finally broke, she pulled away from him slightly, and danced away. He noted the giggle that she let out as she spun away from him. He smirked and soon, he had her in his arms once more. It had been a while since they did this, but, they had gotten back into the swing of how they each moved while dancing. And soon they were lost in their own world, dancing happily together... That was... Until, Jamison, appeared. They stopped immediately.

"I'm sorry to intrude. But, it's lady Ahiru..."

Rue looked worried, as Mytho helped her get her feet back under her.

"What's happened?"

Mytho asked, and Jamison sighed.

"Well... She..."

"Go on..."

"She's gone into town. She started to dance by herself in the town square, and-"

"And?"

"Reports are of people who are near her, feeling all of their negative emotions fading. Or leaving entirely."

Rue and Mytho looked at each other, then they left with the healer. It was a short carriage ride
from the palace to where Ahiru was. When they found her, she wasn't just dancing. She was dressed as Princess Tutu, she was glowing and, there was the impression of a swan's wings, behind her.

Mytho froze when he saw this. Rue looked more worried.

"Mytho, wha-"

She felt her own insecurities melt away, she glanced at Ahiru, and slowly, she felt the sting of tears swimming in her eyes.

"The Swan Goddess."

She heard Mytho say and she gave him a curious look, but, just as she opened her mouth to say something, the glow suddenly faded from Ahiru, who reverted to her normal appearance, and she began to fall. But Mytho caught her in time.

On the ground, where she had been dancing, were black stones, many of them. Once he had Rue and the sleeping Ahiru in the carriage, he gathered the stones, and once they were back at the swan palace, Rue watched as Mytho dumped the stones in the swan lake.

"Will she be ok?"

Rue asked her husband, after they had put Ahiru in her room to rest. He looked at her and nodded.

"Yeah. It just took a lot out of her."

"Was she purifying their negative emotions?"

He nodded.

"Yeah, but, I don't sense anything of Leda about her. I do sense the power of the Swan Goddess, though."

"Leda didn't have her power?"

"No."

"I wonder-"

"Also, someone saw another portal open up."

Her eyes widened.

"A portal between the worlds?"

He nodded.

"What's going on, now...?"

"I wish I knew. Neither Ahiru, nor Fakir, was spotted near this portal."

"Was anyone?"

"Yes,"

"What was the description, that was given...?"
"A man with dark hair and glasses, and a young woman, both around your age. The woman had blond pigtails and- Wait, you look like you might know who they are...?"

She nodded.

"Autor and Lillie. It sounds like the 2 of them."

"Lillie, she was a friend of Ahiru's, right?"

Rue nodded.

"Yes, and, Autor... He's the problem. He's a descendant of Drosselmeyer, like Fakir, is. The thing is, he LOVED all of that crazy old man's stories and wanted to be like him. JUST like him!"

She looked somewhat frightened.

"Didn't Fakir say that Autor had no powers...?"

She nodded.

"But, Mytho... SOMEONE had to open that portal."

She said and he nodded.

"I'll tell the guards to keep a better watch out."

He said and she nodded. Biting her lip.

\'Ahiru... Sweet Ahiru~\'

She was walking through the darkness. Her name was said in a sweet voice, familiar, and echoing all around her.
Then she realized that she had found herself in the dancing/training room. And that strange, familiar voice faded.
She somehow knew, that the baby was sleeping in the nursery with the young twin princes. Everyone in the palace was asleep, it was 4 AM after all. She reasoned.
Was she awake? Or asleep? She wasn't sure.
She had felt such a pull to this room, that she just couldn't stay away, anymore.
Once inside the room, though, she realized that she had started to cry.
The room, it smelled like Fakir... Or, maybe it was that he smelled like the room?
He smelled like a ballet dancer, even though he was more of a writer now. He smelled of the wax that was used on the floor and...
She covered her mouth with both hands, as she sank to her knees in the center of the room.
She hadn't expected this room to remind her so much of him! She felt the tears start to roll down her cheeks. She squeezed her eyes shut and, gasping for breath, because she was now sobbing, she curled up with her hands over her eyes.

"Fakir..."

She whimpered as her body shuddered with the sobbing.
Half way across the kingdom, Fakir jolted awake. He sat up in his bed and looked around himself, seeming a bit disoriented.

"Ahiru...?"

His voice was heavy with sleep, as he said her name. After a moment, he sighed. Then he slipped out of his bed. He felt restless.

Over the last month, he had been working - (along with Ajax) - out a way to get to, and then destroy, the swan's nest. He'd been so busy that he hadn't been able to check in on her.

He knew that she likely would have had their baby by now.

And he hated that he wasn't there for them.

He left his room quietly, so that he didn't wake up Ajax, who slept in the room across from Fakir's. Then the young man headed down to the basement. The old man had allowed Fakir to use it, after the younger one, had expressed sadness over his inability to dance.

He told Ajax that it helped him to think, if he was dancing. At first, Ajax thought that Fakir was being silly, however, after a while, he realized that the boy was telling the truth. Together they had made room in the basement... And that gave Fakir the ability to dance.

Which, as he closed the door behind him, he planned to do now, since he couldn't sleep. However, once in the room, he had turned to a set of mirrors that he had, had, set up in the room. And, what he saw in the mirror, caused him to freeze. After a moment of shock. He walked closer, unsure of what he was seeing.

He stopped when he was close enough to touch the glass of the mirror.

"A-Ahiru...?"

The girl had been crying for an unknown amount of time, when she heard her name called softly. She sniffled and held her breath. She knew that voice! She'd know that voice anywhere. She sat up, her eyelashes heavily wet with tears. She looked around the room, hopefully.

"Fa... F-Fakir...?"

"Ahiru! That is you, then!"

His voice was excited sounding. She turned to look behind her, and saw him. Her blue eyes widened as she found herself looking at the wall of mirrors. Only, what she saw in one of the mirrors, wasn't her reflection! She saw Fakir!

She scrambled to her feet and started to run across the room, towards the mirror... Only to trip and fall on her face a few feet from the mirror. Fakir flinched when he saw her fall. His hand was still resting against the glass.

"Ahiru, be careful!"

He chided as she pushed herself up to her feet again. She whimpered and walked the rest of the way to the mirror. Once there, she bit her lip, looking him up and down. Then she reached out and laid her hand over his own, against the glass.

"Is that really you, Fakir?"

"Of course it is, Moron."

She smiled at him and then leaned against the mirror, her palms, and cheek, as well as her breasts, pressed against the glass.

"I miss you."
She whimpered. He mimicked her pose and sighed.

"I wish I could hold you..."

She heard him whisper. But, before the disappointment became too strong, Ahiru suddenly found herself seeming to melt into the glass of the mirror! In the next instant, she was stepping through the mirror, and, a second later, she was hugging her lover. He held her tightly to him as he buried his face in her lose hair.

"Ahiru..."

He breathed as he kissed her neck softly. She hugged him back as she shuddered from the sheer joy of being in his arms, once more.

"Fakir..."

Then his lips were on hers and she felt his tongue brushing against her lips. She immediately opened her lips and let him deepen the kiss. He was not getting that horrible pain that he had experienced before. He groaned and picked her up, while still kissing her hungrily. She slid her arms around his neck as he devoured her lips with his passionate kiss. She kissed him back with equal force as the hands of each, started to explore the other's body over the clothes. Until, finally they parted, both gasping for air.

"Fakir..."

"How long ago...?"

She blinked at him, cocking her head slightly.

"Bird brain..."

She heard him mutter with his usual affectionate tone, a slight smirk playing along his lips. Just as she was about to take exception to being called that, though, he rested a hand against her flat belly.

"Our baby..."

Her eyes widened. They lost their clueless look and then softened as she smiled.

"A little over a month ago."

She said as she smiled at him. He gave her one of his trademark smirks and then kissed her again. She smiled into the kiss as she returned it. After a little more time passed, she pulled away from him and looked around.

"Where are we?"

He sighed.

"It's far too long of an explanation, I don't want to waste time, that I could be kissing and holding you, on explaining right now."

At that she blinked at him.

"Oh..."
Was all that she could think to say, before he crushed their lips together again, she slid her hands into his hair as she kissed him back. She loved being in his arms and kissing him. She loved everything about him. She hated how long they had been apart! She whimpered softly as he broke the kiss briefly, in order to take a few breaths and then he was kissing, nipping and licking his way down her throat. She shivered, but, before anything more could be done... The house suddenly lurched and started to shake. Ahiru cried out in shock and fell forward into his arms, the shaking was so bad, and the force with which she was thrown forward knocked him off balance and both went crashing to the floor. She had landed on top of him. Upon impact, Ahiru heard Fakir cry out in pain! She scrambled to get off of him, seeing him biting his lip in pain as he held his right arm with his left hand.

"I'm sorry, Fakir!"

He groaned and curled up on his aide. Not sure why his-

"Fakir?"

He gasped, seeing his girlfriend still hovering over him. But hearing Ajax's voice. Something told Fakir that he needed to keep her hidden. He shoved her under a table and got to his feet. Thankfully, she had enough sense to stay hidden.

"Are you ok, Lad?"

The old man asked him. For some reason, Ajax was looking around the room...

'What is he looking for?"

Fakir thought.

"Yeah, I'm ok..."

But, as he said that, he winced.

Ajax eyed him.

"You look anything but fine. You're bleeding."

Fakir heard a soft, almost inaudible gasp, behind him from under the table. He ignored it, though, in order to keep leveling his stare at the old man.

"I fell and cut my arm."

"On what?"

"Does it matter?"

"Something's broken a magic barrier that I placed around the home."

Fakir's eyes narrowed. Was it Ahiru? Was she powerful enough?

"Fakir! Boy, you need to get up here, so that I can treat that arm."

Fakir frowned.
"I'll be up in a minute."

Another staring match, and then Ajax left in a huff. Fakir stayed where he was, waiting a while, then he heard a soft shuffling of fabric. He looked behind him, and saw Ahiru slipping out from the table, she'd hidden under.

"Let me see your wound."

"Huh?"

"Fakir, please?"

He hesitated and held his arm out to her, she slid his shirt sleeve up, and her hand started to glow. She went to lay it where the blood was, but suddenly the mark on his chest started to burn, he hissed and pulled away.

"F-Fakir?"

She said in confusion.

'That barrier must have kept her from making this pain start...'

He thought and frowned.

"Go back, Ahiru."

"But...?"

"Look, I love you, you know that I do. But, I need you to go back to Mytho's palace. There are things going on, that you don't know about."

She looked hurt. He didn't have time for her feelings to be hurt. He sighed.

"Look."

She blinked at him.

"Stay in my room, I'll take you there. And then, when I'm done with the old man, I'll come to you..."

She nodded and he leaned down, kissing her, then he took her by the hand and after making sure that they weren't seen, he led her to his room. Leaving her sitting on his bed, as he went to find Ajax.

"Are you SURE that you saw no one?"

Ajax asked Fakir yet again, as he bandaged the young man's arm.

"Yes. I saw no one suspicious."

He said, being careful to tell the truth. The man sighed, looking thoughtful.

"Well, I'll reinstate the barrier. You should go back to sleep. Rest."

"Sure,"
He said as he started to leave the room, Ajax eyed him, but, finally he turned his attention to the barrier.

Once he was out of view, Fakir rushed up the stairs 3 at a time, and into his room. Ahiru was sitting on his bed, still, and smiled.

"Are you ok now?"

She asked and he nodded, closing and locking his door.

"Yeah, and..."

He said as he crossed the room, and pinned her to the bed, as he kissed her hungrily. She whimpered in pleasure, as one of his hands slid her skirts up. He needed her. He'd been away from her for too long... He broke the kiss and kissed down her throat. She arched to him.

All the while he was kissing and touching her, his chest was burning. She was so overwhelmed by him, and what he was doing to her, that she almost didn't notice, but, she did. And, as she did, she clamped her legs shut with his hand, which had been traveling up to her center, now trapped between them.

He blinked at her.

"Where are you still hurting...?"

She asked, and he pulled away slightly, this girl, she wasn't entirely his Ahiru.

"Leda?"

He asked, withdrawing more. She blinked at him.

"No, I'm still me, Fakir, But, you're in pain. I can feel it, when you touch me, or-"

She reached out and touched his cheek, he winced very slightly.

"- When I touch you... Why are you in pain now, when I touch you...?"

He looked away.

"I'm not really sure, myself."

She frowned at him. He glanced back at her, she seemed to be radiating a faint power.

"You say you're, you, but, what I am seeing, now, and sensing, is not entirely the Ahiru that I know..."

She looked hurt.

"Do you not love me, anymore, then?"

He gave her a startled look.

"What!? No, I mean... I just don't know this... You..."

He said, and, both sighed, looking away from each other, once more. After a bit of silence, she finally spoke.

"I have all of Leda's knowledge, memories and powers. Her personality, I know it's bleeding
through, into my own, and that's altering my personality, a bit. Mytho has been having trouble dealing with me, since Leda and I merged. I snap at him. Lash out verbally, at the slightest things. It frightens me. And, now, you're noticing it as well...

She whispered sadly.
He looked at her, she still seemed to be glowing. He could still feel that his Ahiru was here. But, there was so much more... He didn't know what to do about it.
Silence followed, neither knowing what to say. Until finally the mirror in Fakir's room started to shimmer softly. They both looked at it, just in time to see Rue appear on the glass.

"Fakir! Ahiru..."

She looked worried.
"Where have you been Fakir?"

She asked, and he sighed. Ahiru looked at him for his answer, she didn't even really know where she was.

"I can't say, just yet. But, Rue, please get Ahiru back there. I think she's unsafe here."

"What about you?"

He closed his eyes, and then took a deep breath.

"I have some things to do, still. I will be fine, staying here."

Both young women looked at him.

"Don't you want to see our baby?"

Ahiru asked him softly, and he glanced at her.

"I do. Of course, I do. But, I'm working on a way to kill that raven once and for all. I need to be here."

Her blue eyes searched his for a few silent minutes, then she nodded. She leaned in and kissed him softly on the lips.

"I'll go back. Promise me that you will come back alive?"

He smiled and touched her cheek gently.

"I will. You know it."

She smiled back at him, then after another minute, she slid off of his bed and walked towards the mirror. As she finally stood before the mirror, he watched as she and Rue both touched the glass on either side, and the surface rippled, then Ahiru glanced at him once more, before she stepped through, to Rue's side. A moment later, he could no longer see the 2 women.
All that was looking back at him, was his own tired self.
His heart ached, that he couldn't go with her. But, he knew he needed to be here and that she did not. She was NOT safe here. But, He wasn't sure why he knew that.
He'd be able to see her again soon. Of that, he was certain. One way or another. He'd have her in his arms again and he'd be able to hold his baby girl, as well, by then.
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I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.
Caged Birds

A/N:

I'm sorry its been so long. This chapter is really short. I'm still dealing with writer's block on this story, a bit. But, I think I'm slowly working my way out off it. Slowly.

So, I'm sorry, but, please bear with me.

How many of you are still with me?

.

Chapter #16: Caged Birds...

.

'Boring...'

Ahiru thought, as she sat beside Rue and Mytho. The three of them were at an opera. The twins and Calypso, had been left with a maid. And Ahiru had been brought here. She would have rather stayed with the babies, than be here. Suffocating in a stuffy emerald-green dress sitting beside her best friends... She loved her friends, she did... But-

"This is sooooo boring!"

She finally had shouted, as intermission started. To anyone outside the Prince's privet box, the shout would be considered scandalous! As far as most people knew, he and Rue were the only ones in there. So-

"Quiet!"

Hissed the raven haired princess, slapping a powder blue glove-clad hand, over the redhead's mouth. Ahiru's large blue eyes slid over to look at Rue.

"People will hear YOU and think it is ME being rude!"

"Sorry..."

Ahiru mumbled. Rue and Mytho shared a look. He had left Rue to deal with her more often, because he usually argued with Ahiru, when he tried to rein her moods in. Since her merger with Leda, anyway. But... For the last 2- almost 3 months, now, Ahiru had done another personality change.

That was when she had first purified the negative emotions of those around her, in the fountain square. It was also when she had somehow willed a portal between herself and Fakir, to open.

Since then, Ahiru had been withdrawn.

When she wasn't with Calypso, she was sneaking out, dancing near people who were gathering a lot of negative emotions... She would come back exhausted and leave a pile if polluted stones for Mytho to purify in the swan palace lake...
People only saw HER dancing. No one seemed to notice her transformation from Ahiru, into Princess Tutu as she had danced. No one said anything, anyway. So, they assumed that no one noticed it.

Other than that, Ahiru was her usual (new usual) self. Quiet and thoughtful at times. Moody, and openly honest at other times... Thankfully one constant stayed: she still fell or tripped, every few steps!

She fought with Mytho once a day. Not always bad arguments, though. Sometimes they were tiffs, that lasted a few minutes.

It was wearing on Rue's nerves, at times, as well. Now, the redhead got out of her seat, she felt jittery.

"Where are you going?"

Mytho asked, grabbing her hand. She looked at him and he sighed.

"I'm just worried, Led- Ahiru."

"For a walk."

She said, shaking her hand out of his grip, gathering her long skirts, and leaving the royal viewing box. The husband and wife left in the box, both heaved a sigh.

Out in the lobby, Ahiru, too, sighed. She leaned against a wall, watching herself in a wall of mirrors on the side, part of some decor idea, she supposed. She did not really want to be here. Hugging herself, she shivered. She felt negative emotions swirling, somewhere near the stage. It was almost painful, the feeling was so tangible.

Neither of her friends knew that she felt this way. She knew Mytho was still thinking of her as Leda. That annoyed her. Leda didn't exist anymore... But, lately, she had started to wonder. She was having strange dreams of black swans and... Aaron. She knew it wasn't Fakir. Their appearances were slightly different. And Aaron was less sure of himself, more formal. His formality was like how Fakir used to be. Though, without the accompanying hostility he use to show.

Those dreams... They were vivid and scared her. She felt like she was cheating on Fakir, because of those dreams about Aaron. But then a soft voice, more conniving than her own usual voice, but still not unlike it, would whisper that Aaron was Fakir, so it was all fine, and anyway, she couldn't be with Fakir right now. So, what was the harm?

Feeling suddenly stifled, Ahiru left the lobby, heading out to a large garden. Once outside, the cool breeze ruffled her bangs, and flowed through her loose hair, as it cascaded down her shoulders and back, from where it was pinned back.

"Fakir... I miss you..."

She whispered sadly, as she sat on a stone bench. She looked up at the full moon. A swan chose that moment to fly by. It was carrying a grocery bag. The duck-girl smiled. Thinking about who that swan might be, possibly having had to go shopping suddenly, she was running late getting home, so, she probably took to the sky and her swan form, to get home faster.

'Faster... Huh? Faster... If I had that ability, perhaps I could fly to where my love is...? But,'
She looked at her hands, resting in her lap.

'I was told that if I became a duck again... I wouldn't likely be able to take human form again. And then... What about Fakir and Calypso? And, when I'm a duck, I have one webbed foot in the grave, I'm so old, as a duck...'

{ 'But, the swans here, they are almost immortal...'}

Whispered that voice in her mind, once more. She blinked.

"I can't become a swan, I'm a duck."

She murmured, but still, her mind couldn't help it:

'Perhaps, if I could use Leda's abilities...?'

In her mind, she pictured herself turning into a beautiful white swan, and taking flight. Flying right into Fakir's arms and then-

"Ahiru?"

The redhead startled a bit. Opening eyes she had not realized she had closed. Looking to her left, Rue stood, looking concerned.

"I want to fly, Rue..."

Was all she said. Rue sighed.

"I'm begging you please don't! If you will yourself to become a duck, once more-"

"I want to be a swan..."

At that, Rue stopped her words. She wanted to be able to shift form, as well. But, Mytho told her that it wasn't possible for her. However, did that ring true for Ahiru, as well? Ahiru, who had, at one point, been a part of Leda's soul? Did the change in their physical forms, from humans to swans and back again, live in the body, or soul?

"Rue? You got quiet all of a sudden. Are you OK?"

Ahiru asked. Rue blinked, finding her friend standing before her. Ahiru was holding both of her hands. Rue smiled, squeezing her hands.

"I'm fine, sweetie. It's just... I had asked Mytho a while ago, if there would be a way for me to change form, into a swan. And, also... I asked if I might be able to do Leda's purification job. He said that it was not possible, for me. But, since you were from part of Leda, and are now one with her, again... I wonder if it might-"

"Don't go there, girls."

They looked in the direction that Rue had just come. In his white formal suite, there stood Mytho.

"Why?"
Challenged Ahiru. Her friends both sighed.

"I said, just, don't. That should be enough."

He said, heading back into the lobby.

"Intermission is just about over. Let's get back."

He added, over his shoulder...

To Be Continued...

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~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
Chapter 17: Why Does Fate Make Us Suffer?

{{{Last time:

"I'm fine, sweetie. It's just... I had asked Mytho a while ago, if there would be a way for me to change form, into a swan. And, also... I asked if I might be able to do Leda's purification job. He said that it was not possible, for me. But, since you were from a part of Leda, and are now one with her, again... I wonder if it might-

"Don't go there, girls."

They looked in the direction that Rue had just come. In his white formal suit, there stood Mytho.

"Why?"

Challenged Ahiru. Her friends, both sighed.

"I said, just, don't. That should be enough."

He said, heading back into the lobby.

"Intermission is just about over. Let's get back."

He added, over his shoulder.}}}

'Screw that!'

Thought Ahiru. Her mixed silver/red hair was up in a ponytail... She was currently sitting by the swan lake, her feet dangling in the cool waters. She was feeling caged. Tired. Frustrated beyond belief. Closing her eyes, she sifted through Leda's tattered memories. Looking for the ones about shape shifting. She got lost, along the way, though. Sidetracked, focusing on memories of Aaron.
"Lady Leda!"

She looked, seeing a slightly different looking version of Fakir running up to her.

"Aaron! You and Sig are back?"

He nodded.

"Yes, come with me, please?"

He asked, holding out his hand to her. She smiled and took it, going with him. A slightly deeper voice spoke in Ahiru's mind, then:

'That was the last day I saw him in those happy times of innocence...'

'Leda?'

Ahiru knew she hadn't been fully absorbed, like she insisted to the others.

'Why won't you fully accept my past...?'

'I just...' 

Ahiru found herself in the fateful, dark room again. Instead of watching, she was being kissed. She was helpless to stop this, Leda had put Ahiru in her place. The hands and lips in the dark room that touched her, they were Aaron's. She cried out as he made love to her, having already claimed her virginity. When it was over, Ahiru hugged Aaron to her, crying softly. He was different than her Fakir. Less sure of himself.

"I love you, Leda..."

She had heard him groan, moments before he climaxed.

'Leda would be pregnant, now...'

She thought sadly. Then, Ahiru found herself sitting on the windowsill, beside her sat a ghostly form of Leda. Before the 2 lay the lovers. Ahiru watched her other self beside her. Tears were trailing down her cheeks.

'I'm not the one, who cannot accept you.'

Ahiru said softly. Leda blinked at her, her eyes slowly widening.

'Huh?'

'Take a look at your feelings, and your own regret- Leda.'

She said. At that, Leda sighed.

'Maybe you're right...'}

Ahiru sighed, opening her eyes. She wasn't going to find out how to transform that way. Leda was fixated on what happened in the past. Looking around, Ahiru saw a swan flying overhead.
"HELLO!?"

Ahiru called, getting to her feet. The Swan blinked, startled, and looked around, it was flying in a circle, then it noticed Ahiru waving from below. The swan seemed to be considering. Then, finally it started to land. Flying down in a spiral pattern. Once the large white swan was in front of her, Ahiru smiled.

"Hello!? Are you able to change you're form?"

The swan was confused. It cocked it's head. Then, an instant later, with a shimmering, swirling mist, a girl stood before Ahiru. She was probably about 12 or so.

"Yes, can't every girl, over the age of 4?"

Ahiru shook her head. She knelt in the grass before the girl.

"Not every girl. I can't. And neither can my best friend."

"That's a shame."

"Isn't it? Hello, I'm Ahiru, by the way. I'm 18. Well... I suppose I might be 19... Or maybe... Nearly 19, by now...? Anyway- how old are you?"

The red/silver haired older girl said, offering her hand to the swan girl.

"I'm Chika. I'm 12. You aren't sure about how old you are?"

She asked, shaking Ahiru's hand.

"That's... Complicated."

Ahiru said softly. Chika blinked.

"Oh... So- did you just want to see someone change form?"

"No, I was hoping that you might know someone who could try teaching me to turn into a swan?"

"Ah... Not really."

Ahiru looked depressed. She sighed softly:

"Oh. I see... Well. Tha-"

She started to say, but Chika interrupted her.

"I can teach you, in my free time, if you'd like."

She said. Ahiru looked startled. She smiled.

"Are you sure!?"

She asked, clasping her hands in front of her happily. Chika smiled, nodding.

"Sure! Does your friend want to try to learn!?"

"I think she would! When can we start!?"
"Next week. I'm busy for the next 3 days-"

She said. Then looked at the position of the sun.

"Oh! I need to get going! Where do you want to meet?"

She asked Ahiru. Ahiru smiled and, for now, she asked if they could meet there. The girl agreed, they made plans to meet by the swan lake, in 6 days, at the same time, then she changed form and took off, Ahiru waved goodbye until she couldn't see Chika anymore. Then she ran back to the palace.

"Where have you been?"

Rue asked her, as she leaned against the balance bar in her dance studio. She was in her burgundy leotard, and had her hair up in a bun, a towel was draped around her shoulders.

"Swan lake."

Ahiru said as she slipped off her sun-dress, revealing her own leotard underneath.

"Sorry I'm late, you had said you wanted to talk?"

Ahiru said as she started to walk towards the balance bar.

"Ahiru, watch where you're goi- are you OK!?"

Rue said as Ahiru tripped on her own dress, and fell face first onto the floor. She lay there, tears threatening, as Rue came over to help her up.

"The balance classes, aren't helping me, any more than palace etiquette..."

Ahiru said with a deep sigh, as she got her feet back under her. Rue had someone helping Ahiru with her posture, and balance.

"Maybe its part of Leda's curse."

Ahiru added.

"Leda didn't fall so often. But, look at it this way, you're getting better!"

"Am I?"

Rue just smiled.

Ahiru eyed her, then shrugged.

"Anyway, why did you want to talk here?"

She asked, starting some stretches, using the bar for support.

"Can you watch the twins and Calypso, tonight?"

"Sure. Why?"

"I... Well... I want to try to sleep with Mytho, again..."
Ahiru looked at her, her face reddening.

"You and he still-?"

"He's not the problem. It's me. Since Leda took me captive and I was abused..."

Said the dark haired princess. She looked away, rubbing her arm with a hand.

"I feel like I'm not being a good wife. And, I miss being with him, and doing more than touching..."

She added, blushing, as well.

"OK."

Ahiru said, smiling at her friend.

'I'll tell her about our new lessons, in a few days.'

She thought.

Later that night:

"Rue, the twins aren't in their nursery, so I was wondering if you... WOW!"

Mytho said as he looked up, finally, after walking into their bedroom. She was sitting in the center of their bed, completely naked.

"Ahiru is watching them tonight."

"H... Ah-ok..."

He said swallowing nervously.

"Going to come to bed, or just stand there?"

Rue asked, with an arched eyebrow.

"A... Are you sure?"

He asked, but, locked the door, and walked closer to the bed. Rue moved to the edge, kneeling up to kiss him.

"Yes,"

She said, pulling him onto the bed, and kissing him.

Fakir lay in his bed, watching the ceiling. His arms were folded behind his head. He had just collapsed after training with Ajax with swords. He hurt all over.

"Ahiru..."

He sighed, as the swan mark on his chest hurt a bit. Closing his eyes, he had the same nightmare that he had been having, since he had contact with Ahiru, just after she came through the mirror, that night.
Fakir recognized the voice from other dreams. It was him... Well- Aaron, actually. Aaron was in a dark room. It looked vaguely familiar. But, Fakir couldn't look around. He was in Aaron's body, and these seemed to all be actions that were set. Fakir couldn't deviate from what Aaron was doing. He was watching through his eyes, and hearing his thoughts.

Aaron, seemed to be looking on a desk for something. Fakir could tell he was nervous and sweating. He was upset, as well. About whatever trick he was thinking had been played, on him... Or, no... On them. But, them? Them who? Him and the royal siblings? Maybe.

Fakir knew he felt frustrated. But, this was obviously something that had happened in the past. Just then, a door opened behind Fakir/Aaron. He turned and-}

"Rise and shine, Fakir!"

Said an annoyingly cheerful old man. He threw the curtains in Fakir's room open wide, as Fakir jumped awake with a groan and a nasty mood.

"Fuck off!"

He snapped as he flopped onto his stomach, and covered his head with the blankets.

"That's rude!"

Ajax snapped.

"Screw you! Go away, I was trying to figure out something!"

Came the muffled response. Ajax sighed and left the room after that.

'Damn that old man! Every damn time the door in that dream opens, I get him, waking me up! Its like he's doing it on purpose!'

He was awake now, though... So, he fumed in his bad mood for a while longer, then he forced himself to get out of bed. He had more freedom when he was 7... More then, since he had been living in this old man's home as an adult!

6 days later:

"I'm not sure we should be doing this, Ahiru. Mytho said tha-"

"I don't care what he said."

Rue sighed. They were both standing under a tree, by the swan lake. Both were watching the sky for had her hair in a set of braids on either side of her head, they were draped over her shoulders. Ahiru was wearing her usual long braid down her back.

'That was blunt...'

Rue thought with a frown. Ahiru sighed, at seeing her expression.
"I'm sorry... I do care what Mytho thinks, and says, I care what all of the people I love, think and say... I'm just..."

"You're feeling trapped, and isolated, and miss Fakir..."

Rue said softly. Ahiru nodded silently. She was watching her feet with an annoyed expression.

"I still don't th-

Rue started, as she looked at Ahiru. But that moment was when the loud flapping of a bird's wings was heard. A moment later, Chika landed about 1000 feet from the two young women. An instant later, she was standing before them in a pair of pants, and a blue blouse, sunglasses and a hat, as well as a picnic basket.

"Hi, Ahiru!"

She called out, as she waved, running over to them.

"She's a kid..."

Rue said. Ahiru hadn't said that the swan was a child.

"Yup. But doesn't she transform beautifully?"

Ahiru asked, and then responded to Chika, as she waved in return.

'She does... But, she won't know what to do with me. I can't tell her I'm princess Rue, and even if I did... No one, save for a few close to us, know that I'm from another world. She'll think I'm just a "late bloomer" swan, like she probably does, with Ahiru... And explaining that it's not likely that I'll ever be able to change, that's not an option.' BOLD

Rue, gave a long suffering sigh. And pushed away from the tree. She was suddenly wishing she had a wig or something. Anything to hide the fact that she was herself... This was a bad idea. A really bad idea.

"Why are you leaving with a hiking pack? You're no where near ready to go to the nest."

Ajax said as Fakir walked by the doorway to the sitting room, with said pack, on his shoulders. Fakir backed up, glaring at Ajax from under his bangs.

"I'm camping."

"Why?"

"None of your business."

"That's not nice."

"I don't give a damn."

A sigh.

"How long will you be gone, then?"

"About 2 weeks."
"Why so long?"
"I repeat: N-"
"I got it,"
Ajax said with another sigh, then added:
"It's none of my business, right?"
"Yeah. You're catching on."
"Well... Whenever you get back,"
He called after the young man's retreating back.
"Leave that nasty mood wherever you've been!"
His response was the slam of a door.

Fakir stood on Ajax' front porch, and took a deep breath.

'Why is he letting me leave so suddenly...? Without much of an argument or anything... Suspicious...'  

Since these dreams started, he had been getting bad feelings about everything around him. The house, the town he was in. The old man. Since he had had Ahiru in his arms, again.

Casting a sideways glance at the house, he left quickly. He needed to get away from these bad feelings. There was something that wanted him to figure it out. He was sure of it.

But at this time, in this place... He doubted that he would be able to figure it out. Whatever it was.

All he knew for sure, was that it was something that Aaron had realized just before he had died. Whatever it was, was likely something that he had wanted to tell Mytho and Ahir- no, Siegfried, and Leda. Something that he NEEDED to tell them!

And Fakir was damned if he wouldn't get Aron's message along to Mytho. Fakir's past self was trying to get a message through. He wouldn't let the message be ignored and gone unanswered.

To Be Continued

Additional info:

"The Swan's Nest" By Hans Christian Andersen BOLD

"BETWEEN the Baltic and the North Sea there lies an old swan's nest, wherein swans are born and have been born that shall never die.

In olden times a flock of swans flew over the Alps to the green plains around Milan, where it was
delightful to dwell. This flight of swans men called the Lombards.

Another flock, with shining plumage and honest eyes, soared southward to Byzantium; the swans established themselves there close by the Emperor's throne, and spread their wings over him as shields to protect him. They received the name of Varangians.

On the coast of France there sounded a cry of fear, for the bloodstained swans that came from the North with fire under their wings; and the people prayed, "Heaven deliver us from the wild Northmen."

On the fresh sward of England stood the Danish swan by the open seashore, with the crown of three kingdoms on his head; and he stretched out his golden scepter over the land. The heathens on the Pomerian coast bent the knee, and the Danish swans came with the banner of the Cross and with the drawn sword.

"That was in the very old times," you say.

In later days two mighty swans have been seen to fly from the nest. A light shone far through the air, far over the lands of the earth; the swan, with the strong beating of his wings, scattered the twilight mists, and the starry sky was seen, and it was as if it came nearer to the earth. That was the swan Tycho Brahe.

"Yes, then," you say; "but in our own days?"

We have seen swan after swan soar by in glorious flight. One let his pinions glide over the strings of the golden harp, and it resounded through the North. Norway's mountains seemed to rise higher in the sunlight of former days; there was a rustling among the pine trees and the birches; the gods of the North, the heroes, and the noble women, showed themselves in the dark forest depths.

We have seen a swan beat with his wings upon the marble crag, so that it burst, and the forms of beauty imprisoned in the stone stepped out to the sunny day, and men in the lands round about lifted up their heads to behold these mighty forms.

We have seen a third swan spinning the thread of thought that is fastened from country to country round the world, so that the word may fly with lightning speed from land to land.

And our Lord loves the old swan's nest between the Baltic and the North Sea. And when the mighty birds come soaring through the air to destroy it, even the callow young stand round in a circle on the margin of the nest, and though their breasts may be struck so that their blood flows, they bear it, and strike with their wings and their claws.

Centuries will pass by, swans will fly forth from the nest, men will see them and hear them in the world, before it shall be said in spirit and in truth, "This is the last swan—the last song from the swan's nest."

Copied from this site: hca.gilead.org.il/swans_ne.html (Remove the spaces)

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I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
I Want To Embrace You, & Never Let You Go~

A/N:

Not sure if I will be able to keep updating like this, or if I will slow down. But, I do know that I seem to be able to write again (finally). Hope it still feels the same to you, as before. And, again. I'm sorry, dear readers, for taking so long to get back to this!

Warnings: Mentions of sex. But, nothing graphic.

Chapter 18: I Want To Embrace You, & Never Let You Go~

Lilie sighed softly. Usually, she was stupidly happy, and carefree. But, that was mostly just to fill the void in her own heart. She had spent her first few years in an orphanage. She felt... Empty. In order to fill that emptiness, she developed a strange delight with the suffering of others. She did anything she could to make sure that anyone around her met with misfortune. Then Pique's family had adopted her. She had stopped creating trouble, for a time. However, Pique's father died, and soon after, her mother remarried. The new husband did not want two little girls around, seeing them only as metelsome children.

So, he sent them both away when they were 10. They enrolled in the academy for the arts, and there, Lilie realized that she was likely bad luck. She might have even caused so much bad luck that Pique's father died. It might have been her fault. That thought depressed her. The people she met at the school, were also finding bad luck. And once again, she realized that she felt some strange joy, at seeing others suffer.

She once confessed this to her adopted sister. She thought that, Pique would certainly hate her. However, while it was true- the redhead DID think her sister's interests were strange. She did not hate or blame her. She told her that if it made her happy, to just go with it... As long as she did not intentionally hurt or upset, people. Not long after that, they met Ahiru. The two girls were about 12 by then, and Ahiru was 13. The 3 became friends, fast. Despite Ahiru's inability to understand Lilie's strange fetish.

Now. Lilie was in another world. And, though she & Pique had initially forgotten Ahiru... She remembered now. As soon as Lilie had followed her lover, Autor, through the strange portal. That's when it all came back to her. Along with the feelings of emptiness. Currently, she was sitting by a pool of water in the forest. Her shoes were beside her, and her feet dangled in the cool waters, easing the soreness from walking all day, for 3 days straight. Autor seemed to be looking for something. And like an idiot, she followed him everywhere!

"I found the swan palace!"

Exclaimed the 21-year-old as he rushed back into the clearing where Lilie sat.

"Wonderful! Want some kind of award?"

She asked him a bit sarcastically. He frowned and adjusted his glasses on his nose. He and the 18-
year-old, eyed each other.

"What crawled up your butt?"

He asked. She frowned thoughtfully.

"Nothing that I know of. But I'll bet that would be wonderfully painful! I wonder if someone has experienced that? Maybe they will tell me what it was li-"

Autor sighed softly, drowning her excitement out. He shouldn't have said anything. Sometimes he wondered why they were in a relationship.

**Meanwhile:**

The weeks had passed for Ahiru and Rue's training. Chika was a good and very patient, teacher. She wouldn't let them even attempt to change form, until a few weeks of studying about various parts of the process, had been done, though. Things went well, for the most part. Until the young women actually tried a full swan transformation, that is.

The first to be able to change her form, was actually Rue (though, Ahiru turned into a swan just after she did). That's when things went sour between them and the 12-year-old. By now, Mytho had noticed his wife and "sister" (she and Leda were the same person, sort of. So that's how he had started thinking of Ahiru: as his honorary sister) sneaking out of the palace. They snuck out several times a week. He was bound to notice, sooner or later.

So, this day, he went looking for them, when he came back from a one of the patrols he and a few of his guards went on each day, and found them gone. Just as the girls changed form, he found them. And that was also when Chika freaked out, horrified at the forms her adult students had taken. Each had turned into a beautiful black swan.

In a realm where black swans were rare, and actually, were frowned upon (after all, the swan god had turned into a human devouring, black raven) and seen as a bad omen. Mytho had been afraid that this might happen if they tried to take the form of swans. After all- his wife had been tainted for many years, by Raven's blood. So was Ahiru, due to merging with Leda. Who, like Rue, had been tainted by the monster bird. Seeing two black swans suddenly appear before her, scared the girl, she started to run away, but, Mytho grabbed her.

"M... My prince!"

"Whoever you are! Please, help them regain their human forms!"

He begged, holding her wrist in a death grip. Everyone knew what Prince Siegfried looked like. As for his wife, only the people who read the news papers and saw the events in person, with the princess present, knew what she looked like. Chika blinked in confusion. She was shaking in fear, but his expression was pleading. She was confused.

"I..."

She glanced back at the two black swans who were quietly watching her.

"I'm sorry bu-"

She started, looking back at him.
"Please!"

He cried out, releasing her hand (she fell onto her bottom when he let her go) then he bowed on the ground, hands and knees, prostrating himself before the girl. She gasped. He was a proud prince, from what she knew, and had never heard of him bowing to anyone as lowly as a commoner... She glanced from his bowed silver head, to the two women-turned swan's and then back, a few times, then she bit her lip. She took a deep breath, and she walked past him, to talk to the swans.

"I don't know why you turned into black swans. But..."

She glanced at Mytho, who was watching her, though, still on his knees and hands, on the grass. He was watching her with a somewhat desperate expression on his pale face. Chika sighed heavily, then turned back to the swans.

"But, I will trust my prince {who most of the women, in the kingdom, of a similar age (or of an age to have crushes) to him, all had fantasies about being in his wife's place} and, do as he asks. You haven't shown me any negativity in all the weeks I've trained you..."

She said, with a soft frown.

"Thank you,"

Mytho said from behind her. She nodded, then addressed the swans with her next words.

"Please, both of you. Close your eyes. Imagine you're original forms, and, strongly will yourself back into your human form. You both have to think only about your own forms. No other humans, not the prince, not me. No animals. No other swans that you might know. Nothing but yourselves. Think about every detail of your bodies, that you know. Think hard. Then think about what clothes you had on this morning, when you came here. Your wish to turn back into a human must be strong, and unwavering. As strong as Prince Siegfried's wish for you two to return. And then-"

She stopped, both were shimmering. Swirling water appeared around both women. Then, an in stand later, the swan to Chika and Mytho's right, changed form. Growing bigger, and then in a swirl of black feathers, Rue appeared in the dress that she started out in, that morning. She swayed, and started to collapse, but, an instant later, Mytho was rushing past Chika, and then skidding on his knees, to catch his wife. She groaned, laying in his arms, and then moved.

Meanwhile, the other black swan stopped shimmering. She was looking at the sky, thoughtfully. 'I'll be back!'

Came the sudden flash of a thought, through the minds of Chika, Rue and Mytho, then, in a quick gust of wind, and a few wing beats, she was gone.

"Ahiru!"

Called out Rue, reaching a hand out to the sky.

"Ahiru! Come back!"

Called Mytho. Chika blinked, watching the beautiful black swan fly off. She waited as Rue apologised to the prince, over and over again. When the two finally calmed down, they got to their feet, and then looked at Chika.

"Please come to the palace, miss."
Mytho said, his arm still around Rue. The girl, who had an idea of who Rue was, now, just nodded mutely and followed the two back to the swan palace.

"I am so sorry!"

Chika exclaimed, bowing her head as she sat before Rue (now, looking more like a princess, than the peasant girl she had looked before) and Prince Siegfried. Mytho hated being apologized too, scratching his cheek, he looked at Rue. She smiled, and got to her feet. They were now in Mytho's office. She walked around the coffee table that sat between them and the girl, and pulled the startled girl into her arms.

"No need to apologize. Ahiru and I were the ones who mislead you!"

She said, hugging Chika gently. The girl blinked. They had just explained who Rue, and, to an extent, Ahiru, were. It was a lot to take in. She hugged Rue back.

"I don't understand why you, my Princess, and lady Ahiru turned into black swans, of all things..."

She said softly, as Rue released her and went to sit beside Mytho again.

"That's... Complicated."

Rue said, as she watched the girl, she looked at her husband. Mytho sighed.

"If I were to figure out how to change, I too, would likely take on the form of a black swan, despite my best efforts. I can't explain..."

He admitted. Chika sighed. She was very confused.

"But, please, know that this is a secret, Chika. No one is to hear about the black swans, unless you have my express permission. Please, respect my orders?"

She nodded at him. No one would be too likely to believe, that the princess, the wife of their beloved prince, was able to take the form of a black swan, anyway!

Later that day:

Fakir blinked at the surroundings, he had thought he sensed something, as he was cleaning up from his earlier lunch. He had now been camping out here for 3 weeks. And, no more strange dreams. Maybe it was just a coincidence?

*Rustle*

There was a sudden loud sound. Then a heavy wind picked up and battered him. His hair was bound in it's usual tail, (his bangs, and the shorter hair that framed his face, were being ruffled and battered against his skin), then, a large black swan landed before him. He put a hand up, to keep his hair from his eyes, and squinted through the wind, before it suddenly died down. He was now face to face with a beautiful black swan, it's orange bill a bright contrast, to it's black feathers.

"Uh...?"

He said, blinking, as he lowered his arm. This bird. It-
'Fakir!'

He winced at the way his name was shouted in his mind. Then gasped in pain, the mark over his heart was burning! That could only mean... And that voice...

"A... Ahiru?"

He asked, as the swan started to shimmer and grow bigger. An instant later, Ahiru, completely naked, and very much human, was standing before him.

He sat there, his mouth hanging open, just watching her, as the black feathers faded to pale skin and silver/red hair. Then her closed eyes opened, and she smiled tiredly at him. Her blue eyes dancing happily.

"Fakir..."

She took a step, wabbled, and started to fall. He rushed forward and caught her. As soon as they touched, his chest started hurting more. And then she was kissing him. And he didn't care about the pain. She was in his arms again! He kissed her back, almost desperately as he tightened his arms around her.

When the kiss was broken, she hugged him. The change had drained her energy. Now she understood why Rue had collapsed like that.

"Fakir, I missed you!"

She said into his chest as she cried.

"I missed you too, Ahiru... How di-"

He trailed off, as she slumped in his arms. A dead weight. He looked at her and saw that she was sleeping. Chuckling softly, he shook his head and then got to his feet. He scooped her into his arms, and took her into his tent. He laid her in his makeshift bed, and covered her up. He had a lot of questions. But, they would need to wait.

Hours later, Fakir, who had fallen asleep beside Ahiru, woke up to a strange feeling. A finger was tracing the swan mark that rested over his heart. He blinked. And found himself on his back. Ahiru, still mostly naked (except for the tunic she had swipped off of his body and put on herself) was sitting beside him. Her finger tracing the shape of the swan in a lazy motion. He blinked at her, and she looked up at him.

"What is this-?"

She asked him, softly.

"-Never mind that,"

He said, pulling her down to him, he kissed her deeply. Gasping softly, she kissed him back as he pulled her on top of him, she was now straddling his hips. She whimpered into the kiss, feeling his member pressed into her core, through his pants, before he could do or say anything, her hands were removing his bottoms and an instant later, he groaned into the kiss as she impaled herself on him. The kiss grew hungrier and more desperate as they began to move together.
Ahiru lay under Fakir in the bed. Both were sweaty and completely naked now. He had just pulled out of her, after a second time. She was caressing her hands through his sweet damp long hair, his face was buried in her neck. Her legs slipped from around him.

"I love you."

He said softly, against her neck and shoulder. She shivered as his breath ghosted across the skin there.

"And I, you..."

She whispered as she trailed a hand down his spine. He groaned and rolled off of her, she moved over, and snuggled close to him. Silence settled over the lovers, as they just touched and held each other. Finally, he tilted her face up to look at him.

"How did you find me? How did you become a swan? Why are you always naked when you change form...?! Did anyone else see you na-"

He stopped, because she pressed a finger to his lips.

"I don't know. I could just sense you, once I was a swan. I studied and-hey! Don't laugh! I DID study! And, anyway, Rue can change form now too..."

She said puffing her cheeks out in annoyance, as she frowned at him. He only laughed harder.

"As for being naked... Well. I was so happy that I found you, that I forgot to envision myself with clothes."

She said blushing. He signed, and caressed her face gently, his eyes studying her carefully.

"What?"

She asked. He smiled, pulling her into a tight embrace.

"Nothing. I'm just so happy to have you here!"

He admitted. After that, they dressed, and he got her some left overs, then, the two talked a while about Calypso. Afterwards, they fell asleep holding each other.

When Ahiru woke up later, that night, though, she had a bad feeling. She tried to gently shake Fakir awake, but, he was burning up, sweating and seemed to be locked in a nightmare. No matter what she did, she couldn't wake him.

"Fakir! Fakir, please!?!"

She was crying and slapping him, when there was a sound outside. An instant later, she heard a familiar voice call from outside the tent:

"Hello!?"

She sniffled, and peaked out the flap. There, standing in the clearing on the middle of the night, stood Autor and:

"Lilie!??"
"Ahiru!?"

The blond girl ran to Ahiru, who was wearing her dress, now, and hugged her.

'What's happening?'

Ahiru wondered, startled by seeing her friend from the other world here. She worried about what Fakir's cousin was doing with her. Before she could ask any thing though, Fakir cried out in his sleep behind her. Pure anguish in his voice. But, he was calling for Leda, and Siegfried. Not for Ahiru, Rue or Mytho...

Inside his mind, Fakir stood face to face with Aaron. They both eyed each other curiously.

"You can't be serious with what you just said..."

Fakir said, frowning at Aaron.

"I am. Dead serious. My and Leda's child survived. It was removed from her body, through magic, and sent to the world we were reborn in. My child should be roughly around your, or Ahiru's age."

Fakir blinked at him.

'What the hell?'

He thought, confused.


To Be Continued.


Necessary Disclaimers Section:

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

~*~Windeen~*~

~*~Windy~*~
Home Again?

A/N:

Not really much to say, here.... Let me know what you think if you like this chapter. More reviews encourage me to write more.....

Warnings: not really any worth mentioning.

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Chapter #19: Home Again?

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"Fakir?"

Ahiru shook him as he whimpered and groaned in his sleep. Lillie slipped into the tent with Autor.

"What is wrong with my cousin?"

Asked Autor. However, Ahiru ignored him.

'Like he really cares?'

She thought moodily as she shook Fakir a bit more.

"Fakir, wake up!"

Still locked in his dream:

Fakir looked at Aaron. Aside from the slight differences in their appearance, it was like looking in a mirror and talking to himself.

"-So... What does that have to do with us? That child was created with YOUR bodies, it has no co-"

"- Connection to you and Ahiru? It does. The child was BORN with some of the Raven's tainted powers! It needs to be brought back to THIS kingdom, THIS world. And also, on another subject: the Swan's nest: you should know something important-"

Ahiru was so worried she was crying. But suddenly, what she could only assume was Leda's temper, flared up, and she grew angry at him for upsetting her. The next thing the former duck
knew, she was slapping him hard across the face. Autor and Lillie both winced at the force of the slap. Then, after a second: Fakir's green eyes opened as he winced a bit.

"A-Ahiru...?"

She sniffled and hugged him tightly. Fakir blinked sleepily over her shoulder at his cousin. Then his eyes widened.

"Lillie?! Autor?!"

His cousin fixed his glasses with a finger at their center, and then folded his arms across his chest.

"Took you long enough to notice me!"

"Well-"

"I'm going to get some horses, can you help Fakir pack his camp up."

The 3 of them looked at Ahiru as she got up, standing at her full 5'5" height inside the large tent.

"Huh? Where are you going?"

Fakir asked. He still felt sleepy.

"You're running a bad fever. We aren't actually all that far from the palace."

She slipped out of the tent, Fakir looked under the blankets, saw he had pants on, then got shakily to his feet, following her weakly. His cousin grudgingly caught him and helped him out of the tent when he almost fell.

"I want you to see the palace doctor and you should meet Calypso, as well."

"Who's Calypso?"

Whispered Lillie softly. Neither of them answered. She sighed softly.

"We're still a few hours from th-"

He started to say. But Ahiru smiled.

"I can be there in no time. Then I'm sure Mytho will have a fast way to get the horses back here... I love you."

With that, the replacement Swan Princess closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths. After a few silent minutes there was a rustling of leaves as the wind picked up around them. Then Ahiru started glowing, her form shimmered and then blurred until she was enveloped in a cloud of dark feathers. Her body shrunk, and moments later a beautiful black swan stood where she had. Fakir looked into her sky blue eyes, then he sighed, leaning heavily on Autor as she started to flap her large wings.

"I love you too, Ahiru! Be careful!"

Then she took off.

"Remember your damn clothes this time!"

He added, yelling into the wind. She responded with an exasperated honking-like sound. Once she
was no longer seen, Autor and Lillie helped him get the rest of his clothes on, and he sat on a tree log as they set to packing his things up. Autor grumbled a great deal. But Lillie was quiet for a change as she worked while thinking. Fakir drifted in and out of fevered daydreams, while he waited.

Rue was having tea with Mytho, they had just finished eating breakfast, and he was reading the morning news, when there was suddenly the sound of wing-beats outside the balcony doors. Rue looked up at the sound and gasped as a black swan landed on the balcony outside the glass doors.

"Mytho..."

Her husband looked up and set the paper down. Ahiru was finishing the transformation from bird into a young woman (fully clothed this time), when he looked up.

"Ahiru?!"

Both he and Rue got to their feet as she stumbled a bit, but and caught herself. She still felt drained from the transformation.

"Ahiru?"

Rue put her arms around her friend to help steady her.

"Hi. Sorry I left so suddenly... I sensed Fakir."

"Did you find him?"

Rue asked as Mytho got Ahiru a drink of water, after Rue had helped her to sit in the chair that she had just vacated.

"Yes. I've been with him all night... But when we woke up this morning, he was unwell, with a fiery fever. And... Then Lillie and his cousin: Autor arrived."

"Wait... What?"

Asked Mytho with a frown as he gave her a startled look. Rue blinked.

"Is that a joke?"

She asked Ahiru.

"No. They are waiting with him right now. Mytho... Please, can you help me? I need you to come with me. We need 3 horses, Fakir can ride with you, Lillie with me and Autor on his own."

He and Rue looked at each other. Then Mytho nodded.

"Let's go, Ahiru."

"Be careful!"

Rue called out as her husband and her best friend left.
Lillie watched Fakir, he was leaning against the tree that the log he sat on was beside. His breath was coming quickly and labored. She reached over and felt his forehead.

"Autor, can't we do anything-?"

"No... I'm not a doctor."

Said Autor, shortly. Lillie sighed. She felt badly for Fakir. She really did.

In his fevered thoughts, Fakir was trying to figure out everything Aaron had told him. He had been pulled awake by Ahiru's slap before he could hear what he needed to about the swan's nest. He struggled to open his forest green eyes, and looked at Autor sitting across from him. His cousin was reading a book. A cool hand rested against Fakir's fevered skin, just under his bangs. He looked to his side and saw Lillie. A voice screamed in his mind:

"It is her! She's their child!"

He licked dry, chapped lips, and tried to catch enough breath to speak. Just then they heard the sound of horses racing towards them. The last thing Fakir knew was the image of Mytho and Ahiru standing before him.

'He doesn't look well...'

Mytho thought as he knelt by his friend. Ahiru knelt beside Mytho and as Fakir focused his eyes on them, he suddenly felt a horrible jealousy surge up from within. He shoved his friend away, causing Mytho to fall onto his backside as Fakir pulled Ahiru into his arms.

"Fakir...?"

She asked in confusion, cut off by his sudden and demanding kiss.

"Stay away from my lover! Ahiru is mine!"

Everyone stared at him as he spoke once he released her lips.

"Fakir, calm d-down-!"

The girl tried, softly. But he glared at Mytho.

"She is mine. I love her more than anything! I hate that damn bird for taking her freewill a-away..."

He buried his face in her neck and shoulder as he held her and started suddenly crying. In the next instant, Fakir was asleep in her arms.

"Looks like Aaron just surfaced..."

Said the prince, softly. He sighed as he got to his feet.
"Aaron?"

Asked Autor, he has secured Fakir's camping equipment onto a horse.

"Long story. I'll get on my horse, can you help me get him up in front of me?"

Autor nodded.

"Sure..."

He said softly, though his tone said he didn't really want to do this.

'It's a good thing Ahiru will be riding with Lillie, and not me or Autor...'

Though the prince. He did not like his friend's reaction to just seeing him stand beside Ahiru. He would have to be careful of how he interacted with her until Fakir's mind was clearer. Once Mytho was on his horse, and Fakir was in front of him with his head on his shoulder. Ad once Autor was on the horse with the camping equipment. Ahiru with Lillie behind her, the three horses were then on their way. Lillie tapped Ahiru on the shoulder, when the girl with the red & silver hair turned her head slightly, the blonde whispered in her ear.

"I have some questions..."

"Later..."

She was too worried about Fakir, to focus on Lillie's strangeness! Meanwhile, Lillie watched the back of Ahiru's head, as the horse raced along behind Mytho and Fakir's horse, Autor was slightly behind the horse, that she and Ahiru were on.

'Ahiru seems different... Maybe? Why did I forget her in the first place? She and Pique and I were so close...'

She did notice that the top of Ahiru's head, from the roots of her hair down, was silver - growing more and more reddish as it reached past her hips in its braid, towards the ends of her hair. That was definitely different. As was the form change to a black swan. Lillie was feeling really confused. Meanwhile, Autor was just resenting having to go with them at all. He had never liked Ahiru much. She refused to see how great his ancestor was!

The 3 horses eventually rounded the final cluster of trees- the final ones from the forest that they were leaving. Autor and Lillie's eyes widened when they saw the beautiful white, lavender and silver swan palace looming ahead. Its drawbridge was down, creating a path over a large lake. The palace has been on an island just a half a mile bigger around, than the palace. With many turrets and spires rising high into the blue sky. Behind her, Ahiru heard Lillie whispering in awe to herself.

The horses made it to the bridge and raced over it into the palace gardens and courtyard. Once they were there, some knights came and helped Mytho get Fakir off the horse, Jamieson and Rue were waiting in front of the main doors to the palace.

Mytho came and helped Ahiru and Lillie off of their horse as Autor dismounted, blinking wide eyes at Rue. Frowning slightly, as he remembered the fact that he had had a crush on her. A guard came and took the horses, while a footman grabbed Fakir's camping equipment from the horse and took it up to Ahiru's room. Fakir was carried into the palace on a stretcher. Jamieson was leading
the way to the medical wing. Ahiru followed them. Rue smiled slightly at Lillie and Autor as they followed Mytho up the steps to where she stood.

"Welcome to the Swan Kingdom, I am-

"Your Rue... Right?"

Asked Autor, watching her as she curtsied and then looked at him, standing at her full height once again.

"Yes... It's nice to see you again,"

She said a bit hesitantly.

"- And, you as well, Lillie..."

She added. The blonde stopped blinking around herself and looked up at Rue.

"Where are we?"

She asked with a sigh. She had just blindly followed her lover to this lovely, but strange new world.

"We're in the storybook: The Raven and the Prince!"

Said her boyfriend a bit annoyed. Something flashed in Mytho's sky blue eyes.

"This is no storybook."

He said, turning on his heel to lead them into the palace. Autor bristled a bit.

"Yes, it is. My ancestor-"

At that, Mytho stopped walking and looked at him angrily.

"I don't give a DAMN what your bastard ancestor-!"

"Mytho, calm down and-"

Rue tried, seeing her husband was shaking with rage. Nothing upset him more, than thinking that everything in his world was made up from a fiction writer! That he and his sister and their people were created by Drosselmeyer! Including their suffering. Mytho went on, though...

"- Claimed to have done! I-"

"Prince Siegfried!"

A knight arrived just then and whispered in the prince's ear. Mytho looked at the man after he was done, then sighed.

"I need to go to the medical wing, Rue..."

She nodded, glad he had snapped at least part ways, out of his anger.
Mytho left two knights with her. He was not sure that he trusted either Autor, nor Lillie.

"I- I'll show you to your room."

Said Rue, a bit too cheerily after her husband had left. Autor still looked ready to argue. Lillie just nodded as they followed Rue with the knights walking behind them. Once she had shown them to the guest room, as she was leaving, Lillie asked why Mytho had been just called "Siegfried". Rue smiled at the question, she opened her mouth to reply, when Autor spoke up.

"He's the main protagonist in the story of the-"

Rue, tired of hearing that, slapped her hand over his mouth in a fit of unrestrained anger that flared, and then it was gone.

"Autor- just, stop. Please. My husband is not a fictional character from that deranged man's mind. The reality of the situation is FAR more complicated than that."

Autor paled a bit, as she removed her hand from his face.

"Husband?"

She nodded, showing him the rings on her left ring finger.

"Yes. We are married and have two sons. If you ever care to find out what the situation here REALLY is, then we would both be happy to explain why this is not a living storybook. But Drosselmeyer's name is never to be spoken before either, Mytho, Myself, Fakir or Ahiru, ever again. Is that clear?"

At his silent nod, she smiled.

"- This is no story."

With that, she turned on her heel and started to leave, but thought of something. So she turned back to look at them.

"Should you two like a tour, a pair of knights will be stationed in the hall out here. They can take you to anywhere you'd like to see, within the palace."

Then she was gone. Autor stood looking at the closed door with Lillie beside him. The blonde sighed and went to explore the room. Finding a bathroom that was not far off from the type in her own world. She found a walk in closet and some men's and women's clothes in it. Autor, meanwhile, walked out onto the balcony and looked around from there. They were likely close to 800' from the ground. He felt like they were imprisoned.

Mytho walked into the medical wing and heard Ahiru screaming Fakir's name and pleading with him. There were also some crashing sounds. He followed the sounds to a room. Fakir was in the bed, his chest bare. He had Jamieson by the throat, the healer had been leaning over him. Mytho noticed the tattoo of the white swan over his heart. Grabbing Ahiru's hand, he placed it on top of Fakir's tattoo. His friend screamed, cringing in pain, then he let go of Jamieson. Seeming to pass out again. Mytho released Ahiru's hand, and caught her as her legs gave out. She leaned against him, crying, as Jamieson went to sit down. Mytho got Ahiru to a chair and sighed as she covered her face with her hands, still crying.
"What is wrong with him?!

Jamieson and Mytho eyed each other. Mytho rested a hand on Ahiru's shoulder.

"I need to ask Jamieson a few things. Stay here, Ahiru."

She nodded, her face still hidden as her shoulders shook.

"What the hell happened?"

Mytho asked the healer, moments later, as they stood outside the room.

"The fever is causing hallucinations..."

At that, Mytho remembered his friend shoving him away from him in the forest and warning him that Ahiru was his...

"He thought that I was trying to take Ahiru from him, earlier in the forest... Is this an illness? Is it contagious?"

"No. It seems to be connected to that Tattoo... But I'm not sure why."

"Dark magic, then?"

"Perhaps..."

"How about putting him in a tub of water from the swan lake...?"

Both men looked up as Rue walked in. Mytho frowned, thinking about her suggestion.

"That might not be a bad idea, my prince."

Mytho chewed on his lip, debating it. Then he nodded.

"I'll have a tub brought in here, and... Rue, can you use magic to fill it with lake water? We can't heat it, heating the water will ruin its magical properties. However, with how high his fever seems, I doubt that he will mind it not being hot water."

They both nodded.

Ahiru looked up as the door to the room suddenly opened. 4 knights came in carrying a bathing tub. 2 at each end. They set the tub down, then walked out. Ahiru blinked at it. The next thing she knew, Jamieson, Rue and Mytho came into the room. Jamieson checked Fakir's fever, and Mytho opened the only window in the room. Rue stepped up to the window.

"What's happening?"

Asked Ahiru as Rue started to constraint on the lake below, a hand outstretched towards it. Mytho motioned for her to be quiet, though. So Ahiru waited. Moments passed, Rue was glowing a soft blue color. Ahiru watched, as (slowly) the water from the lake finally flowed in a stream up from
the lake, to the window, through it and into the tub. Once the tub had enough water in it, she stopped using the spell and watched as the remaining water splashed back into the lake. Once that was done, the prince and the healer hefted Fakir into the cool waters, he still had his pants on. But they'd worry about that later, if need be.

Eventually he seemed to relax a bit in the water. After a bit of time, Fakir's breathing FINALLY evened out. Some color returned to his face, and the fever started to drop. Jamieson got on his knees beside the tub, and listened to Fakir's heart with a stethoscope (which, if what he had been TRYING to do, when Fakir grabbed him by the throat, earlier. The other 3 were silent as he listened to Fakir's chest with the scope under the water. Finally, he looked up at Mytho and the women. He removed the stethoscope from his ears, as he spoke to them.

"His heart sounds strange. And I'm feeling a scar under this strange tattoo. I-"

"Pa... P-part of my h-heart was... Stolen..."

The 4 of them looked at Fakir, who was rubbing his eyes with wet hands that had been under the water. Ahiru let out a cry of joy at seeing him awake once more, then hugged him, despite the water he was currently seated in.

"Fakir! You feel cooler!"

"Wh... What happened?"

He asked, hugging her back. Mytho and Jamieson shared a look at Fakir's words. They both wanted to ask what he meant by that statement. However, Mytho chose to answer Fakir's question. Rather than ask his own.

"You were running a dangerously high fever. Delirious with hallucinations because of the fever- do you remember anything?"

Ashed Mytho. Fakir blinked up at him.

"N-not really. Ahiru and I fell asleep in my tent. Then I woke up here..."

He said, as the former duck pulled back from the hug to rest her forehead against his. She was so glad his fever had passed! After that statement, Mytho and Jamieson sent Rue and Ahiru out of the room and helped Fakir out of the tub, removed the rest of his clothes and then Mytho helped Fakir get dressed in dry clothes. The dark haired young man was fairly weak and a bit unsteady on his feet. Once he was re-dressed, Jamieson helped him back into the bed, to rest.

"You said that part of your heart was stolen."

Mytho was sitting in a chair, looking at Fakir, who was in the medical bed in his borrowed pajamas. He nodded at the prince...

"Yeah. I-"

"Wait. How did you survive the destruction of the other castle?!"

"No idea. I woke up in some old man's house in a bed. I had this strange swan tattoo/scar like thing over my heart- I... I felt strange-"
He said, rubbing his chest. He went on to tell Mytho all about everything that had happened when he woke up. Everything that Ajax told him. Every single thing. When he was done, the sun was starting to go down. Mytho said he would need time to process everything he told him. Then he looked at Fakir.

"You remember nothing between when you and Ahiru fell asleep and when you woke up here?"

"Nothing... Why?"

"You were displaying extreme jealousy towards me, when all I did was stand beside Ahiru."

"I'm sorry..."

"Don't be. I think it sounded like things Aaron would have said. He was like my brother... But he wore his heart on his sleeve and could be quite harsh with his words...""

"That's me, to a T."

Fakir pointed out and Mytho smiled.

"You are not even as bad as he could get."

Fakir smiled slightly.

"Say... You should know... When Ahiru woke up and realized that you were sick- she found her old friend: Lillie and your cousin: Autor standing outside the tent."

"Uh- what?"

"You heard me. They are both currently staying in a guest room with guards posted in the hallway... We've no idea how they got to this world so- her! Are you OK? FAKIR?!"

Fakir had suddenly groaned in pain and grabbed his head. Mytho got up to get help but Fakir grabbed Mytho's arm.

"Li... Lillie... S-shes the one..."

Mytho blinked.

"The one?"

Fakir looked like his head was killing him. He looked at Mytho.

"I just remembered! Aaron- he told me while I was asleep..."

"Told you what?"

"T-that his and Leda's child was removed from Leda's womb with magic and sent to the world that Ahiru, Rue and I were born in. He said that their child lived. And was born in that world. That the child was born tainted by the raven and needed to be back in this world."

"You think it is Lillie?"

"Either, its Lillie, or Autor... I want to think it's her, though..."

"I'll keep an eye on them, then. Aaron didn't happen to say what we should do, did he?"
Fakir shook his head, looking like his head was killing him.

"Rest. I'll have Jamieson come and give you something for the headache."

Again, Fakir didn't say anything. He just nodded slightly. He looked drained. After that, Mytho left and Jamieson came and gave Fakir something for the headache.

To Be Continued...

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I claim no ownership. I just love the anime and the manga (The anime was better in my opinion though).

I came up with this idea after re-watching the anime for the 6th time.

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