Diving Again

by smolder

Summary

"She can hear the pound of their footsteps even this far underground; the discordant sound so out of tune with her steady heartbeat, that it makes her skin crawl."

Notes

Disclaimer: I own nothing. Buffy the Vampire Slayer belongs to Joss Whedon and Lord of the Rings is a creation of J.R.R. Tolkien.

A/N: Haven't written in what feels like forever so I decided to just sit down and write and this is what came out. It is a one-shot, I don't have any plans for expanding it. Also, sorry in advance for mucking up with any of the LoTR stuff. It's been a while since I watched the movies and since this was more of a writing exercie for me than a story I didn't research it. Anyways, hope ya like.

A/N 2: Reviews are Good. This has been a subtle hint from the author - Please return to your regularly scheduled reading.

She can hear the pound of their footsteps even this far underground; the discordant sound so out of tune with her steady heartbeat, that it makes her skin crawl. She wants to destroy those things that growl outside of her city because something inside of her is roaring right back in response that they need to be killed. (Not fought but killed. Slayed.) It is a hot feeling inside of her that threatens to overflow. But there is something about their very being that is grating inside of her mind.

Clenching her fists in her skirts Kendra closes her eyes and presses her lips together against the urge to run – not away from the conflict but towards it. She can’t – she knows it. It isn’t her place.
to be up on the wall defending her White City. She is both a peasant and woman; she is to stay with the others and watch the children where they have generously been hidden for their own safety.

But – every time her heart beats her blood rushes louder in her ears (blood that feels hot and wild and seems to whisper to her that she has always been different - that this is what she was meant for and she knows it. Has always known it. Are you ready Kendra? Are you ready to be strong again?) and she has to dig her fingers deeper into her own flesh to stop from running – running so fast through the hallways so that no one can stop her before she is outside and then in a fluid motion she pulls a weapon form a dead man and dives off the safety of the wall onto the mass of monsters bellow.

(she can visualize it so clearly, she has been having the same dream for months after all. But sometimes - sometimes the dream changes a bit, as dreams tend to do – her body shifts to paler skin and blonde hair and the monsters become a pool of bright light. And she is filled with a peculiar kind of peace. She knew this would kill her, but it was okay because Dawn would live and after all -

death was her gift.)

There is the crash and murmurs and the palpable feeling of fear wafting from everyone as the battering ram hits the Great Gate.

Fear from everyone but her. Because it's time and she is ready.

And Kendra has always been strong.

Sometime between the first hit and the second she is on her feet . And before the gate falls and her city, her home, is swarmed by these creatures – she is outside. There is a dead man laid respectfully off to the side right where she dreamt he would be. Inside her head Kendra thanks him for the gift but doesn’t stop her stride as she picks up his sword.

No one thinks to stop her, they are too worried by what is happening bellow and would never predict what she is about to do. So she is over the wall before anyone can yell a warning - her arms outstretched. And it is a hard undignified fall – half ontop an Orc. But she automatically rolls out of it and is able to duck the stupid things blade and twirl her body in and within a few moves slice open it’s throat.

She dispassionately watches the way it bleeds on the ground as she thinks, an odd feeling curling in her stomach as her eyes trace the fatal wound she inflicted - the sluggish way the blood trickles out.

Her hand reaches to trace her own throat. (Shouldn't it be faster? Wasn’t it faster?)

The loud clash of swords makes her physically twitch but brings her back to her present problem - the dreams had highly romanticized the falling, utterly failing to take into account that Minas Tirth was a many layered city and there would have to be many drops before she would be truly in the thick of it.

The thought almost felt like a bell being struck with in her head. And with a darkly satisfied smile on her face Kendra turned and ran when her boot hit the edge of the wall she spread her arms and dove again. This time she used her momentum and brought the sword down on the orcs head as she used its body to land. Both the monsters and the warriors surrounding her seemed surprised by
her sudden entrance and Kendra exploited that shock, wielding her weapon easily to destroy the things her blood sang to her were her enemies.

To slay.

After all, death was her gift.

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