

A short side story, also an afterward story, of "Fall of the O'ren". Thus, it is required for readers to have read the original story in order to understand flow of this side story.

[The Hammers arc] [10] [Love for love, love for friendship] [9665]

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Prerequisite stories

[Cecil arc] [7] [Fall of the O'ren] [9665]

It had been a season (60 days) since the conflict ended. Vakha was still in a wheelchair and was being taken care of Ardilia to this day. They were officially and legally married at this point.

Tuhina didn't attend to their wedding.

Kisia left work early to see how Vakha was doing. This was also Gair's request. She wasn't married yet but was engaged to Marglus Vlues at the moment.

Vakha, until he was married, did not have a house, but he was certainly capable of purchasing one as he spent no money at all for so many years. He entrusted his money to Ardilia, and she purchased a four-room bungalow house not far from Nikki's home.

Kisia parked her car in a drive way and had a good look at the house. It was a cozy home, probably a little too big for just two people. Garden was well looked after. Venus had limited space for houses, but it wasn't hard to purchase one. Many people preferred living in apartments over owning a home.

Kisia herself was a good example to the trend. She was certainly capable of purchasing a house to her name but didn't bother because she didn't need one.

Pushing a doorbell didn't seem to do anything as if no one was at home. However, upon activating her 6th sense (ESP), she soon located two life signatures in back yard.

Vakha and Ardilia were in fact in back yard. Vakha had his eyes closed in his wheelchair and seemed to be simply enjoying sun light. Meanwhile, Ardilia was gardening. It looked as if they were a retired old couple who had nothing to do really.

"Hello."

Kisia threw a hailing to their peace.

"Ah." Vakha opened his eyes. "Welcome and long time no see there."

Ardilia offered her a stool by Vakha.

"So, how are you doing?"

"Well?" Vakha closed his eyes again. "I can't complain."

"I see."

"Did Gair send you here?"

It was indeed Gair who had sent her to check on Ardilia rather than Vakha.

"I have no reason to lie. I was sent by him to check on your wife."

However, Ardilia seemed to be unmoved and continued gardening.

Snickering, Vakha remarked, "Hell, how paranoid is he?"

Kisia had no comment to make, thus an uneasy silence dominated which was broken by Adrilia.

"I will start preparing lunch."

And then she went into the house.

"She doesn't talk much, does she?"

"No, she doesn't talk much at all; not that I care though. I'd rather prefer a quiet one over a talkative one."

"So," Kisia leaned herself toward closer to Vakha. "Why did you decide to marry her at all?"

"Why not?"

Kisia rolled her eyes. "Do you even love her at all?"

"Nope, I do not love her. I may like her though, but certainly I do not love her."

Kisia tried to say something, but no word was there. Instead, she sighed and crossed her arms.

Vakha told her, "I am more surprised that you did accept Marglus. I did not think you were into having a family also."

He made a pause and then continued.

"I've never believed love was essential for a marriage. Love is like flame. It will not last forever. What's more, I had never intended to marry anyone. But -" He shrugged. "If a woman loves me, why not love her back. She says she loves me, but I do not love her. Why should I care though? If she loves me, I am willing to return her love."

Kisia found it amazingly surprising that Vakha's philosophy about love was almost exactly the same as hers. She also did not love Marglus, but he loved her. Therefore, she simply decided to return his love.

She finally told Vakha about Tuhina and her feelings. He twisted his head cluelessly in his wheel chair, and soon he started to frown.

"Men..., some women..." He shrugged. "They never tell their minds, do they?"

Kisia had a good laugh. "I don't blame you," She said.

"It's too late anyway, besides she and I have been in a platonic relationship for hundreds of years. I can't change that now, and I won't."

Kisia nodded in agreement. They both heard someone coming out.

"She must be back," He said.

Soon enough, Ardilia entered the backyard with a large chunk of beef.

"I am sorry for keeping you wait. I had to go out and buy some beef."

Kisia nodded. "Thanks for the treat." And she turned her attention back to Vakha who was gazing at Ardilia.

"I've also called Kasper and his wife, Syre."

"Yeah?"

"They should be here soo-"

Door bell rang, and Ardilia was busy cooking the beef in the backyard.

"I will go get them," Standing up, Kisia said to Ardilia who seemed to be troubled to whether stop cooking or go get the door.

"Thanks."

Kasper and Syre were dressed up nicely in fact. Kisia felt sorry for them in a way for making them dress up. What was more, Syre had a gift.

"Hello! Hello!" Kasper greeted Vakha and Ardilia cheerfully in back yard, and Syre handed the gift over to Ardilia.

"Hey, dude, how are you doing, man?" Vakha casually greeted Kasper.

"I can't complain," Kasper relied with a grin.

And they laughed.

Karl and Devon also joined them a bit later as well. The back yard soon became full. Devon and Ardilia were dressed completely opposite. Devon's dressing code had always been similar to Maeve's, always provocative whereas Ardilia's dressing code was of a quiet sunny lady, she swore a black long skirt, which reached to her feet, and white wool turtle sweater. Ardilia also had pure black hair which went perfectly even with her outfit. Ardilia wasn't really beautiful or pretty to begin with. However, her fashion made her look very refined and determined.

During the meal, Ardilia quietly asked Kisia to have a private moment, so they entered the house.

"What is it?" Kisia said.

"I would like to know how my grandfather's life ended."

A tricky question to ask in public indeed, Kisia thought.

Kisia didn't really want to answer her, but Ardila looked determined ... just as her fashion would indicate. She explained to her how she was able to defeat Amor as simple as she could.

"I see." Ardilia dropped her eyes.

"I am sorry."

"Don't be."

"Pardon?"

Ardila turned away from Kisia and gazed through a screen door to back yard where the crowd was enjoying their meal and alcohol.

"Grandfather always complained that he would die in peace after he retired. He told me that he'd rather die in a battle than in peace. You granted his wish."

Ardilia turned back to her and bowed formally to Kisia. "I thank you."

Kisia felt like it was a good time to ask a question.

"Why did you choose Vakha as your spouse?"

"I was being forced to marry someone else by Maiwa," She replied without hesitation as if it was nothing to hide. "I simply chose a suitable man."

"So, you don't love Vakha."

"I do."

"But, from what you said, it doesn't look like love was involved in the marriage."

"I chose him, and I chose to love him, period."

It seemed definition of love was different for her. Perhaps, it had to do with her education from the O'ren. Nonetheless, each to their own. Kisia had no intention of interfering.

"I see. I sincerely hope that you two will be joined until the end."

They went back to back yard and joined the party.

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