

*End*

Tasha was starting to hate the metal tied around her wrists. At first she had understood the need for handcuffs to keep her from running, now she and Ethan were out in the open, but now they were irritating. The special metal restricted her ability to use or even feel her element. Scratch that, they restricted her ability to feel anything. Both she and her lover were sitting back to back, in one of the Court's yards.

With their hands in one another's, they were almost able to ignore the looks and taunting and general hatred they were receiving from the crowd that had gathered to watch their execution.

Almost.

Despite the fact that Tasha had been subjected to this kind of treatment for many years, it still cut deep. Deeper than before. Never had anyone wanted her dead. Far away from themselves, usually, but never had anyone been excited for her death. *You deserve this.* She told herself, over and over again. About 90% of her believed that. But there was that other 10% of her that screamed for self-preservation. That told her to find a way for her and Ethan to get out of this mess and just go away. To disappear and never come back.

Why hadn't they done that as soon as they had killed her? *She* killed her, Tasha berated herself. She would not ever make her love ever seem guilty, even in her mind.

There were many people now gathered in the court yard, now that Tasha and Ethan were mere minutes from death. Some had sat down on patchwork blankets, with food and drinks, all equipped for the cool evenings events. Those were the ones she hated the most. She even managed to catch a few of their eyes. She enjoyed the look of fear that quickly played out on their faces, no matter how sadistic it was.

She and Ethan had had little to say all morning. After a long night together, they were exhausted, but their hidden terror kept them awake. The fear wasn't for themselves, however, but for their significant other. The thought that by the end of today, the other would no longer exist was a chilling thought for the two of them.

A small gust of air sent dust and dirt into her eyes and mouth, and as she tried to spit it out she saw through the black molecules in her eyes that it wasn't wind, but feet that kicked the soil into her face.

Rose.

Bending down to Tasha's level, she brushed the grime and tears from her eyes. Rose tried to hide her surprise at the wetness that pooled on her finger but Tasha saw it anyway.

"Thank you." Tasha muttered softly before ducking her head as the shame coursed through her.

"Ethan will go first if you're interested." Then Rose leaned down to whisper in her ear. "They'll make you watch." Fear shot through Tasha at the thought of having to watch as her love was staked, the image of him collapsing as the large knife protruded from his chest made her want to throw up.

"How long now?" Tasha asked to distract her mind.

Rose looked around the courtyard. "Not long now, I'd say five minutes." Both Tasha and Ethan's heads jerked up at this. Five more minutes of living. Tasha could imagine a thousand ways she would like to spend her last minutes on earth. But the way she was now going to wasn't a preferred one.

Looking sorer than ever, Rose leaned down and loosened the rope binding Tasha and Ethan's hand to the pole, allowing Ethan to grab his partner's palm. Tasha almost felt like crying at this. His hand was so warm and comforting that usually took away any feelings of fear, but now? Now it was only making her more afraid that in less than five minutes that hand would be ripped away from her forever.

"Rose!" Tasha turned to see Rose's mother, Janine calling her daughter over.

"You should probably, you know. You don't wanna associate with murderers." Rose looked at her with sympathy strong in her eyes. As she leaned into kiss Tasha's cheek, she said no goodbyes or I'll miss you. And Tasha was grateful for this. As Rose turned to walk away, Tasha gave the young woman her parting advice.

"You're gonna be great Rose. Don't waste it, don't do what I did." Rose only nodded before jogging to join her mother. When another familiar face broke away from the growing crowd and headed towards the two of us isolated in the middle, I almost started crying again.

Christian.

He looked handsome as ever, dressed in black like he had during his school years. This clothing wasn't a choice though, it was a requirement. All of those assigned to the killing wore it. Lost in my musings, I didn't notice his approach til he was right in front of me. I opened my mouth to speak, to say something, to apologize for the rough years, for the things we never did, but he shook his head.

He pressed a soft kiss to my forehead, rested his hand on Ethan's shoulder for a moment, and then he was off. Disappearing into the crowd.

Not looking back once.

When he reached halfway between us and the people, the atmosphere changed. The air quietened, almost in anticipation. Something that made me shiver and Ethan grip my hand tighter than before. Looking up, I realised the moon was directly overhead, a full moon. A tremor ran down my spine again.

That was when I noticed Lissa.

*Queen Vasilisa.*

She started speaking to the public but the voice in my head drowned out the words. I thought of her, what she would become, how I barely knew her, how I could know her more. I imagined her and Christian, together, married, a family. It hurt like hell to know everything I would miss out on.

When four guards started towards me and my love I tensed but Ethan's soothing hand relaxed me. As the guardians pulled the two of us up, they also replaced our bind, with individual rope. But not before letting us have our last thirty seconds together. In front of a crowd of people.

Somehow, it felt as if it was just us left, though.

My hands wound around his neck as his arms wrapped around my body and pulled me closer.

"I love you Natasha." "I love you more, if we had had the time, I would have given the world." "You deserve so much more, beautiful."

Each sentence punctuated by a quick kiss, though by the end, they became more sloppy and rushed and frantic. I wanted to show how much I loved him one last time.

I should have realised time was not our friend anymore.

The men who had been silently watching now grabbed our limbs, wrenching us apart. We both fought for one more second of us but the grip on us were unfalteringly strong, and hard to beat.

I watched as they forced my love onto his knees, and pulled his hair back so he was looking straight at me. As arms held me in place and stopped me from running, they also stopped my head from turning away at the sight of Ethan, so weak and vulnerable. My mind screamed in agony.

*Too fast. It was happening too fast!*

Then Hans, a guardian from higher up strode forward, stake in hand, and I couldn't stop my shriek of pain. Somewhere in between no and stop did my breaths turn into sobs.

The hands holding my cheeks wound around to my mouth, with me unfortunately still able to see my lover. The fierce hand may have blocked the sound, but they didn't stop my eyes from overflowing with tears as I watched Hans drive the stake into Ethan's heart.

Once. Twice. Three times.

Despite the vice-like arms I managed to collapse into a heap on the floor, choking out words like no and sorry in between cries of anguish. No.

Then the strong arms pulled me up. Through the salty water in my eyes I managed to see the group of about five people walking towards me. On the count of three I saw a flash of bright light, then nothing.

The last thing I felt was pain.

*So that's it. The demise of Tasha Ozera and her lover. What did you think?*

*Don't worry though this is not the end of writing for me.*

*I have one story I'm already writing, as well as two upcoming Carlisle/Esme ones that you can check out.*

*Behind Brick Walls - The Good Wife, TammyxWill.*

*The Lethal Ploy - Twilight/Hunger Games, CarlislexEsme*

*Topaz - Twilight, AU, CarlislexEsme.*

*If you guys need help, say you need a beta or a banner, I'm always ready to help.*

*I also run a few fansites (you know what to do with the links.):*

*carlisleandesmeau. blogspot. com*

*fuckyeahelizabethreaser. blogspot. com*

*lucsfallenangel. blogspot. com*

*cassandraclaresshadowworld. blogspot. com*

*If anyone is interested in helping out, let me know. I'm a fifteen year old running all but one of these by myself, I need all the help I can get.*

*You can also check out my fanfics at:*

*katsfiction. blogspot. com.*

*Follow me on twitter @KatNeall. Add me on facebook: facebook. com/ ka4tneall.*

*THANK YOU EVERYONE WHO READ, REVIEWED, OR RECCOMENDED.  
I LOVE YOU FOREVER!!!  
kat*

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