

Subtle

Von Illien

"How is he doing?" a female voice cut through the silence of the dark room, concerned eyes looked up to Arcanus' face, chains rattling, clothes rustling.

"He is doing a very good job. He and his friends stopped the Luna Tower and ended the Grave Eclipse," the masked man reported the latest events from the Appollo Lens, bowed deep down in front of the woman, rested his hands on the ground.

"And how are you feeling? Can you still fight for me? Will you fight for me, Arcanus...?" the melodious voice carried the question to Arcanus' ears.

A few moments the dark room was completely filled with ears deafening silence and the man wasn't able to move.

"So you want me to tell him the truth? The whole story? I don't think he'll believe a single word coming from my lips. It would be more likely he would try to kill himself than to believe those words. He'll have to see the truth, with his own eyes," the adept argued and fell on his knees in front of the fragile body, clad in soft, light silk clothes and cold, hard iron chains.

"You think he'll believe me more than you?", the soft voice asked and the small body stood up and moved beside the man, went down beside him and put a soft hand on his cheek.

Arcanus eyes wandered up to hers and stared into the wavering depths of deep turquoise.

"It sounds so sad he won't believe the words of his own father...", the voice whispered into the darkness and her thumb stroked lovingly over his cheek, caressing the soft, white skin.

The eyes of the woman turned sad and tears started to flow down her cheeks, dropping on her collarbone.

"Please don't cry my princess...We're gonna tell him everything....Veriti!" he whispered into her ear, leaned soothing against her cheek and kissed her full lips lovingly.
The end?

