Ballad of the Sicarius

The door creaked open with a strong shove and a loud groan. He gently poked his head from the door and beamed widely once his eyes fell upon the plush blankets that coated the ground. How peculiar, yet enticing. Snow was never to be expected in the large village of Erendale, or Green Valley. Sure in the winter months temperatures plummeted down, but frozen precipitation never covered the normally lush flora. It truly was a lovely night. The moonlight danced on the snow and scintillated before his eyes. And now doubt the snow would damage the crops that were ready planted for the next harvest. But wasn’t how it worked? The most beautiful things are also the most deadly. Taking a long inhale of the cold crisp air, he stepped forward and slipped from the balminess of his house and into the white before him. The cold breeze wrapped around him like an icy silk scarf and sent chills down his spine. He let out a sigh of happiness before he felt the pair of eyes enquiringly inspecting him. He turned and gently smiled at the large beautiful eyes that met his as he reached a hand out and gently touched the pale face that accompanied them. A teenage girl nestled her cheek into his large warm hands and exhaled softly. He leaned down and kissed her forehead gently and looked down at her, trailing his finger up her cheek and wiping the single tear that strolled down it.

“Come now Amaris, is that really how a brave girl acts?” He cooed in his soft gentle voice.

“So you were planning on leaving while I was asleep? Leaving me to wake up and find you not there?” she demanded, her voice growing more and more impatient with him as she spoke. “You said you’d say goodbye. You lied!” she hissed out at him as the tears persisted to stroll down her cheek.

“But we’re saying goodbye now, aren’t we? Why else would you cry?” he called back, still keeping his placid voice while he looked into her large eyes. He always liked her eyes, so large and picturesque like the moon.

She slapped his hand away from her face and turned away, refusing to look at him. “Just awful. Look at you, standing like that. Any normal person would freeze in this weather dressed the way you are. But you, Mitis? You only melt the snow around you.” She said in an exasperated tone.

He chuckled to himself at her remark.. “And you remain a rock in in the limpest places.”

She sighed, “Hurry home. As soon as possible.”

With that she shut the door behind her, and he turned away and began his trudge through the heavy snow. Oh sister. You know as well as I do that I won’t return. Making out the faint sounds of weeping muffled by the door, he hurried his pace and held back the protuberance that formed in his throat and urged him to cry. The white plushness crunched under his slippers as he made his way to the empty streets that were shadowed in the insipid light of the moon.

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She inhaled deeply as her finger curled around the black cloth that swathed around her neck and pulled it up to cover her mouth and nose. It sure was a cold night, that’s for sure. But a heavy snowfall couldn’t stop her from completing her Mission. She silently and swiftly jogged in the shadows, allowing the blackness that engulfed the streets in the night to obscure her. Her eyes were focused on the gentle man who sauntered ahead of her and into an ally way. Perfect.

He turned around and sighed, crossing his hands as ˙e smiled eagerly. “I’ve been trying to steal a visit from you for a while now.” He called out in his gentle voice.

She stepped from the blackness, coming into his view, saying nothing. Damn. He knew. Of course he knew. He was brilliant like no other.

“Not going to speak, huh?” He stepped closer to her and reached his hand out, touching her cheek gently, cradling her with his warm large hands while he looked directly at her with his own compassionate eyes that seemed to tear through her expressionless face and search her soul. All she could do was stand there silently and try to ignore the feeling of her heart being torn out of her flesh and her stomach being impaled, the unbearable pain and raging gale that lied at her core. She couldn’t stand much more as her hand slipped down behind her back and grabbed the cold metal handle.

“Haven’t been to great, eh? Not to worry. You’ll always have my hand, my dearest Andromeda. My loveliest friend. Even if doesn’t lie before your eyes, it will always be there.” He exhaled softly and smiled amiably down at her, only sending more pain into her. A single tear fell down his cheek, and he quickly wiped it away. “Oh heavens there’s something caught in my eye” he quickly excused himself, shrugging off what must have been the ultimate fear.

She couldn’t bear any more of his barbed words gutting her, and pulled up on the metal handle, removing the large knife from the holster that wrapped around her waist. Lashing out with a loud cry, she swung her hand around, driving her knife deep into his stomach. The impact was too much for him as he plummeted downwards and clutched the knife inside him. The pain must have been immense as the thick crimson leaked from his clutch, but not a single cry left him. She watched him closely, kneeling down before his crippled body as the life drained from it.

He opened his mouth and just barely managed his soft delicate whisper between gasps for air. “I love you, my dearest friend.” That was it. The last cry of a dying animal, the last defense of a hopeless creature before his eyes gently closed. She could feel the hot tears soak through her skin as she pulled the black cloth from her mouth and leaned in, gently kissing his cheek before removing his hand from his stomach and pulling the knife from him. She wiped the dripping blood onto his shirt and stood up.

“Stupid fool” she chocked out in a faint whisper as she glanced down at his face one last time. Even in his immense pain, he still died with a serene expression. “You knew damn well I can’t love. Goodbye, Mitis.” With that she wiped her face and resumed the lifeless gaze she trained herself to have and walked away, leaving him in the alley way.

Any normal person would have mourned for their lost friend. No. Any normal person wouldn’t have taken their friend’s life in the first person. But she wouldn’t allow herself another thought of him. There was no need. The moment had passed. And now he had lost his life, she had a life of her own to get on with. Besides, if you cry every time an insect is stepped on, you’ll flood the whole world with your tears. Heartless? No. She had a heart, a heart frozen by the endless winter inside her. A winter she forced herself to create long ago. Of course it was her disposition to lock away her love and compassion. An open heart and a lively soul would only cause her to hurt more. So instead she simply chose not to feel. At least not in front of anyone.

She treaded along in the thick snow, and didn’t dare to glance back. The last one was taken care of. Time to head back to get a new list. A new blood to dip her hands into. A new path to spread death along. That’s what she did, wasn’t it? Spread death with her own hands. Cary out the deed that nature timidly tucked away for later. That’s how it was, wasn’t it? That was the life of an assassin.