

Memory Of Betrayal

By: Sarah S.

I should have known what would happen as soon as I stepped into the old, wooden warehouse. It was hours away from any other human life; it was made to be unnoticed. It was, however, noticed by me. My long black cloak drifted lazily behind me, and I tried my best to stay silent and undetectable, but my boots continued to click against the wooden floor. It was a careless decision to wear them, Rhode has spies placed everywhere from the little baker shack in the north to the south coast near the ocean.

Still, I crept in to the dark room, but I can sense people in here. It doesn't take a high level sorcerer to know you're being watched. I was in there for three minutes at the time, and there had been no sign of an attack coming. I spent those three minutes feeling around the place, smoothing my fingers over used parchment, trying to figure out exactly how creaky the boards on the walls are, and trying to figure out how easy it would be to escape in case of an actual attack. My brain told me to get out of this place; my gut said I still had a job to do.

She was perched on a steel rod on the other side of the warehouse. She was so conveniently placed there it seemed as if she was planning her attack for weeks. She lit a torch on the wall, and I was able to see her clearly.

What scared me about her weren't her deep, evil purple eyes. It wasn't her wild brown hair, or her sharp teeth that hid inside a maniacal grin. No, the thing that scared me the most about her was that this girl used to be someone I called my friend.

She spoke to me, "What are you doing here, Ben?" Her voice is angry and rough like she had been screaming for hours. It wasn't at all how I remembered it. A shiver ran down my spine when she said my name, how coarse, how wildly she said it that made the whole warehouse shake. How she used to say my name, she used to say it so softly, so sweetly. It alarmed me how much someone could change over the course of 3 months.

I walked around and let my cloak float mysteriously behind me, attempting to build a character in which I was calm. It surprised me how hard it is to do that, especially when your entire body is trembling. "Please, tell me. What are *you* doing here, Paris?" I said it so casually that I might have wanted to get her angry. I had surely done it right because her expression was so completely upset that her body was forming around it. I slowly put my hand to the inside pocket of my cloak. She drew a dagger at the same moment I did.

She was quick.

I was quicker.

It was moments like these, in battle with someone who was the same speed and intelligence as you that if any blood was to be spilled between her and I, we wouldn't notice, it wouldn't catch up to us. The most important thing was to show your opponent you weren't scared. I was definitely failing at that part because I knew even though I didn't at all want to harm her, she would surely snap me like a twig if I give her the chance.

I still was here for something, however. It was a diamond, the size of your hand span and shinier than anything you've ever seen before in your life. It was worth millions. The only problem here was that Rhode had it, and at the point that I had really desperately needed the diamond, I didn't want to get tangled up with him or his spies.

I didn't want to get tangled up with Paris. But, here we are now, she wants to kill me due to her boss's orders, and I'm not even sure if she actually wants to. She used to be a partner of mine, a colleague, dare I say, a friend. I sometimes wonder if it was her betrayal or mine that caused her to stab me in the leg and take off running 3 months ago. Probably mine.

My mind was racing and I barely realized that I could easily die in this room, right here, right now. "Paris," I said, my voice shifting. "Please, let's not do this. Can you not just give me the diamond and we can move on? You can tell your boss or whatever that you killed me, and that could be it. I know you don't hate me as much as you let on." I was probably wrong considering the knife that struck the wall just next to me.

I could probably get her to drop her weapon if I tried, but that would be of no use to me, since she is a sorceress. She use to teach me how to do magic, but don't think I remember how to do it. She stopped midair, and landed on the ground next to me. I could finally hear the old Paris in her voice.

"Ben, leave. Maybe I don't want to hurt you, but that doesn't mean I won't if you get in my way." She said it strangely, but my mind knew that she was telling the truth. I shook my head, and she tried to stab me like she promised, but once again, I was quicker. I reached into her cloak and grasped the diamond between my fingers. I took off running as she screamed after me.

I returned home in the middle of the night, and played with the diamond. I wished she were here next to me. No matter, I got what I needed. I'm fine now. I'm fine now. I'm *fine* now.

Why don't I feel fine, then?