

Choir Of the Unseen by Lorelai B.

I knew the minute that I woke up that something was different. Slipping my armor on, I quietly descended the stairs. The occasional servant glanced up at me as I passed, but other than that, I went unnoticed.

When I entered the main hall, I caught sight of my sister, who was pacing around. It was extremely unusual for her to be pacing, and that only made me more cautious.

“Maria! You sense it too?” I touched her arm, and she jumped slightly. Off to the other end of the hall, Arcane, my dog, padded into the room panting.

“Yes, and we have to leave. If we don’t these good people will perish. It’s for their own good. But if we leave, we are even more open to the bite of enemy powers.” A troubled look crossed her face, then she smiled.

“No, we can’t put our warriors in danger. But I do believe that we should get a small guild together to travel with us.” Now, I was the one pacing, thinking about who would be willing to risk their life for the princess of Duron. Only a select few knew of Maria’s true title, since we had fled the kingdom a while ago.

Shaking my head to rid myself of the horrendous memories, I turned to her. “We have to take Falon and Aya. They’re the only people who we can trust.”

Maria looked extremely thoughtful, with her eyebrows drawn together, and her hand on her chin.

“You’re right. But what of the others that know. They will pursue, with that knowledge, no doubt.” Maria once again started the pacing, but I laid my hand on her elbow, guiding her to sit down.

“Would you like me to bring them here, your Highness?” She simply nodded her head, looking off into space with the troubled look storming onto her face again.

As I walked away, I noticed that Arcane trotted after me, yearning for my attention. I patted his head lightly as we walked along, heading to the warrior’s quarters. A few servants gave me scowls as I silently slid down the hall.

It wasn’t that they hated me, but simply that I was ‘dirtying their clean halls.’ They were extremely strict about keeping the mead hall cleaned, since it was full of great warriors. And normally those great warriors came back with a mess that they had to clean.

I finally made it to Falon’s room, and spied him putting his sword into its sheath. Falon was of medium build, and had scruffy black hair and brown eyes. He normally wore steel plate armor, with a tigers eye cross hanging about his neck, as he was now. The only thing different was that he had a set of arrows and a bow strapped onto his back.

“Falon, Maria wishes for us to meet in the main hall.” He turned, his eyes sparkling with mischief. He was older than us, but had a childish soul, which led others to like him easily.

“Of course, whatever my lady wants. Are we leaving, little Wolf? You normally don’t put on your armor.” He crossed his arms, getting comfortable. He obviously didn’t plan on going somewhere until I told him what was troubling me.

“Yes. Maria sensed something so troubling that she was pacing the halls. Could’ve worn a hole in the ground.” Arcane barked, worming his black head into the room, his tail wagging wildly at the sight of Falon. When I found him, he had been a pup, but Arcane had taken instantly to Falon, like most people.

“Oh my, that’s a dreadful thing. I’ll depart for her immediately. I assume that you both have been in conference and chose Aya to come too. I’ll fetch her, little Wolf, you go get your sword. You’ll likely be needing for it.” He moved past me, whistling for Arcane to follow him.

I smirked after he moved off. Of course I would be needing my sword. “Fools!” I muttered, “Of course they will be open to the enemy.” Laughing evilly, I moved off to get my sword. If only they knew who I really was, then they wouldn’t trust me so much. But it was too late for that.

