

Swiftly he slits his long sword into her shaft. She slaps his arm away opening up his chest. As her hand turns into a venomous snake she focuses him and strikes rapidly three times, then in the heart with twisting fingers. She stops, takes a breath, pouts and hits one last time directly into his heart.

She looks at his chest then into his face. Dark blood trickling down his lips, gasping for the night's air. When he opens his eyes he tilts his head and looks at her almost pleasantly surprised. She laughs, showing all her big white teeth but soon her face turns into a grimace. Shifting his lip from one side to the other, when he wipes off the blood with his right he looks grave again. She takes her right hand and gently covers his left. When her fingertips slip from the back of his, he spreads his fingers soaking in the touch. Then he seizes the armrest to push himself up. Never lifting his gaze from her. He buttons his shirt and presenting himself to her, she smiles again.

Gracefully lifting his head he turns toward the dark and strides away from her. One, Two, Three, Four and then when his foot touches the grass a fifth time his knee gives in. He sways a little then falls flat to the ground. The soles of his feet still pointing in her direction.









