

Aurelia- My Darkest Desire

The rustles of wind whispered secrets of time, each gust a gentle hand erasing the delicate intricacies of memory, as if brushing away the vibrant hues of her youth, leaving behind only the faint echo of her once radiant smile. She is a prisoner of history but her cooed lasting through the refinement of their elegance. Once this innocent cherub a beacon of adoration but also a vessel of bitter resentment, a living embodiment of past grievances and unhealed wounds.

The crackling flames danced around her, their flickering light casting eerie shadows as if orchestrating a macabre symphony. Her laughter, once melodic and joyous, now seemed to drown in the inferno's roar, consumed by the very fire she once kindled. Those vile insurgents, whom she had once embraced with love, laughter, and camaraderie, now stood as twisted figures in the night, their treacherous smiles masking the deceit and betrayal that stained their hands with the blood of comrades and foes alike. The relentless sun, its scorching rays bearing witness to the unfolding tragedy, illuminated the faces of those who lounged upon the grass, their ostentatious revelry a mockery amidst the chaos and despair that engulfed us. As the birds chirped their mournful tunes, their cries mingled with the distant echoes of gunfire, a reminder of the tumultuous crossroads at which we stood. Amidst the tangled roots of loyalty and betrayal, some remained steadfast in their allegiance to the cause, while others faltered, torn between duty and self-preservation, their hearts entangled in the web of greed and ambition.

Her whispered words, once a source of solace and reassurance, now hung heavy in the air, suffocated by the weight of unspoken regrets and unfulfilled promises. Our losses, a burden too heavy to bear, weighed heavily upon our weary souls, leaving us to navigate the wreckage of our shattered dreams alone. And yet, amidst the wreckage and despair, there remained a glimmer of hope, a fragile beacon of light that flickered in the darkness, embodied by the innocent babe cradled in my arms. Its blood, a poignant reminder of the sacrifices made and the bonds forged in the crucible of war, lingered with the same milky scent of my beloved Venus, a testament to the enduring legacy of love amidst the chaos of conflict.

"I, Aurelia, love you and my job dearly. What if I die then latch to our little rabbit. But remember do what you desire..." Time with its doomsday has drawn me to this orchestrated riddle, but my grievance is my desire which has blossomed and those organs are going to feel the same trampling pain.

Our little dream with flutter in the wings of our daughter "Bellatrix" is going to be the door to the ethereal skies that fluster. My masculine smile has risen from the ashes as the great general, Charles Silver Broke, my past self is who I envy. But the warmth of the revenge fire seems to mesmerise me and Bellatrix is my stepping stone and the queen to this world of torment.

But will my dear Aurelia's smile purge in this melancholy?