

# KINGS

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written by  
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The city was begging to be populated. The long strip of empty street was being muddied up with snow, creating an ice wonderland of mirrored buildings, and silent parkways. The mud turned to complete white, crystallised shapes of water floating weightlessly from the sky, like butterflies, before uniting among the blanket snow that was stretching, swelling up in the street. Tar and concrete had surrendered to the wishes of Mother Nature and now hid beneath, a suffocating entity of man made material. Skeletal outlines of trees stared out like twisted monsters bound to the ground, waiting for release, chilling in the winter day.

Golden light broke through grey marble clouds and lit the white kingdom into a palace of illumination; skyscrapers and buildings refused the light, and in their flesh reflected it out onto the world. Crisscrossing streams of sunlight bounced with the life of a child, crying out for a playmate, searching from mirrored window to park land, peering into the alleyways and coming to a halt in a main street where the snow was collecting. It watched in anticipation, the

two figures standing twenty feet from each other. Statues in the ice parade; two icons of pulsating blood and life ignorant of the sudden sunlight that had come to play with them. Blue was beginning to emerge among the clouds, curious eyes peeking out through the gunmetal grey.

Her cloak of white velvet fell across the tips of her white leather boots, silken brown hair dancing back from her face momentarily in the wind before falling to outline the curve of her slender back. In the whisper of the wind she held an aura of angelic beauty. Both hands clasped the handle of the sword tightly, the top hovering inches above the ground. She smelt the mud, the water, a sweet aroma of Earth perfuming the air among the snow still falling steadily around her. If it weren't for the steady heartbeat throbbing in her wrists, her stillness could have been mistaken for death. Her eyes of crystal blue watched every movement that fluttered past. Every individual flake of snow was calculated into a certain format that had been established in her mind. Concise mathematics of shape and time, of movement and estimation. Amid the sunlight and butterfly-like gathering of white fluttering was his silhouette of male pride.

Gentle caresses of snow exhaled into his cold face as he watched her from afar, eyes of green cutting through the air and focused upon her figure, also clutching his sword tightly in his strong, thick fingers. The stance of a King, defending his right and reign. His hands were solid like the calm to come over the winds of winter and bring life into spring. The kind of calm that brings certainty and conviction, and steadied his hand in times of importance. The pattern of his breathing united with his heartbeat, a cycle of clarity. He put away the feeling of cold beneath his black jacket and held tightly to the sword. A chill rose up and tickled the back of his neck but he ignored that too. His focus was disciplined to one being, her. Standing in the glory of the sun with the white velvet almost blinding compared to the powder-light intensity that surrounded them. He felt her gaze shoot through him, the arrow of Eros shot

into his soul, calling him onward and filling him with unwanted warmth and tenderness. Mentally he blocked himself from her unfair advantage of spiritual attacks and held the blade still. The handle was warming up in his palms, slender body of steel in tarry of death.

The atmosphere was stilled, frozen with the cold air. His eyes lost focus for a moment before regaining; he stepped forward, his thick leather boots crunching the snow. He felt satisfied to make his imprint in Mother Nature, even if it was going to fade, and put more weight into it until he felt the stiff tar of the road beneath his boot. His sword stabilized in his hands. He felt balanced.

“Abscond my territory!” He ordered.

“I shall do no such thing!”

Their voices echoed, amplified by the winter cold but dissolved like melted butter in the sunlight. The alleyways engulfed the tones of fear, of strength; seduced them into the belly of the city and ate them up.

“You have no fight with God!” Her voice overcame him with so much passion and resolve he felt he might, right at that point, drop his sword and walk away. The chime of her voice was articulated, like light bells being carried on the wind and caressed by the snow. It was the weight of the blade in his hands that brought him back to his determination. “Then why are you here doing his work?”

She didn’t expect less from him, but hadn’t expected such a push from his mind in her attempt to calm him. She’d reached into him with her divine ability. He had completely cut her off; the same affect she would have received if he had slammed a door in her face.

The snow sunk effortlessly beneath her as she approached, the sunlight warming her skin and causing a glow among her cheeks. The shades among his face made him look dark and pale, sculpted of hard marble. The position of King had worn him and leathered him, yet made him as solid as concrete. In

her forward flight her cloak rippled behind her; he paused in shock, wondering if he’d just witnessed a pair of wings taking shape within the binds of light but a moment later she was human again. Barely; she was a virtuous and pure angel contained by flesh.

He came up to meet her, stepping out of the shade of a building and making deep prints in the snow with the weight of his body. His dark hair fell across his forehead, eyes of anger, of fury; burning more brightly the closer he came to competing with her. The sword directed him, and this woman frightened him.

The meeting of metal ricocheted out into the world of white and glitter. The earth trembled slightly in their meeting and then stilled, holding its breath in the anticipation of their dispute. The eyes of the King met the eyes of the angel. Between them their swords struggled for power; his shoes were sinking while hers were slipping back. Her hair had fallen over flushed face, bright eyes of blue tunnelling into him insistently. She was drawing him in, a sensation of being hypnotised; again he mentally blocked her. To his great surprise she reeled as if she had been physically smacked, and a dark smile hatched along his marble coloured skin. Two rosy blooms stained his cheeks, lips pale and parted, breathless from exhilaration.

Her forehead throbbed from his mental rejection, again having cut her off from his mind. Finally her thoughts cleared and she joined him again, swords presented in a challenging stance, almost touching at the tips.

“This is my kingdom and you do not belong here,” he growled at her. He struck her sword and thrust toward her but, in an elegance not owned by any human, she swept to the side and left his sword hovering in the air. He withdrew, angry. Still he kept his peace within himself and did not allow the blade to tremble once as he lined it up, ready to split her into two.

“All is God’s empire. Allowing yourself to be King of this realm allows you to rule it with God.” She waited for his next move. Snowflakes drifted into

her hair and onto her shoulders, dancing between and distinguishing the air between. He saw none of it, only her.

“He does not exist here. I never have, and never will put myself into unfounded truth.”

He struck at her again, and almost connected with her beautiful white velvet but again she arced away, and with agile and calculating action she spun and aimed the point of her blade at his shoulder. She sunk the end of her sword into his tender flesh and heard him scream. His voice hit such a pitch the windows trembled, nearly split, but remained in tact. She felt even the sun pull back slightly in shock, but she withdrew the blade confidently and watched the blood trail a path down the reflecting silver. It dripped into the snow, flowered like a new spring bud.

His right hand, now electric with pain and weak, dropped the handle and weighed down in his left. His heart was erratic in his chest, creating noisy panic in his mind but with a controlled, deep breath he brought himself back to the moment. The pain in his shoulder was endeavouring to creep up the back of his brain and eat him alive. It was gnawing deeper and deeper, his shoulder muscle screaming at him for relief but the intense energy drove down further until he felt like screaming again. He grit his teeth and flashed death at her.

“There is no redemption in metal, no solitude in anger,” she explained softly, again trying to intrude on his mind but with as much force he could muster mentally he threw her back. She had adjusted, rapidly, and wasn’t affected. He couldn’t hide the disappointment in his face though didn’t find a trace of pleasure upon her own beauty. As much as he wanted to rid this woman from his life the colour of her blue eyes struck him, each time, like a bolt of Jupiter’s lightning. He had to be so careful; she had such a seductive way of welcoming him in, reaching into the depths of his soul and grabbing him tightly. Attempting to submerge him in her own feigned beauty of the God. The Big

Man.

With all the strength in his left arm he heaved the sword up and clumsily propelled toward her but he wasn’t nearly close. With a swift movement of her hand, a sweeping back motion, she threw him back. He felt a gust of wind knock him off his feet and hurl him back, splaying into the cold snow. The impact traumatized his shoulder and he cried out again, finally releasing his sword in the snow and cradling his arm gently. His moment of weakness presented him with the tip of her slender, blood stained, sword meeting his gaze and then insisting he lift his chin toward her, and toward the sun. Like a halo she was enveloped in the light though still clear to his eyes. She fell to one knee and closed in on him, hair fanning down over one shoulder, sunlight enlightening the glow of her perfect face. She assessed him with those eyes of blue.

He felt himself surrendering but held back as much as he could. There was no residue of revenge upon her face, nor hate or anger. No pity or sympathy, which he at least expected. Simply acceptance and openness. He was tempted to spit in her face but she smiled at him with a mouth so perfect he knew that God himself had spent a whole day, nay a whole week in crafting it. He caught his breath in the pain that shot through his shoulder; he had been squeezing his arm in expectancy and it was finally taking its toll.

“Come, he waits for you to surrender.”

Slowly, patiently, she watched him struggle to lift his sword with his left hand and press it up against her own chin, matching her challenge. Helpless as he was no fool was going to have at him.

“No.”