

THE MONOTONY AMONG THE CHAOS

written by
Scarlett Archer

The gavel came down upon the sound block, an opulent pitch resounding out into the large room. My charcoal woollen suit had been quite sticky to wear outside but once I'd exited the cool night and come into the foyer of Arthur's most renowned Auction house I felt calm and soothed, nodding to the doorman on the way in and signing in at the reception desk before moving on with my bat in my hand and the number 24 imprinted on it. The light rose up with its arms wide-open, wide oak doors pressed up against the wall to allow the thin stream of buyers to shift in and out. The golden light of the room caressed my face as I stepped into it and I opened my eyes to the holographic image of a vase, blown to triple its original size so that the audience had a clear look at its spectacular detail engraved into the side. It revolved on its electronic foundation like a pendulum waiting to be plucked; its clarity enabled in the soft light of the room that made it feel a little like I were entering a sauna. Hidden movements here and there around the room signified the betting higher and higher, currently at thirty thousand dollars. The movement of a bat near the back row, thirty and a half thousand,

and then quickly at the front to a woman in fur, for forty thousand.

The man at the door in a black penguin suit gestured for me to cease my lingering and take a seat. His eyes roamed over the precision of my suit, taking in the perfect length of my sleeves and the flat toes of my leather shoes.

"Excellently dressed, if I may say so sir," he nodded in respect and I smiled at him.

"Yes, of course you may," I replied as I moved passed him and let my gaze wander the empty seats to see what might have been most primary. The pale hue of the room causes everyone to look extremely rich some woman's wrists tucked into endless bangles and bracelets of diamonds glittering like the two small chandeliers dangling from above, a few even with tiara's in their folds of hair. Then a red jacket caught my eye, and a long braid of chocolate brown hair, its owner resting in the centre row on the right side of the room. I closed in on her, found the seat beside her empty and moved languidly passed the suits and dresses in the aisle until I came upon her and sat into the wooden chair.

Her black eyes fired up mischievously at the sight of me; I succumb effortlessly to the curve up of her plump lips and how beautiful they caused her to look, radiant in the soft light. I wanted to touch her immediately and did my best to only do so with my eyes. The curve of her cheek dipped from her chin up toward her temple and then held two shapely cheekbones up to cause her eyes to slant a little. Barely, but it was there. In the shaded light her lips looked dark red and bruised, and there was still a scratch upon her forehead from one of my hits. I took in the curve of her red jacket hugging her breasts and then the outward curve of her stomach, the little denim skirt she had once worn now replaced with dark washed jeans tucked down into her pirate boots, scrunched down about her knees and then her ankles. Her guns were nowhere to be seen, probably confiscated on sight until she vacated the premises.

I couldn't stop wondering what would become of this and if she wanted to

return back to my grey apartment again and see the damage she had unleashed, I felt sorry for doing the laundry before I left. Her fingers rose up and touched the tenderness of my nose before handing me a silken smile and turning back to the auctioneer. The hologram of the spinning vase had been replaced with a very beautiful chest of draws outlined in gold and filled with dark wood, circa nineteen twelve, and the bidding had begun at eighteen thousand dollars.

“What would thee be here for, Mr. Lole?” Aroset’s voice swept in under my regulatory tension and soothed me. My gaze was upon the chest of draws but really I saw nothing, I was holding on tightly to the feeling of her words in my ear. Honey and satin threading their delicate tones on through into my chest and flicking that tiny switch that turned my sensory Power from off to on. My fingers buzzed in anticipation, but I hid the faint colour of pink energy that had emerged in the centre of my palms.

“Auctioning, what else?”

Our eyes met. She was never going to be my territory, but I sucked upon her vision like a slave clenched for thirst. “Your apartment is quite bare of all this bounty- what does one do with it? You certainly don’t store it.”

“My sister, I buy it for her.”

She sat back with a little tilt of her head and her braid fell over her left shoulder and down across the bump of her breast. “You spent thousands of g’s for her? This is nay a marketplace, and tonight is society night,” she whispered as her eyes prowled me, curiously, dipping in to my thoughts and sorting them one by one in a sneaky attempt to read them.

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