GODFATHER

Kay glared at her husband straight in his deep dark brown eyes. She had failed to pierce his soul. He looked back with two steely, cutting eyes which concealed so much: secrecy, betrayal, lies and sadness – deep dark depression. As he spoke the single word she scoured his face for any sign of emotion; she found none. No. No: the word meant so much. Why? So many questions filled her mind. She moved into an awkward embrace and over her shoulder he considered telling her. No… No… No. At that moment, he let guilt purse his lips into a snarl and let it rampage through to his eyes. Why was he feeling this way? But after all he had killed his brother. Turning his back on Kay – one could no longer refer to her as a wife, perhaps a widow; he faced three more victims of his traitorous plan, followers of his lies. While the three men took turns in kissing his ring, he began to calculate which was the most powerful ally and which was the most deadly foe. Though his mind was drifting away, he was still very focused; he noticed that the bedroom door was slightly ajar, so Kay must be listening in on every word. “Shut the door,” he muttered to the nearest henchman. Click. The door shut in Kay’s face. Despite all her efforts to eavesdrop, she could not hear out of her dull cell. She immersed herself in studying the bleak, beige walls and wondered how to redecorate them. Everything was full of life and beauty when their marriage was happy. But now. Now everything was sapped of energy and life. Now wasn’t where she truly lived – she lived on memories, memories of joy. She looked at the walls, they were covered with dull moth’s wings; they were attracted by the dampened light she still lit. There she waited…waited…waited for something to happen.