

Oscar Immanuel

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old story I am posting because it's related to an old picture I posted.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Jadis/60421/Oscar-Immanuel>

Chapter 0 - character introduction

2

0 - character introduction

From a distance he saw her on the beach gathering driftwood, a figure both mothering and menacing, like an eagle assembling a nest.

"Time and circumstance hold me in good favor this evening." he said to himself "I shall light this fire." Stealthily approaching, sheltering behind boulders which littered the margins of the beach, he paused in shadow until her firewood was ready for the spark.

Rising from the shadows with a well-aimed spell, flames sprung forth amid her nest of driftwood.

Tall and lean, she rose to face him, her voice sharp as eagle talons, but calm and unsurprised.

"What towns have you pillaged and burned to the ground today, my young hero? Back from the war so early? What spoils do you bring for this vile old witch to flatter and appease her?" Eyes deep as the ocean glared out beneath grey waves of hair drifting around her shoulders, like a storm.

Oscar Immanuel met her glare with a grin brighter than the firelight, rushing forward now with open arms.

"I have missed you too, old woman. Sometimes you feel like an argument that won't take no for an answer, shuns yes also, won't listen to reason and takes offense at any true emotion. As much as I love you, Murrina, still sometimes I'd rather miss you that face this battle."

She returned his grin like ocean waves reflecting summer sun, stepping forward into his embrace.

"I have missed you also, Oscar. Have ye a moment to tarry with me, and tell your tales of war?"

"my hair is not violet, the color of war, it is crimson, the color of love, as my ventures have been also" he replied warmly, as she pushed back burgundy curls from his sweet, childish face.

She nodded gravely, and then smiled knowingly as if reading the stories of his exploits in his eyes as he went on, both in explaining and on his journey. "I cannot stay at all, I'm late conveying news to my master, but having seen you for but a moment is well worth all the apologies I'll owe him for my tardiness. Farewell, Great Mistress of the sea, who loves him more than anyone. We shall meet when destiny joins our paths again."

Backing away quickly and gracefully along the beach, he bowed to her slightly, still meeting her eyes through the flames rising from his palm, outstretched between them. Then he was gone on up the beach, vanished like smoke rising though the forest to the wizards castle, which rose into the sky atop the highest hill.