

Confessions I Couldn't Voice (Carte Blanche)

By Ambika

Submitted: December 15, 2006

Updated: December 15, 2006

Myo's father died before her memory allowed her to capture a solid image of him. Myo will find herself in him while wrapped up in violence, love, and piles of homework, completing the past he left behind.

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1 - Prologue - Whisperings

"I don't understand, is it her? All this time spent searching and we seem only footsteps away from where we began. How can we be sure that we are on the correct trail this time?"

Three voices spoke in harsh whispers, floating up on the still air to rustle in tree leaves. The origins were huddled close around a campfire that blazed brightly under the pitch dark sky, illuminating a clearing that posed a break from the underbrush-ridden wood which was rudely nestled in the midst of a highly populated, but wide spread neighborhood. Moments after the harsh whispers rose to the stars, the night turned from soft and still into a blustery eve where wind nipped at toes and exposed fingers. The campfire flickered dangerously, but continued to flare, as if feeding on the drive and fear of the three men to whom the voices belonged. When the three crossed paths with another being they gave the names Rurik, Adrik, and Darren, though it is likely these are merely aliases. The three tall and slightly burly men allowed the flames to gently lick at their fingertips, allowing a warmth to spread up their palms.

"And what if it is not?" asked Adrik pleadingly. "We've been searching for fourteen grueling years without the slimmest glance of her face or question of her lips. Don't you think its long come time that we give up?"

"No!" Rurik shouted impatiently, ripping his gaze from the firelight to the two that warmed their hands before him. "Now that we have searched for so long, why should we surrender and call these past fourteen years a waste? I must find her, no matter how much time is consumed."

As he spoke, his dull eyes came alight with fiery sparks of passion that burned terribly into the depths of his soul and consumed the sockets in their fervent glow.

"But why?" Adrik questioned in his exasperation. "What is the point to go through so much trouble and whittle away at an endless search, all for a little girl that has no real strength or importance in the grandeur of this world?"

Rurik began to chuckle softly as his eyes evaluated the two men before him.

"I expected better from you both," he said, extracting himself to be the leader of the three. "Both of you should know this by now. After fourteen years I thought it might have sunk in."

Rurik sighed in a mocking tone before he continued.

"When she was but a few hours old a seal was placed upon her soul. I'd like to discover the intellect behind this, why such a weak little girl, as you say, required this strong chain within her. Also, you must remember. She is not so young anymore. She must be fifteen or sixteen by now. That is nearly an adult in many eyes and already an adult in some."

Darren rubbed on his chin in thought as he pondered for a few moments before he spoke up for the first

time in the debate.

"If she was sealed, like you say, then how will we know when it is her? Such magic that can penetrate the soul can mask or hide many characteristics, often suppressing the true nature of the individual. We could have passed her a million times in the streets without so much as a second thought!"

Rurik chuckled approvingly as he scowled in Adrik's direction.

"That is a good question," Rurik responded. "Although the seal does often suppress certain characteristics or a persons true nature, it does not affect the individuals outward appearance. This seal deals only with what is within, although certain markings have been known to appear when the individual is feeling a particularly strong emotion, or when the seal itself is becoming weak. Since the seal does not majorly change the exterior shell, one must merely know the individuals appearance. We havent met her yet. When we see her, I will know, she has her mothers face."