

The Gaze

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My first story...enjoy! but im a writer :P

1. The Boy

She stared deeply into his eyes...did he dare look away? The power in her crystal blue eyes was overpowering. Deep. They could see into his mind...what he was thinking...what he was feeling. But he daredn't look away. No one could look at her for long. He'd crack soon. And she knew it.

He broke the gaze, and as soon as he looked away, he gasped, for air and for life. That's what she did to you. Took the breath from you. The life. He stumbled off, running and panting, never looking back at her. And why would he?

She smiled a smile of content. A smile of satisfaction. Her grin crept along her face. Spontaneously it froze. It froze on her face. She whipped around... and her sister Lyre was standing there.

"Mesmorizing people again? You know what you do Lucia and it's not good!"

"And like you do anything good?" Lucia replied sharply.

"No, but I'm not as bad as you. Not even close," Lyre replied shortly. And with that she walked away, stabbing the road with every step.

Lucia thought about this. And so did the boy she had looked into. But she let it go. She didn't care.

The boy had safely made it back to his home and raced inside to meet his friend. He instantly fainted. His friend raced to help him. And Lucia knew he had fainted. She knew him and his every move.

Something sounded in the bushes. Something watching. Did Lucia know what it was? No. But what was in that bush knew. And they knew her and her moves too.

2. Liar, Lyre

What was watching kept watching. And watching and watching. How did he know her moves? Well he could possibly have the same gift as Lucia. But then again, Lucia was a one of a kind.

She didnt turn around to see what it was. That was cowardly. Only people who were afraid would look to see what it was. But Lucia wasnt afraid. She was only suspicious.

As she walked back to her house she saw many pedestrians walking by. No one looked at her. They knew her. They feared her. And Lucia didnt care. Why should she care what people think of her? And she didnt.

As she entered through the door, Lyre was preparing dinner for them. It was 6 pm.

Lyre was the only being on earth who wasnt afraid of Lucia. And could stare at her forever. But she could never win. No one could ever win. And the reason that Lyre could do this was because she was special. And she also had a gift.

"What happened to the boy?" Lyre asked angrily when Lucia entered, not turning around. She knew it was Lucia. Lucia was the only other person that lived in the house. They were orphans. But happy orphans.

"He fainted," and Lucia almost chuckled at this.

Now Lyre whipped around, "What is your problem?! You laugh at a boy fainting? A boy you made faint? You are sick and cruel. I dont know how you can live with yourself."

Lucia did. And she quite enjoyed being the person she was.

"And you can make your own dinner," Lyre stated. "This is for me," and she swept the chicken off of the counter and sat down in the dining room to eat.

Lucia wasnt hungry. Lucia was pretty much everything Lyre wasnt. And Lucia didnt know about Lyre's special gift. No one did.

As soon as it was 8 pm, Lucia's time, she went for a walk, and in the same bush, the same thing was watching. Who was it? What did they want from her? She was their enemy. And what was watching knew too well.

When Lucia returned home, Lyre wasnt their. And a strange, abnormally large cat was prowling on their lawn. Odd.

A few minutes later, Lyre returned.

"Where were you?" Lucia asked.

"I was shopping thank you very much," Lyre replied sternly.

"When i got back from my walk, your car was still in the driveway. Care to explain? You went on foot, right?"

"As a matter of fact i did. I went to the little convenient store just up the road. Now im going to bed and you should too. I think that was explanation enough," and she waltzed up the stairs and into her room.

Lucia was on to her. She thought something was up. And it was. But she let it drop for that night and just layed in bed, and soon fell asleep.

3. What Lucia Saw

Lyre felt bad that she had to lie to Lucia. But she knew it was for a good reason. Lucia didnt deserve to know. And she never would. Someone like Lucia Lyre knew would never change. She was just bad. And she would get worse and worse.

Lucia lay in her bed thinking about that giant cat on the prowl. It was too large to be a house-cat or a domesticated cat. And it was too small to be a big or wild cat. And Lucia tried to consider the fact that maybe it was a Cenon. But she figured those werent real. But Lucia's gaze was pretty unreal. And she had it. It was like something from a fiction or a fantasy book. But it all kept going. And it nevber went away. And it was never fixed. And it was never THE END. No happy fairytale endings. Now Lucia knew those werent real.

Lyre couldnt fall asleep so she went down the stairs quietly, careful not to wake up Lucia incase she was totally suspicious of Lyre. Lyre put on her robe and quickly tied it around her waist. She crept outside for some fresh air to ease her mind. There was nothing in the bushes. Nothing watching Lyre. But it would watch Lucia. Lucia was the enemy.

Lucia heard an odd sound from outside. Her crystal blue eyes snapped open, and they were so bright that you could see them in the dark. She quickly whipped off her covers, stood up, and looked out the window. The sound was like a whoosh, like a sound of a beam of light being shot from someones hand. That kind of sound that wasnt real. That was only in those fictin fantasy books. And there on there lawn, going onto the road was the cat. The abnormal cat. The different cat. It slowly strode onto the road, its paws not making the slightest sound. And finally, it disappeared behind the trees and wasnt seen again that night.

The next morning, Lyre was the first one out of bed. She got up and made breakfast for herself. She never made breakfast for anyone besides herself. She thought it lazy if the other person just waited for their breakfast to be made by someone else. So Lucia finally woke up and cooked her breakfast, and sat across the table from Lyre.

"So Lyre, I've been seeing something strange roaming around in the neighborhood," Lucia said with an unusual tone she never used.

Lyre looked down so that Lucia wouldnt see how nervous her face had become. She pretended like she was looking at her food. But Lucia saw right through it.

"It was a big cat, roaming along our yard. And it was weird. Too big to be a house-cat. And too small to be a wild cat. And i never ever considered it of being a Cenon. Those arent real are they?" Lucia had the most evil grin dangling on her face.

"No, of course not," Lyre choked a bit as she said these words.

"Hmmm... look im going to go straight to the point. Youre the cat."

"Are you INSANE! Ya right!! There is no such thing as a Cenon and im definately not one!" And Lyre had said this with complete truth.

"Well how do you explain that you werent carrying any groceries after you said that you went to the shop and i had seen the cat. And how do you explain that last night you werent in bed and i saw him then too!" Lucia was persistent and she wasnt giving up.

Lyre had become weak so she didnt look into Lucia's eyes. Then Lucia would look into her mind and see the truth.

"Okay, last night i needed fresh air and i went for a walk. I went right down the road. Which way did this cat of yours go?"

"Left," Lucia replied.

"And also i got a water bottle at the shop which i drank on the way back and threw in the recycling can," and Lyre said both these things with such truth that Lucia had to believe her.

"Then who is this cat?" Lucia asked nervously.

"I dont know, but whoever it is is not a friend to you."

4. The Plan

Lyre was right. The cat was not a friend to her. Lyre knew that what she had said to Lucia was the complete truth. Lyre wasn't a Cenon. A person who can turn into an animal with just thinking about it. Impossible. But she felt guilty. She felt like there was a lie. Just hanging there.

Lucia was thinking about the cat constantly. And she was also thinking about Lyre's words. Lucia knew they were completely true. But she felt there was a twist within it. And she was going to find out what that twist was. She thought about it day and night. She never stopped. But she never figured it out.

That night, Lucia crept out of her bed and looked outside. No cat. Then Lucia went into Lyre's room. No Lyre. No anyone. Lucia quietly crept back into her bed and continued thinking. Thinking until she fell asleep.

The next morning, Lyre was already out of bed and had eaten her breakfast. Nice and early it had seemed. She had started reading her book on the couch in the living room.

Lucia woke up and ran downstairs to find Lyre, all innocent on the couch.

"So where were you last night?" Lucia asked as she strode into the room.

"I was watching a movie down here," Lyre replied crossly, looking up from her book.

"Funny. I didn't hear anything. No noise."

"Maybe that was because I was watching it in the family room," Lyre said, like Lucia was a big idiot.

"Why did you watch it in there?" Lucia questioned suspiciously.

"Am I in court because I'm being questioned like a defendant accused of committing a crime!" She snapped her book shut and walked out of the room.

Lucia figured she shouldn't bother Lyre. Especially now.

Lucia, that day, sat down and began writing down everything that Lyre had said to her. She had a photographic memory. An odd one at that.

She studied the words. She studied and studied. She still couldn't figure out the hidden twist within Lyre's so truthful explanation.

That night, as Lucia lay in bed, she figured it out. And her face lit up as deviously as anything. And this time, Lucia just wasn't going to just confront Lyre. She was going to really stick it to her good.

In the middle of the next day, Lucia set into action. Lyre was taking her walk, the walk that Lucia had never seen the cat in their yard.

So Lucia had posted a picture of a pawprint on the door that Lyre came through after her walk. Something to just get her a little confused.

Lucia had also, while Lyre was taking her nap before her walk, taken off her necklace. She locked it in a special place in the living room. She knew Lyre wouldn't miss this on this specific walk.

Lyre came up to the door with a look of confusion on her face as she pulled the pawprint off of the door. She entered warily. Lucia knew that Lyre always went into the bathroom to clean up after a sweaty walk. And as she looked in the mirror she noticed she didn't have her necklace on. She screamed like no other.

A sinister grin crept along Lucia's face.

Lyre ran into the living room, yelling Lucia's name. And what she found in there, was Lucia, lying on the couch swinging her necklace back and forth.

"Give it!" She yelled at her younger sister.

"Oh sure," Lucia said, "And by the way, I've figured it out, so you might want to sit down and hear it." Lucia smirked evilly.

Lyre gulped. Lucia smiled.

5. The Truth and Twist in Lyre's Words

"Okay, i dont care what you say im saying what i have to say," Lucia said.

Lyre nodded nervously.

"Ok. You are the cat. And im going to tell you how i figured it out.

And you twisted your words without lying to me at all Lyre. Very smart. But nothing can get past me."

"Getting a little cocky are we now?" Lyre mumbled.

Lucia raised her eyebrows. "Anyway. You did go to the store. And you did buy a water bottle. And you did drink it on the way back. And you did throw it in the recycling. But. You turned into a cat after you threw it away, headed onto our lawn, and as you walked up to the door, you transformed back into human."

"I-," but Lucia cut her off.

"And when you got out of bed you did go right. And after you felt like taking another walk, you turned back into the cat, and headed left, to go the other way."

"But-" again Lucia cut her off.

"And you twisted your words by saying you werent a Cenon. Not you werent the cat. And you said that Cenons werent real. And you were right. But his necklace makes you turn into a cat, and i know it!" Lucia was completely satisfied.

A look of complete defeat covered Lyre's face. Lucia smiled contently. But suddenly, Lyre burst out laughing. The smile disappeared.

"What are you laughing at?" Lucia said angrily, her eyes flashing.

"Wow," Lyre wiped her eyes. "Phew that ws good. Hey, i have a feeling youre on the right track. But like i said, im not that cat, Cenon or not, and also like i said, that cat is not a friend to you."

Lucia was the one defeated.

6. Step by Step

Lucia was completely defeated. She sat there, staring at the wall, a look of utter torture dangling on her face.

"How can that be? It all fits together!" Lucia slammed her fist into the ground and her eyes flashed angrily.

"Maybe you were looking at it the wrong way," Lyre said from the kitchen. I am no enemy of you, i just think you need a do-over. I mean, you're pretty much evil!"

"So?" Lucia said.

"Nevermind, i forgot, you only listen to yourself," Lyre said with a hint of sarcasm, "But maybe this cat can straighten you out."

"Trust me, no one can," and with that she strode out of the room.

"Like i trust you," Lyre replied when Lucia was well out of earshot, "Cocky and self-centered, not much more to it."

The main thing that Lucia was thinking about was how she never saw the cat, unless Lucia was outside. And she knew there was something up with that necklace. Something very suspicious. And Lucia would find out. She always did. Step by step her thoughts grew stronger.

"Whereve you been," Lyre asked when Lucia came back down from her room.

"My room," Lucia snapped back, " Do you have any common sense?"

"Apparently not," Lyre mumbled under her breath.

Lucia gave her a sharp glance, but let it go.

"So have you figured it all out yet?" Lyre asked.

"No, i havnt, but im working on it," Lucia replied bitterly.

Lyre loved to make her say no to something she was doing, to hear that she couldnt figure something out.

"I know you love to hear me say it," Lucia smiled a sweet, fake smile.

They ate dinner in peace without any talking, and then Lucia went to bed. Again, she thought. Again, she fell asleep.

The next day, allk Lucia did was think, shed already seen the cat 4 times the past two days, which had to mean that Lyre was outside. And finally Lucia figured it out. The whole puzzle. She had picked up the pieces and put them back together in the right way. And she knew she had to be right this time. She just had to. And she knew it had something to do with the necklace. And she would use her gaze to know the truth. The whole truth.

This time, Lucia would just confront Lyre, no more annoying hard work. So when Lyre came back from her walk...

"Lyre! Lyre! Lyre!" Lucia yelled.

"What!?" She asked nervously.

"I've got it figured out, i do! And it has to be true! I know how you got to cover the whole thing up! Its brilliant!" There was a look of sweetness and childish features upon her face. So excited. Something Lyre had never seen on Lcia. And it was so powerful, she just had to believe her.

7. The Real Truth

"Okay..." Lyre said slowly, nervous. She now knew that Lucia had actually figured it out.

"Well, when i did see the cat, all of the times you werew outside. And every time you were outside at those times, you were stressed out. Really stressed out. And you know how big that cat is. Of course, because you were walking right beside him."

Lucia was right.

Lyre nodded. But Lucia wasnt done yet.

"That necklace," at this she looked deeply into Lyre's eyes, and she couldnt lie. Lucia saw everything. And Lyre couldnt look away,"brings that cat to you. When youre feeling troubled. I dont know who he is but, hes your friend. Which means youre my enemy. And dont try and tell me otherwise," she smirked,"because i can see it in your eyes," and at this she sood up and walked off, breaking her gaze. Lyre gasped for breath. And when she retrieved it, she lay there, in disbelief.

The cat heard everything. He heard the truth. And he heard the enemy's remarks. But he thought it time for a little meeting with the friend. But never the enemy. Never.