

Eprendre ...SC vignette...

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Cute scene of my SC created character, with Raphael Sorel - she doesn't know French, but he does!

Shadowmitsu/Sha-mitsu, and story © me / DarthPhoenix17.

Raphael Sorel, Yoshimitsu, and Soul Calibur © Namco.

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1 - Eprendre

The room was dark, with only steady footsteps to intrude upon the silence... a young girl turned to the approaching footsteps, noticing them to be of the French noble she admired so. His light hair appeared somewhat untidy, and his eyes tired; while he stared upon her, yet seemed to be looking pass her soul, at something she did not know. Her eyes lowered, returning to the papers on her desk; as she gathered them together, keeping her head on a slight tilt, so that any movement from the man behind her, would be within the corner of her eye.

"I see you will not greet me, is there something the matter?" He spoke in a calm voice, but she could hear the sharpness of his tongue; and wondered why he was such a bitter man. Shadowmitsu cringed a little, turning ever so slightly towards him, without lifting her head to look up; while dark strands fell across her cheek, obscuring her view of him.

"If you insist one more time... I will tell you the meaning of which you want to know." Raphael said in so low, and gentle a voice; that Shadowmitsu curiously looked to his face, and felt a slight warmth wash over her pale cheeks, feeling shy once again at how beautiful his elegant features were, as he observed her quietly. His mouth slowly formed into what appeared to be a small smirk, as he turned away from her, followed with a casual wave from the back of his right hand; walking across the somewhat empty room.

Shadowmitsu listened to the sounds of his walk, thinking to herself that it was not quite unlike that of the man she loved secretly in her heart; closing her eyes, in the reminiscence of her beautiful Lord, who had cared for her so very long ago... Raphael was not him - she knew that now, after the moment their lips had touched that time she approached him on that dark night; but it was difficult to deny the similarities were quite the same for both these beautiful men.

"Wait..." Shadowmitsu turned, realising she did want to know, despite how many times Raphael refused to tell her, and seemed to enjoy teasing her, because she could not understand the meaning... Raphael's hand came to rest on the door frame, while his figure was silhouetted by the lights outside the entrance; and turned his head to the side, without directly looking back, as answer that he waited for her.

An awkward silence pressured Shadowmitsu to continue herself, realising that because he did stand still; that he had heard her, while she wished desperately to herself that she had been too quiet to hear, over the crickets chirping ever so merrily outside in the Autumntime, which coloured the temple's surroundings throughout the grounds, and inspired many a paintings from those who cared to take in nature's beauty.

"Ahem... uh... what... umm... w-what does, '*éprendre*', translate to... my Lord?" She added the title, remembering her manners, hoping that she would be approved of by Yoshimitsu's upbringing; and wasn't sure, against the outside light upon Raphael's face, that she could have sworn even if, for only the slightest moment, that his features moved, forming something of a smirk; while Raphael lowered his head, turning away from the room, removing his hand from the door frame, stepping out into the night, as a cold air brushed past him; entering the room, and creating a slight draft that gently blew the dark

curtains around the doorway.

"...to fall in love, *with*..."