

# Timeless love

Von Dieur\_Mind

## Kapitel 2: Visions

The next day Margareta was pulled aside by Marina as she was on her way to breakfast.

"So what do you think of him?"

"Oh, he's really talented...I've never before heard someone play the piano so beautifully."

"And..?"

Margareta looked at her cousin, raising an eyebrow. "And what?"

Marina rolled her eyes. "Do you like him?"

"Marina! He arrived yesterday, we've only just met!" For the rest of the way she walked in silence, ignoring the looks from the other girl. But inside she asked herself: "Do I like him?" And she couldn't suppress the tingling feeling welling up inside her when she thought of him. When she called back the memory of his voice and his mesmerizing eyes.

At breakfast her father informed them that their guest would not attend, that he had asked to be left alone until sundown. Margareta was disappointed, but she remained calm much to Marina's disappointment.

After the meal Margareta went to get her drawing stuff and left for her favourite place in the garden to finish her latest drawing.

From the window of his office August watched her. He really loved his daughter. And was proud of her. Maybe he felt so strongly because she was his youngest child and his only daughter. It pained him to give her away to marriage but he knew she could not stay with him forever. He was getting old, he was past his fiftieth year now, and she had to be cared for when he was gone. But he swore to choose her future husband wisely.

Thoughts like that were going through his head as his eyes still followed Margareta until she disappeared between the trees. Then he returned to his desk to open the

letter that had been delivered that morning. The seal had made him curious. News from France had become rare those days. And he was always glad to hear his son was well.

But then he paled, when he read on. So the rumours were true. Breathing hard he put the letter down on his desk, then got up, pacing back and forth through the room.

At the same time in the garden Margareta knew nothing of her father's worries. She lay in the grass, looking at the sky and allowed herself to dream. Her thoughts always returned to him. Darius...

Faintly she heard his voice singing, not knowing if it was real or her imagination. Then it stopped abruptly and she heard another voice hissing: "Stop that, youngling. Such is forbidden your destiny is to fight." Then it disappeared.

When the voice of her aunt, Helene, reached her ears she opened her eyes. When had she closed them? She looked around and found nearly the entire day had passed. She quickly grabbed her stuff and returned to the house.

Helene stood in the doorway, looking at her.

"Where have you been all day? Hiding in the garden, haven't you? Such childishness will soon be over! You should really behave more adult, young lady."

Margareta bowed her head and stared at the floor.

"Yes, Helene." she replied.

Her aunt huffed. "Now go and change your dress. You managed to get this one dirty."

Margareta nodded and went to her room. She sat down by the window, waiting for the maid to assist her.

Outside the sun was setting behind the trees. When she had changed, Margareta dismissed the maid. Carefully she put away her drawings, then she left the room. Across the hallway and around the corner lay Darius' rooms. None of the servants had yet gone to him, Margareta knew that from the maid. Curiosity rose in her and before she knew it her feet chose to walk into the direction of his rooms.

First she pressed her ear to the wooden door but no sound came from the inside. Carefully she tried to move the door handle and was surprised to find the door unlocked. Silently she slipped inside and closed the door behind her.

The room was dimly lit by a single candle on a small table. Several sheets of paper lay next to it, most of them filled with writing. Across the room stood a large four-post bed. The bed curtains were drawn back and even in the dimness Margareta could see that Darius was lying on the bed. He was fully dressed, save for his bare feet. His shoes stood under a chair next to the bed. A large sword rested against the same chair, its hilt and sheath shimmering in the candlelight.

She walked closer and saw his eyelids were closed. His chest moved slightly and his eyes were moving under his eyelids.

Margareta couldn't suppress the urge to brush away a strand of hair from his face. But she wasn't prepared for what happened next. As soon as her fingers made contact with the skin of his face, sudden blackness surrounded her and she felt herself drawn elsewhere.

She saw a group of men sitting in a torch-lit room. All of them were dressed in red and black leather, wearing long coats and pieces of armour. They were drinking and laughing and there was a little voice telling Margareta that she saw what Darius was dreaming. And when she caught her reflection in the armour of one of the other men it was indeed Darius' face looking back at her.

Then the scene changed. A wide open plain...the scent of danger was thick in the air. In the distance a line of enemies formed and suddenly battle erupted. Darius' companions, his brothers, fought fiercely...but one after one they fell. Until only one other was left. Leaning shoulder against shoulder, facing away from each other they stood, catching their breath. They were surrounded by opponents, the number of them overwhelming the two warriors. Silently nodding to each other they stormed forward, once more to attack. He was taken in a frenzy and when he came to his senses again, he was the only one standing. His brother lay slain, like the others. An agonized scream erupted from his throat.

Still having that sound ringing in her ears, Margareta returned to the present. She gasped and opened her eyes. Her cheeks were damp with tears she hadn't realised she had been crying and when her view focussed on the man before her, she found his eyes staring back at her.

**end chapter two**