

# Timeless love

Von Dieur\_Mind

## Kapitel 5: Dawn

It was shortly before the night gave way for a new day's beginning and almost all lay in deep slumber. Except for Darius, who just returned to the estate. He had slipped into the main house unnoticed and was about to retreat into his rooms, when a loud shrieking cry echoed through the halls. Only moments later doors burst open and members of the household came running, heading towards Margareta's bedchamber. Darius turned and went there too. The sight he was greeted with was not a pleasant one.

Helene sat on the edge of the girl's bed, trying to calm her, Marina, only dressed in her nightgown stood next to the bed, eyes staring and utter shock written all over her face. In the middle of the room stood the master of the estate, August, staring at his beloved daughter, his hands folded as if in prayer. Indeed he was praying, Darius' sharp ears caught some of the mumbled words:

"Good Lord, have mercy and spare my daughter, do not take her from me the same way as her mother, my wife. Take your curse from her, she has never done evil or spoken ill of you..."

He turned to look at Margareta. She was still struggling, sobbing and every now and then pleading words left her trembling lips:

"No, go away...don't...make them go away...please..."

The aftermath of a powerful vision was still in the air, tingling in Darius' senses. It told him what had happened and a wave of guilt swept through him. Faint images, echoes of her vision, reached him and he caught sight of THEM. The emotionless mask of his creators, who had become his nemesis.

He tried to reach Margareta telepathically but she had built a barrier around her mind to protect herself. A barrier he didn't dare to breach, he didn't want to risk shattering her mind to pieces. Which seemed what her father thought already had happened. He feared that insanity had claimed her.

They all felt relieved when the girl finally calmed down. Helene held her cradled in her arms now, speaking softly to her. August turned to leave but stopped when he saw Darius standing in the doorway. He turned his sorrowed face away, not wanting to

involve their guest further, ashamed that he had witnessed the incident. Silently he stepped past Darius, but was stopped again by a hand that grabbed him by his arm.

"It is not insanity plaguing your daughter, be assured. I know what haunts her."

"We can talk about this later. Go to rest, young friend. I am very sorry you have been disturbed." August replied after sighing deeply. Then he left, but Darius remained standing in the doorway.

Meanwhile Helene had sent her daughter back to her room and Marina obeyed without further discussion. Helene's eyes crossed with Darius' and she rose, carefully placing Margareta down to lie on the pillows of her bed again.

"I am so sorry you had to witness this" she addressed him, crossing the room. "It seems my sister has passed on more to her than her good looks..." while speaking she had pushed Darius out of the room and silently closed the door.

"You see...Magda has been the sweetest person I ever knew...I loved my sister dearly and it was painful to see her falling into insanity as time passed..." she paused, searching for words, "...until she couldn't stand it anymore and..." her voice broke as she spoke.

By then Darius had a very clear idea of what has happened. But he wanted to know for sure.

"How...did she die?"

A sob escaped Helene's throat before she was able to calm herself.

"She...she drowned herself in the small lake nearby...she had planned to take Margareta with her but the girl survived. She doesn't remember, but..."

Darius put a hand on her shoulder, offering comfort.

"I see." he said. "You should rest. Margareta is sleeping again and you should too."

"As should you, young man." She replied and he nodded. His instincts told him that the sun had already risen and it was weakening him, his body seeking slumber. He slightly bowed to Helene and turned to find shelter in his rooms.

At breakfast Margareta was as calm and friendly as ever, obviously having no memory at all about the nightly incident. Everything seemed back to normal and so no one held her back when she took off into the garden to draw.

But soon the sky was clouding over, being a first sign of a storm approaching.

And the stormclouds were mirrored in Margareta's eyes, usually sparkling with colour, had turned a dark grey. Her usual smile was wiped away and she kept silent, not speaking a word until she was spoken to directly.

The candles were lit early that day, as the sky was already as dark as at night and in the afternoon the storm came with rolling thunder and heavy rainfall.

Darius rose early, his rest disturbed by the sound of the storm and his mind occupied with a still unsolved issue. He washed and dressed and headed downstairs afterwards. His destination was August's office and one of the servants confirmed that it was indeed the place where he was to be found.

He knocked and entered the office, finding August pacing back and forth through the room. A letter was lying on his desk, the seal still unbroken.

"I hope I am not disturbing you. Do you have time to talk?" Darius asked politely.

August barely nodded, gesturing him to sit down in one of the chairs by the fireplace. He did as offered and waited until the elderly man had seated himself in the opposite chair. Then he spoke:

"I know you are in deep concern about your daughter. You fear that insanity is upon her. But I tell you, that is not the case."

"How can you be so sure? I have seen this happen once already and I fear what is to follow."

Darius shook his head. He had no clue how but he wanted to convince August, prove to him that Margareta was still sane.

"History will not repeat itself here. I told you already, I know what haunts your daughter and I am offering to help."

Now it was August who shook his head, still unbelieving.

"I fear only god can help her now, Darius, my friend."

Inside Darius groaned. It seemed impossible to convince the other man. So he chose a different strategy.

"Well, then let me at least continue her musical training. Music is known for calming the mind." he insisted.

Giving in, August nodded.

"Do your best and may your hope stay strong. It has to be so for all of us, for mine is slowly leaving me."

With that he rose, at the same time dismissing Darius, who rose as well, bowed and left. At the door he politely greeted Helen, who had been waiting outside. She bowed her head lightly, returning the greeting before she disappeared behind the closing door of the office.

"August, we must talk." She saw her brother-in-law nodded slowly and continued.

"We must act quickly before it becomes worse. You can't delay her marriage any further."

She was interrupted by August raising his hand.

"I know, Helene, but where to find someone for her? Such things should be well prepared."

She stepped closer to him, putting a hand on his arm.

"Do not worry. I know the perfect match for her. He's of royal blood, he's rich and he adores Margareta. She will be well cared for."

August nodded, defeated.

"Her birthday is next month. Four weeks should be enough for preparations, don't you think?"

Again he nodded, the whole time telling himself that it was the right thing to do.

**end chapter five**