

In for a dime

Von alanqi

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„Floean“. The voice of Noir could be heard in the whole building. Laila ran into the studying room immediately, but Floean did not appear. Noir was getting really upset, he threw his book into the next corner und jumped out of his comfortable sitting place near the window. “Where has this fool gone?” shouted Noir as he ran his left hand through his hair, roughly tucking at a knot. “He is always getting himself into trouble. Causing other people to babysit all the time and there he goes happily wandering of by himself. And of all things without telling anybody his destination or at least his reason ... Arrgh” The witty thief slapped a chair which tumbled noisily to the floor.” Laila watched Noir with weary eyes. She admired the well build man with a smugness that bordered on mean. A trait that, being brought up on the streets, made her bow to his needs and smile to the success of a natural alpha. She knew the danger which came with that trait, too. Nobody made it through the streets without learnig to fight and deal with fate, this left a mark, an acceptance for violence as a normal way to treat what was considered wrong. Today the dark haired man was really mad and she was beginning to scown herself because she was his first vasall and had not known about Floean’s whereabouts. Nothing to do about it now, that Laila knew, so apologise and bow to the alpha which roared in Noirs behaviour.

“I’m sorry, I have absolutely no idea where he has gone or when he left the house.”

“So it could be hours.” Noir’s voice was laced with a sentiment that Laila resented deeply. A sentiment that the blond aristocrat put there as he had taught the thief by his mere presence, what was best forgotten on the street in favour of survival. It shook the first vasall to the bones the danger it brought upon Noir in his world of success, that little concern shining even through his thundering voice. “I don’t know”, Laila replied nervously twitching her fingers behind her back. Noir’s eyes zoomed in on her fidgeting, it was a sign of weakness she rarely displayed. The gentleman-thief examined her closely. Laila had always been completely loyal to him. There had never been a day where he had been forced to wonder about her reasons. And there where a dozen more people in this house, people whom he trusted as much as he trusted her and none of them had realized something important got lost. Noir walked over to the window and let his eyes travel up and down the road in front. Most prescious amethysts had wormed their way out of his safety net and into town and all he could do for now was watch and wait. Laila left his study immediately tears stuck in her eyes she and the others had disappointed Noir. The proud man at the study-window hurt inside and the only cure for said pain had walked out of his reach. She sighed, poor Ray, but it goes as people say: Beautiful things are a dime a dozen. If you find the one that is different you’re in for a penny in for a pound while you’re heart is in a deuce of

a stir and your actions show the accuracy of a bull in a china shop. Laila shook her head, all was no use Noir was like a dying duck in a thunderstorm watching a storm in a teacup for ever and a day. Not for a snowballs chance in hell was this a flash in the pan.