

Farewell, My Love

by kereia

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N/A

Chapter 1 of 1

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Written for Challenge Twenty-One at [romancingwizard](#). Prompt: Sir Nicholas de Mimsy Porpington.

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The waning crescent of the moon shone through the bars of his prison cell, its pale light lost next to the candle. Only the threadbare blanket from his cot staved off the winter cold. He sat hunched over the writing desk, scribbling feverishly. The tip of his quill scratched loudly against the heavy parchment, and ink stains covered his fingertips.

My dearest Grieve,

Even as dawn draws near and, with it, the last hours of my life, I entreat you, hold fast to the knowledge that my heart will always be yours. While I dread this last farewell, I live in the hope that the sight of your face may be the final marvel upon which I may rest my eyes. Let your loveliness be the light that guides me beyond this realm, for I adore your every feature, from the sun-kissed ocean inside your eyes to the buckteeth revealed with every joyous smile. Know that, even though I deeply regret that I altered them to their current form, to my eyes, tusks cannot mar your beauty.

Accept this token of my affection. Cherish it, my love, and remember the life that we were denied.

Thus I must leave you but, Grieve, do not weep for me. Though it is your own father who commands my death, I depart this life unburdened by ill thoughts and with the sincerest hope that you will find happiness again.

Forever,

Sir Nicholas de Mimsy Porpington

He carefully placed the locket onto the parchment, folded it, and watched as the wax dripped in a steady rhythm onto the letter—red as blood, every drop in morbid synchrony with the ticking clock of the church tower across the square.

After he'd pressed his signet ring into the congealing mass, he turned to the servant boy next to him. "Take this," he said and folded the boy's hands around the letter. "Take this to my Lady Grieve, and let neither storms, nor wizardry, nor her father's wrath detain you."

On Christmas morning, when he was escorted onto the square—his arms tied behind his back, the lace of his ruff whipping at his face with every gust of wind—his eyes swept the crowd that had assembled. Witches and wizards stood with solemn faces, and his heart slowed with every second that she eluded his searching gaze. As he was commanded to kneel, he spied her father's cold smile.

He closed his eyes, reconciled to his fate, and kneeled. Then, movement caught his eyes, and he saw her, hooded in a dark cloak, her eyes red with unshed tears, her tusks hidden behind a shawl, and her hands clasping the locket's silver chain. Springing to his feet, he bowed with a flourish. "Fear not, my sweet lady," he called out as silence descended over the chattering crowd. "We shall be together again as soon as I haunt your father into an early grave."

He winked before her father's spell forced him back to his knees.

The End