

Her for it was a public
affair.

[Environment](#), [Air](#)



Her presence made every person turn and stare. Her persona filled the room with a cold chilling air of beauty and astringency. The man looked up. Her face was veiled but she radiated elegance, her eyes though lurking beneath the cascading darkness seemed to dart towards him as though piercing his heart.

He would do whatever she requested. Anything. She held his heart, his will, his life in her slender icy fingers. A flicker of a smirk could be seen beneath her armour as her eyes flashed around the extensive room. Guards stood at each palatial doorway, each as beautiful as the next. High collars repressed their throats and each had coruscating blades strapped on their backs. An audience had gathered, for it was a public affair. Though they all wore clothes that were tattered and torn, each face had its own individual charm, though none could compare to the veiled woman.

She owned her own unique beauty that had entranced everyone. Each face, save the guards at the doors who only looked forward with strict obedience, looked at her with ultimate submission; the man, it seemed, was not the only one who had fallen under her enchantment. After several minutes of silence as the room accustomed to the magnificent stranger they saw before them, the doors burst open and a woman with two children, a baby and a young girl were pulled into the hall by chains by a tall deathly looking woman with strict angles, she bowed and hurried out of the room to hunt her next victim.

The confined woman's wails and her baby's cry were silenced as they fell to their knees in front of the queenly figure. The audience turned in unison, as

though under the same spell, to look at the sorry sight before them. The woman they could see had been beaten and thrashed.

The small girl still had fear in her trembling olive eyes, though they were glazed over almost unseeing. The woman addressed the crowd. Her voice was quiet yet filled the vast space, it was soft but harsh and cold.” Are you guilty?” The man grinned and nodded his head, “ Yes” There was no reaction, only a few nodded their heads but the woman seemed to radiate delight.” This man is guilty of treason against me and his country. His family will be sentenced to death by his hand.” The man picked up the gun.

He pointed at the chained woman; his wife. The spell upon her dropped and she broke down in weeping. She clutched her children. She did not beg for she knew it would not change anything.