

A sight to die
for



"I hate her". The wine on the table was starting to look unsavory, standing there for two hours, absorbing every speck of dust in the room. "She's so annoying and pedantic and... and... how do you say it?"

"Pretentious". The man let the words slide on his tongue, not taking his eyes off the glass before him. With his thumb he rubbed one of his fangs before taking a sip of the beverage. She was unsure if it was wine or another thing.

"Yeah! Pretentious". She took her glass and dumped the rest of its contents on her mouth. It was sour which made her nose scrunch. The man didn't seem to notice, he never looked directly at her, no one did.

"You know, as much as I, sometimes, appreciate your company, I think it's time for you to go to sleep". The man left his glass on the table and stood up, dusting his clothes off. "Also, maybe, stop lying to yourself, you are fond of her."

"Are you delusional?". The man grunted. "Sorry".

"Look, I don't like you that much but I suffer seeing you so lonely. Go get yourself someone who actually likes you or appreciates your time, you'll be happier." The man opened the door and signaled for her to leave.

"You are such a jackass sometimes." She stood up and stumbled a bit, holding alcohol wasn't one of her strengths. "I know you like me, you are my friend aren't you?"

"Sure." He took a long time before answering which made her a little insecure but she tried to hide it. "and as a friend" ("Such a good friend") "I suggest you go to sleep, think about this tomorrow, maybe tend to the garden while pondering."

She didn't want to fight with him and left quickly. The hallways were always too narrow for her liking and she felt the walls closing around every time she walked through. The lobby was a quick release for the anxiety they built up inside her. It was empty, it usually was, and most of the doors that lead to it closed. She quickly slithered to the lower middle door and closed it behind, making a loud noise that broke the quiet ambience the lobby had.

She heard rustling coming from the room and sped up to catch the intruder. The glow coming from inside betrayed who it was. She saw the ghost sitting there, not really in the same plane as her. The bed was completely still even though she was there, not noticing the supposed weight that was on it. The woman was looking at herself in a hand mirror, or through herself, she couldn't really tell. She cleared her throat, surprising the ghost that turned to look at her, quickly putting the mirror away.

"Oh, sorry". The glow inside her eyes grew brighter as if she hadn't had that voidless look just moments before. "I came to take some of my things and got distracted, I'll get out of your hair in a moment"

She couldn't help but smile, what a stupid excuse. Everything in that house was "her things". She saw the ghost fidgeting as if she was searching for the correct words to express what she was thinking.

"I'm sorry". The ghost looked into her eyes and made her quickly look away, maybe an instinct grown by the thousands petrified after doing the exact same thing, but she didn't turn into a statue. The ghost couldn't become one and Medusa could always feel safe looking at her. Or at least, she could before. "I know I've hurt you and I know I probably will do again in the future and I'm sorry".

She was so weak.

"It's fine, we can just forget it happened and live with it" The ghost stood up, her tail flowing as she moved towards her. Her aura caused Medusa to shiver when she got closer, it was hard to get accustomed to it. Slowly, the Ghost raised her hand, resting it on the gorgon's cheek. The cold caused her to get goosebumps, she could never get accustomed to the touch of the spirit.

"I can't forget what happened". With a little murmur she added "I don't want to forget what happened."

Medusa got a little farther away, crossing her arms before her. She could feel the rubor growing on her ears and couldn't find a good answer.

"We can keep being friends, Clara, losing that would be way too painful" If He could hear her now... She was quite sure He was listening in, probably laughing at her for saying that after the three hour rant in his room.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I want to sleep now though so we can catch up tomorrow or whatever". She unblocked the door, not that the other woman needed her to, and signaled for her to leave. The ghost stood there, looking through her, lost in thought. "Hello?"

"Oh sorry, I was just wondering something. See you tomorrow then" And with that she just disappeared. With a quick sigh, she lied on bed and closed her eyes. She quickly realized that sleep wasn't going to come anytime soon. She sat down again and took a deep breath. With a quick movement, she took one of the blankets lying on the chair and went outside. The lobby was as empty as it was before, not a sound could be heard.

Slowly, she turned the knob, trying to keep the room undisturbed. Click. Great, it was locked. Carefully, she moved the furniture closest to the door, taking the spare key hiding under it and opening the door. The cold embraced her as soon as she crossed the door. She used the blanket to cover herself the best she could and ventured towards the greenhouse.

Once there, surrounded by her favorite flowers and the smell of fertilizer she finally felt at peace. Slowly, she went to the corner of the room and took her sketchbook and drawing supplies.

"Here again, I see" Medusa jumped on her seat and quickly turned around to look at the little bat that had just talked.

"Oh my lord, you scared me shitless" The animal sat down on her lap and stared at the sketches. He didn't know it but in that form he was actually pretty cute. He started going through the pages, using his snout to pass from one to the other. It was mostly flowers so she didn't really care too much. Most of the flowers had no color and the bat stopped on the ones that did out of curiosity. It was always the same two flowers: violets and lavender.

"Why do you always only paint those two?" She looked at the pages. Even though she wasn't a painter, she was quite proud of those drawings.

"Violets are my favorites" That was a lie, well, mostly a lie. She hadn't had a favorite flower until close to a year ago, when someone she fancied gave her a bouquet. They were the ones that were now planted along the walls of the greenhouse.

"And lavender?"

"I just enjoy the smell" The animal made a weird noise, probably a scoff if he was in his original form.

"I can hear your heart beating out of your chest. I thought we were friends, why don't you tell me the truth?" The red took over her face quickly, spreading to her neck just as quick. The creature's laughter filled the greenhouse instantly. "Oh my, why is it beating even faster no-"

With a quick hand movement, she threw the animal on the ground and proceeded to hit him as many times as she could with the sketchbook. They weren't a lot, as he soon transformed again into a man. He continued laughing and the woman hit him again with the notebook.

"Oh for fuck's sake, relax. I was just joking" She still felt the hot blood running under her skin. "Being a bat I can't sense it, but I do now... Ouch, stop with the stupid drawings."

As he said that and she tried to hit him again, a couple of papers fell to the ground. She caught a glimpse of the drawings imprinted there before the man took them.

"OH. WAIT. Shi's si inniying ind pidintic and pritinti-"

"Aren't you too old to be doing that"

"I need to keep myself updated on modern slang. Would you imagine if I only used old sayings? That would be ridiculous, or, as the youngsters would say, cringe."

"Oh my god, just give me a mirror so I can end this."

"No, no, no, you are not escaping this, why do you have a lot of drawings of her?" He turned them around and started changing one with another, as if it were a presentation. She couldn't think of a lie quick enough.

"Well, I am fond of her, and what? She 's married."

"To a dead and decomposing man"

"AND HER HUSBAND"

"Okay... Her dead and decomposing HUSBAND or whatever." He continued passing the drawings, she was now realizing how many of them there were. "You know, we all can tell she likes you too, why won't you tell her?"

"I did" She whispered as quietly as she could, as if saying it out loud made it finally true.

"She said she was married and that she couldn't accept my love."

"What an idiot. Imagine rejecting such a beautiful woman for a dead and decomposing man."

"You don't need to tell me" He gave her the drawings and a little nudge, his form of offering comfort.

"Then time to move on" He transformed into a bat and flew away quickly, he probably needed to find a victim or someone to feed on. Slowly, she tucked the loose papers inside the notebook, trying not to bend or wrinkle them.

She took her supplies and went to sit next to a lavender plant. With some quick movements the traces soon became a beautiful drawing of the plant and... the ghost beside it. She wrinkled that page and started a new drawing. The flowers forming a crown... On top of Clara's head. Now the flowers are on a vase, next to the ghost's hands. With a long sigh she closed the sketchbook and put it down. She suddenly felt the air around her get heavier.

"I didn't know you liked me that much" The ghost appeared out of thin air. She couldn't be more embarrassed than she was before so she didn't try to hide the drawings from the ghost.

"I vividly remember telling you a couple of months ago"

"Well, I don't think it matters now. I already destroyed the possibility, didn't I?" No, she was still infatuated with her but she deserved better than that, didn't she?

"You did"

"Okay then, I'm sorry I did, I kind of wish I wasn't that stupid last time."

"It 's okay. Time to move on" She looked directly at the ghost. Her brightness annoyed her at first but she quickly got used to it. She couldn't help but smile. She was quite sad, as anyone would expect after being rejected and then reliving the experience; however, she felt better than one would imagine. She had told her and she got rejected, at least she had tried.

"I can't. I was thinking about it. I don't love my husband, I never did. I'm so tired of pretending I do." With each word, she moved her hands as if pushing the ground which

made her levitate a bit higher. "I pretend even now, when there's no court whispering behind my back and nobles aren't stuck up in my business. One of my biggest regrets was rejecting the love of my life and I don't want to have that happen again while I'm dead."

She got closer to her. The ghostly aura caused her to shiver, she would never get used to that.

"I'm sorry, I really am" A hand reached out towards her, as if wanting to get closer but asking for permission first. She took it and pulled her close. "I was dumb and stupid and a idiot and I love you"

That caught her by surprise. The woman in front of her was staring intensely as if waiting for something to happen. With a pull, she hugged the ghost. Her arms felt her body but she could also feel how they sunk a bit into her, as if passing through her.

"I think I want to kiss you" She couldn't stop herself from saying that outloud. "But I don't think I can do that without going through you"

"Well, you already have done it, I don't think anything has changed since then"

"Wait, what?" Clara laughed and she could almost swear that a little bit of red appeared on her cheeks.

"Oh, you were too drunk to remember, it's fine, you can try again" The ghost smiled brightly and got a little bit closer.

"You rejected me and then kissed me?"

"Oh, god no, I wouldn't dare. YOU kissed me and then I rejected you... Several months later." She could feel her blood quickly running to her face. It was kind of funny if you think about it, people usually say snakes are cold blooded.

"LATER? WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?" The ghost laughed again and she couldn't help but smile under her rubor. She used both her hands to cover her face. Clara took both her wrists and moved her hands to the side, not without first kissing one of her palms.

She woke up a few hours later, still in the greenhouse. The ghost was nowhere to be seen. Had it all been just a dream?

She was too cold to feel most of her body. She just... Why did it feel so sweet at the corner of her lips?