TITLE

It was dark now in the lower level of the Queen’s guildhouse. Quiet save for the occasional murmuring of the few who did not seek sleep, but the endless and empty comforts of a bottle. The blue haired assassin was doing the same herself.

Faces haunted her. Each time she closed her eyes with the intention of ‘sleep,’ she saw a different face, but they always lead back to the same dreadful expression that would haunt her every waking moment until she died. She glared into the amber liquid that swirled in her goblet, the flicker of the lamplight playing tricks on her eyes, turning her azure reflection to silver. Cold. Empty.

She bit her lip, her grip tightening on the mug before she raised it to her lips, draining its contents swiftly while savoring the burning sensation down her throat. It wasn’t often she drank, as she didn’t particularly like the effects alcohol tended to have on the senses, tonight, however, was an exception.

She was still for a moment, her hair casting a shadow over her face as memories danced before her eyes. Faces of those who passed. Faces of those she’d never see. Words never said. Words forgotten. Regrets. Death. All longing to be smothered underneath a blanket of blissful intoxication.

She closed her eyes, wanting to block out the damning light, only to find the image of a cold smile, accompanied with a set of golden eyes. Then there was red, lifeless silver eyes staring into nothing, cold skin, brown hair matted with blood…

She stood abruptly, her stool scraping across the wooden floor. It wasn’t enough. She needed a distraction. She needed *more*. She needed that familiar numbness that had taken a hold of her so long ago but had fled her now, leaving her empty and alone.

Her feet were moving before she could register where they were taking her. By the time she realized she was at Yorick’s door, she was already knocking.

There was a pause and the muffled noise of shuffling, the young paladin opening the door with a creak as he looked down at Isabella groggily. His white hair was disheveled, his pants wrinkled and torso bare, his voice rough and gravely from sleep, “Isabella? What time is it? What do you want? What happened?”

She didn’t raise her head, however, only her gloved hand as she splayed her fingers over his chest, pressing gently against his bare skin before shoving him back forcefully, making him stumble in surprise and fall back onto his bed, “Isabella? What the hell?!”

Her steps were sure despite their subtle sway, the door shutting behind her with a soft click. She had to concentrate on her actions, her motor skills obviously hindered and thoughts unclear. She knew she was taking advantage of the poor boy, but she was selfish and knew he was indulgent to her whims. She didn’t care if she’d remember or regret this later. She just wanted the face of someone else, the touch of someone *living*.

She stopped in front of the confused paladin, kneeling in front of him on the bed as he backed away slowly. She kept her gaze down, touching his leg and leaning forward to rest her forehead against his shoulder, “Help me forget their faces.”

Yorick tensed at her touch, unsure whether he was dreaming or awake, the assassin’s blue hair tickling the skin of his chest and neck. She had never approached him like this before, never in his wildest dreams, yet her words were soft and tempting. She was warm, alive, and in his arms, asking for his touch, for *him*. It was enough to send his pulse erratic, his nerves frenzied with adrenaline, something he usually only felt on the battlefield.

And yet…

The assassin finally shifted and looked up to meet his gaze, her eyes distant with the glimmer of pain, too deep for him to reach. She smelled like alcohol.

He lifted his right hand for a moment, as if to give in to his own desires and abide her request, despite himself, but he stopped, palm hovering inches over her hair. His left hand supporting their weight bunched tightly in the sheets, his right hand clenching before he touched her shoulder and gently pushed her away from him.

There was a flash of agony within her eyes that sent a sharp painful stab through the paladin’s chest before it was again filled with that familiar emptiness he was so used to seeing on the surface. As if he had just watched the thorny wall of hers reconstruct before his very eyes. It was almost enough to change his mind.

Her voice was quiet when she spoke again, tight and resigned, “Of course not.”

She closed her eyes and flopped on the bed, burying her face in the pillow as she withdrew into a meditative state, akin to a drunken sleep.

All Yorick could do was watch her, her expression almost peaceful and breathing even as she was now. It made her look younger and less menacing, beautiful even.

He sighed and dragged a hand through his hair before pulling the covers over the sleeping assassin, sitting down on the floor and leaning his back against the frame, drifting off into his own conflicted thoughts.