

GENRE

Fairy Tale and/or Fantasy

ACTION

Shearing an animal

WORD

pact

Sisters

Sol's skirts moved like sunset glossed water. She left a trail of golden glass beads down the black alabaster stairs.

She smelled the singed flesh of the beast. His massive figure lay crumpled on the balcony beyond, ram horns silhouetted by night. White moonlight spotlighted the scene.

"I will finish this," she thought, silver shears held to her chest. Her breath strained against her copper corset.

Her skirts swirled. She threw her back against a black marble column, listening.

The beast moaned, wounded yet alive. Sol closed her amber eyes, hands trembling around the shears. She repeated the pact with molten gold lips, propelling herself to the balcony.

The graying beast brayed, too weak to rise. The shears sliced around the burning embers of his haunches, sending clumps of smoking curls to the black stone floor. She grabbed the shroud, ran to the railing.

The beast turned to slash her, pearl-white claws gleaming in the moonlight, but he smoldered from her touch and pain consumed him.

Sol yelled "Luna!" And thrust her trophy-mantle to the stars. The balcony shook. The moon poured a silvered beam of thick light to the cobblestones. Luna emerged on the path in her opal-clad glory.

The beast turned his yellow eyes to the goddesses and roared. Luna grabbed the sheet of wool from Sol, draping it around her bare silver shoulders.

"Sister! Freedom!" Luna cried, reaching for Sol's gilded hand. They ascended, the sun and moon, retaking their places while the beast collapsed below, burning.