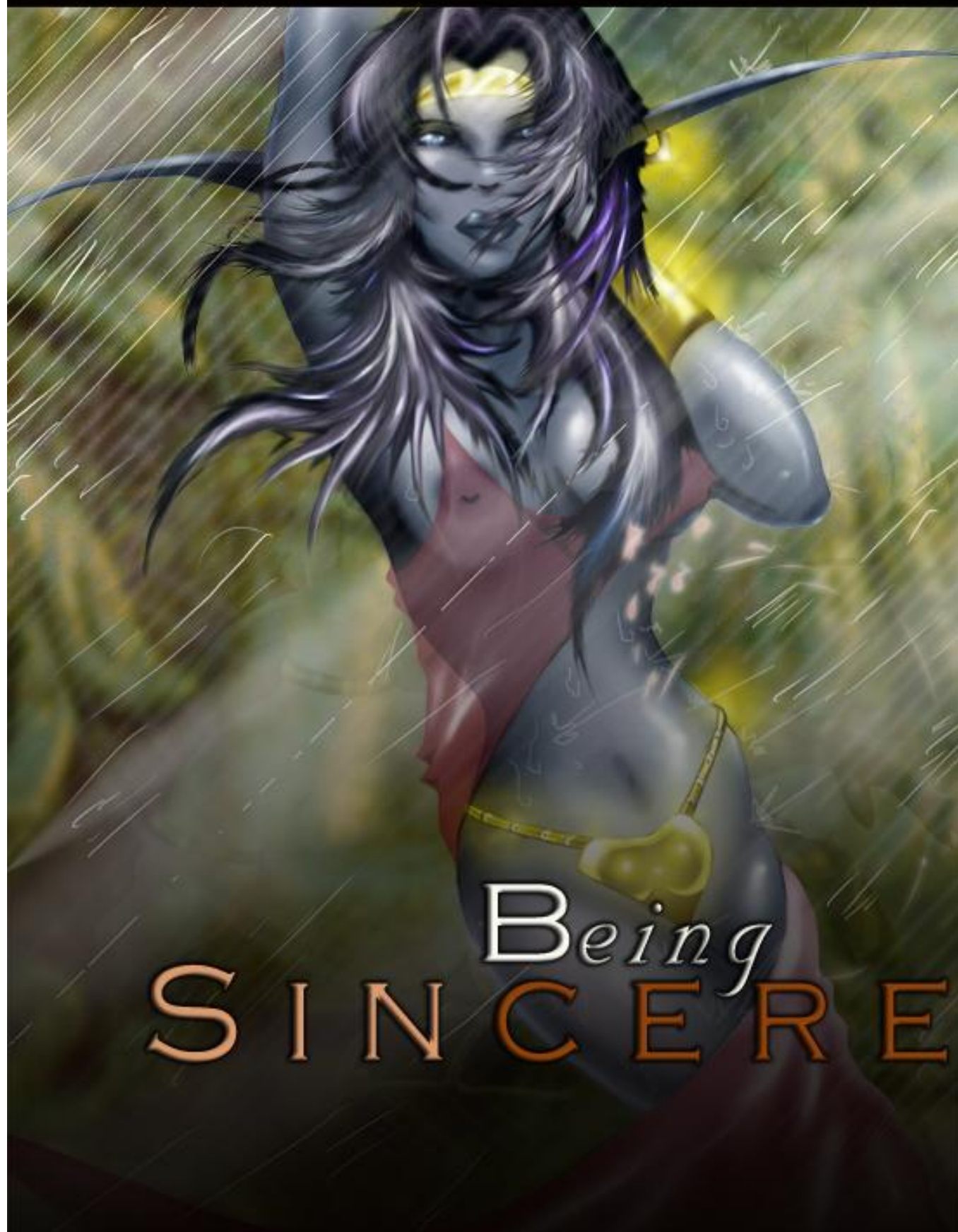


TATIANA CALDWELL



Being
SINCERE

BEING SINCERE

A Short Story

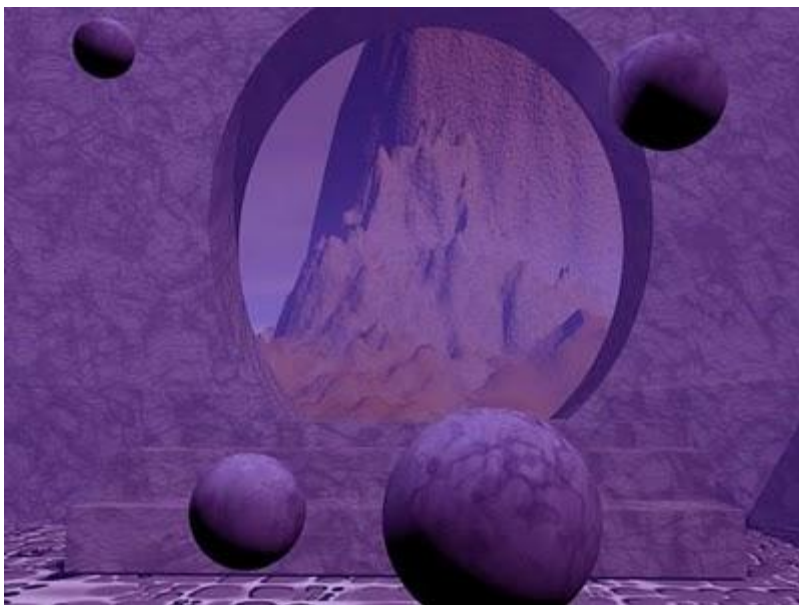
Sincere sat on the floor at the altar of the temple, his legs folded and his hands outstretched. His eyes were closed, but he could sense all four of the spheres carved out of stone nearby, could feel their stationary and heavy mass. He was aware that the sun was rising, and that within the hour this temple of their dark city in the mountains would be flooded with natural light.

Above all though, he could sense that *she* was there. She was being silent, but her presence could not be mistaken. And it was impossible for him to ignore her. He could smell the familiar fragrance she chose to wear, hear the soft rustle of her silk garments.

“Ebony, I know you are here.”

“I know that you know,” she responded. “I can wait until you are done.”

He concentrated first on levitating one sphere, and then the other, with his mind. Two of the spheres floated high and easy. A third one however barely lifted off the floor, and he could not get the fourth to budge at all.



Sincere opened his eyes and tried his magic again. The result this time was that only one sphere rose. He dropped his hands to his sides and closed his eyes again, then exhaled long and hard.

“You seem distracted, Sincere.”

“And you seem to enjoy distracting me.”

He could almost hear her smile as she spoke. “Maybe I do.”

“What do you want?” His voice was harsh.

“Just to talk.”

He opened his eyes and turned his head to face her.

She was the image of beauty.



Hair as dark as the night’s sky, eyes as light as the day’s. Her lips were full and thick while her body was slender and petite. His heart pounded against his chest. Why did this female torment him so?

“I can not concentrate with you here. We can discuss your issues some other time.”

“My issue is your issue,” she said. “You would not be so distracted if you would simply confront the truth about us.”

“The truth is that there is nothing between us.”

She closed the gap between them, moving to kneel before him. “That is not true.” She tenderly played in his white hair with her fingers, then she cupped his face in her hands, holding his gaze upon her. “Can you not feel it? Look me in the eyes and tell me that you feel nothing for me.”

Sincere stared at her, his pulse quickening at her touch. He concentrated on remaining still and stoic.

“I tend not to feel anything,” he said.

“You are not being sincere,” she said. Her hands now trailed down his chest as she touched him, examined him.

But he *was* being sincere. He did not usually feel anything. That was just who he was. He allowed himself to feel nothing but the drive to excel in his magic, to lead and mentor the wizards who were below him in level, and to serve the lord of his moon elf guild to his utmost capability. Desires of the flesh and heart would only distract him and wear him down, and so he had long ago forsaken such trivial pursuits. Yet, after over a century of discipline, this young apprentice shaman was making him grow weak.

Now she moved her hand to rest upon the bulge in his pants that was eagerly betraying him. “I have the evidence in my hand that you feel *something*.” She smirked at him.

“Ebony –” he protested, his voice a hoarse whisper.

“I do not believe you. Show me then, that you feel nothing at all.”

She sat upon his lap facing him, her bosom full and soft and warm against his chest. Her dark curls fell upon his shoulders, caressing him. She cradled her crotch against his as she put her arms around his neck to hold him close to her.

The pain of his want of her shot into his belly as his erection grew even harder.

Her lips brushed against his, but she did not initiate a kiss. She simply remained there for the longest moment, feeling him, letting him feel her, assaulting his senses.

Sincere closed his eyes and shook his head. "Since you insist, I will show you." He grabbed her head and attacked her mouth with his. Her tongue was sweet to taste, her lips fit perfectly against his. He let all of his inhibitions go as he kissed her with abandon. She had no idea how much she affected him, no idea how often he thought of her, no idea how much his world was changing because of her. Even he could not fully comprehend it enough to make it go away as he wished.

Gently, he pushed her off of him and stood up. He turned his back to her and began walking away, with the intent to hurry out of the temple before he displayed any more weakness. When he realized that she was not going to stop him, he paused.

He turned around and looked at the four stone spheres on the floor. With just the flick of his wrist, all four spheres levitated seven feet off the ground with ease.



Ebony looked up at him, silent, her expression one of complete confusion.

He sighed heavily as he slowly walked back towards her, thinking that this time when he kissed her, he was going to prove to *himself* that he felt nothing ...

**** The End ****

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Story url: <http://tatianacaldwell.com/2008/04/being-sincere/>

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