

I think this bit turned out well

By Holly Lisle

(An excerpt from the first draft)

Seolar shook his head, reached out and touched Molly' hair. "You're you. Right now, at this moment, you are still you. My sadness comes from knowing that you will gradually slip away. Perhaps we can keep you safe and you will be you for as long as I live – and if that sounds selfish, it is. I know that you will outlive me, and I don't mind that – but I don't want to outlive the part of you that is truly you." He brushed his fingertips against her cheek, and for just a moment looked away from her.

"That's easy to say–"

He pressed one finger to her lips. "It is not easy to say. It is very hard to say – to admit that there could come a time when I will look at you, and you will look just as you do at this moment, but whatever is inside of you will have no memory of me, no thought of me, no love for me. I love you now – I love you with everything that is in me. In you I found the partner and the lover I waited my entire life to discover. And no more do I find you than you start to slip away from me, and if I can protect you well enough I may be able to keep you as you are – but I am just a man and your enemies are gods."

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