

“Necklace”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
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Day 13: “Necklace”

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Mara emerged from the shower, one towel around her body and another wound around her long red hair. She wasn't in the mood to deal with Malcolm's complaints about being late again—but she wouldn't be rushed either. Really, it was just a matter of better time management. Nothing she couldn't handle.

That was why she had everything ready for when she emerged from her shower. Her high heels were near the door—the last thing she'd put on. The sleek black dress she'd fallen in love with at the shop hung on the rack near her vanity. Hair dryer, make-up, perfumes, lotions and everything else she needed to make herself glamorous for the evening ahead lay before the mirror.

She took her seat before it, releasing her wet hair from the towel. She combed her fingers through it. Pieces had already begun to curl. Maybe she'd blow out the curls for the evening, leave a few strands loose while she put the rest into a bun. She'd already considered the sort of make-up she'd wear for the evening, and her eyes dropped to the table to search for the eye shadow palette.

That's when she saw the flat, ribbon-wrapped box. It was nestled among her things, nothing disturbed from its being placed there. For a brief second, concern furrowed her brow, but then she reached for the small, attached card and she smiled.

*Tonight seems a good evening to wear it. Wouldn't you agree?*

Though it wasn't signed, Mara recognized Mason's elegant handwriting. A gift... It was quite a gesture. Her fingers trailed over the box, touching the ribbon. It was simple, beautifully wrapped. Mason must've taken time to make it just so. What was the goal here? Mara wondered. Why would he leave this for her?

She hesitated in opening it, her heart suddenly feeling heavy. Things with Mason had never been simple and now they seemed further complicated with this gift. Did it mean something? She focused on her intuition, but her gut gave her nothing.

Slowly, she peeled off the ribbon and put it aside. Then she carefully opened the wrapping

paper, doing her best not to rip it. It was a hinged box of black velvet. Jewelry. A bracelet, perhaps, or--  
--a necklace.

The chain was thin and delicate, made from what looked like either silver or platinum. Dangling from it were two entwined circles that shone with clear stones. Diamonds. Mason always had good taste, always selected the best, and for something like this, he wouldn't spare any expense.

It was beautiful. Again, she had to wonder what it meant. With Mason, it may not mean anything at all. She had known the half-demon long enough to understand such shiny gifts were given as a way of expressing affection. Even though they were no longer together, it was obvious he still cared for her, gifts or no gifts. It was an unnecessary gesture.

Why now? Why tonight? Mara tried to search her feelings to find understanding, but couldn't. Perhaps she wasn't meant to puzzle it out now, but she did have to make a decision. Would she wear this necklace on her date with Malcolm tonight?

Though her intuition failed to guide her, Mara knew there was something inherently wrong about doing that, something that felt off with it. Was it Mason's intention for her to wear it, to think of him, to ruin her date? To what end? Maybe she had read too much into the gesture. Maybe it was nothing at all.

Maybe it was everything.

With a soft sigh and a moment more to admire the lovely piece of jewelry, Mara closed the box and slipped it into the top drawer of her vanity.

She'd deal with it all later.

Malcolm was waiting for her and she wouldn't be late this time.