

“Rock”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
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Day 23: “Rock”

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Edaros

The smooth surface had long ago broken apart, leaving toothed spikes standing out from the rock. Bloody dripped from the jagged edges, pooling in the crevice beneath. Sara placidly watched it fall, then turned to male at her side.

“Remove the carcass,” she ordered.

Her slave bowed that he understood, but his pale face was even paler at the prospect. It was a child's corpse, twisted and mangled. The rocks had torn flesh and shattered bones. The small body was absolutely crushed.

Death was the penalty for theft and that death was doled out however the slave's owner saw fit. Tossed from the Cliffs of Perfidy seemed the most fitting to Sara. The child had paid the price and served, also, as an example to the others she'd brought along to the execution. The slaves were all silent, eyes glued to the body bent around the rocks.

The pale slave touched a shaking hand to the dead child's arm. Tears streamed down his face, silent ones, for mourning publicly the loss of such a criminal would earn him a swift punishment too—even if it had been his son. Sara allowed the tears, but that's all the mourning she would endure in her presence. Let them grieve in their own fashion, in private, when she had returned home.

He lifted the child into his arms, and carried him through the throng of people. They parted to allow him to move through, then closed around him as if to shield him from the demons gathered across for them.

The thing was done and Sara was glad for it. She was tired. Her dark eyes never left the parting slaves, even as she spoke to her demon subordinates.

“Rehome the other children, and kill him and his mate. I won't tolerate the plight again.” And with that, she swept away and made her way back to her awaiting car.