The End?

By: Rhylance

Week 1 Fiction: Pro-bowl

“So, this is how it ends for me.”

All around the Chiss was sand, and the water that engulfed the miles around it. Mutiny, that’s what it had been. When it was discovered how Rhylance took his power in Taldryan, the Clan turned against him. Forget the fact that he led them to safety and survival, a little drug induced coma as enough to make him enemy number one in the Clan’s eyes.

The Consul, or Ex-Consul, had barely made it out alive. He luckily had an escape hatch in his quarters leading to his vessel, but he was shot out of the sky over a nearby planet. Rhylance still didn’t know how he survived the crash, but he did. And now he was trapped, alone on this small island with only his uniform, a scalpel and a vile of his self-made poison.

His uniform was the symbol of trials and tribulation he lived through to attain his place of power. His blade was all he had left from the work he had done as a medical science officer. His poison was the culmination of his life’s work. Fitting that these were with him in the end. The Chiss held the green vial in his hands as the toxin inside sloshed around.

“The irony in that I can’t even drink this and die,” He said to himself remembering the immunities he had given himself. His throat burned from lack of fresh drinking water, and his Blue skinned cracked from the heat of the sun bearing down on him. “Corryn…at least I can be with you soon.”

Thoughts of his Fiancé entered his mind as he stared into the sky. Five years, that’s how long it had been since she was taken from him. He would never forget the look on her face as she lay dying in his arms. But as he pictured her face, her red hair cascading down her back, his hallucination altered. Gone was the red hair, replaced by locks of night. Her un-marked face grew lines of ever changing color.

“Zasati?”

“Blue, don’t let go.” His pet, her voice rang in his ears. Her sweet melodic tone.

Rhylance didn’t know what was real anymore. Clearly the sun had fried his developed mind. The end was near, that much he knew for a certainty. So long, it had been so long since he had eaten, and drank water. There could be no other option. He was alone here.

“Blue, please keep fighting!”

He could almost feel her hang against his face, it couldn’t be real. His eyes grew heavier. Sleep…he needed to sleep. He was so tired.

“Rhylance!”