

A MASK OF GOLD

BY CINDY RÆ



“It fits perfectly.”

“Yes. That’s what the mold was for.”

Tamara watched Paracelsus tie the strings. She didn’t consider it her finest work, despite its expense. It covered scars. It wasn't a disguise.

Still, there was some... art to it.

“You can’t go Above. Not like that.”

Paracelsus beheld his reflection. He wasn't displeased.

“Make another. Like my face.” It wasn't a request.

“Then why craft this?” Tamara asked querulously. It had been no small feat creating a golden half-mask.

His dark gaze impaled her. “One should always keep close what one loves,” he replied.