

The Shattered Chandelier

Lillian Blackwood



This is a work of fiction. All characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to real people or events is purely coincidental.

The Shattered Chandelier

By Lillian Blackwood

©2017

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof in any form.

The right of Lillian Blackwood to be identified as the authors of this work has been asserted them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

Lyrics to 'Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again' from Phantom of the Opera, copyright owned by Andrew Lloyd Webber and the Really Useful Theatre Company.

Cover Photograph: 'Painted Ceiling, Hungarian State Opera House' - by Chad K

Set in GiovanniTCIT

EcksMark Media (ecksmark.com)

ISBN: 9781520390994

The Shattered
Chandelier

Prolog: The Mirror of Truth

Corinthians 1 13:12 “For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.”

Magic Mirrors have played a part in myth and legend throughout time, some allow you to see the future, others reveal your innermost desires and they even occasionally allow you to travel to another dimension.

The most dangerous magic mirrors allow you to see the truth, the difference between appearance and reality. People fear the truth and wish to keep it from others, everyone has something to hide, the reality of their soul and perhaps they would prefer to hide that truth even from themselves?

“Lot six, six, seven a musical box, with delicate filigree, the mechanism is sadly broken. May we start the bidding at one hundred Euros?” The auctioneer had the rapt attention of the room.

The small auction house was packed with a very select clientele. There were no windows, the decor suggested a time possibly two centuries ago. The gentleman and ladies sat neatly in rows, their dress matched the surroundings.

Natasha Trevally as she was known at that time sat in the center two rows back. She stood out from the crowd, due to her modern dress and her tanned skin. She was not bidding on this lot.

The auction ended without much of a fight and was won by a delicate-looking man with large brown eyes. The auctioneer swiftly moved on and the next item was carried out by two large men.

“Lot eighteen, a very large 17th-century mirror. Fine carving and engravings, believed to be a replica of ‘The Mirror of Truth. The bidding will start at two thousand Euros.”

The mirror was large, rather oppressive in its looks; the surface was dull, no magic here. Natasha shifted nervously in her seat; her Master knew something those in the room did not. But she let the bidding war settle before Natasha raised her hand. “Ten thousand!” she called.

“Ten thousand from Mademoiselle Trevally.”

“Twelve thousand!” called a finely dressed man, who was obviously upset by Natasha intrusion into the bidding.

“We have twelve thousand from Monsieur Gaspard. Any more bids please.”

“Fourteen thousand!” announced another previous bidder from somewhere near the back of the room.

“Madame Denair fourteen thousand.”

“Twenty thousand!” called Natasha, smiling broadly, knowing she would win.

“Twenty thousand to Mademoiselle Trevally, she must really like her own reflection.” joked the auctioneer to the now buzzing room. “Any more bids please?” he paused again, “No? Then going once... going twice...” The gavel came down with a loud bang.

“Sold to Mademoiselle Trevally for twenty thousand Euros. Payment is expected immediately.” announced the clerk.

The auction continued but Natasha was already on her feet and making her way to the back of the room. A young pretty blonde woman greeted her with a kiss on each cheek.

“That was a perfect performance, no one will guess!” she exclaimed in a thick French accent. “Julian will be pleased!”

“Clara, on this occasion I doubt that very much.” replied Natasha smiling and holding up a finger to her lips.

Clara allowed a frown to briefly spoil her perfect face. For once Natasha didn’t care, her plan had worked and she was on a roll.

The two friends paid for the mirror in cash, crisp clean notes, as cash was the only thing other than gold bullion that the auction house took.

Then the two large men loaded the mirror into the back of a waiting van. The two women watched in silence.

“What are you thinking Natasha?” asked Clara. “You are up to something?”

Natasha shook her head and smiled again, but then pulled Clara into her arms and kissed her full on her mouth.

“I will miss you!” said Natasha, a tear rolling down her cheek.

“What do you mean?” asked Clara, panicked.

“Tell Julian he can have his mirror back when I have what is rightfully mine.”

Clara grabs hold of Natasha’s face and stares into her eyes. “No Natasha you can’t do this, you will never be able to run from him. Not that far or for that long!” exclaimed the now sobbing blonde.

“I am stronger than you and I have the mirror now; the real mirror,” replied Natasha kissing her friend again. This time the kiss was more passionate, but it was Clara who was in control. The two women shuddered in each other’s arms and Natasha let out a gasp. When she pulled away blood ran from her lips.

“You will never forget me now.” said Clara bitterly pushing the other women away.

“Yes, now I never will,” whispers Natasha anger flicking across her face. She then climbed into the back of the van along with the mirror. “To the airport, please hurry.”

Natasha sat in the van and cried, as it drove her to Charles de Gaulle airport.

Clara now stood alone outside the auction house; she stared down the empty street as if gazing into the future. A small cracking sound interrupted her contemplation. She wiped her eyes and

straightened her dress. “You were correct my Lord!” said Clara to the shadows.

A pale man with long black hair and green eyes stepped out. “I will get it back, my dear. But I can wait, Natasha is easily distracted by a pretty face and the blood which now runs through her veins will make sure she can never hide for long.”

“Lord Julian, you are needed!” called another man from the doorway.

Clara looked down the once again empty street after Natasha, wondering if her loyalty was misplaced.

Shattered Chandelier – *Lillian Blackwood*

“Love is the leech
Sucking you up
Love is a vampire
Drunk on your blood
Love is the beast
That will tear out your heart
Hungrily lick it
And painfully pick it apart”

The Beast – Concrete Blonde

Know that it is a corpse who loves you and adores you and will never, never leave you!...Look, I am not laughing now, crying, crying for you, Christine, who have torn off my mask and who therefore can never leave me again!...Oh, mad Christine, who wanted to see me!”

Gaston Leroux - The Phantom of the Opera

Shattered Chandelier – *Lillian Blackwood*