




Theoretically rich, practically poor. The scenario was enough fuel for him to take it all, after all, he claimed he loved all. Oh, how he gnashed and gasped, held on to what seemed to them as nothing, and when they thought they had him, within their grasp was a fistful of air. For when the ruler said here is another, just like the rest, HE smiled and said; I see you brought my heir, oh how big brother smiled and beautifully drew his last breath, it was a fine art. Curtains didn't close at this act's end, they fell. Love.

**-Cirphrank**

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