

The Lion and His Lamb

"Any last words?"

Sofia aimed the edge of her blade right at the fallen warrior. Her eyes glared at his own with contempt. The both of them were breathing heavily and covered with wounds, but it mattered not to Sofia. With the warrior beneath her, she was willing to give him one last act of mercy before ending his life for good.

"I shall repeat myself one last time. Any last words, Sol?"

At first, Sol said nothing. As Sofia's sword brought itself closer and closer to his throat, he recalled all the things he had done. He had destroyed cities, decimated armies, and for what? In hopes he would find his daughter beneath the piles of hurt he bestowed upon others? All of his attempts were fruitless, and it was impossible for him to redeem himself now. Sonia was about to strike, and Sol did nothing but see his reflection in her familiar golden, gleaming eyes.

"Baaa."

Then, he heard a noise.

"Baaa?" Sol repeated.

Sofia did not react. When the small sound repeated, her sword suddenly began to tremble in her grasp. "S-Shut up!"

At the sight of her hesitation, Sol caught a small movement from the corner of his eye. He looked down from Sonia's face to see a small lamb attempting to hide behind her. It was scared and trembling, and Sol sensed it was anything but the bloodshed that was about to happen. With the little strength he had left in him, he tried to lift up an open palm of peace to it, but Sofia backed away.

"What are you doing?"

"I see it," Sol grunted. "The lamb."

Sofia stood still. She brought the blade to her side, no longer threatening the man beneath her. She then allowed the warrior to speak his true final words.

"I remember that lamb. It was my wife's guardian. My family are the only ones to receive such a gift. Then, our daughter was born. She was bestowed a guardian too: a lamb, just like my wife's. It was the happiest day of my life... but as always, even the sun must be blocked by dark clouds. My beloved died during the birth, and my precious child was kidnapped. Two of my loved ones were taken away from me, but now... maybe the sun still shines on one of them."

A smile formed on Sol's lips as tears formed at the edge of his eyes. Sofia then moved her gaze upward to see the greatest of animals: A lion, whose mane was as grand as the shining sun. It stood around Sol's dying body, stared at the girl before him, and merely huffed.

"The lion shall be slain by the spirit of the lamb. Its fleece will not be tainted red with blood, but gold with the blaze of victory." Sofia brought her gaze down to look at a dying Sol before her. "That's how the prophecy goes."

"Then fulfill it, Sofia." Sol wheezed as if his last breath was being taken before him at this moment. "My last wish is to see the face of my grown daughter when I die by her hands. Please... fulfill my wish for me."