Truth

“Beatrice Prior, what are your deepest regrets?”

 “I regret…”

My eyes land on Tobias

His face expressionless,

His stare blank,

His mouth a firm line,

His arms clasp so tight around his chest his knuckles are white like ice.

“Will, I killed him. He was going to kill me, but I killed him. My friend.”

Will.

It hurts to remember him

It hurts every part of me

The crease between his brows,

Green eyes like celery,

The pain in my stomach is so intense I almost groan.

“Thank you for your honesty,” they say.

Unaware that I wore my secrets as armor until they were gone.

They see me now as I really am.

Christina and Tobias say nothing.

Silence.