9/24/2021 Prompt: The Quay (Key), Owen & Karina 6; Sorry, TAG, you spelled the prompt wrong! (laughing emoji)

-OWEN-

"Trust no one."

The soft voice startled me as I followed the Faerie Queen down the gangplank. Swiveling my head, I saw no one to connect with it. My boots struck the solid wooden planking of the quay, and I was grateful my body no longer shifted with every swelling tide.

"Welcome home, your majesty," a male faerie said, bowing low. The queen gave a regal nod and beckoned me onward.

Jeweled eyes from emerald to cerulean glanced my way but gave no pause to the bustle of the seaside morning. Weary from travel, we trudged from the kaleidoscope of boats in the shimmering harbor into Larudana, the flamboyant City of Faeries.

"Trust no one."

A black moth lit on my ragged shirtfront, and I waved it off, searching again for the speaker but seeing no one.

At a stall hawking warm flatbread stuffed with savory meat, the queen requested two.

"You must be hungry," she said, nodding to my portion. "Eat now. We have much to do when we arrive."

Famished as I was, the injunction rang in my ears. Was it my imagination? Travel sickness? Instinct?

"It is not poisoned, Owen." When I met her eyes, she smiled to show she was teasing. "Our food is no different than yours."

"Hm." As I sank my teeth into the juicy pita, zest exploded in my mouth – fresh, exotic, cool, and refreshing. "Delicious."

Satisfied, the queen gobbled hers as we walked. I finished in two more bites, but they hit my stomach like a sarsen stone.

"Trust no one."

As the moth tapped her feathery legs on my chest, her wings dusting me with glittering ebony, our eyes met. Intelligent, bold, knowing.

"Take care, Owen. You are far from home."

Inspired by a black moth at the park. Who's hungry? Gyros?

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