

Leila Chapter 19

As November turned into December, Duke started making preparations. He had one final ruse left up his sleeve, but he was realistic. He probably could wangle another six months before they eventually won the day. They could actually tear places down couldn't they? With grapple hooks and bulldozers.

They had not visited again, but he knew they would. They would bring their clipboards and their pieces of paper, and no matter how much he objected, they would win eventually. And each winter seemed to get harsher. He was finding it more difficult to maintain the wood stocks he needed to keep the place warm. And he felt more alone each year.

Except when Leila came to visit.

Which she had not done for several weeks now.

He slumped in the scrappy armchair as the final log of the day burned down. He stared at the dying embers and wondered where she was. He hoped she hadn't forgotten about him.

He hoped she was alright.