

Well, sir Antracon. She left you like a rotten ship? Eternity...is a long time to bare guilt.

How did you get in here? This room is mine!

Yours? If you would have defended what is yours. She would still be with you. Don't you hate how she made you feel like nothing?

Who are you?

We were discussing you. Why are you taking the blame for her betrayal?

If anyone. I'm the one who has betrayed.

I've always felt like I'm not enough for her.

Still, I don't believe she did...

Oh yes you do. Yes you do, i can feel it. She thinks you are too low for such noble family.

Ah, selfpity...doesn't it strangle you sometimes? Such a waste for a man who's grandeur and power might rise above all this.

Grandeur? My father was a soldier and my mother a low breed spaniard. I shouldn't have been worthy enough to wipe miss Prudence's boots. Let alone ask of her hand...

Why doubt thyself? You could be strong enough to lead armies, to rule kingdoms. I could show you your true worth. I could sooth that pain of yours.

I want to forget this doubt...this fear. I never want to feel this pain again.

What...what are you

I am the roar of your pride and self-respect, telling you. That it's not your fault. Don't let them mock. You. I can offer you strength that rises you high above any doubt, agony and self-pity. I am the strength inside telling you that those whores out there are better off dead for making a mockery out of you and your kind. Every damned one of them. Just let me release what's inside you...hiding