

The Lunisolar Festival, a strange time of the year where the Caprisol wine flowed as ready and easy as a cut vein.

Vadi poured himself another glass, the bottle clicking against the table he was seated at.

The meteor shower was about to begin. The falling stars would streak the skies with a myriad of hues; violets, emeralds and magentas. Almost as colorful as he was. Smirking to himself, he raised the brim of the wine glass to his lips and supped.

The wine was rich and velvety on his tongue, a round bodied wine that held berry and wood notes. Crossing one leg over the other, Vadi watched the gathering crowd of Symprites taking their places at the tables set on the seaside cliff, or simply placing blankets down upon the grass that was gently brushed by the cool breeze.

There was laughter, glasses clinking. Other Symprites had found friends, family...partners to enjoy the special occasion with.

Looking at the chair opposite him, it was obtrusively unoccupied. He was toxic, inside and out. Both his skin and his personality kept Symprites away. It was better that way.

*Was it?*

Drowning the treacherous self doubting voice out, Vadi took a long mouthful of Caprisol wine. Of course it was better that way. Less people would get hurt, most importantly he wouldn't get hurt.

Breathing out a sigh, Vadi turned his gaze on the sky as the first streaks of color began to zip across the velvet canvas of the night. The gathered crowd hushed, faces turning upward to view the spectacle.

For a long while, there was only the sounds of the waves throwing themselves against the white cliffs below them and the wind twisting between the blades of grass and spectators.

Picking up the bottle once more, Vadi found it too light as an expression of disgust flicked across his features - only a few crimson droplets remained. A comet streaked overhead, lighting up the dark glass of the bottle and throwing into stark relief his own expression.

Dark bags framed his eyes, the orange and green of his irises looking almost feverish in the startling moment. But more than that, there was ...an emptiness, a loneliness. Something twisted painfully in his chest, an invisible knife no one could extricate. His reflection was not a true portrayal of him, no...it couldn't be.

*Stop lying to yourself.*

"I don't want to do this anymore."

The words were barely audible and his voice sounded like a stranger's.

*What? What don't you want to do anymore?*

"Lie to myself...tell myself that I'm happy being alone." Swallowing roughly, Vadi tore himself away from staring at his reflection. His gaze fell to a couple wrapped in each other's arms, sitting on their blanket as they watched the falling stars together.

He didn't recognise them, they were dark silhouettes in the night but that knife twisted all the harder. They were a cruel mockery of what he wanted, his deepest secret. One he lied to even himself about.

"You damn fool." Vadi stood suddenly, knocking over the wooden chair he had been sitting in. A few Symprites told him to sit down but he ignored them as he scooped up another bottle of Caprisol wine from a couple who had chastised him for blocking the view.

"Hey that's our w-"

Whatever the Symprite was about to finish saying, was silenced with a stare, Vadi's tail swishing dangerously, his toxic patterns flaring briefly with a bioluminescence that said better than he ever could have; 'don't.'

Walking down the hill, the falling stars lit the path back home - back to his dark grotto filled with Capricorn's deadliest poison corals. Yet they had nothing to the poison necrotising his heart.

The wine tasted bitter now, turning vile upon his barbed tongue.

"Happy Lunisolar Festival..." He whispered to himself as he half drained the bottle of wine then threw it with all of his might over the cliff, eclipsing for one brief moment, a burning star.