

MICROFICTION

Ink on His Fingers

The Velvet Hunt - Book 1 Expanded Canon

written by
Oryxia Bluebelle

Ink on His Fingers

Her father never called a clue a clue. He called it a disagreement with the official story.

Amara was eleven the first time she found him at the kitchen table after midnight, newspaper pages spread around him, blue ink on his fingers and coffee gone cold beside his elbow. He circled three dates, drew a line between two company names, and asked what she saw.

'A mess,' she said.

He laughed softly. 'Good. Messes are where people hide patterns.'

Years later, in a rented Bellgrave townhouse, Amara arranged Valcour records across a walnut table. A donation. A judge. A shell company. A ledger entry older than the public scandal. She could almost hear him asking again.

What do you see?

She saw enough to be angry and not enough to be right.

That distinction was the inheritance he had left her.

Amara uncapped a blue pen instead of the black marker Blackthorn preferred. She circled the date, drew one line, then another, and whispered, 'A disagreement.'

• • •