Lyrionne’s life was nothing much to speak about, living in a small town on the far outskirts of the Dalelands. Her parents and siblings worked on their very small farm. It wasn’t much, but they never starved.

It all changed when she was 10. A group of dark men on horseback rode up and slaughtered her parents and took her and her three siblings prisoner. They traveled for what seems like weeks until appearing at a small clearing. More men arrived with more children. A total of 21 kids were strapped onto a stone floor, assembled into a pyramid. Lyrionne was at one of the points; her siblings were in the middle. Ritual chanting occurred as the men came with jagged knives, one stood over each child. A hooded figure with glowing eyes stood silently. Screams of terror as wrists and necks were sliced open, blood pooling onto stone. Lyrionne was silent, too horrified to scream. Soon, she slipped into darkness.

“Child.” A voice whispered in her head. “Do you wish to live?”

“…Yes.”

“Then you are mine.”

Darkness… Then her eyes blink open. A slow stirring as Lyrionne begins to move. Her wrists and neck are still gashed, but the blood has stopped flowing. She staggers to her feet, everyone else dead. Her siblings, the children, even the men who stabbed them. Many of them slumped over the corpses, still clutching blood-stained daggers. Only the hooded figure remains. She can see inside the hood, strangely. Its face is gaunt, skin and bones. Hairless. The lips curl into a sly sneer.

“Mine.”

She ran. As long as her legs could before a creek. She froze while crossing. Her sun-tanned skin was nearly alabaster. Her brown eyes and hair were now black. She washed off the blood but the slices remain. Then she took off again.

It was two weeks later than she first felt the power. The ability to cast magic was never strong before. She felt drawn to the dead, to learn more of it. She woke up with the book in her hand a month later. Written in a strange language, she can understand it for a strange reason. The pull of the darkness is strong, but she is determined to fight. She learned to harness her magic, but she fears that it is watching, and waiting.