

Lilith woke up in a daze, the light shining through the skylight in her lair. Her long blue hair was braided neatly behind her back, her slender body curled up much like a cat, caught between her sheets. She was, simply put, beautiful. She wasn't exactly tall, maybe about 5'2. But nobody cared. Her village loved her. I guess I should explain exactly who this Lilith is. She's a little... Extraordinary. From the day they found her unconscious on the outskirts of their village, age two, she proved to be someone unique. It wasn't just her blue hair, which was naturally bright blue and reached past her knees, or the fact that her porcelain skin was the color of moonlight. It was who she was that stood out. She learned fast, faster than all the other students in the village of Eve, and excelled as a warrior. She was brilliant, brilliant enough to be considered the next village leader, brilliant enough to live on her own. That last part was what made her sad now and then. She didn't have parents. Although I must say, from my own experience no one has to have parents... But I'm just the narrator in this story.

Anyway, Lilith is now about fifteen and one of the protectors of Eve. Her home is a warrior's home, set up elegantly in the tallest tree. She wakes up this time of day to take up watch.

Lilith sat up and stretched, then climbed out of bed like any normal teenage girl would before ten o'clock. She dressed herself as usual. First she unbraided her blue, tangled hair, brushed it (how she does this in ten minutes, I don't know), and braided it into two long, beautiful braids, as usual. She reached for her goggles and placed them on her head, in case the sun got too bright, the lenses glittering in her neat blue hair. As usual, she donned a thin black tank top, a purple crop top of sorts, and her skirt and boots. Yes, they have crop tops in a fictional village. Have some imagination.

When she laced up her boots and grabbed her crossbow, she stepped outside, only to see Micah, the Chief's son, preparing to knock.

"Uh... Yes?" she said blankly.

"Dad needs you for something," he said.

"You mean the Chief?"

"Whatever. He says you'll want your cloak."

Lilith, rolling her eyes, stepped back inside and donned her cloak, then ushered Micah to the Chief's house in annoyance. She didn't really like Micah. He was... Well, he was a teenage guy. What is there to like?

Ah, I forget. Lilith and I have very different opinions on the matter than, say, all the other girls in the village. But as far as looks go, they didn't exactly have bad taste. As far as *looks* go. Micah was your typical heartthrob, but in a village way. His tousled red hair was short and spiky. He wore a black robe that showed his chest, which annoyed Lilith because she didn't want to see his chest, abs or not. And man, did he have abs. Unfortunately, he was well aware of that fact, which meant that it was one of the main topics of his conversation. But the biggest heartthrob thing about him was his blazing red eyes, the same as his father's. People often said that Lilith and Micah were meant to be, not only because Micah was the Chief's son and Lilith was the most honored, beautiful girl in the village who seemed to be born to be the chief's wife, but because their eyes were equally as captivating. Micah's eyes were like looking into an amazing fire, and it seemed like there was always a literal spark in his eyes. Lilith's shone like the moon, glittering like an elegant star.

But Lilith and Micah did not feel the same way as the other villagers. Lilith was pretty blunt and wasn't afraid to tell him to stop being so full of himself, and Micah was stubborn enough to not like her for it. Well, that's what he thought. But as he walked with Lilith, him being a teenage guy, he couldn't help thinking how 'hot' she was. Lilith strode ahead of him, too impatient to walk with him.

They entered the Chief's home, which was the most elegant and luxurious of them all, big enough to hold the whole village. The Chief, as usual, was found on the balcony, surveying the river that flowed under it. Lilith bowed unto one knee. "Chief, what may I do for you?", she said.

The Chief turned around. He was almost an older version of his son, save for his white – blonde hair that hung down to his shoulders.

"Lilith, my dear, stand on your two feet and address me. Everyone is equal to me, especially you."

Lilith smiled and stood.

"I need you to escort Micah through the woods outside the gates. It is time he learned how to navigate outside our village."

Micah groaned. Lilith hid her annoyance under her respect for the Chief, but she didn't enjoy the idea of her new task.

Before she knew it, they were walking in the thick woods around Eve, going deeper and deeper. Lilith was to show him around, to show him the spots where warriors and other guardians of Eve hid in the event of war.

"This is ridiculous. We haven't had a battle since the Vine Clan attacked us a whole fifty years ago!"

Micah whined.

Lilith sighed in annoyance, her crossbow at the ready, in case danger came up. "You're a fool, Micah. Haven't you paid any attention to your father? They still hate us *to this day*."

"Yeah, well it's not *my* fault my grandparents killed their leader! They messed with us first!"

Lilith was about to say something, but a voice stopped her in her tracks, and it wasn't Micah's.

"Son, you have much to learn about history between our clans.", it said.

Lilith's eyes went wide. "Who are you? Show yourself!" she growled. She sucked in her breath as a small knife the size of a small pencil flew into her shoulder. A man jumped from a limb of one of the trees, landing with grace on the ground. His hair was long, half as long as Lilith's, and a shade of dirty blonde. He was dressed in leathers that resembled what she knew the Vine Clan often wore.

"My name is Vex.", he said. "You don't look like you're from Eve Clan."

"You don't look very intelligent.", Lilith spat as she fired an arrow into him. She grabbed Micah and began to run, dodging his weapons left and right. Micah panicked and tried to pull her along the wrong way, then tripped on his face, causing Lilith to fly into the bushes.

As Lilith sat up slowly, she saw Vex through the leaves as he closed in on Micah.

"You're so ignorant. Just like your ancestors. Where's your protection now?" Vex muttered, raising another small knife.

Before he could throw it, Lilith flew out the bushes, throwing herself in front of Micah with a flourish of her cloak, her boots skidding in the dirt. The knife ended up in her back. She understood why he had chosen the small knife; unlike the one before, this one was laced with something that made it far more painful.

Micah's eyes widened as Lilith fell to her knees.

"G-go...", gasped Lilith. Micah didn't waste any time.

"Tut, tut, tut... You really aren't from Eve." Vex said. He stepped forward, placing a hand on Lilith's head as he pulled out the knife. She bit her tongue so she wouldn't scream.

"I almost don't want to kill you.", he continued. "Almost."

Lilith was in so much pain she couldn't react. He raised his arm, and in a flash, Lilith was flung into the nearest tree, back first, landing in a sitting position, her legs stretched out and her knees slightly bent. She finally let out a grunt of agony, though she refused to let herself scream.

She looked up to see him fire an arrow into her side, and she let out a yell of anguish as she realized it was also poisoned. Instinctively she reached to pull it out and cursed with a loud cry of pain as thorns dug into her hands, strange needle like spikes the width of a human hair digging into her palm along with the sharp bladelike thorns your average rose would have. Her hand dropped to her side.

Vex stood in front of her, looking at her face as if considering something. Then his hands flew up and vines began to grow out of the ground from nowhere and snaked around her, tying her wrists behind the tree and her ankles together before tilting her head up and tying her to the tree by her neck with force enough to hold her there but not enough to choke her. They wrapped her well, binding her to the tree and somehow to the ground. She began to fight as this happened and instantly lost all energy to move at all. She looked at Vex, not wanting to accept what was going on. He laughed at her anger, and then leaned in, inches away from her face, which was tilted upward so her neck was exposed.

"Normally I wouldn't feel the need to bind you, but you seem to be a little different than the rest of the clan you've sided with. This should be enough to subdue you." he said.

Lilith glared into his pale green eyes. "You're... going to...regret this...", she breathed.

"I doubt it. They won't know why you both didn't come back. But I think I'll save you for last. You've earned it. I need to take care of him first anyway... Just relax. That arrow should knock you out soon."

Vex replied, standing. Lilith breathed a very vulgar name.

He laughed. "I'll be back to finish you.", he murmured as he walked away, softly sliding the blade of his sword across her neck as he left. Lilith's eyes began to close as she hoped that Micah had enough sense in him to escape what was going to be her end. Then there was only blackness.

Light was everywhere. It was mesmerizing, like the blue light of dawn as it weaves its way through the trees and the dark figures of the night, only to hit your windows as if reminding you that night was on its way. For a minute, Lilith was caught in the limbo of deep sleep, experiencing the smallest level of consciousness, only observing and feeling and slightly thinking without doing anything else. Then – a voice.

*Lilith.*

Lilith jolted back into awareness for a reason she couldn't quite explain. It was familiar. Expected. As if this was what she was waiting for.

*"Liiiiiiiiiiiiitthhh..."*

Now that she was focused, she heard more than just her name floating toward her like a leaf on water. She heard the voice, stretching out every sound of her name as if in doing so would provide plenty of time to catch her attention. She didn't know how to explain it; it was both a whisper and a murmur, spoken and sung, the voice was divine and melancholy, and for some reason Lilith felt a sadness she didn't understand. All she knew was that she loved this person very much, and that this person was long gone. "W-hat?" she said. Her own voice surprised her. It was as if she spoke it underwater, but it was much more audible and easier to say like she breathed it in open air, clear and muted at the same time, paired with a strange ambience similar to under the surface of a still pond.

A voice whispered in her ear and everything was black and silent.

*"I love you."*

Lilith groaned as she sat up. It was still the same time of day. Her ears rung and she realized she was no longer tied to the tree. She picked up her crossbow, oddly calm, and looked over to where Vex had trapped her. She saw the vines, dead and withered, even slightly burnt and smoking, lay motionless on the ground. She felt no pain. The arrow was beside her feet, covered with her dried blood. Her wounds were also caked with blood, but no longer bleeding and completely numb. One word crossed her mind.

Micah.

She began to run, flying through the woods at a blinding speed, her eyes scanning for signs of the boy. Her voice rang through the woods, calling his name. She was only running for two minutes when something odd happened. It was as if her heart tugged her to a different direction. Instinctively, she followed it. Her pace picked up and she didn't even come close to tiring out, only picked up the pace. Her feet lifted up and she propelled through the woods with amazing speed, following the strange tugging feeling. This had never happened. But somehow, she didn't question it. She just knew.

Finally, her eyes caught sight of Micah's flaming hair, and she flew in, zooming in front of him, her feet touching the floor once again, her hand grabbing the edge of her cloak and bringing it with her as she spun around completely and landed perfectly in front of Micah, kicking up dust, and found herself facing a completely dumbfounded Vex.

She looked up, her hair whipping around to her back in the inertia of her spin. Vex was shocked. Lilith's body seemed to be blazing with a strange blue light. Her eyes were almost lit with white fire.

Her crossbow was aimed dead at his heart.

*"How – what are you?"* Vex stuttered. Micah was frozen in awe.

Lilith looked at him in amusement. *"I don't know, Vex."* She said, her voice echoing like a thousand whispers in a large chamber.

Vex turned right around and ran. Lilith simply lowered her goggles and placed them over her eyes. He was already out of sight when she took out an arrow and blew on it, not even flinching as it lit in white flames. She fired, following the direction her heart tugged at. He screamed as it connected with him.

*"What the...?"* Micah began.

Lilith lifted up her goggles. Her eyes weren't ablaze, and her skin glowed white as usual. When she answered him, it was in her normal voice.

*"Let's go."*, she said, taking him by the arm and dragging him away.

*"But--"*

*"Let's. Go."*, Lilith growled, staring him straight in the face and giving him a look that would wilt flowers.

He didn't argue.