

Prologue

Lasaria lived on a farm. She lived knowing she would grow up and take over the family farm left to her by her mother and good for not father that left when she was small. This knowledge however just made her want to leave and travel. She wanted to explore the world and live her own life! To be a warrior for the king and queen of Mialya and be a knight of the great hall of the Lunar Goddesses and fight and protect the peoples of the country she was so found of. Sadly, she knew at her age, sixteen in a week, she could not. She was also not a noble. She was born to a farmer for a mother and not knowing her father.

She lived miles and miles from the city, well of five days ride on horseback at a steady trot even! She was a child of three brothers and a sister. All of which were older than she and two of her brothers left off for the King's Calvary or to be warriors at the palace. Not only was she to young, but also a girl. They said girls could not fight nor be knights, or warriors of any sort. Lasaria always say bah to that! She could fight and was learning and teaching herself swordplay since she was five. Her sister always told her her time as wasted on such things. That she should learn needle work, and how to repair clothes and tend the things a wife would. She didn't want to become a wife to some man who would make her his love wife and servant. That's what her sister wad to her husband. Eliza claimed she loved the man and he provided for her and her nephew so she was happy to stay home and tend their land and the house.

Sitting up from her spot in the large willow when she heard a sound in the distance. In fall, the majestic willow was near bare and it's tendrils fell are and bald in the breeze. A deer and her fawn pushed out from the thicket and into the clearing with much caution. A smile just crossed her face when the doe looked up and it's dark eyes locked onto her emerald irises. One thing that made her brothers call her a freak of nature is that animals did not run from her in fear, but instead came to her like she was just as they. Just another animal. Her favorite animals were the oddest pair she had ever seen. As a child, she played with them in the forest and field like they were her pets. They were a gray white wolf with striking blue eyes, and a blue black wolf with eerie red eyes the color of rubies. The odd thing she noticed about them both was that their eyes were flecked in golden color in the iris, and they were huge. Larger then a normal timber or dire wolf native to the area, could be. The blue eyed wolf was a male, the red eyed one a female. They stood slightly above of her waist, the female only slightly shorter and less stocky, and she was five and a half feet tall.

She wondered if they are even real animals or not because they were giant. Their eyes strange and temperaments bizarre. They behaved unlike any dog or wolf she had ever seen. And with them around, she ahd seen many wolves. She never asked another person either for fear they may think she insane. She called them Zorac and Celesti. She hadn't come up with their names until she felt something inside her four years ago when she was sitting in the north fields and a coyote pack threatened her life. Zorac meant Valiant, and Celesti meant Heaven, or something to that effect. She was just sitting out alone in the let evening after the sheep moved further from her where she was suppose to have been herding

them in for the night. The sounds of snarls and crying lambs forced her to try and save two lambs that were under attack under her watch. They did not have the money to have shepherd dogs to help them so relied on themselves. When the several coyotes turned their attacks to her, she managed to swing her staff and keep them at bay long enough for them to make their presence known. When Celesti, raven colored wolf, snarled seeming to appear from the night behind her, Zorac attacked one coyote that managed to knock her down and bite her.

It had all happened so fast that she had no time to even get back up before the pack ran off with a giant wolf on their tails, three coyotes dead, and she with a bite wound on her forearm. Celesti stayed by her side to calm her terror and lick her wounded arm. It was that day that made Lasaria believe with all her heart that her strange guardian angels were magical. Celesti licked her wound clean, and each swipe of her rough tongue, the wound grew smaller and smaller until there was but a scar left. Her names for them seem to come to her mind out of nowhere that day. Fingering that scar as she remembered the scar that evening, Lasaria moved in her tree to better see her growing stag she called Odin. Named for the great Viking god of Valhalla.

Shifting in her perch in order to stand, her shoulder length hair, a blonde color that was nearly white, falling over her shoulders in curly waves. It was a very light color compared to her mother and siblings normal black to brunette colors. She knew that she was not related to her siblings father. She saw the painting of him, the couple drawing her mother had. She looked nothing like his depiction. She once asked her mother who her father was, her mother looked wistful and sad. Her mother said her father was a warrior who had been wounded and while he was being tended, she fell in love with the man and he gave her Lasaria. She explained that the man requested she be called Lasaria and if he could, he would be back. So far, that had not happened yet her fool of a mother still believed it would happen. She said, when she was sixteen, he would return. Well, she'd find out. She was sixteen next week. His name was Xanthos, no last name, not an image, nothing. Not a trace, but, apparently, she looked just like him, had his eyes, a shade of blue so light it was like the day time sky in winter. She also had his hair color, and her mom would then go to babble on that she felt he was some sort of deity, or prince. Yeah, right, and she was Queen of Mialya.

Lasaria watched the doe and her fawn move into the clearing and start their morning graze. This pair she had been watching for the last year since the fawn's birth. She got to watch it happen in the groves deeper into the forest. She was allowed to be somewhat involved when she got closer and the mother didn't bolt. She sat there in the clearing close by watching the mother drop her fawn and clean it, then as it stood just moments after birth. Just like a horse and its foal. A foal would stand up to an hour after. She felt like the miracle of life, what she got to be apart of, made that day special between she and the mother and fawn the fawn turned out to be a male. She was however surprised to see that same fawn, growing into a pale colored stag, its antlers starting to grow much faster than she had ever seen one grow before. He was almost gray in color instead of tan.

When she did her research on the animals around the forest near her family farm, she learned that there were deer of many kinds, and moose and elk, then there was this doe and her little male, they were something called Irish deer and were as large as a horse. Dark brown and red colored, her fawn had always been a light tan but over the first year he paled into a dark gray with white features almost like the pictures of caribou she had seen depicted in winter far to the north. She had come to the conclusion that he was an albino, a rare white deer, or in his case, elk. With rusty brown eyes and gray and white coloring. When she thought albino like in bunnies, she saw solid white and red eyes. Not gray and white. Could albino animals come without red eyes or was it only albino when red?

Once she asked her brother a few months ago, and he said albino animals were evil and were killed due to bad omens. This news terrified Lasaria because she feared for her little stag not making it to adulthood. So, she vowed to make sure to keep him close, if he would let her. She didn't understand why animals behaved like she was friend, but she planned to use that to her advantage. She didn't know how she would take it if her white stag was killed. He was getting lighter every month she saw him, every

day. She had to protect the animal with all she was worth. She was privileged to have been there when he was born and all through his life so far. She planned to continue being there if it killed her. She saw nothing better to do with her life so far, she couldn't leave this place. She had no way, no money of her own. Where would she go if she did? This was all she knew. So, this would be something to keep her sane in her prison on her family farm.

Moving, she decided she was in her tree too long and soon her mother would send her brother after her. The only sibling that still lived in their farm house with she and her mother and wasn't either married or off at war somewhere. Sometimes she wished she could go off to some war just to get off the farm for a change. Her mother always told her the world was a cruel place and she was better off dreaming in her dreams and not of the adventures she could be having. Adventures were not putting food on the table is what she would always say to her. So, naturally, she stopped talking to her about them. Rarely talked to her anymore. As her mother got older, she was showing signs of breaking down emotionally and even physically. She was honestly no fun anymore. She loved her mother it was true, but she wished she was who she was before her sister was married, and before her brothers, the twins, left some years ago. They were starting to worry about her brothers because they stopped writing and sending money.

That fact alone made her mother weep with worry at night. Somehow though, Lasaria felt like they were ok. Something inside her told her so. At least she felt like they were alive because she didn't worry about them like her mother did. She didn't cry to sleep like her mother did. Then again, it was possibly she may not care, and that worried her. Or, because there was lack of proof to state they were gone or in trouble, that was why she didn't feel the same about them that her mother did. Boy, trying to comfort her mother and not having the slightest clue how? It was torture to her. Anymore she just stayed away at all hours of the day and evening. She loved the night and after managing her chores, she would bolt for the dark forests miles from home, just like now. Except it was earlier in the day thanks to it being a rest day for her.

As she made her way down the tree, Lasaria started to feel a strange feeling creep up her spine. Dread. When her feet touched the leaf covered earth of the small forest clearing, she turned to find herself staring into the red and gold flecked eyes of a black wolf. Normally the wolf would not have started her so, however, when she looked for the wolf, he was nowhere to be seen and that was not normal. Her stag was gone, so was his doe. She was surprised that he was even still with his mom actually. Shaking herself mentally from that random thought she peered into the wolf's eyes and reached out to touch the large canine on her head only to be startled when the black wolf snarled at her, then yowled and shoved her into the tree with her head. It actually hurt with the force of it.

"Celesti! Ouch.. stop it that hurts!" she scolded when the wolf shoved her into the tree harder with her body now. "Stop it!"

A howl in the far distance permeated the air like a horn. That sudden spike of dread came back and her heart began to beat in her throat like it might come out of her mouth any second. Something was very wrong. Her mind was screaming at her as images flooded her mind of her home on fire and her mother crying for her life and to spare her. It was a sudden flash that spurred her to fight and attack the wolf to escape like her life didn't matter. She didn't care that the large wolf could kill her or severely maim her if it wanted too. She didn't know if her mind was playing worst case scenarios or if she was losing her mind, but she felt a strong pull telling her her family was in danger, her mother, brother, and her sister and nephew in the house a half mile from the main old farm house.

She shoved her fingers into the wolf's unprotected eyes as a last thought. The wolf howled in pain and reeled back and in that one window, Lasaria took off like a prey escaping its end. Where she was running though, she didn't know what might be there. Was what she just seen even real?

'Don't! Run away Lasaria! Run!' a female voice echoed inside her mind like a whisper.

It didn't even phase her at this point. She felt like it was her mind telling her to have some common sense, but as she ran, she could smell burning wood, and see smoke belching up from the earth far off

in the distance. She could see it though the many breaks in the trees as she ran toward it. Her inner voice called her again, telling her to run the other way. Telling her that she would be captured if she went home. Her feet carried her forward though and she was glade that she wore male clothes today. Trousers and a simple shirt. It almost made her feel like a pirate of the isle that were in some of her story books. Today she was grateful for not tripping over her work skirts in her hurry to make it home. Never in her life had she wanted to get home faster then she wanted to now.

Tears. They stung her eyes and poured down her cheeks as she felt the presence near her. Her wolf was moving with her. The voice in her head had stopped. Her mind was giving up telling her to stop. It was a good thing because she was not planning to listen. No matter how her body screamed to run the other way, her mind and heart couldn't let her. Even as she broke the trees and saw men on horseback dragging her sister by her hair forcing her to fall to her back before they let her go. She stopped and held her hands to her mouth in horror at the sight.

“No!” she gasped out, her breath leaving her in that one word.

What could she do? She was but one girl. She may have learned to beat up the boys in town when they traveled there to sell goods and crops, but these were men, many men, and on horseback too! She looked to her left hoping to see Celesti there, but she was gone. Had her black angel abandoned her? Was that even possibly after the wolves had been there when she was at risk to become feed for coyotes? Stepping forward slowly, she just reacted, she knelt down to pick up a large stick and she ran. She bolted for the house some yards away as quiet as she was able until she was close enough to swing her weapon at the man on the bay horse that taunted her sister to get up. He called her a whore and that somehow grated on her nerves. She slammed her large branch into the man's back, her aim off when the horse moved. She was aiming for his head. Still, she got a similar result that spooked the horse and sent the man to the ground when it bolted.

“Get off her!” she shouted out in a war cry that sounded to strong to be how she really felt, which was utterly terrified.

With a grunt, the man slowly got up staggering as if he were in a daze. She took the moment to run to her older sister and snatch her arm and pull with all her might as she urged her to run. Lasaria had no idea where, but she felt the best bet was to ground she knew well. The forest. If she could make it there with her sister, maybe Zorac and Celesti will help her like that had in the past! She hoped so. She had nothing else to offer to protect herself let alone someone else. She was but one young girl. She was not truly trained to fight, so now that it really mattered she had no clue how well she would do. Or, if she could hold fast long enough to take another swing. She was now admitting to herself she was no warrior, she had no real ability like she claimed with her self teachings.

Thoe tears once again threatened to blind her as she dropped her head to run faster. However, when she did, the thunder of hooves forced her to looked to her left. Her sister screamed as she jerked from her grasp. The sudden action made Laaria stumble and fall to the ground in a heap. Heaving breaths, she rolled over to turn onto her rump before she pushed herself to her feet. The sight before her was the dead body of her nephew and her brother in law just behind the horseman that were charging for them. Other men in rough garb, bandits, maybe. Tossed their lifeless forms into the fire of the burning stable like they were also tinder waiting to be used. The sight of the blood on there faces and form just a mere scant distance from her planned escape made her stomach turn and threaten to expel it's contents. Somehow, she managed to keep from doing so as she dropped to her knees.

“NOO!! Noo... not my baby...!” she sobbed as she tried to run past the horseman but was only struck to the ground by a lifted boot to her chest as he past her.

She dropped, slowly moving and writhing, gasping for breath. Lasaria was frozen in mute silence. Her body refused to move even as the anger and terror continued to swell in her like a thunderstorm waiting to be unleashed. After seeing her nephew and brother in law, her heart sank as the full implications of what was happening sank in. They were all going to die here today. She would die before ever seeing her sixteenth birthday. She would never see her mother, she was sure she was gone

too and her other brother. She may not have seen him yet, but she was almost sure that if he was anywhere near, they got him too. The swell of tension inside her continued to swell and writhe inside her as a blonde man dismounted to snatch up her sister and tie her hands.

“Yeah, despite the fight and the injuries, I think she will still sell once they heal. She is older but still very attractive.” he said laughing.

The sudden feeling of motion back into her body came about the same time her mind registered those harsh words. They were slavers! Lasaia found her voice as she growled in frustration and attacked. She went after the man who held her sister so roughly and plowed into him like she was a bull. She straddled the man when he went down in a startled shout. She began to hit him. Slamming her fists and bashing her knuckles into his face as many times as she was able. Her vision was red and her mind fluttered with blind rage. She didn't want to be killed, she didn't want to be a slave and her freedom truly taken. She wanted to live and... and, she didn't know. Her instincts screamed for survival even as strike from out of no where landed a blow onto the side of her face, sending her sprawling on the ground nearly on her sister. She turned, her intent to attack again, she was snatched up by her hair and both her arms now.

She fought like a wild animal, intent on killing them, fighting to survive and fleeing at all costs. She didn't know what snapped in her, but whatever it was, she revealed in the power it gave her. The men laughed and taunted her. She was lucid and fully aware, but her mind was somehow also not fully there in control. She realized now that she was restrained, now by two men, one jerking her head back to look up into the dark brown eyes of a mean looking bearded man. He smelled like sweat and like he hadn't bathed in a week. Maybe he hadn't. He grabbed her face in his hand and turned her head to the side, she felt him touch her ear gently, then tugged at it lightly, then harder to make her cry out and jerked her head away. She glared up at her and found herself showing her teeth to him as she let out an angry cry that was like a growl, he just chuckled at her.

“This one is very rare indeed. She is part elf. Not sure which race or how much.” he patted her head, “You my dear will bring a hefty bit of gold by yourself. We don't need the other one. Kill her and put her with the rest.”

“NO!!” she practically roared.

She was silenced by a blow to the stomach that sent her dropping in breathless pants onto the dirt. Her gaze was darkening and going in and out like a lantern struggling to stay lite. She was once again force to see death, only this time she witnessed her sister's throat cut and her body dropped to bleed out. A scream having be silenced in one swift motion. She managed a crock of a cough, and something deep inside her body started to make her feel like she was on fire. Voices in her head started to chime in, and words filled her head that she didn't understand to be a language she knew. Her body slowly recovered until she was able to draw breath and voice. That voice took over as she spoke in ragged breaths, her hand coming up to point at the leader of the group. There were over ten or more men she realized now, and they began to look at her in fear. Their faces contorting into the expressions she felt in her own heart.

She watch in calm silence as she finished a strange set of words that sounded other worldly on her lips, shadows started to swell and contort around her hand, on the earth and climbed up toward the men like snakes. A last thought told her what she already knew. She had woven a spell of dark magic in retaliation. She had no idea how, no clue where it came from. All she knew, was the dark magic was obeying her and she watched in dazed calm as the men started to be ripped apart by monstrous figures that looked like a pack of black wolves with red eyes hungry for their fill. She had no idea what it was, why they were so brutal. Her brain started to kick into overdrive as the fear of what was happening came to push her to her feet. She was killing all those men! She was no better then they were!

Her inner voice told her it was to protect herself. Them of her. She was all that was left alive, she knew it. She had nothing else to lose but her life now. She found her feet and turned and ran for the woods not knowing where she was going let alone where any place was. She was so scared. The idea

that those shadow wolves might come after her next came to mind. What if they did? She wouldn't stand a chance. She didn't know how she called them let alone who to send them away. She could barely remember the incantation used to bring them forth. What she was remembering was the many words of another language was gabble and jumbled about in her head. Almost like someone implanted new memories or knowledge there without her permissions.

Her feet hurt, her lungs burned, and the feeling of helplessness ran through her veins like ice. She ran and ran, she didn't know for how long or how far. The forest was large and went on for miles and it felt like hours that she ran. Some times she slowed to walk to choose a new path with no aim of direction, just to get away from the killers. Were there even any alive? At some point she had stopped all together the rest long enough by a stream she had never been to before. She was sure she was lost and wanted to be to avoid her attackers. To avoid the world outside the safe quiet of nature. Lasaria felt like she was not herself anymore. She felt different somehow, she felt dead inside. She felt.. power swirling about inside her soul the entire time she traveled aimlessly. It grew by the minutes into hours until night finally was rolling closer. Until, she couldn't run anymore and collapse in the hollow of a tree to avoid cold rain that started to fall and threatened to freeze her alive.

Laying there for a long time, she did not stir even as she heard noises outside her hiding place. Leaves and mud being disturbed and pushed about. She couldn't open her eyes though and she couldn't make her body move. Breath on her face and fur touching her skin where it was bared from tears in her clothes, or her bare feet and hands. Almost like he knew their presence, she relaxed. She reached out blindly for a wolf because now, that was all she had left, unless they had abandoned her too and these were just other animals waiting to eat her. Her mind was not able to comprehend when the fur turned into a warm hand that caused a response. She flinched away and tried to force her body into motion. It wouldn't listen to her and she screamed out, but her voice was only in her head. Everything was in and out from then on out.

She felt light as air and the scents of horses and other animals caused some moments where she was able to open her eyes. When she did, there was a man. He was in a cloak and she was pushed tight into his chest. She couldn't see his face for it was also covered. That or she was really that far gone she couldn't even see straight. Was she dieing perhaps. She felt like she was in a dream, her mind in a fog. She was shaking she knew this, she also knew she could barely feel her extremities at all. It was likely why she couldn't move. The man spoke to her when he noticed her slight wakefulness.

"Tis alright..." he said a thick accent she couldn't identify for the fog in her mind. He did say more, but she didn't catch it, she caught the last part as her eyes refocused on him again before she ended up completely drifting again, but before darkness took her, he said, "I am here to help..."

Lasaria dreamed deep of running in the meadows in spring with the wolves she knew. This world here felt like the real one and she loved the feel the breeze on her face as she jogged across the grass with the large animal's bounding about her like playful children, mimicking her happiness and joy. Her freedom in the wind make her feel like she could fly. Her best friends were two very large predators and yet, she did not see the fear in that. To her, they were her friends. Her only friends. She wanted to stay in this magical world and forget about the other one. Was the other world even real? What had she been afraid of in the first place? She didn't know anymore. She only knew bliss as she fell and rolling into a patch of small yellow and blue flowers.

She lay there in that patch of flowers as the wolves joined her. Laying on either side of her in a protective cocoon. It wasn't until she closed her eyes that she felt her very soul shift and her life seem to get pulled from her and grounded a small flame. She didn't know what it was, but it called to her. A voice strong and convincing. A male voice that spoke in a strange tongue she didn't fully understand. Pain started to twisted in her gut and in various places on her body. It was then that she remembered why she hurt and suddenly wondered if she had died and was pulled back to her pained body. Her pained, cold to the point of burning, body she suddenly didn't want to go back to. Her voice cried out in a pained groan that sounded hoarse. She wheezed and fought weakly at someone's hands as the male

voice started up again in a stern yet annoyed voice.

“Stop it! You almost died...” his voice calmed into a soothing baritone, wise and gentle, “I had to call you back... You'll be alright I promise but you have to cooperate with me. Tis not a good idea to seek death, it will come if you do. That's it... relax.”

She didn't know why, but that Celtic toned voice seemed to add some form of comfort. He sounded strong in his conviction to save her life. Whatever it meant to 'call her back' she didn't know. It was clear even in her daze that she was in a place where her pain had been gone and she was ready to give up and stay there. She was free there and it felt so good to feel like she could fly with the birds and run with the deer. To stay forever in the comfort of the animals, of Zorac and Celesti with no interruptions. This interruption however woke her mind from the desire to die, and renewed her wish to survive. She had fought to long for what seemed like several days in the wood, little food, or water even, before she found her hiding place. Not a good one it seemed for she was found by someone. Though, he seemed strong in his desire to help her.

Could there be such a person willing to help another without payment? Her mother told her never to trust others. No one did anything for free unless they were a nun or monk sent by god to help the needy. She always said to beware of those who would trick you and take what they will, but to always keep an open mind for those special people who were honest and true. Which did this man fit into? The evil or the just? She shifted and managed to open her eyes and look up into eyes the color of red ember, that were unlike anything she had ever seen. They looked like a burning flame frozen inside of opaque orbs, unmoving and bright. His head was covered in a dark hood, but a cloth rested about his neck as if it was there to cover more. Perhaps his face? He seemed dark and deadly and his skin tone was as light as hers, if not a shade lighter. His skin gave off an almost gray tone too it but was lively with pink in his cheeks as though he was in the cold wind to long. Who was he? What was he?

“There you are. No I get to see the eyes of the fair maiden, such an odd shade, no?” he said as she watched him with a now blurring gaze as his hand moved to touch her face with something cool and damp.

No longer able to keep her eyes open, she shut them again because it made her head hurt to badly to try to look and focus on things. She recalled the bandits who attack her, who killed her family, her sister right in front of her. It all came back in a flash and sent her body into sobs. Each time he opened her eyes to blink the tears back, they burned her eyes. She rolled onto her side to stop the pain in her stomach from having been hit. She had been hit in the head at least once she knew, she knew not where else she had been wounded but was surprised she was alive. She may not be if not for her handsome stranger. Who of which she could hear soothing her, a hand was running over her back and she felt him close. His body heat came off him like a flame to warm her chilled form.

He did not try to shush her or baby her. He just sat there close offering silent comfort and a shoulder to lean on in a sense. If he would have let her, she might have done just that, curl into him until she could make her self disappear. That wasn't possibly though for she didn't know him and even though he was helping her, he may prove just as bad once she was well enough for him to abuse her, maybe kill her for the fun of it. So, she would have to try to sleep with one eye open. If that was even possibly in her condition. Though, if she couldn't she would need to be more aware. She had so many thoughts, so much on her mind, so much fear, so much hate, she much... power. Her hands and body seemed to tingle with it now that she thought about it. Managing to pull away from the man that touched her back in a soothing cress, Lasaria suddenly didn't want him to touch her anymore when she remembered those black shadows that tore and maimed the men who threatened her life. She didn't know how she did it before nor how to be in control of it. If this man was just, she did not want to hurt him, she really didn't want to hurt anyone. He seemed to get the gesture, and left her alone.

Over the next several days, day in and day out. He basically took care of her in silence. He didn't talk much after she was able to move on her own the following day. It was almost like he hadn't seen the need for it and she didn't either. He was covered up though all the time. His face and his head. Only

once had she seen him without the hood, but never his face, not since that night she woke from a dream she never wanted to leave. From death's door. Without the hood, his hair was like steel in color, long to his shoulders and pinned back at the top leaving some tendrils of hair to fall about his face. With the hood up, she only saw those tendrils but could never identify the color. At first she thought he blond. Now, she saw hair the color of silver with a a tinting of whatever color light touched it. She also learned one other thing about him that one moment she saw him without the hood. He, was an elf with very long ears, maybe about four inches off his head and lovely set of piercings with blue gems and a chain on one were a red feather hung.

In the last days, he only left the run down cabin for supplies and each time she thought of running off and each time she checked over her body and her condition and wisely felt it better not to. Not yet. So, instead she let her heart wallow in it's misery as she recalled more of her past and the attack on her family. Somehow, she was able to not cry anymore and instead fill her heart with anger at them. Anger she felt was pointless because she had already got her vengeance and killed them with the use of magic she didn't know she had. At times, when her elf man was away, she would try to make magic or make the fire in the hearth dance or leap higher. She thought she had been successful once, but was not able to try again because he walked into the door and gave her a curious look. He looked between she and the fire, then back to her before he moved on to unloading some rabbits for a stew that she was not eating while she thought about her sad and sorry life.

It was sad she had freedom, but at what cost? She sat there, her food untouched as she stared off into space at the wall in front of her. She felt like something was crawling up her spine before she realized she was being watched. Shifting her head up, blinking to force her eyes to refocus on something else, she looked up into the fire red eyes of her rescuer. He watched her with a strange tilt to his head. That masked annoying her as it hid his face from the top of his nose to his neck and under his shirt. She found herself shifting her gaze from his eyes to trail down his chest where a skin tigh long sleeve tunic covered him. He was very well muscled, but not bulky. He had wide shoulders and was lean and lithe. He looked like if her needed to move fast that he could. She noted that when he would leave, he would wear armor of, she guessed elven origin, a long bow with beautiful carvings, and a set of long curved blades at his waist. When he spoke, she started and her gaze shot back to his face.

"Something wrong with the food?" he asked. Not knowing his name, and he hers, she just shook her head, "Good, make sure to eat. You'll need your strength. When I return, we will leave now that you are well enough to travel. I have arranged for someone to care for you until you are ready to be on your own. He will be happy to see you and teach you how to use your magic also."

"Why?" the word came out of her mouth before she could stop herself.

She actually thought she might go with the guy after being near him this long. She was kinda getting comfortable with him. She may have kept herself aware, one eye open, but she was starting to sleep at night after many restless nightmares woke her. Night terrors that woke her from her sleep in screams and cries of horror as she relived the tragedy. She didn't like the idea of being put off on another person either. For the last twelve days, she was learning to trust this man. She didn't want ot learn to trust another. She'd rather escape that and go off on her own. Teach herself her magic and make something of herself. Better be on her own then given to this other man and risk being sent to yet another person. She was starting to have an issue with being alone, but also with the prospect of getting close to others like her family, then loose them. She'd rather stay away. He turned around to kneel in front of her chair where she sat. His much taller frame blocking the fire in the hearth from view.

"I cannot be there for you like you need. I am a warrior Mi'lady. Do not take this to heart, but I cannot be what you need to overcome what you have been through. I have other obligations, but I promise, if it makes you feel any better, I shall make a point to visit you." he said trying to comfort her as he touched her shoulder and gave it a squeeze before he stood.

She didn't answer him. She didn't look up at him as he left her alone in the cabin. She had finally reached a decision. She was going to leave. Not bothering with the stew, Lasaria moved from the chair

to collect food items and the clothes that he had acquired for her a couple days ago when he left for almost two days. She dressed calmly as she ran through where she might go and feeling like she had a couple weeks ago when she ran to no where to escape the pain and suffering of the death she caused and the death she had seen by the hands of evil men. She new he had more than one horse because when he left, there was always noises of another outside. She knew it to be a flaxen chestnut stallion with a nip on his nose and a sock on his left rear foot. Likely a pack horse due to his lager size. She had visited the horse a few times when her elf man left her alone.

Dressed warm in the dark cloak he left behind, a dark red tunic, and black trousers, Lasaria pulled on black gloves that were just slightly bigger then her hands and snagged the small satchel she made with food items and headed out the door. She checked to make she he was actually gone before she went to the attached stable to the small abandoned cabin. The horse was there and he looked up at her when she opened the stall gate to enter. The saddle that rested over the rail was large, so hopefully his. Why wouldn't it be if it was here. She tacked the horse in the dark saddle and blanket like gray cloth. Added his bridle and mounted. She kicked the stallion hard and sent him bolting out the gates and down the trail and soon, she could no longer see the old wood cabin.