

Cursed Blood - o.Prologue.o[405 words]

Mythira had always been the kingdom in the center of the Blood War. A war between humans cursed by demonic blood, Darkbloods, and humans with divine gifts, Lightbloods. It was black and white for the world of Terrafell. Lightbloods would rule, and Darkbloods would fight to take that away from them.

After decades of war, it became apparent that maybe the people of Terrafell had gotten too comfortable. More and more Lightbloods became those born with powers meant to help others and not to fight back, meaning that Darkbloods, who almost always had destructive powers, had gained the advantage. Queen Amara of Mythira, an elderly Queen with a singular son, had grown tired of the constant news telling her of the loss her kingdom was suffering.

Amara was certain that this was the end; that Mythira should surrender and pray for the Darkbloods to convert them instead of killing them all outright.

This was until her young son, Prince Elijah of Mythira, was attacked by a Darkblood. Guards swiftly rescued the Queen's son, and brought the body to her while she healed her son with her Lightblood gift. Once he was safe, back at full health, the furious woman glared down at the sunken body of the vampire Darkblood. She spat on it, fury building in her body.

That was, until a baby began to cry.

Being a mother, Queen Amara recognized the sound of a wailing child. One taken from its mother, stolen at the first opportunity. Rumours had circled before, rumours of Darkbloods stealing Lightblood children to convert them into their own. The baby and her son would've become monsters had the guards failed their job.

Elijah himself was the first to react. He stumbled over to the body, rolling it over. Crushed underneath the lifeless bag of bones was a crying baby girl, her skin a perfect golden colour. The Queen knelt beside her son, allowing him to watch as she let her warm magic heal the crying child, whose bones had been damaged by being crushed. Watching the child cry in her arms, Queen Amara felt her will strengthen. She was determined to save her people and destroy the Darkbloods.

With a glint in her eye, the Queen handed a nanny the wailing child. The baby's parents would search for her, and the child would return home. But in that moment, Queen Amara of Mythira had another thought on her mind.

It was time for her to declare war.

