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Lilith 1

"My family affairs are not for you to meddle in" I snorted

He drew his head back and laughter boomed from him, "family indeed," he chuckled.

"Let's do this. Make it sweeter with a trade, I tell you how your mother and the Azrathul came to be and you tell me about why you fear him so?" His eyes glittered.

I shuddered subconsciously, it wasn't that I didn't want to tell him, but some memories are best buried in the dust, never to rise again, it's not something I want to share but hearing how they came to could be really useful.

"And you have an accurate version?" I asked, considering my options, "You're sure of it? What assurance do I have that you aren't giving me a false information" I eyed him.

"You'll just have to hear it and see."

"Fine, tell me this great story of yours" it's not like mother thought it wise to tell me about how she ended up with that monster either way.

"Actually, before I start, you need to know that Azrathul was originally a mortal"

I choked on my own saliva, "what!! The moon goddess fell for a mortal?"

Flashback

A young goddess snuck out of her palace, dressed in the most inconspicuous apparel she could find.

Her maids had all told her stories of the realm below the celestial realm, most of them had gone there for their tribulations, she was the only one who hadn't.

Specifically the others didn't think it wise for her to be exposed to such filth, they believe she isn't ready, young and naive, she was the easiest prey to be deceived.

"Mistress, are you sure about this."

"Yes, just cover for me." She rolled her eyes, grabbing her things and heading straight for the portal that led to the mortal realm.

"Here goes nothing" she took a deep breath and jumped.

Her palace shook, the laws of the mortal realm quaked, instinctively rejecting this

powerful figure that seemed like stepping one foot it would break it.

"Come on, stop resisting. Good thing I came prepared" she snorted, drinking the potion in her pouch before she successfully got pushed out of the realm.

Suddenly the realm quietened, it's laws relaxed, unable to find the initial source of its troubles. Sensing the presence gone the laws pressing down on her relaxed.

She dusted off herself and landed successfully in Goth, "looks pretty ordinary" she muttered.

Looking around she was surrounded by grass, trees tall enough that they completely covered her frame.

"Hey, where did that noise come from?." A loud voice asked,

"I think there, let's go check it out" another replied.

Feets shuffled, pounding into the soil, all heading for her, she stood patiently waiting for them to get to her.

"Hey, shit." The footsteps suddenly stopped, the figured froze in their tracks

turning quickly, what had they just seen.

"Sis, you need to put on some clothes," the first one said,

"Huh?" Her brows furrowed, "but I'm wearin— oh, it must have slipped off or been destroyed when the laws of this realm tried to forcefully evacuate her."

She didn't see the problem though, "Give me yours." The words rolled out like a command.

"Boss, seems the pretty lady is into you" Shut up, he smacked the head of the little one close to him.

"I don't know if you have a screw loose or not lady, but get dressed and stop ordering me around."

She looked at them puzzled, "My name is Selene" she introduced, skipping the part of her being a goddess.

"Ok. Nice to meet you miss Selene, you're really pretty." The second grinned.

"Thank you." she replied, "And you? What are your names?"

"I'm Damien, this is Azrathul, he's the boss out here" the shorter one introduced

"Okay. Nice names by the way, where are you from? Are there more shorties like you?" Having been in her palace all her life her world view was quite limited.

"Okay. That's it, get dressed and what the hell is a shorty?" Azrathul replied, frustration evident in his voice.

"I'm trying to establish a connection between us, the book said introductions were a better way to start it." she mumbled the last part.

"By the way, I'm calling you a shorty cause you're quite not as tall as I imagined you'd be though" she said cheekily.

"Yeah right, cause you're a giant" Azrathul snorted.

She clapped excitedly, "nicknames. I read about this too, that means you like me on a more personal level, so your cloth"

Damien and Azrathul exchanged looks, "boss, you sure she's okay?" Damien gestured with his hand.

"I heard some rich lord's leave their children locked up indoors so much so that some of them run mad from lack of communication or conversations."

"Damn, what a tough life, think she's one of them?" he wondered

"Probably" Azrathul shrugged, "but either way we gotta go, and she needs to get dressed"

"Why not help her?" Damien suggested, "she's quite a catch, you won't be loosing out, beside you could end up as a live in son in law to a rich family." he sighed dreamily, "oww"

Azrathul smacked his head, "stop talking nonsense."

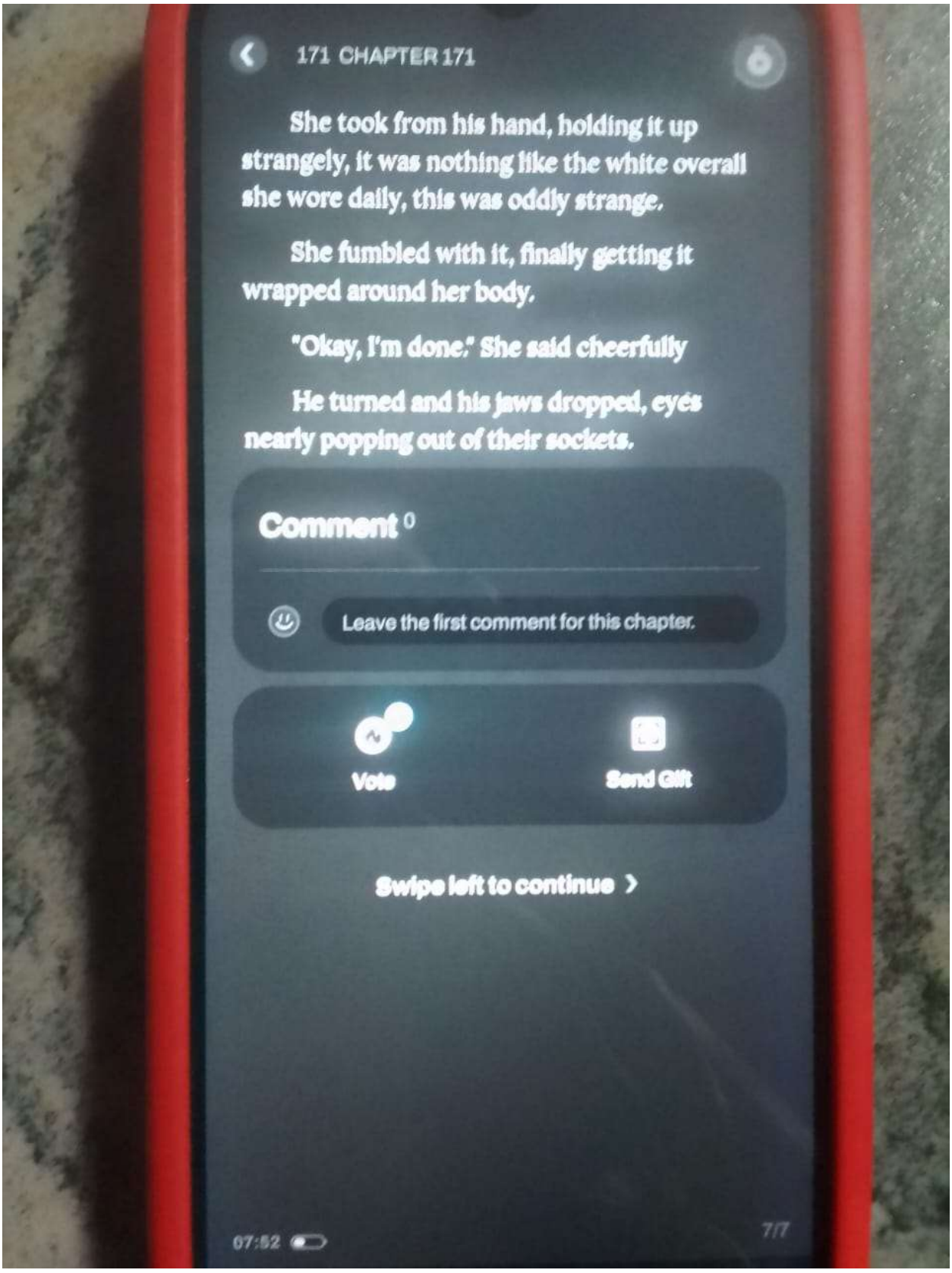
"I was just trying to help" He grumbled.

"Yeah, and I was trying to teach you some manners" Az sneered.

"Fine, if you won't do it, I will then." He shrugged like it was nothing but Azrathul didn't fail to miss the glint that flashed passed his eyes.

"Stay back." He groaned, he didn't trust Damien to restrain him self, and they had things to get to. Now wasn't the time to get involved in other things.

"Here." He took off his jackets, the winter cold had him sneezing, his body losing it's warmth instantly.


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She took from his hand, holding it up strangely, it was nothing like the white overall she wore daily, this was oddly strange.
She fumbled with it, finally getting it wrapped around her body.
"Okay, I'm done." She said cheerfully
He turned and his jaws dropped, eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.
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