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Little Zorya 1

"Last one to Grandpa's kitchen does the other chores" I yelled excitedly and rushed off with Kenny trailing behind me.

"Hey, no fair, you had a head start." He yelled back, but I could hear his steps as he ran trying to catch up.

It's been two months since Grandpa Keith found me lying outside, they never liked to talk about father but he always called me to come back every 2-3 days, as if I was some project to study.

At first I thought he was up to something shady, but then he'd just look me over, take some notes, nod and then I find myself right back out.

Grandpa Keith didn't mind taking care of me, they taught me how to do some chores, having never worked my entire life it was a bit of a disaster but I got the hang of it.

Right now Kenny and I had just finished running an errands for Grandpa and we were on the way back.

I was rushing back because of an uneasy feeling I've had ever since we left the house, it was as if something was gnawing on my chest, urging me to return to the house Asap.

I just couldn't help it and Kenny was slow, slower than a snail, I had to hasten him up,

Finally we got to the door, my nose scrunched at the odd scent, something was wrong, I could feel it in my bones.

"Kenny" I froze in my tracks, turning to the little feets that were struggling to catch up with me.

I rolled my eyes with a shake of my head, "can you get any slower, kid"

"Stop calling me that. Besides you used your powers, cheater" he grumbled.

"Really?" I folded my arms like I had seen mother so many times, "you're so tiny, should I call you an ant then?"

He scoffed, "Shut up, I'm just two years younger than you, if I'm a kid you're one too."

"At least I'm smarter than you." I shrugged.

"Shut up." He grumbled,

"Grandpa said you should play outside for

a while, he's still busy."

He looked at me skeptically, "Really?"

"Have I ever lied to you?" I put a serious expression on my face

His frown turned into an innocent smile, one that reminded me of Zareal when she wasn't crying, he skipped away excitedly.

I took a sharp intake of breath, the pungent smell hasn't gone away, the feeling in my stomach only got deeper.

Slowly, I pushed the door open, "Grandpa Keith" I called out,

Nothing. Only the sound of my own ragged breathings greeted me.

I walked further in with my shaky legs, letting it guide me towards where the feeling was the strongest.

I found myself close to Grandpa Keith's room, the door was strangely open, I walked in and my heart dropped at the scene before me.

I was frozen in place, my lungs forgot to breath, my heart constricted, I opened my mouth but no sound came out,

Somehow my fingers found my thighs and

squeezed harshly, but the scene hadn't changed.

Grandpa Keith in a pool of his own blood, eyes wide, heart cut open and Lord Az standing just a few metres from him watching me closely.

"Ahhh..... I wondered how long it'll take you. Where's the brat." His voice was cold, chilling me to the bone.

I took a step back, this must be a dream, yes, I hated Lord Az so much, that's why I'm dreaming of such things.

But reality was cruel.

"Zorya, where are you?" I heard Keith's childish voice. I recovered almost instantly, biting hard on my lips till it drew blood choking on my own screams.

"Don't come here." My voice was harsher than intended, "Go out." I gritted.

"Now, now child, let the kid join, the more, the merrier."

My eyes burned with hatred, "You're a monster" I spat, "How could you." I felt the tears drip down, like a river,

His lips stretched widely, the blood smeared on them only made it look even more awkward,

"Not so fast, I'll show you what a monster really is."

I made a run for it but with a wave of his hand he forced me back, my legs stuck in place,

"Let me— mmmmmmm" my lips were suddenly muted, I couldn't hear myself anymore.

"Please" I tried saying, but it was still muted. "I'll do anything, I'll listen to you, anything, please" the words were muffled, swallowed by my own mouth but I kept trying.

He gave me a cheeky grin, "Watch child, you'll be doing this soon enough."

"Never." I spat, as if he could hear me, he gave me a meaningful look, but proceeded to leave.

I was left alone staring straight at Grandpa Keith's body, the tears flowed harder,

"I'll protect Kenny." I swore, even though I knew I had no way to do that, I only kept promising over and over again, hoping it would wipe away the heaviness I felt.

Soon he returned with a smiling Kenny, "Zorya? Why can't you move." he ran to me, "Lord Az said you were playing hide and seek with me."

I stared at him wide eyed, shaking my head frantically, "no, please no." My body trembled, at least he hadn't seen the body yet.

"Get out of here" I pleaded, but the sound was only a muffled groan, just before I could say any more.

A hand passed through his chest, warm blood splashed on me, my blood ran cold, he still had the innocent look in his eyes as he breathed his last, not understanding what just happened.

A furious scream tore through my entire being, if there was anything worse than hatred, that was what I felt now, my eyes burned, I wanted nothing more than to tear that Face apart.