

Prodigies: The Beginning

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When four strangers meet, their journey begins.

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CHAPTER ONE

THE STORY BEGINS

The wind whispered quietly across the silent land, filling the void with its voiceless songs and faraway smells. The trees of an ancient forest shook and swayed with it, their rich green leaves rustling in the breeze. It was a bright and amazingly sunny day. The early summer air was perfect, not too warm or cold, the birds were chirping, and the atmosphere was extremely pleasant.

Well...almost.

A young girl, perhaps around the age of fourteen, stalked aimlessly through the forest, fists clenched tightly around the map she held before her. She had a deep frown on her face that accompanied the narrowed liquid-brown eyes above it.

“Okay...” Jessie growled to herself. “I came here from the west and ended up in this forest. Then I went north...or was it south...? ARGH!” She slammed her hands together, crumpling the helpless piece of parchment in her rage. “I can't even tell where I came from!” She sighed and began to fold up the paper before her. “Let's face it... I'm lost...in a forest that could be miles long for all I know!” Her head bowed forward and she whined slightly under her breath.

The twitter of a bird caught her ears and she looked up just in time to see a pair of robins flutter by her face. An unavoidable smile touched her lips as she watched them soar by, sailing through the air while dancing out their love for one another.

“Well...” she murmured, tucking some loose red hair behind her ear. “At least the forest is beautiful.” She looked around, inhaling deeply as she pushed her positive demeanor forth. “May as well enjoy it.”

With this being said, Jessie proceeded down the invisible path she was taking, admiring her gorgeous surroundings. The trees stood thick and tall, looking very much alive in the sunlight and occasional wind which shook their branches. The grass at her feet was extraordinarily green and had batches of flowers and plants sprouting about in their midst.

Wow... the girl thought to herself. Those are some rare plants. This would be a heaven for people who like to cultivate herbs...

As the teen proceeded down a small hill, she was suddenly reminded of her situation. She had been in this woodland for two days, randomly wandering about in hopes of finding her way out again. She had been traveling for quite some time and had accidentally stumbled into this place on the occasion of taking a shortcut. Her real destination was a nearby village called, “Morning Wake”, and then a train station that would take her to a small town where she could restock on supplies. However, her shortcut and indecipherable map had failed her and now she was hopelessly lost.

Jessie crossed her arms behind her back as she continued forward, absorbing the settings that she was now currently stuck in. Her gaze traveled to the blue sky which was barely visible through the cluttered up leaves. “I remember that this forest had a name...” She looked back down. “A very interesting name... What was it?” As she bit her lip in thought, something caught her eye, causing her to dig in her heels and stare.

To her right, partially hidden in the forest terrain of bushes and grass, was a large stone statue. It was hard to decipher what it was through all of the foliage, but its unique shape, which resembled that of an animal and yet so much more, gave the answer dead-away. Cracks traced over its

surface, indicating the age of the rock. Along the fractures ran designs that were written in a foreign and ancient language.

The girl gaped.

Is... Is that what I think it is?

Years ago, Jessie happened to have crossed in a book the tales of evil beings and creatures that roamed the earth who were sealed away in stone. The spells that were placed upon these evildoers trapped their bodies in rock, while their souls were pushed out, forced to wander the land close to where their bodies were imprisoned. The only way that they could be set free is if the stone came into physical contact with a person of a high aura level.

Slowly, Jessie walked over and set her hand tentatively on the towering statue before her, marveling at her discovery. The stone before her looked very much like the ones described in the book. From what she saw, she could identify a pair of batlike wings, a barbed tail, and that the creature stood on two legs. Other than that, the stone was too worn and the shadows were too dark to see.

She traced her index finger around a symbol in perplexity.

I wonder if the legends are true...

She looked back up. Could it be possible that the stone before her housed the body of a creature while its soul wandered about in this forest? Perhaps...and then again...perhaps not. She sighed as she backed away from the statue and walked off again.

It would be a pathetic lie if Jessie were to deny her love for fantasy and myths. She would read anything about them when she got the chance. The tales just intrigued her, pulling both her mind and soul into the imaginary land and enabling her to feel and see everything. It was there that she could be herself without any questions or rejections. Yet, even on the ignorant and harsh earth, she believed that magic existed. It may be faint or hidden, but she knew it was there. Somewhere.

Jessie flipped her long, thick hair behind her shoulder and exhaled sadly.

I just hope that I live to see it...

She snapped out of her depression when a realization came over her. Around her, the trees were thinning and the spaces were becoming much more open. It dawned upon her.

She was near the forest's edge.

“Yes!” Jessie couldn't help but to cry out, punching the air. “Finally! Wow! If I just go straight, I should be able to get out of here and find my way to the village!” She looked up at the sky and muttered her thanks, being truly grateful as she did so. She gazed back down and giggled in her excitement of finally escaping from this place, beautiful and peaceful though it was. Still laughing slightly, something moved at the corner of her eye, causing the laughter to immediately catch in her throat and remain as she looked over, her body tense and alert.

Standing a good ten feet away from her right was a boy who looked about her age. He was dressed in torn and worn down looking clothes that consisted of a long-sleeved shirt, tunic, ripped up pants, and high boots. He was incredibly thin with a sharp face that was framed by impossibly messy blond hair. He stood, staring at her, dark eyes wide in what looked like shock and surprise when she glanced back.

Who...?

Jessie's own eyes enlarged further at the sight of him, and her heartbeat quickened for a reason that was beyond her.

A wind blew around the two, ruffling the girl's long hair and sending leaves scattering about. From the gaps in the trees, orange light began to pour through in beams, indicating a quick sunset from the horizon.

Jessie noted this, and then, looking back at the boy, she finally gathered up enough courage to ask the simple question that one usually asks upon first meetings.

“Who are y—”

“You shouldn't be here.”

She stiffened at his voice. It was rough and slightly angry, seemly towards her. Jessie nearly yelped when the boy suddenly strided a foot away from her.

“Get the hell out of here! Now!” he snapped at her, his face now illuminated by the sunlight.

“Wha...?” Fear leapt into her throat when she saw the glint of wicked fangs in the blond's mouth, increasing his much frightening appearance. Her blood ran ice cold when she saw his eyes. Two wicked sapphire colored orbs stared back at her, the pupils thin and catlike, instantly indicating that he was not human.

“Don't you realize that the... It's almost night,” he spoke harshly again, cutting off from his first sentence. The boy lifted his arm and pointed in a direction, revealing to the girl that his fingers were clawed. “You have to leave this place before it gets dark.” She was about to ask something again, but stopped when she saw his body stiffen as he glanced over her shoulder. “No... They're waking up...”

“What are you...?” Before Jessie could take a look for herself, he swiped one of his oversized hands at her. The claws missed her face by an inch.

“GET OUT OF HERE!” he hissed, baring his fangs threateningly like an animal. “NOW!”

In complete and utter terror, the girl bolted right past him, leaping over the brush and through the forest once again. When she was a good distance away with her breath finally gone and legs numb, she stood, trembling. Her heart was pounding in her ears as she glanced over her shoulder into the slowly blackening thicket.

“W...What...? Who...Who was that?”

As expected, she didn't get an answer.

She gasped for several more minutes and bent over, trying to regain her stamina. When she had, she looked up and around at the now thick forest surrounding her. She stared when she realized.

“Son of a—” Jessie stamped her foot in fury. “I was so close! So freakin' close! I'm such an idiot! I was right there and then I chose to run in the opposite direction! STUPID BOY! SCARING ME LIKE THAT! THE NEXT TIME I SEE HIM I'LL— ARGH!” She picked up a stick and threw it, flinching as a yelp sounded off moments later. She gained a confused look. “What the...?”

Her breath caught in her throat when the shadows in front of her shifted, a low growling sound cutting through the air as it did. She took a hesitant step back as the shade moved toward her, her fear once again renewed.

Stepping into the now faint sunlight was what looked like a giant cat. It was thick and heavily built with long yellowish fur and black tigerlike stripes going across its back. Long, lynxlike ears poked up from its head, where vicious fangs were bared and black eyes seethed. Two long tails swung behind the creature in what seemed like amusement towards its new and helpless prey.

“A werecat...” Jessie mouthed, hardly even daring to breathe in front of her new enemy. She took another step back as the werecat advanced toward her, the creature apparently not happy with

having a stick thrown at it.

It hissed at her, pinning its long ears back as its claws shot forward, giving a dead away sign of its intentions. The girl easily saw this, and, without another thought, darted off to the side at top speed just as the werecat pounced at her.

She heard its upset sibilate in the background and the slow thumping of its feet as it followed her. Jessie's heart raced and she began to sweat profusely as she sprinted through the woods, leaping over fallen logs and dodging trees. A vicious and infuriated roar sounded off not too far behind her, making the girl look over her shoulder as she continued to run. Before she could see where her hunter was, she felt her foot become caught in an uprooted tree, causing her to trip.

But, for some reason, the ground was nonexistent when she fell, making her scream when she realized what was happening. Her body flipping as she fell off the side of a small cliff, Jessie yelled desperately, wondering how far the airborne journey would go. She nearly choked when liquid suddenly poured into her open mouth and surrounded her.

Jessie made herself sit up, sputtering and coughing harshly at the water she swallowed. She reached up and rubbed her eyes, clearing her vision and allowing her to see her surroundings. She was standing in the middle of a large water hole at the base of a small cliff, the place where she fell from. The surrounding area had much lower banks with large trees and thick mud on their surfaces, suiting the open and watery area.

Jessie went to move, but shrieked when something caught her hair, the contact making her whirl about and smack her attacker until she was released. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw what looked like a fishing net laying limply and torn in the clear water.

“Wha... What the...?” She cocked an eyebrow in confusion as she lifted the helpless object.

“Hey!”

Jessie jumped at the voice, spinning around to its source.

From the shadowy end of the bank an extremely tall, young man stepped forward, patting a long stick in his hands. He was dressed in deerskin garbs that consisted of pants, moccasins, and a simple vest, with a flowy long-sleeved shirt underneath. From what Jessie saw, he had an excellent build; exceedingly long legs and a very wide and muscular frame. His face was well-set by high cheekbones and large, light green eyes. Long and silky brown hair fell down to his shoulder blades along with a single, wavy white lock that was located at the front to his right.

The girl stared as he took several more steps forward, his face looking slightly confused as he patted the stick more. His eyes locked onto her, making her flinch.

“Excuse me, miss, but that's *my* net.”

Jessie stared at him in slight disbelief for a moment or two, but before she could say anything, a yellow blur leapt down from the shadows of the cliff and onto the bank, growling furiously.

The man twitched as looked over at the werecat, his large eyes widening for a brief moment, before narrowing. The large feline spotted him and then slowly began to advance, choosing instead to go for the much bigger target than the one it was chasing.

Jessie cried out. “Watch out! Get out of here! That thing's a werecat! It'll kill you! Run!”

The young man didn't answer, or even seem to acknowledge her, choosing instead to lock eyes with the animal that approached him.

Letting out a deep and throaty growl, the werecat lunged at him, claws out and fangs bared, ready to rip the flesh from his bones.

With incredible speed that would not be expected from someone his size, the male dove off to the side, whirled around, and brought the stick down across the beast's head with a sickening cracking sound. The cat yowled and collapsed to the ground, whimpering in pain. The young man stared at it for a second, and then flipped over the fallen werecat, just as another leapt out from the darkness, causing Jessie to yell in surprise.

The two creatures collided into one another and then fell into the pond, screeching in fear as their heads broke the surface. With the difficulty of trying to get past one another, the two finally managed to clamber out of the water, hissing angrily at the man who tricked them.

The male bent himself slightly and raised the stick, mimicking their hissing to an almost scary precisment.

The girl in the water just stood and watched this, dumbfounded at the scene playing out in front of her. Never had she heard about a single human taking on a werecat, let alone two, and not even getting a scratch. It was an amazing thing to witness.

Just when she thought that she had seen everything, Jessie exclaimed when a third cat rushed out from the foliage, heading right for the young man's back.

“L-Look out!” she screamed, hoping he would hear.

He stirred and looked at her, then over his shoulder, just in time to see the third werecat pounce at him, roaring. The man dug in his heels and then jumped up into the air, doing an impressive back flip that missed the approaching cat by a hair's length.

Just like the one before, the running werecat crashed into the two others, causing more screams and pathetic mews of pain.

When the young man landed, he whirled the arm with the stick out and whacked all three cats cleanly across their spines, making them howl in agony. Lowering the stick, he opened his mouth and mimicked their hiss once again, a clear sign for them to leave. Whimpering and yelping, they strangely obeyed, running at top speed back into the shadows of the trees.

When they had gone, the young man straightened himself up, smirking.

Jessie slowly rose to her feet, her eyes glued on the stranger before her as he turned and waded through the water in her direction. She couldn't help but to smile. “W-Wow... That...That was just...incredible. H-How you fought all three of those things off. Y-You're amazing. You—” She stopped as he grabbed up the net, frowning at it. “Oh... I'm sorry about that...”

He sighed. “It's alright.” His gaze turned to her. “I hardly use it anyway. I prefer to catch fish by hand.” He released the net back into the water before turning fully in her direction. “Where are my manners...? Are you all right, miss?”

Jessie waved a hand, unable to keep the grin off of her face at being called, “miss”. “I'm fine. Thank you for saving me. That was very brave of you.”

A slight smile touched his lips as he shrugged. “No, not really. I don't deserve any praise.”

She gave him a look of disbelief. “Are you mad? You just saved my life. Thank you.”

His own smile widened. “I was just doing what anyone else would've done... C'mon...let's get on land.” He turned and plodded through the water, the girl right behind him.

Jessie cocked an eyebrow. “Really? Well, not many people would take up even just *one* werecat. You took on *three*, if I recall correctly.”

I've heard of modesty before, but this guy is just full of it.

Now that she was standing next to him on solid land, the girl marveled at his height, having to tilt her head back just to look him in the eye. He was at *least* six-and-a-half feet tall.

The young man shrugged again and then smiled, causing Jessie's face to heat up. He was, in the honest truths, an extremely beautiful person; both on the outside and inside, from what she could tell. "Please, don't worry about it."

"Okay..." Jessie rocked on her heels, blushing as she looked up at him. Her luck was suddenly turning up. "So, what's your name?"

He rubbed the back of his head, the sweet smile still on his face.

"I'm Gallows."

An owl hooted in the distance later on that evening, adding more to the effect that night was upon the land. The black sky hung above, glowing profoundly due to its many wondrous stars and crescent moon. It was truly a beautiful sight.

Jessie and Gallows sat in a small clearing across from each other with a small fire in between them. After a small talk, Jessie had managed to convince the young man to allow her to stay with him for the night. When they had settled down, he tossed several questions towards her, among them being where she came from and why she was here.

"So..." he muttered, looking at her with keen, but kind eyes. "You're lost?"

"Yeah..." She sighed, looking at the ground. "I've been in this forest for a couple of days now. I'm trying to get to a train station that's nearby."

"I know of it."

She looked back up at him in an instant. "Really?"

"Yeah. I can take you there tomorrow if you'd like," he offered with a shrug.

She could have sworn that he muttered something like, "Not the first time a girl got lost out here",

but was too overjoyed to really notice. “T-Thank you! That means so much!”

He shook his head. “Don't worry about it.”

“Hey, Gallows?”

“Hm?”

“Where do *you* come from?”

He blinked at her several times and then smiled. “I come from a small village not too far from here. I was born and raised there but...” He frowned. “I haven't been home lately.” Before she could ask why, he raised a large hand. “Long story.”

“Oh... Okay...” She looked down.

“However... I am surprised that you've been here for *this* long without getting hurt.”

Her gaze traveled back up to him. “Why?”

Gallows gave her a solemn look. “Not many people trail into the Forest of Evening Life, and come back out again... Well... Not unless you know the land like I do.”

Something in Jessie's head clicked.

That's what it's called!

“I've heard about this forest before and it's always fascinated me. Though...” She tilted her head. “I have no idea why it's called that.”

“You don't know?”

She shook her head.

Gallows sighed. “Well... You see... There are statues throughout this forest that contain the bodies of several different beings that lived long ago. They were sealed away for the wicked crimes they committed and destruction they caused. The souls of these beings now roam this forest... But...” He raised a finger. “Only at night. That's what gave this forest its name.”

She stared, eyes wide, at him. “So... The legends about those statues are true?”

He nodded. “Definitely. However...” He frowned. “There's one being in this forest that's...unique.”

Jessie leaned forward, intrigued. “How?”

Gallows looked up at her. “Well, one of the beings that was sealed away in this forest is a hybrid. Of what, I don't know, but the only way *he* can be set free is by a single person, though *who* I'm not really sure of. He's also the only soul that's ineffective to the nighttime curse. Said to be a boy around your age, I guess... He was sealed away thousands of years ago.”

Jessie stiffened and possibly gaped slightly, images of the blond boy from earlier flashing though her mind. “W-What does he look like...?”

Gallows looked thoughtful. “Well... He's supposed to be blond...or was it brunette...? I'm not sure.” He shook his head slightly and sighed. “It's been so long... All I know is that he's young... Why?” He looked at her curiously.

She shook her head. “N-Nothing...” she muttered, looking down.

Gallows looked over his shoulder. “Anyway... I don't like the feel of tonight. The spiritual waves are really out of place... I can't figure out why...”

Jessie was about to ask what he meant when, suddenly, a loud and terrible screech pierced her ears, making her go rigid in fear. It was far more fierce than the werecats from earlier and twice as intimidating. The girl's eyes flew open and she couldn't breathe.

Wh-What the hell was that...!?

Gallows continued to mutter to himself, a finger to his chin, obviously not hearing the horrific sound. “I wonder what's making the auras get so out of whack though...”

Jessie's look shot up to him. “G-Gallows! Hey Gallows!”

Gallows' attention was regained. “What?”

The girl stared at him in shock. “What do you mean ‘what’!? That screech! What was that!?”

Gallows gave her a clueless look. “Screech? What are you—”

The terrible roar sounded off in the distance once again, making the young man flinch and go pale.

Jessie trembled. The sound was closer than before. “T-That.”

Gallows immediately rose to his feet, glancing over his shoulder and grasping the bone-handle of a knife at his side. “That sound... I hope that's not what I think it is... Wait here.” He twisted around and ran off, leaving the girl on her own.

Or so he thought.

Her eyes went huge. “G-Gallows! Wait!” She shot after the man, having extreme difficulty with just keeping up with him, due to his incredible speed. He eventually disappeared into the darkness, no longer in her sight, but still in her earshot. The screech screamed again, causing the girl to shiver as an automatic response. She nearly cried out when she heard Gallows' yell moments later, making her speed up her run. The girl ran around the corner of a tree which opened up into a clearing, and what she saw made her blood turn into ice.

There, standing in the clearing, illuminated by the cold moonlight, was a wyvern. It stood an easy eighteen feet tall, its long neck curved and maws hissing, yellow eyes darting around. Huge, leathery wings laid folded at its sides and a barbed tail waved about behind it in a threatening manner. Its scales were a coal black and its underside was a smoky gray, making the creature blend in with the night. What made Jessie cry out, however, was the fact that Gallows was laying at the creature's side, apparently recovering from a blow.

He spotted her and went pale. “J-Jessie! Don't just stand there! Get out of here! Run!”

The wyvern looked to where he was yelling and spotted Jessie, who was petrified. A mimic grin crossed its face and the giant creature turned toward the girl, who remained glued to the spot from fear. It threw back its head and yowled in pain a second later, turning its glare back to Gallows, who had his dagger buried into its tail.

“I SAID RUN! NOW!” he screamed, withdrawing his knife.

At the sound of his voice, Jessie snapped out of her shock, regaining her senses to turn and rush out of sight, away from the scene of the fight.

The wyvern hissed when it saw that she had gone and spread out its wings, giving several powerful flaps before taking flight.

Gallows looked up after it and cursed, instantly rising to his feet and chasing after the wyvern by

ground.

He wants her... But why? How did he escape in the first place!?

Gallows growled in frustration, glaring up at the black flier as he followed it.

Meanwhile, Jessie was running as fast as her legs could carry her, again. As she dodged through the darkness, she couldn't help but to think. In the honest truths, the first sight of the wyvern terrified her. What was such a creature doing here? What did it want?

Also, she couldn't help but to be stabbed by guilt at having left Gallows. He was possibly hurt and she just left him there. Normally, she would have stayed and fought, but the fact that she was unarmed didn't help. She had a weapon, but she must've dropped it in the pond earlier because it wasn't in its usual place by her side.

She snapped out of her thoughts as the screech sounded off just above her, making her panic and look up. As if *deja vu* were playing tricks on her, Jessie felt her foot get caught once again and she tripped to have her chin crash into the solid ground. She coughed and tasted blood moments later, her nose wrinkling at the coppery tang.

A loud thud came from behind her and the girl twisted around on the ground to see the wyvern standing over her, grinning once again. Its mouth opened wide like it was about to devour her whole, causing Jessie to flinch and close her eyes, awaiting the pain and then death.

It never came.

Slowly opening her eyes, Jessie turned to see Gallows standing before the wyvern, a bulky stick jammed into the creature's open mouth, fixing it in that position. The young man looked over his shoulder at the girl. "Are you all right?"

Jessie wiped some blood away from her chin. "Y-Yeah. I think so."

Gallows sighed in slight relief. "That's good—" He never got to finish his sentence due to the fact that the wyvern smacked him with its tail, sending the male slamming against a tree.

The beast growled furiously before snapping the wood in its mouth, not looking pleased at all. Glaring at the man in front of it, the wyvern inhaled deeply and then hacked up a purplish slime that was sent flying, smacking straight onto Gallows' right arm.

Gallows threw back his head and screamed as the gunk melted away, absorbing into the fabric of

his shirt and then the skin of his arm. He collapsed to his knees, trembling while hugging the limb to his chest. The sleeve was burnt away by the acid to reveal the area where the poison had struck. It had discolored to a faint black, while the rest of his body turned into a pale white. Gallows went limp and collapsed against the trunk of the tree, wheezing dryly as sweat began to pour down his forehead.

Jessie watched in horror as the wyvern hissed at Gallows and opened its mouth once again, ready to finish him off.

I have to do something!

But what? What could she do?

Jessie looked around in desperation for something that could help. They were in a large clearing with seemingly nothing useful in it, well, nothing in sight anyway. The girl was about to cry out in frustration when something caught her attention.

Her eyes widen as the broad sword before her gleamed in their reflection. It was a magnificent blade that was buried in an ageless rock, its flawless surface shining brilliantly in the moonlight. The hilt was solid gold with a wrapping around its grip, and a deep blue sapphire gem was embedded into the pommel, further extending the beauty of the blade. Jessie rose slowly to her feet, staring in awe at the weapon. The sword was halfway buried into the solid stone on the ground. Frowning, the girl followed the rock as it traveled upward, and blinking at the large mound it formed into.

Jessie could have gone on forever with just staring at the sword and its position, but the wyvern's growl snapped her out of it. Without much thinking, she grabbed the hilt of the sword loosely in one hand as if she had some hope of pulling it out. Her gaze shot back over her shoulder to the wyvern and Gallows, who still sat slumped against a tree, growing more ill looking with each second.

The girl's brown eyes went round as the wyvern lunged forward, jaws open, towards its victim.

“NO!”

Jessie began to twist around, her hand still on the sword, and stiffened when a sudden weight fell into her palm. Bringing her hand forward, she gasped to see the blade, its silver surface reflecting harshly in the night's natural light.

Gallows' eyes darted to her and then widened profoundly at the sight of the sword in her hand.

How did she...?

Even the wyvern froze, its eyes now fixed on the young female that stood behind it.

Jessie stood, frozen to the spot. "I...I... Um..." The girl looked at the weapon, confused. She flinched suddenly as a loud cracking sound came from behind, making her spine go rigid. The redhead slowly looked over her shoulder to the large rock that the sword once stood under, only to find deep new cracks in it.

What the...?

Before she could finish her mind's question, there was a brilliant flash of light that illuminated the entire clearing in a white surrounding. It made the female snap her eyes shut, surprised to hear the wyvern's severe scream of pain a second later. She looked back up, seeing white dots at first and then the wyvern shaking its head in agony, blood shooting from its nostril area as a huge gash laid across it.

Jessie gasped. "Huh? What could've...?" Her gaze darted back over her shoulder again, only this time to find just a pile of rubble where the rock once was. The wyvern cried out again, making the girl look forward quickly at the sound.

A blur crossed her vision, darting diagonally across the wyvern's front, making the area explode in blood a second later. The creature shrieked in fright and anguish, instantly spreading out its wings and taking flight, disappearing far off into the night sky.

Silence fell and a gentle wind blew.

Jessie could only stare at the new figure in the clearing, her head pounding from the marathon of thoughts in her brain.

Standing with his back to her, his blond hair matted and messy, while his clawed hands dripped with blood, was the boy from earlier

The hybrid.

Jessie's heart slammed into her chest as he turned and looked at her, his deep blue eyes piercing right through her thoughts.

"Well, one of the beings that was sealed away in this forest is a hybrid."

And now he stood before her. The half-human. The hybrid.

The hybrid of the Forest of Evening Life.

A/N: And so, the story begins! I really hope you all enjoyed chapter one. Stay tuned for chapter two, where we'll meet yet another stranger and travel into Gallows' home village.

Comments are greatly appreciated. ^_^