

Tied up with Blood and Bone

The girl with hair as black as night and skin that glowed like the full moon, waltzed down the alleyway as if she knew exactly where she was going but the truth was she had no idea what was about to happen. She glided across the old grey cobblestones, barely making a sound. Her bright green eyes scanning the shadows in front of her for any sign of danger.

The wind went up hill making the voices silent. No one saw them, not even the girl as she walked right into their trap. The plan was simple: Don't let her get away again, the thief that stole their beloved queen from them. As she walked down the alleyway it was the perfect moment to pounce like a fox to a rabbit. A chill crept down the girl's spine and she shivered but not from the cold. The girl's name was Lucinda, not a murderous name at all, maybe that's why her mother chose it.

The stolen ones as they called themselves were waiting for her and suddenly their moment came. All she saw was darkness, rough hands grabbed her and held her fast. "Could they really have caught up to me?" she thought as her mind went into a foggy blackness. The first thing she noticed when she awoke was that her plan to escape the 'Stolen Ones' had failed. Her hands were bound with tough rope and her eyes were blindfolded but she recognized the hushed voices coming from the corner of the room. "This wasn't meant to happen, we were meant to kill her, not catch her you numbskulls!" Shouted the one that was their leader. The blindfold was ripped off her and light flooded her scenes. "Tell us, are you the one who killed our queen?" Asked the hauntingly familiar voice "yes" she replied because it was the truth. Her job as an assassin was to kill, not ask questions. Apparently her last victim must have had friends.

They asked Lucinda a few more questions which she promptly ignored and then shoved back on the blindfold and she was plunged into darkness. This may have been the first time Lucinda had been caught but she'd been preparing for a situation like this (being an assassin isn't exactly a carefree job) she knew exactly how to untie the bonds on her wrists, then the only thing she had to do was escape.

It was easy for her to untie herself and look around for an exit, the harder part was actually finding one. The only door was locked and even if she picked the lock it was the door her captors went through so not a good place to start. Then she saw the window. It was barred but she knew she could break. Luckily her 'captors' didn't check her for weapons. They would have seen her pocket knife. "Phew!" she sighed as she jumped out onto the dark, cobbled street below. Free as a bird, for now.