

Abduction

By Elizabeth Dresdow ©

Prologue

“Hurry,” the voice inside Kira’s head whispered. There was a whimper, and Kira looked down at the little baby lying in the shawl draped around her shoulders. Her daughter slept fitfully in the shawl.

“Hush, little one. We’ll be safe soon.” She chanced a glance behind her and saw the men were still following. Kira pumped her legs faster, desperate to get to safety. She was glad she had changed out of her dress and into some lightweight pants; it made it easier to run. The men were slowly advancing. Under the trees, she ran as silently and as fleet-footed as a deer. Her dark red hair bounced on her back and her green eyes darted through the darkness, making sure that no one else was gaining on her. The air was still and quiet.

The woods thinned as a moor appeared beyond the tree line. Kira was desperate. If she did not find a place to hide with the child before the moor, she would not find anything. She ran on for several paces, throwing her gaze around, trying to find a rotten log, cave, or anything in which to hide. In her peripheral vision, she spotted a cabin. It looked as though it was abandoned at the moment. She knew it was a place where they might check, and the fact that it was uninhabited was just too much to ask for, but the wood was surprisingly bare of anything else. Changing her direction, she charged towards it.

To her relief, the door was unlocked. It was pitch dark inside the cabin. She set down a small bag that she had strapped around her and rummaged around blindly for matches and a candle. She lit the candle, her fingers shaking slightly. There were no windows in the front room or any other doors which made her feel comfortable with a little light. This could either be a bad or a good thing. She turned towards the door and barricaded it with the few chairs that the table in the room offered. It might help a little if they found her. Finally, she set the candle down in the middle of the room, and settled in the corner to wait and see if her detour had been discovered.

After about ten minutes, she began to relax, satisfied she had thwarted them for the time being.

Without warning, loud pounding on the door, followed by a gruff voice, interrupted her sense of calm.

“Kira, we know you are in there! Come out, and we shall not harm you nor the babe!”

More pounding followed this statement. Kira retreated into the corner and did not answer. More pounding and then silence. Had they left? A loud thud made her jump, and the door shuddered. Another bang followed the first one and a third one. Suddenly the door burst open,

and about a dozen men dressed all in black fell into the room. The men looked around the room and their eyes immediately fell on her.

“Hello, Drake,” Kira said calmly. Her heart pounded when she realized she had trapped herself in the corner.

“So you are in here,” Drake said. “We have chased you through the night. You must be tired. Hand us the babe, and we will let you go.”

Kira stood. “Never!”

“Well then, you give me no choice.” Drake’s voice dripped with fake pity as he drew a short sword and slashed at Kira. Kira was too quick for him. She ducked and spun to the other corner and turned so that he could not hurt the baby. While she ducked, her foot hit the candle and sent it sprawling toward the chairs, which were now strewn across the room after being thrown back from the door.

Drake motioned for his men to stand by and block the door so she could not escape. He sneered and came at her again. He slashed and cut her shirt, but the blade did not touch her skin. The baby started to cry, its wail piercing the night. She ducked again and tried to spin but before she could complete the turn, his blade came down and to stop him from hitting the baby, she threw up her left arm in defense. She screamed as the blade cut through her arm like rubber. Blood spurted everywhere and her upper arm felt dead and weightless without the bottom half.

Drake growled. “If you had just given in, I would not have hurt you.”

Kira panted and tried to wrap her remaining arm in the scarf around her neck. It was bleeding so fast and she knew she needed to tie it up tight or she would pass out before getting her daughter to safety.

“I will never give her to you! I know you want to kill her because of the prophecy and I would rather die than let her into your arms.”

“Then die you shall,” Drake said angling the blade for the kill. His blade stopped halfway to Kira’s chest when there was a gut-wrenching scream from over by the door. Drake and Kira turned.

While the other men had been watching the fight, the flames from the candle had licked the dry wood of the chairs and table and unbeknownst to one of the men, started eating his pant leg as well. By the time he felt it, it was all around him and the other men and they were jumping around like mice trying to extinguish the fires burning on their clothing.

“Master!”

“Master!”

“Please!” the men cried.

His men abandoned him, turning towards the door to get away from the flames. They watched the scene through the open door.

Drake smiled, his upper lip curling to the side. He withdrew from Kira and dashed outside, drawing a gun. Aiming, he fired at the door, which exploded; cinders blowing everywhere. Then laughing, he and his cronies sprinted away from the cabin. Drake's voice reached Kira's,

"Now you will burn!"

Kira glanced around frantically, searching for a way out that was not engulfed in flames. There were none. Already burns had appeared on her and the baby's skin. The baby was crying in earnest now, desperate to be away from all the noise and heat. The only way out was through the door that was a sheet of flames. The flames flickered just a bit to show a tiny path through the flames.

Taking a deep breath, she sprinted as fast as she could through the crack in the flames. They licked at her clothes and scarf and the baby gave another high-pitched wail. The heat was so intense that her throat threatened to close up, and her eyes watered. Making it through the door, she tripped and tumbled down a small hill, putting out most of the flames in her clothing.

She extinguished the rest and lay there panting. The baby was still crying, and she attempted to calm it. Angry welts and burns had sprung up all over the baby's arms and head, and her head of blonde red hair had been completely singed off. Kira's hair was also singed in many places, and her eyebrows were completely burned off. Her arm throbbed something awful, and she tightened the blood soaked scarf around her what was left of her arm. If she did not get help soon, she would bleed to death. She looked down at the baby who was still crying desperately. She would have to say goodbye now. Drake and his men might still be out there and she was bleeding to death.

She picked the child up with her other arm and started running again, this time toward the open moor.

A few minutes later, she spotted a small village. It looked lonely all alone there in the middle of the moor. It was not huge by any means, but Kira knew her child would be safe here. The village was so remote and small, they would not possibly look here.

On the outskirts, there was a large mansion, which seemed to dominate the landscape. She made her way to it and lay the child down on the front steps. The sun was just rising over the horizon, and hardly anything was stirring. She leaned close to the child and whispered,

"Lily, I love you..... I love you so much, Lily. But I have to leave you. I have to leave you here until you are safe. It will hide you from the evil people who wish to kill you. Lily, I love you." Suppressing a sob, Kira kissed the child on the cheek, and then stood up and started to run across the moor once more, leaving her child on the steps of an unknown house, with an unknown future.