

O Legado De Maxia (The legacy of magic)

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The story of Violeta Maxia, a girl who is orphaned at age 3 she loses her only remaining family at 13. She is then sold to a vicious king. As the story goes on she learns her family secret.

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Chapter 0 - Prologue

2

0 - Prologue

1857 on a small island country off of Spain

Deep purple eyes stared blankly, mesmerized by horror. A lonely girl stood in a desolate place and watched morbidly as what was once a church crumbled to the ground, stray debris sprayed around her, shattering and creating more hazards when it hit the ground. Snow and ice whipped around in the air, cutting and burning the girl's face. She felt nothing. And the boy who stood protectively close to the girl, well, he felt nothing but anger. Anger at the world, fate, and the war that had no rhyme or reason. More anger at the enemy guerillas who had slaughtered his family in front of his very eyes. But he had someone he had to protect and take care of now. There was no time for anger or sadness. And yet even as he pushed the emotions away his crimson eyes blazed with barely concealed hatred. As he glared off into the distance, the snow around his boot clad feet melted and then evaporated. This boy and girl believe they are merely different because they have lost their family but is that really the only reason? Only time would tell.

As more buildings began to crumble, their already unstable foundations rocked more than they could take, the boy ran to the girl, grabbed her hand and dragged her forcefully away from the ruins of their childhood and sanctuary. A scream she had been biting back ripped itself from her throat, turning raw and painful within seconds. The burning tears of anger and sadness scorched both of their cheeks' as the boy forced her away from the past and towards a dark future flooded with mystery. This rubble was no longer their home and it would do much harm to linger any longer. The boy was only ten and he wasn't sure where his new depth of knowledge had come from but in this situation he didn't question it, chalking it up to instinct. He no longer had time to worry about that, having become an adult much too soon and having seen far too much. But for now, they were in danger and the smell of burning flesh made the girl heave and shiver. No one should ever have to go through something so horrid, especially not someone who was barely potty trained. The boy hated seeing the girl like this. He had made up his mind. It was time to leave.

An explosion rocked the ground underfoot. The Great War was raged all around. Already the people had been fighting for seven years. And even as the war drew to a close, people lost their lives for a cause that no one cared about. The whole island had been ravaged by the atrocities of a war that no one wanted. Everywhere you turned in the snow draped land was splashes of the rich copper red of drying blood and the black scorches where an explosive went off or a body was burned. There was barely a building in the small country that was still whole and livable. But one very special family felt the pain of war deeper than anyone else. The Maxia family, once a large, though feared, lineage, was down to only two younger survivors. And more pressure rested on these children than even they realized. Being the only survivors to a powerful family meant other powerful families wanted them out of the way. However, these kids were strong and had already endured quite a bit of hardship. There wasn't much that someone could throw at them that they couldn't handle. Or that's how it seemed at the time.

The ragged old bear dragged the ground. The girl gripped its arm tighter, squeezing it, desperately afraid

of dropping the matted old thing and losing it forever. Mel was the only friend young Violeta had left. The Great War had killed most of her family and friends. Besides Mel, the only one Violeta had left was her older brother, Vermello. At the age of ten, he was now the head of their family and Violeta's caretaker. Violeta was only three, a naturally playful age, but her life was forever changed, she could not be like a normal child of her age and she would not forget this day. It would shape the rest of her life and form her destiny. Her long black hair billowed in the wind as she blindly followed her elder brother. The snow crunched under her boots, symbolizing the path she was now fated to walk. It was an unknown road and as brave as she tried to be young Violeta couldn't stop the fear curling knots in her stomach. The fading spot of fur on Mel's arm was a comfort from home, the only one she had left, and she found it relaxing. And Vermello's clammy pale hand clenched hers as they made their way to their new home, the village orphanage where they would live until Vermello was old enough to get a job and support them. It would be six years of horrid pain before they were free. And even then bliss of freedom would be short lived.