

Black Dagger

Dark Emotions|English Version

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Prolog: Prologue- New Born

"It is a way. But the traps and is studded with stones. "

"Regardless, I'll go anyway."

*And this is how this story begins
I keep my trust and hold my faith
Until the truth stops forever*

New Born Prologue

The cold enveloped my body. As a silk band she clung to my skin. And I was weak, so I dropped me. It was easier than to fight. So much to give up easily. I felt no pain. Do not worry. Just perfect indifference.

Something soft touched my shoulder, then my face. This had to be the veil.

The gate to the other side .

When I opened the eyes, I was almost blinded. Everything was completely white.

Only a few birds made for a little color. Besides a fountain was a tiny figure. She wore a floor-length black robe, even the face was covered. And yet the essence out seemed to glow from within.

I humbly bowed his head: "Virgin of the script, I greet. I hope that you prosper. "

With a short laugh she approached me up to: "Your manners seem to be better than that of your father."

I smiled weakly as she mentioned the king.

In my mind, however, it rattled: "I am the veil came through. Somehow I never imagined the environment differently. And I reckoned with family members. "

The Virgin of writing extended her hand to me, and after some hesitation, I grabbed it.

For a while we walked in silence through the garden. I did not dare to say something.

"Honestly I have you I got it because I'm disappointed," brought them their voice at last. I looked at her and pangs of conscience tormented me. Since the Virgin of writing expected seemed the answer to none, she continued: "As the daughter of King jar file you do not give up so quickly. But instead of fighting over your conversion, you went before it, to step through the veil. Your grandparents were fighters. Your parents and your brothers are fighters. I had expected that you too are fighting. "

Each of her words hit me like spear points, for they were so painfully true.

"Why should I fight? I'm redundant. Kalik or Senry Thorn will climb when father assigns. Both were members of the Brotherhood. And I am I beautiful? Wear clothes of the aristocracy and events may be present at, where I can play brave the princess, "I replied. The frustration was deep, as is the grief.

"You are dissatisfied with what others envy you?", It was indeed a question sounded to me but as an observation.

I nodded, embarrassed, "Yes, mistress of the Scriptures."

Once again, silence was an iron.

"And why?" She then wanted me to know.

"Maybe I'm simply not designed for this life", I speculated then softly.

"Nonsense!", It was unusually fidgety by the Virgin of Scripture. I winced normal.

"Everyone is born into his destiny," she went on a bit quiet.

"In me you seem to have deceived you. Finally, I have disappointed you, "I said almost in a whisper.

For a moment she looked at me carefully, then she sighed softly, "I have not made the wrong decision. Only a little premature, perhaps traded. I did not think you're so unstable emotionally. You have to first find himself and I have not considered. What should I do now?"

Her words confused me, and yet they seemed logical. Maybe it was the reason for my dissatisfaction, I am not even knew.

But how should I change something in it too? At least I had my birth has been condemned to be the person who wanted to have another. Even if my parents let me try my freedoms, the aristocracy saw it differently. Entering I looked at my hands. Somehow it was all but complete crap.

"I could send you back. And the ability to give you, you selst found. But it had its price. You will not know who are your parents and even these are but you do not recognize their child. For the rest of the brotherhood will you be a stranger. The more you find yourself, the more memory to your returns. But you must first earn the trust you so that your family! You,"said the Virgin of writing and looked at me intently.

I thought about it. Long. It seemed to me to be a good idea, but to forget my family, a very high price.

"Will I have my change behind me?", I dared to ask. The Virgin of writing derogatory made a sound to nod, but: "The time does not change. Even your first name will keep you. Will you really? "

Once more I thought about thoroughly, then I nodded, "Yes. I want it. "

"So be it. Close your eyes, Lielanja Randall, daughter of the vampire king. Your memories are now being carried away like feathers in the wind, deep inside you, they will be hidden. Open your eyes, *Lielanja LeMont*."

And this is my new chance

to live, I'll take it and

keep my heart open