

Prefet

# Prefet

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Trenity has entered another world, and theres no way out. She has to find away to escape the one persone who wants her dead, but will she stop her self from falling for his brother?

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Prefet

## **Table of Contents**

Prefet Chapter 1

Prefet Chapter 2

## Prefet : Chapter 1

I stare at the screen door, breathing heavily. The chair I sit in is wooden and splinters. My hands are tied behind my back, tight. My hair is in my face, and my clothes are torn. The room is dark, but the moon light from outside shines in through the cracks in the ceiling. At least, I think it's moon light. The screen door opens, and he walks in. I put on my brave face, ready for the pain I know is to come, but instead I am cut loose. I sit, afraid. My breathing increases as I tense up. He brushes my hair out of my face. I don't want to look up but he forces me to. I meet his eyes, and then I see, that it isn't he whom tortured me. It is another man, that looks like him. In fact everything about him is the same as the other, but not the eyes. This one's eyes are purple and kind. The other's eyes are red and cruel. He helps me stand, then asks my name, I reply shortly but he cannot hear me. "Speak up" He says. "Trenity." I say. He nods, "I'm Wake." It is a strange name, but so are purple eyes. "Where am I?" I ask. He narrows his eyes as he says, "My brother's house." My eye brows shoot up, no wonder they look so alike. "That still doesn't tell me where we are." He looks at me, "You should know. Did Drift drain your powers?" I snorted, "Is this a game? Powers, really?" Wake stares wide-eyed at me, "Your human." It was a statement but I nod. "He tortured a human." Wake puts a hand through his hair, "We have to get you cleaned up." I stare at him. Why was he saying human? wasn't he human? "You're probably really confused now. I'll explain on the way to my friends." He took off his trench coat and put it around me. "Nobody can see you like this, they'll think it was me." He rushes me out the screen door. I feel my eyes widen as I look around, still moving. The sky was white! There was what looked like a black sun in the sky. There were blue trees, and the grass was red. Flowers were black and neon colors. Wake didn't let me finish looking, he rushed me into his car, which is when I realized there was a road, and that he had a car. I was in the passenger seat. He ran around to the other side, and got in. He started the car, and revved the engine. We got on the road, then Wake started talking. "Welcome to Prefet. It's a world full of non humans. If a human happens to find a portal here, and lives their way through it, we are to treat you like kings or queens. Humans are rare. They can make new races, if they happen to breed with one of our kind. It is against the law to hurt humans. Which is why my brother is in a heap load of trouble. I'm his twin, if you haven't noticed. My mother was human, but she died at my brother's birth. I am older by two hours. My father hasn't seen us for years. But he writes." I looked at him, "Writes? You don't have email or phones?" Wake shook his head, "Humans have said things about that stuff, but none of them can explain what it's made of or how it works." I shook my head, there was no use in trying to explain. "any way," He continued, "My friend Jemma can help clean you up." I nodded. "So if you're no human, what are you?" I asked. "Well I, and my brother, are x-fires. We can speak telepathically, shape shift, and turn our selves invisible. We x-fires are not that common. Jemma is a banato. She can clone any object, but make it a different size, and color. My father He is a Rafgar, he can do what I can, but he can't shape shift." Wake listed the things off as he parked in a drive way. The house he had parked next to was pink. Everything was pink, the windows, the roof, the walls. Wake got out and motioned me to do the same. I opened my door and stepped out on to the pink drive way. Wake rushed me up the steps to the door after I closed the car door. He knocked on the dark pink wood. There was the sound of locks and then the door opened. A short girl smiled brightly as she saw Wake. "Come on in Wake!" She grabbed his hand and pulled him in. "OH! You brought a human!" The girl grabbed my hand and pulled me in too. She closed the door, and turned to Wake, "Do you need Jemma?" Wake smiled, "Could you go get her for me, Yeta?" Yeta nodded and ran. She went up a flight of stairs. I heard a door open, then close. "That was Yeta. She's Jemma's assistant." I jumped at Wake's voice. He had gotten closer to me. I heard the door up stairs open. A woman came down the stairs, Yeta behind her. "So Wake," The woman said, "You found a human." Wake cleared his throat, "Yes, Jemma, I did. My brother tortured her. She needs to be fixed up." Wake took his trench coat from me to show Jemma my clothes. "Oh dear, come with me." Jemma took my hand and started to take me up the stairs when I froze. "What is the matter Trenity?" Wake asked me. I shook my head, "I just..... never mind, it's nothing." "Trenity, tell me what it is." Wake's tone was like my mother's when I was hiding something. "I don't want to go with them without you." I wanted to take back my words, but I rushed on, "I know it's silly, but I feel safe around you." Wake raised an eye brow. I felt silly standing there looking like a mess. Wake walked towards me, his white hair fell in one of his eyes. "I can come with you if you want, I

## Prefet

have no objections." I Looked at Jemma. She wiggled her eye brows at me. I blushed as I realized what Wake meant. "No, I think Jemmais safe enough." I said, pulling Jemmaup the stairs. In my twenty-two years of life, I had never had a boy friend. I was completely oblivious when it came to that stuff. Jemmaand Yetawere laughing, I could also hear Wake laughing. Jemmastopped laughing to speak to me, "We can fix you right up, Trenity." Yetaopened the door in front of them, and pulled me through it. I looked around to see shelves full of shirts, dresses, pants, skirts, and shoes. They were all different, but I knew Jemmacould clone them. Jemmawas taller than I, by two feet. She was also warring high heels. "Pick something, and I'll match it to your size." Jemma said, as if any body could do it.

## Chapter 2

After I got dressed, I headed down stairs. "I don't understand why you didn't want to wear heels." Jemma said. I shook my head, "I'm not a heel type of person." Jemma had thrown shoes at me, mostly six inch heels, but I settled for my regular shoes. No heels, no arches. That is how I liked it. As soon as I got all the way down the stairs, I saw Wake looking at some pictures. He looked up from the pictures and turned his gaze to me. I smiled at him, hoping I didn't look like a mess any more. "You cleaned up nicely." Wake looked me up and down. I shifted uncomfortably, not liking the feeling of somebody inspecting me. "You should have worn the dress and the heels." Jemma shook her head at me. "No thank you. I am perfectly fine with my shirt and pants." I had made my decision to fast for Jemma's liking, so she made me try on lots of other things. In the end I chose a navy blue long sleeve shirt, and black pants. Yeta had brushed my hair so that it no longer looked like a birds nest. I looked from Jemma to Wake. Wake was still looking at me, which some how made me feel safe. It was an odd feeling, but a good one. "Yeta," Jemma touched her assistant's shoulder, "Could you go make some tea?" Yeta smiled and exited the front room. "Please, sit down." Jemma waved her hand to a big couch. "I'd rather stand if you don't mind. I've been sitting for a while." I Grimaced remembering the wooden chair. "Suit your self." Jemma walked to the pink couch and sat. Wake stood next to me, so close I could smell his breath. "Thank you Jemma, but we have to be going now." Wake put his hand on my shoulder. Jemma stood up, "Why are you leaving so soon?" "Drift could be on his way here. I don't know about you, but I don't want to talk to my brother after what he did." Wake's grip on my shoulder tightened as he moved both of us to the door. "What ever. If he comes here, I'll be sure to set him in your direction." Wake opened the door and practically shoved me out. "Get in the car." He ordered. I got in the car as quickly as I could. "Wake," I Made sure to speak only after we got away from Jemma's house. "Why were you at your brother's house?" Wake tightened his grip on the steering wheel. "I check up on him." "So, finding me was just me lucking out?" Wake nodded. "I wish I could say differently, but that wouldn't be telling the truth." I looked at the white sky. "Why does it matter if you tell the truth?" "I think every one should know the truth. It makes everything easier." I nodded my head in agreement. "Where are we going?" I asked. Wake smiled, "The city. The last place Drift would want to look for you." I looked down from the sky to see, in the distance, lights. I looked at the sky once more. It was turning grey. "Do you have a moon at night?" I asked. Wake took his eyes off the road to look at me, but only for a moment. "Yeah. Many people have told me I have moon eyes." He laughed, but then as if sensing my confusion he explained. "The moon is purple." I smiled. "Purple is a nice color." I turned my head away from him. I was bad at making conversation, but Wake didn't seem to mind. "It is a nice color. I'd like to see you wear it some time." My eye brows shot up, "whoa there buddy. You barely know me and now your requesting clothing colors." I smiled, trying to hide my embarrassment. I was a really shy person, so talking to people was hard for me. "I'm glad you found me there." I felt a tear escape my eye and travel down my face. "It really hurt, but when I saw your eyes, all the hurt went away." I Hated my self for being so mushy, but I had to let him know. "I'll be making you as comfortable as possible. You don't need to worry, Trenty. I will not leave your side." I smiled at him. I finally had a friend.

Prefet

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