The Possession: Secret Survivors (re-write)

By : Rhensis

Illia is an assassin. But after just once, she is unable to complete a job, she unearths something that she had thought buried in her past. Armed with nothing but two daggers and her will, Illia must work with people she has no idea whether loyal to her, facing some of the most terrifying creatures imaginable. All while coping with lost and new romances. But can she stop the approaching storm? -The first book in the 'The Possession' series. *Before someone shoots my head off for plagiarism, this is MY work, from my second account 'Awniasa'. I'm re-writing it here to give it more exposure* **Be warned, there is swearing** ***Please comment and like every chapter as I post them*** -The first book in the 'The Possession' series.

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The Possession Series

Secrets buried deep in the past revealed.

Secret Survivors

A pair of quick feet landed softly on a carefully tiled roof. They took a few swift spaces before jumping to the next rooftop, taking care not to disturb the nightlife below. The sky was pitch black, apart from the pale, eerie illumination of the moon.

The stealthy human instinctively moved her hand toward her hidden blade, making sure that it was still safely sheathed within her belt. Content that her weapon was safe, she jumped the last roof before her target. The buildings had become older and older as she travelled down the streets by rooftop, and it became clear that the temple was becoming ever closer.

She left the domed roof behind, landing easily on the soft, lush grass, and took the dagger in her hand, preparing for whatever lurked at the end of the garden; whatever she had been ordered to kill.

Silent as a mouse, the assassin reached the temple's expertly crafted fountain. A shadowy figure stood before it. Heart pounding with adrenaline, she poised her knife high in the air, ready to strike at any second. The human before her turned. Astonished, she stopped dead in her tracks.

Innocence. Pure innocence was what stood before her. Stopped dead in her tracks, the assassin examined the face.

The young child held a small teddy, her blond hair pulled messily into plaits. Her skin was fair, and shone in the moonlight. If she didn't know better, the assassin would have thought the child a gift from heaven itself. But heaven did not exist. She knew that. But the child really made doubt crawl into her mind, and a dozen questions as well.

But then she noticed the blood. The child's white nightdress was soaked in red blood, and tears had fallen and stained her face, terrified by the presence of the assassin.

Unable to lift her dagger anymore,she lowered it, still not sure why she had been asked to kill a child,terrified of the fate that awaited her. For the first time, she had been unable to finish the job.

Upon this thought, Illia Hyzah left the temple gardens, biting her lip with frustration...

After Illia left, the child smiled, wiping the false tears from her face. She dropped the sad teddy, revealing a bloodied, hidden knife. The blood on her dress was not her own, but of the man whose corpse lay behind her, concealed within the dark waters of the fountain. The assassin had failed to eliminate her; in fact, the child murderer had been able to eliminate the assassin...
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"Illia, is the task complete?"

"Yes..." Illia lied

"Illia?" Axel stared down Illia, not believing her calm words. He knew too well how to fake sincerity, and Illia was not half as good at lying as he.

"What?", she sighed at Axel, and took her blade out of her belt, sitting down to examine it. Illia knew that Axel hadn't been fooled for even a second.

"What stopped you?" he asked, and she shot him a look to keep his voice down. Hesitating only slightly after that, she answered,

"Axel...We are assassins, not murderers. We don't kill innocent children..."

"Wait, your target was a child?" Illia nodded as a response. "What did you do?"

"Nothing. It was too dark for her to have seen my face, and the poor child looked terrified enough to have forgotten the whole affair by the morning. Besides, I think someone else might have got there before men anyway..."

"What do you mean?" Axel took his own knife from the desk behind him, unconsciously fiddling with it. Illia was tempted to smile. Occupational hazard, she thought.

"She was soaked with blood. The way she stood suggests that she was wounded. It was a lot of blood, Axel. She will probably not survive till morn..." Axel nodded, but knew what this entailed for Illia. A failure and survival was worse than a failure and death.

"You have to tell Hal that she is dead. As you said, she probably is anyway,"

"Hal can tell when I am lying. You know that. The only reason that he knows I will always deliver is because that I can't lie to him!" Right on cue, Halopei walked into the room, his face stern as always. Suspiciously, he eyed his two employees.

Illia looked up at Axel, silently begging him to help. Axel himself jumped off his desk, and allowed Hal to sit behind it, slightly annoyed at the sudden intrusion. After all, it was his office. Illia had always wondered why he needed an office, after all, it wasmore of a practical job,but he claimed it was for 'research purposes'.

"Illia," Hal addressed her in the usual, deep tone of disapproval. "Is it done?"

"Yes." He raised his eyebrows.

"You seem very sure..."

"I am. I watched it happen myself." Illia's voice faltered slightly as she watched her employer's face.

"Proof?"

"Proof, sir?" Axel could see Illia was struggling to keep the lie up with the impenetrable face of Hal staring down at her, but there was little he could do to help.

"Proof of demise. Did Axel not tell you that I wanted something to show me your target was dead?" Axel stepped in to defend Illia, despite the fact he knew that no such request was given.

"I am sorry, Hal. I must have forgotten to mention it..."

"In that case, Illia must go out back to the temple and fetch the proof. Anything that shows me that she is truly dead. Now, go, before they discover her...death..." Hal left the room, allowing Illia to breath comfortably again. She glanced at Axel.

"Thanks alot,"

"Wasn't much else that I could do, Illia, if I am honest. At least you have time to get your proof..."

"How the fuck am I going to get proof if I haven't killed the child?"

"You know how..." Axel left the room. Illia's sharp eyes noticed the piece of paper that Axel had left behind on his desk. She walked over to the desk, shaking her head. It was typical of Axel to do this. She unfolded the paper and read the instructions thoroughly. Her mouth dropped open with shock. But she then closed her eyes and nodded to herself. For once,
Axel was right...

A/N:This is old work for me. I wrote this chapter a while ago, which is why my writing style differs from normal ;)

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