

*A Lost Legacy*



AWAKENING

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Book one

C.E Dimond

A LOST LEGACY: AWAKENING

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*The dark sky hung over the coast like a heavy curtain, barely visible through the thick of the trees. I was still, frozen in time as my eyes turned to take in the scene. As far as I could see, the forest was the only shelter for miles and in the darkness. The only thing visible was the faint light of the moon fighting against the clouds. There was an occasional glimmer of light in the distance. Where was I? I narrowed my eyes, focusing my gaze for a moment before making my way towards the light. After a moment of searching, I saw that the glimmer was the faint light of the moon reflecting on a woman's silvery blond hair. She was running and as I glanced around it was unclear what she was running from. I moved closer, watching as she shifted something in her arms. Through the mess of fabric, only the small fist of an infant child was visible. The rest was wrapped tightly and hidden beneath her coat. I followed. Without choice, my feet took me after her further into the darkness. Her heartbeat was racing. I could hear it, feel it. On the surface, she appeared calm as she weaved between the trees with grace and agility. Finally, she reached the edge of the tree line, a clearing which looked out over the endless ocean view. I stopped just near the edge of the forest. Still covering myself beneath the trees as I watched from the distance. I could hear the waters below crashing roughly against the rocks. The spray of the salty mist cool against my skin. I watched as the woman I'd followed turned to a man who was now standing next to her. I hadn't noticed him until then; and even now that I was aware of his presence, there wasn't much to see. His hood was pulled up, leaving his face shrouded in darkness. I continued to watch in silence as she handed the wrapped child to him. She shifted guardianship of the infant from one to the other. She stepped back, creating space between them. It was clear there was nowhere for her to run. The sounds of footsteps were closing in. With each second, I could hear the pounding on the hard ground growing closer and closer. Someone knew she was out there. "You need to get her out of here." The woman moved forward again, resting her hand on the child's head. Her blue eyes staring with concern. The man nodded, shifting the child in his arms. He pulled his own coat around to cover the infant from the elements. The*

*footsteps grew louder as I felt the ground beneath me begin to shake. I wanted to say something, to let them know how close they were, but despite my best efforts, nothing came out. I had no voice, no sound. "Go!" I heard her plead, now with desperation in her voice that I hadn't heard her use before "Now! They don't know you're here and he doesn't want you" she added. Despite her pleas, the man was hesitant to leave. "Please," she begged. I could feel my throat tightening as I kept my gaze on the man. He was determined to defy her. I watched still as he went to say something but stopped and nodded in agreement. He closed the space between them and embraced her, his arm around her, holding her against him. I watched as he whispered something into her ear, but as I strained to listen, the words were lost in the wind. He stepped back from her. Just as swiftly as the woman had arrived there, he turned and disappeared back into the trees. He moved directly past me, as though I wasn't even there. I followed and tried to keep up with him. He was running as fast as his legs could carry him and mine were failing to match his pace. He turned back only once, and it was only then I saw a faint glint of emerald eyes. I looked over my shoulder just in time to see a bright white flash coming from behind us. The distant sounds of a woman's scream echoed around us.*

I sat up with a start, my heart racing as my eyes took in my surroundings. After a moment of panic, a calm settled over me as I realized I was in my room. It had only been a dream, a horrific, confusing, and altogether terrifying dream. My heart was still racing, pounding fiercely against my chest, as I felt a cold sweat beading on the back of my neck. It took a few seconds before I realized I was holding my breath. Letting out a sigh of relief, I turned my eyes to the clock by my bed. A groan escaped my lips as I saw the time. It was three A.M. Running my hand down my face, I took a second to compose myself. Taking in slow careful breaths, trying to calm my heart. Sliding my hand back up across my face, I ran it through the long strands of blond hair, pulling them off my neck. As I turned to lie back down, a shadow moved past my window and I froze, my breath caught in my chest once more. Standing up, I moved to the window but found nothing but the darkened street below. Illuminated only by the singular lamppost at the intersection. Of course, there was nothing there; I was on the second story. That sort of thinking was one of the first signs of insanity. Finally, I let my breath out. I stared at the streets for a moment just to be certain, before I shook my head clear and turned back to bed. It was clear I needed sleep. Between this and my dream, the chances of getting a decent night's rest were slim

at this point. Lying back down, I gazed at the ceiling for a moment before I squeezed my eyes shut. School started back tomorrow. The first day of junior year, which just meant one more year of being just a little bit lower on the food chain. I turned my head to glance at the time. I blinked in confusion as the clock still read three A.M.. Reaching my hand over, I hit it only to see it click into one after three. Yup, it was definitely broken. With a sigh, I closed my eyes, trying to let the dream escape my mind as I drifted back to sleep.

The alarm rang out, startling me out of my otherwise peaceful sleep. "Nothing broken about that," I muttered as I pulled an extra pillow over my ears to block out the sound. The first day was always the hardest and I was still tired from the interrupted sleep. With a groan of protest, I threw the pillow at the clock. That didn't accomplish anything other than the sound of something crashing onto the floor. Managing to push myself up, I leaned over and turned the alarm off before stifling a yawn. My blue eyes squinted from the sun, adjusting slowly to the light pouring through my windows. It took a few seconds before I could see my surroundings. Standing up, I felt my foot catch on something before I took a tumble straight to the ground. "Ow," I muttered with a sigh, just lying there, face down on the rug. It wasn't unusual for me, tripping over myself. In fact, it had become so common it had gained me the all too clever nickname 'Spaz'. Maybe I could just stay there for the rest of the day and forget about school.

"Finn darling, stop dawdling. You'll be late for school" Like clockwork; I heard my mother's voice, so much for staying home. Rolling onto my back, I turned my attention to the closet, my uniform skirts hanging all in a row. Well, at least there was one upside; I didn't have to worry about what I was going to wear today. Rolling my head back to stare at the ceiling, I saw something out of the corner of my eye. Sitting up quickly, I turned to look at the window. Kicking the tangled sheets from around my feet, I stood and hurried over to the glass. Hanging from the sill just outside my window, was a piece of blue glass, shaped in the form of a crescent moon.

I wondered how that had gotten there and my mind quickly wandered back to the passing shadow. I opened the window carefully and reached out for the dangling moon. Closing my hand around it, I unhooked it from the ledge and pulled it inside, opening my hand to get a closer look.

"FINN NOW!" My mother's voice echoed through the house and I was shaken from my thoughts. I placed it down on my desk.

"Coming! I'm coming!" I said, turning away from the window I grabbed my things and hurried to get ready for the day.

The bus ride to school was agonizing. I knew it was only a short time until I could get my license, then I could hopefully forget about the bus altogether. It felt like days passed before the bus finally pulled in front of Greyfell. Everyone made a mad dash for the doors. Stepping off the bus, I took a moment to smooth out my skirt before I noticed that everyone else's uniforms seemed to be in decent condition. It was the first day illusion; I knew that in a matter of hours we'd all look like a disheveled mess.

"Finn!" A familiar voice rang out across the courtyard. I stood staring at the school; I didn't even flinch at the sound. "Hey princess, I'm talking to you" that caught my attention. Tearing my eyes away from the building, they soon settled on the approaching male. Tyler Adler.

"Hey Ty," I said with a grin. Tyler and I had been friends for as long as I could remember. Most times, I could never figure out why. He was Mr. Popular, captain of the soccer team, student council rep. His golden locks and sparkling green eyes were the target of every other girl in school. Yet, he hung out with me; the mediocre student and class spaz. In a matter of seconds, he'd scooped me up in a hug, spinning me off the ground before finally setting me down. I stumbled, not quite steady on my feet as he placed me down. "Seriously Ty, you would think I hadn't seen you in months." In reality, we'd had a movie night the day before. In fact, almost every night over the course of the summer break.

"It's the first day of school! I'm pumped!" he said with a laugh. I stared at him in disbelief. I knew the expression on my face portrayed my disgust at the idea of being excited about school.

"You are the only person I know who would ever say that" I accused him with a smile.

"I'm the only person you know period" he joked, which was met with my fist in his shoulder. Much to my dismay, He didn't even flinch and I sighed in defeat.

"I, on the other hand. Am wallowing in the depression that summer's over." I added letting my eyes scan the hordes of students piling off the buses and out of their fancy cars. Greyfell Academy was home to the children of the wealthiest people in town. This didn't make it much different than any other school in my opinion. Granted, I didn't know the difference. I had been lucky enough to be born one of those children. My father had died when I was three. Yet, he had

ensured the family legacy didn't die with him. My mother had managed to keep the family business afloat and the Adams' money rolling in.

"Ah come on! Two more years kid then we'll blow this town. You and me against the world" he said putting his arm around my shoulders leading me toward the school.

"Two more years" I repeated with a slow reassurance. "Only two more years"

The morning dragged on, and by the time lunch rolled around, I found I was already sick of being in school. Everywhere I turned, there were students ranting about something meaningless. The sports teams, homecoming, and the head girl's haircut? I often wondered if school ever changed. Or was it the same stupid cycle repeating itself generation after generation? Sitting through math was the most painful experience of all. I wasn't sure how Quadratic equations were going to help me get through life. My teacher seemed to find them of the utmost importance. They didn't seem to care how little I actually understood. Math and science were not my thing. I had always excelled in English, languages, random pop trivia facts. Okay, that wasn't an actual subject but if it had been, I would have killed that class so hard. Instead, I suffered through pre-calculus, physics, chemistry and biology just to please my mother. She had a point; of course, most parents do, about keeping my options open. I still doubted that I'd become anything where my biological understanding of a frog's anatomy, would be relevant in my life. I sat in class tapping my pencil on the desk to pass the time. My eyes glanced at the clock above the door and I sighed at the sight. There was still ten more minutes until lunch. Come on, I'm going to die of boredom, I thought to myself as I stared at the time. I jumped as the bell rang through the school and watched as people jumped from their desks. I looked around at the others. I saw the teacher staring at his watch in confusion. Meanwhile, the students were steadily filing out into the halls. Confused, I glanced back at the clock, half past twelve. Had I actually spaced out for a full ten minutes? Grabbing my books, I hurried out into the hall before anyone could tell me it was a mistake. I shuffled through the hallway and turned the corner to my locker. Balancing the books in my arm, I reached for the lock trying the combination. I'd had the same lock for five years; I had it down to basic muscle memory. A frown settled on my lips, as the first three tries were unsuccessful. "Ah come on." I muttered trying it again. "Don't quit on me now." Having to get another lock would just throw off the whole system. There was no way I could memorize another

combination quick enough. I thought about the embarrassment of having to write it down. Imagine having to pull out the combo for the first month and a half of school just to get my books, no thank you.

"Uh, can I ask what you're doing breaking into my locker?" The voice made me jump. I whipped around. My eyes lifted to find a boy next to me. He had a very serious and rather intimidating look on his face standing there. His emerald green eyes staring at me waiting for an explanation. My words were caught in my throat as I stared in return. My own eyes wide. I suspected I looked much like a deer caught in headlights, making me look guiltier than I actually was. He didn't look familiar to me; I couldn't help but focus on that. In Port Moyle, almost everyone was familiar. His raven hair contrasted against the serious lack of tan he was sporting. His look led me to believe he was definitely not from California.

"Hello?" he added a hint of impatience in the tone. I realized now that I'd been staring at him without even uttering a simple response.

"Sorry, I um- sorry," I mumbled. I leaned against the lockers to support my weight, fighting the blush that was forming on my cheeks.

"Do you mind?" he asked and nodded to the locker and I stumbled backward allowing him access to it.

"Sorry," I muttered again and watched as he opened it with ease. My eyes turned to the one next to it. Yes, that was my locker. Fighting the blush seemed to no longer be an option, as I felt the familiar burn of embarrassment flush my face. My eyes turned back to him and watched as he changed the books in his bag and I couldn't help but wonder who he was.

"Do you stare at everyone like that or am I just lucky?" he asked turning his eyes to me. "Eamon Abbot," he said offering his hand in greeting.

"Finn," I said taking his hand.

"I know," he said lifting my hand to show me the bracelet that held my name engraved across the surface.

"Right," I said with a nervous laugh and he dropped my hand quickly. As I turned, I opened my own locker and began switching my books. "So where are you from?" I asked turning back and I blinked, surprised to find he was already gone. Then, I turned to check the other direction. I found myself alone in the now empty hallway and the question from my lips lingering in the air.