

# Micah's Intro

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Submitted: September 8, 2004

Updated: September 8, 2004

*Just a little something I was playing with, Micah (the one that you "see" (i hope)) is my new baby. i could really use a pic. i cant draw.*

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## 1 - Micah's Intro

Dazzling emerald-jade eyes flash dangerously as the young man sizes you up. His lithe elven frame moves closer to the door, even as you finger the edge of your blade. Not much of a target, you think, but the green silk of his unbuttoned shirt, alone, would feed your family for a month; obviously someone of importance. The man's hand comes up, but only to tuck his waist length dark brown hair behind those damn pointed ears they display so proudly these days. Had you not already known that he was royalty, you would have guessed at first glance. He speaks like a rich brat, too, trying to make you see reason where there is only cold steel.

Seeking to find a way to save the shirt from being stained with his blood, you maneuver your way around the young man, only pretending to listen to his ramblings. He counters your every advance, though, turning and moving his slender body just out of range of your blade, seemingly reading your very thoughts. His regal jaw clenches as he raises his still empty hands over his head and mumbles something you don't understand, probably elven. You see a bright flash of light and awaken the next morning on the cold stone floor. You shake your head slightly, in disbelief, thinking of what the failure of this mission means to your children, cursing the day you met Lilly Thopert and took this job. No one told you the elven male possessed magick.

You sit up, head spinning slightly, and find three silk shirts lying wrapped next to you. On them was left a boldly written note:

"And yet, still, they eat."

Grabbing the shirts, you move swiftly toward the door. Taking a last look at the small cabin, you wonder, for the last time, how you chose this profession to begin with.