# Three years before

„**Get her!**” he screamed at his wife.

They ran to the back door and followed the young witch. She was fast, but not as fast as she should be. One wrong step and she fell on the ground. She tried to get up, but the hunters were quicker. They raised her by the arms so her legs couldn’t touch the ground.

„It seems we have a witch on our hands, Sable,” he said. The witch was stared down by his red eyes. She tried to kick them, to bite them, to escape, but the man was strong, and the woman put a knife to her throat.

The young witch tried thinking about how else she could escape. Her wand was in her boot; she could not get it. She thought about what she could do. A spell her mother tried teaching her a long time ago. The memory of that magic was foggy, but she felt she could do it.

She concentrated on what she could remember from it. All of a sudden, red fume started surrounding her. That wasn’t what it was supposed to do. The hunters froze in their places, their skin turning stone cold. The grass turned brown. When the fume disappeared, the witch didn’t think twice about running away.

Later, she would find out that she used one of the forbidden spells no witch should use.

## Two years and two months before

It's been ten months since she escaped The Hunters. Ten months of stumbling on streets and fields and woods. She lived off of food people let out next to the garbage. Her dress, which was once white and long, was now torn apart and brown. Her hair was as tangled as a bird's nest. She tried braiding it so it wouldn't get even more tangled.

When she walked into a town, all the eyes were on her.

In time, she heard that a family was away from town for a week. She took the opportunity and went to their house. She had enough time to bathe and detangle her hair, but the family came before her hair could dry.

She could've gone to her cousin's village, but she did not know where it was, nor what its name was, it was a small village. She could've gone back to her town, but she didn't know the name of it to ask for directions. She made her guide put a spell on her so she would not remember. It was a dumb reckless move from her one late night after wandering the streets for hours.

When the snow started to settle, she was walking in some woods. From where she was, she could hear a river. Maybe she could drink its water? As she got closer, she saw a cabin on a hill in the middle of a meadow. It seemed old but a good enough place to spend a few nights. She could

see the chimney, which probably meant it had a fireplace, which also meant she could warm herself up.

# Chapter 1

**Demons shouldn't be able to have children, but here I am**, telling you about my life.

My name is Lili Grace, and I am ... *something*. The creature I am doesn't have a name, given that I am the only one of my kind. I don't even know what I am.

My father is a demon, and my mother's a witch. I don't know how it happened; it shouldn't have happened. My mother never told me. Demons don't have a physical form. They can take one by possessing someone's body. My father didn't do that. He never did that. But, somehow, I am here.

The sun is up, shining, with no clouds blocking its way. I felt the grass tingle my knees. The air blew powerfully. It was pretty hot for a late afternoon spring day, but I enjoyed my time in the meadow. I took some tomatoes and lettuce from my vegetable patches.

After spending the last few years in the meadow, I learned something about it. The meadow contains herbs,

mushrooms, rocks, fruit trees, vegetables, crystals, and more. I also learned that the meadow has its own rules. If I don't follow its rules, it will kick me out. It has a mind of its own.

I gently put the hair behind my ear and all the vegetables in my braided basket.

I walked through the open door of my log cabin. When I found the meadow, the cabin was already there. The only thing I had to do was put some protection spells on it and on the meadow.

The cabin wasn't big, but it was big enough for me. It was just a room and a bathroom, nothing more. Most of the furniture I needed was already in it. I only had to make a few chairs and fix the legs of the table.

The other thing that I found in the cabin - that means a lot to me - is my sweet cat, Nyx. He was just a little kitten. He sat on the corner of the bed, shaking from the cold. I remember taking him in my arms, trying to warm him up. Then, I started a fire in the fireplace and sat with the kitten on my lap, petting him. His black fur reminded me of the goddess Nyx, and his name remained that.

After I placed the basket on the table, I went to wash my hands, almost tripping over the cat.

I picked him up. „Nyx, what are you doing on the floor?" he started to purr in my hands as I placed him in his bed.