

Another morning has started in the Valière family mansion in the upper-class section of the residential district. By now, the maids were already up and about, cleaning and cooking, the gardener came a little early, to arrange a new tree that Mr. Valière ordered, and so far, things were mundane. A 10-year-old Persici Valière woke up in her large, comfy bed, feeling as empty as ever. This was supposed to be her birthday, her time to celebrate with friends and family, if she had any that cared enough.

"Persiciiiiii!" She heard her mother call out to her from beyond the door. "Honey, are you up yet?"

"Yes mother!" She called back, and got out of bed. She went to her closet, got a peach-colored dress, and put it on, as well as two very expensive shoes she got a few months back from her father. She got out of the room, and her mother, as well as father, waited for her on the doorstep, with a big, tight hug.

"Happy 10th birthday Persici!" Her mother called with a big smile. Persici faked one back, at least pleasing her, and the family went over to the mansion's dining room, where the servants already prepared several large plates for the breakfast, with meals ranging from all across the world. Of course, none of the servants ever saw her, and she never saw them. Her mother had made sure to always hide her from the rest of the staff, though rumors flying about the house made it rather obvious a few people were suspicious the one and only Violet Valiere had a child.

Her mother made sure to get as many of the chefs as he could get from all across Remnant to cook up the meals for that day, from morning to evening. She wanted her little girl's birthday to be as perfect as possible.

"So," Her mother asked her in between bites into some freshly made omelet made with Vacuan wine and seasoned vegetables. "What would our dear, precious daughter would like to have for her entrance into the double digits?" She asked with a brimming smile.

Persici, while barely eating anything, didn't respond.

"It's okay to talk dear." Her father insisted. Still... He only did so after a nudge from her mother. Those empty eyes... "You can tell us. Whatever it is you may want, we can get it for you."

At the mention of the word 'anything', Persici's head rose up a little bit. "Anything?" She asked silently.

"Yes. Anything you want." Her mother repeated. "Now, what would it be? A pony? Some clothes? Perhaps an island! Oh, Pewter let's get her an island!"

"Now now," Her father, now a man around his 40's, stopped her. "This is our daughter's decision. I want her to make it on her o-." He came to interject, but the glare her mother gave

him made the man shut up almost instantly. For the head of a drug cartel... It was obvious he wasn't really the one in control.

"Still... Your daddy is right." Violet concluded. "Whatever it is you may want, we shall get it for you." She tried to sound chivalrous. It did not pass on well. Still, with a deep, scared breath, Persici finally spoke her wish.

"I want to go outside." She said in one swift motion.

The two parents stared at her blankly, not quite sure if what they heard was correct. It her was mother who responded first, her father growing... silent. Too silent. "W-What did you say, dearie?" Her mother feigned confusion. "I-I'm not quite sure I understood."

Persici looked at her mother, the creature that kept her locked away in the same house for all her life. She saw them, the other kids, just like her, walking outside just like the adults. Alas, each time she asked, her mother wouldn't allow it. Not even for a bit. Not even for a glance.

"I want to go outside." She repeated.

"Now, honey..." Her mother still insisted on playing ignorant. "When you mean, 'outside', do you mean outside your room? You can always come out of your room..." The persistence started to irritate the young girl, and the tension in the room was so thick one could have cut it with a knife. So far, her father, despite appearing as the stern businessman of the house, knew to keep his mouth shut and not argue back.

"I mean out the front door, to the streets, and meet more kids my age." Persici tried to be as clear as she could about the matter. Now she had done it.

"Persici Periwinkle Valière," Her mother's expression soon shifted, and instead of a nice, calm, happy mother now stood the monster Persici feared the most. "We have talked about this over and over. I will NOT let you go outside to such a dangerous and cruel place!" She almost roared that last part. "There are terrible monsters! The creatures of Grimm! They stalk the world and EAT children like you! There are evil, EVIL men who would stop at nothing until they take everything you have! Do you want to DIE young lady?! Do you want to suffer and wither away?!" Her barrage of faults with the world came, just as the young girl expected. This was how her mother managed to keep her locked away in the same house all of her life. Everything she ever wanted, with no one to ever share it.

"You know what?" Persici looked at her with a defiant gaze. "YES! If leaving this place and seeing the outside is dying, then this time YES! I WANT TO DIE!"

"HHHHHNNNGGG!!!" Her mother groaned with rage. "YOU ARE NOT LEAVING THIS HOUSE, NO MATTER WHAT!"

"Listen to you mother Persici." Her father said with a cold expression. Another cold, blanket agreement with her. Sometimes Persici could swear her father didn't have any sort of spine.

Persici almost yelled and screamed with rage. Something she inherited from her mother. Alas, the years have also taught her that temper tantrums don't solve anything. If they at least gave her a chance, she could have proven it to them. She could have shown them how smart she can be, or something.

*anything*

The breakfast, as one would have expected, was finished with right there and then. Persici fled to her room, feeling angry at the world, and after going in and locking the door. Making sure no one could see, she opened up the door to her wardrobe, the door hiding her from the hidden camera her mother put there and thought she didn't know about, and picked up a small box she hid away from her parents' prying eyes. In the box, she had some dry food packed up, some simpler clothes, and a small knife she managed to sneak one day to her room.

If her parents weren't going to let her out on their own, she would run away.

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Soon, the day passed, and after some more quiet family meals, the night fell on the mansion, and Persici was sent to sleep, as she was usually did. After that small incident, her mother managed to calm down, and as long as she didn't bring the subject up, she knew she was in the clear. She had no idea why her mother did this to her. Out of spite, out of worry, she had no way to know. *'Either way, this ends tonight'*. She snuck out of her bed, having already memorized the locations of the cameras her mother had installed in her room. She knew all the blind spots, and managed to sneak out the door with her small bag, when a loud sound came from the front door.

*Boom!*

As she made her way through the mansion, making sure to hide her body from the surveillance system, she heard a loud explosion coming from the foyer.

*BOOM!*

Another one, even louder. By now, she started to smell smoke, and heard gunshots coming from the lower floor, where her parents were.

*BANG!*

Now, the mansion started to shake. She didn't have much time, at this point, if she didn't do anything, the entire floor was going to collapse, with her on it. She ran to the stairs as fast as she could, getting down, and watching the horror unfold.

There were thugs everywhere, and they shot everyone.

The help, the maids, any moving object they could spot was being gunned before her very eyes. She looked for a minute, and saw her father and mother, hiding behind the door to their room, her father carrying a large, heavy looking rifle, as he shot round after round of high-impact bullets at them. Around them, all fire was consuming everything, and it seemed that police haven't quite yet got there. At the same time, she noticed that no police sirens were heard in the air. Surely, such fires and death would warrant an immediate response.

Alas, none came.

Persici made her way down the stairs. She saw a battering ram slamming against the walls to their house from one of the windows. She didn't count on this happening, but the chaos was a perfect cover.

"Hey, there's a kid running here!" She heard someone call out as she realized she was noticed while lost in thought. All of a sudden, she heard a few guns pointed in her direction, forcing her to ditch the bag and jump out of the way behind some furniture.

"You idiots!" She heard another voice call from behind. An older one. "Don't waste bullets on a runt! Just go choke her out or something!" As he said that, Persici came to run away through one of the holes in walls now made by the battering rams, however, one of the thugs started to give chase, getting to her much quicker than she could run away.

"Just where do you think you're going, girlie?!" As he said that, he pushed her from behind, making her trip and fall. From there, he grabbed her by her throat, and lifted her into the air, to his eye level as she desperately tried to struggle, to no avail.

"Nothing personal, kid." He said. "But if you want to blame anyone for this, blame 'mommy dearest'." He grinned a crooked grin, and started to apply pressure to her neck, choking the little girl.

'No...' She couldn't accept this. All she wanted was to see the outside, and here she was, choked to death, by a complete stranger, just like her mother predicted all those times.

'NOOOO!' Her life started to flash before her eyes, every last minute, pointless moment. She wanted more. She needed more. No matter how much her parents gave her and showered her with presents and food, she was never truly satisfied. She started to feel strength build within

her. Something she couldn't even put to words, like an otherworldly intervention. This was her chance, her one chance, to finally have something truly hers.

She readied herself, and tapped into whatever it was.

All of a sudden, she felt her would be choker weaken. Either that, or she was getting stronger, or both even. The fearful look on his face assured her it was both. She tried harder, and little by little, she managed to pry herself out of his iron grip, and he dropped her to the floor.

"W-What the hell ARE you?!" He stumbled back. Even after breaking contact, the power didn't go, and she felt it course through her. She started to run towards him, her new speed surprising even herself, and she tackled him, giving him a solid kick to the leg, making him fall as she heard the sound of something snapping.

"AAAAHHHHHHH!!!" He screamed in unbelievable pain. "MY FUCKING LEG!!!" She took a short moment to realize she broke his leg. With a kick alone. She immediately grabbed his face. She felt this power coming from him, and she wanted more. Alas, no matter how much she tried to draw, nothing came.

"Empty..." She murmured to herself before turning to the foyer again. She started to run back, but before she could, she heard a loud sound, as the second floor collapsed right on her head.

A few minutes later, after Persici realized that somehow she didn't die from this, and she rushed back to what used to be the foyer. By now, the thugs and her father, who appeared to have called for backup in the meantime, as more and more people came to his side and shot at them back, were in an all-out battle, and she was stuck in the middle of the battlefield. She looked around, and noticed the closest thug to her, about ten feet away. She ran towards him, avoiding the bullets, and grabbed his leg, which was under a suit, hoping for more power, though it would seem she couldn't draw it through the cloth. She did however feel it in there.

"Hey!" He said and grabbed her hand. At that moment, she felt the connection spark up. She activated her power, and drained him completely, as the bullets, now able to penetrate him fully, riddled the man with holes, and he fell to the floor, dead. She stared at him, in shock, before shaking her head. She had no time. She had to get out.

But not before hurting them back.

She started to run across the room, draining anyone on her path. She didn't care anymore who they were. Friends, foes, all of them were targets in her eyes. At that point, she didn't even need to avoid the bullets; they straight up fizzled upon getting too close to her.

"WHAT!" Cried another one of her new victims as a 10-year-old girl jumped him from behind, grabbed his neck with her hand, and drained him of his strength completely while choking him

with an impossible amount of power, leaving blue signs on his neck. This went on for several minutes, and before long, all of them were dead on the floor.

All except two.

Finally, as the chaos subsided, Persici could see both her parents, staring at her with disbelief. Him with disdain and fear and her with a sick sense of... Delight.

"P-Persici..." her mother muttered as she walked into the ruins of their bedroom, all the while a blank expression on her face. She felt so, so powerful, like she could lift the entire mansion and flip it over. It was almost overwhelming, but something inside of her kept her under control. She grabbed a fire iron from next to the fireplace.

"Persici... What are you doing?" Her father inquired before she lunged at him, drained him, and knocked him out with a strike to the head. She then turned to her mother, who at this point had a look of rage like she had never shown before.

"STOP THIS INSTANT!" She called out. Persici didn't deter. Instead, she turned tail, and began to walk off into the night.

"I MEAN IT YOUNG LADY!" She tried shouting again, but it didn't change anything. Her mother, in one last attempt, reached into a fold in her dress, and pulled a leather whip she used as a last resort weapon. "DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS!"

Persici didn't say anything back. She simply kept on walking. Her mother cracked the whip with all of her force, striking her back. The pain was immeasurable, the barbed wire lacerating her flesh and leaving a gruesome mark on her back, blood oozing out of it. And yet... all she felt was joy. She even relished it, and let it through, as blood started gushing from her back. In the exhaustion of the fight, her mother was finally exhausted. She couldn't stop her. This was her proof. She wouldn't let even death stop her at this point.

"PERSICI! COME BACK! COME BACK RIGHT NOW!..." She heard her mother scream and shout, before tripping as she tried to follow her, collapsing with her face staring at the pale, broken moon. Perci did stop, with the iron in hand, and walked back to her mother, raising it.

"Perci." She said with a quiet tone. "My name is Perci."

And with that, she knocked her mother out, and disappeared into the night.