

CHILLING *By: Mikhaila R.*

Neveah Lynn Porter lived on the planet of Sorroria, where the inhabitants use technology far superior to that of Earth's. Usually, a drug was used to alter the DNA of the inhabitants and give them super-human abilities. However, Neveah was not so fortunate, for she was born with a heart of ice. Growing up she was unable to show affection, so the poor child was abandoned by her family and given to the government. Now, Neveah is a ruthless warrior, ready to kill.

The jarring wind tangled her hair as she jogged towards the grand building that held the office of President Moore. Neveah was already running late due to civilians gawking over her intimidating figure. She knew that President Moore was bound to give her a lecture on punctuality, but she didn't mind at all.

Eventually, Neveah reached her destination. Despite her hair being comparable to a rat's nest, Neveah barged into the office and took a seat across from the president.

"You really should make an effort into being on time," President Moore informed the warrior before him.

"Then maybe you should tell those citizens of yours to stop gawking at me like mad men," Neveah retaliated with a scowl.

"I am your president and therefore your superior. You ought to give me the respect I deserve," Moore scowled as he glared at the figure before him who didn't seem to care about his criticism.

"Hurry up and get to the point," she demanded, dismissing President Moore's words.

President Moore sighed, and with a nod of his head said, "The region of Furta has borrowed precious resources from our region, Ambitia. Since they have not paid their debt, it is your job to return to us what we need whether it be by diplomacy or force. You leave tomorrow with fifty warriors".

"Well then, we'll do it by force," Neveah smirked sadistically.

Neveah's troops trekked behind her, obviously wary of the scowling figure leading them. In the area, Neveah was known widely for her ruthless nature and inability to feel any remorse for her deeds.

Amongst the terrified soldiers one stood out. Jason Black, a new recruit from a region known for the power of their army, did not fear Neveah. In fact, he pitied her. Jason could never imagine being unable to love his own parents and siblings or being incapable of making friends. The prospect of not understanding the emotions the average person felt every day was horrendous to him. However, he knew he would be unable to do anything about it.

That evening, the troops set up a comfortable camp and chatted amongst each other.

"Alright soldiers, tomorrow we will be invading the capital building to claim our money. Sergeant Miller will be leading a small group of our stealthiest warriors to the bank. I'll be leading the rest of you in a direct attack at the front of capital building. Do as I say and you might live," Neveah announced to the warriors before her.

As the stars shimmered in the vast blanket of darkness that was the night, a shadowy figure ghosted through the camp. Jason gracefully weaved through the rows of collapsible huts, wandering aimlessly across the grounds. He

must've made a noise because the next thing he knew, he was pressed against a tree with a knife placed firmly on his neck.

"Who are you, and what is your business here?" a cold voice questioned, digging the knife deeper into his throat.

"It's Jason, Jason Black," Jason muttered.

"Jason, you should be in your personal quarters," Neveah informed him, releasing the soldier from her iron grip.

"Yeah, I was thinking maybe the two of us could chill since it's a nice night," Jason suggested with a smirk playing on his lips.

"Why would I do that?" Neveah questioned. Jason simply shrugged before dragging Neveah off into the clearing. He pulled the two of them down so that they were laying on their backs whilst staring at the glittering night.

"You know, I could never live with being unable to love my family and friends," Jason admitted with a frown, breaking the comfortable silence between them.

"Well, you can't miss what you never had," Neveah explained.

"Well, then I'll just have to be your first friend," Jason decided as the grin returned to his face. The two warriors sat in the pale starlight, talking quietly as the moon traveled across the sky. Although, they had only spoken for a few hours, Neveah felt like she had truly made her first friend.

Soon enough, morning came and the sun rose above the horizon, causing the sky to glow pink and orange. The solemn soldiers stood in pin straight rows, waiting for instructions.

"You all know what to do. Get into position and let's go," Neveah shouted to the people before her. The lined that were once straight, dismantled into a hoard of bodies. Neveah watched as the soldiers gathered their equipment before heading her own way.

The battle had begun. Cyanide bombs were suffocating people by the second. Bodies were strewn across the battlefield. Amongst the crowd was Neveah, who was completely in her element. With her hovercraft underneath her feet, she wove through the bodies with weapons in hand. Alongside the terrifying warrior, Jason stood, causing destruction everywhere they went. Those two were definitely a force to be reckoned with.

Neveah paused to send a grin at Jason. This would have been the first time she had ever smiled if a poisoned bolt hadn't come out of seemingly nowhere. The deadly miniature missile punctured Jason's arm, causing him to groan in agony.

"Jason!" Neveah cried as she witnessed Jason's knees give way. The usually solemn figure jumped down from her hovercraft, rushing to her new friends aid. Neveah cradled Jason's freezing figure in her arms as tears rushed out her face.

"Hey, it'll be alright. I'll be fine," Jason cooed, attempting to comfort Neveah's distraught figure.

With a shake of her head, Neveah responded, "What have you done to me. You know, I have never in my entire life cried over someone else's pain. This is not the same person I've been for the last seventeen years of my life."

"Well, then it's okay. I really like this new Neveah, and I'm sure the rest of the world will love her too," Jason muttered before taking his final breath. Neveah sobbed uncontrollably for her best and only friend. But somewhere deep inside her, Neveah knew that although this was the end of Jason's life, it was truly the beginning of her own.