

## Darkness Bound- Deleted Scene

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When she had been a member of the Order, she had two responsibilities. They both involved containment. On one side, she was responsible for capturing and holding fiends. But the other job requirement had to deal with personnel management. Often sorcerers who needed to expel disastrous amounts of power were sent to her. She would create fields in which they could test their limits, blow off steam—mainly young, novice sorcerers. But occasionally she would be sent to contain elder sorcerers in the field whose power had overcome them.

It was too bad that there was no one to contain her.

When she was no older than ten, she had an issue with an elder in the Order. Dame Cassa was the name of the thousand year-old sorceress and being in charge of three promising young students was a task she carried out with the strictest of discipline. At the time, Malice was just another child under her care, albeit one whose mother had been an established dame herself. She had some aptitude for magic, but an almost obsessive love of creating energy webs; around flowers, small animals, her toys...

Cassa presumed that Malice had no focus. She wasn't as capable as the other students in elemental control, telepathy, conjuring or transformations and Cassa often pointed it out to Malice's humiliation.

It was during one such incident, that the dame was forced to rethink her stance.

Fun and games was what it was. During a lesson out in the garden, Malice had discovered a squirrel in the bushes. While Cassa droned on about the power of the elements and their

intertwining connectivity, Malice did a bit of twining of her own. She encased the furry, brown creature in a ball of white and was twirling him round and round when Cassa took notice.

“That will be you, you thick-headed little dullard,” she shrieked when she caught Malice, placed her on display for everyone around. “...trapped and helpless in a net, because you were off in clouds! Life is not a game and neither is the gift which you have been given! ”

Malice had listened and had understood. She would have unfolded the bind and set the squirrel free, would have attempted to pay attention to the conclusion of the lesson—had Dame Cassa not raised her hand and sent a fireball directly at the squirrel, turning it to charred bone and crisp meat.

The act left Malice’s energy cave empty.

What came over her at the moment was something more than a tantrum. She had thrown more than her share of those. It was fury, that an entity within her grasp had been tampered caused Malice to turn upon the dame herself!

The threads of energy had been woven fast and tight. A square of purple light sealed the elder sorceress right where she stood. The release of power from within her was far stronger than anything she had ever felt at the time and while Dame Cassa struggled to free herself, Malice’s bind only became stronger.

In a blend of panic and anger, the elder sorceress tried to break free. She attempted to counteract the confinement with her own energy but a reinforced surge from Malice caused the cage to form a reflective barrier. She attempted to teleport, her body struggling in a phased blur.

Malice recognized the dame’s intent and immediately acted to thwart it redoubling the level of containment, shaping square to oval, leaving the woman with less space to move.

The other children had watched with something akin to glee at first, but when Cassa began to be affected by her own reflected energy, even they sensed the danger that Malice was oblivious to. The crying and screaming begun shortly after the flames that Cassa attempted to use to free herself, rebounded and scorched her instead. The lack of space left little mercy.

Suddenly, Malice was surrounded by elder sorcerers, all calling her name and begging her to back down her cage. There were those who tried to use force to stop her, and they too swiftly found themselves trapped in webs of their own. Malice had twelve spheres holding at once, her own personal constellations, fed by an unending fount of energy that only rose higher, flowed faster with every second.

Then Cassa and the others vanished from their cages. It was the appearance of the High Grand Dame herself that brought the event to an end. With nothing to hold, so many pulled from her grasp, Malice had no further focus for her energy. To maintain nothing at all, with no base for her power, chaos came down upon her like a hammer.

She recalled the explosion, bright and beautiful. Vibrant clouds of purple filled her vision as the bill for such exertion came due in a crash.

When she woke up a day later, she was moved to master level class, not solely because Dame Cassa was fearful of her. The High Grand Dame took her aside. "Because you have the blood of a sorceress within you, the elements will flow at your command. Because you have the blood of a demon within you, the elements will seek to inebriate you. They are neutral and as a child of both bloodlines you must be too."

Malice had never forgotten those words or the event. The level of energy that had coursed through her as she held Dame Cassa and the others had been an orgasm of the soul, and nothing she could control, barely direct. What had happened that day wasn't the siphon filter but it was a

powerful bind none the less, one that she hadn't been able to control. She was young and untrained then...all reaction and emotion.

It would not be the first time that her temper was tested, but it had definitely been one of the more vivid occurrences. It was almost as tumultuous as the day she had discovered a child in ashes.