

“Blade”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
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Day 6: “Blade”

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The raised flesh across her father's chest had always been a great curiosity. As a soultaker demon, he couldn't die. He could heal from any wound, any dismemberment without a scratch to show for it. And yet—here was this scar. This proof that he could be seriously—permanently—hurt.

Kat asked him, once, if he got it when he'd still been human and vulnerable.

Dylan laughed. “No, 'course not. This came durin' my liberation. Ya know.”

“The bad man?” She remembered the dashing story—how the man imprisoned him, fought him. Her father said so many fantastic things, it was difficult to know which were truths and which were not. The idea of a special blade that could kill soultakers had to be fictional.

“Mm, yeah. The very one. But my li'l love don' need to worry none about it. He's dead now. And that magic sword's under lock n' key.”

And that was that.

But as she grew older, Kat always wondered if it was real. If that blade actually existed. Would it leave a scar on her, too, if she sliced it across her arm? Would it kill her if she stabbed it in her own heart?

What gave the blade its power? What spell or ritual or blessing gave it the power to end their lives? And where did her father leave it, if such a thing truly existed?

One day, perhaps, she'd find out.