

Birth of Narji.

The man before her has lost all color. His skin moist and saggy. His breath is no more than stagnant gasps for air. His life essence is slowly draining into the ground, and there is nothing to be done about it. They lay in rows upon rows in the Upnox hospital. Pale moonlight reflects on their bare upper bodies through the partly collapsed roof.

There is no shortage of food nor medical supplies, the Mainland supplies them plenty, but they won't set foot near them. Narji wipes the cold sweat from her forehead by a quivering hand. Why are they immune to the grasp of the fracture?

Her only Daughter: Nigel, has fallen asleep against the wall. Helping best as she could in her new gown, eventually sleep claimed her. With no more that she can do, Narji steps out into the cold night.

The moons, Ardor and Rancor, jointed image reflects in the broken glass strewn across the street. Most of westside has crumbled into the arcane sinkhole. At its crater flows thick and viscous red, it rolls over itself like lava but casts no light.

Opposite to Upnox, the street has begun splitting open. Slowly cobble trickles into the pulsing red, murmuring. Irsar better hurry. Those who may yet be saved must be carried out. Narron is dead; They'll be nomads once more, at least there is refuge in Leif... to whoever makes it.

With the heaven shimmering with red northern light under the blood moons, Narji clasps her hands together. The gold around each pinky clatters, as her fingers interweave. Dropping to her bare knees on the crumbling road, she prays. "Help us now." Silence follows her in the dent of night.

Then it breaks open in red fabric a mile across. A black dragon escapes from the either, crashing with the force to throw Narji from her feet. With her heart pounding on spikes, Narji glares up to see him.

The king of kings: Ferio glides freely with his mantel billowing wildly. "Fe-" Her words get stuck in her throat. Shimmering across from him is a shadow, its eyes are no more than yellow disks.

Its phantom hand comes down and the ground breaks. It trembles and bursts open around the black dragon in likewise black, liquified flames. Twisting and turning they destroy everything they touches.

As they roll over the houses in a final wave, Narji whirls on her heels; slams the door shut. Liquefied malice rushes into the redness of Mar. It Howls but in her head. Spiking up in a tether, it catches her chest.

Her measly human skin burns from its touch, having her solely plead for the embrace of death.

It never comes. Every ounce seared; she comes to. Her already tan skin fades black. Her trimmed and kept fingernails sharpen and curve back to claws. They are long and nimble, bonelike in the color of her new skin. Her skin, which breaks open. It's crawling like the plague. Her body, now, its own micro biome.

Her fingers cramp back like spider's legs upon death. Like stitched, her skin wires shut and shifts to a golden hue. Light shimmers from her.

A halo fades into existence behind her feathery white wings. The gold on her pinky wraps up to rings freely floating around her forearm.

Something thumps behind her eyes, around her ears, and in her mind.

"Narji," Something malicious hisses on the edge of conscious. For her inner eye flashes an image of a slender being reaching for her. It appears from behind the moons, ever changing. She blinks; it is gone.

The valor of the sun condenses in the night fallen Narron to a solar ray. Light sharp enough to cut into her eyes radiates from it. The king's strike at the shadow instead slashes into Narron. Every house that are not obliterated are set ablaze along the path of destruction.

Her skin blisters, her muscles contort. She mends, her eyes becoming whole in time to witness the doorframe of Upnox collapse over her daughter.

With a bloodcurdling scream, which breaks her voice, Narji throws herself on her knees. Working with manic efficiency she unearths Nigel. She is still, blood trickles from her temple. "No. Nigel!" She grapples her daughter into her arms.

The skin of her forearms breaks open, spreading the crawling infestation to her Nigel, leaving her shining. The cut smoothens out,

blood evaporates. A sick mal-placed pleasure fills Narji, as Nigel opens her eyes. “Mir’va” she gasps, those black eyes full of light, watching keenly.

Screams continue to fill the air, as Narron crumbles from the struggle of the higher beings. Narji looks at her hands, then at the patients. She can save them.

Mar trembles and claims another chunk of road. It sizzles as it is absorbed. “Enough!” Her voice echoes and Mar settles. The higher being slipped into the night, they left them only with destruction and decay.