

# Mystical Trek: Preventing the Sinner

Short Story  
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This story is strictly fictional; if the story seems to be based on real life events it is coincidental.

Please be aware this story contains mature topics such as death, war, and suicide.

# Mystical Trek: Preventing the Sinner

From the Kematic Universe  
Young Adult . Science Fiction . Fantasy

# Prelude

The world of Kismment is filled with many mystical events. The planet is surrounded by a galaxy of star clusters known as the Astelles. These stars grant the world the resource Neonkem, a gas that has influenced the planet since its creation.

The story of Mystical Trek: PTS, takes place during the war of the Quadrants vs Sin in the wild tech era. More than one hundred years ago the last Shaman Jon conquered the Astelles and saved them from Ukanta who tried to still his Shaman Alignment. The Shaman during and before Jon's reign was the most gifted or adept user of the Astelles. With this power a person had a divine Alignment, one that offered easier access through the Duality inside the Temples and the Constellations. The Shaman had an Alignment that allowed him to control the Astelles. Jon realized once his time in the universe expired the power needed another wielder. He never wanted a protégé because he believed no one person should hold all the power the Shaman possessed. Through wisdom from research and his dwelling through Duality he conjured a solution, and split the power into five, and named the users Panta Astelles.

With this outcome the world of Kismment was forever changed. After Jon perished inside the temples it was time for the Panta Astelles and their reincarnates to protect Kismment and the Astelles. Even splitting the powers didn't stop the chaos that ensued on the planet. The world's peace decayed, and a war eventually began, the War of the Quadecems, which would ultimately be stopped by the son of Jon and Legendary Panta Astelle Wanu.

Everyone wasn't satisfied with Jon's ritual; those people despised the Panta Astelles. Others sought to manipulate them. The world continued to advance but so did the irreputable reputation of the Panta Astelles.

During Mystical Trek: PTS the world saw the second generation of reincarnates under the rule of the Quadrants transitioning from a world ruled by Tribes and Cults. The four major lands were Libertarian, Allure, Serenity, and Enliven. With a world based on knowledge and the chaos of curiosity the Panta Astelles could never bring the peace the last Shaman created, but no warrior before him did either, the only one who ever came close was his son Wanu.

Not all Panta Astelles have the mindset to protect the Astelles, but most that do, go down as legendary warriors. While those that abuse their Alignment make it harder for the legends to continue.

# Mystical Trek: Preventing the Sinner

A young warrior named Kufu has the aspiration of being the Chief of his Cult, the Ibis Cult, but currently on the Planet Kiment there is a devastating war and drought halting the world's progress. The young warrior is a member of the Cult Battalion from the Quadrant's army. The Cults are currently facing extinction, caused by the catalyst of the war, Sin—a formidable warrior with a divine alignment. Kufu's dedication to protecting the Astelles and the Cults is unusual for his age but he believes he is strong enough to help the Quadrants advance and win the war, but to his dismay he is sent to deliver food to the Quadrant's new shelters. He does not abide humbly but follows the orders he's been giving, though like the planet's future, his journey is unpredictable.

*April 16th, 2024 on [cb4yw.com](http://cb4yw.com)*

# Words from Author

What's going on guys, I want to start off by saying thank you for taking the time out to read my new novella. I started writing *Mystical Trek* to break writer's block from another world I had been working on. *Mystical Trek: Preventing the Sinner* is a prelude to a larger universe, one that I have been crafting for a while; and to finally get a piece of this story finished feels awesome. The universe deals heavily with the mythology from Ancient Egypt and shines light on cultures from the Mediterranean; the research I've committed to this project is ten years strong and continues to this day. Fantasy worlds, such as: comics and manga, are a heavy influence in my writing particularly pertaining to *Mystical Trek*. The journey getting to this point feels triumphant, but it's truly only the beginning. I know the road can be treacherous, but the curiosity that dwells in me keeps me going. Writing is a passion and I take joy in every second I can create a wondrous world, universe, or character. I hope you enjoy the story, and it's references to some of my favorite works from my childhood. Stay on the lookout for more to come from the *Kemical Universe* and tell a friend. Thank You!

# Dedication

I want to show love and appreciation to Theodis Houston III for staying consistent and continuing to work on this project for ten plus years. The determination and grit it takes to continue to believe goes unnoticed sometimes but the work will speak for the silent nights.

Based on a beautiful mind provided by a blessing.

A young woman in her early twenties stood in a healthy rain forest while dust and feathers sailed to the ground. The woman's teal jumpsuit is stained, her skin is scratched, and her breathing implied fatigue. Two suns reside in the sky above her while she stared at a young man who was still in his teenage years; he appeared blemished also. He stared ominously.

A twinkle of light sparked meters between the two, when suddenly the young man appeared in front of the young woman. Silver sharp blades extended from his body racing toward the woman. She quickly grabbed daggers from her belt and blocked each blade; the clinks of metals released such a disturbing pitch the man was forced to evade. He vanished, and stood meters away, "That disastrous pitch," the man said.

"Sin, listen to me. This is between me and you, the Panta Astelles; leave the cults alone,"

"It's too late to beg, Elly. The world will learn to value me. It's a disservice to our legacy if I stand for disrespect,"

"You still don't understand what it means to be a Panta Astelle,"

"No! You don't understand Elly! You're corrupted by the Cults, you've shunned your brethren, and worse you're in my way,"

"It doesn't have to be like this Sin, it's no need to involve--"

"Shut up. This world needs to change starting with your death,"

Blades extended from the ground under Elly's feet. She elevated into the sky and began to fly. She stared at Sin from above as he assailed using silver needles; the needles charged from his body towards Elly. She deflected them by manipulating the air around her. She dove at Sin with daggers in her hands when he vehemently vanished. She searched the landscape, but the Sun's gleaming beams blinded her. She sensed Sin was no longer near, Elly fell to her knees and despair evoked.

"It's too late. His mind is made up," she ruminated.

"Sin's drought is destroying the world. It has been active for six months now leading to famine and other worldly catastrophes. The Neonkem Neutronic weapons he and his militia are using is poisoning the soil—"

"It's not the weapons," Elly interrupted the middle justice of the jury of five. A quintuplet of siblings covered from head to toe in black robes stared at her. They sat behind a justice bar in a private court room. They spoke into levitating microphone pods while Elly and a mud of other world affair advocates and leaders listened and responded.

"Neonkem Neutron is a powerful source of energy, and it is Neonkem in its purest, yet most toxic form, but the power isn't strong enough to cause a worldwide drought,"

"What do you think he is using?" Bal, leader of the land Libertarian asked.

"He's using the Astelles. Somehow, he's found a way to mix the raw power of the Astelles and Neonkem Neutron,"

"How?" a justice asked Elly.

"Unfortunately, I don't know,"

"How are you a Panta Astelle?"

Elly gaped at the Justices with grief. The comment brought her embarrassment. She felt shameful about Sin's actions, but it wasn't her fault he was trying to control the Astelles. She did feel partially to blame for the current affairs of the world, but the weight placed on her shoulders could only be understood by Sin.

"Justice that isn't—" a man from the Triad of Sages outspoke before being interrupted by Elly.

"I'll figure it out and stop Sin. I am a Panta Astelle and so is he. I was destined to stop anyone who harms the Astelles even if it kills me,"

"We need to figure something out, and quick. Sin is strong, and his abilities surpass yours Elly. His reincarnate lineage also troubles me, Seiten, and Sin have very similar personalities and they both caused devastating wars. Sin...must be stopped, Elly, the sooner the better,"

"What is the plan for now?" another justice asked.

Falcon a man who possessed spurt spoke. He was robust and looked menacing. His head was bald, and he carried many scars throughout his flesh; his most prominent being an organic shaped wound that covered part of his outer right eyebrow stretching to the middle of his forehead. He spoke with a wisdom that coated his scars but contested

his youth; he was only in his late twenties.

"We plan to protect the temple in Allure and the land surrounding it as well as continue the refugee shelters in Libertarian. We know that Sin wants to destroy every cult but is becoming more unstable as the years go on. He is currently working with inventors to patent technology and sell it onto the dark markets; we are sweeping users of the tech to acquire more information. His army is strong, and they use the Neonkem Neutronic gas and Neonkem Neutronic IV, but we have implemented spies and slowly plan to acquire serenity back. While the Triad Sages continue to master Mount Ennead and provide the last source of food to the world, we will continue protecting them while using scientific and Astellure methods to study the famine. The famine is still our top priority; in the past six months the number of defectors we've had has increased substantially, the only way we can combat this is by rescuing the rest of the civilians and cults and taking them to the shelters...and killing Sin to stop the famine,"

The meeting adjourned and Elly began to exit the hall. She was approached by a maple skinned young man with cornrow braids. He wore glasses with a black frame and thick bifocals. On his neck laid a gold chain with the emblem of the sun resting in the middle of his pectorals. He spoke out Elly's name and signaled for a conversation.

She approached the young man. She wore teal-colored trousers that stopped at her knees. White leather bandages covered her shin and ankles with dark teal combat boots on her feet. A utility belt laid across her chest, which was covered with an armored vest that was a dark teal color. Over it all she wore a silk two toned teal hued hoodie. She took off her hood and revealed a head of braids, decorated with white metal beads with emblems of a wolf.

"Rotan, why are you here?"

"They chose me to recognize the Cygnus Tribe, can you believe it?"

"Wow congratulations at twenty years old too. That's impressive. It seems like you're really proving yourself out there,"

"Yeah, well you get it, that's why I actually wanted to talk to you,"

"Ok,"

"Let me join your team in the war,"

"What! No, you have your own battalion we can't move you; we need you protecting Allure, you're the only one who can do it,"

"But we have to stop Sin now, his famine is—"

"I know,"

"Then you also know he has to be using the Osar Rays,"

Elly looked at Rotan perplexed.

"Be quiet Rotan," she whispered.

"What why? You understand that—"

"I know already but the thing is this is a tougher situation than you think, he's a Panta Astelle, one who knows Cosmic Techniques I'm not saying you can't stop him, but not right now. His power surpasses mine—"

"That's why I can help you! I can be on your team!"

"I can't let you do that. You're a gifted kid. The Triad Sages speak highly of you, they believe in you. Sometimes I wish you were born a Panta Astelle; if you had our divine alignment, I know you'd lead us in the right direction. You don't have it and I still believe you can. I'm sorry Rotan it's just not your time yet. Let me handle this, besides if things go bad, I know I've always got Falcon on my side,"

"I just want to protect you, we need you, without you then—"

She placed her hand on top of Rotan's shoulder and looked him in the eyes.

"I'm the protector," Elly said. She smiled when he avoided her eyes. "Continue to learn from the Cults and Sages, there are many phenomena on Kismant that you must be ready for. Believe it or not there is evil worse than Sin so you must master the power of the Astelles,"

She walked away from Rotan while he sulked. She exited the hall and met with her two team members; there was one man and one woman. They were combat ready; they both were in black elastic thick cotton stitched pants, bandaged with black leather wraps from the upper thigh to the lower calf. They wore black military boots that covered half of the shin; the loose cut pants draped over the boots. The sole of the boots peeked from under the pants. The man wore a sleeveless tactical vest covered with a grey and black two-toned jacket. While the woman wore a vest with sleeves and a balaclava. This was the military attire at the time. The most infamous piece was the belt each warrior wore; it hosted weapons, daggers, and bombs—the utility belt.

"Elly, we need to talk," a voice said with tenure.

While she and her guard mates exited the facility Elly turned to the voice. It was Bal and Falcon, along with Moscow the lost leader of Serenity. Bal stood there the wisest amongst the group. He was wrinkled and gray in the head and missing his left hand, but he stood fit in an all-blue silk shawl—the royal blue linen of Libertarian.

Elly dismissed her guard mates and attended to the three world leaders.

"Can we make this quick, there are people out there who still need to be sheltered,"

"We've concluded that it is too much of a risk for you to travel without a priest," Falcon said.

"Would you guys stop with this? Is that the reason Rotan asked to join my team?"

"Ramu's son? We never told him any such thing, but if he's like his father then he knows just like us it's a risk,"

"I'm fine. I'm a Panta Astelle, I possess the alignment of the Shaman too and I trust my guards and battalion with my life,"

"The fact of the matter is that you aren't strong enough to stop Sin. Unlike him you can't perform Cosmic Rituals," Bal said.

"So, you think the drought is a ritual too,"

"Yes, and with you being the only other Panta Astelle around we can't afford to lose you,"

Falcon interjected, "We still have no sign of Sandy's reincarnate, and she should've been found almost ten years ago, I can only assume the worst...Sin found her. We can't let that happen to you,"

"Which proves that I must stop him, to keep the faith in the Panta Astelles alive. There is no Priest stronger than me, and I am also a student of the Triad Sages I won't go down without a fight. I trained him after all; there is no one more suited than me to stop him. His grudge all started with me, if only I gave him a bit more time,"

"No need to dwell on the past Elly. We all tried to guide him, his disdain for the Cults and Quadrants stems from something much deeper than his exile from the Triad Sages," Bal said.

"Elly, we won't be able to have faith if Sin is the only Panta Astelle alive," Moscow said.

"I'm a paladin, this is something I must do. Let the Sages continue to work Mount Ennead. When me and Sin see each other again I have some things to question him about; it's like a family affair it's hard for you guys to understand,"

"Elly, we're trying to help. Your insolence can be excused because of your youth but you need to stay alive,"

"Bal, how about you let Cal takeover you're getting pretty senile; don't you think?" Elly immaturely responded.

Bal grew furious but Falcon interjected before Bal spoke.

"Fine Elly, have it your way. But you're not ditching me," Falcon said.

"You have your own—"

"They'll be fine. Besides our spies have alerted us that Sin is working with a group of inventors known as Khumas Kingdom. Me and you along with a new team will hunt them down to find out where Sin is,"

"What about the refugees?"

"The Cult battalion will take care of that, they have already helped Libertarian tremendously," Bal said.

"We take down Khumas Kingdom we get Serenity back. We will have control of both temples. Sin can't master a divine location thankfully, so we will have an upper hand with the conquering of Mount Ennead."

"But he is still using a cosmic ritual,"

"It's simple once we find Sin, we crush him, since the ritual needs his Neonkem the effects should be stopped once he's gone. If that's not the case, you can use the Osar Rays to deduct how he did it. I'll tell the Priest to continue to study the soil in the meantime,"

"But what if I can't perform the ritual?"

"We'll figure it out, we might be able to do it together.... His reign is getting horrific he's gaining defectors and only getting stronger. The world is dying along with people, and he's terrorizing the cults. If this was the younger me, I'd try and stop him on sight, and even at my strength now I'd probably perish; but Elly we've grown up, haven't we? So, this time we show him the wisdom of a warrior trained by the

Triad Sages," Falcon said.

Their conversation simmered once the plan was put in place. Elly and Falcon would set off on an assignment to track down Khuma's Kingdom and take back Serenity. The Quadrants mobilized, and the protection of Allure and Libertarian increased. The Summons at the Judicial House in Allure reconfigured the Quadrants plan. The Quadrant's moved to a new headquarters on a newly developed island in the middle of Allure and Libertarian. It camouflaged into the ocean thanks to a newly developed soil created with Neonkem Neutron.

The Cult division—the army's division dedicated to Cult and Tribe members—was now responsible for search and destroy, led by one of the three Chief Maximus left, Tif, a woman who was from the Camelo tribe. They relocated near the shore off the lake in a forest on the outskirts of the southern Libertarian land.

The Cult battalion ranks ranged from Lieutenant, —Tif—General, and Warrior. There was a total of fifteen generals, and they all led Cults before the war. Their assignments were to defend Cults, Civilians, and Inventors from Sins army. They were the frontline forces of the army, mainly because they had Priests, and Cult members were more efficient using the Astelles. They knew the terrain and had also established a trust that warriors from the Quadrants couldn't provide.

It was going on three months since this new initiative became active. Elly and Falcon had taken the field; their movements were diverted to elite status, only known by the advisors and leaders of the world. The drought turned famine continued and Sin, his brothers, and the five inventor's movements were abstruse, but one of his brothers—Lyson—and one of the inventors—Sibley—had both surprisingly been captured.

Lyson became obsessed with the idea of finding a bride. He came upon a purely blooded Kishmentian woman in Rotan's army; this led him astray and eventually he succumbed to Rotan's power. Sibley delegated a warehouse that manufactured the Intravenous patches Sins army was using. Falcon and Elly were the ones to shut him down. The foes were placed in penance and were heavily guarded; Sibley was incarcerated in the capital of Libertarian and Lyson was in Allure.

The stakes were rising as the world was changing. At the new headquarters of the Quadrant's Cult Division, there were living quarters, armories, food, training facilities and more. The HQ was a base much like a town with limited workers and isolated from the public; it also functioned as a shelter for Cult members.

Near the lake at a small beach inside the base a young man from the Cult's battalion trained under the stars. He dashed from one point of the beach to the next, moving like a blur at two hundred kilometers per second. Basic human-like figures made of magnetite were scattered along the weltered beach. He stood in the diameter of his created villains and connected the palm of his hand's centimeters in front of his heart. Three green hued auras ran from his head to his

feet, all sequential. He had just aligned to the Astelles. Once the third luminance reached his feet, he interlocked his fingers over his heart and created the Vulpec constellation in the sky.

The constellation dyed the night sky into purple and greenish hues. The stars twinkled and the Astelles glimmered like diamonds. The night sky from this young warrior's zenith had transformed; the ceiling popped with mystery and excitement evocative of a galaxy. The diamond dancing Astelles form a fox across the beach—the Astelles' shadow covered the sand. He was now a firecracker waiting to explode. The boy jumped meters in the air and blitzed to each target. He punched the targets with rock covered fists. He crushed targets with his touch. He turned targets to rubble from claps. He moved like a train, taking out twenty of the figures in ten seconds. He stood puffing as if he was jogging, in a new diameter layered by a new set of created figures.

The young man took a deep breath. He formed a diamond with his index finger and thumb over his heart. An Alignment Luminance—three green hued lines of energy—rushed his body once again, this time much quicker than the last.

"Let's see what the Osars can do!"

He screamed, trudging his hands to the sky. He moved like he was carrying a mountain and roared like his muscles ripped. A burning stone poked wearily from the ground. A mountain grew, it weltered and tittered but eventually reached five meters; this young man who wore the pants of a warrior and a sleeveless undershirt stained by the day stood on its peak. He was exhausted and excited, sweat shined on his bald head and baby face, while his bright skin glimmered from the Astellure sky. He extended his arms horizontally holding his palms out. Pieces of the mountain broke apart into twenty-five large boulders and ventured toward the new targets.

"Now I'll add the fire,"

Fire appeared on a few of the soaring rocks; other boulders lacked the flames. The monoliths dispersed once this young man pushed his arms outward, but he lacked control. Some of the combusted boulders had accuracy while others sped into the abyss and waters. The mega stones fell out of the sky and fire broke through the mountain. The mountain crumbled; pieces levitated like the boy while others turned into dust and began to slowly dissipate.

The boy gracefully dropped while the figures and burning boulders evaporated. The effects of his training remained, but the magnetite, fire and constellation disappeared. The sky returned black, and the boy rested on the sand. He laid on his back, now like the planet, and stared at the stars.

"I guess, I'm not that adept at mixing nature's element with my Magnetite element. Using the Osars imbalances my Neonkem... summoning that mountain drained more than half of my energy," he said frustrated. He continued to analyze the stars, "I've got to get

stronger; I have to protect the cults if I ever want to become a Chief,"

The young man stood up harshly. "I don't have the luxury of time as long as Sin is alive," The boy touched the palm of his hand in front of his heart and aligned to the stars once again. The Alignment luminance ran through his body but flickered and lagged; an exposed Alignment line appeared under his feet—a green circle one foot in diameter. "My Alignment Line appeared, I'm almost at my limit," Exhaustion took his face, the boy hunched over searching for air. He wiped the sweat off his forehead and formed a diamond with his hands' index finger and thumb in front of his heart. His body aligned to the Osars when a green hue surrounded him and rose into the sky. It lasted for three seconds and battered the young man's pubescent frame. He slowly dropped his arms and stood with a grimace; he began to call another mountain releasing a frightening roar.

Suddenly three green blasts of energy were shot at him from a distance. The boy was shocked, the blasts moved like bullets of gas, but this young warrior shrewdly used the magnetite from his body to deflect the assail. The energies pulsated away from his body, jiving to the water. The water dispersed and large tides formed. The waves rushed the beach almost reaching the boy who sat in the heart of the sand.

"Who was that?" the boy ruminated as he looked around. "Are we being infiltrated?" The boy stood alert and analyzed his surroundings prepared to battle.

"Kufu you should take it easy. You're going to kill yourself before you even get a chance to live.

Kufu knew the voice. It was the voice of his pal Sheen. He appeared from the shadows of the forest and walked to Kufu with a huge smile. He wore the outfit of a Quadrant Warrior and had a wolf emblem in the right corner of his vest. He walked rebelliously toward his friend.

"You could have hurt me Sheen,"

"Yeah right, even when you're that weak you're strong. Besides I had to stop you before you destroyed your body. You always overdo it; you've been like this since the Institute. You know just like me that training with the Osars should only be done when you have the right amount of Neonkem to do so, you know you could supernova dude,"

"I had it under control. I've got to get stronger. At this rate I can't save the Cults,"

"It's not just up to you. Don't get me wrong you're strong, stronger than me for sure, but if we're relying on you to stop a Panta Astelle, by yourself we've already lost the war,"

"Do you have to be so blunt?"

"It's the truth. Come on, let's go rest and get some food. It's a famine going on you should be saving your energy for assignments anyway,"

The two teens ran through the forest back towards the base. They hopped from tree to tree and strode faster than a Chatter Onyx—Kisment's fastest animal in the world. Their feet glowed a majestic

green while they traversed. They hurdled over soaked ponds and journeyed through the malnourished forest all the way back to the base.

When they reached the base, many warriors roamed the area. They all wore the pants of a warrior commissioned by the Quadrants, while some wore their vests—which signaled they were on duty—others wore white t shirts, others wore black, some wore undershirts, while some wore no shirt. They each possessed their utility belt while there were a few, including Tiff and the Generals who wore their own attire. Leaders and figures weren't required to wear a uniform because of their reputations. They still referenced their tribe or homeland on their attire—like Elly's beads.

The clothing of warriors consisted of loose cotton-fitting pants or baggy trousers that touched the knee. Silk fabrics were prominent along with brightly tinted hue color schemes. It was expected for a person to be covered in open fabrics, usually the cotton pants and shirts worn under them were fit for battling. Everyone expressed themselves how they saw fit, but their outfits resembled that of a culture developed around the sea, a contemporary style that fitted a more advanced, active, and athletic society.

The serving quarters were filled with starving warriors and since Kufu and Sheen had the least amount of experience their servings were smaller than their contemporaries. They still ate sufficiently which inadvertently prompted gambling, the warriors betted food and collectibles at all hours of the day; they played cards and dice nonstop. Kufu and Sheen were gathered around members of their battalion; the warriors enjoyed the serenity, Kufu and Sheen watched the gambling and chatter, but Kufu was mesmerized by the Quadrants emblem—a giant Q that had iv on its bottom right corner.

Kufu meditated on the fact that there were Cults still being slaughtered and civilians being forced to submit to Sin or starve. His metal fork began to falter, Kufu couldn't fathom why a Panta Astelle, the Shamans Reincarnate, would do such a thing. He ruminated on how unlucky the Astelles felt at times, the power they granted permitted the current catastrophe. This unbearable feeling was why he trained so hard. It was why he was dedicated to becoming the Chief of the Ibis tribe, he wanted to master the Astelles to help prevent another disaster.

"Kufu crack a smile you'll scare off the ladies,"

"That's the last thing on my mind,"

"Come on lighten up, we're alive, we ought to be happy,"

"How can you be so happy during these times,"

Sheen continued to watch his peers as he spoke to Kufu. "I don't know bro. I just know that any Warrior who died because of that bastard Sin wouldn't want us to lose faith in the Astelles, I wouldn't if it was me. That's why we fight...we're only sixteen the way I look at it it's not our time to worry,"

Kufu pondered the words from his friend and took them into consideration. He understood why Sheen acted the way he did, it was similar to his desperation to gain the power of a chief. The two of them just went about things differently. He loathed to end the suffering of his people, of the Cults; he was itching for a fight, he was itching to prove he can help the world. He felt as if he needed to be doing more but at the same time, he was doing all he could. Kufu wished he could be as calm as Sheen but his urge to be recognized, to conquer the Astelles, is what made him Kufu.

While he ruminated a rounded device beeped from his utility belt, Sheen's rung as well. They were summoned by their General Titus for an assignment.

"Finally," Kufu thought. "Sheen too? That's unusual,"

The two young men now stood in full warrior attire in the office of their general Titus. Titus wore a golden headdress around his forehead, stacked by overflowing silk. He had an afro and skin that was a close hue of his kettle black hair. His jacket emulated a thobe but was unbuttoned revealing a white t shirt; and gold like the silk cloth wrapped around his forehead.

He spoke to the two young men while a screen projected behind him. The screen depicted mountain routes, deserted areas, new shelters, and activity from Sin's army. The gold gloves of Titus directed the information from the screen to their RPDs—Rounded Pod Device.

"It's simple really, we need you guys to head to Mount Ennead liaison with the Triads and deliver the food and supplies to the new shelters,"

"A food run!? With all due respect sir, why do I have to do this?" Kufu rudely asked.

"Those are valuable supplies. We are implementing our audible and relocating the shelters to confuse Sins army,"

"How many Shelters?"

"They'll give you enough for the five shelters in the southern hemisphere in Libertarian. We'll provide you all with a Saucer to make the transport effortless,"

"Cool, I'll drive," Sheen impetuously said.

"No, you won't you'll have a pilot,"

"Sir I've never done an assignment like this. I feel like I'll be more useful on an assignment to help provide shelter, or search and rescue,"

"We put you where we need you Kufu, this is your assignment and it is an important one,"

"If it's so important why aren't any Priest coming with us?" Kufu asked.

"We can't allow them to leave their post. Some are infiltrating Serenity and helping Cal's battalion in the battle vs Sin's brother Ged. We need the others to continue rescuing the Inventors, Cults and Civilians,"

"Let us help at least, Titus you know I'm strong, you get it don't—"

"Kufu, you don't need to rush, you'll get another battle again, I

promise. But this War has gone on for three years. Sin's army, brothers, and himself are immensely powerful. I know you helped capture his brother once before the famine with Ray the Chief Maximus of the Vuplec tribe, but you couldn't have done it by yourself, and you let him get away. You're young it's no need for you to rush, let the adults try first,"

Kufu diverted his gaze from his general sulking because of his past decision. He knew it himself just how strong Sin's brother was, but he never wanted to kill him because he knew that many people who misused the stars were misguided.

"Now go get ready, you guys leave when the third sun rises, your Saucer link and Assignment information is on your RPD," the young men began to exit the office. "And remember stay sharp, you never know who is watching...and Kufu," Kufu faced his general with waterworks flowing from his eyes. "Stop Crying! You're the reason we're able to spare such labor, your strength is influencing your peers, and your future is bright, be patient and stay sharp,"

Kufu wiped the waters from his face, "Do you really mean it sir!?" he yelled whimsically.

"Yes, unfortunately I do," Titus said satirically.

Kufu's burst of emotion rescinded and he was back to his normal self. Kufu and Sheen journeyed to the Saucer arena to recover and prepare for their assignment.

Meanwhile in the upper mountains of Enliven a mansion rested, engulfed by meters of snow. An ongoing blizzard claimed the night, while inside Sin and his brother sat around a grandiose dining hall and spoke.

The young men both wore body-long mink coats of different shades, fitted absorbent synthetic black shirts, utility belts, and cotton pants that matched the color of their mink jacket; the pants were hemmed to the knees, below the knee the pants frayed gradually, draping over their warrior boots. They had black leather bandages on their thighs and from their shin to ankle.

Sin sat at the end of the table, at the throne of his castle. He wore a dark green dyed mink coat. He had multiple ear piercings and chains that dangled. He had a tattoo of a sword on his neck and in the corner of his left eye.

"The Quadrants have their hands full with the Beattle's Germ Ritual, the drought is forcing civilians and warriors to defect and Cults to surrender. But it hasn't stopped Elly and Falcon from freeing our captivated inventors. I'll kill her and once I do the world will be forced to submit to me. My power is second to none, but before we do anything else I want to capture Isan. His knowledge on the Osar Rays is quite divine, and we'll be able to irradiate the remaining Setters,"

"Why yes, it is," a voice from the corner of the room said. The man revealed himself. He wore a silk white lab coat and a navy-blue suit with a white collared shirt. He was the healer Aaron, one of the

inventors of the group Khumas Kingdom.

"With his wisdom on Heka we won't have to use the Magnifying Machine to spread the Beattle's Germ Ritual. The patents we could create would be endless. We'd own the world monetarily and artillery wise, as well as have a Panta Astelle. We'd be able to unlock secrets the Shamans never could have imagined...We need Isan he completes our plan,"

"Aaron!? How long have you been there,"

"Long enough for you not to notice Sin,"

"I'm the fastest in the world. I'm not worried,"

"Well, I need you to worry about Isan and sneak up on him. I know where he's hiding and with the risk of running into Elly and Falcon only you can go. Take your brother too, you might need him. They're a dangerous duo," Aaron said as he walked out. "Also, I've heard Falcon has gotten stronger, so I advise you use the Neonkem Neutronic patch. It's no need for you try and prove anything from using the Astelles, it's why we've developed the tech,"

"You don't have to tell me. I'm not naïve like my predecessors and brethren, Elly. I'll use whatever it takes to destroy the Cults,"

Sin and his brother, Pyradim, rose from the dining table. Pyradim wore an ostentatious pink colored mink coat. His clothes were starched, and he wore exquisite Jewelry all over his body. His shoes matched his jacket's color, but he wore a black mask with two green lines of paint running from the eye holes. Amongst the mask were hand painted star emblems and his homeland Serenity, as well as emblems of the heart and mind. The two brothers left Sin's mansion from the abandoned mountains of Enliven to search for the Chief of the Setters, a dangerous man with mystical abilities named Isan.

It was now day and three suns resided in the Kismment sky. They all ranged in size with the one closest west—the first to have risen—being the smallest, and the one closest east being the largest.

The tertiary solar system was unique to the planet, creating many phenomena that differ from the historical planet, Earth. All three sun's photonic rays provided ultraviolet light but thanks to the power of the Astelles and the Neonkem energy the rays in their natural phase were harmless. Because of the ability to absorb essentially photonic energy, the inhabitants of Kismment had gone through a skin mutation that added intense melanin to most people to protect them from absorbing malignant amounts of Neonkem and Solar rays. It was going on one hundred plus years since the people of Earth transpired to the Planet Kismment and ever since the people of Earth, had adapted, coincided, started families, mastered the Astelles, and have even succumbed to the skin mutation. The entire planet's pigmentation was brown in some sort of fashion, even the lightest skin, may it be considered tan or cream, was more absorbent than the pigmentation of its past. Even though Kismment's solar system produced such a mutation there were still percentages of the population it did not affect; those people still

strived equally.

Near the smallest sun a slick black Saucer glided through the clouds and moved with the wind. Its organic shape coursed through the poignant blue sky. The Saucer had a diameter of fifteen meters and a height of eight meters and was made from the finest metals Kismant could create.

Kufu and Sheen resided in the saucers fuel tank. It was uncomfortable and lacked creativity. They sat on pale metal seats and were surrounded by space and supplies. Four cots were in their rear for rest, while the two of them sat near the windows, on the rim of the craft. Crates filled with artillery: daggers, bombs, and tech; and medical supplies were stationed in the center of the Saucer. Vehicles and rovers were parked in the far south of the Saucer; there were two motor bikes and one rover, built to withstand the toughest terrain.

The two young men studied their RPDs to further understand the assignment and the risk. They were visiting the furthest northwest corner in Libertarian and were traveling to Mount Ennead, a divine location. The terrain near Mount Ennead was very dry and humid with many barriers and trick routes. According to their RPD they will be met by a guide once they make it to the hove of the west mountain.

"Can you believe that Rotan is twenty years old and is already a Chief Maximus,"

"Rotan!?"

"Ramu's son! He might just be one of the strongest priests the world has ever seen. How haven't you heard about him, he's all in the media? He just took down Lyson, Sins brother, by himself,"

"Oh, that guy! I don't know. I try not to delve too much into the media,"

"That guy he's the real deal. I hope I get to meet him one day,"

The Saucer landed in the middle of an open dirt field. There was nothing around, not even a rock. The three suns shined graciously on the arid climate while dust coasted through the air. The mountains climbed the horizon and were the only alluring nature in the scene.

"You have reached your destination," an automated voice projected throughout the Saucer.

"We got here fast. Saucers are amazing," Sheen said.

"Yeah. It beats using Yachts and Bell Carts,"

"I know they say Neonkem Neutron is the cause of the drought, but it's done some great things,"

"Neonkem Neutron is just like Neonkem...just a lot more toxic, but it has its benefits and is extremely powerful. But like any power if it is used wrong can cause terror," Kufu said. "They're also the source of the Osars. That's why a Warrior must be devoted to protecting the Astelles," Kufu thought.

The two young men prepared for their assignment. The young men prepped their utility belt and dressed for battle. Before leaving the Saucer, Kufu created a rock in his palm and left it centered in the

Saucer's fuel tank. They left the cargo and exited the Saucer. The plain was vapid. Kufu activated his RPD and began to read their assignment's instructions redundantly. While the two were outside the pilot used a Humur Leon—a chameleon type reptile founded on Kishment—to camouflage the Saucer. He attached the Humur Leon to a recorded view of the scenery and it imitated their surroundings.

Kufu mulled over the data, the diagrams depicted routes to the liaison point. Once they came into contact with a sage, they were to hand over a ceramic token created with the Neonkem of one of the Triad Sages. The young warriors received the token in their artillery package; the key was badge and had an emblem of the heart on one side and the mind on the other.

"Alright, we've got to go underground first," Kufu said.

"How are we supposed to do that?"

"Did you not read the summary? There are hidden entrances all around here that should activate when a person aligns to the stars,"

"If it's that easy to get in how are the Triads so safe?"

"Because Mount Ennead is filled with misdirection, not to mention it is a divine location. For someone to be able to battle, a user must be adept with using the Osar Rays,"

"I've heard of this place killing people from its weather alone,"

"Yeah, it's true but don't worry about that, the Triads have conquered the Mountain,"

The two young men traversed to a hidden entrance, highlighted on their RPD.

"I'm just glad the Triads are on our side,"

"All the cults are on the same side,"

"What about the Setters? I don't know about you, but I don't think even this war could make me forgive them,"

"Sin is after every last Cult, Priest, and Sage. Even if the Setters have misused the Astelles in the past we still have to protect them, they are just like us,"

"Kufu those guys are terrible, they do nothing but attack cults, steal, and terrorize. They're worse than the Apothecs,"

"They've just been taught the wrong things. I believe once someone has an option to learn, that's when we know if they are truly evil or not,"

"Whatever Kufu. You sound old when you say stuff like that,"

The two reached a deteriorated valley, it was consumed with the corpse and carcasses of expired animals. The smallest sun in the sky had set leaving only two Suns, and ninety minutes of day light. The map alerted the warriors of their arrival. Kufu attached his RPD to his utility belt and clapped the palm of his hands together in front of his heart. Three green luminance sequentially run from his head to his toes.

"Did it work?" Sheen asked while he analyzed the area for an opening.

"I don't know," Kufu said underwhelmed.

Within the dried creek, a couple of meters in front of the two warriors, an opening appeared. The dirt separated and from it came an intense amount of Neonkem. Kufu sensed the excessive energy.

"The Triad Sages conquered this? How?" Kufu Ruminated.

They two young warriors walked to the opening and looked into the pitch-black abyss. "So, these are what Osar Rays feel like? No way, they're overwhelming," the two warriors jumped into the abyss and landed at the hove of Mount Ennead. They were inside a cave that was lit with the luminance of the diamond dancing Astelles. The sky blazed and was hazed with a reddish orange aura. Fires sparked all around them and on the cave walls were hieroglyphics.

"Show me your Token!" a demanding and frightening voice yelled. The two looked around. "Show me your token if you wish to live," the voice said again. Kufu grabbed the token from his pocket and held it high. "Now toss it into the fire," the voice said. Kufu did as the voice told him and when he did the fire extinguished along with the rest. The stars grappled closer to the ground while the hieroglyphics illuminated; before Kufu and Sheen could blink they were on another part of the mountain.

The two were now in a jungle, surrounded by many vicious creatures. Rain poured heavily and the clouds and skies were depressed. The Astelles glowed like the lightning in the dark sky while the young men stood perplexed.

Thunder and Lightning impetuously shook the ground and blinded the scene before the young warriors could comprehend their surroundings. When the lightning disappeared, a man appeared. He wore a silk black kilt and silk black shawl and all black leather sandals. He was waxing brown and had a bald head wearing orbs for earrings. In his hand he held a palm branch and towered over the two young warriors. On his left hand he had a pyramid with three suns tattooed on him—the emblem of the Triad Sages.

"Kufu and Sheen follow me," the man said with an intimidating voice.

The young warriors followed this man through the jungle while the animals rested at bay. They walked through a haunting storm up the mountain; they traveled through, caves, prairies, grasslands, and forests. The walk took ten maybe fifteen minutes while the Astelles remained present. Kufu pondered aligning to the Osars, but he did not know if it was possible under the crippling conditions. He heard stories of the divine locations increasing the Astelles power, but that the Neonkem from those locations were difficult to align too. His body began to beget fatigue, bringing him to the realization that the triad sages were true masters.

"Can we take a break? I don't know why but—" Sheen began to ask.

"Be quiet," the priest from the Triad Sages said.

They continued their journey, eventually reaching a farm. The storm ceased, and one sun roamed with a moon along the dark horizon. The

farm sat on the edge of the mountain on a slope. It was minuscule to the massive mountain, the glorious rock stretched acres wide, and past the clouds. The peak touched the stars but had never been scaled. From the view of Kufu and Sheen they caught the scene; land and sages were myriad on the mountain. There were sub land sized terrains all around the mountain side. The view appeared horizontal, due to the distortion from the Osar Rays even though this particular area lived on a slant. From the farms horizon and height, the young warriors grasped a panorama of the planet—the distance between Mount Ennead and Kismment seemed like another world.

On the farm there were machines, workers, animals, land, and more. The mountain appeared healthier than Kismments actual terrain. The Triad members grotesquely labored, and rightfully so; they were feeding the whole world. Kufu was astounded by their grit and resilience.

The man led the boys to five cargo boxes. They were magnificent in size, in two-by-two meter frames; according to the RPD each box had supplies of meat, a new artificial soil, seeds, fruits and vegetables, and grain and wheat. Kufu pondered the idea of more warriors making food runs, assuming they separated everyone, for the safety of the contents and the contents destination. The young warrior and his friend gathered the resources while their guide watched. He seemed to be in communication with a superior, perceived by Kufu, who recognized the man speaking into his wrist after each checkpoint.

"Everything's here," Kufu said.

"Alright. I'll help you guys—"

"No need sir. You guys have done enough, we can take the cargo,"

Sheen leered at Kufu. His eyes widened and his pupils shrunk. "Kufu, don't be crazy let him help us,"

"Yeah, kid no need to hurt yourself,"

"No seriously don't worry. I prepared for this,"

Sheen whined and groaned about Kufu's actions and honor. Kufu pushed the boxes together while his partner continued complaining; the young Priest watched and cogitated on Kufu's spirit.

"His spirit, his energy, it reminds me a lot of someone...that's it. I've just met this kid and barely spoke to him, but I can sense it. He's strong and acts similar to the Chief Maximus Ray, but that's not it...this young warrior he's a lot like Rotan,"

Sheen cried hysterically on the floor next to his partner while he laid onto the loaded cargo. Kufu looked at the priest once again and analyzed his attire and stature piously. "I'll be back here one day! I promise! Because after this war I'm visiting the six divine locations. The Neonkem here excites me, I have to conquer them," Kufu ruminated.

"Thanks Sir! Without you all we'd all be dead, until next time," Kufu said as he snapped and simultaneously disappeared.

The priest fed the newfound loneliness with his thoughts. Kufu,

Sheen, and the cargo had just vanished, and the Priest was exiting the empty farmhouse.

"It's nice to know that even with Sin trying to detour the faith in the Panta Astelles we still have Warriors devoted to the teachings and techniques. As long as we have that we could never squander.... That kid he was strong enough to keep a Kemical link his first time under the Osar Rays and somehow took six object with him....That's unheard of, the rumors were right he's special. I heard he had fundamentals, but after meeting him...Tiff was smart to introduce him,"

Kufu, Sheen, and the Cargo stood inside the middle of the Saucer. They were near the rock Kufu left behind. Sheen's tears dried up, when he wiped his eyes and looked around, he saw the inside of the Saucer.

"What! How'd we get back?"

Kufu picked up the rock and tossed it at Sheen. Sheen caught the rock but when he gazed upward Kufu was nowhere to be found.

"Behind you,"

Sheen turned around and saw Kufu standing behind him. Sheen astonishingly stared at the rock and Kufu's previous space.

"It's a Kemical Link. It allows me to link part of my Neonkem with a person or object so that whenever it is called upon, I can appear instantaneously no matter where I am at,"

"I didn't know you can do that. But—I guess we've never been on the same assignment. How'd you learn it,"

"Back at home, I learned it from Ray. He said it's something every warrior picks up, but he said the way I use it, I can use it in battle. The links have time limits and source limits though, so unless you're well adept it's tough to hold for extended periods. Man, I'm actually glad we left when we did because I was about to lose the link, holding it under the Osar Rays was tougher than I thought,"

The saucer took off into the skies, while the sunset of the final sun colored the horizon a warm orange.

"I've seen it done a few times, but every time Warriors were only able to link themselves and they couldn't teleport like you. Teach me that," Sheen said puerilely.

"I told you; Ray said the way my Neonkem works is different. My Neonkem can find itself, like attracted to itself, allowing me to absorb more toxins than normal. But I can teach you the regular way. It's not difficult,"

While the two young warriors roamed through the southern outskirts of Libertarian. Sin and his brother Pyradim coasted in the luxurious passenger fuel sage of their Saucer. Couches and carpet dressed the environment. Baskets of fruit popped throughout the scene. The two of them each sat in their own personal chair drinking elixirs and munching on plates of meats and veggies.

Sin ate carelessly; his food was on the table and was his beverage needed a second cup. Pyradim sat across from Sin; he was obviously disgusted, he grabbed his plate and moved.

"Where are you going?" Sin asked with a mouth full of food.

"To a safer place to dine. We were all raised together, but it seems I am the only one who bore manners,"

"Everyone can't be as prideful as you Pyra,"

Sin continued to enjoy his meal. Pyra moved to a couch that sat near one of the uncovered windows of the Saucer. He ate his food and gazed at his younger brother. He studied him chow and enjoy the little freedom he had from running their army.

"What are we going to do with Khuma's Kingdom?" Pyra spontaneously asked.

Sin stopped chewing and gaped perplexed, "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Do you think we can trust them? They aren't family,"

"Even if we can't we need them. But we can, I need you to trust me on that. We wouldn't have made it this far without them, we wouldn't have learned this much. We're in this together. The Quadrant's already know about our arrangement, how do you think they captured Sibley?"

Pyra pondered his brother's words, "The Quadrants are getting stronger. Even with the famine active they've found a way to stay fed. I say we stop waiting on Khuma's Kingdom and take out the rest of the cults before it's too late brother! Even if they have taught us, we're stronger now we don't have to listen to them," Pyra said insanelly.

"Listen to me then, we must be patient. If we march unto the cult battalion, it'll be the final battle. Who knows who'll win.... I don't doubt I can destroy Elly one on one, but in an all-out brawl...with the cults, priests, sages and Elly we could lose, even with the Neonkem Neutronic weapons,"

"If we had just rushed Allure with Lyson, we could have had the Temple of the Heart,"

"That was the plan until he went off foolishly looking for love. But to think someone my age captured him alive. They have indeed gotten stronger, and this fellow has indeed piqued my interest. What was his name again?"

"It's Rotan. He's the Chief Maximus for the Cygnus Tribe, and they say he was trained by the Triad Sages. I believe he has a Metal Element, but it takes the form of a crystal,"

"Even more the reason to kill him. The cults disgust me, they're just so full of themselves; they think they're so much better than everyone. They think that they can replace me. Too bad I've mastered the stars and have become an even stronger Panta Astelle than their student, Elly; what does that say about their teachings?"

Sin took a huge cup of his elixir, stacking his intoxication. His dark cheekbones blushed from the rush while streaks of the drink drip from his chin. He looked into the reflection of his gold cup; his blue eyes stare back at him with his green spiked hair. He placed his cup down and reclined back. He grabbed a jeweled pendant that dangled from his neck, it was half of the sun and half of the moon combined—the

symbol of Serenity.

Sin laughed hysterically, "To think I wanted to be like them! Thanks Elly, you showed me how much the other side sucks! Once we grab Isan from Libertarian our plan to open Duality and connect the two worlds together can start,"

"Let's not forget Rotan, we must redeem our family's honor,"

"It's not often I say this brother, but you're right, he must pay," Sin fell into meditation, "I wonder just who this Rotan is. He took down my strongest brother and his battalion using only the Astelles. What techniques could he possibly know? How strong could he possibly be?"

Meanwhile in the southern outskirts of Libertarian in an arid savannah the stars glimmered illuminating the night. Millions of stars were present imitating the moon, which didn't exist on the planet Kismant. Even while the stars brightened the night, it was still a major contrast compared to day.

Along the savannah two light green hues bounced around the rotten soil. The green energies halted, revealing Kufu and Sheen who stood meters away from each other gasping like swimmers. They were stained with dedication, while dust escaped the dirt. The wind blew rapturously on this glorious night on the outskirts of the sapless Libertarian land.

The two young warriors leaped towards each other from a three-point stance. They each attacked and guarded; both boys were unable to land a blow, exonerating each of their attacks. They stood on the ground with each contesting a fist of the other.

Kufu vanished from the sights of Sheen. Sheen studied the environment searching for his friend. "Where could he have transported too now?" Sheen continued to search for Kufu when he noticed him meters to his left next to one of his rocks.

"I already told you, I'm an exception. For some reason my Neonkem allows me to use my Kemical Link with objects that already have elements of my Neonkem within it. Most users can only link to people within a certain distance, it's not often a person can link to their own Neonkem,"

"Why?"

"It has something to do with needing a receiver. It's like connecting a microphone to a speaker. The Microphone can only be the transmitter or the receiver it can't be both,"

"What makes you so special,"

"I honestly don't know," Kufu walked toward his pal. Sheen looked at the Astelles and studied the empty Savannah. "Now let me explain the regular way. So, there are three types of links Natural, Kemical, and Spiritual. You have to learn to use a Natural link first before the latter,"

"I've been trying for half an hour now, how the hell do I do it," Sheen said plopping to the ground frustrated.

"Well, you can't do it by sitting down, get up you moron. And you were trying to use it like me. This technique is one anyone can use,"

Sheen rose back to his feet. Kufu stood less than a meter in front of his friend. "Now listen, to use the natural link you have to be able to mix your Neonkem with another person's. Essentially you have to make a space within your energy to accept another person's energy,"

"Make a space? How do I do that?"

Kufu grasped his chin and began to cogitate an explanation. He dwelled when suddenly he pointed at Sheen, "It's like farting. You just release some of your Neonkem like gas. You must make sure the wavelengths match though, or else the link falters,"

"Let's try it. But how do I give you some of my energy?"

"You can do it plenty of ways. The easiest way is with touch, but remember it's like squeezing toothpaste, you want to be careful with how much you share because if you don't have a grasp on the amount, you could Burn Out,"

"Are you serious!?"

"Yes, but I promise once you get the hang of it, it becomes just as easy as aligning to the Astelles....Here let me show you,"

Kufu reached out his hand towards his friend. "Now for this example you will be the receiver. You will be holding a link to my Neonkem, so to do this you need to make space for my Neonkem,"

"Right. I need to fart,"

Kufu apathetically stared at his pal, "I guess, just disperse about one percent of the Neonkem that flows in your veins to accept my Neonkem,"

"Ok"

Sheen appeared to release the Neonkem that flowed within him.

"Hold it. I can sense it. You're releasing too much, its only one percent remember,"

"What!? I can't tell,"

"It's like toothpaste you need a grasp, always remember that. It's an essential metaphor to working with the Astelles, Ray taught me that,"

"Right ok. Toothpaste, noted."

"Alright, now hold out your hand,"

"Ok," Sheen held out his hand. Kufu slapped his hand with his friend's.

"I just matched the wavelength of my Neonkem with yours. Now you just absorb the energy,"

The two warriors stared at each other. Sheen then gawked at his hands. He patiently waited for the anticipated connection to brew.

"Do you feel anything?"

"Maybe? I don't know to be honest,"

"Close your eyes. And search your Neonkem,"

Sheen closed his eyes. He meditated using the Neonkem that flowed through his body. His Neonkem was felt as it boiled from the stimulation of his mind.

"Woah! I can like...feel your presence. It's like...you know how Neonkem is green, I can feel a tiny speck of orange Neonkem. Almost

like it's something that is not supposed to be there,"

"Precisely. That there is the link, that feeling of that Neonkem being in your body is toxic because it's not yours and it doesn't come from the Astelles or Osars. Which is the main reason it is difficult to link to multiple people and over long distances,"

"Ok, I see now. So how do I use it to call you,"

"So, whenever you are linked to someone, you can summon the link by just using the Neonkem shared with you to change the frequency from zero to one. It's like turning on your own Neonkem, but instead using foreign energy to send a signal,"

Sheen stared at Kufu braindead. Confusion draped his face while he scratched his head.

"Use that Orange energy you feel and activate it like your own Neonkem, that's how you turn it on,"

"Ok," Sheen said wearily.

"Let's try it," Kufu said. He vanished to a rock maybe twenty meters away from Sheen.

Sheen fell into meditation. "Ok, so close my eyes. Feel for the foreign energy and activate it," Sheen began to complete the steps that reiterated in his head. He felt a sharp sting, like a shock. From that feeling he could sense Kufu's Neonkem and he could conjure a connection.

Kufu snapped his finger once he clearly discerned the signal. He swiftly appeared next to Sheen.

"Open your eyes,"

Sheen opened his eyes and Kufu stood on his right with a foolhardy smile. "I told you it was easy," from that point Sheen grasped the rush of Kufu's Neonkem that invaded his veins. The feeling was relatable to intravenous therapy, but the rush of energy was cold like a shiver.

Sheen was ecstatic. He leaped and cheered unable to bury his excitement. "Ok now, how do I give my energy,"

"That's simple too. It's like toothpaste. You just disperse one percent of your energy and pass it to the next person. It's the basics to Neonkem control, the most difficult part is explaining wavelengths,"

"Teach me that next,"

"Ok well to do--" Kufu cut his words short. Within his body he sensed a chaotic aura of Neonkem. He didn't know where it was coming from or who it was. The two young warriors were in an empty Savannah far from accounted populations and enemies. Many ideas began to ponder through his head on suggested suspects. He thought about Ray, who had a similar aura but knew it couldn't be him because his battalion oversaw protecting the shelters. He thought about the sages who were profound at using their aura for intimidation, and he thought about Ged: Sins oldest brother. Kufu fought Ged before and felt this aura from him, it was ravishing and brazen and made him uneasy.

"Kufu are you ok?"

Kufu ignored his pal and continued to analyze the surroundings.

Sheen instinctively imitated his friend. "What are we looking for?" Sheen asked. The dust began to stir up caused by the wind's push. The stars luminance began to falter. A morbid gust of wind procured.

"We should head back to base,"

The two young warriors walked back towards their Saucer. "When we were practicing the link, and you appeared my body was rushed with your Neonkem but when it faded so did half of the links energy, why?" Sheen asked while they walked through the tarnished soil of the Savannah.

"The link doesn't last forever, the more it's used the quicker it fades. A Natural Link is only strong enough for one use maybe two,"

"Kufu we just left school a year ago, but you're already well diverted in the fundamentals. You've been on actual assignments unlike the rest of us teenagers who just patrol the base and shelters. You've even worked with a few Generals. How do you do it?" The young warriors continued to travel back to the Saucer when suddenly the shadows for the Vulpec and Lupus constellations surrounded them. They investigated the sky and saw the purple and green hues evocative to a galaxy and the constellations outlined by the diamond dancing Astelles. "Who just did this?" Kufu ruminated.

Suddenly warriors encapsulated the two. They weren't wearing the attire of warriors from the Quadrants but fit the persona for cult warriors. They wore the pants and shirt of a warrior along with the boots but lacked a vest and utility belt, along with any ties related to a major land. They wore Jackal masks with streaks and splatters of red paint. Over their shoulders they wore aluminum shawls, which were camouflaged for the barren terrain. Red claws were scarcely placed throughout their black shirts with stars and galaxies.

"Don't leave so soon," a voice expelled from the distance.

Kufu and Sheen stood back-to-back. Kufu followed the diameter of warriors in a full circle. He concluded they were fully enclosed but could not find the voice of the person who spoke. "Jackal Masks? Could they be the--" Kufu ruminated before being cut off.

"Where is the food!?"

"We've already delivered it. If you need shelter or food follow the procedures sent out by the Quadrants,"

The voice laughed deranged. "Why would we ever take help from the idiots that follow the Quadrants, when we can just take from their messengers,"

A man stepped forward. He wore the same attire as the Warriors who stood behind him but wore no mask and had an amulet of a Scepter. He had tattoos of hieroglyphs—a treasure chest—in the corner of his eyes. He was a sandy shade, pale, and had an unkept beard and black hair that fell to his shoulders. His stature was lanky, and he had a gawky appearance. "If it wasn't for the Panta Astelles the world wouldn't be dying right now. Those petty shelters won't do anything. How could we ever be accepted anyway? We were outcasted by the

beloved Wanu, the world will never accept us,"

"Outcasted by Wanu?" Kufu Ruminated. "... I knew it, you guys are the Setters,"

Sheen released a timid gasp and became vexatious.

"Way to go kid. Now continue to use your brain and tell us where the Triad Sages are growing the food. Is it in the temples?"

"Why are you guys doing this. There are plenty of Setters working with the Cult Battalion right now. Don't you see Sin wants us all dead,"

"For me to tell you that, you'd have to join the Cult. There is so much about the Astelles and the Panta Astelles you have yet to find out, things you may never find out. Why would I share what I've learned? Especially since you won't give me what I want,"

"I already told you. Talk to the Quadrants, it's no need for the Cults to be fighting anymore. Put your faith into Elly she'll--"

"The Panta Astelles need to die."

Sheen and Kufu leered at their new enemy.

"Just like the two of you, now tell me where to find the food,"

The bearded man interlocked the fingers from both of his hand in front of his nose. His warriors all do the same. Kufu and Sheen analyze their body movements perturbingly.

"Don't tell me..." Kufu ruminated.

"Trap them! Vulpecular Lupus Laquem,"

The Astelles emit a bright luminance and the shadows from the constellation grow. A translucent green barrier is established in a three-by-three-meter diameter and height.

"Kufu, what's going on?"

"He placed us in a trap," Kufu said vexatiously.

The young warriors aim to move but their movements are slogged as if they walked through sap. Their alignments are disrupted by the distortion.

"I can't even see them," Sheen exasperated.

"Neither can I. I can't even trace their Neonkem effectively. I think they're using a trap that works with the effects of the constellations." Kufu said in agony.

A few of the warriors from the Setters rose from the dirt. They stood glaring over Kufu and Sheen. The warriors beat and bruised the boys with consecutive barrages to the face and body. The young warriors' reactions were delayed due to the trap affecting their speed and senses. The two laid brutally injured, rotten like their planet.

"It will get a lot worse," the bearded man said. His henchman walked closer to the two young warriors unaffected by the trap. "Just tell me where the Triad Sages grow the food. That's all I want to know,"

Kufu stood valiantly, grimacing and facing his foes. He had an alignment line underneath his feet and had aligned to the Vulpec constellation. The trap still slowed his movements but thanks to the speed of the fox he could move close to normal speeds.

"Hmmm...he aligned to the Vulpec Constellation while under a trap

that infiltrates his Neonkem veins,”

Kufu used physical combat—hand to hand mixed martial arts techniques—to fight off the Setters before him, but the trap overwhelmed his body and caused him to overheat. He fell to his knees debilitated. His enemies jumped on the advantage and kicked him in the face back towards his buddy Sheen, who was on one knee immobilized by the attack.

“Kufu is that you?” Sheen asked.

“The trap is getting stronger. Who the hell is this guy?” Kufu ruminated while he calculated a plan.

Kufu tried to stand but it was to no avail. His body was losing energy and the effects of the trap had become astounding.

“It is no use. This trap isn’t like normal ones. The trap is absorbent, if you stay within its barrier, it naturally attaches to your Neonkem forcing you to absorb more of its penalties. The more Neonkem you use the more you absorb, the more you use the Astelles the more you absorb the traps effects. There is no escape for you kid,”

Kufu stood roughly to his feet. He bled profusely from his lip and eyebrow, while Sheen was pressurized to the ground by the trap.

“Now tell me what I want to know,”

“I’d never submit to someone who lacks faith in the Panta Astelles. How can you even consider yourself a warrior?”

“Kid you have balls talking to me that way. I guess it is my fault for not introducing myself. I’m Isan the Chief of the Setters, nice to meet you,”

Kufu’s eyes widen, and his body stiffens. “Isan,” he ruminated. “I’ve heard of him; they say he is one of the few to travel through Duality and come back alive. A formidable enemy who tried to manipulate Vaint during the start of the Wild Tech Era, he’s killed two chiefs too, this guy...he’s bad news,”

“From your expression I can see I’m still highly spoken of,”

A rush of Osars is swiftly perceived by Kufu. A shiver courses around his body but from the sensation he can determine that it’s a Masked energy—a foreign energy. “Whose Mask was that? Good thing I recognized it.... Wait! Sheen he still doesn’t-” Kufu turned his head towards Sheen who was now possessed and unconscious. His body jumped toward the sky and posed. Scales of the Amun Croc—a crocodile like creature—began to trap Sheen. Isan then brewed a Neonkem Blast from the palm of his hands and aimed at Sheen. “Do you want your friend to die kid?”

Kufu does not answer, he leered at Isan. Isan’s army—the Setters—all powered blast and aimed at Sheen. They fired at the unconscious teen while Kufu watched in despair.

When the smoke and debris from the Neonkem Blasts evaporated Sheen and Kufu levitated on plates of rock outside the barrier. Above the barrier were eight hovering rocks made from Kufu’s magnetite element. Using the Kemical Link he dispersed his energy among the

rocks and transmuted to their location avoiding the blasts and saving Sheen.

Isan gazed in the sky disappointed to see the two escaped from his trap. "This kid. He has techniques of his own I see. To use a Kemical Link in such a manner is unheard of, how did he do it. It's almost like he can teleport,"

Kufu used a floating rock to gracefully escort him and Sheen back to the ground. Sheen was still inactive, "Isan had to do this. That Osar Mask was his and he used it to invade Sheen," Kufu created a rock tomb and placed Sheen inside. He then interlocked his index and middle finger to lock the barrier with a contract, as well as his own veins. "I'm not like Sheen, he won't get me," The young warrior who had an Ibis and Fox stitched into the corner of his vest turned toward the crusaders who attacked him and his friend.

"I guess I'll say it again, you've got some nerve kid," Kufu walked toward his enemy, as he walked Magnetite morphed onto him. His skin glistened and lost a shade of saturation. The edges of a mountain forbade his pores. "You aren't even going to try and run, you're outnumbered," Isan said. "Just because you can teleport and evade my Osar Mask doesn't mean you can win this fight,"

"I could leave, but you won't let me, and I don't want to worry about you tracing my link. I can fight anyways. Plus, if I stop you, I'll be able to help the Cults finally unite," Kufu said as he glared at Isan. Kufu formed the diamond with his two hands' index finger and thumb over his heart.

"Unite the cults. I liked you for a second, but you're Naïve. How about this because what can I say you seem intelligent, I forgive everything and you give me the food...because we're obviously hungry, and... you learn what the Astelles can really do from me...and before you answer this is a once and a lifetime—"

The three hues of green sequentially fell to the feet of Kufu's body and within the instance of sound he appeared in front of Isan—using a magnetite pebble he scattered near him. He swung a right hook with the strength of a tsunami at the Setter's Chief's face. Isan effortlessly blocked the punch with a newly generated reptilian tail. He strangled Kufu's body immediately after and confined the young warrior.

The Setters shot a barrage of Neonkem blasts at Kufu, but they all repelled back towards the users. Multiple of the Setters were taken out, though a lot still stood. Kufu teleported before Isan's could spit ballistic water seeds through his skull. Kufu and Isan stood a meter away from one another; Kufu was fully engulfed in Magnetite, and Isan gained the characteristics of the Amut Croc. Isan impetuously used a tail that had recently grown on his body to attack Kufu. He struck Kufu with his tail, forcing the young warrior to use the magnetic force from his body to repel the attack. He used his forearms to protect his body but alarmingly the attack broke through his defense sent him meters through the dirt.

“He broke through my repellent,” Kufu said as he picked himself up. “Luckily, I’m using my Magnetite armor,” Kufu stared at Isan who was now covered in scales, possessed reptilian eyes, carried claws, grew a tail, and could stand and attack on all fours. “It seems like his element is classified under Fauna, having the characteristics of the Amun Croc...but his attacks seem to be more than that,” Kufu ruminated.

Kufu released three flaming boulders toward Isan and the Setters. They scattered quickly; some evaded his attacks while others became victims. His boulders caused a terror of fire and left three-meter craters in the ground. Those who succumbed to the attack were unable to continue and the fire that spread helped with dwindling the Setter’s forces. However, Isan evaded the attacks with ease and rushed Kufu in a blur. He battled him with the combo of a tail to the stomach, two sequential claw blows to the face, and an alligator roll that launched him into the sky. Isan rolled to the ground in possession of Kufu’s body; when suddenly the young warrior’s body seared, igniting into flames forcing Isan to release.

They both gracefully landed on their feet.

“These scales! They make me vulnerable to heat when I use my element,” Isan quietly said to himself.

Kufu stared at Isan apathetically. He gasped for air while he mulled on his next move. “His element is simple, but he is using a technique to increase his power,”

“If you are wondering what I am using, I’ll tell you, it’s not like you can stop me. It’s a technique from the temples called Ra’s Rage, you can’t use it without the Osar Rays,”

“What!? The Osar Rays...he...he is connected to the Cosmos. How? Is he really this strong?” Kufu meditated while he unconsciously retreated. “I thought you could only use the Osar Rays in the Temples or the Divine Locations,”

Isan attacked Kufu once again. His power was overwhelming; the member of the Ibis cult was inferior. Even though Kufu was outmatched he was skillful enough to use his Kemical Link to evade attacks and create magnetite barriers for his protection. Through the exchanges with Isan the Osar Rays from his ability was slowly wearing on Kufu, causing his armor to crack and his magnetite to weaken. He began to use his fire element from the Osars, which kept Isan far because of the heat.

Fire conquered the savannah while the Setters watched their chief fight. They were detoured by a barrier created by Kufu that repelled the Neonkem of anyone who transpired into its hold. Kufu was exhausted and battered, while it seemed that Isan was warming up. A humid environment procured, and a swamp became tangible. Fog and flora distorted Kufu’s senses and he could no longer find Isan.

“Damn it, I can’t use the Lupus constellation. It’s not like I’d be able to anyway I’m already using the Vulpec...if only Sheen was awake that’s his tribe.... Damn where could he be?”

Kufu levitated on a rock waiting for Isan to reveal himself, when suddenly out of the fog Isan appeared. He wrapped Kufu with his tail, using a death grip, crushing his organs and bones. He vanquished the heat that forayed from his body using humidity and started causing Ibis warrior's body to scale. He held a claw at his neck and spoke, "Now boy, tell me where the Triad Sages are if you wish to live,"

Instantaneously a bright blinding light caressed over the battlefield. Everyone became blinded and razors rose from the ground killing half the setters instantly. The humidity and swamp vanished. Kufu linked back to Sheen's chest; he hunched over lethargic and analyzed the scene. "What the hell just happened. Who could have just killed them so fast," Kufu analyzed the blades and remembered the bright light, "No... don't tell me..."

He turned toward Isan and he saw the backs of two men that stood in front of the Chief of the Setters. One had on a green mink coat and the other a pink mink coat.

"I've got to get out of here," Kufu began to snap when suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked behind him and above him he saw Pyra glaring down at him with a vacuous yet insidious black mask.

"Don't leave just yet. It seems you're from the Ibis cult,"

"Did he extinguish my link? How?"

"Pyra why are you worried about that kid? Isan is right here,"

"You take care of him. I'll worry about our family's pride,"

Kufu rattled like a snake and was overwhelmed by the power he perceived. He couldn't think and began to suffocate. He watched uncooperatively as the grasp of Pyra incarcerated him.

"Isan I've been looking everywhere for you," Sin said.

"Well, aren't I'm lucky. To what do I owe the pleasure,"

"I'm giving you a job,"

"Sorry to break it to you but I'm an entrepreneur, now get out of here before I kill you...wait you've got food don't you,"

"Yes, I do. If you work for me you can eat at your heart's desire,"

Isan powered up and fell to all fours. His finger and toes grew vicious claws. His skin scaled, hardening but maintaining its pigment. His tail regenerated with edgy fish bones that could slice bells of hay. He had yellow eyes, reptilian pupils, and jaws and gums akin to a predator.

"How about I just take it? You Panta Astelles are all cursed and need to die, if I stop you then the drought is over, right?"

"I don't know. How about you try and see," Sin grew blades along his body, prominently for his teeth and hair.

The two—Isan and Sin—square off just a few meters away from each other. Sin stared at Isan with contempt. Isan sinusoidally walked toward Sin; he slowly paced while humidity and fog buried the surroundings. Marshlands began to appear while oak trees and reeds formed.

"How trivial, Isan," Sin said with his sinister grin. "I'll vanquish your Manifestation with ease," he said while forming the shape of a

diamond with his hands' index finger and thumb in front of his heart. The three hues oscillated from his head to his toes and in an instant a wave of energy cleared the swamp Isan was manifesting. "Your Ab Osar is inferior to me. I'm a Panta Astelle Isan. Where is the respect?"

The energy from Sin's Osar connection was so strong that Kufu felt it from where he was standing. Pyra still stood over him, while members of the Setters waned back to reality. Kufu feared for his life, and sensing Sins power trapped his mind in a barrel. "This fight...those guys...they're Masters of the Astelles," Kufu ruminated.

"Oh look. The remaining losers are getting back up," Kufu turned his head toward the horrific scene. Setters arose for battle, determined to avenge their comrades and help their chief. "Kid, this is what they didn't teach you," Pyra said as he slapped his two hands together in front of his heart.

A bright flame extinguished from his body, covering him. It was reminiscent of an aura, but its heat was evident. In one instance he trapped Kufu in a sphere of flames and ran to the center of the Setters. He was almost faster than light, leaving a trail that forever burdened him.

He slapped the ground, "Trail Laqueum," he said. His white flames instantly appeared onto everyone within his trails reach—all the Setters—and lived on their head. Their pupils disappeared and they froze with their mouths open.

"You see this kid," Pyra said appearing behind Kufu, faster than his trail. "That trap, is stealing their Neonkem from their veins, look at their feet,"

"An alignment line," Kufu ruminated.

"Yeah, I'm stealing their Alignment as well, not that I need it, but it makes me faster,"

Pyra kept Kufu and Sheen trapped and turned toward his brother and Isan.

"I'll kill them, and you after we get Isan, and don't try moving. Or I'll trap you too," Pyra said as he sped off towards his brother.

"His trap is attached to his flames. Too bad he doesn't know I'm fast too,"

Kufu tried to procure his magnetite rocks but the fire and Pyras Neonkem were too strong. If he wanted to use his Kemical Link he couldn't because he couldn't create any rocks and the link he had, Pyra extinguished it.

"What do I do," Kufu anxiously thought. He peered through the white flames that burned in front of him and watched what he could of the fight. Everything was distorted but Kufu kept thinking of ways to escape the flames and the battle; he knew that even if they were using the techniques sinfully, they were masters—he was completely out of his league.

From the fire that surrounded him he was aware of the Neonkem and alignment of Pyra.

“Maybe I can...but Ray told me if I do that I could Burn Out and that’s the last thing I want to do...but I don’t have a choice,”

Kufu gazed toward the glittery sky and the diamondesque Astelles. He wondered if this was his last move, he wondered if someone was going to save them, he wondered what would happen to the cults, and if he would see the end of the war. The intense sensation from the flames broke him from his meditation. He placed the index finger and thumb of his two hands together in front of his heart and aligned to the Osars.

“If I’m going to force a link, I’ll need the Osars. If I complete this I’ll be able to save the Setters, grab Sheen, and escape...I would stay to help Isan, but I’d die,”

Kufu closed his eyes and began to absorb the Neonkem that surrounded him. He knew that forcing a link was deadly, it could lead to him burning out, but worst a foe could invade the Neonkem veins within his body, potentially leading to him being possessed or a Supernova. Even though the odds were not in his favor he felt that all he needed to do was escape the imprisonment and break the trap. If he could force the link to Pyras Neonkem he would have had access to the traps wavelength and been able to use his Neonkem Neutron to disrupt it.

“I just have to be faster than him,” Kufu ruminated. “Finding his wavelength is easy, I just have to match the speed of his Neonkem flow,”

He cleared his head and searched the Neonkem around him for Pyras alignment. His process was different from the one Sheen recently practiced. Kufu had to disperse Neonkem from his body and absorb the Neonkem from Pyra to make a link between him and Pyra; with Kufu as the transmitter. Then he had to force his Neonkem into the veins of Pyra, discretely. If this method worked Kufu would be able to link to Pyra and his techniques without the need for a summons — though he needed to disperse more than one percent of his Neonkem to do so. When forcing a link to an object or person as the transmitter the Neonkem being absorbed must outweigh the users Neonkem—a dangerous task because of the amount of foreign Neonkem invading the body, but it had to be done. The risk lied in the fact that when Kufu became the transmitter Pyra could intercept and link to Kufu or invade his body with his fire or trap. The other risk was that he burned out—deplete his body from using any Neonkem—or he Supernova’s—a perpetual explosion; but as long as Kufu completed the task without Pyra noticing he didn’t have to worry about Pyra invading his veins; he only had to worry about the link the two would be sharing.

Kufu opened his eyes and appeared weaker, dehydrated, exhausted. “I’ve dispersed enough of the Neonkem in my body, safe to say I can’t summon my mountain now,” He began to absorb the Neonkem from Pyras fire and became conscious of his alignment. Through this transference he could interpret just how deadly their battle was, he

knew time was dwindling because Isan seemed to be at odd ends. Suddenly Kufu felt the link snap.

"I've got to hurry, he's probably too distracted to notice the link right now,"

Kufu forced the energy of Pyra, that was now in his veins, and mixed it with the Neonkem Neutron from the Osars to use Pyras fire as a bridge to Pyras Neonkem. Dispersing more than half of his final Neonkem he forced the Link and was now the receiver. Pyras energy—the orange Neonkem—flowed throughout his veins and he could feel his power and Alignment. His body was suffering from the toxicity. Using the Osars—Neonkem Neutron—he helped balance it out, but the effects wore heavily, and evidently.

"I'm almost Burned Out, but thankfully I can still use the Neonkem Neutron from the Osars, but not for long... I have to hurry," Kufu Ruminated.

As the receiver Kufu had taken in sixty percent of Neonkem from Pyra and only had to reciprocate one percent of his own energy. He then reversed the link by using the tension from the receiving link and massive amount of foreign Neonkem. The force flipped their positions and Kufu was now the transmitter and Pyra was now the receiver.

A sharp pain rung through Kufu's body, but he ignored it and used the Kemical Link to transfer to the center of the trap. He scattered eight apple sized rocks around their trap. He created a barrier similar to the one he used earlier with Isan but at a more minute scale.

"Ok I found his frequency," Kufu said as he slapped the ground "Aversa Pars--"

"Didn't I tell you don't move,"

Kufu looked up and above him was Pyra staring down at him. Kufu didn't know if he was angry or excited. His face was menacing, he stared manically. Simultaneously he expelled a bright blast of heat towards Kufu. An explosion conceded and black smoke filled the area.

When the smoke diluted Kufu couldn't be found. Pyra still felt their link, so he knew he was alive. "The brat is fast," Pyra said. He soon traced Kufu's Neonkem to one of his rocks and witnessed him levitating around his trap.

"How did he get past the barrier?" Kufu pondered.

Pyra vanished and like light he appeared in front of Kufu. He formed a figure of fire that resembled Kufu, aiming to burn the lad alive, however Kufu vanished before the figure could outline him.

Pyra shouted a heinous roar. "How dare you!" he shouted as he turned to Kufu. He vanished and briskly appeared in front of Kufu; faster than a second. "I'm the second fastest man in the world! You can't escape me," Pyra said punching at Kufu with an obliterating fist powered by his White Fire element. Kufu vanished and Pyra missed.

"Damn how can I save the Setters?" he thought.

"Quit fooling around kid. Just let me kill you already,"

"Try it," Kufu said beat up. He huffed and puffed with blood streaks,

cuts and bruises parading his face and body. He could barely use his element and the Osars were the only thing allowing him not to waste his Neonkem. Pyra vanished from where he hovered and like air appeared in front of Kufu. Kufu vanished and like speech appeared before his apple sized rock. The cat and mouse went on for fifteen seconds.

While their game of tag ensued, Sin was finishing Isan. However, Pyra was completely focused on defeating Kufu. "This kid, he thinks he's faster than me and my brother, for the pride of my family I'll show him he's not," Pyra ruminated while his body swarmed with white fire. He grew small wings on his ankles and larger ones on his back. "He just escapes toward the rocks. He's about to burn out but he isn't slowing down. That doesn't matter though, we're linked, I'll just attack watch him evade and link to the next rock, I'll kill him for sure,"

Pyra with the speed of Hermes chased after Kufu. Kufu apathetically stared at the vague pinkish white trail left behind by his enemy. He snapped and suddenly the two met in the middle of Pyra's trajectory. Pyra's eyes widened with anguish, "What....But...How!" before Pyra could move Kufu slapped Pyra's heart with his palm and broke the trap to free the Setters. He escaped back to Sheen and idly fell to one knee.

Pyra, still draped in his white fire emerges in front of the young warrior. He shrieked heinously. "Don't tell me you're tired. We were just having fun," he wailed while walking toward Kufu who stood on guard enervated. "Come on!" he deliriously wined. "You can't be out of juice. I've still got to show you who the fastest is!" He said as fire brewed from his body erratically.

Suddenly, a yellow light gleamed and quicker than Pyra, Sin appeared holding Isan. Isan was unconscious and badly beaten. His clothes were ripped, and his body had reverted back to his human form. The rope that incarcerated him was made of the fibers from the feathered tree leaves—a natural kryptonite to the Astelles.

"Are you having a hard time with this kid brother?"

"No, I was just about to kill him for insulting us,"

Blasts from the Setters are randomly shot toward Sin and Pyra but before they reach them, they dissolve. Sin turned toward the group of warriors, "I thought they were trapped away, oh well let me--"

Before Sin knew it a circle of fire surrounded him, his brother and Kufu. Sin turned back towards Kufu who had activated the red flames. "Why are you protecting them, they're the worst type of Cult," Sin asked.

"Forget it brother. There is no getting through to him, just let me kill--"

"Pyra, let him speak,"

"Just because someone misused the Astelles doesn't make them bad, it's once they've been taught properly when we can judge,"

Sin obnoxiously laughed. "Are you serious?"

Kufu aloofly gaped at Sin.

"Did the sages teach you that crap? Newsflash kid they're all misusing the stars. The Panta Astelles are the closest thing to the Shaman we have and look at me. The world turned their back on me,"

"Because unlike the others, you had the opportunity, Elly, she trained--"

"Shut up. You don't know anything,"

"Compared to the techniques you know I probably don't, but I do know that as long as Panta Astelles like Elly exist there will always be faith in the Astelles,"

Sin dropped Isan, but before he hits the ground, he appeared in front of Kufu with a bladed finger at his throat.

"You think it's that simple don't you. My alignment is the Astelles and yet the world refuses to acknowledge it. I can lead this world into something better, I was destined to save us. The Cults and Sages want to rid the world of my Alignment and they've tricked Elly into thinking she is doing the right thing. I won't stand for the disrespect from the Cults or people. I'll keep the legacy alive,"

"Elly will save us, you...you don't understand how to protect the Astelles; so, how could you save us?" Sin grew furious. "If only I knew how to Supernova, I'd be able to end the war," Kufu ruminated.

"If she died today Elly's a legend, you, you're just a loser,"

"Shut up and die,"

Silver blades rose from the ground. They launched at Kufu but suddenly stopped. Sin began to speak but Kufu couldn't hear him. From their reactions he could infer Sin and Pyra couldn't hear either. Sin pressed his finger blade toward Kufu's neck while silence rinsed the area. Everything was mute, the wind was silent, the Setters were silent, Kufu's fire was silent, and so were Sin or Pyra; not a noise could be perceived. Sin anxiously tried to slit Kufu's throat, but as Sin reached his hand back to beset Kufu but froze. He tugged but remained confined.

Two silhouettes appeared outside of Kufu's fire wall. A sanguine pitch of metal rattled like beads. It was the only sound permitted as the fire became provocative. The figures walked gallantly; it was Elly and Falcon. Elly walked to Sin and caressed his face; she grabbed a dagger from her utility belt and aimed to stab him in the heart. Sin disappeared with Pyra. They stood meters away, outside of the fire wall, and suddenly noise rushed the ears of everyone on the battlefield.

"What are you guys doing here?" Kufu asked enthusiastic.

"What are you not happy to see us," Flacon charismatically said.

"No, I'm grateful," Kufu said as he exerted an explosion of tears.

Falcon gazed at the kid stupefied. "I think we should have intervened quicker," he whispered to Elly.

Elly walked toward Kufu; Falcon watched her back, but the pride that burned in Pyra caused him to ignore Falcon's presence. He rushed in with the speed of Hermes but was greeted by a volatile kick to the face from Falcon. His body danced through the ground back to his brother.

“Falcon, he has the Kinetic technique, a bad enemy for you brother. He can take the kinetic energy around him and increase it in stages. And Elly...these two aren't like Isan and that boy, we'd have to use the Intravenous Patch,”

Elly leaned into Kufu and patted him on the head. “Great job, you held them off. With a bit more training I have no doubt you can become a Chief,” Kufu was mesmerized. Elly then faced her enemy.

“Take your pal and run kid,”

“No! I can't leave you, you're our last hope. I'll die before they kill--”

“I can handle myself and back up is on the way. You—you can barely stand. Get out of here. I'm your superior now listen,”

Kufu linked back to the chest he created for Sheen. He unlocked the contract and released his unconscious friend from its hold.

“Hmmm. He can link to his own Neonkem, I've heard of that ability from the Sages. They told me that's a divine technique that requires the Osar Rays, and can only be used by someone born under a stacked Constellation—which is forbidden because of the fifty-fifty risk on life and death,”

Kufu carried Sheen and dashed through the Savannah. Elly studied him as he left, “I wonder, has he visited the temples at such a young age. Who could his parents be?”

Elly regained focus and pivoted back Sin and Pyra. She analyzed her surroundings and noticed the remaining Setters and Isan wrapped in the Feathered Tree fibers. “So, you wanted him too, I should have expected Khumas Kingdom to send you here,”

“They didn't send me anywhere, I decided to do this,”

“You hate the cults it's no way you would want them working with you,”

“Sometimes to win the war you have to lose a battle Elly,”

“Oh, I know. That's why you aren't taking him. To be honest I think I should kill you right now Sin. If not me then who? We are like siblings after all...I know I pushed you away and I'm sorry. I'll take the blame... but it's not much for me to say to you. You know just like I do this is our destiny. The life of a Panta Astelle seems short...that's why I can't let you tarnish the legacy,”

“You're an idiot. Keep him you're right, I don't need his wisdom because I can become just as wise,” he said as he and his brother vanished away leaving Isan.

“Before you leave Sin...”

A light leak faltered outside of Elly's trap. It was a silhouette of Sin and Pyra.

“I know about the Beetles Germ Ritual, and we've figured out how to stop it,”

Sin reappeared, “Oh really, and how did you do that?”

“You know the guy that caught Lyson,” Elly said.

Sin's face wrinkled with disgust, but instinctively he grinned. He humbly laughed, “Rotan, he's becoming quite popular. I suggest you all

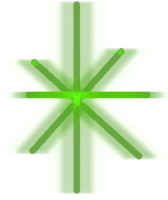
watch over him, because you never know just how crazy a fan might get," he said as he vanished away.

Kufu dashed through the forest back to his saucer. He released the link connecting him and Pyra and was starting to recover some of his Neonkem back. He was overwhelmed with emotion and excitement and disconnected from the Osars. He flew through the empty Savannah on a plated rock flustered and cogitating. "Elly...thanks. I'm sorry you were destined for such a cursed fate, but your spurt is what gives me faith. I promise to continue to learn and master the Astelles to protect the next Panta Astelles...because of the extra days you've granted me,"

Weeks before Kufu and Sheen's adventure, Rotan and a crew of warriors from his battalion were traveling through Ancient Ruins in the Temple of the Heart. The sky was redolent to Mount Ennead; a reddish orange haze clouded the diamond dancing Astelles. The sky glittered like jewels with a full moon present. The group traversed past demolished buildings and ruined architecture of an ancient city. Beetles swarmed the entire room like bees in their honeycomb, as they walked through the gritty sand dunes.

"The soil on Kisement led us to this door, a ravished land just like ours," Rotan ruminated as he analyzed the distraught sand he and his team walked on.

He grabbed a prism coated in plastic from his utility belt. He pressed some of the buttons on the device and the prism began to glow, it absorbed the Osar Rays of the room while it analyzed its information. "I've stored the room's location now. According to the Priests the Osar Rays in the soil on Kisement has residue of ancient Neonkem from the Khelp Beetle; a beetle that has the power to provide life or take it. From the looks of it I'm in the right place. I just need to find out how to perform the Ritual," he said as he looked toward the sanguine horizon filled with the shimmering gallant Astelles as the Desert's sand coursed to the moon.



Mystical Trek:  
Preventing the Sinner



A surreal landscape with a purple and blue sky filled with stars and a bright blue star. In the foreground, a large white bird stands on a grassy field, flanked by two small white figures. The overall scene is ethereal and dreamlike.

Mystical Trek: Preventing the Sinner



**Mystical Trek:  
Preventing the Sinner**

A vertical image of a cosmic nebula. The top half is dominated by a bright yellow and white nebula with wispy, ethereal structures. The middle section is a dark, star-filled space. In the center of this dark space, a small, dark silhouette of a starship is visible, pointing upwards. The bottom half of the image is a vibrant orange and red nebula, appearing more turbulent and fiery. The overall composition is symmetrical and evokes a sense of vastness and mystery.

Mystical Trek:  
Preventing the Sinner