

Part 2

A raging storm crashes a small boat on to the craggy shore, spilling a pair of people onto the ground. The smaller of the pair is an elderly Miqote man, he's adorned in a tattered coat with numerous trinkets and charms, and carries a large bell and club upon his back. The taller figure is an Auri woman, a hood covers the majority of her sandy blonde hair, and her jade eyes glow brightly in the rainfall. She hurriedly grabs a roll of parchment that had been tossed along the shore, and unravels a small journal buried inside. She checks the notes and compares the description of her surroundings to the book before turning to the man and silently nodding. After walking miles of beachfront, the land around appears scorched and ashen peppered with bright white tents and magitek cases scattered about. There are numerous people in lab coats scurrying about, examining everything. Some of which seem to be studying scorched corpses, many of which are poised as statues of what they would have been in their final moments. Along with the busy researchers, were Garlean soldiers, their armor very dirty and worn, and their movement being very off putting and inhumane. The girl recognized these movements, the Garlean soldiers were undead, revived from Traders Spurn. The duo gather their things to move but are flanked by two of the undead Garleans. The soldiers brutally grab the elder by his coat and toss him into the open, the girl quickly springs to his side. A duskwight elezen slowly walks into their view, scribbling notes into a journal of his own. He looks at the old man, examining the bell on his back and the tears in his coat and scars along his skin. "Magenta hair must run in the family..." he remarks, "...pitiful that I still have to deal with him and his even in death." The miqote collects himself and gets to his feet, only replying with a tired grunt. He side eyes the Auri woman almost with a look of disgust before sighing and adjusting his clothes. "Just like that angry glare must run in your family..." "I don't know you, and I'm sure you don't know me." The girl stands up and stands in front of the old miqote man. The elezen waves his hand in dismissal. "No girl, I know you very well. You were born to these lands but given a different name, Aolani Be." The elezen walks around comparing the notes of his researchers. "They gave you that name to trick those that would target your mother's offspring... and it worked." "Speak plainly boy" the old man snarls. "There was once a nomadic tribe of stargazers that housed a bloodline of aetherically blessed individuals, the Versi. That clan was wiped out by the savages that once inhabited this area, but they housed what appeared to be the last remaining Versi that had said blessing." The old miqote turned to Aolani, the elezen clapped his journal shut. "You can only imagine my surprise

to find she'd had two children, one of which bearing the gift. In which the Garlean army made a deal on my behalf, to perfect my research I needed to utilize that power. We would give the tribe resources to expand in exchange for the gifted child." A soft scowl grew upon the elezen's face, the memories of his plan causing him pain. "Of course there was an unexpected third party that took it upon himself to ruin that, he mixed up the description of the children. And in the end we had taken the child of the savages, Armina Versi." The elezen's footsteps grew heavy, aether gathering at his feet. He waved the researchers back, leaving all but five of them standing separately from the crowd. The researchers are flanked by a line of undead Garleans, and with another wave of the elezen's hand, the researchers are struck down. Their bodies began to faded and crumble into dust and sift into the ground. Two mounds of dirt began to shift and churn taking form as legs. "What is

this?" The elder shouts, even more of the body beginning to form. "Ask the girl, she should be well versed having stolen from me after all," the elezen sighed as he began placing his journals into one of the magitek crates, "she grew up surrounded by the forbidden... necromancy." Aolani leaps forward readying the spell she'd used days before, but as she slams her hand against the ground, the body continues to form. "What outdated methods did Bheewan teach you? I should have you know..." the elezen reaches his hand forward and clenches his fist, "the only way to undo perfect necromancy is by taking out the host..." And with a tug, the elezen seemingly disappeared. The mass of earth had fully formed into a large Auri man, his skin was a sun touched bronze and his hair a familiar sandy blonde. His hands adorned with jewelry made of gold and bone, a large weapon began to form at his side, it was a massive sword attached to a large iron ball. A pair of sharp golden eyes took shape, and the now fully formed face had grown into a sharp and stoic glower. "Ah, I see his intent now," the old man laughs, slugging the bell onto his back, "this is his attempt to scare you off. Bheewan's cleansing was only the beginning of your papa problems..."

Revision #2

Created 14 July 2025 00:59:31 by Mechseroms

Updated 14 July 2025 01:33:00 by Mechseroms