In My Father's Name Part 3 Steel and Ice

Gabriella stared back at the shadow's form with the sinking feeling of being lost. Where its eye sockets should be were sockets that were empty of the Void and even the Lifestream. They tugged and pulled at her trying to draw her closer like gravity wells. She raised her sword taking in the towering creature.

She had to faulter at the obvious form of her father, the hulking shoulders, the curled Ram like horns, but what was unmistakable was the glaive he wielded of shadows. It bit just as sharply as her father's tongue. "*Your are a Gaol! You are strong! Do not let the dirt kill your fields! Rise Versi Spawn, Rise!*" her fathers worlds echoed in her mind's voice.

In that moment of hesitation the shadow struck out, the long polearm nearly piercing her chest, but with a stumbled parry she shoved past and under it's raised arm which promptly attempted to grab at her skull. As she passed by and down the hall she spun her Shortsword, it shone as it cut across the shadow's sinews leaving a cold trail of Steel and Ice.

She sprinted past the Dining Hall and turned the corner just in time to see the shadow bull rush her. She dodged by diving to the side, the sound of the wall splintering and cracking as it barreled through into the connecting room. As she hit the floor she felt the way the shadows at the edges of the hall seemed to grasp out at her and she managed to tug past just as in a vacuum and a gust of air the creature teleported above her and the glaive slammed into the place she just lay.

As It stood above her its face low and close it sniffed and its face stiffened as she stabbed upwards and her Shortsword slipped past its bicep. She watched as it yanked upwards and she grasps at the weapon feeling herself being pulled to her feet at the movement. With her place hanging Infront of the shadows that wrapped around her she used the position to kick against its chest and fling herself backwards and twisted midair, her Shortsword left behind in the shadows chest.

"*You are not as foolish as I remember Versi Spawn...*" its tone betrayed confusion as she stumbled to face the creature a dozen feet away. "*You aren't quite what I remember, you are missing that part which makes you me, makes you a warrior. You are missing the powers of the stars.*" It sneered.

"*The only thing I am missing is my blade!*", her voice did not betray her as the shadow lunged its open hand to grasp at her, but not before she felt the cold burst in a wave freezing the arm in place. Her eyes turned pure white as her skin paled. With a roar in response she lunged herself at the shadow, her hand reaching for the hilt of her blade.

Just as Gabriella felt her fingers touch the chilled metal a sharp cracking of pain slammed into her side as she was sent flying through the wall into an adjacent room only to feel more wood splinter as she slammed into its far wall and fell to the floor. she felt the wood splinter lodged into her thigh as blood seeped from the wound.

The shadow creature lumbered into the room, shoulder checking the wall to open the hole larger for it, and it sniffed again. "*The Versi would be ashamed of you and what you have become, once I saw you as the epiphany of gravity and light, a walker of universes and time, now you are a pitiful fiend.*"

Gabriella grabbed the protruding piece of wood and yanked it from her leg, tossing it to the side as ice crawled across her thigh sealing the wound closed. "*You are not my father, nor the man I remember you beast, he wouldn't needlessly portray himself as a demon*", Gabriella whispered in the direction of the shadows, she steadied herself to her feet.

The shadow laughed as other parts of it seemed to linger at the edges of her gaze. "*I may not be your father, but I am what was left of your memory of him, or have you forgotten all you fought for... fine then let it be that way, let us test your resolve pitiful winter wolf, slayer of gods.*" It lunged at her slamming her through the wall with all its weight and through the following walls.

Gabriella reached for her blade as each crash sent sharp waves of pain down her spine and tried to tug the weapon free. As the beast finally slammed her into stone pillar a unbearable wave of pain sent her mind into a darkness filled with silence. She struggled to pull herself free even as she could hear the howling from within herself and the familiar sound of her father's memory; "*No matter how your strength faulters my flower, remember that you are my daughter and the stars have come together for your birth, remember the gravity of the light that you carry...*"

Her eyes snapped open as the shadow pulled its glaive back to stab forward like a dagger and it looked surprised as her eyes opened with a golden glow. She could feel the overwhelming twist from within, the wolf wanted to hunt. She latched onto the hilt and growled as the sudden weight of the blade tore down the shadows chest, the gravity magic filling its length. The pain forced the creature to retch from her and she slammed into the floor standing tall, the Shortsword piercing the stone floor below it as the energy dissipated.

"Let us hunt, Arktaris!" her voice was a low whisper and it succumbed to the roar of energy as her blade clashed with the shadow's glaive. Her mind focused on the battle field before her. What followed was a weary battle between demi-gods, and the days to come would not see rest. Arktaris and Gabriella fought the very energy of scorn and memory. Her father's visage made in shadow held her equal in strength.

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