

THE SACRED PEARL

The Sacred Pearl

When my father gave me a sword from my mother that could destroy or bestow eternal prosperity upon humanity, I didn't think he realized that I was only 14.

My name is George Alexander Ye.

I lived in Beijing, China. Some called it the Celestial City. I was homeschooled by my distant dad that hated me because I got dirty and loved to play outside.

I was a tomboy.

I picked up the art of the sword because it gave me relief and structure. Also, I could hack away at dummies that I pretended to be my estranged father.

I just didn't know it would kill him.

When I woke up in bed that morning, it was by my father shaking my shoulder and telling me to get up. I stirred, falling back asleep. He shook me awake again.

"George," he said. "Get up."

My father was a strict man. He was 6'1 and in great shape underneath his black business suits. His dark hair was slicked back with gel and he wore circular rimmed glasses. His eyes were amber, and he was Chinese like me.

My hair was layered and long down my back. I had two moles on my face; one beneath my right eye and below my lip on the same side. I was 5'4 and pretty thin. Right now, I was wearing silk Chinese pajamas and didn't want to get out of bed for my first day of homeschool.

I was a high school freshman.

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“*Mmm...*” I mumbled under my breath, sitting up. My father’s gaze lingered on me. I looked up at him. “You didn’t have to wake me up, you know... I’ll be downstairs any minute. Just... give me a couple seconds—”

I fell right back to sleep.

“GEORGE!” he snapped, suddenly.

I flinched, waking up. He stood by my bedside. My dad rarely had been so close to me before. He never gave me hugs and treated me like an unwelcome house guest. I was never enough for him.

I was a burden.

“Fine, fine.” I said, yawning. My father still stared at me. He wouldn’t leave unless he was sure that I woke up for the day. I always had a hard time getting up. “I’m waking up. I’ll meet you in the East house after breakfast.”

My father left my room, going downstairs. We lived in a traditional *siheyuan*—a Chinese mansion. These types of homes were built with subdivided housing complexes surrounding a courtyard. In Beijing, *siheyuan* are reserved for families who possess wealth and prosperity. The mansion had four homes facing North, West, South, and East. The North house is the main home that the family usually resides in with the other three being sub-homes. It was a very big palace.

My family, the Ye’s, were one of the richest families in China. We descended from emperors and kept our prosperity through history. We had power, wealth, and prestige.

It was because we bred with dragons.

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It was just an aimless rumor, but along the walls of the East house of our mansion were ancestral paintings of Chinese dragons detailing mythical stories of them chasing a sacred pearl. The dragons sought after it because it was the pure representation of their wisdom, prevalence, and vigor. They were a consecrated symbol in Chinese culture and even more so with the Ye family.

It honored my family's rumored lineage.

The Ye family came from my mother's side who allegedly bred with dragons through the forms of Chinese emperors. In our culture, we held dragons superior to everything and being bestowed by one's presence was considered a divine blessing. The emperors of China according to legend were dragons that ruled the East and guided us to where we are today.

I climbed out of my bed and started to comb my hair in front of my dresser. I almost fell asleep a couple times, dozing off, but I managed to wake myself up. I glanced at the photo of my late mom near my mirror.

She was beautiful. Her hair was a rich color of black and left wavy, coming across her shoulders some and trailing down her lower back. Her skin was pale like cotton and eyes the color of dark chocolate. She wore blue traditional Chinese robes draping off her shoulders that showed her rotund breast. Below her eyes and the right side of her lip, she had 3 moles on her face. In the photo, she had a faraway look in her eye like she was searching among the clouds for something.

It was probably the Chinese dragons protecting the gods in the sky.

She was my hero. I looked up to her. If anything, she was the very definition of a proper woman. If I was anything like one... I would choose to be her. She set the example as a leader for me to follow.

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Too bad I killed her when she gave birth to me.

During her pregnancy, the stress of bringing me into the world was too great for her. Her heart gave out during labor and a few moments after I was born—she died. Ever since, my father has given me the cold shoulder and harbored hatred because he held me responsible for killing his wife.

I don't remember a time when he gave me a smile.

I finished combing through my hair, sliding the umber slickness through my fingers. According to my dad, I looked just like my mom. I didn't blame him. Looking at the photo...

I looked like the walking reminder of his dead wife.

The ground shook below me.

“AAAAHHHHHH—!!!!” I screamed, grabbing hold of my dresser. I lost my balance and fell to the floor, looking up. My dresser hurtled towards me and my bed flipped upside down from the sheer force of the quake. I shrieked. *“AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH—!!!!”*

The furniture fell on top of me.

The house shook side to side with the walls caving in. They crumbled to pieces. I could feel the furniture weighing down on me from the pressure of the earthquake. My mind started to go blank.

“GEEEEEEOOOOOOOOORRRRRRGGGGGGGGEEEEEE....” I heard a deep voice hiss around me. The room cloaked with heat.

“GGGGEEEEEEOOOOOOOOORRRRRRGGGGEEE.... IT'S TIME FOR YOU... TO MEET YOUUUUUURRRRRRRRR ENNNNDDDDDDDD....”

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Somehow, I could understand what it was saying despite the aimless hissing I heard from within its throat. It sounded like a group of snakes gathered together and hissed at the same time with a man's voice. Suddenly, I realized—

That was my dad's.

I snapped awake. The debris in my room crushed me but I wasn't hurt. I remembered times when I tumbled or managed to cut myself with my sword—

I didn't bleed.

Instead—

Strength filled me.

I stood up. I raised my arms above my head. I began to lift my bed and dresser above me. I gritted my teeth. Debris from the furniture fell on top of me but I continued raising it. I let out a shout.

I threw it off me.

The bed snapped in two and the dresser broke with it. I took a breath, my head down. I looked over at my wall. An antique sword rested along it. I grabbed it.

It was called a *Jian*.

A Chinese blade that was encrusted with steel with its hilt decorated with gold. Seven jade beaded pearls connected by a string like a necklace rested on the hilt. The sword was shielded by a black shaft embellished with Chinese patterns. This was the blade I trained with because—

It was from my mom.

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It was the only gift I could remember my father giving to me. He said that this blade was a divine blessing from my mother's side of the family. Months before she died, she told him that she wanted me to have it. It was anointed by water and basked by the celestial light from the heavens.

I turned back toward my window. The house stopped rumbling, but I could finally see what was causing the quakes below.

It was a dragon.

He glowed with golden celestial light. He was so large that he circled its body around my North house like a boa constrictor. He continued to crush it. The sky was dark and crackled with lightning. His jaws loomed near my window with teeth soaked in golden saliva. The dragon's scales were made of gold as well and his whiskers floated beside him. This was a sentient being. An empyrean *god*.

This was a Chinese dragon.

I wasn't shocked. More so within me, I understood that this creature had to be slain. I shifted the shaft off my blade and revealed my sword. The Chinese character 屠宰 was encrusted on the steel. It meant—

Slaughter.

"TTTTTT SEEEEEMMMMMMSSSSSS... YOU HAVVVEEE

AWAAKKKEEENNNEDDDD... LIKE YOU'VE DOOONNNEEEEE

BEFFFOORRREEE INNN THE PASSSSSTTTTT,

*GEEEOOOOORRRGGGEEEE..."*The dragon hissed from outside. His voice shook the

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walls. I took a stance. He laughed. *"GOOOOOOOOODDDDDDD..."*

YOOOUUUU'RRRREEEEE REAAAADDDYYY FOOORRR

BATTTTTTTLLLEE. THAATT'S THE WAAAYY IT SHOOOUUULLLDDD

BEEE. BE PREPAAARRREDD TO MEET YOUR ENDDDDDDDD,

GEEEOOOORRGGGGE ALLEEXXANDDDDERRR YEEEE...!!!"

I jumped out of the window.

I broke through it, stabbing my sword through the dragon's jaw. He hissed and began to writhe, coiling around the house. He snapped it in two. A golden scale dropped from the tip of my sword. The dragon bellowed a roar into the heavens.

The battle began.

I swung myself up from the dragon's jaw and ran down his neck, slicing and hacking him with my blade. The dragon thrashed in attempts to get me off him. Suddenly, he whipped his head around to face me.

His eyes bobbed out of his skull, continuously rolling like a pinball machine. They blared with circular patterns like an alarm. I was almost mesmerized.

He was beautiful.

"Who are you...?" I asked, lip falling. My eyes widened. I gripped the sword in my hands as powerful winds swept past me. The dragon's snout loomed towards my face. Steam poured from his nostrils. "Say your name... Divine creature."

"NOOOOWWW IS NOOTT THE TIMMME FOOORRR THATTTTTT..." He hissed, beginning to laugh. *"WWWWHHHHHYYYYYY ASSKKK SUCHHH A*

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*QUEESSTIOON WHENNNN YOURR ABOUTTT TO MEEET YOUUURR
DEATTTTHHHH...?"*

The dragon backed away.

*"YOOOOUUU WILL NEVVVVEERRR DEFEEATT ME... IT IS TIME FOOR
YOUR POWER TO BE BESTOWED UPOOONN MYYYYY HOLLY
VEESSELLLLL!! MEEETTT YOUUUURRRR DOOOOOOOOM—!!!!!"*

His jaws snapped towards me.

I backflipped out of the way. My body moved on its own like I remembered how to do this. I followed my instincts and listened, letting them take over. I raised my sword above my head and planted my sword deep into his spine.

The dragon hurtled into the sky.

I held my sword tight as the dragon coiled around himself and raced towards the heavens with unimaginable speed. Lightning crackled around us. I gritted my teeth.

"DIE, FILE CREATURE!" I shouted as we flew deeper into the sky. Thunder clapped both of our bodies. Despite that, I still stood. I lifted my sword from his body and took a stance. *"YOU WILL NO LONGER TORMENT ME! TASTE MY BLADE—THUNDER'S CRY!!!!"*

Lightning swirled around me in a powerful cyclone of wind. My eyes glowed with it. Thunder answered my call. I let out a battle cry.

I slammed my sword deep into the dragon's back.

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He bellowed in pain, coiling around itself even more as the cyclone sucked us into the sky.

Lightning crackled through my eyes. It struck from the winds of the cyclone into the dragon each time it clapped against it. The dragon summoned bouts of light and dispersed the lightning within it.

I lifted my sword from him.

I raised my blade into the sky and gritted my teeth. Onslaughts of hail and ice swirled within the cyclone of clouds and wind. I screamed.

“MEET YOUR END—!!!” I shrieked as we propelled deeper into the clouds. “THE SKY WILL ANSWER YOUR DEATH—*ELYSIAN DELUGE*—!!!”

Weather obeyed my will.

A flood swirled around the two of us and wrapped itself around the dragon’s body. Sleets of ice plowed through his. Lightning flowed through me and crackled in my eyes. Each time the lightning and ice struck his body he summoned bouts of light, evaporating the onslaught of attacks.

He was a powerful being.

I raced up the side of his body and continued to hack and slice into him. The dragon writhed. The bright light it formed almost blinded me. I flipped and swung my hand down.

23-foot icicles shot from the cyclone and pierced the dragon’s body.

The weather listened to me. The dragon hissed, eyes beginning to glow. His golden scales rippled as he took a deep breath. Steam seeped through his nostrils. A buildup of heat raced below me towards the dragon’s throat. He opened his mouth. My eyes widened.

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He breathed fire.

I summoned the cyclone's winds around me to pick it up. The two of us became enclosed within a hurricane of fire and became evoked by the eternal flames.

I slammed my sword into the dragon, again. He continued to breathe fire relentlessly. Steam boiled from my skin. I could feel the air getting sucked out of my chest. I grew dizzy and fell against him, my sword almost dropping from my hand. The dragon started to laugh.

He was going to kill me.

“Why... do you want to fight me...?” I asked, shakily. My strength was being sapped from me. The dragon continued to cackle. “Chinese dragons... they're not like they are in the West...! You're kind, you're benevolent—What *happened...?!?*”

Lightning crackled through my eyes.

“THHHEEE CELESTIALLL DRAGONNN LEFT USS...” He spoke through his fire. I could tell I was going to die from suffocation if he didn't stop breathing more of it that became swept up by the winds. *“HHHEEEEE GAVE USSSSS THE SAAACCRRREEEEDDD PEEEARLL TO WATTCHHH OVEERRRR... FOR EOOONNNSSS. WE WANTTT IT FOOR OURSELLVES... POWER.”*

He was talking about the sacred pearl in Chinese mythology they chased after. The jaded pearls on my sword only mimicked the *real* sacred pearl.

“What happened... to the pearl...?”

A deep rumble came from his stomach. *“YOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUU... ARRRREEE THEEE PEARRRLLL.”* He confessed. His body glowed even brighter with celestial radiance.

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My eyes widened. *“MY BRROOTTHHERSSSS... HA VVEE ALL DIIIEEDDD CHASING THE PEARRLLLL... THEIR ESSENCE IS LOCKED INNNNNSIDDEEE YOUR JADDEEDDD PEARLLSSSS... ON YOURRR SWORD. IFFF I KILL YOOUUUUU... THEENNN I WILL FINALLY GAAAIINN THE TRUE ESSENCE OFFFF DRAGONS AND ASCEND TO IMMORTALITY. I WILL BEEEEEEEE A GOD!”*

He spat another round of fire at me.

I snapped my sword back into my hand and blocked his flames with it, managing to stand to my feet. The fire circling the cyclone started to disperse—but ice and lightning remained.

I was the sacred pearl they spent their entire life searching for.

The dragon said his brothers died doing so. Their essence was locked away in the jaded pearls on the hilt of my sword. I looked at them.

Those were their souls.

In Chinese mythology, there were nine types of dragons. I had seven pearls out of them. That meant that there were two were still alive—the golden dragon I was fighting now and the celestial dragon from the heavens that left the pearl behind.

Me.

“Why do you want... all that power?” I asked, struggling to fend off the surging amounts of fire the dragon breathed. I was almost at my limit.

“GRREEEEEEEDDDDDDD... ” the dragon answered.

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I took my last stand.

My eyes blazed with lightning. I summoned ice from above and struck his body, flipping my way around to sever it to pieces. The dragon twisted around itself and bolted more into the heavens. I lost my footing and slipped. My eyes widened.

I fell.

I hurtled to Earth below. My body became encased with fire like a comet. The dragon whipped around and began to chase me, opening his jaws. I closed my eyes.

I started to float.

I opened my eyes and faced the dragon racing straight towards me with incredible speed. I took my stance and wielded my sword to the side of me. My body glowed with a white radiance.

The weather blessed me.

In a bright streak of light, I sliced through the dragon with one strike. The air went silent. In a quick hush, the dragon dispersed. The hurricane of fire, wind, ice, and water slowed to a stop. I floated down to the ground and unleashed my will from the weather. I stopped glowing. A man fell beside me.

It was my father.

"Dad!" I shouted, racing toward him. I dropped my sword. He rested on his back, coughing out golden blood. I kneeled and held him in my arms, seeing if he was still alive. "Dad... Why did you..."

He was the golden dragon.

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My father looked into my eyes. He grasped my arms. I could tell he didn't have much time left. He let out a couple shaky breaths. I listened.

“George...” he said. “I have something... to tell you...”

“What?” I asked. “That *I'm* the pearl your kind has been looking for? That doesn't change how I see you. You tried to *kill* me. You're a greedy man and a terrible father—”

“George, I... am *not* your father,” he confessed. My eyes widened. “I was assigned... to look after you when your mother... bestowed you upon me...”

A spear of water from the ground pierced his chest.

“We'll be having none of that, will we?” A voice said behind me.

My father dispersed within golden particles.

I turned to look in the direction the voice came from. A beautiful woman met me. She had dark long curly hair reaching her back and wore only blue sheer Chinese robes that showcased her breast. She had a mole beneath her eyes and lip. She walked towards me. My heart stopped.

That was my mother.

“Mom...” I gasped. Her beauty struck me. I couldn't move because she carried herself with such elegance and power. She looked down at me. “How are you... I thought you were *dead*—”

She rolled her eyes and raised her hand to dismiss me. “Oh, don't bother.” She said, voice smooth like milk. I froze. She began to laugh. “I don't die for a while. The time has unfortunately come... Pluto, Skythe.”

Two people appeared beside her.

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The first was a woman who revealed herself within black mist. As it faded, I could see more of her features. She stood at a height of 6'2. The woman had silky black hair that faded into the ground and strong cheekbones. Her eyes glowed lilac and had slit pupils like a snake. Her skin was pale, and she sparkled with an ethereal radiance. She wore all black; a collar hooked to chains from the back that connected to her buckled wrist cuffs and leather garter belt. She had on a caged bra that exposed her breast and her nails were black as charcoal and long like talons. She wore seven-inch punk thigh-high leather boots tied with ribbon shoelaces. It wasn't until I looked at her black thong that I realized—

She was a man.

Even though he was curvy like a woman and looked like one, he had features of both male and female. He was beautiful. Hundreds and thousands souls of men knelt on their knees behind him with collars he held the leashes to. They flickered in and out of my sight. His presence was almost too strong to be comprehended my eyes.

The other man beside my mom was shorter. He reached 5'7. His skin was a rusted caramel and eyes deepest of hazel. He had twisted dreadlocks formed into an uppercut and wore all white. He had on a leather jacket and fishnet top with cargo pants. He wore Jordan Hydro 7 slides. I could feel the presence of power exude from him.

They were all celestial beings.

“What do you want to do with the girl?” The man in all black asked my mom. His voice was a woman's that sounded like a jazz singer. He smoothed his hair back. “We've been through this countless times, Elder of Water. I think it's time to choose.”

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“I know that, Pluto.” My mom said. “Besides me, you two are the only Creatures of Higher Being that know of her existence. I’ve kept it locked away for eons.”

Pluto grunted. “Well, I don’t know what you’re going to do,” he said. “I know she can’t come with me.” He looked back at his slaves of men. He smirked. “Hades is too dark for her...”

“Her staying with you is out of the question.” My mom replied. She turned to the man in all white. “Skythe, any suggestions?”

Skythe took his hands out of his pockets. He walked towards me and crouched down. He had a thin layer of facial hair. I couldn’t move.

He was too strong.

“George, do you remember anything past today?” he asked me. My lip fell. My voice wouldn’t come out. “You probably have dreams of you slashing people and fighting dragons in different periods of time, don’t you?”

I nodded my head. I remembered flashes of dreams sometimes that swirled in my head. When I woke up in the morning, I could hardly remember them. All I remembered was feeling very... sleepy.

“Those were *real*. You’ve been alive for eons and raised by the now late Chinese dragons across history. You ended up killing them all because their greed for the pearl—you—overrode their duty. Your mother here is the Elder of Water and part of the four element ancestral dragons that govern our race in the West. He is the one that gave birth to you with Lord Ye—your ancestor and *real* father.”

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My heart stopped when he addressed my mother as *he*. Clearly, looking at my mother she was a woman. My mother seemed to catch my thoughts when she held my gaze because she rolled her eyes and let out a laugh.

“Oh, she doesn’t know our culture as dragons, Skythe,” she told him. Skythe looked back at her. My mom combed her hair out of the way. “She still sees me as a woman even though I possess fluidity of both sexes. That means... you came from me, George.”

I couldn’t understand what my mom was saying. Three powerful beings evoking me with their presence clouded my mind. Mom was speaking as if she *was* a man.

“I *am*.” My mother said, almost as if she read my thoughts, again. “I can hear what you’re thinking, George. That’s alright. You’ve been raised a human. This is unfamiliar with your level competence.”

“What he means,” Skythe explained. “Is that dragons are able to choose how they want to look in human appearance. The Elder of Water, your mom, chooses to look like this when he’s in human form because he represents water that is fluid. Do you understand?”

“How... did he have me?” I finally managed to say. My throat was closed from fear, but I fought through it. They were powerful creatures. Stronger than my late adoptive father. “If he’s a male, then how... did he give birth to me? I heard from my father... I mean, the dragon who raised me, that my mom died during birth.”

“Oh, that’s a *lie*.” My mom scoffed. “It’s something I came up with to conceal my ties to you. Yes, you are my illegitimate child born from the man known as Lord Ye. I have both reproductive organs of a male and female. You were hatched from an egg I laid, George.”

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My eyes widened. It felt like my world was spinning. I could hardly breathe. Pluto looked over at me. He flipped his hair out of the way and frowned.

“You think that’s too confusing for her?” he asked my mom. “We go through this spill every time she wakes up. She won’t remember if you choose to put her to sleep, again.”

My heart dropped.

“George, what they’re saying is…” Skythe turned back to me with a serious look in his eye. “To put you back into a deep slumber. When dragons sleep, we sleep for centuries. My job is to cast a spell over you and put you back into a deep slumber that lasts 200-300 years at a time until your mother decides what to do with you. His choices are to keep you sleeping and conceal your identity because you’re his illegitimate child—a Drohan; half-human, half-dragon hybrid—or reveal your existence to the world.”

I looked at my mom. He stared at me with such coldness that I didn’t even know if he wanted to keep me *alive* after all these years.

“I want nothing to do with you.” My mother answered, clear. I gasped. He glared down at me.

“You are nothing more than a product of my mating with a human. I share no connection with you. All you are is a child of mine—that is all.”

My gaze fell to the ground. All my life, I dreamed of finally meeting my mom one day when I died. But now, this cold man looking me in the eye… I didn’t recognize him.

This was my mom.

“Well, what are you going to do with her?” Pluto reminded him. My mother sighed, clasping his hands together within the sleeves of his robe. “Time’s running out.”

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“What do you think I should do, Skythe?” My mother turned towards him, suddenly. “You have a child born from you and a human—Flamicia’. The only ones in existence are the late hero Felix, your daughter that just defeated the Creatures of Higher Being all by herself in a war six months ago, and my illegitimate child born outside from the Elders, George. I am curious of your suggestion,”

“If it were me... I would keep her alive.” Skythe answered. “She has potential to become a hero like Felix and arguably Flamicia’. George withholds around the same power they have.”

“Felix is dead and Flamicia’ fights for humanity.” My mom snapped. “George will *not* be following in their path, especially Flamicia’s.”

“Then what *do* you want?” Pluto said aloud. He flipped his hair back, again. My mom looked over at him. Pluto sighed. “She can’t come with me, she can’t be revealed to the world, and she can’t choose her own path. Do you just want to put her to sleep, again?”

“Maybe. Skythe, what's your final judgment?”

“George,” he continued. “Has a *lot* of potential. If she was my kid... I’d give her to the human adoption system like I did with Flamicia’. George can live with Flamicia’s adoptive parent and Flamicia’ can help guide her in becoming—debatably—a true hero. What do you think?”

“I *hate* it.” My mom spat. She rolled her eyes. “I don’t want another powerful being coming for my head like Flamicia’. Besides, she can’t stay with Pluto and *I’m* not looking after her because frankly, *I don’t care*. My decision is: Put her to sleep. Another century or so won’t hurt her.”

Skythe nodded.

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"Then, my time here is over," Pluto said. He raked his fingers through his hair. Black mist formed around him. "If you need anything, *don't* call me. You know I hate coming up to the surface world, especially with terms like this. I'll stay with my men..."

He disappeared.

My mother set his gaze on Skythe. "Finish the job." He ordered. "I don't want to hear another peep about her until her time is *up*."

He dismissed himself in a puddle of water.

Then, it was just Skythe and I. For a moment, I felt like the air wasn't sucked out of my lungs and I could breathe again. Skythe pulled a cigarette pack from his pockets. He lit a fire underneath one and began to smoke it. I broke into tears.

My mother didn't love me.

"My mom never cared about me..." I sobbed, covering my face. I couldn't stop. It felt like the weight of the world was weighing down on my shoulders and the one thing I always wanted was to be like my mom—

Now, I wanted nothing to do with him.

"It's just the way it is, George." Skythe placed his hand on my shoulder, firm. I stopped crying. "That's how reptiles are. Dragons are their ancestors and when most lay their eggs, they have no connection to their young. Their job is to just reproduce. Your mom is the same way. He sees you nothing more than a failure of his reproduction. In our society, dragons are forbidden to breed with any other species outside of ourselves because of our late Dragon Queen Magenta.

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Now that structure is in place, when the rare off chance of bearing a child to another species happens it's considered illegitimate,"

That's what happened to me, I realized. I was thousands and thousands of years old and forced into a deep slumber over periods of time. I sighed.

I was about to be put to sleep, again.

Something within me knew I couldn't fight Skythe off even if I wanted to. He was stronger, stronger than anything I had ever known. My power would never reach his. I shut my eyes.

I accepted my fate.

"George." Skythe spoke. I listened to him. "Do you know... why no one noticed your battle with your father in China?"

Now that he mentioned it, the air was still. Beijing was quiet. Before my battle even started someone should've noticed the rumbles from the earthquake my adoptive father made.

No one was here except for me and Skythe.

"Why?" I managed to ask.

"It's because there's been a freak accident. In 2018, the people of China vanished overnight due to unknown causes. Even the Chinese Creatures of Higher Being were nowhere to be found. We assumed most of them were killed or were in hiding. You and your adoptive father are the only ones known to be alive after the accident. You guys just woke up from your slumber two days ago. Do you know what year it is?"

I shook my head.

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“The year’s 2027. Humanity has become split into two halves. The original earth below is decimated from war, poverty, and famine. The dragons have retreated to the spiritual realm like the rest of the Creatures of Higher being. 1/3 of humanity has transferred themselves to a plate rich with resources called First World. My daughter, Flamicia’, fought off a war by herself six months ago that introduced humanity to the Creatures of Higher Being. Her choices were to join us or protect humanity, and she chose humanity. Because I’m obligated by the Elder of Water to conceal your existence, I’m going to until he makes up his mind on what to do. Are you ready?”

I nodded my head.

Skythe raised one of his hands over my eyes. He started to mutter a mantra that sounded like snakes hissing. I held my sword tight in my hands and suddenly started to feel... very... sleepy.

I collapsed against the ground. My vision started to fade. Skythe continued his mantra and soon I shut my eyes and accepted my fate.

I fell into an endless slumber.

—THE END—