

A Fabled Story

Black Heart Phantasy: Boy Meets Honoi

Joel S. Williams

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DEDICATION

I would like to thank all those people who have helped me to reach where I am today. I don't want to get all specific, it just sounds too mushy! But really I wish to thank you.

This work is for the people who are overlooked, looked down upon and have to work ten times as hard as the rich to get ahead in life. Don't worry; the time will come when you will have your say.

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This book; Black Heart Phantasy: Boy Meets Honoī is the first of the three books in the planned Black Heart Phantasy trilogy. Please enjoy reading!

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DEDICATION

For my loved ones, the hard working people and those who uphold world
peace. You all have my love.

PROLOGUE

From the dream and desire to bring about peace, births the actions that will result in wars that will haunt the people like a never-ending nightmare. Such is the tale of the roots of the first Great War of the planet Sangetsu.

A great king named Riza-bow Dranaki saw the troubles of the constant war amongst the nations of his planet. He could no longer stand and watch as the independent nations bring extinction upon themselves, and took matters into his own hands.

Dranaki started first with the smaller nations; sending his army to trample their military force and executing their rulers. After forcing the people to serve him he builds upon his army for the larger kingdoms. One by one they fell beneath the might of the Barsoon kingdom; they either surrendered or were annihilated in their resistance.

But before Dranaki made his move on the larger nations, they had all already formed an alliance in preparation for his attack. Queen Alteria of Atileten, king Farthon of Faleetia, queen Urora of Tiuma and king Ongal of Toduml, united the military forces of their countries to face Dranaki's. They gathered at the borderlands of Barsoon. There they confronted Dranaki.

The war lasted for five days; Dranaki's four million against their five. By the saving grace of their numbers, the four rulers were able to break through Dranaki's greatest defense; the four hundred stories tall and one hundred mile long wall of Nonshon, and reach into the kingdom and Dranaki's fortress.

There the four rulers confronted Dranaki face to face. They would have successfully killed Dranaki, had he not at the last minute transformed his entire body into pure energy and escaped out of his castle. But with most of his army defeated, Dranaki had lost the war. His dream of a utopia was crushed.

After the war, the four rulers were celebrated almost to the point of worship. They were given the created title by peoples of many nations of Dielengann-"the bringers of peace".

But the Dielenganns did not take their victory so lightly. They knew that Dranaki was still alive somewhere out there. He would have not destroyed his body to escape without having some idea as to how to bring it back. He would not give up on *his* dream of worldwide peace. They knew that as much as he did.

So the Dielenganns planned for his return, whenever it came. They spent the rest of their lives creating a machine that could obliterate his army, and a power source of near unlimited energy to fuel such a creation. Fifty years after the first Great War, the Dielenganns had finished growing the fruits of their labor.

They created the machine called the God-Titan Lirgaze, and the key of salvation to power it. But most importantly, their creation led to one person who he or she alone could use their power to control Lirgaze.

They made the Rakai.

CHAPTER ONE

The tallest trees here towered to a height of nearly four hundred stories. Their trunks were a dark reddish-brown, and had six, huge main branches that branched off into smaller ones to form a dome that was six hundred meters across. These purple-leaved, monstrous plants were known as yelm trees. Their surfaces were encrusted with huge cracks and crevices that were dark and deep enough to hide a man, and indeed inside lurked critters that called it their home.

The second tallest trees were two hundred and sixty stories, with blue-green leaves, grey trunks and branches that grew to form an elongated dome. The leaves were thin, and when the sun shone through them the entire plant seem to glow blue like a colossal bulb. These were the ville trees.

There were shorter trees, like the lelams. These trees had brown trunks, long blood-red leaves and branches that grew around the trunk of the tree to form many rings. And there were the pomeg trees; with their pointed pink-rimmed leaves and fruits that were as large as a grown man.

Pomeg trees along with the lelams both grew in a greater abundance than other trees. But the monstrosity of the yelm trees could almost devour an entire forest or become one itself.

There were many other plants that grew alongside these. All had bright blue and green colored moss clinging to the surfaces of their trunks and the rocks that were scattered throughout the forest. Sometimes the moss would move, indicating that it was an animal in disguise. The forest floor was littered with fallen leaves, branches, rotting plant matter and the remains of animals that had fallen prey or died of natural causes. Huge vines as thick as an elephant's leg knotted the forest canopy almost with the intent of trapping everything in its twisted web.

A thick mist blanketed the cool atmosphere of the forest, lending some coverage for the predators that stalked the early morning. The sounds of various creatures could be heard echoing throughout the forest as the animals responded to the calls of their own species. Some animals walked on two legs, others four and six, while others took to the air with avian, bug and bat-like wings.

But no matter the number of legs or wings, all were designed for the animals here to survive.

The vast turquoise sky would have been clear had it not been for the strips of clouds and the twin purple-grey moons; known as I'us and S'us. They were two of the three moons of this planet called Sangetsu. Both were in clear view as they were in close proximity to the planet. They could even be seen in the brilliant radiance of the sun; the star called Upsinodron. It pierced the sky like an army of lance-carrying knights with its hundreds of white beams of light.

Yet, amongst the overgrowth of vegetation and the sheer wildness of the forest, there stood a structure which hinted of the existence of intelligent life living in these parts.

It was a temple. One which was constructed out of large stone bricks, joined together by mortar and finally furnished with an outer coating of brown cement. Its height was six stories, with large, circular windows going around the wall of each floor.

The temple was situated in yard decorated with cream colored stone tiles and had other smaller buildings near it. These buildings were houses; which looked like three large concrete huts put together, with circular windows and roofs made from the wood of pomeg trees. These buildings were the homes of Nycarman families.

Some of these Nycarmans were going about their day in the village. Through the village ran a stone path leading from the temple into the nearby Yuxu forest.

The Nycarmans were an alien species of humanoids. In fact, they looked just like humans, but with skin in many different shades of purple and pointed ears (which were more animal in shape). Their eyes were a dazzling bright pink and slanted down towards their noses. They had a complete absence of body and facial hair, and their skin had creases in different patterns all over their bodies which differed in pattern with each individual-like a human finger print. Their hair color was either a golden yellow or black. In rare cases was it another color, such as red.

Their facial features were diverse like the different Human races and individual Humans. For instance; those with the facial features of Caucasian Humans had very pointed ears and were called Uola Nycarmans. Those with the facial features of African Humans had oval ears and were called Outo Nycarman; but their noses were a bit flat and small. And those with the facial features of Asian humans were known as Lalu Nycarmans.

This was a temple in the ancient kingdom of Ixia, surrounded by the Yuxu forest and home to a race of Uola Nycarmans known as the Ixians.

They wore shirts and trousers similar to that of Humans. The material of their clothing was made from thinly woven plant matter which gave it a rigid feel but allowed flexibility. They were worn under a traditional robe known as a yota. It was a robe that hung just above the ankles and had only one sleeve on the right. The material of it was smoother, like silk. The Nycarmans in the temple wore dark purple yotas with a pink collar and silver trim. Some who lived in the village wore dull gray yotas with yellow collars and pink trim.

They all wore a casual ponytail hairstyle. Anything beyond this common look would be just more ponytails or braids that were at the sides of the head and went to the back of the head and tied over the hair.

It was a special morning that day for the Ixian people. Those in the temple were all gathered on the large balcony on the top floor of the temple. It was a balcony bordered on both sides by short, ornately furnished columns that were two meters in height.

They were all on the floor, seated lotus-wise with their heads bowed and their eyes closed. Both men and women wore a variety of beaded necklaces—the older generation especially.

As they sat their creases suddenly glowed with a bright blue light, and a cool air began to envelope around them. They raised their hands, opened their palms and expelled the bright blue *honoï* energy towards a glass statue of a Nycarman male with a glowing blue center inside.

The bright blue mist engulfed the statue in a huge ball. It floated up four meters into the air, bulging and compressing as if something were alive inside. The ball imploded, but the honoï energy inside did not disperse. Instead, it formed into the shape of a male Nycarman. His body steamed with honoï as he arched his back and flexed his fingers.

The man wore a full red robe with both sleeves in a lighter shade. Gold and black patterns ran down the arms of the robe and around his chest. His hair was coarse, black, and rested on top of his shoulders, but he was a Uola. He generated honoï energy beneath his bare feet into a blue cloud on which he floated.

The other Nycarmans got to their feet. The youngest of them were mesmerized by the presence of the man; the much older ones were not as in shock and awe. They gave him the traditional Ixian greeting; a head bow with the right hand across the left breast.

“Greetings, Donnowarru,” they all said.

“Greetings returned,” he said. His voice sounded hoarse, so he swallowed to clear his throat.

There were three aged Nycarmans standing three paces ahead of the group; two males with golden hair and pony tails, and a female with black hair and two pony tails tied into one. Their names were Dunit, Telkit and Murbella; the wyassies, leaders of the temple.

“Tell me,” Donnowarru spoke slowly as he stared down at them, “what is your reason for awaking me from my slumber?”

“Forgive us for disturbing you, Donnowarru,” said Murbella in a strong voice that did not seem to fit her age, “but our reason for doing so is of great importance. I can guarantee you that the reason for summoning you will not be a waste of your time.”

“And what could be so urgent as to awaken me from centuries of rest?” he said a bit roughly. There was no annoyance in his voice but he was very curious as to why.

“It is with deep concern for the lives of innocents that we tell you there is a war approaching,” Telkit said in a slow voice. “And it has the capacity to become the third Great War of Sangetsu, and also the second Solar War.”

Donnowarru could hear the grimness in Telkit’s voice. Then he thought upon what the wyassy had just spoken.

“There will be a third Great War? There was a second Great War? What is this you speak of, Ixian?” Donnowarru questioned.

“There will be another Great War,” said Dunit. “And if this war were to truly bloom then it will become the third Great War.”

Donnowarru’s mind was still stale from being asleep for so long. He had difficulty processing, yet alone believing what the Ixians spoke. “Wait a moment, then what was the second Great War, and what was its cause?”

“The second Great War was a result of our world being invaded by another race,” said Murbella.

Donnowarru was now clearly confused by this new information. This was beginning to be too much for someone who had just awakened from centuries of sleep.

“They call themselves the Orderran,” Telkit said, “a species from another planet, one that is slightly larger than ours, but in the same solar system of the ten planets. Over two hundred years ago the Orderrans broke through the clouds of our world in their giant war machines. They attacked every major city around the world, killing every woman, man and child in their sights. Our planet managed to conceive victory by using the God-Titan.”

If the use of Lirgaze was necessary, then it must of have been an even much more devastating war than the first! Donnowarru thought.

“But it was not just our world that was attacked,” Murbella added. “The other five habitable worlds in our solar system were also victims of the Orderrans.”

Murbella was about to speak once more, but Donnowarru silenced her by raising his left hand. This information was too much for his mind to register all at once. He closed his eyes for a brief moment to try and process what the wyassies had just told him.

There was a second Great War?

He finally opened his eyes and spoke, “Assuming that you Ixians have stuck to your own culture and remained in your own territory how do you all know of this?”

Murbella turned around and called upon a young woman. She immediately came forward and stood between Murbella and Dunit.

She had a round face coming down to a narrow chin. Her golden hair was tied into a single, loose pony tail, but was concealed by a metallic helmet that encased all of her head except her face. She wore a type of suit that lay over her body perfectly, managing to highlight the curves of her waist and her breasts that bulged beneath. It was a sliver-blue color; the material was very glossy and sparkled in the sunlight. A thin white stripe ran down the chest, arms and legs of the suit, and the inner of the arms and legs were black in color. Around the abdomen were six pockets zipped tightly shut, and on her waist was a utility belt containing various instruments. On her back was a more intriguing device. It was a sliver, oval-shaped atmospheric converter with six holes on the surface. Inside the suit was a tube that led from the air converter to the helmet. The suit extended to sliver gloves and boots.

The suit was designed for an individual to breath in places where the atmosphere was too dense with many gases or too little for their lungs to properly process and breathe. It worked by filtering the air of the unneeded gases and taking in only that which necessary into the suit’s helmet. It was known as an Atmospheric Converting Suit, or an *Atmos* suit for short.

But it was not her clothes that made her stand out amongst the others. Donnowarru could tell by her flat nose and full lips that she was an Outo.

“This is Lezura Hembim,” Dunit said. “She is from the northern side of the continent, and has knowledge of the outer world.”

"I see," Donnowarru said in an emotionless voice as he stared down at the young woman. His face made into a slight scowl.

Lezura's face showed signs of excitement and anticipation for what was taking place and what was about to come. But Donnowarru could not tell if it was from his presence or something else. Lezura smiled at him, but Donnowarru only tightened his glare. But the young woman did not feel entirely discouraged. She was told by the wyassies that Donnowarru had a slight dislike for Outo Nycarmans. She angled the green goggles around her forehead and continued to smile at the man. Though silly it might have looked she was sending a message to Donnowarru.

Your racism will not affect me!

History told that Donnowarru was once a soldier of the neighboring Balion kingdom-now gone. Most of his battles were against the Outo Nycarman kingdoms up north. Inevitably he was killed by the hands of an Outo. But his honoi energy was captured by the wizards of his kingdom and sealed in a statue of him. The wizards had given him their honoi energy so he could have unique abilities that could serve others long after his physical body had rotted away.

The Ixians were able to obtain the statue of Donnowarru from his old kingdom, centuries after it had been destroyed in the first Great War.

He turned his attention from Lezura to the wyassies and asked, "And how can you predict this third Great War?"

"We were told by the Dielenganns eight nights ago during the course of our Spirit Talk," Murbella said.

"Then if the Dielenganns spoke to you? Then that would mean--"

"Correct," Murbella knew exactly what he was going to say. "The Dielenganns have chosen their new Rakai."

"They have chosen the key keeper," Donnowarru said under his voice.

"Because now, these Orderrans know of the key of salvation, and want to harness its power," Dunit said.

"How could these...Orderrans...know of the key of salvation?"

Donnowarru asked.

Telkit said, "It was when our planet first used Lirgaze in the second war. We believe that the Orderrans most likely saw Lirgaze's power and did their research on the weapon after the war. All these years after the war, Orderrans have been given some level of freedom on our world. It might have led to them having the opportunity to research on the God-Titan and the key with our planet's archives."

“But I fail to see why I am needed,” Donnowarru stated.

“The Rakai is not from our world,” Telkit said, “More specifically, the Rakai is not from our solar system.”

“Oh!” Donnowarru now saw the obvious, “And you require me to open the portal into the Rakai’s world and bring the Rakai here.” Then Donnowarru added, “But why would the Dielenganns choose the Rakai from a different world, why not one of their own people as they did the last time?”

The Ixians had thought upon this point themselves when they had received the revelation. But decided not question the Dielenganns’ good judgment. The most important thing was to get the Rakai and prepare him or her for what was ahead.

“That is a question only the Dielenganns can answer,” Dunit answered.

“That is not the answer I had hoped to receive,” Donnowarru replied stiffly. “And I assume that the first Rakai is no longer living. So by the cycle the key should be in your possession. Have you kept it safely as you have promised to do?”

“We have kept our promise, Donnowarru,” Murbella replied with a scowl at Donnowarru, displeased at how careless he thought of her people. “The Rakai gave it to us before her death by age.”

Dunit turned to Lezura. He took out something from inside his yota and held in his left fist. He took Lezura’s hand and placed it inside. She opened her hand and was looking at an emerald colored, sword shaped pendant with cracks across its surface and a crimson band on each side. It was tied to a necklace of black, glossy beads with red spots. She could automatically feel a surge of mysterious energy inside her hand.

Amazing! She thought.

“I am entrusting you with the key Lezura,” Dunit said. “I hope you will be able to safeguard it until it is in the Rakai’s hands.”

“You can trust me with this task, Dunit,” she replied. “I will not fail you or the rest of our world.”

Dunit felt assured by the tone in Lezura’s voice and the expression on her face. He smiled lightly and gave her a gentle pat on her hand.

Donnowarru was wondering why the Ixians would entrust such a valuable artifact with an Outo, but decided not to ask, as it would bring sure conflict which was not necessary at this moment.

Lezura placed the key around her neck and turned her attention to Donnowarru. He gave her the same stare as before, but Lezura continued

to smile. She still insisted that she would not allow the Nycarman above her to rain on her special day. She would be the first of her species to travel to the planet earth-if the reapers allowed it!

Donnowarru turned around and saw Lezura walk towards a type of machine he had never seen in his day. "And what is that assortment of metal you have there?" he asked, clearly intrigued by its design.

"It is called a Thwopter," she replied as she sat in the open front seat. "A machine built for flight."

Donnowarru chuckled to himself, "So, they finally built those flying machines they were blabbering about all those centuries ago."

The Thwopter was positioned near the edge of the balcony (which was large enough to accommodate it). It was black in color and with a sleek oval shape. It had a driver seat and a single passenger seat behind it, both covered in a red leathery material. At the front sides of the vehicle were wings with large antigravity orbs and at the back of the machine were two rockets. On the face of the vehicle were two headlights, and under the base of it was an assortment of added electronics.

Before Lezura could start the engine, her friend Marina came to say goodbye with a tight embrace.

"Good luck, and let the holy trinity protect you," the woman of equal age said.

"I will be alright," Lezura assured her friend.

"You better make sure," Marina replied. They both kissed each other on the cheek. Marina patted Lezura on her bottom and went back to her space in the group.

Donnowarru took the time the two women had taken to say goodbye and used it to take in the sights, sounds and smells around him.

It had been so long since he had laid eyes on Sangetsu. He savored the warmth of the sun glowing on his skin, then being cooled by the graceful winds which rustled his long hair like the branches of the trees he gazed upon.

But as his gaze drifted down upon the village, he came to realize something. This was once a great kingdom, with six temples and at least 170 houses, all located around the king's temple. But now, only one temple and thirty houses remained.

Time was running out for the Ixians.

As Lezura started the engine with the ignition key Donnowarru floated a couple meters away from the balcony.

Donnowarru channeled honoi energy into his fingers. He took a deep breath and held out his arms with his finger nails glowing brightly. He exhaled and made a violent outward ripping motion. And the most amazing thing happened.

It was as if what Lezura saw in front of her, the mountains and the sky, were nothing more than a piece of cloth that was ripped open with a sizzling and humming sound into a giant hole. It revealed a tunnel of swirling purple and blue colors.

Donnowarru had opened the portal into the dimensional tunnel.

Donnowarru held down his arms and took five deep steady breathes to regain his energy. Using his honoi energy like that took a lot out of him. After his headache had subsided he turned and spoke down to Lezura, “When we enter the tunnel stay close me. The dimension reapers might think you are trying to enter the Rakai’s world illegally.”

“Understood,” Lezura replied with a firm nod.

The Thwopter’s antigravity orbs glowed with a whitish-blue light and emitted a pulsing ring of light. Soon the vehicle lifted it into the air, sending dust flying from underneath. She leveled the vehicle with the tunnel as it hovered over the balcony.

“I am ready,” she said in a high voice so Donnowarru could hear her over the humming of the Thwopter's engines.

Donnowarru nodded at her, and flew inside the tunnel with Lezura trailing behind him.

Once they were inside the tunnel it imploded shut, leaving the Nycarmans staring at the mountains and the sky once more. They soon went inside the temple, but the wyassies were left alone on the balcony.

“Come back soon, Lezura,” Dunit said in a low tone. “Time is not a luxury we have.”

Though Lezura’s ears were very sensitive, she could not hear anything in the tunnel but the low humming of the Thwopter. Her eyes swung in all directions, but she saw nothing. Not even the dimension reapers. The silence made her feel uncomfortable. Her body was constantly tense as if she were about to engage in a fight. And not only was the silence getting on her nerves, but the fact of being in a dimension portal and the inevitable direct contact with a reaper was a bit much for any alien to handle.

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