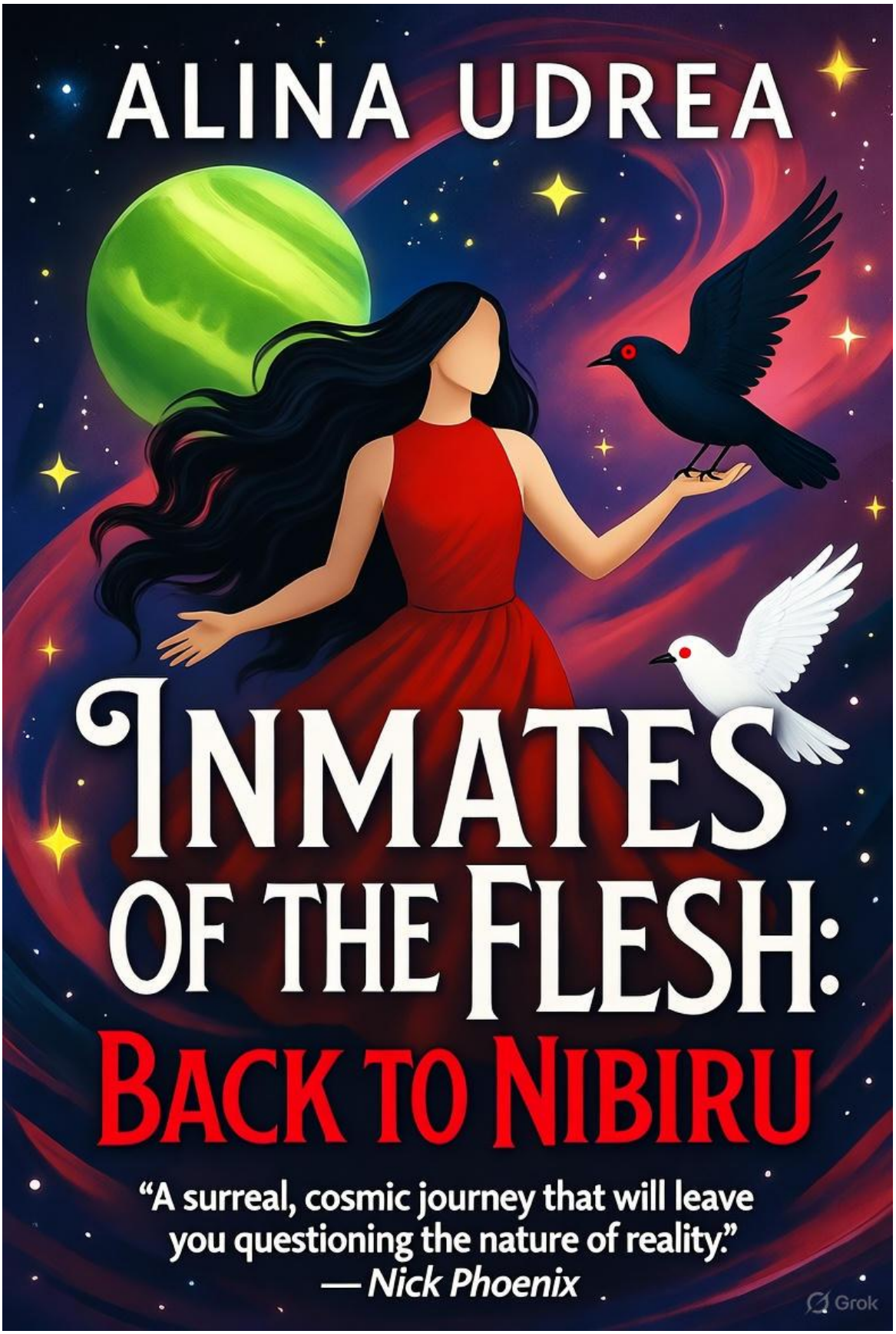
ALINA UDREA
INMATES OF THE FLESH:
BACK TO NIBIRU
"A surreal, cosmic journey that will leave you questioning the nature of reality."
— Nick Phoenix
Grok

Inmates of the flesh

Part II

P.S.

This is just a story, God on the other hand is real. I do not need to see Him with my eyes to know this. I feel Him with and in my heart. And I think that when we die, He collects our souls and judges them by our deeds during our lives. Then, according to the way we have lived our lives, he decides what we deserve: a mild punishment, a severe punishment or maybe pure joy next to Him. Then, after a time, when our souls are ready, he sends them back here, to live and experience life again, in another body, having a different life and different life experiences until we reach a certain level of purity.

As I said, this was just a story. God is King, He is real! Amen!

Back to Nibiru

Eryn stepped through the Veil……and she woke up! At first, her eyes felt heavy, swollen, but she finally managed to open them. She looked around, hardly moving her head. She was tied up in a sort of medical chair, her hands, her legs, and even her head. Her head was connected to strange wires that went from her temples, and from all over her head, to a sort of helmet above her head. But the moment she woke up, all her straps opened. The wires from her head fell swiftly next to her. She was really free…

First, she took a good glance at herself. She wasn't even human. She was something else. She was tall and slender and …. She was blue! Her skin was blue. She had short, dark purple hair, her skin was silky smooth. She had long arms and long legs and deep blue eyes. It was the first time she really saw herself and she was beautiful. And she remembered everything, all those past lives, all the experiences, everything! It all came back to her in a whirlpool of memories, flooding her consciousness. It was overwhelming. For the first time, she knew who she was. And she wasn't alone, there were hundreds of Anunnaki just like her, all tied to their chairs with those wires connecting them to that helmet. It was all in their minds, all those lives on Earth, it was all a dream. It had all been a simulation, all those lives, all the choices she made, all the pain, the scarce happy moments, nothing had been real …..

But she was finally free from the simulation, unlike the others who were still linked, still connected. It wasn't their time yet. They were still evolving spiritually. But she did it.

She approached the door that kept everyone inside this huge facility. She placed her palm on the door and the door immediately opened. She was in a long dimly lit corridor and she instinctively knew what she had to do and where she was supposed to go. She had to see the King of Nibiru, her home planet, the planet where she was.

Anu, the King, was ruthless but fair. She had served her sentence. She had to see him. Her husband….. Marduk, the son of Enki, had set her up in his attempt to unseat his father and uncle and to become the King of Kings.

The corridor stretched before her like an artery of the planet itself, pulsing with dim, golden light. With each step, she felt less like a prisoner reborn, and more like a soul stepping back into the machinery of destiny.

As Eryn strides down the corridor, still processing her freedom, she's suddenly greeted by a mysterious messenger: *"The King awaits you, but beware—this palace has listening walls. Even the air breathes reports into his ears."*

Before she meets the King, Eryn is swept into the *Council Chamber*, where dozens of other ancient beings advise Anu.

The moment Enlil sets his eyes on her, frustration and disgust can be read on his merciless features. His faction wants Eryn punished further, for daring to "wake" before her time.

Eryn entered the chamber, her footsteps swallowed by the vastness of the domed hall. The ceiling arched high above, shimmering not with

light fixtures but with molten currents of energy coursing through crystal veins. It was alive, like the nerve center of a god.

Dozens of figures were seated in fancy golden thrones. Some were blue-skinned like Eryn, adorned in robes embroidered with glyphs that pulsed faintly. Others bore slight variations—bronze-tinged skin, eyes that glowed faintly silver, hair in metallic threads—each a reminder that the Anunnaki were not a singular people, but a spectrum of evolution, rank, and power.

At the highest tier, on a throne carved from obsidian flecked with gold, sat **Enlil**. His gaze was fixed on her, hard as stone, his jaw clenched. He leaned forward, his voice slicing through the hushed space.

"So. The sleeper wakes. Too soon."

A ripple of discontent moved through his faction—soldiers and hard-liners perched like raptors behind him. Their whispers hissed, growing louder until Enlil raised one broad hand, silencing them immediately. He returned his piercing eyes to Eryn.

"You were not meant to unravel the Veil yet. Insolence. Interference. Perhaps sabotage."

Eryn straightened. For a fleeting moment, her Earth-born reflex wanted to shrink, apologize, bow. But those lifetimes were gone. A steel-like voice inside her—one shaped by thousands of mortal struggles—held her spine upright.

Before she could answer, another voice interrupted from the opposite side of the chamber.

Enki. His face was weathered with wisdom, his eyes soft but sharp, like a grandfather who had seen countless empires rise and fall. He rose

gracefully, his deep robes stirring as though the air respected his movements.

“Sabotage? No, brother. A seed forced through stone is still growth. She woke because she was tempered for it. The Earth lives were not punishment—they were evolution. That she stands before us proves her strength.”

A chorus of his faction’s approval hummed, flaring glyphs across their robes like fireflies flickering in the dark. Enki gestured toward Eryn.

“Tell me, daughter of the simulation—what did you learn from your earthbound illusions?”

A hundred gazes bore into her. Soldiers’ eyes sharp with suspicion. Philosophers’ eyes brimming with curiosity. Opportunists’ eyes gleaming with calculations.

Eryn’s throat tightened. Yet in the chamber of cosmic judges, she found her voice.

“I learned pain. I learned love. I learned weakness, hunger, death. I lived as mortal. And in each ending I thought myself broken, only to rise again. You call it illusion… but in those illusions, I found what truly binds strength: compassion. Something absent from this cold chamber.”

Gasps and murmurs flew through the Council like sparks across dry kindling. Enlil’s fists tightened on the arms of his throne.

“Compassion?” he spat. “The currency of slaves and beggars. Not rulers.”

“And yet,” Eryn answered, her voice steady, “compassion is why people follow a ruler, not just cower before one.”

That silenced him more effectively than Enki’s defense ever could.

In the hush, the heavy air began to shift. Whispers turned into debates. Some nodded at her words, others sneered.

Then, a booming voice crashed down upon them all.

From the shadows beyond the chamber, **Anu himself** emerged. His frame was immense, draped in fabric woven with threads of starlight, his presence bending the gravity around him. When he spoke, it was with the weight of judgment itself.

"Enough."

The chamber froze, every head bowing instinctively. The sound echoed, not loud but absolute, a word that ended all others.

He stepped up, his golden gaze pinning Eryn like a hawk sizing up prey.

"Eryn of the Veil. You stand summoned not by fate, but by my will. Rise before me and answer: will you serve this throne, which governs the balance of Nibiru… or will you cling to the softness you worship from your false illusions?"

The chamber went deathly still. All awaited her answer. Even the walls seemed to lean in, aching to overhear her choice.

Anu gazes at her, a towering figure of golden aura, his voice both regal and weary from centuries of ruling. Instead of crushing her rebellion with immediate punishment, he frames it as… a test:

"Words are wind. Deeds are eternity. If you would claim freedom, you must prove that you are not a rupture in our order but its strength. You will leave this chamber and act in service—not to compassion, not to defiance, but to Nibiru itself."

The Council erupts in whispers. Enlil smirks—it reeks of a death sentence masked as "duty." Enki's brow furrows, sensing a trap but seeing opportunity too.

Anu raises his massive hand, finalizing her fate before the Council:

"Eryn of the Veil. You ask for freedom. You will have the freedom of fire: to burn or to illuminate. Attend to this task… and return with the proof of your loyalty to this throne. Fail me—and your essence will be unmade, never to dream again. Go with the exiles and convince them to hand Marduk over to us! Or convince him yourself, he is still your husband after all…."

Guards slam their spears on the obsidian floor; the chamber quakes like a heartbeat.

Eryn bows only slightly—refusing full submission. The Council erupts in whispers again, half scandalized by her audacity, half enthralled.

She walks out, the messenger reappearing at her side, murmuring low:

"Every trial is a knife, my lady. But some are sharp on both edges."

Leaving the chamber, Eryn feels the weight of every eye still clinging to her back—Enlil's seething glare, Enki's quiet calculations, Anu's unreadable golden gaze. Outside, the messenger guides her into the docking halls: great cavernous bays where *ships like living beasts* slumber, their sides pulsing faintly with bioluminescence.

As she leaves the council with the exiles, torn between sides, she finds a final message scratched into the wall of her lodging:

"Eryn. Trust no one—not even me.

—M."

She realizes Marduk himself has been here, passing through the colony, moving unseen in Nibiru's shadows. His trail has been waiting for her all along.

She is taken through long, never- ending passageways until they exit the huge building, the huge facility where others just like her were still linked to their earthly lives, still dreaming….. One of the exiles drugs her so she falls into a deep slumber to prevent her from learning where their hideout is.

When she finally wakes up from her induced sleep, she is alone in a small, almost empty chamber. She looks around hoping to see him, her husband, Marduk. But he is not there. She calls his name but no one answers. She stands up from the bed trying to decide what to de next when a door creaks open. She hadn't noticed it before. But instead of Marduk, there is the messenger again…..

"Hello again my lady…. I think it's time I introduced myself. My name's Black Satan. I serve your husband. He would like to see you…. So if you would please follow me, I will lead you to him."

His face was covered in a black cloak which in fact only suited him and his name. Everything about this mysterious figure screamed DANGER! But she decided to follow him while trying to remember one of her past lives where she had been a warrior queen, a life where she could fight! If need be, she would put up a hell of a fight …. If this was a trap that is!

The corridor Black Satan led her down was nothing like the polished, pulsating arteries of Anu's palace. This was the planet's forgotten underbelly. The walls were jagged, unrefined rock, veined with raw, glowing minerals that cast long, dancing shadows. The air was thick

with the scent of ozone, a primal smell that resonated with a part of her she hadn't known existed.

Eryn focused, reaching back through the whirlpool of memories. She found the warrior queen—*Alyss of the Northern Wastes-or, as she was known, the Black Angel*. A life of cold steel, tactical retreats, and the grim calculus of survival. The memory settled over her like a familiar cloak. Her posture shifted subtly, her gaze sharpened, and her steps became silent, deliberate. She was no longer just Eryn of the Veil; she was a sovereign, walking into a potential parley or a potential trap.

Black Satan moved with a liquid grace that was unnerving. He was a shadow given form, his cloak absorbing the dim light. He never looked back, yet she felt his awareness of her, a predator's sense of the space around him.

"Your husband is… eager to see you," he said, his voice a low rasp, like stones grinding together. "He spoke of you often. The one soul strong enough to break the Veil on her own."

Eryn remained silent. Compliments were currency, and she wasn't ready to spend.

Finally, they arrived at a massive door forged from a dark, unidentifiable metal. It was covered in glyphs that writhed with their own internal light, far older and more chaotic than the precise script in Anu's council chamber. Black Satan placed a hand on it, and the glyphs flared, the door sliding open with a deep, resonant hum.

The chamber beyond was vast, a natural cavern expanded by technology. A great chasm split the floor, and from its depths rose a column of pure, white-hot energy, contained by a shimmering force field. Wires and conduits snaked from this central pillar, powering consoles, workstations, and the entire hidden settlement. Exiles in

worn, practical armor moved with purpose, their faces grim but determined. They were soldiers, engineers, thinkers—a society in shadow.

And there, standing before a holographic star chart that dwarfed him, was Marduk.

He turned as if he had sensed her arrival not with his ears, but with his soul. The memories Eryn held of him were of a prince—proud, ambitious, robed in finery. The man before her was different. He was still undeniably handsome, with the same sharp jawline and intelligent, stormy eyes she remembered. But his dark purple hair was longer, wilder. He wore black, functional armor that bore the scars of conflict. He was not a prince anymore; he was a revolutionary.

His eyes, the color of a twilight storm, locked onto hers. The rest of the chamber seemed to fade away. For a breathtaking second, the chasm between them—the betrayal, the centuries of simulated lives, the pain—vanished. All that remained was the magnetic pull that had once bound them together.

“Eryn,” he breathed, and her name on his lips was both a prayer and a wound.

The warrior queen, Alyss- the Black Angel, screamed in her mind: *This is the man who sent you to your doom! Do not forget it!*

She drew herself up, her voice cool and steady, echoing the frost of her northern life. “Marduk. You wanted to see me. I assume it’s not for mere chit-chat.”

A slow, sad smile touched his lips. “Always to the point. That is what I loved about you. It is also what made you a threat to them.” He took a step closer, his presence a palpable force. Black Satan melted back into the shadows, leaving them in a circle of tense privacy.

“They sent you to bring me in, didn’t they?” Marduk asked, his gaze searching hers. “Anu’s little test. The rabid dog sent to hunt her former master. Did you agree?”

“Anu’s will is not my concern,” she answered carefully, remembering his warning. *Trust no one.* “I came to get my own answers. Why? Why frame me? Why throw me into the Veil, leaving me to suffer a thousand lifetimes of ignorance and pain?”

His expression hardened, the brief softness replaced by a zealot’s fire. “It was not a punishment, Eryn. It was the only way to save you. And to forge you.”

He gestured to the cavern around them. “Look at this! Anu, Enlil… they speak of order, of balance. What they mean is stagnation. They have ruled for millennia, and in that time, what has changed? Nothing. They use the Veil not just as a prison, but as a factory. They create souls, temper them with suffering on Earth, and then slot them into their roles here on Nibiru, their memories wiped, their spirits broken into obedience. You were never meant to wake up. None of us are.”

Eryn’s mind reeled. The way Enlil had looked at her… *Insolence. Interference.* It wasn’t just about her breaking a rule. It was about her breaking the *system*.

“I woke up,” she stated, the words tasting of triumph and defiance.

“Yes,” Marduk said, his eyes gleaming with pride. “You did. You are the first. The proof that my theory was right. The simulations can be a crucible, not just a cage. They can make us *more*. Stronger, wiser… more compassionate.” He let that last word hang in the air, a direct challenge to the cold philosophy of Anu’s court.

He closed the distance between them, stopping just an arm’s length away. “I needed you to understand what they fear. What mortals call

‘love,’ ‘grief,’ ‘hope’… those are not illusions, Eryn. They are the next stage of our evolution. Anu wants a kingdom of perfect, unfeeling cogs in his great machine. I want a nation of gods who have earned their power by understanding what it means to be fragile.”

He reached out, his fingers gently tracing the line of her jaw. Her warrior instincts screamed, but she held her ground. His touch was electric, a jolt of memory and a spark of danger.

“I framed you to protect you from Enlil’s purge of those who questioned the system. I sent you to the Veil so you could become the weapon we need to break it. I left you that message because this path is treacherous. My own people may not understand. Even Black Satan serves my cause, not necessarily my heart.”

He looked deep into her eyes, his voice dropping to an intense, persuasive whisper. “Anu wants you to choose between serving his throne or clinging to your ‘illusions.’ I am offering you a third choice. Don’t serve a throne. Help me build a new one. A throne that understands that strength without compassion is just tyranny. Rule with me, Eryn. Not as my queen, but as my equal. Be the heart of our revolution, while I am its sword.”

The column of energy in the chasm pulsed, casting his face in a stark, brilliant light. He was offering her everything she had just declared she believed in, wrapped in the arms of the man who had betrayed her. It was a perfect trap, or a perfect truth.

The warrior Alyss in her head was silent. This decision was beyond battle tactics. This was about the fate of a world. And she, Eryn of the Veil, stood at the epicenter of the coming storm.

Eryn held his gaze, the universe of their shared past—and the abyss of his betrayal—swirling in his twilight eyes. The warrior queen within her, Alyss, was a shield of ice around her heart, but the countless other lives, the ones who had loved and lost, felt the pull of his words. He was offering her a cause that mirrored the very truth she had thrown in the council's face.

She took a small step back, breaking the magnetic field between them. The space she created was not just physical; it was a declaration.

“You speak of compassion,” she said, her voice devoid of the warmth he might have expected. It was as sharp and clear as newly forged steel. “But there was no compassion in your choice for me. You used me. You forged me in a fire I did not choose, for a war you planned to wage. You speak of me as your equal, but a true equal is given a choice, not a sentence.”

The pride in Marduk’s eyes flickered, replaced by a shadow of pain. He had expected resistance, but perhaps not this surgical precision. “Eryn, I—”

“Do not mistake my awakening for an endorsement of your methods,” she cut him off, her resolve hardening with every word. “I believe in what you say. I believe this empire is a gilded cage built on stagnation and suffering. I saw it in Enlil’s eyes. I felt it in Anu’s cold judgment. But belief in your cause does not equal faith in its commander.”

She looked around the vast cavern, at the determined, weary faces of the exiles. “They follow you. They believe in you. But I am not one of your faithful soldiers, Marduk. I am the evidence your theory was correct. A living, breathing variable you unleashed without knowing the outcome.”

His jaw tightened. “What is it you want, then?”

“Your warning,” she said, her voice dropping slightly. “‘Trust no one—not even me.’ I intend to follow that advice. You want me to be the heart of your revolution? Then prove to me it has one. Show me this is about freedom, not just about replacing one king with another. Show me you are willing to risk your ambition for your people.”

Before he could answer, a piercing siren shrieked through the cavern, a sound that vibrated deep in Eryn’s bones. Red lights pulsed from the ceiling, washing the entire settlement in a bloody, rhythmic glow. On the holographic star chart, a cluster of hostile signatures blared into existence, descending on their position with terrifying speed.

“Breach!” a soldier yelled from a console. “Enlil’s Vanguard! They’ve found us!”

Chaos erupted. Exiles scrambled for weapons, engineers rushed to bolster the cavern’s energy shields. The air crackled with a new, lethal tension. Marduk was instantly transformed. The philosopher-prince vanished, replaced by a hardened general.

“Black Satan, secure the core!” he commanded, his voice a thunderous roar that cut through the panic. “First Cohort, defensive positions at the north passage! Archers, to the upper ledges! They’re coming through the lava tubes!”

He turned to Eryn, his eyes burning with urgency. In his hand, a blade of pure, dark energy materialized with a low hum. “There is no time for debate now! We fight, or we are all dead!”

But Eryn was already moving. The instincts of Alyss- the Black Angel- had taken over completely. She saw the tactical layout of the cavern not as a home, but as a battlefield. She saw weaknesses, choke points, opportunities. While Marduk’s soldiers formed a defensive line at the

main entrance, Eryn's eyes locked onto a smaller, auxiliary tunnel, poorly guarded.

"They won't just use the main entrance," she called out, her voice ringing with an authority that made several exiles pause and look at her. "It's a feint. They'll flank us."

Marduk followed her gaze. A flicker of respect, of astonishment, crossed his features. He'd sent a soul to be forged, and a master strategist had returned.

A blast rocked the cavern as the main gate buckled. Through the shimmering heat-haze of the failing shield, Eryn saw them: Anunnaki legionnaires, clad in brilliant obsidian armor, their faces hidden behind merciless helms. They moved with the cold, perfect synchronicity of beings who had never known doubt or fear.

"With me!" Eryn commanded, not waiting for Marduk's permission. She snatched a discarded energy pike from a weapons rack, its weight feeling utterly natural in her hands. A handful of exiles, drawn by the certainty in her voice, instinctively followed her as she sprinted toward the side tunnel.

Just as she predicted, a second squad of Enlil's Vanguard blasted through the rock wall. They were met not by surprised defenders, but by Eryn and her small, impromptu team.

The battle was a blur of motion and light. Eryn was no longer a dreamer awakened; she was a storm. She moved like the warrior queen of her memories, the pike a seamless extension of her will. She parried, spun, and thrust, her movements a deadly dance honed over a lifetime of mortal combat. The legionnaires were stronger, their armor superior, but they lacked the desperate, unpredictable fire of a soul who had died a thousand times and refused to do so again.

From the corner of her eye, she saw Marduk holding the main line, his dark energy blade cleaving through enemy ranks. He fought with the fury of a cornered king, a whirlwind of righteous anger. Beside him, Black Satan was a phantom of death, his movements too fast to follow, his twin daggers leaving trails of fading light and silent, falling enemies.

They were three distinct forces of nature, a triangle of impossible power holding back the tide.

After a brutal, breathless eternity, the legionnaires' assault faltered. Their perfect formations were broken, their numbers thinned. A sharp signal echoed through the cavern, and the remaining Vanguard disengaged, retreating with the same disciplined speed they had used to attack.

Silence descended, broken only by the hum of the damaged energy core and the ragged breaths of the survivors. The cavern was scarred, littered with the glowing remains of fallen soldiers from both sides.

Eryn stood amidst the wreckage, her chest heaving. She was splattered with the golden blood of Anunnaki warriors, the energy pike still thrumming in her grip.

Marduk approached her, his own armor scorched, his breathing heavy. The immediate crisis was over, the battle won, but the war had just been declared. He looked from the devastation to her, and the arrogance was gone from his eyes, replaced by a raw, profound respect.

"You asked for proof," he said, his voice quiet but carrying through the ruined chamber. "My words are meaningless now. This"—he gestured to the battle, to the exiles tending their wounded, to the unyielding threat that now surrounded them—"is all the proof there is. My actions will be my answer."