

PRIYA ECHO'S ADVENTURE - BOOK 4 - TRANSCENDENCE

BY DAVID GOLD

TO THE READER - If you are interested in book 1, read, "Priya Echo's Adventure: Book One Awakening" by me, David Gold. Just google it. Yes, I am publishing book 4 before book 2 and 3. Stay tuned for more books. For professional or business inquiries - email me at - chessknight678@gmail.com , or message me on DEVIANTART - HAPPYREACTION.

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CHAPTER 1 - PRIYA ECHO ARRIVES

Current Time, Earth

A dazzling Indian woman in gold armor and a white lab coat rushed into the room. Above her, the ceiling had chandeliers of unimaginable crystalline form. Priya Echo knew in moments Telenon would send his minions after her. Human freaks with fangs and green snake skin, an army of them ready to strike. As the first handful scrambled in, she went straight towards them, fearlessly. Her hair stretched out behind her, raven-black. The minions set sights on their enemy, bore their fangs and rushed in to taste blood. Priya calmly strode forward. As they approached, she lifted her hand upwards and called upon the chandelier. The diamond-like crystal shards came raining down and speared the creature. He laid upon the floor, seeping a pool of blood. The other one had sharp claws and sprinted at high speed, but he was farther away than the first, and there was another chandelier above him that would, given her command, rain down glamorous spikes into his body, destroying him. The room seemed to be on an incline as she walked past their bodies. Now that the scouts had located her, the foot soldiers streamed in. Priya genuinely liked being surrounded but she was in a hurry today. The chandelier above detached and fell into her elegant hand. Infusing it with blue lightning, the mass of it sparkled with electricity. A throng of the inhuman freaks hurdled towards her, their red eyes lit up in savagery. Priya fired the blue lightning electrified crystals one at a time towards them, making an impact where she could. It was a good idea turning the chandelier into a gun. A minion vaporized into a million pieces in front of her. As they circled around her she decided to give it a good spin. The white lab coat fluttered like a cape as she did. As soon as the crystals were all used up, she tossed it aside and continued down the length of the room. Burnt limbs crackling with blue energy lined her path. A single minion had gotten a crystal deep into his heart, and he could not remove it before it bled out. The brave warrior in immaculate gold walked towards the door. Yet as she did, the glass of the window above shattered, and through it a winged minion swooped. He was like a muscular man. Skin normal but body coiled with snakes. He dual wielded axes of sharp obsidian. The woman looked to the mirror at the far wall and stretched out her arm. Likewise, it shattered and the shards flew to her side. They assembled piece by piece into the pure shape of the mirror sword. It was radiant, and shined with an insubstantial ethereal force. Priya took a moment to admire it, then lunged towards her counterpart. They struck blows back and forth, across the length of the room. The woman struck back against each obsidian ax. He was swift but she knew his limits. In moments Priya impaled him through the chest with the blade of the mirror sword. Blood coated each side as she slowly retrieved the implement. The feathers lost their flutter, the wings curled and the flier fell. Priya knew the reason for his fate. It was regrettable but ... he had flown too close to the sun. Now the room was clear and the victor felt its silence. "This is starting to get easy" Priya Echo thought as she strode towards the door.

CHAPTER 2 - THE CAMPAIGN

First Age, Echo Realm

Visioness beheaded all her enemies and impaled each head on a light beam of the star. As all of them were finally in place, the decapitation star glowed and she smiled with insatiable delight. The campaign was going well. Soon Echo and the Divine Couple would fall at her feet, begging for mercy. And she would deliver it. As her evil multiplied, Visioness was more beautiful than ever. Behind her head the iris of the void eye gleamed. Infinite black rainbows like ribbons swirled in all directions, carving up the remainder of the regiment. Then she spotted him ... a lone survivor among the metacoma force of the patrons. Visioness flew down personally to halt his escape. "Let me be your instrument and serve you!" he exclaimed, hatred in every atom of his face. The dark queen looked calmly at her man. She stood silent for a moment to soak in every morsel of fear, then took a step towards him. "You will", and grabbed his head, personally lifting it from the body. Blood seeped from the base of it as she flew back to the pulsating star. Then with great delight Visioness impaled the last head on a beam of immaculate light.

CHAPTER 3 - STALKED BY PLANETS

Second Age, Echo Realm

Snow was feeling naughty that day so she went into town and did some shopping. In a certain jewelry store, she found something that made her curious. A nice ring, and so she purchased it at the counter and walked out. Her feminine side was in full force that day, and the long lengths of her albino hair were stunning. She was in high heels, and a small layer of ice marked every step. Snow held up her hand to look at the new find and admired it. Behind her the day was supple and blue. Then something ... unusual happened. Activating, the ring upon her hand transformed. It seemed to be ... futuristic. In seconds it projected a hologram of the rings of Saturn a few inches around her finger. Snow was lost for words as to the meaning of this, and just stood there gazing at it. Behind her the city skyline hugged the sky. From hyperspace a Saturn-like planet appeared and everyone could witness it through the atmosphere. They ran in all directions haphazardly. Snow just sort of stood there and smiled giddily at the ring, thinking it could impress somebody. Finally she turned around, and was in awe at the descent of the planet. It began revolving, and it became so fast that the features on its surface were indistinguishable. Then the ring of the Saturn-like planet shot off, and hurled headlong towards the planet. Snow watched in petrified amazement as the city skyline was carved in half by the ring and its cosmic energy. Solid buildings were sliced effortlessly. It sank into the ground, releasing a spray of earth and rock up to the sky. "What the! I have to get out of here!" she bellowed, and ran as fast as possible to the spaceport. Finding an abandoned personal vehicle, she took possession of it and slid into the captain's chair. Thrusters of blue energy fired in the little pod, and she zoomed off into the beyond. After that day, Snow was stalked by Saturn-like planets that shot rings at her for several weeks, having to escape a variety of planets and space stations that were carved in half. Finally she came to a world that Priya had instructed her to come to. At a scientific building Priya sat her down on a chair and tried as many spells as she could to pull the ring off. A sentry ran into the building and instructed the empress to venture

outside. Priya did so, finding throughout the horizon a league of them arriving from hyperspace. Now they completely filled up the blue in every direction. They were so fucked that Priya just sort of had to stand there and make a joke about it. She cocked her head and smiled, saying, "Oh hey, good to see you", then walked back into the scientific building to try one last spell. As it was equipped with a mechanical sunroof, the ceiling of the scientific building opened up and they could see it all. Priya amassed her magic for one final try and stared deep into Snow's eyes. Above, the Saturn planets began to whirl in unison. The attack would be joined together and enough to transform the entire world into dust. Priya cupped her hands around the ring. The hand of Snow was infused by sorcery that was potent with red iridescence. Celestial rings unlike any that had been before plummeted through the sky, approaching the building. And at the last second, Priya tore off the ring, spun around and held it outright on her palm. It absorbed all the magic of the attack, releasing only vapor that rose like a fire that had just been extinguished. Priya took Snow's hand and brought her outside. The world was still intact which was definitely nice. "Now Snow ... please don't go buying strange jewelry from those shops downtown anymore, okay. You don't know if there are spells on them". And she got the message.

CHAPTER 4 - ERIC AND SYBIL

Current Time, Cyalola – Omeinn

"I really miss Priya, I hope she's doing well against all those monsters, " Eric thought as he rubbed his arm. The apartment was neatly arranged, and so he strode out towards the refrigerator. "I guess breakfast is my thing, and then I'll probably have to become a monster myself". The boyfriend rustled through the contents, looking for the right flavor of jam. A delicacy he savored. The crackers were on the table and so they were ready for their spreading. If only he could find the right one. Eric moved his face up and down the shelves, bathed in refrigerator light. He was plenty excited to be sure. When all of a sudden he realized something, "Ah, yes. All the jams are Echo Realm variety". He facepalmed his cheek in exasperation. "I just want a normal jam ... give me one!" he yelled, "Tulips in buttercream after the first night in April jam, Mango pudding from the streets of Jupiter jam, Hippopotamus and the way he mashes his bananas in his mouth jam, Apple dropped from a five story building jam, Persimmon waterfall from the everglades jam, Timecurrent's patented time travel orange peel jam, The glass jar is more impressive than the flavor jam, We paid Ashley to pretend she was a pineapple, then glazed her feathers in syrup jam". Eric had absolutely enough of it and plopped back down onto the chair. In anger he tossed a cracker into his mouth and munched it. "You think you've won Priya? I'm getting that jam! Even if it takes me all day! Let me get dressed and go into the city, I saw a store on third avenue". And so Eric put on his fuzzy red sweater that a jock would wear even in summer and headed out. The weather was nice so he took the long route into the city. At the world of Cyalola, the sky-nest city of Omeinn was bustling that day. Those pesky peacock feathers were fluttering everyone but he really didn't know what to do about it. Eric's heart hurt as he thought of his girl, and how he could have been spending time with her if not for all of this misadventure. "Fickle Capricious Jams, this is it " he realized, and stood at the entrance in front of a sign with good lettering that beckoned. A drop of sweat traced down his brow. For a moment he pleaded with himself not to go in and just return to the apartment and pass the day by doing boring chores. But Priya had made this happen, and he couldn't let it slide. Not for the

jam. That was personal. The bell rang to announce a new customer, and he found himself smiling in a well stocked store of hundreds of jars. Eric rifled through the contents, finding more and more normal varieties, but nothing quite ... normal. He went up to the front to speak to the girl. "If there's nothing you like here, you can go to the Office Of Jam, it's a government department here on Cyalola. Take a left on fifth and it's up the road". It was a longer walk but he made it there. The brick was painted like amber had melted on the side of the building. Eric exerted himself up a long staircase to the top. In the room there was a girl who seemed to be very fond of jam, at a table with a clipboard. She had a kawaii outfit that made him blush. "Nice to meet you ... Rebecca Lemonsqueeze at your service". "I'm glad to finally be here. I tried to have breakfast but I had a hard time finding a jam that I liked. Can you help me with that?". "Certainly sir, we have an almost endless variety here. I've had people come from overseas just to meet me. I know people's palates. That's what I do". "Good then. I'm actually from out of town. I ... the place I come from has very ... simple jams". "Ah yes, like a clumsy mouth watering melon that fell down the stairs jam?". "I don't think you understand ... sigh ... let me tell you the truth. I'm actually from the upper world. I'm down here just for a visit. Now ... try to visualize this. In the upper world, all the jams are very plain. The flavors are plain like ... strawberry, or grape". "Why didn't you say that sooner. We have a strawberry circus clown that got drunk one night after a bad performance with vodka and passed out jam". "Just the strawberry ... not the clown". "Oh, please forgive me. Let me try again. Simple ... Here we go. Cream danish from the princess but its only crumbs that fell from her cheek when she tried to eat it jam". Eric munched on a cracker since he was famished. "I swear I'm going to squeeze the lemon juice out of you if you don't give me my jam" he thought privately to himself. "No, not even close. It's like each jam is made from one fruit. Like blueberry jam is made from blueberries". "Honey, you're going to love this. I'll be right back". As the woman opened the back door he peeked in and saw thousands of stock on rows. She was back in a jiffy. The jar said "cucumber jam" and when he opened it there were little cucumber slice sandwiches filled with cucumber jam. Eric got up to leave but Rebecca ran around the desk and grabbed his arm, "Wait just a second sir. I know you came here for jam, and I'm not going to let you leave until I've helped you". "Then what do you suggest? I've got a feeling that I won't like any Echo Realm jams at all. I want something from home". Mrs. Lemonsqueeze hopped up on her feet, and directed him to a new room where there were even more lovely ladies. They sat him down and then encircled him with a cameras and photography and a video camera. "What are you trying to do, make me a male model?" Eric finally asked as one of the girls combed his hair just so. "I know you're a little flustered but let me explain. Here at the Office of Jam we have a technique for finding the right jam for even the most difficult people", she laughed a second behind her hand and looked to the other girls, then continued, "in order to find the flavor that matches you, we are going to ask you a series of questions. The right jam should go with your personality". "I see now ... go right ahead". In the room they got to know him on a deeper level by asking relevant questions. The time passed and it was more than two hours and thirty minutes. Finally Rebecca asked the obvious question. "So tell me Eric, what's your favorite jam. Think really hard. It can be something that made you happy one day, or just something that surprised you". The boyfriend was glad they were putting so much thought into this, and closed his eyes, thinking of all the flavors he had ever tasted. Eric leaned back in his chair, and ran his fingers through that darling brown hair. The burden of thought gripped him, but in the end it wasn't so hard to confess that flavor which was closest to his heart. "Rebecca ... I think my favorite is mint jam". All the girls in the room rushed to each other and fell over laughing. They turned away from him. There was some sort of inside joke but he didn't get it. Perhaps one of those quirky cultural traits of the realm. Rebecca pointed to the girl holding the video camera and she came in close, "Um ... Eric dear, can you say that on camera please, and let me record you saying it, but like ... you know ... say it very enthusiastically, and introduce yourself". "Sure why not. Hello, there. My name is Eric and my flavor is mint jam". Rebecca gasped. "Did you get that

Connie?”. The camerawoman nodded her head and came in for a closeup, “and why is that then?”. “I don’t know ... just quite fond of mint jam” Eric admitted, knowing the girls would continue to snicker. The girl who had done his hair almost fainted onto a red puffy chair. At long last Rebecca silenced them and drew close to him. “Eric honey ... if you really like mint jam, I know just the person you should meet. Her name is Sybil Eater of Mint Jam. Yes, you heard that right. She’s all about that mint jam so ... why don’t you write down these directions. I’ll give you her address”. Into the open air once again, the man allowed himself a moment of pause. The people made brisk movements down the street. The traffic refused to freeze for even a second. It was the heart of the metropolis and he knew it had to ceaselessly move. He took a bus to a pleasant mansion and pressed the doorbell. A paper given to the servant granted him access, and he was led around frescos and columns to a verdant room filled with jars of mint jam. There the maiden was busy arranging them on the shelves. “Hi, my name is Sybil. Tell me ... were you sent here for some reason?” she asked from behind the oak of the shelves. Eric could see a few strands of green hair but nothing more. “Actually, mam, I have a paper from the Office Of Jam instructing me to come here. I was hoping you would be so kind as to give me one jar of my favorite ... mint jam” he implored. It was one of those days, and luckily Eric had found himself in a room with one of the most beautiful faces in the galaxy. Sybil walked out from behind the oak and saw his face. She smiled a pinch, knowing she had discovered another one. The feminine maiden was clothed in a dainty outfit, with white puffy sleeves. Her hair was the color of green crayon. And her face ... Eric almost lost his sense of balance. It was youthful and cinematic in all the right ways. Eric had to open his collar to let in a little air. This woman’s body was like a world unto itself. And her skin had obviously been washed that morning ... in a soothing bubble bath that he could only dream of being in. Eric took a step back because he didn’t know what was going on. “Don’t worry sir ... trust me I get this alot. If you're interested in the mint jam let me show you” Sybil assured him. “Alright Sybil, I trust your judgment. I see all the mint jam you’ve made” he answered, arriving beside her. Sybil laughed and patted Eric on the shoulder, “Yes, and this is a special variety”. From the top shelf she pulled a rather hefty jar down and scooped out a good dollop onto a silver spoon. Green hair flourished as she spun in place. Giddily Sybil leant over and raised the spoon, “Alright sir, please open your mouth and I’ll give you a taste”. “Mmmmmmmmm” Eric moaned as the cool mint hit his tongue. He removed the last bit from the side of his mouth with a thumb. “Wow Sybil, that’s amazing. The best mint jam I’ve ever had” Eric gasped. Sybil rolled her eyes, “Oh ... so you actually like mint jam huh? Not a lot of guys do”. The servant walked out of the room hearing the que. “Yes, I’ll have one jar if you don’t mind”. She was chirpier now and led him out into the garden, where there was a white stone path that circled around the mansion. When they were done, Sybil offered him a ride home. She got on her cell and made a brief call. They stood there for a few minutes, discussing a few more topics. Then a peacock rolled in on a unicycle and Eric didn’t know what the flip was going on. “Haha ... Eric! You’re so funny. This is our ride. Haven’t you ever ridden on one of these before?” Sybil inquired playfully. “Mam ... are you doing a practical joke or something?” Eric blushed. It was not every day that a goddess asked him to ride on a peacock unicycle. “Don’t worry. This is a common way to travel here. It’s just a bike, hop on” the maiden promised, and with all that goodness how could he refuse? Sybil pushed him up onto the seat and jumped up after him. Eric felt the curves of the maiden and her gentle breast push against his back. Arms daintily wrapped around his chest. Yet moments later, the wheel turned and propelled them down the road. The speed increased and the unicycle weaved between cars like a racer. Eric could feel her tighter against his back. More of her body. It was like being one of those guys on a motorcycle with a leather jacketed girlfriend. The wind rushed hard against his face but he didn’t care. Eric closed his eyes and focused all his attention on Sybil and her soft body clinging onto him. When they arrived in Omeinn, the two jumped off. She spun around and thanked him once more, then grabbed a black marker from her pocket and scrawled her number on his arm, so that he could call her to get another jar of mint jam. She returned to the seat and vanished

into the distance. Eric stood there and glanced down at the digits on his arm. It was hard to tell but ... he wondered aloud, "Did I just get a girl's phone number?". That Rebecca Lemonsqueeze really knew how to squeeze the lemon juice out of a guy.

CHAPTER 5 - FALZAR AND UFFHILL

Second Age, Echo Realm

The following day Uffhill received a summons through military command which summoned him into a portal of blue oceanic energy. At the other end, he found himself in the pyramid once more, in a spacious room. Rows of chairs were arranged in front, with a walkway all the way to a wooden stage. Uffhill knew that he had been roped into something again. Could it be an old enemy luring him in. Here to destroy him once and for all? Thoughts of several faces arrived from his memory, one at a time. The man stepped down the aisle towards his fate. The battles would need to be fought without his presence as he had a more pressing engagement. "Brother, my dear, I'm glad you've come to see me" Falzar intoned. From her throat came graceful words like a melody. Uffhill slapped his chest in relief and climbed up onto the stage. Falzar's armor was neck to toe, glimmering like some golden subterranean sea urchin. From her back spikes protruded to ward away danger. Amethyst hair fell down in abundance. From above, the light was obedient and engulfed the stage. Uffhill shielded his eyes from Falzar and her smile. She dimmed the lights for him and he regained his composure. After all, it was only his sister, who had reincarnated as Falzar. In the first age when he abandoned her to chase after the life of a patron. Things had been reserved between them ever since she revealed this at the battle of Limiforasonla, and her secret about him ... yes, this again. Great feelings pounded at his chest. Feelings that even he was unworthy of. "Sister, you know I love you, but this is impossible, even though I am happy to see you" he breathed, with a sharp breath that sent him back a step. Uffhill looked at the actress. In his previous life, in all his bitter acts towards his sister, had he truly set the stage for this? The look in Falzar's eyes was unmistakable. She had chosen him, even through the vastness of space and time. Past eons. "Please give me a chance to speak today, and let me show you something" she answered, and swept her hand towards the droves of chairs. In a blink of light a man appeared in the chair, fully dressed and ready for the wedding. Uffhill was impressed as the rows were filled, through singular teleportations and their effervescence. "In my room, people are born for love. They arrive as adult audience members of my wedding. You know this of course, brother. I'm just here to remind you" Falzar whispered. Uffhill stood stalwart as the pressure mounted. He craned his neck to see the audience arrive. There were hundreds ... and they expected a show. "Wait! Alright already. I acknowledge you. I know how I fled from you all these years" he ejaculated. The man for once had completely lost his cool. He didn't know what to say and thoughts raced through his mind. In every contest he knew the right attack or course of action. Now his nerve was failing him. It was unlike anything he had ever encountered. Falzar locked eyes with him like a tiger filled with absolute lust. The purple amethyst hair swayed playfully and girly. She bit her lip with precise force, to feel the pain but not bleed. He cocked his head to look past her but a bridesmaid ran down the aisle throwing flower petals. Uffhill gasped as he envisioned his naked chest being covered in them. "To think that your sister can't understand your true intention. You're here aren't you?" she answered, with a voice more pleasurable than before. Falzar looked again at her succulent man in his full

splendor. "This is ... you're putting words in my mouth. Tell me why you're doing this?" he begged. Falzar looked up at a silly cloud overstuffed with light, then back down again. She came in close and put a hand on his shoulder, "Give me an hour, and I will be back by nightfall. That's what you said to me. And when I returned you had left again on another one of your adventures, into the Trail. Seeking whatever it is you need in your heart. Brother, you promised me". Hot, aching tears fell from his eyes as he heard those feelings fixed into words, "I had to right what was wrong. It was mortals like our family that can't touch the knowledge of stars" His voice could hardly relate this. It was flawed and imperfect. Uffhill took another step back and regained his composure. His fiance closed the distance, "I wanted you to be in my shop and help me make my sculptures. I wanted more than that. You didn't have to choose this life, brother. We could have had a simpler one. With me". Shock buckled the strong muscles in his frame. Uffhill could barely believe this was his moment. His fiance came in for a kiss but he gripped her wrists, "I had to leave you sister. I had to leave our family. The world is not as simple and you know it. The patrons are our family now". Blood traced its way through her veins. Falzar recovered a moment from her erotic study of the chest before her. It was evident now that he was unconvinced. Luckily, there was one last card to play. Falzar took his hand and brought him to the middle of the stage. A table stood there with a small rectangular box painted red. When she was ready the patron raised it up and unlatched the top. "Is this some sort of spell orb?" Uffhill asked curiously, looking over the magical sphere, its frictionless surface revolving and humming with streaks of blue. "Do you remember how the logic of the ascension chair was shattered? This spell. It is talked about in secret, but I know you have heard its name. I said it once before" Falzar clarified, and she picked it up and held it between her fingers. The orb contained a powerful force within it. Wind circulated around the stage menacingly. The audience felt its power and fled. The blueness was oceanic like the portal, and it pulled his attention. "The spell of the non-ancestral, allowing anyone to insert themselves into any family tree at any point. Sons can become fathers. Brothers can become sons" he gasped, knowing the gravity of the moment, and the strength of its potential. "And a brother and sister can separate, and move to different lineages. It doesn't need to be forbidden. It can be us together" the woman assured him, ready for his assent. The winds picked up speed, and he found himself at the center of rose petals. Uffhill placed his hand onto hers and raised it to his mouth. He kissed it once. Its strong knuckles. "I can't, you're my sister" and he departed and made his way through the portal.

CHAPTER 6 - OSTIGIM'S PARTY

Second Age, Echo Realm

Lifelike flames frolicked from Ostigim's back as she walked into the venue for the patron's party. Inside a few early arrivals from her portion were arranged sparsely throughout the room, nodding towards cocktail glasses, immersed in small talk. An observant one waved to her as she strode past. Ostigim was good to her locals and they returned the favor. Gone were the days of arson and monsoons of fire, lapping the shores of her cities like waves. Gone were the days of wanton explosions and tomfoolery. The exuberance had fizzled. Even though pyromania was still of course included in her job description. Witnessing the first locals from Etheria's portion scoot in from titanic doors, she sucked the flames back into her person. It would be a long day if another summons was issued to her explaining that so-and-so was mad because so-and-so got 100-th degree burns. Lucky for her people, their spirits were

indestructible. Across the room Anthony's face reddened for he had been her lover on many occasions. He noticed her, then returned to his cocktail. A mild temperament bathed the room. The Etherians found their places. A few satisfied men circled around a waiter supplying escargot dipped in a sweet mustard that was a carefully guarded secret. Chocolate chicken nuggets was the next course. Sprinting into the room a young lass no more than fourteen found the rosy cushion of an oversized seat. Someone had given her a dress made from some hybrid of precious silk and summer clouds. A bow rested on her hair. Little black shoes were untied. Ostigim marched onto the other side of the room. To the right was a staircase made of marble countertops, each with a different color, from white to black with gold inlays. Every single one of the faucets was turned on for display. She turned one off. Out the window the day was mostly afternoon. Still fresh by her standards. Below, circumstantial evidence for camping arrayed across the lush ground. It was raining petals that day because the forest had decided to construct rows of catapults and hurl bouquets up into the air. In pitiful efforts, the winds tried to blow the clouds astray. Birds scythed their way through a layer of sky that didn't know whether it was blue or white. Ostigim turned back to the quiet chitter-chat of the party. The first task was to fend off a waiter. After that a nudist, scantily clad in basil leaves said hello, and thanked her for her public service. Unmistakable tones of basil heightened her senses for a moment, before dropping them in dizzy pirouettes back to the earth. It was Cameron from the fifteenth floor of the tower on garnet street. That incident with the basil garden and people running for their lives from monsters. "Can we let bygones be bygones" she begged. The patron nodded and it was a done deal. Suddenly the wooden floor gave way. Below a glass floor two dragons fought each other to the death. The victor bit into the other with its immaculate fangs, spreading blood all over the floor. Ostigim begin to feel a little bit more alert. In moments she found herself closer to the center. A waiter came besides her with a bottle of clear bubbly soda. From his pocket he grabbed a cap opener and popped the metallic lid. Released into the world the bubbles took flight to the ceiling, each transforming into a perfect crystal until the glistening chandelier took shape. Light emitted from it softened the floor to such a degree that a few locals stretched themselves onto it like a lounge on a plush couch of indeterminate length. The wide open space of the hall was almost bemusing. Pillars stood at intervals. A scent of humble soda subtly graced the air and ... AND WHERE THE FUCK WERE THE PATRONS !!! THEY DIDN'T COME. THEY DECIDED TO GO TO A DIFFERENT PARTY !!! The flames upon her body restored themselves, and she jumped at the glass floor, shattering it and fell towards the dragon. In seconds the beast succumbed to the IGNITION of fire. The head turned in amazement. It fell, its skin burnt to worthless ash. Angered beyond words, the patron marched out the gate and into the day that was now stupid because it was so nice. Later that day the heart of the dragon itself ripped itself from the body and rose to the room above. It beat ten times to the curiosity of all those that gathered to witness it, then transformed into a new man that they had never seen before. In his soul was the entitlement to bring discipline upon the earth for the circumstances of his birth.

CHAPTER 7 - OASIS 2

Second Age, Echo Realm

Somewhere in the backyard of Venus, in a post-city of Adequate Nutrients spectators gathered to see what the echoians intended to disclose to them. Sol was safe for the moment, prompting the Couple to visit. They were seated on the stands where there was a good view of the field.

“For your partnership in the face of staggering odds in the defense of our shared territory, we would like to gift you with this symbol of our appreciation” Meza Buyer announced and pointed to a table from which stacked photo albums of old earth and other artifacts were handed out. The real compensation was below in the substructure, where mechanics were installing the containment cells and energy extraction mechanisms for a shipment of Idea-Stars. “Can you believe this!” Buyer blurted flippantly, waving around a how-to book on the art of magic, back when it was only a pastime, making the crowd burst with laughter. Meza retired to the stands after warming up the crowd. The system colonists reacted more favorably to the normal humans than the altered ones, old prejudices being alive and well. Umlave took to the field, waiting for a time until out of the corner a cargo truck rolled onto the green. The driver popped open the door and jumped to the ground, then unlatched the back, laying down the ramp. A truck full of dairy cows stumbled down the ramp onto the green, filling up the air with deep clamoring. Umlave took the microphone and waited for silence, “Welcome everyone to this sad but joyous day. Say hello to our earthy friends here. As those who know me most will appreciate, there is now something I must do. In just a moment, I will say goodbye to the old me and hello to the new. Please tell your neighbor to stay calm and watch very carefully. This may shock you at first, but by the time I’m done you will be very pleased, I promise. It has fallen upon me to enact fragmentary regeneration”. With a snap of her fingers, the gravity on the field drained away, and the cows drifted into the air, tumbling in confusion. The crowd all began “moo-ing” in parody of the panicked animals. Like a symphony conductor, the patron waved her hands back and forth, and from the udders of the cows came streams of milk that collected together, forming a wide mandala above the field. Adding layers upon layer of intricacy, the mandala became more beautiful until she was satisfied, and she left the ground rising up towards the hole in the center of the disk. Sitting in the stands, Uffhill watched the face of Oasis as it crossed the threshold of the mandala, and became that of Onsuru, followed by her body. Another victory in the fight against death, as the fragment that was the avatar regenerated the individual. The patron pointed to the mandala and it fell down to the green, soaking into it. Awakening from the grass below, and brushing the dirt off of her body, a replica of the original performer appeared, somewhat befuddled, and then bowed to the crowd, “You may call me Oasis 2”. Uffhill smiled as she waved to him. “This one is slightly less pretty” he thought to himself, examining her face, and noticing the annoying freckles and other defects. “My family is just one big inbred jumble, isn’t it?” his heart sinking in disappointed realization. Afterwards, as everyone was stewing about the field, a system colonist with a hat and smoking a cigar approached Onsuru and wrapped his arm around her shoulder, “have you ever thought of a life in show-business, kid? I can make you a star”. (no cows were harmed in the making of this novel).

First Age, Ninth Eon - Island

Below her feet Echo could see the fast approaching ground. The wind rushed upwards, channeling them swiftly towards their destination. At long last they alighted on island earth. Echo looked to Sam as the witness of grass tingled the soles of her feet. He was hers again, the one who witnessed her in the stillness of night, who held her hand when she was but unformed echoes. And the pillar strengthening the center of her world. Sam reached to her and brought her into an unexpected kiss. It was powerful and magnetic. A hard press against the ruggedness of her lips. Skies welcomed their love with exotic clouds and flavors of blue. The land all around whirled like a fermentation. Aether in her blood turned to vapor, and it heated the chamber containing her pumping heart. Sam felt it too as a line of spit between the two of them fell from his lips. The black hair whistled as it endeavored against the wind. Intricate medieval

armor partially covering her body clinked in unison. The silver glow of her eyes felt like bliss as it washed over him. The limitless universe that was her skin blinked with its treasured stars and darkness. And the echo seal of ES upon her chest glowed like a soft white lamp. Sam took a moment to think about it, then came to a conclusion. This was his woman.

Far away on the barren wastes of some terrible planet Visioness was in unendurable pain. Dust of his footsteps, tracing away, still lingered on the path. The one that had forsaken her had gone too soon. She skid her back against the ground and let out a vociferous cry. It was overbearing. A rich sweat of fresh agony welled up in her body. Threads of her muscles pulled in all directions, snapping. She let out another one, long and thundering to the featureless sky. Yet it was like a mute, knowing nothing of her petitions, and its atmosphere churned with callous, uncaring mechanics. In her mind Visioness could still see him, sitting on a throne in the cloud of her breath that she had made for him. The soft touch of his hair. The way his body rose and fell to her own exertions. Now he was gone, and what was there left of the world? The bitter bite of destiny hurt her chest. Tears retreated back to the recess of her eyes, where they would shrink until no more. And in her chest her heart crumbled. It was mere chunks of dust that collapsed in upon itself. Leaving nothing but void. Dark void. Enigma of magic fired up on her body. An unspeakable color with multiple hues. From it radiated out a single rainbow. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. It propelled until it found the horizon, cleaving it in two. The object was fast as it raced through the map of space. The tip of it was shaped like a ribbon, arcing towards the place of its landing. At island earth the populace looked up at the clouds and saw them blush in many colors. The bridge descended towards the soft hills of the planet. Echo lifted her head and saw it leagues away. A force of magnificence and violence, on a scale she had rarely witnessed. When that single rainbow touched the earth, the ground crumbled. It fell apart and the earth was soon to be destroyed. It happened suddenly. Boulders of earth thrust up through the ground, more powerful than explosions. Echo was able to retrieve the Moon-Soul and then lead the population into the cave of silence. The rest she sent in by trans-manifestation.

Second Age

As she sprung up from the bed, Falzar breathed a sigh of relief. It was another perilous dream. Folds of the bedsheet poked out between her fingers. The day was still far away, as revealed by the world's blank expression of immaterial darkness coming in from the window. Falzar shook her purple hair and got to the floor. The patron was neck to toe in golden armor that had spikes protruding from the back at great length. They could ... of course retract to defend the nature of her bed. "Yawn .. it's so early" she observed dispassionately. The way to the bathroom was easily navigated, and so she opened the door and looked into the mirror, foggy from yesterday's shower. It had a sinister metallic sheen staring back at her. Falzar was too cowardly to admit it to herself. She brushed a portion off with her right hand, uncovering the lens. "Huh? Is that really me?" she thought in sheer wonder. The portion was wide enough to see dark eyes and a face of a woman that was like a mystery. Energy festered around her, dark in the extreme. As soon as she looked again, Visioness was gone, and the mirror had returned with her own aspect. The meaning of it all fell silently from her lips. Falzar was lost for words but with all that had happened recently, she just needed more rest.

CHAPTER 8 - OASIS 2 TRIES A NEW MOVE

Second Age, Echo Realm

Oasis 2 made a circuit around the periphery of her garden. A few more seeds went into the ground, causing her to smile in the usual unfettered way. A girl who loves the company of green. Sweet mirth, with a clumsy heart going bump bump bump. But in the truest sense Oasis was not at all happy. Even though the wind that day smelled of lilac dipped in honey. Whispers of her intimate life crept into her consciousness. Uffhill and his antics. The way he looked away from her. Like a shadow receding through her house. It was of little consequence to the seeds and their new adventure. Oasis 2 continued on her march towards inventing the one thing that mattered ... scenery. As she did the oversized lava lamps around her unscrewed their tops and let out those misshapen balls. Like a magician she ordered them into their places, and waited a few until a tree sprung up, impregnated with the color of wax. "Ahh ... this one is purple," she remarked, with both hands clasped behind her back. Yesterday a new sheath of grass had grown from the walking trail up to where she stood, and it danced up to the level of her white socks. In these parts, grass certainly enveloped the land in the most delicate of ways. Oasis 2 leant over a little more, and looked with all her might at the tree and its luster of purple. With all her freckles, it may have been a hundred eyes. The white dress she wore was of paper cut with patterns. It emasculated the world with its beauty, until she was subtle and the rest was not. Her hair was moist brown, and felt the wild abandon of every coursing breeze. Now her knees were a little jittery. The white mandalas upon her person were anything but fickle. Even with so much pause in the nature of things. In the heights of spring. She had chosen them herself. Tailored them like a good girl. And She was like that and her heart was aloft most of the time. But this was different. Ever since she had arrived... her companion was so ... disdainful. It was mentioned to her of course that Umlave had enacted fragmentary regeneration to become Onsuru, and that she was the new avatar of Onsuru, thus granting her the station of Umlave, and Umlave was his last wife and ... blah blah blah. It all made little sense in the long run. Creatures enrobed in lilac crawled up the trees behind her. "Why does this have to be so hard?" she thought aloud. Uffhill and his daring but wicked ways. The man was fighting a war ... or was he? Oasis 2 shuddered as she acquired the truth. Drops met little resistance on the way down. The forest danced. Leaves flew by like little paper airplanes. The essential greenness of the world clung to her but it was not enough. "I want to be his wife!" she cried, "why won't he notice me?" As one tear fell to the ground in front of Oasis, a tree rose behind, decked in pink like the wax it was born with. Just to the side, the lamps continued their unerring motions, enforcing the circulation of their orbs. The woman placed her head against the trunk of the tree, letting brown hair droop over all those precious freckles. It was at this moment that she was spotted by three of her friends who had come to spend time with her - Galatea of the Ten Velvet Roses, Lilly Llamas and Clovera. The maiden Galatea took her hand and brought them all to a circular stone table not far from the walking path. Having completed the first release of emotion, the woman looked up, and saw her friend's face. It was like a beautiful beast, surrounded by bright red hair. And on her body were roses. Plenty of them. "Ahh! Why can't I be like you girls" Oasis bayed, returning to the comfort of her palms. Clovera massaged her back until the little one could manage, and she raised her head again and looked, comparing herself with the dominance of Galatea, the gorgeous feral-ness of Clovera, and the bright colors of Lilly Llamas. "It's just that ... i'm not like her" Oasis mouthed.

Galatea: Let me just say ... you're perfect just the way you are. Don't give in to him.

Lilly Llamas: I remember when you were happier, Oasis. I couldn't be happy either if i knew

Clovera: That's easy for you to say, Lilly. You and Zemmy are fellow soldiers and family.

Lilly more than anyone understood what was going on. Zemmy had her fling with Teddy, then had her fling with Topsy, and she had stolen Uffhill a long time ago. But In their family, she would go to the ends of the earth for her.

Lilly Llamas: I'm here to settle this, Clovera, not to take her side

Oasis: Why doesn't he look at me like other girls? ... Waaaaaaa

Galatea (whispering to Lilly): Uffhill is a dog

Galatea: Darling, listen to us. It's not like you asked for this. He went his own way ... and it's not your fault

Clovera: I would have suspected something earlier. Like ... how is he like when he's at home? Is he taking care of you or minding his own business?

Oasis: I guess ... he's just so rigid, you know. Like it's his duty to be my husband. And then he's always trying to be in a different room from me. Like we're playing a game. And when I do get him to myself, he can be so condescending, like ... anytime i ask him anything about the patrons. I'm not freaking Etheria okay. I'm not a force of nature like that. He hasn't taught me anything. I had to go to academy to learn spells.

Clovera: Alright but ... what's it like when ... you know

Oasis: Oh that ... I guess it's normal. He says he likes it.

Lilly: Does he ever say he loves you?

Oasis: Yeah but, only during the day, never when we're alone

Galatea: Maybe he just needs some encouragement?

Oasis: Waaaa!

Lilly: What was the last thing that you remember about Zemmy?

Oasis: Like ... hopscotch ... I mean she's always like ... visited the house for some reason. And she he said that she was his lieutenant under his command, but I knew that isn't true. You can see she's from Suburbia, and weren't like ... we at war with them? I mean, I was there in the house by the table. Cutting out a new paper dress with my scissors. I had done that all day waiting for him to come home to show him. Then Zemmy barges in to the room and she takes one look at me and leaves. Not even saying anything. And she's like this shadow that's everywhere.

Lilly: I didn't know you were going through so much, Oasis. I'm sorry

Oasis: Waaaaa! Like how am I supposed to compete with that! Have you seen her body! It's so mature. And she's always wearing leather. And she's this fierce warrior chick. And those eyes

are like clocks that tick time. She's got these weird robot spider legs but even they're attractive. What am I going to do?

Clovera: Oasis ... Um ... this might be cruel to say, and I know it's not fair but ... have you thought of maybe trying to maybe do some work on your looks? To make yourself look more womanly I mean.

Galatea: (slapping Clovera on the shoulder). Clovera!

Clovera: I mean yes, it's unfair. I get that. But boys like their woman to be you know ...

Oasis: He hates my freckles !!!

Lilly: I knew it would come to this. Why couldn't you keep your hands to yourself Zemmy

Galatea: Maybe if someone had warned us earlier, then we wouldn't be having this discussion

Lilly: I didn't have anything to do with this Galatea. Zemmy always gets what she wants. It's like boys are toys to her and she steals them

Oasis: There has to be an answer! Like I can change my hair, or put on cream for my skin.

Galatea: You have so many freckles. Like I can't even count them.

Oasis: (in despair) I know !!! Waaaa!

Lilly: How about you do something about the nails, you know boys like that

Clovera: Haha. That's not going to work on him, Lilly. They don't even care about that

Galatea: You could try a red dress. I have plenty of them

Oasis: Maybe that would work?

Lilly: I doubt it. Zemmy looks good in any dress. This is a fight. We need something she can't copy

Oasis: Oh my. Hopscotch! This is so hard. Zemmy's looks are so mature. She has that black hair and her face is made with perfect bone structure. You can't even look away from it. She has bigger breasts, and she has a cool sword. What am I supposed to do!

Galatea: Calm down Oasis. I've got all my girls at home and we can make you look so beautiful. I know a hundred ways to do that. Just let me call the girls, and in an hour you'll look better than Zemmy, believe me

Clovera: This is a tug of war, you need to go big or go home

Lilly: That's a good idea, but what can catch Uffhill's eye?.

Galatea: It has to be everything. Hair, lips, eyeshadow

Oasis: No Galatea ... thanks for saying that. Sniff ... but i think i figured it out.

Galatea: What do you mean? You're not giving up on him?

Oasis: That's not it. I think I need ... a new move. If you know what i mean.

Clovera: Ahhh! Our girl is growing up!

Lilly: I can't believe what i'm hearing

Oasis: I mean ... I heard some gossip recently about the Divine Couple. Someone came in on them while they were together. And they were doing all these magical moves. I heard a lot of stories about it, so i don't know what's real or not, but ... I have a few ideas.

Galatea: If you think that's best, we'll stand by your decision

Oasis: I do ... thanks girls.

As Oasis walked away from the table the three of them waited until she was gone and pointed the finger at each other until they realized it was all Uffhill's fault.

Later that night Oasis stood by the painting in the living room waiting for her betrayer. She had trained her body to be womanly for that night alone. The lights were bright, and she had done a few things to highlight her best features. The girl stood as still as aphrodite in marble as the door opened and the key was inserted and the knob turned. "There you are my love" she spoke, humbling him with her presence. Uffhill returned after what must have been another celestial battle of epic proportions. He had stars in his eyes, and even the aura of a patron couldn't hide such terror. The rain made his bear coat sopping wet and he removed it onto the hanger. As Uffhill looked towards her, the rough manly features of his face met their counterpart in freckles. The white paper mandala dress was tight around the hips in just the right way as she strode over to him, "Its time for you to do your duty". Uffhill paused for a moment. He was the man who knew everything, and so relented, "I suppose that's acceptable, what do you have in mind". "I'm glad you asked. I actually have something new tonight. Please go over there and i'll be right back" she responded, and departed to the hallway as he stood in what was a medium sized space with enough light to entice the senses. He was a well built man of African-American ancestry. He ran his fingers through his hair once for the occasion. In a few Oasis was back. Bringing articles for dinner - wine glasses, and plates, utensils. Uffhill stood there healing from wounds. He didn't know what to make of it but he stayed silent. "I heard some gossip about the Divine Couple and their night together. My friend told me about a few magic spells they used, and I want your cooperation for one. Since your my husband, you have to agree". Uffhill smiled for once and gave her his eyes. It was the best attack he had dealt with all night. This one was aimed directly at his soul. "I'll do what you tell me to do, so take the lead my love". His wife smiled in reply. He took another look at her and saw what few other men have ever hoped to witness. Polished brown hair the color of acorns falling to her shoulders. The shape of her face seemed more feminine. Eyes that had a certain singular focus. Lips filled with red will power. And a dress that was like a blank canvas for all his unspoken desires. Oasis stepped one at a time towards him, and placed a full palm upon his chest. It was ... rigid to the touch. After their introduction, she explained to him the procedure, which was unusual given the Couple and their sort. Firstly, it involved him getting full dressed from head to toe. Once that was done, he had to activate a spell to transform into a dining room table. Oasis placed a long white tablecloth over the whole of it, then set the table with everything - the wine glasses, and plates and utensils. The woman closed her eyes and remembered how to do the trick. With both hands she grabbed the skirt of the tablecloth and yanked it, leaving everything as it was. The plates had not moved an

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