

Epilogue

A crimson red sky lay above, darkish purple-blue clouds rolling in along like waves on the sea. They danced through the air, an assortment of violets and pinks appearing on and off. Drifting below the sky there sat rocky shores, shores that waves slammed against. They moved slower and slower, pushing sands forward.

Crabs scuttled along the shore banks towards the grasslands. From the grounds, thin rolls of mist began to rise and roll around, darkening as time went on. Further from the shores though not too far, an assortment of pipes stuck vertically out of the ground in bunches. They'd climb up into the sky many meters before curving out and heading further from the sea.

Back they ran, meters and meters of metal on and on. They stretched far, finally arriving at a compound. Tall metal buildings stuck out of a deep pit of iron, pipes littering themselves in the air around. They clung to walls, to buildings, to the grounds. The further in they went, the more the compound opened up.

Sidewalks of stone began to appear from building to building, abandoned streets of tar and dirt. This also went on and on, all the way to the center of the city. A tall tower sat in the middle, portions sticking far out seemingly unsuspended from the ground. All the way near the top, a platform hung out from inside the building, a platform where multiple figures hovered casting kindred shadows.

White fabric flapped, fabric painted with various symbols. An eye within a sphere with lines twisting out of it, a crescent above the main body of the insignia. Several, altogether, all stationary, all facing one another.

“So... do you believe that the Tribe suspects anything?” one of the figures questioned.

A taller man's head turned, black hair shimmering, "No, not at all heh heh. And what of the Hive?"

"I'm alive yet, aren't I?" the first replied, stepping out of the shadows of the building.

"Fair enough Cylux, fair enough," the second chuckled.

"The Dharkanians have the map to the shards, and the Lightonians are on the hunt to try and stop the next apocalypse. I would say all is going as planned rather well, eh?" a female spoke up, a slight European accent attached to the remark.

"Hmm, you know, I feel like we're forgetting something," the second once more commented.

"Ahahahaha, of course you do because you are Mister Axis," a red haired individual laughed.

"And what would that be?" the second, known as Axis, asked.

"Arkaza, right?" yet another individual commented with a slight chuckle.

"Ahahahaha, as delightful as a date night with poison ivy, you are correct Voltuska," the red haired one laughed.

"Hmph, Tobex is right," one more, another woman, replied, "Cylux, how does Arkaza fit into the plan again?"

"Very carefully Erin. Arkaza is powerful," Cylux began, "We can not win by simply playing the Lightonians and the Dharkanians. We need something more, something that Arkaza- no, something that Hisan's entire force can provide."

"And what of the girl?" came the question, "You seem to have taken some special interest in her. What? Is there a prophecy or something, eh?"

"Pft, prophecies. I find that rather jerking. Destiny is what we decide, not what we are told to do. Prophecies are so stupid," Cylux grumbled, "No, there is no prophecy. She is simply something unique. From the moment she acquired the girl, Holly Bell had

big intentions for her. Was it something Holly saw in her? Perhaps; though what can one truly see in an infant, right? Heh heh.”

“So what’s the friggen deal boss?” Voltuska muttered, “If there’s no prophecy, and if she wasn’t born special, then why is she of such interest?”

“It’s more or less how she grew up. As I said, Holly wagered on the girl becoming something. It’s not the first time after all, many have tried to raise weapons in such circumstance. This is simply the first time it has born fruit. Right now Holly believes that that girl will be a huge asset to the Tribe but I know better. Once on the inside, once she sees what they are truly like... heh, well, she’ll be a divide just like Arkaza. And it is divides like them that fuel our own cause.”

“So speaking of that,” another man started, “How soon can we get underway with this great operation?”

From the shadows themselves right behind Cylux, multiple echoing footsteps became audible. From the shadows walked The Shadows in unison, right up to Cylux’s back. Close behind said Shadows approached Toby, his clouded eyes have closed, rather narrowed with some form of apparent focus placed ahead as his master continued.

Cylux turned, eyes visible with a brilliantly glowing sapphire to them. Blue flames in turn erupted around the masked individual, flames that were much like an aura, “Rest assured, we are at the point where it all falls into place. After hundreds of years- no, after thousands if not tens of thousands, we are finally ready to move forward into the spotlight.”

“Ahahahahaha, like sheep to the sheering house of slaughter, yes yes,” Tobex laughed.

“We are officially in the last century of the plan. Soon, so very soon, all of our goals will be achieved. Earth, Sillith, Frostosis, the galaxies- the whole universe, it will be remade into exactly what we wish. No one will be able to stop it. Not Hive, not

Tribe, not those of the Mephisto, not even the Gods if they should exist. All will soon be one, one under our own power. Our vision will become reality at long last!”

Behind Cylux came an echoing, demonic-type laughter. All that became visible was the outline of a sphere, then the view of a massive red eye with a black cornea and a white pupil. All of those present broke into laughter as Cylux continued walking forward to the edge of the platform they stood upon. Far out the waves crashed against the shore, Cylux’s eyes locked to this movement of water.

A chuckle rose up in that moment, “Heh heh... and soon you shall be ours as well Bakuuva, eh? No, no not Bakuuva, rather what I should say is your true name...”

His eyes closed for a moment as the Shadows continued on behind. Some synced up at their master’s side, some behind. Cylux’s eyes opened again, the sapphire burning around brightly this time before fading. Above a caw could be heard as a crow flew overhead. A shriek came as a larger bird swooped down with talons outstretched, sinking them straight into the crow.

Right then as the sun began its final descent in the horizon, Cylux’s voice echoed,

“Elise... Macabre!”

Special Thanks

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