

Tainted Soul

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 2: From The Ashes

I'm not sure how much time had passed after that fateful day. I awoke in my shrine yet I had no memory of my life before I had awoken. I paid no attention to anything in the house as I left to look around where I was. Finding myself on the main road to Kelay, I made my way west when I happened to run across a young dragon. Although its years of life were short, she still dwarfed me considerably. I backed away from her as she began to speak to me. She was rather kind actually. Noticing that I was rather naked, she swiftly took me to the local shop just south of the tavern where she was generous enough to purchase some clothing for me. Deciding to hide my face from the world, I pulled the hood of my cloak over my head and wrapped one side over my face. She asked me who I was and oddly enough, even my name eluded me. Seeing the predicament I was in, she decided to take it upon herself to name me as well, at least until I could find some answers of my past. She called me Tyrael. Apparently, it is a name of a high angel she had believed to have seen one day while flying. At the mention of flight, my mind began to perk, as if it were a sign of something familiar. I reached across my shoulder and scratched my back, finding nothing but skin there. Apparently, whatever had happened to me left me completely human. My head began to ache as we made our way to the tavern to eat. Everything seemed so familiar. Sights, smells, the very feeling of this place pounded at my mind as if driving me towards an unknown destination. I watched the others silently, looking for any sign of something familiar. But nothing came to me. I told the dragon of where I first found myself and she seemed to know it well. She said a woman named Xaka owned the house. I thought to myself that perhaps she might know who I was so I asked if she could introduce me. She had told me that sadly, her fiancé, a man by the name of Alexander had recently died and Xaka was in mourning of him, so she warned me not to expect the most pleasant reception. However she did agree to introduce me the next time they met as we sat down to eat.

I followed her for the next few days, taking in the landscape as well as looking for an opportunity to repay her for aiding me, when we came across Xaka in the tavern. She was just as the dragon spoke. She sat at a table with a few others, yet the look on her face was a despair that masked her beauty like the darkest of shadows. Whoever this Alexander was, it was apparent that she loved him very much. We sat down at the table as I listened to many things the others were saying about what had happened to him. There were quite a few different stories making it impossible to ascertain the truth. As time passed in the tavern, Xaka began to get very inebriated from the whiskies she was ordering. She nearly threw me across the room when I said to her

that happiness was never found at the bottom of a glass. Something about it all bothered me. Some called Alexander a coward for giving up, Some understood that his tortured soul could not overcome the evils that had befallen him, yet it mattered not, at least not to me. I focused more on comforting Xaka in attempts to help heal her shattered heart. I ignored the fact that I had no memory to do this as I felt something when I was near her, as if we were connected in some way, although my head hurt greatly when I thought about it. I agreed to aid her in finding out the truth to what had happened to Alexander and sought to find the one whom was rumored to have killed him... A man by the name of Nelmarious.

A few days passed, but eventually, Xaka and I found Nelmarious. Xaka became immediately infuriated and would have killed him had I not convinced her to hear what the dwarf had to say. By the end of his story, Xaka was in tears. We did our best to comfort her as she wept, but she did thank him in the end for telling her what had happened to her love. It took quite a long time, but soon enough, Xaka began to heal inside. Unfortunately for me however, my headaches only got worse though I did my best not to show it to anyone. One day however, the pain overcame me.

I was out hunting one day when I came across a large, black dragon battling a rather skinny looking elf. I of course intervened and drew my weapon at the beast. The dragon grasped me by the neck as I began to feel a truly darkened power through my head. I cried out in pain as I was cast over a nearby cliff. Bouncing from rocky ledge to rocky ledge, I came to rest at the bottom as screams of pain resonated throughout the area, When I came to what little senses I had at the time, I found that the screams of pain were coming from me. It felt as if the dragon had crushed my head in its grasp, yet I still lived. I passed out from the pain and when I awoke, my mind felt ablaze as I lay lifelessly on the ground. Two days passed until I could move once again, but when I managed to regain my senses...

I went to the place I had woken from, the shrine in the house I shared with Xaka once and merely stood there. How was I alive? What had happened to me? My wings were gone, as was Soulfire. But the thing more apparent than anything was I felt calm. No trace of the hatred I had before was in me. It was as if in my death, it was taken away before I came back. As I pondered these things, Xaka came in and found me there. She seemed angered at the fact I was in her home and demanded an explanation. I slowly made my way to the small shrine and looked upon the five phoenix statues there. I noticed one was misplaced so I of course reached out and took it in my hand. As I did, my mind erupted with visions that were not of my eyes. I saw Nelmarious holding his axe above my head, and Narelus waving his hands as a blue light emanated from his palms. When I was struck down, they left silently as the form I seemed to be in lifted from the ground. As if gliding on a cushion of air, it floated towards my body and upon touching it, the vision ended. Another painful flash hit my head as I realized that I was seeing through the eyes of Soulfire. It had bonded with me when mortal life ceased in order to raise me from death. Seeing these things broke the seal I had placed on my memory before I was born into human form as I realized that Soulfire was in fact my soul. It seems that when Kaizer released it, it was born into a completely new creature, The phoenix essence I was, yet also there was the human form I had created. I fell to my knees as the memories of time flooded my mind. No mortal would have been able to take such an increase in knowledge without going insane yet thankfully,

taking into account of what I truly am, there appeared to be no damage done as centuries worth of sensations and knowledge ripped through my mind. Slowly I rose to my feet, the pain in my head finally ceasing as Xaka again asked me why I had entered her home and this shrine.

I said nothing to her in reply. I simply removed the hood from my face and looked at her. The expression on her face was that of complete shock. She knew I had died and yet here I was, right in front of her. I whispered her name when suddenly, she pushed me quite hard against the wall of the shrine. She was angry at many things. The fact I had chosen to die, the pain and frustration that followed for her, and the fact that I had come back when she had finally come to terms with it all. Now that I think about it, it was quite a bit to fathom in such a short time. I told her what had happened to me as she began to calm down. She was still quite upset and mentally drained from it all, which made it awkward for me as I was unsure of where to go from there. In dying, I had expected that she should not have to honor our engagement should she choose not to and at the time, it seemed as though that were the case. We parted that day on those awkward terms as I began to think of the future. I chose to remain with my current name, although Akyana would not have wished it, the memory of being Alexander brought with it nothing but memories of the pain and disappointment that I had caused. To me, it seemed as though Xaka wished to have no part of our previous life together so I kept a considerable distance, trying not to let old feelings take hold again. I focused on my training. Specifically, my magical abilities and soon became one of the most skilled healers in the land, but my thoughts however seemed to dwell on her. I wanted nothing more than to be with her again, yet the things I had done... the pain I had caused her and the people of the land weighed heavily on my mind. I sought redemption from those who had already seemed to forget the things that happened in the previous month. As I fought with myself, Xaka finally confronted me. Again, we spent a long time talking about everything that had happened and eventually found that our love for each other was the same as it had always been. We were finally together again as my heart became at ease, or at least that is what I portrayed to everyone when in actuality, I still tried to find a way to relieve the guilt I had inside me. Even to this day, years after it happened, I still wish to find it, at least for myself. It was then that I swore to all of Hollow that Kaizer would never rule the land, not so long as I could take a breath within me. I would mold myself into the hero that Hollow needed and defend the land from all evils that would threaten it.