

The Shatter

A normal day out in the Qudaan forests, as usual it was, but today was already off for the hunter. It was too quiet, and he saw several tracks of the dreaded Tundra beasts no one wanted to get caught being alone around. The air blew with its sub-freezing chills as it usually did, but the way it weaved through the trees in a seemingly lifeless forest was all the more harrowing. The Phenx hunter was also considerably smaller than the native Qudaan and Toruna here as was, him facing a beast always meant him using fierce magic, or that he had to run a lot and use his specially enchanted crossbow bolts; both were precious resources that he simply did not waste. Fear hadn't stopped creeping over his shoulders ever since he had noticed he was being stalked by a Sehkt whom he couldn't see the face of entirely, but the memory of the beak reminded him of who he remember having such a pattern, and it gave him gut turning chills on top of the unforgiving cold weather.

He crunched through the snow as quiet as he could, but there were simply too many spots that consisted of frozen chunks of snow that cracked and shattered under his footsteps. He often looked side to side, and kept his crossbow at the ready in case something were to pop out of nowhere. While he wasn't in need of meat or hide for a good while, he still hunts to keep a good stock of meats ready, and hides for clothing and bags. He saw a few other prints, and sighed in relief. The typical grazers, maybe he would have a normal hunt afterall. His spirit ignited a bit, and he seemed more than ready. "Maybe I can surprise my sweet Mera with a hearty fresh meal afterall... hehe... that would be lovely rather." He would start to follow the tracks, although not directly, constantly watching for any other movement other than his own. A few Buru'nyu here and there, they seemed to watch him for a little while, as he did them. The Phenx smiled, as he did not kill such creatures. They were adorable in his eyes, and his adopted daughter loved playing with them all the time at the back of their home.

He eventually stopped following the tracks when he saw that quite a few had followed him, so he crouched down and let them come to him, and he would rub their heads gently, and pet a few. This kindled his heart some more, and it gave him another reminder, that however many trials he's been through, love found its way in his life, and gave him the strength to continue on. He kept thinking about his family, his friends, and how they all supported him. He gave a soft smile to one of the little ones as it seemed to try and nap in his coat pocket. Mesra'hó... She made him smile every time he saw her, and the little Buru'nyu asleep in his coat pocket reminded him of her when she fell asleep in his arms when he carried her home from the nightmarish event that happened to her. The avalanche, the beasts, and the battle that ensued with him using a powerful, and vicious burning magic attack known as the 'Dawn of a Thousand Blades' when normal bolts from his bow wasn't stopping the beasts. He has had to use it twice

now, ever since Mera'fonix had taught him the mind blowing spell. It attracted a guard one time when he was battling the beast, in which he didn't notice until the beast had been singed and absolutely slaughtered by the praxic, fiery blades of solar energy. He shifted his focus back to the hunt he was going after, and set the sleeping fuzzball on the ground with its parents. It seems the wildlife, at least the ones he had fairly acquainted himself fairly well with, liked to be around him.

He went back onto the tracks, and the small bunch of Buru'nyu seemed to stop following after some time. He came upon the tracks when he saw a set of tracks belonging to what seemed to be... a tundra beast... And the prey he was tracking had shifted its pattern in the tracks, or at least what wasn't smashed by the beast's tracks, and then what started to be a gorey blood trail. It was running, and so was the beast, until it must have caught it. Chills absolutely drenched his body. "No- no not good... I have to exit this area of the forest now..." And with that he headed in a diagonal path from the trail, going through some trails that weren't commonly used by other hunters or animals in hopes of concealing himself or leading himself away from what might be a nasty fight, death, or who knows what. He saw an opening, and went for it, to smell the fresh, clear snow and stream water nearby as soon as he broke the treeline. He relaxed, and sighs, comfortably, only to see the blood trail not very far from him, to his right... He froze, his head was the only thing that moved, and saw the tundra beast... half the clearing's length from him. Both of his hearts started to pound, and his rib cages barely held them in. He was properly frightened, as this was where he did *NOT* want to be at.

It looked around, blood all over its front end, from what Ada'ven could tell using a monoscope he took with him since his wife had essentially a load of... supplies she took from a pirate ship whose crew she murdered all of but one. He put it up quickly, and loaded his crossbow with his most powerful variant of his magic bolts. This one had the strength of a single praxic solar blade from his magic spell. Mera'fonix had long mastered this and knew how to attune magic into the bolts carefully. It was ready to fire, but by that time the beast had seen him, and slowly started to head in his direction. "Oh... fuck... oh fuck no!" He exclaimed to himself, prepared to use some minor arcanic magic to assist in dealing with the beast. He aimed at it carefully and shot, with it whizzing and smacking it right in its chest. It roared at him in obvious pain, and anger, but now it started to charge at him, and this was never good. It was a searing pain that prevented the beast from running with full capability, as one lung was pierced and burned partially. Ada pulled out his gut machete and whispered a spell that made it glow red and it was now enchanted with a fiery menace.

He started to gash at it, hacking, slicing open several wounds. He cast a minor blinding spell upon it so that it couldn't see him while he was attacking. It made the fight much easier on him, before he got whacked by one of its limbs as it flailed, sending him backwards into the snow. That definitely hurt, and he definitely had some bruises. He got up instantly and whipped

out his blade again to send a heated slash before an ear piercing scream struck through the air, and he felt the ground quake, and a sudden gorey explosion happened before his eyes, covering his entire left side in blood, and bits of flesh and hide had hit him. He screamed in reaction, not knowing what in the everloving gods just happened. As he regained some of his hearing, he saw someone, looking down at him. He... couldn't tell exactly who or what it was, he saw blue-ish hues, and a chasm starting from where they were. He grabbed his monoscope to see who that was, or maybe clues as to what just happened. Unfortunately for him, they had started running away no sooner he had it out, but it had a singular crack in its lens; though he did see, more clearly, her side, barely, as she disappeared from view. A female, probably Toruna or Qudaan... He saw a stubby tail and the second set of arms... He now felt so confused... and wanted answers badly. He is covered in blood on one side, and has a nasty bruise on his right side... He really was starting to not like today... at all.



He was walking back, towards Sura'tami, a well known Qudaan town in the frozen lands of the Qudaan. He was reflecting what had happened, and felt... so jostled. He kept going towards the city, still covered in the blood of the beast on his left side. He was dazed, before looking back up, he was headed to the more western gate, the one that was near the temple of Rournx, since his plans was to visit the marketplace originally, but now he felt like he should probably visit the medical center after he got inside the city. He got up to the gate, and was quiet the entire time until one of the guards, whom were laughing with each other, seen the Phenx Hunter, covered in blood, and seemingly hollow in emotion for the moment.

“Hey, what’s with him?... He’s covered in blood.” one of them said to the other.

“Looks like he seen some shit too, whatever it was. Something definitely isn’t right with this hunter...” the other answered back, as he gives a concerned brow towards the Phenx nearing the door. They stepped in front of the entrance, and spoke to him in concern.

“Hey, you look like something nasty happened to you, mind spilling the story and explaining why you’re covered in blood, hunter?” The first asked him, motioning his hand at his face and side covered in blood.

“Please, you look more than unwell and we cannot let you into the city until you give us a small bit of what happened.” The female spoke to him with a rather commanding tone.

Ada nodded to them, rather slowly. Two Qudaan who were much larger than him? There was no use in refusing what is probably necessary to be told. “I... was hunting... and a tundra beast seen me. I fought it, and then I heard something ear piercing, and I watched it explode...

I... don't know what happened... It doesn't make sense... My head hurts from what happened and my side is more than bruised..." He would say, all the while seeming looking indirectly at the door, as if he didn't really want to look at their faces for a reaction, for all he wanted, and needed, was some medical attention to make sure he didn't break or fracture anything, and to wash up, if possible.

The two guards looked at the Phenx, whom was staring at the door, and they didn't really expect to hear what they did... although... the reports of the Toruna hunters having exploded after someone had been struck with arrows seemed to pass around a bit. They were concerned about his mentality, and the fact that he wasn't even looking at them, just... staring at the door. A few minutes passed by of concerned decision making and uncertainty, before they decided to let him through. Normally they would have happily let people through, but someone of this mental state and appearance didn't set right with 'normal' at all.

"Enter, but get some medical attention, and this is an order. If I see you or hear you leave the city without being taken care of, I will have you tracked down and questioned further. Do you understand?" the female guard asked him, after asserting her demands towards him.

Ada nodded, before giving his short reply to her. "Yes ma'am..."

And with that, the door opened, and he passed through. They closed the gate behind him, no doubtedly talking more on the person they let through, and trying to make sense of the short description he gave them of what he said happened. Many he came by stared at him, but he seemed to pay no attention. He didn't care, simply, for a lack of words, before arriving at the marketplace. He looked around for similar patterns, or of what he had seen, simply wanting answers. He looked so dazed, confused, and he started to ask those in the market if anyone had seen someone similar to his description. Most gave him an awkward look, or just shooed him away. Very few told him that they've seen her, but were uncertain as to why he asked. He simply just told them he saw her in the forest, and that a tundra beast was near the area in which she was, which was not exactly a lie. Once he couldn't find her in the marketplace, though, he simply gave up, but at least he knew whoever she was, she resided somewhere close to here. Perhaps he'd run into her someday, when bodies aren't blowing up or when mortal danger for either her or him was not imminent. He groaned, rubbing his bruised side, it definitely hurt, and wished he knew who she really was, other than her name was Laya'zere.

He kept on to the medical facility, where he was treated, but also bombarded with questions, in which he only told a few bits of what happened, as he didn't really want to be looked at as crazy or deluded. Perhaps another day, he'll have proper rest, and not in a medical facility.