

Shadow 1594

Chapter 1594 The Beginning

A Song is being Sung and someone is dreaming.

Someone, somewhere is scheming, and someone somewhere is playing chess.

Someone somewhere is crying and someone somewhere is watching.

On Earth, Pandemonium is in the verge of chaos. Sasha brings back news that Death Monarch disappeared.

Of course, this news is confidential and only a few people know it. All the great figures and great officials of Pandemonium is summoned to the Centre Palace.

The Three Great Generals of Pandemonium, Sina the Great Alchemist, the Lodge Leaders of the Halls in the Shadow Guards, Sasha the Nightingale, the Immortal Couple, Celestial Painter Xu Cong, Heaven Flute Lihua, Somi the Sword Fairy, Head Keeper of the Palace, the governors, the Knights gathered in the Capital city of Pandemonium, Adern

These are the people that is being informed

But depending on their level of clearance, so e of them only knows that something happened.

The only one who knows the true problem is Sasha, Sina, and the Three Great Generals.

And while others are gathering in the throne room, these five people is in the Oval Office of Pandemonium

This is usually the office of Death Monarch.

The key of this office is given to only three people.

One of them is in Sina hands. The other is on Sasha. And the other one is on Wang Jian.

Now, three of those people is in the office and they all is thinking of how to contain this news.

As for what is happening outside of the Centre Palace, there is a certain chaos brewing.

The people of Pandemonium could see that a certain formation is being set up.

Some people also notices that there is a blue light that pierces through the heaven and a mass fluctuation of energy exploded before.

They know that something had happened.

They just didn't know what.

This is what is happening on Pandemonium.

A bit of chaos that is growing by the second

On the other side of the world there is an old wanderer sitting on top of a boulder, on top of a snowy peak, his eyes looking at someone inside a cabin

Around him there is a snow storm but the snow did not fall on him and the wind gust of the storms avoided him like a plague.

"Hmm....Void. What an...apt name. That orb..."

This wanderer eyes see through everything and he could see an orb and this kind of orb is tangled in so many causes and effect

And it even involves the cause and effect of divine beings death and life. He sighed

"It is not my fate. I should not covet such thing and be involved in such cause and effect" he mutters to himself.

Then he look at his palm and a silvery white liquid seems to appear out of nowhere.

If one look at this liquid, one could see that there is a scenery inside the liquid.

This liquid like substance is a memory

A memory of an oracle. This old wanderer smiles and laughed

And if someone could see the smile of this old wanderer , one would agree, that his smile looks cunning

And while on Earth, there is all of this happening, Azief did not know all of this.

He is at the forge and is now being guided by the source of all clairvoyants, to see something....so he could understand something

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BOOM!

And then the Forge of Worlds burst into action with a deafening roar, and the sound of hammer striking metals could be heard

its rhythmic symphony of hammer blows resonating like divine thunderbolts, strong enough to make entire worlds shudder in awe.

The fires within the forge raged with a brilliance akin to a thousand suns.

The uncontainable energies swirled and danced in a magnificent display of power

In the corner of this celestial forge, a miniature sun burned with an intensity that rivalled the grandest stars.

Azief has a suspicion that this miniature sun is probably forged in this place

It was bound within an ethereal force field, contained for a purpose known only to the owner of this forge

"I know where this forge is" Azief mutters to himself.

This is another peculiarity, he thought to himself.

He clearly had never seen this chamber, and this forge but the knowledge about this forge is in his head , like a long-forgotten memory that is now just triggered

The forge is situated within the heart of a raging volcano.

That is something he instinctively knows and he closes his eyes and the moment he closes it, the memory of what this place looks like, imprinted in his mind like he had walked this floor and experience everything there is to know about this place

He remembers that Lava cascaded down its sides, painting a vivid tapestry of liquid fire and molten rock that seemed to stretch on endlessly.

Volcanic fumes would sometimes erupt from the forge's chimney, wafting into the cavernous expanse.

This unique forge was anything but ordinary.

And this place is a dark and eerie place, where the boundaries between the natural and the supernatural blurred.

The magma-laden rock formations, the molten rivers that cut through the earth, and the fantastic, unearthly atmosphere gave the entire area a surreal and dreamlike quality.

Surrounding the central forge is a labyrinthine network of caves.

These caverns, too, carried an air of mystery and danger.

Some are filled with molten rock and magma pools, while others contained peculiar rock formations shaped by the primal forces of the volcano.

"I know this place....I know it by heart" And Azief look at Borgan once again, hoping for an explanation but it is clear Borgan is not interested in telling him right now what is the reason for him to have such a vivid memory of this place

So, Azief observe again.

And then there is the sound of footsteps

The rhythmic clinking of footsteps reverberated throughout the Forge of Worlds, followed by an eerie sizzling sound that seemed to resonate in harmony with the powerful forces at play.

A figure emerged entering the chamber.

This being is a colossal giant, with broad shoulders and a towering presence.

His features is otherworldly, with rounded, stony-like eyes.

Sharp, angular eyebrows framed his face, and his deep blue skin added a surreal depth to his appearance.

Yet, it is his hair that captured the most attention.

It blazed with the fiery brilliance of stars, exuding intense heat that distorted the space around him.

He carried an aura of overwhelming power, and it was as if the very essence of creation is gathered in his presence.

A radiant smile graced his lips as his gaze swept across the forge, and his eyes twinkled with mirth when he spotted a massive hammer that stood before him.

With a hearty laugh, the giant approached his work, ready to embark on a new creation or perhaps the forging of another world.

"Today, forging again. What a happy day!"

The Etherna mutters to himself smiling happily. Just by looking at him, one could see that he is truly happy with his job.

The towering giant reveled in his work, a broad smile gracing his angular features.

His delight in the art of creation is evident, radiating happiness that seemed to be directly tied to his work.

Azief, unable to conceal his curiosity, posed a question. "Who is this?"

Borgan, who was observantly watching both Azief and Phaitos, gave an explanation.

"This is Phaitos. He's a blacksmith, at least he began as one. He hails from the House of Tos."

Her expression turned bittersweet as she continued, "Phaitos has a strong passion for forging. His father, on the other hand, was more inclined toward combat. Phaitos enjoyed crafting things for his father, who was more interested in battle."

Borgan let out another deep sigh, her voice carrying the weight of countless ages.

"The truth is, he initially forged weapons out of necessity for his father. However, over time, he discovered that he enjoyed the craft. In the eternal existence of our race, death is not a concern, and these endeavours can lose their significance. After fighting for tens of thousands of years, even the most enthusiastic warriors among us begin to feel the weariness of battle."

Borgan continued, "Yet Phaitos never grew weary of his craft. He found that there was always something new to discover"

She sighed a bit. And she chuckles bitter

"Then, Time arrived, and with it, Entropy. Death followed, and with it, meaning. Death brings both sadness and joy. Where there is life, there must be death. Where there is spring, there must be winter. In the presence of fortune, there is also doom. It is the contrast that gives rise to wonderful things. One who has never felt sadness cannot fully appreciate the true meaning of happiness."

She paused for a second

"And so on and so forth"

And she sighed again

Azief look at Borgan. He did not feel anything in particular about Phaitos. Nor did he feel anything particular for Borgan. After all, he did not know these two. Right now, he is just going along with her because he wanted to know how to escape this place.

And he is quite sure that Borgan would tell him how. This is his instinct. And for a person like him, instinct for him is like the hint of fate and destiny

Instinct like this that avoid dangers and seek fortune is honed by his experience.

He could guess what Borgan is trying to show him

"Is this the forging of the Ten rings?"