The Hollow Incident

Ten years ago.

The Hollow estate.

It had been past midnight.

The family was asleep when the explosion tore through the front wing of the mansion. Windows shattered. Smoke filled the corridors. The sound of gunfire followed seconds later.

Security guards didn't stand a chance.

They were slaughtered before they could return fire.

Kade's parents burst into his bedroom. His father grabbed his shoulder while his mother rushed to his little sister.

"Kade. Sofia," his mother whispered urgently. "No matter what happens, you stay in this room. Do you understand?"

"Daddy and I will handle it," his father added, forcing a calm smile that didn't reach his eyes.

Kade was shaking.

He held his sister tightly as their parents stepped out and closed the door behind them.

The gunshots grew louder. Voices echoed through the hallway, Sofia buried her face into Kade's chest. He couldn't breathe. He moved slowly toward the door. Just enough for him to see through the small opening, he watched his parents forced onto their knees in the

hallway, surrounded by masked gunmen dressed in black tactical gear.

"Please," his father said, voice steady despite the blood trickling down his forehead. "You can take anything you want. Money. Documents. Just let my family go."

One of the gunmen tilted his head.

"We've already been paid," he replied coldly. "And our job is to eliminate you."

BAM.

The shot echoed like thunder.

Kade's mother collapsed instantly, a dark stain spreading across the marble floor.

His father roared in fury and lunged forward. He managed to knock one gunman off balance, the pistol flying from the man's grip and sliding across the floor—

Stopping inches from Kade's door.

Then—

BAM.

BAM.

BAM.

Three bullets tore into his father's back.

He fell forward. Blood pooling beneath him.

Kade's vision blurred. His ears rang.

His entire body trembled—but no scream came out. But he could feel something violent, creeping out of him.

He pushed the door open fully and stepped into the hallway.

The fallen gun was right there.

He picked it up with shaking hands.

"I'M GONNA KILL YOU ALL!" He screamed pointing the gun at the criminals.

The gunmen turned toward him.

For a brief second, they were stunned.

A fourteen-year-old boy stood in the smoke-filled hallway, trembling, holding a pistol far too big for his shaking hands.

"Boss," one of the men muttered, glancing at Kade. "What do we do with the kids?"

The leader didn't hesitate.

"Shoot him."

Before the man could raise his weapon—

WEEEEEOOOOO—

Sirens wailed from outside the estate.

Red and blue lights flashed through shattered windows.

"The cops are here!" one of them hissed.

The leader cursed. "Move! Now!"

"What about the kids?"

The leader's eyes were cold behind his mask.

"There's a timed bomb in the building. It'll go off in three minutes. They won't survive." 1

They began retreating toward the rear exit.

But as the last man turned—

"I won't let you escape!" Kade screamed.

His finger pulled the trigger.

BAM!

The recoil nearly knocked him backward, but the bullet struck cleanly through the man's leg.

The assassin collapsed with a howl of pain. The others hesitated for half a second. But survival meant more than loyalty. They ran. Leaving him behind.

"Arghhh!" the wounded man screamed, clutching his shattered leg.

Kade rushed forward, fury drowning his fear. He aimed the gun directly at the man's chest.

"You killed my mom!" His voice cracked violently. "I won't spare you!"

The assassin reached toward him weakly. "Drop the gun, you stupid kid—"

BAM.

BAM.

BAM.

BAM.

Kade emptied the entire magazine.

The hallway fell silent except for the ringing in his ears.

The man's body was motionless.

Blood spread across the marble floor.

Heavy boots thundered into the estate.

"Police! Drop the weapon!"

Kade slowly turned.

Officers stood at the shattered entrance, weapons raised.

A younger Jefferey Sky stood among them. Just a junior officer at that time.

They saw:

A fourteen-year-old boy.

Covered in blood. Holding a gun. Surrounded by corpses.

"Put the weapon down!" an officer shouted.

Kade dropped it instantly.

"They killed them!" he cried out, pointing desperately toward his parents' bodies. "They killed my mom and dad! They planted a bomb —they're still inside—my sister is upstairs!"

The officers exchanged looks.

One of them muttered, "Jesus..."

Another whispered, "He snapped."

"He's possessed by the devil."

Two officers grabbed him roughly.

"No! Listen to me!" Kade struggled. "There were masked men—they shot them! My sister—Sofia is still inside!"

Officer Sky stepped closer, eyes scanning the scene.

The dead gunman at Kade's feet. The pistol. The angle of the shots. No other attackers in sight. No surveillance footage active.

It looked simple. Too simple. They labeled it a 'Psychotic break'.

"Secure him," Sky ordered quietly.

For the first time that night—

Tears rolled down Kade's face.

"They killed them..." he whispered. "I was trying to save them..."

And then—

BOOOOOOM!

The explosion ripped through the upper floor.

Flames burst from the windows. The blast knocked officers off their feet. Smoke swallowed the house.

Sofia never made it out.

Fourteen-year-old Kade Hollow was charged with multiple counts of homicide and unlawful possession of a firearm.

Declared unstable. Violent. A danger to society.

He was sent to juvenile detention.

But even there—

They couldn't control him.

Older teenagers tried to intimidate him.

He broke arms, cracked ribs, left bullies unconscious on concrete floors. He refused to bow. Refused to be prey.

Within two years, the facility labeled him "extreme risk."

At sixteen—

In a move almost unheard of—

Kade Hollow was transferred to Tartarus.

The prison for monsters.

That was where he met the old man. That no one spoke to, or even went close to. He stayed in the far corner of the yard, eyes half-closed, as if asleep.

The first time Kade approached him, he didn't speak.

He simply placed his untouched meal tray beside him.

The old man opened one eye.

"You're either foolish," he said quietly, "or different."

Kade sat down beside him.

"I don't like wasting food."

A faint smile crossed the old man's face.

From that day forward—

The old man began to teach him.

Not just how to fight. But how to see.

He taught him martial arts beyond modern systems.

Breathing methods that sharpened the mind.

Secret techniques that could shatter bone with minimal movement.

The Five Dragon Claws Techniques.

And medicine that surpassed all modern understanding. That was when the Hand of God was born. 1