Plot:  
"In the year 2100, the year marking the birth of spacial travel, a year of complete dominance of human over the entire planet. Humans have developed various technology, weapons, medicine, lifestyle that are completely different from before. They have explored the entire ocean and solved various theories and statements of the past. They have studied the Earth by more than 85% and now in this upcoming 100 years they plan to dominate the remaining 20%. Now, in the year 2120. Humans have waked up the ancient creatures that were living peacefully in the remaining 20% land bringing up disasters upon earth. This has bought up a chain reaction causing mutations upon all creatures on the surface of Earth. The once peaceful Earth started to change. Animals started to become bigger and more ferocious. More people started to die due to the mutations, but those who survived become more powerful than a armoured soldier. The ancient creatures have made domains of their own all over the land and ground. Noticing this rising issue, mankind made a difficult decision- nuclear weapon. Yes, they launched nuclear weapons over these domains after long negotiations. But to no veil. Not just the ancient creatures, even some more powerful mutated animals were not affected. This showed that nuclear weapons that humans have developed for years are nothing but plaything to these creatures. How will mankind survive this ordeal. Will he go back to the Ancient methods, or will he use the modern weapons or will he combine them both.

Osaka, September 9th, 2120.

The skies had bled for three months.

They were crimson now, a wound that never closed, streaked with ash and smoke. Sunlight did not shine anymore—it bled down through the haze in molten shafts, painting the ruins of Osaka in fire. The city that had once pulsed with color, alive with neon and the laughter of millions, now smoldered like a dying ember.

Osaka’s skyline, once a crown of shimmering towers and glowing billboards, hunched like broken teeth against the horizon. The proud arc of Umeda’s skyscrapers was fractured, glass and steel bent into grotesque angles. Namba’s famous signs—giant holographic crabs, glowing athletes sprinting across digital screens—still flickered weakly through the smoke, their lights stuttering like dying hearts. Their messages looped endlessly, selling meals that would never be eaten, tickets to concerts that would never play.

On the streets, ruin reigned.

Magrail trains lay derailed and twisted, their cars stacked like broken toys across intersections. The bullet-shaped taxis that had once zipped above the crowds were burned-out husks, some still twitching with sparks from their broken engines. Service drones littered the ground, their chrome shells cracked, their limbs bent at impossible angles. A few still stammered faintly, their AIs looping in broken desperation: *“Package undelivered. Route recalculating… Error.”*

And everywhere, the bodies.

They slumped in doorways, sprawled across crosswalks, piled in the shadows of towers. Some were untouched, faces still locked in expressions of terror or disbelief. Others had been torn apart, their flesh shredded, bones cracked open like twigs. Ash fell over them in soft layers, as though the world tried to bury its dead in a thin shroud of black snow.

But Osaka was not silent.

From alleys and plazas came sound—the ragged remnants of life. Survivors still clung to the ruins, scattered and desperate. In the skeletal shell of a department store, a group of men carried rifles looted from an armory, their laughter harsh, empty of joy. Down a side street, a woman cradled her child, rocking him gently, whispering prayers to gods who had gone quiet. A man limped through the dust, blood soaking through a makeshift bandage, his voice hoarse as he called for help no one gave.

Others fought. On a collapsed highway, two scavengers clawed over a crate of food. One swung a jagged pipe; the other raised a pistol, scavenged and rusting. The gunshot cracked through the haze, scattering flocks of twisted birds into the bleeding sky. The man with the pipe collapsed, twitching. The one with the pistol snatched the crate, stumbling away, his face blank.

The predators watched from the shadows.

Rats the size of wolves scurried in packs, their red eyes gleaming as they gnawed at corpses. Birds with too many wings shrieked as they circled the streets, waiting for the weak to fall. Once-familiar strays—cats and dogs—no longer resembled the companions they had been. Their bodies warped, covered with scales or jagged bone spurs, their movements predatory and cruel.

The city was dying—but it had not yet gone silent.

Amongst this ruin, a boy moved like a shadow.

Kael Ardyn stepped lightly across the cracked street, his boots crunching over shattered glass, his spear angled loosely in his hands. The weapon looked jagged, scavenged, but it was more than scrap. Alloys reforged, bound with strips of wiring, etched with runes scavenged from whispers of old-world lore—it was survival made steel.

His eyes scanned every rooftop, every alley. Once gray, they now shimmered faintly silver when the ashlight caught them. His ears picked up the vibrations in the air—the scrape of claws, the whimper of a starving dog that was no longer a dog, the faint hum of half-dead drones. His blood thrummed with unnatural energy, the mutation that had spared him when it had twisted so many others.

Kael did not look like a monster. But he was not fully human anymore either.

The silence broke.

“Kael,” came a voice—soft, mechanical, yet warm enough to cut through the ash. “Organic remnants detected. Two hundred meters northeast.”

Kael glanced at his wrist. A slim black band pulsed faint blue, its glow steady. He tilted it closer, whispering under his breath. “You’re certain, Iris?”

“Affirmative,” replied the AI. Calm as ever. “Energy signatures minimal. Probability suggests preserved sustenance. Proceed with caution.”

Kael adjusted the satchel slung across his shoulder. Hunger gnawed at him, sharp and relentless. He had not eaten properly in two days. His body could last longer now—his mutation made him stronger, sharper, resistant to weakness—but hunger was still hunger.

“Lead the way,” he murmured.

And Kael slipped deeper into the ruins, a shadow among the dead.

The city whispered around him as he moved.

Every step Kael took was careful, calculated. His senses mapped the ruins more sharply than any scanner. He felt the subtle tremor of rats gnawing at something in the rubble two streets away. He heard the whisper of wings above, circling, waiting. His tongue tasted the air—ash, smoke, rust, and beneath it, faint and sterile, the chemical tang of sealed rations.

Hunger sharpened everything.

He passed what had once been a plaza. Now it was a grave. Dozens of bodies piled against an overturned transport truck, their faces turned skyward, mouths black with ash. Their weapons lay scattered around them—rusted knives, pipes, a single rifle snapped in half. They must have tried to make a stand here. It hadn’t mattered.

Kael didn’t linger. Pity was a weight, and weights got you killed.

He adjusted the strap of his satchel and whispered, “How far?”

“Seventy meters,” Iris replied, her tone calm as always. “Remnants located within the structure ahead.”

Kael glanced up. The structure was the husk of a food distribution hub, its once-bright walls blackened with soot. Above the collapsed entrance, holographic menus still flickered. Sushi, ramen bowls, burgers—the light-shapes twisted and warped by cracked projectors, repeating endlessly in a loop. Mocking, almost.

Kael tightened his grip on his spear and slipped inside.

The air was heavier here, thick with the scent of rot and burned wiring. The corpses of drones lay scattered across the floor, their chrome shells punctured and bent. One still twitched faintly, its voice crackling: *“Order incomplete. Please remain in designated collection zone—”*

Kael silenced it with a swift kick.

“Iris,” he murmured.

“Bio-signs stronger,” she said at once. “Forty meters. Probability of sustenance: eighty-seven percent.”

Her voice steadied him. Always had. Even when the world had burned.

**Three months earlier…**

Kael had not been a scavenger then. He had been a boy.

Seventeen years old, first-year at Osaka Metaverse College. His days had been filled with lectures in cybernetics and AI development, nights spent racing magrail cars for thrills, weekends spent in neon-lit districts where holograms painted the streets alive. He had dreamed of building machines that could change the world.

Then the Awakening came.

At first, it was just storms—sheets of electromagnetic fire that crashed down from the skies, frying networks, silencing drones mid-flight. Kael had been on campus when the first wave hit, the sky splitting crimson. Towers that could bend and shift their forms cracked open like glass. Magrail trains derailed, sparks carving arcs of fire through screaming streets.

And then the beasts came.

They rose as if the Earth had been keeping them hidden, waiting. Towering things with molten skin, wings too wide for the sky, claws that shattered steel like glass. Creatures older than memory, awakened by forces no one understood.

Osaka fell within hours.

Kael remembered the panic—the streets clogged with fleeing crowds, drones screaming warnings as their systems died one by one, the air filled with fire and ash. He remembered running to the research lab where his parents worked, choking on smoke. His father’s face, sharp with urgency. His mother’s voice, trembling but firm.

They had given him Iris.

His father had strapped the slim black band onto his wrist, his hands shaking. His mother had bent close, her voice cutting through the chaos: *“Stay alive, Kael. Whatever happens—stay alive.”*

Then the lab had gone to fire.

And Kael had run.

He had survived when others didn’t, not just because of Iris, but because something in him had changed. The mutations that twisted countless humans into monsters had sharpened him instead. His senses had grown razor-sharp, his body stronger, faster, more resilient. But there was a cost. Some nights, he felt instincts clawing at him from within, threatening to strip away what was left of his humanity.

Still, he had vowed one thing: he would not just survive. He would adapt.

And he had.

Back in the present, Kael’s boots crunched softly over broken tiles as he moved deeper into the hub.

Then he saw it.

A crate, squat and sealed, wedged beneath collapsed shelving. Its surface shimmered faintly with a stasis-lock field, the last gasp of old-world engineering. Inside, stacked in neat rows, were nutrient pods.

Kael let out a breath that was almost a laugh. For the first time in weeks, his lips curved into a smile.

“Jackpot.”

He knelt by the crate, brushing his fingers across the shimmering field. The pods glowed faintly, untouched by rot or time. Enough food to last him days.

“Movement detected,” Iris’s voice cut in, sharper now. “Incoming threat. Eighty meters. Closing fast.”

Kael’s smile vanished.

He shoved the pods into his satchel, slung it tight across his shoulder, and rose, spear in hand. His heartbeat quickened—not with fear, but with the raw, electric focus of instinct. Survival.

The scrape of claws echoed through the ruin. Heavy. Deliberate. Something big.

Kael slipped into the shadows, every step silent, every muscle taut.

The hunt was coming.

And he would not be prey.