

DJAF: ARENA OF LYG



By Chris Franzen

Art: samsara, paperblue, junc, kram666, adrianbochog, gndesigns, kP108, Kekai, gregmks, SamuraiX-Hiko, stevegoad

Wandering through Djaf's underbelly, Aechneil followed the priests from behind, watching them from the shadows.

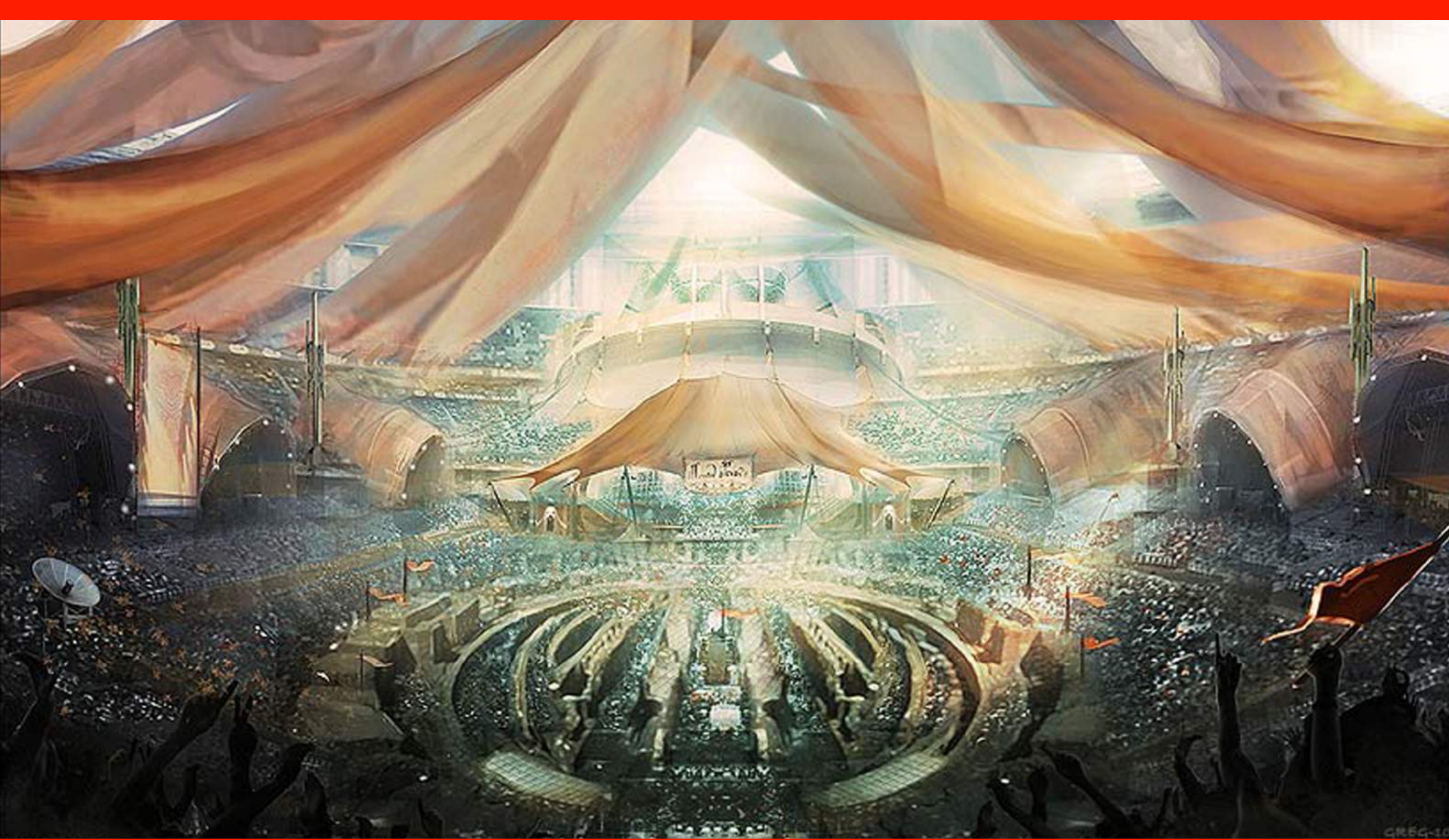
He had heard rumors of the 'Bleed Initiative' from Kurian merchants after loosening their tongues with M-nemnesia, the illegal magicks of the Bleeding Monks.



Apparently a shadow war had been brewing between the priesthood of Hor and Thermalléléan K's in which Thermallélé herself is said to be on the move with her closest advisors in tow. The priests turned down an alley just before the Arena and Aechneil lost sight of them.

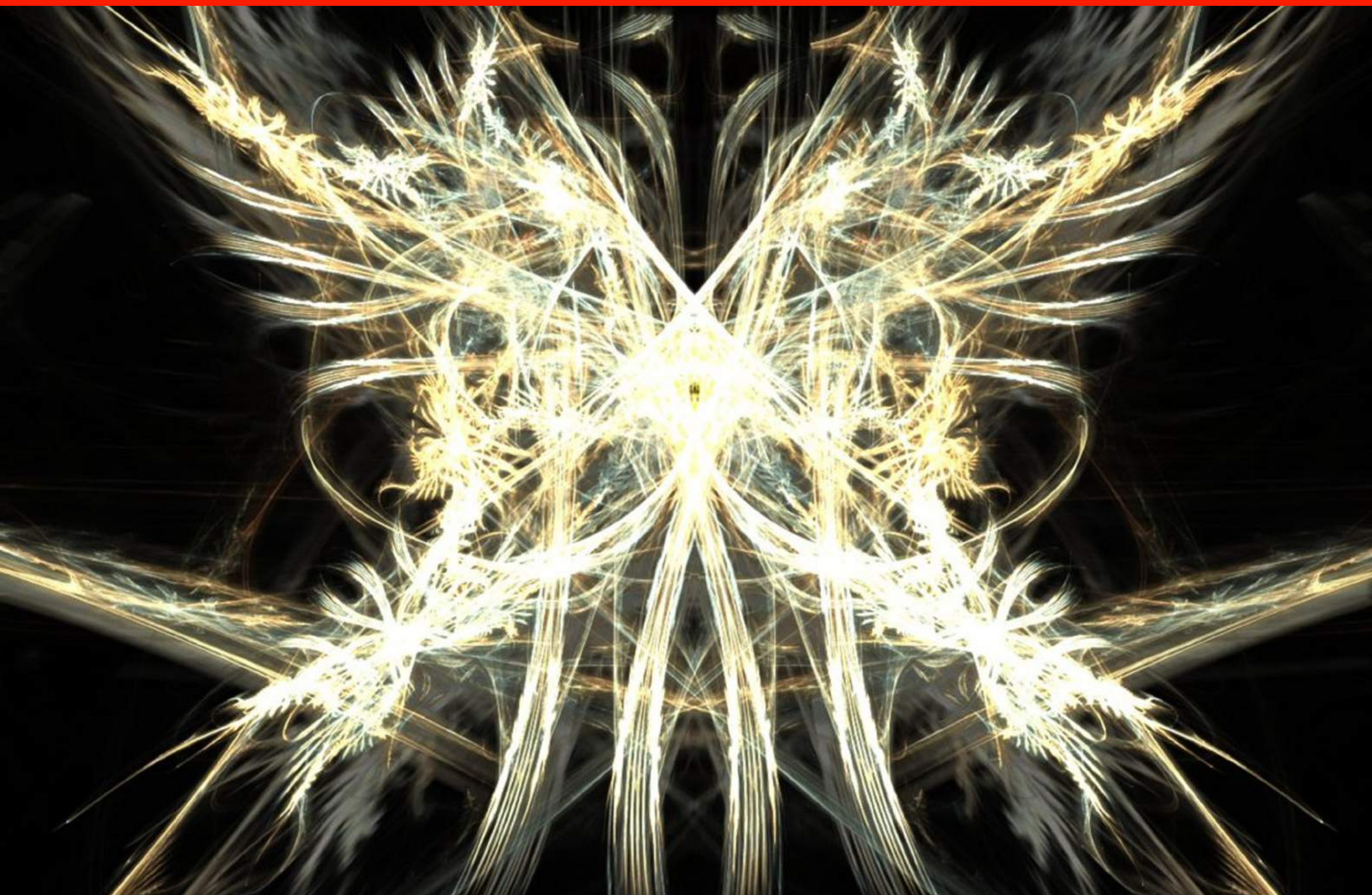
“Maztiak's Balls! I'll never find them now!”

Thunder erupted from the Arena as it would seem that Malgog the Indomitable won yet another fight. Aechneil wandered in and found the Djafi demon who runs the fights.



“Hey Gorgeous, any interesting happenings other than Malgog running amok with his opponents?”

The demon stared at Aechneil with... terror? That is new, the demon and Aechneil had always been on agreeable terms.



“More campaigns by the light-drakes Neil, the walls of Djaf are beginning to buckle.” replied the demon.

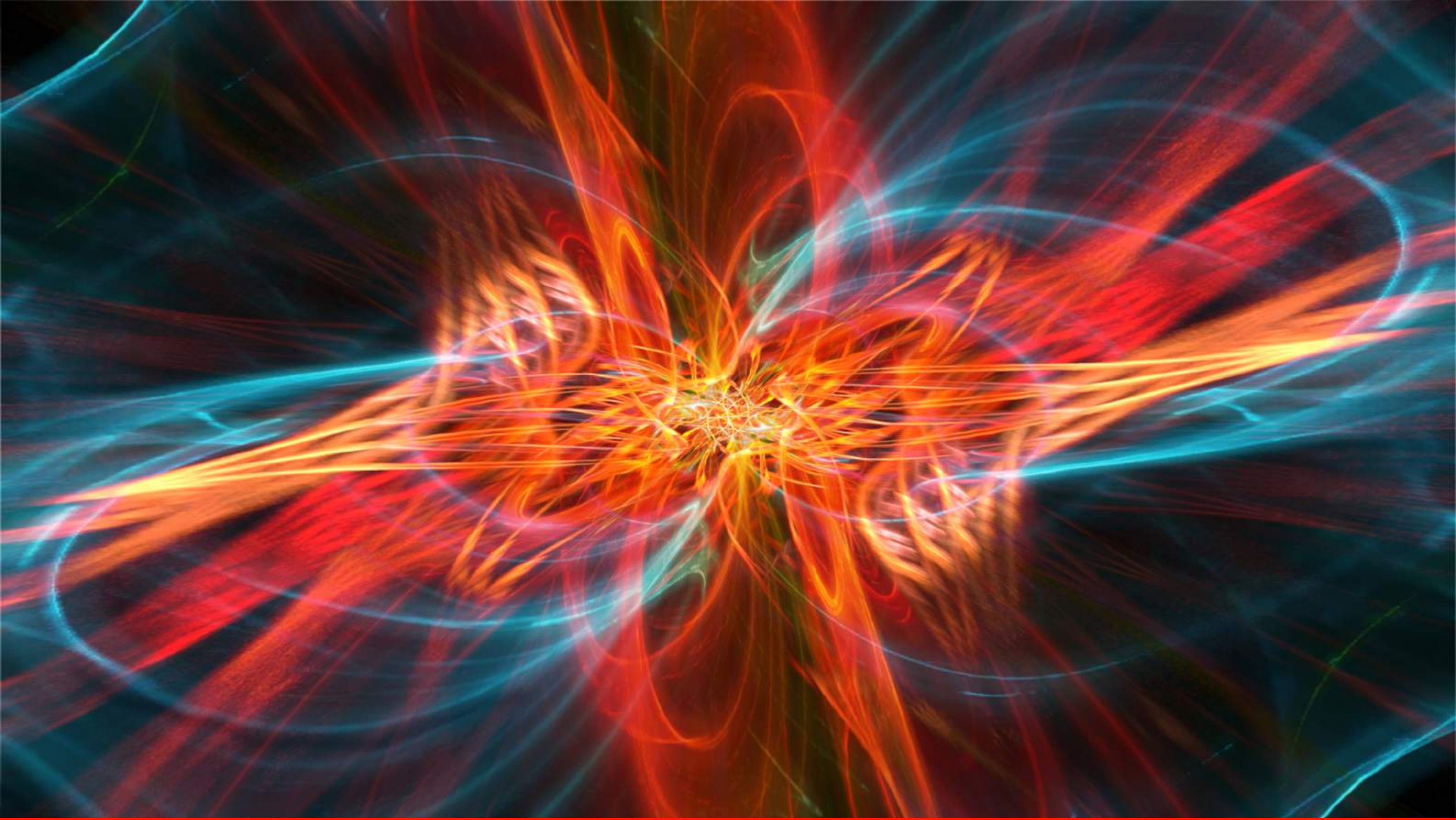
“Jills? Again? Is it because of the Biters? One attack per blink is one thing, but this is the third this season!”

The fear of erasure on his mind, Aechneil became ever the more eager to find the priests and find out what in the name of the Upstart was happening.



“Take care Aechneil! There’s more than light-drakes and Biters to worry about out there in the wastes!” yelled the demon, but Aechneil never looked back.

“You can’t fool them! You hear me!? THEY KNOW YOU ARE COMING!!”



Aechneil removed his Vox-bot to review the information he had collected. According to his sources, the Priesthood of Hor was planning a Bleed, unheard of in generations, instigating a cross-temporal scatterpoint into the beyond. This could only anger Thermallélé and her Get. It would be a miracle if the Templars of Hahd didn't catch wind of this plot and take advantage of the chaos.

Aechneil put the Vox-bot back into his jacket pocket and surveyed the area. The priests must have gone above in route to the wastes of Hor, homeland of the Gile. Aechneil walked up the path to the city above, the desolation of the Godbody. He passed through the gates, watching the Jills through lense-chromes gifted to him by one of the Vapor Lamp, visiting from beyond the Multimund. The Biters have been long gone, yet the Jills still stalk the walls of Djaf.



Aechneil carefully moves on through the Hinterlands, towards the Hor, ever mindful of his static mission, so as to remain invisible to the Jills. Though no attempts were made to follow him, he never felt their gaze leave him. Along the way his Vox-bot chirped and every channel was filled with distorted music, a chorus of unknown origin barely discernable over the void-noise. By the time Aechneil attempted to trace the transmission, the chorus ended and void-noise was all that remained.

“Well that was odd odd odd odd odd odd odd odd odd odd odd odd odd odd odd....
I'M TRACING!!!!”



Through the lense-chromes, Aechneil saw the skies erupt in Jillian mythematics, attempting to zero-sum the future before it even happened.

“This isn’t right! Nothing’s happened yet! Give me more time! I can stop them, I can stop them all!”



In the future time, now bleeding through the non-talk of the ‘here and never’; the Templars of Hahd and the Legions of Galg, the Thermalléléan K’s and priests of Hor all fight an impossible battle spanning the entirety of Untime. Mass erasure spreads throughout Lyg, fueling the Glymnesiatic stress placed on the Vb4M Legerity, threatening the largest Bleed in non-history.

Aechneil's Vox-box chirps again and that chorus plays again on every channel.



“Hello Aechneil. We're Ghost Choir 9, Blade-Seneschal Stringform Multivox Warframe. My names are Captain Starkweather, Cat, the Duke, Copper, Reinholdt, Mira, Nuttergun, Kohl, and John Satisfaction. We didn't know why we came here until you called. Or did we call you? No matter, it's of little concern to yourself. Or the greatest concern. All point of view really and we aren't always the best when it comes to that. We see you are in distress and so we have come to rectify you.”

“Still there Aechneil? Good, good. We have but a moment. The ‘lis is upon us.”



READY WHEN YOU ARE.