

# THE DESCENDANT

## Chapter 1 The origins

Arshill lay nestled among hills, just a few hours away from Hibrook, the capital town. It was a small but peaceful village, but for some, it was a place where hardship and judgment flourished. Aveline and Alveric, were outcasts in the eyes of their fellow villagers. Their two children, Tophe and Malo, bore the same birthmarks of their father: it had a tree-like shape and it was of a faded red color, standing like a campfire in the snow on their pale skin. This trait branded them as descendants of the devil, it was a legend handed on over centuries: "those whose flesh is marked by wild's nature symbols, lay a mystic and evil power within, that of the devil himself". The villagers believed this tale, fueling their hatred and disdain for the whole family.

Life in the village was a constant struggle for survival. Aveline, a loving and resilient mother, fought against the tides of poverty to provide for her children, but her love for Alveric went way beyond any myth. Despite their efforts, the family lived on the brink of starvation. The villagers, blinded by prejudice, turned a blind eye to their suffering, indifferent to their condition.

One day, when Tophe was only five years old and Malo a mere newborn, Alveric made a fateful decision. He believed that by returning to the origin of their ancestors, he could bring acceptance and peace to his family, bringing out the truth about their birthmarks. One night, he vanished from their lives, leaving Aveline and the children behind. Aveline, though heartbroken, clung to the hope that Alveric's departure would pave the way for a better future.

As the years passed, the weight of their poverty grew heavier, crushing their spirits and testing their resilience. Aveline, weakened by hunger, was losing to starvation, her life was slipping away as Tophe and Malo were too young to do anything for her. The villagers, blinded by their prejudice, left alone the dying woman and her children, and Aveline exhaled her last breath with only worry for the future of her precious kids. This worked like fuel on Tophe's growing grudge towards her absent father.

## **Chapter 2:**

### **The journey begins**

Years later, a powerful and malevolent tribe, known as the Wrathborne, ravaged the lands, spreading fear and chaos. These creatures, led by an unknown and feared leader, stole supplies, mercilessly slaughtered innocent villagers, and enslaved humans. The Fomorian, a race of monstrous and crimped human-like creatures known for their wickedness, served as the backbone of this ruthless tribe.

Seventeen-year-old Tophe carried the burden of providing for herself and her younger brother, Malo. She worked hard, in mines, as a wood-chopper or any job that she could be employed in doing, her days were filled with sweat and tears, scraping together scarce rations to sustain them both. Her body was frail and her strength abandoned her by the day, she gave all of the food she could spare to Malo, who on the other hand was growing strong and tall. One thing was for certain, both of them were astonishingly beautiful, one could say they resembled fairies, or angels, their hair was candid white, as was their skin, and their features feminine and delicate. The village folk, though still harboring hate towards their family, mostly ignored their existence or used them for rough labor, their whispers of disdain faded into the background.

One day, while rummaging through their mother's old belongings, Malo stumbled upon Aveline's weathered diary. Intrigued, he started reading its pages, finding himself in the memories and secrets he never knew about. As he read, the truth of their family's origins unfolded before his amber eyes. He found that Alveric had slowly started to succumb to the corruption of some powers that he awakened by accident as he was cutting wood, apparently they descended from their ancestors and they were the cause of the birthmark he and his children bore on their skin.

Malo read that Aveline tried every day to stop him from using them, she saw the withering effect that they were having on her lover; Alveric was slowly becoming more aggressive, resentful and angry towards people, and his powers grew with these sentiments. When he decided to start his journey towards the land of his ancestors, Aveline couldn't do anything to refrain him, he was gone.

Astonished by the revelations found within the diary, Malo started to have a desperate desire to reunite with his father: believing that harnessing his own magical abilities would enable him to bring their mother back to life. He decided to embark on a journey himself to find Alveric and awaken his powers too.

When Tophe came back home, she was dirty from head to toe, her usually velvet-like white hair was now covered in mud, as was her face, which brought an exhausted expression on.

Malo was still bent down on the diary, as he saw her he screamed:

"Phy, come look, you need to read this now".

As he shared the discoveries from the diary with Tophe, she was equally speechless at the revelation; she couldn't believe that behind the ever despised mark that she brought on her neck, there could lie such a great and fearful power.

The new information brought Tophe to despise Alveric even more, she couldn't fathom how one could destroy a whole family by being blinded by hate and power. Malo broke the silence:

"I need to go look for him, Phy, maybe these powers can bring mama back".

Tophe snapped at Malo, her confused expression turned into anger:

"You can't think I would let you run away, who knows where, to follow that madman, you are staying here, no power can bring mama back, enough with the nonsense!"

Malo insisted, his mind couldn't be changed, he stood up and started packing the few possessions they had, ignoring his sister's scoldings. Tophe stopped screaming at him for a moment, she suddenly realized how much her brother had grown up, she noticed his towering height and his muscles that were growing day by day. She thought about how much he resembled Alveric, and she couldn't avoid reliving the good memories she had had with him, when they used to play together and how he would comfort her about the people avoiding them. Tophe forced those thoughts out of her mind, she remembered the hate she felt for their father, but she knew she had to look after Malo, even if that would take her to meet with him...

"Ok... I'm coming with you, let's where this takes us..."

Malo looked back at his sister with a smile on his face.

Before venturing into the unknown, they had to gather information about where they could start their research. From Aveline's diary it appeared that Alveric was heading to a small town called Hilltoe. Therefore, Tophe and Malo made a stop at Hibrook, the capital city of the Aelstor region. This bustling metropolis was a stark contrast to their humble village, brimming with life and diversity. However, as they entered the city's bustling streets, they couldn't ignore the way people recoiled from their presence, their gazes lingering on the birthmarks that painted their skin.

The siblings wandered through the crowded marketplace, looking for someone that wouldn't escape from their presence. Whispers of superstition and fear filled the air, causing the once vibrant atmosphere to wither into a cold and distant void. Merchants averted their eyes, refusing to engage in any form of communication, while children ran away in fear.

Deep down, the siblings felt the weight of the city's rejection. Each cold shoulder and scornful glance etched deeper into their souls, reinforcing the belief that they were destined to be outcasts wherever they went. Still, they held onto a flicker of hope, fueling their determination to uncover the truth of their ancestry.

Only out of the market they saw a man, he was on the ground and seemed like he had been starving for weeks, they approached him and they could sense that he was just as an outcast as them, abandoned by society. When they were close enough he raised his gaze at them, his eyes were full of pain, but fierce, they were scanning their bodies thoroughly and when he saw their birthmark, he spoke:

"I see... What are you looking for, sidhe?"

It was the first time that they heard that word, they looked at each other with puzzled looks, then Tophe spoke:

"Hilltoe, we're headed there, do you know the path that leads there?". The man took a second to answer, he giggled and spoke again

"Hilltoe, it's north, far from here, through the Great Woods just outside Hibrook in the West and then entering the Theberos region up north... good luck with that... you'll need it".

Malo and Tophe decided to not engage in more conversation with the man, they learnt since they were little that strangers are dangerous, but friendly ones even more so. They thanked the man and headed outside the great city, with the whispers following them behind.

As they walked the sun started to set, and Malo seemed too quiet for his standard.

"You ok?, don't worry about the bad people Lo, you know they are just judging based on a stupid myth".

Said Tophe trying to comfort her little brother.

“Oh no it’s not that, I’m used to it, we are used to it. I was thinking about that man, he called us ‘Sidhe’, it couldn’t be just the words of an old crazy guy, maybe it’s significant...”

Tophe knew it was, she felt like that name riverbed in her body like a calling, but she wanted Malo to not worry about it.

“Even if it is, we won’t know now, but I don’t think it’s that big of a deal, don’t ponder too much on it”.

## **Chapter 3: Into the Enchanted Woods**

Leaving the city's oppressive atmosphere behind, Tophe and Malo plunged into the welcoming embrace of the ancient forest. The air shimmered with a sense of mysticism, and the moonlight filtering through the leaves cast dancing shadows upon the forest floor. The woods were alive with the songs of night birds and the rustling of leaves, a stark contrast to the silence and whispers that had engulfed their lives.

With each step deeper into the woods, the siblings felt a palpable shift in energy. The magical essence of their heritage stirred within them, guiding their instincts and heightening their senses. They knew they were on the right path, venturing into a realm where their mystical lineage held significance and power.

As Tophe felt the energy of nature burn within her, she turned to Malo, smiling, as she couldn't help but feel the relief that the atmosphere caused in her. She then noticed how his birthmark appeared brighter, its reddish color turned amber and it looked like it casted its own light. Malo turned to his sister too,

“Phy, your neck, it’s so bright”, Tophe looked down at her mark, then answered:

“Yours too Lo, it’s beautiful”.

As they navigated through the depths of the enchanted forest, a mystical presence watched over the siblings. A Gwyllion, ethereal and graceful, emerged from the shadows, she had a dark but mystical appearance, her gaze felt cunning and sharp. Her long hair wrapped her body like clothes. The siblings heard stories about these creatures, they knew that they could misguide adventurers, making them lose their way in the depth of the forests, so they acted with caution. With a soft voice and eyes sparkling with ancient wisdom, the Gwyllion offered her guidance,

“Children of the forest, follow me, I will guide you through the trees and creatures, I will bring you to safety, trust my words, I recognize your purity and my intentions are only guided by favor”.

Tophe was suspicious, she looked at Malo and he got right away that she wasn’t trusting the creature. He took her hand, and as their fingers touched the energy that filled them before felt even stronger, she knew what Malo wanted to say to her, it was like he was speaking in her head

“We can trust her, I feel her honesty”.

Tophe believed her brother’s words, even though he had not spoken, she felt the bond between them and the energy that was flowing in their bodies and knew that she could take his hand.

The Gwyllion led them along hidden trails, her luminous form gliding effortlessly through the dense foliage. The forest seemed to respond to her presence, parting ways to reveal hidden clearings and secret groves. The siblings were awestruck by the beauty and wonder that

unfolded before them, a stark contrast to the harshness they had known all their lives. In the presence of the Gwyllion, they felt a glimmer of hope, a respite from the world's cruelty.

Tophe and Malo ventured deeper into the enchanted forest, their footsteps muffled by a carpet of moss. The air was thick with the scent of ancient trees and the symphony of nature surrounded them, lending an eerie yet comforting atmosphere to their journey. As they continued forward, a sense of risk settled upon Tophe, her intuition suggested an impending danger.

Suddenly, a fierce blow struck the side of Tophe's head, sending her into darkness. She fell into unconsciousness, as she saw her beloved brother being captured in a blur.

## **Chapter 4:**

### **Rage**

When Tophe finally awoke, she found herself disoriented and alone. Panic clutched at her heart as she desperately called out for Malo, but the only response was the haunting echo of her own voice. The forest seemed to stretch out before her, silent and void, leaving her with a hollow ache deep within.

With trembling steps, she stumbled upon a devastating sight. The lifeless form of the Gwyllion laid on the forest floor, her ethereal beauty now forever stilled. Tophe knelt beside her fallen ally, her heart heavy with grief and anger at the cruelty that had taken away yet another guiding presence in her life.

In her despair, a small voice broke through the silence,

"Oh you're awake, I was getting you water, it's been days, little lady".

It was a pixie, emerging from the shadows. His wings fluttered nervously as he hovered in front of Tophe, his eyes filled with concern and relief. Tophe spoke, her voice was feeble, her energies still weren't fully replenished

"Who are you? Where's my brother?".

The small creature replied instantly

"Your brother? the little man you mean? Oh, this happened a few days ago, little lady, a group of Fomorian's sneak up on you and they kidnapped the little man, they tried to take you too but the Gwyllion fought hard, I also intervened but we only managed to make them flee, they took the boy and the Gwyllion was deadly wounded, she died a few hours later..."

The small pixie seemed moved by the story he was telling, his blue body was floating gently as he spoke,

"Before she died she said something though... to care for you little lady, because you are important, so I did, I stayed here until now... I'm Tintin by the way, I'll guide you out of here".

He smiled as he introduced himself. Tophe was overwhelmed by the story, she looked down at the body of the Gwyllion, she was grateful, she could've just escaped but she stayed and gave her life for them.

"Thank you, Tintin, now I want to get my brother back though, you don't need to come, just tell me where they took him". Tintin flew speedily and sat on Tophe's shoulder

"Oh no no, I'm coming with you, little lady, you didn't recover yet"

he looked down at her mark as he said that, Tophe followed his gaze and she could notice how thy symbol was not bright as before, its light was feeble, but she could still feel the energy flowing through her veins.

"Let's go now, Tintin, I'll follow you, you should also tell me what this thing I have on my neck is while we are on our way, if you know anything".

They started moving, Tophe looked back at the Gwyllion as they left her behind, she couldn't help but feel sorrow and guilt. Tintin darted between the ancient trees, leading her along hidden paths and secret shortcuts.

"I know there's a Wrathborne outpost outside the forest, we should go there"

said Tintin as his thin wings flapped,

"And I don't know much about your mark but I know it is a symbol of great power. and the energy that flows within you, I can feel it, it's telling me that I can trust you... I don't really know how, you are special for sure".

Tophe's mind went back to the words of the old man "Sidhe", maybe that's what she is, but what is the meaning of that name.

"Sidhe, do you know what that means?" Tophe spoke.

"Sidhe..."

Tintin seemed puzzled by that name, maybe it meant nothing to him, maybe he was thinking hard to recall something about it.

"Oh we are here little lady, keep quiet, Fomorians have an evolved sense of hearing".

Finally, they arrived at Iswick, a once-thriving fishing village now under the oppressive control of the Wrathborne tribe. Smoke rose from the roofs, and the sound of anguished cries flew on the wind. Tophe's heart clenched at the sight, knowing that her brother, Malo, was now in the clutches of these creatures.

Cautiously, Tophe and Tintin approached the outskirts of the village, their ears trying to catch snippets of conversation from the Fomorians. Amongst the murmurs of malice and cruelty, Tophe heard a couple of subordinates

"You took the little boy to the boss?" "Yeah, he was fighting and screaming like a pig about to be slaughtered" they both laughed coarsely, spitting around and snorting.

Tophe couldn't help but let out a gasp as her worst fears were confirmed; her brother was in the hands of their enemies.

Before they could retreat and devise a plan, their presence was discovered by a towering Fomorian. His massive form loomed over them, exuding a malevolent aura that sent shivers down Tophe's spine. The Fomorian stood in triumph, his deep voice screamed, drawing the attention of his comrades:

"Come look who's here".

They were captured and dragged into the center of the village, where a crowd of Fomorians gathered, their eyes gleaming with sadistic gazes. Tintin trembled in fear and Tophe's heart pounded in her chest, torn between the desire to protect her newfound friend and the desperate need to save her brother.

They were kept there until it was night, campfires were set up around the village, and one of the of the creatures finally spoke, he appeared to be the leader of the outpost, he slowly walked menacingly beside Tintin,

"You little worm, my guys said you tried to attack them the other day, don't you know your place".

Tintin was swallowed by fear, he couldn't let out a word,

Tophe spoke in his place, "Leave him alone, you don't want him, right? You want me."

The Fomorian turned his head to Tophe, his expression gave her the same feeling she felt before getting hit the other day, danger.

"So you're that little brat's sister, you know we took him to our leader, he's probably dead by now".

As he spoke those words he took his bat and smashed it onto Tintin's head, who fell to ground lifeless. Anguish surged through Tophe, fueling a fire within her soul, and her amber eyes blazed with an otherworldly intensity.

Unleashing a primal scream, Tophe tapped into the depths of her hidden powers. A surge of raw energy coursed through her, crackling and swirling around her form, the mark on her neck that had turned to normal after she left the forest, began shining of a light it never had. The wrathborne tribe watched in stunned silence as Tophe's rage manifested into a tempest of amber magic, it was like fire eating everything on its path.

The outpost, once a symbol of wrathborne oppression, crumbled under the force of her power, her scream echoed all around them, reaching the mountains, her mark had turned into veins that covered her whole body, like a lighting. The ground shook, and debris rained down like a storm of vengeance. Tintin, his tiny body bit down but alive, looked upon Tophe in awe and fear, witnessing the unimaginable power she possessed.

## **Chapter 5: The Burden of Power**

As the dust settled, Tophe stood amidst the ruins, she panted and fell to the ground, as her magic disappeared and left her eyes and body. She couldn't grasp what had happened, the weight of her actions slowly settled upon her, the enormity of the destruction that she caused appeared clear only when Tintin spoke:

"Little lady..." his voice was feeble and full of pain.

She rushed to him and kneeled beside him:

"Tintin, what happened? Was it me? I did this to you?" Tophe spoke softly, even her eyes appeared gentle.

"No, little lady, your magic kept me safe, but you need to control this power of yours..."

He coughed blood as he tried to speak, Tophe knew his life was about to leave him, her eyes brightened again, and so did her mark. Tintin felt scared, he couldn't ignore what she just did. The girl took his small blue hand and soon, the pixie's body was wrapped in amber particles. It was Tophe's magic, but it wasn't spreading like fire this time, it looked more like water, flowing calmly in the air. Tintin's wound was speedily healed, he looked at the girls with a gaze of gratitude and awe. Tophe didn't know what she had just done, everything seemed like a blur to her. Both her rage burst, and her healing now, felt like an instinct that came from deep down in her, like a calling; she felt like it wasn't her doing those actions, it was almost like a spirit possessing her.

Tophe, after knowing that tintin was now healed, stood up amidst the ruins of the Wrathborne outpost, her chest swallowed with guilt and her mind clouded with conflicting emotions. The once lively village now lay in ruins, its malevolent invaders vanquished by the unleashed force of her inner powers. The echoes of her rage still reverberated in her ears, a constant reminder of the destruction she had brought.

Guilt washed over her like rapids. Was it then true? Could it be true that all she was was nothing but a devil? A malevolent being that caused nothing but destruction? The weight of her actions pressed heavily upon her, and she found herself questioning her very identity.

Tintin, fluttering near her, sensed her distress and tried to bring some comfort to her troubled heart.

"Hey there, little lady! You must not worry, your power can be controlled!" Tintin chirped, floating in front of her.

"You showed them what you're made of, didn't you? They are bad guys!"

Tophe's lips twitched, a faint smile tugging at the corners. Tintin's enthusiasm was infectious, and she couldn't help but feel a glimmer of reassurance in his presence. Perhaps she wasn't entirely lost to darkness after all.

"I... I didn't mean for it to escalate like that," Tophe murmured, her voice filled with remorse.

"I only wanted to save you, Tintin, and they talked about Malo.... But the power... it consumed me, I don't even know what happened, I didn't even know that I had this thing inside of me."

Tintin's wings fluttered as he hovered in front of her, his eyes filled with understanding. "We all have darkness within us, little lady. It's what we choose to do with it that defines us. You were protecting someone you care about, and your powers responded to that."

Tophe nodded and forced a smile on her face, she needed time to process everything. They got back to walking, heading towards Hilltoe.

Their walk was quite silent, Tophe was drowning in her thoughts, and Tintin could feel her discomfort. Then he remembered about her question.

"Oh yes! Sidhe, you asked me about it. I don't know much actually... I've been told they are ancient and powerful magical beings, children of the forest, but I thought they were only stories to tell young pixies... until now at least."

Tophe stopped, her feet set to the ground, Tintin continued on for a second, then fluttered back to his companion.

"I mean... you might be a Sidhe, little lady, the power you hold is something I've never seen before, and that mark you have... It must signify your link to the forest!" Tintin spoke enthusiastically as always.

"A Sidhe...child of the forest...this magic. I'm so confused, Tintin, I don't want these dreadful powers. I feel them shouting in me like a storm, the anger that I feel for my brother's kidnapping, the fear for his life. It's like boiling inside me and I'm afraid..." Tophe knelt on the ground, tears started to fall on her candid cheeks, scraping away the dirt that had been stationed there. Tintin sat in front of her, as Tophe's crying became louder, he knew he had to contain her emotions, her powers, but he genuinely wanted the girl to feel better.

"Please, little lady, everything is fine, we'll get your brother back. And your powers... You need to see the positive side! They will help us in getting Malo back, let's go now, we must continue our journey!" Tintin spoke softly, which was hard for him to do, his high-pitched voice usually was strong and energetic.

Tophe took a moment to collect herself, she breathed and felt the storm inside of her calm down, she knew Tintin was right, she had to move on. They slowly started moving again, as the sun rose behind the mountains in the distance.



## **Chapter 6:**

### **An Unexpected Guidance**

Passing through hilly lands that stretched like undulating waves, they eventually arrived at a river. Its waters flowed with a serene grace, separating them from their first goal: Hilltoe, the town nestled between the hills. It was there that they hoped to find information about the sibling's origins and the location of the Wrathborne tribe's main outpost.

Just as they contemplated how to cross the river, a shimmering figure emerged from its depths: a Glashtyn, a water spirit known for its ability to navigate the waters with ease, its body was that of a horse, a blue horse, with fins that allowed him to swim like a fish. The creature sensed the good intentions of them both, Tophe learnt that she had to respect these wise spirits, she smiled at the creature. With a nod of acknowledgment, the Glashtyn beckoned them to follow, Tophe was confused, but followed Tintin and climbed onto its back. As the river spirit carried them across the tranquil waters, a sense of calm washed over Tophe. The gentle rocking motion soothed her troubled mind, and for a moment, she felt a connection with the natural world she had feared she had lost, her thoughts seemed to calm down, and her spirit could feel nothing but joy, and gratitude.

Upon reaching the other side, they dismounted from the back of the Glashtyn, saying their goodbyes and thanking the majestic creature.

They now stood before the town of Hilltoe. Tophe decided to conceal her birthmark, she wanted to avoid bad looks and have the best chance at getting information, she took a cloak and hood from her bag, hiding her crimson mark from judging eyes.

Tintin, instead hid himself within the bag that hung across Tophe's shoulder, this would allow them to move through the town unnoticed.

As they entered Hilltoe, the sights, sounds, and smells of the bustling town overwhelmed their senses. People moved about their daily lives, oblivious to the weight of the world that Tophe carried. With each step, she felt the weight of her disguise and the importance of her mission. For the first time in a long while, she relished the freedom of anonymity, the freedom to move through the town without being judged for her birthmark.

The market square buzzed with activity as merchants screamed about their wares, and the aroma of freshly baked goods flew through the air. Tophe made her way through the crowd, engaging in small talk and asking discreet questions in her quest for information. However, despite her efforts, the townsfolk seemed oblivious to the secrets that lay beneath the surface, offering little insight into the Wrathborne tribe or the Sidhe.

As she wandered deeper into the heart of the town, her attention was captivated by a shop tucked away in a hidden corner. It had an air of mystique, its windows were filled with curious artifacts and treasures that seemed to call out to her in silent whispers. Intrigued, Tophe's senses led her inside.

The interior of the shop was dimly lit, with shelves full of ancient books, mystical objects, and peculiar curiosities. The air felt charged with a magical energy, tingling against Tophe's skin. A mysterious woman, surrounded by shadows, emerged from the depths of the shop. The woman's piercing gaze held a wisdom that surpassed her mortal years.

"Welcome, young seeker," the lady greeted Tophe, her voice carrying a hint of ancient knowledge. "What brings you to my humble shop?"

Tophe took a deep breath, her eyes meeting the woman's inquisitive gaze. "I seek information, knowledge about the Wrathborne tribe. Can you help me?"

A knowing smile curled the woman's lips as she gestured for Tophe to come closer. "Sit, child, and let us delve into the depths of your questions."

Seated across from the mysterious lady, Tophe leaned in, her voice barely above a whisper. "Can you tell me, where is th-" Tophe was interrupted by the lady.

"I know there's something else that bothers you Sidhe, let us talk about the Wrathborne tribe later, more important matters ought to be discussed now".

The woman's eyes glimmered with a mixture of sadness and wisdom, Tophe was too stunned to let out a word, how would she know about the Sidhe? Who is this woman?.

"You are troubled by your origins, is that so? I feel the power that just awoke in yourself, you fear it. I know that, you want answers" the woman spoke with certainty, it felt like she was looking through Tophe, reading her like an open book.

"The little guy can come out here, he is safe, you are safe" said the woman looking at Tophe's bag. The girl reluctantly opened the pouch, and Tintin came out fluttering:

"Hello, lady!" He greeted the woman. She nodded at him with a slight smile, and then turned her head back to Tophe.

"Ah, the Sidhe. A noble and ancient race indeed. They were renowned for their ethereal beauty, their deep connection to nature, and their mastery of ancient magic. You carry their blood within you, young one, a lineage filled with power and potential."

Tophe's heart swelled with a mix of awe and longing. To be connected to such a magical heritage stirred something deep within her soul, but the words that she had always heard echoed in her mind: "devil!", "disgrace!", "you shouldn't have been born"...

The woman stopped her wandering thoughts:

"But know this, child," the lady continued, her voice having a hint of caution.

"The power of the Sidhe is not granted to all. It is a gift bestowed upon only a chosen few. Some are born with the ability to unleash magic, while others must seek it through arduous trials and self-discovery, and even then their power is limited. I myself descend from Sidhe, my grandmother was one, but the mystical power didn't pass on to me. Now I can only sense magic, I can read it, but not wield it."

Tophe's eyes widened with anticipation as she leaned forward, her voice barely containing her worries. "But I have done bad things... these powers... I cannot control them, their magic is too strong."

"Of course, young one, you need a vessel, a guide." She stood up as she pronounced those words and started wandering around the shop, rummaging through treasures. She then took a stone, an amber, with a string wrapped around it. The woman handed it to Tophe.

"Put it on, take it with you, it will help you" she said.

Tophe thanked the woman, even though she didn't really know much about what those words meant, but her senses said to trust her, even going against what she would have usually done.

"And what of the Wrathborne tribe? Where can I find them? Do you know anything about their leader?" Tophe remembered about her true goal: discovering where Malo is and bringing him to safety.

The lady's gaze turned grave, her voice laced with a cautionary tone. "The Wrathborne tribe resides deep within the Theberos region, hidden amidst the cold mountains of Sigdified. Their leader, it is whispered, is not a Fomorian like the rest, but a dark and powerful creature driven by revenge. Beware, young one, for the path ahead is dangerous and filled with darkness."

Tophe absorbed the woman's words, a mix of determination and fear slithered through her veins. She and Tintin thanked the lady for her guidance, sailing away with a newfound purpose. Tintin got back inside the bag and they started walking back, but as they were almost out of the shop, Tophe turned around for a second:

"What is your name?" she asked.

The woman smiled, but without breaking her gaze of wisdom: "Agnès".

They saluted each other, and the two companions departed. Leaving the mysterious shop behind, Tophe emerged back into the sunlight, her mind spinning with the revelations she had just uncovered. She had a destination now, the heart of the Theberos region, Sigdifeld, where the wrath of the tribe leader resided. With Tintin by her side and a glimmer of ancestral power burning within her, she was ready to face the challenges that awaited her.

## **Chapter 7: A Glimmer of Hope**

Tophe and Tintin continued their arduous journey through the unforgiving terrain of the mountains, their steps were slow and heavy against the biting cold. The freezing winds whipped around them, never allowing them a break. But their determination pushed them forward, inch by freezing inch.

As fatigue started to weigh heavily upon them, they decided to take a much-needed break, seeking shelter beneath a small opening in the rocks, surrounded by a few trees. The frosty air pinched at their skin.

"A pixie like me should never be in this weather" Tintin spoke with a slight giggle as always.

Tophe didn't respond, she hugged him, seeking refuge in their shared warmth.

Suddenly they heard running footsteps, roaring screams and laughs, she felt the familiar magic tingle within her, her eyes and mark glowing with an ethereal light. It was a group of Fomorians from the Wrathborne Tribe. Fear ran through her veins as she worried about the potential consequences of her powers running rampant once again.

Just as her anxiety started to consume her, Tophe's trembling hand reached for the necklace she had received from the lady in the shop. The amber, adorned with a delicate silver symbol, glowed softly against her touch, a comforting presence that reassured her. The Fomorians passed by them, luckily the nest they found shielded them from their evil eyes. She took a deep breath, allowing the necklace to ground her, to remind her that her powers were not something to be feared.

Tintin sensed her apprehension and took shelter behind her, his unwavering trust in her newfound abilities strengthening their bond. Together, they braced themselves for whatever awaited them in the mountains, their spirits intertwined.

In the distance, just as their fear started to settle down, a rustling sound caught their attention. Tophe's heart skipped a beat as a group of Pucas emerged from the snowy landscape, their mischievous eyes flickering with curiosity. The small, black, impish creatures surrounded Tophe and Tintin, their movement reminding her of energetic monkeys.

Her powers surged within her, her mark glowing brighter with every moment. Tophe's heart raced as she worried about the consequences of her uncontrollable magic. But as the Pucas drew nearer, she sensed their intentions, their mischievous nature laced with a hint of something deeper.

One of the Pucas, carrying a small injured creature in his arms, slowly approached Tophe, his eyes filled with a mixture of trust and hope. Tophe crouched down, her glowing eyes meeting the gaze of the injured Puca. She could sense its pain, its longing for healing and relief.

With a gentle touch, Tophe summoned her magic, enveloping the small Puca in a radiant aura. The energy arose through her fingertips, mending the creature's injuries with a speed and grace that astonished even her. The injured Puca's eyes widened with gratitude and awe as it turned to look down at its healed body and stood up for everyone to see.

The other Pucas erupted into a frenzy of joy, their chittering and dancing echoing through the mountains. They leaped and danced around Tophe and Tintin, their celebration surrounding the travelers.

It was as if Tophe had become their savior, their beacon of hope in the cold and desolate mountains. Their sheer happiness and energy touched her deeply, settling down even more the remains of her doubt and filling her heart with a sense of purpose.

In that moment, surrounded by the exuberant Pucas, Tophe realized the true extent of her power. It wasn't merely a destructive force but a gift of healing, a catalyst of hope that could transform lives. She embraced the joy that surrounded her, the laughter and chatter of the Pucas was resonating within her soul.

As the celebration eased down, Tophe rose to her feet, with Tintin still by her side. The Pucas gazed up at her, their eyes filled with gratitude and admiration. With a renewed sense of purpose, Tophe looked towards the towering mountains that lay ahead, her will was stronger than ever. She knew that her journey wasn't finished, but she also knew that she carried within her the power to bring light to the darkest corners of the world.

Tophe and her companion continued their journey through the mountains, the chorus of Pucas echoing in her heart.

"You're good, little lady", said Tintin with a smile.

## **Chapter 8: The Power Within**

As Tophe and Tintin approached Sigdified, a chilling aura of malice permeated the once-thriving town. The streets, once bustling with life, now lay in silent desolation under the oppressive rule of the Wrathborne Tribe. Determined to find Malo, they decided to sneak silently through the shadows, avoiding to be seen and rescue him, their every movement was careful and calculated.

Amongst the hefty Fomorian, they overheard snippets of conversation that sent shivers down their spines.

"The Boss will make us rule brother, humans will have what they asked for ", "Did you see him? He's furious today, avoid him if you can, he's killing everyone that makes him upset", "The girl? Weren't you supposed to find her?...He's gonna kill us..."

They also exchanged whispers about Malo, their captive, and spoke of the formidable power displayed by Tophe, the one who had decimated their ranks.

As the two companions crouched behind a destroyed building, a Fomorian approached their hiding spot, his footsteps growing louder with each moment. Panic surged through

Tophe's veins, her power was starting to rise inside her, boiling from the inside. The familiar glow was flowing from her eyes and mark, an instinctive response to the imminent danger. Just as the Fomorian was about to spot them, an invisible shield of aura enveloped Tophe and Tintin, making them unseen. The Fomorian passed by, oblivious to their presence. Tophe realized that her powers had granted them the gift of invisibility, she was eluding the Fomorian's eyesight, her and Tintin let out a breath of relief.

Utilizing her newfound power, Tophe and Tintin ventured higher into the town, their hearts pounding with anticipation. As they reached the castle, a cage came into view, and there, inside, was Malo. Relief washed over Tophe, the sight of her brother alive filled her with both joy and renewed determination.

Moving with caution, Tophe and Tintin stealthily approached the cage. Malo's eyes brightened with a mixture of surprise and relief as he silently greeted Tophe "Phy! How did you get here!"

However, their moment of reunion was shattered as a commanding voice reverberated through the air, freezing them in their tracks.

"Hello, my daughter," the leader of the wrathborne tribe declared, stepping forward from the shadows. Tophe's heart sank as she beheld the face of her father, Alveric. The realization struck her like a thunderbolt, a flood of conflicting emotions surging within her.

Fury and resentment rose like a tempest within Tophe. Her voice trembled with a mixture of anger and hurt as she confronted the man who had abandoned them.

"Of course you're behind all of this destruction, you devil! You dare call me daughter after all these years? You are no father to me!"

"Little lady, breath, you need to control it!" Tintin, sensing the storm that was forming in Tophe, tried to calm her down, his voice filled with concern.

Tophe grabbed her necklace, then looked at her father, his mark glowing red, his white hair flowing in the wind as he smirked in derision.

"You can do this", Tintin approached Tophe, fluttering in front of her, but in her rage she pushed him aside, the necklace slipped from her grasp and shattered upon impact with the ground. The broken fragments scattered, amber washed the floor of the castle.

For a moment, clarity washed over Tophe. She realized the consequences of losing the necklace that had kept her powers in check. Panic gripped her heart as she glanced at Tintin, lying on the ground, pain etched across his face.

"You've finally come to join me, my daughter" Alveric spoke, relishing in the chaos he had unleashed.

"Joining you? You must be a fool, you abandoned us, you killed innocents, for what? What are you seeking?" Tophe screamed back at her father, her magic started to rap around her like fire.

"I did this for you! We were outcasts all our lives, and so were the Fomorians! Humans never helped us, never. I'm only taking back what we deserve, a place in the world, for our family!" Alveric's voice was less harsh, a hint of pain could be felt from it.

Hearing those words, Tophe's rage burst up like a firestorm, her hair began to float in the air. "Our mother was human! She stood by you! And you abandoned her!"

With these words, she attacked with full power her father.

Tophe and Alveric engaged in a fierce confrontation, their energy colliding like celestial forces. The earth trembled beneath their feet as their powers clashed, the sheer magnitude of their abilities was threatening to tear Sigdified apart.

In the midst of their battle, the air crackled with energy as Tophe's unbridled fury erupted. Waves of power surged through her, manifesting in bursts of dazzling light and elemental forces. The very fabric of reality quivered in the wake of her unleashed might.

"Look at your power! If you would only join me, we could build a world of our own, a world of acceptance, my daughter" Alveric spoke as he avoided Tophe's attacks.

"Stop calling me your daughter! We are no family." her words could be heard through the clashing of magic, her scream was full of rage.

In the meantime, Tintin had broken Malo out of the cage, and was trying to explain to him Tophe's powers, and how she was consumed by them when anger arose within her.

Together they sought shelter from the battle, as did all the Fomorians.

The battle raged on, their movements were a blur of speed and precision. Tophe, driven by her newfound strength and her fury, fought with everything she had, her power evolving at every blow. She channeled her pain, her rage, and her determination into each strike, refusing to back down.

As the battle reached its crescendo, the clash of their powers intensified. The ground quaked beneath them, cracks forming in the ground, threatening to consume the town. The clash of light and darkness, of father and daughter, reverberated through Sigdified, reaching the close mountains, and leaving an indelible mark on its landscape.

As the chaos of battle continued, Tophe looked down, and saw Malo and Tintin seeking shelter, seeing them, a new clarity came to her mind. She understood the magnitude of the destruction she had caused and the importance of harnessing her powers responsibly. Her anger had been justified, but she realized that the collateral damage was not.

Her focus shifted solely to Alveric, the man who had once been her father. With her mind clear, she channeled her powers with precision and control, directing her energy toward him alone. In a final surge of strength, Tophe emerged victorious, her power overwhelming Alveric's defenses.

As Alveric lay defeated, his body weakened and broken, he collected his final strength to utter some words "I only wanted acceptance for us, even for Aveline, I wanted a good life for my family."

Tophe interrupted him "Your intentions were good, but your power consumed you, and it has brought you here, helpless, with no one by your side."

"You are a good person, Tophe, I am proud" Alveric spoke his final words as any sign of malice faded from his eyes. For a moment Tophe saw the father she once knew, the father with whom she played carelessly. But despite his words, she remained resolute. She could understand his motives, but forgiveness would not come.

## **Chapter 9:**

### **Stitching the Holes**

Reuniting with Tintin and Malo, Tophe hugged them both, their embrace carried a mix of relief and grief. They looked at the devastation that had befallen Sigdified, a strong reminder of the consequences of their journey. Tophe's heart swelled with a sense of responsibility.

She knew that she had a duty to rectify the destruction she had brought.

"Give me a second..." She muttered those words as she walked away from them.

She sat down on the ground, in the middle of the once-thriving town, and with her remaining power, she focused all her energy on restoring Sigdified to its former glory. Piece by piece, the broken buildings were rebuilt, their scars erased as if time itself had rewound.

As the Fomorianians emerged from their hiding places, they fell to their knees before Tophe. However, she silenced their adoration: "I am no Boss, I don't seek power. I will help you get your redemption and be accepted, but you will have to earn it."

The Fomorianians nodded and spoke words of agreement and respect.

Tophe then walked to Malo, she spoke softly: "I'm sorry you had to go t-".

"You're amazing Phy! Your power is crazy! We could use it to bring mama back!" Malo suggested, interrupting her sad tone.

But Tophe, despite the pain in her heart, knew that such an act would be selfish: "We can't Lo, even if there was a way to do it, that would be egotistical, this power should be used for others, I learned that now, you saw our father... Mama would have wanted us to use our powers for the greater good, to help others and bring positive change. Once we help the people, they will grow from their prejudice."

Malo looked at her with a mix of understanding and grief, he nodded and hugged her, whispering some words in her ear: "Don't worry about me anyway, I'm glad you're okay, I know I'm the little brother, but I should've looked after you as much as you did for me".

Tophe strengthened their embrace as she felt the same feelings she had felt in the forest: she could feel his power within him, intertwining with hers as their hearts came closer.

Turning to Tintin, Tophe expressed her gratitude for his unwavering support.

"Thank you Tintin, you've been such a great companion... and friend. You're strong, you are no fragile pixie... and... I'm sorry I hit you".

"Do not worry little lady! It happens between friends, I know you meant no wrong!" Tintin spoke with his usual high pitched voice, floating in front of Tophe with a smile, and she smiled back, through the pain, the confusion, and as her strengths slowly abandoned her..

"The necklace... I understood... it had not protected me as I had initially believed, it was no real vessel of containment. Instead, it was a way to help me realize that the control I looked for was within me... all along." Tophe spoke resolutely.

"I know that, little lady, I could sense that there was no magic in the stone. But I knew you could do it! Even the old woman knew it!".

The three companions took time to rest, and then left Sigdified, together with the Fomorianians, to help rebuild peace and hope around the land.

In the following months, Tophe, Malo, Tintin, the Fomorianians, the humans and the other creatures, were all working together to rebuild towns and aid the homeless and injured. Tophe became a symbol of hope, together with Malo, that started slowly awakening his powers with his sister's guidance. Their collective efforts aimed to mend the broken world they had inherited, to create a future where understanding, acceptance, and redemption reigned.