

Forever Lost Soul

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This story is about a teenage girl who is warped into a world of people who can change into a certain animal. She learns that this world is in danger due to undeparted human souls and is faced with many trials and conflicts in order to help them.

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1. Prologue

Heavy clouds swirled through the tempered sky as the rain poured and thunder crashed with violent anger. The stone steps glistened with ebony, showing a deep, endless reflection to anyone who looked down upon them. Winds howled furiously, creating a storm of the dead, dried leaves that had been scattered across the ground. This was it; the time to act was drawing very near.

He took a step forward, looking at his surroundings. He saw the great flight of ebony stones leading up the summit, where a grand white stoned altar waited at the peak. Deep in his heart, he felt the fear rising, but he knew that it was too late now; he knew he had been the chosen soul. He closed his eyes slowly and took in a deep breath, bracing himself for the fate that was soon to meet him. Suddenly, he felt someone from behind nervously grab his arm. He quickly turned and saw a young boy standing there, with pleading eyes.

"Please, don't do it!", the young boy cried with a squeaky voice.

He turned his head slightly, looking down, and not saying a word. But really, what could he say? Fate had already been set.

"I thought I told you to stay home, boy!" Said a booming voice, that came from a figure emerging from the dead brush.

"Father!" Squeaked the boy "I was just-"

"I told you not to come here, you disobeyed me." He boomed again.

The boy drooped his head, then looked up at him. He didn't know what to say to the child, so he turned to the man who had stepped from the bushes. "Luche... Why did you follow me here?"

"I'm determined to see this through. The souls have become too restless, and we must stop them before it's too late." Luche replied simply.

He looked down, then slowly looked back up at Luche. "But you know once Destanae is awakened..." He looked down, "You know that you don't need to be here..."

"Again, I am determined. I am not about to just sit by and allow you to do this alone. We're partners, and partners are to stand by each other until the very end of the mission, correct?"

He looked up and smiled "I guess you're right... Thank you, Luche."

Suddenly, there was a low rumble in the distant skies; a mighty growl from a creature with arcane strength. He looked toward the altar and saw it. It's fiery mane and flame-tipped tail glowed ever so brightly, as so as it's ember covered wings. He knew that it was almost time and closed his eyes. Another rumble filled the sky as another creature appeared, it's head covered in an icy mane and a shard-tipped tail, with wings that glistened like a wave of water. He then looked at the child, then at Luche. Luche nodded and turned to the boy. "Leave, now, and don't make me have to repeat myself again."

The boy's eyes filled with tears as he shook his head and refused to obey. "I can't leave you! I don't want you to-"

"Go now!" Boomed Luche, his eyes filled with fury.

The boy turned to him, with pleading eyes. "And what about you? Are you going to really do this?"

He lowered his head, not making eye contact with either of them. "...I must, it is my destiny..."

The boy closed his eyes tightly, "But what about your home? The people you care about? Don't just abandon them like this!"

He just turned away, closing his eyes, and remaining silent.

"That is enough boy! You do as you're told and leave now!" Shouted Luche furiously as another

creature appeared at the altar, this one having a spiky mane, with charges of electricity surging through it, a tail that glowed with deep jolts, and wings that sparked with every flap.

The boy wasn't even listening to his father anymore, as he continued to press him, now with tears in his eyes. "Don't you even care? Don't they mean anything to you?"

He just continued his silence.

"Well what about her? The one you told me so much about? Does she matter?!"

He lifted his head and looked toward the altar to see yet another creature arrive, this one having a grass filled mane, a tail with stone tip, and wings that spouted a flurry of leaves and petals.

"...She'll be fine... She's safe in our world... with her family and friends..."

"But-"

"ENOUGH", boomed Luche as he picked up the boy. "You will leave NOW!" He turned to him, "I'll be back in a moment."

He nodded as Luche carried the child off into the dead forest, the boy's screams and cries slowly fading as he disappeared into the dry, yellow brush. He looked back toward the altar, and saw four creatures circling around it, with elegant grace. Finally, there was one more rumble that shook the skies, as the last creature soared to the altar, it's mane was a flurry of distorted wind and gravel, it's tail a swirling storm of dust, and it's wings were like tornadoes, as lashes of gust emitted from each flap. It joined the four others, and they all circled around the great altar, roaring with strength.

He watched from the bottom of the summit, seeing a tornado of elements surround the altar, and then shoot up into the sky, creating a circular opening, a path for the eternal one. He now knew it was time, time for his destiny to be completed. He drew his sword from his scabbard, looked down upon it, and slowly set it on the ground, by the first ebony step. Then he turned and stared at the altar with courage blazing in his blue eyes and began running up the long steps to the peak of the summit.

With each step against the hard stones, his heart pounded, pounded in a flowing beat like a drum of war. Lightening crashed, as if it were the clash of two dramatic symbols, and the low rumbles from the five creatures, it were as if they were low violins of solitude, slowly swaying with great sorrow. His heart pounded faster and heavier, as he continued his way up the everlasting steps. Then, out of nowhere, the chilling shriek of a cry, like the high pitch sound of a treacherous flute, broke the low moans in the skies, as a great, mighty hawk soared from the dark, heavy clouds, that poured shattering rain. He stopped dead in his tracks as he looked up to the vengeful skies, and he could vaguely see it; it's great wingspan, with black tipped feathers of valor. It cried again, and swooped down through the raging storm, greatly increasing speed as it spiraled to the stone steps. He closed his eyes, as if waiting for the enormous bird to come and carry him away. The hawk halted for a minute, staring at him, then without warning, it dived and before he knew it, he was on the hawk's back, being carried to the altar.

The winds grew more violent as it lashed against his face, the roars of the five magnificent creatures grew louder, and the large white altar was drawing near; he knew this was it. It was then out of no where that large winged, bird-like ghouls with distorted figures began to ascend from the oblivious depths of the altar. Their features were hideously dank, as if they spawned from the cruelest nooks of hell. He readied himself unsheath his sword, but then suddenly realized he had left it behind in his thoughtful trance. His eyes squinted with frustration as he gritted his teeth "The sword..."

The hawk quickly glanced at him then began to descend, until it reached the base of the final staircase. He looked at the hawk, somewhat confused, but this was just denial. He knew exactly what the hawk was preparing, and he knew this was their last meet, yet he didn't want to admit it. He slowly dismounted and looked up at the hawk. The hawk gazed down at him, as if it were telling him to continue on, and don't look back. He knew he had to continue and complete this,

but something inside him kept him froze. The hawk screeched and with the flap of it's wings, it ascended toward the incoming ghouls, twisting and winding through the cluster, and soaring away toward the darkness. The monsters squaked and took tail after and all was silent... until a painful screech echoed across the land. He continued to stare into the fading abyss, hoping, waiting for it to come back, but nothing happened. His eyes sunk as he dropped his head. This shouldn't of happened, if only he had brought the sword... but he had been told to leave it. The voice rang through his head, "...But once you reach the altar of eternity, you must leave it behind, this will be your final test..." He shook his head and gritted his teeth. He wanted to scream so badly, this wouldn't have happened if he only had brought the sword, but he knew in his heart that nothing could be done now. All that was left was to push on.

He slowly began walking towards the center of the final platform. As he looked onward, he became lost in a trance. An aura glowed around the altar, combined of a mixture of many colors. Time began to slow as he walked step by step up the pure white marble steps. The five creatures of elements were slowly circling the altar, the flaps of their wings gracefully beating upon the air currents. He felt strange, he knew this was a time of sorrow and great suffering, yet, he felt peaceful, as if his fears... his sins... melted away. Lost in such a daze, he had not realized that he had reached the top of the staircase. Everything was completely frozen now, it was a moment where time didn't exist. He slowly walked to the center of the platform and looked around. The five winged beasts were motionless, each one stopped in perfect distance from each other surrounding the altar. He slowly lifted his head and looked up. There was a circular roof opening. His eyes softened as he watched with a light heart. The dark heavy clouds slowly seperated and revealed a heavenly blue sky and a beam of light shined upon him. A small smile crossed his face as he slowly was lifted from the white marble, "Don't ever change... Allia..."