

Mark: The Chosen of Chatoyance

Ch1. Chosen

"Marcus. Marcus. Can you hear me, Marcus?" female voice spoke out seemingly coming from everywhere and nowhere at once.

You blink open your eyes. Wavering rays of light shone down on your body. You had yet to gain fully grasp of your reality. You felt as if your body was lying in wierd way, like you were bent backwards like 'C'. You couldn't feel that your back laid against anything either.

In fact, you could feel anything.

You gasped upon the realization and your eyes opened wide. You jerked your torso up and somehow curled into a ball. It was like you were submerged in water except, there was no water.

You looked up. The wearing lights came from a crack in the ceiling he hadn't noticed before. His eyes followed the crack in the ceiling and the wearing rays of light lit a slithering path ahead.

That's when you noticed how close you were to the floor. You just hung there curled up in ball a few feets above it.

As you realized, however, that you were suppose to be falling to the floor, you immidiately fell to the ground.

"Oof!" came out of your mouth when you hit the floor. However, you felt no pain. You only uttered that because you expected that fall to punch the wind out of you.

The floor is made up of somekind of white stones with grey tendrills slithering through them. It's nicely polished.

You look around and find large, white, stone pillar but along the slithering path ahead of you. You also find that outside of the lit path everything becomes dark quite quickly. It's almost as if certain areas of the room you have found yourself in disappear into the darkness the shadow provide.

You begin to walk along the lit path as you do the colony of pillars close in on you quickly as the path narrows. The path you walk on straighten out and soon you find yourself walking in a corridor. The walls are split in fancy manner with bottom- and top-half. The bottom is made of deep brown wood of nicely decorated extra boards nailed onto the wall, which provides a small edge to the walls' half-way point. The top-half is covered in a crimson wallpaper with black pattern in shape of whirly flowers.

Soon, not only pairs of pillars pass you by on both sides but also hanging oil lamps. Doors appear here and there. The floor change from stone to chocolate-brown wood and soon it's covered under a red carpet with a matching flower petal pattern as the wallpaper in black. Chairs and bookshelves appear along the side of the corridor along with desks.

Something makes you stop along your walk, a large painting being lit by two set on two hooks protruding out from the painting's frame. It depicted three girls standing next to each other as two large man hands grabbed the shoulders of the girls at each end. The man stood behind them but his one couldn't see much of him, the seemed cropped in such a manner that much of the everything above the tallest girl's head was not in the painting.

The girl to the left, was the tallest and looked to be about eighteen years old. Her hair is snow-white and it seemed to curl in on itself. She wore a smile on her lips and on her right hand was a sign of a star.

The girl in the middle was a head shorter and she has coal-black hair that just fell down her shoulders lifelessly. She looked peeved about something. On her right hand was a sign of a spiral from above or whirlpool.

The last girl was tiny she looked back at the painter with wide eyes. Her grey hair was wavy. On her right hand was a cycle.

It was then you heard the sound of strings being plucked. It comes from somewhere ahead in corridor, so you keep walking.

The corridor ends and you enter an open sunlit area. The area is garden which is surrounded by more white pillars. Climbing plants growing from the garden spiral up around the pillars. A small cobble stone path goes through the garden to its center. There, the path travels over a small wooden bridge over small trench. In the middle there is a gasebo.

You are taken in by the smell of all the colorful flowers and trees. All the rainbow colors are here in vegetation form. You look up and see the blue sky up ahead. A fast stream of clouds pass constantly over the sun and cause only few rays of sunlight to glitter through from time to time.

Next to the gasebo, a gaint harp was setup and at it a woman with white hair sat playing it. Her hair seemed to curl in on itself.

She had melancholic expression on her face. Her eyes were shut. The melody of the song was calming but somewhat sullen, mostly dark notes with the occasional light one.

Another sound reach you, the sound of water pouring into a pool. A beam of water, so perfectly solid that it almost looks like a towering rod of glass, falls down from the sky into the small pond that surrounds the gasebo. A balance scale with a bowl on one end is filled up by the water pouring from the beam and everytime it's filled the bowl hits rocks. There, the water pour out of it before it tips back with momentum so the other end of the scale hits the rocks as well. This produces the sound effect of two taps after one another, followed by pause before it happens again.

You look at the woman again. She's beautiful: Her white hair coil into several small buns on her head; she's voluptuous, her breasts are like a pair of elongated waterballons that spreads apart and seem so soft that they probably flop around like fish if swatted; she wears a dress in white (and some gold) that reveals her naked shoulders and then transitions into a huge, igloo-like tent of a skirt.

Something peculiar catches your eye, she's playing the harp with only one hand. The other, her left, lies in her lap seemingly unmoving and wrapped in somekind of grey cloth with golden chains tightly securing it and also tying it to her shoulder.

However, you can clearly hear more than one string of notes. Some of the strings vibrate of themselves as she plays, you notice.

Wait what? You think.

Immediately the strings cease to play on their own. As they stop, the woman takes notice and stops as well. She looks at you. She gives you a warm smile.

She attempts to stand up from her kneeling position next to the harp. She grabs a walking stick in the grass next to her that you didn't notice before. She grabs it with her right arm and tries to stand up using that stick and only her left leg.

You can't see clearly since her skirt is in the way but you assume that, no. Suddenly, you can see. It's like the skirt's fabric ceases to exist specifically where it would obscure your view of her other leg. You see how it too is bandaged like the arm, in grey cloth and golden chains binding it to the leg but also making the leg fold around the knee.

She blushes for a moment before laughing it off. Soon the fabric of the skirt is back into its place.

She struggles upright. Seeing her struggling, you move to assist. You reach out a hand and stick it underneath her face. She looks up at you and giggles, then she gives you a warm smile.

"I knew I made the right choice when I picked you," she says. She hesitantly looks at your hand and then down at her leg. "Errhm, thank you."

She blanches on one leg for a moment before she takes your hand. You quickly feel the rest of her body follow as she leans on your shoulder for support. You decide to put an arm under her arm, onto her back, and sticking your hand into her armpit. You do this carefully as to avoid touching her bust but in the end, you can feel her right boob push into you slightly. She doesn't seem to mind or notice though and you don't mind. You walk slowly so she can jump on alongside you on her one good leg.

As suspected, you didn't have to walk that far since she guides you to the gasebo. As you enter it, you notice a dog-sized, fire-red bird sitting up on a beam in the ceiling. It cranes its head a few times watching you before it starts to preen its wings.

The woman sees what you're looking at and says, "Don't worry. That's Flaxy, he's a friend."

You help the woman sit down at one of the pair of chairs next to a round table. You sit down on the other chair, it stands on the other side of the table.

That when you notice the pot in the middle of the table. There's a plant in it, but not the typical kind of plant you'd have at a table but a venus fly-eating plant. The plant's stalks' top aren't flowers but green clamps with sharp, red, cactus-like spikes protruding out around it, almost like teeth.

You tilt your head at it, puzzled at why it was given so much attention in a garden filled with beautiful flowers. The woman notices how your scrutinizing gaze.

"Hmm, maybe it's time to feed you," she says and then does a circular motion with her hand into closing her hand. When she opened it again, there were few flies crawling around in her hand. She opens her hand even more; spreading and stretching out her fingers in one quick motion. Suddenly, the flies float into the air without even using their wings. A few of the flies do buzz their wings but they seem unable to move from the spot. The flies are levitated over the plant where they are made to hover just above each mouth. She balls her hand into a fist and the flies cease to buzz as their small heads get instantly squashed. They sink into the plants' mouths that eagerly trap them.

The woman looks at the feasting plant with a dour expression.

"You must think I'm quite cruel?" she asks without moving her gaze.

"What? No. I mean, they are only flies," you answer back.

She giggles mirthlessly. "You're right. That's what they are."

She continues to watch the plant with a solemn expression for a while but then she perks up again as she turns her attention to you.

She just looks at you for long while, with a weird kinda knowing smile. You look back at her with a somewhat stupified look.

"Want me to explain what's going on?" she asks teasingly.

Strangely, you hadn't realized that you were indeed wondering that and you had been on some subconscious level been looking at her for answers.

"Uhh, yes, I think," you answer back.

She smiles warmly at you again.

"The short answer is: This is a dream but you're not dreaming."

You blink.

This is a dream? You think to yourself.

You look at your hand and then you pinch your wrist. You feel nothing. You pinch all your might. Your fingers pull off a piece of skin and you blood trickles out on your arm.

You look at the dark-red liquid. You're shocked that you managed to do that much damaged with just your fingers pinching.

"Marcus!" The woman calls and you turn towards her. "Feel for it. Does it hurt?"

When you understood what she meant, your first thought was, *Obviously*, but then you try to feel the pain: It isn't there.

How?

You look at your arm again and the wound is gone; your arm is back to normal.

No way! It was like—

Suddenly, the wound appears again but no pain follow it.

What the?

"Marcus, what's the last thing you remember?" she asks as her eyes are downcast.

You blink at her.

"I..." you say and drag out the 'I'.

You find it hard to think. You keep your eyes shut but no images of, well, anything pops up in it. As if your head is a muscle you can flex, you strain your head trying to produce an image of anything. It usually isn't that hard for you to do so.

"Marcus."

"Yes?"

You open your eyes to see what she wants.

The garden is gone. All that is left of the former area is gasebo with you, her, the bird, and the plant. The outside is a swirl of imagery. You do not see yourself in any of them, but you do recognize them, though. They are all memories that you once experinced with your own eyes. It's your life.

To cut a story short: It's been hard. You break out a big goofy grin at the good times as they appear. Your friend that got you into DBZ. The first long-sword tournament that you won. You baking and bringing that cake to the old folks in your church group.

Then; while the scene stays wholesome, it depicts your DJ friend setting up for a gig, it has this eerie quality; because you know what's gonna happened. Suddenly, a gang of forigners enters the club your at and begins to harsh the female cashier at the desk. Your friend is scared and pretends to not notice. Other people who are nearby, take no action either because they are scared that this situation could get make them appear racist in if it ever reaches the ears of the media.

You on the other hand, take action: You tell your friend to call the cops as you run to get you sword, you had brought with you to show your friend. When you return, the gang has removed most of the woman's clothes. You threaten them; tell them to leave and never come back. They act tough and threatening.

One brings out a gun but somehow, you're faster. You straight up stab him like a total G ;P. The fight is long and hard won but eventually two of them run as two more bodies join the bloody mess of the first.

But then, unexpected happens: The police shows up and shoots you. You fall onto the floor and that's where the swirl of images go dark.

Suddenly, the gasebo is back in the center of the garden again.

You look at the woman again. She looks back with an sad look in her eyes.

"What?" you ask as you hear small taps from the table.

You look down and find that it's you. Your crying.

You drag your hand over your cheek and it becomes glistening.

You haven't cried in forever and you don't even feel that sad right now. It almost like you can't conceptualize that the person in the images is you but another part of you can. Like you're out of yourself, a third person looking in. Your crying more because that's what you expect yourself to do

in this situation.

"It didn't end like you'd hope, despite how kind you were in life," the woman says, looking solemnly at you. "But when I scryed into your world, you stood out for your immense kindness and the burning flame of hope in your heart. Even when surrounded by death's miasma, you kept fighting. That's why I chose you, Marcus."

"Chose me? For what?"

Your crying had stopped now. It had went as fast as it came, like your wound; like it never existed in the first place. You look back down at your arm and now the wound is gone again.

You can still hear a tapping sound in the background. You recognize it and tilt your head past the woman to see the wooden scale contraption in the pond with the waterbeam dropping down from the heavens into its bowl. It still made the sounds two taps, one after the other, followed by a pause of silence. They were increasing their pace right now though.

You check and the beam of water is wider.

"I..." she trailed off but then picked it up again. "I... Am the Goddess of Life in the world of Roohländ, Chatoyance. Or, I used to be. But I lost my powers after I..."

She tilted her head forward and her bundles of white curly hair fell down over her face like a curtain.

"After the orcs attacked and I failed to protect my followers from them. You see, a deity gains her powers from the number and the fervor of her followers' faith in any material world," she says, look back up at you again, and gestures to the side.

"If I had followers in this world, for example, that wouldn't sustain my power," she continued.

"This is the athermal realm. The realm of dreams and thoughts, not part of the material realm.

"So, that's why I brought you here, Marcus."

"You can call me Mark, by the way," you interject.

"Oh, well. I don't really have a nickname myself, but I think you could call me something like Chatty then," she giggled in her hand, then she went glommy.

"However, since I no longer possess the strength to protect y people destroy all orcs? They are a blight? or just protect

I no longer possess the strength to save them will u do it in my place? The orcs cause death and destruction

Ur kind and seek to uphold justice I want u to become my champion

Thank u and I appreciate it but to be honest, what can I do? I'm just an average guy I can't do much

U r far from average but I see what u mean and that is why I'll bestow your soul with infuse with
with power

I cant force u but will u accept my gift and be our chosen one or whatever ?

She transedcen him and then whe starts to die she should beafraid or show reluctance or something
before sicne sheunderstands but the phoneix pushes her on

To think that I would die sadness and regret but also some hope