

Tab 1

The Gemstone Vigilant: Azruite's Ascension

My supper dupper old oc / joke

Chapter 1: The Cave of Neglect

The drip of water echoed through the damp cave like a broken clock, counting down the miserable hours of Azruite's existence. He pressed his back against the cold stone wall, watching his parents argue over his father gambling everything and just wanted diamonds and not buying food or supplies, let alone a family of three.

"It's your fault we're in this mess!" his mother shrieked, her voice bouncing off the cave walls like a banshee's wail.

"My fault? You're the one who—" his father's retort was cut short when he noticed Azruite watching. "What are you staring at, boy? Go find something useful to do!"

Azruite's gemstone heart pulsed with a dull, blue light—the only beautiful thing in this wretched place. Unlike other gem people who lived in crystal palaces or underground cities, his family had been cast out, forced to live in this cave on the outskirts of the Forgotten Slums.

"Maybe if you actually tried to find work and save coins instead of gambling just for stupid Diamond—," Azruite muttered under his breath.

The slap came fast and hard, leaving his cheek stinging. His father's eyes blazed with fury. "Don't you dare speak to me like that, you worthless chunk of rock!"

That night, as his parents snored fitfully on their bed of rags, Azruite made his decision. He gathered the few possessions he owned—a cracked water bottle, a torn blanket, and a small knife his aunt had given him before she died—and crept toward the cave entrance.

The moon hung like a broken silver coin in the sky, casting eerie shadows across the wasteland beyond. Azruite took one last look at the cave that had been his prison for seventeen years, then stepped into the unknown.

Two Weeks of Wandering

The world outside the cave was vast and terrifying. Azruite had never realized how small his life had been until he found himself walking endless roads that stretched to horizons he'd only dreamed of.

His gemstone abilities were weak from years of neglect and poor nutrition. While other gem people could create shields, manipulate elements, or even fly, Azruite could barely make his chest glow bright enough to see by. Still, it was better than the suffocating darkness of the cave.

On his third day, he encountered a group of bandits.

“Well, well, what have we here?” The leader, a scarred man with gold teeth, stepped into Azruite’s path. “A little gem boy, all alone?”

“I don’t have anything valuable,” Azruite said, which was technically true.

“Oh, but you do.” The bandit’s grin widened. “Gem people fetch a fine price in the slave markets.”

The fight was pathetic. Azruite managed to blind them temporarily with a flash from his chest gem, but he was too weak and inexperienced to do much else. They would have captured him easily if not for the mysterious figure who appeared like smoke from the shadows.

The stranger wore a dark cloak and moved with fluid grace, dispatching the bandits with magic that made the air shimmer and crack. When the last bandit fled, screaming, the figure turned to Azruite.

“Interesting,” the stranger said, voice neither male nor female but something in between. “A gem person with untapped potential.”

“Who are you?” Azruite gasped, still catching his breath.

“Someone who sees value where others see waste.” The stranger’s face was hidden in shadow, but Azruite caught a glimpse of eyes that sparkled like starlight. “You seek purpose, don’t you, young gemstone?”

Before Azruite could answer, the stranger raised a hand, and the world went dark.

Chapter 2: The Crystal Prison

Consciousness returned slowly, like waking from a dream within a dream. Azruite found himself floating in what appeared to be a massive crystal, suspended in some sort of magical solution. He could see out, but the world beyond was refracted and distorted.

His body felt different—*stronger* somehow. The gem in his chest pulsed with new energy, and he could feel power coursing through his veins like liquid lightning. Whatever the stranger had done to him, it had awakened abilities he never knew he possessed.

Time moved strangely in the crystal. Sometimes he felt like he'd been there for minutes, other times for years. He watched through the prismatic walls as figures moved around him—people in elaborate robes conducting experiments, taking notes, arguing in languages he didn't understand.

Then came the day everything changed.

Four figures in royal regalia stood before his crystal prison, each wearing the colors and symbols of different kingdoms. Their voices were muffled but urgent.

““The Starlight Kingdom found him first!” declared a woman with silver hair that seemed to shimmer with actual starlight.

“Finders keepers doesn't apply to kingdom defense!” shot back a man whose golden armor was so bright it hurt to look at.

“The Sunburst Empire has first claim to any gemstone warriors!”

“Both of you are being ridiculous,” said a third voice, cool and measured. This speaker wore deep blue robes that seemed to contain swirling galaxies. “The Twilight Realm has ancient treaties that clearly state—”

“Ancient treaties my boots!” interrupted the fourth voice. A woman in forest-green armor stepped forward, and Azruite could see thorny vines growing from her gauntlets. “The Earthbound Dominion needs protection more than any of your fancy kingdoms!”

Their argument grew heated, and soon they were using magic, trying to claim Azruite's crystal by force. Spells flew through the air like angry birds, striking the crystal chamber with increasing intensity.

CRACK.

Azruite would have rolled his eyes if he could move them. *Great.* He'd escaped one terrible situation only to become the center of a four-way royal custody battle. And from what he could gather through their arguing, they all wanted him to be some kind of guardian for their kingdoms.

Just my luck, he thought bitterly. *Finally someone wants me, and it's only because I'm useful.* The argument continued for what felt like hours. Accusations flew, ancient grudges were aired, and at one point the Earthbound woman actually grew a tree right through the floor just to prove a point about her kingdom's power.

“This is getting us nowhere,” the Starlight representative finally said.

“Perhaps we should simply... divide him.”

“Divide him?” Golden armor looked intrigued.

“Cut the crystal into four pieces. We each get a portion.”

Azruite felt a chill that had nothing to do with being trapped in stone. They were talking about cutting him up like a pie.

“Now wait just a minute—” Twilight Realm began.

But he was interrupted by the Earthbound woman taking a massive war hammer from her belt. “I like this idea. Simple. Efficient.”

She raised the hammer high above her head, and Azruite closed his eyes, preparing for the end. At least it would be quick.

The hammer came down with tremendous force—and missed. In her enthusiasm to claim her piece, the Earthbound warrior had swung too early. The hammer struck the crystal’s base instead of its center, and the entire prison shattered like glass. Azruite tumbled to the marble floor, gasping and coughing and very, very free. “Oops,” said the Earthbound warrior.

CRACK. **CRACK.**

More fractures spread as the magical battle intensified.

Then, with a sound like the universe splitting apart, the crystal shattered.

Azruite fell to the stone floor, gasping real air for what felt like the first time in forever. His body hummed with newfound power, and when he looked up, his eyes blazed with blue light that made the royals step back in awe and terror.

“He’s out.”

Chapter 3: The Sweets Bright Starlight Village

{So let me explain for a bit.

The Kingdom is called The **Starlight** Kingdom and they have a village called The Sweet Bright **Starlight** Village to anyone is confused}

Without waiting for the shocked royals to react, Azruite scrambled to his feet and bolted. His month of imprisonment had left his legs weak, but fear gave him speed. He burst through the chamber doors and found himself in a magnificent hallway lined with portraits of stern-looking kings and queens.

Behind him, he could hear shouting:

“After him!”

“Don’t let him escape!”

“This is your fault, Golden armor! It probably broke due to your..Stupid shiny Gold!”

“My fault? You’re the one who suggested cutting him up!”

Azruite ran like his life depended on it—because it probably did. The hallway seemed to stretch on forever, but finally he spotted an open window. Without hesitation, he dove through it.

The kingdom that called itself The Starlight Kingdom was unlike anything Azruite had ever imagined. Buildings were crafted from crystallized starlight, and the streets literally glowed with a soft, silver radiance. The people were tall and ethereal, with skin that shimmered like the night sky and eyes that held the depth of space itself.

Azruite ran like his life depended on it—because it probably did.

The hallway seemed to stretch on forever, but finally he spotted an open window. Without hesitation, he dove through it.

He landed in a courtyard garden, rolled to absorb the impact, and kept running.

The palace—or whatever that building had been—fell behind him as he sprinted through a city unlike anything he’d ever seen.

The buildings were made of some kind of white stone that seemed to glow from within. Street lamps floated in the air without any visible support, casting warm light that danced like captured stars.

The people walking the streets had an ethereal quality, as if they weren’t quite solid.

Despite his desperate flight, Azruite couldn’t help but stare in wonder.

This place was beautiful in a way that made his old neighborhood seem like a distant nightmare.

"Halt!" The voice came from above.

Azruite looked up to see guards flying toward him on what appeared to be crystallized clouds.

"By order of King Stellaris, stop where you are!"

King Stellaris? Azruite thought. That must be the King of The Starlight Kingdom they were talking about.

Well, he'd made it this far. Might as well go for broke.

Instead of running from the guards, Azruite ran toward the largest, most impressive building he could see—a palace that seemed to be carved from a single, massive crystal.

Its spires stretched so high they disappeared into actual clouds, and its walls sparkled with embedded stars.

The front gates were guarded, but they clearly weren't expecting someone to run toward the palace rather than away from it.

Azruite slipped past them in the confusion of the aerial chase and found himself in a throne room that took his breath away.

The ceiling was a perfect replica of the night sky, complete with slowly moving constellations. The floor was made of polished obsidian that reflected the stars above, creating the illusion of walking through space itself. And on a throne that seemed to be carved from a fallen star sat a figure that could only be the king.

King Stellaris was tall and lean, with silver hair and eyes like distant galaxies. His robes shifted and flowed as if made from the aurora borealis itself. When he saw Azruite burst into his throne room, followed by shouting guards, he raised one eyebrow in what might have been amusement.

"Well," the king said, his voice carrying the whisper of solar winds, "this is unexpected." He said as he looked at him far away from the throne "We're trying to look for you for...Let talk about that later.."

Azruite fell to his knees, partly from respect and partly from exhaustion.

"Your Majesty, I... I need help. Please."

"Rise," King Stellaris commanded, and somehow Azruite found the strength to stand.

“You’re the gemstone warrior the kingdoms have been fighting over, aren’t you?”

“I guess? I don’t really know what that means.”

The king studied him with those cosmic eyes. “Tell me, young gem. What do you want?”

It was such a simple question, but no one had ever asked Azruite that before. What did he want?

“I want to belong somewhere,” he said finally. “I want to matter.”

King Stellaris smiled, and it was like watching a star being born.

“Then perhaps we can help each other. I will offer you what the others would not—a choice. You may stay in my kingdom, but only if you wish it. And if you choose to stay, you will protect us not as a prisoner or a tool, but as one of us.”

For the first time in his life, Azruite felt tears on his crystalline cheeks.

“What do I have to do?”

“Simply guard our gates and defend our people. In return, you’ll have a home, respect, and the chance to become the person you were meant to be.”

Azruite considered this. It sounded infinitely better than living in a cave with parents who hated him.

“I accept.”

Chapter 4: The Vigilant’s Burden

The Star Gates were magnificent and terrifying. Massive rings of crystallized space-time, they hovered at the edge of the Starry Kingdom like doorways to infinity. Through them, Azruite could see glimpses of other realms—some beautiful beyond description, others so horrible that looking at them too long made his gem-heart ache.

His new role as Vigilant came with its own quarters—a tower that spiraled up from the gate complex like a crystal lighthouse. It wasn’t luxurious, but after the cave, it felt like a palace.

When he arrived at the Gates where he was supposed to stay, he noticed a little blonde hair who was wearing the same uniform as everyone in the guards who are protecting the Gates but he was wearing a different hat as well. A shako military hat.

He seems like a serious kid. He thought to himself

"Hey kid...isn't Halloween quite early?" Azruite asked as he tapped his hat for attention.

The little boy looked up and was quite confused but he seemed joyful

"Ah hello there! You're the new Guardian gemstone!" He said as his voice had an English accent

"Let me introduce myself! I'm Star Bellflower (cookie), You can call me Bellflower for short!"

"My name is Azruite (cookie)...Okay I'm sorry but you look so young to be a guard..." Azruite looked at Star bellflower up and down

"Ah, yeah..That's what everyone is saying but that's how the policy is, I'm the youngest here!"

"How old are you?.."

"I'm about to be nine next month!"

Holy shit. What the hell did king Stellaris think!? Hiring little kids for this dangerous job

"Everyone started at the same age as me, some people here are older too!" He continues on

"Wait a minute...what.." he pause him for a second for he could understand and say "*what the fuck is wrong with this place*"

"Didn't King Stellaris explain this to you?" Star Bellflower asked as he tilted his head

"N-no.."

"Oh."

It was quite awkward after that conversation, until Star Bellflower finally broke the silence.

"Right...I remember, they are probably going to tell you about the politics to you on your first meeting."

"Who's 'they'?" Azruite was wondering

"Oh the leader of each uh...How do I explain this...." Star Bellflower murmurs as he tries to think of another way to explain him.

Right, forgot he's a kid

"Like the leader of the rescue team, the captain of the guard, the leader of the uh...Astronomy? And another leader who helps our kingdom out!" Star Bellflower tried his best to explain this to him.

"I'm the assistant of the guard captain! I'll be there!"

"Ah, I get it..." Azurite nodded. Until
There was a star with an adorable face in it. As it was talking to Star Bellflower saying about breaks

"Ah alrighty!" Star bellflower murmured

"Sorry about that, I have a break now. Oh goodness, the meeting starts in three weeks!" He said as he began to march away

This is weird...my aunt or the King never told me about this...

Day goes past and
The job itself was... *unusual*.

His first week, he had to chase off a group of void-sprites who were trying to steal moonbeams from the kingdom's dream reserves. They looked like gossamer jellyfish with too many teeth, and they giggled like broken glass when he caught them.

The second week, an interdimensional merchant tried to smuggle a cargo of crystallized screams through the gates. The merchant himself was a perfectly reasonable octopus-person wearing a business suit, but his cargo kept escaping and terrifying the local wildlife.

By the third week, Azruite realized he had found something he'd never expected to find: he was good at this. His gemstone abilities, it awakened by whatever process had been used to enhance him, were perfect for the work. He could create barriers of solid light, sense dimensional disturbances, and even communicate with some of the stranger entities that frequented the gates.

But the isolation was getting to him. The Star Gates were miles from the main village, and most of his human contact came in the form of brief reports to the castle or encounters with interdimensional troublemakers.

Three weeks later...

The sunrise cast long shadows across the Starlight Kingdom's main gate as Azruite concluded another sleepless night of guard duty. His azure skin now gleamed with health and purpose, and his once-thin frame had filled out with muscle earned through years of training and vigilance.

But the bags under his eyes told a different story.

“Still not sleeping?”

Azruite turned to see Captain Vega approaching with the morning guard rotation.

She was a stern woman whose star-touched armor never showed so much as a scuff mark, despite the battles she’d fought to earn her position.

“Someone has to watch the gates,” Azruite replied, stifling a yawn that could have cracked granite.

“Someone does watch the gates. Multiple someones, in shifts, so that everyone gets rest.” Vega’s expression softened slightly.

“When was the last time you slept more than two hours at a time?”

Azruite had to think about it.

“Tuesday?”

“It’s Friday.”

“Last Tuesday?”

Vega sighed, a sound like wind through cosmic dust.

“Azruite, you’re going to make yourself sick. Or worse, you’re going to make a mistake when the kingdom really needs you.”

She wasn’t wrong.

Over the past few months, Azruite had noticed his reflexes slowing, his concentration wavering. But every time he tried to rest, he’d hear phantom sounds—footsteps that might be invaders, whispers that could be plotting enemies, scratches that might be someone trying to breach the gates.

The Starlight Kingdom had enemies, after all.

The other three kingdoms still resented losing their chance at a gemstone guardian.

Bandits regularly tested their defenses. And there were rumors of something stirring in the dark spaces between stars, something that hungered for the light of their realm.

"I'll rest when I can," Azruite said, which they both knew was a lie. He remembered that the King told him he's not allowed to get some rest for a couple weeks or months. Which is quite weird but he listened to him for *good*.

Vega was about to respond when a commotion erupted from the direction of the palace. A royal messenger came running, his breath forming small clouds of stardust in the morning air.

"Azruite, the king wants you here now, to meet the rest of the people in The Starlight Kingdom"

Sighed

"Thank you, I'll be there immediately" he sighed knowing that he is tired and he is really busy today

When the messenger left, Vega turns around and speaks "you should go."

Azruite nodded as he was on his way to go to the palace until.

"Azruite." Vega speaks up, making Azruite turn around to look at her again

"You go and get some rest, you didn't even sleep for weeks."

"Are you sure?" Azruite asked as he looked at her if she was serious or not

"Yes, I'm sure. You did a *good job*"

Good job?... Azruite thought to himself. No one had ever told him that type of word to him

"Alright...Uh Thanks" he said as he entered the Starry gates to the kingdom to get some rest.

In the next day, he met Nebulae Spark.

Chapter 5: The Astronomy

Yesterday, he met everyone who helped out of the Kingdom, the only thing he only remembered is "*his name is blah blah he helped us do blah blah stars blah she helped us a lot blah blah. And our Astronomy isn't here but you will see him anywhere, he's a busy guy.*"

Weird. He didn't meet the Astronomy but it's okay. He's probably busy.

Nebulae Spark was perhaps the most beautiful being, and that was saying something in a kingdom full of star-people. flowing blonde hair and large blue eyes. He also has decorative patterns on their visible skin.

He is surrounded by magical golden four-pointed stars and sparkles of various sizes, creating a celestial or mystical atmosphere. He has a gentle and pleasant expression. His cape have a subtle sparkly and glittery texture, enhancing the magical aesthetic of the illustration.

One day, Nebuale was rushing to go to deliver to some important thing to The Western Observation Tower, as he got lost and bump into Azruite

As Nebuale fell and his things that are from in the box began to fly everywhere and went everywhere in the ground

As Azurite quickly learned, Nebula Spark was absolutely terrible at first impressions.

“Oh no, oh no, oh no!” Nebulae was shouting as he stumbled through one of the Star Gates, arms full of what appeared to be crystallized comets. “Please don’t arrest me! I have official business!”

Azruite raised a barrier of light, more out of reflex than any real concern. “Who are you, and what are you doing with those cosmic ice balls?”

“I’m Nebulae Spark, Royal Astronomer, and these aren’t ice balls, they’re condensed star-stuff for the constellation maintenance program!” Nebulae held up what Azruite now realized was an official seal.

Ah, he's the Astronomer guy.

“I’m supposed to deliver these to the Western Observation Tower, but I took a wrong turn somewhere around the Crab Nebula and ended up... here.”

Azruite lowered his barrier and tried not to smile. The Royal Astronomer was clearly brilliant—you didn’t get that title without serious magical and scientific credentials—but he was also apparently hopeless at navigation.

“The Western Tower is about three miles that way,” Azruite pointed.

“Right! Thank you!” Nebulae started to leave, then paused. “I don’t suppose... I mean, I know you’re busy guarding things, but would you mind if I stopped by sometime? It gets lonely in the observatory, and I’d love to hear about the dimensional anomalies you must see here.”

Azruite found himself nodding before he consciously made the decision. There was something about Nebulae’s enthusiasm that was infectious.

“Sure.” He whispered as he watch Nebulae walk away

That was how their friendship began.

Chapter 6: Six Years of Starlight

What followed were some of the happiest years of Azruite's life. Nebulae became a regular visitor to the Star Gates, ostensibly to study the cosmic phenomena that occurred there, but really because they genuinely enjoyed each other's company.

And Azruite started to be himself for once, he can tease someone without getting yelled at like *"fix that attitude!"* Or *"be more respectful, not like that!"* Or other stuff that Azruite got yelled at just for teasing

Nebulae was brilliant, funny, and kind in ways that made Azruite's chest-gem glow warmly. He told stories about distant galaxies, explained the mathematics of starlight, and had an infectious laugh that echoed beautifully in the crystal chambers of the gate complex.

For his part, Azruite shared tales of the strange beings that passed through the gates, the cosmic horrors he'd faced down, and the gradual discovery of his own growing powers. He found that his abilities continued to develop—he could now create complex energy constructs, manipulate gravity on a small scale, and even peer briefly into adjacent dimensions.

The other inhabitants of the kingdom began to know them as a pair. The Vigilant and the Astronomer, protectors of the realm in their own ways. Azruite guarded the borders between dimensions while Nebulae maintained the stellar infrastructure that kept their cosmic kingdom stable.

They worked together on several crises over the years: the Great Comet Collision of Year Three, when Azruite had to create a massive energy net to catch falling star fragments while Nebulae calculated trajectory corrections. The Void Kraken Incident of Year Five, where they discovered that the creature was actually just lonely and homesick, not malevolent.

But through it all, Azruite remained oblivious to the way Nebulae's galaxy-skin brightened when he laughed, or how the astronomer's meteor-trail hair seemed to dance more actively in his presence. He didn't notice the lingering looks, the carefully crafted excuses to visit, or the way Nebulae's voice softened when he said Azruite's name.

Azruite saw a brilliant, kind friend and valued colleague. Nebulae saw the star around which his entire universe revolved.

One day Azruite and Nebulae were on the same spot, laughing, smiling, teasing each other, telling some other drama and more.

Until Azurite looked at Nebulae's body and he kinda look like he's naked, he remembered that Nebulae explained that he wasn't actually naked and everyone in the kingdom is like this and they are galaxy people (cookies)

As he began to take his coat off and place it on Nebulae's shoulder

Nebulae jumped as he felt something heavy on his shoulder and the warmth in his coat

"I know you told me this but, it look to fucking off for me" Azurite chuckles "you still look fucking naked, man"

Nebulae looked at him for a while and chuckled with him.

"You can give it back to me whenever you feel like it." He smiled as he continued on "ah I should make you a scarf or something so that you won't look naked at all!" He said with joyfully as he have a lots of idea what to make

While Nebulae was just listening and just looking at him.

This feel...weird to me

Weeks after weeks and year after year. Nebulae Spark somehow has a weird feeling inside of him whenever someone mentions Azurite's name or whenever he's next to him. Like instead of butterflies in his stomach, it is like small stars inside of his stomach.

"God, what is this feeling?" Nebulae Spark talked to himself as he was in his room, thinking about his feelings but it wasn't working. He kept thinking about Azurite too much that he began to start fidgeting the scarf that Azurite made him.
(He wears it all the time)

"We've been friends for almost...what 6 years?.." Nebulae Spark ask his Star ; which is Almost his pet

"Well yeah, 6 years." They said as they were on top of Nebulae's head, almost falling asleep from Nebulae's talking "just tell him about it, I feel it been a long time hiding that feeling"

Nebulae Spark took a deep breath and think about for a minute

"Alright...**tomorrow** I will."

Chapter 7: The Confession

[there is some part that are from the mini story I wrote a year ago help, I put it in the end of the chapter-ish]

The day everything changed started like any other. The Sweets Bright Starlight Village was bustling with its usual cosmic commerce—star traders haggling over bottled moonlight, constellation artists weaving new patterns in the sky, and the ever-present hum of interdimensional tourism.

At the Starry Gates, Azruite was dealing with what he'd privately dubbed "Tuesday Weirdness"—a relatively minor incursion of dream-moths from the Realm of Sleeping Thoughts. They were harmless but persistent, trying to nest in the gate mechanisms and causing temporal hiccups.

He'd just finished herding the last of them back through their native portal when Nebulae appeared, as he often did after completing his stellar observations.

"Oh hey, Azruite," Nebulae waved, coming to stand beside him as the gate shimmered back to its normal operational state.

"Oh hey Spark, how are you doing? It's quite busy today." Azruite smiled, genuinely happy to see his friend. Over the years, Nebulae's visits had become the highlight of his days.

"Ah nothing much, and indeed it is quite busy today..." Nebulae nodded, but there was something different about his manner—a nervous energy that made the galaxy patterns on his skin swirl faster than usual.

Azruite noticed but didn't comment. Sometimes the pressure of maintaining an entire kingdom's stellar infrastructure got to even the most competent astronomer.

"Oh uh...Azruite, if you can, can you meet me at the Starry-Midnight Cafe..." Nebulae's voice carried an odd tension. "Wait, you know what... just finish your... thing... I'll wait for you."

"Ah? How so? Are you going to tell me about you and—" Azruite began to tease, but Nebulae cut him off sharply.

"Shut it, Azruite." The astronomer sighed heavily. "I'll see you later..."

As Nebulae walked away, Azruite felt a strange flutter of concern. In *six years* of friendship, he'd never heard that particular tone in Nebulae's voice—a mixture of determination and dread that set off warning bells in the back of his mind.

“Mmh... I wonder what he’s on about this time...” Azruite thought to himself as he returned to his duties, but the wondering followed him through the rest of his shift.

The hours crawled by with unusual slowness. Every interdimensional traveler seemed to take forever with their paperwork. Every routine scan took twice as long as normal. By the time Azruite’s shift ended, the kingdom’s artificial night had fallen, and the streets glowed with their soft, silver radiance.

He found Nebulae waiting outside the Starry-Midnight Cafe, but the establishment was already closed for the night.

“Hey... Sorry that you had to wait until midnight...” Azruite apologized, feeling genuinely bad. He’d gotten caught up in a complicated situation involving a lost cosmic whale that had taken hours to resolve.

“Oh you don’t need to worry about that, it’s fine.” Nebulae smiled, but it didn’t quite reach his star-flecked eyes. “Oh uh, the cafe is closed so... Do you want to go to the Midnight Garden?”

The Midnight Garden was one of the kingdom’s most beautiful spaces—a crystalline botanical preserve where plants from across the galaxy grew in harmony.

“Oh sure, I don’t mind that...” Azruite agreed, though he wondered why Nebulae seemed so nervous about a simple walk in a garden.

The garden at night was breathtaking. Luminescent flowers from the Andromeda system cast purple and gold light across paths made of compressed starlight. Trees with leaves of crystallized solar wind chimed gently in the cosmic breeze. It was a place that seemed to exist outside of normal time and space.

As they walked, Azruite found himself drawn to a particular grove—a quiet space with a small bench beneath a tree whose branches held actual miniature stars. It was the spot where his aunt used to bring him from his poor neighborhood to here during those early, when she was still alive, difficult months when he was still adjusting to life in the kingdom.

But his mother didn’t let him go with his aunt after that.

“Oh uh... I apologize if I act like a stupid child, but can we go to this spot? It reminds me of... *someone*.” Azruite’s voice carried a note of old grief.

Nebulae’s expression softened immediately. “Why of course, Azruite. You don’t have to ask me. I don’t own this garden.”

They settled onto the bench, and for a moment, the only sounds were the gentle chiming of the star-leaves and the distant hum of the kingdom's cosmic infrastructure.

"So... what's up? How come you wanted me to hang out with you today?" Azruite asked, finally ready to address the elephant in the room—or in this case, the nervous astronomer on the bench.

The question hit Nebulae like a physical blow. His heart began to race, and the galaxies in his skin brightened and swirled with anxiety. This was it. The moment he'd been building toward for months, maybe years.

"O-Oh, about that." Nebulae cleared his throat, buying time he didn't really have. *I can't believe I'm doing this*, he thought. *This is so stupid...*

"Hey~, c'mon now, I don't have all night~... hurry up before I leave," Azruite teased, as he always did when Nebulae got lost in his own thoughts.

"Alright! Alright..." Nebulae took a deep breath and looked directly at Azruite, his stellar eyes blazing with emotion. "Since the day I met you, you're the one I've been waiting for..."

The words hung in the garden air like visible things, transforming the space between them. Nebulae looked down, unable to maintain eye contact while his heart poured itself out.

"*You* were like one of the precious stars I ever met. The type of star that can shine the *brightest* than the rest of the stars... Azruite, I may look stupid saying this but I have to admit this. I adore *you* no matter what, even if your gemstone broke apart. Even if *you* can't shine just like the rest of the stars or... crumble away, I'll still adore **you**, Azruite."

The confession settled over them like cosmic dust, beautiful and heavy with possibility. Nebulae sat frozen, still looking at the ground, embarrassed by his own vulnerability but unable to take the words back.

Azruite stared at his friend—really looked at him, perhaps for the **first time**. He saw the way Nebulae's galaxies pulsed with nervous energy, the careful hope hidden in the astronomer's posture, the years of hidden feelings suddenly laid bare under the starlight.

And felt his heart break a *little*.

"Alright then... my turn to talk, I guess." Azruite sighed, the sound carrying more weight than it should have. "Thank you for this kind of... speech, *but...*"

The '**but**' landed like a meteor in Nebulae's chest.

"I really enjoyed our time together, but I'm not feeling a connection, Nebulae. I really don't see it." The words came out more clinical than Azruite intended, but he didn't know how else to say them kindly.

Nebulae looked up sharply, searching Azruite's face for any sign that this was another tease, another joke between friends. But Azruite's gemstone heart pulsed with steady, sorrowful light, and his expression was gentle but immovable.

"I'm sorry, I may have to decline this. I'm not looking for love. I'm just too busy right now, taking care of the Star Gates." It was partially true— But mostly, it was an excuse to soften the blow of simple, honest disinterest.

"I'm sorry, but I have to go. *We can still be friends*, right?..." Azruite stood, looking down at Nebulae with genuine concern. The last thing he wanted was to lose the friendship that had become so important to both of them.

"Oh, yeah, it's okay, I understand you. See you... *tomorrow*, Azruite." Nebulae managed a smile that almost looked real. Almost.

Azruite hesitated for a moment, wanting to say something else, something that would make this easier for both of them. But what was there to say? He couldn't manufacture feelings that didn't exist, no matter how much he valued their friendship.

So he left, walking back through the crystal paths while behind him, Nebulae Spark sat alone under the star-tree and quietly let his heart break.

As Azruite exited the Midnight Garden, he found himself thinking about Nebulae's reaction. *Weird... he's so calm about it. Well, of course, Nebulae being him.* But even as he thought it, something nagged at him—a sense that he was missing something important.

What he'd missed was the sight of Nebulae finally letting the tears fall, galaxy-bright drops that shimmered as they hit the garden floor like falling stars returning to earth.

"*Fuck.*" He cursed and sobbed like a little child

Chapter 8: The Forced Engagement

One years passed. The friendship between Azruite and Nebulae survived the confession, though it was never quite the same. They do talk and see each other but Nebulae still remember that day.

There was a new carefulness between them, a awareness of boundaries that hadn't existed before. Nebulae threw himself into his astronomical studies with renewed intensity, while Azruite

found himself working longer hours at the Star Gates, taking on additional duties that kept him busy and distracted.

It was during this period of careful equilibrium that King Cosmos summoned Azruite for what he assumed would be a routine briefing about gate security.

Instead, he found himself facing a political nightmare.

When he turned 24

“Guardian Azruite!” the messenger called. “His Majesty requests your immediate presence in the throne room!”

Azruite’s stomach dropped. Urgent royal summons were never good news. “Did he say why?”

“The king has... a *personal matter* to discuss with you.”

That was even worse than bad news. That sounded ominous.

“Marriage,” the king announced without preamble, “is a tool of diplomacy.”

Azruite blinked. “I’m sorry, Your Majesty, but I’m not sure I understand.”

“The Sunburst Kingdom has a daughter, Anatase. She’s a gem person like yourself, though her particular mineral composition makes her... challenging to live with. Anatase has proposed an alliance sealed by marriage.”

“*Marriage*.” Azruite repeated the word like it was a foreign concept.

“The political advantages are significant. The Sunburst Kingdom controls several important cosmic trade routes, and their military support would be invaluable if the shadow beasts from the Eastern Mountains continue to grow bolder.”

“You want me to marry someone I’ve *never* met for political reasons.”

“I want you to consider the good of the kingdom,” King Stellaris said firmly. “Anatase will arrive next week for a trial engagement period. If you find her genuinely incompatible, we can discuss alternatives. But I ask that you give this a fair chance.”

Azruite wanted to refuse immediately, but something in the king’s tone suggested this wasn’t really a request. The kingdom had given him purpose, safety, and a home when he’d had nothing. Perhaps he owed them this much in return.

“How long is the trial period?”

“Six months.”

“And if we’re... incompatible?”

“Then we explore other diplomatic solutions.”

Azruite nodded slowly. *Six months*. He could endure anything for six months.

He was wrong.

9 An Unwanted Engagement.

A couple of weeks, Azruite got called by the king. Knowing that Anatase and the owner of The Sunburst Kingdom had arrived. As he had to stop guarding The Starry Gates and immediately left to the throne room.

The throne room was unusually crowded when Azruite arrived. King Stellaris sat on his stellar throne, but he wasn’t alone. Beside him stood a woman Azruite had never seen before—tall, elegant, with silver hair that seemed to flow like liquid mercury and eyes like polished mirrors.

Around the edges of the room stood various court officials, all of whom avoided making eye contact with Azruite. That was definitely not a good sign.

“Ah, Azruite,” the king said, his voice carrying an odd note of forced cheerfulness. “Thank you for coming so quickly. I’d like you to meet Lady Anatase Silvermoon.”

The woman stepped forward and curtsied with perfect grace. When she rose, her mirror-eyes fixed on Azruite with an expression he couldn’t quite read.

“Guardian,” she said, her voice like the ringing of crystal bells, “it’s an honor.”

“The honor is mine, my lady,” Azruite replied automatically, though every instinct he had was screaming danger.

King Stellaris cleared his throat. “Azruite, you’ve served our kingdom faithfully for 7 years. Your dedication and sacrifice have not gone unnoticed.”

Oh no, Azruite thought.

This is the part where everything goes wrong.

“As you know,” the king continued, “the strength of a kingdom lies not only in its defenses but in its future. The bonds that tie great families together, the alliances that secure peace for generations to come.”

No, no, no...

“Therefore, it gives me great pleasure to announce your engagement to Lady Anatase. The ceremony will take place in one month’s time.”

The throne room fell silent except for the distant sound of Azruite’s world crashing down around him.

“I... what?” he managed to say.

Lady Anatase smiled, but it was the kind of smile that belonged on a shark. “I know this is sudden, my lord, but I do hope we’ll be very happy together.”

There was something in her tone that suggested happiness was the last thing on her mind. Something cold and calculating that made Azruite’s skin crawl.

“Your Majesty,” he said carefully, “might I speak with you privately?”

The king’s cosmic eyes flickered with something that might have been sympathy. “I’m afraid the arrangements have already been made, Guardian. The alliance between the Silvermoon family and our kingdom is... essential for our continued prosperity.”

What he’s trying to say is: *This is politics, not choice, and you don’t get a say in the matter.*

Azruite looked around the room at the court officials, all of whom suddenly found the ceiling fascinating. He looked at Lady Anatase, whose shark-smile had grown wider. He looked at the king, whose stellar features showed genuine regret but absolute resolve.

“I understand, Your Majesty,” he said finally. “When do we begin the... preparations?”

“Immediately,” Lady Anatase said, linking her arm through his before he could protest. Her touch was cold as space ice. “We have so much to discuss, darling.”

As she led him from the throne room, Azruite caught a glimpse of someone watching from the shadows near the great doors. A figure in the deep blue robes of the royal astronomy department, with hair like captured nebulae and eyes full of stars.

The figure—a woman he’d seen around the palace but never spoken to—was looking at him with an expression of such profound sadness that it made his chest ache. Then the crowd shifted, and she was gone.

Who was that? he wondered. But Lady Anatase's sharp fingernails were digging into his arm, steering him toward what he was certain would be the most uncomfortable conversation of his life.

Chapter 10: A Marriage of Misery

One month later...

The wedding of Guardian Azruite and Lady Anatase Silvermoon was declared the social event of the decade. Representatives from all four kingdoms attended, along with nobility from realms as distant as the Crystal Courts and the Phantom Archipelago.

Azruite stood at the altar in ceremonial armor that had been polished to mirror brightness, watching his bride approach down an aisle scattered with starflower petals

Lady Anatase looked stunning in a gown that seemed to be woven from captured moonbeams, her silver hair arranged in an elaborate crown braid.

She was perfect. Absolutely, devastatingly perfect.

And he felt nothing but dread.

The ceremony proceeded with all the pomp and circumstance befitting a royal wedding. Vows were exchanged (promises that felt like chains), rings were blessed (bands that felt like shackles), and when the officiant pronounced them husband and wife, the assembled crowd erupted in celebration.

Azruite kissed his new bride dutifully, and her lips were as cold as starlight.

Get through the reception, he told himself. Smile, nod, accept congratulations, and get through this.

But even that proved more challenging than expected.

"Isn't she lovely?" gushed the Sunburst Empire's ambassador, raising his crystal goblet in a toast. "Such a perfect match! Beauty and strength united!"

"Indeed," agreed the Twilight Realm's representative. "The Silvermoon family's fortune combined with the Guardian's power will create a dynasty to be reckoned with."

Dynasty? Azruite thought with growing alarm. *Already?*

Anatase, meanwhile, worked the crowd like a master politician, charming ambassadors, impressing nobles, and subtly establishing herself as the power behind Azruite's throne.

Because apparently he had a throne now, though no one had bothered to mention that detail to him.

“Darling,” she said, appearing at his side with a smile that was all teeth, “the Count of Shadowmere was just asking about our plans for expanding the kingdom’s crystal mining operations.”

“Our plans?”

“Well, naturally I’ll be advising you on economic matters. Mining is something of a family specialty.” Her fingernails, sharp as glass, dug into his arm possessively. “We’ll make such a powerful team.”

The celebration continued late into the night, but eventually even the most enthusiastic revelers began to disperse. As the last guests departed, Azruite found himself alone with his wife in their new shared chambers—a suite in the palace’s east wing that had been hastily prepared for the newlyweds.

“Finally,” Anatase said, her sweet public persona dropping away like a discarded mask. “I thought they’d never leave.”

She moved around the room with predatory grace, examining the furnishings with a critical eye. “This will all have to be redecorated, of course. These soft blues and silvers are far too gentle. I prefer something with more... *impact*.”

Azruite watched her transform their space, already planning changes, already taking control. “Anatase, I think we should talk.”

“About what, husband?” The word dripped with sarcasm.

“About expectations. About what this marriage means to both of us.”

She turned to face him, and her mirror-eyes reflected his image back at him in fractured pieces.

“Oh, I know exactly what this marriage means. It means I’m now married to the most powerful guardian in the four kingdoms. It means I have access to resources my family could never dream of. It means I’ve finally achieved the status I deserve.”

“And what about love? What about partnership? What about—”

Anatase’s laugh was like breaking glass. “Love? Oh, darling, you can’t be serious. This is a political alliance, nothing more. I got what I wanted—power and position. You got what you needed—a wife suitable to your station.”

“But I never wanted—”

"What you wanted was irrelevant." Her voice turned cold as interstellar space. "You're a guardian, Azruite. Your life belongs to duty, not desire. The sooner you accept that, the easier this will be for both of us."

She moved closer, and he could see his own miserable expression reflected in her eyes. "Now, I suggest we both get some rest. Tomorrow we begin building our new life together. Whether you like it or not."

The breaking point came during their engagement when she discovered his friendship with Nebulae.

"Also." She paused, carefully thinking before saying

"I forbid you to see him anymore," she announced over dinner, her white gem flickering with cold light.

"You forbid me?"

"We're engaged. Your behavior reflects on me. I won't have my future husband associating with... whatever that astronomer is."

"His name is Nebulae Spark, he's the Royal Astronomer, and he's my friend."

"Not anymore." Anatase's smile was sharp as broken glass. "Choose, Azruite. Him or me."

That night, Azruite made his choice.
He didn't want to lose his friend over that.

"I can't do this," he told King Cosmos the next morning. "The engagement is off."

The king sighed heavily. "I was afraid you'd say that. Anatase has already made similar complaints about you. Perhaps this alliance wasn't as viable as we hoped."

The divorce proceedings were swift and bureaucratic. Anatase returned to The Sunburst Kingdom with a substantial settlement and, Azruite assumed, good riddance all around.

This was his life now. This was what duty looked like.
It felt an awful lot like a different kind of prison.

He was wrong about the good riddance part.

Chapter 11: The Long Years of Resentment

Three months after the divorce,

The divorce proceedings were surprisingly civilized, considering that both parties clearly despised each other by the end.

"Irreconcilable differences," the royal magistrate declared, stamping the official documents with a seal that glowed briefly with magical authority.

"The marriage between Guardian Azruite and Lady Anatase Silvermoon is hereby dissolved."

Azruite felt like he could breathe properly for the first time in years.

It hadn't been a particularly dramatic ending to their union. No screaming fights, no thrown dishes, no public scandals. Instead, it had been the slow, grinding erosion of two people who had absolutely nothing in common except their mutual resentment of the situation they'd been forced into.

Crystalline had spent their marriage years building her own power base, using Azruite's position to establish business connections and political alliances throughout the kingdoms. She'd been efficient, ruthless, and successful—and she'd made it clear that she considered him a useful tool rather than a partner.

Azruite had thrown himself even deeper into his guardian duties, working impossibly long hours and taking every dangerous assignment that came up. Anything to avoid going home to a wife who looked at him like he was furniture.

By the end, they were barely speaking except when court protocol demanded it.

"You'll be fine," Crystalline said as they left the magistrate's office. Her tone was almost **bored**. "You've got your precious kingdom to protect, and I've got my business empire to run. We both got what *we really* wanted."

"Did **we**?" Azruite asked.

She paused at the steps of the judicial building, her mirror-eyes reflecting the afternoon sun.

"I certainly did. I'm ten times wealthier than I was five years ago, and I have political connections that will serve me for decades. As for you..." She shrugged. "You're *free* to marry for love now, if that's what you're into."

With that, she walked away, her silver hair gleaming in the sunlight.

Free, Azruite thought. The word should have felt liberating. Instead, it just felt hollow.

Chapter 12: The Obsession Begins

Six months later...

It was getting weird, his ex-wife is getting quite weird too.

The first sign that his ex-wife had changed her mind about their divorce came in the form of expensive gifts.

Rare crystals appeared on Azruite's desk at the guard house. Bottles of vintage starwine were delivered to his quarters. A jeweled dagger—clearly worth more than most people earned in a year—arrived with a card that read simply: *"Thinking of you. - A"*

But it was not just one, there were more.

First, it was flowers—crystalline roses that never wilted, delivered without notes or explanation. Azruite assumed they were a diplomatic gesture from The Sunburst Kingdom some kind of "no hard feelings" arrangement.

Azruite returned every gift unopened.

The second sign was the letters.

Long, rambling missives that started out reminiscing about "*happier times*" (what *happier times*?) and gradually became more intense, more demanding, more... unsettling.

**"My darling Azruite,
I've realized my mistake. We were perfect for each other, and I let petty concerns come between us. I'm willing to overlook your friendship with that astronomer if you'll take me back.
Forever yours,
Anatase"**

Azruite burned the letter and instructed the gate guards to refuse any further deliveries from The Sunburst Kingdom

The letters kept coming anyway, delivered by increasingly creative means. Interdimensional couriers, trained cosmic ravens, messages written in starlight across the night sky. Each one more desperate and disturbing than the last.

"I've been thinking about our marriage, darling. Perhaps I was too hasty in agreeing to the divorce. We were so good together, don't you think? We could be again..."

"I saw you in the marketplace yesterday. You looked tired. Are you taking care of yourself? A wife would make sure you were properly looked after..."

"Why haven't you responded to my previous letters? I know you received them. Are you angry with me? We should talk..."

Azruite burned the letters unread after the first few.

The third sign was more direct: *Anatase* started *showing* up.

Everywhere.

At the guard house during his shifts. In the palace corridors when he had meetings with the king. At the marketplace when he was buying supplies. At the tavern where the off-duty guards liked to gather.

"What a coincidence!" she would say brightly whenever she "accidentally" encountered him.

"I was just in the neighborhood."

The Starlight Kingdom wasn't that big, I mean it is big. Nobody was ever "just in the neighborhood" that often.

It was Captain Vega who finally said what everyone was thinking.

"She's stalking you," Vega announced over breakfast in the guard house common room. "And it's getting worse."

"She's just... persistent," Azruite said, though even he didn't believe it anymore.

"Yesterday she followed you on your entire patrol route," pointed out Sergeant Nova. "When you stopped to help that old woman with her groceries, she stood across the street watching for twenty minutes."

"And last week she somehow got into the palace during that diplomatic reception," added Lieutenant Cosmos.

"Security found her hiding behind a pillar, watching you escort the Twilight Realm ambassador."

Azruite rubbed his temples, feeling a headache building behind his eyes. "What am I supposed to do? Have my ex-wife arrested for... what? Being in public places?"

"For harassment," Vega said firmly. "For stalking. For making you uncomfortable in your own kingdom."

"If I was uncomfortable, I wouldn't have told you something or I wouldn't have talk to her about it?!"

"Have you been receiving any strange messages?" Nebulae asked without preamble.

Azruite looked up, startled. "Nebulae? I... yes, actually. Letters from my ex claiming to be my wife.

"I thought you were divorced?"

"We are. She's..." Azruite struggled for words. "Anatase has become obsessed. I'm worried she might try to hurt one of you guys to get to me."

For a moment, the old warmth flickered between them, the protective instinct overriding the careful boundaries they'd maintained since the confession.

"What do you need us to do?" Nebulae asked.

"Be careful. Vary your routines. If anything strange happens—anything at all—contact me immediately."

Nebulae nodded. "And you? Are you safe?" Asked Sergeant Nova

Azruite's gem heart pulsed with determined light. "I can handle Anatase. It's everyone else I'm worried about."

Before anyone could respond, the common room door burst open and The second messenger rushed in, her usually perfect hair disheveled and her robes askew.

"Guardian!" she gasped, out of breath from running. "You need to see this. Now."

She thrust a piece of parchment at him—an official-looking document covered in royal seals and elaborate calligraphy.

Azruite read it once, then again, his expression growing darker with each word.

"What is it?" Vega asked.

"It's a petition," Azruite said slowly. "Submitted to King Stellaris by Lady Crystalline Silvermoon, requesting that their marriage be... reinstated."

The common room fell silent.

"Can she do that?" Nova asked.

“Apparently she’s claiming the divorce was a mistake caused by temporary emotional distress,” Azruite continued reading. “She’s asking the king to declare it invalid and restore their ‘rightful union.’”

“That’s insane,” Cosmos muttered.

“That’s obsession,” Vega corrected grimly.

Nebulae, who had been hovering near the door looking increasingly distressed, finally spoke up: “There’s more. She’s been meeting with representatives from the other kingdoms. Spreading rumors that you’re... unstable. Unfit for duty without proper guidance.” Azruite’s blood turned to ice in his veins. “What kind of rumors?”

“That your divorce has left you emotionally compromised. That you’re making poor strategic decisions. That the Starlight Kingdom’s defenses have been weakened by your... personal problems.”

It was a brilliant strategy, Azruite had to admit. Crystalline couldn’t force him to remarry her, but she could make his life so difficult, his position so precarious, that taking her back would seem like the easier option.

“She’s trying to corner me,” he said quietly. “Cut off all my alternatives until saying yes to her is the only choice I have left.”

“Well,” Vega said, standing up and checking her weapons, “we’ll just have to make sure that doesn’t happen.”

“Vega, no. I won’t have my friends nor you to getting involved in my personal disasters.”

“Too late,” she replied cheerfully.

“We’re already involved. And besides...” She smiled, and it was the kind of smile that had made enemy armies reconsider their life choices. “I’ve been looking forward to a good fight.”

Chapter 13: The War Begins

The shadow beasts had been growing bolder for months, testing the boundaries between their realm and the Starry Kingdom. What had started as minor incursions—small groups of creatures slipping through dimensional weak points—had escalated into organized attacks on border settlements.

King Cosmos called for his Vigilant.

“The Eastern Mountains are under siege,” the king reported, his stellar beard swirling with agitation. “The shadow beasts are pouring through a massive rift that our mages can’t seem to close. We need someone with experience in interdimensional threats.”

Azruite studied the reports. The shadow beasts were creatures of living darkness, immune to most forms of physical attack and capable of draining the life force from anything they touched. Fighting them required specialized techniques and equipment that most soldiers didn’t possess.

“How many are we facing?”

“Unknown. Possibly thousands. The reports are... incomplete. Few survivors make it back from the front lines.”

“I’ll need special authorization to leave the Star Gates unguarded.”

“Already arranged. Nebulae Spark has volunteered to monitor the gates while you’re gone, using astronomical observation techniques to detect dimensional anomalies.”

Azruite felt a flicker of surprise. After months of careful distance, Nebulae was volunteering to step into danger to help him?

“Is he qualified for gate duty?”

“He’s been studying your techniques for years, apparently. Claims he can handle basic monitoring and emergency procedures.”

The mission briefing was grim. The shadow beasts weren’t just random monsters—they were organized, intelligent, and led by something the survivors called the Void Heart, a creature of pure darkness that seemed to coordinate their attacks.

Azruite prepared carefully, crafting specialized light-constructs designed to hold coherent form even when attacked by shadow-essence. He packed supplies for an extended campaign and left detailed instructions for Nebulae about gate operations.

Their goodbye was awkward, formal, weighted with all the things they weren’t saying.

“Be careful,” Nebulae said, his galaxy-skin swirling with worry.

“You too. If anything happens at the gates—”

“I know. I’ll handle it.”

Azruite nodded and turned to leave, then stopped. “Nebulae?”

“Yes?”

“Thank you. For *everything*.”

It was the closest either of them had come to acknowledging the depth of their friendship since that night in the garden.

Chapter 14 : The Watchers

A couple of hours later, Nebulae Spark had never been so terrified in his life.

Managing the Star Gates was exponentially more complex than he'd realized from watching Azruite work. Every few hours brought some new crisis—a dimensional rift trying to destabilize, an unauthorized traveler attempting to smuggle contraband between realms, or worst of all, the growing shadows that seemed to seep through the gates like oil.

He'd been at his post for eighteen hours straight when the urgent message arrived from the war front.

“The Vigilant is on his way, without needing help or assistance, he is able to beat the Shadow Beast by himself, **hope** for the best for him.”

Nebulae's galaxy-skin went cold. He knew that Azruite might need help.

He tried to contact Azruite through the communication crystals, but got only static. Long-range scrying showed nothing but shadow around the temple area.

As he immediately ran to see the king and have a meeting with the rest of the helpers in The Starlight Kingdom.

“We need to go up there and help him, I know for a fact he's not going to defeat the beast.”
Nebulae said without hesitation

“I'm going where Azruite is and I'm going to need the rescue team and a bunch of knights to come with me to go and help Azruite.”

Everyone was silent and didn't complain or say anything, they just nodded. Except for King Stellaris.

“But Azruite could do it by himself—“

“Do you think he can defeat THAT beast by himself!?”

“Yeah he's a gemstone, a powerful one. He can defend against it not like us”

As nebulae snaps, *is..is he using him over his damn power!?*

“You know that he literally stays up late, no sleep, no rest because of your dumb fucking rules. And the funny part is that the rest of the guards can go and get some rest and him!? What? He can even take a small, tiny nap!? You also forced him to marry someone that he doesn't even know or love!?” He yelled as he continues on

“He can't do it by himself because he's tired of this, he's doing it so he can stay in this kingdom and everyone could love him! Don't you even care about him for once!?”

King Stellaris finally realized what he did to Azruite. As he didn't said anything until.

“Alright, I'll go call the rescue team.”

Abandoning protocol, he sent an emergency beacon to the castle and raced toward the Eastern Mountains, leaving the Star Gates on automated defense systems that were never meant to run unsupervised.

He arrived at the temple ruins to find a scene from his worst nightmares. Azruite lay in a pool of crystallized light, his gem heart cracked and dark. Around him, the bodies of shadow beasts were slowly dissolving, but the air still hummed with dark magic. Of Anatase and the Void Heart, there was no sign.

Chapter 15: The Betrayal

The war zone was worse than the reports had suggested. Entire villages had been consumed by shadow, leaving behind only empty buildings and the lingering scent of fear. The Eastern Mountain forces were demoralized, barely holding defensive positions against enemies that seemed to multiply in the darkness.

Azruite threw himself into the fight with desperate intensity. His light-constructs proved effective against the shadow beasts, and his experience with interdimensional threats gave him insights that helped turn several battles. For three weeks, he pushed himself to the limit, barely sleeping, constantly fighting.

It was during a brief lull in the fighting that the message arrived.

*“My beloved Azruite,
You look so tired fighting those dreadful creatures. Come to the old temple ruins at midnight, alone. I have information about the Void Heart that could end this war.*

*Your devoted wife,
Anatase”*

Every instinct screamed trap, but the war was going badly. If Anatase really had intelligence about the enemy leadership, he couldn't afford to ignore it. And if this was another attempt at reconciliation, he could end her obsession once and for all.

He should have brought backup. He should have told someone where he was going. He should have trusted his instincts.

Instead, he went alone to the ruins.

The Darkness That Hungers was exactly as terrifying as the ancient texts had described. It moved like living shadow given form and malice, shifting between states of matter as if the laws of physics were merely suggestions. Tentacles of pure void lashed out at the defenders, dissolving whatever they touched into component atoms.

And standing beside this cosmic nightmare, protected by a sphere of corrupt starlight, was Lady Anatase Silvermoon.

She was not alone. She was not alone.

Shadow beasts flanked her like loyal pets, their darkness seeming to bend around her light rather than flee from it. Behind them lurked something larger—a creature of pure void that hurt to look at directly.

The temple had once been dedicated to some forgotten star-god, its crystalline walls now cracked and overgrown with shadow-moss. Anatase waited in the central chamber, her white gem gleaming in the darkness.

“Azruite!” she called out as he arrived with the emergency response team. Her voice carried easily across the battlefield, amplified by magic he'd never seen her use before. “Finally! I was beginning to think you'd never come.”

“Anatase!” he shouted back.

“What have you done?”

“What I had to do,” she replied, her mirror-eyes reflecting the eldritch flames that surrounded her. “You wouldn't come back to me willingly, so I found... alternative methods of persuasion.”

The cosmic horror let out a sound like the death of galaxies, and another section of the kingdom's defenses crumbled. Citizens screamed in the distance as their homes were consumed by hungry void.

“You’re destroying everything!” Azruite drew his weapons—twin blades forged from condensed starlight. “Innocent people are dying!”

“Acceptable losses,” Anatase said with chilling indifference. “The Darkness has promised me power beyond imagining, and all it wants in return is your essence. Your gemstone heart. Give yourself to it willingly, and I’ll call it off.”

“Never!”

“I was afraid you’d say that.” She raised her hands, and Azruite realized with horror that her fingernails had been replaced with shards of corrupted crystal. “Then we’ll do this the hard way.”

The battle that followed was like nothing in the textbooks. Azruite found himself fighting on two fronts—dodging the cosmic horror’s reality-warping attacks while trying not to seriously injure his deranged ex-wife, who had apparently made some kind of Faustian bargain with forces beyond mortal comprehension.

“You could have had everything!” Anatase screamed as her crystal claws raked across his armor, leaving deep gouges in the enchanted metal. “Wealth! Power! Status! But you threw it all away for what? Love?”

She spat the word like a curse as she launched herself at him again, moving with inhuman speed and strength.

“Love is what makes us human!” Azruite replied, parrying her attack and trying to create distance. “What makes life worth living!”

“Love is weakness! Love is what made me vulnerable to you in the first place!”

That stopped him cold. “What?”

For just a moment, Anatase’s expression cracked, and he saw something desperate and broken underneath the malice. “Did you think I married you just for political gain? I chose you, Azruite! Out of all the available options, I chose you because I thought... I thought maybe...”

“Maybe what?”

“Maybe someone like you could learn to love someone like me.” The admission seemed to tear itself out of her throat. “But you never even tried, did you? Five month of marriage, and you never once looked at me like I mattered.”

The cosmic horror chose that moment to make its move. A massive tentacle of living darkness swept across the battlefield, heading directly for Azruite. He was so stunned by Crystalline’s revelation that he almost didn’t dodge in time.

“Anatase, listen to me,” he said urgently as they both rolled away from another void-strike. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry I never saw how much you were hurting. But this isn’t the answer! You can’t destroy a kingdom because our marriage didn’t work!”

“Watch me,” she snarled, and lunged forward with crystal claws extended.

But her aim was off—whether from emotion or exhaustion—and instead of striking his chest, her claws pierced his abdomen. They went deep, slicing through armor and flesh and scraping against the gemstone core that powered his very existence.

Azruite gasped, more in surprise than pain, and looked down at the spreading crimson stain on his azure skin.

“No,” Anatase whispered, her eyes wide with horror. “No, I didn’t mean—I wasn’t trying to—”

“I know,” Azruite said softly, and somehow he did know. This hadn’t been calculated murder. This had been a broken person lashing out in pain and accidentally striking something vital.

He could feel his strength ebbing, feel the light beginning to fade from his gemstone heart. Around them, the battle continued to rage, but it seemed distant now, muffled by the growing darkness at the edges of his vision.

“Azruite!” Nebulae’s voice cut through the chaos. He was running toward them from the palace, his astronomer’s robes billowing behind him, his face a mask of desperate determination.

“The readings!” He shouted as he ran. “The cosmic horror—it feeds on negative emotion! That’s how she summoned it! That’s how she’s controlling it!”

Even wounded and dying, Azruite’s tactical mind processed the information. “The angrier she gets, the stronger it becomes.”

“Yes! And if she—” Nebulae reached them just as Azruite collapsed, his legs were no longer able to support him. “Oh, gods, no. No, no, no...”

He dropped to his knees beside him, his hands pressing against his wounds in a futile attempt to stop the bleeding. “You’re going to be all right. You’re going to be fine. I just got you, I’m not losing you now.”

“Nebulae,” he whispered, reaching up to touch his hair one last time, he can remember that he always braids his hair whenever he’s taking a nap In his study lab.

“I can **finally** rest...I’m..I can finally can get some rest for once..L-Look, Thank you, thank you for being with me... I—” he chuckled like nothing happened to him

“Don’t you dare,” he said fiercely, tears streaming down his cheeks. “Don’t you dare say goodbye to me.”

Above them, the cosmic horror sensed weakness and descended for the killing blow. Its void-tentacles reached out, ready to consume what remained of Azruite’s gemstone essence.

“NO!” He screamed, throwing himself between Azruite and the Darkness. “I won’t let you! J-Just stay for a minute!” He sobbed

The rescue team that Nebulae brought slowly coming over and even the soldiers who came to attack Anatase and the shadow beast

Other rescue teams arrived to find Nebulae sitting beside Azruite’s body, tears streaming down his face like fallen stars, but his expression determined rather than despairing.

“No, no, no...” Nebulae dropped to his knees beside his friend, desperately checking for any sign of life. Azruite’s gem flickered once, weakly, then went dark.

But Nebulae was an astronomer, trained to observe the subtlest variations in cosmic phenomena.

And what he saw made him gasp with a mixture of hope and terror.

Azruite’s life force hadn’t dissipated. It had been absorbed, yes, but it was still coherent, still distinctly his. Somewhere in the dimensional fabric around them, Azruite’s consciousness was fighting to maintain its integrity.

Nebulae worked frantically, using every technique he’d learned about stellar phenomena to track the dispersed energy signature. It was like trying to follow a single photon through a galaxy, but gradually, he found the trail.

The energy was flowing toward the Void Heart, wherever it had gone. But more importantly, it was changing the creature, making it vulnerable to certain types of stellar magic that pure darkness would normally absorb without effect.

Chapter 16: The Fading Light

When the light faded and the ringing in their ears subsided, both the cosmic horror and Lady Crystalline Silvermoon were gone. Nothing remained of either but a crater in the northern battlements and the lingering scent of ozone and regret.

But Azruite was still dying.

“Stay with me,” Nebulae pleaded, cradling his head in his lap. His azure skin had gone pale, almost translucent, and he could see the cracks spreading outward from his wounded gemstone core. “Please, just stay with me.”

Around them, the surviving defenders began to gather. Captain Vega knelt beside his Guardian, his usually stern face wet with tears.

“How long does he have?”

“I don’t know,” Nebulae whispered.

“Hours? Maybe less?”

King Stellaris arrived with his royal healers, but even their most powerful magic couldn’t repair damage to a gemstone person’s core. They could slow the fading, ease the pain, but they couldn’t stop the inevitable.

“I’m sorry,” the king said quietly, his cosmic eyes full of genuine grief. “If there was anything—anything at all—”

“There is something,” Azruite said, his voice barely audible. “My gemstone core. When I... when it’s over, someone needs to keep it safe.”

“Why?” Nebulae asked.

“Because that’s where gemstone people keep their souls,” he explained with a weak smile. “It won’t bring me back, but... maybe someday it could help someone else. Maybe my essence could power the kingdom’s defenses, or...”

He was fading fast. The light in his eyes grew dimmer with each passing moment.

“Thank you,” he told Nebulae one last time. “Take care of the stars for me.”

“I will,” he promised through her tears. “I’ll name every new star I discover after you.”

“Do...Do you still adore me?” He said with a deep chuckle as he was teasing him for the last time

Nebulae chuckled softly with his stuffy nose “Y-Yeah...”

Azruite smiled, closed his eyes, and let go.

.
.

Azruite's POV

A minute later

In his vision, he slowly blinked, his head was hurting, his vision was blurry and dizzy as well. He could feel his head was on Nebulae's lap and he could hear the voice.

Each blink he began to look around. His ex wife on the ground, getting on the ground and immediately beheaded

Another blink and he looked around and he saw that the rescue was around him, trying to help him while Nebulae was holding him like a mother with their baby.

The last blink, he was staring at the sky and somehow.

Someone was looking down at him

The guy he was seeing doesn't exist. No one sees him but Azruite.

He's probably a...vampire?

His long dark wavy hair was all down, almost touching his face. He is wearing a red and black gothic outfit with corset lacing and a tie.

He seems...no. what am I thinking about.

He looked adorable... he...thought to himself as he was looking at him before closing his eyes and leaving this world.

He looked...non-threatening like he would do nothing...bad. He thought to himself as he finally closed his eyes and left his soul.

Chapter 17: The Years of Mourning

Five years later...

The tomb of Guardian Azruite had become something of a pilgrimage site. People traveled from all four kingdoms to pay their respects to the gemstone warrior who had given his life defending the Starlight Kingdom from cosmic horror.

Nebulae visited every day.

He would sit beside his crystalline sarcophagus and tell him about his work—new constellations mapped, cosmic phenomena explained, the slow but steady progress of science. Sometimes he brought star charts to show him. Sometimes he just sat in comfortable silence.

“The northern defenses are completely rebuilt,” he told his statue today. It was carved from the same azure crystal as his skin had been, capturing him in a moment of determination and grace. “Stronger than before. Captain Vega says they’re probably strong enough to hold off another cosmic horror, if one ever shows up.”

The statue, of course, didn’t respond. But sometimes Nebulae could swear he felt a presence listening, a warmth that had nothing to do with temperature.

“I miss you,” he whispered, as he did every day. “I know it’s been five years, and everyone says I should move on, but... how do you move on from the other half of your soul?” He was so lost in his grief that he almost missed the soft chiming sound coming from the small crystal shrine where Azruite’s gemstone core was kept. The sound grew stronger, more musical, and suddenly the entire tomb was filled with gentle azure light.

His gem heart now pulsed with light that contained every color in the spectrum and several that didn’t exist in normal space. His body flickered between solid matter and pure energy, and when he moved, reality bent gently around him.

Nebulae looked up in amazement as the light coalesced, took shape, and became something impossible and wonderful.

Azruite stood before him, translucent but unmistakably real, his gemstone skin glowing with inner fire.

“Hello, spark,” he said, his voice like distant music. “I’ve been waiting so long to see you again.”

“This isn’t possible,” Nebulae breathed, reaching out to touch him before snatching his hand back, afraid he might dissolve like a mirage.

“Apparently it is,” Azruite said with the same gentle smile he remembered. “Though I’m not entirely sure how it works myself.”

He looked the same as he remembered, but there was something different about him now. An otherworldly quality that made her think of distant stars and infinite possibilities. When he moved, trails of light followed him like captured stardust.

“Are you... are you a ghost?” He whispered as he began to look at Azruite to front and back

"I don't think so. I feel real." He held out his hand for him to stop and held his hand to his, and after a moment of hesitation, he took it. His fingers were warm and solid, though they seemed to contain entire galaxies. "I think... I think I might be something new."

As if summoned by some cosmic signal, King Stellaris appeared in the tomb entrance, flanked by his royal advisors and looking more shaken than Nebulae had ever seen him.

"The divine resonance detectors are going insane," he announced without preamble. "Something is ascending to godhood in my kingdom, and I—" He stopped dead when he saw Azruite. "Oh."

"Your Majesty," Azruite said, bowing slightly.

"I seem to have... evolved."

"Indeed you have." The king's cosmic eyes took in Azruite's new form with fascination and no small amount of concern. "The question is: what do you intend to do with your newfound divinity?"

It was a reasonable question. New gods could be dangerous things, especially ones who'd died violently and might harbor resentments against the living world.

"I want to protect people," Azruite said simply. "Same as I always have. It's just... I think I can do it better now."

Over the following days, they discovered the extent of his transformation. Azruite could manifest anywhere in the kingdom instantly, could see through the eyes of every star in the sky, could sense threats from dimensions away. He was still fundamentally himself—kind, dedicated, slightly awkward in social situations—but he was also something far greater.

He was the God of Starlight, Protector of the Innocent, Guardian of the Lost.

"Your majesty... Can we have some time for us?"

Chapter 18 : After Godhood

Days past

Nebulae wasn't sure what he'd expected from having a god for a best friend, but it certainly wasn't this.

Azruite still visited the Royal Observatory, though now he simply appeared in flashes of multidimensional light rather than walking through doors. He still laughed at Nebulae's jokes, still listened with genuine interest to reports about stellar phenomena, still remembered their shared history with obvious fondness.

But there was a distance now that had nothing to do with the confession in the garden. Azruite experienced time differently, existed partially outside normal causality, and sometimes would pause mid-conversation to deal with threats in other dimensions that Nebulae couldn't even perceive.

"Do you ever regret it?" Nebulae asked one evening as they sat in the observatory, watching newly formed stars dance through the cosmic night.

"Regret what? Ascending to godhood? Surviving when I should have died? Having the power to actually protect people instead of just reacting to threats?"

"Being alone," Nebulae said quietly.

"Gods don't usually have friends. They have worshippers, subjects, maybe other gods to interact with, but not...let say..." he paused as he remembered that he got along with someone who wasn't a god.

He was a vampire who didn't exist. But he still have that weird feeling inside of his heart

"Yeah...I did make one friend."

Azruite was quiet for a long moment, his transformed eyes reflecting depths of space that Nebulae couldn't fathom.

"But also, I'm not alone," he said finally. "I have you. I have the memories of everyone I've ever cared about. I have the knowledge of every consciousness I absorbed when I merged with the Void Heart—thousands of beings, each with their own stories and dreams. In some ways, I'm less alone than I've ever been."

"But do you ever miss... being mortal? Being limited? Being able to sit in a garden and worry about normal things like friendship and love and what to have for dinner?"

Another long pause. "Every day," Azruite admitted. "But I also remember what it felt like to be powerless. To watch people suffer and know I couldn't help them all. To face threats that were beyond my abilities and hope someone else would handle them. This is better, Spark. Lonelier, but better."

They sat in comfortable silence, watching the stars wheel overhead, god and mortal finding solace in each other's company despite the vast gulf that now separated their existences.

"For what it's worth," Nebulae said eventually, "**I'm proud of you**. Not the god part—anyone can become a god if they absorb enough cosmic entities. I'm **proud** of who **you** chose to remain. You could have become anything, and you chose to stay kind."

Azruite looked at him for a moment, his eyes began to tear up. No one had ever told him those words like this to him.

Azruite smiled, and for a moment, the cosmic distances collapsed and he was just the friend Nebulae had always known. "Thank you, Spark. That means more than you know."

Epilogue: The Eternal Vigilant

Years passed—or perhaps centuries; time moved strangely around gods. The kingdoms prospered, the dimensional barriers held firm, and gradually, people began to take safety for granted again.

Azruite's legend grew in the telling. Bards sang of the Gemstone God who had sacrificed mortality to protect the realms. Children played games where they pretended to be the Eternal Vigilant, standing guard against imaginary monsters. Scholars wrote treatises on the theological implications of a god who remembered what it was like to be mortal.

But in the Royal Observatory of the Starry Kingdom, late at night when the cosmic winds were still, two friends would sometimes sit together and remember simpler times. The god would tell stories of distant dimensions and cosmic mysteries, while the astronomer would share news of the mortal realm and the small, important details of everyday life.

And sometimes, when the starlight was just right and the dimensional barriers were thin, Nebulae could almost see the scared young gem person who had once run away from a cave, looking for purpose in a vast and often cruel universe.

He had found more purpose than anyone could have imagined. But more importantly, he had found himself—first as a guard, then as a friend, and finally as something greater than either.

The stars themselves bore witness to this friendship between mortal and god, and in their light, both found a kind of peace that transcended the boundaries of existence itself.

Some love stories end in union. Some end in separation. And some—the rarest ones—transcend both endings to become something eternal: a connection that survives transformation, distance, and even the fundamental changes of what it means to exist.

In the crystal palace that existed in all dimensions, the God of Gates kept watch over the pathways between worlds. And in the observatory that reached toward the stars, the Royal Astronomer continued his work, knowing that somewhere in the cosmic vast, his oldest friend was still protecting everyone he'd ever cared about.

It was enough. It had to be enough.

And in the space between heartbeats, between dimensions, between what was and what could be, their friendship burned on like a star that would never fade.

EXTRA - FROM CHAPTER 7 HERE IS SOME MINI STORY I WROTE THAT I USE FOR A EXAMPLE

Info ! : The Astronomy's name is Nebulae Spark and the Vigilant's name is Azruite. (if your my moot you know them.) they both get along, The Astronomy helped The Vigilant and they both get along really well. But the problem is that Astronomy has a feeling for him, but Azruite doesn't really have a feeling for him. He see him as a friend and partner from The Stars Gates. He really wanted to tell him how he's feels around Azruite but he doesn't know how to say it. But one day he did it. Did Azruite accept it? Or decline it ?

One day, the busy day The people who are in the Sweets Bright Starlight Village was quite busy and also the Star Gates was also busy too. Nebulae Spark was busy with checking out the stars, to make sure if the stars are safe and nothing wrong, when he was completely done with his jobs, he walks to stop by the Star Gates. Where Azruite is There, protecting the kingdom's border. When he gets there he spotted Him.

"Oh hey, Azruite " Nebulae Spark wave as he stand right next to him.

"Oh hey Spark, how are you doing? It quite busy today." Azruite smile as he ask Him if he was feeling Alright.

"Ah nothing much, and Indeed it is quite busy today. . . "Nebulae Spark nodded as he look around the stars who is in the gates, floating around being safe.

"Oh uh...Azruite if you can, can you meet me at the Starry-Midnight Cafe.." Nebulae Spark said as he was planing to get to tell him his feeling " wait you know what...just finshed your..thing.. I'll wait for you." Nebulae Spark change his mind

"Ah?...How so? Are you going to tell me about you and—" Azruite teased but Nebulae Spark cut him off

"Shut it, Azruite * sigh* I'll see you later.." Nebulae Spark sigh as he walk away.

Azruite chuckled and look away, focusing on the Star Gates

"Mmh..I wonder what he's on this time.." Azruite thought to himself as he came back and was now focusing on the gates.

While that, Nebulae Spark waited and waited until the middle of the night.

"Hey..Sorry that you have to wait until the midnight .." Azruite apologizes as he met Nebulae Spark outside of the cafe.

" oh you don't need to worry about that, it fine. " Nebulae Spark smile "oh uh, the cafe is close so..Do you want to go to the Midnight garden.." He ask

"Oh sure, I don't mind that..." Azruite agreed.

IM TO LAZY TO WRITE THEM WALKING THO THR GARDEN SO LET JUST PERTEND THAT THEY ARRIVED OKAY??!2?2?2?

(god 13 years old me is so lazy)

As when they arrived, Azruite could only remember this moment with him and his aunt. As he spotted the place that his aunt like to visit. " Oh uh..I apologize if I act like a..Stupid child, but can we go to this spot..It remind me of...Someone. " Azruite begged to Nebulae Spark to go to the spot that he really wanted to go. Nebulae Spark chuckled and nodded " why of course Azruite, You don't have to ask me. I don't own this garden." Nebulae Spark smiled as they walked and stop by the spot where Azruite likes.

"Thanks.." Azurite murmured as they both arrived to the place where Azruite's Aunt likes.

"So..How what up? How come you want me to hang out with me that day?" Azruite ask before he going to start talk about his aunt who passed away. When Azruite ask that question Nebulae's heart began to beat slowly, He want to confess him, how he feel about him.

"O-Oh, About that." Nebulae clear his throat before he speak. "I can't believe this, I'm doing it." He thought to himself. "This is to stupid..."

"Hey~, C'mon now, I don't have time~..hurry up before I leave." Azruite teased him as always

"Alright! Alright.." Nebulae shout, he look at Azurite as he was ready to say it.

"Since the day I met you, You're the one I've been waiting for..." Nebulae look down when he said it, he couldn't have a eye contact with him while he was saying this. but he was not done yet.

"You were one of the precious star I ever met. The type of Star that can shine the brightest than the rest of the stars..Azurite, I may look stupid saying this but I have to admit this. I adore you no matter what, even if your gemstone broke apart. Even if you can't shine just like the rest of the stars or...crumble away, I'll still adore you, Azruite."

After when he was done, he was still looking down in the floor, embarrassed by what he said. And the other hand, Azurite was quite surprised, wasn't expecting this to happen.

"Alright then...Mine turn to talk I guess" Azurite sigh as stare at him, breaking the silence. Knowing that he were embarrassed waiting for his respond

"Thank you for this kind of..Speech but" Azurite murmured, he know that Nebulae wouldn't like this responded but he have to.

"I really enjoyed our time together but I'm not feeling a connection Nebulae. I really don't see it." Azurite explained

When Nebulae heard Azurite respond, He look up and check if he was joking around. But he wasn't this time, he was serious about this.

"I'm sorry I may have to decline this. I just got out of a relationship, I'm not into love anymore. I'm just too busy right now, taking care of The Stars Gates." Azurite feel to cruel but he had to be honest with Nebulae.

"I'm sorry but I have to go, We can still be friends, right?..." Azurite groan as he looked at him. Worried that Nebulae would be upset with his denying Nebulae's confession.

"Oh, yeah it okay, I understand you. See you..Tomorrow Azurite." Nebulae nodded and smiled at them, he seems like he was not quite upset or anything but he was melancholy by Azurite responding to his confession.

As they were standing there, seeing Azurite walking away from him and leaving him behind. He waited and waited until he was gone for he can let his tears out of him

While that, Azurite was exiting out of the Midnight Garden, He noticed that Nebulae was quite off when he heard Azurite responded

"Weird...He's so clam about it. Well of course Nebulae being him." Azurite thought to him self.

Tab 2

