

Our hero's tale begins beside a huge hoard of treasure taken from an enemy army. After hours of splitting and gathering, Arohan spotted a strange stone that glowed green and gray very dimly and glowed harder as Arohan came close to it. He picked up the stone and thought "I wonder what this goes to?" and as soon as he finished the thought, his surroundings changed. Rather than the enemy's dark stone keep he was in, surrounding him was wood and stone, with a fireplace shaped like the mouth of a goblin or some other creature. The area was filled with random strangers all partaking in ale and the feast that was on the table. A door opened from behind him as a party of five adventurers walked in. "Git outta the way, kid. Need to git me a drank." one of them told Arohan as he stumbled around and bumped into his shoulder.

Arohan began to walk around trying to find the front bar to ask where he was and as he did, he saw a huge well in the center of the bar with a pulley system and a platform. He looked upwards from it and saw that the place had three floors and all of them had the hole in the center. As he finally managed to get to the front bar, a well aged, but burly man turned around. "Ey. What'll you be 'aven? Wait a second. Ye ain't from around here. Are ye far from home er somethin'? Haven't seen someone like you for ages." the man said. The man reached out towards his cape and said "Ah. royalty? Heh. So, what's your story, kid? Got banished to another plane? End up pissin' off the guards? Or are you just visiting lil ol' me?"

Arohan told him about the stone and how he used it. The barkeep couldn't help but laugh at Arohan's story. "So ye found a stone and just happened to think 'What does this thing do?' and poof? Well, that has to be the most humorous way someone has ended up here." he laughed out. He whistled one of the servers behind the bar. "Oh boy. It's been ages since I've laughed so hard. Give me a second, boy. Here. Serve the boy a drink on the house for making me laugh." he told the waitress. As he left for the back, Arohan took a closer look at the surrounding area. He saw items and artifacts, some of which he has only heard of in legends. He took a sip of the ale and it tasted like the famous Hohenheim ale. Always has that hint of nutmeg in it.

Arohan keeps looking at all the artifacts and is interrupted by sounds of glass cracking and what sounds like explosions? "Where is that blasted rock lookin' thing? Ah! Found you. Come 'ere." The barkeep finally comes out from the back and places an obelisk and a ring on the counter. The obelisk glowed a deep space purple, almost like the sword Arohan is carrying, Blackrazor. The ring, on the other hand, was a silver band with two

gems. It had a hole with a missing gemstone. Arohan knew what he had to do. The typical “place the stone” tale.

“Ah, I know what you’re thinkin’, but don’t be fooled. Look closely.” Arohan leaned into the ring and saw that what he thought was a gemstone was instead glass. The other gems began to glow, and they showed that they contained magic in them. “The magic of that one gem is gone. The stone ye have is a collector of said energy. They link to each other and that’s why you ended up here.” Arohan asked how he got this item and the barkeep said, “You really haven’t heard of me? Name’s Durnan. I’m the owner of the Yawning Portal.” After hearing the name of the tavern, Arohan finally realized where he was. He recalled the name from an old journal he found in his father’s study.

“Hahaha! Oh, how fortunate am I? I’ve been waiting fer eons for a new story. Yours sounds like it’ll make me a pretty gold piece. Tell you what. I’ll give you the obelisk and the ring, in exchange for a bit of entertainment and a nice new story. I’ll name it ‘The Time-Travelin’ Pali-Prince’ er somethin’ like that. It’ll spread yer name throughout all dimensions and planes. Alls ye have to do is live to tell the tale. Pretty simple, me think. Have we got a deal?” Hesitant, Arohan asked Durnan what the obelisk and ring do. “Aye, I believe what I heard from some time wizard er’ somethin’ that came in that day was that the obelisk acts as an anchor. The ring is the actual traveling device. See how it’s got 3 magic-containin’ things? Those are the number of times you can travel. Every 3000 years takes up one gem’s worth of magic or somethin’ like that. I didn’t pay much attention to ‘em. He said that he was lookin’ for some stone that would refill the one that was used. Looks like fate made it end up with ye.”

The sword on his back, Blackrazor, spoke to Arohan with a questioning voice. “Do you really think that thing can traverse time? I’ve been around for eons, but chronomancers have all disappeared from existence. They’re nothing more than stories and tales told to children. Arohan, I’d be careful. If this is the real deal, then you have no idea what you’re getting into.” Durnan, spotting Blackrazor, commented on it, saying, “How in the multiverse did ye get your hands on the legendary Blackrazor? Did ye travel to White Plume Mountain for that thing? I had only heard tales of its beauty. Can I take a look at ‘er?” Arohan ponders on it for a bit and decides to show Durnan the sword. However, he doesn’t hand it to him nor let him hold it. Arohan knew that only he was strong-willed enough to not be overcome by Blackrazor’s menacing aura, which is why the sword talks to Arohan like a friend instead of a slave made to serve.

“A bit stingy with the blade, 'ey? I remember when there were a group of 4 or 5 adventures who ended up here. They were looking for new challenges and perils and heard I had the best tales on them. Ended up telling 'em about Blackrazor in White Plume Mountain. They never made it back. It's a shame.” Durnan grimly said. “However! That ain't stopping me from telling others about it. Er. Well, I guess at this point, there's no point in going there. It'll still make me a few pieces. So, 'Prince', what do you say? The power to travel time for a few stories? I ain't never given anyone a chance like this one.”

With a hardy handshake, Arohan finally agreed. He would write down everything he saw for Durnan and bring the information to him. “Oi, I don't need too many stories now. I'll let you off the hook with at least five. After that, anything ye bring me, I'll give ye a bit of gold for your troubles. If you can't bring me my five stories...” Durnan says while approaching Arohan. “..I'll make sure to make your story end like hell. Hahaha, I'm just messin' with ya.” With those words, Arohan decided to begin gathering stories and experience the past and future.

*End of Yawning Portal Arc*

After getting back to Batavia by unknown means, Arohan immediately began to try and gather what he needed to begin his research. The first step was acquiring an area to study, so he asked his father, Rorth, if there were any empty rooms in the keep. “Why the sudden interest in studying, son? You’ve been so focused on your training and conquest that you even said that it was ‘A waste of time’. We do have an empty room, but I’m curious.” Arohan wasn’t sure if he should tell his father about his plans. He did want to prove to him that he was fit to bring Batavia into a new renaissance and possibly advance the continent ages ahead of the rest. Arohan decided to tell his father after a small sparring match if he lost. After all, it was one of the ways they communicate.

The two of them got into their battle stances, each with a wooden sword in hand. The two sparred for what seemed like five minutes, but ultimately, Arohan was defeated by his father’s signature move. While trying to catch his breath, Rorth said to his son, “I get it now. I’ve never seen you fight so hard to keep something so hidden since the time you snuck into the testing grounds. However, keeping it this secretive means that this is something dangerous or lucrative. As the Emperor of Batavia and your father, I can’t overlook something like this.” Arohan’s father pulled out the obelisk from Durnan and said “You lost, now, tell me about this.”

After a brief explanation of the items he had gotten, Rorth saw the potential and understood Arohan’s plans. “Fine. Just. Promise us you’ll be careful with this power. We don’t know much about chronomancy. I would recommend speaking to Maystar. He may have some more information on what you need to prepare. I’ll have a room ready for your experiments.” Arohan thanked his father and made his way over to Maystar’s tower. As he arrived, Maystar was already viewing some journals and books. “Ah, Prince Arohan, what an honor. I got a message from your father. Something interesting about chronomancy I hear. After Di’frol had mastered the Time Stop spell, it got me interested in chronomancy, so I’ve been looking a bit into it in my free time. Come, let me show you what I have.”

After doing a bit of prep work and discussion, Arohan returned to the keep and ran across a maid that was beginning to doze off in chair. Arohan chuckled to himself, seeing that it was Kasen, a girl who grew up with him in the keep and one of his good friends. She was born around the same time as Arohan and was a child to the head maid. “Ah! Prince! I.. I wasn’t doing anything, I promise.” She said, jolting out of her chair. “Oh! I was supposed to tell you, your research lab has been prepared. Please, allow me to show you the way to make up for my mistake.” she said. Deep in the crypts, Arohan found a large room with a

center table, parchment papers, and magical energy pylons. Rorth was already there with some of the journals and such that Arohan had mentioned. Other wizards and magic casters were there to witness the power that was believed to be only for the Gods and for the celestially blessed.

“Ah, Arohan. Did you meet up with Maystar? Good. So let’s look at what we have. According to what we all could scrounge up and from Maystar’s notes, theories and rumors suggest that chronomancers have been able to use their obelisks to transport large areas across many centuries. However, the amount of magical energy this uses is massive. Almost enough magic to cast Wish fifty times. The only caster that has used even close to that amount is Di’frol, and he’s everywhere now.” Arohan nodded and told the committee about the ring and the stone and how the stone acts as a refiller for the gems of the rings.

After many theories and discussions, Arohan decided that the time for talk was over. The only way they’d find out anything about these objects was to use them. “Yes, yes. I agree, Prince. We can bring in some subjects to test this with. Lord Rubyfall, shall we bring in some of the prisoners from the dungeon?” said one of the casters, scribbling into a parchment a transcript. Another suggested a few wizards and casters go instead in case there are any magical threats to dispel. After thinking, Arohan’s father looked at his son and said, “Arohan, what do you think? This is your project.”

As Arohan pondered what to do, Blackrazor chimed in and said, “This could be a good way for both me and you to document our findings. Also, many souls to feed on from different times. I can just taste the ancient ones. It’s been so long.” Our prince couldn’t help but laugh at Blackrazor’s intentions. It’s decided. Arohan will be the test subject. He needs to see it with his own eyes. “You can’t be serious. Prince, please. We insist that someone else go in your stead. We can’t allow a member of royalty the possibility to get lost.” said Kasen. No. This is what I must do, thought Arohan. He walked over to Kasen and placed a hand on her shoulder, reassuring her that everything will be okay and that he’ll be back. Afterwards, he looked at his father and nodded. Rorth understood his own son’s will. After all, he also went through a similar situation when it came to becoming emperor. “Be safe, son. We’ll all be expecting your return.”

*End of Preparations Arc*

Standing near the obelisk, Arohan placed the ring on his right hand. He brought it close to the obelisk and a bright white and gray energy began surrounding Arohan. Once the energy completely encased him, he vanished in a vortex. A small blast of wind came from the area that he was standing in and everyone stood in awe. Around Arohan was a grid pattern vortex. Immediately, images of himself flashed through his mind, but they all showed different memories than he remembered. Arohan closed his eyes and clutched his head, screaming as the images passed. What seemed like hours passed and Arohan opened his eyes. He looked around and found himself in front of a bright white portal. Pulling out the stone, it was pulsating very hard. The ring was also showing signs of being in effect. Arohan looked closer and saw that the gems themselves pulsated with the same energy surrounding him.

Arohan decided that he should try to explore this new area he was in. He stuck close to the portal. Around him, he saw nothing but darkness and small waves of light. Approaching one of the smaller waves, Arohan wonders what this could be. He reaches his hand out and the ring reacts to the small wave and a tiny portal appears. He looks through it and what he sees is amazing. Signs of small and huge victories all over the world, leaders being elected. It's all going by so quickly in Arohan's eyes. He managed to catch a number that appeared here: 1789.

Arohan deduced the ring acted as a guide. It allowed him to see into different time streams and timelines. Having learned this, Arohan decides to check out a stream near the home portal. Another smaller portal opens and he looks through it. He sees the Great Batavian War against the Rusks. He had heard tales of it from his father. The war went on for roughly three days and they seem to be on the second day of the war. Magic casters are standing, prepping their spells for the next command. The coven his father is a part of also seems ready to act as a support. Rorth and his party seem to be on standby as the last line of defense. He also happens to see a familiar face. Gronek, one of his teachers from the Dragon Riders. He seemed to be fighting off three Ruskians at once and doing so surprisingly well.

He closed the small portal and walked further down and another portal opened. It revealed an ongoing battle against an omnipotent being. His father and the party were there and were facing off against this being. As a last-ditch effort to defeat this enemy, Rorth opened an Arcane Gate to let through what looked like prototypes of the missiles they have now. The being began to make his way toward the gate and nearly got his hand through the gate, however, Rorth kept the being there. His father had placed down three

other sigils to open the gates in different areas. One after the other began to explode open with the missiles launching through them. With a third missile, the being was defeated and Arohan's father and his party stood victorious. He could make out his father's last words to the being. "Even if you would have defeated us and destroyed humanity. That missile is proof that we existed. Just like it, you left your mark and proved you existed in history." As this gate closed, it dawned on Arohan that his father never talked or mentioned this battle. He would need to ask him.

After he had seen all this, Arohan noticed that the stream had very small strands that diverged from the main stream. He placed the ring near it, however this time a portal didn't open, instead a transparent wall formed and allowed him to see the events. He looked through it and saw a similar time. Same war and everything. However, there was one major difference. His father seemed to be losing the war against the Rusks. Their numbers were just too much for Batavia to handle. It ended in the defeat of the Batavian empire. The scene changed to the crowning, the leader of the Ruskians just laughed as he took command of Batavia. His father and his party, however, managed to defeat their leader after a long combat and his father was officially made the new Emperor of Batavia. Arohan backed away from the transparent wall and tried opening it. However, when he attempted, his ring would glow red, almost as if he wasn't allowed inside it. Looking at his time stream, he saw the small stream that had branched off and saw that it connected back to the main one. He saw more and more of them and some abruptly cut off, others connected back and others just went their own route.

After what seemed like hours of exploring timelines and alternative paths, Arohan decided that he should head back and report his findings. As he began his trek to the portal, he heard a skittering noise around him, but nothing was in sight. Blackrazor alerted Arohan, saying "Arohan, ready yourself. In all the years I've been around, I never thought I'd get a chance to see one of them." Them? Without even a second to think, a web was shot out towards the two of them, almost encasing them in the sticky substance. When Arohan looked in the direction of where the web was shot from, eight large eyes appeared and began scurrying towards him. Arohan, now ready with Blackrazor, began preparing to smite the creature down. "Finally, some additional excitement! I was getting bored and hungry just watching these timelines. It's chow time!" exclaimed Blackrazor, casting Haste on Arohan to speed up the process.

A long fight later, Arohan asks Blackrazor about the creature and if there are any other beings he should know about in this place.. "You keep calling it 'This place', but you still

haven't figured out where we are?" Blackrazor asks Arohan. He shakes his head. "We're in the Temporal Plane, or as some call it, 'The Demiplane of Time'. From what I remember during my years of existence, only a few ancient societies managed to successfully traverse time and those that managed to come back nearly ascended to Gods'. I'm starting to recall a bit from one of the souls I've absorbed. Anyways, that creature you just faced was a temporal spider. They act as sort of the 'trash collectors' of this place. Gets rid of anything that shouldn't be in here." Arohan stands up and begins to dust himself off, healing himself as he does. With a now known threat in this "Temporal Plane", he makes his way to the portal carefully.

Once he reaches the portal, he tries to walk through it. As he approaches the portal, the white energy that was surrounding him transfers itself towards the portal and begins to rip it open.. Once it fully opened the portal, the energy that tore it began to attract itself to the right gemstone. The same one that produced the energy. In front of him he sees the same vortex that he saw while entering the Temporal Plane. It looked like it was approaching and retracting from him at the same time. Arohan steps through and he shields his eyes, fearing that the vortex may blind him again. A familiar feeling hits him and the images of himself fill his mind once again, but this time, they don't cause any mental pain. The bright light blinds him as the grid pattern flashes before him.x

*End of Temporal Plane Arc*



As he opens his eyes again, Arohan finds himself back in Batavia. The wizards and other casters are still in awe of the power they've just witnessed. Kasen also stood there, giving praise to Lord Dar'Khan silently. The shock of what they've seen wears off and they all begin asking Arohan a million questions. "Prince, tell us! Where did you go?! What did you see?! What was it like?! Do you now know our futures?!" As soon as the Prince opened his mouth, everyone fell quiet. He asked them all to calm down and began explaining what he had seen. All the time streams and the creature he faced off with were all documented as everyone scribbled aggressively. However, he doesn't tell them about the alternative timeline or about the battle his father was in.

After most everything was told to the wizards and such, Arohan asked where his father was. "Oh, your Father seemed to have some business to take care of with the Empress. They asked me to bring you to them as soon as you got back. Prince, please follow me to the throne room." said Kasen . As soon as he arrived, he saw his whole family there. His father, Rorth. his mother, Justicar, his younger sister Roxanne, and his younger brother, Andor II. Roxanne jumped up at the sight of his older brother. "Arohan! You're back in one piece! I was so worried. You've been gone for almost a whole day and Dad wouldn't tell me what was going on." Arohan hugged his sister, telling her that he was fine and that she shouldn't worry.

Kasen smiled as well, seeing her semi-step sister so excited. She asked if Arohan was hungry to which he said yes. She excused herself and made way to the kitchen. Arohan then asked Andor what he was doing back in Batavia. He had heard that Andor had left for a "culinary adventure" almost three months ago. "I had returned to stock up on a few Batavian delicacies when I heard my older brother was making some huge advancement in magic. I didn't believe Father at first, but here you are." Andor said. After the three siblings talked for a bit, Kasen finally returned and told them that the dinner table was set.

Sitting at the dinner table, Roxanne kept bugging Arohan to tell her what he saw. Unlike her older brother, Roxanne was curious about the world and its many planes of existence. The school she went to couldn't keep up with her curiosity, so Rorth had other wizards and sorcerers teach her. "Roxanne, if you keep bugging Arohan like that, he isn't going to want to tell you." said his mother. "Oh, let her be. She thirsts for knowledge, so it's only natural she'd want to know. I, myself, am curious." said Rorth. Arohan told them what he saw in the Temporal Plane. He came to the topic of the Great Batavian War and his parents both laughed. "Ah yes. I remember that war. It was right after your father and I

first sparred together. He somehow managed to beat me, even though I outranked him. Stole my heart then and there.” Justicar said, smiling reminiscing the past. Arohan then began telling them about the other smaller branches that were there and how there were alternative histories. His father asked if there was anything of interest in those smaller branches.

Arohan talked about the same war again, but how it had a different outcome. The Rusks had won and took over the keep. His father still became emperor and took command of Batavia. “So, it was almost fated that I’d become the ruler of this continent. Was there anything else you saw?” asked Rorth. Arohan told everyone about the omnipotent being he saw and how Rorth and the rest of his party were there fighting. He saw how his father managed to defeat it. “The battle against Jaz. He ended up being a bigger force than we expected. Lord Dar’Khan helped us all with the final fight.” Rorth said.

Andor spoke up, “We knew about the Xanthari, but this big fight against something of that scale? What was it like?” “\*sigh\* It’s not as exciting as it seems. The entire world was at stake if we didn’t win. I had the prototypes made for the Xanthari as a failsafe, but it resulted that they weren’t attacking us by their own will. So as a result, I used them all on Jaz.” Rorth says. “The powers me and the party received were on par with many war gods. Arohan has witnessed mine. You remember our sparring match, don’t you? You couldn’t keep up with my speed.” Arohan nods and says that it was almost like the wind was striking him all in rapid succession.

After talking about the huge battle against Jaz, the Rubyfall family talks amongst themselves and how the children could technically be considered demigods. “It’s interesting how all of you children inherited a part of one of us. Andor, you happened to become one of the best chefs in Batavia. Arohan got Rorth’s fighting prowess and techniques. Roxanne got the magic that resides within me and your Father.” Justicar said, pointing at the three of them. They all looked at one another and laughed at the fact that they were separate sections of their parents.

After dinner, Arohan went back to the study room to continue his research. After a bit of discussion with the other wizards, it was found how the obelisk reacted while an individual was in the Temporal Plane. It seems that it begins floating and has a green line of magic that comes from the top and bottom. Once it hit the ceiling, a circular map appeared with a line running along the top and right side of the map. Almost as if it were sectioned off from the map. Inside the map, a small light can be seen blinking when it is

close to the center of the map. When it gets further away, it dims. What the researchers can deduce is that the magic line ties it into the timeline and the blinking light is where the traveler is and how close to the portal they are with the center is where the portal is.

Roxanne appeared in the study with Maystar explaining to her what's going on. "Arohan, can I watch? Maystar was telling me more about what you're doing and I grew curious." Arohan couldn't help but laugh at her young sister. Naturally, he said yes to her curiosity. "Prince, I have something for you. Something similar to what your father and mother had to keep an eye on each other." Maystar says. He hands Arohan a pendant with an emerald gem. "This should allow us to communicate with you across planes. However, I don't know about time. We'll need you to test it in that area. See if you can open a portal to the Great Batavian War. I think that'll be the safest spot since everyone in the area is busy defending the keep. Once you arrive, attempt to use the pendant to contact us." He says, showing Arohan how it works.

"Good luck, Prince Arohan. Do come back safely." Arohan smiled at everyone and thanked everyone for being here. On this trip, Arohan told them to record anything the obelisk does to the best of their abilities. "I wish I could go with you, Arohan. Be safe though! I heard from Blackrazor you met some real menacing creatures. Make sure you bring me something from where you're going!" Roxanne exclaimed, waving excitedly towards her brother. He smiled at her and said, of course, and disappeared within the vortex.

*End of Preparations Part 2 Arc*

Once arriving in the Temporal Plane, Arohan began to make sure the pendent communicated as a safety measure. “Yes, we hear you loud and clear,” said Maystar. While talking to the team, he began approaching the stream of light and produced a smaller portal. He looks in the peephole and confirms that it is the Great Batavian War. The same blinding white temporal energy appears while the portal is torn open. Walking through the portal and getting to the other side, Arohan sees familiar areas to his hometown of Vailian, only with the atmosphere feeling gray. The streets are littered with tents and other campfires. Civilians are bringing out rations to the small tents. He begins walking around the place and sees a familiar face.

The dwarf, Yordrouc Hohenheim, creator of the most famous ale in all of Batavia and an author of a pretty popular book amongst the medical field. Yordrouc seems to be wrapping some bandages on the wounds of a few soldiers and tending to the ones with amputations. He keeps walking forward from the nursing area out towards the walls of the town. The clashing of swords and whistling of arrows can be heard beyond them. From above the wall, he can also hear his father’s voice calling out commands. Arohan decides to find a secluded area to try to communicate with Maystar. As he slips away into an alleyway, a shadow can be seen watching him from afar.

With a bit of static, Maystar finally responds to Arohan. “Ah. Have you made it to the war yet? Good. Then we at least know now that we can communicate through time. Onward then. Let us see just what the future holds for us and what the past had for us.” Walking through the vortex again, Arohan finds himself back in the Temporal Plane. Sticking to times close to the present, Arohan travels to the future of Batavia and sees that it's still thriving and that his family is still in power. One notable difference, however, is that there is a lot more technology involved. Things that were unknown to Arohan. It's good that things haven't changed too drastically, thinks Arohan.

After exploring the future and past of Batavia, Arohan decides to venture off into the separate streams coming off the main one. For the smaller streams that run back into the main time stream, he can only conger up a window. Streams that venture off and don't return to the main time stream can be opened, however. He walks into one of them and sees that it's his present time Batavia. Strange. He could've sworn he walked through a different portal, not the one that brings him home. Blackrazor whispers to Arohan, saying, “I feel something strange here. It's familiar... It almost feels like.. Never mind. Just be on guard.” Arohan nodded and made his way to the keep where his family lives.

Arohan walked around the keep, looking for someone to lead him back to the study, but any person who saw him would run away. It wasn't until he happened to catch one of the maids that he asked where everyone was. Crying on her knees, she begged for forgiveness. What happened here? He told the maid that there was nothing to worry about. As she screamed out pleas of help, a curved blade pierced her abdomen. Arohan stood in horror as her blood stained his armor. He's killed individuals before. He's even gone to war, but he would never harm a bystander. "So, Lord Dar'Khan was right. He felt a presence as immense as us two." a figure said. Arohan's anger grew as a man shrouded in darkness pulled out the blade and threw the maid's lifeless body aside. "How intriguing. You have Blackrazor, but you haven't been corrupted." The figure points his weapon at Arohan. Arohan can see that the weapon is a long pitch black glave, the blade with similar attributes to Blackrazor.

"I've been expecting you to eventually show up. Arohan Rubyfall." the figure says, stepping out of the shadows and Arohan sees himself. "Or should I say, my alternate self." He is dressed in adamantine armor and his glaive morphed itself into a scythe. The two begin walking forward as the alternate version of himself keeps talking.. "I was curious as to why different selves filled my mind. As soon as Lord Dar'Khan felt it, he informed me of the situation saying our timelines would eventually meet."

Our Arohan nodded while keeping an eye on his alternative, saying that he saw multiple different Arohan's in his mind as well. "We all saw those. It's almost like an alert telling us that some Arohan used the stone." The alter Arohan pulls out his stone. "I can't say I'm not tempted. Conquering other timelines seems almost fun." Our Arohan asks his other self where everyone is. "I'll tell you, but first you have to give me your stone. It's far too dangerous to have someone of your caliber jumping around timelines. You could cause an incident." Said the other Arohan, pointing his scythe at our Arohan.

"Arohan, be careful. I don't know why, but that scythe is emitting a very strong dark aura." Blackrazor told our Arohan telepathically. Arohan tells his alter self that he won't. He needs it to better his future and Batavia's. His alter self laughs at Arohan's goals. They're quiet, but quickly grow more and more maniacal. Arohan knows that talking is pointless now as his alter self keeps laughing. He suddenly stops, tilts his head, and stares at Arohan. Smiling, his alter self says "How naive you are." Arohan readies Blackrazor and gets in his battle stance.

The scythe blade comes slicing at Arohan's side, but he manages to block it with Blackrazor, getting knocked back from the impact. Arohan finally gets a closer look at his altar and notices that he has bloodshot eyes and his hair has almost a platinum blonde color to it. "This is what happens when a person becomes corrupted by Blackrazor. His soul and Blackrazor's are now fighting one another and putting a huge mental strain on him. It's almost draining in a way." Blackrazor says.

Alter Arohan begins his barrage of attacks, switching his weapon from a scythe to glaive. His hand movements were almost mesmerizing to Arohan, seeing how it was almost a performance. A Danse Macabre of sorts. As he was analyzing his opponents movements, the weapon's glaive form lunged forward at him. He managed to block it, causing a wave of force that shook the whole keep. "You can't beat me, Arohan! I will win and I will destroy that stone!" Alter Arohan says, with his face twisting into a smile. The sparks illuminated the dark room and added a horror element to his maniac smile. The two jumped back and came to another standstill. His corrupted self begins charging towards Arohan, giving Arohan seconds to make a decision. Reaching to his belt, he grabs a pair of sickles and throws them at two stone statues that are nearby. As they hit their target, the blades begin to pull towards each other and bring the statues towards their center meeting point with great speed, smashing into Corrupt Arohan.

The other Arohan falls with a thud. He begins gasping for air from the impact. "Crackle and Flame heh. I... I didn't expect you to... To have them. You're... You're just full of surprises. Heh heh." the other Arohan coughed out. "But.. just like you. I also have a surprise," he said, sweeping Arohan's feet from under him. As he fell, a large purple orb suddenly flew towards him, encasing and stunning him. Arohan screams in pain as the orb begins to electrocute him. Corrupt Arohan stands up and begins laughing. He walks up to Arohan and says "Now... To rid the world of what should've never been found."

However, just as the other Arohan reaches out towards the stone, another time portal opens. Stepping out of it is another Arohan who casts Hold Person on the darker alternative. "H.. How did... Y... You should be dead!" "There's a small spell known as Wish. I'm sure you've heard of it, considering it's how you got your powers. Now then. You." says the newest addition to the Arohan's. "Get outta here. Keep watching your back though. You're a special target for us. Some will come to aid you, others to hunt you." As the purple orb dissipates, Arohan thanks his second alternative and leaps through a portal.

Once the portal closes, the new Arohan looks at Corrupt Arohan and releases him. “Well. Since he’s gone, let’s talk. What did you learn?” “He’s promising. Unlike the rest, he’s the one that overcame Blackrazor and has his god’s favor.” “You want to fight him again, don’t you?” “Is it noticeable? It seems like a fun time. I’ve never really had someone push me that far.” “It’ll make great research material for me. Seeing how your interactions didn’t break the timeline. Maybe I’ll get a chance to get my revenge on the old man.” “A huge battle against ourselves sounds fun. Maybe we’ll encounter some fun along the way. "Let’s keep an eye on him then. We’ll strike when the time is right.”

*End of Oh, the Timelines I’ve Seen Arc*

After his battle with himself, Arohan drags himself out of the portal. He began to make his way towards the portal back home but noticed that he was nowhere near it. The stone seemed to pulsate towards the east. Struggling to even keep on his feet, Arohan checks his person to see if he has a health potion or anything that can at least heal him, he had a few drops left of his health reserve after the fight, so he used those to give him a bit of a boost. Seeing his disheveled state, Blackrazor suggests that he jump through another stream and rest there. However, Arohan's stubbornness and self-discipline make him continue. His alternate self's words played through his mind again.

*"You're a special target for us. Some will come to aid you, others to hunt you"*

Why take the risk of jumping into a portal after that, thought Arohan. After what seemed like hours, Arohan decided to take a seat on the plane's walkway. He took in the surrounding scenery, darkness filled with small streams of light. Some of them look as small as strings. Others look as wide and tall as a castle wall. His deal with Durnan makes its way into his head again and Arohan chuckles, knowing that one story he'd tell him is "I fought myself?" He begins to think about his home and what he'll do once this time travel is reliable and further researched. An entire continent traversing time. A thing only heard of in legends.

As Arohan sat, Blackrazor senses that the stone is pulsating even harder, but the two of them haven't moved yet. "This stone is emitting more energy than before. Could it be that the portal is coming towards us?" Blackrazor says to him. Arohan looks around and notices that yes, it's almost as if his thoughts on certain portals bring him towards the portal, or the portal moves towards him. As he struggles to stand, he sees a figure out in the distance. It looks like a person, but Arohan just brushed it off as his mind playing games on him.

He walks into the portal and finds himself back home. All the people there ran towards the disheveled Arohan. "Arohan, are you alright? I felt your energy begin to drain away. What happened in there? You didn't come back this injured last jump." Maystar said. Arohan tells him to give him a bit to rest and he'll tell everyone everything. His eyelids grew heavy and suddenly his vision darkened. After a few nights of rest, Arohan awoke in his chambers with maids and healers in his room. He called out to one of the maids and they all ran toward the prince. Kasen was among the maids who were there and she immediately hugged Arohan. She had tears in her eyes and said "Oh, you're awake, Prince! You had all us poor maids worried. We've been here around the clock ensuring



that you're healing properly. Please, take your time getting ready. We'll all wait for you outside. You have some people that want to talk with you."

Arohan changed into his usual training outfit and headed towards the main foyer. He looked slightly over the balcony that was on top of the stairs and saw everyone from the research lab talking amongst themselves waiting for Arohan to come down. As he overlooked the room, his father and Kasen joined his side. "Geez, these casters really want to get the information out of you, don't they?" Kasen said. "Your sudden fainting caused everyone to panic. It's been utter chaos with everyone wanting to get into your room to ask you questions. If you'd like, we can discuss privately in my study." said Rorth. Arohan nodded. Dealing with all of these knowledge seekers after a slumber that long really seems like a bad idea. Plus, he doesn't handle tons of people that well.

Once in the study, Rorth had Kasen go and have the chefs cook his son a meal. She nodded, saying "Yes sir. It should be ready in a few minutes." and she left. "You've been out for almost three days, so I figured you'd be hungry. Now that we're alone. Mind telling me what happened in there?" Rorth said. Arohan wasn't sure how to explain the situation without sounding like he had lost his mind. However, this was his father he was talking to. He's been through his fair share of crazy stories, so Arohan explained everything that had happened. "Hmm. This does intrigue me. So there are other versions of yourself based on the time stream you jump in. Some of these have also decided to use the same method and are now hunting you or protecting you? One of yourselves said you were special. But why specifically you?" said Rorth, scratching his chin in thought. "For the meantime, let's take a break from research. Come. I think your meal is ready."

Arohan found it a bit odd for his father to not mention anything about the corrupted Arohan or the fact that the keep was empty. Blackrazor began talking to Arohan telepathically, saying "Your father knows about this corruption more than anyone. As much of a facade that he puts on, that portion of the story scared him. While he may not wield me as much anymore, his thoughts and feelings are still passed onto me. It scared him because when you decided to wield me, that was one of the risks you took. Hearing that one Arohan was corrupted meant that he failed in training you. He failed as your father and mentor in that timeline." Arohan looks over at his father and catches a glimpse of his expression. It has a somber look, but also a hint of determination.

As he and his father approach the dining hall, Arohan's sister tackles him to the ground. "You big meanie, you had all of us worried. I told you to be safe, but you just had to get

in combat. You and Dad only think about fighting.” Roxanne began to hit her older brother. Tears dropped from her face, making Arohan feel bad. He assured his sister that he was okay now. He reaches out to pat her head, trying to calm her down. Roxanne’s emotions get the better of her and she begins to emit small sparks of lightning around her. Arohan panics as he knows her sister’s emotions tie heavily to her magic. He tells her that he brought her a fun story from a timeline. One that has many Arohan’s in it. Her eyes light up and the lightning dissipates. “Really?! Yay! Let’s go so you can tell me!” Roxanne hugs her brother and whispers “Shocking Grasp” as Arohan feels the lightning from his sister's hand and takes the full force of it.

*End of Welcome Shenanigans Arc*

After telling his family about this strange encounter, Roxanne asked “So, what’s so special about you? Oh, I’m sorry. That sounded mean. You deserve it though.” Andor spoke up and said “All of this time stuff is starting to hurt my head. It didn’t hurt this bad

when I was trying to decipher an ancient recipe.” Andor rubbed the sides of his head with his fingers. “Well, this isn’t fully understood. The only things we know about time and time travel are the myths and legends left behind. So your brother is making quite a breakthrough in both magic and civilization.” Justicar said to the two siblings.

“However, it does interest me as well. If you’re being hunted by other yous from different timelines, wouldn’t killing you kill them?” Arohan stopped eating his meal for a second and told his mother he wasn’t too sure. If that was the case, then the other Arohan’s that his darker self killed would’ve affected them as well. “I may be able to provide you with an explanation, Your Highness.” a voice said.

Everyone got in a fighting stance all while backing themselves into a circle. “Seems like all of you remember our family drill. Good,” said Rorth. “Stay focused, dad. Does anyone know where the voice came from?” asked Andor. Arohan and his mother both shake their heads. “Fear not, I come in peace, Rubyfall family.” the voice said. “I wish to only speak to the traveler which I saw in the Temporal Plane.” “I thought I sensed a soul around us, but I had never been inside that plane. I thought it was just messing with my senses.” Blackrazor told Arohan.

The figure finally shows himself and begins to bow towards the family. “Greetings. I’ve come from the School of Chronomancy. It seems like one of our... Students have lost their anchor and ring. We’ve traced the temporal energy back to this place. If it’s possible, we’d like it back.” the man says. Arohan tells him to prove his claim. “As you wish. Emperor, I’m sure you’re familiar with this spell. After all, your old companion used it. ‘Time Stop’.” His finger pointed towards a small bird that was flying by and it stopped.

“That was the spell Di’frol used when we fought in Shadowfell. How could someone of your skill use a high-level spell like that?!” shouted Rorth. Arohan had heard about the battle in Shadowfell. With the combined efforts of his father and Di’frol, they managed to take down a corrupted dragon in one fell swoop. “Heh. Relax, that isn’t the actual Time Stop spell, but I do know about all of your adventures. Everything from you killing Vermont to the old friend you never knew you had. Methalos.” As the name Methalos rang out, Rorth’s began to hold his head in pain.

“The mind has a way of accepting alternative timelines. You either take it in and regain that portion of your altered memory or you begin to fight it to match what you know. What Emperor Rorth is going through is fighting it. Does this prove my title to all of you? Or shall I make another demonstration?” The man said, snapping his fingers

towards Rorth. As he did, Arohan noticed his father wasn't in pain anymore. "I remember Methalos now. He didn't die by assassination. He was with us until we met the Aboleth."

"So, the objects I asked for?" the man asked. Arohan didn't want to lose what could place him in favor of the next emperor, so he told the man that he would under one condition. To train and teach him about chronomancy. "You don't know what you're asking for, Prince. Chronomancy is delicate magic. One mess up, one accidental glance, even the smallest interaction and you and this whole place could end up as a barren wasteland." Arohan told the chronomancer that he accepted the risk and that he had seen the end results. He told the man that if interactions alter time, then he's already made changes with other timelines just by seeing himself. If interactions could cause the collapse of timelines, how come the fight against himself didn't just destroy the time stream when they first spoke or when they first clashed their blades.

As Arohan told the man about his encounter, the man argued, "Your clash with yourself is different. Both of you knew about... Each other." He stood in thought for a second "Arohan, when you entered the portal, what did you see?" the stranger asked him. Arohan told him that visions of himself appeared and all flashed before he landed on the other side. "Hmm, I see. It may be worth the time to take you in. Very well. As a compromise, I shall take you with me to the School of Chronomancy. I must warn you, however, our teaching methods are quite fierce. We depart in roughly thirty minutes. Prepare and finish anything you need to beforehand." said the strange man. "Arohan, wait! Can I come with you? This seems like a great opportunity to explore and learn." Roxanne asked his brother. She had the pleading look to allow her to come. Arohan looked at the man and he just nodded. "Another one wouldn't hurt. She can stick around all the historians and such."

Arohan left the room with his father to prepare what he may need for this training. "Arohan, are you sure you want to do this?" His father asked. Arohan nodded and told him that he wants to prove to himself and all of Batavia that he can be a fit ruler. Someone who has an iron fist, but believes in bettering the wellbeing of the continent. Rorth just smiled at his son, seeing that his stubborn nature to be the best passed on to him. He reached into the satchel that he always has and handed Arohan a small charm. 'Here. Keep this with you. Just in case you need that extra push to keep fighting.' Arohan looked at the charm. It had a small rat's head on it. He recognized it as a Rat's Head charm from the coven that brought him to Lord Dar'Khan and Justicar. He thanked his

father and told him he'd be back soon. Him and his father embraced for a bit. A rare moment between the two.

After the two shared a bonding moment, they stepped out of the room and Arohan ran to give his mother a small hug and told her to keep an eye on his father for a bit. His mother said to both Arohan and Roxanne "Be safe on your travels! Arohan, protect your sister from any of those handsy people." Arohan walked up to the man and told him that they were ready. "Good. Let's go then." The man made a vortex to the Temporal Plane and the three of them walked through, saying their goodbyes and good luck to each other.

### *End of The Final Goodbye*

As the two siblings walk into the Temporal Plane, Roxanne stares in awe at her new surroundings. She takes out a notebook and begins writing. The man looks at Roxanne and chuckles at her eagerness, saying "Princess, there's no need to take notes yet. Once we get to the School, you'll be able to observe the Plane at its fullest from the

observatory.” Roxanne keeps writing despite this and Arohan just begins pushing her forward. “Wow. I can’t believe I’m here. It isn’t as chaotic as many of the texts said it was. One of them talked about a huge amount of energy swirling around. I interpreted it as a huge cyclone of energy.” his sister says, still writing notes.

“Ah yes. It is still there, but it has started to grow weaker. According to our historians, the Temporal Cyclone, as we call it, seems to shrink in size once every thousand years. That's not to say that it doesn't stop being a threat. Just that it isn't as much of one. The phenomenon is known, interestingly enough, as the “Time Crunch” and it lasts for only one or two years here.” the man explained to Roxanne and Arohan. “However, time flows differently here. It could speed up or slow down depending on where in the plane you are. For this reason, to not affect the time streams around us, the school is put in a zone where time flows slower than in the Material Plane, causing us to age slower as well. One year there equals one week in the Material Plane.”

The trio kept walking towards what seemed like the west. The chronomancer kept answering Roxanne’s questions about the plane and the functions of time. Some questions she asked, however, the chronomancer just said “You’ll find out.” Blackrazor popped into Arohan’s head and asked “Arohan. Do you sense it?” The Prince stopped in his tracks and closed his eyes, trying to focus on what could be around them. To the Northwest, Arohan sensed a few souls and felt their presence disappear. Somewhere to the Southwest, souls emerged out of nowhere.

“We’re getting close, Prince. What you are seeing is trainees jumping through some of our trial portals. We have specifically picked those out and have other chronomancers on the other side. This is all a part of their training. You somehow already had the skills to land on the plane and back through timelines. Some of the individuals who jump end up getting off course and land somewhere else.” the man said, laughing at the idea. They kept walking forward until it emerged. A huge keep with many towers surrounding it. In the middle of it was a lush green field and centerfield, a huge glass sphere. What looked like three timelines seem to merge into the sphere and split off once they leave it. “Prince. Princess. In front of us stands the School. Believed to be lost to many and searched for by millions. This! Is! Idoxmose: School of Chronomancy!” the man said, standing with pride.

They reached the gate at the front and it began. Standing in on the other side were another two chronomancers. One of them was an elven woman, tall and slender, her hair was a

sunburnt orange color, and was wearing a robe with the same sigils as the man's sash. "Valstina. It's always great to see you. How have you been?" "Bite your tongue, Meldez. How long does it take to recover..." As the woman paused, she looked at the siblings behind him. "I thought you were getting the "things" for him!" she says, pointing towards a half-elf-looking character. He was standing behind her, looking embarrassed. "Well, I did get them, but I think I found something worth a lot more. Take a look at this kid." Meldez said, showing off Arohan like some kind of pet. Arohan and Roxanne looked at each other and greeted Valstina. Valstina just looked confused and gave a "what?" expression towards Meldez. "Ugh. Here, let's not talk at the gate. The Headmaster told us to always close the gate once we arrive. Let's go to the observatory. This one here is eager to pick some of the chronomancers brains." Meldez said, point over towards Roxanne

The group began walking through the courtyard and Valstina and Meldez talked to each other, bringing up some experiments between the trainees. As they walked, Arohan began looking around and noticed that some of the students were staring at his group. He nudged Roxanne and asked her if she noticed. "Yeah, I did. Maybe they're in shock to receive any kind of visitors. We are in a place that was believed to be lost." The two siblings began their side conversation. After what seemed like fifteen minutes, they finally arrived at the observatory.

It was made of the same white marble as most of the school and inside was a wood finish. The place was bustling with the sounds of intellectual conversations and old historical finds. Near the ceiling, there was also time streams there that went to the upper floors. As they walked along the path leading upstairs, the conversations began to shift from loud and smart to quiet and gossip. As it did, Valistina stopped and turned on her heel, yelling "Yes! They are visitors! Don't let that distract you from your research or I'll alert all of your professors to assign extra travel time!" Everyone who was whispering jumped at her voice and the hall once again increased its volume. "Good grief. It's like you're some kind of unseen anomaly or something" she whispered as she kept climbing the stairs.

The group finally reached the top floor. There weren't as many students in this area and the floor was divided by three walls. One room led to the deck and the telescope that the observatory had. Another was a small library filled with all kinds of ancient texts and scriptures. The last room was towards the back and it seemed to be the room of the Headmaster. Meldez knocked on the door and said "Headmaster? Can we come in? We have something we'd like to talk to you about." A large crash was heard on the other side

of the door. "HUH?! WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? WHAT DID MAZ BREAK?!" a voice yelled out. The door swung open and in front of them stood a man no older than Roxanne. Arohan leaned over towards Valstina and asked who the boy was. "Arohan, this is our Headmaster, Odal." "Well? Don't just stand there, come in. I see you brought some visitors. That's great! It's been... Uh. Well, who knows how long since I had seen someone not from the School. Wait. No. That's not good! How did they get in here?! We have to alert the Sentinals!" Odal began to panic, running towards the door. "Headmaster! Wait! They're safe. At least I think they are. They're just here to learn about our magic. Please. Take a seat. Your age is starting to show." Meldez said, blocking the door. Arohan looked at the Headmaster again and saw that his hair began to discolor itself into a gray color.

"You're right... Alright. I'm calm. So, you want to learn about chronomancy, do you? Why? What do you gain from learning the old art?" Odal asked, walking back to his large desk. Roxanne stepped up and said "I wish to learn more about everything. I've been both blessed and cursed with the thirst for knowledge and chronomancy is something that I had only heard myths about." "Haha! A girl who wants to learn all she can. I think I can allow her to explore the grounds a bit." Headmaster said. Arohan stepped up and told him that he wishes to advance Batavia and its magic and show how chronomancy can help in ensuring the future. "Hmm. Meldez, you brought him here. Tell me. Why?"

"We made a deal that if I brought him, he'd return what belonged to Maz. He kept his end of the bargain, so I'm here to do mine. However, something about Arohan seems interesting. As you know, we had reported strange signals from a very far distance to the School. He is the reason for this. We also learned that he had an encounter with another timeline that contained an alternate version of him. According to the research done a couple of years back, that would've caused some kind of damage to either timeline, but they remain stable. The two knew about each other as well and didn't suffer any of the memory or pain issues. That's why I brought him here." Meldez said. "We've only had very few who had an immunity to the effects, but I've only heard legends of three who didn't alter timelines by meeting themselves." Odal had his mouth covered, thinking. "I need time to think. In the meantime, Valstina, give Arohan his own set of gear. He'll need it to begin his training with the Time Sentinals. Meldez, give Roxanne a small tour of the place and take her to the Historian's tower. If they both wish to be here, then so be it. Arohan, we will talk further into your training." Odal ordered. Both Meldez and Valstina nodded and escorted the siblings away. The two of them are shown to a room in one of the towers. "Well. This is where you'll be staying. Give me and Valstina a few



hours and we'll have some of the gear ready for you." Meldez said. They both leave the room and only the siblings remain. "Isn't this exciting, Arohan? We finally get to learn more about this forgotten art!" Roxanne exclaimed. Arohan looked into the sky and smiled. Soon, he told himself.

*End of the School Introduction*

A few months have passed since Arohan and Roxanne were accepted into the School and their knowledge of Chronomancy has improved tremendously. Roxanne has been training up her casting abilities to reach those of high-level wizards. She has also been examining more about the Temporal Plane and has written nearly a whole textbook of it. Arohan, on the other hand, has been training with the Time Sentinals and has learned some of the ethics and such that go into time travel. He learned that some members here ended up in the Temporal Plane just like he did, however, they were never able to go back. Arohan

very quickly became popular at the school amongst the Sentinals and many members would come to ask him about his encounters with his other-selves. He's scored top marks for someone who had just been introduced into the Time Sentinals with his fighting experience and military-type strategies. It even earned him the nickname of "Prince of Time."

The two Rubyfall's were in their room talking to one another about what they had learned that day "Oh! Did I tell you that I managed to cast my first Time Stop today? Before, I could only cast smaller spells like Time Arrow. It was so exciting, but a lot of the other students were beginning to look at me with anger and jealousy in their eyes. I don't understand why." Roxanne told his brother. Arohan sat next to her and told her that it was just because they don't have her natural talent. Considering that no one in the family was a designated sorcerer or wizard, it was always odd that Roxanne could pick up magic easier than others. For that reason, she actually flunked out of many schools because they saw her as "lazy" and "unattentive". The truth behind that was that she would have to see the spell twice or so and she could successfully cast it, so she would just get bored and leave her classes.

A lot of her spells that naturally came to her were lightning and thunder spells, however these particular types of spells almost always increase and decrease in power depending on her emotions. Hell, when she was born she could cast Shocking Grasp and did cast it as she cried being handed to their father. Their father had a theory about how he was always surrounded by magic and magic radiation that some of it was absorbed and managed to transfer to her. She also had two different colored eyes. One was father's emerald green and the other was mother's red to gray eye.

"Arohan. Arohan. Arohan!" Roxanne screamed out. He was broken from his train of thoughts and asked his sister what was wrong. "The Headmaster wants to see us in his office. It's a bit early for his monthly check-in, don't you think?." The two left the room and headed towards the office. Once they arrived, they saw a few Historians there waiting on them. "Ah, Prince and Princess Rubyfall. The Headmaster has been waiting. Please, go on in. We will follow behind." one of them said. The two knocked on the door and heard footsteps. The door opened and showed that Valstina and Maz were already in the room. They both had a serious look on their face. Valstina waved her hand for everyone to come in. The doors closed and Odal was examining a time stream. "Are you sure? We've never encountered something that can be blocked from the sights." Meldez said. "It's blocked alright. Not even the most experienced of Seers can bypass it." Odal said.

“You called for us, Headmaster Odal?” Roxanne asked, approaching his desk to get a closer look at the time stream. “Ah, yes. Welcome, Rubyfalls. I have a small mission for both of you. After your arrival, the Seers and Historians have reported many anomalies within different timelines. Arohan, as a member of the Time Sentinals, I would like for you to take a look at one of these. Roxanne, you will stay behind with the Seers and Historians to assist him and act as a communicator. His ring will be linked to our magic networks so it’ll make it easier for us to communicate.” Odal said, bringing out a piece of parchment that contained the same spell as what Maystar put on his pendent. “There we are and here is some of the information we have gathered. We wish you luck, Team Rubyfall.”

The two of them leave for their designated areas and begin to prepare for the mission. “I’m surprised they’re allowing you to bring me along. When the trainers saw me, they had a panic attack.” Blackrazor said. He was put away for a little bit to avoid any possible casualties or... Soul absorptions. Arohan chuckled and said that it's a rare exception. They have no idea what kind of anomaly this could be, so he was told to bring his best. He put on his armor and strapped on Crackle and Flame and began to make his way towards the time stream. It was located a bit of a distance, but with the tools of the blacksmith back home, he could fly there instead of walk.

Meanwhile, two figures were discussing things in a dark room. “So, you think that you can bait him out here? He is smarter than you think.” “Oh please. You know better than anyone that he’ll do anything to accomplish his goals. Even if that means playing ‘hero’ for a little bit.” “So, what’s the actual plan? I know we’re traveling towards the School, but what then?” “You just play your part. Improvise a bit once we get there and wait for my signal.” “Which is?” “You’ll know it when you see it. Hahaha...” “That laugh of yours never fails to send shivers down my spine. Can’t believe that’s what I could’ve become.” “You know that you also want a taste of... Did you feel that? He’s traveling. Let’s go”

Arohan arrived at the timeline that was showing anomalies according to the Seers. The stream had four major deviations and a lot more smaller branches from them. It was almost like a tree that had its roots pulled out, too many to count. He opened up a few peepholes to get a closer look at the timeline. To Arohan's surprise, anything he opened showed nothing but darkness. Almost like they were covered. He decided to open a portal and walk inside. Once inside the timeline, he looked around and saw more and more portals scattered open in a small room. In the middle of the room was a desk with a

bunch of parchments and ink bottles scattered around it. Arohan picked up one of the parchments.

Looking over it, it read: "Attempt Number 1,352: No luck. I've been searching for over years now and each timeline yields the same result. The idiots over at the School kept talking about powers and abilities that only a Deity can possess. If I could just get my hands on a sliver of that power... I could restore everything. Everything! My life could return to the way that other timelines show. I could have my sister back. I could have my brother back. Even the maids. I just want it to go ba..." The rest of the parchment is covered with a mixture of tears and spilled ink. Looking through other pages, he found that there was a power out there known as "Time Breaker" The ability to reach into other timelines and gain control of god-level chronomatic magic. If a mortal gained this kind of power, they could fuse timelines without any of the consequences of causing time paradoxes. Memories and people would fuse to fit the new timeline. Everything except those with any interaction with chronomancy.

After looking deeper, he found another sheet that showed that this researcher found the key to obtaining this power. Arohan began taking some of these parchments for further investigation. As he was stuffing the sheets inside his bag, one of them fell to the ground. It had the words "Time.. It's time.. It's time. It's time. ITS TIME" scribbled all over the page. He squinted his eyes at it and saw that there was a hidden clock within all the scribbling and one line: "I've done it. I've become the Time Breaker. I can restore the Batavia that once stood proudly with us as the leaders. Please, wait for me Andor, and Roxanne." The words that were written made Arohan frightened. Just what kind of place was he in? Why would his siblings' names and his continent's name be here?

He looked around the room some more in a shocking panic and found hints that this room was the room his father had set aside for research on time travel. As he kept looking, he saw the walls were painted with symbols and clocks about the Time Breaker. He reached the door that led into the hallway of the keep, but when he opened it, the other side was nothing but blinding white light. Arohan shielded his eyes from it and when his eyes adjusted, he found that the room was surrounded by the same energy that the time streams are made of. There was nothing but the bright white energy surrounding him. He backed away from the entrance and contacted the Headmaster to inform him of what he's found. An alarm could be heard coming from the other side of the pendant. "Arohan? Is that you? Good. We have a situation. You need to come back now. I can't explain everything now, just get here!"

## *End of Revelations Arc*

Back at the School, Roxanne was examining some of the documents on the anomalies that were reported and was attempting to decipher where or what could've caused so many. After a few hours, a Seer came up to her. "Roxanne, Headmaster Odal would like to see you," they said. Roxanne began to make her way over to the office when she felt a small rumble of temporal energy. She dismissed it as nothing more than her possibly shivering or something and went on her way. "Headmaster, you wanted to see me?" Roxanne asked, opening the door. "Yes, come in, Princess Roxanne. There's something I've been meaning to discuss with you. You're quite a fast learner. I'm sure by now

you've read over the chapter that has to do with Time Paradoxes and such correct?" Odal asked. "Yes. It's quite interesting. I had no idea such a thing existed. I mean, now I know why it was never really talked about."

"I see. Have you thought of a way or example that you know of that have either experienced or caused some kind of paradox?" "The only thing I can think of is the time my brother had met alternative versions of himself, but outside of that, no. Why do you ask?" "Roxanne, why do you think we sent him on this mission?" "To investigate the anomalies and correct them? Maybe you sent him as a test to see what he's learned?" "The Time Sentinals has a duty. To correct and protect time streams from any kind of anomaly. Arohan is a prime example of what happens if you mess with time without any kind of training..." "Headmaster Odal. I don't want to sound rude, but it almost sounds like you're blaming Arohan for causing these anomalies."

Roxanne spoke up to defend her brother "I suggest you rethink your opinion of him. Don't try to bring me in here to go against him when I know his true intentions and the one of the entire School." "The true intentions of the School you say? Well, I've already told you about them. We strive to inform chronomancers how to use..." "You think I didn't find it strange how a school was in the middle of the Temporal Plane? It was constructed for something and that something is to find information on Time Breaker abilities and powers." "Who told you... It was Valstina, wasn't it? She always kept to herself about her research. No matter, we've gotten closer to achieving magic similar to that of a Time Breaker. If anyone showed up with that power, we could..." Odal was suddenly interrupted by a transmission from the Seers.

"Headmaster, we have unknown travelers going through a time stream and they're quickly approaching the School. We've also detected similar anomalies to the ones found causing smaller streams to burst out." the Seer said. "Where are they located?!" Odal screamed "We're... Not sure. It's almost like the entire time stream was erased! The only thing we have to go off of is the detection at the beginning. It was near the area that contained the Temporal Storm." Odal's panic began to grow as it dawned on him. "We've found it," he whispered. "Odal, what's going on? I've never seen you like this." Roxanne asked, seeing Odal acting frightened. "I never expected to see one up close." Odal said, his eyes beginning to tear up. At the same moment, Arohan's voice came through the transmitter. "Roxanne... Move the stack of books near the right wall. There. Do you see a button? That'll sound the alarm for the Time Sentinals. I never thought I'd have to push it. I hope and pray your brother is as good as you claim he is." Odal said and he began

speaking to Arohan. Roxanne pushed the button and an alarm began to sound throughout the School.

“I can’t explain right now, just get here. Please.” Odal said, with his voice trembling. He handed Roxanne a piece of old parchment signed by the founders of the school. “What is this?” Roxanne asked. “When the school first was built, all of us founders decided to sign this. If anything were to happen to Idoxmore, all research done on the Time Breaker would be passed on. That parchment is the result of millennia of research. Keep it safe. You’re the only one who can really understand its contents. If I’m to perish, then you must keep the magic of chronomancy going,” Odal said. Arohan burst into the Headmaster’s office and asked what was going on. “We don’t have time to explain. Help the Time Sentinals. You need to evacuate everyone.” Odal said. Arohan rushed out and began to gather the team. They all began to shout and directed everyone to follow certain protocols. As he was doing this, he and Blackrazor felt the same energy as visiting both his corrupted selves’ timeline and the one with anomalies. “They’re coming to us this time.” Blackrazor said. Arohan drew his blade and walked towards the center orb where time streams meet. “Arohan! Get back here and help us.” one of the Time Sentinals yelled out. Arohan told them to quicken the evacuation. The orb began to glow and cracks started to appear. The rumble from before grew exponentially more destructive as some of the towers began to crumble. Odal’s voice rang through the alarms:

*“Attention. We are on a CK/TK Class alert. Everyone in the school must evacuate as quickly as possible. Stay in groups and head towards the time streams used for training. Historians and Seers should attempt to preserve as much history and knowledge as possible. The thing we feared the most is at hand. Time Sentinals members will assist and direct for your safety.”*

### *End of The Call before the Storm Arc*

Arohan transmitted to Odal and told him that no one should remain in the area. A catastrophic battle is about to begin. The orb exploded open and released all the temporal energy and time streams it contained. The school began to be surrounded by the energy and it began to twist and fuse together. The temporal energy shot up into the sky and immediately crashed back down, causing the energy to splash. The energy took on a new form and morphed into a bright white disheveled tree, similar to the one he saw on the report. From the white light stepped out the two Arohan’s seen previously. “So, shall we pick up where we left off in my timeline?” Corrupted Arohan said. The Arohan who

saved him looked around at the surrounding area. “I’m back in Idoxmose. Too bad that I only arrived to see it destroyed by you two. Arohan, if possible, I’d like to see the Headmaster before you get to that side. I think the training grounds would be a good place to begin your battle.”

As he opened a portal, Arohan noticed that a huge amount of temporal energy was surrounding him while it happened, but he wasn’t wearing any of the tools needed to open a portal. He asked his corrupt self to explain what he meant about seeing Idoxmose destroyed and how he managed to find him. “I already told you, me and you have unfinished business. While I’m not one to follow requests, he did help me find you, so I’ll honor his. To answer your pitiful question, he wants to take his revenge on this place or rather... It doesn’t matter to me. Follow me. We can minimize as much damage against the school as we can for a bit while he takes care of whatever it is he’s going to do.” Corrupt Arohan said. The two began to walk towards the training ground to commence the fight.

In the Headmaster’s office, Odal is still in shock as to what he is witnessing outside. Never in his lifetime had he seen multiple of one person in one place without repercussions. All theories would suggest that the timeline would break, corrupt, or even just disappear. A portal opened and Savior Arohan walked in. “Ah, Headmaster Odal. It’s great to see you again,” he said. He turned to Roxanne and just stared at her, saying. “I didn’t expect you to be here...” “Who are you? You look like Arohan, but your energy feels... Different. Almost divine.” Roxanne asked. The Savior Arohan removed his hood and in his left eye were the symbols of a clock. “I’m what this school tried to banish. I am Time given a fleshed form. Odal, you have spent eons looking for this. And finally, you’ve found it. However, just like everyone who sees it, you will disappear from all time. Bear witness to the power of a Time Breaker.”

Back at the training grounds, both corrupt and present Arohan both got in their battle stances. Each remained there for a couple of minutes, waiting for the other to finally move. Arohan was running scenarios through his head with different tactics to see which would work more than others and he assumed that Corrupt Arohan was doing the same. They both let out a mighty scream and charged towards each other, blades ready to make precise moves. The weapons met in the middle and a wave of force rushed out around them, flattening any uneven ground. Each swing they took was always met by the others. Simple brute force wasn’t enough to defeat the enemy.



“You... A Time Breaker?! No... But, how did you... I spent so long... How is it possible?” Odal screamed towards the newly revealed Time Breaker. “It was, you’re correct. However, it wasn’t built to withstand any kind of mind alteration magic. You see, you expelled me from the school because of your arrogance. As a result, I was thrown back into my timeline and had a Time Lock spell placed on me, forcing me to remain there. It would’ve been fine if you hadn’t messed with my timeline, but you COMPLETELY ERASED IT! You contained it to keep me from ever coming back and just erased it! The one flaw in your plan however was the Time Lock. It could be for both “Creatures and Objects.”, so I managed to save the entire research room that my father had set aside when I began my own research. I was stuck in between the midway point of traveling into a portal. I had to wait. Wait and continue researching the Time Breaker for revenge.”

“I don’t... I don’t remember ever erasing a timeline.” Odal said. Time Breaker Arohan held up similar tools that student’s used. “I managed to convince one of the students here to lend me their equipment. Like I said, you aren’t immune to mind magic. No one really is. When I managed to get out of the time stream, I asked for the assistance of a high class wizard from another timeline that knew a different version of me. I brought them over to Idoxmose and had him cast a Mass Alter Memory to forget who I was.” “Who did you convince? How did you...” “One of your more trusted students. Valstina. In exchange for her equipment, she asked to not have her memories tampered with. After all, me and her were both researching the Time Breaker before I was expelled. She had been keeping me up to date on any and all research done. As a result, I managed to find a way to tap into that divine power.” T.B Arohan said, clutching his fists with temporal energy swirling around them.

A huge wave of temporal energy came from the Headmaster’s office. Almost as if there were impacts of energy clashing against each other. While Arohan was distracted, Corrupt Arohan took the chance and charged once more, tackling him back. “Good! Now, our mission can finally begin! Say goodbye, Arohan!” his corrupt self said, going towards the cluster of time streams. Present Arohan began to try to free himself from the grab, but couldn’t. The time stream grew closer to them and in a last ditch effort, he began to cast Enhance Abilities on himself. As his strength grew, he finally managed to plant his feet and toss his corrupted self body over himself and slamming Corrupt Arohan into the ground. The spell dissipates and Corrupt Arohan gets up from the ground. He switches his scythe into its glaive mode and begins to launch a barrage of attacks at inhuman speeds.

As he manages to get a few cuts into Arohan, the gems of his scythe begin to glow a light green color and Corrupt Arohan begins to emit the same colored aura “Arohan, we have to defeat him now! He’s currently absorbing energy!” Blackrazor said. Arohan managed to get in a parry, giving him an opportunity to finally finish this. He casted Branding Smite at 5th level and ran with great speed towards Corrupt Arohan, stabbing the blade through his stomach. The green aura disappeared, and the Corrupt Arohan sat lifeless.

Arohan began rushing towards his sister's location when he heard a laugh from behind him. “Heh heh heh. A stab wound like that won’t stop me. Not anymore.” Corrupt Arohan said, lifting himself from the ground with the light green aura surrounding him once again. He dusted himself off and the open wound in his stomach began to close. “Our fight isn’t finished yet!” he screamed out, charging towards Arohan as his aura grew into a huge sickly green color. The two blades met each other again, but Corrupt Arohan pushed his present selves off his feet and sent both of them flying into the walls of the school.

### *End of the Battle’s Beginnings Arc*

Feeling the battle getting closer to “Tsk, They’ve started getting serious now. I’ll have to finish this quickly. Move out of the way, Roxanne. I don’t want to hurt you. Only Odal. He has to atone for his sins ” T.B. Arohan said “No. If you want to kill him, you’ll have to kill me as well. Think about it, Arohan. You won’t correct the past by killing Odal. You won’t feel better if you do this. It’ll only haunt you more.” Roxanne said, casting and preparing a Time Arrow spell, Odal panted heavily as he stood behind Roxanne. Most of his magic was drained in the small scuff they had.

“You always were my voice of reason. Even now that my timeline’s Roxanne is gone, you both remained the same. But not this time. I have to do this.” Time Breaker Arohan

said, letting the blade loose and revealing a chain attached to it. Roxanne immediately recognized it as Winter's Fangs, a weapon that belonged to her father. The other two Arohan's burst through the walls and Corrupt Arohan pushed his present self into the ground, holding his face and the arm that was holding Blackrazor down. "Watch as your dear sister gets slaughtered!" Almost as if time slowed down, Present Arohan saw his sister about to be killed by the Arohan that saved him. Time Breaker Arohan swung the chained blade towards them.

The moment of betrayal hit Arohan hard as he casted Blindness towards Corrupt Arohan and Time Breaker Arohan. Seeing the two of them begin to reach for their eyes, Arohan reached for Crackle and threw it towards Time Breaker Arohan and stabbed Flame into Corrupt Arohan. The blades immediately began to retract towards each other and caused them to crash into each other. Arohan got himself up and ran towards his sister. He told her to leave the school quickly. Go back to their timeline and alert everyone. Following her brother's commands, she left, taking Odal with her.

"No! Stop!" T.B Arohan yelled out as his eyesight slowly came back and stabilized. His eye began to form a magic circle around him with all the symbols of a clock. The blades he had extended out as the hands of a clock. Slamming them into the ground, one pointed towards 12 and the other towards 9. "*Enea!*" he screamed out, causing Roxanne and Odal to slow their movements. Present Arohan used the opportunity to begin swinging at him. "*Tria!*" T.B. Arohan said with the blade swinging over to 3 and immediately to 7. "*Epta!*" A shield made of temporal energy caught Present Arohan's blade nearly millimeters away from his face. Corrupt Arohan hit him with the handle of his scythe. "Your fight is with me, not him!" he yelled, managing to push back Present Arohan with his strength. T.B Arohan moved the hour blade towards 5 and said "*Pende!*" and out of each of the hours came out a clone of him. "*Okto!*" The hour hand moved to 8 and his movements became quicker. Time Breaker Arohan began to make his way over to Roxanne and Odal.

Meanwhile, Present Arohan was trying to fend off Corrupt Arohan so he could help defend his sister, but Corrupt Arohan's attacks kept pushing him the opposite way. Thinking of a way to get out of there, Arohan casted Bestow Curse on Corrupt Arohan, which slowed him down for a little bit. Arohan ran to catch up to his sister and the chase to reach Roxanne and Odal began.. The clones T.B Arohan made all turned around and tried to slow him down, all holding magical replicas of Winter Fangs.

Six of the twelve clones began to throw their blades at Arohan. He weaved and managed to dodge a bit of the fury of blades, but the chains managed to grab a hold of him, wrapping themselves around him. As Arohan struggled to move forward, one of the clones shouted “*Enea!*” as Arohan began to feel sluggish. Another shouted “*Dio!*” and Arohan’s head began to fill itself with altered memories, causing him immense pain. He fell to his knees as he watched Time Breaker Arohan make his way close to his sister. “No. No no no no. I can’t save her. ” thought Arohan. His eyes closed and tears began to form, knowing that he failed his sister and family. A voice boomed inside his mind “So this is the extent of your own will? After the oath you took to me and your father, you’re just going to give up? I expected more out of the son of Rorth Rubyfall.”

Arohan recognized the voice as Lord Dar’Khan. “Fall into despair. Let the darkness eat away at your soul as your sister dies, but when it does, you will have broken your oaths. Nothing but shame on your family name comes from becoming an Oathbreaker of Dar’Khan Drathir.” Arohan’s head dropped down hearing the words of his god. “Or. You can get up and fight against despair and be the godly warrior I know you are! Which do you choose, Arohan Rubyfall?!” Lord Dar’Khan’s voice boomed out to his champion paladin. “I will defend her and everything else! No matter what it takes!” Arohan’s subconscious yelled out as it took form and reached out towards a bright purple light.

The light exploded into blinding white light as a surge of power erupted from deep inside Arohan. He opened his eyes and a flash of purple exploded as Arohan let out a blood curdling scream. An aura began to grow bigger and bigger. Inside it, Arohan’s shadow could be seen thrashing and destroying the chains that held him. Time Breaker Arohan looked back and the aura turned into a deep purple color. Arohan’s speed grew exponentially as he began to kill the clones that surrounded him. Seeing the carnage behind him, Time Breaker Arohan sent his other six clones to stop him or to at least slow him down. They followed his command and flew towards Arohan. Seething with anger and hatred, the aura continued to grow and engulfed the clones that were coming closer. As quickly as they were in the aura, they were thrown out of it. One clone landed near Time Breaker Arohan with a huge hole in their chest.

With all his clones dead, T.B Arohan scoffed and yelled at Corrupt Arohan. “We need to stop him! I can’t allow him to get in my way like this. I have a plan. Just follow my lead!” The aura surrounding Arohan transformed into the shape of wings. He blasted off towards Time Breaker Arohan, ready to plunge Blackrazor into him. “*Tesera!*” Time Breaker Arohan yelled out, swinging Winter’s Fangs to the side. He managed to hit

Arohan and as he did, Arohan froze in place. He began screaming more and tried to force himself out of this Time Lock spell. His hand moved, then his arm. "Hurry, you corrupted fool! Use this time to knock him away!" The two of them flew with all the power they had and Corrupt Arohan took a swing at Arohan, the impact of it knocking him off course and impacting on the ground.

The Time Lock still held him in place as Blackrazor said "Arohan! Control it! Don't let it overpower you! You've overcome my corruption, don't let this one take you over. Think of what you'd become if it did! You'd kill the very thing you swore to protect!" Arohan's eyes widened as his mind was filled with the images of his sister, his family. "Hone the energy and make it yours!" Blackrazor shouted. The screams ceased as he closed his eyes again and the aura surrounding him shrunk and began to absorb energy from the time streams that surrounded him. He stood up regardless of the Time Lock spell and he took a deep breath. The aura turned into a light purple mixed with Temporal Energy. As he opened his eyes again, Blackrazor was stunned. Rather than having the berserk look, they were composed. His pupil burned into the same color as the aura. *"He's done it. A power I've never seen before has been born. We'll call it... 'Razor Eclipse'."*

Having these powers now controlled, Arohan collected his thoughts. His only goal was to catch up to his sister. As the thoughts of her flooded his mind, the aura began to move and began to take shape, making two individual, but beautiful wings. One being a Celestial's and the other was a Dragon's. He was astonished at his new wings but wasted no time. He sped off in the direction of the two Arohan's and saw that Corrupt Arohan noticed his arrival. As Arohan approached, Corrupt Arohan stood in his battle stance and bracing for the impact and speed. Their hands impacted and Corrupt Arohan tried to push Arohan back, but the opposing push prevented him from doing so. I don't have time for this! Arohan pulled Corrupt Arohan towards him and headbutted him. Knocked back from the force, their hands separated and Arohan spun around and kicked him to the ground with the heel of his boot. He sped off once again and saw portals opening with different members of Idoxmose evacuating into them.

*End of the "Multi-Timeline Battle" and "Birth of Razor Eclipse" Arc*

Roxanne and Odal joined a group in hopes to confuse Time Breaker Arohan and hopped into one of the time streams. It closed before Time Breaker Arohan could make it, but the portal was forced open even with five chronomancers trying to shut it and Time Breaker Arohan stepped through. Arohan arrived a few seconds later and came through the portal. Arohan began to fight against the Time Breaker and managed to hold his own against him. The entire group stood in shock seeing the fighting. Present Arohan told everyone to leave the timeline and head towards another while catching one of T.B Arohan's chains and opening the portal again, swinging and throwing him out of that timeline. Arohan then told them once they got out to scatter and throw on any kind of clothing that could cover their faces. Corrupt Arohan came rushing towards Arohan and used the handle to

try and push him back. Arohan screamed with all his might, holding Corrupt Arohan in place, yelling at everyone to go now.

They all followed the instructions, running and trying to cover themselves any way they could. Once the two Arohan's came out, T.B Arohan summoned back his magic circle and pointed the blades towards 11, yelling out "*Endeka!*" His blade began to glow and absorbed temporal energy from surrounding time streams. He took a swing at the two Arohans, producing an energy slash out from his blades. The two Arohan's jumped out from its path, hitting the time stream instead. A huge slash could be seen in the time stream, cutting it. T.B Arohan took another swing and a beam appeared again, separating the portal from the time stream. As Arohan looked inside the portal, the area began to disintegrate into temporal energy. Everyone hurried out of the portal, with Roxanne and Odal managing to escape. Time Breaker Arohan clasped the handles of Winter's Fangs and the portal suddenly closed. The small portion that was cut out began to shrink down into itself and exploded into a huge wave of temporal energy.

The crowd scattered, seeing the true power of a Time Breaker. Shouts and cries could be heard. The three powers clashed all at once and caused the entire plane to shake. "No, if this keeps on, they could destroy the very fabric of time. The Temporal Plane would cease to exist!" Odal said, now clutching onto Roxanne. Trying to prevent them from escaping, T.B Arohan began to open all the nearby timeline's portals. The fight between them began to pick up as they flew into one of the infinitely many time portals. Their surroundings changed into the town of Bashal'aran before it was made into the capital. The underground lake began to ripple with the three of them fighting above it. The temple dedicated to Alliah begins to crumble to the ground and the water below begins to cause massive waves from the sheer force of the fight.

The three Arohan's blast back into the Temporal Plane at great speeds, which caused the entire cave to shake and huge stalactites began to fall from the shockwaves. They continued to enter and exit different time streams. Different events flashed before them, from the time the Moon was coming down, the fight in Shadowfell, and even the battle against Volcanus and Jaez. The effects of the fight began to become visible as many of the streams they went through began to show cracks and small strains of temporal energy leaked out of them. A few streams even exploded from the shockwaves alone. Inside one time streams, they all let out a battle cry and all of their blades clashed, causing a huge tear inside the stream as temporal energy started to leak inside. The effects quickly were noted as everything in sight vanished into temporal energy. They burst through the time

stream quickly and as they continued the fight, the time stream began to implode on itself and began to make cracks on the plane itself. Once more, the blades clashed and the shockwave from it was so powerful that the cracks in the plane shattered and revealed a huge cascading waterfall of temporal energy.

What was once a dark and desolate plane was suddenly engulfed by bright white light. As the three kept their fight going, more and more pieces of the shattered Temporal Plane fell into the waterfall and were transformed into pure temporal energy. Arohan began to feel a huge force pushing him downwards. The temporal energy waterfall began to flow faster and faster as they continued to descend. Their movements began to speed up the more they went down and once again, their blades clashed causing another wave of force. A crack once again formed where they clashed and the temporal waterfall began to flow in reverse as the crack spread and then shattered back into a normal time stream. Seeing the grid patterns all around them, the three of them left the stream. It began to implode and released another wave of temporal energy. Time Breaker Arohan saw that he had lost track of Odal, he angrily yelled out “*Ena!*” as a huge dome appeared. From there, he managed to spot the two heading into a time stream. Now knowing the location, he sped off with the other two Arohans following behind.

They entered another portal and the scenery changed into their home of Vallan. They flew into buildings and such, wreaking havoc as they passed by, Time Breaker Arohan caught a hint of Odal’s magic turned the fight in the direction of the keep. The fight came to a halt as they crashed into a throne room. Each one of them were panting and tired, but they knew that their stubborn nature wouldn’t allow them to stop. Arohan looked around and realized that this was the throne room of the keep. He had been so distracted with the fight that he never noticed them enter Vallan. “Arohan, what’s going on here?!” a voice called out. It was his father’s and beside him were Roxanne, Justicar, Andor, and Odal. “Well now, isn’t this a touching family reunion?” Corrupt Arohan said. The family readied their weapons when Arohan told them not to engage. The fight was his and he would take care of it. T.B Arohan had a feeling of sadness overcome him at the sight of his family that he lost, but he quickly pulled himself back together. “Don’t stand in my way, Rubyfalls. It’s only Odal that I’m after.” T.B Arohan yelled.

Rorth brought out his Winter’s Fangs and had the helm he won from the race in Shadowfell “I will defend this place, even if it means fighting against these two alternatives.” Roxanne brought out her own weapon. Their father’s first magic weapon, the Storm Spear and a sash with magic symbols all over it from her time at Idoxmose.



Andor had a battle axe made of bones tied to a chain as well, and their mother had her sword etched with sigils from her time with the Bridgeburners. They all began to charge towards the two alternatives when T.B Arohan yelled out "*Enea!*" Everything and everyone around him slowed down. Laughing at their attempt, T.B Arohan walked towards Odal, lifting him up by his neck. "Finally. After all this time, I get my revenge. Years upon years have built up to this moment" T.B Arohan said, with his other hand reeling back to stab Odal with the blade. "Die, you bastard!" he yelled out and as the blade came down, a Lightning Bolt spell shot past him. He looked at where the spell came from and barely noticed Roxanne began moving at normal speed. She lunged the spear forward and caught the curve T.B Arohan's blade.

Shocked at seeing someone not affected by the time magic, He noticed that the sash's symbols were all glowing the same color as his blades. Odal laughed, moving again and said "While you all were fighting, I managed to make something to counter most negative effects from the Time Breaker magic." "Not only that, we also managed to make multiple of them, so your Time Breaker abilities won't affect us any more.." Roxanne said as a blade grazed T.B Arohan's arm. Looking at where the blade came from, he saw Rorth standing behind his daughter. Andor and Justicar begin to move as well and engage Corrupt Arohan, also managing to draw blood from him. Justicar's sword's sigils begin lighting up as the blood stains on the blade. Her attacks became more and more powerful with every sigil that lit up, but Corrupt Arohan is managing to avoid any critical hits to his vitals from her.

Arohan took the time of this distraction to devise a plan. Any effect these two did in his timeline would be bad. He had to find the right window of opportunity to get the two of them out. Then it hit him. If he could get the two to stand beside each other, then he could use his speed to push them out. He looked at his father and mother, hoping they would understand his plan. They nodded and both Rorth and Justicar began to try to push them back, yelling at the two siblings not to hold anything back. The family all fought with all they had and everything lined up. His plan came into action. The two Arohans stood beside each other defending themselves from the onslaught of attacks and spells. He looked at Blackrazor and asked him to focus all energy on his speed and strength. Blackrazor agreed and cast one more Haste on him.

"What are you planning to do Arohan?" Blackrazor asked. Arohan said nothing and opened a time portal beside the other two Arohans. He backed up as far as he could and stabbed himself with Crackle and threw Flame towards the two alternatives and hit. Once

they began to retract, Arohan added his own energy to speed himself up to inhuman speeds. He raised Blackrazor towards them and let out a mighty cry. One that would ring throughout the Temporal Plane:

*“I will remove you from my timeline! Even if it costs me my entire lifeforce”*

The dark blade stabbed itself through the torso of Time Breaker Arohan. The blade dug deep and emerged out the back of the Time Breaker as he coughed blood and spit all over Arohan’s face. The blade then made its way through Corrupt Arohan’s chest. He screamed in pain and in a flash, Arohan sent all three of them flying through the portal. Arohan kept pushing with all his strength, trying to get them away from the time stream. Arohan continued to accelerate and arched upwards. Five seconds. Ten seconds. Thirty seconds passed slowly as he kept ascending up. After reaching a height of nearly 5,000ft, Arohan quickly spun the blade at a 180 degree turn and retracted Blackrazor from the open wounds, leaving Time Breaker Arohan and Corrupt Arohan suspended midair. He grabbed them by their faces and began pulling them back down towards the ground, screaming with all his might. His aura surrounded him and from afar, looked like the comet just flashing in the night sky. The 30 second ascent turned into a 20 second descent, as the three of them crashed into the ground. Shockwaves caused the ground to break below them, causing a huge crater to appear on impact. Time streams shook like strings in a tornado and some of them even bursted open.

The dust from the crater that was created began to clear out as Arohan tried to stand, but all the adrenaline he had ran out. The other two Arohan’s also struggled to stand. Time Breaker Arohan laid motionless and Corrupt Arohan was all sprawled out with his head bleeding. Using Blackrazor to support him, he looked at the plane around him. Surrounding them were the remnants of their battle: Broken time streams, demolished towers of Idoxmose and many random craters where their powers impacted . Corrupt Arohan’s aura dissipated and he coughed out blood. He used his scythe’s grip to stand, dripping blood out of his fresh wound and trying to catch his breath, he said : “Time Breaker... Now!”

The magic circle clock appeared under T.B Arohan as he stood up again. “*Deka.*” he says as some of the wounds on him begin to heal and reverse. “I didn’t expect it to take this long. Are you sure about this? You could get swept...” he managed to cough out to Corrupt Arohan. “Just do it!” Corrupt Arohan yelled, with desperation in his voice “Fine. *‘Dodeka!’*” he called out. The hands on the clock landed on 12, a bell could be heard

ringing as it did and the chains began to spin around like the hands on a clock. They begin to pick up more and more speed and energy from time streams begin to get absorbed into it. It grew into a huge vortex and the weakened Arohan tried his best to fight against the winds. Corrupt Arohan stabbed his scythe into the ground trying to also fight the force of the vortex. The entire plane began to shake as the skies filled with clouds and thunder beginning to boom.

“I... I can’t hold on. Damn it!” Corrupt Arohan yells out. His grip loosens and he gets swept up by the vortex. Arohan grabbing onto the handle of Blackrazor also begins to lose his grip. “Arohan! Hold on!” Blackrazor calls out, but the wind overpowers the two and they get swept up as well. Inside the vortex, time portals can be seen opening and closing at random intervals. Temporal spiders can be seen flailing around, random creatures and people are taken from their timelines and are all thrown into random portals. Screams and shrieks can be heard all throughout the vortex before the portal slams shut. Corrupt Arohan keeps trying to use the gems as platforms, but they all just get blown away from under him. “I will find a way! Just hold on for a while!” T.B Arohan screamed out as Corrupt Arohan was tossed through a portal.

Arohan keeps trying to dodge any portals that open around him, but to no avail. He grabs his stone to open another portal, but the stone is empty and has a crack on the side of it where energy leaked out. All of his materials have run out of temporal energy and he isn’t able to collect any with the speeds of the wind around him. He grabs Blackrazor and prepares to enter a portal to an unknown time. “Hopefully this time, you’ll stay out of my way! While this may knock me out for a couple of years, I will return to kill Odal!” Time Breaker Arohan said. He closes his eyes and feels the temporal energy come and then leave. The wind he feels around him begins to calm down and it feels like he’s free falling. He opens his eyes to see the ground below him. Towers as big as castles and keeps, buildings with weird structures like domes and moving pieces of metal on wheels. Blackrazor’s voice comes through, but it’s all muffled to Arohan. The last thing he sees and hears is a dark purple veil covering him and a voice. “You will not die today, Prince. I will not allow it.”

*End of “The Final Push” Arc*

During his slumber, Arohan had a dream of silhouettes surrounding him. One looked like a tallish figure with a large brim hat, another had ears coming from the top of head. In the middle of the two was another figure, however no discerning feature could be made out of them. They changed forms every now and again and they finally spoke to Arohan. “My, what have we here? You seem to be lost, child. What do you guys think I should do? We have room for one more don’t we?” The other two just laugh and nod. “Well, what do you say? I don’t really think you’d like to stick around here. We can give you food and anything else you need. Of course, we’d have you do other things to help you grow accustomed to here!” the figure said. They reached their hands out towards Arohan, waiting for his response. Arohan reached out towards them and a tear fell down his eye. “Welcome to your new home away from home, Arohan!”

After hearing that voice, Arohan woke up and found himself on a bed inside a small room. He had bandages on him and Blackrazor was hung up beside his bed. There was a small window he could look out of which showed his new surroundings. "Arohan, lay down for a bit. You're still healing." a voice called out behind him. He turned around and saw a person with a similar figure as the one he saw in his dream. He came back to the bed and the person there checked on his wounds. "You've been out for almost three days now. I'm lucky I found you when I did." they said, placing a towel on his head. Arohan asked where he was to which the person said "We're in a house. Are you okay?" they asked sarcastically. Arohan asked what timeline he got launched into and what year he was in. "I don't know what you mean by timeline, but to answer your other question. It's the 21st century." they said, looking confused at Arohan.

Arohan jumped up and ran to the window to look at his area, he knew something was wrong. He reached for the stone and saw the same crack as he did before getting flung into the portal. He had dismissed it as all hallucinations, but it all was true. His pendent began to glow and a voice came through his head. "Arohan? Can you hear me? It's Roxanne. Where are you?" Arohan tried to open a portal, but all that came up was a spark. He told Roxanne that he was okay and about his current situation. Odal came through after and said "Are you serious? Damn, I wish I could've taken some equipment with me, I could've helped retrieve you." Arohan asked the Headmaster if there was any way to repair or gain more energy for the stone. "To repair it, you have to find something known as 'Anomaly Shards'. It's a rare thing to find. You can usually find it with anomalies and other breaks in time."

"Along with the shards, you also need Anomalous Energy to fill your stone up. However, you have a loophole with this as you yourself are an anomaly to that timeline. If you can find a way to make your presence known as one, then the Anomalous Energy you emit grows too. However, there are other ways to get it such as defeating or receiving the energy willingly." Odal said. "I'll try to get in contact with anyone from Idoxmose to see if they can help, but that fight you had made the whole flow of time... Weird.." Odal finished. "We'll try our best to send whatever we can to that timeline, Arohan!" Roxanne shouted out as the pendent stopped transmitting.

Arohan began searching the 21st century to find ways to gain the energy and items he needed to travel back in time. His journey would prove to take more than just a few days, but years and that is how our hero's adventure brought him to streaming. After having

seen many people on the screen, he noticed how their energy grew as their audience grew. Both the individual and the audience emitted anomalous energy that very slowly trickled for seconds. He thought that maybe just by watching these individuals, he'd get enough to travel back, but even after a whole day of sitting at the screen, he saw it filled for a few minutes. He would need at least 100 years to travel back according to Odal and even then, his gem was still broken and would leak nearly half of what he gathered in a day.

So as a last ditch effort, he decided that the best attack plan was to give it a go. He asked his new companions how he could manage to get the tools to do what "the moving picture on the screen was doing." They all laughed and explained that he would need to gather some advanced technology: A PC and other words he had never really heard of. The whole group knew his story partially, but Arohan avoided telling them any big details that would make them reject them. Every so often, a new member would be added to the "Family". The person who took care of them was named Hira and while they may give off a womely vibe, they most definitely are not. Every new member always makes the same mistake at least once. Arohan sat in front of his newly gathered technology and marveled at it for a while. He set everything up and in front of him was a big red button that said "Begin Streaming"

And that brings us to now. Our hero's adventure in this new world is just beginning! Who knows what kind of exciting (or not so exciting) things he can bring to the table. Only Time will tell.

*The End... For Now.*