

*This prompt is before the fracturing*

Azael looked up into the sky, there, he saw the floating islands of Thes, the place where he was known to live, quite fitting of the mentor of air. Unfortunately not so conventional for those wishing to learn air magic without wings.

Azael thought long and hard as he stared at the islands, wondering how he were to get up there. His eyes focused in on the roots dangling at the bottom of the main island, where Thes home was said to be. He took a deep breath as he readied himself, and he leaned forward before taking off running. His claws extended as he jumped, and gripped onto the roots dangling under the island.

He started to breathe heavily as his heart pounded in his chest, but he continued onward, climbing up the roots as if it were a rope. As he made his way to the solid earth he dug his claws in deep, slowly scaling the underbelly of the island. Unfortunately, the earth was not as strong as he hoped, as halfway through his climb, the dirt under his paws started to crumble. He quickly tried to dig his claws in deeper, but it was no use, as his grip was no match for the crumbling dirt.

He fell back, his body rushing towards the ground as he screamed and flailing about. He managed to turn his body so that he was facing the ground, and he watched in horror as the ground came closer and closer by the second. He crossed his arms in front of his face by instinct, bracing for impact, but it never came. Instead, he felt two pairs of claws dig into his back and lift him up with a sudden jerk. It didn't hurt terribly bad, but it was probably better than making out with the ground below.

As Azael opened his eyes and looked up, he saw Thes, who had used his feet to grab him as he flew high up into the air and onto his island, dropping Azael only a few feet onto the ground with a slight thud. Azael was shaking and trying to catch his breath from the sudden fright, as Thes stood before him.

“My my, talk about a close call, are you alright young one?” Thes asked as he tilted his head, he seemed concerned but also a bit amused I'm a strange way. Azael let out a long sigh as he looked up.

“Y-yeah, just a bit shaken up is all.” Azael muttered. Thes gave a small comforting smile as he held out his hand.

“Come along now, how about we go into my place and have some tea to soothe your nerves young one.” Thes said as he waited for Azael to take his hand. Azael nodded as he grabbed Thes hand, who helped him up, and guided him back to his small cottage home on the far end of the floating island.

As they entered, they were quick to make their way into the kitchen, as Thes was quick to get what he needed for tea.

“Please, make yourself at home young one, have a seat, tea will be ready in a moment.” Thes said as he gestured to the small table in the kitchen. As Azael sat he saw bits and pieces of metal scattered about. Azael carefully picked up one of the pieces and looked it over. As Thes made the tea, he turned and saw Azael.

“Oh that? It's just a little something I'm working on, it's meant to help be used as a training aid once it's finished.” Thes said as he continued to work on the tea and talk. “It's meant to look like interlocking rings, and when air magic is applied it's meant to float around, like tossing around a ball but with air magic. It will take some time to complete but I'm sure it will come in handy with training.” Thes said optimistically, and Azael nodded.

The two didn't say much as Thes worked on the tea, but luckily the silence didn't last for long, as Thes was quick to set the tea tray on the table, pouring both him and Azael a cup.

“So, correct me if I'm wrong, but you must be Azael correct?” Thes asked, which surprised Azael.

“Yes, that's right, how did you-”

“Oh Kol told me you might be heading this way, me and the other mentors keep in contact quite frequently. He told me you wished to master the four elements of water, air, earth, and fire, no?” Thes asked as he used a small gust of wind magic on his tea to cool it down before taking a sip.

“Yeah that's right, he convinced me it was the best course for getting stronger.” Azael said as he scratched the back of his head.

“Oh to get stronger? What for?” Thes asked, tilting his head with a smile, almost like an innocent child.

“Well... it's kind of a long story... you've heard about the cult of the divine light right?” Azael asked.

“Oh yes, such nasty woman from what I've heard, attacking humans and other skirens, such brutes.” He said with a huff.

“Yeah... about that...” Azael muttered.

“You were one of them? Oh don't worry about that, I figured since you mentioned them. On top of that Kol mentioned you were from sealight, and well, not many Crooks live in that area unless they are a part of the cult.” Thes said before he shook his head. “But please, continue.” Thes quickt said. Azael paused for a moment before he continued.

“Well yes... I left the cult, and my life is much better now that I have my new family, but I'm... scared... they may come back... so I need to be stronger...” Azael said as he looked down at his tea.

“You're scared of her, aren't you?” Thes asked. “The leader of the cult, Hera.” Thes said, and Azael nodded.

“Yes... she's... beyond twisted. The things I witnessed, the things I was made to do...” Azael said with a pause, and Thes stopped him

“If it's not something you wish to talk about you don't have too. Please, have some of your tea first.” He said as he gestured towards the tea. Azael nodded as he picked up the cup, but as he sipped he had to stop, as it was still very hot.

“Oh dear... Here, how about this.” Thes said as he said quickly, he held his hands out in front of his own cup to demonstrate. “Consider this your first lesson in air magic, I want you to create a small breeze to help cool your tea. Just hold out your hands like so. Imagine your hands are like your mouth, and you're blowing on your tea, let your magic move through you gracefully like wind through reeds, light and gentle.” Thes said as he demonstrated, creating another small gust, causing his tea to ripple with the air. Azael watched on and nodded, holding his hands up.

He focused his magic onto his hands, thinking about gentle gusts of wind, and he channeled his magic out. It was slow at first, almost barely noticeable, but soon the steam started to move, and soon too did the tea as it rippled. Azael did have a bit of a hard time keeping it calm, as some tea did spill on the table, causing him to lift his hands up and cut off his magic.

“Oops...” Azael muttered, but Thes only chuckled.

“Oh no need to worry my boy, accidents happen, it's how we learn after all.” He said as he got a rag and quickly wiped up the mess. Azael nodded sheepishly as he picked up his tea and now took a sip, as it was now at a better temperature. He let out a small sigh as his lips parted from the cup.

“Feel better?” Thes asked, and Azael nodded.

“Thank you... I think I needed that...” Azael muttered.

“Now then, about what you were saying before, would you like to continue? Or would you rather prefer not too. Either way is up to you, I won't force you to speak.” Thes said, but Azael shook his head.

“No, it's fine... after all if you're going to train me it's best you know my story... though I will say there are some things I'm not yet ready to speak of...” Azael mumbled, and Thes nodded.

“Of course, I understand, please, continue.” Thes said.

“Right... well... Right before I had run away from the cult, they wanted me to do something... awful, which is what made me open my eyes to what we were doing was wrong, and what made me run away. Well... Hera didn't like that of course, and as I ran through the forest, I could hear her scream, yelling at me that she was going to kill me, and hurt everyone I loved... I was scared... I felt so lost...” Azael said as he trailed off. “But... I have a family now, a family that really loves me, and that I really care about, and would protect with my life... and now...” Azael trailed off again.

“You're scared she'll come after your family now.” Thes continued for Azael, who nodded.

“Yes... I'm always so paranoid she'll come out of every corner, ready to strike and take away those I love... it's been so many years, but even still I'm afraid... I don't want to be afraid anymore, I want to be strong so if she does come back, I can protect my loved ones.” Azael said as he placed his hand on his chest. His voice filled with determination. Thes smiled at this and nodded.

“You are dedicated, I'll give you that, I can see you will be a fine student indeed.” Thes said as he stood up. “I don't do this often, but I'll allow you to sleep in my spare room, just so we don't have another incident.” Thes said with a slight chuckle as he gestured for Azael to follow.

“Really? You don't have to...” Azael said quickly as he stood up.

“Nonsense, Sealight is far from here, it would be rude of me to make you go back and forth every day, not to mention having to try and get up here would just be cruel.” Thes said with a chuckle as he walked out of the kitchen, and into the hall, and Azael quickly followed.

They approached a small room, and Thes opened the door. Inside there was a bed, and countless boxes and knick knacks scattered about.

“Apologies, I haven't really had mentors stay over for a long time, so I've mostly used this room for storage.” Thes said with a bit of a chuckle. “But please, get comfortable, look around, and just relax.” Thes said as he gestured for Azael to enter. “We can really start your training in the morning.” He said with a curt nod. Azael slowly entered the room and looked around at all the things the room had to offer.

“Thank you... really...” Azael said, and as he went to turn around, Thes spoke.

“Oh, and catch.” Thes said as he quickly threw something at Azael, who was able to turn quickly and catch it. Azael opened his hands to inspect the object further. It was a tiny metal ball of interlocking rings, just like what Thes had described earlier.

“It's just a mini prototype, but works all the same! You can practice with it when we're not training.” Thes said with a smile. “Well, I'll let you rest, let me know if you need anything.” Thes said as he shut the door, leaving Azael by himself.

Azael paused for a moment before looking down at the small training ball. He took a deep breath, using his air magic on the ball. It wasn't much, but it was enough to cause the rings to spin, and slowly, the ball started to float, however it was only for a moment, before Azaels magic gave in. Azael gave a small smile as he looked at the ball. Perhaps he would enjoy spending his time training with Thes after all.