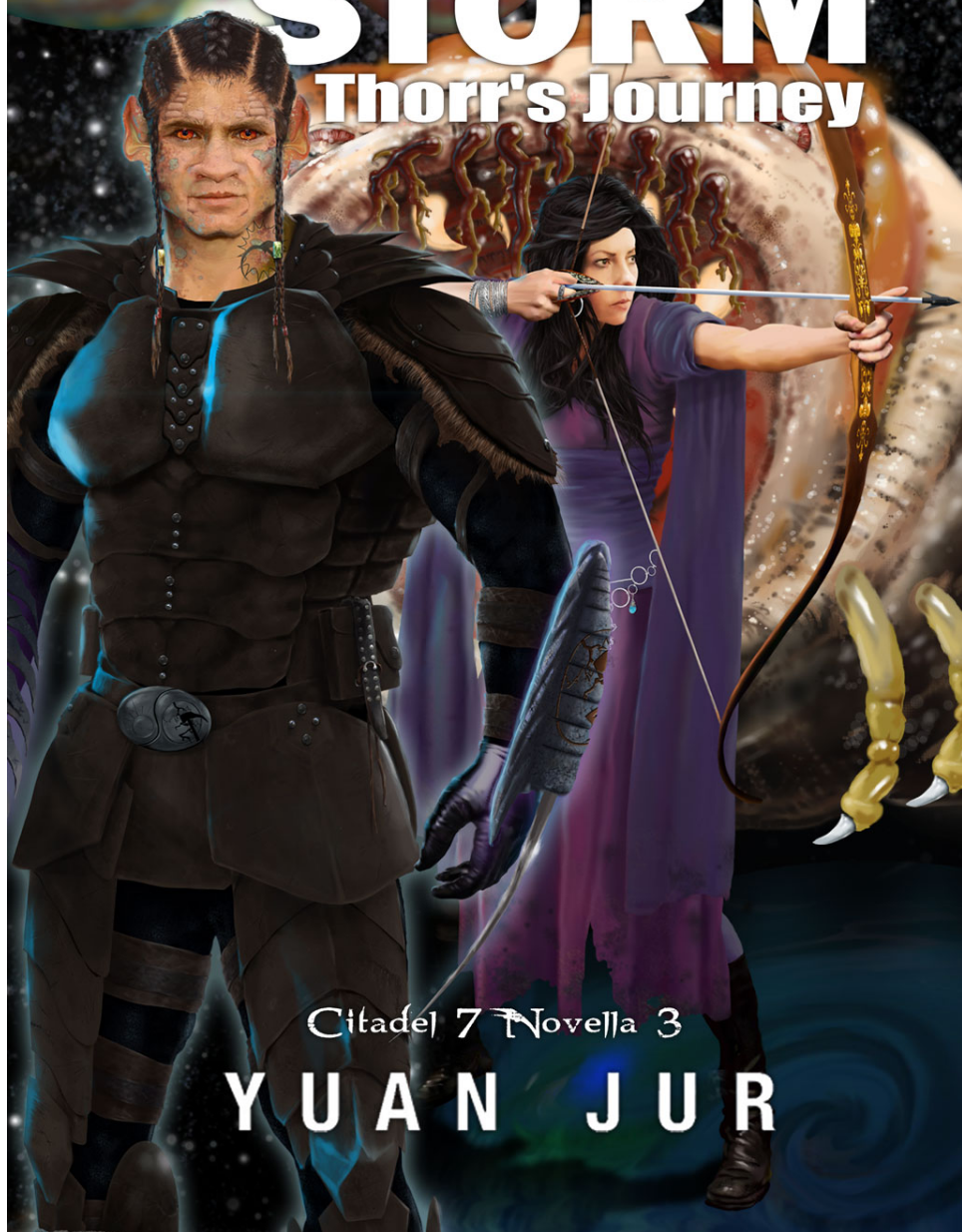


# COMING STORM

Thorr's Journey



Citadel 7 Novella 3

YUAN JUR

Citadel 7 Series

# Coming Storm

**Thorr's Journey**

His gallant actions will spark events affecting the entire Superverse.

His enemies want him dead.

Novella 3

Yuan Jui

**This is a work of fiction.** Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

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## **Dedication**

To the dedicated Citadel 7 crew. The guys and girls no one hears about. The backers LMA, Editor JDK, Cover art "Ralph the Brush", production manager CW, promotion LA and beta testers NC DW & Co.

You all continue to be awesome. Thanks for helping the Citadel 7 fans Enter The Superverse, a domain created for all wanting to press beyond their comfort zones as their heroes in Citadel 7 stories do, even when the journey may reveals more than they had intended to find.



# CHAPTER

# 1

## A Coming Storm

"C-date... classified. Location... M system restricted Toran Cluster. Live Timeline, active... Fortress of Bach secure access unfolding thread, stable. Arrival on the Toran world via Soul Core transfer approved. Materialization in... 3,2,1."

"Thank you, central. We'll take it from here. Hello Reader. My name is Uniss. I am a Superverse Profiler for the House of Zero – Karmic Evolution Division. We have met before, don't worry, your loss of memory for that previous journey is quite normal. With Central's approval, you have been selected again and assigned to us for this run. My words are presented to you via the universal translator you were chipped with last time. It will translate all languages on your journey into your own common tongue. It is our task, to ensure you arrive as intended with briefing enough to be effective in your role here. For this excursion, you are in the majority an observer. Your decisions and actions by this journey's end could influence far-reaching outcomes for Citadel

Council planning that guides all in the Superverse.

We are here because throughout the Superverse at present there is much trouble festering on this timeline in places it shouldn't. There are other forces at play. We have returned here to Ludd's Heart, a body of land at the center of the Toran planet's Great North Continent. It stands at the epicenter of the growing turmoil. I'll fill you in on what you need to take with you while your four states realign and you acclimatize. Look around us. It is the season of Leaf Fall here, a bitter autumn by your Earth standards. Races on all continents spanning this world have experienced an uncharacteristic rise in violence and mayhem in recent times. Mystics and spiritual leaders of the many races tell stories of a sinister voice on the wind after a dream of warning. They speak of it as godlike. They're almost correct. It's a powerful intelligence alright. We've heard reports of it often masquerading as a benevolent face atop a beautiful sunflower. Each dreamer thereafter would warn the voice on the wind intends great harm to all inhabiting this world. Few paid attention, at first. Those who openly raised alarm in public places would go missing or be found dead in mysterious circumstances. No manner of search ever exposes the culprit. We'll need to tread carefully in this one, Reader. Fear of who might be next has spread like plague. It's burning across Ludd's Heart in whispers, just as the Creeping Death spread between the races a few short years earlier. Only the resilient Scarzen were spared that horror. What is coming this time, though, if it runs its full course, will leave its mark on everyone. Something tells me in time to come, you are mixed up in events here too, Reader. I hope you will help again as you have done in the past.

Naysayers protesting amongst the Flaxon of Weirawind

## Coming Storm

City in the north, and the Celeron citizens of the West, place suspicion on the gods. It is touted that only they could have such power over so many. Rulers of various domains with grand schemes and machinations of conquest blame the warriors of Scarza. It's because of their little-understood powers of kin and combat prowess. The planet is heading for a total race war, Reader. We can't let that happen. One thing is certain – truth and hearsay are now indistinguishable. Nothing is as it seems.

Come. We'll transport further southwest now, to the southern frontier.

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This part of Ludd's Heart is wild, a hard place to survive, Reader. Full of blade grass and skin-burning fire bush. Steep mountainous ridges said to be the spine of a once great beast who made the ground shudder underfoot. It now forms a majestic rugged landscape. All Scarzen clans from the bunker dwellers of Talon East to the outpost inhabitants of High Keeper Jallanaa's Talon South, know this place as the Wilderness of the Beast's Ribs. Its dominance reaches to the west coast of Ludd's Heart where the deep green ocean of Shalane invites seafarers to explore a greater world. Amidst the shoulders of this place are pockets of thick forest that appear like oases of green breaking up the bronze stone terrain. Some of those forests harbor scarzen outpost, communities often many generations old.

We are interested in a resident of one such outpost. His name is Thorr. The outpost's name is Hammer Forge of West Mountain. The scarzen occupying this windy, Stendle-wood forest, aside from their prowess in masonry and armor making, are hardy



warriors even by scarzen standards. It is some days before selected young prospects from across Scarza will make their journey to Talon West for assessments. Thorr is one of them. This time is known as their Rite-of-Passage. Now look to your right, to the side of that hill. For this is where the seeds of a far greater story sit with the one we'll find there. Can you see them yet? Legend says; on West Mountain, the harsh winds of Leaf Fall and White Silk sweeping through these woodlands carry the spirit of their ancestors. In particular, one known as Hoxxaa. All scarzen clans know the campfire stories of them from the time they are chest borne. Remember what I speak of here Reader. All know of the voice on the wind who whistles past their dwelling's windows. Hoxxaa, the protector of all scarzen, guards the secret veins of Trilix crystal found in the mountains embracing their bunker strongholds. Scarzen orators say; Hoxxaa himself claims the soul of any non-scarzen suspected of seeking unlawful access inside the mines of Scarza. But he is much much more than that. The southern mine of West Mountain and the Lyran Range to the north are cited as being of special interest to Hoxxaa. Trilix is more than just a curious element unearthed for a kind of salve to mend their bones. It has unique properties specifically affecting scarzen physiology, a rare and mysterious power that protects and invigorates them. Trilix does this in a way that makes them the apex warriors on the Toran world. But even there is a mask for something quite different. The delicate blue shards under scarzen protection come with penalty of death for any unauthorized intruder and their family. The High Keepers of Scarza intend ensuring Trilix never leaves their control. All Scarza is built around that single objective.

In the part of Scarza we now stand called West

## Coming Storm

Mountain, reside some of the most feared of Scarza's front line sentinels. Our target has the potential to be one of them. Demand for such warriors is high amongst Scarza's command elite. There is the one we are interested in, sitting below the brow of that silk grass covered knoll. He likes the quiet there. It overlooks a bend in the Saw Tooth River shaping the landscape at its foot. Thorr has a lot ahead of him. Follow his journey. It's time to leave you now. You'll hear me via your universal translator from time to time. Observe closely, Reader. There is much we must learn for the safety of the entire Superverse.

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