

Chapter 20 - The Center of Myrah

Emerging from the ground stood the core of the center, the citadel, the heart of Myrah. It was a large curved obelisk of translucent black stone. Will could see partially through the carefully crafted black glass that was the obelisk. However, he couldn't quite feel through it. He felt his magics being disrupted by a powerful 'hum' emitting from its heart.

Will walked closer, but a powerful shock caught him off guard. He was thrown back several feet to the ground. The forces within the obelisk seemed to writhe up like a pit viper, readying to strike. Will prepared this time, his blade at the ready. The strike came fast, too fast. He barely shifted the excess off his shield in time.

He understood now, the central core needed no security; it was designed to protect itself. Will drew out a small glyph into the ground and activated it quickly.

The next snap of energy hit and pulled back for a moment. "Surprised huh?" That would have been enough for Will, but he could hear the muffled sound of movement behind him. "Guess they decided I'm too much a threat."

Will gripped his blade tightly and began activating all the runes he'd set into his tool for such an occasion.

Several Magi-police formed a semi-circle around him, staying well back from his range. They knew he couldn't escape, but they weren't taking any more chances. The debacle at the station had taught them that. "Well, well. The ungrateful child returns," an older voice said. Turning slowly, Will could see an elder man, draped in silver and blood-red robes approach through the line of guards. He leaned on a cane that looked older than he.

Will had only ever heard of the Prime Minister, never actually seen him. Most people only ever heard. He had rarely left the safety of the Capital. Here now was the true ruler of Myrah. The whole corrupt system that had taken generations to build was really in the hands of the elites. He had a slightly wrinkled face. His nose was a bit longer, perhaps the effect of the years now drawing him taut like a cloth too old for its shell.

"William, Third-rank magi from the academy. Fairly high marks from your instructors... Nothing unusual... until you disappeared. Do you know how long ago that was?" The minister knew it was rhetorical. He was simply getting it off his chest. This boy had managed to crack a millennia old containment spell. Something not even all the falling meteors had ever done. A very strange child.

"6-months. You made quite the impression. How did you do it? We'll get the answer anyways but humor an old man." He waited patiently. Will wasn't in the mood. He had a more pressing concern. In a few minutes time they'd have too many reinforcements to handle.

"It's a grey-world you know. Myrah. In more ways than one. I've seen what this world could be. What potential lies beyond the illusions you've created. I learned that on my little journey." Will knew he'd have to act fast and without holding back.

The moment he made his shift a Subduction orb launched from his left side. He leaned back dodging the first. Will placed his hand on the ground activating every rune, word, and defensive enchantment he'd laid down.

* **The Chrono-sphere** was first. It bent time in such a way to give him 5 seconds for every 1 they had. * **The deflection ward** picked up second as two more orbs came from the pair of police in front. The orbs hit, and careened to either side of the defensive charm.

He had his chance to counter now that his aggressors were shaken momentarily. His wall barrier rose up out of the ground, cutting them off from direct view. They shifted around to either side, but Will's next move was much simpler, yet so much more effective. He'd been waiting for a chance to turn the tables on them for a moment.

Drawing in his energies he formed as many of his Concussion spheres as he could. It had worked well on the beast from Geb, and these guys were a fraction of the size. First there were 6, then 12, then over 2-dozen. 'More than enough chaos' he thought. Letting them find their targets would only take an instant.

He set them loose! The moment before he felt a powerful jolt drive him into the ground again. The orbs let loose in all directions; impacting, exploding, and causing all manner of erupting madness. In a blurry glance Will could see hunks of dirt flying in all directions, parts of his barrier exploding into Magi-police. Any time an orb struck its intended target, they were flung bodily to the ground, the force of the impact knocking the air out of them.

Behind him Will heard the obelisk crackling and charging to defend itself. "No, not this time." Will held his blade up and held the bolt of energy back. It struck, but split into nothingness. His deflection runes on the blade were well-crafted.

Finally, he had his chance. Will slowly walked closer to the obelisk, blade up at the ready to deflect the bolts. But, none came this time. The obelisk hadn't really been designed to put too much energy into defense. Its purpose had always been to maintain the controlling enchantments of Myrah.

With a powerful heave Will jabbed his sword into the obelisk. Both held, but he knew all he needed was just a crack. He switched off the defensive runes and directed his energies into the edges, just as he had done on Geb before entering the miasma. This time the obelisk started to chip. The stone was becoming undone. Again he jabbed with all his force to try and break the thousand year old stone. He knew in a few moments the Magi-police would end this if he didn't.

He thought back. Back to before Geb, before Earth, to Mist. Hiram had used his Chrono-magics to cleave stone. It was all or nothing. He deactivated his outer Chrono-sphere and channeled it through the blade.

"Argh!!!" In a final jab he could feel it finally start to penetrate the greatly aged and strengthened stone. It was cutting apart years, centuries, of enchantments. All the time that had gone into creating this 'Ideal' world was being rent asunder. The blade was up to its hilt as a giant splintering crack grew larger. He was totally vulnerable now. All his energies were bent on breaking the obstacle before him.

As if by a strange twist of fate, a lone Magi-police officer had gotten up the energy to stand and launched a shock orb at Will. The orb missed by the slightest margin its intended target. Yet, not so for the unintended. Just above Will's head the orb impacted. The additional force forced the fracture higher. An unsettling 'crack' sound was heard across the entire chamber. A sinking feeling. The obelisk now

shattered, splitting into a dozen larger pieces—collapsing in all directions.

But, it wasn't the obelisk that was important. It was what it had done for so long. Across the entire world of Myrah, day or night, the controlling enchantments that held the world in unbreakable castes now faded. The non-magic citizens were waking from a mist that had obscured their vision for as long as could be remembered. For the first time, the grey clouds that had closed in this world began to slowly fall apart. The sun that long ago shone at the rise of every morning could be felt, finally, in its true warmth.

Will fell to the ground, exhausted. He felt cold. Drained. Even if it ended now, he'd done what he'd intended to do. Myrah was free. The world fell down around him. The obelisk's shattered remnants crashed down. Above he could see the ceiling of the chamber begin to crack. The chamber, the entire center had been supported by whatever forces routed through the obelisk. It had been the key to the entire system of spells that held the unfair system aloft.

Will felt a touch hollow, along with the cold. It had all gone out of him. The last 6-months had been good, but this end... It wasn't how he wanted it all to end. He turned to his side. His blade, though burned and damaged, was still in its original shape.

"Thank you, Alex."

Continue to [Chapter 21](#)..

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