Of Fire and Flames
Kai

A final deal had struck with the god of all things dark, Sombress. Markren stared back at the world he had lied to for years on end. He had lied to his "family," constant denial of the plain facts played through his mind; they had been nothing more than a cult used to fuel the god's lust for hunger, regular sacrifice, and a promise of a better world beyond death were just a small selection of all the mistruths. All of it, just the mad musings of a man who wanted power. Among the many lost he'd cared for only one, yet wrapped up with his plot of desolation he'd shoved away the pitiful feelings he possessed but as he watched the world in a calm before the storm he had realised that he had nothing left to desire, nothing left to drag him through the emptiness he had worked with Sombress to create. As the flames sparked from beneath the surface of the world he realised. It was too late.

A world of flames burned around him, he watched as everything he once sought to rule over had burnt up in a blazing, ember storm.
Mixed emotions stirred in his yellow eyes, he'd wanted this surely. It'd been everything he'd ever worked for and now it stood engulfed with his long running fury.
He could've sworn he still heard Jai's voice in the wind, the hurt in their eyes as Markren had ripped the entire world from his fingertips, everything he had spoken to them revealed as a selfish lie, nothing but a cover up of his great lust for power.
Not just a moment ago Markren was in a crazed frenzy as the power pulsed through his body and he imagined himself a king atop his fiery throne; yet within an instance everything had gone up in smoke.
His power, his control and, among all that the one he forgot to appreciate as he should have.
Everything was gone.

Years ticked by, every attempt Markren had made to escape his hellish reality had failed, nothing would harm, nothing would weaken him and so for hours of his day he would scream, scream himself raw until he lacked enough breath to even stand.
"You can fix this."
Jai's ghost remained, a taunting glimpse at a life Markren now longed for above his sickening nightmare.
"I can't fix this, Jai!" Markren choked on his words as the emotion flowed through him, "I've tried everything! Everything! Nothing WORKS!"

Hot tears poured down his soot brushed face, a comforting hand sat on his shoulder.

"Yes, you can, Markren you can, please."

He threw his face into his hands, he wanted to scream but he had no breath left in his lungs.

"Why are you here?! I don't deserve you here, just go!"

A solemn look came over the spirit's face as he listened to the words the angry champion spoke.

"I can't, Markren whenever I try, I can't get past *you*."

He stood in front of the hulking monstrosity he had once held within his palm, fury burned in his chest and he held a conjured sword of yellow flame close to his chest, Jai had told him he must kill the beast to gain his freedom and so to finally get back to the one he loved he slaughtered the god within a battle spanning centuries, scars littered his body and he fought to constant near death, at least as close as he could get to it, until finally the beast came down at his feet and he woke up.

Markren gasped a breath of fresh, cold air, a relief from the ash that once filled his lungs at all times and next to him was a man, sleeping lightly, a smile on his face.

Such an immense sense of relief crashed over Markren that he couldn't help but burst into tears, he was meant to be here, this was where he was meant to be next to Jai, away from his cult, away from his crimes.

As soon as Jai awakened to his sobs Markren took a strong grip of his hand and whisked him away into a life filled with simple joys, together the pair travelled everywhere far, far from the mistake he had once made in a past life.

Eventually even sharing a family where they lived in a small cottage within a quaint village known as Sunshine Valley, where Markren and Jai would always soak in the sunshine and smile at the way the clouds peacefully drifted over the land.

Markren never did lose his lust for power, his need for control and along with his guilt he fought to push it down every single day, some mornings threatened to take him over but as soon as Jai's eyes opened and he saw the sweet, sleepy grin on their face he was tugged back down to earth, this was where he was meant to be.

With his family.