

The Darkened Heavens

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/20822807) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20822807>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Soul Blazer
Characters:	The Soul Blazer , Deathtoll (Soul Blazer) , Soul of Magician (Soul Blazer)
Language:	English
Collections:	Exchange on the Big Bridge
Stats:	Published: 2019-09-29 Words: 322 Chapters: 1/1

The Darkened Heavens

by [FireEye](#)

Summary

Even angels dream.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The aurora burned in the sky, hanging low over the mountain. Its kaleidoscope of colors reflected in his eyes, and crackled like wildfire upon his skin... as he watched, it seemed it would devour the entire world.

The Blazer stood in the snow, staring up at the sky. He stood in the sky, staring down at himself.

Reflected in the heavens above him, the earth had rusted and turned a crimson black. In his place, another stood, staring up at him from the broken ground.

Deathtoll.

The enemy.

And yet...

A dark, decaying heart beat between them, linking them together as one. Yet the Master was gone from this place, and they were the only living force left in the world.

Together, eternally.

Over the roar of the aurora, a harsh voice whispered past his ear on the wind.

*"I see you. **Thief.**"*

His eyes opened. A ceiling obscured the vault of heaven above. The aurora was a distant, shimmering ribbon that cut across the living picture of the sky through the window.

The old woman downstairs was singing a soft hymn to herself. A small wisp of light circled him, thrumming with a spirit of its own, and in the depths of his mind he could feel the thread of his connection to the Master.

The Blazer tried to sit up, and groaned. Blood the color of quicksilver oozed from his side... the wound deep, but healing swiftly.

It would mend itself by sunrise.

Standing, he strode to the window. The aurora flickered and fluttered, but drew no closer. Past the lantern from the window below, the empty vale was full of starlight.

"They are mine," the voice still echoed in his ear, *"Every last one."*

The wisp fluttered past his ear, a question stirring in the soul of the magician.

He sighed.

"Deathtoll knows I'm here."

It would make no difference, in the long run. Of that, he was certain.

End Notes

Nothing like a little looming danger at the start of a great quest.

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