

A fierce battle is being fought between two opposing forces: the Sar Ala, a diverse group of silver-skinned creatures that range from humanoid to animal, bird, insect, and even fish-like forms, and the Maginists, a group of people with similar appearances who are dressed in colourful robes, leggings, and/or boots. Some of the Maginists' colours are also incorporated into their physical appearance.

The Maginist Tower, like a prism of defiance in the heart of Denara, catches the falling sun and splinters it into a thousand rainbows as the melee rages below. Red and pink-robed Maginists, wielding flame and fury, form a barrier of blazing heat against the Sar Ala. Their hands, matching their robes in fiery hues of crimson and pink, are raised high, casting off waves of scalding air that force the silver-skinned creatures to rear back, hissing and smoking.

Beside them stand those in blue and purple. Water Maginists craft torrents and cascades with fluid gestures. The streams twist and twirl, ensnaring the Sar Ala in frigid confines. Their icy prisons freeze over the silver skin, halting their advance and quelling their heated fury.

Amid the chaos, those garbed in green and brown kneel, palms pressed to the soil of Denara. A rumble underfoot heralds their Magence as tendrils of earth surge upward, ensnaring limbs and pulling Sar Ala warriors into the ground itself. The battlefield shifts and undulates with living terrain, transforming into an unpredictable arena where the Maginists' earth-shapers reign supreme.

Above them, yellow and grey-clad Maginists leap into the air, their bodies defying gravity. They paint the sky with swirling winds and booming thunder, sending clouds of blinding dust into the Sar Ala's ranks. Their gusts whip up loose debris from the surrounding terrain into projectiles that pummel against the invading horde.

The Light Maginists, pure in white, illuminate the battlefield with ethereal radiance. Their Magence manifests as stunning beams of light that blind the eyes of their adversaries and sear through silver flesh. Their brilliance is a beacon in the battle's gloom, a symbol to their comrades that no matter how ominous the darkness may seem, hope abides.

Contrarily, those wrapped in the deepest black - the Dark Maginists - create shadows where there were none. Their Magence is a chilling, palpable darkness that swallows the alien glow of the Sar Ala, obscuring their forms and sowing confusion amongst their ranks. Silent as spectres, they move behind this veil of night, their stealth and cunning as deadly as any blade or blast of fire.

One of the Maginists, Benna, a hare dressed in a blue robe, spots a small group of Sar Ala breaking off from the main force and making their way towards the gardens at the back of the Tower. Concerned, he decides to follow them.

The Sar Ala move in an unnaturally swift manner, and Benna can hear the screams of a creature under attack as he hops after them. Without hesitation, he jumps into action to defend the helpless being.

The Sar Ala are easily subdued, and they quickly retreat to join their main group. Benna's heart shatters as he recognises the purple-clad female hare lying on the ground surrounded by flowers, her body torn and broken. Her pregnant belly is ripped open, and her unborn leverets are scattered around her. It is Selar, his beloved Ama.

Overwhelmed with agony and disbelief, Benna crouches beside Selar, gently nuzzling her cooling fur. His ears, usually perked alert, droop. His blue robe flutters in the wind like a lonely flag amidst the tumult of war. He reaches out with his Water Magence, hoping against all odds to heal her. But it's too late.

Tears stream down Benna's face as he tenderly gathers his lifeless children and tucks them back into Selar's womb. He uses his powers to transport them to the crypt, where he entrusts their care to the Maginist on duty. Then, blinded by grief, he disappears in a flash of teleportation Magence.

He emerges by a cluster of trees, far from the chaos of battle. Seeking some peace and quiet, he slips into their shelter. However, his moment of solitude is interrupted by the unmistakable stench of a Sar Arsam. Without hesitation, he makes his way through the foliage, tracking down the source of the foul odour.

Benna finally reaches a small opening in the thick foliage. The pungent odor is overwhelming, but he can't locate its source until he glances upwards. Camouflaged by the lush leaves, a shiny egg sac hangs from one of the tree branches. Benna utilises his Magence to levitate himself up to the top of the tree, where he perches on a nearby branch, eye level with the sac.

Benna's sole focus is on destroying the egg sac. However, before he can act, a tiny, silvery hand with three clawed fingers appears from within and pierces through the sac to create a hole.

The rest of the creature tumbles through the opening and Benna quickly extends his Magence to catch it. It hangs suspended in mid-air, allowing Benna to closely examine it. The humanoid being has a lean, silvery body with a high forehead and three clawed fingers on each hand and foot. Its small mouth reveals rows of sharp teeth. Its little eyes glow orange.

Benna delicately turns on his branch, adjusting the position of the infant Sar Arsam in his Magence's grip. He readies himself to dash the creature to the ground. Suddenly, it gazes up at him, and a change begins to take place. Its skin shifts to a more normal appearance, becoming smooth and flesh-toned. Its sharp teeth and claws retract and vanish. Its eyes transform into a normal appearance, with silver irises, and curly silver hair sprouts from its head.

Benna's eyes linger on the infant boy, and something changes within him. He pulls the child nearer and studies him once more.

The infant reaches out, gently touching Benna's face with his small hand. Benna responds with an affectionate smile and utilises his Magence to wrap the baby in a soft blue blanket. He then creates a matching sling to comfortably hold the child, as his front legs are unsuitable for cradling a baby. Once the baby is securely nestled in the sling, Benna uses his Magence again to carefully lower them both to the ground.

Benna double checks that the baby is strapped in safely, then starts hopping through the trees in the direction of the Tower. He could easily teleport, but he is hesitant because he doesn't know how it might impact the little one.

As they emerge from the cover of the trees, Benna slows his pace. As they approach the Tower, Benna can see that the fight is finished, with the Sar Ala retreating and Parnax, a yellow butterfly Maginist, the most skilled healer and member of the High Council, fluttering around to tend to the wounded. Thomas, Parnax's suppressed Sar Arsam servant, is assisting his Master.

Benna typically takes part in caring for the injured, but his main concern at the moment is to bring the baby to Leera, the Head of the Maginist Order.

Benna reaches out with his mind to locate Leera and then hops towards the Tower entrance. Some of those he passes give him curious looks as they see him carrying a baby Sar Arsam.

Benna bounds up the stairs, towards the Tower. Instead of a traditional door, an opening appears in the crystal structure, which Benna easily hops through. He continues his ascent, hopping up several flights of stairs until he reaches the very top.

Benna hops towards a lavish door and comes to a halt in front of it. He lifts a paw and gently taps on the door, causing it to swing open automatically. With a quick hop, Benna enters the chamber beyond.

Leera, a white mouse dressed in a golden robe, sits at a miniature desk on top of a regular-sized one. As soon as she notices Benna, she materialises on the floor in front of him, her expression heavy with sorrow. "My dear friend," she begins. "My heart mourns alongside you for the loss of your Ama."

Leera's eyes widen in disbelief as she sees what Benna is carrying. "Is that a baby Sar Arsam?!" she exclaims, shocked. "No one has ever laid eyes on one before in all of our history."

"I witnessed his arrival into this world," Benna confides in Leera. "I don't know why his parents were not there. I was filled with anger and grief, and my initial intention was to end his life. However, he turned into this, and I couldn't bring myself to do it. In fact, I have decided to raise him as my own."

Leera gasps in surprise. "Benna...this is..." She pauses, finding herself at a loss for words before she takes a deep breath and continues. "This is quite an undertaking. A Sar Arsam child...we don't even know what they need to survive."

"I am aware of these challenges," Benna replies. "However, I cannot abandon him."

"Understood," responds Leera. "I will proceed with the suppression process, and once that is complete, he will be under your care."

Leera guides Benna through a doorway and into a smaller, empty chamber. She extends her arms towards the centre and uses her abilities with Magence to create a cradle.

Benna carefully places the baby in the cradle, then quickly returns to stand against the wall.

Leera teleports into the cradle, perched delicately on top of the baby's chest. The baby looks up at her as she raises her arms and channels her Magence.

Leera's Magence radiates from her in a golden, swirling aura as she strengthens it. Once it has reached its peak, she focuses it towards the baby.

A shining silver light appears from within the infant and presses against the radiant golden one, but Leera concentrates her mind and pushes it back.

The baby squirms, letting out a distressed mewl as Leera's energy fights against the silver light emanating from him. She remains steadfast, her face etched in a grimace of concentration, and pushes harder.

The golden aura surrounding Leera pulsates with exertion, the marker of an intense and invisible struggle. The light from within the infant flares brighter in response, flickering as if in defiance. The mouse Maginist's breath comes out in determined huffs, her robe billowing around her with the force of the power she commands.

Benna watches with rapt attention, his gaze flickering between the valiant Leera and the squirming infant. A surge of paternal worry floods through him. He wants to reach out, to soothe the child's evident distress but restrains himself, trusting in Leera's mastery over Magence.

Suddenly, a low hum resonates from the cradle, reaching a crescendo before abruptly quieting. The silver light emanating from the child dims and flickers out completely as Leera gives one final push of her golden energy. She gasps as she lets her arms drop.

Benna hops over to the cradle and peers inside. Leera is still perched on top of the newborn, too fatigued to move. The baby has undergone a transformation - his shimmering locks have turned into a rich brown hue and his glimmering eyes are now bright blue.

Gently, Benna raises his paws to Leera, carefully lifting her from the child and setting her down beside the cradle. His eyes are full of concern as he surveys her tired form, "Leera," he says, his voice full of warmth.

"No need to worry, Benna," she replies, her voice a soft whisper against the quiet hum of the Maginist Tower. She seems to draw strength from within her, sitting up straighter and meeting his gaze with a tired smile on her face. "The child...he's yours now. What is his name?"

"His name is Elias."