

# The Guardian

## **Chapter Nine**

Jakob's entire existence was about change. His destiny was set. The word rapidly circulated throughout the heart of the Legion Nation, igniting whispers.

**"Have you heard? Have you heard? The King's son, Jakob, He's the Guardian,"** the people murmured. Yet, no one dared to speak of the Ogres or the mysterious dead Ranger. All was shrouded in secrecy. Despite the gravity of the situation, the King believed that his son would handle the news better. However, Jakob's reaction to the revelation was silence. He felt a subtle resentment towards his father for keeping such a significant secret from him. All he ever wanted was for people to be honest, to tell him the truth, instead of spoon feeding him his life. The idea of the Guardian had always intrigued him, to the extent that he wanted to meet this mythical figure before realizing that it was his own reflection staring back at him in the mirror.

**"How is it possible that I'm the Guardian. And the Ogres? I'd never imagine id see one. Why were they looking for me?"** He wondered to himself.

The King and his companions navigated the streets, making their way back to the Palace without uttering a single word. Jakob's emotions were in unrest, leaving him unable to gather his thoughts or find the right words for his feelings. Initially, when the pirates revealed to him that he was the Guardian, Jakob was confused. But now, he was convinced that he was the Guardian. It seemed to provide an answer to the question of why he always felt like an outsider. With a newfound certainty, Jakob was resolved to not disappoint the people he cherished. However, this sense of certainty also brought with it a heightened sense of responsibility. He fought to calm his racing mind, although sometimes it emerged victorious in the battle for control.

Internally, Jakob wanted answers but was not prepared to hear from his father. As they made their way to the Palace, King Joseph departed to have a private conversation with his brother, Fred Stone. Before parting ways, Joseph bid farewell to his son and assured him that they would have a discussion later in the evening. Jakob chose to disregard his father's words and continued following the Legionnaire guards towards the Palace. Upon their arrival, the Palace was still warm, accompanied by the lingering aroma of leftover food from the celebration. Without wasting a moment, Jakob quickly made his way into the Palace, driven by the urgent need to distance himself from everyone. His escort, desperate to catch his attention, repeatedly called out his name.

**“Jakob, Jakob, where are you going?”**

Tita stopped the guards from going after him,

**“Leave him be.”**

Jakob rushed to his room and flung open the door. Collapsing onto his bed, his face was hot, and tears were beginning to well up. Overwhelmed with a mix of anger, confusion and anxiousness, he found himself unable to stop overthinking the events of the day. Adding to his turmoil was the lingering exhaustion from the adrenaline dump of the Ogre attack, gradually draining his energy. As he forced the tears back inside, his faithful pet Tiberius attempted to join him on the bed but struggled to do so. This amusing sight brought a temporary relief, causing Jakob to chuckle as he glanced down at his feline friend.

**“Your too fat Tiberius!”**

Jakob wiped the tears away and picked Tiberius up. The cat walked around him brushing against his arms and purring.

**“Did you hear the news Tiberius, I’m the Guardian.”**

As the words left Jakob lips, a mixture of comfort and fear washed over him. It felt strangely reassuring to speak his thoughts aloud, yet a part of him was uncertain. Tiberius, the ever-attentive companion, responded with a meow, prompting Jakob to engage in a make-believe conversation.

**"Tiberius," Jakob began, “Supposedly, you're this fierce tiger from the Fontania mountains, a true predator. But just look at you now, fat and living a fun life in a Palace.”**

Tiberius seemed to pause, meeting Jakob's eyes as if comprehending his words.

**"People have this idea of what a Fontania Tiger should be, but you're far from it. Somehow, you ended up here with me"** Jakob trailed off.

**“People expect me to be the next King and now they tell me I’m supposed to be the Guardian but what if I can’t live up to it, what if I fail.”**

Jakob reclined on his bed. His eyes fixed on the ceiling above. Gradually, he shed his clothes, the weariness from a chaotic day weighed heavily on him, causing him to drift into a deep slumber. Within the realm of his subconscious, dreams danced before his mind's eye. He relived the thrilling sight of the Rovers speeding past during the race, the haunting form of the Ogre etched into his memory. It was as if he was reliving every moment of his eventful day. As his dreams neared their end, Jakob found himself standing before two doors, one bathed in light, the other cloaked in darkness. His body moved instinctively, guided by some unseen force, until suddenly, his eyes fluttered open, returning him to reality.

As Jakob rubbed his weary eyes, a lingering sensation of puffiness reminded him of the tears he had shed. Swiftly, his dream slipped from his grasp, fading into the back of his mind.

Taking in his surroundings, he noticed the dimly lit room, illuminated by the soft glow of candlelight. The presence of Tita became evident, as she often lit the room with candles when he drifted off to sleep. Rising from his bed, Jakob's noticed the absence of Tiberius, questioning to himself how long he had been asleep. He made his way to the window, looking upward to the night sky. The sun had completed its descent, surrendering to the encroaching night. Looking upon the moon of Luehtaz, his thoughts turned to his mother, and a clear purpose grew within his mind.

**“I’ll go visit you in the garden.”** Jakob said looking out the window.

Nestled amongst the mountains, to the north of the Palace, lay a pond with a small garden. It was in this very place that Jakob's mother's ashes had been scattered. During his younger years, she would often bring him to the garden, entertaining him with ancient tales of the Children of Matakanui and The Age of Hyperion. Jakob hastily got himself ready.

Peeking cautiously through the slightly ajar door, he scanned the surroundings for any signs of the guards, finding none. The corridor, lit with the glow of candlelight, and the Palace was quiet. Silently, he embarked on a stealthy journey down the corridor, retracing the very path he had used earlier that morning, leading him towards the familiar route to the kitchen. However, to Jakob's surprise, as he passed by his father's council chambers, he caught sight of a figure within. In that moment, his heart skipped a beat, hoping it would be his father, but it wasn't, he realized it was Magister Liza Alderete. Conflicted, Jakob stood contemplating whether to engage in conversation or to press on towards the garden. Though he knew that Magister Liza would be the perfect person to discuss his quest in unraveling the secrets of the Guardian, he felt more like avoiding people till he spoke to his dad.

**“I know you’re there, Guardian.”** Facing away from the door, she stood in front of rows of bookshelves, her gaze fixed on a book held in her hand.

**“How did you know I was here?”** Jakob asked.

**“Well, you just answered so now I know that you are here.”** She turned around, closing the book with a smile. **“I felt your energy young Jakob, I can tell your conflicted.”**

Jakob stayed quiet, remaining in the doorway.

**“Come in, come in. I know you have other places to be but let’s sit down for a while.”**

He cautiously stepped into the room, his eyes darting in every direction. It dawned on him that it had been a while since he had set foot in his father's council chambers. Usually, he would linger by the entrance, discreetly pressing his ear against the door, wanting to catch fragments of the discussions within.

He couldn't help but notice the changed feel of the room since his last visit. The chamber had a striking resemblance to the grand throne room, leading Jakob to speculate if it was a tribute to his mother, although he couldn't be certain. After all, she was the one who had the final say in the palace's decor. The chairs, meticulously arranged around the round table that was carved out of marble. The chairs were a dark grey shade intertwined with hints of navy blue. At the heart of the room stood a magnificent table crafted from dark blue marble. Its polished surface proudly displayed the intricate symbols of the five nations, with a prominent V intricately carved at its center. Jakob's keen eye was interrupted by Magister Alderete, who caught him staring up at the newly installed chandelier above the table.

**“After you were born, I was the one who gave the news to your father and mother that you are the Guardian of Light. I know you have questions.”**

Jakob responded with a hint of sarcasm,

**“My first question is how you know so much about what I’m thinking?”**

Magister Alderete smiled and went on,

**“It is the duty of your elders to understand you and guide you, for I once was a child. Excited, fearful and everything in between. Some of us get too old and we forgot we thought just like you at one time.”** Jakob remained quiet.

**“Besides, I am a Magister Alderete of the Vantis Guard, I’ll use my magic to read your mind.”** They both laughed together, and Jakob leaned in to give her a hug. Jakob and the Magister spent a great deal of time in each other's company, with her personally instructing him twice a week. It all made perfect sense now, as she had always been aware of his role as the Guardian. The thought of Aleki crossed his mind, and he couldn't help but find it amusing to picture Aleki as one of the Vantis Guard, wearing the same funny-looking robes she had on.

The Magister wore a hooded black velvet linen robe that had gold patterns around the edges and had green badges on the chest. Jakob couldn't imagine Aleki in this, he would totally make fun of him. Jakob pulled away from the hug and began to walk back and forth looking at the bookshelves at the end of the chambers.

**“How many books does my father have?”**

**“Too many to count. Some were written by the Acolytes who lived in the first city Hookahi no ke Akua “God is One”. I know for a fact there’s a few journals of previous Guardian. You should check those out.”** She smiled.

**“I know a lot of information about the history of our nation, and I know some of the names of previous Guardians, but I don’t really know what it means to be the Guardian.”** Jakob responded conflicted.

**"No one can truly define the meaning of your role here. It's a journey that you shape through your own choices and actions."** The Magister finished and Jakob didn't respond.

**“I have a Vow to Serve, to always serve the will of the Light Jakob, let me give you a refreshed history lesson and see if that helps.”** She said as she took a seat watching Jakob grab a book off the shelf.

**“In the beginning, our creator Matakanui brought forth the universe, within which resided two formidable forces: The Light, born from order, full of joy, happiness, love and life and The Shadow, the embodiment of chaos, full of hate, malice and pain”** She began.

Jakob interjected, **“The Light always emerging victorious.”**

**"Not quite,"** she corrected. **"The creator harnessed the power of the Light to give life to his son, Luehtaz. Luehtaz was killed by a wicked force, only known in history as The Source, his true name wiped from the history books. The world was plunged into the clutches of the Shadow, consumed by death and sin. The Children of Mata and The Ogres of Kaz, the first immortals, engaged in a relentless battle over control of the Great Mother Hyperion. In a bid to protect the Children, Matakanui resurrected Luehtaz from death.**



**Then summoned the great wave known as the Hand of Mata, reshaping the world. Although the powers of the Light and the Shadow were sealed away, traces of the Shadow lingered deep within the icy depths of the Shadowlands. Eventually, the Shadow made its return, resulting in The Ogres Wars. Matakanui and Luehtaz foresaw that the people of this world would face continued trials, and so, Luehtaz sacrificed his life and spirit, passing his spirit down through generations to a worthy vessel capable of safeguarding Hyperion and keeping the Shadow at bay. The very first Guardian, the first King of Legion Derrick Stryder, emerged from this lineage. Derrick fought beside Luehtaz showing his courage and his heart. After the death of Derrick Stryder, the Guardian Cycle began. The spirit of Light and energy passes down to a new vessel from each of the new nations to keep balance at the end of your previous life. To protect Hyperion till we return to Elysium.”**

**“Is there only one Guardian at a time?” Jakob asked.**

**“Yes, your spirit will pass when your time comes to an end. Although the will of the Matakanui is always unpredictable.” The Magister responded.**

**“Hold on, so I am Luehtaz. Like am I reincarnated?”**

**“You are Jakob Stryder, but your spirit is directly connected to Luehtaz and the previous Guardians. Some cultures believe you are Luehtaz, and some believe the Guardian is lie. So, it depends on who you ask.”**

**“Sounds confusing, do I get any cool powers.” Jakob came back.**

**“You will learn overtime of what you’re truly capable of. What I can tell you is my personal favorite is that you will be able to communicate with previous Guardians.”**

Magister Alderete, having observed him closely since his early years, was aware of the challenges he faced and the areas in which he struggled. She knew he dealt with the passing of his mom harshly, but he had a genuine heart and a fire inside.

**“Thousands of years have gone by, and you have heard the stories about the Guardians from around the world. You now have a responsibility and duty to this world. Your name and story will be told across the world. You will inspire and change many lives from this world, to the next. But no worries for now Jakob, the true evil of the Shadow is long gone.”**

**“But what about the Ogres today and that man from today?”** Jakob was concerned.

**“The Ogres have come and gone, and there will always be agents of the darkness who are just lost souls. You have nothing to fear, for Mata is the one who is in complete control. Darkness cannot touch you unless he permits it.”** The Magister finished. Recognizing that it was becoming overwhelming for Jakob, the Magister gently placed her hands on Jakob's shoulders, swiftly turned him around, and guided him towards the door.

**“Run along now.”**

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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