

THE SHADOW AWAKENS

The Prophecy Begins...

Five friends. Five elements. One ancient evil.

Deep within the Aegean ruins, a power long forgotten has begun to stir. As the storm clouds gather over the Mediterranean, Jenna is about to discover that the wind at her fingertips is more than just a breeze—it's a weapon.

But Hanbi is watching. And he isn't coming alone.

ASCENT OF AIR

The First Installment of The Elemental Series

Coming Soon | By JV Norris

THE BIRTH OF THE VOID

Before the first spark of the Celestial Lineage, there was only the Great Silence. Hanbi did not "awaken" so much as he simply became. He was the static between the breaths of the old Gods, the dark matter that existed before the light of the first deities of every heritage and genre began to pull reality into shape.

He is the personification of the Void—a state of absolute, frictionless peace where no sound, no heat, and no spirit exists. To Hanbi, the creation of life was an act of cosmic violence. He watched as the heritages of man and myth filled the silence with "noise"—the crackle of fire, the rush of air, and the intrusive brilliance of spirit. While the Greek, Norse, and Egyptian entities built their realms of thunder and gold, Hanbi remained as the "Nothing" that they were forced to carve their worlds out of. Hanbi isn't a "man," but a primordial irritation of existence.

Hanbi has returned.

He watched the various Gods and Goddesses build their realms, viewing their creation as a "noise" that disrupted his perfect, frictionless peace. Hanbi had knowledge of the entities and deities from every other world and heritage. He doesn't view them as peers, but as temporary "frequency disruptions" in the dark matter he calls home. While the other Gods were busy creating life and elements, Hanbi was waiting for the moment he could unmake the loom entirely to return to a state of peace in the Void.

Selene and the other deities did not necessarily have a "parent" in the human sense. Instead, they manifested as a collective, cosmic reaction to the Void. Where there is absolute darkness (Hanbi), the universe eventually generates a "First Spark" to create balance. As different human heritages and genres began to take shape, these primordial sparks coalesced into specific forms—like Selene for the moon and the elemental lineages.

These gods were created by the universe itself to pull the "Nothing" into the shape of worlds, elements, and life. He sensed the Five Lineages not as people, but as "frequency disruptions" in the dark. Hanbi's focus on The Chosen Five stems from their role as the ultimate stabilizers of reality.

Until....

Until they realized that the world wasn't failing; it was being unmade. It is a moment of collective realization, a shared synchronization—a glitch in the Matrix.

A transmission required stealth and precision to unmake all that has been made. He would corrupt the deities who made the sparks. He would twist their fragile beings, because he was stronger than anyone who came after him. They could not hide or resist him. He was all consuming and he would use whatever means he had to, to bring back utter quiet, Not peace, that was fleeting, he wanted stillness, no noise, no light, no nothing just utter darkness.

SILENCING THE DIVINE

Hanbi knew he could not unmake the loom while the Great Guardians stood watch. To return the universe to The Consuming Judgement, he began to leak his silence into the hearts of the powerful, turning the Gods into his own instruments of decay.

The Golden Rot (Hera): First, he touched the Queen. He whispered into Hera's ear, turning her divine protection into a suffocating obsession with order. He replaced her grace with a cold, hollow pride, making the Matriarch of the Heavens the first to let the shadows into the palace.

The Desert's Shadow (The Jinn): He seeped into the smokeless fire of the Jinn, turning their ancient trickery into a mindless, destructive hunger. The fire that once warmed the desert now only seeks to consume the air.

The Abyssal Hunger (Ceto): In the deepest trenches of the Aegean, he found Ceto, the Mother of Monsters. He muted the songs of the sea and replaced them with a crushing, bottomless pressure, turning the tides into a weapon of the Void.

The Night's Betrayal (Lilith): He found the First Outcast. Lilith didn't need much—only the promise that in the Great Silence, there are no masters and no slaves. She became the whisper in the dark that leads the restless toward the Nothing.

The Final Breath (Whiro): Lastly, he touched Whiro, the Lord of Darkness. In Whiro, Hanbi found a kindred spirit, but even he was too "noisy" for the Void. Hanbi hollowed him out, turning the god of death into a literal vacuum that waits to inhale the last of the light.

The World Skipped it warped, it changed and then the sparks were given a name.

THE CHOSEN FIVE

Five women—rising executives, quiet dreamers, and fierce protectors—are the only ones who hear the piercing ring in the silence. They are separate threads in a vast tapestry, unaware that they are the anchors of the world. From that pocket of absolute stillness, the world wasn't a collection of people; it was a score of music waiting to be muted. The Shadow didn't just see the girls; he saw the Fraying Points.

He focused on **JENNA, THE ANCHOR OF GRIEF**. He could feel the weight of her mourning, a mental instability so heavy it acted like a lead weight on the wind. To snap her, he wouldn't use force; he would use a distraction—a memory of what she'd lost—and watch her conscious will collapse into the Void.

Then there was **NEF, THE FUSE OF FURY**. She wasn't a flame; she was a ticking bomb. He tasted her temper, a volatile scent like ozone before a storm. All he needed was one spark of irritation to turn her fire into a reckless, blinding blast that would burn her own sisters as easily as her enemies.

He shifted his gaze to **ASIA, THE FREEZE OF ISOLATION**. He saw her analytical mind retreat like a tide, leaving a cold, silent shore. She wouldn't fight; she would simply cease. Under pressure, she would clam up, and the team's strategy would drown in her silence.

His eyes narrowed on **M, THE CRACKLING WALL**. To the world, she was stone, but to the Shadow, she was brittle. He felt the deep insecurity masking as a sneer. If he pushed hard enough on her fear, her Earth magic wouldn't protect—it would paralyze, trapping her inside her own rigid defenses.

Finally, he looked at **KAT, THE FLAW OF PERFECTION**. She was the most dangerous to herself. She was already leaking Spirit energy, a shimmering trail of exhaustion. He didn't need to attack her; he just needed to wait for her to give everything away. He would watch her burn her own Aura to the wick until there was nothing left but ash.

"Five notes," the Shadow hissed, his form flickering like a glitch in the light. "A symphony of failures. I will not break them. I will simply let them finish what they have already started."

To save existence, they must find their Mates—the "support beams" capable of anchoring their magic—before the Shadow consumes the light.

It is time for Hanbi to reclaim what is rightfully his.

JV NORRIS | THE ELEMENTAL SERIES
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