

# opaque



SCION SAGA BOOK 1



by

Cālix Leigh-Reign

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www.TheScionSaga.com  
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prologue

[DARKNESS VS. LIGHT]

Darkness and light cannot occupy the same space at the same time, so I've always known that one had to die in order for the other to thrive. The struggle has been, which one for which purpose.

I could never have imagined that my thoughts would ever be elevated high enough to where they'd soar among biologically evolved human beings.

My mental behaviors have been so long resting inside the belly of the damned, that I'd accepted their digestion into my circulatory system. I'd welcomed the burning sable poison coursing through my veins, compelling the very worst actions imaginable. The internal cremation was comforting, as the only familiar form of existence I've known.



# chapter one

## [A DARK MIND]

The rust scented liquid oozes from my nostrils as I focus my thoughts on the open window. There's a tiny ping inside of my throbbing head, as if something has recoiled. My oxygen supply is cut off, and my body convulses violently. I resist the ictal attack but my sight and hearing simultaneously abandon me. I'm trapped inside of an electrical storm. I wait ambivalently for it to pass, and I lose track of time. Regaining my ability to swallow, the taste of copper invades my mouth.

The sound of my bedroom window slamming closed startles me. Bolting upright against the headboard, I scan for any movement inside of the eerily silent darkness. Seeing none, I walk over and slide the pane vertically upward. I'm not sure if I had anything to do with the closure. *Probably not.*

A foreign degree of heat rapidly spreads throughout my limbs, traveling into my chest. I cough. My breath is like steam rising from a teapot just before it begins to boil — but somehow it doesn't burn me. Groaning, I completely undress, and stand naked in front of the window. Bathing in the crisp air, and hoping to cool myself.

It's too hot for covers so I sprawl out naked on the bed, with my manhood facing the ceiling and my hands underneath the back of my head. Wanting her. Deserving her. Growing angrier by the second. My unembellished room, dark. Lit only by the supermoon.

My cell phone illuminates with a text notification. I angrily glance out of the corner of my left eye, but I don't bother turning my head. It doesn't matter who it is because I know who it isn't.

My thoughts begin their inevitable descent. I recognize that my Creator has set me apart. It just seems nonsensical to set one apart only to watch their forceful and painful conformity.

My eyes itch, so I close them, and converse with God. My every extremity tingles as if I'm being electrocuted, and there's a very noticeable rumbling inside of my thorax that grows until my breathing catches. The wind howls as God attempts to dissuade my thoughts with partial, believable hope that my torturous suffocation is self-inflicted, and completely voluntary. A debate ensues, and He departs.

I open my eyes as the itching subsides. My vision is distorted, and my eyeballs are warm. I blink rapidly to abate the heat until my sight normalizes.

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The wind fights with the trees and they fight back. The wind — always the victor. I desperately wish the psithurism would drown out the torturous sounds wafting with invasion from their bedroom. The soft moans escaping her throat. I smash pillows against my ears.

I resent myself for desiring her this way. Perhaps I've tumbled too far down the rabbit hole to now attempt an escape. I'll think about it later. For now, sleep will save lives. Ensuring a perfect plan.

I close my eyes in torturous anger as the metallic scented sludge regathers to block my sinuses, before dripping down my face — onto my cheeks.



No one even notices my blatant contempt. They're so stupid. Blind is more like it. I could sprout horns right now and they'd still be in denial about who and what I truly am, so I blend. Any semblance of individuality in this society is cause for immediate crucifixion and exile. Not that I'd oppose either, but I prefer to contribute to the cure of the spreading disease —that is monotony— prior to my departure.

Society molds our emotions to be absent compassion for our fellow man, to judge without mercy, to worship currency and empty our minds of rational thought. But one must think in order to perform the murderous tasks set before us. A vote of guilty for instance. I rebel only to relent. The daily realizations frustrate me and my once-godly thoughts disembark their positive spiritual flight. I merely allow them to return to their comfort zone.

I could literally kill every living creature and feel the same nothing I already feel. It's an unwelcome and undesirable vacancy, but it's all that I know. It consumes my days and my thoughts. It's rumored that there's so much *love* in this world. It must be restricted to specified locations or select individuals because I don't feel it. I feel lost. Swallowed up inside of a watery black hole that has no surface to desperately swim toward. So I drown. Over and over.

"Adam, come eat your breakfast before it gets cold!" my mother, JoAnn, bullhorns. As she has a tendency to do each morning.

I reluctantly smile.

My spirit once again attempts a daring escape, but reality swiftly retrieves its property, and my thoughts sink back down into the abyss.

I guess she didn't notice my scowl the first two times. My thoughts have a tendency to grow inescapably dark with minor provocation. As my father,

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Mark, walks down the hallway and notices the frozen statue on the living room sofa — with the iPod I received for my sixteenth birthday last week in hand — he gives me a stern look to back up my mother’s command like the weak dog he is.

F you, Mark.

“I’m coming, Mom.”

*Get off my back, you inconsiderate* — I sigh. I’m just so upset and her cretinous behavior is provoking me. I’m still seething with anger and marginally powerless against its hostile intrusion. I haven’t the energy to battle over territory because I require every ounce of patience I can muster in order to mold myself into an identifiable human being. A wolf must blend in with the sheep or its plans could be prematurely derailed. Can’t have that.

Today is what average animals refer to as a perfect California day, because there are no clouds in the sky and the weather is balmy — in the mid-seventies. Typical. I was born and raised in Piure and so were a majority of the rest of these animals.

This quiet, but modestly wealthy, city has a population of approximately 4,000. Just small enough for everyone to live inside of the lives of everyone else, but large enough to be considered a city. We get rain about as much as Los Angeles does during winter and spring — and it snows roughly once every decade.

It’s nuzzled in a dehydrated valley just south of the Mojave Desert where the weather is fair ten months out of the year. That’s a long stretch of time to experience clear skies, so why do they act surprised on every sunny day?

I slink into the kitchen to see that Jo’s prepared oatmeal with sliced peaches for breakfast. I quietly take my seat at the table, carefully keeping my head lowered to conceal my indignation. As I nibble on the curdled oats stuck to my spoon, I slip away. I’m besieged by a soft white light and my body mindlessly drifts in her direction — as if it’s been summoned.

Without registering any fluidity in my legs, I’m standing behind Jo. She’s smiling and talking to Mark about some memory from their high school days. She’s beautiful now. She’s always beautiful with her thick, lustrous toffee colored hair. I lean in for a whiff. It smells like fresh green apples. The tart sourness tickles the back of my throat. Mmmmm, I love her.

My anger recedes. Remorse quickly blossoms. I repent my detestable thoughts and my heart pleads for forgiveness.

*What is it about you that compels my love for you this way?*

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Based on the massive amounts of literature I've digested, simply forming this thought — even in passing — makes me a monster.

The world has an abundance of everything except forgiveness and understanding, so this is one colossal “why” that I can never ask anyone. Some part of me recognizes the abnormality, but a feral portion constrains my current path. It's that same portion that reinforces as fact that she should be *my* wife.

Stepping outside of myself, I plummet further into my delusion.

I'd give her the love and life she deserves. I don't know how a passive weakling like my father ever got hold of her.

Jo, at the age of 46, retains the ravishing, youthful glow of a 20 year old. Her body is slender, modestly curvy, and fit. She doesn't look like anyone's mother. Least of all, mine. It's as if time has no effect on her.

Her beautiful, sun-kissed, creamy golden skin just calls for my touch. I carefully place the palms of my hands on her shoulders. She shivers. Her energy is invigorating. She looks over her shoulder at me and smiles as she touches my right hand with her left.

Her girlish green eyes reveal that she wishes the same as I. She must be in love with me too or her energy wouldn't compel me in this manner. This twisted society contributed to my initial descent into confusion regarding morality, and now —

The light retreats. I chase after it.

“Adam?”

She's so beautiful. I just want to hold her.

“Adam!”

Why? Why is this happening?

“ADAM!!”

“Yeah, Mom! You don't have to shout. I'm right here.”

I smile. She reciprocates.

“Well, you were in one of your daydreams, honey. It's time for school. Let's go.”

She runs the palm of her hand down the back of my head and neck. The electrifying gesture arouses me. My manhood twitches in response. She gazes into my eyes as she speaks.

“Your eyes are always more green than brown in the mornings. Just like your grandma Leah.”

The heat rushes to my face. I fiddle with the contents of my backpack to hide my flushing cheeks. She then leans away from me — into Mark.

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She kisses him and I want nothing more than to separate his head from his body so she won't have to force herself to do that ever again. The heat drains from my cheeks, and my erection softens at the sight of her lips pressed against his pale wrinkled face. It's unbelievable that they're the same age.

"See you later, babe. Have a great day at work," she waves at Mark while taking one last sip of her orange juice.

"Adam, let's go or we'll be late."

I smile at her and jump from my seat at the breakfast table, grabbing my backpack and iPod because I'm eager to be alone with her in the car. It's the highlight of my day.

"Have a good day, son," Mark nods at me, with one hand rubbing his neck, and the other in the air waving at her. "Love you, babe. Be careful."

I just look at him. I nod with vacant eyes and a heart full of malice. It's the best I can do this morning.

Jo presses the button for the car alarm, unlocking its doors. I rush to open her door, and she smiles that smile with her mint-green eyes twinkling. I admire her perfect 5'5 frame in motion. Making sure she's safely inside and buckled before I close her door. Aahhhh, that smile drives me crazy and she knows it.

I momentarily stand near the passenger door with my palm clutching the handle, inhaling the fresh air — allowing its purity to calm my emotions. I remind myself that today is today. Not yesterday or any other. No day that has passed can be anything other than what it was. But today is filled with possibilities.

I slide into the front passenger seat, tossing my backpack over my left shoulder into the backseat. Finally! After a torturous summer of family togetherness, the start of the school year reunites me with the only happiness I've ever experienced — riding alone with Jo.

This is our makeshift home where we can be alone. Even though it's only for thirty minutes each weekday, I'm always anxious for it. She starts the car and we're off.

I never know how to begin our conversations each morning because I don't want her to get bored with me before we start our lives together, so I just smile at her this time.

The sun blazes brilliantly above us and the only reason I regard its presence is because of Jo. She's the only reason I allow others to breathe. Everyone should thank their gods that she exists.

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I can't recall a time when I didn't know that I felt this way about her. Probably because I'm mostly unwilling. There was always something commanding – almost forceful — about her presence that inspired my immortal to materialize and defy the murky waters. In fact, every other human repulses me.

Knowing how overzealous society is about caging people inside of tiny little boxes to be readily and easily identified, I've intentionally been seen publicly with other girls for appearance's sake, but I've never dated one. I gag at the expectation and sigh as my frustration builds.

As if following a rehearsed sequence of events, the spiritual plunge again commences.

The world is stupid! And dead. Don't forget dead. Mindless zombies walking around gorging on the synthetic brain-like substance we call social media, pretending to serve a God. Pretending to be in love. Pretending to love anything or anyone but their fleeting material possessions.

"Adam?"

All humans really know how to do is consume.

"Adam?"

Consume until they die so why not just help them die so they'll consume less?

"Aaaddaamm."

They're parasites infecting everything in their paths. Diseased animals. That's all they are!

"ADAM!"

Jo grabs my face while stopped at a red light. I slightly jump.

"Sorry J — Mom. Sorry about that. Were you saying something?"

She giggles.

"I was asking you what you were thinking about. You always go on these Walter Mitty trips and I always wonder where you go."

The sound of her voice is the hand grasping mine, pulling me back from the cliff. Now I giggle. I can't waste our time being lost in thought.

"Oh nowhere. I mean nothing. I just enjoy our morning drive to school. It's the best part of my day, Mom."

"Awwww I have the best kid in the world!"

She places her hand on my knee with a warm smile on her face. I nearly get offended by her *kid* reference, but she extinguishes that fire quickly with her soothing touch. Jo knows me.

Before it gets weird, I hurry and smile at her. Squeezing her hand as I hold her gaze. *I love you, JoAnn.*

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With an incredulous look, she very slowly and uncomfortably removes her hand — breaking our gaze.

She couldn't have possibly heard my thoughts. No. She's just afraid. If the world knew how she felt about me, they'd crucify her, so we must be very careful not to let our feelings show until it's time. Patience.

Before I know it, we're pulling up in front of Keetering High School. I cringe inside. What animal gives a town a name that utterly contradicts the actions of its inhabitants? There's nothing pure about Piure.

I freakin' hate this shit-box prison. All they do is teach the weak-minded how to walk in a straight line, eat crap, believe what they're told, deny reality, consume, prepare for a life they're not promised and send them home to their fancy overpriced homes that they take for granted. Just die!

"Have a great day at school, honey! I love you. I'll see you at home later."

Her eyes twinkle with pleading and sincerity.

"I love you too."

I intentionally exclude the "Mom." I need her to begin viewing me as a man and not a kid. I lean over and kiss her softly on the cheek, lingering near her ear and fighting my urge to taste her mouth.

I take in one last deep breath of her intoxicating scent and I get out of the car. I wave goodbye as she drives off but she doesn't see me. I hate this part. Now for the next seven hours, I'll burn until I see her again.

From her light, into the darkness. It's time to face the day. I stand in front of the prison and prepare to surrender myself. The campus is more like an intermediary college, than a high school. The size, space, and resources are all much more than necessary to accommodate the measly 400 students who attend.

My feet are like blocks of cement. I haven't managed to move them since I stepped out of the car. I guess I'm still mentally preparing myself to be back in academic custody after a two month furlough. I sigh and throw my backpack over my left shoulder.

"Hi, Adam!"

I despise this retarded, valley-blonde airhead. Why doesn't Victoria get a clue?

"Adam, HEY!" she now sings because she's too stupid to notice me trying to avoid her.

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Instead of taking a hint, she waves vigorously because her animal ego just can't accept that I'm not interested in her fake boobs and overly glossed lips.

"Hey, Vikki. How's it going?"

Disguising my disgust so often has actually made me quite good at it.

"I'm great! Wanna walk to class together?"

She has way too much enthusiasm for a Monday.

*What are we? Elementary school kids? Get a life!*

"Uh, yeah sure."

I shrug my shoulders with indifference. *Careful not to reveal those fangs wolf man. Be patient.* I mentally stroke my fur coat, calming the beast.

We slowly make our way down the cement walkway, as she jabbars on about things I could care less about. Some fall senior's party this weekend. I know that no thought is actually preceding any of the words spilling from her filthy mouth. She's just worshipping herself right now like all of these other animals.

I occasionally toss a smirk her way. That seems to be enough to keep her lips parting ways. *Who told Vikki that she was God's gift to men?* At the very least you'd think she'd want someone who clearly wanted her ass in return.

Animals are clueless, and this even has early onset crow's feet or something. What the hell kind of sixteen year old girl has crow's feet?

*God I hate her!*

Her round blue eyes twinkle in some odd way every time she says my name. It curdles my stomach, so I double over — instinctively grabbing it. I think I'm going to puke.

"Hey, are you okay?"

She touches my shoulder. I slap her hand away and immediately regret it. Her face changes color. The disappointment in her crisp blue eyes becomes apparent. I've frightened and embarrassed her.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I guess that oatmeal I had for breakfast isn't agreeing with me," I giggle spuriously. Making eye contact with her. Touching her hand to reassure her. I've inadvertently succeeded in fooling another weak, mindless animal for another day. She smiles and lets out a deep sigh of relief. Her ego still intact.

"I just need a drink of water. I'll see you in class, okay?"

Waving, I hurry off without allowing her an opportunity to follow up with words or action. I dash in the direction of the nearest campus restroom. My legs are moving rapidly, but I'm not arriving at my destination fast enough.

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I need to learn to get my heart rate under control. I rush into the restroom and into an empty stall. I lock the door, slam my body down on the toilet, and let out a deep sigh.

I hadn't realized that I was sweating until now. I just couldn't stomach her stench any longer.

*Geez, her stink is so loud and repulsive!*

I anxiously open my backpack and remove my bible. "The Life & Mind of a Sociopath in Training" by Paul Wickerson.

Everything I need to blend in with society as I continue my plan is in this book. *My Holy Bible*. Wickerson is a genius! I skip to the chapter I've bookmarked that discusses the fundamentals of control and transparency.

I read a few sentences and close my eyes. I inhale deeply and then exhale, repeatedly. A gust of wind brushes across my face.

*Mmmm, that's refreshing.*

I sense my composure and control return as I'm reminded. A blanket of serenity envelops me. There are voices faintly in the background. They must be coming from outside. Scattered. The parking lot? My brow creases as my focus attaches to sound and movement.

Car doors opening and closing. A baby crying, accompanied by the scent of talcum powder. The sound of footsteps traveling across the campus. The wind picks up speed and the trees rustle their warning — taking their stance as they dance their never-ending dance. There's a cool breeze underneath my bottom. Gravity deserts me.

As I prepare to swap my Bible for my Essential Telekinesis study reference guide, animals enter the restroom bragging about some chick they're planning to have sex with at the senior party this weekend.

My bottom is on the toilet again. Their animal voices crudely snatch me from my perceived reverie. I grudgingly return to a despised reality. I slam my Bible closed with frustrated hands. Carefully placing it inside of my backpack, I rise and open the stall door.

The cocky, golden-haired, Josh, stands in front of the mirror. Running his girlish fingers through his hair. He's always grooming himself. For what? I don't know.

"Hey, Adam man. What's up?" Josh mutters without looking my way.

I'm grateful for his disregard. His friend, Kane, turns to greet me properly.

"Hi, Adam."

I nod at Kane and zip my backpack.

"Nothing much, Josh man. On my way to class. Catch ya later."

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I immediately walk towards the restroom exit, hoping to avoid fake conversation. I barely survived Vikki's. I wave two fingers at Josh and Kane, then I'm gone.

Walking across the campus toward the bungalows, my chest hums. As if it's singing. But not to me. The vibration is subtle. Foreign, yet familiar somehow. I'm quite certain that I'm not having a heart attack, but something is definitely going on inside of me. My eyes itch, so I rub them.

My emotions bisect inside of my chest. Half are those of a little boy filled with hope. The other half are pessimistically denying the serenade pouring from a part of me I hadn't known existed.

Or I could just be losing my mind. There's always that. What's going on with my body lately? First the itchy eyes and now this.

I don't have the energy to focus on what may be changing inside of my body when there's much more to sort through mentally. I just need to get to a box where I can sit behind a desk and pretend to absorb their ostensible knowledge that secretly conceals control.