

Frosted Moon

There was a disturbance, in a territory where only a few had ever walked, far beyond the lands settled by the Iteration arrivals, beyond even the Domes. In a territory ruled only by winter and frost, where the land was covered in a thick blanket of snow, where the sky was always gray, and the sun never shone. Where the wind did not blow and the air was still, the rivers frozen, and the blue moon hung high above in the center of the sky. In this land, where the very air sought to kill, and only a few things could survive, things didn't change. Even the monsters that called this place their home, knew very well who ruled it, and it was not them.

On top of the mountain, on a peak so high up that one might nearly be able to touch the moon above, sat a being with their legs crossed, wearing deep azure and white robes, that did nothing to protect from the cold, yet still looked as if they had been made yesterday. If one would arrive in the territory, they would notice a strange thing. The world itself moved at a glacial pace, it would be hard to think and yes, even to breathe. Time did not move here, space was as close to frozen as it could be.

And the grand mountain that loomed over everything, stood as a bastion against change. A monolith of cold, frozen in time itself. So much so, that for the person sitting there, time almost had no meaning. He existed in a realm completely immersed within the meaning of his chosen Aspect. He experienced things in the moment suspended in between time. Both young and old at the same time.

After all, he had created this territory all on his own. Through will and understanding he brought forth the endless winter, the snows that covered the hills, the frost on the river, and kept the moon in the sky from being replaced by the sun.

Yet now, after more than a thousand years of life, he felt it. Something had changed. He could feel it in the air by how it touched his fur, it whispered where only the silence of the world itself once existed. The barriers that had halted his progress for so long were no longer as oppressive. He could feel the Frosted Moon more clearly. And in the same breath, there was another change. What had stood frozen in time and place by his power was now... moving. Something pushed on the river, on Time, and on his small corner of the world. Trying to force change upon him, and it was so vast that it was actually accomplishing it.

For him, there had been no time, only the moment in which he contemplated on his Aspect. Now, he could feel a... river? Time had changed. No longer could his will keep it at bay, no longer could he live in the world of his own making. He tasted the will behind it and knew that the path forward that he had been searching for so long was now open.

He opened his pale blue eyes and took a breath for the first time in centuries. Someone had broken through the barriers of an aspect; someone had pushed beyond the world of Sages. He immersed the senses of his soul in the new sensation, in time, taking it in and learning. If someone else had done it, then so could **HE OF THE FROSTED MOON'S GAZE**.

He reached for his power, the attunements that shaped his very being, untainted by any other focus, a wave of cold, sharpened by a singular purpose exploded out of him. Time stopped, the river fought him and quickly he understood it. He changed his mode of attack, leaning on the part of the river that was his mountain. Time around him came to a standstill, while the rest of the river continued flowing on. The great Will that guided the river did not press, as the river flowed around him unabated.

Isolated again, he focused his will on the Frosted Moon, the light that embraced all in the cold of winter. That chilled the bones and froze fire,

the grasp of the moon. Someone had changed Time itself, had shaped it with their own will. If it could be done, he would discover the way as well.

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At the base of the mountain frozen beneath the Frosted Moon, something lurked. Ringed eyes gazed up at the mountain, unseen and undetected by the powerful being contemplating on its summit.

Ra'azel Equinar, the Rune Smith, watched and studied as the being on top froze itself away from the world. He sensed their will and power, so much greater than what he had available to him back on his world. Something about it reminded him of the powers that Aspects wielded, only... young, untrained and... almost soft. But many things here were beyond his understanding, for now.

He glanced down at the contraption in the palm of his hand, saw the glowing runes pointing at the top of the mountain. He stood there for a while, debating with himself. The chilling frost didn't was greater than any he had experienced, even his runes were struggling to keep up his protections. And that was at the base of the mountain, just a side effect. He wondered what would happen if he stepped into the area directly influenced by the being on top.

Ra'azel was powerful, but he wasn't in any rush. What he would gain from the being on top did not yet outweigh the risk of conflict. He had learned the hard way that there were things in this world that could oppose him. A hand went up to his face, scratching at the bald spot were twisted scar marked his neck. The memory of dragonfire and a will that was greater than his own. He did not understand this will, it was not the same as it was in his world. He was wary of engaging against another who seemed so powerful.

No, he shook his head. There was no need to take any risks now. He was free, and he had time. He turned away from the frozen mountain and the gaze of the ice blue moon above, leaving the territory.

The world was infinite, somewhere out there he would find something else that would be of use. There was no need for him to rush.

He had all the time in the world.