

These Tragic Souls and a Sword Reborn in an Intergalactic Space Opera

Story Intro: "Welcome! I'm an evil god, though not that evil of a god!" is what they woke up to. Join our heroes and heroines, having just met their demise, displaced by an extradimensional event."

Story Starts

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Book 1 - The Empty Twin

Ch 0.2 Prologue

POV: Rose Potter

[Part 2 of 2]

Flashback

January 27, 2005

I stepped into one of the rooms of our wizarding tent—a marvel of magic that compressed the comforts of a seven-bedroom house into a space small enough for two. We'd even managed to squeeze in some modern appliances—toasters, microwaves, and, at Gabrielle's insistence, a coffee maker, amongst other things—all magically shielded against ambient saturations and, ironically, powered by it.

Hermione—our lead researcher and archivist—is responsible for collecting, copying and preserving all magical and non-magical knowledge. It's been ages since any of us used the word Muggle; we're—or what's left of one—a multinational team, and apparently only mainland Europe still cling to that—if you think about it—rather insulting term.

Especially when we had to deal with non-magicals we'd placed in stasis—with their consent, of course—convincing key individuals, including scientists,

engineers, researchers, as well as artists, craftsmen, and farmers, had been crucial. If you possessed distinct knowledge or expertise, you were invited.

We also had to preserve most of their families and friends—and even their assets—as leverage.

We were a multinational team—again, emphasis on were—for the past year, when demonic incursions began.

The very same thing that was prophesied, and the very same thing that led to the beginning of Project Noah, started to happen.

God, why is it always prophecies? I set my jaw and cracked myself.

“The team in South America was able to complete about 87% of the task,” I started my report. “Unfortunately, they, too, were attacked and cursed. I was successful in fending off bastards, but I was too late with the South American team as the demon’s toxic substance infected them.”

“How are Luna, Tonks, and the Greengrasses?”

“How are Tonks, Luna and the Greengrass sisters?”

Two voices simultaneously asked. Of course, the first was Hermione, who was busily working at her desk—accounting all that we have so far—as she organised everything in a spreadsheet using a magically shielded laptop. While the other was Gabrielle, who had just entered the room, carrying a heavy-bottom pot—probably our dinner for the night.

A knot began to form at my throat at the thought of what happened to my friends, but I quashed it down as this wasn’t the time. “They barely survived. I was able to stabilise their vitals before putting them into stasis.”

“I think we should call it and return before it’s too late.” A sombre Hermione declared—I, too, agree with this assessment and with Gabrielle’s nod, she has nothing to disagree with.

“While we can indefinitely put every survivor on stasis till we can find a way to counter what has been done to them, going home with a close to 70% completion is a lot better odds towards the success of Project Noah,” she continued.

“I figured as much; I already instructed the house-elves, the goblins, and the merfolk to drop everything they’re doing and to reach these warded safehouses stealthily.” As I pointed to three marked places that are pretty spaced out on a map pinned to a standing board. “They will follow proper protocols for extraction and when a safehouse is compromised.”

“Return process takes about seven hours to prepare?” Gabrielle asked Hermione as she laid down the pot on another table.

“I shall commence extraction in about half an hour,” I declared after hearing Hermione’s affirmation to Gabby’s question. “Gabby, please double-check our veiling enchantments around the tents. We do not want any more surprises.”

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I looked at my interface, having just purchased four instances of **‘Soulbind’**. According to the **‘Help Guide’**—which we’d also bought—soulbinding lets you summon an item with a thought. If that item’s broken, it reconstitutes within your soul and can eventually be resummoned.

I soulbound my invisibility cloak, the ring, my firebolt, and the Elder wand—no more getting accidentally blasted by a stray spell. Luckily, Hermione had the sense to flag this and all the other valid purchases: **‘General Knowledge’**,

‘Inherit Previous Body’s Skills’, ‘Inherit Previous Life’s Assets’, and ‘Inherit Claimable, Unclaimed Inheritance’.

I especially hated the **‘Inherit Previous Body’s Skills’**—why the fuck would this bloody fucking evil god sell me something I already knew? Said evil god—looking both old and young at once—was currently giving a lecture on theoretical physics.

“Ho ho ho—what do we have here?” a voice interrupted my ranting as someone appeared at the periphery of my vision. I turned warily—and saw a man. No... an old man. A familiar-looking one, in the same outfit as that...t e...vil god.

“...!”

I flicked a glance at the still lecturing, old-looking child—yep, same face as this newcomer, only this one was wrinklier. And taller.

“Indeed, I am that bloody evil god that sold you your previous body’s skills.”

I winced at the faux pas, as the evil god could apparently hear my thoughts.

“Now now now, let’s all just relax, remember what my dapper-looking younger self said?” He said, now grinning, his legs crossed as he sat mid-air—or, rather, mid-space?

“No communications shall be allowed amongst you as this is a sacred communion between you and your evil benefactor.”

“Fret not—I never imagined anyone would use changes in their soul’s colour to communicate in Morse code. Out of the trillions here, you lot were the only ones to think of it.”

Then he suddenly donned a priest's outfit—black robes, golden cross, the whole lot—and spread his arms wide. “Rejoice, for you will not be punished; I'll even reward you for your wit. As my homie Row-row of the clawed raven would say, ‘wit beyond measure is a man's greatest treasure’... or something like that,” he said, but trailed off at the end.

“And no, I'm not senile or crazy,” the old man coughed into his gloved hand as the priest's clothes vanished, replaced by his previous dark, militaristic garb. “I think I'm using the Kotomine bit too much.”

“No more communications between you from this point.” He raised his fingers and, with a snap, everything drained to black and white—and every soul orb began flickering in perfect unison, and an endless, even rhythm that made any attempts at signalling completely useless.

“There. No more Morse code for you lot,” he said with a wink, blowing us a kiss with two fingers before vanishing.

Fuck. Well, at the very least, we weren't punished for it—we even scored a reward.

I glanced back at my interface—a new message blinked: ‘You've received a gift and two hints.’

Huh. What gift? I checked my purchases—nothing new. I even skimmed through my ‘inheritance’ tab but didn't spot anything distinctly new.

I let out a metaphysical sigh. Fine. I'd shelve that mystery for now—no clue if this whole skill-buying spree came with a ticking clock—and pulled up the two hints instead.

‘These are the recommended skills that you might want to purchase,’ it read—followed by a barrage of skills, from the magical to the mundane.

The second hint was stranger: ‘Trust in the thirteen and develop the frontier planet. Your adventure will begin at the bottom of the dungeon. Register your team at Tarmein Prime.’

Great, as knowledge trickled into my mind from ‘**General Knowledge**’, we are getting transported into a place with a *celestial dungeon*—and we’re, what? Expected to clear it? And what thirteen?

Everything went too bloody fast.

Snap! Most of the souls winked out—the ‘Evil’ god declaring that those were the ones who hadn’t set their ‘Transfer Process’ or had intentionally wanted a clean slate.

Snap! Another majority gone—those who wanted their memories but fancied a fresh start.

And then it was our turn—those who remain—we’d managed to purchase **Direct Transfer** before we got interrupted and silenced by the ‘Evil’ god. We huddled close together, afraid that any distance between us would see us separated, as the so-called ‘Evil’ god began counting down from ten.

However, everything shifted suddenly when something collided with our cluster.

Then darkness...

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As the remaining souls cluster into groups, others frantically rush across, hoping to reunite with a friend, family member, or loved one, while others simply want to gather for the sake of it, and still others do so for nefarious purposes.

As Zelretch's countdown finally hit one, everyone vanished. No bright flash, no kaleidoscope of dazzling lights—just a sudden casting into the countless beyond.

The old-looking child sat back on his throne, countless screens flashing in front of him. Crossing his legs as he rested his head on his knuckles, supported by the chair's arm.

A mischievous smirk played on his lips as he began to watch.

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Location

Grakkan Empire

System: Unknown | Planet: Unknown

Date:

Grakkan Standard (GknS) | System | Local | Galactic Standard (GS)

'Revolution' / 'Prime Satellite' / 'Rotation' / 'Time'

GknS 34k6.rev-70% / 10.rev-40% / 255.rot-50% / 12:00:07

System: Unknown | Local: Unknown

GS 13k9.rev-47% / 8.rev-46% / 255.rot-73% / 26:25:18

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Warmth. That was the first thing. Then a gentle light seeping through her eyelids pulled her from sleep. She heard waves crashing, felt a breeze heavy with salt and grass. Her mind was a fog, but she knew something was wrong. Something was missing.

“You look troubled there for a moment.”

Her eyes flew open.

A foot hovered in her field of vision. Pale. Smooth-skinned. Toes arranged in a perfect slight stagger, each nail neat and gleaming from careful upkeep. The bridge of the foot flowed into a long, slender leg, though the bent knee of the other leg cut off her view of its owner. The nails pointed right at her eyes.

'One wrong move—and add just a touch bit more paranoia—you might as well call me Mad-Eye,' she thought dryly, a flicker of her dry humour returning.

Heat cocooned her from behind, a slender form pressed flush against her. An unfamiliar arm curled across her torso, holding her in a loose but inescapable grip. Each warm breath on her neck reminded her of those mornings after a binge, waking up beside a stranger—or two.

She shook her head, scattering the cobwebs of memories she hadn't bothered with in years.

"I can't seem to get up without any potential misunderstandings." The voice—mature tenor with a touch of youth, with a hint of resignation—answered the earlier question that had roused her.

Rose shifted her eyes from the looming toe, noting three figures just past it. She eased the foot aside, careful to keep it aimed away from her face.

She adjusted her position slightly, only for the one behind her to tighten their embrace. The soft press of modest breasts against her back had her guessing—Hermione, she thought, though with some doubt.

A habit she noticed back when they were on the run from a Death Eater-run Wizarding Britain, and later during Project Noah.

Her fingers brushed her eyes—no contacts—something she'd started wearing during that short stint as a professional Seeker. As wearing glasses, while it was raining during a game, was annoying, even with an *impervious charm*.

She grinned inwardly, already celebrating the death of her astigmatism—okay, so it wasn't that bad, but it had been a constant irritation she was happy to bury.

One of the first things she'd searched for, right after the old-man version of that greying child silenced them, was **Perfect Vision**. For only ten points, it was an easy purchase.

"You're not thinking something rude, are you?" The voice that had roused her before spoke again, light with mischief—probably to the guy who'd previously answered.

Due to her lateral recumbent position—'*That's lying side-ways for you lot*'—mentally addressing an imaginary audience. Her view was limited to the lower half of his chest, the white of his shirt, and a pair of comfortably worn jeans.

Curled in a ball against his hip, a light-blond East Asian girl dozed peacefully, her soft snores barely audible. Pressed against her back was the lower half of someone else, lying laterally recu—'*Let's not run that joke into the ground*'—she told herself. She lay on her side, facing away.

The voices she'd heard came from somewhere above her. She craned her neck to look. His face was mostly hidden—blue-sleeved covered arms were crossed against his chest—yet the tilt of his head revealed auburn-red hair.

'*Thank fuck it's not Weasley red—no offence to Fred and George.*' She thought.

"I can't seem to get up without any potential misunderstandings," he replied. The figure that had been facing away rolled toward him, arms sliding around his chest. His head lowered, and Rose caught her first glimpse of a boyishly handsome face—those golden eyes almost glowing.

Two things happened simultaneously: first, the light-blonde girl who had been curled up against his hip rolled over and was now both between his legs and on top of him—snoring loudly as she lifted her shirt to scratch at her stomach. Second, Rose Potter identified the person clinging to Mr. Goldie Eyes.

'If that's Hermione, then who the bloody fuck could be behind me?' She fretted, watching the man poke at the sleeping bodies currently using him as a pillow.

What followed was a series of events that would have been funny if not for the previous offending limb almost hitting Rose on the chin as Goldie-Eyes asked the other one for help.

When a third voice groggily interrupted their banter.

“Senpai?”

As the guy shifted his gaze away from somewhere behind Hermione, with a hint of trepidation or maybe disbelief, he said. “Sakura?”

You could only hear the waves crashing and leaves rustling from the wind as a silent pause permeated.

“Rose...” Hermione groggily called out while scratching at her eyes as she nuzzled at the guy's shoulder, “What's with all the racket?”

“...!” Hermione's eyes suddenly opened as she saw Rose Potter lying on her side across a torso she was clinging to, abruptly looking up as she suddenly screamed.

“kyAAaAhhhh!” Not knowing she was interrupting what was supposed to be a heartfelt and very long-awaited reunion between previous lovers.

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END

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