

“Hey Zen, got a moment?” called the black Raven, walking into Zen's room.

Zen sat on a mat in the middle of the room meditating, his legs crossed in the lotus position as he breathed in and out calmly. The mat revealed the Infinitium family emblem, a bird with a golden orb in its chest with 9 fox tails stretching out to form a large circle with spheres in the gaps of the tails. Outside the circle were the same marks Zen had on his face, which were two crescent moon facing their backs to each other on his forehead with a dot on top and on each cheek a crescent moon facing the back of his head with one dot in each center. Zen opened his eyes to look at his blue eyed friend, seeing a mix of concern and hesitation in his expression.

“What's wrong?” Zen asked. “Something on your mind?”

“Nothing's wrong, but I think it's time I told you something. Or at least more than what I've told you already.” The raven approached the carpet and sat down on his knees. Zen switched positions and did the same, resting his hands on his knees and listened carefully with his feathery ears up.

“I had to hide this for a while because of a promise I made with a dear friend of mine... I'm sure the Zens told you about your past right?” he said, looking out of the corner of his eyes.

Zen swallowed before speaking, uneasy by his friend's indirectness and the sudden approach about the topic. “Yes,” he started “My real name is Zenion Infinitium. I come from a world called Heavenaira and the person truly pulling the strings behind the Pentagon and other mysterious organizations in the shadows is a man named Eigengrau.”

“Those are all true,” Venishi confirmed with a nod then sighed. “Though, I haven't been entirely truthful about myself. Aside from you and your family... guardians... whatever you call them; you all are not the only ones who came from that world.”

Zen's looked at him for a moment. The room was silent and the tension in the air had risen. The phoenix thought about his words carefully and slowly his eyes widened, the realization hitting him though he couldn't find the words to ask.

“I also came from Heavenaira,” Venishi confessed. “You... the other you, sent me to find you and make sure you were okay.”

“But... how did... you... you were part of the Pentagon once! How did you...?”

“It wasn't easy,” Venishi said. “And I'm not proud of what I've done. Before I became and presented myself to you as an aspiring holy saint...In my human form I traveled through the different realms of hell. I was once a devil's advocate and even worse: I was almost molded to be Eigengrau's right hand man.”

Zen was at a loss for words. The mix of terror and anxiety on his face, along with his heart

pounding loud enough to feel it pumping in his chest and wrist, silenced the questions going through his mind. His thoughts raced with images of Venishi's life going through hell, thoughts of admiration for making it this far, anger at having to fight him several times before becoming friends, and gratefulness that in the end he took down the organization before Richter came into control.

“Why are you telling me all this now? Why so sudden?”

“You've reach the tangible peak of your strength, gone through life the way you wanted to live it and choose of your own free will to pursue your past and discover who you are. That was the wish of my friend. You're ready now to see him and I'm going to guide you to the place where you shall see for your own eyes, Zenion of Heavenaria.”