



From the MixCache.com library

SAMPLE COPY

Eclipsed Realms

MixCache.com

SAMPLE COPY

Table of Contents

- **Introduction**
- **Chapter 1:** The Forest's Whisper
- **Chapter 2:** Anwen's Discovery
- **Chapter 3:** Glimmers Beyond Sight
- **Chapter 4:** Roots of Power
- **Chapter 5:** The Awakening
- **Chapter 6:** Cloaked Observers
- **Chapter 7:** A Secret Order
- **Chapter 8:** The Marked Hunter
- **Chapter 9:** Allies in Shadow
- **Chapter 10:** Threads of Fate
- **Chapter 11:** Veils Lifted
- **Chapter 12:** The Memory Archives
- **Chapter 13:** The Verdant Gate
- **Chapter 14:** Echoes of Lore
- **Chapter 15:** Balance of Worlds
- **Chapter 16:** Fractures in the Veil
- **Chapter 17:** The Mirage Wilds
- **Chapter 18:** Perilous Passage
- **Chapter 19:** Tempest of Magic
- **Chapter 20:** Splintered Realities
- **Chapter 21:** The Gathering Storm
- **Chapter 22:** Heartwood and Hollow
- **Chapter 23:** Rift at Dusk
- **Chapter 24:** The Brink
- **Chapter 25:** Eclipsed Realms

SAMPLE COPY

Introduction

Anwen Harrow had never sought the extraordinary. Her world consisted of wildflowers and woodland mosses, of cataloging lichens and tracing the lineage of rare ferns across the tangled heart of ancient forests. With her boots caked in earth and her journals brimming with sketches and notes, she found contentment in the quiet spaces between sunlight and shadow—places where nature’s whispers often became her sole companions. Her routine was a tapestry of comforting cycles: fieldwork at dawn, discoveries pressed between parchment by noon, and evenings spent beneath the moss-draped canopy listening to the distant chorus of crickets.

But even the most meticulously tended gardens sometimes harbor hidden seeds. On a cool, mist-shrouded morning that began no differently than any other, Anwen set out into the deep-green embrace of the Elderwood. Nestled among twisted roots and half-submerged in the rich loam, she unearthed something that defied the ordinary—a delicate bracelet, forged from a metal that shifted color with the light and adorned with symbols she could not decipher. The moment her fingers brushed its surface, a chill raced up her spine, and the world seemed to pause—as if the forest itself was holding its breath.

What began as a routine expedition soon spiraled into the unknown. Almost at once, strange visions began to intrude upon the corners of her perception: fleeting glimpses of a world that was not her own. She saw forests threaded with silver light, creatures both luminous and menacing, and shadows that danced to unwritten melodies. At first, Anwen doubted her senses, blaming exhaustion or the tricks of sunlight through leaves. But the visions grew clearer, sharper—dense with colors and sensations no earthly realm could conjure.

As days blurred into nights filled with uncanny dreams, Anwen realized the bracelet had awakened something deep within her—or perhaps it had always been there, dormant beneath the surface. She felt the thrum of energy in the roots beneath her feet, the gentle tug of the wind through the trees, and, most unsettling of all, the sense that her presence was being watched from beyond unseen veils. The ordinary boundaries of her life were dissolving, and she stood on the threshold of worlds layered atop her own.

Each step forward revealed truths she had never imagined: about the interconnectedness of all living things, about ancient pacts and hidden orders sworn to protect secrets older than humanity itself, and about a danger gathering in the hidden folds of existence. Anwen would need to summon more than her knowledge of plants and patience with solitude; she would have to face the shadows lurking in both her

newfound power and those realms eclipsed from ordinary sight.

In the coming pages, journey alongside Anwen Harrow as she is drawn ever deeper into Eclipsed Realms—a tapestry of hidden worlds, untold power, and choices that will shape the fate of more than one universe. The adventure begins where the familiar ends, on the edge of the unknown.

SAMPLE COPY

CHAPTER ONE: The Forest's Whisper

The air in the Elderwood always tasted of damp earth and ancient secrets, a flavor Anwen Harrow savored more than any gourmet meal. This particular Tuesday, the mist hung heavy, refracting the nascent sunlight into pearlescent shafts that speared through the dense canopy. It was a familiar tableau, one she had sketched countless times, yet each visit felt like an encounter with an old, dear friend. Her worn leather boots squelched softly in the loam, a comforting rhythm accompanying the distant caw of a raven.

Anwen adjusted the strap of her backpack, its contents a predictable mix: magnifying glass, trowel, a waterproof notebook, and a thermos of lukewarm herbal tea. Her mission today was to locate a rare species of bioluminescent moss, reported by a local hiker to cling to the underside of fallen logs near the Whisperwind Stream. Most botanists would dismiss such a report as folklore, but Anwen had a knack for finding the impossible.

She navigated the winding, unmarked paths with an innate sense of direction, her eyes scanning the forest floor. Every fallen leaf, every gnarled root, told a story. She could identify trees by the texture of their bark, shrubs by the scent of their leaves, and the health of an entire ecosystem by the vibrancy of its fungi. This was her language, her sanctuary.

The Whisperwind Stream lived up to its name, a babbling murmur weaving through the quietude. Its banks were a tapestry of emerald mosses and delicate ferns, a perfect habitat for the elusive *Luminaria viridis* she sought. Anwen knelt beside a colossal, moss-covered log, its bark softened by centuries of rain and sun. With her trowel, she gently probed beneath its overhang.

The air grew perceptibly cooler as she dug, a phenomenon Anwen attributed to a localized pocket of underground water. Her fingers brushed against something metallic, unexpected in a place so untouched. Curious, she widened the small excavation, careful not to disturb the delicate network of roots and mycelium.

It wasn't a coin, nor a forgotten trinket from a hiker's pocket. It was a bracelet, unlike anything she had ever seen. The metal shimmered with an iridescent quality, shifting from a deep bronze to a muted silver as the light played across its surface. Intricate, swirling symbols, seemingly etched by light itself, adorned its band. They seemed to pulse faintly, a subtle heartbeat against her palm.

A strange current, cold and electric, surged through her fingertips the moment she

lifted it from its earthen cradle. The forest seemed to hold its breath. The usual cacophony of chirping birds and rustling leaves faded, replaced by an unnerving silence. Even the babbling of the Whisperwind Stream seemed to hush. Anwen felt a prickle of unease, but also an undeniable pull, a fascination that transcended logic.

She turned the bracelet over in her hand, admiring the craftsmanship. It was delicate yet felt impossibly ancient, as if it had waited for centuries to be found. The symbols were unfamiliar, yet somehow resonated deep within her, stirring a sense of forgotten memory. They twisted and interlocked, forming patterns that seemed to defy earthly geometry.

With a shrug, attributing the strange sensation to the thrill of discovery, Anwen slipped the bracelet onto her left wrist. It fit perfectly, as if custom-made. The moment the cool metal touched her skin, a jolt, sharper than the initial current, shot through her arm. It wasn't painful, but startling, like a sudden rush of cold water.

Then, the world tilted. Not physically, but perceptually. The familiar green of the Elderwood wavered, shimmering like a heat haze over pavement. For a fleeting instant, the towering pines dissolved, replaced by trees with leaves of shimmering silver and bark that glowed with an internal light. Strange, luminous creatures flitted through the ethereal branches, their forms indistinct, like blurs of pure energy.

Anwen gasped, stumbling back from the log. Her heart hammered against her ribs. She squeezed her eyes shut, then opened them slowly, convinced she had imagined it. The Elderwood was back, solid and reassuringly mundane. The moss-covered log, the babbling stream, the distant caw of the raven – all precisely as they had been moments before.

"Too much caffeine, Anwen," she muttered to herself, rubbing her temples. Or perhaps the damp air had finally gotten to her. She was usually so grounded, so logical. Fantastical visions were not part of her botanical repertoire. Yet, the memory of the silver trees, the glowing bark, felt too vivid to be a mere figment of her imagination.

She looked down at the bracelet on her wrist. It pulsed, a faint, rhythmic glow emanating from beneath the intricate symbols. It wasn't her imagination. The bracelet was undeniably glowing. A shiver traced its way down her spine, this time not of cold, but of something akin to awe. This was no ordinary trinket.

A sudden, sharp flash, brighter than any lightning, ripped through her vision. This time, it wasn't a fleeting glimpse. She saw a vast, crystalline city rising from a mist-shrouded valley, its spires piercing a sky of swirling, indigo hues. Figures, tall and graceful, moved through its illuminated streets, their bodies radiating a soft, inner light. The air thrummed with an unheard music.

And then, just as quickly, it vanished. The Elderwood returned, sharper, more real than before, as if reasserting its dominance. Anwen staggered, clutching at the rough bark of a nearby oak to steady herself. Her breath came in ragged gasps. This was no hallucination. This was... something else entirely.

The forest, which had moments ago felt like a comforting embrace, now felt watchful, imbued with a new, unsettling presence. The whispers of the wind through the leaves seemed to carry new meanings, hints of conversations she couldn't quite grasp. The sunlight, once a benign presence, now felt like a spotlight, highlighting her.

She tried to remove the bracelet, but it clung to her wrist as if fused with her skin. It wasn't tight, nor uncomfortable, but it simply wouldn't budge. Panic, cold and sharp, began to creep into her carefully constructed world of scientific observation and verifiable facts. What had she stumbled upon? And more importantly, what had stumbled upon her?

A rustle in the undergrowth nearby made her jump. Anwen spun around, her heart leaping into her throat. It was just a squirrel, chattering indignantly at her sudden movement. But the ordinary sight did little to calm her frayed nerves. The world felt different, imbued with a hidden layer of reality she could now perceive, however briefly.

As she stood there, adrenaline coursing through her veins, a faint, almost imperceptible sound reached her ears. It was a low hum, a resonant vibration that seemed to emanate from the very earth beneath her feet. It was subtle, easily mistaken for the buzzing of an insect or the distant drone of human machinery, but Anwen knew it was neither. It was a living sound, a deep, ancient chord that resonated with the pulse of the bracelet on her wrist.

The hum intensified, growing in clarity, and Anwen felt a strange magnetic pull drawing her deeper into the forest, away from the familiar paths. It was an irrational urge, a primal instinct that overrode her scientific caution. She resisted, trying to rationalize the sensation, but the pull was insistent, like an invisible tether tugging at her very core.

What if the moss wasn't the real discovery today? What if this bracelet, and the visions it brought, were merely the beginning? A cold dread settled in her stomach, mingling with an intoxicating sense of wonder. She had always sought the hidden, the rare, the unseen. Now, it seemed, the hidden was seeking her.

As the hum grew louder, more insistent, Anwen felt a strange sense of resignation settle over her. Her life, so neatly organized and predictable, had just been irrevocably altered. The ancient forest, which had always been her solace, now held a new,

profound mystery—a mystery that had just fastened itself to her wrist. And with it, the quiet whispers of the Elderwood seemed to morph into a chorus of voices, calling her into an adventure she never imagined. She knew, with a certainty that chilled her to the bone, that her ordinary life was over.

SAMPLE COPY

This is a sample preview. Purchase the book to read the full content.

Visit MixCache.com to purchase the complete book.

SAMPLE COPY