

PROLOGUE

Thirty years ago, the world of Terra changed forever.

A massive meteor struck the planet, carrying with it strange, shapeless creatures we came to call *morphs*. But instead of invading, they arrived curious—gentle.

Morphs had a bizarre, beautiful ability. They could shift their atomic structure to mimic whatever they first touched—turning into flame if landing on fire, bark from a forest oak tree, or even a scarce material, like gold. But in their natural, formless state, they couldn't survive long. Their atoms unraveled unless they made contact with that first object. Once merged, they entered a deep cocoon-like sleep. The longer they slept, the stronger they became.

At first, people feared them. Their power was too strange, too unknown. But others saw potential. Water morphs helped build aqueducts for remote villages. Stone and sand morphs helped construct entire cities. In time, morphs weren't just accepted, they were vital.

To manage the growing relationship, the world formed the **Terra Morph Authority**, or TMA—a global force for research, infrastructure, and regulation. They built labs. Bases. And pushed morph-human cooperation further than ever before.

This golden age became known as the **Adaptive Era**.

But it didn't last.

A decade later, the morphs began to weaken. Many died. The new inhabitants that had changed the world were breaking. Humanity's mission shifted from expansion to survival.

Dr. Holloway Merrit made a breakthrough. Morphs needed lifeforce—what some called a *soul*—to stay alive and healthy. They had to bond with living beings to thrive. But this came at a great cost. Push too hard, and they could drain their hosts. Some bonds turned unstable. Some turned dangerous.

Around the same time, a new underground sport exploded in popularity—*Arenakour*. Part parkour, part combat. Players teamed up with morphs to pull off impossible stunts. The creator, Erik Pech, turned it into a global phenomenon with help from a tech giant called Techforce.

And just like that, the **Arenakour Champion Series** was born.

Each year, new champions rose. Morphs and humans reached heights no one thought possible. Together, they pushed past limits and into legend.

This is where our story begins.

1 - GIVE ME A SIGN

A scrawny boy lands on the rooftop with a loud *thud*, wobbling as the metal beneath his foot creaks. He bends over, hands on his knees, catching his breath. The salty breeze stings his face, his spiky blonde hair sticking to his forehead in the last traces of sunlight. He wipes his face with his wrist and narrows his green eyes at the view.

The island stretches out like a messy painting. The beach—a bright crescent of sand—curves along turquoise water, waves rolling lazily to shore. Beyond that, just sky and sea, making the island feel like its own tiny world. Stacked shacks and patched-together homes sprawl inland, built from whatever scraps the sea and time have offered. Rusted metal sheets gleam with hand-etched designs. Salvaged ship-wood panels still bear faded port names. Bright laundry flutters on sagging clotheslines. Handmade driftwood chimes, painted flags, and tiny Morph carvings give each home its own story.

Beyond the favelas, the dormant volcano looms, its forested slopes spilling toward the docks like a silent titan. Below, the streets pulse with life. Kids race through alleys. Vendors bark out prices for fresh fish. And steaming skewers, their smoky scent curling through the air.

“MAXX!”

Maxx turns just as—*whoosh*—Nico rockets toward him, wheels spinning, arms pumping. A wide grin stretches across his face, excitement dancing in his brown eyes. Other kids crowd nearby rooftops, breathing hard but eager for more.

“Next point wins!” Nico shouts, skidding to a stop. His striped tank clings to his skinny frame, cargo shorts crammed with gadgets. “Better hurry! Curfew’s coming!”

Maxx’s grin wavers. The curfew bell isn’t a joke. The mayor’s guards don’t mess around. Still... There is no better time to run.

“Yeah, yeah.” He swallows the nerves. “Pick the target.”

The kids join in protest.

“Make it a good one!”

“Not another chimney!”

Nico smirks, spinning dramatically on one wheel.

“Our final target iiis... the clocktower!”

Silence. Then groans.

“You’re kidding,” a boy mutters. “Nobody climbs that thing!”

"It's a mile through the busiest part of town!"

"And it's falling apart!"

Nico just shrugs, smug. "Toughest challenge, right? The clock's ticking."

DING. DONG.

The first curfew bell tolls eerily on cue, deep and heavy, rolling over the island like a warning. Shadows freeze, nerves thrumming.

"I'm not waiting for you scaredy-cats," Leo says, stepping forward.

Confidence drips from his voice. Tall, lean muscle shifts beneath his shirt as he leans over the edge. He looks back to make sure everyone sees.

"I'll show you how it's done."

And just like that, he's gone.

Leo launches forward, movements sharp and powerful. He cuts through clotheslines without a glance, fabric snapping in his wake.

The other kids scramble, pounding over rooftops like a startled flock. Tin rattles under their feet. The wild race to the clocktower is on.

Maxx stays still.

He watches.

The mistakes are obvious. Sloppy landings. Wasted steps.

"Come on, Maxx! You're falling too far behind Leo!" Nico calls, bouncing in his wheelchair.

Maxx crouches, mapping the route in his mind. He threads the course together before moving a muscle.

He exhales. Then smirks.

"Ten Yippiyippis," Nico drawls. "Eleven Yippiyippis—"

Maxx launches.

"Don't worry," he yells, voice alive. Confident. Free.

His foot hits the edge. He soars into the air.

"I always find a way to win!"

2 - THE CLOCKTOWER

The rooftops blur beneath Maxx's feet. His movements are fluid, precise—vaulting gaps, skimming past loose shingles, ducking beneath snapping laundry lines. A barrier rises ahead, but he barely hesitates, pushing off the wall in a clean, effortless jump.

Below, the streets churn with sound and movement. Vendors bellow.

"Fresh fish, straight from the docks!"

"Sweet mangoes, just one pence!"

Pedestrians shove through the crowded streets, dodging carts and barrels. Hooves clatter, wheels creak, sandals slap against dirt. The air is thick with roasting nuts, salted fish, sweat, and spilled rum.

Above it all, Maxx runs.

His pulse thrums, but he's not afraid. The others are behind him now.

A boy freezes at a rooftop edge, hesitating.

Maxx launches past, sailing over the gap.

Cold air rushes against his skin before he lands in a roll, popping up smooth.

"The bigger the gap, the more speed you need!" he shouts back.

The rooftops tighten. Crumbling. Irregular. Maxx pushes harder, instincts honed by years of practice.

Then he sees it.

The clocktower looms ahead.

Massive and unforgiving.

Its weathered stone walls split with deep cracks, ivy vines snaking through its wounds. At the top, the bell, its dull metal gleaming in the dim light.

Maxx isn't the first one there. A figure scrambles up the tower.

Leo.

Maxx's stomach knots.

Leo moves, strong arms pulling him up with ease. Even from below, Maxx sees the confidence in his climb.

He's ahead. For now.

Maxx slows, eyes scanning the weakened tower. It's worse than last season. Loose stone. Missing sections. One wrong move...

On the ground, a girl watches, arms crossed. Her frown is sharp.

"He's going to fall."

Her voice is low, but Maxx hears.

He glances at her. "You could help, Gwen."

She doesn't look at him. "You know I would," she mutters, brushing off her dress. "But my mother would be very displeased."

She doesn't belong here.

Her white dress flutters in the breeze, unmarked by dust. Florals stitched along the seams. A wide-brimmed sun hat casts soft shadows over her sharp, composed features. She stands still, watching like an outsider peering into a world she'll never step into.

Suddenly, Maxx feels like a mess, sweaty and wild-haired.

Gwen shifts uncomfortably.

"You'll have to show him how it's done. But be careful."

"I'll be fine."

He moves. Fingers brush rough brick. He grips the first ledge, stone scraping his skin. Then he pulls, muscles burning in a steady, rhythmic climb.

It's instinct for him now—like breathing, like running.

Below, the market noise fades to a dull hum.

Above. Leo.

Maxx angles up, watching the older boy falter, movements turning frantic.

Maxx smirks. "Hey Leo, better watch out! I'm coming for ya!"

Leo looks down. His face darkens as Maxx passes him with ease. His jaw clenches.

"No way I'm letting you beat me!"

He lunges upward. Too fast.

Maxx sees it coming.

“Leo, no!”

Leo grabs a loose brick.

It snaps free.

His hand slips.

For just a second, time hangs still.

He falls backward.

Arms flailing. Eyes wide.

Panic twists his face, a raw cry ripping from his throat as he plummets.

Maxx doesn’t think.

He dives.

Air rushes past in a blur. His arms stretch, fingers reaching out.

He collides with Leo midair, wrapping his arms around him. Their weight yanks them away from the wall.

They crash.

A market stall explodes beneath them. Crates burst in a cascade of fruit and trinkets, apples and oranges rolling across cobblestones. A banner rips free, tangling around Maxx’s arm before he vanishes in the wreckage.

Silence.

“WHAT ON TERRA HAVE YOU DONE TO MY STALL?!”

A thickset merchant storms forward, face red with fury.

Maxx groans, wincing as he begins to stand. He throws his hands up defensively.

“Sir, we’re so sorry! Total accident! We’ll help clean up.”

He nudges Leo. “Right?”

Leo winces, brushing off splinters. “Yeah, yeah. Just don’t call the guards.”

The merchant scowls, then points away. “Scram! You’ve done enough, nacleheads!”

They don't wait to be told twice.

Maxx and Leo bolt, weaving through the closing market.

Leo mutters, pink-faced. "I had it under control."

Maxx laughs. "Sure you did."

Nico rolls up with the other kids, wheezing with laughter. "Leo looked like a flying fopper! Arms and legs everywhere!"

Maxx chuckles. "Pretty sure you just invented a new move."

Leo glares, ready to argue—

DING. DONG.

The second curfew bell rings.

The sound is heavy, final.

Laughter dies. Smiles fade.

The once-lively market hushes, now tinged with something colder.

Leo stiffens, fists clenching. He turns and walks away without a word, disappearing into the dim streets.

Maxx watches him go. Guilt flickers, but there's no time to dwell.

He glances at Nico, who's already adjusting his wheels, ready to move.

"We've gotta go."

The other kids scatter like startled seabirds.

Maxx lingers for a beat, just long enough for Nico to roll beside him.

Grinning, Nico pulls something from his pocket. A small bundle, wrapped in a napkin, edges damp from the humid air.

"Happy early birthday."

Maxx blinks.

Carefully, he peels back the wrapping. Inside, gleaming in the low light, rests a fishhook.

Carved from bone, or maybe a creature's tooth.

Its surface is polished, with delicate carvings of twisting waves along its curve.

Unexpectedly heavy. Solid. Real.

Maxx swallows hard. "Nico... how?"

Nico shrugs. "When you're ready, toss it into the Twin Serpents River. My mom says it brings good luck or something." He waves a hand dismissively, but his expression is soft.

Maxx clutches it, smiling.

Without thinking, they fall into their handshake—

Fist bump. Jellyfish hands. Swim awayyy.

Their fingers wriggle like fish, darting off into the water.

Laughter bubbles between them.

Maxx grins. "Alright. I'll catch you tomorrow after work!"

He takes off.

The fishhook swings in his hand, glinting in the fading light.

Even as darkness spreads, as stars flicker awake, Nico's gift stays with him. A silent weight in his palm. A promise and a reminder. As Maxx races toward home, his steps feel just a bit lighter.