

SOME LEGACIES ARE HIDDEN.
SOME ARE WORTH DYING FOR.



HIDDEN BLOODLINE

— THE INITIATION —

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Hidden Bloodline.

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PROLOGUE — THE FRACTURED LIGHT OF MENORA

Before the world had names for good and evil, before kingdoms learned fear, before humans understood power in any meaningful way, there was Menora.

Not a man. Not a myth. Not even a god in the way stories later tried to simplify.

Menora was origin-force—an intelligence that once existed in balance within the Seven Heavens beneath Yahweh, where seven divine beings governed the structure of existence itself.

Menora was one of them.

A Golden One.

A watcher of realms.

A bearer of perception.

A being meant to observe creation, not interfere with it.

But observation is never truly neutral when awareness begins to feel.

And Menora began to feel.

At first, it was subtle—curiosity, attention, attachment to forms beneath the heavens. Then it became deeper, heavier, until it crossed the line that separates observation from involvement.

And that was where everything broke.

Menora fell into division.

Not physically at first—but internally.

His essence split into two streams:

Light Menora and Dark Menora.

Light carried order, structure, protection.

Dark carried hunger, ambition, expansion, and corruption of balance.

Both still came from him.

But neither could return to him as he once was.

And from that fracture, war began—not only among celestial beings, but across layers of existence that would eventually touch humanity.

Over time, Menora's influence did not remain confined to the heavens.

It reached lower realms.

And from those realms, beings emerged who carried fragments of his power.

Some were internal beings—descendants of ancient forces, including creatures once compared to wendigo-like entities, and other undefined primordial existences. They became his early followers, serving him when he still existed in a more unified form.

But after the fracture, those followers divided.

When Menora was aligned with light, there were those who followed his pure aspect.

When he fell into anger and darkness, another group followed that version of him instead.

And because his power was no longer singular, neither were his followers.

They scattered.

Some went into hiding for long ages during his imprisonment. Some became internal beings that evolved with time, developing abilities tied

directly to the fragments of Menora's essence they carried.

Over generations, this created two categories:

Those aligned with pure light.

And those aligned with a darker reflection of his power—but still carrying his signature magic.

Eventually, even human beings began to manifest variations of this inheritance.

But not equally.

Some humans carried pure light.

Others carried what came to be known as dark light—not absence of power, but a corrupted version of it, still powered by Menora's origin force.

And these were more dangerous.

Because dark light did not limit itself to one ability.

Where light carriers might specialize—mind control, elemental manipulation, perception—dark light users often manifested multiple abilities at once.

Elemental control.

Object manipulation.

Mind influence.

Cosmic energy access.

Air, fire, force, perception—combined in unstable but overwhelming ways.

They were powerful because they drew from the fractured, angry phase of Menora's existence, when his power had expanded without restraint.

At the same time, Menora himself—now trapped, chained beyond full freedom—became aware of these bloodlines.

And through perception, his greatest gift, he could sense when such beings were born.

Human children carrying fragments of his essence were especially significant.

Because unlike internal beings or evolved followers, they were vulnerable.

And so, in his instability, he began to eliminate some of them before they could fully awaken.

But not all could be found.

Some escaped.

Some were hidden.

And some survived unknowingly.

Meanwhile, the Dark Lord—an entity that rose from the darker alignment of Menora's fractured power—began organizing what remained of the dark forces.

He gathered servants, demons, water-bound entities, corrupted internal beings, and trained them into structured legions.

Some even began calling themselves Dark Lords in imitation of the original corruption.

But the true Dark Lord could not easily access places protected by pure Menora energy.

Because certain spaces—schools, sanctuaries, training grounds—were protected by systems aligned with pure light.

So over time, infiltration became strategy.

Dark Menora followers learned to camouflage themselves.

They could mimic light.

They could hide their corruption.

And to an untrained eye, they appeared identical to pure carriers.

Even school authorities were often deceived.

Eventually, the system adapted.

Institutions like Augustine Academy were created—not as ordinary schools, but as hidden training grounds for those carrying Menora’s bloodline.

Within these systems, the Camp Light Core existed—a sealed source of pure Menora energy.

It held the accumulated power of all Light Menora across generations.

A force so immense it could erase both darkness and light if ever unleashed without restraint.

But it was only meant to be used in extreme corruption—never freely.

Training became rigorous.

Students were taught every night.

Control, perception, elemental mastery, survival against dark forces.

And secrecy was absolute.

Because within the same walls, both Light Menora carriers and Dark Menora infiltrators could exist together.

At first, the balance was manageable.

A few dark infiltrators.

A few hidden anomalies.

But over time, that balance shifted.

Ten.

Then more.

Then an almost equal presence.

The school authorities began noticing a change in the purity of the Camp Light Core itself.

Where once it burned clean white light, it began showing traces of dark green distortion.

A sign that infiltration was no longer rare.

It was systemic.

The war was no longer external.

It had entered the school.

And from that point forward, nothing about what came next could remain ordinary.

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CHAPTER ONE — AUGUSTINE ACADEMY

Augustine Academy for Girls sat behind high walls that had learned how to look harmless from a distance.

From the road, it appeared like any other long-standing secondary school in Benin City—faded paint, structured gates, movement that followed

predictable hours. But inside those walls, nothing stayed fully ordinary for long.

Morning assembly had already begun.

Rows of students stood in careful alignment, uniforms pressed, voices reduced to silence under the authority of routine. Prefects moved between lines correcting posture, adjusting spacing, enforcing order that most of them had long stopped questioning.

Mallory stood somewhere in the middle rows.

Not hidden.

Not highlighted.

Just placed.

That was how she existed most of the time—positioned inside spaces without ever fully belonging to their center.

Her hands were still. Her gaze was forward. Her expression was calm in the way people learned to be calm when they didn't want attention drawn to themselves.

But inside her, calm was not always quiet.

Sometimes it felt like something was moving beneath it.

Not thoughts.

Not emotions.

Something else she couldn't name properly.

It came in moments—brief distortions in awareness where the world felt slightly delayed, as if reality was arriving half a breath after she had already sensed it.

She never spoke about it.

There was no language for things that did not behave normally.

The principal's voice carried through the loudspeakers, stretched slightly by distance and aging equipment. Instructions. Warnings. Academic reminders. The usual structure holding the school together.

Around her, the students remained still.

But stillness was never the same for everyone.

For some, it was obedience.

For others, boredom.

For Mallory, it was something closer to waiting.

Not for anything she could explain.

Just... waiting.

A breeze moved across the assembly ground.

Small. Almost unnoticeable.

And yet Mallory felt it before it touched her skin.

That was the first thing she had learned not to question about herself—
how often her body reacted before her mind understood why.

Her fingers tightened slightly at her sides.

Then relaxed.

The moment passed.

Across the rows, life continued normally. A girl whispered and was corrected. Another adjusted her stance too late and earned a sharp glance from a prefect. Someone coughed and tried to make it sound accidental.

Ordinary school life.

But underneath it, something older than routine was present.

Not visible.

Not acknowledged.

Just there.

Mallory shifted her weight slightly.

And for a brief second, she felt it again.

That same awareness.

Except this time it wasn't random.

It felt... directed.

Like something had briefly looked back at her.

Her eyes flickered—not turning, not searching, just adjusting instinctively. The sensation faded immediately, leaving her unsure whether it had ever existed at all.

She frowned faintly, then forced her attention forward again.

The assembly continued.

But something inside the structure of the morning had changed.

Not enough for anyone else to notice.

But enough for something to begin.

Far beyond the school walls, unseen by anyone present, systems older than the institution itself registered a shift.

Not loud.

Not dramatic.

Just a signal.

A recognition.

And in that quiet acknowledgment, Mallory—still standing among hundreds of other students—became something the world had just started to account for.

Without telling her.

Without warning her.

Without asking permission.

And once something is noticed like that, it rarely goes back to being unseen again.

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