

SOME LEGENDS NEVER DIED.
THEY WERE ONLY SEPARATED
UNTIL THE REUNION.



THE
LOST STORY
—
THE
REUNION

OBUROH ROLI ESQ

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THE REUNION — Chapter 1

Menora did not enter Heaven the way beings entered it before.

He did not arrive.

He settled into it.

—

The first sign was silence.

Not absence of sound, but absence of distinction—like every layer of Heaven had briefly forgotten how to separate itself from what was entering.

—

Then the temple appeared.

Not built.

Not summoned.

But remembered into existence by a system that could no longer ignore what stood at its center.

—

And Menora was there.

—

He had taken the appearance of YHWH.

Not imitation.

Not disguise.

But convergence of form into the most absolute reference Heaven possessed.

The closest thing to authority that reality had ever encoded.

—

He stood at the threshold of the inner temple, and the structure reacted instantly.

Walls did not break.

They expanded.

Not outward—but around him.

—

Because there was nowhere else for reality to go.

—

His presence filled the entire temple space in a single continuous pressure of divine certainty.

Not forceful.

Not violent.

Simply total.

—

Even the light inside the temple shifted, as if recalibrating what it meant to illuminate something that was already defined by illumination itself.

—

Menora's gaze moved slowly across the structure of Heaven.

Not searching.

Not observing.

Recognizing.

—

The Keepers registered it immediately:

Primary Authority Convergence Node — Active Presence in Central Temple Layer

—

No anomaly warning followed.

Because the system no longer interpreted him as anomaly.

It interpreted him as continuing structure.

—

Above all layers, YHWH remained seated upon the throne of absolute authority.

Unmoved.

Unshaken.

Unchallenged in posture.

—

But for the first time, the throne was not alone in definition.

It was mirrored below.

—

Menora tilted his head slightly, as if acknowledging something familiar.

His expression—wearing YHWH's form—carried something almost irreverent.

Smug, as always.

Not arrogance born of ignorance.

But certainty born of completion.

—

“You still hold this shape,” he said quietly.

The temple did not echo his voice.

It absorbed it.

—

And somewhere beyond layered Heaven, the system prepared for what it could no longer categorize as intrusion or arrival.

—

Because Menora had not come to break Heaven.

He had come to stand inside it as something it could no longer fully distinguish from itself.

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