

An Electric Storm Of Thoughts

Chaostar

The facial muscles of the bracelet's owner are asymmetrically stretched.

His mouth is closed, compressed from the weight of anxiety.

As for his black optic sensors, they are casting sparks in the dim luminosity of the room.

An electric storm of thoughts is raging inside them.

For a long moment, his contact with the external environment is broken.

The kind face of his procreator managed to sneak through the unguarded gates

of his mind, gradually changing, turning into a frozen mask of illness and horror. She is not alone.

She

has brought along a company of loathsome statues and deformities!

Moments of agony pass before he manages to escape the grasp of the nightmare.

Fortunately, there are more comfortable memories to hold.

His first meeting with Gaia for example...