**Children of the Apocalypse**

by **Sparkflight206**

**Summary**

Born with a seemingly terrible gift, the children were ostracised by their village at a young age because of their apparent curse. One day, they were about to be killed by a mob when I intervened. I saw their potential and destroyed the hideous excuses for human beings that sought to snuff out their young lives. I will see it grow, and shake the world to its core, that is why I saved them.

My very existence is being targeted by the dragons and their children, my only ally is the Sky Dragon Grandeeneey, but I intend to fight fire with fire. These children will join my own daughter in being the children of the Dragon King, following in my footsteps. They will show the world once again, why one must always beware the darkness, for at its heart is Ragnarok, the end of all days, and I am its harbinger.

I am the Black Dragon of the Apocalypse. I am their father. I am Acnologia, and I will watch them rise. They will usher the Era of Dragons to a close, and I will watch my children of different elements rise.

They are mine and mine alone.

“Kill the monsters!”

“Get out of our village Zeref-spawn!”

The mob had finally cornered the beaten and bruised triplets and their mother, pushing them just over the village limits and beyond the wall. A man walked forward, unaware he was watched by hollow white eyes in the mountains.

“Minato, please…” Kushina tried. He struck her across the face.
“Silence witch, you have contaminated this village enough already with your demon spawn!”

“Please, the child!”

“Will die with you! Its surely an abomination like them!” He growled, stabbing the knife in his hand into her torso.

The creature in the mountains had seen enough. It could see into the people's souls, and what it saw was disgusting. With rage permeating its sound, the gargantuan creature let out a cataclysmic screech that reverberated across the land, shaking the earth, blasting the trees with shockwaves, sending the air currents into chaos and echoing terrifyingly in their ears.

The blonde man looked up from his beaten down children, shocked to hear the otherworldly roar that sounded. From the mountains, pure magic energy ran rampant, lighting the dark giants with menacing pale blue light, making them look possessed. From it shot a massive shadow, silent with fury.

Soaring across the pitch black sky, the dragon rocketed at the abusive father, silent as a nightmare. The heart of the mountains still aglow, the jet black dragon adorned by blue flame-like marks gathered magic in its lungs and fired it from its maw. A beam of pale blue magic energy raked across the land in a straight line, creating a titanic line of explosions that follow in the wake of the mighty beast. The ground would be forever scarred, becoming a ravine that would last until the end of the world.

With the flaps of wings that were scale versions of a bird’s, the massive reptilian creature landed with a crash as its appendages touched the ground and loomed over the mob, no other target in its mind. Finally it spoke.

"You ostracise three innocent, blameless children simply because they cannot control their magic? You attempt to kill your own wife? I will not tolerate your deplorable existence, prepare to see the other side of oblivion."

The hollow white eyes glowed with an evil red tinge and the terrifying dragon blasted up into the sky in a single flap, and fired its Roar, eradicating the entire village and its inhabitants with it.

Minato Namikaze was the last to disintegrate, scream in pain as he was vaporised before his wounded wife. His agonised face was the last thing to go. The Black Dragon landed and studied the destroyed landscape. Turning around, the titanic beast spoke to the ones it left untouched.

"I myself was once subject to the same ridicule, I cannot tolerate it."

"Personally, I’m glad he’s dead.” Menma replied darkly, getting up and wiping the blood from his mouth. “He was a cruel and pathetic excuse for a man.”

“Menma!” Kushina exclaimed, scandalised by his disrespectful behaviour, despite the knife in her ribs.

Naruto forced himself to his feet and helped Himeko up as the creature replied. “It is quite alright, your son speaks the truth. I suspect if I had not kill him, one of your children would have.”

Now it looked intently at the three blonde children. Its hollow white eyes raced them, but where it really focused was their eyes. They were much like its at that age. Full of pain, but determined to move past it and fight on, come hell or high water. They were so strong inside, they had simply been forced into submission.
“You gonna kill us too? Then get it over with.” Menma inquired.

“Kill you? I would never do that, I know that look in your eyes. I like that look, it shows the truth of your soul. But souls can be changed. It would be a tragedy to kill you, your story has not even started. Iwa rerubeki hanashi wa kono yō ni hajimarimasu.”

“And that means?”

Kushina’s pained question seemed to amuse the dragon. With a wicked grin, it translated the Dragon Tongue into English. “Iwa rerubeki hanashi wa kono yō ni hajimarimasu. The tale to be told begins thus. That tale is the tale of the Dragon Slayer, which the three of you children shall play out. I correct myself, the four of you children.”

Scooping up the humans, it flew back to its nest at high speeds, fully aware of the dying mother. The journey through the dark sky was swift, given its full velocity was being harnessed.

Slipping nimbly through the entrance of the cave, it landed and growled commandingly. “I have need of you Grandeeney.”

The smaller, white, owl-like dragon within made her way swiftly to its side and examined the wound critically as the three children jumped down from the pitch black claws. There was quite a large amount of blood, the bigger dragon noticed. After a few moments, the Sky Dragon replied.

“The wound is fatal. I can save either her, or the child, but I can’t do both.”

“The child.” It commanded. The child could be taught magic, the mother would simply not help at all.

Complying with the order, Grandeeney tapped her claw against Kushina’s stomach and looked the woman in the eyes. There was sorrow in the Sky Dragon’s entirely sky blue orbs, so much of it. “Forgive me.”

Then her Sky Dragon Slayer Magic tore through the flesh without damaging it, enrapturing the foetus and temporarily transforming it into a ball of energy. Regretfully closing her eyes, Grandeeney shed a tear and tore the orb from the red haired woman’s body, damaging her insides beyond repair. It was instantaneous, and irreversible. Kushina’s eyes widened and she gasped in pain before her head fell slack, hitting the surface of the other dragon’s clawed hand. She was dead.

Focusing on her own body, the white feathered, winged reptile started to change it. New hormones flooded her system and she nearly lost control due to them. Stabilising the chemical messengers in her body, she manipulated her own womb to be ready to receive the child and continue the pregnancy. That done, the sphere of energy entered it and returned to physical form, a shell forming around it. Grandeeney had transferred the growing baby from its human mother into herself.

“Mother!” Himeko screamed when their parent fell dead in the creature’s hand.

She understood that the female dragon had saved her younger sibling in the making, but she still felt sorrow. Menma was indifferent, but Naruto wrapped his arms around her neck from behind and let her clutch at him.

The youngest of the three triplets, she was the most emotionally vulnerable for sure. Naruto, the middle one, was the most compassionate one, allow others to cry on his shoulder while not hiding
his own emotions. Menma, the eldest of the trio of 7 year olds, was quite contemptuous of anything or anyone he didn’t respect.

The Black Dragon looked down at the triplets and considered them carefully. It could give them any type of magic given its own was pure energy, it could undergo any element or state change. That was how it produced different effects with various spells.

It looked the indifferent boy, the eldest. “Dark for you boy, you have a blackness in your soul that will feed off it well.”

Next was the other boy.

“Hellfire would serve you well, you channel your emotions, but you keep a hold over them so they do not run rampant.”

“Ice.” It decided as it gazed at the vulnerable girl who was drying her tears slowly. “You are fragile, quite like it, but you can be stronger than any force that tries to shatter you if you reinforce yourself.”

Laying the corpse of their former mother on the ground, the gargantuan dragon created a nexus of its pure energy Dragon Slayer Magic in its hand. The blood of the dead woman then was dragged into it, none being left on the scales, and the pale blue light turned black, crimson and ice blue, the liquid disintegrating.

A blast of gravity forced the triplets apart and onto their backs on the ground.

The hollow white eyes focused on them and it used its blue magic to raise three slabs of rock up out of the cave floor, serving as ritual tables beneath them. They were decorated by engraved lines, leading the centre the top.

The Black Dragon’s own blood was secreted from his scales, and absorbed the magic, staying in separate bodies to prevent contamination.

The magicalised blood, no type or elemental change, radiating from its clawed hand was then slammed down on the similarly decorated circle where it had channelled the magic into the ground to summon the ritual tables.

The magic essence split into the 3 separate colours and flowed in a dark red liquid form down the lines, pouring down into a small trench that went all the way around the ritual table. The ominous dragon’s magic flared and the liquid began to rise, up the straight grooves and up to the top. Following the engraved lines, the liquid flowed to directly under the trio and met in the centre of the tables.

And they screamed.

The blood infused with magic evaporated and took to the air as ribbons of mist. The streams wrapped around their bodies, crossing at intermittent points as they writhed on the ritual tables.

Eventually, the dancing magical mist sunk into their skin and they underwent cosmetic changes at the final stage. Black streaks appeared in Menma’s sun blonde hair and his irises turned onyx, the pupils slitted. His left arm was covered in black markings down to his wrist, his hand entirely black. Naruto didn’t change at all outwardly except for his pupils becoming slitted. Himeko’s change however, was the most dramatic.
As she screamed and writhed on the stone slab, her sun hair paled to platinum blonde, the new colour seeping out from the roots of her hair, dying it permanently the new colour to the tips. Her skin paled too, as if she’d never seen the sun. In a moment, she stopped thrashing and went completely still, lying flat on her back, eyes closed. Beneath closed lids, her irises turned ice blue and her pupils went slitted.

The three got up. The Black Dragon flared his magic and in response, theirs activated. An aura of black darkness radiated from Menma, crimson flames roared into life around Naruto and an icy mist was emitted from Himeko’s body.

“Excellent. You rise, now you are my children. Your memories up until your transcendence are over, it is your choice if you forget them or not. My blood flows through your veins now, and you will join your younger sister. Wendy is asleep at this point in time, you will meet her when she awakes.”

With that, the larger dragon’s form glowed pale blue and transformed into pure magic energy, which compressed into a small, male human form.

He was a rather muscular young man with long, dark blue coloured hair. He carried a sharp gaze; his eyes had black circles around them. He was dark-skinned, and on his body he bore the same light blue markings he did as a dragon. For attire, he donned a high collared, black cloak, which also bore his draconian markings, sharp red claws on a cord around his neck, a sash around his waist, a gold arm ring tightened around his right upper arm, and baggy pants which were decorated the same as the cloak.

“I am Acnologia. Grandeeney will be your mother from this day, and you will be our students and children.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!