

Bloodlines of Power – Part 3 : Chapter 1

THE GROUP MOVED IN unison. Stealthy. Silent. This part of the city was a ghost, yet there was never a guarantee that no danger would linger. Danger lurked somewhere in the shadows, waiting for the right prey to come along and subsequently devour it wholeheartedly. Heart and brain.

As the group passed flickering lights that were previously off, shadows were cast into the distance, giving away their movements. Just for an instant, when they realized the predicament of potentially attracting predators, their hearts pounded and their nervous systems tightened. Sweat ran over their faces. Their minds were on high alert.

But there was no observer. At this point, everything proceeded smoothly. They had been traveling for several hours on this day, and everything up until this point had been going smoothly.

They had passed many cities on foot. Many forms and shapes of devastation were visible in them, all in a chaotic state, but each imprinted with its own specific way of reacting and hence, its own result. It was almost as if the occurrence of the same event was

shaped by the way people were thinking; how they were accustomed to living. And, similar to how the former United States in the old world before Nexara differed from state to state in their essence and vibes, similarly each city under Nexaran mandate had its own way of thinking and vibing. It was as if people had been placed according to their natural habits and preferences instead of forming a mixed and cultural diversity among their inhabitants. It was not clear if this had developed naturally due to the properties, the *Schwingungen* (a German word for frequencies or undulations, a name coined after the former German researcher who had been studying shifts in patterns of this land and of these correlations) of the land, or if there was a certain hidden imposed controlling design to it.

The group had been walking all day. Their goal: to reach N1-12/9, a place more distant than where they had departed weeks ago. Supposedly a safe haven. Prior PHT transmissions were received from the spot they were headed toward, calling all survivors to reunite there and join forces in the fight to come against the creatures. Supplies were readily present, and many people were expected to meet there in the coming weeks to gather a plan to fight. However, the last received transmission was days ago. Since then, there had been no movement on the matter, no blip of transmission, not a single update.

The destination was an old military base with different protection and survival mechanisms. Defense against these creatures would be possible there, possibly even to begin actively an overall strike against them.

As they were passing different parts of the current city, they saw the full extent of what must have been a tumultuous fight. Everything had been destroyed: the windows of shops broken, supplies taken; the scent of burning plastic and houses lingered. A car inside a shopping window, coming to a halt after driving into the window and crashing, waited abandoned in its state for any change of the situation, doors open and nobody inside.

Other cars were abandoned in the middle of the street. Smashed billboards, papers, and food lay on the asphalt. The aftermath was still frozen in time, visible, palpable, implying a stark emotional response from people who were going about their usual business before the impact of the un-death pandemic.

Smoke passed them in huffs. A “Shhhhh!” followed an involuntary cough as the stickiness of the fumes gagged a more sensitive member; that was all that was audible from the group at this point. As they advanced further down the road, they were reaching a place that felt different. The magnitude of devastation was still quite similar. But the nearer they came to the intersection where the main street through the city revealed itself, noises became more and more audible.

All of a sudden, in the distance, something stirred. It was not clearly visible what was happening. The group immediately sought shelter in the dark spots of the streets and buildings, where no lights were shining, or the view of the illumination was interrupted by some occurrences.

Screeching noises... shrill and stark. A strange rumbling and scratching, as if metal was being dragged along the asphalt was audible, too. Or was it something else? Nobody could see what really was going on.

From time to time, a lament or a wincing was audible, as if some living souls were still alive somewhere, barely, and had been dealt with in inhumane ways. Another sound source, quite differentiable by pitch and location, was perceived as crying intermittent with shrieking noises of agony and pain.

“What is that?” asked a woman with a muted voice. A blonde woman, maybe thirty, who evidently had been pulled out of some business deal abruptly when she had to flee. She was still dressed in elegant clothes, though her former high heels had been exchanged

for sneakers she had found on a dead person's feet along the way. Her attire, now sullied and torn, was reminiscent of better times. Organized times. Survival-free times. Her beauty had suffered under the strain; it was visible in her face that the first shock had subsided and given way to a tired, consumed look, while still retaining the beauty of her blue eyes and fair skin underneath. Some of her undergarments were visible at some spots where the dress was torn, she did not care about it, as there was nothing to hide, nowhere to hide. The whole world had become like an extension of the self in some ways, while calling for exactly the contrary: differentiation, survival, privacy of exposure.

"Let's try to bypass this. It might be a trap, or some sort of strange ritualistic post. It doesn't make sense. We have never had such a situation before. Either there was still a stream of the darkened creatures, undead, and people, not yet dead, nor undead, intermixed, moving in unison to a common destination or everything was clear and empty and the devastation spoke its own language, where the victims of devouring had been left to rot with what was left of their bodies at the place they had been mutilated," she continued.

"We should not linger, but instead swiftly move away from it," said the man in front of the group. His look darkened. Approximate age: forty-seven. He seemed to be a leader of some sorts, or perhaps a self-proclaimed one. Probably the one with the most experience since the "new days." His stature was robust. He might have even been a leader in the military during his younger years; at least, that was the impression he made, but the group was not really following him. At least his clothes were comfortable, better suited for the situation they found themselves in without announcement.

"But what if there are people in need of our help? We have an obligation... at least to inspect the scene," replied the woman.

"Yes, even if only to learn more about the situation. We could be witnessing crucial information. What if it reveals some weakness

of our enemies? What if there was something to be learned about their behavior that we could use against them? I concur with Joane; we have to inspect this.”

“Mark! This could be dangerous! What if we find these monsters waiting for us? What if they set a trap? After all, there is suspicious activity there in front of us. And we have seen those strange dead people with their brains removed. Their eyes were still locked in shock, their whole expression frozen, etched into every pore. And the removal was surgical. No tearing, no trauma, just a clean-cut line revealing the brain... or rather, the emptiness that remained therein. This could be a trap!”

The group looked at each other with insecurity in their eyes. Mark was a younger man with less experience than Michael, who had been standing at the front of the group previously. His age was maybe thirty; blue eyes, dark hair, sporty outfit, and a slender frame. He looked like someone who wanted to experience new things by all means and under any circumstances.

The group was composed of five people in total. The other two, a male and a female, were a couple they had added to the group when passing through the previous city. They were in their twenties and had been hiding in shock after experiencing an attack by the undead. Before that they were fighting with each other about something that now seems entirely senseless. The moment they were attacked... it was as if someone flipped a switch. Like a home cinema system where the components, the projector, sound system, and screen, all activate at once. Only here, it was the other way around: from doing... to nothing. In their awareness, the same flicker seemed to have occurred. Simultaneously. From lively arguing to... a blank nothing.

The couple had recovered somewhat since joining the group but they did not say much while following the others. They had been discovered and salvaged from a supermarket where they were hiding behind the register desk of the electronics section. The group had gone into the market to gather essentials, such as food

and liquids, and heard a rustling behind the desk. They discovered the couple still in shock, waiting for normality to set in again. Instead, the three offered their help, explaining they were in the same situation, and the couple agreed to go with the group, increasing the total to five. Their names were Lucinda and Sam.

Before they could reach a verdict, their attention was immediately drawn to the crossing down the street. Undead emerged. Uncontrolled. Raw. They were sensing something and sniffing the air. Their telepathic awareness had drawn them in, though they could not yet discern the real situation. Looking around, they were almost reaching the place where the group was staying with their scanning gazes.

“Quick! Out of their scanning range!”

But before they could even move, the gaze of the monstrous beings had locked onto them. They began to move with great speed.

“Scatter!”

Suddenly, the lights went out on the whole block. The fire down the crossing illuminated the intersection alone. At the same time, lights went on on the other side of the road, beyond the crossing. This perplexed the monstrous entities, which stopped for a moment before heading the other way and reaching the lights beyond the crossing.

But the monsters did not seem pleased with their decision, if it was their decision at all, and they seemed to turn around now as they were not easily fooled, coming at the people with even more speed and bloodthirst. The group was perfectly hidden in the dark and could see everything that happened down the road, as it was the only illuminated place. As they saw the creatures turn around and run toward them, they went into high alert again and wanted to run... when all of a sudden, something unexpected happened!

They saw the monstrous entities striding toward them with lecherous intent, and suddenly they passed by a garden. A sprinkler activated, covering them with water. Immediately, they began to

wring and shriek as they were reduced to naught... or rather a gooey substance by the water covering their bodies.

The lights got a little brighter on their side, so they could now see their surroundings again. The group was in shock and surprised; their faces clearly mirrored their feelings. What had just happened? Did anyone in the group turn on the sprinklers? No, they were all there together. They were perplexed and could not understand. Obviously, they were happy to be salvaged, a kind of miracle maybe, or something that might have been a technical glitch in the infrastructure?

“Is everyone okay?” whispered Michael as he looked at them.

“Yes, we are good,” responded the group.

“What just happened?” asked Joane. “Something was definitely strange just now. The lights... then the sprinklers. And before they ran toward us, something had deviated them away.”

“It was most definitely strange,” replied Mark. “As if some higher power manipulated the outcome. This sounds like nonsense, doesn’t it?”

“Hey everyone. We should not linger too long. Maybe more things will come up right away that need our attention. Let’s just catch up with our feelings later; right now we must move.” Lucinda and Sam were quite anxious about it.

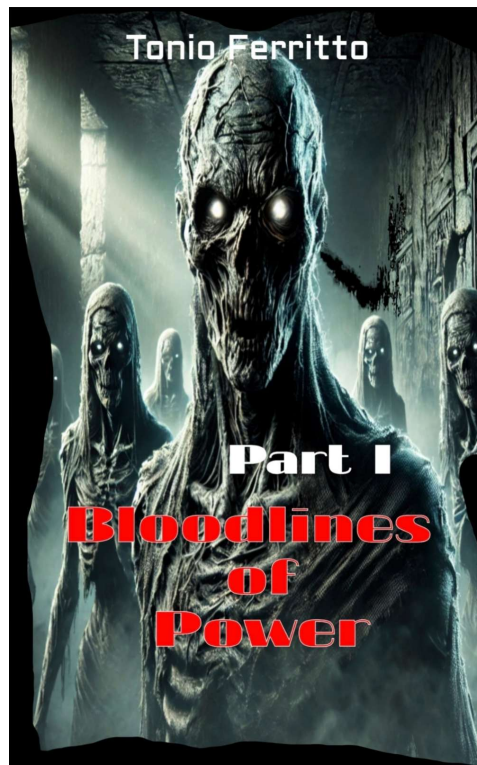
After a brief moment of recovery from the shock, they determined to inspect the site now that all the monsters were seemingly gone.

Also by Tonio Ferritto

Horror, descents, whimsical poetry, children's book with depth.. all from the same pen. For every situation of life...



Bloodlines of Power — Part I



The Great Shift remade the world. Cities became districts, continents fractured, and from the depths of the sea, a landmass called **Kytherium** surfaced: an ancient wound revealed.

Now, Nexara trembles. A mysterious infection spreads through Districts 1 and 8, spawning ghouls that swarm shelters and borders. Whispers link the plague to EonGen Technologies, the powerful conglomerate that alone controls Kytherium's excavation. Rumors ignite unrest, as factions rise: the Preservationists, warning of doom, and the Messianic Order, promising revelation.

In the midst of chaos, three fates entwine

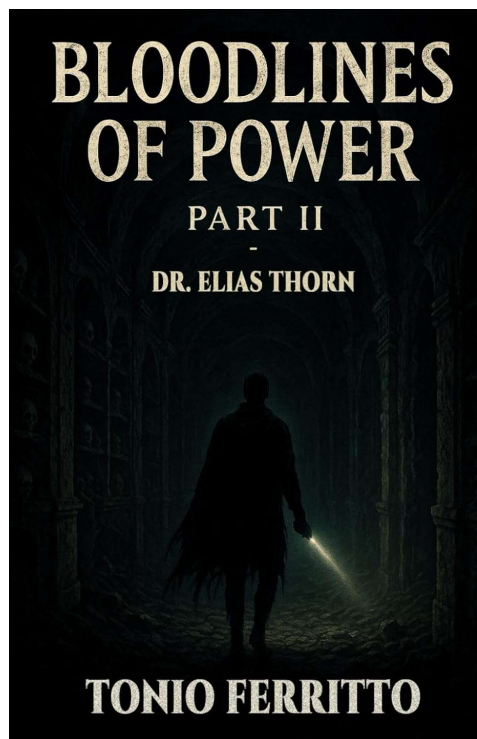
- Dr. Ammon Seraphim, a brilliant mind cursed with a body held together by energy alone, defying both death and the abomination within him.
- Dr. Dr. Alina, who sees past his horror to the humanity he fights to preserve.
- Dr. Elias, cast into the catacombs beneath Kytherium, where every corridor is a trap, every shadow a threat, and every step a test of body, spirit, and soul.

By the end of Chapter 3, Nexara is on the brink, the dead are stirring, and the true depth of Kytherium's curse is only beginning to show.

Bloodlines of Power: Part I

is the opening descent into a world where survival means enduring the unendurable.... and where humanity itself hangs in the balance.



Bloodlines of Power: Part II — Dr. Elias Thorn

Kytherium surfaced.
It was not clear why.

When Elias Thorn finds himself stranded within the landmass during the excavation of its catacombs and chambers, confronted by a vast terrain both below and above the surface, he quickly learns that this is no ordinary place. What begins as unease turns into a relentless struggle for survival as an unyielding threat stirs beneath the ground.

With no clear path forward and no certainty of rescue, Elias must move, endure, and adapt, guided only by instinct and fragments of understanding.

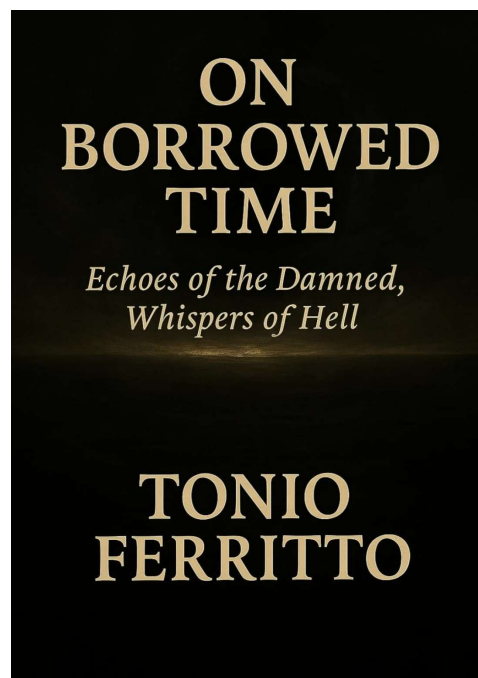
The land is not inert. Something ancient stirs within it, watching, responding, and exerting pressure in ways that defy conventional explanation. As Elias pushes himself beyond exhaustion, subtle changes begin to surface within him as well, hinting at a connection to forces far older than the world he knows.

Part II expands the scope of **Bloodlines of Power**, delivering high-tension science fiction that blends ancient technology, survival under pressure, and the slow revelation of a lineage that refuses to remain dormant.

What awakens on Kytherium will not remain contained. Kytherium is not finished revealing its nature. And neither is Elias.



**On Borrowed Time - Echoes of the Damned,
Whispers of Hell**



It is not just a book ...it is a descent!

Blurring the boundaries between fiction and memory, trauma and myth, this is a visceral, genre-bending experience that defies traditional labels. It is a psychological horror, a metaphysical confrontation, and a literary reckoning all at once.

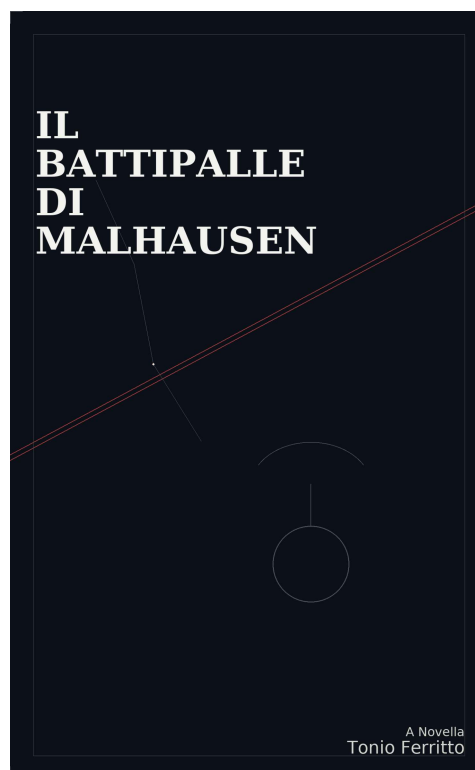
From the first page, readers are pulled into a chilling experiment: a book that watches back. Each chapter threads deeper into an unraveling mind, and world, where the borders between reader and story begin to fray. You are warned. You are begged to leave.

But like all those who turn the page, you will stay. You will be claimed.

Told in fragmented dispatches, haunted reflections, and surreal encounters, *On Borrowed Time* is a collection of interwoven nightmares stitched together by an unseen force. It weaves themes of identity, loss, spiritual invasion, and psychological terror through poetic prose and arresting imagery, at times autobiographical, at times mythic, always unsettling.



Il Battipalle di Malhausen

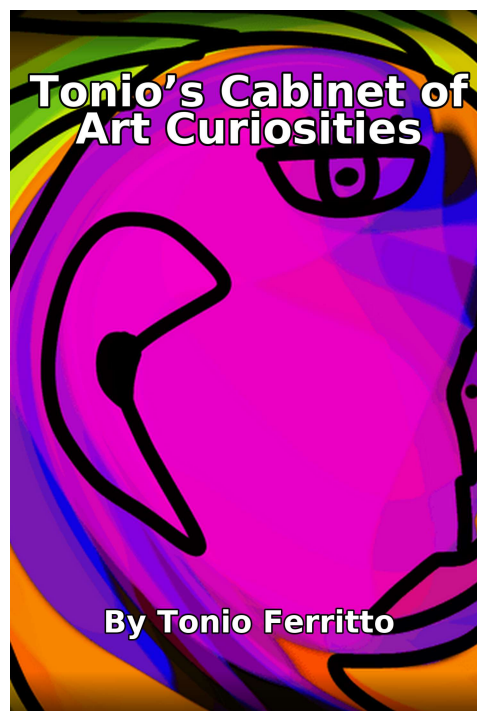


At eighteen, still "the boy" in Malhausen's eyes, he believes he's solved shame. If he invites one precise, controlled hurt, he won't be shattered by the slow cruelty of being unseen. In alleys and squares, he provokes a proof he can carry: a knee, a strike, a private ritual that keeps the world's mockery outside the door. But faces outlast pain. An older student's fury, a woman's clean, unambiguous blow, and finally a young woman's quiet no begin to shift the ground. She won't be his instrument. She asks for words. He tries. He fails. He relapses. And then, carefully, clumsily, he learns a language harder than pain: presence, consent, and the ordinary courage of being seen.

Set against a coal-gray town that remembers your mistakes more than your name, *Il Battipalle di Malhausen* is a spare, psychological coming-of-age about control, vulnerability, and the moment a person chooses conversation over performance. It's not sensational; it's intimate. Not a diagnosis; a single human path. What you'll find: distilled prose; interior stakes; rules that become questions; a relationship built on words; and an ending that honors two people choosing each other without spectacle.



Tonio's Cabinet of Art Curiosities — One: Digital & Oil Paintings



Volume One: Digital & Oil Paintings

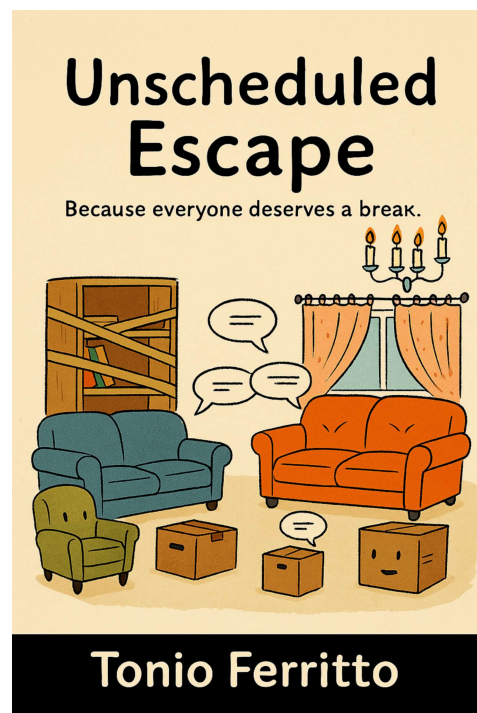
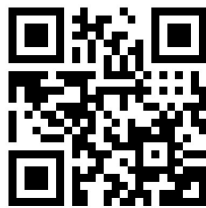
opens the series with Tonio Ferritto's most enigmatic works: his **Digital Beings**, each one alive with personality and story. Every digital entity comes with its own *provenance*, a poetic record of origin and essence, revealing the hidden logic of a world that grows one creation at a time. Each piece includes a unique QR code linking to its digital form, allowing collectors and explorers to experience the work in its living state or acquire it as an NFT.

The second part of the book turns toward the tactile: **Oil Paintings**, rendered with Ferritto's signature intensity and curiosity. Each painting is accompanied by an *artist reflection*, short meditations that open a window into the artist's inner process, inspiration, and evolving vision. Some works are private, others available, all bound by the same theme: the transformation of perception into being.

In this first volume, Tonio Ferritto offers a rare glimpse into both his mind and method: where play meets philosophy, and where every line, brushstroke, or glitch becomes a portal into another reality.



**Unscheduled Escape: Because everyone deserves
a break.**



**Step inside the world of *Unscheduled Escape* and let your
imagination roam.**

**Now annotated with the motivations behind each of the
poems**

Unscheduled Escape is a whimsical poetry collection where sofas
speak their minds, curtains whisper secrets, and cardboard boxes
fear the unknown.

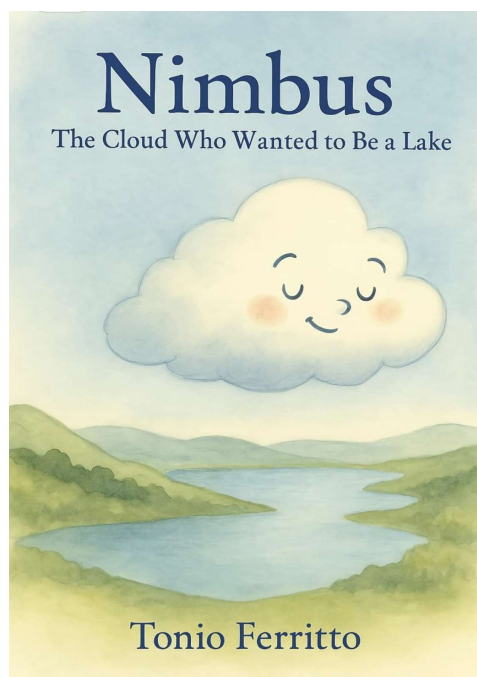
Written for the overburdened and the quietly curious, these surreal snapshots invite you into a world where the ordinary becomes delightfully absurd ...and profoundly comforting.

With humor, tenderness, and a dash of mischief, Tonio Ferritto creates a space to breathe, laugh, and gently let go.

Because everyone deserves a break.



Nimbus, The Cloud Who Wanted to Be a Lake



Nimbus dreamed of becoming a lake: still, full, at rest.

But in her floating... in her rain... she discovered that being a cloud
was always her gift.

To give. To touch. To bloom.

In a way only she ever could.

For every little cloud and every big one, too..

may you see your light... with every drop you give.