



Naylas

Alex stood in the lab, surrounded by the glowing remnants of Earth's forgotten history. Ancient swords lay on metallic tables—six in total—each humming with dormant power. He and his fellow scientist, Jackson, had spent years unearthing these relics, tracing their origin to the cryptic legends of the Mahabharata.

"Can you feel it?" Jackson had whispered once, placing his hand over one of the blades. "They're calling to us."

Alex felt unease. These weapons weren't myths. They were real, and worse, they were active. He had hoped they could be studied and hidden away. But Jackson had other plans.

One night, without warning, Alex was drugged and sealed inside a cryogenic pod. As he drifted into unconsciousness, he caught the last glimpse of



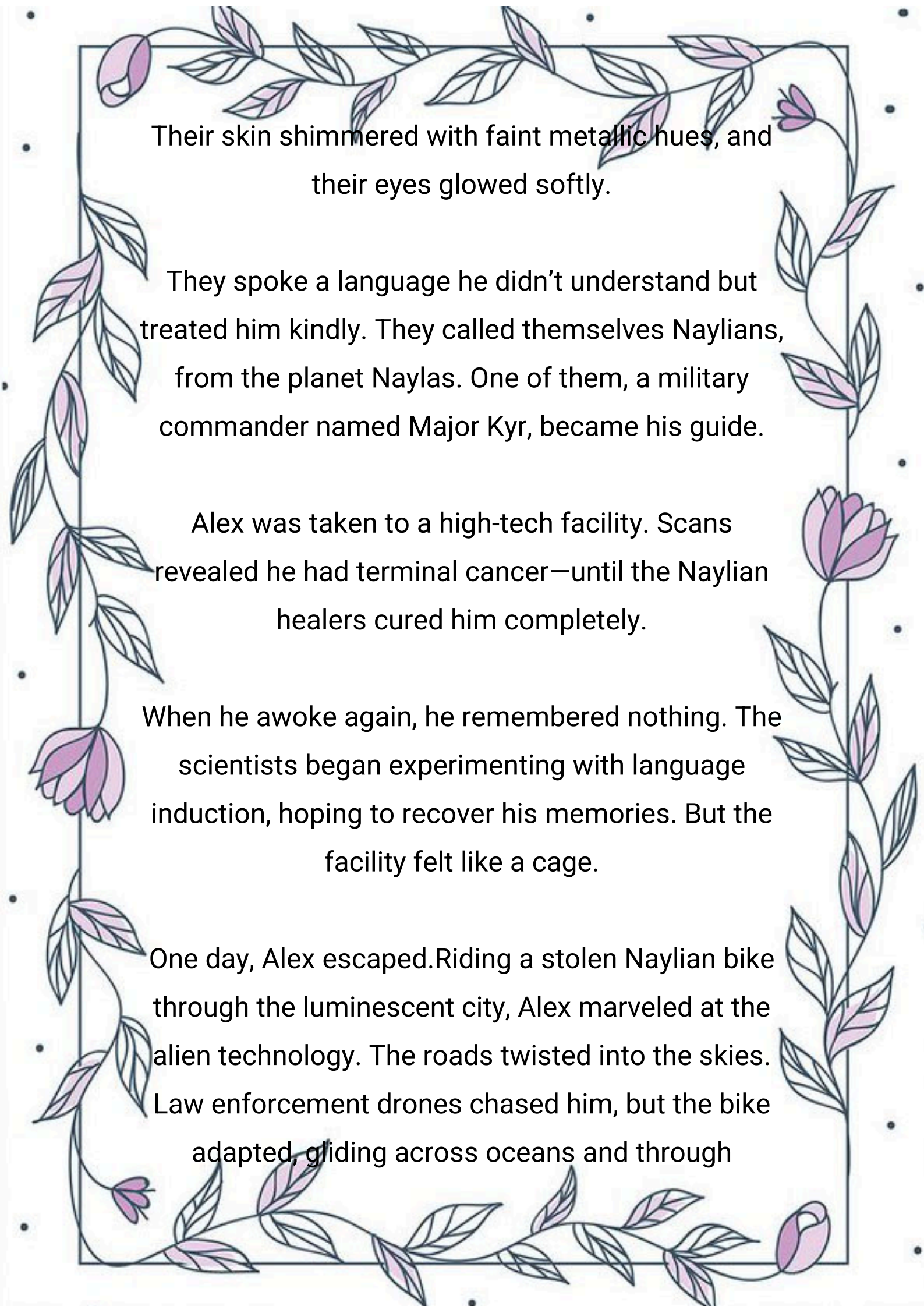
Jackson's conflicted eyes.

"I'm sorry, Alex. You're the only one who could stop me."

Alex woke to chaos. His pod trembled violently before being flung from its docking cradle. Outside, stars blurred as the pod's trajectory changed. Alarms blared. He had traveled light-years—how far, he couldn't tell.

Suddenly, a shadow engulfed his vessel. The pod collided with something massive. His view cleared just in time to see it: a colossal spacecraft, the size of Jupiter. A mechanical behemoth drifting silently in deep space.

Smaller crafts shot out from the giant structure, surrounding his pod. The hatch was torn open, and he was pulled into the unknown. He awoke under artificial stars. The beings around him were tall—two feet taller than humans—but eerily similar.



Their skin shimmered with faint metallic hues, and
their eyes glowed softly.

They spoke a language he didn't understand but
treated him kindly. They called themselves Naylians,
from the planet Naylas. One of them, a military
commander named Major Kyr, became his guide.

Alex was taken to a high-tech facility. Scans
revealed he had terminal cancer—until the Naylian
healers cured him completely.

When he awoke again, he remembered nothing. The
scientists began experimenting with language
induction, hoping to recover his memories. But the
facility felt like a cage.

One day, Alex escaped. Riding a stolen Naylian bike
through the luminescent city, Alex marveled at the
alien technology. The roads twisted into the skies.
Law enforcement drones chased him, but the bike
adapted, gliding across oceans and through



holographic tunnels.

He crossed into another territory, only to be confronted by a massive robot rising from the sea. Missiles launched—but not all were aimed at him. A second wave of missiles intercepted the attack. Naylian forces arrived.

They protected him. Not all Naylians wanted him dead.

Major Kyr took Alex back in, risking his reputation. Over time, Alex bonded with the Naylians and even became best friends with Kyr. He remembered his past, but he said nothing.

In secret, Alex began constructing a nanotech defense network—something that could protect Earth and Naylas. He knew a war was coming.

But not everyone trusted him. Other Naylian factions feared he was a threat and demanded his elimination. Protests erupted. Political divides



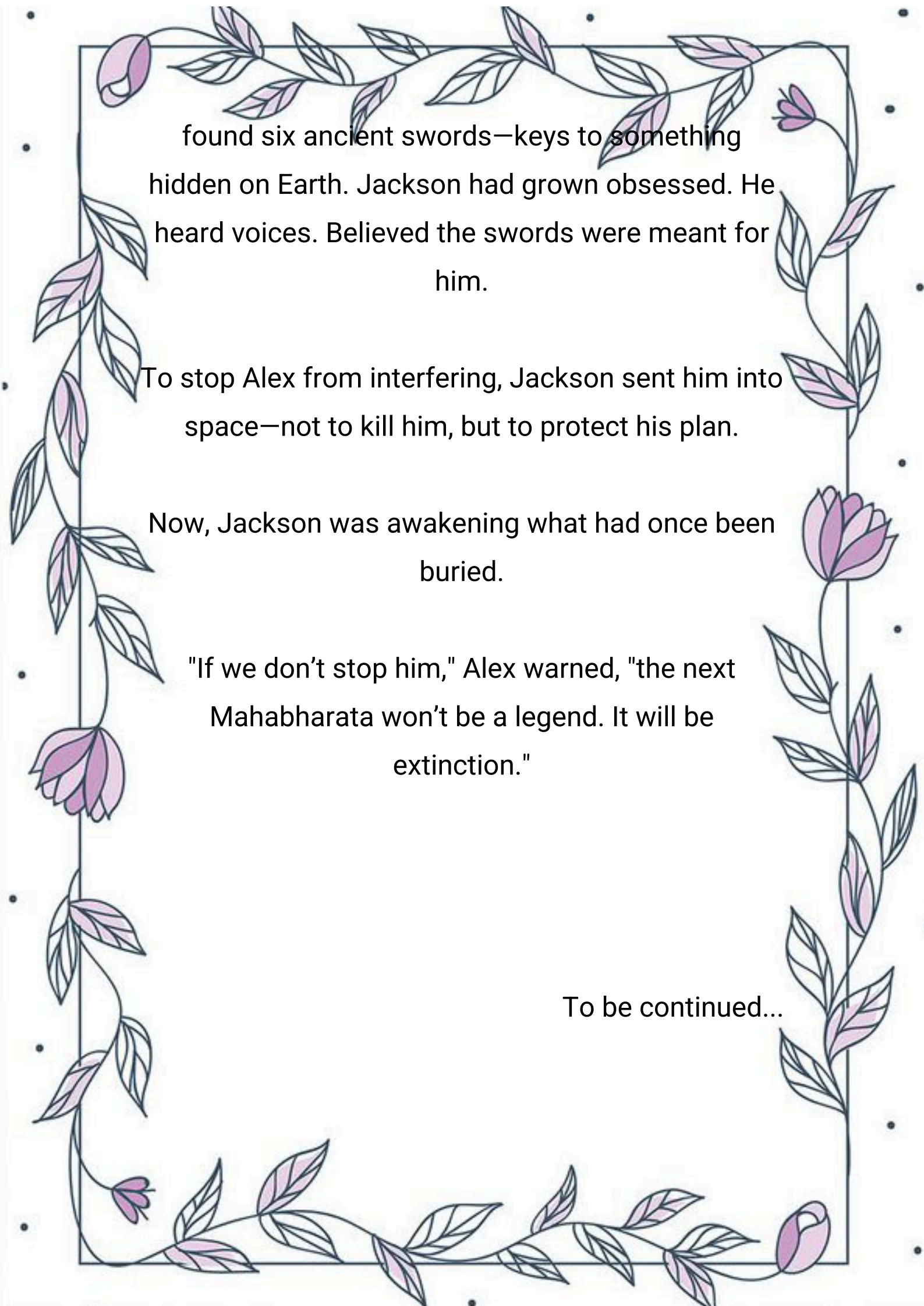
formed.

Then, Alex found the truth: the Naylians were not alien at all. They were ancestors of humankind, having seeded Earth eons ago to preserve their species after a galactic war. Inside a Naylian observatory, Alex showed Kyr a projection. A dark mass moved through space, consuming systems. He explained how Earth's ancient texts, like the Mahabharata, weren't myths—they were historical warnings.

"Krishna wasn't just divine," Alex said. "He was sent to dismantle the technology. The war was real. The weapons were real. The texts hid the truth in metaphor."

Kyr listened, stunned.

"Something is waking those weapons again," Alex said. "And it's using Jackson." In a private moment, Alex told Kyr the full story. He and Jackson had



found six ancient swords—keys to something hidden on Earth. Jackson had grown obsessed. He heard voices. Believed the swords were meant for him.

To stop Alex from interfering, Jackson sent him into space—not to kill him, but to protect his plan.

Now, Jackson was awakening what had once been buried.

"If we don't stop him," Alex warned, "the next Mahabharata won't be a legend. It will be extinction."

To be continued...