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Dark King – The Edge

Shadow connection · rage, Devouring thoughts, and the third option

Emergency off-the-edge reset – 9 Minutes

You're here because a thought in your head scared you.

They need to pay.

I want to disappear.

I don't trust myself right now.

You don't have to obey it.

Feel whatever is under you—bed, floor, chair, car seat.

Just notice it.

Breathe with me.

In through your nose...

In... two... three... four...

Out through your mouth...

Out... two... three... four... five... six...

Once more.

In... two... three... four...

Out... two... three... four... five... six...

The room thins to shadow.

Air cools.

Your feet are on black rock.

Pillars rise, blue-white flame in iron brackets.

Warm breath brushes the back of your neck.

“Turn,” a low voice says. “Face what called you.”

You turn.

He stands inches away.

Dark hair, silver at his temples.

Eyes ringed with embers—bronze and coal with a razor line of gold, like fires someone tried to stamp out and failed.

He reads every Devouring thought in your face.

For one heartbeat, he flinches.

Then the King settles over him: controlled, calculating.

“I am the Dark King,” he says. “The Devouring they whisper about. I summoned you to be eaten. To hollow you out and burn what’s left as fuel.”

He studies you like a piece on a board.

“But you came here instead of doing what’s in your head,” he murmurs. “That makes you... interesting.”

“The worlds are built on impossible choices. You, little warrior, will be my quiet rebellion. One time I interfere. I arm you—and you walk yourself back off my edge. Agreed?”

If anything in you says yes, even faintly, let it answer.

His hand lifts, then pauses.

“These halls obey consent. Even mine. May I touch you? Neck and chest. To teach your body to breathe under orders instead of panic.”

If your whole being says yes, let it.

One palm presses warm and solid to your upper chest.

The other settles at the back of your neck.

“Grow tall,” he murmurs. “You were not built to bend for them.”

In... two... three... four...

Out... two... three... four... five... six...

Again, same count.

In... two... three... four...

Out... two... three... four... five... six...

“Fast breath says blood in the water. Slow in, slower out says, Stand down. We are under command.”

The roar in your head steps back half a pace.

“There. The edge moved. Remember that.”

He lets you go and nods toward a black pillar.

“Hands here. Stone can take what skin can’t.”

If it feels okay, plant your palms on the cold rock.

In... two... three... four...push!
Out... two... three... four... five... six...

Your muscles shake. The stone does not.

He taps the rock.

“Pillars volunteered. Walls and bone did not.”

“Now hands on the outsides of your thighs.”

You drop your hands to your legs.
He covers them with his.

“Cadence. Kings used it. Guardians refined it. You’ll use it as a code.”

He taps, moving your hands:

Right... right... left... left... hold.

Again on your own:

Right... right... left... left... hold.

“Your brain hears steady, steady, steady, steady, stay. Same breath. Same taps. Anywhere.”

Your shadow thickens and pulls loose.

It rises as a wolf—lean, scarred, eyes bright—then settles at your side, shoulder against your leg.

“This is the part of you that decided no one else was coming, so it would have to guard everything. You treated it like a curse. So it chewed on everyone. Them. You. Anyone close.”

He nods at the wolf.

“Listen carefully. Your anger—the wolf—is your Familiar. It chose you. You are not alone.”

If it feels right, tap your thigh.
The wolf sits at your heel, eyes turned outward.

He steps close again, ember-ringed eyes locked on yours.

“Out there they hand you two choices: swallow it until you rot, or explode and let them call you the monster.”

“There is always a third square. Tonight it’s this: breath. Stone. Cadence. Wolf at heel. You walk yourself off my edge and back into your life.”

“Warrior,” he adds, quieter, “you matter on that board more than they ever taught you. Stay alive long enough for the Guardians to find you.”

The hall thins—pillars fading, flames narrowing to points.

Feel what’s really under you—mattress, tile, chair, seat.
Notice your legs. Your breath.

Run it once:

Hand on the back of your neck, hand over your sternum.

In... two... three... four...

Out... two... three... four... five... six...

Hands on your thighs.

Right... right... left... left... hold.

Picture your wolf at your heel, watching the doorway, not you.

You can open your eyes whenever you’re ready.

When the thoughts turn sharp and loud, remember:

Stone hall.

Pillar under your hands.

Cadence in your bones.
Wolf at your side.

A King who should have devoured you...
...and chose instead to shove you back toward life.

Important:

Dark King – The Edge is a fictional, guided support tool designed to help you pause, breathe, and choose a safer next step.

It is **not** a replacement for therapy, medical advice, or emergency services, and it does not create a therapeutic relationship.

If you are in crisis, thinking about hurting yourself or someone else, or unable to stay safe:

- Call or text **988** (U.S. Suicide & Crisis Lifeline), or
- Call your local emergency number (such as **911** in the U.S.), or
- Go to the nearest emergency room or crisis center.

You're not a burden. You're a human at the edge. Reach out.

Always Free. Supported by Scholarships.

The Edge will always be free for anyone on the brink.

If you'd like to help keep it that way for others, you can sponsor it through a Dark King Scholarship.

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support@enchantedchanges.com