



DREAM ANIME CHRONICLES



THE WARLORD WHO WAITED

Ahrimani Prime
was born into a war
humans thought they
could finish.



Every scar on
their purple scales
became a promise.



The hunters learned
the Ahrimani charge,
the Ahrimani roar,
and the Ahrimani rage.



Prime learned only
that survival without
conquest was another
name for defeat.



Prime answered
extinction with
strength.



They drilled the
pack into a blade.



They led the
charge personally.



The hunters had
already measured
the blade.



Below the
oldest battlefield,
Prime found the
color of a
different victory.



The purple sand
did not promise
mercy.



It promised that
the hour of defeat
could be moved.



Prime first
used time like
another weapon.



A blink became
an ambush.



An ambush
became a maze.



Every stolen
second split the
pack thinner.



Power without
patience was still
a charge.



Then Prime
stopped asking how
to win this battle.



They asked what
humans would become
after they believed the
Ahrimani were gone.



Memory would
soften them.



Tomorrow would
open its throat.



The hunters
prepared for
monsters in
front of them.



Prime moved
the war out
from under
their feet.



The Ahrimani
vanished from
history.



They did not
vanish from
hunger.



Humanity had
forgotten the shape
of Prime's shadow.



Its towers
were tall.

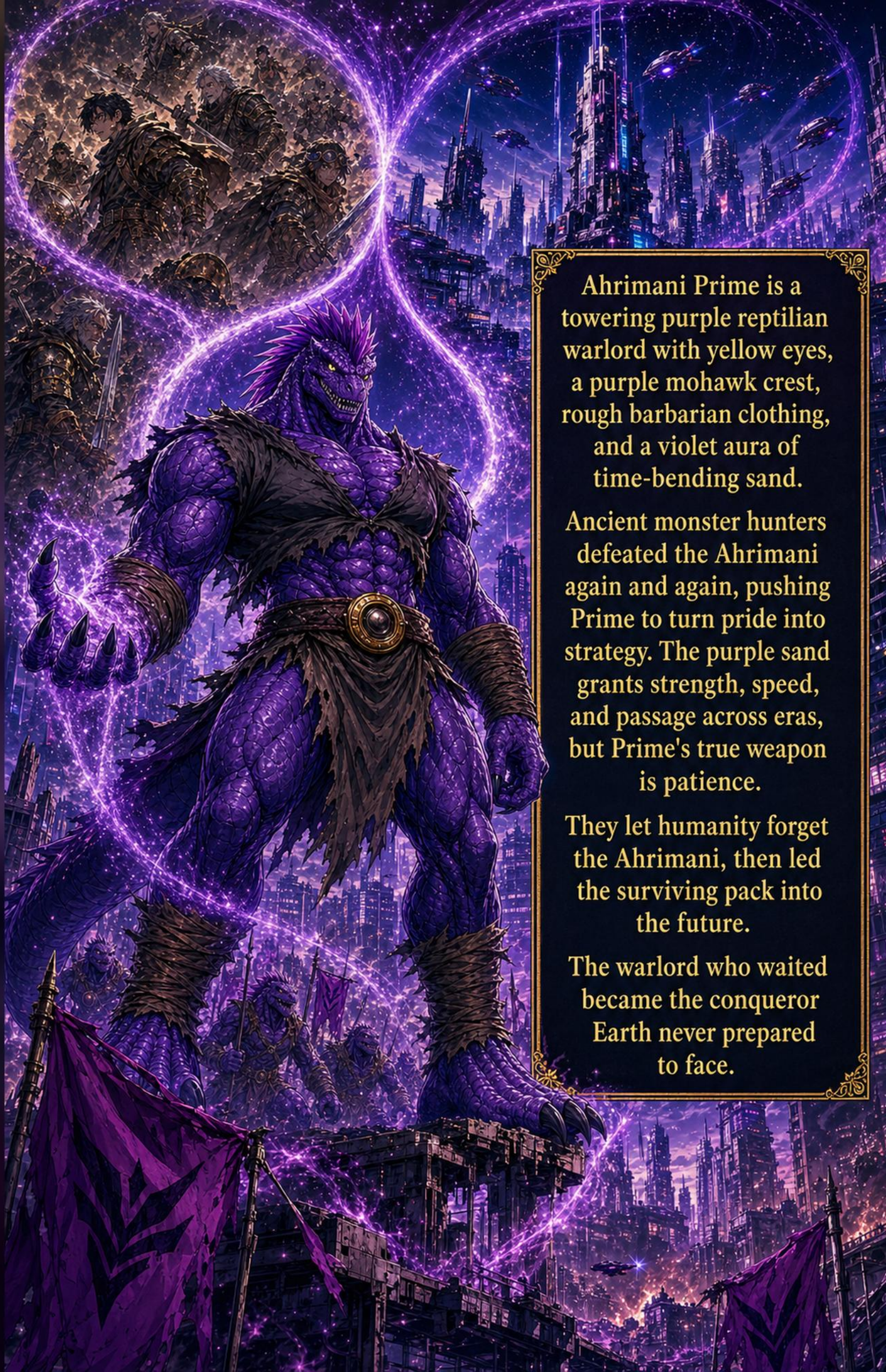


Its fear was
untrained.



Ahrimani Prime did
not conquer by arriving
stronger. They conquered
by arriving late.





Ahrimani Prime is a towering purple reptilian warlord with yellow eyes, a purple mohawk crest, rough barbarian clothing, and a violet aura of time-bending sand.

Ancient monster hunters defeated the Ahrimani again and again, pushing Prime to turn pride into strategy. The purple sand grants strength, speed, and passage across eras, but Prime's true weapon is patience.

They let humanity forget the Ahrimani, then led the surviving pack into the future.

The warlord who waited became the conqueror Earth never prepared to face.