



Escape from the Void

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Herobrine clutched the small, warm bundle against his chest, his white eyes darting through the eternal purple twilight of the End. Behind him, the jagged obsidian pillars stood like silent sentinels, marking the home he was desperate to leave forever.



From the high balcony of the End City, Vordus watched with a cold, calculating gaze, his long limbs casting a terrifying shadow over the void. The air hummed with the sound of his anger, a low vibration that made the very ground tremble beneath Herobrine's feet.



Stumbling through the chorus plants, Herobrine finally spotted the shimmering light of a hidden gateway portal. It was a small, unstable rift, but it was his only chance to find a world where his son could breathe air that didn't taste of Ender pearls.



He took a deep breath and leaped into the swirling vortex, feeling the dimensions tear and pull at his soul. He wrapped his cloak tighter around the infant, shielding the tiny life from the chaotic winds of the void between worlds.



The world suddenly shifted from purple darkness to a blinding, golden sunrise over a vast, blocky forest. Herobrine collapsed onto the soft grass, the scent of pine and damp earth filling his lungs for the first time in years.



He found shelter within a small, weathered wooden cabin tucked away near a rushing blue river. Inside, he sparked a small fire, the orange flames casting a protective glow over the room as he finally allowed himself to stop running.



As the baby stirred, Herobrine looked down and saw a reflection of his own struggle in the child's eyes. One eye shone with a brilliant, steady white light, while the other flickered with a faint, haunting purple hue.



The peace was shattered by the sharp, static sound of a teleportation echo echoing through the trees outside. Herobrine stood up and gripped a rusted iron sword, his heart hammering against his ribs as he realized he had been followed.



A heavy rain began to fall, sizzling against the dark form of Vordus as he emerged from the treeline. The Enderman hissed in pain as the water touched his skin, creating a barrier of nature that he could not easily cross to reach them.



With the dawn breaking over the horizon, Herobrine gathered his son and moved deeper into the Overworld, leaving the shadows of the End behind. He knew the journey was far from over, but for the first time, he felt the strength of a father fighting for a future of light.