

TALES OF THE ALÉNARIAN

LEGENDS OF WAR

PREVIEW



INTERPRETED AND TRANSLATED

BY

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The Title Page Shows the Symbol of the Green Hawk, the symbol of the Értikonothiy Empire.

PROLOGUE
CURSE OF THE WICKED

CODEX I – CURSE OF THE WICKED

*In Void Do We Dwell,
In Shadow Do We Serve,
In Oblivion Do We Take Them,
The Shadowed One Guide Us.*

-From a Chant of the Servants of the Shadowed One-

Chapter 1

(15) Linarrilka 5th, 2691 N.F.K. – Planet Onar'Kasana

Liría looked at the five individuals before her in disgust. Who did they think they were, offering her this kind of deal? She would never do what they were asking. Even if she was a Misarian, a Pure Jydeon who had been corrupted by the void, she would never turn against the Vhārrestavs. No price was enough to make her betray them, not again.

“I refuse your offer,” she growled, her black energy feathered wings taking on a position of strength and authority. “I will never do as you ask!”

“Are you serious mother?” Liría’s daughter Athā said from beside her. The teenage Misarian Queen of Lust stood there with her twin sister Lilé, the Misarian Queen of Incest, with much of her pale white essence skin showing through her revealing clothing, its glimmering energy almost made Liría reconsider the offer. Almost.

“Children, you both have to understand, what they ask could end all things. We can not allow that,” Liría sighed, shaking her head.

“But think about what they're offering us!” Laan, the Misarian King of Pride exclaimed, his fiery energy bladed wings expanding in excitement, “Who cares if everything’s gone!”

“And all the treasure they're offering us!” Mige, Misarian King of Greed cried out, “We could have anything we ever wanted!”

“What part of the end of all things don’t you two understand! There will be no treasure, and there will be no *us*! I have seen things! My sight has seen things! We can’t do this!” Liría shouted at them, pointing at them with her finger, her wings billowing out behind her.

“Destruction is what I live for,” Tosdé, the Queen of Destruction said holding her fiery black great sword in front of her.

“I agree with Liría, this doesn’t seem right. They are plotting something, the rewards are too great,” Mávj, Emissary King of Death said coldly. He was a Death Jydeon of the type known as Akraiz'Zar from the Great Abyss and not an actual Misarian.

“Seid-Zaxia does not approve of this,” Seid-Lia, the Emissary Queen of Blood shook her head. She was also not a Misarian and was instead a Bevorian, Blood Jydeon who served the great Seid-Zaxia.

“Neither does Alvaranatis,” Vantuulia, the Emissary Queen of the Void said. She was a Taiz-Misarian, or rather a ‘true’ Misarian, meaning she was the direct creation of Alvaranatis the God of Void. She looked rather more insectoid than standard Misarian.

“I’m glad someone agrees with me,” Liría sighed, “But my decision still stands.” She looked at the last two members of her group. All of them together were known as the Protectors of Préssérvium to themselves, but to all others they were simply called the Destroyers. “What do you two have to say.”

The mortal looking bird woman called Vaintai, who was the Emissary Queen of the Akis, the immortal empress of her people, spoke up in a chirping voice, “I do not care either way.”

The last one, a Dark Chaos Jydeon, that looked like a purplish nightmare version of a regular Misarian looked at Liría spitefully. She was Kaxilia the Emissary Queen of Dark Chaos. The two of them hated each other, and they were the only ones who knew why. It was the same reason why Liría refused to go along with this deal.

“I say you’re weak to refuse such a generous offer. You know full well how I feel about the Vhārrestavs. Ruining the next one’s family would be wonderful!” Kaxilia cooed, her nightmarish wings spreading out showing countless eyes looking right at Liría.

“As I said, my decision still stands,” Liría slammed the tip of her fiery black long sword into the ground, “As the leader of the Destroyers I make the final call! And I say no! Let these scum go back into the hole they crawled out of. We have better things to do!”

The lead man of the five figures making the deal laughed a deep ominous laugh, “We knew full well you would not accept Liría. However, refusing a Taar Jydeon is something you don’t want to do, especially not five of us!”

“Let us reveal who we are!” a woman beside the man said, stepping forward.

The lead man pulled off his cloak to reveal a majestic but terrifying figure underneath, perfect in every way and shining in light, “I am Vaidairos, the once forbidden God of Purity. However, I was once known as Nī Sarran, the Eagle of Kii.”

The woman who spoke previously removed her hood, revealing a figure of light “I am Vadairis, the previously forbidden Goddess of Truth. Long ago you knew me as Aeyaina Aelrain, supreme leader of the Kii Alliance.”

Though the other members of the Destroyers seemed surprised, Liría was not, she could see the future and knew about this meeting hundreds of years before. She had long since gotten over the feeling of surprise that the Alénarian leaders of the Kii Alliance had awakened the Taar Jydeon within them.

Another man stepped forward and removed his cloak, revealing a powerful and menacing figure, “Behold I am Nvarcasantiran, God of Drugs! I was once forbidden but by my power I have returned. I too was someone from the Kii Alliance! Forsīnak Sarran was my name!”

After him, a woman stepped forward revealing an imposing broken form, "Look upon me and be broken! I was once Alanria Sarran, but now I am Kazivra, once Forbidden Goddess of Ruin."

The last man stepped forward revealing a form that looked tortured beyond belief yet at the same time terrifying to behold, "I was once Ankorrian of the Silver Wolf, but now I have awoken, now I am Kothvreko, the once forbidden God of Torture."

Liría felt disgust at these beings before her once again. They had led the Kii Alliance to a civil war with their parent empire, known simply as the Temporal Empire. As a member of the Temporal Empire, Liría was called in to put an end to their uprising. Thus, she and her Destroyers created the Tirrorinsin Misarian worshiper group to stand against them. In the end, when the Tirrorinsin and the Destroyers were close to winning, the Alénarian of the Kii chose to save themselves instead of their people.

"Do you dare still question us, Jydeon filth?" Vaidairos shouted in a deep booming voice. "Or do we have to make you listen?"

Liría knew what would happen this day, but that didn't mean she couldn't defy them until the end, "What happened to Kor'San'Da? Or what about Rae'anara?" she shouted, "Oh right, you turned on Rae'anara and left her to die, then Kor'San'Da left you all in disgust! You may be Taar Jydeon, but you were all forbidden for a reason! I will not give in to the demands of you or your master, wherever that traitor may be!"

"I always speak the truth Liría," Vadairis called out, "And the truth I now speak is that the Destroyers will serve. But first we will make a sacrifice, to bind you to the pact. The Shadowed One demands it."

"The Shadowed One will rue the day she messed with a servant of the Five!" Liría yelled back in pure anger. So rarely did she call upon the secret power of her birthright, but in times like this it was necessary. "By the Five you will not hold us forever! You may hold us for a time, but we will be free!"

"The Five?" Vaidairos laughed, "What are they? More Impurities that must be purged?"

"Let us begin!" Vadairis cried out, slamming a golden staff onto the ground, "All people on this world, hear my words! Take up your arms and rise against your neighbors. Kill any living thing you see. And once there is nothing left to kill, kill yourselves. For a Sacrifice to the Shadowed One must occur!"

Vaidairos cried out next, slamming a massive golden bladed hammer down onto the ground, "Let the impure be cleansed in the blood of the innocent! Let these fiends serve the true master of the Shadowed One!"

"Let ruin come to this world in the name of the Shadowed One, let this offering please her!" Kazivra called out, adding her own power to it.

"You won't win!" Liría shouted clenching her fists and wings tightly as the ground began to shake.

"Let the people of this world be fuelled to violence by my gift, let their minds be altered by the Drugs of the Taar!" Nvarcasantilran rasped.

"Let this world be tortured by the will of the Shadowed one! Let it leave a mark on history that will last eternity!" Kothvreko screamed.

“You will not bind us!” Liría began to cry, “Five Protect your servant. Protect my family.”

“Let the truth of this day be forever hidden! And let the truth of our origins remain a secret for all eternity! Let the future remember the Kii as the side of good! May the long years of temporal instability finally be at an End!” Vadairis raised her hand to the sky. “Let the Shadowed One bind these fiends to her will! Let the family of the next Vhārrestav suffer! Let all related to her be cursed! Make these fiends carry out this curse, until she deems to release them!”

Everywhere around Liría, in the lower phases where the mortals dwelt, violence erupted in the streets. Anyone who had a gun was shooting at any living thing they saw. They seemed as if in a drug fuelled rage, turning on friend and family. Even the children were not spared. The blood began filling the streets, and Liría could feel the curse already binding her. Nobody but the Destroyers and these Taar Jydeon would ever know what truly happened here. The people of the Préssérvium Alunas would forever wonder what happened.

Liría screamed at the Taar Jydeon as they vanished and gnashed her teeth after they were gone. As the curse finally took hold, Liría looked at the others. Many of them seemed to delight in what was happening around them. Others like her daughters seemed a bit put off by all the senseless violence.

All of them had murdered innocents before. Each had undoubtably sinned in countless ways. Yet this bloodbath was something else entirely. Most likely the mortals would blame the Misarian. Most likely they would see this as an attack.

Each of them would have a part to play in this curse. Most of them would most likely enjoy their roles. Liría however knew her true masters would be angry at her for this. To be used to hurt her own gods was an affront to everything she secretly was. And as the Misarian Queen of Curses, nobody would believe her, that she herself had fallen to someone else’s curse. Thus, she was doomed.

Chapter 2

(15)Linarrilka 20th, 2691 N.F.K. – Planet Sīkor’Farra: Capital City

The crowd watched in solemn silence as Queen Tarrionria Ālérarin stepped up to the stage with tears in her eyes. The Queen looked out at the people, everyone here had heard the news of the tragedy of the Planet Onar’Kasana. Rumors were starting to fly around about the reason of the self slaughter, ranging from Misarian, to the Old God Alvaranatis coming down to the world to incite the hearts to murder. By the time anyone had found out, the last survivors had already bled out and died.

The Queen began speaking, “As all of you are aware, the tragedy of Onar’Kasana has shaken everyone to the core. However, after working with the other Universal Powers, we have determined the cause. It was quite simple. It started as a noble house dispute.

“As many people are aware Onar’Kasana was one of the most populated planets in the universe that was not an original home world of a pre-existing civilization. It was a jointly claimed planet by both our Sībro Empire, and our ally Érthkonothiy Empire. However, the planet’s seven noble houses were at odds with each other.

“Our investigation shows that the massacre started with one noble house launching a planet wide attack on the others with gun fire in the streets. They fought back. But due to it being in the streets, other people got out their weapons to defend themselves and their families. This just led to more people flying to a rage seeing their friends and family get shot down. And led to people being killed in their own homes.”

“Because this incident could have easily been lessened, or outright avoided if nobody owned a gun, I as queen after talking to my advisors have decided to outlaw the use of handheld firearms in all things, military included. Firearms are a curse upon the universe, long have we suffered from unneeded violence due to them. Long have shooting of innocents marred our worlds. But that all ends today. The Éρθkonothiy royalty have also decided to ban the use of guns in all areas, other than their black ops division. However that division is made up of the most well trained and well-disciplined soldiers in their empire. From this day forward we will return to using traditional weapons, such as the sword and bow, to fight our wars and defend our people. For this tragedy has shown us the evil of the firearms, and the need for us to remove them.

“No doubt however terrorist factions and lesser empires will continue to use such weapons, but that is why we must improve our defensive equipment to defend against such weapons. Though we go backwards to traditional weapons for combat, we will go forwards with advanced armor to defend ourselves. In this way we will protect ourselves from the dangers of those who wield the cursed weapons.

“Let it be known on this day, that the Sībro Empire will cast down our firearms, and return to weapons of honor and grace! Let it be known on this day we will forever honor the memory of those on planet Onar’Kasana by refusing to carry a gun either in war or at home. Let it be known that we will remain strong, yet we will not lose our honor in the process. For we are the Sībro Empire! And we will reclaim our honor!”

INTRO

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE AEONS

INTRO – A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE AEONS

*In the beginning there was only three essences,
There was peace, possibility, and nothingness.
At some point peace and possibility collided,
They created the first two beings,
They created Kainalan and Kyora.*

-From the creation story of the Old Faith -

Chapter 1

May 1st, 2019 C.E. / (6)Fīnoras 2nd, 6015 N.F.K. – A Forward by Calen Aeézanak

The Old Faith teaches us that in the beginning there was nothing but three essences, Peace, Possibility, and Nothingness. It claims that peace and possibility collided creating the first Taar Jydeon, known as Kainalan; and the first existence, known as Kyora. Kyora and Kainalan worked together to attempt to destroy nothingness, but instead shattered it into the Taar Jydeon Voids. The legends speak that other Taar Jydeon soon came about via various methods. These 20 beings would become known as the Old Gods.

The Old Faith speaks of a great war between these Taar Jydeon, resulting in the destruction of Kyora and the birth of new existences. One of these existences was our own, known to believers as Préssérvium Alunas. This Taar Jydeon war was said to be started by an upstart Void Taar known as Alvaranatis in an attempt to once again bring about Nothingness.

Yet this tells a distorted picture of the whole, a whole that I will not get into great detail here for it could fill a dozen volumes. All I will say was Kyora was not the first existence, and the Taar Jydeon were not the first beings. In truth existences have existed for untold ages before them. Also, many more Taar Jydeon existed than the ones known to the Old Faith, but most were either forgotten about, or forbidden from ever existing. It is these forbidden Taar, that are the reason the Alénarian exist, for every Alénarian is a mortal who in truth is a dormant forbidden, or lost Taar Jydeon or other powerful beings from the ancient past seeking to awaken.

In all truth a war between the Taar did break out, and Kyora was close to slain, resulting in her expelling all Taar Jydeon from her and purging everything else. This resulted to an end of the war. After that, the children of Kyora became existences just like their mother, as was normal. Many of these young existences became allies of the surviving Taar Jydeon. One joined with Kainalan, one of the two surviving Taar Ieraisaral out of four, and became Aeka Jydeon. Another allied with Alvaranatis the first Void Taar, and the other surviving Taar Ieraisaral, he became simply known as the Void Lands, or his proper name: Zakivorzoth Viazra. Another sided with Althalnas the Taar Jydeon of Death, and he became known as Aizainalax: The Great Abyss. However, one of these young existences refused to bend the knee and instead worked with all the surviving Taar Jydeon to help her shape herself to her whims. This was our existence of Préssérvium Alunas.

Peace existed for a long time after that, for untold billions of years. In most existences ruled over by the Taar, beings known as Jydeon came about to protect their homes. These immortal, slow aging, winged humanoid, energy beings were made of essence, a type of material that was completely different from matter. The primitive peoples of Earth, my homeworld, call this material Dark Matter and Dark Energy, and the reason it can not be seen is due to being in a higher phase of our existence.

Even Préssérvium Alunas had Jydeon guardians given to her by Kainalan from his Kitorian Jydeon transformed by her power into other types of Jydeon. However eventually a group of Kitorian rebelled against Kainalan due to Alvaranatis' influence and became known as Misarian. After being banished to Préssérvium Alunas, these Misarian set to work corrupting the great existence and her wonders. They started with early humans on a world that has long since been lost.

Humanity had been created as caretakers of a meeting place for Taar Jydeon. These humans were not like the humans now, they were a different species. Corrupting them proved simple, and soon they were cast out from this place. Humans became a fascination of the Misarian, and they began breeding with them to produce the Zaradkai, giant beings made of a mixture of essence and matter, the conflict between the two making them powerful yet highly unstable.

These Zaradkai took control of their world and began ruling over the regular humans. Soon the Zaradkai proved too dangerous, developing new technologies in a few generations to the point of space travel. They had goals to conquer all of existence and expand even to other existences. With their extreme short gestation period, and extremely short time it took to maturity, they could easily expand to conquer everything. Before they could escape their home system the Pure Jydeon decided they needed to be wiped out. In a metaphorical flood of death, they were wiped out, with only small pockets of non-Zaradkai humans remaining.

Each of these surviving humans had Zaradkai ancestry, and would go on to gain strange powers. These powers were able to be passed from one person to another willingly or stolen from a corpse after death. These were the post-Zaradkai Humans. These humans, though not truly immortal could only die due to being murdered since, disease and old age did not exist yet within the existence.

After many generations, humans began reverse engineering Zaradkai technology and soon were in the stars themselves. However, before that happened a great leader came about to conquer the world of humanity, this man was the first known Alénarian. He was a tyrant. However soon he wouldn't be alone, over the next few hundred years, hundreds of Alénarian would be born and a war would break out.

Over the next millennia humanity spread out throughout the stars, and began delving into other realms and sub realms of the existences, and four main factions of humans began forming. The first was the Fallen Empire which laid claim to humanity's home world. The second was the Eternal Empire led by the first rebels of the Fallen Empire. The third was the Blood Talon group who were pirates, thieves, and assassins, preying off the rich and powerful to give back to the poor. Last there was the Kira Ardorri, the self-proclaimed guardians of the other realms with their capital within the realm of life itself.

For ten billion years these humans fought each other, evolving through use of technology, and through natural selection, yet due to their immortal nature humanity stayed roughly the same. The same was true to most animals and other creatures. Viruses and Bacteria were eventually created as biological weapons, tools, and material to be used in things like war, cooking, and construction. Countless strange

and wild creatures began forming as well. And death outside of murder began being a thing. Soon even old age would start to happen in the more evolved humans.

Soon after ten billion years of fighting each other, many of the Alénarian began to awaken to their true selves below, however soon a darkness would spread over all existences. This was the Oblivion Sickness, something that could corrupt everything from person, to rock, to world, to existence, to Taar Jydeon. This sapient Sickness came from beyond our existence and sought to conquer everything. Those claimed by it became machines in its great plan, devoid of all things that made them who they were.

After a few million years they were losing badly. Only the Eternal Empire still stood strong. A plan was created to give them a second chance at winning this war. Time itself was reset, not only for Préssérvium Alunas, but for every existence, going back to the time right before the Zaradkai's fall. Yet due to the Eternal Empire not wanting to end themselves, they made it imperfect.

Chapter 2

This new version of the past was broken. Countless parts of the existence were a mix of future and past. Countless types of Jydeon Guardians were converted into more primitive essence beings and found themselves in great number in the Essence Universe, a sub realm of the Realm of War.

The home world of Humanity and its Zaradkai overlords were quickly dealt with, and the world was merged through a ritual with several other worlds from before the great reset. This led to the planet we know as Earth, Sol'Terra to the modern Érthkonothiy, or The Vault-World to the Temporal Empire. Due to a strange mixture of past and future, the fossil records showed the history of the human race, as well as all other creatures chosen to inhabit it. The humans and creatures on it were the most evolved versions from before the reset, and as such none were immortal. This world would remain hidden in the depths of the essence universe which contained ninety five percent essence as opposed to matter.

The Eternal Empire became the Temporal Empire and remained hidden from others using their newfound time powers to control the flow of history. All people who existed before the Great Reset would eventually be reborn, and those who had willingly given into the Oblivion Sickness would be reborn with the Oblivion Sickness still in them. In order to protect against the Oblivion Sickness, Earth was converted into a quarantine zone where reborn oblivion sick would be intentionally reborn in a place where the sickness could not affect them.

The great and mighty Earth Wards were made around the star system, keeping everything inside in, and keeping everything else out. Only the Temporal Empire would be allowed in, and they would regularly run experiments on those within to determine the state of the sickness. Earth would remain cut off from that beyond for the rest of its existence, even now it is still mostly cut off. Though beings from the astral phase, spirit phase, and echo phase would occasionally touch the minds of the humans within, humanity would never be able to know the full truth until certain Alénarian were born within.

As for the rest of existence, a war broke out between the Kira Ardorri who had also barely survived the great reset, and the Misarian. Wars broke out between the Pure Jydeon and the Bevorian, corrupted pure Jydeon under the control of their leader Seid-Zaxia who had been possessed by Alvaranatis. This era would become known as the Old Wars.

Eventually after two to four thousand years the Old Wars Era ended, and the reign of the Kii Alliance began. Unlike other members of the temporal Empire, the various groups of the Kii had decided to settle down in the actual existence as opposed to the secret vaults they had so long lived in. However, this led to the machinations of the Temporal Throne having an influence on the history of the Kii. They disliked their history continuously being meddled with and decided to rebel a thousand years after they settled.

Unlike humans of Earth, the humans of the Kii Alliance were the pure humans that were immortal and did not die of age. Their rebellion against the Temporal Empire lasted for a whole thousand years before for some reason the Temporal Throne finally decided to send the whole force of the Temporal Empire down upon them. That resulted in the Kii being wiped out, and the Préssérvium Universe where they once dwelt being temporally scarred.

This scarring had caused rifts in time to open up as the universe was being torn apart by time. From one of these rifts came people that would form the Sílíre. The Sílíre quickly found themselves under attack by the Tirrorinsin empire, a group of the Temporal Empire left behind to guard the universe from any surviving Kii. However, nine heroes, all children of the leaders of the Kii Alliance came to the aid of the Sílíre, and together they ended not only the Tirrorinsin Empire, but a good part of the Temporal Instability of the universe, at the cost of the lives of the nine heroes.

Eventually the Sílíre split off into three main factions and claimed various other parts of the existence. The first was the Értikonothiy Empire who claimed one half of the Préssérvium Universe. The second was the Síbros Empire who claimed the other half of that universe. The third was the Xrantor Empire that claimed the Xtanosan universe, a sub realm of the Realm of War¹ linked to the Realm of Logic² and Order. These empires would become known as the Three Empires. And as time went on, they expanded throughout their territories, for the Síbros and Értikonothiy this was aided by the lingering Temporal instability that led to population growth and expansion at a rate a thousand times what it should have been.

The tales in this book are what happens starting in the year 2963 Neir Fara Kii. It is 2963 standard years, based off of the Temporal Empire Year, after the start of the Kii. It is 961 years after the fall of the Kii and the start of the Sílíre. And it is 663 years after the dissolution of the Sílíre. Most people of this time do not know of the Temporal Empire, nor do they know the truth about what the Kii Alliance was. The Old Faith is the predominant religion, even if there are parts of it that are wrong. And peace has ruled the existence for a long time. However, all of it is about to change. Behold now, the Legends of War, the start of the Great War that has lasted three thousand years, ending only in 6004 N.F.K. This is more than a story; it is a history of events that have shaped everything to come. Welcome to my reality.

¹ The Realm of War is also known as the Physical Realm, the Realm of Darkness, the Realm of Conflict, and the Realm of Strength.

² The Realm of Logic is also known as Realm of Physics, the Realm of Knowledge, the Realm of Light, the Realm of Science, and the Xtoran Realm.

PART 1

CURSE OF ETERNITY

2963 N.F.K. – 2995 N.F.K.

CODEx 2 – THE DAUGHTERS OF THE KING

*Beware the daughters of the King,
Beware for they have turned on us.
Given in to wicked lusts,
joined together in a forbidden way.
Pledged to Misarian, to kill their father.
For the honor of the king we will make them pay.*

-From an Old Érthkonothiy Folk Song-

Chapter 1

(4)Sarforāk 9th, 2963 N.F.K. – Planet Silnās'Niak: Temple of Kainalan

Twelve-year-old Farron Īsornas sat in the temple of Kainalan, studying the words of the scholars of Kainalan when he felt a disturbance in the air. Suddenly, the Misarian surrounded him, smiling at him in joy.

"Oh look, what is this?" one of them laughed. "The son of the King Regnant of the Érthkonothiy?"

"What are you doing here, alone, you're highness?" one of them a dark essence skinned man cackled, pulling out a pair of shackles.

"S-stay away! By the power of Kainalan, stay away!" Farron said.

"Not going to happen," one of them laughed, a pale essence skin woman smiled.

Just then an arrow pierced the head of one of the Misarian, causing them to turn to smoke. The others turned to see what was happening, when they were shot down one at a time in quick succession. Farron looked over to see a beautiful and very exotic teenage girl standing there wielding a bow and dressed in armor made of red scales.

"Farron Īsornas?" the girl asked in a thick accent.

"Yes?" Farron replied.

"I've come to rescue you," the girl said. "I'm Teth'Na'Ā, of the Children of Ivraila."

"The what?" Farron asked.

"Survivors of the Kii," the girl said. "I'm here to stop the Misarian from killing off the Īsornas family!"

"What do you mean?" Farron asked. "Are mother and father okay? What about Torsan and Yasan?"

The girl shook her head. "I'm sorry. You must not have heard the news."

Farron hung his head in anger and sorrow.

"Who sent you?" Farron asked.

"Nobody," the girl replied. "I make my own rules. I'm not following anyone else's rules or orders anymore! Come, we've got to get you to safety!"

Chapter 2

(4) Sarforāk 9th, 2963 N.F.K. – Planet Silnās'Niak: The Seventh Īsornas Royal Palace

Yasan Īsornas watched in fascination as her older sister Torsan slid the dagger out of their father's throat. In the past this may have disturbed her, but after everything their parents did to them, she felt they deserved it.

Yasan herself was a princess of the Īsornas Dynasty of the Értkonothiy Empire. Though she was a princess she would most likely never become queen for more than one reason. First, her sister was the rightful heir, and Yasan would only take the throne if Torsan was killed. Second, after killing their father the king, the two of them would most likely be stripped of their royal status. But Yasan didn't care, she knew Torsan had a plan.

Her sister Torsan was the Crown Princess. She was the most beautiful person in the world, and was one of the only people Yasan truly trusted. The two of them were lovers, they had been since they were young. However, their mean parents refused to accept that such a thing could ever happen.

They had accused Torsan of using a potion on her to make Yasan feel that way towards her older sister. However, Torsan had always denied it vehemently, and Yasan knew her sister would never lie to her. That's just not what lovers did to each other.

After Yasan had finally reached her coming of age at fourteen, Torsan convinced her of a plan to get revenge on their parents. They were in the process of completing that plan. Their father was dead, now all that was left was their mother.

The Queen Consort of the Erthkonothiy Empire was looking at them with hatred and terror. She was sitting in the corner of the royal bedchambers with tears in her eyes, shaking violently. The woman had long ago given up fighting back. Every guard that had tried to stop them was cut down by Torsan's amazing powers. There was nobody left to help the woman.

Torsan motioned that it was Yasan's turn. Yasan hesitated. She had never killed anyone before. What if she did it wrong? What about the look on her mother's face? How could she kill someone who had given up so thoroughly? Wasn't this enough?

"Do you love me, Yasan?" Torsan asked.

Yasan nodded vigorously, she loved Torsan with every single part of her.

"Then you'll kill her. Remember everything she did to us. All the times she kept us separate. All the times she stopped us from making love. If you truly love me, then you'll kill her," Torsan cooed.

Those were the words needed. No matter what Yasan could not defy her sister, her love was too great. Yasan would gladly murder an entire world worth of people if it would make Torsan happy. However, she still wished it could be different. But Torsan knew what was good for them. She always had

in the past. There was talk among the people that Torsan was possessed. Yasan had spent much time contemplating that. If Torsan was actually possessed it meant that she was doing the will of a Misarian, not her sister.

Yasan blinked at the feeling of something warm and wet touch her hand. She looked down to see she had already plunged the dagger into the woman's neck whilst she was thinking. The thought occurred to her again that her sister might be possessed. What was she to do then? Yasan loved Torsan more than anyone. If someone was taking advantage of that, should she have really just done that?

"Its okay Sis, we did what we had to," Torsan said hugging her, "They had this coming to them for a long time."

"Torsan," Yasan asked quietly as they embraced, "That felt wrong. Is it true you're possessed by a Misarian?"

Torsan tensed up for a moment, making Yasan worried. After several long minutes, the older sister pulled away from the hug and looked away from Yasan, looking instead at the bloody corpse of their mother. "Yasan, please know I have always loved you."

"That doesn't answer the question?" Yasan started to cry. Was her sister's refusal to answer a sign it was true.

"I wasn't finished," Torsan snapped, "I have always loved you. And I have always been possessed. I have been right from birth."

"You're not Torsan!" Yasan screamed. "Give me back Torsan!"

"Yasan, my love, I am Torsan! The only Torsan you ever knew was me," the other girl said.

Yasan refused to listen. If Torsan was really possessed her whole life, then anything the older girl had told her could have been a lie. Including the part about not drugging her with a potion. Yasan suddenly felt very sick and very weak. She collapsed on the floor, sobbing.

Had she been drugged this whole time? Forced to love someone unnaturally. Forced to do everything they said. Was her love a lie? Was her entire life a lie? Did it even matter any more? There was no future for her now; she would be executed for this crime.

Torsan put a gentle hand on her, "Yasan, I will allow you to speak to the true Torsan, if you promise You'll give me a chance."

She nodded. Why say no? There was nothing much she could do about this situation.

Torsan collapsed to the floor, and slowly began to speak. It sounded difficult and forced, "Sister..."

"Torsan?" Yasan asked tears in her eyes, "What's happening to you?"

A figure materialized beside the two girls. It was a Misarian woman who immediately knelt down beside them. The first thing Yasan did was try and plunge the dagger in her hand into the fiend's neck, just like she had with her poor mother earlier.

"No!" Torsan cried from the floor, causing Yasan to stop mid stab, "Please, stop..."

“Torsan?” Yasan asked, “What did you do to her?”

“She can not survive without me for long. She never truly learned to use her own body, since I was in control during her formative years. Just like she doesn’t know how to walk or talk properly, her body doesn’t know how to maintain a heartbeat or breathing. She will die in a few minutes if I don’t re-enter her,” the Misarian woman said softly.

“Listen... to... her... please...” Torsan gasped, her body starting to spasm immediately after.

“You have to save her!” Yasan yelled, “Please!”

The Misarian disappeared, and Torsan returned to normal. She slowly stood up and brushed herself off. Yasan didn’t know what to think. The real Torsan couldn’t walk or talk properly. She probably couldn’t make out or make love either. That meant that though Yasan thought she was in love with Torsan, she was actually in love with this Misarian instead. Or was it she was in love with the combination of the two?

She looked at Torsan and sighed. The feeling of love once again washing over her. Torsan would live as long as the Misarian woman stayed possessing her. And the possessed Torsan had led her well so far. Maybe killing their parents was a bit much, but they had been cruel themselves. Even if Torsan had been possessed, it didn’t give them the right to treat them like they did. She would continue to aid Torsan, no matter what. What choice did she have?

“I... love you... but what do we do now?” Yasan asked.

“Now, we escape. From there, who knows where life will take us,” Torsan smiled.

Yasan smiled at her, but secretly she was afraid. She was afraid of what life would have for them. She was in love with her Misarian possessed sister, most likely due to a potion, and she had just brutally murdered two of the most important people in the Értikonothiy Empire. Things weren’t going to go well for them. Most likely they would have to live on the edge. Lots more wicked acts were bound to come. Yasan knew full well that she was doomed to this life now. She could only pray to the Old Gods, if they were even real, that one day it would all be over.

Chapter 3

(4) Sarforāk 9th, 2963 N.F.K. – Planet Silnās’Niak: Capital City

Torsan swung her stolen blade with precision as the royal guards tried to strike her down. She would not die today. She had plans. And those plans required her and Yasan alive. As she was fighting, with the sword, Yasan was hiding in the bushes. The girl didn’t know how to fight, so she was hiding.

As Torsan cut down another of the Royal Guards with the battle robes of black plate with raven motifs and blue cloth parts, three soldiers stepped out of the shadows. These soldiers were dressed in black battle robes, with wolf motifs on the plate parts. They were of the Black Wolf Legion, the elite defenders of the Értikonothiy. The only ones in the entire empire allowed to use guns.

“Stand Down, Crown Princess Torsan!” the lead man shouted, “Or we will be forced to shoot!”

She raised her hands, and dropped her weapon. “Okay!” she exclaimed, “You win!”

Behind one of the soldiers, Torsan could see the twin eldest daughters of Liría preparing to strike. She smiled and nodded. Two of the soldiers were killed in an instant with bites to the neck. The third spun around to face their attacker only to die with a poisoned kiss from Athā: Queen of Lust.

Torsan grabbed one of their guns, and unlocked the safety. She then nodded at the two Misarian who faded back up into the Jydeon phase. She then pressed the safety release on two the soldiers’ armor. After calibrating one suit to her DNA, she then grabbed Yasan from the bush and calibrated the other to hers. Once she ripped out the transponder units, they were good to go. Moments later they were walking through the streets, looking like two Black Wolf Legion members. Their destination was the civilian hanger, where they would steal a ship.

After a few minutes of walking an emergency broadcast went out through the city, booming over loudspeakers, playing on all video screens, and sounding in the minds of everyone nearby. “Attention Citizens of Silnās'Niak Capital City. The king regnant and queen consort have just been murdered by Crown Princess Torsan and Princess Yasan. The suspects are still at large and are believed to be armed and dangerous. They are also believed to be in disguise as Black Wolf Legion members. If spotted do not approach and instead alert authorities. I repeat do not approach!”

Torsan smiled. They had just unintentionally made their job not just more fun, but easier. Now she could truly wreak havoc on the population. She charged up her machine laser rifle then began shooting at nearby civilians that got in their path.

Yasan grabbed her arm and mentally said to her, *<Please stop! They don't deserve that!>*

<Sorry, Love,> she replied back, *<But the more people that are injured the easier it is to escape. They will always try to save lives rather than stop us if they have to choose. We have to make them choose. I'm not killing anybody.>*

It was a lie of course, every part of it. She was just having fun, and she was definitely killing people. Her expert skills gained from Liría’s possession of her, allowed every shot to be very lethal. However, she needed her sister to believe her long enough for her plans to come to fruition.

Yasan sighed, *<Okay, I guess that makes sense.>*

<Good, let's continue!> Torsan replied.

Torsan continued shooting her way through the streets, running at a breakneck pace, using the power armor battle robes to enhance her speed. She was taking the most roundabout route to the civilian spaceport possible, trying to throw off pursuers. Liría’s Misarian allies and underlings also began spilling into the streets as they ran, causing more havoc throughout the city.

As they ran, Black Wolf air drones began circling overhead, “Drop your weapons and surrender immediately!” the voice blared from above.

“Never!” Torsan yelled, “Zaknatha, Kortothlin, Makas, sons of Athā do your thing! Prove your worth to your queen!”

Three male lust Misarian appeared from the Jydeon phase, and charged the drones, while shape shifting into various aerial creatures slashing them apart with superior strength. Athā, Lilé, and Liría were all female supremacist, thus their male children were rarely seen in the open. However, the men had their place, and these three had proven themselves time and time again.

Torsan rounded a corner to find around twenty Black Wolf Legion hover attack vehicles blocking the path. She let out a scream, "Servants of Laan, prove your worth to me! Deal with this blockade!"

As she yelled it, an army of Misarian soldiers dropped out of the Jydeon Phase and began slaughtering and destroying the blockaders and their vehicles. Torsan pulled Yasan by the hand as they rushed through the chaos unscathed. Torsan even managed to get a few shots in herself.

They were nearing the spaceport; however she knew it was far from over. Possibly every space port in the city was in total lockdown. They would not allow anyone in or out until the crisis was over. Soon they were at the spaceport, and sure enough thick heavy security doors and a platoon of Black Wolf Legion were barring the way.

"Sons and Daughters of Tosdé, prove your loyalty to your high queen and destroy these doors and these guards!" Torsan cried out.

Around a dozen Misarian leapt out of the Jydeon Phase, and began ripping the soldiers and the doors apart, tearing into them with the most wicked looking weapons and tools. After a few moments a big enough hole had opened up for them to enter. Inside hundreds of people were screaming and running for a place to hide. Torsan began open firing, shooting man, woman, and children alike. Civilian, guard, and soldier fell under her attack.

As blood started pooling on the floor and bodies started piling up, she grabbed Yasan and pushed her way into one of the hanger bays for a small civilian transport. After shooting down the guards then the people near and on the transport, Torsan claimed the vessel for herself.

Once in the cockpit she used Liría's knowledge to disable the tracking beacon, and began hacking the system to answer to only her. As she did that she cried out, "Legions of the Dark Chaos! Fill the sky with nightmares to pave the way for our escape! Children of Mige! See what you can do to hack open all the security barriers preventing this ship to launch!"

After a few minutes, around the time she had hacked the transport herself, the massive security barriers blocking the exit of the ship opened up. She smiled then launched the ship out into the sky. The air was a battlefield, living nightmares of the Dark Chaos Jydeon fought against the ships of the Black Wolf Legion, ripping them to shreds with their weapons, claws, and talons.

With the major distraction Torsan was able to maneuver the ship to a safe distance from the planet before activating the Worm Hole drive. After she punched in the coordinates and activated the drive, a large hole in space opened up in front of their ship. Torsan flew right in. Then activated the drive again going through another wormhole, and then another.

She needed to make shorter jumps than her actual destination, since longer jumps required more power, and this ship only had so much power output at one time. Even the largest ships required multiple jumps to travel a dozen galaxies away, since a bigger ship required a bigger wormhole, or a wormhole open for a longer period.

After about a dozen jumps, she had reached her destination. A black world lay before them. This would be their new home. This would be where her plans would come to fruition. This was Karna'Lanos.