

Chapter One

(quote)

SVT Securities File:

Planet: Dacwen

City: [name of first city]

Era: After the Great War but Before the Fall

Agent Notes:

[note: These are earth weapons. What are the alien weapons they would be using?]

Ready... change!"

Twin sisters faced each other in the training circle. Around their dominate hand; right for Saraya, left for Atomeia was their tanarull. The tanarull linked with its owner. A painful bonding process at first that strengthened over time and with practice. It was a direct brain interface and how fast the weapon manifested, what it looked like, and its strength was dependent entirely on the creator. The color of the metal faintly shimmered in the afternoon sunlight, though mostly it blended seamlessly with the darker skin color of the twins. It fit around their fingers like a kind of mechanical glove stretching only up to the middle knuckles, and covering the arm up to the elbow.

At the command, each tanarull glowed a purple hue, before swords materialized in each twin's hand. Saraya's resembled more of a Katana her hilt wrapped in black, the steel blade slightly curved and glinting in the light. Atomeia's was more claymore styled, forcing her to grip the hilt with both hands, but regardless of its size she raised it easily in an offensive position.

"Change!" Came the booming order again.

On the small planet Dacwen the drill was standard training for Horan's, especially so for the Narosel (use footnotes for earth translations). Horan's were guardians not for the planet Dacwen, but for Earth. And neither for its people, nor for the planet itself but for the inter planetary doorways that existed on its surface.

Saraya the elder sister but only by seconds, grinned at her sister the katana in her hand transforming into [alien weapon]. Nearly simultaneously Atomeia was holding a whip in hers.

Grinning mischievously back at her twin, she snapped the coiled tip out in Saraya's direction. Moving fast, Saraya rolled to the side and when she came back up, without having been asked there were a pair of sai's in her hand, and one was flung at Atomeia. The trajectory had deadly accuracy and for a brief second, Saraya worried her sister wouldn't counter. Atomeia simply in the mood to toy with her twin, waited until the last possible second before a shield appeared that she held up, and the sai bounced harmlessly off of it.

Jochlan a silver, hairless creature known as <race> and their instructor, flipped over the side of the railing and landed in the center of the ring. Jochlan wore the tanarull around their arms too, and out stretched in each of their hands one pointed at each sister was a small pistol looking weapon. Pulses of energy fired from it and Jochlan gave them no warning.

"What'd yah get jealous we weren't gonna beat you up today too?" Atomeia whooped and held up her shield again, though her stance was knocked back a centimeter from the sheer force of the pulse that slammed into the metal.

Saraya was on the move, leaping over one pulse, somersaulting forward as she landed, her eyes narrowed with intent to close the distance between her and their instructor. Jochlan turned their attention towards her, the pulse pistols disappearing from their hands. Nothing replaced them as Saraya got close enough to thrust her sai towards Jochlan's midsection. Jochlan easily turned, twisting their body and let the telekentic power enhanced by their tanarull flow through hands that were outstretched towards Saraya. Using her own momentum against her, Jochlan flung her forward straight towards Atomeia.

Atomeia jumped and twisted in mid-air, her shield gone and extended her hand towards Saraya. Saraya grasped it and with the stabilizing force of her sister was able to land neatly beside her on her feet.

"That <race> is asking for it," Saraya said, turning round to face Jochlan.

"I bet we beat them today," Atomeia agreed, wiggling her fingers.

Standing on the outer edge of the circle stood the Narozen, Ladanya. Her arms folded over her chest, one hand rested lightly against her lips as she watched her daughters train. Her own tanarull was barely visible so well blended into her dark skin, and the sleeveless robe that covered her tall curvy frame, it's color a deep purple, showed off the well-defined musculature

of her arms. Sitting on the ground next to her was a young boy, his blue hair untamed and messy across his forehead. He was levitating a small cube between his hands, pictures flashing by on the holographic screen but he was paying it little attention. He was watching his older sisters, his mouth marked with a frown.

Ladanya let them continue for a while longer, her thoughts hidden behind her retrospective, light green eyes. “Enough for today,” she called out.

Her daughters had been so intent on their sparring they hadn’t noticed her. Her words brought a quick end to the match and they turned, smiling brightly. Atomeia made motion to take off towards her, but Saraya reached out, grabbing her twins’ arm to halt her. “Honor first,” she whispered.

“Oh yeah,” Atomeia whispered back and instead brought her full attention to Jochlan.

Jochlan gave them both a stern look that hid their affection. “Do better tomorrow.”

“We did pretty good-” Saraya started, and it was Atomeia’s turn to elbow her twin. “Right,” she corrected. “We’ll do better tomorrow.”

“Every day is an opportunity to become better. The more visible your tanarull-”

“The weaker it is,” Atomeia and Saraya said simultaneously. It was a lesson they had heard before.

Jochlan gave them an intent look, almost as if they were debating imparting more verbal wisdom. Finally, Jochlan’s silence ended with his movement; a fist with their dominate hand and pressed that fist against their chest. “Na-mastay Narosels.” When Jochlan drew his arm away, he bowed slightly.

Both Atomeia and Saraya mimicked Jochlan’s motions. “Na-mastay, Jochlan. Thank you for our lesson today,” Saraya said.

“You’re welcome,” Jochlan said the corner of his mouth barely lifting to form his smile.

Properly dismissed, both Atomeia and Saraya ran over to their mother, hugging her. “Is it time? Do we get to see it now?” Atomeia was unable to contain the excitement in her tone.

Ladanya laughed. “Yes, yes. Jochlan, will you take Savil home please.”

“Of course,” Jochlan walked towards the young Narvoel.

Savil's frown deepened. "I want to go," he looked up at his mother and his sisters. "And I want a tanarull."

"You can't have one silly," Saraya knelt down, playfully tugging on big ears.

Savil was not in the mood for his sisters playfulness today. He let the cube that was levitating between his hands drop, moving his head from her grasp, and standing. "Why? I am the Narovel. I don't get to do anything!"

"Are you crazy?" Atomeia came to stand next to Saraya. "You get to do literally anything you want."

"Exactly, Savil. You get to study what you want, you get to be what you want, go where you want. You're so lucky." Saraya huffed.

"I want a tanarull! I want to be Naroven!" Savil stomped his foot.

"Okay, well, you can do literally anything but that," Saraya amended.

Ladanya knelt down in front of her son. She lifted a hand, gently brushing back a stubborn lock of his hair. "Would you like to come with us today? You'll learn why there is no longer a Naroven."

Savil's stubborn face softened by degrees for his mother. "Yes. Please."

"All right," Ladanya stood, taking her son's hand and smiled at Jochlan. "Accompany us then, Jochlan if you have no other pressing matter. I would prefer not to bring the entire Kalturo for our outing."

"You should let them, Narozen. Especially if you go-"

"Jochlan," she interrupted in a patient tone.

Jochlan huffed. "Of course I will accompany you then."

"Thank you." Ladanya smiled and led the way out of the training circle.