

## Chapter Two

(quote on the feminine)

SVT Securities File: D.BTGW-207895

Planet: Dacwen

City: [name of first city]

Era: Before The Great War

Agent Notes:

Her blood was everywhere; splattered against the walls. In pools on the previously unblemished floor the workers polished daily. It stained the dark skin on her face, her soulless eyes frozen in accusation and pain. Her last moments ones of terror and betrayal because he had mad the choice to stop being her father and instead became something else.

“All beautiful things die,” Naroven Sakin whispered. He towered over her body, his strong shoulders and exposed arms stained red like his hands. The royal sleeveless robe that covered his frame was marked with her blood too. He drew his palms down the soft material without care, making the stains worse. “You’ll live again...” he said to ears that could no longer hear him. His voice shook, where his hands had not. “You will.”

“Sakin! Amati!” Narozen Verena, shouted both their names as she ran into the room. Behind her, her personal guard followed, his tanarull glowing a faint blue, ready to be used in defense of her when needed.

Sakin sucked in a watery breath and turned to face her. He showed no care, only sneered when she slipped in her daughters blood and fell to the floor. Verena screamed in agony when she saw Amati. “Why!? Why did you hurt her!”

“Because you gave me no heir!” The tendons in his forehead strained with his scream.

“She was your heir!” Verena crawled through the blood, reaching her daughter and touched the lifeless face, barely able to see the result of his violent betrayal, through the sting of her tears.

Her words only enraged him more. “I will not be succeeded by a woman!” Sakin turned his rage to his wife, staring down at her in accusation. “It is the power of the masculine that has kept this planet safe. That has built these halls, and written words of wisdom. It is because of men that life begins or ends.” He came at her, and the guard tensed but he did not

intervene. Sakin grabbed his wife violently by the hair, hauling her upwards, heedless of her painful cry or the way she struggled against him.

“You, the feminine,” he sneered the word. “Are nothing but a vessel for me. For all men. You carry the child I give you. You live the life I have provided for you on the planet the Gods have built through the great power of the masculine! You are put here in service to me, and you couldn’t even [alien curse word] do that right!”

She did not respond to his lies, to what he had allowed himself to believe. She couldn’t - she had no strength left for it. She beat on his chest in vain, sobbing not because of the pain of his grip but because of what he’d taken from her. What she had allowed him to take.

Sakin spit in her face before let her go, flinging her away from him. He turned to look at the guard [he needs a name and some better reaction to this scene, dirty little standby-er]. “Have the General Assembly summoned. The issue of my succession will be-”

“No!”

Sevana’s scream announced the guard’s death. A blade thrown from her tanarull and pierced his neck from the side. He died choking on his own blood as she charged through the archway her hands outstretched and aimed at Sakin.

Her energy pulse struck him in his chest, causing him to stumble back, eliciting his painful grunt. He touched his chest and stared at her, incredulous. “Kalturo stand down!”

“I did not serve you.” She did not shout, but the fury in her words could still be felt and seen; in the clench of muscle in her exposed arms, in the intense battle ready stare that locked onto Sakin with a warriors challenge.

It frightened him; the anger in her eyes. How fast karma had come. But he had learned to let his corrupted ego have free reign and fear was replaced with his anger at being challenged. Least of all, by a woman. He blocked her kick. She, his attempted strike to her face. That he was taller, outweighed her, that his muscles were bigger than hers, meant nothing in a battle with tanarulls. She drove her hand into his chest and another pulse kicked out from her palm, the energy slamming into him, bruising bone and taking his breath and sent him stumbling backwards again. The same blade he’d [conjured? Materialized? Also the blade in the guards throat should dissolve once the fight is done] killed his daughter with

formed in his hands. He used it to block her next blast as she advanced on him. The next one. The next. When she got close enough he swung at her mid section with a furious scream.

Sevana disappeared before the blade could connect, moving through the pocket dimensions that surrounded all living things. In and out, reappearing in front of him when the momentum of his swing had twisted his torso and slammed her booted foot into his knee. His stance gave, he shouted and buckled. Her glowing fist struck him across his face. Once. Twice. A warriors shout adding power to her third punch that split open skin and made him bleed. Before she could land her forth he traded punches with her, slamming his fist into her mid section, the pulse of energy from his tanarull coming from his knuckles, white hot and searing, burning into her armor with the strike. It pushed her back, and he revealed in her cry of pain. It gave him the second he needed to rise, but before she could attack him again, she watched the point of a blade came through his chest, driven into him from behind.

Shock and pain spread across his face. He looked down at himself, as if he couldn't believe it. The blade withdrew and he immediately fell to his knees. In the next breath he toppled, dead. Verena stood behind him, covered in her daughters blood, her tears still staining her face.

Sevana gave the Narozen no sympathy, her anger transfered from one to another. "How dare you take my victory," she whispered. "My vengeance."

The Narozen swallowed hard. "She was my daughter-"

"No," Sevana took a step closer. "She stopped being that when you let him hurt her." Her words caused Verena to sob. Sevana didn't care.

"I don't know what to do... I didn't want..." Verena covered her face with her hands.

Sevana ignored her, making her way over to Amati. For the first time since entering the room, something other than anger touched her eyes. Softening with her pain. She reached out, closing the Narosel's eyes. "I loved her," she whispered. "And we both failed her."

Verena's shoulders shook, a new wave of sobs brought about by Her words.

She paid no attention to the Narozen's pain, her eyes still on Amati. She touched Amati's blood stained face with such tenderness, lowered her head to press her lips against what had been the love of her life. "You don't die for nothing," Sevana whispered. "Dacwen will change. Starting tonight." Her gaze returned to the Narozen and the fierce anger that had been present when she looked at the Naroven snapped back into her eyes. Verena did not notice, her hands still pressed against her face, her endless sobs barely muffled into her hands.

Even if she had noticed, it wouldn't have saved her life. Sevana rose, her glowing blade forming silently in her hand. With one fierce motion she severed the Narozen's head. She did not flinch at the grotesque sounds of head and body hitting the floor. Instead she merely looked around the private residence of the royal family now a blood stained room of disappointment and failure, silent tears slipping down her cheeks.

The chaotic sounds outside brought her out of stillness, reminding her there would be a time to mourn later. Today, the war must be won.