

Red Fury: That Which Hides in the Darkness
Anima - 11708



Undisclosed Location
Pirate Base
Red Fury Moon

"Of course I knew you were back, I work for Antei too, remember?"

"That's fair," Anima muttered as he turned the corner, yet another corner after countless other equally identical corridors. "It's like we're pals, though! You care so much!"

"I assure you, we are not, and I most certainly do not." Archangel growled as his long strides forced even Anima to add some haste to his step.

"Clearly, sarcasm flies over your towering skull and straight into the wall behind it," Anima said as he folded his arms across his chest. His pupils dilated to allow more light in, the Umbaran having difficulty seeing in the darkness of the corridors despite having access to a few more spectrums of light than his companion.

"Just to be clear, I don't trust this intel of yours."

Anima lifted an eyebrow but said nothing, opting to merely glance in the Palatinae's direction.

"It's Sadowan after all." Archangel stated flatly.

The Rollmaster of Naga Sadow chuckled slightly before responding, "Wouldn't you be more comfortable back on the field of war?"

"Yes."

Anima stopped for a moment, watching his companion carry on forward without flinching in the slightest. As fond as he was of sarcasm, it was beginning to wear thin against the thick skull of the titan of a Human.

No humor that guy, none whatsoever.

To be fair, though, the intel was incomplete. At least for one of them. Thanks to the entirely unnecessary and utterly futile alliance between the two Clans, they had been forced to share news of the hidden artifact that the pirates had managed to get their grimy paws on. They weren't, however, required to disclose the *what* and the *where* of the matter. That was information Anima was to keep

close to the chest. Not that he liked the conversation much anyhow. They may have been temporary allies, almost two years prior to their current team up, and they may both bear the title of Judge for the Antei Combat Centre, but that didn't mean they liked each other. In fact, to any onlooker they appeared to be in a constant state of sizing each other up like prey, in a constant state of metaphysical arm wrestling.

In all fairness, Anima would enjoy nothing more than to have a go at the other man. But a time and a place for all things.

It wasn't implicitly ordered that he wasn't to harm or engage in combat with the members of Scholae, well, at least not in regards to Anima. But it was, however, frowned upon. Like, a big frowny face with the mopey eyes and everything. Utterly insufferable.

Of course, he didn't need to kill Archangel. Not when he could just stop walking, like he had, after working to make himself less desirable to have around, and watch as the Palatinae marched onward with purpose.

"No... Wait... Don't go..." Anima muttered under his breath with a grin before turning towards the wall of the corridor. He reached out with his palm and extended outward with the tendrils of the Force, letting his power snake into the seemingly solid surface and trigger the locking mechanism hidden within. The wall slowly hissed open, light and smoke cascading into the corridor and washing over him.

"Aw, you shouldn't have," Anima said quietly as a half grin tugged at the edge of his mouth. The Sadowan strode forward purposefully, ready to retrieve the artifact for his clan.