A Thorn in the Side from the Past

The Pacre Dataship came out of the transports in waves. The cult was moving quickly but discreetly through Cocytus space to repel any unwanted detection. A hooded figure with lavished robes than anyone else broke from the mass towards another transport. The southern pole on Antenora was an empty expanse of a continent as the hooded figure awaited for the leader of the opposite mass to appear before his group. He came to the front of the line to meet the cloaked figure and they engaged in talks that no one could overhear between them. They simply murmured to each other and glanced at each respective groups of their own cult before looking upon the large spire that ascended into the stale air before them. The sand raged in the wind as everyone’s face was buffeted by the sand that was kicked up. An abandoned temple that stood for a long time was one of the few remaining pieces left from the infinite empire. Both of the groups began to converge into the entrance of the temple for something important was to happen that would affect the future of both the Evanescent and the so called Pacre dataship.

The Palatineaan remained cloaked as his cowl covered his facial features well among the large mass of the Pacre cult members. The robes were not his favorite design but it will have to do in order to find out what was going on with these mysterious worshippers. Lucyeth could feel the power within he temple as they moved into the main concourse under the spire. He had never felt this kind of presence before back in his days when the battleteam oversaw Antenora. It had been awhile since the Battlemaster was even on the planet surface and he still knew the area well in the back of his mind. The group descended deeper into the bowels of the temple and Lucyeth continued to follow the crowd in earnest. There was always a power that was felt within the temple and Lucyeth knew that much. The various members of the two cults stopped to gather at a large shrine of an arcane existence of a long time in the past. Lucyeth veered out of the crowd to look around the temple. He raced to get any clues that he could find to get to the bottom of what was happening here but he had to get back to the ritual that was about to begin. A small room brought Lucyeth to a stop in the corridor that attracted his attention.

The Palatinaean gasped in horror at all the artifacts that at gazed upon. There were talismans, scepters, and amulets of what was the infinite empire. Lucyeth ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. If the cult groups were onto what Lucyeth believed to be the case, then they were about to erect an arcane technology of great power from the infinite empire that the royal clan had no knowledge of. Lucyeth was not certain but he knew that this ritual would be the start of something far more powerful than the Emperor could possibly imagine. The Battlemaster grabbed a talisman from a shelf before he sprinted from the room and back toward the entrance. He ignored the ritual and the risk of being discovered. He had to get a message out to the emperor to bring additional forces to stop the chaos that would result. He just hoped it would not be too late.