

# Sins of the Past, Episode I

## The Dragon and The Drake

*Zratis Arms Corp*

*Korda*

*Selen*

Klaxons masked the screams of slaughter. Red flashes hid the blood.

Two lithe, elongated figures skulked like shadows through the darkness. Another figure, that of a man, rounded a machine on the factory floor. His eyes were the sun — wide, red, eclipsing. Then vacant. Two crimson spears of light jutted from his chest.

The twins moved on. Their shrill laughter rising higher even than the alarms sounding throughout the building.

Merciless. Indiscriminate.

They killed.

#

*The Dead Forest*

*Kurs'kranak*

*Eldar*

Lysander moved with preternatural grace.

He leapt from tree to tree high in the forest canopy, his feet barely kissing the branches. Long raven black hair trailed behind him, neatly tied with cord, like a ribbon of shadow chasing the newest member of the clan. With arms outstretched, he swung down to the lower boughs, before finally reaching the forest floor. He stopped and leant against a tree trunk to take a drink. A hand wandered subconsciously to the blade hanging from his hip before it snatched the canteen. One long drag. Then another.

At first, he had resisted. His brother had brought him to Eldar on official business. But it was not long before he began to appreciate the forest for what it was. A training ground. Canopies, branches, and open grassy knolls gave him the chance to exercise his agility and his endurance. His lithe, athletic frame lent itself well to a life in the trees.

He took another long swig, before clipping his canteen to his belt and unsheathing his blade. Sapphire. Unnaturally smooth, always sharp. No oils. No whetstone. It had only been a few weeks since his brother had gifted it to him, but now it was an extension of his being. It was *part* of him.

Lysander set back off in a run. He darted between trunks and underneath branches, soon emerging into the grassland behind the Kurs'kranak hangar.

“Training again?” A tall, heavily-built man asked as Lysander jogged up to the landing bay.

“As you suggested, yes.”

“Good, I’m glad to see it,” Wuntila replied. “I have received communication from the Citadel. It seems that there has been some gravitational disturbance in the system.”

Lysander grabbed a towel he had left hanging on the railing before his morning run and daubed off the sweat beading on his forehead. Whilst nearly as tall as his brother, physically they could not

have been more different. Wuntila's weathered features and thickset, muscular frame stood in stark contrast to Lysander's chiseled cheekbones, youthful complexion, and slender build.

"Shall I get the *Saracen* ready?" Lysander asked, turning to head into the hangar.

"No." Wuntila grabbed his brother's arm, stopping the younger man in his tracks. "My presence has been requested at the Citadel. I want you to check things out in Korda. Initial reports are suggesting that the disruption manifested itself there. Take a separate shuttle and report back to me once you have had the chance to scope things out."

"It must be difficult for you," Lysander began, pulling his arm free from Wuntila's grasp. "As a man so used to fighting, all you seem to do is play politics. Don't worry. I'll look after the heavy lifting." He gave his older brother a wink and clapped him firmly on the shoulder.

Without dignifying his younger brother with a response, Wuntila turned and strode towards the facility proper rolling his shoulders. Lysander could not help but notice his brother's hands tightly clenched into fists.

Lysander took off in the other direction toward the main hangar bay, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

#

***Board Room***  
***Zratis Arms Corp***  
***Korda***  
***Selen***

Two figures had been stalking the the board room. They did not speak. Instead, they paced around the large table dominating the room, occasionally stopping to look out of the panoramic window onto the industrial heartland of Korda below. It was only when a soldier reluctantly entered the room that one of the figures sat down and began idly picking the stitching out of the leather chair with a long, decorative knife.

"My lords, we are receiving word that an Arconan-marked shuttle has requested access to the docking bay." The soldier was clearly a reputable warrior. With formal decoration on his breast and scars across his face, he was certainly experienced. He knew war. Fear. Pain. But he did not hide the trembling in his voice as he spoke.

The standing figure approached the man slowly. "Thank you, Captain. Send word to our sponsor. Let him know we will soon be making contact to initiate the second phase."

The Captain nodded, saluted, and quickly turned on the balls of his feet, hurrying from the room.

"It is time," the seated figure mused. He stood and moved towards the other figure, dragging the knife across the backs of the other chairs as he walked.

**To Be Continued...**