

© Doctor Psychos Library

THE 18 ROYAL PLAGUES OF LIVALIZARIA:

SCOUT
OF
SORROW

BY DOCTOR PSYCHO'S
LIBRARY

A.K.A. MICHAEL ISEMAN

Scout Of Sorrow

The 13 Royal Plagues Series, Book 1

Chapter 1: "Unleash The First"

"...And as the maniacal Hellions blew their infernal trumpets once, I sat in the Chaos, watching mind after mind snap in the destruction of Alesticar Manjara. For Alesticar was known in ancient times as not only "The Grinning Fiend", but also as "The Blight Walker", and more over, the "Scout Of Sorrow", as well as the Primary Coming of the 13 Royal Plagues, bringing forth destruction from hell itself. As he emerged, I knew that there would be far more plagues to come, and so there I sat, watching in despair as my loved ones, as well as the entire galaxy, no...the entire universe, fell before the unbearable, the unquestionable, and the unrelentless power of Alesticar Manjara, his Aerial Shaft, and his unholy, demonic, decaying steed known by the name of "Obsadrica"... "

-Excerpt from "Indaricas' Handbook To The Apocalypse, Chapter 1, Verse 1"

"Sire..." The royal guard spoke in a tone of disbelief. "Surely you can't--" The king stood up, clearly agitated by the guard's disobedience as well as his incessant questioning. "I said to retreat and I MEAN it." The King commanded the guard, his pale green eyes abnormally shinning through the bands of his untamed, frazzled white hair. The King's bony hand clenched into a fist, full of fury, as well as remorse.

"If it is indeed true..." The King continued, eyes darting all over the royal chamber in horrid anxiousness, "If the first plague's seal has been unlocked, then our soldiers are sitting ducks in the face of the first plague: Alesticar." The King drew upon a deep sigh and sat back down in his chair. "I can not believe it. I thought we stopped their domination long ago. The seals should have lasted for eternity so that this would never come to pass a second time." The King took out a handkerchief and padded his moist brow with it. "I fear it's time to call Vod into service once again." He said, looking the guard directly into the eye. "Also, be sure that we're able to find any and all help from every planet in the universe. Tell them that it's begun once again, Alesticar is loose, and I'm certain that he will bring about the other 12 plagues with him."

"Aye my Lord. It shall be done." The guard bowed, quickly, and obediently. As quickly as the guard had come, he was gone again, making preparations and sending off negotiators, messengers, and guards to many places in the vast and expanding universe.

"I cannot believe it..." The King thought to himself, sighing again. "Even with my extended life, I never would have suspected I would have had to encounter the Royal Plagues TWICE..." The King, thinking about the previous encounter that the Empire had

with the plagues last time, shivered and relaxed his features, fearing the past, frightful of the present, and traumatized by what was yet to come.

“Oh great. Fuckin’ Hell!” Mazalic Jamaok swore as he breathed into his clammy cold hands for warmth as he examined his steaming, broken-down car. Sliding the hood directly back into a compact, out of the way state, he examined his Compulserizer ECT 24 engine, and shook his head in frustration. “God damned fueling rod shattered. Brilliant.” He angrily pulled the hood towards him, locked it in place, and started trudging down the street to a gas station that might be able to help him in obtaining a new, more resistant fuel rod.

It was a very dismal day. Mazalic Garrett walked quickly down the street, hands shoved in his pockets, swearing under his breath, and blatantly defying – or otherwise ignoring – the oncoming downpour.

“I can’t believe that piece of shit rod just up and broke down on me. It was brand new! If I ever see that parts dealer again, I’m gonna kill ‘em, I swear!” Mazalic murmured to himself as he kept his head down low and grumbled at the sidewalk in anger.

A crash was heard down a nearby alley. Mazalic stopped and looked down the dark corridor with a cocked eyebrow, curious of what caused the noise. He soon heard the rapid, muffled pats of bare feet and the occasional splash of water as the feet collided with puddles at various points within the alley. Soon the shadows parted, and a woman, totally naked with the exception of a damp brown trench coat far too big wrapped around her, came blindly running out of the shadows, and right into Mazalic.

Crash! Without being able to react to the oncoming woman, Mazalic soon felt the velocity and force behind the running girl, and stumbled backwards, landing in the street on his back, with the woman on top of him.

“Oh God!” The woman gasped, looking at Mazalic’s bewildered look. “I’m so sorry! I... I... I have to go!” The woman stumbled to her feet and looked at a most perplexed Mazalic, then began running away again. As Mazalic looked down at himself, he noticed that the woman had left upon him many telltale markings of blood.

“Whoa! Dude! What happened to you?!” The exasperated clerk at the nearest market center asked, looking up and down at Mazalic. Mazalic’s dampened black hair covering his pale blue eyes, as well as his blood and rain soaked clothes made him look more like an axe murderer than anything else.

“Some stupid bitch ran into me on the street and smeared a bunch of blood from her clothes to mine.” Mazalic said coolly, yet hastily. “That’s all.”

“Is it now?” The clerk looked warily. “You sure?” He looked just about ready to grab the standard Pulse Automitron Frag Hand Cannon that was normally kept behind all desks at the general market centers.

“Yeah man. That’s it. I’m unarmed for the love of god. Look.” Parting pockets in his clothing, the clerk was satisfied with the lack of weaponry. “Anyways,” Mazalic continued after reorganizing his clothing. “Do you happen to have any of these in stock?” Holding out his hand, the clerk looked and saw about 5 distinct pieces that were all which remained of a fueling rod.

“Ah man. That blows. What model rod ya need for your car?” The clerk looked sympathetically at Mazalic as he rummaged around behind the counter, accessing the compartment where the fueling rods were kept.

“I need a model BC-74 Series 10.” Mazalic snapped, obviously frustrated with the clerks slowness.

“Chill out man. Here’s your damn fueling rod.”

“Thank you.” Mazalic narrowed his eyes, then kicked open the exit door as he left.

Sprinting through the masses of debris and chaos, Lt. Tyson Algaron looked all around as the corpses of his fellow soldiers; silently grieving for them, but only for an instant, for Tyson had much information to relay. While the techs on his crew were slaughtered by The Grinning Fiend, Tyson still had men trying to forward the message of the 1st plagues escape. He only prayed to God that the message reached the King before it was too late.

Gunfire. Behind him. Tyson dared not look back upon the massacre; for fear that the Scout of Sorrow might be on his tail momentarily. An evil cackling soon began to crescendo over the agonizing screams of his fellow soldiers.

“This is Lt. Tyson Algaron. Can anybody hear me? Anybody?” Tyson shouted sourly into his wrist communication, but only got static for feedback.

“Shit. Not good. Not good at all.” Tyson grimaced at the lack of communications, and was prepared to be found by the dreaded first plague, when a light message broke through.

“Attention all Civilians: This is an Emergency Broadcast message brought to you directly from the Livalizarian Empire. Please evacuate the premise of this planet immediately. Do not be alarmed, there is merely a situation that must be taken care, and we require any and all personnel to evacuate as quickly as possible. Transportation will be landing at thousands of various locations, to ensure that all civilians have been cleared. This concludes the Emergency Broadcast. Thank you.”

“Transportation? The Empire?” Tyson’s expression relaxed and he laughed to himself. “Ha! I wonder when the Empire started giving two shits worth about ANYBODY.” He shook his head and merely trudged on to a transportation pick-up spot, not really even caring anymore if Alesticar caught up with him or not.

Whirling. Tyson’s head shot up as he saw the beams of light coming from a transportation pod. The whirling sound came from the fluctuating propulsion engine system. Soon, the system’s whirling slowed down as it landed, then a platform was lowered from the bottom ship, supported by 4 titanium cables.

“Climb aboard!” A crew member on the ship shouted down to Tyson. Reacting immediately, Tyson ran over to the platform and got on top of it. However, in his heart, Tyson knew something was wrong. Over the roaring of the engine, he heard the faint clapping of horse hooves.

And they were getting closer

“For the Love of God, pull me up!!” Tyson screamed at the crew member, but no sooner had he spoken, a blur ran past him, just barely missing his head, but hitting one of the titanium cables, and snapped it loose.

A jolt was sent through Tyson’s body as the platform he was on was giving way. “Shit!” The crewmember exclaimed as Tyson braced onto the sides of the platform for dear life. “Hold on! I’m reeling you up as fast as it’ll go!”

A screech, no, a string of maniacal laughter echoed on the planet below. Tyson, as well as every soul on board the Transportation Pod, received a relentless, and fierce, shiver that shot up and down their spine. For as long as it lasted, the laughter seemed to overpower even the tremendous roar of the engine system.

“Whatever happens, don’t look at his face!” Tyson reminded the crew members of what could probably only be considered common knowledge.

“Aye aye Lieutenant!” the crewmembers all replied, bringing him aboard, and leaving the shadowy, grinning, hunched over figure, as well as his rotted horse far, far behind.

“I want every file of anybody and everybody who will be useful to our cause.” The King ordered his finest captains lethargically, his mind preoccupied, and not even paying attention to the problem at hand.

“Sir, that could take decades upon decades just to gather the profiles of every being in the universe...” The captain trailed off as he saw the King look hatefully back at him.

“I’m not talking about useless races like the Nazarthians or the Plokavarks, or even the Jin’Mashtala. I am talking about the profiles of sentient beings, like the Yit’incalx, the Quj’bokisks, and any of the other Ancient Races, if any remain that is...”

“Aye Sir. It shall be done.” The guard saluted to the King, and began to walk out the door.

“Wait.” The King stopped the guard. “Has Vod replied to our assistance request? I don’t think we can do this without him. As a matter of fact, I’m SURE we can’t do this without him.”

“No Sir. Mr. Vod has not replied to our request, though we should get a reply back from him soon.” The guard spoke sternly and waited to be dismissed.

“Very well then.” The King sighed heavily. “Give me updates on our situation with the plagues every hour or so. Any and all new information. That’ll be all Soldier.” The King finished, turning his back on the guard and walking over to a nearby window.

“Yes Sir. I will Sir.” The guard saluted again, and then headed off to gather new intelligence information.

“What kind of madman would have possibly released these beings...?” The King asked himself out loud as he fiddled with the rings on his fingers, and pathetically looked outside, certain that the lush, beautiful courtyard outside his window, would soon become a pile a debris, death, and ashes.

“Don’t you fools know how to fix a compulsion control column?” Jaki Tirax laughed at the poor work that was made of a Junction Number 27 K engine, ripping apart the poor constructions some of her prodigies had made to the car in order to fix the numerous problems with it. Sliding out from underneath the bottom of the car, Jaki stood up to face the customer, biting her lip and wiping away most of the engine liquids on her forehead. “I’m so sorry Sir.” Jaki said apologetically, putting on a childish face, acting almost like a teenager. “I’m afraid some of my co-workers have damaged your engine to the point where I simply need to do it all over again. I won’t charge you more than usual, but I will need a bit more work with it. Alright...?” Jaki patted her Kien’Soroian customer, trying to keep him calm, and knowing precisely how rude and inconsiderate they were. “Fine.” The Kien’Soroian man blubbered. Narrowing his eyes, the customer looked at his car, then to Jaki disapprovingly. “But if this happens again, it’ll be your head.” The man slithered away, leaving Jaki leaning up against the car with a look of sadness once again.

“Hey Jaki... Why don’t we go and get something to eat.” Hailek, one of Jaki’s co-workers, said, draping both his right arms around her shoulder, trying to give her comfort. Even though Jaki was around 200 years older than Hailek, he still had a bit of a crush on her, considering she looked, moved, and acted exactly like a jubilant teenager. “Ah... No thanks Hailek. I gotta finish the engine work on that Kien’Soroian’s car.” Jaki sighed deeply; the usual light from her brilliant yellow eyes was becoming dim with disappointment. Hailek even noticed her pale-blue skin becoming even paler, and indication among her species – the Yit’Inclax – that she was in a foul or depressive mood. For the many years he’s worked with her, Hailek had never seen her skin that tint of blue before, quite contradictory to her Red and orange streaked hair.

Heading back over to the car, Jaki grabbed a few tools that laid on top of the car and knelt down by the engine, poking around and seeing what she could fix. “Are you alright Jaki?” Hailek asked her as he walked to the other side of her. “You’re... bluer than usual.” “I’m fine Hailek. I appreciated your offer by the way, but I’m fine, and I need to fix this car.” Jaki said in a rather cold tone, almost silently warning Hailek not to talk to her for the rest of the day. “If you insist Jaki...” Hailek trailed off, then walked away to greet newly arriving customers.

“Sorry buddy. I can’t allow you in there.” Argeston Kospak boomed, his voice loud and intimidating.

“Look man, All I wanna do is get into the club!” The scrawny O’azazian street punk tried to bargain, but Argeston held firm.

“We don’t allow your kind in here, and it’s my job to keep you lowlifes out.” Argeston was obviously getting irritated with the O’azazian.

“So you think you can push me around, ya fat-ass bouncer?!” The man glared at Argeston.

“Do you have any idea who I am?!” he screamed.

“All I know is that you’re one fuckin’ dumb ass that’s not getting into this club.”

Argeston said coolly, ignoring the furious punk and ushering forward other impatient club members that were being held up by this small little fiasco. Argeston had to move aside for most of them, since he was over seven feet tall and weighed almost 883 pounds. He was indeed, a force to be reckoned with.

“Alright bitch. Let me lay it to you straight!” The O’azazian pulled out a reduced molecular-ion hand rifle. “You either move your fat ass out of the way, or I’ll SHOOT your ass and get in myself!”

Argeston held up a hand to the man, signaling for him to wait just one second. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out a cigarette and a lighter. Igniting the cigarette and putting the lighter back in his pocket, Argeston took several deep breaths, then let the cigarette hang and bob up and down in his mouth while he talked. “Go ahead. Take your best shot.” Argeston said almost sarcastically, hands in his pockets. “Don’t tempt me man! I swear to you I will!” The man screeched. “And I’m telling you to go on ahead. Take your shot, claim your victory over an innocent fat species like me, and get into your fuckin’ precious club. How’s that?” Argeston smiled cruelly at the man, seeing that he was obviously shaken by Argeston’s words.

“Alright bitch. Just remember... You asked for it!” The O’azazian pulled the trigger and shot out a blast of ion disintegrating material at Argeston. Without a moment’s notice, the beam ricocheted off of Argeston and flew back at the man, hitting him square in the chest and vaporizing most, if not all of his upper body.

Walking over calmly, Argeston took the cigarette out of his mouth and laughed. “Alright bitch. Let me lay it to you straight.” Argeston grinned as he saw the man – still alive – gasping for air. “How do I put this... Hmmm...” Argeston took a breath from his cigarette. “Ah yes. How’s this... ‘I have reflective skin for a defense... and you don’t.’?” Argeston grinned once again and dropped the cigarette into the dead man’s mouth. “Sweet Dreams, Asshole.” Argeston laughed, then returned to his position.

“Now don’t worry Ma’am.” Kazrock Yastol said calmly to the woman stretched out on the medical table before him. “This may sting a bit, but the feeling will pass, and the gouge you suffered to the abdomen will be completely healed. I promise.

“Ha. I’ve learned to be a bit distrustful of doctors, especially Rnapauc ones like yourself.” The woman on the table grimaced from her wound, a deep penetrating cut that just barely missed severing her spine, but his several vital organs.

“Why is that?” Kazrock said as he floated over to another nearby table, preparing his potions and chemicals. “Is it our size? Our fascination with chemicals? The way we manage to talk without a mouth? Our eyes? Or perhaps you’re unsettled by being treated by somebody who has a heavy curse put down upon their head.” Kazrock floated back over to the woman, shaking a bottle filled with chemicals vigorously.

“I actually think it’s all of the above.” The woman braced herself as Kazrock uncorked the vial, then looked to see if she was ready.

“Do it already.” She whimpered and snapped her eyes closed, awaiting the pain of the chemicals.

“I’m sorry that I can not put you to sleep for this pain, but the potion only colonized on a conscious patient and..-”

“I said do it already!” The woman interrupted Kazrock. He snapped to attention and nodded, dribbling the chemicals all over the wound. There was a deep, sizzling sound as the tissue rapidly healed and closed shut. The woman screamed in agony, but the pain was over in a minute or so. She laid back on the table covered in sweat from the pain, and finally relaxed.

“Oh sure. It would only sting ‘A little’ will it?” She smiled weakly at Kazrock. He laughed and gave her another potion.

“Here. Drink this. It will numb the pain and put you to sleep. The healing process will be over when you awaken.” Kazrock handed the woman a vial full of bluish-green liquid. She drank it in an instant, and soon fell fast asleep. Kazrock hovered away from the table, barking back instructions to the nurses on which recovery room to take her to, as he went off to heal more mortally wounded patients.

Another lonely, depressing night wandering the cold and harsh streets in the City of Lorkazda. That was the life of which Cortanya Elzet lived. A beautiful girl long ago, but now stricken down by a painful past. Her light purple eyes were dampened by the sadness of her life, and her tattered brown clothing indicated she had been away from her home for far too long. Even her black hair had become tainted with the brown color of mud. Betrayed by her love, and rejected by her family for loving outside of her species, this lonely girl sought no other purpose but merely to die.

Creaking and screeching followed Cortanya’s every movement. The labyrinth and network of barbed wire that coursed throughout the entire outside of her body was a curse – or a promise – that she could never forget. Her tanned, slightly darkened brown skin was almost all covered by her dried, blue blood. Even her two tails had barbed wire embedded in them and were covered in her own blood.

Being painful to even move, Cortanya almost always had tears of pain dribbling down her cheeks. Most called her “The Arailian Girl of Pain and Sadness.”, which only added to her agonized and tormented feelings.

At this time of night, one could expect trouble, which was exactly what happened to Cortanya that night. Walking towards her were some street thugs, armed with knives and assorted hand guns, they began circling Cortanya. Some were giving her a once-over and letting out a long, drawn out whistle.

“Hey baby.” One of the punks approached her directly. “Do you wanna come home with us and show us a good time? Hmm?” The punk cocked his eyebrow as well as his gun.

“If you come with us and give us a REAL nice time without any trouble, I promise we won’t hurt you... much.” He put his hand on his hip, leaning back and forth. “I dunno, whaddya guys think? You think she’ll do for a good time for a few nights?” he started laughing, but the other thugs looked at the saddened Cortanya uneasily.

“I dunno man. It looks like she fused together with one of them Sephtrakians. I’m thinkin’ that’s what the Sephtraks normally do to stake a claim on a girl. Besides that point, I think we’d have a hard time fuckin’ her with all this barbed wire in the way.” “Pfft! What are you guys, stupid? We have knives and shit! We can just cut it all off, along with that nice brown tunic she has on underneath, then we can have our fun!”

“No. You can’t.” Cortanya said softly to the thugs, her saddened expression getting sadder.

“What the hell do you mean, bitch?” The thug leader approached her.

“The wire won’t let you cut it. If it did, I would have gotten rid of it long ago.” Cortanya spoke, her saddened look now turning slightly to fury.

“Pfft. I think you just don’t wanna get ass raped by us, so you’re making up shit!” The leader shouted at her, then drew one of her blades and headed for one of the wire strands, eager and more than ready to cut. His fellow thugs did not share the same enthusiasm though.

“What are you assholes just standing there for? You wanna fuck this bitch or not?” He questioned them with his eyes, but nobody would go near Cortanya.

“Fine. Be that way. I’ll have all the more ass to myself then.” The thug leader raised his arm to slice off the wire, but in an instant, Cortanya’s fingers straightened, sending out a bolt of barbed wire forth with precise accuracy, wrapping around the man’s arms, legs, and neck, and began tightening until every limb was sliced through by the wire.

“Holy shit!” Every thug exclaimed at the same time, dropping their guns and weapons, but not leaving quite yet, halfway between being traumatized and intrigued.

“Alright.” Cortanya said calmly, turning around to face the thugs. “Do any one of you losers want to try raping me now?” she grinned, but only in depression.

Without looking back, every single thug ran down the street, screaming for dear life.

“I didn’t think so.”

With a slam from the steel door at the far end of the hanger, Commander Optark quickly walked through the door to address the troops that stood at attention.

“Alright Ladies and Gentlemen, now we want to do this quickly, fiercely, and show no mercy what-so-ever. We have an unknown number of enemy troops that have set up bases across all, yes – ALL 18 of the moons that revolve around the planet of Bezantarkask 4. Now, as I said, there are an unknown number of troops across all the moons. Possibly 10. Possibly a billion. We have no damn clue what-so-ever. All communications to the planet have been wiped out, we don’t know if any of the civilians on Bezantarkask 4 have survived, or if they’re being held hostage. On a final sour note, I’d like to add that it has been confirmed: Alesticar Manjara – the 1st Royal Plague, has been set free from his hallowed prison.” When the Commander spoke of Alesticar being free, the troops – disobeying the attention stance – began muttering amongst each other, eyes wide in terror.

“Troops!!” Optark yelled. “What in the hell do you think you’re doing?! Stand at attention while receiving a briefing of your mission!”

“With all due respect sir...” One of the younger, cockier soldiers stepped forward. “I seriously doubt any one of us, regardless of our vast numbers, are going to come back alive. This is just a suicide mission, and I think it would be in our interest to stay here and wait until we have more reinforcements...”

“Look you sad excuse of a Mo’Ronices.” Optark glared at the soldier, who was now more afraid of the commander at the moment than of doing battle with Alesticar. “You signed up for this job. You took an oath under the King, and when the King says ‘Jump’ you had DAMNED better well jump! Is that clear?!” Optark yelled at all of the troops: “IS THAT CLEAR TROOPS?!”

“Sir! Yes Sir!” The troops replied without question.

“Good. Now then, on with the briefing...” Optark started again, becoming calmer and a bit softer in tone. “Alesticar may be the big fish we have to fry, but we have reason to believe that several other species are included. At this point we don’t know who he has with him, or what species they are, or even the full extent of damage they can do.” Optark cracked his knuckles to break some of the tension out of his fingers. “Let’s keep this contained people. The King doesn’t want the 13 Plagues running loose all over the universe again. You all should know full fuckin’ well what will happen if the 13th one escapes. It was lucky enough of us as it was that we were able to seal these bastards away as quickly as we did over 800 years ago... But if Alesticar manages to go to the other Seals and starts unlocking them, then we are in deep shit my friends. That is precisely why we need to keep Alesticar on the moons of Bezantarkask 4. Now remember... Never look at Alesticar if you meet at him. I’m sure you know full well what will happen to you if you look at his face. That will be all for now troops.” Optark dismissed the troops and began to leave the hanger. All the troops were quiet.

“Sir?” One of the troops called out after the Commander. Optark turned around, looking at the soldier curiously.

“Yes? What is it soldier?” Optark asked, his head slightly tilted in impatience.

“What about the people on Bezantarkask 4? What will we do with them?” The soldier asked warily, not sure if he wanted to know the answer now that it came out of his throat.

Optark laughed coldly. He walked over and patted the soldier on the shoulder. “You need to shoot anything that moves. Even the innocent people on Bezantarkask 4. Even though Alesticar has been loose on the moons and the planet for only a brief, brief period of time. It is almost certain that any and all forms of life there have been corrupted by his Insanity. That is the undeniable power of the 13 Royal Plagues soldier, and that is why you must destroy them and any trace they leave of themselves behind.” Optark sounded rather sad. Sad that he gave such a cruel “Shoot-To-Kill” order, and sad that he would be sending so many men to the slaughter of Alesticar... By order of the King himself.

Running up and down the abandoned alleys, the woman without a name merely stumbled around, knocking over trashcans and other obstacles, not caring where she was going. For some reason, now that she had used a hidden power from within herself, she remembered teachings of magic, the use of wands and staffs, as well as single-handedly crafting runes and uncanny spells which nobody would ever dream of attempting to cast. She remembers potential, but what good was potential in a place like this? All she had was a mangy trench coat, and it was covering in blood for that matter.

Frustration, fear, and hopelessness were all factors that took over her. Not only was she outside in the middle of the pouring rain with nothing to wear except the crimson trench coat, but she also had to have killed at least six men. Possibly, no... DEFINITELY, more. With the twisted justice system that resided throughout the entire Livalizarian Universe, she knew that it would only be a matter of time before officials caught up with her and charged her with murder, instead of being lenient and saying she acted in self-defense.

There was nothing for her to do except practice her magic. She couldn't sleep in a place like this, considering it was raining and cold, and also, she was in the city of Kantritria, a city infamous for rapes, muggings, murders, and other horrible crimes. Knowing the city well, the woman figured one or many of these things could happen to her at once if she were asleep. Kantritria was a vicious, hateful town.

The woman knew that if anybody were able to help her, it would be that Den'Zoskian man that she ran into while coming out one of the alley ways. She figured that if she were able to find him, perhaps he would help. It may be a long shot, and he may not be willing to help, but at least he was the only decent person she's come across so far. Even though he had a somewhat dark personality, from the look on his face when she ran into him, the woman knew that he would be her only chance to get off this defiled planet of torment.

“Excuse me, my King.” General Ahvanx walked through the doorway into the throne room.

“Yes. What is it General?” The King said wearily from his chair, features relaxed almost as if he were admitting defeat to the threat of the plagues.

“I did not know if you knew, but we have Alesticar isolated on the many moons of Bezantarkask 4.”

“Yes I know this piece of information General. Now, do you have anything positive that might cheer my spirits up?” The King closed his eyes, awaiting silence from the General.

“No sir. It has also been confirmed that Vod will accept the job to take out the 13 Royal Plagues once again, but...” Ahvanx trailed off.

“Yes?” The King’s eyes shot open, eager to hear news of Vod’s coming. “What?”

“He has listed a few demands...” The General said, awaiting for the King to burst into fury. Instead, he just sat up in his throne, and said quietly: “Alright. List them for me please...”

“M’lord... It is as anticipated... The Livalizarian Empire is gathering their forces in order to strike us down before we cause even more damage to the universe...” an Wereix’Ban soldier spoke in the usual twisted, rotting tongue that all Wereix’Banians have. “What would you have us do now M’lord?” The soldier spoke softly, in zealous as well as fear, to the backside of the commanding figure standing before him.

“We do not move. We will only do exactly as Alesticar tells us to. That is all.” The cloaked figure said in monotone. “If worse comes to worse, I will slay any resistance they bring up myself.” The figure cackled as he played with his poisoned daggers – Otherwise known as “Kriss” – sharpening the blades, and testing their potency on any poor misfortunate animal that came within throwing range.

“But M’lord...” The Wereix’Ban soldier continued, frightened of the figure’s speed and accuracy with the kriss weapons. “Our scouts tell us that the Empire is gathering the most skilled people in the universe to resist our assault. They’re even getting... Vod to help them...”

Suddenly, and without warning, the figure was instantly behind the warrior. The Wereix’Ban turned around and screamed as he looked into the hood of his master and saw two gleaming, iris-less as well as pupil-less, white eyes.

“So, Vod is coming to greet us is he?” The figure said darkly, his brilliant white eyes widening, then narrowing. “Let him come. Let the famous Vod pit his Legendary Weapon against the Chakri, and our infamous Mentipo.”

At that moment, at a distance not to far away, a girl lay in hiding – Calissa – aimed and ready to fire with her high powered sniper, with the Chakri captain in her sights.

“Come on you Bastard.” Calissa said softly to herself “Stop moving.”

The Chakri captain continued pacing, leaving Calissa without a proper shot. Walking back and forth, the figurehead began thinking about orders and what was to be expected. If the entire Livalizarian Empire came at this very moment, it would be almost certain that they would be crushed, even with the trembling might of Alesticar. If only they had two or more Plague Seals unlocked... then perhaps they might get help from...

Galloping. Calissa dropped her sights on the Chakrian and looked to see who it was, re-aiming her scope upon the new figure entering the scene.

It was Alesticar.

“Oh fuck!” Calissa almost screamed. A jolt shot through her spine as she saw Obsadrica carrying its master. “God damn it... even though I’ll probably regret this, I should probably listen in on what they’re saying... The King needs all the information he can get...” Calissa murmured, cracking open a case next to her which had a High-powered sound retrieval device – Pixtiquoian Design. Taking out the device, she held the radar and pointed it in the general vicinity of the two figures. With the radar in one hand, and the sniper scope in the other, Calissa was able to get a fairly good view of the two beasts. The Chakri captain was facing towards her direction, which placed Calissa looking at the backside of Alesticar. “Thank god he’s facing away from me.” Calissa prayed to the Gods. “If he had been facing this direction, I probably wouldn’t be able to do this.”

“So, your majesty...” Calissa overheard the captain say to Alesticar in a grateful tone. “What are your orders?”

“I want you to extinguish any and all enforcement that the pathetic Livalizarian Empire sends.” Alesticar spoke, his voice was high and screechy, and a horrid, consistent, but faint, laughter overlapped his screechy voice. Calissa winced in pain. Listening to Alesticar’s voice was even more painful than listening a trillion nails scratch against a chalkboard at the same time.

“How is it we’ll be able to do anything though sir? Transportation won’t be here for another week, at least. The Wereix’Ban are troublesome creatures, and their home planet is far from here...” The Chakri captain began to speak, but Alesticar held his hand up to indicate silence from the Captain.

Dismounting Obsadrica, Alesticar walked around, supported by his Aerial Shaft. Even being hunched over, Alesticar towered over the Chakri Captain. Calissa estimated Alesticar’s height at being at least over 7 feet, being even more if his back were straight.

“If I remember correctly. I am the one and only plague giving orders around here. My word was, is, and always will be unquestioned. Is that clear, Selphir?” Alesticar commanded, his bony, decayed right hand pointing at Selphir, – the Chakri Captain – ordering him to obey, while his left hand remained attached to the Aerial Shaft for support. For all the years that Alesticar was locked up in his tomb, Calissa knew that even a figure of such immense power as him, was in a critical point of weakness at this current state.

Time to take the shot. Aiming at the back of Alesticar's skull, Calissa cocked the sniper rifle and discharged a round, perfectly hitting Alesticar in the back of the head, and making him go limp, then collapse.

"Alesticar!" Selphir screamed. Running over and grabbing the fallen plague. Calissa smiled from her cliff position, eager to tell the King she had assassinated Alesticar Manjara, and that the threat was over, when something happened.

Something Calissa feared would happen.

With the deep, sickening snapping, popping, and crunching of bones, Alesticar stood up, his back still facing Calissa. Just then, Alesticar snapped his head around 180 degrees, grinning wider than ever.

"Shit!" Calissa cried out, throwing the scope and sniper to the side, wiping her eyes furiously, attempting to get rid of the burning, corroding image of Alesticar's smile of insanity out of her mind. After a few agonizing moments, the smile burned away, and Calissa thanked the gods that she only caught a fraction of a glimpse of Alesticar's smile. Any longer, and she surely would have gone mad.

"Damn it all. I have to retreat." Calissa thought about what the King would say when he heard the news of Alesticar's troop count, his plans, and all the other information she was able to gather. Packing up her sniper, spying devices, and other equipment, Calissa stepped aboard her transportation pod, firing up the engine, and speeding out of orbit.

Shocked at the quick turn of events, Selphir still helped Alesticar to his feet. Snapping his neck back to its original position, Alesticar reached into the back of his skull and pulled out a bullet.

"You know... It will never fail to amuse me that this universe ACTUALLY thinks they can dispatch of the Plagues with such pathetically weak weaponry." He cackled in his usual, high pitched voice, his grin exceeding even normal limits as he ground the bullet into dust with his bare fingers. "Now... Do as I said to. Tear this universe apart. Leave no prisoners, and annihilate everything that breathes in the name of the 13 ROYAL PLAGUES!!"

To Be Continued...

Disclaimer:

All names, concepts, monsters, weaponry, vehicles, designs, characters, locations, and other content relating to the Livalizarian Universe are copyrighted to <http://dr-psychos-library.deviantart.com> . All commercial distribution, as well as altering of this piece is strictly prohibited. Confirmation of author identity and publication can be done through the Note system of DeviantART, or via E-mail.