

Draka is very tall for an Adeian. As he walks down the hallway, the blackness over his head seems to reach down to consume him.

He stands nine cycles of the Yohba tree plus ten at his last turn of being. His rough, dark skin has many scars from all the battles he engaged in. His large muscular frame supports shoulders that spread five cycles of the Yohb.

The girth of his neck is the envy of most Yohba trees. His sturdy arms are built to wield his heavy sword along with his battle-ax with ease, and his legs are strong enough to sustain them all. [Adeians refer to this as the built of a warrior.]

All this, along with his solid blue eyes, convey the curious combination of friendship and death, each quality reserved for specific beings. His steely expression softens that conveys a willingness to extend this friendship to those he regards as true.

His helmet hides his hair, but when removed, descends past his shoulders. It is as the Turn of the Twins when they are in hiding, it ripples like still water when a cool breeze blows across the top [Jet-black and wavy]. Bushy mustache with thick sideburns attempts to cover his face from the world.

The armor he wears is like a second skin, covering him from his neck to the soles of his feet. Across the expanse of his back is his most trusted ally, an enormous, ancient, double-sided sword. [This is a tale for another duration.] He also carries ten daggers tactically placed all over his body.

His ability as a warrior is well known throughout Clan Adeian. Because of his skills, most know of him, many fear him. However, of those, most would be delighted to bring him down, but are afraid to try.

Walking through the halls, a song runs through his mind of yet another tale of a battle long gone.

'ACROSS THE VAST Q'FAHTI

***THEY CAME TO STOP THE BATTLES OF THE CLANS.
EMERGING OUT OF THE TUNNELS THEY RODE,
FOR MATOCA'S HORDES DARED TO STAND.
THE SKY BECAME DARK WITH ARKARIAN ARROWS.
THIS BROUGHT MUCH PAIN AND SO MUCH SORROW.
ALL CLANS OF ALL THE LANDS GOT TOGETHER TO BATTLE MATOCA
AND HIS BAN.
HEARTS FILLED WITH PASSION, THE CLANS CONTINUED.
THE HORDE FELT THEIR DUNAMIS POWER,
AND THIS CHANGED THEIR COURSE AND THEIR DIRECTION,
BUT MANY ADEIANS WERE SLAIN BECAUSE OF MATOCA'S
OBSESSION.'***

'An obsession? Not many knew of this obsession. The few who did are now slain. Those who remain are afraid to ask. One of these durations, I will ask. When I feel like it. However, I believe Scarra knows more than she claims.'

He turns slightly to look at Scarra, who walks behind him. With a slight nod, he turns facing forward again, leaving Scarra to her own thoughts.

She looks up, a cold shiver runs down her spine as she approaches the ingress. Involuntarily, she looks up at the ceiling. To her, it looks as if the Firelight has forever abandoned this place. The darkness seems to be reaching down to claim anyone foolish enough to walk these halls ever again.

With every step, her mind reflects on cycles long gone--that duration of the Battle with the Clans.

'It is as if the power of the Veloian Users is still strong; As if somehow their power has increased in some way.'

What astonished her more were Matoca's new powers. *'How did he get so strong?'* It still bothers her about his powers. *'I have always been stronger than he was, and that aggravated him.'*

Her eyes dart from side to side, with every step, her memory seems to reveal more of the battle, especially with the Users.

'I remember the utterance of every User who spoke an uttering. Then the destruction of the Kazar came, we barely escaped with our lives, those of us who made it out. If it were not for Derla's Sire, I would be nothing but a memory within these walls. How then did Matoca survive?' She continues to walk as a distant memory flashes in her mind.

One memory she would rather forget. This one took place in the duration before the battle. It was the duration that she left Matoca's Kazar vowing never to return--that last duration that she shared Matoca's bed. Something was troubling him, when she asked, he never told her. She had news for him and hoped it would put him in a better mood.

His reaction to the news sent her running out of the room into the great hall, now known as his throne room. She remembers the pain she felt as she sat there on the floor, crying. Many cycles came and went before that battle, now, just like then she has broken her vow. The flame she has for him is still strong no matter how hard she tries to stay away all he has to do is call. *'I cannot believe I am back in this place.'*

She walks past Draka smiles to herself while at the same duration she tries to keep Yar at bay. *'I hope this meeting does not turn out unsightly, if it does, will Matoca be strong enough to control it?'*

As the thought enters her mind her eye flashes brightly in the poorly lit hall, but it dims just as quickly. She hopes none of the others paid it any attention.

However, her wishes are in vain, because Draka sees it, slowly his hand moves away from his dagger when the light dims. As much as he admires Scarra, with what has been going on he is not in the trusting mood. He studies her and notices she has not changed much.

'Her beauty still radiates, her skin is still smooth. She is much lighter than me. Look how her skin glows beneath her gown of red and brown. Is this why Matoca cannot leave her alone? She only stands about seven cycles of the Yohba tree, plus ten at her last turn of being. I always liked her brown hair, how it flows down to her waist, rippling impatiently like a strong breeze across still waters.'

Bringing up the rear is Yar, who smiles thinking as he watches Draka's hand move from his dagger, *'That half-breed is still jumpy, maybe this meeting will be fun after all.'*

Yar stands one Yohb shorter than Draka plus five at his last turn of being. He is naught but a shade darker than Scarra, with hair color and texture as hers. However, his eyes are a solid red.

His frame is almost as muscular as Draka's but medium in size to Draka's huge frame. His shoulders spread four cycles of a Yohba tree. Across the top of his mouth is a thin mustache. The attire he wears reflects his demeanor.

Both his pants and vest are dark, with a white silk-like shirt made from Yohba roots. He has two daggers at his side, a gift from his Sire for completing his Dunamis training over many thousand cycles ago.

Speeding up, Yar makes his way past Draka, making sure he brushes up against him to show he does not fear him.

Passing Scarra, he whispers, "Thou should have uttered thy words." Stopping to face them with mischief dancing in his eyes, he continues. "I think I should be in charge of this little group. After all, I am the oldest, the strongest, and the smartest."

Draka glares scornfully at him. With a few quick steps, he overtakes him, in a low voice, he spat the word,

"Fool."

Yar's eyes glow slowly as his anger begins to grow. Turning to Draka he asks, "Who art thou calling a fool, half-breed?"

Draka stops in his tracks, turns to Yar with a murderous expression on his face. The look startles Yar. He lowers his eyelids over his glowing eyes.

To calm his nerves, he laughs. "HA! HA! HA! What art thou thinking of doing?"

In one smooth motion, Draka pulls his sword, grabs Yar, throws him up against the wall, before answering, "Do not make the mistake of using thy senseless power on me Yar, or I will send thy head rolling down this hall."

Yar tries to squirm out of his grip, but Draka presses his sword tightly against his neck until it drew blood. Intensely, Draka watches as the blood rolls slowly down his sword. He leans into Yar whispering in his ear, "Pray thy first utterance works, for thee, will not get another chance."