

In the kingdom of Vexastria, silence falls upon the inhabitants of the outermost ring. Guards are posted on the eastern wall of the kingdom. Each guard wore the typical suit of armor that signifies that they are a part of the militia, the Queensguard. The armor consisted of a light metal breastplate, and dark gray leather armor lay along the rest of their stature. An insignia on the right shoulder depicts a combination of wolf and dragon, a Chimera, the Protector of her House. Each guard, four in total, carried the standard-issue sword, shield, and spear. As the night goes on, clouds start to gather above the peaceful kingdom.

"Looks like it's starting to pour," one of them yawns out.

"Don't let the Queensglave see you yawn on patrol," another says as he slaps the back of the other, causing him to trip forward. The others chuckled, wishing they had been posted earlier in the day.

"The sun will rise in a couple of hours, once our shift is over we can--" as the third tries to finish his sentence, his voice disappears, and suddenly he is whipped into a patch of bushes, close to the forest that sits right against the eastern wall. The others draw their swords and look around frantically for their comrade.

"Don't let your guard down! Signal for reinforcements! Light your aura!" The captain of the squad suddenly glowed a faint red aura, his irises a red hue. He spoke words not understandable to Common language, and his sword sparked and bursted into flames, engulfing the blade. The other two followed suit, and readied for an attack.

"Weak, you are all weak," a voice emerges from the trees, "and I am ready to feast." a figure, shrouded in darkness steps out onto the pathway. Now in the light of the moon, it looks as though the figure is literally shrouded in darkness. What seems to be the figure's cloak is a bundle of shadows swirling around it, covering everything but their eyes, which glowed a black hue.

“You there! Take another step forward and we will rain fire on you!” The captain shouted, but the figure did not move. Instead, the figure laughed, and the shadows around it began to swirl even faster.

“I will feast on you, since you are not who I am looking for. Give me the one with the White Aura!” The figure dashes with inhuman speed and stops in the middle of all three guards. Before they could react, the figure releases its shadows, piercing each guard in the middle of their chest. Their Red Aura slowly seeps into the figure, and when the last bit is absorbed, the figure throws the bodies into the forest. The shadows recede into a hooded cloak, and the figure continues to drift into the outermost ring of the kingdom of Vexastria.