

Feveren: lost in the darkness

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My own character in a futuristic world where humans have expanded and a war has begun.

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1. the complete Feveren chronicles

FEVEREN: THE DARK CHRONICLES

Feveren pulled his Motor gun out of his pack. He scanned the horizon. Then he swung around and let off a short burst of blue electricity. A small crackle signalled the robots passing and Feveren moved on.

He kept his slow walking pace up until the corner when another robot blundered towards him. Feveren let more and more bursts of blue electricity towards the metal monster. It simply didn't pierce its armour.

He moved quickly through the gun cycle. Black mod 2 was his first stop. Letting off a barrage of black bolts he dodged to one side to avoid the robots attack. The `bot skidded and turned. Feveren also turned. Another charge from the huge red robot caused Feveren to switch to his next gun mode.

Green 3. He leapt aside as he continued to power-up the weapon. With a deep grimace he let go of the trigger and a white ball of explosive plasma spiralled towards the `bot.

The ball of destruction hit bang on target. With a mechanical groan the `bot imploded and Feveren ducked behind a block of granite as pieces of metal cascaded everywhere.

Feveren stood up and called out. "Power down"! A hiss of white steam and a grating appeared from the steel door opposite Feveren. He strode over to it and through.

Spinning on the spot he entered a code into the small menu to the doors left. It hissed once more then closed. Feveren looked over at the rack of swords. "Awrgh"! Drawing a small dagger he flicked it towards the little wrack.

It smashed to pieces on the floor, little pieces of precursor weaponry spinning across the floor.

Feveren sighed. He raised his gloved hand and murmured a few words to the wood. It jumped up and rebuilt itself on the wall, precursor weapons as well.

His anger overtook him and he ran towards the door. It opened automatically and sent waves of fresh, cold air over him. Sighing he walked out onto the docks. Turning again he punched a code into the door which beeped and closed.

He wandered off towards the pulse towers. Grabbing his zoomer he sped off. He thought he'd take a `quick-cut' so he pulled his zoomer left and started to wish he hadn't.

He slammed the breaks but he wasn't quick enough. The armoured terrorist latched onto his shoulders and flung him away into a group of terrified people.

"OK"! he roared after the zoomer-thief. Pulling out his motor-gun he switched to purple 3.

"FEEL THIS"!

A purple jet of liquid sprayed out of his gun but before he could pull the range switch he had to duck to avoid a sword master tank. Swearing after the tank and the sword master, he charged after them. He almost lost the tank but instead let off a burst of blue electricity which took a part of the tanks wing, during a right way turn. As he jogged up to the corner he spotted the tanks wreckage, then the thief.

The thief he noticed was wearing a metronome colonial star-badge. He looked on as the colonist engaged the tank commander, who sadly survived the crash.

As Feveren looked on as the colonists Kell inumerators engaged. Before Feveren got a chance to intervene, the thief had taken his chance and ran.

ONE

He dropped his motorised weapon. It clunked on the metal street. Feveren knew what to do.

He would take a death squad to metronome as soon as possible.

He was working in Spartican to make the scum dictator (sword master) drop his `grip' on the city.

Before Feveren could make his way back to his small apartment, a `VWOOOOOOOOOOOOOM'!

Echoed round the city. Suddenly the pulse towers started to smoke. Feveren started to turn. His pace quickened as low moan bellowed through the city. The only connection between USE

base (United States of earth) and Spartican was tumbling to its doom.

The sword master wouldn't survive would he?

He was at a conference. In the pulse towers. The ground shook as the massive concrete structure connected with the ground.

Feveren looked around. He picked up his gun. He realised the V9s which had passed over earlier weren't of earths. They were Metromien.

Thus began the first but definitely not the last of Feveren's raids on metronome. He would become a great hero during the oncoming war. Well anyway with that epic paragraph out of the way shall we skip some boring bits and enter the interesting parts. E.g.: The raid on metronome

Chapter 1.2

The turbulence made the only noise in the squad unit carrier. Then the violent shuddering ceased and each soldier tensed even more. They were now in deep space, the war ground for the `satellite war' as it had recently been dubbed.

A clattering of gun-fire marked an attack from Metromien vehicles. Suddenly a pilot blundered through the craft clumsily, heading for the gun turret at the back of the ship. He hastily leapt into the seat and pulled the turret gun towards the oncoming aircraft. Within a few seconds, the ship swerved violently, throwing several soldiers off guard.

The unsteady advance toward metronome was already difficult but the intervention of a star-patrol of earth was making it worse.

Frantic voices were heard in the cabin.

"We are a transport craft heading for Metromien territory. Hold your fire. Repeat. Hold your fire".

The radio crackled and a few cracks followed. The star-patrol then seemed to engage them. The turret at the end of the ship swivelled crazily.

"HOLD YOUR FIRE"!

The small ship's escort screamed towards the star patrol which was either destroyed or victorious. No-one in the squad unit carrier knew. But they'd find out.

They reached the drop area without any trouble after the incident with the patrol.

"BAIL! BAIL! BAIL!" Feveren shouted over the noise of the engines. Each man walked forward and jumped down, letting off short bursts of jet pack propulsion on the way down.

They all landed in a metallic street. It glowed silver-purple in the setting sun. Feveren hit the ground hard and stumbled. He stood quickly to face a group of exo-suits.

These huge robotic suits were designed for human use. A man could sit in one and have 10 times the power than before. The massive group let off a round of stun-rockets, which sped angrily towards them.

The team were nervous, but their superior training paid off. Each one of them swivelled and held their hand out towards the exo-suits. A large transparent shield materialised from the power orb on their gloved hands.

The specialised space marine suits they were wearing were perfect for such situations. Every one of them grinned to themselves behind their visor, and a gun grew from each soldier's hand.

Reacting quickly the score of exo-suits strode forwards, letting off short bursts of machine gun fire.

Again the death squad covered behind their shields but took pot shots at the group of exo-suits. A dark shadow suddenly engulfed them as a cruiser drifted past.

For some strange reason the exo-suits halted. The squad took their chance and fired off some shots. Each suit detonated from within as their fuel source of nuclear acid began to burn.

The death squad realised if they didn't act quickly they wouldn't finish their job. They all activated their awesome exo-skeletons encased within the armour.

They all sprinted off at amazing speeds. But Feveren's specialised suit was even better than his men's.

"Faster" he spat. His motion sensors indicated movement up ahead. If the drop had been correct it would be the Torenti institute.

The drop had been correct. A large granite fountain loomed up followed by a concrete temple. It had nine storeys. They would probably have to storm all nine if they were to find him, 'The colonist'.

Feveren was sure that man knew something that could change the course of the war.

They charged onwards and slowed to a humans running pace. They stopped and assembled in a six by two grid, with a row of kneeling, and a row of standing.

The stunned group of robed students only stared onwards. Screams were the least of Feveren's worries as the jogged up to the massive entrance hall. Two brave men stood solemnly beside two of the six pillars. They raised the gold staff in resistance but were cut down by Feveren's cyber-claw.

The soldiers weren't that easily killed. Each man dropped their staffs and concentrated on the wounds in the chest and stomach. The large gashes healed up and taking their chance, lobbed them into two soldiers armour which opened up.

Dark magic was afoot, Feveren recognised it.

Torenti, the state of deep meditation during which someone could communicate with anything mentally, and take control of it. These were obviously brilliant magi, who could contact the substance almost automatically. The two men fell. The group reacted very quickly, forming a line of eight. Behind which two soldiers worked as medics to help the poor injured soldiers.

"Attack by means of choice" Feveren chanced. A man of obviously amazing agility leapt forward, extending his cyber-claw. Dodging blows of furious speed he sent a punch into a soldier's chest. His claw dug deep into the man's chest penetrating the Torenti's heart.

Then turning on the second one, he lashed out with his foot. It connected and sent the guardsman flying. He spiralled over to the fountain and smashed into it.

Feveren congratulated the soldier and told them to advance. He hoped beyond hope that the soldiers who had been hurt were OK but only one was able to fight on.

The other had been paralysed. The medic tending to him had set a tele-beam on him. He would be safe from attack and would be picked up by teleportation soon.

The soldiers fought on, now heading for a huge staircase, made of marble. A statue of the magi Torient stood on either side, menacing in his billowing stone robes.

Feveren scouted ahead with a two men. The remainder of them remained at the base of the stairs watching for reinforcements.

Feveren signalled for a scan of this level and it concluded in a silent charge for the next staircase.

So the invasion of Metronome had begun. But events on the ninth floor were likely to change Feveren's channel of thought.

He raced up the staircase paying no heed to caution. He and his squad charged up into a

large sort of lecture hall. Standing there in a menacing position was a huge beast of a man, named Tenrox and next to him a smaller but obviously agile man. Lex may have been slightly smaller than the death squad but he didn't seem scared. Tenrox began to draw his cyber sabre then ran forwards. Just as Lex reached for his blaster, Feveren realised he was `the colonist!'

"Take the small one alive"! He ordered.

Tenrox engaged the death squad with awesome strength, taking 3 men to the floor before striking another down. His Kell inumerator didn't even need to bubble. He slashed at the now tiny squad, levitating some in the air using the ancient magical art of Torenti.

Then Feveren saw out of the corner of his eye, That Lex was reaching into his bag. He thrust it outward, launching a gold and shiny dust into the air.

Feveren dared to breathe in, thinking his air filters would deal with the dust but no. He began to choke uncontrollably. He collapsed as did the remaining squad members.

"Holy son of a bitch" Feveren swore under what was left of his breath. Suddenly yellow plasma rocketed around his head, and a small sigh was emitted next to him. He got up and ran out of the smoke.

"By the strength within the USE" Feveren shouted, patriotically.

"Shut up scum" The beast roared lobbing him into a statue

"GAR" Feveren gasped out the contents of his lungs,

Tenrox walked up to him.

"Fuck you, you bloody son of a united cow"!

Feveren tried to reply but his oxygen levels were to low for that, so instead he lashed out with his leg. Tenrox tripped over in a swooping arc and collapsing.

Lex looked over at Feveren.

"USE" he murmured just so Feveren could hear. "You could be useful to me. Get up".

Feveren scrambled to his feet, seeing a chance to disarm his foe. But lex rose into the air.

"I know you have jetpacks"

Feveren engaged his boosters and levitated off the ground.

Feveren spoke to the small Torenti mage. "What do you want colonist"

Lex laughed.

"I want nothing. Just show me your powers"

So he knew. Feveren was a registered Torenti.

"Fine" Feveren let his boosters stop but he remained floating.

"I see" The colonist said.

"What"

"Well, do you not know the ancient art of Torenti scorprica"?

Torenti scorprica?

"Oh you know it"

"Then your name" Feveren realised this enemy was treating him like an equal, yet mocking him.

"Lex"

"oh my god no"!

"yes"

CHAPTER 1.2

"scorprica"

Lex had been the arch-mage to the greatest ever Torenti, Toriant!

But Toriant had been cut down years ago by a US cyber-soldier in the star conflict. How could his arch-mage still live?

"I see you are surprised" Lex said

"Of course I am" Feveren argued, still trying to get his head round it.

"United we stand, United we are and united we shall fall" Lex quoted the oath sworn by all USE soldiers. "Pathetic"

"Well, if we're so pathetic, why haven't you taken earth yet"? Feveren's line seemed to cause anger in Lex.

"Well, if you must know, the greatest piece of Torenti is being performed up on the ninth floor. What? I hear you ask. Well I'll tell you! We finally have the resources to reinstate our great master, Toriant"!

Feveren paused before speaking. "OK? His body was lost years ago".

"Puny colonist" Lex roared anger plagued his voice. "Let us begin our little Torenti scorprica"!

Lex charged at Feveren in full flight. Feveren dodged him and Lex spun to face Feveren again. They both leered at each other. (Though Lex didn't know Feveren was, as Feveren was wearing a helmet)

Then Lex whipped off his long dark robes to reveal a crimson suit, with black outlines. The uniform of a sword master!

"You are obviously well trained, in many arts" Feveren commented.

"Well I am the Sword master"!

"What" yelled Feveren, shocked to hear that this man owned a city?

"Oh yes"!

Lex lunged towards Feveren with what seem to be a fist but inches from his armour Lex unleashed his cyber-claw. It extended into Feveren's armour, piercing his skin.

Feveren screeched in pain.

"By the USE I swear" Breathed Feveren heavily "I will get my revenge"

And with that Feveren concentrated on the skin cells around the wound. He told them frantically to duplicate and they did that. He started talking to his armour mentally, telling it also to duplicate over the hole.

In a matter of seconds Feveren was back on his feet then in the air.

"MY TURN, BITCH"

Feveren closed his eyes and searched for Lex's body. Having located it he launched Lex across the room into a seat in the auditorium. He didn't stop there. He kept control over Lex, a

totally unhonourable thing to do.

"Unfaithful, son...ARG...of a filthy...NYAR...FUCKING SHIT" Lex coughed. Lex didn't close his eyes but instead looked Feveren in the eye and threw him mentally through the doors of the auditorium into a marble pillar.

"SHIT" moaned Feveren, before blacking out. Lex advanced on him menacingly.

"Unhonourable registered bastard". Lex kicked Feveren's limp body.

Lex was a naturally gifted Torenti, who had aided the great mage Toriant in the assaults on new planets for earth's empire. It was his death which sparked the zeenaconflict. Torenti of the USE were rare, but registered and tagged. They were earth's last line of defence, and Metronomes first line of attack.

CHAPTER 2.0

Toriant prevails

"Uh" Feveren looked up and saw seven hooded figures crowding around a long red and white coffin. Suddenly a brilliant white light erupted from the coffin and a being sprouted from it. He grew skin and robes until he looked almost human but for its eyes which were a pure white.

"Lexus Manus" the being spoke in a deep voice "I knew I could count on you"

"Of course master" said Lex, who bowed

"Tenrox" The being turned to the giant beast which Feveren had clashed with. This man also bowed

"And Granit" The other man bowed, as did the others

"I, Toriant, master and creator of Torenti, have returned to aid the Metromien colonists in their push for earth, and return the Torenti arts to its former glory" The being turned to Feveren

"WHO IS THIS FILTH" He bellowed

"A registered Torenti, master" Lex sneered

"Registered"? Toriant asked

"Yes, registered, he belongs to the USE"

"SCUM" Toriant lashed out at Feveren who woke up immediately and rose into a combat pose.

"BRING IT COLLONIST SHIT" Feveren yelled, his mind poised to loft Toriant from the window

"Even, I am an honourable man" Toriant said calmly. "No need to throw anyone from this ninth storey window"

"How in Iseera's name..."

Toriant laughed.

"You thought I was a normal human, I am much more than that" then his eyes narrowed and he advanced on Feveren. "Tell me the earth's plans, and be sharpish"!

"Terra sonabra onseebray scorprica"! Feveren hissed.

Toriant's eyes narrowed even more.

"You would challenge me to a full out duel, in my own tongue. I, Toriant creator of the Torenti arts"

Feveren nodded.

"Then let it be known" said Toriant "That I will take on this puny united states of earth soldier, three days from now in a full out, traditional scorprica"!

Lex smirked. "Of course" Lex said before leaping from the window.

A deep whirring noise engaged and a small `vroom' whooshed up the street.

"Give this man the best training facilities in this institute; he has a battle to the death on the way"!

Feveren blacked out as a fist slammed into his nose.

He awoke in a dark room, filled with wooden items. The events of before came to his mind and he began to train, lobbing blocks into a certain place on the wall.

Food was delivered and Feveren quickly grew strong. By the final day Feveren could easily have taken Tenrox.

He had mastered the ability of using Torenti without meditating at all.

Feveren was ready.

CHAPTER 2.1

The battle begins!

Feveren was thrust into the auditorium roughly

"CURSE YOU" He shouted after them.

He wore his armour as before but he carried no gun. Just his cyber sabre and his cyber-claw.

He turned to face his opponent, Toriant.

The room was empty. It was traditional that `scorprica' wasn't watched by anyone capable of making any changes to the course of the battle.

So, Metronome being a place where 70% of the population was a member of the Torenti institute, meant that really no one could watch. Though there was Lex, Tenrox and Granit on the upper levels.

"SO, HUMAN" Said Toriant "YOU CHALLENGED ME TO A LITTLE `Torenti scorprica' A FEW DAYS AGO, YES?"

Feveren nodded.

"Answer the question"

"YES" growled Feveren bitterly

"And should you die you will die with honour and bravery"?

"I guess"

"ANSWER THE QUESTION!"

Feveren sighed "YES"

"Then, in the name of Iseera, god of all, we shall commence scorprica"!

Feveren raised a hand up to his nose and held it there and muttered some words as did Toriant.

"Selreer gorthanx ferven sword rang toraent shank"!

Both lunged at each other with amazing speed. Feveren parried Toriant's first blow but was kicked back by his second. Just before colliding with a pillar he was caught in mid-air.

"Good move" said Feveren, also grabbing hold of Toriant. Now Toriant dropped him and he dropped Toriant. They crashed to the floor