

Ebon Rites
-Chapter one-
Rekindled Manifestation

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Thunder crashed overhead as lightning arced across the curved ridges of those darkened clouds. The once proud ground was downtrodden, neglected, having seen better days, as the patters of rain water hit across the altar of a long vacated shrine. The shrine of Kalokin, an ancient evil whose powers itself had been dormant for centuries since its last awakening. But something else was happening, something that threatened even its own existence. It sensed this, and the need to survive drove it from it from it's age-old slumber on a Halloween night decades before the proper time. Whatever or whomever these individuals were, he felt they would not only end him, but his entire world. Mist formed in transparent darkened hues, rising in horrific thick plumes around an ancient construct made of solid granite and intricately detailed marble inlays that showed their ware over the years.

Beginning with its eyes it began to take form, angular, sharp eyes that glowed red with a blood lust and could shatter stone with a gaze. Scales of varying whites and blues started to stream across it's body. Its maw next, as it dislocated, opening wide as two huge venom-filled fangs grew from its upper depths. He knew he must fulfill his prophecy this time without fail, without error at all costs, as his shadow would devour the world and make it anew. A king he shall be, with endless souls to feast on and have to serve his every whim.

"Sssssss," came the sound as it's snake like body formed slowly, followed by a horrific shrieking. The deafening cry traversed far and wide, carrying its terrifying sound to the furthest corners of the island retreat.

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On the outskirts of the nearby jungle, a pagoda that stretched many stories high was the pinnacle feature of a luxurious resort. Enjoying the opulence of the penthouse suite, a muscular badger surveyed the view that was granted to his eyes through the clear glass. His sight, candied with a lush evergreen landscape, spanning to great distances and towering trees which seemed so small from the pinnacle of his vantage point. As tall as he was, the sheer imposing magnitude of the building he resided within even made him feel short, and if he had been one to be scared of high altitudes, he'd

surely be feeling dizzy right about now. But, instead, with a drink in his hand and a smart business suit well-fitted to his physique, he felt rather like the king of the world. That is, until he heard a spine-chilling sound which sent the short fur strands on his colossal body to stand on end. The seven-foot tall badger, not one who was easily shaken, felt a shiver pass down through his body as the sound faded. Turning his head he looked at one of his companion, Kieran a dark mat black tiger with contrasting purple, who was a fair bit shorter than he was, who right now shared his expression of discomfort.

“Kieran, what the hell was that?” the badger asked, succeeding in keeping the apprehension out of his voice. “You ever hear anything like that before?” He put his drink down on a glass table with a clinking sound near the window he was looking out of. It was that or resigning to the fate of his fingers failing him and the glass fall from his grip. It wouldn’t do for his people to see their leader show any signs of weakness.

The tiger shrugged, his blue eyes still rather wide from what they’d just heard. “Hell if I know, Ash, but I didn’t like whatever it was,” he said. “It made me cringe. Some kind of wild animal, maybe? Lot of jungle out there, with who knows what manner of beastly creatures crawling around. Besides we all know of the recent uptick in paranormal activity, so there’s certainly potential it could be something else.”

“If that was an animal, it wasn’t like any I’ve ever seen or heard before,” Ashoka said. “And it sure didn’t sound like no ghost...” He peered out of the window, squinting as he tried to see something, anything, down below. Apart from resort-goers on the ground and around the facility, and the impenetrable shroud of the treetops, however, he could see nothing. “Well, whatever it was, not likely anything could get to us while we’re up here. But remember the assignment we’re on. Once we leave the resort, we’ll have to be on our toes.”

The door opened as a slender lynx walked in, wearing a black and white barmaid uniform. The feline tilted her head to the side in contemplation of what deep-rooted thoughts her companions were caught within, judging by the expressions on their faces. Though she was dressed as a humble slinger of drinks, the busty girl was much more. The slim curvy female swished her tail casually being quite familiar to both the badger and the tiger. And her appearance in the getup of a working girl wasn’t the least bit strange; all the members of The Order of Luminance led normal lives until they were called upon to provide their unique services. The Order was a sacred fellowship, constructed around those who could commune with the dead and had the ability to conjure prayers which could banish paranormal creatures. They policed the borders between the living and non-corporeal, along with demons, and they had a long, though secretive past. The history of The Order spanned back to ancient times, established on one planet and eventually spread across the galaxy, with secret operatives all over.

“Hey babe,” Kieran said, flashing her a grin. “Didn’t think you’d show. What, did you have a good tipper, or something?”

The lynx, Clarisse, returned a playful smile. “I never dodge my duty,” she retorted with a teasing note in her voice. “I may be late sometimes due to what breaks I get on shift, but you know I’m never a no show.” She reached down into her bra, taking out a ring which she placed on her finger. The badger and the tiger bore matching silver bands on their hands as well. “For the order!”

“For the order!” Ashoka and Kieran both repeated, as they held up the rings on their own hands.

“So,” Ashoka said, as the trio moved away from the window and into the living area of the suite, “wanna give us the lowdown on the activity level?” He sat down in a crimson-upholstered armchair, very befitted of the large male. resting his arms to either side of him while Kieran sat next to him.

“It’s class two, which is higher than the previous year, worrying considering it had been a record with breaking class four,” Clarisse said, taking the seat opposite the tiger. She looked pointedly at Ashoka. “So, in other words, we’re dealing with double what was *supposed* to be a fluke year.”

“A new record, huh? And if this year is anything like usual, it’ll goes up *another* level for Halloween itself as night falls.” Ashoka shook his head, a rueful smile crossing his face. “If we’re going to be dealing with a class one later, we’re going to have a hell of a time.”

“I hope not literally...,” Kieran said. He had a worried look on his face, considering these were far higher readings than previously documented. “If you’re right, then we need to observe the sources of the activities before mounting any strategy. Exactly how big is the area?”

“My preliminary assessments have concluded that this is definitely a class two affected area, with an approximate area of two kilometers, give or take a naught-point-one kilometer leeway. Teeming with activity, naturally,” Clarisse answered, looking concerned. The lynx crossed her legs and folded her hands in her lap as she turned her head to gaze out the window. “Whatever is causing the phenomenon, would probably be concentrated more around where a large mass of people would be. I think we can reasonably assume that whatever is out there wants to leach as much life energy as possible, and they won’t get it if they stick out in the wilderness areas.”

“This resort has a large bar, doesn’t it, Clarisse?” Kieran asked. He received a nod in return. Clarisse’s cover was in that very bar, but this was Ashoka’s and Kieran’s first time in this particular resort. “From what I’ve read, it’s the size of a large night club, and has a huge dance floor.”

“You’re right about that,” the lynx female said with another nod. “And this *is* the largest resort in this sector. And it *is* Halloween. The club is probably going to be packed tonight. The boss wants all hands on deck, but I managed to give him the slip for a bit. But I’ll be missed later if I don’t show.”

“That shouldn’t be a problem, yeah?” Kieran asked, looking between the badger and the lynx. “From the sound of it, the club should be the spot to watch. Matter of fact, you’d be in the perfect position to be on watch, Clarisse, being behind the bar.”

“Makes sense, and it keeps my cover intact.”

Ahsoka nodded in agreement. “So we hit the club tonight, then,” he ordered. “But before that, I’ll need to set up spectral anomaly sensors. While I’m doing that, you two make sure you have the right supplies near at hand.”

The female raised a brow. “That won’t be an issue,” Clarisse assured him. “You know me, Ash. I keep a cache of the good stuff in the back room behind the bar. I hide it in a crate of the real rotgut shit, the stuff nobody in their right mind drinks, so nobody ever has any reason to go poking around in it. One thing, though. How do these sensors work, if you don’t mind me asking? I’m not as technically minded as you and K.”

“They’re like paranormal motion detection radars, of sorts,” Ashoka explained. “That’s an oversimplification, but it’s the general idea. Anything with an ethereal nature of any kind should set them off. They’re chained in a relay, so if something not mortal passes any of the sensors, it’ll set the whole grid off and we’ll be alerted.” He dug a hand into the inside pocket of his jacket and pulled out three small devices, no bigger than playing cards and just as thin. The devices each had a small display on them. He laid two of the cards on the table and put the third back in his pocket. “These will vibrate and ping to alert you, and the data will flag up on the screen. When I set the sensors up, I will do a dummy signal to test them, so don’t be alarmed the first time you feel them go off. It’s just to check they’re working and configured correctly.”

Clarisse and Kieran took their cards and slipped them into their pockets. “Meet us at the club when you’re done, Ash,” Kieran said. “We’ll go over final plans once you arrive.”

Straightening his suit, Ashoka stood up and walked through the front door of the suite as he spoke back over his shoulder. “Yes, I’ll be there. Considering Clarisse is going back on duty in a moment, we’ll meet at the bar itself. Just be ready to perform exorcisms if needed, in case the party starts before we’re fully in place.” He left, closing the door behind him.

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The assignment had begun simply as a solo mission, which she had been asked to volunteer for, considering spare military resources were overextended and nobody else had stepped forward for it.

Although they were not in a state of war, the fact that matters were still in a rather delicate state threatened to undermine what had been achieved so far. Reserves were on patrol, stretched thin across Ailian space.

What riled her was that the Ascendancy considered this mission to be of a lower priority, even if the culprit at hand had already been deemed to be questionable, and yet she was still being sent to track him down like he was a common criminal. The person in question hadn't been proved to have done anything wrong yet. And though he had fled before he could be properly questioned, Aria was just as convinced of his innocence as she had always been. She had served with this individual on several occasions, and not once had he not had her back. The tall feline was very insistent that he was being set up, but her superiors had told her that she was being blinded to his treason against the Ascendancy. She hoped she wasn't wrong about him, but only time would truly tell. Her eyes around the galaxy had confirmed the last sighting, which she'd investigated to the best of her abilities, and her search finally brought her to the resort world of Syntasha.

Aria sighed a little, due to having crossed out of Ailian controlled space, she had required a passport for immigration. She knew once she had left the Ascendancy, the Ailian embassy wouldn't be able to bail her out, but judging it necessary, she had made her mission less covert than originally planned. Aria had contacted people in the various galactic governments and had fully disclosed her mission. Of course, she was met with reluctance on their behalf but an agreement was forged, and conditionally she was to be escorted by two of their own military trained personnel in a collaborative effort. She saw them as a hindrance, at first, but once cooled she realized the implications of such a joint effort. It could be used as a proving ground to fortify the new alliance further. Hesitant but willing, Aria finally embraced the two that would accompany her, as they had agreed that Aria was in charge and they would offer full support. The Ailian government at first was enraged, but after talks between ambassadors while Aria continued working as she saw fit, her search saw fruitful benefits and her initial actions were brushed under the rug.

Hostilities had been something of a past life, but now that she was partaking in this fragile new pact of worlds, she saw the benefits of such work. It was another step towards galactic unity. Having been cleared with an upgraded military pass to carry weapons, she still had limitations of a single weapon, and as per the laws of Syntasha, all her weapons must be declared and not concealed. Having landed at the check in base, she and her companions had boarded the quester, an army floater-copter transport. She was surprised such old technologies of the past were still in operation. It was almost a relic, but this one was kept in operation for basic use. Though a popular resort world, the planet must have had limited resources considering they would use such a thing.

A fresh new world gave her the sensations of an adventure on the horizon, with battle spoils of valor for the taking. She drew a deep breath and released it, enjoying the wafting winds from open windows blowing through the small tufts of her short fur. Fresh air came with a welcoming sensation to contrast the stale air of spaceships. Her two new comrades she'd rendezvoused with sat across from her as they flew over the blue seas, calm with gentle waves. In her lap resided a dossier of the two which projected a holographic image of their backgrounds, strengths, and affiliations within the military ranks of their respective races. A red and black tiger, and a white polar-bear. Impressed with what she had to work with she continued reading through when the silence was broken with Rob turning towards Aria, looking at her with curiosity.

"Well, I guess we've all said hi," the tall, muscular polar bear began, "but I'm still kinda curious, and silence sort of makes me feel awkward. So, you're the boss, what do you think? You okay with us?"

"Not at first but am now," Aria replied with a smirk.

"Figures. I was kinda skeptical, too, when I learned who I was going to be working with. I find out that the special division of the Khantian army was real, when I thought they were pretty much made up." Rob looked across at Jaffah, the tiger, who was dressed in a jet black, skin tight outfit. Something akin to a pommel was strapped to his thigh, but the implement seemed bladeless. "I heard a lot of stories when stationed a solar system away from your world. A special division called G.H.O.S.T.S. who would be sent to the biggest hell holes in the galaxy to deal with things I can't even begin to imagine, all without any backup. Is it true what they say about what happened on the penal colony of Aratha? A whole army taken without a single one of you hurt?"

Aria raised a brow. That definitely wasn't in Jaffah's file. "Army?"

Jaffah was quick to reply, with a humble expression on his face. "It's more glorified in tales, like a telephone game. Completely exaggerated and changed until only a shadow of the truth remains. 'Army' is a bit of a stretch. I only killed three hundred and seventy-three targets along with an additional nineteen critically injured down there. But between the seven of us we put away over a thousand of them in the space of five hours."

Aria felt a little unnerved, despite her own rather impressive military career. "Only?"

Rob let out a laugh. "Yeah, 'only' is right. I'm a little disappointed. The story I heard was that you killed over ten thousand."

"Sorry to let you down, then," Jaffah said, finally giving a little smile. "Maybe I can make up for it later when you see me in action?"

Rob let out a bellowing laugh. "Sure, and hearing the story from the man himself is getting me

fired up.” He turned a little in his seat, looking the tiger over. “So, that’s your stealth suit, huh?”

Jaffah looked at Rob. “Yeah, it’s camo tech. I can appear as nothing more than a shadow. Hmm...I’m curious. Your dossier says you took out several Ellon giants. Even with my gear those things are pretty hard to put away. I heard you supposedly did that bare handed. Is that for real?”

“Nothing like a good punch up,” Rob said with a proud grin. “I was out of ammo, had no choice, but they went down pretty good. I went for the sweet spots and used the terrain to my advantage.” Rob’s attention turned back to Aria. “So, what’s the deal with the big boy?” He was scoping out the mass of the rifle leaning up against the Ailian’s thigh where she was strapped in.

“Oh, this? Rifle.” She said it as though the explanation should have been enough, but she could tell that he would like to hear more. “Is special forces model, not normal one. Modified, added wide burst shrapnel mode, shreds many in one round.” The words, in her broken dialect, came out very prideful.

“She sure looks beautiful, mind if I have a closer look?” Rob asked.

Aria looked at some strange-looking rifle that the polar bear had. She was equally curious of the other-worldly weapon. “I show you mine, you show me yours, yes?” she asked, as she ejected the ammo magazine and undid her seat buckle, reaching over to let him take the unloaded weapon.

“Heh, don’t trust me huh?” Rob asked her with a smirk as he took her weapon. “Don’t blame you. Well, here you go, get a good look.” He hefted his own weapon, a long rifle with a telescope sight, but a curiously thin barrel. “It fires in two modes. The first is a single puncture shot for anti-spacecraft reasons. It emits a signal similar to shielding on most military-grade space fighters, which allows it to pass through most of them.” He slotted his magazine into it and took off the safety catch. “You may not trust me, but I’m fine with it. The second mode is a rapid shot mode, and lets off an impressive fifty rounds a second for a weapon of this type.” Aria’s eyes flashed at his artful understatement. It was more than impressive. “Each cartridge in mode two holds a timed round. Once it penetrates into something, it’s a matter of time before it explodes. Each magazine holds a thousand small, pellet-like rounds. If I’m hunting live targets, these little things won’t do much in the first mode as they’ll pass through. Yeah, it will hurt, but possibly will negate a kill and leave them wounded, so changing the setting, it has less punch so it sticks in the son’s of bitches and blows them apart.” He passed his weapon over in exchange.

Aria looked it over, checking the design. With Rob being a huge species, like her, the weapon had similar weight to her own. “I prefer your rifle. Nice.”

“Yeah, it is. But yours ain’t no baby either.” Rob turned it over in his hands, admiring the way the Ailian weapon was built. “Whoa, I can’t even begin to explain how much I like this thing. The long,

reinforced barrel allows larger rounds.” He sighed. “It just seems so much more my thing. I would love the wide burst function on my gun that shreds a whole bunch of targets in one shot. Hmm, I have to get myself one of these.”

“Same,” Aria agreed, equally impressed with his.

Jaffah let out a little laugh. “Sounds like you two are going to have orgasms over them...Why not trade later?”

“He right, good for us. After mission I take yours, you mine?” Aria suggested.

“For real? Hell yeah.”

The pilot from the front slid a panel aside and shouted back over the screeching winds. “Five minutes to landing.” There would be a changing room at the base to get into their local clothing before they transferred to a low profile hover-car, which would take them to the resort hotel. This would be their base of operations, and where they’d be staying at while they asked about after their target. Weapons were not something permitted and would have to be discretely taken in. Of course Jaffah would take care of that aspect, considering this was a covert mission and his specialized suit was uniquely perfect for the task.

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Streaming across the the stars enraptured within a blue aura-like atmosphere bubble, a blue haired girl, very humanoid in appearance, approached a greenish purple planet. Of course her destination, like the others, was to make her way to the resort of planet Syntasha, for decades known as planet beseeched with wondrous forests and awe inspiring scenery, even a place of paradise to the eyes of holiday darers. Within her arms an unwilling passenger bore a ghastly expression and although the journey, due to her speed, had been relatively short it still had been a pulse rocketing ordeal for him, and still was. Her wings spread wider as a glow set in around them.

“How's the ride, fuck kitty?” she asked with an excited tone as her arms were draped around the feral feline’s upper torso. He knew while she was in this mental state, as he put it, she was remarkably strong, but also now knowing her enough, it didn’t comfort him knowing she was a klutz. If he slipped, then he’d be pulled into the vacuum of space since she was the one doing the flying.

“What do you mean ‘how’s the ride’!? How much air is in this thing!? Snow leopards are not meant to be astronauts, damn it! If we were meant to fly we would have wings!” His eyes bugged out as he cried out in terror. The feral creature’s tail swished frantically beneath her.

“Tehehe, stop brushing your tails against my inner thighs, it’s making me wet, not that I mind but I have to land too, and I’ve yet to land without crashing,” she said with a nod and a tongue stuck out, curled upwards in sheer concentration.

“What? You crash every time you land?” he asked very apprehensively, now regretting the fact he let her talk him into this.

“Yes, but you wanted to be my boyfriend so you have to take me for all the good and...and what’s that other one?” she replied like a failing cute smartass.

“Bad?” he asked, helping her out with her words.

“Yeah, and all the bad that I come with,” she happily said, finishing up her sentence and rather proud of herself for doing so, judging by the broad pretty smile plastered across her shimmering blue lips.

“I did...But I didn’t put my demise into the equation. And one more thing, aren’t we supposed to have a ship for space travel?” he asked with a bit of confusion, and panic. Despite being feral he’d seen humanoid things, or anthros, boarding such metal machines that fly around from a distance, but she was different.

Of all the girls, the one that truly can take me for whom I am is the one that is going to kill me. I had to pick the exotic one, didn’t I?

The tanned girl looked down at him, a little confused as they flew through some interstellar clouds, leaving dispersing jetstreams behind. “People use ships for space travel? Hmm I don’t pay attention,” she said, casually shrugging her shoulders. “Stop crying! We have lots of oxygen in my blue love sphere!”

The two lovers had been together a month now, and it was the budding tingly honeymoon phase where they adored one another, mostly. Her voice fell into the background as he remembered meeting her. The area was a reserve for his species. Although wild and free, the numbers of his species was declining, and they had established an area for themselves on the main continent of their planet which was their domain and theirs alone. He was a lone hunter and impressively strong, even having favor of the ladies on first impression. Despite his dashing looks, this feral creature had found it impossible to be mated beyond the initial attraction. His efforts were a lost cause due to a personal problem. He was much too easily excited, and thus had yet to find the warmth of being inside another leopard, or any female for that matter. He didn’t care for this so much, or it was what he thought to himself. Then came another day, the thrill of the hunt for live prey, and this one was different. A sweet smell caught him, something akin to blue-berries, hinted with soft lavender. He couldn’t place what it was, but it also carried the scent of fresh meat to hunt. Never had he smelled something so delicious, and to him, such

an exotic scented meat was worth the challenge of the hunt.

He followed his nose which brought him to the rugged trail of long grass with footprints. Sniffing away he determined it belonged to the same creature, and with the way the ground looked, it seemed disturbed enough to suggest it had not passed so long ago. Picking up the pace he thundered along the ground with rapid pace, his speed matched only by his ferocity as he psyched himself to tear down the prey. He slowed his pace as he entered a ravine, a place he'd cornered so many prey before, but this one had entered on it's own accord, making the task far more easier for him. He slowly moved in, apprehensive of it moving away. Stalking it slowly he circled the unsuspecting creature.

"La-la laaaaaa, La-laaa orgasm, la-laaaa, orgasm," she sang as she slumped down, sat with her legs spread and a hand tending to her need. He was a little shocked, and far more than curious. What was she? Who was she? Judging by what was between her legs, she was most definitely female. She was enchanting, her meat looked tender, and no fat from what he could make out. The closer he got, the better he had the chance to look at her. Her beauty although an altogether different species took him, and her scent was so divine. He watched her closely as her fingers slid into her wet juicy golden pussy. His mouth watered and he didn't know if it was from desiring her oddly or wanting to start devouring her there first, as it looked so juicy. He shook his head, and needed to make the kill.

He burst out from behind the rock and snarled as he took a predatory stance. He didn't understand why he didn't make the charge and go right in. He let out a roar as he closed in, a paw at a time.

"Oooo Kitty, I love kitties!" she said, still sat provocatively. "I was having a break while exploring, yup, hmmm well, you caught me being naughty, did you want to try some of my pussy too?" she asked, looking at him.

Shocked he understood every word she said he halted in his tracks. He couldn't even understand his own barring a few gestures, let alone this foreign beauty of unknown origin. "How can you talk to me?"

"Hmm dunno just can, but you got a boner, want to come over here and lick me?" she asked pulling her hands away and spreading her legs a little wider. It was almost in his mind exposing herself to be more vulnerable as a non-hostile act. His species often displayed non-hostile acts in order to show they were friendly, but she was leaving herself vulnerable in a far more tempting way.

To his memory he recalled licking her womanhood and prematurely making a mess. His cheeks, hidden by the laden fur, turned red in remembrance. He knew Z, although a complete goofball, had something sweet about her, and she never rejected him as others had done so many times after he'd courted them. Not once had she mocked or shunned him for his messy mishaps. She really was special

to him, even if he did feel like doing unspeakable acts to her in this very moment.

Suddenly he was broken out of this memory as turbulence hit. “My god have I already asked do we have enough oxygen in this bubble? We are going to die!”

“Hey we’re almost there, only twenty something minutes, wahoo! And like for the zillionth time we have tons of oxygen!” she cried. Just as she said that, a robotic sound came from her goggles. “Oxygen levels five percent and depleting.”

She looked down at Aryn with a comical oopsy expression. “Hmmm did I mention I’m usually wrong about stuff? Isn’t that funny?” she said as she gave him a nervous smile.

“What, why? Errr what did that thing say in your language?” He asked worriedly.

“Oh nothing much, just we’re about to suffocate as we’ll be out of oxygen, and die in cold space, never to see the light of day again, freeze and be hit by stray space rocks, shatter into oblivion, as pieces of our corpses fly about, then one day burn up in reentry of a foreign world, then...”

He quickly interrupted. “Okay stop with the images already! If we don’t die, I’ll make sure I eat you!”

“Ooooh I’d love to be eaten out, that’s one of my favorites!”

“Huh, what? I didn’t mean it like that.”

“Yes you did, you pussy licker. Just like the day we met, you were amazing!”

“I’ll be a pussy biter in a minute!”

“Oh, hmm I don’t think that will be pleasant, but so hot if it’s like to mark your mate! I’ll try everything once. That’s so sweet, and that’s why you’re my cuddly wuggly Cheetie-poo as you’re so lovingly thoughtful! Yay I’m going to have my pussy bit!”

“Errr I give up,” he said with a sigh.

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Deep in the bowels of the resort hotel, in a secluded series of rooms that was open only to the most senior of the hotel staff, and even then only a select few who were in the know, dark events were brewing. Figures in black hooded robes stood in a circle, while another in robes of blood red stood in the middle, slowly rotating as he lit a candle which stood in front of each figure. Someone from the outside looking in would be observing one of the most secret rituals of the Order of the Black Star. They were an ancient cult, one in existence since before most recorded histories, but never before had they attempted a ritual of such a high level.

“Brothers and sisters, hearken to me,” the red-robed figure rumbled out in a low, gravelly voice. “The time has come. The hour is at hand. The beast has awakened, and his time of dominance is arriving.”

The people in the circle uttered a low chant in unison. As they chanted, the flames on the candles began to burn brighter. The room was awash in the glow of flame, and though the candles should not have given off much heat, the temperature of the room began to increase.

“We must not allow the world to come under his control,” the leader of the group pronounced. Under his hood, his mouth stretched wide into a twisted, evil grin. “In order to save the world, we must destroy it. Deprive the demon of what he most desires!”

And that was the truth of this ritual of the Order. They were a most wicked cult, one that was founded on death and destruction. In the past, the Order had been nearly stamped out by the governments of the galaxy, due to the potential they had to cause widespread panic, but they had always managed to gather new followers with their twisted and corrupted ideas of salvation. The Order’s ultimate goal was to destroy the world to bring about a new one, the “Black Star”, an existence of pure demonic life. Of course, most of the members of the Order didn’t realize this. In fact, the only one who knew the whole truth was the manipulative leader, the one in the red robes.

“Now is the time, my followers,” the leader cackled, holding up his own light high above his head. There came a faint rumble. “Join me in the sacred chant, and we shall cleanse the world and bring about a new age for all!”

In obedience to the wicked one, the hooded figures in the circle began chanting as one. The ritual had truly begun.