

# Verdatia

*The Journal Entries of Marshat, and Arion Prime, and the continuation of one of the biggest conspiracies ever to rock the very infrastructure of Arion society.*

## Part Four

### | Journal Entry 19

News from the border cities has finally reached us. They were unprepared for our attack, leaving their cities for the most part undefended in the hopes that we would attack the assault group in our territory. We do not have the manpower necessary to hold the cities, but our forces did destroy the major manufacturing facilities and industry before leaving.

The assault force has been called back to reinforce the border cities. I have also learned that the flyer is still alive, although she will need time to lick her wounds before she sees battle again.

And finally, the best news is that the Hicondae scientists have been studying my heat vision, as well as that of the red haired acolyte I killed in the battle and some of her DNA traces taken from the blood on my hands. They have been working like men (plants) obsessed, all night and all morning. Their preliminary findings are very exciting.

First of all, and most likely, they think that they can find a way to increase the intensity of my heat vision. If they succeed, however, it remains to be seen whether my increased power would drain my energy reserves more quickly or if it would simply be more efficient.

Secondly, and less likely but not beyond the realm of the plausible, is that they may be able to restore my full power, returning me to the state I should be in if our forefathers had never released that accursed retro-virus on our people! This would return me to the full strength of my birthright at the time of the Vast Exodus. Of course, the Velorians have been "improving" their genetics since then, if you could even call that bastardized form of life an improvement. This means that the Protector would still be the stronger, but it would even the odds tremendously.

I am trying to recall a dream I had last night. I dreamed I was back on my old Arion battlecruiser, the one I served on before I was transferred to Garritan and Kayne. I was with my old friends, talking and laughing with them. I remember we were in the rec hall, and four of us were playing a fierce game of Yucker. This was strange because I hadn't played that old game of strategy and strength since my Academy days. I don't remember who was winning, but then my commanding officer showed up but it wasn't him, it was a Hicondae. Then next time I noticed where I was, I was in the hallway alone with him, then I went to my quarters and spend the rest of the dream alone there.

The Hicondae are so wrapped up in this unending war that they have no time for friendship. Their interpersonal relationships are purely business. At least this is how it is with the soldiers. I have had limited contact with the workers, scientists, and politicians but they also seem to be primarily concerned with the war to the omission of everything else. I can hardly blame them, there have been times we Arions have been on the verge of utterly obsessing on our war with the galaxy.

However, three recent events have so far proved pivotal in this centuries old conflict. The first was the creation of the Hicondae city-destroyers. The second was the badly timed entrance of the Protector which brought everything back to square one. The third was my entrance into this mess. I alone possess the knowledge (and perhaps soon the power as well) to destroy the Protector. Then my adopted race can unleash the city-destroyers once more and bring the final end to this conflict. And then... then what?

What would I do? What would the Hicondae do? What would ultimately become of the humanoids that live on this planet? Could I return to Aria when this is over? Would I find Kayne in a state of rage and humiliation that I defeated the enemy he thought was sure to kill me? Or would I find forgiveness in him, bringing the Hicondae as allies to us? Their mastery of genetics could certainly be useful to us. Do I even *want* to bury the hatchet with the man who tried to kill me? Would the Arion Government even want to ally with the Hicondae or decide to steal their secrets and destroy them? I could certainly not allow that to happen. I have grown far too close to these creatures to see them exterminated like some pathetic humanoid race. Could I keep the Hicondae a secret, tell the Arions that after their Goddess died the people committed mass suicide in grief? Or some such lie, resulting in that this planet is no longer uninhabited and should be ignored. But how would I explain my wonderful wings and hopefully my enhanced power? Too many questions, too many X-factors to consider, too much Arion psychology to speculate on, there is no way of knowing how my people would decide to act, I can only guess as to possible outcomes.

No, that is wrong. The Arions are no longer my people. They turned their backs on me and for that I would not return if they begged me. Kayne could not have set me up so successfully alone. He must have conspired with higher authority. Or perhaps it was that same higher authority that wanted me dead in the first place? But who? Why? And what would Kayne stand to gain from it?

Of course! That alien ship we captured in the siege of Diatalus! He's wanted command of that vessel ever since it was refitted with Arion technology. But would Arion Command really take the captain's chair away from the alien who gave it to us? Popular rumor is that in return for betraying his people to us he would be allowed to continue to serve us as captain of that vessel. Am I important enough a target for Arion Command that they would go back on their word to him in order to bribe Kayne? Or is Kayne planning to eventually assassinate the alien and assume command of the ship himself? Although I would think that Arion Command would plan for that eventuality, that's not the sort of thing that they would overlook. Again, I can only speculate. And the Arion Government and Military is no longer my concern.

But even as I speculate, pieces begin to fall together. The battlecruiser Kayne served on as a Gunman was destroyed by a mere two of those alien ships, each one-*tenth* the size of our battlecruisers. He talked about that quite a bit. Did he really want command of t

## | Journal Entry 20

Last night I was pulled from my writings and my musings to defend a nearby... "breeding ground" is the closest approximation I can think of for the word. We lost many engineered beasts in the surprise attack, our position has been compromised somewhat and development of a new creature has been set back several months. It was a covert night operation, we hardly even knew who we were fighting. The targeted creatures were still too immature to join the fight. As I've mentioned, I have great respect for the abilities and tactics for both sides.

Although the dark of night did nothing to hamper MY vision, the enemy fled at the first sight of reinforcements. Their mission was to do as much damage as possible, in a little time as possible, and get out with as few casualties as possible. My contribution to the effort was to take the only captive that resulted from the raid.

Interrogation revealed that the "goddess" was planning something big against me. She was "displeased" with the way a "mere demon" was treating her "acolytes." She was implying to the humanoids that dying at my hands was a virtual guarantee of happiness in the next life. Damn, now I was propaganda, a new reason to redouble their efforts and continue the war.

What's worse is that because of her promises, he showed little if any fear of me. He *wanted* to die at my hands, and gain eternal happiness. I couldn't let him die like that.

"Commander," I said in the humanoid's language, "You may do with him as you will." I then left, to the startled looks and stammering of the prisoner. After I had gone, I heard one final scream as he saw death approach, and destroy his hopes along with his life.

### | Journal Entry 21

The past two days have been relatively quiet. Most of the fighting is now taking place far from where I am, and the scientists have been using the opportunity to begin attempts to restore my full, true power level through reversal of the retro-virus effects. If this works I will be more powerful than any living Arion, almost as strong as a Velorian and much close to the level of a Protector than I could have ever dreamed. Still, the scientists warn me not to get overenthusiastic. There is no guarantee that we will see results quite so dramatic.

There have also been sightings of the red haired flyer recently. There has been no contact or conflict with her, and she is alone. Her motives are unclear. Perhaps she is looking for a rematch with me? Although I will probably be more powerful soon, she will have the experience of fighting me before on her side and still be more maneuverable than myself. Or not... *if* my dormant power of flight is restored along with the other effects I may see when the scientists make their changes. Hmm... if that happens my wings would become purely cosmetic as the Hicondae have no weapon or tool capable of removing them from my invulnerable self.

I have also decided that tomorrow I will tell the Hicondae of the effects of gold on Velorians. I trust them not to use it on me, and perhaps when this is all over it will help our relations. It is understandably unsettling to have an ally you're pretty sure you can trust, but have no way of controlling if the need should for some reason arise. I hope it is the right choice, it may after all be my only hope of destroying a Protector.

After seeing the literally steel-clawed Mathet, I know that the Hicondae have ways of creating creatures with metallic parts, in the same manner that many animals have calcium bones or chitinous shells. It raises an unsettling image for me from my childhood.

There is a horror story told to children from the Province where I come from. It is used to keep unruly children in line, and it works. It is the story of Ceklak, the child-eater. A good storyteller can weave a tale so believable and terrifying that the golden Ceklak can seem very real, and many children even continue to half-believe the story well into adulthood. My grandmother is one such storyteller, and I was one such child and now I am one such adult. She painted a picture of the golden monster in my mind so vividly that I could draw a picture of it.

The image of the monster is so linked to the terrifying story of Ceklak that it still makes me more than a little uneasy. Ceklak stands a head and shoulders taller than the tallest man, and has long arms and a body that all but leads straight into a gaping mouth with very little neck or head to distract attention from its three inch fangs and a throat wide enough to all but swallow a child in one bloody gulp, or a man in two or three pieces. And since he is either made of gold or covered in it, depending on the version of the story you hear, he has the power to tear a full grown Arion man into three pieces and consume him just before death finally stops his horrible screams. And eat it does, because the emaciated Ceklak is *always* hungry, painfully so to the point of madness. But ask my grandmother for the story. She tells it much better.

The Hicondae scientists were skeptical at first. They did not believe that simply being wrapped, covered, surrounded, or bound in gold could weaken the goddess to the point of not even being able to tear the soft metal off. It was too easy, too convenient, and too within their ability to accomplish.

Then I reminded them that I was bound in gold when they first found me, before I was recaptured by the humanoids. I was too weak to try to escape then and now I could destroy the entire prison myself in a few minutes. Plus, they may have noticed that although the cathedral dedicated to her had "precious" metals of every kind in it, it had no gold. They discussed my explanation for these events and came to the conclusion that I was either too weakened by fighting the Velorian to escape or I was telling the truth. So I had to prove it to them.

"Do you have any gold around?" I asked of them.

"We happen to have a few ingots in the storage facility down the street. The humanoids use it for wiring in their machines, so we capture their supplies whenever we can to slow production."

"I'll be back." I left for a moment to retrieve several ingots, in a bag of course. I can't stand to touch the stuff, more than is usual. It's a rare allergic reaction. When I returned I fashioned a piece of scrap metal from the vehicle they had captured the gold in to a makeshift mold for the gold. I then used my heat vision to melt the gold into a near liquid, rolling it around inside the steel as it hardened and cooled to form a pair of cuffs.

"If you don't believe me, then this should prove it." I bent the steel away from the gold inside of it, my progress visibly slowing as I exposed more and more of the gold. I then slid the cuffs onto my wrists. At once the gold intoxication hit me, like I said I'm particularly susceptible. "I feel woozy, I have to sit down." My condition was visibly deteriorating.

But still I could have been feigning. The scientists had to make sure. "Use your heat vision to melt them off."

"I can't. That power is useless right now."

"Stand up!" The Hicondae kicked the chair away from me, and I fell to the floor, bruising my tailbone. I hate gold intoxication.

Then I uneasily stood up, and got a head rush like I've never had in my life. I almost lost my balance again. "I don't think he's faking it." "He might be." "We need to be sure." "There's only one way to make sure."

The Hicondae making that last statement stepped close to me. "I'm sorry." He said. That was all. Then he caught me with a surprise right hook, right in the jaw. I staggered backward into the wall, and fell down again holding my jaw in pain. "Don't take this personally. I hope you understand why I had to do that." I nodded in agreement, and took my hand off my chin.

The other three Hicondae gasped. Where he had punched me, the area had swelled and was very red. "Now watch this." I took the cuffs off and only then did the wound begin to heal at my comparatively rapid pace. They were convinced.

Work has begun on the Ceklak creatures. I also underwent my treatment for my heat vision and hopefully increased invulnerability and strength, and maybe even flight, the day before. I should see the first results

by tomorrow. And I finally had a woman for the first time since I got to this twisted world. But let me start from this morning and work my way on to this evening.

Shortly after waking up, I had a knock on my door. It was the Hicondae geneticists I talked to three days ago. "Come with us, we have something to show you." He had a smug grin on his face. Drearly, I rose and followed them back to the R&D center. This time, however, I did not notice that Shill followed me out before the door closed.

I was still drowsy the whole way to the R&D labs, and was oblivious to Shill scampering merrily behind me. He even followed us into the lab. The Hicondae were too excited about what they had done to notice him either. "What we have here," He started, "is the first prototype gold shell insects." He motioned to a clear cage with several six inch clawed insects in it. What he did not mention, however that was equally impressive, is that the living cage they were raised in doubled as the "womb" that they were born in in the first place. In fact two of the bugs were still attached to the floor by umbilical cords. This saved the trouble of transferring them to a cage later.

The bugs were fascinating. They glimmered in the light because of their true gold shells. Their claws were huge in proportion to their bodies, and looked like they could deliver quite a painful grip.

Then the scientist picked up another cage, smaller and with a long tentacle growing out of it. He put it on top of the first cage, and the tentacle darted in with amazing speed, drawing one of the bugs into the second cage. "Do you want a better look? They can't get out, they see the cages as their 'parents,' and wouldn't try to tear their way out." He handed the cage to me, but I was still half drowsy, and somewhere in the transfer he thought I had a grip on it when I did not yet, and the cage fell to the ground.

The cage cracked, and the bug immediately jumped out at me! It landed on my leg, I staggered backward, the geneticists ran for their recapture equipment, it climbed up my leg leaving painful tingles all the way because of the gold. I tried to brush it off but only startled it. It clamped onto my flesh and I cried out as the burning sensation began. The shell must be over 95% pure gold! The level of panic and confusion won out over rational thought.

And then Shill sprang to my rescue! He leapt onto the back of the insect, about half his size but with dangerous claws, tearing it from my leg. The two rolled around on the floor in a desperate bid to get the first clean hit. There was nothing I could do to help him, he was wrestling far too close to the insect to do anything without hurting him too.

The two tiny creatures struggled on the ground for almost a minute, fighting faster than the eye could follow. Shill was trying to keep too close for the bug to use its claws and the insect was trying to stay away from Shill's deadly incisors. They rolled around and around as I cheered Shill on. "Shill, don't get hurt! Please! Why did you risk yourself for me?" The geneticists knew how important Shill was to me and did not try to interfere either.

Finally, Shill bit into the bug's left claw, severing it from its body! This broke the conflict and the bug tried to run. I finally stopped it with a juicy crunch from my boot.

"Shill! Are you all right?" I picked him up in my arms. He seemed okay, nothing damaged, but he was shaking. "If that little bug could hurt me like that, I can only imagine what a full sized creature modeled after the Ceklak could do to the humanoid's goddess. How soon can you have it ready?"

"If all goes smoothly, give us a week and we'll have an immature Ceklak ready to imprint itself on you. You'll be like family to it, it will be genetically programmed to follow your orders and make you proud. I assume you only want one created, for safety reasons?"

"Absolutely. If one turns on me we need to be able to stop it. That may not happen in time if there are more than one. And remember, this entire operation is just among the four of us. We can afford no security leaks. We *must* take the Velorian by surprise!"

And then I left. I hope beyond hope that the Velorian will not be prepared for the attack.

Later in the day I was escorting a large group of Hicondae soldiers and their attack beasts into an area near the border cities. I've been doing a lot of the escort missions lately, very little actual combat. That's when I saw the flyer again. She was completely healed, and looking as beautiful as ever. I told the attack group to take cover, and I leapt into the air to confront her.

But it was too late. She dove into a clearing just before I cleared the treetops. I gave the attack group the signal to continue without me and began to scan the forest with tachyon vision.

Then I saw her, resting. She'd probably been flying for quite a while. If I was going to take her down, it would have to be now. I swooped in from over the trees, right in front of her, and made a perfect two-point landing. I folded my wings in as I approached her, eyes glowing violet and fists clenched. I was ready for the battle that she was clearly not.

But instead of battle, I found something else entirely. "I finally found you!" She exclaimed. I was confused to say the least. "I've been looking for you for *days*. You're the only one who can give me what I need."

"What the hell are you getting at?"

"When the goddess transformed me, I thought it was going to be the best thing that ever happened to me. It turned out to be the biggest curse. I thought nobody could, or would, give me what I needed anymore. And then you came along, and you're so strong, but you're not afraid to... well, hurt me." There was a look of pleading in her eyes.

"What do you mean afraid to hurt you? And why did you come alone? And what are you getting at?"

"I need something real bad. After I was transformed, my hormones started going wild. But I needed something that the goddess wouldn't give me and no one else could."

"Which is?"

"I need you to hurt me." Her soft, bright lips exaggerated each word, and her eyes looked up at me so bright and so sad. While she was talking she had gotten closer until she was almost tits to chest with me. But hurt her? What kind of a sick woman was this?

"I'm into pain, rough sex. Just a little, but I need it. The goddess won't do it for me. She says she can't hurt me. I told her I'd leave her if she wouldn't do what I needed her to, and she said I'd be damned if I did but I didn't care. I'd rather be damned than live with this curse." And then she wrapped her arms around me and started crying. "Please. I'll even make a deal with the Kal."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

"Then you must give up your goddess forever. Never even consider going back to her. All your friends and your entire people, you'll have to leave them all behind. The Hicondae and I are going to exterminate every last one of them and you must make no move to stop us. Are you prepared to turn your back on your people and never look back?"

"I..."

"Think hard. I better than anyone know what it's like to leave his people behind, even when you've been betrayed." And then I wrapped my wings around her, holding her to me and feeling her warm flesh against their leather.

"Yes. I'll do it. I can't live like this, and I don't want to die. The goddess cursed me, this is her fault. I was damned from the first time I went down on her."

Then I held her closer to me. Her eyes dried quickly. She was a good 5 inches shorter than myself, and had to look up at me. I saw how beautiful she was when her face wasn't twisted in the anger of a fight. "Tighter..." she begged. I held little back. Her ample breasts mashed against my chest.

She put her arms around me, just under where my wings are connected. Then she began to stroke the membrane and I shuddered. These were new limbs after all, and I had never had them touched sexually before. It was so different, feeling her caress against a part of me that shouldn't even exist. "Your wings are so beautiful." By this time my cock was throbbing, and threatening to tear its way out of my pants if I didn't let it out.

I released my near-death grip on her, and she took off her top. As I expected from an enhanced human, they were every bit as perfect as an Arion woman's. Maybe a bit on the smaller side though. It didn't matter. I had been weeks since I'd had a woman. This was going to be incredible.

She guided my hands over her breasts with practiced skill. She knew exactly where she wanted to be touched and how. "Now bite my nipple." I balked for an instant at her strange request, but if that's what it takes...

When she moaned it was hard to tell if it was in pain or pleasure, likely a combination of both. I could wait no longer, and it looked like she felt the same way. We finished undressing each other, and she finally took me inside of her.

She tried to roll me onto my back, but I would have none of it. I was in charge here. I forced her down with an audible impact with the ground. She giggled. "That's the way, that's how I like it." Then I began the rhythmic motion deep inside of her, feeling her so tight against my manhood. It was incredible. I awakened those special feelings deeper inside of her than no man before was able to reach, and it was too much.

She moaned louder now, unable to even open her eyes as I continued to thrust into her tight pussy. It was obvious she'd never had a real man. Her hips thrust into me in rhythm, trying to take me as deep as I would go. She almost couldn't take my entire length. "Help me." She finally gasped.

"How?"

"Pull my hair, claw my back, bite my lip, anything. I need to come!"

Again I balked. For the first time I fully comprehended, had a complete understanding, of what she meant. A Protector born and bred would never hurt her adopted people. But this woman needed the pain as much as I needed her pussy, and I was ready to give it to her. I grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked it back, hard. She screamed "Oh, Yes!!!" and triggered a series of the most powerful orgasms I had even seen in a woman. She took a deep breath, pressed her hips into mine as hard as she could, and let her breath out in short gasps and she came again and again.

It was more than I could stand and I came as well. The relief I felt after all these weeks was indescribable. "Oh thank you," she said to me, "that was exactly what I needed."

I felt an attachment as well as an attraction to this woman. Someone more powerful than herself had betrayed her, and she left her people because of it. And she hadn't had a good lay in even longer than myself.

"I can relate to that." I told her. "I've been living with some walking trees for the past few weeks. What do you think *my* sex life has been like?"

She laughed a bit. "Look, I don't know if the Hicondae are going to accept you right away. You've been on the other side for a long time, and they probably don't trust humans at all. I think for a while, you should live in one of the abandoned border cities. We'll fight together for a few battles, they should warm up to you after a while."

"You're not what I expected," she answered. "The goddess made you out to be this big impressive hell-spawned demon. Then you got those wings and you sided with the Hicondae, and it was real easy to believe her. But a few things don't make sense. Like that guy you sent back, he said that there was only one of you, and the legions of Kal weren't going to descend on the planet like she said. And now, you don't even sound or talk like a demon anymore."

"Well I do have this image to uphold. If I wasn't as imposing as the Velorian makes me out to be I'd probably lose something in the intimidation department."

"It's just that now, you seem like just an ordinary guy. Except that you've got a physique like nobody I've ever met. Well, and the wings. But you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, all of a sudden I'm not this all-powerful demon bent on destroying everything I see."

"You're... freindly." She smiled. We kissed again. If I didn't have anything else to do I would have fucked her right there again. But after all these weeks, once was enough for now. There would be plenty of time for sex tomorrow.

"I have to get back to the Hicondae patrol. Meet me tomorrow afternoon in the city of Bor Karnon. There are food stores there that were never ransacked, and one or two of the buildings are still standing."

She said "Good-bye" to me as I leapt into the air and spread my wings, disappearing over the tree tops again to catch up with the Hicondae patrol.

### | Journal Entry 23

I hate it when I skip journal entries like this. I've done it too many times already. But how can I continue putting memories to paper when I'd rather forget them all? How can I write when the first woman I've gotten close to in weeks is dead? That fucking Velorian, that damned Protector, that false goddess-given-flesh, she seems to have made it her goal to make my life a living Hell before she destroys me.

But I will laugh last or die trying. I will finish what I started, destroy the Protector and all she holds dear before she can finish what she started the first day I arrived on this planet. *I will destroy her first.*

I arrived in Bor Karnon the day I told the flyer I would. I never even found out her name. She was not there. Later in the evening I heard that she was seen flying back to the main human city, the city in which the Velorian set up her cathedral. I do not and can not know what happened there, or why she went back, but her head is now outside the gates of the city. Her body is not.

That same day my new heat vision took effect. I recieved nothing else from the genetic adjustments the Hicondae made so many days before. My DNA is too far departed from the original structure at the time of the Vast Exodus to bring me back to the Velorians' power levels without rearranging the genes completely. Just as the Arion scientists who designed the retro-virus intended.

At least I have a new, more powerful heat vision. Before it was as if I was forcing the beams from my eyes. Now, it's like I simply open the floodgates and the beams are almost twice as powerful, and flow effortlessly from my eyes. And I can keep it up just as long as before. There is something in Arion genetics that is obviously blocking the transmission of the energy, but whether this is a side effect of the retro-virus or something that even the Velorians suffer from I do not know. The Elder Ones may have done it on purpose, as a safety for them if our heat vision is more powerful than they intended it to be.

On a military note, the war has not been going well for the Hicondae in this territory. It seems the Velorian has drawn all available extra military force from the entire rest of the planet to fight here. She has left only a defensive force in the rest of the territories.



We believe she is trying to drain our forces far enough for her to safely leave her city without it being attacked. Then she will come after me personally. I may not have long to live. If I am going to destroy the Velorian I will have to do it *soon*.

Fortunately, I have the prototype Ceklak now. I just got it this morning. It has already grown very attached to me, and that makes me very nervous. It knows better than to actually touch me, but still...

The Hicondae scientists did an incredible job. They followed my specifications to the letter, and this creature looks exactly like the Ceklak of legend. From the disproportionately long arms to the wide, gaping mouth that barely has a head attached to it, from the shining gold shell to the hunchbacked gait it walks with, it is perfect. And it awakens more than just a passing fear within me.

Shill, too, is terrified of it. And well he should be, that mouth is large enough to swallow him whole and not even be an appetizer. Shill has taken back to the forest for the meantime. I think he may be a little jealous as well that I have a new companion. I remember the games we used to play, when Shill would fetch and play with anything small and shiny. It seems he's trying to win my affections back, he's been finding and bringing me shiny objects all day. I've tried to tell him that the Ceklak will only be with us for a few days, but he doesn't understand.

For the entire day I've been training the Ceklak. It knows how to attack what I tell it to, and catch victims in a crushing bear hug. This is the maneuver that I believe will be the Velorian's final undoing. The Ceklak is much stronger than it looks, since its muscles are elongated they aren't nearly as bulky as you would expect them to be for how strong it is. And it seems that its nervous system is hard-wired so that its hands automatically clamp down on anything that touches its palm. The Hicondae probably did this to make it easier to catch and hold things, like the Velorian.

The only problem I see occurring is that the shell is close to 90% pure gold: a soft, nearly worthless metal. The claws of the Ceklak are almost purely decoration, if it tried to tear through anything firmer than human flesh they would dull quickly. I will have to be careful, if the Velorian is able to use her heat vision from a distance she will destroy the Ceklak before it ever has a chance to get close to her.

If only I had access to a tachyon emitter! But neither culture on this planet has the technology to build one. The static it generates could keep her from viewing through walls and seeing the Ceklak coming while I kept her busy. I'll just have to take my chances. The Hicondae are already working on a battle plan. The details are sketchy, but it seems that they plan to bring the giant city-destroyers into action for the first time since the Velorian arrived. I'm excited at the prospect of seeing one for the first time.

[Concluded in Part 5](#)