

# Chapter I

## Embers of the Past

### Epilogue

*Realm: \*Redacted\**

*Location: Lightonian Arctic Supermax Penitentiary Facility “Nospheross”*

The cold fury of the winter hell scape that stretched all around the compound. A ferocious storm setting in which left few if any guards in attendance of the barriers. Sure there were those within the towers but to be stationed atop in the winds which could carry large infants away- another matter entirely. A white out in all but name as one could barely see more than a bound before themselves.

No, most were inside near the windows. Fires drawn in the near fireplaces, guards all at the ready regardless. Of the few who remained out were those atop the towers or near the gates and under heavy gear; though under enclosures and near doorways. Those near the gates though would shuffle inside one of the doors heading to the control area, blown full of snow and shivering.

Red lights lit up along the long-stretching walls but these were hard to see. One of the gate guards moved from the control console to the window looking out, his chubby little face red from the cold despite the nearby furnace.

“Man, it’s really coming in hard,” he mumbled.

The door swung open, a group of a few guards entering that particular room and quickly closing the door behind. They shuffled, shaking off layers of snow.

“It’s a f-f-frigid bitch,” one of them grunted.

“Aye take a load off,” the operator instructed, “Might not be protocol but we’ve got mother nature on duty tonight. No one’s coming in or going out of this prison.”

“Y-yeah. Ooofafafa-”

In general the outer courtyards were all void, with all personnel residing inside. Deep within the echoing chambers of the prison halls, guards walked along catwalks

between cells. Across one particular cell, a bound Cortez hung. His jaw shifted ever slightly, guards walking passed with echoing boots across the metal walkway.

Several cells on the block, some with wandering prisoners and some shackled to different instruments. Few were bound to the same extent as the elder Dharkanian. A few of them sat in corners, a few stood, others slept, one even upside down with arms crossed around their torso. The guards bid them no mind.

Elsewhere within the facility, guards stood at attention. A squad of them in a hallway. Several individuals moved about the corridor, Director William Issacs leading way. Another, a person in a suit unbuttoned with bowtie over a red vest and gray shirt, not the great General who had been there some many days prior.

Individuals in specialized black armor accompanied the duo as they moved through the facility, the two conversing as they moved about.

“-which is why when the storm ends we will need to begin repairs,” the Director spoke.

“I will need to speak to the committee about further funding. Questions have long been raised about the needed existence of this facility Director Issacs,” the man in the suit spoke.

The Director looked to the politician beside him as the two continued, “You do realize that Nospheross houses some of the Confederacy’s most dangerous criminals right?”

“Oh I am well aware of that fact but the others- well. Again, I will see what I can do,” he sighed.

“I assure you that Nospheross is well worth the continued maintenance. Our location is positively secure. Walled in by the mountains, protected by the elements. Repairs may be expensive due to weathering but no enemies have ever come close to here, nor have there ever been any escapes.”

“Maybe so- but there are other facilities.”

“I assure you that there are none quite as secure as Nospheross. We hold the likes of Dagan the Revenant, Valrun Arghaust, Gaford the Gray, and our prize... Cortez Macabre of the Dharkanians.”

“Heh, soon to be former prize. I understand that his execution will commence with the clearing of this storm upon the return of General Gideon Ezdorth.”

“... yes, I suppose so- but let that be a testament, surely!”

“Heh...” the politician chuckled coming to a halt.

The Director stopped and turned a few paces ahead, looking the politician in the eyes. The politician simply gave a blank stare, gray eyes dull and cold.

“Many within our parliament no longer care about the wars of yesteryear. The Dharkanian threat ended long ago. The Vampiric threat ended centuries ago. We are coming into a more modern era Director. And that is why we seek to shutter facilities such as these which hold relic to the past’s dying breath.”

“... it is thanks to facilities like this that past threats remain out of the public light. Security is valuable even in this new era. That is why my ancestors constructed this facility.”

“It is well time to move into the future. The past is no more.”

The duo resumed walking down the passage with their guards following close behind. A still facility, holding within the battering of the storm. Not a single individual swayed from routine or calm norm. Even within his cell deep within the complex, Cortez did not bat an eye even if he could.

His fate seemingly set before him, yet he did not shutter. He did not squirm. He remained as he always had since arriving in Nospheross... though as the howl of the winds outside slowly began to die down, there would be a something.

With the winds slowing gradually, the storm far from over still... the old man simply smirked in response. His old wrinkled face curved, dimly.

Far far beyond the compound on mountain’s peak, high above the flustering storm that battered the landscape below. A single footstep jotted down atop the white fluffy ground. A black boot with orange laces, connected to blue pants. A black coat with silver fur, long sleeves swaying in the wind.

Flowing dark brown hair that drifted before two glowing amber eyes almost a firey yellow. His mouth spread into a huge grin. A red star tattooed upon the back of his coat which flapped in the winds up high, his fur collar flaring. Then beside him stepped another in a huge black trench coat, the torso itself patterned with blood red stars.

White fluffy hair, glimmering sapphire eyes of dread. A slight frown. Both figures looked down into the valley where the blizzard screamed along, as behind them several other figures began to gather. This group stood at the top of a mountain summit overlooking the arena below, several dozen in size, the dark sky of night stretched out above them.

It was finally the white haired man who spoke aloud beside the first who arrived, uttering coldly a single sentence...

“Finally... it will begin.”

*Thank you for reading Chapter 1 of Ravenlight the Series. This concludes the ‘prologue’ section to the first saga. I hope you all have enjoyed this trial start and I look forward to bringing you much more content in the near future!! Keep an eye out for the physical release of this first chapter/volume.*

*As always if you liked what you read, be sure to like/favorite & follow/subscribe. Please be sure to check out more from the team too (links to their content on the Froststorm Productions website). It would be greatly appreciated!!*

*Until next time~*

*-Alexander Stormsong*

## **Chapter 1 Written By:**

*Alexander Stormsong*

## **Chapter Art By:**

*AureolinFlax*

*WonkyBeans*

## **Brought To You By:**

*Froststorm Productions*

## **Special Thanks:**

*A big thanks to my friends in the Villains Who Will End The World Hangout (V-Club if you will... GET OUT OF THE GUTTER, YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE!!!) for convincing me to keep going through all of the trial and error with this project. Chapter 1 has been a learning experience and it was only possible thanks to them. Even when I was ready to drop out, they convinced me to keep at it.*

*A follow up thanks to the whole of my art team (AureolinFlax, ShinyNeptune, and WonkyBeans). All of the art you guys have made thus far has been as much as part of Ravenlight's heart as the writing itself. Wherever this thing goes, we go together!!*

*And a massive thank you to the Book Ravens for following this journey!! This is all made possible by your continued support.*

*~May Chapter 2 bring new thrills and more growth~*