

THE CONQUERED

QUADROMOLAN SERIES BOOK 1

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If they were only stars
and people just an unsung song

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The End

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7 days from now...

It was hot like morning coffee and wet like summer grass. The storm had ravaged the fields and filled the reservoir. Dramkick stood at the G2 gathering depot, poised to inspect a new crop of Vor Me soldiers. Would they know the depths of respect, Dramkick wondered. What was it Emasip had said? Yes, weakness is a corrosive virus caught unknowingly by the weak. He would grant them death. He owed them that much at least.

Dramkick's head is long, narrow, and has all the scars of a violent manhood. He has 2 stripes of dark blue hair that run in a semi circle to the back of his head. His skin is faded white from years of a dying sun's demise. He has one large milky gray eyeball, devious at best, that relieves you of every ounce of confidence. If he ever looked you in the eye you hated him for life. His left eye socket is covered in a coarse piece of bone. A birth defect his mother called lucky. She knew it would layer him ruthless before the world unraveled him. This gave Dramkick a certain glee he refused to apologize for. He also has no nose to speak of (a trait he is more than a little bit proud of). Instead there are 2 slits above his small narrow crooked mouth-and no lips to speak of. The top of his head has large round bumps with the largest of which protruding from his forehead. His shoulders and chest are immense, rigid, and triangular (and suggest tremendous physical strength). His fingers have been broken, every digit, and are large enough to crush anyone's skull. He has on a pair of dark blue lace pants and a white sweater. The sweater illustrates 3 stages of Dom-which are the first 3 segments of a Talz existence (that all Talz spend the rest of their lives unraveling).

Dramkick stands at the doorway of the G2 gathering depot with mercy on his mind.

The Vor Me are the elite class of soldier. They spend 5 years perfecting their destructive powers. Upon conclusion of their demanding and unforgiving training, Dramkick makes a point of perusing every new crop of Vor Me personally. He can spot weakness with ease and you will know it when he does.

The door opened and Dramkick walked in. The G2 is vast and perfectly symmetrical in shape. It has mint green walls and a domed roof. It is over a quarter mile in diameter and high enough to cough from. At its apex there is a purple crystal the size of a blue whale. It hangs down from the ceiling with a force field surrounding it-this gives it the appearance of floating in mid-air. The Vor Me are lined up in circular rows that get gradually smaller nearest the center. They are split into 4 rows that lead from the center to the 4 large silver doors on the walls of the G2. All the soldiers are wearing navy blue army fatigues and dark blue helmets-each helmet is cast in Dramkick's likeness with the eyes and mouth cut out. Each of them has on spiked dark blue boots (that are anything but casual). They have a square, glowing orange pendant on the toe of each boot that has the seal of Dramkick emblazoned on it.

Dramkick walked down the aisle and started randomly bumping into the Vor Me. He punched and slapped them hard enough to jolt them awake. None of the Vor Me looked over or even moved slightly. And the ones being attacked gave no reaction. They simply took it and got back into line. It wasn't like seeing a body on the highway. In this case if you looked, *you were the body on the highway*. Needless to say, everyone's eyes drilled holes in the wall in front of them.

Dramkick stopped in front of one Vor Me named Ritrick and gave him a good hard looking over. Dramkick said softly, "Go ahead, Son, take a look. I give you every assurance there will be no recourse, feel free."

Ritrick started to sweat and his breath fell heavy. He glanced over at Dramkick (and regretted it the second he did). Dramkick grabbed him by the neck and pulled his head clean off his body. The soldier's body fell violently to the ground (like a 50 pound bag of potatoes knocked off a grocery aisle).

"How dare you look UPON ME!" Dramkick shouted and then said plainly, "You were a handsome boy, a lover of jokes no doubt. Go ahead, tell me one now," Dramkick said as he smiled at the dead soldier's head and awaited his response. "Ha ha he hee he that's a fine joke, so true and so telling."

Dramkick grinned slightly and threw the Vor Me's bloody head into the wall at such speed it exploded upon impact. Dramkick danced playfully down the aisle and stopped in the center of the room. "Children, oh glorious Ilk, I am your Quadromolan. Not your king per se, a thousand times more powerful!" Dramkick bellowed as he got into an athletic stance with his hands spread. "You are my new crop of killing machines and let there be no mistake, you will murder for me. Or you'll end up splattered on a WALL somewhere ha he he ha! All's I ask of the is this...the exact moment you question me will be the last moment of your lives. You are all Talz by birth, and as such you are familiar with our curse," Dramkick flexed his muscles so hard it scared everyone in attendance. He loved the dramatic and scaring people just felt right to him. "But be that as it may we were born with backs that won't bow or break, and rightfully so," Dramkick said coldly as he gazed up to the rafters for a moment. He thought of his father Emasip delivering the same speech years earlier. The power of the old man was still alive in him. "We are in the habit of being besieged by our friends with Deception! I am 1,033 years old and there have been 3,452 attempts on my life. Your mission, your heart's true purpose...is to shield my

pure pumping vision from the tyranny of our enemies!” Dramkick thundered as his eyes became demonic. “We trained you with unyielding precision. Now repay that enormous faith with your lives and the full breadth of your SANCTITY! Be us Talz...The rest we can't remember!"

Dramkick thundered as his eyes welled up. He scowled at the Vor Me (and they knew enough not to scowl back).

The Vor Me raised their right fist, gave it a simple pump, and let out a single hum. They filed out of the G2 with laser like precision. Dramkick put his left hand to his chin and scanned the Vor Me for weak links. He refused to be the ruler of an army of fools.

A Quadromolan (a term that Dramkick created for himself) is the ruler of 4 solar systems. There is the Talz system which has 9 planets, the Tremur which is 12 planets strong, the Messi counts 15 planets, and the Kull which has but 2, Devix and Tortum. Each planet has a ruler or caretaker known as a Benbre (but they all bow to Dramkick). Still they all lust for power and are in a constant state of scheming to do away with Dramkick. More than this, they want the location of the Rala fountains.

The Rala fountains pump a bright yellow liquid known as Praem. When Praem is ingested through the eyes or mouth the taker is thrust into an alternate reality known as Twosqu. Twosqu is a vivid specific detailed world on top of the current reality. For the takers of Praem they see their senses no longer react or interact with any negative energy. And if something was blue in real life, then in Twosqu it is a living blue-carrying with it a wave of emotion and texture you can feel. Physical motion in Twosqu is what you want it to be, it is *your choice*. You can float, dance, soar or stand outside yourself and watch your body in movement. Meals are no longer eaten and forgotten, a single bite brings hours of satisfaction and fills the belly to maximum. A

sip of wine flushes the body from head to toe with an immaculate inebriation (devoid of the obligatory crippling hangover). The sensation of touch is so refined in Twosqu you can feel a fleck of dust as it rests on your skin. There are also the conversation tracers. Small portions of other people's conversations that continue to resonate and float in and out of your mind's eye as you need them to. And of course the Danbridgo, 4 inch tall miniature beings with purple skin and green freckles. Clad in white trousers and jackets they are at your command inside Twosqu. Each Danbridgo has a furry head and a face like a kitten. Their affectionate nature is legendary. The sun in Twosqu is only red light and has no apparent shape or symmetry. It is easy inside Twosqu to see who has taken the Praem. They are the ones with vibrant colored masks while the others are draped in shadows. To many, the real world is the dream and Praem is all they'll ever want.

Dramkick sees it his birthright to live every moment in Twosqu and only gives the populous 2 hours a day. This infuriates most, though they dare not speak of it for fear of reprisals. There are some known as the Gopas, who steal Praem from everyone and anyone they can. Their leader Coats Ren has been trying to find the Rala fountains for 3 years.

"If it's in the Danviers cavern, then it's beyond finding. Those caves stretch for thousands of miles. It would be a fool's errand to try and map them," Coats said as he sucked on a Praem tube inside his art studio on the planet O-in the Messi system.

Coats Ren is 4 feet wide and 6 feet tall with abnormally large forearms. He is tan skinned and has a bald head with a line of red diamonds across his brow. His face is smooth and rounded like a new bowling pin. He is draped in a grey and white checkered jumpsuit and white leather slippers. His studio is quant only 20 x 20 (with eye blasting yellow walls). There is a pair of picture windows made of lightly tinted green glass that face the setting sun. In front of the

windows there is a brown leather couch with the insignia PR. Situated behind it is an easel with a partially completed painting of Poeragard.

Poeragard is the Benbre of Tortum. He is the only person brave enough to put pressure on Dramkick to increase the Praem distribution. The Gopas see him as a hero and saint.

"Then forget Danviers, let's organize a scout mission into Dramkick's inner sanctum," Pleu Mas said quickly as he looked at Coats.

Pleu Mas stands 5'6" and 180 pounds, with grayish black hair and a soft round belly (too many Porntap ears for dinner and lunch). His eyes are orange in color and have a look of serious intent. He has a large arching nose whose tip touches his upper lip when he smiles. His lips are purple in color and have the word Saimvic tattooed on them-Saimvic is the name of the last man to see the Rala fountains before Dramkick hid them away for good. Pleu is wearing a robe dripping with gold and has a multi-colored beaded necklace around his neck. On his feet he only wears a single pair of ankle high black socks.

"Shatcore, you honestly think we're going to get 2 steps into Shatcore, are you serious? Here's how that'll play out, you and I will wind up a garnish at Dramkick's nightly feast," Coats said in exasperation as he continued to suck on his Praem tube and then said angrily, "Damn it this thing's empty again. Well whatever we do it needs to get done, I can't live like this!"

"Calm down, there's a way forward," Pleu said softly as he wiped the sweat from his brow with his sleeve. "I paid one of Dramkick's servants to find out if there was any way past his

security. Turns out his swimming pool connects to the Clar lagoon," Pleu explained and then he walked over to the computer module followed by Coats and said gleefully, "Right there, that's our entry point."

Coats looked at the lagoon on the monitor and then at Pleu and said excitedly, "This is our shot, this is exactly the break we needed! Tonight we'll pay Dramkick a visit. I'll ready my ship and make the necessary preparations. Tonight we drink again."

"This is a chance, but not without risks," Pleu said calmly as he grinned and put his hand on Coat's shoulder and then continued, "If we're found inside Shatcore we will be destroyed. That said, the payoff will be worth the risk."

Meanwhile Dramkick plays the violin in his study. He makes a point of playing for at least an hour a day (he is vicious to anyone who disturbs him). He sits facing out the window as he plays with tears streaming down his face. It's a cold walk to a man's heart. Even further to Dramkick's. The music touches his heart the way nothing or no one else ever could.

He finishes playing and sets down the violin on a rack. He grabs his Praem tube off the shelf and starts sucking on it. He is instantly thrust into Twosqu and feels a blinding euphoria. Unlike most people he prefers enjoying it alone (and finds it distasteful to see anyone inside Twosqu). Suddenly he dances around the room. He gets rushes from the vibrant colors. His arms and legs move like a spider with 6 legs. He lays down on the floor and start humming to himself.

After several hours the Praem has worn off and Dramkick gathers himself up. He makes his way to the planetarium. When he steps on the moving sidewalk his former lover Bree Sa steps on as well.

Bree is 5 foot 5 with brown curly hair. She has large breasts and a shapely bottom (as good looking as she is no one's dumb enough to look at her for long). Her face is stunning, with a button nose and sensual blue eyes that can open anyone's emotional wounds. She is wearing an orange flowing dress and a gold pendant around her neck. Dangling from the pendant is a large Praem tube. It was a gift from Dramkick for a week's worth of not glaring at him. She is also wearing a gold bracelet on both arms and brown lace sandals.

The sidewalk they are on stretches through the Gimly green shrubbery tunnel (Dramkick's favorite place to relax).

"Bree, you're still a stunner. Just when will you return the part of my heart you've stolen?" Dramkick asked as he nudged Bree with his arm.

"Dramkick, we tried us, it just couldn't be a larger love," Bree said sadly. "We're both too hard headed for our own good. It's nice to see you though, you're looking handsome as ever," Bree said playfully as she smiled up at Dramkick lovingly.

"Thank you for the kind words, Bree," Dramkick said warmly and then continued, "It's a terrible shame our stars couldn't align. When I look at you now, I find it hard to remember the

bad times. But this is life and oh how it throws me," Dramkick said as he ran his fingers through her hair.

Bree smiled and asserted, "Don't start something that can't be finished. We both know where casual sex will lead regardless of how hot it is."

"True, but it still satisfies even if only for a short while," Dramkick agreed. "But you're right we mustn't fool ourselves, still great to see you though, Bree, it always is," Dramkick said smoothly as his hands fell into his pockets.

"I always love seeing you as well, Dramkick, that box of Praem was an absolute godsend. I thank you."

"Think nothing of it they'll be another before long. It makes me happy to know you're taken care of," Dramkick said sincerely as he looked at Bree.

"This is my stop, Handsome, feel free to stop and visit someday. I'm usually around on the week's ending," Bree admitted as she stepped off the sidewalk into a corridor.

"I just might, bye, my Love," Dramkick said brightly as he continued onward down the sidewalk, wrenching his neck for one last look at Bree.

Dramkick rides another quarter mile and steps off at the entryway to the planetarium. The

structure is gigantic and in the shape of a golf ball with 2 pencils piercing the sides. It is dark purple in color and has a pair of large circular windows that are tinted cobalt blue. The walkway leading up to the large circular front door is lined with various statues of Dramkick (from his bloody early youth to the present day).

Dramkick walked past the statues with a wry smile on his face. He is very fond of his depictions (especially the one of him taking a bite from a Lizva bird).

The Lizva bird itself has a large round head with multi-colored feathers covering it. Its body is long and thin like a straw, with 4 sets of large wings along the sides. It also has one large yellow claw on the rear end that has 2 sets of steel cutting talons.

As he neared the front door it opened and a tan skinned Glom-which are from the Tremur system and have bright yellow tattoos covering their faces-came walking out. The Glom is slightly shorter than Dramkick and has on a hat with a dark blue spire stretching 2 feet up to the sky on the round brim. He is wearing a red cape and black open toed shoes. His eyes are shielded by blue tinted sunglasses with the center cut out-revealing his red eyes.

The Glom got closer to Dramkick and then stopped suddenly. He pulled out a pair of Dreme blades from under his cape-Dreme blades are a foot and half long with a rounded half moon blade and a black leather handles. They are also known to be sharp enough to cut through metal.

Dramkick sees this and lets out a sigh as he motions with his hand for his would be attacker to

get on with it. The Glom thrusts forward at Dramkick with his Dreme blades whirling in front of him. His right hand slashes at Dramkick. Dramkick simply slips it and grabs the Glom by the elbow and breaks his arm in two. The Glom screams out in agony, gathers himself, and slashes with the Dreme blade. Whereby Dramkick in one motion dodges the blow and grabs the Glom by the shoulder. Dramkick viciously pulls his arm clean out of its socket. He pummels him over the head with his own arm and then said snidely, "He he he he ha, you should have thought this through me thinks ha ha Haw."

Dramkick grabs him around the waist with his free hand and lifts him up into the air. He throws the Glom violently into the statue of the young Dramkick eating the Lizva bird. The Glom crashes into the statue sideways and breaks his back, causing a fountain's worth of blood to shoot high in the air. He lets out a loud squeal and drops to the ground (like so many others before him). Dramkick knew it so well he could almost time it to the second when they'd take their last breath. The Glom quickly dies with the last of his life fading into oblivion.

"A real art lover I can see He ha ha. Pity you tempted fate so foolishly, I could've used your courage on the battlefield," Dramkick said snidely as he entered the planetarium.

Inside the planetarium there are thousands of robot re-creations of every creature large and small on Membra. The robots walk freely around the planetarium and interact with the guests. There are also life size androids of all famous Talz (including Dramkick). Dramkick makes a point of harassing the androids every time he visits. They have gotten in the habit of avoiding him at all costs (especially on his birthday). Dramkick's android on his last visit had his arms

torn off because Dramkick felt they were too scrawny.

The ceiling is domed in shape and is covered end to end with a hologram of molten lava. The lava appears to be falling down upon the visitor's heads. This is not lost upon Dramkick as it is his favorite part. He loves seeing the horror on the faces of first time guests and loves screaming, " IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!" The floor of the planetarium is an ever changing series of terrains. It ranges from jagged rocks to thick gooey mud (that fools most into a state of panic and makes them physically tired). The walls are covered with a live feed from over 100 different locations on Membra (everything from caverns to operating rooms, a full spectrum of humanity).

Today Dramkick isn't here for pleasure. He has arranged a meeting with the Benbre of the planet Tortum, Poeragard. The two haven't seen eye to eye on some things and Dramkick wants to clear the air. Certainly because of this Poeragard has requested a public place for their meeting. Poeragard knows that Dramkick thinks lost limbs are an indication he's losing patience with you.

Poeragard stands 5 foot 10 inches tall and carries a lean 170 pounds of muscle on his frame. He has long bright orange hair that cascades back from a pronounced widow's peak in the center of his forehead. He has blue eyes that are like a cat's (a steely glare you can never make sense of). His nose is smooth, attractive, and thick like a sausage. His lips are purple and he has a clef in the shape of a 4 leaf clover in the center of his chin. He always wears the same thing, a black corduroy jacket that has interchangeable parts and a pair of white pants made of Pemavon cotton.

The Pemavon is a genetically engineered sheep that grows a full coat seconds after being shaven. The Pemavon cotton is extremely soft to the touch and favored among the Torsle-who are natives of Tortum.

Poeragard also wears a clip-on levitation device on his feet-known as a Jacour ring. It has the ability to lift the body 3 inches above the ground at anytime. It also allows the wearer to travel without resistance.

Dramkick scans the room for Poeragard and spots him on the far side. He starts walking briskly towards him. When he gets within a few feet Poeragard turns to face him, bows, and said softly, "I am at your service, Quadromolan." Poeragard stands up and said warmly, "Let us be friends, Dramkick."

"Friends for me are an unwise luxury, Poeragard, but I can make certain exceptions," Dramkick replied as he balled his hand up into a fist and then asked sternly, "What is all this talk of increasing the Praem supply? I would have thought you smarter than this," Dramkick said as he put his giant hand on Poeragard's shoulder.

"I apologize if I was out of line, but the populous has built up a tolerance. And what was once enough, is now too little," Poeragard explained nervously as he looked wide eyed at Dramkick.

"They always want MORE, it never seems *less* they scream of!" Dramkick thundered as his

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