

DEATH IN RETROPOLIS

Rain poured on the city of Retropolis. The thunder roared through the clouds from the streaks of lightning. Vehicles mowed through the crowded streets. Some held at red lights. Around the corner, two police cars sped down another street, pursuing another vehicle which appears to be a dark violet Camaro. The police sharply turn corners to trap and inch closer toward the Camaro.

“I can’t tell who’s driving the car. But I know it’s a female.” An officer said through the intercom.

“We’re on her.” An officer responded from the second car.

Chasing the Camaro through the streets and nearly hitting passengers and bystanders on sidewalks, they took a sharp left turn and immediately from another angle, a slick black and silver vehicle bolted from the shadows. The vehicle sped with great velocity toward the Camaro as the officers looked onward.

“What kind of car is that?” The officer wondered.

Inside the slick vehicle is The Swordman—Known only as an urban myth to the world, yet written through the eons of history. Geared in his black and gray sleek armor and cloaked hood.

His sword sitting behind his seat. His face covered completely like a ninja with only his eyes visible, completely white from the reflecting outside light source. He moved up closer to the Camaro. The woman in the Camaro, took notice to the slick car through the mirror. She sighed, rolling down the window with a gun in hand.

She glared back and began shooting toward The Swordman. The gunshots had no effect. The Swordman sat in his car calm. Somewhat somber. Still focused on the mission at hand. The woman, aggravated, increased the gas attempting to drive out of The Swordman’s sight. The Swordman, realizing the woman’s plan, flipped a switch near the steering wheel.

“Ejecting.” The Swordman’s vehicle spoke.

The Swordman ejected from the vehicle, his black cloak flowing through the windy rainfall as he landed atop the Camaro. The woman swerve the car around the streets, attempting to knock The Swordman from atop the car. He held tightly due to his mechanical and Kevlar-laced gloves attached to his dark golden gauntlets as his cloak continued flowing in the stormy winds.

Removing a sharp object from his right gauntlet, appearing to be a silver dagger, yet, bulkier than an average dagger. He impaled the dagger into the top of the car, slowly cutting it open.

“Damn it!” The woman screamed.

Her foot slammed the breaks to stop the car. The car stopped and she jumped out to run away.

The Swordman jumped off the car, staring at the woman. She continued running and The Swordman lunged in front of her. The woman paused as he grabbed her arms and placed her in cuffs. He walked her back to the car and sat her next to the back of her vehicle. She yawned of disappointment. The Swordman looked at her, thinking in his mind to begin an interrogation. While reading her, the first thing he noticed was her dark black hair with violet highlights and her pale skin.

“Who are you and what is your business here?” The Swordman asked.

“I am here for you of course.” She said. “Why else would I come to a city like this. You’re

the main attraction around here and I attracted you.”

“State your purpose, woman.” The Swordman demanded.

“My purpose aligns with your purpose. We are one and soon you’ll understand

Police sirens sounded from the distance. They grew louder as the siren lights can be seen heading toward the location. The Swordman noticed the coming police and turned back toward the woman. She smiled at him as if she’s seen someone special.

“Who are you?” The Swordman asked.

“I’m what has existed since the Fall of Man. That’s who I am.”

The sirens yell, moving quickly closer. The Swordman knew he couldn't remain for much longer. His car appeared from around the corner. Jumping in and drove off, disappearing from the location and leaving the woman sitting by the Camaro in handcuffs. The police arrived at the scene, running toward her, guns pointed as they stand in front of her. They spot the handcuffs. They knew she was not a threat.

“Did another office leave her here or something?”

“No telling.”

They raised her up, walking her to their police car. Another car arrived and two detectives exited the vehicle. Justine Copeland, one of the more focused women of the force and Cash Hankinson, a cocky, arrogant detective looking for the next big break in the field. Smoking a cigarette. He looked around the area for any trace of the slick black and silver vehicle that was reported during the chase, not finding any eminence what’s so ever.

“Who do you think was driving that black and silver car?” Cash said.

“Someone with a lot of money in their possession.” Justine said. “Who else could afford a car of that size and that detail.”

They close the door on the woman in the back of the police car and leave the scene.

The police took the woman to Pegasus Prison, a place for the more deadly prisoners and the criminally insane. The officers decided to leave her in the prison until the appointed time for the proposed scheduled court date. Commissioner James Austin of the Retropolis Police Department enters Pegasus to speak with the woman. Gaining access to her cell, one security officer walked Austin down the corridor toward her room. Stopping in front, he spoke with her through the cell door. Placing one hand in the pocket of his khaki trench coat and holding his hat in the other. He stared at her sitting in the corner of the room, smiling and giggling, confused. Unsure of how to start a conversation.

“May I ask why are you giggling?”

“Because my time has fully begun.”

“We didn’t get your name. What is it?”

“My name? Why would you want to know my name? You should see it based on my appearance, Commissioner.”

“From what we’ve gathered from the small witnesses downtown, you were apprehended by this “*Swordman*” figure. Is this true?”

“It is true.”

“Did you tell this “*Swordman*” figure your name and your purpose here?”

“The *Swordman*.” She said softly. “Him. I didn’t tell him my name, but I did tell him my purpose aligns with his. Just like the stars on a special occasion.”

Commissioner Austin measured her, noticing her black hair and pale skin. He thought for a

moment. She stared at him with her pale green eyes and a smile on her face from her black lipstick covered lips. Nothing came to the Commissioner's mind but confusion and uncertainty.

"Still can't figure it out, Commissioner?" She said.

"I'm doing the best that I can right now. Thank you."

"It should be obvious as left to right." She said enthusiastically.

He shook his head, placing his hat on. He left, walking down the corridor. She noticed him leaving and bolted toward the door. Her face close to the small bar space

"Where are you going?!" She yelled. "Don't you want to know?!"

"I'll find out sooner or later." He replied. Not turning back toward her room. The Commissioner left the floor as she started to laugh. Disturbing everyone around her block and on the floor.

The Swordman sat within the Swordlair, an underground base built by his ancestors and enhanced by him for the modern age. He gazed through the archives, searching historical details which may pertain to the woman. Not finding any trace of any kind, he chose to go into the archives of the Order of Swords, a creed of which he is the current leader and commander. His wife, Allison came down the stairs into the lair. She saw him looking into the archives. Glancing through the aged books.

"Kenari, why are you searching the archives?"

"Something is going on that involves the Order. Something strange and unusual in this generation."

"Are you speaking of that woman you stopped earlier tonight?" She said with notice.

"I am." He said with a nod. "She is not of this world. I felt it when I looked into her eyes. There's something very ancient about her and its powerful. Life-threatening."

"So, tell me, what are your plans on finding out who or what she is?"

"The police have put her in Pegasus. I'm going there to have a word with her personally."

Allison sighed. She walks toward him, coming closer as she reaches out to him. Holding his arm.

"Are you sure it's a good idea? The police have already set a manhunt for you and others of the Order. What happens when they come across you?"

Kenari turned toward Allison. He smiles at her. Walking to the armory, he grabs his sword, which hanged from the wall like a trophy. He holds up his sword, known as The Sword of the Elohim, places it on his back into its sheath.

"If they use force, necessary precaution will be dealt."

Preparing to head out, Kenari kissed his wife and put on his cloaked hood and cowl, leaving the Swordlair in the slick car, named the Rapid-Blade.

Upon arriving at Pegasus, sneaking himself into the prison and searching for the woman's cell. Going from floor to floor and hallway to hallway, he found her cell. Unlocking the door, he entered. Closing the door silently, he faced the woman who is still sitting in the corner of her cell.

"It is best that you tell me what you're doing here and what is going on."

"I knew you would come here to see me." She said with passion. "Can't resist huh."

"Who are you and why are you here? I can feel an ancient power upon you. Your spirit

appears to be millennia old and its dark. Very dark.”

“Amazing. No one can just look at me and figure out my name. I wear it on me every day.”

The Swordman paused for a moment and meditated on the thoughts and intent of the woman’s mind and heart. He slowly started to comprehend who she is and why she is in Retropolis in this time. She glared up toward him, smiling. She read him.

“You’ve figured it out haven’t you. You are my kind of man.”

“You’ve been here since the Fall of Man. You’re not the Serpent of the Garden. You’re not Lucifer himself. In so, that would make you Sin or Death.”

She smiled, laughing with a slow clap.

“That’s right, silly. You can call me Death.”

“Death.” The Swordman said., taking in his words.

“Sin leads people to me.”

She laughed harder than previously before causing attention to come to her cell. The Swordman took a glance outside the door and saw the security officers walking down the corridor. He turned to Death with serious intentions.

“You’re the prophecy of our time. The one who will become the deadly enemy.” “No I’m not. I’m no threat of your little creed.”

“Then, what are you?”

“I’m your enemy.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes, it is so. This is between you and me. Just as it was Lilith and Adam and Jezebel and Elijah. Blah, blah, blah. All of it is me and you. Until the earth’s days are finished.”

The Swordman nodded. Hearing the footsteps of the security inching closer. “Be that as it may. Just remember that I will stop you in all your devious works.” “I’m counting on it.” Death said nodding and smiling. “Surely I am counting on it.”

The Swordman left Death’s cell as the officers approach. The officers looked inside the cell, only to see Death in the corner, laughing and giggling.

“What’s with this woman?” One officer said.

“She’s just another crazy nut.”

Her laughter made the officers uncomfortable as they walked past her cell. Returning to their duties.

“Choose your Sins.” Death said, rocking herself back and forth with a smile. “Choose your Sins.”

**THANK YOU FOR READING THE FIRST
STORY OF DARK TITAN KNIGHTS!**



**THE STORIES AWAIT AS THE INTRODUCTION
TO THE DARK TITAN UNIVERSE RELEASES ON
MARCH 6, 2018**

FOLLOW US ON TWITTER AND INSTAGRAM.

**MORE INFORMATION IS AVAILABLE ON
DARKTITANENTERTAINMENT.COM**