SIX YEARS AGO MY LIFE AND MY WORLD CHANGED COMPLETELY.
WHAT YOU ARE, FOUNDLING, IS A MERGENCE BETWEEN A HUMAN FEMALE AND ONE OF THE SEVEN. THE BORN.
THE WOMB PROTECTED YOU FROM OUR SEED AS IT CLAIMED HER BODY, BUT NOT FROM HIS BLOOD.
THE BLOOD OF THE YOUNG ONE WHOM WE THOUGHT LOST AND WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE MASTER.
YOU ARE OF HIS LINE BUT ARE NOT BEHOLDEN TO HIM. NOR TO THE OTHER SIX.
IT IS FOR THIS REASON THAT OUR LAW COMMANDS YOU BE DESTROYED.
KSSSSS!
KAHHH!

SHLIKK

CHOKK

YOU'LL FIND I'M NOT SO EASY TO KILL.

PERHAPS. BUT NOT SO HARD AS YOU MIGHT BECOME.

AND YOU WILL HAVE MUCH BECOMING TO DO BEFORE YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH TO KILL YOUR FATHER.

THIS IS INSANITY.

THE MASTER IS LOCKED IN A WAR WITH HIS BROTHERS. SHOULD HE TRIUMPH, MAN WILL DIE BY THE TENS OF THOUSANDS, MILLIONS.

THOSE LEFT WILL BE NOTHING MORE THAN CHATTEL.

AND YOU--YOU'RE *DIFFERENT?*

ONCE *HE* FALLS, DOESN'T THAT LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN FOR *YOU?*

THIS PLANET IS ALREADY ON THE PATH WE SET FOR IT.
A FACT THAT YOU, LIKE ALL THOSE OF YOUR MOTHER'S SPECIES, ARE ENTIRELY UNAWARE OF.
IS THAT NOT MUCH PREFERRED?
BECAUSE OF THE SUN. THE SUN KILLS YOUR KIND.
AS POWERFUL AS YOU ARE, YOU'RE VULNERABLE.
TREAD LIGHTLY, QUINTUS SERTORIUS.
HISSSSS
KAHHHHH
AHEM!
FOR NOW YOU WILL STAY HERE, AND I WILL TEACH YOU ALL I KNOW. ALL WILL BECOME CLEAR IN TIME.
WE ARE PATIENT, AND YOU HAVE MUCH GROWING TO DO.
WHEN NEXT WE MEET, IT WILL BE AS ALLIES--OR IT WILL BE THE LAST DAY OF YOUR EXISTENCE.
THIS IS DECIMUS, OUR SUN WARRIOR.
HE WILL ACT AS OUR AGENT.
YOU ARE LIKE ME?
NO...
I'M A HUMAN.
I STAYED WITH SERTORIUS FOR NEARLY A YEAR.