EastEast Password: Leave Your Mark

Parker's first kill was something that he'd seen play out in his mind time and time again.

It was a shift like any other: he was wandering down those metal halls at the beck and call of his boss, his whole team standing behind him. He was a prouder man back then. Not a moment that his back slouched, nor a speck of dirt or dust in him, and no second of the day that he did not meticulously check his appearance, his hair always meticulously tied and brushed into a low tail. The military coat he wore with such pride shone in a pristine marine hue, unbothered by its wear and tear.

The real jewel of its set, though, was the gun.

Ah, yes. The gun. What was there to say about the gun? That foreign musket shot bullets that could injure ten men with one pull of the trigger, each blow piercing through their chests like a paper plane cruising through air. The satisfaction of wielding such a weapon in his hands, of feeling its intricately decorated brass or the strong walnut core of stock, was unlike any hedonistic pleasure the world could offer. There was never a time he wouldn't take for target practice, and no beast he wouldn't offer to put down with infectious enthusiasm.

But as many things in that forsaken facility, which gave and took so freely, that gun's gift had a price-- or so he would come to learn.

It'd been a while since he'd gotten to shoot something. The benefits of good work meant that the catastrophes he was so eager to address weren't happening, and that meant a lot of free time... and a lot of boredom.

He didn't know what came over him that day, but if he had to guess, the gun had grown tired of his restraint. Inch by regrettable inch, finger by finger, he trained his aim to wait laid in front of him, the barrel shaking from the force that had overtaken his entire being. The only kindness he was awarded was closing his eyes.

Even after all those years-- long, regrettable years-- his index finger coiled in reflex whenever he thought about it. For as long as he lived, he'd always remember... whether he wanted to, or not.

EastEast Password: Take your place in history

Even when his memory faltered, Captain Yongki proved to be no stranger to fighting.

It was an unnecessary observation, truly. While his preference for sweatpants and sweaters and weighted blankets may have deceived some into thinking of him as a soft man, the marks left on his body told a different story: every patch of his skin suffered of inch-deep gashes and bitemarks and burnt flesh, the meat beneath his ribs slashed and torn a thousand times over. A body such as his would look more at home on the leather of a factory animal, unloved and left ragged by years of abuse.

And yet his physique told a different story-- one of conquered battles and struggle, of power, of dominion. Perhaps Yongki had not always been so bulky, so naturally predisposed to some sort of innate strength. Instead, it was as if his body had remembered every single injury ever done to him, and vowed to never feel it again. The price of such power was a body left unloved, haunted only by the ache for tenderness.

But that was all useless when it came to answering the question. Sure, perhaps he'd killed many, but the Captain would never regain the why of each lesson carved onto his skin. Such a question would never be answered.

For every legend, however, there were witnesses. Only two people were left in the world to remember his earliest kill, and they both had something different to say.

If you were to ask Vic, they'd tell you it was for the best. The fourth member of their crew, whose name escaped them, had gotten compromised by one of the many beasts that roamed those damned walls. What got her, you may ask? The strangest thing: a pair of red shoes, ever so shiny and polished, which rested upon a pedestal. With it driving her into a murderous frenzy, eyes dripping blood and armed with an axe, it was only fair-- even just-- that she had to die. What was there to do about it? The transformation, once done, was irreversible. Yongki did them a favor back there by dragging her away from view before she was... liberated, from her duties, one last time.

K, however, had a much different story to tell.

Back when he was 'new', as he called it, following the information team around was one of his favorite pastimes. There were a lot more of them at first-- bunch of minions who needed no names, because that was how irrelevant they were.

But the Captain was cool. Strong, collected, took no bullshit and suffered no idiots. The clowns around him knew their place-- once he spoke, all of them shut their traps and got in line with the program. K could respect that kind of stage presence, and when the time came, the Captain too would bow in admiration of his skill. He was sure of it.

As for that random girl? They'd just found their wrench when the idiot had decided to strap her feet to a monster. He'd barely had time to consider testing his new weapon on her before the Captain swooped down upon her, pinning her to the ground, her sanguine axe flying nearly a foot in the air before he caught it and threw it away from her reach.

The little remorse, the lack of a moment's thought... it was clear she'd been a real thorn on their side. Quiet, but game recognized game; something about her brought out something fierce in the Captain, even before that moment. Maybe they'd been dating. Perhaps they were enemies. Maybe she didn't know her damn place. Who knew? Those details you tend to forget when you see someone cut in front of you.

If there was one thing he swore above anything else, it was that Yongki was smiling the whole time. He must've enjoyed every second of it.

EastEast Password: The Fool is Dead

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To Vik, the question of 'their first kill' rang deaf to their ears. After â–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ from â–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ, they'd long lost the concept of a mundane death-- one where the body simply decomposed and laid forgotten. But even though the deaths of the corporation had become a shapeless memory, their first 'kill' in that hellish universe was still brand new.

At first, they didn't know they were hungry. Their existing condition made it too easy to confuse bodily pains with each other, and they still had meals as normal, so judging such aches as relevant was not an idea they were used to. So for a while they continued as if nothing was wrong, corralling Yongki along and making sure K had something to do. Whatever that stomach bug was, they thought, it'd surely leave of its own accord.

But as with any infection left untreated, in face of no antidote, it only grew in scope.

It started with their voice. For everyâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ, only two came out, the rest replaced with â–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ. Then, it dulled their senses: colors became flatter, smells became fainter. When they slipped with a knife and carved it right through their â–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆsome sort ofâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ from their â–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ,, they found no pain to comfort them-- only the excess dripping of saliva from their mouths, and the creeping realization of what they were truly hungry for.

Even then, knowing all of that, they could not bring themselves to hunt. Who were they to deny life, especially when they did not wish to live ardently in the first place?

No. If someone was going to do such atrocities, it would not be them.

And so it went, for the longest time: their body â–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ front of â–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ else's, growing only more and moreâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆto feedâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ stomachâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ gutsâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆ to feastâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆâ–ˆmore and more and more and more and MORE.

Their subordinates should've ran when they could. By then, when K came to check on them, shouting their name and hitting at the walls with his wrench, only a thought remained in their head, less an idea and more an order.

[REDACTED]

EastEast Password: Bits of the Past Leak Into the Present

Does this look familiar?

http://farragofiction.com/CodexOfRuin/viewer.html?name=The%20Reflection&data=N4IgdghgtgpiBcIAqALGACASjAZgGxgGMAXASwHswQAaEAExgGdSBzSMyhEAGQFoAGXgEkAjDRAAnUowDWXJAFEkACXHE0sRlwCyAQQDiC6iJEBmatqEA5ACLVT59JcyYA8pgDKx6ru6LMVrqK1OgAHACsIQCqVkIAagqeCl4m5twKujaJHspCAAreNkKYSNQALPzUAGIZmN7aCtruAJreAMLuRqb84ozEEMRaiAoAGv6B3MZm1ELaeUFCClaloQBMM1m+Qh5IQm3UAGwH1G1RmEKuUSnT3K7NvuVl1EuJhrv7qeIwAB4QJHgATwA+uoJDAYCDSAAHIY8AS8TAidCECBgdAAI1wUhgYDo6FRAPQ-QkLBgxAAdCE+IJEegAO6kPB4dBgcjEdCk9kDfqENB0SnoGzkFls9AEdnUhFI0hgYgwCR-dkM9ToPgAdQE-FM5PEMr6MpIXDi8sJylYKBCxokpvNlpN6DNLAt6CtNqddutDvNurAzCdxCN9sdztdXvdLqDtojnuDHrdKHE3L+KFgssDMajodj0fjcbDIcjTvEYKhYMYzE4iCzmcLBYz4erDdrvX66MZpGIwIIADcYHguKZizA6ECGDgcYw4Ih+OSxLQ6SgOxCxxOpyAZ3OQOi8H8ZKPcKuuBvxFCIAR9+PfWvj7RSFAWEDGBJCFwUMRiFD4AB6L84CASBUWHIHBSBICgwHJQhyCgL8kDpch9AgAEAClyBkJgvw8YhyGxRgv20ABXCQGAkRDYCEKDfS-dR5VwAgwMockoTAFgWxw4EGH6RlYQUb5CHlKFiBCbRSAAnD0GA9BdDoAArAi+lTCkAB0wBUpTkBQchJ3pTT0D-fiiQ0Sc8F7Rh0BlQyMCgUSJHEqAkPxKEoRgf9LPQRhoBgEJ0QI9kLMVAizw7AEQhowkUAgXsMSIaCMCgqAoXFPtCToUgcHHMFZXQZzyESmByXUtTVJ4cg0JlFhzNlYUaPQayxIkWqCLwMg8qJO8mHpRlmRYBU6ECplCRcrk6QcygYEATAIzJQAj7LAYL0AI2VGUswlMXijAZVS-UWII6QIu3DAcFsqB8XQTSmXIOlhzO+SZAknBTtmkJGGFFFfPA8yzIgOhu2kYcCpAIqirfD9v1-f9AOA0COAg+KvzaPBLrAGxSH-AEPDvL8iuUDAIrMzEcXQMF8CIOU8Ww4VZsJMhNHJdBUFoz6RXUcqxVwdlsKJmBEr+XG7wK1SwF0MBCTq2yGvUAYuZJkgprvZEIEEoiOoBcgCNCiB0LM1X1a5nn+O1tXOpVHWBZU5ojYXYV-wwVl2R1sVSpkMy1Y5lBbIIp0WRgOl0BgAEmDNsALYInTrbBZn0Ad-o8GdolhR1hqjtIHE6EYZ6CG5syLMT6L+SKkPOqZb3ewasFiCIiCirUaExEQFG8QdmRWV9h2UTRYcO0sycAH4a6hVYuDVCL2QipyJ3Mh7o+tPvaBawdEGHqWoBwjAGWLh3JxgPuAF8gA

EastEast Password: Infinite Amount of Pain

The first person K ever killed?

Frankly, unlike what seemed to be the assumption those days, he didn't go out of his way to kill. What was the use of that? Those beneath his concern weren't worth killing, those above him he simply had to outsmart, as they often grew lazy in their power...

Those equal to him, though. The teammates? Those were competitors. If he didn't knock them down a peg, they might take the opportunity to do it to him! He couldn't have that. He was smarter than that. So all he had to do was... deny them the opportunity.

He had to have been around fourteen when he claimed his first kill.

They'd found a perfect place to strike for some quick cash: just outside of syndicate presence, some small mom and pop shop ran by some nobody. A nice and easy target. Not the most dignified steal, but they needed food and money quick-- his more ambitious schemes could wait until after they'd stopped running on red. It wasn't like either of them had homes they were eager to come back to, anyway.

So, it was them, or this shop. And he was happy enough to take from those who didn't watch their own backs.

Him and his buddy snuck in in the dead of night, not even the incessant halogen street lights of the city to give them company, and began to shove shit in their bags as fast as they could. Then, there was the issue of evidence: they knocked out the security cameras, destroyed the records-- there was no way a tiny shop like this could afford to replace them-- and made sure to cover up their tracks by cutting the patterns out of their soles, their shoes deliberately of identical size. It was the perfect hit.

Of course, one thing was committing the crime and the other was getting away with it, and someone had to croak.

He should've seen it coming. If his 'friend' had gotten their way, they would've handed him right into the hands of authorities in order to clear the string of previous allegations stacked against them. 'Just come see me,' they texted him. 'I got good loot to show.'

K knew better than that. Their screams paled compared to his when he beat them to a pulp, tearing chunks off their face with their wired bat.

This world was a dog-eat dog one. And to hell if anyone thought they could cross him like that again.