

Background music

The dark crowded room filled with people, dressed in dark robes. Another one, dressed in a way more simple one is at the chair in the middle of it. Threatened with death or worse if he does not repent or confess. Yet he will not, in his defiance... In his recklessness... In his stupidity...

"They were the only ones you had left. The only ones who haven't turned against you. Yet, you have thrown that away. And what for? You haven't even saved him."

Ksar'das, an orc with grey braided hair, barely tended for a long while, and dressed in heavily worn cloth and metal armour, with a hide of a huge grey wolf covering his shoulders, grunted and gritted his teeth, "I made a difference. I have enough blood on my hands", he muttered to himself.

"And all that blood has been in vain.", an aloof and slightly coarse voice ringed in the orc's head again. *"The war will not stop. They will return. To Azeroth. Who will stop them? What will you do? Even if you live to see that, you are useless now."*

The orc has growled again: "I will figure out..."

"Figure out what? You are just one orc. An animal... You had your allies. You had all the power you could muster? And what have you done with that?"

"You have failed them all. Chapel. Council. Your apprentice. Your wife. You have brought them nothing but suffering... And for what? To have been discarded? Where is your "will to achieve your goals"? Where is your "strive to reach for your hopes and ideals"? The ones you have been proud of?"

Ksar'das gritted his teeth again, growling quietly - fighting the whispers coming from the void has been harder with each day he has spent away from everyone... Were they even the whispers from the Void? Or was it madness? Conscience? How much more time he can even continue like this...

The orc inhaled deeply and drew a dagger - the blade covered with crimson runes, the wooden hilt is made in the form of a skull with bared fangs - and stared at it blankly. It has served him a lot in the past... Should it... serve again one last time? To... end it all once and for all?

A female orc with bright green skin and short black hair looks back. While her face is stoic, he can see suffering in her eyes. Exhaustion. Pain. The ones he has brought to her himself... The ones it would be only fair for him to release from... Despite it being the last thing he would rather do...

"You lost her. And you don't even know if her soul goes back to the Lands of Ancestors. Where you have pulled her from. What if you have cursed her for eternal damnation? Because you couldn't handle your grie-..."

"Go away! Shut up!", the orc yelled and covered his head with his arms, the whispers still ringing in his ears, barely able to hold his tears rolling from his eyes. He reaches for his pocket squeezing his fist - while he didn't have anything there anymore, his reflexes were still there.

Music change

Suddenly, he felt something else... Another presence... Elements, the presence he has been barely able to feel for a long while, yet still familiar... But different. Disturbed. Angered?

The orc got up with a grunt, picking up his staff, made out of dark oak, and walked in the direction of the presence he felt - not too far, just behind rare trees nearby. A group of three - a male dark iron dwarf with red beard, a female black furred tauren with broken horn and a female light-grey furred vulpera - all dressed in leather reddish armour, decorated with bones and wood, carved with fire motives, were calling forth fire energies as they were performing a ritual - not noticing Ksar'das who has hid behind a huge stone nearby, the ground under their feet was slowly changing, becoming charred and desolated.

The technique they have used... It wasn't too dissimilar to what dark shamans are using, he was familiar with those enough to recognise. Yet... the Elements didn't feel "forced", but rather... eager to follow? Even... zealous?

What was going on?

"Looks like a lot is happening while you are wallowing in your misery. Whoever they are, they aren't afraid of doing what must be done. Unlike you" - a coarse voice has changed

into a slightly different one, becoming more clear and enunciable than before.

Ksar'das growled quietly in response and focused his eyes at the group. Whoever they were... they didn't look like "good news" and... a sign of yet another danger threatening Azeroth...

But what could he do?

"Nothing. There is nothing you can do. You have lost all your chances.", the coarse voice spoke again, shifting slowly to a more clear one again after: "Except the one thing you are still capable of. Call the void. Destroy them. Even if it is the last thing you do."

Should he?

The orc grasped his forehead, wincing from headache piercing his head. The Void... he knew well what it does to its wielders, sooner or later - and he felt that it is sooner for him. Yet... Wouldn't the ends justify the means?

"I think I heard somethin'", a sound of the dwarf's voice interrupted the orc's thoughts. The group looked at each other, stopping their ritual, and went forward in search...

Music change

"It is your time. Now or never."

Dark purple, almost black energies appeared around Ksar, gathering around his hand. With a quick and decisive move he send it toward the closest one from the group - tauren - revealing himself from his hiding. The tauren stepped back and leaned to her knee, wincing from pain. The dwarf rushed toward the orc, sending a stream of fire energies toward him, while the vulpera jumped to the tauren, surrounding her with a fire barrier.

Fire. Streams of fire engulfed her body. It was him who set the fire - to fulfil her wish. To have her soul rest in peace as it was meant to years ago...

A blast of fire hit the orc's side, damaging his worn armour even more. The orc grunted and gritted his teeth, focusing his eyes at the dwarf - the shadow sparks at the edges of them as he sent a spasm of headache to him...

"They are nothing good. They should pay for their sins."

Yes. They should... Wait. Is it what he has chosen to do? Or is he following the orders blindly?

"They are corrupting Elements. Forcing them."

But who is he to judge?

"You are nothing"

"But when has it ever stopped you?"

A ringing, deafening sound of bells. Bringing pain. Suffering. Yet through it - atonement for their sins. If they choose so...

"Who are you to judge? A shaman who abandoned that path. Paranoiac. Fanatic. Nothing better than those who you swore to destroy."

"You ruined everything. Because you couldn't see further than your nose. Because you couldn't accept reality"

Music change

Ksar'das collapsed at his knees, blinking as he was returning back to reality, observing what was around - a charred ground and rare trees. Bodies of those three he has though. Hunched, an expression of suffering was still on their faces...

He didn't even remember how it happened... What has he done...

"Yes. It is you who killed them."

"They deserved it."

The orc stared at the bodies with widened eyes. Even if it is true and they deserved that... This isn't right.

Is his fate... sealed? Is it what he is meant to become?

"You have brought it upon yourself. It was your choice. Yours alone."

The orc lowered his head, a tear rolled from his eyes. That's it... Nothing matters anymore...

They are in Durotar, at the outskirts of Durotar, under an almost dried up tree near the mountain. The place where she was executed - a long time ago. A place where everything has started - and a good place to end it all.

"I am... sorry for everything I have done. For what I have brought... upon you", he speaks in a low tone.

She shakes her head and sighs: "Just... promise me. That this time you will accept my death. That you will burn my body - and continue living. That you will correct your mistakes. And one day... We will meet again, at the Lands of Ancestors"

He gulps. Can it even be done? And even if he does everything right... Will he be allowed back? Or will the Void or Atramentum claim his soul?

"I... promise", he says after a pause. Even if it is a lie... She will feel better thinking that this will happen...

"This will not happen. You know it. You haven't even dared to step to Erantex more than you had to. The ones you have offered help to. The ones who -relied- on your help."

Erantex. Yes. He didn't mean to abandon them, he was going to help them, as much as his status allowed... Yet a lot has happened and he had to step back...

Should he return there? Despite... all the time passed? Despite... who is he?

Music change

"What? Do you hope that they will accept you? That they will grant you "atonement?"

"No...", the orc muttered in response. "Yet I have nothing left to lose"

"A fool. You will achieve nothing. Only prolong your suffering"

"Perhaps...", the orc muttered and got up from the ground. First, he needed to bury the bodies. Then, to prepare the ritual. Find the components for it. Four pearls. Red silk. Bird bones. A basalt stone. Brimstone to draw the circle. Find a recluse place to draw the circle - and use it to return to Erantex. After that... Find Manex. Or whoever else he is able to.

Whatever happens... This is what his fate is.

The road which he will take - no matter where it leads him.

There is nothing left to lose.

Ending Song