

Ashan is a world of legendary peoples. Proud Elves guard the emerald forests of Irollan... Mighty Knights rule the fiefs of the Griffin Empire... Studious Wizards survey the oasis-strewn deserts of the Silver Cities... And the grim Necromancers worship in the wastelands of Heresh. But there is another, parallel world: it is Sheogh, the prison realm of the Demons. During certain lunar eclipses, known as "Blood Moons", the walls of their prison weaken and they burst forth, plunging Ashan into war.

During the previous Demon war, a powerful artifact known as the Blade of Binding was found. The Blade gave its wielder the power to bind Demons to his will. Yet when it fell into the hands of Demon lords, much damage was wrought and much that was good was undone. When the Demons were vanquished, the Blade was given to a handful of allies for safekeeping. These families of elven, human, and wizardly descent swore to guard and protect this dangerous object. And yet, those who coveted its power never ceased their efforts to take it back...

PROLOGUE

Somewhere in the ancient forests of Irollan...

Anwen: I hear them, father... heavy boots. It must be our guests from the Griffin Empire.

Lasir: Your ears have grown sharper than mine, Anwen.

(...)

Lasir: Edric, old friend. Welcome again to Irollan.

Lord Edric: Lasir, the pleasure is mine. Unlike me, your forest grows more beautiful with age! This can't be little Anwen! What have you been feeding her?

Anwen: I'm the hunter in the family now, Lord Edric. I feed him!

Lasir: This strapping young knight must be your son, Godric.

Godric: I am pleased to meet our elven allies. Let me present my siblings, Fiona and Aidan.

Fiona: Irollan is amazing! Mystery and magic seem to peer from behind every tree.

Aidan: Big trees, big bugs, big mud puddles, big hassle...

Lasir: Anwen, take Godric to the Portal and greet our friends Delara, Azh Rafir and their daughter, Nadia.

(...)

Ranger: An uneasy wind passes through Irollan this night...

Griffin Knight: Do not sound so dreary, elf!

(...)

Ranger: Follow this path and you will arrive at the Portal, Anwen.

Griffin Knight: You cannot miss it.

(...)

Hunter: Hail, Anwen! The Hunters await your command!

Griffin Knight: Don't fear elf girl, we Knights shall protect you if any forest monsters come calling.

(...)

Anwen: Greetings Lady Delara. Welcome to Irollan.

Delara: Anwen, so full of light. Your father claims you can track a breeze and put an arrow through a bird's eye! And young Godric, son of Edric. You have your father's strength and your mother's intensity. May I present my daughter, Nadia.

Nadia: So this is Irollan! The texts and paintings I have studied do not do it justice.

Anwen: Lady Delara, we thought your husband, Azh Rafir, was coming?

Nadia: Yes, mother, why did father not join us?

Delara: ...Please lead the way to the delegation, all will be explained there. Wait! Something is wrong...a disturbance...

Godric: Demons in the forests of Irollan?!

Anwen: Not after I use them for target practice!

(...)

Anwen: I smell smoke...Quick! The camp is under attack!

Savagely, the attackers put the camp to the torch...

...sparing no one – not even the children.

Terrified by his sister's fate, Aidan grabs a nearby weapon...

...and crawls away from the fallen heroes who tried in vain to save them.

Azaxes: AHAHA! I would have come alone if I'd known they'd have children as guards.

Aidan: Gone...they're all gone...

Anwen: Father!

Godric: No...No, this cannot be! Fiona! You're wounded!

Delara: Come, children! We must hurry to the portal. I'll open a way to the Silver Cities.

Anwen: But the camp! Our parents!

Delara: They are gone and the secret relic we were sworn to hide has disappeared...We must warn others of the threat unleashed this day.

Azaxes: Run! I like to work up an appetite before dinner.

Delara: Go through the portal! Now! I will hold back this beast...

Nadia: Mother!

Godric: I'll stay behind with Delara and buy you time to escape.

Though Delara's brave stand delays the enemy, it proves futile...

...and as she falls a great magical light escapes from her body and overwhelms Nadia.

Nadia: Aaaargggh... What... was that?!

Anwen: Nadia!? Ah! The Portal is fading. Go through!

Under the attacks of the demons the portal weakens.

Aidan is first through the portal, followed by his wounded sister. Last comes Nadia, unconscious and alone.

Anwen: The portal's gone... and Delara and Godric... oh no... I hope the others made it to the Silver Cities... I must warn my cousin, Findan. Father... I will not forget what happened here tonight...

Anwen crouches, helpless, as the Demons finish their bloody work. Though she seethes with rage, Anwen waits with her hunter's patience until the odds are more in her favor... Someone sent the Demons to attack the camp. Someone powerful, someone who knew them... someone who does not yet have what he wants. Scattered across Ashan... Orphaned and alone... Their journey begins...

SYLVAN

Anwen has been running through the night, fleeing the horrors of the doomed camp...

Anwen: ...Huff... Running all night... Huff... My cousin Findan... at the Hunter's Lodge... Just ahead...

(...)

Trixie: Ahhh! A... a... demon! Help me! Help me!

Anwen: Stick close by me, Pixie!

Blarr: Where are you my little flying snack? You will end my stomach's grumbling!

Anwen: I have to go through this demon to get to the Hunter's Lodge. Sylanna, guide my arrows!

(...)

Anwen: Findan, our camp was attacked, ambushed by demons... my father...

Findan: Demons? Slow down Anwen, what happened to your father?

Anwen: He is dead! Along with Lord Edric and his brave son Godric! What did they come for?! Why were they there?

Findan: By the trees! Demons sneaking through our woods unnoticed? I don't know Anwen...

Anwen: They attacked us, Findan! They were many, and they were well prepared.

Findan: Your thoughts are scattered by your pain, Anwen.

Anwen: I know what I saw, Findan. You yourself have called these the keenest eyes in Irollan!

Findan: Ranger! Search the north and south trails, see what you can find.

Maethorn: Yes, Findan!

Findan: Rest now, Anwen. You're exhausted.

(...)

Anwen: Father...

Findan: Anwen, you were talking in your sleep, tossing and turning.

Anwen: I saw... Never mind...

Findan: You've had some time to get over your shock, now tell me what really happened at the camp.

Anwen: We were attacked by demons, Findan. I don't change my words with each passing breeze!

Findan: Nonsense, Anwen! These woods haven't seen demons in over a century. And the relic your father guarded is why! Do you realize its power? Those who hold the artifact wield power over demons.

Lord Edric wanted it for himself!

Anwen: No, that's not true! Wilted leaves, why don't you listen?

Findan: What I believe doesn't matter. All that matters is that we find the Blade of Binding, Anwen. The duty of protecting the relic falls to you. Lasir swore to guard it with his—

Anwen: Don't you dare lecture me. I know what my father did and why!

Findan: Yes... I'm sorry, Anwen. While I find it hard to believe demons lurk in our forests, it's clear there is some danger. Take these Bears in case we run into trouble. Come, we'll meet Maethorn to the west and see what he's found.

(...)

Findan: Maethorn!!! You're wounded!

Maethorn: ...coff... demons lurk... in a hidden grotto... find the hollow tree... part the moss shroud... My Deer will fight for you... treat them well...

Findan: Maethorn! No!

Anwen: He's with Sylanna now, Findan. But he speaks of demons and a hidden grotto...

Findan: ...Sylanna... Yes, he mentioned a hollow tree and parting moss...

Anwen: We must find this place, Findan! They might have the Blade of Binding!

Findan: They will die at our hands regardless... These... demons! I'm sorry I didn't believe you, Anwen.

(...)

Findan: There are the fiends! I'll destroy them myself!

Anwen: We should hide and listen, maybe we'll learn something...

Sinrar: Gah, these human boots kill my feet! When can I stop this nonsense?

Kullor: Count Carlyle was clear! We make as many knight tracks as we can. So elves mistrust their human neighbors while we make elf tracks in the Griffin Empire!

Anwen: Do you hear this, Findan? They look to start a war between us and the Griffin Empire!

Findan: These creatures are finished, they just don't know it yet!

Anwen: Wait! First we will question them at arrow point.

(...)

Anwen: Listen, beasts! Speak a lie and it will be your last! What do you know of the Blade of Binding?

Kullor: Nothing! Our orders are to see that elves and humans drown in each others' blood!

↓↓↓

Kullor: Just try getting over my impenetrable walls, elf!

↓↓↓

Findan: Look, Anwen. A scrap of cloth, blue and white, ornately sewn...

Anwen: It's from Godric's cape! These demons must've held him prisoner! He could be alive!

Findan: Or they took his life, Anwen. We must focus on the Blade of Binding, the trail is growing cold.

Anwen: No! Godric is out there, I can feel it! If we want to find the Blade of Binding, we must find him. That sound! That's the war horn! It comes from the Druid Tree!

Findan: The druids?! I've never heard them blow the war horn!

Anwen: Quickly, we must get to the Druid Tree in the north! It's probably more Demons...

(...)

Hunter: The war horn blows! To the Druid Tree!

(...)

Villager: Ahhh! They're here! They're here! Please help us, young ones! Hurry to the Druid Tree!

(...)

Anwen: We've come to help! What's happening?

Druid: The Tree is under attack! These Druids will help you defend it!

Dark clouds gather over Irollan this day!

(...)

Findan: It's not demons at all! Knights of the Griffin Empire attack the Tree!

(...)

Sir Rother: Count Carlyle says the elves use this tree to spy on us! He says you can see the fair lands of our home from the top!

Sir Dinger: C'mon! Saw with all your might! Let's bring it crashing down!

Anwen: We must stop these fools! Think of the pain they're causing the ancient tree.

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Findan: The war horn blows again! It's coming from the top of the tree!

Anwen: It must be Euny, the Druid Elder, who sounds the alarm! Come, Findan, we are needed!

(...)

Griffin Knight: Don't come any closer leaf-lovers! This treasure is ours!

(...)

Euny: It seems that no one is coming to my aid. Do your worst then, knight!

Sir Strata: Show me your far-seeing crystal so I may smash it, druid! I know it is here!

Euny: You are misled, knight of Griffin, elves and men have always been good neighbors.

Sir Strata: We no longer trust those with pointed ears! Pray to your tree for a quick death!

Anwen: Step away from him!

Sir Strata: I do not take orders from elves! You'll have to go through me if you want him!

Euny: Try not to hit me, young ones! I'm fragile!

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Anwen: You are safe, Elder Euny. We have beaten back the invaders.

Euny: Thank you— wait. You are Anwen, daughter of Lasir, yes? And you are greatly troubled.

Anwen: How did you?.. Yes, with my father gone the Blade of Binding falls to me, but it has been stolen.

Euny: Hmmmm. The trees also whisper that you seek a human boy...

Anwen: Godric, is he alive? Do the trees also speak of the Blade of Binding's whereabouts? Tell me!

Euny: The trees say that elf rangers investigated your doomed camp, Anwen. They found the bodies of elves felled by blades of the Griffin Empire.

Anwen: A demon plot! We must do everything we can to prevent this news from spreading.

Euny: Too late, word travels the woods as wildfire. Villages as far as Forest's Edge prepare for war.

Anwen: We must stop this Findan. If Irollan is engulfed in war, we won't find the Blade of Binding or Godric!

Euny: Thank you again, Anwen. Losing this sacred tree would be a tragedy to our people...

(...)

Euny: Anwen, take these leaf gliders. They will speed you to the base of our fair tree.

Meanwhile... Somewhere in Sheogh...

Azexes: Master! My mission was a complete success! The secret meeting was thwarted. I slaughtered your enemies like dogs! Even the bearer of the Kaamla Asiya fell to me!

???: Just hand over the Blade of Binding, Azexes. Another matter calls me to Heresh.

Azexes: Oh, about that, master... I didn't actually get the, uh, the Blade of Binding...

???: WHAT?! Brainless meat sack!!! Recovering the artifact WAS your mission! Get back to Irollan and find it before I turn you into a boil and lance you! I must have the artifact by the time of the Blood Moon Eclipse!

Azexes: Y... Yes, master! Right away, master! ... Why does he always have to yell at me?..

Findan: I haven't been leaf-gliding since Ranger Academy! Woo hoo!

(...)

Druid: Anwen, wait! Euny sends a message for you through the leaves. He grants you these powerful Emerald Dragons to aid you, and says the battles will get worse.

(...)

Elf: I thought I saw a Unicorn grazing around this tree hollow, but no one believes me. I'm not budging until I see one for sure. Now get lost so you don't scare them off!

(...)

Findan: The eastern trail leads to Forest's Edge and the villages that lie near the lands of men.

(...)

Twigleaf: So you go to stop the war between elves and men, eh? How do you expect to do this without the strength of a Treant on your side? Prove to me your skill in battle and I shall join you in your cause.

Anwen: My cause would be served well by your Treant strength, Twigleaf. I accept.

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Twigleaf: Well done, elf! Me and my kind are yours to command.

(...)

Findan: Look! The men of Griffin are about to clash with our elf brothers!

The young elves are determined to stop this meaningless war... risking everything to try to call a truce between these once peaceful neighbors.

Anwen: Stop everyone! Put down your arms!

Varkas: Bested by a young girl on the battlefield! Sigh! Sir Varkas at your mercy, elf. Speak!

Anwen: Master Varkas, why've you raised arms against my people?

Varkas: You started it! Our villages across the river have been attacked, their crops sabotaged.

Nelir: Liar! Your kind slew wise Lasir, her father, along with his brethren!

Anwen: No! I was there that day, men didn't attack us, demons did!

Varkas: Demons?

Anwen: We're the victims of terrible lies. We must spread the truth before our lands are plunged into war.

Varkas: Sigh...Even if I believe you, that means little. The Griffin Empire seeks revenge. Under orders from Count Carlyle, I sent men to get the Mother Seed.

Anwen: The Mother Seed? It is sacred! Future generations of our trees spring from it.

Varkas: Oh! Really? Ummm... They're planning to destroy it...

Anwen: Oh Sylanna, no!

Varkas: If we hurry we'll be able to stop them. I'm sorry! I was following my orders.

(...)

Sir Nathanson: That was an impressive victory against Sir Varkas. But I know why his strategy failed. Would you allow me to test my theory in a friendly battle?

Anwen: I'm afraid I don't have the time for your theories, Sir Nathanson. Irollan needs me.

(...)

Varkas: Halt Men! Step away! We have made a mistake! The elves are not our enemies, we must return to the Empire.

Sir Mentallo: You've turned elf-lover, Varkas? Destroy them, boys, he's defected to the enemy side!

Findan: We can't let them touch the Mother Seed, Anwen!

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Varkas: I apologize for the troubles we have caused you, elves. I shall return to our Emperor and tell him of this demon plot you have exposed.

Findan: Who shot that? I don't see anyone!

Anwen: Look, there is a note attached. Listen to this: "We pointy-eared elves have kidnapped the human boy, that Lord-guy's son... We hold him at the elf, uh, our hunting camp and will kill him with our little elfy daggers." It speaks of Godric! It is written on birch parchment, but it's certainly a demon trick!

Varkas: Godric? Son of Lord Edric? We went to the same seminary for young knights!

Findan: This note was intended for you, Sir Varkas. They must want your men to find Godric.

Anwen: And I fear if we don't hurry, we'll find only his body and more false evidence.

Varkas: We'll free him together! And split the skulls of every demon in our path!

Anwen: We will move too fast for you. You should go home and reason with your leaders.

Varkas: Very well then, good luck, Anwen.

Anwen: Could this be it? Could saving Godric put the Blade of Binding back in our hands?

Findan: We'll soon find out, Anwen. The Hunting Camp is to the north of here.

(...)

Findan: The dam must've broken, the river is overflowing! We can't cross it.

Anwen: We can use these logs to make a path, Findan.

(...)

Villager: To cross the river safely, the logs must be placed just right.

(...)

Anwen: We did it! Now we can cross and get to the Hunting Camp!

Findan: I'm sure we will find great danger ahead, Anwen. Make sure you're ready to face it.

(...)

Findan: We've arrived! And our worst fears are confirmed! The Hunting Camp is filthy with demons!

(...)

Godric: Let me go!

Klaw: Shut your mouth, human. You'll make less sound sitting in my belly.

Virk: Fool! There must be a body for the men to find. There will be no eating of this one.

Anwen: ...poor Godric...

Findan: Let's be thankful he's even alive. He's our only lead to finding the Blade of Binding...

Anwen: Imagine if Knights were to find this scene? Godric held in an elven camp?

Findan: Or maybe they would find only his body! More deceit to incite war... An all-out war between our lands would be inevitable. Too clever for the average demon...

Anwen: Not while there's breath in my lungs and wind in the trees...

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Godric: Anwen! Thank Elrath you are here!

Anwen: Godric! At least YOU are alive... We'll— wait!.. That stench... the trees hold their breath.

Azexes: Ahaha! What a prize! My search has led me to the girl who plays warrior.

Anwen: This is the beast who attacked our camp! My father's blood stains his hands.

Azexes: You escaped once, but Azexes will not be denied the pleasure of crushing you this time! Now hand over the Blade of Binding and I shall finish you quick!

Anwen: You don't have it!?

Findan: He doesn't have it!

Azexes: I shall have it! Once I tear it from your dead hands!

Anwen: Ha! We don't know where the Blade of Binding is, Findan... But now we know where it isn't! Enough talk, this monster shall pay!

Anwen fights with the fury that she has kept bottled up since the attack on the camp... And she sends the mighty Demon Azexes running back to Sheogh, his tail between his legs.

Azexes: This isn't over! The Blood Moon Eclipse is nigh! It will bring a time of fear and fire!

Godric: I fear greatly for my siblings, Aidan and Fiona. Wherever they are, I hope they are well. And you say that my Emperor is making war against Irollan? I cannot let this happen. I will see him myself, in my father's name, and talk him out of this foolishness.

Anwen: Findan and I must continue to search for the artifact. At least the demons don't have it.

Findan: There's some hope in that. I guess.

Godric: What drove you on? I thought surely I was presumed dead and forgotten.

Anwen: We're united in grief and loss, Godric. I couldn't give up on you.

Godric: A week ago I would not have understood that... I hope to see you again, Anwen, in happier times.

Anwen: Farewell.

HAVEN

Weary and grieving, Godric returns alone to his beloved Griffin...

Talonguard! Capital of the empire, jewel of the realm. Godric has visited the city before but never so alone, and never with so urgent a mission.

Godric: Talonguard Castle is in the North part of the city. I must hurry to the Emperor.

Swordsman: Master Godric, as I live and breathe! The Unicorn Duchy feared you dead! There's no time to talk, we loyal Swordsmen will join you!

Godric: Why would I need troops, here in Talonguard? What a strange fellow!

(...)

Griffin Knight: Halt! Citizens are barred from the Emperor's castle in these times of war. Step back, son.

Godric: I am Godric, son of Lord Edric! I must speak with the Emperor!

Griffin Knight: Son of Lord Edric!? The traitor? Guards! Do not let him get away!

Godric: Traitor!? How dare you –

Griffin Knight: Sound the alarm! Godric, the traitor is on the loose in the Empire!

Godric: They mean to capture me! I'll try to lose them in the alleys to the west.

(...)

Godric: I must try to slip past these guards and avoid being on the same path as them at all costs!

(...)

Griffin Knight: We've lost him! That little traitor...We'll get him sooner or later.

(...)

Griffin Knight: You aren't getting past me, traitor!

Godric: Not only will I get past you, but I shall make you pay for your loose tongue as well.

(...)

Archer: Psst! Over here! G... Godric, son of Lord Edric! I dared to tell my superiors that your father was no traitor! Count Carlyle ordered my execution for it! I fled and have been on the run since.

Godric: I and my family thank you, sir. I am not used to being hunted in my own lands.

Archer: May I join you? I was going north to The Sleeping Stag Inn. It's a refuge for loyal men who have fallen from favor.

(...)

Godric: More Guards! There must be some pattern to their patrol. If I study them I can avoid capture.

(...)

Griffin Knight: We've lost him! That little traitor...We'll get him sooner or later. **Godric:** First demon plot in Irollan and now my beloved homeland is gripped by madness! And why, by the breath of Elrath, would my family be branded as traitors?

(...)

Citizen: Sheesh! The streets are crawling with Count Carlyle's men these days, eh, friends?

(...)

Citizen: I daren't speak too loudly, but I don't believe a word they're saying about Lord Edric. He was a decent, honest man. All this mud-slinging is disgraceful!

(...)

Griffin Knight: Standing in these heavy boots all day is killing my bunions.

(...)

Pembroke: I don't always agree with the Emperor's decisions, but I'm a loyal subject to the end! If he says we must go to war with the elves, then there must be a good reason!

(...)

Bouncer: Oi! Oi! Back up! The Sleeping Stag Inn is a members-only establishment.

Godric: Well, how do I become a member?

Bouncer: If you can battle past me and figure out the puzzle lock, then a member you shall be.

(...)

Griffin Knight: Oh no, I've forgotten the combination to the Sleeping Stag puzzle lock! Wait, I'll use that rhyme to help me remember: "Sky is BLUE, grass is GREEN and Knights bleed proudly RED... These three things you can count on, just as sure as I need a bath and a bed."

(...)

Bouncer: Blab the combination to the lock and I'll break your arms. Go on in.

(...)

Rolly: Welcome to the Sleeping Stag Inn, lad. Rolly's the name, what can I do for you?

Godric: I seek refuge at your inn, sir. Just a few hours to collect myself.

Varkas: That voice! Godric? Is it really you?

Godric: Surrounded by enemies, even in a murky inn. If you wish to capture me, draw your sword!

Varkas: No, sire! You mistake my intent! It is me, Sir Varkas!

Godric: You are a Knight of the Empire? You know me?

Varkas: Yes, well... I was a Knight. Do you not recognize me, Godric? I was a year ahead of you at the Unicorn Duchy Academy. We were in the same advanced jousting class.

Godric: Hmmm... Varkas... Varkas...

Varkas: And now I'm here! All because an elf girl convinced me my marching orders from the Emperor were unfounded.

Godric: That sounds like Anwen!

Varkas: Anwen, yes, that was her name! It was her heart-wrenching story that ruined my life! I argued with Count Carlyle, the newly appointed General. I begged him to stop his war on the elves. He called me a fool to believe her, and said Lord Edric was in league with them. He stripped me of my command and jailed my men for following my orders.

Godric: My father was no traitor and you are no fool, Sir Varkas! Come, lead me to this jail where your brave men rot. We shall break them out and set things right.

Sir Tolliver: I couldn't help but overhear ya... I'll join you! Just lemme get my spear!

Varkas: Sir Tolliver, you're overexcited! We'd be happy to have your spear on our side. Just down a cup of Rolly's Headpurge Tea first.

(...)

Jarvis: You! Hey, you there! Fancyboy! Look at me whenna talk to ya!

Godric: Are you speaking to me, sir?

Rolly: Now, now, Jarvis. Finish your drink and then be off with ya! Don't bother the lad.

Jarvis: Go stick yer head inna pot of stew, Rolly! I'm havin' a chat with fancyboy here! You think yer sumpin' else don't ya? With yer shiny armor and normal shaped head. Bah!

Godric: I am not looking for any trouble, friend.

Jarvis: Well you found trouble! Trouble with a capital Jarvis! Get the mop and bucket out, Rolly. Once I'm done with fancyboy there'll be a mess to clean up.

↓↓↓

Jarvis: Yer alright, fancyboy! I haven't gotten a whuppin' like that in a dog's age! Thas right, thas right! Keep a walkin' fancyboy!

(...)

Varkas: My men are held in the prison towers to the west.

(...)

Lardner: This elf war is pure mischief! Has everyone forgotten the histories of the demon wars? A war suddenly igniting with our closest neighbors is surely a distraction! Wake up!

(...)

Lardner: I just figured it out! There are 12 letters in Count Carlyle's name... There are 6 letters in the demon god Urgash's name. 12 plus 6 is 18! 18 must be a number of serious prophetic importance! I think...

(...)

Varkas: The prison door is controlled by two pulleys. We need to hit them both at the same time to open it.

Griffin Knight: Get away from the prison gate! Step closer and we'll attack!

↓↓↓

Griffin Knight: Thank you for freeing us, Master Godric.

Godric: No, thank you for resisting war and following the lead of Sir Varkas, a most excellent knight.

Varkas: Hear hear!

Godric: A demon plot is at work, and Ashan is in turmoil. We, the few, must make our leaders see the danger. I must travel north, to my home in the Unicorn District and speak with my Aunt Evelyn. She is a Priestess of the Light, her guidance should see us through this darkness.

(...)

Fillion: Ask and Asha shall answer! Ahaha!

Godric: What do you mean? You... you are quite pale, sir.

Fillion: I was just thinking to myself that I would like to test my zombie recruits in battle. But where would I find such a test in a dingy sewer. And now here you are! Bring your best then, life-lover!

↓↓↓

Fillion: Zombies! You are a severe disappointment to me! Some say zombies are only good for plowing fields. I agree, only I prefer them to plow bodies on the field of battle.

(...)

Griffin Knight: Keep moving, this area is under lockdown by order of Count Carlyle.

Godric: But we need to pass through here, sir.

Griffin Knight: Really? Then you must also need a busted skull!

(...)

Count Carlyle: Lady Evelyn will not cooperate. Make sure no one goes in or out.

Archer: Yes sir!

Count Carlyle: Step aside, lout! Make way for nobility!

Varkas: What a jerk!

Godric: We must crush that blockade and free my Aunt Evelyn!

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Evelyn: Godric! I sensed that the tales of your death were mere stories. And yet, alas for your father...

Godric: He is gone and I can't change it. But there is one thing I can change. Why are they calling my father a traitor, Aunt Evelyn?

Evelyn: I do not know, but there is worse news. I fear for your sister, Fiona. Her star flickers and has dimmed in the night sky...

Godric: No, how can this be? Fiona... My little sister! At least tell me that my brother Aidan lives.

Evelyn: Aidan's star burns brighter than ever... strangely so...

Godric: There's some good, then. In time I will mourn my family, but first I must clear their names and stop this mad war. I desperately need to speak to the Emperor, Aunt Evelyn. But I am hunted as a traitor.

Evelyn: Hmmm... I have heard news that the Emperor is presiding over a tournament. The winner will be granted a royal audience.

Godric: Then I shall enter this tournament and win it!

Evelyn: Take this cloak and your father's old helmet, they should conceal your identity. These Priests should serve you in battle. Good luck... Strength, piety and honor!

Godric: Thank you, Aunt Evelyn. We shall soon right these wrongs. Griffin eternal!

Evelyn: Do be careful Godric, the climate of Griffin has turned treacherous of late!

Varkas: Quickly, Godric. The arena is in the east.

(...)

Count Carlyle: This is outrage! I don't need a ticket! Don't you know who I am? I'm Count Carlyle! Give me your name, fool! I will report your insolence to the Emperor immediately!

Organizer: Okay, okay. Go on in.

(...)

Jackford: Elves! They talk to grass and cry over broken tree limbs! How can you reason with that?

(...)

Fenton: Carlyle this! Carlyle that! I can't believe this second-rate bootlicker has become so important. He's a cheat! And a swindler! And a thief! Plus he parks his horse all over the place.

(...)

Godric: You, sir! Is it too late to join the Emperor's Tournament?

Organizer: Ah, you have a Griffin, good. There is one space remaining. And what is your name?

Godric: Er... um... Sir Ignatius Thunderblade!

Organizer: As powerful a name as I've ever heard! I wish you luck, sir.

Varkas: ...Ignatius Thunderblade?

Godric: Lay off, Varkas...

(...)

Alexei: An excellent diversion, father. Who do you think will win the tournament? Do you wish to place a wager with me?

Emperor: Alexei! Wagering is immoral and unbecoming of an Emperor!

Alexei: No fun!

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen! This tournament is a test of a warrior's cunning and strategy. For our first battle, we have our very own Sir Edwin Gerhardt vs. Ignatius Thunderblade!

↓↓↓

Announcer: Spectacular! Thunderblade is victorious! But was he just lucky? We'll soon find out! Round 2: Sir Ignatius Thunderblade vs. Archmage Fayed, our esteemed guest from the Silver Cities.

↓↓↓

Announcer: He's done it, Sir Ignatius has made it to the final round! Can he go all the way? Can the mysterious Thunderblade defeat Sir Kenneth Drake, the Empire's most decorated warrior? Sir Drake has recently returned from a maneuver in Heresh and is looking unusually pale and gaunt.

He looks as if he wants to address the crowd, let's listen...

Sir Drake: I have felt the spider's bite and found my soul reborn. I looked into the abyss of death and I saw nothing but... beauty!

Announcer: Gasp!

Sir Drake: Life is endless torment! I will show you everlasting peace! I will show you all death!

Emperor: Sir Drake! What has come over you? You embarrass the Empire with this talk!

Sir Drake: The Empire no longer has my faith nor my sword! Necromancy is my calling now! I will show you, Emperor! I will show you its virtues once I've drained the life from your body!

Announcer: Oh dear Elrath!

Godric: Fear not, Emperor! I will fulfill this ghoul's death wish!

↓↓↓

Alexei: Father! Father! Sir Thunderblade saved your life! He is a hero!

Emperor: Yes... what a dark turn to a perfectly good day of sporting. The Tournament is completed! I hereby announce Sir Ignatius Thunderblade the victor!

And so, posing as Sir Thunderblade, Godric has emerged victorious! If he were not so consumed with worry he would be overjoyed at receiving praise from the Emperor himself.

Emperor: Brave Sir Thunderblade, you have proven your strength and prowess on the battlefield! Join me at my Great Hall. We shall throw a feast to celebrate!

Godric: Thank you, my Emperor. It is the highest privilege a knight can ask for.

(...)

Godric: Finally I shall see the Emperor and set him straight about my father and this absurd war with the elves.

Varkas: A suggestion, Master Godric? It may be wise to hold your tongue, play the role of this Thunderblade character a little while longer.

Godric: Deceive the Emperor? But why?

Varkas: We don't yet know his motivations. Is he the mastermind of this foul business or is he being mislead?

Godric: Hmm, it is true, I don't know the Emperor's mind in these matters. They say that it happened on his order, but... If I continue to pose as Sir Thunderblade, perhaps I will learn more than I might as Godric.

Varkas: Talonguard Castle is just north of here, Godric.

(...)

Sir Gerhardt: Sir Thunderblade? A moment of your time, sir?

Godric: Sir Gerhardt? Oh, I do hope there are no hard feelings about my beating you in the tournament?

Sir Gerhardt: Not at all, sir. You fought well and won the match honorably. It was such a thrilling battle in fact, that I find myself craving a rematch of sorts.

En garde, Sir Thunderblade!

↓↓↓

Sir Gerhardt: I hoped the first time was a fluke, but it seems you are the better knight, Thunderblade.

(...)

Griffin Knight: Halt! No one is allowed to enter Talonguard Castle!

Godric: My name is Ignatius Thunderblade, the Emperor is expecting me.

Griffin Knight: Oh! Of course, sir. Go right on through. Smashing job at the tournament today, if I may say

so!

Varkas: I taught him everything he knows!

(...)

Emperor: Welcome, young knight.

Godric: Sire!

Emperor: Men like you shall become crucial to our victory over the elves in this war.

Godric: ...

Emperor: Count Carlyle, my trusted advisor, tells me of a great elf offensive being mounted along our borders.

Godric: Count Carlyle, you say?

Emperor: The Count has filled the void left by the passing of Lord Edric. My dear friend... no, I curse his black name! At first I could not believe that he would betray me, but Count Carlyle convinced me otherwise. Speaking of the Count. I have a task that I wish to entrust to you, Sir Thunderblade. The Blessed Helm is a powerful artifact. I wish to give it to Count Carlyle as a gift for his tireless effort of late. Please deliver it to him for me.

Godric: I shall sire, but...

Emperor: Yes, Sir Thunderblade? You have something to say?

Godric: ...No, sire. With your leave I shall make for Count Carlyle's keep.

Emperor: Excellent! His keep is in the east. May Elrath smile on your journey.

(...)

Varkas: What happened, Master Godric? What did you learn? And what is that you hold under your arm?

Godric: Sadly, the Emperor has become a puppet and Count Carlyle is pulling his strings. He told me to bring this gift to Carlyle...

Varkas: And shall you?

Godric: I will hold onto the artifact until the Emperor finds a more worthy owner. I do, however, have every intention of making a delivery to Count Carlyle. A mailed fist to the nose, for instance?

Varkas: Godric, be sure you are ready to face down Carlyle before venturing into his keep.

(...)

Sir Randy: I'm not sure why, but Carlyle was very adamant about me guarding this statue. So either step back, or feel my wrath!

(...)

Griffin Knight: Halt! Who are you and what is your business?

Godric: I am Sir Thunderblade and this is my fellow knight, Sir Varkas. We are delivering a gift from the Emperor to your master, Count Carlyle.

Griffin Knight: Very well, give it here and I shall see that the Count gets it.

Godric: I am afraid I cannot do that. My instructions are to give this to the Count and no one else.

Griffin Knight: Fine, fine, proceed inside the keep.

(...)

Griffin Knight: Nice helmet, did you find it in the garbage of an antique shop? Shove off! I can't believe the riff-raff that pass for knights these days.

(...)

Count Carlyle: Where are you, master? I have been waiting for over an hour!

Lord Bloodcrown: My ears can hear great distances, Carlyle. Remember that when you grow impatient.

Count Carlyle: Yes, sire! I am sorry, sire, but I have good news! I have carried your plan off without a hitch!

Lord Bloodcrown: The Griffin Empire will be mired in an elf war and my actions will go unnoticed. Soon demons will flood the world once again. The loyal will be exalted and my enemies... annihilated.

Count Carlyle: Till next we speak, Lord Bloodcrown.

Varkas: Lord Bloodcrown? Have you heard this name before, Godric?

Godric: No, but I have heard enough!

(...)

Godric: Carlyle! I am here to put an end to the madness you have stirred in my beloved Empire.

Count Carlyle: Who? You... you are that knight... the one who took the tournament today... How dare you enter my keep? Do you realize who I am?

Godric: You are a slanderer, traitor and enemy of the Empire, and soon you will be no more.

Count Carlyle: I'll advice the Emperor to hang you for the insult, Sir... whatever your ridiculous name is.

Godric: The name is Godric! Son of Lord Edric!

Count Carlyle: !?! The fact that you remain alive is an oversight that I shall immediately remedy. Allow me to show you a very small portion of the power and riches my master has given me!

Godric: You dare summon demons in your own court? You are not only a traitor, but a foul blasphemer!

Count Carlyle: You're just as irritatingly self-righteous as your father, Lord Edric!

Godric: You dare speak his name from your forked tongue?

Count Carlyle: Get him, my playthings, attack!

↓↓↓

Count Carlyle: You have an annoying habit of refusing to die, boy! I shall simply have to speed up my plan to kill the Emperor and take his place. Then I will have you executed in the main square and no one will lift a finger to stop me.

Varkas: Let's get him! Carlyle means to assassinate the Emperor!

Godric: We must hurry to the Emperor's castle and thwart his vile plan.

(...)

Griffin Knight: Well, there's no need for these fleshy disguises anymore. The jig is up!

(...)

Griffin Knight: Halt! Citizens are barred from the castle in these times of war.

Godric: The Emperor is in grave danger, knight! Let us through!

Griffin Knight: You will be in grave danger if you don't move away from this gate!

Godric: Enough of this! I shall go through you then!

↓↓↓

Godric: Carlyle's here! We must catch him!

Count Carlyle: You can't stop me, boy! Just give up!

Emperor: Count Carlyle! What is the meaning of this interruption?

Count Carlyle: Shut up, old man!

Godric: It's over, Carlyle! Give it up!

Count Carlyle: Over? You haven't seen anything yet! Ready for another display of my master's power? Lord Bloodcrown gave me this Shape-twisting Rod, forged in the lave pits of Sheogh! I need only wave it and I will transform into a powerful demon beast!

With a wave of the rod Carlyle is transformed!.. though not into what he desired. Inexperienced and arrogant, Count Carlyle is unable to control the rod's dark, ancient magic. It twists his body into a hideous lump that opens its maw wide to swallow the Emperor whole.

Emperor: ...gah... Disgusting... Pant... pant... Sir Thunderblade... thank Elrath you arrived!

Godric: There is no such knight by the name of Sir Ignatius Thunderblade, it is I, Godric, son of Edric!

Emperor: Godric!? You are... dead... I was told you were dead!

Godric: You have been told many things, my Lord, most of which are lies fed to you by Carlyle.

Emperor: Then your father was not a...

Godric: My father's loyalty to the Holy Griffin Empire never wavered, sire. Carlyle was scheming to take over your throne and gain control of the Empire. He said and did anything he could to bring about this end, with the help of a strange monster named Lord Bloodcrown.

Emperor: An Emperor must be both strong and wise, but I have proved myself neither.

Godric: Others were deceived as well, my Lord. The elves believed it as readily as you did. Now they too seek peace.

Emperor: And they shall have it, just as your family shall have its honorable name back.

With the thanks of the Emperor, Godric has seen his father's honor restored. He is also pleased to make friends with Prince Alexei, his future emperor. Yet all the while he thinks of the Silver Cities... as love and loyalty drive him to seek his lost siblings.

Necropolis

In the land of the undead, Fiona awakes...

The portal shakes and shudders as Fiona drops through... her body falls to the earth far from the Silver Cities.

Stunned, she stares down at her limp body, sprawled on the ground before her. There is a creeping sense of awe – and terror – as she peers through her spectral hands. Impossible! And yet amazing...

Fiona: Where am I? I fell... the portal... Demons and fire... but now all is cold as ice... am I a... a ghost? And this shadowy place is surely Heresh, land of the Necromancers!

(...)

Sir Skelton: Zombies at my aft and a ghost to my fore! Besieged on all sides! The knights of the Empire are doomed!

Fiona: What!? You were a knight of the Griffin Empire?

Sir Skelton: I was, and in death I remain so. Wait! Snif-snif... The scent of your noble blood fills my nose holes... Could it be, are you too of the Empire? A follower of Elrath?

Fiona: Stranger than strange! I am not only dead, but also talking to ghost-sniffing skeletons!

Sir Skelton: Sir Skelton at your service, m'lady! Meeting a compatriot is surely a message of hope from Elrath. It is fate at work. Lady, take my skeleton knights and vanquish the zombies that plague our sacred burial grounds.

Fiona: Leading skeletons? Fighting zombies? I've never done this!

Sir Skelton: Do not fear m'lady, you can't become a ghost twice! Lead the way, the burial ground is east of here!

↓↓↓

Sir Skelton: Glory to Elrath! The graveyard is saved. Join us in a victory song, m'lady.

Fiona: Victory song? My father is gone, my brothers are missing and I'm a ghost... I have no victory to celebrate! I would cry, if ghosts could shed tears.

Meanwhile... Somewhere in Heresh...

???: Let's make this quick, Ludmilla. I have business to attend to in the Griffin Empire.

Ludmilla: Do not speak to me as a lackey! I am a powerful Necromancer...

???: If you give my wizards passage on the plains of dust, you will receive ever greater powers.

Ludmilla: My unliving support you have. But I must know the name of the person I'm dealing with.

???: I go by many names. You knowing any of them is immaterial to your task.

Ludmilla: The might of Heresh has been diluted, the ways of the Necromancers tainted and weakened. I will be the one to return us to the true path! But I need more power to do it...

Sir Skelton: ...AND A HEPPITY-HOO-RAY! THE KNIGHTS OF THE EMPIRE SLAY EVIL ALL DAY! HAHA! One more time boys, from the top! And try to stay in key this time, Sir Clavicle!

Fiona: Enough! Stop singing! I can't stand this another minute. Think, Sir Skelton, think! There must be a way to leave this ghostly form and become human again.

Sir Skelton: I wish I knew, m'lady. I also wish I had meat on my bones and a shiny new sword! But if anyone can help you it is Markal, a Necromancer who roams these parts.

Fiona: Then this Markal I must find. Thank you, Sir Skelton.

(...)

Ebon Guard: Shove off, ghost! Or you'll end up an enemy of Lordess Ludmilla! Like this caged fool!

???: You there! Ghost! Help me out of this blasted cage!

Ebon Guard: We told you once, ghost, now we'll have to teach you to listen...

↓↓↓

???: My sincerest thanks! You are no friend of Ludmilla... nor are you of Heresh at all. Just who are you?

Fiona: I don't know any Ludmilla. My name is Fiona, I am – was – a noble of the Griffin Empire. I seek

Markal, a necromancer. I was told he would know how to grant me my life back.

Markal: I am Markal! But I'm not so foolish as to believe a ghost who claims to be a Griffin noble.

Fiona: What? I do NOT lie, sir! I am exactly who I say I am!

Markal: Hmm... Perhaps you are. It's hard to know who to trust in these dark times.

Fiona: If you know of some way that I may return to the realm of the living, I beg you to tell me, Markal!

Markal: You lament your life, do you? Nonsense! Life is chaos and foolish passion, death is beautiful order. Yet, I suppose... there is one way that I know of. There is a sacred event, the Death Cult Ritual. It takes place soon, during the Reaper Crescent, the moon phase that precedes the eclipse. The ritual is a call to Necromancy that echoes across Ashan. If a ghost were to answer...

Fiona: Oh thank Elrath! There is a chance.

Markal: If you wish to undertake the Death Cult Ritual, you must be attuned to the higher spheres of Necromancy. For a mere novice could not hope to survive the ritual or glean its secrets.

Fiona: What do you suggest, Markal?

Markal: The Catacombs hold trials that will hone your skills and teach you the power of our arts. Let me guide you on this difficult path, Fiona. Take these loyal troops, you shall need them. Come, I will take a detour on the way to Ludmilla's lair and lead you there.

Fiona: Who is this Lordess you keep mentioning?

Markal: She is a blasphemer, a power-hungry fool! She schemes to twist Necromancy to her will. But I shall deal with her in time. Come, the Catacombs are south of here.

(...)

Farnir: Young apparition, I off you a challenge.

Fiona: Please go on, Ranger.

Farnir: Sylvan defenses, like most Elven things, are natural and grow in battle from a special breed of vines.

Fiona: I do remember reading about such wondrous things in my studies... back home...

Farnir: I dare say that my vine walls not only grow the fastest... but are also incredibly strong! However, I have never tested them against the forces of Heresh before. Would you be up for the challenge? I offer a reward, in the unlikely event that you win.

Fiona: Let's put your green thumb to the test!

↓↓↓

Farnir: Perhaps a good offense is actually the best defense... Hmmm... Please accept this reward. Such a lifeless landscape... What I wouldn't give to see even a single green tree.

(...)

Markal: Here we are. These catacombs proffer true tests for a Necromancer's mind, skill and spirit. We seek the ancient ghost who keeps these sacred halls, Fiona.

(...)

Fiona: Symbol of Asha or no, any painting of a spider makes my ghostly flesh crawl.

(...)

Dusty: Spider legs, broken time and gleaming coins of brass... Matches the number you must speak, so this treasure is yours to have. Return to me with your reply. Do not feel rushed; I have all eternity to wait.

↓↓↓

Dusty: Your answer is the true one. Here is your reward.

Now what shall I do with time, now that the riddle of the three paintings has been solved?

(...)

Ghost Keeper: I am the Catacombs Specter. So you too seek to harness the strength of Asha, young spirit? These Trials will help you do just that.

↓↓↓

Ghost Keeper: You have completed the Catacombs Trials, young ghost. I heard the whisperings of your heart echoing through these ancient chambers. You wish to have your life back, and you hope the Death Cult Ritual will grant this wish. The ritual will yield what you seek, but only if you possess the Twilight Urn. These trials have proven you worthy of holding such a potent artifact.

Markal: The Twilight Urn... If it can be found. Legends place it in the ruins of Nar-Harad. Come, let us leave The Catacombs, Fiona. We must find these ancient ruins.

(...)

Markal: There... it's Ludmilla! What is... shhh. Listen. She's not alone!

Ludmilla: Your master ordered you to do my bidding. Go and find the artifact for me!

Mercurio: My master will grant you even greater power once you have satisfied his requests.

Fizbam: So why do you search for a powerful artifact?

Ludmilla: In other hands, it could be a threat to me. I will not have that. Use your wizard magic to locate the Twilight Urn. Hurry!

Markal: Did you hear that? Ludmilla consorts with wizards and bargains for power. Just as I thought!

Fiona: These wizards will lead us to Nar-Harad's ruins. When does the Ritual begin?

Markal: Soon. Very soon. Our quests are linked, Fiona. Both you and Ludmilla seek the Urn, and I seek to ruin any plan she makes.

(...)

Markal: The ancient ruins are through here. Let's go inside...

(...)

Fizbam: I found it! Ha! I told you my divining spell was better than yours, Mercurio.

Markal: We cannot let Ludmilla have the artifact. She has been stealing objects of power.

(...)

Mercurio: We have been followed! What shall we do, Fizbam?

Fizbam: I will use that new portal spell! Let's see what they do against a host of demons.

Markal: Demons!? This... this cannot be. Ludmilla's allies are in league with the filth of Sheogh!

Fiona: The evil that took my life and family has found its way to Heresh! That's more than coincidence. Something very big is going on in Ashan. More than what happened to me.

↓↓↓

Mercurio: They swatted those demons like flies! Let's get to the portal, Fizbam. Quickly.

Fizbam: Shh! The portal is a secret. We should join forces to destroy them.

Fiona: Secret portal? This smells of plots and treachery.

↓↓↓

Fiona: Tell us the location of this portal, wizard. Where is it?

Mercurio: ...ugh... Search to no avail... argh... Our magic hides a trail...

Fizbam: ...Uh... Near warriors entombed... coff... A rock is merely presumed... hehehe... ahhhh...

Markal: Typical Wizards. Incomprehensible to the end. Ah, Fiona. You were amazing. Now you have the Twilight Urn and Ludmilla has nothing but trouble!

Fiona: But this portal the wizards riddled about... we must find it, Markal. For my family.

Markal: The Death Cult Ritual comes soon, Fiona. Will you risk missing that to chase riddles?

Fiona: It's worth it to me, Markal! There is also duty to think of. Let's decipher their riddle.

(...)

Kozmo: Pardon me, young lady... Would you care to face a little challenge? So far I am undefeated. But with victory... comes... ennui...

Fiona: And?..

Kozmo: Well, just to spice up my life, I'll pay you handsomely if you manage to pierce my defenses.

Markal: Even for a Necromancer that's weird...

Kozmo: Please, do me a favor. If you hit me three times at once, you may be the first – ever – to do so! Now remember, you'll only win if you manage to strike with a triple attack.

↓↓↓

Kozmo: Exhilarating! We should do this again sometime!

(...)

Sir Skelton: I have not felt so alive since... well, since I was actually alive! It feels great! I must ask... could I interest you in a friendly bit of sparring? If you win, I'll give you a very useful reward!

Fiona: I could use the practice, Sir Skelton... but I won't hold back!

Sir Skelton: Wonderful! Let's see how you fare against Sir Skelton's battle prowess!

↓↓↓

Sir Skelton: Ooof! You've become quite skilled, Fiona. You have most certainly earned this reward.

(...)

Sir Skelton: Have you ever fancied yourself a Treasure Hunter, Fiona?

Fiona: No, Sir Skelton, I can't say that I have... though I never fancied myself a ghost either, and yet...

Sir Skelton: Well if you're interested then how does that ancient saying go? "X marks the spot"?

(...)

Fiona: By Elrath! That rock was but an apparition!

Markal: A Titan! Typical of Wizard thinking – clumsy and obvious.

↓↓↓

Markal: The secret portal must be in this crypt, away from prying eyes.

(...)

Markal: Blasphemy and villainy! This is how Ludmilla brings her infernal allies to Heresh.

Fiona: Not just Heresh, Markal. The demons that attacked my family, they came from somewhere.

Scarr: ...and they say he is wreaking havoc in Sheogh! He commands demons to kill other demons!

Rarr: How can this be? How can a human boy possess such power?

Fiona: Humans in Sheogh? They are mad, these demons. Enough! Now I have a chance at both justice and vengeance.

(...)

Markal: Oh, this does not look good at all!

Fiona: Who is?.. That face... I know it and yet... so twisted with rage...

Markal: We are outmatched! I may join Asha sooner than I had planned.

Fiona: Did you see that, Markal? Demons emerged from the portal and attacked their own kind!

Markal: Rather than discuss it, let's take advantage of it. Run!

↓↓↓

Markal: That was close! At least demons won't be coming out of there anytime soon.

Fiona: See how the demons turn on themselves. They are even more treacherous than I thought!

Markal: We have learned terrible things this day. Ludmilla's madness exceeds my worst fears. We knew that she was in league with wizards, but her allies scheme with demons as well. What has she unknowingly unleashed in Heresh? Look! The sky will soon display the New Moon, the time of the Death Cult Ritual nears. Come. The Ritual ground is at Asha's Eternal Shrine, east of here.

(...)

Markal: In the Mythic Age, this land was ruled by titans, giant beasts and dragons. I have heard that their ancient bones still retain some magic.

Fiona: Dragons and ancient ruins! Heresh is a mysterious place!

Talon: Who trespasses within my ribs? Who defiles the sanctity of Talon's carcass?

Fiona: We are sorry to disturb you Lord Talon! We are just passing through... you!

Talon: You mean you have no purpose here, other than to track dirt through my bones?

Ludmilla: Alright, where is the ghost girl you wizards warned me of? The one who stole the Twilight Urn and hunts my allies!

Markal: Every time I see her I like her less...

Ludmilla: Markal? I thought I locked you up. Wizards! Destroy this fool and his pet ghost!

(...)

Talon: I'm sorry if I was rude. Lying here for centuries makes one cranky. I couldn't help but witness your fray with that whelp Ludmilla. Take my talon in thanks. Use its power if it will help rid Heresh of such a corrupted creature.

Markal: Hurry, Fiona! The Reaper's Crescent will soon be appearing in the sky!

Fiona: But Ludmilla... what about the ruin she brings and the villains she aids.

Markal: I vowed to end her schemes and I do not vow lightly. But to have life again, you must go now.

Fiona: I... I do want my life back, Markal. More than anything.

Markal: Then come, I shall lead you to the Ritual, east of here at Asha's Eternal Shrine.

(...)

Chimo: Stop stepping on me!

Fiona: My apologies. I didn't see you there!

Chime: Of course not... why WOULD you see ME? I'm CHIMO, slayer of the mighty dragon Talon!

Markal: You killed Talon?

Chimo: Not quite, OBVIOUSLY, since he's STILL bothering me with his INSANE ramblings!

Talon: I can hear you quite clearly, my old friend.

Fiona: How did you lose your legs?

Talon: I believe he lost them when I swallowed him whole.

Chime: But then you CHOKED on me, you filthy Dragon! CHIMO got the last laugh, didn't he? Hahahaaa!

Fiona: Well, if Talon swallowed you whole and then choked, where are your legs?

Chimo: He didn't choke on ALL of me...

Fiona: Ewww.

Chimo: Why me, Asha? Why?

(...)

Senobix: Look to the sky, ghost. The moon is New, and the time of the Death Ritual is upon us!

(...)

Markal: Here we are – move carefully. It is one of the holiest places of Heresh! The Ritual will begin soon. Humans, elves and wizards come here, hoping to set themselves upon the path of Necromancy.

Fiona: How do they do this?

Markal: Those that are vanquished on these grounds have a chance at the purity of deathless life. Those that strike them down absorb the fleeting life forces that escape. If a ghost were to succeed in this ritual, I believe it would grant them life again.

Fiona: You mean they are waiting for me to defeat them?

(...)

Worshipper: The living spirit, the Twilight Urn... she has given the signs! The Death Cult Ritual begins. Come then, guide us to eternity or fall in defeat! Bring us peace! Let Heresh welcome us! All the spells in the Silver Cities cannot grant me what you can.

Markal: Fiona, to complete the ritual you must push each of them into the Pit of Eternity.

↓↓↓

Markal: You did it! Now harvest their life forces!

Ludmilla: Thank you for doing the dirty work! You don't mind if I reap the benefits, foolish girl?

Markal: That one... Rrrrrr!!!

Ludmilla: Aaaaaarrrrggghhh! The pooowerrrr! AHAHA!

Fiona: I... I...

Markal: That thieving wretch! I will not rest until she pays!

Fiona: I... I...

Markal: Your one chance at life, ruined by that vile traitor.

Fiona: I... I WILL have her head!!! Come Markal, we will hunt her down wherever she is skulking!

Markal: Yes, her Necropolis is just to the East. My original destination before events took this... fascinating turn.

Fiona: She just made her biggest mistake yet!

(...)

Golobulus: So you are on your way into Ludmilla's lair, little one. The question is... are you ready? Perhaps you should test your might against me first? If you cannot defeat a Necromancer of my standing, your chances against her are very slim.

Fiona: Do not hold back, Necromancer. I must know if I am ready for what lies ahead...

(...)

Ludmilla: Are you stupid as well as dead? Float away and stay out of the affairs of Ashan's leaders!

Fiona: The only thing you will be leading is a parade of worms, all clamoring to feast on your corpse.

(...)

Fiona: Ludmilla! You collaborate with demons, allying yourself with the creatures that took everything from me! I will do whatever it takes to see that you share their grave.

Ludmilla: Demons? I do no such thing, ghost! I am fighting to return Heresh back to its proper destiny.

Fiona: Your wizard allies scheme with demons under your nose, and your ambition blinds you to it!

Markal: You are too foolish to realize that in your mad grasp for power you have become their servant!

Ludmilla: Argghh! I'm so angry I could live! I will finish you myself, ghost. And once I've had her head I will remove yours, Markal! Slowly...

↓↓↓

Fiona: You are defeated and abandoned. Now tell me, who is your collaborator in this evil project? Who guides your hand, Ludmilla? Who have you joined with that floods Ashan with demons?

Ludmilla: Ha, ha... coff... coff... he... never gave... his... ha, ha... name... uh!

???: We had an appointment, Lordess Ludmilla. I've waited long to hear from you... And now I find you near death! Pitiful and defeated at the feet of... Whoever you two are?

Fiona: Who are you?

Markal: What do you want with her, wizard?

???: Impetuous and sloppy, Ludmilla. So much for the vaunted calm restraint of the Necromancers. Silence! There's no telling how you could have compromised my plans, by Urgash!

Markal: This wizard worships Urgash, the dragon of chaos!

???: So I shall have to clean up your mess.

The mysterious wizard casts a mighty spell that rocks the foundations of Ludmilla's lair. Great chunks of rock rain down from the crumbling ceiling, the ground begins to crack.

Fiona and Markal flee, their questions unanswered as Ludmilla limps behind.

Ludmilla: Betrayed... coff... Tricky wizard... coff... coff... Damnable ghost... Unh!

*With Ludmilla's defeat, Fiona has rid Heresh of a cruel tyrant... and unexpectedly released the energies trapped by the Death Cult Ritual. These life forces infuse and infiltrate her...
...and, thanks to her own bravery, Fiona finds herself once more among the living!*

Markal: F... Fiona! You are... alive!

Fiona: By Elrath! My ordeal is over... Or has it just begun? That wizard cast a mighty spell! He must be the one who offered Ludmilla her bid for power. All this madness... all this tragedy and death... And that wizard invokes the name of the Dragon-God who craves these awful things... I shall leave for the Silver Cities. I must find this wizard or someone who knows him.

Markal: I understand, Fiona, and I wish you luck. Perhaps we will meet again someday...

Inferno

Aidan finds himself alone in the demon realm of Sheogh...

Seeing neither trees nor desert, Aidan falls toward a terrifying landscape. The unstable portal has stranded him in a nightmare realm – the demon lands of Sheogh.

Aidan: This can't be happening! I'm... in... Sheogh! Father! Godric! Anyone! Please help... Okay... get it together, Aidan. They're not here... they're gone. And you're alone. And all I have to protect myself with is this elf dagger I picked up at the camp. That... looks like a flash from a portal! Maybe if I can catch it I can get to the Silver Cities after all!

(...)

Warr: These wizard portals are fun, eh, Balal?

Balal: You're telling me! Zip to Irollan, kill some Elves, and we're back in time for dinner!

Aidan: Demons! I'd better hide!

↓↓↓

High Chief: When the eclipse of the Blood Moon opens the way, proceed in a disorderly fashion to Ashan. Get these Hellfire Launchers to Talonguard where they can do some serious damage!

A human dares interrupt this meeting? Hellhound, Imp, Horned Demon – tear him apart!

Aidan: No! Get away!

What? They... they... listened to me... C... come... come back! Aah! Um... run around in a circle! Ha! They ARE listening to me! Um... attack? Not me! Each other. Attack each other! This is extraordinary! I command demons. But... how am I doing this? Okay, stop fighting!

High Chief: How is he doing that?

Aidan: I better get out of here before my luck runs out!

High Chief: Where do you think you're going, boy? Man the Hellfire Launchers, it's time for some target practice!

↓↓↓

Aidan: I think those demon contraptions are going to blow! I better get out of here!

Whoa! I mean... Yes! And who will be next? Azexes, the beast who drove me here?

Warr: What was that sound? What did you do, human?

Aidan: That's not the question. It's what am I going to do if you don't tell me where to find Azexes!

Balal: Whatever it is, it will pale in comparison to what Azexes would do to us for betraying him.

Aidan: Then what use are you to me? Get lost!

Balal: Are we lost yet? Wait, why do we want to get lost again?

Warr: I don't know, but I've just found you so we can't be lost.

Aidan: Do you see who you're dealing with, you hairless dogs of Sheogh? It is I, Aidan, son of the Unicorn Duchy! And now I add Slayer of Demons to my title! Do you see me, father? Do you see the baby of the family now? You said I was too soft to wield a sword! Now I kill demons, father. Me! Even Godric never did that... Godric... father... These brutes shall pay for what they did to you! Azexes will pay!

Captive: Help! Help me! Don't let her hurt me!

Jezebeth: I warned you, my wayward servant! Displeasing me is NOT acceptable behavior.

(...)

Aidan: You witch... you burned him!

Jezebeth: Wipe the soot out of your wide eyes, human. I am no witch. I am Jezebeth, a succubus. You are cute for an animal. How did you get out of your cage?

Aidan: I'm not one of your servants. I am your reckoning! Come over here and receive your punishment.

Jezebeth: My... my legs disobey me! You have turned my limbs against me! Are you a wizard?

Aidan: I am Aidan... and I am very angry. FIGHT ME!

↓↓↓

Jezebeth: I... I chipped a horn, and oh! My pelt is a mess... I submit... you win... you win...

Aidan: Won? I will have won when I am standing over the body of Azexes.

Jezebeth: Azexes? What do you want with someone as pathetic as Azexes?

Aidan: You know him? How do you know him, filth?

Jezebeth: We used to... be together. Back when I was too foolish to know better. Anyway, I dropped him like a hot stone. He was such a wimpy little imp.

Aidan: What!? He killed my father! Wounded my sister! Chased us like animals through the forest.

Jezebeth: That can't be right. Aze? Him? All by himself?

Aidan: Enough! You will take me to him! Now!

Jezebeth: I-will-take-you-to-him. No! Wait! How are you doing that? Get out of my mind! Aaargh! I can't resist you... but I don't know where he is! Except... yes. Lorhish, another slimeball... he might... He hangs out at a demon watering hole called the Screaming Hag Inn, to the west.

(...)

Aidan: An elf in Sheogh! What are you doing here?

Talnir: Demons attacked us in Irollan! I was pulled through a portal during their escape. I wish to kill every dirty demon that crosses my path. But I'm not sure I'm up to the task. I need to see if I have what it takes. Will you challenge me?

Great! And don't go easy on me either. I need to toughen up if I'm to survive in Sheogh.

↓↓↓

Aidan: You did well, elf. But your weakness is your mercy. You cannot show mercy to a demon!

(...)

Jezebeth: Um, you're gripping that little dagger awful tightly, don't you think? Your hand is turning red.

Aidan: Why are you eyeing it? Do not look at it! It's mine!

(...)

Flint: Look what we have here boys! Jeze's back! Hahaha!

Roach: Get lost Jezebeth! And take your lackey with you, unless you want to get kicked down the hill. Again.

Jezebeth: Hi, Flint. Hey, Roach. Ready to be really, really sorry?

Aidan: We are entering this... establishment. Step aside if you want to avoid trouble.

Flint: We don't avoid trouble, human. We start it!

Aidan: I was counting on that.

(...)

Jezebeth: Urlach, such a joy to see you! Gorgeth, you're looking even more fetid. It's been a long time!

Aidan: We have come for the demon Lorhish!

Chains: This is Sheogh! Humans don't make demands of demons! You dig our ditches and fill our bellies!

Jezebeth: Show them what you can do, Aidan! Show them your powers.

Aidan: Go jump in a flaming pit of lava, demon.

Chains: ...Uh... uh... I gotta go... I gotta go find a pit of lava... where's the closest lava pit? Anyone?

Aidan: Now, which one of you is Lorhish?! SPEAK UP!

Lorhish: That'd be me.

Jezebeth: That's him. You smell that? That's Lorhish, alright.

Lorhish: It's been a long time, Jezebeth. You're looking all grown up... I knew you'd be back someday.

Jezebeth: In your dreams! The only mistake I made that was bigger than Azexes was you!

Lorhish: Who's the flesh bag with the death wish, Jezebeth?

Jezebeth: This is Aidan. It gives me great pleasure to tell you that he's no ordinary human.

Lorhish: Then I shall have to kill him in a truly extraordinary manner! Get'em, Ol'Shredder!

↓↓↓

Lorhish: Oh no! Ol'Shredder... 'S okay boy, daddy's here. How can you be so mean? He's just a Hellhound...

Aidan: Stop blubbering and tell me where to find Azexes.

Lorhish: He's moving up in Sheogh, aligned himself with a proper villain. STAY WITH ME, OL'SHREDDER!

Aidan: WHERE IS HE? WHERE DO I FIND HIM?

Lorhish: He moves between realms, word has it he's got a portal on top of Mount Nebyrzias. Jeze... Jeze, I just want to say... I forgive you and... I love you...

Jezebeth: What a lovely sentiment... several decades too late!

Aidan: Come Jezebeth. Show me where to find this Mount Nebyrzias.

Jezebeth: Yes, I will show you... Aidan.

(...)

Lorhish: ...Ol'Shredder... You were a demon's best friend...

(...)

Brood: First thing I'm going to do when I get to Ashan? Go to Irollan and eat a Unicorn! Yeah!

(...)

Dirge: So you're the human that everyone's talking about? You don't look so tough! Except maybe that gross arm of yours could be contagious.

Aidan: I don't have to be tough when all I need to do is say the word and you'll rip your own horns out.

Dirge: Yeah, but where's the sport in that? Tell you what, if you beat me fair and square...

Aidan: I'm listening.

Dirge: Then I'll give you my trusty Hell Stallions. So you want to try?

Let's do this!

↓↓↓

Dirge: If I wore a shirt I'd lose that too! Gambling's a disease! A disease I tell you!

(...)

Zazel: I don't know what to pack for the Blood Moon Eclipse. So many targets, so little time... I've got hundreds of knives and daggers, but I also have a great collection of spiked clubs. Decisions, decisions!

(...)

Slave: When the Blood Moon Eclipse happens, I wonder if us slaves will be able to sneak back home? I would do anything to get out of this awful place.

(...)

Jezebeth: What fun that was! Showing up all those scum who used to insult me. I've never met anyone like you, Aidan! Let's stroll arm in arm through Sheogh, for all to see! Aidan! Your arm! It looks... strangely beautiful. That dagger...

Aidan's conquests leave him smiling; Sheogh seems to be falling at his feet. And yet, in the back of his mind, Jeze's comment is worrying...
The dagger Aidan picked up in Irollan has begun to fuse with his arm. It is as if the blade refused to be let go, melting to his hand and twisting his flesh around it. The blade appears to be spreading its disease, taking over his entire arm.

Aidan: Don't worry about that, Jezebeth. I feel fine. Better than fine, I feel... Powerful!

(...)

Aidan: This place is...

Jezebeth: Beautiful isn't it?

Aidan: I was going to say awful.

Painn: What's Azexes got planned for us now? Another raid? Or something more stealthy?

Treach: Azexes wouldn't know a plan from a horn on his head! I should be running this operation.

Painn: Shh! If he hears this talk he'll kill us both! Let's just get to the peak and see what he wants.

Aidan: Did you hear that? Azexes is at the peak! Finally I will have my revenge!

Jezebeth: Are you sure? There are other demons to chastise. We could turn back—

Aidan: Turn back? You're mad. This is why I came here! I seek vengeance, and you are only alive so that you may guide me through this hideous realm!

Jezebeth: Okay, okay... The worse your arm gets, the grumpier you are!

(...)

Moody: Human.

Gut: Check.

Moody: Murderous eyes and succubus on his arm.

Gut: Check and check.

Moody: This is Aidan the Demon Slayer! The one we've been hearing so much about, Gut!

Gut: No matter. We're the slipperiest demons in Sheogh, Moody. He'll never be able to hit us!

Moody: That's right. In fact, Gut and I are so slippery, we'll even wager that you can't hit us. Care to try?

Aidan: What's in it for me?

Gut: If you manage to hit both of us in battle, then we'll give you this artifact we just stole.

Aidan: And what's in it for you?

Moody: We get a chance to kill the great Demon Slayer, Aidan, and become famous!

(...)

Imp: I would let you into these caves but your appearance disgusts me. Go back to where you came from, you filthy human!

(...)

Azexes: Listen up, demons, wizards and assorted filth! Go through the portal and regroup in Heresh. Our master has a task for you there. Mess this up and the master will find a place worse than Sheogh for you!

Aidan: Argh! We just missed him! Come on, Jezebeth! We'll follow them through!

Jezebeth: But we don't know where it goes. And there were wizards with them... wizards are repulsive.

Aidan: It leads to Azexes, that's all I care about!

(...)

Aidan: W... where are we? Do you see Azexes?

Jezebeth: No. I don't smell him either. He must have teleported somewhere else.

Aidan: ARGH!!! Somebody is going to get it! Maybe these wizards know where he is!

(...)

Jezebeth: Aidan, maybe we should go back to the Screaming Hag Inn and ruin a few more lives...

Aidan: With this portal gate... or one just like it, my family was torn apart. I cannot let it stand.

Jezebeth: But... don't you want to use it to go home? Not that I want you to, but...

Aidan: A home without a family is just empty rooms... As long as this gate stands, demons will travel freely through my people's lands. No, the gate must fall. Even if it means I am forever stranded in this cursed place.

(...)

Aidan: Don't bother fighting it, just join me if you want to live.

You only have one option, join my ranks or die.

(...)

Wizard: I knew it! I detected an enemy passing through this portal. This portal device is the property of Lord Bloodcrown! Who are you?

Aidan: Is Lord Bloodcrown Azexes' mentor? Destroying the portal should mess with his plans...

Wizard: I will make you sorry for this trespass, boy!

Aidan: I will make YOU sorry, wizard. Sorry that you chose such poor friends.

↓↓↓

Aidan: The portal is ripping apart! Hurry...

(...)

Jezebeth: I think we might've been a bit too wild up here! Uh oh...

Aidan: Uh oh, what? What's happening?

Jezebeth: Mount Nebyrzias is more of a volcano than a mountain. A poor name for a volcano, really.

Aidan: WE'RE STANDING ON A VOLCANO?

Jezebeth: Not for long, I think it's going to blow!

Mount Nebyrzias blows its top with the power and violence of a hundred dragon breaths. Aidan is spared a fiery death when Jezebeth grabs him, unfurls her flaming wings and takes to the sky before the explosive blast consumes them.

Aidan: W... What happened?

Jezebeth: We're... we're alive! Bless Urgash's shiny horns, we're alive! Thanks to me!

Pyro: Haha! Look at it go! Boom! Blarg! Pssh! Haha! Burn baby burn! Ain't it a sight to behold? I've been waiting my whole demon life for this volcano to pop its top! Ha! Ha! It was worth it!

Jezebeth: Urgash is smiling on us Aidan. We just lived through a fiery catastrophe!

Aidan: Urgash? Perhaps... Yet Elrath, the god I worship, is nowhere to be found when I need him. Azexes has slipped through my fingers. Where do I look for him now?

Pyro: You're looking for Azexes? Why, he took over old man Korothe's lair.

Jezebeth: Korothe? The Pit Fiend who got rich plundering during the wars of the last Blood Moon?

Pyro: One and the same... say, you're darn pretty for a Succubus.

Jezebeth: Ugh! Back up a bit. Tell me, how did he take over Korothe's lair?

Pyro: Lemme see now... Was it a flail? Or a morning star? Or just his claws? Or maybe a flail and his claws? I don't recall exactly.

Jezebeth: Hmmm. Azexes has really grown since I knew him...

Aidan: This lair you speak of, where can I find it?

Pyro: It's out past the Jagged Tail, in Char-Hasa. Would you just look at that 'splodin' volcano! So fiery... so nasty... it's a beauty!..

It was... worth it!..

Jezebeth: Mm-hm-heh-heh-heh-heh. That was gorgeous!

Aidan: Hush, Jezebeth! Lead me to this Char-Hasa.

Jezebeth: Yes, I will lead you to Char-Hasa. The Jagged Tail is just to the east of here.

(...)

Malius: When the Blood Moon opens the way, where are you gonna pillage first?

Schark: Hmm... good question, Malius. I'm leaning towards the Silver Cities.

Malius: I'm gonna go to Talonguard and chase all them holy knights around. I can almost hear them yelling now!

Schark: I can't wait to get out of this dump.

Malius: Tell me about it, Schark. We're gonna tear Ashan apart!

Aidan: A Blood Moon Eclipse! There's nothing but horror and ruin when the demon prison opens. During

certain lunar eclipses this can happen. Or so my father told me...

Jezebeth: Yeah, all the demons of Sheogh are excited about the next Blood Moon Eclipse. They are saying that this fifth one is special, that the walls of Sheogh will be broken forever.

Aidan: If Azexes is somehow involved, then killing him is no longer just about personal vengeance. I slay demons! I control demons! Only I can save Ashan!

(...)

Demon: I always thought Azexes was small time, a real wimp, you know? But it looks like he's going to be the one that finally springs us from this prison realm.

Wizard: Please! Azexes is a brainless brute! He is merely the muscle of the plan. It is my master you shall have to thank for your freedom.

(...)

Pit Fiend: Hey, human! It's you, ain't it? The Demon-slaying human of Sheogh?

Aidan: Yes, would you like your head to be added to my tally?

Pit Fiend: I'm not as dumb as I look. You see, I wanna play for the winning team. And I hear you're it! But if you want the power of a Pit Fiend on your side, I wanna know that you're the real deal. You up for a challenge?

Aidan: I've got ways of getting Pit Fiends to join me. I don't need to waste my time with you.

(...)

Jezebeth: Char-Hasa is just ahead. That's where we'll find Aze's ...I mean Azexes' lair.

(...)

Azexes: He's gonna be so mad! What do I tell him? Think Aze! Think!

Lord Bloodcrown: Alright, Azexes. I've given you plenty of time to find it. Hand over the Blade of Binding!

Azexes: Master... please, you have to understand...

Lord Bloodcrown: You don't have it!? UNBELIEVABLE! I counted on you! Gave you resources and power beyond your wildest demon dreams!

Azexes: I went back to Irollan like you commanded, but it wasn't there!

Lord Bloodcrown: FIND IT! Go back to Irollan! To the Griffin Empire! Search you fool! The Blood Moon is nigh! I need it! With it I will smash the mystical gates of Ur-Hekal, unleashing the ancient nightmares within. And with the Blade of Binding I shall command the legions of Sheogh and drown Ashan in a demon tide. Be at the gates of Ur-Hekal, the Blade of Binding in hand by the time of the eclipse... Or I will make you suffer as no demon has ever suffered!

Aidan: That... That creature... He said with the Blade of Binding... he will control demons... I control demons! I have the Blade of Binding!

Jezebeth: You mean that dagger that has been devouring your arm, that's the Blade of Binding?

Aidan: I can't believe it! I possess one of the most powerful artifacts in Ashan! Only I am fit to wield it. I, Aidan! To smite my enemies, to fill their hearts with terror, that is my power! My RIGHT!

(...)

Aidan: Finally! Azexes, ugly as you are, I've been dying to see your face.

Azexes: You are the boy who ran away in Irollan! Edric's cowardly son. What are you doing in Sheogh?

Aidan: Fate has cast me here and given me the means to take the only thing left that I desire.

Azexes: And what is that, boy?

Aidan: Your wicked life, Azexes.

Jezebeth: Oh joy! You're going to get crushed, Aze!

Azexes: Is... Is that... Jezebeth? It is you!

Jezebeth: Yes, it's me. Feel free to stop drooling. I have to admit that I'm curious, Aze. You've got an evil master, you're jumping through portals, wreaking havoc, leading armies... Why weren't you this fun when we were together?

Azexes: Forget the past, Jeze! I'm helping to bring about the ruin of Ashan! The deaths of thousands will be on my horns! It's nice that you finally noticed.

Jezebeth: Too little, too late, Aze. All you've done is anger the most savage human in Sheogh! What're you going to do to him, Aidan? Make him jump off a cliff? Or why don't you command him to cover his eyes and then run through a lava field?

Aidan: I will not use my powers of demon control on this vermin. He will fight me of his own free will and I will have the pleasure of killing him. I call this "justice".

Azexes: Come then, boy! Let me finish the job I botched in Irollan. Today I kill the last son of a shattered family.

↓↓↓

Jezebeth: Aidan! You have become so merciless, so powerful. What more could a girl want? Aidan, my Aidan. Now that Azexes is dead, where should we go? What shall we do together?

Aidan: Lord Bloodcrown will be next, if only he will show his face again. In the meantime, we shall march to the gates of Ur-Hekal.

Aidan is exulted by what he has achieved...

...though in doing it he has become something unrecognizable. And yet it seems that he wants even more, and is willing to go even further.

ACADEMY

The Silver Cities, land of wizards and magic... And home to Nadia...

Seeking both answers and justice, the young heroes bring their forces to the Silver Cities. Anwen still hunts the Blade of Binding. Godric comes to reunite his family... as does Fiona. They are relieved to find each other, but have not forgotten Aidan and Nadia... or the growing demon conspiracy.

Servant: Azh Rafir will be with you in a moment. He is a very busy man and I can't say he'll be pleased with this intrusion.

Godric: Please Elrath, let Aidan be here. If I don't see his smirking face soon I will fall into despair.

Fiona: Have faith, Godric. You thought me dead and yet here I am, by your side. Of course then, I actually was sort of dead... For a time.

Anwen: I too have asked Sylanna to watch over Nadia and Aidan and keep them from harm. But if one of them doesn't have the Blade of Binding then all of Ashan will have much bigger worries.

Azh Rafir: My servants tell me you three were with my wife and daughter in Irollan. Why would you

journey so far to disturb a grieving husband and father?

Fiona: ...he looks... familiar... DEAR ELRATH!

Godric: What is it, Fiona?

Fiona: IT'S HIM! THE WIZARD WHO ATTACKED ME IN HERESH!

Anwen: Fiona, maybe your spirit hasn't fully recovered from your ordeal...

Godric: But... Fiona. That's Nadia's father!

Azh Rafir: You should give more credit to your sister, boy. Her spirit may have been affected, but her eyes are fine. Guards! Deal with these three pests and make sure I'm not disturbed further.

Godric: Nadia's father has gone mad! We have to stop him! First we must topple his goons!

↓↓↓

Jaxler: I'll launch fire across your battlefield and decimate whoever stands in its way!

Fiona: With the power of the undead at my command, I shall grant you the experience of unlife!

⌘

Bulgor: I shall link together mighty Titans to destroy you in a single blow!

Anwen: Think elves are nothing but peaceful tree-huggers? You've never seen one angry!

⌘

Talsam: I will cast a spell to drain the strength from all your charging attacks!

Godric: By Elrath's will, I'll show you the error of your evil ways!

↓↓↓

Azh Rafir: Once again I shall have to clean up the mess of my incompetent underlings!

Now that you can no longer bother me, I shall begin the ritual of the Blood Moon Eclipse. Actually, it's convenient that you came along. I shall use your blood as an offering to Urgash during the ritual.

Anwen: Your plan will fail! You need the Blade of Binding to complete it and I know for a fact that you don't have it! Your whipped dog Azexes, came back to Irollan looking for it and I sent him away empty handed.

Azh Rafir: You must be very curious about the whereabouts of the Blade of Binding, young elf. It was your late father's duty to keep and protect it, was it not? And he failed, didn't he. You will know what became of the Blade of Binding soon enough... once it is placed in my hands.

(...)

Nadia: W... where... am I? Oh, my head... it's pounding!

Cyrus: Nadia! Finally, you're awake.

Nadia: Cyrus?.. What are you doing here? I must see my father, Azh Rafir, and... tell him of my mother. She... is gone.

Cyrus: I'm sorry, but you can't see your father, Nadia. We are in the prison beneath the Gemstone Spire.

Nadia: Prison! In his tower? But I'm his daughter. And you're his assistant!

Cyrus: This won't be easy for you to hear. I found you a few weeks ago, unconscious. The portal your mother had made was collapsing; you were wounded. I brought you here to the tower. When I told your father, he exploded in rage and sent us both here.

Nadia: How... how can this be? Why would father do this?

Cyrus: We aren't the only ones. The criminals that once occupied this prison were turned loose. Now it holds respected citizens who spoke out against your father.

Nadia: I can't believe this, Cyrus! My father? Sometimes reserved, or too involved in his studies. But this!..

Cyrus: You echo my thoughts, Nadia. I was proud to serve under him. But he has changed. These Golems were locked down here for serving your mother.

Nadia: But why do they join me? I cannot help them.

Cyrus: These Apprentices were studying under your mother's tutelage. They pleaded with Azh Rafir to be allowed to search for you, so he locked them away.

These Gremlins were your mother's chamber guards, here in the Gemstone Spire. They refused to abandon their post, so he tossed them down here like criminals.

And now we are all relieved that you have finally awoken from your torpor, Nadia.

Nadia: Not half so much as I am! But... what next? There is a horrible wrong to be righted. But how?..

Cyrus: What do you remember about that night in Irollan, Nadia?

Nadia: Nothing I wish to recall. Demons, blood, fire... and my mother...

Cyrus: An immense tragedy! But it seems that in her passing, Delara gave you a final gift.

Nadia: Excuse me? I don't know what you're saying...

Cyrus: Yes you do! Think back! Remember that night, Nadia!

Delara: Nadia... I'm sorry...

Nadia: Aaaahhh!

Nadia: I... I remember the light... the pain of that light as it filled me up...

Delara's Ghost: I'm sorry, Nadia. I was not able to prepare you for this burden you bear.

Nadia: Mother!?!

Delara's Ghost: There's little time, my child. I am only able to appear in this realm for a fleeting moment. The Kaamla Asiya spell, like a flame I carried within my soul, is now joined with you. With it, you have the power to defeat your father and stop the madness he is bent on unleashing.

Nadia: He must be confused, mother! Perhaps grief has warped his mind. If I could only speak with him.

Delara's Ghost: No, Nadia. He is too far gone for either of us. Urgash rules his soul now...

Cyrus: His actions seem connected to what has been happening in Ashan.

Nadia: And what is that?

Cyrus: Word is coming in of acts of violence, sabotage and treachery. Here, in Irollan, the Griffin Empire, everywhere.

It is all building to the Blood Moon Eclipse. You must stop him, Nadia. You're the only one who can. Now if only we knew how to break the magical seal that binds the prison doors.

Delara's Ghost: Nadia, use my... I mean, your powers and go take a look at the prison door. You may be able to help.

(...)

Geldar: I used to admire Azh Rafir and looked upon him as a master wizard. No more!

(...)

Mage: The drafts in this filthy place will be the death of me!

(...)

Nadia: I... I see two magical switches... each... must be hit with a burst of energy...

Cyrus: ...lemme see... a burst of energy... A MAGE! A mage would be able to do it! There was a Mage that got locked down here with the rest of us. Let's go talk to him.

(...)

Mage: I overheard, young lady! No risky business for me. I pledge my Mage brothers to your cause.

(...)

Guard: Get away from the gate, girl!

↓↓↓

Cyrus: You've done it! Everyone, back into the city! Oppose Azh Rafir's forces wherever they are. It is time, Nadia. We must ascend the Gemstone Spire and face your father. I believe that many of the inhabitants in the Spire oppose your father. They may join us along the way.

Delara's Ghost: Good luck my darling child! You must close this awful chapter in the great Book of Ages. Only you and your friends have the power to re-write what your father is attempting.

Nadia: My friends? Merely finding them is a heroic quest in itself.

Mother, don't go! Please stay with me! Just... a little longer...

Cyrus: Your mother believed in you and so do I. Come, Nadia. Time is short; you were unconscious for a long time.

(...)

Guard: The prisoners have broken free! Stand at the ready, men!

Nadia: We've lost the element of surprise. We'll have to go through them.

(...)

Guard: Too long have the Silver Cities known peace while I itched to battle. I'm going to enjoy this, girl.

Cyrus: If that's the case, you are going to die a disappointed wizard.

I told you we had spies inside the Gemstone Spire, Nadia. We are not alone in this quest.

Nadia: Spies are good, Cyrus, but friends are better. I keep thinking about my mother's words.

She said that only my friends and I could thwart this evil disaster. But I do not even know if they are still alive, let alone where they may be!

(...)

Nadia: Oh no! They have a Titan!

Cyrus: Do not waver, Nadia! The strength you have within cannot be matched!

(...)

Cyrus: You did it, Nadia! Only one more floor to go before we reach your father's chamber.

Guard: Not so fast, scum!

Cyrus: Watch your tongue, wizard! You're speaking to the daughter of Delara.

Guard: Delara's dead and you both will be joining her!

(...)

Guard: Good work men! This is one less spy we have to worry about!

Cyrus: No! They have caught one of our comrades! We must free him!

(...)

Lali: Thank you for freeing me! Take this Phoenix as a token of my gratitude.

If you are in need of any other troops, my conjuring skills can provide them.

(...)

Cyrus: This is it, Nadia. Beyond this door is your father. Prepare yourself to face him.

You go ahead, Nadia. There's no time to lose! I'll hold these wizards back!

Nadia: Thank you, Cyrus. Be careful.

(...)

Nadia: Anwen, Godric and Fiona are here! But where is Aidan?..

Azh Rafir: I pray to you, Urgash, you who gave seed to demons and who grants freedom in chaos... Impart to me your sacred knowledge, as your nemesis Asha once did for Sar-Elam... He became the Seventh Dragon and sealed your demon children in the prison realm Sheogh... Make me the Eighth Dragon when the world of Ashan eclipses Elrath's light, and the Moon is cast into darkness... I will release your demon children unto Ashan and remake the land in your image!

Nadia: Such awful words... coming out of my father's mouth...

Fiona: Nadia! Oh, thank Elrath!

Nadia: Don't worry, I will get you out of there.

Godric: Nadia! Nadia! Have you seen our brother? Is Aidan with you?

Nadia: I'm afraid not, Godric. I was hoping he was with you.

Anwen: Nadia, your father's gone crazy. He's the one—

Godric: I've had enough of this treachery!

Fiona: Godric!? Wait!

Godric: What have you done with Aidan? Where is my brother, wizard?!?

Azh Rafir: How did you get loose? I am communing with Urgash and you are—

Well, well, Nadia. How nice of you to join the party. I heard you'd broken free of the prison.

Nadia: Father... why?.. What gain can there be in this act? What could possibly justify it?

Azh Rafir: It is simple. I will obtain everything that can be had by a mortal or by an immortal. And in the age of Urgash to come, I will be hailed as a hero!

Nadia: Freedom for some, death for many more. What sort of freedom is that?

Azh Rafir: Chaos IS freedom! All the peoples of Ashan are slaves to their worship. None other than Asha, the God of Order, enslaves them.

Nadia: I... I... cannot fight you, father. I cannot make the bargain you did, and trade love for this "freedom".

Azh Rafir: Of course you can't. That is exactly the weakness I'm talking about! When Cyrus brought your body to me, I sensed the Kaamla Asiya spell within you and I hesitated. Its power could inhibit mine. I could even have killed you then, but the spell might have sought another, stronger, keeper. But now that the spell has found such a weak host, I know that I need not fear it! The ritual begins. Look in the sky! The Eclipse is imminent! And now at last, Azexes shall hand me the Blade of Binding.

Aidan: W... Where am I? G... Godric?! Fiona?!?

Azh Rafir: Who are you? You're not Azexes! But you have the Blade of Binding!

Aidan: What is going—

Godric: Aidan! Aidan, what's happening?

Azh Rafir: He can't hear you. My ritual has begun and the bearer of the Blade of Binding stands beneath the Blood Moon! He can only hear his master's word. Isn't that right, Aidan?

Aidan: ...

Azh Rafir: Now attack!

Godric: Stand back, everyone! I will not let my beloved brother be used as a weapon against us!

Fiona: Be careful Godric, he is still your brother!

↓↓↓

Aidan: W... what happened?..

Fiona: Listen to me, Aidan, hear my voice! It is your sister, Fiona! You must fight the artifact that corrupts your body! Fight this wizard that tries to steal your mind! You are not his puppet! You are Aidan of the Unicorn Duchy, son of Lord Edric! Remember Elrath, and your Emperor!

Aidan: Fiona! Oh, what have I done? I... I... fought my own brother...

Azh Rafir: Attack them I say! You must obey me!

Aidan: NEVER!!!

↓↓↓

Azh Rafir: Aaaarrgh! I am sick and tired of you, stupid kids, interfering with my plans!

Lord Bloodcrown: That's better! Now you see me in my true form! The one that will rule this broken and scarred land!

Nadia: What have you become? I pity you and the maniacal visions that have driven you to this, Father.

Lord Bloodcrown: I am not your father, I am Lord Bloodcrown! And I will become the Eighth Dragon!

↓↓↓

Fiona: You... you did it, Nadia!

Nadia: Yes... I have defeated Lord Bloodcrown's evil, but I have also harmed my own father...

Godric: Look in the sky! The Eclipse is coming. What do we do?

Aidan: I have the Blade of Binding... but I don't know how to use it. It has fused with my arm!

Nadia: I... I know what needs to be done...

Nadia's trials have caused the Kaamlā Asiya to bloom within her, and her spirit exults in its power. With a wave of her hand Nadia shatters the link between Aidan and the Blade of Binding. She then does what legend and lore said was impossible... She empties the Blade of its potent energies, using its power to thwart the eclipse entirely.

Defeated, Azh Rafir is punished for his failure to bring about an era of chaos.

The demon children of Urgash claw at him, dragging him down into Sheogh for all eternity.

Nadia: Father!

Aidan: I doubt that they will forgive him for his failure.

Godric: Nadia... there are not words enough to tell you how thankful we are to you. You have saved Ashan from a suffocating darkness.

Nadia: I am no more deserving of thanks than your family, Godric. We have all suffered, and each of us has risen from tragedy to do what had to be done.

EPILOGUE

Many weeks later...

Euny: All of Irollan is in your debt, Anwen and Findan. You saw through the deception that clouded the minds of so many others.

Findan: You honor Sylanna and indeed all elves, Anwen. I'll never doubt you again.

Anwen: And I promise never to drag you into another adventure. Hopefully...

Alexei: May I say it, father? It would be an honor.

Emperor: Yes, Alexei. One day this will be your task.

Alexei: On behalf of the Holy Griffin Empire, my father, the Emperor, and all the good subjects of the Empire... We thank you Godric, Fiona and Aidan, of the Unicorn Duchy. No good citizen shall ever forget your heroic deeds in the face of tragedy and injustice.

Godric: Thank you, Alexei, those were very kind words, and well spoken.

Fiona: Yes, you will make a fine Emperor yourself someday.

Aidan: I have also heard that you are no slouch in your sparring lessons.

Alexei:

Now that's something! Aidan the fierce, Tamer of Demons, said I was a good fighter!

Emperor: Let us hope that this particular enemy is one you will not have to face, my son.

Aidan: Nor I! My demon-taming days are over. If I never see another horned beast again it will be too soon.

Nadia: I do so love the Silver Cities, Cyrus. But I have lost so much, I see ghosts wherever I look... the world is sadness to me.

Cyrus: That will fade with time, Nadia. And, for what it may be worth, you will always have my shoulder to lean on.

One year later...

Anwen: Oh, father. The forests still feel empty without your laughter ringing through the trees. I feel so alone...

Fiona: But you are not alone.

Anwen: Fiona! Godric and Aidan! And Nadia! You all came!

Godric: Of course! It would be sad indeed to suffer the memories of that terrible night in solitude.

Nadia: We are bound together. Our adventure has forged a bond that could not be shaken or forgotten.

Aidan: Even if we wanted to! With that in our past, I almost fear to see what the future may hold. It's not hard to guess... Duty and responsibility will weigh on all of us. We will visit less, memories will fade...

Anwen: True. But we will never forget the friendships we forged, and the battles we fought, when fate first brought us here!

Anwen's skills and fame grew into those of a legendary Ranger who traveled far and wide across the lands of Ashan. Godric became Lord High Constable of the Griffin Empire and the right hand of both Emperor Alexei and his son, Emperor Nicolai. Fiona married Prince Alexei,

becoming Queen Fiona and mother of Emperor Nicolai. Aidan, steadfast in his hatred of demons, joined the fabled order of the Dragon Knights and continued his personal war against the hordes of Urgash. Nadia and Cyrus eventually married and gave birth to a young mage named Zehir, who came to rule the Silver Cities.

Bounty AGENT's Missions

SYLVAN

Bounty Agent: Greetings, Elf. I represent... a certain organization.

Anwen: Okay...

Bounty Agent: We have an interest in keeping things... tidy. Clean. Do you see what I mean? No! Don't reach for a bar of soap. I mean... clean up the riff-raff. Troublemakers. Bad elements. Rather, we eliminate the scum and riff-raff that plague our beautiful land. Interested in helping us rid this world of villains and earning a little pay?

Anwen: Yes.

Bounty Agent: Hmmm. Maybe I'll make my monthly quota after all. Alright, here's your first contract! A sneaky elf who goes by the name of Cromir. He hides somewhere in this forest. His list of crimes is despicable. Hunt him down and return to me for your reward. Pretty simple, eh? Good Hunting!

↓↓↓

Cromir: What do you want? Get away from me, child. Does Cromir not deserve his peace and quiet?

Anwen: Cromir! We've got you!

Cromir: Aaah! Is this the end to my glorious life of crime?

↓↓↓

Bounty Agent: Cashing in on a bounty? Excellent work! Here is your reward! Interested in another... job? Choose your next bounty from this list.

(...)

Bounty Agent: Skullbrow... An elusive Necromancer no doubt hiding in some dark, damp hole. Track him down and bring him to justice. Good Hunting!

↓↓↓

Skullbrow: Hello little one, have you come to help Skullbrow dig for fresh elf bones?

Findan: Drop the shovel, Skullbrow. We're ending your grave robbing shenanigans!

(...)

Bounty Agent: Your next contract is a pyromaniac from the Griffin Empire known as Sparky Redbeard. He was last seen playing with fire near the sacred Druid Tree. Hunt him down and return to me for your reward. Good Hunting!

↓↓↓

Sparky: Could I interest you in Redbeard's Ultra-flammable Torches?

Anwen: Ummm, no thanks. Remember Sparky, only YOU can prevent forest fires... and in this case, the "YOU" means US...

Findan: ...and the "prevent forest fires" means KICKING YOUR BUTT!

(...)

Bounty Agent: Angrod Leralond is your next contract. He is an ex-ranger wanted for selling secrets to the Griffin Empire. Seems that even the noble elves have their share of turncoat traitors.

↓↓↓

Angrod: Do not mind me, ranger. I am simply guarding our sacred tree, just like everyone else...

Anwen: Angrod Leralond, your days of treachery are over!

Angrod: We'll see about that!

(...)

Bounty Agent: Your next contract is Cuthlion, a powerful wizard wanted for practicing forbidden magic. He has been spotted near the Mother Seed, surely drawn to its magical properties. He is top priority for us. Good Hunting!

↓↓↓

Cuthlion: Why won't they let me near the Mother Seed?.. I just want one tiny sample... Just one touch... With its power, I could RULE TH—

Anwen: Some magic is not meant for mortals, especially power mad mortals like you, Cuthlion!

Haven

Bounty Agent: Greetings, stranger, I represent your local branch of a certain... organization. Interested in helping us reduce the civilian-to-villain ratio of fair Talonguard? Georgie is a reckless thug who enjoys a stiff cup of milk before a night of pure carnage. He is usually found at... the Sleeping Stag Inn!

↓↓↓

Georgie: Can I borrow a gold piece fer a cuppa milk, good Sire? Alright, I got my MILK ON! Who wants a piece of Georgie?!?

Godric: I guess that would be me!

↓↓↓

Bounty Agent: Interested in another... job? Choose your next bounty from this list.

(...)

Bounty Agent: Your next target is Boydon, an ex-pikeman with a nasty case of psychopath. He's been terrorizing the streets near the Sleeping Stag Inn. Good Hunting!

↓↓↓

Boydon: ...YOU GOT A PRETTY MOUTH!

Varkas: Whoa! What is it with big city crazies!

Boydon: Boydon gonna eatcha! Eatcha up, YUM! BOYDON!

(...)

Bounty Agent: Valdo is a Vampire feared by all the puppies and kitties of Talonguard. He hides in dark corners, and has a real thirst for blood. Take him out, for your dog's sake.

↓↓↓

Valdo: Here, puppy-puppy! Puppy? Good evening, gentlemen... Say, that's very plump looking dog you have there...

Varkas: Rufus, this one is for all of your puppy friends who have fallen to this MONSTER!!!

(...)

Bounty Agent: Carnax... This horrendous Demon has been on our list for decades. Carnax is wanted for terrible atrocities committed during the last Blood Moon Eclipse. He is rumored to be somewhere in this city. Be careful and good hunting!

↓↓↓

Carnax: The time of the Blood Moon approaches! Carnax will join his demon horde soon!

Godric: Even the sewers of Talonguard are too good for demon scum like you, Carnax! Prepare for death!

(...)

Bounty Agent: Your next contract is for Erstam, a Wizard exiled from the Silver Cities. He is wanted for selling Cure-All elixirs laced with deadly venom. Good Hunting!

↓↓↓

Erstam: Brave Knight, you look like you could use a bottle of Erstam's Cure-All Elixir!

Varkas: Phew! This stuff stinks! I think I'm gonna heave...

Godric: We know all about your deadly "Cure-All", Erstam! Time for a dose of your own medicine!

Necropolis

Bounty Agent: Greetings, ghost. I represent the local affiliate of a group dedicated to... tidying up the garbage. And I don't mean wastebaskets. Interested in a bit of work? Your first bounty is for Bug Eye Magurk. His crimes include kidnapping and murder! He was last seen wearing a purple bandanna.

↓↓↓

Swordsman: Keep walkin'kid, if ya know what's good for ya.

Fiona: Purple bandanna... large, buggy eyeballs... that must be Bug Eye Magurk alright!

Bug Eye Magurk: Bug Eye?! I HATE being called BUG EYE!!!

↓↓↓

Bounty Agent: Interested in another... job? Choose your next bounty from this list.

(...)

Bounty Agent: "Stumpy" is an Elf Druid last seen fleeing the Tainted Sands, covered in Treant sap.

Fiona: What is his crime?

Bounty Agent: His delusions make him see people as trees and then he tries to prune their imaginary branches.

↓↓↓

Stumpy: These lands are so... lifeless... soothing... quiet...

Fiona: You seem to be a long way from home, Elf. What brings you to Heresh?

Stumpy: Shhh... shhh, talking tree... let Stumpy prune those dry, little twigs...

(...)

Bounty Agent: Balah is a powerful and handsome wizard who cares little for the sanctity of life. He can be found in dark places.

↓↓↓

Balah: Tell me child, have you ever seen a wizard with robes more exquisite than mine?

Fiona: Excuse me, wizard. Would your name happen to be "Balah"?

Balah: Why of course! What of it, little girl?

Fiona: Do you know there's a bounty on your head?

Balah: Yes, yes, yes. Who do you think posted it, hmmm? It's SO boring being this powerful! Now... are you going to battle me or just stand there admiring my luxurious hair?

(...)

Bounty Agent: Bloodhorn is a demon who has been defiling the ancient ruins of Nar-Harad.

↓↓↓

Bloodhorn: Bloodhorn too angry to talk! Rwaarr! Bloodhorn no talk to little girls! Bloodhorn only EAT little girls! Rwaarr!

(...)

Bounty Agent: Urolox is a Demon Sorcerer spreading chaos around the Eternal Shrine.

↓↓↓

Urolox: You stand before Urolox, human. Be gone, or I shall destroy your soul!

Fiona: I care not for your name, only the price on your flaming head.

Urolox: Bwa-ha-ha! Urolox shall consume you, body and spirit!

Inferno

Bounty Agent: Hmmm... ugly human with a demon army... You may be useful! Interested in a bit of plunder?

Aidan: Does it involve fighting demons?

Bounty Agent: Of course! There's nothing else to plunder around here. Except rocks. Your first job is a demon named Glut. He has been stealing and eating everything. Meat, fruit, pets, tables, chairs... Everything! Come back to me after the job is done and collect your reward.

↓↓↓

Glut: Glut so hungry! Grrrrr! Glut's nose smell food! Glut hungry! Glut's belly angry at him. Stop yelling, belly! No food around. Just this tasty human. TASTY HUMAN!?! BELLY, WE'RE SAVED!

Aidan: Sorry, Glut, but I'm a little tough on the digestive tract.

↓↓↓

Bounty Agent: Interested in some more work? Choose a mission from this list.

(...)

Bounty Agent: Your next target is a wizard by the name of Ra Stavari. He's a very confused missionary from the Silver Cities, trying to convert demons with logic and magic.

↓↓↓

Ra Stavari: Why don't these demons thirst for knowledge as wizards do? Why won't these horned heathens listen to me? I'm trying to set their minds free!

Aidan: Your efforts are wasted on demons. They can't be reasoned with. All you did was put a price on your head.

(...)

Bounty Agent: The next mission is a demon named Bly. His insufficient cruelty led to a mutiny among his overseers. They kicked him out of his own fiefdom! Sheogh cannot tolerate this weakness.

↓↓↓

Bly: Maybe they will invite me back to my fiefdom. If I beg... Should I have whipped them harder? Starved them more? Why didn't my slaves respect me! I was just trying to use modern management skills. Hey, human, let me ask you a question. Do I scare you? Do you fear me?

Aidan: If you have to ask, that should tell you the answer, Bly.

(...)

Bounty Agent: Your next mission is a Necromancer named Drak. He accidentally stranded himself here while practicing some very unusual magic. Now he's killing demons and trying to raise them in his undead army.

Aidan: Killing demons? Why should I care about that?

Bounty Agent: What you think about a particular mission is not important. Just know that Drak's actions have made him enough enemies that he has been put on my list...

↓↓↓

Drak: These demons aren't so tough. I've killed lots of them.

Aidan: You must be Drak.

Drak: What is it to you, human?

Aidan: Oh... probably gold or rubies.

(...)

Bounty Agent: Your next bounty is for Phlecher, the human that led the mutiny against Bly.

Aidan: I will not harm another human! Forget it!

Bounty Agent: He has taken Bly's place, and kept his fellow humans enslaved instead of freeing them. He treats them far worse than Bly did.

Aidan: That is terrible! Very well, human or not, I will punish this Phlecher for his crimes.

↓↓↓

Phlecher: I will never again serve another. I'd rather die! Hey, you! Slave! Did I give you permission to leave my fiefdom? Get back home and sweep my floors!

Aidan: For a human to enslave another human is to split in Elrath's face!

Phlecher: Elrath? Where was Elrath when I was captured and brought to this awful place?

(...)

Bounty Agent: The last mission just came in. It's for a demon-slaying human by the name of, let me see here... Aidan?! The bounty is for... you?

Aidan: Me? Killing demons isn't a crime. I'm doing Ashan a favor!

Bounty Agent: That's not the way they view it here, pal. I'm going to have to take you in.

Aidan: Never! You will not stand in the way of my vengeance!

Bounty Agent: Then we do this the hard way!

↓↓↓

Aidan: Was that really necessary?

Jezebeth: You had no choice, Aidan. That fool stood between you and Azexes.