

Microsoft
game studios

Asheron's Call

DARK MAJESTY

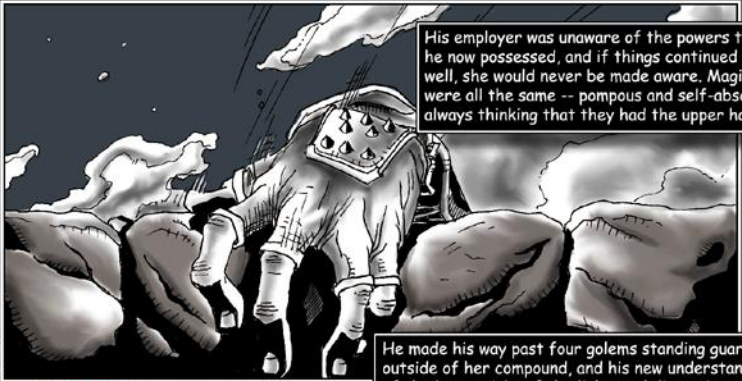


turbine


Event
47 \$9.95
Monthly

REIGN of terror


The guards were simple. They had always been so, even before his change.



His employer was unaware of the powers that he now possessed, and if things continued to go well, she would never be made aware. Magicians were all the same -- pompous and self-absorbed, always thinking that they had the upper hand.



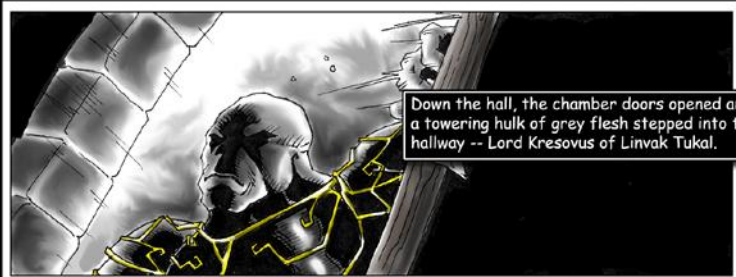
He made his way past four golems standing guard outside of her compound, and his new understanding of shadows, tricks of the light, and distortion of sound gave him reason to smile.



He rode the shadow along the wall and over a brazier, moving silently along the corridor. Plates were being shuffled in and out of water behind a thick wooden door. Guards sat discussing their failed assault on the ancient Olthoi Queen with incredulous voices.

His employer had succeeded at their end of the bargain. Antius, the High Queen's new love, was nowhere to be found. Asheron, Elysa's once protector, was still hard at work in his tower, researching a way to drive the Olthoi away...

... or perhaps the rumors were true and he was missing.



Down the hall, the chamber doors opened and a towering hulk of grey flesh stepped into the hallway -- Lord Kresovus of Linvak Tukul.



Behind him were Aun Harletah of Timaru, Ciandra of the Arcanum, Fadsahil al-Tashbi, Celdiseth, Shoyanen Kenchu and Nuhmudira.

They were solemn, nearly somber, as they made their way away from the meeting. The High Queen remained in the room, her back to the door, staring into a fire that had been built to shield the council against the night air.



He slipped through the doors,
still riding the shadows,
and waited for the door latches to click into place.

Elysa stood there, arms crossed, mesmerized at the dancing sparks that leapt within the fireplace. He wondered, what was running through her mind. She must have a heavy heart; she had been defeated after all.



She was showing signs of weakness and now the slaving mobs that decried her as Queen had a tangible example. Better that she be put out of her misery than watch as her people rebelled and dragged her down.



He made his way toward her, extending his hearing. Her breathing was normal, but her heart pounded, and the sound of the blood coursing through her veins brought a thin smile to his face.



He wondered to himself what it would feel like to truly die on this world. Most would only face death at old age. He would never face death, but then there were those like Elysa...

Death was here for her now.



Three steps to the balustrade and out into the night air.
The time had come to collect his payment.



The scream was sudden and shrill. The councilors stopped
in their tracks and turned back toward the meeting hall.



As they breached the room, shock
spread across their faces. Elysa was
already growing pale. She lay in a
crumpled heap, in a pool of her own
blood, at the mouth of the fireplace.



Aun Hareltah began drumming, howling into the night.
Lord Kresovus searched the room for the assassin.
Fadsahil immediately began efforts to
heal the Queen.



Nuhmudira made her way to the balustrade
and dropped a small pouch over the edge.
The trinket never reached the ground, and the
sound that it made was covered by her shout.

"Out here!

I just saw them run into the shadows!"