

# NIGHTS DOMINION

ISSUE 2

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY

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**A** Bard, an Assassin, a Magus, an Acolyte, and a Thief meet inside a tavern in the corrupt city of Umber. The Bard's got a plan that can make them all rich beyond their wildest dreams, but it involves breaking into the most heavily-guarded building in Umber: the Tower of Uhlume. Emerane, the thief, doesn't want any part of this plan—she's doing fine on her own. Until she accidentally crosses the Furie, Umber's resident vigilante, who tips off the authorities to Emerane's hoard of valuables. With her stash gone, she begrudgingly joins the Bard's group as they prepare to infiltrate the tower.

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LOOKS LIKE A DEAD END TO ME.

WE MUST MAKE A PATH. BEYOND THIS WALL, THE CHAINS RUN DOWN TO THE BASE OF THE TOWER, WHERE GREAT MACHINES BEAR THE WEIGHT OF THE GOD.

AND HOW DO WE GET THROUGH?



WITH OLD-FASHIONED SWEAT.

EXCELLENT.



WAKE ME WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED.

ON THE CONTRARY, MY MAGICAL FRIEND

THIS IS WHERE YOU, I, AND OUR YOUNG ACOLYTE EARN OUR SHARE.



THE OTHERS KEEP WATCH. WE DIG.

ARE YOU JOKING?



IS IT TRUE? DID THE NIGHT REALLY HOARD EVERYTHING SHE EVER STOLE LIKE A MISER?

GRUMBLE



YOU SAY THIS ISN'T A GAME, YET YOU PLAY IT LIKE A CHILD COLLECTING SHELLS. THE REST OF US HAVE EVERYTHING AT STAKE.



MEANING YOUR WRETCHED LIVES? WHAT ARE THEY WORTH?

WHAT? NO LESS THAN YOURS, I RECKON.

DO YOU REALLY?



THE BOY WILL GO BACK TO HIS EMPTY TEMPLE TO PLEAD WITH THE SKY, THE MAGUS WILL RETURN TO ROBBING THE CREDULOUS...



...AND YOU'LL GO BACK TO SLITTING THROATS, STARTING WITH THAT OF OUR DEAR PRINCESS, NO DOUBT.

AND WHAT OF YOUR SHARE?



THEY SHOULD CALL YOU THE MAGPIE, COLLECTING GLITTERING TRINKETS FOR THRILL ALONE.



HAVE YOU EVER BEEN INSIDE THE IRON KEEP? FOR A JOB, PERHAPS?

THE DEBTOR'S PRISON? NO. IT'S IMPENETRABLE. BESIDES, ANYONE IN THERE WOULD BE BETTER OFF DEAD.

MY BROTHER IS IN THERE. EVERY YEAR, I TRY TO BUY HIS FREEDOM.

EVERY YEAR, THE PRICE DOUBLES. TEN YEARS...



THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE NIGHT? YOU'RE ROBBING THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN UMBER TO RELIEVE YOUR DEADBEAT BROTHER'S DEBTS?

THEY WEREN'T HIS DEBTS.



OUR FATHER OWED THOUSANDS TO THE OLD LORD SOLEDAD. HE EVADED THE COLLECTORS FOR YEARS.

WHEN HE DIED, CLAUDE INHERITED THE DEBT.



HE WAS NOT TEN YEARS OLD WHEN THEY TOOK HIM...



YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR SKINS, THAT YOU ALL MAY RETURN TO LIVING LIKE LEECHES OFF THE PAIN OF OTHERS. LIKE EVERYONE IN THIS DUNGHEAP OF A CITY.

NOW JUST A MOMENT--



WHAT DO YOU CARE FOR THE INNOCENT LIVES YOU RUIN?



I'D SEE YOU ALL BURN IN SEVEN HELLS TO SET HIM FREE!

WHO'S THERE?



PERHAPS YOU MAY WISH TO WATCH A LITTLE MORE SILENTLY.

CURSE IT! THIS IS WHY I WORK ALONE.

**INTRUDERS!!**

HE'S TOO FAR AWAY! HE'LL RAISE THE ALARM FOR SURE! IT'S OVER.

NOT YET!

**EMERANE!!**



**SOUND THE BELL! THIEVES! INTRUDERS!**



CURSE IT ALL!



