



SO YOU'LL UNDERSTAND IF I'M CONCERNED THAT YOU MAY FEEL AN OVERWHELMING NEED TO BURY YOUR *BLADE* IN MY BACK.

IS THIS SOMETHING I SHOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT, MARIUS?

NO.



AND YOU'RE CERTAIN?

NOT SEEKING TO EXACT A *BLOODY* VENGEANCE AGAINST THE PEOPLE WHO *ENSLAVED* YOU?

NOT DRIVEN BY AN ALL-CONSUMING HATRED OF ALL *MAGES*?



I DON'T HATE MAGES.

YOU ARE *PERREPATAE*--



MAGISTER NENEALEUS MADE ME *PERREPATAE*. I HAD NO CHOICE.

IT'S THE ONLY THING I KNOW HOW TO DO.



IT'S WHAT I AM.

THERE.



SIGNAL GENT--

GOOD.

--FROM MY *BOW*.

WITH ITS *AIMING* CRYSTAL, RIGHT.

I'M NOT A--

--MAGE, YES, SO YOU KEEP SAYING.



