



Even with his weird, scuttling, spider-like gait, the Ligurian assassin's head start on Abit yawned into an insurmountable chasm.



Through the heart of the battle for Hippri they ran, and Abit's sandals slipped and slid on the torrents of blood.

The battle-maddened paid no attention to either him or his prey as they desperately tried to kill or live in alternating bursts of thrusting and parrying.



Prince Almuric stood atop the main slave block in the center of the slaughter like a king demon in the inferno...


YES! YOU SEE, WELCOME US WITH OPEN ARMS, MY FRIENDS!

WE ARE YOUR LIBERATORS!




WE ARE BREAKERS OF CHAINS!


...a demon who yet deluded himself he was an angel welcoming souls to heaven.




The fleeing scout ran past a group of his own fellows who had captured a struggling merchant and were about to roast him on an open spit.



And the screams of the violated pierced through Abit's ears even from a great distance, no matter how hard he tried to convince himself he was not hearing them.




Across the slaughter he leapt, seeing babes and dogs and priests intermingled among the gore in the streets.



Abit of Kush was yet a young man, and like many young men believed it was his duty and his destiny to solve the world's problems.

He had been a soldier all his short life and had killed men, but had been able to also convince himself it was just that they died while he was spared.

But now, as he passed through the doom of Nippr, he felt the full mass of the world's evil push down on his own minuscule existence...



...and that weight felt unyielding.

Immovable.



