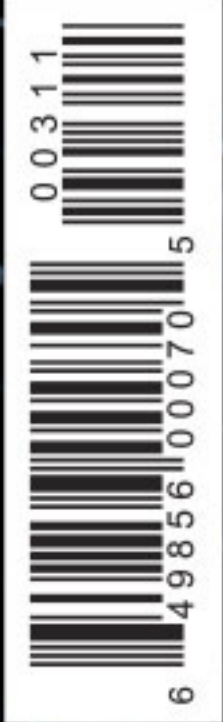


NIGHTS' DOMINION™

BY TED NAIFEH



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NIGHTS DOMINION

ISSUE 3

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY

TED NAIFEH

Inside the Tower of Uhlume, Emerane and the others make their way to the treasure room. Along the way they see things they wish they hadn't: a group of worshippers being bathed in light from the "Eye of Uhlume," as well as believers who are transformed into skull-headed, undead warriors. The treasure room they find empty – save for a decrepit old man imprisoned within. Then, they're surrounded by the cult of Uhlume and their undead army. Emerane risks capture to save the imprisoned man, and she and the others make it out by way of an underwater passage. When they emerge outside the Tower, they find the Furie, waiting for them. For Emerane.

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I NEVER BELIEVED HE WAS REAL.

WHAT IS HE?

THE UMBER KNIGHT, SELF-DECLARED PUNISHER OF THE UNJUST AND PROTECTOR OF THE CITY.

HE'S A MADMAN.

MY BUSINESS IS WITH HER ALONE.



THE REST OF YOU MAY GO.



YOU THINK US HONORLESS CHURLS?

THUNK



FUMP





POK

USING MY OWN BLADES AGAINST ME? FOOLISH.



TASTE FOXFIRE, WHORESON!



MANNERS, MAGUS.



YOU WANT ME? IT WILL COST YOU DEAR!



YOU'VE ALREADY COST ME MORE THAN YOU KNOW, THIEF!

AAGH!

SHRUG THIS ONE OFF, YOU MISSHAPEN DOG'S PIZZLE.



SPAK

YOU CAN'T FIGHT WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE.



CAN I NOT?

CRUNCH



YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN FIGHT IN THE DARK, FURIE.

YOUR FRIENDS CANNOT PROTECT YOU.

NOTHING CAN PROTECT YOU FROM ME. YOU WILL FACE JUSTICE.

JUSTICE? YOU MEAN A HANGING IN THE MARKET SQUARE TO TEACH THE OTHER SLAVES THEIR PLACE.

YOU ARE CHAMPION OF A TORTURE CHAMBER. YOUR JUSTICE? JUST ANOTHER TAIL OF THE WHIP?

DO YOUR WORST, UMBER KNIGHT, BUT SPARE ME YOUR PLATITUDES.

YOUR TALK OF JUSTICE MEANS NO MORE TO ME THAN THE BARDS' SONGS...

...THAN THE CLERICS' PRAYERS.

EMPTY WORDS.



