

1 *He catches it and rushes onwards with a mighty war cry.*

2 *However, Abaddon will not be undone by this and he breaks free from*  
3 *Amra's telekinetic binds.*

4 Abaddon: Absharu; Enum Shalshu: Akkilu!<sup>19</sup>

5

6 *This time, the sword glows with a cyan coloured aura, and begins to drain*  
7 *the mana from the surrounding area, causing the bog to shrivel and deplete.*

8 *Not only this, but it also sucks in the mana from Baldur's 'Sundrian', turning it int*  
9 *a useless, normal axe. The same goes for his own personal mana as well and he*  
10 *falls on his knees from exhaustion, Amra as well loses her wings and falls*  
11 *towards the ground, but she manages to land on her feet safely although she*  
12 *immediately falls on her knees as well from the loss of strength.*

13

14 Amra: Mierde...! Fuck! (Falls on the ground completely)

15 *Abaddon uses his 'Shadow Step' and sweeps past Baldur, cleaving him in*  
16 *half and ending his life.*

17 Amra: Nooo! (Strains herself to get up on her knees).

18 Abaddon: (approaches her) It is the second time we face each other Amra,  
19 and twice you fail.

20 *Amra looks at him full of scorn.*

21 Abaddon: It would be such a shame and a waste to let someone like yourself  
22 perish here; there is no need for you to die this time, I could use you in my ranks.

23 Amra: Heh...how ironic...I said the same thing to one of your Dragonkin  
24 before I killed her.

25 Abaddon: I see...but it doesn't have to be the same way for you.

26 Amra: You're asking me to betray the people with whom I've built peaceful  
27 relations for the past one hundred years...people who trust me... something you  
28 cannot possibly understand, can you, Abaddon.

29 Abaddon: ... Tell me, where will that trust go if you go back defeated and  
30 broken?

31 *She looks at him with confusion and angst.*

32 Abaddon: They will laugh at you and scorn you, especially that old fart  
33 Arthur since no doubt *he* was the one most against your going.

34 *Amra's eyes begin to waver.*

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<sup>19</sup> Third stance: Gluttony.

1 Abaddon: Admit it, there is nothing left for you, look around; your men and  
2 women are almost completely wiped out.

3

4 *She does so and her eyes fill up with images of death and carnage. Broken*  
5 *bodies and broken swords, endless blood soaking into the land; Abaddon's*  
6 *hordes rallying up what remains of both armies accompanied with their screams*  
7 *of anguish and an immeasurable sense of dread befalls her.*

8 Abaddon: And those people you deem friends secretly despise you, you  
9 know this, don't you?

10 *The scene of the council where she got into a squabble with Urania comes to*  
11 *mind.*

12 Amra: No...you're wrong! The only one that spoke up was that wench  
13 Urania!

14 Abaddon: One speaks what all inwardly think, they cowardly sent you off to  
15 your doom instead of rallying up all their forces and standing to fight against me.

16 Amra: If that came to pass...we would not be having this talk.

17 Abaddon: Indeed, but it didn't because they are not your friends, and only  
18 care for their own survival every single one of them. They only stick together  
19 because it is convenient for them but when the bough breaks, none are willing to  
20 take a risk, so they pushed on the responsibility to you.

21 Amra: No one made us! We made that choice on our own, we could've  
22 stayed and fought with the rest but we...(winces).

23 Abaddon: In that case, they could've invoked the power of the treaty to force  
24 you into submission, but they gave their consent. I bet it was Folduin that made  
25 the final push, wasn't he?

26 Amra: How do you know...?

27 Abaddon: I'm no fool, Amra. I've seen many things while I roamed the land  
28 in my spirit form, I know how they work.

29 Amra: ...

30 Abaddon: I'm guessing what they really thought is that at best you'd defeat  
31 the weakened enemy and if not, at least you'd deal a significant blow to his  
32 forces, and they would also get rid of a nuisance in the process.

33 Amra: Again, with that? You're just trying to twist my mind! I won't fall on  
34 your poisonous words! Not again! Never again! It has been two hundred years,  
35 but my heart still has not mended from the blow you dealt me!

36 *He looks her deep in the eyes.*

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Amra: Say something damn you!

Abaddon: Amra, you are creatures of the night, you were meant to be in the darkness with us from the start. There is no place for you in their world of 'light' (extends his hand) join me and I will give you everything.

Amra: (spits in his hand) Don't sell me off so cheaply! I told you! I won't fall for your words!

Abaddon: (shakes off the spit) Let me paint you a picture then. There are two ways this can transpire; one: I kill you and then reanimate your corpse to do my bidding like a mindless puppet or, two: you consent to serving me willingly. What's it going to be?

Amra: (grunts) You truly are despicable...

Abaddon: I know, and I take great pride in it.

Amra: ... I have one condition though, if I'm going to serve you, it will be as a queen.

Abaddon: Sorry but that position is already taken.

Amra: You have a spouse?

Abaddon: Perhaps.

Amra: ...

Abaddon: Not to worry, you will serve as one of my commanders, an honourable position for a woman of your stature.

Amra: And what makes you think I won't betray you?

Abaddon: Oh, after I'm done with you, that thought will be forever banished from your mind.

Amra: What do you mean...?

Abaddon: Take my hand and find out.

*She does so although reluctantly and then she screams out in pain as an unimaginable surge of power rushes through her entire being. A magical pentagram with purple colour appears beneath their feet, as Abaddon is chanting something. A dark purple aura with black undertones shoots up from beneath Amra. The Demon King was working his nigromancy – it was the same ritual he used on Grulk to transform him into a Bugbear.*