

# Avalon - Diablo II Mod

News

Basic information

Stories

Uber Levels

Uber Bossovia

Uber Itemy

Boss Itemy

Unique Items

Avalon

Avalon Trophy Quest

Book Quest

Horadric Cube

RuneWords

FragWords

Buildy

Media

Forum


Avalon Realm

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Meno: paradisegaming.eu

IP: d2.paradisegaming.eu

Zone: -1

Server status:  offline

Avalon Mód

Verzia: Avalon 2.1 final

Download: [avalon.akfabian.sk](#)

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Webpage statistics

## Bitva u Avalon

CONTENTS

1. Introduction

2. Calm before the storm

3. The longest night

4. Fight

5. Massacre on the second wall

6. The powerful wake up

7. Fulfilled destiny

### Introduction

Avalon was a valley town, its location acted as a scar in the limestone mountains, it was a large and rich city, which was not located in a humid landscape rich in soil and natural resources, thanks to its location in the valley gorge between the rocks that firmly surrounded the city, protected it from three sides and made it an almost perfect fortress, in the summer there were abundant rains and mild winters. The gorge turned slightly deeper and the city was built in stages as separate fortresses, in addition, small castles and chateaux were scattered in the city, a memory of the time when the city was ruled by various ancient families, which eventually mixed and united and ruled the city for 300 years.

At the time we are talking about, the people of Avalon lived happily and happily, and together they guarded the great treasure stored in the Azure Temple, the Book of Ages. This book was written in times that no one remembers, and its text is written in two parts. The first, written in ancient language, is a chronicle of the past, present and future, and the art of reading its script is always passed on by the Supreme Archdeacon to his successor, whom he determines at an early age through the ritual of the ages. The second part of the book is written in runes and can only be understood by the eyes of the elect, those who have embarked on the path of pure magic, who have not betrayed old traditions and tarnished their customs or blood, those who do not know the shame of the Rathmans.

According to legend, the book writes about the very foundations of magic itself, about the raw energy itself, the natural force that makes up all magic, that energy is finite, and is divided between the heavenly realm, the realm of hell and the worldly realm, and that these energies it must be in balance, because if one of the empires received too much energy, it would become ruling and chaos would ensue. This balance is broken by these two realms, the realm of hell and the worldly realm, the demons strive for world domination from the beginning of the ages, and humans break the balance by their greed and selfishness, the only heavenly realm and the Rathamna tribe understand the meaning of balance and see to it.

Legend has it that the book lays the foundations of secular, heavenly and infernal magic, so it was considered heretical by blinded monks of antiquity and expelled from the Westmarch Empire, where it was without protection against powerful greedy demons and corrupt Vizier wizards. Demons have always longed for power, and the Book of Ages brings control of all the power of the world. Therefore, the enlightened Avalon rulers had it found and brought back to the Temple of Azure, where it is said to have originated. He remains there to this day.

Only the Supreme Archpriest can read the future in the book, so from time to time, when the runes on the spine of the book light up, he will reveal things in the future in the form of prophecy. Archduke Draymus last prophesied that in exactly one hundred years a catastrophe would come to Avalon that no human had ever faced, but the book no longer revealed how and if Avalon would cope with the catastrophe, the book apparently did not know or reveal its own destiny.

And tomorrow will be exactly one hundred years since the day the prophecy was uttered ...

### Calm before the storm

As he looked anxiously at the sky every morning, it had been almost a hundred days since the sky was strangely, ominously dark, as if eternal night, and yet it was not a full night, just a heavy darkness that fell on every inhabitant of Avalon, Sep he didn't even remember the last time he heard laughter. He rinsed his face, looked in the mirror, and thought. That there was only some truth to my grandfather's stories? He vaguely remembered how his grandfather had haunted him with stories of the wars of sin, and the fraternal trinity, which, by chance and thanks to the famous hero, had not conquered the whole world and the prophecy that Avalon would be struck by some disaster. But they were fairy tales, there is no such thing as demons, there can be no such thing. If the prophecy were true, he would expect a gale or a locust than a hell of a disaster. And so did most of the city. It is true that there are several people in the city who are able to control magic, but at most they light torches or move ordinary objects, which is something quite different from demons like Diablo, who break their mountains with a wave of their hands. Still, isn't the darkness of almost a hundred days lasting when they didn't see a single flash of sunlight something like that? Sep didn't even want to think about it, after all, the scariest creature he had ever seen was a large cave bear, and he was still a boy, today he would make such an animal a nice decoration for the house. It is perhaps human nature that they close their eyes to fear, and rather than fight and defend themselves, they simply go blind and simply try to survive everything. who wave their hands to break the mountain. Still, isn't the darkness of almost a hundred days lasting when they didn't see a single flash of sunlight something like that? Sep didn't even want to think about it, after all, the scariest creature he had ever seen was a large cave bear, and he was still a boy, today he would make such an animal a nice decoration for the house. It is perhaps human nature that they close their eyes to fear, and rather than fight and defend themselves, they simply go blind and simply try to survive everything. who wave their hands to break the mountain. Still, isn't the darkness of almost a hundred days lasting when they didn't see a single flash of sunlight something like that? Sep didn't even want to think about it, after all, the scariest creature he had ever seen was a large cave bear, and he was still a boy, today he would make such an animal a nice decoration for the house. It is perhaps human nature that they close their eyes to fear, and rather than fight and defend themselves, they simply go blind and simply try to survive everything.

He packed his things and set off, working in the smithy, a stout and talented man, able to forge beautiful and great weapons and armor. He was a mature adult, had no family or longed for his own family, contented himself with his sister's large family of six, and enjoyed his occasional acquaintance with various attractive city dwellers. He was very handsome and hardworking, but he could enjoy life, always after work he went with his friends to the pub next to the smithy, where he always had a good time. Which, of course, has not been the case for the last hundred days ...

When he had lunch and returned to work at the anvil, he began to ponder again, as he often did, about the various inhabitants of the city. Some people here were very strange, the young and gifted witch Ravenna was probably the most powerful creature he knew, seeing with his own eyes the ease of a butterfly sitting on a flower with the thought of lifting a heavy chariot loaded with building stones that overwhelmed an unfortunate passerby the car's wheel tore off so that the rushing rescuers could pull it out and take it to the hospital. He was quite close with Ravenna, they had already spent many evenings with other friends having fun together.

Another strange or rather strange inhabitant was Archduke Henneval, who was said to be the most powerful in the city, to protect the city. But when a catastrophe came, such as a fire nine years ago, the Archpriest did nothing but watch idly from his room in the tower of the Azure Temple. So what does it protect the city from? What could be a worse danger for a city than such a fire? Sep remembered it very well, like every man in town he helped put out fire nine years ago. The archpriest also has the function of city administrator, together with a council composed of representatives of the city nobility governing the city.

And then there's the strangest, old weirdo, who always walks around the city shrouded in a dark hood, with his horned bone helmet

on his face, and the gloves and boots of the black skin of a creature Sep hasn't seen in his life, and he's always carrying his strange wand and at the waist has a long, zigzag curved bright white dagger. It's Grammator, said to be a necromancer, Sep had never

heard of them, and his grandfather hadn't said anything about these freaks. He heard among the people that he was engaged in dark magic, the magic of hell itself, and many times there was an overzealous group of people who wanted to burn or otherwise kill a necromancer. However, the Archduke himself holds a protective hand over Grammator, which has damaged his popularity a lot, but he probably believes that it will pay off for him. And so the slightly hunched Grammator walks undisturbed through the long corridors of the Azure Temple, staring with keen gray eyes at the city from the terraced gardens, where he lives in his humble house, which once belonged to a court gardener. Today, however, he lives in the palace. Grammator is also said to be very old, and even the oldest people in the city do not remember ever seeing Grammator's face younger than it is today.

Eventually Sep thought of his sister Val, she had married a simple farmer from the lower town, they had a fairly nice house a short distance from the outer walls, which he had bought for his earnings by making a set of beautiful armor for the sons of the ruling family.

The longest night

At night Sep had a dream, it was the worst nightmare, he saw the faces of creatures that must have come from hell, laughed at him, humiliated him, tore him to pieces and ate him, hungrily devoured his blood, heard the cries of thousands of souls, he saw people long dead, he saw his father, ragged, crawling towards him in heavy armor and pulling a heavy two-handed sword behind him on the ground, the sound of metal rattling on the stone ground was unbearable, he heard his sister's death cry ...

And then he woke up, and what he heard and saw was perhaps even worse, he heard terrified cries from all the houses, saw that the sky was no longer as black as the last three months but fiery red, and red lightning flashed on it. He soon realized that the whole city had a dream like his. He dressed quickly and went to the cellar where he had armor and a sword. He ran in front of the house and saw the city guards running towards the outer wall of the city. As a renowned blacksmith, he had access to all military posts and so he ran to the highest tower of the second wall, which protected his neighborhood. Confused, he ran, ran as fast as never before, still thinking about Val, if an attack came on the city, only the outer wall protects it, the farmhouses are right on the outskirts of the city so that the peasants can have it close to their fields. The city bathed in orange glow looked terrible. When he ran to the wall and rushed to the door of the tower, he looked toward the city's borders, a huge number of bright lights approaching the city, pushed open the door to the tower, and took the stairs in threes, with each window toward the open landscape in front of the city becoming more and more aware of the terrifying scenery. As he ran to the top of the tower, he almost fell over the battlements as he slammed into him to finally see. The next moment, he regretted it, because every mortal would rather never see what he saw. The lights he saw were in fact torches of a huge army approaching the city. To his utmost concern, Sep began to realize that it was not an army of humans, but all sorts of hellish creatures not unlike those Sep saw in that terrible dream, he wanted to wake up, he wanted to wake up so badly, but he realized all too painfully that this was already there is no dream. Suddenly the army unleashed a strange ghost from each of the beams that Sep could not recognize from such a distance, it was as if the beams themselves had flew against the city at insane speeds, they must have been here at any moment. They were skulls, hideous fiery skulls that suddenly filled every corner of the city, flew, terrified people, gave hysterical laughter, and terrified screams that pierced everyone's brains. One skull flew past Sepa and occasionally circled the tower, then flew right in front of Sepa and laughed into his face with a frightening expression, an angry sword waving at her with a sword, and he slammed into the ground as Sep dropped it under the force he swung. The skull creaked again, flew through Sepa, and with an excited murmur flew to meet other frightened people. it was as if the beams themselves were flying at the city at insane speeds, they must have been here at any moment. They were skulls, hideous fiery skulls that suddenly filled every corner of the city, flew, terrified people, gave hysterical laughter, and terrified screams that pierced everyone's brains. One skull flew past Sepa and occasionally circled the tower, then flew right in front of Sepa and laughed into his face with a frightening expression, an angry sword waving at her with a sword, and he slammed into the ground as Sep dropped it under the force he swung. The skull creaked again, flew through Sepa, and with an excited murmur flew to meet other frightened people. which pierced everyone's brain. One skull flew past Sepa and occasionally circled the tower, then flew right in front of Sepa and laughed into his face with a frightening expression, an angry sword waving at her with a sword, and he slammed into the ground as Sep dropped it under the force he swung. The skull creaked again, flew through Sepa, and with an excited murmur flew to meet other frightened people. which pierced everyone's brain. One skull flew past Sepa and occasionally circled the tower, then flew right in front of Sepa and laughed into his face with a frightening expression, an angry sword waving at her with a sword, and he slammed into the ground as Sep dropped it under the force he swung. The skull creaked again, flew through Sepa, and with an excited murmur flew to meet other frightened people. which pierced everyone's brain. One skull flew past Sepa and occasionally circled the tower, then flew right in front of Sepa and laughed into his face with a frightening expression, an angry sword waving at her with a sword, and he slammed into the ground as Sep dropped it under the force he swung. The skull creaked again, flew through Sepa, and with an excited murmur flew to meet other frightened people.

he saw seven pairs of burning eyes, the middle one, the largest of which clung to him. Blood froze in his veins, icy sweat broke out on his body, his heart was barely pounding, he pounded his head with his fists but couldn't get rid of the image, curled into a ball and just fluttered his feet like a dying beetle, looked at a demon and was obsessed. When he suddenly felt liberation, relief, he stood hard, and looked toward the palace, where a bright white light was spreading, that light gave him strength, courage, and suddenly nothing was so terrible or incomprehensible. And he heard the thundering voice of the Archpriest: like a dying beetle, he looked at the demon and was possessed. When he suddenly felt liberation, relief, he stood hard, and looked toward the palace, where a bright white light was spreading, that light gave him strength, courage, and suddenly nothing was so terrible or incomprehensible. And he heard the thundering voice of the Archpriest: "People of Avalon, listen, we have been attacked by unimaginable evil! But we will overcome this evil! We are warriors of Avalon! The demon Krogoth came for the Book of Ages to become the most powerful and transform our world into his abominable kingdom of hell! But we will not give it to him! We are warriors of Avalon! This is our task, this is our destiny! The sight of the demon will not hold you from now, you will not know fear, we are stronger! This city is built to protect the book! That is why we are here! This is our sacred purpose! Brothers and sisters! "

It was so wonderful that Sep had never felt anything more beautiful, the magic the priest had summoned, the power. Suddenly it was clear what to do, to fight, to protect the city, that is its sacred purpose, that's why it's here. He also noticed that the skulls had disappeared. He ran down from the tower, below to join a group of friends who were already running towards battle, towards fate, but what they didn't know, also towards death.

Combat

After a moment of sprint, there were huge gates on the wall, surrounded by massive circular towers, the gate was as if immersed more in the city than the walls, so the defenders had more opportunities to repel the attackers from the gate. The first attackers were strange, unarmored, two-headed, two-arm, sliding creatures, each holding a weapon, their emerald green eyes glowing and showing that their intervention could kill an unfortunate defender even when he was safe for a long time ... His friends were already Prepared with bows and spears, he himself excelled in close combat, waiting for some ladders or something the demons would want to get to the walls. However, if he expected some conventional conquest tactics, he was terribly wrong, because these demons began to climb comfortably up the wall. All the defenders on the walls quickly exchanged bows and spears for more suitable weapons. From a distance came the cries of those who didn't make it. The rumble of weapons began to sound, Sep drew, and with a mad expression he waited for the first demons, he could finally unleash his previous trauma. Because they were submerged in the wall, it took the demons a few seconds longer to reach it. Sep was already waiting for the climbing demon, and with all his might he struck him in the head with the handle, the demon fell and, despite the depth of fifteen meters, he just knocked and climbed again. Meanwhile, several other demons rushed against the wall. Sep crossed the weapon with the nearest, and while he was covering the lunges of the two swords, a third hand tried to grab him with his claws under his arm, but only scratched at the smooth metal of Sep's perfect armor of his own making. He gripped the demon's hand under his arm and broke it with a deft twist, giving the demon's elbow in the head with his other hand. They were pressed against their bodies now, and Sep could feel the demon's hideous breath, the demon tried to bite him, so he didn't wait for anything, he threw his sword in his hand so that it was pointing downwards, and during the next turn to the opposite side he plunged it into the demon's back. The demon squealed and fell to the ground. Sep looked at the demon standing on the battlement, looking around as if he wanted to jump on someone, the next moment he was hit sharply by a flying spear and the demon fell over the wall. The next moment, Sepa was threatened by a demon with a halberd, he cut furiously after Sep, but the blade just hit the ground hard, Sep jumped on it and thus broke the halberd. Before the demon could draw the backup knives, he lost both heads. Suddenly, Sep received a sharp blow to the back, and one of the defenders, on whom the demon jumped, fell on him and bit his throat. Sep rose quickly, kicked the demon, and with a furious slash across his chest caused a deep blow, several ribs fell to the ground, and the demon collapsed. At that time, Sep noticed another peculiarity, namely that the demons were not bleeding, so he began to doubt their mortality and decided to take more care of the injuries he caused. An arrow hissed around his head, and for a moment he heard a deafening blow, and the charred demon's hand flew before his face. He looked back in the direction from which she had flown, his heart pounding, and Ravenna stared at him with a mischievous smile and began to fry more demons. A demon landed hard on Sep and knocked him down, Sep lost his weapon and lay pressed against his stomach so he couldn't defend himself. The demon was already rummaging through his throat when Sep

noticed that a steel helmet was falling close to him. He grabbed her and slammed hard behind him, his hand gripping him as the metal hit the bone and his helmet rolled off. The stunned demon was slowly gathering off the ground, but Sep was already standing over him with his weapon at the ready,

With no more enemies around him now, he allowed himself the luxury of watching his friend crush the demon with a heavy hammer, and immediately crushed the face of one demon's head with the other side of the shaft. Sep looked at the warrior bitten by the demon, just got up, raised his weapon, then turned to Sep, Sep's gaze met the lensless gaze, and before Sep realized what was happening, the undead soldier reached out with a heavy two-handed sword to cut his head off. , Absolutely didn't have time to react and only managed to move his head, received a hard blow to the shoulder and fell sharply to the ground. A sharp pain shot through his knee, he shouted. One of his friends noticed this and ran sharply against the living soldier. Two bodies collided and they both fell to the ground, the living warrior lying on the undead, crushing his throat with the ax shaft, which didn't bother the undead too much. He grabbed his opponent and with absolute ease picked him up and threw him to the side, where he stabbed the sticking spear. Sep had already woken up and jumped straight at the undead's chest in a fit of rage. Something broke and the undead began to stumble on Sep's feet. He, standing on it, slammed his volume blade into the undead's head with his hands, then kicked him down the wall. There was no time to mourn for a friend because another demon with a long knife in each hand was groping for him. Sep couldn't resist him too much with one sword, so he bent down quickly in front of him and immediately straightened up again, grabbing the demon in the crotch and throwing it over himself, hitting him in the chest with the prepared blade. Behind him, he heard a familiar grunt, and as he turned back, he swung violently back and cut another demon in half. He grabbed his opponent and with absolute ease picked him up and threw him to the side, where he stabbed the sticking spear. 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Suddenly he noticed that other demons coming to the fortress, holding incendiary bottles of some oil in their hands, shouting as many comrades as possible, shouting the incoming demons almost immediately with a volley of arrows from the towers. Yet a few flammable bottles flew to meet the defenders, and it was frightening to watch the comrades die in the flames. Sep deftly grabbed one of the incendiary bottles so that it wouldn't break against his steel gloves, and struck the nearest demon on the head with it, who immediately died in the fire.

The ranks of these Krogoth demons seemed to have thinned significantly, the first wave repulsed, but without a moment's rest other, large fat demons with unnaturally large arms approached, all wrapped up in small demons with long white hair. These demons had a long whip in one hand and a fireball in the other. And the great demons threw the little ones. Sep realized very quickly that the sword was not enough for him, and he grabbed his shield. He was expecting an attack and received it very quickly, the next moment Imp was flying directly at him. Sep no longer left anything to chance, he did not bounce Impa back in front of the walls with his shield, but to the side where the demon hit the ground hard and the straight stunned demon arrived with a quick cut. To his left, another Imp thrust his fireball hand into one of the defenders' helmets. A terrible roar and the body falls to the ground. Imp wasn't expecting anything and threw his fireball at another of the defenders, who broke through his armor and burned his entire hip, fell dead to the ground. This demon performance of Sepa infuriated him and he ran against Imp, but he tripped his legs with unexpected force, and Sep slammed himself to the ground and struck hard on the head. He began to sink into the darkness, awakened by a white flash and the smell of burnt flesh, opened his eyes, and Imp's body shook on the ground in front of him. Someone was helping him to his feet. It was Ravenna, he smiled at her, held hands briefly, and then they both returned to the fight, Ravenna looking amazing in her rune-covered suit. He began to sink into the darkness, awakened by a white flash and the smell of burnt flesh, opened his eyes, and Imp's body shook on the ground in front of him. Someone was helping him to his feet. It was Ravenna, he smiled at her, held hands briefly, and then they both returned to the fight, Ravenna looking amazing in her rune-covered suit.

Suddenly, Sep's heart and breath stopped, one of the fireballs flew straight at Ravenna, he roared like he had never roared in his life, but it was no longer valid, he didn't have time to warn Ravenna. The fireball struck Ravenna violently and hard, where her shoulders were exposed and nothing covered her. Sep breathed a surprise. The fireball exploded just in front of Ravenna, and a pale blue shield pulsed around her, and Ravenna, who responded to Sep's roar, grinned innocently at him and shrugged. "That girl will survive us all here," Sep thought.

The demons began to concentrate on the towers as the archers inflicted heavy losses on them, as did the hot oil that the defenders poured on them. So Sep stood in front of the gate to the tower and defended it. One Imp stood directly against him. He just looked at Sep and laughed. Sep sensed the betrayal, which came immediately, Imp raised a fireball in front of his mouth and blew into it. A stream of fire erupted against Sep, hurling himself to the ground and placing a wide shield in front of him. He felt unbearable heat when he felt a gust of cold wind again, bounced off the tower, and threw himself at Impa with his shield in front of him. He knocked the demon down and lay it with the shield beneath him, the demon roared, the hot plating of the shield clinging to his body. Sep stood up and adjusted his armor to protect it as it should, then raised his sword and turned. Suddenly a sharp whip struck him in the face, he put his hands to his face and dropped his sword. He felt Impa on his back, scratching his neck, and apparently wanted to break his neck. Now blinded, Sep tried to knock Impa down with his back to the ground, but he was the only one who had to endure this massive blow. Imp turned incredibly deeply around Sep, and by the time Sep hit the ground he was already attacking from the front. He knocked his helmet off with a small paw as if he were just sweeping the trash off the table, the helmet clip snapped, and Sep felt a pain in his jaw. He still couldn't see through the blood on his face, so he just waited for the vague silhouette of the demon to kill him. Imp began to strangle him. Sep tensed all the muscles in his throat, trying to free himself but these barely a meter-long demons had the strength of several men. It must have taken forever, Sep was losing air, his pounding temples pounding hard, but at the same time he felt worried that the pulse in his head was weakening. Suddenly, however, Impo's grip slackened and his small disgusting body landed on Sep's head, and Sep pulled him away, feeling an arrow in his back, inhaling, slowly rising to one knee, leaning back and breathing hard, not seeing his helmet, apparently falling from walls, raised his sword, and looked around. The last Imps died from the wounds of defenders. The turners were still at a numerical advantage, and the archers were very active, the city had so far been defended.

Although he didn't want to at all, he looked in front of the walls at what other horror Krogoth was sending them, and saw something he didn't expect. A huge ghost rose before him, not realizing that he had not noticed it before. As tall as the wall itself, a monster he only knew from fairy tales. He watched in amazement as the smooth features of the fiery body formed by streams of living fire. He had huge fiery arms along his body and walked undisturbed towards the gate, the shooting of arrows had no effect on him because he had no material body. Fiery Elemental. Sep clutched his sword in his hand, though it was of no use to him now. He raised his hands and began to cast a spell, a red pentagram shining on either side of the gate. The elemental reached out and

slammed his fist right in the center of the pentagram. There was a deafening bang, the air shuddered, and Sepa felt a hot breeze, like opening a blacksmith's furnace. Not only the gate, but the entire submerged wall and the adjoining tower exploded and flew into

the city, Sep did not stay on his feet, only a few meters away, a wall that had stood here for hundreds of years collapsed like a house of cards. Fortunately, he got from the gate to the outer wall during the fight, so now he was not in immediate danger. Someone who was recovering quickly ordered a retreat behind the second wall, meanwhile, several groups of warriors were trying to hold back the stream of demons that was now rolling where the massive gate was a minute ago. But Sep could not retreat, the first part of the city belongs to the peasants, where his sister Vala lives. With a furious roar, he ran down the walls and ran straight for the horde of death. Two armies of his comrades caught him and dragged him from the battlefield to the other wall. Sep woke up and began to think sensibly again, Vala must have fled deeper into the city long ago. The army defending the first wall quickly retreated to the now incredibly distant second part of the city.

Massacre on the second wall

The second wall was older than the first, and was more massive, just as every other wall, the older the massive, the city had a total of five walls, with the first already falling. The second wall was a few meters higher than the first and had three gates.

The demons invaded the city and killed anyone who failed to escape, the defenders of the first wall lost enough men in the retreat when Sep reached the second wall, and the gate closed, looking down to estimate what force they would now face. He exhaled in surprise, there were no hordes of demons in front of the walls, they scattered around the city and another army was still forming far away. There were now only five strange warriors in front of the main gate. They were faceless men, in an artistic cuirass, covered with a red cloak and hood, with long bows on their backs, and swords at their waists, which, if they were not covered by demonic symbols, Sep said they were beautiful. In a way, these magnificent knights just stood in line at the gate. It also added to Sep that the Fiery Elemental still stood where he had torn down a centuries-old gate like a pile of streaks. Sep leaned back and rested, after a long run he had to exhale, the peasant quarter was the largest part of town, and it took them a long time to cross it, Sep and the others wondered if they had managed it all the way here. So far, given their opposition, they had defended themselves surprisingly lightly, but the elemental's demonstration of strength did not allow anyone to succumb to recklessness. Everyone was sure that the worst was yet to come. During the attack, the city army, a professional army, gathered on the second wall, so far only the militia defended the city. Martial magicians also came, and Sep had no idea how many there were in the city, how many people ruled this art. There was the sick old man over there, the stimulus who had always sat in a tavern in the dark in the dark and drank from a large shovel, now looking towering, young and healthy and wonderful in a colorful Vizjere robe,

Sepa pulled the five warriors who had interrupted the wait. They grabbed their bows and began firing fire arrows at an insane rate. Several men around Sep received a precise blow to the chest. City archers fired a salvo, but to Sep's astonishment and dismay, none of the missiles reached their target, all burning just before the point of impact. The red warriors continued to fire arrows, but the wall was of good quality, and the defenders covered well, after the first surprise strike they no longer had a chance to hit anyone, they had to face a direct clash. Sepa was quite interested in how they wanted to do it this time, would they climb the walls again, or would someone throw them? These lords looked too sovereign for that. The bows in their hands vanished and drew their swords. Then they blazed with dark fire and disappeared.

A short distance to his right, Sep heard a painful cry. He was horrified to see his one of the red knights on the wall, he was immediately surrounded by a superiority of defenders, but he clearly had no problem defending himself, on the contrary, one by one the defenders fell under frantic attacks. When the dark lord waved his sword, it didn't matter if the defender had armor or not, the blade slipped through metal, flesh, and bone like a hot butter knife. Sep rushed to the aid of the defenders, jumped over several moaning bodies of his comrades-in-arms, and crashed into the enemy. He saw the knight's back fully exposed in front of him, only a red cloak, Sep prepared for the blow, brandished his sword and the metal rang against the metal, the dark lord leaned against Sep with lightning speed, crouched, and Sep felt a sharp pain in his thigh, the knight's blade cut into Sep's flesh and relieved another defender of the head with one swing. With a painful cry, Sep lunged back to make room for other defenders, fell to the ground, and stared in astonishment at the clear groove in his blood-plating cladding. He removed his plate and treated his wound when he stood up again, the situation was still the same, only the number of dead comrades in the blood on the ground had increased significantly. One of the wounded defenders, who found himself under the red knight, tried to grab him by the cloak and knock his opponent to the ground. However, as soon as the chained gloved hand touched the cloak, it burned to the forearm. The defender didn't shout, just watched in shock as the fire progressed, and as his body disappeared like a wick, leaving only a pile of ashes. The second defender, who jumped on the knight from behind to knock him down, turned out in exactly the same way. When there were too many defenders on a dark lord, he held out his free left gloved hand against the next two, and they ignited like torches. Although the defenders, with their superiority, managed to push the enemy against the tower wall, Sep saw no way to defeat this opponent.

Suddenly, the Vizierean old man from the tavern appeared in the ranks of the defenders. He aimed his staff at the red knight, and purple ropes flew out of it, surrounding him and lifting him into the air, lifting him up, and then throwing him to the ground with great force, the knight grunting. He began to gather from the ground, but received a blunt blow from the side to the head, slammed himself against the battlements, but as the defender reached for another hammer blow, the red knight waved his sword and cut the hammer, piercing another turn of the turn. The old man cursed and slammed his cane into the ground, the knight surrounded by a blue aura, squeezing him, and burning him in a blue-and-white burst of energy.

Sep was looking for the next closest of the enemy knights, muted in horror when he saw Ravenna wrestling alone with one of them, dead and wounded defenders rolling all around. She fired a fireball at the enemy, which struck him, and although he knocked, she did not cause him any obvious damage. For the second time, Ravenna tried his luck with lightning, but even that did not fully meet the expectations of the young witch. It was clear to Sep that he couldn't help her alone, so he ran toward the vision, didn't have to tell him anything, just pointed, and now they were both running to Ravenna's aid. Meanwhile, Ravenna tried a spell on a similar basis to his opponent's vizjerei, but he was far more experienced and powerful, and so even now she did not celebrate success. However, the Dark Lord was clearly no longer waiting for what the witch would use next to him, making an incredibly quick lunge against her head. Ravenna had absolutely no time to react, the terrible power of the hell's sword clashed with her magic shield, the energy of energy, the sword slid partially buried in the shield and Ravenna screamed and fell to her knees, Vizjerei no longer waited for anything, sending an incredibly bright projectile against the abominable enemy. he struck him violently, and together with the knight broke through the battlements, the knight fell down. Sep quickly grabbed Ravenna by the shoulders, who collapsed in his arms. He took her and carried her to the nearest treatment center, while groups of mages dealt with the three remaining opponents. who slammed into him, and together with the knight broke through the battlements, the knight fell down. Sep quickly grabbed Ravenna by the shoulders, who collapsed in his arms. He took her and carried her to the nearest treatment station, while groups of mages dealt with the three remaining opponents.

They were soon in the library, where a field infirmary was hastily set up. He laid Ravenna on a lounger, which regained consciousness along the way, and looked at Sepa with a grateful look. He said goodbye to her, kissed her on the forehead, and hurried back into battle. As he approached the wall, he heard a terrible scream. The demons attacked in large numbers, all sorts of disgusting creatures pushing against the walls. And there was another terrible ghost on the walls themselves.

It was something between a huge cat and a snake, like a black skeleton and a dark aura instead of a body, a white burst flashed in the aura from time to time, and two perfectly red eyes stared at the defender. When Sep crashed into the walls, the demon was ripping apart several defenders. He swept one ax with a strong tail, then stood up and shouted. Sep had his waist at eye level. He ran to attack, but the demon turned to face him and bent down to look Sep directly in the eye. Sep stared unhappily at the disgusting head, then attacked. The demon waved his paw and knocked the sword out of his hand, then swung it to the other side and Sep flew a few feet. Fortunately, he landed among other defenders who muffled the fall. Still, his whole body ached, only the impact of the demon's paw bruised his hip, though his armor muffled most of the impact. Suddenly he saw in front of him a man he knew, and he would rather not see anyone at that moment. It was Tharr, the commander of the city guards, Avalon did not know a better warrior, he had his heavy ax as tall as an adult, he himself was at least three heads taller than Sep and he was not very small, he remembered the festivities last year when with one hand, Tharr sent twelve soldiers into the mud. Maybe it had something to do with his mother being a witch and his father a barbarian. His weapon was also magical, forged by Sep's master and then enchanted by the high council of Avalon mages, now Sep saw that this reputation would probably be true, he stood and stood by Tharr's side, Tharr knew Sepa, they often saw each other when Tharr walked for visits to the smithy to see Sep's master. he himself was at least three heads taller than Sep, and he wasn't exactly small either, he remembered the festivities last year when, with a one-handed tug of war, Tharr sent twelve soldiers into the mud. Maybe it had something to do with his mother being a witch and his father a barbarian. His weapon was also magical, forged by Sep's master and then enchanted by the high council of Avalon mages, now Sep saw that this reputation would probably be true, he stood and stood by Tharr's side, Tharr knew Sepa, they often saw each other when Tharr walked for visits to the smithy to see Sep's master. he himself was at least three heads taller than Sep, and he wasn't exactly small either, he remembered the festivities last year when, with a one-handed tug of war, Tharr sent twelve soldiers into the mud. Maybe it had something to do with his mother being a witch and his father a barbarian. His weapon was also magical, forged by Sep's master and then enchanted by the high council of Avalon mages, now Sep saw that this reputation would probably be true, he stood and stood by Tharr's side, Tharr knew Sepa, they often saw each other when Tharr walked for visits to the smithy to see Sep's master.



Tharr let out such a loud battle cry that the demon stopped and watched his terrifying enemy, the defenders retreating, creating an improvised arena. The two warriors, both Avalon and hell, walked in a circle and measured each other. Neither of them looked too

confident, they both understood what would happen soon, one of them would fall. The demon was amused until now, but now he, too, felt scared. In the same way, a chill ran down Tharr's back, he had already defeated any enemy, but the more than three-meter-long dark undead cat commanded his respect.

The cat attacked first. Angrily, Tharr has a paw with a paw that just threw Sepa away like a rag toy, and Tharr ... caught her! While holding the demon's paw, he ran against him and slammed into him, both falling. Tharr held the cat by the neck, white bursts began to appear around his arm where it had penetrated its dark aura, but Tharr had some kind of magical protection, a fiery aura burning almost imperceptibly around him. The demon jerked, and Tharr threw himself off. He wasn't going to wait for anything anymore, he reached out with an ax and cut off the cat's paw. She screamed, and struck him with the tail. Tharr received an ugly blow to the face and began to bleed, also holding on to his abdomen, where he had a stab wound to the tail. The demon wasn't much better, dark smoke escaped his wound and his other paw stroked his neck. They were both breathing hard. For Sepa, a strange finding was

There are said to be two types of demons, higher and lower. The lower demons are just empty boxes intended for work, they do not perceive fear or hatred, they have only their task, their only feeling is thirst, thirst for blood, after death ... They do not even perceive their own death. They were begotten for their purpose by higher demons. On the contrary, they are fully intellectual, intelligent and have feelings, they can also love. Even the provocative evils, the three brothers, were painfully enduring when an unknown hero killed them one by one. They produce lower demons, who then serve them in devotional service. Supreme demons, such as Diablo or Azmodan, can control all lower demons.

Sep looked at both warriors, the demon trying to stop the bleeding with a healing spell, the same thing Tharr did on his stomach. Sep was often sorry for the demon, he was just an infantryman obeying the orders of the true evil, Krogoth, to break through the defenses and obtain the book of the ages. But at the same time, he understood that it was a war, and there was only one rule in the war, either me or him.

Tharr recovered first and attacked. He stabbed the tip of his ax in the demon's stomach. He shouted and grabbed him with affect. He kicked Tharr's legs, then grabbed him and angrily threw him to the ground, then the affect faded and fell to his knees. Tharr gasped as he fell and lost his weapon, the demon now standing on three legs about to attack with his tail. Pruce flicked, but Tharr dodged him. He stood with a mad expression, was already tired, and wanted to end it. Tharr was ready for the demon's next tail attack and slashed at him with an ax, weapons collided and sparks shot out, the two warriors began to fight madly, the ax and tail whizzed through the air, still colliding. The cat swung the remaining paw at Tharr, who stomped on her and broke her fingers, the dark cat sprang, and Tharr fell on his back.

Suddenly, both opponents were interrupted by an avalanche of fighting bodies, which rushed to the battlefield. The other demons penetrated the walls. As Tharr and the demon cat fought, large armored demons with ladders on their backs came to the walls, and a mass of demons pounced on the walls. The cat attacked the defending crowd of soldiers, clearing the way for its companions. Tharr took advantage of this and summoned an ice ball, which slammed into the demon's chest, knocking him down. Tharr came to him, and with a look of satisfaction plunged his ax deep into his body. The demon began to turn into black pungent smoke, which quickly disappeared, and after a while there were no monuments left after it ...

Sep ran to the walls as soon as he noticed a new threat. He looked over the edge and saw a six-legged olive-green beast climbing up the ladder, its mouth full of sharp teeth, like a predatory fish. As soon as the demon's head appeared above the wall, he slashed at it with his sword, the demon crouched deftly, and then straightened up, leaping into the air. He was behind Sep in a second. He, instructed by previous experience, did not even try to turn and attack, but immediately threw himself to the side. Two spikes of long tentacles with the creature on its back sank into where it had stood a moment ago. Sep attacked him from the side as the demon tried to free himself, unable to pull his spikes out of the rocky pavement. He waved his hand angrily at Sep, but it was only a faint preemptive attack that had failed. Sep dipped his blade deep into his side. Then he saw other warriors, who were approaching the wall. They were little devils, as tall as a child, horned, sticks. They waved their tails and grinned. Fire blazed in their hands, and hot lava dripped from their palms. The Maggogs stood in a monstrous line, and began tossing large fireballs against the walls. The whole wall began to shake, the explosions illuminating the terrifying landscape. From the third wall, catapults began to fire, stones falling heavily into the ranks of demons. The first part of the city had already been rejected, now it was the territory of demons. The stones fell heavily on the ranks of the demons. The first part of the city had already been rejected, now it was the territory of demons. The stones fell heavily on the ranks of the demons. The first part of the city had already been rejected, now it was the territory of demons.

The wall was still in place, but the battlements and towers were already completely blown up, disintegrated, and made it difficult for the soldiers to defend and move. Demons were everywhere, long ago the defenders had lost their numerical advantage. Sep fought where the wall of the tower had been, checked the events in front of the wall in the blink of an eye, but then stopped and looked at the incoming warriors. If they had fought a hard battle so far, hell had to come with these warriors. A huge knight as tall as a house, a horned helmet, heavy armor, massive arms. A mad look stared at Sep from under his helmet. The knight held a huge hammer larger than a man's. The next one behind him had two double axes in his hands. They both stopped in front of the gate. In the meantime, others rushed in from a distance. He slammed his fist into the gate with an ax, his metal-gloved hand terrifying the defender on the other side as the door pierced like paper. Meanwhile, the second of the knights hit the lock with a hammer, the door cracked, it was clear to the Defenders that another hammer blow would break through the door. He arrived earlier than expected.

Sep and Tharr cleaned the walls. Sep was now fighting with two swords, otherwise the attack would not catch up. Tharr spun furiously with an ax in his hands, killing dozens of demons. Sep couldn't boast of such a score, but at least he saved his life. When the gate fell, they both ran to help defend against new enemies. They didn't even have time to catch the splinters from the gate, and one of the knights of hell had already cut his ax into a series of phalanxes to prevent him from advancing. Over ten people rose into the air. The rest of the defenders curled up. A volley of arrows struck the knight violently. But she did not penetrate their armor. No one suddenly knew what to do next, but the commanders did not command the retreat. They knew they must not back down until it was hopeless, but at the same time they did not know what to do with the hellish knights. The knights advanced. Suddenly, several fireballs crashed into one of them, a group of young students from the university fired at him from the roof of the nearest house. The knight ignited, but it did not stop him, on the contrary. He ran to the house at a mad pace, swung his hammer hard and knocked the house down, collapsing. Then he began to lose strength, soon dropping his weapon and collapsing. The commanders had all the mages mobilized. Meanwhile, Sep and Tharr were taking care of the second knight. Tharr ran against him, slamming his massive ax as high as he could. He hit the knight in the thigh. He staggered, his ax buried in the knight's leg. Sep attacked from behind, wielding both swords at the ankles, where the demon had weaker armor. The swords penetrated and hit the tendons. The demon fell to its knees, grabbed a fit of rage, waved a huge fist, and threw Tharr away. He fell sharply on the wall of the gate. The knight was hit by another volley of arrows and also one lightning bolt. That infuriated him to insanity, despite his injuries, he stood up and crushed a number of archers. Sep desperately threw his sword. He slid down the armor on his back and ran smoothly under his helmet where he stopped. The knight suddenly froze, and after a while he collapsed to the ground. Sep helped Tharr to his feet, both breathing hard, but giving each other a happy look.

They stared at the other knights coming, a heavy catapult stone just falling on one. He grabbed him and threw him away. Nothing could stop them. The commanders ordered a retreat, but because they wanted to defend themselves for as long as possible, they ordered a retreat and defense in the streets. The demons rolled like mist through the valley. They stormed the other part of the city. As soon as the second defense of the city fell, the fiery elemental marched again. Sep was now at his house, expecting opponents, defenders scattered everywhere, knowing the terrain and being at an advantage. There were archers and magicians on the roofs and balconies of the houses. Several Flesh Beast, serpentine creatures with their heads attached to their bodies and two short clawed hands, rolled against Sep. It was difficult for sword fighters to hit these snakes, but hatchets and spearmen were in their element. Their stocky fleshy bodies were hard to hit. Three now pounced on Sep, he cut one in a jump, the other stuck to his feet, and the third jumped on his back. This time, the maneuver to crush the demon with his own back was successful, his ugly green blood cooling Sep's throat. He grabbed the last demon around his body and rolled over him, pressing his head to the ground, rising a little, then hitting the demon again. He crushed his skull with his knee. He stood up with a sword in his hand and stabbed the chest of a four-armed and four-legged dragon-headed monster as tall as Tharr. But that didn't bother her much, he was the guardian of the Infernal Citadel in the north, Aaron. He got up a little and then fell sharply on the demon again. He crushed his skull with his knee. He stood up with a sword in his hand and stabbed the chest of a four-armed and four-legged dragon-headed monster as tall as Tharr. But that didn't bother her much, he was the guardian of the Infernal Citadel in the north, Aaron.

The Arons were not demons, they were cursed warriors who took the form of hell, united the worst of the human race and the fires of hell, there were only a few of them in the world. They were still starving to death, killing someone was the only cure that temporarily relieved the pain the damn thing was causing them. That's why they were great guards, because the demons knew that whatever came near the Citadel, the Aroni would really do their best to kill it. Aaron was extremely muscular, and it was said that there was no one who could defeat him in battle. He had four massive arms, and four legs in four directions, a bit like a spider, but



much more muscular. Now he had one of these terrible warriors, Sep, in front of him.

Aaron threw off Sepa and his sword with one paw. He stretched his arms in different directions, and one of the defenders' weapon flew into each. He walked slowly, dignified, to Sep, who grabbed his shield. He covered the wound with halberd on the left, and on his right his sword collided with another sword. Then he covered another blow with his ax with his sword, but Aron did not wait for anything. A heavy spear thrust into Sep's shield, Sep roared in pain and flew away, slamming his sword into his armor the next moment. Something threw him away again, he couldn't feel his left hand after the first impact, now his hip was stunned and he was out of breath, dimly aware that he was hanging upside down. Another impact, this time the pain shot through his shoulders, he slammed his shoulders against a hard surface, then fell to the ground with his feet. He felt mud between his fingers. Suddenly a sharp pain, and he realized he had lost his glove. He half-opened his eyes, and saw his bare hand covered in blood. Aron leaned over him. It was a miracle that Sep was still alive, let alone holding a shield, when he lost his sword on the first blow. The shield was dented, but it was all Sep had. Aaron was killing him slowly, enjoying it, Sep could barely move, every movement hurt unbearably. He saw Aaron's head close, stretched sharply, and put all his strength into the blow with the shield aimed directly at his face. A hard blow, Aaron sent his elbow against the shield, and the shield pierced halfway exactly where Sep was holding it. Sep watched his hand fall beside him, as if it didn't even belong to him anymore. He must have had a crushed bone and a dislocated shoulder, he couldn't stand, he couldn't do anything. The sharp blade pierced his armor and tore at his side. The next moment, he flew across the area and broke through a wooden fence. He couldn't think of what was coming. He couldn't think of anything. He tried to run. Suddenly there was an ominous silence. Aaron was silent throughout the fight, or rather the whole time Sepa was slowly killing, no roar, no growl, no sign of effort, joy, nothing. In a way, he was colder-blooded than the necromancer Golems, though he killed for himself. Suddenly the silence was broken. He heard voices, the voices of people, crawled on and on after them, heard screams, fire blew him, his body flooded with blood that did not belong to him, but he was still crawling, he wanted to be as far away from Aaron as possible, he wanted to live. Then an inhuman scream and silence again. Sep leaned against the garden well and opened his eyes. He saw Aaron folding to the ground, several spears sticking out of his body, many arrows, a pile of swords and axes, his head beaten, and most importantly, he had Tharr's ax in his back. Tharr ran quickly to Sep, not yet seeing anyone withstand so many blows. There was a distinct bloody trail from the battlefield to Sep. Sep had a completely limp left hand that hung like a rag on his shoulder, blood gushing from his face, side, legs, and neck. His armor was destroyed, his leg also broken, but he still smiled at Tharr and fainted. Tharr commanded quickly, knowing where they would put him in order, knowing that Sep wouldn't like to wake up, but if he didn't, he would die in an hour.

The powerful are waking up

He heard quiet voices. One feminine, one wonderfully noble and powerful, and one astonishingly deep. Sep opened his eyes and sat up sharply, the woman's voice! He looked at Ravenna, who smiled sweetly at him, came to him and hugged him. "I already thought I'd lose you." The other who was in the room was Tharr. Sep looked at him questioningly. "I'm sorry, but he had to act here, you were dying." Separ didn't like Tharr's tone, wondering what had happened that everyone was in such a funeral mood when he was healthy? Tharr pointed to the corner of the room with the words "he was the only one able to help you."

He was sitting there, in white bone armor, and he wasn't old at all, he must have been as old as Sep. And he was no withered old man, he was a stout man, and he had a long white sword at his waist, Sep would be afraid of him even if he encountered him in a fencing match. He was very tall. His armor was made of incredibly white bones, with skulls of unknown creatures on his shoulders. Sep doubted he could break through the armor with a weapon. In his hand he held a splendid wand that must have been ... Yes Narrubian, the magic stone from which, according to legend, all Soulstone and Worldstone itself were created. A stone capable of maintaining enormous magical energy. It was set on the end of the wand and was black-red-white in color, it was set in the mouth of a tiny skull. Sep wasn't looking at the details now, but he looked at his rescuer as if from a distance. He looked impressive, his vitality and power shining from him, when he looked at Tharr, he read from his expression that he had endless respect for Grammatior. And Sep felt the same, he really didn't expect to survive, let alone recover.

Grammatior pulled back the curtain, "here everyone take what belongs to you" there were three sets of beautiful objects, a silver cuirassier that looked wet, and with it a sword, a shield, and other pieces of armor, then there was a large black armor, at which was a huge scary black ax with a spider symbol, and finally a beautiful red robe studded with runes so dense that it all shone and a golden stick with white ornaments. Everyone took what they were used to. Then Grammatior spoke. "Krogoth has already broken through the magical barriers at the first wall and entered the city, the mages have managed to defeat the Fiery Elemental, the Dark Knights are advancing, now breaking through the third wall. The fourth wall has been part of the city for too long. Then we will go free Valu. " Anxiety passed through Sep. "What about Vala?" "She has stayed with the other inhabitants in one of the old family residences, the demons are walking around the book, so they almost leave them alone, but they are still in danger, all parts of the city that have fallen are bombarded by catapults," Grammatior replied. Sep looked into his amazingly piercing, blue eyes. "Thank you for saving my life, and forgive me if it sounds disrespectful, but I'm very interested in how old you are?" Grammatior allowed himself a fleeting smile and said, "I was born and gained tremendous power, he searched for a long time why, why did the balance endow me like this? Why do I live so long? I have a given purpose in this world, and only a hundred years ago I understood what. old, very old, I'm over seven hundred years old. " Sep didn't look so surprised, he was expecting something similar. But he obviously didn't understand anything as he should, because Ravenna responded to Grammatior's words with an almost shout.

Grammatior didn't want to wait any longer, made sure everyone was ready, then muttered a few words, and tapped his wand on the stony wall. It parted into the shape of a bone gate and was immediately filled with a blue magic portal. Grammatior went first, followed by Sep. He felt only a light pressure, as if a light breeze blew and they appeared in front of the palace.

The defenders were just defending the last, fifth wall, which only protected the palace, of which the Azure Temple was a part. Sep felt as if he were entering a noisy business from a quiet night. With the difference that there was no music and laughter here, but scary screams, the clanking of weapons, and the painful roar of the wounded. The worst creatures were now attacking the gates, disgusting gargoyles in the air, stone demons with large bat wings, flying at defenders and spewing fire. In addition, terrible black ghosts rose on the walls, covered in a dark hood, had no face, and their bodies glowed blue. They held a huge scythe in their hands, and did not hesitate to use magic. There were former defenders everywhere, now like the undead, who rose again and again to make way for Krogoth. Not a single wounded lay on the ground. The huge knights Sep had met before also reached the gate. Defeat was imminent.

Sep looked at the tower, where Archduke Hannival stood, casting powerful spells and killing dozens of demons, but that wasn't enough. Sep's eyes turned to Tharr, his huge ax now in one hand, and he halved the huge cow demon with a powerful cut, the ax apparently weighed nothing, as did Sep's armor. He waited for nothing, ran to the nearest undead, cut two, stunned another with a strong blow to his shield to stab him a second later. He wondered if he was suddenly much stronger and faster, nothing hurt either. Suddenly he lost his orientation, the Dark Knight's blow knocked him away, and Sep slammed into the wall, sweeping one of the defenders along the way, and squeezing him against the wall with tremendous force, splattering blood. The defender was gripped in what was left of his armor. Sep, however, could barely feel the impact. He got up quickly and ran toward the attacker. He covered the blow with a three-meter sword with a shield and slashed at the knight's leg, a thick red liquid spilled out and flooded the stony pavement, crossed the weapon with the huge knight, then quickly jumped down and turned off. He raised the knight's eyes and drew his sword in front of him. He fell to the ground and stared in amazement at the two halves of the knight, each falling to a different side.

He quickly searched for another target of his deadly rampage. Opponents, whom Sep had not yet encountered, entered through the broken gate. They were black-clad skeletal mages - the Lichens, with long decorative sticks and piles of rings on their bony hands. One focused directly on Sep. He charged at him, shield against his body, sword in front of him. Lich slammed his cane into the ground and held out his hand against Sep. Sep was horrified, no longer standing on solid ground, but hovering in the air. He stared at the battlefield from a greater height, then began to fall. He heard his own roar and then a hollow wound. His body ached, which he no longer counted on. He stood up again, and looked at his opponent. He immediately found out why he had let him go. He was attacked by one of the defenders. A large man dressed in heavy armor with a hammer. The lich covered his wound with his cane, then looked at him. His eyes glowed in a disgusting green light.

Lich now turned his attention back to Sepa. He recovered and ran again, Lich standing calmly with his hands in front of him on a cane, chanting something. Dark energies began to swirl around him. Then his hands and eyes shone red, and a black ball of magic shot out at Sep. He didn't have time to dodge. The magic ball slammed into his chest, Sep stopped feeling the weight of his body, heard his own sigh, the ball was like a soft substance caressing his body, gently and deadly. He saw a black mist revolve around his body, as if the sphere were from the smoke that had now melted around him, he saw his own hands curl helplessly, as if a deadly projectile were at the same time a wave of water that swept everything. Sep had never imagined anything so special. He felt deadly energies trying to penetrate the magical barrier of magic armor, and in part they succeeded. Sep trusted himself too much, relied too much on Grammatior's magic, which he put into that beautiful piece of steel. He had no doubt that he would have been dead ten times in his old armor.

He fell to the ground, unable to move. His head was to one side and he saw Tharr being struck by the same black ball from another Lich. With a look of great surprise, Tharr collapsed to the ground. Ravenna, which was a short distance ahead, cast a magic shield

into which she also plunged deadly balls of dark energy. She didn't penetrate, but Ravenna fell to her knees and dropped her cane. Apparently she couldn't control her arms or her legs too much. Each of the Liches released one such wheel. One clashed with an unfortunate defender. There was nothing left where it hit and the smoke faded. The defender's head landed on two solitary limbs. Suddenly, Sepa was pulled to safety and pulled to the wall of the palace. From there he could observe the entire battle.

He stared at Grammator, who waved the other four gargoyles in half with a wave of his wand, Grammator apparently focusing only on them. Sep had noticed before that their stone bodies would not be damaged by arrows, weapons, or magical projectiles of combat mages, but their defense was not enough for Grammator's curse. Their bodies fell hard and smashed into piles of rubble. Grammator now turned his attention to the mighty Lichy. At that moment, several projectiles were already flying at him, a few of them simply canceled by waving their wands, they evaporated. He reached out against the other two with an unnamed black-gloved hand and sucked it into it. The odd people were obviously taken aback. They began throwing piles of fireballs and ice at the necromancer. A raging magical battle created a wide gap between Gramamtor and the fighting group, many of the defenders who had fallen there crushed by some spell. The Lich's concentration was disturbed by a glowing gold projectile that crushed several of them. Hannival also turned his attention to the dark magicians. All the magical projectiles hit Grammator's magic shield without effect. The necromancer waved his wand, and next to a distant group of Lichas rose several fallen demons and people who had attacked the undead mages. Chaos reigned among the Lichas now, another Grammator spell sent Lichy himself against himself. After a moment of fighting, the last Lich was stabbed by a necromacer's magical bone spear. another of Grammator's spells sent Lichy herself against himself. After a moment of fighting, the last Lich was stabbed by a necromacer's magical bone spear.

Sep, who was waking from paralysis and could move his fingers and turn his head, looked into the eyes of Tharr and Ravenna, who were sitting next to him, also waking from the terrible attack. Everyone understood that although the two powerful awoke to protect the city from destruction, their power and the efforts of the remaining defenders were not enough to withstand the onslaught of the demons.

Fulfilled destiny

Seeing the desperate situation, the archpriest teleported in front of the palace gate, stretching his arms toward the gate, which opened at the same time from the gate of the Azure Temple, which was in alignment with them, and along the garden path formed a long straight path to the sanctuary where saved book of ages. Then he turned back to his enemies and cast spells again. At the same time, Grammator turned toward the palace, his left hand resting on his chest, his right one in front of him, and a wand hovering over her fingers. Grammator began to mumble in a strange language. Narrubian beamed at the end of his wand. Then he suddenly went out, and Grammator's wand fell back into his hand, and Grammator turned sharply, throwing his hand out of his wand in front of him. The air shook. A huge wave of invisible energy slammed into the enemies and swept them all away. They drove them away from the battlefield. The grammator wasn't expecting anything, and began to cast another spell. All the dead bodies, both human and demon, began to tear. Bones flew out of them and began to form the foundations of a semicircular wall to protect the entrance to the palace. A cloud rose over the city, from every corner of the city, bones flew from every fallen corpse to become part of the monstrous defensive structure. The defenders withdrew, taking the wounded away. Then they gathered, everyone waiting. Only Aricknez Hannival came to Ravenna, put his hand on her chest, and she glowed blue. Ravenna rubbed her fingers and stood up. Then the priest approached Tharr and freed him from paralysis anyway, and finally Sepa. to become part of a monstrous defensive structure. The defenders withdrew, taking the wounded away. Then they gathered, everyone waiting. Only Aricknez Hannival came to Ravenna, put his hand on her chest, and she glowed blue. Ravenna rubbed her fingers and stood up. Then the priest approached Tharr and freed him from paralysis anyway, and finally Sepa.

Sep, like the others, did not understand what was expected. The bone wall began to rumble under the blows of furious demons. Suddenly, Sep heard multiple thuds approaching, as if he were falling stone upon stone. "They're here," Grammator muttered to himself. Sep peered through the gate, a long line of strange warriors approaching from the Azure Temple. What stoned purple clumps Sep could not recognize were still far away. He waited. As strange reinforcements approached, Sep recognized them, they were the legendary guardians of the temple, the Diamond Golems that Grammator had summoned to rise as the battle drew to an old end. The archduke waved his hand to close the massive gates of the distant Azure Temple, and after all the golems lined up in front of the palace, the main gate to the fortress. The commanders gave orders, everyone prepared.

Grammator nodded and raised his wand, the huge wall exploded with huge blows, and its fragments rushed toward the demonic invaders, as did the rest of the golem-led defenders, including Sep and his friends.

Two crowds of warriors collided violently, the demons began to fall to the ground, the Golems were very dangerous opponents, they knew no pain or fear. At first, the demons didn't even know how to fight them, the only ones who could break their stone boxes were the black knights. Sep threw himself into the fight with new hope. The attack was successful, the lines of demons began to disintegrate, regained the gate and ran to the walls. Sep murdered a group of Maggots and ran to the battlements to see how many enemies remained.

All hope just gained fell from him, the whole city was still full of enemies, there were an incredible number of them. He was now looking at the ruined first part of the city, and especially at the shot down castle where his sister was. Then he saw something more terrifying than anything before. The silhouette he had seen so much in the distance before was now almost near the fourth wall and half visible.

Krogoth, a terrible demon, was close to his desire. Apparently, nothing could stop him from achieving his goals. He was indeed huge, at least twice his knights, eight-legged with a tail, wings, paws, and a pile of tentacles on his back. He had a beige hard skin and a jagged face with red eyes that Sep had seen when he first looked at him. His crazy red gaze illuminated everything around him. He looked like an eight-legged dragon crossed with a dog. He had two spirally twisted tentacles on his chest, and tiny tentacles fluttered from them, and at the end of them were some kind of dark balls that glowed pale blue. From the techo magic tentacles, like a second pair of hands, he cast an ancient spell, like a dark wave of fire crawling across the ground at lightning speed, and everything she touched, everything in her path, crumbled to dust and white scales that quickly disappeared. Houses, walls, people, it all disappeared, like blowing a handful of feathers. The demon walked majestically to where the wrecked gate of the fourth wall stood a moment ago.

The golems were very strong, but they could not resist the numerical superiority of demons. Gradually, they grabbed, as did any defender who went too far. The rest retreated to the palace. Nobody knew what to do next. Not even the Archduke, this was probably overrated.

Everyone was now staring at Grammator, who was closest to the demons, staring at them. The demons formed a line and did not dare until they were sure there were enough to defeat the necromancer.

Grammator turned to the palace, his mind working, looked at Sepa, at Tharr, at Hannival, at the defender on the palace walls. His expression darkened, and he turned slowly back to his enemies, overwhelmed. "Forgive Rathma ... you alone will understand." He hid his wand in his cloak and spread his arms, began to chant. His feet detached from the ground, and a powerful necromancer rose. Although Sep didn't believe it was possible, everything was getting even darker, the sky and everything beneath it had lost all color, only a deep red aura shone around Rathman. The demons began to back away and hide. Fear was reflected in their faces. Grammator raised his voice, and his mouth uttered words that a human mouth could not utter. Sep, the demons, all the defenders, and the Archpriest huddled to the ground and covered their ears. Sep's words pierced his brain, and he panicked, but also disarmed him. He felt an incredible fear but could not move, tried not to hear the words, but was as insurmountable as their power. Sep shouted, like everyone else, the defenders and demons roared in fear and pain, but Grammator's voice did not shout.

And then Grammator glowed red, and around him materialized an incredibly red cloud, a cloud of tiny bullets, like sparks, like small insects. A cloud of tiny red fires, like a swarm of swarms, like a wave of cleansing, plunged into the city against the demonic army, spread through the city, killing everything alive and dead, as if the flood had washed away the dirt. The demons disintegrated and roared in agony, none of them could escape. The red glow of Grammator's spell flooded the city and gradually disappeared.

Grammator fell to the ground and fell to one knee. He was exhausted by the spell, and had to catch his breath. The only enemy who survived his deadly curse was Krogoth himself. His angry roar pierced the grave silence that had subsided after Grammator's cleansing curse, and the defenders on the walls recovered. Sep and Tharr ran to Grammator and dragged him to the palace gate. Hannival took his place, expecting a demon.



The gate of the fifth wall exploded, and Krogoth appeared, walking slowly toward the Archpriest. No one can stop him from obtaining the Book of Ages. Krogoth was weakened by the deadly curse, but not enough to reach his goal. He stopped a short distance in front of the palace, staring at his opponent. The archpriest felt scared, but he did not want to give up. He cast a spell, sending a blue bolt of lightning against Krogoth. Krogoth cried out in pain after the bolt of lightning, sending a red ball furiously at the priest. The priest conjured a clear shield that shattered the ball, but he staggered. He didn't hesitate and sent Krogoth several projectiles. Krogoth covered them and sent his own, a magical battle illuminating the landscape. The priest weakened, unable to face him. A bright green bolt of lightning flashed from Krogoth's magic wrist and slammed it into Hannival's chest. The priest realized his death with horror in his eyes and fell to the ground.

Krogoth laughed for a long moment and began to walk slowly to the palace. Sep knelt beside Grammator, who stood up. "This is friends, that's why I've lived here so long, that's my destiny. Good luck friends, maybe we'll meet again."

He pulled a dagger from his cloak and stood against Krogoth, who stopped and grinned disgustedly, a hint of fear in his expression. He was about to destroy the necromancer, but he was faster. Grammator beamed, his cloak whitening, his arms outstretched in front of him. He whispered a prayer and closed his eyes. He stabbed the dagger in his chest. There was a hissing sound, and Grammator became an incredibly closer ghost, and he sped off at a mad speed against Krogoth. The demon roared, but immediately fell silent when Grammator crashed into him. A white glow still emanated from the wound on Krogoth's chest. Krogoth's red gaze faded. His body thickened, crumpled, and then exploded in a massive burst of energy, all covered with pieces of burnt flesh, like fragments of a rag. The grammator and demon disappeared, and there was a grave silence again.

There was a nervous, timid laugh, but it became very contagious, and soon all the defenders and refugees hiding in the palace laughed and hugged. Sep also laughed and hugged Tharr. Ravenna ran up to him, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him, Sep didn't fight back, and happily squeezed her in his arms. But then he let her go and ran toward the city, and Ravenna and Tharr understood and ran after him, barely enough for him. After a hundred days, the sun's rays penetrated the layer of clouds and flooded the ruined city with a beautiful glow. Sep ran for a long time, and when he ran to the castle, there were those who found safety outside and celebrated as well. Although he was short of breath, now his breathing stopped, his eyes darting to find her, a feeling of fear running through him again when Tharr shouted behind him and showed that she was really there with the whole family, and except for a few scars, everyone was fine. Sep ran to her and lifted her high into the air. Then he squeezed her happily, and dipped his face into her hair. Everyone met happily.

Avalon's council sent envoys for help, the city had to be rebuilt, except for the palace, there was nothing left in it. Despite his young age, the new Archpriest took his chief office and made a prophecy so that Sep never had to worry about his life or that of his children, which Ravenna eventually brought him. Avalon was forever known as the city of heaven, although he was saved by a powerful necromancer who used the curse of the Lord of Horrors - the Devil - for his salvation and ultimately sacrificed his own life just to maintain balance.

He stared at the city, from above, laughing softly, returning when needed. He will always see to it that the scales do not lean to the side of hell, especially now that he has become what he has become. The last time he looked at the city, which hated and loved him. Then Grammator fluttered his wings, and disappeared unseen.

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