

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

Verzia: D2:LoD 1.10

Meno: paradisegaming.eu

IP: d2.paradisegaming.eu

Zone: -1

Server status:  offline

Avalon Mód

Verzia: Avalon 2.1 final

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

Posledný update: Sun, 05.04.2015 - 10:10

Webpage statistics

Clan of Fire

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 1. Chapter One
- 2. Chapter Two
- 3. Chapter Three
- 4. Chapter Four
- 5. Chapter Five
- 6. Chapter Six
- 7. Chapter Seven
- 8. Chapter Eighth
- 9. Chapter Ninth
- 10. Chapter Tenth

Chapter One

The carriage drove smoothly along the forest road. He sailed quietly among the dark trees. At times, a beam of the moon's world fell on its surface, in which silver fittings flashed.

Young Rathman sat inside, reading nervously, occasionally glancing at the silent shadow on the bench opposite him. He didn't know where he was going, his teachers just decided he had to leave, he had no idea if it was good or bad, but his teachers looked happy with him, so he hoped it wouldn't be a disaster. At first he thought it was a test, but the assumption left him when they left the Kehjistan Jungle further northeast. Now it was just a test of his patience, silent all the way, learning, meditating, meditating, gathering strength, whatever it was. Rathma taught that his followers should always be prepared for the worst.

From an early age, he ruled by power, mental strength, magic. He was always very, very powerful, but he had no control. He inadvertently hurt many people, even those closest to him. Therefore, at an early age, he escaped from home into the harsh jungle, where even the sharpest warriors were lost, and ended up as a delicacy of one of the local creatures. The surprise of the necromancers was all the greater when they found a small weak boy who would not be able to lift a sword completely healthy in the middle of the wildest jungle. They took him to their camp and took him. Very soon they understood his potential but also his risks, they knew exactly that the boy needed Rathman training. Which was exactly what the boy was looking for. He adopted the name of the ancient language of magic, the Grammatore. Since then, he has had a happy childhood, thanks to training he has found inner peace.

Grammatore lived among the Rathmans for years, yet he was always different, did not cultivate the traditional teachings of Rathma, always sought other ways, but his main philosophy was the same as for all Rathmans, to maintain a balance between the forces of the world. In addition to magical training, he learned to handle a sword, and as one of the few Rathmans, he rejected the dagger, preferring a wand. The dagger did not allow him full control over the astronomical forces that lurked in it.

He always honored his teachers, but they came to see him a few weeks ago, and all they told him was, "You're leaving tomorrow." And so it happened. At first he panicked that he had done something, as in his childhood. But he was reassured when his teacher, Sair, set out with him.

The carriage quietly continued on its way, Grammatore deepened again, left the body and let his senses penetrate every corner of the area, he meditated. He felt several forest creatures, hunted, slept, searched. Nothing that would interest the young rathman. He tried, as he had several times before, to capture the destination. He turned his attention to the mountains they were obviously heading for. And he felt something, hidden, mysterious, and yet it almost called to him. He concentrated and strengthened his inner senses. There was something big in the mountains, it was very well hidden, but not for the rathmans, they called to each other like a lighthouse. He returned to his body and looked at Sair, surprised that Sair was watching him now, in response to Grammatore's gaze, Sair nodded, that was the goal of their journey.

They had been driving between the mountains for some time. Although they drove through the valleys, they climbed. The stone path they climbed was magical, also shrouded so that only the eyes of those called could see it. It was still night, they were almost there.

Soon they reached a large gate of black stone, passed through without delay, drove into the city. They wandered the alleys between the low stone houses for a moment, stopping at a small square designated as the place where all the carriages were headed. The fact that Sair rose was a sign to Grammatore that the journey was over. For a while they weaved through narrow streets, meeting various people, in addition to many necromancers, and at first sight ordinary people, barbarians, knights, jungle dwellers, but also people with features from overseas, whether from Westmarch or Lut Gholein.

After a moment of seeming wandering, they found themselves in a really vast expanse. It was a round square with slightly taller houses around the perimeter, bypassing it would be enough for a really long walk. In the center was a cool pool with fountains, and in the center was a huge golden-black statue of an angel fighting a demon on the back of a dragon. A tall palace could be seen across the square. Even at that distance, it occupied a large part of the horizon. From there, Grammatore saw that the entire city was surrounded by a high wall of freezing mountains.

Finally, Sair spoke; "Well, young man, welcome to Tragmar, Rathman's city of the dead. We'll meet at the palace." and went somewhere in the whirlwind of the city. Since Sair didn't say when, Grammatore decided to take a look around, at least in the square. He set off slowly around the perimeter. It was hard to hide his surprise. He saw the internship unit, but even though he realized that there was a balance of all faiths and occupations in the city of necromancers and servants, he did not expect what he saw. Four skeletons with long swords on their backs, perfectly square, walked quietly down the side alley to the square. Grammatore really didn't expect such open Rathman magic.

He returned to the carriage to go for his belongings, a large bag full of amulets, stones, and various rare ingredients, books, a spare cloak, and a sword. It wasn't so strenuous to carry those things, though they weren't easy, Grammatore felt more like he needed an extra hand, or two or three. As he walked through the narrow alleys for the third time, a young man in a hurry crashed into him. The bag slid and there was simply nothing to catch it. Grammatore swallowed the curse and began collecting things that had fallen apart all around. One of the undead guards was passing by, watching the young rathman. Grammatore thought to himself that it would not be out of place for the skeletal guard to help him. The skeleton turned sharply and took a quick step against the necromancer. Grammatore was so frightened that he almost cast a spell, but the skeleton bent down just in front of him and began to collect things in a sack. After a while, Grammatore walked across the square with his sword at his waist and his wand spinning almost cheerfully in his hand, but a loaded skeleton stumbled behind him under the load, Grammatore spared him, and hung what did not fit in his hands on his neck or ribs.

It was almost dawn when they finally reached the palace. The entrance hall was huge, with several staircases leading to the rooms. The bright rathman knew at once that he went straight to the temple. He looked around for a moment, then someone whistled at him from the porch that lined the room. She was a girl, very young, about the same age as Grammatore, with black, short, trimmed hair reaching just to the neck, a glowing face, a slender athletic body. She was wearing a black leather blouse, a short skirt, high boots, and gloves of the same material, with a long curved dagger behind her waist. "Are you a Grammatore?" she asked cheerfully. Grammatore just nodded.

The girl just noticed the crowned skeleton and burst out laughing.
"I see you can handle it. I'm Neela, so come on!" she turned and disappeared down the hall.
Grammator motioned to the skeleton and followed her. She waited a short distance away, then continued on into the palace, several doors passing.
Neela kept the conversation going along the way. "Only the best of the best are invited here to develop their art here, Tragmar has nothing to offer the others."
"And how long have you been here?"
"A few weeks, but you'll get used to it quickly, the city isn't that big again."
They finally reached the door.
"There are small apartments, two students in each apartment, I've been looking forward to you, I didn't enjoy being alone all the time." she sighed and opened it. Grammator made a grotesquely gentleman's gesture and let in the first skeleton, Neela laughed. It was impossible to tell if the skeleton had folded or collapsed, but Grammator gestured to him that he could go, and the skeleton disappeared with lightning speed. The necromancer looked around the apartment, standing in the hallway that was also the kitchen, with two doors to the rooms and a small bathroom across the street, then looking at his roommate, who shone shamelessly.
"What is?" he asked.
"I've heard a lot about you, that the teachers sent you here because they were afraid they couldn't handle you, that you were supposed to wield tremendous force, show me the magic!" I begged. "
Grammator grinned a little,
Neela rolled her eyes, turned on one leg, reached out and pointed to the door closest to the exit. Grammator smiled, just moved his finger, and the door opened, then pointed to the heavy load, which rose to land on the bed a moment later. Neela applauded enthusiastically.
"If you have nothing else, I would go and welcome the teacher." threw Grammator. Neela just nodded and took a fighting stick from the shelf. She went out with him.
"Won't you lock it?" the necromancer asked.
"It doesn't lock here, there are only those worthy in Tragmar." she replied. The young rathman no longer lingered and set out for the temple. Neela watched him for a long time, Grammator fascinated her, waiting for the emaciated pale black priestess, not the burly young man, she had never seen a rathman carry a sword, though his must have been something special. Then she jumped and trotted to the training ground as she whistled.

Grammator entered the temple, greeted by the cool air with the enticing scent of magic. In the center of the temple hall were huge scales, in one bowl the fog was bright white, in the other dark red. Above each bowl was a decorative gargoyle. Libra was gently tilted to the side of hell, as almost always. Sair was already standing in front of the scales. He motioned to Grammator and led him into a room that looked a bit like a theater. Instead of a stage, there was a circle with a small bench. There were about twenty different old rathmans in the auditorium, in cloaks and armor, various faces, but all stone. And something else was sitting above them, fascinating rather than terrifying Grammator. A three-legged flaming ghost, with huge arms based on massive breasts, slanted red eyes on his horned head, strands of tangled black hair dangling from his head, his mouth full of sharp long teeth, and he smiled disgustingly, he had swollen veins all over his body. Demon.

Grammator stopped, but it wasn't fear. He turned slowly to the demon, and without moving an eyebrow, he looked into his eyes. A look of perfectly blue, piercing eyes against a dark red look. A terrible voice came to Grammator's head, "Aren't you afraid of me? Young man?" a voice in the necromancer's head exploded, but the only sign on Grammator was a slight wink, he replied to the demon with the same coin, "Will you teach me?"
"That's not my decision, Rathman, do you want to practice the magic of hell?"
Eventually, Grammator looked away first, but he did it casually, as if he were simply continuing on the bench in the middle of the circle. No one else caught the astral conversation. Grammator sat down, Sair speaking first.
"Well, the young Grammatore, chosen among the rathmans, has been given the opportunity to develop his undeniable talent here, in the ancient city of necromancers, Tragmar. Do you value this opportunity?"
"I will accept everything that will help me in my mission to protect my balance," the young man replied honestly.
Sair now switched to the far friendlier and less ceremonial tone of "what do you say to your roommate?"
"She's nice, though a little roofed."
"Hmm roofed, you say. She's still full of energy, yes. Do you know how she got here?"
The grammator was silent and listened.
"They sent her here on the fastest horse after defeating her mistress in a nine-lap fight nine times, she's one of the most powerful assassins in the north, you know?"
"I know," Grammator said firmly, nodding, but new information about Neel surprised him, didn't look like it, he was wrong.
"Well, which one of us do you want to study with? Who is to be your master?" asked the dark figure so shrouded in the hood that it looked almost stony.
"What?" for the first time Grammator seemed taken aback.
"Oh yes, there are only a few students here in Tragmar, they are the best in their field, so they have the right to choose their teachers, they are already adults and experienced, they will best judge for themselves which of us will best develop their skills." the veiled figure replied again, and Grammator knew it, the teachers hiding nothing, almost shining for the magic eye, each with what he could do best. The student did not think long. His gaze met the dark red one again. Although he was a master at hiding emotions, All the teachers got up and left, the veiled figure vanished, all but the demon.

"Come on, young man," the Demon hissed as he entered the door above the auditorium. Grammator followed him almost eagerly. They walked through the corridors for a while, everyone greeted the demon as if he were just an ordinary colleague. Then they began to climb the red stone stairs until they ascended to the demon's clear abode, which was made for someone of demonic proportions. It was one large room with side steps to two doors on the second floor. Below them was a short corridor to the door outside. In the middle of the room was a hearth with a huge cauldron, on the walls of the room were shelves with various dark objects, stones, plants, bottles of blood and other fluids, loading creatures, skulls, bones. There was also a fireplace in front of it, one large chair for a demon and three for human beings around a round table. The demon sat down, at that moment a fire broke out in the fireplace, then he motioned for Rathman to sit down as well. He chose a place directly opposite the demon. His new teacher has now spoken.
"Well, young man, this is our first day, I'll explain how it works here. You'll be here, just before dawn every morning, and you'll only leave when I tell you." almost all the horror had disappeared from the demon's voice, but she still had enough left for every normal mortal to escape in terror.
Grammator nodded eagerly, preferring never to leave.
"I confess that I was hoping you would choose me, I think it's understandable that I haven't had a student in a long time. Most people still worry about me, even if they respect me. You're powerful, and I'll give you the tools to use your power. So you've already received all the gifts of the great Rathma?"
Grammator's eyes shone more and more, "yes, and not only them."
"I see, whatever is good for balance is good for you too, isn't it?"
The necromancer nodded conspiratorially.
The "well" demon settled comfortably, "you have a dark past behind you."
"I hurt without wanting, I couldn't control my strength here."
"Yes, the unfettered element. You are, I really feel, your power. You are excellent material." the demon grinned.
"I have now mastered my strength." Rathman protested.
"Really? Yes, a little probably yes, but you have huge untapped potential, if that's what you're saying, you wouldn't have anything to do here."
Grammator nodded.
"So what can you expect from me," the demon continued, "I will introduce you to the secrets of the magic of hell, I will teach you how to use every bit of your opponent's power, I will teach you the most powerful curses by which the dark lord endows his faithful, and if you have the courage I will teach you the most powerful protective spells, your power will be irresistible. "
The eager shudder of "dark lord? Like Diablo?" Reappeared on Grammator's face.
"Yes."
"Excuse me, master, but should I know anything about you, too?"
"But surely," laughed the demon. "I am Zeferius, a former supreme servant, something like a representative of the great Devil. I have served him for hundreds of years, drawing on his abilities, together defeating other hellish rulers, and fighting against heaven. That's where my transformation took place.
"You ... Were you in heaven?"
"Formalities aside from the young man. Yes, my lord, the almighty lord of terror really found a way, we burst into heaven with an army of the most devoted and fought. The fight lasted two hundred years. Many lower demons such as Kabraxis or Duriel came to power in the land of the people, as well as people associated with demons such as Bartuc, or the dark vizerei Dungam, who for the first time opened the gates to hell and let the demons enter the world freely. brothers and sisters a lot of work and many fell, and people later called it the War of Salvation, because if it were lost, everything would be lost forever, and then people really fought for their lives, creating the largest empires that united against the demons under the wings of Zakarum.
However, gradually the angels defeated us, there were too many of them, but the sky burned, we almost destroyed the heart of heaven, the source of its power. The sky was finally saved by the Stone of the World. I and the others gave the lord of horror the opportunity to retreat to hell. Many of us sacrificed our lives, those who were killed in heaven no longer had a chance to resurrect. In the end we were crushed, I was the only one left. I fought to the last breath. But then the archangel Tyrael came. I defended myself, but his strength was unbreakable. He defeated me, and bound me in the deepest depths of the human world. He went to

see me every day, and with immense patience he converted me to the true faith. It took hundreds of years, but I eventually saw it. Then I sank into the darkness and woke up here. "The demon pointed toward the square, which they were now looking at from a considerable height through the window." The Rathmans were already waiting for me, they healed my wounds, regained my strength, and then made a sacred vow to rathm. Thanks to me, several demons who were still hiding were banished from the world. Then I became a teacher.

Mr. Diablo returned to hell, but he was weak, and Azmodan and Belial defeated him and humiliatedly banished him to the human world, where he was persecuted and imprisoned by the Brotherhood of Horadri, as did his brothers. "

Grammator was silent all the time, but now he asked," and how much evil have you done to Zeferius in your life? "The demon leaned toward him." You know, young man, demons, at least from their point of view, do not do evil. They're just taking what belongs to them. "

"I don't understand," the necromancer paused.

"Of course not." he leaned back "in times that no one remembers, only heaven and hell fought against each other, the human world remained intact, sometimes a demon or an angel hid there. But people usually didn't even find out. But then people started to know the secrets of magic. And magical power They didn't have enough of the world. By the amount of magic they mastered, they began to draw magical power for themselves from the world, heaven and hell. Heaven took it in stride, because at least hell didn't grow stronger.

"You mean humans have brought demons into the world?" Grammator asked in shock.

"Yes, and not only that. The demons have found that some people are far better servants than their enemies, they have united with demons, all out of a desire for power."

"Maybe they just wanted to survive"

"I guess I didn't say exactly how much energy people actually appropriated if they came together, could get rid of all hell and heaven, and continue to develop on their own."

And so, for the second time, human greed brought the ortal above the world of men.

"The forces of hell massacred the wizards and destroyed the whole kingdom, the people lost the power they gained again," Zeferius continued, "the angels rushed to fight so that hell would not gain all the power for themselves.

Grammator listened, realizing he had made the right choice, no one else could teach him that much.

Chapter Two

He returned to his room later that afternoon, with a few lockers, shelves, a desk with a chair, and a simple bed with a not-so-soft mattress, which didn't bother him, but there was a small window not far from the bed. He started unpacking. He carefully stored items on shelves and cabinets. He hung spare clothes in the closet. There was one ceiling lamp in the room. The surrounding mountains cast a shadow over the city, and it was almost always cloudy, so there was not much light in the room either. But he did not light up, he saw well. The look of the room didn't suit him very well, he pulled out his wand. It was a nice piece, a few tangled long thin bones, and a small blue stone at the end. As he mumbled, he waved his wand. The room got a slightly darker look. The walls darkened and everything that was too shiny became cloudy. The curtains by the window darkened so much that they didn't let in any light, only a streak of dim light fell from the door into the room now. Several patterns appeared on the wall, except that they calmed the necromancer and were magical at the same time, providing him with protection during sleep and meditation. A few patterns also appeared on the door, but they disappeared as if they had entered them.

Then he entered the main room, which was the hallway and the kitchen at the same time, plus there were two armchairs at the table and a library. There were plenty of Neel's books in it, and Grammator added about the same number of his. Finally, he added a few detection spells to the apartment door. He didn't want to lock up when it wasn't customary here, but at least he wanted to know about everyone who walked through the door. Then he sat down in a chair, sat down comfortably and stretched his legs, began to meditate, wanted as much strength as possible, suspected that he would not just talk to the demon tomorrow.

A few hours later, Neela came in, and to his satisfaction, the detection spell worked great. Neela looked around, not seeing the necromancer, but one chair turned her back on her.

"You look awful," Grammator's voice said. Neela slumped in the chair opposite him.

"You'll look the same tomorrow," Neel said, "what kind of teacher did you choose?"

Neela didn't really look well, except that she was a little battered, wet and very tired.

The necromancer replied to "Zeferius," Neela gasped.

"He's terrible, he scared the hell out of me choosing a teacher here," she tugged at her wet blouse, "even though she didn't help much with the moth." she added, smiling a little.

As he spoke, Grammator circled his wand, "yes he is a demon, but he is very capable, he has taught me a lot today, and he was quite pleasant."

"What is it? Thank you." Neela beamed again as she suddenly dried up, her body stopped hurting, and new strength flowed into her veins. Grammator folded his wand again.

"I just hope he doesn't come to pick you up when he remembers in the middle of the night he needs you. Bellana does it sometimes." she added.

"So he's a little better than your master from the north?" Grammator asked quietly as he stared somewhere in the corner of the room.

Neela laughed. "Ha, gossip, huh? I like her, she'll learn a lot, but every night I look like I don't fight her, but Zeferius."

Grammator forgave himself for noting that she might look a little different. "So murderess, but you're also learning magic, aren't you?"

Neela nodded, letting the lamp above them glow, then shaded the shadow so much that almost no light came out.

"Nice, but I know you can do more, far more." added the Grammator.

"Of course,

"You mean duel?" rathman glared at her.

"Yes, a duel ... friendly." she added quickly and angled.

They talked for a while, then Neela went to bed and Grammator meditated again.

In the middle of the night, Grammator woke up in his chair, someone creeping to the door. Grammator let his senses work, but he felt nothing definite. He just knew that someone was approaching the door, and he made sure he wasn't exposed, even by magic. The necromancer stood in the middle of the room with his wand at the ready. The door flew open, at which point Grammator sent a stream of light against them, knocking the intruder down and throwing them back down the hall. It was a dark shadow. He got up quickly and charged at Grammator at high speed. But the rathmans were very agile and fast, with animal reflexes. He dodged and cast another spell, but the shadow deflected him, slammed into the wall, and a few shelves of utensils came down. Shadow waited for nothing and attacked again, this time colliding with Grammator, wrestling for a while. Suddenly they both stopped. The grammator had a long sharp dagger attached to his neck, but the necromancer again struck his wand in the forehead until it made a hole in it. The intruders' hood fell, it was a woman, a dark adult woman. They both kept to their heels.

"I suppose Bellana." said the necromancer.

"And you are a Grammator," replied the adult murderer.

The door to Neel's room opened, she looked around sleepily in a room where there was a mess after the fight, then she looked at both culprits.

"What are you talking about here?"

They both folded their arms and stood up. "Come!" she finally told Neel Bellan.

And Neela walked as she walked past Grammator, smiled at him and blinked, glad that Bella had finally been darkened a little, and that was the first day.

By dawn, Grammator was standing in the middle of the demon's abode, waiting. Then the large door at the back opened, the one that seemed to lead out. The necromancer did not change his mind and went outside. He found himself on a mountainside, quite large, apparently serving as a training ground. A little further on, there were gates carved into the rock, and a short distance away was a small artificial cave, in the shape of a circular room, more of an overhang than a real cave. The room had several steps in the floor that deepened it. There was a blue magic pulsing ball on the ceiling. Overall, it gave the impression of a small magical arena.

Suddenly Grammator felt danger and lunged sharply to the side, only a second later where a demon landed where he stood.

"Good morning, young man," Zeferius laughed. Grammator rose and bowed imperceptibly.

"They say you've already had a fight with the teacher." he continued.

"I didn't know who it was, it was shrouded in magic," the necromancer countered.

"But it's okay, it boosted your reputation again, she's great, great and you almost beat her. Now you'll show me what you can do. At night I called a couple of maids to have someone to train on. Don't worry if they kill you "I will raise you."

"Thanks, that calms me down." Grammator growled.

The gate opened without warning, and the necromancer prepared. Out of the darkness came a black-and-gold undead knight with a long sword in solid armor with a helmet that covered his entire head except for two eye openings. The knight didn't wait for anything and ran to attack, but neither did Grammator, but he muttered a spell, and a bone spear shot out at the knight, cursing him mercilessly. He fell to the ground.

The demon laughed. "I see you have chosen the surest way. Now you can't use it, always try something different."

Another knight emerged from the darkness. The grammator cast the spell again. The undead shook, dropped his weapon, and collapsed, kneeling helplessly on the ground. The necromancer arrived with a simple spell that he assumed would no longer need. Another knight was pierced like a needle by sharp bone teeth. The fourth died after the rathman used an inverted variant of the summoning spell. Another burned, was swept away, crushed, flew over the area and smashed against the wall, or the necromancer just deftly dodged and the knight fell off the cliff. The number of dead bodies in the area grew. The grammator now cast a complex

spell. A stone golem grew out of the rock, destroying another knight, then the rathman had to recall him. He revived the fallen undead to stand up to his companions. He threw a stone at them, blinded them and kicked them, forced them to jump on their

own, smashing the undead in dozens of ways.

After a few hours, the necromancer had little way to neutralize his opponent, he could still use the wand itself, which sent out a burst of energy like a projectile, but it was not as effective as the magic propelled by Rathman's powerful mind. One of the few spells he had left was a bone spirit, a radiant white ghost with strings of light, now crushing another knight. He looked at the demon, who watched his efforts with interest.

"Everything? Catch." he tossed Grammatore his sword, a beautiful piece of white steel, almost gleaming, long enough and not very massive, the experienced eye immediately recognizing that its owner preferred agility to strength. However, it was not small either, with each blow a flash of light shot out - the weapon was magical, besides, the rathman strengthened it with his own magic as soon as possible. In this way, he gradually chopped off another ten knights.

"Good, good," thundered the demon, "tired of the young man?"

"I just warmed up," the necromancer replied.

The demon smiled again, "Well, you can use magic again as you see fit, get ready!"

The fact that the demon warned the necromancer aroused concern in him, for he did not warn him even when he jumped on him, Grammatore could not tell if he was being taught or tested, but he was improving anyway.

The demon waved his paw toward the gate, fifty knights now running out, but this time their eyes shone red. Zeferius couvl.

Grammatore waved his wand, began shouting spells. The shower of bone teeth covered the first three, two survivors, the spear pierced six. As they approached too much, he waved his wand widely and the demons were thrown back considerably. He killed them, but eventually, overwhelmed, they came to him, took his sword and stabbed furiously, muttered a spell, and the three knights turned to face their fellows. Unable to face so many opponents at once, he pressed his sword hand to his chest and appeared at the rock wall that protected his back at least. He stroked his wand and a semicircular wall of fire grew around him, creating a fairly decent protective space. The demons ran through the flames, mostly jumping or running fast, so nothing happened to them, but the two still burned. He had to fight with the sword again, he stabbed two, he cut another. Then he cut off one head, magically crushing another. But he felt overwhelmed, he no longer managed to defend himself, he dodged only with luck, moreover, he finally began to feel tired. And then he felt a sharp pain, a sharp blade steaming his shoulder. The grammatore shouted. He threw himself to the ground, filling his wand with his power. Everything exploded, the demons and their parts flew through the air, the ground shook, the last survivors engulfed the flames. However, the explosion also hit a rock, and the falling rubble injured the necromancer on his head. He couldn't direct the explosion the way he wanted, it hit him too. He rose slowly and stumbled toward the demon. and the falling rubble wounded the necromancer on his head. He couldn't direct the explosion the way he wanted, it hit him too. He rose slowly and stumbled toward the demon.

"No ... I don't have the strength to ... heal myself," the necromancer snorted and collapsed.

The demon caught him. "That was great, great! I didn't have to hit me for the first time! You really killed them all!" Zeferius almost shone with excitement. Big fingers tapped the necromancer's wounds, and even though it hurt, Grammatore felt life-giving energy. The demon didn't cure him, he just got him out of the worst.

Then he handed him a bottle of blue liquid.

"Drink," he added. And Grammatore drank, his strength suddenly returning, his injuries aching, but he could handle it now, he was full of energy again. The demon opened the gate again, but this time entered. The necromancer followed. There was an altar where Zeferius no doubt summoned his servants, and then a large space, it was actually a huge area of sand, over which arched the cloudy sky. It was quite engraved, Grammatore could feel traces of very powerful magic, until it scared him a little, some extremely powerful spell was used here, and not once. The surrounding rocks were broken, crushed, melted, cracked, and there were traces of terrible destruction everywhere. And in the middle of the sand stood a huge cube of smooth solid stone, as tall as a house.

"This is where I measure the power of magicians," the demon explained, "I will teach you magic." The spell was that in a single moment, it unleashed all the power the mage wielded. The demon explained all aspects of the necromancer so he could control him, so he still retained some strength. This time, however, he did not want him, he wanted him to really release all the power he ruled. He then cast several protection spells to protect him, the necromancer, the altar, and the entrance.

"Come on!" the demon thundered at last, and his face showed considerable eagerness, finally seeing what was really in the young man. Grammatore obeyed, cast a spell, and aimed at the stone cube. Too much has happened the next moment.

The wand responded, knocked, and then a fiery red stream of pure energy shot out. Grammatore couldn't face it, and flew in the other direction, where he slammed into the gate with a gasp, his wand falling from his hands. As soon as the terrible current reached the stone cube, the blow sounded like a hundred thunders, the air moved, the cube shattered into a million pieces, the pressure wave lifted the dust, and shattered the stone wall that surrounded the space. Huge flames rose into the air, the ground burst. Pieces of rock and dust flew everywhere, swirling, falling and bouncing again, the rubble rushing down in large chunks, stopping against the wall protecting the palace from similar cases. The whole city looked up at the mountain, the side of which had been crushed by mad force, the explosion could be heard for miles, a flash illuminated the whole city for a few seconds. During all this, Zepharius desperately tried to maintain his protective spells. The whole hell lasted only a few seconds. Then everything slowly calmed down, the dust falling to the ground. There was simply no place where the stone cube was. It all slid to the wall of the palace.

"I think ... I think I underestimated you, young man," a demon snorted.

"We are on the same boat," a necromancer added, gathering himself from the ground with a painful grimace. The wand was smoking, but otherwise she was fine. Rathman's hand was a little burned.

Zeferius grinned. "I hope it didn't penetrate the cover barrier around the city, otherwise I'll have something to explain. But otherwise it was impossible to find out, you really didn't know?"

"Rest assured, if I knew what was going to happen, I'd tell you," Grammatore replied, completely exhausted by the spell, sure he couldn't even light a candle now. They passed the gate back to the training ground.

"Don't be surprised if people look at you in amazement, everyone knows who's teaching on the side of the mountain, and everyone knows who his student is now," the demon announced.

Grammatore nodded, "Are we still going on? If so, please kill me, I can't do anything!" he had to lean back, it was the second time he had been on the brink of strength that day, Neela was right. In response, the demon handed him another bottle of blue. Grammatore drank her. His strength returned, but not completely, the potion was not enough to replenish all of Grammatore's magical energy. Then the demon gestured to a strange room carved into the rock.

"This is my invention for training students, it's so perfect that it's sometimes borrowed by other teachers. The Defense Circle," the demon sang the last words almost lovingly.

"The Circle of Defense?" he wondered with Grammatore,

"Get inside."

Grammatore didn't let himself be prompted for long, he entered the center, which was a few feet below the level of the mountainside due to the stepped floor of the room. He had a large magic ball right above his head.

"What now?" asked the necromancer.

"Use magic," the teacher advised.

Since Grammatore could think of nothing else, he just let the wand glow, at which point he felt a strong reaction. The orb above his head activated and glowed, and almost immediately after the spell cast, lightning struck it into the necromancer. But he was faster, his sensitive senses predicting what would happen, he managed to conjure a shield at ease, but to his dismay, the ball reacted to the shield again. He deflected another lightning bolt, which caused more and more. Lightning was still falling on him. He stepped back a little to defend against attacks from the front and not from above. Another bolt of lightning fell into the wall, hitting the rathman from behind a thousandth of a second later. But Grammatore didn't expect this anymore. The impact threw him across the room. Feeling that the magic ball was about to strike again, he turned to it and tried the counter-spell, the lightning neutralizing it, but causing a wave of others. He defended himself against lightning strikes from all directions. His hands were already tingling. Deciding to attack the ball, he cast a spell and sent his own dark lightning bolt against the ball. The black projectile disintegrated in front of her, but before that the ball sent feedback after it. Grammatore watched the stream of blue energy approach his hand, the shield not swallowing everything, the magic squeezing his hand and shaking his whole body. Meanwhile, the ball was firing more lightning. Again, Grammatore stopped chasing to bounce and absorb everything. The orb used another magic, flashes of fire that exploded on impact. Thanks to them, the rathman flew through the air again a few times. He had had enough, ran to the edge of the monstrous circle. But an invisible force bounced him back with a flash. Meanwhile, another bolt of lightning struck him. Grammatore was quite enraged, summoning tremendous forces, and let them penetrate the space, then sent them against the ball. The ball was powerful, yes, but she could not absorb all the energy she now evoked. Grammatore already thought he had succeeded. But then a red shield pulsed around the ball. He looked at Zeferius, who was watching with a serious expression. The necromancer tried something else, conjuring a bone wall around him to give him time. The first lightning struck the wall, the second, and fell to the third, because Grammatore could not concentrate on it. By the time the wall relaxed, however, he was ready and teleported out of the circle. However, again, even in the immaterial state, he crashed into the magical barrier, materializing already in the fall. He fell to the ground, only to catch a few lightnings again. He knew he was weakening. he conjured a bone wall around him to give him time. The first lightning struck the wall, the second, and fell to the third, because Grammatore could not concentrate on it. By the time the wall relaxed, however, he was ready and teleported out of the circle. However, again, even in the immaterial state, he crashed into the magical barrier, materializing already in the fall. He fell to the ground, only to catch a few lightnings again. He knew he was weakening.

The last thing that might work occurred to him. He wrapped his arms around his wand, as if a sailor were winding a rope. A slow stream of blue mist shot out of the ball, but this time it was necromancer's work. The ball faded a little, and the magic barrier became visible and weakened. Grammatore sucked energy from the ball, feeling it grow stronger. Lightning still struck him, but it was

weaker, so he could deflect it more easily. The grammaror focused more, the flow of energy from the sphere accelerating. The demon began to smile again, though the rathman did not notice. Since the necromancer could no longer concentrate on the other

spells in his head, as he sucked in energy, kept it in check, and deflected the frantic attacks of the ball, he cast a teleportation spell aloud to get out of the cursed circle. Well, he sucked, rather he shouted. He felt the barrier again, but this time he penetrated, with a long crack and a flash, he materialized before Zeferius. The barrier pulsed where the teleportation spell had placed her. The ball, freed from the suction of energy, glowed but then went out completely, because it no longer had a victim for further torture. Grammaror just lay there breathing hard. Above him, he heard the teacher's voice say, "Well, we're done for today." Despite the training, the student was now taking a deep breath, he had just had enough.

A little later he entered the apartment, this time Neela had been there before, she was beaten again and was eating at the table. She studied her friend for a moment; a burnt hand, a blow to the shoulder and head, and he looked like he was bathing in a volcano. "Hi." Grammaror growled, collapsing into his chair. "Oops." Neela laughed, then added another; "You look awful..." "Thanks..." then he started eating. "Listen, what were you doing on the mountainside today? Did you want to drop it all or what?" Grammaror really took his time before answering, "Zeferius wanted to know how much steam I had." He knew from Neel's tone that she knew what was going on, and that behind her careless, reproachful tone was astonishment at his abilities. "I was a little afraid that something would happen to you when I was there, so I barely cracked the dice..." "Were you there too?" "Yes, everyone who rules magic goes there to show what power they rule, sometimes teachers also go there, but from what she heard, no one else has demolished the mountain..." she laughed. "But the mountain is still there." Grammaror countered. Neela changed the subject a little, "how did the training go, what did you do?" And Grammaror was happy to tell her, Neela listened quietly until he was done. "That's crazy, really crazy, I wouldn't want to be in that Circle of Defense... he's a real demon, he's tortured you!" But her friend shook his head sharply. "I've never been able to resist so many attacks before, and I've never cast three spells at once, in the whirlwind of combat." "Hmm, it's like my moth," Neel began, "today she pulled a piece of paper across my training area to get over, quietly and easily so I wouldn't tear myself. That paper was ten meters high! You don't know how many times I've fallen." "Yes, the training is hard, but otherwise great. I'm sorry, but I'm going to bed..." "Good night," Neela replied, then calmed down, and went to bed too.

Chapter Three

They were both awake in the morning. Grammaror sat in a chair, correcting the last scars from yesterday's class. Neela peered into his room with permission. "You arranged it very nicely." He nodded, then someone knocked, they both looked at each other. Grammaror waved, and the door opened, and Bellana stood there. She wanted to tell Neel that she would start teaching a little earlier today, then she disappeared. "Since when is he knocking?" asked the necromancer. In response, Neel just burst out laughing.

Today, Zeferius trained more complex spells, summoning ghosts, the undead, golems, resurrection, resurrection, curses, mind manipulation. The demon clearly showed him how to improve and strengthen spells. Grammaror spent the afternoon again in the Defense Circle. Even though he already knew how to get out, with his teeth full, he stayed at the demon's command to train as much as possible.

And so the weeks passed. Grammaror's power grew day by day, as did his abilities. Neela has finally defeated Bellan and managed to walk so quietly and easily that she has almost reached her etheric form. Her magic was also improving.

When two months had passed since Grammaror's arrival, they decided with Neela that they would finally fight. They came to the arena together. During that time they became very close, perfectly matched, like a two-headed animal, like a brother and sister. But now that they were facing each other, neither laughed at each other. Grammaror stared at her coldly and stonyly. Neela tensed at him. Zeferius and Bellan were present at the fight. Finally a signal sounded.

Neela lunged to the side at insane speed, zigzagging toward her target with a fighting stick in her hands. She had a stick of blades at the ends. Grammaror raised his wand and a vortex of bones materialized around him. Neela tried to break in, but only lost her weapon. She reached for the weapon and it flew into it. Then Rathman's shield collapsed and went like a whirlwind of projectiles against the killer. Neela jumped up and threw a sharp blade at the necromancer. The grammaror repulsed her easily. He attacked again, and Neel was hit by a red ball of magic, and she threw it away sharply for making a few more somersaults. She got up quickly, put the gun to her body, and disappeared. The next moment, she was at the necromancer's, hitting both her legs and her arms. Right now, tens of hours in the Defense Circle had paid off for Grammaror. He stepped hard against the kick and the gun froze in the air. Then he threw Neela and drew his sword. They both wielded combat magic, so as the weapons collided, lightning, flames, and sparks danced around them. Neela was overestimated, but more experienced in combat with weapons, it was clear that she had the upper hand, yet she had not yet managed to break through the necromancer's block. The weapons crashed again and again, then Neela attacked with maximum effort. With one foot she kicked a friend in the knee, with the other in his side, with one hand she wanted to hit him in the face, with the other she wanted to cut with a weapon. The necromancer only covered the attacks with his arms, he got two kicks at once, but that was only half of Neel's plan, thanks to her position she now threw the opponent over herself, moreover she cut. Grammaror headed down to the ground and hissed, a sharp blade slicing the flesh on his thigh. Thanks to Neel's agility, he lost his sword. Neela slashed a second time while she was over the necromancer and tore his arm. The grammaror has disappeared. He appeared a short distance away, and his leg broke for a moment. However, he already held the wand firmly in his hand. He sent a magic spear at the assassin against her side just so that the wound would not be fatal. Neela folded her arms across her chest, making it transparent, she thought the etheric form would save her from the bone spear, but it was as magical as the physical. Fortunately, she moved at the same time, so it only scratched her side, yet her blood flooded the arena floor. Then Neela waved her hand in front of her body and faded. Grammaror cursed, sending an invisible wave of energy around him. He felt that he had hit Neel, even though he didn't know where, but he didn't care, he just wanted to buy time. The wand glowed red, and as he turned it, it fell all around, until he finally saw the outline of his body in the light. He focused directly on him and saturated the light with power. The invisible box from Neela fell, the necromancer trying to circulate. He cast another spell, an invisible force literally nailing her from above. She couldn't move. But he needed to tell her not to be able to do anything, even if no magic acted on her. He limped toward her, waved his hand to fly away, and took the dagger at her waist. Then he lifted her hair so that it was face to face, she curled a little beneath it. The moment he touched her, she could move. So she fumbled for Rathman. He raised his other, free hand with fingers outstretched above her face. A dark flame shot out of his hand and circled Neela's head, then began to suck energy out of it. Neela resisted for a moment, but then her hands dropped along her body. Her will weakened until she finally collapsed. Grammaror won. The two teachers then discussed it as they both recovered. It was agreed that the winner would heal the other, so Grammaror placed his hands on her injured hip and forehead, returning the energy he had taken. Then he made himself. When they finished repairing the damage, they appeared in front of the teacher. "Well, that was nice." Zeferius remarked, Bellana nodded.

A little later they came to the temple, they were both surprised to see Vizjerei there, Grammaror in his mind asked Zeferius who it was. "It's Zanzamar, he's been here in Tragmar for a long time, but he spends most of his time out there." Grammaror then forwarded it to Neel in his mind.

Suddenly the whole room shook. Above all, the scales, a bit of red mist flowed from the gargoyle above the bowl of hell, and the scales leaned much deeper to the side of hell. An alarm broke out, an imbalance. Neela ran after Bellana, Grammaror going upstairs with his teacher. The Rathmans set out into the field, many Rathmans. When they were alone with the demon, the young necromancer asked, "What do you think is going on?" "What I tell you now, I will only tell you. Probably what we feared happened. You are very powerful, you are a weapon, you are a weapon of balance, a weapon of light. A very powerful weapon. In order to balance, something must be upset And what only you will be able to undo Or, on the contrary, you were born because something will happen that only you can do! I don't know if it's this, but it's a brutal imbalance. We've been losing necromancers for a while. as if someone were hunting them." "Is someone hunting us?" Grammaror was shocked. "Looks like it, anyway, I have to get you ready."

Chapter Four

Grammator confided in Neele, promising not to let him go alone, and he was glad. She was one of those people not only do not have to worry about, but can also lean on.

The scales in the temple were now under close surveillance, and a few drops fell on the bowl of hell each day. His power continued to grow.

Zeferius kept his promise, preparing Grammator for his task, no one else had any idea of their plans. In the meantime, they were trying to figure out who was behind it.

And the young necromancer was diligently learning, they had sharpened the secrets of hell magic, the demon had taught him terrible spells, but he had also been taught the great shield spell. He also taught him how to use the power of his opponent. He taught him how to recover, how to survive.

There was a week left until the end of the training. Grammator and the demon stood on the platform, and Zeferius explained to him the curse of death, the magic of the Lord of Horrors, the darkest magic.

"This spell draws substance from the target itself, for example, if you cast a shield against it, draw energy from it and become stronger, if you don't defend, the spell will eat you. The defense against it exists, but it is as dark as the spell itself, they control it some demons and you will weaken this curse, you can give it any form, you can use it in any extent, this spell grows on its own, so there is nothing that cannot destroy it, it only draws more power from everything it destroys until you end it. It is its essence, it is truly the darkest magic, it disrupts the essence of the world itself, draws strength from it and then releases it, it causes great problems, and the place where you use it will forever be marked by darkness, and if hellish forces seek it, it can serve as a nest of evil. Let me perform the spell."

Grammator was startled. After what Zeferius had just said, he did not expect to show the horror. But Zeferius was not reckless, casting a pile of protective spells to dampen the impact of the spell.

"The demon knows how to deal with the consequences of magic, but I can't teach you that, we have it in our blood."

Zeferius spread his arms and began to shout words in the ancient language of hell. The grammator did not understand the content of the words, but he felt their darkest essence, as if it came from a place very much deeper, deeper than hell, to the roots of malice. The words were haunted, only she had a devastating effect, but Grammator was closer to hell magic than any other mortal, closer than the vile viziers who had allied themselves with the demons, so it had no devastating effect on him, yet he was filled with deadly cold.

Red light shone around the demon in stark contrast to the surroundings, which were faded in shades of gray, and there was not a tiny bit of any color anywhere. Zeferius said the last word, a small stream of red rushing from his chest and heading against the stone. he began to eat it, the stone crumbling and disappearing, as if throwing ice into a red-hot iron. The current spun, grew, and consumed more and more of the stone. When he had sucked out as much stone as would be enough to fill the demon's cauldron, Zeferius waved his paw and canceled the spell. The color returned to the surroundings, then cast more spells in the ancient language to destroy the effects of the curse.

They practiced various intricate hell spells all afternoon. Zeferius was explaining to the necromancer how to use his own magic shield as a weapon in an instant when Grammator stopped.

"Intruder." Rathman spoke in a low voice.

"What?"

"Intruder, I've placed a detection spell in the door of the room, someone is in our apartment, I think ... Someone powerful." he added when he didn't know what to say.

Grammator ran toward the stairs to the palace, followed by the Demon. They both shortened their journeys from time to time when they teleported over a difficult section or crowded place. Within a minute they were in front of the apartment door. Grammator prepared his wand, Zeferius swam. The necromancer waved and the door flew open. A huge flash of white light shot out of the room in front of them, nearly knocking Grammator over. No one was there when he looked inside.

"He teleported, he must have known about us," the demon added unnecessarily.

Grammator nodded.

"Never mind, we're done today. Trying to find out who it was. This isn't really a habit in Tragmar, the only one who violates someone else's privacy is sometimes a teacher when he wants to surprise a student."

Grammator sat in his chair waiting for Neel. It was already dark outside when Neela entered the door, and for some time, like the necromancer, she had not returned from training completely destroyed. She laughed when she came in, but when she saw her friend's expression, the smile quickly disappeared.

"Is something wrong?" she asked cautiously.

"We had an uninvited guest here."

"What? Who?"

"Zanzamar, of course he. How can anyone trust vizjerei." Neela was surprised by Grammator's sudden expression of emotion, which was not his habit at all. He spoke the whole sentence with a strong undertone of pure hatred.

"How?"

"I know it?" finished the necromancer behind her, "I left a detection spell in the door to tell me whoever walked through the door, it took a lot of work, but in the end I found out exactly who it was. Vizjerei, powerful vizjerei, master of disguises, pretenses, uses special magic for covering his thoughts and feelings, he seems to keep ahead of the necromancers so as not to reveal his meanness. Fortunately for us, however, he has now betrayed himself."

Neela stared at him in silence.

"I need something from you. I want you to teach me how to gain invisibility."

Neel's expression was just as shocked now, but far less quiet. "Do you know how long it took me to reach the state of invisibility? It's been years! Years of hard work, years of training!"

Grammator stood up and looked her straight in the eye.

Neela nodded and began to explain to him aspects of the spell that should make him less than a shadow, less than air.

A week passed and Grammator waited for the demon in his last training session. The upstairs door opened and the demon came up the stairs.

"Greetings young man, today I would like to give you something that will multiply your chances of success in a challenging task. Take it as my farewell gift, a better student than I have never had here, and I will never have. You are absolutely special, so also you will get something absolutely special."

The grammator had told the demon everything he had learned from the detection spell before. The demon was happy about it, he could prepare the necromancer more thoroughly, when they already knew at least what he was going to oppose. Neither doubted that the imbalance, the disappearance of the rathmans, and Zanzamar were related.

The demon held his paw above the cauldron with his palms down, a fire burning beneath it. A strange liquid soon began to boil in the cauldron. It was like liquid magic, like a magic dissolved in water. The demon walked around the shelves, took all sorts of ingredients from them and threw them into the cauldron. Then he leaned over the boiler and closed his eyes. A drop of blood glistened beneath his dark eye, demon blood, and then more and more. Five drops of his blood hit the cauldron.

The demon reached for the closet, which opened very slowly and reluctantly, as if holding something. When it opened, the dead creature's head flew out of it and flew into the demon's hand. Then the closet slammed shut shut itself. The grammator recognized the creature, it was the head of Bakrog, a powerful demon guarding the legendary Chaos Sanctuary, the place where Diablo himself lived at one time.

The demon mumbled. The flesh fell from the head until only a horned skull remained, which began to twist and change shape until it formed into a narrow twisted wand with a tiny skull at the end, which had an open mouth full of sharp teeth that formed a key with the rest of the skull. Then he dropped her into the cauldron. A small but deep wound appeared in Zeferius's chest, from which a small, perfectly round black-red stone fell. The demon had a perfectly safe hiding place in his body.

Grammator sighed loudly.

"Yes, Narrubian," Zeferius laughed, "an ancient mineral that can hold an immense amount of magical energy, this is a polished fragment from Worldstone itself. I found it at the foot of Mount Arreat when I went to explore it to realize the events that took place there. occurred. Baal almost triumph, which was foiled really last minute."

Narrubian flashed passed bones and perfectly settled in a small lebečce at the end of a wand.

"the miracle is done," he said, his deep voice demon "I give those Grammatore, the most powerful of rathmans, this weapon, the most powerful weapon Tragmar can offer you."

The necromancer took the wand in his hand, and immediately felt the mighty forces running between him and the magic instrument. With his other hand, he picked up his old wand, uttered a few dark words, the old wand crumbling in a blue glow that literally soaked into the new wand. Then red ropes erupted from it, encircling both the wand and the rathman with a firm grip. Then they also merged into both the wand and the necromancer. Grammator strapped his wand to his body and to his immortal soul. The demon just stared at him proudly.

"And now go, go, young Grammatore, set out to fulfill the mission you have been preparing for so long. Go protect and balance."

Grammator bowed deeply, the demon nodded, and left. He went out in front of the palace, knowing that Neela was waiting for him at home, but he wanted to try something else. This wand was truly a miracle, he saw no boundaries in what he wanted to accomplish. He concentrated and waved his wand.

Neela was home, preparing food to strengthen herself before setting out, she was already packed, wearing combat black leather

clothing, the same as when she first met Grammator. She had a fighting stick on her back and a dagger at her waist. Besides her, she had small throwing knives and blades all over her body. She didn't take more with her. Someone tapped her on the shoulder, but when she turned no one was there, someone tapped her on the shoulder again but she still didn't see or feel anyone. Then Grammator appeared.

"At the crazy Testranis!" Neela cursed aloud.

"Is that an acquaintance?" the necromancer said amusedly.

Neela left it unanswered. She asked flatly, "How? How did you do it so fast?"

Grammator cleared his throat and raised his new beautiful wand for Neela to see. Like the necromancer, she looked at her almost devoutly.

"Well," Grammator began, "we'll eat, and when it gets dark we'll see what our Vizier friend is up to."

Chapter Five

In the evening, they both went out in front of the palace. The city was quiet. They both became invisible. Grammator knew exactly where Zanzamar lived, so they went right there. Thanks to a special spell, they saw each other. They came to an unusually stately house, which was not very common here in Tragmar, and they waited. The night was cold, but they were both used to bad weather.

Later that night, Zanzamar came out and headed straight out of town, both of whom followed. The wizard came out of the city and continued down the forest, down from the mountains. Neela and Grammator followed silently. They walked for several hours, the wizard went quite far. He stopped at the foot of a rock face. There was a lush forest around it, so after a few meters there was nothing to see through the branches and bushes.

Grammator saw that the vizerei cast spells around him to protect him from unwanted observers, so they moved closer, hoping that the invisibility of the murderesses would protect them enough. Zanzamar waited, but after a while another vizerei appeared in a flash of energy. They both greeted each other.

"So what?" the newcomer asked.

"The Rathmans are running everywhere now, our lures and traps are taking over, they know nothing about our hiding place. What actually happened to the latter?" Zanzamar asked.

"That wreck? Snooping? That black snake? What had to disappear with everyone before anyone blew up the slightest trace of our mansion. How are you?"

"They didn't come up with anything, the spell is perfect."

"Isn't it necessary to kill another necromancer?"

"No, at least for now."

"Too bad I'd like some filthy grave robbers to get a better night's sleep!" he complained about the second vizerei. They both chuckled mockingly.

Anger was raging in Grammator, how someone could believe the vizerei, as no one had discovered his betrayal. Actually, he didn't feel any meanness from him either. He decided to reveal the truth at all costs as soon as Zanzamar was alone again.

The two mages talked for a moment, then said goodbye, and the other disappeared. Zanzamar was also about to teleport a little closer to Tragmar, but almost at the same time that his colleague disappeared, he was swept away by a curse and hit a rock face. Zanzamar fell to the ground, reached for his cane, but he already had Neel's dagger on his neck. They both appeared as if they had come out of the shadows.

"Get away from him!" Grammator ordered, his voice calm but a look of terrible anger in his eyes. Then he turned to Zanzamar. "You vile parody of wizards, disgusting vizerei, you are all so perverted by greed, now I will ask and you will tell me the truth!"

"Don't bother, young necromancer ear!" the wizard defied, "you can't drug me with your magic!"

"I don't even mean that ..." Grammator fired his wand at the traitor. An invisible force pressed him against the stone. Then red ropes circled around him and flew into his head.

Zanzamar began to roar madly, Neela didn't believe he could still have air, so he just roared for so long, his eyes first popped out of their sockets of pain, then he closed them in agony. She turned to Grammator.

"Isn't he fainting?"

"

Then the roar stopped.

"May I ask now?"

"You'll kill me anyway," Zanzamar said between gritted teeth.

"Yes, but I think you'll be happy in the end." Zanzamar roared again. Although Neela didn't believe it was possible, he roared even harder. He was squirming in the air against the rock wall in mad convulsions. Tears of pain ran down his cheeks. Blood flowed from Zanzamar's head from the impact, but otherwise he was completely unharmed, all the pain rathman caused him only magic. Neela, meanwhile, reached for his staff and walked a little further so that Zanzamar wouldn't have a single chance.

"May I ask now?" Grammator repeated.

"Please no more, please no more ..." Vizerei hissed, "Kill me, kill me!"

"Depends on you."

The roar echoed through the forest again. But only for a moment, the wizard's eyes closed now and howled, he obviously still felt pain, but not such that he could not speak. "Ask us," he whispered.

"Who are you and your friend? Who do you belong to?" Grammator asked.

Zanzamar finally relaxed, "to the Clan of Fire," he replied resignedly.

"What are you talking about?"

"I don't know." Zanzamar howled a little again, "I don't know, I really don't know, they didn't tell me, I was just supposed to be a spy here!" he shouted.

"And where is the seat you were talking about?"

"In the city, a little west of here is the city, there is a castle, a castle. But it is guarded, very guarded, I was only there once!"

"Is the Clan of Fire responsible for the imbalance?" Neela asked impatiently.

"

They both looked at each other as if wondering why to let him live.

"How come we didn't come to you?" Grammator asked.

"Magic, ancient magic, I found a book here, a disguise spell, it keeps another person's aura around me."

Then he pulled a pile of useful details out of Vizerei.

"That is all," the necromancer finally added happily, turning away from the traitor. He did not cast any spells, the wizard did not burn any bursts of energy until he hit the ground was simply dead.

Chapter Six

The mountain range in which Tragmar lay hosted another important city, perhaps even the most important. It was about two days through the woods northwest of Tragmar. It acted like a scar in a limestone mountain range that encircled it on three sides, making it a perfect fortress. Avalon, the city of magicians. It was built in stages, and each part of the city was separated by a massive wall, the city had a total of four. The city was full of castles and forts, like the residences of wealthy families or clans of magicians. Avalon was the center of magic, the city of miracles. There was a famous university and many professors who kept inventing new spells, new types of magic, revealing secrets, collecting treasures. In Avalon, the Zakarum Church ruled with a firm protectionist hand.

Two shadows moved through the dark streets. Grammator and Neela avoided using invisibility. She was quite exhausting and they wanted to get into the fight as fresh as possible. They wandered the streets. Grammator tried various detection spells, but could not find the lock he was looking for. Zanzamar did not lie, the necromancer was sure of that, so the castle had to be obscured by spells. So they had to look for him classically. At times, he sent Neel to ask anyone if he recognized the castle as described, but they met with little success.

In the end, they found a hidden building. She didn't look much like a lock. It was large, yes, but it wasn't very ornate and had only a minimal garden, actually just a hedge and an overgrown strip of grass around the entire building. There were high levels of craft workshops and shops around it, so the three-storey castle was lost in it. He didn't even have a proper tower. Grammator was still full of rage, he had dampened it so far, but now he wanted to use it. He came to the goal and tried to take the handle. It was locked, but not mechanically, the necromancer could feel it now. He told Neel, "I don't think there's any point in trying to enter unnoticed, does it?"

"No."

"All right, back off." Grammator filled his body with boiling rage, followed by a wave of heat. Magical energy permeated Rathman's body. He called out powerful words. A sharp white light in thick rays shot out of his wand and slammed into the gate. There, it collided with a magical barrier that both protected and covered the castle. A stream of light was still gushing from the wand in powerful waves. Where he crashed into the barrier, it began to flicker, and tiny lightning flashed across it.

Neela looked at her friend in utter astonishment, she was captivated. He stood motionless in front of the gate, crushing an obstacle with power. He looked like a blacksmith waiting for his furnace to heat up. The magic wave of destruction slowly spread and engulfed the barrier. In the castle, meanwhile, light appeared in the windows. Neela walked a short distance down Grammator's side to the immediate vicinity of the barrier. She drew a tiny dagger and began to speak words full of magic. Although the dagger looked

almost insignificant, it now shone with a bright red light as bright as the sun itself. The killer slammed into her barrier. Another wave of energy appeared on it, which soon caught up with the necromancer white and connected with it. Together, they swallowed the

rest of the barrier much faster, and it collapsed as if a bubble burst. It disintegrated into thousands of sparks that quickly faded in the damp night air.

"Do you smell it?" Grammator asked. Neela looked at him in surprise. "So no. I feel very dark magic, it's hidden, but I can feel it, it's kind of close to me." finished.

They stepped into the garden. The small gate to the castle was not so protected. A wave of fire shot out of Grammator's hand and slammed the door furiously. Neela was ready and ran inside with a fighting stick in her hands. Inside were guarded guards and servants. They immediately went into battle with the murderess. The room was a classic welcome hall, it had two floors, on the sides were stairs that connected the ground floor with the landing and corridors. Crossbowmen stood on the landing. At first, Neela didn't notice them, and now she was very frightened. Because they were about to fire. But before they could do so, they were covered in a wall of bones like needles of sharp bullets. They all fell terribly torn to the ground. The young assassin halved several guards. She continued to fight, fencing and murdering.

The door opposite the main entrance opened. A figure in the Vizjerei robe stood in them. When the mage saw both attackers, he grinned angrily. Deciding to take care of the cheeky girl first, he concentrated. His staff ignited and a fireball shot out, but Neela was receptive, knowing of the attacker. She became transparent, with the result that two assailants who wanted to kill her with heavy axes fell through her and rolled down the stairs, where the necromancer killed them with an agile spell. Another who wanted to attack her from behind was crushed by the fireball that was supposed to kill her. Outraged by the failure, Vizjerei shouted. "How dare you break in here and attack the seat of the Clan of Fire ?! You will be destroyed by the clutches of evil!" he glared at the necromancer.

"I'm a jerk of balance idiot." Grammator between his teeth "You are committing a crime against the essence of balance, for that you will be destroyed!"

"You can't defeat the Clan of Fire, you stinking rathman! You have no idea ..."

"No, you have no idea who you're talking to!" Grammator shouted, completely lost control. He let power, instincts, break through his body. He didn't want to think, he just wanted to destroy. The power that had been a curse to him since childhood was now his weapon and his draft wildlife.

A strange darkness filled the whole room. The wall paneling exploded. Chaos filled the whole hall, debris and various objects flying through the air, pieces of paintings, pieces of masonry, candlesticks, fragments of wallpaper and carpets. The ornate glass chandelier exploded, and its pieces flew all around, tearing to pieces all in the room except Vizjerei. Fortunately, Neela was still in etheric form, yet she quickly escaped behind Grammator's back. Immediately after the room was crushed, the landing was released, and with terrible force it was torn from the anchorage and threw itself to the ground, where the wizard stood beneath it. He lunged forward at the last moment so that the stone slab would not crush him. He stood up and stared at the necromancer in utter shock and fright. He had never seen a rathman do something similar, they were mostly calm murderers. This one was strange and no doubt powerful, yet Vizjerei did not want to give up.

The two magical warriors sent streams of energy against each other, which collided and pushed against each other. From the point of their contact, a liquid hot mass fell to the ground and burned the floor. The wizard's strength was not enough. Therefore, he threw himself to the side again and sent lightning against Grammator. For that, however, it was only like one of the million lightning bolts he had to repel or absorb in the Defense Circle. However, the lightning was not entirely ordinary, after it hit the necromancer's shield, it continued and turned directly on Neel. However, she was not defenseless and lightning engulfed her magic shield as well.

In front of Grammator, a magic spear materialized and charged at the wizard. He tried to deflect him with a spell so powerful that it threw a huge mass of ubiquitous rubble into the air again. However, it had no effect on the magic bullet. The spear pierced the wizard's chest and pinned him to the wall, then disappeared and Vizjerei collapsed to the ground, the rubble pouring his blood beneath him. A group of enemies arrived from the next room to the buried door. It was only a matter of time before the door flew open. But the wreckage of the landing in front of the door gave the necromancer time to prepare. He waved in all directions, and undead defenders rose from the rubble. They lined up for him in a neat order. Neela stood beside him, waiting. The necromancer, fearful of the way the enemies came in front of them, conjured a wall of bones.

He was right, a deafening bang came shortly afterwards, and a massive explosion crashed into the wall, accompanied by a hail of rubble.

Chapter Seven

The wall fell apart, not that it couldn't withstand the impact of the explosion, but Grammator no longer needed it. The undead ran against the enemies, as did Neela and Grammator. He already had his teeth full of fighting with guards and servants. He wanted to punish the culprits. They swept away the wave of guards and the mage quickly. They walked down a long corridor until they reached another large hall. It was a circular room with a high ceiling, a sofa by the fireplace, and paintings on the walls. There was a red pentagram on the ground. At its center stood Vizjerei, the one who had previously talked to Zanzamar. He also had two young helpers with him, ten years older than Grammator and Neela.

"And now you." the necromancer said shallowly, "Do you know that your friend Zanzamar begged me to kill him?"

A shiver of fear ran through the wizard's face, knowing that necromancers did not lie in such things, they did not need to brag. He knew why he had told him, he wanted to upset him before the fight. Which he did, but Vizjerei didn't want to let it show.

All three attacked the necromancer. He resisted their attack, waving his wand and shouting spells. A magical battle raged in the room. Then Vizjerei noticed Neely walking around with the rest of the undead, "Tomin!" he shouted.

The roaring footsteps of several people were approaching from somewhere, and a moment later four people burst into the room from the side door. They were three armored warriors and one extraordinary knight. He wore great linen armor, a long sword, and a wide, long shield with magical ornaments. The rest of his armor was just as magnificent. His three companions immediately began to fight Neela and the undead. The paladin, meanwhile, clasped his hands and mumbled. All his comrades burned their swords and fought far more fiercely and tirelessly. Then Tomin got into a fight. The undead now had little chance and grabbed quickly. Grammator now had something to do with his three enemies, but he still found time to wave his wand at Neel's opponents. The three, except for Tomin, were suddenly wire-wielding, slow, weak, and the glow from their blades faded. Neela now fought with two claws on her hands. She stabbed one lame warrior and disarmed and kicked the other. The room was suddenly lit by a flash so bright that Neela, Tomin, and the others threw themselves face down on the ground. Only Grammator stood, one of the wizard's minions left lying. Grammator was short of breath, but unharmed. This moment that Neela devoted to the necromancer eventually proved fatal. Tomin stabbed. Neela screamed, blood gushing from her side, and for a second Tomina was struck by a white bone spirit and slammed into the wall of the room. Heavily shaken, he slowly gathered. This moment of inattention was fatal for Grammator again. He heckled under the impact of a large ice ball and was knocked to the ground. He jumped up and waved violently and broadly at the two wizards, who knocked the spell to the ground. Tomin and the others threw themselves face down on the ground. Only Grammator stood, one of the wizard's minions left lying. Grammator was short of breath, but unharmed. This moment that Neela devoted to the necromancer eventually proved fatal. Tomin stabbed. Neela screamed, blood gushing from her side, and for a second Tomina was struck by a white bone spirit and slammed into the wall of the room. Heavily shaken, he slowly gathered. This moment of inattention was fatal for Grammator again. He heckled under the impact of a large ice ball and was knocked to the ground. He jumped up and waved violently and broadly at the two wizards, who knocked the spell to the ground. Tomin and the others threw themselves face down on the ground. Only Grammator stood, one of the wizard's minions left lying. Grammator was short of breath, but unharmed. This moment that Neela devoted to the necromancer eventually proved fatal. Tomin stabbed. Neela screamed, blood gushing from her side, and for a second Tomina was struck by a white bone spirit and slammed into the wall of the room. Heavily shaken, he slowly gathered. This moment of inattention was fatal for Grammator again. He heckled under the impact of a large ice ball and was knocked to the ground. He sprang up quickly and waved sharply and broadly at the two wizards, who knocked the spell to the ground. Tomin stabbed. Neela screamed, blood gushing from her side, and for a second Tomina was struck by a white bone spirit and slammed into the wall of the room. Heavily shaken, he slowly gathered. This moment of inattention was fatal for Grammator again. He heckled under the impact of a large ice ball and was knocked to the ground. He sprang up quickly and waved sharply and broadly at the two wizards, who knocked the spell to the ground. Tomin stabbed. Neela screamed, blood gushing from her side, and for a second Tomina was struck by a white bone spirit and slammed into the wall of the room. Heavily shaken, he slowly gathered. This moment of inattention was fatal for Grammator again. He heckled under the impact of a large ice ball and was knocked to the ground. He jumped up and waved violently and broadly at the two wizards, who knocked the spell to the ground.

In the meantime, however, Tomin recovered, seeing that the killer would not make trouble for at least a while, but now he wanted revenge on the necromancer for the heinous blow. He did not understand where such evil took the will to fight. He's not fighting for survival, so why? But he didn't worry about it for a long time, he wanted to destroy the necromancer. He raised a clenched fist, which now shone with golden light. A golden vortex of energy descended into the necromancer from above, perhaps from the sky, wrapped itself around him, and knocked him to his knees. This gave the paladin time to cast the final spell, the angelic spell that would never fail. To get rid of that dark embodiment of evil once and for all.

He concentrated, this spell cost him a lot of effort and energy, but he succeeded. Tomin fired a beautifully glowing Holy Missile directly against the necromancer's chest. He opened his eyes at the last moment just to see her, but he didn't have time to do anything.

Tomin's heart stopped, his bullet just flew through the necromancer, and without any effect plunged softly into the wall behind him. How could the magic of angels fail? Wasn't the paladin powerful enough? That's not possible, he's used it twice before. He considered it a certainty. How could it fail? And then it dawned on him, and his soul was filled with darkness. He shed a tear of regret, but concentrated again, casting a spell again, but this time against Vizjerei, who was just rising. The Holy Missile slammed into

him precisely and violently, sweeping him away and burning him in the white flickering light during the flight until nothing was left. At the same time as the wizard, the bullet disappeared.

The necromancer realized the change in Tomin's loyalty and turned the spell just cast against the last young wizard, who was looking at his superior's fate in shock. A stream of orange-black shimmering light sailed into him, tearing his body into tiny pieces of flesh that flew around.

They looked at each other with the paladin, and then they both ran to Neel. Blood rushed from the side and mouth, coughing and breathing hard. Her eyes were sunken and her features deepened. Tomin was the first with her and immediately put his hands on her hips. Neela felt the pain subside, her body vibrating. Her wound drew very slowly, but at least she stopped bleeding. He knelt beside her, and Grammtor ran a wand over her now-bare belly and muttered something softly. Neela suddenly sat up sharply, some blood gushing from her mouth, then she quickly grabbed her side, but the wound was completely gone. Tomin stared in disbelief. The necromancer's magic far surpassed his saint. But Grammtor now sat up heavily, his left hand dangling helplessly along his body. He had a torn cloak on his shoulder where the ice ball had struck him, and what the ball had begun was completed by the paladin's celestial fist. Tomin came to the necromancer with the obvious intention of trying to cure him as well. But Grammtor shook his head, "The magic of light is too merciful, leaving the soul intact." He aimed his wand where Vizjerei had burned, as if a silver cloud had materialized out of nowhere and flew into the wand. Then the rathman put her to his shoulder, the blue glow flooding the wounded spot. A moment later, he moved his shoulder without difficulty.

"The last spell," Tomin began, "the one you killed him with," he pointed to pieces of meat and a pool of bloody mush, "it was hell magic, I could clearly feel it."

"It doesn't matter what magic you use, but what paladin." Grammtor replied calmly.

The knight nodded, "I'm Tomin. The angels chose themselves, I'll help you, whatever your goal is."

Neela stood up and introduced herself and the necromancer. Then she asked, "Do you know what the Vizjereis are hiding here?"

"No, I'm just a commander of the guards."

Grammtor got up, went to the corpse of the wizard he had killed first. He aimed his wand at him. The wizard took a breath and widened his eyes, Neela screamed, but then she understood. The necromancer just needed to be able to talk, not really breathe, he was still pointing his wand at him, and he could be seen concentrating. Then the corpse implanted a single name, "Dungam."

Grammtor gasped, a chill as if the corpse had said the name of the Lord of Horror himself. An expression of undisguised terror reflected on his face.

Dungam

How is that possible? He was defeated, it can't be him.

Dungam The

darkest of the dark, a man who has almost plunged the whole world into ruin, a wizard who has allied himself with the most terrifying forces of all. The one who opened the gate to hell.

Dungam

That name roared Grammtor's head, how would he defeat him when not even the angels defeated him? After all, it's been so long, has he been hiding all along?

Lord Dungam Orphim Saris

The necancer closed his eyes, shaking. Demons didn't kill him, angels didn't kill him, time didn't kill him. He opened his eyes. He saw his companions. The sight of the necromancer sinking into the astringent cage of endless terror had an even worse effect on them than the sorcerer's name on the necromancer. They were both completely pale, but Tomin had a look of understanding on his face at the same time.

"Who is Dungam?" Neel asked in a shaky voice.

"Lord Dungam Orphim Saris," replied instead of the Grammtor paladin, "is a man with half power but a soul as dark as the original evils."

"Even more," the necromancer added in a darkly empty voice, "he didn't want to let hell into the world, he wanted to control hell."

"He wants to." Tomin corrected him. Despite all the terror, but none of them thought to back down.

Chapter Eight

Slowly, cautiously, they advanced up the stairs to the underground. Tomin led them. They reached the gate. It was huge, dark, torches blazing green with flames on the walls. The gate was made of bones, lined with human skulls. It was not locked. Tomin took the handle and the gate opened with a terrible creak of metal hinges.

They entered a huge dome-shaped hall, but the whole room was in the shape of a pentagram, bloody footprints stretching across the floor to complement the pattern. A huge crystal of narubian hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room, and a magic ball hung in the air just below it in the middle of the room. It looked crystal but liquid, almost transparent, and its surface rippled gently. At its center was a vortex that pointed downward, as if into a depth beneath a magic ball. The ball sucked in the magical energy of the whole world and drew it into hell. And at the very front, at the very top of the pentagram, was something else, a huge creature chained by strong chains. He was all black and had six legs, his originally muscular body was very weak, his paws dangling in chains. This demon has been here for a really long time. A perfectly smooth blue ball shone above his head, which kept him helpless. When they entered. The demon opened his eyes and tensed slightly. He examined the unwelcome visitors, hissed anxiously, closed his eyes again, and hung himself back in chains. He will not be helped. In each corner of the room was a three-foot-tall gray statue of a knight in a cloak with his head covered by a hood.

They spread out around the room. "Dungam, you disgusting monster hated by angels, humans and demons, appear!" called the Grammtor. And to add emphasis to his words, he sent a bone spear against the narubian hanging from the ceiling, which struck the black shield that protected the stone with a flash and blow. Suddenly, something like a black twisted rope flew out of the ball, twisting and crashing into the ground directly in front of the necromancer. The wizard materialized, Dungam was here and ready.

As soon as he saw who was standing against him, he laughed out loud. "Two kids and a poor paladin challenge me to a duel?"

"I am here in the name of balance," Grammtor said in a firm, strong voice, "give up the madness, you will ruin the world!"

"On the contrary, Rathman, I will save the world. When I finish my work, there will be nothing interesting for hell, they will let it be. And then I will take control of hell, heaven and the world."

"I thought you had one hand with the demons, you should know them a little, this will never work for you. You can't hand over all the hell and hope the demons leave it to you."

"The demons agree with me, it's our common goal." Dungam laughed.

"He too?" the necromancer pointed to the chained shadow at the top of the room.

Dungam laughed heartily, pointed to the ball above the demon, and flashed into his head. There was a painful roar in the room, the demon in chains again, staring at Dungam with a look of pure hatred.

Grammtor knew he would gain nothing by talking, at first hoping that the insane Vizjerei might reveal some of his weakness. But now he saw that the wizard was fully conscious, he meant everything. It was even scarier.

He no longer waited for anything and attacked. A flame shot out of his wand and rushed at the wizard. At the same time, Tomin attacked with the surest and only thing he had at his disposal, the Holy Missile. The dungam did not escape the flames. He did not consider the necromancer a threat, he devoted himself to the Holy Shot, swung his staff against it, and the magic collided with the magic, sparking black and gold. The bullet disintegrated. At that moment, all four statues came to life and attacked Neel. Dungam attacked Tomin, who was thrown against the wall where he pressed hard and could not move as pinned. Neela fought the statues quite successfully, Grammtor was still teleporting, both to hire Dungam and to help Neele handle the statues, he didn't want to attack Dungam alone. Neela jumped up and dipped her red glowing claws into the chest of the statue that had exploded. The last crushed Grammtor, when he shot her against a rock face. Then they both turned against Dungam, who was holding a cane in his hand and cast a spell. However, Neela disturbed him as she threw the blade at him. The next second, she was pinned next to Tomin. Grammtor was alone in this.

Dungam still thought he was just a naughty child, apparently unaware that he had to get this far, but he probably blamed the paladin for that, so he was the first to deal with him. Dungam waved at the necromancer to send him to the wall behind his friends. Hesitation flashed across his face when nothing at all happened. Grammtor was not lazy and cast a spell, and bones came out of the ground around the wizard and quickly revolved around him. But right after that, the bones exploded. Vizjerei glowed red, angry, but Grammtor, too, both felt it, wanted to measure their strength. They were like wrestling bulls digging their hooves before running at each other. They both shouted at the same moment, the necromancer swung his wand extensively, the wizard swinging his bone stick. Two streams of the same black collided. It was like a stream of muddy rivers collapsing. Dungam was shocked that the necromancer wields magic as dark as his own, the place where the currents collided with the white light of thousands of stars, lightning flying and tearing at the walls of the pile of stone. At the end of the necromancer's wand, Narubian swam with his own flash, a circle of red energy running down the black current toward the sorcerer, but Dungam would not let go. The circle seemed to hesitate at the site of the current duel, but then jumped over and continued down the Vizjerie. He slammed his cane into the ground and fired his own golden ring to counterattack. They collided and seemed to bind the struggling current, all the blazing energy was suddenly caught, but it did not last long and the place of the collision exploded. Grammtor and Dunham each flew to the other side. The sorcerer had long since had fun. They now switched to a less open fight and fired magic bullets at each other. The necromancer threw bone spirits behind which a dark flame fluttered. Vizjerei ice balls enhanced by red light. They tried to combine spells to fool the enemy.

Grammtor moved a little to the side because he was afraid that one of Dungam's shots would hit Tomin or Neel. Vizjerei noticed this and fired one projectile at Neele, but Grammtor shot him down. The demon chuckled suddenly, enraged Dungam, waved his hand, and lightning struck the demon from the ball above him. However, this distraction was enough for the necromancer to gain an

advantage. He waved both hands sharply and sent a wave of red mist at the wizard, which looked like a racing herd of horses. She swept away Vizjereie and slammed him against the wall. The impact site was covered with stones. The grammator waited. A pile of

rocks exploded, and Dungam stood darker than ever with his staff in his hands. Looking into the wizard's face, the necromancer really regretted defending himself at all. "You ... you ugly ... necromancer." Dungam spoke the last word very slowly and with immense contempt. "You're going to die now." A black mist shot out of the ball and swelled like a vortex into Vizjereia. He mumbled a spell. The only thing that occurred to Grammator was that this was Zeferius's spell, it must have worked. Lightning shot out of Dungam's staff as black as his soul, crashing violently into the necromancer. A crimson shield pulsed in front of him and bounced the lightning back. Vizjerei thus managed to conjure a shield. They both flew a considerable distance. Even though the demon's shield worked, part of it penetrated. The necromancer knew he had to recover as soon as possible if he wanted to carry out his plan. He slammed his head into the stone wall and bled, so where lightning penetrated and hit his hand he had burnt skin. Still, he aimed his wand and uttered a spell. The blue-gold bullet flew and aimed unmistakably at the target, hitting a magic ball over the demon and shattering it into a thousand pieces. The demon howled with infinite joy. Dungam got up to reach the lying necromancer, but he heard the sound of crackling metal and stone, how the demon tore the chains that had held him in this ugly place for so long. The next moment, a huge dark purple tornado shot out against the wizard. Dungam had to do something to defend himself. Now that Grammator had as much time as he wanted, he knew that the demon longed for revenge, so as long as the wizard lived, he would let him be. He crept in front of Neel with Tomin and released them both with a wave of his wand. Tomin immediately started healing him, but Grammator refused again. "Go around the corner, cast all the protective spells you know and plug your ears, I really don't know what this will do."

They waited a moment before they were ready. He looked at the demon struggling with Dungam. The necromancer spread his arms and rose. The whole room went dark, the walls, balls, and narubian in the ceiling went out in shades of gray, the spell swallowed all the light, only a red aura shone around the necromancer. And then his mouth uttered words that so far only the mouths of demons, Diablo and Zeferius, no one else. Both Tomin and Neela began to shout, although the necromancer spoke essentially quietly, they could not overhear him, this spell was insurmountable. Dungam stopped in silent amazement as he understood, and then he collapsed to the ground, roaring as he pressed his hands to his ears. To the necromancer's surprise, the demon collapsed to the ground and began to roar, and the necromancer now uttered words ruthlessly, insurmountably, to complete the curse of death. But he aimed not at her against any of her enemies, but against the bullet, which sucked in the magic of this world. Both spells were based on sucking energy, on drawing power from everything around. The necromancer had no idea how this might turn out, only that it would be big and that it would be no good. A red sphere one meter in diameter went toward a huge transparent, flowing sphere. When their surfaces met, there was a crack like hundreds of thunder. Geysers of energy flew out of the collision. A loud hum filled the space. The surface of the portal sphere, which was only slightly disturbed by the occasional ripples, now foamed and began to rage. Lightning and currents of energy flew from the ball, crushing the hall to pieces. The huge narubian suddenly exploded and its pieces filled the entire space. The ball began to spin and slowly, yet relentlessly, fall into the depths beneath it. Before that, however, she began to absorb everything around her insanely. The first to fall into it was Dungam, who was stunned by one of the lightning bolts that shot out. He was immediately followed by the demon, as the second closest. Neela, Tomin, and Grammator now huddled together, clinging to the chains that had previously imprisoned the demon. Grammator tried protective spells and counter-spells, tried to teleport them all, but nothing worked. It was not the magic of the portal sphere that caused this, but the magic of the curse of death, and it cannot be resisted. The sphere engulfed all three of them and finally sank into the depths beneath it.

Chapter Nine

He landed on a stone floor covered with ashes. The first thing he sensed was terrible heat and little air. Two other bodies fell on him, Tomin and Neela. Then he heard the demon's call. He opened his eyes. They were in a huge black marble cathedral. Above him were red turbulent clouds. He actually lay on the black stone floor and angrily found himself in the middle of the pentagram again. The pentagram had five holes in it, through which hot yellow lava could be seen, which occasionally splashed into the air. He rose sharply, as if he had struck him. "In the dragon! Chaos Sanctuary!" he shouted. Now Neela and Tomin had also flown away. "What?" "We are in the Chaos Sanctuary, the place where the Lord of Horrors was defeated! We are in hell!" Everyone looked around until their eyes rested on the Demon, who was fighting Dungam again. Grammator remembered the demon's call and looked around again and really. An army of demons was slowly approaching them from all the wings of the cathedral. Then they heard an inhuman howl. The demon collapsed to the ground. "Not even a demon can resist rathman! How do you want to resist me?" Dungam growled, chuckling. "Run!" Grammator shouted, "I'll hold him back, if we're really where I mean, you'll still need full strength to get out, go!" And Grammator stood up to Dungam again. But then something occurred to him, a saving thought. The wizard imprisoned the demon for hundreds of years, suffering all the time. All the suffering is in the corpse now, just waiting for some ingenious necromancer to use it. He drew his sword and ran toward Vizjereia, who seemed to conjure something, but he wasn't fast enough, the necromancer stabbed. Dungam had to jump, and that was exactly what Grammator wanted, the wizard didn't have the most stable position right now, grabbed him and threw him at the demon's corpse. The necromancer roared in pain as his hands pierced the dark shield, his whole blood blooded as if he had shoved them into the broken glass, The demon's corpse shimmered and exploded, a huge explosion of the disgusting mage engulfed like a beast of prey, the whole cathedral shuddered and tilted a little. The demon's army was thrown away by the force of the explosion, part of the pentagram in the middle sinking into the lava that splashed high into the air. The grammator waited to make sure the mage was over. Neela and Tomin waited nearby, not escaping. He came to the scene of the explosion and could not believe his eyes. Dungam crawled away from the cracked spot, pulling his legs helplessly behind him, but he was still alive. However, he was no longer protected, he was weak, defeated. He held out his hand to the necromancer in a pleading gesture "I will tell you the secret of the highest magic, don't kill me." "I won't kill you." Dungam's expression brightened, "I won't." he added, pointing a wand at him, blood dripping from his hands. Zeferius also taught him this spell, it served to punish the worst enemy. A flash of purple shot out of his wand and touched the mage, at that moment he was engulfed in purple-red flames, and Dungam roared in the most horrible agony that magic could cause. He writhed and jerked, burning like a magic torch, the flames whipping high. And then they went out and Dungam was shaking, he was alive, he was burned but he was alive and he was shaking madly. Grammator fired all the magic at him, the most terrifying magically never using a single spell again. Then he turned and ran, the demon army approaching considerably. "Néééééé, nekromancere néééééé." Dungam shouted manically, "Don't leave me here! Neeeeeee!" Grammator muttered to himself, "He's always wanted hell." The demons walked over to the former wizard and began to eat him, defending himself weakly with his hands before shouting one last time.

All three fled, but the demonic army was after them. She caught up with them, Grammator, Tomin, and Neela sometimes cast a spell behind them, but even though they always killed a few demons, it wasn't known at all. They already had them behind their backs, they could feel their breath, they were already gasping at their feet when suddenly a huge column of fire grew into the sky in front of the trio. Fiery lightning shot out and struck the demons. The column of fire disappeared, and in front of them stood a huge, four-legged, muscular body and swollen red veins with a blazing look and black hair tangled in narrow stripes, Zeferius. Tomin drew his sword, but Grammator stopped him, then went out to meet the demon and shook his hand. "You don't even know how glad I am to see you." "I'm glad you're alive, after everything I felt here, I tried to get here as fast as I could, but now run, I can't keep them too long, the road is open." The three of them ran again. "Grammatore!" another demon called, "the east are guarding ..." "I know." the necromancer nodded seriously. They kept running, the sounds of curses behind them and flashes. "Who guards the east?" Neela asked quietly after a moment. "Aroni." said Grammator darkly.

After a while, they ran to the stairs. It was an extremely long staircase of black and red stone that seemed to hang in the air, connected to the ground just in the place of the first step. They kept running up, climbing, Tomin tripping but immediately getting up and running. They kept climbing until they ran into a layer of clouds. And when they ran above her, there was the last step and a black sky above them. They were in a special space. There was only bare dirt around it, just where the stairs ended was a paved, raised square with four pillars around it. A little further on, they saw the blue portal that Zeferius had prepared for them. They hoped to make it to him before Aroni, the legendary guardians of the hellish citadel, as well as all the entrances to hell, appeared. The Aarons were not demons, they were cursed people who craved blood, because murder was the only thing that alleviated the pain the curse caused them for a while. That's why they were great guards, because the demons knew that no matter what came to the hellish citadel, the Arons would really do anything to kill it. They were running again, only fifty meters from the finish line, when a huge ghost appeared directly in front of them. He was over three meters tall, but he still looked as bulky as he was. He had an extremely muscular chest, arms and legs. He held a weapon in

each of the four hands and had four legs in four directions, a bit like a spider. It was said about the Aaron that there was no one who could defeat them in battle. And it was true, they could only be defeated by a huge advantage or magic.

Tomin stabbed immediately, but it was completely useless, Aron not only uncovered it, but tore Tomin's hand open with an agile cut. Behind them emerged two more Arons, cared for by Grammatör. The bone spear sent against the huge chest pierced it shallowly, then disintegrated. The necromancer couldn't believe his eyes. Neela and Tomin fought the one who was blocking their way, even though they were both brilliant warriors, they didn't have a single chance against Aaron, Neela threw all the blades and knives she had on him, Aron had them variously stabbed in his body, but he didn't seem to be noticed it at all. When she tried to dig her claws into his thigh, which was at the level of his neck, she just broke them. Tomin was hit in the shield with a spear, the magic shield burst, sparkled, and Tomin flew away. He struggled to his feet, conjuring the Holy Missile again. She hit Aaron in the side and burned him badly. Aron didn't shout, he had a burnt hole in his side except for the meat, but he didn't even beep. Instead, he continued to reach Neel. They couldn't teleport, the Aroni blocked it.

"I conquered the castle," muttered Grammatör, "defeated the corrupt Vizjerei, freed the demon, killed Dungam, I was in hell, and you will not stop me either!" he shouted the last sentence. Rays of light shot out of the wand like needles and pierced Aaron, bleeding from his whole body. The necromancer shook his wand, something cracked, and Aron broke in half. A chill ran through him, he heard Neel's terrible cry. But he didn't want to make the same mistake twice, he didn't want to divert attention so that a moment later he would get some intervention for which he was not prepared. He dropped the other Aaron and now turned to Neel. Neela had a terrible wound to her neck, but she didn't bleed at all. But then he realized. "No, Aaron's bite." exhaled. Neela was cursed. The Aarons left her alone, she would soon be like them. With a powerful boom, he sent a deadly projectile at Aaron, who bit Neela. Then he got a hard hit from behind. Surprisingly, Aaron, who had thrown away, recovered immediately. He landed hard on his bloodied hand and roared in pain.

Tomin said words of power, a prayer for light. The sword in his hand glowed with a beautiful warm light, and the Aroni retreated as if with immense force pulling them from the battlefield, still trying to move forward, but still a little far apart. He ran to Grammatör and helped him to his feet, then took Neel on his back. Everyone jumped into the portal.

Chapter Ten

They were near Tragmar. Neela lay, sweating profusely and jerking.

"We'll take her to the Zakarum Temple, they are adept at capturing the curse." suggested Tomin.

"This is Aaron's curse, there is no cure for this, except for one." he added darkly.

"And what's that medicine?"

"Tell me, when you meet someone cursed who is up to your senses, what will he tell you?"

Tomin paused, not that he didn't know, but he didn't want to say it. "Kill me." he whispered then.

"Yes, death will take away any spell, any poison, any disease, death really is deliverance."

"So we just kill her?" Tomin was terrified.

"You're forgetting I'm a necromancer." Grammatör added muffledly.

An expression of hope appeared on Tomin's face.

"But it has one catch." Grammatör snorted.

Tomin didn't have to ask, just look at the necromancer, he was practically covered in blood, and he was so pale and devastated that he looked cursed alone.

"It's okay," Tomin said, "paladins excel above all in the art of giving."

And he folded his arms again, a new force permeating Grammatör. Tomin learned quickly, knowing that Grammatör could do it all on his own if he had enough steam.

He tapped Neel on the forehead, and she died. "We'll wait a while." he added coldly.

The curse on her body seemed to fade, they both felt it.

Then he began to cast a resurrection spell, but it was too strong for him, they had to wait a long time, Neela was dead too long, he needed more strength. He told Tomin, but he was already on the verge of strength.

"I can't give it to you, but you can take it from me."

"What?"

"Necromancers can suck life, don't they? Take me, just let me have enough to live, you're sure you'll have enough to save Neel and get us to safety."

Grammatör was a pragmatist, touching the paladin's forehead without a word, and he passed out.

Neele had a horrible dream, her face chasing her, changing her body, deforming her. Then she felt immense freedom and the need to embark on a journey before she even looked around. She felt something like a warm touch, but it quickly went out and was replaced by the incredible cold. Only now did she realize that she was dead. But no, something happened. She felt a warm touch again, which was replaced by a warm tide, bathed in warmth and beautiful white light. She felt her own breath and heartbeat as clear as ever, then fell into boundless darkness.

She woke up. She was lying in bed at Tragmar Hospital, knowing her after a few hard workouts with Bellana when she came here for a treatment. Tomin lay beside her, but she didn't see the necromancer anywhere. The last thing she remembered was that Tomin was taking her to the portal. Did Grammatör stay there? "No!" She shouted. Tomin winced beside her and woke up. He was terribly pale, as if almost lifeless.

"What? What's going on?" he asked her.

"Grammatör, where is he?" Tomin didn't immediately understand her, he looked around and said, "She's not here."

Neela gasped and sat up quickly.

"Oh so!" Tomin understood, "Yeah, he's here, he drew us here, he couldn't teleport to us at the city gate." and then he told her everything that had happened,

Then a figure in a black cloak came in.

"You idiot!" Neela shouted at him, half angry and half happy, "You certainly didn't get treated, did you?" she guessed, she knew him. Then they talked for a long time.

Tomin left to find some honest good service. Grammatör and Neela did not have the character for a sedentary lifestyle in Tragmar, so they set out into the world, to strike a balance to serve where needed.

The demon Zeferius never returned to Tragmar.

Moderators | Login

Site coded and content added by Jan "filuS" Tovarnak, Avalon mod created by Grammatör, Avalon Realm provided by Paradise Gaming
Diablo® and Blizzard Entertainment® are all trademarks or registered trademarks of Blizzard Entertainment in the United States and/or other countries.
These terms and all related materials, logos, and images are copyright © Blizzard Entertainment. This site is in no way associated with or endorsed by Blizzard Entertainment®.

