

Results from the Temple of Uhrlik

The injured Nightblade staggered out of the crypt's entrance into the moonlight, clutching the Arm of Jassad in one hand, and her shattered sword in the other. Jerza looked around the corpse-littered yard with horror, noting many of her long-time fighting partners hacked to pieces amongst piles of fallen warriors. While the fight to enter the tomb had been difficult, the battle within the Temple of Uhrlik had been one of the bloodiest she'd ever seen-and she was an experienced Sect pit-fighter, with decades of experience. She shivered as she imagined the bands of voracious Mage Spawn that tore apart the warriors of Vladd and Uhrlik with equal pleasure... the groups of black-clad, equally-matched Necromancers raising more zombies and skeletons than she could easily count... the explosions from false treasure chests that tore Vladd's best thieves into bloody shreds... it was hideous, and was a night that even she, a master of a thousand battles, would have nightmares about for the rest of her lifetime.

Behind her, a cloaked figure manifested out of the shadows. Before she could turn or react, the figure snatched the Arm from her hands with ease. "You've done well," Ribhan Crag said quietly. "You'll be well rewarded for your victory. But now it is time for us to go."

"But master, what about the others?" The Nightblade gestured to the broken and torn bodies of her companions.

"Uhrlik's reinforcements are coming. We'll have to leave them where they lay, and fight them another day."

"Yes, master." Jerza said obediently, and fell into step beside him.