

After much focus and planning the shadowed pair had finally achieved one of their goals that had resulted in the capture of one of the first born. They took their prize to one of their many bases to break him in. The breaking in consisted of the first born, Radnor Skyheart, being constrained by several of the largest zombies you have seen. Despite this constraint still did the first born struggle and curse. Zalfuron watched impassively from across the room while two of the human guards began beating the prisoner with lengths of heavy wood although it made no difference. However, the thoughts on how to use this first born were mixed, with each of the shadowed pair having different goals and ideas on how best to proceed. Zalfuron Nightspell wanted to take the first born to the West to turn it into a Void Master. Whereas Calix Wraithspawn had grown tired of his time serving the Darkness and sought a new alliance, one that shared his hatred and pain. So did they argue, to see whose voice would prevail, take the first born to the West and turn to Darkness or break his mind and make him one full of hatred and pain. Many insults were hurled and things said but it was Zalfuron who left, leaving behind the first born to be used as a pawn by Calix, to use Radnor's connection to the land and his people to spread his message of hate.

The alliance of the shadowed pair now lies in tatters, leaving Zalfuron Nightspell to consider his next move. Zalfuron naturally turned to his own people and old ways, sending out tendrils of shadow in all directions. One particular tendril leading to his old home and in particular the land around it and its caretakers. From his base in Dragur Falls did the lord of shadow wait for answers to his probing tendrils of shadow, projecting himself to keep an eye on his minions. Zalfuron appeared among a group of Darkness controlled by one of his own, giving instructions before disappearing once more. The Drow left behind by Zalfuron took his shadows with him and encircled a group of Wizards and set upon them. Even caught unawares light and ice magic burst forth causing the darkness to briefly falter. But the shadows melted away only to strike again from different directions confusing the wizards and splitting their focus. It was then the assassin struck. Leaping from concealment he was behind the target with two long strides, his blade tracing a line of death across their throat. As the wizard fell to his knees choking on his own blood the assassin dipped his hand into the satchel and withdrew a carefully wrapped bundle. Two more steps took him back into the shadows and he was away.

The other half of the split shadowed pair, Calix Wraithspawn, continued in his efforts to break the first born. The Sneverhime roared as the blood gushed across his hands and chest. The butchered remains of the Shadowfall swordsmen falling into a lifeless heap at his feet as so many had before. He barely noticed the chains on his feet anymore. In the pit he didn't need to run, or hunt, only fight, fight and win, fight and kill. Calix applauded gently from where he watched smiling slightly but he frowned as he saw the deep wound across Radnor Skyheart's shoulder. He gestured and the girl was dragged to the edge before Radnor

and one of the cultists cut a deep furrow across her shoulder to match with a jagged knife. She screamed as the blood began to run down her arm and Radnor lunged toward the laughing cultist as they dragged her back. A Calix clapped his hands and two men dressed in ragged clothes, the black and blue of the kalid legions barely discernible, dropped into the pit one either side of him with Heavy maces gripped in their hands. Radnor bellowed at least now he could stop thinking about the girl. He only had to fight. A Fight and kill. Until he got his chance for revenge.