

Blood Revenge

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a story about a man named Murtagh, who wants to get revenge on the people who destroyed his family. im bad at summaries, cause im not sure whats gonna happen next. anyways, comment please.

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1 - Prologue

Pound, pound.

Silence fell throughout the court as the mallet hit the wooden podium. Attentively, the crowd turned towards the man behind the podium, known as the Elder. Dark circles surrounded eyes, making his face even droopier than it already was in his older ages. A white wig sat promptly on his head, showing a sign of significance.

To each side of the Elder, sat many other Officials, who had stopped discussing the manner for which they were here for. Around the sides of the court, the town members sat impatiently in their seats.

The huge oak doors in the back were opened, showing a line of knights, harshly leading a man in chains to the center of the room.

The man was in his late 20s, dressed in a dirty black robe that drifted to the floor. His jet-black hair shined in the candlelight, immersing from the bronze chandelier above. It was jaggedly cut, by a sword perhaps, and ended at his shoulder blades. Red eyes glared from beneath his bangs, surrounded by pale skin. Many men struggled to keep the man down.

“Murtagh, son of Elnador. Thou have been accused of defying thy Church. How does thee plead?” shouted the Elder.

“It may be easier for thee to answer if thee wasn’t bound to thy ground,” he muffled from the dirt.

“Very well, loosed thy chains,” sighed the Elder with a wave of his hand.

With that said, the knights lifted the dark man off the floor. Murtagh stood up, brushing the dirt off his robe.

“Again, how does thee plead?” asked the Elder in an irate tone.

But Murtagh merely replied with a sly smile. “Not guilty.”

“Not guilty?! Is thou mad?!”

“But what wrong deeds has thy done?” said Murtagh, sarcastically.

“Do not speak that way to an Elder! Many town members have witnessed you practicing black magic, which is strictly against the Church. And many slayings have been done in your name!”

Murmuring started in the crowd.

“SILENCE!” exclaimed the Elder, turning towards Murtagh. “Thou family has caused trouble for too long. Curse that day that Elizabeth wed Elnador, and gave birth to you, that filthy wench!”

“Do not talk about thy mother that way! She nor Elnador would tolerate it.”

“They wouldn’t be able to anyways,” snickered the Elder, followed by snickers from the Officials.

“What is thee snickering about!” shouted Murtagh, who was annoyed.

The Elder let out another loud chuckle. “While thou was in the Cell, Elizabeth and Elnador were hanged for their evil deeds.”

Murtagh’s face went blank. “You bastard!” he spat and lunged for the Elder, only to be held back by the chains.

“Take him away!” ordered the Elder.

As the knights approached Murtagh, he muttered something under his breath. “Conlük.”

The chains around him immediately fell off his body. The knights stood stunned, but continued charging towards him.

“Kamëth Pemost” The knights stopped stiff and couldn’t move. Murtagh grabbed a sword from

one of the knights and headed towards the door.

"Thou will rue to day that you destroyed my family!" he shouted as he exited the room. Stepping outside, he muttered: "Festonire."

Great flames burst from the building, sending cries into the night He turned around to notice a young woman, probably in her late teens or early 20s, exiting the bathing house. A cloth was all that was covering her. The woman's face turned pale and she started to run, her cloth flying off behind her. Murtagh quickly caught up to her and grabbed her wrists. The woman tried to twist away, but couldn't.

"Let me go, you bastard!" she spat.

"No, you're coming with me," he replied. "Whether you like it or not! Elësp."

She fell to the ground in a deep slumber. Her curly, brunette hair drifted around her shoulders, surrounding the pale, goose-bump-covered skin. Around her neck, hung a necklace with a symbol that Murtagh had never seen before. He grabbed it off her neck and placed it in his pocket.

Murtagh scooped her up, and hurried to the stables. There he retrieved his horse and headed towards Dolonn.