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ORIDIA

Book I

Journey for salvation



For her...

THE OMEN OF ORIDIA

The Age of Chaos

The lands of Oridia were once a peaceful home and had hope for many different races...

But there was a time when she fell under an uncanny period of darkness and chaos. New orders had arisen and crushed the ancient ones. Chaos, disorder and anarchy spread like a plague, infecting the lands more and more each passing day. Empires clashed and great kingdoms fell. Then the racism began once again...

Races of all breeds were murdering each other in large massacres. Orcs and humans began an era once more to try and wipe out one another. The sadistic dwarves resurfaced to continue their unsettled disputes with the Elvin empires. Goblins continued their reign of terror upon the dwarves, and the northern barbarian clans had suddenly developed the desire to hunt down and eradicate trolls and ogres. It had become a world of war.

There was only one individual to blame, a being of such power and evil, neither trusted by the gods or the burning underworlds. His kind was unknown to the people of Oridia, but his name brought curse to any who whispered it... His name was Krauvac. Most races portrayed him as a great and powerful demon, though one could never tell, for he wore the most defiled and sadistic suite of armour that could only have been forged in the depths of the abyss itself.

There were many battles taking place each passing day in the lands of Oridia, which now seemed so depressed and defiled. And wherever a great battle raged, Krauvac was present. Though he was never alone, for he had a legion of his own that were feared by all. They were known as the Varkranites...

It was said that even the mightiest of warriors did not dare challenge these black knights who were said to have been the tormented revenants of the abyss from ages past. Their true origins were also unknown to the people of Oridia. It was also said that each Varkranite was given a panther cub to raise and train as its own personal pet in battle. The panther would only obey its true master. Some even called the Varkranites, beast-lords, dark druids or Chaos Warriors.

Whenever a great battle took place, Krauvac and his legion would intervene,

crushing both opposing forces and claiming their empires for his own. Krauvac's fortress was located high up in the cliffs of Quandor upon the Island of Chaos. The cliffs were so steep that even the Varkranites found it almost impossible to enter. Though exiting was never a problem for them, for these were men that felt no pain. They found no delay in casting themselves recklessly off the cliffs by means of catapults if necessary while others had to claw their way up the steep and rocky walls. Krauvac of course found no problem in this for he possessed a great dragon that served as an easier means of transport in and out of his fortress, as well as on the battlefield. Krauvac saw himself divine and continued his reign of terror for three centuries...

There were only three empires left that were able to survive and resist Krauvac. The High elves were very strong in their resistance, followed by the vicious green-skinned orcs, and then the humans who mostly relied on the Tierins, an ancient order of mage-knights that were brilliant in "battle magic". Their resistance was great but slowly began to fall over time. Their numbers were growing thin. They then came to the realisation that despite their petty differences and disputes, they would have to put that all aside and join forces against the common enemy if they were to survive. Then so it came to be that war from these three empires was declared upon Krauvac, lead by three courageous kings, Lord Renvil the king of the human race, Windrix the emperor of the High elves, and Zukhran the orcish war chief. This was to be an event that would not be forgotten for centuries to come in the lands of Oridia...





The Great Battle of Bloodshore

It was day and yet the sky was a dark and gloomy grey. The sound of marching armour could be heard over a great distance amongst the cliffs of Quandor. It was the orcs. Due to their size, strength and courage, they marched ahead of the humans and elves knowing that it would be a fine day to die in battle. There was much swift movement in the Erlwin Forest as the Elvin rangers moved from one tree to another in excellent stealth. The humans mostly consisted of valiant knights, who moved with much arrogance and clout amongst the orcish infantry. The orcish war chief Zukhran, the royal Lord of the humans, Renvil, and the Elvin emperor Windrix were accompanied by a group of Tierins. They had finally arrived at the foot of the Quandor cliffs. The marching had soon silenced, and now the armies waited anxiously for their leaders' next move. The three kings emerged from the crowd and approached to the very front.

"Krauvac!! Come out and face us!!" cried Lord Renvil.

"Maybe we should try another tactic, provoking him will not give us the upper hand." said Windrix turning his steed to face Lord Renvil.

"I say we raze the bastard's fortress to a crumbling ruin!!" cried Zukhran, followed by the cheering war cries of the orcish army keen for battle.

Suddenly a dark and mysterious hooded figure dressed in black armour emerged from the mist high above them on the cliff accompanied by a great panther that stood at his side.

"You are all fools for coming here this day!" said the mysterious character.

"We shall defeat you this day Krauvac! Our people have suffered enough at your cruel hand!" cried Lord Renvil with such confidence making every word count.

"I am not Krauvac fool!" yelled the mysterious figure.

"Then who might you be?! An errand boy?!" called Zukhran looking a bit puzzled.

The mysterious figure unveiled him self. His face was as pale as a corpse with the art of war paint on it, his hair was as black as night but with a hint of a metallic dark blue. His eyes matched the colour of his hair, dark and evil, but with a fiery glow in each iris making his appearance almost vampiric.

"I am Branavor, Krauvac's right hand warlord and ambassador. I ask that you leave these grounds lest ye wish to die this day!"

"Our numbers are great and we shall send your vile master back whence he came and you along with him!!" cried Lord Renvil with an aggressive tone.

Just then the ground began to shake. The sounds of thousands of galloping horses and the roars of panthers could be heard. It was the Varkranites. They charged down the steep mountain with great speed and little effort, each Varkranite having their war-panthers running alongside them. Soon they were upon their opposition, fighting with no regret or remorse. They tore through their enemy like a knife through paper. Branavor, still standing in the same position, had a strange look about him. He then knelt beside his pet war-panther, and spoke calmly,

“Balnor my loyal friend, you have served me well, but it is time that I set you free.”

Branavor took the collar off of Balnor. Balnor looking sad and confused placed his paw on his master’s knee and began to whine like a cub.

“Do not wear that long face for me my friend. We will meet up again some day. I have matters to attend to and do not wish to involve you in them. So now you must flee into the wilderness and wait for my arrival. Go now.”

added Branavor.

With that Balnor turned and began to depart from his master. Branavor rose and turned around to watch the battle that was taking place before him. He had a perfect view from where he stood. He was about to draw his sword and join his comrades when he suddenly hesitated. He said to himself,

“Three centuries I have been a dog of war...

Three centuries has my name been Branavor...

Three centuries have I been forced to obey his master’s law...

Three centuries too long... I will obey no more!”

Branavor turned and looked up at his master’s fortress with a look of contempt in his eyes, he whispered to himself,

“I will obey no more...”

More Varkranites continued to pour down the mountain, some were even losing control and sliding down with their steeds due to how steep it was. To make matters worse it then began to rain. A Varkranite on horseback stopped before Branavor and asked,

“Lord Branavor, are you injured? Where are thou steed and beast?”

“They are both dead, but that does not concern you comrade!” answered Branavor with such confidence of what he was saying was actually the truth.

“Where is Lord Krauvac now?” asked Branavor.

“Lord Krauvac is in his throne-room preparing himself for a grand entrance upon these dogs who dare oppose him.” answered the Varkranite.

“Thank you comrade, you have been a worthy ally, and will die bravely in battle.” said Branavor in a sarcastic tone.

The Varkranite looked strangely at Branavor and asked,
“How are you to know if I am to die this day or not?”

Branavor put on an evil smirk and with cat-like speed he drew his sword and brought it up piercing straight through the throat of the Varkranite. With great strength he cast the black knight off of his steed onto a nearby pike that had been buried in the earth with the blade facing to the sky. The Varkranite could not scream having a sword in his throat, as well as being thrown off horseback. He now lay with a rusted pike piercing through his breast and choking on his own blood. Branavor stood next to the corpse, staring down at it while he cleaned the blood off of his sword with his cape. Meanwhile on the battlefield the orcs were putting up a fair fight against the Varkranites. The elves were excellent at their marksmanship. They made every arrow count, and with the orcs defending them they had little interference from the enemy. Lord Renvil’s knights were being slaughtered by the number, due to their arrogance; it actually made them look like fools. The orcish war chief Zukhran was really getting his worth out of the battle, having already lost an eye, he fought on aggressively as ever alongside the elvin emperor Windrix.

“Either my last seeing eye is failing me or I have just reached the point of insanity!” said Zukhran out loud.

“And why would you say that comrade?” asked Windrix firing another magic crossbow bolt at the enemy.

“I could have sworn I saw that “Branavor” Varkranite slay one of his own.” said Zukhran.

“I doubt that my friend, the Varkranites never turn on their own.” said Windrix firing another bolt.

Meanwhile in Krauvac’s keep Branavor had approached his master’s throne-room. Krauvac stood with his back to Branavor. He had just finished placing his mask upon his mysterious face. Krauvac was as tall as the average ogre, but his build was much broader, and his armour made him almost twice as large. It was said that his armour was actually part of his tough demonic flesh. His long and wavy hair was the rich colour of blood. He had horns as big as elephant tusks retracted from his broad back and he wore a belt with the skulls of fallen champions of the Abyss itself. Krauvac was a figure that could strike fear into foulest of creatures.

He then walked over to a shrine, which held his personal weapon, made from the bones of demon warriors. At the point of this great weapon was a sharp and jagged crystal that had an uncanny glow to it. Krauvac knelt

before the shrine, closed his evil eyes and began to pray in a strange and ancient tongue, still unaware of Branavor's presence. Just then Branavor interrupted by slamming the throne-room doors shut, nearly taking them off their hinges. He wanted to make his presence known to his master. Krauvac paused, opened his eyes slowly and glanced over at Branavor standing at the foot of the mighty throne with his helm in the one hand and sword in the other.

"I see it..." said Krauvac getting to his feet and walking over to Branavor.

"I see the contempt you have in your eyes for me. The eyes never lie...They are the gate-way to one's soul." said Krauvac.

"Then you should know what I have come for...Krauvac." said Branavor with disrespect.

"Did it really have to come to this Branavor? You are my firstborn champion. It would be a shame to lose you because of your foolish pride." asked Krauvac in sarcasm.

"You make it sound as if I have already lost." answered Branavor.

Krauvac began to laugh out loud and asked,

"Do you really think that you can take me on in a fight boy?!"

Branavor smirked suddenly and answered,

"I intend to find out..."

Krauvac gripped his weapon firmly in an act of anger and yelled,

"You little whelp! I created you! Gave you a new life! Imbued you with great power! Now you dare stand here before me and challenge your master?!!"

Branavor threw his helmet to the one side of the room, gripped his sword firmly with both hands, and stood in a stance with a serious look about him. He was prepared for battle.

"So be it..." said Krauvac raising his weapon, making as if he was going to strike a final blow of execution on Branavor.

This was his first mistake. Branavor reacted quickly by ramming his left shoulder into the belly of Krauvac, throwing the monster off balance.

Krauvac tried to take a swing at Branavor while regaining balance, but Branavor countered it in an instant. Branavor swung his sword of chaos with such precision, one strike following after another. Krauvac could not believe how Branavor was able to equal him so fearlessly, and so fast.

Krauvac was not even getting a chance to return any attacks. Branavor fought with lightning speed. His sword was now taking quite a hammering from the hard-imbued armour that was Krauvac's.

Krauvac managed to grip Branavor by the neck and threw him like a rucksack against a sidewall of the throne-room. The loud sound of a solid “clank!” was heard as Branavor met with the cold damp wall, his breast-plate taking quite a dent. His sword dropped out of his hand in the process. Krauvac charged at Branavor lying unarmed on the floor, but was soon shocked to see how quickly Branavor was at rising to his feet and avoiding Krauvac’s attack, letting Krauvac ram into the side of the wall that Branavor had just been cast into. The great impact sounded like that of thunder that shook the very foundation of the fortress. This caused Krauvac to also drop his weapon.

Branavor managed to retrieve his and sprung like a wild animal onto Krauvac’s back as the demon tried to get to his feet. Branavor held tight onto one of the large tusked horns on Krauvac’s back as he began hacking away at another. Krauvac let out a great cry of pain as he tried to shake Branavor off, but was unsuccessful. He backed into another sidewall of the throne-room, piercing his horns through it and crushing Branavor between himself and the wall. Branavor dropped down from the wall, like an insect that had just been squashed. As his body hit the floor, pieces of his armour had dropped off due to the great amount of damage it had just endured. Branavor’s armour had actually saved him from being completely crushed. Krauvac walked over to retrieve his weapon while Branavor got to his feet, tearing off the parts of his broken armour. Krauvac quickly turned to fire a magical blast of energy into the sternum of Branavor, levitating Branavor slightly off of the floor.

The blast of Krauvac’s magical energy seemed to surge through Branavor’s body as if he was being struck by lightning. Krauvac released Branavor from the hold of his blast and laughed out-loud as Branavor dropped to the floor as if his body were lifeless.

“*A worthy attempt Branavor, but your efforts were futile!!*” yelled Krauvac. Branavor seeming weak was trying to push himself up, but fell flat on his face. Krauvac walked over to Branavor lying helpless on the cold tiled floor. “*This is where you die, betrayer of Chaos!*” Krauvac yelled as he held his weapon high and was about to pierce down onto the spine of Branavor, when he suddenly paused for a moment.

“*No dear boy... Death would be too easy for you, and too quick to satisfy me. It is death you want so that you can be free of me. I have something better in store for you. ENDLESS TORMENT!!*” screamed Krauvac.

Krauvac walked over to the far side of his throne-room to where the shrine that held his great weapon stood. He knelt before it and began enchanting a

spell in an ancient demonic tongue. The shrine began to glow a fiery colour and a small vortex opened in the middle of it. The vortex was about as big as a trap door. Krauvac plunged his hand into this small portal and pulled out an exceedingly luminous pink stone. Krauvac removed the abyssal stone from his weapon and replaced with the one he had just plunged from the vortex. He placed the Abyssal stone through the vortex as if he was making a trade with the underworld itself. He chuckled lightly to himself and rose to his feet. As he turned around from the shrine, he was met with the hard blow of Branavor's two feet into his red abomination for a mask. Krauvac was stunned for an instant, but retaliated by swinging his mighty weapon with all his great strength, making every swipe count. Branavor dodged each attack with quick initiative. Unaware that Krauvac was trying to pierce the strange orange stone into him, Branavor just made sure that the sides of the blades did not catch him. For Branavor wore hardly any armour now, except for his lower leg armour and his arm braces. Branavor was still unarmed. He was trying to elude Krauvac's grasp, as well as keep alive. Krauvac kept swinging his mighty weapon, and Branavor still kept at evading the deadly blows.

Branavor had then made a very fatal mistake. He turned his head for a second making a quick observation as to where his sword might have landed in this on-going dual. As he did, the front point of the pink stone hissed as it ripped through his vest and tore into his pale grey flesh, slashing a deep wound from his left collar bone to his very last right rib. Branavor fell onto his back, hard enough to have the wind knocked out of him. Krauvac stood where he was and yelled,

"Now you shall feel endless torment you little cur!!"

Branavor, not knowing if he were dead or alive, felt an indescribable pain come over him. He saw things that clawed at his very soul... Things that should never be seen by any man. Its feeling was even worse than that of the time he had suffered for so long in the depths of the underworld itself. He rolled around on the cold damp floor, screaming, holding the sides of his cranium as the sadistic laughs of demons echoed through his mind.

Branavor suffered in sheer agony for a few minutes. Then something took place in the dark throne-room that even Krauvac did not expect. Branavor suddenly silenced himself, closed his eyes, got to his feet, and began to chuckle. Krauvac stood back and was extremely mystified by this strange reaction in Branavor. Branavor's chuckle evolved into a great amount of ecstatic laughter. He stopped, opened his eyes, and they shone like hot lava.

He looked straight into the eyes of Krauvac and said in a slow tone.

“I...will...obey...no...more.” Branavor reached out his right hand as if it knew which direction his sword lay in. Branavor’s sword flew into his hand, like a magnetic pull. Krauvac seemed to be paralysed by all of this.

“What manner of trickery is this?!” Krauvac asked out-loud in a sense of shock.

Branavor wasted no time in charging at Krauvac diving into the giant’s chest, shoulder first while both hands gripped firm onto his sword. Krauvac lost his balance. It had seemed that Branavor had entered a state of a barbaric fury. Branavor, then bringing the blade up, with both hands firm, swung a powerful uppercut that hacked into the chin of Krauvac. Branavor kicked hard into the kneecap of Krauvac, causing him to drop to one knee. Branavor delivered his elbow into the throat of Krauvac, which caused him to choke. Krauvac dropped his weapon again, clutching his throat with both hands as he continued to choke.

Branavor raised his mighty sword, blade facing up straight towards the high ceiling. He brought down the butt of the sword’s handle and drove it into the crown of Krauvac. Krauvac was almost unconscious from this blow. He hung his head in a daze while Branavor sprung onto his large broad back again. With a flick of a wrist, Branavor held his sword high with both hands still firm. Branavor’s blade now pointed down as if he were ready to plunge. He did just that. He forced his dark sword into Krauvac’s spine, bringing it out with blood and chunks of flesh, and then driving it into the monster’s back again, and again. Krauvac, finally able to recover from choking, let out a cry of pain that gargled in his mouth as he began to spit up blood. With whatever strength Krauvac had left he began to speak in his demonic tongue which sounded more of a gurgle.

Within seconds, it was all over. There the monster lay dead in his own pool of blood, and Branavor the victor. Branavor then felt weak at the knees. The world around him began to spin. He was coming out of his frenzy. His sword fell from his hand beside the corpse of Krauvac. He soon joined it as he fell into a state of unconsciousness. The last dazed vision he beheld was the deepened cries of mortal men as they stormed into the throne-room with look of shock on their faces and the sight before them. Branavor felt as if time had slowed itself tremendously. He wished he had died there and then...

Chapter 1 : Exile (one year later)

It was a beautiful warm day in the city of Renvil... named after its proud king. It seemed as if it were a day of festive activity, for the streets were crowded with people. It was morning. Music was heard in every four corners of the city performed by only the finest of bards. The joy of children running and playing through the streets cast its own kind of music in a childish sort of way, and business was at its best for those selling their goods in the market places.

"We are under attack!!" screamed an old man dressed in rags running through the streets, foaming at the mouth, falling over almost everything in his path.

"The orcs are coming! The orcs are coming!!" he continued.

Just then, he was struck unconscious by a town guard. The panic and commotion of the townsfolk had calmed down, but then they all heard it...

The sounds of a horde marching... The sounds of steel armour clanging... The chanting of war songs... It was indeed the orcs. They were approaching from the south. As they drew nearer, they raised the great banner of their war chief Zukhran. He rode up-front on a giant kimono dragon decorated by steel armour and helm. The orcs walked right through the main gate, not a word was spoken. Most townsfolk scurried away in fear. Others just stepped to one side with looks of shock upon their faces as the orcs marched right on in through the main gate. A young boy tugged a city guard's tunic.

"Why don't you fight them sir?" The young boy asked with a look of confusion on his face.

"They're not here to make trouble boy. They're here for the execution." answered the guard as he walked off to greet some of the orcish troops, leaving the young boy in even more confusion.

Zukhran dismounted his reptilian steed and was met by some high-ranking officers of the city who accompanied him towards the great castle of Lord Renvil. The orc army walked behind but kept at a slow pace.

It was then that a sound of joyful shouting echoed through the streets as group of excited children ran recklessly laughing at the sky with amazement.

"Look at the pretty gold dragons, father!" Yelled a young girl pointing her pale little finger to the sky as a great shadow came over her and her father, and then the swooping noise of a great golden dragon soaring over

them... Followed by more shadows of these winged beasts. Most townsfolk were focused on this astonishing sight of these miraculous creatures circling the sky as if they were performing for the gods themselves. No one really paid any attention to the riders of these dragons, for they didn't seem to pose any threat to the city or its people.

Lord Renvil was preparing himself in his quarters as the sight of these winged creatures caught his attention. He could not help but smile and said to himself,

"The High Elves always knew how to make a grand entrance."

After their little "air-show", they suddenly decided to land in the courtyard of the castle. The first was Emperor Windrix to land, followed by four of his holy templar dragon riders. As they were dismounting, Lord Renvil himself greeted them,

"Welcome Windrix! Your timing could not have been better, for I have received news that the orcs have just arrived from the south as well. So therefore we can get this over with as soon as possible."

Windrix turned to Lord Renvil with a troubled look in his eyes and said softly,

"I hope you know what you are doing Renvil. We may be doing something that we may later live to regret."

Renvil gave a hard frown and said,

"Nonsense Windrix, I have been waiting a long time to kill this bastard, and today is a day that will be remembered as the day that the last of the Varkranites was executed!"

Windrix and Renvil began to walk side by side through the courtyard.

"You forget that the prisoner still has a trial to attend Renvil. I can therefore see that you have already reached your verdict."

Renvil gave a sarcastic smirk towards Windrix and said with a mocking tone,

"And I can therefore see that your stubbornness has not faded since we took this dog into captivity! Have you forgotten whom he once served?"

Windrix snapped suddenly,

"No I have not forgotten Renvil! And neither will most of my warriors that fought bravely in that massacre, but this "dog" as you would call him did accomplish what none of us could. He killed Krauvac!"

Renvil turned his head up in ignorance and the two of them carried on walking side by side through the corridors of the castle where they were met by the orcish warlord.

“Zukhran! How was your journey?” said Renvil with such a gay hospitality.

“Save it Renvil! My men and I only came to make sure that you kill this pale-skin pig properly.” Zukhran spat as he spoke.

“No need to worry my friend, I have ordered the Tierins to carry out the execution. His death will be completed with expertise.” said Renvil with such happiness upon his face.

Zukhran kept a look of dissatisfaction and gave a quick grunt.

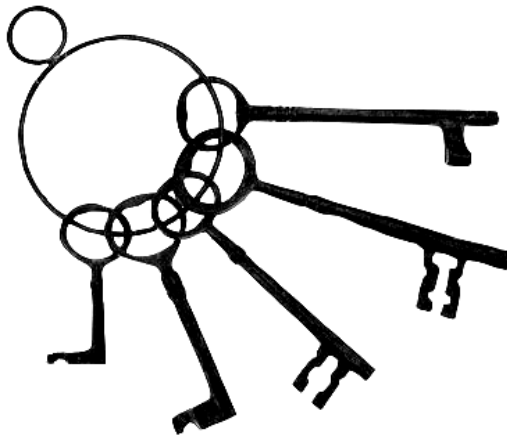
“Where is the prisoner kept?” Windrix asked in a concerned tone.

“In the darkest and dampest cell in the lowest chamber of my dungeon. Normally where the worst of criminals are sometimes even forgotten. Alas, sometimes I wish that I had forgotten about him and left him to rot, but what sends shivers up my spine, is the fact that although I never fed him or gave him water to quench his thirst, he never seemed to die.” said Renvil who seemed to possess a disturbed look upon his face as he thought about of what he had just said.

It seemed to haunt him in a mild sort of way. He paused for a moment, and then suddenly spoke again,

“Come! We have an audience to entertain. Let us not keep the public waiting.”

Zukhran walked alongside Renvil as he picked up the pace through the corridors. Windrix walked behind, but seemed to lower his pace. He did not seem as eager as the human and orc, for he knew that they had already made their decision. They wanted the prisoner executed at all costs. Windrix knew that his say and his vote were two to one...as well as folly...



Chapter II : The Execution

The three kings emerged through the main door of Lord Renvil's great castle where they were met by the cheering of the townsfolk. Thousands had gathered to see the execution of the last Varkranite. Although some just came to see and give thanks to the three mighty kings who salvaged the lands of Oridia and destroyed the bringer of chaos, Krauvac. There were a few protesters being arrested for selling paintings and sketches of Branavor slaying Krauvac, and banners reading "Free the true hero", and "Branavor is the real saviour of Oridia". These protesters mostly consisted of peasants and low classed bards, who had no respect for their king and saw him as a deceptive old grouch. Their protests and illegal selling of artworks were quickly put to an end by the local city guards before they even tried to make a bigger scene for the other two kings to notice.

A large stage had been prepared for the three kings. There was a large bench that had been set up where they would be seated as the three magistrates of the trial. They took their seats...Zukhran on the far right, Windrix on the far left, and of course Renvil in the middle. His seat and bench was a bit higher than that of Zukhran and Windrixes', making it seem that he was the important one of the three and that he was running the show. The orcs and elves that had accompanied their leaders all gathered on the sides that their king was seated upon. There were many city guards as well as soldiers of Renvil's army that were summoned to this particular event to make sure that no-one stepped out of line. The crowd's cheering began to lower and then suddenly stopped as Lord Renvil stood up from his seat and raised his hands. All was silent. Renvil took a deep breath and then readied himself to address the crowd,

"People of Oridia!! You have all come to see a great event today that will be told for many generations to come!! A day that will not be forgotten, even by those of you who may suffer from amnesia!! Many of us suffered for years at the hand of Krauvac! But in the end, good triumphed over evil!!!"

The crowd cheered as if they had won the battle themselves. It sounded like roaring thunder. Renvil proudly smiled both at Zukhran and Windrix, and then turned to the crowd to address them again,

"We have today the dog that served Krauvac! His right-hand scapegoat!!"

The crowd began to "boo!"

"Although, we do have a law! And that is too give every criminal, no matter their race... a fair trial! But because I love you as my people SO very much...You get to decide his fate!!" addressed Renvil with tone in his voice

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