

## - A DARK RITUAL -



Within the realm of chaos, somewhere lost in the abyss, the Summit of Darkness lays dormant, untouched for centuries. It was in this place where the Dark Sun was vanquished and imprisoned for eternity, over three-thousand years ago.



Now on this night the Summit of Darkness will receive some unforeseen guests.



Like making a ripple in calm water, the space inside what looked to be a doorway began to tear away. Revealing a spiralling blue portal into another Realm, moments later a heavily armored knight stepped through the portal, the knight's armor seemed to have a dark force pulsating around it. It was clear that this knight's armor had seen many years of combat, with ease the knight walked to the center of the summit just as a second figure stepped through, this man was dressed in all red, his face wore the wrinkle's of age, but his eyes revealed the experienced warrior within. The man carried with him a onyx sword which seemed to have an eery dark glow to it. Walking to meet the kinght at the center of the summit, he turned to the portal and looked to await more arrival's. Moments later two men stepped through the portal. The first man wore a light chain armor and had a troubled look upon his face, it was clear he was not happy to be in this vile place, while the second man didnt seem like much, the heavy plated armor and helmet he wore along with his strange looking sword made him look very destructive.



As the two men stepped to the sides of the portal, a dark hooded figure stepped through the portal, the figure revealed his face to be not of a man, but that of a skeleton creature. Making his way to the altar the creature began to chant, with a mystifying incantation the creature brought forth from nothingness a hideous black book.

"Midnight will soon be upon us and soon we will be reunited with our dark ruler." the dark hooded creature said loudly, his voice echoing into the abyss as he laid the book on the altar.



"Soon all of Galere will be our's." celebrated the man in red



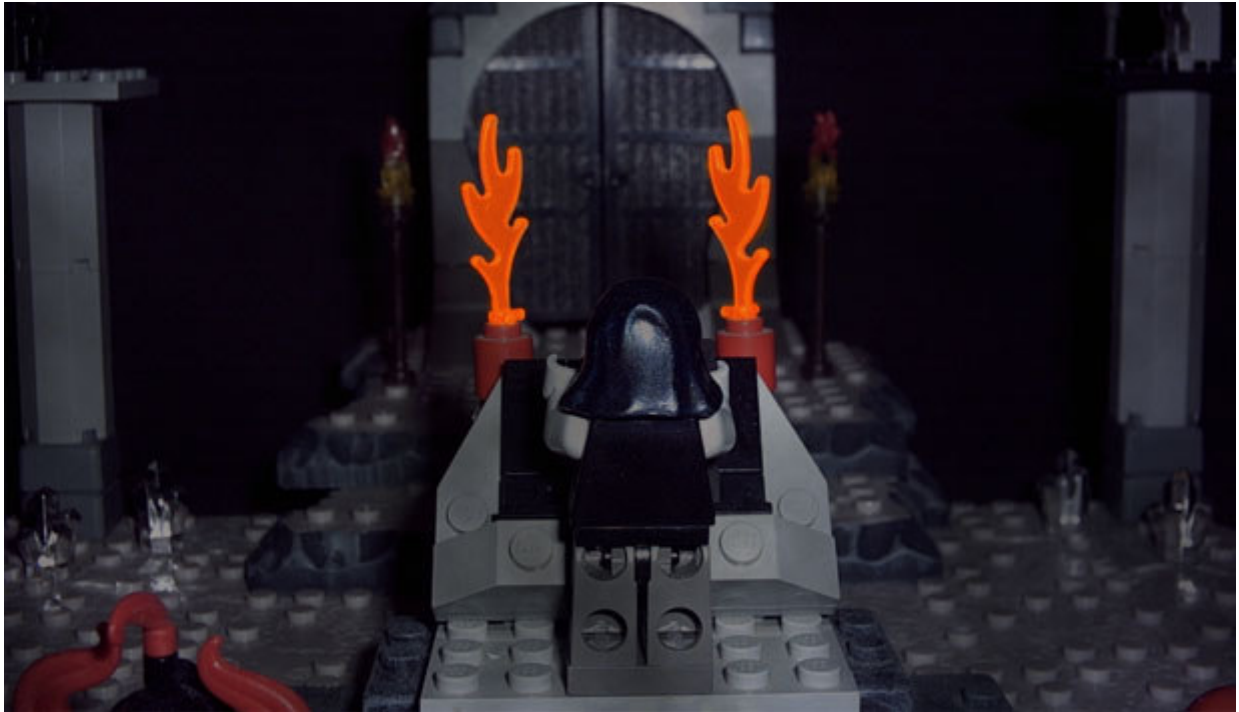
"Mardok, look what we have here, Mythrial. Blacksmith's will pay a heavy amount for this stuff." stated the man in the chain armor reaching down to pick up what he had noticed on the ground.

"Don't touch that you fool...you wouldn't want to upset the gods.." the man in red broke in, pointing at the four statues surrounding them.

"Forgive me General, I wasn't aware...."

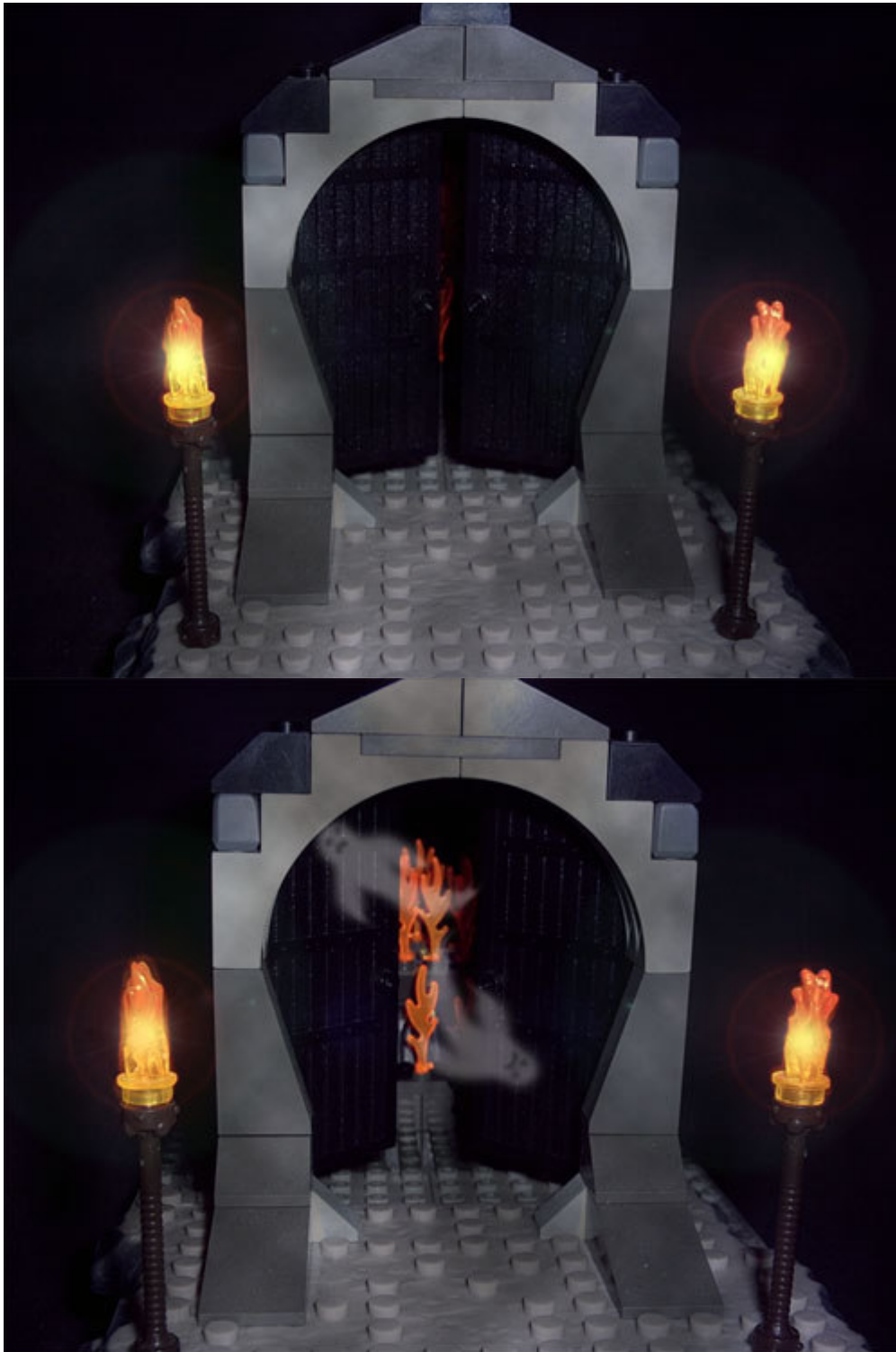
"Where did you find him Valek....I won't have a common thief messing things up." declared the dark hooded creature.

Fingering his onyx sword Valek spoke, "Yes, of course Zel'lok." as he stared the man in chain armor down.

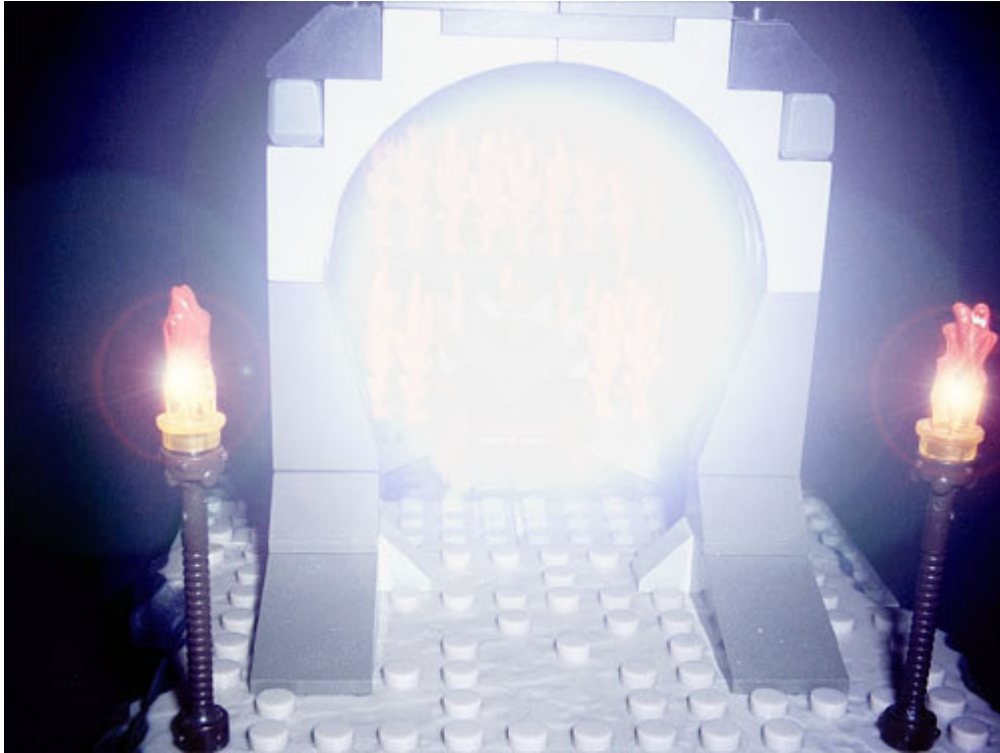


"Gentlemen, it is time!!" shouted the creature known as Zel'lok drawing everyone's attention to the altar. Raising his arms into the air Zel'lok began to recite the following,

**"Our lord, our ruler, we call to you."  
"Bring forth your terror."  
"You have laid dormant for too long."  
"It is time to reign over the lands."  
"From the power of War, to the filth of Disease."  
"From the fury of Conflict, to the death of Reaper."  
"Come forth from hell, come forth from oblivion."  
"AWAKEN!"**



Moments later, the ground began to shake, and the black chamber doors towards the front of the summit slowly began to open. Revealing an unimaginable place of intense fire and brimstone, restless spirits began to shoot forth from the fire,



followed by a large flash that blinded those foolish enough to look at it, gradually a figure began to be seen in the distance of the fire and brimstone.



Moments later after the ground stopped shaking and the group regained their site. They saw the Dark Sun himself standing before them, he had a mephistophelian glint in his eyes, his hands had wicked claws which knew no mercy, the horns that protruded from his armor and head were of a pearl white, he truly was a ghastly image of what was foretold.



"M...Master..... welcome....." Zel'lok muttered bowing down.

"It is good to see you Milord...." said Valek who also bowed down. Followed by the heavily armored knight and the two men who remained behind the rest of the group.

"Valek, Zel'lok arise." the black-hearted figure spoke, "Is everything ready ?"



"Yes Master, my undead armor gathers as we speak.." Zel'lok said rising to his feet.

"Good.....very good...."

"Milord, there is but one problem....." Valek said his face still staring at the ground.

"What is it Valek ?"

"The Orcs, Milord, they seem to have problems following orders...." replied Valek hesitant with his words.

"Yes, well, I have ways to get them motivated." the black-hearted figure grinned.

"Aye, Milord. I shall gather the Orc Generals." Valek saluted.



"By the heavens, I can't stand to be here any longer...." shouted the man wearing the light chain armor.



"Hmm.....whats this....." the black-hearted figure said, setting his attention on the man wearing the light chain armor, who was making his way to the portal with great haste. "Pathetic mortal.....BE

GONE!!!" the black-hearted figure's voice was monstrous, it tore through the summit causing the ground to shake.



"S...Stay Away from me y....you monster!!!" muttered the man wearing the light chain armor, his voice trembled as he suddenly stopped where he stood one foot from the portal, his body frozen, paralyzed as if made of stone. Lifting his left hand towards the man, his palm began to glow a bright orange, within moments the warrior was engulfed by flames. The mans cries sent chills up the remaining mens spine's.



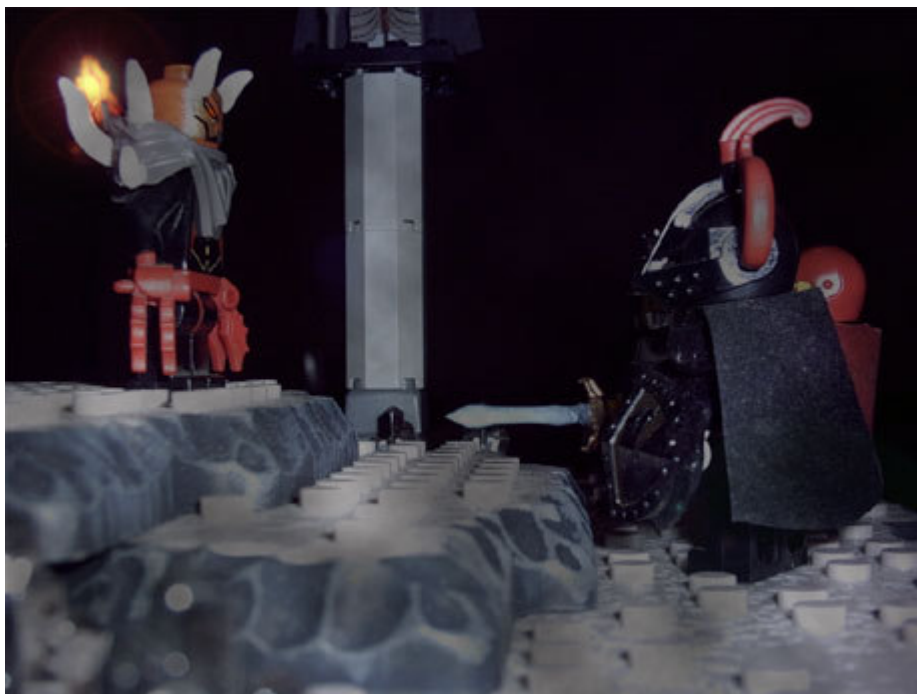
"Now where were we ?" the black-hearted figure continued, turning to face his minions. He sounded a bit annoyed, or perhaps disgruntled. Mardok muttered under his breath in disbelief as he looked upon the remains of the warrior he

traveled to this hellish place with. The group stared quietly for several moments at what remained of the man, until Valek broke the silence.



"Master, there have been some rumors....of a man who wields the 'Dagger of Hellfire' this may complicate things...." Valek said looking at what remained of the warrior he hired. His look was uneasy, almost as if he cared about the warrior.

"Hmm, perhaps. Find him and destroy him, my plans must not be interfered with." the black-hearted figure said eagerly, pausing for a moment he stared off into the nothingness which surrounded the summit, then drawing his attention to the heavily armored knight he continued, "Slate Warrior, have you brought me Nevtalath's Box ?"



"No, we have yet to find it.....but fear not, for I will NOT fail you." the heavily armored knight replied. His voice was sharp and valiant, he did not seem to fear the Dark Sun, yet he bowed to him only in

consideration.

Very well, I would hate to make an example out of my own brother...." the black-hearted figure grinned, the two men glared at each other for which seemed to be eternity. Until finally the heavily armored knight nodded



"Hmm, I grow tired of this place. I've spent the last three centuries here, It has become rather tedious....Let us depart..." the black-hearted figure said walking down towards the altar  
"As you wish, Milord.." Zel'lok replied unsommoning his hideous black book.