

The storm was raging upon Mirh's surface. Black clouds hid the sun. Something had begun. A power from another age came. Standing among his enemies corpses, Osirion knew that the hour had come. He ran in the ruined manor he and his lover were using as a shelter.

The young, exhausted, elf had trouble recognizing him. She could not find the spark of life in his eyes anymore. Osirion knelt in front of a chest and took out a sword. His old sword, from the time his humanity was still intact. A purple aura wrapped around the blade when he touched it. Air became cold. Light left the room. The warrior then sat on the edge of the bed. He waited, the weapon locked between his hands. Finally, he looked at the elven woman.

— All I wanted was for you to be safe. You, and our child. I am a fool, tricked by greater forces. The trap already has already closed on me. My love, Nalacar, I'm responsible for the coming thousands of years of darkness.

The elf's heart was pounding in her chest, though she did not managed to speak a single word. Tears rolled on her cheeks. Osirion handed her the sword.

— This is the last help I can provide. This is salvation for the Free people of this world. But such a power can only be wielded by the right hand.

Nalacar shivered, feeling the occult magic running through the blade.

— My love, the warrior continued. I'm passing this burden to the last branch of our lineage. Let this noble soul brandish my sword and banish Mirh's scourges, for it is the only way for life to survive what is to come.

Nalacar burst into tears. She wanted to hold Osirion in her arms, to kiss him, but he was leaving already. He looked at her one last time.

Back outside, he delved into the fog surrounding him, never to be seen again.