

Prologue:

It was midnight when the necromancer was creeping along the beautifully paved cobblestone pavements of Icarus. A windless night, dozens of shops and buildings swaying obediently with the breezy wind guiding them in abominated silence. Raven turned, checking his scoped surroundings for enemies in the dazing twilight. Nowadays, the hard nights of Icarus were swarming with necromancers, some so sinister which is beyond a human's imagination with their weapons scraping the oaken walls. As the moon lightened, glowing in an illuminated darkness so dark and bright at the same time it compelled Raven, as if all the solemn sadness of the world has descended into ashes.

Just when Raven was about to jump and grasp the moon in his palm, a cloaked figure came dashing from the moon into his innocent face, his eye too alluring to resist. Raven collapsed onto the liberated territory of the construction site. Raven seemed to recognize this figure; his bodies as slim as a peasant with his unraveled appearance. None less than a few moons ago, he had approached me, his riding-cloak askew and soaked in crimson. He pleaded Raven for his defiled blade as worn as a dead nebula. He had been skeptical at that time, but the money he offered and how weak he looked made Raven pity him, the way he pitied him also dissuaded any argument Raven had then. As such, Raven handed over his blade thinking of what use it had and how much the cloaked man wanted it.

But now, he returned with his mechanical wings shooting out ruby red blades before Raven even had time to react, the blades stabbed him on all the weak spots on his body, controlling him penetrating his insides and causing his veins to turn from a lightly purpled blue to a darkly bruised magenta. Now he stood before me, as his very presence exuded an aura of absolute authority.

"Why me?" Raven thought as he lied on his solitude close enough to the hot fire which the blacksmith had prepared for crafting a bold new axe, as Raven dreamed of his coming death he slowly draught to sleep as the midnight moon flickered in the torched twilight.