

Argothan

By apd69

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Argothan is a simple boy who lives in the peaceful village of Waterdale. He has a good life. This all changes when the evil Lord Morganite attacks his village and all that he has loved. His adventure begins!

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Prologue

Dark Meetings

It was a dark, starless night. Not a creature stirred in the narrow streets of Oakdale. All was quiet. Suddenly, a thin mist started to swirl a round and a round the quiet street. The loud barks of a dog broke the silence. Overhead, an owl hooted uneasily. The mist got thicker and then cleared. There now stood a tall, hooded figure. His cloak was jet black and only his pale hands and black greaves were visible. He advanced toward a small brick house at the end of the street. The dog's bark became a whimper. The owl was silent. The figure walked up to the front door of the house. It was made of oak and there was a silver, skull-shaped knocker on it! Knock, knock, knock! There was silence again. The door creaked open. In the doorway stood a man with black, greasy hair. He wore a shirt with so many stains on it that the true color could not be told. His pants were ripped at the knees.

"Come in, come in, my friend," the man said in a wheezy, evil voice. The cloaked figure stepped inside. The inside of the house was shabby. There were holes in the walls. Cobwebs coated the walls and the furniture was rotting.

"Can I get you anything to drink, my friend," the greasy haired man asked.

"No," the cloaked figure said dully. His voice was deep, almost demonic sounding. Despite the cloaked figure's answer he disappeared down a hall. He came back with a bottle of red wine, uncorked it with a silver knife and drank deeply from it.

"Ah, nothing like wine to clear your mind. Why did you come here, my friend?" the greasy man asked, his voice full of levity.

"First off, we're alone, right?" the cloaked figure questioned peering through the windows to make sure that no one was eavesdropping.

"Yes, we are. You came at the perfect time. The mayor is getting suspicious of my actions. He's monitoring me with spies. If they see us together, they'll throw me in prison. Luckily, the spies are taking a break... for now." The cloaked figure was silent for a while. Then he said,

"Do not fret. When the time comes we shall raze this city to the ground!" A hungry glint was in the greasy man's eyes.

"Don't get too excited. That day is not today. Today we have a very important mission. You've heard of Argothain of old, have you not?" the cloaked figure asked.

"Aye, of course I have. He united all of Kalidor against Lord Karne's army and prevented him from ruling Kalidor," the greasy-haired man said with a shiver.

"Yes, curse his name. Argothain's grandson lives and Lord Karne doesn't want to risk Kalidor uniting against him again. He lives in the small village of Waterdale, twenty miles south of here. Your mission is to gather the rest of the followers of Lord Karne that live here and meet me outside of Waterdale tomorrow at nine o'clock. Don't be late, Lord Karne doesn't like when his followers...spies!" he cried. In the windows four faces could be seen. Realizing that they had been noticed they started to run away. The cloaked figure muttered some inaudible words. Black strands of shadow shot out of his fingers and wrapped around the spies, dragging them towards the cloaked figure. The greasy-haired man cursed and drew a long, knife stained with blood. The cloaked figure drew a longsword.

"You traitor!" spat one of the spies.

"Lord Karne offers better protection and more generous rewards than the king of Kalidor.

"You'll never get away with this!" another one of the spies yelled.

"Oh yeah," the greasy-haired man said, "watch me!" He charged at the nearest spy who drew a short sword. The spy swung at the greasy-haired man who parried and slit the spy's throat. The spy fell to the ground, dead. The cloaked figure muttered more strange words. The dead spy's body started to shake vigorously. The other spies watched in horror. Suddenly, two bony hands came out of the dead spy's chest as though they were trying to get out. The hands ripped the spy open and suddenly a skeleton emerged from the spy. The bones of the skeleton were bloodstained and it had two yellow orbs for eyes. It picked up the spy's weapon and walked over to cloaked figure.

"Why Demitri?" One of the horror-stricken spies asked the greasy-haired man. Demitri didn't answer.

"Let's finish these pitiful humans off," the cloaked figure snickered. He muttered more inaudible words. Suddenly his sword was covered in purple flames. He advanced slowly towards the helpless spies who fumbled for their weapons. His skeleton minion followed.

"Please I have a family. I won't tell anyone about you and Demitri's meeting" one of the spies pleaded. The hooded figure raised his sword above his head and brought it down on the spy. The spy parried, but the force of his enemy's sword knocked his sword right out of his hands. The helpless spy tried to crawl over and get it, but the skeleton was faster. It drove its blade into the spy's back. The spy screamed in agony and then went limp. Meanwhile, Demitri had already dispatched his opponent. The cloaked figure turned the two corpses into skeletons. They immediately joined the other skeletons by their master.

"All too easy Demitri laughed.

"It's not over yet. I should get going," the cloaked figure said.

"Yeah," Demitri agreed. The cloaked figure followed Demitri out the door.

“Keep low and find the other followers. Don't forget Waterdale tomorrow at nine.

“Yes, I will gladly come,” Demitri said bowing lowly, making his greasy, black hair fall over his face. Demitri darted down a dark ally way to begin his task. The mist swirled again and the hodded figure was gone. All was quiet once again.