

Chapter 7

The Heart of the Empire

Dawn accompanied with the first rays of daylight. The birds awoke with their melodic songs and their morning trills. The new day was promising. The berries and some water were the ones that fed what would be a long way walk to the nearest town. The group of chosen ones was broad in every way, but the signs of cooperation were the important ones.

The plan of the imperial captain imposed certain restrictions on the march of all. It was obvious that the barbarians or a pair of aquatics couldn't infiltrate in an imperial city without consequences. They agreed that those who didn't stand out for their differences would join with Irlendarth, while the rest should wait outside to not be seen.

Almost half a day on foot through a dirt road in an easterly direction. They were lucky that they didn't cross with any traveler. The voice about a strange group would have run faster than the wind.

Not far away, the imperial city *Velarum* became visible. Curiously, Eislin and Timuel were from that city. They soon showed their familiarity with the place.

"I can't believe the first place we go to is our home. Are you really from Velarum, too?" Timuel said to Eislin as he approached her.

"I'm surprised, too. Yes, I'm from Velarum. In fact, I had never left those walls," Eislin said.

"I hadn't seen the outside world either. To top it off, I have hardly toured Velarum. Maybe that's why I've never seen you," Timuel supposed.

"Maybe we've crossed. Many times, I have walked the busiest streets, but I don't

look at people. I always go with tension, you know how dangerous it is for a plenelo girl to be surrounded by imperial ones..." Eislin said, conveying the feeling with her words.

"I know. I barely left the smithy. My father locked me in there since I was a kid. What exactly did you do?" Timuel asked with interest.

"Well... I'm not going to lie to you, I had to steal to survive and help my family. That's why I always had tension too. And not only for that. I spent the other part of my time with my magic mentor," Eislin told, catching some glances attracted by the word 'magic'.

"Wow! Then you must be the girl some of the guards commented on," Timuel said in surprise. "The good thing about being a blacksmith is that you learn many things through knights. So, are you a magician?" he asked excitedly.

"Something like that... Look, we're in Velarum," Eislin merely said.

Those who couldn't enter or approach for obvious reasons had to stay in a wooded area, the rest that continued saw the soldiers that guarded the entrance. They were knights with lances and round shields bearing the symbol of the Empire of the Sun.

A whole wall protected a small castle of four towers and multitude of homes with plenelos. On the outskirts of the wall, there were other humblest houses of plenelos that couldn't make a living in any way, so they were displaced.

Entry into Velarum was relatively easy. The captain identified himself. They recognized him without problems, although the guards looked at him in surprise, as if his presence had been lost for a while.

Irlendarth identified the others as his personal companions, he didn't have to give more explanations to someone of lower rank. The imperial captain knew the king who governed there, but he had to avoid all contacts. He had to go to the stables and take as many horses as he could without raising suspicion.

Timuel and Eislin ran to their former homes, wishing to know about their family. They couldn't lose much time. As soon as Irlendarth gave the signal, they would have to go to ride the horses.

The blacksmith's son went to pick up pain. The death of his father days ago was the news he received at the time. They reproached his stupid escape and blamed him for the death of his own father for abandoning him. His mother and his brothers yelled at him and humiliated him for his supposed immaturity and lack of responsibility. Timuel had to leave without a word, keeping his secret for the sake of the family that now despised him.

Eislin had more luck. Her relatives were excited to see her, they had thought the worst. She lied them, told them she had left because she had found work as a servant of a Lord, though she couldn't explain why she was naked and covered with a cape.

After putting on another of her old clothes, they gave her the bad news about the old lady who she appreciated so much. It broke her heart. Her mentor had died at the hands of the imperial ones, and she wasn't there to prevent it. They told her that the old lady's sister was waiting for her at her house, if she showed up again.

Nehen, who accompanied her, didn't take his eyes from the humble homes of the plenelos. It was the first time he looked at them in a different way.

While they were going to visit the sister of the old woman, two guards recognized Eislin. Apparently, they were two who used to watch her, waiting for the best opportunity to subdue her and abuse her. That day, they made a grave mistake by insulting her in front of Nehen.

The diznar took advantage of the fact that there were no more soldiers patrolling that abandoned area and attacked those two. Quick and silent, he cut the first man's throat. The second one, before he could scream the alarm, was pierced from under the lower jaw until the tip of the dagger came out over his head. They hid the bodies behind boxes in

the back of a house of plenelos.

“No other imperial will ever again humiliate you nor survive my wrath. I will be in charge of destroying the entire Empire as soon as we destroy the God of Darkness,” Nehen promised and assured Eislin, she thanked him with a deep kiss.

The sister of the deceased old woman was waiting for Eislin. Somehow, that other old woman knew that the girl was in a hurry, she only accepted her condolences. She immediately intervened to give her the legacy her dead sister had left her. Eislin couldn't believe it. Her mentor's wooden scepter with an irregular crystal was now in her hands!

Her words told her that her sister had left her scepter to her because she knew that her disciple would give it a better use than her. In addition, she shouldn't fear anything, she was more powerful than she could imagine, though she still had to prove it. The old woman corroborated the words of her deceased sister, she also knew Eislin well enough.

The plenelo girl was more than happy. It was the second-best gift she could have received in her life, the first one had been Nehen. The old woman didn't entertain her anymore and told her to leave. Before, she warned her to be careful with her decisions.

“Your friend will change your life completely for good or for bad, he is more than he appears,” the old woman said without giving more explanations, she knew Eislin's fate was stained.

Eislin said goodbye to the old woman and her family forever. She sensed that she would never see them again.

Irlendarth was waiting with a few horses. The captain himself bought part of them to avoid raising suspicions. Obviously, it didn't have for everyone, so they would have to share in pairs with those who were hiding in the wooded area.

The imperial one told them to leave behind him slowly. They should demonstrate that they knew how to ride horses, even if they had never done so. Had to give off a sense

of tranquility at all times and go out the door before anyone stopped them.

Shortly after the farewell at the gate, the alarm was heard. The dead guards had been found. They were lucky that the family who owned the house where the corpses were found was immediately blamed. Unintentionally, Nehen and Eislin condemned innocent and poor plenelos to tortures and later the burning at the stake.

The hidden ones had taken advantage of the time to pick up some fruit that they found around. They would soothe hunger and thirst for the moment. Rested a little, they knew that the next trip to the capital was going to last longer, even with the horses.

The captain remained alone on his horse, while Cheron offered to take Amandya, thus giving her more security, and they would have another horse. The rest were matched by races mostly and by gender.

While they were riding, Irlendarth had to tell about the inhabitants of the capital. He wished to specify his worst fears, which he hoped wouldn't be fulfilled: to encounter certain characters of the high nobility.

“The first one I wouldn't like to meet is my father. If he sees me and sees my company, we will be lost. As we will infiltrate the selfsame heart of the Empire, we will run the risk of being discovered by the emperor Boushnel Sixth of the Sun, although that wouldn't be a problem compared to his son and heir prince. Boushnel is older now as some of you must know.

“It is his son who directs all operations, prince Vlayr of the Sun and future emperor Vlayr Seventh of the Sun. The boy is quite clever. As soon as his father falls, I would bet that the Empire will run out of bounds. If we were discovered by Vlayr, we wouldn't have a good time.

“And finally, the right hand of the Emperor, or rather, of Vlayr, commander Svetlana, the diznar. Svetlana is the only being who isn't of imperial blood with such a

prestigious position. I have seldom seen her, she always faithfully serves Vlayr.

“It is said that she is perfection in person, and believe me, once you see her you never forget her. She always participates in all her battles and she doesn’t know the defeat, probably the barbarians know it better than anyone. Hopefully she doesn’t see us...

“I almost forget the three daughters of the Emperor and sisters of Vlayr, but they won’t be a problem. They don’t do anything useful, wouldn’t see us even standing in front. The rest of the guards will obey me, if they are of lower rank.”

Some were intimidated by the tales of Irlendarth. They imagined how the great imperial lords would be, the owners of half Anadeus, and how cruel they might be.

They rode without rest to the southeast all day. Rested at night, didn’t want to run out of horses or food. They repeated the same pattern of group survival, which served to meet each other a bit more, and spent the night comfortably, as far as it could, while a white eagle kept following them.

Apparently, the imperial one hadn’t only taken a few horses, but also carried a sack. He explained that inside contained a few sacred hooded robes. His plan was that a few accompanied him, acting as priests of the Sun, to offer a final transcendental illumination to the condemned prisoners to death.

The problem was that they had to pass in front of the dungeons and torture rooms—called *Rooms of the Truth* because most of prisoners confessed the ‘truth’ by means of ‘persuasion techniques’—to access the library from a less transited route by personnel of the castle. That is why his plan was to inform that he escorted the priests, and to infiltrate the imperial library in the process.

The idea was perfect, the captain had them all surprised with his ingenuity. The question was who would volunteer to risk entering the fortress and, by the way, endure to remain in the Rooms of the Truth while false prayers were said.

The subject was debated with great care, until the number of tunics helped to define the brave ones. Amandya would accompany Irlendarth by pretending to be someone important, while Nefest, Bectus, Timuel, Pindro, and Nehen would wear the robes.

Two more days under the sun and rest at night. They couldn't waste much time, the days passed and they had done nothing useful or important for the moment. The sooner they knew where to start, the better they would feel with their responsibility. It wasn't until the fourth day that they could see the great fortress in the distance, the heart of the Empire!

That city was magnificent, dazzling from a long distance. It was located on a flat relief of low grass and wild flowers. A wide ditch of water all around it, like a huge hoop, separated the impressive wall from the outside.

The wall itself also formed a large ring, counting with several watchtowers at very concrete distances to facilitate protection. There was only one drawbridge that led to the only main entrance, which was protected by gigantic iron gates decorated with imperial symbols.

Above the twenty meters high of the wall, half of the extraordinary castle was appreciated. Almost in the center, various towers of different sizes stood out, some very close and others distant connected by bridges, walls and corridors.

The conical terminations, semicircular borders, simple and decorated windows, and solid walls were inlaid with clear shades and adorned with the symbol of the Sun.

Such beauty had a logical location for the defense. It was practically impenetrable with a way of access, flat ground to visualize the enemy without problems and an insurmountable wall.

The sea, the east coast, could be seen in the back of the city, in the distance. Forests grew to the south, while some houses of plenelos, responsible for the cultivation and the

breeding of animals to supply the great city, occupied the opposite side.

The number of soldiers was uncountable, but only four protected the bridge to control the incoming travelers and the departing staff. Security was completely different from that of Velarum, therefore Irlendarth had drawn up a careful plan.

The heart of the Empire, the city *Saylon*, waited for the Withered Leaves. Irlendarth climbed Amandya on his horse, behind him. Timuel, Nefest, Pindro, Nehen, and Bectus dressed the robes, the last one found it very small. Their weapons or their faces shouldn't be visible at any time. They had to remain crestfallen and with their hands hidden in the sleeves.

"¿Are you seriously?" Pindro said and laughed at Bectus. "¿How will you explain that body and the shape of your sword?"

"Cutting heads off, maybe," Bectus said with a great smile.

"I don't want to fight there. I just want to see the place," a scared Timuel said.

"I'm with Timuel," Nefest added.

"Don't worry. Imperial priests usually are malformed people. That's why they are always so hidden, but are respected. Anyway, we have to take care with what we do," Irlendarth explained.

The others hid among the trees, out of the way and waiting. The false priests and the other two approached the great gate riding to the trot. A "Stop!" of one of the guards halted the march.

"Captain Irlendarth! Sir!" a soldier cried in surprise.

"What's the matter, soldier? It seems you saw a ghost," Irlendarth said quietly.

"Sir! People thought you were dead, and worse, you were a deserter!" the other soldier informed.

"But what are you saying? If I haven't been so much outside. Since when am I

controlled?" the captain asked.

"Sir, you have been missing for weeks! Nobody knew where you were, you didn't record your departure," the soldier explained.

"Of course!" the captain didn't know what to say, he had no idea that it had been so long. "What happens is that time flies. I went on a personal mission and I lost track of time with drunkenness. I will tell you details later, now this beautiful lady is with me and there is no place for rudeness," he lied perfectly.

"We understand it, sir."

"Well, are you going to let me pass all at once? The lady wants to rest and know the palace, and these priests have work," Irlendarth urged.

"Yes, sir! You can pass."

After crossing the gates, the expanded city was exposed. A long stone road led up to the high steps of the main entrance of the castle, a real luxury protected by dozens of soldiers. More guards patrolled the rest of the city, controlling and watching over security, or perhaps taxing the plenelos that worked with humility.

The trade was large, crowds walked from one place to another, the streets of Saylon were very lively. The development and the high level couldn't be compared with anything known. Living there was really a luxury, even for the plenelos who had the worst conditions.

Irlendarth led them into another less striking path. There was a particular entrance to a side tower where dungeons, prisons, and Rooms of the Truth were located. He made sure that a young man took care of the horses not far from there, in case they had to hurry out. The guards on the way looked at him in surprise. It was constantly rumored that he was a deserter, but they preferred not to argue it because he was a superior.

The echoes of dreadful screams, sunk in pain, began to be heard. The presence of

Amandya gave much to say in those corridors. The ladies seldom approached over there, except for the commander Svetlana.

Irlendarth warned the false priests not to speak and limit themselves to tell “The light will guide your transcendence to forgiveness” to the condemned ones. That wasn’t the only thing. He told them that they shouldn’t lose their sanity at what they would see inside the Rooms of the Truth. They would have to swallow and confine themselves to say the same sentence all the time. No anger or anything that could arouse the curiosity of the executioners.

The captain left them in a Room of the Truth in which he assured there always were condemned ones. Several guards guarded the rusted iron door. The last message was that he would pick them up as soon as they had the scrolls with the information they needed. It seemed a simple task, nothing complicated. Irlendarth and Amandya continued down the corridor in search of the library.

The five men were already nervous because they could be discovered, but the worst came when they walked through the door and saw that horrendous panorama. Timuel immediately had a retching that was difficult to dissemble. Luckily, it didn’t divert the attention of the executioners, they were very focused on their work, enjoying it. The false priests were beginning to wonder why the imperial one hadn’t gone alone to accomplish the mission.

The room was large, full of all sort of machines to torture and make suffer the condemned ones—most of them were innocent plenelos—.

There were a couple of torture chairs occupied near the entrance. Dozens of sharp spikes abounded in the seat. That was evident in the face of the condemned ones seated there, who bled while they were perforated. A pair of executioners, disgusting like all the others, with their white hoods stained with blood, were responsible for putting weight on

the legs of their victims to make the spikes penetrate.

A table was after the chairs. A young plenelo girl, naked like all the condemned ones, was tied upside down on it with her hands outstretched. Three executioners were submitting her: one raped her, another twisted a crank that pulled the shackles that imprisoned her wrists to stretch and tension her, causing much pain, and the third one was occupied making cuts between her fingers and tearing her nails of the flesh with a knife.

They had a rack with a triangular termination very sharp in the center of the room, a perfect blade to cut in two halves. Another plenelo woman was suffering that unfortunate event. They had her tied and seated on top of that sharp blade with the middle between her legs. A pair of miserable ones were putting extra weight in her feet to facilitate the tearing.

Not far away, a barbarian was dangling from his wrists, two hooks pierced them. He already had one amputated foot and the other was being cut slowly. The same was being done with his male member. The skin of his back was being pulled off ruthlessly.

Just to the right, a barbarian woman was placed upside down and diagonally on a grid. Below, the flames of a controlled fire were burning her, they were consuming all the skin on her face, body and eyes slowly, but painfully. Behind her, a hangman was pricking her with a huge fork, piercing her skin and shedding her blood.

In the next corner, a young plenelo, with his extremities stretched by chains, was suffering. A vermin was enjoying using a crank that picked up the chains and tensed the limbs of the plenelo, dismembering him slowly.

There was a long, wide grid next to the wall on the right. There were scores of spikes in the beginning, where a young barbarian faced them. His executioner was pressing parts of his body from the back, so that the spikes were piercing him in front. He was just making him suffer trying to get his eyes spiked.

An imperial one was at his side! Apparently, he was considered a traitor. Was wrapped in a barbed wire along with the grid. From one end, an executioner was pulling the wire to penetrate the traitor by all possible parts.

A plenelo followed the imperial one. He was so tied up that he no longer felt his hands and feet. Was suffering the tortures of an executioner that was sticking burning irons to him in his body, he had already spilled cast iron over some of his parts.

The series concluded with a young plenelo girl tied facing the grid. Her tongue was pierced and hooked with wire to the grid. While his executioner was raping her from behind and pulled her hair to see her tongue stretched, he penetrated her front with a thick instrument of tiny spikes.

Also in the middle of the room, there was another plenelo, tied with his hands behind his back and hanging from his feet. His head was submerged in a large bucket with salty water. At times, they took out his head from the water so that he wouldn't die fast. They made small random cuts to stimulate him.

Close to him, a barbarian woman was hanging with her hands hooked to her feet above her back. The posture looked very uncomfortable. From below, an executioner with a terrifying pliers worked on her breasts.

In the background, two plenelos and a barbarian, chained to the wall, were suffering some good whiplashes. A pair of executioners were betting who of them would tear more skin from those prisoners with their whips full of blades. The pieces of flesh and blood jumped over the air with their whiplashes. They had a little table with tools to the side, which would soon employ after the exhaustion caused by shaking the whip so much.

The faces of the tortured didn't seem to have the slightest hope. The cries of pain terrified. Some even had a lost look, unable to endure with so much agony. They wanted death more than anything, begged for it all the time.

The executioners laughed, enjoyed and drooled. They felt powerful there. They humiliated their victims as well as making them suffer physically. And to think that this was only one of the Rooms of the Truth!

Nehen's thoughts were pure anger. What he was seeing reminded him of what had happened to his girl. The injustice of the supposed children of the Sun caused him repulsion. His desire to start his war against the imperial ones increased.

Timuel wasn't prepared for that. He had heard of tortures, but he never imagined they were so violent. The pain of his own and the others was unbearable.

Bectus was also consumed by rage. Precisely the barbarian that was being amputated had fought beside him.

Pindro thought that was abusive and extreme, but didn't show any empathy. In fact, he was the first to begin to pronounce the phrase to each condemned one.

It was a nightmare to Nefest, a nightmare he would have never wanted to live. He never imagined how cruel humans could become.

They began to repeat the phrase with much effort throughout the room.

Irlendarth and Amandya crossed several corridors until they were out of the torture zone, where the screams finally disappeared. The demigod looked closely at the castle's interior decorations and luxuries as they walked briskly.

There were many pictures and family portraits that per se narrated the reign of the Sun and the emergence of the Empire. The Light bearer liked the curtains with their fabrics and the porcelain ornaments too. And those were only corridors on one side of the castle!

Soon they found the doors that protected the imperial library. The captain told the outside guards not to disturb him, that he would show the lady how magnificent the Empire's library was, the richest one in knowledge.

The carved wood of the door was a real luxury too, but anyone could lose his breath inside. The famous library looked like a large dome with three opened floors on the sides. Each floor was filled with an arsenal of books, scrolls and more. There were dozens of bookshelves laden with the same objects on the main hall. Irlendarth was already accustomed to see it, but it was something exceptional to Amandya in the earthly world.

There were some soldiers inside, guarding the security of the source of knowledge. Some knights and nobles consulted the subjects of their interests.

An imperial elder was the librarian in charge of providing any information. He looked affable, seated behind his desk at one end. It was said that he had read at least half of those books because he always knew how to answer what was asked, but the veracity of the rumor was never confirmed.

Both went to the old librarian, who had a low, slow voice. The captain was right to the point. After saluting him, he told him that the lady was curious about the legends of the legendary weapons of the Gods. He would impress the lady, if he told him where the section with a related issue was. The good-hearted old man was convinced by what Irlendarth had said, and told him where the section was.

On the top floor, almost on a corner near a window, was the section *Gods and Legends*. On the way to that section, Irlendarth distinguished one section about maps of Anadeus and all Ydram. He took advantage and picked up a couple of scrolls with maps that might help them.

In the section that they were really looking for, there were many books about stories of the Gods, the possible origin, many theories. Amandya even denied some to Irlendarth, although others matched with the truth.

The lower part of the bookshelf contained the book that was closest to what they wanted to find. It was strange, but its amazing title *Wide and updated vision of the lost*

divine weapons or under the power of beings in Ydram specified what they were looking for. They didn't even imagine that some legendary weapon could be in the power of earthly beings.

With the book and scrolls, they considered that it was more than enough and that it was time to pick up the false priests. Irlendarth thanked the librarian and said that thanks to the fact that he would go to the rooms with that book, he would conquer more than the lady's heart. The lies of Irlendarth overwhelmed Amandya. They were so credible that the old man winked at him for the luck he seemed to have.

After all, they were really lucky. Neither of both thought in the fact that Amandya's eyes didn't look human. Many looked at her in surprise, but her imperial-like appearance made them withdraw.

When they left the library, the old man noticed that he had never seen that book. Probably the beauty of Amandya had left him too astonished.

In the Room of the Truth, the boys didn't want to spend another minute surrounded by so much agony, cries, blood, rape. The weather was disgusting, it reeked of stench and sweat and the defecation of some victims who couldn't hold anything because of the pain. Despair was growing and ideas of doing justice as well.

Nehen, as he passed by the side of the plenelo girl hooked by his tongue to say the phrase of illumination, heard how the executioner who raped her addressed him with words as unpleasant as his voice.

"Hey! Priest! Do you want to fuck this charm? I suppose you will forget your chastity like others here. Ha, ha! Are you new? Don't be shy, come, get her and test her. Pull out of her hair and move this between her legs so you can see how she shakes and groans before you."

Nehen could no longer endure those words, that room, that executioner, those

innocents. He lifted his head and the executioner's smile wiped from his face as he saw the bright, colorful eyes of a diznar, in this case, a diznar submerged in a deep anger. He took out his daggers from inside the robe. The first thing he did was cut the executioner's male member with a gash. Between the stream of blood and the cries of the executioner, he made it very clear what would happen.

“You! You! Damn all the imperial ones! Damn those who call themselves children of the Sun! You will know your own methods! Death will freeze your bodies with the edge of my daggers! Bectus!”

Shouting Bectus's name, the barbarian understood what was going to happen there and stood in the door so that no one would escape. Nehen warned that no matter how much the executioners screamed, no one would come to help them. The cries would merge with that of the innocents and wouldn't be recognized. It was time to make a few imperial ones pay for their atrocious crimes.

The three Withered Leaves showed their weapons and the animorphius became an anguele.

The executioners were cornered, terrified. Bectus, with his Crescent, cut off the head of one who approached the door. Timuel crossed the one who was violating the plenelo with his sword and, leaded by anger, he struck him with the edge of the sword again and again. Pindro stabbed and cut a pair of executioners on the right with the arms of his forearms.

Nefest, like a beast, jumped and walked along the wall until he reached the ones with the whips. Once before them, he gutted them with his huge claws and ate pieces of those unfortunate ones until they died.

Nehen murdered the plenelo girl with a quick stab in the neck so that she wouldn't suffer more. He took that disgusting object from her legs and gave it a new use. Grabbed

the executioner, who was still whimpering over his missing member, and embedded him against the grid. Squeezed his throat to open his mouth and, when he did, he forced the object to go in! He sank all that instrument into the depths of his throat, causing him a horrible death.

He himself was responsible for strangling the next executioner with the barbed wire that was using. Then, he eliminated the victim with a quick cut.

Nefest continued tearing and making scream to his preys. Timuel proved his worth by dismembering another executioner with slashes of his sword, almost without technique, but with enough anger. Pindro took care of putting an end to the suffering of another condemned man, nailed an executioner in the spikes of the grid, and then put another in the fire. Bectus opened the head to an executioner who was running in terror and cut half trunk to another.

Few executioners were left.

The last two executioners didn't have a good time. They put one's hands in the cast iron and then the head until he died. Put the last one in the bucket for a while, made sure he swallowed enough salt water. Then they used tools on him: pliers to remove the few teeth that the unfortunate one had, knives to tear his nails, and more until ending up amputating his limbs, although by that time he didn't seem to give much answer of life.

That act conceived as justice was the ultimate joy for the condemned ones who could see it before dying. At the supplications of the them, they took their lives with quick cuts to avoid all possible pain.

What they had done there wasn't far from the atrocity of the executioners. They were blinded by anger, but it would become a memory that would torment them silently in their moments of reflection.

They replaced the robes, covered their heads with the hoods and tried to keep calm

until the arrival of Irlendarth and Amandya. Casually, these ones were already approaching that room.

The captain was a little nervous. He had heard his father was saluted on the corridors. Had to hurry, was carrying Amandya almost running. For a moment, it seemed like everything was going to turn out as planned. The captain arrived with the lady, they had in their possession what they had come for. Touched the gate and then the false priests came out. The outside soldiers didn't even realize what had happened inside, weren't able to distinguish that the level of the screams had diminished.

About to continue with accelerated steps and showing tranquility at the same time, they were stopped.

“Halt!” a powerful voice with authority cried.

Ydram, Kingdom of Gods

A God's Fall

Twenty-seven Withered Leaves were chosen by fate. The future of all Ydram depends on the bearers of the mark, but the mark is not enough... Before they meet the mysteries of Ydram, before facing the terrible and painful future that fate holds, even before falling into the games of the Gods and facing the power of a feared deity, they must learn to live with their differences and be ready to die to reach the divine weapons, the only ones capable of defeating the Gods.

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