

The Five

Five mages sat chained, victims of Jettia's prejudice. The chamber door groaned, giving way to a Priestess. She spat, "You heathens deserve worse, but I have questions."

She began quiet personal interrogations. Silenced followed, accompanied by the familiar sound of fists meeting faces. Having inflicted divine punishment, the Five were left to rest.

A raging battle roused the mages. Using what little energy remained, the Five broke free. A pact was formed; only revenge mattered. Pooling arcane power, the chamber phased out. It was replaced with the chaotic battle. It meant nothing. The Five shambled towards revenge.

The Priestess reveled in the battle. Drawing her weapon, "Just like a mage to need backup."

She charged. The Five acted. Magic met strength, and the Priestess was no more. The Five walked through the battle, vowing to gain power. Jettia would know their vengeance.