

THE LAST WITNESS



Kaelus had once served as a royal battle-mage, until he exposed a conspiracy among the court's ruling sorcerers and abandoned their palace.



He survived afterward as a wandering protector of people hunted by magical power, knowing the conspirators would eventually answer his defiance.



That answer found him alone inside a shattered arena, where his midnight-blue coat moved in air that should have been still.



An Invisible Stalker circled him: a creature of compressed wind, bound to pursue one target until hunter or quarry was dead.



Kaelus whispered See Invisibility, and pale light sharpened his gray eyes.



Thirty-five feet away, empty air became a towering figure of storm and dust preparing to strike behind a broken pillar.



The Stalker surged forward with fists like battering rams.



Kaelus punched toward it, projecting a blue Shield that stopped both blows and erased the hunter's greatest advantage.

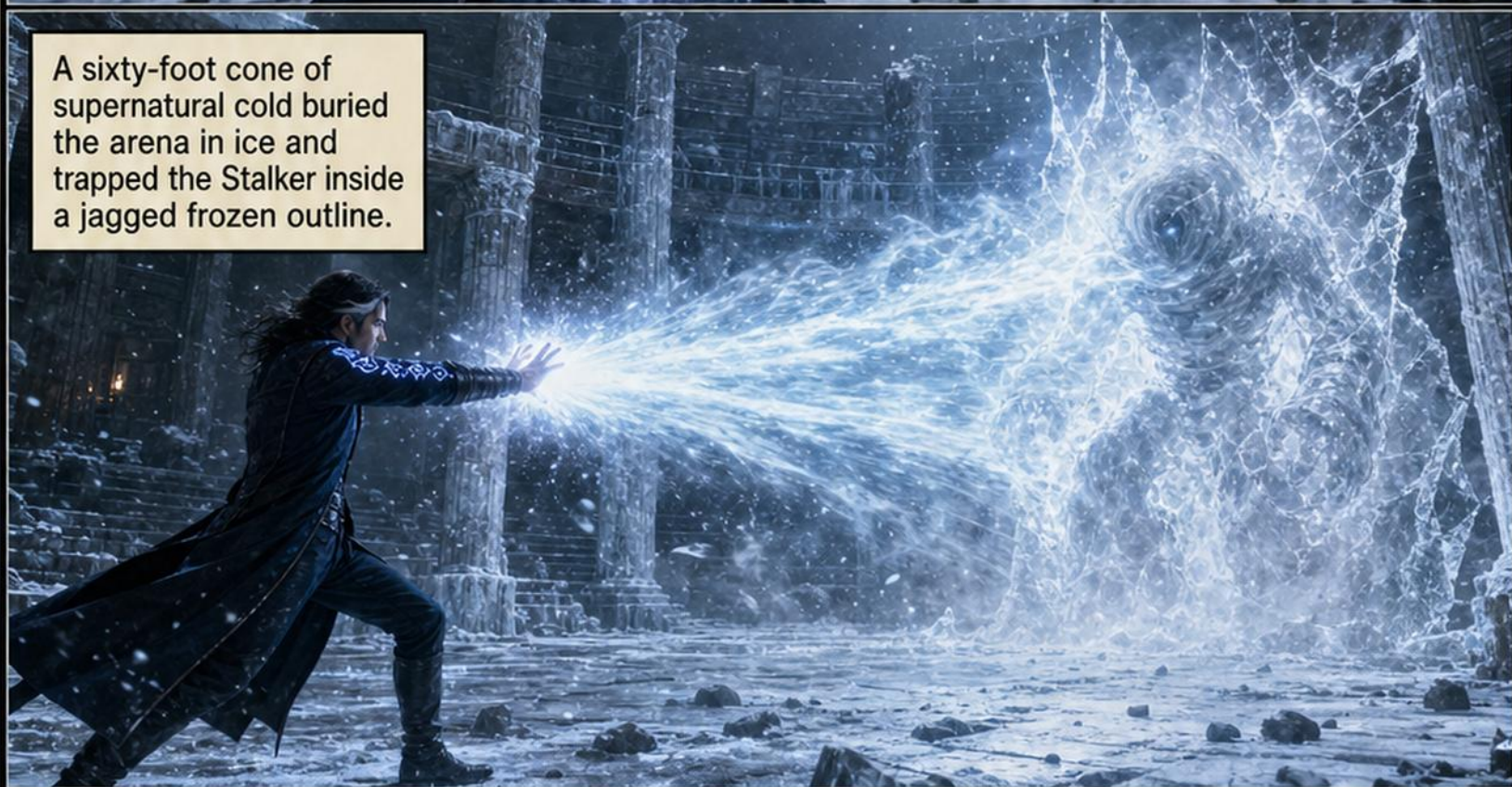


Kaelus gathered freezing mana between his palms and apologized to the enslaved creature he still had to kill.

TERRIBLE TUNDRA!

A sixty-foot cone of supernatural cold buried the arena in ice and trapped the Stalker inside a jagged frozen outline.

Badly wounded but still compelled, the elemental rasped, 'Your death was purchased, Archmage.'



The binding drove the Stalker forward again, and Kaelus spent another Shield stopping two more attacks.



He promised a quick death if the creature revealed who had issued its command.

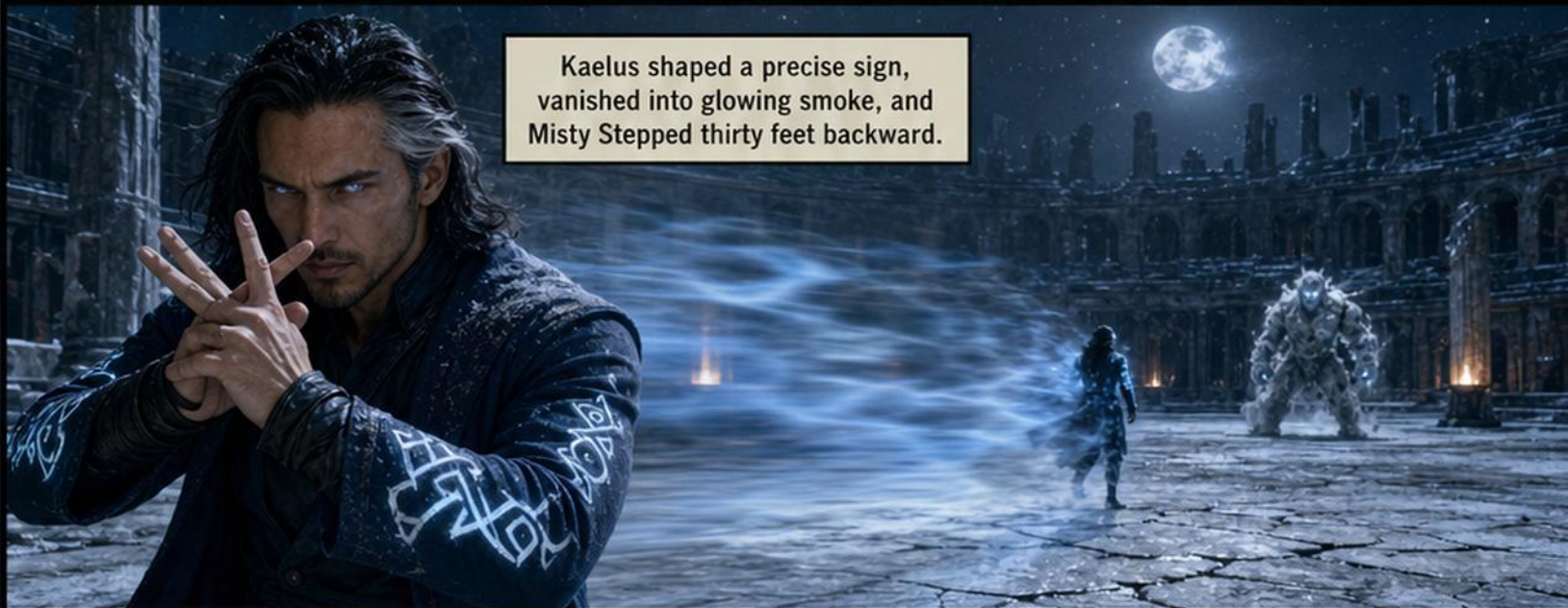


The frightened elemental confessed that its unseen summoner spoke through a silver mask engraved with a closed eye—and called Kaelus 'the Last Witness.'

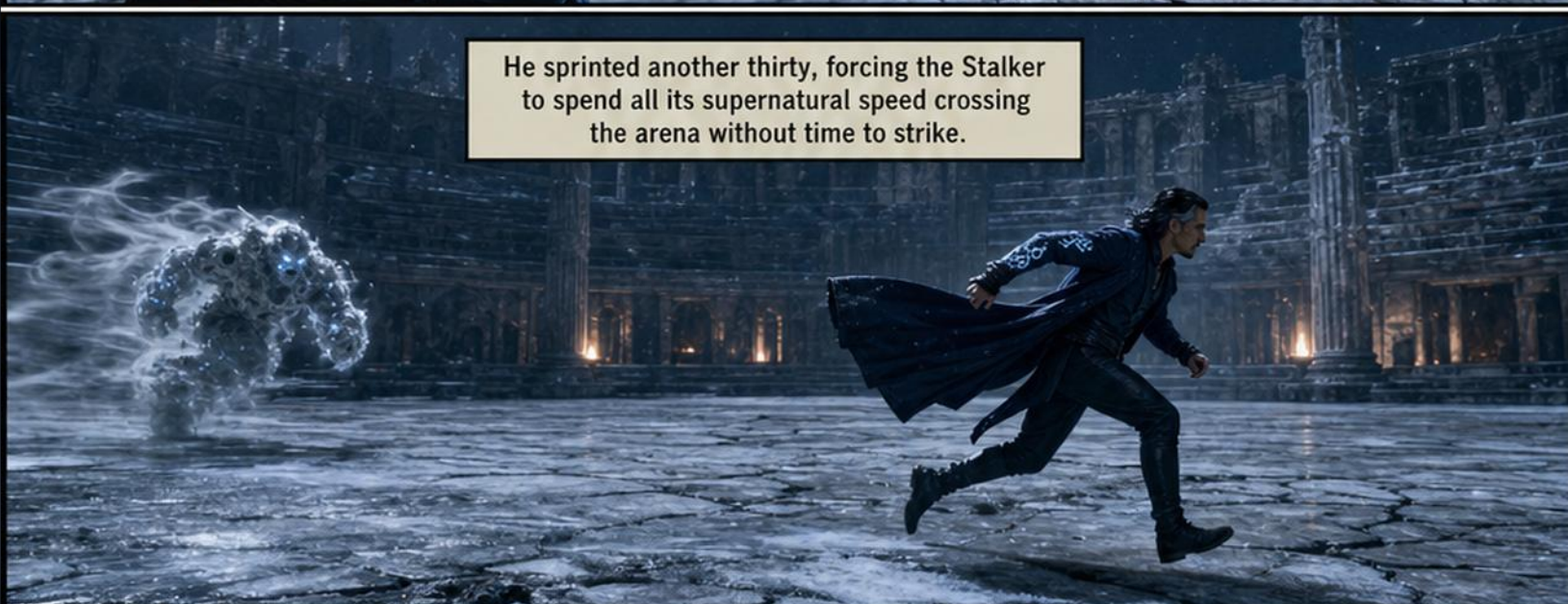


The truth proved the old conspiracy still feared him, but confession could not break the command. The Stalker raised its fists again.





Kaelus shaped a precise sign, vanished into glowing smoke, and Misty Stepped thirty feet backward.



He sprinted another thirty, forcing the Stalker to spend all its supernatural speed crossing the arena without time to strike.



The assassin stopped exactly where Kaelus had planned.



TITANIC TUNDRA: BLIZZARD BOMBARDMENT!
Icy spheres and radiant mana bolts cracked its frozen storm-body almost apart.



Still alive, the assassin
attacked with desperate fury.



Its first fist broke through and
crushed Kaelus across the ribs,
nearly throwing him from his feet.



He spun with the impact, turned the
motion into a counterpunch, and
projected his final Shield into the
second blow.



Wind and arcane force exploded
between them. Kaelus's protection
was nearly gone, yet the unraveling
Stalker remained enslaved to
one final charge.

Kaelus dropped to one knee beneath the charging elemental and aimed his palm upward.



DIAGONAL DRAFT: RISING GLACIER!



A colossal pillar of ice and mana launched the Stalker toward the ceiling, froze its violent winds solid, and shattered its body in a storm of silver light.



A mask fragment bearing the closed eye struck the floor beside Kaelus. He left the arena wounded but alive, carrying proof—and ready to hunt the conspirators who had ordered his death.

