

# **The Duel of Legends**

## **A Tale of Glory, Madness and Bare Flesh**

In the great city of Radan'Khil, the name of Nefariel had become legend--not for his spells, but for his wit, his robes of silk, and his unshakable refusal to engage in anything remotely resembling heroism.

And then came Fraidor.

## **When the Barbarian Came Back**

He stormed into town atop a wine barrel, axe in hand, shouting for a worthy opponent to test his latest acquisition: the twin-bladed behemoth known as the Golden RITTA Axe. Women swooned. Men hid. Bakers wept.

For three days, Fraidor asked for Nefariel by name. And for three days, Nefariel evaded him with all the grace of a cowardly eel.

But legend demands blood. And ego knows no sanctuary.

## **The Duel Itself**

On the fourth dawn, under a sky that looked suspiciously like a bruised apricot, the two faced each other in the grand plaza.

Nefariel wore no armor--only his finest robe and a sarcastic smile. Fraidor, shirtless, glistened with some kind of oil (or perhaps gravy--it was never clear).

The duel was chaotic. Spells clashed with howls. Axes twirled. Birds flew away in terror.

And in the end... Nefariel fell. But not disgracefully. Oh no. He fell spectacularly, with flair and a parting insult so biting it made Fraidor laugh for a full five minutes.

Respect was earned.

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## **And Then... Celebration**

Fraidor, in his typical barbaric style, pulled Nefariel up by the arm and declared him a true warrior.

The crowd cheered. Drinks flowed.

Later that night, in a smoky tavern where tales turn to myth and inhibitions melt, the two men celebrated their newfound brotherhood...

With Sivhessa. Simultaneously.

It was, by all accounts, the beginning of a very strange friendship.