

The Vampire 100

Chapter 100 100: The Reality Of Fighting Humans (Part Two)

"The Inquisitors can call down fire from the sky and create light as potent as the noonday sun," she said. "Forests and homes weren't the only things to burn under their assault. Their magic turned people into torches, running, screaming, and burning no matter how far they ran. Even plunging themselves into the river wouldn't extinguish the flames of the Inquisitors."

All around the great hall, Frost Walker's eyes went wide in horror as they imagined the sight Nyrielle described. Whenever possible, the Frost Walkers avoided the use of fire, lighting their castle and homes with glowing crystals of ice powered by sorcery rather than using lamps or torches. The idea of being set on fire and being unable to extinguish it terrified even the most seasoned of Frost Walker warriors.

"Some people might think that the Templars are just pious knights, but they'd be wrong," Nyrielle added. "The swords they carry are their answer to darksteel weapons. Some of them shine with brilliant light and others are wreathed in unquenchable flames. They create wounds that vampires cannot heal from, no matter how much blood we drink and the pain of those wounds is everlasting."

As Nyrielle spoke, her voice rippled with power, conjuring visions in the minds of the audience pulled directly from her memories. The visions she provided were vague, as though seen through a thick haze in the Vale of Mists. They lacked the acrid stench of burnt flesh and spilled blood that dominated those battlefields but it was enough to disturb the sleep of any but the most experienced warriors for days to come.

Only the children in the great hall were spared the disturbing visions as Nyrielle carefully shaped the power that rippled through the room with her voice.

For a moment, Nyrielle paused, lowering her head and closing her eyes as she recalled her progeny who had faced those terrifying weapons. Urmas who severed his own arm rather than suffer the torment of

the wound, Tuule who begged to be killed rather than suffer the agony of dozens of cuts across her body, and others still who would never be whole again after confronting the Templars head-on.

"Paulus asked what happened to my forty-seven progeny," Nyrielle said in a voice that trembled slightly under the weight of her memories. "Thirteen of them died in the battle to retake the Vale of Mists, to give the rest of our people a place to return to where they could rebuild their homes and their lives."

"Seven were so badly injured by the Templars that they begged for death," Nyrielle added, her dark eyes staring directly at Paulus who trembled under the weight of her gaze. "But they weren't content to die on their own blades. They and five others attacked the temple in Lothian City, slaughtering the Inquisitors and Templars while I led the rest to attack Lothian manor and killed Cellach Lothian for his crimes."

"They call it the 'Midnight Massacre,'" Ashlynn said, placing a hand gently on the small of Nyrielle's back as she spoke. "It nearly caused the fall of Lothian March and it became the reason that the Church's temple in Lothian City was converted to an armed fortress."

"By the time everything was over," Nyrielle said, "there were only twenty left from the original forty-seven. The humans call us 'demons'," she sneered. "My progeny fought like demons. Each one of them who died took more than a hundred humans with them and in so doing, saved the lives of hundreds of the Vale's soldiers."

Around the hall, many Frost Walkers lowered their heads. Whether in respect for the fallen progeny or in shame that the Frost Walkers hadn't fought alongside them varied from person to person but no one found it easy to meet Nyrielle's gaze at the moment.

Hauke, sitting beside his father, felt a sinking sensation in his stomach, as if his horn had been pulled down from his head to his toes and tugged at every vital organ along the way. His eyes were wide, his mouth slightly agape as he tried to process the horrors Nyrielle had described.

The young Frost Walker had trained hard, honing his ice sorcery and his fighting skills in the belief that one day, he would need to protect the High Pass from both Eldritch raiders and the human invasion. Until today, he'd never questioned whether or not he possessed the courage and would one day possess the strength to repel any invasion.

But now, hearing of Inquisitors who could set people ablaze with unquenchable fire and Templars with weapons that could maim even Nyrielle's progeny to the extent that they begged for death, he realized how woefully unprepared he truly was.

He glanced at his father, hoping to see reassurance, but Lord Ritchel's face was grim, his eyes fixed on Nyrielle. Hauke swallowed hard, his earlier excitement about spending a day fishing and discussing ice sorcery with Ashlynn didn't feel as innocent anymore.

His father rarely did anything carelessly and he never missed an opportunity to teach his son the things he needed to learn to take over as the next Eldritch Lord of the High Pass. Evidently, the lesson his father wanted him to learn now was that the humans were a far greater threat than he had ever imagined.

On top of that, maintaining a strong relationship with the Vale of Mists was not just beneficial, but crucial to the survival of the nation. Thinking of the flaming horrors Nyrielle described, he finally understood why his father always called her the shield the High Pass depended on.

"Now, Elder Paulus," Nyrielle said, turning her dark gaze back to the silent elder. "You may speak, if you still have words you wish to say."

For several moments, Paulus said nothing. Nyrielle's powerful grasp over him had shaken him to the core. Even as he tried to use his own sorcery to counter hers, he couldn't speak a word to overpower her Voice of Command. It was as though he'd become a prisoner in his own body, unable to so much as open his mouth.

Now, however, he felt the vampire's command fading like frost in the morning sun and his brows lowered in a deep scowl as he prepared to speak. She might think that she'd persuaded the Frost Walkers to support her but he felt the reality was different.

Rather than making a case for why they must support her, Paulus felt like she'd just explained why they should avoid becoming entangled with her enemies and made his case for him. All he had to do now was help his people see the truth she'd laid before them.