

Know, oh Prince...

...that in the early days of Conan's reign as King in Aquilonia, deep ran the inevitable streams of offense, real or imagined. In all corners of the kingdom, sulked those whose pride, fortune or self was wounded in one manner or another by the Cimmerian's meteoric ascent to power. The more courageous of the slighted raised armies to seek revenge. Vultures and ghouls now reap the rewards of those failed attempts that were decimated upon Aquilonian fields of battle.

One neophyte sorcerer, realizing the futility of earthly might against such a King, turned toward darker avenues of reprisal. Biding his time, he fueled his lust for vengeance with jealous thoughts, black musings and time twisted recollections of past wrongs. He aligned himself with votaries of Stygian necromancy and Khitan conjuration. He delved deeply into the foul wisdom of Acheron, seeking a way to call upon the darkness.

Certain dark, elder entities heeded his call for aid and granted him the ability to summon their vile children to his cause. Granted him power, that is to say, for now... and for a price. Now, with eldritch might coursing through his veins, the Summoner arises, to seek artifacts that would allow him to maintain control over the demonic allies and, ultimately wreak his terrible vengeance upon Conan.

Know, for certain, oh Prince, the Age of Conan stands threatened, on the brink of turmoil... and herein these pages, for your examination lay the...

...Chronicles of Vengeance.



CHRONICLES OF VENGEANCE

THE NEMEDIAN CHRONICLERS



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