

Tomb Kings Short Story

By Robert M.

Lysander's heart pounded. His hand was sweaty and the hilt of his sword slippery. He breathed heavily. He was terrified; he wasn't sure what it was that was following him. It had come out of nowhere and yet he wasn't sure what it had been. Maybe there was nothing, maybe the hot desert sun was playing tricks on him. He crouched low on the ground and scanned the horizon. There was nothing there.

He loosened his grip on his sword and then sheathed it. He stood up. But what had startled his camel? He shut it out of his mind. He had to get the gold his camel was carrying to his employer or his life wouldn't be worth living. He had never seen anything like the tomb that he had looted. But what shocked him more than anything was the fact that there were no bodies. He had never heard of a tomb, especially one so magnificent, without any bodies. Although these were foreign lands, so maybe they burned their corpses. Anyway, this did not affect him and the payment he would receive would buy him an entire county back in the Empire.

He mounted his saddle again and as he rode on he felt a cold rush of air. At first it was refreshing in the hot sun but then a cold shiver went down his spine and his heart seemed to miss a beat. He saw something out of the corner of his eye, turned his head but there was nothing there. He was starting to worry. He drew his sword once more. All was calm.

Then the ground rumbled and Lysander was thrown from his camel once more. This time he did not get up. He had taken what belonged to the dead and the dead had come to claim it back.