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Lady of the Helm (The Bloodline Trilogy Book 1) (English Edition)



Par T O Munro
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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteur(Now with three prequel short stories to celebrate the completion of the trilogy)For 5 years Niarmit, once a priestess and a princess of the Salved people, has been an orphan, thief, outlaw and assassin in her own land.For a thousand years Maelgrum, enslaver of the Salved, has been imprisoned and forgotten.Now, from the mountain fortress of Sturmcairn to the forests of Hershwood and beyond, the Salved Kingdom will quake at the dark lords return.And Niarmit must choose. Can she aid a people who

abandoned her and her father?overcome her darkest fears of madness and betrayal?find a way to kill that which is already dead?"He savoured the moment as he stood at the foot of the outsized bed, loosening the straps of the battered steel breastplate. He tried to gauge from the quivers in the bed clothes where the captain had hidden this evenings frightened plaything. He guessed which side just as the metal armour fell silently to the marbled floor. Flinging aside the bedding, he had just a moment to register the oddity of the noiseless clang of metal on stone before he saw her.She was not the type that the captain normally picked out for him. In a second he saw she was older, just past the end of adolescence as far as he was any judge of human flesh. Taller than most and sinewy, clad in dark shirt and breeches rather than the night shift he expected. Flame red hair spilled across her shoulders and green eyes blazed at him with a defiance rare in someone brought before Mayor Nordag. Rather than lying trembling within the folds of bedding this one crouched on her haunches looking up at him. The final abnormality he had time to notice was that her hands were not bound behind her, but free in front of her. One held a glinting steel dirk and the other fist grasped a crescent talisman.Then she erupted like one of those amusing jack-in-the-box toys that more astute freeholders had learned to give Nordag as a gift. Driving upwards sword arm outstretched before her, she sprang towards him, driving her blade into his throat even as his mouth gaped open in astonishment. Standing now on the edge of the table her face was level with his chin, her green eyes glaring into his dimming yellow ones."Prsentation de l'diteur(Now with three prequel short stories to celebrate the completion of the trilogy)For 5 years Niarmit, once a priestess and a princess of the Salved people, has been an orphan, thief, outlaw and assassin in her own land.For a thousand years Maelgrum, enslaver of the Salved, has been imprisoned and forgotten.Now, from the mountain fortress of Sturmcairn to the forests of Hershwood and beyond, the Salved Kingdom will quake at the dark lords return.And Niarmit must choose. Can she aid a people who abandoned her and her father?overcome her darkest fears of madness and betrayal?find a way to kill that which is already dead?"He savoured the moment as he stood at the foot of the outsized bed, loosening the straps of the battered steel breastplate. He tried to gauge from the quivers in the bed clothes where the captain had hidden this evenings frightened plaything. He guessed which side just as the metal armour fell silently to the marbled floor. Flinging aside the bedding, he had just a moment to register the oddity of the noiseless clang of metal on stone before he saw her.She was not the type that the captain normally picked out for him. In a second he saw she was older, just past the end of adolescence as far as he was any judge of human flesh. Taller than most and sinewy, clad in dark shirt and breeches rather than the night shift he expected. Flame red hair spilled across her shoulders and green eyes blazed at him with a defiance rare in someone brought before Mayor Nordag. Rather than lying trembling within the folds of bedding this one crouched on her haunches looking up at him. The final abnormality he had time to notice was that her hands were not bound behind her, but free in front of her. One held a glinting steel dirk and the other fist grasped a crescent talisman.Then she erupted like one of those amusing jack-in-the-box toys that more astute freeholders had learned to give Nordag as a gift. Driving upwards sword arm outstretched before her, she sprang towards him, driving her blade into his throat even as his mouth gaped open in astonishment. Standing now on the edge of the table her face was level with his chin, her green eyes glaring into his dimming yellow ones."