Lucio Pegenor stared up at the decrepit ancient mansion. It had a commanding view of the city, set back as it was on Bald’s Knoll, away from the rest of the town. Duke Sercio, his uncle, certainly did like his privacy. A small wood bridge was the only way across the shift flowing icy Channel Run which separated the hill and the town, and it was across this bridge that the band of young men now traveled.

The path was well cobbled but unmaintained, a theme which also applied to the mansion. It was one of the largest houses in the city. Passed down from one duke to another and it was clear that there initially had been no love lost between the original king and his brother who had made it, for it to be located so far from the palace.

It was a green tiled thing, with tan bricks, most likely imported. It sat looming over the creek valley, its twin coned spires with tall windows like eyes staring out. Regardless of its original construction, it was clear that no handyman had tended to it in a while. Vines twisted up the sides and the trees a top the hill surrounding the house were gnarled and misshapen.

Lucio sighed and nudged Bellarion, his horse, onward. The group was quiet as they ascended the slope towards their goal. The duke, Sercio Pegenor, was suspected of the most vile act of necromancy, a fact corroborated by several of his servants who had fled from his house, claiming he had gone mad. Lucio shivered, an early winter. Matters of family were the duty of the family