

DRAY PRESCOT: 43

**SCORPIO
TRIUMPH**

KENNETH BULMER

writing as

ALAN BURT AKERS

A Mushroom eBook

SCORPIO TRIUMPH

ALAN BURT AKERS

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Dray Prescott

The picture we have of Dray Prescott, as painted by himself in his narrative and by one who has seen him on Earth, is at once enigmatic and intriguing. He is a compelling figure, dynamic, dominating, demanding, yet there is in him that odd vulnerability. He is a man over middle height, with brown hair and level brown eyes, with enormously broad shoulders and powerful physique. There is an aura about him of abrasive honesty and indomitable courage. He moves like a savage hunting cat, quiet and lethal, sudden. Reared in the harsh conditions of Nelson's navy, he has been transported to the exotic and barbaric, beautiful and cruel world of Kregen, four hundred light years from Earth, under the double star Antares, the twin Suns of Scorpio.

Paz, the hemisphere of Kregen where Prescott has adventured and succeeded, is threatened by the reiving Shanks from Schan, the other half of the planet. He has been pitchforked into the job of organizing the resistance, a so-called Emperor of Paz, and has managed — temporarily — to drive off the Shanks and their mentor, the mysterious Carazaar. In all he undertakes, he is immeasurably assisted by Delia, Delia of the Blue

Mountains, Delia of Delphond. Their family are now generally about their own affairs.

To his great surprise, his comrade Wizard of Loh, Deb-Lu-Quienyin, tells him he must concentrate on finding the rubies forming the Skantiklar. These have been scattered in seasons past, and if brought together will confer stupendous sorcerous power on the possessor of the Skantiklar. Down in the continent of Loh expeditions have ventured below the City of Eternal Twilight into the Realm of the Drums in search of one of the rubies. A Wizard of Loh, Na-Si-Fantong, has been collecting the rubies, and it is believed he wants them for no good purposes. He has succeeded in obtaining a ruby and vanishes into the maze of tunnels under the city. Not really convinced in the importance of the Skantiklar, Prescott has to go in pursuit. Alone, he threads his way through the labyrinth, already feeling he will never catch Na-Si-Fantong...

Alan Burt Akers

Chapter one

I, Dray Prescott, Lord of Strombor and Krozair of Zy, crawled painfully along a narrow and jagged tunnel with dust clogging my mouth and nostrils and stinging my eyes and every now and then my head would go thwack! against a damned rocky outcrop in the roof. By Makki Grodno's disgusting diseased black-fanged winespout and deliquescing dangling left eyeball! I'd wager that clever Na-Si-Fantong hadn't crawled along here. Oh, no! He'd have used his sorcerous powers to create a smooth marble avenue and strolled along without a care in Kregen.

As for me, I'd hared off after the mage when he'd snatched the ruby and — of course — a whole world of rock and rubble had avalanched down at my back, shutting my friends away and shutting me in.

All I could do now was crawl on as best I could. There was a little light, either from some fungus or perhaps some clever magical scintillant stone — I didn't give a damn which it was. I could just about see where I was going — and where that was I'd no idea at all, at all, as the song has it.

“Sink me!” I burst out to myself. “What the blue blazing hell am I doing, scrabbling about miles underground after a stupid magic red ruby when the damned Shanks are organizing a powerful expeditionary force against us?” I moved my right knee up and then my left and surged forward and — thwack! went my head against the roof. I mentioned the Divine Lady of Belschutz and forged on. Oh, no, I should be out in the fresh air and the light of the Suns of Scorpio, planning horrible retribution upon the fishy heads of the Fish Faces and their whiptailed Katakai allies.

The little kris-like curved sword I’d snatched up kept on getting in the way; but I felt disinclined to abandon the weapon. It would come in useful if I encountered any of the habitual nasties frequenting the labyrinth. I’d had no time to snatch up any clothes. In a somewhat turbulent frame of mind I pressed on along the raggedy tunnel.

As San Blarnoi says: “A day short of Eternity is still Eternity.” In the end I reached the point where the tunnel led onto a large cavern. Before I plopped out of the opening I screwed my head around checking to see what reception committee might be awaiting.

The universal mellow pearly light shone down from the overhead. The air hung still and breathless. I could hear no sound apart from my own breathing, inaudible otherwise. The floor of the cavern was artificially smooth. Set around the walls stood nine sarcophagi. I stared at them and my heart sank. *Now* what mumbo-jumbo nonsense was I in for?

When I was satisfied that no one else was around I stepped down from the opening. Lumps and shards of rock in a fanfall indicated that whoever had made the tunnel had broken through into this cavern.

Immediately I moved away I saw one of them. The poor devil lay alongside a sarcophagus with his head stoved in. Now — because this place, this Realm of the Drums, had been sorcerously held in suspended animation for the best part of five hundred years, this fellow might have died yesterday, or five hundred years ago.

He wore a ragged breechclout and his arms and hands were covered in scratches. He was apim, *Homo sapiens sapiens*, like me. In the dust at his side lay a hefty crowbar.

A foot in a sandal projected past the end of the coffin and on walking carefully around I saw another fellow, a Rapa, whose beak and feathers of his head were scrunched down between his shoulders.

Strewn across his body were portions of two other men, as best I could judge a Brokelsh and a Moltingur. Whoever had slain them must have had colossal strength.

That was the point at which I made up my mind I wouldn't try to open a sarcophagus.

In the opposite wall stood an opening. It had been bricked up with large blocks and enough had been pulled down from the centre to make a hole large enough for a person to duck through.

That looked to be, apart from the tunnel down which I'd crawled, the only way out.

Very very carefully — as you may well imagine! — I went across and squinted through.

The pearly light revealed what could only be a shrine.

Dark stains disfigured the basaltic altar block. The statue above bent its gilded wedge-shaped head forward, narrow jaws armed with rows of needle teeth, its scaly wings wide spread, its lizard-like body crouched as if to spring, its barbed tail extended. The xichun whose aerial domain lay high above the rain forest had led me on to danger before. The flying animal was clearly some kind of totem down here. I gave it a glare; it did not move.

The feeling possessed me that I'd do well to keep the corner of one eye focused on that golden xichun.

Just for the moment I did not venture into the room of the shrine. There were two doors, one each side of the basaltic block, and each had its own gilded xichun above the architrave. These two flying lizards might be smaller than the fellow over the altar; they'd bear watching with the same attention to self-preservation. A gaggle of chests half-covered with rugs to the side seemed as though they might have been used as seats. I turned back to the main chamber and broodingly surveyed the situation.

The narrow, rocky and damned uncomfortable tunnel through which I'd reached here must have been for most of its length a natural fault. The tomb robbers needed only to break through the last few paces, as the

extent of the fantail of rubble indicated. To my mind, then, this meant they must have a map.

If the two doors in the shrine room were the only way out, then whoever had bricked up the opening intended the nine sarcophagi to be sealed in. There might be further bricked up doors in there. The more I looked at the situation the less appealing it became.

Deb-Lu-Quienyin had negated the spell that held everyone down here in stasis only in a local aura around us — that is, my companions and me. So when I came across a living person standing stock still in suspended animation I woke him, her or it up. So that meant these four dead tomb robbers must have died just before the spell was cast five hundred years ago. I walked across — carefully! — and looked at them again.

The apim wore a torn mustardy breechclout. The Rapa wore a green lap-lap, a thigh-length wrap-around. That was fastened by a leather belt with a cheap brass buckle. The Brokelsh and the Moltingur had also worn mustardy breechclouts. After a careful search I found no map.

Again I stared at the torn down brickwork. At first, because the brick blocks spilled into the cavern I'd assumed the wall had been pushed in from the other side. Now it began to look as though it had been torn down and pulled in. Why?

There was, undoubtedly, something highly nasty in that shrine room.

The tunnel at my back was blocked. That left the two doors in the shrine room as the only ways out.

“By the Black Chunkrah!” I said. “Trust that vosk skull of a Dray Prescot to drop himself in it!”

Well, as they say, you must accept the needle, and needs must when you come to the fluttrell’s vane. If that was the only way out, then, By Krun! that was the only way out.

Before I came to push of pike I had another look at the sarcophagi. Each was about five feet high, fashioned from marble with rather pleasant patterns. Each lid was adorned with an over-life-size effigy of a warrior. There were an apim, a Fristle, a Rapa, a Chulik, a Hytak, a Pachak, a Brokelsh, a Relt and an Och.

Each one’s armor was carved in considerable detail and their weapons were as carefully represented. Of those nine carvings, one of the races of diffs intrigued me by his unexpected presence.

There were no signs I could make out along the junction of lid and coffin to indicate the crowbar had been used. If whatever had destroyed these four men had emerged from the sarcophagi then it had returned and closed the lid or lids without a trace.

Or, perhaps, by Vox, it had torn the brick blocks down and escaped into the labyrinth! That was not a pleasant thought.

Well, then, it must be a damned tidy monster, for it had replaced its lid neatly enough. If one monster had risen and escaped perhaps there were eight more undead waiting for some unsuspecting wight to release them. I felt a prickly itch down between my shoulder blades.

With great care I removed the dead apim's mustardy-colored breechclout and the Rapa's leather belt. They were dusty but clean enough, so the men had died quickly. The power of the blows that had destroyed them was once again reinforced in my mind.

Picking up the crowbar in my left hand and hitching up the belted breechclout with my right, I took up the little curved sword and started for the jagged opening in the brick block wall.

One, two, three cautious steps brought me into the room of the shrine. Nothing happened. I took a breath. The air hung flat and stale. The feeling of pressure on my temples increased. Menace threatened, I could feel it tangibly, a sensation of imagined horror I had to push away.

Now, then, which door? Left or right?

Both doors were built of balass wood, hard and black, beautifully inlaid with ivory of Chem in geometric patterns. There appeared not a whisker of difference between them.

Neither had a handle, so you were supposed to push them open. If, that is, they weren't locked and bolted from the other side.

Standing midway between those enigmatic doors directly before the altar I made another careful inspection. The dark stains looked most unhealthy. The glint of gold just above the surface of the stained block in the back wall of the shrine took my attention.

An inscription had been carved there and the letters filled with gold. Instead of the beautiful Kregish script,

the letters were blocked out in a style used in ancient documents for important headings. Now, of course, I must give the letters in terrestrial form, and have translated the words.

The golden inscription read:

U Q M K B Q
H L R H U O

For some time I stared at the inscription, summoning up the letters of the alphabet in my mind. Then I gave a little nod.

I'd never liked the idea of those two doors. This offered what I considered a better chance. Of course, if I was wrong, then whatever fearful thing had emerged to wreak devastation on those poor devils might well leap out to deal with me.

Anyway, the presence among the warrior effigies of that one particular race of diffs had caught my absorbed attention. I went back into the main chamber. If I was right, there was not a single sign of the person or persons who had attempted to push open the doors. Mind you, there were the stains on the altar...

This was where I had to summon up the blood and harden the sinews all right, by Krun! I positioned myself at the side of the sarcophagus I'd selected. I put my hands on the lid. I took a deep breath. The marble face with its exquisitely carved beak and surrounding feathers looked calm and relaxed, quite unlike the look of ferocious power on the marble face of the Relt's cousin the Rapa. I pushed.

The squeal of marble against marble held an unusual soft sound. The lid slid aside quite easily, and held and did not topple to the ground. I was pleased about that, not being in the business of desecrating tombs.

I looked inside.

The pearly light of the chamber was washed away and eaten up by a pale green glow. The inside of the coffin held no wrapped corpse, no skeleton. The crowbar and the sword in my fists struck me as particularly inappropriate, singularly out of place in that moment of revelation.

There appeared to be no bottom to the sarcophagus. Just that pale green glow radiating up from an immense depth.

Nothing stirred in the chamber.

“Here we go!” I said, cocked both legs over the coffin and dropped plumb into the radiant greenness below.

Chapter two

Enveloped in radiant greenness I fell. Inevitably the comparison occurred to me. The weird parallel in thus dropping through greenness when I was much more accustomed to flying upwards enveloped in blueness, of course, rushed in on me with somewhat more than I liked of a choking feeling.

The drop did not last long. I realized I was no longer falling and that I was lying on a hard surface with no sense of having hit it with any force. The green glow which had cushioned me faded and died. I was lying full length surrounded by stone walls almost touching my shoulders. The tops of the four walls were only some three feet above my head, so I sat up, shoved up, and got my hands on the stone lip.

I pulled myself up to see where I might be.

A good-sized cavern surrounded me, containing eight other sarcophagi. The pearly light showed me the details and, by Zair, I admit it, my heart sank. I was back in the same damned cavern!

For only a heartbeat that miserable realization pressed in on me. Instead of a bricked-up opening, that

doorway was now open and surrounded by a golden architrave. There were no dead bodies. The air still hung musty and stale; it smelled quite pleasant after the first shock.

“Djan Kadjiryon smiled on me then, by Djondalar!” I said to myself.

When I’d climbed out of the coffin the decision not to interfere with any of the others was automatic. I was in the business of avoiding trouble, not seeking it.

The shrine room looked exactly the same except for the absence of stains on the altar. Instead a superb golden bowl held flowers arranged by the hand of a great florist. They were perfectly preserved, fresh as the daisies of the field. I felt sorrow that in passing them I would bring them back to life, to wither away and dry into ugly brown stalks.

Hefting the sword and the crowbar I put an eyeball around the left hand door and immediately jumped back and glared up at the three xichuns.

The flying lizards did not stir.

Beyond the door lay a squared-off corridor illuminated by the pallid light. A repetition of my antics showed a similar corridor beyond the right hand door.

Which way I went had no meaning, for I was completely lost, so I went to the left. If going to the right would take me out of the labyrinth then I’d chosen badly, that was all.

The inscription above the altar, this time, read:

*BEWARE THE PIT OF THE FIRE FOR THE DRUMS
ENSLAVE*

“H’m,” I said under my breath. “They didn’t heed *that* warning!”

The situation now appeared clearer to me. I fancied this part of the labyrinth under the City of Eternal Twilight had been inhabited by a people before those who’d bathed in the radiance of the Fire as the Drums roared. Perhaps there had been a bloody war. At any rate, those black-garbed priests of the Realm of the Drums had taken over. We had dispersed them; I didn’t doubt that some would rally and continue after we had left.

That was, I corrected myself, if we ever did find a way out and did manage to leave this damned maze.

The squared-off passage led on for some distance, turning various corners, and I went along with exquisite caution. By this time I was ravenously hungry. Well, by Krun, I’ve been ravenously hungry plenty of times before and, Kregen being Kregen, will no doubt be hungry again.

All these various passageways were cut neatly and the floors lay smooth and clean. Almost every door was closed. One or two that were open showed neat living spaces of a simple yet comfortable kind, and all were empty. A larger door revealed a room very similar to the room of the shrine I’d left, and a glimpse of the corner of a sarcophagus through the far opening. On I went to come out to a lobby. Here the head of a staircase with wide steps leading down did not tempt me. I wanted to find the way up and out.

Some distance on past more living rooms and two more shrines, a faint green glow ahead seeped into the pearly light.

Approaching stealthily, for I had no idea what I might wake up from a five hundred year sleep, I halted at the edge of a jagged crack across the floor. This fault was the result of an earth tremor, and I was thankful to see that I could leap the gap without difficulty.

Before I did that I stretched out on my stomach and looked down.

The scene displayed below was touching, noble and yet, given what I had run across so far, not entirely unexpected.

The crack in the floor gave me a view of an extremely extensive chamber below. No doubt originally it had been a natural cavern; these people had worked on it, beautifying it, turning it into a temple.

Hundreds of worshippers knelt with bowed heads, frozen in time in the instant of prayer. The high altar blazed with flowers. Priests and priestesses in white vestments had been caught in the act of prayer and blessing. Around the walls and stationed at the many doors stood armed guards. They were of many races of diffs, and were armed and accoutred like the effigies on the sarcophagi. The worshippers carried no weapons. Clearly, these people were concerned lest they be attacked during their devotions. Absolute stillness and silence below created a sense of awe.

These, then, were the folk who continued to live down here under constant threat from the black-garbed degenerates of the Realm of the Drums.

No one stirred, so I was not near enough to arouse them.

Standing up I consigned their fortune to Opaz, and walked on.

After half a dozen paces I abruptly halted and stood stock still.

Onker! Here was I, lord of this and that, Prince of Strombor, King of Djanduin, Strom of Valka, a fellow who had been the Emperor of Vallia and was now supposed to be — or become — the Emperor of Emperors, the Emperor of Paz. I'd had plenty of practice deciding issues, using what skill I had in imitation of the Wisdom of Solomon, acting as a judge. That I did not care overmuch for that side of being an emperor had nothing whatsoever to do with it. I should have seen the situation and its ugly outcome instantly. And here I was calmly walking on! Talk about Pontius Pilate and the washing of hands!

Without any further hesitation I turned around and went back at a run.

Reaching the lobby I went haring down the steps four at a time. The problem of traps and monsters here did not exist. The foot of the stairway led out into a cavern filled with agriculture and flowers. There were no syatras, no Spiny Ribcrushers, no Cabaret Plants, no crowpins and no slaptras in the many pleasant pools.

Everywhere as I passed the gorgeous perfumes of the flowers scented the air.

At the far end a series of constructions held gardener's tools. The corridor continued and if the directions I held in my head were right then just up ahead and to the left should lie the temple chamber.

Around the expected corner I trotted and instantly broke into a rapid dash. The two Hytaks on guard at a door stood as they had stood for five hundred years, leaning on their strangdjas, the spiky-headed polearms glittering with edge and point. As each one woke up he had no time to wonder about the stiffness in his muscles, for a thumb pressed just so under his ear sent him back to sleep again.

Now it was necessary to proceed with caution, for the door led onto the balcony around the temple about fifteen feet up from the floor. The balcony was not as crowded as the nave below. A deep breath whooped into my lungs... I set myself... Then I was off, sprinting as fast as I could around the balcony, leaping kneeling devotees, hurtling around clumps of people, rushing on and on until I returned to the door.

The air filled with song. That hymn faltered, almost died, and then regained fullness and power. These people prayed in song. Their quality showed in their reactions. They might feel odd, stiff, with aches here and there; they went on singing their devotions.

There was no need to look back. The temple was now filled with life, with a proud people making their covenants with whatever god they had chosen. And the

guards were alert and ready for any sneaky attacks from the black-robed priests of the Realm of the Drums.

Straight down the corridor and up the stairs four at a time and out onto the landing above I hurtled. Along the corridor — a quick look through the green glowing crack to confirm all was well — and then I was rushing on.

Well, now! Perhaps these people might regain the Realm they had lost. So, on I went and gradually the habitations fell away until I was finding my way across rocky caverns and through jagged tunnels, always going up.

A waterfall and a stream impeded me a trifle; but I found a way up drenched in spray to come out onto more tunnels. Still, I was going ever upward, thank Opaz.

Around then I felt as though each leg was encased in lead, weights hung on my arms, and my poor old backbone was bent double under the millions of tons of rock pressing down above. A small cave with only one entrance which could be blocked up promised a decent rest. Ignoring the protests from my inward parts I shut my eyes, thinking as always my last thought before sleep, and opened them again to the same pearly light. I must have slept for I felt refreshed. I was still damned hungry, though, by Krun.

Hungry and thirsty, and only a trifle stiff from sleeping on a rocky floor — something I have had to grow accustomed to as a slave on Kregen — I pushed on. When I saw the corpse on the trail ahead of me, at the

time I was crossing a deserted cavern, I bucked up. The poor fellow had been stripped of his worldly possessions, which was a disappointment for me; but he indicated I was regaining touch with one of the parties wandering about down here. Just which bunch it would be lay in the lap of any of the many magnificent pantheons of Kregen.

Again a stream crossed my path and a long cool drink refreshed but could not satisfy those grumbling inward parts. Grass grew here with pretty white daisy-like flowers. There were going to be syatras and plenty more of the ferocious carnivorous plants of Chem up ahead. Maybe, instead of the plant eating me, I'd eat the confounded thing, by Vox!

So, in not a very happy frame of mind I came out to a clearing with the cavern roof lost in that pearly haze, to see a man sprawled between two trees. He wore a grey breechclout which was of no interest to me. But, in his hand, he clutched a small leaf-wrapped parcel. If I knew my slaves, that would be a trifle of food he had saved for himself.

Now there is no excuse for my conduct. None at all. I am supposed to be a mighty and puissant fellow, a mercenary, a warrior prince and all the rest of it. I just let rip a holler and leaped forward to grab the parcel of food. Food!

The leaf-wrappings were in my hand. I was ripping away to get at the food when a great swishing and swashing brought me up too late, far too late, and the folds of a net descended about me.

Instantly I was rolling over and over and trying to get the little curved sword out of my belt to hack at the strands. They were tough stuff. A sharp point prodded me. A boot kicked me. A hoarse voice said: “Lie still, dom, or I’ll stick you through, as Havil is my witness!”

Flopped over on my back I stared up balefully at the fellow prodding me with his spear. His companion kicked me again. They were both apims, wearing armor and weapons after the fashion of Hyrklana, so I knew whose party I’d fetched up with — Vad Gochert, him with the gem-encrusted eyepatch and the icy manner, a dedicated swordsman, a man who worked for Spikator Hunting Sword in the fight against Hamal. Well, he’d come down here to be frozen some good time ago, and the matter of Spikator Hunting Sword had been concluded and Hyrklana along with Vallia were allies of Hamal.

He came striding up with his foxy-faced Khibil guards. So, as I say, there is still no excuse for my further conduct. Yes, I was starving hungry, I wanted to get out of this hell hole, and now I’d been trussed up like a chicken in a net and prodded and kicked. I was, I make no bones about it, in an evil mood.

“Hey, Gochert!” I yelled. “Get these clowns of yours off me. Bratch!” Now, for a start, one does not usually address a vad, the second highest rank of nobility, in quite those terms, at least, not unless you are a kov or prince or king with little sense of propriety. Also, that word bratch, meaning get a move on, jump to it, can be offensive.

His gemmed eyepatch glittered on me. As I glared up I saw a flicker of shadow on the jewels — no, rather, a flicker of movement behind the gems. His narrow ferret-like face, although he was an apim, and the spareness of his supple body, held all the suppressed energy of which I knew he was capable. He was all oiled-steel and ice.

“Don’t just stand there like a loon!” I bellowed. “Get this confounded net off!”

In that oiled-steel voice, sharp and meticulous, he said: “I remember you now. I puzzled over you when we met here in the maze.”

“Well, then, you hulu, get this confounded net off!”

His expression did not change. I was still wrought up so that just what this situation was in reality escaped me. The truth was that a powerful noble was being grossly insulted by a common fighting man.

He made a sharp gesture and the two apims started clumsily to pull the net off. I struggled out, boiling with exasperation. I rapped out: “Kick me, would you, you rast!” And: “Prod me, would you, you cramph!”

One I hit on the nose and the other in the eye. They staggered back, yelping, and I swung about to see a Khibil’s rapier point at my throat.

“Stand still—” he started to say. He was that same Romano who was Gochert’s captain of the guard, a Khibil cadade with a very high regard for himself. That he had a rapier at all told eloquently that he fancied himself, for rapier and main gauche work were — in his time — comparatively new in Hyrklana. He started to

speak, and then the rapier was in my fist and the point at his throat.

“You stand still, you yetch!” I roared. I was, as you can see, most wrought up, in a right old paddy.

He stood rigidly, and his whiskery fox-like face tightened.

Gochert’s icy voice reached me.

“Your insults offend me. By Sasco! Just who do you think you are?” I jumped away from the cadade and swung about to face Gochert. He drew his rapier and main gauche with the practised ease of your true Bladesman. “You have a sword, I see. Now it is time I taught you a lesson that you will not forget.” He advanced, rapier and dagger poised.

Just then — and only then — I realized what an onker I’d been and what I’d let myself in for. Our blades met and crossed in a chingle of steel.

**That's the end of the sampler. We hope you enjoyed it.
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About the author

Alan Burt Akers was a pen name of the prolific British author Kenneth Bulmer, who died in December 2005 aged eighty-four.

Bulmer wrote over 160 novels and countless short stories, predominantly science fiction, both under his real name and numerous pseudonyms, including Alan Burt Akers, Frank Brandon, Rupert Clinton, Ernest Corley, Peter Green, Adam Hardy, Philip Kent, Bruno Krauss, Karl Maras, Manning Norvil, Chesman Scot, Nelson Sherwood, Richard Silver, H. Philip Stratford, and Tully Zetford. Kenneth Johns was a collective pseudonym used for a collaboration with author John Newman. Some of Bulmer's works were published along with the works of other authors under "house names" (collective pseudonyms) such as Ken Blake (for a series of tie-ins with the 1970s television programme *The Professionals*), Arthur Frazier, Neil Langholm, Charles R. Pike, and Andrew Quiller.

Bulmer was also active in science fiction fandom, and in the 1970s he edited nine issues of the *New Writings in Science Fiction* anthology series in succession to John Carnell, who originated the series.

More details about the author, and current links to other sources of information, can be found at www.mushroom-ebooks.com, and at wikipedia.org.

The Dray Prescott Series

The Delian Cycle:

1. Transit to Scorpio
2. The Suns of Scorpio
3. Warrior of Scorpio
4. Swordships of Scorpio
5. Prince of Scorpio

Havilfar Cycle:

6. Manhounds of Antares
7. Arena of Antares
8. Fliers of Antares
9. Bladesman of Antares
10. Avenger of Antares
11. Armada of Antares

The Krozair Cycle:

12. The Tides of Kregen
13. Renegade of Kregen
14. Krozair of Kregen

Vallian cycle:

15. Secret Scorpio
16. Savage Scorpio
17. Captive Scorpio
18. Golden Scorpio

Jikaida cycle:

19. A Life for Kregen
20. A Sword for Kregen
21. A Fortune for Kregen
22. A Victory for Kregen

Spikatur cycle:

23. Beasts of Antares
24. Rebel of Antares
25. Legions of Antares
26. Allies of Antares

Pandahem cycle:

27. Mazes of Scorpio
28. Delia of Vallia
29. Fires of Scorpio
30. Talons of Scorpio
31. Masks of Scorpio
32. Seg the Bowman

Witch War cycle:

33. Werewolves of Kregen
34. Witches of Kregen

35. Storm over Vallia
36. Omens of Kregen
37. Warlord of Antares

Lohvian cycle:

38. Scorpio Reborn
39. Scorpio Assassin
40. Scorpio Invasion
41. Scorpio Ablaze
42. Scorpio Drums
43. Scorpio Triumph

Balintol cycle:

44. Intrigue of Antares
45. Gangs of Antares
46. Demons of Antares
47. Scourge of Antares
48. Challenge of Antares
49. Wrath of Antares
50. Shadows over Kregen

Phantom cycle:

51. Murder on Kregen
52. Turmoil on Kregen