

Death of an Assassin.

Armin squinted at the princess's shocked face before a searing pain in the side of his neck brought him back to the fight. In that instant he realized he had lost.

He staggered back, the knife blade sliding free, accompanied by a spray of dark blood from Armin's neck. He grasped the gaping wound, feeling jets of blood spurt between his fingers, as his throat filled with the warm liquid. He didn't feel it when he landed on the floor but suddenly found himself looking up at the moonlight shining through the windows. The ethereal light quickly faded into blackness.