

# Gabriel Knight

## TEMPTATION

JAN  
2015



JENSEN

PAVINATO

BRENNEISE





SIX MONTHS AFTER RENNES-LE-CHATEAU.

knock  
knock

SCHLOSS RITTER.

knock  
knock

VRROOM  
CRASH!

ICH  
KOMME  
WIEDER

HERR  
KNIGHT?



# Gabriel Knight TEMPTATION

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THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME.

SERIOUSLY, YOU'RE NOT EVEN  
GETTING PAID FOR THIS SHIT.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE?  
THIS ISN'T HEROISM. IT'S FANTASY.

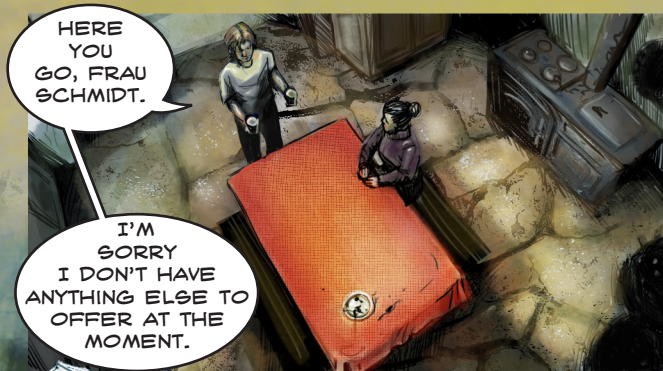
SHUT  
UP.

THERE'S NOTHING HERE.

CHARACTER MODELS  
JOHNATHAN LEEPER  
KAITLIN DEREMER

COVER  
KIM SOKOL  
BRUCE BRENNEISE



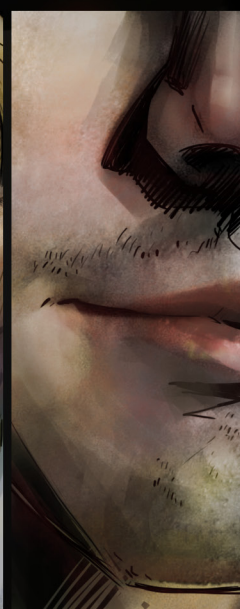
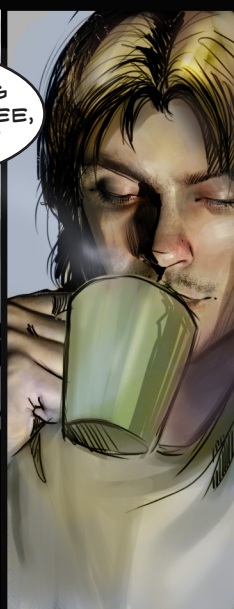
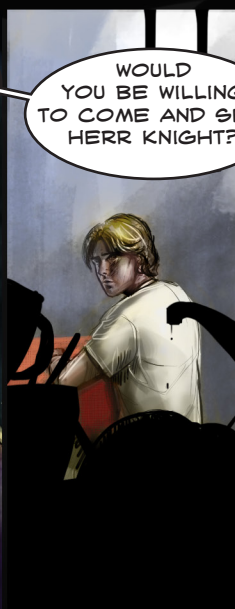


THE REASON WHY I AM HERE TO SEE YOU, HERR KNIGHT, IS MY BROTHER, JAN JOSEF. HE OWNS A SMALL GUESTHOUSE NEAR THE TOWN OF WOLFACH. HE KEEPS IT OPEN AS A SMALL PENSION FOR HIM. HE DOES NOT BELIEVE IN YOUR TYPE, HERR KNIGHT, WHICH IS WHY HE WOULD RATHER NOT TALK TO YOU ABOUT HIS GUESTHOUSE. HE IS A PRACTICAL MAN.

YOU SEE, THE HOUSE HAS A SICKNESS. AND THAT SICKNESS HAS FALLEN ON THE VISITORS. THEY'VE BEEN FALLING ILL DURING THE NIGHTTIME. NOTHING BIG, UNTIL A GUEST THAT WAS THREE MONTHS PREGNANT LOST HER BABY. JAN BELIEVES IT TO BE MICROBES AND BACTERIA.



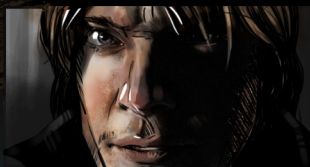
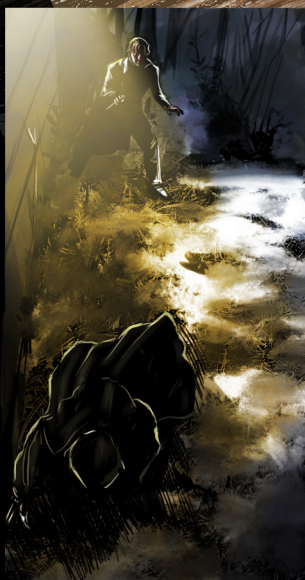
I BELIEVE IT TO BE SOMETHING IN THE FOREST.







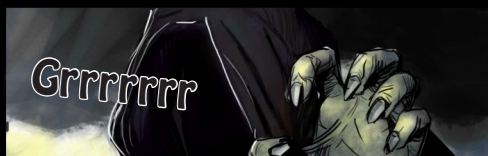
WHAT THE HELL  
WAS THAT?



THAT'S MY  
ROOM...



Thump!

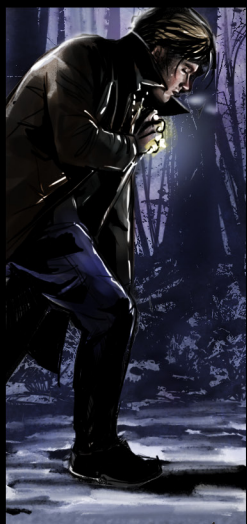


Grrrrrrr

I'M NOT IN THE ROOM.  
DOES IT SENSE THAT?  
WHAT DOES IT WANT?









YOU LOST IT.

PANT...  
PANT...

IT'S PROBABLY MILES FROM HERE BY NOW.

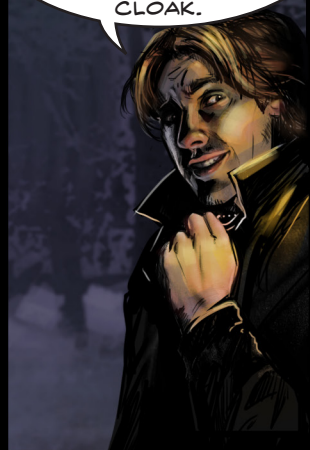
STOP  
IT!

IT'S CALLED TRESPASSING.

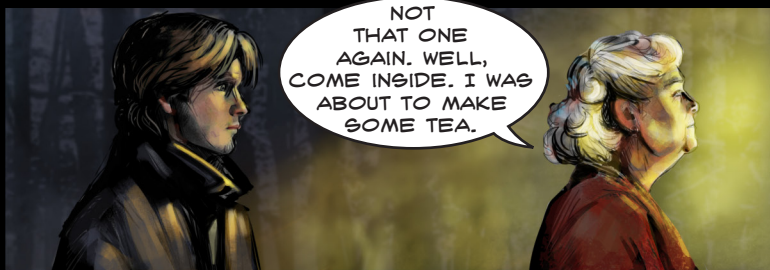




HI.  
ENTSCULDIGUNG.  
I DIDN'T INTEND TO  
BOTHER YOU, BUT COULD  
I ASK IF YOU SAW ANYONE  
GO BY HERE TONIGHT?  
A FIGURE IN A  
CLOAK.

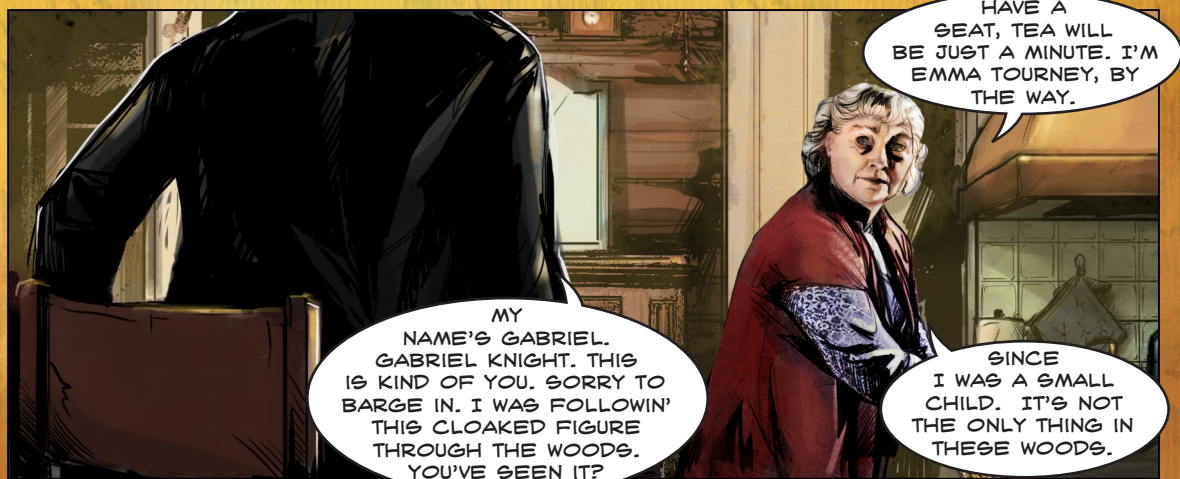


NOT  
THAT ONE  
AGAIN. WELL,  
COME INSIDE. I WAS  
ABOUT TO MAKE  
SOME TEA.



A WITNESS. OH, GOODY.





HAVE A SEAT, TEA WILL BE JUST A MINUTE. I'M EMMA TOURNEY, BY THE WAY.

MY NAME'S GABRIEL. GABRIEL KNIGHT. THIS IS KIND OF YOU. SORRY TO BARGE IN. I WAS FOLLOWIN' THIS CLOAKED FIGURE THROUGH THE WOODS. YOU'VE SEEN IT?

SINCE I WAS A SMALL CHILD. IT'S NOT THE ONLY THING IN THESE WOODS.

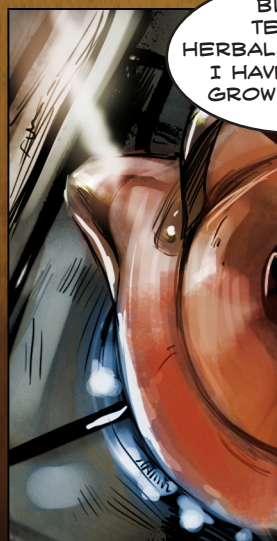


HUH. I COULD REALLY LEARN SOME THINGS FROM HER.

I'D LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT IT, FRAU TOURNEY. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?



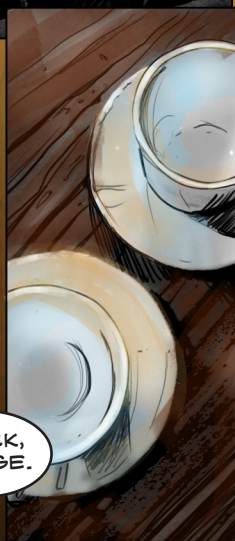
MMM. IT HAS VARIOUS NAMES.



BLACK TEA OR HERBAL, GABRIEL? I HAVE MINT. I GROW MY OWN.



BLACK, PLEASE.

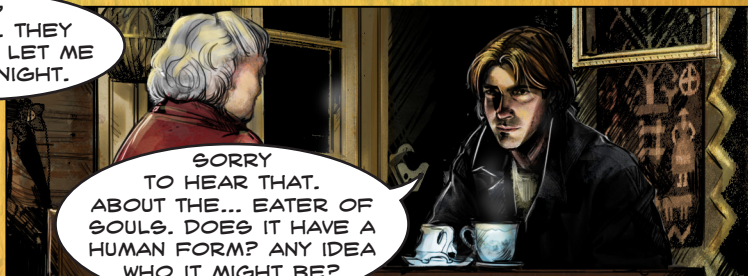


I'VE HEARD IT CALLED A SEELENFRESSER, AN EATER OF SOULS. ALSO A BAT, A NIGHT WRAITH. THOUGH IT COULD ALSO BE A WITCH, I SUPPOSE. HERE WE GO!





IT'S MY LEGS. THEY JUST WON'T LET ME REST AT NIGHT.



SORRY TO HEAR THAT. ABOUT THE... EATER OF SOULS. DOES IT HAVE A HUMAN FORM? ANY IDEA WHO IT MIGHT BE?



FEELS GOOD TO TALK.

IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I HAD ANY REAL CONVERSATIONS THAT WEREN'T WITH MYSELF.



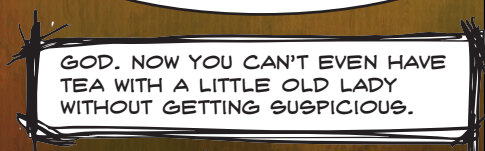
I DON'T KNOW. IT MIGHT HAVE A HUMAN FORM, BUT I HONESTLY HAVE NO CLUE WHO IT MIGHT BE.



UH... THANKS.

I'VE NEVER WARMED TO THE BUTCHER IN TOWN, YOU KNOW. SOMETHING ABOUT THE EYES. BUT I'D EXPECT HERR STEINER TO BE A GHOUL IF ANYTHING. ALL THAT BLOODY MEAT.

THERE'S CREAM AND SUGAR ON THE TABLE.



GOD. NOW YOU CAN'T EVEN HAVE TEA WITH A LITTLE OLD LADY WITHOUT GETTING SUSPICIOUS.

THE JOB IS MAKING YOU NUTS.



TELL ME ABOUT THE SOUL EATER. WHAT EXACTLY DOES IT DO? DOES IT KILL?







IT DRAINS ENERGY. USUALLY NOT FATAL, BUT IT CAN BE, IF THE PERSON IS SICK, OLD, OR AN INFANT.

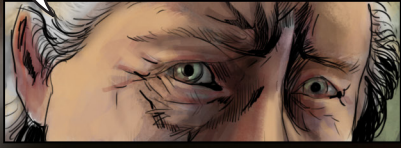
OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I HAVE WARDS ALL AROUND THIS HOUSE. MY MOTHER BELIEVED IN THE OLD WAYS, YOU SEE. GENERATIONS OF MY PEOPLE LIVED IN THE BLACK FOREST. WE'RE USED TO THE CREATURES HERE.



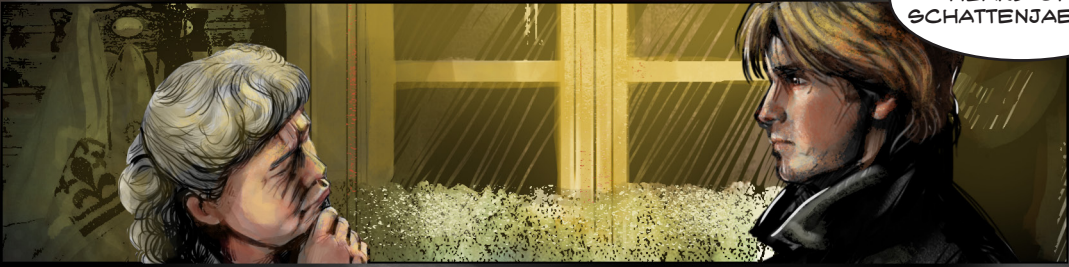
AND WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU, YOUNG MAN?

MOST BOYS YOUR AGE HAVE NO INTEREST IN ANYTHING THAT ISN'T ON A COMPUTER. I'VE TRIED PASSING OUR KNOWLEDGE ON TO MY GRANDSON, BUT THEY THINK I'M SENILE.

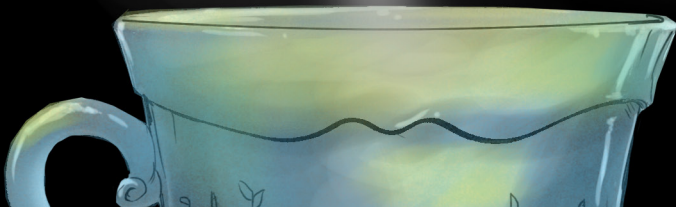
THAT'S... AMAZING. I'D LIKE TO HEAR ALL ABOUT THEM. ANYTHING YOU'RE WILLING TO TELL ME.



HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A SCHATTENJAEGER?



WELL. HAVEN'T EVER MET ONE OF THOSE MYSELF. DIDN'T THINK THEY STILL EXISTED.







THERE  
AREN'T  
MANY.

OR ANY. EXCEPT FOR ME.



IN  
THAT CASE, I  
MIGHT BE WILLING TO  
SHARE SOME OF MY  
STORIES.

I  
WOULD  
LOVE THAT.

BEST WAIT  
FOR THE LIGHT OF DAY.  
IT'S RISKY TO SPEAK OF THESE  
THINGS IN THE DARK. WORDS ARE  
POWERFUL, YOU KNOW.

ALL  
RIGHT. I CAN COME  
BACK TOMORROW. BUT  
ABOUT THE... SOUL EATER.  
HAVE YOU BEEN SEEING IT PASS  
BY HERE LATELY? THERE'S  
BEEN SOME TROUBLE  
NEARBY.

AT THE  
SCHMIDT PENSION.  
YES, I HEARD. IT'S UNUSUAL  
FOR A CREATURE LIKE THAT TO  
HAUNT THE SAME PLACE. USUALLY  
IT SPREADS OUT ITS TAKINGS. NO  
ONE NOTICES AN ILLNESS  
HERE AND THERE.

PERHAPS  
ITS MOVEMENTS ARE  
LIMITED. COULD BE IT'S WOUNDED.  
COULD BE TRAPPED BY A  
BINDING SPELL...

COULD BE  
OLD AGE.



I  
DEFINITELY NEED TO  
COME BACK AND PICK  
YOUR BRAIN.



OH,  
SOME OF US  
STILL KNOW THE OLD  
WAYS. BEFORE YOU GO,  
THERE IS ONE THING I WANT TO  
GIVE YOU. FOR PROTECTION.  
GIVE ME JUST A  
MINUTE.

I'M  
NOT IN A  
HURRY.

HEY, MAYBE YOU CAN TEAM UP WITH THE OLD GAL. SHE HAS A  
FEW YEARS LEFT IN HER STILL. AND IT'S NOT MUCH FUN BEING  
A HUNTER ALL BY YOUR LONESOME, IS IT? DANGEROUS EVEN.  
YOU SHOULD TRAVEL IN PAIRS. LIKE SOCKS.

AFTER ALL, AT LEAST WITH EMMA, YOU'RE  
UNLIKELY TO HAVE SEX WITH HER AND RUIN  
YOUR WORKING RELATIONSHIP.

\*COFF!  
COFF!\*  
CHRIST, WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
ME?

I'M BEATING MYSELF UP MORE  
AND MORE. I HAVE TO GET OUT,  
AND NOT A PLACE LIKE THIS.

A CITY. NIGHTLIFE. SOME  
WOMEN WHO ACTUALLY SPEAK  
ENGLISH AND DON'T THINK  
I'M SOME DUMB FOREIGNER.

NEW ORLEANS, EVEN. BE AROUND  
SOME FRIENDS. SEE MOSELY AGAIN.

MAYBE FIGURE OUT IF GRACIE'S THERE.

I'VE  
FOUND  
IT!



I BET YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THESE BEFORE.

WHAT IS IT?

THE STORY GOES THAT THIS GLOVE BELONGED TO A SORCERER. IT'S SAID THAT THE WEARER IS ABLE TO TOUCH THE INSUBSTANTIAL - LIKE A GHOST OR A SOUL EATER OR NIGHT WRAITH. BORROW IT UNTIL YOU'VE FOUND THIS CREATURE. I'D HATE TO SEE YOU HURT.



LOOKS HARMLESS. POWERLESS, SOME OLD DISCARDED THING

LIKE YOU.



UM...

AT LEAST TRY IT ON, DEAR BOY. SEE IF IT FITS.



LOOKS PERFECTLY ORDINARY. OLD. MAYBE LATE 1800S? AH, I DON'T WANT TO INSULT HER-

OW!



I'M SO SORRY, MUST BE AN OLD PIN IN THERE. LET ME GET YOU SOMETHING FOR THAT



BLOOD ON WHITE

*Magic, like life itself, is born in blood. Never let a witch get your blood.*

*A panel of Calver opening the main door he has refused a lot, but he still angry Calver looks around, being worried because nothing happened with his spell.*





"THOUGH IT COULD ALSO  
BE A WITCH, I SUPPOSE."




YOU...



WELL DONE.







YOU STILL HAVE THAT  
HUNTER'S INSTINCT  
AFTER ALL.

TO BE CONCLUDED...