

Tears of blood

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As the battle for Rivermount raged on, the blood of the fallen flowed freely, soaking the earth and seeping into the waters of the River Letha. The river, once a lifeline for the Elves, now carried the crimson stain of war. It ran swift and true, winding its way through the forest, past the ancient groves, until it reached the dark, still waters of the Lake of Shadows. Beneath the surface of that lake lay the ruins of an ancient place—an eerie, forgotten city known only in myth as "the Sunken City." Few living remembered its name, and fewer still dared to speak of it.

The Elves of Rivermount believed it was a cursed place, swallowed by the lake in ages long past, buried under layers of silt and silence. It was said that the city had been the seat of great power, but its people had grown arrogant, dabbling in forbidden magic until the land itself had turned against them, pulling their civilization into the depths. Now, as the blood of warriors and beasts mingled in the waters, a deep, unnatural stirring began beneath the lake's surface. The blood, thick with rage and despair, awakened something that had slept for eons.

Dark tendrils of energy coiled through the water, reaching deeper into the submerged ruins, where a forgotten power lay entombed. The ancient seals that had once held this force at bay began to fracture, weakened by the bloodshed above. A tremor rippled through the lake, unnoticed by those still battling on the shores of Rivermount. But deep below, a great evil, bound by ancient magic, stirred for the first time in millennia. The waters churned as whispers from the past echoed through the submerged streets, and the ruins of the Sunken City shifted, breaking free of the bonds that had once entombed them. The elves, humans, and dwarves fighting above had no knowledge of the doom that was rising from the lakebed. All they saw was the water darkening, turning black as night, and a foul mist beginning to rise from the surface.

The creatures of the lake fled in terror as an oppressive force began to seep into the air. Then, with a terrible groan, the lake itself seemed to roar. Waves crashed upon the shores of Rivermount, and a low, guttural voice echoed from beneath the water. It was the voice of something ancient, something that had been buried for so long that it had forgotten its own name, but not its hunger. The bloodshed had woken it.

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