

The Siege of Rivermount



The Northern Marches, once a peaceful borderland, trembled once again under the relentless advance of the Orcs and Trolls. Driven by an insatiable desire to seize the Halflings and their secrets, they descended from the frozen wastes, their war drums echoing through the ancient tunnels of Barrowhills.

These tunnels, long abandoned and forgotten by most of Aedelore, became the dark passage through which the Orcs and Trolls moved, undetected, beneath the land. Their destination: the majestic Elven city of Rivermount, nestled in the heart of the northern woodlands, its silver towers reflected in the flowing waters of the River Letha. The attack came swiftly. As the Orcs and Trolls poured from the mouth of Barrowhills, the Elves of Rivermount, caught by surprise, scrambled to mount their defense. Under the command of their noble leaders, the Elves called upon their ancient magic and archers, raining down arrows and spells from the high battlements.

The ground shook beneath the Orcish siege machines, and the Trolls' fearsome strength threatened to tear down the walls themselves. But aid had been summoned. From the south, warriors from Lutovia, a proud human kingdom, marched to Rivermount's defense. Clad in gleaming steel, they joined the Elves on the front lines, their swords clashing with the brutish Orcs, their banners flying high amid the din of battle. Alongside them came the stout-hearted Dwarves of Mithandir's Watch, their axes flashing as they fought back the Trolls with unyielding fury.

The battle raged for days, each side locked in a deadly contest. The Elves, aided by the arcane power of their archmages, held the walls, while the humans of Lutovia and the Dwarves of Mithandir's Watch fought valiantly in the trenches below. The River Letha ran red with the blood of friend and foe alike, and the once-peaceful woods surrounding Rivermount became a battlefield of shattered trees and scorched earth.

Despite their overwhelming numbers, the Orcs and Trolls struggled to break through. Yet, the threat was far from over, as their relentless drive suggested a darker purpose—one not just bent on conquest, but on capturing something far more valuable: the Halflings, and the knowledge they carried within.

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