

# Malcath: The Lost King of The Sunken City



In the ancient city of what today is known as The Sunken City, where the shimmering waters of the Iridescent River once flowed past towering spires, there once ruled an Elven king named Malcath. The Sunken City was renowned for its beauty, a place where the light of the dragon goddess Tohu was said to bless the land, making its people wise, powerful, and attuned to the deep mysteries of the world. And Malcath, the wise and golden-haired king, was beloved by his people for bringing peace and prosperity to the city. Malcath ruled with fairness and grace, leading The Sunken City into a golden age.

Under his reign, the elves of the city flourished, mastering the art of magic, diplomacy, and crafting. He was revered, not only for his wisdom but for his devotion to the goddess Tohu. However, despite his outward perfection, Malcath harbored an inner restlessness. It wasn't enough for him to be just a king—he dreamed of being more. He sought immortality and power beyond what even the gods had bestowed upon him. Malcath's ambition was subtle at first. In the beginning, it was a mere curiosity—pondering the powers of the gods, wondering what it would mean to ascend to their level.

He began his research into forgotten magics, delving into the darkest corners of the Sunken City Library, poring over ancient tomes that spoke of forbidden powers, long hidden from the world. It was during one such night of study that a shadowy figure appeared before Malcath—Zarathen, an ancient entity bound to the void, a being of pure darkness. Zarathen whispered promises of power and ascension into Malcath's ear. The creature offered the elven king the knowledge to rival even the gods, claiming that with its help, Malcath could rise above the limits of mortality and become a god himself. Though Malcath initially resisted, the temptation grew too great. He saw himself not just as the ruler of The Sunken City, but as a being of ultimate power, beyond the reach of any deity. He believed that through Zarathen's teachings, he could attain godhood and rule not just The Sunken City, but the entirety of Aedlore. In secret, Malcath began the forbidden rites Zarathen had taught him.

These rituals required sacrifices—not just of his own people, but of the very land that had thrived under his rule. Malcath drained the lifeblood of The Sunken City, drawing on the magic that had once made the city a beacon of light. With each ritual, the Iridescent River darkened, and the once-vibrant forests surrounding the city withered. Though Malcath's subjects noticed the gradual decay of their land, they could not imagine their beloved king as the cause. Only his most trusted advisor, Eryndor, sensed the change in Malcath. Eryndor, a mage of great renown and loyalty to both the king and the goddess Tohu, pleaded with Malcath to abandon his dark path. But Malcath, blinded by his desire for power, dismissed Eryndor's concerns as the fears of a lesser being. Finally, when Eryndor discovered the true nature of Malcath's forbidden rituals, he gathered the council of elders and confronted the king. Malcath, enraged by what he saw as treason, unleashed his newfound power, slaying the council in a storm of dark magic. Eryndor barely escaped, fleeing the city to warn the neighboring kingdoms of Malcath's fall into madness.

With the council gone, Malcath believed there was nothing left to stop him. He prepared for the final ritual of ascension, a dark ceremony that would allow him to transcend his mortal form and claim the power of a god. But the cost was steep—the destruction of The Sunken City itself. The ritual required the city's lifeblood, the river that had sustained it for generations. And so, Malcath stood upon the Great Tower of The Sunken City, casting the spell that would drain the Iridescent River, bringing ruin to the land in exchange for his immortality. It was then that the goddess Tohu intervened. Appearing in a radiant light, she descended from the heavens to confront Malcath. She offered him a final chance for redemption—a chance to abandon the dark magic and atone for his sins. But Malcath, his soul already twisted by Zarathen's influence, rejected her mercy.

He believed himself beyond salvation, a being destined to surpass even the gods. Tohu, with great sorrow, unleashed her divine power to stop Malcath. But the dark magic he had woven around himself was too strong, bolstered by Zarathen's influence. In a final, desperate act, Tohu severed Malcath's soul from his body, casting him into the void between realms. His physical form was torn apart, but his soul—corrupted by the void—was bound to the darkness he had summoned. The Sunken City, once a city of unparalleled beauty and magic, was left in ruins. The Iridescent River dried up, its waters tainted by the dark magic that Malcath had unleashed.

The people of The Sunken City, now leaderless and broken, fled the city, scattering across Aedlore. The once-great city became a place of legend, a cursed ruin where no living creature dared tread. Though Malcath's body was destroyed, his soul remains in the void, forever seeking a

way back to the world of the living. It is said that he still hungers for the godhood he was denied and that his influence can still be felt in the dark corners of Aedelore. Some whisper that his voice can be heard in the dreams of those who dabble in forbidden magic, urging them to continue the work he started.

The Elves of The Sunken City remember Malcath not as a king but as a cautionary tale—a symbol of what happens when ambition blinds even the wisest of rulers. His name, once spoken with reverence, is now uttered only in fear, a reminder that the pursuit of power can lead even the brightest souls into the deepest darkness. In the centuries since Malcath's fall, The Sunken City has become a haunted place, shrouded in mist and mystery. Few dare to venture there, for it is said that Malcath's presence lingers still, waiting for the day when he can rise again and finish what he began.

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