

## Chronicles of a Historian - The Terror of Bleak Castle

May the gods have mercy on my soul for all that I have seen and for all that I dare to recount in these pages. My name no longer matters much, for what I experienced in Bleak Castle has left such a mark on me that I am no longer the man I once was. For years, I have traveled through forgotten kingdoms, delved into dusty parchments, and listened to the whispers of the last old men who still remembered the horrors of the past. But nothing, nothing could have prepared me for what I found in those cursed lands.

Ever since I heard the first reports about the three fortresses to the east, I have felt the call of history. They said that, at the foot of the Churning Mountains, stood the ruins of the castles Bleak, Arrow, and Good Behavior, sentinels of a dark past, abandoned to a fate forgotten by time. The few villagers who still lived on the edges of this forbidden land warned me with pale faces and downcast eyes. They whispered of night whispers, ownerless shadows, nameless misfortunes. They told me that those who dared to approach never returned. But I did not listen. A scholar does not bow to superstition. He laughs at the foolish fears of ignorant peasants.

And so I stayed three months in those lands and regret every moment.

### The Three Fortresses and Their Secrets

Upon reaching the ruins, I was faced with a sight I will never forget. Bleak Castle, along with Arrow and Good Behavior, dominated the horizon like a trio of immortal shadows, relics of an era that time itself had tried to erase.

The walls were cracked, consumed by abandonment, but they still resisted, as if something kept them standing. The wind that came down from the mountains carried a chill that came not only from the altitude, but from something deeper, something that seemed to crawl under the skin and infiltrate the bones.

And then there were the stones. They were unlike any castle I had ever seen. They were not carved or stacked, but molded, cast, as if the fires of hell itself had created them. Some bore marks, symbols that time had worn away but could still be seen by the keen eye.

And there was silence.

Not an ordinary silence, but a suffocating emptiness, as if the earth itself held its breath in horror. No animal ventured there. No bird flew across the sky above the fortresses. It was as if the world had forgotten that this place existed.

Then I understood. Bleak Castle is not dead. It merely waits.

### The Rites of the God of Blood and Darkness

My research led me to ancient accounts, forgotten fragments of a time that few dare to remember. I discovered that the castles were not military bastions, but temple-fortresses erected by an unholy cult. A cult of the God of Blood and Darkness.

These worshippers were not mere priests. They were warlords, sorcerers, and assassins, corrupted souls who served not men, but something far worse. With each great red moon, the gates of Bleak Castle would open and the followers of the cult would drag their victims to the Black Altar. Men, women, children... No one was safe.

Blood flowed like a river. Screams echoed through the walls, but nothing ever answered them. No benevolent god came to save them. No avenging warrior put an end to the carnage. The castle gates closed and the sacrifice continued, unwitnessed, uninterrupted.

The blood was not spilled in vain. It fed something. Something that waited in the depths. Something that, perhaps, still waits.

My Last Impressions

I will never forget that night.

Mist crept through the ruins, wrapping around the ancient stones like spectral fingers. My eyes were heavy with fatigue, but my ears picked up something I didn't want to believe was real.

Footsteps.

Footsteps shuffling, coming from the depths.

I closed my eyes, shivering, trying to convince myself that it was just the wind, just the cracking of stones in the cold of the night. But then I heard the whispers.

They weren't words. They were formless sounds, echoes of something that no longer belonged to this world.

I don't know how long I stood there, motionless, frozen in terror. But when the first ray of sunlight touched the broken walls of Bleak, I fled. And I didn't come back.

The lands around the three fortresses are dying. The rot spreads, slow and inexorable. Perhaps the cult has been extinguished, perhaps its priests have perished... but something still inhabits that place.

And I fear that, one day, it will awaken.

Lorenzo Vademecum - historian, philosopher and traveler