

Bonehaven, once a peaceful haven for farmers amidst fertile hills, now lies like a gaping wound in the earth. The sun refuses to shine on the ruins, shrouded in a thick, cursed fog that blackens the air. It was under a blood moon that the city met its end, when the undead horde of the infamous Lord Felrule emerged like a putrid gale, heralded by unholy chants and the unbearable stench of decaying flesh.

The night began peacefully, like so many others. But around midnight, the first wave of walking corpses broke through the perimeter. They did not scream, they did not roar; they simply advanced, driven by a dark purpose. Men, women, and children tried to resist, but their screams of terror were drowned out by the icy laughter of the Necromancer, whose skeletal silhouette watched over everything from a nearby hill.

Those who fell did not find eternal rest. Each body left on the ground rose again, soulless eyes glowing with a ghostly blue light, their minds now trapped in the grip of Felrule's spell. With hands once calloused from labor, the farmers of Bonehaven wielded instruments of death, swelling the ranks of the undead army.

By dawn, Bonehaven was nothing but a husk of stone and ash, its fields covered in destruction. The river that once provided life for the village now ran with murky waters, infected with the essence of darkness. This once beautiful, now cursed place was but a piece in the macabre chessboard of the mighty Lord Felrule, who marches relentlessly, city after city, leaving nothing but despair and eternal servitude in his wake.

Those who survive in the shadows whisper the name Bonehaven only in desperate prayers, fearing that the city's fate will one day overtake them.