

Few dare to pronounce the name of Surubon, the Devourer of Souls, for even the memory of his existence carries a funereal weight on the shoulders of the living. But there is a place where his name still burns in the depths of the stone, where the steel of the dead still resounds in the sepulchral silence: the Mausoleum of the Guardians.

In times that no longer count in centuries, during the reign of Abcess IV, in an era of darkness and blood, Surubon tore the veil of reality and entered this world. Not as an army, nor as a storm, but as a disease that consumed kings and beggars, devouring souls and leaving behind empty bodies, moved only by his unholy will. No blade could cut him, no shield could stop him. The very air turned to poison around him, and the king's armies were reduced to nothing before they even touched their swords to the enemy.

It was then up to the Crown Guards, the bravest warriors and mages of Abcess IV, to capture the demon. Seventeen men and women set out, led by the archmage Vaedros Murk, bearing anointed weapons, ancient runes, and hearts that would not hesitate in the face of the abyss. For two days and three nights, they fought against the entity in a valley forgotten by the gods, while the stars faded in the sky and the very ground pulsed like living flesh.

Surubon did not bleed, but each enchantment weakened him; each blow driven into his shadowy flesh reduced his fury, until, exhausted and mutilated, the Guardians chanted the last rite, a forbidden sacrifice. With their own blood and the last strength they had left, they used their own souls to seal him. They did not kill the demon—they became his prison.

The Mausoleum of the Guardians was built on the ruins of the battlefield, carved from grey rock, shrouded in sigils so ancient that even the dead avoid its presence. Rivers of liquid silver run in deep grooves in the walls, forming a labyrinth of sorcery capable of tearing the sanity of those who approach it.

The Guardians do not rest. Their spirits, torn apart by sacrifice, remain trapped between life and death, guarding the runes and hunting any fool who dares enter the dark corridors. There are no allies here, only shadows that wield swords and hurl curses with the same voices that once cried out for the king. They are both jailers and prisoners, condemned to an eternity of vigil, so that the horror they fought against will never awaken.