

## The Lament of the Spectres

There was a time when Rheon and Lysara were just two souls who found solace in each other in the heart of the woods. He, a skilled hunter who knew every path through the trees. She, a healer whose delicate hands could save wounded animals and people. Together, they built a modest home at the edge of the woods, near a cliff that overlooked the valley, where they could watch the sunset tinge the world golden.

It was there that they promised each other eternal love, a vow whispered beneath the stars and sealed with a gentle touch amid the ashes of a smoldering hearth.

But then the fire came.

As volcanoes roared in the distance, spewing their fiery fury upon the land, hell spread through the forest like a ravenous monster. Flames devoured the trees, animals fled in madness, and the earth itself cracked and boiled under the weight of the disaster. Rheon and Lysara tried to flee, but the forest became a maze of flames and choking smoke.

The river water was already poisoned by corruption, and the only escape was the cliff. They ran, hands clasped, their skin already scarred by burns, their breathing shallow and ragged. But there was no escape.

The fire surrounded them. Trees fell like burning spears around them. Their only option was to jump into the swamp below, but their strength was already fading. They died there, embraced, swallowed by the heat, consumed by fire and despair.

And in death, something wrong happened.

The love that held them together was distorted by pain. Their screams echoed across the scorched earth, their souls unable to accept the end. The place where they fell became a poisoned swamp, and there, hidden among the dead trees and dry roots, a black cave opened its mouth to welcome them.

Now, Rheon and Lysara are no longer human. Their bodies have dissolved, but their shadows remain trapped in the world, feeding on the hatred and injustice of their deaths. Within the cavern, two specters roam, whispering words of love that become threats, memories of fondness that twist into promises of vengeance.

The few who venture into the tainted marsh find the entrance to the cavern. Skeletal figures dance among the shadows, their faces disfigured as if they still burn. The air is heavy and humid, and a double voice whispers in incomprehensible tongues, luring the unwary inside, promising eternal love.

But those who enter do not come out.

Some say that the specters of Rheon and Lysara do not just kill—they devour. They tear out the souls of travelers to strengthen their own corrupted existence. Others claim that deep within the cavern lies a lost shrine, where their ashes mingle with black stones, forming an altar of eternal mourning.

And they say that on nights when the wind blows hard through the dead trees,  
you can hear the echo of his last words, repeated over and over:

"If we burn together... everyone else will burn too."