

The Blind Watcher Awakens

On the night the ground split open, something that should have remained buried felt the world again. The tremors that ravaged the land did not free the Blind Watcher, but they did loosen the invisible chains that held him asleep.

In the heart of the dead forest, a fissure belched out a thick, fetid vapor, laden with a smell that did not belong to this world. Something pulsed beneath the earth, buried for countless eons. When the sediments parted, they revealed a black obelisk, its cracked base exposing a narrow hole that descended into the bowels of the earth.

Far below, in the newly revealed cavern, a nameless entity opened its sightless eyes. There were more than a few-hundreds, white and empty as dead moons, embedded in a tumorous mass of blackened flesh. Each one slowly opened, one by one, staring at nothing and everything at once.

The Blind Watcher never needed limbs or a mouth, for his hunger was not physical—it was a poison in the mind, a sickness that seeped like a virus on the wind, spreading through the forest and the poisoned waters of the Slimy River. He did not call. He did not whisper. He only awakened what had always belonged to him.

The First Lurkers

The first servants were not created—they were awakened, against their will.

As the earth shook and the cavern's seal broke, the dead stirred. Bodies forgotten in the dark waters, bones stiffened beneath the swamp's slime, carcasses that should have long since been devoured by time... something pulled them back. But what rose was not human.

Black, withered skin stretched tight over crooked bones. Dislocated jaws opened without a sound. Mangled hands groped the ground, as if feeling the world for the first time. The blind eyes, as white as their master's, opened in unison. They had no voice, no identity. They were merely extensions of the Blind Watcher, his eyes on the world of the living.

But his hunger was insatiable. And new servants had to be made.

The Master's Feeding Process

At night, the Lurkers scour the banks of the Slimy River, collecting bodies from the tainted waters. But they do not stop at the dead—sometimes a victim is still breathing when they are dragged deeper into the cavern.

Inside, the grotesque ritual begins.

The Blind Watcher does not devour flesh. He devours essence. The Lurkers pile the bodies around him and, with thin, brittle claws, rip open the victims' bellies, exposing their entrails as if they were offerings. The flesh slowly dissolves into a sticky, fetid broth, but the true horror lies in what happens to their souls.

The victims do not die immediately. Their spirits are pulled from their bodies like invisible silver threads, twisting and stretching as they struggle. But there is no escape. The Blind Watcher absorbs them drop by drop, tearing away every shred of identity, until all that remains is a void with no will, no memory... no soul.

Then the empty body begins to move.

The Birth of a New Lurker

First, the limbs twitch spasmodically, as if still resisting. Then they bend at odd angles, like a puppet pulled by invisible strings. And then, the white eyes open.

The creature that awakens is no ordinary corpse—it is a soul trapped within its own body, conscious but unable to resist. A fate worse than death.

With each new Lurker created, the Blind Watcher sees further. With each sacrifice, its influence spreads across the dead forest.

In Ravenscar, the survivors feel its presence in feverish nightmares, with the feeling that something is watching them even when there are no eyes around. But the village, somehow, remains spared... as if something or someone still resists its influence.

The Obelisk and the Cavern Below

For centuries, only the black top of the obelisk peeked above the mud, a weathered point indistinguishable from the rocks and twisted roots around it. Now it rises from the earth like a half-open tomb, a great stone structure, scarred with reddish veins of inscriptions that once faded with time and now glow faintly in purple and green, absorbing the rotting energy of the dead forest.

The crack at the base of the obelisk exposes a narrow hole, from which steam rises hot and greasy, tainted with the smell of decay and rotting flesh. A shadowy path leads down into the depths. The entrance is a jagged crevice that slowly widens. The air within is sickly-hot, damp, feverish. The walls ooze a sticky black slime that clings to the skin at the slightest touch. Dark drops drip from the ceiling, forming oily pools that reflect nonexistent light.

The lower you go, the stronger the smell becomes. It's not just death. It's something worse—a deep, ancient odor that suffuses your throat and leaves a bitter taste in your mouth. The floor, covered in a viscous mud, sinks slightly with each step, as if it were the sodden skin of something still alive.

The silence is unnatural. It's thick, dense, as if the air itself is trapped in the cavern's throat.

Until a noise begins.

A rhythmic thumping.

The Blind Watcher's Chamber

The hall opens into a vast, suffocating space. The smooth walls don't seem natural—they're melted and molded, as if the stone has been forged by something that shouldn't exist.

And in the center of the chamber, he rests.

A misshapen mass of flesh, pulsing, covered in blind eyes. It spreads across the ground like a living tumor, its translucent skin revealing swollen black veins running beneath its gelatinous surface. Its eyes open and close without pattern, reflecting visions of pain, faces distorted by suffering, echoes of eternal agony.

The sound that fills the chamber is soft and terrifying—a faint murmur, a chorus of muffled voices, trying to scream but never able.

Here, there is no hope. Only servitude and oblivion.

The Expansion of the Lurkers and the Decline of the Villages

The awakening of the infamous creature marked the beginning of a silent plague, suffocating the surrounding lands with its insidious influence. Where once there were only rumors of disappearances and bodies floating in the Slimy River, now there is a growing fear, a sense that something unseen walks in the shadows, watching... waiting.

As the Lurkers multiply, their reach expands beyond the swamps, encroaching on nearby settlements. With each attack, they don't just kill—they recruit. For every life they take, a new Lurker is born.

Ravenscar, the village closest to the rift where the Obelisk stands, is first in the line of fire. Yet somehow, it still holds out. Something protects its inhabitants from complete destruction—perhaps the presence of the Shrine of Zyra, perhaps an unknown force that prevents the creatures from advancing fully.

But that doesn't mean the town is safe. The nights are long and tense. Constantly, the creatures surround the village, their presence felt in the darkness beyond the makeshift palisades and ruined homes. They don't attack in hordes, but move stealthily, testing defenses, carrying off those who stray too far from the safety of their fires.

The villagers survive through sheer resilience, but their existence is a constant torment. No one sleeps well. No one trusts the darkness. Some say they have heard whispers coming from the trees, calling their names. Others report seeing shadows that shouldn't be there, moving in the wrong directions.

If this stoic town is still holding out, other places have not been so lucky. Small settlements, isolated huts, outposts—all are gone. No messages have come back. No survivors have appeared. Only silence and the certainty that something has taken them.

Those who have dared to investigate have found only wreckage. Broken doors, trails in the mud indicating bodies dragged away, abandoned homes with food on the tables. In some houses, the walls are scrawled with strange marks, as if the last inhabitants had tried to write something... before they were taken.

The coastal towns, once considered possible refuges, no longer offer safety. The terror does not come only from the eruptions. Now it comes from all sides. No one knows where to run or what to do. The roads are unsafe, the forests are dry and dirty, and the sea does not return those who disappear into it. Despair grows, and the cities murmur among themselves the only saying that still makes sense:

"If you run, the beast will catch you. If you stay, the beast will eat you."