

## The Tomb of Abscess IV

In ancient times, before the skies were stained with soot and the rivers turned to sulphur, Abscess IV ruled with an iron fist and a sharp mind. He was no ordinary king - his crown was made not only of gold, but of alchemical secrets and formulas known only to him.

It is said that in his prime, the mighty King discovered the secret of ultimate transmutation. Some say he sought eternal life, others that his obsession was absolute power. Whatever the truth, he ordered the construction of a tomb even before his death - not as a simple mausoleum, but as a shrine of alchemy, a place where forbidden secrets would be buried with him.

The ancients spoke with reverence of his tomb, a pyramid of stone carved into the bowels of the earth. But then came the great eruptions—mountains spewed fire, the skies turned to perpetual night, and the purging of the earth devoured the entire island. When the ash finally settled, the Tomb of Abscess IV had disappeared beneath an even greater tomb: an ocean of volcanic debris.

## The Forgotten Treasures

The old storytellers speak of unparalleled riches hidden within the tomb—not mere coins or jewels, but artifacts of unimaginable power. Alchemy manuscripts that could disintegrate mountains, elixirs that could turn flesh to gold, and blades that would never rust. But above all these treasures, one legend stands tall: The Abscess Machine.

## The Abscess Machine

In the deepest chamber of the tomb, protected by sigils that not even the dead dare violate, lies the final creation of the alchemist king. A mechanism of living metal, pulsing with hidden energy. It is said that it was built for a single purpose: to consume souls and distill the very essence of life.

## The Tombkeepers

Neither suffocating ash nor oblivion have extinguished the king's watchmen. Within the buried corridors of the tomb, beings still prowl. They say that the enemies who betrayed Abscess were melted down and molded into bronze statues, condemned to remain eternally as their master's guardians. Their metal armor creaks as they move, and their hollow eyes still burn with the glow of ancient enchantments.

Others speak of golems forged of mercury, moldable as smoke and sharp as blades. And there are those who say that even the dead of Abscess still walk, not as ghosts, but as experiments of twisted flesh, creatures that should not exist.