

## Demise of the Scourge

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*A clash of blade, a clatter of shields and the sounds of balefire. That is what echoed through the Infernal Realms of Red that day at the foot of the great Barendus, the fire mountain, when the Descendants four fought for the freedom of their realm from the tyranny of the vile Wyrn Setherien the Black. Hard pressed, the Champions of the Descendants fought against his foul servants in the heart of his citadel, facing both them and creatures of even fouler sorcery. Many gave their lives as the floors ran red with the lifeblood of the slain, until finally the last dark creature had perished.*

*A cry of victory was heard ringing out for the shortest of moments, but it was soon drowned out by a booming voice, of one who finally showed himself; the monster himself, Setherien. The ground quaked and shuddered as his voice echoed throughout the realms, striking darkness and terror into those at their wits end in a bestial like rage.*

*"No questions remain unanswered. No doubts linger. You are all Anthos' greatest champions! You overcame the four dark lords, every challenge I laid before you. My mightiest servants have fallen before your relentless onslaught, your unbridled*

*fury... Is it truly righteousness that drives mortals? I wonder. But you are too late.  
The moon and sun align, and I will escape from this world into another! The  
Daemon is no match for me!”*



*As he finished speaking, the brim fire and smoke of Barendus was suddenly cast aside when the mountain top almost cracked open, sprouting great wings of ebony, and the ferocious Tyrant took flight, flying*

*across the skies of the Red Realms towards where the Humans had made camp. He was trying to escape to the Fringe! The Descendants, weary and tired from the ordeal were in disarray, incapable of heading the beast off in time before it reached the portal.*

*Great plumes of fire and smoke were seen in the Fringe as Setherien the Black burst from the Infernal Realms of Red into the world, flying high into the pale blue skies. The world suddenly shuddered as a great terror passed over it, and where this beast flew, the very sun itself was blotted out as the great wings of the vile Setherien beat down upon the world below. The skies darkened as the foul creature Setherien spoke, and, like thunder, great towers emerged from the Aether. Each tower, summoned by his inconceivably foul sorcery, struck Setherien with a eldritch barrier that protected him from any and all harm.*

*The forces of the Descendants marshalled as the weary troops from the Red Realm rushed to form up with those who remained behind. With weary and grim determination in their hearts, one final battle was drawn; one final effort to vanquish this evil from the realm.*



*As the last tower fell, the great beast Setherien spoke once more, his voice even louder as it rolled across the realm's hills and mountains.*

*“You can wound me, but you cannot kill me! I have broken the Golden Lance into three, you will **never** restore it!”*

*Mocking the Descendants, the foul Tyrant descended from the skies intending to bring his final wrath down upon the remaining forces of the Descendants.*

*It was here, however, that Setherien made his final mistake.*

*For upon the road sat a Ballista, with frantic crew desperately turning cranks and prepping instruments. Herun and Oscar of the Golden Lance, with haste in their hearts, loaded the great weapon Setherien had feared above all else. As the last crank fell into place and the firing bolt was primed, the Golden Lance was set in place and, with careful aim, the order was given.*

***“Fire!”***

*The crew slammed their hand down upon the firing mechanism of the great siege weapon and, groaning, it whirled into life. Cranks turning, pullies straining, letting loose the lance and like lightning, a flash of brilliance blazed across the sky. All sound that came before was drowned out, and then the turmoil suddenly ended, and the world fell silent.*

*A great cry was heard, not from any mortal mouth, but from the beast himself! The Vile Setherien clasped his chest with his great claws as black ichor sprayed forth from his wound. A shard of light emanated from under his claws, and his black scales slowly shed from his body as he writhed and struggled in pain.*

*“AAAGHH! The agony! The burn of mortality, it scorns my soul! Hngnnrrrr...  
fallen so pitifully... like the Fallen One I sought...”*

*He cried, agonized by the strike of the lance. Twisting and turning, his voice was drowned out as his body started to collapse upon itself. Light began to emanate behind the scales of the foul beast as the creature let out one last blood curdling roar. However, even this was drowned out, and a light sprouted from his mouth and eyes which burnt him from the inside out.*

*The great beast fell from the Heavens it had once dominated, rolling over itself as it fell. The creature's corpse however never reached the ground, though, for by the time it did, all that remained was ash. Setherien the Black, Tyrant and Demigod, was obliterated in body, in mind and in spirit by every ounce of Xan's strength. He was vanquished from this world and the next, never to return, thus concluding the end of the age of the Scourge.*

*With the death of the vile creature Setherien, his foul sorcery slowly started to fade from the world, and the Red Realm even now began to collapse. His past servants, the Harbingers, felt their once great power leave them the moment Setherien was destroyed. Many of them crumbled immediately as the very corruption that had been keeping them alive for so long had passed out of this world, but some others remained for unknown reasons, their forms purified of taint.*

*Those who served the Divine Golden Lance also felt their power dwindle, as Xan had given all of his power to ultimately destroy Setherien. Thus, their part in this tale concluded.*

*A great cheer rang out across the Fringe, as a great evil had been conquered that day. Celebration and drink was the only thing to grace the minds of the people, as everyone was finally free of the terrible monster and his servants forever. Minds were finally put at ease, and the leaders of each nation could finally look towards the future of their people with hope in their hearts.*

*Fate would not have it be so, however, as they were unaware of the plight to come...*

*Written by Blundermore*