

## Chapter 5 Dramatization: The Dead Wolf & The Hidden Tomb



### The Descent & the Storm

As they emerged from the chapel behind the waterfall, the travelers felt a weight in the air, a tension that clung to the silence of the place. They looked up, searching for the sun's position, but the thick layer of clouds obscured it completely. Even so, they estimated that the sun had passed its zenith some

time ago, and soon, the light would begin to fade between the mountains. They knew that in these lands, twilight arrived swiftly, like a veil descending from the peaks. The thought of being trapped in this mountainous region, exposed to the elements with the storm looming, was far from pleasant. They decided not to waste any more time and began their descent immediately.

The descent proved even more treacherous than the climb. Loose stones and damp terrain made every step uncertain. The travelers, experienced in their own trades and journeys, knew that a single misstep could cost them more than just a stumble. Fortunately, they had brought a rope, which they used to secure their descent along the most dangerous sections. They tied it to rock outcroppings and sturdy roots, lowering themselves carefully down the steepest, most slippery paths.

Suddenly, a thunderclap roared through the mountains, so close it felt as if the very earth trembled beneath their feet. The storm's fury was near. They could feel the air growing heavy with electricity, the humidity thickening around them. Time was running out before the storm reached them, and staying on the mountainside would be suicidal.

“Quickly! We must get down before the storm

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catches us!” one of them urged, gripping the rope tightly as they hastened their descent. The wind picked up, whipping at their cloaks and making each movement more difficult. Thunder rumbled ever closer, and flashes of lightning cut through the sky like blades of light.

Then, amidst the deafening storm, a sound rose above the chaos—one far more terrifying. A howl, long and deep, filled with such malice that it made them all freeze in place, their hands clenching the rope, their hearts pounding in their chests. The chilling cry echoed through the mountains, sinking into their bones. It was a howl unlike any they had

ever heard.

One of the travelers, a man hardened by years of wandering through mountains and forests, lifted his head, muscles tensing. “That is no ordinary wolf,” he murmured gravely, scanning the valley. “I’ve heard many howls before, but this... this is different. It sounds like something much larger—something that should not walk this world. This is the howl of a cursed beast.”

Even as the storm reclaimed dominance with its thunder and howling winds, the memory of that dreadful cry lingered in their ears. With renewed



urgency, they quickened their pace, descending with their hearts gripped by an unshakable dread, knowing that whatever had released that sound was lurking somewhere in the valley. And if the storm trapped them on the mountainside, they might have no safe refuge when the beast finally decided to appear.

### The Hunt

Completely exhausted after the arduous descent, the travelers finally reached the valley. Their bodies ached with every step, but the relief of having made it down unscathed was short-lived. The moment their feet touched the plain, the sky unleashed a torrential downpour. Rain fell in thick sheets, so intense that they could barely see more than a few meters ahead. The cold and wind lashed at them, and the water seeped into their eyes, noses, and mouths, making every breath a struggle. Their clothes were instantly soaked, and the tall grass of the valley, now drenched, offered unexpected resistance to their every step.

Thunder rumbled across the sky, but it was drowned out by something far more terrifying—the supernatural howl echoed once more over the storm's roar, much closer this time. It was as if



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the creature knew exactly where they were, and the worst part was that they could feel its presence lurking. The tension was suffocating, as if death itself surrounded them in the darkness.

Fear struck them with full force. They could barely hear each other over the wind and rain, their voices lost in the storm's fury. But then, one of them—the same traveler who had recognized the sound as something unnatural—shouted with all his strength: "To the lake! We must find the hero's cave! It's our only chance for shelter. Run!"

The urgency in his voice cut through the group's confusion. They knew they had no other choice, and as if running for their very lives, they pushed forward toward the lake. Every step was harder than the last, their boots weighed down by water, their legs burning from the mountain's strain. But the fear of the creature—the monster they now felt stalking them from the shadows—gave them a desperate surge of energy.

The howl rang out again, even closer, filling the valley with its malevolent resonance. It was upon them. None dared look back, but all could feel it, an imminent danger they would not be able to outrun for much longer.

On the verge of panic, they hastily pulled out the amulets they had found in the chapel beneath the waterfall. They clenched them in their wet hands, silently praying that the amulets' magic would work, that they would reveal the hidden entrance that promised them sanctuary. With no other choice, they sprinted toward the cliffs by the lake, their hearts pounding in terror, pleading to the gods that there was still time.

With the storm raging overhead, the weight of the rain, the mud beneath their feet, and the creature's howl reverberating behind them, they knew there was no room for error. If the magic failed—if the entrance did not reveal itself—it would all be over.

As they approached the cliffs, breathless and drenched by the storm, one of the travelers noticed that the amulet in their hand had begun to glow, emitting a faint bluish light that flickered like a spectral flame. The sight of that glow was a ray of hope amid their desperation. Though they could feel the creature's breath growing closer, its furious howls mere hundreds of meters away, that sign of active magic filled them with renewed determination. They knew the amulet was working—they were close to their goal.

The storm battered them mercilessly, rain pou-

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ring in torrents and wind howling around them as they neared the cliffside. Running under such constant fear was almost unbearable, but the thought of facing the creature in total darkness was far worse. When they finally reached the cliffs, the amulets, which had been glowing faintly in their hands, began to intensify their bluish light, illuminating the rock before them.

Frantically, they began inspecting the rocky wall. They knew the entrance had to be here—right where the ancient map had indicated. With each lightning flash that split the sky, their shadows danced across the stones, and in one of those fleeting bursts of light, one of the travelers spotted something: a small, bluish circle on the rock, nearly invisible beneath

the rain, yet unmistakably similar to the amulets they carried.

“There!” he shouted, his voice barely audible over the thunder. They all rushed toward the mark, etched into the cliffside, which seemed to respond to the power of the amulets, glowing in unison as if it had been waiting for this moment for ages. Without hesitation, one of them pressed their amulet into the groove, and a crackling surge of magic filled the air.

### The Hidden Tomb

With a deep yet soft rumble, the rock wall began to fade, as if dissolving under the force of the magic.



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The stone vanished in invisible fragments, revealing a vast opening before them. Beyond it, an ancient structure of stone emerged from the darkness—an ancient and majestic temple of a long-forgotten cult. The storm continued to rage outside, but here, within the temple, the air was thick with mysticism, heavy with secrets and years of abandonment.

The temple partially opened toward the lake ahead, offering a view of the turbulent waters. Stone columns stood with difficulty, some fractured by time, while rows of wooden benches—mostly rotted and decayed—lined the path toward a central altar. The altar was adorned with symbols of the water cult: stylized figures of fish, waves, and droplets, all carved with a delicate craftsmanship that starkly contrasted with the temple's somber atmosphere. The place exuded a sense of reverence, yet also of desolation, as if the cult had long vanished, leaving behind only echoes of its forgotten power.

At the far end of the temple, against one of the rocky walls, stood a stone tomb. It was neither grand nor majestic, but it was unmistakably crafted to honor the one who rested within. The stone lid was adorned with intricate symbols and a relief depicting an armed figure—likely the fallen hero of legend. The stone was rough yet skillfully carved, and despite years of abandonment, it remained steadfast.

Hurriedly, the adventurers approached the tomb. One of them heaved the heavy slab aside with effort, while the others spread out across the temple, searching for more clues, knowing that time was running out. As the lid was removed, a cloud of dust rose, revealing the interior. There lay the skeletal remains of an ancient warrior, clad in rusted armor worn by the passage of centuries. Though damaged, the armor still bore traces of the master craftsmanship it once displayed. Resting in the warrior's hands was a silver sword, gleaming despite the ages, and beside him lay a shield, still sturdy despite signs of corrosion.

Amid the dust, something else glimmered in the light of the amulets—a silver medallion. Though covered in a layer of grime, the symbols of the water cult could still be seen, yet its design was different from the amulets the adventurers carried. This medallion was far more intricate, with details that suggested a deeper connection to the ancient power of the cult.

### The Dead Wolf

But the moment of calm lasted only seconds. A flash of lightning illuminated the temple's entrance,

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and with a sudden, terrifying movement, a shadow leapt from the darkness. The glowing eyes of the creature locked onto the adventurers, catching them off guard. With a roar that drowned out even the storm, it lunged at them with supernatural speed and fury.

It was a massive undead wolf, its rotting flesh peeling away to reveal exposed bone. Its face, disfigured by decay, bore a half-exposed jaw lined with enormous yellowed fangs that gleamed in the amulet's light. Its eyes—two spheres of pure malice—glowed with an unnatural light, sending an indescribable terror through the adventurers.

It all happened in the blink of an eye. First, the creature crashed into one of them with brutal force, hurling them into the rows of benches, which shattered into splinters with a deafening crash. Its fangs flashed as its putrid breath filled the temple. It moved with impossible speed, pouncing on another adventurer, sinking its claws into their armor as its jaws snapped hungrily at exposed flesh.

The others rushed to help, striking at the beast with their weapons, but it felt no pain. Fueled by its primal fury and the dark magic that reanimated it, the wolf did not hesitate for even a second.

The temple, once a place of peace and reflection,

had now become a battlefield—where the adventurers fought not just for victory, but for their very survival against the embodiment of horror itself.

