

Rygarth

Rygarth was a powerful silver dragon with a vast domain in the peaks of the blade of Thalros. When foul intended mortals came barging into his lair, he would have made short work of them if not for the battle the previous days. Yamai the black dragon's actions had been growing more bold and antagonistic. As the senior metallic dragon in the region, Rygarth had to act. Words became treats which in turn were delivered. The thunderous roars and terrifying breaths of the two dragons were heard for miles beyond the mountain range, echoing far beyond the foothills. At last Rygarth slashed his mighty claws across Yamai's neck, fatally wounding him. But the black dragon fled and Rygarth too wounded and exhausted to pursue. What became of his foe, Rygarth could only guess at. Fleeing in the direction of Eldoria. Surely he could not get far so mortally wounded.

Rygarth crawled back into his lair, exhausted and bleeding. He snuggled with his wife and young son comforted by their presence. He would need time to heal. But some mortals had other plans. Attracted to the thunderous noises and blinded by greed and fame they stormed the dragon's lair callous to the harm and hurt their actions might cause.

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