

THE KEY OF KOTH RAK KNARR

Story by Bloodstone
Edited by Kristen Ashton
Graphic Design by Joel Grahm

Published by
Bloodstone Press

Copyright 2014, Bloodstone Press visit Bloodstone Press.com

FREE PREVIEW

Full Story Available At

[Amazon](#) and [Drive Thru](#)

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form by any means without the prior written consent of the Publisher, excepting brief quotes used in reviews.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The blaze in the fire pit filled the ritual chamber with a flickering, orange glow and sent shadows dancing along the rough, stone walls. Ghastly totem poles stood in each corner watching over the chamber. Their beaks, fangs, and staring eyes were painted with runic symbols in sable, azure, alabaster, and crimson.

Lord Foulwind hunched over the crude, wooden table as he cross-referenced tome and folio, scroll and codex, checking his work twice before adding another ingredient to the burbling solution in the vat. Like all trolls, the king was over nine feet tall with greenish, leathery skin, a humpback, and grotesque, twitching mannerisms. Unlike other trolls, he wore a tattered, ashen robe bloodstained and covered with mystic symbols. Strings of feathers, bones, teeth, and prayer beads laced his neck, and from the frayed rope that cinched his waist hung a macabre assortment of bat wings, rat heads, and dead newts.

Redfang, a fat, warty goblin, barely three feet tall, crouched near the wall hugging his knees. He watched quietly as the king worked, and he saw how, through all of his mixing and measuring, studying and checking, the king's attention remained focused on a single object, the centerpiece of all his work—the Key of Koth Rak Knarr.

According to legend, the ancient book was written with star dust and bound in void matter. It contained just one spell, a long and powerful incantation that filled every page between its alien covers. When prepared, the spell opened a portal, or “doorway,” to a demon world. The king had been obsessed with it for as long as Redfang could remember.

As Lord Foulwind counted out nine parts of phantom flowers and added them to the vat of roiling liquid, he noticed his hands were trembling. He paused, leaning on the table, and drew a deep, rasping breath to calm himself. His thoughts were racing, his blood pounding in his ears. A lifetime of work had come to this moment; a lifetime of searching, studying, and preparing. A lifetime! But now, at last, the work was complete.

Foulwind straightened and turned.

Redfang groveled. “What now, High Lord?”

Foulwind's eyes, like pits of darkness set deep in his misshapen head, scanned the scene. The sigil carved into the floor was exact. The totemic guardians in the corners were enchanted with every ward and abjuration he knew, just in case anything went wrong. The formula in the vat was freshly prepared and at maximum potency. After a dozen sacrifices and long hours spent chanting and weaving the mystical energies into a seething torrent of arcane power, he could feel the throbbing energy in the room crackling just beyond the reach of his five senses. Everything seemed to be ready.

“Light the soul candles.” The king croaked as he pointed a bent, yellow talon.

Redfang took a small stick from the fire pit, carried it to the candles gathered in the center of the floor, and lit each one.

“Now get out of the way!” The king was already slipping into a trance, chanting and weaving his hands.

To be continued...

TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, DOWNLOAD THE FULL STORY TODAY!
Available At

[Amazon](#) and [Drive Thru](#)

Just 99 cents!