

Elden Ring Short Story

(Disclaimer: This is my head-cannon of how I perceived the altercation with Moore in the Shadow of the Erdtree DLC. At the time of writing this, I have no idea about the true lore about this confrontation and fight. However, this is how I believe the events would go for my character.)

Shattered Familia

Guided by Grace and curiosity, I traverse through the realm forgotten by Lady Marika: the Land of Shadows. A desolate, graceless, forsaken land, spurned by the flames of Mesmer's War, if he truly is the reason for the destruction within the land. Traces of Grace, however, are found throughout the realm, guiding me upon the path I alone must take.

One such trail guides me through a cave, a cave where a remnant of the Erdtree is visible, worshiped by Perfumers – doctors and potion makers who live and are guided by all that is golden. These perfumers, they are unforgivable followers of the Golden Order, an order of oppression, of segregation, of hatred. It is because of them that those who live in death are hunted, shunned, and ultimately tortured. Those bastards, they are the reason for much of the pain and suffering within the Lands Between and all over.

I smirk from satisfaction as I watch these Perfumers become engulfed with Death Blight.

One by one, they rise: dark, sharp, vines protrude from their bodies, while the desecrating flies eat away at their godforsaken flesh. Slowly, the blight disappears, and I'm left with the

stench of blighted blood and death. My beloved Fia, my Goddess of Death, would surely be proud of my usage of death. A crooked smile crosses my dark skin yet again before I begin to cough violently. The usage of Death takes its toll on my body, causing fatigue and insanity.

Is insanity truly the word that should be utilized? I'd prefer enlightenment, obsession, lordly splendor. My dear Fia perished so death could control the world. Yes, let death and the embodiment of it take the world! All pain and suffering shall be alleviated from this world once I become Releval, the Lord of Death!

I call my swift steed, Torrent, to carry me out of the cave due to the exhaustion and pain of the incantation. He gallops over a troublesome swamp of poison, alluding the gargantuan vultures. Weakly, I peer off the cliff, taking in the breathtaking environment of the Realm of Shadow. Strangely enough, it reminds me of the Deeproot Depths, the burial of my love and creation of my son, the Land's saving grace: the Rune of Death. I consume a healing flask, alleviating some of the anguish of Death. Jumping off the gallant Torrent, I see a servant of the Goddess of Rot, a literal pest.

"Disgusting." I murmur harshly, before unsheathing my curved blades, holding them in a backhanded grip. Taking notice, the pest gets ready for a battle. However, it is over before it even begins. A sharp blade pierces through its backside, causing it to freeze. After getting impaled by my weapon, lightning courses throughout its body, burning and shocking it from the inside out. Sliding the sword from the corpse, the worshiper of Rot lies motionless, akin to its relatives in the red hell dubbed Caelid.

I whistle for Torrent, yet he doesn't appear. I try for a second time, no response. I try for a third time, yet he doesn't heed my call. No matter, I am content with walking for a little. Torrent deserves rest, just like any other individual. My rest, however, has yet to come. I take a few steps, following where Grace's guidance will lead me. That's when I hear it, I hear the voice of an ally, one I've grown fond of during my journey in the Realm of Shadows.

"You hurt... Forager Brood."

An invader interrupts my travel. Is invader the best word to use for him though? Rather, he is my compatriot, Moore. He appears from thin air, walking towards me with his stonelike armor, weapon in hand.

"You cannot be... Forgiven", he states simply. Simply, yet there is hatred, resentment, and betrayal hidden within his delicate voice. He points towards the pest I defeated moments ago. I stare at the corpse, despite my cursed eyes being covered by facial wraps and a blackened witch hat. My eyes waver, understanding what he means. Since our first encounter, I questioned who this *Forager Brood* was. Now, the realization strikes me like a bolt from an ancient dragon. This *Forager Brood* must refer to pests, and Marika knows what else. Despite being a man of few words, I speak, attempting to defend myself.

“Moore... I was defending myself; these *pests* are enemies to me and many others in the Lands Between”

“Not *pests*... Forager Brood, family to me.” He replies, taking numerous steps closer, each step heavier than the last. Instinctively, I back up, not wanting to engage in a conflict with Moore.

“You hurt Forager Brood... No longer family...”

My heart shatters. The aloof, heartless, and unwavering Releval disappears within an instance. The facade known as the Lord of Death collapses, leaving a frail man behind. My knees quake and my eyes quiver thinking of how Moore, one of the few kind souls I’ve encountered, is enraged and seeking revenge. I shiver, thinking of how I might end up alone, once more.

I cannot endure loneliness again. My immaculate seamster – Bach – committed suicide after believing he was not beautiful enough to serve me. Fia, my beloved deathbed companion, sacrificed her life to Godwyn, the Prince of Death, in exchange for the Rune of Death. Sellen, my master in sorcery, was reduced to a hollow shell of herself after I helped her achieve her forbidden magic. Melina, my so-called maiden, burst into flames to help me achieve my goal of becoming Elden Lord. Ravent, Dove, and Leo – my companions before I was tarnished – were all murdered by the Lyndell Army after we sought to escape the cruelty of the capital.

Anxiety wells up in me, and I scream. I scream a piercing shriek that echoes throughout the realm. Ignoring my anguish, Moore slashes his blade towards me,

attempting to end my life in one attempt. However, my reflexes cause me to dodge instinctively, yet I end up on my rear. My hat and facial wraps fall to the ground, exposing a man with blood-red hair and eyes. I stare in disbelief at Moore, as if I've witnessed Marika herself. Unknowingly, bloodied tears fall from my eyes, due to a curse I wanted no one to see: the curse of becoming an affiliate of the demigod and Lord of Blood, Mohg.

Who can fathom the expression on Moore's face? Disgust? Fear? Hatred? Fury? Maybe a mixture of all? I scream again, this time, however, speaking to Moore.

"Don't hate me! Please Moore, please! I apologize!" I bellow, groveling at Moore's feet. He doesn't respond, rather, I feel his intense gaze piercing backside. I begin to plead more, not for my life though, for his mercy. For the mercy and sincerity that Kindly Miquella has bestowed upon him.

"I beg of you! Do not shun me! Do not hate me! Show mercy, I beg of you!" I cry, tears of blood dripping on the yellow grass of the Realm of Shadow. I whisper once more, whispering for Moore's forgiveness before his blade pierces my body.

Blood erupts from my body, leaking from my nose, mouth, and eyes simultaneously. Despite the unbearable pain and agony inflicted by his weapon, I apologize through wheezes and gasps. Yet, no response comes from Moore. Rather, he places his boot on my head and rips his sword from my body.

Blood oozes from the now opened wound, as I profusely bleed out, not even attempting to heal myself with a flask. Entranced by regret and fear, I apologize, despite my

spirit being broken. Walking away, Moore speaks, displaying his anger and negative emotions.

“Tarnished... I’ll hunt you... Whenever you show... Face...” Slowly, he begins to fade away, until he is no longer tangible or visible. I lie in the mud, like the despicable, weak, worm I am. Crying tears of blood, I repent, as if casting an incantation. An incantation capable of righting my wrongs and causing my fear of isolation to become obsolete.

I cough and throw up blood while my last moments alive fade away. Death’s cold embrace holds me tight. A feeling akin to the warmth, or rather, coolness of Fia, envelops my body. Oh, how I long to hold her as I perish! How I long to embrace any of my allies while in such a state! Alas, I am alone, alone for eternity. I let out one more apology. An apology to all I’ve let down, especially Moore.

“I apologize... I apologi–”

I state, before succumbing to death. 12 hours will pass before Grace brings me back to this accursed place. The place where I am destined to follow Kindly Miquella, and a universe where I must fight to become the Elden Lord.