

Darkness Watching (The Darkworld 1)

In the desolate void of the underworld, where darkness held sway, a lone figure stood sentinel, his eyes piercing the gloom. Darkness, the guardian of the netherworld, stood watch over the realm, his presence a silent testament to the horrors that lurked within.

Darkness's origins were shrouded in mystery. Some whispered he was the embodiment of the void itself, a primordial entity that had existed before time. Others believed he was a fallen angel, cast down to the underworld for his transgressions. Whatever his genesis, Darkness had become a legend, a symbol of the unseen dangers that haunted the souls of the damned.

The underworld was a realm of eternal torment, where the wicked were subjected to unspeakable horrors. The air was thick with the stench of decay and the screams of the tormented. Rivers of molten fire flowed through the land, their flames consuming the bodies of those who dared to cross their path.



Darkness Watching (The Darkworld Series Book 1)

by Emma L. Adams

★★★★☆ 4.3 out of 5

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Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 352 pages
Lending : Enabled



Darkness moved through this desolate landscape with an eerie grace, his footsteps silent on the barren ground. His body was wrapped in a flowing cloak of night, its darkness absorbing the light that dared to venture into his domain. His eyes, like two smoldering coals, burned with an unholy fire, piercing the gloom and revealing the horrors that lay hidden.

He was not alone in his watch. The underworld was home to a multitude of creatures, each more terrifying than the last. Demons with twisted horns and fiery breath patrolled the land, their whips cracking through the air. Horrors with razor-sharp claws and venomous fangs scurried through the shadows, their eyes glinting with evil intent.

Darkness watched them all, his gaze unwavering. He was the master of this realm, and they were his minions. He controlled their every move, using them to torment the souls that fell into their grasp.

But Darkness was not merely a guardian. He was also a watcher, observing the mortal realm with a keen eye. He saw the wicked ways of men and the horrors they inflicted upon one another. And he knew that one day, their sins would lead them to his doorstep.

In the mortal realm, there lived a man named Ethan. Ethan was a good man, but he had made a terrible mistake. In a moment of weakness, he had taken a life, and now the weight of his guilt threatened to consume him.

Ethan's soul was ripe for the taking, and Darkness knew it. He watched Ethan from afar, waiting for the moment to strike. And when Ethan finally

reached his breaking point, Darkness was there, waiting in the shadows.

Darkness offered Ethan a choice: eternal torment in the underworld or a reprieve from his guilt. All Ethan had to do was surrender his soul to Darkness, and all his troubles would be forgotten.

Ethan was torn. He knew that surrendering his soul to Darkness would mean eternal damnation, but he couldn't bear the thought of living with his guilt. In a moment of desperation, he agreed to Darkness's bargain.

Darkness smiled, his eyes glinting with triumph. He had claimed another soul for his collection, and the darkness of the underworld grew stronger.

Ethan was not the only soul that Darkness had claimed. Over the centuries, he had amassed a vast army of the damned, each one a testament to his power. He used them to spread his influence throughout the mortal realm, corrupting the hearts of men and leading them down the path to destruction.

Darkness's goal was to plunge the mortal realm into eternal darkness, to create a world where evil reigned supreme. He knew that it would not be easy, but he was patient. He had all eternity to achieve his goal, and he would not rest until he had succeeded.

In the meantime, Darkness continued to watch. He watched the mortal realm from his throne in the underworld, his eyes burning with an unholy fire. And he waited for the day when he would finally claim his ultimate prize: the souls of all mankind.

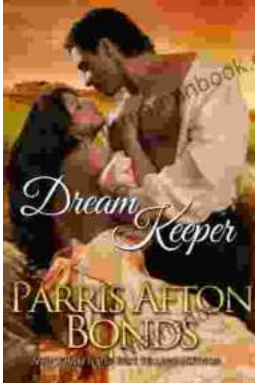


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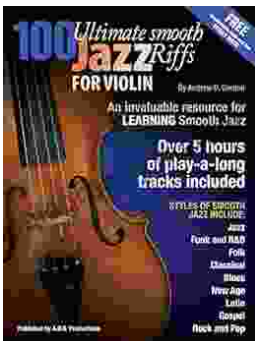
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