

Ravensworth: Blood Sword

It didn't begin with a warning.

There was no signal.

No clear moment where everything changed.

Just a feeling.

Subtle at first... easy to ignore.

Until it wasn't.

Something beneath the surface had already begun to move —
quietly... deliberately...
as if it had been waiting.

Not for the right time.

For the right person.

Most would never notice it.

Most were never meant to.

But if you've made it here...

then something in you already has.

And once it does...

there is no going back to not seeing it.

Begin reading.

This is a preview of a story already in motion.

You are stepping in at the moment everything changes.

Chapter One

The night smelled of rain and iron.

Kellan Vey had not come to the forest seeking destiny. He had come to bury a man.

The funeral rites were supposed to be simple—a cairn of stones, a whispered prayer to the Old Ways—but something in the air refused to be still. The trees leaned in, their branches clawing at the sky, as though waiting.

He felt it before he saw it.

A pull, deep in his chest, like an invisible hand tugging him forward. His feet moved without thought, carrying him to a tangle of roots blackened by centuries. And there—half-buried, half-glimmering in the dirt—was the sword.

It was beautiful and wrong. The blade glowed faintly, its metal the color of dried blood. Strange runes pulsed along its edge, shifting as if alive. His fingers itched to touch it, and when he did, the world shattered.

A scream split the night—too inhuman to be mortal, too ancient to be new. The air rippled, tearing open like paper.

From the rift, they came.

A witch with eyes like molten gold.

A sorcerer in robes woven from smoke.

Two shadow-demons, their forms flickering like candlelight.

They looked at the sword... and then at him.

“The Ravensworth has chosen,” the witch said, her voice both awe and threat.

Kellan tried to speak, but the sword in his hand burned like fire and ice, flooding his mind with visions—battles fought under black suns, whispers from the dead, a thousand doors between worlds waiting to be opened.

The sorcerer stepped forward.

“Give it to me, boy, before it destroys you.”

But Kellan wasn't sure it wanted to destroy him.

The sword had found him for a reason.

And somewhere in the tide of visions, he saw himself—standing not as prey, but as a guide, a bridge between endings and beginnings.

And then the sword spoke, not with words, but with certainty:

We begin now.

What he found... was only the beginning.

The Awakening of Ravensworth

It had been buried for centuries, beneath roots twisted like the fingers of the dead, in a place where the wind whispered in languages older than time. None knew if the tales were true—until the night it appeared.

From the shadow of the moon, it emerged, crimson metal glinting with a light that came not from the stars but from somewhere between worlds. This was the Ravensworth Blood Sword—reviled by kings, revered by witches, whispered of in the dying breath of prophets.

Legends said it was no mere blade. It could shift its form—sometimes a sword, sometimes a black-handled broom, capable of slicing through skies or stepping through the invisible doors between realms. In its steel pulsed the power to summon messengers from the Veil, beings neither alive nor dead. A trickster's tool, a shapeshifter's weapon, it could guide the lost through death, grief, and the strange beauty of rebirth.

But such truth came at a price. To hold the sword was to pierce every illusion, to carry not only the secrets of the living but the truth of the universe itself. Many feared that truth. Others would kill for it.

It appeared only to one—a solitary healer, a medium who had already walked between life and death more times than most mortals could bear. The moment his hand closed around its hilt, the air tore open.

Out spilled the hunters: witches whose shadows burned like fire, sorcerers whose eyes glowed with prophecy, and demons with wings stitched from night. The sword's awakening had sent a ripple through every realm, calling the ancient powers back to claim it.

And so, the chase began—across battlefield and graveyard, through dreams and worlds unseen—each contender seeking the sword for their own ends. Yet deep in his bones, the healer knew the Ravensworth had chosen him for a reason.

Because prophecy did not end with the battle.

Continue the Journey

You stopped right when it began to unfold.

That wasn't by accident.

Something is moving through this story—
and you've already felt it.

The question is...

do you keep going... or walk away now?

Continue the journey — get the full book here:

 <https://a.co/d/09yRQ9IP>