

## The Battle of Azeroth

When we left our heroes, Violent Knight had just defeated their evil nemesis, the one 'True' King, Arthas Menathil or the Lich King. They were on their way back to Stormwind to be welcomed as Heroes and Champions of the Alliance. On the way back, before boarding the ship for Stormwind, earthquakes ripped through the port lands. "What was that?!" shouted an Argent Crusader. "It was the same as in Icecrown." Alwuwa looked at Tirion. "Something's not right. This has been the fifth time this week." He said. "Everyone look over there... In the distance!" shouted Vanillehope. "Isn't that just the sunrise?" said Alwuwa. "No, it's moving towards Kalimdor so if it is, the sun must be having problems of its own." said Zorfanlord. "Wait its coming this way! Get Down!!!" shouted Tirion. Overhead flew the sheet of burning fire that covered the entire sky. "What was that!?" shouted Lenjas. "Something that the whole of Azeroth has feared for 10,000 years... Deathwing" said Tirion. "He has returned as he vowed to do, all those years ago. We need to move out, NOW!" All the soldiers ran to the ship and Tirion ordered the captain to leave the port immediately. "By the Light, these waves are the strongest I have ever seen!" shouted the First Mate of the ship. "You sure?" said Alwuwa. "Yes, I have sailed these waters for 5 years, these waves are normally calm..." Open mouthed the First mate looked to his right and to the sky, stopping talking in fear. To the starboard side of the ship an almighty wave standing about 25 feet tall stood above the gob struck sailors. It began to fall back down into the sea. "Mega Wave, brace yourselves!!!!!" shouted the captain. All the sailors and soldiers ran inside as quick as they could. "Captain!" shouted the First Mate. "Hurry!" The captain looked back down. "No, if the ship survives the ordeal, we will need someone to steer it out of danger!" shouting the captain turned the ship away from the wave and it hit just behind the ship making it soar forward. "Hold on!" shouted Alwuwa. Eventually, the people on-board the ships were found on a beach on the coast of the Wetlands. "By the Light, we're alive!" said Tirion. "Where is the captain?" said the First Mate. Unfortunately, the captain was gravely injured and lying by the side of the wrecked ship. "Captain!" shouted the First Mate. "Oh no, Constance. Stay with me, please!" The captain looked up into the First Mates' eyes. "Stay alive; don't stray too far from safety....." she then died in her First Mates' arms.

Back in Stormwind, trouble was brewing. "What is the meaning of this Major?! You burst into my throne room, without reason, and without purpose!" shouted Varian. "SPEAK!" The Major looked up, his eyes a glowing violet. "I am not your disgusting human major, oh no, I am the General of the Twilight Hammer, the new rulers of this world and you, will be the first of this battle's endless deaths!" the General angrily shouted, now having transformed into a Dragonkin, a creature standing 8 feet tall, and with teeth as big and as sharp as a sharks teeth, pulled his sword from its sheath, and with a force the King had never before experienced, the sword plunged down, into the waiting two swords of

Varian. "Never, will you destroy this kingdom, never, will you destroy this civilisation, go back to your Master, Go back to the Shadow!!" and with a battle cry as loud as a thunderstorm, Varian jumped upon the Dragonkin, and forced his swords through the head of the deadly beast. "The Twilight Hammer, will never have this world, and neither shall its master, they will all be destroyed, hunted down, each and every one of them. The people of this world will have vengeance for its fallen souls. We shall go, into the Bastion of Twilight itself and destroy this enemy from within!! For the Alliance!" shouted Varian after ordering his guards to remove the corpse of the dead Dragonkin. Shortly after, Alwuwa came through into the throne room. "Varian!!" he shouted. "It's the captain of the Icebreaker. Constance, she is dead." Looking solemnly, Varian looked at Alwuwa. "She shall be given a heroes burial, as a leader of the Stormwind Navy, she will be remembered with honour and pride with the people and the soldiers." Varian said. In the Stormwind Cemetery, many of people had turned out for the ceremony. On top of four sailors, one of them being the First Mate and husband of Constance was a Black Casket, with a plaque on the top which said: 'An honorary hero of the Alliance. Died at sea, the place she loved most' Lowering the Casket down, the First mate approached the gap which contained her final resting place, and with a tear trickling down his cheek, he dropped a single red rose. Looking over, Alwuwa noticed this gesture. "Darlan, are you OK?" Alwuwa said, speaking to the First Mate. "No, I am sorry, I..." said Darlan. "Listen here Darlan, you have every right to be sad, and she was your captain, your friend... Or was she more?!" interrupted Alwuwa. "I loved her Al, she meant everything to me... and the only time I could tell her, was when she died" Darlan said, sorrowfully. "Listen to me, she probably knew that you loved her, but don't worry my friend, she is a part of the Light now, she is safe, and probably happy." said Alwuwa. Slowly and solemnly Darlan walked away, towards his home, in Elwynn.

Meanwhile, in the Twilight Highlands. "The Council of Wildhammer must now vote. Whether we die here today, or go into the destructed world and end the ultimate war." said High Thane Kurdran. "My lord, the dwarves of these lands are prepared to follow our order, but, there are still the Dragonmaw that we need to take into account... Those Orcs have been attacking our towns, killing our women and children, and burning the outlying villages." said Aranath Wildhammer, second in command to Kurdran. In the distance, orcish hordes could be heard, horrifyingly growling and the sound was getting closer and closer. "We could always... contact... them" Aranath said quietly. "Who?" said Kurdran, looking up from the map of the Twilight Highlands into the face of Aranath. "The Bronzebeards, the three of the brother Kings have a great standing with the Alliance... If we talk with them and offer our services to the Alliance, then the Alliance should help us aswell."

In Ironforge, a strange ritual was occurring beneath Mount Ironforge. Magni Bronzebeard, King of the Dun Morogh dwarves, had placed a brown paint upon his face, signalling the fact that he was a descendant of the Earthen, the first living beings upon Azeroth's fertile

earth. Speaking in a strange dialect, even unknown to the other dwarves surrounding Magni, in a chanting style, Magni began the ritual. After he finished chanting he opened his eyes. Turning to his brother, Muradin, Magni spoke with a gruffer tone than usual, "I can hear it. The mountain itself, it speaks to me. Oh, the pain it is in. The pain the entire World is in... Wait... I can see something, it is approaching me. A shadow.... could it be the soul of the Mountain? Wait, no, it's him, the destroyer, everyone get out now!!!" Screaming, Magni cowered in fear to a creature that only he could see. Eventually he stopped, kneeling down and as still as a rock. "Magni?" said Muradin. "Magni... are you OK brother?!" Slowly and carefully approaching Muradin walked towards the still dwarf, breathing heavily after the terrifying phase that Magni had just undertaken. Reaching out his hand, whilst shaking, he pressed his hand on Magni's shoulder. Quickly moving it away, his face turned pale, and he has an expressed look of terror on his face. "He's... He's Stone!" Muradin shouted, still horrified. "He is cold, and his skin has the feel of the earth. My brother is dead!"

In Orgrimmar, home of the Orcish Hordes of Kalimdor, a fight for leadership was in full riot. "Garrosh! The Peoples of this Horde do not wish for a war with the Alliance! Either stand down, or give me your word, that you will not aggravate the Prodigal King into attacking our people!" order Cairne Bloodhoof, High Chieftain of the Tauren. "You dare speak to your Warchief in that tone, Tauren, speak like that again, and the Tauren shall be dismissed from the Horde!" shouted Warchief Garrosh Hellscream. With a burst of green, blinding light, Thrall, ex-Warchief of the Horde and now Shaman of the Earthen Ring had appeared, looking angry at Garrosh and Cairne. "You are *both* leaders of the Horde. Your people look to you both for guidance, for safety, for leadership. But look at yourselves. Fighting like children. Cairne, you have had my strict word that there will not be aggression against the Alliance. Garrosh, the Horde as an entity looks to you for guidance, you are their Warchief, and therefore their King, you must *not* dishonour that trust!" order Thrall. "Vol'jin if there is any more trouble, do not fret to contact me." After Vol'jin nodded, the wind picked up, as Thrall raised his arms. A rift of Lightning, nature opened its door, and Thrall walked in, vanishing into the Emerald light.

The world had been shattered. As fragile as glass; rifts, valleys and destruction had engulfed the world in a new era, the era of the Twilight's Hammer. Within the newly appeared Twilight Highlands, the head Cultists of the Dragon had met, and were discussing the new plans for the Battle of Azeroth. "Azeroth lays Ruinous! If we strike now, the peoples of this world will be too weak and unaware to defend against our armies. My Cult is ready to fight for Lord Deathwing and his son and daughter." said Arangia, lord of the Cult of the Scouring. "Our orders are to await Lord Deathwing, and until he has arrived, we will NOT pass judgement!" said Cho'Gall, leader of the Twilight's Hammer. Silence had overtaken the hallowed halls of the citadel. A loud crash was felt within the walls, and darkness had descended over the meeting place. "Rest assured my friends, this world will soon fall to our armies!" said the newly appeared Lord Deathwing.

**“What news of the would-be ‘heroes’ of Stormwind?!” Looking at some reports, General Vank’Arash said: “Disappeared, since your new sundering, my lord. They appear to have simply vanished!” Looking over at the ruined remains of Blackrock Spire, Lord Deathwing appeared to be scared, even though within his might, he still feared death. “When.... When did they ‘Disappear’?” said Deathwing. “Two weeks ago, my lord, I am still awaiting conformation on a suspected sighting of one of their high ranking Knights...” said the General. “Alwuwa!”**

**Meanwhile, in Stormwind, Alwuwa was helping in the repair effort for the city walls. “Alwuwa, you are not a builder, you are a soldier and the King requires your assistance in an urgent matter, please, come with me!” said King Genn Greymane of Gilneas. Walking across the city, seeing the shattered remains of the clock tower, and to the north-east, the destructive power of Blackrock mountain could be heard, louder than ever before, after the devastating Cataclysm. The eruptions let out masses of molten lava. Smoke clouds reached the harbours of Stormwind, making storms that tore across the seas. In the Keep, the King, along with General’s and high ranking members of the Alliance army, were gathered around a map of Azeroth, filled with towers, and models of men, representing the Alliances standing within the Eastern Kingdoms, there were also Horde insignia’s, representing Horde movement. They were all trying to determine what moves to make against the Twilight’s Hammer. “Ah Alwuwa, I have need of your services... ask your people if you can head for Blackrock Mountain, preferably with some other people of the guild, and try to see what you can that has happened. I am concerned with the newly appointed Lord Deathwing, Blackrock may become the new Black Dragon Flight headquarters, hurry Alwuwa, Time is a luxury we do not have!” ordered Varian. Alwuwa walked to the guild outpost, about a mile outside of Stormwind city, to the east, in the Redridge Mountains. The area was as it said in its title. The Mountains were a scarlet red, the same colour as the mountains in the corrupted Blasted Lands. The Sun shone upon the Lake Everstill, and a shimmering glow dissipated across the land. The sound of birds could be heard, as well as the deafening rumbling that the world produced beneath the Blackrock Mountain. Alwuwa had been to see his Allies, The guild of Violent Knight; they had agreed to join him in his mission, Vanillehope, Zorf, Lenjas and Kyletoruse, all elites of the guild. Venturing north, they came across the charred vale, The Burning Steppes. These plains were scorched with the destructive power that Blackrock Mountain upthrusted from its Molten Core many years ago. The Ruins of Thassarian stood dormant; remnants of the past could be seen, in the scorched and frightened bodies that were left after its last devastating eruption, which send the land into the darkness it is today, with Dark Iron Spies and Assassins patrolling the area around it. The skies rained ash from the volcanic clouds produced from the gigantic mountain. “We have to reach Blackrock Depths, Lord Deathwing has assigned their caverns as his base hold!” ordered Alwuwa. To the left, stood the statue of Highlord Anduin Lothar of the Alliance, “May Anduin’s sword, shield and power be upon us, we will need it!” Looking up at the destructive power of Blackrock**

Mountain, a fear spread among the heroes. "We have to carry on my friends, the fate of this world lies upon our backs. And I will not stand by and let it perish to the winds of Fire and Destruction, I will not!" said Alwuwa, trying to rally his friends for the entry.

"Is it working?!" said General Vank'Arash. The Bodies of Onyxia and Blackwing, the two highest rankers of the Black Dragonflight, and both children of Deathwing had been assembled within Blackwing Decent. "Lord Deathwing requires their return soon!" ordered the General, ceasing to hurl out orders at his workers. "My lord, the machine is prepared, all we need now is your signal." said the Chief Engineer. "Excellent... Excellent do it, now!" he ordered. One of the Engineers workers ran for a lever and pulled it down with a clattering sound. A crash of thunder send the room quiet and flashes of electricity pulsated from the machine, into the body of Blackwing. Movement appeared from his Wings, one time, and then many times, and after 1 minute of the machine being activated, his eyes opened, a green glow brightly emitted from them, and then an ever shining yellow appeared. He was no longer fully built, but decaying flesh had dissolved from his body revealing bones which themselves tinted brown. "What is this?!" he shouted. "Where am I?!" Walking from the massive gates, which stood 30 feet high, Deathwing appeared in his human form. "Father? Is that you?! How did you escape?!" asked the newly resurrected Dragon. Looking out of the side hole that was serving as a window into the world, Blackwing had seen what his father had done. "Excellent work father, truly magnificent." Blackwing said.

Alwuwa had seen dark figures moving about at Blackwing's Old Lair, shadows of Dragonkin and a huge draconic body being dragged through the halls. "Everyone look, up there!!" Alwuwa shouted. "We have to climb up; heading in through the main gates is far too dangerous!" Checking themselves, they realised they weren't prepared for Mountain Climbing, and so went to find themselves something to use. Fortunately, whilst on one of his expeditions, Brann Bronzebeard had forgotten his tools, probably while trying to escape from something he had uncovered. "Hmm... five Grappling hooks, and six ropes, we have enough now. OK, let's head out!" Alwuwa said, looking over at the equipment. After arriving at the mountain, Vanillehope decided to try and be smug, and swung the grappling hook; it flew up quite a way, but missed a ledge by quite a large margin. Laughing, Alwuwa, Zorf and Lenjas tried themselves, and managed to make it. Half way up the ascent, Zorf missed his footing, and slipped, thankfully grabbing hold of Alwuwa's reaching hand. "Thank the light you're here mate!" said Zorf thankfully. Finally reaching the top, they saw the body of Onyxia being dragged through into Blackwing Descent, the final battlement for the Black Dragonflight. "By the Titans, its true, Deathwing has reached Blackrock, and it is now his home... The King must be told!" said Alwuwa.

In Orgrimmar, Warchief Garrosh was speaking with his advisors on battle plans and designs, in order to prepare war with the Twilight's Hammer. "My Lord, your experience in Northrend may give you a slight advantage here, but besides Draenor, nothing of this

level has been seen before. At least not in the last ten thousand years because of the shattering.” said Eitrigg, the oldest of the Horde’s advisors. “What would you suggest we do Eitrigg?!” shouted Garrosh. “The world lies shattered. Our people are scared, fragile, they need a leader, and Thrall entrusted this to you, trust me, he wouldn’t have left his power within you, if you could not control it.” Eitrigg replied. Looking out into Orgrimmar, the zeppelin that had crashed into the towers still remained, embers still burning with a timid red and orange flame, like the colour of Durotar on a summers morning. “Fine. I shall take the stand, these people need a leader, and a leader is what they shall get from me. Eitrigg, be ready to mobilise the Horde troops. Vol’jin, return to the isles to the south, and gather your troops, be ready for war. As for me, prepare my battle armour once again. For the Horde are now at war with the Twilights Hammer!” ordered Garrosh. Eitrigg looked over to Garrosh, realising that he had his father’s strength, courage and leadership. This day, the Horde would rise higher than ever before.

#### The Maelstrom, Centre of the Map

“Thrall, please! You have to take a rest!” shouted Aggra (Assistant to High Shaman Thrall). The sound of crashing waves was even more violent than usual. This made Aggra more concerned about Thrall, and him being consumed by the very elements that he set out to save. Aggra walked away, her bones were aching after the endless amount of flying she had to do into the Maelstrom. As she rested, Thrall looked into the Maelstrom’s eye. It began to glow even redder, and it was beginning to steam, as though fire was pouring through it. Kneeling, Thrall said “Elements, please, hear my call; I wish to save you from your own undoing!” And with that, the sky turned a dark red, almost blood-like, with fire spreading all throughout the horizon. “You Called?!” shouted a voice, rising from the maelstrom, the Fire Lord, Ragnaros arose. He had been resurrected from the Firelands (An ancient island within the Elemental Plane itself, it had been born of Fire, Ash and Lava) “Pitiful little orc, you believe you can save this world, by destroying the lords of the elements. Ha-ha, Prepare to witness what shall become of this world!” shouted Ragnaros. Thrall’s eyes closed. He was in Durotar, with Orgrimmar’s reinforced gates before him. Looking up, he could see the world tree, more remarkable than ever, he believed that this was the outcome of the war. However, after this thought, a mighty explosion ripped out from the very base of the World Tree. Soaring down, a fire wave ripped through Ashenvale, destroying anything in its path. Eventually, it reached Orgrimmar, and collided with the Dranosh’ar Blockade (The defence for Orgrimmar). Thrall reached his hands before his eyes, screaming, as the firestorm approached him. Awakening from his vision, Thrall saw Aggra in front of him. “Aggra, I now know what I must do. But, whatever happens, we shall do it together!” said Thrall.

#### Stormwind City, Elwynn Forest, Eastern Kingdoms

Alwuwa and his allies had returned from the Burning Steppes, with grave news of the resurrections and the Twilight’s new plan. A passing guard saw the worry embossed upon

the faces of each of Alwuwa's allies and on Alwuwa aswell. They arrived at the glistening Throne room, the only place still standing after the collapse of Stormwind during the second war. Turning around, Alwuwa could see the destruction that Deathwing had implemented upon the city, after his arising. The clock tower in the mid-city had been destroyed, the two main towers upon the walls, had claw prints emboldened with a burning red glow, as though still red hot. "King Varian." said Zorf. "We have dire news of the North." Looking behind them, Alwuwa had just come up the ramp. Varian detected a sense of fear on each of the champion's faces. "It's Deathwing, my Lord. Blackrock Mountain is once again his fortress and he has even powerful allies than before. His son and daughter, Nefarian and Onyxia have been resurrected, they will probably be attacking soon." said Alwuwa. Varian looked up, his face a pale pink, his scars from battle were truly visible now, from when he was a gladiator imprisoned by the Orcs. After he had escaped, he needed to fight off Naga from the position three of the escapees had made, the fellow escapees were Broll and Valeera. A Naga swung his trident and it hit the side of the prodigal King's face thus scaring his cheek. "This is a time for vengeance my Lord, they cannot be allowed to get away with this triumph any more!" shouted Alwuwa. The rage of the warrior Wrynn had been building had now taken over. "Prepare the battlements, we move for Blackrock Mountain, to end this terrible war, and to put an end to Neltharian, Deathwing!" ordered Varian. He pulled out his swords, held one of them up to the ceiling and it gleamed with a bright red, almost like the sun.

#### Redridge Mountains, Eastern Kingdoms

A scout had just came out of Blackrock Pass, and headed towards the Alliance army, waiting at the foot of the Burning Steppes. "Nearest enemies are in Black Tooth Hovel and Blackrock Stronghold, if we take them out, we have a good chance at keeping a foothold in this area." said the scout. "We move for Morgan's Vigil, we should keep the siege engines outside of the tower. Leave them running, if the forces of the Black Dragonflight come, we must be ready." said Alwuwa, looking at Varian, who nodded slightly at these new orders. "Call upon the Gnomes of Gnomergan, order them, to bombard the city of Black Tooth Hovel. After we have moved from Morgan's Vigil, all we will need to do is mop up the stragglers and burning embers out of our path.

#### Gnomergan, Dun Morogh, Mid-Eastern Kingdoms

"This is Battlemaster Fardale. We require urgent Air Support from Gnomish Air Forces, needed ASAP. We have a code 15, I repeat, a code 15!" said the Battlemaster over the radio. "What's code 15?!" said a Gnome Radio operator. "Find the book!" Searching around the tent that the Gnomes of the airfield were based, they eventually found the book, containing all the Alliance's codes of Warfare. "OK, Bunny Bombing, Gorilla smashing, ah Code 15, oh boy, we're on a full assault today people. Prepare for the biggest air strike in the history of the Alliance!" said Chief Pilot Hammergnozzle. Fifteen planes took off from the Ironforge air strip, onboard each one, a tonne of explosive each.

They flew over the frozen Heart's Lake in south eastern Dun Morogh, and over the destruction brought by the World Scar, between the Searing Gorge and Dun Morogh, and now dividing the Barrens into two sectors. "OK, Alliance forces in view, Captain. Are we going to land?" said a Gnome pilot. "No, people, we have a job to do here, prepare to offload all of your goods upon these destroyers!" said Hammergnizzle. "Three... Two... One! Fire all!" ordered the Chief Pilot, and upon the command, all fifteen planes opened their bomb bay hatches and let out their payload. Crashes, Explosions, and flame could be heard erupting from the ground below the planes. Buildings fell as their main support beams were destroyed. Orcs, Trolls and Worgs were flown all across the area of the bomb site. None could possibly have survived. The battle for Black Tooth Hovel was over in a matter of seconds. "Area Secured Sir, No survivors spotted. Move in!" said Hammergnizzle. "Thank you for choosing your resident Gnome service." With that, the older gnomes smiled, and headed back for the Ironforge landing strip.

Meanwhile, back at Morgan's Vigil...

"OK, the shows on the road, lets get these Siege Engines moving. We won't have much time before the goddamn 'Dark Horde' move back to attempt reclamation. Now, quickly everyone!" shouted Battlemaster Fardale. Forty newly made Siege Engines then moved towards Black Tooth Hovel. The new design of the Siege Engines made them even more agile, strong and powerful. The blue paint of the bodyworks was shimmering with gold paint mixed with the blue, making them look even more dazzling. The Siege engine's themselves stood as high as the final gate into the titan chamber of Fort Wintergrasp. Bellowing over carcasses and rubble of destroyed buildings, the Alliance made settlements within Black Tooth Hovel, and they then claimed it as their own. "OK, set up battle operations here, keep those siege engines around the site; make it as a wall of engines. We need to get a proper wall built around here." said Alwuwa. Looking around, Alwuwa saw a selection of huge tree's that used to add to the forests of the Redridge Mountains before the eruptions of Blackrock Mountain. Workers, Lumber-Jacks, Axe-men; all climbed the ridge to the small site of trees, with which the new town called *Anduin's Vengeance* was born. The Siege engines gathered inside the town, and they waited overnight. A fire was made in the centre of the town. It lit the whole village up, with a blazing orange glow. It warmed everyone that passed it, making them feel as though they were still in Elwynn Forest's sun glow in Summer Time. "We have to do this Alwuwa. Too many people have tried and failed to bring down the Black Dragons. If we don't succeed, I'm afraid no-one will." said Zorf. Alwuwa looked up; his eyes had lit up by looking into the bonfire. "Look at this fire. It may bring warmth, comfort, and security. But the deadly nature of it can destroy *anything*. What you say is true, Deathwing must be stopped. But, it will be difficult. Also, we have no idea where he is hiding." said Alwuwa.

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