



A fading race.

A bonded huntress.

And a forgotten nightmare hungry to feed...

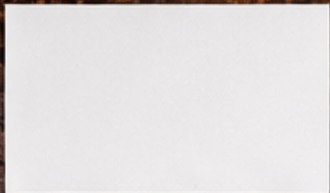
The ELEGARS consume what remains of the lost—

rot and hunger spreading from the ruins of the dying Euratian sanctuary.

As the rot spreads, Lorelei, one of the last Euratians, stalks the ruins of her world with Gril, her bloodthirsty Morfling bond, hunting the nightmare.

But beyond the mist lies something far worse.

now keep it at bay.



THE
CARRION CHRONICLES

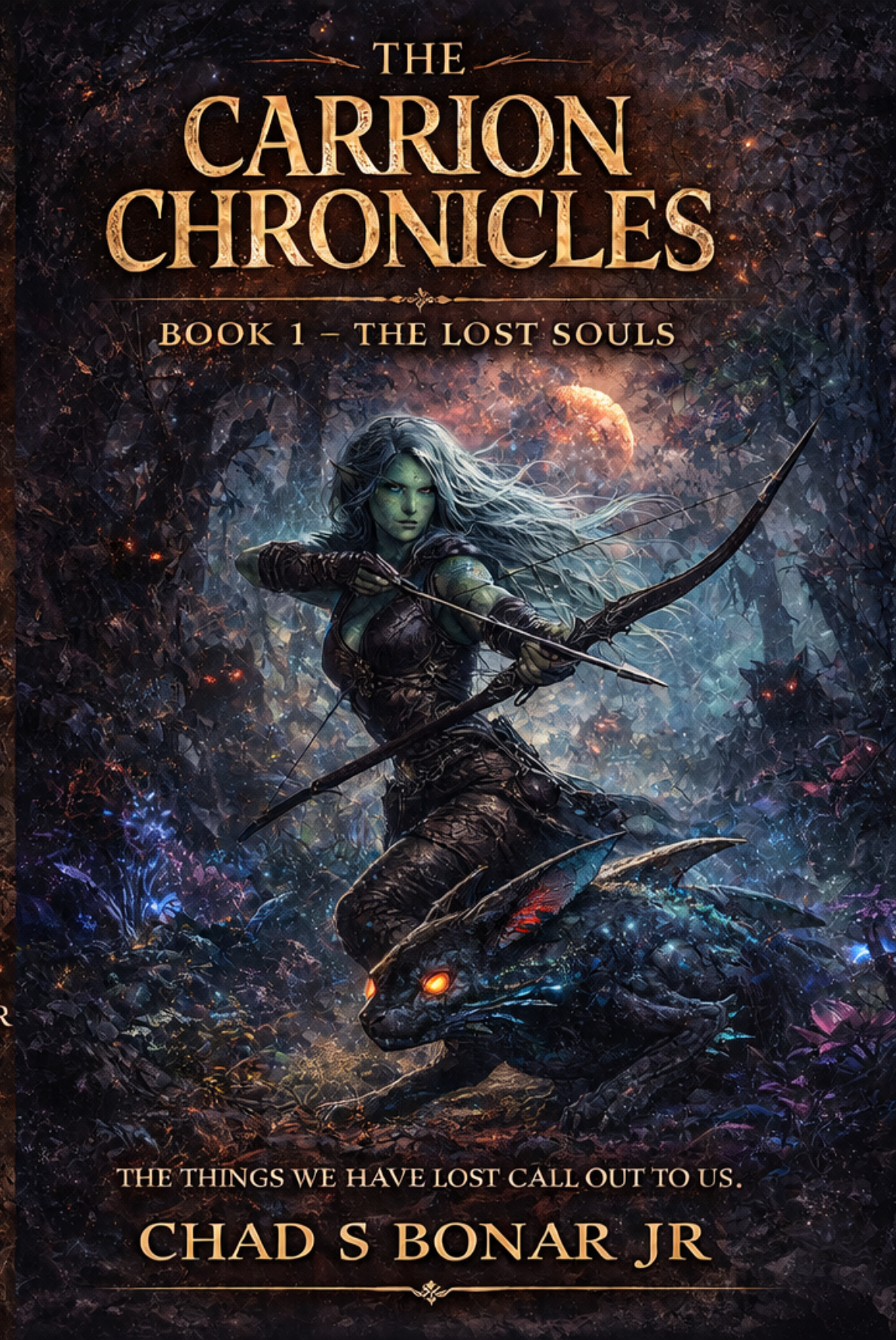
BOOK 1 – THE LOST SOULS

CHAD S
BONAR JR



THE
CARRION CHRONICLES

BOOK 1 – THE LOST SOULS



THE THINGS WE HAVE LOST CALL OUT TO US.

CHAD S BONAR JR

The Carrion Chronicles: Book 1 - The Lost Souls

By Chad Bonar

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This story is a work of imagination, born from grief, survival, and defiance against fading. If you feel something watching in the silence—good. That means something in you is still alive enough to resist it.

Prologue: The Hunt

The world of Carrion breathed in color.

Not the soft, natural greens of a quiet forest, but something deeper—alive. Neon hues bled through the underbrush, luminous blues and violent pinks pulsing faintly beneath thick canopies of ancient trees. The air shimmered with heat and unseen movement, and far above, hidden in the tangled branches, something watched.

Red eyes.

Dozens of them.

Unblinking.

Patient.

Below, Lorelei moved like a whisper.

She slipped between roots and glowing fungi, her feet barely disturbing the forest floor. In her hand, a short bow curved like a living branch, its string drawn taut but silent. Her body—long-limbed and slender—seemed almost translucent in the shifting light, her forest-green skin bending and blending with every step.

To those watching from above, she would not look entirely real.

Not quite fairy.

Not quite elf.

Something older.

Something fading.

Lorelei was Euratian—one of the last of an indigenous people whose presence in Carrion had once been as vast as the forests themselves. Now, they were stories. Shadows. Prey, in some cases.

But not today.

Today, she hunted.

Ahead of her, something moved.

It sniffed at the glowing earth, restless. Its body was wrong—too large, too uneven. It resembled a coyote in shape, but stood nearly her height, its frame stretched into something wolf-like. Lime-green scales replaced fur, catching the forest's strange light, and its beady blue eyes flicked constantly, searching.

The Crocktoe.

Dangerous. Erratic.

Necessary.

Lorelei slowed her breathing, lowering herself as she circled. The forest seemed to respond to her presence, colors shifting across her skin as she passed a cluster of radiant blue fungi. She vanished into them—no sound, no silhouette.

Only intention.

The Crocktoe paused.

Its head lifted.

Something was wrong.

It could feel it.

But it could not see her.

Lorelei was already moving.

Closer.

Closer still.

Now, she could see the flick of its tongue. The tension in its limbs.

It turned—

Too late.

Her bow rose in one fluid motion.

Three arrows.

Released in a single breath.

The first pierced its left eye.

The second, the right.

The third drove upward through its open jaw, splitting through the roof of its skull.

The creature collapsed before it could cry out.

Silence returned, heavy and immediate.

Lorelei approached slowly, lowering her bow. For a moment, she simply stood over it, watching the last tremors leave its body. Then she knelt, placing a gentle hand against its scaled neck.

Her voice, when it came, was soft—reverent.

Ancestors... bless this food. Bless this creature. Take its soul to the place beyond, where those before us and those yet to come may stand together.

She closed her eyes.

Thank you, Crocktoe... for feeding my family. For giving us one more day.

The forest listened.

And far above, the red eyes did not blink.

Chapter One: Beneath Watching Eyes

The journey home should have felt familiar.

It did not.

Lorelei rode low against the back of her Amphio, the creature's powerful legs gliding over uneven ground with practiced ease. It resembled a massive jackrabbit at first glance—but its skin shimmered with a faint aquatic sheen, and along its neck, soft gills pulsed rhythmically as it breathed.

Impossible.

Natural.

Majestic.

Strapped securely behind her was the body of the Crocktoe.

“Thank you, Gril,” Lorelei whispered, her hand brushing the creature's neck. “You always find the path.”

The Amphio's ears twitched in response.

But Lorelei's gaze had already lifted.

Upward.

The forest canopy stretched endlessly above them—but she could feel it again.

Those eyes.

Larger now.

Closer.

And for the first time—

She felt it.

Fear.

Not of the forest.

Not of the hunt.

But of what watched from beyond sight.

A distant thud rolled through the earth.

Then another.

Heavy. Deliberate. Close enough to be real.

Gril did not stop—but its pace sharpened, muscles tightening beneath her. It knew.

They both did.

Lorelei exhaled slowly, forcing the fear down, shaping it into something else.

Focus.

Resolve.

Anger.

She leaned forward, her voice barely more than breath.

“Form with me.”

The change was immediate.

Color surged around them—deep greens, ocean blues, flickers of soft pink like the glowing flora itself. Their forms blurred, bending, folding into one another as if they had never been separate to begin with.

When it ended, Lorelei was no longer alone.

Nor entirely herself.

She stood taller—and lower all at once, her body adapted for both grace and speed. Limbs elongated, muscles coiled for movement. Gills opened along her neck, drawing breath from air that suddenly felt thicker. Her ears shifted, rounding into sensitive, aquatic shapes that trembled with unseen vibrations.

But her eyes—

They were unchanged.

Still Lorelei.

Still aware.

Still afraid.

Still determined.

The Crocktoe remained secured along her back, now shaped to her form like a natural extension.

She moved faster now. Quieter.

A creature made for survival.

Another distant step shook the ground.

Closer.

Lorelei let out a sharp, high-pitched call—barely audible, more vibration than sound.

The mountain answered.

What appeared to be solid stone ahead shimmered, then parted—revealing a narrow opening hidden within the rock itself.

Without hesitation, she slipped inside.

Darkness swallowed her whole.

And just as quickly—

Safety.

Chapter Two: Echoes of the Living

Inside, the air changed.

The space opened into a vast, hidden refuge carved into the mountain's heart. Soft light pulsed from embedded fungi, illuminating a gathering of her people.

Euratians.

Fewer than there should have been.

Each one different—some broad and powerful, others small and quick. Some bore wings. Others carried markings that glowed faintly beneath their skin. No two were alike.

But all of them—

Were fading.

Lorelei stepped forward, her form slowly separating from Gril as she moved deeper into the cavern. Conversations were quiet. Movements slower than they should be.

Something was wrong.

Then she felt it.

Not saw it.

Felt it.

A shift.

A heaviness in the air, like the moment before a storm breaks.

Her body went still.

Completely still.

And in that single heartbeat—
Her mind fractured into memory.

The cavern disappeared.

In its place—light.

Laughter.

Life.

Thousands of them.

A wedding.

Krema stood there—young, but still herself.

Beside her—Angar.

Smiling.

Laughing.

Whole.

The memory shimmered—

And shifted.

“Evelyn.”

There was something within her.

A balance.

Forest and water.

Stillness and motion.

Life, in its purest form.

Then—

Something changed.

The colors dulled.

Shadows crept in.

Whispers curled through the memory.

Let us through...

Let us see...

Let us feel...

Let us feel...

Lorelei felt it then.

Not someone—

Something.

Old.

Hungry.

Reaching.

It ended.

The cavern returned.

Krema.

On the ground.

Holding Angar.

Gone.

And Lorelei ran.

“Ancestors... hear me.”

“Guide my brother...”

“We are losing ourselves.”

“Please.”

For a moment—

Nothing.

Then—

A faint pulse moved.

“We will not fade.”

“I won’t let us.”

Chapter Three: When the Light Fades

The light did not vanish all at once.

It dimmed.

Slowly.

Subtly.

As if something unseen had begun to drink it from the air.

The faint glow of the cavern's living walls faltered, their soft illumination flickering like a dying breath. The warmth that had lingered after Lorelei's plea to the ancestors began to recede, replaced by something colder.

Heavier.

Wrong.

Lorelei felt it first.

Not as fear.

But as absence.

The connection she had just touched—the faint pulse, the presence beyond the veil—

Gone.

Severed.

And in its place—

Something else.

At the edges of the cavern, shadows began to gather.

Not cast.

Not natural.

They moved.

They breathed.

They formed.

Figures emerged.

Tall.

Gaunt.

Wrong in every way that mattered.

Grief.

Loss.

Despair.

The Elegars had come.

They were not hunters of flesh.

Not truly.

They were feeders of something far more potent.

Emotion.

Suffering.

The aftermath of death.

They killed—

Because it created more for them to consume.

The first scream broke the silence.

Then another.

Then dozens.

The Elegars descended in waves.

Not one.

Not five.

Dozens.

They chose their targets.

Not the weak.

Not the wounded.

The strong.

Always the strong.

Because the stronger the bond—

The deeper the grief.

Lorelei did not think.

She moved.

Gril was already there.

“Form,” she breathed.

The world blurred.

Color surged.

And in a heartbeat, they became one.

Her bow was gone.

In its place—

Two blades.

She stepped forward—

And struck.

Gideon.

His Morfling.

But made of fire.

They merged in a violent surge.

Gideon charged.

And the Elegars broke against him.

Lorelei turned—

And her heart dropped.

Krema.

Still holding Angar.

And Angar's Morfling—

Was gone.

But when Angar died—

So did it.

The Elegars surged closer.

Lorelei stepped between them and Krema.

Gideon moved to her side.

More.

Always more.

They came for us.

For the strong.

For what remained.

For what refused to fade.

And as another wave descended—

Lorelei tightened her grip.

And chose to stand.

MEET GIDEON

EURATIAN SURVIVOR



EURATIAN SURVIVOR

STONEFORGED. UNYIELDING.
A BASTION IN ANY STORM.

- Skin as hard as stone, a living fortress.
- A battle axe that hews down any threat in his path.
- Stands between humanity and oblivion, never breaking.

MORFLING:

A FERAL BEAST MADE OF
FIRE, PURE RAGE & FURY.

THE IRON WALL.
THE FIRST STRIKE. THE LAST DEFENSE.

CARRIONCHRONICLES.COM

MEET KREMA

EURATIAN SPIRIT



EURATIAN SPIRIT

ETHEREAL. BOLD.
A BEACON IN THE ABYSS.

- Skin aflame with glowing blue light.
- Wings cloaked in shadow and lightning.
- Wields a deadly blade, fueled by hope and defiance.

MORFLING:

A BLACK AS NIGHT KING COBRA,
SILENT AS DEATH.

THE HIDDEN SPARK.
THE FINAL BLADE. THE RISING FLAME.

CARRIONCHRONICLES.COM

MEET ANGAR

EURATIAN CONQUEROR



EURATIAN CONQUEROR

**DIVINE. MERCILESS.
A LIGHT FORGED IN FURY.**

- Skin shadowed in celestial plum and vengeance.
- Glaive that cleaves his enemies before they can blink.
- Bent on dominion and conquest, purging all resistance



MORFLING:
A CELESTIAL LEOPARD,
HOLY AND DESTRUCTIVE.

**THE VICIOUS GLARE. THE SELFISH
CRUSADE. THE WARFAITH.**

MEET LORELEI

EURATIAN NIGHTBRINGER



EURATIAN NIGHTBRINGER

**HAUNTED. DEADLY.
A SHADOW IN THE RUINS.**

- Skin green as the abyss, eyes that pierce the soul.
- A bow drawn like a blade, shadows that veil her.
- Hunts unseen, bonded and feared, the whisper in the dark.



MORFLING:
GRIL, A NIGHTMARE BEAST,
BLOODTHIRSTY & LOYAL.

**THE HIDDEN WRAITH. THE FINAL
WHISPER. THE ETERNAL HUNT.**