

## Viridescence

“Isolation gives Chaos room to breed.” So said the philosophers before the Great Walls rose. Yet their cautionary tales fell upon ears deafened by profit’s din. Lorendar. Petralle. Dormar. Kragsark. These cities, and much more outside the Kingdom of Sereceil, shut their gates once the Portal Matrix brought them together. Cobblestone roads deteriorated to dirt ones, replaced by the ethereal. Humble subjects, much like the roads they travelled, were forsaken by their lords, left to fend for themselves outside the Walls. Left to fight the encroaching brood of Chaos herself. But as days turned to decades, they slowly succumbed to the advancing Frontier. Soon, our negligence became our undoing. Our hubris, our death, as was warned a thousand times over from our ancestors. The lords told us how our Golden Age would begin, how it would thrive. They never said how it would end.

It ends in Verdancy.

## Forsaken Cells

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### Apparition of Sister Aurienne

“You... the one in the cell... can you see me? Hear me? Understand me? Please, give me a sign.

“Oh, thanks the gods! I had nearly given up on finding survivors. Hold on, I’ll get you out in a moment.... And... there you are! Free to go at last!

“Do you know where you are...? No? Hmm, that complicates things... alright, listen. You will need something to defend yourself. Your fists won’t do in the slightest. The guards’ barracks are a short walk from here. There should be some weapons and magic catalysts there. When you’re done, meet me outside.... Oh, and take this. I think you’ll find more use for it than me.”

## *Lorendar Dungeons Keyring*

A single key threaded by a metal ring. Misplaced by the warden of Castle Lorendar's dungeons.

The sole jail of Lorendar is both difficult to find and relatively empty. It is typically dark, damp, and depressing. The few mad enough to rebel against Lorendar's few rules are given no remorse or relief in their punishment.

## *Lorendaren Straight Sword/Shield*

A common steel/shield used by guards from the High City of Lorendar.

Men and Women who wished to become guardsmen flocked to Lorendar in attempts to join their elite force. Compared to the rest of the High Cities, Lorendaren guards lived easy lives thanks to ruly citizens and high-quality gear.

The sword, while simple in design, is as dependable as they come, able to deal and withstand many blows.

The shield, while simple in design, is as dependable as they come, able to withstand many blows. The resplendent Phoenix, the Crest of Lorendar, adorns the shield's face.

## *Lorendaren Staff*

A common staff used by sorcerers of Lorendar.

The staff itself is primarily composed of what appears to be cedar or oak. Intricate runes and inscriptions adorn the length of the staff, though they are barely legible, worn away by time and the elements.

## *Lorendaren Scripture*

Common scripture used by clergy of Lorendar.

The scripture's cover and bindings are made from cured leather, and golden letters faintly spell "Holy Book of Lorendar" on the front. The pages are yellowed and torn in some places with some missing, and the some of the inscriptions are faded.

# **Castle Lorendar**

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## **Apparition of Sister Aurienne**

"Oh, there you are. And armed as well. You are as capable as you look. Hmm... Listen, I have a proposition for you, but you will have to leave Lorendar. I don't know how much of a connection you have with this place, stranger, but it's best you leave as soon as possible. Quit the castle and head towards the former Military Quarter. That's where you'll make your escape into the Frontier. I'll see you then. Good luck."

## *Blighted Heart of a Lowly Servant*

The heart of a Blighted Servant of Lorendar Castle.

The servants of Lorendar's High Lords were steadfast and loyal, and claimed they would do anything for their masters, no matter how dangerous. Perhaps they were reconsidering their vows once the Blight appeared in Castle Lorendar? Their masters surely did not.

## Apparition of Sister Aurienne

“No! Stranger! Damn it... I let another one.... Why...?”

“You.... How are you...? But... I watched you die! How is it possible that you...?!”

Wait... what’s that? Beneath your eye.... That... that wasn’t there before.... Wait... you’re... by the Gods, you’re Blighted. But... how...? Wait, the Blight... it’s....

“A-Apologies, stranger. I’m still a little surprised by your... condition.... Oh, by the way, you should take these. They will heal you should you fall close to death. Why I didn’t give you to these before is beyond me. I don’t know what’s more surprising: my lapse in memory, or you. Anyway, find a way out of the castle. I’ll see you then.”

## Blighted Heart of High Lord Carmichael

The Blighted Heart of Carmichael, a High Lord of Lorendar.

Before the Quarantine, Carmichael was the most recent addition to the High Court of Lorendar and was well-known for being quiet and submissive to the elder lords. Soon after the safety of the Quarantined Medical Quarter was compromised, Carmichael led a small contingent of his knights into the Quarter to eradicate the Blight.

Absorb the power of High Lord Carmichael within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## Sword of Lorendar

A decorative straight sword once wielded by the Last High King of Lorendar recreated from the Blighted Heart of High Lord Carmichael.

Legends state the Sword was wielded by the First King of Lorendar, who used it to strike down the monarch of an Old Race that sought to enslave the people of Lorendar. The city was

built over the monarch's palace as a final show of conquest. After the High Wall rose, the Kings of Lorendar held this sword only as decoration. The blade grew dull from years of negligence, its masters refusing to let the weapon fulfill its true purpose, right to the bitter end.

## Lorendar, the Market Quarter

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### Apparition of Sister Aurienne

“Ah, excellent! I knew you’d make it out, and that, I believe, means introductions are in order. We’ll be working together from here on out, after all. My name is Aurienne, a former citizen of Lorendar. As you can no doubt see, my once great home has fallen, now nothing more than an emerald ghost of its former self. It is no longer safe for mortals like us... well, me. However, there is a safe haven beyond the High Wall, hidden within the Verdant Frontier. Thankfully, it is not too far from here, though that does not mean your trek will be simple. Take these. The potion will help you fend off the Blight, keep it from taking you over, and improve your condition and appearance. The Oculus should be used if you desire assistance at some point. Alright, that’s about it for now. The next time we meet, it will be within the Frontier. May the Gods protect you, friend.”

### Pureblood Concoction

A deep-red potion created by Lorendaren alchemists to cure Blighted.

A relatively new creation of the alchemists of Lorendar, the Pureblood Concoction was designed to eliminate Blight buildup in their afflicted patients. While the potion is indeed effective and quick to act, the Blight spread faster than the alchemists could produce them. Few Pureblood Concoctions are said to remain in Lorendar, let alone Sereceil.

## *Portal Oculus*

A small, palm-sized amulet embedded with a polished piece of quartz. Used by humans to quickly access the Portal Matrix before the Blight appeared.

The Portal Matrix trivialized the need for physical roads, and was the direct catalyst for the creation of the Great Walls of the High Cities of Sereceil. Nowadays, the Matrix is in disarray, and is commonly used by survivors to teleport across vast distances – and potentially dimensions – to assist friends in need.

## *Fist-sized Rock*

A rock able to fit snuggly in one's hand. Can be thrown at enemies and allies alike. Don't be surprised by their reaction, though.

Seriously, don't say we didn't warn you.

## *Blighted Heart of a Lorendaren Commoner*

The heart of an unfortunate Lorendaren Commoner who succumbed to the Blight.

The people of Lorendar were considered a step above the other High Cities' townsfolk. Often praised for their affluence and friendliness, Lorendarens always lived their lives as they saw fit so long as others could do the same. And to think there were others in the world who sought to end this happiness.

## *Blighted Heart of a Lorendaren Guardsman*

The heart of a Lorendaren Guardsman who succumbed to the Blight.

The guards of Lorendar were known to be vigilant yet lenient. The laws of Lorendar, while strict, were few and always bent for the benefit of the people and ease of the guards' jobs. While all carried simple swords and shields out of necessity, even fewer carried irons or the desire to use them.

## *Lorendar Guard Chainmail Suit*

Chainmail armor commonly assigned to guards of the High City of Lorendar. The Phoenix of Lorendar is painted on a tunic overlaying the chainmail shirt.

Even though crime and conflict was almost nonexistent in Lorendar, its guards still wore the best armor money could buy (or at least, the best armor the Royal Court would purchase). The mail rings are constructed from a new material known simply as Truesteel, and leather padding underneath provides additional protection and comfort for the wearer. Despite their inactivity, the guards of Lorendar's streets always made sure to keep themselves as presentable and fit for duty as possible. Only Lorendar's destruction could see the Phoenix so desecrated.

## *Lorendaren Coin*

A gold coin minted by the Lorendaren Royal Reserve. The Lorendaren Phoenix adorns both sides.

The Market Quarter of Lorendar was busy at all times of the day. Traders and merchants constantly squabbled with one another as other merchants and their customers haggled unreasonable prices on both sides. While Lorendarens were kind, they were shrewd and ruthless monetarists. To find one of these coins abandoned by its owner would be unthinkable before the Blight.

Effect: Crush this coin to increase your luck obtaining more material wealth.

## Looter Gauner

“Well, well, what have we here? Can’t say I was expectin to have meself some company at this time. Specially round these parts. You get lost, chum? No, no, nononono, you aren’t lost. Nobody just gets lost here in ol’ Lorendar. You here for something... right? Forget an ol’ heirloom you can’t live without? Leave someone behind and lookin to see if they’re still them good ol’ selves...? Ah, come on now! Don’t be shy! You can trust me! It’s not like I have anyone to tell your secrets to now, eh? Hahahahaha!

“Alright, alright, I get it. Sometimes you can’t just tell little ol’ Gauner your business. Say, what if I told you mine? Would you be willin to return the favor?

“I knew you were a sharp one the moment I laid eyes on ya. I’m a... a bit of a merchant, you could say. Get my wares from reliable folk, I do. Always know what they’ll have and where they’ll have it. Come on now, don’t be shy! Take a gander at my goods, hmm? Hahaha!

“Ah, so you’re actually just skippin town, hm? Bah, don’t let that embarrass ya. I’d do the same if there wasn’t so much good loot round here. Haha!

“This city - Lorendar, it’s called - used to be this gigantic city that spread for miles in all directions. Only thing keepin it from goin any farther were these huge walls round the city. A blessin at first, a curse later. Those walls were awful good at keepin everythin out and everyone in. Well, save for the Blight. Hahahahaha!

“You know ‘bout the ol’ Military Quarter? Apparently it was where this big battle took place between the reformed Lorendaren Military and the Blighted pourin out o’ the Medical Quarter. Seein how things are now, you can guess what happened, right? But wait, it gets better! Now this... hehehe, this is rich! I’ve heard tell that the Blight took control of – get this – ol’ siege engines from those musty museums and busted up part o’ the High Wall! Hahahahaha! I mean, really – living siege engines? That’s complete bollocks! Hahahahaha!

“Hey! Don’t go off and die now, chum. You’re my only customer after all! Ahahahaha!”

Spyglass

A spyglass commonly used by Lorendaren guards assigned to the watch along the High Wall.

Guard duty along the High Wall is infamous for its uneventful and tedious patrol, but also its stunning view of the Verdant Frontier beyond. Many guards asked why the patrol was needed. After all, what could possibly breach the High Wall of Lorendar?

If only the Eye of Man could see all instead of what it wants.

### *High Robes of Lorendar*

Robes worn by sorcerers/clergy of Lorendar, colored blue/red with golden trim.

Magic is held in high esteem throughout the Kingdom of Sereceil, and Lorendar is no exception. As such, sorcerers/clergy are seen as gateways to the Upper Class by the commoners and poor of the city, and their children are handed off to Magisters/Ministers as keys. It is no surprise that Lorendar ended up with more sorcerers/clergy than necessary.

### *Blighthound Mask*

A mask crudely crafted from the head of a Blighthound.

Man's best friend was one of the few animals welcome within the High Wall, so it is unsurprising they were not spared from the Blight's spread. The remaining few used the Blighted dogs' heads as masks in an attempt to either scare off the hounds or feign relation.

### *Heart of the Blight Beast*

The dark, Blight-covered heart of the Blight Beast who terrorized Lorendar's Market Quarter.

Lorendarens researching the Blight noticed its tendency to prioritize human prey over other animals, though such Blighted are not uncommon behind the High Wall of Lorendar. Those who survived Lorendar's fall long enough to lay their eyes upon the dreaded Blight Beast noticed the pack of Blighthounds it was always sighted with and how other Blighted and Blighthounds feared it greatly.

Absorb the power of the Blight Beast within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *The Blight Beast's Middle Claw*

A curved greatsword, crafted from the Heart of the Blight Beast, meant to mirror the monster's own immense claws.

It is unknown when the Blight Best appeared or where it came from. Survivors believe it underwent extensive Blight corruption, but whether it was a mutt from Lorendar or a Frontier creation has yet to be discovered. Some lucky yet crazed survivors even claim it used to be a lycanthrope. Regardless, no one wishes to cross its path again to find out.

## **Lorendar, the Medical Quarter**

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### *Blighted Heart of a Lorendaren Alchemist*

The heart of a Lorendaren Alchemist, who died by the very thing he swore to stop.

Alchemists saw little use during the Golden Age of Lorendar, seen only as suppliers of Murky Concoctions whenever stores ran low. The rise of the Blight saw their esteem grow, though their years spent with only one brew left them ill-equipped once the Blight began

resisting the Concoctions. By the time they conceived the Pureblood, it was too late to stop the deluge of Blight.

### *Blighted Heart of a Lorendaren Surgeon*

Heart of a surgeon of Lorendar, who died by the very thing he swore to stop.

The surgeons of Lorendar sought to heal their patients through knowledge of the human body instead of magic or potions. While they became infamous for their painful procedures, they became even more prestigious thanks to their constant success rate. The surgeons' field was growing steadily before the Quarantine, though their numbers were still too few and their knowledge too little to help stop the Blight.

### *Patient's Scrubs*

The tattered scrubs of a former patient of the Medical Quarter.

Stories of the Quarantined Medical Quarter chilled the people of Lorendar, and the occasional screams that came from the afflicted did not do much to settle their nerves. Considering the tales, one cannot help but wonder how many of these holes and tears were caused by usual weathering or the operations.

### *Executioner's Axe*

A large bardiche used by Executioners within the Quarantined Medical Quarter.

These large axes rested within the Military Quarter's garrison for decades, their blades deteriorating and collecting dust, till the Medical Quarter's operations began to fail. The Executioners were formed under the belief the Blight would cease once the afflicteds' lives did the same.

## *Poison-laced Dagger*

A dagger laced with an unknown poison. Best used as a ranged weapon.

The Medical Quarter is a relatively new quarter, replacing the former Old Quarter, and it sometimes shows. Despite pleas for proper medical equipment, many alchemists and surgeons found themselves left with primitive or near-useless items to combat the Blight. Surgeons used daggers like this in lieu of scalpels, and many alchemists attempted to end the lives of lost patients with a potent poison. The Medical Quarter's fall saw both come together in an attempt to undo the damage.

## *Vineheart of a Dryad Subject*

The Vineheart of a Dryad, scarred by extensive experimentation.

The presence of anything inhuman within the High Wall was unthinkable by those hidden behind. The thought of something as mythical as a Dryad was even more unbelievable. Yet what is more curious about this creature isn't so much it, but its presence in Lorendar.

## *Living Blight Glob*

A quivering glob of living blight taken from the Sentient Blight Mass left behind in the Quarantined Medical Quarter of Lorendar.

The surgeons and alchemists of the Medical Quarter made great strides in discovering what the Blight was. Considering how it favored humans over other creatures and moved on its own, they came to the conclusion that Blight was more than just a simple plant. The Sentient Blight Mass was the culmination of their research.

Lukas Berry

Absorb the power of the Sentient Blight Mass within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *Mad Alchemist's Ring*

A ring formerly owned by a mad alchemist of Lorendar's Medical Quarter, recreated from remnants of the Sentient Blight Mass.

As the Blight epidemic continued, visitors to the Medical Quarter spread rumors that the surgeons and alchemists quit helping the afflicted and began sealing themselves and their patients within heavily-fortified bunkers. The bits of Blight that seeped from underneath the doors and made their way across the Quarter prompted intervention from the Royal Court.

## **The Encroachment**

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### *Blighted Heart of a Lorendaren Soldier*

The heart of a soldier of Lorendar, fallen in battle against the Blight.

Lorendar's army was last used against a rebellion shortly before the completion of the High Wall. Since then, the need for such a military force was considered unnecessary and shortly disbanded. What fought against the Blight – an amalgamation of fear and inexperience – was a shadow of the military's former self.

### *Soldier's Simple Sword/Axe/Spear/Flail*

A sword/axe/spear/flail wielded by the soldiers of Lorendar. They are of a simple yet sturdy design.

Lorendar found itself with a surplus of weaponry after the completion of the High Wall, and anything they found unneeded was rid of quickly. What little remained was either used by the City Guard or lost to time. Considering the design of this sword/axe/spear/flail, it is clear these were not made with military use in mind.

### *Blighted Heart of a Lorendaren Knight*

The heart of a knight of Lorendar, fallen in battle against the Blight.

Knights have always been an integral part of Lorendar's culture, and the disbanding of the military did not stop the noble warriors from continuing their ages-old traditions. Tournaments and friendly duels alongside a strict training regimen kept the knights in perfect form when the Blight came.

### *Lorendaren Knight's Armor*

The armor of a noble knight of Lorendar.

The strongest metal known to mankind, mithril, was reserved for the high classes or Lorendar since the city's founding. Both durable and decorative, the armor of knights was designed to strike fear into enemies and raise allies' morale. Few knights fell to blades thanks to the strength of their armor.

### *Cavalier's Lance*

An old lance used by Lorendaren Cavaliers. The colors are rather faded.

The horse-mounted knights of Lorendar were notorious for their effectiveness in battle during the Age of Conquest, slaying enemy soldiers and knights alike with ease thanks to their

potent lances. Their utility had nearly vanished once the High Wall rose, since both horses and the military were no longer needed.

## *Knight's Zweihander*

A large sword roughly the size of the average man. Incredible strength is required to swing this weapon with both hands.

During the Age of Conquest, Zweihander Knights made up half of Lorendar's knights, and were commonly used during flanks or pushes because of their aggressive fighting style and effectiveness. Tales from those days tell of Zweihander Knights that could fell one hundred men in just twenty swings. Today, there are few Zweihander Knights left in Lorendar, though the changing times did not keep them from their training.

## *Living Stake*

A large pole with one end sharpened into a point. Blight covers most of the stake's head.

Why exactly Lorendar's ghost army set up battle standards to fight the encroaching Blight is beyond mortal comprehension. Some claim it was for morale, others that the army's generals wanted to emulate a real war as best they could. Regardless, the standards did little to help the soldiers, and did even less once the Blight animated them.

## *Blighted Residue of the Living Siege Engines*

A clump of splinters and metal shards scavenged from the Living Siege Engines.

Siege engines were a vital component to Lorendar's successes during the Age of Conquest, and the pride of its military. State of the art ballistae, catapults, trebuchets, siege towers, and battering rams made up at least a fifth of the military's strength. Once the Age of

Conquest ended, the siege devices were later used to collect dust in museums located within Lorendar's Old Military Quarter.

Absorb the power of the Living Siege Engines within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *Blighted Shield of Lorendar*

A reconstruction of the Shield of Lorendar, which was wielded by its king in the city's battle against the Blight.

The large kite shield wielded by the King of Lorendar reminds his subjects and enemies of Lorendar's place in the world. The Phoenix of Lorendar, which sits in the sun on the shield's top, bestows the Sword and Shield of Life to the First King of Lorendar in the shield's center. The bottom shows the souls of Lorendar's enemies reeling from the resplendent glory of the Phoenix's gifts back into the depths of the Infinite Hells.

## **The Verdant Frontier**

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### **Apparition of Sister Aurienne**

"Ah, there you are. A little earlier than I expected. And a tad bit more daring than the man/woman I left back in the Market Quarter. I have no doubt you will do us all well in the coming trials. Anyway, you still have a ways to go, so don't breathe easy just yet. I know, my apologies. Look there, to the northeast. Do you see those gray spires poking out above the canopy there? That's your destination. Try to keep it in sight. You know you've arrived when you see the trunk of a large, dead tree. Then we can talk about that... Blight... that... black Blight.... Oh, sorry, yes, we can talk about it when you arrive. Best of luck, and may the Gods protect you."

## Mad Hunter Kristoff

“Hmm? Who the hell are you to be sneaking up on me like that? Got a death wish, friend? Gotten tired of living here in this green hell hole? Don’t worry, I’m not judging you. I’ve had the same feeling myself, back when I was weak and feeble, thinking I couldn’t survive out here on my own. Yet here I am. Now run along, before I get bored with you.

“Huh? You deaf, lad/lass? I said I don’t want to talk... unless.... You’re interested in survival, perchance?

“Heh, I had a feeling. Very few men remain after I tell them to sod off. Then it turns into a classic case of ‘Is it stupidity or bravery?’ I can never tell right out of the gate, not until.... Tell me, have you ever heard of the phrase ‘survival of the fittest?’ It’s a fancy way of saying ‘only the strong survive,’ which only those willing to fight, steal, and kill are the ones who see tomorrow’s sun. Those unwilling because of pride or camaraderie or some other piss-poor excuse end up dead in a ditch come twilight. Tell me, do you feel the same way? Do you think a man is strong if he has to fall on others to support him? Or are you smart and think personal strength is what really matters out here?

“Smart lad/lass. I would’ve killed you otherwise to prove my point. The world’s a better off place the less weak there are. As a token of my appreciation, take this. Fighting the horrors of the Frontier is a suitable way to gain strength, but what’ll make you even stronger, both in body and mind, is hunting down the weak that wander these lands. Use that to override their Portal Oculi and teleport in close to them. Hopefully, if they’re strong enough, they won’t panic and put up a decent fight. Remember well the words of old Kristoff here: only by bathing in the blood of our own kin can we achieve pure strength.

“Go now, and hunt well, friend.”

### Portal Oculus Override

A device placed on a Portal Oculus to force a teleportation to a nearby active Oculus.

The Mad Hunters of the Frontier are a cruel, bloodthirsty group that prey upon unsuspecting Oculus holders. With the Override, they teleport to a holder's location, where they then ambush the poor soul, taking his life and any valuables on them. Interestingly, most if not all of the Mad Hunters subscribe to the same beliefs as the Mad Hunter Kristoff himself, killing others to prove their own strength and purge the weak from the Frontier.

## Frontier Huntress Selvanna

"Oh! Um, hello there, stranger. How are faring today...? *No, no, too friendly, bad vibes.* Ahem... you there, stranger! I have... *no, that's too assertive...* um... *oh dear, what do I say?*

"Huh? Oh! Y-you! Oh, um, s-sorry about that, I just... well... I'm just a bit... how do I put this... *flustered, was it?* *Yeah, that's what Master said.* Flustered. I'm just... flustered, is all. Not used to talking to people out here... or at all... really. Um... say, have you... happened across anyone that looks like me... e-except for me, of course! And I don't mean they... um... look EXACTLY like me, just that they wear the same clothes as me.... Different set, though! Yeah, otherwise, well, I'd be naked, and by the Huntress, that would be embarrassing! Even out here, where barely anyone lives, I'd still not run around without clothes.... Oh, sorry, I'm babbling off again, aren't I? You must be annoyed. I'm sorry to trouble you. You can go on your way now.

"Oh! You haven't... left.... Any reason why you.... Wait, are you... are you willing to help me?

"Oh, by the Huntress, thank you! Well, words cannot express my gratitude, so I guess that will do. My name's Selvanna, by the way. I'm a Frontier Huntress, like my master. Well, technically he's a Frontier HUNTER, so... not in every way like him. Oh, sorry. I have a habit of just going off on things... you probably know that by now anyway. Sorry. *Get it together, Selly!* Anywho, my master went missing some time ago. He just... vanished from camp one day. Last I saw him I was falling fast asleep at one of our little camps. I've done well enough on my own out here, but he's... he's the only family I have out here. You would... you wouldn't mind helping me find my master, would you? D-don't get me wrong! I'm not asking you to just drop what you're doing and look for him but just... just keep an eye out. Could you do that for me?

“Oh, thank you thank you thank you THANK YOU! You have no idea how much this means to me! I’ll... I’ll make sure to reward you greatly once we find him! Alright, I’m going to continue searching the Frontier for a while. You can go on your way. Oh! Wait! I almost forgot, silly me. *How could I forget this?!* There’s a large stone tree all the way in that direction... northeast, I think it is. Pretty big, can’t miss it. There’s a nice lady there who gives me food and drink and a bed every night. You should go there and ask her about it. I’m sure she’ll help a nice man/lady like you. Remember, it’s in THAT direction and not too far from here. I’ll see you there some other time, friend! Happy hunting!”

## Frontier Hunter’s Garb

An old, battered set of Frontier Hunter’s attire. Frontier Hunters wear eclectic clothing made from cloth, hide, and bark to better protect themselves from the harsh wilderness. Tales from before the Great Walls say that hunters were the first to know of and meet any new arrivals to the kingdom, and the first to spread word.

This armor has certainly seen its fair share of use. Perhaps the former owner abandoned it after he deemed its quality too low and crafted a better set to combat the dangers of the Frontier and the Blight.

## Frontier Hunter’s Recurve Bow

A finely-crafted recurve bow normally used by the hunters of the Verdant Frontier. Frontier Hunters spend months in the never-ending forests of the Frontier, spending months away from civilization exploring and hunting game. These bows are made to withstand fierce blows and remain taut well after it launched one thousand arrows.

This bow is a Frontier Hunter’s best friend. A Hunter without his bow is like a wolf with no fangs.

## Vineheart of a Feral Dryad

The Vineheart of a lone Dryad wandering the Frontier.

The Dryads humans knew of were mythical tree spirits who always took on the form of beautiful young women. They helped humans and nature alike live together in harmony, though they were known to be violent toward those who threatened nature's balance. The Dryads of today are unlike those of legend in every way, save their violent behavior.

## **Hovel of Veritas**

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### **Sister Aurienne**

“Ah, if it isn’t the man/woman of the hour? We finally meet face to face. Oh, I should probably explain. Those conversations we had back in Lorendar? I was not physically there. I was projecting myself through an apparition to scout the city and find survivors much like yourself. So long as the apparition can interact with the physical world around it, I see no need to throw myself in harm’s way. Anyway, I think real introductions are in order now. I am still Aurienne, though my full title is Sister Aurienne, proud citizen of Lorendar and member of the Council of the Five Gods. Yes, I am indeed a high cleric, hence my affinity with spirit magics. I made my way out here shortly after the formation of the Encroachment, guided by the unseen hand of the Gods to here, the newly-formed Hovel of Veritas. It is named after the Dryad who founded it, who, by the way, you shouldn’t kill when you see her. Speaking of, you should go talk to her and another individual you’ll find most interesting. Robin’s his/her name. Go speak to them, if you wish, but make it quick. We have need of you, and it’s best we act swiftly. Speak to me again when you’re ready.”

### **Veritas, Tender to the Hovel**

“Hmm, you human Sister talk of? Hmm, not what I expect. Definitely not expect the curse you have. You very interesting. I see why Sister have you. Name is Veritas, Tender to Hovel. My Hovel. I make it from old Hovel forgotten by the young ones. It is place where all accepted, human and Dryad both. I unlike kin. I not approve of violence, of hatred, of Blight. I forgive you all long ago. But old grudges die hard, you say, yes?

“Oh, not forget but almost forget, items I give for need. Life essence you get from kills I take and return to Hovel and earth, items I give in return. Good, yes?

“Die not on path, human. Sister... no... we need you.”

## Sane Blightborn Robin

“I thought I sensed another cursed one snooping around. So, you’re that person Aurienne’s all excited about. Come to help fight the good fight, as she puts it? Well, no offense, friend, but better you than me. I have no interest in throwing myself against a spiked wall for days and weeks and months and years on end and getting nowhere. I tried it once, never will for the rest of my life... if you can call it that.

“Oh, forgive me, I did not mean to come off as cynical. My name is Robin. I’m a Blightborn, like you. What’s with that face? Don’t like being called Blightborn? Want to be just a human? Well, apologies, friend, but you’re not human, not anymore. The two of us? We’re a new breed of... something. We act like humans, think like humans, are human in every way, but we aren’t mortal. We can’t die, can never die. Only lose our minds to the Blight. That’s what the Black Blight does to you. To us. How do I know? There was one like you before, gave up long before I arrived here. He refused to leave the Hovel, do anything Aurienne asked. One day, after returning from another unsuccessful mission, he was gone. A young hunter who stopped by to rest was killed, eviscerated, and the Dryad overheard him muttering on about “saving mother.” Lost his bloody mind, he did. That’s why I at least hunt myself and help other sorry souls like yourself with Aurienne’s suicide missions.

“That’s enough from me right now. Go back to Aurienne. Get your assignments. I’ll be here should you need help.”

## **Sir Ferren, Knight of Kragsark**

“Hmm? Who are you? What do you want with me? I’m... I’m not in the mood for visitors right now... Wait, that hilt... where did you get that? That is... that was my sword. I no longer need it... but thank you. Now, could you please leave me alone? It’s better that way.”

## **Sister Aurienne**

“I take it you’ve talked to everyone? Good, then let’s get right into it. The Blight is much worse than I previously thought. There isn’t just one strain that’s spreading across the Frontier. The one that took Lorendar – the Viridescent Blight, it’s called – is but one of four besides your Black Strain that exist. It would also seem that each High City has a strain targeted at it, though from what I can tell, Lorendar’s the only one to succumb to a Blight Strain. I’ve done my best to observe the Strains’ movements, and with the help of Robin and Veritas, I can confirm my suspicions. This is where you come in. You’re the most skilled warrior I’ve met since my journey into the Frontier. Combine that with your inability to perish, I believe we can stop the Blight once and for all. However, I will not force you into such a daunting task without your approval. What say you, Blightborn?

“The Gods smile upon you, friend. I know how you must feel, going up against such odds, but know I have the utmost faith in you, as does Veritas and Robin... even though he/she might not show it. Very well, here’s what you need to know. Each Blight Strain is located close to their respective High Cities. One, the Pale Blight, is somewhere far to the northwest, close to Petralle, the Solitary City, though I doubt it has found its way through the city’s Domed Wall yet. The second, the Azure Blight, is further to the northeast, where Dormar, the Illusory City once stood. From what I gathered, the Blight had yet to find its way into the city before it vanished. The last, the Sanguine Blight, was on its way to Kragsark to the southeast, though I’m not sure what happened to it. The Black Veil appeared before I could confirm the Strain’s actions. You’ll have to find a way through the Veil in order to stop the Sanguine Blight. Once you have defeated all the Strains of Blight, return to me.

“I understand you have questions, but I still have matters to attend to. Speak with Robin. He/she will tell you all about the regions you’ll travel through on your quest.

“Good luck, and may the Gods protect you.”

## **Sane Blightborn Robin**

“So, you agreed. Good for you. Here for information, I take it? Well, in case you didn’t catch it, Aurienne didn’t tell you where to go first, yes? That’s for you to decide. However, I would recommend heading toward Petralle first. You’ll just have to deal with crazed Frontier Wanderers and Dryads on your way to the Pale Blight. The other paths... I wouldn’t go down them yet, not until you’ve proven yourself to the Frontier.

“The Pale Blight is near Petralle, to the northwest. Head that way once you leave the Hovel. Once you reach the thick, rolling fog of the Creeping Copse, you know you’re on the right track. Be careful, though. I’ve heard stories about the creatures that lurk within that accursed haze. Though, if you’re as good as Aurienne needs you to be, you’ll have no problem, yes?

“Hop to it, friend. Aurienne doesn’t have all day.”

## **The Verdant Frontier**

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### **Frontier Huntress Selvanna**

“Oh! It’s you! You made it to the Hovel, huh? I knew you’d find it. You seem like the capable sort, much like my master! Say, speaking of, I think I got a lead on him. You see that misty place over there? I think he went through there at some point. I found some tracks that looked a lot like the boots I wear.... N-not that I’m saying I walked in circles! I’ve never been here before! Nope, never in my life! Ha, ha... ha.... W-what I mean to say is, our boots are almost identical. My master made both pairs, after all. Plus, the tracks are a lot bigger than mine. See what I’m getting at now? Anyway, like I was saying, I WAS going to follow him in, but then I heard something screeching really loudly from in there and... well... I’m scared. I may be good at hunting and all that, but... dealing with screeching things in a foggy place like that? I just

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started nighttime hunting, and even THAT I'm still struggling with. I... I know we just met and all, but... could you go in there and see if my master's there?

“Haha! I knew I could count on you! You’re the second best person ever! Oh, and don’t worry about me. I can handle myself... mostly. Oh, and I’ll keep looking for signs of my master, so you don’t have to work nearly as hard, alright? Great! Good luck in there!”

## Creeping Copse

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### Developing Vineheart

An embryonic Vineheart found within Vinewalkers.

Vinewalkers are a recent discovery to humans, and are only found wandering the Creeping Copse. Because they hold Vinehearts, many believe they have a connection to Dryads. No one is certain where Dryads come from, and many believe them to be unnatural creations. However, if this is the case, who created the Dryads?

### Frontier Wanderer’s Garb

Pure-blooded explorers looking for new and perilous adventures lose themselves in the Verdant Frontier, but only a handful are able to proudly call themselves Frontier Wanderers. Some Wanderers offer aid to Hunters, other Wanderers, and anyone unlucky enough to find themselves lost in the Frontier.

Some tell of Wanderers losing their minds, muttering nonsense about serving some unknown evil lurking deep within the Verdant Frontier. These Wanderers are no different from wild animals, and should be approached as such.

This set appears to be slightly tattered, horribly dirtied, and its colors washed out. Dull red outlines tears on the set's coat, specifically the front torso.

Effect: Increases poison resistance

### *Frontier Hunter Recurve Bow*

A finely-crafted recurve bow normally used by the hunters of the Verdant Frontier.

Frontier Hunters spend months in the never-ending forests of the Frontier, spending months exploring and hunting game. These bows are made to withstand fierce blows and remain taut well after it launched one thousand arrows. This bow is a Frontier Hunter's best friend. A Hunter without his bow is like a wolf with no fangs.

### *Rotten Tatters*

Old clothing deteriorated by prolonged exposure to the elements. Abuse and rot has broken it down to its last remaining threads.

One of the many mysteries of the Verdant Frontier, the Mistdwellers are a humanoid species only found stalking the Creeping Copse. They exhibit great survival skills and have a great understanding of the area, commonly using it to their advantage to set up traps and ambushes. Some have even shown utilizing weapons and tools.

### *Blight-covered Wanderer's Knives*

A pair of serrated knives commonly used by Frontier Wanderers.

A Wanderer's tools tend to be a bit more robust than a Hunter's considering how long the Wanderers spend in the Frontier. As a result, they tend to withstand the elements, retaining

effectiveness after years of abuse. These knives, found within the Creeping Copse, was formerly wielded by a Mist Stalker.

## *Cockatrice's Beak*

The severed beak of a cockatrice attached to a wooden shaft and repurposed as an axe.

Old hunter tales speak of large, terrible, flightless birds that prey upon the unwary who travel the Frontier. Cockatrices are hyper-aggressive and actively search for disturbances in hopes to find the source and slaughter it. Often confused with basilisks, cockatrices cannot turn people to stone with a glance, but their sharp talons and beak make them just as deadly, if not more.

## *Cockatrice Arrows/Bolts*

Arrows/crossbow bolts dipped in a cockatrice's venom.

Survivors of cockatrice attacks are few and far between. Should one escape their onslaught, they will assuredly die minutes later thanks to the potent poison the birds secrete from their beaks. Cockatrices also have the ability to spit their venom, and commonly aim for the eyes.

## *Clouded Essence of the Mistwalkers*

The soul essence of the Mistwalkers, the patron deities of the Mistdwellers, who haunt the Creeping Copse.

The Creeping Copse's characteristic fog is unique to the region, as it is uncommon in the Frontier. Those said to enter the fog never return, blessed with madness. Thankfully, the fog

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never reaches beyond the Copse, but it is only a matter of time before the Mistwalkers feel the need to expand their kingdom.

Absorb the power of the Mistwalkers within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *The Mistwalkers' Secrets*

A sorcery born from the soul essence of the Mistwalkers. Create a fog cloud around you where enemies are rendered blind and slowly descend into madness.

The Copse used to be a part of the Wanderers' Woods, but the appearance of the Mistwalkers soon forced the Wanderers out. Numerous attempts to reclaim the Copse have been made since, yet each ends with less Wanderers and more Mistdwellers.

## **The Wanderers' Woods**

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### *Elite Wanderer's Garb*

The garb of an Elite Wanderer native to the Wanderers' Woods.

While most Wanderers keep to themselves amidst the wilds of the Frontier, some came together to form their own society amidst the chaos of nature. Founders and long-term citizens don this garb as a symbol of their loyalty and dedication to the New Nation of Sereceil.

### *Elite Wanderer's Machete*

A machete used by an Elite Wanderer of the Wanderers' Woods. Its blade appears to be made of steel mixed with minuscule amounts of mithril.

The machete quickly became a symbol for the Wanderers of the New Nation, who saw the tools as a means to carve their new civilization from the vines and brush of the Frontier. Their combat potential showed shortly after the Pale Blight and fog of the Creeping Copse appeared and began taking their own.

### *Elite Wanderer's Sniper Bow/Crossbow*

A bow/crossbow wielded by the Elite Wanderers of the Wanderers' Woods.

The Elite Wanderers of the New Nation understand that to survive the Frontier, open conflict must be avoided at all costs. While they are capable of fighting human and non-human enemies alike in melee combat, they prefer to dispatch enemies from afar. The bow/crossbow is fashioned with a spyglass and fires long, aerodynamic arrows/bolts for quick long-range kills.

### *Elite Wanderer's Twin Hatchets*

Twin hatchets used by an Elite Wanderer of the Wanderers' Woods.

Rather rustic in appearance, the hatchets are a recent tool utilized by Elite Wanderers. Borrowed from others travelling the Frontier, the hatchets' effectiveness against bark armor and vines was the main reason for the weapon's quick adoption by the New Nation.

### *Pale Blight Mass*

A writhing mass of Pale Blight, taken from an Elite Wanderer Thrall.

The Pale Blight is a relatively new strain of Blight to humans, encountered not long after the founding of the New Nation of Sereceil. Those afflicted with Pale Blight do not seem to die like those infected with the Viridescent Blight, but instead become its slaves. Pale Blighted retain

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memories and many advanced cognitive functions, but now swear absolute fealty to the Blight and its masters.

### *Petrified Whetstone*

A whetstone made from the bark of a petrified tree found in the Wanderers' Woods.

The Wanderers' Woods are a well-known part of the Frontier, as it is the only known location with stone trees. The Wanderers use fragments of these trees to enhance their weaponry, making their blades and arrows exceptionally sharp and never go dull.

### *Heart of Jeremiah, the Last Free Wanderer*

The pure heart of Jeremiah, the Last Free Wanderer of the Wanderers' Woods and leader of the New Nation of Sereceil.

When the Pale Blight began its siege of the Wanderers' Woods, Jeremiah, the current leader of the New Nation, led a valiant defense against the invaders. Alas, the constant death and affliction of his comrades caused the young leader to barricade himself within the Woods' capitol, where he lived out the rest of his days with his madness and self-proclaimed title.

Absorb the power of Jeremiah, the Last Free Wanderer within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *Fratricide*

A black bow previously wielded by Jeremiah, the Last Free Wanderer of the New Nation of Sereceil.

Black bows are a rare sight on the Frontier, for those who wield them are shunned by what little remains of society. Jeremiah, the Last Free Hunter, created this bow after he locked himself away in the capitol of the Wanderers' Woods, for he believed that this bow, rightfully shod his true colors as not a coward, but a murderer.

### *Hovel Trialach Seedkey*

Key shaped like an acorn, believed to open one of the fabled Dryads' Hovels, hidden deep in the Verdant Frontier.

Legends tell of a race comprised entirely of demonic, plant-like creatures with a strange connection to the Frontier. The Dryads, concealed from the prying eyes of humanity, work to sustain the Frontier's vitality and assist its spread across the realm.

## **Hovel Trialach**

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### *Vineheart of a Dryad Alchemist*

The Vineheart of a Dryad Alchemist of Hovel Trialach.

Alchemy was always thought to be a creation of humanity, yet the countless concoctions created by the Alchemists of Hovel Trialach show that we have but scratched the surface of its potency. The numerous potions, poisons, and mutagens created by the mad alchemists have given rise to all sorts of amalgamations many of which still have yet to see the light of day, and hopefully never will.

### *Dryad Alchemist's Coat*

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A coat worn by the Dryad Alchemists of Hovel Trialach. It appears to be woven from spider webs.

Why exactly this coat resembles those worn by human alchemists is a mystery. Again, we must think: who created this trend first? Did the Dryads because of their longstanding alchemical knowledge, or humans because of our fashion sense? It seems there are things not even the Gods can tell us.

### *Blighted Heart of a Mutation Horror*

The heart of a Brute/Schemer Horror heavily mutated by Blight.

Experiments made by the Alchemists of Hovel Trialach can range from simple yet potent poisons to concoctions filled to the brim with elements toxic to humans. Those who do not succumb to the toxins turn into horribly mutated abominations, their minds broken by the pain and sent into an endless rage. Unfortunately, the Alchemists think ahead and put them in sturdy cages before administering the mutagens.

### *Brute's Mutated Limb*

A large limb amputated from a deceased Mutation Horror. With enough strength and little sanity, it can be wielded as a large mace.

Some unfortunate test subjects turn into hulking Brutes whose only interest in their broken, meaningless lives is crushing anything that moves. The Dryads, thanks to potions and spells, are able to keep these Mutation Horrors as watchdogs for the Hovel, and can easily dispatch the Horrors should they get unruly.

### *Intact Schemer's Spine*

The curved yet sharp spine of a deceased Mutation Horror. Fanatics of curved swords and the macabre could use this as such a weapon.

Mutation Horrors can come in all shapes and sizes, yet many either turn out as Brutes or Schemers. Schemers tend to hide in the shadows, waiting for unsuspecting prey to step a little too close to their hiding spots. Their thin, lanky bodies help them hide, and their skeleton, now composed of bony blades, help dispatch the unwary.

### *Vineheart of a Dryad Faeologist*

The Vineheart of a Dryad Faeologist of Hovel Trialach.

The Dryads of Hovel Trialach have a strange fascination with the faeries of the Frontier. Even though both have strong attunements to the Frontier and respect for nature, the Dryad Faeologists pore over bark scrolls in what seems to be an attempt at understanding the faeries' magic.

### *Wand of a Dryad Faeologist*

A dried, twisted branch used by Dryad Faeologists to practice their foul magicks.

Despite their admiration for nature, the Dryads engage in contrasting customs. It is believed these twigs, cursed by the strange magic wielded by the Faeologists, allow them to conjure unnatural organisms, which are then spread throughout the frontier in hopes they reach civilization.

### *Blighted Heart of a Mutated Thrall*

The Heart of a Thrall heavily mutated by Blight.

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The Dryads of Hovel Trialach did not discriminate in their experiments. Thralls who already swore fealty to the Dryads' cause were subjected to mutation potions as well. The Thralls underwent drastically different changes from non-Blighted subjects, retaining some human appearance while obtaining increased speed, strength, and stamina.

### *Vineheart of the Old Dryad Wiccan*

The Vineheart of the Old Dryad Wiccan, who oversaw the experiments of Hovel Trialach.

Legends tell of an ancient race whose strong connection to nature was due in part to adept Wiccans. It was through their insight to the machinations of the world that the race found peace with nature and became one with it. However, their stories end with the start of modern history and the Age of Conquest.

Absorb the power of the Old Dryad Wiccan within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *Wiccan's Petrified Staff*

A staff wielded by the Old Dryad Wiccan of Hovel Trialach, carved from a stone tree found in the Wanderers' Woods.

Deep connections to nature are born from affinity and time. It is through knowledge and understanding can one gain the insight necessary to not live in nature, not live with nature, but live as nature.

### *Key to the Lichenhold*

Key to the Lichenhold, the secret of Hovel Trialach.

The Hovel, despite its size, cannot contain all of the bizarre abominations the Dryads create. Sometimes they create too many, others end up too big. Rarely do they conjure something too powerful.

## The Lichenhold

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### Lichenheart

A mass of lichen found in the Lichenhold.

The aptly-named Lichenhold, connected to Hovel Trialach, has given rise to a new biome within its walls. Any and all organisms are either lichen itself or are covered in the fungus. What little areas not covered in lichen show the cavern's dark-soil walls and floor, and some exposed tree roots show signs of abuse.

### Lichen Pick

A strange weapon found within the Lichenhold.

The Lichen Pick resembles the shape of a pickaxe, albeit covered from end to end in lichen. Despite this, the pick itself still retains its sharpness, and the added benefit of potential Blighting could make this weapon exceptional when used correctly. The pick's point also seems to fit seamlessly into small ridges found on the Lichenhold's exposed dirt walls.

### Blighted Heart of a Lichenthrope

The heart of a Lichenthrope, a denizen of the Lichenhold.

The alien beasts stalking the large chambers of the Lichenhold have a sense of familiarity about them. Their arms and legs are angled awkwardly for a canine, and their snarls seem more like imitations than genuine attempts. However, they are still a threat better not underestimated.

### *Skin of a Lichenthrope*

Armor fashioned from the skin of a Lichenthrope.

The Lichenthropes' bodies are covered from head to toe in a unique breed of lichen, giving them increased protection against most weapons and attacks. Interestingly, they seem to have some fear sharp, pointed weapons resembling pickaxes. What could that lichen-made, canine façade be hiding?

### *Pale Blight Paladin's Greatsword*

A greatsword wielded by the Pale Blight Paladins of the Lichenhold, who serve to protect the Lichenking.

The Pale Blight Paladins roam the Lichenhold, searching the immense cavern for trespassers and never straying too far away from their master. Their greatswords, imbued with the Lichenking's blessing, flatten armored foes and rend unluckier ones in two. Those who survive are subject to severe Blight affliction.

### *Heart of Lepyphycius, the Lichenking*

The lichen-covered heart of Lepyphycius, the Lichenking and father of the Pale Blight.

The greatest creation of the Trialach Dryads, Lepyphycius was imbued with the power of the Pale Blight and tasked with its protection. In return, he was granted the title of Lichenking and given his own castle and knights to rule, so long as he never left his domain.

Absorb the power of Lepyphycius, the Lichenking within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *Limb of Lepyphycius, the Lichenking*

A gargantuan, lichen-covered limb that once belonged to the Lichenking, Lepyphycius.

The Lichenking's strength and resilience was all in due part to his strong connection to his namesake. As such, he cast aside the need for arms and armor, relying only on the strength of his knights and himself to ward off any invaders who dare enter his domain and attempt to take his charge.

### *The Pale Blight*

One of the Strains of Blight created by the Dryads of the Verdant Frontier.

The Pale Blight is a young Strain, appearing some time after the Fall of Lorendar. The Dryads of Hovel Trialach used the Wanderers of the New Nation of Sereceil as test subjects before the new Strain was unleashed upon the Last Surviving High City due North of the Lichenhold.

## **Hovel of Veritas**

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### **Sister Aurienne**

“You’ve returned... and... WITH the Pale Blight? You... you didn’t destroy it? Why...? Why didn’t you destroy it like I said?! Don’t... don’t tell me the Black Blight has.... I... I need some time alone....

“Please... go away....”

## **Veritas, Tender to the Hovel**

“Hmm, Sister still know not all of Blight. Blight unnatural, not kill easily. Still, Pale Blight accept you as vessel. This good. Closer to ending Blight for good.

“You Blightborn different from other Blight. Strains react to you, treat you as vessel. Intended effect of creator. Task not to destroy Strains, but bring them to me. Then can Blight be destroyed. Be killed. Go tell Sister.”

## **Sister Aurienne**

“What... what do you want now?

“What...? V-Veritas told you this? I... I see. I must speak with her. Go talk to Robin, he/she will tell you what to do next.”

## **Sane Blightborn Robin**

“Well, color me impressed. You actually got the Pale Blight. Hmm? Oh, no, I’m not surprised the Blight didn’t die. Veritas told me way back when I was in your place. Don’t ask me why Aurienne never knew. She most likely just didn’t listen to Veritas or understand. It doesn’t matter anyway. We’re still one step closer to completing Aurienne’s grand scheme.

“Oh, right, you’re leaving soon, yes? Right then. I recommend heading northeast toward Dormar, or at least, where it would be. The city vanished into thin air some time ago. Don’t ask me how or why. The Azure Blight is most likely resting someplace close to the hole Dormar left behind. Be careful, though. I’ve heard talk about strange, corrupting energies there. Oh, right, directions. Just head due northeast from the Hovel. You’ll know you’re headed in the right direction when you come across the Khiris River. Just follow it right to the Dormar Void. Oh, and be extra careful. I’ve heard talk of fearsome creatures stalking the lands around the river. Good luck.”

## Pitysian Wetlands

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### Heart of a Pitysian Oak

The glowing, wooden heart of a Pitysian Oak.

Much like the Ents of lore, Pitysian Oaks are often mistaken for the common tree, the perfect disguise to hide from unsuspecting passersby. Unlike Ents, Pitysian Oaks are rooted in place and commonly devour the unwary in an attempt to share the pain of the curse placed on them by the faeries' goddess.

### Light of a Faerie Woodpecker/Worm/Spider

The glowing remnants of a Faerie Woodpecker/Worm/Spider found in the Pitysian Wetlands.

During their youth, some faeries undergo a metamorphosis in order to become closer to their goddess, casting off their beautiful, humanoid forms in favor of animal ones. Faerie Woodpeckers/Worms/Spiders use these forms to assist the goddess in her punishment of the mortals foolish enough to enter the Wetlands.

### Beak of a Faerie Woodpecker

The razor-sharp beak of a Faerie Woodpecker found in the Pitysian Wetlands. Can be repurposed as potent stiletto.

The most striking features of the Pitysian Oaks is the abundance of large holes carved into their bark. The Faerie Woodpeckers work tirelessly to bore the trees hollow, yet the Oaks' insides return within a day. Much like the Worms and Spiders, their work never ceases.

### *Carcass of a Faerie Worm*

The intact remains of a Faerie Worm found in the Pitysian Wetlands. Its bond has enough elasticity to be used as a whip.

Faerie Worms have been observed administering one of two torture methods to the Pitysian Oaks. Some tunnel underneath the Oaks and feast on their sensitive roots, while others wrap themselves around the Oaks' trunks and feed on their equally delicate leaves. Much like the Woodpeckers and Spiders, their work never ceases.

### *Fangs of a Faerie Spider*

The small fangs of a Faerie Spider found in the Pitysian Wetlands. They can be used as arrowheads/crossbow bolts that inflict nature damage upon enemies.

While the Worms and Woodpeckers work to keep the Pitysian Oaks in a constant state of agony, the Faerie Spiders seek to find new seeds to plant. It is said their silk is stronger than steel, and one bite from their fangs can render its prey paralyzed and helpless. The metamorphosis begins after several minutes.

### *Light of a Pitysian Faerie*

The glowing remnants of a Pitysian Faerie found in the Wetlands of the same name.

The Faeries of the Pitysian Wetlands are a reclusive sort, yet protect their home with a fervor and brutality to rival that of the most ferocious of humans. Delicate and beautiful in their

appearance, they use this to their advantage, luring in unwary mortals with promises of safety and love, only for their lovely wings to envelope them in the spores of a neverending slumber.

### *Robes of a Pitysian Supplicant*

Resplendent robes worn by mortal supplicants of the faeries' goddess.

The few mortals that are spared the wrath of the Pitysian Faeries become worshippers of their goddess. These misguided few wander the Wetlands, acting as tenders to the forest and eyes for their deceptive masters.

### *Scripture of Pitysia*

Scripture used by the Supplicants of the faeries' goddess.

The nature magic associated with faeries is known only by the few who call themselves Faeologists, yet the magic practiced by the Pitysian Faeries show a darker side to nature. The Pitysian Supplicants use these spells to spread the word of the faeries' goddess and expand the Wetlands.

### *Soul Essence of the Idol of Pitysia*

Concentrated soul essence of the Idol of Pitysia, guardian of the Pitysian Wetlands.

The Goddess Pitysia was born into an age of desolation, and it was through her connection to the energies of life that pervaded throughout the world that she brought such an age to an end. However, she was not without enemies, and in preparation for her death, she created the faeries, who would continue to spread life and fend off desolation long after she passed. The Idol, created in the image of the faeries' goddess, seeks invaders and punishes them with a fate rivalling the goddess'.

Absorb the power of the Idol within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *Bow of Pitysia*

A compound bow blessed by the faeries' goddess thanks to the soul essence of the Idol of Pitysia.

Centuries into the Age of Conquest, the goddess Pitysia had a revelation: despite her and her faeries' deep connection to the world, it was not enough to halt the death brought by the expendable agents of desolation. Pitysia, in a desperate attempt to restore her labors, sacrificed herself to nature and turned into an elder oak. This bow, crafted from her bark, was used by her Idol to protect the goddess herself.

## **The Deathmarsh**

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### *Blighted Heart of a Marshen Wailer*

The heart of a Marshen Wailer that wanders the Deathmarsh.

Few humans wander into the Deathmarsh out of curiosity or necessity, but many who do fail to return. The Wailers, humanoid in appearance, are only seen above the water's surface whenever they sense a human's presence. Why they are only hostile toward humans is unknown.

### *Blighted Heart of a Bloatspawn*

The heart of a Bloatspawn, swollen to an immense size.

The Deathmarsh has long been known as a cursed place, one where men either never return or return as hideous monstrosities. The mad few who call the marsh their home tell countless tales of men going under the marsh's numerous bodies and water and monsters coming back up.

### *Mudskipper Mucus*

A jar of mucus harvested from the skin of a Mudskipper native to the Deathmarsh.

The Mudskippers of the Deathmarsh are constantly hunted by the Gravediggers, who harvest their mucus and slather themselves in it. "After all," they say, "the mudskippers are the only ones unaffected by the marsh's curse. Now, so are we."

Effect: Increases curse resistance.

### *Marshen Gravedigger's Clothing*

Tattered, damp clothing worn by the Gravediggers of the Deathmarsh.

The Age of Conquest saw much death for the Kingdom of Sereceil. The Gravediggers were formed to give the thousands of corpses left for carrion the proper respect their sacrifices deserved. The notoriety of the Deathmarsh allowed the Gravediggers to construct their Grand Sepulcher in peace and let the departed rest in a similar manner.

### *Marshen Gravedigger's Shovel*

A rusty, dirtied shovel used by the Gravediggers of the Deathmarsh. The shovel's edges are unusually sharp.

Two types of soil make up the Deathmarsh: soft soil, which acts like quicksand, and hard soil, ground so dry it could be mistaken for bedrock. The Gravediggers' shovels are designed to not only pierce hard soil, but also slice through soft soil without any filling in the hole. The shovel's shape and sharp edges are why the Gravediggers never bothered crafting weapons.

## Looter Gauner

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t my favorite customer! The hell are you doin here? Don’t you know it’s dangerous here? No place for a customer like yourself! Come on, now! Get out of here!

“Ah, you… you aren’t goin to be leavin anytime soon, eh? Hmm, well, alright then, but don’t say I didn’t warn you. The Deathmarsh is no place for any man.

“Aye, I’ve been here before. Worked as one o’ the Diggers for several years. A great bunch, they were. Despite the piss-poor weather and annoying critters comin after us every other day o’ the week, the work wasn’t all too bad. Lots of ol’ bodies that needed some buryin. Proper buryin, that is. Aye, aye, I know, how exactly can work like that be ‘good?’ It wasn’t the work, it was the people I worked with. All great guys… So sad to see the ol’ town so busted up like this… Damned Farof.

“It wasn’t easy leavin the Diggers behind. Still hard to accept that. But I gotta make a livin, keep myself from goin mad with boredom, you know. It also helped me get my mind off Farof.

“Farof wasn’t all that great a guy. I’ve never seen such a dirt bag like him before. Silent, judgmental, and a hell of a kleptomaniac. Pretty sure there were at least four dozen naked corpses in the Sepulcher before we caught him. Still, that didn’t stop him. He just kept stealin and stealin and stealin till the whole town just went to shit because of his stupidity. Forced me down to his level just to survive.

“Listen, can I ask a favor? I’ll reward you handsomely if you accept. I need you to go after Farof. I’m sure the son of a bitch is still around here somewhere. What happened to him… well… let’s just say the Marsh is nothin to him now, completely livable even without housin. Find Farof. Kill him. Bring me back somethin to prove the deed. That’s all I ask. Happy huntin, friend.”

## *Gargoyle Knight's Armor*

Armor crafted from the stone remains of a Grand Sepulcher Gargoyle found in the Deathmarsh.

The Gargoyles of the Grand Sepulcher were originally constructed to scare off any marsh creatures drawn by the tasty morsels within, hence their draconic appearance. After grave robbers and marshen creatures appeared, the statues were imbued with magic and given life. Their stone skin is also enchanted, giving them more protection than average stone could offer.

## *Deformed Scaleheart of Farofnir, Dragon of Avarice*

The deformed Scaleheart of Farofnir, Dragon of Avarice, who hid deep within the Deathmarsh.

Old Deathmarsh tales speak of a Gravedigger who mastered his craft solely so he could pillage offerings left for the recently departed. He amassed a grand fortune over the years and hid it away far from the prying eyes of his fellow diggers. One night, a terrible Lindworm appeared from one of the Gravediggers' shacks and, after slaughtering numerous innocents, sprinted off into the marsh. Neither the avaricious gravedigger nor the dragon were seen again.

Absorb the power of Farofnir, Dragon of Avarice within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## *Farofnir's Fangs*

Twin shortswords fashioned from the fangs of Farofnir, Dragon of Avarice.

Farofnir, a young dragon, had few make attempts on his life, and even fewer survived. One such man, who fled after watching his colleague devoured by the beast, could not stop rambling about the dragon's fangs, which, according to him, could skewer a man effortlessly. The coward also mentioned how his comrade, after being bitten once, became paralyzed, but not by fear since his body, stiff as a board, slowly tipped and fell face first into the waters surrounding the dragon's lair, hence why he perished.

## Precipice Delta

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### *Blighted Heart of a Delta Muddweller*

The heart of a Delta Muddweller, who inhabit the Precipice Delta.

The Muddwellers, which are believed to be related to the Marshen Wailers, wandered into the Khiris River Delta some time ago, though their presence was met with swift resistance from Dormar. Overtime, they evolved to blend in with the Delta's characteristic dark mud and survive living within it for long periods of time. Since then, multitudes of Muddwellers evaded the blades of Dormar's knights, and are now free to roam the Delta unperturbed.

### *Blighted Heart of a Delta Fisherman*

The blighted heart of a fisherman who lived in the Precipice Delta.

The people of Dormar were not hunters nor were they farmers, and relied heavily on imports from other cities to supply them with meats and produce. However, they soon took up fishing, not out of necessity, but because spearing fish was a great form of practice for novice Dragoons. Those who could not become Dragoons simply returned to the Delta for their livelihoods.

## *Blighted Fisherman's Spear*

A spear commonly used by the fishermen of the Precipice Delta. Blight covers the spear's shaft and head.

The fishermen of the Khiris River Delta fashioned their spears from the ones given to novice Dragoons. Not only were they formidable in catching fish, they were also designed to be effective against a dragon's scales, particularly those of the lesser dragonkin that roamed the Delta.

## *Dormar False Scabbard*

A trick weapon used by Dormar Mystic Knights.

Mystic Knights, as their name suggests, befuddle the minds of their enemies with myriad spells, though the False Scabbards are their staple. The Scabbard's base sword is formidable on its own, but uninteresting and unthreatening in its design. Only when the sword is placed in the False Scabbard does the weapon's true power shine, emanating powerful magicks and nearly doubling in size. To the untrained eye, it is just a normal scabbard.

## *Dormar Mystic Knight's Armor*

The enchanted armor of a Mystic Knight of Dormar.

Dormar, unlike the other High Cities, valued subterfuge over open combat, though when no other choice was viable, the Mystic Knights still utilized trickery. Their armor, forged from dragon scales, is covered in magical runes that obscure the Knight's movement, confusing enemies and allowing the Knights to counterattack with little to no resistance.

Effect: Obscures dodges.

## Scaleheart of a Delta Naga

The Scaleheart of a Naga that lives in the waters of the Precipice Delta.

A peculiar race of dragonkin, the Naga are relatively young when compared to the others that roam the Khiris River Delta, appearing after the founding of Dormar. Many understand the Dormar's union of dragon and man, but few believe it could have gone that far.

## Scaleheart of a Delta Lindworm

The Scaleheart of a Lindworm found roaming the Precipice Delta.

In the city of Dormar, snakes are viewed as agents of evil and the form taken by Narythus. Dormar legends state Narythus was one of the Old Dragons that shaped the world alongside Dormar, Father of Men. Narythus, whom despised his brother's creation, calling them destructive abominations, attempted to trick Dormar into killing his children. However, his plan failed, and his obsession began to take its toll and devolved him into a vile snake.

## Scaleheart of Arunicor, Tyrant of the Delta

The Scaleheart of Arunicor, the Knucker otherwise known as the Tyrant of the Delta.

Arunicor was infamous throughout the Kingdom of Sereceil, for he was the sole dragon to fend off the jaws of death during countless attempts on his life. Numerous Dragoons, Mystic Knights, and Mesmers died trying to end his tyrannical reign over the Delta. Alas, the damage was already done. Even after his reign is long ended, the Delta forever belongs to his kin.

Absorb the power of Arunicor, Tyrant of the Delta within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## *Spear of the Delta Dragoon*

A spear crafted from the Scaleheart of Arunicor, Tyrant of the Delta.

The Dragoons of Dormar were both friend and foe to the dragonkin. Their spears, modeled after the fangs and talons of the wyverns they ride, are designed not only to skewer men, but pierce the scales of the lesser dragonkin who encroach upon Dormar's territory. This spear belonged to the Delta Dragoon, sworn nemesis of Arunicor, who nearly ended the beast's life on numerous occasions.

## **The Void Falls**

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### *Remnants of a Memory*

Twisted remnants of a Memory brought to life by the Void.

The ethereal inhabitants of the Void bear a striking resemblance to those who once lived where it now sits. Are these our memories of the High City given form, or the unfortunate souls of those who passed with the Void's creation? Or are they even something more?

### *Falls Latcher's Tongue*

The tongue of a Falls Latcher of the Void Falls. Adhesive mucus covers the supple appendage.

While the tongue appears to be made from some sort of muscular material, the Latchers themselves appear to be plant-based. Void scarring and blue, pulsating moss cover the creature's

circular, tooth-swollen mouth, which itself appears to be attached to the rocky ceilings of the caves they are commonly found in.

### *Dormar Mesmer's Staff/Wand*

A staff/wand that once belonged to a Mesmer of Dormar.

The High City of Dormar was known far and wide as the center for Illusory Magic, where all who wished to unlock its secrets would venture. Most who did became Mystic Knights, while the few gifted with true understanding of the ethereal became Mesmers.

### *Dormar Mesmer's Robes*

Resplendent robes formerly owned by a Mesmer of Dormar.

In Dormar, Mesmers rarely saw battle and spent most of their time governing the High City. Whenever one was needed in times of conflict, they were brought in to avoid bloodshed instead of assisting their fellow Knights or Dragoons in battle.

### *Void-touched Wyvern Egg*

An egg laid by a Wyvern Matriarch, though it appears faintly corrupted by the Void.

The Wyverns of the Khiris River Delta are among the largest and strongest dragonkin known to man, dwarfed only by the Old Dragons themselves. First contact with mankind resulted in unnecessary bloodshed for decades until the First Dragoon made peace with the Wyvern Matriarch, who promised her brood to the humans in exchange for conquest over the lesser dragonkin.

## *Void-touched Gem*

A gem found near the Void Falls. The dark energies of the Void dance below the crystal's surface.

The Void beyond the Precipice Delta emanates energies reminiscent of the Illusionists of Dormar. These crystals were utilized in the creation of Mystic Knights' characteristic False Scabbard, and the Mesmers always had at least one present in their wands or staves.

## *Void-touched Scaleheart of a Wyvern*

The Scalehaeart of a Delta Wyvern, scarred by the Void.

The Wyverns are terrible dragons capable of massacring an entire town in minutes without even a scratch on its scales. The creature's massive talons and powerful jaws can crush a man in seconds, while its spiked tail can whip and skewer any who run behind it. Should any prey escape its reach, the dragon can always resort to its signature fire breath.

## *Dormar Dragoon's Armor*

Bladed, winged armor worn by the Dragoons of Dormar.

The design of a Dragoon's armor is just as symbolic as it is effective. The wings and draconic aesthetic is meant to show the bond between the Dragoon and their Wyvern, while the blades they form are crafted to pierce lesser dragonkin scales and lacerate the vulnerable flesh underneath. Considering their roles as both dragonriders and dragonslayers, it is no surprise outsiders to Dormar believed the warriors were part dragonkin themselves.

## *Azure Blight Paladin's Greatspear*

A large greatspear wielded by Azure Blight Paladins.

The Azure Paladins are wanderers, traversing the vast expanse of the Void Falls and searching for a way to capture the Azure Lord's host. After losing many to the Falls Wyverns, the Paladins adopted these spears to puncture the dragonkin's scales and inject Blight directly into their bloodstreams, though what effect it has appears to be little or naught.

### *Void-touched Heart of the Nagaronne the Leviathan*

The heart of the great leviathan Nagaronne, one of the Old Dragons cursed by the Void of Dormar.

Nagaronne, the Old Dragon of the Sea, was tasked with creating the world's oceans and the creatures that lived beneath its waves. Protective and vindictive, the Old Dragon patrolled the briny depths and laid siege to any vessels she happened across. The Void of Dormar beckoned to her, for its very existence, she knew, was unnatural and, for the survival of her children, needed to end.

Absorb the power of Nagaronne the Leviathan within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *The Abyss' Embrace*

A powerful yet dangerous curse born from the Void-touched Heart of Nagaronne the Leviathan.

While the curse drains one's lifeforce as fuel, the caster is rendered almost invisible, dark energies from the Void surrounding them and rejecting any and all light. Interestingly, the spell is a more potent yet dangerous form of the enchantments placed on a Mystic Knight's armor.

## *The Azure Blight*

One of the Strains of Blight created by the Dryads of the Verdant Frontier.

The Azure Blight was sent to Dormar from a Dryad Hovel far away from the High City, travelling across the Khiris River to reach its destination. However, the city was long gone by the time the Blight arrived, forcing its Paladins to find it shelter until a suitable host could be found for the Azure Lord.

## **Hovel of Veritas**

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### **Looter Gauner**

“Heh, bet you weren’t expectin to see me here, huh? So... I take it Farof’s...?”

“Heh, so you did get the slimy bastard. Saw what happened to him, did you? Let that be a lesson, pal. If you have to steal, you HAVE to steal, not because to WANT to steal. Greed’s one o’ them deadly sins or whatnot. So, now that that’s taken care of, your reward. I decided I’m gonna set up shop here. No more runnin around the Frontier for me. Besides, it seems you got a nice little bunch here. The more regulars I get the better, right? Hahahahaha!”

### **Sister Aurienne**

“You return... with the Azure Blight! Amazing! Oh, yes, no outbursts from me today, friend. Veritas told me everything. So long as we have the Strains, we can kill the Blight. Next step is Kragsark, though getting there will be a little trickier than before. There is a road that leads into Kragsark that’s not too far from the Hovel that leads to an underground passage dug out by our solitary knight over there. Apparently, he’s from Kragsark, showed up after the Black Veil appeared. However, he’s locked the gate and our only way into the city. Go talk to him, see if you can get the key. Oh, and Robin, too. May the Gods protect you.”

## Sane Blightborn Robin

“You are full of surprises, friend. For the first time in a while, you’re giving me hope. Right then, our last stop. Kragsark. You’re going in blind on this one, friend. I have no idea what state the city is in, not since the Black Veil appeared. I don’t know if you’ll encounter Blight or just the mad sorcerers that inhabit the city... perhaps both, if you’re lucky. Considering the Veil, all I can say is expect fire. Definitely expect fire. Aurienne tell you of the knight? Ferren, I think his name is. Go talk to him, get the key, and go get that Blight Strain. Best of luck to you.”

## Sir Ferren, Knight of Kragsark

“You again. What do you want? Hmm? Kragsark? Yes... I... I know Kragsark, am from there, but what do you want with that gods-forsaken city? You... you want to... go there... to Kragsark...? No... no, I must’ve heard that wrong. You don’t want to go to Kragsark, stranger. There’s nothing there for you... for anyone.... It’s best you just let this folly quest of yours go. Apologies.

“You’re a persistent little bugger, aren’t you? Well, do what you must, but my lips are sealed. Best Kragsark fade into obscurity than give it one more soul to feed.

“What’s that? Kragsark has something to do with the Blight? Hah, that’s hogwash. Kragsark’s got a blight, and I can assure you, it’s not the one you’re looking for. Now begone.

“Why? Why, why, why, why, WHY?! Why can’t you leave me bloody alone, stranger?! I’ve had to deal with enough horrors these past few days...! You want to get to Kragsark? Fine! Take this key and head southeast. Once you see a large, dilapidated iron gate, open it. That’s the path to Kragsark. You’ll know you’ve arrived when you see the Red Wall. Good luck with whatever rubbish you’re looking for there... and mind the fire. Now leave. Me. Alone.”

## Soot-covered Key

A key formerly in the possession of Sir Ferren, a former knight of the High City of Kragsark.

Sir Ferren, covered in soot and caked with blood, was the last to travel from the southwest, where ill tidings and horrific shrieks echo throughout the Frontier. Sir Ferren refuses to say what has happened to Kragsark, though his silence tells much.

## **Conflagration of the Gods**

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### *Charred Moss-covered Branch*

A tree branch burnt black in by the Conflagration of the Gods. A rare breed of moss, orange in color but singed and covered in ashes, covers most of the branch. This moss can only be found in the Conflagration of the Gods.

Effect: Increases resistance to fire damage.

### *Firefly Soul*

The glowing remains of an Ash Firefly of the Conflagration of the Gods.

Old legends from long ago state that a firefly's light is the soul of a faerie of fire, keeping it from causing mischief in the forests and towns. Killing a firefly releases the faerie; house and wildfires follow shortly after.

Effect: Applies fire damage to an equipped weapon for a short time.

### *Everburning Entwood*

The flesh of a recently deceased Forest Ent, scarred by the carelessness of the Kragsarkens.

Humans have known of Forest Ents for centuries, but never interacted with them because of their solitary yet violent nature in regard to forest trespassers. These everburning Ents were an unfortunate casualty in the Kragsarkens' attempts to quell the Inexorable Unshackling and halt their foretold demise.

Effect: Self-immolation: Player is engulfed in flames, taking fire damage over time but dealing fire damage to attackers.

### *Druidic Dryad Robes*

Robes belonging to a Dryad Druid, slightly singed from the former owner's time in the Conflagration of the Gods.

The humans of Lorendar were not the only ones to incur the Dryads' wrath, it seems. Dryad Druids near and far flocked to the Conflagration, hoping to undo the damage caused by the Kragsarkens' recklessness.

### *Gnarlwood Staff of the Druids*

A large limb of a Gnarlwood tree, most likely used by druidic Dryads as a catalyst for their magicks.

The Druids are a reclusive sort, rarely seen by mortals. It is believed that the Druids live solitary lives roaming the Frontier, restoring the natural balance of the world to certain areas. The few interactions they have had with mortals show their resentment and disgust for mankind, the only ones to undo their work.

### *Heart of a Flame-maddened Dryad*

The heart of a Flame-maddened Dryad, still beating and scars alit.

The fury of nature still beats within this heart, but the torment of fire misdirects its anger, turning the Flame-maddened against the smothered who live free of the Conflagration, man and Dryad alike.

### *Flame-maddened Dryad's Scorchwood Scepter*

The scepter of a Flame-maddened Dryad, its wooden façade still burning from the flames of the Conflagration.

The ashen scepters of Dryads who succumbed to the flame followed their masters, forsaking the healing magicks of nature in favor of destructive pyromancies. These Dryads are forsaken by their own brethren, hunted down just like the mortal savages.

### *Heart of a Flame-maddened Kragsarken*

The heart of a Flame-maddened Kragsarken soldier, still beating and scars alit.

The flames of the Conflagration have extinguished the lives of many, but the worse still is how they have snuffed out the sanity of others. The flames still burn despite the passing of years, fueled by some unnatural cause, or simply hate.

### *Flame-maddened Kragsarken's Molten Blade*

The longsword of a Kragsarken soldier, faintly glowing from the flames of the Conflagration. Despite appearing brittle and ineffective, the Molten Blade's strength remains, now adding fire to its attacks.

The Flame-maddened Kragsarkens wander the Conflagration, their minds hollowed of all thoughts but one: vengeance for their suffering, their damnation. All the living will perish, and the Church will answer for their betrayal with fire.

### *Flame-maddened Kragsarken's Molten Armor*

The armor of a Kragsarken soldier, faintly lit from the flames of the Conflagration. Even though it is still aflame, the armor is (mostly) safe and still wearable.

The fires burning within the Conflagration of the Gods are unnatural. They burn for what seems to be an eternity. They cannot be snuffed, cannot be extinguished; its thirst is unquenchable. Woe to those afflicted with the Conflagration's flames, for their torment is as unending as the Infinite Hells.

Effect: Boosts fire resistance.

### *Sanguine Blight Paladin's Greataxe*

A large, Sanguine-bladed greataxe normally wielded by Blight Paladins of the same color.

The Sanguine Blight Paladins appeared shortly after the Inexorable Unshackling, drawn to the seeping Red Wall of Kragsark. However, many perished in the Conflagration. Those that remain attempt to find a way into the city in hopes of finding their vulnerable Blightlord.

## *Heart of the Inferno Whisperer*

The pulsating heart of the Inferno Whisperer, engulfed by an intense flame.

It is unknown where the Inferno Whisperer came from, and more so what it is. Some believe it is a demon, escaped from Kragsark. Others see it as a ghost, the spirits of those lost to the Conflagration keeping the flames alive with their hatred.

Absorb the power of the Whisperer within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## *Conflagration Breath*

A powerful pyromancy bestowed upon the slayer of the Inferno Whisperer. A large swath of flame erupts in front of the caster, bestowing the blessing of the Conflagration to all caught in its wake.

It is said that all flames can be smothered, all blazes extinguished, save for one. How the Men of Kragsark covered the land with the hellfire of the Gods' Inferno is a mystery best left unsolved.

## *Sharpened Lever*

A broken metal rod sharpened opposite the handle found next to the corpse of a Kragsarken knight, in turn surrounded by Dryads. A message is written in blood next to the knight:

“Key Kragsark But Go Not Death Only”

## Hovel Inferno

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### *Smoldering Heart of a Cinderborn Dryad*

The heart of a Cinderborn Dryad, black as night and caked in ash.

Dryads capable of overcoming Flame-madness turn into Cinderborn Dryads. Though they no longer have the same connection to nature as their verdant brethren, they still work to undo the humans', but through the lens of fire and destruction instead of nature and rebirth.

### *Blazing Heart of a Flameborn Thrall*

The heart of a Flameborn Thrall, alit with flame.

Many of the Dryads' Thralls perished in the Conflagration shortly after it started. The remnants of those Dryads, the Cinderborn, created spells capable of calming the Flame-madness in the remaining Thralls and any afflicted Kragsarkens. These Thralls, their sanity still lost to flame, serve the Cinderborn as mindless, burning husks.

### *Will-o'-wisp's Soul*

The soul of a Will-o'-Wisp found within Hovel Inferno.

Will-o'-wisps, in human legends, are ghosts of faeries who died thanks to humanity's unwitting harm to nature. Anyone unfortunate enough to encounter a Will-o'-wisp loses their soul, and their body is burned to ash, now acting as nourishment for the Frontier.

## **Cieres the Disgraced Druid**

“You. Human. Here. Here now.

“Admit, not expect human help. Trap here. Key missing. Not break lock. Not strong break cage. You strong. You break cage. Help Cieres.

“Hmm, you human different. Help Cieres. Cieres... you say Dryad, yes? Why help Cieres. Wait, no, Cieres not care. Cieres thank many.

“Cieres druid. Here stop Betrayers. Other druids die. Betrayers take souls. Capture Cieres. Cieres disgraced. Cieres not return others. Cieres capture again. Human... not kill Cieres? Not capture Cieres? Help Cieres?

“Human strange. Human help, but human still human. Human... not hate Dryad? Hmm, Cieres understand not.

“Hmm? Human know Hovel? Hmm? Human friend other Dryad? Veritas? Hmm, human know Hovel and Dryad. Human fine. Where Hovel? Cieres go to now.”

## *Brimstone Heart*

A fist-sized rock glowing orange from heat. The flickering of a dancing flame can be seen from the inside.

The Dryads of Hovel Inferno use these stones as power sources for their Living Effigies, giving them life and the power of flame. Dryad smiths also use these stones to power their Flameborn weapons or permanently set their original weapons on fire.

## *Flameborn Blade*

A sword crafted by the Dryads of Hovel Inferno. The blade is composed entirely of fire, acting as both a sword and a torch.

The Cinderborn, in their pursuit of complete control of flame, created the Flameborn Blades as a way to easily eliminate human enemies. While the blade is nothing but flame, it still cuts like solid steel, eviscerating mortals while also setting them alight.

## *Everburning Staff*

A staff crafted by the Dryads of Hovel Inferno. The tip of the staff is perpetually aflame, acting as both a spell catalyst and a torch.

The Cinderborn Pyromancers use these staves to channel their fire magicks. Because many are repurposed Druid staves, the staves tend to be very brittle, and will weather quickly with use as a result.

## *Vineheart of Haedres, the Dryads' Damnation*

The burnt vineheart of Haedres, the Dryad's Damnation.

Haedres was the first of the Cinderborn, and studied the Conflagration to save his Flame-maddened brothers. His efforts to create a new breed of Dryads was met with opposition from the verdant Dryads, who now enter the Conflagration to destroy the Cinderborn abominations.

Absorb the power of Headres within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## *Scripture of the Pyromantic Dryads*

A book of pyromancies fused with power from the vineheart of Haedres, the Dryads' Damnation.

Before Haedres, pyromancies were few and classified as fire sorceries. Scholars and sorcerers believed fire could only be thrown as fireballs and spewed as a constant stream of flam. The work of the First Cinderborn shows there is more to fire magic than previously known. Now

those who wish to call themselves pyromancers can seek the knowledge to create storms, geysers, and quakes of fire; changing fire's color can also change its effects.

## **Kragsark, the Damned City**

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### *Still-bleeding Crystal*

A crystal used to summon Blood Parasites. Its surface is covered in viscous, dark blood, and more seems to pour from the inside every second.

Effect: Increases bleed resistance for a limited time.

### *Fell Crystal*

A crystal used to summon Demon Parasites. The crystal's interior appears to be a swirling tempest of fell energies. A slight jolt can be felt every now and again.

Effect: Increases corruption resistance for a limited time.

## **Faust Allegan**

“Gah! You... you... you are not.... You should not be here, stranger! Leave while you still have you sanity. And your soul.

“You... you’re still.... Why did you not...? There is nothing here for you but damnation! Get out of here. Now.... Please.”

“Please leave.... For both our sakes””

### *Twin Scimitars of Blood*

Curved swords perfect for slashing throats and stabbing guts. The signature weapons of the Hosts of Blood.

Disciples of Hemomancy would do anything and everything to seep themselves in blood, from eviscerating their own bodies to bathing in blood vats to mutilating innocents. On the Night of Blood, many gave themselves to Blood Parasites, letting themselves become mindless slaves, hungry for the blood of all living.

### *Armor of the Blood-drenched*

Crimson plate and cloth armor stained with blood still dripping.

The School of Hemomancy has had a presence in Kragsark since its founding, though it did not gain much power till the crowning of Alisae. Since then, ornate and effective items arrived at the underground alters of the Blood Mages, and the School of Hemomancy continued to spread out onto the streets and into the homes of even the most prestigious nobles.

### *Grimoire of the Infinite Hells*

A rune-covered, leather grimoire decorated with demonic regalia. Fell magicks and demonic energies are the weapons of Kragsark's Demonologists.

Men have always been drawn to promises of power, and sometimes the lure of the damned is too much for mortals to ignore. These individuals have been influenced to commit unspeakable crimes against their fellow men, casting them closer to their dark masters. In the end, was it their fault indeed?

### *Garb of the Demonsworn*

Coarse, dark robes decorated in all manner of infernal devices and charms, all clinking in disunity with the rattling chains covering the raiment.

The Demonologists of Kragsark were a fringe group till Dendras took his throne. Since then, their work to summon demons into the world progressed rapidly. Soon their pacts gave them enough strength to overwhelm the city with countless demons during the Infernal Twilight, coinciding with the Night of Blood during the Inexorable Unshackling.

### *Mace of the Gods' Cruelty*

An ornate, white-and-gold bladed mace wielded by Pious Hunters of the Last Bastion Church.

The mace has always been a symbol of holy punishment, a humane yet efficient way to strike down the wicked and cast judgment on their souls. The addition of blades to this weapon is uncharacteristic of the clergy, who viewed blades as instruments of the vile Blood Mages.

### *Shield of Sinners' Fall*

Shields wielded by Pious Hunters of the Last Bastion Church. The edges of the shield are bladed for lethal counterattacks. A golden sun, its rays each a sword, is emblazoned on the shield's white façade.

The Pious Hunters see themselves as the antitheses of the Blood Mages. They patrol the streets of Kragsark, seeking their quarry and striking down any who pass them, all in the name of their gods and fallen city.

### *Holy Book of the Last Bastion Church*

Holy Scriptures kept by Pious Exorcists of the Last Bastion Church.

The Scriptures told of the Inexorable Unshackling, though the denizens of Kragsark did not heed the warnings of the Church. Now, the Scriptures are used to deliver divine reckoning to the souls it tried to save, particularly the Exorcists' sworn enemies, the Demonologists.

### Whip of Sinners' Scorn

A long, leather whip wielded by Pious Exorcists of the Last Bastion Church.

The Church viewed flagellants as slayers of sin, stripping the affliction from the souls of the unworthy as they whipped flesh of the sinners' bodies. The whips are now seen as divine instruments used to execute Demonologists but not rid their sins, sending the demon worshippers to the Infinite Hells for punishment.

## **Faust Allegan**

"I see my words have not swayed you. I should be impressed. Tell me, what folly brings you to this gods-forsaken embarrassment of a city?

"Blight? The same one that took Loerndar? Here...? I have yet to see any... but... only so noble a cause could drive mortals like us to brave Kragsark's horrors. You have my admiration. And my trust.

"My name is Faust, last alive of the noble House Allegan. Mine was the sole house to stand against Kragsark's descent into darkness, and the last left to undo it all. I know this city well, and I am willing to aid you in your quest. But first, a favor. House Allegan proper still stands not far from here. I need to retrieve something from it, but I... I cannot bear to see the shambles it has become. Not again. So I ask: will you go in my stead?

"Many thanks, stranger. The item in question should be in the second floor study. It looks like a large metal circle with intricate decorations upon its face. Find it and bring it back to me. Good luck."

## *Soulcrystal of the Warden of Mortals*

The cloudy soulcrystal used to summon the Warden of Mortals.

The Inexorable Unshackling saw a wave of demons and blood horrors flood the streets of Kragsark, drowning hundreds in its wake. For those that survived, a powerful demon was summoned by Demonologists to keep their subjects and the Blood Mages' prey caged. Should any escape, the Warden would find them. So long as the body was returned and the blood saved, the Warden could do as it pleased.

Absorb the power of the Warden within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## *Chained Greathammer of the Sinners' Lord*

A hammer roughly the size of the average man, crafted from the Soulcrystal of the Warden of Mortals. Inhuman strength is required to wield this weapon with both hands.

What isn't smashed by this indomitable hammer is ripped to shreds by the chains decorating its black surface. The chains represent those worn by the Sinners' Lord, the one who created sin and whom all sinners serve in the Hell of Depravity. The black mirrors the void where its heart would beat.

## **Faust Allegan**

“By the gods...! You... You’re alive! And you have the Planisphere! I... I’m afraid words cannot describe my gratitude. Please, don’t bother leaving. You cannot, after all.

“I am unable to return this favor, friend. I am unwilling to let you continue. I have found the Blight and blocked off all access to its domain. How can I let you leave when there are more pressing matters to attend to? After all, you have obtained the Planisphere and killed the Warden

of Mortals. You have proven yourself the only one capable of ending Kragsark's madness. You are the only one who can kill the Royal Family of Kragsark.

"Take this lift. It will take you to Castle Kragsark. Find the Royals. Kill them all, and bring me proof of their demise. Only then will I let you pass."

## Castle Kragsark

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### Kragsarken Noble's Garb

Garb worn by Kragsarken nobility. It offers virtually no protection.

Opulent is a common yet apt description of a noble's garb. Yet in Kragsark, it is not the garb that matters, but what covers it. Much can be said of a man whose clothes are speckled with blood or soot, more for one with both.

### Royal Demonologist's Robes

Black robes worn by Demonologists of the Royal Court.

Sickly green runes adorned the robes. While their position may seem spontaneous in appearance, Dendras, the Master of Demonologists, believed their placement would amplify their corrupting power, giving him the army of demons he longs for.

### Royal Blood Mage's Scalemail

Scale armor worn by Blood Mages of the Royal Court.

Alisae and her Blood Mages saw blood as power, its vessels merely locks meant to be broken. Each scale draws blood from the wearer, bestowing upon them the gift of blood. However, only those blessed with the Blood Mistress's own essence can receive this gift.

## Royal Court Kris

A dagger with an undulating blade, commonly used during sacrificial ceremonies.

The experiments of the Blood Mages and Demonologists of the Royal Court require potent tools, and both see the mortals' essence as a necessary variable. As such, the kris was adopted by the Royal Court of Kragsark, as its blade created lacerations with the utmost ease.

## Blood Phantasm Phylactery

The heart of a Blood Phantasm, still dripping with the creature's viscous remnants.

The pride of Kragsark's Blood Mages, Blood Phantasms are blood given life. Alisae believed the human body was a prison, our true beings inhibited by flesh. Her Blood Mages enacted countless experiments to prove her correct and silence her opponents. Considering their aggressiveness, the Phantasms did just that in many ways.

## Claws of Lust

Claws amputated from the forearms of the Succubi and Incubi of Castle Kragsark.

Dendras' Demonologists believed the Hell of Lust was the most powerful Hell their summons could reach. The claws were originally seen as blemishes for the demons, unfortunate remnants of the sacrifices' subjects. When their deadliness was exhibited, the Demonologists kept the claws, and began developing their own.

## *Crossbladed Sinbearer's Sword/Spear*

A golden sword/spear wielded by the Sinbearers, the Royal Guard of Kragsark.

The crossguards adjacent to the sword/point are blades in and of themselves. The Sinbearers adopted a ferocious fighting style that left themselves wounded and their opponents dead or dying. Both Blood Mages and Demonologists profited off of the bloodshed and weakened test subjects, respectively.

## *Bladed Sinbearer's Shield*

A golden shield wielded by the Sinbearers, the Royal Guard of Kragsark. The Royal Crest of Kragsark is emblazoned on the front in dark red and sickly green.

The edges of the shield are bladed, allowing the Sinbearers to use it as a weapon. In some cases, Sinbearers were known to throw their shields at fleeing opponents or ones keeping their distance. Most Sinbearers' armor is worn near their left shoulder, and many show scars or raw skin from underneath.

## *Armor of the Sinbearers*

Gold and blue armor worn by the Sinbearers, the Royal Guard of Kragsark.

The Last Bastion Church has been a nuisance for the Royal Family ever since Kragsark became a High City. In an attempt to end the Church's whining concerning absolution, the Royal Family created the Sinbearers, members of the Royal Guard willing to bear the sins of Kragsark in place of the Royal Family and their subjects.

This, however, did not stop the Church.

## *The Royal Family's Phylactery*

A phylactery holding the blood of the Royal Family of Kragsark.

The blood of royals was believed to hold immense power in the School of Hemomancy. Each member added their own to the phylactery, hoping that one day it would bestow immense power upon the Royal Family. Queen Alisae, her husband King Drendas, and their unborn children were the last additions to the phylactery.

Absorb the power of the Phylactery within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## *The Mother's/Father's Sin*

Twin swords of blood and hellfire crafted from the power of the Royal Phylactery.

Sin is a curious demon. The masses believe it is easily purged, and will be passed on to others should one fail absolution. Yet all answer for their crimes, and those inheriting sin simply find new punishment. In the end, sin makes all suffer.

## **Faust Allegan**

“I hope you bring good tidings, friend.

“...The Roaly Phylactery itself.... Never in my wildest dreams did I think I’d lay mine eyes upon it. You have proven yourself a stalwart ally, my friend. The path to the Holy Quarter is open. There is where you will find the Blight. But before you go, take this.

“I have imbued celestial magicks within that planishpere. I will not be need it. Use it well, my friend. May the stars shine forever in your favor.”

## House Allegan Planisphere

A planisphere previously owned by Faust, last of the Allegan bloodline.

Faust, like his father Dreyfus and his ancestors before him, was an Astrologian before the Inexorable Unshackling. The Allegans adopted Astrology and used planispheres to scry the stars, hoping their knowledge of the future could end their fellow Krgsarkens' actions. When their pleas fell on deaf ears and the Unshackling approached, the Allegans adopted Astromancy, and used their instruments to instead wield the power of the stars. It was not, however, enough to stop the Unshackling.

## **Krgsark, the Holy Quarter**

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### Blighted Heart of a Profaned Clergyman

The heart of a clergyman of the Last Bastion Church consumed by the Sanguine Blight.

During the Inexorable Unshackling, a flood of demons and blood erupted from Castle Krgsark, most of which drowned the Holy Quarter. Countless clergymen of the Last Bastion Church died in the deluge – their Pontiff included – and left the Last Bastion Cathedral in shambles. The aftermath saw the Royal Family's forces driven out by the corpses of their slain enemies, reanimated by forces hidden beneath the Cathedral.

### Robes of the Forgotten Art

Tattered, dirtied robes worn by practitioners of the First Sinner's Forgotten Art. Their looseness covers the wearer's skeletal frame.

The robes of the First Sinner's practitioners carry the scent of decay upon them, and their stitching and sporadic discoloring in certain areas doesn't leave much to the imagination. Old

myths state sorcerers of the Forgotten Art wore robes like this to attune themselves with the natural force that eventually comes for us all.

### *Staff of the Forgotten Art*

A staff used by practitioners of the First Sinner's Forgotten Art, constructed from human bones.

The First Sinner's practitioners constructed their staves from the bones of slain loved ones, sacrificed in the name of their unholy lord. Scholars believe this practice was used to desensitize new practitioners, and keep their study of the Forgotten Art free of any regret or remorse.

### *Blighted Heart of a Cambion*

The heart of a Cambion, covered in Sanguine Blight.

Not all subjects of demonic transmutation result in near-perfect demons. Many result in horrific half-breeds, most of which were disposed of during the early years of Dendras' rule. The half-breeds were deemed unfit for use due to the fusion of human and demon psyches, resulting in split personality disorders and violent outbursts. The usefulness of the half-breeds was discovered after the Demonologists created spells nullifying their mental disorders and gave them greatswords.

### *Demon-Growth Greatsword*

A large, two-handed sword covered in fleshy demonic growth.

The Cambions acted as grunts and fodder against the Church during the Inexorable Unshackling. Those that remain have been left behind by their former masters, and now answer

to the Sanguine Blight. The Demonologists, baffled by the prospect of demons succumbing to mortal illness, theorized that it was the human side of the Cambions that succumbed to the Sanguine Blight, not the demon one. This, however, is unconfirmed.

### *Blighted Phylactery of a Sanguine Phantasm*

The heart of a Sanguine Phantasm, corrupted by the Sanguine Blight.

How the Sanguine Blight was able to take control of a Blood Phantasm is a mystery to the Blood Mages. The most plausible theories state the Sanguine Blight is a strain of Blight capable of only taking root in liquids, blood in particular. Yet this does not explain how the newly named Sanguine Phantasms are able to infect mortals and the clergymen's corpses.

### *Blighted Soulstone of First Sinner Jaseran*

The blight-covered heart of Jaseran, the First Sinner.

Legends say the High City of Kragsark was founded by heretics, and the city practiced their profane arts ever since. The leader of these heretics, the first king of Kragsark, partook in the Dark Art forsaken by his people once they witnessed his ascension to immortality.

Absorb the power of the First Sinner within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *The Lich's Kiss*

A Forgotten Art born from the soulstone of the First Sinner. Breathes life into corpses, allowing control of a thrall for a limited amount of time. Deals plague damage to enemies still breathing.

The First Sinner created numerous sorceries in his pursuit to understand the Forgotten Art, but none were as powerful or feared as his Kiss. Many believe he already discovered his immortality by then, and this particular spell could only be performed by living corpses such as himself.

## *The Sanguine Blight*

One of the Strains of Blight created by the Dryads of the Verdant Frontier.

The Sanguine Lord fell before his reign had begun, and the Strain nearly wiped out by the chaos of the Inexorable Unshackling. In an attempt to survive, the Sanguine Blight found its way to the Crypt of the First Sinner, in hopes of using the lich as a host for the Sanguine Lord.

## **Hovel of Veritas**

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### **Sir Ferren, Knight of Kragsark**

“Well, I’ll be damned. If it isn’t that crazy bastard. Survived Kragsark in one piece, eh? How’s about your sanity? That still intact as well?

“Listen, I’m glad you made it out of that hellhole. Do you, by chance, remember Faust Allegan? He found his way out of Kragsark shortly after you two parted and stumbled upon this humble little Hovel of ours. Don’t bother going after him. He took off into the Frontier, said he wasn’t coming back. I grieve for him, truly. Oh, he also told me what you did to the Royal Family. As a former Sinbearer, I... I must admit I am thankful for what you have done. You brought that madness to an end. If you are ever in need of assistance, my sword is yours and waiting.

“You’ve done us all a great service, friend. Perhaps when this whole Blight business is over, we can get back to rebuilding Kragsark, make it the High City it was always supposed to be. It’s the least we can do for Faust.”

## **Cieres the Disgraced Druid**

“Human return. Cieres speak Veritas. Veritas Old One but good. Cieres stay Veritas. Human stop Blight. Cieres... Cieres not like stop Blight. Blight return life. But... human good. Other Druids not good. Hmm... Cieres think. Cieres talk speak Veritas. Come later.”

## **Sane Blightborn Robin**

“Are... are you sure you’re not just some Blightborn like me? You’re... you’re not just a Black Blighted human, right? There’s... there’s no way you could’ve just gone and gotten all those Strains, killed all those Lords of Blight. You’re... you’re something else. Well... if you ever need by blade, do not hesitate to ask. My Oculus is ready for you. Go, speak with Aurienne. I’m sure she wants to see you.”

## **Sister Aurienne**

“The Sanguine Blight.... I... I almost cannot believe it. You’ve done in days what I thought possible only in years. You... you, my friend, are truly the one who will deliver us from this verdant hell. Go to Veritas. Speak with her. And good luck down there.”

## **Veritas, Tender to the Hovel**

“You return Strains and Druid. Cieres interesting, I see. Still stuck like other kin, but will soon see mistake. Take here. Place Strains in sockets. Pale in Pale. Azure in Azure. Sanguine in Sanguine. Black go in fourth. You need open path to ancient hovel below mine. You see, my Hovel sit in human called Ashendwood. Dryads called tree Yrdassiligg. World Tree. Below great hollow. Path to the ancient hovel. Path to the Blight. Sister go with.

“Bountiful life... to you.”

## The Blight Emblem

A piece of Blight-covered, petrified stone that was once part of the Great Ashenwood, also called Yrdassiligg, the World Tree, by the Dryads.

Veritas, an Ancient Druid, was one of the few to reject the madness of her kin, and instead decided to leave the safety of the ancient hovel in an attempt to combat the Blight as it spread. However, she was the sole rebel to escape, but it was not a loss. The Blight Emblem, the key to the ancient hovel and the source of the Blight, was in her possession, waiting to be passed on to the one who would slay the Blight.

## **The Ashenwood Hollow**

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### **Frontier Huntress Selvanna**

“Oh! It’s you! Still haven’t found my master, huh...? I haven’t either. But, I think I found another lead! The last one, I think! I found my master’s journal back when I was scouring the coast of the Khiris River. It was quite wet, but still readable... in some places. But luckily, it was only in the places that mattered! I read near the end, something about returning to the Hovel and heading ‘down.’ Well, I did some digging and found the entrance to this big cavern... *I guess it’s a cavern...? Wait, why does it matter?* Yeah, this cavern, and now I’m certain he should be here somewhere. Now... this looks pretty dangerous... I hate to ask again, but... could you go on ahead and find my master? Please?

“Haha, you know, I don’t know why I thought you’d say no. You are LITERALLY the second best person ever, no match. Well, good luck! And don’t get stung!”

## Young Twiggan Branch

A branch that formed the body of a Twiggan found in the Ashenwood Hollow.

Twiggans are small plant creatures that resemble a mass of twigs more than a living creature. Centuries ago before the creation of the Portal Matrix, Twiggans were considered a pest and treated as nothing more than weeds. However, the mass killings of Twiggans resulted in increased attacks from Forest Ents. This did not stop humanity from wiping them from all corners of the world.

## *Ancient Entwood*

Bark stripped from the body of an Ancient Ent found within the Ashenwood Hollow.

The Great Hollow of the Ashenwood tree is host to a unique ecosystem that reflects the state of the old, hollowed tree. Any living creatures that still survived after years of isolation evolved to survive on what little sustenance the Ashenwood could spare. The Ancient Ents of the Ashenwood are as barren as the bark that surrounds them, devoid of any leaves or movement as they continue their endless hibernation.

## *Blightwasp Queen's Stinger*

An abnormally large wasp's stinger taken from a Blightwasp Queen. Can be used as a dagger.

Unlike the wasps found throughout the Verdant Frontier, the Blightwasps of the Ashenwood Hollow are far more aggressive and large, and instead feed on the thin, dark sap of the Ancient Ents. Interestingly, any ents they feed on eventually become Blighted.

## *Blighted Bark of a Blightspore Proliferator*

The Blight-covered bark of a Blightspore Proliferator.

Twiggans scattered throughout the Ashenwood Hollow are not the only twig masses brought to life. Blightspore Proliferators, which look like large ticks made of sticks and Blight, skitter amongst the tangle of petrified veins that make up the Ashenwood's twisted core. Proliferators appear to be a new and unwanted addition to the Ashenwood's ecosystem, for all creatures, plant and animal alike, seem to either attack or flee from the twig piles.

### *Blighted Entwood*

Blight-covered bark of an Ancient Ent found in the Ashenwood Hollow.

The closer to the Ashenwood's roots one goes, the more Blight has a presence. The Blighted Ents are found here, and if their moss-covered facades didn't give away their affliction, their uncharacteristic movement and energy did. However, when undisturbed, they tend to remain stationary, moaning deep and long till they sense a presence.

### *Ashenwood Paladin's Twin Curved Swords*

Twin Curved Swords wielded by the Ashenwood Paladins that protect the Ashenwood Hollow

A large, two-handed mace wielded by the Ashen Blight Paladins of the Ashenwood Hollow.

Ferocious and stalwart despite no guidance, the Ashenwood Paladins stalk the stone roots of the Ashenwood Hollow, cutting down anything that moves to protect their dying home from invaders. Unlike the Blight Paladins of the Frontier, the Ashenwood Paladins answer to no master, yet their unwavering watch made them suitable templates for their Blighted cousins.

### *Blighted Makeshift Longbow*

A bow made from tree limbs, strips of bark, and muscle sinew. The bow still feels taut. Whoever made this is either a skilled craftsman or long gone. Blight coats the center of the bow and its string, slowly creeping its way across the bow's entirety.

Effect: Deals poison damage.

### *Blighted Frontier Hunter's Garb*

A set of Frontier Hunter's attire covered in Blight. The only sign of age on the jerkin appears to be from elemental exposure. The garb in and of itself appears to have been slightly used. Flecks of what appear to be flesh torn from the Hunter can be seen on the inside, caught in the tiny roots of the moss.

Effect: Poisons enemies when you are hit. Constant poison damage inflicted on wearer.

### *Blighted Heart of the Fallen Hunter*

Blighted heart of a Frontier Hunter who died before his time. A small note scratched on hide lies next to the Hunter's corpse, addressed to Selvanna.

Out in the Frontier, humans succumb to the Blight as quickly as the city-dwellers. However, a few are able to hold off its effects for longer periods of time through their strong will alone. This heart, still red and warm below the Blight, is testament to that theory.

### *Doppelganger Blightmass*

A pulsating Blightmass the Blight Doppelganger devolved into upon its defeat.

The ancient hovel is symbolic. It is a place where givers of life thrive, free from the tyranny of destruction's minions. The Doppelganger, which appears only to such slaves, acts as the gatekeeper, the last guardian to the ancient hovel. No slave can kill it, for it is life, and none can survive it, for it takes on the guise of death. Only those who share its composition can defeat it.

Absorb the power of the Blight Doppelganger within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *Blighted Copy*

A Blight spell formed from the essence of the Blight Doppelganger. Covers the caster in Blight, which then separates into a sentient minion.

The nature of Blight is magical, and was believed to be nothing more than an enchanted plant. Humanity did everything it could to cure the Blight, from medicines to surgeries to fire spells meant to burn away the Blight. How ironic none considered curse breakers.

## **Frontier Huntress Selvanna**

“Hey! Did you find my master?

“What... what is... whose heart is that? That... that can't be my master's... can it? What...? A note...? Here, let me see.... ‘Selvanna, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to see you again. Blight got me good, took its toll on me. I tried my damndest to fight it off, to keep it from beating me, but I guess I'm just as human as the next guy. Sorry for leaving so suddenly. That warg we fought before I left? Blighted. Spores sprouted on me. I ran, ran so you wouldn't suffer the same fate. I panicked. That's why you heard nothing from me, why I tried to run. I heard of a cure, an anti-Blight. I searched everywhere for it. This place, the Ashenwood, was the last place I could think to look, and the last I had strength for. Now, it's gone, both by strength and hopes to

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return to you. So I'm sorry, Selvanna, but this is good-bye. Stay safe and out of trouble. Alfrense.'

"I... I just need some time... alone.... I'll... I'll... see you at... the Hovel...."

## Hovel Dúchan

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### **Cieres the Disgraced Druid**

"Veritas tell go here. Help human. Fighting Old Ones. Cieres not like fight kin, but Old Ones mad. Minds gone. Blight not life. Blight just death. Cieres help human stop death. Go ahead. Cieres help when time."

### *Aged Vineheart of an Ancient Druid*

The old, pale Vineheart of an Ancient Druid.

The Ancient Druids are few and frail, extending their lives artificially through magic and rage. The scars from the Age of Conquest still linger and fuel their efforts to restore the world they lost to destruction.

### *Blooming Heart of a Loyal Blightborn*

The heart of a Blightborn loyal to the Ancient Druids. The dark Blight covering the heart is spotted with small, white flowers.

The Blightborn are a young race, crafted from the ruins of humanity and the conception of Blight. Though many rejected their birthright, their gift from the ancient hovel, some rejected their mortal torment and returned to their roots.

## *Blighted, Rotting Vineheart of the Ancient Dryad Monarch*

The rotting Vineheart of the Ancient Dryad Monarch, returned from the earth.

The Dryad Monarchs are not like their human counterparts, for they are a race all to their own. The connection to nature and life is strong with the Monarchs, and when the last one fell to man's conquest, its death brought an end to the Prosperous Era and set in motion a new epoch, one led by their conquerors.

Absorb the power of the Ancient Dryad Monarch within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## **Cieres the Disgraced Dryad**

“Done. Old Ones dead. Cieres end traitors. No more Blight made. No more death. Last Strain you kill, human. Luck with you.”

## *Charge of the Dryads*

A large scepter wielded by the Ancient Dryad Monarch during both its true and false reigns.

It would seem that all practitioners of magic, require a catalyst for their spells. The Charge, once blessed by life long passed, is still able to tap into the magicks of the world, though the splendid miracles it could once cast are long dead. However, its more recent creations are far more terrible, and one, whose dark presence still lingers on the staff, appears to have been the Monarch's last chance for freedom.

## The Blightmother's Bedchamber

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### Blooming Heart of a Royal Blightborn

The heart of a Blightborn who swore fealty to the Blightmother, and now serves in her court. The dark Blight covering the heart is spotted with small, purple flowers.

Those who surrender to the darkness within are said to find beauty in the most grotesque places. What motivates these Blightborn, be it misguided loyalty or some carnal lure to the Blightmother, is beyond human comprehension, and yet, it is still the greater sin of betrayal.

### High Blight Paladin's Greatshield/Mace

A large greatshield/two handed mace wielded by the High Blight Paladins who protect the Blightmother.

The High Blight Paladins, decorated in all the Strains of Blight, guard the personal chambers of the Blightmother herself. Their shields and maces, imitations of those wielded by the Holy Paladins of the Age of Conquest, are imbued with the power of the three Lords of Blight, and thus administer the same effects.

### Heart of Bryophytæ, the Blightmother

The Heart of Bryophytæ, the creature who birthed the Strains of Blight.

The Ancient Druids, in their obsession with the return of life, created the Blightmother as a way to justify their experiments, their creation of the Frontier's unnatural affliction. Born from the bodies and souls of their slain brethren, the Blightmother did as the Ancient Druids commanded, but, with the help of what little remained in the husk of the Ancient Dryad Monarch, she allowed the birthing of one last Strain, the one to end the Druids' madness.

Absorb the power of the Bryophytæ, the Blightmother within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

### *The Blightmother's Wedding Band*

A ring made entirely of Blight, crafted from the Heart of the Blightmother, Bryophytæ.

The Royal Blightborn that wandered the Blightmother's Bedchamber all wore rings made from the Blight that coated their queen, a symbol of their loyalty and affection. It was never known if Bryophytæ herself shared the same feelings for her subjects. Regardless, this ring was not crafted out of lust or loyalty, but out of sympathy and respect. By the Blightmother humanity died, and by the Blightmother shall we be saved.

Praise be to Bryophytæ.

### **The Blight's Heart**

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#### *Viridescent/Sanguine/Pale/Azure /Black Soul of the Blighted*

The essence of a Viridescent/Sanguine/Pale/Azure/Black Soul of the Blighted, which wandered the Blight's Heart.

The souls of the Blighted do not go to Paradise, nor do they go to the Infinite Hells. They come to the Blight's Heart, where they are simply reborn, placed back into their cursed bodies to spread the Blight and bring it one step closer to the immortality it so craves.

#### *Viridescent Blight Paladin's Sword*

The sword of a Viridescent Paladin, who guarded the source of the world's verdant plague.

The Viridescent Paladins were the first of their kind, the progenitors of the Blight Paladins who guarded the Blightmother and the Lords of Blight. While most are rarely seen away from their master, the few who venture into the Frontier seek out the last remnants of humanity, annihilating them to continue their master's march towards its new conquest.

### Armor of the Blight Paladins

Armor worn by the Blight Paladins who protected the Lords of Blight. The Blight covering the armor's exterior appears black as night.

The few who know of the Blight Paladins recall their resplendent armor and how all serve a Lord of Blight with unwavering loyalty. Yet of all the strains that lived, there is still one with no Lord, yet a bounty of Paladins, who venture cross the world searching not for their Lord, but a world where none exists.

## **Sane Blightborn Robin**

“You’ve reignited the fire in me, you know that? The last time I felt I could stop the Blight was back when Aurienne first recruited me. And now here we are, past the corpses of the Ancient Druids and their cadaverous Monarch, past the Blightborn who lost their minds and served the infertile Blightmother, past the countless Paladins who dared stand in our way. This is our chance to finally end this. So let’s.”

## **Sister Aurienne**

Lukas Berry

“So this is it. The Blight lies beyond this portal. I... I don’t know what to expect, but whatever it is, I’m certain we can defeat it. Together. You, Robin, and I can end this here and now. Let’s go, friend. For Lorendar. For Sereceil. For life.”

## *The Viridescent Blight*

The last living Strain of Blight, crafted by the Ancient Dryads.

The Ancient Dryads, hidden away underground for millennia, worked tirelessly to regain the land they lost, the life they spread. Over time, what little they could recall of their former home deteriorated to nothing more than green, for wherever there was green, there was life, or so they believed. So long as the world turned green, their lost lives were reclaimed. However, their misguidance made their sanity irredeemable.

## *Soul of Blight*

The soul essence of the Blight, life given material form.

What is Blight? Is it life given form, or is that what the Ancient Druids wanted to believe? Is it an unnatural affliction meant to be treated as such, or is that what humans can only see? Blight, as we know it, can never be comprehended.

Absorb the power of the Soul of Blight within yourself, or find someone willing to bestow its power upon you.

## *Black Blade/Axe/Spear/Shield of the Blightborn*

A black sword/axe/spear/shield crafted from Soul of Blight for the Blightborn, Slayer of the Blight.

Lukas Berry

The color black means many things. To some, it is elegance and wonder; to others, evil and despair. The Blightborn, child of men and the Black Blight, must choose the path laid out for him/her into the black void of the future, but what we encounter across the threshold is for him/her to discover.