

Backstories

A collection of various players backstories for their characters in Pax Dei

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VoidLock GraveHeart

Here you will find a list of [VoidLock GraveHeart's](#) Promotions & Demotions

?Class ? Blood Oath Paladin

?Titles ? Chaos Commander, Harbinger of Liberation

?Roles ? Alchemist

?Alignment ? [Chaotic Good](#)

?Age ? 32

?Gender ? Male

?Likes ? ??

?Appearance ? ??

?Affiliations ? [Hollow Aegis](#)

?Deity ? [Veilskarvard, the Veilwarden](#)

?Background ? Coming soon...



Vaelore Ironhand

Here you will find a list of Vaelore Ironhand's Promotions & Demotions

(Vaelore: Meaning - one who carries the stories of the wild.)

?**Class** ? Warden of the Wilds

?**Titles** ? ??

?**Roles** ? Survivalist, Tracker/Hunter, Leatherworker

?**Alignment** ? [Neutral Good](#)

?**Age** ? 18-19

?**Gender** ? Female

?**Likes** ? The scent of pine, the weight of silence, fire-cooked meat, worn leather, a well-loosed arrow

?**Appearance** ? ??

?**Affiliations** ? ??

?**Deity** ? ??

?**Background** ?

Vaelore carries two weapons, one by choice, one by blood. The bow has always been hers. Even as a child, she carried it in secret. Though forbidden, it was the one thing that felt right. Arrows fly where she wills them. She almost never misses.

The axe, however, was her father's. A towering, double-edged brute of a weapon, forged in the family forge and pressed into her hands when she was still too young to lift it properly. She hated it for years,

its weight, its noise, its presence. But when a bear came for her, and the bow failed, it was the axe that answered.

From that moment, she named it Kiss-Kiss, with a crooked smile and the words:

“Two blades. One for each cheek. Sweet, huh?”
Ironic, brutal, loyal, like her.

Vaelore was born in Oak Valley, Tremen. Her mother died when she was very young. Her father, Ulrich Ironhand, was a smith known for his skill, and his stubbornness. He raised her alone until the day he vanished without a word. Sixteen at the time, Vaelore had no one else. She survived by instinct and fire, keeping her home lit and her belly full.

She grew into the wilds instead of the walls. Her path took her farther and farther from what once was home, until one day it no longer felt like she had lost anything—only changed. The kill that marked this turning point was a bear. The bow wasn't enough. The axe, Kiss-Kiss, was. That moment bonded her not only to the weapon, but to the land itself. She no longer walked through the forest. She moved with it.

Vaelore's path crossed with [Maven Mune](#), who recognized something in her and offered the opportunity to meet Grand Marshal [VoidLock GraveHeart](#) of the BloodBrothers. This encounter changed the course of her life.

In the BloodBrothers, she saw the outline of something she had lost and perhaps never truly known, a place to belong. She followed them to BloodHaven, a city rising stronger with every moon. There, in the quiet heartbeat of the wild and the rising fire of a new sanctuary, Vaelore felt the first warmth of healing.

She walks among them now, not as a soldier, not as a symbol, but as a sister.

She would do anything for them.
It is a vow she made silently the day she met Maven, and it has never wavered.



Gwydion Belwor

Here you will find a list of [Gwydion Belwor's Promotions & Demotions](#)

?**Class** ? Archer/Spearman/Mage; (evolving)

?**Titles** ? Harbinger of Liberation

?**Roles** ? ??

?**Alignment** ? [Chaotic Good](#)

?**Age** ? 27

?**Gender** ? Male

?**Likes** ? Hunting, fishing, friends, combat training, and drinking.

?**Appearance** ? ??

?**Affiliations** ? [Hollow Aegis](#), [Ember Exchange](#)

?**Deity** ? ??

?**Background** ? Gwydion travelled from afar before he joined the Blood Brothers, running from a past he'd rather not remember. While he sees all among the order as his friends and trusted allies, he has never revealed much of this past, however events from his past led to him enthusiastically joining the Hollow Aegis within the Order once it was formed. In recent days, Gwydion can be seen travelling alone performing research on the various flora, fauna, tomes & nearby organizations. Information is key to a good merchant and he sees the opportunity to start such a venture within the Order. At a friendly get together sponsored by the allied clan of

Ravenhall in Inis Gallia, Gwydion shared the Story of Dio for the scary stories over a campfire.

Sahris Blackwood

Here you will find a list of [Sahris Blackwood's](#) Promotions & Demotions

?**Class** ? ??

?**Titles** ? Harbinger of Liberation

?**Roles** ? Knight Lieutenant, Armorsmith/Apprentice under Mastersmith Blackpickle, Dungeon Leader, Pathfinder and seeker of Backdoors, Jewellerycrafter, Tailor, Investigator and a Practitioner of Good Magiks.

?**Alignment** ? [Chaotic Good](#)

?**Age** ? 24

?**Gender** ? Female

?**Likes** ? Hunting, fishing, armorsmithing, tailoring, jewelry crafting, pretty things, friends, milk and her sword! She'll try most things once and is ready to get into silly adventures or mayhaps a bit of trouble.

?**Appearance** ? At 5ft1 she is a small but fierce lass, made up of lithe muscles and curves with long platinum hair and mischievous grey eyes that seem sometimes blue, green, or stormy depending on her mood.

?**Affiliations** ? [Hollow Aegis](#)

?**Deity** ? ??

?**Background** ? Growing up on an out of the way farm nestled by an unremarkable woods Sahris only knew her family and cousins

for most of her life. She was taught to hunt, fish, cook, build, sew, farm, and be self sufficient by the time she could walk and carry. She liked to explore what little of the world she could and when she had small moments stolen to herself she was sometimes convinced that some magik was real, that fantastic visions, haunting nightmare beings, magical melodies out of nowhere and even animals that could talk were not just simple fantasy. Still, she had little time for dreaming and it was often a hard life just scraping by with no frills or fancy things, the realities of life soon took over and left her daydreams in the past...

Her mother was sickly often, having been the daughter of a baroness who had never known a hard life or work, but who had fallen in love with Sahris' father and ran off with him. Sah's father was a quiet man who was prone to drink after many failed business investments and gambles, he realized his dreams of escaping farm life and providing something more grand for his family would never come to fruition. Her sister was 6 years older and often didn't want Sahris hanging around her, even with the few years between them it seemed they were worlds apart as siblings.

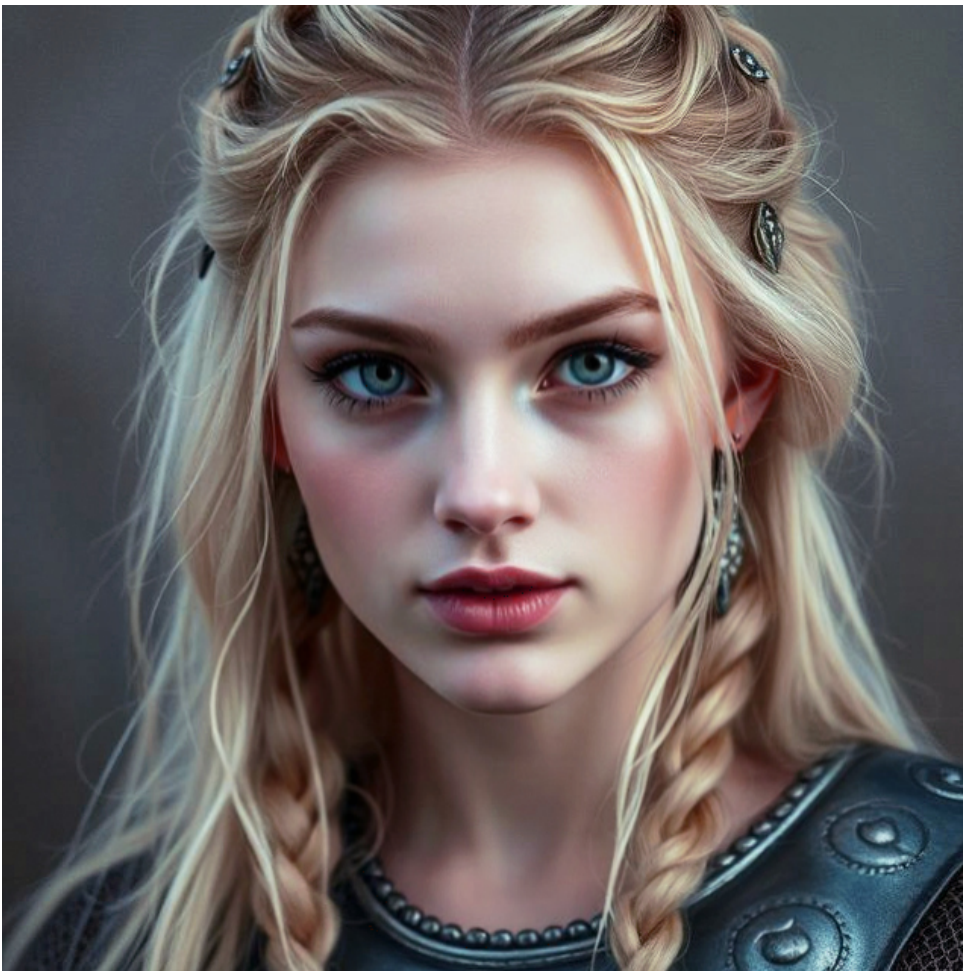
One fateful evening her father never came back in from the cows late milking after supper. Her sister being both pretty and cunning eventually accepted a marriage proposal of a travelling merchant to escape their dreary lot, and when left on their own her mother became even more ill and though Sahris did her best to care for her, she passed on from this life.

It was years later during a particularly brutal winter alone when Sahris realized she wanted more out of this world than to stay in their tiny cottage and live a miserable albeit safe existence, so she set out on her own with only what she could carry.

After many moons she had grown gaunt, experienced struggle, mystery, some few joys, and violence at the hands of beasts,

monsters and even humankind. She was so small she didn't even look the 19 years she was when she first stumbled out of the woods; battered, filthy, and all but dead into the path of her future: the land of Tremen and The BloodBrothers. Though unsteady on her feet she was sharp and clear eyed as Lord [VoidLock](#)

[GraveHeart](#) held out his hand and offered her a home, a family, and brotherhood as long as she swore her freely given loyalty which began a new chapter and allowed her to blossom into the fierce battle maiden most see her as today.



Amoranda

Here you will find a list of [Amoranda's](#) Promotions & Demotions

?Class ? Healer, Empath

?Titles ? Harbinger of Liberation

?Roles ? ??

?Alignment ? ??

?Age ? 25

?Gender ? Female

?Likes ? ??

?Appearance ? ??

?Affiliations ? [Hollow Aegis](#)

?Deity ? ??

?Background ? My good fellows: I pray your forbearance and forgiveness, at this overly long inquiry, from an unknown person of little importance. I am in desperate need of assistance in finding my sister, Amoranda, first born child in our family. It is my understanding that she may have come through your town within the last fortnight.

My quest is thus: I must impart upon my beloved sibling that her flight from her home, far in the north, which has lasted three years, is no longer a necessity. The ugly, brute of a man, to whom our late mother sold such a tender blossom in marriage when she was but fourteen summers, died of a fever, a sennight after the incident

where he, in a drunken rage, nearly beat her to death, which, in turn, urged her, in utter desperation, to take flight. It was only after she left that, having arrived from the next town over, I had learned the truth about how he'd been treating her over their more than eight years of marriage. Broken and bruised, she'd made her way through forests and undertook dangerous sea crossings. Utterly determined, I followed her trail for these many months.

Herein is my account, bedraggled, but honest.

I started out in a southerly direction, as not far north of the town is a vast sea, and further still lay grand ice and glacier formations.

On the third day of my journey the gods had smiled on me. I came across a farmer's wife who had found my dear sister, barely breathing and skin gone ashen, hiding in their stable, her garments caked in dried blood and mud. The farmer's wife told me Amoranda had been with child but lost the babe at least two days prior. The kind couple had taken care of her for a stretch of time, until one morning, upon their waking, Amoranda was gone without a word. In fact, the farmer's wife told me she'd barely spoken at all during her stay.

Months went by before I heard any hint of a whisper about my elusive sister. Then finally, as I sat near a tavern hearth warming my bones, exhausted from many sleepless nights, I overheard a man request of the innkeeper's wife if she knew of a tonic for a lingering aching of his head and chest. She bade him wait, then by and by, returned carrying a small iron pot with steam rising from inside. After rubbing a handful of green herbs between her palms, she tossed them into the water, then requested that he lean over the pot and inhale. When he did, she covered his head with his cloak, then instructed him to breathe thus until the water went tepid. I dashed forth towards her before she could once again disappear into her kitchens, and inquired if the herbs were mint and

eucalyptus. She confirmed that they were. Then, as if rehearsed, we said at the exact same moment, 'to clear the breathing passages and release head pain.' This took her aback for a moment until I explained to her that my own dear sister, Amoranda, had administered the same remedy to me many times. She confirmed that 'twas indeed the same woman. Then she gave me the disappointing news that Amoranda had already departed.

Exactly three years to the day of her initial flight, following a sea voyage and a perilous trek across a land littered with bogs and marshes, I happened upon a group of settlers clearing trees and fields, getting ready to establish a village. When I described my sister their faces brightened. "Verily, she did stop here for a time. The tale of your sister's strength will be told for generations." They did not hesitate in reiterating the story to me:

"Five nights prior, a lady warrior, dragging behind her on a cloak, one adult female boar and two offspring, all of which had been felled, approached our campfire, offering her kills for a few days of protection. When we asked how she had conquered the boars, she held up a bloodied sharpened stick. She said that she had jumped down from a rock outcropping, when suddenly, a startled, enraged boar charged her. Without a moment's hesitation, she dispatched it forthwith. It wasn't until she'd bested the boar that she found two vicious offspring not far off and slew them, as well."

Infinitely proud of my sister, and feeling that I was closer to finding her than ever, they provided me with a bowl of the boar stew, then, at first light, sent me on my way to continue my quest.

My dear sister survived many harrowing episodes along her journey. But already this message is much longer than I had intended.

Some may say it was unwise of her to have left her husband on that

fateful night. In fact, once word spread that she'd abandoned him, the local priest decided, between the breaking of her marriage vows and her knowledge of herbal healing, that she was a witch. And, because we are related, I also shared the ridicule. But this is not about me. I care not for my fate. But please understand that I love my sister, and she deserves to know that she is out of danger and no longer needs to hide in fear of further beatings from that villain.

Might you assist me? Have you seen her? If so, would you be so kind as to tell me which way she was headed that I may one day catch up with her?

In two days' time, I shall break my journey at a tavern in your village and await your answer there. Your kindness will bear fruit in the form of blessings, I am most assured.

With much sincerity,

Dagr, loving brother to Amoranda.

Maharlika

Here you will find a list of [Maharlika's](#) Promotions & Demotions

?**Class** ? Warrior of the Light

?**Titles** ? None

?**Roles** ? Protector, Blacksmith, Adventurer

?**Alignment** ? [Chaotic Good](#)

?**Age** ? 25

?**Gender** ? Male

?**Likes** ? Forging weapons, martial arts to build mind, body, soul, likes to read books, truth and wisdom.

?**Appearance** ? A semi athletic long haired young man with tattoos at the side of his eyes that represented the anguish of his bloody childhood.

?**Affiliations** ? None

?**Deity** ? The Light

?**Background** ? The 8th realm in the land of Gallia, a realm rife with religious fervor, political intrigue, and oppression. Among the many provinces of Gallia was Ancien, known for its fertile fields, rigid laws, and the iron grip of Duke Kenmore. Kenmore was not just a duke but also an enforcer of the Inquisition, a man driven by a twisted sense of righteousness. His inquisition sought not only heretics but also anyone who dared to oppose his authority, including innocent souls like Maharlika's foster family. (cont.)

Early Life: Maharlika was left as a swaddled infant at the gates of a modest farm in the town of Tursan. Fishermen and those who worked by the sea said he was found resting peacefully in a cradle that was by a sunken ship shining with a bright light. He was taken in by a kind-hearted couple, Elric and Adela, who had long prayed for a child. Though not of their blood, Maharlika became the center of their simple world, growing up learning the values of humility, hard work, and justice. The boy displayed a keen mind and exceptional resilience from an early age, qualities that set him apart from his peers. (cont.)

The Tragedy: Life in Tursan was peaceful until whispers of unrest reached the town. Duke Kenmore had begun a campaign of terror, using the Inquisition to root out dissent and strengthen his grip over Ancien. The hefty duke was infamous for his cruelty and a glutton, particularly toward Moorish slaves, whom he treated as little more than beasts and take away their food bank. Elric and Adela, horrified by Kenmore's actions, secretly aided escaped slaves, providing them shelter and safe passage. One fateful night, their acts of defiance were uncovered. Kenmore's soldiers descended upon their farm, torching it to the ground. Maharlika, then just sixteen, was forced to watch from a hidden alcove as his foster parents were dragged into the square and publicly executed for treason against the church. Their crime: harboring "blasphemers." The duke himself delivered the final blow, his cold gaze meeting Maharlika's as the boy fled into the night. (cont.)

The Flight: Alone and hunted, Maharlika wandered the Ancien Wildlands, his grief overshadowed only by his determination to survive. He found temporary refuge with other outcasts—displaced farmers, escaped slaves, and those fleeing the duke's tyranny. From them, Maharlika learned the harsh realities of life and the tales of resistance that still lingered in Gallia's shadows. In these travels, Maharlika began to uncover truths about himself. Among the whispered tales was one of a foreign child born under a divine

light, said to bring balance to Gallia's fractured lands. Given a sigil that was his belongings when he was delivered to his foster parents, he uncovered that the sigil belonged to a divine warrior from the far East of the world. The stories hinted that Maharlika's origins were tied to something far greater than the humble farm he had called home. (cont.)

The Path of Vengeance: Maharlika's resolve hardened. He vowed to end Kenmore's reign and dismantle the inquisition that had claimed so many innocent lives. To achieve this, he needed strength and allies. His journey led him to a clan that knows truth, balance and justice, an order known as The Blood Brothers. This clan worked diligently, opposing the injustices of men like Kenmore and offering sanctuary to those in need. As Maharlika trained with the order, he began to channel his pain into purpose. He became adept at combat, strategy, and diplomacy, blending the skills of a warrior with the cunning of a noble tactician that's in a battlefield. Yet, his heart remained torn between vengeance and the values instilled by Elric and Adela: that justice must never become blind hatred. (cont.)

The Present: At the dawn of the 9th realm, Maharlika stands at the precipice of his destiny. The fires of rebellion burn within him, and the bonds he has forged with The Order of The Blood Brothers give him the strength to confront his past. The road ahead is treacherous, but Maharlika's resolve is unwavering. He will face Duke Kenmore, not just as an orphan seeking vengeance but as a symbol of hope for the oppressed and a living testament to the power of resilience and freedom.

Jaxom

Here you will find a list of [Jaxom's](#) Promotions & Demotions

?**Class** ? Paladin of Solhart

?**Titles** ? Harbinger of Liberation

?**Roles** ? Smith

?**Alignment** ? [Neutral Good](#)

?**Age** ? 43

?**Gender** ? Male

?**Likes** ? ??

?**Appearance** ? ??

?**Affiliations** ? [Black Bloods](#)

?**Deity** ? [Solhart, The Golden Stag](#)

?**Background** ? The first records of Jaxom in Gallia, is in the Province of Merrie, Region of Ulaid. He was found struggling with the day to day life struggles of building his first home, since he was granted property in the region. He was found by a group of sell swords. They helped him hone his skills with blade and bow, but when they were wanderer by trade. When they decided to pick up and move, Jaxom did not make the trip.

Alone again and trying to find purpose. He found an Order of Solhart, and was then conscripted into the Paladin Order of Solhart. Grenather was the Knight Commander of the unit. He was charged

with eradicating Zebian encampments in the region. Grenather's second in command was a Knight Bachelor Amoora, Battle Maiden of Solhart. She took Jaxom under her wing and taught him the ways of Solhart. They battled through many different encampments before the unthinkable happened. Tasked with travelling to Inis Gallia, word was given to Grenather about an encampment north of the Jura region. One of the strongest leaders of the Zebians was rumored to be in this region.

Before we could even set foot to scout the region, we were besieged. The Zebians had set a trap! Grenather was the first to fall. Pushed to the edge of the cliffs, one of the Zebians caught him with a shoulder, knocking him off the edge and down to the rocks below. We charged to the edge, but it was too late. He was laid out, and not moving. We started our retreat running back to the Jura region for aid. They attempted to flank us and cut off our retreat. I charged the newly formed line, breaking it and stopping their advance. Amoora doubled back to help me with the surprise attack, but she was cut down. Jaxom could hear her screaming as they were dragging her back to their encampment. I was able to duck my pursuers and get away to Jura, but at a cost. Grenather, Amoora, and their Squires were all lost in the encounter.

All the gear I had was broken and useless. I was lost in Jura, with no lands and no way to seek revenge for those whom I had lost. I wandered the region until I came across a land owner by the name of Nefartious. Nefartious took me in, giving me shelter and helping me with some equipment to help me brave the wilds. Once rested, I attempted to make my way back to the battle field. I was unable to find anything of our battle there. It was as if it never happened. The Zebians had moved on, and the bodies of the dead were gone as well. I ventured back to Nefartious's home, stayed one last night, and thanked him for his hospitality before I left. Finding a small settlement to the south of his property. They had heard a rumor of a man with dark hair, and badly injured heading south through the

Wildlands. I travelled south attempting to catch up with this man, thinking maybe it was Grenather, but I could not pick up his trail. I ended up heading into the Province of Kerys to continue my search. No one in Tremen, or in Dolavon had heard of or seen Grenather. I had given up all hope.

Finding a promising location of land, in Dolavon, I claimed it as mine, and started to build a life for myself. My thoughts were, if I could claim the powers I once had through Solhart. I could exact revenge for my fallen comrades. I learned of my new neighbors, and of the largest city in the region. The Golden City. I lived life. I worked hard, lived off the land, and became a self taught smith of no renown. I started hunting again, I could feel Solhart urging me to make the Great Hunt.

I decided to set out, and make the hunting trip. The path was easy. I would travel from my home, up the river, and through the pass into Tremen. I would hunt any Stag I found along the path, and once home I would start the festival, even if it would only be me celebrating. While chasing a deer, I ended up in the outskirts of a town. I wondered if they would have members of Solhart in the town, and perhaps I would not be alone in the festivities. I entered the town and found it was named BloodHaven. As I started to talk to the citizens, I was approached by the Grand Marshal of The Order of the BloodBrothers. Grand Marshal [VoidLock GraveHeart](#) informed me he enjoyed meeting all new faces in BloodHaven, and after a long discussion, I was asked if I would be willing to join the free people of Tremen, and become one with the BloodBrothers. I felt a great pull of purpose in his request, as if Solhart was pushing me towards this encounter the whole time. I accepted his offer and Swore the Blood Oath.

BlackPickle

Here you will find a list of [BlackPickle's](#) Promotions & Demotions

?Class ? BattleSmith

?Titles ? BattleSmith, Harbinger of Liberation

?Roles ? Smith

?Alignment ? [Chaotic Neutral](#)

?Age ? 45

?Gender ? Male

?Likes ? ??

?Appearance ? ??

?Affiliations ? None

?Deity ? [Torbjorn, the Armored Bear](#)

?Background ? In the dimly lit forge of his ancestral home, BlackPickle the BattleSmith stands as a towering figure, both formidable and enigmatic. At 45 years old, he possesses a rugged charm that is accentuated by his broad shoulders and muscular frame. His skin bears the scars of countless battles, each one a testament to his skill as a craftsman and warrior. BlackPickle's face is adorned with a well-groomed beard streaked with silver, framing deep-set eyes that gleam with determination and intelligence. He often wears an intricately designed breastplate emblazoned with the insignia of [Torbjorn, the Armored Bear](#), a symbol of strength and protection, while his hands are perpetually stained with soot from

his work at the forge.

A Master BattleSmith known for creating weapons and armor that are not only deadly but also imbued with arcane properties, BlackPickle has garnered respect (and fear) throughout the land. His reputation precedes him; he is regarded as an Arbiter who upholds order through strength rather than compassion.

BlackPickle is driven by an unyielding desire to create armor and weapons that not only serve their purpose but also carry a legacy, a mark of honor that reflects the skill behind their creation. He believes that each weapon or armor should be imbued with arcane properties and a story, one that connects its wielder to the history of those who fought before them.

His devotion to [Torbjorn, the Armored Bear](#), symbolizing strength tempered by wisdom, fuels his ambitions further. He aims to forge weapons and armor not just for conquest but also to protect those who cannot defend themselves within their clan's territory. In this pursuit of dominion balanced by duty, BlackPickle harbors dreams of crafting an ultimate weapon that will secure peace through strength.

However, beneath this noble facade lies a more sinister ambition: to establish himself as the preeminent BattleSmith in all realms by any means necessary. He seeks to dominate both market and battlefield alike, believing that true power lies in control over both craft and combat. BlackPickle's motivations are deeply rooted in his upbringing within Clan BloodBrothers, a lineage steeped in tradition where honor is paramount. Driven by a desire to elevate his clan's standing among their rivals, he seeks to create legendary weapons and armor that will cement their legacy in history.

His ultimate goal is to help establish a kingdom where law prevails

through strength, a realm governed not by arbitrary whims but by unyielding codes of conduct that he himself will enforce. In BlackPickle's mind, such order can only be achieved through decisive action and sometimes ruthless measures.

The path leading to BlackPickle's current position was fraught with defining moments. One such event occurred during an ambush orchestrated by rival clans when he was merely 20 years old. Outnumbered yet undeterred, BlackPickle single-handedly defended his clan's territory using ingenious tactics and traps forged from metal scraps, an act that earned him both notoriety and respect within the Clan BloodBrothers.

Another pivotal moment came when the BloodBrothers lost their first Blood Hall to a saboteur initiated not by their enemies but by treachery from within their own ranks.

The evil Sourmilk has betrayed us all.

This betrayal ignited an unquenchable fire within him for justice; henceforth, BlackPickle vowed never again to allow chaos or disloyalty to undermine what he held dear.

BlackPickle's life has been punctuated by significant events that shaped him into who he is today. As an aging man, he watched helplessly as floodwaters swept away his ancestral home and claimed the lives of several villagers—including The evil Sourmilk. This ignited within him an insatiable thirst for knowledge about armor smithing and metallurgy. After apprenticing under Grathor, an elderly dwarven BattleSmith who recognized BlackPickle's potential, he learned not only how to craft weapons and armor but also how to innovate.

After forging an alliance with [Grand Marshal VoidLock](#), a tactical

genius whose vision aligned closely with BlackPickle's own, he found renewed purpose in executing plans that would bring stability through strength across war-torn lands. So he recited the [Blood Oath](#): "I swear on my blood that I will uphold this Oath. May my blood be sacrificed in betrayal, For honor, for glory, and for the brotherhood. By my blood I swear this Oath."

BlackPickle's relationship with [Grand Marshal VoidLock GraveHeart](#) is perhaps the most significant in shaping who he has become. Their friendship blossomed from shared struggles; they learned to rely on each other both on and off the battlefield. [VoidLock's](#) strategic mind complements BlackPickle's brute strength, creating a formidable partnership revered among their peers.

The members of BloodBrothers are like family to him; each warrior embodies different facets of camaraderie, bravery, sacrifice, humor, that enrich BlackPickle's life. He mentors crafters, passing down lessons learned from past BattleSmiths while fostering unity among them.

Yet not all relationships are without conflict; tensions can arise within BloodBrothers regarding decisions or strategies during warfare which challenge BlackPickle's resolve as he navigates these dynamics while trying to maintain harmony among brothers-at-arms.

... More to come as the story unfolds ...

Demoness

Here you will find a list of [Demoness](#)' Promotions & Demotions

?**Class** ? Priestess

?**Titles** ? Daughter of the Web, Harbinger of Liberation

?**Roles** ? Priestess of Araknavar

?**Alignment** ? [Chaotic Neutral](#)

?**Age** ? Centuries old

?**Gender** ? Female

?**Likes** ? Darkness

?**Appearance** ? A pale silken cocoon in a human shape covers the darkness of the veil. Dark Shadows swirl slowly around her and spiders can be seen on and around her.

?**Affiliations** ? [Hollow Aegis](#)

?**Deity** ? [Araknavar, the Widowmaker](#)

?**Background** ? Lilith grew up in a beautiful city, full of sounds, people and smells. She looked forward to going down to the bakery and getting freshly baked buns. She had a job as a Jeweler, carefully crafting shiny trinkets for all the lords and ladies. Until one dreadful day it came...

A deep rumbling started, the ground trembling under her feet. The dust rising, turning the sky an eerie shade of orange. The buildings began to crumble around her and fire erupted everywhere as the

city and all the land was buried forevermore...

It was dark... Very dark. The city that was once so full of life and light, only held death and decay. The only lights visible were the flickering souls of the lost and forgotten slowly walking the streets.

She searched many years for a way out, travelling the pitch-black landscape and bringing lost souls back to the city. A rumbling came, sounding like it came from every direction, before souls began raining down out of the darkness.

Again and again, this happened, each time she became angrier, wanting to kill whoever continues to bury the world over and over. Each new circle of hell, she would travel its lands and learn more about the cause of this devastation.

It was in the ninth circle of hell she found her answer.

She approached a huge castle shrouded in shadows. It stood in the rubble of the city she once knew, the light of the souls that lived there had been corrupted to only emit darkness and shadows. Anger swelled inside at the destruction as she walked up the steps to the main entrance and disappeared inside.

“I have not met a demoness so confident” A cold voice said.

A tall, slender woman, with eyes as black as her soul and skin of ashen grey. When she moved, it was hard to watch, as she seemed to flow like a breeze.

“Who might you be, and what have you done with my city”?
Demoness replied as she looked around.

The woman clucks her Tong and wiggles her finger in a ‘no’ gesture. “Your city? This is my city now. I am Queen of Death, this

is my kingdom, and you my dear are now my property”

“I’d like to see you try” Demoness retorted.

The Queen clicked her fingers and wraiths came at her from out of the shadows. Demoness ripped one down, then another. Every wraith that she tore down, a larger one would take its place till she was inundated on all sides, snarling and screaming in anger.

She was dragged to a dungeon cell, bloody and beaten, the door slamming and locking behind her.

When there is no light... no breath... no life... time stands still. She didn’t know how much time passed when her first friend came to visit. A small spider crawled on her hand, lingering for a moment before heading on its way. A normal reaction would be to flick it away, but it was the first inkling of life she had known since that devastating day.

Each day this spider visited her; each day She whispered her hopes of vengeance and freedom to its tiny form.

She was holding her hand close to her face, whispering to the spider when the guards came to her cell. The spider scampered into the shadows as she stood up to face the door. She snarled at them as they stormed her cell.

Demoness was bound and taken to a room full of shadows. She looked up to see a vortex to the veil, where shadows came and left the room freely. At the other end of the room stood the queen. A smug look on her face as she looked Demoness over, seeming to revel in her hatred. By her side stood a more intimidating form made of pure darkness.

“This, my Lord, is my attack dog, Demoness” She declared

“Demoness” The sound of this being sounded like a thousand voices speaking at once. It oozed malice and despair. He began to explain the cause of all her anger, all her pain. “It is the Divine’s will that you suffer” he said “It is the Divine’s will that all perish and are forgotten, damned to the hellscapes forevermore...”

Hatred, pain, venomous malice ran through her veins causing her to lash out, mutilating the guards surrounding her.

“Who do I kill? What must I do to stop this, Divine? Tell me!” She roared as she approached the two in front of her.

The shadow figure waves a hand and Demoness crumples to the ground. She tries to stand but a huge weight holds her in place.

“I am the Dark Lord. Remember me. For I am of the veil” He comes closer to her, a chill emanates from him that could freeze the very soul. “Kill the Divine... Destroy the mortal realm...” he whispers “This will free you”

“I will do as you say” Demoness growls, “The mortal realm will fall”

The weight was released, allowing her to climb to her feet. She looks to the two of them as she stood tall and ominous.

“Now go!” demanded the Queen

Demoness ran from the castle, determined to deal death and destruction. As she was running through a dark canyon, she was stopped dead in her tracks by a large silvery web. She screamed in frustration as she fought to free herself. The more she fought the web, the further caught she became. She was so busy trying to free herself, that she didn’t notice the massive black widow climbing down. She felt a hot searing pain, then sweet nothingness...

The sun slowly disappeared below the horizon, and the sky lit up with soft reds and golds as the curtain of night began to fall. A faint but chill breeze washed over a clearing, causing the grass to sway and ripple like waves on an ocean. The crickets, frogs, and other creatures of the night began the song of the night, hidden by the dark forest surrounding the clearing.

A woman who looked in her forties, stepped into the clearing. Bundled in her arms was a baby. The baby didn't cry, didn't move in the blankets it was wrapped in. The woman slowly walked to the center of the clearing and knelt on the grass; her head lowered over the baby as tears flowed down her cheeks.

She waits in the center of the clearing, uttering no sound, making no movement, the child laying lifeless in her arms. The breeze stops, yet the sky darkens with heavy clouds and hiding the mood that was now high in the sky. All at once, the forest goes silent. Nothing stirred, nothing made a sound.

When the woman heard this, she finally looked up and ahead of her. Hope was in her eyes, as well as fear, but she didn't utter a sound.

After a few moments, soft footfalls could be heard, then skittering sounds from all around her. Still, she did not move. The soft footfalls became louder, the sound of many feet walking at once and black shapes darted through the grass, some touching her and the baby she held. And still, she did not move.

The skittering retreated into the forest, and it grew silent again. After a moment, the clouds parted to reveal a gigantic web spanning the field, with the woman in the center. Something moved to her left making the giant web vibrate and was quickly taken down by one of the many spiders surrounding the field, all eyes watching the

woman hungrily.

The woman however did not seem to notice, as her eyes were locked on one shape emerging out of the darkness, the source of the footfalls.

A gigantic spider who parted the tall trees as easily as the small ones parted the grass, emerged slowly, yet purposefully towards the woman. This spider was known as Araknavar, the Widowmaker. Feared by some, revered by others.

Stopping in front of the woman, her huge fangs quivered at the smell, releasing a drop of venom that landed on the ground with a thud, killing everything trapped in it instantly. The woman held her breath for a moment and let out a shaky breath, but otherwise did not flinch.

A soft yet menacing voice sounded from Araknavar. "Why are you here child".

For the first time since she entered the field, she began to stir as she quietly back, her voice shaky and full of despair, "Please Mistress, I beg you, please help my baby"

"It is dead" Araknavar replies "that is the shell that was your child"

"Please" the woman continued, her body wracked in quiet sobs, "I can't live without her"

Araknavar was quiet, the eerie silence becoming deafening before she spoke again. "You want that shell alive?"

"She is my child" she begged, "with all of my being, I need her alive!"

“Then give me the child” Araknavar said, her voice now smooth as silk.

The woman unwraps the baby, the little arms falling to limply as the chill air touches even colder skin. She gently scoops the baby up and raises her as an offering towards the huge spider. A sob escapes her as she lowers her head and closes her eyes.

Quickly, Araknavar takes the small form and pierces the chest with a fang before wrapping it in a cocoon of silk. It gently places the cocoon back into the mother’s hands and says “The child will live, but the child is mine now. Whatever soul takes that husk, you will accept with gladness, and you will raise it to be just like you child”

The woman’s body began to shake, making the massive web heave and jerk, though none of the surrounding spiders moved. “Thank you, Mistress, thank you with all of my heart”

“There will come a day when I claim my child, and your judgement will come” Araknavar says quietly. “So be sure to raise it properly”. With that, the spider turned and retreated into the forest, followed by the multitude of smaller spiders.

Day and night the woman tenderly maintained the cocoon, keeping her faith that Araknavar would keep her promise. One night, as she was rocking and softly singing to the cocoon, it began to move a little. The woman stopped and watched the cocoon, until it moved again with more purpose.

“Yes!” she exclaimed excitedly “Yes, live! Please live!”.

A muffled sound began, then built up to a bay’s cry! With tears streaming down her face, she began hurriedly but gently tearing off the cocoon to see her child. As the baby’s eyes opened, they Shon a bright searing red then faded to become more like her own. As

she unwrapped the baby, the skin changed from a demonic black to a color that matched hers. It was at this moment she knew what soul had taken the body.

She hugs the tiny baby and says "My little girl is a demoness"

Twenty-one years pass as Demoness grows up learning all she can from her mother, learning right from wrong, though she always manages to put a demonic twist in to make things interesting. Every spare moment, she would longingly investigate the dark forest, looking for something, though she knew not what...

It was time to leave her mother, time to put her mother's training into practice. They both knew it, for they both heard Araknavar's soft voice calling her away. She hugged her mother, said her goodbyes, packed for a journey, and set off in search of her destiny.

As she hiked, she would see spiders come out of dark hidden places and would smile, feeling a warm kinship with them somehow. She noticed they would always be heading in one direction, so she too followed the spider's call.

She journeyed for days, camped by nights. Every night as she slept, she would see a dark form saying, "Kill the Divine... Destroy the mortal realm..." and she would wake up in a cold sweat.

As she peaked a hill, she could see soft lights in the distance. She stopped and wiped her brow, removing the sweat.

"Greetings traveler" A voice sang out.

Demoness turned towards the sound, to see a guard approaching her. She gripped her sharp stick, ready to defend herself if she needed.

“Hey, hey, hey” the stranger said, stopping and raising his hands. “I mean you no harm”

Demoness lowered the spear but eyed him suspiciously.

“Welcome to blood haven” he said, “would you like to come, and see?”

“No” she said, turned and walked away leaving him and the mortals behind.

For several days she stayed in the area, somehow drawn to this unusual village. As she watched, she would see people helping other people and joining in different events. This was strange to her, behavior that couldn't be trusted.

She fought a Zebian, it was a hard fight, but she got it to the ground. She searched through its shirt... nothing. Searched the pants... Nothing! Her stomach began to growl as she had run out of supplies. The growls grew louder, she turned towards the sound slowly.

A wolf stalks towards her, snarling. It lunges for Demoness, a flash of armor comes from the other direction and in the chaos, she lunges for her spear. She points the spear towards the guard, then the wolf lying dead at his feet, and back at the guard.

“I mean you no harm” It was the same voice “This is Blood haven; we provide shelter for the lost”

“I'm not lost” she lied, lowering her spear and turning to leave.

“Can I at least offer you some supplies?” he said

Demoness sighs not understanding why this mortal was being so

kind. What was his deal? What was the trap? But she was so hungry...

She turned back to look at him, finding he was smiling reassuringly and holding out enough supplies to last her for a couple of days at least.

She took the supplies and remembered what her mother had taught her “umm thank you” she mumbled and ran away to hide in the forest.

Day after day she got closer to this village that was calling out to her soul, day after day they did not drive her away.

She should hate them; they should hate her. Why they didn't hate her, she couldn't comprehend.

As time went on, mistrust turned to friendship, and the friendship grew tighter until she made the move to live in the town itself.

A kinship with these people grew until she took the oath. The Blood Oath. A sacred ritual among the Brotherhood that binds blood to blood and soul to soul. She recites her blood oath, swearing loyalty to Voidlock Graveheart, the Grand Marshal and leader of these people. Accepting that if she was to leave them, they would hunt her down.

As the Paladin gripped the demon's hand, a searing heat erupted in Demoness's hand as the light of the Brotherhood began to fight the darkness of hell.

It was a crisp clear night in the village, the stars bright in the sky as she sat stitching a hole in her garment. She paused as she heard the unmistakable call of Araknavar. Looking up, her vision became blurry and dark... She was moving along a large underground tunnel

into a chamber. Web coated every surface as hordes of black widow spiders darted in all directions.

“Come child” Araknavar’s voice whispered.

She stepped forward onto the web, watching the spiders as they calmed and sat still. She took another step, the web pliable under her feet, yet strangely not sticky. She stopped in the center of the chamber, as a great massive spider loomed ahead. As it approached her, the web bounced and shivered under its weight. She bowed her head as it stopped in front of her, she knew better than to run from a predator, but hoped she was not the next meal.

“Raise your eyes to me my child” she said softly “You need not fear me”

Demoness raised her head, her two eyes meeting with Araknavar’s eight eyes, seeing no hatred in them, only a cold authority.

“Show me your hand child” Araknavar said quietly.

Demoness put her hand out exposing her palm.

“You have the mark of the Brotherhood” she stated as she touched the cut still glowing hot from on her palm. “Stay with them” she cooed as she stroked the burn. “Learn from them” silvery silken web appeared where she had touched, closing the wound and containing the light inside.

She blinked her eyes and glanced around her. She was back at her home in the village, her garment lay forgotten on the floor. She raised her hand, touching the mark in her palm. There was no longer the burning of the light, but a steady warmth emanating from the now thin healed line.

There was something she had to do, but she could not remember what it was... Something important...

Demoness now knew what Araknavar looked like, and erected a monument in her likeness, feeling Araknavar's energy flow as spiders nested in it, somehow making her feel safer and more secure.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months as the light slowly spread mixing with her darkness and helping her to become part of the Brotherhood...

She woke up to the tolling of a bell, she rolled out of bed, all the work she had been doing the night before spilling onto the floor.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" she heard as the bell tolled again.

She stumbled sleepily to her doorway, hissing and shading her eyes from the morning sun.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" the town crier called "There is an emergency meeting at the town hall!" Demoness watched more people opening their doors as the town crier rang the bell again.

"Why the emergency meeting?" Demoness called back

The town crier looks to her, shakes his bell at her and yells "Hear ye, hear ye! There is an emergency meeting at the town hall!"

She wrapped her shawl around her shoulders and headed into the center of town, following the others towards the town hall. As she stepped into the building, everyone was looking expectantly forwards. She turned towards the front, where the Grand Marshal stood on the low balcony looking over them all. The look on his face was not one of happiness, but of concern, weariness and authority.

She knew then that something was very wrong.

“Welcome, and thank you for coming” he addressed the crowd “I have grave news to share”

She listened intently now, for what concerned him, also concerned the Brotherhood... also concerned her,

"In the oldest tomes in the Order of the Blood Brothers, Ancient prophecies whispered of a cataclysm that would bring forth a cleansing flood”

“A divine rebirth, masked by ruins, this event, known as the omen of oblivion, was said to mark an end. The end of an age...”

Her stomach dropped as memories of a city long ago was buried. As souls dropped from a black sky, doomed for eternity in a forgotten hell.

She again had the feeling that she had to do something vital to these times, but she knew not what it was. She turned and walked outside, Voidlock’s voice fading into the distance. She looked up into the sky where a large blood red moon loomed overhead, a moon drenched in the blood of the victims of the Divine, a moon that has seen many worlds buried into an endless hellscape. A forgotten rage and hatred began bubbling to the surface and she clenched her fists, growling. She stumbled as a vision flashed, a shadow of pure darkness.

“I am the Dark Lord” Demoness heard the voice of many voices. “Remember me...”

She shook her head, blinking, trying to get a grip in herself before her mind was plunged into the darkness once again.

“Kill the divine” it ordered “Destroy the mortal realm...”

“Are you ok?” A hand touched her shoulder, pulling her back. She looked around to see the concerned face of Mune, the village doctor. Demones nods “yes” she lies, “I’m fine” and turns to see the Grand Marshal had finished his speech to the people.

Demoness joined the crowd as it moved along, following Grand Marshal Voidlock to the sacred grove. She moved to the front as she watched him placing down Ethereal Crystals, Pasque flowers, and black trumpet mushrooms in a symmetrical pattern on the ground. As each one was placed where it belonged, it gave a slight glow eventually creating a path through the grove.

Voidlock then stood back and gestured to the faintly glowing objects “Follow the path I set out to you in an orderly manner”

Everyone to everyone else whispering to one another, not wanting to go first until Demoness stepped forward. She hesitated at the threshold of the grove, looking to her Grand Marshal for guidance. He nodded, she took a deep breath and stepped through onto the path he had laid out.

She staggered as a burning bright light hit her. She couldn’t see anything other than white light.

“DEMON!” she heard a vicious snarl, but when she turned around, she could only see white.

“You do not belong here!” came a snarl from the other direction.

She whirled around, snarling back. There was no path, there was no shadows she could hide in. The demonic blood grew hot, if she was to be destroyed, she would not go down without a fight!

A huge white wolf appeared before her, his pale blue eyes piercing into her very soul. She fell to her knees as his light surrounded her, piercing the darkness.

The pain eased, then became a soft warmth. She was confused but relieved as she looked up at the wolf.

“You should be destroyed...” he growls softly “Why are you still here?”

He sniffs her and pauses at the scar in her hand “You are of the brotherhood” He pauses for a long time.

“You are one of the pack” he growls softly, “But are you one with the pack?” He stepped aside and turned his head to look in the distance. She followed his gaze, her breath catching as she saw her friends, her kin fighting demons. Sweat mixed with blood as they fought for their lives...

“No!” Demoness shouted as she sprang to her feet and ran to their defense. The faster she ran, the further they got from her. Her lungs burnt and her legs felt like liquid fire, but she pushed harder to get to them, to save them!

She leapt through the threshold exiting the sacred grove, sweat pouring off her brow, blinking in the twilight. She looked around her frantically, meeting the eyes of Voidlock Graveheart. He nodded and smiled reassuringly, then said “Yes, just like that”

Shaken, she stood aside and waited for the others to go through the sacred rite and pass the test.

As the last of the crowd passed through the grove and the Grand Marshal thanked Vailskarvard for blessing them, the placed objects disappeared and Voidlock moved on to the Sanguine council

building. As she looked up at the Grand Marshal, his paladin armor glinting in the firelight, he explained that we had just done the orderly part of the ritual. Now is the time for chaos to create balance. Everyone scattered in all directions, but Demoness headed straight for the shadows of the forest. The shadows were where she belonged, where she felt most safe.

She leaned against a tree, listening to distant hollering of other villagers running through the forest. She heard a sound to her left and peered into the darkness cautiously as a large shadow moved among the trees.

“Approach child” says a familiar voice

“Araknavar” she whispers, relieved as she approached the huge spider “What do I do?”

“Hush now child” she chastised gently “Veilskarvard has spoken to me, he said you have enough light to see his path”

“It was so bright in there, the light so sharp” Demoness cried

Araknavar extended one front leg and touched Demoness’s chest “Because you are so dark” she replied

She heard the call of the Grand Marshal, calling for the crowd’s return. She turned towards the sound of the call, towards the village that will be destroyed. She glanced back to Araknavar, finding she had vanished and sighed, making her way back to the village.

The blood red moon loomed heavy in the sky, as Demoness met her brothers and sisters of the order at the lakeside. The air was thick with anticipation and fear, as all those present knew what had to be done. The ground began to rumble, the buildings in the distance crumbling as fire and smoke filled the air. She knew what

was happening, she had been through it before. All she knew of this land would be destroyed and everyone she knew would become trapped in hell for eternity...

There were whispers as the Sanguine Council faced the Brotherhood and spoke.

“Olvrida has warned us, she has said this. To save what is worth saving, you must leave all else behind” one of them holding Demoness’s gaze, their eyes boring into her soul. Demoness lowered her gaze, if there was truly a way to save these people, she would do it. Even if it cost her everything she had, she would do it.

Voidlock Graveheart, The Grand Marshal, raised his arm and pointed his sword to the sky.

“Naethrandi, Keeper of the Passage, Ferryman of the shadows, Grant us entry to the other side.” Voidlock said in a steadfast voice, full of authority. “We offer you our resolve, our courage, and the blood we’ve yet to spill. Guide us into the veil!”

His words settled heavily around them with an electric energy so thick she could barely move. Demoness began reciting her blood oath in time with the rest of the Brotherhood, increasing the potency of the blood bond as it wove like a tendril from the end of Voidlock’s sword into the spiritual realm. A dark shadow appeared on the lake, attracted by the blood bond, walking forward to stop before the Grand Marshal. He lowered his sword and bowed his head in respect as her eyes, as bright as fiery embers watched him. They stood in silence for a time, before Voidlock nodded and gestured silently to the rest of the blood brothers.

Her eyes turned from the Grand Marshal, lingering on each of the brotherhood in turn, each brother or sister reacting in their own way. As her eyes to Demoness, she swelled with all the hatred, malice

and torment she knew all too well.

“You do not belong here!” she said with a voice as sharp as a wolf bite.

Demoness stepped back at this attack, then growls and replies just as sharply “I belong to them, and they belong to me. We are kin and blood, I will NOT allow them die like the others” The corner of Naethrandi’s her mouth rose, she seemed amused and satisfied with this outburst.

A larger being she recognized as Veilskarvard, appeared at his sister’s side. He turned to Naethrandi, then to Grand Marshal Voidlock. looked to The Grand Marshal, then raised his staff. A flash of burning white light appeared and settled over them all, wrapping around them to protect their souls from being taken in the veil.

They both stepped aside to an old boat making its way out of a rift to the veil. They all climbed into the boat, Naethrandi on the stern. The boat moved smoothly through the dark water of the lake and through the rift...

As they entered the veil, the air became cold... heavy... menacing. All sound muffled to a dead quiet, all light faded to an ominous blackness. Everyone was quiet as the boat glided over the inky black surface, a light appearing here and there around the boat as souls of the dead floated to the surface.

The boat gently skidded to shore at the other side of the lake, everyone climbing out careful not to disturb the water. Voidlock thanked Naethrandi and with a nod, she disappeared closely followed by the boat, there was now no way back.

They all began walking, the gravel under their feet loud and echoed

in the silence. Dark shadows surrounded them, coming closer to reveal themselves as demons and soul eaters, hungry to destroy these mortals so full of light and life. Voidlock blocked a lunging demon with his shield, the demon screamed and vanished as his sword ran it through.

“With me!” called the Grand Marshal and the battle for life and light began...

Shadows rose against the brotherhood, falling to their iron will and steel blades. With every victory they moved forward, with every victory the shadows grew angrier and more vicious. Demoness snarled and snapped back at the shadows, viciously fighting by her pack’s side. Wraith stalkers rose from the shadows, circling them, separating the group from one another.

Demoness snarled viciously as a wraith stalker slowly circled her.

“You are a failure” the wraith stalker taunts “You are a demon fighting for mortals, have you grown soft on the surface?” Demoness leaps to the side as the wraith stalker lunges, barely missing. It slides to a stop and begins to circle again.

“You were sent to destroy the mortal realm” it hissed, “You were supposed to open the way for us to rein over all creation!” realizing it said too much, it hesitated for only an instant. An instant was all the opening she needed as she screamed with rage and tore into the wraith stalker. Blood and gore littered the ground, dripping off her fangs and claws as she joined the group looking more like her demonic self.

She tore at shadows and demons alike as she locked her shield with her pack’s, pushing forward through the never-ending onslaught of corrupted souls. When one would falter, another would howl out their encouragement. The pack stayed firm, the pack

stayed strong, and with Voidlock Grageheart, the Grand Marshal at their head, the pack never wavered.

Demoness fought for these mortals with every fiber of her being, and every ounce of her strength. The darkness would not take them while she existed, for a demon is not truly dead, yet not truly alive. They are in limbo and in limbo she would protect these souls from being taken! She was willing to follow these mortals to the ends of oblivion to keep them safe.

A cheer erupted as a faint light appeared in the distance “Forward!” Voidlock shouted over the chaos

The demons were enraged, the shadows whipped to a frenzy ripping at armor, ripping at flesh. She could smell the strong tang of blood as her pack bled, it reminded her of the vision she saw in the sacred grove.

“NO!” Demoness shouted, fighting harder and stronger than ever before, determined to get them to the light or perish trying.

The air left her lungs as something big sent her careening backwards, skidding along the ground to a stop. She lunged to her feet, running towards her pack when she was hit from behind and slammed to the ground again. She started to get to her feet a third time only to be pushed to the ground and held in place.

Demoness rolled over to see what had her and looked up at a huge wraith, one of the Queen’s guards.

“My attack dog has been very naughty it seems” came a familiar cold voice as the Queen steps forward and looks down at Demoness.

“They will not die here” Demoness hissed, fighting against the

wraith.

“Oh, but they will” the queen said, watching the demons tearing into the flesh of the mortals as they fought to get to the light.

“No!” Demoness snarled, jerking free and lunging at the queen.

In one smooth motion, the Queen of Death summons a shadow spear and plunges it deep into Demoness’s chest. Demoness screamed and collapsed to the ground as the spear ran her through. Watched as in the distance, the Grand Marshal led the survivors through the light to the other side.

A demon is not truly alive, nor is it truly dead... From the Runes of the Awakening

A bright light exploded from Demoness’s chest scattering everything around her, the spear grew hot and exploded into pieces, air filling her lungs once more. Vailskarvard’s ward had prevented her soul from being taken in the veil, thank the heavens for that paladin and his god!

Demoness turned towards the light in time to see the last of the pack step through. With the light still bright in the wound on her chest, she ran as fast as she could towards the shrinking light, jumping through just before it closed behind her.

“I will find you” she heard “I will come for you!”

She landed heavily on cool soft grass, there was no light in this place, no moon or stars. The ground hummed in rituals long forgotten and hushed voices of the dead. The fight with the Queen faded quickly as she searched the darkness for survivors.

“Varl!” That was Munes voice, she was sure of it.

Demoness headed in the direction of Mune's voice, picking her way carefully through the darkness. She approached figures huddled around a small campfire, blood oozed from various wounds over their bodies, mixing with the sweat, dirt and demon blood from the fight through the veil. She glanced over their worn, haunted faces, noting that not all survived and came through to the other side.

The blood and torment were attracting shadows, which swooped and circled around them. She snarled at the shadows, claiming these mortals as her own. She knew that in their weakened state, they were easy pickings for a possession. Left and right the shadows darted, only to be cut off by an angry, possessive demon.

"Let us have them" they snarled

"They are mine! They belong to me!" Demoness snarled back. Ripping into a shadow as it attempted to pass and throwing its lifeless corpse back at them before it disappeared.

"Lots of voices for such a tiny world" Tor said

The shadows sank back into the darkness as Demoness growled and paced outside the firelight in the darkness.

"Perhaps we got separated" she heard Gwydion say, turning to see him looking in her direction.

She knew she was not one of them, and yet, even in her demonic state, they seemed to detect her presence. These creatures were so strange, yet so endearing that they could even make a demon question her ways.

"The veil did not claim us this day" Voidlock said "We have made it through the very depths of hell"

Demoness sighed as everything she had done, all those she had fought in the veil still lingered fresh in her mind's eye

"This hollow, something still has a hold of it" Demoness freezes as Voidlock Graveheart continues "The veil will not let go so easy"

Demoness looked down at herself. She was of the shadows; she was of the veil. The thought that she was the one keeping the veil here disturbed her more than the veil itself.

Isenborn gripped his blade tightly and looked to his left, to where she stood not too far away.

"Who goes there!" Isenborn shouted

"Oh, hell no" Demoness replied, "I don't want to fight you" she hoped he could hear something she said.

"Are we actually out of the veil?" Gwydion asked, "I pray this is not one of Umbravix's tricks"

She had no idea what to do about this situation, other than to watch over them from the shadows.

"There are shadows lurking beyond the edge of our light!" Demoness turns to the voice, Isenborn was looking in her direction ready for a fight.

The Grand Marshal Voidlock claims "NO! The darkness will not claim us this day!"

Demoness sighs as she paces the edge of the firelight, wondering how she was to let them know she was here. She began calling each of them by name, Gwydion standing up as she said his name.

“You!” he said, “How do you know my name?”

“It’s me, Demoness” she yelled, “You need to see me, you need to know I’m here!”

“Wait!” said Fadril “can anyone hear that?”

Tor said, “Silence you foul demons!”

Voidlock leapt into the darkness swinging his sword, shadows retreating as his blade sliced through them.

“There are shadows about” Mune said, “Can you summon your light to hold them at bay?”

“NO!” Mune yells, then blinks. She looks at her spear “did that... did that happen?”

Demoness raises her hand to the wound in her chest wondering if she then saw what happened.

“This place carries the scars of the veil; we must cleanse it and claim it for the order.”

“Gwydion, is that you out there?” Mune said

Demoness could feel the warm energy of Mune’s searching gaze

“I can’t see you” Mune said as she approached. It seemed her energy could, but her eyes couldn’t.

“It’s me, Demoness” she said as Mune stopped in front of her, yet her eyes continued to search. Demoness lightly touched Mune on the shoulder, watching a realization light up in her face and her eyes stopped searching. She just hoped it was a good realization.

“Let us sanctify this land and cleanse the shadows from within this hollow” The Grand Marshal said, both their attention to the paladin.

VoidLock GraveHeart lowered his sword to the stone he was standing on. He spoke words she couldn't hear as white cracks began to spread outwards from the tip of the sword. The cracks fanned out and multiplied, spreading to every corner of the hollow with piercing white light. The shadows screamed as the light sliced through them, reducing them to a dark mist.

Demoness avoided as many white cracks as she could, not wanting to go the same way as those around her. Voidlock Graveheart said a word and plunged the sword into the stone sending a shockwave outward. Demoness was thrown back screaming in agony as the shockwave hit her, banishing the shadows from the hollow...

“And... return... gone” She heard the Grand Marshal's voice

Demoness was drifting between the Bloodstone Hollow and the shadow realm, there was no time, no sound, no sight, no feeling in this space, and yet she was still somehow tethered to the Brotherhood.

“VOID” she heard Mune somehow clearer than the others. “It's a message”

Demoness heard whispering all around her. It was not any language from the realms of hell, she knew not what they said.

“They... to... protected” That voice sounded like Jenessica

“When light fails, shadows remain” Mune's voice echoed through the darkness “Seek the heart, sever the chain” she continued.

“... stone ... place” She heard VoidLock’s voice “This... ... Bloodstone Hollow... push back... resides here... WILL CLAIM... OURS!”

“... No evil ... this place... draw breath!” she heard his voices fading in and out yet getting a little closer.

She hears the cheers of all the blood brothers.

“In the... Blood Brothers” The Grand Marshal continued. “I swear... I will... this oath... blood be... betrayal... for glory... Brotherhood... my blood... this oath”

A shockwave not unlike the one that had banished her ran through the darkness. Whispers of the darkness rose all around and grew louder as the tether strengthened and began to reel her in against the strong pull of the veil.

“In the name of the Blood Brothers” Demoness heard his voice loud and strong now, fighting to move towards it with the pull of the blood bond.

“Tonight. This night, we cleanse this place. In the name of the Blood Brothers, I reaffirm my vow to all of you and to my Order. Our Order. The Blood Brothers!” As she got closer to his voice, the intense pull of the veil also got stronger.

“Through blood we are bound, we stand united as one. In loyalty and honor’s fire, our bond is forged. Our hearts tempered true. By my blood, I swear this creed. My loyalty to the clan, I’ll shed my last drop before I yield. To protect this bond that forever shall reveal. For honor, for glory, and for the Brotherhood. By my blood, I swear this creed”

His last words loud as trumpets in her ears, she gritted her teeth

feeling like she was being torn in two before she fell heavily on the ground panting with exhaustion in the Bloodstone hollow...

Demoness retreated to the forest where, with the help of the spiderlings, she created the Temple of Araknavar. She was pleased when Araknavar herself came and perched on the side of the building, blessing Demoness with one of her shed skins. Demoness was cocooned and placed on the roof by the spiderlings every time she rested to preserve and restore the husk Demoness possessed. She knew that if the brotherhood were to see her in this state, they may think her a Zebian or corrupted and not think twice before killing her.

Each day the spiderlings did their work, mending the body, each night she came out to work on the temple of Araknavar. Demoness picked up jewel crafting, her hands somehow remembering memories long forgotten. She owed everything she had to Araknavar, she loved her so completely that she could not think of anything else, longing to be by her side.

“I must make a pilgrimage to see Araknavar” she would say “I need to go see her”

But every time she would get up to leave blood haven, she could not leave her kin. She owed the brotherhood everything as well. This dilemma troubled her greatly, how does one be by Araknavar’s side and stay in Blood haven at the same time?

Time passed and memories faded, Demoness began emerging into the town during the day now that her body was restored back to the way it looked in the old world. She was greeted by her friends as if nothing had changed, they always were a friendly bunch.

The day came when it was time for the Blood Brothers to travel to visit Storm’s Refuge. Approaching the large castle, Demoness

looked up as flashes of another castle came into view. She blinked and shook her head, continuing up the path with the rest of the group. The leader of their people directed the Brotherhood into the bar to have a round of drinks and a rest after the long journey.

“Yes please” Demoness said, accepting the offered ale and eagerly sculling the whole lot in one go. “Ahh that hit the spot” She laughed and talked with the others, the ale making her a little tipsy as she let her guard down.

She heard the crackling of a fire, following the sound to a fire pit. Demoness admired how the flames danced across the logs in the fire pit, gazing into the fire as she did so. The sound got louder, the smell of smoke filling the room. Distant screams followed by crumbling buildings as the city was swallowed whole. Demoness jumped as someone gently touched her on the shoulder, bring her back to the tavern. Demoness looked around her, only hearing laughter and the sound of many feet leaving to see the rest of the city. She wandered around the city, admiring it's Architectual prowess, meeting with people and spiders both. She always had a knack of finding the darkest areas where people would get a scare when they found her.

Demoness stood nearby listening to the two leaders talking about trading and alliances, when she felt a sharp pain in her chest. She stumbled a little at the surprise, looking around to ensure no one saw before standing up straight like nothing ever happened.

“All who wish to head home by blood magic, form a circle here” Grand Marshal VoidLock announced.

Demoness joined the circle; she needed to be away from this place, it brought back bad memories. She landed with the others in the circle at the home stone, her chest aching as she ran with them towards Blood Haven.

In an instant she was back in the veil in front of the Queen of Death
“I’m coming” she said as she ran the shadow spear through
Demoness’s chest once more.

Demoness hit the ground hard, sliding to a stop at the base of an
old oak in the forest to BloodHaven, her chest on fire now.

“Mune” she said “I must tell Mune, she will know what to do” she
said to herself as she climbed to her feet and moved as fast as she
could towards the village clinic.

Demoness called to Mune as she approached, holding her chest
like it was going to explode.

“Hi Demoness” Mune said smiling

“There’s something wrong” Mune’s smile turned to concern as
Demoness lowers her hand from her chest revealing black tendrils
of the veil seeping out.

“Is this a wound from the veil?” she asked

“Yes” Demoness said, “but I thought it was just a nightmare”

“Fadril, help me get her to the clinic please” she said, now alarmed.

Demoness had to tell them, had to try. As they lay her on the clinic
bed and Mune tried to reach Demonesses soul, another pain made
her scream as the shadow fought back and began to spread.

“She is coming for me” Demoness writhed in pain as the darkness
continued to devour the light of the blood bond

“Who is she?” Mune asked, pulling her hand away from the pain.

“She is... she... is... COMING!” she yelled the last word as the darkness pulled her into the veil...

Demoness opened her eyes to find she was surrounded by snarling snapping demons ready to tear her to pieces. The second she moved they leapt at her from all sides. They kicked, bit and clawed at her flesh as she fought back viciously. Mucus mixed with blood dripping from her teeth and claws, she stood on a pile of dead shadow demons snarling at any who came close. The demons turned from her and ran in fright, she turned to see what they ran from as a reaper's blade struck her down.

“Ahh the attack dog awakes” The Queen of Death said as Demoness looks around groggily.

Demoness lunged forward bloodlust hot in her veins. Chains snapped tight around her throat yanking her back onto the floor.

“Uh, uh, uh” she said, “Have you not Learn'd your lesson my pet? Don't bite your master's hand” Then she turned and casually said “Oh, and we discovered that little secret of yours” she whispered. “Severing your connection with that dear god of yours, and your little friends too”

Demoness froze. She knew she only had life through the grace of Araknavar... And her friends... her family... was it really all gone?

The Queen's smile widened. “Yes, you know what that means don't you?”

“I think I will never ever let you out of these chains, since you don't seem to learn.” she huffs “I had so much faith in my pretty little hound, that I recommended you to the Dark Lord. Now look at the mess you've made!” she yelled angrily

Demoness said nothing, still in shock that she had lost everything she had known and loved.

“What am I supposed to tell the Dark Lord?” The Queen rages

Demoness makes no movement or reply, she now had nothing else to lose.

“Answer me damn you!” The Queen snaps a whip at her, yet there was no flinching, no reaction whatsoever.

“You have nothing to say?” The queen screams angrily as she raises a whip again.

“No but I DO!” VoidLock GraveHeart, the Grand Marshal entered the room, Veilskarvard closely behind him, his bright light forcing the shadows and demons to flee.

“She’s here, she’s here!” he shouted as a massive, very angry spider moves lighting fast, killing all who dared to stay.

“Oh, my foolish child, you always find a way into mischief” she chastises as she bites the chains off Demoness’s throat.

Demoness blinked, then cried. She didn’t care if Araknavar chastised her for a million years. She knew now that the ones she had grown to love and would lay down her life for, loved her too...

Araknavar mended the severed tie and wrapped her in a fine cocoon, keeping the veil securely inside “This will keep you and the mortal realm safe” she finishes tying up the loose ends and looks Demoness in the eyes. “It will also tell me when someone is messing with my mischievous child who is always getting herself tied up in her own web”

Demoness smiles and hugs Araknavar “thank you... for everything”

Araknavar shakes her head, pushes Demoness’s chin up a little and disappears out the window.

Demoness opened her eyes finding herself laying back on the clinic bed. She hears her dear friends remove a ward at the door and smiles weakly as they enter.

“DEMONESS!” Mune exclaims

“Thank you for coming after me” she says weakly

“What happened?” Mune asked. She sounded exhausted but still very worried.

Demoness sighed. They saved her life... they should know the monster they saved...

Demoness told them of her city, of her wanderings in hell. She told them she had been sent to destroy the mortal realm and how Araknavar caught her and taught her about the kindness of others. She was a demon through and through... and yet... somehow with the Brotherhood, she can be both light and dark.

Mune held her hand reassuringly as she spoke, encouraging her to tell her tale.

“Can you walk?” The Grand Marshal asked

Demoness nodded and stood up unsteadily

“Then follow me” he said and turned on his heel and left the room.

Demoness didn't know what to expect now they knew she was a danger to them, yet she followed none the less. He led them down a narrow corridor to a sacred space, where he turned and spoke.

“Demoness, the ... needs you as the Priestess of Araknavar”

Demoness blinked as it sunk in. They were not killing her for being a danger, in fact, her dream of being at Araknavar's side while staying in Blood haven had come true.

“The ... needs you” VoidLock GraveHeart spoke again “do you accept?”

Demoness suddenly tackle hugs the Paladin before realizing and backs off quickly saying “yes I accept”

Acting like nothing untoward had happened, he continued with the sacred ritual of initiating a Priestess of Araknavar...

That night she sat beside Araknavar, tracing the mark on her arm. She knew then that she was following her destiny; this was where she belonged...

