

# Demoness

Here you will find a list of Demoness' Promotions & Demotions

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**?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 Tongue 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, pian, 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"

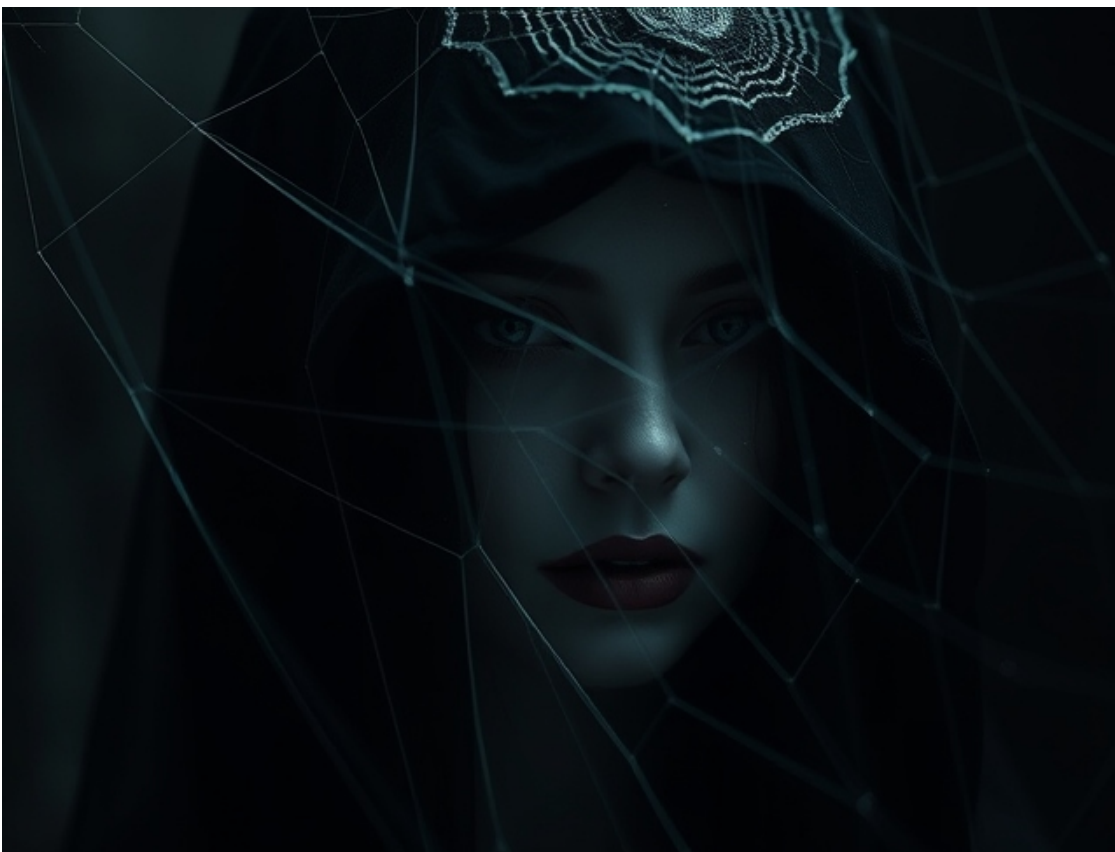
Demoness blinked as it sunk in. They were not killing her for being a danger, in fact, her dream of being at Araknavar's side while staying in Blood haven had come true.

"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...



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