

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 Amoor, 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. Amoor 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, Amoor, 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.