Fabian Brzezicki. Seventeen years old. Openly gay. Plays games such as Warrior/Sage/Cleric on his computer (WSC is his favorite by far, and he plays it every day.) No real social life except attending computer seminars. Friendly toward everyone, but doesn't have many friends. Awkward around people and prefers the company of his computer and family instead. Nervous, fidgety, distrustful of strangers, doesn't really voice his opinion much, doesn't swear, knowledgeable about history and computers. Only child of Ignacy and Maria Brzezicki. Wears horn-rimmed glasses, dark clothing (often including a hoodie), and tennis shoes. Long black hair, thin rat-like face and jawline, brown eyes, tall (6'1"), gangly and skinny (140 lbs.) with long limbs and fingers, big clumsy feet. Wields a dual-bladed spear in the game. Wears a Bysin (a buffalo-like monster) hide tunic with bare feet in the game.

The Rogue Warrior (Charlotte, formerly Chaz). Seventeen years old. Bisexual. Genderbent by the curse of Incubus. Forbidden from entering any establishment because Incubus raped her and is therefore "unclean." Struggling with her new gender and entirely distrustful of men nowadays. An ice queen who doesn't like soldiers, knights, the faith who condemned her, or royalty (hence why she is considered a "rogue"). Cares little for gold and silver, only needing for practical purposes. She especially hates the Knight Templars - both Old (protects the churches and clergy) and New (defends the royalty) - and their hypocrisy toward the very idea of knighthood. She cares only for the two other women in her party and the common people. Amazonian (6'5", 180 lbs.) woman with long dirty-blonde locks, icy-blue eyes, a large bust, muscular tree-like frame, and a large yet feminine face and jawline. Wears worn and dented plate armor with a chainmail hauberk underneath. Wields a giant war hammer into battle. Powerful geokinetic who uses her powers for offense and as a makeshift shield.

The Dragon Sage (Clementine). Sixteen years old. Transformed into a dragon by the curse of Incubus. Forbidden from entering any human establishment (religious, castles, inns, and homes) because she is now a monster. Struggling to control her newfound desire to devour meat (as she is a devout vegetarian and is disgusted with herself when she is forced to eat meat due to her new form) and saddened that she is now hated by almost every being. An open lesbian who dearly loves Celeste. Impulsive as hell and quite rash, she despises how most sages condemn her in spite of their complete lack of understanding of the Laws. She is also not a fan of royals and especially the New Knight Templars, who are mostly magic users who break the Laws without shame and defile their important position as magic users. She cares for the other two party members a great deal, as well as the common people. In human form, she's 5'0", 103 lbs., has red hair and green eyes. Currently, she is a three-foot-long sea-green dragon with crimson eyes, large fangs used for gripping, dagger-like claws that can pierce most armor and hides, and a thick, flexible tail used as a blunt instrument. She is an extremely powerful pyrokinetic whose abilities were only enhanced by her new form. She is also an expert at other spells, although her powers in those regards are severely diminished by her new form.

The Dark Cleric (Celeste). Sixteen years old. Had her aura permanently ripped from her body by the curse of Incubus. Forbidden from entering every establishment - especially religious establishments - because she is now considered an "abomination" and little more than a demon

herself. Struggling with everything that she believed in now that she can never connect to her deities again. An open lesbian who deeply loves Catherine. Calming influence amongst the party and does not express many emotions to others. She holds nothing but contempt for most clerics, who sully their position and claim righteousness by the deities, and she especially hates the Old Knight Templars who abuse those who are less fortunate than themselves, sully their position, and blatantly ignore their Promises - all cardinal sins of her religion that they are not punished for. She cares for common people and will always give to them, and she very much cares for her true family (the party). She is a tiny woman (5'0", 95 lbs.) who is heavily tattooed all over her pale body (as all true clerics and priests are given tattoos by the deities to define who they truly are), has no hair or eyebrows, a very small face and jawline, a small bust, and a very thin frame. She is a powerful aerokinetic and a master at healing, although the latter has become much, much weaker after her curse. Wields a falchion that belonged to Catherine before her transformation and her own kilij simultaneously. Wears tattered black robes and boots, as sandals are impractical for her journey.

Iados. Male tiefling bandit. Older brother of Zaipione.

Zaipione. Female tiefling bandit. Younger sister to Iados.

Baggi. Female half-orc bard.

Ognouc Coalfoot. Male dwarf merchant.

Kuggous Emberfall. Male dwarf smith.

Bralltagg Cinderstrike. Female dwarf adventurer.

Ketthield Bronzehold. Female dwarf

Sinaht Sarhana. Male high elf sage.

Velacahne Ocasinsir. Female high elf cleric.

Cirivren Origolor. Female woodland elf ranger. Wife of Elazumin.

Elazumin Origolor. Male woodland elf ranger. Husband of Cirivren.

Aklur Zudut. Male dark elf cleric.

Eclaveari Omristyn. Female dark elf sage.

Jheri Norixius. Female dragonborn soldier.

Heskan Norixius. Male dragonborn soldier.

Komnos Dubozath. Male triton soldier.

Othimyn Salagath. Female triton

Kleeck. Male aarakocra scout.

Gricciar. Female aarakocra

Marble in the Sky (Marble). Female tabaxi scout.

Ruby Scratch (Scratch). Male tabaxi

Chencaryn. Female halfling minstrel.

Yankrim. Male halfling

Vanfaelor. Male half-elf bandit.

Resdove. Female half-elf

Kulaglar. Male half-orc bandit.

Belebark. Male half-orc

Zonazira. Female half-orc

Caelkoth Gallane. Male dark elf

Sabeari Eilsund. Female dark elf

Minxeral Vashivont. Male high elf

Jelencelle Demenn. Female high elf

Zingeiros Mexamarrith. Male woodland elf

Wysalee Ciemo. Female woodland elf

Creiltir. Male aasimar soldier.

Osrezi. Female aasimar

Snakke. Male kobold bard.

Rodu. Female kobold

Anjuj. Male Loxodon scholar.

Velran. Female Loxodon

‘b’Eesh’g’Eesh. Male grung

‘n’Ob’g’Ob - Female grung

Jom’za Vineblade. Male centaur

Pharsen Rockbraids. Female centaur

Premion Longtooth. Male leonid

Ludan Embereye. Female leonid

Thochun. Male harengon

Ziglon. Female harengon

Barrius. Male tiefling

Valloth. Female tiefling

Klicoshkmuul Vrakxiros. Male dragonborn

Yichush Quilzita. Female dragonborn

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Promises: The Promises are a set of five rules that all true clerics must abide by:

1st - Never harm the innocent you are sworn to protect. You may not befoul them in any way.

2nd - Keep your faith of The Four. The gods guide your powers. The Four are all that live.

3rd - Love only one mortal for life. You may care for others, but love only one. Your powers are stronger that way. But life without love is a life without living. Do not judge others for their love.

4th - You may not allow a foreign substance to touch your lips. Only water and healing elixirs can be swallowed.

5th - You are compelled to never turn away a cursed or injured person if they can be healed. The Four are merciful in that regard.

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Magical Laws: The five Laws that all Sages must abide by:

1st - Never use your powers in a way that you would not use on yourself.

2nd - Defend those weaker than yourself always.

3rd - Let no meat touch your lips. Meat befouls magic.

4th - Magic is life. Magic is love. Love all equally and do not judge on choice.

5th - You are no true sage if you are not wise. Read all. Gain knowledge. Never use a spell unless you mean to use it.

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I am Incubus. I was once the Hero of this realm, but no longer. I am the one true God who can do as I please.

I was tired of being the servant. I was tired of bowing to kings and queens, princes and princesses. I was tired of having to look after my party's needs.

"But that's what you're supposed to do! You're the Hero; you're supposed to care for others! You're supposed to serve the realms! Helping your party is what your job entails!"

Foolish words from foolish peasants. Incubus doesn't need to listen to such drivel. Incubus takes what he wants, be it gold, silver, or women. Because I, the great Incubus, am no longer confined to such indentured servitude. A Lord showed me the truth, that I was only valuable to them as a tool. I am no tool. I am more than they ever were.

He gave me powers from beyond the world. The ability to split my body into four separate forms with all of the strength of my own form. The power to call shadow monsters from their pits to wreak havoc amongst the living. The gift of living as a nightmare, spying on all who dared to stop me. I admired him. No one else dared to speak such truth to me. That I could be more than a Hero, that I could rule this world if I wanted to - and I badly wanted to rule this world.

There would be...sacrifices to make. Three sacrifices for three permanent powers and the control of this world. A fair trade.

The first sacrifice was to destroy and curse the purest city in the world from the inside out. It would be a difficult task, but not at all impossible.

I went to the most religious queen-city in the world - a little tropical island known as Jormunlok. Queen Temew Warthorn, the queen of this beautiful paradise and a powerful war-cleric in her own right, welcomed me with open arms, oblivious to my intent. I went into her chambers while she slept. I fucked her brains out, and soon enough, the screaming stopped. By the time I was finished and left her, she was a catatonic shell.

As for the soldiers, priests, and the citizens? The shadow monsters took care of them all in short order. It was really not much of a battle, as my monsters could come back to their half-life to continue the fight, while the mortals could not. I cursed the city to never sleep for day and night. I cursed the people to become undead monsters protecting their now-helpless queen, never being able to die until their duty was finished. It was a joy to hear their spirits wail in misery.

The next sacrifice was a bit harder: corrupt a just king of a powerful city to the point of despair, drive him into madness, and make him the monster that he despised.

The king-city known as Fenlok, which held the largest royal military and the largest sage academy in the icy part of the realm, was my choice. I looked at King Berentor VII, a calm and perfectly-sane war-sage with the power of cryokinesis. I told him nothing of Jormunlok. He suspected nothing of me and welcomed me in the same manner as Temew Warthorn had. I went to an inn to sleep the night, and as a nightmare, I crept into his chambers many times, delving deep into his mind, deep into his fears, tormenting him with them. He went to many clerics to dispel the demon in his head. Nothing worked, as I was long gone by then.

Soon enough, I grew bored of this game and came up with a better idea. He had a beautiful baby son and an even more gorgeous wife. I crept into their chambers while her son suckled at his mother’s breast. I cut his wife to pieces and crushed the screaming brat’s head against the wall until it was a pulp. I then spread the room with their remains and placed their heads on stakes that I had fixed. I taunted the king with their deaths, showed him the room with my work. His mind snapped right after he found that I told the truth.

Once insanity sets into the mind of a royal, it is quite simple to turn him into a monster - figuratively and literally. He began to execute every cleric and their supporters for failing to stop the demon who murdered his wife and heir. He smashed their temples and allowed free reign on the nuns by his subjects. He banned all religions from his city and burned every book connected with them, along with the ones in possession of the books. It was fun to watch the king’s mind devolve into a feral beast’s.

The final task should have been the hardest one yet...but it was quite frankly the easiest thing I've ever had to do in my life. To betray and curse my party - whom the Lord thought were my truest friends - was rewarding in every way. I had always been disgusted by the two women in my party. I knew that they fucked each other whenever they could. The young man was even worse, as he was pansexual and had romantic feelings towards me. Of course, that was not condemned by the deities, but I was a God myself, and that would no longer be tolerated in my new perfect world.

It had started off without incident. They had heard rumors absconding from Fenlok and Jormunlok, although none of the rumors was close to the truth. After they had gone to sleep, I split my body into four and had pinned them all down, destroyed their tents and supplies, and kicked their weapons and armor to the side.

I smiled as I looked down at their struggling forms. I heard them scream my name and beg me to see sense. They thought that I was possessed or something. They all shut up after I told them that I wanted this. I loved the looks on all of their faces after I told them exactly how I had destroyed Jormunlok and Fenlok. I enjoyed their tears when I told them just how much I hated them all, their depravity and fornication, their willingness to be slaves to the realm, and every little detail about them that I despised.

I had turned to the warrior first. He stared into my eyes blankly, not believing that my actions were happening. I smiled when I spoke to him.

"Warrior. Your honor and valor have been celebrated for years, in spite of your disgusting beliefs. You enjoy your despicable mindset. You loved me as a soulmate, and I want you to know that I always hated you the most. Now, I don't fuck men like you do, but I will gladly fuck a woman. You were once proud of your manhood. Now watch as I take it all away."

The curse worked quickly and painfully, and soon a tall woman lay under my arms, her icy-blue eyes wide with horror and disbelief, her lips unable to make a sound. I removed her clothes from her body...and I claimed her for myself. It was a while before she could no longer please me, and when she began to lose my interest, I tossed her aside, as she sobbed like the pathetic wretch she was.

I walked over to the sage next and ripped off her clothes. She was quite a beautiful, well-endowed woman, although her features mattered not to me. I owned every woman now; what difference did one make? She spat into my face, and I slapped her breasts, lusting to claim her as well. But my deal with my Lord demanded otherwise. The degradation of the other two had to be different, in ways that would hurt them more.

"I will torture you beyond your darkest nightmares, and there won't be a single hole where you can hide when we find you," she snarled like a rabid dog.

I grinned. “Sage. You are powerful, and yet you desecrate your standing by fucking a woman. This abomination doesn’t please me. Your knowledge of magic has been a source of pride to you, as you fight against the monsters that plague the people. Now watch as you become the monster you have always hated to see.”

She squirmed under my grasp, fighting to get away, spewing all manner of curses and threats against me. I merely gazed into her eyes, and watched as they turned a deep crimson color with cat-like slits for pupils. She wailed in agony as her skin turned to scales, her fingernails extended into claws, her teeth shifted into fangs, and a long, thick sea-green tail sprouted from the end of her spine. I left her bleeding and writhing on the dusty ground.

My gaze went to the cleric as I tore away her clothing. She glared at me with deep-gray eyes, her bald head and tattoos shining in the moonlight. Again, I was tempted to claim her, but her punishment needed to be more severe.

“You shall be cursed by every deity of the Four for what you have done,” she said with malice heavy in her voice.

I kicked her in the ribs before I spoke again. “Cleric. You have always been gifted, although I can’t say that you’re devout for your foul depravity by lying with another woman. You believe in the older deities, but I am the only God who matters now, and yours are now worthless. I know that you will never renounce them, so I will do what I do best: I will destroy them completely and wholly. Now watch as your gods are cast away from your very being, as you never see them again.”

She desperately kicked at me, but I felt nothing. I ripped her aura from her body and scattered it to the night sky. She screeched as four new tattoos - four upside-down stars that were spread inches apart from each other - etched themselves on her forehead. They looked extremely painful. Better her than me, though.

I watched my former friends gasping for their lives on the badlands, watched them fall unconscious from their pain. And then I left, my work completed, my duty satisfied. The Lord gifted me my powers permanently, renamed me Incubus, and told me that the world was mine to do what I wished to it.

So I, the great Incubus, was merciful. I demanded a tribute of gold, silver, and women from every city and town in the world. In return, I would not send my shadow creatures to annihilate them. One luscious town near my castle - I forget its name - refused. I took the females by force, sowed salt into their crops and lands, and watched in pleasure as the rest slowly died from the newly-created wasteland, as the town was wiped off the map. The women I spared for the moment, of course; they were now mine to do what I pleased with.

Of course, mortal women are quite...fragile compared to a demon. They went insane after two times. Their minds themselves were gone after three. They quickly became dead in their brains, unable to care for themselves. Not that it stopped me from what I did best; even if they couldn't resist my advances, their bodies were still mine. Eventually, they died after a fourth time. It concerned me not. There were always more women in the world, and even though I could no longer impregnate them, it wasn't like I wanted to have squalling whelps in the first place.

And what was more, I learned that no man, woman, or deity alive could kill me. That was prophesied by an enslaved shaman before I gutted him and hung him from a yew tree by his entrails. I was beyond elated at the news. The shaman people were known well as magical seers. They didn't have the magical powers of sages or clerics, but they had past and future sight.

As for my old party, I had heard that they had gone to the largest city they knew for help. I had learned from my nightmare form that they were all imprisoned in various places and given new demeaning names that fit their status. The Rogue Warrior. The Dragon Sage. The Dark Cleric. I was thankful that the largest city in the world was also one of the most corrupt. It made my life so much easier. Either way, they would be dead very soon, and my betrayal would be complete.

As for those others plebeians beneath me, they did not matter. All of them fell in line soon enough. Of course, the mothers and fathers pleaded for their daughters back, but with the Old and New Knight Templars desperate to defend their faith and royalty, there wasn't much of a choice. The four deities helplessly watched me. After all, how can a lesser god slay the one true God?

And why would they even try? I am the Hero! I am Incubus! I am the God of this realm! No man, woman, or deity alive can kill me! Who would dare attempt to stop me? WHO?!

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Fabian Brzezicki was not expecting to die today.

It was 1989, and even though most people didn't tolerate gays, nobody had been outwardly hateful to him. Of course, being as obsessed with games like he was helped. Nobody in the gaming community really cared if the seventeen-year-old was gay or not.

However, today was different. He had - with great difficulty - found a date. He wasn't going to dress for the occasion, having figured that his black hoodie and jeans would be enough. He adjusted his horn-rimmed glasses and combed back his shoulder-length, black hair away from his eyes.

He heard an alert from his computer and quickly moved back to his chair to check it out. He loved many games, but perhaps his all time favorite - the one that he religiously played every

day - was Warrior/Sage/Cleric. He had been interested in Dungeons and Dragons from a young age, and W/S/C was similar to D&D, except better. He quickly typed out commands, his brown eyes fixated on the screen.

“Fabian, time to eat!” his mother called out.

Fabian reluctantly paused the game and went downstairs. His mother and father were already there. Kielbasa, potatoes, bread rolls, and a single cheesecake adorned the table. Both of them smiled at him.

“Hello, Fabian.” Ignacy Brzezicki, his father, was a bald, heavyset man with a black handlebar moustache. He smiled at his son. “I hear that you have a date.”

“I do,” Fabian said, digging into his kielbasa.

“So, who’s the lucky young man?” Maria Brzezicki, his mother, was a homely woman with long black hair. Her teasing tone was par for the course for her, as she was quite sarcastic at times.

“Just someone I met from school. He likes the same stuff I do.” Fabian had finished the kielbasa and was already moving on to the potatoes and bread rolls when he saw his father roll his eyes.

“You mean gaming?” His father sighed. “You know, you really ought to go get a natural hobby, not those computer games you play all the time. Why not take up writing or something like that?”

“You mean what I do every day in school? Pass.”

“Your father’s right.” His mother had decided to tag in. “What do you plan on doing with your life, Fabian? You can’t play games all the time.”

“Mom, Dad, let me focus on the date before we start discussing my life!”

Fabian’s face flushed. He *knew* that he had to decide what to do with his life soon, but that game had saved his life. At the times he had been depressed, at the times he looked at his orientation and wondered why people hated him for it, at the times he just wished that he could disappear into the ground, Warrior/Sage/Cleric.net had helped him with all of that. The characters, while not real, never judged, were never cruel.

And it wasn’t like it interfered in real life. Yeah, he was no good at physical education with his tall, gangly frame, but his other studies were solid A’s. History, in particular, had gotten him into multiple honors classes with A+ grades, since he first started the subject.

Maybe that was why he loved W/S/C so much. He enjoyed the lore, the history behind the game, the characters and their histories, everything.

He finished his dinner and cut himself a slice of cheesecake without another word to his parents. He really wasn't in the mood to argue with them about his life choices. He looked at the clock. It was about time to go.

"Love you, Mom, Dad," he said, giving both of them a hug. He went to his car - a Jaguar - and left his house, not knowing that it would be the last time he ever saw his parents again.

Fabian drove over to his date's place: an average-looking two-story house. He stepped out of his car and strode over to the door.