**THE LORE.**

The **origin of a kingdom** and the **confession of its god-king**.

**The Voice of the World** and **The Voice of the Fallen Hero**.

# KAIROTHEUM: A FALLEN ORDER

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## PART I

**OUR WORLD**

(*The Voice of the World*)

Years have passed since the Fall. This world, once known as **Kairotheum**, where time, power, and order bent to human will, is now the fractured city of **Hollowgate**, a hollow echo of everything that came before.

Kairotheum was once a kingdom of unmatched precision and progress, ruled by a cult of visionary leaders. Some called them divine. Others knew better. They built systems that touched the stars and claimed to master fate itself. But the higher they climbed, the deeper they buried their decay. And when the kingdom fell, it did not burn in a single day. It withered. Corrupted by pride, weakened by silence, shattered by the weight of its own illusions.

Now, outsiders roam freely across the ruins. The true descendants of Kairotheum? They've blended in, faceless, voiceless, choosing survival over legacy. No one dares speak of what was lost. But everyone remembers. The 23 council members saw the unraveling, and at the center of it stood their Lord, a man who claimed the powers of gods, but could not see his own crumbling world. We were once bound by balance and rhythm, but greed tipped the scales. When we finally seized the power we chased, we no longer lived in the world. We floated above it, detached and delirious. That's when the collapse came, not from the outside, but from within. The people lost their way. And with them, so did the world. Because without the people, there is no world.

Those who still clung to dignity were mocked, they saw the storm long before it arrived. Then came the reckoning. A great force rose from the wastelands beyond the perimeter; they came for the Lord's head, and the council scattered. And those who stood and fought at his side were consumed in the flames of Hollowgate's final battle. And the Lord? He vanished in a flash of light into the mountain shadows. For fourteen days, the peaks were searched. No trace. Only the elders know the truth. And none dare to speak it.

**Kairotheum is dead.**

**Hollowgate breathes—but barely.**



## PART II

### THE FALLEN HERO

(*The Confession of Lord Skylar*)

While the rest of the world was born through time, **I was found.**
High atop the sacred mountain, the tallest in all of Kairotheum. I was discovered in a cave, my form untouched by season or decay. There were no signs of my origin, only the echo of a prophecy fulfilled. The scrolls had spoken of an entity born of gods and men.
Seven days before I was found, a great fire burned at the mountain peak. A warning, or perhaps, a birth cry. Back then, the tribe had no throne. No king, only council members, each equal to the other. They clung to tradition and feared anything that might rise above them. Then I came. **Made of gods. Born of man.** For 365 days, I lived alone in that cave, beside the withering remains of the woman who carried me. My mother had once been human. But my father... he was not.
He came down from the realms above, cloaking his divinity in flesh. All for love, or maybe lust. Either way, the night they knew each other, I was made alive in her womb, and she gave birth to me instantly. But no human body could hold a child of the gods. She died on the spot, and for his crime, my father was condemned, bound in an eternal black hollow, lost to all things but memory.
On the 365th day, I cried for the first time. The cave shook. The stone split open, and there, staring at me, were warriors, muscular men with bodies like mine. Astonished. No one expected life to exist at such heights, they carried me down the mountain to the council. The prophecy had awakened, the throne awaited. But first, I had to come of age. Though I looked human, I was not bound by this world's time or rhythm. While they measured life in seasons, **I grew by divine acceleration.** Every seven days, I aged a full year.
Within five months, I was twenty, fully grown in body and mind. The council crowned me **Lord Skylar**, ruler of Kairotheum. We marched to war and triumphed; we brought civilization, structure, and glory. Neighboring tribes revered us, and peace and harmony thrived. For a time… *we were divine.* But I wanted to honor those who raised me, my council. So I gave them the **gift of the gods**. Not divinity, but power.
And they changed, they became hungry. Not for balance, but for control. And I, desperate to prove I was one of them, bent to their will. Together, we built a world above the world, a kingdom suspended in pride, floating over the very people we swore to protect. And at that height…
**Pride came,** the kind that comes before the fall. Before the ruin, before Hollowgate.
The council longed for immortality. And I, their hero, became their weapon. Their symbol and their lie.
I, the Hero of Kairotheum, became its most dreaded leader. This is not just the tale of my rise. It is the warning written in the bones of the mountain.

