

Virgil was born into a life of hardship, the son of poor farmers who could scarcely make ends meet. His parents, barely able to feed themselves, relied on him from the moment he could walk. His childhood was defined by labor—waking at the crack of dawn to tend the fields. If he did a poor job, he would go hungry; if he did well, his rations would be slightly better—but never enough to feel full. There was no warmth, no tenderness; only survival, day after day, for as long as Virgil could remember.

This grueling existence continued until Virgil was six years old. One day, a guard from the castle arrived at the farm, demanding that the family sell one of their children. The family had always struggled with the weight of poverty, and seeing Virgil as the smallest and weakest, they agreed to part with him for a mere ten copper pieces. It was a small price for a life that held no hope.

From that moment on, Virgil's life changed forever. He was taken from his family, sold to the castle, and forced to train as a grunt guard. The days blurred together—every waking hour filled with training or eating. Sleep was a luxury he could scarcely afford. Training was relentless, and it wore on him, but it was all he knew. There was no room for free thought or free time, only the harsh discipline of becoming a soldier. Virgil quickly learned the basics of combat, but it came at the expense of a normal childhood.

In the midst of this harsh training, Virgil met Sylvia, a fellow recruit. She was everything Virgil wasn't—strong, disciplined, and graceful in every movement. Watching her excel in every test and task left him in awe. She seemed almost magical, as though she were born to be a warrior. Sylvia's prowess was undeniable, and though she was kind to him, Virgil couldn't help but feel inadequate in comparison.

As they both entered their teenage years, their bond grew. They spent more time together, pushing each other in their training. They were friends, but Virgil harbored a secret admiration for Sylvia—perhaps even a crush. One day, unable to contain his curiosity, he finally asked her how she became so skilled, how she could accomplish everything with such ease.

Sylvia would one dark night lead him to a secluded part of the castle, a place that seemed abandoned and forgotten. It was there that she introduced him to a figure cloaked in black, his features hidden beneath the folds of his robe. The man didn't give his name, only referring to himself as "a friend." He spoke of a power that could make Virgil stronger, more capable—everything he'd ever wanted. All Virgil had to do was accept a deal. The man promised him strength and courage, in exchange for following his orders without question.

Virgil, trusting Sylvia and eager for any advantage, didn't hesitate. The deal sounded too good to pass up. The next morning, he woke up feeling different—stronger, more powerful than he had ever felt. But there was a dull ache in his head that wouldn't go away. He thought little of it until he encountered the other guards in training. They screamed in fear, pointing at him in horror. "Monster!" they cried.

Virgil was confused, until he saw his reflection. Two black horns now jutted from his forehead. The deal had transformed him—he had become a tiefling. He hadn't realized it at the time, but the price for his newfound strength was his very humanity.

Though the transformation was unsettling, it didn't take long before training became easier. He excelled in ways he never thought possible, filling him with hope for a better life. But that hope quickly turned to dread when he was called on a mission with the chief guard. They were to root out citizens who had avoided their duties. Virgil felt honored to be chosen, but when they arrived at the farm where he had grown up, his heart sank. His old family was still there, struggling to survive.

As he stood before them, the chief guard gave an order that shattered everything. "Execute your family," he commanded. Virgil's heart clenched in terror. He refused, of course—he would never harm them. But the chief's voice cut through his will like a blade. "Slaughter your family now," the chief demanded.

Virgil's body moved on its own, as if possessed. He could feel every ounce of his humanity screaming in protest, but his body obeyed the chief's words. He drew his sword, and though he fought it with all his strength, his arms swung at his family, cutting them down as they screamed in terror. His screams mixed with theirs, the sorrow and guilt crushing him from within. He couldn't stop, he couldn't control his body. It was a nightmare made flesh.

When the killing finally stopped, Virgil regained control, but it was too late. He tried to attack the chief, but his body wouldn't let him. The deal had bound him, preventing him from ever hurting the chief. It was then that Virgil realized the truth—his transformation, his strength, his torment—it had all been orchestrated by the chief. The man who had promised him power was no savior; he was a puppet master, using Virgil as a tool for his own cruel ends.

Sylvia, too, had known. She taunted him, revealing that she had always seen him as nothing more than a pawn—a weak, desperate boy who was easy to manipulate. She had played on his longing for greatness, using his affection for her to lead him into the chief's trap. Virgil was nothing to her but a means to an end.

The chief ordered Virgil to stare at his family's corpses for twenty-four hours, forcing him to witness the consequences of his actions. Alone with his grief, Virgil cried for the loss of his family, for the man he had become, and for the life that had been stolen from him. When the time finally passed, he tried to expose the chief and Sylvia, but no one believed him. The evidence of his crime was too great. His words fell on deaf ears, and he was thrown into a cold, empty prison cell.

Years passed, and Virgil's mind began to unravel in the isolation. He blamed the curse, the deal, for everything. It wasn't his fault—he had been manipulated. In a fit of rage, he used his newfound strength to break his horns, leaving jagged stumps behind, hidden beneath his long, tangled hair. His appearance was forever altered, but so was his spirit.

One day, the prison was thrown into chaos during a jailbreak. Amidst the confusion, Virgil saw his chance to escape. He fled the castle and returned to the ruins of his family's farm, now abandoned and forgotten. He buried his family's memory with what little dignity he could, carving their names into a simple gravestone. It was all he could do.

Virgil wandered the land, searching for Sylvia and the chief, seeking revenge for the life they had stolen from him. But it was as if they had vanished, leaving no trace behind. Despair nearly consumed him, but in the depths of his sorrow, he found a glimmer of hope. He discovered the scriptures of a god who promised peace in the afterlife for those who lived with good hearts. Virgil knew that if he was to find peace, he had to rid the world of Sylvia and the chief.

He dedicated himself to this cause, praying daily, helping the weak, and protecting those in need. Over time, he found meaning in his new life—not as a warrior seeking revenge, but as a protector of the innocent. The pain of his past never fully left him, but he learned to use it to fuel his purpose. The world was full of suffering, but Virgil now stood as a guardian, vowing to never let evil triumph again.

And so, Virgil walked the world as a man forged by tragedy, yet driven by hope—a protector, a hero in his own right, seeking redemption, not just for himself, but for the ones he had once destroyed.

After months of solitary travel, dedicated to rescuing those ensnared by hardship and despair, Virgil found himself face to face with a woman whose existence seemed to flicker like a fragile flame in the darkness. She was unremarkable in many ways—average in appearance, demeanor, and even in spirit—but to Virgil, she radiated a beauty that rivaled the gods themselves. In her eyes, he glimpsed the flicker of hope that had long been extinguished within him.

His latest act of heroism involved liberating her from the clutches of ruthless slave traders. With a fierce determination, Virgil ensured that she had a proper start to her newfound freedom. He helped her secure a modest house and a job, yet he quickly realized that the scars of her past ran deep. Overwhelmed by fear and mistrust, she found it challenging to navigate this new life.

However, as the months rolled on, Virgil's unwavering patience and kindness began to break down the walls she had built around her heart. Slowly but surely, she started to trust him. Their bond deepened, woven together by shared laughter and the warmth of companionship. It wasn't long before the air between them crackled with an undeniable chemistry, a tender romance blossoming in the wake of their shared struggles. They were in love, and neither dared to deny it, for it was a love that felt both inevitable and transcendent.

But happiness, as they soon discovered, is often a fleeting shadow. In a moment that should have been filled with joy, they learned that she was pregnant. Their hearts soared with elation at the prospect of new life, and amidst the excitement, they made a decision that felt both right and inevitable: they would become husband and wife. The thought of building a family together filled Virgil with a sense of purpose he hadn't felt in years.

Weeks passed, and Virgil reveled in the warmth of his new life. He cherished the simple moments spent with her, the laughter shared over meals, and the gentle anticipation of their child's arrival. Although his warrior's heart still longed to vanquish evil wherever it lurked, the presence of his beloved and the promise of their child filled him with a profound happiness. For the first time in a long while, he felt the joy of belonging, the comfort of family.

Yet, fate has a cruel way of intertwining joy and sorrow. One fateful night, Virgil awoke from a nightmare, his heart racing and sweat beading on his forehead. He was grateful that his wife remained undisturbed, lost in her dreams. But then, an insidious voice slithered into his mind, echoing the orders of the guild master who had haunted him in the past. "Kill your family," the voice commanded, cold and unrelenting

Virgil fought against the darkness that threatened to consume him, drawing on the strength he had cultivated over the months. "No!" he shouted silently, but the voice grew louder, more insistent. "Slaughter your new family now!" It reverberated through his skull, drowning out reason and love. In a horrifying twist of fate, his body moved against his will, his hand instinctively reaching for the sword at his side.

Visions of his past flooded his mind—memories of a time when he had been forced to commit unspeakable acts, including the tragic murder of his own family. The blade glinted ominously in the dim light, a harbinger of the nightmare that was about to unfold. With a single, swift motion, he swung the sword down upon the woman he loved, and in that gut-wrenching moment, her head rolled from the bed, severed from the life they had built together.

As her lifeless body lay before him, Virgil's heart shattered. Tears streamed down his face, mingling with the blood of his beloved, as the guild master's cruel laughter echoed in his mind. "You will never have a family again. I will make you kill anyone you consider family," the voice taunted, leaving him in a deafening silence that was more suffocating than the screams that had just escaped his lips.

Despair consumed him as he wept, a symphony of anguish filling the night. He fell to his knees, praying fervently to his god, pleading for mercy for his wife and their unborn child, wishing for their souls to find peace in the afterlife. In the depths of his sorrow, a spark ignited within him—a fierce resolve to end this nightmare once and for all. To liberate himself from the shackles of the guild master's control, he knew he had to confront the source of his torment.

Gathering his belongings with trembling hands, Virgil made a heart-wrenching decision. He whispered one last prayer for his family, then set their home ablaze, flames licking the sky as he watched everything he held dear consumed by fire. It was a tragic farewell, but one he believed necessary to protect the memory of his loved ones. He needed the world to believe they had perished in the inferno, lost to the flames forever.

And so, with a heart heavy yet resolute, Virgil's journey resumed. Fueled by rage and an indomitable will, he vowed to hunt down the guild master, the architect of his suffering. Nothing would stand in his way; he would tear the villain from the shadows and exact his revenge. This was not just a promise to himself but a declaration of war against the darkness that had stolen everything from him. With each step, he carried the weight of his past and the fires of his fury, determined to reclaim his fate and ensure that the guild master would pay for the sins he had wrought.

In order to never forget his first true love, he'd carve her and their unborn son's names into his arm, scarring himself with their names so no matter what, he'd always have her by his side.

Melissa and John would forever be a part of Virgil and be a reminder of what his true goal in life is, to kill the guild master and Sylvia for hurting him in so many ways.

Virgil sat in the bright light of his burning home, the air thick with the scent of ash and death. His heart raced as he prepared for the ritual that would bind him to his past. The blade glinted ominously in the flickering blaze, a tool of both remembrance and pain. With each careful incision, he thought of Melissa—her laughter, the way her eyes sparkled with life, and the dreams they had woven together. He envisioned their son, the little boy who would never know the warmth of his mother's embrace or the strength of his father's love.

As the crimson lines began to form on his skin, he whispered their names—"Melissa" and "John"—each syllable a vow, a promise that he would carry them with him always. The sharp sting of the blade was a small price to pay for the solace of their memory. This act was more than just a tribute; it was a transformation. With every drop of blood that fell, he felt a piece of his sorrow solidify into something more powerful, something that would fuel his quest for vengeance.

The guild master and Sylvia had taken everything from him, shattering his world and leaving a void that threatened to consume him. Their betrayal was a wound that festered, and with each passing day, the desire for retribution grew stronger over time. Virgil had spent countless nights plotting their demise, envisioning the moment he would make them pay for their sins. The scars on his arm would serve as his battle standard, a reminder of what he fought for and what he had lost.

In the solitude of his burning home, he traced the names with trembling fingers, the raised skin a tangible connection to the love he had lost. He could almost hear Melissa's voice, urging him to seek peace instead of vengeance, but he silenced it with the thought of their son, who would never get the chance to grow up. The guild master had taken everything, and now it was time to take back his life.

With resolve hardening in his chest, Virgil stood up, the pain in his arm a badge of honor. He was ready. He would hunt them down, dismantle their empire piece by piece, until he stood over them, the weight of his loss heavy on his shoulders. They would know his pain; they would understand the depths of his sorrow. And when he finally ended their lives, he would carve their names into the very ground they fell upon, ensuring that the world would remember the price of their betrayal.

"Melissa, John," he murmured, clenching his fist around the blade. "I will not rest until justice is served." With that promise echoing in his mind, he stepped into the night, ready to embrace the darkness, fueled by love, loss, and relentless vengeance.