

The Deities of Nature, Harmony, and Balance

The God Of Nature, Harmony, and Balance (Male)- The God of Nature, Ayen, is depicted as a Hunter, often Idolized by elves and Hunters alike, and is said to give boons to those about to hunt a fierce beast. Summer Solstices are held in honor of him, and he is associated with the season of Summer and Autumn, the feeling of change, and the thrill of tracking prey. Ayen is considered a Just and fair God, his appearance is said to have a blindfold around his head, with a bow and arrow.

It is said that Ayen can shape shift into the form of a Wolf, Deer, Boar, and sometimes even a Bear or a Rabbit. Legend has it that when he is in each form, the bounty from that animal is almost doubled or even tripled, having record amounts of quality meats and furs.

Although he is considered fair and just, he has some rules regarding nature, and what to avoid when dealing with this God.

- 1) do not use fire when hunting. No campfires, torches, or anything that can illuminate or otherwise give an unfair advantage to hunting. You use your eyes and other senses that are naturally given. This being so, most dwarves are naturally scorned by him as they can see in the dark with little issue.
- 2) No destroying the world carelessly. Chopping down trees along the outer edge and replanting them is okay, but massive deforestation or destruction of nature without replanting or restoring nature will bring his wrath to you.
- 3) Do not waste the animal. Hunting for sport is considered wasteful and heavily shunned by Ayen. Hunting for survival, meaning food, leathers, bones, or any other part of the animal must be used. If you cannot use the full body of your game, you must offer it back to the world, burying it in a clearing with a sapling over its grave, as an offering to Ayens mercy.

Ayen, being a Hunter, loves the excitement of a challenge and is said to be more headstrong than his sister Keya. He is also said to be Bold and hearty when surrounded by other hunters, but quiet and focused when hunting his prey.

The Goddess of Nature, Harmony, and Balance (female)- The Goddess of Nature, Keya, is depicted as a dryad. She is often Idolized by elves and druids alike, and is said to give boons to those that practice the Druidic arts. A winter Solstice is held in her honor, and she is associated with the seasons of Winter and Spring, the feeling of change, and the calming nature of meditation. Keya is a Just and fair Goddess, her appearance being a pure white cloak with a wreath of Black and White Dahlias.

It is said that Keya has apostles, other dryads that venture into the elven villages or near Druidic temples to bring the word and advice of Keya to them. Legend has it that the Apostles of Keya

are her children, Born from her love of the mortal races, and her desire to guide them into enlightenment or her embrace.

Although she is considered just and fair, she has some rules regarding nature, and what to avoid when dealing with this Goddess.

- 1) Do not pollute the world. Being a Dryad, she is one with the forest, and despises the senseless endangerment and toxic nature of pollutants. Smog from smelting, dumping waste, or abandoning trash in the world angers her, and as such she scorns most dwarves with their industrial nature.
- 2) Do not use Druidic magic to harm innocent people. While druids can make salves, herbal remedies, and use Druidic magic to heal the general public or their friends, they can also synthesize poisons, and control plants to their advantage. Using this against the innocent or for malicious intent will anger Keya, and she is liable to deny the one using her abilities, cutting her connection to that person. No amount of meditation will fix this connection, and an elf that cannot use magic is often banished from their homeland for this mighty sin.
- 3) Do not harass the other races. Being proud of your own race is one thing, but do not deliberately go out of your way to put other races down. They are not blessed with the same gifts, but they are just as equal as elves with their own gifts from their deities.

Keya, being a Dryad, loves the tranquility of the forest, and is said to be more reserved than her brother Ayen. She is also said to be serene and peaceful at all times, and her gift of Druidic magics is awarded to those that practice her meditation techniques and herbal medicines.

Together, the Twins are Idolized by the elves and other hunters or druids, and often are believed to be two of the more forgiving Deities in the world. Despite their scorn of most dwarves, the few that practice their arts have gained a pass and are considered special cases for the twins. For Ayen, the few dwarves that Idolize him, they blindfold themselves when they hunt, and follow his rules to the letter, opting to completely abandon their dark vision in favor of a fair hunt. For Keya, they live exclusively by her code, and have thrown down their tools of industry.

Because the twins are the Deities of nature, harmony, and balance, their followers have some of the freshest produce in the world. The crispest of vegetables and the most succulent fruits, the juiciest cuts of meat, and the most exquisite wines and other alcohols. During the Summer Solstice (believed to be Ayen's birthday) Ciders, Beers, Roasted meats and cheeses, and fresh fruits and vegetable platters are enjoyed all day long. During the Winter Solstice (believed to be Keya's birthday) Wines, brandys, stews, cheeses, and great fruits and vegetable platters are enjoyed until the sun rises. Both parties are held on the exact same day every year, the Winter Solstice during the longest night of the year, and the Summer Solstice being held on the longest

day of the year. During the Summer Solstice, contests are held until the sun sets, and the winner is given a grand prize. During the Winter Solstice, a group meditation is held in the center of villages, and an apostle recites the blessing of Keya, bringing hope for the next cycle, and the love for all races.

The Deity of the Dunes

The Spiteful Deity of the Dunes, Khack, once known as the Deity of Time, lives in the Dunes of Eternity. Khack was punished for his attempted theft of the Righteous Throne of the Gods, and killing the deity of the Fae in an attempt to murder his father. For this transgression, he was forced to sift through the Dunes of Eternity in search of the lost souls of mortals, pulling them from the blistering heat, and their coarse tomb. At first it was fulfilling, he went about his life with his sieve in one hand, and a logbook in the other, slowly making his way across the ever changing dunes recording the souls he could save, those that had not been completely eroded or desiccated by the dry sand.

Then, it became boring. He longed to know what the souls did to end up in the Dunes. He started recording the souls' past actions, and judging if they were really worth saving, choosing the souls that were "Pure" by his family's standards. Some of them he kept for himself, binding them in their records torn from his logbook, forcing them to sift through the sands for the souls of the Damned. This twisted his Idea of his task, becoming more sadistic in his nature, often offering deals for the corrupted souls bound by their sins, "Collect a certain amount of lost souls and I will free you from your torment" he would say, never specifying their pennances cost, subjecting them to an eternity of wandering the Dunes, Collecting the Souls of the lost. Khack became even more ruthless when he Started torturing the bound souls with visions of their past life, sadistically mocking the lamenting wails of the damned before cackling wildly and sending them out into the dunes alone. Some of them sink back into the Dunes, only to be sieved once again into Khacks service, judged cruelly to return to the wastes, dried out by the wicked heat, with not the shade of a tree, or the cooling darkness of night, lost guiding souls either back to the land of the living, or the great Stars of the Afterlife, where they cannot go.

Khack grew spiteful with time, he grew to hate those souls that were allowed to leave, every soul he could not claim was a maddening failure to him, he could derive no sick pleasure from watching the torment he caused to those he bound, for if he did not send the souls of the pure to their destination, his siblings would grow suspicious, and would not allow him back into the Stars once more. Occasionally, He would make an appeal to a mortal, offer a small amount of his power, or a few bound souls, in an attempt to upset the natural world, to gain the attention of his siblings, demanding to not be forgotten. Lost to obscurity, to his own former powers of time. To

be reshaped by the Deity of the Land was Death, Agony, Shameful, He would rather stay in the Dunes to bring Pain to those he believed deserved it.

In his Spitefulness, he found solace, if he didn't judge the souls, every mortal would disappear beneath the sands, unproductive and unable to reach their destination. He was their SAVIOR. Without him, the souls would be lost. They NEEDED him. It wasn't his Punishment, anymore, it was his reward. Khack found a twisted sense of joy whenever a new sinful soul was bound by him, he gave the damned a purpose. He made them suffer for their transgressions against their mortal realm. He made them retrieve and guide the pure souls, unable to move on themselves, driving them to maddening jealousy. Khack has but a few Worshipers. They are usually small Cults, and Cruel Solitude Warlocks, they wish to bring about the end of the world, unaware that by joining in his dark pacts, they are binding themselves to him, rendering them as unknowing volunteers to his unending servitude in the Dunes of Eternity, he takes pleasure in conning and deceiving these mortals, and when they try to break their pacts he claims them for breaking a sacred pact anyways. There is no winning against Khack.

The Deity of Dark Magic

The deity of dark magics is one of the few deities that represent malice and taboo rituals, and the Older sister to Onshri. Necromancy, enthrallment, demonic summons, and fire is commonly associated with her followers. She grants them power too good to be true, and a deep understanding of the forbidden magics. The most driven to madness are those unable to prove their devotion to her. It starts with just dreaming, she appears to those that are susceptible to her charms and bewitchment, claiming a small sacrifice would grant those that would listen to her schemes. Then she demands offerings. It starts with a few drops of blood, deadly flowers, or bones stolen from a grave. Soon she asks for a living sacrifice. Usually something small and easy to kill to start, a rat, a bird, eventually escalating to goats, pigs, cattle, and even humans. Her name is synonymous to death, Antorea, and her visage is ever changing depending on how she wants to deceive her victims. Sometimes she's a wraith or an old hag, using fear to drive people to perform the rituals to prevent her from being seen, keeping her content. Other times she's a beautiful woman, shadowed in a black veiled mourning gown. And often she chooses the form of a dead loved one, convincing those that fall for this disguise to raise the dead family member in a selfish desire to be reunited. Antorea is rumored to be working with the deity of the dunes, Khack, although more believe they're actually rival deities, as both their cults participate in the same rituals. However, war between the two cults has also been seen, where Antorea's believers have led assaults and tactical strikes against Khacks compounds and hideouts. Surprisingly Antorea is the only deity who still actively fights Khacks influence, as some believe that she is both keeping him alive to torment him, others believe she wants to bring him back, and others believe she wants to see him fade forever by wiping out his believers. She also holds contempt

and hatred for Clavorique, as his experiments and children break the natural law of death itself, HER laws, and her followers are often part of the main force that engages with vampires.

The Deity of the Stars

The deity of the stars, more commonly known as the patron of travelers, sailors, and nomads, is a loving and intelligent god. He is believed to be the very being that made the stars, expertly painted on the canvas of the inky black-blue. His name is synonymous with the guiding star, Quento, as it is the oldest and brightest star in the sky. Sometimes, he blesses his followers of the northern frost lands with a myriad of colors, dancing in the moonlight like wisps. Quento is believed to have taught the first men and women how to travel across the sea sparking a rivalry with the deity of the Sea. Quento represents order, safety, and change, as the stars in the night twinkle and move across the sky, so do the new lands his followers explore. His teachings mostly revolve around navigation, and those that are born into his collective are taught extensively on how to travel safely and record the sky.

The Deity of the Sea

The deity of the sea, more commonly known as the chaotic beast, is a strong and wild animal of a god. Depicted as a large half squid/half shark beast, the Deity of the sea is worshipped by the few sailors that are hearty enough to be blessed by the beast. It has no name, but it is known to communicate through telepathy, and will often speak to the sailors who wish to challenge it. The beast's children range from all manners of the weird and aquatic, from the ravenous sharks to the devious sirens, the beast shows no mercy to those that are cast into the sea unprepared. Common practice when dealing with the beats involve sacrifice, be it personal or shipwide, and all who worship honor those lost to the beast by lighting a small candle in a bottle and lowering it into the water. The beast rivals all deities, as it represents the chaotic and unparalleled ferocity of the great oceans of the world. More recently the beast has been actively attacking and sinking vessels, its massive tentacles pulling ships into its icy domain. Other times it uses its telepathy to convince sailors and travelers to fight amongst each other in trade for awesome power.

The Deities of Conquest

The dueling deities of conquest are a mischievous pair. Brothers in all manners save arms, these two gods are known for sparking fights with all factions for amusement, pitting small villages against one another before escalating to the national level as they often fight with each other on the front lines.

The older brother, Sanquo usually fights as a great defender of the people, as a brilliant tactician, strong and protective of his troops, he constantly drills his soldiers on formations and battle tactics with clever use of defensive lines, coordination and execution of strike forces, and charismatic speeches to rally his troops, he often appears as a handsome and well dressed commander, sporting the ceremonial wardrobe of the race he is leading.

The younger brother, Trenti, is known as the fire starter, he sparks conflicts and uses overwhelming manpower to intimidate his opponents, he fights as a berserker, wild and free, completely entranced by his battle lust. He acts without forethought, resorting to a rather impulsive and opportunistic tactic. He trains his guerilla fighters how to swarm the enemy, how to tap into the battle trance, and how to use sheer force to crush all that stand before you. He is often depicted as a brutal and muscular, but grimy and scarred, leather/fur adorned warrior, wearing whatever is most practical to blend in with the races he sided with.

Sanquo and Trenti only ever see eye to eye on one thing, the mortals are their toys. They believe that the mortal races need war to advance. As every time they've observed the wars they start, the peace lasts generations afterwards, as neither side wishes for more bloodshed than necessary.

The brothers like to keep score, and hate when one is ahead of the other. They spark wars and conflicts when the other is "winning" just to get ahead in their game, shifting nation borders and keeping a balance to the world none of the other deities can accomplish, or so they believe. Due to this, the brothers are often considered childish to the other deities, and interventions to stop the two brothers are held regularly to prevent wars from creating a permanent division between nations. They only ever created a permanent rift once, between the Dwarven National Coalition, and the Elvish Commune of Nature. However, this did unite both sides with other elves and dwarves. Dark elves and high elves became friends in battle, and nation treaties were formed between similar races. The Volcanic Dwarven War Machines from the bowels of The Blackstone Quarry Settlement were piloted by master engineers of the Golden Hills of Aantrenos.

This cemented the brothers as a necessary evil among the other deities, as a long lasting peace through the outlet of the wars they start is preferable to rising tensions and total annihilation of the mortal realm.

The Deity of Love

The deity of love is considered one of the only deities to actively visit the mortal realm in style. She also holds no hate toward the mortal races, crossing borders freely as no nation wishes to be scorned by her or her followers. Her apostles are allowed to practice as sovereign saints, and

those adorned in her garb are allowed to hold ceremonies in any nation regardless of that nation's hate for the race they may be. Sinteree, as she is more commonly known, holds a festival every year, where she travels to the mortal realm with an entourage of her followers, sharing her teachings of love and companionship to every city and village she visits. Nearly every festival lasts a week, starting and ending with a parade, beautiful wedding ceremonies, marriage and dating proposals, fine foods and drinks, music and fireworks, and bright colorful clothes. Sinteree has many symbols, most commonly a dove with a rose in its beak, but depending on the city she visits, it can be anything that is considered a romantic gesture, or coveted as a gift. Other common symbols are as follows:

In Orcish Cultures, her sigil is a jeweled golden Mace with red ribbons wrapped around the neck and grip.

In Dwarven Culture it is a tall tankard of spiced red mead, the tankard adorned with intricate carvings and runes.

In elvish Culture, it is a common practice to offer a flower wreath to the one, or ones, you love during her festivals, as a blessing or promise to one another so long as you live.

Sinteree, being a deity of love, encourages her apostles to bless any and all weddings regardless of racial differences, gender, or number of spouses. Her teachings primarily focus on passion and care, preferring to bring peace to the world through the interlinking of nations through her rose tinted eyes. It is rare for her to directly intervene in relationships, but if one side is unhappy, be it due to an arrangement they were forced into, prisoner-spouses from conquest, or merely abusive and toxic treatment from the other side, she will send an apostle to separate them from the situation, permanently branding a sigil on the abuser warning all of their terrible nature.

While Sinteree tries to focus on preventing these issues, she cannot catch every single prayer and plea. When the beastfolk deity discovered the other mortal races were kidnapping and selling his people in a slave trafficking ring, Sinteree was the first deity to offer assistance, using her apostles as inside sources to leak information to the devoted beastfolk of Owu.

As previously stated, her apostles are allowed to cross borders and perform rituals and ceremonies regardless of their race, for example a Dwarven Apostle would be allowed to practice her teachings in an elven forest community without facing the scrutiny or racism elves have for dwarves, and vice versa. Attacks on her followers are considered especially heinous, and can be punishable by exile or even death, depending on the offense. If the punishment is not carried out before the next festival tour she will not visit that settlement.

The Deity of Land

The Deity of Land, or Graque, is one of, if not *the* oldest deity that still interacts with mortals. The deity of land is rumored to have shaped the world, and birthed all other deities from their respective elements (for instance the sea beast was born from the drops of his tears, after he witnessed the mortals crossing the sea to kill each other). Believed to be the very first deity, Graque is worshiped nearly everywhere, and his teachings are often done through pottery, and stone masonry, practicing in shaping the natural world.

Graque is rumored to have created the world with his hammer and chisel, carving deep valleys and rivers into the porous ball of volcanic rock with mighty swings that broke the pieces into the continents. He smoothed over many of the holes creating the plains and deserts, anything he left behind became the mountains, rich with ore. But soon he grew bored with this lonely tapestry, so he took clay from the riverbeds he made and created his first daughter, Trii, the deity of Mortals. Trii then created dolls that came to life, and used this tapestry as her playground, she created the first mortals, wild and free, and Graque was happy to see his daughter get use out of his work, for he had someone to share it with.

An unknowable amount of deities have been born and died since Graque first created the world, some say that the birth of a deity is him reshaping the forgotten deities into newer deities that are given back command of their own life upon reshaping, completely oblivious to the horrors or beauty they may have spread in their past life.

Almost seven thousand years after the Throne of the Deities was formed from the void most deities inhabit, when not interacting with mortals, Graque was injured when his son Khack tried to usurp him to take the throne in a selfish gambit for power. While Khack did not succeed in his attempt, Graque suffered a grievous injury, after being speared by Khacks Javelins powered with the energy of the Fae deity's stolen magic, betrayed by his son, he had to let his children decide what to do with their sibling while he recovered, and though he was forced to fight him, still holds a great deal of love for his wayward child now stranded in the Dunes of Eternity, hoping he will one day come to his senses and visit the injured deity not as an enemy, but as a son again.

The Deity of Mortals

The Deity of Mortals, Trii, is the creator of the mortal races. She is the second deity to ever exist, and as such commands a high level of respect from her younger siblings. Trii was given a world to play with and fill to her heart's desire by her father, Graque, under the conditions she never created something with malicious intent and to make sure that they stayed separated from one another.

To start, she created animals each with a little piece of her creative flourish, she made iridescent fish with beautiful scales and powerful fins to swim in the great bodies of water her father created, birds to fly across the beautiful orange-pink sky in the early morning, beasts to thunder across the plains all day long, but she wasn't quite satisfied. These creatures merely survived. Apart from the birds that nested in the woodlands, the beasts didn't build things themselves, they didn't make arts or express themselves beyond mating rituals or hunting techniques, they simply existed.

So she had an idea. Trii took the clay from the riverbed her father used to create her, and shaped them into tiny dolls that looked exactly like her. Then, she took a drop of her blood, and painted a small sigil, later to be called the sigil of man, on the chest of the tiny Trii dolls, bringing them to life in her palm. She set the tiny beings down on the world and watched it for years, seeing them communicate, and draw, and dance, and sing, it brought such joy to her watching these mortals interact with the world. She set them down in the Great Plains her father smoothed down, and watched as they built grass houses and grew their own food.

Then one day she decided to create another set of dolls from leaves and twigs. These ones were created to be thin and tall, and the sigil, later named the sigil of the elves, she drew was different, and drawn with a strand of gold instead of her blood. She put these beings in the great forests and jungles her father had made, unlike her though, these beings had pointed ears and catlike eyes, they also inherited some of her magical prowess for she created them with a single piece of amethyst she found nestled in the roots of the biggest trees the new creatures inhabited. These beings were fast, intelligent, and were in tune with nature, often speaking to the trees and animals they encountered in their forests.

The third mortal race she created from bits of rock and magma. She made them small and muscular, almost in the image of her father, she drew on them with charcoal, the sigil of the Dwarves, and imbedded their skin with iron. She nestled them deep in the frozen mountains, and watched as they developed unique technologies to make their cave systems more livable. They developed a powerful drink, and their tools were unmatched in quality. They had an unstoppable drive about them all, to make the most efficient machine to do the most difficult jobs, but they also developed a natural ability to see in the dark, a natural resistance to poisons, and advanced smithing techniques no other mortals can replicate.

Trii loved her creations, but after she filled her fathers world with creatures and beasts, as well as the first three sentient races, she didn't know what else to do. Not long after making her fourth mortal race, the orcs, she started wondering why her father forbade her from letting them share a habitat. So she gave the Orcs the marshlands, and then she made the fifth race, the lizard-folk, and put them in the same marshlands. The Orcs, as strong and brutal as they were, had simple

minds and were quickly subjugated by the intelligent lizardfolk. The lizardfolk then started expanding rapidly, using the orcs as intimidating forward scouts, promising they could fight and destroy anything they encountered, and quickly swept out from the marshlands into the plains, where the first mortal race of humans lived. Trii was horrified by the war that proceeded. However, something unique happened. Trii noticed the humans ability to adapt to, and overcome, any challenge. The orcs were strong and nigh unstoppable while in their battle rage, but couldn't move fast, so the humans tamed horses to maneuver around their enemy. The lizardfolks' skin was too tough for their stone tools, so they made copper tools and weapons. The humans actually managed to push back the orcs and lizardfolk, to Trii's relief. Trii never stopped blaming herself for that war, for disobeying her father, but by that point her siblings had been born. Soon they came to her asking if she could make some mortals for them to rule over. She obliged, but she also offered some of her older creations too. Soon all her creations were divided amongst her siblings, and she had no reason to keep up with the mortals apart from the occasional tour to see who or what was alive. Her siblings ruined them. Humans were fighting each other for unknown reasons, the elves had divided into factions and hated each other, the orcs and lizardfolk had grown tenfold in territory and were now bordering nearly every race on their continent and were beginning to expand overseas. Trii decided to go to her father, and asked to sit in the throne room of the deities with him. She couldn't bear to see her creations at war, and her father welcomed her unconditionally as he too had seen his creation become unstable and butchered by his children. When Khack launched his coup and failed, it was Trii, who defeated and banished Khack to the Dunes of Eternity. Now, Trii sits on the throne while she nurses her father back to health, as the mortal realm slowly becomes more chaotic and wild.

The Deity of Knowledge

The Deity of Knowledge, Eba, is a passive and proud god. His library contains every scripture, passage, and tale in all mortal tongues and recorded history. While rare, this hoarder of secrets and stories allows mortals to visit his library and study under him, however dangerous the texts may be, as long as they take an oath of silence or give him their total devotion as apostles of intellect. Eba does not tolerate noise in his study, often shrouding the entirety of his library in a "bubble" of darkness, muting not just the sounds of the outside but light entirely, preferring to use magics to light his library in soft orange glow similar to that of a candle, or lamp.

In his endeavor to preserve his library during Khacks failed coup, he encased it in crystal, and moved it deep into the jungles, hidden from casual observers. Any mortal can find his library, as those that seek it out will be rewarded for their thirst for knowledge, and often bring a gift of their people's current history to be permitted entrance to the great monastery. Eba does not tolerate petty squabbles and will not just evict the mortals fighting, but will fully wipe any information gathered by the mortals that use it to fight as well as the existence of the library

entirely. The mortals that follow Ebas rules are rewarded with enlightenment, and a sense of comradeship with one another, often going so far as to marry one another despite their species' relations to one another.

It is extremely rare to see Eba outside of his library, as the information he collects must be constantly updated, checked for damage, and preserved, untainted from the biases of combative victory or the lies of kings. If seen outside the library it means one of two things, something has personally fascinated him, or someone provided false information, and he is seeking the truth for himself.

The Library that Eba runs is rumored to be alive, as it can fully run itself while Eba is out and no mortal apostles are present. It closes the crystal encasing around itself while Eba is gone, sealing the mortals inside to protect them, and has time dilation capabilities, as these mortals lose track of time while studying and transcribing the books in their own languages but do not age. Gaining access to Eba's Library is considered a great honor, and as such only the brightest and most trustworthy envoys are sent by the mortal races that have established kingdoms, cabals, and Hegemonies, hoping to have their histories preserved in their image, often these envoys are accepted with scrutiny as the texts they provide are filled with historical inaccuracies and fabrications to paint their leaders as great heroes of their people. On the other hand, mortals that seek pure knowledge, just to explore the world as is or see a new creature, simply wander the world searching for the library, often they find and contribute a more truthful version of historical events, as well as medical properties of herbs, magical incantations and runes, and general fringe knowledge that show the evolution of time in the mortal realm.

The Older mortals in the library often need to be taught the new language their race speaks, for instance, a lizardfolk may speak a dead version of their language, before the separation of Orcs and Lizardfolk, and may have a more aggressive sounding dialect, whereas a post separation lizardfolk may speak in a softer less commanding dialect as they no longer have to speak over the Orcish tongue. As such, new members are immediately put in language teaching roles to what would normally be their superiors, so as not to have miscommunication between the past and present generations in the library.

For a mortal to leave with their new gained knowledge, if they so choose, they must first pass several tests judged by Eba himself, if even one is failed they are given the ultimatum to stay in the Library, or have their memory erased before they leave.

The Deity of Athletics

The deity of Athletics, Dro-Quata, is held in high regard by the mortals as one of the most entertaining deities. He holds many competitions through the years often using teams to perform in his trials and games, in an attempt to showcase the best of the best to the world. His champion is whichever mortal can outperform the rest in fair contests, and rotates semi-frequently; The longest reigning champion being an Orc for 10 years before being dethroned by an Elf, shows just how much variety Dro-Quata's challenges hold. The champions race will often be rewarded with a boon from the god, sometimes it's riches and wealth, other times it's the finest meats and cheeses, and sometimes it's simply recognition and fame making their land more prosperous "putting them on the map" so to speak on the political scale. Once every year, Dro-Quata holds an event that supersedes all his others, it requires baffling physical strength, and an unbreakable will in a non-combative test of the various sports Dro-Quata hand picks every year.

Using his magics, the deity will form a multi-biomed, track, ranging from the most jagged of cliff faces, to the hottest of deserts, Dro-Quata's first challenge is a race that always changes. One year it could be climbing a jungle tree found only in elven territory followed by swimming through dark caves only dwarves could navigate. The next year it's the wild swamplands of the Lizard folk, followed by the searing deserts of the beastmen. The first mortal to make it through every biome wins in simple terms, and usually the biome races have 7-8 biomes along the track.

Dro-Quata's next challenge is a test of accuracy. Various targets, both static and moving, are arranged across an impossibly large field (again sculpted by magics) and the mortals are to hit as many as possible within a certain time limit. Due to the elves natural skill with bows and arrows, the rules on the ranged weapons are often very relaxed, for example dwarves can use their crossbows and single-shot rifles, and orcs and lizardfolk can use spears. Unsurprisingly, this has been considered unfair by some elves, however more believe this to be a challenge bearing even more bragging rights by other elves, and as such has been the spark of some controversy between the mortals.

The list of challenges goes on and on, often being interchangeable with one another to keep the event interesting to all viewers, both mortal and deity alike. As this is a massively important event to both mortals and deities, the mortals have made it tradition to bring envoys of their own foods and customs, setting up in stalls along the outside of the event space to share foods and practices with the other mortal races attending. Often the event is seen as the penultimate display of peace, as mortal races once seen bickering over petty border disputes and racial tensions, are now seen drinking the finest of ales and wines together, singing songs of their victories in the teams, often forming connections between trading companies for goods such as jewelry and foods that last long after the first event is held.

Dro-Quata often travels much like the deity of Love, cultivating paragons of strength, and talent among the mortal races. Unlike the deity of love, he does not travel with apostles and preachers,

but rather he travels with only the one champion of the previous yearly event to inspire or spur on the other mortals to achieve that place as his personal attendant.

The Deity of Booze

The deity of Booze, Guma, is heavily revered by the dwarves, Orcs, and humans. He is a smaller god that travels the natural world for ingredients to make his potent brews and spirits. His reverence comes from those races that take pride in their craftsmanship, and even those races—elves, lizardfolk, and such—do have some followers, elven wine is so pure and red one could sip it and taste every sweet berry that went into its fermentation, and the lizardfolk “Wyr-Caan” is so potent most mortals will die if they drink so much as a sip.

Guma often frequents bars and festivals, sharing not only his drinks with the patrons, but also taking their drinks back to the gods as offerings from the mortal planes. He had passed on his techniques to only the most talented of brewmasters, and to this day his distilleries operate across the lands. Being the deity of Booze means that Guma is almost always inebriated, only recovering from hangovers when his own product is imbibed. He is a squat man, with a big round gut, and rose red hair, but his appearance is deceiving, what may be seen as drunken stupor and uncoordinated movement is actually a delicate and ferocious fighting style that the dwarves fine tuned to their berserker battle trance. By making wide swings, in a fluid motion, he uses the force of the moves to carry over into one another smoothly, resulting in a nearly unstoppable chain of strikes, spins, bends, and bone-crushing blows that leaves their opponent little more than a bruised and bloody pile on the ground.

Guma has many disciples, nearly $\frac{1}{3}$ of the dwarven population are brewmasters, who run the majority of his distilleries and bars. because the most hearty of crops they grow (if any) are crops that can survive colder climates at higher altitudes, hill dwarves with barley, mountain dwarves with potatoes. Their Malted whiskey and vodka are some of the most refined and flavorful drinks across the land. Guma is often attributed to the dwarven production of booze, as they were the first race he encountered when he was “born” into the world. His understanding of the fermentation of the various ingredients was quickly learned by the dwarves, and soon every brewery they built contained a shrine to Guma.

His Human and halfling brewmasters have endless fields of grains and hops, and beehives with the richest honey imaginable. While their spirits are weaker than most races, it’s cheaper and more plentiful than any other in the land. Guma encountered these farms and noticed that the drinks they produced were so weak, one could drink over a dozen mugs of them and still be able to sing and dance with no issue. Guma taught these humans his techniques and practices, and

while they were slower to pick up on things than the dwarves, the humans and halflings have a steady surplus of beers and meads.

His Orcish brewmasters are said to produce spirits in high quantities using barrels made from the massive trees of their homeland. They use sugarcanes native to the beaches, as well as various sweet fruits and spices, to create high quality rums that are enjoyed by nearly every race. They also make use of their wetland terrain to grow rice, both to feed their troops, and produce sake. Being vassals to the lizardfolk, Orcs are one of the few races that can drink “Wyr-Caan” with little to no side effects— A skill most Orcs use as a party trick.

The few lizardfolk that follow Guma make their spirit more so for ritualistic purposes, as it causes hallucinations necessary to the lizardfolks religion, and as such it is one of the more heavily regulated drinks in the world. Most bars and taverns that carry the beverage do so only for the lizardfolk travelers, or anyone daring or stupid enough to test their luck with the spirit. Due to its potency and religious importance, its recipe is heavily guarded and secretive, the lizardfolk who make the drink are sworn into secrecy, and would die before giving the recipe up.

The Elves, despite their pride and self-reverence, have learned from Guma as well. His knowledge of the local flora of the elven forest provided them with the groundwork to not only produce wine, but Brandy, Cider, and Gin. He taught the elves to save the “leftovers” of their wine production, and to age it in barrels. Guma also taught the elves what botanicals make the sharpest and most unique of gins. The treetop breweries of the elves are beautiful, and more often than not, carefully design their spirits to have this “grandeur” to them.

Beastfolk invented mezcal and its cousins like tequila, because they live primarily in the deserts of my world, and agave is abundant in areas that can support life, but they prefer to cultivate agave for medical purposes since agave can be used to reduce inflammation and as an anti-septic, focusing on survival in a harsh environment over pleasure from drunkenness. Despite this a few beastfolk do own quite large and well known distilleries.

Guma has traveled with various other gods. Supplying the drinks to their festivals and parties, but he also stands at odds with a few gods too. His older brother, Eba, often looks down upon him for being loud and raucous; and goes to great lengths to avoid him. Guma does not care though. His rowdy and playful nature has earned him favor among the other deities, and they welcome him with open arms and bright smiles for the parties he brings with him.

The Deity of Mischief

Grezhshna, the deity of mischief, is almost exclusively worshiped by goblins and kobolds. She created them when she took her older sister Trii's runes, and stuffed moss and twigs from the lizardfolks swamp, and the dwarves' caves. Because she created these beings, she made them chaotic, funny, small, and just as mischievous as her. When Grezhshna made the goblins and kobolds, she immediately revealed herself a deity to them, and led them in their first raid.

She made the goblins to be smaller looking orcs, and as such they generally get along with the large brutes, but they also have the ability to quickly regenerate limbs, and an uncanny ability to camouflage themselves with mud and plantlife. The goblins are greedy creatures, and they steal just about anything that isn't nailed down regardless of monetary value, as they prefer stealing the shiniest stuff they can find. Gems, gold, ore, silverware, cups, bowls, and sometimes even weapons and armor. Goblins are not nearly as smart as kobolds though, and most goblins are killed before they reach their 10 years, aging incredibly fast and being sent straight to deployment in what can only resemble a militant bandit clan. Every goblin carries a small idol carved of sapphire representing Grezhshna, and when they are on the edge of death, they eat the sapphire, giving their unique biology a boost of adrenaline as well as boost their regenerative powers tenfold. These are known as blue-skinned suiciders, as these goblins launch themselves into combat with no acknowledgement of their odds, often as a last resort, even more so a wasted attempt to do whatever they can to take out their attackers, or buy time for other goblins to escape. Grezhshna grew bored with the goblins, as their mischief and mayhem was too uncoordinated. They may worship her, but they do not follow her orders, and their greed and ability to spread quickly and wildly meant there were far too many of these beings to manage on such a short attention span, such as Grezhshnas.

Kobolds, on the other hand, are like Grezhshnas true children. She cares for these creatures, and as such she gave kobolds incredible speed, the ability to shapeshift, and natural dark vision so they could explore caves and stir up trouble for the dwarves. Grezhshna's love for the small creatures only grew from this, they kept things interesting, they listened to her commands like loyal soldiers, and worshiped her by offering stolen treasures, when she commanded them to do so. The kobolds have a unique way of life, completely different from the militant goblins, these beings dwell in caves and can live as long as 70 years before even coming close to combat. Their shapeshifting ability is incredible, as they can almost replicate any living being they see, with some exceptions. They cannot perfectly replicate certain features, eyes and teeth being the main issue. They also cannot replicate the taller races, elves and orcs being the only two races that require multiple kobolds to imitate. Humans are the next hardest races to copy as they vary in multiple aspects, dwarves, beast men, and lizardfolk are the easiest races for kobolds to disguise themselves as, sharing many qualities primarily with the lizardfolk, and secondarily with the beast men. Lizardfolk and kobolds actually live together in many villages, often because the kobolds are mistaken for lizardfolk children, sneaking into the egg clutches of lizardfolk to be the "first hatched" only revealing themselves to be kobolds when the rest of the clutch actually

hatches. The lizardfolk do not care about the kobolds living in their homes, so long as the kobolds do not pose a threat to their ways of life. They have no use for the currencies of the mortal realm, so they steal tools from the many races of the planet, per Grezshna's orders they are only to cause minor inconveniences in the lands they steal from. In one of most infamous instances of this, a kobold stole a dwarven smith's hammer and left it "conveniently" in an elven village that borders both the older races' lands. Since both races were very prideful, and neither wanted to admit to being wrong, tensions grew thick enough to cut with an axe, and then the deities of war and conquest got involved.

Her "small" pranks tend to go too far in most mortal terms, resulting in large scale wars between the mortal races, and as such many of the deities look at Grezshna as an immature child; despite this, Grezshna is loved by several other deities— Guma, Sinteree, her father Graque, and the beast of the sea— all love her chaotic and carefree nature, her bubbly personality, and her passion for her kobolds, among other traits. The brothers of war and conquest, as well as the deity of athletics, also hold a fondness for her, as many of her pranks lead to challenges to overcome, and wars to fight. There are a few deities that truly despise her, and that would be her sister Trii, who resents Grezshna for stealing the runes to make the goblins and kobolds, and Eba, as she almost burned down his library just to see the pretty colors the fire would create. Khack and Antorea also hate Grezshna as she is the daughter of Graque, and accomplishes more chaos and destruction by accident than they could ever achieve through years of planning.

Grezshna has an appearance similar to that of her kobolds, she has short, scale covered arms, legs, and a tail, but she's covered in fur across her body and head, making her look like a strange chimera of a woman. However, due to her being a deity she has the ability to shapeshift as well and she can appear as anything she chooses to with flawless detail, and she often does so to stir up trouble in the mortal realm for the sake of pushing buttons. She even started a small coup in between the humans, replacing a decades old monarchy with an oligarchy of paladins under the false guise that the monarch was taking power and influence away from the gods. This resulted in a long and bloody war between the mortals that supported the crown, and the mortals that supported the various paladin orders. This war sparked much controversy along the other deities, including the brothers of war and conquest. On one hand, they all got infinitely more worship and attention from the oligarchy. On the other hand, it was Grezshna's actions that sparked it, and no god wanted to be in debt to the mischievous one for fear of being forced to do something embarrassingly uncharacteristic of them per her requests and idea of "fun".

The Deity of the Beastfolk

The Deity of the beastfolk, Owu, is a gluttonous but protective god. He resides in the lowest level of the congregational cavern city of the beasts, demanding tribute from his many followers.

Their undying loyalty to this creature is still unknown to many non-beastfolk, but every village, township, nomadic trade company, and resident of the cavern city pays tribute to Owu through food. The offerings range from meats, cheeses, liquors, edible forage, herbs, vegetables and fruits, and honey being especially favored, all in hopes of gaining a favor from the great beast. Often one time offerings are not enough, and the devoted beastfolk continuously make offerings with every cycle, save for winter when the great beast sleeps. All Owu worshipers sleep through winter, either in an act of mimicry of their beloved master or as a meditation practice taught by Owu himself, and wake at the first sign of spring.

Despite the Congregational cavern city being located in the desert, where all beastfolk are said to originate, the Beastfolk have many villages and territories in forests, tundras, and other locales the mortal races inhabit. Owu chose the desert to set up has the capital city of all beastfolk purely from self interest, always warm with cool nights, and a natural defense from outside attackers from the little value in the desert, as the cavern holds only cheap quartz and amethyst and most dwarves have already deemed the land “worthless” ore wise, and the other races cannot stand the heat or lack of shade as the beastfolk do.

Owu looks, as one would expect, like the bear subrace of beastfolk. His fur is a dark brown-red shade, similar to that of many bear-beastfolk. The thing that makes Owu different from his followers, is his body shape. Most beastfolk have humanoid features, bipedal but with animalistic features, such as ears, horns, tails, claws, snouts, and pads on the fingers and palms, as well as the feet and toes; Owu is quadrupedal, like most bears, and appears to be a regular bear, but talks and speaks in the various languages of the world. Beast-common, the language all beastfolk know, is rumored to have been created to prevent war between his followers and Owu speaks each individual subraces language fluently, as well as man-common, and the various languages of elvish, dwarven, and lizardfolk.

Owu generally does not get involved in politics of the other deities, much like the beast of the sea, and his followers tend to stay within their borders, peacefully collecting their offerings for him; however he has been known to be aggressive when dealing with territorial border disputes between his followers and the other mortal races like the humans, dwarves, and elves. His presence in these disputes usually result in the mortals backing off. Interestingly enough, Owu accepts the lizardfolk as worshipers, and has no qualms about leaving his peoples borders with them, encouraging trade, and an unseen peace along the wetlands between the beastfolk and lizardfolk nations. Other deities that visit Owu are often there because Owu does not care for their presence. The Deities of athletics, love, knowledge, and booze are the few deities that Owu enjoys having around, as they generally leave his people happier for the long run. The other deities that make themselves present on the mortal world, especially the dueling deities, the deity of dark magic, and the deity of the dunes are actively repelled by Owu personally, as he does not tolerate their presence or their practices when involving themselves in his affairs. There are

beastfolk that do fall for these deities who are often branded with a symbol if they are caught practicing dark magics or making a deal with Khack, forever scarring their flesh and fur marking them as a traitor to all beastfolk. The beastfolk that worship the dueling deities often rent themselves out as mercenaries for the armies the dueling deities command, they are the only “heretical” beastfolk that are not branded, but are offered a return to the ways of the beastfolk should they survive *and* redeem themselves with an offering.

Owu worshipers, who cannot represent their subrace, clan, village, or other defining factor, carve wooden totems that stand in the center of their village, topped with Owu’s likeness and leave their offerings at its base for the few that make the journey to the Cavernous city to carry in their stead, relaying their pleas to the great beast. Often these totems will show what races inhabit the settlement, for example a totem being viewed from top to bottom in a village bordering a dwarven mountain may look like the following: Owu, goat beastfolk, Eagle beastfolk, wolf beastfolk, and at the bottom dwarfs. This shows that while dwarves inhabit the village, there are more goat and eagle beast folk present, and an average population will have totem poles of 3-5 different beast subraces, whereas border settlements will have at least 1-2 non-beastfolk races granted habitation, so long as they follow the rules and provide offerings to Owu. The congregational cavern city Owu inhabits has the tallest totem pole in the beastfolk territories, with representatives from every village and settlement as well as a lizardfolk and the other non-beast races appearing at the lowest sections of the totem.

The beastfolk that worship Owu are an enigma to the non-beast mortals; dwarves, humans, and elves; as they cannot fathom how so many different subspecies of beastfolk can live together without issue, and are often frustrated toward the beastfolks inclusiveness of one another but exclusiveness of the non-beast races. This often is the cause of anti-beastfolk sentiment and racism, as well as the legal slavery of beastfolk practices by elves and humans. Beastfolk that live close to elves and humans are often victims of trafficking, resulting in tension between the beastfolk and the two non-beastfolk races. Unfortunately those that are sold into slavery can rarely be rescued if they are taken too far into the elf and human lands, and are never heard from again. If the abducted beastfolk aren’t able to be rescued by Owu’s guard, or the long distance rescue groups that go deep into the non-beasts territory in last ditch efforts to free them, the families of these stolen beastfolk will often mourn the taken by setting spirit vigils free, a simple paper lamp balloon with the subrace of the beast painted on the side, the village they were taken from on another, the the family markings on the third, and a symbol of return on the final side, to guide the spirit of the taken ones to return to their homes. Dwarves do not practice this slavery, as many beastfolk are too large or cumbersome to navigate their mines or provide useful labor to them, and are more likely to target the beastfolk in aggressive fights and harassment by other means instead. Many beastfolk pray and make offerings to hurt these non-beastfolk that engage in their racist attacks and while Owu may not personally intervene he will send his personal guard, bear-beastfolk trained by him and wearing decorative paint marks to resemble his unique

pattern, to deal with the attacks. Many beastfolk that live in non-beastfolk territory inhabit slums and poor living conditions, have very limited access to many necessities to life, and are treated as though their existence is a blight on the non-beastfolk settlements.

Owu does not often ask for assistance from other deities, being a prideful being, but upon learning that his people were being sold into slavery, he accepted Sinteree's help, realizing that she was genuinely distraught by the mistreatment of the beastfolk from other mortals. Many, if not all, of Owu's personal guard have a direct contact to Sinterees apostles, and are granted sanctuary in her temples across the mortal realm upon their search for missing persons.

Despite these atrocities that occur, there are a few members of these non-beast races that are friendly towards the beastfolk races. Small hunting and farming communities in the human countryside often encourage both carnivorous and herbivorous beastfolk to live with them due to their natural prowess at hunting or harvesting techniques. A majority of these non-beastfolk citizens are followers of Sinteree and Owu, although there are those that worship other deities as well. Traders and merchants will often hire large class beastfolk as bouncers or trail guards for their intimidating appearance. The very few adventuring parties that include beastfolk are often some of the most proficient and high ranking groups and organizations as the blessing Owu bestows upon the faithful vary between the requested boons and the subrace making the offering. For instance a rabbit subrace making an offering of increased accuracy with a ranged weapon will be 50% more likely to hit their targets consistently than an elven ranger, should Owu deem the offering acceptable. Because of this, the deity of athletics has made a deal with Owu to not bestow gifts upon any of the beastfolk participants in the competitions he holds, as direct intervention by a deity is cheating.

The non-beastfolk worshipers of Owu are known as beast-walkers, and have earned Owu's blessing and favor by making offerings, painting themselves with various tattoos and body paints, and performing rituals in his name to earn the right to use his blessings either upon themselves, their houses and families, or their community as a whole. The beast-walkers intentions vary wildly, some of the most common are because a non-beast race has fallen in love with one of the beastfolk, they wish to study or understand what makes the beastfolk society work, or simply to enhance their strength to combat opponents far stronger or more dangerous than they could handle under normal conditions. The beast-walkers that have the more selfish intentions, the ones that simply wish for beastly strength, are often culprits to a myriad of crimes, and as such Owu actually gives them weaker blessings than most other beast-walkers. It's still powerful enough to have a noticeable difference between normal non-beast abilities, but not so powerful that a beast-walker can beat a lightly trained beastfolk warrior.

The dead deity of the Fae, as the name implies, was the deity of the now endangered race of magical beings. The documents, ruins, and artifacts associated with the fae and the deity often depict both as a small creature with wings, a natural affinity for magic, and a mischievous attitude similar to that of Grezshna.

The fae nearly went extinct long before Grezshna, when Khack first attempted his coup of the throne. He had captured the Fae deity, and siphoning off its power, wounded Graque, as well as depleted the Fae deity of its magic, killing it in the process. The now godless fae creatures' magic quickly depleted with the death of their deity, and without their magical ability to fly, grow their crops quickly, or sustain their community, they became prime targets for the elves that once avoided the fae patches in the forests and jungles. Whatever fae that weren't killed by the elves, the ones that escaped the carnage, fled to the human and dwarven territories, hoping that they'd be given sanctuary, only to be killed for being non-human creatures commonly associated with trickster magic before Grezshna appeared. Many of the fae that went to the dwarves were poisoned due to the inability to acclimate to the smog of industry the dwarves produced on a near daily basis, the surviving fae sort and carve gemstones alongside dwarven artisans for what little payment and shelter they can receive. The few fae that didn't go to humans or dwarves found refuge in Eba's great library, living off the deity of knowledge's magical power, in trade to be custodians of the library, as well as recording their entire history and population counts every few years.

The dead deity of the fae is largely forgotten by the rest of the world, the only proof of its existence being the fae that survived, and the ruined temples and statues of the being. Beyond that not much is known about the Fae deity, and it's name has been lost to time when it's body was returned to The primordial darkness. There are rumors and theories that Grezshna is the reshaped Fae deity, and the fae that do not reside in the great library have been seen making deals with the kobolds and goblins occasionally, as well as setting up shrines to the new deity of mischief.

The Deities of Wealth

The deities of Wealth, a greedy and underhanded pair, are cousins of the deities of Conquest. Frana and Wendria are worshiped by traders and bandits alike, as their goals are simply to keep a constant stream of gold, silver, copper, and other valuable tokens or currencies under their individual hoards.

Frana, the older sister, is primarily worshiped by bandits, as her tactics of extortion, slavery, burglary, theft, and other "take what you want by force" methods are popular practices among

them. Her aggressive drive to obtain wealth by way of violence drives the bandit clans to freely attack their targets with no regard for taking prisoners. Frana is depicted as a red dragon, powerful and dangerous, violent in nature, and not in the least bit subtle. Frana's worshippers tend to wear red painted armor, to invoke her power and claim treasures and money in her name. Because of this, many female red-scaled lizardfolk are harassed by the rest of the world, often assumed that they are Frana incarnate. Few of these women hide their scales as though cursed, painting the scales with colors that hide the red shade. Few others embrace the banditry, and are regarded as the Bandit Queens of Frana, ruling over multiple clans, and organizing activities, demanding tribute in honor of Frana as her "True Disciples". The majority of these red-scaled women simply ignore the harassment, or run many upstanding charities to counteract the negative stereotypes they face.

Wendria, the younger brother, is primarily worshiped by Traders and merchants, as his methods are less extreme, but no less underhanded. Scams, cheap goods for high prices, shady business deals, and other ways to (in the loosest of terms) legally obtain wealth. Wendria is depicted as a blue dragon, wise and clever, deceptive in nature, and generally more focused on controlling the ebb and flow of commerce in settlements. Wendria's worshipers' book of sales records always have a blue dragon sigil embossed on the front, to honor the dragon, and offer financial income to him. Because of this, many male blue-scaled lizardfolk are often mistaken as envoys of Wendria and are expected to run businesses, be charismatic, or are seen as scammers. Some of these blue-scales simply take the money and run, or like their red-scaled counterparts, paint themselves different colors to hide themselves. The few blue-scales that embrace the practices of Wendria, however, build massive banks and become the Merchant Union of Wendria, ensuring that the wealth and capital of businesses are accounted for and protected from misfortune. The majority of the blue-scaled men tend to let the businesses know they just have blue scales, and continue shopping, but with a discount for representing the blue dragon.

The Deity of Dreams

The deity of Dreams, Onshri, is a formless deity, and the younger sibling of Antorea. Onshri often works working through shadows and proxies. Onshri's sole purpose is to observe, collect, and distribute dreams and nightmares to the mortal realm, either to inspire the various races or to torment them. Onshri cannot be observed directly, or be seen in direct sunlight, as the light harms them.

Most Mortals that worship Onshri become Members of Nocturn, an organization of artists and sculptures dedicated to replicating the deity by any means necessary. Often these mortals sell their artworks as "windows" to Onshri, allowing them into the homes of those that buy the paintings and statues to spread their influence.

Onshri's Dreams and Nightmares vary, as most of their dreams are saved for young children to protect them from the horrors of the waking world. The nightmares, however, are more commonly spread. They depict war and violence, and are primarily used as a punishment for the mortals' transgressions. Those that ignore the nightmares and do not join the Members of Nocturn often go mad, as the terrors only escalate to a crescendo of screams and torture unimaginable being inflicted on them. Onshri's magic is powerful, but it cannot harm the mortals, and as such, the Members of Nocturn act as their hands, often inflicting small wounds upon the sleeping targets so they believe their nightmares are becoming a reality. The Members of Nocturn, in their slow and methodical cuts and torture, are careful not to wake the targets, but under Onshri's order will kill those that are not redeemable.

Onshri is in direct conflict with the deity of dark magics, as Antorea's followers are often the direct targets of Onshri's nightmares and Members of Nocturn. Captured Members of Nocturn are often killed, not by the captor but by themselves to prevent Antorea from killing Onshri in a conflict to absorb their magic. Onshri has evaded and been on the defensive for as long as anyone in the Members of Nocturn can remember, and as such they make unlikely allies for Khacks Armies of the Damned. Antorea, being a deity of dark magic, often has to split her forces between slaughtering Khacks followers, and countering the Member of Nocturn from spreading Onshri's influence.

The Deities of the Lizardfolk

The Deities of the Lizardfolk, whose names will be revealed further in the section, are the many gods of the lizardfolk. Unlike Owu where many, if not all, beastfolk worship him as their primary deity; the Lizardfolk are a polytheistic people, worshiping their own deities as a group primary, while the many other deities of the world are regarded as secondary by comparison. Most lizardfolk believe their deities decide what clan or subrace they belong to, carrying a great deal of importance in their scales and appearance, as they believe they are literally shaped in their deities' own image. This has led to some conflict with non-lizardfolk deities, such as Frana and Wendria, whose red or blue scales have led to assumptions and biased attitudes to blue scale male and red scale female lizardfolk. There are 6 major races of lizardfolk, and countless minor races either born from blending of the major races, or lacking enough distinction to be classified as a uniquely different race.

The first major race, the Gator Class lizardfolk, are one of the two large class lizardfolk that prefer living in the tropical swamplands they call their homes. Gator class lizardfolk believe they are shaped in the image of Skerii. Their scale's color, like all lizard folk, vary across the entire spectrum, and gator class scales are large and thick, but those few that are albino are heralded as

Skerii's chosen. Most gator class lizardfolk range in height between 10-13 feet tall and weigh nearly 800 lbs on average. When they come of age, they are taken to a monastery deep within the swamps and trained in ritualistic practice of singing a deep and mournful song while performing the rite of war. Skerii is the lizardfolks most violent deity, and her use of her powerful jaws and tail as a means to combat opponents make Skerii lizardfolk brutal berserkers. Many Skerii worshipers, who are not naturally albino, paint various sigils and images in white upon their scales before battle to channel her bloodlust. The name of these warriors, Ah-Kohr, when loosely translated by the humanoid races means "Skull-Gators" as they have been seen taking the skulls of their kills or enemies as trophies or offerings to Skerii. When Gator class lizard folk drink Wyr-caan in their first ritual, their adolescence to adulthood practice, many claim that Skerii presents them with a challenge as they grow from adolescence to adulthood. Usually Skerii's challenges are beating a wild animal without weapons, taking their bones, and forging a "soul charm". These charms are actually rudimentary bone weapons, usually decorative or ceremonial, and are made to Skerii's vision as every Gator Class weapon varies. Some are told to make axes and spears, others bows and mallets, but these weapons are kept on display in a gator class lizardfolks home or hutch. Gator class lizardfolk do not travel far from their homes unless they are at war, and are usually seen leading large platoons of Orcs and other lizardfolk with expert skill, as nearly all lizardfolk have a strangely analytical and strategy focused mind during times of stress. When a gator class dies or is killed, their ceremonial weapon is rested upon their body or tomb instead if their body cannot be recovered.

The Second major race, the Crocodile Class, is the other large lizardfolk race. Crocodile class lizardfolk believe they are shaped in the image of Kiso. Crocodile class lizardfolk prefer the warm water climates near the beastfolk deserts. Kiso is the lizardfolk deity of agriculture, and many Gator class lizardfolk farm along warm rivers and coastlines. They grow sugar, as well as papyrus reeds, medicinal herbs, and rice, as well as the lizardfolks largest supply of fish. Kiso's scales are large, with a sandy brown with black spots, and when lizardfolk that resemble Kiso hatch and are of age, are taught the Wyr-Caan recipe. Most Crocodile class lizardfolk are around 9-12 feet tall and weigh around 500 lbs on average. Kiso worshipers wear cloth wraps and beautiful feather headdresses when performing their rites of growth, spreading ash fertilizer across farmlands to increase crop growth throughout the seasons. Most crocodile class lizardfolk claim Kiso appears to them during their first ritual, and teaches them many practical methods of farming. Kiso is a more passive and loving lizardfolk deity, and as such most crocodile class lizardfolk are not aggressive, and are rarely seen outside of lizardfolk territory, however they are just as dangerous as Gator class lizardfolk when provoked, and will not hesitate to defend themselves if threatened. The great farms the crocodile class lizardfolk maintain often provide a majority of food all lizardfolk survive off of, and their fishing techniques are the most infamous as they dive deep underwater with small knives, nets, and spears to catch various aquatic life, the favorite of all lizardfolk being Catfish. Most Crocodile class lizardfolk are cremated upon death, and their ashes are contributed to the fertilizer for their crops, often notable families ashes encase

a tree seed of the fruit that Wyr-Caan is fermented from, and planted in a grove known only to the few lizardfolk that are born appearing naturally like Kiso.

The Iguana class lizardfolk are the third major race in lizardfolk, and live closer to the lush tropical areas of the lizardfolk territory. Most Iguana class lizardfolk are around 6-7 feet tall and weigh about 190-200 lbs on average and their scales are small in size, almost making their skin appear like leather. Like all lizardfolk it is not uncommon to see various scale shades and colors, but iguana class lizardfolk that have bright green and yellow scales, as well as large spines along their head and back, are believed to be the scales of Ehghi, the lizardfolk deity of charisma. The worshipers of Ehghi are taken into the capital city of the lizardfolk, and are taught the various mercantile practices of the world and how to get the best possible deal in Ehghi's name. Upon their first ritual involving Wyr-Caan, the iguana class lizardfolk who see Ehghi are blessed with an instant understanding of the other mortals' language, facilitating a much larger trade audience. Iguana class lizardfolk are often seen traveling the world in caravans to and from the major cities of the other mortals, and are generally friendly to the other races, with the beastfolk being their most common travel partners. The Iguana class lizardfolk are among the most common lizardfolk seen in the world, and are the most passive of the races, preferring to avoid conflict or letting their hired guard handle disputes or threats. When Iguana class lizardfolk die, their possessions and businesses are handed down through their families or, if none are present, are sold back to the iguana class lizardfolk communities.

The Raptor class lizardfolk are the fourth major class of lizardfolk, and are the fastest lizardfolk in the world. Ranging from 7-9 feet tall and weighing a shockingly low 150 lbs on average, these lean warrior lizardfolk are easily spotted by their unique claw toed foot, sleek body shape, and small waxy scales. The raptor class lizardfolk with Black scales are said to be shaped in the image of the lizardfolk trickster god Axahra. Due to raptor class lizardfolks speed being unmatched, they often serve as scouts, infiltrators, and assassins in the lizardfolk military. Many raptor class lizardfolk, upon drinking Wyr-Caan for the first time, see Axahra and are trained on how to deceive and annoy the other mortal races, not excluding the other lizardfolk races mind you, and how to perform the rite of shadows. Being a trickster god, Axahra worshipers are often considered the most immature of the lizardfolk, as the raptor class lizardfolk often pulls pranks, speak in a crude language, and are more open with their romantic or physical desires or fantasies, but this is to distract from the great deal of secrets they hold, and are rarely seen speaking to other mortal races for fear of leaking important lizardfolk secrets to potential threats. Most raptor class lizardfolk strike from shadows or are a blur for many mortal eyes, and they prefer to keep it that way, as misinformation and speed are their greatest abilities. In a bizarre act of survival, many raptor class lizardfolk will simply leave the dead where they fall, and as such burial traditions are uncommon among these people, preferring to celebrate life and the finer aspects of it.

The newt class lizardfolk are the fifth and smallest of all the major races, able to live anywhere, the 3-4 foot tall weighing 80-100 lbs, these lizardfolk are the most beloved among all races, as their cutest and “no brained” appearance, while deceiving, puts many mortals at ease. Often described as jittery, spastic, and geeky, these lizardfolk have naturally higher intelligence, and are constantly working on various projects all throughout their lives. All newt class lizardfolk have small sleek bodies, similar to the raptor class, but unlike their speedy cousins, the newt class are more respectful of the rules and other races. The few newt class lizardfolk that are hatched with bright pink scales and a red fringe or head crest, are believed to resemble the deity Glou, the lizardfolk deity of growth. Glou worshippers wear bright pink robes and body paints, and practice magics and technological studies, often attempting to combine the two out of boredom. Most newt class lizardfolk live in large capital cities, and are some of the most powerful mages or smartest machinists of the world, rivaling elves and dwarves, and this can get them into trouble as they tend to break taboos the other mortals have. Many of these lizardfolk are unaware any such taboo was in effect, or simply ignored it as it didn’t make sense to them. Upon drinking Wyr-Caan in their first ritual, the newt class lizardfolk are told to retrieve a grimoire or present an invention to Glou, and upon doing so they are “sworn in” as members of either the magical practitioners guild, or the machinist union, and after graduating from one are sent to the other to complete their understanding of the two studies. These newt class folk are not dismissive about death, they recognize the senseless loss of life as a negative, however a majority of them will sign pacts to release their body to be studied, opting to do as much as they can even in death. It’s commons for many lizardfolk to, upon death or crisis, offer assistance through magics, medicines, or even offering organs that can be harvested to preserve other lizardfolk lives with transplants are cleanly cut out and sent away, memoirs, magical tomes, and research papers are published wherever they can be, and all proceeds are sent to the families and clans of these curious people. Because of this they do not understand the reverence many other mortals hold for the dead, and if caught dissecting or “studying” the corpses of non-lizardfolk races, they are accused of disrespecting the culture or desecrating the graves.

The Snake class is the sixth major race of the lizardfolk, and are among the most mysterious, even to other lizardfolk. The snake class lizardfolk do not have legs but, as the name implies, their lower half is that of most snakes. Their upper half has two arms, and appear like most mortals, but they’re covered in scales. Because of this, most snake class “stand” (read balance on their lower half) at around 6-7 feet tall, however they can shift their weight to be as tall as 10-15 feet or as short as 2-3 feet depending on their temperament, and weigh anywhere from 400-600 lbs. Many snake class lizardfolk argue that the Crocodile class and Gator class lizardfolk are only claiming to be the largest two races in the lizardfolk territory because they don’t need to shift their balance constantly to remain upright, but it has been rendered a non-issue by the rest of the lizardfolk. The snake class lizardfolk that are hatched with gray scales and a cobra hood, are believed to represent the lizardfolk deity of death, Syiir. Syiir worshipers wear gray hooded robes and cover their bodies with ashes, and perform many of the death rituals for the other lizardfolk

racers. Upon drinking Wyr-caan for the first time, Syiir comes forth and teaches his worshipers how to synthesize strong poisons and paralytic venoms. Due to the snake class's unique physiology, many of them appear to “dance” as they move, swaying gracefully from side to side, and many female snake class lizardfolk use this to their advantage to lure in and seduce or hypnotize curious mortals or targets for their assassinations, and because of this many mortals are weary and avoid snake class lizardfolk out of self preservation. When a snake class lizardfolk dies, a small ritual is performed, and they are coiled up, doused in a flammable substance known only to Syiir worshipers, then burned on a large stone.

The power balance of the many deities of the lizardfolk constantly shifts and moves, and the minor races of the lizardfolk number in the thousands, but the six major races of lizardfolk blanket them all. The reason dragon class lizardfolk do not exist is not because they aren't real, but rather they are a misperceived gator, crocodile, or raptor class lizardfolk, and as such both large size lizardfolk face are classified by non-lizardfolk & non-beastfolk races as Dragon class, and as a result the few gator and crocodile class lizardfolk that become adventurers or travel the world are called dragon-folk. The lizardfolk do not correct the mortals' misperceptions, as it's easier to convince a dwarf to sober up than to correct the inaccuracies, and prefer to simply “act dragon” to mess with the other mortal races. They growl and grumble, and act tough or even pretend to breathe fire or ice when really they are just casting magic from a point of origin focused under their tongue, and often are recruited as muscle, under the idea that “who would want to fight a dragon?” Will deter most of not all opposition.

Many Orcs also believe in the lizardfolk deities, however they primarily follow the humanoid mortals' deities, as the lizardfolk who subjugated their species have incorporated the Orcish people as an important element to the lizardfolk way of life. Many lizardfolk and orcs that share living spaces now regard each other with respect and kindness, despite their shared history. The various deities of the lizardfolk often interact with the other deities of the world as a group, as a majority vote is required by the lizardfolk deities consensus, before confronting or interacting with other deities in the pantheon.

The deity of Orcs

The deity of Orcs, Grutt, is himself an Orc. Grutt is believed to be the strongest Orc in the world, and as such has ascended to godhood as the first “mortal” deity. Grutt earned the “Strongest Orc” title early in the world, when Orc and Lizardfolk threatened to dominate the realm, by slaying thousands of enemy combatants across his terrible and cruel campaign. During the final war, when Orcs and Lizardfolk had routed and been pushed back into their wetlands, Grutt made a tactical decision to turn on the lizardfolk, realizing the Orcs were nothing more than brutish tools to them. Grutt's revolt sparked a massive civil war between the lizardfolk and Orcs, eventually

ending with the lizardfolk recognizing the Orcs as a Sovereign people, granting them the same rights and privileges as lizardfolk. For his courage, strength, leadership, and bloodlust, Grutt quickly became the first Orcish Grand Battlemaster, and all clans and tribes were united under his command. Grutt did not stop there, after achieving this leadership status, Grutt became bored with politics, stepping down to instead travel the world in search of a battle worthy of his skill. He slayed dragons and hellspawn, as well as mortals proclaiming themselves to be the greatest warrior in the realm, nothing could stop the Orc, now covered in scars and tattoos in memory of battles come and gone, reaching peak physical condition through memory and violence. Many years of combat and strife had passed, then one day in his search for the ultimate opponent, Grutt encountered a deity, boasting his strength as many mortals do. Grutt then issued a challenge to the prideful deity, to face him in combat with no more than the spear Grutt had been given as a gift during his Coronation. The deity accepted his challenge and took Grutt's spear, readying himself for the battle.

The fight went on for days, and it is believed that the crater in the middle of the forest was caused by Grutt's heavy punches, and the felled trees were from his spear in the hands of the prideful deity, neither side willing to back down from the challenge presented. It was then Grutt had an idea, and upped the ante, proudly betting that if he defeated the deity in combat, he should be granted deity status. Enraged, the prideful deity began to use magic, refusing to grant this lowly mortal access to the realm of the gods, just as Grutt had planned.

The deity grew tired, draining himself of his energy with each wild and frenzied blast of magic. Grutt's spear grew heavy in his hands, and soon Grutt was able to simply walk up to the deity and land his finishing blow, reclaiming his spear from the fallen deity, Grutt's body began to feel a change. His muscles rippled with newfound energy, the deity began to shrink in place, becoming a shiny, blackened rock located in the middle of the largest crater in their battlefield, as Grutt absorbed more and more of the deity's power. As a final act, to prevent the deity's power from ever returning, Grutt took a small piece of the stone it had become, and embedded it into the pommel of his spear. Ascending to godhood, Grutt returned to his homeland, bringing with him something to strive for in Orcish culture, his spear was replicated and bronzed, and a statue to Grutt now stands proud in the Orcish Capital city, where many Orcs offer the weapons and armor of fallen opponents to the statue, as proof of their triumphs and earning their rights to continue serving the Orcish military. When an Orc can no longer fight, they become blacksmiths, forging weapons and armor for their own troops or friends.

Most Orcish culture revolves around this combat, however when the deity of love visits their lands, they hold a temporary ceasefire, holding a grand festival in her honor. As previously mentioned, the Orcish wedding offering is a jeweled golden Mace with red ribbons wrapped around the neck and grip, and if one's partner accepts the gift, a melding of clans occurs. The clan melding can last for days, and Grutt oversees the melding of clans himself alongside the

deity of love, to make sure the rites and practices of the melding are performed properly. During the melding, the Orcish people drink an unknowably large amount of Rum and wyr-caan, get into small brawls, and sing poetry. Fine meats hunted from the large boars that roam the borders of the Orcish territories are seared and eaten during the melding, and it is common practice for the two Orcs wishing to meld clans to prepare a select cut in their own way, offering it to one another, and learning the favorite spices and tastes of their new spouse.

The crater that Grutt fought in has since become known as Grutts Canyon in Orcish culture, honoring their former Grand Battlemaster turned Deity. In other cultures, the battlefield is known as Pride's Folly, and it is taught in history as a cautionary tale warning against boasting strength in front of Orcs. Many mortals now only seek to challenge Orcs in combat to test themselves, with the understanding that neither side will spare the other in their fight. When an Orc is defeated, it is common practice to return the remains to the Orcs clan or family, not as an insult, but as proof that you are worthy of being considered an ally to the Orcs, however if an Orc challenges you after receiving this new title, you are not to refuse, as you will be perceived as weak and prideful, and forbidden under threat of death to return to the Orcish territory. Any and all Orcs aware of this will have full authority, in their eyes, to hunt and or kill you if they encounter you in the wild, to return honor to Grutt's namesake as a deity.

Because of the unique conditions in which Grutt became a deity, many races and their deities hold conflicted views on Orcs and Orcish culture, such as "If an Orc could become a god, could anyone do it? Are the gods truly infallible if an Orc slayed one? Why are the Orcs the only race to do this?" These, and many many more questions and conspiracies, have led to an uneasiness among the other races regarding Orcs, save for the lizardfolk and beastfolk, who either live in close proximity with the Orcs, or have their own living deity in their presence.

The deity of Vampires

The deity of Vampires, Clavorique, is the night father. His children, commonly called vampires, are soulless creatures of the various species he experimented on, seeing what traits he could manifest in the various races of the mortal world. He lives on the ashen island of Drayo, a barren wasteland where the sun does not shine. It is believed that the mortals he experimented on in the beginning were the original inhabitants of the island, they were desperate and starving, trawling through the volcanic soot that billows out of the center of the island nearly every hour. Clavorique is rivaled by Antorea, as his children are all undead, thus she believes that he "stole" them from her embrace, and now her followers slaughter his children as often as they find them.

Clavorique's children range from the most polite to the most deadly, as his blood curse affects every mortal differently depending on their compatibility. The most cordial of vampires are still

just as deadly as their mindless counterparts, and as such Clavorique is kept busy studying the effects of his blood. Because all his initial experiments are given a drop of his blood, those that were compatible formed the first houses of the Vampiric Order, those houses then spread their influences by various means, their rules and rituals, physical, and magic abilities differed between the houses too. The original vampire houses are House Wrot, Trelwan, Guldston, Ryt, Growllark, and Riegil. Because these first houses were given the blood of a god, many of them see themselves as Demi-Gods, and are often hunted by the most devout of any deity.

Any mortal who was not compatible became a Lamprey, a twisted amalgamation of the deities power and the mortals flesh, incapable of reason, only living to feed. Their bodies are emaciated, as though they are always starving, their eyes bulge wildly at the sides and their mouth becomes a maw of sharp teeth, looking similar to the parasite they are named after. Lampreys are not uncommon, and are uncompromising in their hunger, not only attacking mortals but vampires too, if they are not killed they will simply keep going, endlessly feeding and leaving death in their wake. Most vampires hunt lampreys as often as humans do, partially to conceal their own presence among the mortals, primarily to protect themselves from being attacked. No two lampreys will cooperate and if they encounter one another, will battle to the death, the winner consuming the loser in a violent and bloody display. Lampreys are said to be incapable of using blood curse magic, believed to be completely overwhelmed by the senses that using the magic causes the insanity that many lampreys display.

Strays are the vampires that either reject the family or house, and operate as lone hunters or vampires. They may be compatible with the blood, however they reject the blood curse given to them by the houses or families, or are survivors of lampreys, and choose either to live in isolation, hunt independently, or turn themselves in. Strays, belonging to no families or house, are commonly found using their blood curse ability to the detriment of vampires, assisting the mortals in hunting the vampire, or vampires, in an attempt to undo their curse, fruitless that it is. Most strays, however, are treated like lampreys by the vampire houses and families. And the likelihood of a stray living as long as most claimed vampires is slim to none.

House Wrot is formed primarily of Orcs that received Clavorique's curse first. Their skin became stone hard, and their appearance warped to resemble that of many gargoyles, aside from their already impressive strength, Wrot, and it's subsequently formed houses and families, have the blood curse ability of Clavorique's Terror. Their deep guttural war cries chill their victims blood, making them easy prey as they struggle haplessly to flee. They also possess the ability to cloak themselves, being nearly invisible to most mortal eyes, allowing for quick ambushes. House Wrot is usually more aggressive than the other houses, often being seen dismembering their victims for trophies, rather than just consuming their blood. Many of the other houses and families of vampires believe that house Wrot is incapable of diplomacy and should be treated as nothing more than Lampreys, or Strays, however Clavorique not only endorses house Wrot as a

valuable asset to the vampire clans, but he uses them to guard his domain from intruders and hunters.

House Trelwan consists entirely of elves, their skin already pale, becoming nearly translucent and their beautiful hair becomes either a dark black, or radiant silver, their speed unmatched, and their charm undeniable. Many of house Trelwan consider themselves Vampires perfected. Their blood curse, Clavorique's Desire, makes them acutely aware of their victims' wants, using manipulation, mind control, and cordial behavior to lure their prey into a false sense of security only to be consumed entirely by the vampire, or turned themselves. House Trelwan is obsessed with purity and refuses to turn any mortal other than an elf into a vampire, and many patriarch and matriarch members of the families that make up the house take multiple spouses, ranging anywhere between 3-10 concubines. Greedy and lustful in their pursuit, many families of house Trelwan bicker and fight amongst themselves to assume the representative family of the house's throne. House Trelwan's strict rules and rituals, as well as their ever shifting politics, tends to create the most strays of any mortal race. Clavorique often attends Trelwan galas and parties, as he enjoys seeing how socialite vampires function in close proximity to one another, seeing what plots and schemes the elven vampires will attempt to get a leg up. Assassinations, blackmail, duels, alliances, betrayals, and all other means of shifting political control are not uncommon at these events, and the constant ebb and flow of discussion intrigues Clavorique.

House Guldston, the vampiric house of dwarves, possess Clavorique's blood curse of Wit, their eyesight is increased tenfold, able to see details so minute from impossible distances, and their ability to infuse their magic into their machines is kept more guarded than any secret of house trelwan. Guldston vampires are more communal, often finding ways to keep their livestock of mortals confused and unaware they're even being bled dry by a vampire. Clavorique makes requests of house Guldston to build him machines of exsanguination and transfusion, to continue his cruel experiments on the mortal races, and Guldston happily obliged as they wish to understand the same possibility of a true vampire god born of the mortal world. Guldston vampires are powerful necromancers too, splicing machines into the dead and bringing their abominations to life with cruel and torturous results, many of these undead move in jerky aggressive movements, and the magic inside the dwarves machines makes sure they are always in pain, and moved to attack anything that moves. Guldston vampires utilize these creatures to collect food for themselves, as well as territory and more victims to experiment on.

Ryt, the Lizardfolk vampire house, possesses Clavorique's blood curse of hunting. Able to see the heartbeat of prey, and detect changes in Temperature most lizardfolk vampires scales clear and iridescent, and as such are easily spotted when illuminated. Ryt roughly translates to "Moon-Scale" for this reason, as their incredible speed makes them a blur under the moonlight, and completely invisible in the dark. House Ryt occupies a small portion of Clavorique's island castle, as they are incredibly useful as abductors, assassins, and message runners for the various

clans and houses that worship Clavorique. Ryt vampires, due to the shape of their heads, cannot drink blood like the other vampire houses, and instead must consume entire chunks of flesh from their victims. Because of this, many that are attacked by house Ryt vampires are left for dead, or killed while being devoured as an act of mercy. Many of house Ryts vampires suffer from a side effect of their blood curse, their vision is impaired heavily, most shapes are blobby and distorted, and all color, save for the crimson red of blood and viscera has been rendered shades of grey and black. Instead, house Ryt must navigate by sound and other hunting techniques, or hunt at night and in caves, as intense light can permanently blind them.

Growllark, the beastfolk vampire house, is cursed with Clavorique's curse of mimicry, and hunt by luring their victims away by replicating and calling out in another victims voice. Their fur, regardless of species, turns jet black and their eyes become a deep orange-red during the night. House Growllark vampires are more communal than most other houses, and as such will lure prey into a trap and keep them alive as long as possible, deceiving their prey using blood magic to manipulate the minds of their victims into believing they're being treated like an honored guest of a village. Growllark vampires are the most numerous of all vampires, as entire communities of beastfolk can be turned into vampires overnight. However Growllark is also the least dangerous of the vampire houses, preferring to only take what they need and generally avoid conflict with the rest of the world. Some Growllark vampires even join hunting parties to deal with Lampreys, or hunt other vampires of various houses. Despite this, Growllark is not to be underestimated, they are Among the strongest and fastest vampires there are, even outclassing house Wrot from time to time. And they can survive in direct sunlight. Their fur changes color from their jet black shade to various shades of red or white. However their eyes remain their unnatural orange red. Growllark vampires are often in conflict with Clavorique, as they wish to retain their unique cultural identity, and for the most part a Growllark vampire will only convert other beastfolk as a last resort or an accident. Clavorique uses the Growllark as test subjects more frequently than the other houses, further harming their relations with the other houses of vampires and Clavorique himself. The majority of Growllark do not use their blood curse often, although there are a few that become strays or are loyal to Clavorique that use their power the way other vampires do, selfishly and without remorse for their victims.

House Riegil, the house of human vampires, is the largest house of them all. They possess any or even all of Clavorique's blood curses. Due to the humans ability to adapt to every and all environments with little to no issue, they have a massive potential to manifest Clavorique's magic. However, house Riegil has the highest output of Lampreys, as humanity's limitless adaptability is the largest factor in Lampreys, as they are driven insane by conflicting abilities they are capable of. House Riegil is Clavorique's most devout house, and they are his "pet" house. His attention and care for house Riegil makes many of the other houses jealous, as such house Riegil is the target of much controversy and attacks. House Riegil creates between 100-400 vampires every week, but they often do not train their descendants, and roughly 70% of

those newly trained vampires are killed, become strays, or become lampreys. The remaining 30% make their way to house Riegil, having undergone its “trial” and are given territory, safety with the house, and the training necessary to not only survive, but thrive amongst the other vampires.

The primordial darkness.

The Primordial Darkness is technically not a deity, but the very essence that all the deities are born from. Its very existence is still debated among mortals. Only the deities themselves are aware of, and fear The Primordial Darkness, with the exception of the Orc Deity Grutt. Being the very thing the deities are born from, and are returned to when forgotten, its location is a closely guarded secret, and a very serious threat between the deities that are in conflict. No one knows what the primordial Darkness is, not even the gods, but all know of its power.

The priests that worship the primordial darkness undergo a brutal and permanent process of blinding themselves, tearing their own eyes out and pouring tar into the sockets, hardening in place. These priests learn to navigate their sanctums by sound, touch, and smell, some are even rumored to navigate by tasting the air. In their blindness, the Primordial darkness will whisper its sacred word to the priests, and the priests will transcribe its word onto pages and pages of books and in drawing, some go so far as to make sculptures from stone, and totems and effigies from wood. Because of its threat to the deities, worship of the Primordial Darkness is highly illegal and punishable by exile or death. Most nations and races will not let these priests stand trial, however some areas that do choose to exile these priests will demolish their sanctums, burning everything they can to destroy the works of the priests. As such, Many sanctums are deep within abandoned Dwarven Strongholds, slums, sewers, or Caves in the wilderness, and usually three to four priests will live within one sanctum, and many living in the sewers or slums in city locations bind their eyes to hide their tar, appearing as ragged blind vagrants. Despite the worship of the Primordial Darkness being Illegal, their numbers grow. Commonly found in villages and settlements that are forgotten by their nation's capital cities or lords. Even more strange is that nobles will buy the vivid and dark imagery the priests make, some claim it is to showcase that they hold “power” over the Primordial Darkness or that it cannot influence them, but often they are making themselves a huge target for the thieves, the darkness itself, or the nation the nobles belong to. Depending on one of those three, the nobles will likely become a devoted Primordial Darkness Worshiper, either because they were exiled and had nowhere else to go except to the priests they bought the art from, or the Primordial Darkness will connect to the nobles mind and indoctrinate them to its herd. The best case scenario for a noble with art depicting the primordial darkness is that a thief will collect it.

The primordial darkness is not only worshiped by these priests that wish to spread its influence, but also by thieves, assassins, spies, and other rogues. Thieves will often whisper prayers to the

Primordial darkness, offering a small amount of their haul to the priests and the darkness itself, for a fraction of the power the darkness has, usually speed, darkvision, or other useful powers a thief may need. Spies, while their devotion is to their client primarily, will instead donate their commission in trade for the powers they wish. Assassins simply pay for their powers with the blood of their targets, in a unique situation. However, all worshippers must provide at least a drop of their blood as a way to call forth the primordial darkness to hear them. Because it is one of the simplest deities to reliably pray to, many that are desperate will pray to the Primordial Darkness out of necessity. In a twisted sense, the primordial darkness is the most “benevolent” of the deities as it always answers the prayers of those that call upon it.

As it is a being that consumes and produces gods, the Primordial Darkness has an impossible to identify amount of power that fluctuates near constantly, the powers it offers are uncountable. The zealots, both priests and non-priests alike, are powerful magic users. The priests are, simply put, the very limbs of the primordial darkness, by blinding themselves and using tar to seal their empty sockets shut they offer their bodies as vessels for the darkness to see. When a priest is possessed by the primordial darkness, their eyes will tear open, the tar burned away by an inky-black liquid that burns colder than any temperature. The body of the priest will often be consumed, leaving a hulking mass of muscle and rage the Primordial Darkness controls until the body disintegrates, usually this only lasting an hour at the longest record, but the potential for massive destruction and death to occur in that hour is guaranteed. Non-Priest zealots will often wear long sleeved clothing and gloves, as their arms and hands have been consumed by the darkness, leaving exposed bone and blackened flesh behind as they cast spells much stronger than their body can normally endure.

Nearly all interactions with the Primordial Darkness and the deities are violent, save for when a deity is born, as many of the deities need a constant source of worship in order to keep their powers strong. When a deity's power is drained, the darkness can consume them easily, and the power it gets from consuming a deity will be put into a new deity upon birth. When a new deity is born it requires an insane amount of energy, and as the primordial darkness is always in flux, whenever it reaches a certain height of power it will condense that energy into the new deity. This of course will make the Primordial Darkness weaker, and to balance out it will attempt to consume a forgotten deity. The worship of the Primordial Darkness has slowly been making it much stronger over time, now when a new deity is born the primordial darkness it recovers much faster, and might consume the new deity before it is classifiable. This is why the majority of deities have told mortals the worship of the primordial darkness is illegal, not only to preserve themselves, but to prevent the darkness from growing too powerful and consuming the world itself, although many of the darkness worshipers believe this is to prevent them from creating more powerful deities that replace the old ones.

The Deity of Werebeasts

The deity, Lysa, is the deity responsible for the creation of werebeasts, such as werewolves, werebears, werepanthers, and other mortals with the ability to change into an animal under the various phases of the moons. Most commonly called Lysa the Primal Mother, her children are blessed, or possibly cursed with her gift of shapeshifting. Lysa is another neutral god, she takes all who worship her in with love, and protects them as though they are her birthed children. She is depicted as a beautiful red headed woman with emerald eyes, wearing a cloak of various pelts, the hood of which changes her form into many of the various animals. Lysa is believed to be the half sister to Grezshna and Owu, as her ability to shapeshift and her preference to take the form of a beast alludes to both of them. It is also said that Lysa is Ayens lover, and that her cloak was originally made by Ayen as a gift.

Lysa's followers partake in a ritual to earn her gift, part of which involves drinking the blood of the beast they wish to become, whereas those that bare turned accidentally are victims of the initial transformation. Parents can accidentally pass the curse onto their children too. Interestingly enough there are no beastfolk worshippers among Lysa's ranks, and while the beastfolk are generally accepting of any and all mortals that walk alongside them, they have a strange disdain towards those with werebeast powers, calling them "Moon-beasts" or "Half-Bloods" and other such slurs.

Most werebeasts do not have control over their powers initially, either because the first time they transform is to connect their blood to Lysa's; her strength is simply too massive for the mortals to handle. However, with time, many of the werebeast worshippers of Lysa gain the ability to call upon their powers at will, save for when the moon they were given their gift, as Lysa draws her power from the moons and their phases. Her worshippers often end up as mercenaries and adventurers, using their gift to help or hurt for the right price. Most commonly, werebeasts will be utilized to fight against vampire and other beings bearing blood curses or a deities influence and power.

The Deity of Medicine

The deity of medicine, Tyque (pronounced "Tic"), is another wandering deity, worshiped by all races, and levels of practice vary from each races capabilities and resources available to them. For instance, Humans were taught by Tyque how to have decent medicinal practices such as disinfecting wounds, immunization procedures, and keeping equipment sanitary and well maintained. The elves and dwarves are on either end of the spectrum with elves being more magic and spirituality inclined to healing wounds quickly, and using teas and meditation to effectively cure the sickness plaguing an elf. The dwarves would just fit you for a prosthetic and

chop the limb off altogether, often resulting in many dwarves having some augmented limbs by choice or because of an injury, as dwarves do not typically suffer from plagues or diseases. The Orcs would basically tell you to sweat the sickness out through combat or meditation similar to the elves but without magic, and the Lizardfolk, while immune to many illnesses and naturally regenerative, would simply exile the sick to prevent diseases from spreading should they get sick. Beastfolk have a mix of spirituality and common medicine practices, but they typically triage their sick when the community is facing a serious crisis, those that are less sick or more likely to recover are prioritized, those that are likely to pass away are usually given things that can be spared and make their passing as painless as possible. One could consider begging the deity of medicines for help, but they're notoriously difficult to find and really only intervene during pandemics or other serious disasters that affect multiple communities or the entire mortal realm.