

The Accursed



The accursed are people of various races who have been cursed by immortality. Often referred to as lich folk, dispossessed, and accursed, they are heavily frowned upon by modern society.

These people vary in origin. Some were cast out warriors, others were unfortunates or nobles assumed to be ghouls. They are an extremely rare race and often stick to groups for their own survival. They had been forced into hiding by modern society thanks to things previously mentioned and whenever they're seen, they're usually killed on sight without a second thought.

Culture wise they're quite vast. Some carry over cultures from their original race or start new rituals and systems for their groups. The most common form of culture is called 'Tar'. Named after the black liquid substance they're held together by.

This specific culture is carried out through telling stories of other members orally. Oftentimes they give away items for a fee of items in return in dungeons as they don't have use for coins. The reason they don't use coins is they see it as disrespect and a disgusting reminder of the people that tossed them out of their homes without any care for who they were.

In terms of religion they're often paganistic and worship several gods from different cultures. But mesh it into an intertwining network of religion. Each god having their own way to worship and tied together by their followers. They often resort to alcoholism and forms of hallucinogens to 'see' their gods and speak to them. They say the gods feel sympathy for them and attempt to cater towards them in ways that others didn't. And they follow the one promise they took for the gods, and that was to stick in groups and support each other while refuting the idea of a designated leader or king until they are accepted back into society or their society is large enough for such a thing.

As for social structure they don't entirely have one. They often avoid such hierarchies and do as needed to help each other. Though the eldest of groups are often respected and looked up to for their knowledge.

In terms of social norms or social rituals, they often gather near campfires or under tents they've made hidden in dense forests with shrubbery as a camouflage. During these gatherings they chat and sing. Oftentimes they don't eat as they don't have much need to, but they occasionally do just to facilitate being their original race.

In terms of statistics they're immune to magics but are very weak to physical damage. So if you do decide to be cruel and kill one, best bring an ax or hammer. They are also very high in intelligence and mana but low in strength and agility unless they have extremely dense or hollow bones.. Most of them are of ritualist origin so that comes with its own counters. They are also very perceptive despite not having ears or proper eyes or other senses.

So circling back to the items they sell. It's often stuff picked off from those killed in dungeons or things that they find whilst exploring or things they got from bartering with passer-bys. Sometimes you could also get lucky and they'd have an item that you'd normally get for completing the dungeon, though that is very rare.

When it comes to the groups of them there are some enclaves throughout the empires or other regions. But they tend to avoid any patrols of empires they're in as they would be killed on sight. When it comes to these enclaves they are very nomadic and carefree of where they wind up. But said enclaves tend to have varying rituals depending on who or what makes up the groups due to cultural differences.

In terms of them increasing their size and population, they often curse those who casted the curse upon them or posed a threat to them. Of course you'd occasionally get those who are willing to ditch their flesh and become part of the enclaves, though they are somewhat frowned upon and seen as foolish. Several of the enclaves have some form of necromancer or cleric in their ranks that can cast the curse or assist with healing those who had broken or fractured their bodies in some way.

One of the more notable gods they worship is Leviathan, the prince of envy. They tend to worship him for a better future as they themselves envy what those that aren't cursed have. They also tend to write songs about how Leviathan is their savior or guardian. Oftentimes it's thought that those who truly die end up in his domain as Leviathan's army or work directly for him. And they call these dead, dead fish in a sea of envy or something similar. They also often wear some form of marker that shows they worship Leviathan or another god, which helps identify what one person believes compared to someone else. Making it easier to respect each other.

In terms of showing emotion and such. It's not exactly a very common thing to see. But it has been recorded that they can manipulate their eye-sockets to sort of simulate eyelids shaping emotion. The main indicator of their emotion outside of that is the tone of their voices.

Saxon Enclave

“Those Starving fools cry Saxon ghouls, in the darkness we run free.”

The Saxon Enclave is the most notable of the Accursed enclaves and clans. They're one of the largest but also the most stubborn towards those who hail from the empires. They tend to be the more sedimentary group of enclaves. Living in what they call 'Asylums' until someone finds them. Once they are found they begin deconstructing the place and moving it elsewhere. They of course have mounts to assist with this.

They don't have a designated leader and act as a commune that attempts to isolate itself from the empire and interacts a lot with other enclaves to supply them or themselves. They do of course have the occasional inspiration or vanguardian figure who rises to a minor degree of fame for accomplishments. Or those who end up being in command during an attack and help coordinate it. Outside of that they don't designate leaders, but rather the moments designate them temporarily.

One of their markers is the flag, but the one you'll commonly see other than that is a skull and an eight pointed star somewhere on their person.



“Tar and bone, don't hate what you now see.”