

Tab 1

Key:

BCE: Before the common era

Ce: Common era, aka any time between years 0-137

Year 137: The year the campaign starts

Year 0: The year the gods “died”

Vivaly: This world feywild

Year 135: The year the war between Yarrow and Delphinium started, the same year and date that Emery's parents died.

Cypress: This world version of earth

Summer Solstice: Once a pre-year event that signals a new year is about to occur. The same day that Embery was born

The Dying War: The name of the second higher being war war.

The forming War: -1000 to 1230 BCE First war between higher beings. Only rumors not much is known about it.

SUMMARY:

As the essence of magic dwindled, tensions rose among the kingdom's factions, igniting conflicts that threatened to tear the kingdom of Yarrow apart. Emery is already struggling with the nightmares of her palace. How can she deal with the ones outside? The once bountiful fields now lay fallow, and the once unified kingdoms became divided, grappling with the harsh realities of war and the haunting memory of a time when the gods walked among them. In this struggle, the remnants of hope flicker dimly, as the people yearn for a return to the harmony that defined their past. The World of Cypress now stands on the brink of despair following the tragic loss of its divine protectors in year 0. They have been able to keep everything together up until now in the year 137. Their magic is vastly running out and no one knows how to stop it. The Garden of Arbor

is slowly crumbling as the loss of magic is getting worse. If this continues, magic and magic entities will cease to exist altogether. What will happen when it's all out completely? Will they be able to stop it before it gets to that point?

KINGDOMS:

Yarrow: The kingdom you start on. Throughout the kingdom rolling hills blanket the landscape, dotted with charming cottages adorned with thatched roofs and vibrant gardens. Cobblestone paths wind through meadows filled with wildflowers, the air is sweet with the scent of blooming herbs and fresh bread from cozy bakeries. Magic is woven into the very fabric of life here. Some evenings Fairies and other magical creatures float around the kingdom creating mischief for the citizens but as the days go on there's less and less of them.

Delphinium: An opposing kingdom to Yarrow. Much darker and relies much more heavily on technology. In a dark shadowed kingdom ruled by a vicious tyrant, the drums of war echo softly, and the unsuspecting hearts of the people remain blissfully unaware of the silent conflict already raging on around them. Not much else is known unless you live inside the walls.

Phlox: In the heart of the Phlox Kingdom, a sprawling metropolis thrives amid brass gears and steam-powered machines. Towering spires, adorned with intricate clockwork, rise against a smoky sky, their surfaces glinting with polished copper and iron. The streets bustle with merchants trading goods and services, their stalls lined with everything from clockwork automata to exotic spices. The ruling class consists of industrial barons who wield their influence through trade agreements and military might, often employing airships and steam-powered tanks to protect their interests. Despite the air of progress and innovation, a growing tension simmers beneath the surface, as factions clash over resources and control, threatening to unravel the delicate balance of this steampunk society.

Nepal: The Kingdom of Nepal is different than many others, celebration is woven into the fabric of life in Nepal. Grand festivals light up the islands, filled with

music, dance, and feasting. Locals and visitors alike revel in the vibrant atmosphere, where every gathering transforms into a lively party, complete with fireworks and traditional performances. These festivities not only strengthen community bonds but also attract traders and travelers, making Nepal a dynamic center of culture and commerce. Trade is the lifeblood of this realm, with bustling markets on each island showcasing exquisite textiles, spices, and rare gemstones. The wildlife thrives in Nepal's lush terrain, with vibrant florals complementing the kingdom's natural beauty. The dense jungles and coastal areas are alive with exotic creatures, drawing nature enthusiasts and adventurers eager to explore. However, the kingdom also has a darker side, the waters that sustain this kingdom harbors dark secrets. Sea monsters, legendary creatures of myth, patrol the rivers and coastal waters, posing a constant threat to traders and travelers. Stories of these beasts instill both fear and fascination, leading to the rise of skilled navigators and monster hunters who brave the depths.

Aristo: The kingdom of Aristo is an isolated, mountainous realm, perched high among jagged peaks and mist-filled valleys. Aristo has an air of divine grandeur, its towering citadels, and countless churches built into the very stone of the mountains, giving the kingdom an almost otherworldly presence. The highest peaks are crowned with majestic monasteries, their towers reaching upward like hands in prayer. Bells ring out from these holy places, their deep, resonant tones echoing through the valleys below. The kingdom's cities are built directly into the cliffsides, with towering stone structures blending seamlessly with the rock. Bridges, carved from ancient stone, stretch across deep ravines, connecting different parts of the kingdom. Temples and shrines are scattered throughout the mountains, and nearly every home features an altar where families offer daily prayers to the gods that once roamed their land. Those who are raised in Aristo often enter into religious service from a young age, training to become monks, clerics, or priests therefore, Most monks and priests often originate from Aristo and leave to spread faith elsewhere. The kingdom is ruled by Priest Felix, a man of great kindness and deep faith. Felix is beloved by the people for his gentle, compassionate nature By his side, however, is his twin sister, Cyrus, who is a stark contrast to her brother. Where Felix is kind, humble, and deeply pious, Cyrus is playful, flirtatious, and far less concerned with the rigid rules of Aristo's faith. She is known for her charm and beauty, often seen teasing the monks and priests who come to her brother's court. Despite her carefree attitude, Cyrus is sharp-witted and perceptive, often manipulating situations to her advantage through her seductive demeanor and clever words. Some whisper that her behavior is a rebellion against the strict, puritanical life of Aristo, but others believe she is simply playing a dangerous game, testing the boundaries of power within the kingdom.

OTHER PLACES:

Evergreen: The landscape between the two warring kingdoms is an unforgiving, heavily forested expanse known as the Evergreen, where towering evergreen trees lie. their branches heavy with snow, stretch as far as the eye can see. The dense forest is a frigid, hostile place, made even more menacing by the relentless snowfall that blankets the ground in a thick, icy layer. The only color breaking through the endless white is the dark crimson of bloodstains, a stark reminder of the brutal battles and skirmishes that have ravaged this once-pristine wilderness. The snow-covered forest is vast and desolate, with jagged, ice-covered cliffs and frozen rivers crisscrossing the region, creating natural barriers that make navigation treacherous. The wind howls constantly, cutting through the trees like the wails of lost souls. The thick forest canopy, combined with the near-constant snowfall, makes the world below dark and claustrophobic. Sunlight barely pierces through the layers of branches, casting long, eerie shadows over the crimson-streaked snow. Amid this desolation, a few brutal colonies cling to life, isolated from the world and each other by the dense forest and the war that rages beyond. The forest is eerily silent, save for the distant echoes of battle in the valleys below or the occasional shriek of the wind. No birds sing here, and few animals roam, those that do are as twisted and vicious as the human survivors. This forested wasteland serves as a natural barrier between two kingdoms locked in a bitter, never-ending war. The soldiers who march through the Expanse are hardened, barely human anymore, their minds broken by the violence they have witnessed.

Aspen: In the heart of an endless azure sea lies the forgotten ruins of Aspen, a once magnificent kingdom where gods walked among mortals. Now, the remnants of its grandeur are shrouded in mystery, submerged beneath waves that whisper secrets of the past. The entrance to the ruins is marked by towering stone columns, entwined with salt-crusted vines and the remnants of vibrant flowers. These columns, weathered yet majestic, bear the faint carvings of celestial beings, their features softened by time and the relentless embrace of the ocean. Among crumbling stone and overgrown foliage, lies a solemn graveyard of divine presence, where the graves of the gods are absent, yet their spirits linger, watching over the remnants of their former glory. As you venture deeper, you find the Gardens of Arbor, nestled within the ruins of Aspen, it pulses with an

ancient magic that serves as the kingdom's heartbeat. This lush sanctuary, though overgrown and shrouded in mystery, is the key to life itself, a verdant oasis where the remnants of divine power linger. The delicate balance between life and magic exists as a testament to the enduring legacy of the gods. where lush greenery once flourished under divine care. Now, a tangled labyrinth of creeping vines and water-lilies hides the echoes of laughter and music. Statues of the ancient gods, partially submerged, stand sentinel among the overgrowth. Their eyes, though dulled, still seem to watch over the ruins, a reminder of their former glory. In this lost kingdom, time feels suspended, as if the gods might one day return to reclaim their realm. But for now, Aspen remains a haunting testament to the fragility of power and the enduring beauty of nature reclaiming its domain.

Vivaly: In a realm steeped in magic, chaos reigns supreme, where the very fabric of reality is fluid and unpredictable. This land, known as the Vivaly, is a kaleidoscope of ever-shifting terrain, vibrant forests that morph into labyrinthine mazes, rivers that flow backward, twisting vines, and skies filled with swirling colors that defy the laws of nature. Reality is in a constant state of flux, shaped by the chaotic energies that flow through it. with a mix of whimsical creatures and puzzling beings that thrive amidst the chaos, their lives defined by cunning and strategy. Here, mind games are a way of life, every interaction is laced with riddles and hidden motives. Factions vie for power, each using illusions and deception to outsmart one another. In this realm, every day is a new adventure, filled with magic, uncertainty, and the perpetual challenge of navigating the mind games that define life in the Vivaly.

Venus: The Cave of Venus, as it is known among sailors, sits on the rugged, remote coastline of Nepal, just outside of the quiet village of Orchid. Nestled between jagged cliffs and the wild, tumultuous sea, the cave is shrouded in mist and mystery. The cave's entrance is hidden from view unless one is close to shore, and even then, it seems to blend into the cliffs, almost as if the rock itself is trying to keep it secret. Waves crash against the rocky outcrops that surround it, and the entrance is often half-submerged at high tide, giving it the appearance of a gaping, waterlogged maw. The wind carries the faint scent of salt and earth, but there is something heavier in the air—a sense of foreboding as if the cave itself is aware of its dark reputation. The honeyed voices calling from the cave only add to the cave's allure. Their voices, sweet and melodic, drift across the water like a soft, seductive whisper, calling to sailors who venture too close. Many boats have been drawn to the cave by their song, only to vanish without a trace. The few who have returned speak of strange, shadowy figures moving in

the water and the feeling of being watched by unseen eyes. For all its infamy, remarkably little is known about the cave. Sailors from Orchid and nearby villages whisper about its dangers, but the tales are inconsistent—some say it is cursed, and others claim it is the lair of sea monsters. What lies inside the Cave of Venus remains a mystery, though sailors speak of strange occurrences that happen near its entrance...

Archaea: In a forgotten corner of the world lies a ghost town known as Archaea, shrouded in a perpetual fog that lures the curious and the lost. At first glance, it appears to be a broken-down quaint village, however Stepping through the town's entrance, you find a hidden world. complete with charming homes, cobblestone streets, and the warm glow of street lamps. However, the townsfolk are not what they seem.

LIMBO(mostly unknown): The plane of Limbo is a vast, frozen wilderness, a haunting expanse where snowstorms rage without pause and the wind howls across endless tundras. Time flows strangely here, stretching and contracting in ways that can disorient even the most experienced traveler, and reality itself feels fragile, bending and shifting under the influence of the plane's chaotic energies. Limbo is home to a strange and diverse collection of beings: ghosts drift through the icy wastes, fallen angels wander the barren plains, undead shuffle through shadowed valleys, and high-level magic users sometimes find themselves trapped here, suspended between life and death. The souls of dragons and other ancient entities linger, drawn to the plane by strange bargains or unresolved purpose, while remnants of gods who once walked these lands echo faintly through the frozen landscape. Despite its harshness, Limbo is not lawless; its order is maintained by a powerful council of overlords, each ruling over a portion of the plane. The Drow, known as the Dark One, governs the Delphinium territory with quiet authority. The fallen Aasimar, called the First Fallen, oversees Yarrow, while the Shadar-Kai, Shadow or Shadow Killer, rules Phlox with cunning precision. A kindly elemental spirit named Ellie controls Arstrio, offering balance and guidance, and the ghost known as the Haunted One watches over all territories, ensuring the plane's delicate order. Additionally, a witch known as the Fortune Teller resides in both Limbo and the overworld, acting as mediator for council decisions and maintaining contact between the plane and the mortal world. Each of these overlords governs their lands with subtle power, preserving balance, regulating the inhabitants, and ensuring that Limbo remains a controlled, if perilous, sanctuary for beings caught between life, death, and magic.

CITIES:

Iris: Capital of Yarrow. At the heart of the Yarrow kingdom stands a grand, ivy-covered castle, the spires reaching toward the sky like delicate fingers, said to be the castle belonging to Emery. Crafted from luminescent stone that glows softly in the moonlight, the structure is adorned with intricate carvings of mythical creatures and twisting vines. Inside, the halls are lined with ethereal tapestries depicting serene landscapes, a stark contrast to the turmoil Emery faces. Each night, as darkness falls, her once-peaceful sanctuary transforms into a battleground for her living nightmares, haunting visions of loss, betrayal, hurt, and shadowy figures that whisper her deepest fears that torment her.

Clematis: The Jewel of Nepal is a fearsome yet magnificent vessel, moored in a hidden cove surrounded by dense, untamed jungle and the ominous waters teeming with sea monsters. The ship is colossal, an ancient galleon transformed into a floating fortress that reflects both the grandeur and ruthlessness of its captain, the notorious pirate Arrow. Its hull is made of dark, enchanted wood, resistant to the ravages of time and the elements, with towering masts that rise like spears into the sky. Tattered black sails hang high above, embroidered with shimmering silver threads in the shape of diamonds, marking the ship's name and its captain's lethal reputation. The pirate's infamous bow is carved into the form of a roaring sea serpent, its eyes made of glowing emeralds, forever watchful of its citizens. Beneath the water, the cove is far more dangerous. Sea monsters, ancient creatures as old as the ocean itself, guarding the Kingdom of Nepal.

Hedera Daylilies: Delphinium capital. Dark clouds hang perpetually overhead, wind whistling through the narrow allies of the city, lined with modest homes that bear the marks of neglect, hiding the heart of the city, a grand castle looms ominously, its high walls adorned with tattered banners that flutter like whispers of a forgotten glory. Its high stone walls loom over the streets like a predator watching its prey. A stark contrast to the squalor that surrounds it. Its ornate spires and grand entrance conceal a heart of cruelty, where big feasts are held while the citizens struggle for scraps, despite the vibrancy of the markets, where colors clash and voices rise in a cacophony of trade, a palpable sense of poverty hangs heavy.

Hyacinth: The city of Hyacinth is a magical, bustling metropolis where magic isn't just a practice, it's the essence of life itself. The city is vibrant and alive, with streets that pulse like veins, glowing faintly beneath the feet of its inhabitants. Each stone imbued with life and magic. Shops and taverns are scattered across the city, catering to every magical need, potions, enchanted artifacts, spell scrolls, and magical familiars. Throughout the

city, schools for magical entities dot the landscape, each a marvel of arcane architecture. People come to Hyacinth from far and wide because the city is a hub for all things magical, offering solutions to nearly every problem through its unique blend of arcane knowledge, enchanted goods, and mystical services.

Jasmine: What stands in the middle of the phlox kingdom is a palace, built from a vast, shimmering desert of fine golden sands, appearing almost as if it has risen organically from the dunes. The outer walls are constructed from sandstone blocks, intricately etched with gears, cogs, and intricate patterns inspired by mechanical inventions. The soft hue of the sandstone contrasts sharply with the polished brass and copper pipes that snake their way around the exterior, forming a vast network of steam-powered systems. At its center, the palace towers shoot into the sky, a grand spire made of translucent glass infused with shimmering, violet-hued phlox flower emblems of the kingdom embedded within. The Sand Palace stands as both a testament to the Kingdom of Phlox's technological prowess and its deep connection to the desert that surrounds it, where every grain of sand is as vital to its existence as the steam that powers its world. Inside, the palace is a marvel of both luxury and practicality. The floors are made of intricately patterned metal plates that hum softly with the vibrations of the mechanical systems beneath. Clockwork chandeliers hang from high, vaulted ceilings, casting warm, golden light. The throne room is the heart of the Sand Palace, where the richest Robber Baron presides over a brass and crystal throne.

Apios: The capital of Atrios, known as the temple of Apios, is a stunning temple perched high in the mountains, where towering spires and grand temples dominate the skyline. Known for its isolation and strong religious identity, The temple of Apios is a place of reverence and tradition, steeped in spiritual history. The city is enveloped by mist, giving it an ethereal, almost otherworldly atmosphere. a massive and richly adorned structure where Pastor Felix resides. The temple's exterior is covered in golden filigree and marble, shining brightly in the sunlight, and is surrounded by lush gardens that bloom despite the cold mountain climate, a symbol of divine favor. Inside, the temple is even more opulent. High ceilings with intricate murals depicting the history of the gods loom overhead, and the walls are lined with statues of saints and heroes. Felix, the pastor, is beloved by all. He is a kind and humble leader, known for his generosity and unwavering faith. His sermons draw large crowds, and his reputation for being approachable and gentle makes him adored by the citizens of Atrios. People look up to Felix as a moral compass, believing that his leadership has kept the kingdom united and strong. Contrasting her brother's calm and devout demeanor, Cyrus, Felix's younger sister, is infamous in Atrios for her rebellious streak. Despite their strict religious upbringing, she often sneaks out of the temple of Apios, evading the watchful eyes of the clergy and the citizens. Cyrus craves excitement and freedom, always

seeking adventure beyond the confines of the rigid, pious life expected of her. She's known for flirting with danger and people, often disappearing for days, only to return with a mischievous smile and tales of her escapades down the mountains or even in foreign lands with foreign people. While her actions are frowned upon by the more devout, Cyrus is still adored by many for her free spirit and charm. Her charisma and boldness endear her to those who long for a life beyond the austere traditions of the kingdom, and she has a quiet following of admirers who see her as a breath of fresh air in the otherwise serious world of Atrios. Felix and Cyrus are watched over by their aging parents, who still reside within the temple. Their parents, though no longer in positions of direct power, are highly respected elders in Atrios. They are seen as the foundation of the family, embodying wisdom and stability. The people of Atrios hold the family in high regard, believing them to be divinely chosen to lead their kingdom. Felix and Cyrus' parents often counsel their children, offering guidance to Felix in matters of faith and governance, while gently trying to reign in Cyrus' wild nature. In the capital of Atrios, Apios, Felix's family is revered as symbols of faith, tradition, and leadership, with Pastor Felix guiding the kingdom with compassion while Cyrus adds a hint of unpredictability and humanity to their otherwise devout existence.

Orchid: The City of Orchid is a vibrant, bustling port city located in the kingdom of Nepal, nestled along the glittering coast where the sea meets the mouth of a great river that encircles the entire city like a natural moat. This unique geography separates Orchid from the mainland, making it an island of culture, commerce, and life unto itself. A series of bridges and docks are the only means of accessing the mainland, while the water serves as both a defense and a lifeline for trade. Orchid is a melting pot of different peoples, cultures, and traditions, with its streets teeming with the energy of countless souls who have made the city their home. The city is a crossroads where traders, artisans, sailors, and merchants from far-off lands converge, bringing with them the flavors, customs, and beliefs of distant kingdoms. Orchid is a sprawling marketplace where anything and everything can be found. Exotic spices, rare gemstones, handwoven textiles, and magical artifacts are sold alongside everyday goods. Merchants from across the globe gather here to barter, and the sound of haggling in a dozen languages fills the air. The river that surrounds Orchid is not just a natural barrier but a key artery for its economy and daily life. It is crisscrossed by bridges—both grand and humble—each serving as a vital connection between the island city and the mainland. Kayaks and small boats navigate the waters, ferrying passengers and goods between the city's different districts and out to the sea. Festivals are frequent in Orchid, with grand celebrations taking place at the turn of the seasons, celebrating the city's ties to both land and sea. The streets come alive with parades, dancers, musicians, and brightly dressed revelers. During these festivals, the city feels like a dream, vibrant, unstoppable, and utterly alive.

Glasgow: Glasgow is home to the Inula, it's a remarkable settlement nestled high in the ancient trees of a dense, lush forest. The architecture is a breathtaking blend of nature and ingenuity, with expansive treehouses interconnected by swinging bridges and rope ladders. Built high above the forest floor, these homes are crafted from timber and foliage, seamlessly blending into their surroundings. The Inula are fiercely independent, living in close-knit communities that prioritize their group's well-being above all else. Their society is built on cooperation and mutual support, as they rely heavily on one another for survival. Each member is skilled in the arts of archery, hunting, and foraging, using bows crafted from the trees around them and training various animals, such as falcons, tigers, and even bears to assist in protecting their community. The Inula are very protective of their territory. They enforce strict boundaries around their city, viewing outsiders with suspicion. Anyone attempting to enter without permission faces dire consequences. Trained animals serve as sentinels and skilled archers stand ready to defend their homes. They will shoot arrows without hesitation to deter intruders, using their mastery of the forest to navigate ambush with animals.

Blolly: The island of Blolly is a whimsical little island in Nepal, where time appears to stand still, and the sun shines relentlessly. The air is thick with the scent of tropical flowers, and laughter echoes through the vibrant streets, where colorful buildings and lush greenery create a paradise-like atmosphere. The locals—both men and women—are strikingly attractive, embodying the carefree spirit of island life. With sun-kissed skin and charming smiles, they exude an irresistible allure that seems to beckon visitors to stay a little longer... or maybe forever. The townspeople of Blolly are not just beautiful, they are also playful and mischievous. They use their charisma to seduce newcomers, inviting them to join in on endless beach parties, dance under the stars, and indulge in the island's exotic delights; they also use other more risky ways to convince people to stay. Each invitation is laced with a hint of flirtation, designed to charm and lure. Once visitors start to fall under the spell of Blolly, they find it increasingly difficult to leave. Days blend into nights, and the enticing lifestyle makes the thought of departure seem unappealing. The inhabitants of Blolly thrive on this magic, seeking to keep newcomers enchanted and stuck in their timeless paradise. In this funny little town, the beauty and charm are as captivating as they are deceptive, and the allure of Blolly keeps many entranced, caught in a delightful, timeless web of seduction.

Bellflower: The town is a warm and welcoming place, nestled in a lush forest or rolling hills. The halflings are a close-knit, caring people, known for their hospitality and kindness. They are master woodworkers, crafting everything from sturdy homes to beautiful carvings and tools, all from the surrounding trees. Their town is filled with cozy,

timber-framed buildings, with flowers blooming in every window and soft, lantern-lit streets. The halflings take pride in their craftsmanship, seeing their work with wood as not only practical but also a spiritual practice. They believe that by shaping nature into useful and beautiful things, they are honoring the gods they worship. This faith runs deep in their community, and they often welcome travelers and adventurers with open arms, sharing their beliefs and inviting them to stay in their homes. Adventurers are a common sight in the town, with many of them living among the halflings. These explorers set out on quests and journeys, often intending to spread their belief in their god to other lands or simply to protect their town from the dangers of the world.

NPCS:

Grail Family:

- Rules over Delphinium
- Very rich
- Owns lots of servants

Rumors about the family

Nicholai Grail: Nicholai Grail: very dark gray hair. Only ever in suits. Shorter hair than everyone in the family. Uses a sword or his power to get kills, however, he usually makes someone else do it for him. No visual scars on his body. Can get very aggressive and abusive easily. Dark red eyes. Sounds like a 90-year-old smoker. 6'1 but wears heels to make him taller so more like 6'4. Runs an underground cult according to the rumors that surround him, however, there's no proof.

Bellatrix Grail: White hair, wears long flowy dresses, much kinder, a faraway look in her eyes from long ago. very kind to everyone, and wishes the best for her kids. (Biggest fear is her kids and Nick.) A light blue color to her eyes. Light voice. 5'7 wears heels so 5'9. Was said to be from Vivaly before she married Nicholia

Valor: 19 black hair usually down, 5'8 but 6'0 with her boots. Two fangs, many piercings. Very aggressive. Super jealous very easily. Hates the quieter, and refuses to let the Servants do anything to her. Wears black ripped pants and a tucked-in white shirt. Prefers to use a dagger. The smart one out of her siblings. Scars specifically near her stomach and back that the common people are aware of but refuse to talk about. Can't turn into a bat, its wings are too damaged. Her biggest fear is turning into her dad.

Deep red eyes. Wears a ring on her middle finger, it has a sun on it. There's talk about it being the same type of sun that Emery wears as a sign of her family.

Vance: 18 deep black hair 6'2 left ear pierced. His bat form is more of a reddish color like his dad. Two fangs. Not as aggressive as the other two but more charming. Uses a sword as a weapon. Wears dark red suits or Black suits, and on more casual days he wears a loose white shirt and slacks. His long black hair is often pulled into a loose bun. Scars on his arm and one on his cheek. His biggest fear is that he can't help his siblings and he's too much like his mom. A deep blue hue to his eyes, however, he does need glasses which he doesn't often wear due to getting yelled at by his father.

Axel: 17, 6'1, white hair with ripped wings. Also very aggressive and possessive. It's something they all get from their dad, and possibly the only trait Axel gets from his dad. Only one useful fang is broken. Mostly seen in tank tops and baggy pants. Doesn't use any weapons, only his fist. Strongest out of the three even without blood lust. Can snap a normal human neck without feeding for days. White/transparent wings. A lot of scars on his face. His biggest fear is killing without mercy. One eye is a dark red, the other is a dark blue. The talk of the town is Nicholia forcing him to kill to lose his mind and become the next ruler of Delphinium. Axel is currently in military training.

Rose family:

Monty: Kind smile, deeply respected, very nice. 5'7 short brown hair and a full beard. In very casual clothes and suits. Died at 57. Didn't use a weapon. Brown eyes. Deep but caring, he was a bigger guy and gave great bear hugs.

Effie: She had long blond hair, 5'4", and wore flowy short dresses and occasionally overalls. She had green eyes and used a bow if she had to use a weapon. She loved flowers and had her own garden, which Emery now takes care of. It is also where she and Monty were buried. She died at 56.

Emery: currently 19. Medium lengths Brown hair, face littered with freckles, Brown eyes. Wears her mom's old dresses to feel closer to her or wears crop tops and slacks. Very smart and charming. Uses both a bow and dagger to fight however, she is a master of all weapons. Very kind to the people of her kingdom but very untrusting and harsh to anyone else. She's 5'4. 5'6 with her usual boots on. Her voice isn't deep and is soft and kind. Very respected in her kingdom. Wears a ring on her ring finger, it has a moon on it. No known rumors about her that would get around easily, she's too closed off for any of that.

Arrow: A 6'0 tall human who carries themselves with a type of confidence you can't get elsewhere. This pirate captain of the Coralberries is one the most skilled fighters in all of the lands and she's barely on land! Her long flowy black hair and complex gear made for fighting make them a face you'd never forget. Many rumors float around her, many of which are true. The most common is linking her to hedgerows and the ever-secret Phlox trio!

Viper: Mayor of Archaea! Nothing else is known! :D trust she's pretty tho.

Rivera family:

Felix: The sole pastor/leader of Aristo. He is an air Genassi who pushes the worship of Zerathis onto his kingdom. He'd known to be charming and humble. He's a great listener and would do anything his parents say. The people call him a mama boy but he'd deny it with a charming smile. Unlike his twin sister, he's not the type for gossip or trouble.

Cyrus: Aristo resident bad girl. This 5'5 air genesis is always up to something. Sometimes it's skipper prayers other times it's skipping town and flirting with whoever's around! She holds a bit of resentment to her parents for putting Felix in charge of Aristo and it's very apparent when she does things just to make him mad.

GROUPS:

Hypha's: The hypha is a cultish group that operates a religious organization dedicated to helping others. The Hypha presents itself as a community focused on spiritual growth and the betterment of society. The Hypha professes to promote love, unity, and enlightenment. At the helm of the Hypha is the enigmatic High Priestess trojan (troy for short) , a charismatic leader who exudes authority and charm. With a magnetic presence, he gets followers and asks for their loyalty, claiming to be the chosen vessel of the god Aphelion. They host community events, offer support to the needy, and engage in various charitable activities. Hypha actively recruits new members, seeking for individuals seeking a sense of belonging. They create a tight-knit community that fosters dependence on the cult for emotional support. In the shadows, the Hypha continues to thrive in spirituality and is looking for acceptance from Aphelion

Acerol: In the dark and twisted world of Delphinium, a group of unfortunate souls, known as the Acerol, serves as Nicholai's personal slaves. These Servants are not just servants in the traditional sense but are essentially prisoners bound to a life of torment and suffering. Many become Servants after being convicted of treason or lesser crimes. The life of a Servant is grueling and filled with constant fear. They are forced to do the bidding of Nicholai and his family, enduring endless tasks and torturous experiments. Nicholai uses them to test his dangerous and unpredictable magic, subjecting them to excruciating pain or causing their bodies to warp and disfigure in horrific ways. Many Severants die quickly under these conditions, unable to withstand the magical tests, physical abuse, and dehumanizing treatment they endure daily. Their suffering doesn't end there. Nicholai's cruelty extends to the point where, if a Severant makes a mistake or displeases him, they are not just punished—they are sometimes used as food for the family. This macabre practice instills terror in the Severants, who live each day knowing that one wrong step could lead to their death and their blood being served at the dinner table. People know that committing a crime, betraying Nicholai, or even falling into debt could lead them or their loved ones into the Servant ranks. The mere existence of the Severants serves as a reminder of Nicholai's power and his willingness to destroy lives without hesitation. Axel, the youngest of Nicholai's children, despises the treatment of the Acerol, though he is trapped in the violent world of his family. He has a complicated relationship with them, as he often tries to mitigate their suffering by using animals instead for the family's consumption. However, Axel is not immune to the darkness that runs in his blood. Sometimes, his bloodlust overwhelms him, and despite his best intentions, he can lose control and kill a Servant in a frenzy of violence. The toll of living as a Servant is immense. Physically, they are worn down by endless labor and magical experiments. Mentally, they live in constant fear, knowing that death is always just a step away. The survival rate is grim, with at least two Servants dying each day, whether from failed magic, brutal punishments, or the horrific practice of being used as food.

Hedgerows: Beneath the bustling streets of Cypress lies an intricate underground thief network, a hidden system that connects various factions of thieves across the city and beyond. This clandestine operation is known simply as the hedgerows, a name whispered among those who dare to navigate its shadowy corridors. They steal anything of value. The Hedgerows operate on a strict code of secrecy, requiring a special password for entry into its numerous hidden hubs and safehouses scattered throughout Cypress. These locations serve as meeting points for thieves to exchange information, goods, and services, ensuring the network remains efficient and effective. Only those who are part of this world know the password and its importance cannot be overstated. The hedgerows are primarily controlled by a powerful and enigmatic figure known as Everest who is widely known for stealing a magical jewel from Nicholai's

castle with a reputation for being cunning and ruthless, Everest commands the loyalty of various thief factions, leveraging fear and respect to maintain order. Under Everest's watchful eye, the hedgerows thrive, with each group operating independently yet cohesively, sharing resources and intel when necessary. The hedgerow's strength lies in its code of silence. Any thief who divulges information about the network to outsiders risks death at Everest's hands. This brutal enforcement of secrecy ensures that the hedgerows remain shrouded in mystery, allowing its members to operate freely without fear of discovery by law enforcement or rival factions.

Dichondra: In the kingdom of Phlox, a major faction known as the Dichondra is at the forefront of the fight for environmental justice and sustainable practices. Comprising inventors, activists, and skilled practitioners of magic, this group is dedicated to improving the quality of products and addressing the pressing issues of air quality and climate change. Additionally, the Dichondra has secretly developed advanced guns. This has drawn attention from other factions, leading to a situation where a rival group stole credit for their innovations, claiming them as their own. Despite the theft, the Alliance remains committed to its mission, focusing on the greater good rather than personal accolades. The Dichondra is particularly interested in the concept of infusing magic with technology, believing that such a synergy can lead to groundbreaking advancements. By exploring this fusion, they aim to create tools that can enhance everyday life while also addressing environmental challenges. The Dichondra stands as a beacon of hope in Phlox, championing the cause of environmental sustainability while navigating the complexities of political intrigue and competition. Their innovative spirit and dedication to merging magic with technology position them as a pivotal force in the ongoing struggle for a better, greener future.

Lathyrus: Lathyrus is one of the most notorious and cutthroat factions in the kingdom of Phlox. Unlike other groups that strive for innovation or quality, Lathyrus is solely driven by greed and profit, no matter the human or environmental cost. Their strategy is simple: seize control of valuable resources, produce cheap, low-quality goods, and dominate the market through sheer volume. Over time, this group has amassed a vast empire of factories and buildings, more than any other organization in Phlox. At the center of Lathyrus is its most powerful figure, Ryker, a robber baron known for his ruthless business practices and total disregard for ethics. He has a reputation for stealing innovative ideas and reducing them to cheap, mass-produced imitations, flooding the market with inferior goods while destroying his competitors. The death of Otto forever shattered the bond between Ryker and Wyn. The two blamed each other for the tragedy, but neither was arrested due to their wealthy and powerful families.

Their parents quickly covered up the incident, and while no legal action was taken, the guilt and resentment festered. Ryker, consumed by ambition, told his father about the magical gun, hoping to profit from it. His father stole the idea and began mass-producing the weapon—but did so poorly. The guns were unstable, dangerous, and prone to malfunction, but that didn't matter to Ryker or his family. They made their fortune off the inferior weapons, flooding the markets with cheaply made, faulty products, causing countless accidents and suffering. Ryker's betrayal didn't stop at the gun. Over the years, he and the Lathyrus faction systematically stole many of Dichondra's inventions and ideas. Ryker would send spies to infiltrate Wyn's operations, taking what he could and making cheaper, low-quality versions of Dichondra's innovations. Despite these thefts, Ryker's fortune grew, and Lathyrus expanded its control over the industrial landscape of Phlox, all while ruining the lives of the people who worked in his factories. Lathyrus' business model relies on exploiting workers, paying low wages, and frequently shutting down factories with little to no warning. Entire towns and cities in Phlox have been left desolate by the sudden closure of Lathyrus factories, leaving thousands jobless and with no recourse. The deep rift between Ryker and Wyn remains a central story in the politics of Phlox. While Ryker built his empire on the backs of stolen ideas and ruthless exploitation, Wyn's Dichondra faction continues to fight for innovation, quality, and ethics. The two childhood friends, now bitter rivals, represent two vastly different paths for the kingdom's future. Lathyrus, under Ryker's rule, stands as a dark pillar of greed in Phlox. Its relentless pursuit of profit, no matter the cost, and its history of stolen ideas and shattered lives make it a feared and loathed force in the kingdom.

Inula: The Inula of Glasgow are a fascinating and reclusive group of people who live high in the treetops, away from the busy city below. Their homes are beautiful treehouses, expertly woven into the canopy of the forests on the outskirts of Glasgow. The Inula live in harmony with nature, prioritizing the safety and care of animals above all else. They are deeply connected to the creatures of the forest, seeing themselves as protectors of both the land and its inhabitants. The Inula's treehouses are architectural marvels, built from the natural resources of the forest without harming the trees. These elevated homes are connected by a series of rope bridges and wooden platforms, allowing the Inula to move from house to house without ever touching the ground. The Inula are known for their skill with bows, which they craft themselves from the trees they live among. They are expert archers, able to hit targets with precision while moving gracefully through the treetops. However, they only use their bows to protect their community when threatened or people enter their land without consent. Although the Inula prefer to stay out of human conflicts, the bloodshed around Glasgow has forced them to witness many horrors. From their treetop homes, they have seen soldiers

march into battle and lives lost in the chaos of war. Despite their desire for peace, the Inula have stepped in on more than one occasion to save the lives of wounded soldiers who have stumbled into their forest. Their skills in medicine have been invaluable in treating these soldiers, many of whom would have died without Inula's intervention. However, the Inula remain cautious about who they help, ensuring that anyone who enters their territory does so with respect for the forest and its creatures. Those who come with ill intentions are met with the Inula's silent but deadly archery skills, and many different animals ready to attack. Every Inula has a close relationship with at least one animal companion, whether it's a bird, a wolf, a bear, or another creature of the forest. These animals are not just pets—they are family, and the Inula treat them with the same care and love they give to one another. They also train these animals to protect their land and attack when it's necessary. The Inula are a tight-knit group, bound together by their shared love for animals and the natural world. They live in small clusters of treehouses, with each family looking out for one another. The sense of community is strong, and they support each other in every aspect of life, from caring for the animals to foraging for food and tending to their homes. Meals are a communal event, with large gatherings around fire pits high in the trees. The Inula are known for their excellent cooking, using fresh ingredients from the forest to create simple yet delicious meals. Wild game, berries, herbs, and mushrooms are often on the menu. The Inula's knowledge of outdoor survival and natural medicine is unparalleled. They know every plant, herb, and fungus in the forest and how to use them for healing. Whether it's treating a sick animal or healing a wounded person, Inula's remedies are incredibly effective and passed down through generations. Their skills in medicine are so advanced that even outsiders have heard of their abilities, though few ever gain the trust needed to experience their healing firsthand. The Inula are a peaceful and nature-loving group who have built a life of harmony in the trees of Glasgow's forests. Their connection to animals, mastery of archery, and exceptional healing skills make them a formidable yet gentle community. Though they avoid human conflict, they have witnessed much bloodshed and have quietly saved lives when needed.

Coralberry: The Coralberry pirates are a legendary group that sails the high seas with an air of boldness, freedom, and carefree energy. They are known for their flamboyant personalities and their colorful, devil-may-care attitude toward life. With no strict rules or rigid beliefs, they live for adventure, treasure, and the thrill of the ocean breeze in their hair. However, beneath the surface of their carefree nature lies a deep sense of loyalty and care for one another, they all love one another, and they do everything with each other, some are family and some are lovers. The Coralberry crew is a wild, polyamorous bunch, embracing love and passion with open arms. They are hot, daring, and seductive, radiating confidence and charm wherever they go. Guns and swords hang at

their hips, and they are more than capable of using them when necessary. However, for them, fighting is a last resort—unless it's in the middle of a heated party duel, where the stakes are as high as the fun they're having. They sail the seas not because they're driven by greed or malice, but because they want to experience everything the world has to offer. Their motto might as well be, "Wherever the wind takes us," because they don't plan or stress over the future. Parties, rum, laughter, and the occasional plundering of a wealthy merchant ship are all part of their daily routine. While the Coralberry pirates may seem like carefree marauders, they have a strong moral code beneath their rebellious exterior. Only steal from the rich and powerful, redistributing wealth to the poor and marginalized people they meet in coastal towns and islands. They never take more than they need, and they always give back, ensuring that their piracy leaves the world a little better than they found it. They despise oppressive systems and corrupt rulers, often targeting merchant ships and royal fleets that hoard wealth at the expense of their people. In the eyes of many, the Coralberry crew are folk heroes, even though they are wanted by the law in nearly every port. Despite their carefree attitudes, the Coralberry pirates are fiercely protective of one another. The crew all love each other, and everyone looks out for each other both on and off the ship. Whether it's patching up wounds after a skirmish or sharing stories and laughter around a campfire on a deserted island, the Coralberry pirates know that they only survive because they stick together. Anyone is welcome to join the crew, as long as they prove themselves loyal and trustworthy. The Coralberry crew is open and inclusive, accepting people from all walks of life, regardless of background, gender, or orientation. Their ship is a place of freedom and acceptance, where anyone can find a home—so long as they don't betray the trust of the crew. If someone proves disloyal, they'll quickly find themselves walking the plank, with no second chances. Aboard the Coralberry ship, life is one long celebration. They're known for throwing the wildest parties on the seas, with music, dancing, and drinking that lasts for days. Their carefree spirit is infectious, and it's not unusual for them to bring the festivities to any coastal town they dock in. Tavern owners rejoice when Coralberry sails into port, knowing they'll make a small fortune from the amount of rum consumed during the crew's stay. Even in battle, they maintain their lighthearted demeanor, often taunting their enemies with jokes and laughter. But make no mistake—the Coralberry pirates are skilled fighters when they need to be, wielding their swords and guns with precision and style. Their carefreeness is not reckless; they are sharp, agile, and quick to adapt to any situation, always finding a way to come out on top. The Coralberry pirates live for the freedom of the open sea, where no rules bind them, and no one can tell them what to do. They sail wherever the wind takes them, living in the moment and seizing every opportunity for adventure. Their ship is a symbol of that freedom, adorned with colorful flags and sails, reflecting the vibrant and diverse personalities of its crew. Wherever they go, the Coralberry pirates leave a mark—whether it's a stolen treasure chest or the memory of an unforgettable party.

They are feared by the rich and loved by the poor, embodying a spirit of rebellion, adventure, and joy that makes them more than just pirates—they're legends.

Legume: The Legume Group, known for its control over the Hedgerows, is a powerful and influential organization operating within the shadows of Cypress. With a reputation for being very stoic, this group thrives on the edges of legality, engaging in various illicit activities that enrich its coffers and expand its influence. Everest's inner circle in the group includes their little brother, who serves as their confidant and info-gatherer. The bond between them is strong, with their brother often acting as a spy, ensuring that the group's operations run well based on the intel he gains. Everest also has a best friend within the Legume Group, a fellow thief who shares their vision and provides support in executing their plans. This friendship adds a layer of camaraderie to the often ruthless world they inhabit, and their shared experiences have forged a deep trust between them. Their best friend often acts as the muscle of the group, like a bodyguard protecting Everest and their brother while they run the operation.

Deadlocks: The Deadlocks are the elite enforcers of Limbo, a rare and specialized group tasked with maintaining order within the frozen expanse. Though their numbers are few, typically no more than fifteen at any given time. Their presence is feared and respected by all who dwell in that plane. These hunters are trained from birth or chosen by the council for their exceptional skill, resilience, and cunning. Each Deadlock receives unique weapons, tools, or abilities tailored to their role, allowing them to pursue targets across Cypress treacherous and vast terrains.

Their primary duty is to track and neutralize any being that threatens the delicate balance of the plane, particularly those attempting to leave without permission and if they do leave they are sent to the overworld to haul them back to limbo. Escaped spirits, rogue undead, and other creatures that seek to enter the overworld are their primary quarry. Deadlocks are as much investigators as hunters, analyzing patterns, uncovering hidden motives, and navigating the complex politics of Limbo to ensure their targets cannot evade them. Their work is meticulous, precise, and often invisible to outsiders, carried out with a strict code of honor and loyalty to the council.

Beyond their enforcement role, Deadlocks also act as guardians of knowledge, observing powerful entities and ancient relics within Limbo, ensuring that dangerous magic does not fall into the wrong hands. They operate with autonomy within their assigned territories, but ultimate authority rests with the council, particularly the Haunted One, who oversees all Deadlocks and coordinates their efforts across the plane. Though their work is often deadly and unforgiving, Deadlocks are not cruel for cruelty's sake, they exist to maintain the fragile equilibrium of a world suspended between life,

death, and magic, and to ensure that the forces of Limbo do not spill into the mortal realms.

IMPORTANT EVENTS

Corydalis: Nicholai's plan involved sending over 500 handpicked soldiers through the dense and treacherous Evergreen Forest, which bordered the city of Yarrow. The forest was known for its thick canopy, which provided natural cover, and its winding, rugged paths that made it difficult to navigate but ideal for a covert approach. The soldiers were a group called Acerol, they were a group of servants in debt to Nicholai. Their mission was to push through the forest undetected and strike Yarrow with overwhelming force, catching the city's guards off-guard during the night of Derris. As Nicholai's forces crept through the Evergreens, they encountered resistance. Monty's knights, armed with superior knowledge of the forest and fortified positions, launched a surprise ambush on the invaders. They had laid traps throughout the forest and used aggressive tactics, striking from the shadows and melting back into the trees before Nicholai's soldiers could respond. The sound of clashing steel and the screams of the dying echoed through the forest as the invaders were caught off guard. The soldiers were picked off one by one, and the few that managed to mount a defense were overwhelmed by the relentless knights. The bloodshed was horrific. Bodies littered the snow-covered ground, their blood staining the pristine white with deep crimson. The cold air was filled with the smell of iron and death, and the once quiet forest became a graveyard for hundreds of men. By dawn, the Evergreens were silent once more, save for the wind rustling through the blood-streaked trees. The once 500-strong invasion force was reduced to a handful of survivors, most of whom were captured or killed. Over 1,000 dead soldiers (both invaders and defenders) were left to rot in the snow-covered Evergreens, their bodies frozen in the positions where they had fallen.

Derris: The Festival of Derris in Yarrow is a grand, annual celebration that takes place on the summer solstice, marking new beginnings and the turning of seasons. People from all corners of the world travel to Yarrow, drawn by the city's reputation for extravagant festivities. During the day, the streets are filled with parades, music, and performances, while at night, the city is illuminated by thousands of lanterns, creating a magical atmosphere that blends revelry and reflection. Vendors sell rare delicacies, artisans showcase their finest crafts, and the air is thick with the excitement of renewal. The streets are alive with vibrant parades, music, dancing, and the aroma of delicious

food from countless vendors. Lanterns and decorations adorn every corner, creating a magical atmosphere that draws everyone into the spirit of joy and hope. However the night takes a turn for the worst, Under the cover of night, Nicholai sets plan Corydalis into effect, it backfires on him and the night ends with over 1000 dead in Evergreen. The Festival of Derris, once a symbol of peace, would forever be remembered for the bloodshed of that night, as Yarrow moved forward under its new leader, a freshly 17-year-old Emery.

Apios: The Apios deal was a desperate attempt to end the impending war between the kingdoms of Yarrow and Delphinium, and a pivotal treaty was forged. The proposal centered around a political marriage between Emery, the daughter of Yarrow's ruling couple, and Vance, the charismatic heir of Delphinium. This alliance was seen as a way to unify the two kingdoms, fostering peace and cooperation. The negotiations took place in The Rose Castle adorned with banners of the Yarrow kingdoms. Leaders from each side gathered, including Monty and Effie, the reigning leaders of Yarrow, alongside Nicholai and his knights. The atmosphere was tense, filled with both hope and skepticism. Discussions progressed, and the leaders began to feel optimistic about the future. However, lurking in the shadows was Nicholai's most trusted knight Gilroy, who had his plans to disrupt the peace under the orders of Nicholai. In a swift and brutal attack, right before the handshake to agree to the deal, Gilroy struck. Monty and Effie were caught off guard, their lives extinguished in a matter of moments with a sword to their throat. Their throat are slit instantaneously dying in front of everyone. The joyous atmosphere shattered as Emery walked in, gasped, and watched in horror, helpless and paralyzed by the violence unfolding before her. The weight of betrayal hung heavily in the air, eclipsing any hope for peace. As the leaders of both kingdoms fell to the floor hopelessly, Nicholai seized the moment to disappear into the night, slipping away into a cloud of smoke before anyone could react. However, the scene of carnage sparked something fierce within Emery. Filled with fury and a newfound determination, she grabbed a weapon and confronted Gilroy. The ensuing battle was fierce, with Emery channeling her grief and rage into a desperate fight. She fought valiantly against Gilroy, fueled by the desire to protect her kingdom and avenge her parents. How dare he do this to them? In a climactic confrontation, Emery stabbed Gilroy through the heart, blood spraying everywhere, mixing with her parent's blood into a puddle of red on the floor, he falls to the floor landing in his blood as Emery pulls the sword out of him, wiping the blood off with her long flowy dress staining it with crimson. Finally, Emery emerged victorious successfully avenging her parents, slaying Gilroy, and reclaiming a sense of power. With her parents dead and Nicholai gone, the weight of leadership fell heavily on Emery's shoulders. The treaty was left in tatters, but her resolve grew stronger. Though

she had lost her family, she vowed to honor their legacy and protect Yarrow from the shadows of betrayal.

BEFORE PRESENT DAY

In the ancient world of Cypress, there was a time when all the gods lived in harmony, and their divine presence filled every corner of the land. Magic thrived in abundance, woven into the very fabric of existence. It was a golden era where the sky shimmered with ethereal colors, the oceans pulsed with mystical currents, and the forests breathed life into creatures of wonder. The gods, each ruling their domain bestowed their gifts upon the people and magical races that flourished under their care. The magical beings, such as elves, vampires, etc, lived alongside humans in unity, sustaining a balance that made Cypress a realm of beauty and peace. The gods' power ensured that the seasons flowed perfectly, crops never failed, and the land was always fertile. But slowly, without warning, the gods began to disappear. With each god that vanished, a piece of magic was lost. The rivers ran dry without the blessing of the Gods, the forests began to wither without God's nurturing hand, and the sky grew dim without God's guiding light. With their fading presence, the magical races began to dwindle as well. Elves, once immortal, found themselves aging; the vampires, once very strong, started to grow weaker and retreated into hiding. As the gods disappeared, so too did the enchantments they had woven into the land, leaving behind only whispers of the once-powerful magic. Without the gods' influence to guide them, the humans and the little magic races became divided, fighting for dominance over the now magic-starved world. What was once a realm of wonder transformed into one of fading myths, where the memory of the gods and their magic slowly eroded, replaced by greed, ambition, and the struggle for control. The world of Cypress now teetered on the brink of forgetting its past, with only a few remnants of magic left, and whispers of the gods who once ruled

RACE INFO

Dwarves: Dwarves are hardy, resilient, and deeply tied to the mountains and underground halls of the world. Their cities are strongholds of stone and iron, filled with forges, workshops, and intricate machinery. Skilled craftsmen, dwarves are renowned for their weapons, armor, and tools, items that often outlast magic itself.

For centuries, dwarves have been locked in a bitter rivalry with halflings. Old grudges, territorial disputes, and competition over trade routes and resources have fueled skirmishes that flare up regularly, though rarely escalate into total war. Despite this enmity, both races have learned to coexist in proximity, often engaging in heated arguments, sabotage, or one-upmanship rather than constant open conflict.

Dwarves respect strength, discipline, and cleverness. While they distrust magic and technological trends that bypass skill, they are deeply honorable and loyal to those they trust, especially within their clans and mountain halls.

Elves: Elves hail from Vivaly, a realm of chaotic magic where reality twists, forests shift, rivers flow backward, and skies shimmer in impossible colors. For centuries, they thrived in a land where magic was law, illusion, and survival, shaping their society around cunning, strategy, and mastery of the arcane.

Now, as the world's magic wanes, the elves feel the loss deeply. Their powers, once as natural to them as breathing, are weakening. Illusions falter, spells misfire, and even their innate reflexes, honed by decades of magical attunement, are slower and less precise. Elves who left Vivaly long ago to live in other kingdoms rely more on wits, diplomacy, and cunning than raw magical might.

The weakening of magic has caused fractures in elven society. Factions that once thrived on constant intrigue and subtle manipulation now scramble to preserve their influence, and some are turning to alliances with mortals or other races to maintain power. Others withdraw entirely, retreating to hidden enclaves in the wilds or back to Vivaly's ever-shifting forests, where magic lingers just enough for them to survive.

Despite their diminished power, elves remain formidable. Their centuries of experience, intelligence, and adaptability allow them to navigate a dangerous, changing world. Yet their dependency on magic leaves them vulnerable, and the decline of the mystical currents is forcing them to confront mortality and weakness for the first time in millennia.

Elves in this era are often enigmatic and aloof, their eyes reflecting the flickering remnants of their once-immense magical heritage. Outsiders may underestimate them,

thinking their grace and intelligence mere charm, but beneath it lies a survival instinct shaped by centuries of chaos, strategy, and now, necessity.

Halflings: Halflings are small, nimble, and surprisingly resilient, often found in villages, farmlands, and trade centers. Clever and adaptable, they rely on wits, speed, and resourcefulness rather than magic or brute force.

The rivalry with dwarves is a defining feature of halfling culture. Generations of disputes over trade, land, and clever pranks have created a persistent tension between the two races. Yet, halflings are too clever and mobile to be easily defeated; they strike quickly and retreat, making battles with dwarves long, drawn-out, and often more about prestige than victory.

Despite the enmity, halflings are common enough that they continue to thrive across the kingdoms. They are skilled traders, scouts, and adventurers, often using their cunning to carve out niches in places dwarves can't or won't reach. Their communities value adaptability, cleverness, and the ability to survive in a world dominated by stronger, more powerful races.

Humans: Humans are now among the rarest of mortals, scattered across the kingdoms as isolated individuals. Once dismissed as weak and unremarkable, humans were long overshadowed by races with natural magical abilities or divine favor. After the gods disappeared, humanity's misfortune worsened: entire communities were hunted, purged, or blamed for disasters they did not cause. Survivors fled, hiding in shadows, and many have never returned to society.

Today, humans rarely live in groups. They keep to themselves, moving quietly through towns, forests, and cities, careful not to draw attention. Some adopt disguises, pass as other races, or pretend to be servants, merchants, or travelers anything to avoid scrutiny and suspicion. Others live completely off the grid, seeking out other humans for small groups far from the eyes of the upper planes.

Despite their rarity, humans endure. They are clever, resourceful, and adaptable, thriving not through magic but through skill, perseverance, and the ability to navigate a world that has long underestimated them. Each human is a survivor, carrying the weight of their lost communities and the memory of a time when their kind was more populous.

Regional Notes:

- Yarrow: Humans are seldom seen, often working in secret as artisans, messengers, or travelers, careful to avoid magical eyes.
- Delphinium & Phlox: Some humans find employment in technology or trade, blending into the bustling cities and industrial centers, though always alone.
- Nepal & Aristo: Rare individuals appear among festivals, holy sites, or mountainous paths, usually unrecognized and quietly observing, surviving on wit and skill.

Dragonborn:

The Dragonborn race is most common in Astrio and Nepal depending on the type, however, some subraces of Dragonborn are nearly gone due to loss of habitat and such. These are all gemstone dragons as the dragon died in the war, black dragon subraces, and lastly copper! The copper dragon and dragon went out together in a fight to the death, but neither won. There's a very small colony of black and copper dragons born in Phlox but not a lot is known about them. Before Ce during the war in which the gods "died"; metallic dragons fought with the gods heavily and lost quite a few of their dragons before the dragons died they laid their eggs in fear of death to protect their legacy. So now there are colonies of dragon eggs in hidden places throughout Cypress. Don't about it... unless you chose Bronze Dragons. Dragonborns for centuries have been looking for their eggs in the hope of being back their lineage but have yet to succeed. Metallic dragonborns are more respected by most common people and are seen to be warriors. Chromatics who also fought in the war and on the side of the gods are now seen as evil and all their good deeds have been lost to history so they have beef with a lot of people. They also have more dragons still left alive due to the fact they took more protection of themselves. After the war and after people started to align them with the side of evil since they were the last known creatures to work and see the gods. The chromatic dragons have started to get hunted down, so now most of them live in secret and in fear. Their dragonborn are often hated and discriminated against. The Green Dragon is said to be working with Nicolas however!

Dragons who are no longer with us

Metallic: maedaissiat, Protector of the Weak - Sliver dragon that has a well-respected following in Aristo. Was the first to fall in the war.

Azure, Lord of the Skies. Was a protector of Iris and died doing his job. His tombstone was made into a school for magic students. Emery has a stuffed plush of him even though she never met him.

Chromatic: Oplihea, the gifted. Youngest dragon. She was barely a 1000 when she died. She was a blue dragon.

Dragons who are still with us somewhere

Metallic: Tranquil, the quiet. A brass dragon that survived. Only one left out of the Metallic Group. She now hides away scared of what waits for her.

Chromatic: All of the chromatic dragon's names have been lost to history but there's a green, red, and white left alive in hiding.

Gnomes: Gnomes are few in number but scattered across hidden corners of the world. They are known for curiosity, cleverness, and their skill with intricate craftsmanship, from delicate jewelry to complex clockwork mechanisms. Most gnomes have withdrawn from the political and magical affairs of kingdoms, preferring quiet villages, secluded laboratories, or isolated forest homes. They are rarely seen in large groups, and their small populations make them appear almost mythical to outsiders.

Though peaceful by nature, gnomes are deeply protective of their inventions and knowledge. Many have become wanderers, trading skills, tools, or secrets for food and shelter. Some gnomes are drawn to Phlox, where their mechanical aptitude allows them to thrive in industrial cities, crafting automatons and devices that rival magic in ingenuity. However, their rarity and secretive ways mean most gnomes avoid conflict, leaving diplomacy and warfare to others.

Half-Elves: Half-elves occupy the space between humans and elves, inheriting traits from both but fully belonging to neither. They are adaptable, clever, and capable of moving in human or elven societies, though they are often seen as outsiders in both. Their lifespan is longer than humans but shorter than full-blooded elves, giving them a unique perspective on the passage of time and history.

Half-elves are rare, often solitary, and tend to carve out their own niches in the world. Some take up adventuring, exploration, or trade, while others immerse themselves in magical studies or artistic pursuits. Because they are few, most half-elves live independently, traveling from town to town or kingdom to kingdom. Their mixed heritage often gives them versatility and charm, but it also leaves them without the strong communal bonds that elves or orcs enjoy.

Half-Orcs: Half-orcs are by far the most common “mortal-like” race in the world, scattered across cities, towns, and rural areas. Once feared as ruthless warriors, most have now integrated into society and live largely ordinary lives. They can be found in every profession, from laborers and merchants to soldiers and artisans. Their robust physiques and endurance make them respected members of many communities, though they are sometimes judged by their more violent ancestors.

A few half-orc tribes still cling to old traditions, following a brutal “kill first, prove your strength” way of life. These groups are rare, isolated, and often misunderstood by the wider world, but most half-orcs have abandoned such extremes. Today, they resemble humans in typical D&D: versatile, commonplace, and a foundation of mortal society. Their presence is ubiquitous, yet individual half-orcs stand out less, blending into the rhythm of daily life.

Tieflings: (TEIFLING LORE IS VERY DIFFERENT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

“Death is final. So why do tieflings exist? Why do their grins hold a darker secret than you could ever imagine? Not quite human, not quite a monster but something else entirely. It’s unknown where the race comes from but many say Achelous made them through an affair. The newer less evil Tieflings often hail from Nepal, working as pirates or gamblers. The richers one who thrive from freedom are often seen along the Coralberry with the most famous tiefling of all time. The older one stay near Venus where only I have return from. Mih afr walq hyz za ky oarqazzyl vorv afr wytryz wzudd mydv. The more people learn about this species the more they want us dead, luckily for us few can resist our charms. To blind to their own dfwz causing for easy prey.”

— page 146 of Bow tactics

Tieflings are a “gift” from god, and while it doesn’t seem like it any more a lot of people still treat them as such. They’re treated like pets rather than people and often left to be expropriated on. People often believe their blood holds the key to bringing back the gods back/magic. You almost never seen a tiefling without some kind of other person with them, they thrive for that connection in a way that seems worrisome.

CLASS INFO

Magic users:

God worshippers: Long ago, the heavens burned with war, and the gods themselves fell in the Second War. Their temples lie in ruin, their names are spoken in hushed tones, and yet... their touch lingers. Some mortals still feel it, though none can say how.

Clerics and paladins walk among us, their hands blazing with unseen fire, their prayers answered by a power that the world insists should no longer exist.

Legends tell of a few gods who, seeing their end approaching, entrusted the last remnants of their divine power to chosen mortals. These individuals carry a fragment of godhood within them, allowing their patrons' essence to endure even after death. Those touched in this way are rare and mysterious, wielding abilities that seem to defy the limits of mortal skill.

Some say it is the strength of belief that calls magic into being, while others whisper of hidden forces, ancient pacts, or relics that channel the gods' lingering essence. Miracles are rare now, fleeting sparks of wonder in a world growing increasingly skeptical. Healing hands mend what should not be mended, righteous blades strike with impossible force, and the faithful still feel warmth when they kneel and speak to gods who do not answer.

As faith wanes, mortals turn to their own ingenuity. Smoke rises from chimneys of workshops, gears turn in endless machines, and the hum of invention replaces the chant of prayer. Magic is no longer certain; technology becomes the new hope, a promise that the world can endure even if the gods have truly abandoned it.

Those who seek the divine must walk with patience, courage, and humility. For the source of their power is hidden, older than the world itself, and the mysteries of the gods are not so easily unraveled.

Sorcerers:

Sorcerers are born with the blood of the old gods coursing through their veins. Long ago, when the deities walked the world, some mortals were chosen or marked, carrying a fragment of divine essence in their lineage. Even now, generations later, this blood remains potent, granting innate magical ability. Sorcerers do not need tomes, rituals, or pacts; they instinctively channel the divine energy within themselves. Their power is raw and unrefined, shaped by emotion, temperament, and instinct. Some sorcerers struggle to control the surges of energy that flare unpredictably, while others cultivate their gifts into devastating precision. The more people in their bloodline since the gift was given the weaker each person magic is.

Warlocks

Warlocks' power comes not from the world itself, but from bonds with beings of extraordinary strength. These patrons often high-level magic users, remnants of divine essence, or entities beyond mortal understanding, lend fragments of their power in exchange for service, devotion, or secrecy. The relationship is never simple: the patron's desires shape the warlock's abilities, granting potent spells and abilities but

often at a cost. Those who fail to honor their patron's terms may find their power faltering, or worse, turning against them. Warlocks live in a world of hidden rules and whispered bargains, their magic a reflection of both ambition and caution. The farther away from their patron the weaker their magic.

Wizards

Wizards rely on study, intellect, and understanding of the arcane threads still woven into the world. Magic lingers faintly in ruins, in relics, and in hidden places where divine energy once flowed. Through careful observation, experimentation, and centuries of accumulated knowledge, wizards can bend these latent forces to their will. Their power is deliberate and precise, but it requires constant learning and attention. Where sorcerers channel instinct and warlocks draw from patrons, wizards must weave spells through knowledge, symbols, and discipline. Their mastery grows over time, but miscalculation can be costly. Wizard magic is more protainted in places magic still flows freely.

Bards

Bards are unique among spellcasters in that they draw magic from the resonance of the world itself. Through music, poetry, storytelling, and performance, they awaken echoes of emotion, memory, and long-forgotten forces. Their magic is flexible and adaptive, often shaped by creativity and charisma rather than formal study. Bards can inspire courage, manipulate perception, or even bend reality through artful expression. In a world where the old gods are gone, bards are subtle conduits of power, turning the intangible energy of inspiration into tangible, wondrous effects. If people don't know the stories or songs bards magic affects them less.

Mortals Without Magic:

Even as the old powers linger faintly in the world, most mortals cannot wield true magic. For them, strength comes from skill, discipline, and ingenuity. In a land where divine and arcane forces are waning, these mortals rely on their own wits, bodies, and resourcefulness to survive and sometimes to shape history itself.

Fighters and Barbarians

Fighters and barbarians are the embodiment of mortal strength. Some are born with extraordinary physical gifts such as; unmatched reflexes, sheer endurance, or uncanny precision. Others achieve greatness through relentless training, honing their bodies and minds into instruments of war. Their prowess is entirely mortal, yet it can rival magical intervention. In battle, a well-aimed strike or a perfectly timed defense can turn the tide just as surely as a spell. Yet without magic to protect them, these warriors must

constantly gauge risk, for even a small misstep can prove fatal in a world still echoing with lingering powers.

Rogues and Rangers

Rogues, rangers, and other stealthy or cunning warriors manipulate the world itself as a weapon. They study shadows, streets, and forests, learning every weakness and opportunity. Their strength lies in adaptability, setting traps, striking from hidden angles, and exploiting the mistakes of others. While they lack divine or arcane gifts, their ability to anticipate danger, move unseen, and turn environment to advantage allows them to achieve feats spellcasters might envy. Still, the absence of protective magic means every mission carries high stakes; one wrong calculation can lead to ruin.

Monks

Monks draw power not from divine favor or arcane study, but from within. Through discipline, meditation, and mastery of the body, they channel energy called ki into feats that appear almost supernatural. They can move with incredible speed, strike with devastating precision, and endure blows that would fell ordinary mortals. The principles guiding their training balance, breath, and flow remain potent even in a world abandoned by the gods. Yet their abilities are fragile in chaos; distractions, emotional turmoil, or exhaustion can leave them vulnerable in ways no spell could protect against.

Artificers (and Other Tech Users)

Some mortals have turned entirely away from the old powers, seeking instead to shape the world through invention and craft. Artificers, engineers, and inventors create machines, weapons, and devices that mimic magical effects, heal wounds, or unleash destructive force. Their ingenuity is their magic, transforming mortal limitation into boundless possibility. But these creations are finite and fallible; they require materials, planning, and maintenance. A broken device at a critical moment can be just as deadly as facing a dragon unarmed.

The Mortal Path

Those without magic rely on courage, intelligence, and willpower. In a world where divine and arcane power is fading, these mortals often shape the course of history as much as any spellcaster. Their strength lies in adaptability, creativity, and perseverance, proving that even in a world touched by gods, mortals are never powerless. Yet their path is not easy: they live with the constant awareness that magic may act unpredictably around them, that divine forces can intervene, and that the fragile constructs of technology and skill must hold against threats no mortal alone should face.

GODS

In the beginning, there was only Chyros, the Silent Void. From that endless nothing stirred two beings: Gaelith, the Earthmother, and Ouryn, the Sky-Father. Their embrace gave form to the world; stone and soil from her body, wind and storm from his breath.

From their union came the Firstborn:

- Nythra, the veiled goddess of Night.
- Erebyn, Lord of Darkness.
- Aethros, the Breath of the Heavens.
- Hemora, radiant Day.
- Ponthys, the endless Sea.

Together, the Firstborn shaped the raw cypress, weaving the seas, skies, and stars. Where their footsteps fell, mountains rose. Where their hands touched, forests bloomed. They were vast, formless, eternal the primal forces that gave the cosmos its shape.

But creation did not end there. From the womb of Gaelith and the blood of the Firstborn arose the Ancients, the Titans. They were mightier than their parents in form and will, clothed in flesh, towering and radiant. They claimed dominion over the newborn world, calling themselves its rightful rulers. Kynos, Titan of Time, was their lord, and his kin spread across every realm: Rhaeva of prophecy, Hyperionis of blazing fire, Ozyros of the boundless seas, and more.

For an age, the Firstborn and the Ancients walked side by side. But envy was embedded in the two species. The Ancients desired all power for themselves, declaring the Firstborn “ghosts of a bygone age.”

The Forming War -1000 to 1230 BCE

War erupted. The skies split as Ouryn was dragged from the heavens, his fall tearing open the firmament. Ponthys shattered the coasts as he drowned beneath Thalrion's fury. Hyperionis, burning with the fire of the dawn, was struck down by his own bloodline, his flames scattering as stars across the night.

The Firstborn fought with raw, untamed force; floods, storms, and earthquakes. The Ancients struck with cunning, mastery, and flesh-forged strength. For centuries, the war raged, breaking mountains and boiling seas. Civilizations of the first mortals were erased in fire and shadow.

At last, both sides were broken. Most of the Firstborn were destroyed or diminished, their essence bleeding into the elements of the world. The Ancients were cast down or chained, some slain, some imprisoned in caverns, oceans, and beyond the veil of stars.

From their ruin rose the children of both lines: the High Gods.

- Zerathis, Lord of Storms, who overthrew Krynös.
- Thalrion, Master of the Deep, who seized the seas.
- Hadryn, Keeper of the Dead, who claimed the underrealm.
- And their kin, who shaped order, law, love, war, craft, and song.

The High Gods swore an oath: never again would the world be torn apart by the pride of its makers. They bound the Ancients in chains, buried the Firstborn's remnants in silence, and set their own thrones above the scarred world.

The High Gods

- **Zerathis** – King of the gods; lord of storms, sky, and law.
- **Heryna** – Queen of the gods; goddess of oaths, marriage, and vengeance.
- **Thalrion** – God of the sea, quakes, and steeds.

- **Demeyra** – Goddess of harvest, fertility, and the turning seasons.
- **Athyss** – Goddess of wisdom, strategy, and crafted war.
- **Aphelion** – God of light, prophecy, and healing songs.
- **Arthys** – Goddess of the moon, wilderness, and the hunt.
- **Arvak** – God of bloodshed, fury, and conquest.
- **Velora** – Goddess of beauty, passion, and desire.
- **Pyrrhus** – God of fire, smithing, and invention.
- **Kaelith** – Trickster god; patron of roads, trade, and thieves.
- **Veyra** – Goddess of the hearth, home, and communal flame.
- **Dionith** – God of revelry, madness, wine, and ecstasy.

The Firstborn (Most died in -1230 BCE in a war with the Anicents) (Cypress is made from their bodies)

- **Chyros** – The formless void, from which all else was born.
- **Gaelith** – The Earthmother, source of mortal life.
- **Ouryns** – The sky-father, cast down by his children.
- **Nythra** – Shadowed goddess of night and hidden power.
- **Erebyn** – Lord of endless darkness.
- **Aethros** – Breath of the heavens, pure air.
- **Hemora** – Bright goddess of day.
- **Ponthys** – The primordial sea.

The Ancients (Most died in -1230 BCE) (Dragons come from them!)

- **Krynos**- god of time (passed this title to one of his dragons), father of gods and dragons.
- **Rhaeva** - god of motherhood and prophecy.
- **Ozyros** - first god of the sea
- **Tethira** (Lady of rivers and springs.
- **Hyperionis** - god of burning light.
- **Thyra**- lady of vision and brilliance.
- **Mnora**- first god of memory and story.
- **Thyssara**- lady of divine law and order.
- **Coevys & Phoenra** - twins of knowledge and foresight.

The Underlords (like the higher gods but don't fuck with the overplanes)

Hadryn – Lord of the Underrealm and keeper of riches.

- **Perivane** – Queen of shadows and spring's renewal.
- **Thanaros**– Winged spirit of peaceful death.
- **Hekyra** – Goddess of witchcraft, crossroads, and spirits.
- **Melyne** – Phantom queen of nightmare, constellations, and ghosts
- **Makrya** – Maiden of gentle deaths.

The Wild and Elemental

- **Panyth** – Horned god of wilds, music, and beasts. (first orc. Most orcs worship him if any god)
- **Helion** – Lord of the burning sun.
- **Selora** – Lady of the moon's silver path.
- **Esera** – Dawnbringer.
- **Neryth** – The old man of the sea.
- **Tritheos** – Herald of the seas.
- **Dryneths** – Spirits of trees.
- **Naiyra** – Spirits of rivers and lakes.
- **Nerithae** – Sea nymphs, daughters of Neryth.

Abstract Powers

- **Nyka** – Goddess of victory.
- **Tychra** – Fortune and chance.
- **Nemora** – Balance and vengeance.
- **Eros** – Desire and passion.
- **Harmyra** – Harmony and bonds.
- **Phoros & Daemyr** – Fear and terror.
- **Hypnys** – Sleep.
- **Morphyn** – Dreams and stars and living creatures that don't fall under pan, thrion, or arthyns
- **Iryss** – Rainbow messenger.
- **Anarkis**) – Inevitability, chains of fate.

- Chros's- god of time

Fate & Time

- **The Weavers (Moirai):**
 - **Clora** – Spinner of the thread.
 - **Lasyra** – Measurer of destiny.
 - **Atros**– Cutter of life's end.
- **The Horath** – Goddesses of justice, order, and seasons.

• The Winds

- **Borath** – Northern wind of winter.
- **Notyr** – Southern wind of storm.
- **Zephyros**– Western breeze of spring.
- **Euryth** – Eastern gale of misfortune.

Hero-Gods & Ascended Mortals

- **Herakryn** – God of strength, protector of heroes.
- **Askalor** – God of medicine and healing.
- **Kastor & Pollaryn**– Twin horse-lords, guardians of sailors.
- **Perivor** – Founder-hero, slayer of monsters.
- **Theseon** – Patron hero of cities and unifiers.
- **Akhyros** – Hero of valor, worshiped in battle-shrines.
- **Odryn**– Trickster-hero, master of guile.

- **Jasoryn** – Seeker of quests and lost treasures.
- **Orphyn** – God of song, loss, and descent to the dead.
- **Aenrys** – Divine founder of new nations.
- **Bellaryon** – Rider of the sky-steed, monster-slayer.

Mortals Turned Divine

- **Arivane** – Goddess of labyrinths, love, and wine.
- **Psyra** – Goddess of the soul.
- **Leucyra** – White goddess of the sea.
- **Ganyr** – Divine cupbearer of the gods.
- **Thyonne** – Goddess of ecstasy, mother of Dionith.