



Circle

Stormwind City: “Twice Razed, Thrice Risen.”

- **Ruler:** High Exarch Turalyon, Regent of the Kingdom of Stormwind
- **Government:** Hereditary Monarchy
- **Faiths:** The Church of Light, Elune, Tidemothers, Other Light-based Faiths, the August Celestials, Druidism, Shamanism
- **Affiliation:** The Alliance
- **Notable Organizations:** The Guard, the Alliance Embassy, The 7th Legion, the House of Nobles, the People's Council, the Defias Brotherhood, the Artisan's Guild, Earthen Ring, Cenarion

Updated Lore: Stormwind City has had to rebuild more times than many would like to say, to the point where its original name, New Stormwind, has been long left on the wayside. Yet following the events of the Fourth War, it was not ruins or scars that needed to be overwritten but new locales growing and emerging organically or built from necessity.

The loss of Anduin Wrynn, though few would like to say it spurred more change in Stormwind than his years of rule, as Regent Turalyon took a much more proactive stance on developing the city and the surrounding regions of the Kingdom.

This, combined with an influx of the various races that have joined the Alliance since the rebuilding that followed the Cataclysm, has seen a number of distinct and unique enclaves arise, particularly during the years of peace following the Shadowlands Incursion.

Moreover, while the House of Nobles has seen a rise in prominence since the beginning of the Regency, an electoral organization called the People's

Council has emerged. It is meant to streamline requests set before the Regent and offer an extra level of stability to inter-quarter politics and needs.

Following the Dragon Isles Saga, the city has seen its latest addition in Creche Obsidian, and rumblings of “distant singing” have caused many of the transient legends that consider the city a second home to go on the hunt for adventure yet again.

This means that hidden threats and rising strife require a new batch of would-be heroes to rise to the call.

Districts:

Stormwind Keep: “Enter, now, the Den of the Lion.”

- **Leader:** Seneschal Cecilia Clessington
- **Notable Organizations:** The Lionguard, the House of Nobles, the People’s Council, SI-7, Xe’ra’s Hand, 7th Legion
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Throne Room:** A Wrynn has always sat on the throne of Stormwind, until recently, of course.
 - **The War Room:** Many campaigns and conflicts have begun and were monitored from within this storied room.
 - **The Embassy Grounds:** Formally the garden and library, they have been extended into an entire suite for visiting diplomats and folk of import.
 - **The Council Chambers:** Formally the petitioning chamber.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Lady Alleria Windrunner
 - Master Mathias Shaw
 - Seneschal Cecilia Clessington
 - Lucas Severing: The Gatekeeper
 - Vindicators T’paartos and Senn: The Regent’s Bodyguards

Updated Lore: Much has changed in the storied halls of Stormwind Keep.

For one, for the first time in decades, its current inhabitants do not include a single member of the Wrynn line.

Instead, the throne is minded by **Turalyon**, and while the man attempted to fill the seat for some time without complaint, it does not appear, at least on

the surface, that he feels truly comfortable in it. He has taken to standing at the steps before it, answering all petitioners, or wandering the grounds in discussion with visiting Alliance leadership or with his newly named Seneschal.

Cecilia Clessington, it is believed, never saw her current position coming, yet her tireless attempts to bring the various issues within the city and the wider kingdom to the House of Nobles and progressive ideas of expanding the common citizen's influence on proceedings events seem to have caught Turalyon's eye, and after hearing her proposals did her one better: Immediately elevating the unofficial City Council to a governmental branch, and naming her his seneschal as she has a mind for the minutiae of governance that he seems to despise.

The War Room, meanwhile, has become **Lady Alleria's** domain, first for the hunt for her sister, then in seeking out any remaining latent threats throughout the kingdom and beyond, and now it is filled with evidence of a hunt for something that she has stayed harshly tightlipped about to all who have deigned to ask. Not even Master Shaw, who was at her side through the tail end of the Fourth War and the entirety of the Shadowlands Incursion.

While the raising of the **People's Council** shocked the political sphere of the city, it was *not* the first time he faced off against the **House of Nobles**. The first was during the Shadowlands Incursion when dealing with the Scourge unmoored and manifestations of other odd powers across the breadth of Azeroth. He swiftly grew tired of the Nobles' requests for attention and saw their holdings given over to the Embassy.

"So those with an actual intent to help can be closer at hand."

Of course, what peace he earned with the Petitioner Chamber given over to meetings between the House, the Council, the Clergy, and other important parties like the resurrected Mason's Guild is oft shattered by tense discussion and occasional shouting matches drawing in the rumor mongers of High and Low society, those that can get past the eagle-eyed Sir Severing of course. Despite this, Turalyon is still a favored leader with much of Stormwind, even amongst the nobility, for his edicts have handed them an unexpected amount of independence, both within and without the city, and they are testing their new limits to the brink already, as can be best seen in the trade district.

Another rivalry emerging within the Keep is between the Lightforged of **Xera's Hand** and the Wrynn Royal Guard, or **Lionguard**, as the citizenry has taken to calling them. Claims of preferential treatment for the former and reticence to follow a "chain of command" from the latter has led to at least one honor duel on the steps of the keep, though Mathias Shaw reprimanded both individuals.

Rumors:

- "The War Room is best avoided at night. Whispers and laughter can be heard if one comes too close. Now, I have nothing against the Lady, but... what follows her is another matter entirely."
- "The Keep doesn't have servants, or they don't any more! Each one has been replaced by an SI-7. See, I heard that someone actually nabbed something right from under ol' Shaw's nose!"
- "The Seneschal is sure stretching herself thin, but I don't think she expected staving off fist fights in her job description. It's a wonder then that she has time to visit that raven-haired girl down in Old Town every night."
- "The King's cousin got into it with Severing again. He keeps trying to claim his family has a right to something within the Keep. I hope next time he takes a quick swim in the canal."

The Trade District: "The Call to Adventure Starts Here, For a Reasonable Price"

- **Leader:** None
- **Notable Organizations:** The Artisan's Consortium, The House of Nobles, The Peoples Council, the Coinguard, Xera's Hand, the Defias Brotherhood
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Counting House:** It sits as the most prominent, and some would say corrupt bank in the city.
 - **Trader's Hall:** Many items of monumental importance have passed through this building.
 - **Ridgewell Estate:** This partial museum is filled to the brim with ill-gotten gains.
 - **The Gilded Rose:** The place to be as far as anyone seeking a helping hand.
 - **Gryphon Roost:** The city's hub of travel and information from locales across the continent.

- **Notable Individuals:**

- Count Remington Ridgewell
- Lord Joran Tremain
- Marcus Fitch, Renowned Auctioneer
- Ian Drake, Mysterious Figure
- Melris Malligan, Coinguard Captain
- Justine Demalier, Stormwind Recruiter
- Cazarez, Burnside, Westmill, Bankers

Updated Lore: The Trade District has long been the key catering point for adventurers' needs for decades, and it shows. But it is much more than that; Redridge ore, Goldshire cheese, Eastvale lumber, and Maclure wine arrive through the gates, the merchants then loading up on refined metals from the **Five Hammers**, dried meats pulled off of ships from Kul Tiras and rare herbs carried from portals to the Broken Isles.

Yet, it can be argued that the most coin comes into the district from items and artifacts pulled from the pockets of the numerous adventures that stalk the streets. The only creature more populous is the dozens of feral cats that rule the roofs.

The Trade District currently lacks a sitting member on the People's Council, largely due to contentious disagreements on who should represent them. It took months to finally whittle the delegates down to two figures.

Count Remington Ridgewell, whose newly purchased and renovated home is filled to the brim with artifacts and heirlooms that he bribed and cajoled numerous adventurers to risk life and limb to attain.

And **Marcus Fitch**, the lead auctioneer for the Trade Hall, is beloved by the district's local business owners and several transient adventurers who owe their success to items he procured for them.

Meanwhile, the District's love of adventurers is exemplified by the district's three most prominent businesses:

The Gilded Rose has been a focal point of the adventurer community since the secession of the Third War. It has spirits from across the breadth of Azeroth, an ever-changing food menu, and spacious rooms that have seen the presence of a number of legends. Because of the constant flux of individuals given to heroics, many citizens in need of help have taken to

milling about the main room or on the front porch, hoping that one of the passing adventurers will hear their pleas.

Two individuals who have also taken a shine to the scene are **Justine Demalier** and **Ian Drake**. The former seeks to convince fledgling adventurers to join their skills to the Alliance's standing army and has had a fair amount of success for her efforts. The latter is treated as a form of curiosity as he seems to be the only font of information regarding an odd tradition that has some similarities to the Church of Light but with some glaring discrepancies.

The Counting House has grown in prominence as a trusted place for wandering adventurers to keep their coin. Yet, little do they know, their money is funneled by the lead banker, **Cazarez**, into a cabal of discomfort threading its way through the streets of Stormwind. The smokescreen for this is the Bank's backing of Ridgewell's aim for the Tradewind Council seat. Further complicating matters is that various folks use the Counting House to store numerous expensive and rare regents, enough that folks might not notice if those stores are also lightened here and there.

Trader's Hall has become a focal point of the "political career" of Marcus Fitch, though this is being headed not by Fitch himself but by **Lord Joran Tramaind**, who seeks to use his influence to spite his boorish, crooked rival noble.

Merl Malligan claims that he and the Coinguard have no interest in the politics overtaking much of the conversation across the District, and on the surface, this appears to be true. If... you are blind, maybe. The Coinguard has been corrupt since the Regency days, taking bribes from all comers, and this propensity for dirty money has seen them enter fully into Ridgewell's pocket. Many merchants and trade folk who openly support Fitch have seen their business repeatedly infringed upon with increasingly monotonous investigations. However, Merl is risking a lot as Xe'ra's Hand is increasing its own patrols in the district. Unlike Merl's carefully bought and coached Coinguard, their morals are stronger than steel. Yet another enemy of the Coinguard, and Ridgewell is already making moves in the shadows.

Rumors:

- "Someone is putting out feelers to rob Ridgewell blind. Let's see if that puts a damper on his political career."
- "If you're wondering about the cats, blame those Tamer folks, but hey, haven't had a rat in the grain for a while now."

- “Drake is an odd one, going on and on about this ‘Sanctuary’ I think he’s a nutter, but he’s getting his goods from somewhere.”
- “I heard from one of the Westmill brothers that Cazarez is a bit too flippant with the funds in his care. Seen him sneaking some reagents, too. Can’t say for what, but it can’t be anything good.”

Old Town: “First Founded. First Forgotten.”

- **Leader:** Maegen Tillman
- **Notable Organizations:** SI:7, the People’s Council, the House of Nobles, the Defias Brotherhood, the Coinguard
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **SI:7 Headquarters:** The heart of the Alliance’s vast-reaching spy agency.
 - **Training Hall:** A place where young heroes get their start.
 - **Pig and Whistle Tavern:** The oldest tavern in the city.
 - **Honest Blades:** A small blacksmithing shop with an old reviving secret hidden within.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Master Mathias Shaw
 - Lord Tony Romano
 - Maegen Tillman
 - Ol’Beasley

Updated Lore: Old Town has ever been under the notice of Stormwind’s nobility. As many of the Defias drew their original membership from the disgruntled lower class of the city, it saw very little reprieve from the hardened rule of Varian Wrynn. While Anduin attempted several reforms to aid the slighted inhabitants of the District, corruption, mismanagement, and ever-expanding conflicts carved away at those efforts in the name of “better investment.”

Worsening the troubles was the influx of refugees from both Westfall and Duskwood, beginning in the Cataclysm and never truly slowing down, as Legion attacks, Scourge invasions, and most recently, Primalist manipulations saw the already endangered people under greater threat.

Turalyon has made some efforts to push back, and many folk who had swelled Old Town near to bursting have begun moving towards the new opportunities that have sprung up across the Kingdom in the past six years

of relative peace. Yet, still, little attention actually went to helping the folk *within* Old Town.

All of this meant that the People's Council, with its promises of actual change and the people having a voice in the choices that will affect the wider city, received immediate, if wary, support from the people of Old Town.

Their representative, **Maegen Tillman**, the innkeeper of the **Pig and Whistle Tavern**, was and remains the backbone of Old Town. She was always willing to lend a helping hand or feed a hungry stomach, even if there was no coin to be found. This meant the vote to elevate her to the People's Council was practically unanimous. Her greatest ally comes from a place that many in Old Town would throw their eyebrows up at if they knew Lord Tony Romano has worked for SI:7 for decades and rarely, if ever, sought to dabble in the maddening politics of the House of Nobles, especially as his families holdings were on the smaller side. Yet, his mind for strategy and knowledge of faults in his fellow nobles has been presented to Maegen covertly as anomalous letters, allowing her to aid the Council in outmaneuvering the House on several occasions in recent months.

Another power lurking in the shadows also seeks to shift the fortunes of Old Town, but they have decided to take a much more direct route. The Defias have returned to Stormwind. While the organization was believed dissolved, it has functioned in the shadows for some time, attempting to rebuild power in Westfall. Yet, opinion in Westfall for the crown is on the upswing due to Turalyon's reforms, and recent events saw their new leadership seemingly turned traitor or killed.

The resurrection of the **Stonemason's Guild**, however, rekindled a fire within the hearts of many, and instead of lurking far afield, they chose to leap into the belly of the beast. What they found was far from surprising: corrupt guardsmen, pompous nobles, illicit trading, and rumors of war racketeering behind the curtains. The Defias have no love from the Crown or the nobility, but the last of the Wrynn's has vanished, and the people still need help. As such, while some of the Defias wish to continue their rebellion and enact their vengeance, they are becoming increasingly rare and part of the old guard. The new guard seeks to protect the people of Old Town and other regions of the city and beyond and plans on targeting the House of Nobles first to prove their point.

Their leadership is shrouded in mystery, and while many still believe in “Hope,” the man now directing their plots few could ever guess.

Ol’Beasley has been acting the madman for as long as anyone in Stormwind can remember. None know that it truly is all an act, and the man was one of Van Cleef’s original confidants and has remained at his post as an insider gathering all pertinent information for almost two decades. While he never sought a true leadership role, opportunity should ever be seized. From the basement beneath **Honest Blades**, he sets the new Brotherhood to work, battling the Coinguard and noble mercenaries bathing back alleys with just enough blood to send a message and not bring the might of the man he has considered a genuine threat for his entire career down upon them.

Mathias Shaw has been busy for the past several years. From hunting Sylvanus to battling the Scourge and the predations of eager entities from the Beyond, to now hunting the remaining Primalists, chasing leads on Alleria’s orders, and dealing with pirate incursions along the western coasts, his plate has been overfull, and with exploitable weaknesses and plots still remaining from his Legion replacement things have managed to slip through the cracks more than he would like to admit.

He is aware of the Defias’s return to the city, yet he sees promise in many as possible recruits. Though he knows many would much rather see his head on a pike, he is content for now to watch and intercede secretly only if their actions threaten to harm the city on a grand scale.

His agents have also begun to discover signs of a conspiracy against the throne, but one that is frustratingly skilled at hiding its membership and overall goals. He has come to believe one of his own has been turned against him, and while he busies himself with rooting out the traitor, he has sent his partner to do the dirty work in scoping out rumors regarding these “**Lion’s Fangs.**”

Rumors:

- “There’s something about the old man. Everyone just thinks he’s mad. My ma always said to trust the eyes, not the words, and he held none of the craziness in his voice.”
- “Shaw is supposed to be our master of secrets and spy craft, so why does it always seem like he is playing catch up!”
- “If you want to make a real difference in this city, come find me at the Honest Blade.”

- “If any of those pompous fuckers try to screw over Ms. Tillman, this whole district will be tearing their fancy new houses down, brick by brick. You can bet on that!”

Harbor District: “Tide and Truth, Hard of Tack and Hard of Truth.”

- **Leader:** Grand Admiral Jes Tereth
- **Notable Organizations:** The Harbor Guard, House of Nobles, People’s Council, House Provdmooore, The Order of Embers, Clergy of the Tidemother, the Waveblade, Etc.
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **Swellnook:** A Kul Tiran enclave, home to various sailors, immigrants, and traders. Home to the Provdmooore embassy.
 - **Lothar’s Light:** A lighthouse that has stood since the days of the first cities and now home to a new order of lightkeepers.
 - **Shrine of the Tides:** A grouping of dockside statues devoted to the deities of the winds and waves.
 - **The Wander Market:** A vast vessel that arrives in port occasionally, bringing unique goods and knowledge.
 - **The Naval Barracks:** Seat of the Alliance Navy.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Grand Admiral Jes Tereth
 - Blademaster Okani
 - “Mayor” Aron Kyleson
 - Dockmaster Paul Carver
 - Brother Therold
 - Flynn Fairwind
 - Commander Sharp

Updated Lore: The Harbor District continues to be the city's main seat of incoming trade, even as its demographics shift and change. The most noticeable difference is the shifting of the airship docks into the nearby mountains, leaving it less exposed to possible attacks and the “loss” of the shipyards. While many Alliance vessels are now constructed in the expert yards of Kul Tiras, Turalyon has made a relatively recent bid to open up the port for more space for trade, as well as a growing fishing fleet. In turn, his decision to move the Stormwind shipyards to the coast of Westfall is seen as an attempt to bring jobs to the region and revitalize its economy while also moving yet another military target outside of the city. **Grand Admiral Jes Tereth** has taken all these changes in stride, and the navy’s strength has

only continued to grow following its losses during the Fourth War. She has also chosen to keep the Navy out of the political strife embroiling the city, giving her opinion when asked but staying harshly neutral in her opinion of both the House of Nobles and the People's Council.

Dockmaster Paul Carver and **Commander Sharp** of the Harbor Guard have reported an increase of smuggling and crime attempting to funnel its way into the city, and they acknowledge for all the contraband and hidden pirates they do find, so much more likely slips through their fingers. The Grand Admiral has refused naval intervention, as while battling pirates on the high seas is under her clear purview, the two men should have a better handle on their jobs. Of course, the sub-district emerging to the north of the Harbor may be largely to blame for the rogish influx.

Swellnook is a largely KvL Tiran enclave, born of an influx of immigrants, sailors seeking more familiar lodgings, and even Second War veterans seeking new shores to spend their retirement. KvL Tiran architecture and cuisine are prevalent in the area, though Westfaller dock workers and local fisherfolk have also begun to flock to the subdistrict. Taverns stay open late, and dockside buskers awaken early, giving the entire area a slightly chaotic and bombastic reputation that grates on the Harbor Guard.

The other natives and visitors to Swellnook have a much better working relationship with the guard. The orderly **Waveblade Ankoan** rarely stay within the district for long, but their leader, **Blademaster Okani**, is a common fixture of the district. His regular reports to the Navy of ongoing tensions between the varied folk beneath the waves enable safer travel.

Other common visitors, drawn by promises of trade and exchanges of information, are Tortollan and Tuskar vessels and even rare Vrykul longships. The largest of these vessels is the **Wander Market**, a largely Tortollan crewed vessel with items and information to sell from the four continents and the various isles between them. Their Captain is a shrouded figure who rarely speaks but has a passing recognition of several veteran adventurers active during the Shadowlands Incursion.

All these vessels are guided into the harbor by **Lothar's Light**. This towering lighthouse has been carefully stewarded since the city's rebuilding, though now, arriving with the influx of KvL Tiran migrants has come a new batch of stewards. **The Order of Embers**, though small in number compared to the other factions involved in Swellnook, have come chasing rumors of Thros

Corruption and wandering witches, and their invasive probing has already made them no small amount of enemies within the city. They are led by **Brother Therold**, a Tide Sage who sought to offer his gifts to a wide-ranging facet of the organization. He has also become the main steward of the **Shrine of the Tides**, where a tall stone visage of the Tidemother stares out towards the sea flanked by an Ankoan Driftwood monument to Neptulon and a smaller Tortollan shrine devoted to Gral. Small crowds from outside of Swellnook come to listen to his sermons, and the Tidemother, in particular, has become popular amongst the native dock workers. However, the Stormwinders and Westfallers have begun splitting their time between the Shrine and the Cathedral.

“Mayor” Aron Kyleson is considered the nominal leader of the region by the Swellnook inhabitants. Though he never sought any form of prominence, he was simply charismatic and humble enough to gain the majority of their support. Some have even begun pushing for him to entreat the People’s Council for a seat, but Aron Kyleson when not making sure the district runs smoothly, it’s quite commonly drunk. It doesn’t ruffle too many feathers. He prefers relaxing and shooting the breeze with his friend from more illicit days, **Flynn Fairwind**. Flynn has his finger on the pulse of everything that is happening within the district, and while he plays the act of carousing fool expertly, he is on the hunt for a canker that is knotting itself around the heart of Stormwind.

While it is true that Swellnook is a fairly new facet of Stormwind, within its basements and shaded alleys, a conspiracy rising within the city has set its deepest roots. Calling themselves the **“Lion’s Fangs,”** their origins carry to the mid-reign of King Anduin and his betrayal of the Alliance in freeing the enemy Saurfang. While that set the road to the cessation of the Fourth War amidst the chaos of Nyalotha’s reemergence, not all were pleased with the ensuing peace. The Horde had taken too much and fielded too many tyrants. Surely, Tyrallyon, in his stewardship, a warrior of legend, would move to a defensive, if not full, war footing following the cessation of the Shadowlands Incursion.

They were wrong. Tyrallyon’s reign has been nearly six years of tense but stable peace, and with the Horde allowed access to Amirdrassil, even after their actions damned the last, these warhawks have been galvanized like never before.

They are a mixed coalition, veterans of the Second War, Cataclysm Campaigns, and Pandaria Campaign taking up arms alongside the younger and far more furious warriors of the Fourth. Kul Tirans seeking to avenge kin lost in Theramore and Brennendam, survivors of Teldrassil, Gilnean patriots enraged by the actions of both Greymane and the Forsaken, and Void Elves seeking restitution against the kin that bar them from their homeland.

They seek to aggrrieve themselves on the Horde and the weak-willed leaders that would dare speak of peace after everything that has been lost, and their number does not just include disgruntled lay folk but officers as well and is believed by its member to be led by Cathrine Rogers, a vocal opponent of the current peace. Very few have actually met the founding "Lion," and fewer still would believe the masked individual is, in fact, Jes Tereth herself.

Rumors:

- "The Fairwind fellow is plotting something. I can practically smell it. Do you think he's pals with those pirates mucking about up north?"
- "The Order seems fine, but I think they're missing the forest for the trees. You know, the last witch Stormwind ever knew had her head put on a pike! Ha, so it's not like we're that blind to it."
- "The tides have always called to me, and while his sermons give me comfort, I saw what happened to his ilk back in Stormsong. How am I to know he won't shed his face for one of tendrils and madness? How can I know I'm not being tricked..."
- "So much has gone unanswered for. Things that can never be forgiven being *forgotten* by our leaders. How is that right? How is that fair?! We bled for victory, not a limp peace with butchers and monsters! Do you not agree?!"

Mage Quarter: "The Gateway to Innumerable Roads"

- **Leader:** High Sorcerer Andromath
- **Notable Organizations:** The People's Council, the Mage Guard, the Kirin Tor, the Council of Black Harvest, the Illidari, the Ebon Blade, the Silver Covenant
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Tower:** A locus point of travel across Azeroth and Stormwind's main school of magic.

- **Lamb's Shadow:** A subdistrict with an increasingly shadowed reputation.
- **Silver Sanctum:** An embassy and enclave of the High Elves.
- **The Trading Post:** A new establishment that offers unique quality goods to wandering adventurers.
- **The Stockade:** Stormwind's recently enhanced prison.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - High Sorcerer Andromath
 - Lady Caledra Dawnbreeze
 - Lady Darkglen
 - Archmage Malin
 - Thassarian
 - Clerion Bladedancer
 - Demisette Cloyce
 - Commander Coe

Updated Lore: The Mage Quarter can be said to sit abreast of the remainder of Stormwind by some measure or another. Some locals outside the quarter have even derisively referred to it as “More Spire than Storm,” noting its closely bound ties with the wandering mageocracy of Dalaran. High Sorcerer Andromath detests these assertions, as the Quarter has existed for as long if not longer than Dalaran and was the domain of **Medivh**, one of the greatest mages the world has ever known, even if his legacy is quite a... complicated one now.

Andromath is no noble, but he worries about putting his backing behind the Council, as he believes rightfully, many would see it as deriding the Council's power as his station is higher than many and can not be believed to carry the required fair-handedness. After all, Andromath's main goal is to support the Quarter, then the city of Stormwind, not the other way around, and keeping the Quarter neutral for now means that anyone can access the Tower's portals without worry of threat, sabotage, or confrontation. However, Andromath already knows who would likely attempt any of the former if the situation changes.

What truly bothers the High Sorcerer is that the wider Mage Quarter is not considered a place to stay; it is a place to enter just to leave again. It should be a center of magical learning and advancement, and it is in some cases, though none he wishes to vocally show support for. Instead, the **Kirin Tor** swiftly poaches his best students, for whom he has gained a not-so-secret

disdain. His relationship with the other individuals who have come to call the Quarter home is a bit more complicated.

The Lamb's Shadow and **Silver Sanctum** are both logistically to be considered part of the Mage Quarter, yet the locals have come to regard them as districts all their own.

No published maps of Stormwind recognize the Lamb's Shadow, but it is more than easy for even the newest visitors to notice the distinction. The grass is less vibrant, the clouds just a bit thicker, a feeling of being watched pervades, and a scent lingers in the air, ever so faint: sulfur and rotting citrus. Yet, on the surface, nothing truly appears to be amiss. Yet, that is because the Shadow lies beneath.

The name, a softened moniker given by locals from outside the district, comes from the entrance to the subdistrict: The Slaughtered Lamb Inn.

Entering the tunnels beneath the building, one quickly descends into a knotted mass of catacombs and tunnels home to folk that much of the broader Alliance holds at arm's length at best.

Warlocks, Illidari, Death Knights, Void Elves, and even a handful of Man'ari have come to call the Lamb's Shadow home, living off the adage of "Out of Sight, Out of Mind."

Elerion Bladedancer, Demisette Cloyce & Thassarion take charge of their respective groups and nominally present as a united front when asking for concessions or greeting grievances from the High Sorcerer. Still, their people are more fractured behind the scenes, with many Illidari outright distrustful of Cloyce's allies and the Man'ari that have attached themselves to her influence. At the same time, the Death Knights have entered into a more spirited rivalry with the Illidari, with practice duels becoming common.

Rumors swear that the Cult of Shadows, exiled Thros Practitioners, and a number of Incursion-inspired necromancers also lurk in the catacombs of Lamb's Shadow. Still, if they exist, they have stayed carefully hidden.

The Void Elves inhabit the deepest catacombs, cloistered around a portal leading to their Rift beyond reality, and have primarily stayed abreast of the others' rivalries, politics, and alliances. However, Lady Darkglen, the Void Elf ambassador, has made fast friends with Cloyce, and the pair are often seen

together walking the streets of the Cathedral District, raising more than a few hackles defiantly. The Lighforged of Xe'ra's hands are disallowed to patrol within the Mage Quarter after a confrontation between one of their patrols and a united front of "dark practitioners" nearly leveled a nearby building.

One of Lady Darkglen's biggest rivals within the Stormwind political sphere is the nominal leader of the Silver Sanctum: Lady Caledra Dawnbreeze, the High Elven ambassador. The Silver Sanctum is a more recent development and a comparatively small block gifted to members of the High Elven diaspora amidst the Shadowlands Incursion by Turalyon. There is a level of standoffishness from those that have moved into the Sanctum, particularly between them and their Void Elven kin, for while they both serve the Alliance, some believe the latter's willingness to give up a connection to their home for nebulous power gifted by the "enemy of all" is a senseless waste. The Void Elves, for their credit, view their kin as being far too stuck in the past than is healthy for them. Curiously, despite her family's new prominence in Stormwind, **Ranger-General Vareesa** and a good number of her people are unaccounted for, not seen within the Sanctum or Dalaran for some time, though stories of her twin sons being seen from afar continue to circulate.

Another bout of tension, which is degrees more hateful, has begun to stew in the heart of some of the Quarter's mages, one that was left to fester for quite a while. And **Archmage Malin** is at its heart.

Archmage Malin has been nursing a wound for decades: the senseless death of his only child to the machinations of uncaring and mad dragons. Add this personal grief to all the trauma the Alliance has suffered at the hands of the dragonflights, particularly the Black flight, which has led to him having an evergrowing paranoia overtake him regarding the Dracthyr. Too many times have the aberrant creations of the flight shown their true colors, and now Turalyon willing allows yet another to walk the streets and forge a new home from themselves within the city. No, no, he can't allow that.

Nor can he allow the interference of the Flights, especially the Blues, who seem particularly intent on reaching an understanding with the wider Alliance. What is more, stories have reached him of the new Black Dragon Aspect, a being raised and trusted by members of the Horde. Another plot is afoot, he is sure of it, and only he and a handful of his fellow mages have come to see the truth. He has thrown his lot in with the Lion's Fangs,

enabling them immediate transport across the continent to foment their plots, yet his true allegiances are not to the “True” Alliance, nor does he truly seek conflict with the Horde. He is a **Primalist**, and he hopes to convert others to his cause. When the times come, the Obsidian Creche will be the first to fall beneath a deluge of arcane fire.

Partially privy to the numerous plots and tensions rising within the Quarter are the Mage Guard, magically trained warriors that often startle their opponents who believe they have escaped the guard only for a heavy-armored member to blink directly in front of them, spellfire-coated blade raised to halt them. The Mageguard are **Commander Coe**’s brainchild, who had grown tired of the ease with which individuals had come to be able to both escape and enter the Stockades, training himself and his guards in the arcane arts with the help of not just the High Sorcerer, but the folk of Lamb’s Shadow as well. The Mageguard have learned how to freeze thieves in place, teleport before escaping criminals, and sap the strength of belligerent drunks, all in the name of defending the Mage Quarter and the newly advanced Stockades.

Rumors:

- “Andromath is planning on not letting the regular Kirin Tor get the cream of the crop this year, not sure how exactly he plans to do that, though. The old man has always folded before.”
- “More folks are going to the Lamb than ever before. I’m a little worried what that might mean for the District in the future.”
- “Why are we just letting these Dragons have access to our home without any kinds of concessions?! How many people have we lost because they couldn’t keep a handle on their own?!”
- “Turalyon visits the Sanctum often, more than any other district I hear. No clue why, but it’s always the same folk meeting him at the gate, hooded folks with red hair. Any ideas?”

Cathedral Square: “The Light Guide All With the Vision to See It”

- **Leader:** Archbishop Lavrena
- **Notable Organizations:** The Church of the Light, the Lightforged, Xe’ra’s Hand, the Graveguard, the People’s Council, the House of Nobles, the Enkindled Ember, the 7th Legion
- **Notable Locales:**

- **Cathedral of the Light:** The longstanding religious core of Stormwind.
- **Church of the Enkindled Ember:** A new clergy rising in importance amongst Dwarven citizenry.
- **The Orphanage:** A city-funded house for the various children who have lost much during the seemingly eternal conflicts of Azeroth.
- **Xe'ra's Hand Keep:** The Lightforged embassy and seat of Turalyon's new special forces as well as the 7th Legion.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Archbishop Lavrena
 - Captain Fareeya
 - High Commander Halford Wyrmbane
 - Lord Aldous Lescovar
 - Count Perseus Ellerian
 - Emberkeeper Nella Slagheart
 - Matron Nightingale
 - Brother Crowley

Updated Lore: The Cathedral of Light has been an anchor of the city's hopes since it was first sanctified decades ago, and at that same time, it was also the focal point for a section of one of the most destructive and nihilistic cults known to Azeroth through the long dead **Archbishop Benedictus**. **Archbishop Lavrena** is far more down-to-earth and truer in her demeanor than her predecessor. Because of this, despite her placement within the church, her choice to join the People's Council met very few rebuttals. Even amongst the House of Nobles.

While the changes to the interior Cathedral District have remained largely unnoticed by the wider populace, the changes along the exterior have been impossible to ignore.

Following their removal from Stormwind Keep by Turalyon, it seemed likely to many that the House would become unbearable in their dealings with the Crown. Yet, for one reason or another, it seems they chose to take that loss in stride at least, with many endeavoring to regain the Regent's favor, though not all have fully got the overarching message they wish to convey.

Because of this, though, a number of the Houses bought out property along the canal nearest to the Cathedral District while donating considerable amounts of coin to the orphanage and the church. This reposition seems, at least on the surface, to be an attempt by the House to appear to be

supporters and devotees of the Light and engender themselves to the distant Regent. If this has any effect on him, none have yet to notice.

It is unfortunate, then, that two of the most boorish members of the House have moved into the district. **Lord Aldous Lescovar** believes he is cunning and a major power player within Stormwind. In truth, he is a drunken lout that the true power players within the House use as a blunt weapon against policies they do not care for and challenges from the People's Council. Despite this, the man is legitimate in his faith and seems unaware that his boisterous galas wear on his new neighbors. Lescovar is also a vocal and arrogant opponent of the peace, decrying the Horde whenever the mood strikes him. The Lion's Fangs have made contact, draining his coffers for their missions, yet they plan to hang the man out to dry at the first opportunity. The children of traitors will have no seat at the table.

Count Perseus Ellerian is boorish, largely due to his age and a sense of entitlement that was fostered by his late mother. The King's cousin truly believes he should hold far more influence than he does and seeks any path to get it. Yet it is clear the young man is desperate for a purpose and connection, as the departure of his cousin, the sole grounding presence in his life, has led him to make increasingly desperate plays for attention and prowess. Unfortunately, for all his posturing, Preseus is a follower at heart and is highly susceptible to charismatic individuals. His connection to the throne, though razor thin and clear emotional vulnerability, as seen when he confronted the Graveguard about missing flowers at his aunt's grave, and desire for importance have made him a perfect target for one of the district's more shadowed figures.

As noted above, shadowed and dreadful powers have lurked in the Cathedral District for decades. While the Twilight have truly passed into the shadow, another force continues to lurk behind the scenes, knowing that the new Archbishop would have his head if his true allegiances were ever uncovered. **Brother Crowley** has been part of the **Scarlet Crusade** since its creation and, during the reign of Benedictus, was able to move much more openly within the District, claiming to be of a pacifistic sect that simply wished part of Lordereon returned to the living. This, as ever, was a lie. Ever since the former bishop's death, he has been forced to move in shadows, recruiting from the dispossessed and enraged, including older orphans leaving Matron Nightingale's care.

The Fourth War & Shadowlands Incursion proved a windfall for recruitment, and his writings spread throughout Stormwind like wildfire, even the most spurious and clearly false claims. Yet, he is stymied at every turn by the incompetence of his fellow Crusaders, with the recent losses in Silverpine and the ill-conceived and arguably nonsensical invasion of Gilneas setting his plots nearly back to square one. Yet, the rise of the Lion's Fangs and the isolation of Count Ellarian may lead to a final bout of success if he can remain hidden as new players wobble the district's power balance.

Xe'ra's Hand Keep has grown in prominence since the end of the Fourth War. After years of relative disuse, the Lightforged have claimed most of the keep as their staging ground on Azeroth, with a direct, heavily guarded link to their vessel locked in orbit above the planet. **The 7th Legion**, while widespread and with staging grounds and keeps across the Alliance, have claimed the remainder, facilitating an ever-growing alliance between the Alliance's special forces and the folk of the **Vindicaar**. While a good portion of the Keep was also used as a prison, dubbed the Vault, the majority of the prisoners kept there were moved to the Stockades after its advancements. Those that remain are those that the 7th Legion and the Lightforged have particular interest in. Now, with Tyrallyon in charge of the city, the Lightforged have risen to even higher prominence, with their forces augmenting the city's defenses to a point where some members of the Legion worry they are on the verge of being replaced.

These fears have gone unuttered, as their commander **Halford Wyrmbane's** admiration of Tyrallyon is old knowledge, and his growing bond with **Captain Fareeya** have led them to believe their comments would be taken as insubordination. But perhaps they do not give their commander enough credit, for while Halford indeed holds great loyalty for both his inspiration and his peer, he has worries about the latter's stockpiling of weaponry beneath the Keep and refusal to answer questions as to what she seems to be preparing for. Another note of tension within the District, though largely unacknowledged, is that while many Lightforged sojourn to the Cathedral for worship, a shrine devoted to the Naaru has arisen within the Keep and has begun to draw much of the city's Draenei's population. To her credit, Captain Fareeya has no intention of shaking up the Church hierarchy or supplant Wyrmbane. Her ire at the moment is directed to those marked by the fel and void wandering amongst the Stormwind's shadows. While she is able to play nice and follow the directions of her superiors for now, this righteous resentment only continues to grow ever stronger within her.

The Church of Enkindled Ember is one of many new faiths that have begun to spread throughout the city, but it is the first that was given a place to establish itself by the District and not simply emerge organically. **Ember Keeper Slagheart** is one part paladin and one part blacksmith, and she, like the majority of her congregation, is a Dark Iron immigrant from **Shadowforge City**. The Enkindled Ember is a curious fusion of Shamanistic practices that arose under the rule of Ragnaros and an offshoot of the Church of Light. The protective flame of the hearth fire, the brand that cauterizes a wound, the very lava imbued into the veins of the Dark Irons give life from darkness, and because of this, every Dark Iron carries a spark of divinity within them, or so the Enkindled Ember believe. Nella Slagheart's ability to shed her mortal form for one of light-infused lava and black iron is proof of this, or so she claims.

The City Cemetery has expanded over the years, filled with the dead lost to the constant flux of war, and was the site of one of the worst battles during the Shadowlands Invasion. Priests walk the grounds regularly, sanctifying the graves, hoping not to see another event like transpired that day. At night, mourners, folk of nebulous mores, and morbid wanderers seeking peace replace them, rarely rubbing shoulders and going about noble and ignoble business. Yet, these meetings have become rare as of late, as individuals have claimed to see a woman, a head wound dripping spectral blood, walking towards the King's Rest before vanishing without a trace. Blame has swiftly fallen upon the folk of Lamb's Shadow, but the truth of this is a much more complicated and twisted affair.

Less worrisome, though a fair bit mysterious, have been the Regent's dawn-break visits to the memorial at the back of the Cemetery, which has sat quietly for decades. Yet, knowledge of the occupant has been lost, all names scoured away as if purposefully, a legacy believed to have been left by Benedictus. However, for what purpose, none are sure, and for similarly nebulous reasons, Turalyon is tight-lipped about any knowledge he may have regarding the occupant.

Rumors:

- "The Lightforged think they can replace us, I'm telling you! And Halford, blinded by his idol, won't do a damn thing about it."
- "Another of those pamphlets is going around, more rumors regarding the Lost Lion. Apparently, he's with his true mom. Yes, I said 'true, Mom.'"

- “Saw her again last night, and I’m telling you, the Count has something to do with it! He was at her grave, and then an hour later, she’s wandering about!”
- “Are we sure we can trust these Ember worshippers? I’ve heard tales from the Isles and the Cataclysm. Fire has only ever been a hateful thing.”

Five Hammer District: “Striking Steel to Spark the Dawn”

- **Leader:** The Hammers
- **Notable Organizations:** The Bronzebeard Clan, the Dark Iron Clan, the Rustbolts, the Tinkers, the Artificers, The Anvil Guard, the Stonemason’s Guild, the Defias Brotherhood, Xe’ra’s Hand
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Deeprun Tram:** A slowly expanding tram system that connects Stormwind to the Ironforge and soon, hopefully, beyond.
 - **The Golden Keg:** A Dwarven-run inn that now serves part-time as the Clans’ meeting hall and embassy.
 - **The Augmentorium:** A new and curious business born of Gnomish and Draenei innovation.
 - **The Explorer’s League Annex:** The local Explorer’s League Annex.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Grimvond Elmore
 - Gila Crosswires
 - Walton Cogfrenzy
 - Thaelin Darkanvil
 - Artificer Drenin
 - Henry the Hammer
 - Reno Jackson

Updated Lore: The former Dwarven District has grown in leaps and bounds, even compared to the rest of the swiftly expanding city. The Five Hammer District remains the core of the city’s industry, particularly when it comes to weapon smithing and armor-craft. Yet, with the growth of Gnomish, Dark Iron, and Draenei populations, numerous advancements in engineering have been seen. The district does not have one member on the People’s Council, but five, the **Hammers**, a representative from each of the district’s majority populations, who readily give their position to one another based on their level of business, meaning that meetings held even weeks apart can have an entirely different face representing the district’s desires, something that irks

both the House and the other members of the Council as agreements that were close to being completed can end up facing entirely new roadblocks from the arriving Hammer.

Grimvond Elmore is both the eldest member of the Hammers and the one who has lived within Stormwind the longest. Representing the Bronzebeard Block, he was a master smith who has since retired and currently sets up meetings and deals between the other Hammers, and visiting folk from the Dwarven Kingdoms at **The Golden Keg**.

Thaelin Darkanvil is the “middle child” of the Hammers, representing the Dark Iron block. He has been experimenting with introducing Dark Iron forging techniques to the city. While some have been fairly successful, his attempts to introduce Core Hound Powered forges have met heavy resistance from his fellow Hammers and the **Anvil Guard** after one street fire too many.

Gila Crosswires enjoys her new position as the Gnomish representative of the Hammers, though she would never admit that much of that joy comes from the distance between her and her former boss. She has been keen on innovating the city's air defense systems, and many of her projects see her outside the district more than the rest of her constituents.

Walton Cogfrenzy and **Artificer Drenin** are rarely seen outside of each other's company. Some argue that their constant agreeance means that the Hammers should really be cut down to Four, but outside of the slights and their deep camaraderie, both still have the best intentions for their people as well, and more besides. Their combined brain power has spawned **The Augmentorium**. While much of its work goes towards combining Gnomish and Draeneic construct designs, their main claim to fame is prosthetics/mobility, sleek gnomish designs powered by Draenic cores that sooth latent pain and connect it seamlessly with the intent of the bearer. While their intentions are truly altruistic, many of the folk that have approached them are war veterans, many of whom have fallen into the spreading influence of the Lion's Fangs and rumors of an employee secretly augmenting prosthetics with hidden weaponry to aid the bearer seeking to return to active duty in the name of the cabal.

The Deeprun Tram has been the main line of travel between Stormwind and Ironforge for decades. It is currently being expanded to connect with other factions of the wider Dwarven Kingdoms. However, the work is hard and constantly slowed by unexpected interruptions from lava flows, accidentally

intruding about antagonistic enclaves of elementals and raids by Troggs, Kobold, and far worse, wandering the deeps. It is a thinly veiled secret that the Tram is also home to a no-holds-bar brawling ring somewhere along its length. While Dwarven and Gnomish guards often ride along the trams, the tunnels themselves are fairly lawless, and it is here that various plotting factions have begun building out more permanent hiding places.

Another faction that has long used the Tram is the **Explorer's League**, ferrying their discoveries back to the grand museum within Ironforge. Still, they have long since expanded beyond Dun Morogh and even the Eastern Kingdoms. Their annexes have popped up across Azeroth, but here in Stormwind rests the largest annex, overseen by **Reno Jackson**. The research with the annex has recently turned in three particular directions, one lingering from the Shadowlands Incursion: Shadowlands Mythos, Ancient Human History, and the Black Empire and their Successor states. The scholars and explorers of the League have been working with a number of other factions within the city. However, many members have a bitter relationship with the House of Nobles because they claim numerous cultural and ancestral relics as their own personal property.

The last faction on the rise within the Five Hammers District is the reborn Stonemason's Guild, working under **Henry the Hammer**. A mason turned begrudging blacksmith now standing as an architect supreme and the man behind much of the recent renovations that have expanded the city beyond its previous bounds. He has noticed, however, that some of the changes and additions he has been asked to make do not align with expectations from the citizenry. Some requests even risk unhousing numerous families. He is not fully sure about who is behind these predatory construction contracts, but he has begun wondering if he should turn to some old allies who likely view him as a fair bit of a sellout for answers.

Rumors:

- "Another of Darkanvil's Coe Hounds got loose. Swear the fool is *trying* to burn down the whole district at this point."
- "Should I be cheering that the Guild is back? They've been milling around my place, acting like they're confused someone lives there. I had to fight off a bunch of those hammer doffers from breaking my door in! The hells is their problem?"
- "Something got into the Tramway. I saw it on my last ride back from Ironforge. Slender and many-limbed and paler than the moon. It

looked my way for but a moment in that endless dark, and I think it still sees me even now.”

- “I’m not sure how the Council is ever going to take our district seriously when the Hammers keep trading places like it’s a child’s game. I know they all have irons in the fire, but one of them should just take the reigns at this point.”
- “I wouldn’t be where I am now without the Augmentorium, but I just have this nagging feeling that won’t go away. The same group of people keep going back for tune-ups, but I’ve only needed one since I got my leg, so is someone undercutting their work to get more coin?”

Lion’s Rest: “A place of peace for warriors lost.”

- **Leader:** None
- **Notable Organizations:** The Graveguard, Xe’ra’s Hand
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Grave of Varian Wrynn:** The Well adorned grave of Stormwind’s beloved warrior-king.
 - **Soldier’s Memoriam:** An ever-growing memorial to the lives lost to Azeroth’s various conflicts.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Knight-Captain Sanine
 - Shylamiir
 - Sovlare of Andorhal

Updated Lore: A monument not just to the lost king Varian Wrynn but the uncountable number of soldiers lost in the constant fight for survival that has consumed Azeroth for decades upon decades. It was once an idyllic park but became a more somber monument following the devastation wrought by Deathwing and the loss of Varian at the Broken Shore. Mourners still arrive to place tokens before his grave or trace the names of friends, family, and loves lost to the thankless tide of war at the **Soldier’s Memoriam**.

Knight-Captain Sanine lost many in her legacy as a soldier in Stormwind’s Army, and then amongst the 7th legion, she wet her blade as a squire during the Second War, took up the light through the breadth of the Third, lost a portion of her hand in Outland, and her love at the Wrathgate, and even though she rose to the challenge every time, all she gained from her bravery and commitment was more loss, more death. She chose instead to guard the memory of the lost and accepted a position as the leader of the Graveguard, who protect the sanctity of Stormwind’s dead. She has gained an odd

perspective on the Light and Death, yet her blade cut the deepest against the invaders from the Shadowlands Incursion, even as her granted magic glowed with a strange, vibrant blue light.

She is not the only “odd” knight who walks the greenery of the Rest. **Sovlare of Andorhal** is a curious figure, as, despite his claims, his accent and mannerisms ring quite distinct from the other living folk of Lordaeron. Regardless, he offers solace and kindness to any that come to speak with him, occasionally speaking on his faith, another notable difference, for he rarely mentions the Light, but an Eternal Flame. Others have noted him turning to face the sun from whence it rises and falls each day, arms open wide as if to embrace it. Despite his oddities, he is a comforting presence and a familiar sight within the Rest.

The last of the familiar figures seen about the Rest is **Shylamiir**, the caretaker of the grounds. She keeps everything verdant and idyllic, prompting blossoms and bundles to bloom whose scents encourage comfort and peace. Yet, for all her attempts to bring peace to the folk who come to the Rest for moments of mourning or introspection, Shylamiir is a deeply saddened figure. While she hides the depths of her grief behind a kind smile, too many Kaldorei names mark the memorials and remembrances spread across the city. Yet, only one child has been born in recent memory. She worries for the future of her people, even with claims of hope on distant shores or a call to tradition in ancient homelands. What good is any of that if there are none to inherit it? She has yet to speak it aloud, but Shylamiir has become one of the **Boughless**.

While these three faces are the most common visitors spot amongst its grounds, as of late, another has been seen in flickering moments at the green flash before dawn or at the end of dusk. A familiar face for some, weathered and scarred, looking out at Stormwind with a mixture of pride and intrigue. Yet, spectral and gaunt in ways that have the viewers startled, particularly following the Shadowlands Incursion. What has called him to this place? And why, now, does a Lion stand amidst the memories of the deceased?

Rumors:

- “I saw him. I know I did! As brazen and bold as the last time I fought by his side! Call me crazed, it doesn’t matter. He’s looking after us!”

- “Something about that place changes those that remain there too long. Odd abilities or addled introspection. I am unsure what the cause might be.”

Pandarian Quarter: “Train with the Dawn, Celebrate with the Dusk”

- **Leader:** Aysa Cloudsinger
- **Notable Organizations:** Tvishi School, the August Celestials, the Lorewalkers, the Lake Guard, Shado-Pan
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **Little Pearlfin:** A Jinyu enclave resting beneath the placid waters of Glasswave Lake.
 - **Seat of the Celestials:** A shrine to honor one's ancestors and the Four Mighty August Celestials.
 - **The School of Flowing Discipline:** A training ground for the city's ever-expanding roster of Monks.
 - **Liv Lang Memorial:** A statue built to remember the legacy of the Tvishi's predecessor.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Aysa Cloudsinger
 - Jojo Ironbrow
 - Adherent Hanjun
 - Priestess Mei-Lin
 - Bold Karasshi
 - Scrollmaker Resshi

Lore: The Pandarian Quarter began as a small Tvishi encampment on the banks of **Lake Varia** and grew over time, ever-expanding as more Tvishi, then other Pandaren and members of the **Pearlfin Jinyu** continued to arrive in Stormwind, flocking to what reminded them of their own homes back on the Isle and Pandaria. The Quarter today is an expansive rattle-way of wood and bamboo that connects the islands within and shores surrounding the Lake into a cohesive whole, within earshot from Stormwind Keep. While relatively peaceful during the day outside the cries of food stalls selling their wares to passing visitors and locals, the Quarter comes alive with activity at night. Shadow plays, song performances, dramatic readings, and firework displays fill the night with constant noise, and while many of the practices have distinct Pandarian flair, many folk from across the city come to the Quarter to show off their talents, creating a burgeoning entertainment culture.

The House of Nobles has very little hold on the Quarter, as Aysa Cloudsinger was chosen by her people to be their representative and would gladly give up the position if others desired her to. She has been debating asking to join the People's Council, yet is unsure if her prominent place amongst the Alliance Leadership could cause issues when it comes to local city politics. However, for what it is worth, the Council would accept her with open arms. However, not all view her in such a charitable light, as her ongoing relationship with the **Hovjin** leader is *far* from secret. More than once, this has been a cause for questioning her loyalty to the Alliance's cause. The Lion's Fangs have her in their sights, and she is likely the first they will target when push comes to shove. Complicating matters is not just the fact that she is a very talented monk, but the people she has chosen as her advisors are relentlessly loyal to her and would fight to the last to protect her.

This includes **Jojo Ironbrow**, a towering Pandaren with an iron constitution and incredible strength whose chosen weapon, which he wields as easily as any staff, is a magically resistant jade statue. Curiously prideful for a Pandaren, he is the head of the **Lake Guard**, the majority of whom are made up of Pandaren and Jinyu, and are somewhat clannish compared to the other Guard factions across the City, further complicating attempts to infiltrate the Quarter by the Fangs and other factions in the wider city.

The two of them, alongside **Adherent Hanjun**, take turns overseeing the teaching at the **School of Flowing Discipline**, which has grown from a place where the Twishi honed their skills to a full monastery where races from across the Alliance learn the techniques and stances to become a Monk. Sparring matches and carefully monitored duels occasionally draw crowds as trainees and masters alike test each other's limits and attempt to grow stronger. Occasionally, members of the **Shado-Pan** arrive, wishing to test their own teachings against those of the new monastery, with rare sightings of **Taran Zhu** himself.

Priestess Mei-Lin was one of the first Twishi to arrive in Stormwind and was one of the many of the Isle Pandaren that then followed the Alliance to her ancestral Homeland. There, she came to learn of the **August Celestials**, entities that her people on the Isle had largely forgotten, drawing more from the Elements and the great Shen-zin Su than the Cardinal Beasts. Yet, a deep connection emerged between her and the Celestials during her trek across the Continent, and when she eventually returned to Stormwind, she laid the foundation for the **Seat of Celestials**. Numerous practitioners have come and gone through its halls. Still, of late, a quartet of individuals have been seen

exploring the stone gardens and listening to the stories told before the shrines: A pair of jade and scarlet-scaled Jinyu and a pair of solid black and solid white furred Pandaren. The scarlet Jinyu, referring to himself as Ji, is also more commonly seen wandering the rest of Stormwind than the others, asking after the Lost King. He explains that he met Anduin during his youthful adventures across Pandaria and hopes that wherever he is now, he remembers what they once spoke about.

The Lvi Lang Memorial, a towering monument of marble etched to resemble Lvi Lang and his constant companion, is also under the purview of Priestess Mei-Lin, with shrines to both the Isles founder and Shen-zin Su where gifts can be left as well as a number of family shrines where Pandaren honor their ancestors and ask for guidance, it should be noted the spirits appear to have become more active here since the Shadowlands Incursion. Some whisper that darker forces visit this place in the dead of night, seeking to draw forth forgotten ancestors or pariahs from which they could draw power, but a small grouping of Pandaren Death Knights have begun standing vigil, and skirmishes between the two groups hidden beneath the bellows of drunken revelry and screaming fireworks threaten to spill over into the daylight as the rivalry grows ever stronger.

Little Pearlfin is a Jinyu majority enclave along the southern coasts of the central isle that leads down beneath the placid waters of Lake Varia. Here, one can find waterforged Jinyu blades, have their fortune told by an apprentice waterspeaker, try strider amok and pepper crab at a food stall, or attempt to ride one of the Jinyu's water strider steeds. While the Jinyu have stayed abreast of the many conflicts the Alliance has engaged in since the Pandaria campaign, excluding some strikes against Zandalar and pirate enclaves during the Fourth War, the Pearlfin have remained a stalwart ally. Those within Stormwind are led by **Bold Karasshi**, who battled alongside the late **Admiral Taylor** and has been pushing for a seat of his own on the People's Council, hoping to gain proper representation for his people amongst the Alliance Politics even if it is just at the city level for now.

Scrollmaker Resshi is another Jinyu of importance within the Quarter, as he represents **The Lorewalkers**, collecting information and stories from across the breadth of Stormwind and the wider alliance to send back to his fellow scholars back in Pandaria. He and his small contingent of Lorewalkers have worked hand in hand with the Explorer's League for some time. However, they have not always agreed on methods or lately motives, as Ressi refused the offer to travel with the Dragonscale Expedition, citing distaste with

Horde's involvement. While a number of his students went along, the thought of working alongside the Horde awakened old traumas within the aging Jinyu. Again and again, he has seen their actions nearly doom the world, and he saw firsthand what members of the Horde did to the Vale of Eternal Blossoms. He threw his impartiality away that day, and while he still sends reports back to his order, he has no intention of returning, and this rising anger within him as signs hint towards increasing collaboration with the Horde may finally give the Lion's Fangs the opening they need in the Quarter.

Rumors:

- "There is something about that quartet that often stops by the Seat. I can not say for certain, but I think there is more to them than meets the eye."
- "Perhaps it's not my place to say, but should we not be worried that the Twishi's leader consorts openly and intimately with a member of the Horde? This is more than a rumor flung about after too many cups at the tavern. It is evident as the sun that if it ever came down to her, her loyalties, if pressed, would not be to us, and can that not, in turn, be said about the rest of the Twishi as well?"
- "There are ill tidings within the waters. Of a river, black as pitch, being drunk in by something far below. The waters pull us south, west of the Homeland. What awaits, they can not truly say."

Everwood District: "A Branch Retains a Connection to its Roots, No Matter How Far it is Cast."

- **Leader:** Sheldras Moontree
- **Notable Organizations:** The Cenarion Circle, the Greenguard, Church of Elune, the Scattered, the Boughless, the Wardens
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Bloomgrowth:** A coopted portal ringed by a verdant expanse of greenery born of an alien god that the Druids have taken a keen interest in.
 - **New Moon Keep:** The now skeleton crew manned seat of Night Elven Defence.
 - **The Last Branch:** A memorial built around the last branch of Teldrassil.
 - **Fresh Barrow:** A druidic enclave that, unlike the rest of the district, is actually on the rise.

- **Lowpine's Seat:** Seat of the Scattered's leadership.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Sheldras Moontree
 - Mithlos Falconbriar
 - Belysra Starbreeze
 - Amaria Wildthorn
 - Perrin Moontear
 - Elder Lowpine

Lore: The Everwood District began following the initial conflicts of the Fourth War, with Anduin allowing the numerous Night Elven and Gilnean Refugees to establish new homes within the city wherever they saw fit, while many Gilneans were happy to remain in what would eventually become **Wollerton**, the hemmed confines and relatively lack of greenery within the city did not sit well with many of the Night Elven refugees. The small forest to the south of the Mage Quarter began calling to a number of the surviving druids, and while many Kaldorei had thrown everything into the war, some with almost suicidal ideation, the noncombatants needed somewhere they could call home. At the same time, their homelands were beset on all sides by the Horde. Anduin gladly gave them leave to turn the forest into a safe haven however they wished, and today, the Everwood District has become the largest Night Elven enclave in the Eastern Kingdoms, though a good portion of its former citizenry have since left.

Yet, it has begun to take on a new time, less as a safe haven for the Night Elves and more as a bastion of the Druidic factions of the Alliance and a place for willing aspirants to learn how to use their skills. Spirits of nature, from Treants to Keepers to Fey Darters and Wisps, and even a Stone Giant drawn inexplicably to the area about a year back, are interacting with the common folk of Stormwind for, in many cases, the first time, and that alone inspires curiosity. Rumors of stranger spirits that the Kaldorei are also unfamiliar with have begun to circulate, along with stories they hope to be false of **Satyrs** lurking in the hills leading into the wider **Elwynn Forest**.

Sheldras Moontree is the current leader of Everwood and has been a native of Stormwind ever since the Night Elves joined the Alliances decades ago. He was the one that pushed for the Night Elves and Gilneans not to be forgotten, though despite heated disagreements between the High Priestess and the young King, Everwood rose, and while some would argue that with changes for the better occurring across Kaldorei lands, some would claim it is in the midst of a Fall. Still, Sheldras, keen on guiding the district's future, though

uninterested in the rivalry between the House of Nobles and People's Council, believes the district is simply undergoing a transition.

A council of sorts has begun to emerge in Everwood, with Sheldras as the public face while the others, Amaria Wildthorn, Belysra Starbreeze, and Perrin Moontear, oversee other facets of the district's operation.

Belysra Starbreeze is the district's lead priestess of **Elune** and administers prayers, healing, and comfort from **The Last Branch**, a partially charred branch that was snatched by one of the fleeing Kaldorei, and has become the centerpiece of a vast memorial honoring all the lives lost when Teldrassil burned, those that gave their lives attempting to avenge the loss across the Fourth War, and those that vanished during the Shadowlands Incursion. The trees surrounding the memorial have been coaxing to grow away from it, allowing the light of Elune to paint the clearing during worship, empowering the moonwell in which the Branch sits. Belysra is still deeply committed to her Goddess, but twin beasts roil within her. The first, she has shared with many, anger at the peace, and especially of stories reaching her of the Horde walking beneath the bows of the newborn Amirdrassil.

The Lion's Fangs are keen to flame her anger into a burning inferno. However, her rage at the traitors who would dare threaten the tree is of comparable strength, and certain alliances within the organization could shatter it if she ever learned of them. Moreover, the Fangs do not know what their prodding risks are unleashing. Belysra is intimately tied with the legacy of the Worgen, many of whom have taken up residence in the Everwood district, particularly those that feel a deep connection to the Wilds and the Moons above. Yet, what she has been unable to acknowledge is that she died at some point in the Fourth War, on the Sands of Darkshore, or came terribly close. Something awoke within her that night, and she is not sure when or how it might come tearing free of her again.

Amaria Wildthorn leads the Sentinels and handful of Wardens that committed themselves to defending Everwood while the rest of their kin avenged their losses across Azeroth. **New Moon Keep**, while also housing quarters for the rest of the leadership, is the "**Greenguards**" training ground, as the Amaria chose to ally her forces with the rest of the city's guard force, though even occasionally patrolling other city districts or along the roads throughout Elwynn they wear their traditional armor. The Keep is also a fallback point that the Night Elves can retreat to if the gate leading into the

city is blocked for one reason or another. Holding this point will allow the citizenry to flee through the portal within **The Bloomgrowth**.

The Bloomgrowth is overseen by Perrin Moontear, a mage of considerable skill, though her main focus of study is transportation. A portal has rested within the shifting alien growth that makes up the area since its creation, and until the Night Elves came to the region, it had sat dormant. Perrin used the standing infrastructure to shift the portal connecting Stormwind to **Mount Hyjal** here, and while there is a near-constant flow of folks coming and going, her main interest, and the interest of a number of her Druidic allies and the Mages under her, is the Growth itself. If stories recovered are to be trusted, the Bloomgrowth was born after a troupe of swift-thinking adventurers slew an alien “god” drawn from Draenor. Yet, the numerous ensuing crises that followed drew attention away from the area. Perrin has her own opinions regarding the clear surprise Stormwind's leadership showed when she revealed the verdant overgrowth that was sitting on their veritable doorstep. Still, regardless, the Bloomgrowth is a curiosity worth studying. It appears to elevate Druidic magics, leading to the establishment of **Fresh Barrow** near its edge. The rotting mass of the “Genesaur” remains, increasing the growth rate of surrounding plants. It also seems to have some kind of draw to the various nature spirits that have come to call Everwood home, with a great number of them congregating at the edge of the Bloomgrowth each full moon. Perrin worries something more nefarious is occurring here, but so far, any concrete sign of encroaching danger has eluded her.

While the Night Elves and their Druidic allies have been keen on investigating the rampant growth of the Bloomgrowth, they are not alone. Recent arrivals have also begun their investigations, introducing many night elves to the likes of the Lost Ones for the first time. However, they are not alone, for as the Outland Exodus continues to grow, other folk, never to have set foot on Azeroth, arrived alongside the Krokul contingent that mainly settled in **Kyre'Dyn Point**: the Sporelings. The beings seemed instinctively drawn to the area and have begun turning up in unexpected places across Everwood, even claiming homes left empty after their occupant's departure.

The establishment of **Fresh Barrow**, combined with the draw the Bloomgrowth seems to have on Nature Spirits, saw a number of druids look into the Wild Gods of the Eastern Kingdoms for the first time, reaching out to call them to teach and meet with those that wished to learn the Druidic arts, and what they found, surprised and startled many. There are few Wild Gods

to be found in the Eastern Kingdoms or rather those that would answer their calls. Many are devoted to the Trolls of the Amani and Gurbashi and wish not to visit a city that has bled so many of their people. Goldrinn gladly answers, though his attention seems to be drawn elsewhere, and whispers of others pervaded even at the peak of Everwood's growth. Yet, so far, most have stayed away or perhaps are unable to answer. Looking into old myths and stories brought together by the Explorer's League and Lorewalkers hint at Wild Gods once dealing with ancient humans, a Lion amongst them, until they vanished suddenly, stunting the Druidic growth of the various Dwarven lands and a number of Human Kingdoms.

Yet the occasional visit of the Kalimdor Wild Gods through the portal within the Bloomgrowth and a desire to connect to a lost history has inspired many Dwarven and Human citizens within Stormwind to begin learning the Druidic practices, with other members of the city's citizenry seeking knowledge as well. **Mithlos Falconbriar** had already sought to teach other individuals how to wield the magics of the Druids and had lived in Stormwind for some time, so his shift to leading the teachers at Fresh Barrow was an easy transition.

While many Night Elven refugees have since returned to their ancestral homes in Kalimdor or journeyed to the new hope promised by Amirdrassil in the past half-decade of peace, some have remained. They can be split into arguably three camps. Those who have found a life in Stormwind, love or joy that salved the wounds of their lost homes. Those who are engaged in the continuing education of all-comers in the druidic practices are the most numerous. And the "Boughless," who have become disillusioned by their people's plights. In this distant city, the threats and worries are far away and need not be considered. Notably, they have no care or interest in Amirdrassil.

"How long will this one last? Already it came close to falling, and a look at our legacy shows that its fall, or corruption, is only a matter of time."

Many of these Boughless have begun to leave Everwood, venturing into the wider Eastern Kingdoms or seeking Kvre'Dun. They seek a connection to something eternal yet apart from the charred roots and distant goddess of their past.

One other faction calls the Everwood District home, and its members are growing increasingly annoyed with what they perceive as an intentional

campaign to ignore them. They refer to themselves as **The Scattered**, the majority of whom are Firbolgs, with a smattering of Wildkin and a handful of Lost Ones drawn by the Druidic magics of the district. While it is true that the Night Elves lost much in regard to the Fourth War, they were not alone. Numerous Wildkin and Firbolg called Teldrassil home, as well as places like Darkshore and Ashenvale. Yet, their safety in the minds of many was largely forgotten when it came to rescuing the besieged Teldrassil or when the Forsaken began blighting Darkshore to keep it out of Night Elf hands. More often than not, in those harsh times, a blade was drawn before the hand of peace. Yet, both have fought alongside the Alliance for decades and the Night Elves even longer than that. While some noble souls amongst the Night Elves and Worgen raced to save their scattered allies and ferry them to safety, some sacrificing their lives, the focus on retaking *Night Elf* lands and creating a new *Night Elf* home has left the Firbolgs in particular feeling fairly embittered. The Wildkin are willing to wait, and the Lost Ones have their own grievances. Still, as the Firbolg are the majority of the faction, their leader, **Elder Lowpine**, is preparing to confront the Alliance leadership personally the next time they convene. Feeling ignored in matters taking place even within the Elderwood, a number of Scattered have begun looking outward towards the wider kingdom, some even leaving to create new homes across Elwynn and Duskwood, which led to them interacting with a rather surprising ally: **Gnolls**. A few have infiltrated the Everwood District, actively stealing any items that take their fancy and being guarded from detection by the Scattered.

Rumors:

- “I know the friends of the forest well, yet I have begun to see beings which I have no knowledge of, winged beings with musical laughs and owl-like faces amongst the treetops.”
- “Why would I leave this place? Grief and hope are equally distant here. I don’t have it in me for more of either anymore.”
- “When they were denied active help, they raged. Well, what of us? Should we be comforted with being forgotten being ignored? Should we weather their slights better than they did others? I don’t think so.”
- “I worry for the High Priestess. Her scent is... off in a way I can’t quite explain. She offers much to many, but I worry she is refusing to take care of herself.”
- “Too many have become comfortable with the Bloomgrowth. I went through the Portal, I saw the Genesaur in action. We shouldn’t be studying it or drawing from it. We should be burning it.”

Wollerton: “Peaceful Veneer, Feral Heart.”

- **Leader:** Flin Wollerton
- **Notable Organizations:** House Greymane, the Wollerton Family, The Greyguard, the Harvest Dawn, the Wolf Cult
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Hall:** The former embassy and now “town” hall of Wollerton.
 - **The Pack Meet:** A location where the numerous Worgen packs could meet prior to the Reclamation.
 - **Church of the Harvest Dawn:** A relatively newer building that saw the return of a traditional Gilnean Faith.
 - **The Wolf Road:** A path into the wider wilderness that the Worgen can dip more fully into the Wolf.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Lord Candren
 - Flin Wollerton
 - Oliver Harris
 - Halford Ramsey
 - Sister Almyra
 - Astrid Langstrump

Lore: Wollerton started out as a small collection of farms and homesteads in the guarded valley north of Stormwind. The folk there kept to themselves, raising their animals and tending their crops, until the Fourth War upset their simple lives. First came the throngs of refugees, Gilnean and Night Elves, then the Embassy, and numerous more folk after that. Wollerton became more active and central than any of the steaders living there had ever wanted, but the power of the House of Nobles and the decrees of the young King were against them.

In time, the Night Elves would move on, as would a number of the Gilneans, and many more of the latter have left now that their home has finally been retaken. But Wollerton has grown from what it once was. The farms remain, but so do buildings designed in the Gilnean style. A number of Gilneans, so used to living in exile, chose to put down roots, and while for many, the call of home was too strong to ignore, many still have chosen to stay.

Both Worgen and non-Worgen Gilneans live in Wollerton, which some folks in the other districts have taken to calling a variety of names: “Wolverton,

Wolfton, or Wolf Town,” yet the Gilneans have stepped away from claiming control of the district, instead elevating the Wollerton Family to prowess.

Flin Wollerton, the granddaughter of the original Wollerton steads, was chosen to represent the district on the People’s Council. Despite her rural upbringing, she has shown a keen mind for politics and a willingness to listen, which has allowed her to calm numerous arguments that have sprung up between Stormwind natives and Gilnean immigrants. That she is the youngest member of the People’s Council is not lost on her, and the House of Nobles claims that she is simply a puppet for Greymane interests are rampant and unfounded.

The Hall was once the main embassy building but has since become the “Town” hall for Wollerton, where Flin has her offices, and the **Greyguard**, a contingent that has chosen to break away from the Gilnean power structure and align with Stormwind, led by **Lord Candren**, though the title is more of a formality now as he has come to enjoy life in Stormwind, as much he had Darnassus before. In truth, the man has been struck with a wanderlust that he has yet to pursue, and it would honestly take little to convince him to hand the reigns over to one of his subordinates and begin his sojourns.

The Pack Meet sits at the beginning of the **Wolf Road**, and was where the Worgen of varying packs would meet and discuss their situations and evolving place in the world. This often became a forum for debate, topics including the feral packs active across the Eastern Kingdoms and those of Northrend, bringing them into the fold, and if the current Gilnean Worgen should be the last. This last point was heavily contentious, and two blocks have formed, one led by **Oliver Harris**, who believes the Gift should become a part of Gilnean culture and has been one of the forefront alchemists and druids bringing consciousness back to the feral backs of Duskwood, and **Halford Ramsey**, a master detective, who believes that while the Curse had its uses at the time, and continues to do so, they should let it run its course. His view is, perhaps understandably, the minority opinion. A third voice has intentions to spread its own view on the Worgen Transformation, but in the background, it is far from public forums. **The Wolf Cult** seeks to spread the Gift throughout Stormwind, turning as many as they can. What happens next depends on who is behind the return of the Cult.

Sister Almyra is a rekindler of faith. Over the years since the fall of Gilneas, the cultural bleed of Night Elf practices was strong amongst the Gilneans living within Darnassus, Worgen, and Human both. The mass immigration to

Stormwind allowed a bit of distance between the two peoples. While their bond is everlasting, it allowed the Gilneans to return to older practices or formulate their own paths forward without a kind yet often forceful hand on the tiller. **The Church of the Harvest Dawn** was long established in Gilneas and was born of a mixture of teachings of the Light and distinct Druidic practices known as Hedge Magic. The faith was focused on the union of growth and decay, with autumnal aesthetics and a key focus on protecting the harvest from blight, weather, and pests. Nature was to be respected, but it was also partially viewed as something to be tamed but never broken. In Gilneas's dark, mountainous climbs, a bad harvest would have echoing consequences. The comparatively verdant Teldrassil had little to fear from a poor harvest. So the faith withered over time as the teachers of the faith were called to join the mainline Church of Light, the Temple of Elune, or shifted from the Light to focus entirely on their Druidic abilities. Sister Almyra never gave up her faith, whispering prayers to the **Harvest Reaper** and **Dawn Keeper**. She tried to push down the surge of vindication she felt when hard times came again, and many sought the familiar as the new seemingly forsook them. The faith has once more become popular amongst Gilneans and has begun to spread among the Steaders. Her congregation is growing in leaps and bounds, and she hopes to not only see the church re-established in distant Gilneas but spread to the farming communities across the Kingdom of Stormwind as well.

Astrid Langstrump is young; few expect her to be anything more than a caretaker of horses and other animals. But what none are aware of is that Astrid has been hiding her own wolf for some time. She has yet to become a Worgen but is keen to do so. Yet late at night along the Wolf Road, she has come face to face with the greatest wolf of all: Goldrinn. The Ancient has heard prayers whispered in his name throughout the small community, and he seeks the source. And while he knows the bright and cunning girl is not the source, he wonders if he should not grant her request as he did another's not so long ago.

Rumors:

- "I keep seeing the Langstrump girl returning to the stables at the break of dawn. Yes, always coming from the forest. No... no, she's too young to have had the Gift...right?"
- "I find Ramsey's insistence that we should not continue to rely upon the Gift to be heavily ironic, considering how much his new senses aid his chosen profession."

- “Flin’s got a good head on her shoulders, that she does. Couple more years with her at the helm, I think folks will stop thinking about us as Steaders or Gilneans. We’ll just be Wollerton.”
- “Here comes the Dawn. Grant Him our Thanks. The Harvest must be Done. Grant Her our Strength. The Winds are Cold, the Nights are Long. Reap and Keep to this Song.”
- “I know we’re supposed to trust them. They’ve been our allies for years on years, but I still quake at night when the howls start.”

Kvure’Dvn Point: “All Can Be Heard Atop the Peak”

- **Leader:** The Founders
- **Notable Organizations:** Earthen Ring, the Stormguard, the Explorer’ League, the Lorewalkers
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Seat of Shifting Soil:** A school of teaching revolving around the facets of Earth.
 - **The Pinnacle Pyre:** A school of teaching revolving around the paths of Fire
 - **The Eye:** A school of teaching revolving around the whispers of the Wind
 - **The Domain of Deluge:** A school of teaching revolving around the patterns of Water.
 - **The Heart-Hearth:** A central meeting place and a place to learn of the spirit and commune with the ancestors.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Naraat the Earthspeaker
 - Nambria the Aurora
 - Stormcaller Mylra
 - Chef Nomi
 - Fjorlin Frostbrow

Lore: Kvure’Dvn Point began as a necessity and then became a calling. As the Pandarian Quarter grew, it began encroaching on the Eastern Earthshrine. While repeated concessions were made and respected, by the time of the Fourth War, the Earthen Ring members soon found the Shrine encircled, and the connection between the elements began to wane as the zeitgeist of the city that had once been but a neighbor began to press in.

Narat, the Earthspeaker, spoke to the Elements, seeking an answer on what should be done to bolster the power of the shrine, and felt a draw, leading

him to sojourn into the peaks north of Stormwind. There, he was surprised to find that he was not alone. Still, several other individuals with Shamanistic abilities had been led to a small valley, a set of old standing stones awaiting them at the center. The quartet communed with the elements on this site, and a set of elemental rifts cracked open, elementals emerging and moving about as an ancient complex lost to time rose from the Earth. The emergence was felt throughout Stormwind and as far away as Shadowforge City.

Weeks later, a united group of Wildhammer and Dark Iron Dwarves would appear from the North.

A week after, a number of Krokul, Lost Ones, and a handful of Draenei appeared outside Stormwind's Gates, remarking only that they had been called.

Behind them came a cadre of Tvishi Shamans fresh from the Isle and, perhaps most surprisingly, a flight of Frostborn Dwarves.

Kvre'Dun(Risen Ground) Point, named from a mixture of Draenic and Dwarven words, has since become a central hub of shamanistic practices and teaching for the alliance, with a number of new races seeking to learn how to commune with the elements within the four schools of thought that emerged around the **Four Founders**. For now, it has chosen to remain independent of Stormwind, largely because the intrusion of the city caused the move in the first place, though it maintains a staunch loyalty to the Alliance. The Explorer's League and Lorewalkers have both been allowed access to the complex, seeking to uncover the origin of the complex and why it was hidden/forgotten for so long. Kvre'Dun does have one thing working against it, however, and that is that in a rare occurrence, both the People's Council and the House of Nobles believe it should be closely monitored, as the complex could prove to be of Primalist origin, and regardless of that could likely become a hotbed for the conspiracies supporters.

The Heart-Hearth is the center of the vast complex and has become the sleeping quarters and communal eating area for the majority of the Shamans within the Point, Teacher and Student alike. It is also where Shamans learn to commune with their ancestral spirits. Something about the stones that make up the Hearth amplifies the calls and forms lasting connections that cause some spirits to linger for some time, becoming teachers all their own. Five murals cover the walls. Four appear to be ancient

and aged depictions of the known Elemental Lords. At the same time, the fifth has warped with time, being largely unrecognizable, yet some that have meditated before it claim to hear whispers of something ancient and hungry. Elemental representatives for each of the Lords occasionally visit the Hearth, with those of Earth and Water being the most common, while Air comes and goes with titular flightiness. The few Fire Elementals that have appeared within the Hearth are distant and cagey, rarely conversing with the Shamans, instead seeming more intent on observing their actions before vanishing once again.

The Seat of Shifting Soil is the school where Narat himself teaches. A soaring spire of hollow rock that plunges as deep into the earth as it does into the air. Here, Shamans learn how to call upon and manipulate Earth's various shapes and forms, with platforms of shifting sand and salt accompanying rooms filled with towering gemstones. The lowest layer is linked to that of Fire, allowing Shamans-In-Training to test their merit against the dualistic nature of magma within a vast cauldron of obsidian. Narat has noticed visages etched into the walls of this place that resemble those of the **Djaradin** he has heard so much about. Occasionally, the face of **Therazane** herself will jut from the walls and floors, smiling as if holding back a secret only she is privy to. The Seat has also seen visits from a number of Dracthyr, who reported a draw about this place, and they need help understanding it.

The Pinnacle Pyre resembles a fusion between a grand-light house and a volcano. The gleaming flame atop its height can be seen from all parts of the city at night and even further beyond, yet it is but a portion of the inferno that rages within. Within the building, a roiling coil of flame rests at the heart, raging toward the top from an unknown source deep below the ground. The Shamans of the Pinnacle draw from the pyre, shaping and forming flames about them to harm and, in some cases, heal. It surprises many that the Founder in charge of the Pyre is the same man who handed them their breakfast that morning. **Chef Nomi** is a Pandaren with incredible mastery over flame, even though most of his power is bent toward crafting fine meals. He was drawn to this place, just as the others were, though he admits to feeling out of his element amongst them. Regardless, he was the first to dare step within the Pyre itself, drawing the flames into himself in a process not so dissimilar from the "Exaltation" practiced by the Twilight's Hammer, though a more archaic and less corrupted form. While the other schools occasionally witness the visage of their titular Elemental Lords, that is not the case with the Pyre. The death of **Smolderon** is fresh and, for many Shamans, came as a jarring surprise. Yet, there is a presence lurking within

the Pyre, one of clarity and rage, though if the anger that wafts off it is pointed at Kure'Dun, none can say. What they can say is there is a familiarity to its spirit, even if its true identity remains elusive for now.

The Eye is a step-pyramid shrouded within ever-shifting winds, the pillars atop its pinnacles crackling with lightning even during clear skies.

Stormcaller Mylra was drawn here just as with the other Founders, and she and her noble griffin can most commonly be found racing the winds, daring any, be it her students or visiting Elementals, to try and knock them from the sky. So far, none have succeeded. Instead, they train themselves to master the aspects of Air, crackling lightning and tearing winds whirling about them. Wildhammers have flocked to this school in particular in droves, and with them came their griffins. The great beasts perch atop every available space, yet the storm never comes close to striking them, as if it, too, appreciates their presence. The architecture here holds elements of distant Skywall, yet the visage of a being distinct from the current and former Elemental Lords can be found across the Eye: A great bird. **Thunderaan's** visage has been seen gazing down upon the training shamans from within the raging winds, but he has yet to speak to any. Those nearing failure or injury have found themselves rescued by a gentle push of wind.

The Domain of Deluge most closely resembles a temple compared to the rest, shrouded by a vast and sourceless waterfall that periodically freezes into a veil of ice. Within, twin spheres, one of crystalline water and the other of fractured ice shift around each other. A number of Ice Mages have come to call the Domain their home as well, training alongside the Shamans and trading techniques regarding both the offensive and protective aspects of Water. **Nambria the Aurora** is the Founder in charge of the Domain, yet compared to her fellows, she has not delved into the mysteries and ancient techniques stored within this place, she instead has attempted to craft something new. She has been attempting to mix her mastery of Water with her faith in the Light. She has so far had interesting results, from shields of ice that burn with an inner radiance to what some of her students have partially adoringly, partially derisively referred to as "Weaponized Rainbows." **Neptulon** visits most of the Elemental Lords and has been seen discussing matters with Nambria, seemingly amused by her prospects. It is believed he has told her of an aspect of her work that she may have originally glossed over. The Domain Shamans note that a number of etchings resembling varied forms of aquatic/arctic life cover many of the central pillars. However, their exact significance has so far been left unanswered.

The Founders have attempted to ask the Elemental Lords about their empowerment of the Primalists and their connections to the Incarnates. Still, so far, even Neptulon has stayed tight-lipped about the subject, even as representatives of the newborn **Storm Flight** have begun to poke around Kure'Dvn Point as well. **Fjorlin Frostbow** has taken it upon himself to keep an eye on them and all visitors to the Point. His life in Northrend long ago taught him how to notice falsehood and dangers lying behind a friendly face, and so the **Stormguard** made up of a great number of more martially inclined elemental adepts, was formed, patrolling both the ground and skies about Kure'Dvn but the path that leads up from the Pandarian Quarter as well. So far, a number of figures attempting to steal from or sneak into the Point have met the business end of his spear and the talons of his vast eagle companion.

Rumors:

- “It’s a trap. That whole complex is but another ancient thing that we should have left well enough alone, especially with the Primalists still at large. Nothing good will come of this, mark me.”
- “I’ve been within the Hearth, and there is something the Founders aren’t letting the rest of the city know. There’s this mural that none of the Shamans will go near. It’s cracked and worn, but what I could make out... left me with a hollow feeling in my stomach.”
- “They’re complicit. They have to be. The Elemental Planes are their domains. How could they not know of the Incarnates' plots, let alone the source of their powers?”

Creche Obsidian: “Here We Decide Who We Are”

- **Leader:** Scalecommander Azvathel
- **Notable Organizations:** The Obsidian Warders, the Blue Dragonflight, the Green Dragonflight, the Storm Dragonflight
- **Notable Locales:**
 - **The Jaw of the Father:** The Remains of Deathwing
 - **The Bond Grounds:** A training ground for the Dracthyr to bond with their comrades and, in some cases, learn new skills.
- **Notable Individuals:**
 - Scalecommander Azvathel
 - Lieutenant Dervishian
 - Ambassador Zeros
 - Ambassador Gerithus

- Ambassador Buri

Lore: Creche Obsidian is the newest district to arise in Stormwind, though few have yet to consider it as such. It is more like an outpost, a gleaming tower of carved blue stone that arose within months of what should have taken years, and the magic of the Dracthyr and Dragons shaping the towering edifice expertly. The Obsidian Warders have claimed this new creche as their permanent home as they begin to venture out to explore the wider vistas of Azeroth. The sight of winged figures racing through the sky discomforts some within Stormwind, a city that has a rather complicated history with the Draconic.

Scalecommander Azvrathel has done his best to attempt to dissuade the fears regarding his people, especially after noticing a smattering of SI:7 spies following his soldiers as they ventured about the city initially. He has attempted to win favor by doing little things and more than a few stories of the soft-spoken, charming man who has gone out of his way to help people with their rather trite problems and lend a shoulder to lean on. Little does he understand this has the makings of an eligible bachelor. Still, his Lieutenant has been enjoying his confusion regarding the many pieces of flowing prose his followers have been delivering him. Outside of this, despite the initial icy reception, the Scalecommander and Regent have come to respect each other deeply, as they are cut of fairly similar cloth. The same can be said for the Dracthyr and the Lightforged, though the former remain a bit distressingly ambivalent to the Light. Yet, a number of the Dracthyr, Azvrathe included, have already been picked to join the 7th Legion.

Furthermore, understanding the reticence some have about his people, he has decided to stay abreast of both the People's Council and the House of Nobles, though he admits to not fully understanding the latter's need.

Lieutenant Dervishian has become a common facet throughout the streets of Stormwind, seeking to learn all she can about the wider Alliance's varied peoples, customs, and practices. Outside of this, she can be found amongst **The Bond Grounds**, overseeing the Dracthyr's training in both their Evoker abilities and those that have begun to seek prowess in other techniques, often overseen by individuals skilled in those practices that Dervishian invites personally, often with an offering of baked goods, a quirk she picked up from interactions with the various culinarians that visited **The Ruby Enclave** in Valdrakken.

The Dracthyr are not the only folk from the Dragon Isles who have come to call Creche Obsidian home, even if, for many, it is temporary. Dragonspawn and Drakonið, wishing to get out from under the returned shadows of the Dragons, have chosen to follow the Dracthyr. While some have taken an interest in moving into the wider city, a motion met with some resistance from the older citizenry. Others want to build up the valley that the Creche has been placed within.

They have not been able to fully move outside the Dragon's influence, however, as a number of Dragons have been sent to factions the world over as ambassadors and envoys. Yet, a clear and possibly accidental divide has been observed. While it is true that members of the Black, Red, and Bronze Dragonflight do occasionally visit, only the Blue, Green, and newly formed Storm have permanent envoys within Creche Obsidian.

Ambassador Zeros represents the Blue Dragonflight, and while he does often do as his family desires, interacting with the Magical factions within Stormwind, exchanging information and offers of collaboration, more often than not, he is seeking to fulfill his own needs for entertainment. There are still some bars within Stormwind that haven't thrown him out! That is... those who don't have a drawing of his image plastered behind the bar. Despite his carousing, Zeros takes his job seriously, and he has begun noticing a displeased reticence amongst certain members of the Mage Quarter to interact with him or the Dracthyr, with barely thinned antagonism coloring some conversations he overheard. He hopes to find the source and report it but is not prepared for the true vitriolic hatred that he may uncover, nor what may happen to him when he does.

Ambassador Gerithus represents the Green Dragonflight and is often seen walking the roads of Everwood, which comes as no surprise when one acknowledges the deep connection between the Green Dragons and the Night Elves. Yet, Gerithus, while seemingly keen to see to his duties, is a haunted individual. The torments he felt at the hands of the Primalists were many, and the pain he still experiences from the administrations of **Fyrrak** linger, both physically and mentally. He has continually found himself standing before the Last Branch, having no idea how he arrived there, a hollow burn aching in his chest. Returning to the Isles and seeking aid for the ailment that afflicts him seems increasingly necessary, but for some unknown reason, he waits in agony instead.

Ambassador Buri represents the Storm Flight yet is somewhat still determining his goal within this mortal city. The honor to be Vyranoth's voice to this "Alliance" sounded grand at the time, but he quickly realized he had little in common with mortals, and "politics" bore him. Instead, the city's scents and sights have enamored him, though only in Kvre'Dun can he visit as his true self. The art of crafting a visage is new to him. Still, he has taken a liking to his alternate form, a towering blue-haired Vrykul, as it allows him to actually enter the buildings that hold the numerous enticing scents and also elicits fewer looks of panic and surprise from the mortals around him. Still, he listens as he was told and sends constant reports back to his Aspect, letting the other Ambassadors do the majority of the talking.

The Jaw of the Father once rested as a trophy on the shores of Lake Varia, but as an offering of understanding and union with the Dracthyr, Turalyon had it moved to Creche Obsidian. It now sits as part memorial, part grim lesson, as the Dracthyr must contend with all that remains of their creator every day. Small markers adorned with the horn signets of those lost during the Primalist Conflict now circle the jaw, and some of the rare visitors to the area claim to have seen Dracthyr visiting the location almost reverently. However, their attention seems, at least on the surface, to be more centered on their lost comrades than their corrupted creator. The leaders of the factions that remained within the Isles have been seen giving their respects as well.

Yet, a fact often ignored by the folk that claimed this shard as a trophy so long ago, Shadowflame still burns in the hardened blood within, and whispers of Dracthyr seeking knowledge from within the Lamb's Shadow have begun to be voiced.

Rumors:

- "They mourn that monster! I don't care what kind of connection they claim to have to who he 'used' to be. There is nothing to miss in Deathwing."
- "The Dracthyr have gone out of their way to be helpful. I think we have reason to trust them. What I don't trust is the meddling of Dragons. They give up their responsibilities, give up the fight, and we're just meant to stand aside while they push themselves back to prominence?"
- "My creche-mates can't hear it, but I do. A whisper at the base of my hearing. Is... is this what led Sarkareth astray?"

