

"It didn't have a balance or an edge; it just had weight."

The rain had been falling for three days now, turning the rutted road into a trough of cold, thick mud. The squelching noise of feet in the mud followed a lone, cloaked figure as she walked down the path. That noise, that constant *shk-shkkk*, seemed to be the only one she heard anymore. That, and the pitter patter of rainfall. Faint tremors surged through her left arm, betraying the fact she was cold.

She walked at a slow, grinding pace. Less like a person and more like a heavy object being forced across the landscape. The steel along her back was responsible for that; a greatsword was weighing her down, but necessary for traveling such roads. Its edge was rough and chipped from years of countless impacts.

Ahead, three men huddled around a sputtering fire inside the ruin of a secluded stone tower. Scavengers, perhaps, or maybe small-time bandits waiting for the rain to break. They were young and loud, their laughter thin and shrill as it cut through the damp air.

They saw her too late.

One of them stood, squinting through the downpour at the colossal, indistinct figure approaching them. He had enough time to raise a challenge and reach for his weapon. He let out a shout that died in his throat as the stranger closed the last few yards.

She didn't draw the sword so much as she *unslung* it. The greatsword's movement was immediate. Something that heavy should never move that fast. It didn't lift, more so it swept. Low and wide, cleaving through the air with a wet, hungry shriek. The other men barely had time to register the threat before the mass of iron struck the nearest one, shattering his ribcage and driving the force of the blow directly through to his chest.

It sounded like stone being crushed. In an instant, the man had gone from a challenger to an extension of the mud. The greatsword continued its arc, unimpeded, before finally resting in the ground.

The remaining two bandits scrambled backwards, reaching for their weapons as their faces fell in cold terror. One raised his shortsword in a defensive posture, while the other brandished a crude knife and patchwork shield. One rushed forward to attack his foe while the opportunity was still there...

Only that opportunity was never really there. In one brutal, lifting thrust, the blade was wrestled from the ground. It wasn't an attack you'd see taught in any barracks; it was the raw, exhausting motion of a woman who wanted to survive. The tip caught the bandit's torso, lifting him onto the blade as easily as a skewer and pinning him to the stone wall.

As the final bandit rushed forward to avenge his fallen friends, the woman lifted her right arm in his direction, before the hand suddenly flipped downward. It was a false arm, and within it, there was a tube of some sort. The bandit hardly had time to react before a deafening *crack* signalled his end. A canon in her arm.

The entire exchange ended in less than ten seconds.

The stranger pulled the greatsword free with a wet *splosh*, sending flecks of blood along the mud and rock. She didn't look at the bodies, nor did she look at the ruin of the tower.

She looked only at the sky, where the cold, grey sheet of rain seemed to be unending.

Hello everyone!

My name is Nihilism, but you can call me Nihil. I've made this advertisement in search of a partner to tell the story of FRENZY; a nickname I have for a medieval, Berserk inspired low fantasy story. The story will follow a woman scorned, Vayra, in her quest for revenge. A brutal slayer of demons, hellbent on never stopping until the demons fall. This is intended to be a relatively dark, brutal story of revenge, intrigue, adventure, and *ultraviolence*.

Ultraviolent ultrabrutal ultrafun!

The intention is to, alongside a lovely DM, tell a story with equal parts roleplay, adventure, and combat, with as much homebrew as we deem necessary to reflect the story. While the initial idea was to run it in 5e, I wouldn't be against learning another system if you think it would be more fitting! I'm personally most familiar with D&D 5e, Cyberpunk 2020, and a bit of Advanced 5e, but I also have experience with Cyberpunk Red, Pathfinder 1 and 2e, and a handful of other systems.

As for myself, I am a 21 year old college student, studying to get my bachelors in Computer Science. I'm an artist, and the chances of me making art for this story are exceedingly high, so be prepared! In fact, at the time of writing this I already have a little art in the works for Vayra. If any of this interests you, or you'd just like to hear more, feel free to message me to see if we're compatible!

Thank you for your interest,
Nihil