



LORE

Season 1





“Why do we fight, Father?”

Tristan looked down at this son from his saddle, pausing momentarily. He had answered this question countless times before, but never to a voice so nervous as the one he heard now.

“I cannot promise you that we will survive today, Silas. Still, we must fight. The factions of this world have warred for millennia, but only in the most fantastic stories have we imagined an enemy like the one we face now.

We will all find purpose on this battlefield today. The proof of loyalty to our homeland. The vindication of a lifetime of training. A chance to feel the rush of battle and have our names written in the annals of history.”

Silas stared back at him.

“Why do you fight, Father?”

Tristan gazed out at the battlefield before him and smiled.

“Glory.”



Arengard

Honor. Chivalry. Most of all, stability. The free world has long known Arengard as a bastion and ally for all God-fearing humans and creatures of the world, a liberator of the oppressed and terror to the unjust. Whatever uncomfortable secrets lie beyond the light-washed chapels and effervescent tapestries have been suppressed to keep the ideal of this proud nation exalted. And exalted they should be! What other nation claims Archangels as volunteers in their ranks? What other nation produced the legendary general Athanasius Felgard? What other nation pushed the demon kings back to the fomenting abyss? Royal griffins and weather-wielding wizards fight alongside stalwart swordsmen and renowned longbowmen. Few will deny the effortless versatility of the Arengard war machine. Fewer still have faced off against their finest knights and lived to tell about it.



Tristan, Oathsworn Captain

“God will be my strength.” Tristan looked to his left. No one. He looked to his right. No one. His men had fallen back. They called his name in desperation, hoping their captain would join their flight. He would not, for he knew the cost of retreating. He knew what was expected of him in that moment. With most allied forces routed, only one battalion remained to resist the Gath onslaught until reinforcements arrived: Tristan’s battalion. Many would falter in the face of such terror, but not this man. Not on this day. He remembered his own father, the ill-fated Kendrick Rhys, charging into the orcish hordes on the fields of Pellmore. Yes, he swore to his dying father that he also would taste death before surrender. So he gripped tightly his father’s sword, that hallowed blade once wielded by kings of old, still a glutton for the blood of Arengard’s enemies. And on that day, it feasted.



Aurelia of the Golden Dawn

No mortal knows her real name. Rumored as the commander of the first angelic regiment, she led Arengard troops in the vicious assault against the Twelve Legions of Hell at the end of the Second Millenium, fixing her name forever in the songs sung by free people. Then, she disappeared, called home again as quickly as she was sent. When she returned, no one recognized her, for her purpose was not to be served but to serve in the mission appointed to her by her Creator. The paragon of humility and justice, few bear the sword against evildoers with such precision. Perihelion is the name of her weapon, directly imbued with the sun's fervor to smite those marked out for perdition. No mortal knows her real name, but all mortals know her legendary name. The name that passes their lips when they behold her glory. The name that passes their lips when they accept their fate: AURELIA.



Gath

For millennia, “Gath” referred only to the arid and rocky lands to the south, home to nomadic orcs, mercenary trolls, and scavenging goblins. Though militaristic, they fought mostly among themselves, disinterested in the land or affairs of other factions. This changed abruptly and without warning at the end of the Second Millenium. Reports of Gath’s first assault were remarkable: “Relentless and unforgiving. An army of pure destruction. They do not know pain, fear, or retreat. No warrior or beast are they unwilling to sacrifice to secure victory.” What could persuade orcs and trolls to put aside their clan disputes and fight alongside one another? What could summon dragons, behemoths, wyverns, and manticores out of their mountain lairs? The Councils ignored the rumors and whispers until it was too late. The demon-kings had returned, bent on destroying anyone who refuses to submit to their hellish idolatry.



Kaar'thul, Orc High Wizard

Kaar'thul remembers what the unprovoked human wizards did to his tribe years ago. He remembers the utter casualness with which the murderers decimated everything he knew and loved. Unlike his kinsmen who fight with blade and axe, the scrawny orc-boy determined to destroy his enemies with their own weather-based magic. He trained for decades, yet without spellbooks (for the orcs have no written language) he knew his prowess would never match Arengard's finest mages. Alone he traveled to the Crucible of Planes to find the demon cult known as Skorg. Gladly they taught him unfathomable magic to undo his wizard adversaries, for long had they waited for an instrument of destruction against God-fearing Arengard. The more Kaar'thul grew in power, the more his hatred grew, and the more the Skorg controlled him. When he returned to Gath to form an army, no creature could resist such power, fury, and novelty. The first orc high wizard had arrived.



Argog, the Blademaster

Born in the outskirts of Ushbo, Arlak Darogog knew only one love from youth: swordplay. Stories of ancient orcish blademasters fueled his obsession with all forms of the craft, especially the most artistic form: bladedancing. At only sixteen harvests old, he begged his father to let him participate in the village competition. Arlak humiliated every one of his opponents. Expecting praise and honor, the elders denounced his prodigious display as the work of demonic influence. Devastated and ashamed, he ran away to live as a pariah in the nearby mountains, until a roving band of troll mercenaries captured him. Forced to the front lines during their next assignment, his dazzling swordplay immediately won their respect. “Argog” they called him. Their doctors taught him healing magic, sealing his reputation as one of the most formidable warriors in Gath. News of his talents spread quickly. Too quickly.



Sylvan

The forest is not just home to the elves, it is their soul. An elf that strays too far from Deepwood will eventually wither and die. So it is with the centaurs, hippogriffs, elks, bears, and dragons that fight under their banner. During times of peace, all of Sylvan embrace a proud sectarianism that rivals the separation between factions themselves. During times of war, all of Sylvan unites against those who would encroach upon their verdant domain. Three elvish sects lead their army: the Tethir, whose deadly archers claim the bow as the quintessential elvish weapon. The Norfang, who prefer swords, knives, and glaives to deliver their silent attacks. Lastly, the Deepwood, who remain loyal to the life-giving magic at the heart of their heritage. The combination of their powers is a force of speed, stealth, and cunning, causing the heart of every enemy to sink when Sylvan warriors appear on the battlefield.



Anwyn, Restoration Sage

Call Anwyn Ilvana a warrior in her presence and she will bristle, perhaps even scorn you. Life, not death, is the aim of her powers. Where her hands work, the weak are rejuvenated, the helpless are rescued, and the strong are brought low. Only her desire to protect the mysteries of Deepwood eclipses her pacifist inclinations. The pride and star of Deepwood, her brilliant intellect and purity of devotion earned her the title of Sage after barely sixty years of training. Now just one-hundred and twenty years of age, her youth is reflected in the vigor of her thaumaturgy. Even the mythical Naziri dragon-mages, it is claimed, can barely match the breathtaking speed with which she manipulates the magical elements. Though rarely seen in the course of battle and though wielding no sword or bow, few warriors feel the presence of another leader more strongly. From her hands, allies blossom into victory and enemies wither into defeat.



Kaladrix, the Fiend Hunter

Kaladrix Joran. No name stirs up more emotion within Sylvan. Indisputably the most deadly warrior ever produced by the controversial Norfang clan, many remember the last time hunters began to love killing more than the heritage they swore to protect. Kaladrix owes his loyalty to the Deepwood Council, but suspicion is unavoidable toward one so efficient in his craft. Little is known about him outside of Sylvan, though one account involves a band of rogue humans that usurped a secluded corner of Tethir forest, killing several scouts in the event. The reprisal began that evening: only an old man survived, spared out of mercy, no doubt. He remembers his forty comrades dying one at a time, two at a time, sometimes even three at a time. He remembers the futility of the arrows fired and of the shields donned. "Blink, and you'd miss it," the man recalls. "How many were there? One? Five? Ten? How does one count that which he cannot see?"







LEGACY'S ALLURE