

**"A Paradise Hidden away, my lady I shall tear the ascending gates apart, delivering tidings of victory, and bring back the Holy Ancestors Blessing." - ???**

The Imperial Army marched, Red Banners held high with the Imperial crest of seven links on each side of the red banner. Marching toward a large gate as it blew open. Revealing on the other side is not a Paradise as all thought it would be.

The former verdant grasslands were barren, Trees bereft of foliage with twisted branches charred wicked, burned with horrid images to assault one's mind.

A Settlement could be seen on the plains, rough wooden walls, and a gate with not a soul in sight. The army came to a stop, when what could only be described as a wave of grey force washed through the plains, sapping the color all around as cries of terror hit.

Horses fell, and blood began to forcefully seep out of fellow brothers' eyes ears, and noses. As the blood gathered, it began to flow toward the settlement as if a newly formed hellish river sprouted up.

The dead with faces twisted in agony and fear in their final moments. Dried husks of once lively men clutching their hearts before collapsing. Wagons, carts, and bodies began to be lifted by an invisible power. Violent sounds of wood, metal, and flesh smashing together create morbid mounds.

A cloaked figure topples out the back of a wagon that was perched on high, "For the Blessed Ancestor, **"Om Bara Gar"**-??? Waking up to a faint voice calling out to Him. The white-cloaked figure rises. White holy vestments with two long tassels with symbols of seven linked chains embroidered on each one that drapes over both his shoulders ending with a half diamond point to his waist. With simple leather shoes walking across the colorless ground, viewing the horror around. On all sides of the mounds, dead comrades are stacked like trash, and between them broken planks of wood and twisted metal fill in the gaps.

At the base of the mounds, a sanguine stream flows leading a path out. The Cleric Reaffirms his resolve **"Om Bara Gar"** with a quick prayer and heads forward. The cleric's red eyes set on a metal rod half sunken in the ground Voices Whisper **"Thy Icon Trembles"** **"Grasp it"** **"Rite to Chain"** calling out to

grab it.

The Cleric grabs the handle of the weapon twisting and pulling with all his might as the earth separates dirt from the stone, and the ground splits forcing out an iron mace. All four edges of the mace have chains embedded into it and each side has a face adorned in a regal visage of the Kings of Welst.

The Mace begins to float in front of the Cleric "**Reclaim our glory**" "**Save the Holy Ancestor**" "**Rite to Chain**" three voices come out from the mace. "**Rite to Chain**" Cleric replies as they both move forward heavy swings as the mace cleaves through barriers of wood and flesh blocking his way out.

Traversing into the destitute plains still following the blood river arriving to the front of the large wooden gate. The river spreads out as blood seeps into the cracks and open segments of the gate and walls of the settlement.

A figure drops from above kicking up dust at the sight of grey metal armor with a single pauldron on the right shoulder holding a spear with a triangle point at the tip. Tall with Long black hair and a long scar on the left side of his face a voice booms out "**Tattered dreg still with flowing life give thy weapon and life for Lord Tezial the 8th.**" - (Gate Keeper aka Ponzal the 4th Knight of Tezial)

The fighting begins with the gatekeeper throwing his spear across the battlefield and returning to him just as quickly. Barely manages to dodge and weave through spear strikes, and with the call to the mace, it goes flying dealing a heavy blow to Gate Keeper sending him into the Gate and breaking it open.

Slowing the Gate Keeper's body slides off the half-broken gate door "**My Lord our time of lineage is ending.**" he says slowly with the last of his breath.

Entering through the Settlement littered on the road between small wooden houses lie dried up husks left dry and brittle. The buildings are in a state of disrepair. Banners torn and faded with a symbol of a hand holding a sprout once proudly displayed for the whole Settlement to see. Small trinkets and toys lay in piles of ash and soot as the Cleric kept walking forward. The blood trail he follows begins to separate into small streams almost like branches and vines overtaking the surrounding buildings.

Not much further as the Cleric steps into the village square where the sight of all the blood streams converge into a single orb centered above a statue of a Lord, with once fine craftsmanship now weathered by the elements of time with chips and cracks all around and missing its right arm.

The air grows heavy with a force bearing down on the area a rush of dust gets kicked up and from nowhere a tall old man with a long beard grey hair and robes with crests of a Hand holding a sprout on the front and back of his chest.

"I shall transcend the cursed chain to reach divine prominence."

Lights shine from the orb as the Whispers from the Mace call out to the cleric **"Unholy Rite of Unlinking" "Stop the First Sin" "Tokth Onarath"**

As white light streams out from the Mace waves shoot out as Lord Tezial the 8th clothes flutter from the force of the light. **"Cleric what is thy Name?"** - Lord Tezial

**"Invictus."** As the Name flows out of the Cleric's mouth in that instance they clash mace against a long cutless.

The echo of weapons clashing rings out through the settlement as the Lord takes His empty hand and monochrome energy gathers around it. Pillars of grey fire down as the Lord invokes the power from Haven, leaving no time for the cleric to dodge. Barely still standing from the scorching pillars the cleric begins to be surrounded by light, healing the damage done.

At the last moment right before the Lord is struck down the Orb of blood floating above shakes. A large eye opens up in the center of the Orb looking right at the cleric with its three triangle point pupils. Thin long arms start sprouting across the creature squirming and writhing. **"I have given thy Name you shall be Tezial the 5th Lord of Paradia Village!"** - Lord Tezial the Forth as he says this with great force hands raised to Haven straining with what lifeforce he has left.

The newly named Tezial the 5th Looks at its ancestor with an uncaring gaze as a beaming red line of energy skewers through the now late lord in two as the grey-colored statue is coated in a fine red.

Cleric Invictus takes a stance **"Om Bara Gar"** with a short prayer and

charges this Abomination as it descends on the town square.

Evading Beams, Swipes from its hand, and horrified waves of malignance  
bearly escaping death's embrace.

Another Prayer is sent out from the voices as the mace lights up again and  
coats the mace in a gold aura. The Orb shakes seeing this, and with a  
decisive strike, the creature explodes raining down blood, as color returns  
to the Land.

"My Lady, paradise is not seen, no verdant green, or victory, only loss and  
grief. " - Invictus