

Origin

In the endless currents of Limbo, where chaos churns and thought becomes reality, the Githzerai have long trained their minds to shape the unshapable. Among them was Vael'thura—quiet, studious, meticulous. A sage of the stars, he devoted his life to mapping constellations, believing the heavens held patterns capable of taming even the wildest realms.

But then the skies changed...

One night, while charting astral convergence points, Vael'thura saw the heavens fracture. A crimson rift tore through the constellations—an event now known as the Red Rift. From it emerged a dragon long buried in myth, reborn above the city of Silverhelm in a storm of flame and arcane fury. Though mortal hands ultimately destroyed the beast, the event marked a tipping point in the cosmic balance. Something deeper had stirred.

And something had vanished...

In the aftermath of the Rift, Vael'thura noticed that a constellation—Ur'Nathil, the Wyrm's Chain—had simply disappeared from the night sky. Not dimmed. Not obscured. Erased. As if it had never existed.

That night, the stars whispered to Vael'thura. Something ancient within him awoke—a consciousness not entirely his own, a spark of celestial design woven into his being long ago. He became not just a scholar of the stars, but their interpreter. A star born vessel, awakened not by fate, but by necessity.

The Collapse of Silverhelm

Weeks later, Silverhelm fell into deeper ruin. Within a solemn church, during the funeral rites of a beloved prince, the wizard Zephorys—disguised as the king—finally revealed himself. As the Amulet of Crobulum, hidden among the prince's burial offerings, began to glow with arcane light, its presence exposed the deception.

The moment it reacted, Zephorys shed his disguise and unleashed his full power. The party—once before the saviours of Silverhelm—rushed to stop him, but they were unprepared for the storm he had become.

Half the group perished beneath shattered stained glass and erupting magical wards. The others collapsed in agony after watching their companions' souls be drawn into the amulet. Zephorys vanished through a swirling purple portal—his destination unknown.

Arrival

Vael'thura arrived in their wake, just moments too late—only able to save the wounded survivors and halt the residual magic from claiming more lives. He is not a leader, but a stabilizing presence. He offers no rousing speeches, no calls for vengeance. He brings clarity. Quiet authority. Where others see tragedy, he sees disruption in the celestial pattern. And disruption can be corrected.

He believes the Amulet can still be sealed—but it must be done soon. The arcane pressure building around it is measurable in the shifting of the stars. The omens are becoming jagged. If Zephorys continues, the realignment of the world's leylines could become permanent.

Worse, Vael'thura does not yet understand what it means that Ur'Nathil has vanished. It was once a chain of stars said to bind the will of draconic gods. Its absence suggests a deeper unraveling—one that no scroll or star chart has yet explained.

Goals

Short-Term Goal: Prevent Zephyrys from activating the Amulet of Crobulum. Disable it using stellar codes hidden in the heavens, and disrupt his plans before the final alignment completes.

Long-Term Goal: Discover how and why the constellation Ur'Nathil vanished. Find a way to restore it to the sky—because until it returns, the world remains vulnerable to rituals that were once kept safely dormant.

Nature and Role

Vael'thura is not a hero—not in the way others define it. He is a guide, a quiet compass pointing through the storm. He does not rally with fire, nor lead with charm. His charisma is minimal, but his certainty is immense.

He is not driven by grief or vengeance, but by order. The stars have spoken. The pattern has been broken. His task is to repair it, piece by piece—through insight, structure, and action.