

# Kriallas Faithful.

## Episode 1

Welcome to the land of Kriios. Where the climate is nothing but boring, the landscape, ever changing and the culture deep and rooted. For over 400 years. Kriios has thrived. Farmlands flourished and cities rose from the ground.

To the south, a vast desert with cracked earth, and temperatures reaching over 50 degrees celsius. To the north, however, a frozen wasteland, separated from the rest of the landmass by a long patch of ice, known as the great frozen river.

The center of the landmass is known as the wildlands. Where deer, rabbits frolic through the tall grass, and darker creatures hide deeper in the woods.

People from neighboring continents make Kriios a usual stopping point, whether it be a vacation to the south, or expanding the new continents old ruins and discovering the history of the race that lived there.

But this land has not been without trials, the world struggling with sources of rogue individuals roaming deeper into the woods to rob others of their hard earned gold, or creatures of the land organizing to raid unprotected cities, More recently, however, someone has been set on disturbing the order of things, and bringing the world as everyone knew it... to a close.

That, is where our story begins.

In a city, Ravaged by a secret. A lonely man sat drinking. Angry and cursing his fortune. Nearby, the singing words of a bard reached him, and he began to watch. The tinkling of coin rattling in the stranger bards lute case, attracting the attention of a similar bard, sneaking past, scooping up a few coins from the case and joining the other bard on stage, where the man could get a good look at both of them.

The first bard, a tall slender woman, Descendant, her eyes gave it away, they were pale, with no visible iris or pupil. Her hair was a deep black, and her clothes looked expensive. The Bard beside her, the second, was much shorter, and his skin was scaly, he wore a large hat with a feather, and he began to strum along her beat, not singing, but staying silent.

It wasn't until a gentleman from the crowd asked them to play the song "the withered tree" that the lady excused herself from the stage, and sat down next to the bitter man, as she ordered herself a drink. The man was large, of muscle and had a long scraggly beard, his hair was longer and the shirt he wore was that of a peasants shirt. His dark skin and near blackish brown eyes gave him away as a Balion, the southern race of the scorched lands.

The two exchanged a glance, before drinking in silence.

A guard broke into the tavern proclaiming "DRAGON SIGHTING OUTSIDE THE GATE!" to which those brave enough, curious enough, or simply those looking for a story were among those to venture outside looking to sight the dragon.

Unfortunately it was just the tree that was mentioned before. The unlikely group, a Kobold, a Descendant and a Balion went to investigate the dragon, as they wandered into the wilderness, they heard a cry nearby, before heading over to investigate.

They found a tall green dragonborn, crouching behind a bush, watching a sinister man, holding a long black scythe and wearing an ethereal cloak, and a glowing orange, black leather armor, he was standing beside a pile of ash and bone, and was holding in his other hand a guard who wore the branding of the Bounty Hunters guild.

“Oh my dear child, there is nothing to fear, your dear friend has entered the realm with our Great Lord Harbinger” the man let out, the sinister man held the guard closer “Whats wrong? Reaper got your tongue?” the man said before raising his voice to a fearful tone “Speak NOW! Tell me where i can find the crystal of solidification!”

“Please, i dont know what you’re-” the man stopped looking towards the pile of ash. “What did you do to Glemen? Oh glemen” the man began to weep.

“You’re of little use to me, fortunately for me, there’s still use” the sinister man said before letting go of his scythe, letting it vanish, and pulling out a bright glowing red crystal from his side. The man held the crystal out, and the guard began to evaporate into a dark red mist, absorbing into the crystal. Leaving behind a pile of ash and bone.

“You might as well come out, Zar.” the man spoke ominously, looking towards the bush where the dragonborn hid.

“Garthax.” Zar, the dragonborn spoke before standing, revealing himself from the bush. “Im here to stop you in your goals. You’ve gone too far.”

“Oh is that so?” Garthax, the sinister looking one spoke before stepping towards zar, at this time the other three joined in, and Garthax’ eyes turned a solid white. A few seconds passed before Garthax’ eyes resumed a pale orange glow through his armor, “He’s asked me to spare you” he said as a steed in matching armor appeared in a fine mist at his side, as Garthax began to climb on “Until next time. Little ones” he said before riding off at unstoppable speed.

The three introduced themselves, the first, a Balion named Valkar, the second, A descendant named Raksha. And the third. A Kobold named Kolsal.