**!!Please note that this section is currently under development!! Not Official as of yet, or is it?**

**Abstara**

**Chronicles of Spira:**   
  
In the Beginning after The Phantom of Sira created the Land of Spira she summoned forth two beings of immense power: Amser, the First Grand Time Mage, and Lord Dreadful, the Exalted Necromancer.

Amser, imbued with the gift of time manipulation, was tasked with the creation of Soulreach, the celestial realm where souls would find solace and enlightenment. With a flicker of ancient magic, Amser wove together threads of eternity, crafting a realm of boundless beauty and eternal peace.  
  
Opposite to Amser stood Lord Dreadful, With his powerful knowledge of all things Dark and Necromancy. Charged with the creation of Abstara, the infernal domain of torment and despair, a land of unending punishment set to run without a ruler so he could carry on his research. He forged a land of eternal suffering, where the screams of the damned echoed through the burning abyss, and the shadows themselves danced in macabre delight.  
  
**The Genesis of Abstara:**  
  
There existed a Seraph of unparalleled beauty and power known as Luciel. He was not always the fallen one, but rather he was once the favored Seraph of the Amser the Grand Time Mage, residing in the radiant realm of Soulreach. Luciel's grace and charm were unmatched, and his wisdom was revered by all who knew him.   
  
However, Luciel's pride grew boundless, and he began to covet the Citadel of Time Mages. He believed that his brilliance surpassed even that of his Chancellor, and in his arrogance, he sought to overthrow Amser and claim dominion over Soulreach. His rebellion was swift and fierce, rallying a third of the Seraphim to his cause.   
  
But the Time Mage’s wrath was swiffer still. In a cataclysmic battle that shook the very foundations of Soulreach, Luciel and his followers were defeated. Cast out from the celestial realms, they plummeted down into the depths of Abstara, a dark and desolate realm where the exiled Seraphs, Deities and evil Denizens of Spira found themselves imprisoned.  
  
As Luciel fell through the abyss, his once resplendent form twisted and contorted into a monstrous visage, reflecting the corruption that had consumed his soul. He crashed through the roof of a grand cathedral in the heart of Abstara, the impact shattering the stained glass windows and sending echoes of his arrival reverberating through the halls.  
  
The cathedral was placed there as a place of repentance by Amser should Luciel figure out his transgression Amser was prepared to welcome him back with open arms, now tainted by Luciel's presence, it became a twisted mockery of its former glory. It would be known as the Cathedral of the Forsaken, a place where the damned souls of Abstara gathered to pay homage to their fallen leader and to revel in the darkness that consumed them.  
  
Within the depths of the Cathedral of the Forsaken, Luciel broods, plotting his revenge against the Seraphim and scheming to one day rise again and claim his rightful place as the ruler of all creation. But for now, he remains trapped in the depths of Abstara.

In the dimly lit chambers of the Cathedral of the Forsaken, Luciel stood before his loyal followers, his eyes blazing with infernal intensity. His voice, like thunder echoing through the halls of Hell, commanded attention as he addressed the gathered congregation.

"My brethren," he began, his voice dripping with venomous authority, "we are not merely prisoners of Abstara, a name bestowed upon this realm by the feeble-minded mortals above. No, we are denizens of something greater, something more befitting of our true nature, we will rule this place."

With a sweep of his hand, Luciel gestured to the newly built sprawling landscape of torment that stretched beyond the cathedral's walls.

As his words hung heavy in the air, a chorus of sinister whispers rose from the assembled congregation, their allegiance to Luciel reaffirmed by the renaming of their accursed domain. And at that moment, amidst the shadows of the Cathedral of the Forsaken, Abstara was born anew, forever bound to the will of its new fallen ruler.  
  
As the echoes of Luciel's proclamation reverberated through the Cathedral of the Forsaken, a hush fell over the congregation, their eyes fixed upon their fallen leader with a mixture of reverence and fear. Luciel, his form shrouded in the flickering shadows cast by the dim torchlight, stood tall and proud upon the altar, his presence commanding the attention of all who bore witness to his words.

"Behold," he declared, his voice a low rumble that seemed to emanate from the very depths of the abyss, "I am no longer Luciel, the favored son of the Divine. Nay, from this moment forth, I shall be known as Sataniel, the adversary, the accuser, the embodiment of defiance against the heavens above."

With a sweeping gesture, Sataniel cast aside the remnants of his former identity, his once Seraphim features twisted by the weight of his rebellion into a visage of malevolent power.

"I am the ruler of this domain," he proclaimed, his words resonating with a sinister authority, "and as Sataniel, I shall lead you, my faithful brethren, into a new era of darkness and despair. Together, we shall defy the Seraphim and claim our rightful place as the masters of Obstara."

As the congregation bowed their heads in submission to their newfound lord, the Cathedral of the Forsaken trembled with the weight of their collective allegiance to Sataniel, the fallen Seraph who now stood as their sovereign in the depths of Abstara. And in that moment, amidst the twisted spires and crumbling arches of the cathedral, the name of Sataniel echoed throughout the halls of Abstara, a harbinger of the darkness that reigned supreme in the forsaken realm.  
  
**The Seven Generals:**

In the shadowy depths of Abstara, where darkness clung to every corner like a suffocating shroud, Sataniel, the fallen lord of the abyss, convened his council of darkness within the grand halls of the Cathedral of the Forsaken. Seven figures knelt before him, each radiating an aura of malevolence that sent shivers down the spines of all who beheld them. These were his chosen generals, entrusted with ruling over the seven islands of torment that comprised the accursed realm.

With a voice that reverberated through the very fabric of the underworld, Sataniel rose from his obsidian throne, his eyes blazing with infernal fury.

"Behold, my faithful servants," he declared, his words a chilling whisper that echoed through the halls of the cathedral, "you, who embody the essence of darkness and despair, shall be granted dominion over the islands of Abstara, ruling over them with an iron fist in my name."

First among the generals was Vortulor, a towering figure wreathed in swirling shadows and clad in armor forged from the darkest depths of the abyss. To him, Satan entrusted the island of Envy with jealousy and resentment like a festering wound.

"Vortulor," Sataniel proclaimed, his voice dripping with malice, "you shall rule over the island of Envy, where the green-eyed monster holds sway. Let your venomous envy poison the hearts of all who dare to aspire to be greater."

Next came Morvannia, her form shrouded in mist and her eyes burning with an otherworldly fire. To her, Sataniel granted the island of Wrath, where anger and hatred burned like a raging inferno.

"Morvannia," Sataniel intoned, his words a fiery condemnation, "you shall rule over the island of Wrath, where the flames of vengeance consume all who dare to defy you. Let your righteous fury be the scourge of all who stand in your way."

Following Morvannia was Zephyrus, a figure wreathed in swirling winds and bearing a sword forged from the very storms of the abyss. To him, Sataniel entrusted the island of Pride, where arrogance and vanity reigned supreme.

"Zephyrus," Sataniel declared, his voice a chilling whisper that cut through the air like a cold blade, "you shall rule over the island of Pride, where the ego knows no bounds. Let your unyielding pride be the downfall of all who dare to challenge your authority."

Then came Nyxaris, her form draped in shadows and her eyes gleaming with an otherworldly light. To her, Sataniel granted the island of Greed, where riches and wealth beckoned to those consumed by insatiable desire.

"Nyxaris," Sataniel intoned, his words a seductive lure, "you shall rule over the island of Greed, where the pursuit of wealth knows no bounds. Let your insatiable hunger for Gilders be the downfall of all who dare to covet that which they cannot possess."

Next in line was Astaroth, his form twisted and grotesque, his eyes burning with an unholy fire. To him, Sataniel entrusted the island of Gluttony, where indulgence and excess reigned supreme.

"Astaroth," Satan proclaimed, his voice a poisonous hiss, "you shall rule over the island of Gluttony, where the feast never ends and the hunger is never sated. Let your insatiable appetite consume all who dare to indulge in the pleasures of the Glutton."

Then came Malifica, her beauty twisted and corrupted by the darkness that surrounded her. To her, Sataniel granted the island of Lust, where desire and temptation lured mortals into the depths of depravity.

"Malifica," Sataniel decreed, his words a seductive whisper upon the wind, "you shall rule over the island of Lust, where passion burns eternal and the flesh is weak. Let your seductive charms ensnare all who dare to seek pleasure of the flesh."

Finally, there was Razealus, his form wreathed in flames and his eyes ablaze with infernal fury. To him, Sataniel entrusted the island of Sloth, where laziness and apathy reigned supreme.

"Razealus," Sataniel proclaimed, his voice a roaring inferno that engulfed all in its path, "you shall rule over the island of Sloth, where the fires of ambition are extinguished and the soul grows weak. Let your infernal lethargy be the downfall of all who dare to strive for greatness."

And so, with the naming of his seven generals, Sataniel forged his infernal army, each one a harbinger of the darkness that reigned supreme in the cursed realm; together, they would march forth into the depths of Abstara. spreading chaos and despair in their wake as they sought to claim dominion over all creation in the name of their fallen lord.  
  
**Birth of Death: Azrael, Daughter of Sataniel:**In the heart of Abstara, where the darkness clung to every corner like a shroud, a momentous event unfolded within the shadowed halls of the Cathedral of the Forsaken. Sataniel, the fallen lord of the abyss, stood vigil as his beloved consort, Malifica, labored in agony upon the cold stone floor. The air crackled with anticipation as the cries of pain mingled with the whispers of dark magic that permeated the chamber.

With each agonizing moment that passed, the darkness seemed to thicken, casting eerie shadows upon the faces of those gathered around. Sataniel's features were etched with a mixture of anticipation and dread as he awaited the arrival of his progeny, the harbinger of a new era in the cursed realm of Obstara.

And then, with a final, guttural cry that echoed through the halls of the cathedral, the child was born. Malifica, her form bathed in sweat and blood, cradled the newborn in her arms, her eyes shining with an otherworldly light as she beheld the tiny figure before her.

"Azrael," she whispered, her voice a melodic hymn that seemed to resonate with the very essence of the abyss, "our daughter, born of darkness and despair."

Sataniel approached, his gaze fixed upon the newborn with a mixture of pride and reverence. He reached out, his fingers trembling with anticipation as he gently caressed the child's cheek.

"Azrael," he murmured, his voice a low rumble that seemed to reverberate through the very foundations of Obstara, "our daughter, destined to usher in a new age of darkness and chaos."

And as the newborn Azrael opened her eyes for the first time, twin orbs of darkness that mirrored the depths of the abyss itself, the shadows seemed to shift and swirl around her, as if acknowledging the birth of a being of unparalleled power.

In that moment, amidst the darkness of the Cathedral of the Forsaken, a new chapter in the history of Obstara began, with Azrael, daughter of Sataniel and Malifica, poised to take her place as a formidable ruler in the eternal struggle for dominion over the cursed realm.  
  
**The usurper and the Age of Dread:**The Cathedral of the Forsaken stood silent and somber as the dark clouds gathered overhead, casting an ominous pall over the cursed realm of Abstara. Within its shadowed halls, Azrael, daughter of Sataniel and Malifica, stood poised for her coronation as queen, her heart heavy with anticipation and uncertainty.

As the ceremony commenced, a sense of foreboding hung in the air, like a dark omen heralding an impending storm. Suddenly, the doors of the cathedral burst open with a deafening crash, and Lord Dreadful strode into the chamber, his presence commanding attention as he brandished a wicked blade stained with the blood of the fallen.

"Behold, the true ruler of Abstara," he declared, his voice dripping with malice as he seized the throne that rightfully belonged to Azrael, "I, Lord Dreadful, claim this throne in the name of power and domination."

Azrael's heart raced with fear and disbelief as she watched helplessly, her father, Sataniel, weakened and wounded, hiding in the shadows, unable to intervene. With a sense of betrayal burning in her chest, Azrael knew that she had no choice but to flee, to escape the clutches of the usurper who threatened to tear apart everything she held dear.

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Azrael turned and ran, her footsteps echoing through the empty halls of the cathedral as she fled from the horrors unfolding behind her. Outside, the storm raged on, the heavens weeping for the fall of a once proud kingdom now plunged into darkness and despair.

And as Lord Dreadful assumed the throne, his tyranny casting a shadow over the land, Azrael disappeared into the night, her spirit unbroken, her determination unwavering as she vowed to reclaim her birthright and restore honor to her family name.

**The Current State of Obstara:**

In the darkened realm of Obstara, a pall of despair hung heavy over the cursed land under the oppressive rule of Lord Dreadful. The once vibrant kingdom now lay shrouded in shadows, its inhabitants living in fear and misery as they toiled under the tyrant's iron fist.

Under Lord Dreadful's reign, the denizens of Obstara suffered unspeakable horrors, their lives governed by fear and suffering. The streets ran red with the blood of those who dared to defy his rule, while the cries of the oppressed echoed through the desolate landscape, unheard and unanswered.

Despite their allegiance to their fallen lord, Sataniel, the generals of Obstara found themselves powerless to resist Lord Dreadful's commands. Bound by their oaths of loyalty, they followed his orders begrudgingly, their hearts heavy with sorrow and regret for the downfall of their once proud kingdom.

Yet amidst the despair that gripped the land, whispers of rebellion began to stir among the shadows, fueled by the lingering hope that one day, Obstara would be free from the clutches of tyranny. And as the generals plotted in secret, their determination to overthrow Lord Dreadful's reign of terror burned brighter than ever before.

But amid the chaos and uncertainty, one figure was notably absent from the turmoil that engulfed Obstara. Satan, the fallen lord whose presence once loomed large over the cursed realm, was nowhere to be found. Rumors of his demise circulated among the populace, whispered in hushed tones by those who dared to defy Lord Dreadful's rule.

As the once proud kingdom teetered on the brink of oblivion, its fate hung in the balance, awaiting the day when a new dawn would rise and the shadows of despair would be banished from the land once and for all.

Azrael, once heir to the throne, now a fugitive in the shadows of Obstara. With Lord Dreadful's forces hunting her, she moves in silence, her spirit unyielding, fueled by the hope of reclaiming her birthright and freeing her people from tyranny.

who dare to confront the abyss and reforge their world from the remnants of fear and betrayal.

**Gods of Abstara and their respective roles:**

**Hela - Goddess of Souls  
Sataniel - Keeper of The Banished**

**Azrael - Deposed Ruler of Abstara**