Prologue: The Dirty Blood Hunter

The story of Wenduciross begins on a scary midsummer's eve during a demon blood induced dungeon coma. You see, that day is the day our protagonist Enwordicuss, fiercest bard of them all, had everything taken away from him. Ol’ Enwordicuss was a bright young boy who had to grow up quickly, there was nothing handed to him. He went from starving orphan boy to rockstar of Loowater almost overnight, which was strange because he never showed any interest in music whatsoever, legends say that he never actually knew how to play an instrument at all. See it was his CHARISMA that got him by, his unwavering attention to detail when it came to manipulation. Enwordicuss found himself at the top of the world until that fateful day. The day he drugged a town guard. This is where the story gets a little fuzzy because the guard claimed he was also sexually harassed by Enwordicuss but he was dismissed by the court of Loowater due to a technicality, so for the sake of the story let's say he just drugged the guard and NOTHING else. Anywho, Enwordicuss finds himself looking over all of his banging rockstar cash in a hole that he dug. He was filled with turmoil as he knew he couldn't smuggle all of it back to the mainland with him. He vowed that one day he will return and claim all of his banging rockstar cash.

Enwordicuss next found himself in a nameless gothic town on the coast where he planned on raising money by playing street music, again it is unknown why this was his plan as he knew nothing about instruments whatsoever. There he was greeted by a group of adventures all of which are irrelevant except for one. A dirty blood hunter named Tathlyn is the main antagonist of this story, he really is a piece of shit. While In this gothic shit hole, a mysterious bone dragon appeared; however, little did they know, Enwordicuss and Tathlyn wouldn’t live to see what the fuck that was all about. The party messed around in a library for a while but I am going to skip the details except for one thing: Gauntor O’Dim, the man of mirrors. He was a demi-god of sorts, and with his ways he was able to seduce Enwordicuss, both with power and lust. Shortly thereafter, the party was exiting said gothic shit hole with a task of delivering demon blood to the great commercial city of O’Dill, or was it really demon blood? I'll get to that later but for now let's just skip to when the party reaches O’Dill.

By this point in our hero's journey tensions between the party have heightened, especially with Tathlyn. In a brilliant move, Enwordicuss took a vial of the ‘Demon Blood’ and butt chugged it, at least that's what the story says. This move cemented Enwordicuss as the main character of the campaign and from this point forward he was revered by his party mates, all of course except for that dirty blood hunter. When the delivery was finally made, it was to a fool called Bronte. He didn’t like chad Gauntor O’Dim, so Enwordicuss knew what he must do. The ‘demon blood’ turned out to be a dungeon DMT trip simulation thing where the party began their next adventure to kill Bronte’s ex-wife because she wanted alimony. Now you are probably asking yourself right now, ‘Well why didn’t Enwordicuss get transported to the simulation when he consumed the ‘blood’? Well! It is because he is the MAIN CHARACTER*, and he butt chugged it which infused the power of a million chad demons into his body*, but that is besides the point.

About a day or two into the trip Enwordicuss’s relationship with Tathlyn got to the point of near hatred, until it was hatred. Enwordicuss being the ultimate legend he is, lured Tathlyn over away from the party to whisper into his ear the sacred name ‘Gauntor O'Dimm’. As soon as this happened a portal opened up below the pair and they both fell through. Simultaneously the 1000 chad demons within Enwordicuss’s body came out and devoured Tathlyn’s soul 1000 times to ensure he shall never remain in this mortal plain ever again.

\*Poof\* Enwordicuss found himself above the clouds with only the screaming of Tathlyn ringing in his ears, and the certainty that he was about to meet his fate, splattered on the ground. Having wings only did so much for him that day as the terminal velocity reached was far greater than his wings could handle. Enwordicuss didn’t dare look down for he knew what his fate was. He fell for 10 seconds, then 15, then 20, then finally, blackness.

Chapter One: BLACKNESS THEN REDNESS THEN WHITENESS

* Write story until leave northern temple
* Port Lyson, thats where ship stops
* Headed to Herrica