Once upon a time, there was a prosperous kingdom that went by the name of Crow’s Perch. It was ruled by a benevolent king by the name of **Akif “Kaalhu” Hassan**. His actions and style of ruling had made the kingdom one of the strongest ever seen in the eastern plains of Arztostka. Well, it *was* until the day until gigantic and monstrous dragon attacked his kingdom.

The dragon left nothing in it’s wake. The entire kingdom was now in ruins. Vowing revenge, he sent battalions of soldiers and men towards what was known to be the location of the dragon’s lair. Few ever came back, and the ones who did always warned the next to never venture even close to the dragon’s lair.

Soon the good king ran out of soldiers and men and he knew if he continued attacking the dragon using his armies and men for long, his kingdom would be left utterly defenseless. However, still wanting revenge against the dragon he made a compromise.

Letting his army rest, he made his **Vizier** make a contract to hunt down the dragon. Their reward would be everything the dragon owned and the ownership of the King’s faithful sword, bestowed upon them with the highest honors he could offer. Soon, the many copies of the contract was hung around many notice boards around the kingdom.

Many adventurers from far-away lands looking for fortune came upon these copies set off on their quest only to never succeed and return empty handed. This continued for many months straight, and it seemed like there was no end to the failures in sight.

It was a quite hot and sunny day at the outskirts of Crow’s Perch. Two men walked tiredly through a small dirt road horizontal to the gates of the kingdom. They were panting and wheezing due to the blistering heat at this time of the year.

One of these men was a knight, and as one would expect of a knight, he was indeed wearing a full-suit of armour coupled with a small steel roundish helm to protect his head. And like most helms a knight would wear, a metal slit hinged on the sides of the helm protruded from the front. It had an ample amount of slits to make sure the person inside saw the outside, but not enough to stop one from *hot-boxing* the inside of the helmet. The rest of the armour was bland, with nothing but scratches and dents from previous adventures by the knight. On his hip however, was a steel long-sword placed haphazardly inside a leather hilt, and on his left he carried a round wooden shield strapped properly to his armoured gauntlets. There was no mistaking him from afar as nothing but a battle ready knight.

The other man right beside him, was the knight’s best friend. He was a hunter, and his attire reflected what one would expect of a modern *adventuring* hunter to look like.

As armour the hunter wore a heavily studded piece of leather armour as a breastplate, another piece of studded leather for his shoulders, groin and knees. There was also a bandoleer hung around from his right shoulder, containing 3 small straps for potions (which was currently empty) and another 2 small pouches for anything and everything anything and everything in-between (it was also empty). Under all this he wore a green tunic with a hood that covered his somewhat fair face and rough, wavy black hair. His brown eyes, however intensely pierced the shadow the hood placed on him.