

## **Nevermore Characters back stories :**

### **The Oathkeeper :**

This tale speaks of The OathKeeper, a solemn soul so strong it was granted the ultimate purpose : The Guarding Of The Ice Angels Graveyard. The Oathkeeper once had a name, but he has lived enough to tell tales of the beginning of Nevermore.

The Oathkeeper was once a wandering soul, fighting relentlessly, yet aimlessly. With no purpose, but a rooted command telling him to keep going, to find purpose, to look for something so heavenly.

One could say his purpose was to look for purpose.

And there comes the day where The Beacon overflowed, creatures of the abyss floated to the surface, The Gurshka became fervent and started their pilgrimage in the name of wretched ideals imposed brutally, and the creatures of Nevermore all grew hostile. Even Nature became so strongly hateful, that natural disasters occurred constantly. In that era, known as “The Ending” , many civilizations were wiped out, species met extinction, despair was the king of the fray, and The Ecliptic Moon shimmered in day and night. A world burning with near eternal war. The culling of the weak indeed.

Yet one monster was never disturbed. The Oathkeeper, a tragedy upon the world back then, who partook in wars not to protect one side, but to eliminate everything. An obelisk exists, made from the corpses of those who died by his hands, reaching the sky, while beginning supposedly from the bottom of The Beacon.

The Era ended when The Oathkeeper decided to end it, as he planted himself on the battlefield, and drew a boundary. Everyone knew that if they entered his domain, they would not meet a merciful demise. And so war ended due to this hulking husk.

He knew not why he had done so.

Yet such blood drawn, such clinging to what is essentially The Beacon itself, The Oathkeeper started receiving other commands, darkened ordeals, tempting him to restart The War, to overthrow The Highest Beings, The Ice Angels. And as time went on, the Oathkeeper started to change in appearance. He used to wear heavy armor, with a sword and a shield in hand. He started taking off his armor, wore leather instead, keeping only some parts of his ancient armor.

The most notable change was his face. It is said the reason why he wears the helmet covered with cloth is because his figure was branded by The Beacon.

Constant orders howled at him, as he stayed there, planted to the battle field, his mind turning into the very thing he stopped. Replaying scenes, twisting the memories, making him remember what he has not felt, The Thrill Of The Hunt.

He had no purpose, he followed orders he did not know the commander of, nor the purpose of these commands. The Thrill Of The Hunt knew this, and appealed to his Pathos. The Thrill Of The Hunt took the most beautiful form, that of The Ice Angel Princess, only a version distorted with darkness seeping through. The Oathkeeper, never having seen but what is ugly, was brought to his knees. He would do anything to gain the favor of This Mistress.

And so he left his boundary, and headed to exterminate the Ice Angels.

And he was a threat, even to them. Their army was not enough to defeat him, and The Beacon's Abysmal army. They all pleaded to their Princess. However, little did they know, The Princess already knew what to do.

For the first time ever, she got off Her throne, and blessed the ground she walked on as she went her way, covering her face with a veil.

And there, in that moment, She was face to face with him. And all she had to do was take off the veil. He saw ; he finally understood. Just for Her. All the commands---That was Her voice. The Thrill Of The Hunt shrieked at him, ordering the head of The Princess. But he listened only to the humming of His Princess.

He was branded, but She loved him, and He Loved Her. To release him, She took the brand, and gave up Her immortality. She now had the same brand as him, an apology for never showing him Her mesmerizing Face.

He knew that Her Words were his commands.

And time went on. She left Her Body, Her soul now connected by the brand to The Guardian of Her Grave.

A promise to protect the Grave, To let Her Live ForEver. He could No longer die, but death was inside him indeed, for he could no longer see His Beloved.

## **The Little King :**

This tale speaks of The Little King, a ruler once deemed so incompetent that the people wished to submit to the enemy's rule.

The Loriad Kingdom was never truly a stronghold, a peaceful kingdom due to its insignificance, being that it just might be placed in the worst spot on the terrain : no water river flows, no rain drops, few plants grow, and the ground is dry and basic. The people had a hard time to get by, but at least war was never a worry, and Royal Guards were more like internal police, just there for the occasional robberies and thefts.

The royal family had no meaning, truly, as the people made the laws, and hanged them up on the centre billboard. Even trials were made within a special independent court. The royal family was just for outside affairs, and for show. Many of the people wished for the ablation of such a royal system, considering the royal family kept some prestiges and riches. To the people, they thought it would increase their trade values.

Although the folks never respected the royal family, they were still hesitant on a Coup D'Etat, considering it might start civil wars, and what of the like. The best course of action : Let things be as they are.

The royal family had an heir born to them, and they saw what a horrid curse had befallen them. The mother died while giving birth to what could be a defect : The Child was small, scrawny, and couldn't open his eyes even. A shame to a family already ashamed. Perhaps it was fitting indeed. The king Loriad was already fed up with his staff not showing any respect, and the guards ignoring all of his commands. And so he decided to raise the child he hated for 18 years, and then, he would give the throne up, and live far away.

Days passed, and the day when the boy was crowned king passed as well. His ceremony was a joke, to say the least. The boy hardly grew, reaching a meter and some few centimeters. The robe he had to wear was 3 meters long, and the sheer weight of the clothes was too much for him. He had to walk up to the stairs of the king, a whooping 120 stair steps. Needless to say the court jester was seen to be no longer needed as a clown, perhaps he could be the new king even ; a lot more befitting.

And the shame dragged on, much like how the bow dragged his cape wherever he went.

Then comes a day where a king was needed. War had broken out, and their kingdom was soon to be attacked by a monster sent from a war lusting kingdom. The Giants Of The Mountains, beings reaching 10 meters long, with hulking muscles. They needed no weapons, fists and stomps were enough.

The people of Loriad agreed to offer the king's head, and admit submission. The little puny king, met with despair, decided he would at least offer what he could, his meaningless life.

The Giant showed up, The Little King walked to the stage, still dragging his cape. The Giant had to get on his knees, and assume a sitting position, and then hunch over to be able to spy The little one. Upon seeing him, The Giant laughed his heart out : He Thought the people humoured him. After a hearty laugh, he demanded to bring the "actual" king. He was met with a response that was better than any pun he has ever heard. As he laughed, the people began to laugh too. A parade of mockery, belittling whom was already little.

There, on stage, The Little King stood. Confronted with shame with hate. Nobody wanted him. Nobody could give care in the world if something happened to him. They gave him away, so easily.

What has he been doing? What has he become? Did he ever even like this wretched kingdom? Who did he hold dear? And most importantly, who held him dear?

The answer, clear as the blood moon, was in front of him, wings liberating him from the chains shackling him to a kingdom he despised. He didn't need to do anything to this disgusting kingdom. Revenge, all he wanted was to bring the world to its knees, to crush and stomp everything, to kill and murder again and again the very souls of those who shrugged him off.

A form of darkness formed within him. From Despair, Sadness, and Melancholy, to Anger, Wrath, and Spite. And thus awakened the First Will User. The Power to harvest and command the will burning within. And so did his Will burn the darkness within, the abyss was set ablaze. He didn't need darkness or the abyss. He now only loved himself, only loved his ambition. Hatred fuelled Will.

The ground suddenly started rumbling. The stage was shaking. The wind took zephyr. An angel choir could be heard. The sunlight pierced the clouds, falling on the giant, shadowing the Little King.

The Sun. His sun was being blocked. Unacceptable. Who gave The Giant permission to stand in front of him.

The stage broke. The people and the giant halted their laughter. The Little King was floating. No, the wind was bent and was carrying him. The Giant's eyes dilated. His heart rate fastened, he

started sweating, and his mouth went dry. The people were on their knees, terror of what is greater, stronger, and hateful was showing, manifesting in the purest form of magic. The Little King seemed so grand, imposing, and tyrannous. He was bigger than the giant, he was bigger than the world in the palm of his hand, clutched and gripped by his fingers.

“: Kneel.”

A command so simple, the Giant kneeled instinctively, and so did the people.  
And so did The King of the attacking country.

The First Grand User Of Will Was Born, Bathing In The Sunlight.

### **The Choir Of The Orchestra :**

This tale speaks of The Choir of the Orchestra, a gathering of pure hearted humans, enlisted by the guards of The Ice Angel Princess.

The Choir are a uniformed group, marching together, linked by the sigil of the angels, given the mission to tame all that is out of limits. Due to their covenant's dogma, they are determined to fulfil their duties with minimal oppression and harm, to others, or to themselves.

Therefore tasked with a hefty job, The Choir has been gifted with sublime equipment : The Musicians are equipped with Na'a infused Somara Instruments, The Choir Singer Themselves have been blessed by the angels, rendering their very vocal cords into Somara strings, and their lungs into Na'a sac. The Instruments, however, are fashioned to be weapons as well ; The drums are shields, the strings are like a razor to intertwine, then slit and rend flesh and metal alike, the Trumpets are magical catalysts, the violins' wands are sharpened blades.

One special female soul that joins The Choir is given the ashes of The Ice Angel Princess, and thus becomes a physical incarnation of sort, keeping their original identity and looks, only slightly modified, with the two bangs tied by The Shimmering Crier of the Ice Angel Princess. The Lead, the main singer of the choir becomes untouchable, protected by The Guardian himself, no matter how far.

The Choir has been known to be fervent about their duties, always looking for chaos to tame, building chapels and majestic buildings and Opera to preach the words of the angles.  
And it is this exact blind love for the angels that brought them to their demise.

Once The Ice Angel Princess left this world, the angels followed, and so the orphan band, the people who suffered in the eye of the night, never knowing physical compassion ; they lost what was their only light.

Years have passed since The Lost Of Light.

Some have ascended to madness, killing relentlessly, trying to win back the favor of their angels. Some have lost their voices, singing endlessly tiring them out to the point of collapse and fragility. Some kept silent, patiently waiting in the Chapels, in the halls, in the Mausoleums, awaiting the foretold illusion of the return of the angels. So quit entirely. Some quit life.

It is said that a single heavenly voice still sings to this day, in the middle of the abyss, in a corner where light always shines. Yet, every time the story is passed down, the light seems to be mentioned fading away.

### **The Gurshka :**

This tale speaks of The Gurshka, a gathering of wild believers in what seems as utter nonsense. A family, one could say, following a covenant of bent morals and contorted beliefs. The Gurshka, known for their mask showing nothing but crooked dents where eyes should reflect light, but no eyes glimmer there.

The Gurshka origins are shrouded in mystery, rumors, and lies. Many tell that of their theories, of their wonderful findings and excavation of artefacts, of their weaved together studies, that ultimately mean nothing to The Gurshka, for they value no tradition, thus value no history.

Gurshkas are born from those within who have families, and from those few who join. The Gurshka favor none, as to them, no life is meaningful. What is sacred, what is profane— Absolutely Obsolete.

Whoever leads the pack, decides the way of life. But whoever is mad enough to join this crusade most likely will not change the core, the cardinal heart fuelling their prowess. For the whole of The Gurshka, purging whatever “Sonata” is, is the stigma. To them, apparently, Sonata is what they can never tolerate, and they eradicate whatever irradiates Sonata.

Nonetheless, The Gurshka are not just known for irregular beliefs, but are renowned for their Bizarre Martial Magic : Guran. Guran magic has yet to be deciphered. Rarely seen, or even documented, all that is known about Guran is that it follows not light, nor dark, is resistant to light, yet shows the same characteristics as dark. The only time the Gurshka yielded their pilgrimage was when The OathKeeper intervened. On The Obelisk, one can find Gurshka masks, fading to dust and ashes, and it is thus theorized that Guran may be what light is to either dust or ashes, but some scholars say that the purging stone would be Cinders.

Either way, The Gurshkas have existed ever since the beginning of the War, and have survived its harsh selection, and it is thus recommended to stay away from these lunatics. But one should just fight when they sound the drum, for they will keep their crusade after the tail of the challenged, until they die, or the challenged does.

“Sonata Noi Moiria Wo Shan”

Their famous departing words after a genocide, which wolves partake in regularly.

### **The Painting :**

This tale speaks of The Painting, an accursed entity, born from sin, sustained by the blood of sinners. The Painting, a being forced to do what is ambiguously Justice of the damned.

A painter once existed, wanting to capture the beauty they found in the abyss. The madness of an artist--- a pandora box, or a treasure. Should one ever release it, one must suffer or rejoice the consequences.

The painter saw was prohibited in the deep, they saw what the mind does not conceive, a shape of reality absurd to common sense.

That they fell in love with whatever horrid secrets could be a sign that the painter was never meant to bathe in the light of the good will.

Soon, animals were being found gutted, left behind to rot with little blood in them left. Even the crows that came to feast on the corpses ; they too became corpses.

Not long after, attacks were happening on many villages. No deaths recorded, but a plethora of people who lost more blood than they should. Some eyes were gouged, some tongues were cut, some nails were ripped. A slow massacre, a slaughter, a genocide was near imminent.

One day, from nowhere, an altar of blood was found. The painter was the show of the century. Impaled by the rear of the neck on hardened blood, eyes that were clearly pale blue, implying blindness--- much like his his senses, perhaps it was physical as well--- a gleeful face.

The blood gushing out was foul, with a smell not of iron, but of rot.

The blood fountain was now being melted by its own well. The lust was liquefying the skin, smudging the ground with molten human remains, until only the skeleton was left. The hardened blood then took turn, melting back into the bones, dripping life into it.

The painter became the painting, became the beauty he saw in the deep.  
Or so it should have been for the painter, for he was dead.

The Painting, made from a sacrifice of blood, moulded by the blood itself, but different. The Painting had its own consciousness. It knew what it was. It knew it was a curse, a forbidden existence, what should not have been born.

The people who were traumatized by the sight, simple folk they are, attacked what they feared immediately,

Torches and gardening tools. Weapons of the masses, but still effective enough to harm the damned being. And shrieked it did in pain, but paint is fluid, and through the metal it ran, escaping, but burning at the area nigh the fire.

The walking blood, now alone, lost where ever it was.

It tried to die on its own. Nothing could kill it. It just swallowed the harm, and became stronger, and required greater feats to die.

It tried once going into the village again. Of course, they attacked, but now the fire was useless. As it grew resistant to the pain, it grew bored of the depression. The blood became stale, adapted to the condition of damnation.

Years passed with The Painting living in hollowness. It had nothing to do in this world, no connection binding it, no ambitions or hopes to achieve, brought to life against its will. Yet time begs encounters, fateful one.

The Painting saw The Usurper of Lightning, the reaper of consciousness, the army of lightning, and was shown kindness for once. A taste it has never felt, a light that has never shone. Who knew painting could bleed from the eyes, whether they exist or not.

It asked The Usurper to reap its consciousness. He refused.

“What wrong did you ever do? Plus, you look strong. Some curse or something? Live, maybe you’ll be an actual challenge later on.”

Puzzling words, but hope filling ones.

Perhaps it could live its own life.



And so it tried. The Painting, a curse that does good, a curse seeking redemption, salvation from who knows who, perhaps it self, perhaps to be able to forgive itself, to be freed from a slavery imposed out of goodheart.