

The Locks And Chains Of Nevermore :

“A concoction to sedate the mind of The arcane impulses, and then Locks and Chain to enthrall... Humans never cease with their crazed inventions. They wanted more strength, they wanted to claim dominance on the very thing that spared them, and gave them hope to lead normal lives. They believe in the heart of magic, that magic is a living essence....and yet they enslave the magic. A fitting image of man ; a miserable joker, hidden beneath a mask they should not have had. The smiles, the acceptance, the words of pride and honor ; they are perhaps the first to make a king a slave....”

Locks are a thing to keep your door safe from predators , and in Nevermore it is a way to entrap a part of magic itself. Chains are a sub part of locks, and serve a secondary motif of aiding the lock. This is of course the general case in a species filled with exceptions only.

Making a Lock is making a feat that marks the world. A locksmith that can make a Lock is a worldwide treasure. Past kingdoms have spent all their riches for the sole purpose of Lock making, and most failed. Owning a lock is essentially owning magical powers rivaling higher beings to a certain degree. A kingdom with a working lock is a kingdom that beacons all others.

It is such why raiders are willing to risk their lives on rumors.

Lock Of Virtue : Forged mostly out of Slyver Mae, this lock captures The Aspect Of Virtue. The Lock Of Virtue bestows the capacity to exorcise and purify even the most tainted. The Prime Evil. Such a lock is said to be made to combat The Beacon. Effective as it was, it did not perform as imagined, attenuating The Beacon rather than outright banishing it. Holding The Lock Of Virtue affects the user, removing all curses, including the scars of the heart.

Lock Of Solemnity : Forged purely from Regwar, this lock represents the heavy fate of eternal loneliness. Solitude is a poetic attribute awarded to those who have failed the trials of human empathy. Those who bear the curse of solitude can become twisted. Their minds clouded with the darkest of dreams and fantasies.

The Lock Of Solemnity grants self sufficiency. Those who touch The Lock of solemnity lose part of their empathy, thus become shunned. The wielder becomes cruelly efficient, disregarding all emotional anguish and dilemma. The Lock Of Solemnity commands many magics, allowing one to heal off injuries, shield oneself, as well as reposting. This lock will give self sufficiency of the highest degree, for the low price of becoming truly alone.

Once Held, One can feel their emotions fade.

Lock Of Unity : Forged from Avalyon, this lock represents the strength of many hearts. The Lock Of Unity is said to be made by a 100 locksmiths, in a kingdom known to resent all royalty based governing systems. The Kingdom Of Many, a land where everyone is a worker, equal in rights and duties. This Lock has a particular way of usage. A single person, no matter how strong, can not activate the lock. To activate the lock, a gathering needs to be present, all working towards the same goal, with pure conviction that the group must accomplish the task at hand. No leader must be present, all should be rightfully equal. Under these conditions, the lock unleashes its powers, granting incredible strength and stamina. The workers can work for days with no sustenance, with unity and coordination unparalleled before.

A song is hummed by the group affected, and while it holds no magical properties, the song is naturally stuck in the mind, and many who sing it feel the need to work. The Kingdom Of Many has fallen 17 times. And it was built 18 times.

Once held, a strong sense of purpose is rooted.

Lock Of Trepidation : Made from Ioda, this lock is a breed of nightmares. The Lock of Trepidation is the work of deranged monks, hammering with abandon at an anvil made from the bones of The Beacon. This lock has managed to capture an essence of an untold dimension, peeking into a world that was better off left to rot. Upon usage, visions of madness whips the minds of all conscience, augurs the coming of a being without a name, nor a face to describe. The capacity of the mind is limited, but the effects of the nameless being are infinite and amalgamous. The Lock Of Trepidation is a curse upon us all, a reminder of the feeble mind humankind has to rely on.

Once Held, The Lock Trembles, and the trembles echo to the bone.

Lock Of Vestiges : Made from Somara, this lock is a bearer of recollections. The Lock Of Vestiges holds within eons of knowledge and wisdoms, making it a national bounty. Scholars would pay in blood to get a mere whiff of this relic.

The Lock Of Vestiges is able to preserve memories, and can play out the memories in the consciousness of the wielder on repeat.

This alone is enough to make some people die for it. A single moment of happiness in a life full of sadness ; to relive those happier times, when She was around...

Once Held, the wielder remembers their most distant memory vividly.

Lock Of Heartlessness : Made from an alloy of Hazal, Tendai, and Mangatsui Mangako, this lock is a dim reminder of something imperceivable. This lock allows one to control Oblivion Magic, at the cheap bargain of one's heart, pulled, mauled, and devoured. The wielder is forced to feed the Lock living hearts, taken freshly from living sentient beings. The stronger the beat of the heart, the better.

The wielder's heart becomes a malformed impurity, an insatiable, intrinsically famished for the hearts of others. A wyrd transformation such as this requires the heftiest bargain at the awakening of the Lock, and it drags on for an eternity.

Oblivion Magic is thus said to come from the depths of the heart, and a lock was indeed designed to seal whatever compelled Mankind to hunt for the Life of others.

Once Held, the wielder initiates a commune with their Heart.

Lock Of Wishes: Made From Regwar, this lock represents a sort of a maverick. Upon usage, the wielder will submit themselves to the trial of the Iron Maiden, certainly meeting their end. However, upon making this sacrifice, the iron maiden will come to life, and will carry out the last will of the sacrificed, so long as the will is of pure intent. This can range from curing diseases, to eternally protecting a cherished.

The Iron Maiden will occasionally bleed from the eyes, and murmurs can be heard. Perhaps it is the person inside, or perhaps a remnant from their undying last will. Either ways, the iron maiden carries out the role until all eternity, and the lock is set free only when the deed has been carried. Currently, the Iron Maiden is keeping an old dog alive, in a timeless zone where the dog will not wither. The dog lies next to a decaying skeleton, whimpering, howling.

Countless have tried to slay the dog to get their hands on the lock, but the Iron Maiden cleaved them all in a single strike.

Once Held, the wielder smells the stench of rusted iron.

Lock Of Bullets : Made primarily from Ragna, this lock is the testament of the force of firearms. Nevermore has indeed discovered gunpowder, but this science is not so world shaking when magic that can summon galactic, cosmic creatures exists. Yet gunpowder has always been a fascination in the eyes of some who believe that this mixture yields potential.

The Lock Of Bullets was made by a gunsmith who dedicated his life to the forging of guns. He had made so many groundbreaking designs, and was famous for being one of the best gun slingers. Most of the guns in Nevermore are derivatives of his work, and some of the original are still preserved.

The making of locks is a task that requires world wide coordination. This man forged this lock purely from the love he poured into his work, truly believing that bullets can prevail in any confrontation.

The Lock Of Bullets is a passive relic, requiring no activation. It inhabits the gun of the wielder, and gives it life. Naturally, a gunslinger who took care of their arm, who cleaned the cylinder, and who trusted in every shot, that gunslinger will have at their hands a gun that will never fail them, that will never miss, that will never jam, that will never need to be reloaded. It will provide their partner with a voice of its own, only now it can be heard.

One particular gunslinger held this artifact, and they were known to bring down an entire navy fleet but with a single bullet from their revolver.

Once held, the trusted arm will heat up, and the core of the body will feel warmer.

Lock Of Dissonance : Made from Aldonoah, this lock is lost between rifts, and it is said to be the key to complete reality fissuring. The Lock Of Dissonance was not made in Nevermore. This simple fact is puzzling, and terrifying on its own. The Lock is obviously made from elements from Nevermore, and uses the magic of Nevermore, but it is not from Nevermore. Holding it shows from where it comes : a place where time flows in all directions, and space has no logic to be followed. That place is universal, it is everywhere, but it has no consequence. That world is a stagnated, circular evolution of events and discordance, a cacophony of madened physics, drunk on illusion that fazes from between the cracks of reality.

The Lock Of Dissonance allows one to manipulate reality to some extent, based on the conditions present in the other realm, if it can be called that. How it functions is incomprehensible, and many scholars are not willing to waste their lives trying to understand this bizarre tempering. No reward is offered to the extractor of this lock, for its effects are far too unpredictable. Some mad men tell tales that could make a ghost appalled. They proclaim it to be pure logic, the reality that we can not fathom *yet* .

Once Held, the user can peer into the realm, in superposition to whatever they gaze upon. Time is a wavelength, and space is orthogonal to it.

Lock Of Reconciliation: Made from Ano Ana, as wondrous as that is. This lock is known as The key to unlock one's inner potential. The Lock Of Reconciliation pulls whoever touches it into the shared psyche of all sentience, precisely into the sub consciousness of the wielder. It is then that one can face the true nemesis : Trauma. It is said that whoever challenges and succeeds the trial can unlock a hidden trait in their magic, personifying themselves in their spells. Facing oneself is an ardent task. Many require years upon years to pick themselves up, let alone try and heal the scar. Prepare to die, over and over again. Once Held, one can hear an echo of their voice, admitting the heinous truth.

Lock Of Finality : Made from Yurful, this lock represents the essence of honorable suicide. The Lock Of Finality was made by a dying smith, who specialized in making torture devices for a mad kingdom of debauchery. He lived his whole life a slave, feeling the excruciating pain of all the devices, and later becoming the maker of said devices. Such a life was filled with tenebrous thoughts, and whispers calling to an obscure end. At the very end of the road, when the smith was nearing the end of his use, he realized that soon his execution would be carried out in a device of torment he could not imagine. He was able to negotiate with the king ; let him make his own murder device, and he promises it will be a blood bath. He eventually made The Lock Of Finality, a device that he promised would soak in the blood of its victims. The Lock Of Finality takes the life of the user, and fulfills the finality of their life in method of their choosing. After paying this price, within a certain distance around the user, all beings are subjugated to the same fate. The smith used this lock to call forth an executioner sword, falling from the sky, cleaving him cleanly. As was promised, a bloodbath to everyone in that court and kingdom. Once Held, the user hears thoughts of suicide.

The Hand : The OathKeeper once used chains as a weapon in his arsenal, for he thought chains to be a cruelly efficient weapon, suited to his fashion. But chains are intrinsically evil in their design, and the very first chain was made in the heat of war. This characteristic is what made The OathKeeper abandon some of his many chains, after he had made the oath to guard The Grave. One particular chain he left was the one he relied on the most : The Hand. This chain was extremely long, used to cover his body as inner armor, underneath the initial one. But the chain had many branches, each holding a metallic weapon at the tip. To name a few : a scythe blade, a dagger, a hammer end, a hook, and a few others. A part of The OathKeeper linger in the chain, now broken at each branch, resulting in a broken link. The force still slumbers within, and some say that linking the chain together could restore the force. The rest is up to speculation.