

The First Age : Creation of the Behemoth / The Ancient Ark / The Flying Fortress.

Nevermore is the name we gave to our era, *not our world*...

There are traces of ancient civilizations that inhabited this seemingly endless landscape. They have built castles of iron that roam the skies, and have had failures that have shaped the earth itself. The crashed fortresses give us insight on the nature of life; foundering is a common attribute.

It is assumed that these elders did not have magic, for their Behemoths do not seem to have any magical output. The magic eminence's roots are most likely due to accumulation, for the fortress has been afloat ever since the birth of The Angels.

To answer what could possibly bring down such machinery : pure dissonance, birthed from a fear of dwindling resources and morality. Even a civilization capable of such construction could not fully tame their people. Slowly, insidiously, doubts and fears plagued what could be the minds of the people aboard the ships. Small talks escalated to debates, debates escalated to disputes, disputes escalated to ultimatums, and it all tumbled into madness from then onwards.

Divided between Escapists and Confronters, some believed in escaping the endless land, in search for what might be a higher degree of infinite in the outer reaches, while others believed in adaptation, for the possibility of finding naught but limited worlds terrified them.

The Escapists wanted to use the last available resources to head out to space, while the Confronters wanted to use these resources to further exploit the land, and replace the needs of their people.

The Behemoths were critical to both parties, and thus a war erupted, to claim the flying fortresses of The Ancient Civilizations.

Needless to say, mutual extinction was their curtain call.

They had expended the resources they coveted, and deprived all future civilizations these same materials.

But the land healed and repaired, replaced and forgot, and now the Flying Fortress is the only thing left, a reminder that can not be remembered, an omen incomprehensible.

The Age Of Trial : The World is a survival of the fittest. Everything is Omnivorous, with a tendency for carnivorous behaviour.

After the ancient owners died, the world had time to spring back to life. From rudimentary life, to complex organisms, environments began to take form, and survival of the fittest became the governing law.

In this age, *everything* was Omnivore, feeding on anything, including one's own kind, one's own kin.

A lifetime of more than a few weeks was a claim to be from the strongest, and any that lived for more than a year were considered formers of lands, claimants of an actual domain in the endless hostility.

This natural selection proved to be an effective measure at creating nightmares of nightmares, for the weakest creatures could possibly raze worlds within hours.

Beacon First Form : The Beacon starts to take form. Black sludge and mist centralizing.

Of no origin and mystery, this shapeless entity began forming, conglomerating to a black sludge that consumed without pause. The Beacon was beginning to be conceptualized, and it was gaining dominion, at a painfully slow rate.

When one says The Beacon has no origins, one truly means it. There was no malice, no evil, so it could not have been brought forth by negativity. There was no magic, so it could not have been summoned. While Intelligence was a survival stratagem, it was nowhere near consciousness, so it could not have been born from the minds of depravity.

Some say it is a cosmic entity, a being much like existence, outside the reach of an existing mind. The Beacon may very well be of an order far greater than the concept of reality and existence. It could be their counterpart, but it could be the sum of the two. The Beacon is a thing, that is all that is known about it.

OathKeeper Birth : The Apex Predator starts racking up kills. All Beings start developing a natural instinct to escape the Oathkeeper.

Among the creatures that rose and fought, a particular soul had the strength to build a throne unseen before : apex predator. The OathKeeper, in his earliest of forms, was enticingly close to The Beacon. Their origins are presumed to be much like any other creature, born from converging and fusing organisms.

But what recipe could create such ruthlessness ? What could possibly make a hunter to hunt all hunters ?

The OathKeeper had no purpose, but a young lifeline needs not purpose, not yet....

Ending all life within senses range, a Mass extinction of anything foolish enough to bare fangs against the end of all prey, The OathKeeper slowly forced a new adaptation : The Empirical Selection, where solely those who knew their place in the hierarchy survived.

Needless to say, The Beacon followed the trail of extinction, consuming the bodies, if bodies remained at all.

The Birth Of The Ice Angels : Born and they spread life that isn't murderous. All sorts of Races, united under the banner of the Ice Angels, in the vast circle they made, shielded behind a bastion.

At long last, a life form that valued life, nurtured it, shielded it from all harm. The Ice Angels rapidly began their crusade to honor the living, and ease the dying. The very first forms of magic originated from The Ice Angels, including the almighty Golden Magic, which helped immensely in the ordeal they undertook.

Soon enough, a certain individual within their ranks claimed many miracles to her name. Which eventually gained her the renown needed to become their sovereign, their Princess.

With her bottomless well of magic, she was able to tame previously savage creatures, and gave life to creatures who by all standards should have perished in the order of old.

Vampires were amongst the first, and they relied on Crier /Cryer to feed themselves, before Humans saw the light of the day, and the symbiotic relationship formed. Life became varied, with species that do not specialize in hunting finally getting a chance to display their prowess.

However, and knowing that the balance could always be tipped to extremes, The Ice Angels agreed upon the need to build a bastion, one which would stand even if they were eliminated.

Thus the project of Locks began, an upholding of a source of magic sufficiently grand to withstand any onslaught onto the city.

Some deemed these measures enough, some believed further protection was required. The latter were able to convince The Princess to join their side, to which she assented by building another layer of security, one which still remained hidden, unknown to even those who reclaimed the needed safety.

Age Of Respite : The Ice Angels take care of all living beings inside their circle. No pain, death is welcomed.

Poetic as it is, Death is not an aspect tied to our world, or rather to our souls. Death is an occurrence that sides even with non-existence.

Fearing the end of life is natural, justified, and depressing. Yet to halt such a cycle could cause an imbalance beyond cosmic intervention. The Ice Angels knew this very well.

The life they nurtured suffered from death, lacking the immortality The Ice Angels had. Feeling it was unjust, but understanding the necessity of letting one's ember dwindle, The Sovereigns decided that if an end must come, it shall be only after fulfillment.

In the Age Of Respite, beings were granted magic, finally gaining an immortality that can be only severed with accomplishment. Once a life had experienced a fulfillment of hope, they would willingly perish. Death became as gentle as fresh snow.

A soul could live out their dreams. They could be happy. All the tools were at their disposal. All the chances were given. A time where one could be happy from birth till willing end.

Beacon Growth : The Beacon is racking up power. All living beings start to take notice. Some more so than others.

To say the earth became red would be an understatement. The Beacon was feeding at an alarming rate, as the Oathkeeper left nothing in their wake, save for mauled bodies. Creatures had developed tactics to delay their demise, for any confrontational mutation was immediately culled out.

Feasting on masses, The Beacon was beginning to take a physical form. The dark sludge was bleeding, with bone protruding all over. Mist oozing from the revolting crawl, it covered the soon to be dining table of the Beacon.

Worse yet, it seemed as if the black sludge was acting with sentience. It showed favor to stronger prey, and little regard to small, submissive creatures.

OathKeeper Apex Age : The OathKeeper becomes the strongest being, and the obelisk is built. All beings fear the Oathkeeper. Oathkeeper losing himself, void in his heart.

A spectacle of untold horror. The OathKeeper had truly achieved the title of Apex Predator, having hunted at least a single entity from every species, racking each glory kill on a monument they dragged along.

The Obelisk is what we call it, but the builder gave it no name. It was just a declaration of death harbinger. It had no magical motif, but the sheer volume of contorted physique was enough to incur mental anguish within non-sentient beings. Some creatures just laid there, knowing a fight would only prolong their misery.

Once the Obelisk was within sight, creatures would delve into a frenzy, killing themselves, freezing up, or just dying from heart failure, a defense system which is arguably effective in these cases.

With a monument on their backs, the OathKeeper was starting to lose any shred of consciousness. At some point, it was no longer a hunt for meat, it was no longer to ensure a domain to survive, it was no longer proving strength, it was no longer a meaningless act; a reality that they became.... That is what it was.

There was no morality behind it. The Obelisk had to grow.

Preemptive Measures : A battle erupts between OathKeeper and Beacon, Ice Angel Princess takes advantage, unleashes first defense measure.

Naturally, the Obelisk was a nectar that drew The Beacon. Pulling the senses of the dark cawl, it invoked unholy powers in the Beacon.

In a matter of minutes, The Beacon had crawled up to the range of the OathKeeper, the latter which hunted the dark mist on sight, naturally.

Unable to consume the OathKeeper, the Beacon reeled itself, as if it was defending a corporal body. Unrelenting, and unfeeling, the OathKeeper pursued its prey, causing the Beacon to lose the entirety of its physical vessel.

The Beacon had lost its sole defensive coating, but it had gained the freedom of dexterity and speed. A duel ensues between the two colliding forces, resulting in scars on both ends.

As the battle waned, exhausting both monsters, the first preemptive measures were unleashed by The Angels : The Lock Of Blizzard.

Locks are magical tools powerful enough to merit safeguarding by Angels personnels only. This particular lock affected the atmosphere, welcoming a new Ice Age in any region where the lock resided as its hearth.

Cast into the fray of battle, the lock traps the two wounded creatures. Through the blizzard, Angel lay their gaze on a doomsday horror.

Up until now, The OathKeeper was fighting for dominance. Now he was fighting for survival. Creatures tend to evolve and master as per the requirement of natural selection. This predicament meant a new challenge for The OathKeeper, and it provided him with new prey.

The Beacon was more tactical in this situation, preferring to escape after having lost their physical manifestation, as well as having a majority of its remnants trapped in ice.

The OathKeeper could not use magic, so warmth was its first necessity. Luckily for them, they had dragged a tower of flesh, perfectly fit for sheltering. Diving into the Obelisk, the OathKeeper stayed there for the entirety of the Ice Age brought upon him.

A very frail second age of respite took place, but people still feared the nameless beast, and whispers mentioning this terror were swiftly hushed.

The Ice Angels knew this was a temporary solution, and a terrible one at that, for the OathKeeper would definitely be hardened by the storm, and would probably develop a resistance to ice. The Ice Angel Princess, however, prepared another security measure, dubbing it “Oath keeping”.

When The Lock had expended its last magical storage, a familiar oblivion roamed once more. A bloodied beast emerges from a tower of death, fully conscious this time, wishing vengeance on those who trapped him for so long.

Inside the Obelisk, the OathKeeper had managed to twist fire magic, lighting a heretical flame of rebellion.

Life Extinction : The Oathkeeper is eliminating all of life.

The OathKeeper had one mission : exterminate all. The Obelisk was growing in size, a pillar of fodder for the Beacon to engross.

The sheer amount of bloodshed allowed the OathKeeper to further hone their skills, specializing in ways to kill en masse. The basic form of their linked sword was hammered, much larger than its successor, with serration as its primary goal; this weapon gave its wielder the facilities to cause atrocities of unheard proportion.

Age Of Fear: The onwards march of Oathkeeper eliminating Ice Angel lesser civs

As the genocide was going forth, the citizens of the city started to heed the omen of blood. Many talented magicians could feel the breath of the OathKeeper. Primordial fear, forgotten in the protection of The Angels, surfaced and took dominion. Panic shortly followed after, and the city was starting to shake.

The life gardened in the city was peaceful to a fault, so taking arms was a feat most difficult, not to mention the will of The Angels to spare the citizens from war.

The fighting forces previously established by The Angels were ready to bear arms, but any general with a medal to their name would know that no army could even buy the city time. Even the Angels with a disposition for battle were trembling, for they knew that this was not a war.

Oath Forging : The OathKeeper is enslaved by The Angels. Little by little, they become tame.

Once the head of The Obelisk was peeking in the distance, the people of the city knew they were facing a great filter of sort. Some people decided to just give up, losing faith in The Angels. Some more hardened warrior decided to launch an all out attack, for even if a single individual lives on, then the war is won.

The Angels had other plans. They knew that if they could not formulate plans to conquer stronger opponents, then their reign wasn't meant to be in the first place. The Ice Angel Princess revealed the "Oath Keeping" project, and an ember of hope sparked in the city.

The Oath Keeping measure was a forced enslavement shackle, rendering the most vicious of enemies into a subservient knave.

While others rejoiced, the wise knew that this type of approach is no different from the Lock Of Ice, for if the shackle failed a single time, then heads would roll.

As the OathKeeper approached the city, all Angels were dispatched to subdue the imminent threat. Forming a circle around the beast, the angels set up all their magical defenses. They just had to buy enough time for the Oath Keeping shackle to do its bidding.

A deadly mistake on their part, for any other geometrical would have been preferable. The OathKeeper had also conjured plans well ahead of time, chaining their sword to a beacon-type chain, one which would not break, even under the strain of their might swing.

With a flourish, the sword went flying, breaking and maiming, causing deep wounds all around the mad entity.

With the tides being shifted in a single move, The Ice Angel Princess had to intervene, directly confronting the OathKeeper, as to let her subjects heal themselves.

Those who were still able to fight were unleashing the full might of their Five High Magics, those being Sand, Dust, Ash, Cinder, Salt. Such support fire had great effect on the marked beast, for it halted their erratic movements with the chain and dagger.

The Stars were aligned for this moment, and the Ice Angel Princess was able to hold down the OathKeeper with Golden Magic, giving the Shackles enough time to wrap and coil around the body.

The OathKeeper was subdued, by the most undesirable method. But the City must survive.

Age Of Chaos : No Ice Angels leads to panic, civs start to rally up

A city with no leader is bound to crumble. Bastion City was no different. The races soon started to drift apart, some holding on the ancient beliefs, some abandoning them for order in kingdoms, so secluded themselves in far away places.

Age Of Nevermore : History without the Ice Angels lead us to this point now.

Our converging focal point. This is where we are at today.