

The LandScape of Nevermore :

“Throughout my life, I’ve explored these seemingly endless lands.

Every time, this beautiful world would present me with a biome unheard of, filled with new life and adventure.

For all of you brave adventurers, explore these wonders. Be amazed at the height of the sacred monuments, be at awe at the vastness of the oceans, be dazzled at the sight of the Crystal sky...

And remember, no adventure starts without a dream land destination ... ”

The Ashen Desert :

In the age of slaughter, corpses knew not the honor of burial, for who had the time to dig a grave for a fallen warrior. Hungry creatures that can not hunt, but could only scavenge would feast on the flesh of these sorrowful corpses, and then bones would remain to be crushed under the feet of colossal warriors.

Ages of this happening, and with ashen magic awakening, and with The Oathkeeper’s past self being the blind ferociousness incarnate, a desert made of ash and bone dust was created. A sanctuary of demise.

The home of The Oathkeeper back then, and the place beings came to die after, The Ashen Desert is said to be the place where the end of the world will start.

Many brave souls attempted to scavenge the wondrous relics of these Deserts, but until today, so few succeeded--- in coming back alive, that is. Most that ventured out there came scurrying back to their mother’s laps, empty handed, as The Ashen Deserts still beacons death.

An arid space, where light magic can not manifest, where fire magic loses its warmth, where water magic becomes tainted with ash---where all types of magic lose their strength. Where the sky’s grey, blending into the far away scene, lighting up with Blood spilled afar reflecting the light of magic. Where pilgrimages reach their epitaph, The Ashen Desert is a ceremonium to the past world, a vestige to remind the entitled what was offered on the plate back then, to compare to what comfort is offered now.

In the Ashen Desert, one can find material that would overhaul empires. The grimoires of these Deserts would easily afford a mansion in every standing empire. And there, one can find The OathKeeper's treasures. All the prey killed, all the weapons scavenged, all the gems hauled. If a country ever supplies their army with these items and relics, then the world would be theirs for the taking.

Streaming Lands :

The ancestors had to engage in many battles. Indeed, not all of them were for blood. Many battles were waged for Honor, for glory, for renown, for the mere thrill of the hunt, for the sight of a worthy equal, recognizing one as superior.

The Streaming Lands, a place where all those who wish to continue their march to the way of Duels gather, in life or in death. The Streaming lands are a limbo, a place where death's respite is given, allowing thus duels where nothing is held back. In this place all one's power can be unleashed.

The Streaming Lands are located in the lower state of The Winged Levels, at level 0 to be precise. Access to this place is given only if the person corresponds to at least one of the following cases :

- Letter of invitation : if the person carries a letter of invitation, then the door opens automatically. The origin, or the sender of the letters are unknown.
- Proof Of an Oath : if the person carries a proof of an Oath, given by the OathKeeper, then they have access.
- Feather Of An Ice Angel : a feather alone is enough to grant access.

The Streaming Lands are said to be eternally beautiful, with Northern lights glowing in the sky, icy, and vivid green snowflakes falling constantly, but never freezing the pure rivers of these lands.

To duel is to face another of equal value. To fight is to prove whomst takes the throne. When a weaker knight faces a veteran, his armor becomes dented, rusted, and worn out.

For a knight in shining armor is but a knight that has never had their armor tested.

The Wax Chapel :

Man knows not what governs him, for Mankind finds hardships in faith.

The Wax Chapel, a place of worship and faith, guided by Father Fredric. The towering chapel is itself the whole land, for unending wax production resulted in a conglomeration of ridiculous proportions.

A labyrinth of halls and pores, The Wax Chapel houses all faith-holders, as well as the creatures coated with wax. The biome was prosperous to some abominations, killing off all predators and ensuring a steady source of food : Humans and their rations.

The believers wander the halls of the chapel, carving their ways sometimes, adding wax and polishing the ground other times. Once an intruder is caught roaming, any surrounding believers will start to screech at the top of their lungs, alerting other kin, causing a meltdown of the chapel itself. Soon enough, the pitiful adventurer will have to attempt an escape in a melting wax pot,

Guild Objectives typically entail retrieval of certain goods from the chapel, and rarely is it life-form containment or elimination, for this biome resolves these issues automatically.

Shimmer Snow Forest : A great and ancient, but deceased forest, with towering trees that dwarfs the largest constructs of humanity. On these bark giants grew a collection of peculiar mushrooms : Shimmer Snow Mushroom. Said plant life is capable of capturing the light that hits the cap, and produces from the under gills a spore substance, akin to snow in many ways, for it is cold to the touch, and floats gently, accumulating into a white veil that covers the ground. The area is completely dark underneath, with the snow emitting a weak bioluminescence.

The mysterious, and extreme flora and fauna that thrive in this biome is interesting, down right to the smallest species. There one could find all-cure plants, and ailment boosting products. The animals are ferocious, or clever enough to utilize the environment.

With the temperature being at a constant -20 degrees celsius, surviving there for regular species is almost impossible without heavy adaptation.

Quests posted by guilds to enter this area must have an “Extreme Risk” label to be legally posted.

It is said that there is a vestige of The Ice Angels in the hearth of the forest, and that whoever finds it is granted the highest tier of Ice Magic.

PolyChromatic Beach : Part of the ashen desert drifted away due to a long ago war between two entities of legendary status, causing a shift in the local environment. A barren sea with too much salt and calcium was suddenly overturned by the arrival of ash and sand.

Unexpectedly, this was a boon to life, as Colorful coral sprouted from the ashen sands, and water pillled up from rain, creating an up to the neck sea of sorts, with a layer of ashen sand as its basis. The corals are composed of all colors, and the water at the surface is a wonderful deep blue, but if one were to submerge their heads in the water, they are greeted with a bleak assortment of grey.

The corals host many avian, semi-aquatic, and aquatic beings. This biome is a wonder for researchers, as there is a constant flow of change in colors and formations. The span of this beach is nothing to scoff at, allowing for blanket whales to exist within the thousands.

From healing plants, to poisonous coral matter, to electrically charged shells; this place offers many ressources.

Life-Line Pearls can be found within certain shells and mollusks. Such pearls extend one's life, as they are hope infused material. Princesses wear a collar of these beauties.

Solid Metal Cloudscape : Amongst the peak of mountain Metal-Suzerain exists a path made of evaporated metals. Walking through this path will lead one to the iron and rust empire of the clouds.

The clouds make the metal dust afloat, rendering it a soft path to tread carefully. Draconic beings lay their eggs upon these clouds, and Lunads frequently visit this area to forge weapons light as clouds, but harder than the foundation of peaks and hills.

Ancient wolves roam the clouds, with thunder and lightning crackling in their fur, maws of steel and a stride akin to flight. Piscine creatures that dive into the steam clouds for fresh breath of air, then emerge with a force to sunder the metal layering creates rainbows in these skies with their colorful scales, coveted by artisans and aristocrats.

Wooly plants feed on the minerals, and make the clouds lighter, lifting them up with their stream of helium.

One monument, said to be created by a race that wanted to reach The Ice Angels, believing they disappeared into the stars, stood the test of time. A chapel tower; a babel dedicated to those stronger than metal, piling petty stones and iron to reach the cosmic lands.

Blood Spire : The castle of The Vampire Queen could be considered a small biome of its own. The grandeur of such a palace is reflected with gilded ornaments, trinkets and baubles that could buy armies. More than gold, blood trickles from the edges of the roof, dripping slowly upon the floor, traversing the walls, leaving a glistening trail of antediluvian fear.

Special creatures, herded solely by the masters of night, make of this castle a hunting ground, predated all trespassers. Be it knights fused with their steed, or amalgamations of bone and gold, or a simple repurposed automaton with a desire to drain veins.

With an estimated 7 floors, with an incrementing gradient of trepidation, the castle is a bastion against the enemies of vampires.

Emperor Whale's Carcass : Tales speak of an ancient sea creature larger than plains and mountains. Such beings, in all their grandeur, existed, and perished, meeting their end to some predator that could challenge size with equal might.

On the brink of extinction, species turn desperate for survival, creating individuals with strength far surpassing their ancestors. The final whale of this unknown species developed an ever regenerating body.

Flesh that could be remade, and reshaped, was surely an advantage, but Nevermore devours corpses as desserts; The soul is the chef d'oeuvre. The Emperor Whale's soul decayed, and his body remains in the ocean, tumbling with the current.

His large physique was remodeled on the inside, creating a flesh labyrinth, a hideout for legends of a bygone time. A biome of viscera and pumping organs, and a scientific curiosity. This place contains samples of the ancient world; therefore scholars are willing to fork over fortunes to be able to study such containments.

House Of Darkness : The Beacon is a black and murky creature, affiliated with dark attribute magic, but it is not the crux of its being. The House Of Darkness, however, is the domain of dark magic.

Accessible through a hole found behind the Kingdom Of The Vampires, this place contains the manifestations of blackened hearts. Every time a person commits a sin, no matter how small, a new creature is born there. The most unforgivable sins creating lords and masters, while white lies birthing fodder for the greater blackness.

These creatures, however, are not inherently evil, for they merely wish to exist outside the darkness. The requirements are a host with a heart whose purity can rival the birthing sin of the darkness spawn.

To date, only 27 Darkness spawns have successfully escaped. Of them, 24 were apprehended. Said individuals lived lives that were morally questionable, with some committing acts of cruelty, and others led lives as saints.

Inside the world, there is only Darkness and spawns. No one is allowed entry for obvious reasons, but rumors have it that inside the inverted world a truth waiting to be found is hidden.

Dead Autarch Conifer :

Flora tends to grow in cohabitation, with some parasitic shrubs being the odd one out. A particular tree— perhaps granted sentience by some cosmic accord, perhaps purely pumped with inordinate amount of magic from sapping a mana well hidden in the depth of the soil, perhaps colliding with The Beacon, or even perhaps being the artificial cocoon that The Beacon resided in while it recovered from its fight with The OathKeeper— grew keen to consume bark, leaves, and petals, cannibalizing its kin, and outgrowing all.

The Autarch Conifer intumescend as it slowly ate the forest. Its branches once grew towards the sun, but soon enough the weight and gravity of the tip would cause them to fall apart, only to be recycled again as the tree even ate itself. With time, only the most twisted of branches, malformed in their shape and growth direction, interweaving and intertwining with each other were able to survive.

The engrossed mass of bark became too grotesque, too famished with not enough nourishment to sustain it. The tree, becoming the end of the forest, then becoming the forest, then becoming the end of itself died pitifully, leaving only its snag to dry, rot, and decay.

Many creatures now utilize the husk as their base, with rumors having that the heart of the tree still lives, and produces its divine pine, sap, and leaves.

Flesh Mold Metropolis :

Not all kingdoms grow prosperous with advances in magical studies. Many such entities typically meet their end at the hands of their own creations, for an insatiable thirst for knowledge tends to blind and mute the angels resting on the shoulders of curious minds.

One particular city was renowned for its liberty in scientific experimentation, its king being an avid scientific spirit himself. Self experimentation was allowed, and captured slaves were monopolized by the king's court, a group of esteemed, but unhinged inquisitive individuals.

As experiments tend to end in failure, and a toxic byproduct being its consequence, the kingdom had developed underground waterways to flush out incorrigible results. In the rusted, moldy hallways of the underground piled countless broken ambitions of greatness, filled with rejects and hatred. A mass of smoldering flesh, festering with nothing but cruel and uncanny magic, and souls writhing in agony.

On a particularly rainy night, the waterways seemed clogged, unaccepting of the influx of rain water piling on the streets. A group of mercenaries were sent to check the drains, but none of them came back to report.

The populace would soon start to disappear, many by many, as if abducted by ghosts. The nature of the citizens being reclusive and fearful did not help with any organized gathering to fight said phenomena. Soon enough the once hot scientific hub became a derelict maze of broken houses and toxic fumes, with an eerie rattling and moaning coming from between the cracks of the roads, and the water drains spread through the streets.

Memento Mori Shrine :

Fallen warriors are treasure troves for those who pillage the corpses of war. Ridden of their armor, swords, and keepsakes, lifeless bodies atop severed heads and limbs piled onto each other. For the fallen a shrine must remember their names, and it is such that Memento Mori Shrine came to be.

A large area where every cobblestone is marked with the names of the dead. Every wall has engravings of the deeds of warriors. Every door has seals to document their last words. Every roof paints the wars they waged, and the sieges they laid.

In this shrine of grief and pyrrhic victories stands a single maiden, guarded by her untrusty knight, one who was once a conscript, forced to a meaningless penance of protecting the useless

valor of dead great souls. The maiden carries her white prayer cloth, and the knight carries his wrapped sword and shield, as the sheath has long since broken down.

The shrine has nothing to offer, much like no one offers any prayers. Who is to pray for murders of enemies, after all.

Wind Wing Bridge :

Hidden in a valley between two large mountains, tectonic shifts caused a crack in the soil, revealing a source of wind magic that continuously created an upwards stream. With the convergence of wind and never ceasing gusts, rock and bark were siphoned by the air, forming a stable ground, linking the two mountains.

Dubbed The Wind Wing Bridge, this phenomena has created a series of interconnecting branches and paths between the twin peaks, with escalators sprouting from the ground, from lifted stone, branches, leaves, and dust. The platforms are hovering through the pressure of the wind, exuded upwards by the cracks, allowing safe traversal so long as oen minds the weight they apply onto the terrain.

Some bridges are translucent, as no matter has accumulated to form a perceptible shape, yet these airflows allow one to safely traverse the sky, literally walking on wings of wind. Bandits have mapped said roads, and frequently utilize underhanded methods to commit highway robbery, then flee using the bridges of wind.

At the very entrance of the mountains exists a small windwaker village, making ships that use the wind as its carrier. It is said that the Merry Bolt was their flagship, before being gifted to an uprising hero of sorts.

Descent Helix :

Descending into the helix of The Twin Peaks where The Twin Aduvat kingdom rests is a task most would consider an act of deliberate suicide. The helix shaped hole does not forgive slips and mistakes, for the bottom of the helix has never been reached.

Beacon creatures remain hidden in the creeks of the rock, awaiting a clueless prey, whilst the corrupted automatons fabricate death traps. The ground crumbles underneath the smallest weights, and the stairs once built are cracked and dusty.

The scouted depth is around 14 Kilometers, and the estimated depth is thrice of that. Darkness is ever piercing upon reaching the 2 kilometers treachhold, for the refracting rhinestones that were installed can only do so much against the chasm. The deeper one explores, the heavier the air becomes, hampering stamina greatly, and reducing motorics functions.

The ores found there are indeed amongst the most valuable, and gemstones are plentiful. Baubles and treasures that act as a bonfire, attracting the greedy, the fools, and the courageous all alike. [Yan Luvy](#) gems can be found around the 13 kilometers threshold, and adventurers are willing to take the risk for the fortune, and possibly make the sacrifices needed to reach the hell awaiting them. Oddly enough [Cyphl](#) parasites can be found past the 14 Kilometers threshold. This fact is greatly concerning to those who preserve order. This fact is greatly pleasing to those whose hearts have lost shine.

