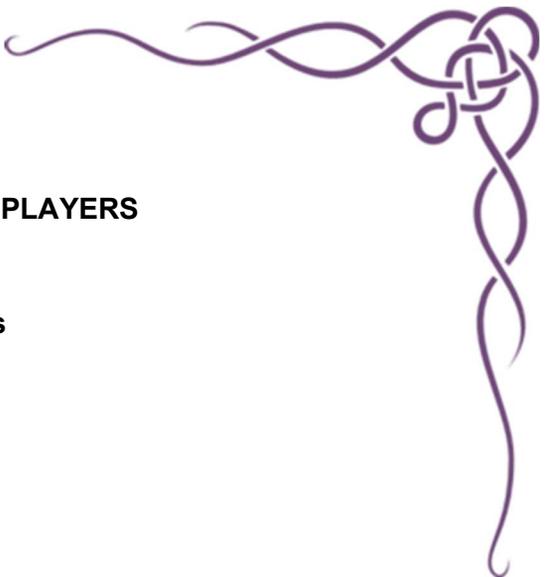


# Fiendkyn Race Guidelines





**FOR THE PLAYERS, BY THE PLAYERS, TO THE PLAYERS**

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**Special Thanks**

This would have never become a reality without the outpouring of support that our players have shown to us. For this we are incredibly grateful — now and as we move forward.

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# Fiendkyn

## GUIDELINES FOR ROLEPLAYING A FIENDKYN

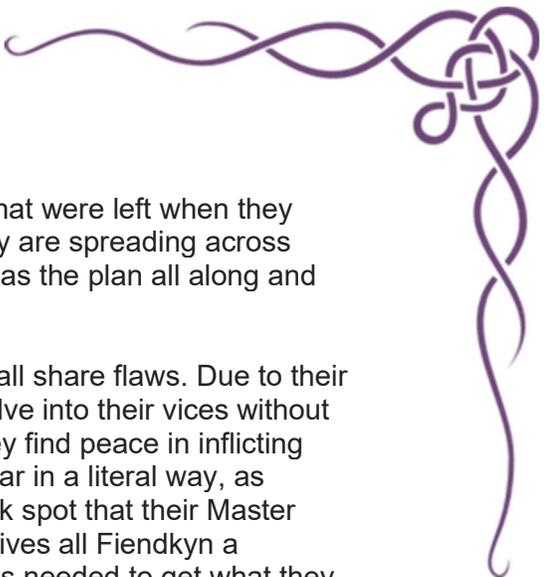


Fiendkyn are a mysterious and intense people. Seen as untrustworthy and tainted, this new race on Valara is striving to make their own path, and distance themselves from their past. They are strong-willed, fierce, and unwavering in their desire for equality. Though all Fiendkyn were once normal Valarans, they now share a kinship with each other due to their shared mistreatment and delusions that were fed to them. Even those that disagree with each other cannot ignore the physical marks that defines them: a large gray “mask” that spreads across their face, and fiendish mutations that developed while within their Domains. They cannot escape these clear marks of The Fiend that ruled them.

Fiendkyn were once average Valarans. Long ago, cultists of a powerful Fiend convinced many to join them in Nur-Haven, a large city in the Korr Grasslands that was surrounded by a protective dome of shadow. Many joined these missionaries willingly, although many were also taken as captives and slaves and dragged to Nur-Haven against their will. These cultists were tasked in building this Fiend an army. Once in Nur-Haven, the Valarans were met by the Fiend, who appeared to each individual as the person they respect most in life, but with inky black voids as eyes and blackened hands up to the shoulder. This Fiend, who’s name is lost to memory (if it was ever known is a mystery), then marked each Valaran, resting its’ hand upon their face in a menacing caress. That touch then began to spread over time, causing physical mutations as well as mental corruption.

First discovered emerging from a mysterious Keep in a swampy town in southeast Altour called Caer Rathúnas, these Fiendkyn were unleashed upon Valara for nefarious reasons. Swarming the town and taking captives, using shadowy tactics and guerilla warfare, the Fiendkyn in Caer Rathúnas had internally splintered long before they emerged. A smaller group claiming to be dedicated to resisting their Fiendish nature assisted the local area in driving back the army. After this event, several reports from around the world were received of large groups of these Gray-marked Valarans appearing from seemingly random locations. Mountains, empty fields, homes, they seemed to just step onto the plane of existence. Rumors of an armed group meeting them as soon as they appeared came from many locations, but nothing has been confirmed. These rumors state that a small contingent of Faekyn and Gearlings would travel to these locations, say nothing to locals, and just wait for the Fiendkyn to appear. There are no copies of conversation or details besides these rumors.

Living in a world that continued without them for centuries, Fiendkyn feel lost and without purpose. Many strive for a purpose, while some are content with humble surroundings without stress. Finding their descendents (or for some races their immediate family), or starting over in



life, these forgotten people are in the midst of picking up the pieces that were left when they entered Nur-Haven. Banding together or rejecting their own kind, they are spreading across Valara to fulfill their self-given purpose. Many Valarans believe this was the plan all along and refuse to give even a small amount of trust to these dark refugees.

Fiendkyn vary in many ways due to being a mix of cultures, but they all share flaws. Due to their corruption within their Domains, Fiendkyn are much more likely to delve into their vices without remorse. They are methodical and frightening when provoked, as they find peace in inflicting pain, both physical and psychological. Though they do not feed on fear in a literal way, as Fiends do, they do feel a rush of endorphins and fulfillment in the dark spot that their Master bestowed upon them. The Fiend energy that courses through them gives all Fiendkyn a constant hunger for power, indulgence, and pride. They will do what is needed to get what they want, with little regard to whom it affects. They hold themselves above all others. Many Fiendkyn actively fight these urges, but all Fiendkyn feel them.

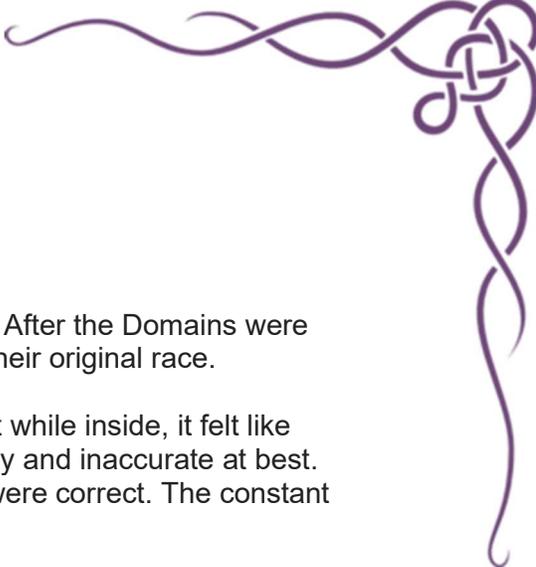
Fiendkyn are separated into two factions within their race. The larger faction, known as Loyalists, kept true to their promises of becoming an army for the Fiend. These Fiendkyn dominated most Domains, using an iron fist and lack of mercy to quell any rebellion. They stuck to their mission for centuries. When their Domains were opened, most Loyalists continued to carry out their orders, and now roam Valara attempting to find a foothold and wait for their master. They raid, pillage, and capture any village in their path. Mercy is rare, and it is usually for a reason.

The other faction is known as Dissenters. These Fiendkyn are those that actively resisted the corruption and subjugation that was forced upon them. They tend to have more subtle mutations and a smaller Mask, but not always. Not all Dissenters started that way. Many felt abandoned and forgotten and grew to resent their position of servitude. Most Dissenters split off once the Domains were opened and are trying to put the past centuries behind them to find peace.

### **Costume Requirements**

Fiendkyn were originally average Valarans. Over time in their Domains, they began to show signs of mutation and Fiendish corruption. This manifests in two ways: all Fiendkyn have a dark gray "Mark" over one or both eyes. This mark must cover vertically from the hairline down to the cheekbone and be at least 1 inch thick. This Mark takes all shapes and designs, as the corruption was unpredictable and random. This should not be a solid stripe and should look more natural in design.

All Fiendkyn also have at least one mutation. This is most commonly horns, tails, batlike or skeletal wings. It can also be patches of gray skin, talons, fangs, or discolored eyes. A Fiendkyn player must choose at least one mutation and are encouraged to use multiple.



## GENERAL FACTS ABOUT FIENDKYN

### Lifespan

When a Valaran entered Nur-Haven, they completely stopped aging. After the Domains were opened, Fiendkyn have started to age at nearly double the pace as their original race.

Fiendkyn were trapped in their Domains for more than 300 years, but while inside, it felt like mere decades. Without a sense of time, their written history is sketchy and inaccurate at best. Unusable at worst. Every Domain tracked time differently, but none were correct. The constant gray skies and lack of stimulation altered their perception of time.

### Locations on Valara

Fiendkyn all started in Nur-Haven, in the Korr Grasslands. When their dusk-skied city was threatened by an army, the city seemed to split into multiple Domains, scattered across a parallel world. These Domains had specialities and tasks to perfect before they would be unleashed by The Fiend.

When in their Domains, Fiendkyn were part of a twisted alternate version of Valara, contained within a dome of energy. These Domains were always in a state of dusk, with no weather or natural events. These Domains replicated various areas of Valara but were not physically there to a normal Valaran. When released, Fiendkyn found themselves in a land that had changed, sometimes even within a city that didn't exist before.

Since their release, Loyalists have made multiple tent cities and makeshift villages. Some even in the remnants of a village they overtook. The largest encampment of Loyalists is in the Korr Grasslands, where the original Domain of Nur-Haven rested. There are also reports of heavy Fiendkyn control in the walled trade city of Handelton. How they so quickly rose to power is unknown, but most operations have not changed.

There currently is no centralized group of Dissenters of which is known.

### Magic

Fiendkyn are normally Wild or Prime Casters, but Essence magic is also practiced for combat. Within their Domains, they were taught the essentials, and were less restrained in practice than they were outside of their Domains.

## LIFE, CUSTOMS, AND TRADITIONS

### Names and Naming Traditions

Depending on the Domain, most Fiendkyn kept their original names, or use religious prefixes like "Brother" and "Sister". Some decided to change their name to reflect their loyalty, and some Wanderer and Barbarian Clans changed their entire clan name.

### Garb

Originally Fiendkyn were given black flowy uniforms, although most altered their clothes once they were given their Domains. Many adopted a style that fit tighter, as upkeep and personality was a major factor.

Fiendkyn also have an odd reaction to gold. Due to the Fiendish corruption, gold is itchy to them. They are not harmed by it, and can suppress the itch, but it makes them generally

uncomfortable. Oddly enough, some Fiendkyn choose to wear gold, either in defiance of their altered genetics, or to keep their senses heightened.

### **Childbirth**

Inside Nur-Haven and the Domains, childbirth was very, **very** rare. Most Domains have never seen a child born since their entry into Nur-Haven. Those which did, have seen maybe one or two children born within the entire Domain. Since the Vitae worked differently, childbirth never seemed to be successful.

### **Childhood**

Children were not permitted into Nur-Haven. Those born within the Domains have not aged since birth.

### **Marriage and Relationships**

As Fiendkyn were trained and prepared for war upon their release, they didn't worry about marriage while in their Domains. Now that they have been freed, many are looking to settle down, referring to their race's traditional ways.

### **Death**

Within Nur-Haven and the Domains, Death was viewed as just the next step. Due to the odd way Vitae worked within these Domains, the dead did not stay completely dead for long. Because of this, Fiendkyn do not bury, burn, or discard their dead. They simply strip them of anything worthwhile and wait for them to get back up. Undead are revered in Fiendkyn culture, as they are still capable fighters and workers, just without personality.

## **SOCIETY AND ITS ORGANIZATION**

### **Crafts and Trades**

Every Domain was given a task to perfect. Most Domains did not specialize in a trade, but they had crafters and workers to do general upkeep.

While within the Domains, Fiendkyn had no need for sustenance. They did not eat or drink, as The Fiend energy kept them sustained.

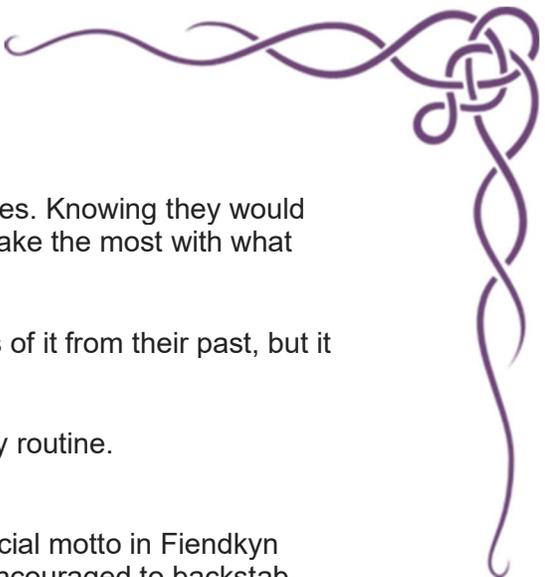
### **Religion**

Fiendkyn worship The Fiend as a Paragon of excess and self empowerment. They were taught that The Fiend will provide all that is needed and will make the world better for the downtrodden outcasts of society. The Fiend also taught that the Paragons do not care for Valarans, and that only The Fiend sees them for what they are: the rulers of the land. Fiendkyn quickly learned from The Fiend that they must take power for themselves. No amount of worship would ever provide the power that The Fiend could show them, if they were willing to simply take it.



### **Military**

Fiendkyn were trained specifically for warfare. Each Domain had a speciality for this, and every Fiendkyn was given in-depth martial training.



Fiendkyn were trained for skirmish fighting, not rank-and-file shieldlines. Knowing they would almost always be outnumbered; they have been trained on how to make the most with what they have.

Honor does not exist in Fiendkyn culture. Many still hold on to shreds of it from their past, but it was mostly beaten out of them. Winning at all costs is what matters.

In those Domains dominated by Loyalists, military training was a daily routine.

### **Laws and Ethics**

Honor is taught as a weakness. "Any Means Necessary" is the unofficial motto in Fiendkyn culture. Instead of relying on physical strength alone, Fiendkyn are encouraged to backstab, double cross, lie, cheat, and steal to get what they need for the betterment of their Army.

### **Politics**

Domains were governed by whatever group currently held the title. In most Domains, this hierarchy was established immediately. No leaders were appointed by The Fiend, nor direct chain of command. Thus, when the Domains were established, those that were able to take power did so, and those that opposed them either became the new leaders or were beaten and discouraged.

In the majority of Domains, Loyalists were dominant, as they were usually more organized and had a clearer vision. Loyalist led Domains were run almost identical to Nur-Haven. In Domains where "Heretics" or Dissenters ruled, many found peace without a major ruler.

In some Domains, the battle for leader was still raging on, with no clear victor decided, when they were freed.

## **DOMAINS**

All Domains had an assortment of every race. The Main Races listed below were the majority.

**Domain Name:** The Island

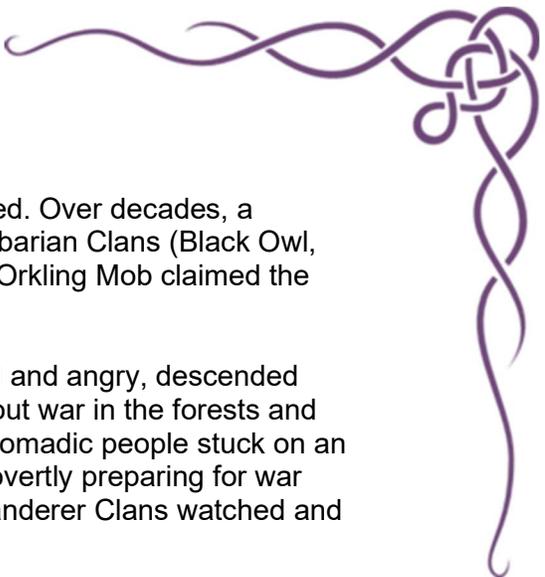
**Specialty:** Heralds, Scouts

**Main Races:** Human, Barbarian, Wanderer, Dark Elf, Orklings

**Roleplay Notes:** Fiendkyn from The Island should be social, but nomadic. They are not reserved, but they manipulate and control the conversation. Tasked with introducing The Fiend to Valara, citizens of The Island are open about their ideals, but also know how to tailor their tongue to please the audience. They read the room, and blend in.

**History:** The Island was originally tasked with being the Messengers, the forward scouts, and the first to spread the word of The Fiend.

The Island, as it became known as, is a Domain of seemingly two separate worlds. When the Domain first formed, the Fiendkyn awoke to the sounds of waves lapping the shore. Soon after there was a mad dash to secure the center of the island. Over the course of weeks and months, the large population of humans became victorious. Allying with a small group of Dark Elves, these humans quickly built a large castle in the center of the island, and completely closed themselves off to the rest of the domain.



Outside of this castle, the Wanderers, Barbarians, and Orklings thrived. Over decades, a balance was organized between these groups. Each of the three Barbarian Clans (Black Owl, Giant Rat, and Hydra) claimed territory close to the beach, while the Orkling Mob claimed the forested area around the castle in the hopes of invading it.

After the first century, tension snapped. The Orklings, feeling trapped and angry, descended upon the Black Owl clan as they slept. This was a catalyst for an all-out war in the forests and beaches of The Island. Tension had been mounting between these nomadic people stuck on an unchanging island devoid of stimulation. The Hydra clan had been covertly preparing for war and struck out harshly and quickly. Seemingly from all sides. The Wanderer Clans watched and crafted great stories from each battle.

Years later, when the dust settled, the Hydra Clan and Giant Rat agreed to a truce, as they had completely reduced the Orkling Mob and the Black Owl clan to a memory. The Wanderer Clans, who had instigated the entire thing out of boredom, made a point to not engage in the warfare. They instead became the first on the Island to collect and use the Undead that began rising after each battle. They wandered the island trading zombies, and stories. The Barbarians agreed to leave the Wanderers alone, and even used them as messengers and diplomats.

Inside the castle, for 300 years, was a constant political uprising. No one ruler lasted a decade, as the schemes and assassinations grew more clever and devious. After closing themselves off, the humans inside fell to intense greed and envy, and a small town of constant thievery and aggression caused them to nearly kill themselves off.

The group of Dark Elves took this opportunity to seize control and rise above the Humans. The elves sealed themselves inside the main castle chambers and set about creating a sense of order. This sense of order had no strict laws or doctrine, but the Humans became wary of them. People suddenly started to go missing. Anybody who caused trouble was never heard from again. Over the years, this created a sense of peace out of fear.

Once released, Fiendkyn of The Island scattered across Valara, finally able to travel and not feel trapped. Most attempt to forget about the time they spent imprisoned, but others have set out to try and find out what happened to their master and spread the word of The Fiend.

**Domain:** The Caves

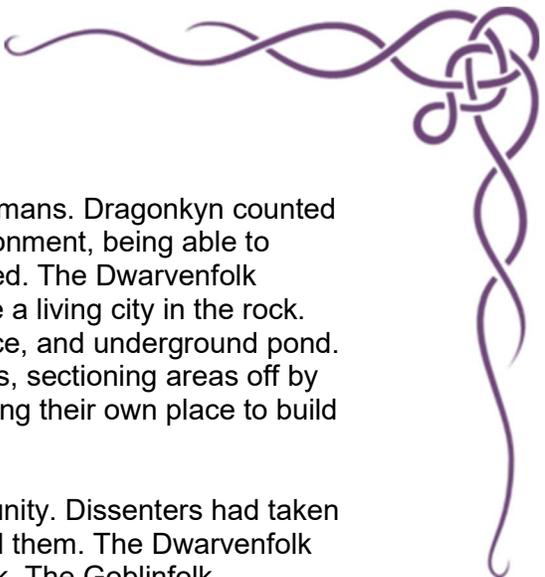
**Specialty:** Subterfuge, Sabotage

**Main Races:** Goblinfolk, Human, Dwarvenfolk, Dragonkyn

**Roleplay Notes:** Fiendkyn from The Caves are masters of shadowy tricks and underhanded tactics. They will do what is necessary to win, and honor has become a hilarious joke to them. They are quick to betray, and even those they call friends are not trusted or valued.

**History:** The Caves were originally tasked with perfecting sabotage and Subterfuge. Their job was to find the weaknesses of a settlement or organization and dismantle it before the army needed to intervene.

The Caves got their name on the most obvious way. The entire Domain was an underground series of caverns. There was one opening to the sky, and that became the main settlement area.



The Caves were made up of mainly Goblinfolk, Dwarvenfolk, and Humans. Dragonkyn counted for a very small part of the population. The races thrived in this environment, being able to expand the caves, create hiding holes, and overall not feeling exposed. The Dwarvenfolk immediately began to shape the caverns and tunnels, trying to create a living city in the rock. The Goblinfolk swarmed the area, finding every pathway, hole, crevice, and underground pond. The humans began reinforcing and building homes within the caverns, sectioning areas off by race. The Dragonkyn quickly scurried away from the main force, finding their own place to build their hoard.

After a few decades, an uprising happened within the Human community. Dissenters had taken control of their caverns and were preparing to seize the areas around them. The Dwarvenfolk readied themselves for a battle and were ambushed by the Goblinfolk. The Goblinfolk outnumbered the Dwarvenfolk 5 to 1, and easily broke their defenses. Enslaved, the Dwarvenfolk were out to work expanding the Goblinfolk territory into theirs. The humans approached the Dragonkyn, who had isolated themselves, for a pact. The Dragonkyn agreed to help and sent the humans as the first line of attack. As the humans focused on breaking the Goblinfolk, the Dragonkyn raided the human territory and left them on their own, taking their resources to add to their hoard. They killed and ate any humans who were left behind during the war and burned what they could.

The humans fell to the Goblinfolk army and were also enslaved. The Goblinfolk began to search for the Dragonkyn, to have full control of the Domain, but were stopped by constant guerilla tactics. Outsmarted at every turn, the Goblinfolk gave up their ideas of full conquest, and left the Dragonkyn to their own devices.

After their release, Fiendkyn from The Caves have attempted to destroy whatever they please and are constantly attempting to seize whatever hint of power they can, through whatever tactic they decide.

**Domain:** Field of Bones

**Specialty:** War and Leadership

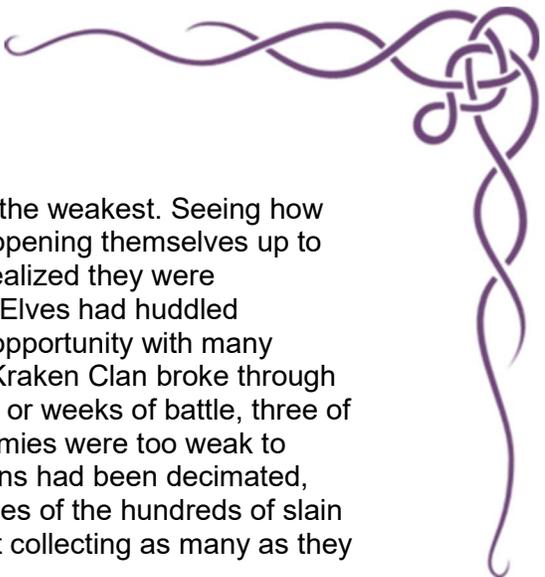
**Main Races:** Barbarians, Humans, Orklings, Feralkyn, Valaran Elves, Dwarvenfolk

**Roleplay Notes:** Denizens of the Field of Bones should be aggressive, straightforward, and impulsive. Always believing they are the strongest and most capable, these Fiendkyn are summed up in one word: arrogance. They do not back down easily and will gladly throw their allies in front of them to protect themselves.

**History:** The Field of Bones, as this Domain was called, was the Domain that would choose the Generals and Commanders of The Fiends army. Made up of the most intense and aggressive groups that followed the Fiend willingly, the Field of Bones was just that: a wide-open field. There were no natural coverings or advantages. Just low grass, a constant gray sky, and the other armies.

There were two Barbarian Clans, the Manticore Clan and the Kraken Clan. These clans joined forces almost immediately. There were four Orkling Mobs, an army of Wolf Feralkyn, a small group of Feline Feralkyn, a platoon of Valaran Elves, and a solid bulwark of Stone Dwarvenfolk.

All of these groups were not accustomed to an open field of battle. So they first set to building and maintaining their strongholds. That is except the Orklings. They immediately set to



ambushing the other armies. They first hit the Elves, seeing them as the weakest. Seeing how outnumbered they were, the Elves began to retreat across the field, opening themselves up to the Wolf Feralkyn who were waiting in the grass. The elves quickly realized they were surrounded and had not anticipated such impulsive battle. When the Elves had huddled together, their savior came in the form of the Barbarians. Seeing an opportunity with many backs turned, the Manticore clan pincerd in the Orklings, while the Kraken Clan broke through the lines and bolstered the Elf numbers. After what seemed like days or weeks of battle, three of the Orkling Mobs had fallen. When the dust finally settled, and the armies were too weak to continue, the Wolf Feralkyn stood victorious. The Elves and Barbarians had been decimated, and retreated. As a long, glorious howl rang across the field, the bodies of the hundreds of slain stood back up, wandering the Field. The Elves immediately set about collecting as many as they could, to refresh their ranks.

Over the course of years, decades, centuries, there was a constant stalemate between all the groups. None willing to risk themselves. Many pacts were sealed, many broken, many reforged. In the late second century, the alliance of Barbarians, Feralkyn, and Orklings descended upon the Dwarvenfolk underground fortress they had dug out over the years. The Dwarvenfolk, almost never engaging in the battles, were well prepared and well fortified. The alliance broke upon their shields and spikes, but their pride kept them going. When all but a few of each group were left, the Dwarvenfolk took them captive, enslaving them to help build.

When the Domain was released, the field was suddenly bright and bustling with activity. A small town had risen in the Korr Grasslands where their field was, and they immediately set about razing it to the ground. These groups are still stuck in a battle of superiority, as only the last army standing may lead The Fiend's troup.

**Domain:** The Hills

**Specialty:** Combat Training

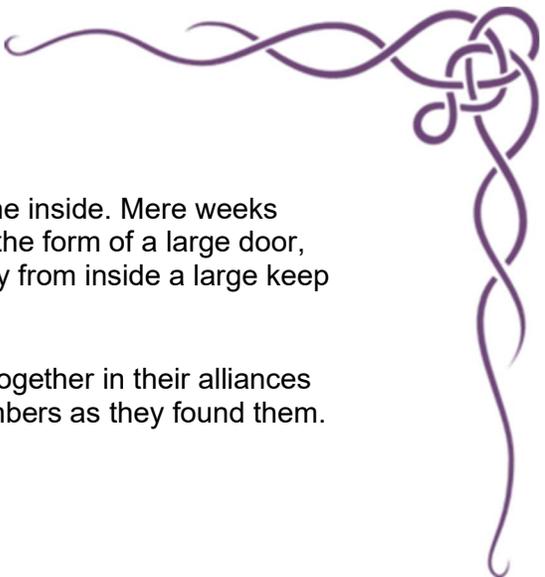
**Main Races:** Feralkyn, Elves, Mankind

**Roleplay Notes:** Fiendkyn from The Hills are the most diverse, but also orderly. They stick to routine, and they appreciate order. Trained to be the shock troops of the Fiend, these soldiers are not afraid of a shieldwall, and will often change tactics to counter their enemy.

**History:** The Hills Domain was originally tasked with designing the training and battle tactics of the Army, and creating the ideal soldier. The main groups were given hundreds of untrained soldiers, mostly enslaved and rebellious, to whip them into shape. The three main factions immediately banded together and set out crafting a plan that would benefit the entire Army. Feralkyn gave the perspective of predator/prey and tracking. Elves provided magical aptitude and planning for the future. Humans provided unorthodox tactics and passion.

This worked for centuries, with no major hiccups. The occasional rebellion was quelled, and helped the Army perfect their tactics. They focused on shadowy tactics, interrogation, and extortion. They designed a system of spreading fear in any populace that began with kidnapping and torturing key members of the community they targeted. They would then pick off isolated townsfolk, and when the panic set in, they would descend upon the area. They would practice this tactic on the less efficient soldiers, or the rebellions they would learn about. They revelled in false hope.

Near the end of the third century, a group of Dissenters had spread throughout the ranks of the Army. They used tactics that had not been planned or designed by the Loyalists. Due to this,



they were able to successfully begin dismantling the Loyalists from the inside. Mere weeks before their final act of total control, the Domain suddenly opened in the form of a large door, and the Army spilled out into a town called Caer Rathúnas, seemingly from inside a large keep that could not hold their numbers.

Once they tasted freedom, Fiendkyn from The Hills decided to stick together in their alliances and wander Valara, fending for themselves, and picking up new members as they found them. They roam the lands, mostly acting as bandits and extortionists.

**Domain:** The Forest

**Specialty:** Recruitment

**Main Races:** Feralkyn, Mankind.

**Roleplay Notes:** Resorting to primal instincts and ritualistic cannibalism, members of The Forest are rabid beasts trying to regain their former sentience. They are quick to anger and will pounce on anybody they deem a threat. Shunned by even other Domains, these Fiendkyn feel the most lost in their path.

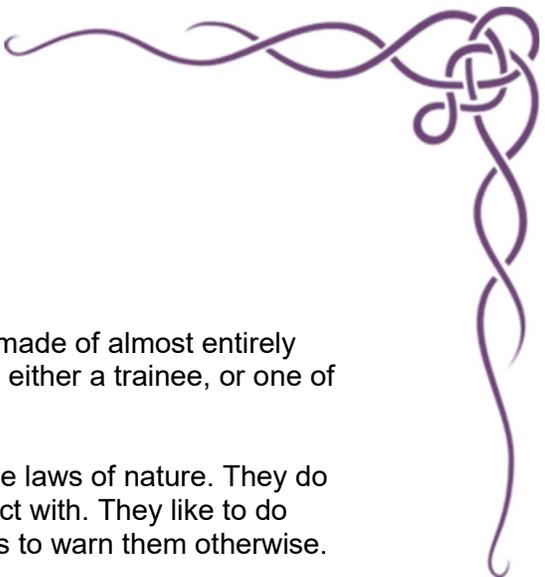
**History:** The Forest was tasked with recruitment.

These were seemingly non threatening groups, as most of the Feralkyn were not Predators, and the three races of Mankind were charismatic. These groups intermingled and were highly social. Their job was to find potential followers of The Fiend, without using force.

It was quickly realized that these groups could not cohabitate. The Barbarians and Feralkyn began to get antsy almost immediately, being trapped in a dark forest. The Humans and Wanderers seemed be content with constantly sharing stories, partying, and being jovial. Things turned grim when the largest Barbarian Clan, the Shadow Vipers, struck against a large party. They decimated the partygoers with little resistance. The Barbarians were seen feasting on the hearts of their victims, and having a surge of power. Seeing this, the other groups began banding together, and striking against each other. Each group would eat the hearts of their prey, and seem to almost take on characteristics of that kill. Humans began growing fur, or adopting personality traits of their meal. Feralkyn began to blend together, not representing one animal. Barbarians developed accents they didnt previously have.

After multiple decades, a semblance of peace was had, when less than half of the original residents remained, and almost every living being looked like an amalgamation of every race that had originally been in the Domain. They had broken down to feral beasts, no longer relying on social skills or charisma to do their task.

When released from their Domain, they found themselves in the Felwater Swamp of Sudareth. They scattered and began to gain some semblance of their original thoughts and task, but are now hideous monsters.



**Domain:** The Tower  
**Specialty:** Experimental Magic  
**Main Races:** Elves, small groups of all others

**Roleplay Notes:** The Tower is the least common Domain, as it was made of almost entirely C.O.M.E.T members. To play as one of these Fiendkyn, you must be either a trainee, or one of the citizens that got caught.

The Denizens of the Tower are secretive, observant, and play with the laws of nature. They do not care for rules, and tend to find loopholes in everything they interact with. They like to do things just to see what happens, and they challenge anyone who tries to warn them otherwise.

**History:** The Tower is an outlier in the Fiend's plan. The Tower was not created purposefully. When the magic that separated Nur-Haven into multiple Domains was being crafted, a nearby C.O.M.E.T tower was studying the magical barrier around the city. Their Tower somehow tapped into the magic at the wrong time, and was blinked out of existence. Because of this, The Tower had no task, had no direction. It was composed of C.O.M.E.T members and any nearby citizens who happened to be in the large area.

After years of attempting to break the seal, and undo what had happened, the Fiend corruption began to spread. This caused outbreaks of battle, or unorthodox magic, and of widespread destruction. The Tower began to experiment with magic in whole new ways, as they were no longer limited by C.O.M.E.T law or the natural laws of Valara, it seemed. They experimented on each other and the citizens they kept trapped. It seemed that even though this Domain was never visited by The Fiend, its corruption affected them just the same.

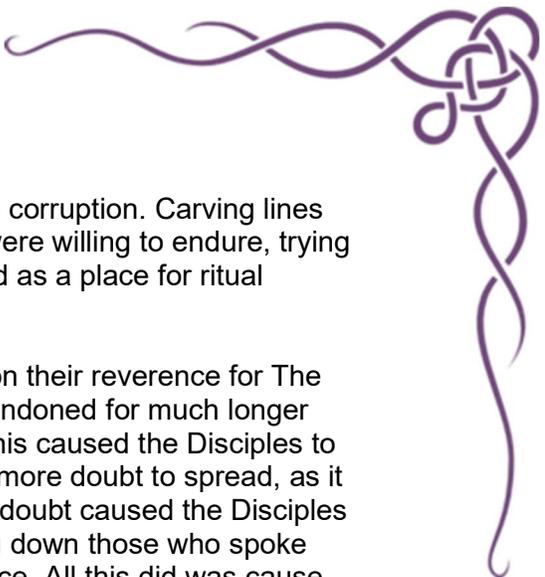
When the Domain was released, the Tower appeared where it had originally been, and nothing seemed out of place. They quietly began practicing as if they were a normal C.O.M.E.T tower, and reached out to their organization, shocking all involved. Most of the citizens that had been trapped inside had been silenced in one way or another.

**Domain:** Paradise  
**Specialty:** Religion and Brainwashing  
**Main Races:** All

**Roleplay Notes:** Members of the Everdusk Disciples are devout, aggressive, and unflinching in their faith. Of all the Fiendkyn, the Disciples feel the most connected to The Fiend, and still believe they are waiting for salvation. They try to spread chaos and fear wherever they go, to draw him back to them.

Dissenters of Paradise, those that survived, are experts at lying and acting. Due to the inquisitions and hunts that Paradise hosted, those Dissenters that made it out know nothing but fear, but also learned to hide their true emotions.

**History:** Paradise was the religious epicenter for the Fiend's Army. The only Domain originally stocked of purely Loyalists, and the only Domain with a Shrine to The Fiend, Paradise was a utopia. Taught to want nothing, as the Fiend will provide, this Domain was led by a group who call themselves the "Everdusk Disciples", acting as priests and religious leaders in worshipping The Fiend as a deity. Their task was simple: worship the Fiend, care for the Shrine, and expand upon this religion to better convert non-believers.



The Everdusk Disciples marked themselves, and delved fully into the corruption. Carving lines across their face to show their devotion. This showed the pain they were willing to endure, trying to impress The Fiend, and feed it through the Shrine, which was used as a place for ritual sacrifice and congregation.

Paradise was peaceful for a century. Every member was vehement on their reverence for The Fiend. Then doubt began to make its way into their minds. Being abandoned for much longer than anticipated, many started to question the Everdusk Disciples. This caused the Disciples to lash out, and immediately silence any Dissenter. This action caused more doubt to spread, as it was seen as an act of desperation rather than faith. This heightened doubt caused the Disciples to lash out quicker, and harsher. They began to be proactive, hunting down those who spoke against The Fiend, and eradicating them. Erasing doubt from existence. All this did was cause those who doubted to be smarter and quieter. Which in turn kept the cycle moving, with the Disciples going undercover to weed out those who did not believe.

When the Paradise Domain was released, they found themselves near the trade city of Handelton, and were drawn to it in a way that is indescribable. They knew that was to be their chapel.

**Domain:** The Workshop

**Specialty:** War Machinery, Invention

**Main Races:** Dwarvenfolk, Briarfolk, Humans

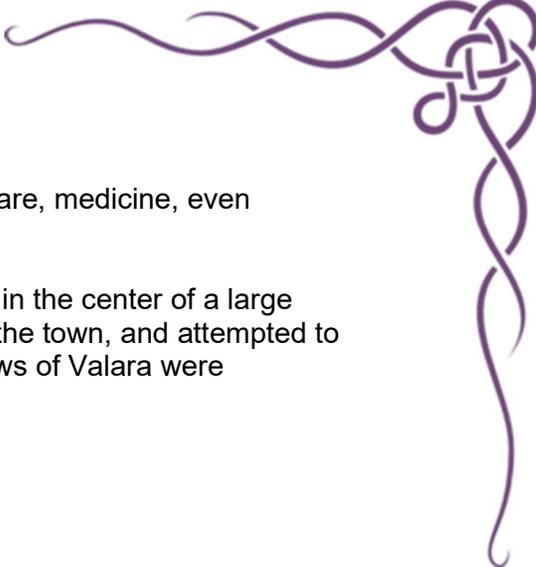
**Roleplay Notes:** The Workshop fostered a love for curiosity, invention, and sadism. Fiendkyn from this Domain should be inquisitive, quick to try and solve problems, but also some of the most sociopathic. They have little care for those around them, and see others as test subjects rather than equals.

**History:** The Workshop had the task of designing, testing, and mass producing siege weapons and the tools needed by The Army. Made up of mainly Dwarvenfolk, the Workshop was in a hilly area with plenty of distance and types of terrain to test the weapons.

The Army had little use for large weapons, as their shadowy tactics and infiltration was their main form of attack, but these weapons were being built as a precaution, and as a possible distraction. Though they never intended to perform an all out siege, giving the appearance of one would allow their operatives to infiltrate easier.

This Domain is where almost every Artisan was sent, even those making mundane objects. This was the Armory, and because of that, it was prone to destruction from the start. Being inside a pocket of existence, the natural laws seemed to be bent. Over decades, the ingenuity of the Crafters started to take a turn for the devious. Whereas on Valara, chemical reactions were unpredictable and volatile, it was not the case in this Domain. A group of Briarfolk invented a substance that burned consistently, and spread like an oil fire. They decided to test this flaming sludge on a rival group of inventors. The fire spread, obliterating not just the rival group, but also the majority of ballista and catapults that had been stored closeby. The fire kept spreading until it rolled over dry grass and trees, scorching the land. The land burned for days. The Artisans eventually found a way to extinguish the flame, using the newfound chemistry they had been experimenting with.

The Briarfolk who had begun the destruction were executed, but their discovery was already spreading fast in the Domain. Many started testing and defining the natural laws inside the



Domain, inventing and sharing a new type of science. Chemical warfare, medicine, even mundane things like stronger glue.

When their Domain was released, The Workshop dwellers appeared in the center of a large sprawling town. They immediately set about fixing up and rebuilding the town, and attempted to continue their experiments, which no longer worked as the natural laws of Valara were constantly in motion.

**Domain:** The Collective

**Specialty:** Agriculture and Food Production

**Main Races:** Human, Florakyn, Briarfolk, Ogreling

**Roleplay Notes:** Fiendkyn from The Collective seem almost uncorrupted when first met. They are soft spoken, kind, and hospitable. They learned to keep their impulses buried deep, which means they are calmer, but when they do snap it's in a big way. While they tend to share their resources with others, they are not as humble as they seem. Any slight against them is met with wicked revenge.

**History:** The Collective was tasked with agriculture.

Starting off as a very organized and meticulous planned farming Domain, the Collective was comprised of all those that worked the land, and were less aggressive than their neighbors. Being in charge of feeding and supporting The Army, The Collective started their time by planning and using detailed math to make the most efficient use of the land they would take. They calculated what was needed to feed armies of different sizes.

The farming worked well. Plants grew even in constant dusk. Mostly root vegetables and fungus, but enough to keep from starving. The Collective was the only Domain that had access to food. They would host feasts after every harvest. Even though they did not feel hunger, it gave a semblance of community and normalcy.

Years after the Domain realized this was not a short stay, a group of Humans attempted to seize control of the operations. The other dwellers of The Collective banded together, and quickly shut them down. Over the centuries, this Domain became an extremely relaxed community of friends and neighbors. Still having bouts of rage over land disputes or portion size, the corruption was still evident. But this entire Domain came to a consensus that they had been abandoned, and misguided. They knew the joy and peace of a simple life, and grew to enjoy their station.

When the Domain was opened, many of The Collective decided to find a patch of land and continue their peaceful lives. The others simply wandered away, to do as they please.

