

You're being dragged across a land, scorched and devoid of life. Suddenly you're hoisted up and held in place by hesitant hands and you realize you're at such a bizarre angle. Looking up to a night sky absent of light save for the single moon. you hear a voice furtive and venomous "Do it, Culsir lest you and your kin become slaves. In return I will grant your people the secrets to forge new soldier. Soldiers who need no rest. Who consume no resources. Your conquest against the dragons of Argonnessen will succeed and the giants of Xen'drik will reign over all of Eberon." You're suddenly shot towards that lone beacon of light fast and with crushing force as if your only reason for being was to Pierce the firmament itself. At the moment of impact you remember only her voice. Sweet and carcinogenic.

Black

You're sent hurtling back down towards this sphere of ocean and land along with the enormous scaled spear used to break you, you crash through a tree overlooking the assassins river, overgrown with leaves of pink and green, burgeoning with life. Suddenly you feel something impale you.

Black

You're staring at a mirror through the eyes of a young elven girl. Somethings different, wrong, abhorrent. Your pupils, sharp, predatory, yellow. Your skin scaly with a green tinge to it. You hear a voice layered thick with a maternal warmth, but useless to conceal the terror underneath call out to you. 'Erandis, the time has come'. You look down and notice your left arm wrapped in a complete dragonmark, the first to appear since the giants completed their bitter work. The dragonmark is completely unknown to you in the present. You walk into an auditorium overrun with onlookers all with a strange art covering their face. You've seen these face markings before.(on Abuela) Four dragons rest among the onlookers, gold, silver, black, and green. Each was scarred from their terrible victory against the giants. Scales torn from their body. The green dragon looks at you reassuringly, gemstone claw gleaming resplendent, fitting for someone with such lofty rank among the chamber. You see standing near the dragons, that vile woman who urged who begged this demonstration of your hidden mark take place. **Loral Esk**. You hide your true name in the shadow, at the edge of dreams but I see through you. Daughter of that primordial, terrible beast. I hear the machinations beneath your benevolence Your cloying voice, dripping with cancer.

You stand within a ceremonial altar looking into the eyes of another child recently expired. Beside them, strange ore ran through with a luminous splinter of wood. The 'Anchor'. You use the bell nearly identical to the one in your present groups possession and form your hands into a beckoning sign. Your dragonmark burns so hot you believe your arm will slough off. Suddenly after what feels like epoch six motes of light and life manifest and are pulled towards that strange ore. No. Towards the ends of that wooden splinter. Only two of the six manage to make their way into that ore. Another failure.

Black

Your hands still wet with the blood of goblins you help hoist caniths flag near the tree burgeoning with leaves of pink and green. Why the obsession? Was it worth this small scale genocide. Is this what they're owed for pushing back and sealing away the horrors of the Daelkyr onslaught. They saved Eberon, and in return we butcher them like pigs. I've seen her whispering into the Master Lichtgesangs ear. He abandoned his armor. Host only knows what words she speaks to justify this. Her voice metastasizing in the mind of Lichtgesang.

Black

You undo the straps of your armor and leave it at the root of the great tree. You lift your head and contemplate the wound on the tree. As you do, a bird swoops from the branches above and attempts to gouge your eyes out, conjoined to the tree by some sort of...umbilical cord? A shrike.

Black

You find yourself standing in an assembly forge, the smell of oil and metal overwhelm the senses and you find it difficult to breathe. You listen in as your master speaks to the Cannith researcher. **Aarens** satyr aide looks so familiar. Whose memories are these? Kaius removes the cloth on the table. Metal and wood cut into the shape of a six pointed star. Ancient runes burned into wood. The Anchor.

'I hope you find this anchor a great boon in your undertaking with the warforged **Aaren**'

"I do **Kaius** but my house must remain neutral in this war. For posterity I can't just hand over the warforged over to Karrnath".

"Of course feel free to rake in the profits of our technology as you wish. I'm sure all things will work out in your favor, **Aaren**. Cannith will flourish like all great empires. We only ask that you build us a creation forge. With modifications of course."

"I'll do as requested. But why Cyre? Wouldn't it be smarter to build something of this scale, this unstable in a more remote location?"

"We've already entered the agreement. You will build it at the location to our specification. The canister of spinal fluid in conjunction with the The Anchor I've given you will provide the blueprint and means to replicate the spine. The rest follow"

You and **Kaius** take your leave after returning to your tent you see a face unfamiliar to the mind you inhabit but not entirely unknown to you. Kaius speaks. "There were no complications? She came out healthy and strong?"

"Katra is healthy, beautiful. I will raise her to be the greatest among my children. I take it Aaren was complicit?" Furtive and venomous.

"I would not return if he wasn't. That wretched lich is moving against us.

"No matter, as long as we continue to focus the rumors on a phylactery in Metrol we can keep her eyes away from us. And away from Aerenal." Sweet and carcinogenic

She'll try to pull her soul from the phylactery and devastate the land"

She raises a long razor sharp nail and brings the conversation to a halt and stares at you. Piercing, scheming.

Wait.

Not at you. Through you.

She moves ever closer with this unnatural stuttering but still somehow inhumanly graceful. Her face contorted in this unnerving ear to ear grin. Her teeth rowed like that of a shark.

“And who is this observer? You trespass the shores of time, foul interloper. **Rachenfelt** be a good concubine and sever the connection please.” Cloying, dripping with cancer.

You watch in horror as the body of Kaius morphs and shifts, you hear bones breaking and flesh squelching as blood splatters across the walls and onto the face and teeth of that woman, still grinning. You watch as your master, **Kaius**, transforms into a sturdy towering tiger-like form. Six malignant eyes now glaring, beyond your own and directly at you. One of its 4 arms slips from the robe of red and white manifests an ethereal scythe of intimate familiarity. You bounce and roll onto the floor with a wet and meaty thunk and watch as your body slumps onto the floor, an adept, clean cut. The darkness on the edge of your vision slowly overtakes you as the woman uses her nail to...

Aaren D' Cannith

Kaius/Rachenfelt

Unnamed

