

# Other Powerful Entities

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# Djerr'din Oman

He/Him, Was/Were

A powerful demon who served as Baphomet's personal debt collector. Wielding powerful, infernal magic from the hells, he arrived with a legion of demons to try and wrest control of Kayde back - even though, by the letter of Baphomet's pact with the Arcanian, they should have been free the moment Siebel had temporarily taken their life.

At the hands of Ninty, who used the most powerful expression of Tirial's might available to them, Djerr'din was shown an ultimate and final act of mercy: being given a true death that his kind could normally never receive.

# Baphomet

He/Him

One of the more prominent Demon Lords known to mortals. He is known to make pacts with some mortals who he grants power and knowledge to in exchange for mortal souls. He often takes the form of a well dressed fox, but many depictions of him show him with up to 13 eyes and a dark, shadowy form.

Since acquiring their warlock powers, Kayde had been bound by a pact with Baphomet; unable to claim the originally negotiated price of Kayde's soul, Baphomet instead subjected them to lifelong servitude. The Arcanian has searched for a way to break their pact for a long while, before eventually managing to break their chains - physical and metaphorical - within the shining city of Helios. Baphomet no longer holds any sway over Kayde's life.

Excerpt from Kayde's Notes:

This trend of Baphomet intruding on me in this plane is becoming more and more unsettling. That bastard just won't leave me alone; he keeps finding ways to sneak in. I want to tell him to piss off, but ever since that awful nightmare... my forearm aches just thinking about it. I really must find some kind of lead to be rid of him, and fast.

# The Chorus

Mirroring the Mana mark and it's ability to tether The Collective to our physical plane, The Chorus seem to be a reminiscent case. disparate essences of souls and minds lost ; bound and tethered to Avenue since his beginnings.

In particularly resonant people and areas some others can sense their presence around the wolf, intnagibly and invisibly following and wandering alongside him in our plane.

The Chorus... have been ever-present. And the lack of any ways to communicate meant my opinions on them has been very ...varied over the years. Though even despite my own fears and misgivings they've never done anything but support me. Best I can do to thank them is to keep pressing forward for all of us, give them more time to keep existing.

Hell of a family to have.

-Avenue

"I think Avenue's fucking haunted." - Excerpt from Xena's journal.

# The Collective

An Ancient Unified collective of the Mana, currently residing in the Astral Plane. Its exact name is unknown; "The Collective" is simply a simple way to refer to this being. This unification was self inflicted, as they rejected their mortality and attempted to ascend to godhood. It is known that it has sent fragments of itself; individual Arcanians, back to the physical planes for many years (both intentionally and otherwise).

Excerpt from Kayde's Notes:

Logan's story of meeting with the collective doesn't line up with what Castor and Arcturus told me. The collective told Logan that they joined together and forewent their physical forms to survive a calamitous event, but Castor and Arcturus said it was spurred on by the progenitor's ambition... Did they simply lie to Logan to convince him into the task he accepted? I must ask those two about this next time we return to Ostia.

Excerpt from Mira's Journal:

Myson mentioned that the other "Mana" went and joined one another in, his words, the "worlds biggest mistake". I am still unsure of what he meant by that. In time, I am sure he will tell me!

"Originally I wanted to find a way to bring the Mana back, but I'm not sure anymore. I understand desperation in wanting to get your form back, but resorting to lying and manipulation? What does that say about who those who lead the Mana. All I can say is that they don't deserve their current state, and they don't deserve to be ended."-Jackson

Excerpt from Kayde's Notes:

In particular, I finally have a name for them: the Mana. Apparently they were Astaroth's true first creations, not the Arathans. Not made in Astaroth's image at all, but rather a whole new image created by Astaroth from whole cloth. I'm certain that fact would be more than a thorn in the side of whatever's left of Arathar's clergy - but that's beside the point. I learned more than just that. I finally know more about why they're up there, in the stars.

The story they told Logan was completely fabricated. There was no calamity. It was instead as Castor and Arcturus said. Some major figures in their society got big headed about their nature and roped the entirety of their kind into these ambitions. Their justification was something about resenting their own mortality and desiring more. I can only assume they tried to become equals to Astaroth in some way. But in doing so, they completely gave up their mortal lives and forms.

It was this that Icarus and Marcus and their group seemed to take such umbrage with. I cannot say I blame them. For the Mana to have the gift of life, of power, of agency and choose to throw it all away in search of something "greater". Such a careless, complete waste.

In this light, the irony of my own choices are not lost on me.

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Though I know my own tied origins to them, I've trouble settling on how to feel about it all.

The sacrifice of others for their goals is unforgivable in its scale, same as it would be for anybody. Even if my heart tears to think of all those pulled and dragged along in the ambitions of those on top. History repeats itself in troubling ways.

With how tangled together it'll all be up there, I can't invest any faith in ideas of redemption or resurrection, they need peace or they need to help us in the present day.

-Avenue, on the Collective and the Mana

# The Progenitor

It/Its

An outer being that claims to be the progenitor of all Fae. It takes on the form of an unsettling alien fae dragon with far too many teeth in its way-too-wide grin. It delights in suffering and anguish, and wishes to destroy all fae.

The Caeloraans seemed to be aware of this entity, and its entry into the material plane was shown as “blocked” by the Mana’s ascended state in Caeloraan murals.

It seems to make deals with those who manage to contact it, offering power or information in exchange for some influence on the material plane. Currently, two people are known to have potentially made deals with this entity: Sah’reii and Xena Slatesight.

“I never want to have Valter’s drugs again. That thing...it showed me what happened to my village. But...gods. I don’t know if it was worth it. I never want to see it again. And I...if it gets what it wants, I know Jackson would be devastated. It’s hard to let go of all that shit but I can’t fucking stand it. I don’t want to be a monster like it. I want to be a better fucking person than that. Shit’s hard though.” - An excerpt from Xena’s journal.

“It told me to cut out my eyes so I wouldn’t have to speak to it again. That otherwise, it would haunt me forever.

Gods, I can’t...I can’t do that. I can’t do that. How fucking selfish of me to value my own sight over keeping this thing from seeing more people to hurt, huh?” - Excerpt from Xena’s journal

“It wants to absorb the Fae. It wants to absorb Arin. It tortured Xena. It wants to break into the world and torment us even further. No. I won’t let that happen. I will protect the people I love. Even if that means giving up on forcing a penance upon Icarus. Even if it means working with him to keep him alive. Even if it means killing the Mana... None of that will matter if hell descends on us.

Aarindal is the imminent threat, but after he’s gone, I have a lot of talking to do.

Logan, Iris, Aisha, Roe, Thoril. I’m sorry”-Jackson

“I know you can see me writing this. And I want you to know one goddamn thing. I’m going to be free from you, no matter the cost now. And I am going to do all I damn well can to stop whatever

horrific suffering-in-revelry you want to cause. Fuck you.” - Excerpt from Xena’s second journal.

“I can write this in peace now. It can’t see this anymore. It can’t read my words, it can’t hear what I’m doing, it can’t bother me anymore. I’m free. I’m fucking *free*. And I owe Icarus for it. The villain that you know and all...” - Excerpt from Xena’s second journal.

As Jackson looks up into the stars that day by day fades away. He speaks “You’re still out there huh. I wonder what pain you’ll cause in the future. I only hope those I’ve warned spread the message to those who can do something about it. I’ve got my hands full with my job. I’m a bit hopeless when it comes to unnatural matters anyway. I’ll keep the elemental balance in Simuhay as best I can and try to make sure nobody else has to worry on that front.”

“Purple does look good on me. Not because of it, but by my own choice. That’s mine. It won’t deprive me of that. I am *free*.” -Excerpt from the final entry of Xena’s second journal.

# Rai'nthal

He/Him

An ancient silver dragon presiding over the elemental plane of ice. Taking the form of a tall and broad wolf, Rai'nthal once made relatively frequent visits to the material plane, falling in love with a woman in Loupe-Garrine named Lanaya; the two had a child together, Oliver. However, Rai'nthal's mere presence drastically affected the material plane's climate, and the prolonged visits to see his beloved were battering the area with severe blizzards. Due to this, he made the difficult decision to stay in the plane of ice, watching his child grow from afar.

In the present day, Oliver has grown into his draconic lineage, showing natural magical talent, an affinity for the cold, and dragon-like physical features. These developments led him to seek out his true parentage, culminating in an emotional, heartfelt reunion between father and son in the plane of ice. Rai'nthal gifted Oliver a special bracer and pure frozen hope in celebration - gifts that have proved invaluable to the Guild Council's journey.

Koebi's Journal: "It's not often you get to meet a dragon as old as Rai'nthal, and to think that he's Oliver's father. He's very kind, welcoming Fisk and I into his home along with Oliver during our quick trip to his plane. He even gave me a gift; a vial of frozen, distilled Hope. I 'hope' to learn a lot from it, and put it to some good use."

Excerpt from Kayde's Notes:

I still can't believe that Oliver's dad is a dragon that presides over the Elemental Plane of Ice... On some level, I regret not going with them back in the dragon conclave; but at the same time, I'm sure my curiosity would've drawn out the encounter much longer and caused us to get trapped in that awful summoning circle that the groll woman created.

# Sago



She/Her

An ancient amethyst dragon currently residing in the Far Realms. She originated long before even current dragons existed. She is largely impartial, but takes strong interest in ideals that align with personal growth, self-actualization, and things of that nature. She originated in the Material Plane, and for a time was the deity of the Second Warren, but left for her current residence once the Second Warren fell.

In person, Sago is quite casual and playful in nature. She is very talkative and enjoys having company, especially after so long spent alone and adrift. Being as old as she is, she has much knowledge on Simuhay's history that has never been recorded. It also appears that she enjoys to make her own predictions about the current trajectory of history, writing her own little pet 'prophecies' that she keeps around until she is near certain of their inevitability - any that she finds cannot come to pass any longer are discarded unceremoniously.

Excerpt from Kayde's Notes:

These gemstones floating around my tail and horns seem to have grown more numerous; the latter ones are even starting to grow into (from?) my horns themselves. Whatever is happening with t- [the ink has been smudged accidentally by Kayde's palm] -at I made contact with all those years ago is manifesting further. I know that Cress told me that it doesn't have malicious intents, but it's hard to believe. Perhaps I'm just biased from the way Baphomet treats me? I have to get to the bottom of this and find out what it really wants of me.