

In the annals of existence on this island, few names inspire as much admiration and revulsion as Elayon Varonihl. The sorcerer who built walls against the shadows, who saved thousands from plague and famine, yet whose name is still whispered with horror on cold nights. For Elayon was no ordinary man - he was a force of power and contradiction, a paradox of light and darkness.

Born the bastard of a nobleman and a witch, Elayon was rejected by his father and given to the learned monks, where he soon surpassed his masters. His intellect was an insatiable fire, and his ambition burned like a bonfire on a windy night. When his land was ravaged by war and disease, it was he who raised his hand and changed the fate of his people.

He healed the sick, but he also cursed them.

He made rain fall upon the fields, but he also watered them with blood.

He protected his land from invaders, but the walls of his city were supported by forbidden spells, echoing the cries of forgotten souls.

Elayon was generous to his people, providing them with food, safety, and knowledge, but his decadence was well known. His marble palace resounded with whispers of unholy orgies, dark pacts, and experiments that tore the veil between the human and the unnameable. His followers worshipped him as a savior, but feared him as a cruel god.

Yet fate did not reserve a grand death for him. No vengeful army defeated him, no conjured spirit dragged his soul into the abyss. He died alone, in his chamber, suffocated by his own vomit after a drunken binge. When they found him, his eyes were open, staring at the ceiling of his room, his lips curled in a final smile. His servants buried him in a tomb adorned with enchantments, an underground chamber sealed with arcane symbols.

The elders warn: if at night they hear laughter coming from beyond, they should stay away! For Elayon Varonihl may be dead, but his presence has never left this world.