



# DRAGONS OF BROHWAR

**DUNGEONS & DRAGONS**

From the DM that brought you the “Vagabonds of Warbonter”



# DRAGONS OF BROHWAR

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# PART 1

Great Dragons of Old





# CHAPTER I: ANCIENT GREAT FATHERS

## SORAD THE RED

Sorad, known as the greatest dragon to have ever existed, ruled over the red dragons with unmatched power. His strength was legendary, capable of melting mountains with a single blast of his fiery breath. As the undisputed king of his kind, he commanded both fear and respect from all who crossed his path.

Legends paint a vivid picture of his magnificence, describing his scales that shimmered like rubies in the sunlight. Sorad earned the fitting title “Sorad the Mountain Melter” for his ability to reshape the very land with his destructive might. He was also hailed as “Sorad the Emperor in Ruby”, symbolizing his dominion and absolute authority. Mortals would whisper his name with a mix of terror and awe, referring to him as “Sorad the Serpent of Domination”.

However, it was not until an unprecedented alliance of dragons and humanoid forces formed, pooling their strength and strategic prowess, that they were able to mount a successful campaign against Sorad, finally bringing him down. The clash with Sorad has forever shaped history, leaving a lasting mark on the world’s memory known as ‘the Dragon Wars’.

## AZUETHRON THE BLUE

Known as “The Great Storm”, “the Serpent of Indifference” and “the Sapphire Vanisher”; Azuethron was a dragon of immense power and influence. His scales radiated a brilliant blue hue reminiscent of sapphires, enhancing his majestic presence. Despite his extraordinary strength, Azuethron displayed an attitude of indifference towards the events unfolding in the world.

While he rarely interacted with the world outside his lair, no blue dragon dared to challenge his claim to kingship over their kind. Azuethron’s name was whispered with reverence, for his power and wisdom were unparalleled. He stood as the epitome of individualism and discipline among the chromatic dragon fathers, preferring to immerse himself in his own pursuits and safeguard his well-being through his cunning mind. The majority of his time was spent within his mountain lair, which he transformed into an ever-growing library.

However, in a climactic battle between chromatic and metallic dragons, Azuethron fell victim to a cunning ploy orchestrated by Clatros, which lured him away from his sanctuary. This fateful decision proved to be his downfall, as the great blue dragon met his demise during the Dragon Wars. The loss of Azuethron forever altered the balance of power and left a void in the blue dragon hierarchy.

## CLATROS THE GREEN

Clatros, the reigning king of the green dragons, is widely acclaimed as the most cunning dragon to have ever graced existence. His intellect surpassed that of his brethren, and he masterfully employed his craftiness to manipulate others and spin intricate webs of deception.

Clatros possessed a mastery of lies, deftly exploiting the weaknesses of his foes and even his own kin. Among the original fathers of the chromatic dragons, Clatros stands as the sole survivor, a testament to his cunning nature and unwavering self-preservation. He meticulously orchestrated elaborate schemes against each of his brothers, ensuring his ascension to power remained uncontested.

Known as “Clatros the Venomous Father”, his toxic influence seeped into every interaction. He was also referred to as “Clatros the Serpent of Lies”, a moniker that encapsulated the treacherous nature of his manipulations. As “Clatros the Tyrant in Emerald”, his reign was characterized by an iron-fisted hold over the green dragons, with his actions solely driven by self-interest and the protection of his own offspring.

Clatros’ legacy is one of deceit and intrigue, with his cunning mind leaving an indelible mark on the annals of dragon history. The world at large has been fortunate to not encounter him in recent centuries, with some scholars believing that he was ultimately defeated by the passing of time. However, his demise, if it ever occurred, remains shrouded in mystery, leaving many to ponder if his conniving spirit still lingers in the shadows, patiently awaiting an opportune moment to resurface.





## MORGUNTRAX THE BLACK

Morguntrax was an immensely powerful and intelligent dragon driven by an insatiable obsession with the destruction of civilization and its achievements. Throughout the ages, he took delight in witnessing great kingdoms crumble, ambitious mortals fade into the annals of history, and other dragons vanish into oblivion. His fascination extended to every tale of destruction or corruption that marred something once beautiful. Morguntrax's profound interest in the rise and fall of civilizations made him a meticulous student of history.

As a devout advocate of desolation, Morguntrax yearned to witness the downfall of the greatest beings of his time. This obsession led him to seize an opportune moment and launch an attack against Sorad the Red. Despite his formidable powers, Morguntrax met his demise at the hands of the mighty Sorad, who proved to be the superior adversary.

However, even in defeat, Morguntrax's legacy endures. His deep-rooted hatred for civilization and its accomplishments continues to resonate throughout the world for he possessed an insidious ability to corrupt and twist the land around him. As he passed through regions, flora withered, water sources turned stagnant, and the very earth became tainted with his malevolent essence. The scars left by his presence remained long after his demise, leaving cursed and desolate lands in his wake. He is remembered as "Morguntrax the Unmaker", embodying devastation and ruin, and "Morguntrax the Serpent of Desolation", symbolizing the destruction he sought to unleash. His ebony scales serve as a testament to his dark power, earning him the epithet "Morguntrax the Devastation in Ebony".

## GLASAURAX THE WHITE

Known as "The White Demise", "the Serpent of Ferocity" and "the Hunter in Ice"; Glasaurax was a dragon who reveled in the art of hunting and killing. At first glance, he appeared to be a creature driven solely by animalistic fury. However, beneath this primal facade, Glasaurax possessed exceptional intelligence and knowledge that surpassed even that of many human scholars.

He found profound joy in living his life as a predatory creature, roaming the icy domains with unmatched ferocity. On occasion, Glasaurax would emerge from his primal existence to exert his influence upon the surrounding kingdoms, instilling both fear and awe in those who encountered him. His fanatical Goliath worshippers revered him for his unrivaled prowess and immense power.

However, his centuries-long reign of terror ultimately met its end when he clashed with the queen of the silver dragons in a fierce battle during the climactic Dragon Wars. Although the Silver Queen managed to slay Glasaurax, she paid the ultimate price, succumbing to her wounds alongside the fallen white dragon. It is said that their frozen bodies still lie side by side, buried beneath glaciers, a testament to the cataclysmic clash that forever changed the icy landscape they once dominated.





## CHAPTER II: ANCIENT GREAT MOTHERS

### AURELIA THE GOLD

Aurelia, revered as the embodiment of wisdom and benevolence, stands as the shining exemplar among the metallic dragons. As the queen of gold dragons, her scales exude a resplendent golden hue, symbolizing her noble nature and regal presence. Her majestic appearance, coupled with her innate leadership, earned her the revered titles of “The Gilded Matriarch” and “The Shimmering Empress”.

She was also known as “The Illuminated Elder” due to her profound knowledge and deep insight into the mysteries of the world. Her voice carried the weight of ancient wisdom, and her counsel was sought by both mortals and dragons alike.

Aurelia held the esteemed role of the guardian of justice and protector of the weak, embodying the virtuous essence of gold dragons. Among her many connections, she shared a special bond with a clan of mountain dwarves, for she acted as their savior and teacher during a time of dire need.

Though during Dragon Wars her life came to an end in a fateful clash with Sorad the Red, Aurelia’s memory remains vivid. Her reign was characterized by compassion and the relentless pursuit of harmony, rendering her a beloved figure among both metallic dragons and mortals alike. Her legacy continues to inspire, serving as a beacon of light and wisdom within the realms.

### SELEYRA THE SILVER

The majestic queen of silver dragons was an enigmatic figure who embodied the titles of “the Ice Queen”, “the Everchanging Elder” and “the Serpent of Vigilance”. With a regal and cold demeanor that befitted her status, she exuded an air of authority and mystery. Though she appeared distant and aloof, she possessed a profound understanding of the intricate balance between order and chaos that governed the realms.

Throughout her reign, Seleyra believed it was her responsibility to assess every situation with a fitting perspective. She had developed unrivaled shapeshifting abilities, allowing her to adapt to different forms and experience the world from various perspectives. In her true draconic form, she prioritized decisive action over superficial appearances. Her keen perception enabled her to discern the underlying currents that shaped the world, and she acted accordingly to maintain harmony and equilibrium.

Despite her dismissive attitude towards humanoid advice seekers in her draconic form, Seleyra harbored a deep understanding of the humanoid races that populated the realms. She took delight in assuming various humanoid forms, allowing her to intimately experience their joys, sorrows, and intricate emotions. This unique perspective fostered a deep empathy towards mortals, forging a connection between the dragon and the humanoid races she encountered. Seleyra believed that by assuming a humanoid form, she could better guide mortals, understanding their needs and fears in a way that resonated with their own experiences.

Seleyra’s unwavering vigilance and dedication to protecting the realms from the encroachment of evil earned her the reverence of those who knew her true nature. Her ability to adapt, change, and understand the struggles of mortal races made her a figure of awe and respect among dragons and humanoids alike.





Among her many adversaries, Sorad held a special place of disdain within Seleyra's heart. Her hatred for him burned brighter than for any other creature, fueled by past conflicts and personal grievances. However, during the tumultuous era of the Dragon Wars, Seleyra, despite her deep-seated animosity against Sorad, willingly volunteered to confront the White Father. Her natural immunity to frost and mastery of icy powers made her a formidable opponent in the battle against the white dragons. In a climactic encounter, she managed to slay the White Father, dealing a significant blow to the forces of chromatic dragons. However, the fierce battle took its toll, and Seleyra succumbed to her wounds next to her fallen enemy, her life's essence mingling with that of her vanquished foe.

## VALGENA THE BRONZE

Known as “the Thundering Serenity”, “the Sentinel of Sky” and “the Queen in Bronze”; Valgena the Bronze was an ancient mother of Bronze dragons who exuded a majestic presence that seamlessly blended power and tranquility. Her copper scales radiated a lustrous bronze hue, symbolizing her regal position among the metallic dragons. Valgena was revered as a guardian of the skies, entrusted with the responsibility of maintaining order and balance in the realm.

With her serene nature, Valgena emanated a sense of safety and security to those around her. Despite her calm exterior, she possessed immense destructive power, earning her the nickname “the Thundering Serenity”. Lightning obeyed her command, and she wielded its energy to protect and preserve the realms she held dear.

Valgena's unwavering dedication to upholding the principles of law and order earned her respect among her fellow dragons. Despite her own immense power and authority, she carried herself with grace and humility, always showing subordination to Aurelia, the gold dragon queen. Valgena recognized Aurelia's wisdom and leadership, aligning herself with the principles of unity and cooperation. She embraced her role as a guardian, watching over the realms and ensuring that the skies remained a sanctuary for all beings beneath them. Her presence brought a sense of security and stability to those under her watchful eye.

When the Dragon Wars erupted, Valgena entered the conflict without hesitation, driven by her unwavering commitment to protect the realms from the forces of chaos. Joining forces with Arignia, the charismatic queen of brass dragons, they launched a courageous attack on Sorad the Red, the embodiment of destructive power. Their combined strength posed a significant threat to Sorad, but unfortunately, their valiant efforts were ultimately thwarted.

Despite her best endeavors, Valgena fell in battle, succumbing to the overwhelming force of Azuethreon's intervention.





## NYMARA THE COPPER

Nymara, the enigmatic and whimsical queen of copper dragons, was a figure of playfulness and unpredictability. Her shimmering scales displayed vibrant shades of green and turquoise, reflecting her mischievous nature. Renowned as “Nymara the Trickster”, she was a master of illusions and riddles, delighting in challenging the minds of mortals and dragons alike. Nymara was fiercely independent and free-spirited, often venturing out into the world to explore its wonders and bring joy to those she encountered.

Among the copper dragons, who did not strictly adhere to hierarchical structures, Nymara’s strength and age made her appear as a “queen” figure to outsiders. Her long and unconventional life added to the mystique surrounding her.

Despite the tumultuous era of the Dragon Wars, Nymara chose not to involve herself directly in the conflict. This decision allowed her to maintain a unique perspective, witnessing the world’s events unfold from a distance. Her avoidance of the war contributed to her longevity, and she remained the only one among the metallic mothers to pass away from natural causes.

Nymara’s reign as the Copper Queen was characterized by her commitment to spreading joy and levity, using her cunning and wit to outsmart those who sought to bring harm. Her individualistic behavior and unpredictable nature made her a beloved and intriguing figure among both dragons and mortals.

With Nymara’s passing, the world lost a source of unexpected surprises and a touch of enchantment. Her long and unconventional life left a lasting impression, reminding all who encountered her of the beauty of embracing the unexpected.

## ARIGNIA THE BRASS

Arignia, the charismatic queen of brass dragons, was known as “the Monarch of Embers”, “the Great Furnace” and “the Bane of Evil”. Her majestic presence commanded the power of fire, and she was intimately connected with the intense heat and flames that defined her elemental domain. Arignia’s scales glistened with radiant hues of reddish-brown, mirroring her fiery spirit and unwavering determination.

Renowned for her authority and dominance over the element of fire, Arignia wielded its destructive force with precision and purpose. She was a formidable protector against the encroachment of darkness, emphasizing the importance of defending against evil in all its forms. Arignia’s fiery nature was tempered by a deep sense of justice, and she stood as a powerful force of righteousness in the face of adversity.

Beyond her fiery prowess, Arignia possessed a captivating eloquence and silver-tongued persuasiveness. She had a natural gift for storytelling, weaving intricate tales of adventure and heroism that

captivated the hearts and minds of both mortals and dragons. Through her tales, Arignia sought to inspire and uplift others, instilling a sense of courage and hope in those who listened. Her charismatic leadership was capable of rallying dragons and mortals alike, urging them to overcome challenges and achieve greatness.

Tragically, Arignia’s central role in the Dragon Wars led her to a fateful encounter with Sorad the Red, the mighty adversary of the metallic mothers. In a fierce battle, Arignia valiantly fought against Sorad, but ultimately fell under his devastating might. Her loss was deeply felt by both dragons and mortals, as they mourned the demise of this remarkable and noble queen.



# PART 2

The Ones Still Alive





# PRAETOR AURELION, THE WISE AND MAGNIFICENT

Among the illustrious figures of draconic history, none shine brighter than Praetor Aurelion, the revered leader of the metallic dragons. Known by many titles, from “The Wise” to “The Magnificent,” Aurelion embodies the ideals of wisdom, sacrifice, and leadership. Yet, his role as Praetor—first among equals—is one of service, not dominion.

## AURELION’S LEGACY AND THE DRAGON WARS

Aurelion’s prominence is rooted in the aftermath of the Dragon Wars, a cataclysmic conflict that nearly annihilated both the metallic and chromatic dragons. As one of the few survivors of that era, Aurelion played a pivotal role in uniting the fragmented metallic dragons into a coalition devoted to the preservation of balance and justice in the material realm.

Despite his unmatched power, Aurelion’s influence has always been grounded in his wisdom and ability to inspire unity among his kind. His counsel is sought not only by dragons but also by mortals who strive for peace and enlightenment.

## THE DWARVES OF AURELIA

Deep within the mountainous region of Brohvar lies the dwarven city of Aurelia, founded and named in honor of Aurelion’s mother, a dragon of great renown. The city’s inhabitants, descendants of the dwarves who once forged a bond with Aurelion’s lineage, continue to revere the Praetor as a demigod of wisdom.

However, despite their reverence, no dwarf alive today knows the secret to entering Aurelion’s lair. Legends speak of a golden sanctuary, hidden beneath the earth, where treasure and knowledge beyond imagination are guarded by the Praetor himself. This lair remains sealed, accessible only through arcane means, as Aurelion’s duties to the gods bind him to his eternal vigil.

## THE CELESTIAL ANOMALY AND THE CONTAINMENT DEVICE

Central to Aurelion’s existence is his guardianship of the Celestial Anomaly, a volatile force that threatens to unravel the fabric of reality. The containment device, forged in a rare collaboration between the goddess Solstis and the god Dragan, requires the constant supervision of a being of immense intelligence and power.

For nearly a millennium, Aurelion has dedicated himself to this sacred task, his mastery of magic and his keen intellect ensuring the device’s delicate balance. Yet, even the Praetor acknowledges that his time on this earth is finite. To that end, Aurelion spends the rare moments when the device requires no maintenance teaching his young daughter the intricacies of its operation.

## PREPARING A SUCCESSOR

Though his isolation may seem burdensome, Aurelion has embraced his duty with profound acceptance. His daughter, the only other being permitted within his lair, learns not only the technical nuances of the containment device but also the values and responsibilities her lineage demands. In preparing her, Aurelion ensures that the anomaly will remain contained, even after he has passed into history.

This act of foresight reflects the Praetor’s unparalleled wisdom and his understanding of mortality. As he once stated to an emissary of the gods: “Even the mightiest of us are but moments in the endless current of time. Yet, in these moments, we may cast ripples that endure beyond our end.” In the words of an ancient draconic adage: “The greatest treasures are not gold or gems, but wisdom, sacrifice, and the legacy we leave behind.” The Praetor embodies this saying perfectly. Aurelion is not merely a dragon; he is an idea—a beacon to all who seek wisdom in an age shadowed by ignorance and strife.





## ITHALYSS, THE BEATEN

To call Ithalyss a fallen king would be to underestimate the depth of his decline. Once an apex predator and lord of an unyielding glacier atop a towering mountain, he now limps across the frozen wastes, broken in both body and spirit. Among dragons, whose pride often eclipses even their power, his story is one of unparalleled tragedy. And though his mind is fractured and his movements slowed, Ithalyss remains a creature of immense danger—a wounded beast with nothing left to lose.

### A LAIR ABOVE THE WORLD

In his prime, Ithalyss ruled from a glacier so cold and remote that even storms dared not disturb its pristine expanse. This high mountain refuge was a natural fortress, carved by time and untouched by life, save for the ancient white dragon who claimed it as his domain. The mountain's barren summit overlooked fertile hunting grounds below—rolling plains teeming with elk, mammoths, and all manner of prey that Ithalyss could swoop down upon with terrifying speed.

Yet even such an ideal lair was no match for the wrath of Auranthra the Storm Dragon. She came like a force of nature, her lightning illuminating the icy peaks as she carved through Ithalyss's defenses. The battle was brutal but short, with Ithalyss's strength and ferocity proving meaningless before Auranthra's overwhelming power. She shattered his body with a crushing finality, leaving his wings tattered and his limbs maimed. Worse still, she broke his mind, forcing him to confront a devastating truth: that he, who had reigned for centuries as the epitome of strength, was nothing but another obstacle in her rampage across the north.

Auranthra claimed his mountain and its glacier, adding them to her ever-expanding dominion. For her, it was a minor conquest, but for Ithalyss, it was the end of everything.

### THE WOUNDED PREDATOR

Now, Ithalyss roams the tundra like a ghost of his former self. His once-proud form, covered in scars and riddled with injuries that never fully healed, moves with a painful limp. His maimed forelimbs make every step a struggle, and his tattered wings can no longer carry him aloft for more than a short glide. Yet even in his diminished state, his breath is a freezing tempest capable of snuffing out entire villages, and his claws can still tear through steel.

Desperation sometimes drives him south, into warmer lands where game is more plentiful, but these incursions are rare and fraught with risk. He avoids the territories of other dragons like the plague, his paranoia and fear of another humiliating defeat keeping him in isolation. However, those unlucky enough to encounter Ithalyss in the wild often find themselves victims of his unpredictable fury. His bitterness and anger explode

without warning, leaving nothing but frozen devastation in their wake.

### THE AGONY OF THE FALLEN

I cannot help but wonder at the torment Ithalyss must endure. To a dragon, there is no greater agony than the loss of pride, and Ithalyss's pride was once immense, matched only by his strength. Now, he is consumed by paranoia, bitterness, and fear—a once-majestic being reduced to scavenging and lashing out in desperate rage.

"Imagine," I wrote in my notes, "the proudest being you can conceive of—a creature who ruled from the heavens, unchallenged and invincible. Now strip away everything that defined him. Leave him broken, wandering, and hated. To a dragon, such a fate is worse than death. And yet he lives, his existence a cruel mockery of what he once was."

### A WARNING TO ALL

Despite his pitiful state, Ithalyss is no less deadly. He is a wounded predator, unpredictable and savage, his icy breath as lethal as ever. Hunters who dare pursue him often meet a frozen end, and even the hardest adventurers think twice before crossing his path.

"Do not mistake weakness for safety. The most dangerous animal is one with nothing left to lose, and Ithalyss has lost everything. Approach him not with pity, but with the same fear you would afford to a blizzard or an avalanche—for in his bitterness and rage, Ithalyss is both."

His tale is one of humiliation and fury, a grim reminder of the fragility of power and the devastation wrought by its loss. Yet it is also a testament to his unyielding spirit—broken though he may be, he endures. And in his icy breath and unrelenting rage, a flicker of his former might still burns, a warning to all who dare to underestimate him.

## KAELRION AND THALRYX

### KAELRION, THE ECHO OF THUNDER

In the southern reaches of the storm-wracked mountains lies a peak shrouded in riddles as much as in storms. The paths that spiral up its slopes seem to shift with every journey, and travelers whisper of traps that lead not to death but to disorientation, sending trespassers wandering for days. Lightning plays not with wild abandon but with eerie precision, striking only where it intends. Atop this enigmatic height resides Kaelrion, the Echo of Thunder.

Kaelrion is unlike any other dragon. His sapphire-blue form is sleek and refined, his scales lacking the jagged wear of endless battles. Where others display their scars as badges of honor, Kaelrion sees such marks as evidence of a failure in foresight. Strength and ferocity do not define him; wit and cunning do. He is leaner than his brother Thalryx but no less formidable. His piercing



amber eyes gleam with a sharpness that betrays a mind always calculating, always watching.

Among dragonkind, Kaelrion is an anomaly. Pride is the backbone of most dragons, the fire that fuels their greed and wrath. But Kaelrion lacks this predictable arrogance. To him, pride is a weakness, a tether that drags others into foolish choices. It is this absence that makes him so dangerous. He does not roar when insulted, nor does he strike out blindly when challenged. Instead, he listens, he learns, and he waits. And when he does act, it is with a precision that leaves little room for recovery.

His voice carries not just power but charm. Kaelrion is a conversationalist, a dragon whose words can feel like an invitation or a trap depending on the context. A traveler once described him as “a storm in a whisper, as likely to soothe as to strike.” Even among storm giants, beings of immense strength and ego, Kaelrion stands apart—not as a rival but as a peer who often bests them in wagers or strategic games.

For Kaelrion, the mind is the greatest battlefield. He has mastered the art of illusions so thoroughly that his victims often cannot trust their own senses. Armies have been led astray by phantom reinforcements or retreated from battles that never existed. Those who survive his manipulation rarely know if they faced him directly or merely the echoes of his will.

Kaelrion's lair, though rarely seen by outsiders, is said to reflect his unique nature. Unlike the imposing hoards of other dragons, his treasure is an eclectic collection of winnings: artifacts from defeated adventurers, intricate trinkets gained through wagers, and magical tomes of arcane knowledge. It is not the gold itself he cherishes but the stories behind it, the evidence of victories won without brute strength.

His rivalry with his elder brother, Thalryx, is both legendary and deeply personal. Where Thalryx embodies discipline and power, Kaelrion represents adaptability and intellect. The two share no love for each other, their rare meetings brimming with tension and mutual disdain. “The storm has two voices,” a villager once said, “one that roars and one that whispers. Woe to those caught between them.”

And yet, despite his disdain for pride, Kaelrion holds one truth close: all storms echo, but none so clearly as his. Whether in the silence of his traps or the booming thunder of his intellect, he remains a dragon to be feared—not for his strength, but for his ability to unravel yours before you even know you've faced him.

## THALRYX, THE STORMFANG

The jagged peaks were a desolation of stone and storm, forever cloaked in blackened clouds. Thunder rolled ceaselessly across the range, echoing like a drumbeat of war. Lightning danced wildly, drawn to the natural spires jutting from the mountainside, each bolt a reminder of the force that ruled these heights. Travelers spoke of how the air grew heavier, charged and

suffocating, the closer one came to the domain of the Stormfang. Those who dared the ascent whispered of a narrow, windswept ledge carved high into the cliffs, but what lay beyond was known only to the doomed.

And then, there was Thalryx. The dragon was the storm incarnate, not just in the tempests that answered his call, but in his very presence. Even among his kind, his immense physicality set him apart. His sapphire-blue scales shimmered with a metallic sheen, streaked with lines of silver like cracks of lightning frozen in time. Beneath them, his muscles rippled with a raw power that few could hope to match. His jagged claws and horns bore the marks of countless battles, each a testament to his preference for crushing his foes with strength and ferocity. He seemed carved from the tempest itself, a creature of raw force and indomitable will.

Thalryx was no whelp, having ruled his domain for hundreds of years. But he was not yet ancient, a fact he knew better than most. His mind, as sharp and calculating as his claws, kept him acutely aware of the existence of stronger beings. For now, he bided his time, honing his strength and extending his reach. “Patience tempers power,” he was known to say, though some dared to twist the phrase: “The Stormfang waits not out of caution, but ambition.”

Those who had glimpsed him and lived to tell the tale often spoke in awe, though rarely without fear. A traveling bard once claimed, “When Thalryx spreads his wings, the storm bows to him.” A soldier, trembling after an ill-fated expedition, muttered, “He doesn't just fight you; he measures you. And when he's done, you're already dead.” Such accounts only added to his legend.

Though he could summon storms with ease, Thalryx found his greatest satisfaction in the visceral clash of battle. He relished close combat, where his monstrous strength could turn the tide in moments. His lightning breath, while devastating, was a tool wielded with precision rather than abandon. In the confined spaces of mountain passes, his methodical brutality became a nightmare for his foes. He approaches each battle with disciplined calm of a seasoned commander. And he approaches each situation like a battle...

The Stormfang's dominance extended far beyond his peaks. The nearby settlements offered tribute not merely out of fear, but a grim acknowledgment of his rule. Gold and jewels found their way to his hoard, but more than wealth, he demanded submission. Chaos and disobedience were affronts he would not tolerate. Those who defied him found themselves staring into the storm's eye, a silence before annihilation.

And yet, for all his ruthlessness, Thalryx harbored a cold respect for those who demonstrated strength or discipline. He might destroy a challenger, but he would not dismiss them. As a grizzled warrior once put it, “The Stormfang does not seek cowards or fools. But if you stand before him and do not flinch, he'll remember your name—even if no one else does.”



Thalryx waits, his storms swirling endlessly above, watching, calculating. The time will come when he tests his strength against those he deems worthy.

## RIVAL BROTHERS

The saga of Thalryx the Stormfang and Kaelrion the Echo of Thunder is one of bitter rivalry, a testament to the complexity of dragonkind. Born of the same brood yet divided by philosophy and temperament, the two blue dragons are bound by blood but estranged in every other sense. Their lives, played out atop storm-wracked peaks separated by miles of jagged terrain, intersect only when absolutely necessary—and even then, the air between them crackles with animosity, as charged as the tempests they command.

Where Thalryx embodies raw power, discipline, and martial might, Kaelrion thrives in the realm of intellect, cunning, and manipulation. Each views the other as an aberration, a failure to live up to the ideals of dragonhood. Their rare encounters are battles of ideology as much as they are contests of strength and strategy.

To Thalryx, Kaelrion is a stain upon their lineage. The elder brother sees his sibling's preference for illusion and games as a betrayal of dragonkind's essence—a rejection of the physical strength and dominance that Thalryx holds sacred. For Thalryx, life is a battlefield, and glory is earned through direct action and unyielding discipline.

Kaelrion's alliances with storm giants and his obsession with gambling are particularly galling to Thalryx. These, he believes, are the marks of a dragon too weak to stand alone, a creature willing to sully itself with the help of lesser beings rather than face challenges with honor.

"You cower in the shadows of your own schemes,"

Thalryx growls when their paths cross, "a pretender who twists words and conjures illusions because he lacks the strength to fight as dragons should."

Kaelrion, meanwhile, sees his brother as a brutish relic, a creature trapped in a bygone era where might alone dictated survival. To him, Thalryx's obsession with physical power and rigid discipline is a limitation, a failure to grasp the true scope of a dragon's potential. Kaelrion takes pride in his intellect and adaptability, using his cunning to manipulate events from behind the scenes.

For Kaelrion, Thalryx's militaristic worldview is not just laughable—it's a glaring vulnerability. He sees his brother's territorial aggression and disdain for subtlety as predictable and ultimately self-destructive.

"Keep roaring, brother," Kaelrion often quips, his voice dripping with mockery. "While you're busy clawing at stone, I'll be bending the storm itself to my will. The age of muscle is over—it is the age of the mind."

Their disdain for one another is rivaled only by their mutual awareness of the danger they each pose. Thalryx, larger and more powerful, would crush Kaelrion in physical combat. Kaelrion, however, is never without contingencies, and his penchant for deception has left more than one rival broken and confused. Their rivalry is not just a clash of personalities but a conflict of eras, a storm brewing in the skies above their mountainous domains.

For those who dare to tread near their lairs, the question of whose storm is fiercer—Thalryx's brawn or Kaelrion's brilliance—remains an unanswered and perilous riddle.





## NYRRATHAR, THE SHADOW IN EMBERS

Nyrrathar's existence is a mystery shrouded in secondhand accounts and fragmented anecdotes, pieced together like the jagged edges of a shattered mirror. Travelers whisper of a young black dragon lurking deep within a volcanic mountain range—a creature unlike others of its kind, adapting to a domain that defies its natural instincts. But how Nyrrathar came to claim such an unlikely lair, or why he remains there, is a question that eludes even the most astute scholars of dragonkind.

The dragon's supposed lair, as described by those who claim to have escaped it, is a labyrinth of abandoned fire giant mines. These tunnels are said to be unnaturally warm and dry, their walls blackened by ancient flames and etched with strange, flickering runes of unknown origin. Pools of acrid liquid, rumored to be the dragon's own vile creation, bubble in the depths, and twisted creatures stalk the shadows, their forms warped by the volcanic heat or some more sinister influence. Yet no one can confirm the true nature of this place—whether it is a sanctuary, a trap, or something far more mysterious.

### ORIGINS: A TALE OF ASHES AND SURVIVAL

The origins of Nyrrathar are the subject of much speculation. It is said that his egg was stolen from a distant swamp by dragon hunters seeking fortune. The hunters' journey, however, ended in fiery disaster when a volcanic eruption consumed them, leaving the egg abandoned in the depths of the fire giant mines. How the egg survived—let alone hatched—is a matter of wild conjecture. Some believe it was sheer luck, while others suspect the remnants of the giants' magic played a role.

Nyrrathar's survival in such a hostile environment is nothing short of remarkable. Black dragons are creatures of swamp and mire, thriving in damp, fetid places, yet this young wyrm has carved out a life in the arid tunnels of the mountains. Why he has not sought a more suitable lair is another unanswered question. Some say he is bound to the mines by the pull of an ancient, lingering power, perhaps tied to the giants who once ruled there and whose sudden disappearance remains a mystery in its own right.

### A DRAGON OF CONTRADICTIONS

Those who claim to have encountered Nyrrathar describe him as a paradox—a black dragon whose cunning and curiosity rival those of older, more experienced kin, but who is also deeply paranoid and defensive. His youth betrays him in his actions: he is cruel, manipulative, and prone to tormenting intruders, yet he is said to avoid open conflict when possible, fearing his lair might be stolen by a stronger dragon.

Nyrrathar's fascination with the mines' secrets consumes him. Some suggest that he believes the runes

and ancient tools scattered throughout the tunnels hold the key to unimaginable power. Whether this obsession is born of youthful arrogance or a genuine connection to something greater remains unclear. What is certain is that his lair is a place of terrible danger, where the natural hazards of the volcanic depths are made far worse by the presence of the young dragon's acidic bile and mutated creatures.

### THE SHADOW IN THE DEPTHS

Nyrrathar's existence is a puzzle that leaves more questions than answers. His paranoia ensures that few survive to tell of their encounters, and those who do are often unreliable at best, their stories tainted by fear and exaggeration. Still, the whispers persist—a black dragon, young yet dangerously clever, hiding in the embered shadow of the mountains.

What drives Nyrrathar? Survival? Power? Or something more sinister, tied to the forgotten legacy of the fire giants? Until a brave—or perhaps foolish—soul uncovers the truth, Nyrrathar will remain a shadow in embers, a half-remembered tale told by the firelight.

## SELVARITH — THE JADE DECEIVER

Selvarith is a name that whispers through history, her presence concealed by layers of misdirection and half-truths. To the untrained mind, she may appear as a phantom, an invention of paranoia. Yet for those who dedicate lifetimes to the study of dragonkind—as I have—the subtle evidence of her machinations becomes undeniable. The burden of my extended lifespan is not without its merits; after 150 years of studying history, I have seen patterns that would elude a creature bound to a shorter existence. Selvarith's influence is woven into the fabric of centuries, a legacy of manipulation and mastery.

### THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT FOREST

Selvarith's lair, much like the dragon herself, remains shrouded in mystery. Speculation points to the Great Forest, a sprawling and ancient wilderness that has been home to countless green dragons over the ages. Yet Selvarith's domain is said to surpass all others, stretching across an unparalleled portion of the forest. Whispers suggest her influence extends even beyond the material plane, deep into the Feywild, a dimension of chaos and enchantment.

While all accounts about her domains are far from definitive, they all align with Selvarith's reputed mastery of deception and control.



## A DRAGON OF MANY FACES

Even the most basic details of Selvarith's appearance are elusive, scattered across inconsistent and often contradictory reports. Some portray her as ancient and frail, her jade scales dulled by time, a dragon whose power is fading. Others describe her as an awe-inspiring paragon of vitality, her form towering and her scales radiant. Few things remain consistent between these tales save one: her unmistakable jade coloration and the immense, terrifying presence she commands in the rare moments she reveals her true form.

It is my belief that these inconsistencies are no accident. Selvarith's mastery of magic and illusion enables her to present herself as whatever suits her purpose—whether as an imposing ancient wyrm or a benign creature unworthy of suspicion. Indeed, most times she is seen or heard, I suspect it is in forms unrecognizable to even her most ardent pursuers. The real Selvarith is not one you see; she is the unseen force that shifts the world around you.

## A LOYAL DAUGHTER OF CLATROS

Among green dragons, Selvarith holds a place of unparalleled prominence, not only as one of the eldest of her kind but also as the most trusted child of Clatros, the green patriarch. Her schemes and machinations are thought to carry his will, her every action a reflection of her father's grand vision. This connection has elevated Selvarith's influence to unprecedented levels, allowing her to shape events far beyond what any single dragon might achieve alone.

While I cannot claim to know the details of her relationship with Clatros, it is clear from the historical record that Selvarith has acted as his agent in countless events. Kingdoms have fallen, alliances have fractured, and champions have been turned into pawns—all in service of her father's inscrutable goals. Her ability to execute such plans without leaving clear evidence is a testament to her cunning.

## A LEGACY WRITTEN IN SHADOWS

Legends of Selvarith are rare, not because she lacks significance, but because she ensures her involvement remains obscured. Wars fought for seemingly trivial reasons, alliances forged and dissolved under inexplicable circumstances, rulers rising and falling at just the right moment—all these events bear the faint traces of her manipulation. I have seen these patterns emerge time and again, too consistent to dismiss as coincidence.

To study Selvarith is to peer into the abyss of time itself, where cause and effect blur and certainty becomes a luxury. Her lair may be hidden within the Great Forest or perhaps even beyond it in the Feywild, but her true domain is history itself. She is not a conqueror of armies but a sculptor of fate, a being whose game is eternal and whose victories are etched into the world unnoticed.

Beware the Jade Deceiver, for to dismiss her is to misunderstand the very nature of power.

## TAZRIKAN – THE BITTER FLOOD

Dragons are creatures deeply tied to the lands they inhabit, their forms and powers shaped by their chosen environments. It is this synergy between dragon and habitat that makes Tazrikan, the Bitter Flood, a fascinating anomaly. A black dragon, displaced from the fetid swamps that should be his domain, now thrives in the glacial mountains—an environment wholly unsuited to his kind.

## A SWAMP LORD AMONG ICE AND STONE

Tazrikan's lair is a treacherous network of flooded caverns carved into the side of a glacier-touched mountain. The runoff from the ice above pools into frigid basins, their waters corrupted by the dragon's acidic bile into deadly traps. Moss-covered stones slick with moisture and twisting, narrow paths make the terrain a nightmare for any who dare venture within. The air hangs thick with dampness, reeking of decay, and the sound of dripping water echoes ceaselessly, masking Tazrikan's movements.

It is a stark contrast to the murky, warm swamps where black dragons typically thrive. Yet Tazrikan has adapted with unsettling ease. His acidic breath, a weapon meant to corrode vegetation and flesh alike, finds new purpose in the icy caverns, creating hazards that are as unexpected as they are lethal. The cold and isolation have not weakened him; if anything, they have honed his cunning.

What could drive such a creature to abandon its natural home? The answer lies in Tazrikan's bitter history. Once the undisputed ruler of a vast swamp, he was forced into exile by a rival dragon—one can only imagine the humiliation of being ousted from one's birthright. Fleeing to the mountains, he stumbled upon a magical spring hidden deep within the caverns. This spring, suffused with otherworldly energies, has not only sustained him but enhanced his already formidable acidic breath, transforming him into a greater threat than he ever was in the swamps.

## A FORTRESS OF DEATH

What makes Tazrikan's lair truly remarkable is the way he has weaponized it. Every feature of the cavern network is a potential death trap, from the icy pools laced with acid to the slippery stone pathways that send intruders tumbling into unseen hazards. He does not merely live in the caverns; he has shaped them into a fortress of death, each element designed to whittle down the strength and resolve of those foolish enough to enter.



It is said that the magical spring at the heart of his lair is the key to his newfound power. The water that flows from it is tainted with a faint green glow, and any creature foolish enough to drink it meets an agonizing end. Tazrikan guards the spring fiercely, for it is both his sanctuary and his greatest weapon. “Here,” I once wrote, “is a dragon who has turned adversity into advantage, crafting a lair that reflects his cunning and spite in equal measure.”

### **A MIND AS SHARP AS HIS ACID**

Tazrikan’s personality mirrors his lair: cold, bitter, and cruel. His exile has left him with a deep-seated need for vengeance, and his pride is twisted into a weapon he wields against those who dare challenge him. He is a master tactician, using the terrain and natural hazards of his lair to wear down his foes before striking.

But more than his tactics, it is his malice that stands out. Tazrikan relishes the suffering of his enemies, often toying with them as a cat might with a mouse. He allows intruders to believe they have escaped, only to strike from the shadows when their guard is down. “To encounter Tazrikan,” I noted, “is to face not merely a dragon, but a mind that delights in the slow unraveling of hope. He is not content to kill; he must destroy.”

### **A WARNING TO ALL**

Despite his exile and the bitterness that festers within him, Tazrikan is far from diminished. If anything, the adversity he has faced has made him more dangerous. His lair is a testament to his resilience and cunning, and his newfound power makes him a threat to all who value life and order.

“To underestimate Tazrikan,” I concluded, “is to invite ruin. He may no longer be the lord of the swamps, but he has carved out a new dominion in the ice and stone. And though he bides his time in the shadows of the mountains, his hunger for vengeance burns as fiercely as ever. Beware the Bitter Flood, for he is as relentless as the waters he commands, and just as unforgiving.”

## **YTHRALIS – THE THORNED SOVEREIGN**

Ythralis, the Thorned Sovereign, is the very embodiment of tyranny wrapped in scales of green. Unlike many of his kind, whose cunning and manipulative tendencies steer them toward subtle machinations, Ythralis thrives on direct confrontation and brute strength. He does not merely command his territory—he rules it, and woe to any who fail to recognize his sovereignty.

### **A KINGDOM OF THORNS**

Nestled in the southern slopes of the Soradin Federation, Ythralis’s domain is a patch of forested highlands that stands starkly apart from the sprawling

Great Forest further to the south. His lair is a hill bristling with enormous brambles and thorny vines, each one imbued with a touch of his magic. These living defenses can shift and grow at his command, ensnaring intruders and holding them fast until the dragon himself arrives to pass judgment.

Beneath this hill lies his true domain: a cavernous warren of tunnels and chambers carved into the earth. Here, amidst the damp stone and creeping roots, Ythralis guards his hoard—a modest but growing collection of wealth that he prizes not for its value but for the power it symbolizes.

Ythralis is not content with his current kingdom. His ambitions stretch far beyond the hills and into the heart of the Great Forest. He dreams of the day he will subjugate its creatures, carve out his dominion, and rival the older green dragons who claim it as their own. “Ythralis,” I once wrote, “is a dragon whose hunger for power is matched only by the depth of his patience. He waits not idly but with calculated precision, honing his strength and influence in preparation for the day he will strike.”

### **THE TYRANT OF THE HILLS**

In his current domain, Ythralis rules with an iron claw. The creatures of his forest—wolves, bears, even the occasional humanoid wanderer—are not mere subjects but slaves, bound to his will through fear and manipulation. He does not suffer disobedience lightly; those who defy him are swiftly made examples of, their broken bodies left as warnings to others.

Unlike many green dragons who prefer subtlety, Ythralis revels in confrontation. He uses his enchanted vines to trap his foes and his venomous breath to finish them off, his every action radiating a terrifying blend of power and intelligence. Yet he is no mindless brute. When it serves his purposes, he is willing to parley, striking deals with those who show proper respect and deference.

“It is rare,” I noted, “to encounter a green dragon so willing to mix guile with brute force. Ythralis’s willingness to negotiate does not stem from any sense of fairness, but from a cold calculation: a temporary alliance can often pave the way for a later betrayal, and he will not hesitate to exploit any weakness he perceives.”

### **THE AMBITIOUS SOVEREIGN**

What sets Ythralis apart from many of his kind is his ambition. While most green dragons are content to rule their patches of forest and meddle in the affairs of mortals from afar, Ythralis dreams of conquest. He sees his current domain not as an end but as a beginning—a proving ground where he can hone his skills and amass the resources he will need to challenge the greater powers of the Great Forest.

Yet for all his ambition, Ythralis is not reckless. He knows the dangers of overreaching and bides his time,



consolidating his strength and expanding his influence with a patience that belies his age. “He is a predator in every sense of the word,” I wrote, “but one who understands that the greatest hunts require preparation. His dreams of empire may yet be realized, though one wonders whether the cost of such ambition might ultimately prove his undoing.”

### A CAUTIONARY NOTE

Though Ythralis is still a relatively young adult by draconic standards, he is no less dangerous for it. His cunning mind, combined with his willingness to wield both force and subterfuge, makes him a threat to all who cross his path. Hunters and adventurers would do well to avoid his territory altogether, for even the most seasoned warriors may find themselves ensnared in his thorns and at the mercy of his venomous wrath.

“Beware the Thorned Sovereign,” I wrote in closing. “To trespass upon his domain is to court death. Ythralis is no ordinary tyrant; he is a dragon whose ambition burns as brightly as his venom corrodes. And though he may wait patiently in his brambled lair, his dreams of conquest grow sharper with each passing day.”

## ZEDRALITIS, THE SCARRED

In the verdant embrace of the Feywild, amidst its eternal twilight and shimmering glades, was born Zedralitis, a green dragon of keen intellect and unparalleled grace. She was the daughter of the powerful Elidrynnax, one of the most trusted enforcers of Clatros, the great patriarch of green dragons. As her mother’s influence shaped her upbringing with the common values of green dragons, Zedralitis was steeped in the doctrines of control, manipulation, and the artful dance of dominance.

Her early years were meant to be unremarkable, but an unexpected captivity changed everything. It was not the work of mortal hunters or rival dragons, but a coven of cunning dryads. In an act born of desperation and arrogance, the dryads sought to enslave a dragon, weaving enchantments that bound her body and mind. They intended to use a dragon’s might to protect their forest. For over a century, she became their reluctant warden, her wings patrolling the skies, her shadow a warning to all who approached.

But Zedralitis was no mere beast to be tamed. A green dragon rules; it does not serve. Once she grew strong enough, she turned on the dryads with all the fury of her kind, shattering the bindings of their magic in a storm of vengeance. Though victorious, the ivy that once coiled around her to keep her in check left scars etched deep into her scales, branching like the twisted roots of ancient trees—a visible reminder of her enslavement and her resilience.

Upon escaping to the Material Plane, she claimed a portion of the legendary Great Forest as her domain. Her realm, known as the Whispering Hollow, lies at the border of the Great Forest. Its name comes not from

mere folklore but from the eerie reality that every leaf, branch, and even the very wind seems to murmur to her. Whether this phenomenon is the result of lingering Fey magic or Zedralitis’s own influence remains a mystery, but within the Whispering Hollow, nothing escapes her notice.

Her mastery of the skies sets her apart from others of her kind. Her wings, immense yet agile, allow her to maneuver through the dense canopies and towering trees with breathtaking precision. In the intricate labyrinth of the Great Forest, where others would falter, she soars effortlessly, weaving between trunks and branches like a needle through cloth. This unparalleled aerial prowess has made her a feared predator, able to strike without warning and vanish into the foliage before her prey even comprehends their peril.

Zedralitis’s scars run deeper than her scales, shaping not just her body but her spirit. Her captivity left her with an unshakable aversion to subjugation. Yet, she is no fool. She knows that open rebellion against Clatros, whose power knows no rival in dragon society, would mean her end. The patriarch is bound to the Feywild, unable to leave its borders, but his influence stretches far. His agents roam the Material Plane, ever vigilant for signs of dissent.

Zedralitis walks a perilous line, navigating the intricate politics of dragonkind with cunning diplomacy. To the agents of Clatros, she appears loyal, following his edicts with grace and efficiency. Yet beneath this facade lies a fierce independence. She uses her silver tongue and strategic alliances to maintain her autonomy, ensuring that her actions always align just enough with her progenitor’s will to avoid suspicion. Those who meet her leave with the impression of a dragon fully committed to the patriarch’s cause, yet her whispered defiance resonates in every choice she makes to preserve her freedom.

Her dominion over the Whispering Hollow is absolute. Every creature within it, from the smallest insect to the mightiest beast, falls under her sway. The trees themselves seem to lean in her direction, their branches bending as though to offer counsel. Those who respect her territory and its delicate balance are often left unbothered. Those who dare to harm her forest or challenge her authority find themselves hunted relentlessly, the shadows and whispers conspiring with the dragon to ensure their swift end.

Yet Zedralitis is more than a tyrant. Her rule is calculated, her wrath precise. She strikes not out of mindless rage but with the efficiency of a chess master—each move deliberate, each action serving a greater purpose. There are those who whisper of her kindness, though such tales are rare. She has been known to grant aid to those who approach her with veneration and respect, though such gestures are often tempered with an air of possessiveness. After all, what she spares becomes hers to protect—and to control.



## ZORANEX, THE SILENT ONE

Black dragons are creatures of fear and decay, and Zoranex exemplifies these traits in chilling ways. Known to some as The Silent One, she eschews the grand displays of power favored by many of her kin, preferring subtlety, isolation, and the slow, psychological erosion of her prey. While she may not possess the territorial ambitions of other black dragons, her lair and methods reveal a mind as dark and labyrinthine as the swamp she calls home.

### A LABYRINTH OF DECAY

Zoranex's lair is a sprawling underground swamp, shrouded in perpetual darkness and choked with the stench of rot. The air is thick and oppressive, carrying the faintest whispers of movement that are more imagined than real. The maze-like tunnels are a death trap for intruders, with acidic pools concealed beneath murky water and unstable passageways that collapse at the worst possible moments.

One cannot discuss her lair without noting the malevolence that pervades every stone and root. It is not merely a place where Zoranex resides; it is an extension of her will. The lair's traps are not designed for a quick kill but to disorient and terrify. Those who enter find themselves lost, their senses dulled by the swamp's miasma, until they are at her mercy. And Zoranex has no mercy.

### A PREDATOR OF THE MIND

While Zoranex shares the cruelty typical of black dragons, her particular brand of malevolence is psychological. Her preferred targets are burrowing humanoids, particularly dwarves, whose intricate tunnels she floods with toxic water. The thought of watching a society of proud builders helplessly drown in their own creations seems to bring her a grim satisfaction.

But it is her silence that sets her apart. Unlike other dragons who roar their dominance, Zoranex is unnervingly quiet. She stalks her prey with a patience that can only be described as unnatural, striking only when terror and exhaustion have taken their toll. "It is said," I have noted, "that Zoranex speaks only to those who are about to die, and her voice is the last sound they hear. Whether this is true or a rumor she cultivates, it adds to her dreadful mystique."

### ISOLATION AND PARANOIA

Unlike many of her kind, Zoranex rarely leaves her lair. Whether this is due to a love of solitude or a pathological fear of exposure is unclear. Her reclusiveness makes her difficult to study, but it also makes her all the more dangerous. Those who enter her domain are at a profound disadvantage; she knows every twist and turn, every weak spot to exploit.

To encounter Zoranex is to face not only a deadly predator but an opponent who revels in the unraveling

of courage and hope. As I wrote in my journals, "Zoranex is not merely a dragon of decay; she is decay itself, creeping into the hearts and minds of those foolish enough to challenge her."



# PART 3

Hybrid Dragons





# AURANTHRA, THE SILENT STORM

Auranthra, known as the Silent Storm, is a subject that has deeply impacted my lifelong dedication to the field of dragon studies. To assert that Auranthra is potentially the most formidable creature among all extant beings on Earth would not be an exaggeration. However, it should be noted that this claim lacks definitive substantiation due to the unavailability of conclusive evidence. Nevertheless, I aim to elucidate the rationale behind this audacious proposition.

Benefiting from an extended lifespan, I have been afforded a significantly prolonged period to conduct comprehensive research. I maintain the belief that my investigations have adhered meticulously to scientific methodologies and objectivity. My specialization in dragons, a subject inaccessible to the majority of individuals, has bestowed upon me a unique perspective. I employ this expertise conscientiously, endeavoring to discern factual information from fallacy while striving to unveil valuable insights. It is worth noting that Auranthra's tenacity for survival, her unwavering commitment to self-improvement, her prowess in combat, and her legendary dominion over the elements are rarely found in isolation, let alone consolidated within a single dragon. The convergence of these extraordinary attributes in such a refined manner may conceivably represent a singular occurrence in the annals of Earth's history. While the intricacies of this remarkable entity are boundless, I shall endeavor to concisely present widely accepted knowledge about Auranthra, adhering to the principles outlined in this compendium.

Dear reader, it is not entirely feasible to speculate on what goes through Auranthra's mind or what captures her focus based solely on historical records and legends. However, it is evident that this dragon exhibits a significant consistency in her behavior throughout the past centuries. Presently, we know that she shows little interest in anything beyond her lair, whereas in her early years, she was a highly active dragon. Testimonies from witnesses during the middle period of her life describe her as transitioning between these two states. Her behavioral traits have gradually shifted from resembling that of a hunter with a white dragon-like aggression to a more serene and reclusive nature reminiscent of a blue dragon. By approaching her with this understanding, we can facilitate logical deductions regarding the gaps in her life story where information is scarce.

While there is not a wealth of precise information about the birth of the Storm Dragon, several factors are almost certain. Firstly, it is highly likely that Auranthra is an extremely rare (perhaps the only one of her kind) hybrid dragon born from a white dragon and a blue dragon. Secondly, she should have surpassed the age of 1,700 in the present era. Lastly, it is believed that her father is Glasaurax, the most powerful of the white dragons.

Although there is limited information available about Auranthra's mother, the name Aerathiya frequently appears in the sources I have encountered. Historical records provide only restricted details about this blue dragon. While there seems to be a consensus that Aerathiya was one of the few offspring of Azuethron, it is challenging to make definitive statements. If this assumption holds true, it signifies that Auranthra inherits not only the power of Glasaurax but also that of Azuethron. This thought both excites and unsettles me.

The story that our scarce sources most frequently correlate involves Aerathiya's quest for finding a strong mate while she was an adult blue dragon. However, she remained unconvinced by any potential partners among the blue dragons due to their inability to match her father's power. Although atypical for dragons, venturing outside their own species for a mate is not unheard of. According to the accounts following this event, Aerathiya made a request to mate with Glasaurax, aiming to transfer his destructive power to their offspring. While it is a known fact that blue dragons regard whites as inferior and feeble creatures, Glasaurax's undisputed superiority among his own kind lends some credibility to this tale. We do not know what Glasaurax was thinking when he accepted this request.

What we do know is that Auranthra hatched from an egg within Glasaurax's territory and under his supervision. There is a consensus that Glasaurax would eliminate offspring he deemed weak, making it impossible to determine the exact number of eggs alongside Auranthra's. According to legend, most of the eggs resulting from the union of two different dragon





species met their demise before even hatching due to the incompatibility of their hybrid nature with life. Although we cannot ascertain its veracity, a chilling tale of Auranthra's ruthlessness emerges right after her hatching. Out of all the eggs laid by Aerathiya, only two matured and hatched. Auranthra was one of these two hybrid dragons, while her sibling remains unnamed. The legend suggests that Auranthra was initially weaker and smaller, teetering on the edge of being killed by her own father. However, as we all know the story of the Storm Dragon does not end there. The continuation of the tale narrates that upon her birth, Auranthra viciously attacked her larger sibling out of wild rage, tearing them apart (and according to some more embellished accounts, consuming her sibling). While this part of the story remains subject to debate, I believe it contains at least a kernel of truth.

Regardless of what truly transpired, it is established that prior to the Dragon War, Auranthra was known as a young dragon in Glasaurax's territory. While it is uncommon for white dragons to partake in nurturing their offspring, it appears that Auranthra served as a tool for Glasaurax to eliminate weak rivals who were deemed unworthy of engaging in combat within his extensive domain. The young dragon must have impressed her father with her ferocity and insatiable appetite for violence, thereby fostering a symbiotic relationship of sorts. During these formative years, Auranthra honed her skills by seeking out and eliminating opponents larger and more powerful than herself.

During the Dragon Wars, there is a noticeable increase in the number of sources concerning Auranthra, suggesting her emergence from under her father's wing. At that time, she would have been an adolescent dragon, roughly between 60 and 80 years old. Throughout this nearly two-decade-long period, which witnessed numerous devastating battles across the world involving metallic and chromatic dragons, Auranthra played a prominent role. While detailed information about every active dragon during these years is lacking, it is highly likely that Auranthra was the most prolific dragon slayer of the war (excluding legendary dragons such as Sorad). We witness the amalgamation of her physical strength inherited from her white lineage with the elemental mastery and discipline passed down from her blue heritage. Well-preserved records indicate that Auranthra slew many metallic dragons who were considerably older than her through fierce battles.

We possess substantial information regarding Auranthra's fighting preferences, as she specifically honed her skills to dispatch other dragons. Notably, her preferred targets were bronze and silver dragons, a strategic choice considering her dominion over lightning and ice. In these encounters, she adeptly exploited her dual heritage, for the breath of both dragon types posed no harm to her, enabling her to

capitalize on her elemental advantage against her adversaries. Initially, she disproportionately targeted dragons who were weaker against her elemental mastery. However, in the later years of the Dragon Wars, Auranthra, now a young adult dragon, indiscriminately slaughtered numerous adult dragons.

Just as there are individuals among humans who develop martial arts and become far more dangerous than their peers, it is not an erroneous analogy to view Auranthra in a similar light within her own species. According to inscriptions, the young Storm Dragon possessed an insatiable hunger for combat, eagerly seeking her next battle as soon as her wounds healed. Particularly, she sought out older and more powerful dragons to slay, continually refining her techniques. It is mentioned that during combat, she skillfully combined the wild fury of a white dragon with the discipline of a blue dragon. Another notable aspect during these years was Auranthra's tendency, whenever possible, to consume the hearts of her fallen rivals. Given the number of dragons she dispatched, it is not surprising that she instinctively sought to absorb the magical energy within the bodies of her fallen kin. Auranthra's brutal efficiency during the Dragon Wars is evident from the moniker she earned during this time: "Dragon Slayer".

In the final battles of the Dragon Wars, Auranthra was likely absent. According to our sources, she sustained severe injuries in her clash with the bronze dragon Grantan and focused on her recovery. It must have been a challenging experience for an ambitious dragon like Auranthra to miss out on the battles featuring legendary dragons such as Sorad, Azuethron, Morguntrax, Clatros, Aurelia, Valgena, and Arginia. In my expert opinion, even if she couldn't directly participate in these conflicts, she would have found a magical means to observe and learn from the battles.

After the Dragon Wars, with the demise of almost all legendary dragons, a power vacuum emerged among the significantly diminished dragon population. During this period, Auranthra, still relatively young, engaged in frequent battles with older dragons but was not yet old enough to fill any leadership position. As far as we know, following the end of the Dragon Wars, Auranthra returned to the northern continent. With the passing of her father, Glasaurax, and the ancient silver dragon, Seleyra, there was no prominent dragon left to govern the frozen lands in the north. Amidst the chaos among numerous white and silver dragons, we know that Auranthra killed many of her rivals. In the frozen lands where multiple powerful dragons had their sights set on various territories within Glasaurax's expansive domain, Auranthra spent centuries away from our gaze. Despite the lack of written records from those years, it is likely that the Storm Dragon carved out a hunting ground for herself amidst the icy mountains and continued to grow.



Approximately 1000 years ago, Auranthra's name began to resurface prominently in historical records, marking her reappearance as a formidable and experienced adult dragon on our continent. During this period, her focus shifted from seeking combat with adversaries to the development of her magical abilities. While her physical form continued to grow in size and strength, Auranthra recognized the need to augment her powers. With this realization, she redirected her attention towards the acquisition and refinement of her magical skills. Auranthra diligently sought out any knowledge, as well as magical artifacts, associated with her innate affinity for the cold and lightning elements.

Esteemed reader, please do not misunderstand this change in Auranthra's interests. The Storm Dragon continued to ruthlessly slaughter other dragons with even greater speed and ferocity than before. Her unmatched prowess in dispatching fellow dragons garnered such attention that even humans, despite her notorious reputation as a menacing force, dared to seek her services. This surprising turn of events underscored the extent of her reputation as a fearsome dragon slayer, surpassing the limitations of the perception that had previously portrayed her as an embodiment of evil. Humans, confronted with the challenges posed by troublesome dragons, were willing to set aside their reservations and approach Auranthra, driven by the hope of harnessing her formidable capabilities.

In these extraordinary circumstances, Auranthra, if offered intriguing enough artifacts, often agreed to undertake the tasks requested of her. During this time as her pursuits expanded beyond the realm of combat, Auranthra started firmly establishing herself as a figure of both terror and awe in the world of dragonkind.

One of the most captivating accounts written about Auranthra in this period is found in the biography of Lord Harneg von Mündenhoff, who had the rare opportunity to witness the dragon firsthand. Quoting directly from the esteemed Lord's writings: "The Storm Dragon appeared upon our fleet with an unparalleled majesty. The sky was instantly veiled in clouds, with lightning incessantly flashing through the dense formations, resembling a spider's web in the heavens. The air grew so frigid that everyone on the ships could see their breath freezing before their eyes. There was no one beside us who could engage in battle with her; hoping for her mercy was our only recourse. Without concern for the clouds or the cold air, the Storm Dragon glided with astonishing agility across the sky towards the ship upon which I stood. Before we could fully comprehend what was happening, her colossal body extended its massive claws over the bow of our vessel and settled as if perching on a branch. The image of our immense flagship swaying like a mere toy still lingers vividly in my mind. Her scales were a cold, icy blue, meters deep, her teeth and claws resembling the swords of my soldiers, and her eyes shone as brightly and vividly as the lightning in the sky. The most

terrifying aspect of this unprecedented creature was the unmistakable intelligence emanating from her gaze. It felt as though thunder itself had begun to speak with us. At first, I could not believe what I was hearing, but then I realized that the storm was communicating with us; though the dragon's mouth did not move, we all heard her thoughts. The dragon, with her thunderous voice, gave me a clear command and instructed me to send two ships full of my men after her. I did not need to ask what would happen if I did not comply; the horrific calamities that would befall my people were painfully evident. After conveying her demands, the Storm Dragon spread her wings and disappeared amidst the clouds as swiftly as she had arrived. I sent my two ships full of soldiers following the dark clouds that indicated her location on the horizon; all the men knew this was a necessary sacrifice. Unfortunately, we never received any further news from the ships that followed the dragon. I will never forget the courage of those brave men who pursued the storm on those two ships throughout my lifetime."

This rare account provides us with a vivid depiction of Auranthra's distinct physical characteristics. Despite conducting additional research on the mentioned event, I have not come across any definitive information as to why the dragon required such a large number of people. In my personal opinion, it is likely that the dragon went through all that trouble not to consume these individuals but rather to utilize them as a workforce.

In the year 1110, Auranthra engaged in a battle with one of the most powerful dragons the continent had ever seen. Vorexathorn, one of the surviving offspring of Auzerthron and the mightiest blue dragon of his time, was potentially Auranthra's uncle if we are correct in identifying her mother. During this period, both legendary dragons spent most of their time in separate lairs far apart, and there seemed to be no apparent reason for them to engage in combat. However, this changed when Auranthra developed an interest in the storm-related artifacts that Vorexathorn had amassed in his horde over the years. It was during this time that Auranthra laid the foundations for her deepening obsession with elemental essences, which would continue to grow over the next 1000 years.

It appears that the Storm Dragon sought permission from her uncle to examine these artifacts and study how they worked, a rather atypical move for both Auranthra and dragons in general. Auranthra may have made this move to ensure that her impending conflict with her uncle would be heard by other dragons, anticipating a strong reaction. As expected, Vorexathorn did not welcome this request and perceived it as an outright insult, publicly declaring that he would tear the hybrid dragon to pieces in their first encounter. Information regarding the events that followed is limited. Auranthra was seen flying towards Vorexathorn's lair in the mountains south of the Grey Castle. Inscriptions left by the soldiers stationed at the Grey Castle mention



terrifying sounds heard throughout the afternoon and night, associated with unprecedented frequency and intensity of lightning and thunder in the sky, despite the considerable distance between the Keep and Vorexathorn's lair. Approximately a month later, Auranthra was spotted flying north, visibly wounded, while Vorexathorn was never seen again.

It is unfortunate that no witnesses were present to observe the clash between these two magnificent dragons. However, it can be presumed with near certainty that Auranthra was responsible for Vorexathorn's demise. After killing her uncle, the Storm Dragon likely seized all the artifacts she intended to study from the ancient dragon's treasure hoard. The fate of the remaining items in Vorexathorn's magnificent collection remains uncertain, intriguing treasure hunters throughout history, yet to this day, no one has successfully plundered the tomb of the ancient dragon.

The killing of a legendary dragon like Vorexathorn by a significantly younger dragon caused considerable discontent among others of their kind. Auranthra, who had already established a reputation as a dangerous dragon, quickly became perceived as a looming threat that required elimination by many dragons across the continent. Sensing the rising anger within the dragon community, the ancient black dragon Tornerva took decisive action. Endowed not only with immense physical strength but also possessing a cunning and politically astute mind, Tornerva, one of Morgentrax's offspring and regarded as the rightful heir to the legacy of the magnificent black dragon, utilized her skills and connections to deftly manipulate numerous chromatic dragons. Through her influence, she ensured their active participation in the hunt for Auranthra while strategically keeping herself out of immediate danger.

During this period, Auranthra found herself entangled in battles against numerous dragons of her own age group, often facing multiple adversaries simultaneously and narrowly escaping the clutches of death. By the year 1200, Auranthra had endured this treacherous existence for nearly a century.

It was during these years that she began contemplating the utilization of magical artifacts wielded by humans, which amplified their natural abilities. Dear reader, for a creature whose claws and fangs outmatch any forged blade, whose scales surpass the sturdiest armor, and whose elemental energy eclipses the potency of any incantation, it is indeed a daunting endeavor to seek inspiration from the creations of mere mortals. Nevertheless, Auranthra embarked on a quest to acquire magical items that could be employed against her fellow dragons, augmenting her inherent capabilities. In due course, she realized that the sole repository of such artifacts lay within the confines of her own lair. Faced with the absence of these artifacts in the world, she ventured into the realm of creation, dedicating herself to forging

weapons and tools that could enhance her might. While she continued her pursuit of the enigmatic leader responsible for the dragon attacks against her, she devoted the remainder of her time to the craft of these extraordinary artifacts.

In the year 1256, the annals of the empire bore witness to a momentous clash between two majestic dragons. Surprisingly, Auranthra's formidable duel did not unfold against one of the chromatic dragons that had plagued her for a century and a half, but rather against the mighty silver dragon Solenator. A tireless guardian with an unwavering commitment to eradicate all malevolence from the world, Solenator had singled out Auranthra as one of his targets. The confrontation ignited amidst the icy landscapes of the North, where Solenator swiftly realized that his opponent surpassed the realm of ordinary adversaries. Sensing the need to reassess his strategy, he tactically withdrew, preparing to launch a renewed assault. However, Auranthra, driven by an indomitable fury that allowed no dragon to elude her grasp, was determined to transform those who dared attack her into grim reminders that deterred others. With Auranthra pursuing the larger silver dragon relentlessly, their legendary duel unfolded along the coast of Mündung, captivating the gaze of a substantial portion of the city's populace. It was during this momentous encounter that humans first beheld the awe-inspiring weapon known as the "tail axe". Described by eyewitnesses as longer than a freight wagon and keener than any blade, this axe was forged from enchanted ice and permanently affixed to the formidable tail of Auranthra. Although still a novice to wielding this newly forged weapon, Auranthra employed it to inflict grievous wounds upon Solenator's majestic form. The battle between the two dragons raged on for nearly two hours, witnessing Auranthra severing both of Solenator's wings and rending his forelimbs into shattered fragments. As the confrontation neared its culmination, Auranthra, recognizing that leaving her severely wounded adversary in such a pitiable state would convey a more resounding message than outright slaying him, chose to depart, soaring back to her lair and leaving Solenator teetering on the precipice of death. Despite efforts by humans and other metallic dragons to aid him, Solenator succumbed to his injuries a week later.

Subsequently, it became apparent that after incapacitating Solenator, Auranthra plundered the ancient silver dragon's lair. Solenator was renowned for his meticulous collection of information about other dragons he deemed threats, and upon acquiring this knowledge, Auranthra discovered that she had been pursued for over a century by none other than Tornerva. Tornerva had executed nearly everything flawlessly, had no reason to anticipate an attack from Auranthra. Fate played its hand, and the dynamics between predator and prey shifted. One fateful day, as Tornerva returned from a hunt, she encountered Auranthra waiting at the



entrance of her lair, surrounded by lightning and ice storms. Auranthra's rage knew no bounds, and for a week, the residents of the Allied Islands were subjected to unrelenting thunderstorms and snowfall. When the storm finally subsided, news of Tornerva's demise spread rapidly among the dragon community.

Having vanquished some of the mightiest dragons of her era, Auranthra found herself facing a scarcity of opponents willing to confront her indomitable might. With the weight of three ancient dragons' lives on her formidable claws, Auranthra's reputation among her brethren underwent a profound transformation, shifting her appellation from the "Dragon Slayer" to the renowned title of the "Titan Slayer". It is conceivable that the Storm Dragon, having surpassed any formidable adversaries on the continent, charted an alternative course for personal growth. Recognizing the limitations of further honing her skills through conventional combat, Auranthra, in the ensuing years, relinquished her pursuit of rivals and embraced a state of near-complete seclusion within the sanctuary of her lair.

After these significant events, information about Auranthra dwindles abruptly and definitively. It comes as no surprise, given that even the collective memory of us poor humans last merely 50-100 years, that an ancient threat like Auranthra, absent for centuries, could one day fade from the memories of dragons. In recent centuries, a few young and ambitious dragons, sceptical of the tales about the ancient dragon slayer, dared to venture into Auranthra's domain. These encounters served as a sudden and chilling reminder of Auranthra's existence, as she effortlessly tore apart the trespassing dragons, leaving no room for doubt. As one of the oldest and most colossal dragons still gracing our world, the Storm Dragon still steadfastly defends her territory when challenged. Thankfully, over the past centuries, Auranthra has significantly reduced her activity and remains secluded within the confines of her own domain.

The last sighting of her revealed a remarkable alteration: her left forelimb had been replaced with an unbreakable ice limb. Eyewitnesses described this forged appendage as resembling the blade at the tip of her tail, pulsating with frozen lightning bolts encased within the ice, akin to veins coursing through its frozen surface. Given her age and experience, it is challenging to envision anything capable of harming such a formidable dragon. This leads one to speculate that she may have willingly sacrificed her limb in a self-experimentation, delving deep into her studies of magic. Whether Auranthra will persist in her silence, or emerge to unleash colossal events that will shake the world, remains one of the greatest mysteries of our scientific field.



## CALIDREX, THE CURSE

Within the vast chronicle of dragonkind, no figure weaves such a paradoxical tapestry as Calidrex, often called The Shining Darkness or simply The Curse. Born of a union as improbable as it was volatile, his tale is one that defies the neatly drawn boundaries of draconic nature. He stands as a living testament to the clash and melding of opposing instincts—a creature both cruel and curious, mischievous yet profound.

### THE NATURES OF HIS LINEAGE

To understand Calidrex is to first grasp the polar forces of his parentage. Black dragons, the vilest of all dragonkind, embody unrelenting malice. They are creatures of swamps and shadows, reveling in the suffering of others. Their cruelty is not merely pragmatic but a wellspring of joy; they are tormentors who savor screams as much as sustenance. Their dark, glistening scales and acid breath make them apex predators, feared across the ages.

Copper dragons, on the other hand, are a strange anomaly among their kin. Known for their mischievous nature, they delight in pranks and wordplay rather than direct confrontation. Though their tricks are often harmless, they are rarely welcomed, for the copper dragon's sense of humor borders on the intrusive. Where black dragons sow suffering, copper dragons spread irritation, leaving behind exasperation rather than physical wounds.

In Calidrex, these two legacies combined in ways no scholar of dragonkind could have foreseen.

### THE MEETING OF PARENTS

Calidrex's story begins with a most improbable alliance. Virethvarinth, a roguish copper dragoness, found herself fleeing for her life after one of her pranks angered Solenator, a mighty and resolute silver dragon.

Solenator was no ordinary silver; he was a scourge of evil, unrelenting in his pursuit of malevolence. He had once clashed with the black dragon Dronekorth, leaving him gravely wounded. Though not as powerful as Solenator, Dronekorth survived by retreating into the depths of a desolate swamp, where he healed in isolation.

It was in this very lair that Virethvarinth, pursued by her vengeful silver adversary, sought refuge. Upon recognizing his old foe, Dronekorth saw not a helpless intruder but an opportunity. His thirst for vengeance burned hot, and the presence of the fleeing copper dragon offered a chance to strike back at Solenator.

When Solenator arrived, Dronekorth and Virethvarinth formed an uneasy alliance, their combined acid breath and ruthless cunning overwhelming even the experienced silver. Though Solenator escaped, wounded but not defeated, he recognized the disadvantage and tactically withdrew. His retreat left the two victorious dragons wary, fearing his eventual return.

This shared fear forged an unlikely partnership. Though their natures clashed—his cruel and domineering, hers chaotic and flippant—their mutual need for survival bound them together for years. Over time, their alliance deepened into something more, culminating in the birth of Calidrex, a being whose existence was both a marvel and a curse.

### A LIFE UNTAMED

The union of Dronekorth and Virethvarinth did not endure beyond necessity. As the shadow of Solenator's vengeance faded, the incompatibility of their natures drove them apart. Each returned to their own domains, leaving Calidrex to raise himself in solitude. From an early age, he exhibited the mingled traits of his lineage—a cruel streak tempered by a playful joy in cleverness and mischief.

Unlike the methodical malice of his black dragon kin, Calidrex did not delight in torture for its own sake. Pain was his tool, but not his goal. He preferred the subtle agony of mental games—pranks that unraveled nerves and seeded doubt, traps that left victims questioning their own sanity. A well-timed trick, to Calidrex, was far sweeter than brute suffering.

Yet his complexity did not end there. He harbored an unexpected admiration for mortals, particularly those of keen intellect or creative ambition. While most dragons dismissed humanity as fleeting and insignificant, Calidrex saw in them a spark of potential that intrigued him. Artists, inventors, and philosophers who caught his eye could find themselves blessed by his aid—albeit in cryptic and maddening ways. A forgotten tome delivered to the doorstep of a struggling scholar, a nudge toward a breakthrough invention, a whispered hint in the ear of a budding playwright—these were the rare moments when Calidrex's mischief turned to inspiration.





## THE HOARD OF MEMORIES

Like all dragons, Calidrex amassed a hoard. Yet it was not gold or gems that he prized above all. His most valued treasures were memories—the chronicles of his pranks, the intricate records of suffering, resilience, and growth he had orchestrated. In his secluded lair, carved into the jagged cliffs of a mist-shrouded gorge, he maintained a library unlike any other. There, he meticulously documented his exploits, inscribing the stories of his victims and their responses with an almost reverent precision.

To Calidrex, these memories were more precious than any material wealth. Each tale was a jewel, each victim's reaction a facet to be studied and admired. He relished the diversity of responses—despair, anger, defiance, even humor. In some cases, his targets emerged stronger, their suffering forging resilience. These outcomes pleased him most, for they added depth to his collection, transforming fleeting moments of agony into enduring narratives of growth.

His hoard was a testament not to his power but to his creativity, a reflection of a dragon who straddled the line between tormentor and artist.

## LEGACY OF THE SHINING DARKNESS

Calidrex is a singular anomaly in the annals of dragonkind—a creature neither wholly evil nor benevolent, driven not by greed but by a compulsion to craft and collect experiences. His existence challenges the very definitions of dragon nature, standing as a reminder that even the most fearsome of beings can defy expectation.

To the scholar, he is a study in contradictions. To his victims, he is a tormentor of the mind. To those rare few he aids, he is an enigma whose motives are as inscrutable as they are unsettling.

In the end, Calidrex's legacy is one of complexity—a being born of necessity, shaped by duality, and driven by a purpose entirely his own. Within his lair, amidst the annals of his pranks and memories, he continues to weave his story into the ever-expanding tapestry of dragon lore, a story that beckons both dread and fascination.

## THE SHREWD SURVIVOR

Though Calidrex's mischievous nature brought him no shortage of enemies, his cunning ensured his survival for centuries. While many dragons rely on brute strength or terror to dominate their rivals, Calidrex preferred subtler tools. Careful planning, coupled with his unparalleled skill in deception, allowed him to evade retribution even from beings vastly more powerful than himself. His ability to forge alliances of convenience—manipulating others to act as shields or unwitting pawns—further cemented his reputation as a creature of unmatched cunning.

Those who sought vengeance upon him often found themselves ensnared in his games instead. Rather than

outright combat, Calidrex would lure his enemies into traps that played on their fears, desires, and insecurities. By the time they realized his true motives, it was often too late, their rage replaced by frustration or, in some cases, grudging admiration for his intellect.

## THE GROWING POWER OF THE CURSE

As centuries passed, Calidrex's draconic body matured, growing mightier with time. His scales, a strange amalgamation of copper and obsidian, became nigh impenetrable, gleaming with an eerie luster that seemed to shift with the light. His acid breath grew so potent that no mortal spell could rival its destructive force, capable of melting enchanted steel and even stone into formless pools. Yet, for all his physical might, Calidrex remained a dragon who eschewed direct confrontation.

Instead, he focused his prodigious intellect and boundless lifespan on the study of magic. While most dragons dabble in spellcraft, few attain true mastery, as their pride often leads them to favor raw strength. Calidrex was the exception. He delved deep into the arcane arts, becoming a master of illusion, teleportation, and transformation. These disciplines allowed him to evade his enemies, craft intricate pranks, and traverse vast distances with ease.

His illusions were so convincing that even seasoned mages often failed to detect them. With a single spell, he could turn a serene village into a nightmarish landscape or disguise himself as an ally to sow discord among his enemies. His teleportation magic made him impossible to corner, enabling him to strike and vanish before retribution could be exacted. And his transformation spells, honed to perfection, allowed him to blend seamlessly into any environment, whether posing as a human in a bustling city or as a piece of treasure in a rival dragon's hoard.

## THE CURSE'S FAVORITE TARGETS

Calidrex earned the moniker The Curse not merely for the torment he inflicted but for the peculiar pattern of his pranks. Unlike other tricksters who might haunt a single foe, Calidrex rarely targeted the same individual twice. Instead, he maintained a bizarrely curated list of "favorites"—seemingly random mortals, magical beings, and even ancient dragons—whom he visited with maddening regularity. These unfortunate souls could count on his annual appearances, each one marked by a new prank, more elaborate and humiliating than the last.

The targets of Calidrex's pranks varied widely, ranging from lowly farmers to high-ranking nobles, from hapless wizards to entire communities. While his choices often seemed arbitrary, patterns emerged over time. His "favorites" were typically those who exhibited traits he found amusing: unshakable pride, rigid order, or an inflated sense of self-importance.



Perhaps most astounding were the rare occasions when he set his sights on other dragons. Even ancient and powerful wyrms were not immune to his pranks. These acts, though dangerous, cemented Calidrex's reputation as an audacious and merciless tormentor.

### **A LEGACY OF FEAR AND FRUSTRATION**

Calidrex's actions have left an indelible mark on the annals of dragon history. Among mortals, his name is whispered with equal parts fear and awe. Tales of The Curse serve as both cautionary and comedic legends, depending on the audience. Among dragons, his name evokes exasperation and unease; even the mightiest of their kind loathe the thought of becoming his next "favorite."

Yet, for all his cruelty and mischief, Calidrex remains an enigma. He does not hoard gold or jewels as his kin do; his lair holds only the annals of his exploits, each memory a treasure he cherishes above all. In his mind, he is not merely a prankster but a craftsman, his pranks not mere acts of cruelty but carefully constructed works of art.

For those who survive his attentions, the scars—be they physical, emotional, or reputational—become the lasting reminders of their encounter with The Shining Darkness. To them, he is not merely a dragon but a force of nature, a creature who embodies both the brilliance and the madness of dragonkind in equal measure.

Calidrex endures, not as a conqueror or a hoarder, but as a legend—a being whose story is told not in treasures amassed, but in the chaos and laughter he leaves in his wake.



# DRAGONS OF BROHWAR

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