

The Fae

“Never trust them: they just want you because you are

rare. Humans collect things like us. We can only trust one another.”

Between Worlds . .

The clearing was exactly where Kalmor had said it would be, something that River was surprised by; Gloaming weren't really known for the ability to navigate in the forest unaided, although their attention to detail may have been what made for such precise directions. After a moment spent in silence and feeling the presence of Gennadius, her minotaur traveling companion, near, the young pixie ignited her light spell. Tiny reflections hovered in the healthy spring leaves above, a show of glinting light motes caused by River's own glittery cheeks. She narrowed her eyes and held the spell aloft, looking for any sign of her brethren.

“Tiny little pieces, tiny little pieces...” the minotaur repeated in a whisper behind her, twiddling his humongous thumbs. Ever since their last encounter on the road, the normally gentle beast-man hadn't been quite right. The large axe on his back still had remnants of the human trappers that had delayed their journey, and were perhaps the reason that Kalmor had not shown himself yet. Maybe they had been followed since the encounter? Even if not by humans, perhaps by Wild Elves suspicious of River's unfamiliar religion, or by hungry Grobs with a taste for rare meals.

“Shhh...” River whispered, hushing her companion. Gennadius simply quieted down, but his rambling continued, and he seemed to not notice the same passing shadow that she did. A cloud of misty black roiled about in the tree line, and River clenched the symbol of her dead god in her free hand. She uttered a short prayer to his exiled soul, wherever it may be. She could hear the boot soles of a hundred



warriors crunching through unperturbed snow, feel ears frozen to metal helms and see vision obscured by the falling flakes. "Winter's March be upon you..." she finished uttering, fingers lacing into the thick fur of her companions forearm. The spell ensured that his next swing would find his target's eyes.

"No need to pray to our fallen savior, young one," the elder gloaming's voice hissed into her ear. She felt the shadow behind her, smoke clenching her shoulder until it formed into a solid hand which gave her soft skin a squeeze. "I am no threat." It became clear that Kalmor had arrived. His black-ringed, pupiless eyes stared at the minotaur for a long moment. "I was not expecting a winterhoof with you," he used the old name, from Faeholme.

"Tiny little pieces, tiny little pieces..." Gennadius continued. River pulled away from the autumnwing's grip to also look at her fellow fae.

"Do not mind him. He has saved my life many times. He's quite coherent of what is going on here, despite his nonsensical musings," River stated plainly. Gennadius nodded as he twiddled and muttered, fully understanding what she had said. He seemed content to continue despite looking like an apparent fool to Kalmor.

"Fine then. What do you have for me, priestess?" Kalmor asked, cocking his head eastward. All of his body had at last become fully tangible, and he leaned on a crooked cane, dark wings flapping and snuffing out the light of River's green spell little by little until all that was left was luminescent smoke that freed itself of her painted fingers.

"A map. A way through Skelletport without being seen, and a safe route through the rest of the Seven Cities to the free lands," River nodded, opening a huge pouch that hung from the minotaur's belt and pulling out the hand-drawn scrawling of a satyr scout on Daltanic parchment. Kalmor quickly snatched the map away.

"Foolish springwing, no land on this world is free," Kalmor said, but his eyes darted to the drawing nevertheless. What he said was not untrue; the best allies of the fae, the Wild Elves were at best untrusting of them and at worst hostile should a mage be in their presence. The humans saw them as wild beasts to be harvested to make drugs, "art," or clothing. Even the gods of these lands sought to undo their great work, the revival of their ancient protector. But Gethanar was better than most places, at the very least most communities had outlawed the hunting of fae. "This isn't good enough. He still needs to die."

"I was hoping to avoid bloodshed. Better to hide that way," River responded. They spoke of Skelletport's Admiral that had made being smuggled over sea nearly impossible with his ruthless hunting of all faerie kind.

"Tiny little pieces..." the minotaur got louder.

"Yes, tiny little pieces. Bring me every one of them," Kalmor said, fading back into the dark smoke.

"As you wish," River nodded solemnly and drew her shortbow. She looked up to Gennadius, her innocent little face lined in glitter and strands of pink hair. "It's not murder if we have good cause. The humans

call that justice. They pray to a god for that.”

“Tiny little pieces...”

She patted Gennadius as high on the back as she could reach, spun about, and headed down the south path out of the clearing. Her tiny footfalls made not a single sound, but soon after she heard the heavy clapping of her companion's hooves.

The humans would come to fear that sound soon enough.

Description:

To be Fae in Aularia is to be both feared and afraid, greedy but impoverished, hateful but oppressed, and whimsical but wily. The Fae are a united people that may squabble, but will always find themselves at each other's backs when things are at their worst. They are suspicious of outsiders, and rarely render aid to those not considered kin. A long history of trials has led to the Fae becoming as they are; from suspicions about the properties of their various body parts, to the constant pursuit of the force they call the Everchain.



Fae are not native to Aularia. Their world was destroyed eons ago by an invasion from the Abyssal realm. This utopian society called Faeholme was ripped out from under them swiftly. They still carry the events that transpired as a racial memory; even Fae born today occasionally dream of images of their burning world. For years they were enslaved in the Abyssal realm, trapped by a sentient, motile

series of chains that would ferry them about the Abyssal realm to serve whatever purpose their servitors required of them. Satyr and Minotaur became laborers, while Pixies and Gloaming became assistants to dreadful sorcerers and warlocks, often used to test strange new magics or craft items until their fingers bled. They kept to their faith as secret they could, the always-watchful Everchain punishing them when they stepped out of line. Oenomaus (oni-may-us), their progenitor and god, lay dormant with his power sued to fuel various Abyssal schemes.

The Fae did not simply sit idly by. Once a people both happy and proud, they often tried to escape. Most attempts proved futile, with only a few making it out and most dying or being chained up again. With each generation, their desire to see freedom grew as memories of their dead world saturated their short-lived dreams. Eventually, when the Abyssals opened a portal to Aularia, the Fae made their move and attacked in an attempt to escape. Oenomaus arose and fended off Abduen himself while his children fled. They made a break for the portal to Aularia, with some looking back just in time to see Oenomaus' head cleaved through by Abduen's sword.

The god of the Fae had given his life, but the Fae had found a much safer home. The Fae agreed to keep their numbers thin and their presence mostly hidden after getting back on their feet, and each swore an oath that their greatest pursuit in life would always be to find a way to return Oenomaus to life. The Minotaur, Satyr, Pixies, and Gloaming began forming small alliances called Circles, while many of the other types of Fae rejected any meeting whatsoever in favor of keeping to themselves.

Now, in different areas of the world, Fae seem like legends. In others parts, they are well-known but rarely trusted, if not actively hunted as if they were animals. The Fae are strong of spirit and mind, and continue their great pursuit despite the world's view on them.

Classes and Professions:

Gloaming

The Gloaming are not a physically powerful race, but are excellent at using magic and slinking about in shadows. Gloaming favor magic and skilled classes. If they do happen to take up the path of nature, they like to deal with the strange powers of mysticism. Gloaming like delving into the strange and occult, and avoid the martial classes. Gloaming are likely to take up the Scholar, Doctor, or Alchemist profession.

Minotaur

The Minotaur are extremely capable in melee combat and are somewhat mildly adept at other archetypes. They are capable of great physical discipline, but also capable of being ferocious and wild. Minotaur can also tap into the raw power of magic if they really wish to, but have a hard time with classes that keep them shut in. When it comes to professions, Minotaur tend to lean towards Smith and Pioneer.

Pixie

Pixies are excellent at wielding various types of magic, but have a harder time with more physical classes. Pixies like experiencing all different aspects of life, and are very likely to multiclass into multiple different archetypes. Of all the Fae races, they tend to have the widest variety of pursuits. When it comes to professions, Pixies often take up Enhancement.

Satyr

Satyr are fierce, gruff, and excellent leaders. They stay away from arcane magic, but have great skill and expertise with most other archetypes. They are equally likely to take up the Divine, Natural, and Martial archetypes. They are likely to be Hunters, Pioneers, and Cook/Brewers.

Other Fae:

The four PC races of Fae are not the only kinds. Many others exist in the world.

Scylla are an aquatic form of Fae, They are scaled like a fish with sharp claws and a terrible bite. Unlike many of the other Fae, they exclusively eat meat that is found on land. As such, they often come onto the shore at night to hunt, pulling their prey into oceans or lakes to drown them before they begin to feed. Despite being vicious, Scylla are timid if caught out in the open and prefer to hide and strike from the shadows. Scylla do not get along well with other Fae, and only help them if it is in pursuit of the Oath of Oenomaus.

Goblins are instinctually deceptive creatures that only tell the truth if it benefits them. They are greedy, and the only thing that gets in the way of their gluttony for whatever they desire in life is their want for self-preservation. They are helpful to other Fae when it benefits them, or when in pursuit of the Oath of Oenomaus. Goblins are very willing to fight to get what they want, and can be downright brutish. One line of Goblins is so strong that they barely resemble their kin and are called Hobgoblins.



Gorgons are the rarest of the Fae that have been known to show up on Aularia. They are pale green and scaly, and they have great powers over magic. They are the only type of Fae that did not agree to the Oath of Oenomaus, instead vanishing to the far corners of the world to live solitary lives, rejecting their Fae heritage.

Faebeasts are monstrous creatures that were native to Faeholme and have some properties of being Fae, but were considered threats of the wild. The Abyssals of course caged these creatures and used them for their own ends, causing many of those that escaped to Aularia to be corrupted by Abyssal magic. Faebeasts are dangerous creatures that generally hunt humanoids in small groups. Lesser Faebeasts resemble more tame creatures, but are often cunning and rare, making them prized to hunters and fishermen.

Other types of Fae have been rumored to exist, but a few of them have escaped to Aularia that there exists no record of their contact with the rest of the Fae.

History:

Faeholme's Formation and the Creation of the Fae

"I awoke in cold darkness, and could not bear to drift alone."

Oenomaus would often tell stories of how he was adrift in darkness for a long time before feeling as though he could suddenly move, comprehend, and create. He drew from the elemental planes, forming bits of each together until before him a vast world began to spin freely, lit in the darkness by the plane of fire. Streams of silver-blue flowed from pole to pole through lush fields and forests of purple-green. In the midst of the largest forest he built his secluded city, Thessania. Then, he began populating the world.

First, Oenomaus created the satyr. They were fun-loving and hardy, excellent at tending to beasts and keeping the city flourishing. These were days of summer and spring, with no long autumn nor winter to interrupt the warm harvest. When the weather cooled and the early spring came, the pixies were created to give the satyr kinship and to tend to the wild nursery. As the pixies developed an aptitude for magic, Oenomaus sensed a great threat coming to his paradise world. This disturbance seemed so great that it caused the horned-one to construct a great tower in the middle of Thessania, said to both protect the great world and also keep the use of arcane power in check. While this tower may have bought Oenomaus some time, it did not prevent the mysterious threat that he foresaw from happening, even if it did mitigate its effects.

An inky-black globe appeared, blotting out the stars of the night sky and stealing light in the midst of day. It grew in size, followed by a tail of white flame, and before long sundered Faeholme's sky. Oenomaus clung to his tower, using it as an amplifier of his own power. The sky darkened, and all across Faeholme it rained chunks of rare rock and metal. Burning holes into the atmosphere and leaving behind craters where they landed, sometimes aberrant creatures bathed in darkness would crawl forth and begin laying siege to the land. Many satyr and pixies died as a result of the assault on their world, and seemed lost without Oenomaus' direct guidance. Although Oenomaus himself was able to eventually beat back the threat, he was greatly weakened, forcing his children to begin rebuilding the damaged parts of the world. He knew the vastness of the universe he once drifted aimlessly in, and knew that this mysterious threat was not the only one out there, and that his world would be tested again.

In the years that followed, the skies cleared and the fledgling fae society slowly rebuilt. Faeholme had its first autumn, the world forever altered by the invasion of the unknown dark force. Perhaps inspired by the long period of darkness, Oenomaus went back to creating. First, the autumn-wings, also known as the Gloaming, were created. Scylla, Goblins, and Gorgons, as well as other, even darker and more reclusive fae would haunt the woods away from the city of Thessania. The Gloaming on the other hand, would serve to temper the revelry of Oenomaus' first and second children; he feared a weakness in his untested creations, and so the wilds were populated with faebeasts. These primal monsters forced the city-dwelling fae to learn to protect themselves.

As Faeholme recovered and its population grew strong once again, the world began entering into a long spell of cold: the first winter. Oenomaus crafted the winterhoof, powerful minotaur that could serve as physical guardians and laborers to the rest of his children. These protectors became Oenomaus' last creation, and he began to rest.

In the days that followed Faeholme was back to the near-paradise that it was intended to be, and the children of Oenomaus had an entire world to live and revel in. The seasons became more predictable, and the allied fae of Thessania could time their births to coincide with what their society needed, with gloaming being born in the Autumn, minotaur in the Winter, pixies in the Spring, and Satyr in the summer. Dark times would occasionally crop up as prolonged encounters against the faebeasts would leave cities under siege, but the fae grew more clever and sharpened by each one of these events until they were honed into powerful creatures. Oenomaus himself claimed his children had at last stepped out of his shadow.

When the satyr questioned the motives of their father, his answer was simple: "I want my children to be greater than their father." If there was more to Oenomaus' plan, he left it unrevealed. As time went on, he could often be found at the nightly banquets in Thessania, becoming more aloof and observant. Some gloaming observed, "Our father is growing despondent." They were not necessarily wrong.

Perhaps Oenomaus had foreseen the inescapable fate of his world.

Invasion

"The Abyssals fought with the regimented experience of endless millennia."

It was not a quick thing when the Abyssals first came. Like all good armies, they sent scouts first. There were creatures not so devilish in appearance that could easily be mistaken for Faebeasts or some unique creation of Oenomaus. Occasionally when these creatures were encountered, there'd be a scuffle. Something started to seem wrong only when less and less foraging parties returned from the deep woods. When an entire band of fae celebrating the holy woodland revelry were found slaughtered and strung up in the trees it was finally confirmed that there was something new stalking the woods of Faeholme.

Brave parties of all types of Fae started venturing out into the wilderness. It was difficult to discern the goals of the creatures they encountered; they were impossible to interrogate. Nearly every clash with the alien, blood-hungry beasts ended in a death. It was just how they fought, and the rare capture led to incoherent conversation. Gloaming suggested torture, but even when the captors were willing to go that far, nothing new ever seemed to be gleaned. The fae begged Oenomaus for help, but he could not see into the minds of things that he had not created himself, and his impotence in the situation forced him to withdraw even further from the affairs of his children. The creatures, sharp-toothed, fond of blood and bones, and often covered in bits of both, came to be called Redcaps. For years, they plagued the forest, picked off cattle, and desecrated the fae that they killed by eating

parts of their body, leaving behind hollow husks of minotaur, limbless pixies, and worse. If they had any sort of plan, it was not apparent in the least.

But Oenomaus? He could not be found. His tower loomed over Thessania like a lonely shadow, a reminder of the happier days that followed Winter.

And one day the tower fell, courtesy of the adamantine-hard teeth of a thousand redcaps invading Thessania.

Oenomaus reappeared in Thessania shortly afterwards, producing his mighty thorny whip and growing to his full height, swatting away dozens of redcaps at a time as they tried to free the tower's debris. The tower, which had last been used to protect Faeolme against extraplanar threats, was now little more than a pile of stones, leaking all forms of magic.

Near the Silver River, the pixies bathing there were the first casualties of the battle for Faeholme. When the tower fell, it was here that portals began opening to the Abyssal realm, and Abyssal fire turned their river to steam and the beach to glass. Their wings melted, their bodies burned, and regiments of Abyssals, red-skinned, wielding swords and ancient magic, poured in from each opening. Led by one of Abduen's great generals, they flooded in, the surviving Redcaps running to them, many being trampled underfoot.

The forests burned.

The cities burned.

Everything burned.

Oenomaus himself charged the line of Abyssals, every last fae that could see inspired to push away all fear and follow suit. The battle went on into the early evening, and as the sun began to set, a wretched clanking issued forth from the river line, louder than the clashing of swords, screams, and explosions of magic. Oenomaus fought Abduen's general knowing full well that this foreigner did not have the power to slay him on his own plane. His vine whip found purchase against the charred skin of the general, and by all accounts he perhaps would have won the day, if not for what the wretched clanking had signaled.

Suddenly, chains thick as an elephant's legs sped out of each portal so quickly that they nearly disintegrated the Abyssals that stood in their way as they moved, sometimes bursting through them from back to chest. They moved like wingless drakes, flying snakes through the darkening sky, with purpose toward wrapping up each and every still-living fae and dragging them back through the fiery hot portals. Oenomaus grew distracted, attempting to battle the chain as well and protect his children. He called for Anatolius, his greatest Satyr warrior to resume battle against the general, but Anatolius, too, had been taken. The Fae God watched his creations fall to death or capture all around him, falling to his knees, his defeat complete as Abduen's general torpored the husk of his Godly form, crushing his head.

The entire population of Faeholme was taken into the Abyssal realm. Some of the last through the portal said that they could see some Abyssals staying behind on the burning world, weapons still in hand as black globes rained like comets from the night sky.

Escape

"Freedom is a part of us. We were always going to get out."

The Abyssal Realm stretches far across the underbelly of the cosmos, encompassing many worlds. The Fae, almost in their entirety, found themselves on Vindaras, a fiery and mountainous prison world, mined and hollowed out, with the heart of the Everchain replacing the core of the plane. Despite its vast caverns, the plane was a small one, which made it difficult for the imprisoned Fae to escape the ever-watching Everchain and its Redcap and Abyssal Sludge minions.

Fae that attempted to break free of the Everchain were subject to cruel punishments, the most common of which was being shackled to the interior of the Black Hole, a volcano-like cavern that spit forth skin-scalding pitch at random intervals, only to have the pitch ignite when the Vindaras' surface faced the Plane of Fire. Despite this punishment, the Fae were not agreeable servants, attempting direct methods of escape and rebellion for centuries before being beaten into hopelessness by fiery tridents, redcap teeth, and the harshness of the Everchain's world. But through thousands of years of torment, the torpid body of Oenomaus still lived and sent from his sleeping mind the dreams of Faeholme to all of his children, reminding them of what they lost so that hope would still linger.



Studying the Fae through experimentation was a common practice of the Abyssals, and eventually this led to learning that the Pixies, Gloaming, and Gorgons had great potential to use arcane magic. Many became the servants of Abyssal warlocks and sorcerers, serving as minions and lenses through which the creatures could amplify their magic. Satyr, Minotaur, Goblins, and Scylla served as miners and laborers, building prisons meant to hold other races, as well as hollowing out new areas of the plan for the Everchain to grow into. The Abyssals eventually believed Faeholme to be a long lost memory, and the spirit of the Fae to be completely shattered. They were now to be used as servants and for experimentation until every last bit of their nature could be unlocked and utilized by the Abyssals. They began to process they had completed on so many other enslaved races before them: adding them to the Abyssal fold and indoctrinating them.

Meanwhile, Oenomaus lay still and torpid in the Karzorei, a lab-citadel where greater Abyssals continued their work. Fae servants learned from the whispers of their masters that Oenomaus was here, and that Abduen himself was seeking

methods to drain all of his power for transport into his own vessel, thus turning the Abyssal deity into something even stronger than he already was. The Fae began formulating a plan to free Oenomaus; they would tap into ancient power over nature magic that they had seemingly abandoned to overwhelm the citadel, creating a "Veil" side-plane as had once existed on their own world, and temporarily trapping the arcane-wielding Abyssals there. All the while, Fae miners would sacrifice their lives to assault the Everchain's heart in the core and keep it distracted.

This plan was formulated and altered for centuries as the leaders of the movement bided their time, communicating plans via dreams to Oenomaus, who would then transmit them back to his flock. The Fae needed a way to leave the world once all was complete and before the most powerful Abyssals returned from the temporary Veil that would be created. This opportunity came when Abduen stepped foot on Vindaras, as a new plane had been revealed to him, seemingly defenseless and ready to be taken.

The Fae leaders sprang into action, assaulting the Citadel just as the portals to the new world of Aularia had been opened. As the Everchain slinked its way across the world, bursting through the ground to attack and detain the rebels, it suddenly went limp as legions of miners unexpectedly burrowed into its black, ore-like heart. As the Veil was created, Oenomaus awoke, the warlocks and sorcerers that had been experimenting on him disappearing into the side-realm before his very eyes. Plant life began growing all around the horned-god, and from it he reforged his mighty vine-whip and with it destroyed Karzorei around him.

Elsewhere, as portals opened to this new world and the Abyssal Legions lined up to begin their invasion, the Pixies and Gloaming that no longer had any master alongside them to watch their every move began freeing their brethren from the weakened Everchain. They freed Scylla, Goblins, Minotaurs, Satyr, and all other manner of Fae creature. From behind the line of Abyssals, the Minotaur charged and freed the back line from their weapons, allowing the Satyr, Gorgon, and Goblins to arm themselves. Pixie and Gloaming slung arcane and shadow spells from the back line, while the Scylla and many other of the more skittish Fae slinked away and hid. Line after line of Abyssal fell as they attempted to get back into their regimented fighting lines, until Abduen himself turned away from the portals to enter the fray.

Oenomaus, growing to the height of Abduen, stampeded over Abyssals to charge him directly and keep him from his children. With their magic-users trapped, the Abyssals were outmatched by the Fae wielding their own magic against them, and were pushed aside while the Fae charged the portal. The story goes that as the last Faun crossed the threshold of the portal, she turned back to see Abduen's oversized sword cleave Oenomaus apart from the top of his horned skull. She cried out in horrified terror, and the image burned so deeply into her mind that it carried across the entirety of the escaped Fae. Cries, wails, and panic rolled forth like a growing wave from the back line to the front as the portal at last closed.

The Oath of Oenomaus

"...and with every breath, word, and deed, myself and my children for all generations will seek his revival above all else."

It took hours for the Fae to regain their composure. The world they had landed on was in distress, but in some ways felt very much like Faeholme. As one, they walked across the landscape through the starry, hot night, hearing the tumultuous sounds of the lingering effects of the Incursion far in the distance. They at last settled on a western shore and created Athica, a town that they hoped would one day rival Thessania. While the Gorgons left their brethren, perhaps either too changed by the Abyssal Realm or too incapable of living alongside their kin that were so different from them, Sir Anatolius, leader of the Satyr used Oath magic, learned in the halls of Karzorei by the Gloaming and Pixies, to create a magically-binding pact. No matter what, all Fae that swore the Oath, along with their descendants for countless generations, would be required to place the resurrection of Oenomaus ahead of all other priorities in their life, even potentially giving up their own life in the process. Fae that did not do this would wither and die in pain, as they might have on the surface of Vindaras for their rebellion. The memory of Oenomaus death hurt the Fae so much that none of the remaining Fae refused it.

As Athica was built, it became clear things were wrong with this world, and the Fae could sense them. Although a Veil was building itself around the world, the Fae knew that this protection alone was not enough to keep the world safe, based on their past experiences. They also knew that there was a timer on how long the warlocks and sorcerers of Vindaras would remain trapped before they opened another portal to this new world and invaded. A decision was made: deep within the Fae's memory was knowledge of how to create towers similar to the ones that once focused Oenomaus power on Faeholme, and with enough of these towers, portal magic, especially between planes, would be very difficult to use, preventing full-on invasions from outside sources.

The seasonal Fae agreed that abandoning Athica to travel the world in smaller cells and build these towers would be necessary, creating Fae Gates between areas where nature was rebuilding itself to traverse the entirety of Aularia. The Goblins and Scylla refused to work any longer, and both decided to strike out on their own and rebuild how they saw fit. Athica was abandoned, and all the Fae parted ways, essentially becoming invisible to the other races of the world while they built their towers.

Fae in the Modern World

"How does it feel to have more in common with demons than the mortals that live and breathe around you? I always wondered. I'm willing to hear a story before I take your horns."

The Fae of the modern world are a curious race. As the magic of Faeholme and the magics that extended their lives on Vindaras began to wear off, the lifespan of the Fae has shortened greatly to a period of 140-200 years depending on the type of Fae. Still, the memory of Faeholme's fall, the horrors of Vindaras, the tyranny of the Everchain, and the death of Oenomaus linger in nightmares inherited from generations past. Fae have begun

to reveal themselves more throughout the world simply because as city centers grow, their great work--the resurrection of Oenomaus--brings them towards them. Any time great magic, powerful artifacts, or powerful figures reveal themselves in Aularia, the fae are there to investigate and harvest the knowledge that comes with it in hopes of one day using to advance their cause.

The Seasonal Fae--Minotaur, Satyr, Pixies, and Gloaming--are extremely loyal to one another. They operate in small circles throughout the world, sharing all they own with one another in that circle and forming an independent group that relies on one another and almost never on outsiders. They share information with one another, and never reveal the secrets of their circle to outsiders. The Fae find all other races difficult to trust, but get along best with Totemics, followed by the Wild Elves. Humans really must prove themselves before they can be considered able to be trusted, since Fae were hunted throughout the world for years as animals, and are still enslaved or harvested by the humans of Daltanica.

Fae, especially the Pixies and Satyr, can sometimes be silly. This harkens back to a past where nightly revelry was just a part of life, but is also used as a way to hide the pain of thousands of years of loss and persecution. Minotaur and Gloaming hide this differently; through action, stoicism, and stalwart focus on purpose. What is known well is that behind these facades are a race of people that have nightmares or horrifying visions of the past on a regular basis, and the kind of anguish that is so sharp it never seems to dull. All Fae are in pain, they just find different ways to hide it.

Fae often do not remain in the same place for extremely long periods of time unless they feel very safe in a particular area. This is because areas inhabited by Fae for long periods of time can become Faetouched, taking on characteristics of Faeholme. Although it is a wonderful sight to behold and comforting for the Fae, it also makes finding Fae easy to their would-be predators when Will O'Wisps start showing up or lullabies start playing without rhyme or reason in the middle of a forest.

When Fae fall from the Oath, they do not always die. Sometimes the memories of Vindaras are enough to push some of Oenomaus children towards a darker path, returning to the service of Abduen and his dark magic. Though rare and few, these betrayers are hunted by the other Fae with extreme prejudice.

The Fae are extremely intrigued by the Sacred Grounds. For one, the large collection of magical resources on Lucania could be valuable in the years to come should they need it to complete the Oath. Second, Casoria, the island where the Fae first landed, is just east of Lucania. It had been missing for many Ages, and only seemed to have reappeared just over a century ago when it was discovered by Capriana. Now settled by humans, this land could one day become the center of the Church of Oenomaus should the Fae begin taking a larger role in world affairs.

Notable Figures:

Oenomaus

Thousands of Fae have devoted a two hundred year life to his return, and each has left this world with no further image of him than the one burned into their nightmares.” Chrysanth the Oathkeeper

He was the child of rain and snow, sun and stars, wind and earth. So goes the story: Oenomaus the Creator rose as a being in a lonely part of the cosmos, and so traveled about the worlds in disguise, collecting all of what he needed to build his own paradise. When he was done, he built Faeholme, a land of peace, prosperity, and revelry. He foresaw the dangers of magic and so made his very world capable of dampening its power so that beings drawn to the glow of power would be blind to it. They say he set the world in motion and then left it alone, lived amongst his own creations, helping them fend off the creatures that manifested in the wilds. He built mighty stone pillars and grand halls, cities that blended nature with artifice, colored in the most vivid of hues.

That time ended when the Fae god was caught by surprise by an Abyssal invasion into his home that he had thought was safe from outside attack. His creations were chained or caged, and he was rendered into an unresponsive state by Selvaria, one of Abduen's greatest lieutenants. When he next awoke, it was by the hand of Gloaming and Pixies in the Abyssal realm. He rose to arms almost immediately to protect the Fae, fighting Abduen himself. While his creations made it out of the Abyssal realm, he did not, the memory of his death being forever carved into the minds of his children. When they arrived on the new world, most of them swore the Oath of Oenomaus, the agreement that they would always, above all things seek to find a way to return him to life.

Oenomaus appeared in life as a humanoid with a dual set of horns resembling both Satyr and Minotaur. He was quite large beside his fellow Fae, and what little stories there are of him state that he was half-again the height of the tallest Minotaur. He had a brown mane covering his face and extending out into mutton chops, framing thin green eyes and an angular nose and mouth. It was said that he could sprout wings if he so chose, and would often do so to be the first at the great Table of Revelry to get the first serving of ambrosia. The favored weapon of Oenomaus was an unbreakable vine lined with adamantine-hard, serrated razor thorns, though he more often used spells to combat his foes.

Kalmor

“Someone has to sin so that others do not.”

As Gloaming go, Kalmor is extra pale with skin approaching an alabaster white. His black facial markings take the form of two crescents facing inward and framing his black eyes, as well as three thin stripes on his chin. Standing a humble 5'6" at most, Kalmor still maintains a powerful presence in any room he enters. Shadows seem to pull away from their fixed positions on the ground and walls in an attempt to cling to him as he passes. He can disappear as quickly as he appeared, carrying no visible weapon, but still maintaining

an aura of sinister deadliness as the darkness envelops him. He is always ready with a spell, hands constantly obscured by a dark arcane glow.

Kalmor is a leader and somewhat of a political figure for the fae. He belongs to no circle, instead finding his way to whatever part of the world he feels needs him. He is one of the few rabble-rousers amongst the fae that seeks to participate in direct conflict with those he perceives to be in the way of the fulfillment of the Oath of Oenomaus. Readily willing to steal, deceive, and murder, he's considered to be on the fringe. Despite this, few can deny the merit of his words when the actions they have led to have resulted in many an endangered fae finding safety. The word "Faidal" has been all but erased from his vocabulary, with no inkling of trust ever being afforded to the other races. Some may be less likely to kill you, he might say, but all are an obstacle. Kalmor has gone as far as modifying some forest portals so that the wild elves have had trouble using them, with Kalmor seeing their use of the ancient magic as larceny.

Kalmor takes the idea of fae being the wardens of the arcane extremely seriously. He has sabotaged rituals, razed alchemy labs, and set mage towers ablaze in the dark of night, all as part of his personal mission to keep that aspect of magic out of the hands of those who would use it unwisely. Some call him a hypocrite, as his own mastery of magic comes only with its flagrant use for long periods of time.

Another defining feature of Kalmor's personality is his willingness to regularly deal with the fae that are on the edges of society. At least one goblin serves as his assistant, and he regularly visits the shores of the serpent coast where the scylla are said to dwell. He claims to have personally sought out the lost gorgons in an attempt to bring them back into the fold, apparently to no avail. In his relatively short life he claims to have personally freed over 300 fae from slavery or harvest, a considerable number, given that the worldwide population of fae is said to be less than 20,000.

The rumors about Kalmor are unending, with most modern fae claiming to have encountered him at least once in their life. Stories say he peaks into the telescopes of House Moordune to study the stars, that he can twist divine magic into arcana, that he keeps a lesser abyssal chained up in a corner of his sanctum for experimentation, or that he frequently bribes shadow demon ship captains into raiding the worlds of the Abyssal Realm. If even a fraction of the stories are true, Kalmor is a relentless creature whose thirst for revenge and commitment to his purpose are boundless.

Sir Anatolius

"The Oath was his idea, and he was its most fervent follower."

When Anatolius stepped through the portal and onto the shores of the hot island of Casoria, the sky above was clear and illuminated with the light of thousands of worlds reflecting the plane of fire's glow. For a moment, he thought he was on Faeholme, but was wise enough to know that was not the case.

Like many of the other Fae, Anatolius had his life extended an unusually long time by the Abyssals, and had started to feel the effects of mortality. He knew that time would be short, and that the Fae would need strong leadership, and quickly. Refugees in a vast wilderness, Anatolius brought the strongest of Fae together for a meeting, and founded the town of Athica to serve as a temporary settlement until a plan of action could be created. Some of the Fae, namely the Gorgons, rejected the leadership of a Satyr, but Anatolius was charismatic and strong, able to keep dissension at bay at least until the Fae could relearn how to survive. And they did, creating a flourishing settlement in the span of a few months. But as time passed and Athica was assaulted with dangerous weather, searing mists, and dangerous extraplanar creatures, Anatolius knew that the settlement could not last long. The world that the Fae had found was dying due to extraplanar threat and wild magic. Luckily, Faeholme had experienced the same such trouble.

It was decided that the Fae could not remain on Casoria, as parts of the island were in fact vanishing behind a veil of deadly mist every day. They also felt a responsibility to their new home, to protect it from threats that they themselves had once faced, and Anatolius was the primary voice behind this newfound morality. It was decided the Fae would disperse and do all they could to preserve the world and protect it from threats.

Before this happened, Anatolius, as perhaps the first leader of Aularia's Fae, proposed that an oath be created, using the magics they had observed the Abyssals themselves use. The gorgons outright rejected this idea of an oath without ever learning the details, even convincing some of the rarer fae to just leave Casoria and ignore any further plea. The seasonal fae, goblins, scylla, and a few others accepted once they learned Anatolius' plan, which was to, through any means possible, resurrect Oenomaus. Wording the oath himself, Anatolius convinced an entire generation of fae of various types to agree that no pursuit in their lives could ever be more important than Oenomaus' return, and forever these fae, their children, and every generation to come would be bound by this oath. The magic was sewn and stitched with the words of thousands, and forever burned Anatolius' name into fae history as either a selfless leader or an idealist lacking foresight, depending on whatever modern fae you ask. For the rest of Anatolius' life, he became leader of the Cosantyr, knight-protectors of the Fae clergy.

Anatolius was an extremely athletic satyr, chest and arms carved like the great marble statues of Athica. His horns were rather prominent for a Satyr, curly and sticking out of holes bored through a smooth vulcanium helm. Wearing little in the way of armor, Anatolius carried with him an old symbol of Oenomaus and a sword too large for most his size to wield successfully in one hand. Statues of Anatolius still appear hidden in various forests of the world, often with the last words of the Oath of Oenomaus inscribed across their base.

Chrysanth the Oathkeeper

"We needed a change."

There is no denying that Oenomaus clergy leans heavily towards satyr priests and clerics. As his first children they seem naturally suited for the role. Pixies have long vied for greater standing, despite their



affinity for arcane and nature magic. On nights of revelry, they keep up right alongside the satyr while the minotaur are passing out and the gloaming haunt the tree line away from it all. Chrysanth has risen through the nights of revelry, through learning of oath magic and through dedication to the divine cause. She stands as the first pixie to ever lead the church of Oenomaus since the great enslavement. Chrysanth is known as the Oathkeeper, defending the Oath of Oenomaus, she is charged with guiding the entire fae population toward a path that will bring about his return.

Owing her power to her training as both priest and cleric, Chrysanth shines as a beacon to those around her. Her hair and eyes are perfectly matching purple pastel, the same as her glittering cheeks. A golden headband with images of Faeholme etched into its thin metal rests on her head. Around her neck an amulet of emerald with Oenomaus' symbol in a circular frame of adamantine. This sits above golden half-plate armor, a purple sarong to match her eyes and hair around her waist. Bare feet caked in the dirt of a run through the forest sit at the bottom of her sleight form, while translucent green wings ever-fluttering sprout from her back. She carries with her a spiked mace, crafted to look like a ball of bunched-up, thorny vines sitting on the end of a wooden shaft.

However many fights the near-flawless equipment has been through is not often spoken about, but it is unlikely to have been many. Chrysanth's garb is a show, made to make the Oathkeeper appear invulnerable and angelic, an image all fae can easily revere. She is the epitome of old Faeholme values. Welcoming to strangers, able to go from hearth-keeping to woodland revelry in the span of a few hours, capable of holding her own in a fight, and a scholar of magic and philosophy. Chrysanth is what many fae aspire to be, if the temptations of everything aside from the Oath of Oenomaus didn't get in the way. Chrysanth lives in the Beastglades, but has begun expressing interest in moving the center of the church back to the Palm Forest of Casoria.

Evergreen

Everyone is a novice and everyone is an expert; learning when to play which role is the only way to learn more."

Evergreen is a minotaur, tall and slim. Her horns are gnarled and weathered, the color of pine bark, with one crumbling off at the tip. Always, a crown of verdant winter thistles and poinsettia rest atop her head. Her gray fur is dotted with patches of dried mud, sometimes forming brown icicles on the soft ends of her fur. She is bull-nosed, looking more beast than human, and carries with her the trunk of a young evergreen tree for a staff, a single shoulder padded with lambskin leathers serving as her only semblance of armor. Evergreen's weathered face gives away her advanced age, spry as she may be. She is an escaped Daltanic slave who now makes her home in the cold Winter Forest of Mag'duar. Combining the Druid sphere of Life and the Mystic sphere of the Veil, Evergreen walks through two worlds repairing both the living and the spiritual. Her life is a solitary one, belonging to the Fae Circle "Snowhoof," a collection of fairly independent Satyr and Minotaur inhabiting the northerly parts of the Winter Forest.

While she will always help a fellow fae in need, Evergreen is not a very active participant in the circle's day-to-day activities, spending more of her time amongst the spirits than with her living kin. She is well-liked by the local wild elves and totemic, even having participated in celebrations and prayer for The Two Worlds. She courts this religion like a fickle hummingbird, flying off to Oenomaus just as often, but she holds a unique view that the two religions can coexist as one. This sentiment is not shared by anyone else she has ever encountered, though priests of both religions are happy to have her at their celebrations and ceremonies. She makes for an excellent ambassador between two peoples who align on several topics while vehemently disagree on others.

Evergreen has spent most of her life as a Daltanic slave, freed only by the luck of a shipwreck amongst the mountains of the sea on the way to Isselheim. Having taken up her most recent career less than 15 years ago, her age gives her perspective as both wise and experienced while still a student of druidism and mysticism. She never takes an Oath without first putting a lot of thought into it, but is always determined to satisfy any oath she takes extremely quickly. The elder minotaur does not like anyone, even fellow fae, being able to hold anything over her head.

Notable Locations:

The Ingentheon

In the heart of the shrinking Beastglades, southeast of Hevinhold, is the open-air temple known as the Ingentheon. Plain pillars line both levels, the first buried deep into the ground and forming a deep foundation beneath the forest floor. These pillars are shrouded in hundreds of years of vine growth, hiding the fading frescos that face outward on the partitions between every other pillar. Here on the first level, Cosantyr claim places between each pillar for hours on end, serving as potential defenders to outside attack. It

seems only monsters ever test the knights, as organized groups that seek out the temple are usually taken care of by sorcerers and hunters that range in the wilderness. At the center of this guarded pavilion level is an old fae gate which allows access to the top floor, sitting over a modest patch of dirt and purple night flowers.

The second floor is where the day-to-day activities of the temple take place. Here, any fae is welcome to visit with the attending clergy, who are often simply present for worship or to discuss the goings-on of the church around the world. Chrysanth, head of the church, is present here at all times when business from around Aularia is not pulling her to all corners of the world by way of fae gates. When she is not around, the satyr High Priest Jormux fulfills her duties. This level is decorated with statues depicting Oenomaus, and symbols of the allied seasonal fae. At the center of the marble floor is an enclosed space that is both Chrysanth's quarters and an attached meeting room, and beside it a vibrant fern that is the exit to the fae gate from below. There are constantly guards, clergy, and traveling fae milling about, and there is always a hushed din of conversation and prayer that echoes against the pillars and dome above. On a giant tablet fixed into the ground, facing westward, the words of the Oath of Oenomaus are acid-etched into the stone. Finally, a black circle is crudely painted on the floor just south of the tablet, the place where the false prophet, Xodaea fell. It is considered bad luck to ever step on that oathbreaker's spot.

With the Beastglades being in a temperate area, the Ingentheon is subject to the elements and gladly accepts them all. More than once, the clergy has held a renewal service as the rains of a storm battered in between the pillars, and many prayers are spoken in the winter when words become visible breath in the air. The Fae long ago learned to accept all the seasons, even if some like certain parts of the year more than others. One of the biggest arguments against moving the church's center away from the Ingentheon and back to Casoria is that Casoria is a land that is without a true winter.

As fae gate travel has become more difficult due to the presence of Wild Elves and curious Totemic, the Ingentheon has been made easy to find for Fae despite being hidden beneath thick tree growth. Will o'wisps search the Beastglades for lost fae and lead them to the temple, while they attempt to lead sentient creatures of all other types away or, failing that, into dangerous situations.

Rituals and Traditions:

The Revelry

Formerly a nightly ritual that would take place in the secluded forests of Faeholme, the tradition of Revelry has instead become a once-a-month gathering. It is semi-religious in nature, as its purpose is to honor a tradition that Oenomaus himself began so long ago, but there is very little prayer or ritual to the whole affair. What it is, is essentially a party. Under ideal conditions, it takes place outdoors in a wilderness area in the early evening, just as the sun is beginning to set. A feast is to take place as the sun goes down, and the

dancing, drinking, and laughter that follows takes place in the dark of night, lit only by light spells and wisps.

The Revelry serves as a much-needed distraction to all Fae. Circles usually organize these events and invite any local Fae that may be visiting. When prominent Fae from the church or of other influential organizations are in town, organizing a Revelry is often commonplace as a show of hospitality, even if one of the parties has already occurred in that month.

Pledging and Oaths

Fae have stolen secrets of contract magic from the Abyssals, and use it to further their own goals in a much more beneficial form of the magic, known as Oath magic. Oathforgers are rare amongst the Fae, but they are seen as having an important role in the culture. Pledging oaths is a common practice, and many times Fae do not see anything as "official" until an oath has come along with it. For example, Fae might form a local Circle and pledge to one another, but until an Oathforger seals the deal with magic, the Circle is essentially an unofficial one. Still, when a Fae makes another promise to another Fae, even without magic, they do not make it lightly; it is taboo to ever go back on one's word once it is promised to another Fae.

Additionally, Fae wishing to become members of the Cosantyr Knights engage in a special non-magical pledge known as "Minotaur's Fealty." This is essentially a promise to another Fae that they will serve as their guardian and protector for a period of time, either because the Fae is either teaching them or is in need of protection for one reason or another. The pledge is known as "Minotaur's Fealty" because it was the Minotaur which began this practice, and the winterhooves are known for being especially true to their word. Many Minotaur engage in this practice even if they are not trying to become knights.

Marriage is also a very common practice amongst the Fae, and must be sealed with an oath for it to be considered an official marriage. The oath is considered for life, and divorce is pretty much unheard of amongst Fae. Their lives are long enough that they can take care in choosing a partner. It should be noted that the seasonal Fae (Minotaur, Gloaming, Satyr, and Pixie) often marry one another, and the children that are produced are determined by the season they are born in and not by their parentage.

Market

When Fae of a circle have an excess of wares to sell, they will attempt to liquidate the wares for their own safety. This is the tradition of the Market, where all of the Fae in an area will set up shop for a period of time. They do this all together to prevent themselves from getting scammed, and also for protection.

While Markets often attract a lot of people, there are many who are worried about getting scammed by the Fae during these affairs. Fae tend to make anyone that comes to the market feel at home, occasionally baking and brewing free foods and drinks or providing entertainment to entice more sets of eyes to have a look.

Opinions of Other Races:

Gloaming ViewPoint

City Elves: They make good teachers and even better students, and you can usually convince them of anything if you treat them better than dirt.

Humans: How this race managed to populate Aularia to such a large degree boggles my mind.

Jorhaul'duar: Belligerent assholes.

Mag'duar: We're not quite sure, but probably belligerent assholes.

Orcs: Used to be belligerent assholes. Now? Irrelevant.

Seraphim: Most of them are in direct opposition to our goals. I don't care if they are nice. I don't care if they have honor. If they were presented with the corpse of Oenomaus, would they give it to us or would they try and burn it with holy fire?



Totemic: Everyone is always talking about how helpful these guys are. Maybe to you druids. Not to me.

Vaniiri: Their entire existence is... fascinating. I can't believe more of our kind aren't interested in how they came to be.

Wild Elves: I'll just practice my magic over here, thank you. I'm sorry that your kind can't handle that sort of thing. A pity.

Pixie ViewPoint

City Elves: I think we'd get along better if we ran into them more often. Them and the Gloaming can go brood together.

Humans: Misguided. At best silly and entertaining, at worst scary murderers. Very hard to trust.

Jorhaul'duar: Their seemingly irrational war mongering over the years has been the single greatest threat to this world's survival.

Mag'duar: Not having anything to fight for makes you a little pathetic.

Orcs: We've got a special place in our heart for the downtrodden, but do you remember what they used to be like? Scarier than humans.

Seraphim: Magic humans. Still humans.

Totemic: Probably the easiest Aularians to get along with for us, but they are pretty weird.

Vaniiri: What's the difference between them and humans again? Oh yeah, they drink blood. The last creatures we ran into that drank blood helped destroy our homeworld... so fuck them.

Wild Elves: Pompous, capable of being real jerks, especially to us and the gloaming. We'll work with them when we need to, but I'm not going to hide my arcane prowess just for their benefit.

Minotaur ViewPoint

City Elves: They don't talk to us. Hard to trust someone that eyes you from the other side of the room all the time. What are they looking at anyway?

Humans: The more we learn about them, the more we realize how they lack the honor and unity of the Fae. You might meet a good one, only to find that his brother is a backstabber and his father a thief.

Jorhaul'duar: Strong and hardy, but we don't respect those that destroy without regard for the life it affects.

Mag'duar: We understand their seclusion, but it means we know little about them.

Orcs: Our ancestors killed your kind, but maybe you really did change.

Seraphim: We understand what it means to make promises and keep oaths, but their self-righteousness is difficult to deal with.

Totemic: The most respectable race native to Aularia. They make good friends. I call some among them Faidal.

Vaniiri: They may as well be human in our eyes.

Wild Elves: They seem to work well with us, but I always feel like they are ready to put an arrow in our back if something goes wrong.

Satyr Viewpoint

City Elves: The lost brothers of the Wild Elves, just as the Gorgons are lost to us.

Humans: Every single one of them is different, and you'd be a fool to generalize them.

Jorhaul'duar: Respectable combatants, but their shaman seek to dominate nature rather than work alongside it.

Mag'duar: Quiet on the whole, but loud in person. Excellent drinkers.

Orcs: Let's not keep a 5000 year old grudge alive when there's no reason to.

Seraphim: Our brothers and sisters don't seem to see much difference between them and humans. I'd say that it's easier to trust someone that believes in something than someone who doesn't.

Totemic: Excellent allies in the green world and in the veil.

Vaniiri: Just... stay away.

Wild Elves: I wish our two people trusted each other more. It seems we have many goals in common.

Lexicon:

Autumnwing: Another name for Gloaming, the seasonal Fae that are born in Autumn.

Circle: A local band of united Fae. Every circle has a leader, given the title of Lord, that settles disputes when a problem cannot be solved. Fae are extremely loyal to members of their circle, and most circles choose to share all their worldly treasures with one another, essentially using the group's wealth and knowledge to help each member.

Cosantyr: A group of Fae knights that pledge to protect members of the clergy of the Church of Oenomaus.

Duke/Duchess: Highly influential movers and shakers that once led circles, Dukes and Duchess' are the recognized leaders of a group of Circles in an entire region. Some regions do not even have one of these, as either not enough Fae live there or none has risen up as influential enough to help make decisions for an entire region. This title is considered a secular one developed only in the past few thousand years, and does not have roots in the Fae religion.

Everchain: A sentient chain that inhabits the Abyssal plane known as Vindaras. The Everchain was created to trap sentient races and keep them prisoner. Ever since the Fae escaped Vindaras, the Everchain has been a lingering threat.

Faebeast: Faebeasts are essentially monsters or animals that were native to Faeholme, but were captured in the invasion of the world. They may have escaped Vindaras and made their way to Aularia, while others did not escape and have since been twisted by Abyssal magic.

Faeholme: The legendary paradise plane that the Fae originate from. This world was invaded by Abyssals, and its current state is unknown.

Faidal (Fae-doll): A member of a non-Fae race that a local group of Fae trust. Anyone in a circle can nominate an outsider to be considered Faidal, but it is up to the leader of a circle to make the decision. Essentially a Faidal is someone the Fae believe can be counted on and their word trusted, and in exchange the Fae are more willing to be honest with them and trade with them more favorably. A Fae would never steal from a Faidal, for example, but they still would not compromise loyalty to their circle or other Fae for a Faidal.

Independent: All non-seasonal Fae are called the independents. The most prominently known among them are the Goblins, Scylla, and Gorgons, but other, rarer types of Fae might exist as well.

Kin: Fae refer to one another as kin.

Lord/Lady: The leader of a Fae circle is often referred to with the title of "Lord" or "Lady" preceding their name. Lords are considered influential members of the Fae community beyond their local circle. This title is considered a secular one developed only in the past few thousand years, and does not have roots in the Fae religion.

Market: All of the Fae setting up shop at once, often along with free food and entertainment, in an attempt to liquidate excess wares or trade up for better items.

Mortai (Mor-tie): This is essentially the Fae dirty word for non-Fae, coming from an ancient word meaning "Mundane" or "Boring."

Oath: A practice amongst the Fae that seals promises with magic, often providing rewards to those that complete or follow through with the Oath while punishing those that break it.

Oathforger: A Fae that has learned the secrets of Oath magic.

Oathkeeper: The highest position in the Church of Oenomaus is known as the Oathkeeper. This is the Fae charged with guiding their kin towards completion of the Oath of Oenomaus.

Seasonal Fae: The name for the collective group of Fae known as Satyr, Minotaur, Pixie, and Gloaming. They are the most populous and influential group of Fae, and run the Church of Oenomaus.

Springwing: Another name for Pixies, the seasonal Fae that are born in Spring.

Summerhoof: Another name for Satyr, the seasonal Fae that are born in Summer.

Winterhoof: Another name for Minotaur, the seasonal Fae that are born in Winter.

