

Two hundred years ago, our land emerged from the last rays of darkness when, in a single night, King Tavian's forces killed the usurper to the throne, her followers, and the last dragon of Sanctuary.

We still know not under what pretense the usurper aligned herself to the dragon, only that they fought together in a futile stand against the one and only true heir to the throne of Sanctuary.

Following this grave battle, the king took his rightful place upon the throne. His mages arranged the bones of the dragon behind his royal perch, so that all might bear witness to his might and power.

Finally, the king forbade that any speak or write the name of the usurper ever again. She has since fallen from memory.

For these two hundred years, our land has known peace and prosperity.

Or so the official stories go.

But having proven yourself in your other endeavors, and having alerted my agents to your prowess and bravery, a new journey unfolds at your feet. Should you choose this path, you will join the ranks of a wise and discerning few.

If you value your life above knowing the truth—if we have been mistaken in our trust—read no further. But if, like those who risk their families, their reputations, and their well-being, you wish to know, to understand our true and torrid history, read on.

Her name was Desdemona Orbaskier, and her heir yet lives.

I have risked much to reveal and record the true history of these lands, to hold on to the hope of what might be. I write as a spell and curse, fervent in my belief that one day, Tavian might be overthrown and that somehow, the lost line of kings will be restored.

Your sign of consent to join our cause will be to keep this first letter on your person, hidden carefully away. Should you refuse, burn this letter in sight of the tavern you've stepped out of, and return to the life you have known. All will be as it was before.

But should you join our ranks, my agents will find you again soon and share the next story-piece with you. It exists in fragments, for it is too dangerous to transcribe the tale in its entirety in a single document. I will entrust the writings of the one they call the usurper and her allies into your care.

The king's guards close in around me, and I am not long for this world. One candle of hope yet remains—that the story will live on through you.

May the goddess of fate guide you in your quest and show you, in her own way and time, how these wrongs might be righted.

*Ever yours in conspiracy and truth,
~ the scribe of dragons*

