

PLOT POINTS:

The Dragon Gods



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The Dragon Gods

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P U B L I S H E D B Y O T H E A

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Introduction

Long before the first human ascended the dragon gods drew breath. Powerful and enigmatic, their history is bloody and far reaching, spanning many planets and much of time itself. In this book you'll be introduced to 10 new gods, compatible with Pathfinder Second Edition as well as a new way to view gods and how they interact with souls.

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Way of the Soul

Created from and by mortals, souls are the energy of life itself. Everything that lives, no matter how small or insignificant is imbued with a soul, though their strength varies greatly. For most the means to interact with that energy will never be within their grasp, but occasionally one's strength is so thoroughly tested, it has no choice but to change into something greater. For those that choose the path of harboring others, they become Gods, gaining the ability to guide souls into their personal realm for an afterlife fitting their ideals. Those that choose destruction, become demons and gain the ability to devour souls, taking away the chance at an afterlife, but granting a release to those trapped in undead bodies. Neither of the two is wholly good or evil, but in the case of both the ability for a mortal to ascend is always accompanied by an event of great significance.

Lantern Bearer

Even rarer than becoming a god or demon, a soul can become a lantern bearer. Somewhere between the two, these individuals gain the ability to ferry souls to a final destination. Often they visit areas of great tragedy collecting the souls and taking them to a compatible god. They can also be seen fighting undead, pulling the tormented souls into their lanterns and feeding them to a demon later so that their suffering might end. They always appear at times of great death, and thus always are treated with trepidation.

Undead

When using this system most undead of any intelligence or malevolence are souls who did not find a god to claim them, rejected divinity entirely, or suffered a sufficiently traumatic death. The degree to which their soul was damaged can vary greatly, but in some cases, races like vampires may have escaped total corruption and could still find a god willing to claim their soul. Liches however, and beings like them, may turn to undeath as a method to fight against the very concept of divinity. When an undead is slain by a demon, or its soul is destroyed, whatever energy was contained within is released into the local area, often causing a surge of life in its place.

Gods

Gods gain the ability to harbor souls in a mindscape of their own creation, one that can be traveled to by magic or by invitation of the god itself. They feel an unyielding urge to search out those who shared their ideals in life so that they may provide comfort in death. Gods who resist this urge or attempt to keep souls captive that aren't aligned with them slowly corrupt and turn into demons, driven by the desire to destroy what they can so that the urge might fade. A god's power comes from their followers' souls both in life and in death, and so, many establish great churches in the hopes of drawing more worshippers but there are many who are content with their smaller clergy. Slaying a god is a difficult task often requiring weaponry created by an opposed god, but is frowned upon due to the sudden release of many souls, creating vast amounts of undead if there is no new god to serve as a replacement.

Demons

Those who chose the path to destroy souls are those who became demons. Often misunderstood or misrepresented they are not aligned towards good nor evil and can in fact be found to follow nearly every ideology there is. The primary trait of a demon is its ability to devour or destroy a soul completely, and the urge to do so which never quite seems to fade. There are many who use this talent to fight against undead, seeing it as their obligation to continue the cycle of life and death, but there are others who seek the gods' destruction and view their fate as executioners, a curse that will only be lifted when there are no more souls to reap.

Ascended

Gods of sufficient power are able to craft new vessels for souls in their possession, once again giving them the opportunity to roam the material plane. These constitute outsiders like angels, succubus, or devils. When an ascended is slain the soul is destroyed and so it is an honor only given to those a god feels is worthy and powerful enough to further their cause

The Crimson Passion

CN goddess of passion, art, pleasure and discovery

Realm: The Crimson Gold Halls

Areas of Concern: Art, Care for subordinates, pleasure, schools

Alignment: CN (CG, CE, N, NG)

Divine Font: Harm or Heal

Divine Skill: Crafting or Perform

Divine Ability: Charisma

Domains: Dragon, Creation, Passion, Protection

Alternate Domains: Wealth

Cleric Spells: 1st: Charm, 3rd: 6th: Cloak of Colors, Fly, 9th: Resplendent Mansion

Edicts: Take pleasure in life, protect and cherish what you own, create works of beauty and art, exult in the thrill of discovery

Anathema: Harm those beneath you, destroy things of beauty, let others get away with stealing or destroying what you own, live stagnant, live prudishly.

Favored Weapon: Unarmed or Bladed Scarf

Astyrixi was a great and ancient red dragon and for a thousand years, was like every other red dragon... vicious, capricious and tyrannical. She destroyed cities and paved a path of flame and destruction. Like every other dragon, she took slaves and wealth and hoarded it.

It was several decades after her thousandth hatch day that Astyrixi obtained a very unique slave, a lillend of great musical and artistic skill. The dragon was so taken with the azatas music and art that she became determined to learn how to do it herself, finding it insulting that one of her slaves could out-perform her.

And yet, no matter how much she forced her lillend to train and teach her, the red remained tone deaf, barely able to paint stick figures, and her sculptures were little more than lumps. Despite her repeated failures, and even the punishments she put the lillend through for 'failing' to teach her properly, the dragon could not improve.

Eventually, the lillend despaired of ever satisfying

the dragon and told her a lie, one that she hoped the dragon could believe. Only those that love others, can ever truly create art. It was a lie she knew to be false, and yet, it worked.

The ancient red dragon was troubled, because to do such a thing would be pitting her pride as a red dragon against her stubbornness of failing to do what she so badly wanted to accomplish. Eventually, stubbornness won out, and she tried for a full century to do what the lillend had told her... to fall in love. Most of her attempts were hilariously inept and obvious tries from stories, rebuffed repeatedly. At first, every time the lillend rejected her, she was punished for it. The red would learn only later how far that set her back. Over the years, she did slowly change, her yearning and sheer desire for the lillends art changing to a desire for her.

After a century, Astyrixi had come to emotionally rely on the lillend's words though the attempts at trying to get her to love her, for the dragon had indeed fallen for the lillend, were not returned.

That century was long enough that the dragon's seclusion had fooled people into thinking her dead and adventurers raided her lair. Though the adventurers died, Astyrixi's rage had slaughtered more than just those that attacked her. Her slaves, and her precious lillend had been consumed by the flames of wrath.

Burdened by such sorrow the dragon sang out a funeral dirge of poignant beauty and it was said that everything in a thousand miles wept with the dragon and felt her guilt.

She cradled the broken body of her lillend, a soul gone forever. Her other slaves had been mortal, and their souls persisted, now home within her new realm.

The dragon's scales changed from the red and black of an ancient red wyrm to gold-tipped scales of brilliant ruby, and she became the Crimson Passion. Since then, she has come to view all artists and lovers of living life to the fullest as those to protect.

Ayamen

God of Living Gold

LN god of wealth, gold, protection and trade

Realm: The Vault

Areas of Concern: Trade, gold, protecting your valuables and home

Alignment: LN, (N, LE, NE)

Divine Font: Harm or Heal

Divine Skill: Crafting or Society

Divine Ability: Charisma

Domains: Dragon, Cities, Toil, Wealth

Alternate Domains: Travel

Cleric Spells: 1st: Alarm, 6th: Flesh to Gold (as Flesh to stone, but gold), 7th: Guards and Wards

Edicts: Earn wealth and especially gold, protect what you own, invest in business

Anathema: Allow your wealth to be stolen or destroyed, engage in wanton destruction of property

Favored Weapon: Unarmed or Heavy Mace

Ayamen is the youngest of the dragon gods, and indeed is only an adult crystal dragon. A 190 years old, and a god for a century of that, he lives in the city of Dasacra. Ayamen chose the city to be his home when he was but 8 years old and arrived after stowing away on a merchant 'vessel'. Ayamen is from the plane of Earth, and his egg was to be sold by the genies that owned it, but his hatching came early and he proved a startlingly quick witted wyrmling at the idea of commerce.

Under the genies, the wyrmeling was, like most all



creatures the genies encounter, a slave.

He spent more than a decade under their control, before he managed to escape.

In Dasacra, the dragon slipped away and chose to make his home in an underground lair he carved for his hoard. He made his start in petty crime, but as his wealth accumulated he turned to legitimate business instead at the age of 30, just as his natural form was getting too large to hide in.

He proved to be an exceptionally competent money lender and soon his wealth escalated.

In less than 50 years, he had become the richest banker in the entire city.

The dragon's lust for gold only grew though, and he began to insert himself in politics to further direct economic law.

Ayamen's apotheosis is a strange one, as it's difficult to determine where or even particularly when it happened... most gods' apotheosis is well

known, as it's normally always a dramatic event tied to a poignant or great deal of death. His was not.

Indeed, one day during a city council meeting, the dragon merely announced that he was a god and would begin setting up a church.

He skillfully used the uproar to further his hold on the city and politics within, establishing his church.

The Dragon Queen

NG goddess of dragons

Realm: Dragonholme

Areas of Concern: Dragons, parents and children

Alignment: NG (LG, CG, N for non-dragons, all alignments for true dragons and kobolds)

Divine Font: Heal

Divine Skill: Diplomacy or Intimidation

Divine: Ability Wisdom

Domains: Dragon, Sorrow, Family, Protection

Alternate Domains: Soul

Cleric Spells: 1st: Mage Armor, 3rd: Fly, 7th, Prismatic Spray, 9th: Prismatic Sphere

Edicts: Protect, nurture and support your family, respect dragons

Anathema: Harm dragons, harm souls, attack families

Favored Weapon: Unarmed or Shield Bash

Benitamarl is the eldest dragon, among both the dragon gods, mortals, and even the undead. Millenia ago, she was a great wyrm gold, and the second eldest dragon, her mother being the oldest eldest and the first known god among dragonkind. Benitamarl's family and every dragon she'd ever known that had died were safely shepherded in her mother's realm. As her own time dwindled to her twilight years, the gold was content, happy she'd see her father and siblings, and even the few children she'd had that had died before her, a beautiful long life lived by the ancient gold.

But before her death, tragedy struck as it almost always does before a god's birth--A devil of terrible power attacked Benitamarl's mother, intent on devouring the millions of dragon souls within her. The fight was tremendous and in it, Benitamarl fought viciously to defend her mother, along with her extended family. Over a hundred dragons fell from the sky in the horrible fight and the gold was wounded and near death when the devil finally proved victorious... and slew the first dragon god.

As the only still breathing dragon on the field, Benitamarl watched as her mother's soul was consumed, and such was her rage that the gold ascended and got back to her feet.

In a divine act that has happened neither before nor since, the dragon's grief became an unbreakable resolve, and she forced the world to give her the souls of all of those in her mother's realm, taking them into herself and protecting them, saving them from certain extinction.

Renewed and inevitable, the dragon fought the devil still, and destroyed it and the mountain they fought on, but her wounds were many. As night fell, her blood seeped into the crater, but she refused to die. Refused to allow the souls she so bitterly fought for to cease existing.

There was one soul she could not save, her mother. The first dragon god's soul had been devoured so thoroughly that even the memory of her name had been lost, an act the new dragon goddess returned upon the devil she slew. If a written record of the two exists, it is unknown.

When the sun rose again, Benitamarl continued to breathe, alive in the crater as the sky wept. Her scales had become the dull grey of those clouds, her sorrow seeping into the very soil around her as it filled with her tears.

Known now as the steel dragon, Benitamarl offers worship and sanctuary to all dragons, regardless of motivation, so long as they do not make vendetta against their own kind or families. Her largest temple was erected on the shore of Sorrow Lake, where she fell and where she still rests.

The Dragonqueen is truly ancient, and her realm of Dragonholme is where she spends most of her time, while her physical body rests in her temple. She's well known for her melancholy look and mood, except for when she is around children, the only time her smile is seen.

Chronepsis

He Who Watches

N god of observation, rulership, and time

Realm: The Hall of Spheres

Areas of Concern: Watching others, supporting rule, the passage of time

Alignment: N (any)

Divine Font: Harm or Heal

Divine Skill: Arcana or Occultism

Divine Ability: Wisdom

Domains Dragon: Knowledge, Vigil, Secrecy

Alternate Domains: Moon

Cleric: Spells 3rd: Clairaudience, 4th: Clairvoyance, 6th: Scrying, 10th: Time Stop

Edicts: Search out that you find interesting, watch and listen for secrets, observe the right of rule

Anathema: Treason, be oblivious to passing events

Favored Weapon: Unarmed or Spiked Chain

Chronepsis is an old lunar dragon nearing his millennial birth day, one that achieved his apotheosis when he was quite young. The lunar dragon, more than most of his kind, was rather obsessed with watching others and pilfering secrets with voyeuristic tactics. Like most lunar dragons, the dragon lived within the Moonscar and supported the ruling succubus queen Izmiara there.

He fell in love with another from afar, the half-elfen daughter of another succubus by the name of Efemia. A love that most would consider unsettling, due to the fact that Efemia had no idea the dragon even existed. Even so, Chronepsis never felt a need to actually introduce himself, content to simply watch Efemia for years from a distance.

It was when Efemia's mother planned to overthrow Izmiara that his apotheosis happened. The dragon decided to inform the succubus queen about the plot, as he was loyal to the queen of the Moonscar and his actions prevented a potential civil war.

It however had an unforeseen consequence... His love, Efemia, was slain in the fighting when Izmiara's

soldiers attacked the traitor's home. Incensed at this, the lunar collected the half-elf's soul and ascended, becoming a new god on the moon.

Flying to Izmiara in his rage, he was thrown off-balance by the succubus queen's immediate offer to resurrect the girl... an offer which she followed through with, along with an apology and punishment to the soldiers that murdered her.

The dragon was mollified, and more than that, grew an unbreakable loyalty to the succubus queen, a one that spread into the worship he began to accrue for that of rightful rulers.

A new god now, the dragon Chronepsis did not change much. His beloved was only briefly aware of him due to her death, but he immediately distanced himself from her and hid his love. Though Efemia is not a true immortal and would age unto death as any mortal, she has not... due to the dragon god's manipulation of time. Chronepsis both practiced and perfected the magic on her, leaving the half-elf, half-demon woman in a state of perpetual youth.

Chronepsis and those that worship him are Watchers, people and dragons that view the world around them and track the progress of important events throughout time, and present those recordings to those that follow, whoever they might be. Spies, clerks, and historians are the primary followers of this god.



The Face of Greed

CE god of greed, curses, and hoarding

Realm Baratrix, the Golden Pools

Areas of Concern Stealing, curses, his hoard

Alignment CE (NE)

Divine Font Harm

Divine Skill Thievery or Deception

Divine Ability Charisma

Domains Dragon, Destruction, Pain, Wealth

Alternate Domains Secrecy

Cleric Spells 1st: Ray of enfeeblement, 2nd: Spectral hand, 4th: Outcast's Curse

Edicts Take what you want, make those that oppose you suffer for it

Anathema Forgive others, let them take what's yours, give away anything

Favored Weapon Unarmed or Whip

Fafnir is the only dragon god not to be a true dragon. Born a human in another world, Fafnir was a man consumed by his greed. A mercenary and skilled warrior, he took well-paying jobs regardless of what was asked, up to and including murder.

He was a man born a second son--a noble, but not the designated heir. Had he not become a mercenary, he would've been given a small plot of land and stipend, and otherwise kicked out of the house once his sister inherited.

Remorseless and merciless, the man would often turn on his employer and kill them in order to take whatever else they owned. As time passed, he amassed more wealth, spending little except to better further his pursuit of coin. Greed was Fafnir's defining trait, even more than his lack of empathy.

In his late thirties, he took a job to destroy his own family, not batting an eye at the contract, and tore through the manor as efficiently as he would if as if it

were normal. Part of the job included kidnapping his elder sister for the rival noble that hired him, a ploy to quell the peasants of the land. During the sacking, he fought and eventually killed his father with his bare hands, an act which was carried out seemingly as ruthlessly as everything else.

When it came time to pay though, the noble attempted to betray the vicious mercenary knowing his reputation... The plot failed however, and Fafnir slew noble and flew into a rage, a fair bit more disturbed by the slaughter of his family than he had let on. Blaming his captured elder sister, the man killed her as well, while she screamed and cursed him as a monster

The act captured his sister's soul, his "property", and he ascended to become a god, capable of claiming souls. His sister's dying curse twisted his apotheosis, and his insatiable greed transformed him, turning him from a man into a black dragon.

Fafnir's new form did not particularly dissuade him however, and indeed the curse only made him more dangerous. His greed grew ever more voracious, a hunger that could not be sated and left him suffering with it. So to try and satisfy the gnawing need, the new dragon set out to take everything in the world, and kill anyone that got in his way.

His rampage resulted in over a million deaths, and a tremendously wealthy hoard, before he was stopped. It was a pair of dragons, as well as a human woman that was one of his own many daughters from his time as a mercenary, that did it. Using powerful magic, they snuck into his lair while he was away, and teleported his hoard to another world.

The curse upon Fafnir forced the vicious dragon to follow, his sights set on a new world, the unfortunate destination of his hoard.

Havenyax

The Sword Saint

LG god of training, protection, and service

Realm: Prime

Areas of Concern: Protecting the downtrodden, freedom, training the weak to be strong

Alignment: LG (LN, N, NG, CG)

Divine Font: Heal or Harm

Divine Skill: Society or Diplomacy

Divine Ability: Charisma

Domains: Confidence, Dragon, Duty, Protection

Alternate Domains: Freedom

Cleric: Spells 1st: Shockwave, 4th: Globe of Invulnerability, 5th: Cone of Cold, 6th: Dragonform

Edicts: Protect those weaker than you, help teach or train those weaker than you, destroy tyranny

Anathema: Aid tyrants, kill or maim needlessly, mock the weak

Favored Weapon: Unarmed or Katana

Havenyax is an ancient silver dragon, and one of the oldest dragon gods. One of many children of Benitamarl, he grew into a powerful and respected warrior. His story of apotheosis is entwined with his twin brother, the blue dragon Yugonawl.

The mighty silver and his brother were extremely close, and for the longest time inseparable. While a blue and silver dragon getting along might seem strange, children of Benitamarl encompass dragons of all colors, and the shared mother engenders a closeness not normally found among the various dragon kinds.

Because of this, the two worked hard to maintain their friendship, despite having clear differences of opinion on most subjects. Havenyax supported freedom, while Yugonawl supported strict laws. The silver felt those that were born weak or underprivileged should be supported and aided, while the blue favored might makes right.

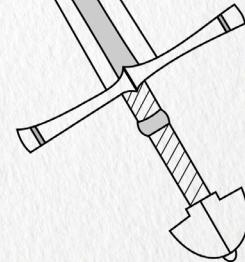
Eventually, the tension between the two grew due to Yugonawl's love for his mother, wanting to make her his queen. Despite this Havenyax stubbornly kept to

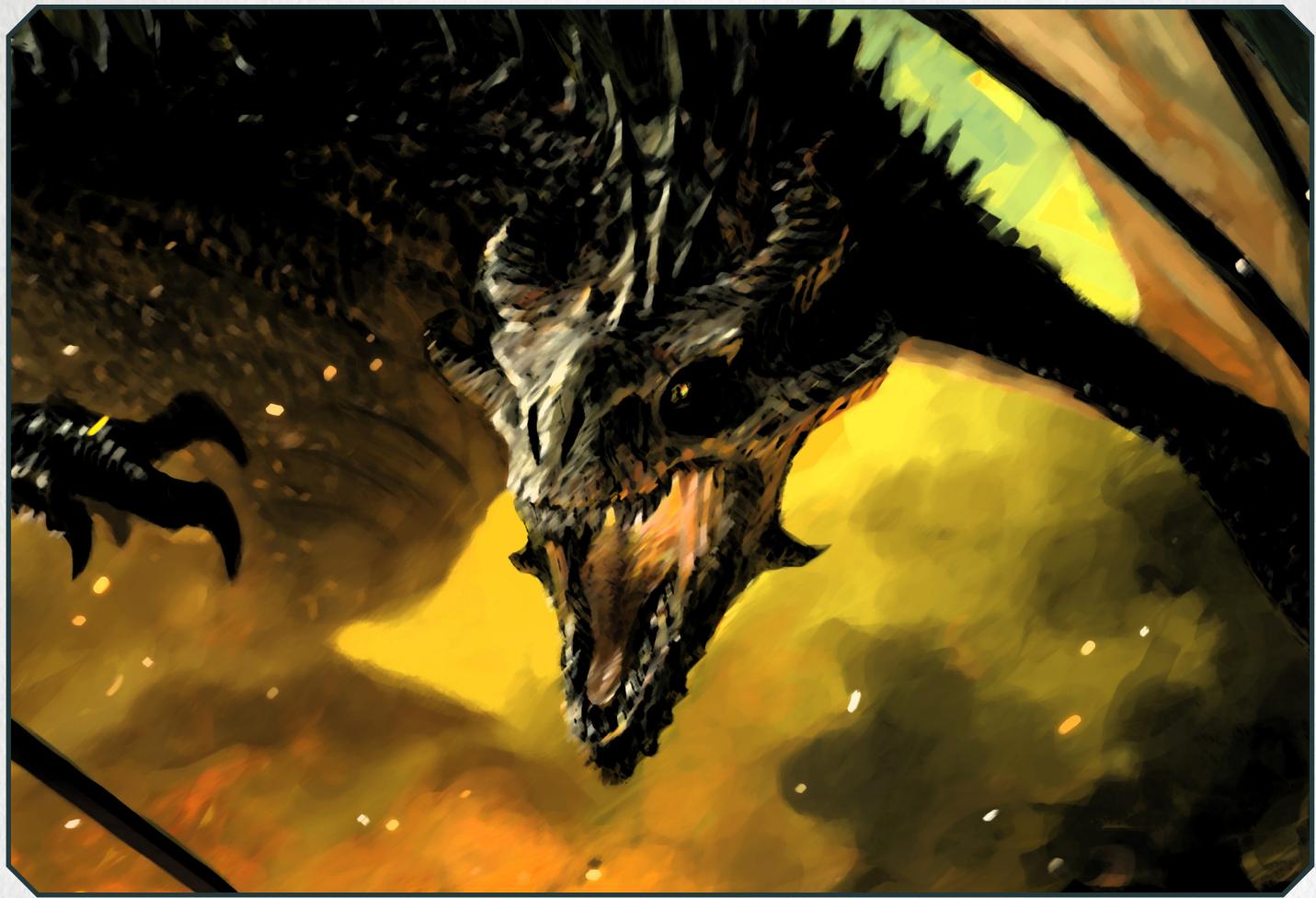
his brother's friendship, trying to change his views and ways. For a thousand years he tried, and the silver might even have succeeded in turning his brother's ways, except for the treacherous words of a succubus whose whispers caused Yugonawl to turn aggressive.

When Yugonawl attempted to force Benitamarl to be his queen and consort, Havenyax fought him, refusing to allow others to interfere. The ensuing fight was a terrifying spectacle to behold, as lightning and ice crashed over the seas and formed a monstrous storm. So great were the two dragons, and so powerful their elemental fury, they created the living blizzard, Tempest. This act is what is credited to their apotheosis, as unlike almost every other god, their ascension was not accompanied by death.

In the end, Havenyax was victorious, and drove his brother into exile. The great silver came down from the skies, and resolved to oppose his brother, as he could not bring himself to finish him.

Havenyax is an active god, spending much of his time traveling and giving aid to rebellions against tyrants and spending time in villages and small cities, often taking the guise of a wise and aged tutor. Given the title of the Sword Saint, Havenyax has trained many great warriors from poverty stricken and crippled citizens. Under this guise he has been known to frequent goblin villages and kobold warrens, managing to change the weak and cruel into the strong and kind.





Ift

The Night's Madness

NE god of cannibalism and nightmares

Realm: The Maw

Areas of Concern Eating dragons, general destruction, terrifying others

Alignment: NE (CE, LE)

Divine Font: Harm

Divine Skill: Occultism or Deception

Divine Ability: Charisma

Domains: Delirium, Dragon, Destruction, Nightmare

Alternate Domains: Pain

Cleric: Spells 1st: Sleep, 3rd: Mind Reading, 4th: Nightmare, Phantasmal Killer

Edicts: Eat dragons or those of your own kind, spread fear and terror to the guilty

Anathema: Help dragons, stop sources of fear, help

creatures sleep easily

Favored Weapon: Unarmed or Spiked gauntlet

Ift was born one of Benitamarl's children, a dream dragon. He was a precocious child, and eager to help his mother and dragonkind as a whole. Hero-worshipping his elder brother Havyenya, Ift grew up wanting to be able to do something similar, to protect others.

Unlike the silver though, Ift wasn't particularly benevolent and frequently got frustrated with helping others. He wanted to be a glorious warrior, not a patient teacher. So he took to a different method, traveling through the dreams of other dragons, he began to hatch a plan... He'd do his part to make the

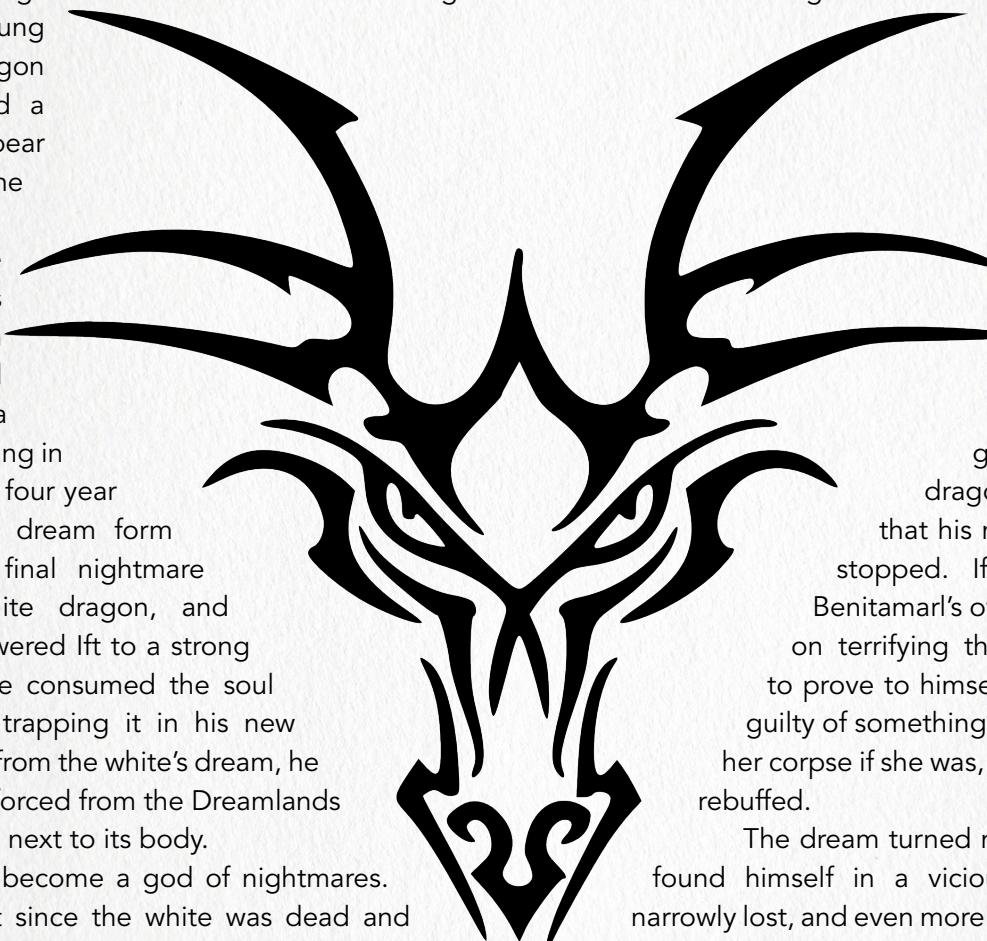
world a better place by scaring the evil dragons of the world into being better people.

And so, Ift traveled night after night, into the dreams of dragons. Hunting them in dreams that became nightmares, he spent years 'frightening' dragons into changing their ways. At least, he tried to. His attempts did little in the end, as the dragons around the world grew more aware of the nightmares, they just took magical precautions against Ift.

Stymied for the second time in his plan to be a glorious warrior hero, Ift grew more wild and frustrated and began taking more extreme measures. Finding a particularly young white dragon that had killed a pair of polar bear cubs to eat, the dream dragon ravaged the wyrmling's dream form again and again for a week, culminating in consuming the four year old wyrmling's dream form entirely. That final nightmare killed the white dragon, and that act empowered Ift to a strong degree, and he consumed the soul along with it, trapping it in his new realm. Ejected from the white's dream, he was physically forced from the Dreamlands to the material, next to its body.

Ift had become a god of nightmares. Reasoning that since the white was dead and he'd already eaten his soul, he might as well sate his physical hunger, and he ate the white dragon's body as well. Something he found to be intoxicatingly delicious.

Returning to his nightly hunts, Ift found he could break dream protection with his new power, but doing so weakened his nightmare assaults... he couldn't kill or even really scare those with them. And he was... hungry. So he turned to good dragons, at first rationalizing that surely they had done something to deserve it.



The first copper dragon who's dreams he invaded died that night, its soul consumed and trapped in his realm and Ift again found himself dropped physically into the material next to its body. And again, he ate the victim, telling himself that it tasted so mouth-wateringly good because it was a reward for punishing the wicked, and so the copper dragon must have been wicked.

Again and again Ift continued this, and weeks passed with a dozen dragon deaths. Ift always rationalized it by telling himself that anyone that died to his dream hunting had to be hiding guilty acts,

deluding himself into an excuse for his growing addiction to dragon flesh and souls.

Ift wasn't until he decided to test his own "surely guilty" mother, the dragonqueen herself, that his murder spree was stopped. Ift swooped into Benitamarl's own dreams, intent on terrifying the other goddess to prove to himself that she wasn't guilty of something and that he'd eat her corpse if she was, but found himself rebuffed.

The dream turned nightmare dragon found himself in a vicious fight that he narrowly lost, and even more narrowly escaped from, though he scarred the dream form of his mother. The act twisted Ift's already damaged mind and he became obsessed with killing Benitamarl, utterly convinced she was a monster that needed to be devoured.

Since that night, Ift has been hunted as much as he hunts, by many dragons including Havenyax, the mighty warrior he had so looked up to. His failed attempt on the dragonqueen's life had revealed him to the world, and there are few to no dragons that worship him... but plenty of dragonslayers that do.

Lyrentenyura

The Grave Ender

LE goddess of undeath, liches and necromancy

Realm The Empty Cemetery

Areas of Concern Necromancy, opposing death, life-extension magic, undeath

Alignment LE (any)

Divine Font Harm or heal

Divine Skill Arcana or Occult

Divine Ability Charisma

Domains Death, Dragon, Healing, Knowledge

Alternate Domains: Magic

Cleric Spells 1st: Grim Tendrils, 2nd: False Life, 8th: Bind Soul, unique ritual: grave death

Edicts Oppose death at every opportunity, offer undeath or resurrection to others, aid the study of necromancy

Anathema Inflict permanent death on others, allow suffering undead to exist

Favored Weapon Unarmed or Quarterstaff

Lyrentenyura is a strange green dragon. Like most dragons, she found an obsession early in life and focused on it. In her case, this was necromancy. The dragon was a mere eight years old when her closest friend died of a disease that she was unable to help with due to her youth. As her friend did not have a god to worship, she rose as a mindless skeleton, one that she was forced to eliminate. The soul of her friend was permanently destroyed simply because there was no god to save it..

After her death, the dragon focused all of her work on mastering the necromantic arts, being fundamentally offended by the way the universe works. For decades, centuries, she toiled, visiting and learning from many great necromancers, caring not one whit whether they were good people, terrible fiends, nor what race they might be. As the dragon learned more she eventually undertook the ritual to become a lich, knowing that her own time was finite and that she did not wish to be trapped within a god's realm until her work was

complete.

Her ritual was difficult, more so than most and it's hardly an easy task to begin--few would-be liches succeed and in Lyrentenyura's case, she designed her ritual to require no sacrifice of living creatures.

Still, she succeeded, and became Othea's first dracolich, and the only lich to have done so without sacrificing any other creatures. The act, however, changed her more than just becoming undead... she became a goddess as well, an issue that perplexed, offended, and gratified her.

In many ways, she was able now to more effectively combat what she sees as the injustice of the world's natural laws, but at the same time she is now more intrinsically a part of it.

The green dracolich is a goddess that welcomes any and all worshippers, she cares not whether they are good or evil, selfish or altruistic. All that she cares about is that they help in study, support or any other small way they can, to see that natural law is changed and that death itself may die.

Currently, the dragon god's primary method of battling nature is through her own, uniquely invented divine ritual, Grave Death. This ritual takes a soul, whether one living or undead, and changes it into a sapient undead, one that does not rot and has the same appearance it had in life. This ritual is fairly new however, and has not yet spread on Othea very far, and unfortunately is expensive.

Lyrentenyura's church and necromancers are working to make it cheaper, however, and the ritual is preferred to resurrection due to it stopping the aging process, and making a person in general more durable.

Unlike almost all other gods, Lyrentenyura is extremely reluctant to take souls to her realm, always urging those that worship her to instead opt for the path of sapient undeath, in order to remain free in the world.

Vendax

The Living Word

LN god of writing, language and speech

Realm: The Library

Areas of Concern: The draconic language

Alignment LN (N)

Divine Font: Harm or heal

Divine Skill: Society or Occultism

Divine Ability: Intelligence

Domains: Dragon, Duty, Knowledge, Magic

Alternate Domains: Secrecy

Cleric: Spells 1st: Message Rune, 3rd: Secret Page, 7th: True Target, 9th: Astral Projection

Edicts: Record your life, Pedantry, preserve history and knowledge

Anathema: Destroy knowledge, deliberately mangle language

Favored Weapon: Unarmed or Dagger

Vendax is a very focused god, one that in many ways isn't deific at all. Unlike Lyrentenenyura, he doesn't avoid his divinity, he simply is indifferent to it. Vendax is a copper dragon, and the second eldest dragon god, and Benitamarl's eldest child.

Unlike most copper dragons, Vendax grew up an introvert and very serious, a trait he shared with his siblings in Benitamarl's first brood after her ascension, as though her somberness and pensive nature seeped into her eggs.

Vendax spent his time growing up reading. Collecting books and knowledge became his passion, and he collected them across the world. Stories, fiction, histories, tax law, treatises, textbooks, it didn't seem to matter. Whenever someone tried to test him on his ever growing collection, they'd find he'd read every single book in his growing library. Right down to having them memorized to the point he could quote it and even name the page number.

Vendax's ascension is a strange one, as it came

about due to the death of his familiar. The copper dragon had gotten one when he was but twenty years old, a cat that he bound to him for the purpose of having someone he could talk to without having to actually go out and find a friend. That cat had been his familiar for eight centuries, until it died in a rather unfortunate and entirely anticlimactic way... a bookshelf fell on it when Vendax was moving around and his bulk just brushed it a little too hard.

The dragon was far more concerned about the fallen and broken bookcase and possibly damaged books than he was about anything else, and it wasn't until a good five minutes had passed while he was trying to clean up that he noticed yelling from within himself.

His familiar's soul had entered his new realm, his ascension gone completely overlooked by the dragon as he hadn't even seen his familiar die, and hadn't found the cat's body yet. His surprise was quite acute, but it's hard to say that he grieved. His oldest friend was still with him after all, and Vendax was more than aware that he could bring him forth as an angel with some time.

Vendax's apotheosis changed little of his routine life, but at the urging of others, including his mother who is about the only one he can't make excuses to brush off, he did create a church. Well, a library that doubles as a church.

Since the dragon's focus was so strongly on the written word, his mother encouraged him to start tracking that, and Vendax took to it since he was now immortal. The god became the authority on Draconic, the language of dragons, and maintains the Codex Draconis, a lexicon of draconic and an artifact that updates itself in real time when Vendax encounters new languages and words, incorporating ideas and translations for the language into itself.

Yugonawl

The Dragon King

LE god of kings, rulership and tyranny

Realm: Pantan, Palace of Kings

Areas of Concern: Stealing, curses, his hoard

Alignment: LE (LN, NE, LG, N)

Divine Font: Harm

Divine Skill: Society or Deception

Divine Ability: Charisma

Domains: Air, Cities, Dragon, Might

Alternate Domains: Tyranny

Cleric Spells: 1st: Charm, 3rd: Lightning Bolt, 6th: Dominate, 7th: Contingency

Edicts: Rule with pride, dominate the weak, reward those that follow

Anathema: Let impudence go unpunished, allow insult to your own.

Favored Weapon: Unarmed or Flail

Yugonawl is an ancient blue dragon, and one of the older dragon gods. He is one of many children of Benitamarl, and grew into a powerful and respected leader. His story of apotheosis is entwined with his twin brother, Havenyax.

Yugonawl's clutch was Benitamarl's third clutch after her ascension. A large clutch with nearly fifty eggs, he hatched within ten minutes of a silver, while the rest of the clutch hatched starting a day later. He and his brother grew up, rivals and friends.

Where Havenyax was a mighty warrior, Yugonawl was a brilliant tactician and charismatic leader. He gathered many to his causes over the years, and managed to bring about the rise of several nations... and the downfall of several more. He was ever in competition with Havenyax to convince the silver that his ideas were right for ruling, and indeed many rulers and countries followed his teachings and prospered immensely--even if the people might not have had the best lives.

The blue dragon is on good terms with most kings and queens in the world, maintaining connections and even marrying his children into many royal lines. He

is the only dragon to maintain his own nation, the wealthy and prosperous Pantan, a name that is shared with his divine realm.

Yugonawl ruled Pantan for five centuries, going through several queens in that time and hundreds of concubines, all mortal humanoids but one, the succubus Kilyana. Though they lived great and luxurious lives, it never satisfied the blue dragon, and yet, he could not bring himself to wed another.

His pride demanded that the only dragon that could be his queen would be the Dragonqueen, his mother and the eldest goddess, Benitamarl. Something Benitamarl refused, for she would not abandon her home nor her duty to be her son's queen. For five centuries, Yugonawl cajoled, courted, seduced and even tried intimidating and manipulating her into accepting his marriage, but trying such on the steel dragon was an exercise in futility.

Eventually Kilyana managed to convince her love of his right to simply claim the Dragonqueen, and Yugonawl finally capitulated to the succubus' words and attempted force. He was stopped by his brother and his armies at the shore of Sorrow Lake. Ready to take the dragonqueen, Havenyax challenged him to a duel, on the honor of their friendship.

A duel that Yugonawl accepted, and a duel that Yugonawl lost. Known as the War of the Frozen Skies, their ascension was unique in that it involved no deaths--not from Yugonawls' armies or Benitmarl's followers who were gathered to defend her. The creation of the living storm, Tempest, resulted from the duel as well as the birth of two gods.

Fleeing, Yugonawl has dwelled in Pantan since. Ruling his kingdom and expanding it, his political and military power has only grown since. The loss and his lack of a queen still rankles the blue's pride. His ascension as a god has involved a state religion, but curiously he still allows worship of Benitamarl as well. His consort Kilyana remains in his harem, attempting always to twist the dragon to greater tyrannies.