

FEYRHAL, the Wind-Walker

True name:

Rhazh'el, the Breath upon the Threshold

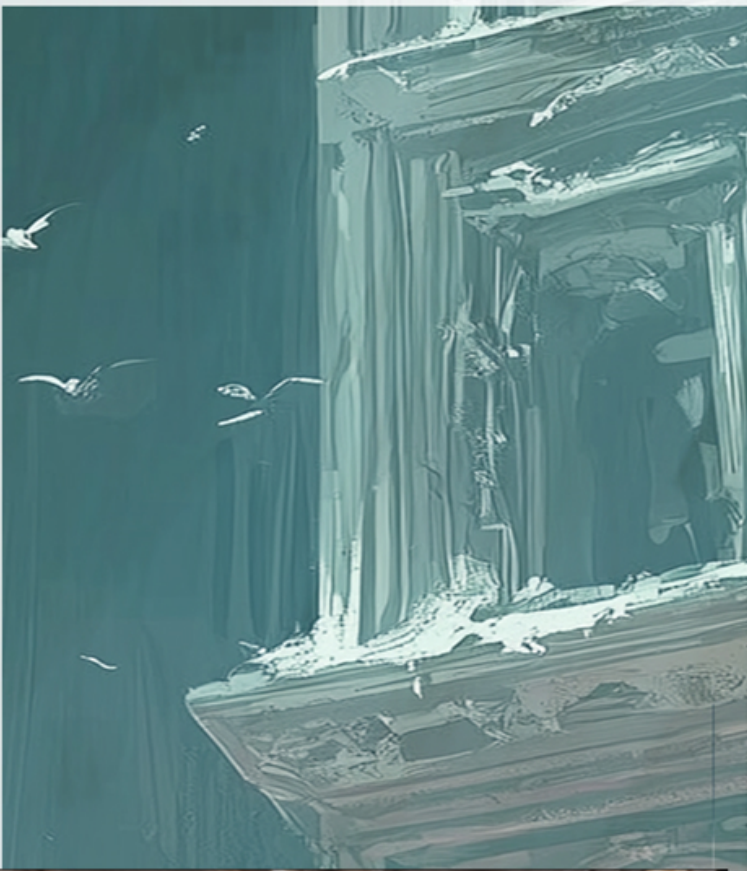
THE PROPHECY OF THE THREE BREATHS

« When the wind no longer knows whence it comes,
and oaths break in silence,
the Walker with eyes of night shall step upon the threshold. »

« Three times shall he breathe.
The first to reveal,
the second to destroy,
the last to choose. »

« Then, from the sky, the star shall fall,
and the voices of the Ancients shall rise once more.
But none shall know if he comes to seal the threshold...
or to open it forever. »





THE BREATH UPON THE THRESHOLD

He has no age, no master. He does not come - he happens. One never sees him arrive - yet some swear they felt him long before they saw him - like a shiver from another world, like a forgotten breath.

They call him Feyrhal, the Wind-Walker. But that name is but a mask cast over a far older mystery. In forbidden grimoires, on obsidian plaques that must never be spoken aloud, or at the edge of **the Iron Marches**, his true name is whispered:
Rhazhel, the Breath on the Threshold.

Some claim to have glimpsed him as a wolf of mist. Others, as a shape woven of ether and oblivion. Feyrhal resembles a wolf - but he is not one. He is larger. More fluid. Older.

His silhouette fades into the fog, his shape shifting with the angle, or the fear he awakens in those who see him. Feyrhal does not walk - he grazes the surface. He comes from the spaces between worlds, where the air no longer knows whether it is breath or silence. Neither fully alive nor truly spirit, he wanders between planes, drawn by dissonance. A misspoken spell. A shattered arcane thread. A broken oath. There, he appears. And there, he chooses.

He comes not to fight. Nor to judge. He comes where the threads of the world tremble and fray. He is the threshold between worlds. A passage between what is said - and what is not.

His pale, shifting robe, almost translucent, seems woven from dusk and silence. On his brow pulses a black gem - slow, muffled, steady - beating to a rhythm no living heart could mimic.

The ancients call it **the Sleeping Eye**.
The boldest call it **the Nameless Heart**.



THE NAMELESS HEART

It is not a gem. It is a presence. A mirror of obsidian, without stable reflection, without true edge. Light breaks upon it. Memory drifts within it. Shadows vanish into it.

Some have seen within it glimpses of memories never lived. Others, a future they refused to recognize. A mage named **Agon the Unyielding** - or was it another name? - dared to touch it. Consumed by the gem, he lost his sight... and then his mind.

Since then, it is whispered: to touch the gem is to ask to be seen. And the consciousness that answers lies beyond this world.

The Nameless Heart emits no measurable magic. No spell can penetrate it. No word can touch it. Even the oldest incantations slide off its surface like dry leaves across a lake too dark to hold a reflection. And yet... Every true mage, every devout priest, every silent oracle will feel it: the vertigo, the presence of a raw, untamed force, born before gods themselves... Before the Word...
Before the sundering of the planes.



THE BREATH BETWEEN WORLDS

It is called a "breath," but it is not wind. It is the murmur of a world between heartbeats, a wave, a bending of reality. An almost imperceptible flaw that creases the air, disrupts time, and makes certainty unravel. Lines twist. The thread of time hesitates. And sometimes... the world forgets what it was meant to be.

When Feyrhal breathes between the worlds, flames flicker backward. Destinies change course. Reflections freeze while men still move. The ground gives way not beneath footsteps, but intentions.

Some speak of a barely audible whistle. Others, of a silence too perfect to be natural. But all feel the same vertigo - as if the world itself holds its breath in return.

It is not a weapon. Nor a warning. It is an invitation. To see what is veiled. To choose what should have remained sealed.

And sometimes, in the wake of the breath, something lingers...
A forgotten word returning.
A door that wasn't there.

A choice, suspended in the air, awaiting an eye mad enough to notice it.

THE BETRAYED PACT

Long ago - or perhaps it was yesterday, for to Feyrhal, time is a loop unraveling - a sorcerer named **Yharnel**, last heir of **the Tower of Three Seals**, dared summon him. He claimed to wish to mend a breach. But in truth, he sought to bend the veil of worlds. To bind the Walker. To wield him as a weapon.

But he forgot one thing - the wind cannot be owned.
It always returns.

The Tower of Three Seals vanished. So did Yharnel. Some say he still screams beyond the planes, in the nightmares of those who summon **elemental spirits** without humility.

Since that day, those who utter Rhazhel's name without pure intent feel a chill - then silence.
Final silence.



OF ORDER AND CHAOS

Feyrhal follows no banner. He knows neither justice nor cruelty. He follows a vaster design, written within **the Primordial Breath** - that faint, almost invisible boundary separating one world from another.

He has appeared on battlefields where none expected him. He has undone a king and saved a beggar. He has whispered into a child's ear... and let an empire fall. He walks where fate falters. And he chooses the path to take.

Some say he sees beyond time. That he seeks for something. An unfulfilled pact. A forgotten promise. A shard of himself, lost in another world.

Others believe he is a judge, or the last breath, or the first sigh of a world yet unborn. But all agree on one thing - when Feyrhal breathes between worlds... something changes...