

MAËLIS the Nemesis

« She is forged of steel and sorrow, a blade wrapped in flesh,
walking between worlds. »

Maëlis' fate had not destined her to become the woman she is today. Born into the faded splendor of a fallen lineage, daughter of a banished prince who dreamed of greatness and found madness at the heart of the abyss. Refusing oblivion and disgrace, her father, **Daemon**, made a pact with **the Dark Lords**, seeking to reclaim his kingdom through the power granted by forbidden magic.

Alas, the oaths sworn to the creatures of **the Lower Planes** always come at a cost. Betrayed by the sorcerer **Darian the Black**, Daemon was stripped of his body, his soul chained to the abyss, condemned to wander the limbo and serve **the Lords of the Depths** for eternity.

Maëlis grew up in the shadow of this tragedy, haunted by the taint of the cursed blood flowing through her veins. She desperately sought to break the curse of her lineage, and when a mage promised her a ritual capable of opening a breach to the Lower Planes, she saw it as a rare chance to free her father's soul.

When the breach was opened, Maëlis was cast into the infernal planes. Lost in a realm of dust, shadows, and whispers, she had no choice but to honor her quest.

The trap was perfect. The mage was none other than **Baal the Betrayer**, and the Dark Lord who had once enslaved her father revealed itself in its true form. He was already savoring its victory, ready to break the young woman's will and make her its thrall.

He wanted to make her doubt, to coax her, to seduce her, just as he had played her father long ago. But Maëlis was no easy prey, and her resolve remained unshaken day after day. Time passed... and Maëlis felt she had acquired a good knowledge of the Lower Planes, and decided it was time to run away from the master of the domain. But before fleeing, and believing she'd weakened Baal's powers, she stole an object, an artifact to which he seemed particularly attached. A sword with a blade as black as jet, she crossed limbo to a rift that brought her back to her plane of existence. She believed she had outwitted evil. She believed she had tricked fate. Her whole life, she had fought, refusing to bear the weight of a cursed legacy. And yet, no one walks through hell without carrying its taint, and when Maëlis returned from the depths, though she did not yet realize it, she was no longer the same.





THE BURDEN OF POWER

Since Maëlis had stolen Baal's sword, an unbreakable bond had formed between her and the blade. It was not merely an artifact, an ancient and powerful relic - it was a part of her, an extension of her flesh and soul. The sword, long, sharp, and black as night, was not just an instrument of destruction. It held within it the heart of Baal, the very essence of his will. A heart trapped in steel, still beating with a slow, menacing rhythm, whispering to Maëlis the true nature of the world.

The power of the blade came with a unique gift. The sword did not merely grant her immense strength; it allowed her to reshape her own body, molding it into a living weapon. Her limbs could transform, her arms morph into razor-sharp blades, her fingers into fangs. Her body was no longer her own. The sword pushed Maëlis to go further, to transcend her limits, to become the embodiment of destruction. But this power came with an irreversible dependence, a terrible price. With each transformation, she lost a piece of her humanity, a fragment of her consciousness. Every moment spent without the blade at her side left her fragile, vulnerable - nothing more than a frail, lost being...



THE WORLD HAS NO MORE HEROES, ONLY EXECUTIONERS AND SHADOWS

Her limbs, once human, had become sharp blades, iron claws protruding from her skin. The body she had once known, the fragile form of a woman seeking redemption, was now but a memory. With each transformation, she lost herself further in the shape imposed by the sword, a form dictated by Baal's will. The metal resonated within her, and a cold whisper, like a breath of ice, swept through her mind.

« Just a little more. A little more, and you will be ready. »

Baal's words, whispered in the darkness of her soul, echoed endlessly. He was always there, lurking in the corners of her mind, in the heartbeat of the steel. She felt it - the heart trapped in the blade, beating in unison with her own. Each pulse pulled at her, urging her to go further, to lose herself a little more. But each time, a doubt crept into her mind. Was she the one fighting, or was it the demon? Was she still fighting to save her father, or merely fulfilling the Betrayer's design?

Her gaze fell upon her hands, fingers sharpened into fangs. Another thought struck her, one she loathed: What will be left of you when this is over? She was no longer certain of the answer. The quest that had driven her into this world of darkness - was it still hers? Or had she become merely a tool of a malevolent being, lost in the spiral of her own vengeance?





Every movement, every battle, every victory brought her closer to the end. But what end? Her father's? Or her own? The blades scraped against the ground, and a shiver of dark pleasure ran through her body. She swallowed hard, her mind sinking into the abyss that surrounded her. The pain she felt - Maëlis no longer knew if it came from her body or from the soul she had sacrificed. The demon was guiding her, shaping her. But Maëlis refused to let it take full control. Not yet...

THE PORT CITY OF VERLITH

Maëlis walked alone, the dust of the lower realms clinging desperately to her skin. The shadow of **the Port City of Verlith** loomed in the distance, its towering walls etched against the overcast sky. It was said that Verlith was a place of passage for the Dark Lords, that these fallen tyrants secretly ruled over these barren lands, extending their grasp into the heart of human realms.

She had come for them. She would be the architect of their downfall...

The foul-smelling streets of Verlith rose before her like jagged fangs, the air humming with malice. Her footsteps echoed on the cobblestones as she made her way toward the port.

Eyes fell upon her - curious, cunning - whispers followed in her wake, strengthening her resolve. The Dark Lords fed on the fear of mortals, but they had yet to understand what fear truly meant.

At the turn of an alley where sunlight dared not enter, a hunched figure reached out to her, hand extended. But as she turned away, it revealed its true nature.

« I am Skaroth, child.

*Some call me **Skaroth, the Master of Dreams.***

So you seek me and trespass upon my domain uninvited? »

The creature straightened, suddenly immense, tattered robes draped over its form, small bells hanging from the fabric. Its face, hidden beneath its hood, seemed devoid of mouth and nose, yet it bore a single eye, and each blink produced a strange, unsettling sound that dimmed the surrounding light, devouring reality itself. The space around Maëlis darkened, drowned in a ripple of black ink.



Skaroth had always believed the souls he lulled into nightmares were his trophies, his laughter echoing through the shadowed alleys where it was common for lives to vanish without a trace.

« *Have you found what you came for, child?* » he taunted, his tone playful before shifting into a piercing, menacing screech. Maëlis raised her hand in defiance. At her side, Baal's blade pulsed with an eerie, irregular glow. Time seemed to freeze. Without a word, she rushed at him. Her limbs transformed into weapons, arms bristling with jagged blades, and with a cry of rage, she struck at the demon. The clash faded into a storm of pure energy. The Master of Dreams howled, his eye releasing arcs of flickering light before snapping shut, but Maëlis felt no remorse. Her rage left room for nothing but vengeance. When Skaroth fell, the earth beneath his feet cracked. He was nothing more than a mass of cloth and wisps of smoke. Maëlis did not have time to savor this victory, for she knew that she would find him again, in his lower plane, and this time, the confrontation would be much more difficult.

BAAL'S QUEST

Baal, Lord and Master of **the City of Druun'Thar**, the epicenter of the third lower plane, had his own designs. If his heart beat in the sword, it was because he wanted to subjugate the human realms to his will and thus extend his domination over the Dark Lords who ruled the Lower Planes. Baal would not be content with ruling his plane of existence. He dreamed of a more absolute power, an eternal domination, over the careless men and the lower planes united under his rule.

For this, he needed Maëlis, her pure soul, her rage, and her thirst for vengeance were the perfect instruments to annihilate the Dark Lords. For Baal, the other Lords of Deep were an obstacle, his rivals, those he hated as much as he feared them.

THE DANCE OF SHADOWS

The ashes of past battles still flew in the air, but Maëlis, her heart heavy with doubts, was already moving away from the port city. Her thoughts were clouded by a question that haunted her: could she truly save her father's soul?

The sword grew heavier, a weight she could neither push away nor ignore.

She paused for a moment, her eyes fixed on the distant horizon, where the mortal world seemed so far away. Her father's name echoed in her head, the one she had never been able to save, the one she thought she would free. Daemon, the fallen prince.

If she eradicated the Black Lords, if she fulfilled the quest that Baal seemed to expect from her, would it finally be enough to repair her father's mistakes and save him from damnation?





Maëlis roams the realms of men, a shadow among shadows. Wherever they are, she stands against the Black Lords, the malevolent powers who rule the Lower Planes and manipulate the weak souls of this world. In her heart, she pretends to ignore that her struggle is part of a larger plan. Every battle, every confrontation brings her closer to her own downfall, for she does not know that her rage feeds Baal's heart, that each victory strengthens the blade's grip on her, and Baal the Betrayer's power.

Maëlis continues her crusade, uncertain of her goal. As long as she carries the sword, as long as she transforms, she can no longer escape the fate that has woven itself around her. And the power she seeks to control only engulfs her further. She was Maëlis, the Nemesis, and her name is a harbinger of ruin, a living legend, in which the heart of a demon beats in unison with her own suffering.

