

SOHA, the Mistress of Blades



« They say she has no heart. But that's not true. She carries a thousand - and each one still bleeds. »

THE DANCING SHADOW

In the depths of **Ægir**, where light is lost in the mists of an eternal night, a shadow slips through, gliding with the fluidity of a waking nightmare. It has no name, no ties, only a whisper carried by the breath of the icy wind: Soha.

Her gaze is an abyss without end, a precipice reflecting a thousand fates, a thousand deaths.

THE SACRIFICED CHILD

Born as the youngest of a noble lineage, Soha should have grown up surrounded by light and splendor. But her fate was cast into shadow when she was taken by **the Brotherhood of Blades**. She was not merely a hostage but a trial, a challenge to her father, who was then called to a great destiny. A choice was forced upon him: to renounce his political ambitions or to renounce her.

And despite her mother's pleas, he chose abandonment. To him, yielding would have meant revealing too great a weakness. He preferred to deny her existence, to sacrifice his own blood to preserve his political ascent. After all, did he not have other children?

This choice proved fatal.

To the one who should have protected her, Soha became nothing more than a ghost. This rejection, sharper than any blade, marked her soul with a wound that time could never mend. She did not simply grow into an assassin - she became a tormented being, a creature shaped by solitude, carrying a pain forever buried deep within her.

A DEADLY ENIGMA

One night, without warning, Soha's father was found in a dark corner of his chamber, his body seemingly mummified, his face eternally frozen in an expression of unspeakable terror. No visible wounds, no cries had been heard.

Only a strange fragrance lingered in the air.



The healers spoke of an unknown toxin, a poison found in no codex.
A curse, some whispered... An execution, others claimed...
The assassin had left no trace, no clue, as if death itself
had come silently to claim him.

FORGED IN PAIN

Soha grew up wrapped in shadow, haunted by shattered memories and the cold steel she wielded day after day. The Brotherhood sought to make her an obedient servant, a Blade without will. But as a Disciple of **Eryndor the Eclipse**, she learned from the most feared master assassin in the Brotherhood and became far more than a mere killer - she became a living weapon.

Her body moves in a fatal dance, her many blades weaving a deadly ballet. Her mind is an impenetrable labyrinth, where even the cunning find themselves lost.

A SILENT QUEST

Years passed, and names faded in her wake. Every mission for the Brotherhood wrote her legend, every woven plot drew her closer to the truth.

Soha did not merely serve the Brotherhood - she studied it, tested it. A single, relentless question consumed her mind and slowly devoured her soul: the truth behind her father's death.

Who had ordered his murder? Why?
What unspeakable secrets had been sealed
in the silence of his demise?

THE POISON OF DREAD

Now, Soha no longer strikes only by order. She chooses. She decides. And those who once believed themselves untouchable, those who thought they could manipulate fate, realize too late that the shadow never forgets - and it always demands its due.

Through the corridors of power and into the very heart of the Brotherhood, doubt and fear slither like a cold, silent blade beneath the skin. For no one knows when the Mistress of Blades will come. No one knows if her gaze has fallen upon them. But one thing is certain: when she strikes, there is no respite, no mercy. Only the fall.





THE SELENITES, THE HIDDEN ORDER

In the darkness, the Brotherhood watches.
The Masters whisper an ancient, feared name,
a title spoken only by the initiated: **the Selenites**.
These faceless, emotionless Master Assassins
carve history in silence and blood.

Something has changed. The student now seems to slip beyond
the grasp of her masters. Her steps venture where none
would dare tread. Some observe her with apprehension.
She is no longer merely a Blade in service to the Brotherhood
- she is becoming a question without an answer,
an anomaly within an ancient order.
Will she embrace the fate of the Selenites,
or will she overthrow the established Order?

The Selenites do not tolerate the unforeseen.
History has proven this: when a Blade frees itself
from the hand that guides it, it becomes a threat.
And a threat... must be eliminated.

The answers lie hidden in the darkness,
where even the Selenites hesitate to look.

