

## **BORGUS**

is a realm with one planet shaped like a flat round table, emanating from a central point nearly impossible to reach for all except the diabolical Ancients and their Houses, and the damned souls whose plasmoid material has been used for millenia to forge the landscape itself. Borgel is the name of this central region of Borgus, touched not by light, where only the Ancients can experience joy.

Borgal is that of the planet without Borgel, mountainous, lit by sporadic eruptions of magma. Animals are adapted to the harshest of living conditions. The majority of the intelligent races live as slaves to the ferdhi, a race of elves. Vegetation is adapted to live in either intense heat or intense cold since there is no sun. Root systems seek water sources deep below the rocky ground.

There is but one other dominant race of Borgal, the shadow race of dwarves that lives beneath the surface. They have learned to shape rock and guide magma flow with their magic. Their number are few, because they alone worship a power usurped by the Ancients.

### *The Ancients*

They are the demonic deities of Borgus. Each god rules one of the Houses of Sin, and gains power each time their sin occurs in the worlds to which they attach themselves. Borgus is their hell, and they are in competition with countless other hells.

There is the High Triad, and the lesser gods beneath them.

The God of Hindrance rules from the House of Murder. His dominion includes the House of War, of Torture, of Slavery, of Rape, of Theft, and of Betrayal.

The God of Delusion rules from the House of Lies. His dominion includes the House of Hypocrisy, of Ignorance, and of Prejudice.

The God of Obsession rules from the House of Needs. His dominion includes the House of Perversion, of Greed, of Guilt, Fear, Anger, Gluttony, False Reverence, Ravenous Intoxication, and Possessiveness.

The Ancients built their planet upon the defeat of a deity known as the Now, still worshiped by the dwarves from the damp seclusion of their tunnels. All sorts of rumours are spread concerning the servile nature of this deity. The Ancients have traced the Now's foothold in other realms and are in the process of corrupting those realms, refocusing worship upon themselves by spreading a message of easy living, where carnal pleasure is always on tap – an “always” lasting until the unwitting infernalist finds his or her damnation finalized.

The Ancients rebuild the landscape of Borgus out of the souls of the damned. Souls are a potent source of the raw physical material needed to reshape the landscapes. The circumference expands outward from the centre.

### *the Elves of Borgus*

Language in Borgus is largely a product of the innovation of the elves, known to themselves as ferdhi. "i" ends the names of races of intelligent speaking beings in the ferdhi language to pluralize, whereas a single elf would be known as a ferdh. To pluralize a noun, "qui" is added to the beginning. The sound "el" signifies the beginning or simplest aspect of a thing. The sound "al" signifies a middle stage of development. The sound "us" signifies the greatest aspect of a thing, completion or exaltation.

Names in ferdhi society admit to class distinction. A ferdh will have three names unless a Prince, in which case a fourth name will be adopted. Class distinction is identified based on the ending prefix last and middle names. The least noble houses are those rare houses that have a Prince, a right that ferdh could only have earned because of the tournaments. The Prince of a least noble house would have such a name as Drin Mavus Marel Eldwich. The second name of a Prince always ends "us", so the Prince of a middle noble family would be called Ferhitd Midus Daral Jinvas.

Lady, title of the female ferd married to a particular Prince, is also granted the "us". Only the Prince of a particular family marries. Not even the Prince and his Lady are expected to be monogamists. Ladies take care of family business.

A province in Borgus, large or small, is ruled by the noble house with the most status, earned through lineage and success at tournament.

Height is between 5' and 5' 6". Body size varies little between male and female.

Race: The proper name of the ferdhi is Striglusi, and concerns only the nobles, as if all others were a lesser race.

A ferdh possesses immortality, adaptability to temperature extremes - the ability to channel heat away from the body to survive in warm temperatures and generate heat quickly in cold temperatures, and superior sensory perception. Their ears pick up nearly all frequencies and are capable of discerning the shape of a room based on the bounce. Their eyes discern heat signatures and rapidly adjust to different lighting conditions.

They are born with a moderate resistance to psychic and magical domination, and the type of mental attacks that alter a person's emotions or impressions. This resistance is developed to be enhanced, and to include other forms of magic, as they age.

The Striglusi practice a form of magic that adds texture to shadows, creates illusions, and hypnotizes others.

Physically, they have milky-gray, smooth textured skin. They are thin, have angular and narrow heads and ears. Their ears are almost half the height of their heads.

Religion for them concerns paying tribute to the Ancients, with offerings for their region's particular deity, and the deity whose crime they are committing. A favoured of the Ancients amongst the Striglusi might occasion to be granted some gift or ability in return for a suitable tribute.

A Priest of Dandenia's House of Rape

"Come in," muttered the grey-skinned Striglusi sitting by the fireplace as the door creaked open behind him. "Come in and seat yourself by the table."

A timid young woman was shoved forward. The door slammed. A breeze spilled long black hair across the woman's face, concealing all but the sharp point of her slender nose.

"Go on," insisted the pointy-eared fellow as he began to rise from the fireplace. Without turning to face her, he said, "Get on the table."

The girl lifted pale and timid hands to brush her hair behind her ears, and to rub away the slight moisture rimming the bottom of her large blue eyes. She looked to the back of her captor.

Every whisper of his lips intensified the unwanted longing within her. She could not help but drift down across his silvery-white hair, narrow back, naked thighs.

"Don't force my hand," he sighed. "I've only asked for you to sit on the table."

She pushed the flesh of her ass upon the cold stone of the table. She held her hands over her breasts and crossed her legs. "When will I get back my clothes?" she asked hopefully.

The elf did not reveal his smile. He waved his hand over the fire. Darkness consumed.

Silent moments passed. Cold breath pushed out, and pulled in, through soft trembling lips.

She almost welcomed the warm hand caressing the side of her body. She was in love with that hand, despised the invasion, guiltily despised the blissful invasion.

He pushed her firmly against the table.

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