

[spoiler][i]A/N: rated R for language and bloody violence[/i] [size=50] I wasn't in charge of the rating [/size][[/spoiler]

[center][b] Ad Magnorius Ars Excrationis [/b][[/center]

[i] It's no fun to be King. [/i]

And indeed, King Ptolemarchius Wulfric von Astrarophel III has a lot on his mind. His three sons and daughter running around causing trouble here and scandal there, his youngest daughter bedridden with a mysterious illness, Archbishop Vladimirovich Wradijslaw stirring up discontent among the middle classes while demanding more attention be given to his cult, and rumors of an uprising among the barbarians of the East.

Recent events have caused a subtle shift in power -- Countess Eleonora de Siris, distant cousin of the king, of the Xavyncanraa clan, has married Baron Alkaine Doricus, of the Licht Wraje clan. The promises of an alliance are afoot, and combined, the two clans have not only enough political presence to effectively decide which laws to veto, but also enough power to potentially dwarf the other two clans. Those who hold no sympathies for either clans are trusting in slight discrepancies between the two's beliefs so that immediate action may not be taken.

However, the Holy Word still holds great influence among the common folk, being one of the largest clans, and it shares sympathies with the Crown -- the Queen, Genevieve Margaret von Astrarophel, is of this clan. She has kept herself out of the skirmishes between the various clans, but is another reason for the tense relationship among the Crown members -- Ptolemarchius is of the Xavyncanraa. They are always eager to press for the rights of the people, even as the rich, fat merchants at its head grow rich on the swelling economy. However, this swell is being cut by the tension between the neighboring countries, unsettled by the barbarian's rapid and violent change of leadership.

Somewhat smaller and definitely less-liked are the Pro Gloria Homini. However, despite the other clan's displeasure, they remain very strong in their select area, that of war. The clan is always mulishly stubborn and argumentative, but key to the country's continued independence and survival.

In this particularly troubled time, it is crucial for the four clans to maintain

[b] The Clans [/b]

[spoiler]

[i]A/N: the leaders of the cults are encouraged to develop and elaborate their sect's beliefs and morality codes. Those below are a rough outline to give people a general idea[/i]

[b]the Xavyncanraa:[/b] they worship the god (or goddess, if so it strikes his mood) Xavyncanroth, God of Lust and Magic. The clan has always been eclectic, hedonistic and feircely attatched to tradition, the Xavyncanraa have always been thickly involved in country politics, usually because they have nothing better to do ~~[s]and are just plain dicks[/s]~~. The Xavyncanraa are regarded by the simple folk as vampires, black mages and creatures of the night, not always without some fact behind this. In exchange for eternal servitude to Xavyncanroth, the God or Goddess grants his or her disciples occult powers. "A life for a life; preferably not ours," is the clan motto -- Xavyncanraa sorcery relies heavily on blood rituals and necrotic sacrifices. Necromancers, sangromancers and diviners prowl the marble halls of the nobles, and dark tales are spun through silk spiderwebs. One can only join the Xavyncanraa through birth, the usual

method, or extreme magical skill, or sometimes, rarely, having gained the clan's attention. This is not always a good thing. There are unspoken but nevertheless present ranks in the Xavyncanraa: the highest is the Umbra Mortis, Shadow of Death; second highest is Rosa Sanguinis, Bloody Rose, and the lowest is Manus Ruina, the Hand of Destruction. Apprentices, who are unranked, are known as Artifex Sapientiae, the Artist of Knowledge. Age doesn't matter, only skill and proficiency. There are only three Umbrae Mortem at any one time, the King being one. Most Xavyncanraa are of the second rank, there being few of them numerically in total.

[b] the Licht Wraje:[/b] the Licht Wraje are spiritualists. They believe strongly in the intrinsic value and power of the soul, more than an actual god or gods. A capital crime to the Licht Wraje is to prevent a soul from reaching its full potential. The members are often seemingly wise, understanding people. Indeed, they are, but not always for good reasons. Many higher-ups are manipulative and devious. People of all casts and social ranks can and do join the Licht Wraje -- while suspicious of outsiders, the clan is very strongly tied within itself. Messing with one member risks incurring the wrath of all... within reason, of course. Licht Wraje, or 'monks' (again, the common folk) practice spiritualistic magic, from stamina boosting to incrementing mental and emotional fortitude to the more obscure and markedly less-pleasant soul harvest and banishment. The clan has no fixed abode, the house of one of the members, usually a different one every other day, will do just fine. Big meetings are rare though, small groups of threes and four, always neighbors or friends, keep in contact. The Licht Wraje motto is: "the body dies, souls eternal be."

[b] the Holy Word:[/b] "and the Good Lord said, live not in sin, my children, but discard your mortal Vices and embrace Perfection as I brought to this Earth. Pariah Angelus returned from his Holy vision, and walked the earth a man anew, cleansed of all Sin, breathing the breath of the Good Lord and speaking His words..." if you're bored to death, congratulations, you now feel exactly like most who attend the Holy Word's church evert other day. While the largest and the easiest of cults to join, the Holy Word is often misunderstood by the common folk, though they are ninety percent of the cult's bulk. While those who truly understand and believe in the words of the Avatar of Perfection and his many, many Pariah's, servants and symbols are kind, generous, loving and above all fervently dedicated people, most remain sheep, or worse, greedy and parasitic men who live on people's donations. The Holy Word is very complex and intricate in terms of symbology, however its supposed capital virtues are Perfection, Love and Purity. Magicans of the Holy Word will speak the words of law, order and community, which can sometimes be obsessive and annoying. The Holy Word are the most, ah, determined in preaching their words to the uneducated. Their churches, stout wooden buildings, pop up almost everywhere, and there are even small confessional altars at major crossroads. Their motto is "Perfection is the most glorious Muse."

[b] the Pro Gloria Homini:[/b] look. We don't have time for explanations. Explanations are for SISSIES. There's a WAR brewing! Do you expect us to sit around and EXPLAIN things to you? WHO DO YOU THINK WE ARE, HUH?!! Why, you have the nerve to ask, you little rock-brained dolt?! We are the warriors, that's who! The leaders, the commanders, the strategists. We don't have time for crutches of religion and the dumb boring intrigues of politics. NOW GET THE FUCK OUT.

The Pro Gloria Homini are not the most sociable of people, usually. Irascible, stubborn and as subtle as a drunk ox, the Pro Gloria Homini manage the countrie's military affairs, and basically sticking to that. Firmly atheist, they believe each man is his or her own 'god.' Usually battle-hardened commanders and grizzled veterans, the Pro Gloria Homini have seen it all, and brush off minor things like a wound, or daily life, easily. There are a definite amount of high-ranking men among them, usually retired generals and nobles who had to earn their privileges with their teeth. The few magicians that are part of the clan ("magic. Pah. That's for cowards") are usually combat magicians or otherwise no-complications destructive mages, relying on their emotions, primarily anger or frustration, to get a result. Their motto is "Do unto others as they do unto you," or more commonly (the reply you'll get) "Mottos? Who the hell needs mottos? ANY QUESTIONS?!"

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[b]A note about the magics[/b]

[spoiler] magic depends strictly upon your cult. Those who are not cult members are usually not magicians, for there are a few requirements for magic to manifest. Firstly, a supernatural drive, or powerful belief in a higher power or entity, which all clans share. Even if one manages to circumvent this, there's still the problem of training. Cult members will not train someone who is not part of another cult, let alone someone who doesn't even have a side.

Furthermore, each cult has a specific type of magic, as mentioned above.

The Xavyncanraa's bloodthirst, manipulative side and general fascination with the blacker area of morality and, by proxy, the law, leads to a very dark-oriented magic. Necromancers will animate the dead with the blood of the living or stitch them together in their labs, sangromancers will use their own blood to accomplish tasks then drink on the blood of others to replenish, and diviners tempt the gods themselves with their meddling. They will never overlap with the Holy Word, and usually not with the Licht Wraje either, though there is common ground, when the latter goes rogue or extreme.

The Licht Wraje on the other hand, don't like the Holy Word for its dogmaticism, though there is common ground (both value the soul, in different ways). Their magic is based heavily on psychic trance-states and the magicians often use drugs or other mind-addling substances to reach the point where they are attuned with the esoteric waves and capable of communing with souls. This is usually a passive form of magic, rarely used for offensive or aggressive purposes.

the Holy Word rely mainly on inner fortitude, projected onto a higher plane of being. The magic is hard to truly grasp, in fact, it is, ironically, nigh impossible to do so following the Church's texts. Instead, a personal bond with the Avatar must be reached. The results are vastly dependent on the user.

...nobody really likes the Pro Gloria Homini. As stated before, they like to break stuff.

[/spoiler]

[b] the Setting [/b]

[spoiler]Having only just adjusted to the Mechana Revolution some thirty years previous, in 1903, the country is now abuzz with technological wonders. Unfortunately this means consumption of coal, which means smoke. Lots of smoke, everywhere. To escape the smoke, the rich build sky-high manor houses, with the servant's quarters below and the pleasure rooms above, commanding a majestic vista of... yet more smoke. Bulky cars dominate the filthy streets, and pedestrians are doomed to a lifetime of dirty boots and soot-blackened skin. Tight, long overcoats are preferred by men, while women try to preserve elegance as best they can in the circumstances. Cars are usually a good idea. Noblewomen, for parties or other special occasions, favor a minimum of three layers of silk, a bodice, and a small army of pearls and other contingents of jewelery. The higher up in society you are, they joke, the tighter your windpipe is throttled.

The capital city, where the royal palace and most of the upper crust resides, is known as Globus. A sprawl of over six million people, it's a veritable hub of activity. There are hordes of commuters that go to the city every day, coming from the smaller rural districts outside, and, of course, the noblemen in special times, such as elections or parties. Globus is the city where the Xavyncanraa have the most influence, being the residence of the Crown, which doubles as the clan headquarters. The Holy Word is also relatively wide-spread (then again, it's wide-spread nearly everywhere). Less influential are the Pro Gloria Homini, though they have their share of noblemen in the city.

The Holy Word's headquarters are in the Robinwos Metropolis.

As a matter of fact, the respective leaders will decide.

[/spoiler]

[b]The families[/b]

[spoiler]there are a few important families in the country, spearheading the political movement.

[b]the von Astrarophel[/b]

always having had royal blood, the Astrarophels are prominent members of the Crown. They have entered a recent and uneasy alliance with the Raia family (crowned by the marriage of Ptolemarchius with Genivieve). They have many allies, each of whom masking their intentions. At the center of a dangerous game of politics, the Astrarophels are devious and cunning. The family is always willing to adapt, always trying to be one step ahead of all the others. The von Astrarophel's primary physical traits are pale blond hair which irrevocably turns white as old age sets in, pale, delicate skin and watery blue/grey eyes.

A/N guys, do come up with other families ^^ and anything else you might think of.
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[b] Character Templates [/b]

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[code]
[b]Name:[/b]
[b]Age:[/b]
[b]Gender:[/b]
[b]Clan[/b](if any):
[b]Family[/b](if any):
[b]Appearance:[/b]
[b]Personality:[/b]
[b]History:[/b]
[b]Other:[/b]
[/code]
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[b]Character Slots[/b]

Ptolemarchius Wulfric von Astrarophel -- reserved by LouisCypher
XavynCanraa -- reserved by Alvarin
XavynCanraa -- Alva von Astrarophel -- LoyalHeart

leader of the Licht Wraje --
Princess Pasha'Lahn von Astrarophel -- JabberHut
Licht Wraje member -- Ingrin Ramone -- Hannah

leader of the Holy Word -- Murch Luvalous -- Hannah
Holy Word member -- Isha
Holy Word member --

Pro Gloria Homini leader --
Vir -- reserved by LouisCypher
Vir -- Nymeris von Astrarophel -- AriaAdams

eventual other dudes: Daryl (clan unspecified as of yet) -- AriaAdams

(we need a leader for all the clans, and the King's sons and wife (to a lesser extent) and such. Claiming multiple characters is also fine.)

[b]Name:[/b] Ptolemarchius Wulfric von Astrarophel III

[b]Age:[/b] 42

[b]Gender:[/b] Male

[b]Clan[/b](if any): Ptolemy is the first Umbra Mortis of the Xavycanraa clan. He is the Blessed, the Occultist, He Who Gazes Beyond the Mirror. In other words yes, yes he is part of a clan.

[b]Family[/b](if any):

[b]Appearance:[/b]

[b]Personality:[/b]

[b]History:[/b]

[b]Other:[/b]

LoyalHeart's character:

[b]Name: [/b] Alva von Astrarophel

[b]Age: sixteen[/b]

[b]Gender: Female[/b]

[b]Clan[/b](if any): Xavyncanraa

[b]Family[/b](if any): Sophroia von Astrarophel (Mother, Xavyncanraa), Amos De Ferenzia (Father, Pro Gloria Homini, deceased)

[b]Appearance:[/b] Dark gray eyes, soft long red hair that sometimes turns purple in certain lighting, her small petite frame lays much to grasp as she wears a hooded black cloak that hides much of her body, with a mask that is worn by trained assassins of the Pro Gloria Homini, it all leaves much to imagination of what she looks like underneath her cloak and mask, only her mother, uncle, and any blood related relatives know what she looks like under the mask.

[b]Personality:[/b] Like any teenager, she's a tad rebellious. But when you get to know her, she's quiet fun loving, loves to dance and show off her dancing skills, but due to the recent assassination attempts, she has decided to start wearing a cloak and mask. She's begun delving into a deeper and darker personality as of late, having gone from a happy loveable teenage girl, to a darker, even hateful version of Alva.

[b]History:[/b] Alva von Astrarophel is the daughter of Sophroia von Astrarophel, sister to King Ptolemarchius Wulfric von Astrarophel III, raised in the Pro Gloria Homini parts of the country. The marriage between Sophroia and Amos was seen as a political marriage to stabilize the relations between Pro Gloria Homini and Xavyncanraa. Sophroia had gone through with the marriage in a favor to her brother.

Growing up, her mother had taught her all she can about Xavyncanraa magic to the best of her ability, while her father taught her how to fight like a Pro Gloria Homini, for the next she would learned how to use magic and fight. Her father trained her like an assassin and taught her destructive magic secretly due to Sophroia had disapproved of her learning any other form of magic besides Xavyncanraa magic, and teaching her assassin techquices, and how to think analytically. When Alva was fifteen her father was killed in an accident that had nearly killed Alva if it wasn't for her father's brave sacrifice, it was later learned that Alva was an intended target in an assassination attempt to start a war between Pro Gloria and Xavyncanraa Clans. In and last ditch attempt to start the war, three thugs broke into Alva and her mothers home, only this time her father wasn't there to protect Alva, her mother was wounded by the men. After an earthshattering realization she was about to loose her mother, something, awoke within Alva, she had blanked out, the authorities had rushed over to the house, Alva weak, tired, and disorientated, soon found the three men dead. One had been petrified, another completely drained of blood. And another, was completely unresponsive. After this, her mother survived, Sophroia had arranged to be taken back to the castle with her daughter, to help further Alva's training in magic, her mother had taught her on both Necromancy and Sangromancy, she hasn't used either one and only knows the theory of the two kinds of magic, it is currenty under investagation to how the men got as they were.

Present day: Alva has taken up magic lessons under the King, since learning from the King, also meant learning from the best there was in the clan. Also Alva has begun having nightmares as of late, revolving around the day her life had seemingly changed for the worst, and not to mention the nights where she hears her father, often leading her into very dangerous situations around the castle.

[b]Other:[/b] Up for love: Bisexual. Theme: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=knhD23Itwqc&list=FLwerYH9hokx3udsziXYYoOw>

[b]Name:[/b] Murch Luvolus

[b]Age:[/b] 54

[b]Gender:[/b] Female

[b]Clan[/b](if any): Holy Word

[b]Family[/b](if any): Murch has two successful sons functioning as administrators within the clan, but she's convinced them that their mission is in spreading the word only; she refuses to let anyone else in the clan teach them (HEY POTENTIAL CHARACTERS TO CONFLICT!), feeding them only the Holy Word and conveniently forgetting to mention much that would lead them to realizing their powers. Her followers assume that their isolation is due to her training them intensely in her own way, and thus she is never questioned. Her daughter is another reason she is not questioned, because she displays her daughter's training and talents at every opportunity (y'all kin get in on this character, too, if you want), especially at the weekly services at the grand city church in Globus, where the young woman leads Holy Word followers and those commuters and others in readings of the Holy Word -- to recognize perfection, experiences of the Holy Power -- to validate love, and witnessing of the Holy Transformation of Imperfections -- to invite purity in, with which she is especially talented.

Of course, these children couldn't exist without a father, as much as Murch would like to believe the opposite. When she was young, Murch was taken into marriage by a weak man and his family. They believed she was weaker, for in the beginning, Murch stumbled when she tried to study the Holy Word -- she couldn't make much out of it, and many tutors had given up on her. Thus, due to the fact that her husband could perform basic, acceptable forms of the Holy Word, they saw Murch as lower and acceptable. When she burst into a relationship with the Avatar in her 30's, they realized their mistake, but it was too late. Her husband now lives somewhere in Globus. Murch's daughter visits him each week, bringing him regards from his wife, but Murch hasn't seen him in years.

[b]Appearance:[/b] Murch is dark skinned, dark haired, dark eyed, and dark-toothed, a descendant of the ancient islanders of Maroc, who can no longer inhabit their flooded once-paradise/fortress, but instead have to find new niches in communities across the land. This signifier of her diaspora and the strength it took to overcome it and rebuild, coupled with her immaculate posture + hygiene give her a first impression of glistening power. She rarely smiles, but her eyes are warm -- sometimes lit through with a

ring of honey around the pupil. She will never be found wearing her hair in any style other than the officially accepted hairstyle of the Holy Word: thin, kempt dreadlocked hair. While dreads are meant to represent the purity of hair, the thinness not only sets the followers of the Holy Word apart from other clans that wear dreads, but also represents the aspiration to purity by requiring work and intent to achieve. Murch, long ago, threaded small white beads made by her mother into the end of each of her dreads, which reach down to the small of her back. This length is sometimes ridiculed by older members of the Holy Word, whose dreadlocks can sometimes reach past their feet, but Murch responds to criticism by replying that it represents an intention on the path to purity -- her hair will never be mistaken for an accident until she is too old to live.

[b]Personality:[/b] Murch grew up around people who first supported her, then left her. Her parents were convinced of her potential -- she was a beautiful, obedient child. But for some reason, in training, Murch could not grasp the personal relationship with the Avatar that the elders hinted at. She knew she /wanted/ to be pure. She /wanted/ to please her parents, and she wanted to know the truth behind the mysterious words of the Holy Word she had memorized, but something was stopping her. One by one, her supporters gave up: her friends, her tutors, her community, and finally her parents, until Murch forced herself to spend hours upon hours in her room with her book, tracing each line with her finger, until the Avatar came to her. She had been taught enough that she remembered to mark down the signs: a petri dish, the lid to a pot, a tree that grew first up, then down into the ground, its topmost branches flattened against rocky, unforgiving ground. And last, just before that first connection was broken, just as Murch's finger slipped off the page, the face of a doe, a bead of rice wine on its nose.

Holy Word teaches that symbols are powerful in what they are socially accepted to mean, but history has taught the Holy Word that in times such as Murch's rise to power, individual interpretations can overrule and evolve old meanings. For once the metal of the pot lid meant a heart too weak for the flame of charisma, the petri dish and the swarming bacteria inside showed a fear of crowds, predicting a logical impetus to the phobia, and a tendency toward illness. The tree, often celebrated as one of the best representations of purity in an Avatar experience, was here so mutilated that there could be no other interpretation than that of malice against the Holy Word, and the rice wine of the Licht Wraje on the nose of a maternal animal predicted more mud in the water. But Murch turned them all on their head, one public speech at a time.

[b]History:[/b] Murch gathered her strength in a town once called Robinwos, now known as the Robinwos Metropolis -- the headquarters of the Holy Word.

[b]Other:[/b]

[b]Name:[/b] Ingrin Ramone

[b]Age:[/b] 32

[b]Gender:[/b] Female

[b]Clan[/b](if any): Licht Wraje

[b]Family[/b](if any):

[b]Appearance:[/b]

[b]Personality:[/b]

[b]History:[/b]

[b]Other:[/b]

[b]Name:[/b] Tarquin "Tar" Blackburrow

[b]Age:[/b] 23

[b]Gender:[/b] Male

[b]Clan:[/b] Xavyncanraa

[b]Family:[/b] His biological family is dead, but he thinks of his first master like a father.

[b]Appearance:[/b] Strong jaw, straight nose, piercing gray eyes, black hair that's always a bit messy. Usually wears black trousers, white shirt with rolled up sleeves and a black vest (usually unbuttoned). Always carries a knife or two with him, in case he needs to use magic. His arms are covered in scars.

[spoiler][img]http://th01.deviantart.net/fs70/300W/i/2011/320/f/8/oc_rand_of_the_scoth_by_kwbyunap-

[d4gdkdh.jpg](#)[/img][[/spoiler]

[b]Personality:[/b] He is ridiculously calm and relaxed (and a bit lazy) and spends most of his time either studying or slacking off. He stays with the Xavyncanraa not out of loyalty, but because he wants to have access to their archives. He isn't very loyal or dutiful, but does whatever he wants.

A quick learner, pretty intelligent and with a sense of humor. Unlike most other sangromancers he is friendly and kind most of the time. Most of the time but not always. If he wants to try out a new powerful technique spell he can be quite vicious in the way that he acquires the blood he need.. But he usually just asks friends for blood, and he usually gets it, since he can be very charming when he wants to.

[b]History:[/b] Tarquin was born in a village called Blackburrow (hence the name), which was burned to the ground by the barbarians when he was only five years old. He hid and survived, but all the villagers was killed. He was found wandering in the wild, barely alive by a sangromancer from the Xavyncanraa clan, who at first intended to empty him of blood, but changed his mind when Tarquin used the sangromancer's own blood against him. He instead took Tarquin on as an apprentice. Tarquin showed great talent for blood magic, and soon surpassed his master (that said, his master was only an unusually untallanted Manus Ruina), so he continued his training with one of the three Umbra Mortis until he turned 18 and was titled Flos Sanguinis. Nowadays he spends most of his time studying ancient texts and practicing his magic, in hope of becoming one of the Umbra Mortis. He also entertains the thought of taking revenge on the barbarians, but that is more of a daydream.

[b]Other:[/b] Up for love, straight.. But you'll have to be willing to give him some of your blood, or he'll think that you're not worth the trouble.

JabberHut's tentative profile:

[b]Name:[/b] Princess Pasha'Lahn von Astrarophel

[b]Age:[/b] 21

[b]Gender:[/b] F

[b]Clan[/b](if any): Licht Wraje

[b]Family[/b](if any): Royal family (von Astrarophel)

[b]Appearance:[/b]Pasha has thick, golden locks usually set in a different style every day. Her court wear is about as extravagant as any young princess would be expected to wear. However, when she is alone in her room or sneaking out into town, she wears silks upon loose garments with an extraordinary amount of jewelry, her hair being pulled into a high ponytail and decked out with more accessories.

[b]Personality:[/b] Pasha is a confident individual, not depending on others to do her dirty work. She's well known for being absent, shoved away in her room without allowing any visitors. Pasha has a mind of her own, used to standing up or ignoring her brothers, but she is very protective of the few she cares for.

While she may not initially seem interested in politics (usually appearing bored or disconnected from the conversation), she is, in actuality, very sharp in these issues. Pasha's charming and manipulative, making sure she gets what she wants as discreetly as she can -- if you can call flirting discreet.

[b]History:[/b] Though Pasha was raised in the training of her father's Xavyncanraan beliefs, she broke away when she stumbled upon the unique interests of the Licht Wraje. She once had a secret love who introduced the Licht Wraje to her, and she discovered she preferred the more spiritual approach to life than the dark practices of Xavyncanraa. While the relationship did not last, her loyalty to the clan thrives.

Despite their differences, she gets along with her father fairly well, and though she refuses to acknowledge her respect for her brothers, she hopes they don't end up in a situation where she is forced to show she cares. No, the one person she loves most is her sister. She doesn't deserve any sort of illness, and Pasha will ensure she will survive.

Pasha prefers to be alone in her room, where her potions and herbs are all kept away safely from anyone. Only her maid knows of her practices, but that girl knows better than to speak against her lady. Candles are scattered around her room, the lighting usually dim, and books stacked all around her work area. Her room is her sanctuary in the palace.

[b]Other:[/b] Up for love! (Straight)

Somewhat short, but I see no problems in it -- the Praetor