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Bloodmaw

Magic of Earth and Sky

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Brak'thar Bloodmaw

Brak'thar Bloodmaw was once a hardworking blacksmith in the bustling city of Ironhaven. Born to a human mother and an orc father, his striking blue skin set him apart from the others. Despite the challenges of being a half-orc in a predominantly human society, Brak'thar earned respect through his unyielding dedication and the exceptional quality of his craft.

Brak'thar was an infidel, openly mocking the gods and dismissing the idea of divine intervention in the affairs of mortals. He believed in the power of hard work and steel, not in prayers or rituals. His battleaxe, a masterpiece of his own making, was his constant companion, symbolizing his belief in personal strength and perseverance.

One fateful night, while forging a new weapon, Brak'thar felt a presence in his forge. The air grew thick, and the shadows danced with a life of their own. Before him appeared a demon, eyes burning with malice. The demon revealed itself as Orzath, a vengeful entity angered by Brak'thar's blasphemy. Orzath cursed Brak'thar, binding him as a warlock to serve as a conduit for the demon's dark power.

From that day on, Brak'thar's eyes turned a piercing red, glowing with the infernal energy of Orzath. He discovered he could wield magic, but each spell he cast tore at his soul, causing him great pain and suffering. A dark shadow, the form of Orzath, always lingered just behind him, a constant reminder of his curse and a warning to those who might question the power of the gods.

Brak'thar's battleaxe now glows with a sinister blue hue, infused with the demon's power. Despite the torment, he keeps the weapon close, a symbol of his defiance and his struggle. He wanders the land, a reluctant warlock seeking redemption or release from his torment. Brak'thar's journey is a solitary one,

marked by the fear and suspicion of those who see the demonic shadow trailing him.

Haunted by his past disbelief and the relentless presence of Orzath, Brak'thar fights to retain his humanity, even as he is forced to wield the very power that damns him. He seeks a way to break the curse, to rid himself of the demon's influence, and to reclaim his soul from the clutches of darkness. Until then, he remains a warrior and a warlock, a figure of both dread and fascination, a testament to the peril of defying the divine.

Chosen by darkness

Brak'thar stands tall and imposing, his blue-skinned form a blend of human and orcish might. His physique is muscular and robust, a testament to years of labor at the forge and rigorous combat training. His red eyes burn with a fierce determination, glowing ominously with the demonic energy bestowed upon him by Orzath.

His dark hair, worn in a practical style, frames a face hardened by experience and marred by the weight of his curse. Scars crisscross his features, each one telling a story of past battles and hard-won victories.

Brak'thar's armor is a blend of practicality and craftsmanship, pieces of metal intricately forged to provide both protection and mobility. The armor bears the marks of countless repairs and modifications, evidence of his resourcefulness and skill as a blacksmith. Over his shoulders drapes a dark cloak, tattered at the edges, which adds an air of menace and mystery to his appearance.

In his hands, Brak'thar grips his battleaxe with a familiarity that speaks to their unbreakable bond. The axe's blade glows with a sinister blue hue, pulsating with the demonic power that both curses and empowers him. The weapon is an extension of himself, its weight and balance perfectly attuned to his movements.

Behind Brak'thar, the shadow of Orzath looms, a dark and formless presence that flickers in and out of view. This shadow serves as a constant reminder of the power he wields and the price he pays for it.

As Brak'thar readies himself for the fight, his stance is one of unwavering resolve. Every muscle is coiled with tension, every sense alert and honed. His eyes scan the surroundings, taking in every detail, anticipating every move. He is a warrior born of

hardship and honed by adversity, ready to face whatever challenges come his way in his relentless quest for redemption.

Orzath, the vengeful demon, chose Brak'thar Bloodmaw as his cursed slave for several compelling reasons, each tied to the unique qualities and circumstances that made Brak'thar an ideal target for the demon's wrath and machinations.

1. Brak'thar's Blasphemy and Skepticism

Brak'thar's open mockery of the gods and dismissal of divine power marked him as a prime candidate for Orzath's punishment. In Orzath's eyes, Brak'thar's skepticism was a direct challenge to the divine and infernal realms, an affront that could not go unanswered. By cursing Brak'thar, Orzath aimed to make an example of him, demonstrating the peril of denying the power of higher beings.

2. Noble and Hardworking Nature

Brak'thar's noble heart and hardworking nature made him a figure of respect and admiration within his community. By corrupting someone so widely respected, Orzath sought to spread fear and doubt among the people of Ironhaven. If a person of Brak'thar's character could fall victim to such a curse, no one was safe from the reach of dark forces.

3. Inner Strength and Resilience

Orzath recognized Brak'thar's exceptional inner strength and resilience, qualities that would make his suffering all the more profound. A weaker soul might have broken quickly, but Brak'thar's defiance and perseverance ensured a prolonged struggle, providing Orzath with sustained amusement and satisfaction. The demon relished the challenge of trying to break Brak'thar's spirit over time.

4. Symbolic Power

Brak'thar's transformation from a noble blacksmith to a cursed warlock served as a powerful symbol of the consequences of defying the divine. Orzath intended for Brak'thar to be a living testament to the dangers of pride and disbelief. The cursed

warlock's journey would be marked by constant reminders of his fall from grace, his very existence a lesson in humility and the power of dark forces.

5. Potential for Redemption

Ironically, Orzath's choice was also driven by a desire to thwart Brak'thar's potential for redemption. The demon knew that Brak'thar's quest to lift the curse and reclaim his soul would be fraught with pain and suffering. By binding Brak'thar to his dark power, Orzath aimed to keep him in a state of perpetual torment, ensuring that every step towards redemption was met with immense hardship.

6. Manipulation and Control

Orzath saw in Brak'thar a tool through which he could exert influence and control. The curse allowed Orzath to manipulate Brak'thar's actions, using the warlock's power to further his own dark agenda. Brak'thar's presence, accompanied by the ominous shadow of Orzath, would sow fear and discord wherever he went, serving the demon's goals of chaos and domination.

In essence, Orzath's choice of Brak'thar as his cursed slave was a calculated decision, aimed at maximizing the impact of the curse both on Brak'thar himself and on those around him. It was a punishment designed to be as much about psychological torment and moral lesson as it was about physical suffering and magical power.

Brak'thar's Dark Power: A Double-Edged Sword

Brak'thar feels immensely powerful when using the dark powers bestowed by Orzath for several reasons. Despite knowing the pain and moral cost, the allure and efficacy of this power are undeniable. Here's why:

1. Unmatched Strength and Capability

The dark powers granted by Orzath significantly amplify Brak'thar's physical and magical abilities. This immense power enables him to face and defeat enemies that would otherwise be insurmountable. The thrill of being able to slay the greatest foes and protect those who cannot protect themselves is a powerful motivator, reinforcing his sense of purpose and capability.

2. Euphoria and Adrenaline

Using Orzath's power induces a rush of adrenaline and euphoria. The surge of energy and the heightened senses create a state of near invincibility, making Brak'thar feel more alive and potent than ever before. This intoxicating sensation can be addictive, compelling him to tap into the dark magic despite the consequences.

3. Desperation and Necessity

In many dire situations, Brak'thar's survival and the success of his missions depend on wielding Orzath's power. When faced with overwhelming odds or threats to innocent lives, the necessity to use every available resource, including dark magic, becomes paramount. The immediacy of the threat often outweighs the long-term consequences.

4. Inner Conflict and Duality

Brak'thar's use of dark power is a constant battle between his noble ideals and the corrupting influence of Orzath. The power serves as both a curse and a gift, amplifying his internal conflict. This duality drives him to prove that he can control and direct

the dark magic for a greater good, even if it means enduring pain and moral ambiguity.

5. Temporary Respite from Guilt

Ironically, wielding Orzath's power can offer Brak'thar a temporary respite from his overwhelming guilt and torment. In the heat of battle, the focus shifts from his inner demons to the external threat. This temporary relief can be compelling, as it allows him to momentarily escape the psychological burden of his curse.

6. A Quest for Redemption

Brak'thar hopes that by using this dark power for righteous purposes, he can find a path to redemption. Each victory against formidable enemies serves as a testament to his strength and determination to reclaim his soul. This belief that he can turn his curse into a force for good drives him to harness Orzath's power, despite the personal cost.

7. Proving Himself

Having faced skepticism and prejudice throughout his life, Brak'thar is driven by a desire to prove his worth and strength. The power from Orzath offers a means to demonstrate his capabilities beyond any doubt. Each successful use of the dark magic is a reaffirmation of his strength and defiance against those who doubted him.

While Brak'thar is acutely aware of the negative consequences of using Orzath's dark power, the immediate benefits and the promise of great victories make it an irresistible and sometimes necessary choice. This power, though painful and morally taxing, enables him to achieve feats that align with his goals of protection, redemption, and proving his worth, even as it tears at his soul and fuels his internal conflict.

Brak'thar Bloodmaw's Childhood

Brak'thar Bloodmaw's childhood was one of contrast and resilience, shaped by the unique blend of his human and orc heritage. Born in the outskirts of Ironhaven, he was the son of a compassionate human mother, Elara, and a formidable orc warrior, Grognaak. This unlikely union brought forth a child with striking blue skin and an indomitable spirit.

Brak'thar's early years were filled with love and warmth. His mother, Elara, was a healer in their small community, known for her gentle nature and skilled hands. She instilled in Brak'thar a deep sense of empathy and kindness, teaching him the importance of helping others and the value of hard work. Her gentle touch and soothing words were a constant comfort to him, especially during times when he felt out of place.

His father, Grognaak, was a respected warrior and blacksmith, renowned for his strength and honor. From an early age, Grognaak took Brak'thar to his forge, teaching him the art of metalworking. The forge became a second home for Brak'thar, where he learned to shape metal with precision and care. Grognaak also taught him the ways of combat, ensuring Brak'thar could defend himself and stand strong in the face of adversity.

Growing up as a half-orc in a predominantly human community came with its challenges. Brak'thar often faced prejudice and mistrust from those who saw him as an outsider. The other children would sometimes mock his blue skin and tusks, calling him names and excluding him from their games. These experiences toughened Brak'thar, teaching him to rely on his inner strength and the values his parents instilled in him.

Despite the hardships, there were moments of acceptance and friendship. A few children, curious and open-minded, were drawn to Brak'thar's unique heritage and his unwavering loyalty. Together, they would explore the woods, climb trees, and share stories around campfires. These friendships were

precious to Brak'thar, reminding him that not everyone saw him as different.

As Brak'thar grew older, his skills in the forge became renowned. By the age of ten, he was already assisting his father in crafting weapons and tools for the townsfolk. The rhythmic clang of hammer on anvil was a comforting sound, a reminder of his father's teachings and the bond they shared.

Grognak also trained Brak'thar in the ways of the warrior. They would spend hours sparring in the backyard, Grognak's booming laughter echoing through the air as he corrected Brak'thar's stance or praised a well-executed move. These sessions were more than just training; they were lessons in discipline, honor, and resilience.

By the time he reached adolescence, Brak'thar had become a respected figure in his community, known for his craftsmanship and strength. However, the seeds of wanderlust and a desire for something greater were already taking root in his heart. He yearned to prove himself, to step out of his father's shadow, and to forge his own path.

Brak'thar's childhood was a crucible that shaped him into the person he would become. The lessons of love, honor, and resilience from his parents, combined with the challenges he faced as a half-orc, prepared him for the trials ahead. It was this foundation that gave him the strength to confront the curse of Orzath and embark on a journey of redemption and self-discovery.

Brak'thar's home

Brak'thar lives in a modest, sturdy stone cottage on the outskirts of Ironhaven, near the edge of the surrounding forest. The cottage is tucked away from the bustling heart of the town, giving Brak'thar a measure of solitude and privacy after long days spent working in the forge.

The location suits him well, allowing him to remain close to nature, which he still feels connected to despite the dark pact he has made. The forest provides a quiet refuge where he can think, train, and wrestle with the powers granted to him by Orzath. The cottage itself is simple but functional, with strong walls and a well-kept roof, the handiwork of Brak'thar himself.

Inside, the home is sparsely decorated, with only the essentials: a sturdy bed, a hearth for warmth and cooking, and a small table where he can eat and work on small projects. The walls are lined with shelves holding various tools, books, and some of the relics and trinkets he has collected during his early adventures.

While his home is humble, it is also a place where he can retreat from the world, a sanctuary where he can gather his strength before facing whatever challenges lie ahead.

⚔ Magical Misfortune

In the days following Brak'thar's unholy pact with Orzath, the half-orc found himself wrestling with strange, newfound powers that he didn't fully understand. As a former blacksmith, Brak'thar was more familiar with the tangible, predictable power of muscle and steel. Magic, on the other hand, was an entirely different beast—wild, unpredictable, and often beyond his control.

The first incident occurred in his own neighborhood. He hadn't yet told anyone about the pact with Orzath, hoping to keep that dark secret to himself. But it wasn't long before the demon's influence began to manifest in ways that were hard to ignore.

It started on a perfectly ordinary day. Brak'thar was at the market, haggling with a merchant over the price of some supplies. The merchant, a weaselly man with a perpetual sneer, had a reputation for overcharging and under-delivering. Brak'thar had dealt with him before and knew better than to take his first offer seriously.

"This here sack of flour," the merchant said, slapping the bag with a greasy hand, "is the finest you'll find in these parts. I'll let it go for, oh, say, five silver."

Brak'thar eyed the sack skeptically. It looked like any other sack of flour to him, and he wasn't in the mood to be swindled. "Five silver? For flour that's probably half sawdust? You're dreaming."

The merchant's sneer deepened, and he leaned in closer, lowering his voice conspiratorially. "Ah, but you're a strong lad, aren't you? Big and tough. Surely you can afford it."

Brak'thar's patience was wearing thin, but he kept his temper in check. "Two silver. And that's generous."

The merchant's eyes narrowed, and he crossed his arms over his chest. "Four silver, and not a copper less."

Brak'thar sighed, knowing he wasn't going to get a fair deal from this man. But as he reached into his pouch to fetch the coins, something inside him shifted. There was a strange, tingling sensation in his fingers—a spark of power that he couldn't quite explain. Before he knew what was happening, the sensation surged through him, traveling up his arm and out through his hand.

Without warning, a bolt of dark, crackling energy shot from Brak'thar's fingertips, striking the merchant square in the chest. The man yelped in surprise, stumbling backward and tripping over a barrel of apples. He landed on his backside with a thud, sending apples rolling in every direction.

The entire market fell silent, all eyes turning to Brak'thar and the merchant sprawled on the ground. The merchant's face had gone pale, and he was staring at Brak'thar with a mixture of fear and outrage.

"You... you attacked me!" the merchant sputtered, trying to scramble to his feet. "You'll pay for this, you brute!"

Brak'thar was just as shocked as everyone else. He looked down at his hand, half-expecting to see it smoldering, but it was perfectly normal—except for the faint blue glow that had begun to pulse around his fingertips. "I... I didn't mean to," he stammered, though he wasn't entirely sorry. The merchant had deserved a little shock, but not quite so literally.

Before the merchant could recover, a few bystanders who had also had dealings with the swindler started chuckling. One of them, an older woman with a knowing smile, piped up, "Serves you right, Tark. Been cheating us for years, and now the gods have sent someone to give you a taste of your own medicine!"

This prompted a ripple of laughter throughout the market. Even Brak'thar, who was still bewildered by what had just happened, couldn't help but grin. It seemed Orzath's power had a sense of humor—albeit a dark one.

The merchant, still glaring daggers at Brak'thar, got to his feet and dusted himself off. "You'll regret this," he muttered, but the threat lost its sting as he limped away, clutching his chest where the energy bolt had struck him.

Brak'thar didn't know what to make of it all. He hadn't intended to use magic—he hadn't even known he could do something like that. But now that it had happened, he couldn't help but feel a strange mix of satisfaction and dread. The power was exhilarating, but also dangerous. And if he wasn't careful, it could easily spiral out of control.

As he left the market with his supplies—at a very reasonable two silver, thanks to the shaken merchant's new outlook—Brak'thar resolved to learn more about these powers before they caused any real harm. But as he walked through the village, the faint blue glow still lingering at his fingertips, he couldn't help but smirk. Maybe being a warlock wouldn't be so bad after all.

Brak'thar's Departure from Ironhaven

The city of Ironhaven had been Brak'thar's home for as long as he could remember. Its bustling markets, clanging forges, and sturdy stone buildings provided a sense of familiarity and routine. Here, he was known as a skilled blacksmith, a craftsman who could shape metal into tools and weapons of exceptional quality. But ever since the curse of Orzath had befallen him, the city felt less like a home and more like a prison.

The stares had started as mere curiosity, but they soon turned to fear and suspicion as Brak'thar's red eyes and the ever-present demonic shadow became impossible to ignore. Whispers followed him wherever he went, and customers began to dwindle, afraid of the dark aura that now surrounded him. The once warm and welcoming streets of Ironhaven grew cold and hostile.

Brak'thar knew that staying in Ironhaven put the townsfolk at risk, and the weight of his guilt and the constant pain of his curse became unbearable. He made the decision to leave the city he had called home, hoping that by venturing into the unknown, he could find a way to break the curse and spare his fellow citizens from any further harm.

On the night of his departure, Brak'thar packed his belongings with a heavy heart. He strapped his blue-glowing battleaxe to his back, its weight a familiar comfort. The tools of his trade, mementos of his life as a blacksmith, were carefully wrapped and stored. He left a note on the anvil, explaining his decision to the few friends he had left and thanking them for their support.

As he walked through the quiet streets, the memories of his life in Ironhaven played out before him—the laughter shared with friends, the satisfaction of a job well done, the warmth of the forge. Each step away from the city was a step into uncertainty, but Brak'thar's resolve was unshakable.

Reaching the city gates, Brak'thar paused and looked back one last time. The shadow of Orzath flickered in the torchlight, a grim reminder of his burden. With a deep breath, he turned and walked into the darkness beyond the walls, leaving Ironhaven behind.

The journey ahead was fraught with danger and the unknown, but Brak'thar embraced it with a mixture of fear and determination. He sought redemption, a way to lift the curse and reclaim his soul. As he ventured into the wilderness, each day brought new challenges and encounters, testing his strength and resolve.

The road was long and perilous, but Brak'thar faced it with the same tenacity that had made him a master blacksmith. He forged ahead, determined to find the answers he sought and to one day return to Ironhaven Free of the demon's curse, ready to rebuild his life and repay the city that had once been his sanctuary.

The Early Days of Brak'thar's Adventuring

In the days before Brak'thar fully grasped the nature of his bond with Orzath, he was a driven, if not reckless, young warlock. The powers granted to him by the demon surged through his veins like wildfire, potent and thrilling. His once calloused hands, once accustomed to the heft of hammer and anvil, now crackled with dark energy. He felt invincible, though the edges of that power gnawed at his soul, a creeping malaise he refused to acknowledge

Brak'thar had heard whispers of a dragon that had been terrorizing villages near the Frostpeak Mountains. This was no ordinary beast; it was an ancient creature, one whose blackened scales and molten eyes had become the stuff of nightmares. Farmers spoke of livestock reduced to ashes, of homes turned to rubble, and of brave warriors who went up the mountain never to return. Yet these tales only fueled Brak'thar's desire. What better way to prove his newfound strength, to test the limits of Orzath's power than to slay a dragon?

The journey to the dragon's lair was treacherous. The mountain paths were steep and narrow, with jagged rocks and sudden drops into misty chasms. Bitter winds howled through the peaks, carrying with them the scent of sulfur and smoke—a reminder that the dragon was near. Brak'thar pressed on, his breath forming clouds in the cold air, his heart pounding with anticipation. He was determined, perhaps blinded by his own ambition, to claim the glory that awaited him.

The Encounter

Brak'thar reached the mouth of the dragon's cave at the break of dawn. The entrance was a massive, gaping maw of stone, framed by jagged rock formations that resembled the teeth of a colossal beast. The air was thick with the stench of brimstone, and the ground was littered with the charred remains of past victims--