

Lorestones of Ambervein

Hear 1208

Deep beneath Grimstone Peak in the Shalestone Mountains, where bedrock meets the shifting tides of the world's molten heart, there is a throne of fire and shadow. It is here, in halls of black basalt and rivers of searing gold, that the massive fire giant Ignar the Inferno reigns: a sovereign of the deep whose dominion stretches from the peaks above to the sunless caverns below.

To the unknowing traveler, the surface of the Shalestones may seem a wild frontier, dotted with the encampments of orcs, goblins, and ogres warring over crags and hunting grounds. But in truth, their movements have purpose. For every hobgoblin chieftain, there is an ogre who whispers in his ear; for every ogre tribe, a shadowy ogre-mage who moves unseen. All are but links in a chain of command that stretches ever downward, winding through the dungeons and tunnels of the underworld, until it reaches its final master—the Inferno himself.

At Ignar's command, fire elementals coil and blaze through his Citadel of Ash. Beasts of flame and brimstone prowl the sanctum halls, immune to its fiery pits and magma pools. His own kin, the fire giants, patrol the undercity and keep the forges of their master burning.

Yet his grip extends further still! Stone giants, sworn to his service, guard the mountain passes while hill giants serve him as brute enforcers in the overworld. Together they ensure his will is carried to the surface, and it is they who command the ogre magi, who in turn rule over the legions of goblinkind.

His greatest servants, however, are neither giant nor beast, but the Duergar—ashen-skinned dwarves whose bitter hearts beat in time with the forge-hammers of their master. Around the Citadel lies a hub of industry and war, crafting arms for their lord's ever-growing ambitions. Duergar scouts slip through the tunnels of the underworld, their slavers emerge beneath the hills, and their assassins strike unseen in the name of the Inferno.

The few learned scholars who know of him today have wondered why Ignar does not simply rise, unleashing a tide of flame and conquest again as he did during The Scorched March. His dominion is patient, his reach insidious. He plays for power through steps of intrigue. The warbands that roam the Shalestones, the ogres that rule the crags, the whispers that pass through shadowed halls—all are but fingers of his unseen hand.

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