

Ebonmere

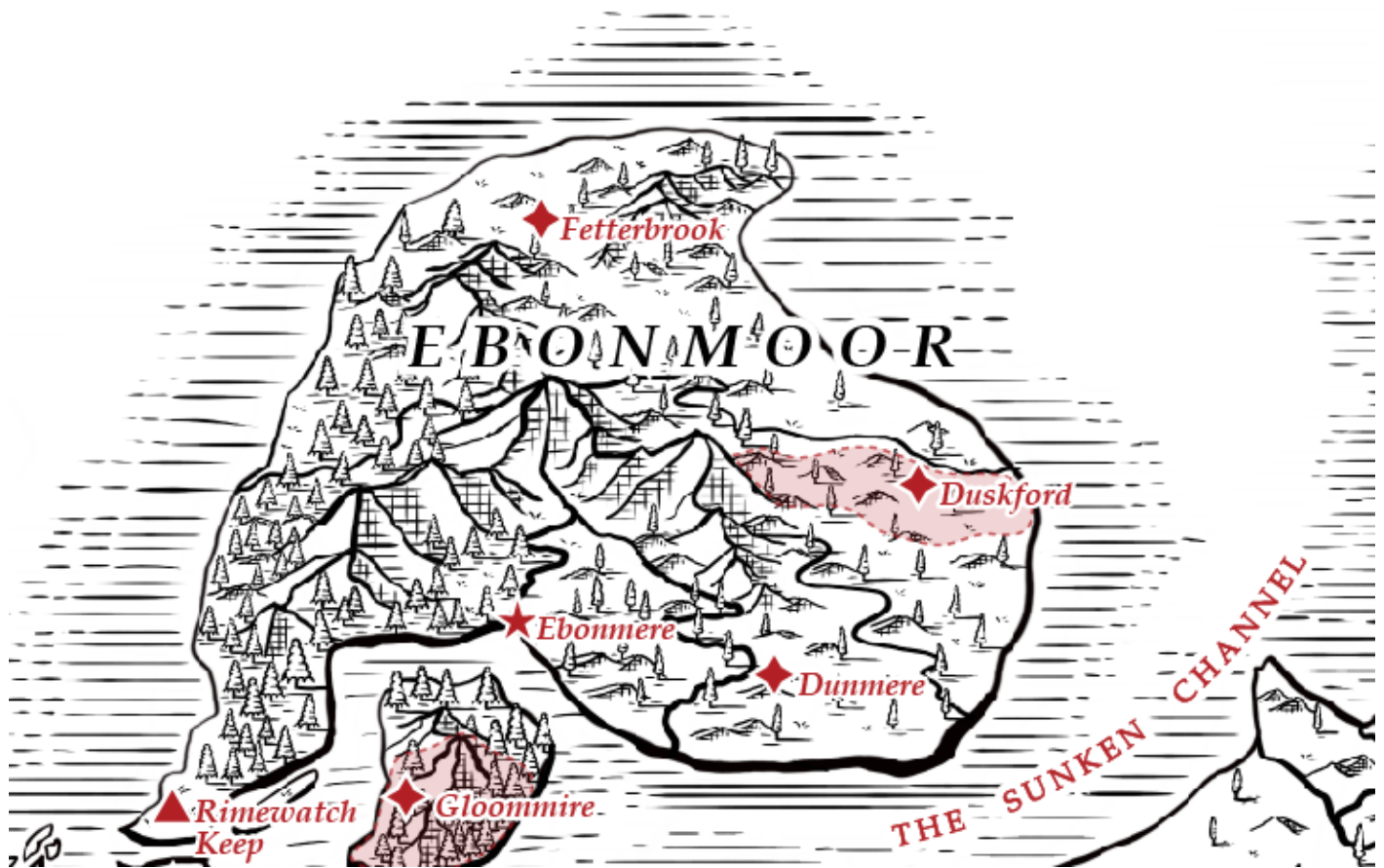
The Black Thorne Strikes Deep.

“Ebonmoor was never meant to wither in the shadow of another’s rule. We are not vassals waiting for scraps, nor a mere province to be bled dry in another man’s war against inevitability. The world is changing, and we will not be dragged down by the weight of Faulmoor’s suffering. We are destined for greater things—our ships reach beyond these dying lands, our wealth does not depend on the mercy of a grieving lord, and our future will not be shackled to the failings of another. Ebonmoor will rise, as it always has, on its own terms.

– [Lord Eadric Wilthorne](#)

Ebonmere stands as a city of two worlds—one carved into the very cliffs that have withstood the test of centuries, the other built atop the land by the hands of men seeking to expand its reach. Its roots stretch back to an era before [Faulmoor](#) even existed, when an older civilization first saw the value in its towering sea-facing cliffs and carved their dwellings into the stone. Though their names and purpose have long been lost to time, their structures remain, the darkened halls and grand chambers now serving as the seat of [House Wilthorne](#).

Over generations, Ebonmere has grown outward, expanding into a more traditional cityscape of stone and timber, yet its heart remains embedded in the cliffs, a symbol of its enduring strength. To outsiders, it is an awe-inspiring sight, a city that appears almost as if it has grown from the rock itself, an unshakable fortress standing against the relentless crash of the Greymere Sea.



The noble lord of [Ebonmoor](#), [Eadric Wilthorne](#), and his family still reside in these ancient halls, overseeing their domain from the heights above, where the wind howls against the stone and the sea spray never quite reaches. Beneath them, life in Ebonmere thrives in ways that set it apart from the rest of [Faulmoor](#). Unlike the damp and decaying settlements of the mainland, Ebonmere bustles with industry, its harbors filled with ships that travel far beyond [Faulmoor](#)'s troubled borders.

Trade has always been the city's lifeblood, its merchants renowned for their skill in navigating the treacherous Greymere and reaching distant markets. Even before the Blight, Ebonmere's fleets traveled as far as **Galdarra**, a powerful kingdom across the western ocean, bringing back exotic goods and rare wares that were unseen elsewhere in Norvostra. Among the many treasures imported from Galdarra, none are as coveted—or as dangerous—as black powder, a volatile substance capable of creating fire and destruction with but a spark. Still an unknown force in [Norvostra](#), black powder has begun to trickle into the hands of the ambitious and the desperate, its potential not yet fully understood.

Ebonmere's position has always made it a powerhouse of shipping, a city of merchants and shipwrights whose influence extends far beyond [Faulmoor](#). Its harbors, sheltered by natural inlets and fortified by centuries of naval expertise, allow for trade that no other city in Faulmoor can rival. Its fleets are among the best-equipped in [Norvostra](#), not only in craftsmanship but in reach, with routes that stretch beyond the continent itself. With this vast shipping network, Ebonmere holds a silent but undeniable grip over the flow of goods in and out of

[Faulmoor](#). But where there is trade, there is also secrecy, and the same routes that once carried luxury goods and silver now serve a darker purpose.



With the world crumbling under the weight of the [Rotmire Blight](#), a new economy has begun to take root. Smuggling, once a shadowed practice, has flourished, with desperate nobles, refugees, and mercenaries willing to pay whatever it takes to escape the mainland's decay. Silver, relics, and illicit goods pass through Ebonmere's ports under the watchful but often complicit eyes of [House Wilthorne](#). The city's merchants and ship captains know that the right cargo, if discreetly handled, can be worth more than a lifetime of honest trade.

It is an open secret that [House Wilthorne](#), beneath its outwardly noble facade, controls the most powerful smuggling operations in the region—perhaps in all of [Norvostra](#). Every black-market deal, every forbidden shipment that slips past the Baron's watchful eyes, every noble desperate to flee the mainland, all inevitably trace their way back to Ebonmere's docks. The operation is vast, its reach extending beyond [Faulmoor](#)'s crumbling borders. There are whispers that silver and relics once thought lost in the chaos of the Blight have resurfaced in foreign lands, carried away on the very ships that once swore loyalty to the Baron's cause.

Though [Baron Valkenmar](#) surely suspects the depth of [House Wilthorne](#)'s involvement, he is in no position to confront them. Ebonmere's fleets remain the last link between [Faulmoor](#) and the outside world, and as much as the Baron might resent their growing independence, he cannot afford to sever that tie. Even as his grasp tightens on the mainland, his control over Ebonmere slips further away with every ship that departs its harbors under the cover of darkness.

Despite Ebonmere’s close historical ties to the mainland, a growing tension simmers beneath its surface. Many among the common folk look upon Faulmoor and see only sickness, suffering, and decay. The people whisper of severing the city’s ties to the dying land, of sealing Ebonmere off from the mainland entirely, ensuring their survival by refusing entry to those who would bring ruin to their shores.

Small movements advocating for full independence have begun to take root, fueled by fear and a desire to protect what remains untouched. The question of loyalty to Faulmoor is no longer as simple as it once was.

For now, Ebonmere remains open, but the future of the city teeters on the edge of uncertainty. Its ships still sail, its economy thrives in ways both legal and illicit, and its people continue on as they always have. But the question lingers—how long before Ebonmere must decide whether to remain tethered to a crumbling Faulmoor, or to carve its own path, as independent and unyielding as the cliffs upon which it was built?

Detailed Overview

Attribute	Details
Region	Ebonmoor
Ruling House	House Wilthorne
Population (Before Blight)	~8,000 (A thriving coastal city and major trade hub)
Population (After Blight)	~6,500 (Decline due to mainland refugees being turned away, disease concerns, and a rise in smuggling replacing legitimate trade)
Major Industries	Shipping, trade, shipbuilding, smuggling, and black market dealings
Primary Exports	Timber, fish, ironwork, fine textiles, rare imports from Galdarra, and illicit goods
Current Ruler	Lord Eadric Wilthorne
Government Type	Feudal rule under House Wilthorne, though heavily influenced by merchant guilds and smuggler operations
Defenses	Natural cliffside fortifications, fortified harbor, city watch, and private naval forces employed by House Wilthorne
Notable Features	The Tidecourt (House Wilthorne’s seat of power), The Gilded Tide (smuggler’s haven and tavern), The Saltspire (merchant guild and relic trade center), The Widow’s Walk (temple and crypt), The Hollow Dagger (hidden black market and smuggler’s vault)
Status	Thriving but shifting toward independence, increasingly driven by smuggling and illicit trade, with tensions rising between those who wish to remain loyal to Faulmoor and those who advocate for Ebonmere’s self-rule.

Notable Establishments

The Gilded Tide (Tavern & Smuggler’s Haven)

Nestled along the edge of the lower docks, The Gilded Tide is both a bustling waterfront tavern and the beating heart of Ebonmere's smuggling operations. A sprawling two-story structure built from dark timber and reinforced with salvaged shipwrecks, its windows are always aglow with warm lantern light, offering comfort to weary sailors, traders, and criminals alike. Officially, it is owned by **Derrick Halloway**, an aging but sharp-tongued former privateer, but everyone in Ebonmere knows that true authority over the establishment lies with [Lady Elspeth Wilthorne](#), whose silent influence ensures that those who seek passage, forbidden goods, or a discreet audience with House Wilthorne can find it here—for a price. Beneath the tavern, a series of tunnels and hidden piers allow for shipments to slip in and out of the city unnoticed, making it a critical nerve center for Ebonmere's illicit trade.

The Saltspire (Noble Merchant Guild & Relic Trading House)

Ebonmere's nobility has long been entwined with trade, and nowhere is this more evident than at the **Saltspire**, an opulent merchant guild hall that towers above the harbor, its polished stone facade marked with gilded etchings of ships and sea creatures. While it serves as a legitimate meeting ground for merchants and noble traders, behind its closed doors, **rare and forbidden relics** from the Old Ways are quietly bought and sold, with House Wilthorne ensuring that anything of value never leaves the city without their approval. The guild is overseen by **Lord Callister Veyne**, an ambitious noble who has no love for Faulmoor's declining state and sees the city's growing independence as an opportunity to establish himself as one of the wealthiest men in Norvostra.

The Broken Keel (Dockside Tavern & Brawler's Den)

A stark contrast to the elegance of The Gilded Tide, The Broken Keel is a dockside drinking hole infamous for its raucous fights, cheap ale, and a clientele that consists largely of mercenaries, outcasts, and sailors with nothing to lose. The walls are lined with shattered ship parts and rusted harpoons, each one telling the story of a lost voyage or an unfortunate soul who crossed the wrong patron. While many see it as little more than a den of scoundrels, those seeking to **hire blades, crew a ship, or disappear from the eyes of the law** will find no better place in the city. The tavern is run by **Kaelen "Red Tooth" Draeven**, a former pirate whose missing front teeth and deep scars are a testament to a lifetime of bad choices. He has no allegiance to House Wilthorne but knows better than to stand in their way.

The Widow's Walk (Temple & Crypt)

Unlike the grand cathedrals of the mainland, Ebonmere's primary place of worship is a somber and weathered structure perched at the highest point of the cliffs, its black stone towers rising like fingers grasping at the sky. Known as **The Widow's Walk**, it is both a temple and a crypt, its subterranean halls lined with the resting places of Ebonmere's greatest figures. The people of the city come here to mourn those lost at sea, offering **small carved driftwood effigies** to ensure their souls find their way home. In the wake of the Blight, the temple has become a place of unease, with whispers that **some of the dead interred within have begun to stir**, and that the deeper catacombs, long sealed, are being pried open by forces unknown. The temple is tended by **Reverend Aedwyn Thorne**, an elderly priest who no longer knows if the gods still listen, but continues his rites nonetheless.

The Hollow Dagger (Hidden Smuggler's Vault & Black Market)

Few in Ebonmere know of The Hollow Dagger, and those who do speak of it only in whispers. Hidden deep within the tunnels beneath the city, this secretive marketplace is where the true dealings of the underworld take place. **Rare artifacts, stolen relics, illicit goods, and forbidden alchemical substances** change hands in candlelit alcoves, their buyers cloaked in shadow. Only those with the right connections can gain access, and even then, survival is not guaranteed. It is said that the market is watched over by **a masked figure known only as the Veil**, a merchant whose face has never been seen, and whose influence stretches even beyond Ebonmere itself.

The Tidecourt (House Wilthorne's Seat of Power)

Deep within the cliffs, where the oldest halls of Ebonmere still stand, lies **The Tidecourt**, the seat of House Wilthorne and the true center of power in the city. A vast series of interconnected chambers, carved long before Faulmoor's founding, it is a place of cold stone and flickering torchlight, where noble affairs are conducted in hushed voices and grand feasts are held beneath vaulted ceilings that still bear the markings of a forgotten era. The Wilthorne family's quarters, war rooms, and private council chambers are all hidden within this labyrinthine structure, ensuring that the ruling family is both protected and ever watchful. It is said that passages run even deeper into the cliffs, to places even the Wilthornes do not speak of, but none who have wandered too far have returned to confirm such rumors.

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