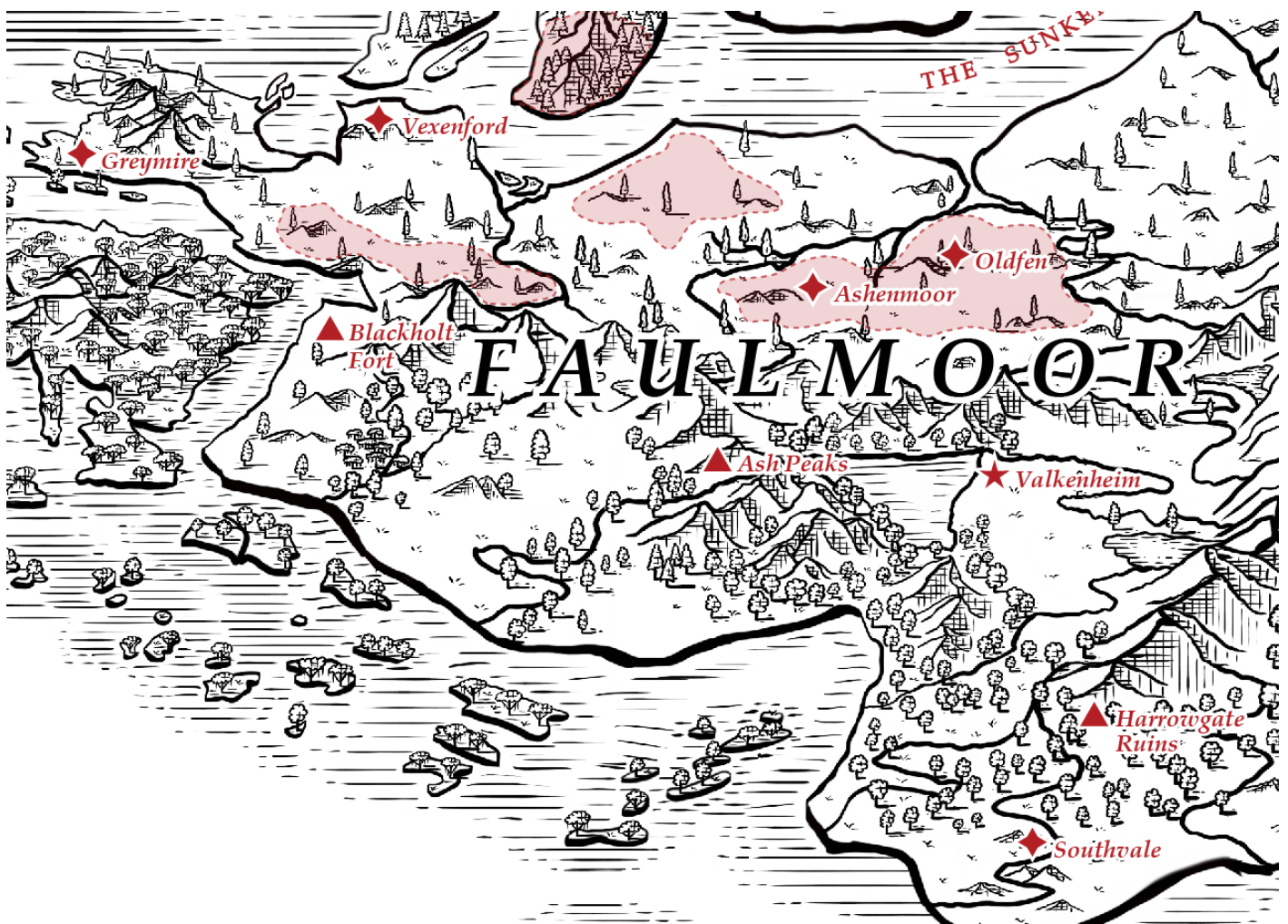


Greymire

The Smuggler's Haven

“In Greymire, you can buy anything—stolen grain, a name that ain't yours, a dagger meant for a friend's back. Gold still changes hands, but silver? Silver's worth more than life. You don't spend it here, you guard it, 'cause the moment someone sees silver in your purse, they'll gut you just to melt it down for a blade.

Before the [Blight](#) cast its shadow over [Faulmoor](#), Greymire was a bustling coastal town renowned for its vibrant shipping industry and strategic maritime significance. Nestled along the jagged coastline, the town's docks were alive with activity as merchant vessels from distant lands anchored to trade goods, culture, and news. The air was filled with the mingling scents of fresh sea breeze and exotic spices, while the streets echoed with the harmonious blend of diverse languages and lively commerce.



The town's architecture reflected its prosperity: well-maintained stone buildings lined the cobbled streets, and the harbor was fortified with sturdy piers and warehouses. Local businesses thrived, from shipwrights and fishmongers to artisans crafting wares for both locals and travelers. Greymire's markets were famous for offering a plethora of goods, including fine textiles, rare spices, and handcrafted jewelry. The town was not only a hub of economic activity but also a cultural melting pot, where festivals and maritime celebrations drew visitors from across the region.

However, the onset of the Blight brought profound and devastating changes. As the disease spread, fear and paranoia gripped the land. Trade routes were disrupted, and the once-thriving docks saw a sharp decline in legitimate commerce. The Baron's quarantine edicts aimed at containing the Blight led to increased restrictions and isolation of affected areas. Greymire, though outside the official quarantine zones, found itself teetering on the edge of economic collapse.



In this vacuum, opportunism flourished. The town's strategic location and intricate knowledge of hidden coves made it an ideal haven for smugglers and black-market traders. The once-respectable shipping town transformed into a lawless enclave where the exchange of contraband became the norm. Salt-stained ships began arriving under the cover of darkness, unloading illicit cargoes such as contraband silver from [Fenmire](#), alchemical elixirs falsely promising protection from the Blight, and relics scavenged from the ruins of quarantined towns. The docks, once a symbol of legitimate trade, now served as the epicenter of clandestine operations.

The town's leadership became fragmented, with loyalties shifting between influential houses such as [Wilthorne](#) and [Harrowden](#), and occasional feigned obedience to [House Valkenmar](#) when their presence loomed. The once-celebrated festivals were replaced by secretive gatherings, and the open markets gave way to the Bone Ledger, Greymire's shadow market where anything could be bought—for a price.

Despite the chaos, a semblance of order emerged through groups like the Tideborn, a fledgling smuggling guild striving to establish dominance in the now lawless town. Greymire's transformation from a respectable shipping hub to a smuggling center exemplifies the town's resilience and adaptability in the face of adversity. It stands as a testament to how desperation and opportunism can reshape a community, turning it into a place where survival hinges on secrecy, deception, and the relentless pursuit of profit.

Detailed Overview

| Attribute | Details |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| Region | Faulmoor |
| Ruling House(s) | Nominally Valkenmar, but shifts between Wilthorne and Harrowden |
| Population (Before Blight) | 9,000 (Estimated) |
| Population (After Blight) | 5,500 (Estimated) (Many unregistered smugglers and drifters) |
| Major Industries | Smuggling, Black Market Trade, Fishing, Refugee Transport |
| Primary Exports | Contraband Silver, Stolen Goods, Illicit Alchemical Goods, Hidden Relics |
| Current Leadership | Various shifting leaders; no centralized authority |
| Government Type | Loose Anarchy; rule by profit and survival |
| Defenses | Hidden coves, armed smugglers, shifting alliances |
| Notable Features | A hub for illegal trade, home to the Tideborn smuggling guild, rumored to harbor the undead |
| Status | Lawless, unregulated, thriving on secrecy and deception |

The Tideborn

The Tideborn is a fledgling smuggling guild struggling to establish dominance in Greymire. Unlike the entrenched and well-funded operations in [Ebonmoor](#) and [Fenmire](#), the Tideborn is a loose collection of sailors, outcasts, and opportunists trying to carve out a space in the town's underworld. Their influence is tenuous, their resources limited, and they are constantly forced to adapt to the shifting allegiances of Greymire's ruling factions. The group primarily deals in stolen goods, illicit shipments of silver, and ferrying desperate refugees away from [Faulmoor](#)'s cursed shores, though they often find themselves outmaneuvered by larger and more ruthless operations.

The guild is led by a self-proclaimed **Captain Veylan Dorne**, a former privateer turned smuggler, whose leadership is constantly tested by both internal strife and external pressure from rival smugglers. The Tideborn lack the iron grip of more powerful guilds, and their members live precariously, always watching for betrayals or hostile takeovers. Despite this, their daring raids and whispered secrets have earned them a place in Greymire's underbelly, if only just. Whether they rise to power or are snuffed out by stronger forces remains to be seen.

Notable Establishments

The Rusted Keel – Tavern & Smuggler's Haven

A decaying two-story tavern overlooking the docks, The Rusted Keel is as much a **market for illicit deals** as it is a place for drinking. Its warped wooden floors are permanently damp with seawater and spilled ale, and the low ceiling, thick with smoke, gives it a claustrophobic air. The

tavern is owned by **Murdren Varlo**, a former corsair turned dockmaster, who allows transactions to occur under his roof so long as he gets a cut. It's a common meeting place for smugglers, mercenaries, and those looking to offload **contraband goods without attracting too much attention**. Deals are often sealed over cups of spiced rum, and those who can't pay their debts tend to **vanish into the Greymere Sea before dawn**.

The Bone Ledger – Greymire's Shadow Market

Tucked behind a collapsing warehouse in the Saltmarked Quarter, **The Bone Ledger** is the **beating heart of Greymire's black market**. It isn't a single shop, but rather a **network of sellers, fences, and information brokers**, all operating under the eye of **Garrik "Blackthumb" Stowe**, a man with burned hands and a reputation for making debts disappear—along with those who refuse to pay them. **Anything can be bought or sold here, except silver**, which is always melted down immediately upon arrival. Need a forged seal, a rare alchemical tincture, or a smuggler to get you out of Faulmoor? The Bone Ledger will provide—**for a steep price**.

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