

TALES OF THE LOST NORTH

The Negotiations of Nuwars

PART I

By I.M Acora



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IF YOU ARE NEW, READ THIS!

If you are new to the fantasy series *The Tales of the Lost North*, the easiest way to begin is by downloading the “**Starter Pack for Gemlas.**”

You can download it here, from my official website:

[Direct Download \(PDF\)](#)

Be sure to also explore additional content and more related to this project on Patreon:

<https://www.patreon.com/IMAcora>

The Starter Pack includes the essential names, major kingdoms, maps, and a historical timeline of Gemlas, the Second World.

Rather than going through the full history here, I recommend starting with the guide above, and joining the newsletter here:

www.thelastartifact.com/newslettersign

At the moment, *The Tales of the Lost North* consists of six short stories, in the following order:

Book 1 - The Hunt for the Vanishing Magic of the Lost North

Three old friends reunite through strange coincidences, beginning the greatest journey of their lives, one that may determine the fate of the entire Northern World.

These events take place during the same time period as Tymon’s story.

Learn more at Amazon [here](#).

Book 2 - Tales of the Lost North - Echoes of the Past

A more lore-rich and demanding read than Book 1.

This story moves across multiple timelines throughout the history of the North, introducing a wider cast of characters.

It reveals the deeper reasons behind the downfall of the Northern World, the same world Tymon now struggles to survive in.

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Book 3-5 - Tales of the Lost North - Decay of the Grand Harbor of Fedreim

At the end of this story, there are plans to escape to a place known as the Wild West, also called Lancros.

Book 3 takes place 1,000 years before Tymon’s time, in a once-great harbor city within that land. It tells the story of how that beautiful city, and the Northern Kingdom itself, fell into ruin and became the place Tymon is now heading toward.

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Book 6 – At the Edge of Rock Bottom

This story is suitable for everyone who loves:

- Psychological dark fantasy
- Dark themes
- Antagonists whose strength is not physicality, but poisonous words
- A large and rich lore, where even small things are part of a larger world.

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Atlas of Gemlas - Vol. 1

An illustrated companion filled with ancient mythology about the creation of the world, along with short stories from across the North.

Includes hand-drawn pencil illustrations.

Also available as a physical edition.

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Maps of Gemlas

Map of Nuwars in the Northern Continent.

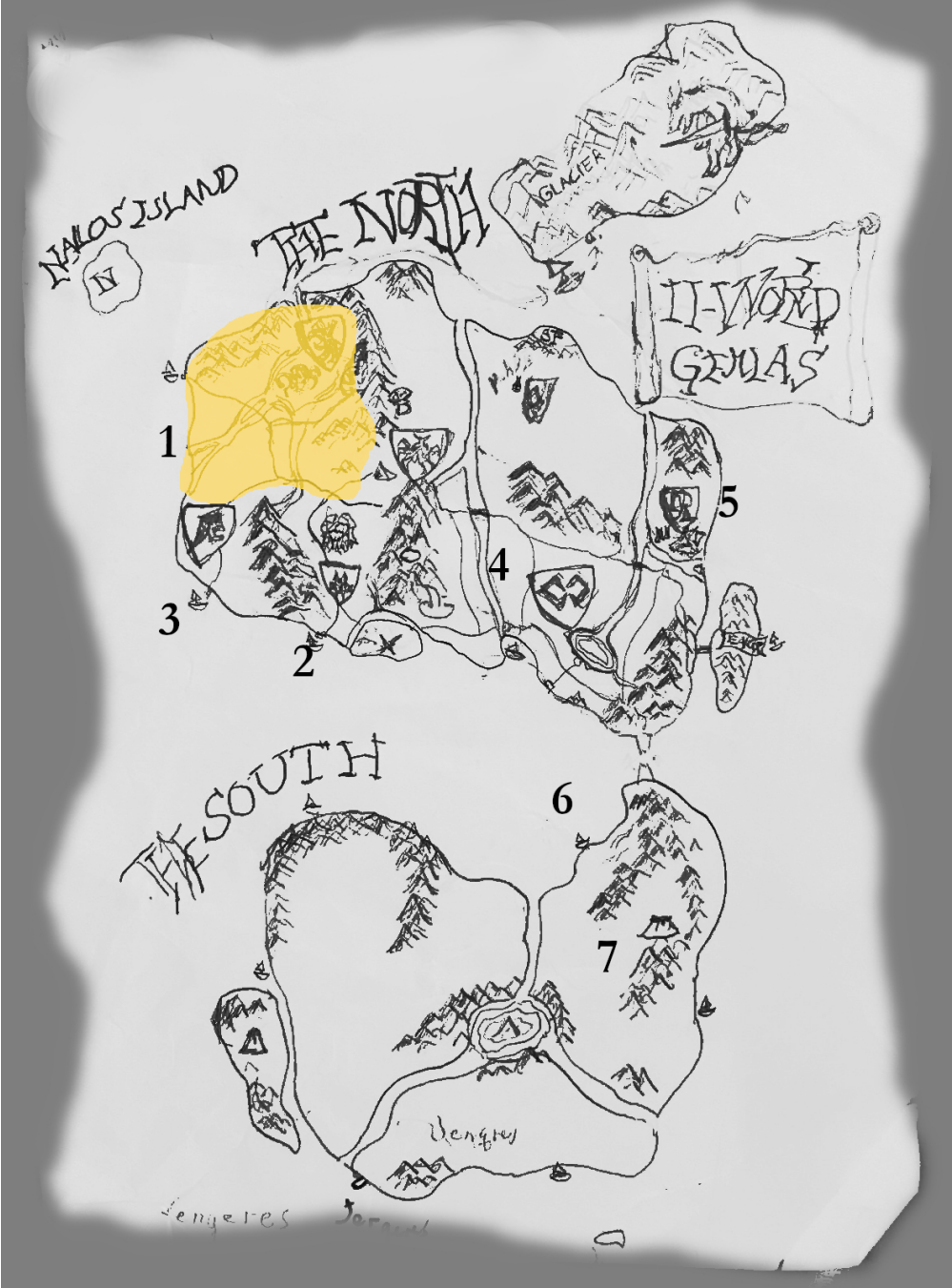


Table of Manipulators...

Brave Fall Into Sword

It was the year 3543...

The Kingdoms of the North had gathered in desperate counsel, their thrones shaken by Vicor's death, their eyes turned towards the one enemy they could not ignore any longer.

The Northern Continent Kingdoms were in great turmoil after Nuwars split into two due to succession disputes following Vicor's death at the Ice Pyramid on the border of Wescros and the Tundra.

At the same time, there had been no word from the Kingdom of Lancros to the larger powers. This great western fate didn't just draw attention in the North but reached as far as the southern lands of the Southern Continent, where rumors spread that "Half of the Northern Continent was in civil war."

The chaos and fear caused by the Northern Shaman spread across the continent.

From the green plains of Isaros in the east, filled with rolling meadows and patches of woodland, to the west, where Mindoros' countless lakes and spruce forests bordered the abandoned land of Wescros, which had grown wild with forests spanning hundreds of miles.

There, the western crossroad turned north past an endless swamp by the roadside to the cold and beautiful lands of Nuwars.

The northern wind carried fresh air from the vast Icy Lake, which had now been divided due to Vicor's brave deed that also cost him his life.

Many Northern royals mourned him, for he was a unifying force striving to forge a great alliance.

Tall, charismatic, and highly intelligent. He got along with everyone, was humble, and ensured no one in his Kingdom went hungry.

These were the words spoken about him. And he had achieved many feats:

Vicor defeated the dreadful Giant Octopus of Icy Lake after a long hunt in the freezing, massive lake at the Nuwars.

Nuwars was still home to the Dvuongor, as their capital lay hidden beneath the ground between two large rivers flowing west from Icy Lake. Nores' statue once stood on a grassy cliff between the rivers.

The statue was seven-hundred feet tall and had tunnels inside, serving as a defensive fortress in ancient times. Now, only the left leg up to the knee and the toes of the right foot remained, surrounded by rubble.

Vicor had a particular fondness for the Dvuongor and frequently visited their secret underground stronghold, which had never been discovered by enemies. The fortress was reached via narrow mountain ledges and long suspension bridges.

Unlike the grand castles of human kings, their court had metallic pillars spanning five levels, each sixty-feet tall. A winding staircase led to the topmost floor, where their greatest treasures were stored.

Here, the faintly glowing hammer and anvil resided. Artifacts of immeasurable value. At this specific forge, the Dvuongor crafted mighty weapons. Those who had visited the forge described a magnetic field as if stepping into an aura that heightened their senses.

Vicor, unfortunately, was the last human King to visit the Dvuongor.

He also invited their greatest smiths and engineers to his castle between Icy Lake and the mountain. The Dvuongor built a grand thirty-foot-tall statue of the Octopus, with Vicor striking off one of its tentacles with a massive two-handed sword.

Norbel, one of Vicor's three children. Norbel... Vicor's only daughter, is the princess of the Nuwars. She often spent her time admiring her ancestors, old Kings of hers, on the castle's monumental balcony on the top floor of the castle, high above the clouds. The same balcony where the statue of the Octopus slain by Vicor alone was built. Norbel was an intelligent and calm person.

She was strong both mentally and physically, unlike her younger brother Yabir, who had a skinny body type. Yabir was replacing his muscles that all the Northern Men used to have with an inflated ego. He was hungry for power. He was arrogant. And most important of all, he was an obnoxious man, or as most other Kings called him, a spoiled little boy who never should have even been given the crown. Competing in the same league with Northern most hated leaders with Stelmani.

On the other hand, the eldest son, Visas, bore the closest resemblance to Vicor and understood that bloodshed was inevitable without compromise.

Norbel wisely distanced herself from the feud over Nuwars' throne. Ultimately, Visas and Yabir agreed to divide the Kingdom. Visas took the eastern side, devoid of grand fortresses, which Yabir coveted. Visas, however, enjoyed the decision, as Nuwars I was a picturesque mountainous region filled with waterfalls and vast spruce forests.

Meanwhile, Yabir inherited the eastern side, the heart of the Kingdom, with majestic statues, bridges, and the grand castle that had never lost a war. Norbel played the long game, aiming to become the first woman to wear the crown of all Nuwars. She understood that Yabir, with his narcissistic and impulsive behavior, would not hold power for long, eventually allowing control of Nuwars II to pass into her hands.

The Council of Nuwars

However, at the negotiation table sat all the great leaders of the North, along with their generals.

Fine wine was poured into their glasses, and they were left alone at the table. The topics discussed here were highly secret, known only to kings or their trusted second-in-commands.

Gathered around the table in the western wing of the castle, lit by flickering candlelight, they began a grave discussion, the one that could either lead to the salvation or the destruction of the Northern Continent.

“Welcome, esteemed leaders of the North,” Yabir began, raising his glass.

“Today, we may take a step that will be remembered throughout the Second-World, reaching even the distant lands of the South,” he said confidently.

In this meeting of noble rulers, Yabir stood out sharply. He was a young and slender prince with short hair and a gold ring in his left ear. His pale face and strong jawline were characteristic of his lineage, but unlike many of his peers, he could not grow a beard. His thick, bushy eyebrows and piercing blue eyes mirrored those of Vicor’s three children.

While the other rulers were dressed in elegant attire, Yabir’s arrogance showed through his choice of a sleeveless vest made of brown leather. Golden chains adorned both his wrists, and upon his head sat the treasured heirloom of Nuwars—a golden crown adorned with small blue gemstones.

Forged long ago with the aid of the Dvuongor, this crown, like many of their creations, held magical properties. It imbued its wearer with enhanced courage and charisma.

For Yabir’s narcissistic personality, the crown’s aura only amplified his arrogance to new heights.

“Let’s hope so,” said Taebir II, his face unreadable. “We’ve traveled from the far East, from Iscros itself, to be here. The threat that first plagued us has now spread everywhere.”

He paused briefly, his voice growing louder as he looked each leader in the eye. “And now, when you all have become the victims of these raiders and Barbarians, you demand our help.

Where was your aid when the Barbarians first raided only Iscros?

Where was your help when the South invaded, and you three forged alliances behind the great mountain? We’ve had to fend off both threats with the Dwarves, who are no friends of ours.” Taebir’s voice carried defiance, immediately raising the stakes and putting the others on edge.

A heavy silence fell over the room.

At just thirty-nine years old, Taebir was a wise and influential figure. His thin face was framed by a neatly trimmed brown beard that reached his chin. Behind his sharp features lay a natural wisdom and leadership that even the most cunning manipulators found difficult to outwit.

His sharp brown eyes had an intensity that made deception nearly impossible, and those who tried to deceive him often found their schemes turned against them. This was well-known among the Northern kings, and his presence at the negotiation table ensured that everyone thought twice before speaking.

Even Yabir.

After a moment of silence, Visas, now ruling the Nuwars I region with a less prestigious crown upon his head, responded from across the table to Taebir:

“And what about the Elves? To the east lies the great Elven Kingdom of King Kasleef and Queen Lauh. They’ve visited here many times and are our allies. For centuries, they’ve fought against the goblins of the Northeast. That verdant Kingdom stands between your realm and the goblins, honorable Taebir. Are they not allied with you?” Visas asked humbly, though not submissively.

“Elves...” Taebir muttered, turning his piercing gaze towards the young, tall, and gray-bearded King.

Taebir’s stern eyes bore into Visas’ composed expression. “The Elves of the East care only for their own affairs on their eastern coastline, where they worship their giant tree... We are not on good terms. If your father ever taught you the history of Iscros, you’d know that ten years ago, we were at war with them.”

“My apologies. I wasn’t aware of your strained relations with the Elves,” Visas replied awkwardly.

“That’s one story from Iscros’ history my father never shared with me, among the many great events of the North’s past.” Visas avoided Taebir’s unrelenting gaze by slowly lifting his wine glass and taking a sip, giving himself a reprieve.

“It’s fine. We don’t know everything about the West’s affairs either,” Taebir said, finally shifting his eyes away from Visas. “But what do you mean to imply? Are these old enemies of ours now your allies, Visas?” he asked pointedly.

Sitting between them, Norbel carefully observed the expressions of both men. While Taebir’s face was difficult to read, she could sense fear emanating from her elder brother Visas. Norbel kept a low profile, listening intently to their exchange.

“As you know,” Visas began, “the secret island of Nalos lies directly west of here, far out in the icy sea. Elves have been traveling through the ports of Nuwars to reach it, as they always have, though now even more frequently, since Lancros is engulfed in civil war, and they no longer dock at its grand harbor.

But they also fight against the Barbarians—our mutual enemies. Those dreadful savages have invaded Forest land, torturing and raping the Elves.

Their plight unites us against a common foe” This statement immediately caught the attention of Stelmani, the fat King, who had been lost in his own world, sipping the wine out of boredom. His ears perked up, and his gaze locked onto Visas.

Norbel, ever watchful, noted Stelmani’s sudden interest and made a mental note to observe him closely.

“Indeed,” Taebir interjected. “The enemy of my enemy is our best friend. But we do not trust those small forest creatures who guard their tiny wooded domain and refuse to cooperate.”

“In the West, we’ve traded with them throughout our long history,” Visas countered. “Even the Dvuongor across the great ice have worked with them. Recently, I’ve even sent soldiers from Nuwars I to bolster Forest Land’s borders, assisting the Elves whose land lies directly in the line of fire, protecting not only them but also your mighty Isaros.”

The revelation of poor relations between Isaros and the eastern Elves left Visas feeling uneasy. He desperately tried to steer Taebir back to the central purpose of the negotiations: forging an alliance to destroy the Shaman.

At this point, Trevas, Stelmani’s second-in-command, seized the opportunity to speak. “We in Mindoros have also been working...” he began, only to feel Stelmani’s foot strike him sharply under the table. Stelmani’s furious glare silenced him immediately. Before the negotiations, Stelmani had threatened to torture and publicly execute Trevas slowly if he made any mistakes during this crucial meeting.

Panicking, Trevas coughed and quickly took a sip of wine to cover his blunder. “Ahem... My apologies. I meant to say that we in Mindoros have heard gossips that the Forest Land Elves are allied with the Shaman. So, honorable Visas, I believe Taebir may be correct about the Elves’ trustworthiness.”

Norbel had been observing Stelmani closely and noticed the incident with Trevas. The young, fairhaired, and regal woman finally spoke, her poker face almost as impenetrable as Taebir’s: “Trevas, the Elves have also caused trouble for us since Nuwars was divided. In Nuwars II, small humanoid figures in green cloaks have been spotted in the great swamp. I believe they’re spies from Forest Land.”

Yabir and Norbel exchanged a brief glance. Before the negotiations, the siblings had agreed to work together to uncover the secrets and hidden agendas of the other kings.

Yabir continued: “My sister, the most beautiful and wise in the Northwest, is correct. Trevas, I believe the rumors in your region hold the truth. My elder brother Visas mingles with the Elves, and from Nuwars I, it’s clear they’re unconcerned with the threat of the Shaman. They hide safely in their forested lands to our west, away from danger. Here, in Nuwars II, on the eastern side, we have great fortresses and strongholds defending against the Barbarian raids spreading westward. And here, in the most powerful castle in the West, nestled between the mountain and the great lake, all of you esteemed Northern Lords can see that Nuwars II is extending a helping hand to annihilate the Barbarians. I doubt Visas understands the true threat, as his lands, lacking fortresses, have yet to feel the Shaman’s reach. His is a swampy domain where forest sprites roam freely. So, Taebir, King of Isaros, and I, soon becoming the

King of Nuwars II, assure you, that we are not allied with those woodland creatures. I hope for cooperation among us great human realms.”

Yabir finished, glancing at Taebir, Eakor, Stelmani and Trevas. Norbel sat beside him, sipping her wine and carefully observing the others’ reactions to her brother’s words.

Taebir waited for Stelmani to respond, but Trevas was about to speak when Stelmani “accidentally” swung his arm, knocking over Trevas’ wine glass onto the table.

“My apologies for my representative's poor behavior!” Stelmani finally broke his silence. His nasal, high-pitched voice cutting through the room.

“No problem. Chatrza, come clean this mess,” Yabir called to the elite knight stationed by the chamber doors, clad in golden armor. Chatrza was the only person Yabir and Norbel trusted in their court.

Despite his outwardly calm demeanor, Yabir inwardly wished Stelmani and his “tall friend” would leave his castle at once.

As Chatrza began cleaning the table, Stelmani resumed speaking: “So, Elven spies on your lands? What a coincidence, as we’ve seen them too, creeping under the shadow of dusk from the southern borders of Forest Land, crossing the meadows into the pinewoods of Mindoros. Do you suppose the Shaman has captured Elves and coerced them into posing as enemy spies under some dreadful threat?”

Taebir and Eakor listened intently. Visas tried to defend his reputation:

“Such news hasn’t reached the West. From what I’ve heard from Elves recently arriving from Nalos Island, they’ve reported Barbarian torture and looting of their kind. They claim they plan to meet the Shaman face-to-face soon.

Several ships carrying armed Elven troops have docked here—an extraordinary occurrence. Usually, one ship arrives weekly or monthly, either departing or arriving. But these troops were unusually well-armed, from teeth to toe. They were sent to Forest Land, but some have set up camps in the ancient pine forests of my domain.”

“Are you betraying us all, Visas?” Norbel asked calmly, knowing full well she was putting Visas in an uncomfortable position. Her tone was steady as she continued: “If you’re playing your own game, using these great kings to destroy the Shaman at the cost of many of our brave soldiers, how can we trust you? After we’ve exhausted our armies in this operation, once every nation’s forces are recuperating from the effort to annihilate that enemy, what’s to stop you from conspiring with Nalos to unleash a great number of Elves to humiliate and destroy humankind?”

Norbel’s sharp gaze flicked to Stelmani, observing him out of the corner of her eye. The fat King, who had been following the discussion with growing interest, could barely keep a straight face. His broad grin was already threatening to break through. Norbel knew Stelmani had some kind of relationships with the Elves, though she had yet to uncover its exact nature.

“How dare you suggest such scenarios, dear sister?” Visas retorted, visibly agitated. But before he could continue, Taebir interrupted and played his ace. “Forgive me, esteemed lords, but I neglected to mention something about our strained relations with the Elves.”

All eyes turned to Taebir, seated beside the colossal figure of Eakor, who loomed like a living statue. “We did resolve that ‘little spat’ that occurred about ten years ago,” Taebir said. “But Norbel’s suspicion of conspiracy isn’t entirely unfounded.” His piercing gaze shifted to the two rulers of Nuwars. “This man beside me, who would willingly die for me, needs no introduction. I know his infamous reputation as one of the toughest men in the North precedes him. Eakor alone could put this castle’s elite guards to shame, those same guards we heard about escorting you safely to this high court.”

Both Taebir and Eakor laughed hard. Their laughter was deliberate and intended. They had already planned in advance that, if they struck Yabir’s ego, it would unsettle him and leave his guard down.

And it worked. Yabir, unaccustomed to being jabbed at while holding a position of nobility in his own land, rose to his feet, visibly incensed. “Ha! Are you idiots illiterate when it comes to history? Or is your vision so poor that you failed to see the one-hundred foot tall octopus statue and the great stone soldier locked in combat with it when you arrived?” Norbel struggled to maintain her composure. Inside, her anger raged as fiercely as Barbarians razing a village, though not at Taebir, but at Yabir. She feared her brother’s emotional outburst might lead him to say something irreparable.

Silently, she gestured for Frotaz to approach and whispered an order for him to fetch an immeasurably valuable wine from the treasure chambers. “Run!” she hissed, and Chatrza dashed out of the room like a flash.

“And who was it that aided the Dvuongor in their great city here in Nuwars during one of the North’s largest invasions?” Yabir jabbed back at Taebir, whose face remained impassive, betraying no reaction.

Norbel nudged her brother’s hand, signaling that she wanted to speak, and with a calm voice, she began: “Alright, we didn’t come here to fight. We came here to forge an alliance to defeat the Shaman. Let’s not dwell on the past. Chatrza is bringing us wine from the year 2487 to mark this historic moment when the people of the North unite once more.”

But Taebir ignored Norbel’s attempt to mediate and laughed at Yabir. “It’s pointless to boast about the crown you wear... how long has it been? Two months?” Eakor couldn’t contain himself and burst into laughter.

Stelmani, however, shouted through the chaotic mix of voices, directing his question to Norbel:

“Hey, you white-haired human woman, when’s the wine coming?”

Norbel barely acknowledged the comment before Yabir, fueled by his pride, continued his tirade: “This crown? This fucking crown is 3,000 years old—more valuable than all the riches in this room. There are treasures here, but who cares about the East, where goblins and Barbarians are constantly terrorizing the farmers?”

Taebir, unfazed, struck a nerve with his next words, targeting Yabir’s previous failures. “Farmers aside, I know enough recent history to recall that your “Operation Ice Pyramids” didn’t quite go as planned. How deep did you manage to get?” Taebir said calmly, his words hitting Yabir like a hammer.

Enraged, Yabir hurled his wine glass across the room, shattering an ancient painting on the wall. “Now listen, my eastern ‘friend’, you’re treading on dangerous waters. In Nuwars, disrespect is the worst of offenses, even among enemies. And I—”

“Calm down already!” Norbel yelled at her brother, cutting him off mid-sentence. Yabir, now visibly shaken, bellowed: “Chatrza! Chatrza where the fuck are you? Bring that damn wine, or I’ll throw you off the balcony and into the lake!” His threats were a clear sign of how thoroughly Taebir had gotten under his skin. Everything was going exactly as Taebir had planned. He knew Yabir was too young, too arrogant, and too insecure to keep his composure under the pressure.

“Apologies, gentlemen. My brother can be impulsive at times,” Visas interjected, desperately trying to calm the storm at the table. But his words only fueled Yabir’s rage. “You traitor!” Yabir snapped back. “Go fuck your Elves or even Nalos herself!”

Stelmani raised an eyebrow, suddenly interested. He set down his wine, finally paying attention after what had appeared to be a drunken stupor of boredom.

“Fine,” Visas replied, keeping his composure. “We won’t take allies. We won’t accept a helping hand from the Elves to destroy the Shaman.”

Taebir seized the moment. “Elves? When it comes to Elves, Eakor isn’t particularly fond of them.”

He leaned over to whisper briefly to Eakor, who nodded in agreement before letting Taebir continue. “That coward, hiding behind thick walls and human armies in his forested lands...” Taebir jabbed at Visas, his words were deliberately provoking. “That man, who calls himself a friend of the Elves. Do you know, Visas, why a brief war broke out between us and the Elves ten years ago?”

Norbel and Yabir both turned their attention to Visas, who looked as though he wanted to melt into his chair. Everything was going according to Taebir’s strategy.

“My father, the former King of Iscross, was hunting with Eakor’s father, his trusted companion, in the eastern groves of Iscross. But instead of a successful hunt, they found themselves hunted. The Elves from the East had crossed into our vast birch forests, which are divided from their lands by a great river. One stray arrow pierced Eakor’s father’s chest. My father managed to escape, but Eakor’s father fell to their ‘misfire.’”

Taebir paused for effect, letting the weight of his words settle over the room. “And so began a yearlong, bitter war. We crossed the river with a mighty army, hunting for their King, Kasleef, to bring him to justice. He fled the country, but we destroyed many of their structures and killed countless amount of Elves. My father’s finest soldiers tortured their captives, prying for information on Kasleef’s whereabouts...”

Taebir’s calm but chilling tone silenced the room. Even Stelmani, previously distracted, was now listening intently.

At this point, Stelmani’s grin stretched wide, and he leaned in with newfound interest, listening more intently than ever. “The attack didn’t last long. Still, for a year, we scoured the East for Kasleef, but he had vanished. We enslaved Elves to work in our mines and demanded hefty reparations in treasures and ancient artifacts, which were stored in the secret vaults of Iscross. After that year-long hunt, we let the matter rest and left the Elves alone, banning them from the old trade road leading to your western ports. To this day, there is still a substantial bounty on their King’s

head in our lands. However, with Barbarians and goblins raiding from the Northern Tundra, we've chosen not to allocate further resources to war with the Elves. They've paid their reparations, except for their King," Taebir concluded sharply, his story about Eakor's father's death coming as a surprise to the other kings.

Elves... Root of All Evil

After Taebir's lengthy tale, Eakor spoke, clearly aiming to provoke Visas:

“Do you still claim, Visas, that your friends, the Elves, are a peace-loving creatures who wouldn't harm a fly?”

Visas remained silent for a moment, pondering his response.

The tense silence stretched, feeling like a minute where no one dared to breathe, until finally, Visas

replied, looking at everyone in turn: “I apologize if the Elves have caused such great harm, but you must understand that without my ancestors' good relations with them, the goblins and other evil creatures would have overrun Nuwars and burned it to the ground.”

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Best Regards,

I.M Acora