



BAK,
the
Impostor

LORD OF THE FOURTH LEGION OF THE DAMNED. MASTER OF THE CUPIDS, THE SHADES, AND THE SIMULACRA

*« In the Fourth Plane, every desire opens a door.
The weak seek wealth within it.
The King seeks power.
The damned seek a second chance.
And when the door finally opens, it is already too late.
For behind each of them... Bak awaits. »*





In the darkness of the Lower Planes, on the fourth stratum of the Abyss, reigns Bak, the Impostor. Commander of the Fourth Legion of the damned, master of **the Cupids**, **the Manes**, and **the Simulacra**, he embodies the corruption of desire, the decay of souls too weak to resist the call of power and wealth.

His ravenous ambition is simple, to climb the infernal hierarchy bending to his will all those whose resolve falters - corrupt kings, greedy lords, and fallen heroes. Through their invisible chains, Bak weaves his empire.

Today, his tireless gaze turns to **Maëlis**, a mortal who, unknowingly, holds in her hand a weapon more valuable to Bak than all the treasures of the human realms: **the Black Sword**, which contains the living heart of **Baal, Lord of the cursed city of Druun'Thar**. This beating heart, enshrined within the blade, pulses with hatred, will, and the pure essence of Baal. To seize this sword would not only humiliate his rival but also shatter Baal's dominion over **the Third Infernal Plane** - a unique opportunity for Bak to usurp a throne far greater than his own.

To this end, he has dispatched his most dreaded emissaries: **Sartha, the Mother of a Thousand Faces**, also known as **the Mistress of Illusion and Lies**, a shifting entity capable of wearing the features of the dead and whispering with the voices of forgotten loved ones, and **Vyrack, the Mist-Eater**, an implacable tracker cloaked in suffocating fog, **the Herald of Despair** whose mere presence smothers hope and clouds the minds of those who cross his path.

In the depths of the fourth plane, Bak the Impostor, his face hidden behind his infinitely multifaceted eyes, watches, patient and calculating.

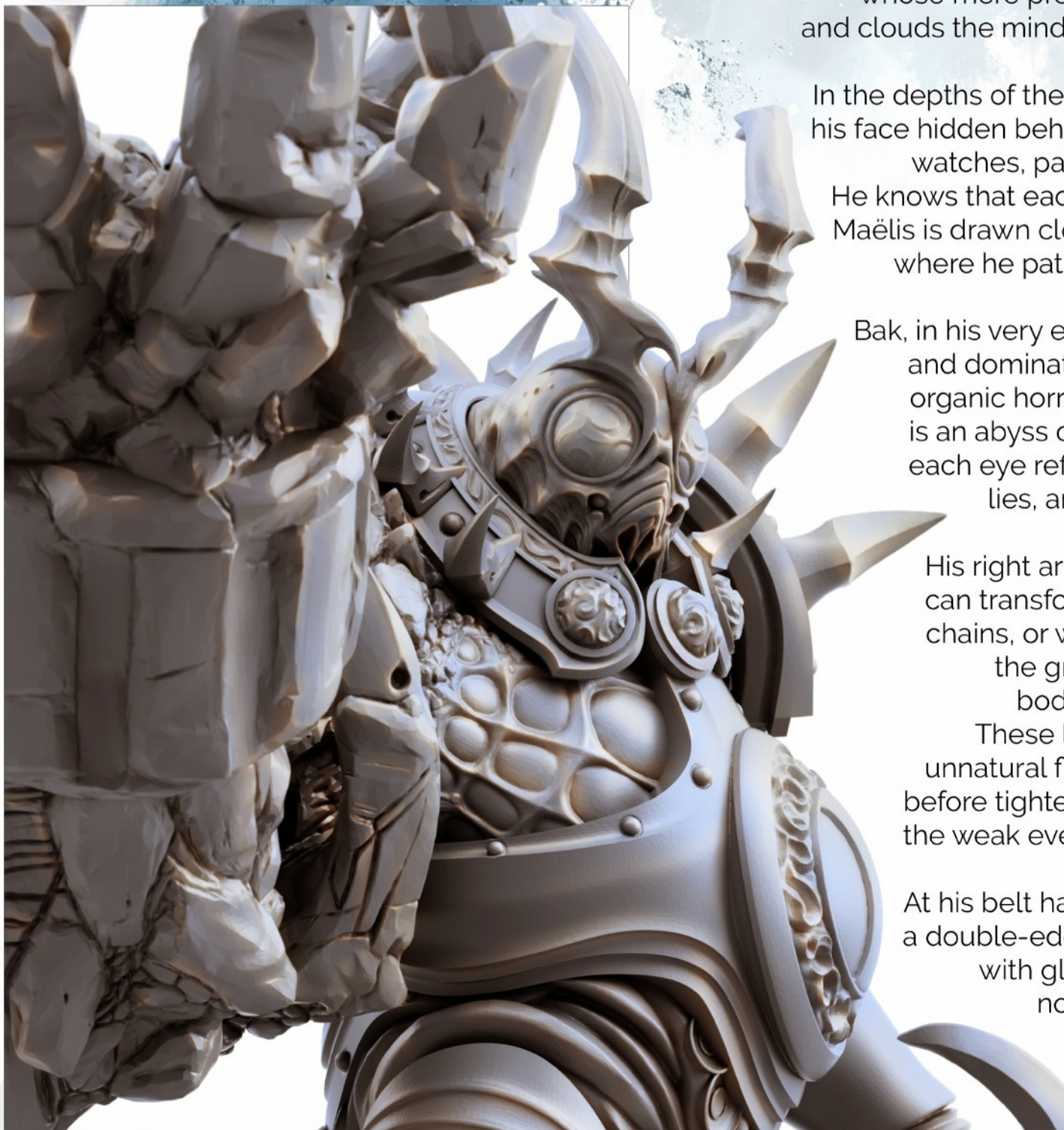
He knows that each wound inflicted, each doubt sown, Maëlis is drawn closer to **the Abyss of Reflections** where he patiently waits to trap her.

Bak, in his very essence, is a being shaped for deceit and domination. His body suggests a grotesque organic horror; his face, if it can be called that, is an abyss of mirrors and endless facets, each eye reflecting a multitude of worlds, lies, and half-formed truths.

His right arm, shaped at will by his dark power, can transform into massive fists, jagged spikes, chains, or writhing tentacles erupting from the ground like extensions of his own body, subjugating all around him.

These living appendages move with unnatural fluidity, coiling around their victims before tightening like stone serpents, dragging the weak ever deeper into Bak's grasp.

At his belt hangs **Tzhal, the Devouring Blade**, a double-edged sword, blackened and veined with glowing red lines, capable of slicing not only flesh but the very soul of its victims, imprisoning them in small fragments of eternal stone.





THE PRISON OF SIMULACRA

Buried deep within the layers of the fourth plane, where even the light of infernal fires appears pale in the abyssal darkness, lies **the Prison of Simulacra**. It is not named thus because it cages bodies, but because it twists souls, reshaping them into perfect forgeries - slaves subject to their Master's will.

THE ENTRANCE, THE ABYSS OF REFLECTIONS

To reach the prison, one must descend through the Abyss of Reflections, a chasm whose walls ooze shifting images - not the true reflection of oneself, but distorted glimpses of weakness, betrayal, and hidden ambition. Those who linger too long are seized, drawn into their own image, becoming part of the living walls of the Prison. The jailers, known as **the Shapers**, are not beings of flesh. They are themselves perfect Simulacra, frozen copies of those who failed, now perpetuating the cycle of suffering and distortion in others.

THE INNER COURT, THE LABYRINTH OF FORGETTING

Inside what may once have been a labyrinth, there are no fixed corridors. The ground, the walls, even the roofs shift constantly, shaped by the psyches of the captives. The damned attempt to flee, only to become trapped in loops of illusion, endlessly reliving their failures and betrayed desires.





Slowly, under the influence of the living stone, their very bodies are consumed, replaced by smooth, gray matter, until **the Bell of Destiny** rings six times, then their individuality is entirely erased. They become **Simulacra** - hollow spirits capable of taking any form Bak desires.

The most powerful among them, those whose fall was the most bitter, are forged into **Emissaries**, sent to sow illusion across other planes, infiltrate mortal realms, or carry out missions in the material world.

The weaker ones simply feed the Labyrinth - their lost screams becoming the walls and snares of the Prison.

THE HEART OF THE PRISON, THE HOLLOW THRONE

« *Bak's throne is not where he is, but where he makes you believe it stands.* »

At the center of the inner court stands **the Hollow Throne**, a colossal seat carved from black diamond, veined with delicate threads of molten gold drawing the arcana of the Fourth Plane.

The throne is deliberately empty.

It symbolizes the ever-vacant place for those foolish enough to believe they can master Bak or rise within the Infernal Planes. Those who attempt to claim it, thinking it a reward, are consumed by the throne and their existence recycled into a new Simulacra.

Bak himself never sits upon it.

His absence is a trap in itself, a lure for the ambitious and a weapon to break their will.

THE PRISON'S UNIQUE POWER

The Prison of Simulacra is not merely a tool of subjugation, it is a reservoir. In times of war against another **Dark Lord**, Bak can unleash thousands of Simulacra - perfect copies of soldiers, generals, or even beloved friends - to sow confusion among enemy ranks. Each Simulacra carries within it the shattered memories of its original, vivid enough to deceive even the most wary souls.

In battles of illusion and manipulation, where the fourth plane excels, this prison is the Dark Lord's deadliest weapon.



THE MARCH OF THE IMPOSTOR

« True power is not seized in the light, but in the shadows
of unspoken desires. »

In the forgotten depths of the Fourth Plane, Bak watches. His true throne, carved from a black rock weeping corrupted dreams, rises atop an inverted pyramid, suspended above a bottomless chasm. There, **the Cupids** swarm and toil - humanoid forms twisted by greed, condemned to dig endlessly through galleries of false riches, lured by reflections that do not exist. **The Manes** haunt the corridors and courts, souls broken into howling husks, offering their lamentations as music to the master of the domain.

The Fourth Infernal Plane is no battlefield or gleaming citadel like those of other Dark Lords. It is a labyrinth of illusions and shifting abysses, a mineral empire molded by greed itself. Here, the ground collapses beneath the unwary, false fortresses arise to better devour their conquerors.

Bak, Lord of the Simulacra, knows the price of true power. He does not spring from primal chaos like that of certain Dark Lords. No... He was born from an original sin. Once a human general, Bak betrayed his king for a crown of illusory gold, crafted by sorcerers who deceived him. When he placed the crown upon his head, it transformed into chains, dragging him alive into **the Lower Planes**. Chosen for his ability to corrupt hearts even weaker than his own, Bak is not honored among the infernal ranks - he is feared. His rivals know: a single misstep, a single crack in their ambition, and they will find themselves mere puppets under his control.

And now, thanks to the Black Sword, a new realm unfolds before him. Maëlis, a mere pawn in Bak's eyes, carries the key to shattering the balance of infernal power. As she faces his minions, Bak prepares **the Assimilation**: a forbidden ritual - older even than the fall of the first infernal legion, a crime against the very nature of the infernal order.

A rite through which a demon-heart, Baal's heart, could beat in a new host. And Bak plans to carry it out not in his decaying domain - but within Druun'Thar itself.

Already, through the layers of his kingdom, he feels fractures forming. Damned generals waver. The strength of ancient pacts crumbles. The Black Heart stirs, beating louder and louder, drawing the attention of forces that no Dark Lord may be able to contain. The Fourth Plane prepares to be reborn through deceit and treachery.

In the shadows of his throne, Bak smiles - or rather, the thousand-faceted surface of his face shivers with a sinister vibration. Around him, the stone walls weave illusions: empty thrones await conquest, chained crowns summon a hand ruthless enough to claim them.

Bak the Impostor will not seize the Abyss by brute force as Baal would. He will steal it from the very dreams of his enemies, digging their graves beneath their own steps.