

The Tender Hold

The Tender Hold is a home for those who, for whatever reason, are forced to live without the magic that has aided them their entire life. Addicts who know themselves well enough to understand they'll never be able to resist the forbidden studies. Sorcerers whose magic has dried out from within them, lost and disabled without it. Cruel aristocrats, too important to put to death for their sins. Those who commit themselves – or are forced into residence – here are rarely allowed to leave. The aim is honourable and not cruel; rehabilitate those that must now live without their crutch.

Life is comfortable here but not without the odd incident. The mist that quenches magic is not failproof, and tweekers only have so much restraint if they spot a crack or a rock under which the mist does not reach. Escapes are attempted and usually thwarted, but the proprietor can't *always* have complete focus.

Dunstin Tender built the mountain-perched manor high in the mists to accommodate his uncle. Uncle Tender did not age well, nor did he age kindly. Lunacy took him swiftly, driving him to dole out his arcane power recklessly and cruelly. The people called for his execution, but Dunstin could never watch the old man go. So, this comfortable prison was built. Then others came, in need of the same service.

The temperament varies between guests, but each of them holds an interesting remark or two about the arcane they immersed themselves in for their time outside these walls.

Possibly it's the company Dunstin has kept, or maybe the same disorder that his uncle bore is creeping up on him too, but Dunstin has been getting more and more unusual of late. Still devoted to his duty with compassion, but there are rumours from the Hold...

The rooms of the Hold are dug into the mountain top and precariously plotted on the side, open to the mist. Dense trees and simple fences are used to stop escapees – enough to stop anyone who has been breathing in the mist for more than a few days. Inside are common rooms, and private bedrooms. All decorated modestly but with great character.

Some years ago, a small order of soft monks came to express their desire for life without magic, and so pledged themselves to Dunstin's cause. They serve as his only help. Their interest in the mist remains their primary concern.

