



Shiraz
Romance

Bishop

This ranger thought he had seen it all throughout his 27 years in Tamriel. He was ready to retreat into the woods with his only constant companion, a somewhat domesticated wolf, but then the air itself shook with the coming of a woman who'd try to barge past him into the Sleeping Giant Inn.

He was raised nomadically, always in the wilds of unknown territory and having to quickly learn how to traverse, hunt, and cheat his way through all of it to come out on top. His abilities in ranged combat and up close with his knife excel enough to be on par with the Dragonborn as events tie them together. But both may find that a simple joint adventure turned into something far more dangerous.

Every moment of his life has taught him not to trust another soul. Will it take a dragon's to show him a new perspective, or will his chance for a new future fall through to his fate - to be Skyrim's most ineligible bachelor?



Casavir

His vows and his origins are from Cyrodill. That is all you may ever know of this formal paladin who exudes holy justice with every fibre of his being. His history with a certain ranger bubbles to the surface and courtly whispers fail to penetrate his steel armor, but the truth is guarded with honesty and even protection, both for himself and this enchanting legend he so desired to meet.

Casavir's concern for the Dragonborn's welfare in the presence of Bishop's corruption is as deep and genuine as his voice. Matters may be beyond his control but Solitude is his territory, and he intends to show her the chivalrous side of courtship that a rough ranger never could.



Caed

To fight is a Forsworn's life, whether they are on the front lines or aiding and masterminding their battles. This one has done it all since he was sixteen years old. A mother who came from a noble family ensured that his upbringing was educated and that her son had the acceptance of society. A father who lived up to every expectation of a stern and fearsome war chief ensured strength and savagery. This resulted in a strange and unique mix: a Forsworn Chieftain who is soft-spoken but deadly, intelligent but naive, compassionate but sharp of tongue and wit.

Caed's fascination with the legend who has come to life in a physical form was pushed aside by his loyalty to his people, however. His village has been under attack and it is while investigating with his right-hand man and closest friend, Anu, and his sister, Robin, that a chance meeting finally comes to pass. Time is of the essence but this is his one chance to exchange words with this unexpectedly stunning individual.



Alec

An Imperial in the most Nordic city of the most Nordic province where Nords openly hate Imperials may come as a little unorthodox, but that danger is where the adventure lies for this poet of strings. Alec is a social climber and to perform in the Palace of Kings would be like climbing the Throat of the World to the society of bards back in Cyrodill.

His gilded tongue has ensured that he isn't hacked to death in the dead of night, so long as he entertains the local riffraff with his premier talents. Every night that he is troubled by the latest ruffian who belched in the middle of his recital he assures himself that getting through Candlehearth Hall alone is enough to compose an epic worthy to secure the poet laureate's attention.

Then comes his true muse. Someone who is so worthy of ballads and myths that she was one before she appeared in this savage land. His inspiration latches onto her entirely and the words flow like never before, but there's a catch. He needs to perform it, and the Nords' hero could be his ticket to his Throat of the World..



Jack

A pirate's life isn't always the height of life on the seas. This much is demonstrated by Jack a Redguard who finds himself beached on foreign lands with no ship to captain and a revolting poison as his only consumable. Those foreign lands being the docks of the most sophisticated city in Skyrim, his ship being misplaced, and the poison being crates of wine that he "found" to accompany his dwindling supply of rum.

He has only his far-flung tales to keep him company until the day arrives where a far more fetching version of Olfric comes along and reunites him with his vessel. Because this foreign poison has guaranteed that he cannot simply walk back by himself. Well either with the Dragonborn or the Solitude Guards.

Will the sloshed sailor who isn't entirely sure this is reality leave a lasting impression on the despairing Bishop, though? Or at least, an impression that will last until the morning after...



Darren

A talent for ice magic was a rarity and a spectacle in a community of Breton nobles. To go to the coldest place in Tamriel to study at its unique Mages College seemed only natural to Darren and his family. Only when he got there he realised one fatal flaw he had never considered. It really is terribly cold.

His friends back home constantly communicate sympathy at his awful plight, but he is stuck out here, where his nose might turn into an icicle if he sticks it any higher in the air. It wasn't so bad when he had his friends in Solitude and their basements of mulled wine, but the city's righteous guardian soon put a stop to his drunken magic debauchery. The event will never be mentioned again by any party that night, but it involved the creation of an ice spike. One that reached the centre ring of the city's bunting and was heavily implied that it was larger and bluer than Casavir's eyes.

The Frozen Hearth is the place of retreat that has to suffer through Darren's moping. Things take a turn for the better when his sulking on the porch reveals a woman as beautiful as his family estate's roses, a beauty among the thorns of the barbaric Nords. Dinner ensues, fires are stoked, wine is poured and his noble hospitality has a place once more. If only sweet roses didn't lead to sore noses.



Karrougr

A runt of a litter is the youngest and weakest, likely to be rejected and cast out by its family. In Karrougr's case that never occurred as he and his littermates were born into the captivity of bandit breeders. His mother, starved and alone, died mere weeks after he came into the world. He never knew a father and the first months of his life were spent being plumped up for a life of cage fighting.

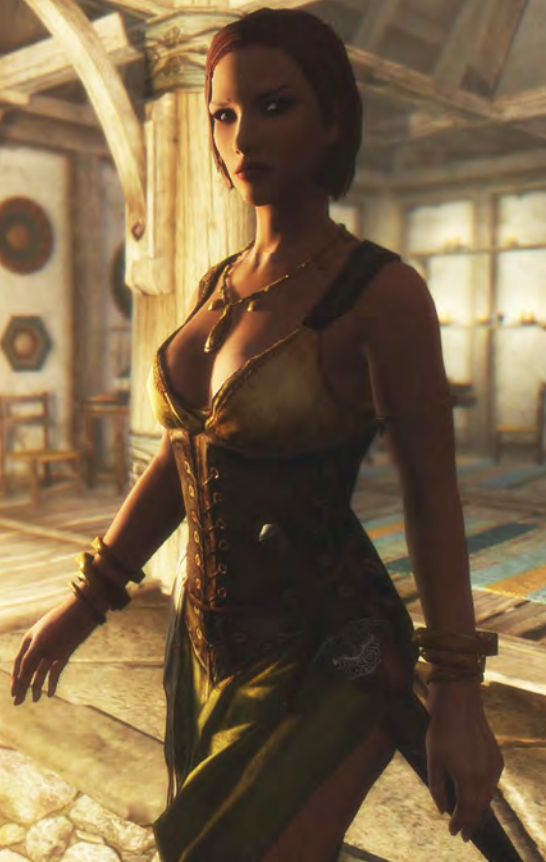
When the winds of war hit the bandit camp, they brought with it a grumpy teenager who turned his life upside down. Well, he gave Karrougr the chance to escape and the scraggly wolf cub returned the favour by stalking him and then saving everything Bishop held dear. Including his ass.

Since then, the russet brown wolf and the alpha brooder have been inseparable, through loss and tragedy, through hangovers and even arguments. (Karrougr marking his territory in Bishop's boots at night is a very serious matter.) Loyalty has never been a question and there's not a chance in Oblivion that they would value a bitch over their bond. If you want the ranger, you get the wolf.



Neesha

Neesha is a woman who knows exactly what she has and exactly what she hasn't. Manipulating those things to get what she wants is her speciality. For example, a lack of self-respect but a longing for an easily swayed patron's bulging coinpurse only takes one dark corner to come out on top. She's never heard the word "no" but then again, she's never aimed high either.



Raven

The downfall of the Thieves Guild meant not only great losses for them and their reputation, but also the lives their organisation shapes. Raven was an orphan whose head was filled with stories and tall tales of a life beyond Honorhall Orphanage's walls. So tall, in fact, that they inspired him to climb over those walls and never look back. He is rarely at their headquarters and rarely doing jobs, he prefers to be out in the open and trying to achieve what he thinks a gallant thief would do. Then daydreaming about it when he realises it isn't happening.

His fellow thieves have never minded as he's been a little brother to all of them since he was a child. He still knows how to eavesdrop on all the secrets that people never expect him to pay attention to, to hide in the shadows, scale Rifthaven's wooden structures, and to pick pockets. However, all of that knowledge evaporated when he confronted a newcomer that had the face of his #1 favourite story. All of Raven's fantasies have led up to a moment like this, can he possibly fulfill them or will he be pushed back into the shadows?



Thorn

For almost a decade, Skyrim's southern regions have been terrorised by a vicious beast and his gang of ruffians who were deemed too unruly for even criminal organisations. What is now known as Haelga's Bunkhouse was once the target of their wanton raids but their dominating scheme was foiled by a Nord, an elf, a half-Khajiit and a wolf. In return, Thorn took everything Bishop had and left a lasting scar.

Ever since that day, Thorn and Bishop have danced in a never-ending waltz of revenge. It has been the ranger's move for a few years but he hasn't taken it since last he heard, Thorn was holed up in some cave deep in the forest and had doubled the numbers of his followers.

However, it is unfinished business and the almighty Dragonborn insists on dragging Bishop along to every corner of Skyrim. Falkreath Hold included..



Grupa Cave

Thorn's Location



Lovers Heart

Forest Wedding Location



Palace Theater

Windhelm Palace of the Kings



Palace Gardens

Solitude Blue Palace Garden



Grand Crystal Ballroom

The image depicts a vast, opulent ballroom with a high, vaulted ceiling. The ceiling is illuminated by a large, multi-tiered chandelier with numerous blue and gold crystals. The walls are lined with ornate, golden columns and arches. In the center, a large, circular dance floor is visible, surrounded by a curved wall. Several people in formal attire are seen walking on the floor. The overall atmosphere is one of luxury and grandeur.