

# Noah Redmoon

Noah Redmoon is the last survivor of the Redmoon siblings, and the ruler of the ruined city of **Viros**. Called the Master of Shadows, he lived in an illusionary world until the Red Rains pulled forth a dragonic **Chimera** in his city. He first appeared in the Master Set's **The Shadows of Viros**, and later in **The Corpse of Viros**.

Noah Redmoon type unknown  
Art from The Shadows of Viros



Alternate art

During the **Great Cleansing**, Noah was one of the Phoenixborn who traveled the most, but he was also pulled in many different directions; he was expected to meet the wants and needs of the ruling **Vermillion Council**, the city of Viros, and others in the world. As a traveling Phoenixborn, he was at their beck and call.

It is unclear, but it is possible it was during this time when his siblings were killed. A Chimera tasked with killing them attacked the three of them, and during the fight, a second Chimera arrived, and split the trio. This resulted in **Astor** and **Moses** dying, and the Chimera leaving. The Chimera has not been seen since.

When Noah returned to Viros, the city council decided that his two siblings would be better rulers. Furious at this denial of what he felt was rightfully his, he created an enormous illusion of destruction on an apocalyptical level, but underneath that illusion, he tore the city apart piece by piece over time.

Following the wiping of Viros from the map, Noah decided to save a group of children, adopting and raising them as his own. They became the Stormwind Snipers, and are his loyal guards and fighters. But the new city, those children's families, and their own children, are all an illusion; an imaginary world created by Noah.

During this time, he was thought to be dead, when in fact, he was living in a world of his own creation.

Noah Redmoon desires nothing less than to be the figure of destiny in the prophecy of Collection. He considers those who resist the reunification to be weaker souls that prove his own right to

power. By striking down his weaker brethren before they even know they are in peril, he saves them from the pain of anticipating their doom, yet some realize their fate before the end comes.

His plans may go awry, however, as the Corpse of Viros has emerged from his own feelings. His illusion of the bustling city of Viros is no longer constant, as the Chimera can cause it to fade in and out of reality, exposing the ruined city beneath it.

## Conjurations

Noah is one of the few Phoenixborn with a signature conjuration: the **Masked Wolves**. He also can summon forth the illusionary **False Demon**.

## Card appearances

- **Resummon**
- **Small Sacrifice**
- **Sleight of Hand**
- **Shadow Strike**
- **Summon Calamity Golem**
- **Shadowblade**
- Lurk (Corpse of Viros Shadow aspect)

## Quotes

- “Your every success furthers my purposes.”
- “You’re deceived. Nothing in this world is worth saving.”
- “When they kill you, you will not see them.” + “Look past reality. You’ll see my wolves stalking you.”
- “You’ll know they’re here when the bolt hits your head.”
- “Even my schemes have schemes.”
- “And still you try to fathom what I am about.”
- “To die is not enough. You shall cease to have ever been.”
- “It is nothing at all, yet it is everything you fear.”
- “The Chimera should have left me to my squalor.”

## Short story

“You can take off the mask,” gasped the **Lord Mayor** as he lay at the base of the stairs leading up to the prytaneum. His right leg was bent at a grotesque angle, and the older man's breathing was heavy and uneven. “Is this what you wanted, Redmoon? Viros burns. This city that held you in esteem. Did you save us from the **chimeras** solely so you could be the one to light the match?”

His masked adversary chuckled as he came down the stairs, each step slow and deliberate. Wolves howled in the night, and screams echoed from every street and alleyway. The great Clocktower of the Sun burned, casting light over the city like some obscene candle from hell.

Noah Redmoon pulled the mask from his face. "Do you pretend to know what I want, human?" He held his sword over the prostrate mayor, and let the weight of the blade settle into the man's midsection. If the Lord Mayor felt pain, he refused to show it. "I never wanted more than your love. Yet since I was boy, no one wanted anything from me other than the weapon that flows through my veins. Your kind has stripped away everything I am, and now you wag your tongue in anger at discovering only the weapon remains." Noah pressed down on the sword, and the mayor screamed. The man's hands tried to hold the blade by its sides, but Noah pushed down further.

From down the street, a common woman shrieked in terror, and the gnashing snarls of a wolf rang out in response. The woman screamed, the wolf growled, and soon her voice was cut off in a hideous, wet instant. Noah grinned at this and leaned down to the mayor's face.

"Please," gasped the mayor. His hands were slick with his own blood, and it began to trickle from the corners of his mouth. He mouthed more words, but only a sickly, rattley noise emerged. Noah smiled and pulled the blade from the man's belly.

"You plead to me like the sheep pleads to the lion," Noah sneered. Growling wolves emerged from the darkness. "Eat," he said to them. "For I have had my fill."

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