

# NPC MASTERLIST

## *chapter one :: shadow of locust*

### ARIAHAVÉ SHAILYA SA'ADIA

*House Xanaari agent, who is eventually forced to work for Námar-Tol as a spy*

Race: Loari

Appearance: Short of height, yet not of beauty. Raven black hair carefully tied with neatly woven silver ties pulls back showing graceful pointed ears. A teenage radiance and youthful mien, silken features and hands.

History: Born a plebian some five hundred years ago in Námar-Tol. To forever be under the thumb as a servant, something that took marriage and an affair to break to be 'shipped' to Sel-kai and with some luck secured continual work with House Xanaari for the next hundred years, securing an education unrivaled. Now she works as one of the many trade negotiators for the House, securing their interests across Emer.

Roleplaying Concepts: Speak with an accent (slightly masked French), always remember names and listen intently, using flirtation and good looks subtly.

### ATANIEL

*Changramai Monk whose mind was merged with the parasite/dædekemani, Ventine*

Race: Tǝlairi

Appearance: A look of utmost alertness carved into his face; sallow of colour, a light olive yet sickly, deep chestnut eyes slanted to nicked and scarred ears. A black robe covers body and hoods over his roughly cropped sable hair.

History: Ataniel was a stolen child and has remained in bondage in one form or another since his mother sold him. He remembers a dusty stall and his mother taking money, talking to him crying, not out of sadness or regret, but for fear of life. The hands of a strange man, smiling on his shoulder, outside the sound of creatures like a thousand wolves teeth crushing bones descending upon a woman's scream. Being turned away into a small room.

From there the deal was developed, that he would train at Changramai Monastery to be released early at their expense to become a perfect weapon. Debt was duly impressed upon the young five-year old for a period of no less than six months of torture.

The monastery saw those chains break though. In the protective realm of the monks, Ataniel felt at peace and out of the reach of his so-called masters. Soon he developed not just physical potential but the potential to wield the essænce through mentalism. Ataniel took seventy years to reach the maroon veil (6<sup>th</sup>) but most of it has been in hiding. As he aged, the weight of his masters played upon him. His release paid, Ataniel declined issuing to work the required years and pay his 50,000 gold required, something which took him twenty-nine years. The last ten years spent in the monastery have been building up his reserves at a frenetic pace, so much he has

nearly 20,000 gold himself, all the while trying to avoid leaving in the face of his former masters.

What Ataniel also knows is that his masters surely had his mother killed and that they are nothing purely physically dangerous. When out he has faced on more than one occasion, invitations to discussion and more testy encounters usually with the threat of more is to come.

Roleplaying Concepts: Ataniel prior to his control by the Dædekemani Ventine was quiet and reserved, cautioning in his work yet not smothering. Expressionless, he cared little for making friends. With the psychology of Ventine, Ataniel takes on a more malicious front. Gone is the lavish and embellished Sorcerer Ventine. Ataniel is cold to the point of ice, your body is a temple of genetic engineering and it shall become an ultimate vessel.

## BRYCE KOREL

*Count of Bentara*

Race: Laan

Appearance: Handsome youth with a determined countenance. His demeanor easily singles him out as leader. Penetrating green eyes and short dark hair and hawk-like appearance, a person who looks like he takes control of any situation

History: The son of a father strung like a puppet by a powerful and dangerous sorcerer with a lust for power. Bryce’s mother, Shaliya, was unlike most ladies, Bryce remembering her to an age of seven – she expressed herself unlike other women, unafraid and somewhat wild – but life with his father was too imprisoning for her spirit and eventually that caging broke her and she flew away, leaving Bryce. To avoid the lecherous magician Bryce sought allies in those about him of his own age from an early beginning. His maturity came quicker than most and by the age of thirteen was plotting with his friends, Daemander, Atrius, Lurayl, Kimesha, Yasmine, and others on how to wrest control from Ventine. In all their years it took the arrival of Vedesis a sword-arm from the Dales to convince Bryce in what needed to be done. The discussion on the murder of his father had always been at the barbed end of evening discussions that would be left without resolution. Often they would convene in surreptitious meeting places and times to plot and weave against Ventine whose arms stretched far and wide. They watched his chief and most active pawn Celimé from a young age, and when Ventine had the gall to introduce her as a visiting Danarchan merchant, Bryce could not but help to play his gambit in speaking to her – repelled and attracted. After meeting her, his attraction proved distracting to the matters at hand and emotionally unstable Bryce came to a decision. Bryce agreed in the end after thrice trying to get through to his father, the third time dangerously coming close to Ventine’s eyes and ears that he should meet with accident on return from a trip to the Port of Izar. Ventine would be dealt with thereafter. It proved more difficult, yet the young Count had power and began with his allies a cleansing of the cities corrupt nobility.

Roleplaying Concepts: You are strong and determined. You give your all for the people and the city so mired in self-indulgent control. You are just and quick to deliver, refusing to let one person attain positions of absolute power. You are more the equal

of any Lord or ruler in all of Hæstra – and you are hopelessly (and dangerously) in love with Lady Celimé.

### DAEMANDER

*Loyal Friend of Bryce Korel, and Minor Noble*

Race: Laan

Appearance: By appearance and demeanor, Daemander is quiet and friendly, of calm enough spirit yet fierce and intelligent loyalty. He is unthreatening in his dress, usually of his station, always a dragon mouthed sword at his side, enchanted and ready to defend. His hair black, eyes a warm, deep and green, he wears a black cape embroidered with a dragon upon the back to upper hip, under which stylised leather armour of grey covers his well-built frame.

History: Daemander grew up in court with Bryce Korel, not related by blood, but through a complex line of marriage. Regardless, the two became friends, Dae mander tolerated by all as a proper associate for the young Count to be with. Daemander never attempted danger, always followed, always listened, and participated more in Bryce’s stories than of his own making. Some sixteen years and the pressure was rubbing off on Bryce and his associates. They took matters into their own hands and with Bryce’s consent planned and executed the murder of Count Korel effectively cutting off the power hungry Sorcerer Ventine.

Roleplaying Concept: You believe in honour and defending your friends. You may not be perfect in what you do but your duty is strong. Conviction in your beliefs of honour dictate your actions and you have found peace in that, for there has only been a few years of peace in the service of rule to your Count.

### FRANCESCA XANES

*Assassin of the Katra, Shaitan of Sarnak*

Race: Laan

Appearance: Beautiful and well rounded, Francesca is buxom with straw coloured hair down to her waist, often braided.

History: Vanda Xanes groomed her daughter well for upbringing, so much so it was an entrapped childhood of rules and goals. Failure was not tolerated. When it came to the growing threat of the Katra and the decision of assassination was broached there was no question that Vanda believed would be best suited. Francesca did succeed in murdering the Katra, but not before she was raped. Strong as a warrior she fled on that fateful night that so undermined Andaras’ plans for Hæstra. Her return to Sarnak brought her mother’s promotion to Minister of Security and Francesca’s own promotion. But the claw of her mother remained tight ever about her.

Roleplaying Concept: You are at odds internally. Tormented constantly by the brutal rape yet stuck within such a cosmopolitan city, with a mother ever present and watchful of every action. You are alone and must not show weakness. You tried once to reach out that hand was slapped – *Celimé*.

### MAJEL GAVANT

*Majel Gavant, co-ordinator of Amethyst League, is the current host of this Dædekemani*

Race: K'ta'viiri

Appearance: Shoulder length black hair, shadowing the sides of his dark and alluring eyes. His face an appearance of omnipotence, somewhat distant... his dress matches his demeanor, with every pride in appearance put. His clothes are tailored specifically for him and by the best designers money can buy.

History: Dædekemani, his history is as the dust he feels liberated from. The City of the Dead proved a foul resting place for those of their mien. Majel rejoiced in the forms within all mortal and immortal kind, keeping Andaras more than happy even if his methods pushed the boundaries the rest of the collective frowned upon, but to do so openly would admit their ties to the Unlife.

Roleplaying Concepts: You are immaculate. Charismatic, people flock to you not for power but for personality. You prefer playing the game of the mortals for fun. Your actions are to prepare Hæstra for invasion, nothing less.

## J'DIEMA VÆSTHER CIENNE

*Rogue Dyar Assassin*

Race: Dyari

Appearance: White skin and long white hair, braided from the roots with black beads – a checkerboard of hair, pulled back over his head revealing strongly pointed ears. Aquiline features with a somewhat pointed and hooked nose. His eyes are black, disturbingly empty and lifeless, or seemingly.

History: J'Diema was already highly trained as a warrior of the royal guard under Prince Quentar Daal, trained in all manner of defense, offence, subterfuge, and murder. When the Dyari left their homeworld J'Diema naturally accompanied his fellows to Emer where they would descend into the Mountains of Gold and create a kingdom unto themselves. Yet this new world did not do well for J'Diema. Plots of his own people brought him down from grace to the gutter, almost literally. Infuriated he sought retribution yet his rage took the better of him, slaying the mistress of a royal family member brought swift retaliation, yet J'Diema was already well on his way to the surface, escaping the defenses of his people, at that time nothing like what they would become. As the Empire of Aldaron grew, J'Diema was forced more and more underground, finding work in what he could do best – Murder. The work was always available and well paid. He had found his calling.

## LUSE INVARATH

*Lord Adjudicator of Pellern, Hero of Pellern*

Race: Laan

Appearance: Luse is every inch a Laan noble, tall and powerfully built with nobility that a Shay could never match. His long black hair is marked with a white strip at his right side, his face handsome in its strength, rigid jaw and penetrating blue eyes.

History: Born in Pellern, raised by his Laan parents until the age of ten when his mother had an affair with the Lord Adjudicator. His father, Captain of the Guard at the time flew into a rage and attempted to murder the man. Both the Lord Adjudicator and his mother were expelled in shame from Pellern and went to live in

Bornay. His mother was already with child, Luse's half brother, Stevars. Luse lived with his father, growing ever more distraught, yet the perfect model of a knight. Loyal unto death, which came at an early age for his father, Luse himself not much older than his father (some 49 years). Luse was taken in by Lord Dreygen and trained and groomed for knighthood, proving a diligent and studious learner with a mind as well as blade. By the time Luse was nineteen he was leading men into battle. The next sixteen years saw Luse travel the lands of Pellern aiding its Lords where commanded and generating a reputation for honesty and commitment wherever he went. Luse had already taken the role of Captain of the Guard as he watched Lady Willona develop from babe to beauty, and his love for her though he knew it wrong was overwhelming, proving himself to be her most valued ally and support before and after the death of Lord Dreygen. Becoming both Lord Adjudicator and Captain of the Guard was not something he expected, but one that came during the Katra's invasion. Luse was steadfastly against giving in to the Katra and was heartbroken when Lord Dreygen conceded. Luse took part in early battles against the Katra's men and he always believed they could have successfully defended the land against his incursions.

Roleplaying Concepts: You are honourable and noble. Polite, etiquette is a way of life in your position, treating those in their stations with the respect so earned (not given). You do not judge on appearance, and your quickness to anger is something you repress and control. The perfect gentleman, you would lay down your life for any lady insulted.

## MANDRODOR ETHÂNAIKAD

Lord Chancellor of Pellern

Race: Laan

Appearance: Dressed in silver trimmed black robe wearing a newly minted seal in silver of the Pellern crest of a pickaxe over a golden mountain. His white beard disappears into his equally long well groomed hair.

History: Mandrodor has lived in Pellern all his life with his role as Lord Chancellor groomed with his childhood friendship with Lord Dreygen. The two grew up in relatively peaceful years.

Roleplaying Concepts: The Katra's attack and Lord Dreygen's death have played on your mind and sanity. You have noticed that you are forgetting things, and you so much do not wish to be evicted from the castle by Lord Stjepan. You are terrified he will notice your inconsistencies.

## XAEK BRANIMIR

*Servant of Dædekemani, Knight of Stjepan's Ahn Sye Nokora*

Race: Shay/Laan

Appearance: Xaek is young, rough dirty blonde stubble covers his face, handsome and pensive. Hair unkempt to chin, he is never without his sword retained within an impressively decorated scabbard of arabesques.

History: Born in Falkenna, an orphan who was taken in by the local blacksmith, who strengthened and tempered Xaek into a man during his teens. After coming of age he sought out becoming a squire and joined the Order of the Silver Heart. After six years

he joined the knighthood only to face dishonour when Sarnak invaded. The Order of the Silver Heart faltered badly on the battlefield not through Xaek’s trying, but he faced the same embarrassment at the hands of the amazons. The Order of the Eternal Return called to Xaek as he was courted for initiation. Then along came a fly – Lord Stjepan, whom Vedior, Grandmaster and Dædekemani. Vedior quickly took control of the young Xaek who had contact with Stjepan and pushed for the knight to join them further along the road north to Pellern – the Grandmaster spent a night with the young knight genetically modifying his dermal density, coordination, and strength. He waits in service.

Roleplaying Concepts Do your jobs as Lord Stjepan has asked of you as Commander of the Knights of his own revived ‘Ahn Sye Nokora’. You are unwavering in your loyalty, but when Vedior demands you will leap into action.