



*Illyria Nanhiallen*

*Profession: Healer*

*Image: Devoted Wife*

*Reputation: Grace and Service*

in

# True Sight

**A Simple Communion Story**

## *A Healer's Story*

*When the Witch Hunter Gavin Baen's business took him beyond the sanctified bounds of the Elven Protectorate, he was attacked by the very demons he pursued and nearly perished. With the last of his strength, he bound the demons in an ancient Elven holy glade and dragged himself, bleeding to the only settlement nearby, a healing Enclave known as the Last House of Light.*

*Out picking herbs for her work, Illyria heard Gavin's pained moans and rushed to his side. She saw his spirit at once, and made a decision. Taking his arm over her shoulder with a vigor she had never known in her life, she half-carried him back to the House. In spite of the scorn of her brothers and sisters for assisting one of the mortal race, she cleaned and undressed him and prepared both of them for the long night ahead: the night that would challenge not only her powers and his flesh, but their very souls.*

*What transpired between them cannot be described in words. Her powers reached beyond their climax, his body became strong with the very powers of light themselves. Her heart became entwined with his, their fates sealed together.*

*The next morning, hale and restored, they set out into the forest to find the demons, only to discover that one had devoured the other and in so doing, broken free of their binding. The couple caught up with the creature at the abandoned White Star Tower, an abandoned watchplace at the edge of the Old Kingdom. The remaining demon had captured 3 unsuspecting mortal men and was settling down to a dark business indeed.*

*Together, the Witch Hunter wielding his light-born strength, and Illyria turning two holy surgical blades against the demon, they prevailed, saving the lives of the 3 mortals.*

*Drunk with victory and holy communion, the two set off immediately to be married by the Prelate of Empire's Edge. Illyria forsook her order and her isolation and set out immediately with Gavin and his faithful Hound, and have been working their way ever Eastward into the Eastern Dominion of man on the tails of witches and the wicked.*

*You are known by the good as Devoted Wife, Skillful Healer, compassionate and graceful. Your manners ever impeccable, the very blessing of the Elves of old upon the world.*

*Your husband's courage and sense of tireless duty are a source of constant inspiration to you, and his inner strength is a boon to all who know you.*



## Background

*That is one of your favorite ways to tell the story. A strong dose of truth, all dressed up in its Sunday best to impress strangers and clients alike.*

There are a few things you don't let on to your clients (towns, outlying villages, forts along the border with the Great Northern Wilderness). For example, although you are formally trained as a Healer, your gifts in that area are not terrifically impressive, and certainly only a pale reflection of those who trained you in the self-absorbed Elven Protectorate.

### *The Early Illyria*

When you were young, you lived in the White Forest, the last great Elven Protectorate in the world. Born and raised in privilege in a place of inestimable beauty and privilege, nonetheless, you knew a deep restlessness.

Seeing your desire to do something with your life, and finding you with the talent, you were apprenticed to a Healer at the Last House of Light – a great honor, and a revered position in Elven society. Becoming a full-fledged healer yourself would secure you a place of significance and respect among your people all of your long life.

You excelled in the training, and at first were satisfied by the long learning and the surprised praise of your teacher, who had clearly not expected you to excel. But again the restlessness, unnamed and inspecific, returned.

### *Your Training?*

You decided to take a vacation from the Enclave, to engage an exchange with the remaining human healers of the Old Kingdom, and perhaps to see some of their fabled Water Gardens. You set sail on a small Elven trading vessel. Just before reaching port, your ship was hijacked by pirates and taken to the decadent Western Empire, where you were sold into the keeping of a Spylord called Zar'in.

He taught you something about the dark ways of loving, and you taught him some gentler things, including an Elven knowledge of plants - and poisons. He recognized in you what he called “an infernal quiet grace”, and ended up having his Shadowmaster train you for years until, moved by your desire to impress, you became one of his most reliable Assassins.

Things went downhill after Zar'in was murdered and the political winds of the Empire shifted. You took a few artifacts and enough money to return to the Elven Protectorate. It had been a dark time, and you thought perhaps you could shelter back at the Enclave, maybe even take up your old work, but... it was not to be.

On the first full moon after returning, Gavin came, and fulfilled Zar'in's unknowing prophecy of *infernal quiet grace*.

*Your Husband?*

Oh, yes, your strong, quiet, powerful husband Gavin. He is so much more than he seems. You didn't put any light into him. Far from it! He was full of dark power when the two of you met. A witch-hunter by employ - true - but Gavin is in fact a Witch himself, swearing lifelong service to a great Power Under the World. He has pledged a life of servitude to a dark master, who for now employs Gavin's infernal strength to thin the competition - hence witch-hunting. Not to mention the occasional corruption of the uptight.

*His Dog Histo?*

Oh, and then there's his dog Histo. His Faithful Hound. What a dear, enchanting little Demon is Histo. And a shapechanger as well. Histo is sometimes the Footman, the Witch Hunter's human servant. Sometimes she is the great black Hound, the Witch Hunter's guard beast who can literally smell evil.

Histo stays strong by suckling blood from your husband's third nipple, under his arm.

And my goodness, the little thing is so good and quite so talented at keeping Illyria company when she craves attention, which she does more often than Gavin's business and interests permit. Gavin knows, of course, and it seems to amuse him.

*Your actual line of work?*

The usual...helping your husband ferret out "witches" - sometimes even real ones, servants of some other, lesser Power. Wickedness must be punished, and if your knife is to be the way they meet their masters, well, all the better. Also, discrediting actual witch hunters (oh, they're so shockingly willing to be seduced by the 'virtuous') makes an excellent passage of time.

Making a show of healing those harmed by the nasty witches you do find helps generate good feeling and ongoing contracts for work.

*What's on today's docket?*

As the nearest witch-hunter, your husband answered the call to Faran's Outpost, one of the last human forts to stand against the Wolfen in their Great Wilderness.

If the Wolfen do prove to be a problem, you may provide an added advantage, as Wolfen revere elves in general as guardians of good and keepers of the natural world. It was the Elves who brought civilization, language and art to the Wolfen in their dim past (recent history for the Elves).

It seems that the Outpost has problems other than the usual infestations of Wolfen and human predators, and people have started dying.

Dangerous. Isolated. Tense.

Sounds like your kind of place.