



# The Hound

Image: Devoted Servant

Reputation: Faithful



in

# True Sight

**A Simple Communion Story**

# TO SERVE THE HUNT

Ironically, of the three of you: your master, Gavin Baen, his wife Illyria, and yourself, you are the most forthright - the most *honest*. You are what you are. Even though you can manipulate your flesh to change into a handful of shapes, you are always yourself, never pretending to be anything else.

## YOUR MASTER THE WITCH HUNTER?

Gavin Baen does indeed hunt down witches - those who have sold something to a dark being in exchange for power. Occasionally, he quietly ends the excessive moralizing of some overfly faithful but underpowered individual who has fallen into the trap of looking too closely into Gavin's affairs. This occasional boundary violation does not trouble your master overmuch.

Gavin, you see, is a Witch himself. He sold lifelong servitude in exchange for the vigor and power that comes from the transfusion of the blood of Fire and Shadow.

## YOUR MISTRESS THE HEALER?

She is a Healer, true enough, bearing a bright spark of the old Elven gift. Her hands are exquisite, her motions so full of grace she seems a pale shadow come to light.

Which is precisely why she makes just such an excellent assassin.

## AND YOU??

You are one of the Hounds of The Master, who is not Gavin Baen. He is only your master. If that is clear - which it is not always even to you.

You remember the land of shadow and fire, but it is not a pleasant memory. So much better this solid world of flesh and scent. You are not eager to return.

You serve Gavin, help him to follow the Master's wishes that he might remain your master, and you might continue to suckle the blood that gives you physical form from his 3rd nipple.

Your name was taken from you long ago. Now you are Hound or Footman. Sometimes when a mortal's name is required, you go by Jack, a good little joke between you and your master.

## YOUR POWERS?

You have great potential, which will grow into realization as Gavin grows into his power, into the Gift of his Bargain. For now, you may take the forms of Hound or Footman, using some of your energy to shift each time.

In a *Footman's human form*, you still have supernatural strength and endurance. You can see and understand magic to some degree. You can don armor and fight with weapons to defend Gavin. In human form, you are resistant to mental influence, terror and horror, but unable to access your telepathic link to Master and Mistress. You often seem brooding and sardonic.

In *Hound shape*, you access the powers of shadow and bile, flame and terror. You can scent the supernatural, the celestial, the infernal, the magical: power in use and waiting.

Your body, being mostly made out of servitude and faith, heals quickly so long as Gavin and his Gift are near.



If your master were an Adept, or should he become so, you could transfer your power to him. As it is, you can draw his meager power to use as your own if you wish.

When you are in sight of him, you two may share thoughts (a simple trick). You may also do this with Illyria.

## WHAT SERVICE NOW?

Ah, the elf-woman Illyria: the Mistress. A naturally open spirit, full of all the passions that once made the Elves great, and great enemies of Shadow. She has enormous appetites, which you sometimes help to... sate when Gavin is otherwise occupied.

It seems that the Outpost Gavin heads towards has more than mortal troubles: death and terror stalk its streets. You have the sense of some deep power there that will test your and Gavin's strength and your faith and service.

Faran's Outpost feels Dangerous. Isolated. Tense.

Should be extraordinarily delightful.