

Xancha Rilyn'ate

Summary

Name	
	
Titles:	
Gender:	
Races:	
Age:	
Occupation:	
Faction/Kingdom:	
Alignment:	
Status:	
Relatives:	
Height:	
Weight:	
Eyes:	
Hair:	

Biography

Long ago house Rilyn'ate scorned by the other noble houses fled with those who served them deeper into the heart of the earth. They established a new city of Charnag'Delmah. The network of caves here had not been explored by any other drow. Here there were large geothermal lakes bellowing steam. One of the lakes was vast enough that it billowed waves that washed up on its shores like some underground ocean. The black sand that made of its beach glittered in the phosphorescent glow of the strange molds that covered the walls and ceiling of the vast cavern.

In the depths of the lakes various cave crabs, fish, and squid lurked along with other aquatic creatures that no other living being had ever seen or named. A thick forest of strange underwater fungi grew in these lakes glowing with a myriad of colors. The milky white water was enlivened by the glowing fungi giving off a rainbow of colors. The ubiquitous lichen about the vast underground vault put off a green luminescence. There were large mushroom forests surrounding the lakes and the cave floor was thick with various species of molds, fungus, and moss. One could see tiny creatures darting between the mushroom trunks. Some resembled reptiles others were large varieties of insects or rodents. At the vaulted ceiling of the cavern thick clouds of steam formed. It condensed and dripped down like a mock rain.

In some places, great fissures had left large gashes in the cavern walls. These crevices lead to other caverns somewhere the home to other intelligent races. Others were places much like the vast cavern they had settled in. One cavern draped down low over a vast sea of milky white waters shimmering with prismatic coloring. In another cavern waterfalls of lava flowed down deep into the heart of the world. The main cavern also had a sinkhole of sorts that lead to even deeper areas filled with clinging

cobwebs and dark skittering forms. Most who traveled that deep never returned and occasionally new litterings of bones could be found at its entrance.

The lesser noble houses, slaves, servants, and common folk that had followed house Rilyn'ate quickly set about securing the cavern. Over the centuries they made alliances with the illithids and enslaved a group of kobalds and a breed of kuo-toa. They also made enemies with the cave orcs, a gray skinned version to their land dwelling cousins. The cave orcs were also good at making allies of their own. On their side, they had the goblins and trolls. The two factions had a common enemy in the duergars. The three factions had a common enemy in the shadow dragon that made its home on a cliff face in one large cavern.

Recently earthquakes had shaken the foundation of the world. The three orc tribes, the blood eye, iron hand, and black skull had been united under a tactical and charismatic leader, for an orc. His name was Gorlag. The blood eye worshiped an old beholder, acting as guardians for his lair. The black skull worshiped death and shadow. The iron hand worshiped nothing, but the thrill of battle and a mound of dead enemies. The three clans unified posed a great threat to house Rilyn'ate and the drow who called Charnag'Delmah home.

The matron mother and high priestess of Lloth, Talace Rilyn'ate had gathered her forces and marched two caverns over to meet the orc horde in battle. Drow sat atop lizards, spiders, and bats, those that walked carried shimmering blades or black bows. At the head of the drow army Talace and her two daughters, Xulena and Latyna sat upon lizard mounts issuing orders to the male troops. Talace's weapon master and head of the lesser house, Rauvue Hun'tyl, sat behind them doing the same.

Rauvue: "Matron, orc scouts have been seen in the Kuttra Marsh ahead. Do you hear that? It's the sound of war drums."

Talace sneered and looked superciliously at Rauvue, "The earthquakes that plague us day and night shall be a thing of the past after we offer these orcs up to the goddess. I have had visions of the rocks running red with blood. The clamorous screams of the dying. The smiling lips of Lloth."

Rauvue hid her distaste and said, "What if your visions were a warning?"

Umbrage rising in Talace as she turned and said, "You dare doubt me or do you seek to simply undermine me in front of an assembly? I would advise against such willfulness. After all, it did not serve your mother very well." Talace smiled and turned back around waiting for Rauvue to finish giving orders to the troops before she sounded the horns of war.

Slowly the sound of marching feet and drums echoed even more in the cavern. Then the first few figures could be seen lumbering around the far cavern wall. The orcs and their horde gathered at the far end of the cavern. Now that the two armies had gathered, the boisterous taunts and battle cries nearly drowned out Talace's voice as she ordered Rauvue to delegate the attack.

Xulena: "Xant'cha is missing out on all the fun", she said laughing.

Latyna: "She has to baby sit our brother. She is the third in line for leadership anyway", she said derisively laughing.

Xulena: "A million drow gathered on the battlefield today. The orcs are nothing more than sacrificial lambs leading themselves to the slaughter. The alter will run red dear sister." She flexed her delicate fingers in excitement.

As the forces collided the cavern was filled with a cacophony. The three Rilyn'ate females smiled as the sounds echoed up the cavern to them. A tremor shook the cavern causing tiny bits of debris to rain down on the battlefield.

Xulena: "Even the earth is disgusted with the orc's presence. See how it rains down death from above on them." She mirthfully let out a musical laugh. She issued for a nearby servant to give her a goblet of wine. She drank deeply, the ruby red liquid smeared upon her lips like blood.

It struck without any warning.

A large section of the cavern ceiling down and pivoted rolling about onto the gathered drow troops. Another quake shook the cavern bringing down even larger chunks of rock. The battle became a chaotic scene, both side now fighting to survive. More fell, side of the cavern the orcs had marched from was completely sealed off. This gave the orc forces only one direction in which to flee.

The drow line was still trying to hold the line. Talace yelled out threats to those that came charging past her retinue. Rauvue smiled as chaos broke out in the drow ranks. No one saw her move her mount close to Xulena's, or the dagger that had pierced the matron's daughter between her third rib. The order broke as orcs came charging into the midst of the drow ranks. Stones rained down on them. It did not matter which side one was on. The earth was cold and killed without care for factions.

Talace noticed her daughter slouched on her mount and the soft gurgle that escaped her lips as her lungs filled with blood. Talace couldn't voice her disapproval since a large piece of the ceiling came down crushing her daughters and causing her mount to throw her. She fell in the trampling masses. She was nearly slain by the mob but managed to summon her powers and force them to part around her. She stood a vision of malice and wrath. Her hair cascaded upwards caught in a vortex created by her magic. She looked around and finally found a focus for her to vent it upon. Rauvue could see the murderous glare, she knew it was Rauvue that had betrayed her.

Talace: "I knew you would strike one day. Poisonous viper, I kept you close knowing you would betray me, just like your mother! She begged for life! Shall you beg for yours?" She sent out a blast of energy that sent shrapnel into Rauvue's shins. She fell on her back, but before she could suffer her matron's wrath, she was saved by an unlikely source.

The orc chieftain Gorlag nearly halved Talace's head. The matron having some otherworldly sense managed to avoid the blow. She turned her powers against Gorlag. The orc seemed to be fighting some internal conflict. He grasped his head and knelt to his knees and shouted.

Talace: "You will do as I command! I order-" before she could finish her command and dominate Gorlag with her magic, Rauvue rolled forward and lunged upward with her blade piercing Talace in the back. She withdrew her blade and rolled backward. Another piece of the cavern came down behind Talace, killing countless numbers of both armies. Water poured down from the sky. Rauvue turned and managed to get up wobbly running as the ground beneath her continued to shake.

She heard Talace scream out a curse. Rauvue smiled baring white fangs in the unearthly glow of the cavern. A thunderous crack tore through the ceiling drawing the attention of those fleeing. More rocks tumbled down in front and behind. Rauvue managed to pull a drow from their saddle atop a cave lizard. She took the male's mount and spurred it on as hard as she could. She ignored his cries behind her as she rode off. Ahead of her, the exit from the cavern had been blocked. Drow and Orcs scrambled together to try and remove the rubble. Ruavue could see a small crack above the large chunk of rock that blocked the way.

She spurred the mount on and stood up, springing from the back of the lizard she landed atop the

rock and began to squeeze through the gap. Drow and Orc hands tried to pull her out and shouted curses at her. As she landed inside the blocked off crevice she could hear the screams from the other side as a thunderous crash sounded and the ground beneath her trembled. Her feet were numb from the shock waves. The crevice was threatening to fill in. She ran and slid onto the dust covered floor, sliding out of the crack as a plume of dust and sand shot out behind her.

She lay there breathing raggedly dust clinging to her sweat. Her chest hurt and she felt as though she may faint. Before she could collect herself anymore another crack ripped through the ceiling above her. She moved just as a fist sized stone clattered onto the stone floor where she had just been. She turned and looked in the direction of Charnag'Delmah. Other drow had survived like her. They wore a look upon their face of despair.

Ruavue: "Just a little bit further...damn it all!"

She doggedly ran towards home.

8 hours away in Charnag'Delmah Xant'cha sat staring into a mirror, behind her, a female servant combed her hair.

Zesstra Hun'tyl: "Your mother will win victory dear Xan, don't worry."

Xant'Cha: "I am not worried. My mother always brings honor and fame to our house. I just worry about what my sisters are saying to her without me there. Do you remember when we were young and we promised to always look after one another?"

Zesstra: "I do. We also swore to marry our houses together should we have children. What do the promises of two young drow have to do with what's going on now?"

Xant'Cha: "Nothing I guess. I just intend to keep my promise to you no matter what. Even if I fall out of favor with my mother for being impetuous as she likes to say."

Zesstra: "My mother always tells me I am too compassionate, that it is unbecoming of a drow. She shelters me from the rest of the world by having me serve you."

Xant'Cha: " You know that I will look after you. I even protect you from my family do I not? Anyway, what of my younger sister and brother? Where are they?"

Zesstra: "I think Qil'vyrae is at the baths and Driin'atar is at the auction house buying some new scullery slaves."

Xant'Cha: "If my mother and sisters do not return then my younger sister Qil'vyrae might try something. I need to keep eyes on her."

Zesstra: "I am sorry, today there was so much going on. I have eyes following them though Lady Xant'Cha."

Xant'Cha seemed to calm down some and smiled kindly towards Zesstra. She stood and put both her hands on Zesstra's head and petted her hair gently and then brought her head to rest against her shoulder. "I am sorry dear friend. You give me nothing but loyalty and kindness and I test that with my nature. I am truly sorry sweet Zesstra."

Zesstra sniffled and looked up at Xant'Cha with wide eyes. She leaned closer and their lips touched. Xant'Cha inhaled deeply and the two continued to kiss. Xant'Cha finally pulled away rubbing her lips

and smiling almost blushing. "Oh sweet Zesstra, if only I didn't have to attend the ceremony today after which I must offer sacrifices to Lloth to ensure our army wins."

Zesstra timidly pondered her actions and Xant'Cha's words before giving a smile. She straightened Xant'Cha's robes and applied her maquillage. "You have to attend. You are officially a priestess today. We can meet tonight as always."

Xant'Cha nodded and gave Zesstra a light kiss before heading towards the doors of her chambers. Zesstra followed behind, far behind as was custom. Xant'Cha had her own private guard, males that she had specially trained and tested. They could never take their eyes off her and they would willingly give their lives for her at a moments notice. It was this way every day, the great play as she called it. Flirting and kissing here, promising and rewarding there, agreeing here, and denying there. Xant'Cha enjoyed the game, no one knew her true motives, they were so well hidden beneath a veneer of makeup and facial dances.

Xant'Cha attended the ceremony.

Driin'atar brought the new slave over to a side street. He turned to him and said, "You outwardly serve house Rilyn'ate. You secretly serve Xant'Cha Rilyn'ate, do you understand!"

The other male timidly nodded. Driin'atar went to the next slave and cut his throat. He then went back to the first slave and said, "I did not hear an answer"

"Y-yes...I understand..p-please don't kill m-me..it would be such a waste of..m-money and time for you and house Rilyn'ate. I can prove my..w-worth."

Driin'atar smiled, "Good you shall make a fine addition to our house. Once you have been properly trained you might fight that you can serve an even greater cause." Driin'atar accompanied the slave to the castle and turned him over. He had accomplished one task and now to accomplish another.

He left and walked down the dark city streets. Giant stalactites and stalagmites existed in and above the city. They had been hollowed out and made into residences by the industrious drow. Thick Obsidian walls surrounded the city, inside those walls were the auction, temples, noble residences, market, and trade districts and arena. Outside the walls were the peasantry, those poor souls who had not achieved or tricked their way on the other side of the wall. The military quarters and training were outside the city walls as well.

Driin'atar made his way outside the gate today. This would have been something dangerous for his sisters, but a lowly male was never paid attention to. Driin'atar made his way to a tavern just outside the city gates. Here he was meeting someone.

He sat at a table drinking swill while waiting. Finally, a male drow wearing a tattered hood sat across from him. He raised a mug towards Driin'atar and whispered where only they could hear.

"To the matron of Rilyn'ate"

Driin'atar nodded and raised his mug. "May Lloth guide her"

The other male seemed a bit more at ease and placed a vial on the table before him.

Driin'atar: "What is it?"

Stranger: "It's a very rare poison from a very rare fish. The bristle fish, too much of it and the victim

dies, mix it in the right amount and the victim is a mindless slave.”

Driin'atar's eyes widen and sparkled with excitement. He looked around and then placed a small box on the table and slid it over to the stranger. The stranger slid the lid of the box back and the glint of gold brought a smile, revealing missing teeth and diseased gums. Driin'atar winced in disgust but quickly hid his revulsion. The stranger slid over the glass vial and then took his payment and left. Driin'atar turned over the vial looking at the white powder inside it. He had heard of the fish mentioned, but only one had ever been caught and the specimen had disappeared over night.

He was headed back to the castle when he heard the sound in the city streets.

A new priestess had been named. He knew exactly who it was and a smiled crossed his face.

Later he found the new priestess's guards hanging about outside her chamber doors. This meant she was most likely inside, but not always. His sister was very paranoid even though she never let on that she was. Driin'atar handed his weapons over to the guards and submitted to a pat down search, showing them the vial. “A gift for the new priestess”, he said smiling.

He wore fingerless leather gloves, a leather jerkin, cloth breeches, and leather boots, he kept his white hair back in a ponytail and had a thin white beard. He spent most of his time out hunting game, if not for his sister he would still be sleeping in the slave quarters.

Driin'atar: “Vedui' to the new priestess”

Xant'cha: “You do not have to be so formal with me dear brother.” Xant'cha nodded for her guards to close the doors. Xant'cha offered for her brother to have a seat. “Did you find what we were looking for?”

Driin'atar smiled and proffered the vial to Xant'cha.

Her eyes widened, “This is the cure for all our problems dear brother. You shall make a wonderful weapon master.” She took the vial from him and looked over the contents turning it over and over.

Driin'atar: “It was convenient that the orcs chose to wage war on us. We might have never been able to move our plans forward so quickly had mother never left. You said Lloth gave you a vision. That you would lead our people. It seems that you were right, everything has been falling into place the past couple of days. I would be cautious regardless. Mother is crafty and has eyes and ears all over this city. Though since she left many of them have been hiding away or have followed her off to war. You may truly have providence sister.”

Xant'Cha looked to her brother and said, “You and I only have each other. The rest are all against us.”

Driin'atar rubbed his fingers over a scar starting at his shoulder and disappearing down his back. “I am reminded every day of their hatred of me.”

A thunderous cracking noise and the sound of titanic rocks grinding against each other echoed in the city. Xant'cha looked out the window of her chambers as a conical stalactite, a residence, fell from the ceiling of the cavern. It carried with it the screams of those inside, the screams multiplied as it destroyed a warehouse and sent debris about killing and injuring those below.

Xant'cha stepped back from the window and looked to Driin'atar and ran over grabbing his hand. “We have to leave the city now!”

Zesstra and the guards posted outside entered. "What was that noise?! The ground shook like...was that another earthquake?" The hand maiden and the guards followed along behind Xant'cha.

"We have to get out of the city.." the ground shook and the floor shook, bricks and mortar breaking apart as a crack ripped through the earth. They jumped across and continued out of the castle. Something whizzed by Xant'cha's head, a black arrow stuck out of one of her guard's eyes. The other drew his sword and stood in front of her, but was peppered with arrows as well.

Rauvue and a handful of drow emerged from a city street with bows. The weapon master grinned maliciously.

Rauvue: " Going somewhere princess? Zesstra get over here child!" The hand maiden timidly obeyed her mother's command.

Xant'cha stood defiantly and asked, "What is the meaning of this Rauvue? Where are my mother and the rest of the army?"

Rauvue: "Dead....all dead a few survived, but I made sure your mother sisters met their end. I ran my sword into your mother's back before she was crushed."

Xant'cha: "Traacherous little worm! My mother kept you around because you outed your own mother's plan to betray her. Whatever you are planning it is pointless the city is doomed."

Rauvue made a move towards Xant'cha, Driin'atar tried to stop her, but she brought her sword up it cut across his face, leaving him sightless. She then jumped forward and kicked the young male over and backhanded Xant'cha. "Mother!" cried Zesstra.

Rauvue: "Weak child! I had to give you to the matron's house as part of my groveling. She has made sure you were raised to be weak! You feelings are useless in this world if you don't find a way to get over them." She became quiet and then finished, "You will be no daughter of mine."

She knelt down and put a collar about Xant'cha's neck and bound her wrists together in front of her. She pulled on a chain attached to the collar. "Today I am the new matron. Our house will never kneel to another again. House Rilyn'ate is no more."

Xant'cha looked to her brother who was being hauled up next to her and bound by a chain to her collar. "My sister still remains" Xant'cha stated. Rauvue simply laughed. "My spies put her at the hot baths, which exploded with scalding hot water before being torn apart by a crack in the cavern floor. No one exited the baths."

Xant'cha looked down and sighed, "Whatever you have planned, please don't kill me. I would rather be a slave than dying here."

Rauvue seemed pleased by this sudden outburst. "You will not die yet, but you shall be my first offering as matron, to the spider goddess."

Xant'cha kept her head low, but her eyes managed to meet Zesstra's who seemed deeply hurt and confused.

Rauvue yanked on the chain and gave an order to those following her. "We leave, put out the word to those in the walls that we are leaving the city."

One of the drow asked, "What about those outside the city walls?"

Rauvue shrugged and said, "What about them? Seems the earth is hungry, let it eat the weak and poor."

He nodded and headed off. Rauvue and some of the others headed to the city gates as the sounds of falling earth and rushing water echoed from a distant cavern. A group of drow along with their servants and slaves gathered and they exited the city.

Rauvue: "In the old texts it says that our people came from this path. If that is so, then perhaps there are other drow still alive somewhere above. Either way, our home is no longer safe."

They marched for hours as behind them came a cacophony like the hells themselves.

Another tremor and a stalactite fell breaking apart near Xant'cha and Rauvue. Rauvue fell pulling Xant'cha and Driin'atar with her. Xant'cha quickly grabbed a bit of the broken stalactite and gripped it in both her hands and brought it down, stabbing Rauvue in the shoulder and neck. Blood splattered Xant'cha before another tremor brought down more rocks.

Xant'cha her mother's voice speaks through her and said, "A true matron watches the last flickering bits of hope die in their enemy's eyes." She brought the jagged stone down again and watched as Rauvue began to huff and puff for breath, blood squirted from her neck, between her fingers.

Her subordinates moved to kill Xant'cha, but Zesstra threw her a sword. She deflected a downward strike and thrust her sword into the neck of the female drow attacker. The second a male swung across at her and she fell to back and kicked his legs out from under him. She rolled over and wrapped the slackened chain between her and her brother about the drow's neck. Another attacker managed to stab Xant'cha in the shoulder. She was about to die when Zesstra hit the drow in the back of the head with a fallen stone.

Zesstra backed up to the wall of the cave as Xant'cha retrieved keys from Rauvue's corpse freeing herself. She took Rauvue's dagger and tossed the key and sword to her brother and told him to free the other "slaves". They had enslaved those loyal to Xant'cha's house alongside her and her brother. She turned to Zesstra and came close putting the dagger in the back of her own belt. She clasped Zesstra's trembling hands.

Xant'cha: "Shhh its okay Zesstra, you did well. Don't look at her, your mother died long ago. Look at me, remember I said I would take care of you" Zesstra nodded and then Xant'cha buried the dagger quickly into Zesstra's chest and stared her in the eyes. "I'm sorry, but I can't have you repeating your mother's mistake."

As Zesstra's body slumped to the ground, Xant'cha ordered her brother to come tend her wound while she ordered those loyal to her house to put those loyal to Rauvue to the sword. Driin'atar did as he was told.

Xant'cha: "How many of us survived the city?" She stood testing the bandage and extent of her pain.

Driin'atar: "Barely a hundred and most of them are slaves"

Xant'cha spat and kicked Rauvue's corpse.

Driin'atar: "You truly are chosen by the goddess. The earth even aids you."

Xant'cha merely nodded thinking over what her next move. They marched on eventually finding a cavern where they could make a bivouac. Xant'cha lay in her tent looking over the vial of poison. She

knew her brother's sight had been taken and he was now useless to her. She mixed the poison into a carafe of wine. She was about to go to the entrance and call for her brother when a hooded figure entered. The figure pointed a crossbow at Xant'cha and motioned for her to sit.

Xant'cha did as she was bid and watched as the figure sat across from her. The figure removed the hood revealing her young sister's face, the left half was badly scarred and bubbled, her left eye blind.

Qil'vyrae: "Hello sister" She still aimed the crossbow at Xant'cha and began to pick at the remains of Xant'cha's meal. She was ravenously hungry. She reached and took up the wine and uncorked it taking a sip. "I don't know what to do sister. If I leave you alive you will surely kill me. If I kill you any one of your followers can kill me."

Xant'cha: "Do you remember when I lead a small force and killed every member of that cult to Vhaeraun? They were going around preaching equality. Such a thing is pure garbage, men will never be equal to women. They have a place and should never be given the idea that they can rise above that pl-" the crossbow fired off shooting Xant'cha in the chest. She looked down and gasped grabbing the bolt, her blood pooling around it and dribbling down.

Qil'vyrae quickly took her windlass and reloaded her crossbow.

Qil'vyrae: "Hmph not even a shout of pain, mother groomed you well." She suddenly felt strange, she could not move her fingertips, her tongue was numb. She tried to speak, but it came out as nonsense.

Xant'cha looked to the small fire in the center of her tent and the kettle of water she had been boiling. She snatched it up in one hand, holding the bolt in the other. She walked over to her sister now slumped on the floor foaming at the mouth. She poured the scalding water on the other half of her face before placing the hot kettle to the skin.

Driin'atar came at her beckoning and along with the guards. She had bandaged up Qil'vyrae's scarred face, she informed them that the assassin had fallen ill. On her order, they took her out and executed her as Driin'atar attended her wound. At some point, Xant'cha passed out. When she awoke she expected to be in chains or worse. Instead, her brother sat next to her, holding her hand. "Ah you are finally awake I sense?"

Xant'cha could see much of Driin'atar's father in him. He had been a nurturing man, a strange presence in the cold halls of their home. Mother had grown tired of him and had him replaced for giving her a son and not a daughter. She had him beheaded. As for Xant'cha's father she never met him. He had been exiled to a tower where he died of rot. It seemed strange now to be the last two of their noble house.

Xant'cha decided she would keep her brother by her side for a bit longer. Together they lead the few remaining servants and slaves higher up until they were met by something never seen before. It was searing in its blinding light and the ceiling of this cavern was a strange blue color that changed to black. Xant'cha sent out scouts who brought back strange pale creatures wearing. The creature spoke in a very crude and unpleasant language.

Xant'cha: "They are filthy creatures, so primitive. They seem to be male, but they have no conditioning. They do not kneel when I give the order. Even when I lash the whip they do not kneel. They seem feral, but they are constantly looking to the portly one for guidance."

Xant'cha walked around the portly humanoid and could see markings on the chest of his doublet of a strange creature in red. She tore the symbol off and had one of her slaves sew it to her clothing. She now gave the creature orders, they seemed more compliant.

Xant'cha: "I think this symbol is some sort of mark of authority, of command."

She attempted to instruct the males in proper etiquette having them forcibly kneel with the help of her guards when she gave the command.

Xant'cha: "I tire of trying to civilize these heathens. Have one of them tortured, I want the secrets of their language."

Over the next few months through torture and rewards, Xant'cha was able to learn a small amount of the strange creature's language. They called themselves humans, they had a level of civilization equal to that of kobolds and goblins. Xant'cha now knew why Lloth had forced her from the underground to this strange cavern called the surface. She wanted Xant'cha to bring civilization and knowledge to these lesser beings. She wanted her to teach them of her glory and turn them away from whatever pagan faith they believed in.

They learned of this new land called Lundene and that there were other drow here. Xant'cha lead her people across the land many died in the first few weeks from a plague that spread like wildfire through their ranks. It was in the summer when they arrived in central Lundene. They had been through a lot, their world changed in a single year. She felt that all the hardships had been to get her people here. So that they could enlighten this land and the simple creatures that called it home.

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