

IRVAL TEMPEST

CHARACTER BIO

- Demigod
- 1st-Level Gestalt Fighter/Sorcerer (Storm Sorcery)
- Alignment: True Neutral
- Motivations: Attaining his birthright, transcending legend

DIVINE UNION

"A survivor," the Stormlord's avatar said, looking the woman over and pondering. "It would seem there's always one survivor."

"What do you plan to do with me?" she said, bloodied and broken from the ordeal she just lived through. Her sword was ready to strike, but she knew this man was beyond her skill. He appeared as a hero of legend reborn.

Kord's avatar smirked. "Come. You are strong. Can you walk?"

She softened her gaze and looked quizzically at the man. Unnaturally tall and hair brighter than honey, like hers. Eyes of ice to her hazel green.

Exhaustion took her. She fell into the man's arms, smearing the blood of her enemies on his torso.

She couldn't have known his true nature. The woman believed this man was just a passerby, probably having heard the commotion of the fight. Why everyone in the room had tried to slaughter one another also eluded her. She could recall nothing beyond the strikes of her blade and the dying screams of her enemies.

The woman woke in an inn, a cloth to her forehead. The man nursed her fever and bound her wounds. She was grateful, and there they stayed together while she healed.

She would never understand the true divine inspiration of their union.

ONE SURVIVOR

I leaned against a tree, out of breath from hiking twelve miles without so much as slowing my pace.

"Why can't these damned cultists pick a nice basement in a village as a hideout? It's always some moldy cave in the middle of nowhere," I griped under my breath to the leaves.

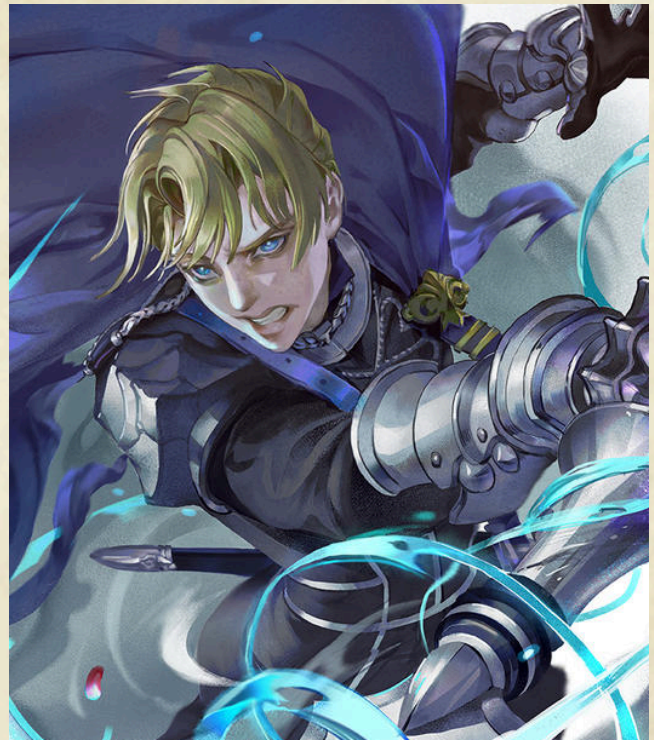
My blade clinked from side to side as I moved through the countryside. At least it was sunny out, and if I could find the temple before sunset, all the better.

I took the crumpled note out of my pocket and checked the details again.

Twelve miles south of Heldenfaire in Mornset. Meet when Ruidus's blood falls on the night of Harvest's Rise.

"So cryptic. They can't just speak plain?"

I looked through the hills for some signs of life. In the distance, a small house was all I could make out in the setting sun. Above it, storm clouds brewed.



XINILLUS (DEVIANTART)

The house grew larger as the sun set, and by the time I was near it began raining. The moons were still out on the horizon though, and luckily they lit the building well enough to identify it. A dull home, one story with an outhouse. Nothing stood out about it except for an ornament hanging on the door. A chain shining red in Catha's light, reddened deeper by Ruidus.

"This must be the place," I said. "Time to be a hero."

The door opened as I climbed the porch steps, and out walked a large orcish man. He stood at least a head over me and held a mace the size of a grown goblin.

No reason to be worried. My training was more than enough, even if I wasn't seasoned.

"What welcome is this?" I asked as the orc bore his fangs.

"Welcome, you're not," he replied. "Leave, or be buried here."

"Far be it from me to refuse an invitation," I said in kind, drawing my blade. "I have a meeting with destiny, and you won't keep me from her."

"You fool. I'll send you to her myself."

The orc charged me with surprising alacrity, but I was ready. I parried his blow with my sword and thrust into his arm, severing the bicep.

I thought I was in the clear. He surprised me, switching grips to his other hand. His mace caught me in the side of the head, sending me face first into the wet dirt ahead of the porch.

I let out a groan, slowly recovering as I turned. I saw stars first, then the moons. Catha was setting on the horizon, leaving Ruidus alone in the sky. The storm made it appear to rain blood.

The orc kicked my sword away, then aimed his mace at my head. My hands reacted before my eyes did, pulling a dagger from my coat and throwing it at his neck.

Somehow it lodged into his windpipe, sending him reeling back. He dropped his weapon.

I struggled to my feet and picked up the mace, ending the orc's life with it and discarding it with distaste as blood poured from my temple. I couldn't see straight. I stumbled away and leaned against a small well, falling to the mud to rest.

My vision faded as the night fell to crimson.

When it returned, a man was sitting next to me in the rain. He looked like me, but far larger. A seasoned warrior. He sat calmly and touched the side of my head where I was wounded.

Lightning struck in the distance followed by a low rumble.

"A fine battle," he said gallantly. "You bested the man soundly."

"What? Who are you?" I said, shaking my head. I saw two of him. "Are you with these cultists?"

"No," he answered. "Come. That wound isn't so bad that you can't continue the fight. Rest for only a moment, then head on inside. You won't like what you find, but you're strong enough to withstand it."

My mind warped at his words. Surely this was a dream.

"Are you real?" I asked.

I saw him smirk. "As real as you are," he said, standing. "Let me give you a hand."

He reached out, and I grabbed his forearm to prop myself up.

I felt something just then. A tingling flowed into my arm and through my shoulder, as if lightning had struck me. It filled me with an inexplicable sensation. Not a pain, but a power. As if the sky itself had filled me with its strength.

My vision cleared, and I saw the man before me. He could've been my father based on looks alone.

"You'll do well," he said before wandering off, disappearing into the night. "Stay strong!" he called back.

I picked up my sword and cleaned the mud from it. No sense standing around pondering events when more cultists needed killing.

I slammed open the door and barrelled inside, flashes of lightning lighting my way. A cellar door, and from it came screams.

No, not just screams. Grunts. Howls. Death cries. The clash of weapons.

The rage of battle.

I kicked open the door and hustled down the stairs. The only sounds remaining were my breath and a disgusting, unrecognizable squelching.

My eyes recoiled. A naked woman stood there, eating the flesh of the fallen. She feasted on all fours, tearing into the stomach of a halfling.

"So sweet, the flesh of the small," she said with a bloody grin. Her entire body was painted in red, glowing in the torchlight. Her long black hair dripped as blood crusted on it.

"What horror is this?" I asked, astounded.

"You're the last one," she said, wiping her lips on her forearm.

I was stunned to silence, dreams of heroism shattered. I was too late to do anything about this cult. Too late to be a hero to anyone.

"No," I told myself out loud. "I'm not too late."

I felt a surge within me. I moved my sword to my left hand and raised my right, focusing. Letting loose a scream, I channeled my power into the woman.

The room exploded. Thunderous sound cascaded in front of me, echoing my fury into her. She flew back, hitting the far wall, and the fallen alongside her. I somehow ascended into the air and flew forward to pierce her exposed belly with my sword.

In a blink, she was standing again. She raised a hand of her own, and I stopped cold in the air. Some force held me still.

"You're cute," she said viciously, cannibal teeth snarling. Her eyes glowed white.

"What are you?" I asked, terror sweeping into me.

"Your new goddess." She smiled ear to ear.

"No, you can't be a deity. The Divine Gate. There's no way you could cross it," I said remembering my studies of divinity. "A false goddess, if anything."

The sheer rage I'd elicited from her sent me flying across the room.

Instead of crying out in pain, I laughed.

"Some goddess," I gloated from the floor. "You're nothing more than a sniveling child. So easy to get a rise out of you."

She stopped cold. The anger faded to a cruel smile. "Such hubris. I think I'll keep you," she sneered.

Her body slowly turned to blood and seeped through the floorboards.

The adrenaline left me and gave way to exhaustion. I somehow dragged myself up the steps and out of that godsforsaken shack of a temple. Into the crimson night.

"Cults," I said, shaking my head. I started back toward Heldenfaire and lamented my luck. All I wanted at that moment was a drink and a bed.

I was absolutely sure nothing terrible would come of this.



SYMBOL OF
THE STORMLORD
TAL'DOREI CAMPAIGN SETTING