

Luciano Vivaci Rezia di Tassata

Your mother was high in our favour, high in the counsels of the Lords of the Shadowed Court. We watched you as a child on her behalf, as we agreed. She paid for your protection with services that only one of her power and cold heart could perform. She cursed our enemies and, where it was required, slipped a slim blade between the ribs of those who would not be silent.

We watch over you still, although we do not need to. Whenever you look into a mirror, we are there, watching you. You are precious to us. You have your ring as your mother did before you, and her mother, and back along the line for a hundred years. Each one a precious jewel to be treasured.

Do you want more than that? More purpose than to know you are treasured? When you are dead we will watch over one of your children in the same way, if you wish, and they will also be precious to us.

We are pleased – so pleased – that you have chosen to whisper secrets to us. We welcome them. You will be a good hunter of secrets, we think. Will you hunt for us Luciano? Petition us each solstice and equinox? And find our secrets for us?

Will you serve us Luciano, as your mother did before you, and back along your line a hundred years? If you wish to serve us, then we urge you to master a curse of night magic. The Empty One of Zulgan Tash knows an excellent curse that drives the mighty mad, tormenting their dreams with the haunting presence of an avatar of fear. Perhaps you should master that? Or craft a curse of your own? Perhaps one of the masters of the Well of Shadows could help you if you can find one.

If you do master a curse, then we would urge you to hunt Sian of the Eternal Family, or the Dredgemaster of Feverwater, or Joseph of Phoenix Reach, or Livia of the Spire of the Celestial Cascade, or Finn Finnsen the Imperial Seer. They are our enemies, and they must be brought low.

But you can serve us just as easily by simply by performing our forbidden ritual and watching and learning for us.

We look forward to hearing from you again, Luciano.