

# The Pact of Lunemora

## *The story of Xanotos/Nyrielle Lunemora,*

Nyrielle was not born in the way mortals understand birth.

She emerged during the final years of the Elder Epoch, when the veil between worlds weakened beneath the weight of divine war. The gods believed themselves eternal then. Untouchable. Above consequence. They tore open realities in their pursuit of dominion, and from the fractures between existence, something began to watch them back.

That something became Nyrielle.

At first, she had no form. Only hunger. Curiosity. Emotion itself bent around her like gravity. Fear fed her. Desire strengthened her. Grief sang to her like music. She wandered the spaces between worlds unseen, learning the hearts of mortals and gods alike. Where other entities devoured flesh, Nyrielle devoured willpower. The stronger a soul's determination, the brighter it burned to her senses.

And she loved humanity for it.

Mortals were fragile things. Brief. Broken. Terrified. Yet they continued forward anyway. They fought impossible wars. Loved despite inevitable loss. Stared into darkness and still reached for one another. The gods called mortals weak. Nyrielle found them beautiful.

That fascination became dangerous.

She began whispering to desperate souls. Kings on the edge of defeat. Dying warriors. Scholars abandoned by faith. She offered power freely, but her gifts changed people. Some became heroes. Others became monsters. Entire kingdoms rose beneath her influence. Others collapsed under the weight of emotions amplified beyond mortal limits.

The gods grew afraid.

Not because Nyrielle wanted destruction, but because she represented freedom from divine control. She taught mortals they did not need gods to shape destiny. Worse still, those who heard her voice often became fanatically loyal to her. Not enslaved. Chosen.

The gods could not allow that.

So they betrayed her.

United for the first and only time, the divine pantheons forged a prison outside reality itself. A place called the Hollow Between Thorns. A realm suspended between existence and oblivion where time barely moved. They shattered Nyrielle's physical form, chained her consciousness within the Hollow, and erased her name from history.

But they failed to destroy her.

Nyrielle endured.

For centuries uncounted, she drifted alone within the Hollow. Watching distant worlds through cracks in reality. Whispering softly into dreams. Waiting.

Then she found Xanotos.

Xanotos was born beneath a blood-red eclipse in the dying border kingdom of Veyr-Talas, where famine and war were older than peace. His mother died bringing him into the world. His father followed soon after beneath the axe of raiders. By the age of ten, Xanotos already understood the three laws of survival:

Trust no king.

Fear no monster.

Never beg.

He grew hard quickly.

As a child, he stole to survive. As a teenager, he fought in border wars no one remembered afterward. Mercenary companies used him because he never broke formation and never hesitated. Men twice his age feared the silence in him more than his rage.

But Xanotos was never cruel.

That was the strange part.

Even after everything, he protected people weaker than himself. Shared food when he had little. Took beatings meant for others. Somewhere beneath the scars and exhaustion, there remained a stubborn spark of compassion the world failed to kill.

Nyrielle noticed immediately.

She watched him for years from the Hollow. At first out of curiosity. Then fascination. Then obsession.

Because Xanotos possessed something rare:

An unbreakable will without arrogance.

Most powerful men eventually believed themselves gods. Xanotos never did. He knew exactly how mortal he was. Exactly how fragile life could be. Yet he continued forward anyway. Bleeding. Fighting. Enduring.

He reminded Nyrielle why she once loved humanity.

Their true meeting came on the night Xanotos should have died.

Deep within the ruins beneath an ancient battlefield, Xanotos uncovered a forgotten shrine dedicated to a nameless entity erased from history. He did not know the warnings. Did not understand the sigils. By then he was already dying from wounds suffered protecting strangers who would never know his name.

And for the first time in centuries, Nyrielle spoke directly to someone.

Most mortals went mad hearing her voice. Their minds shattered beneath the weight of what she truly was.

Xanotos simply laughed weakly through the blood in his lungs and said:

“So either kill me or help me.”

Nyrielle fell in love with him immediately.

Not gentle love. Not mortal love.

Possession.

Devotion.

Recognition.

She poured her power into him that night. Shadow and violet fire carved themselves beneath his skin. His soul intertwined with hers. The Hollow itself trembled as their bond formed.

For the first time since her imprisonment, Nyrielle no longer felt alone.

And for the first time in his life, Xanotos no longer carried the weight of existence entirely by himself.

Over time, their connection deepened beyond warlock and patron. Beyond mortal understanding. Nyrielle became fiercely protective of him, whispering constantly at the edge of his thoughts. She watched through his eyes. Slept beside his soul. Grew jealous when others touched what she considered hers.

Not because Xanotos belonged to her by force.

Because he chose to stay.

That mattered more to Nyrielle than she would ever admit aloud.

Eventually, whispers spread across kingdoms about the pair traveling together. A dark warrior marked by violet fire and the unseen goddess who followed him like a living shadow. Some believed them lovers. Others believed them husband and wife bound by forbidden rites older than the gods themselves.

The truth was stranger.

Nyrielle abandoned the ancient name the gods once feared and claimed a new one beside him.

Lunemora.

A name born from moonlight, sorrow, eternity, and devotion.

Not as a title.

Not as a disguise.

But as something shared.

Because in Nyrielle's eyes, Xanotos was no longer merely her chosen mortal.

He was hers in the same way stars belong to the night sky.

And so the world came to know them as:

**Xanotos Lunemora**

and

**Nyrielle Lunemora**

Two souls bound together so completely that even the gods themselves began to fear what might happen if Nyrielle was ever truly freed from the Hollow Between Thorns.