Drukhari Spotlight: Dyrac Nyr  
Age: 1909

Gravitas: threatening  
Recent Battles: 2  
Personality: Sycophant  
Favorite food: rose pedals downed with a vile of widow’s tears  
Wants to: rule from the shadows  
Skills: [‘Decadent, ’Matchless Grace’, ‘Eye of Dread’, ‘Artful Torment’, ’Siphon Pain’]  
Flaws: [‘Trustworthy’, ’Half-born’]  
Betrayals: 1  
Trophies: [‘Aeldari slave’]  
Minions: [‘Anyalyra Drecarus’]  
Rivals: [‘Salaine Mourn’,’Zaegarn Khul’]  
Remarks: [‘Awarded an Aeldari slave 2018-05-08’, ‘Wounded in combat 2018-05-26’, ‘Implanted an Eye of Dread 2018-05-26’]

Hellion gangs weave between the crevasses of the night on Liam’s corner of Commarragh. In the eyes of any true born their reputation is barely above that of a rabble of depraved carrion hungrily stalking the shadows to feast on the twisted detritus of society. But those who have had the misfortune of meeting the gangs during a raid know that rabble is a poor translation of their wicked sport.

The reason is Dyrac Nyr, a name from the desperate fringes of the Archon’s court. Born to a disgraced noble, Nyr first roamed the skies a feral adolescent. He mastered the skyboard young. But his sights were set much higher than the board’s suspensors could take him.

Nyr spent decades flattering, backstabbing, and manipulating his way up the hierarchy of the Kabal until he was an imperceptible blip on the Archon’s social radar. His half born status put a definite limit on his standing within the court, but still he deflected insults and did whatever necessary to please his master. For taking the Archon’s place was not his intention. Only a fool would rule from a rank so conspicuous and vulnerable. True power came from the shadows.

Below the obsidian spires, Nyr led a double life. The hellions resented his futile pretentions with the upper classes, and in the centuries that had passed he had grown foreign to them. A single skyboard duel changed that. Letting the blood drip from his glaive he made only one request. When the time came, the gang would unite under him and him alone.

Nyr’s reflexes, like his mono-glaive, never lost their edge.

Months later the Archon called for him. Nyr carved his way through a crowd of scheming glances until he met the Archon at the viewing balcony of a pit ring.

“The Imperials will send a scout force to the village in the morning after our raid to search for survivors. I expect that they’ll drop their scions behind the old hall.”

The Archon plucked a macabre delicacy from his plate and mused: “The scions’ indoctrination is impressive. Their will so steadfast, so impregnable. It makes it all the more satisfying when it finally shatters into a thousand fragments of agony.”

There was a pause as the Archon savored his snack, and his thoughts. Then they spoke with hollow kindness.

“Will you do something for me?”

“Yes, my good Archon”

“Bring them to me.”

“Of course, my good Archon.”

The next morning a vox operator called hopelessly into the static trying to raise the missing drop squad. Nyr was awarded a tormented Aeldari slave for his trouble.

But no sooner had he accepted the gift than he was betrayed by the Archon. Seeking a new opportunity to advance his ambitions, Nyr accepted the Archon’s invitation to help raid an Imperial trench line. It was a mistake. The Archon had foreseen the rising influence of the hellions and wished to remove the threat they posed. What was promised to Nyr to be an unprotected flank turned out to be perilously crossed by overlapping fields of fire (also “Ork snipers”). The Archon grinned as a sniper shot burned through the bridge of Nyr’s nose and vaporized his eye. They left him for dead.

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Lately, slaves have whispered rumors of a shadowy figure with a dreadful eye implanted from some predatory xenos beast. It is unknown what became of that one hellion gang. Perhaps they outlived their usefulness and scattered to the depths of Commarragh. Perhaps their ruse has yet to be revealed.