

Background:

Years ago, Shimyra and Cazna attended the Arach-Tinilith at the same time, and as novices, they shared a room there. Naturally, they were not close, as no drow could expect more than a temporary alliance from anyone, but they had an unspoken understanding due to the similarities in their background. Both Shimyra and Cazna were born into low-rank Houses as trueborn daughters of their respective Matron Mothers. Both were Third Daughters with no hope of becoming the heads of their Houses – unless something would happen to their elder Sisters, of course. Less than a decade after their graduation, Cazna became the first daughter after her elder Sisters mysteriously passed away, one after the other. When inviting Shimyra to meet at a tavern in Narbondellyn, Cazna has been the First Daughter for merely a year.

The scene starts when Shimyra steps into the corridor's last room on the first floor of the tavern. Cazna is already waiting for her, turning towards the door as Shimyra enters.

Narrator
Only a decade has passed since you last saw each other, yet Cazna has changed so much.

Cazna
Thank you for coming, Ussta Abbil.

Narrator
Her friend...? You've never been called a 'friend' before, not by her... not by anyone. Neither did you call anyone yours.

Shimyra
You've never offended me during our time at the Arach-Tinilith, First Daughter of House Symryvvin. That alone makes you deserve a bit of my time. Why am I here?

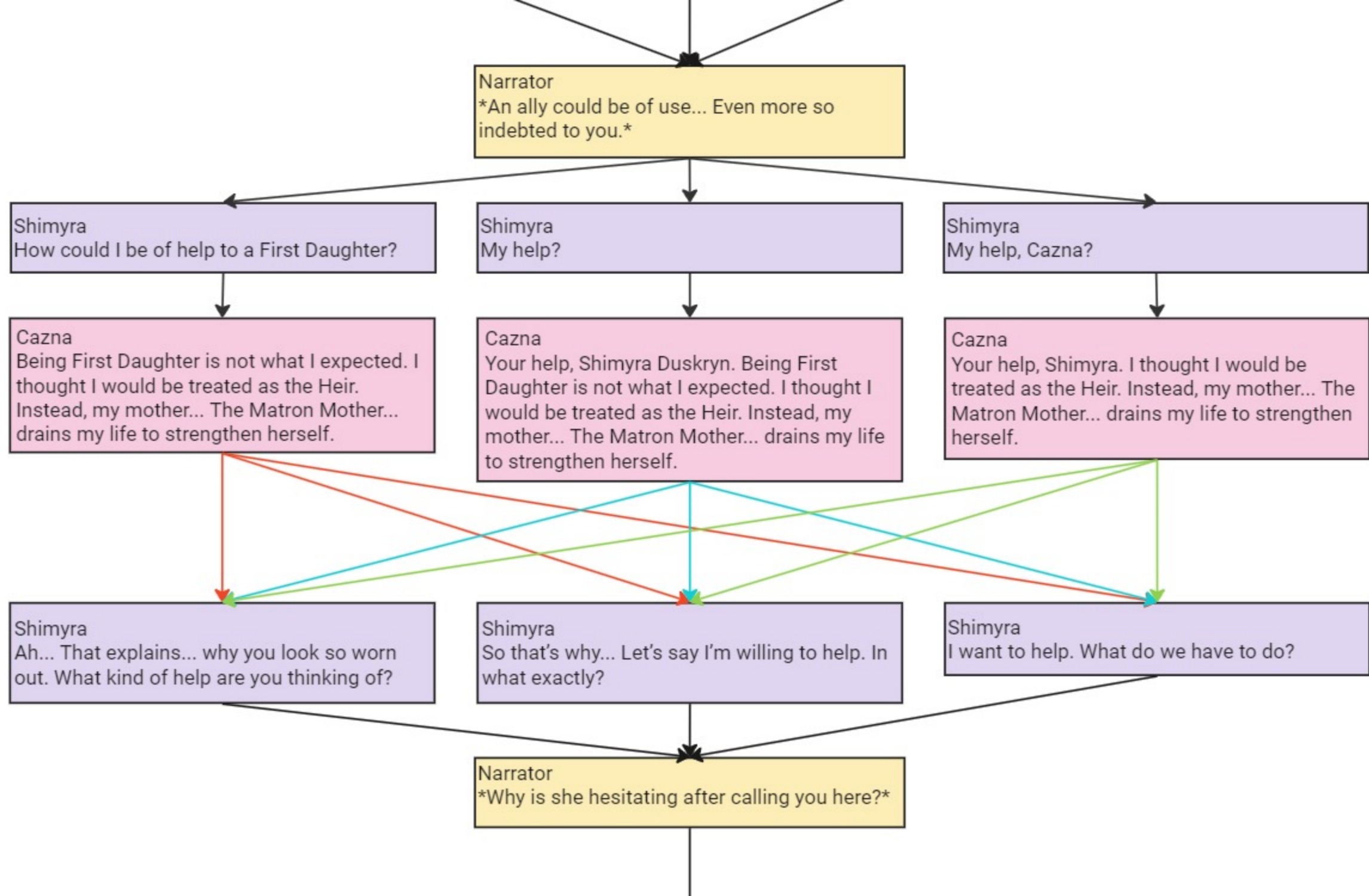
Shimyra
It was high time you reached out, First Daughter. I never had the chance to congratulate you. My condolences for your elder Sisters. Why am I here?

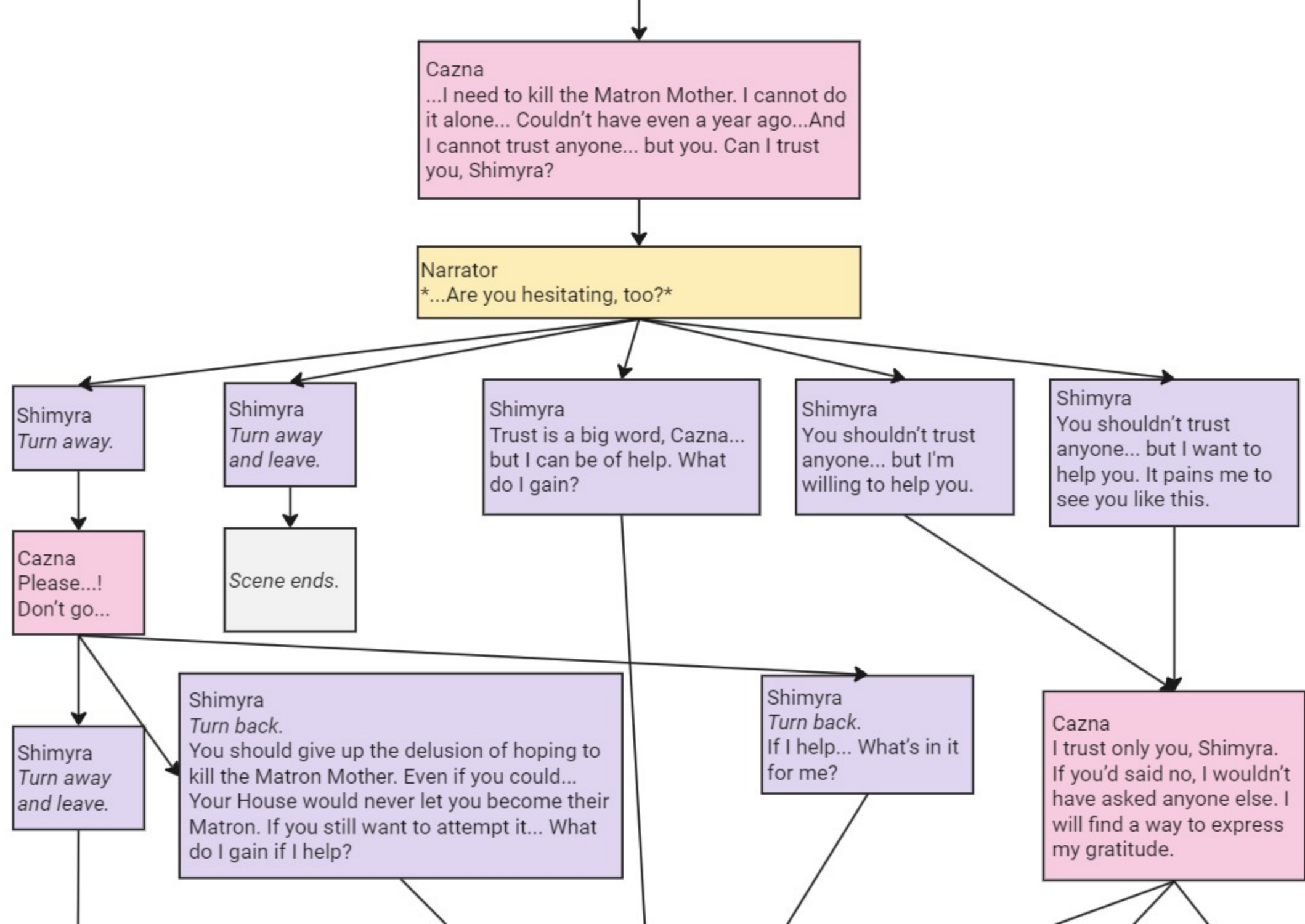
Shimyra
You called, so I came... Ussta Abbil. Why?

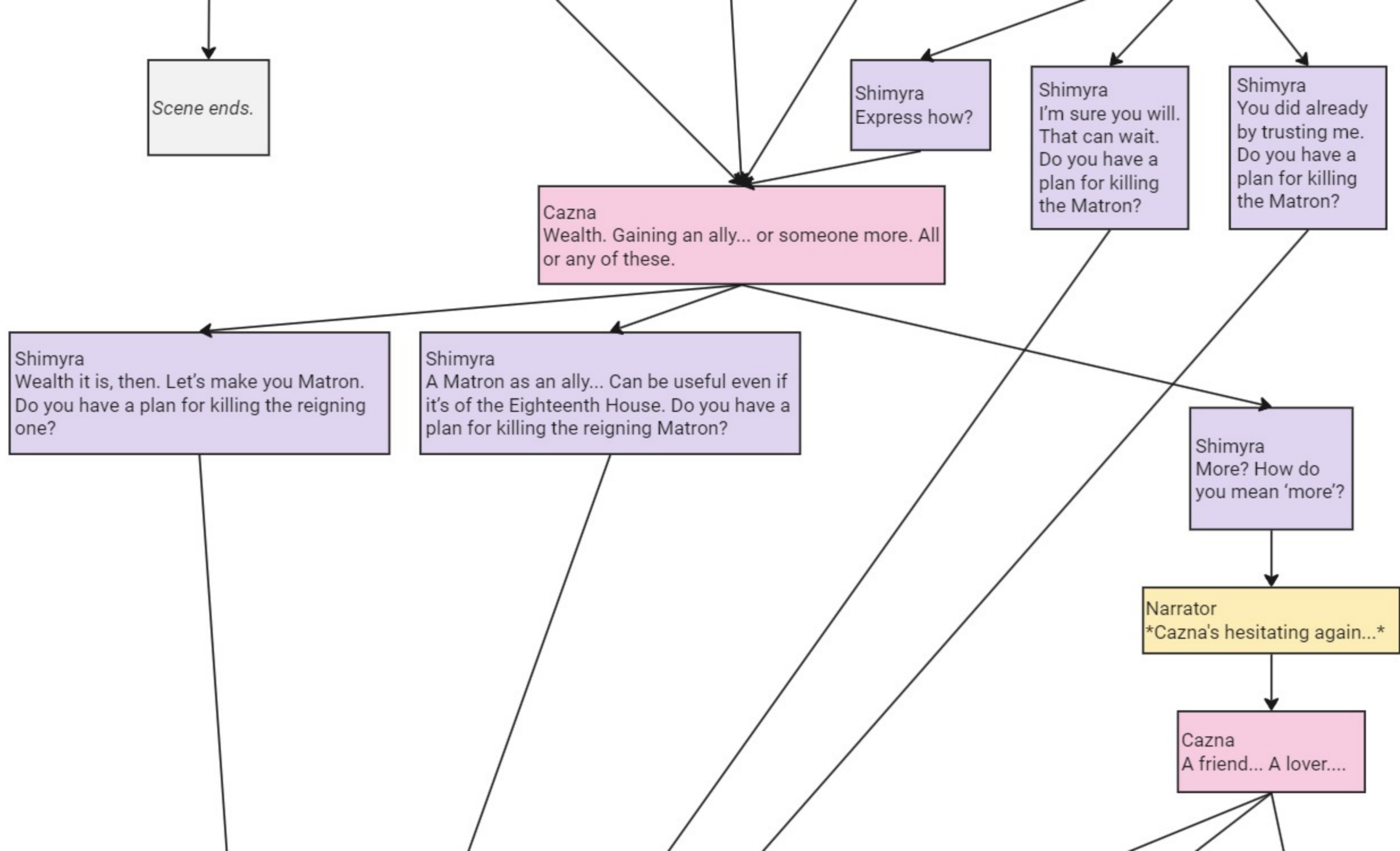
Cazna
And you've never offended me, Third Daughter of House Duskrvn. I asked to meet because I need your help.

Cazna
It's been too long, Third Daughter of House Duskrvn. That is true. I controlled myself, but now I need your help.

Cazna
I need your help, Shimyra. Being First Daughter is not what I expected.







Cazna
I learned about an artefact in possession of the Archmage that would gradually reverse the Matron Mother's spell draining my life... Changing the dynamics slowly with each of her attempts to prey on me. By the time she would realise what was happening... She couldn't break the spell anymore.

Shimyra
I see... I'll think about it. Now, do you have a plan for killing the reigning Matron?

Shimyra
Friend is an even bigger word than trust... but I could use one. But first... Do you have a plan for killing the reigning Matron?

Shimyra
Oh no. No. But I'm flattered nonetheless. Now, do you have a plan for killing the reigning Matron?

Shimyra
I don't think of you like that... but I do think of you as a friend. You're the only one who has never been cruel to me. Now, do you have a plan for killing the reigning Matron?

Shimyra
A lover... Do you want that? Or are you that desperate?

Cazna
I am desperate... but I still have my pride, if nothing else. I want it. I want you. Do you want me?

