

Assault on Taysàyd

2 November 2002
Dreven, Shadokhan

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches the flakes the snow melt until it is but a puddle on the floor::

Falan Fal: ::a nod to Adron:: [q] Suntouched. It is good to see the elfin cause has not forgotten freedom.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she rested her back against the wall, arms crossed over her chest, watching silently::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] There has never been a better cause to fight for.

NeverWanderer: ::A soft knock is heard at the door::

Tytle Bronack: ::for the first time he looks around, to the others, interest in his eyes::

Falan Fal: [q] I hope there is little fight. I hope. ::quietly opens the door::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::disappointment lighting his eyes:: Perhaps, perhaps not.

Roric Vellanur: ::Stoic. Silent. A towering figure of carved stone; expressionless::

Falan Fal: ::blandly, to Adron:: I think you'd be best on team two, with me, friend.

NeverWanderer: ::A slight nod to who he can only guess is Tracker:: Zharyka sent me.

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::nods:: As you wish, my friend. I am here but to serve.

Falan Fal: Silence is needed in the other, not strength. Those that come with me...

Brynnalia: @ ::two footsteps approaching the room, quiet yet one merry voice ringing in the hallway::

Falan Fal: .. ::a nod to NeverWanderer :: ...but I will explain shortly.

Brynnalia: @ Do they shed? How ye sleep?

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::anxiously fiddles with his sword, hoping he might see some action::

Tytle Bronack: ::he leans to look at the sword::

Breina Ashlyn: @ :: She treads softly behind Brynn:::shed like the dickens!

NeverWanderer: ::He steps inside and glances around the room::

Roric Vellanur: And for those who have both? ::His gaze settling on Falan::

Zharyka: @ ::quiet steps on Brynn and Breina's heels::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::smiling pulls out the very long bastard sword to display proudly for the lad::

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks to he man, the one with both::

Falan Fal: ::a glance to Roric:: You seek a loved one... you will be striking into the heart of Taysayad.

Falan Fal: ::more people enter... the room begins to fill::

Tytle Bronack: ::a sigh, a smile as he moves closer looking to the great weapon::

Brynnalia: @ ::the gypsy's laughter is light and easy as ever as she casually leads them to the designated room::

Roric Vellanur: I shall. ::Another nod::

Brynnalia: @ ::then three raps on the door... the smile disappears as she peers down the hallway::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::still quiet, her gaze settles on Falan, a flicker of something crossing the amethyst depths::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Her chattering ends abruptly as she ducks behind Brynn, eyes darting anxiously around the hallway::

NeverWanderer: ::He nods to Adron and stands against a far wall, just watching::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::twisting the softly glowing sword so the lad can see it's intricate designs::

Falan Fal: ::the door is opened for Brynnalia and Breina Ashlyn::

Zharyka: @ ::green eyes on Brynn, nothing much to read in her face::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::nods to Lyryk, a smile offered his friend::

Roric Vellanur: ::Glancing towards the door and the entering pair, the narrow of his eyes blatantly assessing::

Brynnalia: ::Gypsy knocked on it rather to announce their arrival than to wait for entry, as she slips into the room, Breina in tow.

Zharyka: ::and then she slips into the room in the wake of the other two women::

Tytle Bronack: ::Closer he moves to catch the blade's light, the signs etched within::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She throws a look to Zharyka, before moving into the crowded room::

NeverWanderer: ::Glances to the door and nods to Zee as she enters::

Falan Fal: ::his dark gray gaze continually moves from one person to the next...::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::as the room fills he replaces the sword in its scabbard, smiling apologetically to Tytle::

Falan Fal: ::...if the woodsman was heartened to see such a turnout, he did not show it::

Tytle Bronack: ::he smiles and nods, whispers:: My thnkas.

Zharyka: ::a reassuring nod to Lyryk, and then a glance around at the other faces::

Falan Fal: ::...in fact, with each entry, the olive-cloaked man's scowl seemed to deepen...::

Falan Fal: ::...perhaps picturing each one beset upon by Imperials... bloodied... or dead::

Zharyka: ::what she was about to do had her scared, but to do nothing would be worse, in her eyes::

JakeMiach: ::his eyes look to the man, the scowl::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Grimly, she also studied the group around her, while thinking to herself that she must be mad::

Tytle Bronack: ::he smiles, softly to those around, knowing this is where he has waited to be::

Falan Fal: ::then, quietly:: [q] Who here amongst you...

JakeMiach: ::gravity and destiny seen::

Falan Fal: ...has never killed a man before?

VladiniaVonBraun: ::was she, the one who had once had a deep loathing for outlanders, really here::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::had her hatred for the emperor outweighed her loathing, causing her to be here::

Tytle Bronack: :he blinks, shifts his weight, then slowly steps forward:: I have not Sir

NeverWanderer: ::At his question, Lyryk squirms a bit.. it is something he is not fond of doing.. though it has happened::

Brynnalia: ::amongst the grim faces, the gypsy cracked a smile:: Grim as ever, Tracker.

Falan Fal: ::a glance at Tytle:: Can you defend yourself? And if it comes to it...

Zharyka: ::green eyes glance around, and she lifts a hand in silent response to Tracker's query::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::he kept his gaze steady, a Knight and warrior had duties, killing was but one::

Breina Ashlyn: ::a blink.....and then she gulped a breath of air::

Tytle Bronack: ::he lowers his eyes, waiting::

Falan Fal: ...can you put a blade in another man?

Tytle Bronack: I can ::he looks up:: If need be

Falan Fal: ::a rather annoyed glance at Brynnalia, but nothing said::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she smirked softly at the query, no other answer was needed, she felt::

Zharyka: ::the hand went back down again, and she crossed her arms before her, listening::

Roric Vellanur: (vsm) Does he even know the weight and balance of a blade? ::Quietly to himself, a low, murmuring growl::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She stayed silent, not answering the question...which was answer enough in itself::

Falan Fal: ::a nod then to Zharyka:: You may not have to. But you may. Have you the ability to defend yourself, Zharyka?

Zharyka: I do. ::quietly, but confidently::

Falan Fal: [q] Very well.

Falan Fal: ::he stepped to the room's center::

Tytle Bronack: ::He steps back, feeling the heat in him rise::

Falan Fal: I am Falan Fal, son of Fal Felim.

Brynnalia: ::just crosses her arms, leaning against a wall, watching the gathered with a half-amused half-impatient curl of the lips::

Falan Fal: Men know me as Tracker, and that is what you will call me while Taysayad remains in Imperial hands.

JakeMiach: ::quietly his gaze waits on the others::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she took a deep breath and let it out, listening::

Falan Fal: The Emperor, as you know, is gone. He has left Dreven in the hands of the Imperial Guard, and it has gone badly.

NeverWanderer: ::A slight nod as he makes a mental note... this is turning out to be more than he expected::

Zharyka: ::another step or two, to seat herself next to Lyryk::

Roric Vellanur: ::A mild snort in affirmation::

Falan Fal: Taysayad's dungeons overflow with innocents. Rapes have been committed.

Falan Fal: Murders.

Zharyka: ::paling at the last word::

Roric Vellanur: (sm) Kidnappings.

Falan Fal: The Emperor spent his gold poorly, however, for the seven hundred Imperials he brought in to hold the city know it not at all well.

NeverWanderer: ::He leans away from the wall at Falan's words, his teeth clenching::

Falan Fal: Many of you here have friends in those dungeons. Others know people who do.

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::his gaze narrowed and an unintelligible murmur came from his lips::

Falan Fal: Most of you know the city better than they do... and we'll need that advantage.

Falan Fal: I have two people here who can help us get to Taysayad.

Falan Fal: The gypsy, Brynnalia, can get us past the gate.

Brynnalia: ::playing with her gold loopy earring::

Brynnalia: ::winks with a smile to the group::

Falan Fal: Who here is called Lyryc?

JakeMiach: ::he looks about the faces.

NeverWanderer: ::Blink::

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks to her::

Zharyka: ::a glance at the elf beside her::

Roric Vellanur: ::The ghosting of a smirk formed against the mans lips, then quickly fled. He knew the Keep as well as any of the Imps. He'd find his own way to the "Heart"::

NeverWanderer: ::He raises a hand:: That would be me.

Breina Ashlyn: ::lifted eyes now, to glance at the unfamiliar man's face::

Falan Fal: I am told you know the sewers.

NeverWanderer: ::An imperceptive shudder and he nods:: Well enough, I suppose.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::her gaze, seemingly disinterested, rested on Falan::

Falan Fal: I hope none of you hold much offense for traveling where only rats go. For we will be using every advantage we can grasp... and we will get into Taysayad Keep.

NeverWanderer: ::Blink.... it all comes together for him::

JakeMiach: ::a slight curl to his lips, as he looks Ty::

Tytle Bronack: ::trying to hide a wide grin he bends his head again::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She watched the speaker curiously, wondering how such a large party would be able to accomplish such a feat as he spoke of::

Falan Fal: Once we are near Taysayad Keep... we will split into two teams.

Zharyka: ::chewing on her lip and taking a deep breath as she listens::

Falan Fal: One team - the larger of the two - will act as decoy. We will fight... we will run...

NeverWanderer: ::He stays silent.. his caution won over by his eagerness to help::

Breina Ashlyn: :::A raised eyebrow at that. "two teams?"::

Falan Fal: ...we will cause an abundance of trouble.

Falan Fal: The other team... their task is no less dangerous. Zharyka, you must go with this team.

Falan Fal: You will get into the Keep. You will find as many prisoners as you can...and you will free them.

NeverWanderer: ::Glances down to Zee by his side::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::smiled at the mention of fighting and causing trouble::

Zharyka: ::a quiet nod, she didn't trust her voice yet::

Falan Fal: ::to Breina:: You are an Aeromancer. I will need you to go with Zharyka.

Brynnalia: ::an arch of the thin brow as a glance is given to the half-elf::

Falan Fal: ::to Roric:: You as well.

Roric Vellanur: ::A finely shaped brow rose slowly::

Zharyka: ::green gaze flicked to the two she'd accompany::

Breina Ashlyn: :::A quirked eyebrow, but a slow nod was given::

Brynnalia: ::then to Breina:: (m) I was wonderin' what crazy they got to lead *that* mission.

NeverWanderer: ::His gaze lands on each person as they are adressed::

Falan Fal: Those of you who wish to strike deep, you will go with that team.

Zharyka: ::color crept into her cheeks, and she sat straighter::

Tytle Bronack: ::a rool of his head as he looked to the one called::

Falan Fal: ((Anyone who wants to PLAY... will go with that team))

Falan Fal: I will lead the decoy.

Breina Ashlyn: ::A slight glance to the gypsy beside her::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::still leaning against the wall, as if relaxing, she spoke quietly:: Sir, I can manipulate shadows, for protection or whatever ...

Falan Fal: ((I get to play toy soldiers! Yay!))

JakeMiach: Do they enter the sewers?::looking himself up and down::

Brynnalia: ::pipes up, still leaning against the wall:: (m) And me horses.

Roric Vellanur: ::His lips thinned into a frown. He was going with a group of women into the heart of the Keep. This should be interesting::

Falan Fal: ::a glance at Vladinia:: Indeed? What is your name? Step forward.

Brynnalia: Luckily, they not be mine, but rather... *recently* aquired. But still... ::a pointed gaze to Tracker::

Falan Fal: We all enter the sewers. From Taysayad Keep, we split.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she pushed away from the wall and stepped toward him:: Nia is my name.

JakeMiach: Ah, but will I fit?

Breina Ashlyn: [q] ::to Brynn:: I wonder now whether he has a deathwish for the lot of us...

Falan Fal: ::to Jake:: With a bit of a squeeze, aye. ::to Nia:: Your magic deals in stealth?

JakeMiach: ::then stills amongst them.

NeverWanderer: ::Finally speaking up:: We may have problems in the sewers..

VladiniaVonBraun: ::nodding:: Yes, among other things.

Zharyka: ::a wrinkle of her nose, she knew what magics Nia dealt in, and it unnerved her::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She lifted jades to look once more at the man in the center of the room::

Falan Fal: ::a nod to Nia... then a look to Lyryk.

NeverWanderer: ::Just in saying that, he has decided to join::

Falan Fal: What problems?

Brynnalia: ::she leans to the side, bending to murmur to Breina:: Tracker always looks like he has a death wish... or somethin' or other. That solemn *thing* he does.

NeverWanderer: ::A deep sigh:: Well, no guards patrol the tunnels... not when I was there anyway.. But there are creatures... Lizards that nest there.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::crossing her arms over her chest again, her gaze never leaving Falan as the others talked:

Brynnalia: ::winks to Breina with a grin:: I wouldn't mind him too much. Ye be one of the council aye.

Brynnalia: (q) Anythin' stands in our way.. ye blow 'em away. ::chuckles quietly in the corner::

Breina Ashlyn: ::An understanding nod, and then a quiet laugh in response::

JakeMiach: ::~I hate reptiles~::

Brynnalia: ::silently merry and glad she ain't getting into the sewers with her horses::

Breina Ashlyn: ::The laugh was tinged with worry though::

Tytle Bronack: ::Another smile. Lizards and sewers what more could he ask for::

Breina Ashlyn: If only it were that easy...

Falan Fal: ::to Lyryk:: What kinds of "lizards"?

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::he began to fidget from one foot to the other as he grew anxious to begin fighting ::

CwilkeKalus: ::and finnally figures out where the meeting is, and appears in the room::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances around:: sorry i'm late.....

Falan Fal: ::a glance to Cwilke, and a brief nod:: Chris.

NeverWanderer: ::His face takes on an almost humorous expression of awe:: Crocodiles... giant... albino... crocodiles.

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks back to the man with the sword::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances at lyryk::[q] could have reminded me, you know

JakeMiach: ::nods to Chris, ::

CwilkeKalus: [q] what i miss?

Falan Fal: ::looks at Lyryk:: "Albino..."?

Tytle Bronack: Crocodiles! ::his hand goes over his mouth quickly::

Roric Vellanur: ::Broad shoulders eased against the wall, and there the silent man leaned, attention seemingly fixed upon the systematic check of weaponry while his ears were attuned to the conversation::

NeverWanderer: ::Another sigh:: White... all white. With red eyes. ::Shakes his head:: Horrid things... I nearly lost my right arm to one.

JakeMiach: ::~couldn't be very white living in a sewer~.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she shifted her weight to one foot, the other beginning to tap against the floor, absently::

Falan Fal: ::scratches his eight-day excuse for a beard:: I suppose we'll deal with those when we get to them. The gates - those are in Brynn's hands.

CwilkeKalus: ::shrugs, and stands next to adron::[q] what's happening?

Falan Fal: After we get through, then we find the sewers... and we go beneath Taysayad.

CwilkeKalus: ::listens::

CwilkeKalus: ::sewers.....why does it always have to be sewers.....::

Falan Fal: Then we split. But time wastes. ::he donned his hood again, and stepped to the window::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] [q] Two teams, some fight and distract, others save. ::the quick version::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods::

Brynnalia: ::still leaned against the wall, calls out to the room:: Those of ye who know how to handle horses can be my "boys" as we deliver them across the city lines.

Falan Fal: We go this way. The window faces the woodline.

Falan Fal: ::to Brynn:: Where is your team, gypsy?

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::looks down at his full plate and mutters:: Great, jumping out of windows in full plate is not my idea of fun.

CwilkeKalus: ::quiet chuckle::

Brynnalia: ::she jerks her head toward the window:: My *real* boys have them gathered just by the lake.

Roric Vellanur: ::The man snorted at the Gypsies words. He had his own horse, and would ride him accordingly::

Falan Fal: ::uncoiling a rope and fastening it beneath the bed... then pushingthe bed up against the window::

Brynnalia: I would suggest the women... and the winged... stay out of sight. Either between the herds of horses or... ::looks to Breina:: In the dark skies... or whatever ye do.

JakeMiach: ::looks to brynn:: I know the horses

Zharyka: ::fidgeting with something on her boot and then glancing at Breina as Brynn speaks::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances at breina:: i suggest a nice cloud bank as camouflage

Breina Ashlyn: ::Finally speaking up::: I can take one with me....:A meaningful glance upwards::

Tytle Bronack: ::he moves stand by the window::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods:: yea, same here, though i prefer a light weight when i fly....

Tytle Bronack: Fly ::whispers as he smiles::

JakeMiach: ::he reaches to the pouch beneath his cloak and looks to Ty::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She pulled a cloak from inside her own:: There is only one I thought it could be of

service.

Brynnalia: ::a bit annoyed at Chris:: There be many of ye to just hide with fog. Imperials be crawlin all over. And since not all of us can fly... I have made arrangements for a delivery of horses to be let through the lines.

JakeMiach: Ty, ::reaching into the pouch:: smudge yer face

Zharyka: ::standing, and offering a silent prayer to the Fates for all of them, and then walking toward the window::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::Nia glanced toward the cloak, raining fireballs as distraction could be fun too::

Roric Vellanur: ::That'd come soon enough::

Roric Vellanur: ::The whole fireball thing::

JakeMiach: ::as his hand moves to blacken his face the fine dust rub into his skin::

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches the woman, go to the window and knows he will follow her::

JakeMiach: ::watching the others he holds out the pouch:: If ye wish

Falan Fal: ::the window is open... a light snow falls, drifting lazily down.

NeverWanderer: ::A deep sigh and he wishes he'd not left his cloak down in the commons::

Roric Vellanur: Blast you all move with the speed of overweight slugs. ::Moving swiftly across the room and to the window, he alights upon it's sill, then leaps out of sight, not even a fluttering to move the rope there::

Zharyka: ::she was curious about the cloak Breina offered, but her nerves were unsteady enough without the added unknown of trying to fly::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances at lyryk, shrugs::

JakeMiach: ::he looks to the window and the white flakes::

Tytle Bronack: ::he pulls his coat around him, watching the stray flakes fall into the room::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she looked toward the window, sighing, and disappeared into a shadow, reappearing outside:

JakeMiach: ::and moves to the window, his frame following Roric through.

NeverWanderer: ::No matter, he'd survived the bitter cold like this before... besides, the sewers would be ungodly warm when they arrived...:

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches the one jump, then pulls onto the rope and slides down.

JakeMiach: ::and down the rope::

CwilkeKalus: ::follows roric, though instead, he leaps into the air, his black tinted form blending in with the night sky::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A shrug, and she also moved toward the window, donning cloak and hood once more::

Brynnalia: ::watching Roric's fluid movements... along with his tight tush:: M-m.

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::waits for the others to go down the rope, as going down in full plate was going to take some manipulating::

Brynnalia: ::pushing herself off the wall:: This will be fun at least.

Tytle Bronack: ::lands on the ground with soft thud, and steps aside::

JakeMiach: ::a snap of his fingers and Uriah appears the star on his face already darkened::

Zharyka: ::when the rope was free, she climbed out the window and down, surprisingly agile::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She thought she caught a glance from the tenderess, but wasn't sure, so she left the feathered cloak on a bed::

Falan Fal: ::the woodsman nods to each in passing, steadying the rope when needed.

NeverWanderer: ::Walks over to the window and slides outside... this is a regular practice for him?::

CwilkeKalus: ::hovers a decent height above the others::

Falan Fal: ::...a more wary eye on the seemingly more powerful folk here., hoping against all hope that they were indeed on his side::

Brynnalia: ::a playful look to Falan, her eyes indicating the man who leaped out first:: Who was *that*?

Falan Fal: ::an even look at Brynn:: I do not know his name. But he seeks to free his lady love.

NeverWanderer: ::With the skill of a practiced climber, he lowers himself to the ground::

Falan Fal: ::thin smile::

CwilkeKalus: ::lands next to lyryk:: so, i see kendra aint coming

Brynnalia: ::a sigh:: Mm. I think I am beginnin' to like him. ::then a pat to Falan's rear::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::follows the crowd toward the window, waiting for all of them to exit::

CwilkeKalus: your idea or hers?

Brynnalia: If only that he has the only tighter arse than ye in this room. ::winks, and she is down the rope.

NeverWanderer: ::Winces mildly and shakes his head:: [q] I did not tell her...

Zharyka: ::a thought ocured to her, and she glanced up at the window::

Falan Fal: ::shakes his head... and cannot believe he ever slept with the woman:: She's crazy.

CwilkeKalus: ::slight grin:: we'll make a rougue of you yet

Brynnalia: ::twice::

Roric Vellanur: * ::Shadow; it was a comfort and within it's moonless embrace the man sat upon his steed of a color blacker than the very night::

Zharyka: ::she'd have to find a way to tell him on the way... she stepped away from the building to join the others::

Falan Fal: ::finally, after all have cleared... the woodsman exits, cutting the rope with a silvered hunting knife... hanging onto the window pane and closing the shutters from outside... before dropping to the (thankfully) thick snow below::

JakeMiach: ::he quiets the steed and climbs upon his back::;

Breina Ashlyn: ::She moves now, past Tracker and attempts to slide out the small opening::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::looks around to see who was left, then sees the rope being cut and jumps head first out the window::

CwilkeKalus: ::shivers, forgot a cloack, which promptly forms from his form and covers him quite well::

NeverWanderer: ::Sighs:: Honestly, I didn't know just what I was getting into until five minutes ago.

Zharyka: ::jaw dropping as Adron jumps out::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks up::[q] incoming.....

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::doing a well executed twist at the last minute and landing on his bum::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::CLANG::

Tytle Bronack: ::he runs to help the man up::

CwilkeKalus: ::golf clap:: excellent maneuver adron

Zharyka: ::just stares for a moment, frozen by the loud clang::

Brynnalia: ::wincing at the bum landing:: ::shrugs:: Good form.

NeverWanderer: ::Winces:: *ahem* Nicely done, Adron.

Falan Fal: ::winces at Adron:: [q] You are SO coming with the "distraction" team.

Roric Vellanur: (sm) That was graceful.

Zharyka: ::thank the Fates::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::flushes in embarassment and takes the lads hand to be helped up::

JakeMiach: ::watching the others, he quiets the chuckle, patting the withers of the horse::

Tytle Bronack: :: smiles a he tugs hard pulling the wieght up::

Brynnalia: ::then tugging her leather gloves tighter, she thumbs northward:: The horses are that way.

Falan Fal: ::to all quietly, before they proceed:: If any of you have second thoughts, let them come now. I will not call any man nor woman here coward for not continuing.

Breina Ashlyn: ::Hovering quietly above the ground, glad for the white wings that camouflaged her in the air::

NeverWanderer: ::With one violent shiver, he dismisses all thoughts of cold from his mind.. something he picked up from his time in the Wynter Woods::

Zharyka: ::quietly, with conviction:: no second thoughts.

Brynnalia: ::rolls her eyes at Falan melodramatically:: Fer the love of the moon Tracker!

CwilkeKalus: ::shakes head::nah, this could be fun ::typical outlander and kalus mentality::

Brynnalia: Make this more excitin' than the gloom parade ye are paintin'!

Falan Fal: ::...a long, long, long suffering look at Brynnalia::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::quieter than his landing:: This is gonna be fun! Lead the way!

CwilkeKalus: yea, breaking and entering is always fun

Falan Fal: The horses...?

Brynnalia: Let's go! The first one to the horses get to pick their own mounts! ::points::

Roric Vellanur: ::Harness and tack were muted, each bit of metal and leather softened by strips of black wool. When the steed began it's paces, even hoofbeats were unheard, these too having been padded for stealth::

Tytle Bronack: ::he bows to Falan and whispers:: Thank you

NeverWanderer: ::Shakes his head:: [q] I am with you.

Zharyka: ::oddly enough, she had no cloak, but she didn't seem to feel the cold::

Tytle Bronack: :then begins to run, never wanting to be last::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances up to breina, then leaps up to join her in the air, hovering next to her::

JakeMiach: ::he falls in behind Roric::

Falan Fal: ::a glance at Ty, and a nod:: [q] Have a care lad. Stick by him... ::Roric::...
...or the big one... ::Jake:: You'll be fine.

CwilkeKalus: so what's the flight plan?

Brynnalia: ::with that she let out a whistle into the night::

NeverWanderer: ::Raises a hand:: I have my own mount.. he is back at the stables..

Tytle Bronack: ::he nods, as he looks back over his shoulder::

Brynnalia: ::then... figures emerge from afar, from within the woodlines surrounding the lake::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::whistling softly, his war horse galloped up and he mounted, following the others toward their horses::

Falan Fal: Do not bring your own mounts.

Zharyka: ::striding off toward the horses::

JakeMiach: yes Ty keep yer back to us::whispered::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A sidelong glance to the form next to her::: We follow the horses...

Falan Fal: They will be driven through the city. You may never see them again.

CwilkeKalus: ::nods:: simple enough

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::frowns and slides off Dzur again.

NeverWanderer: ::A sigh and he nods::

Roric Vellanur: I ride no other. ::Plainatively to Falan::

Brynnalia: ::men walking herds of horses they way, white steam puffing out from various horses' nostrils::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::he made his way as quickly as he could in full plate toward the waiting horses::

Falan Fal: ::to Roric:: Then say your farewell now to him.

NeverWanderer: ::Silently apologizes to Wrynn... another friend he is leaving in the cold::

Tytle Bronack: ::he finds a horse and pat the nose as he whispers a greeting.

NeverWanderer: ::So to speak::

Falan Fal: For he will belong to an Imperial Guard before morning.

Roric Vellanur: ::A cold smile curled upon his lips:: I have but to whistle.

Brynnalia: ::looking to Adron and the warhorse:: That giant thing will have to stay behind.

JakeMiach: ::looks to Uriah:: do you wish to stay

Falan Fal: ::striding with the others to the horses::

Brynnalia: Ye ain't lookin' like some horse trader with that huge thing rompin' about.

CwilkeKalus: ::crosses his arms in midair, waiting, excited now, too much bottled up energy::

Zharyka: ::like Tytle, she selects a horse, then leans up and whispers to it::

Brynnalia: ::mounting her stallion with ease, her boots hooking onto the stirrups::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she merely walked toward the waiting horses, wondering how they would react to her::

Zharyka: ::the horse stills, her ear twitching, and lets Zee climb onto it's back::

Tytle Bronack: ::He jumps into the saddle, settling into the feel of the mount::

Brynnalia: ::the gypsy men hands over a reign to Tytle, the mare... seemingly giving him a quiet neigh::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::he grinned at Brynn and winked:: As you wish M'lady.

Brynnalia: ::then arches a wry brow to Adron:: Sides, after ye go into the sewers, I ain't goin' to tak responsibility fer *that* monster. ::despite her words, her eyes and tone were that of silent appraisal, as she does to all finely built creatures::

NeverWanderer: ::He approaches one of the mounts. Gently patting the horse on the nose:: I am Lyryk

Tytle Bronack: My thanks ::to the man who offers the reins::

JakeMiach: ::and with reluctance he dismounts and fastens the horse to a tree::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she slowly approached a black mare, eyeing it as suspiciously at it did her::

Falan Fal: Cover your weapons with cloaks. All of you. Brynnalia's bribes will only carry us so far. We must at least look the part of horse traders.

Zharyka: ::a gentle pat to the horse's neck as it prances for a moment::

Roric Vellanur: ::Already done::

JakeMiach: ::and selects a new mount from those that remain::

Falan Fal: And... ::mumbled:: Do what she says up through getting into the city.

Brynnalia: ::all the horses were ready and geared, a few of them digging the snow with anxiousness that seemed to flow from the group::

NeverWanderer: ::He looks to Falan:: We enter through the gates?

Tytle Bronack: Weapons? ::he eyes widen::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] He wouldn't like bein in such a lovely ladies hands, anyhow.

Brynnalia: ::it was true... horses knew what their riders' thoughts were::

CwilkeKalus: ::no weapons to be seen, but they there, somewhere in that mass of black cloak::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she tried to mount the horse, rather ungracefully hefting her leg over the back of the mare as it shifted and pawed underneath her.

Falan Fal: ::to Lyryk:: Aye. And from there the sewers... beneath Taysayad.

NeverWanderer: ::Still petting the horse, letting it get used to him::

Tytle Bronack: ::a slight shift of his wieght::

VladiniaVonBraun: Accursed animal hold still or you will be a bag of bones.

Brynnalia: ::a lopsided smirk:: Oh believe ye me. I have tamed quite a few... wild ones before.

Breina Ashlyn: ::weaponless but for a set of lips and hands to defend herself::

JakeMiach: ::he turns to Uriah, ye know where we stopped last::

CwilkeKalus: ::then figures if he's gonna fly, might as well be maneuverable, and the cloak becomes a few sizes smaller::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] I'll just bet you have ::winking again.

NeverWanderer: ::Sighs.... the drainage pipe was most likely blocked off now anyway.. He nods::

Falan Fal: :::curse me for ever laying eye upon a gypsy lass.....::

Brynnalia: ::then chuckles over to Nia:: Ye have to charm them, not frighten them.

Tytle Bronack: ::he leans forward to the horses neck, whispers a thanks for the ride::

Falan Fal: [q] All right. Ready? We ride.

JakeMiach: ::the steel cloaked beneath, and the dirk in his boot::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::her gaze narrowed on Brynn, as she settled uncomfortably on the animal::

Tytle Bronack: ::he turns the mare in a circle getting use to the steps.

NeverWanderer: ::He glances around:: I havent a cloak... ::A questioning look to Chris::

JakeMiach: ::He handles ther reins::

Falan Fal: ((next PR - Dreven City))

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::swiftly mounting an acceptable steed and turning it toward the City::

Brynnalia: ::she nods, then whispers a few orders to her boys, before a mere shift of her weight spurs her mount onward into the wooden path::

Tytle Bronack: ::then readys for a ride, a gallop he hopes:: OnlineHost: Falan Fal has left the room.

Zharyka: ::leaning forward to murmur at the mare she was riding, and they cantered off wiht the others::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to lyryk:: want one? ask now, i can't conjure anywhere else

Roric Vellanur: ::A gentle squeeze of his thigh's and the mount began to canter::

Breina Ashlyn: ::a slight "whoosh" overhead as she takes to the sky::

Tytle Bronack: ::iwht a press of his heels he is off::

OnlineHost: *** You are in "Dreven City". ***

CwilkeKalus: ::taking it high up into the clouds above the riders, the eyes and ears make up for the lack of a decent sense of smell::

Falan Fal: ::the city was approached by the band of horse traders, the familiar walls of Dreven dotted with Imperial Guards - far, far more than usual.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::bobbing along on the saddle, she holds in her curses for the sake of the others::

NeverWanderer: ::Securing on his new cloak, his steed follows the others::

Zharyka: ::during the ride, she'd stayed quiet, except for a brief conversation with Tracker::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She floats lower, below the clouds, keeping an eye on both the riders and the terrain ahead::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances about to the immediate air space, looking for the other flyer::

JakeMiach: ::his horse had run well, even if he did follow behind, close to the rear::

Tytle Bronack: ::he feels the wind, cold but so exciting, slap his face, and he pushes his mount, not to be last::

Falan Fal: ::Eight Imperials guard the lonely side gate alone... and others stand above on the ramparts::

JakeMiach: ::his eyes glancing back:

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::sparing only a minor glance to Nia, holding in a laugh, he turns his attention to the City::

Brynnalia: ::the gypsy rode in front of the group, a few extra horses tethered to the more experienced riders (as in... not Nia) to complete the look of horse traders::

Roric Vellanur: ::His eyes found the guard, exacting thier position, imprinting upon his mind. There were many, but fewer a number than there might have been weeks before. Several were amongst the world of the dead, thanks to the kiss of his blade::

JakeMiach: ::over the tethered horses.

Breina Ashlyn: ::Once in awhile, she would descend to mumble quiet words about something up ahead to one or another in the group::

NeverWanderer: ::As he nears the familiar wall, he shudders in the saddle... bad memories::

CwilkeKalus: ::takes up a position behind a cloud bank, watching the events, hoping they can make it in::

Zharyka: ::her gaze, however, had roamed over each member of the small group, and now it found the Imperials at the side gate::

Tytle Bronack: ::he rides to follow the dark man, staying close::

Roric Vellanur: ::A touch of his knees and Bronn slowed, allowing Tytle's mount to move alongside::

Brynnalia: ::she led them to a small side street accessible from the woodline, slowing her mount to an easy trot as she did so::

JakeMiach: ::his pulsed slowed, the muscles loose with in him::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she didn't see anything but the pommel of her saddle and the neck of her mount::

Brynnalia: ::a hand held up, she signalled others to do the same::

Zharyka: ::following Brynn's signal::

Falan Fal: ::the Imperials did not yet seem to be aware of the group's approach... or at least they did not look to be... huddled in their cloaks and chain mail armor::

JakeMiach: ::his eyes on Ty and Roric::

Tytle Bronack: ::He nods, accepting the move with a touch of honor::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::quickly reined his horse to a stop at the signal::

Roric Vellanur: (s) Do you have steel? ::Quietly spoken.

NeverWanderer: ::Follows Brynn's instructions::

Breina Ashlyn: ::In the floating snow, she waited tensely with eyes darting from the group of Imperials to Brynn down below::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::falls over the pommel and then lurches backward as her horse follows the others lead::

Tytle Bronack: ::he shakes his head:: I do not

Brynnalia: ::as soon as the horses hooves began to clack upon cobbles, she slowed her mount to a walk approaching one particular huddled group of Imperials::

Roric Vellanur: ::He nodded, naught but a shift of dark fabric against that of night:: Stay close then.
CwilkeKalus: ::quietly floats next to breina::[q] how are we supposed to get any signals or orders or whatever from up here?

Tytle Bronack: ::he nods,::

JakeMiach: ::then switching beneath his cloak and hood he watches the guard::

Falan Fal: ::the Imperials all glanced up... then one of them threw his hands wide and grinned::

Roric Vellanur: ::Snow-flecked wool was pulled further over his brow and shoulders hunched as if a willow wilting. His stature would be noticed, as would his face and each was manipulated and disguised::

Falan Fal: "Brynn! Where's my serky, you guttering whore?" ::rough laughter::

Brynnalia: ::she turned and held a hand to the rest, then led her mount even more forward, her easy smile falling into place.

NeverWanderer: ::His right brow quirks at the greeting but he stays silent::

Zharyka: ::bit back a chuckle::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A terse reply::: listen very closely and follow good judgement.

JakeMiach: ::and a chuckle from beneath that hood.

Brynnalia: ::she dismounted as she casually flipped her hair over her shoulder:: The shipment of serky is in few days remember? Today is the day fer gold.

Breina Ashlyn: ::said while she strained her ears in the stillness to hear what was going on below::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she smirked as she heard the greeting::

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches the gypsy, the guards::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::bristles as the guard insults the woman::

Brynnalia: Ye can go buy... or raid yer own poison if ye like. ::winks to the Imperials::

Falan Fal: "Ri-i-i-i-ight..." ::the Imperial chuckles and slaps Brynnalia on the arse::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::His hand itching for his sword under his dark cloak::

Brynnalia: ::a slow cock of her head, a strange look given to the Imperial before her::

Brynnalia: ::a slow... tap.. then another upon the man's cheeks:: My boys are hungry fer their own payment.

Zharyka: ::nervous fingers tuck back that ever-straying lock of hair as she watches::

Falan Fal: ::the other Imperials gather around her, chuckling, rubbing their hands for warmth::

Roric Vellanur: ::Words were whispered into an attentive ear and amidst a blurring of shadowed motion, Roric was mounted behind Tytle, his own mount, Bronn, gone silently from sight::

Falan Fal: ::a few looks are exchanged, then the first Imperial gazes up into the treeline::

Brynnalia: I want to get these mounts to the Emperor before they freeze over and be worth only their hide. So be clearin' yer boys away while I get ye the gold eh?

Falan Fal: "Where they at?"

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she took the opportunity to shift her sore bum in the saddle, she was not liking this already::

Tytle Bronack: ::he lowers his head, not really wanting to watch this::

Falan Fal: "Right, right.." ::a wave, and the portcullis begins to raise.

NeverWanderer: ::A glance around the group, checking everyone's resolve::

Falan Fal: "Ah, gypsy. Wait a span."

Roric Vellanur: ::Afterall, how would they explain wrapped tack and hooves to the Impies?::

Brynnalia: ::she casually walked back to her horse and the saddlebag there, withdrawing a jingling pouch::

Tytle Bronack: ::he starts and moves forward in his saddle::
Roric Vellanur: (vq) Easy, boy. ::Hissing in Tytles ear:: Steady as stone.
JakeMiach: ::an apprehension holds in his eyes as he watches Ty and then the gate lift::
Brynnalia: ::the heavy sack in hand, she gives the Imperial a sidelong look::
Tytle Bronack: :he nods very slowly::
Falan Fal: "Talked it over with Hort. We need a tad more. Ya know?"
Lark of Dreven: ::a flash of color is visible near the corner::
Falan Fal: "More'n what was said last night, anyway."
Brynnalia: ::then smiles easily with a flirtacious sway to her stride as she walks back to him::
Brynnalia: More? ::an innocent blink, she looks down to her pouch:: This be all I got, and I need to pay my boys after. Ye can't be askin' fer more.
JakeMiach: ::he flinches at those words::
Falan Fal: "...!course... what Hort don't know won't gut 'im... I could take a kiss..."
Brynnalia: ::an odd curl to her lips... hiding what disgust was behind the eyes::
Falan Fal: ::the Imperial smiles, his open mouth in a gap-toothed grin::
Lark of Dreven: There they are! ::the voice comes from a nearby alleys, as cloaked figure begins to walk towards the group::
Brynnalia: Now now. My kisses be a price of their own. I may have to dock gold out of yer...
Lark of Dreven: Sorry I'm late, but I'm not a horse, you know.
Zharyka: ::eyes dart in the direction of the new voice::
Falan Fal: ::the Imperials turn to the sound of the voice... hands going to broadswords::
Brynnalia: ::blinks, craning her neck as she looks beyond the man::
VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::he gripped his sword, head whipping toward the new voice::
JakeMiach: ::~women kiss the man~::
Lark of Dreven: ::pale, with slightly sunken cheeks, he's looking a bit the worse for wear.
NeverWanderer: ::Tenses a bit as he sees the new arrival::
Lark of Dreven: ::but there is conviction in his eyes like none have ever seen::
Breina Ashlyn: whoah.....: a quiet word as she also catches the approach of someone new::
Roric Vellanur: ::He almost groaned. This was all taking far too long. Vengeance was beginning to stir his blood and wearing heavy upon his patience::
Lark of Dreven: ::although it be shrouded by the hood pulled over his head::
Brynnalia: ::brightens, her smile widening behind the turned Imperial::
VladiniaVonBraun: ::her eyes narrowed on the man approaching, fire flashing in their depths::
Lark of Dreven: ::the cloak is a dark green...all one color::
Brynnalia: ::quietly muttering to the guard:: See? We be late already!
JakeMiach: ::his hand goes to rub the horses withers::
CwilkeKalus: [q] he's one of us
Brynnalia: They be gettin' impatient in the Keep to send a Troubadour!
Lark of Dreven: ::approaches..eyes glancing to Brynn, then Zharyka, then to the Imperials::
Zharyka: ::some of the tension went out of her shoulders as she recognized the man, nodding almost imperceptibly as she met his gaze::
Falan Fal: "Troubador?" "Troubador?" "He's a who?"
Lark of Dreven: ::walks around among the horses, leaning over to expect them, etc::
Falan Fal: ::the first Imperial scowls at Brynn:: "Didn't say nothin' about no messengers, gypsy."
Brynnalia: ::rolls her eyes dramatically then bows and bows once more to Bronwyn::
Breina Ashlyn: ::quietly to her companion in the air:: Aye...that be the Lark of Dreven.....:not having

met the man, but recognizing him even from a distance::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she had grown weary of this horse thing, but the shadows were too far away::

Lark of Dreven: Troubadour ::he says from among the horses:: Troubadour??

Brynnalia: ::then gives a "hidden shrug" to the Imperial:: I was only told he would come if we were toddlin' too slowly. I hear the Emperor... nor the Captain he has, is a patient type.

Falan Fal: ::a few Imperial brows go up:: "The Lark?" "I thought he wuz dead."

CwilkeKalus: ::nods:: [q] yea, seen the guy once or twice

Lark of Dreven: ::emerges from between two of the horses::

Lark of Dreven: Dead? ::pats himself down:: Not quite.

Brynnalia: ::a grim nod:: If ye know what I mean.

NeverWanderer: ::His right brow quirks once more at the new development::

Falan Fal: ::blandly:: "The Emperor has been gone a week. The city is run by the Magistrate for now..." ::snorts:: "Barely."

Lark of Dreven: Yes. ::looks to the guard:: We must get all of these horses inside quickly. Time will wait for no man. ::leans in closer to the Imperial:: Not even for a dead "troubadour."

Falan Fal: ::rough laughter from a few of the Imperials at some hidden joke::

JakeMiach: ::impatience pounding in his temples he watches the dance::

Brynnalia: ::a shrug at that, then turns to look to the Lark, while passing the Imperial the bag of gold somewhat secretly, behind her back:: We go now me thinks.

Zharyka: ::a slight frown at the Imperial's words, actually worried for Arman::

Lark of Dreven: ::smiles at the guard::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::his fingers itched to just run these guards through and be done with them::

Brynnalia: Mayhap I can arrange fer that shipment of serky a bit early eh?

Falan Fal: "awright." ::a quick wave:: "Move yer arses along."

Falan Fal: "But you owe me, Brynn."

Brynnalia: ::a smile at that, she pats the man's cheeks:: Oh ye will get what's comin' to ye. ::winks

Lark of Dreven: ::glances to the rest of the group, the nods to the guard::

Brynnalia: Mark me words.

Falan Fal: "Double that serky order. And toss in some yotka."

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to his air partner::[q] i think we should start building hopping now....

Tytle Bronack: ::his shoulders fall just a bit, as he leans ready to move again::

JakeMiach: ::a soft quick to the flank and the steed begins to move::

Falan Fal: ::the Imperials part.. and entry is allowed::

Brynnalia: ::she swiftly mounts her horse, lightly nudging it to walk past the man::

Lark of Dreven: Troubadour. Dead? What have I done...?

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::he nudged his horse in the side and it moved forward with the others::

JakeMiach: ::the tether pulling the others along::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A quiet nod, and her wings spread once more::

Lark of Dreven: ::a strange look passes over his face, but it is gone as soon as it came::

Brynnalia: ::nods with a wink to the Imperial:: I'll bring ye yer poison in plenty.

NeverWanderer: ::A pat to his mount's flank and they move toward the gate::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she lurched in the saddle again, softly muttering curses this time::

Tytle Bronack: ::a soft press and thier horse begins to move with the others::

JakeMiach: ::a hand extended to the lark:: ye need a mount?

Falan Fal: ::the Imperial flicks his tongue at Brynnalia in passing::

Zharyka: ::nudging her horse in amongst the others, following Brynn::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods back, already heading down to the city, picking out a nice tower looking building, and lands, watching the others from a distance::

Falan Fal: ::Falan Fal dips his head and quietly rides in through the gate::

Tytle Bronack: ::he weaves the mare to find a spot in the middle, so the guards do not see the dark one::

Brynnalia: ::a hand is offered to Bronwyn as she approaches him:: Care to ride with me?

Roric Vellanur: ::His head lowered, shoulders hunched, he was but half the size he was born with::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::he nudged his horse close to Nia's to keep the Imperials from seeing her lack of horse sense::

Lark of Dreven: ::he takes the offered hand:: Thought you'd never ask.

Brynnalia: ::another appraising look over the man... she had heard of his charming ways::

Lark of Dreven: ::whispers:: It is good to finally meet you, gypsy woman. Einsar has not told me much, but he did not have to.

Brynnalia: ::with a firm yank the traubador is mounted behind her and the horse speeds up to an easy trot:: ::she chuckles as she whispers to the winds:: I'd prefer he kept things a bit mysterious. It's more fun ye know.

Breina Ashlyn: ::A shadow glides overhead as she stays close to the front of the group::

JakeMiach: ::; replete that he rode with the women::

Falan Fal: ::the Imperials all whistle poor imitations of innocent whistles, allowing the slightly illegal midnight caravan through::

Lark of Dreven: ::grunts slightly in pain as his body is more fragile than it used to be::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::and just as they passed through the shadow of the arch she was gone from her horse::

Lark of Dreven: ::smiles:: Once a storyteller, always a storyteller. You can't change a bard, milady.

JakeMiach: ::the air stilled but for the whistles his ears perk::;

JakeMiach: ::eyes flicking in the night.

NeverWanderer: ::Not a glance to the guards as he passes... he recognizes one of them. He leans his head farther into his hood::

Brynnalia: ::chuckles as the group gets further into the city streets, away from the prying eyes of the guards they left behind... she sticks to the rather isolated streets::

Falan Fal: ::the buildings of Dreven City loom over them - this part of the city, the warehouse district, holds man buildings of varying size and shape::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::his eyes swept in front and to the sides, ever alert for danger::

Brynnalia: From the look of ye, I'd only feed ye a bit more. Otherwise, things look too fine to change

Zharyka: ::glancing around as they go into the city, eyes wary::

Roric Vellanur: (s) Here. ::From around Tytles side, the flickering of a small blade came into view; a dagger by size with a wickedly curved edge:: You'll need this.

Breina Ashlyn: ::Growing weary of flight, the Aeromanceress descended a bit, hoping to land soon::

Tytle Bronack: Sir ::he whipsers face forward:: Might I ask who you are?

Lark of Dreven: ::he coughs, and glances apologetically at Brynnalia::

Tytle Bronack: ::he takes the blade:: I will return it

Roric Vellanur: I hope that you don't. Best it be left in the gut of an Imp.

JakeMiach: ::;he eases his mount along the walls the dark of the shadow holding him::

CwilkeKalus: ::takes off again, following from up high::

Tytle Bronack: Oh :: he sighs:: If that is the case I will leave it

Falan Fal: ::Falan pulls his mount up alongside Lyryk's:: [q] What is the fastest way to the sewers from here?

Roric Vellanur: (s) As for who I am... it's best you don't know. ::And he left it at that::

JakeMiach: ::he leans to withdraw the dirk from his boot, and hold it beneath his cloak::

Tytle Bronack: ::he nods slowly again::

Lark of Dreven: There seems to be a bit of wind blowing above us.

NeverWanderer: [q] When I entered, I entered through a drainage pipe. My best guess would be to keep on this course.. once we are further in, I will know the tunels better.

CwilkeKalus: ::glances down:: but of course...

Falan Fal: ::another nod:: [q] It will be best for us to find the sewers, and fast.

Zharyka: ::a look of concentration on her face, eyes half closing as she lets the horse follow the others::

JakeMiach: ::a liesurely stroll it seems::

Falan Fal: The Imperials won't bother such a large group... at least, not directly.I just want to avoid having the word spread.

Lark of Dreven: ::to Brynn:: I recognize a couple of your associates, but not all. Friends of yours?

VladiniaVonBraun: ::shadow walking she followed alongside the group::

JakeMiach: ::as his grip tightens on the dirk::

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks at the blade, holding it in his hand close to the saddle::

Zharyka: ::and then her eyes open again, her face unreadable::

Roric Vellanur: (s) Do you know how to use it? ::A low, quiet query at Tyles ear.

NeverWanderer: ::A nod and a glance to an alley:: [q] Well, I know that most sewer holes are in the alleys.. We could enter any one, but I will not know it well..

Tytle Bronack: ::find his fingers around hilt, to settle, to find their place tight.

Brynnalia: ::the gypsy gives him a small shrug:: I know a few but not all.

Tytle Bronack: I do....some ::he whispers::

Falan Fal: ::streets are passed... more passed... and the looming spires of Taysayad Keep come into distant view, the tallest tower silhouetted against the night's cloud-covered moon::

Brynnalia: They were... how shall I say, last minute recruits?

Breina Ashlyn: ::ever silent, she slowly glides along with the group, saving her strength::

Brynnalia: (q) Desperate times... ::leaves it at that::

Lark of Dreven: ::nods:: Few and far between these days.

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::the tension keeps him tall in his saddle, his eyes darting to and fro::

Zharyka: ::gazing up at the spires, her mind replaying the last time she'd been in the Keep::

CwilkeKalus: ::keeps an eye on on the group, but steals a glance at the keep, hasnever truly seen it first hand::

JakeMiach: ::he glances quickly to the tower then lowers his eyes the cloak covering::

Zharyka: ::her jaw tightened a bit::

Roric Vellanur: ::Gold-flecked blue turned to gaze upon the spires of the Keep. Skeletal fingers... ::

JakeMiach: ::the light hidden from his face::

Lark of Dreven: So what is the plan for getting into the dungeon?

NeverWanderer: ::His eyes raise to the highest tower.. higher than the tallest tree in the Wynter Woods, even he cant hide his awe at the sight::

Roric Vellanur: (s) Best that you learn fast, boy. ::Prophetic. Eerily so::

Falan Fal: ::pulling his mount up to Brynn and the Lark::

Lark of Dreven: ::the Lark looks almost...uncomfortable in his trademark quilted cloak...::

Breina Ashlyn: ::An intake of breath at the sudden appearance of the Keep. Though it was no surprise, she still felt the twinge of emotions associated with it::

Falan Fal: ::to Brynn:: [q] This is your "surprise"?

Tytle Bronack: ::he stiffness a bit:: I intend to, I will not slow you down Sir

Brynnalia: ::lips part to respond to Lark, then pauses as Falan catches up:: ::winks:: Ye like?

Falan Fal: ::to Bronwyn:: [q] I am Tracker. You are known to me, Lark.

Brynnalia: Bronwyn... ::gestures:: Tracker. As of tonight, "Falan".

Zharyka: ::slender fingers rubbed at her forehead where the emerald used to rest, and she tore her gaze from the spires, glancing at her companions::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she felt the Keep as they approached it, the darkness surrounding it like a shroud::

Lark of Dreven: ::inclines his head:: Tracker. It is a most unprecedented pleasure.

Lark of Dreven: ::raises an eyebrow:: Falan, then?

Roric Vellanur: (s) I know you wont. You fall behind, you'll be left there. ::Brutally callous, but practical given the situation they were about to broach::

Lark of Dreven: ::coughs a bit more, puts a hand to his mouth:: Excuse me.

Falan Fal: ::a sour look at Brynn:: Tracker will do. You know the tunnels beneath the Keep?

Tytle Bronack: ::a slow nod again::

Brynnalia: ::then returns a look to Falan:: If ye get past the sewers into the Keep, Bronwyn here knows how to navigate through the tunnels that link the sewers... ::looks to Bronwyn::

Falan Fal: Lyryk... ::gestures to NeverWanderer:: ..knows the sewers. He can get us from the sewers to the tunnels.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::her gaze settled briefly on the coughing man, eyes narrowing slightly a moment::

Brynnalia: right? One of the sewers link up with the tunnels?

Lark of Dreven: I have traversed them many times, though even I will admit that I get lost sometimes.

Falan Fal: If you can get us from the tunnels to the Keep itself... inside, that is our job is made that much easier.

Lark of Dreven: ::nods:: Yes. That is true.

NeverWanderer: ::A glance over to Tracker at his name::

Lark of Dreven: ::to Falan:: Oh. I can do that. Aye.

CwilkeKalus: ::from the conervation, these sewers start to remind him of the ones beneath Krondor::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Lyryk and inclines his head slightly in greeting::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She missed out on the conversation below, and wondered briefly what was going on as the group continued to wind their way through the streets::

NeverWanderer: ::A slight nod to the lark::

Falan Fal: ::to Lyryk:: Take lead, along with the Lark and the gypsy.

Lark of Dreven: Once inside the Keep's main tunnels it gets a bit more complicated, but yes, I can get us to the Keep.

Tytle Bronack: ::again he fingers the blade, looks to the steel, and finds the place within his palm to hold it tight.

NeverWanderer: ::Another nod and he moves his mount toward the point of the group::

OnlineHost: **Riondhgh has entered the room.**

Brynnalia: ::looks over her shoulder as she sees Lyryk approach, then to Bronwyn:: I ain't much fer sewers myself. But I wish ye luck down there.

Falan Fal: ::falling back, thunderstorm gaze going over the brave men and women, his scowls till present...::

JakeMiach: ::ears tuned to the whispered voices, the hilt loosely held in his hand::

Zharyka: ::a deep inhale, as if she'd forgotten to breathe::

Lark of Dreven: ::eyes widen slightly:: You will not be coming with us?

Roric Vellanur: (s) Tuck it into your belt. ::Words from over Tytles shoulder:: You'll need your hands free.

NeverWanderer: ::This perks his ears as he arrives beside them::

Brynnalia: ::then one more turn into an alleyway, where small stream of steam wound upwards from the ground:: ::she points with her finger:: There be one of the entrances to the sewer. ::her words were accompanied with a look to Lyryk, before she answered Bron::

Tytle Bronack: ::he pulls his hand back and tucks the blade in his belt, feeling it against him::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::he reined his mount back as those who were to go into the sewers went ahead::

Tytle Bronack: ::again a slow nod.

NeverWanderer: ::He glances around and nods:: This will do..

Brynnalia: ::chuckles:: Then who would look after me horses? Certainly they cannot go into the sewers

Lark of Dreven: ::though he barely knows her, holding himself onto the horse with arms around the gypsy causes him blush. It has been a long while::

Brynnalia: ::reigning in her horse to a stop as rest of the group begins to enter the alley as well::

Falan Fal: ::glancing down at the sewer drain... his grim face didn't hide the wince... he was a man of the woods and all, after all::

NeverWanderer: ::He looks around and says to the group:: We go down here.

CwilkeKalus: ::glances about, then lands quietly on the building making up the right side of the alley::

Riondhgh: ::a dark figure separates from the shadows of an alley. Rebel slides to the back of the formation::

Falan Fal: ::and dismounting his horse::

Zharyka: ::a wrinkling of her nose, she knew it was unavoidable, but she didn't relish the thought of slogging in the cold sewer water::

Brynnalia: ::she shifts her weight to look to her passenger:: Tracker and I will be some of the decoys on the surface... fer when the fun breaks loose eh?

Roric Vellanur: (sm) This is going to play hell on my boots. ::With a frown as he swept from the mount::

JakeMiach: I will hold them if ye wish

VladiniaVonBraun: ::amethyst orbs went to the other who slipped from the shadows as she did::

Tytle Bronack: ::he loops the reins on the horn, watches the dark one slide off::

Brynnalia: ::winks:: Methinks yer place is to inspire the group with yer bardic ways... eh?

CwilkeKalus: ::then hops down onto the shadows near the opening, this brings back memories::

Lark of Dreven: ::nods:: Ah. Yes. Decoys.

Falan Fal: ::nods, looking to Brynn:: A agree. I think it best to split us now.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she glanced toward the hole and sighed, this was getting less and less exciting::

Tytle Bronack: ::then jumps down hand remaining on the neck of the mare::

Zharyka: ::glances up, and toward the back of the group.

NeverWanderer: ::His eyes shoot to the new arrival::

Lark of Dreven: ::a small smile:: It has been a long time, but I hope I should lend some spirit to the group

Brynnalia: ::she gave him a hand as if to help him down... frail the traubador did look::

Tytle Bronack: My thanks ::whispers to the horse::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to nia::[q] not so happy you sighed up now, are ya?

Falan Fal: ::a nod to a few random NPC looking individuals, as well as Adron::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::he looked at the hole and wondered how he was going to get in that thing::

JakeMiach: ::looks to Falan::

Brynnalia: ::then she turned it, as if to allow him a nobleman's kiss upon it::

Riondhgh: ::a nod and crooked grin to Zee::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A flurry of movement below spurred the winged-woman to descend quickly, but quietly, landing after a moment with a soft thud near Zharyka::

Tytle Bronack: ::he turns and follows the group::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::suddenly was very glad he wasn't going down the hole::

Zharyka: ::an actual smile graced her lips for the first time, as if Rebel's appearance heartened her::

JakeMiach: ::a nod given to reb as he dismounts.

NeverWanderer: ::He slides from the mount and pats it lightly on the neck::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks at her for a moment, then dismounts::

Falan Fal: We will stay up top. Lyryk will lead you in... and the Lark will take over from there.

Falan Fal: We will be certain to make plenty of noise.

Zharyka: ::she slid down off the mare, patting it's neck in thanks::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances over at rebel::[q] ah, another shadow walker joins us, things are looking up

Roric Vellanur: ::Pitch wool was knotted just at the point of mid-thigh, keeping it's weight from the sewers water and the drag it would cause on his pace::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Breina as she lands::

Falan Fal: ::a sudden glance behind him, seeing Rebel for the first time::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::quietly to Chris:: I will do what is needed.

NeverWanderer: ::Looks to Zee, then Lark:: Who else comes with us?

Lark of Dreven: ::kisses the top of Brynn's hand::

Riondhgh: ::an ebon brow lifted with a sardonic smile to Tracker::

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches and pulls his own coat higher, tucking it about him::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A quiet murmur to the bard:: Lark....good to see you here.

Falan Fal: You are "Rebel".

CwilkeKalus: ::nods to nia::[q] just don't go crazy and fry us all, would make me look bad if word got back i died like that

Lark of Dreven: You will, of course, do you best to stay alive?

Falan Fal: I know of you. Do you fight for freedom?

Roric Vellanur: ::A slight smile was cast in Tytle's direction. The lad would learn, if nothing else, by watching::

Riondhgh: ::dressed from head to toe in black form fitting leather. Nods to Falan::

Brynnalia: ::She winks to the Lark at that:: Good luck Lark. May the moon smile upon ye... and Nostrella's prayers.. ::not really knowing that phrase too well:: ... uh.. be with ye.

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks to the hole::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::her lips curled into a smirk and she nodded::

Riondhgh: (s) Perfect name for tonight, eh.

Zharyka: ::quiet steps took her to where Tracker spoke to Rebel, and she mouthed the words "thank you" to the darkhaired woman::

JakeMiach: ::he pulls the cloak from his shoulders, reveling the broad sword strapped to his back::

Brynnalia: ::then smiles brightly as she straightens:: Oh don't ye be worryin' about me.

Riondhgh: ::a wink towards Zee::

Brynnalia: I'll just be workin' hard to cover ::gestures to Falan:: That grim one's arse.

Tytle Bronack: ::then back to Tracker as he leaves he thinks he sould speak say something...but...::

Lark of Dreven: ::nods, smiling warmly:: Go with a song in your heart. ::to both Falan and Brynn::

Brynnalia: I myself have quite the talent fer avoidin' danger.

JakeMiach: ::and the cloak is rolled to be left in the sewers::

CwilkeKalus: ::feeling that heat from the sewer, his thin cloak swirls slightly and turns into a full body suit as well, pitch black, just great for sneaking about::

NeverWanderer: ::Seeing them distracted, he moves to the sewer grate and stoops down to it::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Tracker:: Shall we move then?

Falan Fal: ::to Rebel:: [q] You know the city like the back of your hand, I am told. Do you know the Lark?

Roric Vellanur: (s) Tonite is a night of killing.. it's other Gods we should be praying to. ::Whispered in response to the mention of Nostrella::

Lark of Dreven: ::pauses, looking to Falan::

Riondhgh: ::a soft chuckle:: (vs) I have intimate knowledge of his calendar book.

Lark of Dreven: ::then glances to Rebel:: Ah.

Riondhgh: ::crooked grin to the Lark::

Zharyka: ::quirking a brow at the conversation:

Lark of Dreven: ::smiles back:: Welcome. Will you be joining us?

Falan Fal: ::the woodsman goes to each person, clasping them quickly on the arm.

NeverWanderer: ::Inspecting the edge of the grate, he gives it a slight pull.... then a harder one....::

Riondhgh: ::a nod...: (vs) Practically born in the serers...

VladiniaVonBraun: Here's to Zul.

Roric Vellanur: (sm) By the Undergods and thier minions... ::They were spending far too much chatting, andnot enough time *moving*::

Brynnalia: ::still upon her horse, she silently counts the mounts that are gathered... just in case::

Falan Fal: [q] Good luck. ::to each... with a solumn nod to Zharyka added::

Tytle Bronack: ::he shfts his weight, and waits::

CwilkeKalus: ;[q] here's to chaos, may we make a lot of it tonight

Zharyka: ::gazing at Tracker for a moment and returning the gesture::

Tytle Bronack: My thanks ::whispers to Tracker.

NeverWanderer: Adron, pull with me. This seal is weak

Falan Fal: ::grasping Ty's arm, he also added:: [q] You'll do fine. Fight with your heart.

Zharyka: ::quietly to Lark and Rebel:: let's go, before we're seen.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::as she noted Rebel going with those in the sewers, she elected to stay up top::

Tytle Bronack: :: he smiles at those words::

JakeMiach: ::a quiet nod given as the clasp is recieved::

Roric Vellanur: ::He nodded to Falan, silent as ever::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances at ty::[q] fight with your head, and your heart, you'll live longer

Lark of Dreven: ::nods to Zharyka::

Tytle Bronack: That I have Sir, heart

Falan Fal: ::going to Brynn and already taking up some of the horses::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks again to Lyryk::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::grabs hold of the grate and pulls::

Tytle Bronack: ::then a chuckle to the other giving advise::

CwilkeKalus: ::moves over to the grate::

Roric Vellanur: And stay close to me. ::Glaring down at Tytle::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She hung back, feeling slightly out of place amongst those who knew much of the city.

Tytle Bronack: ::he nods and moves beside him::

NeverWanderer: ::Together, they rip the grate free with a loud crunch::

Lark of Dreven: ::to Lyryk, motions to Adron:: WHO's this strong one?

Riondhgh: ::winces at the noise::

CwilkeKalus: [q] good, can we move this little mission along now?

Brynnalia: ::she hollers over to Zharyka:: Hey! Ye come back now ye hear! I need me free drinks in the tavern!

Falan Fal: ::a glance at Breina, in passing:: [q] Will you be alright down there...? ::indicating her wings::

NeverWanderer: ::Glances to Lark, then back to Adron:: This is Sir Adron Taal.

Falan Fal: ::a wince at the gypsy's HOLLER::

Roric Vellanur: (s) What's your name? ::Still looking down on Tytle::

Zharyka: ::blinks at Brynn, and then gives her a half smile:: I promise.

Brynnalia: ::not that loud... they are gathered around after all::

Falan Fal: ::and a glare:: Gods save me. I travel with the mouth.

Tytle Bronack: Tytle Sir but call me Ty

Breina Ashlyn: Of course ::came the swift reply::

NeverWanderer: ::A smirk to Adron:: You tell him all your titles if you wish, I barely remember them.

Breina Ashlyn: I can walk too...: a wry smile::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] :: a nod to the man inquiring of him::

CwilkeKalus: [q] well lyryk? your up, lead on already

Falan Fal: ::a nod to Breina... and he stood by to assist anyone who neded help down::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::a swift glance at Lyryk:: Another time, fighting awaits us now.

Roric Vellanur: Fine, Ty. A few pointers before we begin. One.. ::Holding up a leather-clad finger:: I say stop, you stop. Two.. ::another finger:: I say run, you run. Three.. ::A third finger:: I stop, you stop. Two.. ::another finger:: I say run, you run. Three.. ::A third finger:: I say get behind me, you do so. Understood?

Lark of Dreven: ::chuckles:: I thought it was my job to tell them to him. ::winks::

Brynnalia: ::then nudging her horse to graze by the winged aeromancer, she bends down for a more quieted words:: And ye... better come back and give me one of them feather cloaks.

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks to the fingers and listens.

NeverWanderer: ::A grim nod to both Adron and Chris and he adresses the group::

Lark of Dreven: ::stops to shake Falan's hand brusquely before he descends into the sewers::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron] ::laughing:: So it may be.

Brynnalia: ::a playful smile and a wink::

Tytle Bronack: :: a fast nod this time:: I do

NeverWanderer: I will go down first and make sure everything is clear.. After I give the signal, whoever is coming do so... and quietly.. we dont want to arouse the attention of any... lizards.

Falan Fal: ::a nod to Bronwyn, heartened... he did not expect rebel or the famed Lark torisk themselves in this quest...:

Breina Ashlyn: ::She laid a hand on the gypsy's shoulder, allowing a small smile to form on her lips::: I will keep one for you, gypsy. [q] do well.

JakeMiach: Ty you listen to him

Falan Fal: ::he had no god, but he said a prayer anyway::

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks to Jake and smiles:: I will thank you Jake

Lark of Dreven: ::but doesn't quite descend yet.

Zharyka: ::fidgeting a bit, she didn't want to be the first to descend, but they had to get out of sight::

CwilkeKalus: ::quirks a grin in spite of himself::

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::nods to Lyryk, slipping a quick prayer to the One for protection::

Brynnalia: ::her smile was genuine for the younger lass... she did like the young thing after all::

Brynnalia: ::even if she and Erel were dating.

NeverWanderer: ::At this, he slips into the hole and drops down with a splash::

Roric Vellanur: (qm) All this breath we're wasting could be better spent.

Zharyka: ::glancing up from the sewer and watching Falan and Brynn:: (q) Fates watch over ye both.

Brynnalia: ::she nods and straightens, her mount beginning to circle the descending group::

CwilkeKalus: ::follows suit, with a splash ::[q] this is not a memory i want....

VladiniaVonBraun: [Adron]::remounts his horse, awaiting the gypsy lass' ead::

CwilkeKalus: ::moves to the side so he doesn't get landed on::

Riondhgh: ::Rebel dips down into the muck, a pace behind Chris::

Lark of Dreven: ::shakes head:: I suppose I need some laundry done anyway.

Falan Fal: [q] I'll see you for a mulled cider tomorrow, Zharyka Jelahldoran.

NeverWanderer: :After a moment, he calls up in a harsh whisper:: Clear.

Zharyka: ~ye will.~

Roric Vellanur: Ty.. go before me. ::A strong hand giving the lad a slight push in the back::

Lark of Dreven: ::one last glance at Brynnalia before he descends::

CwilkeKalus: [q] alright then, lets go find some heads to bust, i'm getting an itchy dagger finger

Zharyka: ::the mental tone gentle::

Tytle Bronack: ::he moves to the hole and slide in::

Riondhgh: ::motioning towards the other to continue in..giving the all clear sign...in cant::

JakeMiach: ::he follows last into the hole, pulling the grate over them

VladiniaVonBraun: ::Adron, resettles his helm between his legs, over the pommel and covers it with his cloak::

Zharyka: ::steeling herself, she knelt and climbed down in after the others::

CwilkeKalus: ::slides closer to the dark wall, his form blending in nearly perfectly::

Roric Vellanur: Ah..such a waste to good, oiled doeskin... ::Withering a humored sigh as he descends into the cold darkness::

Brynnalia: ::she blew a kiss to the Lark... and heck... Roric too!::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She stood back, waiting for the majority to be through before throwing a backward glance to those who were not descending.

Falan Fal: ::the sewers were fetid, as expected, and a pack of rats scurried away from the descending group::

NeverWanderer: ::Lyryk has his blades out and at the ready, scanning the darkness around him::

Tytle Bronack: ::The splash of cold wet, solids mixed with black goo surround him he moves, wades forward:

Brynnalia: ::Tsking to herself... she wasn't following her own policy of not risking handsome creatures in foolish gambles::

Brynnalia: ::ah well::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Lyryk, then looks around, hands on hips:: You know. I really prefer the countryside.

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to the lark:: don't we all

Zharyka: ::quiet steps to Rebel's side, watching the others.

NeverWanderer: ::This gets a slight chuckle:: You're not the only one, friend.

CwilkeKalus: wish we had a hydromancer with us, make the going easier

Tytle Bronack: ::he slide his feet through the muck, keeping a good pace::

Falan Fal: ::the splash of retreating rodents fades away... though there is a constant drip of ooze and other vile liquids... each person gets his or her share of drizzle down their back or atop their head::

JakeMiach: ::he lowers himself to hands and feet, the smell catching in his throat::

Tytle Bronack: ::a glance behind him::

VladiniaVonBraun: Kill many, Irmaa's guard is in sore need.

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Cwilke:: Who ever said fighting for freedom would be easy?

JakeMiach: ::following those before him::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Though it was a tight fit, the woman squeezed through and dropped down to plash in the water below.

NeverWanderer: ::His eyes slowly begin to glow blood red as he slips into his inborn heat vision::

CwilkeKalus: not me, it's just the youth in me

Tytle Bronack: ::then a press to the one in front::

Falan Fal: ::ahead, the sewers wind.....::

Tytle Bronack: ::he feels the slim drip down his neck and he shakes his head::

CwilkeKalus: ::follows the company::

Roric Vellanur: (sm) Smells like a whore house. ::Cutting through the muck and sludge with a blades ease::

CwilkeKalus: ::and with every drip of ooze, his form ripples::[q] bloody annoying sewers....

Breina Ashlyn: ::she sniffed delicately the stench of filth and gave a shake of her head in disgust::

Lark of Dreven: ::follows along, dropping slightly back to walk with Breina::

Zharyka: ::a curious and impressed look at Rebel, and she moves along with the others::

Falan Fal: ::the sewers twisted and turned... at each turn, Lyryk had to glance, then glance again...::

Riondhgh: ::completely at home, Rebel points out obstacles or low, sharp dangers to those around::

Riondhgh: ::as they go along.

NeverWanderer: ::Glancing around, he points his longsword down one particularly black tunnel::
This way

JakeMiach: I hate slime and reptiles and all this sh**[sw]

Lark of Dreven: You are, Breina Ashlyn, are you not?

JakeMiach: ::shaking his head::

Riondhgh: ::silently, all her communication is in handlanguage, and motions::

CwilkeKalus: ::follows lyryk, aka, fearless leader::

Falan Fal: ::the floor was no floor at all - it was sewage - and it squished underfoot::

Tytle Bronack: ::He pulls his coat higher, bending past the object noted::

Falan Fal: ::some foot beneath the sewage was stone... somewhere down there...::

Zharyka: ::a continuously wrinkled nose at the smell::

Roric Vellanur: (sm) They'll smell us long before they see us.

NeverWanderer: ::Slowly he moves forward::

JakeMiach: ::the moisture in his boots like fetid sand::

Tytle Bronack: ::he steps off to the side a bit, stumbles, but catches himself::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She turned her head to look at the Lark:: I am, Lark...however I don't know your real name..

Roric Vellanur: Careful, lad.

JakeMiach: ::easing between his toes::

CwilkeKalus: ::well atleast he has that bad sense of smell, can't smell a thing::

Lark of Dreven: ::smiles:: Bronwyn Belfante. I suppose I get so used to being called by my title that I sometimes forget I have a name.

CwilkeKalus: ::and if he can, he sure ain't showing it::

Lark of Dreven: Speaks-the-Winds-Secrets has spoken well of you.

Falan Fal: ::another turn... and the middle ground is replaced by rough, pale stone, the sewage gathered at eather side of the newly raised path::

NeverWanderer: ::His senses are painfully open... keeping them focussed all around them::

Tytle Bronack: ::he feels the liquid begins to seep into his boots, around his toes::

Zharyka: ::careful to touch as little as possible::

Breina Ashlyn: ::a sad smile at that:: Aye, I know how that is Bronwyn....for awhile, I had heard "Councilmember" more than Breina.

Lark of Dreven: ::chuckles lightly, but it is interrupted by a violent cough:: Excuse me. I'm...not quite myself these days.

CwilkeKalus: [q] well, maybe we can get a few of the imps just by the smell of us when we get there...

Riondhgh: ::sharp eyes, maximally dilated looks closely at the raised path::

Breina Ashlyn: Ah yes? I know her slightly..

Falan Fal: ::.....the path..... the white stone.....::

Tytle Bronack: ::he leans back as the order hits him hard, but he shakes his head and moves on::

Falan Fal: ::.....was not stone::

Lark of Dreven: ::stil coughing a bit:: You'd...be surprised as how much she knows. I know I am.

JakeMiach: ::the tracks in the ooze before him, he tries to stand, to lift his hands from the filth::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A sigh at that:: It seems no one is themself these days ::As she trudged along near the rear of the group::

Falan Fal: ::the reptile was HUGE ... and the mouth opened with a ROAR.

NeverWanderer: ::Easilly stepping around the most disgusting bits of sewage::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks to the thing:: lyryk, this one's yours

Tytle Bronack: ::he sound stops him in his tracks.

NeverWanderer: ...here we go..

Zharyka: ::startles, stumbling back::

Falan Fal: ::a MASSIVE albino crocodile lunged out from the sewage, mouth turned sideways in order to snatch up as many little meals as possible.

Roric Vellanur: (sm) Wonderful.

Lark of Dreven: ::startled by the roar, he looks up::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She didn't hear Bronwyn's last comment due to the ROAR of the white stone that was not stone::

Roric Vellanur: Ty.. behind me. Now!

NeverWanderer: ::Immediately, Lyryk jumps back from the attacking croc::

Lark of Dreven: Did someone forget their pet down here?

Riondhgh: ::scuttles up towards the ceiling...onto the walls....to circle the backside of the reptile:

JakeMiach: ::the blade quivers in his hand as he hears the roar::

Tytle Bronack: ::he moves to step behind him, slipping but not falling::

CwilkeKalus: ::immediatly, his wrist blades extend a good foot out from his skin::

NeverWanderer: Wait!!! No one move!!

Lark of Dreven: ::pulls out his daggers from beneath his cloak, staying close to Breina::

Roric Vellanur: Stay there. ::An order not to be challenged::

Riondhgh: ::freezes::

Zharyka: ::freezes, she was just about to step behind Roric with Ty::

Tytle Bronack: ::he finds the dagger in his belt pulling at his coat, tugging at his pants::

CwilkeKalus: ::moves up and next to lyryk::[q] what now?

Breina Ashlyn: ::Luckily, she was behind most of the group and had Bronwyn nearby...it seemed that her skills would not help her much in the sewers::

Lark of Dreven: ::stops in his tracks::

JakeMiach: ::and sinks into the ooze we call water.

NeverWanderer: ::He circles around the croc:: stay here

Tytle Bronack: ::he holds it in his hands and stands::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods::

Falan Fal: ::the unmoving folk are ATTACKED - the croc's maw sweeping over them!!.

NeverWanderer: ::To the Croc:: Stop!!

CwilkeKalus: ::leaps up an attaches to the ceiling of the sewer as the maw comes at them::

Lark of Dreven: ::dives into Breina, knocking her to the floor of the sewer::

CwilkeKalus: you sneaky bastard....

JakeMiach: ::slowly beneath the scum he waits, dirk in hand silent::

Roric Vellanur: ::A silent hiss and metal flashes dim within the tunnel::

Zharyka: ::blinks, Lyryk was just going to TELL the croc to stop? she tried to dodge the huge mouth and get behind Roric::

JakeMiach: ::the underbelly soft::

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches then begins stoops, ready to throw himself forward, blade in hand::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She slams into sludge with a cry, Bronwyns weight falling on top of her.

NeverWanderer: ::Still keeping wide of the croc... he tries to put forth a very distinct *no harm* vibe::

Lark of Dreven: ::groans as his body protests even this...::

CwilkeKalus: ::thinks, maybe i can hop on it's back, sounds like a diversion::

Tytle Bronack: ::he leans to a side wall, trying to locate the beast::

Roric Vellanur: I said stay there. ::Hissing with venom at the boy behind, having caught the motion::

Riondhgh: ::drops from the wall silently behind the croc...as it passes under in its attack::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to lyryk:: can't always be diplomatic

JakeMiach: ::~he hates reptiles~::

Tytle Bronack: ::he stops, stands.

NeverWanderer: ::Shakes his head..... this one is too hungry::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Hands scramble at his clothing, in an attempt to get her bearings once more, while the deafening roar continues::

CwilkeKalus: ::and with that, as soon as the thing is under him, he drop down, blades first, onto it's back::

Lark of Dreven: ::lying in the mud and water, he holds her down:: Be still.

NeverWanderer: Alright... have at him... ::Sprinting toward the croc::

CwilkeKalus: ::and stabs, what little he can, into the thick hide::

Zharyka: ::oofs as the croc catches her foot, knocking her into the sludge::

Falan Fal: ::Rebel and Chris successfully arrive behind it... the great maw rushes for the winged Breina::

JakeMiach: ::the dirk searches in the stench for the soft bottom of the beast::

Roric Vellanur: Ty, get the woman! ::Nodding to Zee::

CwilkeKalus: ::just keeps putting weight on the blades, which sink further into the hide::

Falan Fal: ::birdie.....::

Tytle Bronack: ::he bends his knees dipping into the slime arms ahead, blade in hand::

Riondhgh: ::a roll of her eyes, she plunges her sword to it's vertebrate....between the back two legs:

Tytle Bronack: ::he runs to Zee's side reaching for her arm.

NeverWanderer: ::Coming at it from the side, he drives both his blades at it's ribs::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A scream, as she sees the great beast lunge for her, and she feels Bronwyns weight leave her::

Falan Fal: ::the croc roars suddenly, Jake's hidden blade piercing its underbelly::

Riondhgh: ::dodging the flailing tail....aiming to disable the back legs::

Lark of Dreven: Alright then. ::gets up, standing above her, both daggers out, face white as a sheet::

CwilkeKalus: ::ok, so he's never wrestled with a large albino croc, so sue him::

Tytle Bronack: ::he pulls her from the sludge::

Falan Fal: ::the toothy maw snaps the air, missing Breina by inches::

Roric Vellanur: ::And Roric? Well, with so many folks all attacking, there wasn't a place --logistically - for him to go. He stood where he was, blade at the ready, should the beast maneuver into range::

Zharyka: ::gagging a bit, now that she's slimed on one side, she takes Ty's hand, gladly::

JakeMiach: ::and he pulls the knife towards him, ripping the soft scales beneath the muck::

Tytle Bronack: ::tugs on her arms to pull her up::

Falan Fal: ::Lyryk, Rebel and Chris converge in on their own attacks... Jake's blade staying true... dark blood spraying over the crouched man::

Lark of Dreven: ::trembling, holds the daggers in front of himself, mere feet away from the croc""

Breina Ashlyn: ::Being able to move now, she scrambles backwards, trying desperately to stay out of range of the razor sharp teeth::

CwilkeKalus: ::pulls out the blades, and scrambles up the thing and tries piercing an eye::

Zharyka: ::feet stumbling over themselves to put more distance between her and the croc::

JakeMiach: ::the putrid stench bubbles out to mix with the sludge::

Tytle Bronack: ::pulls a cloth from his pocket and holds it to her to wipe her face::

CwilkeKalus: ::keeps jabbing at the thing's head with his blades::

Tytle Bronack: ::he runs with her, behind her following::

JakeMiach: ::~I hate reptiles~:: and he sinks into the scum::

Falan Fal: ::the croc, unable to get at Jake, whips its head around for Rebel::

Falan Fal: ::SNAP::

Zharyka: ::she stops a few feet away, taking the cloth gratefully, but her gaze goes back to the fight::

Tytle Bronack: ::then a look back::

CwilkeKalus: ::as he hacks:: anyone know how to disable this thing's bite!

JakeMiach: ::and he lunges the blade again towards the beast's neck.

NeverWanderer: ::As his blades drive in, he pushes off with his feet and, using the swords as his axis, summersaults onto the beast's back::

Roric Vellanur: Tie his mouth closed. ::Spoken casually....::

Riondhgh: ::twisting in the air, she grabs onto something hanging and pulls out of its range::

CwilkeKalus: well obviously

Breina Ashlyn: ::She tried...tried to think of something she could use...anything..

CwilkeKalus: you got rope on ya?

JakeMiach: ::reaching to sever the throat::

Tytle Bronack: ::he begins to move back to the group:: My belt

Riondhgh: ::her movements quicker than thought, one foot, barely making its way out of its maw before the jaws clap shut::

Breina Ashlyn: but there was nothing but mud, water, and filth::

Tytle Bronack: ::he pulls it off and throws it in his direction::

CwilkeKalus: nevermind, i got it

Falan Fal: ::the creature continues to thrash - its huge tail churning the air, crashing into the wall and knocking aside anyone unfortunate enough to be in the way::

Lark of Dreven: ::stares deep into the reptile's frightened, angry eyes...paralyzed by what he sees::

OnlineHost: **Elundome has left the room.**

Zharyka: (q) Fates and Goddess ...

JakeMiach: ::then backs away from the beast raising to stare the critter in the eye::

CwilkeKalus: ::being an outlander and all, he has surprises, his arms liquifying and wrapping around the things mouth like strong rope being one of them::

Tytle Bronack: ::holds his pants, as he falls into the muck::

NeverWanderer: ::Immediately, he yanks his blades out and burries them into the things back, keeping himself leveraged::

Breina Ashlyn: ::a cry to Bronwyn as the beast's tail moves his way:: Watch out!

Tytle Bronack: ::he grads at the wall to find his way up::

CwilkeKalus: ::his "muscles" strain to keep it shut::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::having changed her mind at the last minute, she had wandered the sewers in search of them, the sounds of battle drawing her *finally* down the right tunnel::

Lark of Dreven: ::shakes his head to break the spell and sees the tail coming for him at the last moment::

JakeMiach: ::and backs off willing to let the thing thrash and bleed out::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She moved on hands and knees toward him to yank on his clothing::

CwilkeKalus: you know croc, i'm gonna turn you into a bag when we kill you, i could use some new shoes too

Lark of Dreven: ::he jumps, but it still clips him slightly...thrown several feet through the muck::

Lark of Dreven: ::he lands with a splash::

OnlineHost: **LaWren of Dreven has entered the room.**

Falan Fal: ::indeed, the croc no longer seemed to be attacking... its flails seemed death throes::

Tytle Bronack: ::crawls along the side wall, away from the thing.

NeverWanderer: ::he cant help but chuckle as he uses the swords to pull his way up toward the beasts head:: Just like riding a wild horse...

Roric Vellanur: Here.. ::Tossing the belt in Ty's direction:: You'll need this.

CwilkeKalus: ::lets go, recoiling his stretched arms::

Riondhgh: ::slips towards the Lark...making sure his head comes up out of the muck in a timely manner:

Tytle Bronack: ::he stands and breaths, holding the blade tight::

Zharyka: ::swallows, hard, stepping toward Breina.

NeverWanderer: ...A very large... wild horse

CwilkeKalus: yea, fun.....

Tytle Bronack: ::catches the belt glad no one can see his blush under the muck::

Lark of Dreven: ::pushes himself up with one arm, the wind knocked out of him::

Lark of Dreven: ::nods to Rebel that he is alright, just shaken, then looks to Breina::

CwilkeKalus: reminds me of a large cobra i once fought, not on my own mind you

Falan Fal: ::...and finally... it twitches its last twitch::

Zharyka: ::glancing warily down the tunnel behind the group::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Frightened eyes search out Zee's and she mumbles to the other woman::

Gods.....:already her glance was moving to Bronwyn a few feet away as if to say "I'm fine, are you?"::

Tytle Bronack: ::he slips the belt back through the loops of his pants::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she peered down the tunnel at a mass of forms and slowly mucked her way toward them::

Zharyka: ::her gaze going back to Breina and holding out a hand to the winged woman to help her up::

CwilkeKalus: ::pokes at the thing:: deader than the khan himself

Tytle Bronack: ::then walks to Zee:: Are you alright M'Lady

NeverWanderer: ::It shudders under him and dies..... he just lies there...his blades stcking out of its hyde::

Lark of Dreven: ::nods to Breina::

CwilkeKalus: ::drops down to sit for a moment::

Riondhgh: ::eyes look ahead, wary of any more...down the passage...eyes luminous in the dark::

Zharyka: ::a nod to Ty:: just bruised... thank ye...

Breina Ashlyn: ::she accepts the hand gratefully, pulling herself up and giving a thankful look to the tenderess::

Lark of Dreven: ::sits for a few more moments, looking at the crocodile::

Lark of Dreven: Definitely NOT someone's pet. ::groans and stands::

Zharyka: ::a squeeze of Breina's hand, and she turned to the others:: is everyone a'right...?

CwilkeKalus: ::breathing heavier then usual, which is breathing at all, from the exertion:: wish i could use a few magical skills of mine without going insane

NeverWanderer: ::Finally yanks his swords free and slides from the back of the behemoth::
Everybody alright?

VladiniaVonBraun: Not exactly the death I had hoped for.

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks about trying to find his place again::

Falan Fal: ::the croc is some sort of mutated beat, its hide white, like flatstone::

Tytle Bronack: ::he tunks the blade back in his belt::

Roric Vellanur: ::Glancing over the beast:: Hm. Would make a good sheild. ::Assessing it's hide::

CwilkeKalus: ::announces:: i'm gonna stuff this thing and hang it up in the crosswinds, it'll look good on a wall somewhere

JakeMiach: ::~scaly bastards~, shaking the crap from his hair and wiping his eyes::

Lark of Dreven: ::moves his ankle around:: Doesn't feel injured. ::touches a spot on his side::

Lark of Dreven: That's gonna bruise.

Zharyka: Over my dead body, Chris. ::a snort::

CwilkeKalus: ::chuckles::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She moved now, quickly over to the Lark, head scanning his body for injuries::
YOu took quite a spill.....: with respect.

CwilkeKalus: fine, how about just the head?

NeverWanderer: ::He laughs at the exchange and just looks back at the thing:: ... Bigger than the one I saw

JakeMiach: There's more! Damn you!

Lark of Dreven: ::nods:: Not as quick as I used to be.

Zharyka: ::a tentative wriggle of her foot, and satisfied that it was alright, she looked back up at Chris:: no.

CwilkeKalus: ::glances at jake:: huh? ::shrugs:: fine.....

Roric Vellanur: Let's leave it and move on. ::He wasn't on this mission to bother with crap-crocks::
Those injured, move to the center so you can be protected.

JakeMiach: There must be a bigger one then

Zharyka: ::she had no intentions of being reminded DAILY of this little trip to hell::

Lark of Dreven: Looks like everyone else came out alright.

Tytle Bronack: ::he smiles to Jake:: Well done

Lark of Dreven: ::to Zee:: Don't worry. I'll be sure to write a ballad about this.

JakeMiach: I hate reptiles

Falan Fal: ::Jake is COVERED in sewage and blood::

CwilkeKalus: i wonder what croc tastes like, fried up real nice and all.....:ponders that for a momen, sitting atop the corpse::

Tytle Bronack: ::then begins again to follow the dark one, sliding through the slime::

Zharyka: ::a soft groan at Bronwyn::

NeverWanderer: ::Just walks around the thing to get his bearings::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Absently picking sludge off of her face::

Zharyka: ::nodding at Roric:: he's right, let's get moving...

Roric Vellanur: (sm) We won't need a distraction when we reach the keep. Our stench will drive everyone away.

JakeMiach: Tastes like sh** iffin its down here

Lark of Dreven: ::looks back to Breina:: I apologize for surprising you, there.

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks again to Jake:: That is not your blood is it?

CwilkeKalus: ::nods:: let's move out, we got places to go, people to kill, others to rescue

JakeMiach: I ride horses mate

Falan Fal: ::the tunnel branches... and the famed Dreven Tunnels loom ahead::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She waves his apology away::: No need.....I should be thanking you

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she merely watched and waited for the group to move so that she could follow, more closely this time::

CwilkeKalus: ::stands and moves with the company::

Roric Vellanur: (sm) Eye's like rats.. ::He had to wonder how some saw so many details in the

dimness of the tunnels. Afterall, noone had bothered with a torch.

NeverWanderer: ::He looks back to the group:: ..I think we're here..

Lark of Dreven: ::grins:: Well, if you insist.

CwilkeKalus: i would conser

Zharyka: ::moving closer to Lyryk's position::

CwilkeKalus: ::stops next to lyryk::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Lyryk:: Eh?

Riondhgh: ::slips towards the tunnels.....when everyone seems ready to move, eyes and mind searching for wards::

JakeMiach: ::back to his hands and knees he follows::

CwilkeKalus: well, looks like your not the fearless leader anymore

NeverWanderer: ::Nods forward to where the tunnels change::

Falan Fal: ::a grate from up above sheds a vague light into the sewers... and snowflakes drifting down from the hole appear quite out of place::

OnlineHost: HeatherLTremayne has entered the room.

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to rebel:: anything?

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she could have provided a torch, of course they would all have blown up from sewer gas, but hey, this was a mission from hell wasn't it?::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to where Lyryk has nodded:: Aye. It could be. Let me have a closer look.

Roric Vellanur: How.. convenient. ::Casting a sour look up to the grate::

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches the snow, tempted to try to catch a flake on his tongue::

Lark of Dreven: ::walks up to stand next to Lyryk.

NeverWanderer: ::A nod and Lyryk keeps to the lark's side, blades ready::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks up at the grate:: now couldn't we have just used that one?

Zharyka: ::quietly:: that one's probably INside the Keep...

CwilkeKalus: ::shrugs, and hovers up to glance through it::

Lark of Dreven: ::waves a hand forward and nods to Lyryk:: I'll take it from here, lad.

NeverWanderer: ::Another nod::

CwilkeKalus: ::another shrug, and he lands on his feet::

Lark of Dreven: ::takes a step into where the tunnels begin to change::

Falan Fal: ::indeed, to Chris's eyes... it is the inner courtyard... the boot of an Imperial Guard walks by, some twenty feet distant, crunshing in the snow::

Lark of Dreven: ::there is noticeably less sludge and water here, but, apparently, more rats::

CwilkeKalus: well, looks right, we under the keep

Lark of Dreven: ::Bronwyn rubs his head, mentally re-constructing the map of the tunnels::

JakeMiach: ::~good mammals~::

Roric Vellanur: (s) All keep to whispers here. Voices travel far. ::Hissing into the darkness::

Zharyka: ::shushes Chris softly::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods::[q] sorry

Tytle Bronack: ::he jumps some as the first rat runs over his boots::

Lark of Dreven: ::whispers to Lyryk:: From here on...keep the talking to a minimum. Pass it on.

Zharyka: ::rats ... she could deal with rats. kick::

JakeMiach: ::looks to Ty::

Brynnalia: *squeak*

Tytle Bronack: ::then steps behind him again::

Lark of Dreven: ::the tunnels are also narrower, not as wide and open as the sewers::

Roric Vellanur: *crunch*

NeverWanderer: ::A nod and he turns to the group with his index finger over his lips::

Lark of Dreven: ::after a couple of minutes, the tunnel forks, and Bronwyn pauses::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods to Lyryk::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::rats, her friends during childhood, she smiled down at the small rodents as they scurried past::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Quietly attempting to shake the filth off her wings...they would be of no use to her if weighed down::

NeverWanderer: ::Looking to each in turn to make sure they see him::

Lark of Dreven: ::a moment passes and he chooses the left fork, running his hands over a small engraved illustration at the corner of the fork of a thick flame::

Falan Fal: ::the tunnels beneath Taysayad Keep - few had traveled them before... fewer still did so legally::

Zharyka: ::a curious little tendril of psi sent out ahead of them, simply to see if there was anyone coming::

CwilkeKalus: ::follow the column::

Riondhgh: ::a crooked grin to Lyryk as she passes::

JakeMiach: ::following slowly, his head bumping on the vaulted ceiling::

Lark of Dreven: ::takes it slowly...having to remember as he goes...it has been a while.

NeverWanderer: ::A nod to Rebel and he makes his way back to the front of the group::

Lark of Dreven: ::in a couple of places, Bronwyn turns down a fork that was not obviously there to the naked eye, built at such an angle that the aperture needs a keen pair of eyes to spot it::

Roric Vellanur: ::Following with silent steps::

Tytle Bronack: ::staying close behind::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she moved closer to the group so as not to get lost, staying silent still::

CwilkeKalus: ::thinks, you know what would suck right about now? a cave in or something::

NeverWanderer: ::Barely notices the odd architecture.. wasn't that a wall?::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She moves behind Bronwyn, keeping her eyes peeled for any more...anomalies::

Lark of Dreven: ::the tunnels literally become a maze::

CwilkeKalus: ::don't they always...::

Zharyka: ::trying to memorize the turns they take, in case Bronwyn wasn't able to lead them out, gods forbid::

JakeMiach: ::his thoughts turn to his accomplice::

Lark of Dreven: ::after a while many of the intersections begin to look the same...weren't we here before?::

Tytle Bronack: ::Even his own breath seems loud within his ears as he tries to remain silent.

NeverWanderer: ::Moves to keep pace with Bronwyn:: [q] Are you sure we're heading the right way?

Zharyka: ::biting her lip, she'd been just about to ask the same::

CwilkeKalus: ::dear god i hope so::

Lark of Dreven: ::coughs a bit, looks to Lyryk:: Aye. As certain as I can be.

JakeMiach: ::here in the bowels of the city::

Riondhgh: ::uses her own system of mnemonic devices...to keep the way memorized...::

Falan Fal: ::a rat eyes the group oddly, in passing, as if to say, "Do I know you...?".

NeverWanderer: ::A slight nod and he falls into step behind the man, trusting his confidence::

Roric Vellanur: ::More like the anus of the Keep::

JakeMiach: ::and Uriah left behind, he wanders::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::~that cough could get a man or woman killed~, a slight smirk as she thought::

Riondhgh: ::things few would notice in the dark to her..landmarks::

JakeMiach: ::like days before, his thoughts turn::

Lark of Dreven: ::It is another half an hour of slow-going through the maze before one last fork leads them straight into what appears to be a dead end::

Tytle Bronack: ::He looks to the wall the knowledge that alone he would never find his way back::

JakeMiach: ::to the steel layed upon his back::

Lark of Dreven: ::grunts and stops in front of the wall;;

CwilkeKalus: ::by now is quiet tired of walking nowhere:: this better now be a real dead end....

Lark of Dreven: ::looks back, frowning::

Zharyka: ::she'd lost track, hard as she'd tried, and her shoulders slumped at the sight of the dead end::

JakeMiach: ::it will sing tonight::

Lark of Dreven: ::then looks to the wall::

Lark of Dreven: Just a moment...

CwilkeKalus: ::frowns, figures::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She rubs together cold hands, eyes darting around, then lingering on the dead end.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she stopped abruptly, almost bumping into someone as she had been looking at rats::

Lark of Dreven: ::reaches out his arms and begins to trace a square outline on the wall::

Breina Ashlyn: She had been overly quiet the last 20 minutes or so of the trek.

NeverWanderer: ::Watches with his right brow quirked::

JakeMiach: ::silent echos::

CwilkeKalus: ::good::

Lark of Dreven: ::seams appear, hidden by a thin layer of dust::

JakeMiach: ::searching::

CwilkeKalus: ::mentally lets a breath of air out in a whistle::

Lark of Dreven: ::the outline forms a large block of stone...Bronwyn grunts and pushes it inwards::

Riondhgh: ::a sardonic grin lights her face...learning the secret ways into the keep, her guide the ::

Riondhgh: ::Loremaster himself::

Zharyka: ::eyes widen, and she leans forward, peering at what Bronwyn's doing.

NeverWanderer: ::Smirks and shakes his head::

CwilkeKalus: ::seeing that grin, knowing exactly all that it entails, and he would agree::

Lark of Dreven: ::with a slightly grating noise it slides inwards::

Tytle Bronack: ::he shivers slightly the chill of the wetness holding him::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she shook her head, they all wanted to die with all the noise they were making::

Falan Fal: ::...the floor beyond... slick and polished... and without dust::

Breina Ashlyn: ::curious eyes blink at the secret door, but she isn't surprised....she suddenly remembered all to well another expedition full of them::

Falan Fal: ::floor::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::shrugging, oh well, more additions to the Undead Guard::

JakeMiach: ::warriors caste calling him::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks at the floor, then back at the group::

Zharyka: ::the tendril of psi sent out before them again, checking for other minds nearby.

NeverWanderer: ::He takes a step forward, peering into the opening in the wall::

Lark of Dreven: ::to the group:: Quietly. ::he motions for them to follow::

Roric Vellanur: (vs) Stay behind me. ::Orders sent in a whisper to Tytle::

Falan Fal: ::the sound of running feet can be heard, distantly, in this new clean hallway::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods, and moves on behind lyryk::

JakeMiach: ::he rises as much as he can, the dirk held within his hand.

NeverWanderer: ::A nod and he slides into the room, his senses once more scanning all around them::

Zharyka: ::pausing to let a few pass before her, she joins the last of the group as they pass thru the secret door::

Roric Vellanur: ::His blade was drawn and held close against the black-clad frame as he moved from the tunnel and into the keep::

Riondhgh: ::Rebel strips her leathers off...stripping nude before donning a black silk glove like suit

Lark of Dreven: ::walks through the false wall::

Breina Ashlyn: ::moving alongside Zee into the hallway::

Riondhgh: ::before stepping into the tunnel::

Riondhgh: ::clean and dry::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she followed behind the last of the group, actually the last to enter::

Tytle Bronack: ::he follows, drawing his dagger, well the burrowed one, as well::

Falan Fal: ::...and distant shouts as well.... and even more distantly, the wild nickering of horses, and running hooves, just outside::

JakeMiach: ::following the others through::

Lark of Dreven: ::begins to move down the tunnel/hall::

Roric Vellanur: ::So, the distraction had begun..... ::

Lark of Dreven: ::motions:: This way...

NeverWanderer: ::Keeps close to Bronwyn::

Zharyka: ::whispered:: that's our "decoys"...

Lark of Dreven: ::nods::

CwilkeKalus: ::moves to the cleaner walls and blends in as well with these ones, his "skin" changing tint and color::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::~May Adron be safe~::

Tytle Bronack: ::he steps silently, following::

CwilkeKalus: ::and only a slight fluctuation is seen as he moves with the group::

Zharyka: ::a glance flickered at Rebel, envious of her being clean and dry::

Lark of Dreven: ::still actually in the tunnels, but close to the keep, Bronwyn leads the group down to the end::

Breina Ashlyn: ::silently, she follows along, not recognizing at all which part of the Keep they now occupied ::

JakeMiach: ::he wipes the dirk on his pants and tucks it in his belt::

Lark of Dreven: ::here, actually in the stone of the wall itself, is a ladder of iron rods::

Lark of Dreven: ::frowns slightly, then shakes his head and points upwards::

Riondhgh: ::stays to the side of the hall...and holds her hand up before Lark touches the end::

Riondhgh: ::hissing:: Hold....

Lark of Dreven: ::looks back to Rebel questioningly::

Riondhgh: ::points towards a series of runes etched barely visible in the wall::

CwilkeKalus: ::stops, and looks up at the ladder, his skin changing back to it's normal color::

Roric Vellanur: ::Blade returned to it's sheath slung across his back, he paused with the rest of the group:

JakeMiach: ::reaching over his back he draws Lamhfada from its sheath.

NeverWanderer: ::Watches Rebel intently::

Lark of Dreven: Aye?

Riondhgh: (vsw) Runes....fire runes.....

CwilkeKalus: fire runes, eh? that sounds like fun.....

JakeMiach: ::and looks to the runes:: ya read them ::whispered::

Lark of Dreven: Not here...

Riondhgh: ~just a week old~ ::in cant::

Lark of Dreven: We must ascend the ladder.

OnlineHost: **Brynnalia has left the room.**

VladiniaVonBraun: ::standing at the back of the group she had no idea why they had stopped, only able to hear unintelligible whispers from the front::

Riondhgh: ::a shake of her head....looking back for Nia::

CwilkeKalus: [q] can't we break them?

Zharyka: ::a cautious step back, hearing "fire runes"::

Roric Vellanur: ::If it wasn't one thing, it was another::

Tytle Bronack: ::He watches the group as he tries to wipe some of the muck from his coat::

Roric Vellanur: ::This "rescue" was turning into an epic::

OnlineHost: **DrevenMagistrate has entered the room.**

Riondhgh: ::leans in towards the Lark breathing in his ear:: Nia...:passing the whisper to the next::

JakeMiach: ::Homer indeed::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she heard her name being passed and stepped through the crush to the front to see what was needed:: What's wrong?

Lark of Dreven: ::reassures everyone:: It will be alright. We have little time. Climb.

CwilkeKalus: ::shakes head:: [q] nope, not with those runes there

Riondhgh: ::points the runes out to Nia::

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks to the man, the one reassuring::

Breina Ashlyn: ::This time, the woman squeezed through first, not using the ladder::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she noted the runes Rebel pointed to, she began to read them and quickly worked out the problem, placing her hands in the required order and whispering several words::

CwilkeKalus: ::watches breina::[q] good idea, i'll follow her

Lark of Dreven: ::sighs and waits for Nia::

CwilkeKalus: ::flies up after her::

VladiniaVonBraun: It is safe to pass now.

Zharyka: ::watching Breina intently::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Runes or no runes, there was work to be done::

Lark of Dreven: ::watches the two:: Wait...!

CwilkeKalus: ::stops, and looks back down::

CwilkeKalus: ::then up to breina:: [q] halt already

JakeMiach: ::quiet he watches them enter the keep::

Roric Vellanur: ::He sighed quietly to himself. They were taking too much time, and were making too much noise to accomplish much of anything::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A poke of her head, back to Bronwyn:: Someone needs to scout..

CwilkeKalus: she has a point

Lark of Dreven: You don't know where to go!

NeverWanderer: ::Waits until all are through and ascends last::

CwilkeKalus: [q] well, we won't go far

Tytle Bronack: I will

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Nia:: We are fine?

Zharyka: ::whispered fiercely:: let's go, the runes are safe, she said!

Roric Vellanur: Ty, you will not. You don't know this Keep.

Riondhgh: ::wrinkles her nose at Jake as she waits for Nia::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::nodding to the Lark:: It is safe now.

Breina Ashlyn: ::A sigh:: I'm not going anywhere Bronwyn...I'm staying right here...

Tytle Bronack: ::then he lowers his head::

Falan Fal: ::more distant yells... more distant running feet... it seems like the whole of the Imperial Guard was roused::

Lark of Dreven: ::begins to climb::

OnlineHost: HeatherLTremayne has left the room.

Roric Vellanur: Use your head, lad.

Lark of Dreven: ::to Breina:: Okay. Up through that hole in the ceiling.

JakeMiach: ::wrinkles back:: after ye i'll cover your arse

Breina Ashlyn: ::A short nod:: Right.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::although she hadn't removed her hands as of yet, that would come later::

Tytle Bronack: ::he glances up, rolls his head then nods again::

JakeMiach: ::and follows her up the ladder::

Lark of Dreven: ::climbs the rods carefully, up towards the ceiling::

CwilkeKalus: ::follows breina::

Riondhgh: ::slips up the ladder...wiggling her arse just a bit::

Roric Vellanur: ::He knew the keep. He knew it inside and out; not that anyone knew.. or cared.

NeverWanderer: ::A look to Nia:: Are you coming?

Zharyka: ::climbs up, glancing back down at Nia::

Breina Ashlyn: ::a hiss from above:: wait! I hear a lot of noise up here ::trying to be quiet::

VladiniaVonBraun: After you.

JakeMiach: ::shaking his head::

CwilkeKalus: ::stops::[q] wait, we got noise folks....

NeverWanderer: ::A nod and he ascends::

Lark of Dreven: ::to Breina:: Check it.

VladiniaVonBraun: No time to wait.

Falan Fal: ::the noise seems to come from some few rooms distant... many, many running feet... but they fade away::

Tytle Bronack: ::reaches for the ladder ::

Lark of Dreven: ::stops momentarily, three quarters of the way up::

Lark of Dreven: ::nods and continues climbing::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She stops a moment, listens, then pokes her head back down:: Ok.....

Zharyka: ::continues, once there's room above her to go on up::

CwilkeKalus: ::continues as well, staying just a bit ahead of the lark::

Falan Fal: ::the first person entering the ceiling hole finds himself in a massive circular room... a room dominated by a huge throne, set in the center of the room::

Lark of Dreven: ::reaches the top, a new corridor, made out of wood and stone::

Roric Vellanur: ::After, Ty -- who was supposed to follow.. the lad never listened -- he began his ascent, moving silently, swiftly::

Tytle Bronack: ::he pulls himself up::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks around, landing on the floor::[q] wow....

Lark of Dreven: ::it is narrow, and it is not obvious where it leads to::

JakeMiach: ::as he emerges from the hole into the room he stands::

Roric Vellanur: ::Corridor? Room? Hmmm... which was it?::

Falan Fal: ::...the windows, once majestic, are now covered in black cloth::

Lark of Dreven: ::let's make it a room then.

NeverWanderer: ::Bringing up the rear, he glances around the room.... a nagging feeling in the back of his mind::

Falan Fal: ::...what draws the eye, however, is not the throne, nor the crumpled red carpet at its feet... but the room's brilliant source of light::

Riondhgh: ::shimmies out of the hole...rolling out of Jake's way, sliding into the shadows::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she waited until all of the others had passed through the hole and then removed her hands, and began her ascent, amidst flames, these being absorbed only leaving her clothing a bit scorched and the muck of the sewers burned off::

JakeMiach: ::the sword held in one hand, the blade resting in his palm::

CwilkeKalus: ::eye's immediat;y go to the throne::[q] i know this place....we are in the throne room.....

Tytle Bronack: ::he moves out of the hole, leaving a drop of slime behind him::

Roric Vellanur: ::He knew the room. He knew it's dimentions. He knew it's... stench::

Zharyka: ::whispered:: Fates and Goddess... ::a hand coming up to shade eyes that had shifted to elfinsight::

Breina Ashlyn: Gods! :: A whisper of surprise is torn from her as she lands once more on the floor::

Falan Fal: ::a massive blue gem, the size of a privy room, set against the far wall....::

CwilkeKalus: ::then he focuses on the light::[q] what in the nine is that?

Lark of Dreven: ::nods::

Falan Fal: ::...within the gem, a woman as beautiful as the day, with golden hair and eyes to match the gem's depths::

NeverWanderer: [q] By the great drake...

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to the group:: Perhaps my memory is not as good as I'd hoped.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she slipped out of the hole::

Zharyka: ::blinking her sight back, she cringed, the last time she'd been in this room hadn't been at all pleasant, and THEN she saw the woman in the gem.

Roric Vellanur: (s) This is my vengeance. ::He moved slowly from the conglomeration of slime-ridden rescuers and towards that gem, it's blue light flickering upon the edge of his blade::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to the giant gem, now::

Tytle Bronack: ::he steps up and watches the others look about::

CwilkeKalus: ::eyes nearly bugged out::[q] it's morningstar!.....

NeverWanderer: ::His eyes fall across the gem::

Falan Fal: ::a perfect likeness of the Vivomantic Arch-Magess, Annabella Morningstar....::

DrevenMagistrate: ::and before the massive gem, sits upon his knees a hunched figure, as if in prayer::

Falan Fal: ::...else it is She herself::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Another gasp of surprise as the woman recognizes a certain someone within that

gem::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she sniffed, hmm... smelt like home::

Lark of Dreven: ::then he looks to the kneeling figure:: Dear gods....

NeverWanderer: ::Then on the praying figure::

DrevenMagistrate: ::slumped shoulders bear the colors of the Imperial Regime, the sash that crosses his back that of the Magistrate's office::

CwilkeKalus: ::also watches the kneeling figure::

JakeMiach: ::his eyes light on the figure, and rise to the gem::

Zharyka: ::barely whispered:: Arman...

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches the dark one seeing an intensity form::

DrevenMagistrate: ::his head stays bowed, until distance noises bring him out of his revelry... or prayer::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::her eyes flickered to the gem, it's occupant, and the kneeling form:: More surprises..

Lark of Dreven: Archmagess....

Zharyka: ::she slipped behind whoever was closest::

JakeMiach: Lamhfada ::to the sword.

NeverWanderer: ::He tenses... wondering what the significance of this all may be::

Falan Fal: ::past the gem, two massive double doors stood... and through them, running past, werethe boots of a dozen... two dozen... Imperial Guardsmen::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Zharyka, Rebel, Breina, Lyryk and the others...::

JakeMiach: ::hand touching the words etched to the blade::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he absently turns, deep set eyes blinking for a moment, before they widen in shock::

Roric Vellanur: (s) Zhara.... ::Gold-flecked blue turned to gaze at the woman held captive within the gem..and thier depths began to harden, like mortar neath the sun::

Lark of Dreven: ::raises his voice:: Magistrate!

Tytle Bronack: ::he pulls his blade back from his belt as he hears the steps of others::

DrevenMagistrate: ::the Dreven Magistrate leaps to his feet, his gloved hand immediately reaching for the sword at his side::

Zharyka: ::then, thinking better of it, she came into view again::

JakeMiach: Tis now ye shall speak once again ;:as the sword is raised in both arms::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she spotted the passing guards and licked her lips:: Now the fun begins.

NeverWanderer: ::Looks to the door and his knuckles whiten around his blades handles::

Riondhgh: ::the walls...the shadows clinging there are her highway towards the gem...from cover to ::

Roric Vellanur: Free her! ::Swift, hissing, an edge of steel was placed to the Magistrates throat::

Lark of Dreven: I see the rumors about you are true.

Tytle Bronack: ::he steps closer to the dark one, ready::

JakeMiach: ::eyes searching for those that approach::

Breina Ashlyn: :: She stood in shock at what was before her, emerald eyes attempting to take it all in at once::

CwilkeKalus: ::couldn't agree more with nia::

Riondhgh: ::cover....a grimace at the noise being engendered.....::

DrevenMagistrate: ::the sword was half-way drawn, but there was a pause in movement, first at the recognition of one who spoke his name and then the women within the group of who he thought

were intruders... and then in a blink of an eye, there was a blade against his jugular::

Tytle Bronack: ::and he follows him as he attacks, standing behind, dagger in his hand::

Zharyka: ::stepping forward and hissing softly at Roric:: no!

JakeMiach: ::stepped they looked from the mask that graced his face::

Lark of Dreven: To see Annabella Morningstar, Archmagess of the magic of Life ::he stresses that word::

DrevenMagistrate: ::deep set eyes, sunken further with fatigue, blinked in surprise, mixed with pride and anger as he looked to a man holding the blade::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::spotting Rebel moving toward the gem among the shadows she moved with her::

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks to the crumpled man::

Lark of Dreven: imprisoned in the capital of our kingdom. What has the Dreven legacy become?

Riondhgh: ::she slides towards the throne room doors as she flits from shadow to shadow::

CwilkeKalus: ::follows the other two shadow-walkers, blending in quite nicely in this darkened area::

DrevenMagistrate: ::hissing:: Intruders and Assassins. You came for the Arch-Magess??

Riondhgh: ::and closes them...so silently...when none are passing.....::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods, sound strategic move:

Lark of Dreven: We have come to free all prisoners unjustly held against their will.

Roric Vellanur: Yes. ::His face close to the Magistrates, the single word hissing::

Riondhgh: ::checking for groups of running Imperials...timing their footsteps::

Falan Fal: ::as eyes adjust to the surroundings... things are seen on the walls::

DrevenMagistrate: ::then further anger and color rising to his complexion:: And in league with them... is the Lark and ... ::words pause as he glares balefully at Zharyka::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she moved toward the gem, circling it slowly::

JakeMiach: ::he moves quickly to the side of the room, to stand by the entrance to the room::

Riondhgh: ::then busies herself with the locks::

Zharyka: ::she flinched as Arman's gaze landed on her::

Lark of Dreven: ::he growls:: If anyone is in league with evil, it is you Magistrate, and this Imperial court. The Order of the Rising Sun is the people's voice, and the people will take this no longer.

Falan Fal: ::...week-old bodies dressed in Imperial regalia... a week dead.....::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Finally she moved from her statue-like stance, creeping up beside Zharyka to look at the Magistrate::

JakeMiach: ::Lamhfada above his head perched::

DrevenMagistrate: Kill me then. For I will not help you take her.

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to rebel::[q] need help?

Falan Fal: ::...and on the walls, written in blood....

NeverWanderer: ::Just watches the scene play out::

Falan Fal: ::"ICARUSS KHAN"::

DrevenMagistrate: The mad mage has already done enough. I will not aid Assassins.

Falan Fal: ::"ICARUSS KHAN"::

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks to the one moving around the room::

Falan Fal: ::over and over and over again::

Zharyka: ::hissed again:: No! ye can't kill him.

DrevenMagistrate: ::a hand flies to sweep at the walls around you:: LOOK around you Lark!

DrevenMagistrate: We are surrounded in madness! I cannot do anything about the Imperials!

NeverWanderer: ::His eyes fall across the writing on the walls::
Tytle Bronack: ::his eyes go to the wall and then back to the dark one::
Lark of Dreven: ::for the first time, he begins to look around::
Riondhgh: ::a nod...getting Chris to hold a certain instrument to achieve the locking of the door::
CwilkeKalus: ::sees the messages written in blood::[q] well, if ths aint ironic.....
Lark of Dreven: ::and then his mouth drops open::
DrevenMagistrate: I have... ::swallows, delicately against the blade still lodged by his throat::
CwilkeKalus: ::holds said instrument::
VladiniaVonBraun: ::madness, the gem seemed to quiver with it::
Breina Ashlyn: ::Her eyes follow the movement of the magistrates arms and she clutches Zee's arm with a cry::
DrevenMagistrate: I have tried to disban them. Dismiss them. Tried everything to free the Arch-Magess! I... cannot.
JakeMiach: Roric, take him with us!
Zharyka: ::glancing around as the Lark does, and then paling:: (q) Goddess save us all..
CwilkeKalus: [q] i was cracking jokes about the khan actually being icaruss, and here it just might be true
Lark of Dreven: ::drops to his knees:: It...cannot be. ::stares at the words he cannot believe are there::
Roric Vellanur: Lie! ::Anger flared, and a strong forearm pushed against the man, leaving him to sprawl where he might::
VladiniaVonBraun: ::her gaze flickering slowly over the blood covered walls, before returning to the gem::
Tytle Bronack: :he looks to the gem, then to the one on his knees,::
Lark of Dreven: Roric! ::continues to look at the walls:: I believe he speaks the truth.
Lark of Dreven: We...have all been fooled.
JakeMiach: Drag him back, through the stench
Zharyka: ::to Roric:: not a lie, he told me he'd disband the Imperials!
DrevenMagistrate: ::the Magistrate stumbled back, then fell to his knees:: ::his disheveled appearance was more apparent now::
CwilkeKalus: ::shakes his head::[q] makes sense now
JakeMiach: it will be revealed then
Zharyka: ::moving toward Arman::
DrevenMagistrate: We've... we've been serving a madman in the Emperor's clothes.
Roric Vellanur: *SHE* knew! ::His arm thrusting in the direction of the Gem:: SHE knew long before...
Lark of Dreven: Icaruss...returned.
JakeMiach: to see him taste what we have
Riondhgh: ::the lock clicks shut...then jammed shut to block any key from the opposite side.
NeverWanderer: ::As he turns looking at the walls all around him.... his breath comes slowly and strained::
Tytle Bronack: ::he lowers his arm his blade as he hears the words::
Breina Ashlyn: ::Reeling....she was reeling from the revelations::
CwilkeKalus: ::nods to rebel::
Roric Vellanur: She came to confront ..*him*... and this is what it brought!
::Fury was raging.

NeverWanderer: I...

DrevenMagistrate: ::his head sinking into his hands:: He has not returned. So I tried... I tried to break the gem. Steel will do nothing.

Falan Fal: ::outside the doors, the skid of boot leather... then a pounding on the doors::

Tytle Bronack: ::and he looks to the one inside the gem::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to the gem, tears streaming down his cheeks:: Can...can it not be broken?

DrevenMagistrate: ::eyes widen, head snapping up at the pounding::

Zharyka: ::glancing at the door as she'd been reaching for the Magistrate::

Falan Fal: "Magistrate!" ::a voice beyond the door:: "You cannot remain in there!"

CwilkeKalus: ::looks to the door::[q] maybe we should reinforce it?

Roric Vellanur: She came to confront him... to accuse.. to try and stop... ::And still it built, leaving his words to a flurry of nothingness::

Falan Fal: ::pounding on the door::

Lark of Dreven: What about...Soniarium?

JakeMiach: ::looking around the room:: there be a bard here?

CwilkeKalus: ::glances about, then looks to the throne::[q] rebel, think we can use that?

Zharyka: tell them to go away ::her voice pleading with the Magistrate:: we can try to help...

DrevenMagistrate: ::barks to the door:: LEAVE me BE!

NeverWanderer: ::Tunes back in to his surroundings... ::

Riondhgh: ::then, she pads towards the gem, eyeing it..looking at the lines of force about it....::

JakeMiach: ::sword poised for the onslaught::

DrevenMagistrate: ::then a look, one of confusion and conflicted emotions cast in Zharyka's direction::

Riondhgh: ::points towards the Lark....dark eyes on Jake::

Falan Fal: ::more pounding on the door:: "Magistrate! The Imperial stable has been set afire! The horses run amok!"

Riondhgh: ::holds her Soniarium dagger towards the Lark::

JakeMiach: Might he?

Tytle Bronack: ::he steps back lowers his head, hearing the tale, the story, from him::

Riondhgh: ::offering it for him to try::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he rises to his feet, a sweeping glance given to the rest as he approaches the door::

Lark of Dreven: ::holds his hand out:: Wait...

Zharyka: ::watching the Magistrate, she had no idea waht he would do::

JakeMiach: Do it! Do it now!

NeverWanderer: ::Watches the man rise. He takes a step to stop him::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Zharyka:: Zharyka?

CwilkeKalus: ::stands there, leaning against the door, feeling the pounding::

Zharyka: ::gaze flickering to Bronwyn, then back to Arman, and she strides toward Arman::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks to the magistrate::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he walked to the door, not able to allow himself to associate openly with the group::

Roric Vellanur: Why didn't you tell me, Anna? Why!?! ::He turned, looking into the face held in such prised beauty:: (sm) I could have helped you, damnit!

CwilkeKalus: ::moves to the side::

DrevenMagistrate: Then organize the men and put out the fire! I do NOT want to be

disturbed! ::yelling across the door, spittle flying::

JakeMiach: ::the sword lowered:: be still

Zharyka: (q) Magistrate, please! If they can free the ArchMagess...

NeverWanderer: ::A sigh of relief at the mans words::

Tytle Bronack: ::his head lowered he side beside him listening::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she watched the display with nonchalance, still trying to figure out how to free the woman inside the gem::

Zharyka: ::some of the tension draining out of her as Arman directs them to leave him be::

Lark of Dreven: ::to Rebel:: Let it fly.

CwilkeKalus: ::moves over to nia::can necromancy or pyromancy affect it, you think?

Lark of Dreven: ::looks back to the writing on the wall...still kneeling:: Fafnir....

VladiniaVonBraun: ::a soft lift of her shoulders:: If it is Icaruss, it could be protected from anything and everything.

CwilkeKalus: ::nods::

Zharyka: ::she couldn't look at the blood writing, couldn't look at the gem or the arch-magess... her gaze was locked on Arman, he was the biggest danger to them now, if he chose to be::

Riondhgh: ::looking towards the Lark...she looks at the gem, then slides the soniarium dagger along::

CwilkeKalus: ::thinks, i wonder if some acid would work...nah::

JakeMiach: ::sword by the magistrates side::

Breina Ashlyn: ::quietly, and apart from the rest, the Aeromanceress walked closer to the gem....::

Riondhgh: ::the lines she might try as if it was glass...to cut her way inside::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he double checks the door to make sure it is locked, listening for withdrawing footsteps::

Falan Fal: ::the footsteps eventually receed... more Imperials going to fight the fire::

JakeMiach: Still them![vsw]

DrevenMagistrate: ::he looks to the Lark:: I have not tried soniarium.

Tytle Bronack: ::he watches the dagger the woman who holds it::

Riondhgh: ::focussing on any ley lines of force that might be folding there....feeling with the::

DrevenMagistrate: ::his earlier question drifting in his mind::

VladiniaVonBraun: Unless ... ::she looked toward Breina:: ... a force of several magics ...

Falan Fal: ::Rebel's dagger does scratch the surface... but that's all it does::

Zharyka: ::her gaze followed the Magistrate's, watching Rebel::

DrevenMagistrate: ::gazing upon Zharyka... however... seems reluctant, almost painful to him::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods:: that could work....

Falan Fal: ::at this rate it would take a year, without finding some weakness in the gem::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he couldn't even say her name:: ::a throaty voice was pitched:: Can... can you tell if she lives?:to Zharyka::

CwilkeKalus: ::seeing the dagger fail, figured it couldn't be that easy::

Zharyka: ::at least he hasn't smelled her yet::

Riondhgh: ::points the scratch out towards the Lark::

Breina Ashlyn: ::curious hands, reached out tentatively to the gem, but she pulled back, unsure of what surrounded the stone::

Zharyka: ::glancing back to Arman:: I can try.

Riondhgh: (vs) Are any here jewelers?

DrevenMagistrate: ::then his eyes widen even more as he spots the winged aeromancer... he does

recognize the former councilmember as part of the group::

CwilkeKalus: no, not really. why?

Lark of Dreven: It was worth a try. ::his voice is detached, still stunned::

JakeMiach: The lark sing sing loud

Roric Vellanur: Who knows Geomancy?

DrevenMagistrate: ::surprises seemed never-ending this day::

Tytle Bronack: Jewelers? ::he says softly::

Zharyka: ::she straightened herself, gathering and focusing, one hand on the locket she'd tugged out from under her shirt::

Roric Vellanur: ::His eyes took upon the group::

CwilkeKalus: none

Lark of Dreven: ::to Jake:: I'm afraid I would have to be a soprano.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she remembered something she had learned somewhere::

Tytle Bronack: ::he steps forward:: My father.....

DrevenMagistrate: ::his mind seems to follow the voiced thoughts of the rag-tagged group as well::

VladiniaVonBraun: Heat cracks stones.

Riondhgh: ::nods:: If the dagger will etch it..the soniarium..a jeweler would know the lines..to etch

DrevenMagistrate: Magic. There were no casters to summon but... ::he steps forward, eyes going to the gem::

Roric Vellanur: And you? ::Those eyes narrowing upon Ty::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Her head turns, ever so slowly to gaze back at the group, grim eyes focusing on the magistrate::

Tytle Bronack: ::he steps again.

NeverWanderer: ::The proverbial lightbulb clicks on above his head::

Tytle Bronack: ::a slow nod:: Yes

JakeMiach: ::looks to Ty::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to nia:: yea, light that thing up, you might fry her before it melts though

JakeMiach: Ye have yer glass

Roric Vellanur: Can you manipulate..stone?

Zharyka: ::green eyes locked onto the gem, trying to penetrate it's depths with her mind and assess the whether the woman imprisoned within it was still living::

Tytle Bronack: I am ::he steps again::

JakeMiach: the one that sees

Tytle Bronack: I can....but...

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she nodded at Lyryk's words::

Roric Vellanur: But? ::He frowned::

Riondhgh: A jeweler? ::hissed towards Tytle...handing him the soniarium dagger hilt first::

Tytle Bronack: ::he walks to the group and looks to the dagger::

DrevenMagistrate: ::bloodshot eyes of the magistrate glance shortly to Breina, before he looks elsewhere::

JakeMiach: Ty, your father taught ye something did he naught

NeverWanderer: ::He moves to Bronwyn's side:: [q] If she is held in there with native magic... does that also mean it is only *protected* against native magic?

Tytle Bronack: ::then slowly takes the blade.

DrevenMagistrate: ::his disheveled appearance, his inability to meet others with his usual arrogance...

JakeMiach: find the line lad and be quick

DrevenMagistrate: he wasn't his usual self this day::

Tytle Bronack: ::his fingers touch the gem::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She coughs, and attempts to speak up:: I.....might be able to try...

Tytle Bronack: ::then pulls a glass from his inside pocket::

Lark of Dreven: ::thinks for a moment:: Possibly...but this is the mage of all mages. Icaruss. Master of the elements. This is no simple magic.

VladiniaVonBraun: [q] Would heating it slightly reveal the line better?

Zharyka: ::frowning, and then pulling back and letting out a gasp::

Breina Ashlyn: ::she looked uncertain, eyes darting back and forth from the group to the gem::

Tytle Bronack: ::he holds the glass piece to his eye and fingers the gem::

Riondhgh: ::stands back, hip tilted, staring at the gem with a contemplative glare::

Roric Vellanur: ::Roric watched, his face filled with unusual expression::

NeverWanderer: ::Nods, the thoughts coming clearer to him as he speaks them:: But wouldnt *outlander* magic have a different effect on it?

Zharyka: have a care with what ye do, she's alive in there, and ye might hurt her...

Lark of Dreven: Breina. What is your idea?

Riondhgh: ::fingers sliding along the bat tattoo.

DrevenMagistrate: ::eyes darting to this and that conversation in the group... too many people voicing separate thoughts... his own awirl::

Tytle Bronack: ;he bends close and slides the blade along the speckled spot on the gem::

Falan Fal: ::the gem is, obviously, huge... large enough to fully encase an Arch-Magess::

Tytle Bronack: Here is the spot ::he looks up::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A look to Bronwyn:: Perhaps a concentration of magic....of joined efforts

DrevenMagistrate: ::gods, intruders, a mixed band of loremasters, outlanders, assassins and mages....::

DrevenMagistrate: ::....and he was cooperating with them::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she nodded again, in agreement with Breina who voiced her same thoughts::

Lark of Dreven: ::nods:: Aye. ::looks to Lyryk:: Perhaps not just Outlander magic.

DrevenMagistrate: ::his head sinks::

Lark of Dreven: But a joined effort of BOTH.

JakeMiach: ::holds the blade to the magistrates side::

Tytle Bronack: ::he moves the blade showing her how it follows the line::

Roric Vellanur: Do what you must. ::There was nothing he could do, he realized. He was a hired blade, a skilled mercenary and thief. None of his training could help his Zhara.

Lark of Dreven: ::looks around to the group.

NeverWanderer: ::Oh... oh he smiles::

Lark of Dreven: I believe Breina has something.

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to the lark:: but won't that drive us outlanders screwy?

JakeMiach: Lket the lark sing

Zharyka: ::a glance at Arman, worriedly::

Tytle Bronack: ::he glances to the dark one::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She releases a breath:: It can't hurt to try

NeverWanderer: ::He looks to Chris.. confused at his words::

Tytle Bronack: Shall I cut?

CwilkeKalus: insane

Lark of Dreven: If all of you who can perform magic concentrate your energies on removing the gem from the Archmagess.

DrevenMagistrate: ::a sidelong gaze to Jake and the sword pointed his way::

Riondhgh: ::nods towards Tytle...her chin dipping down::

JakeMiach: Be still sir

Tytle Bronack: This is the crack :he looks to the one::

DrevenMagistrate: Have a care assassin. I only want to see the arch-magess freed.

Zharyka: ::nodding at Bronwyn's instructions, she'd do waht she could::

Lark of Dreven: Outlanders and Lyran Tal, working together.

CwilkeKalus: ::mutters::what a concept

DrevenMagistrate: Do not give me a reason not to want her freed. In to the hands of your ilk.

Roric Vellanur: It's what she always wanted. ::Casting a sharp look to Chris::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::her brows drew together, she was supposed to work with the outlanders?::

Tytle Bronack: ::he holds the sword and feels an odd sensation as it seem to virbate::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she would never live this one down::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to nia:: and what is so wrong with that?

Breina Ashlyn: ::She nodded at Bronwyn's words, already mentally preparing for the task at hand.

Tytle Bronack: ::the dagger moves, ::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to the magic users:: Zharyka, Nia, Breina...?

Tytle Bronack: ::he looks up::

CwilkeKalus: i'm just as good with flames as you are

Zharyka: ::nodding:: aye, ready.

VladiniaVonBraun: ::nodding slowly:: I will do it ... ::~for Adron~.

NeverWanderer: ::Curses inwardly.. the greatest amount of magic he is able to perform involves a copper, a handkerchief and a gullible audience::

Tytle Bronack: ::then back to the blade as it pushes to the gem::

Lark of Dreven: But you must all take care to concentrate on the Archmagess' well-being, as well.

Lark of Dreven: For if she is killed in the process, then there is no reason to try.

JakeMiach: Well gods sake, the fire will be out!

Tytle Bronack: ::with an even movement he presses it to the surface::

DrevenMagistrate: ::some of his usual arrogance and pride was returning, even as he looked from Jake to the rest of the group::

Roric Vellanur: If she is freed unharmed, no harm shall befall you..... Magistrate. ::Snapped::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::snorting softly, ~I'll let her live this time~::

Tytle Bronack: ::it wiggles agains the gem, he holds tighter::

DrevenMagistrate: ::indeed, outlanders and natives working in concert....: ::he stiffened::

Zharyka: ::clasping the locket again as she gazed at the gem::

Lark of Dreven: Please. ::slightly raises his voice:: Step back from the gem, if you will, and let magic find its course.

Riondhgh: ::an ebon brow arched....towards the Lark...::

CwilkeKalus: ::Sighs::alright, lets crack this thing open and let her out....

Falan Fal: ::Tytle knew he could not do this alone... it was far too massive::

Tytle Bronack: ::his sight true, he slide the blade along the seem, from the top to the bottom::

DrevenMagistrate: ::a narrowed eyed glare was shot in Roric's direction...a man who was clearly, in his mind, an assassin::

DrevenMagistrate: ::his lips turned downward in disgust::

Roric Vellanur: ::The mans attentions were then inent upon the blue gem and the woman within it::

Lark of Dreven: Roric...please.

Tytle Bronack: ::the blade feel strange the vibration odd to his hand, and he steadies his fingers::

JakeMiach: ::he looked to Roric, then to the magistrate::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she moved toward the gem, and the other two women, Zharyka and Breina::

Lark of Dreven: Ladies. ::stands up, waiting for the magic to begin::

Riondhgh: ::she steps towards Nia....and places her hand towards her shoulder:: I'll lend you my strength::

Tytle Bronack: ::he moves it straight along the imperfection of the gem::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she smiled toward Rebel in thanks::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Another step brought her closer to the Gem and she instinctively grabbed the hand of Nia, who she had moved to stand next to::

Roric Vellanur: ::An assassin he was -- and a damned good one at that. Just ask the Imps::

Tytle Bronack: ::Moving it across the surface::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::hoping Tytle moved before they started, she clasped the woman's hand reluctantly::

Falan Fal: ::the vaguest of cracks in the blue gem's shell... the tiniest of slivers....::

Lark of Dreven: ::closes his eyes and begins to attempt to calm himself....::

Zharyka: ::concentrating on the area Tytle was touching with the blade, she slipped a hand into Breina's free hand::

JakeMiach: ::the sword in his hand, he glares to them both::

Falan Fal: ::...but the sliver runs the length of it... concentrated magic could work::

Lark of Dreven: ::the shock is too much, he knows, but he can at least restrain his emotions for now::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Another glance searched out Zharyka, just in time to feel the slip of her hand into the woman's otehr free hand::

Lark of Dreven: ::begins to hum a soft melody::

CwilkeKalus: ::concentrates, and looks at that tiny sliver::

Falan Fal: ::the air... the magic was felt... an electricity to it... hair beginning to stand on end, goosebumps raising::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she began to concentrate, focusing on that crack::

Tytle Bronack: ::the cut almost done from top to bottom., he wiggles the blade move, feeling it move deeper in the stone the blade seem to move on its' own::

Lark of Dreven: ::hums louder, then begins to sing softly.

NeverWanderer: ::Finally sheathing his blades, he moves back a step, a concerned glance to Zee::

Zharyka: ::part of her powers reaching back for Annabella, trying to link to her as well::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She could feel power just within these two women as she closed her eyes, letting their magic run through her::

CwilkeKalus: ::his skin is literally rippling from the magical tension in the air::

Riondhgh: ::she lent her strength...akin to Nia's...to concentrate on the crack::

Tytle Bronack: ::his fingers relax and he allows it to move, without him::

Roric Vellanur: ::The air rippled and crackled, and the man was oblivious to it all. Steps moved, slow, so painfully slow in the direction of the gem as it began to crack::

Lark of Dreven: ::he feels something from within the gem::

Lark of Dreven: ::it is resonating::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::her whole body warming as she concentrated, but not enough to harm::

Falan Fal: ::crackling power caressed the gem... magic washing across it like the tide::

Zharyka: ::if she could add the ArchMagess' power to those outside somehow....::

Tytle Bronack: ::then blade seek the center it seem, the cracks the , the seem fold under it's touch::

Lark of Dreven: ::as he sings, he searches out the pitch that can match its resonance.

NeverWanderer: ::He feels it in his mind... his heart.. his very soul... For the first time in his life, Lyryk *feels* his blood.. he *feels* what it means to be an elf.. a child of the forest.. a child of magic::

Breina Ashlyn: :: soft, whispered words over and over, her brows raising with the effort::

Tytle Bronack: ::he leans back the glare almost too much, tring to keep hold of the dagger::

JakeMiach: ::he looks around the room, his focus on the two men, Roric and Magistrate::

Zharyka: ::one hand clutching Breina's, the other clasped around the locket::

CwilkeKalus: ::watches the gem cracking::

Lark of Dreven: ::and his mouth opens wide as his voice grows louder::

JakeMiach: ::Lamhfada standing between them::

Falan Fal: ::SPISH:: ::a spiderweb in the gem....::

Tytle Bronack: ::he begins to shake, he can't help it, the blade causeing him quiver::

DrevenMagistrate: ::the magistrate stands there held immobile and dumb-founded, overwhelmed in awe.

JakeMiach: The Lark Sings

DrevenMagistrate: ::he knew of magic... he had envied it since childhood that it was granted his friend and not he... but now, in full display of mutiple mages... all envy was buried in simple awe::

Lark of Dreven: ::feels the magic and the song of the gem...everything working in tandem::

CwilkeKalus: ::grins:: that's it, keep it up girls.....:quietly of course, nia might try to fry him for that comment later::

Falan Fal: ::and with that, a RUSH of magic, flowing out OF the gem... careening through Rebel's soniarium dagger, and rocketing into Ty::

Tytle Bronack: ::he can feel the stone's moevment down to his toes::

Lark of Dreven: ::song and magic...something he'd never truly contemplated before...but here it was::

Breina Ashlyn: Ah! :: She cried out with pain...pain that had never been felt before while involved in a spell::

Falan Fal: ::sudden THUDS against the door:: "What's happening in there??" "OPEN UP!"

Lark of Dreven: ::feels the surge of power but remains standing, pushing the air from his lungs in song::

CwilkeKalus: ::rubs his head, what a rush, my head is pounding::

Tytle Bronack: ::song and magiic, in his hands, he closes his eyes and will himslef to stop shaking::

Zharyka: ::winces, the sense of Breina's pain assailing her thru their clasped hands::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she grimaced, her body spiked with pain, she clenched her teeth::

JakeMiach: Send them away, I warns ya

Breina Ashlyn: ::It burned her inner being, and yet she stood rooted, gripping the hands of Zharyka and Nia::

Falan Fal: ::SPISH:: ::another spiderweb... and within, the Arch-Magess seems to flinch::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he spins for the door, then with but a glare given to Jake, he pushes off his feet, approaching the massive entryway::

Riondhgh: ::spasms back, hand staying gripped into Nia's shoulder::

Lark of Dreven: ::keeps the tone strong, almost relaxing into it as he strains...a contradiction::

Tytle Bronack: ::he shaking now so strong he uses all his strength to hold the blade at all::

JakeMiach: Ye let them in ye donot leave

Roric Vellanur: ::A step, and then another until he paused just beyond reach of the stone, eyes locked upon the woman held captive within::

Zharyka: ::a murmured prayer, her hand grasping Breina's all the tighter::

Falan Fal: ::a PAINFUL crush of electric power continues to careen into Tytle::

JakeMiach: ::sword lowered::

Tytle Bronack: ::the gems web grows and splinters::

Lark of Dreven: ::he feels the magic of the mages infuse him, song infuse him, the song of the gem itself::

Falan Fal: ::...the shirt on his back catches fire...::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he leans against the gilded wood:: Leave this chamber be! By my order... ::a pause, as he looks to the locks... jammed::

Zharyka: ::eyes widening at the flames::

DrevenMagistrate: ::when in hell...?::

Tytle Bronack: ::he feels his body rock, shake, things new to him, pain, fire inside him.

NeverWanderer: ::Seeing it work, he lends his will over to the magic.. may all the positive force in the room shatter this crystal!::

CwilkeKalus: ::moves over to ty, ripping the burning shirt off him so he doesn't fry, and stamps it out::

Breina Ashlyn: ::tears squeezed out from the corners of her eyes...they stayed closed and she did not see Ty's struggle::

Falan Fal: ::A massive THUDDDD against the door:: "OPEN UP!"

Tytle Bronack: ::the song of the gem itself holds him, fires him::

Lark of Dreven: ::his voice vibrates against the tone of the gem like a tug of war...he can feel the magic spilling into that contest, slowly winning out against the magics of the gem::

Falan Fal: ::the double doors quiver::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she continued to concentrate despite the searing inside her veins::

JakeMiach: Chris, be here

Tytle Bronack: ::he holds as he shakes::

CwilkeKalus: ::runs over to jake:: yea, i hear them

DrevenMagistrate: ::gloved hands against the pounding doors:: ::anger and pride fueling his voice:: I said LEAVE!

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to the throne:: wanna use that for something?

Falan Fal: ::SPISH:: ::KISH:: ::SPISH:: ::the gem webs.. webs again... and again...::

JakeMiach: they will be here, just till the rock splits. the lights will blind them

Falan Fal: ::THUDDDD:: ::a ram used to break at the door... it splinters slightly::

Lark of Dreven: ::takes a deep breath and continues to sing, but feels his strength being sorely tested.

NeverWanderer: ::He is snapped out of his meditation by the pounding at the door::

Lark of Dreven: ::he is weak, and knows it, but the Archmagess must be freed::

CwilkeKalus: we need to reinforce the door somehow

Tytle Bronack: ::his body burns, as the web grows, the cracks form, the gems opens it's secrets::

CwilkeKalus: and that thing could buy us some time

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she feels her whole body begin to shake with the effort of the magic::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Another outcry, and she wavers slightly in her stance..with tears streaming freely

down her cheeks::

DrevenMagistrate: ::eyes widen as he leaps back from the door, a hand going to his sword at the hip::

Zharyka: ::force, like that she used on Jorn Dagar, pushing against the biggest cracks, fear starting to creep in as the door WHUMPS::

Falan Fal: :::and then the gem shattered:::

Falan Fal: ::PISH::

Tytle Bronack: ::the light around him grows and a deep glow runs from the knife through his arm::

Roric Vellanur: ::Pish?::

Tytle Bronack: ::he falls::

Falan Fal: ::shards flying out, lancing flesh... and from within the gem, a form fell to the floor::

CwilkeKalus: ::ducks reflexively as he hears the gem shatter::

Riondhgh: ::a grunt as a shard pierces her forearm::

Tytle Bronack: ::he crumbles,as the shards thread through him::

Falan Fal: ::the remainder of Tytle's clothes are afire::

Riondhgh: ::and she rolls with the debris::

Zharyka: ::lets out a cry of pain as her arm's sliced by a shard, and then her leg::

DrevenMagistrate: ::even as the sword was drawn again with a metallic whisper, the shattering gem threw him away from the door, his hands rising just in time to block the flying shards

Lark of Dreven: ::is slashed in the forehead by a flying shard::

Roric Vellanur: ::He flinched, arms moving to cover his head and face, leaving them to the wills of the shards that slice and jab::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she cried out as a shard lanced through her bicep, another lodging in her shoulder::

CwilkeKalus: ::grunts as well, a shard passing through his liquid stomach::

Falan Fal: ::...his body lanced by gem shards in a hundred places.

NeverWanderer: ::Turns to the door as the gem shatters he is sliced across the neck and he brings the cloak up as a defense::

Lark of Dreven: ::abruptly his voice is cut short, and he is knocked unconscious. slumping to the floor::

Falan Fal: ::CRASH:: ::the door splinters more::

Zharyka: ::she stumbles back, letting go of Breina::

JakeMiach: ::he ducks his head behind the blade, shards flying as he watches::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::turning quickly away from the rest before crumpling to the floor::

JakeMiach: ::bright lites::

CwilkeKalus: ok, lets get out of here, if at all possible.....

Breina Ashlyn: NO! ::and with a last effort, she attempts to block the wall of shards speeding towards her:

JakeMiach: Chris let the doors open

CwilkeKalus: what!

Zharyka: ::oofing as her leg gives a bit.

NeverWanderer: ::Without a thought, he darts to Zee's side, catching another small shard in the chest::

JakeMiach: the shards will

CwilkeKalus: your crazier than a kalus

VladiniaVonBraun: ::breathing deeply as she tried to regain energy, covering her head to protect

from the shards::

JakeMiach: Aye but to be alive

CwilkeKalus: nevermind, your as smart as one though

Falan Fal: ::CRACK:: ::CRACK:: ::CRACK:: ::the ram begins to lay the doors low.

NeverWanderer: ::He catches her under her arms and tries to support her::

CwilkeKalus: ::grabs the lock, and starts unlocking the door::

Riondhgh: ::first things first...scoops up her soniarium dagger::

JakeMiach: ::the steel raised above his head::

Lark of Dreven: ::wakes moments later...just a concussion...reaches up to touch his forehead::

Zharyka: ::one arm curling around Lyryk gratefully, but her eyes are on the door::

Roric Vellanur: Anna!... ::Click. Clank. Crystals littered the stone floor. Upon hands and knees, he moved to the Arch-Magess, blood left in ribbons of color behind him::

Lark of Dreven: ::his hand comes away with blood::

DrevenMagistrate: ::hand lowering, mind brought to alert and focus by the battering, he stands once more wearily, his clothes and skin torn in many places::

JakeMiach: Roric take the boy Ty

Falan Fal: ::the dagger shoots a JOLT through Rebel::

Zharyka: ::and then back toward the gem, or what's left of it::

CwilkeKalus: ::then pulls the thing open slightly, and jumps back, blades extending::

Lark of Dreven: ::he tears a strip of his cloak and ties it around his head gingerly.

NeverWanderer: ::Ignoring his own wounds he looks her over:: Are you alright?

Falan Fal: ::and then the door fell in... the lock gone... and sixteen Imperial Guards peered through the dust::

Riondhgh: ::spasms back.....and crumples into a heap as she siezes::

Lark of Dreven: ::struggles to his feet::

DrevenMagistrate: ::broken shards were crushed beneath his feet as he stood, stumblinaway from the door::

Breina Ashlyn: ::After wavering slightly for a minute in a confused stupor, her knees buckle::

Zharyka: ::nodding:: I will be ...

CwilkeKalus: ::gives a mock wave:: hey imps

JakeMiach: ::Lamhfada swings into the opening doorway searching flesh;

Lark of Dreven: Get the Archmagess!!

Zharyka: the Arch-Magess... is she...?

Riondhgh: ::finally crawling to her knees, on all fours::

CwilkeKalus: ::flys at them with jake, slashing as he goes::

Falan Fal: "Intruders!!" (the obvious first words) "Get them!"

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she looked toward the doors and the entereing guards, then to the woman falling next to her, moving to catch her if she could::

Roric Vellanur: Anna... ::He had her, the small, limp frame curled close against his own::

Zharyka: ::whirling as she hears the Imperials::

JakeMiach: ::a round about two handed he seeks them::

Falan Fal: ::steel was drawn.

NeverWanderer: ::He looks over his shoulder and growls...::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he stands before the Imperials in the room, his own sword drawn::

DrevenMagistrate: STAY your blade!

CwilkeKalus: ::just starts spinning like some sorta deadly top, blades slahing into the imps::

Falan Fal:and in the distance..... somewhere far away.....::
Zharyka: ::gritting her teeth as her leg wants to buckle again::
Falan Fal: ::whooooommm::
JakeMiach: ::he turns and raises the blade and thrusts to the horde::
Falan Fal: ::the castle grounds shake, as if an earthquake.....::
CwilkeKalus: ::stopping only to back off before they swarm him::
Zharyka: (q) Fates and Goddess....
NeverWanderer: ::Still holding her up, but starting to feel a few more wounds he didnt notice before::
DrevenMagistrate: ::hairs rising on the nape of his neck... just before the first quake::
Lark of Dreven: We must go! ::motions towards the corridor::
Breina Ashlyn: ::tired.....so tired.....::
JakeMiach: ::the steel singing his desire to seek flesh::
CwilkeKalus: ::and nearly falls with the shake:: what in the nine is that!
Roric Vellanur: Anna... Anna! ::He rose, unsteadily as the floor rocked beneath him::
Lark of Dreven: ::tries to keep his balance::
Falan Fal: ::one greedy Imperial is impaled on Jake's blade... the others pause....
Falan Fal: .looking around.....::
JakeMiach: ::to feel ther taint of blood once again::
Breina Ashlyn: ::In a fog, she feels the earth seemingly give way beneath her::
Falan Fal: ::whoooooom::
VladiniaVonBraun: :::she kept Breina from hitting the floor, by catching her in her arms, crying out as the wounded shoulder is pulled::
NeverWanderer: ::The shaking is too much for him... he loses balance::
CwilkeKalus: ::thrusts his own blades into the unit of imps::
Falan Fal: ::again, in the distance... as if something very, very large impacted the earth outside::
DrevenMagistrate: ::his eyes, wide with... fear of the unknown, going to the ceiling... and that distant...
JakeMiach: ::he sighs desire reached and he lifts and shakes the blade::
DrevenMagistrate: ominous sound::
Roric Vellanur: ::Breath was hers, as was the warmth of life. Amidst the thundering of the earth, she uttered a whisper:: (vs) Iccaruss.
Zharyka: ::she'd been depending on Lyryk too much for balance, she went down with a thump, right next to him::
DrevenMagistrate: ::as if the sky itself was falling::
Falan Fal: ::whoooooom:: ::the castle shakes... two Imperials lose their footing::
Lark of Dreven: We...must....go.
VladiniaVonBraun: What now... ::frowning toward the doors:: I should have stayed in Balthazor.
JakeMiach: ::EYES STARING AT THE WEAKNESS BEHIND THE GUARDS EYES"::
JakeMiach: ::he turns and lets lamhdfada seek::
DrevenMagistrate: ::he nearly loses his footing as well, sliding upon crushed shards::
Riondhgh: ::forearm bleeding...she slid next to Zee....helping her up, still trembling a bit::
Falan Fal: ::...distantly.... beyond the curtained windows...a flare of light is seen::
JakeMiach: ::His pleasure::
Lark of Dreven: Jake! Chris! Halt!
Falan Fal: ::whoooooom::

VladiniaVonBraun: We need to get out of here, now. ::she for one was ready::

JakeMiach: Head for the ladder be gonst

Roric Vellanur: ::The Arch-Magess held tightly, Roric moved to a window and there he flung back the black curtains that blocked the night sky::

Lark of Dreven: We must go. ::motions to the corridor::

CwilkeKalus: ::defends:: i say a strategic retreat is in order

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she tried lifting Breina with her good arm::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Drained, she could barely feel Nia catch her, could barely hear the noise...::

DrevenMagistrate: ::a look of horror shadows his features as he looks to the crack in the curtain, light coming from the outside... when it was night::

JakeMiach: ::he slows the swords swing and looks to the lark::

Falan Fal: ::and then it was seen - by all:::

Zharyka: ::leaning on Rebel:: what's that noise...??

Lark of Dreven: ::comes over to help with Breina::

Roric Vellanur: By the Gods....

Riondhgh: ::a shake of her head, not certain::

Lark of Dreven: ::to Nia:: I have her. Get out of here.

Falan Fal: ::streaks of light shooting down from the night sky... streaks of fire... massive...unbelievable... comets... taling fire.....

Roric Vellanur: Hell has come upon us...

NeverWanderer: ::Stumbling to his feet and seeing that Zee is taken care of, he looks out the window::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks to the window:: sweet mother.....

Falan Fal: ::WHOOOOOOOOOOM:.

NeverWanderer: ...no...

DrevenMagistrate: (q) May Nostrella pray for us all.

Riondhgh: By the tooth!

VladiniaVonBraun: ::weakly going to her knees, pulling herself up slowly::

Roric Vellanur: UNDERGROUND! NOW!!!

Lark of Dreven: ::looks up at the sounds:: Icaruss....

Zharyka: Fates save us... ::as she sees the comets::

JakeMiach: Tis not hell, it is the beginnings

Falan Fal: ::WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM:::

Roric Vellanur: ::It was the only place that would be safe... ::

CwilkeKalus: good idea ::retracts his blades, and runs for that ladder::

Roric Vellanur: Someone grab TY!

JakeMiach: Scurry for the door!

Falan Fal: ::dust and dirt fall from the ceiling... the Imperials, seeing the window...

CwilkeKalus: on it

Lark of Dreven: ::to Roric and the others:: Follow me! Into the tunnels!

Riondhgh: ::legs spin as she scrabbles towards the ladder down...helping Zee along::

Falan Fal: ::...all drop their weapons::

CwilkeKalus: ::changes direction ,and heads for ty::

JakeMiach: He's gone

NeverWanderer: ..kendra... ::He sprints to the window and looks out to see where the comets are landing::

Lark of Dreven: ::heads back towards the tunnels, taking Breina with him::

Roric Vellanur: ::The Arch-Magess was slung unceremoniously over his shoulder, so much like a sack of potatoes. Slowly, yet skillfully, he descended, into the bowels of the Keep, away from the fire of the sky::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she turned, letting go of Breina and moving toward the boy, grabbing him by the collar and pulling him toward the hole::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he spun on the retreat of the intruders... and he was truly torn::

Zharyka: ::struggling along with Rebel, toward the ladder, wincing each time the bad leg takes a step::

Falan Fal: ::the castle SHAKES.... more and more streaks of fire... burning rock, as large as a house.

JakeMiach: ::and makes his way to the ladder, a tear held in his eye for the lad::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks to Iryk:: let's move Iryk, we gonne be fried if we stay here

Falan Fal: ...fall onto Dreven City... the wrath of a madman has come calling....:

Breina Ashlyn: ::Her eyes open wide, looking around in fear:: What is it? What is it? ::she grabs hold of Bronwyns arm, struggling to stand up::

DrevenMagistrate: ::but they kept Annabella Morningstar, the only light of truth within the world of law and politics which now seemed forever corrupted::

JakeMiach: Chris come on

Falan Fal: ::...and it expects a goodnight kiss::

CwilkeKalus: move jake, i'm fast, i'll be right behind ye

Lark of Dreven: The sky is falling. We must flee.

DrevenMagistrate: ::so he held his drawn blade once more, and came to stand before the Imperials, whether they were standing or not::

JakeMiach: ::he stands by the ladder::

JakeMiach: I'm gone

VladiniaVonBraun: ::one armed she drug Ty toward the hole in the floor.

NeverWanderer: ::He lets out a loud roar of frustration and heads for the ladder::

Falan Fal: ::still the castle floor shook... at every impact....

JakeMiach: ::and moves into the wretched sewer::

CwilkeKalus: ::stumbles::

DrevenMagistrate: ::he would not... could not go with them, but he would protect Annabella's retreat::

DrevenMagistrate: ::within the castle that was falling down::

Falan Fal: ::WHOOOOOOOOOOM:: ::the wall cracked - a rock had struck the Keep::

VladiniaVonBraun: Someone catch ::she called into the hole as she slid the boy over to it::

Zharyka: ::glancing back, catching sight of Arman's stand::

CwilkeKalus: ::then he starts to move impossibly fast, and just leaps down the ladder hole::

NeverWanderer: ::This last blast sends him to the floor::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::covering his body as dust and bricks rained down::

Lark of Dreven: ::with Breina, he heads back into the tunnels::

Riondhgh: ::wraps a silk rope...with a few quick wraps...then slides down quickly....faster than rungs

Roric Vellanur: (vs) All will burn... call upon the Hydromancers.... ::Words bounced against the broad expanse of Rorics back. She knew what was happening; somehow, she understood::

Riondhgh: ::motioning for others to follow so two can come down at once::

JakeMiach: ::the stench and the light flickering through the grates::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she then pushed the boy in the hole hoping someone caught him::

Lark of Dreven: ::he takes her back to the entrance to the sewers::

Roric Vellanur: ::And may the Gods bless the Magistrate, for his final act of.. sanity.

NeverWanderer: ::Sliding across more shards, they cut his arms and face.. still he rises and runs to the hole::

CwilkeKalus: ::watches ty come down, and moves to catch him, then lfys up, intercepting him, then lands::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She allowed herself to be carried, flitting in and out of consciousness::

DrevenMagistrate: ::pieces of walls and ceiling seemed to rain around him, clouds of dust rising like a storm brewing within the throne room::

CwilkeKalus: ::heaves him over his shoulder::

DrevenMagistrate: ::and in that... the form of the Magistrate was lost to view::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she then took Rebels rope as more brick and dust rained down::

Falan Fal: ::another CRASH... and screams sound out... Imperials dying...::

Zharyka: ::she took hold of Rebel's rope, sliding down and landing with a cry::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::catching a brick in the head for her troubles, blood oozing over her brow::

CwilkeKalus: ::glances to the lark:: you better remember which way to go

JakeMiach: Lyryk, any more reptiles ::he yells::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::barely missing Zee as she landed::

CwilkeKalus: there better not be.....

CwilkeKalus: ::yelled as well::

Riondhgh: ::then moves the others along.....moving towards the sewers....pushing and pulling::

Lark of Dreven: ::he seems to know the tunnels by heart now...he is able to lead everyone smoothly out.

NeverWanderer: ::Falling through the hole and landing solidly on his back::

Riondhgh: ::those stumbling...stumbling herself::

Zharyka: ::biting her lip as she stumbled along, favoring her injured leg::

CwilkeKalus: ::follows the group::

NeverWanderer: ...yes... a nest... but it is far from here

Falan Fal: ::distantly... from above....a groan.... a creak, as if an entire structurethreatened to crumble in upon itself::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she hurried toward the sewers, her good arm going around Zee to help her::

JakeMiach: ::his head scratching the ceiling::

CwilkeKalus: oh well, they come through here, i'll fry em, insanity be damned!

Roric Vellanur: ::She bounced along, silent as the dead, and yet, she was attentive to all that went on around her. Speech was difficult; slow in it's return despite the quickness of her mind::

NeverWanderer: ::Pushes himself up and follows them::

CwilkeKalus: ::running with ty across his shoulder::

Lark of Dreven: ::he takes them quickly through the tunnels::

Breina Ashlyn: ::Flailing arms pushed against Bronwyns chest as she choked on the dust and debris around them.

NeverWanderer: ::Limps as quickly as possible::

Lark of Dreven: ::feels his head throbbing as blood soaks through the fabric::

Zharyka: ::one arm clutched around Nia, moving faster now::

Falan Fal: ::.....then it hit, and none could stand... a direct hit, they knew it...::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she began to feel woozy from loss of blood, but kept moving quickly::

CwilkeKalus: ::just for the hell of it:: are we there yet?

Roric Vellanur: ::Crimson soaked his arms and chest, dripping like ruby gems onto stones as he laid there, suffered to the whims of the shaking earth::

Falan Fal: ::a maddening rumble... dust and bits of stone falling in a constant shower::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::suddenly thrown forward, into the muck and mire::

Riondhgh: ::she landed face in the dirt, scrabbling up like the street waif she was...::

Lark of Dreven: ::crashes to the ground, trying to break Breina's fall by having her land on him.

NeverWanderer: ::Is thrown to the floor once more, the floor driving an embedded shard deeper into his side::

CwilkeKalus: ::nearly goes flying:: bloody icarruss, the mad wizards never stay dead

Lark of Dreven: ::grimaces from the pain and scrambles to his feet, helping Breina::

Roric Vellanur: ::He cradled the Arch-Magess, his body covering hers, keeping off the rubble::

Falan Fal: ::the roof above groans... protests beneath the weight of what must be a ton of rock::

JakeMiach: ::pushed by the others, he just wants to get out of here::

Breina Ashlyn: ::A scream as she falls yet again, and feels the pull of Bronwyn yet again for her to get up::

Zharyka: ::thrown to the ground and letting out another cry of pain::

Falan Fal: ::...but it held::

Falan Fal: ::the tunnels held::

Lark of Dreven: ::through the tunnels...further::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she clambered to her feet, trying to help Zharyka up at the same time::

Roric Vellanur: Die. He.. must...die... ::Grunted as she was slung across the mans shoulder once again:: Bastard. ::Yep. She was... pissed::

JakeMiach: ::bloody reptiles, stinking human manure::

Zharyka: ::mmmphing:: what ... about ... the others...

Breina Ashlyn: ::Stumbling, knees buckling, she tried to drag herself alongside the bard::

JakeMiach: ::he could have laid in the stables.

NeverWanderer: ::Slowly rises and realizes he is farther behind them. He tries to move as fast as possible:

Zharyka: ::dragging herself upright again::

VladiniaVonBraun: I hear them, they must be okay.

Riondhgh: No...she means the vivomancer...Iannon.

Zharyka: no! in the dungeons...

Lark of Dreven: ::keeps everyone in sight...nearing the sewer junction::

Riondhgh: ::a steady look towards Zee::

Zharyka: ::frantically::

Falan Fal: ::the dungeons.....::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she was getting weaker: What?

Zharyka: ::nodding at Rebel::

CwilkeKalus: ::it dawns on him:: whoops, we forgot something.....

Falan Fal: ::.....the dungeons were inaccessible.

NeverWanderer: ::He finally catches up to them, gripping his side in pain::

Roric Vellanur: (sm) I agree, Anna... but we'll discuss that later, hm? ::Giving her backside an absent pat:

Falan Fal: ::blocked by what had been, minutes before, Taysayad Keep::

Lark of Dreven: We will have to come back for them...if we can. The tunnel to dungeons has caved in.

Zharyka: ::biting her lip at the Lark's words:: they're buried...? Fates save them...

Lark of Dreven: ::he nearly chokes...Terish was like family to him::

CwilkeKalus: most likely

Riondhgh: Can you...speak to him?

Roric Vellanur: ::He had to wonder just where they were going. Topside? Where the shower of rock and fire was raining down? He had to wonder just how they expected to maneuver the cities streets::

Falan Fal: ::so much loss.... so much death.....::

Lark of Dreven: There is still hope. The dungeons are deeper than the tunnels. They could still be alive.

Breina Ashlyn: ::Her mind was whirling:: Caved in..?

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she stared at Rebel a moment:: The shadows?

VladiniaVonBraun: We can at least check on them.

Zharyka: ::a soft sob escaping her::

CwilkeKalus: in all this madness, i was wondering, where are we gonna go?

Lark of Dreven: ::to Breina:: The palace...it is no more.

Falan Fal: ::a cracked pathway saw a sliver of light.... the surface... far above::

Riondhgh: ::a slow nod towards Nia::

Zharyka: they have to be ...

Zharyka: ::in answer to Bronwyn::

Lark of Dreven: ::points to the surface:: This way...we can reach the surface there.

Roric Vellanur: We can seek them out once this destruction is over! They're safe enough in the dungeons..

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she waved a hand indicating Rebel lead the way::

Roric Vellanur: There won't be any Imps left to worry over.

Lark of Dreven: ::motions to everyone:: Come. ::begins to ascend the incline to the surface::

Zharyka: we're going up there??

VladiniaVonBraun: ::then listening to Roric and Lark, her eyes questioning::

Zharyka: ::to where fire and hell were raining down?::

JakeMiach: ::the only thought held within, for those amongst him to reach safety::

CwilkeKalus: ::follows the lark, tiring with ty on his shoulder::

NeverWanderer: ::Stops:: Wait... there is another way....

Falan Fal: ::the explosions had stopped... the quaking had stopped... but the terror remained::

Lark of Dreven: ::to Z:: It seems to have stopped. And I doubt we'll run into any guards willing to fight.

CwilkeKalus: ::listens:: he's right, let's move

JakeMiach: ::looks to Chris:: ty him to me scabbard

Zharyka: then give me a moment ... ::sitting abruptly, and quite gracelessly::

Riondhgh: (s) Don't want to come out into a collapsed place...::musing::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks to jake:: with what?

JakeMiach: Ills carry him

Breina Ashlyn: ::She attempts to fly to the crack, slumps, and instead tries to stand and at least walk::

Zharyka: ::dirty, bloody hands reach for the wound on her leg, pressing the skin together::

Lark of Dreven: ::takes a moment to rest then begins to assist Breina up the cracked pathway::

JakeMiach: ::hands him the leather bindings on his waist::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::nodding slowly:: [q] Or a collapsing one.

Lark of Dreven: Let's give those wings a rest until your energy's returned, eh?

Zharyka: ::her breath coming in gasps::

Roric Vellanur: (v,vq) Tumian. ::A whispered sob catches in the womans throat, most likely unheard by the rest of the party, but the singular word ripped thru the man carrying her::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods, securing ty to jake's hilt::

NeverWanderer: ::Having no strength to argue... and no desire to wade through another croc nest... he follows::

JakeMiach: ::and stills::;

Breina Ashlyn: ::Through a wave of pain, she nods::

CwilkeKalus: ::stops next to the lark, helping the others up::

VladiniaVonBraun: [q]I'm not sure I have the strength to shadow walk now any way. ::swaying slightly::

JakeMiach: ::on hands and knees he begins to scurry through the slime::

Zharyka: ::she's healed worse before, but not her own, and not thru such a haze of pain ... the healing is minimal, and she stops::

JakeMiach: ::the lad upon his back::

CwilkeKalus: you know, i've heard of hell on earth, but this is ridiculous.....

Falan Fal: ::up top - it was certain, the danger was mostly over - the sky clear and black::

Lark of Dreven: ::heads towards the light at the end of the tunnel ((gulp))::

Falan Fal: ::but the horror remained::

Riondhgh: ::a muscular arm, trembling with fatigue helps prop Nia up::

Zharyka: ::at least she wasn't bleeding anymore, and she limped after the others, slowly::

Roric Vellanur: ::Arms gripping the Arch-Magess tight against him, he moved out of the tunnels and into the street, his eyes wide upon the firey destruction before him::

CwilkeKalus: ::moves to zee:: need a hand zee?

Lark of Dreven: ::once he reaches the top, his arms drops from Breina...and he just stares::

Riondhgh: ::wondering if the Pitt is still intact::

Zharyka: ::gratefully:: aye, Chris.

Falan Fal: ::bodies afire lay beneath other bodies... and others lay beneath flattened buildings::

CwilkeKalus: ::nods:: take a shoulder

VladiniaVonBraun: ::she smiled weakly toward Rebel:: [q]Shall we see what awaits us up there?

Zharyka: ye're not going to fly, are ye...?

CwilkeKalus: no....

Breina Ashlyn: ::A choked sob, as she leans heavily against Bronmyn, dust and dirt smeared on her cheeks::

Lark of Dreven: ::this time no tears come to his eyes...he clamps his mouth shut and holds them back::

Falan Fal: ::Dreven City resembled nothing short of Hell - meterites from the sky had all deigned to land upon Dreven's fair ground, washing the tainted land in fire::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::the smell of death filtering down to her, her nostrils flaring::

Zharyka: a'right. ::leaning on his shoulder, and then stopping to stare as they come out::

Lark of Dreven: ::for too long he has been weak...lying in that room, hiding from the world and its atrocities::

JakeMiach: ::rising to the surface the boy upon his back::;

Riondhgh: ::a nod towards Nia:: Lots of Dead to Speak...:oh so softly::

CwilkeKalus: ::stops, and stares like the rest:: talk about Rhydin.....

Lark of Dreven: ::no more...Icaruss must be stopped...the land must be retaken...the Empire saved::

Roric Vellanur: (vs) Gods.. ::Smoke burned his eyes, and the stench of burning flesh churned his stomach.

NeverWanderer: ::Slowly steps into the open and takes in the destruction around him::

Roric Vellanur: This was no war. This was out and out, slaughter::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::her gaze slid to Rebels and she nodded slowly::

JakeMiach: ::he looks to the heavens, then down the streets::

Zharyka: ::just staring in horror::

Falan Fal: ::the city was not fully destroyed - nay - but huge swaths of destruction could not be denied - thousands upon thousands dead and wounded::

Lark of Dreven: ::puts an arm around Breina, offering comfort::

Zharyka: (q) Falan... and Brynnalia...

VladiniaVonBraun: ::holding out a hand she begin her way toward the surface::

Zharyka: and Adron...

CwilkeKalus: ::flies up a decent distance to get a better view of things::

JakeMiach: ::his eyes catching the crumbled tower and he turns to run::

Falan Fal: ::the distant cries of the fearful, pained and grieving floating up to meet the band of heroes that had only come to meet death....::

Breina Ashlyn: ::She quietly slumps to her knees under Bronwyn's arm, arms reaching out to the land below her::

JakeMiach: ::to the gate::

Roric Vellanur: ::She'd been propped against Roric, his arm cradling her against his chest, allowing the woman a view of the destruction that had been wrought.

Falan Fal: ::...and so they did::

JakeMiach: ::into the fields, the woods call him:

NeverWanderer: ::His senses do not betray him now. They feed him every cry of pain.. every sight of destruction.... Every stench of death::

JakeMiach: ::the same way the forest called before::

Lark of Dreven: ::looks to Annabella, meeting her eyes:: We must be strong...

Zharyka: ::standing, most of her weight on her good leg, trying to block out the fear and pain that was clamoring at the shields she'd learned to place::

Roric Vellanur: (vs) I have much... work to ..do. ::She was strong.. stronger than they could ever imagine. Her eyes met with Lark briefly -- they flamed with an inner-fury::

CwilkeKalus: ::lands back behind the group, his face a mask of anger:: alright, i say we find icaruss and make sure he stays dead this time

Breina Ashlyn: ::She could do nothing but stare dully at the scene laid out before her::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::reaching the streets she gazed around at the hiroshima that had been Dreven::

Riondhgh: ::hearing Annabella's words...she feels tired, knowing that she too has much work to do::

Lark of Dreven: ::nods, looking back to his beloved city:: Aye. As do we all.

Zharyka: ::utter shock making it a difficult task::

Falan Fal: ::and somewhere... far away.... unable to be pinpointed...::

Falan Fal: :a madman laughed::

Falan Fal: ::and laughed::

Falan Fal: ::and laughed::

Falan Fal: ::and laughed::

VladiniaVonBraun: ::very, very softly to Rebel:: Perhaps you could teach me...

VladiniaVonBraun: ::shuddering at the sound of that laughter::

NeverWanderer: ::He glances, as if in a dream, toward the front of the city.. beyond.. to the tavern...::

CwilkeKalus: ::clenches his fist, the anger now so strong his skin is rippling with emotion::

Roric Vellanur: It will end. I promise. ::Hard, promising words from the Arch-Magess of Life::

Falan Fal: ((Okay - Curtain))