

Festival of Lights

26 September 2002
Ulen Relor, Thermador

HOST Game Shard: Ulen Relor is a moderately sized city within the Quintak desert. If you look at the map, it would be on the east side of the desert about mid point, close to the edge of the desert near the mountains. You're about 50 miles into the desert, but that is good as trade is easy and the city prospers. The city is NOT run by the Pyromancers, but there is a small school within the city, so there is some presence. The SMK's have a small garrison there, and it is well trained. The garrison is a single infantry company, comprised of 50 soldiers, including the leaders. However, the city is usually pretty quiet, and the government polices its own, with SMK support. Once a year a special festival is held to honor all of the people who came before the city, and to celebrate being Thermadorian. The Festival has grown in scope and it is actually well known these days as it has wonderful food, drink and fireworks! Hence, the name Festival of Lights.

HOST Game Shard: Many people have started to travel from far away to visit so that gives each and every one of you a good excuse for being here. The CWT portal can get you here...getting home is up to you. The portal in Wadi is secured by Shaftile and her Pyromancers

HOST Game Shard: Okay a few rules.

HOST Game Shard: 1. Have fun.

HOST Game Shard: 2. The purpose of this is to give everyone a chance to rP in a different setting, so take advantage. It is up to you all to make Ulen live and breathe.

HOST Game Shard: 3. Here is a great chance to rP with people you do not normally RP with.

HOST Game Shard: 4. Whatever happens tonight is live, and could hold consequences.

HOST Game Shard: 4a. That means, be careful and remember to play smart and make sure your having fun.

HOST Game Shard: And last thing....The evening is cool, the air is dry and the majority of the city is in a GREAT mood.

HOST Game Shard: *****

Jawanda Kaufy: ::hearing a noise to her right, she turned her head to look in that direction, the beads woven into her conrows singing musically with the twist of her skull, she leaned against a wall watching those passing to and fro::

HOST Game Shard: #The evening is cool, dry and filled with merriment with the sparkling city of Ulen Relor, tonight is the city's annual moment to shine. The streets were filled with amazing sites, party-revelers, booths where all sorts of dining delights could be purchased, and a giant tent in the town center filled with kegs of Thermadorian Fire Ale::

Vollis Irasco: ::travels aimlessly through the street, past half-naked revelers and women selling the rest of it for a few waters...he did not turn his head::

LadySageMercer: ::Coming out of the portal near the edge of the festival she waits for Chris::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She sat quietly in the small coach watching the streets, as the driver turned the team down the main avenue::

Jeriol Keayn: ::chuckles as he steps out of the garrison headquarters, his normally drab clothes exchanged for flashy silks and linens in all the colors of flame::

CwilkeKalus: ::pops out of the portal, immediately scanning the local area::Well, this looks like fun

LadySageMercer: ::Smiles looking over the attire of the people there:: I think we should do something different tonight...grinning taking in the sights::

CwilkeKalus: ::eyes a few of the buildings on the street they popped up on::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::although cotton, the kente dress covering her body was obviously woven of some of the finest that type of fabric had to offer - the bright hues of the material making her dark skin glow in the evening light::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks to her:: Such as?

OrazioGiamonico: ::He watched her from the seat across as the carriage tilted:: Thank you again for accompanying me.

Vollis Irasco: ::he did not seem like much, a man in leather, all buckles and straps...the only adornments were the studs on his gloves and the silver crescent moon charm dangling from the hilt of his blade::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He pulls the curtain back and looks out to the streets:: Quite festive.

Lalchi Dahi: ::She looked to her companion and smiled a smile he could not see:: My father wishes you to see..... It is my pleasure.

HOST Game Shard: #::the city is very close in style to Wadi Medani, but not as dense and a bit cleaner, the central portion of town has wide streets::

HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli Sand-Tracer tosses a playful grin to those gathered about her, her body continuing to sway to the flare of the three musicians nearby. Her laughter pressed the music as she whirled in a circle about the other dancer, eyes bright::

Jeriol Keayn: It's been a long year, and I've been looking forward to this again.. ::to no one in particular::

CwilkeKalus: Hmm.....watches the swaying dancer::

Vollis Irasco: ::he tied the donkey to the leg of a booth and leaned over, eyes glancing over honeyed dates, meats on a stick roasted almost black...the obsession with fire was something one grew used to, he believed, and he chose some of each::

OrazioGiamonico: ::The curtain falls and he looks to her again:: Then I will thank your father.

HOST Game Ferus: ::one of the women nearby is grinning as she keeps time with her feet, pausing every so often to take a healthy drink from the mug of fire ale::

LadySageMercer: ::Smiling she ripples and changes from her casual form into a red silk dress that flows around her, she's barefoot and has a few braids mingling with her blonde ringlets and a ruby necklace::

Marcel Desgarden: ::This nobleman's carriage had come and gone, leaving its parcels to fend for themselves upon the crowded street. One, an obvious noble, the other his personal valet; both dressed in the finest that money could buy::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::eyes the color of the obsidian rock found near the mountains watched Vollis from donkey to booth::

Lalchi Dahi: I hope you enjoy the visit to our city. And your timing was just right to behold the fires in the desert sky.

HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli tosses a wink Chris' way as she continues to prance, lost to the quickening rhythm of the music::

Jeriol Keayn: ::his meandering path takes him to the center of the city, where dancers cavort in the firelight::

HOST Game Shard: #::near the central tent a rather massive man with no shirt and many earrings happily pours mugs of Fire Ale, he is bald in the ehad and has a full, thick dark beard, his smile is as large as he is::

Amethystra: <Ayana> ::having the Thermadorian wear of a dancer, blonde hair flowed over her shoulders, nods to Meheli::

LadySageMercer: ::Glances to the dancer as well, eyes lighting up::

CwilkeKalus: ::grins, then looks back to Sage:: You were saying...trails off as she shifts around:: ...Very Thermish...

OrazioGiamonico: Yes, I could use a celebration.

Lalchi Dahi: Shall we walk and enjoy the merriment?

Sullied Abandon: ::The latter's vivid gaze scanned the streets, his cane tucked lightly beneath his arm. Brows arched somewhat as he glanced to Master Desgarden with a most deceptively charming smile:: What had you in mind for the evening, lordship?

LadySageMercer: ::Then looks back to Chris:: You like?

Amethystra: <Staya> ::staying in the midst of the crowd, trying not to be noticed, blending into the crowd::

Vollis Irasco: ::he lowered the scarf around his mouth and opened his jaw wide to take a bite from the stick...the man at the booth's eyes widened in complete shock at Vollis, but he said nothing::

HOST Game Shard: #::this man is Trelgar Sootbrander, a trader and merchant of high regard::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the lacquered beads draped around his neck and threaded around his arms catch the firelight as he looks over the people gathered there::

CwilleKalus: ::nods:: It's quite nice

OrazioGiamonico: Yes, I would enjoy that. ::he taps the roof with the palm of his hand and it stops::

HOST Game Ferus: ::at a small stand, two men laugh raucously, one slapping his belly, the other grinning at him as he takes a bite out of some thinly-sliced meat::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She claps her hands and the carriage slowly comes to a halt, and the footmen rush to the door::

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::standing in his booth, beckoning to any potential customers, showing off his weaponry proudly::

Vollis Irasco: ::Vollis gave the boothman a single smile, though he would not lift his eyes...the rest of the stick was cleaned with tongue and nibbles::

HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli nods to Ayana, a flirtatious wink afforded her as well, moving towards the woman in her dance::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::her eyes shifted from one person to another to land upon Jeriol for a few moments::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He waits, until the door is open and the step pulled out::

Jeriol Keayn: ::an arm snakes out and catches the waist of one of the young local girls:: Good eve' lovely. Where can a parched throat find refreshment?

HOST Game Shard: #::in the center of town near the ale tent is another tent where a throng of people watch with much interest what seems to be a dart competition::

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::watches Vollis like a hawk, his aquiline nose being the prominent feature on his face:: If you like any of the swords, let me know.

OnlineHost: Riolana has left the room.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He slowly steps out taking in the sites and then turns to face the carriage::

Vollis Irasco: ::the rest of the sticks were gathered together and he continued his walk through the street, pausing upon She'hal with faint interest:: What have you?

Marcel Desgarden: Mmm.. ::Dark eyes were drinking in the figure of a svelte dancing girl:: A drink first, I think.. ::Passing a glance to his valet:: And then... ::There was the touch of amusement upon his lips:: we shall see what catches the eye.

Lalchi Dahi: ::She bent her eyes away from him and slowly reached for the folds of her skirt::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the beads glimmer like a challenge to all young women.. what will it take to get one of them?::

Marcel Desgarden: ::Again, he found himself watching the spin of scarf-clad flesh::

Sullied Abandon: ::A knowing smile crossed his face as he dipped in a faint bow, eyes glinting:: But of course, lordship. ::He straightened, cane swinging out from beneath his arm to extend towards the ale tent before tucking back once more:: I'd

OrazioGiamonico: ::He extends his hand, gloved in fine soft tan leather and bends as if to bow toward her::

Amethystra: <Ayana> ::throaty laughter emits from the woman's lips, winking at Jeriol as she holds up the drink of wine::

CwilleKalus: Hmm...Perhaps I should join you, yes? ::to Sage::

Sullied Abandon: think we've a great deal of luck there, milord.

HOST Game Ferus: ::the sweet chime of laughter sounds as the woman Jeriol snatched by the waist loops her arms over his neck:: Why, the Fire Ale flows but there.... ::she gestures to where the bald man stands::

Lalchi Dahi: ::The metallic bangles danced on her ankle as she moved towards him accepting his hand::

LadySageMercer: ::grins:: I was hoping you would.

Jeriol Keayn: ::a broad smile:: That will do, if you're willing to part with it

Amethystra: <Ayana> The drinks are there. ::laughing in unison with the other dancer, nudging her friend with a wink::

Lalchi Dahi: ::And balanced herself in his grip::

HOST Game Shard: #::Trelgar Sootbrander bellows:: Fire Ale! Come fill your bellies and coat your throats!!!

HOST Game Ferus: ...Unless you wished a drink of a different sort? ::the townswoman reaches up to plant a kiss on Jeriol's cheek::

CwilleKalus: Hmm...::his white shirt ripples and turns a shade of red that matches her dress:: Does this work for you?

HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli laughs and gives Ayana another wink::

Amethystra: <She'hal> Broad swords, short swords, rapiers..

Lalchi Dahi: Mr. Giamonaco, why thank you.

Jeriol Keayn: ::his smile slips a moment, but returns quickly with the kiss:: Perhaps later, lovely.

LadySageMercer: ::Nods, and rests a hand in the crook of his arm again:: Very handsome ::wink::

HOST Game Shard: #::the ale flows quickly to the many people gathered near the kegs::

Amethystra: <She'hal> Dirks, javelins. Almost any weapon imaginable, sir.

Vollis Irasco: ::frowns in She'hal's direction:: You sell the weapons of westerners. Simply steel?

HOST Game Ferus: ::the townswoman pouts prettily:: If you insist. ::and thus she lets her arms slip from his neck::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He steps back and glances to her feet and the sound, faint as it is over the noise of the street:: Orazio, please

CwilleKalus: ::chuckles, an almost sheepish grin:: What shall we do first?

Marcel Desgarden: Of course.. of course.. ::A brief flicker of his gaze found the large tent:: That will do...::He seemed reluctant to leave the pretty sight, but his thirst needed quenching first::

HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli, meanwhile, plays at the circle of those who admire her dance, her fingers clapping together, the soft chime of the cymbals ringing accompaniment to the music::

Jeriol Keayn: ::a smile meant to ease as he releases the townswoman and heads toward the kegs::

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::bowing his head in acquiescence:: I knew that the Festival of Lights would draw those that do not come from Thermador. What exactly would you be seeking?

Lalchi Dahi: Orazio... and we dispense of formalities so soon?

HOST Game Shard: #::Trelgar serves four muges with two hands, quite the feat, not like those incompetent bartenders of the Crosswinds Tavern::

Amethystra: <Staya> ::meekly drawing closer to the crowd::

LadySageMercer: Umm...:Taking in the sights gladly trying to make up her mind:: Why don't we walk through and see what catches our eye first?

Sullied Abandon: ::Brows arched somewhat as he turned more fully towards him:: Or instead I could fetch you a drink and bring it back here, if you'd rather stay.. Merely give the word, Master Desgarden.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He smiles:: Only if you allow it to be so.

Vollis Irasco: I seek nothing. But you can try and sell me something if it interests you.

Lalchi Dahi: Then it should be Chi, My brothers do call me Chi... ::almost whispered::

KennistonMal: ::Eyes of the lightest brown cast their gaze down the empty, moonlit street as Kenniston makes his way toward the festival. He keeps the small book tucked into his vest pocket as a goodluck charm of sorts::

CwilkeKalus: ::grins:: Sounds like a plan...Hmmm...::points down the street, oddly enough towards the weapons dealer:: That way?

OrazioGiamonico: ::He nods and catches the sound of the words but does not say them aloud::

Jeriol Keayn: ::A few moments later, an ale in hand, he returns to the firelit shown in the central square::

HOST Game Ferus: ::the laughter of children is heard as a young boy runs through the streets, a long, brightly-colored ribbon in his hands, being chased down by a younger boy and a girl::

HOST Game Shard: #:three men carry one of their friends from the ale tent, as it appears the one man has passed out::

Vollis Irasco: ::he lowers his scarf passing the meat on a stick through his teeth to remove all of it and chew it violently::

LadySageMercer: ::Nods, glancing down the street to see what was there::

Amethystra: <Ayana> ::dancing alongside Maheli, not to be outdone, her arms writhing in a snakelike motion, fingers clinging together with the small cymbals::

Jeriol Keayn: ::he steps aside quickly, allowing the ribbon-trailing boy to pass unhindered::

Vollis Irasco: ::licks the stick and stares at the booth::

Marcel Desgarden: Bring me two then, Chiron.. ::It was a fine idea, indeed. The nobleman offered a golden coin to his valet:: And something for yourself if you wish.

OrazioGiamonico: And...:he looks first to the right then left down the busy streets:: Where is it you would like to go?

CwilkeKalus: ::starts walking with her down the road:: Seems like a lively place, funny how I don't recall ever really hearing about it before...:shrugs some::

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::looking Vollis over:: You prefer to see something simpler, like a sling?

HOST Game Ferus: ::the boy yells a quick "sorry!" as he runs by Jeriol, quickly trailed by the other two children, their laughter warm::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She lets the hand slip from its regard of her skirt, and travel to her veils::

Marcel Desgarden: ::The pouch from which the coin was produced was then tucked back within the folds of the mans attire, safe from plucking fingers::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::pushing away from the wall, she began to move among the booths looking over the wares::

Jeriol Keayn: ::he takes an idle pull of the ale as his eyes follow the lithe movements of the dancers::

Sullied Abandon: ::He bowed in a thankful nod, taking the coin:: As you wish, most gracious lordship.. ::Well Chiron wasn't paid to be daft. Turning from Marcel, he approached the tent, a long smirk crawling across his face as his entire expression

HOST Game Shard: #:cheers erupt from the tent where the dart competition is taking place, a favorite must have scored!::

Lalchi Dahi: Do you like the dancers? Orazio.

Vollis Irasco: I do not want steel. But if that is all you have, then I hope the Festival treats you well. Good night.

Sullied Abandon: seemed to darken, once hidden from his "most gracious lordship"'s gaze::

KennistonMal: ::Ten years he has lived in this city, and in ten years, he has never missed the Festival of Lights. This thought plays through his mind and again, the apprehension sets in. He lifts a hand to feel the hardness of the book through

Amethystra: <Staya> ::getting closer to Jawanda, not looking at anyone in the eye::

LadySageMercer: But didn't you say you normally sit at the tavern and do nothing? ::teasing:: It doesn't surprise me at all.

Vollis Irasco: ::he looked down the street, tugging his donkey closer to him::

LadySageMercer: Although I do wonder how you managed to hear about it tonight?

Jawanda Kaufy: ::the soft fabric of the multi-hued dress flowed around her with each step, the beads singing with each movement of her head::

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::bows his head to Vollis:: Have a pleasant stay at the Festival.

HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli laughs softly, brightly-colored skirts swirling as she dances around Ayana, letting one of her veils get within quick-grabbing reach::

KennistonMal: his pocket. More than a goodluck charm, it is his reassurance. A reminder that he's doing the right thing::

OrazioGiamonico: Dancers? ::he pauses and looks to her then down the street to the music::

CwilkeKalus: ::hmmphs a bit, though it's not as harsh as usual:: I don't just sit like a bump on the wall, I listen and I remember ::grins: I overheard some merchants the other day talking about it...

Vollis Irasco: Hmph...:he lifted a foot and swung it over the donkey, guiding it slowly through the throngs of people, now from an elevated perspective...and eating...always eating::

Jeriol Keayn: ::knights wander through the crowded street, some looking merry at the festivities, others looking glum at being on duty during the fun::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she didn't look at Staya, but felt the presence of someone staying near to her, she stopped at a booth that held sandals::

Amethystra: <Ayana> ::gyrating her hips, giving a smoldering look to one of the men in the crowd as she dances::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She slows and rolls her hips:: You have not been treated to the dances?

Vollis Irasco: ::passing a booth selling sandals, he briefly glances at the wares, then continues on::

KennistonMal: ::Tonight will be Kenniston's last festival of lights. Tomorrow, Kenniston will return home for the first time in nearly two decades::

Marcel Desgarden: ::Dark eyes watched Chirons back for a moment; Marcel was at complete ease, trusting his valet without question::

HOST Game Ferus: Antapa, wait! ::the little girl laughs as she runs after the ribbon-bearing boy::

Vollis Irasco: ::he turned the donkey around, all but demanding that the stagnant flow of people pass around him::

Amethystra: <Staya> ::pausing to look at the clothing of some of the people in the crowd, specifically when they take money from their purse::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::her eyes shifted from the wares to the man with the donkey then back again, her concentration elsewhere::

HOST Game Shard: #:another roar from the throng near the dart competition as one young man is tossed on his arse out of the tent, obviously having drank too much::

OrazioGiamonico: No, I have not. I have just arrived and the mountains I traveled through had little dancing.

Lalchi Dahi: Or perhaps we should go shopping?

OnlineHost: Ashoken xx has entered the room.

LadySageMercer: ::Pauses a moment looking at a booth with beaded jewelry ::
Jeriol Keayn: ::he plays idly with a bright orange string of glass beads, his gaze direct on a mature yet still lovely dancer::
Sullied Abandon: ::He made his way through the crowd towards the ale tent, soon enough venturing inside.. A drunkard stumbled over a chair and wound up directly in front of Chiron, his massive folds of flesh jiggling with laughter whilst Chiron
HOST Game Ferus: ::the boy laughs at the call from his child-friend, zipping past Kenniston, knocking into him briefly::
HOST Game Ferus: ::again, a "Sorry!" is yelled out as he stumbles past, quick to regain his bearing::
KennistonMal: ::But as the lights of the city center gleam closer, Kenniston sets his mind at ease. Tomorrow, he leaves for home. But tonight, he celebrates. Tonight, he says goodbye::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she fingered a few of the sandals, even lifting one pair into the air then setting them down again before she moved on::
Amethystra: <She'hal> Come one, come all! Weaponry for sale! ::calling out in his deep voice, which echoes through the busy streets::
OrazioGiamonico: ::Laughs:: You choose. I am sure either would be enjoyable.
Sullied Abandon: grimaced.. Ever the lover of mankind, the fool was struck soundly by the cane previously tucked under his arm. He just fell back into a table and laughed further. Chiron then paused and glanced about for where he might purchase a drink::
Lalchi Dahi: What would a man of your bearing appreciate more?
OnlineHost: GryPheonix has entered the room.
HOST Game Shard: #:high up in one of the building near the central festival, Belinda Corr watches merrily as she celebrates her 6th birthday, sitting in the window and dangling her feet::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she moved toward She'hal's booth and began to look over the weaponry::
HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli dances her way to one of the seated admirers, slipping briefly onto his lap, arms weaving in front of his face; the people about him jeer and tease the flustered young man::
Amethystra: <Staya> ::moving closer to Jawanda, eyeing the woman::
OnlineHost: Rhys A Malet has entered the room.
Marcel Desgarden: ::His attention turned to those things closest to him; men, women, some of them drunk, others gorging on various delicacies .. not all of them edible::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::one particular blade caught her eye, one small enough to almost hide within her palms, but the blade looked sharp and deadly::
CwilkeKalus: ::pauses with Sage, eyes the jewelry::<QM> Watching the competition, are we? ::chuckles::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He smiles softly:: If I am not required to dance I think watching for a while could be enjoyable.
Amethystra: <She'hal> ::waving his broad arm over his weaponry displayed:: Find anything you like, miss?
Jeriol Keayn: ::he takes a long draw of his ale, still fingering the beads, this time a dusky string of polished amber::
Vollis Irasco: ::the bottom of the scarf was lifted to admit a handful of honeyed dates, then lowered to conceal his mouth::
Lalchi Dahi: Sandles, swords, or scarves.
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she picked up the blade, fingering it expertly, her thumb running down the smooth side and a soft smile gracing burgundy lips as she found it quite sharp:: How much? ::to She'hal::
HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli laughs as her dance provokes more jibing of the man she'd settled on, and she winks once before rejoining her dancing-friend::
KennistonMal: ::He laughs softly as the child knocks into him:: It's alright. Have fun! ::Is called to his back as he takes off again::
Vollis Irasco: ::each minute lowered his lids a bit more as the festivities ceased to lighten his usually somber mood...but that is why he had stopped coming to the Festivals::
LadySageMercer: ::giggles:: Just wondering if I should invest in some for my shop. ::grins fingering an odd piece that was a round gold band with red and gold beads dangling from it meant to be worn over the hair::
HOST Game Shard: #:within the tent with the darts, young master Yulo Trov aims at the dart board, he is ahead by fifteen points in the semi-final match::
OrazioGiamonico: ::Again he smiles:: Scarves, indeed perhaps you could help me choose one for my mother.
Jeriol Keayn: ::he smiles as the dancer in question winks and beckons.. enough time for that later, after further drink::
Lalchi Dahi: ::The tone of her voice betrayed her blush as she kept the veils about her face::
Sullied Abandon: ::He drew to a pause before the bar, waiting perhaps less than patiently for someone to pay him mind.. Soon enough, he had the ales for Marcel and a glass of water for himself. As was tradition, he tucked away the change. He'd tell
LadySageMercer: This is a rather different necklace..
Amethystra: <She'hal> Wonderful weapon. One of my finest. See the quality work displayed in the hilt.
HOST Game Ferus: Val'hat, enjoy yourself! You're to be married tomorrow! ::a friend of Maheli's "victim" claps him on the shoulder::
Vollis Irasco: <m>"Sand"..."being merry"..."no idea."
CwilkeKalus: Hmm....eyes the selection then the item she's holding:: It might be wise, for that "exotic" feel ::grins:: I think that goes in your hair or something...
Lalchi Dahi: It would be my pleasure . ::and she let an eyebrow wink::
Sullied Abandon: him he purchased some expensive drink that took up the change, and buy himself some lovely trinket later on. Downing his water swiftly, he grasped the ales and started out of the tent:
Vollis Irasco: ::he turned his donkey around slowly, sighing a bit, an action that lifted the bottom of his scarf::
HOST Game Shard: #:the crowd cheers again as Yulo increases his lead to 20 points, with a masterful shot:
Jawanda Kaufy: Mmm... ::nodding, beads clacking, as she looked over the fine workmanship upon the hilt:: Two silver. ::her eyes lifted upward to gaze at the man::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He chuckles and hold his arm, offering it to her as he looks to the booths nearby::
HOST Game Ferus: ::Val'hat turns red as he looks to the dancers, only to find a wink tossed his way::
LadySageMercer: <Salesman> That's right sir, ::smiling:: Would you like to try it on miss?
Amethystra: <Staya> ::carefully tries to reach for money from Jawanda, using the light touch, and ready to dart off into the crowd if caught::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She shifts her gaze to the booths and the clacking of the beads::
HOST Game Shard: #: a few clouds drifted across the sky, a sky filled with no moon::
CwilkeKalus: ::nudges Sage:: Go on, try it
LadySageMercer: ::grins, and nods:: Yes please.
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she turned swiftly, the blade sent to slice across Staya's hand as he reached for an empty coinpurse at her waist::
Amethystra: <She'hal> Name the price for such a weapon, miss.
Lalchi Dahi: ::As she gently lays her hand upon his elbow::
Marcel Desgarden: ::With the numbers of people clogging the cobbled streets, it was surprising to find a familiar face. Orazio Gioamonicoo.. a fellow member of the ALF, and eldest son in one of the wealthiest families in Luminii. A dark brow canted

Sullied Abandon: ::Leaving the tent with a look of pure contempt for those within, he started down the street towards Marcel, gaze lifting habitually to the sky as he walked:

Jeriol Keayn: ::he drifts away from the dancers, toward the rows of vendor stands lining one of the thoroughfares::

HOST Game Ferus: ::the other man lifts his fire ale:: To Val'hat's wedding! And to the fine dancers and festivities this night! To Thermador!

Vollis Irasco: #:this he noticed...: <m>Sulevia::he touched the charm at the hilt of his weapon and shook his head: <m>It would be smart to be elsewhere. They are cattle to the slaughter.

HOST Game Ferus: ::the man's friends lift their own ales and chorus:: To Thermador!

GryPheonix: ::somewhere a boy, barely a young man, leaned by the wall of a building as he watched the festivities::

Marcel Desgardien: as he watched the man, waiting it would seem, for the other to recognize him in return::

Amethystra: <Staya> ::knicked by the blade, clutching her hand and darts out into the crowd, dripping small droplets of blood in her wake::

Jeriol Keayn: ::from behind he hears the lifted toast, and lifts his own glass, though he knows not who Val'hat is:: To Thermador. ::with this he drinks the last of his ale::

LadySageMercer: <Salesman> ::Smiles and picks up the piece laying it over the short womans gold hair, the gold band crossing her forehead and the red beads drapping over ther curls in loops::

Vollis Irasco: #:he nudged the creature forward ever more, finishing off the last of the meat on a stick along with the dates and dropped it all onto the ground beneath to be trampled away::

OrazioGiamonico: ::he begins to walk toward first booth as the music surrounds him::

Sullied Abandon: Shall I bring you to his attention, lordship? ::Never missed a cue, did he? He found himself standing directly behind Marcel.. off to the left a bit, as if a shadow::

KennistonMal: ::With a deep breath, Kenniston wanders into the midst of the festival. Dressed in a dark red vest, white shirt beneath that, and sun-bleached tan trousers, his skin tone very nearly matches that of his eyes, having spent years under the Thermadorian sun. Darker than his skin is his hair, but only slightly. Deep brown strands are pulled into a short pony tail, letting a few errant locks hang over his brow::

HOST Game Ferus: ::Antapa, laughing, skirts past the dancers, his long, brightly colored ribbon trailing behind him::

GryPheonix: ::he watched with a mix of joy and anxiety, he turned to see a wanderer from the deserts watching as well, veiled against the sands::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she glanced back toward the booth tender:: Send a boy to meet with Lorcan Sarhunan at the UMA Inn here in the morning. He will pay you for this weapon.

Lalchi Dahi: ::She turns her head and watches the woman hed into the crowd, and becomes silent::

CwilkeKalus: ::breathes in, smelling the food and the drink and the general press of bodies::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He glances up and look to a familiar face::

Vollis Irasco: ::one of the painted made an attempt at catching his attention...he simply smiled in response away from her and raised a bit of ire in her, as well as a few insulting comments::

LadySageMercer: ::Spins around to show Chris:: What do you think?

OrazioGiamonico: ::He stops, and looks again::

Amethystra: <Ayana> ::brushing aside her blonde hair from her forehead, which was clinging to her face from the exertion of her dance:: I'm going for another drink. ::winks at the other dancer::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she gave the man a small smile and then walked away, the weapon now tucked securly into a pocket of her kaftan::

LadySageMercer: ::The beads clicking together::

Marcel Desgardien: ::The query didn't surprise him. In the years that Chiron had been in Marcells service, he'd grown used to the shadowing and seeming mind-reading ability:: He seems to be busy, Chiron. ::A hand extended for the mug of ale. His throat felt like the Thermadorian desert and his thirst needed to be slaked:: I do wonder who the woman is he's with...

Jeriol Keayn: ::the glint of steel by firelight draws him toward one of the vendors, weapons of various sorts adorning his table::

GryPheonix: ::small children mixed with the crowds, occasionally a pickpocket among them::

CwilkeKalus: ::grins:: I think it's quite nice

HOST Game Ferus: ::Maheli grins:: I'll join you in a moment! ::shooing her off with a few side-sways of her hips, she winks at Ayana::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::glancing upward a moment she frowned and moved toward the outer portion of the area where she had been standing before::

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::nods at Jawanda, writing the name of Lorcan down:: And who may I say sent for such a fine weapon?

OrazioGiamonico: Excuse me ::he whispers to Lalchi:: Could I direct you this way a moment?

LadySageMercer: ::Turns to the salesman:: How much?

Vollis Irasco: ::from his distant, but elevated, position he began to watch the people passing by the weapon booth, carefully eyeing their exchanges::

Lalchi Dahi: You see something you like. ::she whispered::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::over her shoulder to She'hal:: Tell the boy to say "the desert vixen" requested it.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He keeps his eyes towards the man across the street::

LadySageMercer: <Salesman> ::scratches his chin and looks her over:: For a pretty lady such as yourself...5 gold.

Jawanda Kaufy: ::her eyes flashed a moment as she continued to walk away::

HOST Game Shard: #:the city was alive with the throngs of people, most having made there way towards the central section of the city, where tents were set up everywhere::

Jeriol Keayn: ::stands at the edge of She'hal's stand, looking over the weapons there:: They are already sharpened? ::an idle inquiry::

CwilkeKalus: ::truly hopes she trys haggling::

Lalchi Dahi: ::And followed his stepes though just a half of one behind::

HOST Game Ferus: ::the young girl, Elani, stops by one of the food stands to pick up a sweet, a gummy grin on her face as she thanks the standmaster::

LadySageMercer: ::Looks at Chris:: What do you think?

Amethystra: <Staya> ::sulked as she washed off the wound inflicted by the blade, muttering to herself about picking a target that wasn't looking over weapons::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He gently tugs her across the street still unsure::

CwilkeKalus: ::grins:: I'm no merchant...but I don't like that price, I've seen those sold in Dreven for at least...three gold

Lalchi Dahi: Orazio I am right here.

OrazioGiamonico: ::stepping closer to the man and his servant he looks directly to him and suddenly smiles::

LadySageMercer: <Salesman> ::Frowns scratching his stubby chin some more:: But this is real gold...I am sure those are just imitations.

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she took up her lean against a building once more, her eyes and ears open::

Amethystra: <She'hal> Yes, sir. They need to be for the sale, hmm?

HOST Game Shard: #Young Belinda Corr moves from the window and after a few minutes makes it up to ehr rooftop to get a better look at

everything below::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She stares surprised as her fingers tighen on his elbow::

LadySageMercer: ::Raised a brow knowing if it was real gold it wasn't pure, she spoke to Chris: ~Is not~

Sullied Abandon: ::His eyes narrowed meticulously as he studied the girl, remaining Master Desgarden's shadow:: Unless I'm mistaken.. that would be Lalchi Dahi.. She's the daughter of a wealthy goatherd, and- ::Once the two were within earshot, he straightened professionally and glanced straight ahead, leaving Marcel to his conversation::

OrazioGiamonico: Marcel? :: first as a question:: Marcel. ::then with a sureness::

Jeriol Keayn: Depends on what you intend to use them for. ::a one-shouldered shrug sets the beads festooning him to clicking quietly:: How much for the jeweled scimitar there?

Vollis Irasco: ::his knees pushed the donkey to strut sideways, butting its way through bodies until Vollis was headed for the center tent::

HOST Game Ferus: ::the song ends, and Maheli curtsies deeply to the applause; another song is soon enough started up::

CwilkeKalus: Hmm...::a brief ear twitch:: Yes, well, I'm sure you'll make a killing tonight, yes? ::grins:: So let the lady have it for three gold, hmm?

KennistonMal: ::He smiles and greets those he knows among town, but is surprised by the number of foreigners present. More than he's seen in years! A wave is offered to one of the food vendors and he makes his way over::

Amethystra: <Ayana> ::steps up to the food stand, holding out her coin:: Fire Ale, please.

CwilkeKalus: ~You better be right...~

HOST Game Ferus: ::This one, though, she lets her other friend dance to, while she moves for Trelgar and Ayana::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He places his hand on top of Lalchi's arm::

Marcel Desgarden: ::Well, it would seem that Orazio had already found him:: And a good evening to you, Orazio.. ::Passing the mug of fireale from one hand to the other to free it for a shake:: I thought it was you I saw moments ago.. ::And his eyes strayed to the woman at his side::

LadySageMercer: ~What you don't trust me?~ ::winking at him::

HOST Game Ferus: ::Elani looks up as Kenniston approaches the vendor's stand, and holds up the sticky-sweet treat:: They're fresh..!

Amethystra: <She'hal> Fine selection there. The rubies in the hilt sparkle brightly.

CwilkeKalus: ~Lets just say I'm wary~ ::grins::

OnlineHost: **GryPheonix has left the room.**

HOST Game Ferus: ::her young eyes shine a dark brown, almost black::

LadySageMercer: <Salesman> I don't know sir...::thinking hands in his pockets swaying back on his heels, he looks at Sage:: Perhaps for 3 gold and a kiss from the lady? ::winks at her::

OrazioGiamonico: I am surprised to see you here, in the sands of all places.

Jawanda Kaufy: ::hearing one name in particular, her eyes swiftly moved toward the man from Luminii and his companion, as well as the well dressed man addressing him::

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::stroking his chin in contemplation:: For you. 50 gold piece.

Lalchi Dahi: ::She averted her gaze from the two men::

LadySageMercer: ~I'm hurt...~::ginning::

Jeriol Keayn: It's very pretty. ::he reaches for the weapon in question, lifting it, hefting it's weight and balance::

CwilkeKalus: ::tsks:: The kiss alone should make it two gold

HOST Game Shard: #::the Festival is in high gear, the ale is flowing, the people are partying, all is well in Ulen Relor this eve::

OrazioGiamonico: ::he takes the hand for a quick shake and watches his eyes find Lalchi::

OnlineHost: **HOST Game Shard has left the room.**

Jeriol Keayn: ::his eyes widen, but not at the price... it actually holds a good balance, not something he'd expected for so gaudy a weapon::

Lalchi Dahi: ::And half stepped behind Orazio::

CwilkeKalus: ~Are you? Well you can thank me for haggling for you~ ::grins::

Sullied Abandon: ::His chiseled physique dipped in a cordial bow to both Orazio and Lalchi, still serving as background decor::

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::smiles:: Hold it in two hands. It balances well.

LadySageMercer: <Salesman> ::Shakes his head smiling:: You're already robbing me sir ::wink::

Vollis Irasco: ::he dropped from the back of the donkey, tying the reins to a tent rope and gave one quick sniff of the reasonably fresh air before bracing himself for the usual inside of a Thermador tent::

OnlineHost: **Icaruss Ithgath has entered the room.**

Vollis Irasco: ::he pushed through the flaps and swam through the perfumes, eyes glancing about::

CwilkeKalus: If I was I'd have pocketed half your stock by now ::grins::

KennistonMal: ::He grins as he sees her:: So I see! ::A smile is cast to the vendor:: One for me, please. ::And then his attention returns to the girl:: Are you enjoying the festival, Elani?

Jeriol Keayn: 50? You are trying to rob a knight of the Silver Moon!

Marcel Desgarden: ::Dark eyes sparked and a smile touched his lips:: I see you brought a gem with you to the sands.. ::He was trying his best to be

Icaruss Ithgath: #::Belinda Corr smiled at the strnage man now sitting next to her as she watched the party from below:: Great party ehh mister?

Marcel Desgarden: charming; a feat in itself::

OrazioGiamonico: You have managed to slip away from magic school? ::a slight tease::

HOST Game Ferus: ::Elani looks delighted:: Yes! It's wonderful! An' Antapa's here too!

Amethystra: <She'hal> ::eyes widen:: For a knight of the Silver Moon? Make it 40 gold, no?

Icaruss Ithgath: #::he simply smiled and looked down below:: Indeed. A rather festive evening if I ever saw one.

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she looked upward, frowning, something didn't feel right::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::the little girl smiled and looked at the man::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She hid her fown behind the veil and pulled her other within the confines of her wrappings::

KennistonMal: ::A little laugh:: Yes, we bumped into each other.

OnlineHost: **HOST Game Ferus has left the room.**

Sullied Abandon: ::Straightening, he took a step forward, now much nearer to Marcel's side.. Audacious? Hardly::

Jeriol Keayn: Twenty-five, and I'll consider not announcing your brigandry throughout the city. ::his eyes narrow shrewdly::

OrazioGiamonico: Please, Lady Lalchi Dahi allow me to introduce Master Marcel Desgarden.

Marcel Desgarden: The Arch-Magess allows me freedom now and then. ::Casting a grin::

LadySageMercer: ::Tries not to wrinkle her nose at the idea of kissing the vender:: I suppose..

Lalchi Dahi: ::With hesitation she listend to Orazio's words and quickly extended her hand::

LadySageMercer: ::Tries not to wrinkle her nose at the idea of kissing the vender:: I suppose..

Marcel Desgarden: My lady.. ::He nodded his head and offered his hand. He had no ideas her customs, didn't give it a thought. He merely

Icaruss Ithgath: #:the man shook his head and clicked his tongue:: A pity. ::he leaned against a large, obsidian staff::

Sullied Abandon: ::He was constantly glancing from face to face, studying expressions, watching his fate write itself in the lines of faces::

OnlineHost: **Hive Mother has entered the room.**

Marcel Desgarden: assumed her's would be as his own:: It's a pleasure to meet you. ::He grasped her tiny fingers and squeezed them just a measure too tight.. but he didn't intend to;

Lalchi Dahi: Master Marcel, I am honored.

KennistonMal: Do you know where your parents are, Elani? ::His eyes move out to the festivities:: I'd like to see them before the night is out.

Jeriol Keayn: I might consider it for 28, but you're still treading on dangerous ground.

CwilkeKalus: ::grumbles suddenly:: ~I'll be right back, Sage, have some fun, ok?~ ::with that he disappears into the throng of people::

LadySageMercer: I don't have my purse with me...winking to Chris::

OrazioGiamonico: ::For the first time he glanced to the one beside him, just for a moment::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she looked again to the Luminiian and his companion::

CwilkeKalus: ::skids to a stop, tosses her two gold:: On me, then? ::grins and slips away::

OnlineHost: **CwilkeKalus has left the room.**

Icaruss Ithgath: #:the man looked behind him at his "friend" and then back to the girl:: You keep watching the party my dear. You might want to say your prayers now.

Lalchi Dahi: ::And her eyes travelled to his and she studied, with out flinching at the squeeze and offered, squeeze back::

Jeriol Keayn: <She'hal>Sir knight, now it is you who tries to rob me!

Sullied Abandon: ::His eyes glinted a moment in skeptical displeasure. The blasted idiot doesn't even remember my telling him, odds are. Ah, such thoughts would never escape his lips.. He took a light step back, passing off quite well for a devout and relatively loyal valet::

Vollis Irasco: ::his back was turned on the foreigners and he pushed his way out of the tent again::

LadySageMercer: ::Blinks at his disappearance and looks back at the vender, sighs and pulls three gold coins from her bosom:: Three gold and no kiss?

Vollis Irasco: ::a quick nod was given his donkey to still its irritation and he unwrapped the reins::

LadySageMercer: <Salesman:: That'll do...smiling a near toothless smile::

Hive Mother: #: ::his "friend" nodded, a slight tilt of her head given::

Lalchi Dahi: ::and she held his hand just a moment longer before releasing it::

OrazioGiamonico: So, ::a slight grin to Marcel:: You have come for the festivities?

Icaruss Ithgath: #:the man sniffed and then snapped his fingers, watching the young girl enjoy the festivities::

KennistonMal: ::His treat arrives as Elani points out her parents in the crowd. He pats the little girl on the head and starts making his way toward them through the crowd::

LadySageMercer: ::HAnds over the coins:: Thank you ::smiles and then looks around some more hoping to spot Chris..feeling uncomfortable surrounded by strangers::

Vollis Irasco: ::he slipped back onto the back of the donkey and nudged its sides, setting it into a slow lumber, much like the one he seemed to often have himself::

Jeriol Keayn: 35 then, and that is my final offer. ::his patience suddenly worn thin... there was dancing to do, after all::

Marcel Desgarden: Why else would one travel to the sands? ::Chuckling at what he thought was a bit of humor before he took a swig of fireale::

Jeriol Keayn: <She'hal> ::his eyes widen:: Done!

OrazioGiamonico: ::Slightly he tightens his hold on Lalchi's arm::

Vollis Irasco: <m>Perhaps she truly meant Oceanuus.

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she let her eyes slide back to the festivities and the dancing girls then to the knights milling about::

OrazioGiamonico: There could be other reasons.

Icaruss Ithgath: #:there was a flash behind him as a small portal sprung to life and a massive barechested mammoth of a man stepped through, he head was shaved bald and he carried a great-sword adorned with runes of the six gifts::

Sullied Abandon: ::A smile crossed his face, as if amused by his lordship's comment.. The little things added up, though::

KennistonMal: ::Elani's father notices Kenniston and waves to him::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Then casually pulled her fingers with in her wraps once again::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:a glance toward his winged friend:: You may commence with the destruction of this city. Spare no one.

Marcel Desgarden: Not many. ::Broad shoulders shrugged:: It's blasted hot in this place.

Jeriol Keayn: ::the coins are exchanged, and he turns with the sword, ready to impress the dancers with his own skills::

Marcel Desgarden: But they do have pretty parcels for sale. ::Nodding in the direction of the dancing lass::

Hive Mother: #:there is a clicking sound, almost akin to a purr:: With delight.

Icaruss Ithgath: #:the massive man who stepped from the portal walked up to him and looked below::

KennistonMal: [Elani's Father] Kenniston Malfiett! Glad to see you! We were worried you wouldn't make it! Kari, Kenniston's here.

LadySageMercer: ::Starts moving through the crowd towards the tent with the drinks..trying to stay close to Knights::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:he pointed a finger toward a building in the distance::

Hive Mother: #:with that, she reached out with her will, multifaceted eyes now locked on the gathering below::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:it exploded sending flames into the sky:: <BOOM!>

HiveDrone1: #:the drone had pinchers which can wield weapons:: Yes.

Jeriol Keayn: ::he steps into the firelit square, his scimitar raised grandly::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She felt her grip tighten as the men talk and she glanced up and doen the wide streets of the market place::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:Belinda pointed:: Oooooo! Fireworks!

Marcel Desgarden: ::Boom? Fireworks already? His eyes turned upwards::

Jeriol Keayn: ::then he suddenly dives into a roll, coming up to face the other way, his grin broad::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she jumped at the sound of the explosion and her eyes flickered upward::

LadySageMercer: ::Jumped at the boom looking to see what it was::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:Icaruss stared:: Yes. Pretty lights.

Sullied Abandon: ::His chiseled physique straightened sharply at the sound of an explosion, gaze swiftly searching the area. Wasn't that hard to place::

KennistonMal: ::Elani's mother looks over from one of the fire-eaters and smiles:: Kennist-- oh! They're starting early! ::Elani's parents looks up to the sky::

OrazioGiamonico: ::Startled he looked down the street and then to the sky::

Hive Mother: ::there is a horrible rumbling, as though the world itself groaned, and the ground in the center of the square rumbled....

Lalchi Dahi: ::And ducked behind her companion of the evening as the sparks flew.: Orazio! The lights have begun!

Jeriol Keayn: <m> Excellent timing on the fireworks... ::he begins to weave an intricate step, the sword flashing in the firelight::

Hive Mother: ::...and stone flew wide as a hole burst through the ground, a horrible clacking announcing Their arrival::

Vollis Irasco: ::he turned on the donkey, frowning, at first truly shocked...for once...but only briefly as he considered the obvious solution...the lights of the festival::

Jeriol Keayn: ::but then he falters....: That doesn't sound like... ::his expression is curious as he looks skyward::

Marcel Desgarden: ::Marcel frowned as he felt the earth move beneath his feet::

LadySageMercer: ::Blinked, in complete shock staring at the blown up building, then looked around to find the source of the rumbling::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:the massive man by his side pulled back the great sword and swung it, the blade slicing off Belinda's head like a knife through butter, wisps of what must be her soul drifting up into the air, then into the sword::

Vollis Irasco: ::he tucked the scarf into his shirt and smiled beneath it....:

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she frowned as she didn't see any lights in the sky and she slipped into the alley beside the building, using the stairs there to climb toward the roof - not the same roof as the other roof dwellers, of course::

OrazioGiamonico: Oh, they have? ::he held her arm tight enjoying the feel and looked again to the sky::

Sullied Abandon: ::He took a step back, hand tightening on the cane, the ale in his hand shaking as the earth beneath his feet:: Lordship...

Icaruss Ithgath: #:her body fell backwards onto the rooftop:: Should have said your prayers.

HiveDrone1: ::remaining near its hive mother, pinchers clacking as it reached for the closest person to it, crushing the hand in it's mighty grip::

OrazioGiamonico: ::Then quickly he looked to his feet::

Jeriol Keayn: Sulevia help me! ::he shouts as the pavement erupts behind him::

Marcel Desgarden: By the Goddess... what in .. ::Clicking. Screaming. Stones sent flying heavenward. The nobleman quickly dropped his mug of ale and reached for the blade at his hip. ::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Blinking she took her hands and began clapping, as the ground churned under her feet, and she felt her heart sinking..:

OrazioGiamonico: ::He turns as he hears shoots behind him::

Vollis Irasco: ::he glanced to the scream to the goddess, responding with a quick kick of the donkey, which ran a bit faster under him toward Jeriol::

Sullied Abandon: ::His cane swiftly shot out, catching the mug by the handle before it fell and letting it slide along the cane towards his hand. Mugs might be valuable weapons::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She knew by the way the ground shook this was not her father's festival::

Jeriol Keayn: ::he stumbles forward, then turns to see what has come up behind him from the center of the square::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:Icaruss then stepped forward and took a seat on the edge of the building and watched the chaos below, again pointing to a building in the distance as it exploded into the night air: Weeee...Fireworks.

OrazioGiamonico: ::He tried to balance and reached for Lalchi: Is it to be this way?

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she finally made the rooftop and looked out over the City, then downward toward those still in the center marketplace::

LadySageMercer: ::Frozen in place...screamed at the sight of the Drone and Hive mother she turned to run in the opposite direction::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Something much more..:

KennistonMal: ::As the ground rumbles, Kenniston and Elani's parents are lost in the crowd::

Hive Mother: #:the woman by Belinda clacked a horrible laugh as several four-foot tall insectoids flew from the hole in the ground::

Vollis Irasco: ::the donkey snorted, lurching away from the "fireworks" and almost toppling...a sudden initiation of the balance he rarely showed from Vollis steadied the creature::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::her head quickly snapped toward the sound of the second boom, and she watched a cloud of dust erupt as the building exploded and collapsed::

OnlineHost: **KennistonMal has left the room.**

OrazioGiamonico: Lalchi, where is the coach?

HiveDrone1: ::crawling about on the streets where it burst through the ground::

Jawanda Kaufy: By the.... ::she stood with mouth gaping open as she watched::

Lalchi Dahi: I don't know...

Icaruss Ithgath: #:the massive man stood near him: What task do you have for me? ::it seemed his bulk increased after supping on the soul of the little girl::

Lalchi Dahi: The horses would have bolted by now.

Jeriol Keayn: ::he mouths the word "Hive" as he sees the bug::

Marcel Desgarden: By Nostrella's grace... ::He stood frozen in place as his eyes fixed upon the creature moving up from the hole in the earth and then focused on the winged ones::

LadySageMercer: ::Trying to run through the crowds but not succeeding in getting far::

Hive Mother: ::thick in body, the fliers flew through the masses; one picks up a screaming infant and raises into the air::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He took her hand and began to pull her from the street to the building nearby::

Lalchi Dahi: We most go....:She held tighter to his arm::

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

HiveDrone1: ::the child's scream was stifled as the pincher reached up squeezing its neck so that blood gurgled from its mouth.. then silence. The Drone tossed it aside::

LadySageMercer: ::She looked over her shoulder at the Second boom watching the building disappear in flames::

Hive Mother: #:atop the roof, the tallest of them all watches, amused, her two guards forever at her sides::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:Icaruss pointed below at the chaos: See that Luminite? ::pointing at Orazio: Kill him. ::matter-of-factly::

Lalchi Dahi: There are tunnels, passageways...

Vollis Irasco: ::a whisper to the horse as he stared at the strange...thing...with the claws...and the mandibles....: Hm::surprised::

OrazioGiamonico: Yes, yes....:he pulls her through the crowd holding her hand tightly::

Vollis Irasco: ::horse=donkey...a very hopeful donkey with high aspirations::

Sullied Abandon: ::Watching the bugs, his expression turned to one of desperation as thoughts coursed through his mind.. How selfless to be thinking of his lordship. Not really, he was thinking of whether or not he should bother with him::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she spotted the bugs on the street, especially the one squeezing the life from a child, and she darted for the stairs::

Jeriol Keayn: ::he drops into a desperate stance before the Hive drone, his scimitar held low::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:Zor's face lit up as he stepped from the top of the building and fell silently to the ground below:.....by your command.

Marcel Desgarden: Chiron.. find yourself cover! ::And the nobleman was quick to follow his own advice::

OrazioGiamonico: How do we....:screams above the other: escape!

Jawanda Kaufy: ::running down them, taking them two at a time, she ran for a booth she'd seen spears at earlier::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She runs behind him:: Look for the wells.. Find a well...
Vollis Irasco: ::a child bounced off of the muzzle of his donkey...or what was left of the child...his eyes widened:: <m>Sulevia's Eye...
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she grabbed two of them, the tip of one seeming to shine more than the other, and kept running::
Jeriol Keayn: Knights! ::he shouts above the din:: Knights! To me!!
Hive Mother: ::another drone swoops by, diving towards Jawanda, a horrible, clacking screech announcing it::
Sullied Abandon: ::He took in a deep breath and slowly released it.. He'd probably regret this later. Nimble steps carried him after Marcel, startlingly calm in the face of calamity. He'd follow in silence until "his lordship" had found some cover::
OrazioGiamonico: Wells...wells.....he begins to look through the crowd::
Vollis Irasco: ::he leapt from the back of the donkey:: <m>Stay, Drifter.
HiveDrone1: ::scuttles along the street, heading in the direction of the crowd, lifting the woman in its pinchers like a rag doll. Shaking her till her raspy screams subsided::
Lalchi Dahi: ::Be neath the lights and the flares she runs past him pulling him down the street::
LadySageMercer: ::Not being very smart she ran towards the tallest building assuming there would be safty there...with the "guards" on top. But her progress was extremely slow against the flow of the crowd::
Jeriol Keayn: ::at his command, two of the knights push through the confusion toward the brightly dressed man:: Sir!
Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor his the ground running, his gaze locked in on the ALF member, his great sword clutched in his hand, his lower body clothed in the gear of a Thermadorian dune runner, light colored and loose fitting::
Hive Mother: ::another, larger drone emerges from the hole in the ground, massively thick, clacking as it moves towards the closest human::
Vollis Irasco: ::he ran from the creature, through the panicking people, forcing them either aside or to the ground...he had more important things to worry about than traffic and they more important things than being trampled underfoot::
Icaruss Ithgath: #::his face was like ice in the desert, no emotion, no anger, simply with a job to do::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He pulls her alone from the main street, trying to look over the crowd to find a ...what...hole?::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She reaches for the booths curtain and tosses back behind the pair as they run::
Jeriol Keayn: Flank it. Aim for the joints, the eyes.
Vollis Irasco: ::he heard the nickering and struggling and drew his blade in response:: Free to flee::and dropped it down, cutting through a wooden brace and letting the pen's doors open::
LadySageMercer: ::Still attempting to run, she finds herself in direct path with the hole and stops short nearly falling in it::
Hive Mother: ::with an inhuman screech, the large drone rushes the closest knight, pincers aiming to catch him::
Vollis Irasco: ::he glanced at Zor...who, honestly, he had no intentions of even looking the wrong way at::
Jeriol Keayn: ::the knight melts backward, his sword ahead of him, and the second knight darts in with a vicious slash at it's leg::
HiveDrone1: ::crawling out of the ground was a beetle like drone, its line of vision upon the chaotic masses, clacking noises as it scuttled towards him::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He pushes against the crowd who all seems to be running in all directions::
Hive Mother: ::one of the smaller, winged drones continues to glide after Jawanda, diving for it::
Marcel Desgarden: Stay in here.. if they come, then run! ::Great advice, no? The nobleman had led his valet behind a merchants cart then quickly moved into the street, ducking from space to space, eyes upon the creatures::
Vollis Irasco: ::he knew about dangerous men, being one himself, and would rather not get hurt in a losing battle::
Lalchi Dahi: ::Almost absently she reached for the belt beneath her skirts and pulled the curved dagger from her belt::
Hive Mother: ::yet another lifts a little girl into the air, flies high....and drops her::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::one spear was flung at the small winged drone coming at her::
Vollis Irasco: ::he leapt upon the back of one of the least-frightened horses, kicking it roughly in the sides:: <q>You are mine...we go::the horse obeyed, though possibly because it had no better ideas of its own::
Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor pushed people over who got in his way his gaze fixed as he came about ten feet from the ALF member::
Hive Mother: ::the beetle-drone moves with inhuman speed to avoid the slash of the knight's sword, and retaliates by spitting right at him::
Vollis Irasco: ::meanwhile, Drifter waited expectantly for Vollis to return.....::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He passes a booth toppled over he grabs the first weapon he sees::
Sullied Abandon: I'm sworn to protect you, lordship. ::He was hardly so cautious. Merely following his lordship with a cane in one hand, and two empty mugs hanging from it. Merely following at this point, on the alert for any creature that may attack::
LadySageMercer: ::She backed up and turned able to move a bit faster going with the crowd::
HiveDrone1: ::the boy stood stunned as he gazed wide eyed at the large drone. With so many people running and screaming in various directions, he was trampled on. His hand snapped up in the air, waving for assistance::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He finds an arched blade that feels unbalanced in his hands::
Hive Mother: ::the drone easily glides out of the way of the spear and dives at Jawanda, its pincers aiming to snag her and lift the woman::
Jeriol Keayn: ::the knight dives away getting splattered by acid, rather than fully hit::
Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor then smiled as he swung his great sword at Orazio:: Time to die!
OrazioGiamonico: Lalchi.....he shouts as he turns:: Run!
Jeriol Keayn: ::Jeriol darts in swiftly, his scimitar whistling at the bug's eye::
Hive Mother: # ::up on the roof still, the woman laughs at the fun her children are having::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::the other spear is lifted upward toward the drone's belly::
HiveDrone1: ::the beetle like drone advanced on the boy, stomping in the child and putting it out of its misery::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She lifted the dagger from her side and watched the sword rise as well::
Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor stood over six and a half feet tall, and he had to weigh 300 pounds...all muscle, despite hsi bulk he was as quick as a panther::
Jeriol Keayn: ::the first knight strikes for the hind leg::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::as she dodged the pincers::
OrazioGiamonico: ::Then ducts just in time to feel a great sword swoop past his head::
LadySageMercer: ::She was lost in the chaos, her short frame unable to be seen above most others she walked searching for another street in means of an escape::
Vollis Irasco: ::to Orazio:: You should run::not helping, simply stating the obvious as he rides the horse hard, following the flow of people which had thinned by now as they fled into the sands::
Icaruss Ithgath: #::Orazio would ahve heard a soft moaning as the sword whizzed by::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He stays low to the ground and looks for the first time at the thing that followed him::
OrazioGiamonico: ::he ducked again, and rolled on the ground::

Marcel Desgarden: Chiron, I need no protection.. ::The mans blade sparked as he settled it more firmly in his hand::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor growled and kicked at the man::

Hive Mother:::the drone backs easily away from Jeriol's sword, jumping over the other knight's attack and spitting at him::

Vollis Irasco: ::he hit the sides of the horse, charging at the drone fighting Jeriol, seeking to take it from behind...the scimitar was raised as he rode towards it, rising a bit on the stirrups::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She runs at the man her eyes dark and wild and jumps on his back, a finger reaching for his eye:::

HiveDrone1: ::the clicking sound grew louder as the drone headed towards Chiron, pinchers snapping randomly in the air::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He felt the huge foot hit his hip and he rolled again::

LadySageMercer: ::She slowly worked her way up the edge of another street towards the building she had her eyes set on::

Lalchi Dahi: ::The dagger soon to follow::

Vollis Irasco: ::the situation suddenly changed and he found himself headed for its front somehow...he curved the horse around widely to flank it::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::Icaruss sat on the edge of the rooftop and pointed at three more buildings in the distance:: <Boom!> <BABOOM!> <THOOM!> ::all went up in flames::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He crawled to a booth and climb up along the side::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she shoved upward again toward the drone, this spear's tip was the one that shone brighter than the other::

Sullied Abandon: Then choose your excuse. I've nothing better to do? ::He shrugged lightly.. Back was turned to the oncoming drone.. Yet he heard the noise. Straightening somewhat, he turned just faintly.. and whipped about, cane swinging about to launch off the two ale mugs hanging from it, sending them flying at a vicious speed for the drone::

Vollis Irasco: ::a glance over his shoulder for a moment, but not long enough to slow his resolve...he wanted the thing dead...::

OrazioGiamonico: ::then he held the sword with both hands::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she held the spear tightly in her hands, trying to shove it into the drone::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor swung again the sword crashing through the wooden side of the booth:: Stay still so I can kill you quickly!

Lalchi Dahi: ::She kicked and scratched the attacker as the dagger bounced off the thick skulll::

Jeriol Keayn: Coordinate your strikes, men!

LadySageMercer: ::AS the buidling she jsut past went up in flames she was thrown forward on the ground getting stepped on several times before managing to get up::

HiveDrone1: ::the drone shifted onto its other leg, preparing to spit acid on Jawanda since she was so close to it::

Icaruss Ithgath: #ARGHH!! ::reaches back for the woman as she pokes him in the eye::

Hive Mother:::the drone barely had time to dodge Vollis' charge, rolling on the ground before spitting at the horse's back::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the first knight, however, caught the acid on the shoulder, and screamed as it sizzled away flesh under the armored cop::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::the dagger drew blood, he roared even louder::

Vollis Irasco: ::he leapt from the horse's back, flying through the air...a better man would have done something impressive like flipping and landing on his feet::

OrazioGiamonico: ::he spun, the heavy sword leading him, all the way around swinging it toward the monster::

Vollis Irasco: ::Vollis tended to bounce...so he did...and it hurt:: <m>Bastard.

Hive Mother:::the flying drone dodged Jawanda's first thrust; the second caught its chitinous leg::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Trying to wrench the blade from his eye she lets go and falls to the ground::

HiveDrone1: ::the incessant clicking continued from the drones, swinging its massive pincher at anyone near it::

Icaruss Ithgath: #<CLANG> ::the two swords struck each other as Zor then backpeddled hoping that if he slammed his back intot he wall, he would crush the girl::

Sullied Abandon: ::He backed faintly, eyes fixed on the drone, cane held somewhat threateningly.. But.. seriously. He had a cane. How much good would that do him?::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she swung the spear with the flying drone on it toward the other drone that was near her::

Vollis Irasco: ::he was up again, strongly built and strongly adapted, he rushed the drone that had taken down his borrowed horse, removing the ashblack shield from his back::

Jeriol Keayn: Now! ::he rolls low and comes in with a vicious thrust for the drone's head, while the second knight goes for a upward cut::

Hive Mother:::it screeched once...and spat at her as it was sent towards the other drone::

OrazioGiamonico: ::the wieght of the sword carries through as the huge one stepped back::

Marcel Desgarden: Blast it... ::Now he had to protect Chiron. The man swung about quickly and pulled the cane-weilding valet behind him:: Stay behind me!

Lalchi Dahi: ::The wind knocked almost from her, she quickly rolls and the skirts swirl as she scrambles to all fours::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor then stood there, missing an eye, blood rolling down his face::

Vollis Irasco: ::ignorant of any Silver Moon Knight strategies they had worked out, he only sought to put black metal to drone carapace::

OrazioGiamonico: Lalchi! ::He has lost sight of her::

HiveDrone1: ::the drone screeched as the acid splatted on it, just as it was preparing to do the same to Jawanda. And took the hit of the weapon in its soft abdomen::

LadySageMercer: ::Finally reaching the bottom of the building with the man on top she looked up at him...for the first time wondering why he was jsut sitting there::

Hive Mother:::the drone's head swerves...however, the second knight's cut lands home; thick goo oozes from the wound, and the creature turns its attacks on that knight, its pincers moving to clamp onto his arm...and squeeze::

Sullied Abandon: Lordship! ::Sharply, he glanced over his shoulder through a shield of chocolate strands.. His arm extended before Marcel could pass him:: Just leave, Master Desgarden. Please.

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she tried to wrench the spear free as she attempted to jump out of the spray of acid::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::a wicked smile as he lashed out at a passerby running from the chaos, the great sword slamming into the passerby's chest with a sickening thwack::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She slowly crawls away from Zor her eyes fixed on him contemplating her next move::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::some of the acid hit her kaftan, luckily it was spread wide from her spear swinging so only the fabric was eaten away::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::the man screamed silently as he fell tot he ground, his immortal soul swallowed by the sword::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the knight's arm is caught, but he wrenches, and the armor slips off just in time for him to receive only a gash::

Hive Mother:::yet more drones emerged from the hole in the ground; the screams of the festival-goers warred with the clacking of the Hive's speech::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor knelt on one knee clasping his face with one massive hand::

HiveDrone1: ::the beetlelike drone scuttled towards Chiron, pinchers reaching out towards him::

OrazioGiamonico: ::His sword vibrated in his hand as it hit metal to metal::
Vollis Irasco: ::he jumped up, attempting to drive the scimitar into the drone while it was secured to the knight::
Sullied Abandon: ::His hand moved back towards the cane, one on the tip, the other on a lower part of the cane.. After all these years, Marcel could still be surprised. He drew a thin, fine sword from the cane, tossing away what proved to be a
Jeriol Keayn: ::Jeriol comes to his knees, and thrusts again under the edge of the shell::
Sullied Abandon: sheath. Discarding the sheath, he crouched low in wait::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He pulled the blade back around and swung again to the head of the kneeling monster::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:when he looked up the blood on hsi face remained, but the eye was healed::
Hive Mother: ::Jawanda's spear came free, with some thick goo and torn remnants on it...it doesn't stop two more flying drones from swooping for her::
LadySageMercer: ::She continued looking up at him, instinct finally kicking in and telling her to get away..she started backing up slowly at first::
Lalchi Dahi: ::Finding a booth to hide within, she called to Orazio:: We must find a welll..
OnlineHost: Stealthy Zox has entered the room.
Marcel Desgarden: I will not run.. ::Indignant. How dare he even suggest such a thing::
Jeriol Keayn: ::the first, acid-scarred knight comes finally to his feet and slashes at the bug's shell::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:Zor smiled:: I'll kill your girl first. ::he sprung at the girl, the sword leading in a thrust toward her heart::
Lalchi Dahi: This way ::she urged::
Hive Mother: ::the drone attacking the knight releases the leg in order to avoid being speared by Jeriol::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::as the spear came free, she thrust again, the soniarium blade on the end thankfully absorbing the clacking sound coming from the drones, she stabbed upward toward one of the flying drones::
Hive Mother: ::it spits at him as it backs up just enough to regather itself::
Lalchi Dahi: ::and she rolled to the side as the wood of the booth crumbled under the ogre::
Marcel Desgarden: ::And as the creature advanced, Marcel moved to Chirons side, blade held firm and ready::
Jawanda Kaufy: Son of a spitting camel! Where are these things coming from?! ::she asks no one in particular, not expecting an answer::
Hive Mother: ::they both dodged, while the wounded one moved to easier prey -- the children::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He stopped the swing and for a moment stood in panic:: Lalchi run!
Icaruss Ithgath: #<CRASH> ::taking out the booth:: You cannot hide!
Vollis Irasco: ::charges the drone from behind as it backs away from Jeriol, swinging for its spine...or whatever these creatures had in such a place::
Lalchi Dahi: ::The blade just tearing her clothes::
Sullied Abandon: ::Eh, it was his loss. He charged towards the drone, leaping into the air to make a clean slice, aiming to detach one of its pincers.. Winding up behind it somehow, he crouched once more and turned, rising for a second attack::
HiveDrone1: ::one of the merchants remained by his wares, not wanting to have his jewels taken in the chaos of the drone attack. A flying drone ripped through his tent, throwing the man against the display case::
Marcel Desgarden: ::Okay, so his valet wasn't there anymore::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She scurried beneath the the skirting of the tents::
Jeriol Keayn: Don't let up! We can't let it kill any more innocents!
OrazioGiamonico: ::He ran behind then swinging the blade trying to cut the beast from the back::
Vollis Irasco: ::to Jeriol, shouting through his scarf, but as understandable as he can manage: Too late. Everyone is going to die!
Jeriol Keayn: ::the knights advance on the injured drone in slow formation, one of their faces a grimace of pain::
Hive Mother: ::with a loud crack, Vollis' weapon cracks the chitinous armor of the drone, and he's rewarded with more goo; however, another drone is soon to come to the first one's aid...::
Marcel Desgarden: ::A two-sided attack might work if nothing else::
LadySageMercer: ::She turned and started moving with the crowds..which was difficult everybody running in different directions and finding herself moving more backwards then forwards at the point getting knocked around::
HiveDrone1: ::the pincer swung forward, thus Chiron got the shoulder of the creature instead::
Hive Mother: ::and this one carries a spear that has a glowing tip::
OrazioGiamonico: No! ::he swung, slightly out of control of the huge scimitar::
OnlineHost: Brynnalia has left the room.
Vollis Irasco: ::he turned to the newly approaching drone, pausing to stomp on what was left of the one he crippled...out of principle::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She reached for the broken shards of pots and began tossing them in her wake::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:the ALFer struck well, tearing a thin line down the mans back::
Jeriol Keayn: Flames of the abyss! More of them!
Vollis Irasco: ::he stomped a few more times:: YYou should flee. You would flee if you were smart, Knight.
Icaruss Ithgath: #:he roared and swung wildly at Orazio::
Sullied Abandon: ::Well, he got part of the creature, and left unscathed.. Worked for him. He grimaced and peered at the creature. Disgusting thing. How the hell were you supposed to dismember one of these things?::
Hive Mother: #:up on the roof, she decided it was time to up the stakes::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she stumbled backwards, and fell over a body::
Jeriol Keayn: Knights! ::his voice again rises above the clamor::
Marcel Desgarden: Quite ugly, aren't they.. ::Almost to himself as he watched the ..thing::
Vollis Irasco: <m>Intelligent knights.
Hive Mother: ::a commoner, trying to hide in a corner, screams agony as a burst of flame seems to rise from the ground::
Vollis Irasco: ::he looks to Drifter, who milled about quietly...::
OrazioGiamonico: ::The blade's weight caused him to stager as he swung it around again::
HiveDrone1: ::one of the merchants topples over the torch that he held, the tent began to light up with the flames, smoke lifting into the night air::
Lalchi Dahi: ::Through the flashing of steele she found a long blade, amongst the crashed booths::
Jeriol Keayn: ::he hears Vollis, but ignores him::
Hive Mother: ::the commoner runs from the corner of the booth, his body alight, screaming::
LadySageMercer: ::Eyes went wide watching a drone destroy a small child..making up her mind which direction to go she went away from that and away from the hole pushing through the crowd as best she could getting knocked over more often then not::
Sullied Abandon: Wouldn't last a moment in Luminii society. Any suggestions, lordship? ::An idle call to Marcel as he moved to charge the creature, thrown off by the sound of a scream.. What, now fire was coming up out of the ground?::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she rolled under a booth and took a moment to assess the damage and situation::
Vollis Irasco: ::he slapped the blade of his sword against the ground, removing a bit of the goo from it::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He stumbled at the huge one's advance but managed to duck and step away::
Vollis Irasco: ::he sheathed it and ran for Drifter, leaping onto its back::
Vollis Irasco: ::Perhaps the girl was right...he was a Bad Man::
Jeriol Keayn: Bloody...! They're everywhere!
Icaruss Ithgath: #:he reached out for the young ALFer attempting to grasp him by the shirt::
Hive Mother:::the injured drone spits at the knights closest to it::
Vollis Irasco: ::he looked at Jerio evenly from where he was, then shook his head and nudged Drifter toward the darkness beyond::
LadySageMercer: ::She learned to listen for the clacking and avoid it as much as possible::
HiveDrone1: ::the beetlelike thing bowed its head, so that it met with the abdomen of one of the men, and with a toss of its torso, the man was flung into the air::
OrazioGiamonico: ::Then he raised the blade again, both hands holding it above his head, as he saw the hand grab his tunic::
Jeriol Keayn: ::the knight steps aside, expecting the tack, and the second strikes from the opposite side::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She tightend both hands on the hilt and rose from the ground::
Marcel Desgarden: Kill it! ::It was the only suggestion he could think of, and as Chiron advanced from the rear, the nobleman advanced from the front. There were joints in the creatures pinchers and it was one of those that he was aiming his sword at::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she felt something buried in the sand at her knee, she dug it out and found a sword:: <sm> Never used one, but now's a good time to learn.
Hive Mother: #: multifaceted eyes fixed on the knight who was giving orders, and with a slow, contented laugh, she thrust her mind forward harshly in a quick blast to the man::
Jeriol Keayn: ::Jeriol moves forward, circling the second drone... the one with the glowy spear::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:Zor smiled: Zor bash you good! ::shakes the man violently by the shirt::
Lalchi Dahi: Orazio, Slice him dice him!
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she slid out from under the booth, sword held in both hands tightly as she looked for something to use it on::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:Icaruss watched the Hive Mother from the top of the building:: That one should die horribly.
Sullied Abandon: ::He smirked somewhat, turning back towards the scene from his glance towards the fire:: Well that's obvious, but ho- ::And that's when he'd get thrown back.. His back made a clear, crisp connection with a wall and he cringed,
OnlineHost: **Vollis Irasco has left the room.**
OrazioGiamonico: ::With all his force he swung both arms down bring the weight of the blade down with them::
Hive Mother:::the one with the red-glowing spear clacks something at Jeriol and thrusts the spear towards his midsection::
Jeriol Keayn: ::Tense and ready to strike, he suddenly stumbles with a cry of pain::
Sullied Abandon: sliding down it in suspended animation::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:Orazio swung true, slicing clean through the massive man's wrist::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She arched her hands over her head the great steel ready to sing::
HiveDrone1: ::the acrid smell of the flames fill the air, occasionally there is a popping sound as the alcohol and food court begins to burn::
Hive Mother: #: her words are to Icaruss, content: I will drink of his pain.
Jeriol Keayn: ::one of the knights engaging the wounded bug hears and looks back:: Sir!
OrazioGiamonico: ::He could taste blood and hear a ringing in his ears::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:Zor looked up eyes wide at Orazio, his face a canvas of unbelieving::
Hive Mother:::the wounded bug uses the opportunity to lunge at the knight::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::She looked toward the bug that was larger than the others, and slowly she moved toward it, sticking to shadows as much as possible, sword held in front of her::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He thought he heard Lalchi's calls: Lalchi! Chi! Chi!
Jeriol Keayn: ::he dives for the fallen officer, intersecting the glowing speartip with his sword, but he loses his leg between the pinchers of the wounded bug::
Sullied Abandon: Ngh.. ::He pulled himself to his feet, now thoroughly sore.. His face altered entirely. His demeanor altered entirely. There was none of the merciful, benevolent valet Marcel'd come to know.. now a merciless, cold-hearted beast. He forgot the pain and charged the drone with surprisingly nimble steps, as if to run past the drone, instead extending his sword to slice at the first joint made accessible::
HiveDrone1: ::tanklike beetle narrowed its beady eyes, looking for the next person to toss aside in its wake.. and started stalking the street towards the random person::
Marcel Desgarden: ::Smoke was beginning to burn his eyes, blurring vision, sending tears onto his cheeks. Still, he swung at the creature blindly or not::
Jeriol Keayn: ::the knight shrieks in agony, and his companion thrusts with all of his might into the far side of the bug::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:Zor then dropped his greatsword clutching his wrist which was spouting blood like a fountain::
Hive Mother:::the bug lets out a wail which attracts the attention of the one on the roof::
OrazioGiamonico: ::he looked for the first time in those wild eyes, and raised the sword again::
Icaruss Ithgath: #<clang> ::as the sword hit the ground::
HiveDrone1: ::screetching as one of the guards struck through the its belly, bubbling the acid through its mouth, spitting at anyone nearby::
Hive Mother:::Another burst of flame occurs -- right by the knight who just stabbed one of her children::
OrazioGiamonico: ::As the thing curled away he swung and rolled, or fell to the side::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:Zor then looked up at Orazio: No!
Lalchi Dahi: ::She let her arms come forward and flicked her wrist as the great steel headed to meet its target:: Orazio Duck
Jawanda Kaufy: ::distracted by a shriek, she spotted the beetle bug:: <vs> Hmmm...
Jeriol Keayn: ::the knight so afflicted screams as well, and beats at the flames now consuming him::
Hive Mother:::another four flying drones emerge from the giant hole in the ground::
Sullied Abandon: ::A murmured oath as he jumped away from the Hive spittle.. No good. Some stained his sable garment in a clear line from his right shoulder to left ribcage::
OnlineHost: **CwilkeKalus has entered the room.**
Lalchi Dahi: ::Singing the great blade seeked its mark::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:And in but a moment Zor no longer had a head: <thwunk>
OrazioGiamonico: ::He fell to the hard sand::
HiveDrone1: ::clacking against the pavement, the beetle bug drove it's head towards Jawanda::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:Icaruss went from smiling and exploding buildings to an alarmed look as his gaze fell to the chaos below: Zor?

Hive Mother: # ::still on the roof, the tall woman remains flanked by her two massive, six-armed guards, who keep attentive to their surroundings::

Jeriol Keayn: ::Jeriol shakes his head, pain still clouding his vision, but he wills himself to his feet::

OrazioGiamonico: : For a few moments he kept his face to the grainy street::

Jeriol Keayn: The.. ::he looks up:: Up there! ::winces at his own shout::

LadySageMercer: ::Still trying to push her way out of the chaos a large man knocks her down in his own hurry to escape, her dress getting more torn and dirtied then it already was, her new jewelry flying off her head::

Hive Mother: # ::seeing Jeriol get to his feet, she sends another blast of her mind to his::

Lalchi Dahi: ::And sh ran to Orazio's side, tugging on him:: Let's go?

Icaruss Ithgath: #::frowns deeply and sighs:: A pity. I guess I will have to do it myself. ::flicking his wrists as he fell from the rooftop a billow of Aeromantic energies letting him fall softly::

Jeriol Keayn: ::He looks to his knights to see one on the ground missing a leg::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He rolled and looked up to her not understanding at first::

OnlineHost: Ashoken xx has left the room.

Icaruss Ithgath: #::Zor lie on the ground, headless and handless a pool of blood spilling about him::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the other in flames and moving away as he beats at them::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she dove forward, into the sand, twisting and driving the sword toward the underside of the beetle drone::

LadySageMercer: ::She crawled trying to retrieve her hand getting stepped on as she reached for it, the headpiece also getting kicked away::

Oh no you don't ...:moving for it again::

Hive Mother:::the flying ones have found a new game, picking up the surviving humans, lifting them into the air, and then dropping them from lethal heights::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He climbed to his knees and then slowly rose:: Lalchi?

Lalchi Dahi: ::She was pulling on his arm::

CwilkeKalus: ::he suddenly slides out of the crowd, nabbing her jewelry:: And after all that haggling ::grins::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::Icaruss reached the ground and then walked quickly toward the ALFer and the young girl, oblivious to the chaos about him, Entropos clutched in hsi grasp::

Marcel Desgarden: ::There weren't many people left on the cities streets, at least not of the living. Bodies, and pieces of bodies were scattered upon the stones and pools of blood made footing perilously slick::

Lalchi Dahi: Of course!

OrazioGiamonico: ::he shook his head and then looked around:: Yes, yes, let's leave.

OnlineHost: Lun de Trois has entered the room.

LadySageMercer: ::Doesn't notice Chris..just somebody nabbing it:: Hey! ::Then somebody else trips over her small form crawling on the ground, they send her rolling and curse at her as they climb up and start running again::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She turned and looked back to see the man slowly striding towards them::

CwilkeKalus: ::frowns, reaches down to help her up:: You should get get to safety::

LadySageMercer: Oof!

HiveDrone1: ::the chaotic screams of several of the drones echo through the streets::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He turned only to see people running all around:: Which way?

Sullied Abandon: ::Glancing down, he blinked.. face paled a shade. This made him wish he'd paid closer attention to current events.. Hive drool meant.. what? Nothing good. A murmured obscenity and he peeled off the sable jacket, tossing it to the ground. Growling lowly, he picked up his sword once more, just in time to narrowly dodge and slice at a descending drone intent on taking him for a quick flight::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::closing the distance he flicked hsi fingers out and the earth rose up around Orazio and Chi, a cage of dirt, stone and sand arching heavenward around them in a ten foot diameter::

LadySageMercer: What do you think I've been trying to do! ::then blinks realizing who it is:: About time you got here.

Marcel Desgarden: ::Marcel cursed beneath his breath as he fought for footing, as well as for his life. "A trip to the sands will be good for you.."
He could still hear her voice intoning within his mind:: *snort* ::He and the Magess would have much to discuss upon his return::

Jeriol Keayn: ::Jeriol reels from another blast, staggering back into a wall::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::shaking a finger at them:: Not so fast.

Hive Mother:::poking at the legless knight, the drone moves for Jeriol, its glowing spear thrusting towards him::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She stood and clutched at the sand bars::

CwilkeKalus: ::sheepish grin and shrug:: Better late then never, besides, I like my entrances

HiveDrone1: ::beetle felt the blade pierce its abdomen, screeching::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Then backed to the center of the ring::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He clutched Lalchi, eyes wide as he looked to the man approaching for the first time::

Hive Mother: # ::up on the roof, the woman tilts her head as she decides to keep at Jeriol's mind with regular "bursts" of energy::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she slid the blade across the underside of the bug, and rolled from beneath it running toward the stairs that would lead her toward the rooftop where the big one was::

LadySageMercer: ::Standing as close to him as possible so she doesn't get trampled again, she looks up at him amazed that he doesn't even seem nervous::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the legless knight stirs as he is poked at, then realizes that the bug is near... with the last of his strength, he stabs upward under it's shell::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::his gaze was like ice and steel, as he reached the edge of the makeshift cage:: I know who you are little man.

HiveDrone1: ::scuttles across the street, whipping out its lancer towards LadySage::

Jeriol Keayn: ::Jeriol barely conscious, begins to crawl away, expecting to feel something pierce his body at any second::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She spat like a viper at the man, her desert venom rising faster than her ire::

Hive Mother:::the spear-bearer screeches as its armor is pierced by the legless knight; thick blood seeps down in spurts, onto the body, and the creature drives its spear into the knight::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He stuttered slightly as he gazed upon someone he thought he would never see:: And I know of you. :: spoken softly::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::a sneer as he stands there looking at them:: Your grandfather was a traitor and a thief.

CwilkeKalus: ::his eyes then dart around, surveying the scene and watching for drones:: So this must be the Hive Kendra mentioned...Get down! ::knocks her away from the lancer, whipping out his sword to deflect the attack::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Hissing::

OrazioGiamonico: And yours was not?

Icaruss Ithgath: #How would you like to die? ::the chaos and screams of death all about them::

Lun de Trois: ::From the west, where the sun dies (actually, just a few blocks away) a figured, robed, cloaked and hooded walked casually down a street::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::once again she took the stairs two at a time, growing breathless from the exertion, she stopped a few steps from the top to catch her breath::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the knight lets out a shriek which heralds his death, but his last spasm sends the sword even deeper into the bug's body::

OrazioGiamonico: I would like to choose old age.

Lun de Trois: ::A bit overdressed for the heat but he didn't care::

LadySageMercer: ::Screams getting knocked down seeing the drone::

Lun de Trois: ::Shadows were sucked into his wake::

HiveDrone1: ::another drone was storming through the crowds, picking up a girl by her neck, snapping it before she could scream::

Jeriol Keayn: ::he finds himself in a dark alleyway, the only light the flicker and flash of chaos from the streets::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:a widening grin:: Old age you say? ::he looked toward Entropos::

Hive Mother: ::the creature falters as the sword enters it deeper, and it half-falls, half stumbles::

Marcel Desgarden: By the Grace of Nostrella! ::He shouted into the din, calling for a measure of strength -- or perhaps a miracle -- as his blade swung an arc in the direction of the drone::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She started to dance, and slip into the sounds of the snakecharmers::

Sullied Abandon: ::Left now in a vest, blouse, breeches, and boots, he glanced about, sword in hand, breathing a bit heavily.. He cringed, still sore. Being hurled into a wall would do that. He saw a girl's neck snapped. Instantly charged it. Did he sympathize for the child? No. He was out for blood. Or goo, as the case may be::

Icaruss Ithgath: #A wonderful choice. ::he cackled loud::

Lun de Trois: Where are the fireworks. ::He muttered. Necromatic energies sucking at the life of any, human, elf, dwarf, bug, dog, that was near::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He shivered feeling the words ring in his head::

HiveDrone1: ::the one drone walked past LadySage, seeing how she dropped to the ground, its beady eyes set on the dancer::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:it was easy to see man fires in the city now and the sky was glowing from how they grew::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::taking a deep breath, she slipped quietly onto the rooftop where the hive mother was and moved as silently as any desert dweller could toward the big bug::

LadySageMercer: ::She watched the drone with wide eyes trying to scramble away::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::some of her skin was worn away from her dive in the sand, but she ignored the stinging, eyes intent on her prey, sword held in both hands in front of her as she moved::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Her veils flared about her head, and she rocked to sounds about them, her clothes torn and the jewelry flashing::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:he leveled the staff at the two:: Did you say your prayers to Nostrella?

Jeriol Keayn: ::elsewhere in the city, knights, now armed with pikes, halberds and warhammers, stalk the ground-bound drones::

Lun de Trois: Where are the fireworks? ::He asked of one quailing man who shriveled before the cloaked figure got the question out::

CwilkeKalus: ::growls as the drone just walks past, he leaps into the air towards it, bringing his sword in a wide arch from above his head down on the creature::

HiveDrone1: ::turning on its thin legs, the pincer snapping at the jeweled bedecked Lalchi::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He tried to find the blade but instead just dropped it::

Hive Mother: ::and more drones keep coming out of the hole. The place will soon be overrun if this keeps up::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She spat the venom at the beast::

Sullied Abandon: ::While Chris attacked its side, Chiron lashed at the creature from behind::

Lun de Trois: ::He turned a corner, nearly smacking into a barrier:: They promised me fireworks.

Marcel Desgarden: ::Through the haze of smoke, he caught sight of Chiron and was briefly relived. He was still alive. That momentary respite was then quickly quenched. More bugs. And still more! Something had to be done::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:he then cocked his head to the side and stopped:: Why is she dancing at a time like this?

Jeriol Keayn: <Sergeant> Ready, men? There's one now.

Icaruss Ithgath: #:her spit stuck his robe and he frowned::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the 5 soldiers following the sergeant nod, and await his signal::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Her eyes were wild now::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He stood still and watched then slowly nodded:: I am not sure.

HiveDrone1: ::the drone screamed as it could, startled by Lalchi's attack, dropping to the ground::

Hive Mother: ::two fliers dive for one of the soldiers, their intent to pick him up and bring him high above the town::

Lun de Trois: ::And then he stopped and sniffed at the air::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she was so close she could smell the thing, not a nice smell at all, and the sword was lifted and then she lunged toward the mother's back::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:Insolent bitch. ::he extended a palm and the force of a hurricane was concentrated and thrust at Chi::

Sullied Abandon: ::Withdrawing the gore-covered soul, he glanced around in hopes of finding the corpse of his master. Oh.. alive.. that'd have to do. Reasonably out of breath, he jogged towards Marcel.. taking the time to bow formally upon arriving:: Lordship.. We really should leave. It's a lost cause.

Lalchi Dahi: ::The air through her back into the bars of the makeshift cage::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He moved to block the view from Lalchi, trying to stand in front::

Lun de Trois: ::And slowly he floated up into the air::

HiveDrone1: ::acid oozed out of its body, bubbles of it formed along its nostrils and mouth::

Jeriol Keayn: <Sergeant> <q> Now. ::the squad runs quietly from the alley toward the back of the beetle, which is pursuing a hapless woman clad in dancer's finery::

CwilkeKalus: ::hops away from the dead drone, moving back to Sage, extending a hand down to her:: Come on, let's get you out of here

LadySageMercer: ::Reaches a hand up taking his:: I agree..

Icaruss Ithgath: #:he stared down at his sullied robes:: This was a new robe, woven from the hair of Arborian elves. ::shakes his head::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He felt a push against him so hard he thought he would lose all his air::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the pikemen strike first, thrusting at the shell viciously, followed shortly afterward by the halberdiers::

HiveDrone1: ::beetle crawled out of the ground, launching itself on the next hapless victim::

Hive Mother: ::the dancer-woman, Maheli, screams as the drone moves towards her::

Lun de Trois: ::And got his first good look around::

Lalchi Dahi: ::and she slumped to the ground::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:JC would see chaos like he has not seen since 60 years ago::

Icaruss Ithgath: #:A familiar chaos::
CwilleKalus: ::grips it quickly and hauls her to her feet and leading/dragging her down the street::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He quickly looked to Chi, then bent down to her::
Hive Mother: ::the drone screeches as it's attacked from behind, whirling to spit its dangerous acid...only to be attacked again; it falls with a horrible clacking::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:his robe then began to hiss and burn from the slow actin venom:: What si this?
Lun de Trois: ::JC smiled behind the hood he wore:: (w) Memories...
LadySageMercer: ::Gets half led half dragged along, people bumping into her knocking her about but she never lost her grip on his hand::
OrazioGiamonico: Quick, we have to stand...he whispered to her::
Jeriol Keayn: ::without word, the warhammers move in to finish off the drone with efficient strokes::
Jeriol Keayn: <Sergeant> Any injured?
OnlineHost: **Stealthy Zox has left the room.**
Hive Mother: ::the two guards at the Mother's back seemed to come to life, and moved to intercept::
Jeriol Keayn: <knight> Acid spatters, sir, but I'll be alright.
Lun de Trois: ::He felt the need to subjugate goblins, but...no... What was that over there::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:he frowned further and shrugged off the robe, revealing a plain gray shirt tucked into loose fitting black pants, the shirt was covered with runes of the six gifts::
HiveDrone1: ::the drone headed towards the girl-thief, her wound now cleaned off with the liquid from the rain water barrel. Its pincer thrust right between her eyes::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She heard a faint voice and leaned towards him:: We need to find away out. <ws>
Lun de Trois: ::The air shimmered with desert heat around him and he moved forward::
Hive Mother: ::six arms, each naturally equipped with hand-scythes, towered 10 feet tall; one deflected the sword, and about four scythed arms thrust out at Jawanda, with deadly intent::
HiveDrone1: ::Staya, the thief girl didn't have a moment to even scream, dropping to the ground in a heap::
OrazioGiamonico: :: He nodded:: How can we distract him?
Lalchi Dahi: ::She watched his clothes, and stared at the runes::
CwilleKalus: ::pulls her along, his sword still out and covered with drone goo as he dodges people, drones, soldiers, whatever to get them both out of here::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::the thrust was changed as she whirled, and with a loud cry sent the sword slicing for the two guard's midsections::
AIEEYIEEYIYI!
OrazioGiamonico: And this...:he pushed one hand against the wall of dirt::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:he seemed distracted as he fingered his robe with the hole in it: This is not good.
Jeriol Keayn: <Sergeant> Good. There's supposed to be a leader, a hive mother or something. Keep a lookout for something like that.
Jawanda Kaufy: ::ducking the arms and rolling toward the far edge of the rooftop::
LadySageMercer: Where are we going? ::shouted over the noise of chaos trying to figure out what his plan was::
Lalchi Dahi: ::And she spit and heaved the bile from her belly into the dirt::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He picked up the sword and swung it at the wall::
Hive Mother: ::one guard ducked out of the way, while the other was not fast enough; thick blood oozed from where the chitinous armor was split::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she felt the burn of sliced skin, but disregarded it as blood flowed from the scythe's hits::
CwilleKalus: ::Plan? Who said he had a plan:: Um...Away!?
Jeriol Keayn: ::the squad moves on, stalking another drone, waiting until it is distracted by another victim, and hating the necessity::
Hive Mother: ::they retaliated with their hand-scythes::
Lun de Trois: ::He drifted over Orazio and Lalchi's prison. You could see up his robe, but only shadow's dwelt there::
Rhys A Malet: ::well damn::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:And then he suddenly stopped, still holding the robe::
LadySageMercer: ::Nodded even though he probably didn't see it, that was good enough for her, she continued running/trotting along trying to stay close to him and avoid getting bumped in to or attacked::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::she jumped, ducked rolled, was struck, and all the while she continued striking back, the war cry going out over and over again:: AIEEYIEEYIYIYIEEEE!
Icaruss Ithgath: #:slowly his gaze went upward::
Hive Mother: ::the Mother turns, at last, amused:: How sweet. ::her voice is rough, punctuated by clicks::
OrazioGiamonico: Help us! ::he shouted from the dirt cage::
HiveDrone1: ::more drones arrived on the scene, surrounding the caged ones, almost as if they were making sure that nobody would have them escape::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:he hissed:: Jean Claude.....
Lalchi Dahi: ::And her eyes rose into the sky above her::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::blood flowed from multiple wounds and her movements grew slower::
Lun de Trois: San Giamonico... you are? ::His voice faint from above. The white robe...: Icarusssssssss....
Icaruss Ithgath: #:And he was in the air in but a flash, a column of earth taking him upward:: <rumbleboom>
Hive Mother: ::the two drones keep to Jawanda, countering strike with strike, their inhuman clacking almost like laughter::
Marcel Desgarden: ::Leave? Did Chiron suggest that they leave? But there were bugs to be killed!::
HiveDrone1: ::the drones formed a circle around the cages, effectively making certain that nobody would get past them::
OrazioGiamonico: Yes, yes...can you get us out of this?
Lalchi Dahi: The man knows you?
Jeriol Keayn: ::the squad once again strikes with ruthless efficiency at the drone::
OrazioGiamonico: ::he swung again at the dirt around him::
Hive Mother: ::the Mother focused her attentions on Jawanda, sending forth her mind roughly, painfully::
Jeriol Keayn: ::long weapons first, from behind the bulk of it's shell::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She rises onto her knees::
LadySageMercer: ::Looked back at the "Rumbleboom" eyes going wide her feet stopping::
HiveDrone1: ::three drones drop to the dirt road, toppled over by the squad::
Icaruss Ithgath: #Grrrrrrrrrrrrr. ::he swung Entropos at the floating mage:: You should not have come here.
Sullied Abandon: ::His breathing heavy, he watched Marcel a moment.. He somehow forced that amiable expression once more, his voice..

coaxing. Naught else. The tone he'd adopted so oft before to persuade him effectively...: With all do respect, your honorable lordship, this is a lost cause.. There's naught we can do.. We should leave.

CwilkeKalus: ::quickly jogs with her hand held tight, skids to a stop when she does:: What??

Hive Mother: ::another squad of flying units moves to attack the Knights, pincers spread wide::

Lalchi Dahi: ::Feeling the rumblings in her belly once again::

OrazioGiamonico: ::he glanced back at Icaruss:: What is he doing? ::whispers to Lalchi:

Lun de Trois: Ohhhh... ::He smacked his bony hands together. Fire laced between his fingers:: I was promised fireworks.

HiveDrone1: ::more drones step in line to take over the fallen, in a military like manuever to keep their formation::

LadySageMercer: ::points to the one in the air on the column of earth::

Jeriol Keayn: Sergeant> Down! Weapons up!

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she fell backward, her grip on the sword barely maintained as she tried to fend off the scythes, the sword swinging at one of the flailing hands coming at her in an attempt to remove it::

Lun de Trois: ::And he dropped before the cursed staff could touch him::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She stares at Orazio.....::

Lun de Trois: ::dropped into Orazio's prison:: You should not be here.

OrazioGiamonico: ::the look in the helpers eyes cause him to step back and reach for Lalchi::

Icaruss Ithgath: #I'll give you fireworks! ::sending a ray of pure white fire at the amge with his free hand, concentrated into a tight beam::

Sullied Abandon: The drones have their focus elsewhere at the moment, but once the object of their attention is disposed of, it'll be hell.

Lalchi Dahi: ::And then to the Man::

CwilkeKalus: ::looks where she's pointing::Bloody hell

HiveDrone1: ::drones clicked, surging around the perimeter of Orazio's cage::

LadySageMercer: ::Looked at Chris, then back:: Who is that?

Lun de Trois: ::He raised his hands and a great roaring was heard. A black dome appeared overhead::

Jeriol Keayn: ::one of the pikes is ripped away by one of the flyers as they strike too high::

Hive Mother: ::there's a satisfying crack, and the scythe-hand is half-removed from the creature's body, hanging, thick blood oozing quickly from the wound::

Lun de Trois: ::Negative energy crackled and spit as the beam hit it::

OrazioGiamonico: ::he watches and slowly nods::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::the beam of white fire deflected off the doom and flew off into the night sky::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She shields her eyes and feels the tug of Orazio's arm::

CwilkeKalus:If I had to guess, I'd say that's the infamous Iccaruss, judging by the staff and the mixed magics

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

Icaruss Ithgath: #Bah! ::he stood upon the column of earth::

LadySageMercer: ::Then squeezing his hands, taking a step towards him looking up at the black dome::

HiveDrone1: ::the negative energy sent several of the drones to fly backwards, scrambling to get on their feet::

Lun de Trois: ::At his feet sprung a tiny creature, black with scales and talons, wings of fire::

OrazioGiamonico: ::he held tight to Lalchi::

Jeriol Keayn: ::Yea! And thereupon did Icaruss declare "Bah!"::

Lun de Trois: ::It began to dig at the dirt wall::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::she rolled away, trying to gain some distance from the two guards, and came wearily to her feet::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::he sniffed and reached into a pouch at his side::

Jeriol Keayn: <Sergeant> Fall back to an alleyway! Too narrow for the fliers to strike.

CwilkeKalus: Hmmm...I thought he'd be crazier looking...::shrugs:: Ah well, such is myth and legend ::tugs her hand again, trying to get her to move again::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He could not pull his eyes away from the creatures that sprang out with fire::

Marcel Desgarden: Not yet, Chiron.. not yet.. ::And the nobleman actually smiled. It was difficult to disregard the sanity of the suggestion. Life or death? There was the possibility of the latter. But still, the nobleman was hesitant to retreat, most especially from a situation where he found his skills to be proficient. And *that* was a rarity:::

Icaruss Ithgath: #You and your meddling friends. This time you do not have the Fox to weasel you out of danger.

HiveDrone1: ::eerie screech of the drones pierced the night sky, several crawls about the courtyard, intent on grabbing anyone near them::

LadySageMercer: ::starts moving again..watching over her shoulder more often then in front of her::

Hive Mother: ::the fliers circle and prepare for another dive at Jeriol's men::

Lun de Trois: ::The little demonkin began to dig at the wall. Working incredibly fast::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::he held in his hand a tiny silver ball, as he smiled::

Lun de Trois: I need no fox... ::He rose into the air, the dome parted for his presence::

Hive Mother: ::the guards move towards Jawanda, while the Mother sends another mind-invading blast her way::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::the sword was swung forward again, this time trying to lob off one of the other one's hands as she whirled around it toward its back::

Sullied Abandon: Yes, my lord.. ::He stooped in a curt bow, turning instantly and departing to slay more.. Mentally swearing all the while. I'll never understand these damned aristocrats and their damned code of damned honor::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the squad falls back into an alleyway, where the fliers cannot strike, and move along it swiftly to the other end::

Icaruss Ithgath: #::right on cue, he hurled the tiny silver ball at Jean Claude::

OrazioGiamonico: ::He watched the creature dig and then looked up to see if he could see Icaruss::

Jeriol Keayn: <knight> Sergeant, there are too many of them! What can we do?

Marcel Desgarden: ::It wasn't so much is honor as the opportunity to do something that he was good at::

Lalchi Dahi: ::She turned and began to dig as well::

Jeriol Keayn: <Sergeant> Kill as many as we can. Seek their leader. That is all we can do.

Hive Mother: ::the fliers circle once before moving on to easier targets::

Marcel Desgarden: To the fray! To the fray! ::He seemed almost...giddy as he raised his sword and moved down the littered street::

Lun de Trois: ::Automatic, really. He reached out to catch the thing::

CwilkeKalus: ::skids to a halt and quickly ducks with her into a side alley, nearly ran them both into the knights fighting with the drones::This could be bad...

HiveDrone1: ::the drone near Chiron attempts to strike through his abdomen with its pincer::

Hive Mother: ::the large protector follows Jawanda's movements, matching strike for strike, clacking. Three of its arms reach to slice at her::

Jeriol Keayn: ::the squad emerges near the center square, seeing the origin of the drones clearly now::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She could feel the sand loosening as the mage was tending to other matters::
Icaruss Ithgath: #<BWAMPF!> ::the area around him is encased in what looks like negative color::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::only to stumble around him a few steps toward the edge of the rooftop, and then over it she went, falling to the sand below - no longer moving:: AIEEEEEEE! ::one last war cry spat out to hopefully draw attention::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:the magic in a five foot radius of JC isnegated....all magic::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He tucked back, closer to Lalchi and the wall, and he began to dig as well,::
Jeriol Keayn: <Sergeant> There. Move! ::the squad charges a distracted bug::
Lun de Trois: ::It was one of those run off the cliff still walking in mid-air moments::
Lalchi Dahi: Come Orazio, Let's dig
Sullied Abandon: ::His sword lifted to strike this drone would leave his abdomen quite vulnerable.. He coughed faintly, blinking in mild disbelief as a pincer went clean into his gut.. The pain at first was rather overwhelming. He simply stumbled back, a hand moving to the gash as the blood coursed out about his fingers::
CwilkeKalus: <QM> Dammit, I think we got turned around back there..
HiveDrone1: ::a drone tumbles to the ground, rolling about as its pincers clack open and shut::
Lun de Trois: ::The Triad mage looked left, looked right, looked down at the ball in his hand::
Hive Mother: ::one of the protectors looks over the rooftop and clacks to itself::
LadySageMercer: ::Blinks looking at the Knights, then behind them:: Then lets turn around again.
Icaruss Ithgath: #:cackles with glee:: Little mage fall and die!
Jeriol Keayn: <knight without a pike> ::hears a thud nearby, and sees the fallen woman::
Jawanda Kaufy: <whump> ::she lay there unmoving, bleeding, seemingly dead::
Lun de Trois: ::And drops like a lead weight to ground below. Without a sound::
Hive Mother: ::the Mother, up on the roof, smiled to herself and looked up briefly::
CwilkeKalus: ::frowns:: <Q> They've got no bloody air support ::noting the fliers::
Hive Mother: ::in response to her command, four fliers moved towards Jawanda and swooped to pick her up::
HiveDrone1: ::the drone that attacked Chiron chattered, its pincer covered in his blood, opening its mouth to spit at him, too!::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He turned quickly to look at the one who fell, then reached down to him::
Icaruss Ithgath: #Enough of this. It is time for this madness to end.
OrazioGiamonico: Lalchi, help him!
LadySageMercer: ::Not really sure what he meant, but nodded anyway::
Jeriol Keayn: ::the drone perishes, but one of the warhammer-wielding knights was caught full in the face by a blast of acid::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:he slowly descended to the ground::
Sullied Abandon: ::No chance of that. He bolted to the side to avoid the spittle, running forward to drive the blade clean through the bug, creating a lovely little matching gash::
Marcel Desgarden: Die you chattering spawn of a Redcow! ::Marcel lept at the drone that stood over Chiron, his blade aimed an one of those multi-faceted eyes::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She crawled to the mage, and bent over him shielding his body::
Lun de Trois: ::In a robed and cloaked heap on the ground::
HiveDrone1: ::the drones heard the scream of Icaruss about the death cries of the masses::
Marcel Desgarden: ::Or maybe he didn't::
Lun de Trois: ::Surely bones broken::
Jeriol Keayn: <knight without a pike> Sir, I saw a girl fall from up there. Maybe...?
OrazioGiamonico: ::He spun to the wall and pressed against it again::
Hive Mother: #:she, too, heard the scream of Icaruss, and sent the command, silently::
Lalchi Dahi: Alive? ::whispered::
Jeriol Keayn: <Sergeant> ::nods:: Let's check it out.
Icaruss Ithgath: #:his sandled feet touched the ground, robeless, the cool evening air sent his shirt fluttering::
HiveDrone1: ::Chiron struck clean through the drone, its blood soaked pincer clacking helplessly as it sunk to the ground::
Hive Mother: ::and just as quickly as they arrived, many of the drones back away from combat and head to their entryway::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:he looked about:: Time...
Icaruss Ithgath: #:smiles:.....to....
Lalchi Dahi: ::She looked for a healer::
LadySageMercer: ::Watches the mad mage descend:: <VS> Chris.....squeezing his hand tight nervously::
Hive Mother: ::the Mother herself gave a contented clack before leaping into the air and diving for the hole::
Lun de Trois: ::Not a sound from the downed mage::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:raises Entropos in the air then strikes it on the ground:.....die.
CwilkeKalus: ::Was just about to lift into the air, then he sees the drones starting to retreat...<Q> The hell??
Marcel Desgarden: ::And since there's no buggies for him to slay, he instead found a mug of ale::
HiveDrone1: ::drones scuttled about the streets, leaving the vicinity as if they were roaches and someone turned on the lights in the room::
Jeriol Keayn: ::the squad enters the building where the Hive Mother resides atop, climbing the stairs to the rooftop::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:sound stopped....for everyone, it was then as silent as a void::
HiveDrone1: ::scattering about in various directions::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He stopped digging and stood still::
CwilkeKalus: ::Then he sees the Mad Mage:.....<Q> Oh hell ::thought the sound is suddenly negated::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:And then a loud whoosing sound, like from the distance, but actually from within your own mind::
Lalchi Dahi: ::She shudders:: Nooooooooooooo ;the words never heard::
LadySageMercer: ::Moved closer to Chris for protection::
Jawanda Kaufy: ::out cold, her mind a void, hears nothing::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:and then an explosion of pure white light emanated and expanded quickly from about him::
Marcel Desgarden: ::Curious. The quiet. And curiously the sound that began to fill the void::
Lalchi Dahi: ::Dead silence::
OrazioGiamonico: ::He shook his head, and his hands flew to his ears::
Icaruss Ithgath: #:the energy, light, and no sound destroyed and crushed everything in its path::
Sullied Abandon: ::Letting the blade clatter soundlessly to the ground, he panted unheard, falling to his knees in silence.. Then he looked

sharply to the explosion::

Lun de Trois ::At that point, the downed mage reached out with crooked arm and latched on to Orazio::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::And then the sound returned.....deafening!!!!::

LadySageMercer ::Buried her face in Chris's chest at the white light::

Sullied Abandon ::Hands clutched to his ears as he shuddered, eyes sealing tightly, trying desperately to brace himself::

CwilkeKalus ::eyes go wide, turns and drags Sage with him, dragging her down into the ground for what little cover it could give::

OrazioGiamonico ::he took hold in return and reached for Lalchi::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::everything and anything was tossed about and slammed into like a hurricane wind into flowers, the explosion quickly moved out through the whole city, leveling buildings and such::

LadySageMercer ::Gets pulled onto the ground, covering her ears::

Lalchi Dahi NOOOOOOOOOOOO ::this time shrieked into the night sky::

HiveDrone1 ::the wounded drones groaned as the sound was unbearable, having been unable to make their escape::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::and then there was silence again, as few buildings were left standing, rubble and fire was everywhere::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::Icaruss picked at his teeth with a finger:: Now where will I get a new robe?

Marcel Desgarden ::He didn't understand what happened. One moment he was standing in silence. The next, he was upon his back, eyes gazing upwards at a thick cloud of ash filled smoke that rolled across him like death's blanket::

LadySageMercer ::Laying on the ground she continued covering her ears even after everything went silent curled up in a ball on her side, knees up to her chin::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::he looked over toward the building he once stood on::

CwilkeKalus ::his form had expanded over hers to shield her from the blast, though there's obviously not a "hell" of a lot of him left::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::and began to walk over there, stepping over rubble, body parts and pools of blood::

CwilkeKalus ::somewhere in his consciousness grumbles, "This is the "last" time I wear the shining armor...":

Icaruss Ithgath # ::he called out: Hst'kkra. It is safe to emerge.

Marcel Desgarden ::Dead or alive? He couldn't feel his body; he was completely numb. And why the hell didn't he listen to Chiron? ::

Jeriol Keayn <Jeriol> Several blocks away already from crawling numbly through the streets has only an instant's confusion before a building falls on him::

Lun de Trois ::through the blast and deafening roar, JC maintained his grip upon San Giamonico::

Hive Mother # ::easily from the entry-hole, the tall, humanoid woman emerges, soon followed by her two large protectors::

LadySageMercer ::Picked up on the thought..and even in the moment she couldn't resist and sent back:: ~But you look so handsome in it~

Icaruss Ithgath # ::the screams and wails of the dying and injured could no be heard throughout the rubble of what was once a large city::

Lun de Trois ::And suddenly, with death all around them...the shadows screamed and conversed upon the fallen mage::

Sullied Abandon ::His hands left his ears, leaving streaks of blood from his hairline, along his cheeks and jaws. He grasped the wound, attempting to stop the bleeding::

Hive Mother # ::moving forward easily, she kicks the burnt remains of a book out of her way::

Lun de Trois ::And what ever he touched::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::he smiled at the magnificent...queen...err...bug::

HiveDrone1 ::several drones crawled out of their hiding places, entering the festival area::

Hive Mother # ::and she gave a contented smile back::

Icaruss Ithgath # Your people are welcome to feast on whatever remains.

Lun de Trois ::They were sucked into the shadows::

CwilkeKalus ::a mental chuckle, little bits and pieces start piecing together into a crude blob::~Yea, well, it hurts like a bitch...~

Icaruss Ithgath # ::he glanced about and surveyed the scene::

HiveDrone1 # ::clicking and nodding in acknowledgement to Icaruss::

OrazioGiamonico ::He did not move, he was not sure if he could, or if he did where he would find himself::

Hive Mother # ::her head bowed in a quick nod:: Our thanks, Hive-Friend. This will provide much for our young.

Marcel Desgarden (sm) This one is going to hurt. ::Slowly, painfully, feeling was returning, beginning with a pinprick in his fingertips. Soon it was daggers in his spine::

OrazioGiamonico ::He hung tight to both of those who shared the dirt prison::

Icaruss Ithgath # My purpose here is done. ::he reached down and pulled up the charred remains of what was once a Pyromancer robe::

Lun de Trois ::The shadows transported them to where JC's contingency stated::

LadySageMercer ::Just sent back a small mental smile..although physically she was anything but smiling managing not to be too hurt thanks to Chris but still looked like a mess. Still curled in her ball shaking::

Lun de Trois ::Wherever La Volpe was at. That is where they arrived::

Hive Mother # ::behind her, more drones emerged and started to gather bodies, easing them back down into the hole in the ground::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::smiles up at her again:: When time permits, send this to Wadi Medani and to Pyreslake with my regards.

Marcel Desgarden ::Fingers; yes, he still had ten of them. And from what he could tell, he still retained all his toes. Both hands, both feet.. arms, legs.. he seemed to be whole::

Sullied Abandon ::He'd not cry out in pain. He'd not allow anyone the pleasure of knowing he was in pain. The gaping wound said more than enough as it was. He slowly climbed to his feet, amazed he could feel enough to do this::

OrazioGiamonico ::He went, not resisting the pull and bringing Lalchi with him::

HiveDrone1 # ::the drones gazed in the direction of the Festival, hungry for the kill once again::

Hive Mother # ::she reaches to accept the robe: She shall receive it as you wish.

Icaruss Ithgath # ::a thin smile plastered across his face:: Tell her Wadi is next. ::cackles::

Hive Mother # ::she smiles in anticipation:: With delight.

CwilkeKalus ::the blob is slowly expanding:: ~As soon as I can get a humanoid form, we're out of here...~

Icaruss Ithgath # ::laughing:: And then ALL of the Quintak will be yours!

HiveDrone1 # ::chittering as they heard the news from Icaruss::

Marcel Desgarden (sm) Annabella, you owe me. ::With a groan he pulled himself to a sitting position. Once the dancing lights faded behind his eyes and the pounding ceased in his head, he managed to heft himself upright::

LadySageMercer ~Okay~

Hive Mother # ::the clacking that sounds can only be described as the laughter of the bug-woman::

Jawanda Kaufy ::she was mostly covered in rubble and sand, only a hand clutching a sword could be seen from beneath the ruin::

Lalchi Dahi ::She just held on tight, and was whisked along::

Icaruss Ithgath # ::he motioned with Entropos and a circle of light ripped through the air beside him:: Time for me to go.

Lalchi Dahi: ::Her father told her the desert winds were like this.:

Hive Mother: # ::she bowed her head, wings flaring wide:: We honor you and await your return, Hive-Friend.

Icaruss Ithgath: # ::he stepped through the portal...and was gone::

Marcel Desgarden: (sm) Trip to the sands my as-- ow! ::Everything hurt. He was amazed that he managed to keep himself upright. And as he rubbed the small of his back, it was then that he took note of the city... or the lack thereof::

Sullied Abandon: ::Trembling, he started through the decay, clutching his sword half-heartedly in one hand.. A way out. He needed to find a way out. Hmm.. His discarded sheath.. He lowered himself to pick it up.. slide it back onto the blade. That's when the darkness descended on our faithful valet, and he collapsed unconscious::

CwilkeKalus: ::the blob slowly assumes a rough humanoid shape::~~This is atleast the...second time I've had this happen...~

Hive Mother: # ::she looks about, watching her children gather the bodies. This would be a great feast for their young. Contented, she smiled to herself, rubbing the burnt robe between her fingers::

Lun de Trois: ::The trio were dumped unceremoniously out onto a fine woven carpet in an airy room decorated in the style of Northern Luminian villas::

Icaruss Ithgath: # ::embers popped and cracked in the many fires about, a few pieces of timber fell from destroyed buildings::

HiveDrone1: # ::the younger drones gathered around their hive mother, anxiously awaiting their return to the festival::

LadySageMercer: ::Sent another small smile:: ~I'm sure the other person you did it for was as grateful as I am~

OrazioGiamonico: ::He could not believe the dirt and sand that was just moments ago in his fingers was now soft fibers::

Jawanda Kaufy: ::the fingers around the hilt of the sword moved slightly, releasing it and leaving a trail in the dirt next to it as they flexed slightly::

Hive Mother: # ::her hands reaching to give a motherly caress to the smaller drones that gathered about her, one of her guardians moves ahead of her, one behind, as she leads them all to the rewards of the festival::

CwilkeKalus: ::a crude, ugly sounding chuckle from barely formed lips:: He's dead anyway...

Lalchi Dahi: @ ::She stood and looked to her clothes::

Icaruss Ithgath: # ::thousands of dead bodies littered the streets and rubble, the wails of the dying were like an endless chorus of lost souls::
Marcel Desgarden: (s) By the Goddess.. ::The destruction reminded him of Dreven after the fire rain. He could only imagine the loss here. He could imagine it..vividly:

OnlineHost: **Sullied Abandon has left the room.**

LadySageMercer: ~Is that supposed to be comforting?~

Jawanda Kaufy: ::a very, very, very soft moan escaped from the rubble, and sand where she lay, her fingers stretching outward as if in supplication lay in ebon tendrils across the silver sword::

HiveDrone1: # ::chittering as they follow the momma buglet, scampering about the streets::

Marcel Desgarden: Chiron? ::His Valet. He had seen him fall just before the destruction. The tip of his blade dragging a trail in the dust behind, he moved amidst the rubble seeking out his friend::

Hive Mother: # ::the silent order is given to her younger ones, to feast as they will, as the older drones collect the bodies for later consumption::

Icaruss Ithgath: # ::this destruction was FAR worse than Dreven, nothing remained of the city, and parts of the city were nothing more than burned seared glass::

CwilkeKalus: ::coughs a bit, his form slowly getting human:: Not really, last time I ever let myself sent into a war...

Lalchi Dahi: @ ::Her lip stiffened:: Orazio.

Marcel Desgarden: (sm) We have to get out of here.. ::Bugs. Lots of them, and they were feasting. His search was quickened::

OrazioGiamonico: @ ::He heard a call and wanted to answer but all he could do was look at her::

HiveDrone1: # ::the younger drones dragged the bodies of the small and wounded first, finding them easier to feed upon::

Lalchi Dahi: @You are in deep dung! Camel dung to be exact!