

## Festival of Spirits

**2 November 2002  
Vinoricco, Luminii**

**Brief synopsis:** Vinoricco is home to the three largest wineries in Luminii. They account for over half of all the wine bottled, sold and distributed in Luminii and bring in lots and lots of money. The time this scene should take place is late afternoon, say around 5:30pm, just as the sun is setting. The assumption is everyone made it to the Festival by either magic or normal travel. And based on the description of the Festival and the setting, things are in full swing. This is a "high class" festival so most everything is going to cost a pretty penny at the inns. Have fun with the free wine samples, and remember, there are no street vendors. Presently the Stompin' Competition is about to start...

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**AnnabellaM:** ::Dafen Knowlyn, Wine Master and owner of Stella Luca, the largest winery in Luminii puffed like a peacock as he led the Arch-Magess and Mysree Flintock on a tour of the town he called home. As the sun began to set, the buildings took on a golden hue, adding a richness to the murals and colorful tiles that adorned them::

**Luminii Citizen:** :::leans up against a fence and watches the people stomp grapes, swatting at an irritating fly buzzing about his head::

**AnnabellaM:** <Announcer> The wine stomp is going to begin! Pay your gold and stain your feet!

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::his right arm around Sonja's waist so that she can support him as he leaning his left palm onto the crook of his cane. Rheumy eyes glanced about the festival streets, then looks at his nurse's feet::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::sits in a tavern, feet, large even for a human, crossed at the ankles::

**OnlineHost:** **Valentine Dayer has entered the room.**

**Celina Vita:** ::walking down the main street, she heard the announcement. Turning to Phelan, she grinned:: Think I can convince you to go stomp grapes?

**Qadir Ferilla:** You stomp on grapes before? ::already imagining the purple stains on her feet and lets his mind wander elsewhere::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> I hope you will enjoy some of our fine wines, Arch-Magess... ::Behind the trio walked a pair of Knowlyns personal guards, dressed to the gills as were most of the towns inhabitants::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::Little nurse girl never did get those comfortable shoes. Vacuous stare:: Grapes? Stomping?

**PhelanStormbrngr:** I don't think I'm dressed appropriately for grape stomping

**Sonja Cabri:** ::you can see her ankles with that dress she wears::

**AnnabellaM:** I'm not really inclined to drink, m'lord... :The Arch-Magess herself was attired in her usual fare -- robes of office, necessary as this was an official outing::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::the teenaged girl between them, looking remarkably like Celina, grinned:: Go ahead Phelan. I want to watch!

**Qadir Ferilla:** Yes, you take your shoes off, lift up your skirts thigh high and jump around in a vat of grapes. Some of the better stompers slip in the mess, too.

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::tears a leg off of a roast lamb and bites into it, lapping up the grease that touches his lips...today, he was out of his usual attire, forsaking his usual work leathers for a bright red, shimmering silk shirt, white longvest, an

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::strolling through the main street, arm in arm with Kanessah::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::hunched over a bit as he shuffles towards the assembly of grape stompers::

**AnnabellaM:** <Announcer> A gold to stain your feet! Come and wriggle your toes in the best grapes in all of Lyran Tal!

**Kanessah:** ::leans against Draeloth, enjoying the end of the day and the festivities::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** I don't think so ::laughs:: Why don't you go stomp, Tami?

**Zuan Fjornson:** d equally white pants...vest and pants were stitched conservatively with a metallic

thread that seemed to shift colors as the light hit it at different angles...sonarium to the educated::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::a glance to Jawanda as he enters the main street, stopping momentarily to comment quietly to her:: If you spot Panapolis, let me know immediately. ::he grimaced as he took in the teeming street::

**Kanessah:** That sounds like fun, Drael...I wonder what it feels like to have purple feet?

**AnnabellaM:** ::A number of finely dressed -- and slightly drunken -- lads were climbing the steps, ready to leap into the vats::

**Luminii Citizen:** ::swats at the fly again and continues to watch, a goblet of red wine in his hand::

**Draeloth Adralin:** That I shall always wonder...:grins and half smiles::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::Her arm around Q's waist as they moved toward the stomping:: Well I... you want me to?

**Celina Vita:** ::Celina wore a colorful skirt and blouse, the necklace she wore carried five vivomantic rings, her right hand bore two more:: Coward.

**Sonja Cabri:** ::looking at the set up and quite dubious about the whole thing::

**Kanessah:** ::she tugs at him, leading him over to the stomp bins::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Looking at his pocket then to Sonja:: Why don't you buy yourself a spot, eh? ::Shifting his hip towards her so that she could reach inside for his money pouch::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::trailing a dozen steps behind her employer and her employer's employer, bored out of her mind. She had other places she'd have much rather have spent her time::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> Can I? ::looking up at her older sister:: Please?

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> I don't want a sample of \*that\* wine.. ::Nodding her head to the vats. There were twelve of them, large wooden things with a small spout jutting out of one side::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** I haven't had enough wine yet to enjoy such an activity ::grins::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Oh no you don't...:pinching Kanessah softly in the side:: I will pay your way, but I am not doing that. ::laughing playfully::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::a pouty turn to her mouth as she reaches into Q's pocket like he likes her to::

**Kanessah:** ::feigns a pout:: You're no fun...

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she lay a gentling hand on his arm:: <q> I'll keep my eyes open, my prince.

**AnnabellaM:** ::Mysree walked alongside the Arch-Magess, the silver tip of her cane striking the stone with a pleasant sound::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::taking her time in retrieving the pouch::

**Kanessah:** You may not want purple feet, but I do...who do we pay a gold to?

**Qadir Ferilla:** Heheheh. Take enough to tip them, my dear. You find yourself the best vat, eh?

**Celina Vita:** ::she looked to see who else was going to stomp grapes:: Phelan? What do you think?

**Luminii Citizen:** #::a group of five people sit off to the side in the grass samlng eight or nine different styles of wine, which are in different goblets::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his usually raven black spikes of hair are now each colored differently. A few reds, greens, and yellows, even a few orange::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Oh, I assure you Master Magess that we do not drink what comes from those vats. ::He leaned in and whispered:: You never know where those lads feet have been.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he produced a pouch of coins and dangled it before Jawanda:: Just don't get so caught up in your shopping that you neglect to do so.

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> Please??? ::to Phelan::

**Sonja Cabri:** How will I know? ::she opened the pouch carefully::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** It looks harmless enough, I don't see why not

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::her silken caftan, rich with the vibrant hues of the desert (reds, blacks, yellows, and browns), caressed gently against her ebony skin as she moved::

**Celina Vita:** ::chuckles:: Lets go see who we pay then.

**Kanessah:** ::she removes her foot gear, gets ready to do some stomping::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::only then did the corners of his mouth turn upwards... slightly::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::the colors a sharp contrast to that of his darker elven skin, making him look like his is playing the part of the royal jester::

**Luminii Citizen:** ::still standing near the fence near the stompers:: Stomp faster! ::cheering on the stompers::

**Zuan Fjonson:** #::the entire beast was to his own consumption, and his rather compact size made

the meal seem much more than he could handle::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she offered him a flash of ivory against her wide burgundy lips as she took the pouch from his hand:: I have not failed you yet, have I?

**Kanessah:** ::looks around to find the person to pay the gold to:: I want to stomp!

**AnnabellaM:** ::The trio, and thier guard, passed neath a portico and into the main circle of the town; this adorned by an ornate fountain of marble and glittering stone::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Chortled, getting closer to the person accepting money for the vat stomping:: Pay the person and they shall give you the very best.

**lystrian:** ::also strolling the main street, wearing a gown of sky blue, loosely belted with gold, smiles at the sights, sipping some wine from a flask as she approaches the festivities, clean and well dressed for the first time in recent memory, is content to watch::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::and so she found herself paying for the privilege to step into a vat of cold grapes::

**AnnabellaM:** ::It was around this fountain that the vats were set::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::she removed her shoes, and tucked up her skirt between her legs:: I'm ready! Where do I go?

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::a long staff in his left hand which has a few longer streams of silk flowing from the top, the staff top looking like more of a mace than anything::

**lystrian:** ::chuckles at the sight of the merry stompers::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::she paused, both hands on her ever present staff, just watching the silliness in the vats:: (s)Collum would be scandilized. ::the thought made her chuckle::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::procures a gold coin from underneath his travelling cloak and hands it to Tami:: Just go pay that man over there and he'll let you stomp away

**Luminii Citizen:** ::the late afternoon air is crisp, not quiet cold, but cool enough that it could make one need a cloak or perhaps long sleeves::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> My vineyards supplied a majority of the grapes for this years competition. ::He stated proudly::

**Kanessah:** ::she finally finds the person excepting gold for a chance at stomping, pay them and hefts up her brightly colored skirts, actually modest by her standards::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** You wouldn't be here, if you had. ::he turned to gaze at her for a brief instant, then looked back down the main street::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #:in the crook of one of his arms, half the length of an average human's, but more than twice the girth, rested, oddly enough, a pickaxe of exceedingly eloquent craftsmanship...what purpose it would serve one of the man's fine appearance was anyone's guess::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::leaning against his cane, leering at all the pretty girls that past him by. Wishing that he could have his smoke stick right about now::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::uneasy at being at this large gathering as memories of the last festival she attended flashed through her head::

**Luminii Citizen:** ::tosses copper pieces near the vat of the person he wants to win:: Go!

**Draeloth Adralin:** Wonderful...now. ::looking around for a place to get a glass of wine::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::takes the coin and pays the man, climbing into a vat::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::her eyes flickered away from his, whether in fear of his words or of her memories, who knew::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::bending over to unlace her shoes and then hiking up her skirts she stepped in. and shivered::

**Kanessah:** ::she jumps in with both feet, trying to hold up her skirt, and begins to squish:: Oooh, this feels good.

**AnnabellaM:** How many grapes does it require? ::The Arch-Magess, her cheeks flushed by the crisp night air was smiling as she watched the event. By the Goddess, wouldn't that be fun?::

**Celina Vita:** ::tucks her arm in Phelan's, chuckling:: <q> Remind me not to drink any of this wine.

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::His stump moving up and down along his thigh, calling out to Sonja:: Higher, my dear.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::then he clapped his hands together:: Go.. shop. I'm a going to have a look around.

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::with the kaftan clinging to her hips and sliding in gentle whispers against her thighs, she moved toward the vats to watch the stomping of grapes::

**Kanessah:** #SQUIISH#

**Sonja Cabri:** (q) Feels like I'm stepping in brains. ::not really stomping, prancing maybe::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::chuckles:: Well, the wine that has already been pressed has been spared of this activity, would you like to go sample some?

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> Woo hoo! ::stomping merrily away, making it into a dance almost, her legs and feet now purple::

**lystrian:** ::she watches for a while, sipping from a flask.. then continues a lazy stroll up the street toward the fountain::

**Kanessah:** ::her feet move up and down in a fast motion, she looks like she is really enjoying herself::

**Kanessah:** ::she pretends to be squishing the bugs that invaded the inn on the previous night::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::The Master Magess leaned upon her cane, steel grey eyes narrowed against a hawkish nose:: I'd imagine it would be more than he could count.

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::decides to move, having lost sight of her employer::

**Luminii Citizen:** ::cheers, drinks some wine, cheers, drinks some wine, drinks some wine, starts to cheer, drinks more wine, stops cheering and just drinks wine::

**Celina Vita:** ::laughs, seeing her sister having so much fun:: That sounds nice.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he watched her as she glided away, his face a virtual mask, void of expression as he slowly moved along the main street toward the competition::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Dafen raised a brow, unsure if he should be offended, then rumbled a laugh::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his usual long coat traded in for a long flowing, colorful cloak to match the bright colors of his hair::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::onyx eyes glanced from one stomper to the next then strayed over those watching, a glance from time to time given to determine Lorcan's location and those around him as well::

**Kanessah:** ::she jumps up and down with both feet::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> It is a great number indeed, Master Magess.

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Calling after Sonja:: Think of the grapes as Sirocco's pet spiders. Stomp on them.

**Kanessah:** ::grape pulp flying out over the top of the vat::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #:a legbone was licked clean and dropped, but his interest in the meal was dissipating...his face, like polished brass, broke with a grin and his hazel eyes narrowed:: Why, why, why, this should be a damn fine night. Ought to get it started.

**Luminii Citizen:** &::one rather well dressed noble sits against the side of a shop and snores, having already imbibed five or so glasses::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::smiles to Celina and leads her towards wherever the wine samples are being given::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he took it for granted that Jawanda would stay near enough, should he need to beckon her::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his upperbody covered in a simple, black shirt to accent the colors of his cloak, almost making it look as if there were nothing under it, as is the same for his long, fitting pants and boots::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::her blond hair flew about as she stomped as fast as she could, getting into it::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::not her idea of a good time, she none-the-less kept stomping. Looking out over the crowd, she located Q and gave him a weak smile::

**Valentine Dayer:** ::the laugh was low and rumbled by the side of the vat, the large man crossing his arms as he watched the lovely lasses in their stomping::

**lystrian:** ::continues on past shops. smiling toward the snoring noble::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Wine ... will warm you, Arch-Magess.. ::It took but an almost unnoticed nod of his head to send one of his personal guard into the crowd::

**OnlineHost:** **Luminii Citizen has left the room.**

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Nodding at Sonja from his spot in the crowd, grumbling at a person that got too close to him that obviously wasn't of the female persuasion::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #:he leaned forward, dropping nimbly to the floor, only outsizeing the table by less than a foot::

**Celina Vita:** ::she picked up a glass to taste::

**Kanessah:** ::jumps, jumps, and jumps some more:: Come here, Drael. ::she calls out with a

mischievous grin on her face::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Are you having fun ::yelling into Kanessah's vat, trying to be loud enough for her to hear him over the madness of the street::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::she'd already bought a trinket for Collum. It was safely tucked away in the pocket of her cloak::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::her eyes ventured toward the source of the rumbling laughter for a moment::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::bobbing between the tables with each step, he was soon at the lineup of samples...::

**Draeloth Adralin:** No..I am fine where I am.

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she tossed a few coins below the vat where Tami was stomping grapes and moved on::

**AnnabellaM:** ::She wasn't in the least bit chilled, her robes were enough to keep most of her warm:: I thank you.. ::She realized that it wouldn't matter if she refused, he'd insist and it would go on all night::

**Kanessah:** Of course:: she says as she give one big jump, sending grape pulp flying through the air straight at Drael::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::When would this torture be over?::

**OnlineHost:** **Cowled Mancer has entered the room.**

**Sonja Cabri:** ::stopitystomp::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his gaze darted almost aimlessly through the crowd as he came upon the competition, stopping and folding his hands neatly behind his back as he watched on::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::takes up a glass as well, sniffing the contents as he looked to Celina::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::he sniffed the first, set it down, sniffed the second, set it down:: Where in the Black Depths is the free ale?

**Kanessah:** ::jump, jump, stomp, stomp::

**Valentine Dayer:** ::dark eyes were bright as he lifted his drinking horn to his lips, partaking of some of the free wine afforded him::

**AnnabellaM:** <Announcer> Keep stomping! Vat #6 is filling his jug! Vat #10 is close behind!!

**Celina Vita:** ::she clinked her glass to his:: To us, and to a great vacation.

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::the pulp landing at his feet, splattering up onto his pants::

**Kanessah:** ::she wonders what vat number she has::

**Kanessah:** ::she stomps faster::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Wonderful...:actually laughing at Kanessah for the moment::

**Qadir Ferilla:** Faster, Sonja! Stomp on the grapes more! ::Trying to encourage the girl to do better::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::she stomped harder, laughing hard as the pulp squished between her toes::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Out of the crowd the guard emerged with a bottle and three glasses in hand. The Arch-Magess watched with some amazement as he deftly plucked the cork from it's neck and poured the pink vintage with a practiced ease she'd not have expected of such a large man::

**Kanessah:** ::squish, stomp, jump::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his mood quite lightened from the usual nights in the tavern::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #Consarnit, rassumfrassum, I'm about on my last cursed nerve. How the Hells do you have a festival of spirits without the forsaken, blasted, besotted, blustered, flying SPIRITS!!!

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::clink:: To us ::samples the wine::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::horrified that her feet were turning shades of purple::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::A few hundred feet off in the grape vineyard the air shimmers and tears, a hole appears in the air and he steps out, dressed in a simple white cloak and robes::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::sandaled feet carried her toward one of the taverns, the smell of fresh cooked game drawing her, she gave a glance over her shoulder toward Lorcan::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::an shop up the road caught her attention so she strolled away from the grape stomping. Maybe she'd find another trinket for Collum in there::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his face showed no emotion at the carrying-ons of the stompers in the various vats, he simply stood by, his eyes shifting restlessly from face to face in the crowd::

**Celina Vita:** ::taking a sip, she smiled at him for a second, then chuckled:: Shall we go see how purple Tami is getting?

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Luckily for Qadir, he couldn't drink as much as he would have since he needed his only

good hand for leaning onto his cane::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::lovely purple ankles below shapely calves::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> (s) That one is trained well enough. ::She muttered with amusement:: wonder if he makes house-calls?

**Zuan Fjornson:** #:the reddish hair under his nose seemed to burst into flame, flickering with each exhalation...he then raised a hand to the nearest, shocked noble face:: Shut it, human, I'm not in the mood.

**Iystrian:** ::wanders through the crowd rather aimlessly, staying well away from the vats, enjoying the cool air::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::the tear in the air then vanished behind the figure::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::talking to himself mostly now:: My, she is going to sleep awfully well tonight. ::smirking and laughing, while slowly shaking his head::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::just for Q's benefit. The things she did for money::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::smiles:: Let's

**Valentine Dayer:** ::his eyes followed the dancing work of one of the lasses, a golden-haired woman who sent him a flirtatious wink as she pranced to the cheers about her::

**AnnabellaM:** <Annoucer> Vat #6 is almost to the top of the jug!

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he had not noted Jawanda's departure::

**Kanessah:** ::squish, stomp, squish::

**Celina Vita:** ::arm in arm, she headed back to the stompers::

**AnnabellaM:** Thank you.. ::She accepted the glass politely. Dafen's smile was almost gloating::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::holding a hand to his stomach in laughter::

**Kanessah:** ::she has a very serious look on her face as she tries to fill her jug::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #Got no spirits, got not a flaming, chipped ale or mead. I'd even go for those yadka leakings....::mutters to himself, gulping down the free samples between complaints::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::she stepped into the interior of the tavern for a moment, ordering a leg of lamb::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::And then the figure carefully made its way toward the festivities, walking through the vineyard::

**Kanessah:** ::her fett are amost a blur as she stomps faster and faster::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::a large small on his face, while the purely white, simple mask hangs about his neck from a ribbon::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #Too fruity! How is this supposed to get anyone blotted? Damned foofs.

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> So, what do you think of Vinoricco? ::The mans gold-ringed hand swept a small arch::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::Just wants it all to be over::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Heckling the person in Vat 6, yelling it loudly:: That's cause they have feet the size of BOATS! And a face to launch a thousand ships.....

**Valentine Dayer:** ::another great swallow from the drinking horn was taken, dark eyes following the dance of the golden-haired lass::

**Qadir Ferilla:** In the OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::she was simply enjoying herself, waving to Celina and Phelan as they returned::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::takes two goblets at once, not spilling a drop, as if accustomed to the practice::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::after a few moments pause he turned away from the vat to stroll leisurely down the street, his hands still folded behind his back::

**AnnabellaM:** It's quite beautiful... ::She turned her eyes to study the ornate costumes adorning the nobles of the town, seemingly part of the rich decor that draped balconies and pillars::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::the large "smile" still evident on his face though the laughter has subsided for the moment while he catches his breath::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::rubs his nose on the back of his hand and snorts derisively:: I bet they make this out of flowers.

**Kanessah:** ::squish, squish, squish::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Yes, it is. We have made sure to have only the finest things here.

**Sonja Cabri:** ::High stepping and all that::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::waves to Tami as she stomps grapes:: She seems to be enjoying herself

**Kanessah:** Oh my, that's a pretty color. ::referring to her purple feet::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::finally making it to the edge of the vineyard the figure looks around, as if searching for someone or something::

**AnnabellaM:** <Annoucer> VAT 6... VAT 6 hast won!!!!

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::peers at someone behind the table he is stripping clean:: What...ROSES, huh? Well, that changes everything, now doesn't it?

**Celina Vita:** ::grins:: Yes, she is isn't she.

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Continues with his heckling:: I think someone needs to be CHRISTENED!

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she emerged from the tavern, lamb's flank in hand, and took up a glass of free wine from one of the street vendors::

**Iystrian:** ::glances back as the announcement is made, joins the others in applause::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::looking now for the number of Kanessah's vat::

**Qadir Ferilla:** Isn't it customary to break a bottle on the ship!?!?

**Zuan Fjornson:** #<m>No, it doesn't. <m>Humans...hopeless.

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::She snorted quietly. Money and nobles did little to impress the old woman::

**Valentine Dayer:** ::he laughed as the winner was announced, clapping his free hand against his thigh::

**AnnabellaM:** <Annoucer> You.. young lady! ::Pointing to Kanessah:: You have won!

**Kanessah:** ::looks up surprised::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::polite applause to the winner::

**Kanessah:** Who, me?

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> That was fun! ::giving it a final stomp before climbing out::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::her eyes easily picked out Lorcan's pate gleaming in the fading sun as he meandered down the street, she began to stroll slowly in the same direction, her eyes flickering from person to person as she passed them::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::getting out of the vat as soon as she could and staring at her feet::

**OnlineHost:** **Stealthy Zox has entered the room.**

**Kanessah:** ::squish's a few more times for fun::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::his large, black-booted feet carried him away from the now all but empty sampling table back towards his meal:: That's what happens when you put drink in the hands of an undwarf. It gets undone.

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::must look absolutely dowdy in the heavy grey cloak she chose to wear. She'd be happy to know that::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Oh boy...::shaking his head::

**Celina Vita:** ::applaudes the winner::

**OnlineHost:** **Stealthy Zox has left the room.**

**Kanessah:** ::clasps her hands above her head in a victory stance::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::clapping his hands together softly::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::and the spots of juice taht dotted the hems of her skirts::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> As you know, Vinoricco accounts for over half of the wine exported in Luminii. ::And so began the droning speech::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::moves out from the vineyard and makes its way toward the central festivities::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::claps too, not caring who won::

**Kanessah:** ::jumps out of the vat, her purple feet plopping on the ground::

**Valentine Dayer:** ::he lifted his drinking horn in salute to Kanessah's win::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::a single powerful leap puts him back on his chair and he tears the last appendage with any meat on it from the goat::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::dumbfounded::

**Kanessah:** ::she beams::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Sarune..My wonderful Sarune.

**Celina Vita:** We need to wash your feet young lady! ::laughing::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Going closer to the vat where Sonja was:: I'll get you a new outfit before we leave the festival.

**Kanessah:** I think I like this color...::admires her feet::

**AnnabellaM:** <Announcer> Young lady.. your prize.. ::And for Kanessah is a crate of the finest wine in Vinoricco. By tradition, she is expected to share it quite freely::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::her teeth tore into the tender meat of the leg of lamb as she continued to discreetly follow Lorcan, the meal washed down with a sip of wine from time to time::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> I did good though, didn't I? ::showing Phelan her purple feet::

**Kanessah:** Ohhh, my...::eyes the wine::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::the leaves on the trees were such a pretty color as the figure reached out with a gloved hand and plucked a red leaf from a tree::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::looking as if she was about to cry, but quickly she schooled her features at Q's approach:: I will need to wash my feet.

**PhelanStormbrngr:** You did very well, yes ::chuckling at the purple feet::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::holding her shoes, and his staff as he makes his way over to his purple footed lady friend::

**Kanessah:** ::lifts out a bottle and hands it to Drael to pop the cork::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::Shivering as she bent to collect her shoes and stockings::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::ravenously devours the leg and drops a small, round white hat with a flat top and a red silk band atop his long reddish hair::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::dropping the shoes on the ground for a moment to pop open the wine bottle::

**Kanessah:** ::and of course, she does share her prize::

**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Magess chuckled as a handsome noble, dressed in deep purples velvets paused before her and swept quite a gallant, yet wavering bow::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Looking around the area, nods at Sonja, barking out to the random person passing by:: Water for the girl to wash her feet!

**Kanessah:** I think I'll just go around barefoot tonight...I like this color.

**Draeloth Adralin:** I am sure you do..

**Celina Vita:** You get her shoes and I'll get the feet ::laughing, she steered her sister to where she could wash her feet::

**Kanessah:** ::wearing her purple feet like a badge of honor::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he took up a spot far from the crowd, his arms folded across his chest as he watched the proceedings with practiced disinterest... however his eyes never seemed to still, flicking from face to face::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::crushing the leaf in its glove the figure continued on toward the central street::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::he dropped from his seat and tilted his hat to the left, causing the side with the simple soniarium pickaxe emblem to lift higher in opposition:

**AnnabellaM:** <Announcer> The Queen if Spirit competition will begin within the hour! Ladies prepare yourselves!

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::laughs and collects Tami's shoes and follows::

**Kanessah:** Ohhh, another competition....

**Qadir Ferilla:** You did well, Sonja. ::Chortles::

**Iystrian:** ::picks up a delicate pastry and samples it::

**Kanessah:** Maybe this one will be wine tasting. ::grins::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::the figure dressed in pure white cloak and robes moved down the center fo the street::

**Valentine Dayer:** ::he let out a low rumble of a laugh as the gold-haired one from the other vat chattered excitedly at her friends before hurrying off::

**Teagen Quiterie:** Queen of what? ::shaking her head as she walks into a shop::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she stopped, and turned to muse over the contents of a particular vendors stall::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::still pouting:: I am sorry I did not win for you. ::someone brought her a cloth so she could at least dry herself off::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::lifting his somehow free hand up to wipe a bit of grape juice from her face, which merely turns into a thin line of purple acrossed her cheek::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> CeeCee? You should be in that one!

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::the larger pickaxe, the only one of any possible utility, was tucked into a leather loop at his belt and the hat was once again adjusted, this time somewhat to the front, not enough to

obscure his vision::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::He sipped his wine, and continued with his dialogue extolling the virtues of the town, its shops, rich soil and many other things that the Arch-Magess missed::

**Valentine Dayer:** ::another swallow from the drinking horn was taken, dark eyes languidly moving from her retreating form::

**Kanessah:** ::she smiles up at him::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::looking up to see where Lorcan was, her eyes began to follow the one in the pure white robes, a shiver running through her for a moment::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::sitting on the platform so she could wipe away the stains::

**Draeloth Adralin:** I can't believe you...:smiling:: We need to find some glasses, lest you just want to drink out of the bottle this festive night.

**PhelanStormbrngr:** Yes Celina, you should definately be in that one ::grinning::

**Kanessah:** Why not?

**Celina Vita:** Ha! ::chuckling as she cleaned off the girl's feet as best as she could:: No way.

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::taking quick, short steps through the crowd, he swung his goat leg to clear room, not even announcing his passing and ignoring the indignant complaints that the greasy meat stained a noble's pant leg or dress::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Annabella sipped her wine, then found herself once again bubbling in laughter as yet another Nobleman attempted to sweep a bow in her direction::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Winners get first sip?

**lystrian:** ::smiles, surprised at how well a sweet goes with wine::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::holding the bottle out towards Kanessah::

**Qadir Ferilla:** <Luminii Citizen> ::Brings a bucket of water for Sonja, having heard Qadir order for the liquid::

**AnnabellaM:** <Drunken lad> Ah, Arch-Magess... you are as beautiful as a ...as a bottle of wine!

**Sonja Cabri:** Yrlis should have come. She would be the queen of spirits.

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::The old womans lips twitched::

**OnlineHost:** **Valentine Dayer has left the room.**

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she shook her head and drained the glass of wine, surely he wouldn't come here too, would he?::

**Sonja Cabri:** :: a grateful smile for the citizen::

**Kanessah:** ::takes the bottle and a big swig::

**Qadir Ferilla:** Yrlis has other plans. ::Grumbles, and now has a sour mood due to the reminder::

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

**PhelanStormbrngr:** Yeah, you're right, I guess it wouldn't be very fair for everyone else if you entered ::grins::

**Kanessah:** ::Hands it back to him::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::bending to pick up the shoes as she chugs from the bottle as if it were ale::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> Can I have a glass of wine? Just one? ::her legs and feet would be tinged in purple for a while::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::~Yes, he would.~:: ::again her eyes flickered toward the cowled man before she moved toward Lorcan's side::

**Sonja Cabri:** I'm sorry. ::sighing because she couldn't do right today:: I did not mean.... ::busies herself cleaning feet::

**Celina Vita:** ::chuckles and gives him a quick kiss:: Flatterer.

**Zuan Fjornson:** #::the leg bone had no remaining meat, but it was broken in half with large, powerful hands and the marrow was sucked from it...right there...in the tavern... on his way to the samples again::

**Kanessah:** I'm sorry about your pants...but purple does look smashing on you.

**Cowled Mancer:** #::passing by the shops, the figure moves straight ahead mvong toward the fountain area::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he took in the flurry of activity that swirled around the Archmagess, and a brief smile crossed his features as he stepped in her direction::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::hands Tami his half empty sample of wine::

**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Magess had a sudden thought and her eyes turned, settling on the slim outline of the moon::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she still had bruises and sore spots from that last encounter, but the vivomancer and ranger Lorcan had found among the desert tribes had done well in healing most of her wounds::

**Celina Vita:** Shoes first.

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::not indulging quite so heavily the contents of the bottle as Kanessah, though he does take a longer then normal sip::

**lystrian:** ::stands near the fountains and sips wine, lost in thought::

**AnnabellaM:** ::She chuckled to herself, then blushed as she realized Dafen was gazing at her with a perplexed expression upon his face::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::a slight frown as she realized Lorcan was no longer standing against the building, she began to search for him once more over the tops of the other's heads::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::her shoes were already on the ground waiting for her to step into them::

**AnnabellaM:** I was um... enjoying the moonlight.

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Snaps at Sonja:: Didn't mean WHAT?

**OnlineHost:** **Mordred Anubis has left the room.**

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he worked his way quickly through the crowd and positioned himself three feet to the left of the Archmagess::

**Cowled Mancer:** ::and then reaches the fountain area, stopping next to Lystrian::

**Draeloth Adralin:** That is actually quite good ::speaking after swallowing the wine down::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> Aww ::giggling, she put her shoes on::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he cleared his throat loudly::

**Kanessah:** Of course it is...the best there is.

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::The old woman felt uncomfortable, and she wasn't at all sure just why::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::wincing at his tone, holding shoes and stockings to her chest like he might try to take them:: To...to make you angry. I'm sorry!

**Cowled Mancer:** A wonderful celebration no. ::most likely to Lystrian, the figure was still cowled::

**lystrian:** ::startled out of her reverie, glances over at him, inclining her head slightly:: Pleasant eve.

**Kanessah:** I bet the wine I made isn't bad either. ::she grins::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::spotting him near the woman in vivomantic robes, her brows drew downward a moment::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::Her pretty, come hither eyes wide now::

**Draeloth Adralin:** I am sure anything you make isn't bad either...smiles brightly::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::He glanced at Lorcan and raised a brow:: Do you require something, sirrah?

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::standing, she grinned at Phelan:: My shoes are on.

**Celina Vita:** ::smiles and nods to Phelan::

**Zuan Fjornson:** #:he left the marrowless bone on a nearby tavern table and, once he had made a second pass through the serving line, he grinned his thanks and exited into the main street::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Grumbling, looking around the crowd towards the one clearing his throat, then mumbles:: Lorcan.

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::once again offers his half full sample to Tami::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Well except for...stopping midsentence as if she already knows well of what he is talking about::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** Ah, Good Sir.. I moment with the Archmagess. ::he glanced at Dafen, his expression veiled::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she leaned her back against the building, the stone still warm from where his body had touched it and watched him. Her eyes darkend to obsidian as they observed the two::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::a grin running acrossed his lips after mentioning it::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::she took it and sipped it slowly:: Thanks.

**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Magess turned, following Dafen's glance:: Lorcan! You made it afterall.. ::Her smile a genuine one::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::His mood already shot between the reference to his daughter and Lorcan's presence:: Did you tell him to come?

**Kanessah:** ::arches a brow at Drael::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::and quickly now she began to put on the stockings::

**Cowled Mancer:** I always thought this town was so beautiful. Do you agree? ::its hands tucked within the folds of the robes::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> You know him, M'lady? ::The mans guard stepped up behind the Arch-Mages::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::rolling them up her legs, followed by the uncomfortable shoes::

**AnnabellaM:** Yes... I do. ::Easing the Noblemans mind::

**lystrian:** Oh, aye, most certainly. You've been here before, then?

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he remained a respectful distance back, but his pearly whites flashed brilliantly:: Surely you didn't think I would miss the opportunity for that moonlit... tour, Archmages.

**Celina Vita:** ::she gave her sister a hug:: You did very well, Tami. Did you have fun?

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::the dwarf strode purposefully through the streets, although frequent pauses meant he obviously was unsure of his surroundings::

**Cowled Mancer:** ::The figure continued to stare ahead:: Many times. In my youth.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he bowed his head respectfully and straightened up::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she took a deep breath upon seeing that flash of teeth, her eyes quickly shifted away toward the cowled man in white::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::She heard nothing of the conversation between the Arch-Mages, Dafen and Lorcan. Her attention was fractured, in search of something .. ::

**Draeloth Adralin:** You know...:looking at her for a moment, waiting for her to catch on::

**Cowled Mancer:** If you breath deeply enough you can smell the grapes.

**lystrian:** ::eyes him, curious that he remains hidden within the cowl:: And where, since then?

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::another treasure bought for Collum and tucked away. He was all she could think about::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Recognizing the Archmages with Lorcan, grumbles some more:: I've lost my appetite.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::then he gazed shifted quickly to those accompanying Annabella::

**lystrian:** ::she closes her eyes, inhaling lightly::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::nods:: It was alot of fun. What can we do now?

**PhelanStormbrngr:** Get Celina ready for the Queen of Spirits competition ::winks to Tami, then turns a grin to Celina::

**Kanessah:** Where to now, Drael?

**Sonja Cabri:** I'm sorry, Q'sy. ::hopping off the platform, she stands next to old man::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Yes, she did have the decency to blush:: The night is still young, Lorcan. ::It wasn't a yes, or a no::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his gaze seemed to go right past the guards that were in between him and Annabella, fixing on her features::

**Cowled Mancer:** And this Festival is for the grapes. But it also is the beginning of the end for the grapes cease to grow after thsi festival.

**Sonja Cabri:** Do you wish to leave? ::she looked about and sighed. The trip was nothing like she thought it would be::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Where ever the purple feet guide us ::grins and takes another generous sip of the wine bottle::

**Celina Vita:** ::looks to Phelan:: Now if you had stomped grapes, then I might consider it.

**lystrian:** It would seem the harvest has been plentiful this year.

**AnnabellaM:** Ah... Lorcan Sarhunan, might I introduce to you Dafen Knowlyn.. ::There needed to be a tension breaker here::

**Kanessah:** ::pulls him in an easterly direction, further into the crowd::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Sirrah. ::He stood straight and bowed from the waist::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** Indeed, it is. ::pearly whites flashed brilliantly once again.. before he added the formality:: Archmages.

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Mumbles, shuffling off to where they have wine samples:: I'm thirsty. Have you tried some of the drinks here yet?

**Cowled Mancer:** Yes. The harvest is always plentiful. Good spirits. Good people. Good town.

**PhelanStormbrngr:** Perhaps we should just enter Tami then

**Zuan Fjornson:** <m>I was hoping to get something to take back home with me. Oh well.

**Iystrian:** Why do you not stay, then?

**Cowled Mancer:** ::the figure pulled agloved hand from with the robes and began to rap it softly on the fence it leaned on::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his light, silken cloak flowing almost more than it should, flapping into people on accident as they walk deeper into the crowd::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::grabs...anything off of a passing tray...tosses it back and sets the goblet down, moving on::

**Hive Mother:** ::From one of the stomping vats sounds a mighty crack, thick and deep. A young woman within yelps at the sound::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> I'm sure purple feet is a must.

**Sonja Cabri:** Not yet. I will fetch you some... ::Looking over her shoulder at Lorcan. She wondered who he talked with::

**Cowled Mancer:** ::The cowled figure looked toward Iystrian:: Because things are going to change soon.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** Ah, well met, Good Sir... ::his rich baritone voice boomed as he half-turned to offer a quick bow of his head to Dafen::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::Still she searched, her eyes narrowed ::

**Hive Mother:** ::There is a thick, bubbling sound from deep within the grapes, and the young woman starts moving for the edge of the vat, nervous::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::as he walked, he pulled on a pair of black gloves, these too stitched with the faintly rainbow-colored thread::

**Celina Vita:** Shall we walk the streets and look around? ::chuckles, she put her arm around her sister's shoulders::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::her eyes narrowed on the white robed one, and she shivered again::

**Iystrian:** Indeed? ::looks for a glimpse of the face in the cowl:: How so?

**AnnabellaM:** Dafen is owner of Stella Luca, one of the wineries here. ::Slowly the guard moved back into the shadow of thier employer::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** That would be nice

**Kanessah:** ::she tugs him further into the crowd::

**Cowled Mancer:** Oh. You will see. ::the figure then moved off toward the side of the fountain area, to watch::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Hearing the young woman yelp, but unable to see what was going on, he crowed:: Someone is having fun stomping more than grapes.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** Censor Lorcan Sarhunan. ::he completed the formalities and straightened up, his gaze already back on the Archmagess::

**Hive Mother:** ::Too late, though! Stomped grapes explode outward from the one vat, and the woman jumps up, just in time to be caught by a pair of massive, insectoid pincers::

**Iystrian:** ::watches him go, a slight frown creasing her brow::

**Kanessah:** ::her purple feet carrying her further into the festivities::

**Sonja Cabri:** I did not think there was another competition... ::Her voice trailed off...::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> I do not like this. ::Muttered to herself::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::grabs another goblet and drinks it...replaces the next goblet he sees with the empty and takes a full one::

**Draeloth Adralin:** You hear that? ::looking back towards where they just left::

**Iystrian:** ::she glances around her, wondering if anyone else noticed the exchange, or is watching the white-robed figure::

**Kanessah:** What? ::looks puzzled::

**Celina Vita:** ::she paused, hearing the explosion:: What was that?

**Hive Mother:** ::a fierce clacking is intensified by the vat's walls, and the woman has just enough time to let out an ear-piercing shriek before the pincers rip the woman cleanly apart::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** I see. ::he spoke as if he were impressed, a practiced deception, for he could not care less at this moment in time, his gaze locked on Annabella::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his face growing serious for a moment::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> Anna... ::There was command in the old womans tone:: Anna...

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::obsidian shifted from the man in robes to the exploding vat, unable to see anything but flying grape pieces through the thickness of the crowd::

**Kanessah:** That I heard....

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::rudely nudges thronged humans out of the way, as if, in some ironic twist, he could not see them::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::spins at the sounds::

**Hive Mother:** ::and from within that one vat, more grapes explode as a handful of small, winged insectoids burst into the air::

**Iystrian:** ::spins, now aware of the alarming sounds::

**Cowled Mancer:** @::off to the side of the fountain area, a small copse of trees buzzes slightly, the trees seemingly alive::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::although the clacking sound reached her ears, and she knew instinctively:: <vsm> Not again.....

**Celina Vita:** ::hearing the scream, she moved in that direction::

**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Magess cast a smile at Lorcan, then found herself wincing as a bit of grape struck against her robes::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Hearing the clacking sound:: Sonja, to the wagon!

**Kanessah:** Sounded like a woman screaming. ::shrugs:: Maybe she didn't like purple feet.

**Sonja Cabri:** ::they weren't lizards so, Sonja kept her head::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::scooped up Tami and moved after Celina::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Wonderful ::watching the air as the buzzing sounds rise into the night::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::To the wagons!::

**Hive Mother:** ::past them, larger ones emerge quickly; one kicks at the vat's walls::

**AnnabellaM:** What is... ::And she turned to look at Mysree, noting the tone of the old woman's voice::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Come now Sarune..

**Sonja Cabri:** ::but to her credit, she only went as fast as Q could go::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Tries to shuffle through the chaos that is sure to happen with hundreds of people milling around and having the appearance of a hive mother!::

**Hive Mother:** ::joined by another, soon the remains of the vat spill out messily...and the Hive rushes to feast!::

**Kanessah:** ::to stunned to move, how she hated bugs::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::He started in alarm and nodded to his guard:: Find out what goes on!

**Cowled Mancer:** @::and then bursting from the trees are a swarm of medium sized winged insectoids, their many arms carrying wicked, jagged spears::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** You must join me at dinner sometime Dafen. ::his eyes gleaming briefly as he caught the glance and the wince from the Archmagess::

**Celina Vita:** ::skids to a stop seeing what was near the vats:: Nostrella help us!

**Sonja Cabri:** ::elbowing rich people - satisfying in a way - to get them out of her and Q's way::

**Iystrian:** ::runs into the chaos of the crowd::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::ushering Kanessah with a hand on her back into the flow of the crowd::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he fell instantly silent as his head turned at the shout::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::quickly taking stock of the grim situation:: Celina, we have to get out of here

**Jawanda Kaufy:** LORCAN! BUGS! ::she knew he'd know what she meant as she screamed in his direction::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> Anna.. we must move! Now! ::The old woman struck her cane against the cobblestone street::

**Kanessah:** ::she goes along with the panicing crowd::

**Hive Mother:** ::the smaller winged ones waste no time in diving upon the unsuspecting masses; more screams are soon filling the air as their weapons find their homes::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::getting them both behind a balcony support:: Slip on your shoes..

**Cowled Mancer:** @Chhkka-chkka-chkkclikkclik...::they swarmed down, impaling the people who were now running from the serene copse of trees::

**Celina Vita:** Yes! ::heading away::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his eyes narrowed at the urgency of the Jawanda's shout::

**AnnabellaM:** Mysree..what? ::But her query was cut off as the old woman grasped at her::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his voice calm and his nerves collected::  
**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Milling around through the crowd, feeling like he's stuck in a herd of cattle::  
Mooooooooooooove! ::Sounding like a cow, too::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::he'd seen them when he got her out of Ulen Relor::  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::still carrying Tami he followed Celina::  
**Kanessah:** ::she slips them on, in a hurried fashion::  
**lystrian:** ::finds a table standing and gets beneath::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::stands there, eyes crossing slowly, then uncrossing:: What in the ....the rest of his sentence is mumbled as the alcohol finally sets in...some of it...and he is stopped by the chaos::  
**Celina Vita:** Where can we go???  
**Hive Mother:** ::there's another rumble, and another massively-large bug emerges from the vat, moving for the crowd::  
**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> He is here. ::Put so simply::  
**Lorcan Sarhunan:** Bugs? ::his jaw clenched and his hands balled up into fists as he was at a bit of a loss::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** Always a crisis with these people...what now?::looks...up in the sky...::  
**Celina Vita:** ::the scene sickened her::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she on the other hand kicked into motion, the building she was leaning against happened to be a weapons shop::  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** Just keep moving away from them  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::...it's a bird...it's a...: What is that?  
**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Mageess paled, her skin a white porcelin in the torchlight::  
**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he turned in the direction from whence Jawanda's shout came::  
**Teagen Quiterie:** ::steps out the shop to the sound of screaming and buzzing:: (s)Well, this can't be good.  
**Sonja Cabri:** ::using gutter language quite fluently as she tried to find a way for them through the mounting chaos::  
**Cowled Mancer:** #::as lystrian goes under the table, she comes face to face with a squirming centipede type insectiod, with massive drooling jaws:: Hssssssssssss....  
**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Stuck between the crowd of people he starts swatting at strangers with the stump of his hand, trying to get to his carriage, which had to be about 25 feet from them by now::  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::his sword found its way to his hand, he idly wondered if anyone else came armed::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** Well now..what to do...:with his long mace looking staff in one hand, and bottle of wine in the other he takes a sip of the wine and a smile oddly crosses his lips::  
**lystrian:** ::wishing she'd thought to bring her sword, looks around frantically::  
**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he could not locate where she had gone::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::this was getting him nowhere...he enjoyed the cobble work of the city's streets, but he doubted anyone else would care one way or the other now::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** ::leaning forward to kiss Kanessah on the lips softly:: You with me now?  
**Hive Mother:** ::more and more of the Hive keep emerging from the hole, skittering or flying about::  
**Cowled Mancer:** #Yeaarrghh!! ::a man flails in the air, his robes stained with wine...no that was blood as the flying insectiod hold him high on a spear::  
**OnlineHost:** **Kylara Devaria has entered the room.**  
**Celina Vita:** Can we climb away? ::looking for a place for them to hide::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** ::trying to get her out of her stunned mode::  
**Sonja Cabri:** ::and seeing a sudden clear spot, she grabbed Q's stumpy arm and yanked through::  
**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> My lady! Please! We must get you to safety! Please! ::The Nobleman pulled at the Arch-Mageess arm, half-dragging her across the cobblestones::  
**Kanessah:** ::she nods, staring at the bugs::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she slipped inside and grabbed a scimitar::  
**Cowled Mancer:** #Hsssssss!!! ::the centipede creature lashed out at lystrian with its jaws::  
**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Footman heard the screams of the people and tried to see if Qadir and Sonja were

nearby::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::the cobbles themselves stretched and snapped, reaching upward in a rough stairwell, one higher than the other as he stepped on short, powerful legs to climb for a higher view::

**Hive Mother:** ::a loud hiss can be heard from above as two small fliers swoop above the crowd, holding a struggling reveler in their pincers::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::as the urgency of the situation became more apparent at Dafen's shout::

**OnlineHost:** **Kylara Devaria has left the room.**

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::any bug that drew too close was met with a quick swing of his sword:: Where are the horses?

**lystrian:** ::crawls out from the table and dashes to the armory::

**Hive Mother:** ::they drop the man, hoping to use him as a large human-swatter::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::tapping her a few times on the cheek:: Come one..stay with me here.

**lystrian:** ::her fine gown slashed by the bug jaws::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::a foot or so above the crowd, he knelt on the tiny perch and stared around:: Eh?

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Yanked by Sonja, he shuffled quicker towards the carriage, which should be about 15 feet from them::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::the centipede creature dashed out after the woman, moving very quickly on many legs::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::and back out into the street again, moving toward Lorcan and the ArchMagess as quickly as she could as people streamed around her trying to get away::

**Kanessah:** ::she just stares at the bugs::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::trys to locate her employer in the wild ebb and flow of the terrified people running::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he turned and briskly trailed after the Archmagess::

**lystrian:** ::hikes it up and sprints to the armory, dashing in::

**Celina Vita:** The other side of town!

**Cowled Mancer:** #::the figure in white robes slowly made its way toward one of the fountains, casually as if not a care in the world::

**Hive Mother:** ::a woman runs into Kanessa, clawing at her:: Help...!

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> (vs) He is here.. ::The old womans eyes searched with purpose. She had stopped where she stood, seperated from the Arch-Magess::

**Zuan Fjornson:** Hells and Bells, it's the end of days!

**Cowled Mancer:** #::the centipede creature crashes into the armory doors:: <WHAM!!>

**Kanessah:** ::she gasps and looks at the woman::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> Put me down! I can run!

**Draeloth Adralin:** This way ::slipping down and coming back up with Kanessah on his shoulder as he grabs the screaming woman, pulling her along and out of the way::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Footman thinks that he sees the two in the crowd, holding off on escaping before the two got in the carriage::

**Hive Mother:** ::one of the larger, winged ones runs past the white-robed one, almost as though he didn't exist::

**lystrian:** ::scoops a short sword into her hand, and takes to the street again::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::as she was maneuvered away from the scene.. he came up beside Annabella, and glanced back to the throng of people scurrying in the streets:: You should go, Annabella!

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::just before she is mashed under the feet, some purple, of the crowd::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::the robed one stops by one of the vats where the grapes are particularly red and strips off his gloves::

**Hive Mother:** ::the woman's hands are bloodied:: My Tanna! ::frantically weeping, she claws at Kanessah's hands::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::peers at the conspicuously unharmed one in white...: <m>Damn, another mage. About tired of mages.

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::doesn't set Tami down, not wanting her to get lost in the mass of people::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::As lystrian opens the door, the centipede strikes, jaws open at her feet::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he dropped all pretenses of formality now... stopping in the street::

**Hive Mother:** ::and the woman screams, then, her eyes rolling into the back of her head....collapsing to reveal a multi-winged insectoid behind her::

**Iystrian:** ::rather skillfully, strikes back with the blade::

**Kanessah:** ::feels like a sack of potatoes over his shoulders, she just stares at the woman, to stuned to say anything::

**Celina Vita:** The vineyards! Maybe we can get lost in there?

**Cowled Mancer:** #:then holding up red stained hands he wipes them down the robes::

**AnnabellaM:** Mysree! Mysree! ::The Arch-magess wretched herself from Dafens grasp and paused only long enough to glance at Lorcan. Then, with silent words forming in her mind she bolted into the steet, intent of retrieving her mentor::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::ten feet... Sonja yelling at the footman to open the door as she continues to pull Q to the carriage::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she swung the scimitar toward any bugs that came near enough to her as she continued moving in Lorcan's direction::

**Kanessah:** ::she lets out a loud scream, almsot bursting Drael's eardrums::

**AnnabellaM:** ::The Nobleman stood, his jaw agape as he watched the Arch-Magess run to what could only be her doom::

**Sonja Cabri:** The Ferilla carriage better be fast... ::grumbling::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Woman...:cursing for a moment as he literally drags the frantic woman smack into a pole, Kanessah draped over his shoulder as he continues moving along at a swift pace::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his eyes hastily scanned the crowd as he tried to pick out Jawanda's form from the others::

**Cowled Mancer:** #:The centipede bug-thing snapped and darted toward the short-sword weilding woman::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his mind completely collected, through fear or otherwise::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Footman heard Sonja, opening the door to the carriage, fending off others from getting into the carriage since so many people were running about the streets::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::he took a quiet stroll above the group of people, coble-topped stalactites sprouting in messy, uneven growths::

**Kanessah:** ::she looks back at the woman, she has a sickening feeling::

**Hive Mother:** ::the multi-winged one brandishes its spear it just used to finish a human, and then moves forward, thrusting its weapon at Kanessah and Draeloth::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::the stalactites collapsed even as he left them, turning his focus upon the next::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he grimaced as Annabella rushed past::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Damn the... ::A low growl, and the Nobleman was chasing after the woman::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::several feet away still, from Lorcan she watched the Archmagess dash past and frowned::

**Iystrian:** ::her ankle slashed by sharp jaws, jumps back, then thrusts the blade between the bug's eyes::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::turning around to try to block the weapon with his mace::

**Kanessah:** RUuuuuunnnN!!!!!!

**Hive Mother:** ::two small, winged ones dive towards Annabella::

**Cowled Mancer:** #:the robed figure then sits on the edge of the stomping vat, and begins finger painting sigils around the vat, into the wood::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::putting his mace first, then himself between the bug and Kanessah::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::his axe was hefted and he threw the pickaxe at one of the winged ones attacking the Archmagess::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::solidly thwaps a bug that gets too close to her..then she finds her employer, what's left of her anyway:: (s)Guess I'll be looking for work again...

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::She stood tall, still, as if made of stone, grey eyes fixed upon the figure in robes::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::the whirling silks hanging on the long staff mace adding to the distraction against the bug::

**Hive Mother:** ::the four-winged one takes a quick step forward, thrusting his spear again::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::no enchantments seemed to control its flight...just skill and training::

**Cowled Mancer:** #<SQUISHHHHH> ::lystrian stabbed the bug in the head, green ichor spewing out, acidic green ichor::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Eyes rolling madly as he moved as fast as he could, now about 5 feet from the carriage, pausing to smack at someone who got in his way with the cane:: Out of the WAY!

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she moved to his side, the scimitar held at the ready and her eyes flickering among the crowd searching for attacking insects:: We need to get out of here.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he cursed loudly and then moved swiftly back down the street, though obviously the Archmagess was not his charge, he would not allow harm to befall her::

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

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::a quick glance around to determine the situation:: This way, Celina!

**Draeloth Adralin:** Back...:tossing the bottle as another distraction::

**Hive Mother:** ::Zuan's pickaxe hits one and neatly severs a wing; it clack-shrieks as it plummets, out of control::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::merrily painting on the vat, the sigils were from all six gifts, it sounded like he was humming::

**Celina Vita:** ::she turned and ran after him::

**lystrian:** ::grimace in disgust as her lovely gown is stained with it, runs toward the white robed mage::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::as he moved past Jawanda, he shouted:: ready our horses!

**Draeloth Adralin:** Kanessah! Can you walk safely?

**AnnabellaM:** Mysree! ACK! ::She moved barely in time to avoid the sweeping insects, her mind already attempting to form defensive possibilities::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::fending off the bug jabbing at him::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::a swarm of flying insectiods dove down toward the Arch-magess to attempt to cut her off::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::Out of breath as they reached the carriage, she nearly flew into the cushy confines. She never let go of Q::

**Hive Mother:** ::the screams still come strong to the festival; it seems the Hive is taking great pleasure in exterminating the humans::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::his attentions turned to the previous attack seemed to weaken the geomantic cobble-stone enchantments he had been casting, and he plummeted to the ground below...hard::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his long mace whirling in the colors of red, green, yellow, and orange silks::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Arch-Magess!!! ::So many people running in all directions, the Nobleman had an almost impossible time trying to get to the woman::

**OnlineHost:** **Mordred Anubis has entered the room.**

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::coughs, mutters:: Alright. We are just about done playing games.

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::with a nod she ran toward where the horses were stabled, the scimitar swung at any attacking insects as she moved past them::

**Cowled Mancer:** #::the white robed mage then pulled down his cloak, to get a better view::

**OnlineHost:** **Cowled Mancer has left the room.**

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::stands...the soniarium stitching in his clothing seems to ooze a reflective liquid::

**Hive Mother:** ::clacking angrily, the four-winged one dances to the side and thrusts its spear at Draeloth again::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::as the swarm of insects filled his eyes, a hand rose up, signaling Jawanda to move:: Now!

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Flopping into the flooring of his carriage, pulling his legs in, barking to the driver:: GET GOING!!!!

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

**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Magess warded herself instinctively, unknowing if it would deter the insects or not::

**lystrian:** ::she skids to a stop, some distance away, as the cowl is dropped::

**Celina Vita:** ::she ducked into the vineyards and stopped, ducking, as she looked behind them to see what was happening::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::as they got out of the main crowd of people he set Tami down:: Just keep running!

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::turning and blocking as deftly as he can, hoping not to face the spear::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::And still she stood, unmoving::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::And then smiled at the chaos:: Oh, it is soo good to be home. ::ominous smile::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::ran::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his movements fluid and swift as they could be for such a situation::

**Kanessah:** ::she hefts her skirts up, getting angry now at the bugs::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::reaching down to help Q actually sit in the carriage::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Carriage takes off as soon as the footman gets into the carriage, horses whinneying as there were so many people running about the streets::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::sonarium plate armor formed over his silks and finely stitched dress, creating a battle-hardened dwarven warrior from the well-funded little dwarf::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** Tami, here ::ducking next to Celina::

**lystrian:** ::freezes momentarily::

**Kanessah:** ::she removes her dirk from her sheath on her thigh::

**Hive Mother:** ::a larger, winged insect bears down on lystrian, a glow-tipped spear in its arms and aimed right at her::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his gaze swung back to the Archmagess, who was quite a distance up ahead on street and he dropped into a crouch::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::continues to paint the sigils, coming half way around the vat now::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #:quickly the horses were saddled, the scimitar resting against one stable wall::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::being a dwarf, though, he moved with almost the same speed as without the added protection, barreling through people on a single-minded quest...to get his axe back::

**Draeloth Adralin:** You ready my little Sarune?

**Kanessah:** Yes, put me down...

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::she skidded to a stop hearing Phelan, then ran to hide with him and Celina::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::roaring to protect his love::

**Zuan Fjornson:** Get off my back, people, I can't help you when you flatten me.

**lystrian:** ::decides it's all beyond her abilities, ducks the approaching spear, then flees for her life::

**Hive Mother:** ::annoyed, the four-winged one thrusts again with its spear, Draeloth's blood its goal::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Pulled up by Sonja, leaning back in his seat, smacking at the random person that tried to hitch a ride on his carriage and was trying to claw their way in::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::sliding her off of his shoulder, placing her behind him::

**Hive Mother:** ::clacking as lystrian flees, it soars after her::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> (vvs) Icaruss.. ::Her eyes seemed to moisten::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::steps on a dead hive corpse, pulling the stonecutter axe from it::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #:she also saddled several extra horses, and then she grabbed the scimitar and mounted up, holding the reins of the other horses and kicking her lead horse into action::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::with Kanessah off of his shoulder, it frees up his other hand, which he sets on the mace along with his other hand::

**Kanessah:** ::she starts stabbing at the creature attacking her lover::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::Staring out the windows at the panicked mob::

**lystrian:** ::her torn gown trips her up, which is convenient, as the flying bug passes overhead::

**Kanessah:** Get away, ya bug!

**AnnabellaM:** Mysree!! ::She ducked and swerved, trying to avoid the insects as best she could, hissing as one slashed against her arm::

**Sonja Cabri:** What is happening?

**Hive Mother:** ::the four-winged one backs up a step to take in the new fighting opponent, and turns its spear in a slash at Kanessah::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::the mace whirling faster now, as he starts to mount an offensive against the four wings bug::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::and then he complestes the last of the sigils and stares down at his handiwork::  
MArvelous!

**Celina Vita:** ::gasps softly as she sees who was at the vats::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::twirls the pickaxe in his fingers, swinging it to clear space around him:: Move, move, move, move. Human, I said, "move!"

**PhelanStormbrngr:** <q> Who is that?

**Qadir Ferilla:** The destruction of another city. I heard about the Festival of Lights and don't want to stick around to see the ending of this!

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::the sound of hooves thundered over the cobbled stones as she ran the horses toward the middle of the town, not needing to slow down as most people had run for their lives::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Magess!! Stop! ::The nobleman continued to fight against the fleeing crowd::

**Kanessah:** ::she tries to avoid the bug by doing a backflip::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::arching the long mace towards the bugs head::

**Kanessah:** ::her skills in street fighting coming in handy::

**Celina Vita:** <ms> What's she doing???

**Hive Mother:** ::with Iystrian out of easy killing range, the bug diverts its attention to another festival-goer, impaling the man on its spear and carrying him with it for a moment::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::she put a hand to her mouth:: People acted like this when... I won't rain fire will it? ::Sound like the little girl she was::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::A:nd then simultaneously snaps his fingers and the vat flares to life with a sickly green-gray hue from the wine within::

**Sonja Cabri:** ::It won't rain fire...::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::finding the opportunity perfect as it attention fell onto Kanessah::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** Lorcan!?! ::her eyes searched for him among those left, the scimitar held loosely in the hand guiding her horse::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::slams his enormous mass into a passersby, clambering forward toward the one inscribing the sigils, some of which he recognized::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::a much needed distraction to get in his attack against the spear-wielding but::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> (vs) Icaruss...

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::in the flurry of activity of the fleeing crowd, he momentarily lost sight of Annabella as he was spun around and knocked to the ground::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::a glance toward the cowled one and she muttered a few obscenities as she realized her instinct had been right::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::just keep smashing bugs and moving away from the center of trouble...that was her big plan::

**Qadir Ferilla:** ::Looks up to the sky from his window:: It better not. ::Growls, doesn't add more than that::

**Kanessah:** ::lands on her feet to face the bug once more::

**Iystrian:** ::scrambles to her feet again, turns, and flings the blade at the white robed mage::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::A wide smile crossing his visage as he lifts his hands in the air, and a deep black staff emerges from the vat of wine::

**Hive Mother:** ::a massive bug stomps its slow way down the street, taking its time in killing party-goers; it simply sprays them with acid, its body too big to move quickly::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::unlike most, he was actually headed into trouble...it was time to nip this little bratty mage in the bud::

**Kanessah:** ::she tears at her skirt as it gets in the way, giving her more room to move about::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::he then looked up and over across the fountain area::

**AnnabellaM:** Goddess protect me! ::Blood seeped between her fingers as they clapped over the wound, and still the Arch-Magess fought towards her Mentor::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he scurried to his feet, now facing away from the fight and he caught sight of Jawanda astride her horse::

**Iystrian:** ::without waiting to see the results of that, sprints for the edge of town::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::softly as he smiles:: Mysree.

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his gray eyes burning with the fight as he tries to wail the mace home into the bug::

**AnnabellaM:** ::A sleep warding, it was all she could think of... she didn't know if it would work on the insects or not:

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Driver was careful about not trampling anyone in the chaos, looking for a street where it

may not be as packed with people::

**Hive Mother:** ::the mace catches the four-winged one on the side of the head; it falls messily to the side, bubbling and frothing its thick blood::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his face quite serious, and his movements intent on protecting his love::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the ground erupted before the arch-magess a MASSIVE ten armed insectiod screeching as it emerged from the ground:: Vrrreeeeckslsklklk!!!!

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::stops...turns...sees the biggest bug...then rushes back towards it again:: Aaaaargh! By Gaea's Garters!!!!

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he sent an elbow at the throat of a townsman that bumped into him and made his way to Jawanda, his hand grabbed the reins of his horse::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::Eye to eye. The old woman stared at the Mad Mage, her face a constantly shifting mask of emotion::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::beating the bug a few more times, matching his glee with that of Kanessah's when she was stomping on the grapes::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** Celina, take Tami and get out of here ::eyes narrowing on the scene in front of him::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the ten-armed monstrosity had a small metallic blade in each set of claws::

**Celina Vita:** ::jumps up, seeing the huge bug:: YOUR GRACE! LOOK OUT!

**AnnabellaM:** MYSREE!!! ::The Arch-Magess tripped over the body of a child, and gasped, tears filling her eyes at the sight::

**Kanessah:** You going to save some for me, love?

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she let his reins go and nodded toward the extra horses:: Are we going to need these? ::already handing over the scimitar in her hand even as she reached back for the one she'd left tied to the back of her saddle::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Stream of curses coming out of his mouth:: Can't you move this thing FASTER?

**Hive Mother:** ::one of the men tries coming towards the large bug, swinging a piece of broken wood like a would-be sword::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::Icaruss sat on the edge of the vat, reaching over for Entropos and humming to himself::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::the horse spun around wildly, alarmed at the confused mass of townsfolk that charged away from the scene.. and he hopped awkwardly on foot, his other in the stirrup::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** Celina, go!

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Magess... please! ::How could this happen? He had to save the woman at least::

**Hive Mother:** ::one quick spray of acid has the man on his knees, screaming as his skin is burned and eaten away::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::the adreneline starting to fade. She felt like crying. Didn't feel like it...she did cry::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::unclasping and tossing off his cloak, it falling on the rush of people and nobles, blinding some before getting swept under their feet::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::attacks the bug that just sprayed the man in acid, swinging his pickaxe with the full force of a dwarven warrior:: Aaaaargh!!!!

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the ten -armed bug slashes out very quickly at anyone near it, the blades like a killing machine::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::The staff. The Bane of Order. Paragon of Anarchy. So, he had it... and so, they were doomed::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::taking a deep breath now, standing straight up once more, wrenching the mace from the skull of the bug::

**Hive Mother:** ::the thick carapace makes a sickening, cracking sound as the pickaxe lands in it....and is stuck::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::simply cowers, this entire thing being too much for the thirteen year old girl::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he cursed loudly for the horse to still, and finally managed to swing himself upon his mount, he nodded at Jawanda and his hand stretched out for the scimitar::

**Hive Mother:** ::it spits its acid once more, seemingly uncaring that its "shoulder" is punctured::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::with his cloak gone, it reveals a slender pack on his back, host to a bow, quiver, and two silver rapiers::

**Kanessah:** Drael...lets get out of here...

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Taking a look at Sonja's crying, grunts as the interior of the carriage sways, being a bit rougher with the stopping and starting of the horses through the crowd. Hands her his handkerchief:: Here.

**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Magess stumbled and slid, her robes ripped and bloodied, her eyes filled with tears. But, she made it .. she was standing behind Mysree and she became frozen at the sight of the Mad Mage::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::something he had hidden, even somehow from Kanessah herself::

**Kanessah:** ::she tugs at his sleeve::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she handed over the scimitar and then took up her own, not releasing the other horses:: Where's .... the vivomancer?

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the ten-armed bug lurches quickly forward heading toward Kanessah::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::sneers and pulls...it was no ordinary pickaxe but one of the legendary stonecutter axes...harder than average, never dull::

**Draeloth Adralin:** Sorry love..I never travel without them. ::winks::

**Hive Mother:** ::another set of winged warriors emerge from the vat, soon followed by still more ground-warriors::

**Kanessah:** ::screams::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** Wait...not just yet ::he twisted the reins to turn the head of the horse to face the fray::

**Celina Vita:** ::hisses:: I can't leave yet Phelan. You take Tami and go!

**Kanessah:** ::turns to run::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::tears staining her apple cheeks she took the hanky and through a sob murmured...: thank you.

**PhelanStormbrngr:** I can't leave you here, Celina

**Draeloth Adralin:** Put that Dirk away. and ::watching Kanessah freak once more::

**Celina Vita:** ::she did duck beck down, though she didn't have a clue as to how she could help::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::A wave over to the Arch-magess and Mysree, as if he were just droppioing by to say hello::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::She wanted to run, as fast as the horse would carry her, she didn't want to face this again.... fear ran through her veins and shone in her eyes::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> Icaruss... no..do not do this again.. ::So soft was the old womans voice.. deprived of it's usual commanding edge::

**Hive Mother:** ::humans fall in small numbers from the sky as the smaller, winged ones fly in twos, pick them up, and drop them into the remaining crowd::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** Stay here with Tami ::that said, he went to go help dispatch the very large bug::

**Kanessah:** ::running as fast as her purple feet can carry her::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the ten-armed bug launches itself at Kanessah, hoping to slash her to shreds::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::he kept at his attack upon the large insect, swinging the power all of his dwarven strength could provide behind an unnaturally sharp point::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::slipping to the side away from the larger bug before taking flight after Kanessah::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::from his spot atop his horse, well down the street from the fray, he tried to assess the situation, squinting, trying to pick out the form of the Archmagess::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Looks out at the fields that they were passing by now, having cleared the outer limits of Vinoricco::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::the smell of acid assailed his nostrils, but the soniarium armor refused to disintegrate::

**Celina Vita:** <vs> The arch-magess and master mage Mysree are out in the middle of this.

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::latching his Mace to his back as he runs, and slipping out his bow with a bit of effort::

**AnnabellaM:** (vs) Mysree.. ::There was a questioning tone in the single word. Her steps brought her to stand just behind the old woman::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::swinging her scimitar at a flying bug as it flew overhead with a reveler in its grasp::

**Kanessah:** ::she runs and screams as her hands flail over her head::

**Hive Mother:** ::it turns to allow the pickaxe to breach a place near its shoulder; so what if one of its arms is useless? It has five more! It spits more acid at Zuan, swinging a spike-clawed arm at him::

**Celina Vita:** <vs> With him!

**Zuan Fjornson:** I'll kill you all, you six-armed basatards.

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::a pompous sniff at the air, as he stands, then makes his way toward the two Vivomancers::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::and quickly launching an arrow through the crowd with what he hopes is percision to hit the bug going after Kanessah::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::his blade crackling with its own enchantment, he hacked through a few bugs on his way towards the giant bug::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::crying on Q's shoulder as they come into more peaceful lands::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::Bloodied, out of breath, the nobleman came behind the Arch-Magess and there he froze as if cast in stone. He Mad Mage. ::

**Hive Mother:** ::dodging the scimitar, the winged one lifted into the air enough to drop its victim towards Jawanda, hoping to crush her::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::acid and claws were batted back by the enchanted dwarven armor...the dwarf, though, was still subject to its strength and stumbled and bounced under the blows::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::moving almost as he fired the arrow, his feet quick into motion to get back to Kanessah, who so suddenly scattered from him::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** <THWAK> ::the ten-armed bug is hit with the arrow, as it swiftly turns its head and hisses at Draeloth::

**Kanessah:** ::she feels the bug catching up to her, she quickens her pace::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::the craftsmanship and enchantments of the armor, though, allowed him to neglect some care in the pursuit of more dangerous critical blows as his pickaxe flew with steadily increasing fury::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> Do not do this, Icaruss.. ::She no longer leaned upon her cane. The old womans frame seemed to straighten, her shoulders to square::

**Celina Vita:** ::she hugged Tami tightly, frightened for them all::

**Hive Mother:** ::once Zuan stumbled, the bug moves to attack once more with its thick arms::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she pulled back on the reins, and her mount quickly moved out of the way of the dropped person::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the massive bug then gives up on the woman and scampers quickly toward the archer, smashing over tables and kegs of wine::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::it would probably behoove anyone not wanting to die to not get in the fight::  
Aaaaargh!!!

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::slipping into the crowd now as he gets the bugs attention::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::hoping it will slow the bug by giving it other prey to kill::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Annabella watched as Icaruss approached, a silent rage flickering within her eyes::

**Kanessah:** ::looks behind her and sees the bug has stopped chasing her, but now seeks her lover::  
Drael!!!!!!::she screams::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his agility carrying him like a fluid through the crowd, though the bug might be moving still faster than himself::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::walking straight through the chaos he now stood about ten feet from the two women:: Good evening ladies. Mysree you look as wonderful as ever. ::his robes stained with what looked like deep red wine, however it was blood::

**AnnabellaM:** ::And Dafen, the Nobleman, could do naught but watch, knowing full-well that there was nothing he could do::

**Hive Mother:** ::the dropped person lands messily.....and doesn't get up::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Looks like he doesn't know what to do with the crying Sonja, the carriage speeding away faster now:: Forget the items in the place where we stayed tonight. We'll find the nearest town and purchase what you need.

**Lorcan Sarhunani:** Damn it all! ::he growled and he dug his heels into the flanks of his horse. The huge therm beast kicked up and charged forward::

**Hive Mother:** ::the bugs seem to part for Icaruss, taking care not to harm him in their "festivities"::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::skidded to a halt, hacking through a bug as he tries to find the best attack on the large bug::



bug swings for Zuan's head::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Horses running faster through the dirt roads by the vineyards::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::hopping back upward and stumbling for a moment before regaining his composure::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::She noticed nothing but the man before her:: (s) A second chance? For what, 'Russ? For madness?

**Kanessah:** ::her mouth became dry, a sickening feeling rising up in her stomach, as she lost sight of Drael::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** @::massive bugs fly down from the sky, picking many of the horses up into the air and begin ripping them into a gore of blood, a feast if you will::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::the attack was so hard he was sent headfirst into the ground, under the attack...cobblestones cracked, shattered underfoot and several feet of the immediately surrounding area turned from stone to fine sand:: Aaaargh!!!!

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::Growling, the Nobleman leapt for the Arch-Magess, his arms around her protectively::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::the three weapons well known to him as he ran with bow in hand, his other hand grabbing another well made arrow as he pushed through the crowd::

**Celina Vita:** ::gasping, seeing the arch-magess hurt, she wanted to rush to help, but also had responsibility for her sister::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::smiles, and wipes a smudge of wine on his cheek:: Youth. A chance to set the clock backwards.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he cursed his foul luck to have come to a festival only to find a fight::

**Hive Mother:** ::the bug digs its way to find Zuan; this would be easy!::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::Perhaps it was a strength beyond even that possible for a dwarf...or perhaps it was dwarven stonecraft...probably the latter::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his boots crushing skulls already half eaten by acid::

**Kanessah:** ::she searched the crowd for sight of him::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::slides back into the vineyards with Celina:: We have to go

**Hive Mother:** ::another flight of small-winged bugs zooms by, collecting people from the ground and dropping them in a festive rain of their own::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::swinging her scimitar wildly at the flying insects to keep them from getting the extra horses she was leading::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::pushing on trying to make his way towards Kanessah's general direction, picking off a few shots at the air born assassins as he goes::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::With the stump of his hand, he pats at Sonja's cheeks:: What's the crying for? We should be far enough away from them by now.

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::holds out a hand:: Are you interested? ::still smiling, his hand was covered to the elbow in wine::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::the sand turned to stone again around the digging insect, attempting to hold it firm while Zuan arose from the earth to resume his attack with an added mobility advantage::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she wasn't going to any more festivals:: ::two festivals - two fights; that was one too many::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> To what end, "Russ? ::She might have been that youth standing there for her expression was that of a woman who was torn::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::not even watching for the arrow to fly true to its target before loading another and releasing it again in a fluid motion that appears well practiced::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #:from the rooftop of a nearby building a bug jumps down toward's Draeloth's back:: Cklickckckckck!!

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::from his vantage point he looked for the nearest target as a swarm descended on the horses.. his scimitar slashed through the air::

**Hive Mother:** ::finding its front arms trapped, the large bug lets out a loud clacking sound::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::she did not cringe away like a redhead would. She lifted her eyes to Q:: I don't know why I am crying.

**AnnabellaM:** ::Annabella rose to her feet, fighting off the Nobleman, determined to remain with the

Magess::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::her voice shakey::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::curses loudly and tucks into a roll towards the falling bug::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::swings powerfully at the creature's head, putting all of his strength into it: I've had just about enough!!!!

**Kanessah:** ::she looks up and sees the bug falling towards Drael, she runs at him with full force::

**Hive Mother:** ::the sound is answered by one of the four-winged drones, this one carrying a glow-tipped spear::

**Celina Vita:** ::she looked with desperation to Phelan::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::her voice shaky:: Please, Lorcan, we need to get out of here.....

**PhelanStormbrngr:** This is too much, Celina, we have to go now

**Kanessah:** ::she falls beneath the falling bug, she had hoped to push Drael out of the way::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::leaving him behind it, facing it's back:: Not tonight.

**Icaruss Ithgath:** To what end? The same end as before. To show you that Nostrella does not care. Does not care for any of us. For if she did??? ::motions about:: would she allow this?

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

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::dropping the bow at his feet and coming behind the bug as swiftly as he can with the release of his mace::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Placing his arm over Sonja's shoulder, drawing her towards him so that she could lean her head on him::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the bug hisses and stabs out at the man with a long jagged spear::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::swinging swiftly in horizontally against the back of the bug::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::as most of the rest of the horses were lifted and dissected, he turned toward Jawanda long enough to shout:: Go.. I'll be right behind you.

**Hive Mother:** ::the large bug yanks back....leaving its useless arm in the ground, and leaving the other at an unnatural angle. The pickaxe cracks into its neck; a loud hiss accompanies its last spray of acid::

**Celina Vita:** <vs> I can't leave as long as I may still be able to help. You need to get Tami to safety.

**PhelanStormbrngr:** I won't leave you here, Celina

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::trying his best to crush it under his swing before it has a chance to turn on him and fight back::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the mace cracks the chitinous shell of the bug, but it will take more than that!::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she released her hold on the extra horses, there was no saving them now, and tugged at the reins of her own::

**Hive Mother:** ::the four-winged one plunges its spear towards Zuan while he's busy with the larger bug::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::not yet noticing that Kanessah is on her way::

**Celina Vita:** ::sighs:: <vs> I know.

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> It is not her hand that pens the names upon the Scroll of fate.. all go in thier own time, and if it is at your hand, then so be it. ::Bent, age-spotted fingers grasped at the sigil worn about her neck::

**Zuan Fjornson:** Bastard!::he left the axe in its body and covered his face with his gloves...he apparently missed the second insect and found himself pinned under a red hot spear::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::the armor held fast, but the point of contact began to heat quickly:: Damn...

**Sonja Cabri:** @::snuggling in, her head on his shoulders. Blondie curls tickling his nose::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his motions still fluid with adrenaline as he brings the mace around a second time, pressing his advantage while he has it::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::whirling, she and the horse headed for the road out of Vinoricco at a hard gallop, the woman bent low over the horse's neck and her braids streaming out behind her::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::tosses his head back and laughs:: So then perhaps it is I who controls the scroll? No?

**AnnabellaM:** ::Annabella stood behind Mysree, her eyes affixed upon the Madman. Hers was an expression of rage::

**Hive Mother:** ::the four-winged one clacks angrily and rears its spear back again, to try to pierce Zuan::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his blade of his scimitar gleamed in the sunlight again as the swarm of the insects continued to pick them apart.. in utter futility he failed about in the air at the diving, dodging creatures::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** <Crack> ::the bug is hit with the second blow, and with its death breath it breathes a cloud of acid at the mace-wielder::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::noticing, and recognizing the purple feet now beneath the bug as they squirm, his fury and onslaught of hits is driven with more::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::he grinned as the creature did not force the attack continuously:: I'm a dwarf. Everything's a bleeding weapon!

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> No. ::Firmly:: You control nothing, it is madness that controls you. As it did those years ago...

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::tucking into a ball as best he can::

**Celina Vita:** ::her hand slipped into Phelan's as she hid and waited::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Grunts, wiping at the hairs tickling his nose, hoping that one of the bugs captures and kills Lorcan, that would solve many of his troubles::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::rolling toward the bug again and to the side::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::And then his face went slack as he stared ahead:: I see. ::a deep sigh::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::he reached his hands into the ground, which became as soft as clay...dwarven incantations sounded and he slapped the two handfuls together in a shield before him::

**Hive Mother:** ::letting out a frustrated screech, the four-winged one kicks at the dwarf, whirling to slice with its ensorcelled spear::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::hoping his feat will save him from another sting of acid::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** I would hope for a better homecoming greeting.

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> You bring me a gift, 'Russ? You offer me youth?

**Kanessah:** ::she feels somethign dripping onto her, she dares not look::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::like a ball, the dwarf bounced from the attack and rolled backwards out of melee range::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::nods:: I can give you back your youth. Yes.

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::trying to move under and into the cloud, leaving it to spread over and behind him::

**Hive Mother:** ::the dwarf may be wearing protective canning, but the bug's tenacious::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::he seized the opportunity to rise to his feet::

**Hive Mother:** ::following, it stabs again at Zuan, clacking angrily::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> And why would I want it? To relive the pain I have felt these past years?

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the acid swirls through the air, and the bug falls:: <thud>

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::resorting to that old tactic, duck, cover and roll::

**Kanessah:** ::she screams as the acid splatters on her::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he had lost sight of what was happening in front of him in his s horse, he ducked his head to the left, then straightened only to have to duck forward to miss another grab by the very persistent bugs::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::booting the bug off of Kanessah from his position laying on the ground::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> Magess! ::The nobleman screamed and ducked out of the way as a body came crashing down::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::amidst the chaos they stand, unharmed:: That is up to you. ::still holding out his hand:: Will you? Or will you not?

**Qadir Ferilla:** @About that Lorcan, did you go see him for Yrlis' items? ::Smoothing Sonja's hair with his stump::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::he let the stone shield crumble in his hands after the creature's next attack and looked about quickly, apprising himself of the situation::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::and trying to pull Kanessah out from under the cloud, which seems like it might have already come to her::

**Hive Mother:** ::a woman runs past Annabella, screaming as acid is burning her skin away::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::yanking her out, hopefully in time::

**Kanessah:** ::she blinks, looking up and stand quickly to her feet::

**Hive Mother:** ::the situation is not promising. Bugs everywhere, and blood paints the paved grounds::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> ::And so it was, just as it was then... the offer presented by a man who had stolen her heart. She was shocked to find that it still hurt as much as it did in her youth::

**Zuan Fjornson:** I ... seem to be out of options.

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::hearing a woman scream, she turned her horse in time to see Kanessah getting up out from under a bug::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::And then out of the shadows behind her a medium sized bug with massive mouth-pincers looms over the unsuspecting Kanessah and Draeloth::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his eyes whelling with tears as he stands next to her, quickly moving to his bow, but it seems that it had been eaten up by acid::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::Her eyes opened. She stared, damp-eyed, at the cushions:: Yrlis got them herself.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::never in all his years in the Quintak had he ever encountered anything such as this swarm...he was at a loss for tactics to combat them, he tugged on the reins to stop his horse's panicked spin::

**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Magess heard nothing. She saw nothing. Icaruss was all she could see::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::and without thinking, almost perhaps intuition he darts with Kanessah in hand back into the crowd::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she kicked her horse into action and rode quickly in that direction, grabbing the woman's bicep as she skidded to an almost stop and swung her up behind her::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Questioning her further:: You went there with Yrlis?

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::trying to flow with them and use them as cover till he can get himself and Kanessah to safety::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> (vs) How I loved you...

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::then with another kick to the horse, she rode off at a very fast pace once more::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** Yes or no Mysree. ::his staff in one hand, his outstretched other hand before him::

**Hive Mother:** ::the four-winged one clacks something at Zuan before leaping back, instead of attacking::

**Hive Mother:** ::it retreats....as do more and more of the bugs::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Annabella started at the old woman's words. Loved? Him? The Mad mage??? ::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::he glances around as if looking for something, then back to the women::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::but was his intuition quick enough to obtain this safety that he thought about::

**Kanessah:** ::she feels herself being lifted through the air::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::Sitting up a little, feeling a little sick too:: She told you she did.

**OnlineHost:** **Mordred Anubis has left the room.**

**Hive Mother:** ::back to the stomping vat they swarm, controlled and almost military in their evacuation::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::He was aware that Jawanda was still at one of the long street and he knew the Archmagess was somewhere up ahead of him::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::He dodged this thing and that, bodies, pieces of bodies and bugs... ::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::that he strained for::

**Kanessah:** ::she closes her eyes, thinking a giant bug has gotten to her at last::

**Celina Vita:** <vs> Phelan. They're leaving?

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::watches the bugs retreating:: <m>Hell if you do. ::runs to the slain large bug, pulling his undamaged pickaxe from it::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** #::the massive bug then looks up and as if it were hearing something otherwise could not, it rears up and burrows into the ground::

**Zuan Fjornson:** You're not getting away that easily! ::and he pursues the attack::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::or simply pursues::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** <q> I have a very bad feeling...

**Hive Mother:** ::the four-winged one pays no heed to Zuan, instead moving for the vat...soon flanked by others::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> 'Russ... ::Her face, it was old once again, broken and cracked like a piece of pottery::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::her contralto carried over her shoulder to Kanessah:: Hold onto me. ::tugging the other woman's arm forward around her waist to give credence to the words::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::for an instant he was torn as to which way he should ride, so he held his ground::

**Celina Vita:** So do I...

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Using the senility excuse:: Ah, yes! I've forgotten. Then the few times that you met with Lorcan at the tavern, he have anything interesting to tell you?

**Hive Mother:** ::one of the winged ones, in its retreat, takes the time to swoop down; maybe it could take Zuan for a snack::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::and all of a sudden his grip on Kanessah is lost, as he gets pushed deeper in by the flow of the crowd::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Annabella laid a hand upon the old womans shoulder protectively::

**Kanessah:** ::she finally opens her eyes to see a woman instead of a bug::

**Kanessah:** ::she clings to her for dear life::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::not having enough mass to fight against them, but only to flow with them::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::retreating bugs was the best indication that running away as fast as possible was the best plan of action, luckily, she was already running away so she didn't have to change plans::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #:the horse was swiftly carrying them down a street and toward the edge of town::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Something was not quite right. The entire situation was wrong but there was something \*wrong\* with the..wrong::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::seemed more eager to take the insect for a snack and leapt at it as it approached, trying to grab it around the...throat...thingy::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::he breathed deeply:: So be it then. ::he dropped his hand limply to his side, he was quite a site, dressed in white robes now stained and dripping with what looked like ruby wine::

**Sonja Cabri:** @ e offered me a job. ::Neglecting to say when he had or where::

**Kanessah:** ::she glances back over her shoulder to catch a glimpse of Drael, making sure he's safe::

**Celina Vita:** ::standing slowly:: <q> We should go now...

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> You do not have to do this, "Russ. We could be as we were once...

**Hive Mother:** ::Zuan catches the small flier; it clacks as it hits the ground. Rather than pursue the attack, it tries to get away::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::stands with her:: I agree...

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::they were obviously trying to escape...it had something to do with the vats...they had pissed off the leader of the dwarves...they would not get off that easily::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::and anger now dwelled withing him, roaring and smashing smaller bugs as he went along under foot and with his mace::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::as the worst of the fray seemed to move further away down the street, he urged his horse in the direction of the apparently retreating swarm::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Annabella drew upon the ley lines and from within... the weave of a warding beginning::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::Shakes his head:: I see that we cannot. It was a mistake coming here. A mistake...:he lifted Entropos in the air::

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::stays frozen::

**Hive Mother:** ::and just as quickly as they arrived, the bugs were gone::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::His expression remained the same, pressing Sonja's head against his chest so that she would not see it contort in anger as he thought this over, seething inside:: What type of job did he offer you?

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::quite a site of rage and determination, working his way out of the chaos::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> 'Russ! No!

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::dragged along behind the bug as it disappeared into the ground...only sound his battlecry:: Aaaargh!!!!!! By Gaea's Rage!!!

**Icaruss Ithgath:** A mistake I will not make again. ::And then he struck it to the ground:: Die with them then, and pray to your Nostrella. I promise she will not hear you.

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::bends down to scoop Tami up:: Go Celina!

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::moving for where he had lost Kanessah:: Sarune!

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::The Nobleman reached for the Arch-Mages and felt a tingling of warmth::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::And then all sound stopped....for the briefest of seconds::

**AnnabellaM:** <Mysree> NO!

**Celina Vita:** ::sees Icaruss with the staff; NO!

**Sonja Cabri:** @I don't know. He said I would have to learn to read and write for it.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::as he galloped past the shouts, they hive simply.... vanished... he tugged on the reins to halt::

**Draeloth Adralin:** ::his voice piercing to the ears of those close to him as he continued to fight on::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Silence. Absolute::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::he sneered out in defiance and then smiles contently, as everything turned black and white, all colored temporarily sapped from everything::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::and then the deepest, loudest expolsion shot out from him, leveling everything in a circular wave::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he sat dumbfounded upon his horse, not quite sure what he had just witnessed::

**Celina Vita:** DOWN!

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::white hot and freezing cold at the same time, as houses were leveled and vineyards were destroyed, the blast went out for miles::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::dropped, covering Tami and Celina as best he can with his body::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::letting out another roar as he ran off into the distance after the last scream he only knew as his beautiful Sarune::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Hearing the explosion back in Luminii, ducks his head in case there would be an aftereffect from their distance in the fields:: If Lorcan was there, he's a goner.

**AnnabellaM:** :: The Arch-Magess and the Master Magess, they managed the briefest of warding spells before the wave washed over them.. and amidst the rubble they disappeared::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::the explosive waves of the concussion knocked him off his horse, he tumbled in a heap on the ground::

**Kanessah:** ::she lets out a scream as the acid eats through her clothes, and she scream Draels name, she fears she has lost him::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::bloodied bodies crashed across the ground like leaves falling from autumn trees, and the ground ran red with not wine, but the blood of hundreds, maybe thousands::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::she kicked the horse again, the two riders were speeding now out of the city and past vineyards as she heard, and felt, what was happening behind them::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::was it his feet carrying him, or his heart as he weaved through buildings and down alleys for the edge of town::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::Her cheeks took on the glow of a false dawn::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::He didn't understand what was happening. He only knew he felt emptiness. Then he felt no more::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::The horses snorted and whinneyed nervously, eventhough they were miles from the Festival of Spirits::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::hearing the explosion back behind him, even feeling the rush of the power from his distance::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::trying to get them far enough away from Entropos' destruction before she could stop and tend the woman::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::it was automatic, a bubble of energy forming around her as she dived for cover::

**Zuan Fjornson:** \* ::doesn't have much to say, riding bareback on a Hive drone::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::And after the blast, he still stood there, emotionless as he rquapped the staff three times on the ground:: They are all yours. Feed. Devour them all.

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::though he was not about to stop to turn and look back, for that might just assure him of his own death as he ran. Discarding the mace as he went::

**Hive Mother:** \* ::the drone carrying Zuan pauses just long enough to turn right around.....and with its brethren, they start to emerge one more into the night air::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::the effects of the balst devastated the countryside for at least three miles, however it was not as destructive outside the city proper::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Turns to Sonja, frowning a bit:: You are not happy working for me?

**Kanessah:** ::she does the best she can to hang on, the pain getting to her, but more so the pain in her heart::

**Kanessah:** ::the tears stream down her face as she wonder is Drael made it out alive::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::just making it a good distance outside of town, the blast shaking the ground beneath his feet, sending him into a terrible tumble::

**Hive Mother:** ::indeed, more drones follow suit; and once more, the bugs emerge::

**Sonja Cabri:** @::staring out the window now, wondering what it is she sees:: What? No...I mean, yes. I like working for you.

**Kanessah:** @::she starts to weep uncontrollably::  
**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::not turning around to look, the sounds of the returning hive began to echo forth from the ground::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::finally, about five miles from the town, she stopped the horse::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::it was traumatizing, even to the dwarf, as in only moments the world he saw had ended::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::its sides were heaving and its mouth was well lathered as she looked over her shoulder at the weeping woman::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::and the man in white with his back turned::  
**Hive Mother:** ::the drone carrying Zuan flies up. Straight up::  
**AnnabellaM:** ::A trio, blanketed in dust, covered in rubble. None of them moved. None of them cried out or groaned in pain. ::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** #<q> Are you hurt?  
**Kanessah:** #::her body racked with sobs, she felt foolish to lose her composure this way, but it was at that moment, she realize how much she did love the warrior::  
**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::his feet crunched over the bodies of the dead as he moved toward what was once a vineyard::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::he did not give his chances that much, but as he backed away from ground zero, hands clenched around the hilt of his stonemason pickaxe::  
**Qadir Ferilla:** @::The carriage shook a bit with the explosion winds carrying through the fields, his arm around Sonja drawing her closer to him::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #::his black clothing easily stained red from blood, even a few patches of his clothing eaten by acid, even some of his skin in pain that he had previously not noticed::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::...he wanted these creatures to know that this meal was more trouble than it was worth::  
**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::small fires were everywhere and the smell of burning flesh wafted through the streets::  
**Hive Mother:** ::the drones that emerge now take their time moving through the streets. Some stop to feed on the bodies that lie nearby::  
**Sonja Cabri:** @::She went willingly::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** <q>Sweet Gaea...  
**Hive Mother:** ::others move further along the streets, to find and dissect the humans, to bring back to their young::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** <q>Sweet Mother of All...  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #::finally realizing the searing pain on his upper left arm, and the lower section of his right leg::  
**Lorcan Sarhunán:** ::the waves battered him, shattering the bones in his left arm after tossing him like a rag doll behind a the hull of a burnt out building::  
**Hive Mother:** ::up and up Zuan's ride flies.....and then, it turns over, trying to dump Zuan off of its back::  
**Kanessah:** #::she quickly wipes the tears away, she studies the woman before her, a strong looking woman that towers above her::  
**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::the sheer amount of bugs and members of the hive will surely overwhelm even the bravest of warriors, now would eb the time....TO ESCAPE!::  
**Celina Vita:** ::she struggled under the rubble that fell over them::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::falls...far::  
**Celina Vita:** Phelan! Tami!  
**AnnabellaM:** ::Silver-threaded blue mixed with charred black; sapphire threaded burgundy muted by grey. And amidst it all was the crimson of blood::  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::emerges from a pile of debris, Tami in his arms::  
**Zuan Fjornson:** ::lands on a pile of rubble with a loud crunch and passes through it, a large soniarium stone::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #::letting out a heavy breath as he collapses to his knees, his vision a slight blur::  
**Hive Mother:** ::content that its pesky rider is gone, the flying one glides easily down to its brethren, to partake in its share of the meal::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::swinging her right leg over the back of the animal, uncaring that her straddled position in her kaftan left her exposed to her thighs, she slid to the ground::

**Kanessah:** #I should thank you...:she stammers, looking up at her::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::Icaruss steps over the shattered remains of what was once a solid fence, and reaches down picking up a torn grape vine:: Welcome home.

**Celina Vita:** <Tami> ::unconscious but alive::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::She looked up at Kanessah:: YOur welcome.

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::when he finally arose, the sonarium armor was no more...he was back to his pristine, finely-clothed self...the geomantic runes still glowed a faint slate gray::

**Celina Vita:** ::hisses:: Run!

**PhelanStormbrngr:** ::disoriented from a blow to the head, but coherent enough to realize the danger he was in, he took off after Celina::

**Kanessah:** #::she brings her leg over the side and slides off the horse::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he gasped and struggled to his feet and he glanced made a dash to get clear of the chaos that lay behind::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::forcing himself to stand back up despite the pain in his leg and arm, he moves on into the distance::

**Hive Mother:** ::the Hive minds its own business. There's a feast to be had here!::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::back as he made::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Imagining a crispy Lorcan with that sort of damage in town, smiles:: So, we'll find a nice little inn to stay at tonight and get you cleaned up better. Maybe a new pair of shoes?

**Kanessah:** #::stumbling to the ground with a groan::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::she held out a hand to help steady the woman and looked her over:: You hurt?

**Celina Vita:** ::grabbing his arm, she ran for her life and the lives of those she loved::

**Kanessah:** #::she nods weakly::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::he then drops the vine, swivles Entropos in the air as a portal is torn open, the fabric of reality groan at his tearing of the ley lines::

**Kanessah:** #Drael...where's Draeloth?

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he had no idea of what had transpired, or how far behind him the explosion was centered.. his thoughts centered only on one thing. Putting as much distance as quickly as he could in between him and the town::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #Drael?

**Kanessah:** #The man I was with...You didn't see him?

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::he steps through the portal and is gone, the portal slamming shut with the air about the area sparkling with the torn portion of the ley lines::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::tearing at his shirt for the cloth, or what is left of it to try and sap the acid out of his skin::

**Kanessah:** #::she shivers from pain::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #Oh.....:she looked toward the destruction:: .... I don't know.

**Celina Vita:** # Phelan! Look! ::veering off, seeing Drael::

**Zuan Fjornson:** ::finding himself suddenly and completely ignored, he shuffles away from the horror, staggering with very little direction::

**Kanessah:** #::she looks in the direction that the woman looked, she gasps as she sees the destruction::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** # ::stumbles a bit, and looks to Celina::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::wrapping his wounds just in time to stand, his mind panicked as he draws his only weapons left::

**Teagen Quiterie:** ::floating in a violet globe of energy:: (vs)It's going to be a very, very long walk home..

**PhelanStormbrngr:** # ::following after her::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** # I ask again, are you hurt?

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::the boards of a collapsed building push upwards as a vivomancer, bloodied and battered emerges::

**Celina Vita:** # Let me help you ::approaching him:: We have to get out of here.

**Kanessah:** #::she nods in the affirmative::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::his two rapiers, not even hearing the people that are approaching him, he waves them between himself and the approaching Celina::

**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Not even bothering to go back to the town and see what was going on, they were about 15 miles from the point of origin after all this time::

**Kanessah:** #::she holds up her arms, where clothing use to be were acid eaten sleeves::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::one of the rapiers falling to the ground from lack of strength to hold it::

**Celina Vita:** # I'm here to help! I'm a healer.

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::from behind him four other batterd people emerge, and the five flee slowly towards the outskirts of the now overrun city::

**Kanessah:** #::her flesh burned from the acid::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he darted and dashed and ran and ran, until he was on the edge of exhaustion and finally collapsed in a heap::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::she peered at the acid wounds:: Hmm.....

**PhelanStormbrngr:** # ::clutches his head with his free hand, staggering towards Draeloth::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::his breath heavy as he stabs the remaining Rapier into the ground, collapsing to one knee::

**Celina Vita:** # ::she moved quickly to him:: Let me help.

**Kanessah:** #I'm not a healer, are you?

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::multiple bugs begin to cloe in on the Arch-magess and Mysree, and the man::

**Celina Vita:** #::hands on him, she blocked his pain temporarily, healing any major wounds, enough so he could move::

**AnnabellaM:** :: Piled rubble revealed an edging of blue and a blooded tendril of silver-gold::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #I'm a pathfinder. I may have some herbs that'll help.

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::the Hive could smell the Vivomancers, as they closed in::

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

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::his breath coming back to him a bit as he struggles to stand on his feet::

**Celina Vita:** # Can you walk?

**Kanessah:** #::she looks back towards the town:: What happened?

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::slowly coming back to reality in full terms of the situation::

**AnnabellaM:** :: Unmoving. Unaware. At least the feasting would be painless::

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::over the rubble, and ruin one could here the mindbending clicking::  
Clickklikcklickklikllkckck.....

**Jawanda Kaufy:** Icaruss. ::said quietly as she digs through the saddle bags and removes something that looks like moss and strips of cloth::

**Celina Vita:** ::her arm around him, she glances to Phelan:: Lets go.

**Kanessah:** # Icaruss.....she spits the name out::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** # ::nods and resumes his fleeing of town::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::picking up his silver lined rapiers and shoving them into his backpack hastily, using the help from Celina, he limps a bit due to the acid on his leg, but is able to move at a good pace::

**Celina Vita:** #::he may notice once he was aware of his surroundings that the healer had no left hand::

**OnlineHost:** **Zuan Fjornson has left the room.**

**Icaruss Ithgath:** ::the Hive was getting closer to the Arch-magess and company::

**OnlineHost:** **Sonja Cabri has left the room.**

**Kanessah:** #::chokes back a sob, she lost Drael..he was lost::

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

**OnlineHost:** **Lun de Trois has entered the room.**

**Draeloth Adralin:** #Thank you...:his voice sincere to each word as he looked about::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** # ::She spat on the mosslike material in her hand and began to work it in her fingers then pressed it against the burns on Kanessah's arm and wrapped the cloth around it::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Bent and broken, a sigil of Nostrella lay amidst the rubble. To any who might see it, it seemed almost ..prophetic::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::then tying it off::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his head lolled, his arm twitched, he let out a low moan as pain shot through his arm::

**Lun de Trois:** ::The Mage was seriously angry::  
**OnlineHost:** **Miles Maudibe has entered the room.**  
**Kanessah:** #::her mind and heart numbed by all that took place, she doesn't feel anything anymore::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::You could tell by the way the air crackled with flame, blowing away any bug that was near::  
**Teagen Quiterie:** ::how was she going to get back to Dreven? She needed to find a horse or a carriage...she was still way to close to the hive horde::  
**Celina Vita:** # I see people up ahead. ::now out of the damaged area::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::and consequently, dropping the mage and the fox in the midst of ... the ruined festival::  
**Qadir Ferilla:** @::Long gone and still going in his carriage::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::he stood beside JC and smiled as he simed at the bug with his crossbow::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #::his spirit half ready to continue fighting, though his body might not be able to continue with the strength of his spirit::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::and then fired:: <THWIP-THWIP-THWIP> ::the x-bow firing in rapid succession::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::glances to JC:: I hate bugs.  
**Lun de Trois:** ::who needed weapons, fire heated the Hive's chitonous armor:: He always ruins my parties!  
**Lun de Trois:** ::whooooooosh...flame goes over there::  
**Celina Vita:** # Phelan? How are you doing now? ::helping Drael to sit::  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** #::shakes his head a few times, ears still ringing from debris that his his head::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::glancing around at the carnage:: And they destroyed the vineyards!  
**Hive Mother:** ::a few high-pitched, unearthly shrieks are emitted, the dying sounds of several Hive drones as their chitinous armor burns::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #::standing now under his own power, though he does accept the help to sit::  
**Kanessah:** #::she thanks the woman for tending her wounds::  
**Celina Vita:** # Sit down, Phelan. How's Tami doing?  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::points to the rubble of a fallen building:: Where are they? ::thwip-thwip-thwip:: ::dropping another bug::  
**Hive Mother:** ::several Hive members move away from the would-be threat, more interested in the food. Others, though, are drawn to it::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::whoosh....and flame goes over there. The mage advanced:: This way...  
**Kanessah:** #::she had tried to save Drael, only to lose him::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::stately his progression, stepping over the dead as if they were pavers::  
**Kanessah:** #::the tears flowed freely now::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::Follows along:: This is really going to hurt business. ::shaking his head, as drake-skinned boots crunch over a fallen bug::  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** # She's intact ::sets Tami down gently before collapsing next to her::  
**AnnabellaM:** ::Where there was once the center of the town, now there is naught but rubble. A small trickle of water bubbles from what used to be the fountain, a slow-moving snake slithering amidst the blood, dust and gore::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::She touched Kannesah on the shoulder:: I will go back and find him.... ::really she only wanted to find Lorcan:: Tell me what he looks like.  
**Hive Mother:** ::a sharp clacking sounds as one of the four-winged ones takes to the air, moving for those two; a young drone scuttles towards them, eager for its first fight::  
**Celina Vita:** #::she checked Drael more thoroughly, working on his burns:: I need your hands to help bandage his leg.  
**Lun de Trois:** There was to be a Queen! ::whoosh! Zapping a flier out of the air with a jet of flame::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::fire flames and smoke filled the center of town::  
**Kanessah:** #::she blinks at Jawanda:: You think people survived that? ::points to the town::  
**Hive Mother:** ::the flier squeals horribly as it's set aflame, its wings burning quickly and brightly as it plummets, crashing into the ground::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::with each footstep, shadows crawl::  
**Celina Vita:** # ::pulling out her burn salve and applying it to his leg::  
**Kanessah:** #::her hopes rising:: He's an elf...black hair.

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::just now noticing that Celina has one hand, though he says nothing::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** # I survived it last time. Some can survive.  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** # ::no response::  
**AnnabellaM:** ::The Vivomantic pair lay near the shattered fountain, splayed neath the rubble of it's golden marble::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::rolls his eyes:: No queens here. ::he dropped the x-bow and in a flash his rapier was in his hand to impale a bug that fell through the air above JC::  
**Kanessah:** #Really! I do hope you're right...  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::holding up his rapier with the impaled critter:: Gotta pay attention.  
**Hive Mother:** ::the bug is neatly skewered as it plummets, the force of its fall helping the plummet break its armor::  
**Lun de Trois:** I'm so disappointed. ::the tendrils billow across the killing field...to suck at the lifeforce of any bug near it::  
**Celina Vita:** # ::she glanced worriedly to Phelan, then turned to Drael:: Can you wrap this up yourself?  
**Hive Mother:** ::a young one clicks in what it thinks is a menacing way as it scuttles towards JC and Miles::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::once again she mounted up and tugged the horses reins:: I will find him, if he lives.  
**Miles Maudibe:** Which queen where you hoping for? The Festival or one of those mind bugs?  
**Kanessah:** #::she looks hopeful::  
**Lun de Trois:** Save that one. ::pointing to the young and eager bug::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::starts picking through the rubble looking for survivors::  
**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he lay in a crumpled heap, far away from where the Archmagess was last seen.. his arm was sprawled out, it was as if it were a death pose... a tactic that had once saved his life, long, long ago::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #Yea.  
**Miles Maudibe:** No problem. ::smiles at the oncoming bug::  
**Teagen Quiterie:** ::once she gets to the top of a small hill that looks down over the city she taps the butt end of her staff in to the ground again, sending up another beacon. Hoping someone will see it and know to send help...lots of help::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::still moving on, nearing the fountain::  
**Teagen Quiterie:** (s)Why my luck is running they'll think this is part of the festival.  
**Lun de Trois:** ::the ruined fountain. The mage stares:: So lovely...  
**Celina Vita:** # ::smiles thankfully at him then turns to Phelan and Tami, a single touch telling her that her sister was unharmed, just fainted::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::picks up his x-bow, switches bolts and fires at it, the bolt turning to a shimmering magical bolt and slamming into it as arcs of energy swirl about it, stunning it::  
**AnnabellaM:** ::The glitter of rings set upon a broken and bloodied hand. This jutted from beneath a crumble of marble::  
**Hive Mother:** ::there's a tiny squeak as the bolt finds its mark::  
**Celina Vita:** # Phelan? ::kneeling at his side, her hand on his forehead::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::scoops up the stunned bug and tosses it into a puch that is obviously bigger inside than out::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::catching sight now of a bit of blue...a glint of gold. :: Ah...so lovely...  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::a flash of ivory was offered the woman before she kicked her horse into action back toward the destroyed town::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::Shakes his head and catches up:: I really hate bugs::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #::goes about wrapping his own wounds, watching the surroundings, his collected mind coming back to him::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::crouching low, waving his boney fingers over the buried Archmagess::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::glances over to JC, the buzz of the hive growing louder:: We need to get out of here fast.  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** # ::no response, a trickle of blood ran from his hairline::  
**Hive Mother:** ::indeed, more of the Hive were approaching, slowly::  
**Lun de Trois:** Nostrella preserve. ::The mage looked up with gleaming feline eyes:: There are others

alive.

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::standing:: Is he alright? ::looking on to Celina, Phalen, and Tami with worry in his eyes::

**Lun de Trois:** Here... ::pointing:: Here...::Pointing:: And here...::pointing::

**Miles Maudibe:** ::looks about:: I bet there are many others in the city. But we cannot take them all.

**Celina Vita:** # ::concussion, not surprising:: He's going to be out for a while, and I can't carry him.

**Miles Maudibe:** ::peeks down at Annabella and friends:: Come with us if you want to live. ::matter-of-factly::

**Lun de Trois:** So sad. You must carry her. ::His voice tomb-like::

**Celina Vita:** # Our horses are gone, I'm sure.

**Miles Maudibe:** ::nods and reaches down for her, shouldering his X-bow::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::sizing up Phalen's size for a moment::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::it took a while, but she was back in the town her eyes searching for Lorcan or the dark elf::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he was well past the epicenter of the explosion when it struck, his survival still in question now as he lay still, his life ebbing::

**Miles Maudibe:** ::tossing loose rubble to the side in an effort to reach them::

**Kanessah:** #::she gasps as she realizes she described Drael to the woman all wrong...she had forgotten Drael had dyed his hair all silly for the festival::

**Miles Maudibe:** ::glances up at JC:: Well? You gonna help me move this rubble?

**Draeloth Adralin:** #Grab the little one, I should be able to manage this one for a while..

**Kanessah:** #::she slumps to the ground and begins to weep again::

**Celina Vita:** # ::she healed what damage she could, but only time would heal the rest::

**Hive Mother:** ::the drones can see the two figures moving to rescue some of their feast-victims::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::spotting Draeloth, Celina, and Phelan first, she pulled up beside them::

Drael? ::his hair was multi-hued, but he was still a dark elf::

**Lun de Trois:** What? Oh..yes... ::the mage did not move, just...stood there::

**Hive Mother:** ::they move for them, clacking and buzzing amongst themselves::

**Lun de Trois:** ::but momentarily, the debris began to move, carried off by wee tiny figures of shadow and flame::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::his head turning sharply, his hand immedietly going to a rapier at his back::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::no wards had saved him to this point, rather it was more a matter of fate::

**Lun de Trois:** ::they moved off and threw the bits of rubble at the bugs::

**Miles Maudibe:** ::continues to pull away debris:: Anna. Anna. You down there?

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::stepping between the healer and her friends and Jawanda::

**AnnabellaM:** ::Yes, she is. But she isn't speaking just now. Maybe it was the blow to the head. Or the body. Or.. well, she's unconscious, that's for sure::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::onyx eyes bore down on Drael:: Is your name Drael?

**Draeloth Adralin:** # And if I am...::eyeing the woman on horse back suspiciously::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::there still was the matter of him becoming a tasty treat for the hive, should his still body be discovered::

**Celina Vita:** # ::she held onto Phelan, watching::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** # Your woman awaits you there. ::pointing toward where she'd left Kanessah::

**Hive Mother:** ::the rubble thrown lands with accuracy; several of the bugs are slowed. Knocked down, they are slow to recover::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::his second hand going to the other rapier at his back::

**PhelanStormbrngr:** # ::murmurs something under his breath::

**AnnabellaM:** ::But at least she wasn't dead. Not yet anyways::

**Lun de Trois:** Annabella. Annabella...wakie wakie. ::walking a circle around the site, dropping runes about::

**Miles Maudibe:** Damn. ::peers down between the debris:: I see three of them. ::his eyes shifting to the infrared spectrum as he peers in the darkness below the rubble::

**Celina Vita:** # Shhh Phelan. It'll be alright.

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::watching him reaching for the rapier:: Don't be stupid man. I'm not an insect.

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::his fiery spirit rasing again before settling at the mention of Kanessah::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::looks up at JC:: I cannot reach them.  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::She whirled the horse and rode further into the City, searching for Lorcan::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** # Yea. ::lowering his hands, though still not his gaurd as the woman rode off, looking back to Phalen and the others::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::A deep, full body shudder. A hand darted out from his sleeve, skin pale as death::  
**Celina Vita:** # <q> We could have used her horse. ::sighing::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::brushes back his ebon locks wiggling pointed ears in the same motion::  
**Teagen Quiterie:** ::there was nothing left for her to do but walk and hope that she might find better transportation home at some point::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** # ::moving back to them and bending over to hoist up Phalen::  
**PhelanStormbrngr:** # ::the air around his unconscious form seemed to come alive with energy::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::and from beneath his hand the rubble rose as did the three bodies in question::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #::though Phalen is only hanging on one shoulder, and taller than himself, his feet still drag across the ground::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::jumps back and watches::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #Get the little one.  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::finally she spotted his still form, and she quickly dismounted to move to his side::  
**Kanessah:** #;she sits there, cradling her knees, the tears flowing down her face, leaving streaks::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::then pulsl his x-bow down and fires at an oncoming bug:: Take that!  
**AnnabellaM:** :::So..this is what it's like to be a bird, eh? ::  
**Miles Maudibe:** <thwip-thwip>  
**Lun de Trois:** You should have married her. ::Nodding to Miles as a beastie that was shadow wrapped in flame rose from the very ground::  
**Celina Vita:** # ::she crouched and slowly picked up Tami, not easy with one hand:: Phelan. We're going to safety.  
**Hive Mother:** ::the bug shrieks as it's shot, lunging.....in time to grab the ground, face first::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::In its three arms, were...the three bodies. The mage stared at the Archmagess:: She cleans up well, you know.  
**Draeloth Adralin:** #What is your name? ::looking to Celina::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::glares at hsi friend:: And you should have married a Redcap.  
**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> ::He was groaning, the only one of the three that seemed to be coming around::  
**Jawanda Kaufy:** Lorcan? ::she knelt beside him, her hand going to rest just beneath his nose checking for signs of life::  
**Lun de Trois:** ::giggling:: I almost did!  
**Celina Vita:** # Celina Vita. You? ::starting to move slowly away::  
**AnnabellaM:** ::But then, he didn't have to exert any magical energy did he? ::  
**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he had lived a charmed life and oddly, he felt nothing as he lay there comtemplating what seemed to be the end of it:  
**Kanessah:** #Why did he make his hair all colorful...it was just a festival, maybe the color attracked the bugs!::she sobbed even louder::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::takes a deep breath, drops the x-bow and moves toward the unconscience bodies::  
**Draeloth Adralin:** # Draeloth Adralin, I am sure it would be well met under other ::grunts:: circumstances.  
**Lun de Trois:** ::the beastie stood there. It's only purpose in 'life' was to hold dearly the Archmagess and friends::  
**AnnabellaM:** ::The Arch-Magess and the Master Magess; bruised, bloodied and most likely broken in some places had yet to arouse. The magic it had taken to sheild themselves from the staff had drained them of quite alot of energy::  
**Miles Maudibe:** ::looks to JC:: Take us to Damansque. There is a portal there. ::pulls forth a bit of dirt and sand from a pouch:: I knwo the words to activate the portal.  
**Celina Vita:** # ::nods, trying not to show how much pain she was in:: My sister Tama, and my dear friend Phelan.

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::his injuries were more serious than he was aware of, but he had a pulse and he did still breathe::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #What is wrong with this one ::pausing and placing the name in:: I mean what is wrong with Phelan here?

**Lun de Trois:** Damansque....:the mage walked right into the beast and it grew a fourth arm that clutched at Miles::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::in his weakened state, he could not discern truth from reality::

**AnnabellaM:** ::The nobleman? He was awake now, but quite unsure if he was really there or not. Just \*what\* was this ... beast..that held him? ::

**Lun de Trois:** ::and in a flare of darkness, they were pulled away::

**Celina Vita:** # Concussion. Debris fell on him when the city exploded. He saved our lives.

**Miles Maudibe:** ::REALLLY hates porting::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she leaned and dragged his arm around her shoulders, shoving with the use of her thighs upward to right him, sort of::

**Teagen Quiterie:** (s)Grand festival. Lovely time was had by all until Icaruss and his bugs showed up. ::muttering to herself:: I'm never going to sleep again...

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::trying to distract himself from the heavy burden on his shoulders as they moved along, albeit very slowly::

**AnnabellaM:** <Dafen> WAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaa... ::the scream... echoed as he was borne away::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::the hive was still in plentiful abundance and surely would be drawn to the actions::

**Miles Maudibe:** ::and like that...they were gone::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::yet he was unaware of it::

**Lun de Trois:** ::bamf!::

**OnlineHost:** **Lun de Trois has left the room.**

**Hive Mother:** ::the ground rumbles right underneath the ground Lun and the others disappeared from, another giant bug appearing, its pincers snapping at the space where, where they there but one second longer, they would be ripped apart::

**Celina Vita:** # The rider mentioned someone? Should we head in the general direction she came from?

**Kanessah:** #::she rocks herself back and forth::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::he was was limp now, could be moved readily enough... with the proper determination and leverage, he was unable to assist however::

**Hive Mother:** ::not sensing the vivomancers' presence anymore, it stays there a moment, confused::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::grimacing from the pain and the weight of Phelan:: Yes.. I don't know too much about concussions..But shouldn't he be kept awake?

**Hive Mother:** ::it is soon enough that it emerges fully and joins the others in its feasting::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::she threw his arms over the horses back, holding him by the sides and moving behind him, she put a shoulder to his buttocks and tried to shove him up on the horse::

**Miles Maudibe:** ::the town is lost...to say the least::

**Celina Vita:** # The damage is healed. His mind only has to recover.

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::looking over towards Lina for a moment to study her movements::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::an already broken bone splintered as his arms were slung across the back of the horse::

**Celina Vita:** # I think my sister is gaining weight. ::her bruised body wasn't doing well with the weight::

**AnnabellaM:** ::The town. The vineyards. The wineries. All of them, gone. ::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::although he can't see the true extent of her injuries or what might have happened to her:: Your hurt.? ::asking almost the same as just saying it::

**Lorcan Sarhunan:** ::internal injuries worsened as a result of being shouldered upon the horse::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::more worried about getting him away from the hive than any injuries, she shoved him on the horse and swung up behind him::

**AnnabellaM:** :: The price of wine is going to go up, to say the least::

**Hive Mother:** ::Hundreds...perhaps thousands of people, slaughtered::

**Celina Vita:** Not as bad as everyone else.

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::one hand held him on the horse while the other pulled at the reins even as she

kicked the horse into movement::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #But enough..Give the child to me..please.

**Celina Vita:** #No. You have to carry Phelan. I'll keep Tami.

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::shifting Phelan to give him a free hand to reach out for Tami::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::she rode up beside Celina, Drae, Phelan and Tami:: We need to get away....

**Draeloth Adralin:** #Please..I can take Phalen and Tami for the while.

**Celina Vita:** # ::she just looked at her as they were moving away as quickly as they could::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::looking over his shoulder to Jawanda as he speaks::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::her eyes moved to the child then the man Drae carried:: Do you think he could fit on the horse with Lorcan?

**Miles Maudibe:** ::the night sky was a glow from fires within the ravaged city, and cries in the night of the soon to be devoured...of the Hive!::

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

**Draeloth Adralin:** #Not with a rider.

**Celina Vita:** #::she was just thinking the same thing::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** # ::she slid off the horse's back, reins in hand::

**OnlineHost:** **Lun de Trois has entered the room.**

**Jawanda Kaufy:** #::staring at Drael, waiting without word::

**AnnabellaM:** ::And all that wine.... gone... ::

**Draeloth Adralin:** #::with a bit of effort he moved to the horse and strained with it, though managed to get Phelan onto the horse's back::

**Jawanda Kaufy:** ::ah....the wine....the wine.....what loss::

**Celina Vita:** # ::she would help but her arms were busy::