

11/03/05

“Festival of Lights”

3 November 2005/7 Goldfall 1273

(Thermador)

Outside Greystone there is still a carnival going on. There's much dancing and revelry in the streets. The gypsies are entertaining alongside some of the students from the school. Torches lead from the guards at the entrance gate to Greystone up a path to the wide double-door opening of the school.

This night the arrow slits and narrow window openings are shine as the inside of the grey stone building is lit up brightly. Liveried servants lead the guests to a great hall that has been stripped of furniture. The wooden floor has been polished to a lightly burnished sheen. The double chandeliers are lit with at least four dozen tapered candles combined. Twenty wall sconces hold burning torches to give the entire place a bright, cheery atmosphere. Buffet tables line the far wall where guests can eat of many of the delicacies of Thermador as well as enjoy several libations - alcoholic and non.

To the East end of the hall an orchestra has set up to play for the guests. On the West end a few round tables are setup with chairs about them for those who require a rest between dances. Behind the tables on the West end, glass doors have been thrown open to the warm night air allowing a view of a spectacular garden.

Those who choose to visit the garden will find torch lit, winding paths leading through well manicured lawns and strange vegetation. Strown among the trees are lit lanterns, lending to the air of festivity all around Greystone. In the very middle of the garden lays a slab of dark stone in the middle of a patch of grass. The path circles around the stone with four benches for one to sit and admire the obsidian glowing in the starlight.

It is a night for enjoyment, for revelry, and for plotting. Let the games begin!

The Raven Mask: ::A stately gentleman with raven black hair strolls toward you. He is wearing a black silk topcoat over a white frilled shirt. The matching black silk trousers are creased down the front perfectly. His black, wingtip shoes shine brightly in the lantern light. His dark eyes pierce you from behind his mask made of raven feathers. Pale lips greet you, but the greeting doesn't seem to reach his cold eyes.::

The Raven Mask: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen..... Won't you please,

drink, dance, and enjoy..... ::the man holds out his hand to a petite raven haired woman who takes his hand in her own and moves with him toward the orchestra. Waving his hand, the man pulls the woman toward him as the orchestra strikes up a lively tune, and he begins to dance with the woman::

Idlewild: ::Just steps into the hall she pauses, alone, to look about. Eyes glitter behind the violet and black mask she wears.::

Captain Tharius: ::somewhere in the distance waiting to make a grand entrance, but not really waiting, he had to clean up for a party::

Idlewild: ::She takes a glass of wine from a passing servant but does not drink as she begins to make her way through the hall.::

The Raven Mask: ::dances the obligatory opening dance, moving deftly through the other couples toward the end of the hall where the tables are arranged::

Baroness Ivy: ::Moving through the festival and up into the great hall, the gown she wore was of the deepest and richest blue. It seemed to sparkle as it caught the random light. Fine, silver strands adorned her flowing black hair while a silver feathery mask hid her eyes.::

MaskofOrazio: ::He pulls on the cloth drawing that covers his head. He stretches at the top.::

Captain Tharius: ::having left his Balthazorian warhorse, he moves along the path in polished but battle worn armor, new clothes and a new cape, but the only armor he wears is the same armor he fights in, the symbol of the Klockwork on the cape::

The Raven Mask: :: his eyes watched the entrance over the head of the woman he danced with, noting each new entrant to the hall::

MaskofOrazio: ::Then he breaths through the opening and watches the elegance move through the room.::

Captain Tharius: ::washed, his hair clubbed back neatly he passes into the hall as what he is to the core of his soul, a warrior, massive and deadly, and completely out of his element without looking, knowing or caring if it is so::

MaskofOrazio: ::He looks toward the food and slowly moves in that direction::

The Raven Mask: <Taven> See anything you like, dear? ::her voice was petulant as she spoke low so that only Versiasna Lucair could hear her::

Captain Tharius: ::there is no guard which accompanies him, he has no need of them or a mask, his predatory eyes looking over the room, it was definitely a better post than Balthazor::

Idlewild: ::She stops to watch the dancers and at last takes a sample of the wine.::

The Raven Mask: ::his hand tightened around hers, squeezing in warning:: This debacle was your idea, don't forget it. If I choose to avail myself of the delights you insisted be invited, do not be petty - dear.

The Raven Mask: ::his voice hissed harshly into the woman's ear before he spun her away from him and strolled away toward a corner of the room::

Captain Tharius: ::moving towards the wine steward, unmindful of the people clearing him a path::

MaskofOrazio: ::As got to the table he and reached for some delicious smelling

treat and stopped, realized he would have a hard time getting the food into his mouth with this darn mask on.::

MaskofOrazio: ::Quickly stepped back as the Captain approached.::

Baroness Ivy: Good evening, Captain. ::She greeted Tharius as he passed her.::

The Raven Mask: ::looked about quickly to see if anyone noticed Versailles's dismissal of her then smoothed her hands over her skirt and went in search of the one man she knew wouldn't spurn her.::

Captain Tharius: ::and as always, armed, he stops to look over the Baroness.::

Idlewild: ::Hearing someone addressed as Captain, she turns. Indeed, is it a Captain or a costume? No, it looks to be the real thing.::

Baroness Ivy: ::She smiled and nodded to him.::

The Raven Mask: ::stopping, he turned and was about to lean into the corner when he spotted the Klockwork Captain across the room.::

MaskofOrazio: ::He stood close to Idlewild almost as if he wasn't sure he wanted the Captain to see his costume.::

Captain Tharius: ::a soldier in the field greeted by a fine woman, one would doubt the look to be one of gentility. Mistress. ::it was not the right word, but formality was something he had lost touch with long ago.::

The Raven Mask: ::he was about to move toward the man when a servant stopped him and whispered in his ear.::

Baroness Ivy: Lady Carinia. ::She held out her hand.::

Idlewild: ::Movement near her caught her attention. She glanced over towards the man nearby.::

Captain Tharius: ::he inclined his head to the lady, bowing over her offered hand, unsure if he should do something else, he kissed it and looked back up to her and getting a decent look at the masked Orazio.::

The Raven Mask: ::the servant could be seen cowering visibly when Versailles's eyes landed on him, the scowl on the taller man's face visible even beneath his mask. I don't care what that old crone of Giomanico's wants. I am busy right now.

Baroness Ivy: And you are?

The Raven Mask: Show him to the parlor and tell him to wait.

Captain Tharius: Captain Tharius, Lady.

MaskofOrazio: ::As if peaking out from behind his cover, Idlewild, he watched the Lady Carinia and the Captain.::

Baroness Ivy: It's a pleasure to meet you, Captain.

Captain Tharius: Not as much a pleasure as it is to meet you Lady Carinia.

Idlewild: Am I protecting you? ::she murmured to the man nearby.::

Baroness Ivy: But you have no wine. ::She waved the wine steward over.::

The Raven Mask: :: he waved off the servant and began to stroll with a purposeful stride toward Tharius and Carinia.::

Idlewild: ::When she saw his mask, she did a double take.::

MaskofOrazio: You are if you stand still ::the voice chuckled.::

Captain Tharius: Not much of it to be had in Balthazor these days.

Idlewild: So long as someone brings me something to eat in a while. ::She smiled,

partly hidden by the mask.::

Baroness Ivy: Balthazorian wines were never a favorite of mine any time.

MaskofOrazio: I have to figure out how to eat with this stupid mask on.

The Raven Mask: @::outside the windows, "fireworks" could be seen shooting up from the streets and into the skies. Closer inspection would show them to be fire displays from the Pyromantic students.::

Idlewild: Lift it up a bit?

Captain Tharius: ::reaching for a glass of wine:: I had little to do there aside from battle the undead for two years.

Idlewild: ::She took a sip of wine. Her own mask mostly only covered the upper part of her face.::

Baroness Ivy: So what brings you to Thermador?

MaskofOrazio: Good idea. ::He tugged at the string that kept the cloth tied around his head, loosen it, and then slipped the cloth up so his lips appeared.::

Captain Tharius: I have to say, ::he looks back to Carinia:: I am finding Thermador a much more hospitable environment. Ah. ::he takes a sip of wine:: The troubles in Luminii. I have been asked to secure the border here.

MaskofOrazio: ::As soon as they did he smiled and reached for the nearest goodie...but now that the cloth was bunched around he face, he couldn't see what that was.::

Idlewild: I wonder if the Captain there will appreciate your mask. ::She looked past him and towards the window through which she could see the beginnings of the light display.::

The Raven Mask: ::Versaisna stepped up behind Tharius and Carinia, eavesdropping for a moment.::

Baroness Ivy: Well, the weather is at least an improvement.

The Raven Mask: ::smiled warmly up at the young, blonde man with blue eyes who smiled devotedly back down at her as they danced.::

MaskofOrazio: ::shrugs as he chews:: I am not sure I wore it for his amusement.

Idlewild: What did you wear it for?

Captain Tharius: Not so much as the people. ::clearly considering something about the Lady Carinia.::

LordFoxMask: :: the man strode in wearing a fine grey shirt and trousers to match his fox mask, a silver ring was on his right hand and soft grey boots on his feet. A slightly darker grey hooded cloak on his back.::

LordFoxMask: ::he looked the part of a grey furred fox quite well.::

MaskofOrazio: My own of course ::again all anyone could see was his smile.::

Idlewild: ::She laughed. Toasted him with her goblet.::

Captain Tharius: ::his predators eyes always scanning for trouble and always returning to the Lady.::

The Raven Mask: I'm glad you're liking your stay then, Captain. ::Versaisna spoke over the Captain's shoulder and stepped to his left, giving the lady a very courtly bow.::

Baroness Ivy: ::She caught movement out of the corner of her eye and turned

to Versaillesna:: Ah. Our host.

MaskofOrazio: ::Oh..wine...he let go of the cloth so he could see and looked around for a glass full of wine:: I

Baroness Ivy: ::She curtsied to him in return::

The Raven Mask: ::he smiled, although it never reached his eyes behind the raven mask::

The Raven Mask: You look lovely this evening, M'lady.

The Raven Mask: And you are looking well....polished, Captain.

LordFoxMask: ::he slowly took in the surroundings, curiously wondering if he actually knew anyone at this affair::

Baroness Ivy: Why that's most gracious of you sir.

Captain Tharius: ::he turns to Versaillesna:: I am more presentable than I have been in two years, your grace.

MaskofOrazio: What Captain is he? ::whispers to Idlewild::

Captain Tharius: ::mentally kicking himself for just following the old order of things::

The Raven Mask: I'm just pleased your superiors allowed you to come to our little gathering.

The Raven Mask: ::~Keep your friends close and your enemies closer~

Versaillesna thought::

Idlewild: I'm not certain. We haven't been introduced yet. Though he doesn't look familiar.

MaskofOrazio: Maybe he won't know the face on this mask..huh?

Captain Tharius: I think perhaps someone expected trouble or wants me dead. ::he smiled a smile that had little humor in it:: I am best in those circumstances.

Baroness Ivy: This is a very fine festival. ::Her eyes caught Mask, but moved on, her eyes dancing in humor::

MaskofOrazio: ::Ah...there was one, a wine glass, he grabbed it quickly::

Idlewild: Perhaps. Maybe you should keep some distance, just in case.

LordFoxMask: ::he moved idly to the refreshment table and took up a goblet of Red Silt, sipping. Aah he did enjoy this stuff when it wasn't on his tab::

The Raven Mask: I did ask for a bit of extra protection. With all the unrest in Luminii..... You should drink up and ask the lady to dance, Captain. A lovely lady such as this didn't come to just stand around talking.

The Raven Mask: :: winked at Carinia::

Captain Tharius: ::his glass keeps repeatedly moving to his lips but one would have to study to see how little of it ever seemed to vanish:: Protecting you have. ::he blinks at the suggestion of dancing::

MaskofOrazio: Well...::takes a sip but some slips on the cloth:: Evil wears a face, I mean the good and bad should be masked, don't you think?

Baroness Ivy: ::Her eyes twinkled::

The Raven Mask: ::smiled encouragingly at Tharius::

Idlewild: And which are you, this evening?

Captain Tharius: ::his eyes narrow at the mask of another man's face but then he has been more or less out of contact and concentrating on killing undead::

MaskofOrazio: Ah, as in life, that is open for interpretation.

Captain Tharius: I uh... ::he shifts on his feet, in battle he acts with determination and deft ability, here... not so much::

The Raven Mask: If you'll excuse me...I must attend to my other guests. M'lady, if the good Captain doesn't ask you to dance soon, come find me.

The Raven Mask: I'll light a fire under him.

Baroness Ivy: I'll hold you to that.

MaskofOrazio: Now, let me look at your mask. ::He pulls on the openings for his eyes and looks at her::

Captain Tharius: ::he clears his throat:: Might I have the pleasure of a dance, Lady Carinia?

The Raven Mask: ::chuckles softly, his eyes actually reflecting mirth for the first time::

Idlewild: ::Her mask glittered and was of black and violet, to match her dress::

Baroness Ivy: ::She set her glass down:: I would be delighted, captain.

LordFoxMask: ::quietly he moved among the crowd, sipping the beverage in his hand, curiously taking everything in but not to look the country bumkin::

The Raven Mask: ::moves through the crowd, murmuring hellos until he reaches a man wearing a mask of a very familiar face and a lovely lady standing next to him::

Idlewild: ::She canted her head as he studied it::

The Raven Mask: Very brave of a man to wear the mask of one with a bounty on his head.

MaskofOrazio: Nice. ::he nods:: I like the violet. And why did you pick that?

Idlewild: It's made the evening interesting so far. ::She bowed slightly towards their host::

Captain Tharius: ::Great... she accpeted, now what? Well, rather than stand like an idiot and try and figure it out, the Captain simply put his left arm around her waist and took her right hand in his and wlked her towards teh floor cleared for dancing::

MaskofOrazio: Look...::pulls again at the cloth over his eyes:: Here comes a fox.

Idlewild: ::And then to the one disguised as Orazio:: Suits my profession.

MaskofOrazio: Oh ::stands straight as he notices the host:: To judge good you must have....the opposite.

Baroness Ivy: Has it been a while since you've danced, captain?

The Raven Mask: :: gives a courtly bow to Idlewild and then listens to the two for a moment::

LordFoxMask: ::he bowed his head to the Raven, Orazio and Lady Idle:: Good evening to you all.

Idlewild: Good evening. ::She bowed to the Fox:: Quite a lovely gathering, yes?

MaskofOrazio: ::He bows:: Where are the chickens?

Captain Tharius: ::deception for flattery did not enter his mind:: I have never

danced, Lady Carinia. I should think that will soon be most clear, especially with a Lady as graceful as yourself.

MaskofOrazio: Or maybe the fox chases the raven?

The Raven Mask: ::he gave a nod of his head to the Fox:: Enjoy your evening. Do try not to get caught as one of the chickens. ::to the Orazio Mask::

MaskofOrazio: I will take that under strong advisement Sir.

LordFoxMask: ::a almost roguish smile formed under the half mask:: Lady this is quite the gathering, and I fear the chicken's hathe fled.

LordFoxMask: They heard I was on the way.

Baroness Ivy: You'll be fine. ::Facing him, she readjusted his hands to the proper areas, then started to step with the music::

Idlewild: Smart chickens. ::she smiled::

The Raven Mask: ::he gave a sidelong look to the Fox, a half smile forming on his lips, his eyes glittering with a cold light::

MaskofOrazio: ::laughed at the violet mask::

The Raven Mask: One of you gentlemen should ask this lovely lady to dance, before I steal her away.

Idlewild: ::Something about that Raven...it gave her a small shiver::

The Raven Mask: :: a bit of a roguish grin was offered Idlewild::

Captain Tharius: I do hope so, it would be most alarming to shame myself before such a lovely lady. ::stumble step, stumble step, slowly he relaxes, a bit and keeping his eyes on hers rather than his feet, begins to actually dance::

LordFoxMask: ::looks to Idle and winked:: M'lady? Would you give a humble man the honor of a dance?

Idlewild: Hm, and here we were worrying about the crafty fox when we should have feared the raven all along. ::She took a small sip of her wine::

LordFoxMask: ::bowing slightly and offering a hand to her::

MaskofOrazio: ::He tugged on his eyes holes and looked at Idlewild and then back to Raven. Oh well, the fox of course!::

Idlewild: Certainly. ::She offered her wine goblet towards the mask of Orazio:: Would you be so kind, while I dance?

LordFoxMask: ::The fox was quick and crafty, perfect for the man behind it::

MaskofOrazio: ::He took hold of her glass::

Idlewild: ::She accepted the Fox's hand:: M'lord.

The Raven Mask: ::he chuckled softly and bowed to the lady and the Fox giving way so they could go to dance and stood close to the Orazio masked person:: Does the ghost tempt the light?

Baroness Ivy: How long have you been in Thermador, captain? ::She danced gracefully, not so much guiding him, but moving with him when his steps went astray::

MaskofOrazio: Didn't I hear a tale once about a fox who ate the cookie?

Captain Tharius: ::finding himself really concentrating on her eyes and what he can see of her face, less and less aware of the room, he looks into her eyes as he might focus on a opening in an enemy formation::

MaskofOrazio: The ghost? ::he smiled under the cloth:: No, Sir, no ghost.

The Raven Mask: Yes, I do believe I remember that tale. The cookie was alive, for some odd reason.

Captain Tharius: Less than a ten day now.

LordFoxMask: ::he wrapped cloth gloved hand arm her fingers gently and lead her to the dance floor:: Shall I lead Lady or shall I let a bright eye'd lass?

Baroness Ivy: ::Her eyes, which could be seen through the mask, were a deep brown, a hint of humor, and something else.::

LordFoxMask: around*

MaskofOrazio: Run, run as fast as you can. ::now who was that directed to?::

Idlewild: Please, be my guest.

The Raven Mask: :: watches Carinia and the Captain with a small smile turning up the corners of his mouth:: Leave it to a lady to distract even the most diligent of soldiers.

MaskofOrazio: Yes, watches the Raven and then follows his gaze to the couple he watched::

LordFoxMask: ::smiles and takes her hand and the other on her waist and began to dance with practiced motion, gliding over the floor:: So Lady, Shall I continue to call you the Bright Eye'd Lass or do you have a more formal title?

The Raven Mask: I believe that was directed toward anyone trying to catch the cookie.

MaskofOrazio: But then, the most diligent of soldiers are often the easiest to distract.

The Raven Mask: Mmm.....often that is the case.

Idlewild: ::She danced well, schooled in the art it seemed.:: That suits as well as any this eve. And you, sir?

MaskofOrazio: ::laughs:: There is a reason you are dressed as a black bird.

The Raven Mask: ::leaned up against the wall and crossed his arms over his chest, his gaze on the dancers while keeping the Mask of Orazio in his peripheral vision::

The Raven Mask: A hawk didn't seem to suit me, don't you think so?

MaskofOrazio: Oh no. Hawks intentions are easy to read.

LordFoxMask: Well in the spirit of the eve, Lord Fox shall do. Though if you'd prefer to talk more after the unmasking, I shall let you know my true name at that time. ::his tone was respectful, a warm smile following as he glided around seeming to have done this for years::

The Raven Mask: :: the right side of his mouth twitched slightly and his eyes darted for a look at "Orazio" before darting back to Idlewild and the Fox::

Idlewild: Lord Fox then. It is a pleasure. Tell me, did you travel far to be here this eve?

The Raven Mask: I wonder.....in this case.....will the Fox get the cookie, or will the cookie be craftier than the fox? ::was he talking about the dancers, or something more?::

MaskofOrazio: You know.::laughs:: It was you who first saw the Captains

distraction.

LordFoxMask: ::he gave a nodded as he continued to lead:: All the way from Dreven Bright Eye'd Lass. T'was well worth it though it seems.

Idlewild: Indeed. Have you seen the fireworks outside, the mages displays?

MaskofOrazio: ::He tugged on his cloth to get another sip of wine::

The Raven Mask: Hiding the face behind the face....interesting choice.

Captain Tharius: ::he danced without speaking for what was in his mind to say he knew too well was not polite conversation::

LordFoxMask: I have! Tis amazing the things one can create with pyromancy. Its rather interesting how they create such dazzling lights and colors. Where do you hail from Lass?

The Raven Mask: ::laughs gaily at something whispered in her ear by her consort and glances toward Versaillesna standing against the wall::

Captain Tharius: ::in all his eyes had not left hers since they began, his deeply intense deep blue eyes::

MaskofOrazio: Tell me, what was the reason again for this celebration?

Idlewild: From Luminii. I've seen few pyromancers there.

Baroness Ivy: ::She teased him into more and more complicated steps, her eyes alight with humor::

The Raven Mask: My wife seems to think I have a bad reputation. ::he snorted softly:: It was her idea.

MaskofOrazio: ::laughs:: You're own public relations. Well, you have improved in my eyes already. She is a success.

Idlewild: Though, I do prefer the climate of my home to this place.

LordFoxMask: Ahh Luminii, a fine place to live...well before all the strife broke out. ::he began to pick up the pace and liveliness in his steps, in a way challenging the girls own dancing abilities:: Well, I originally come from Thermador, but I left at the age of ten for northern Luminii.

Captain Tharius: ::he followed along with her and and found he was speaking to her without thought, dangerous to be so caught:: I had thought to be a show of force on display here and not to be so close to such a lovely lady.

The Raven Mask: I'm sure she'll be glad to hear it. Feel free to tell her yourself. She's over there with that fop. ::points toward Taven and the blonde man she hasn't stopped dancing with::

Idlewild: ::She matched his steps, smiling at the change in pace:: The strife has settled, somewhat, where I live. Though there was danger for a time. What made you leave Luminii for Dreven?

Baroness Ivy: I think you do a fine job.

MaskofOrazio: Well then ::he puts down his wine glass and Idle's and moves across the room to Taven and the blonde man::

Captain Tharius: ::maybe not so much distracted he is, but most certainly from battle::

LordFoxMask: ::the Fox gave a nodded and smile:: I retired from my old job to open a shop in Dreven.

The Raven Mask: :: watches Orazio for a few moments, a sly smile upon his lips and then returns to watching the other dancers from his perch against the wall::

LordFoxMask: **Where in Luminii do you call home?**

MaskofOrazio: ::He steps up to the two of them and bows:: Forgive my interruption.

The Raven Mask: ::looks at the masked man and smiles warmly, but her escort doesn't seem happy to see the man:: Yes?

Captain Tharius: With the right partner, it seems a great pleasure.

Idlewild: North of Damansque. Not too far from the city.

MaskofOrazio: Might I have a dance with the Lady whose success is already sung?

Baroness Ivy: She laughed softly:: I'm flattered.

MaskofOrazio: I will return her unharmed ::to the blonde man::

The Raven Mask: ::raises a brow and gives a glance toward her husband then smiles brightly:: I'd love to. ::Steps out of her consorts embrace toward "Orazio"::

LordFoxMask: **Ahh that was a bit of a dangerous place to be during the uprising.**

MaskofOrazio: ::He holds his arms open and takes her, a gentle lead away from the blonde hair and mean eyes:: Now...::whispers:: This is the pretend part. Pretend I dance well, and I will pretend ..well..what do you wish for me to pretend?

Captain Tharius: ::a change in his intense eyes as he turns with her on the floor:: Not so much as I. ::there is a change in the pitch of his voice as well.

Idlewild: There was some risk. Although, we are neutral. And so the Klocks had no reason to bother us. Nor did we present much of a target for the raiders.

The Raven Mask: ::smiles up at Orazio:: Pretend that I am not married. ::she winked at him::

MaskofOrazio: ::laughs::

LordFoxMask: ::smiles softly :: **What is it you do for a living Bright Eyes? If I can ask such.**

MaskofOrazio: The Raven might burn my eyes out.

Baroness Ivy: What sort of things do you like, Tharius. May I call you Tharius?

Masquedfirelight: ::A lady dressed in a red ball gown that hugs the shape of her body, the back of the dress flaring just enough for a small train, she dons a mask resembling flames chosen for the theme of the evening. She leans in to the servant that escorted her and quietly thanks him before she moves away::

Idlewild: You may ask. I...work at a vineyard.

Captain Tharius: As much as You want. What do I like?

The Raven Mask: ::merry laughter tinkled about them:: You'd be surprised at his lack of care. It is only thoughts of his sister that warms his loins.

Idlewild: ::It was true, to an extent::

MaskofOrazio: ::He blinked under the covers of his mask:: And where is she? She might be the one whose fire I should watch.

The Raven Mask: ::Versaisna watched the latest arrival with a small hint of smile upon his lips as he leaned against the wall near the entrance::

Baroness Ivy: You're life has been fraught with danger for so long, but surely there's something you enjoy?

The Raven Mask: She is long dead, yet his yearning for her lessens not.

Masquedfirelight: ::She is a petit a woman, and moves throughout the crowd with a silent grace. Bright green eyes searching the crowd from behind the mask::

LordFoxMask: ::nods slowly and smiles:: **Sounds like a far simpler life then what I've lead up until not to long ago.**

MaskofOrazio: ::His stiff moves began to loosen as he was finding his steps. But he danced like one who has learned the moves but doesn't find the music::

Captain Tharius: ::he takes a closer study of her eyes, there is something he does enjoy that he can think of at the moment but speaking of it is another matter::

MaskofOrazio: That is sad. And it must be very difficulty for you.

Idlewild: It isn't. ::The facade fell briefly with the words:: But I am fond of it.

Captain Tharius: ::she very well could be some agent, as much as she could be just another noble fawning to a symbol of power but...::

Baroness Ivy: ::Her eyes showed him her interest, and her enjoyment::

The Raven Mask: I find my enjoyment, and my husband looks the other way. ::she smiled knowingly at Orazio::

Captain Tharius: ::as they move as one across the floor he speaks just loudly enough for her to hear::

MaskofOrazio: ::He opened his mouth under the cloth as if he was going to say something, but he doesn't::

LordFoxMask: ::he turned his head curiously to look into her eye's with his own brownish red ones, he smiled a bit:: **I wonder what else you hide behind your mask Lass. You seem well versed and knowledged in dancing for a simple vineyard worker. Well spoken as well**

The Raven Mask: ::he pushed away from the wall and began to follow the vision in red::

MaskofOrazio: I will not even inquire into all your forms of enjoyment. But surely you must have an interest in many things.

Idlewild: All that stomping on grapes, it makes one agile. ::She laughed:: That's what it is.

Masquedfirelight: ::Accepting a drink from another servant, she comes to a stop near the edge of the dance floor. As she sips her drink, she watches the couples make their way across the floor to the music::

The Raven Mask: ::she chuckled softly:: I have many varied forms of enjoyment, yes. Some more pleasant than others.

Idlewild: Speaking of which, would you care for a glass of wine?

Baroness Ivy: ::She seemed a little startled at first, but quickly recovered, with a chuckle:: Now I'm truely flattered.

The Raven Mask: ::to Masquedfirelight:: You look lovely this evening, M'lady. ::gives her a courtly bow::

MaskofOrazio: Do you take interest in the rule, or the politics around you?

Captain Tharius: ::as he speaks, his eyes still do not leave hers, the words

clearly not chicanary::

LordFoxMask: ::he chuckled and nodded:: Aye, that must be what it is. ::yeah right :: I would love to. ::he offered a arm to escort her to the refreshment table::

The Raven Mask: ::her smile froze on her lips as she tried to stare through the eyeholes at the eyes beneath:: Perhaps....

Masquedfirelight: ::She turned, smiling brightly to the Raven Mask:: Thank you M'lord. ::Returning his bow with a bit of a curtesy:: This is quite an event, isn't it?

Captain Tharius: I am a man of action. ::he continues speaking softly:: Lies are not conducive to living.

Idlewild: ::She accepted the escort:: Quite a nice crowd here tonight. I wonder who is here.

MaskofOrazio: It would seem you could have the eyes and ears of all.

Baroness Ivy: And some truths are not either.

The Raven Mask: ::he returned Masquedfirelight's smile, but it didn't reach his eyes:: Yes, it is.

LordFoxMask: From what I hear there are those of high birth and not. I hear they even let a ex-mercenary in here. Imagine that.

The Raven Mask: If one starts small, and works ones way up, one can have....much.

Captain Tharius: Perhaps but flattery is not my intention.

MaskofOrazio: ::His feet almost stumbled at her words but he managed to keep dancing::

Idlewild: Imagine that. And even a Captain or two. ::She gestured towards the dancing Klock::

Baroness Ivy: Well, I shall simply thank you for you honestly.

Masquedfirelight: ::Brushing a black curl away from her eyes, she looked up at him:: Are you not enjoying yourself then? ::Teasing, noticing his smile wasn't as genuine as most of the others present::

MaskofOrazio: A fire starts with just a spark.

The Raven Mask: ::he raised a brow above his raven mask:: Astute. A host's job is to provide enjoyment to others.

Captain Tharius: ::awww too bad:: There is no need of thanks. ::he nods again to her::

LordFoxMask: Well atleast they are dressed in their finest. What is your preference Bright Eye's?

Captain Tharius: ::though her words did seem to show a hint of being flustered::

The Raven Mask: Yes....but one must be careful that the inferno isn't lit too quickly so that too much is burned and nothing is left.

Baroness Ivy: Is that the only interest you have?

Masquedfirelight: Well then, let me thank you for providing us with such an enjoyable evening.

Idlewild: ::At the table, she helped herself to a few berries:: White wine, please. Thank you.

Masquedfirelight: But would it hurt for you to enjoy it just a little? ::flashing him another smile::

Captain Tharius: At the moment, yes. ::a slight tilt of his head::; I cannot honestly think of a time I have done anything for enjoyment.

Idlewild: ::The man disguised as Orazio was off dancing, her original goblet of wine long gone. Probably picked up by a servant already.::

LordFoxMask: ::he took a glass of white wine for her and Red Silt for himself, he held the glass for her until she was ready to take it::

Idlewild: ::She took it with a nod of thanks.::

The Raven Mask: ::he glanced toward Idlewild and then back to the lady of the flame::; I could possibly be persuaded to enjoy it.

Baroness Ivy: There are many young women here you might wish to meet. Ones that might peek your interest.

MaskofOrazio: ::He wanted to ask her more. He wanted to know more.::; That is the trick. Fire is....fire.

Masquedfirelight: ::Amusement flickered in her eyes::; And how's that?

The Raven Mask: Ah, but there are ways to control the flame. Providing it with just enough fuel so that it burns just where you want it to. If you know how to control it. ::her eyes bore into the eyeholes of "Orazio's" mask::

Idlewild: ::She glanced towards their host for the evening, and the woman in red he spoke to.::

MaskofOrazio: And you ::smiles underneath his mask::; are fire.

LordFoxMask: It is some wonder on whom may be here. That is the wonder of masks. You interact with those you'd normally not.

Captain Tharius: As if just anyone could. ::he give sa slight chuckle::

Idlewild: True. Though, in my work I interact with a wide variety of people.

The Raven Mask: ::Laughed merrily at his words then leaned in to whisper in his ear::; Careful you don't get burned. ::she nipped at his earlobe through his mask before leaning back again::; Perhaps you'd honor me with a dance? ::he held out his hand to the lady of the flame::

Baroness Ivy: Perhaps not just anyone, but there are so many options to explore.

LordFoxMask: As do I, though some folk may or may not interact with me in return. Or at least treat me at the same level as they.

Idlewild: ::She nodded in understanding.::; Some see a shopkeeper as an employee.

MaskofOrazio: ::He shivered, he did, and then moved with her back to the blonde man::; I thank you for your attention. ::laughs::; I am not here to be consumed, although the thought of it is not unattractive.

Masquedfirelight: I suppose it is the least I could do for such a generous host. ::Her tone teasing again. She set her goblet on the tray of a passing servant, and took his hand.::

Idlewild: (q) Tell me, did that woman just bite the man dressed as Orazio? ::Her lips twitched with repressed laughter.::

Idlewild: I may be mistaken.

The Raven Mask: ::pouts slightly as he stops dancing with her:: Perhaps another time. ::she smiled slyly at him::

Captain Tharius: I am not easily distracted from a goal.

Idlewild: ::Seeing Orazio bitten, of course, made her somehow pleased. Though she knew this wasn't *really* Orazio::

LordFoxMask: (q) ::he grinned a bit:: I do believe your eyes don't deceive you.

MaskofOrazio: You might be the cookie the fox looks for ::he looks back to Idlewild and the fox::

The Raven Mask: ::he took her hand in his and led her onto the dance floor, giving it a slight tug to bring her close as his other hand slid to her hip and he began to move with her to the music::

Idlewild: Interesting party.

Baroness Ivy: I'm feeling a bit thirsty. Shall we find the wine steward?

LordFoxMask: I do hope a fire fight of jealousy doesn't break out. ::he grinned a little at his jest::

The Raven Mask: What makes you think I am not the fox? ::another sly smile::

Idlewild: As most of us are quite flammable this eve. ::She gestured to her dress and chuckled::

MaskofOrazio: I mean ::looks to the blonde:: He doesn't say much does he? ::then tugs at his eyes holes to look at her better:: More than a fox.

Captain Tharius: Of course. ::once more setting a hand to the small of her back, a move made without much thought::

LordFoxMask: ::he glanced up and down at the woman:: I must say though, you look stunning none the less.

MaskofOrazio: ::He bows to her and backs away::

The Raven Mask: ::grins at "Orazio" and leans up to kiss his masked cheek:: Thank you for the wonderful time. ::she turned to her consort who stood sulkily against a pillar and pulled him into a dance::

Masquedfirelight: ::She let him guide her across the floor, standing just a touch closer than one normally would:: Do you host events such as this on a regular bases, m'lord, or is this a special night?

LordFoxMask: ::he glanced back towards "Orazio":: It seems our young friend needs help.

Idlewild: Thank you, Lord Fox. ::She accepted modestly:: Very kind of you.

LordFoxMask: Excuse me a moment.

Idlewild: Of course.

LordFoxMask: ::bows lightly to her, the fox smile forming as he looked to her and went to Orazio::

Baroness Ivy: ::She moved off the dance floor::

Captain Tharius: ::he moves along with her::

The Raven Mask: It is a special evening. I felt it was time Thermador had a party. ::he smiled down at her, but that smile still didn't touch his eyes::

MaskofOrazio: ::He spins away and stumbles over to Idlewild:: Wine, quick, I need a drink. I big one.

MaskofOrazio: I mean I need a big one.

LordFoxMask: ::laughs as he nearly runs into Orazio::

Idlewild: ::She handed "Orazio" her own glass:: Had your hands full did you?

MaskofOrazio: ::Looks to fox:: I think she could eat me.

Idlewild: Your clothing isn't smoldering is it?

LordFoxMask: ::chuckles:: Well you best let her, tis better to take a small nibble then become charcoal

MaskofOrazio: Is it? ::He has to pull on his eyes holes to look down at his clothes::

Masquedfirelight: I think you were right. ::Returning his smile, even if hers was brighter than his::

Baroness Ivy: ::She reached for the tray, taking her favorite wine. It had been a long time since she'd tasted it::

Idlewild: You seem to be fine. So far. ::She laughed::

The Raven Mask: Where do you come to my humble abode from, Fair Lady?

LordFoxMask: I'll let you know if you start to look like a candle lad.

Captain Tharius: ::rugged, and polished and always with the air of command, he waits beside her, once more growing mindful of his surroundings::

Baroness Ivy: Do you 'mingle', captain?

Captain Tharius: Not very well, as I fear I have shown already.

MaskofOrazio: Easy for you to say. ::to Idle::

Baroness Ivy: You definately need some practice.

Captain Tharius: ::finally taking a glass of wine:: I fear I may have been born for less social settings.

Idlewild: True. No one biting me this eve.

Masquedfirelight: I am actually not far from home, M'lord. Just a small journey across the dessert.

Baroness Ivy: Birth has nothing to do with it. Come on.

LordFoxMask: Would you prefer someone were Lady?

MaskofOrazio: ::He drinks, then almost smacks his lips and looks to Fox:: You didn't bite her yet?

LordFoxMask: ::to Idle::

Captain Tharius: Where?

Idlewild: No he did not. ::to "Orazio":: And no, you best not. ::to Fox, with a quiet laugh::

The Raven Mask: Mmm....and was the journey enjoyable? No bandits or drakes to cause you harm? ::he gazed into her eyes, but seemed not to be looking at her but at the periphery of his vision always watchful::

LordFoxMask: Well I tend to keep the biting away until the second dance. ::winking to Idle playfully::

Baroness Ivy: ::She moved into the crowd, greeting and briefly speaking to those she met::

Captain Tharius: ::keeping his place a long moment::

MaskofOrazio: Well, then remind me not to dance with you ::to Fox with a

chuckle::

Idlewild: Hm. Perhaps we ought to have the Fox meet your former dancing partner. ::to Orazio::

MaskofOrazio: There's a good idea.

Captain Tharius: ::a deep frown of thought as he considers something::

MaskofOrazio: ::A small nudge to Fox::

Baroness Ivy: ::She found herself near the trio discussing biting::

Masquedfirelight: ::She cocked her head a bit, looking at the eyes behind the mask:: I'm here in one piece aren't I? ::Grinned, then to see if he was really paying attention or not she purposefully missed a step aiming to lightly step on his toes::

Ranu Kishar: ::Slowly descends into the hall, dressed in a soft flowing black outfit with silver regalia, a black feather mask hides part of his features. One thing he would not part with, the steel tightly secured on his side::

LordFoxMask: ::he couldn't help but laugh:: **I do wish to keep myself intact and not burned into dust.**

Captain Tharius: ::ending up standing right behind "Orazio"::

LordFoxMask: ::he bowed his head lightly to Ivy:: **Fair eve to you.**

MaskofOrazio: ::He couldn't help but straighten as the Captain stood beside him. He tried to look and feel bigger:: Sir, if I may be so bold, where is your command?

Baroness Ivy: Good evening to you all. I'm afraid to ask what you were speaking about.

Ranu Kishar: ::Lifts his chin a little and takes in the scent of his new surroundings, like a hound on the hunt, quickly steps to the side and fetches a glass of wine from one of the servants::

The Raven Mask: ::He whirled her in a spin deftly avoiding his toes being trod and looked directly at her then, a slight twisting upward of the right side of his mouth showing his actual amusement at her antics:: So you are.

Captain Tharius: ::his head tilts:: I know this face you wear.

Idlewild: ::She smiled at Ivy, nodding:: Good eve. ::How to explain what they were discussing?::

MaskofOrazio: ::Then he smiled to Ivy, not that she could really see it under his cloth mask::

LordFoxMask: **Oh the proper time to bite someone during a dance it would seem. ::yeah, he was blunt and to the point::**

MaskofOrazio: Leave it to the fox to know when to bite.

Idlewild: ::That was one way to explain it::

Baroness Ivy: I would assume *after* the marriage ceremony.

MaskofOrazio: ::Then looks back to the Captain:: Have you been to Luminii?

Idlewild: Lord Fox here, in spite of threatening to bite, is quite a good dancer, I assure you.

Baroness Ivy: I'm quite fond of foxes, when they behave.

LordFoxMask: **As is the Lady ::nodding to Idle:: I was hard pressed in my attempt to stump her. ::giving Idle a wink::**

Masquedfirelight: ::She laughed some as he spun her to save his toes:: So you

are paying attention. ::A sly smile gracing her lips, and a sparkle of mischief in her eyes::

Captain Tharius: My command is on her border now. ::his eyes narrow a touch, as they would before he made a killing stroke, he might have placed the face now with all the correspondence he has been getting through with the change of placement::

LordFoxMask: ::he bowed slightly to Ivy:: **Lady I've been nothing but on my best behavior at this fine fest going on tonight.**

MaskofOrazio: Her border? Between Luminii and Thermador?

Ranu Kishar: ::Takes in the scent of the wine before he carefully takes the first sip::

Idlewild: ::"Orazio"'s discussion with the Captain was quickly catching her attention.::

Captain Tharius: ::a slow purposeful nod:: Perhaps your mask was a mistake?

Baroness Ivy: ::She glanced to Idlewild:: Is that true?

MaskofOrazio: Oh no, no mistake. Not yet.

The Raven Mask: I assure you, I always pay attention, M'lady. ::he gave her an intense look then glanced over her shoulder and spun her again to avoid being run over by a wildly dancing couple::

CptSSioriin: ::late from patrol, accompanied by the usual small complement of soldiers at his side...he never relaxed at the Festival of Lights, each time his antic horror bristling in anticipation::

Baroness Ivy: ::Her attention was on the other gentleman and the captain::

Idlewild: It is true, yes. He has been a gentleman.

Ranu Kishar: ::The late guest gracefully holds on to his wine as he approaches one of the larger groups gathered in the hall::

Masquedfirelight: Then have you noticed that you have another guest? ::Eyes darting to the man that was just joining the crowds::

Baroness Ivy: So what shall I call you, Master Fox?

Captain Tharius: THEN perhaps it is time I see the face under the mask. ::his right hand gripping the hilt of his sword::

The Raven Mask: ::he looked toward the doors and noted the latest arrival, the small patrol:: Yes. ::his eyes darted toward "Orazio":: It seems the fun is only just beginning.

Idlewild: Now, now. Gentleman. ::She stepped towards the Captain with a smile:: It is just a mask after all.

Ranu Kishar: ::His mask may hide his face but not the large ears. He is not even trying to hide his race.::

MaskofOrazio: Already? Is the host calling for all masks to be removed before the evening really begins?

The Raven Mask: ::he maneuvered her so that he could keep an eye on both groups as they danced::

Baroness Ivy: ::Now the captain got her attention as well::

CptSSioriin: ::a man at each shoulder, weapons peacetied, himself in the long,

flowing coat of a man of status, a simple vision in red and black crossing the room...and a tiny domino mask over his eyes...for appropriateness, concealing nothing::

MaskofOrazio: And here I thought I would have time to woo a lady with tales of heroic deeds.

The Raven Mask: I think I should go to my guests, M'lady. I do apologize. ::noting the tension mounting::

LordFoxMask: *As I told Lady Bright Eyes, Lord Fox shall do until the mask's come off. Then I shall reveal my true name if you wish to know. ::smiles and looks to the Captain as well::*

Masquedfirelight: Is that so? ::Glancing to where the "fun" was:: Oh, of course, that is the hosts duty...

Baroness Ivy: Do stay calm. This is a ball.

Masquedfirelight: I hope you find you are able to enjoy at least a portion of the evening. ::Smiling some, though not as brightly as she had before::

The Raven Mask: ::he gave her a quick, distracted bow and moved toward "Orazio" and Tharius as quickly as he could through the crowd::

Captain Tharius: It is the face of a criminal and an affront. Remove it. ::there was the full on air of a commander, back in full now, oh how he;d have rather have been "distracted"::

LordFoxMask: *Yes Captain, we are all here for a night of joy and pleasure, not bloodshed.*

MaskofOrazio: I'm calm ::whispers to Idle:: Am I calm?

Idlewild: Incredibly so, yes.

CptSSioriin: *::that voice...he shook his head in anticipation of trouble::*

The Raven Mask: ::Stopped dancing right next to Tharius and "Orazio"::

Captain.....perhaps we can provide the gentleman with a more.....decorous mask without him having to reveal himself now?

Masquedfirelight: ::She watched the Raven move away, then started making her way to a spot near the "Orazio" crowd where she could safely observe::

Ranu Kishar: ::Slows his steps and turns towards the man calling out so forcefully. Could it be? He just join the ball and may get to experience something exciting already?::

Baroness Ivy: I can see the captain's point of view. Perhaps another masl

Idlewild: ::She spared a glance around to see where the host was. And in the process took note of Ranu and his...ears::

The Raven Mask: ::smiles at the Baroness as she repeats the logical manuever to keep the party from becoming ruined::

MaskofOrazio: Aw...::looks to Taven:: Women with sense to match their beauty.

The Raven Mask: ::Versaisna shoved his way past the last few dancers to come up behind his wife and stare at Captain Tharius:: Captain, is there a problem?

MaskofOrazio: ::He bows:: Masks proved displays of good and evil. What is fire without water? What are heroes without villains?

Ranu Kishar: ::One eyebrow curves upwards as he waits to see how this will play

out. His posture remains relaxed as he brings up the glass of wine for a second taste.:

Captain Tharius: I will see the face beneath, I care not if it remains attached to the rest of him or not. The choice is yours, your Grace.

CptSSioriin: *Captain Tharius...*

Masquedfirelight: ::Keeping her distance, she did her best to appear more interested in finding another glass of wine while she watched::

Captain Tharius: ::a deep breath at that last voice;

The Raven Mask: ::smiles at "Orazio" and winks:: Ah, and there is a time for politics and a time for revelry.

The Raven Mask: Now is the time for the latter, not the former.

MaskofOrazio: ::He stood tall:: You will behead me for my choice for cover. Why is that not a surprise?

The Raven Mask: ::Versaisna looked toward the sound of the new voice - Captain Sioriin:: I'd rather blood not be shed at this event, Captain.

Captain Tharius: Captain Sioriin.

Idlewild: ::She took a step back:: If we can avoid any beheading...

The Raven Mask: Is there not a compromise we can reach?

CptSSioriin: *Captain Tharius. I know this San Giamonico. I have smelled his...stench::smirks in that way only a Thermadorian can...completely condescending and malevolent to the subject::*

LordFoxMask: **Good sir ::to Thad:: If I look to the man on the mask and assure you it is not the criminal, will my word be enough?**

Ranu Kishar: ::Soft eyes turn towards Idlewild:: Now now...is this not neutral ground?

CptSSioriin: ::approaches MaskofOrazio:: *And...I do not think any perfume could convince me that this was Orazio.*

Idlewild: One would think so. ::Agreeing with Ranu::

Captain Tharius: You would vouch for this.... man, Captain? ::having not looked away from "Orazio"::

Baroness Ivy: My good sir, you need another mask. ::To "orazio"::

MaskofOrazio: Of course. I can put on another mask...say Tumain? say Iarcuss?

CptSSioriin: *For now. The mask will come off soon enough.*

The Raven Mask: ::Versaisna looks to Captain Sioriin and back to Tharius, waiting with arms across his chest::

Masquedfirelight: ::Seeing the crowd growing, she didn't bother to hide her interest...or amusement any longer and simply watched while she sipped her wine::

MaskofOrazio: You think...:laughs::

The Raven Mask: ::~I'd really hate to have to burn a member of the Klockwork army this evening~::

CptSSioriin: *Say little if you like your tongue whole, my good man...:to Mask:: The Captain is not as friendly as most.*

Ranu Kishar: :: A smile spreads over the full lips:: I am sure our host will not allow this law to be broken.

MaskofOrazio: ::he stops and stays still, maybe he has gone too far::

Ranu Kishar: ::Does look towards Orazio for the Tumien and Icky comment::

Captain Tharius: ::leaning in very very close to "Orazio":: Thank the kind captain for keeping your head on your shoulders.

Idlewild: Good. Blood is difficult to get out of gowns. ::But it was apparent she was concerned in spite of the quiet joke.::

MaskofOrazio: I do ::whispers::

LordFoxMask: ::quietly to Idle and Ranu:: **Such brutish violence in their methods::**

The Raven Mask: ::slowly removes her mask of eagle feathers and holds it out to Orazio:: There is a small sitting room across the hall you may change in.....

Captain Tharius: ::he nods and turns from the crowd gathered around him, somehow assured they will part for him::

MaskofOrazio: ::Bows to Taven:: My thanks

Ranu Kishar: ::said rather dry:: No worries, it is just a show of force by the so called current rulers of the old empire.

Captain Tharius: ::freezing in midstep at Ranu's words;

The Raven Mask: ::smiles warmly at Orazio and holds out a hand:: Let me show you.

MaskofOrazio: ::who said that? He looks around until he finds Ranu::

Idlewild: ::Oh my.::

The Raven Mask: ::Looks at his wife, his eyes narrowing slightly behind his mask then turns toward Captain Soiriin:: Thank you. I am glad to see that a cooler head has prevailed.

Ranu Kishar: ;:The tall elf lifts his glass and smiles at the dear captain:: How do you like the wine?

LordFoxMask: ::winces, ok that was a bit loud so near two Klocks::

Idlewild: ::She looked at Lord Fox. And well understood the wince.::

CptSSioriin: ::smiles:: *His...temperament makes hot Thermadorian blood seem cool by comparison. That is all.*

Captain Tharius: ::sllllllloooooowly turning directly to Ranu::

Masquedfirelight: ::She idily made her way closer and closer::

The Raven Mask: ::he flickers a glance toward the elf, then looks back to Sioriin:: He has spent too much time in the rice fields killing ghosts I think.

MaskofOrazio: ::he chuckles and moves through the crowd now glad to let Ranu gain the attention::

Baroness Ivy: ::She touched Mask's elbow and moved him to the changing area:::

Idlewild: ::Quickly, she stepped up and smiled at Ranu.:: Sir, would you care to dance?

The Raven Mask: ::slips her hand into the crook of "Orazio's" arm:: It really was a poor choice, but amusing.

CptSSioriin: *Well, we cannot solve all of our problems by fires and blades. Can we?::touches his brow off in a gesture of respect....::*

Idlewild: ::Before things got even more wild.::

Captain Tharius: ::there is the creak of leather as his fists clench to keep from drawing his sword at being so openly insulted::

Ranu Kishar: I would be delighted my dear:: Offers his arm and sets the wine down, some servant has to be around to pick it up::

The Raven Mask: ::looking up at Ivy, she smiled::

MaskofOrazio: ::He lets Ivy lead him from the group::

Idlewild: Pardon me, Lord Fox. ::She smiled, hoping he would understand the peacekeeping effort.::

MaskofOrazio: ::and Taven::

Baroness Ivy: ::On the other side of Orazio, she glanced at the woman taking his other arm::

Idlewild: ::She took Ranu's arm.::

The Raven Mask: ::bowed his head slightly to Siorin:: No, sometimes it takes a cool head and planning to win a battle.

LordFoxMask: ::nods to Idle:: I will catch up with you a bit later Lady

The Raven Mask: Even a small one.

MaskofOrazio: ::now talk about fires!::

Masquedfirelight: ::She comes up by Tharius, and utters softly just for him to hear:: Pesky rebels, shame they can't be beheaded for such boldness. ::The smile that played at her lips was pure amusement::

Ranu Kishar: ::Takes the lead and guilds his new found Lady away for a dance she will remember for some time::

Baroness Ivy: Two female escorts. ::She chuckled:: You know how to attract attention.

Captain Tharius: ::standing stock still a long moment::

Idlewild: You sir ::she began, once they were a distance away:: are as fond of trouble as the one disguised as Orazio.

The Raven Mask: ::giggles in amusement at Carinia::

MaskofOrazio: This is a grand escape. ::chuckles::

The Raven Mask: How do you know you haven't gone from the frying pan to the fire? ::winking at Carinia::

Ranu Kishar: My Lady, I only speak the truth :: pulls her close:: They do not rule my homeland.:: Listens to the music and leads her into the dance:: and they never will.

Idlewild: ::She moved with him easily.:: (q) What brought you here this eve?

MaskofOrazio: ::He almost stops but then shrugs:: What a way to burn.

LordFoxMask: ::he sipped his Red quietly and observed the goings on of the dance, occasionally watching the Captains and some on Raven, and oh yes he had to watch his practiced dancing partner here and there::

Captain Tharius: ::his soft utterance before turning to Masqued is not fit for gentile company before he replies to her:: There is a loss of nerve to deal with things as they should be.

Ranu Kishar: Rumors. ::They are dancing away from the captain::

Baroness Ivy: ::Her arm on his was loose, escorting more than holding:: You do have daring.

The Raven Mask: Captain... ::to Sioriin:: If you'll excuse me.... You and your men are free to eat, drink, and enjoy...

CptSSioriin: ::bows his head:: *Of course, Your Grace.*

MaskofOrazio: I do?

Masquedfirelight: ::She cocked her head and looked up at him:: And why do you think that is?

Idlewild: Care to share what you've heard? ::She looked at him through her violet and black mask::

Baroness Ivy: Of course. To brave standing between two women? An insecure position at best.

Ranu Kishar: Words of the strong loosing their hold on the weak:: Twirls her around only to capture her close to his chest again:: rumors of wrong being set right again.

Captain Tharius: They have lost the will to do what is needed. ::for the first time turning to look at the masqued lady, his blood still pumping hard in his veins::

The Raven Mask: ::released "Orazio's" arm once they were in the hallway:: Enjoy the party. I have..something...I must do. ::she hurried down the hallway where a flash of blonde hair could be seen going around a corner in front of her::

Masquedfirelight: ::Green eyes blinked at him from behind a glittering fire mask:: The trouble is, that everyone has their own opinion of what is needed.

The Raven Mask: ::Versaisna approached the Fox and lay a hand heavily on his shoulder:: Tomorrow. You will present yourself to the headmaster.

MaskofOrazio: ::laughs:: With a man I can look him in the eyes. When I do that to...:pauses:: you, my knees get weak.

Idlewild: You know what has taken place in my home, in Luminii. ::She studied his mask as they moved, turned::

LordFoxMask: ::blinks and looks to Raven:: **Sir? ::he looked slightly confused at the man's words::**

The Raven Mask: Tomorrow you will report back here to the headmaster. If you do not...

Baroness Ivy: I should like to know more of you, sir.

The Raven Mask: ::his hand on the Fox's shoulder began to grow warm::

Captain Tharius: There are only two things I am good at playing the politician is not either one.

Ranu Kishar: ::Steps to the left a little and lets her move with him, one finger slides under her chin:: You hail from Luminii?

LordFoxMask: **Why so if I might ask sir?**

MaskofOrazio: Now...:he looks down the hallway:: Instead of a mask change an exit might be in order.

Masquedfirelight: If it isn't, then what are those two things? ::Taking a small sip of her wine and turning her eyes briefly to the dance floor::

Ranu Kishar: ::Smiles a little:: ahh we know a little of what has transpired. You do

know Luminii was the first we forged a treaty with.

Captain Tharius: Fighting and....

Idlewild: Near Damansque, yes. ::she spoke quietly:: And I was aware of that. Things are changing quickly there.

Idlewild: Perhaps you might be interested again. One day.

Ranu Kishar: You know, we may not abandon it again if asked to help.:: Blue eyes twinkle a bit.:

Masquedfirelight: ::She looked back at him, arching a brow:: And?

Baroness Ivy: Perhaps a walk outside in the moonlight? If our hostess doesn't mind?

The Raven Mask: :: stares down at the fox with those hard, coal black eyes:: Because I told you to.

MaskofOrazio: Yes, ::he looks right and left:: Moonlight sounds good.

Idlewild: Really now? ::This was most interesting.::

LordFoxMask: ::nods:: **How long will I be...held up sir? I have two young sisters and a shop in Dreven in need of my attentions.**

The Raven Mask: You will have to work that out with the head master.

Ranu Kishar: ::Twirls her around on the dancefloor:: Everything grows and changes, even in the deep woods of Arboria my dear.

The Raven Mask: Your sisters and your shop would be better served with you alive, however, would they not?

Captain Tharius: ::very very softly:: Coupling. I will accomplish neither here tonight.

Baroness Ivy: I'll help you with your mask.

MaskofOrazio: ::with a quick grab of her hand he pulls her down the hallway toward the door.:

Idlewild: Are you in a position to make such decisions, m'lord? ::Elves made good dancers, she found.::

MaskofOrazio: Forget the Mask.

LordFoxMask: ::nods:: **They would...and I have some control over it as long as I don't do anything I haven't practiced.**

Ranu Kishar: ::They move, they dance and with one last twirl she ends up close to Foxmask::: My blade.

Masquedfirelight: ::She laughed softly:: After that spectacle? I'd have to say I think you might be right. ::Mischief danced in those green eyes as she looked up at him::

LordFoxMask: ::his tone was quiet and reserved, not trying to hide it any longer.:

Ranu Kishar: ::comes to a halt and kisses her hand:: It has been my pleasure M'Lady.

Baroness Ivy: ::She headed with him to the door:: Yes. We can experiment with your mask outside.

Idlewild: And mine. ::She leaned in quickly, whispered to him.::

The Raven Mask: ::he snorted softly:: I meant, I don't tolerate anyone learning outside *my* school, boy. If you wish to live, you will report to the headmaster in

the morning. Or else.

Captain Tharius: Forgive my crudeness, please?

The Raven Mask: ::Versaisna gave the Fox another long, hard look then turned on his heel and stalked away::

Captain Tharius: ::even in requesting the apology, his teeth ground::

Ranu Kishar: It will be my pleasure :: said softly:: You may call me Ranu.

MaskofOrazio: ::The door was close, would he make it without being stopped? He pulled her along::

Baroness Ivy: ::She spoke low so no one else might hear:: Best you not be here for the unmasking.

Idlewild: ::Then the woman in the violet mask straightened up and nodded:: I will.

Masquedfirelight: And why would I do that? ::The same mischief in her eyes::

Ranu Kishar: ::Her hand slides out of his and he leaves her with a wink:: Now if you excuse me, I have to attend to something less enjoyable.

Idlewild: Of course. ::She bowed slightly::

The Raven Mask: ::he couldn't resist it, the smell of her so near, the lure of her....he reached out and brushed Idlewild's arm with his fingertips as he walked quickly past::

Baroness Ivy: ::She paused to allow him to open the door for her::

Idlewild: ::A warm touch and yet somehow it raised goosebumps. She glanced at their host as he passed by::

Captain Tharius: TO permit an honorable retreat? ::he studies those green eyes a long moment::

MaskofOrazio: @ ::He opened the door for her and looked outside before he allowed her to pass through::

Baroness Ivy: @ ::She glided silently out the door and paused to take his arm again::

Masquedfirelight: ::She looked right back at him, staying quiet for a long moment before she answered:: Of course, a man is nothing without honor. ::There was that smile again:: You're forgiven.

MaskofOrazio: @ You have done me a favor. I will return one. Might I ask who you are kind lady? ::He took her arm in his as he walked::

Ranu Kishar: ::seeks out the one and only Tharius::

Baroness Ivy: @ Baroness Carinia Hastur.

Captain Tharius: To the abyss with honor. ::he hated losing and he had lost twice this night::

The Raven Mask: ::takes up his "perch" against a wall on the opposite side of the room, his arms once more crossing over his chest::

Idlewild: ::Interesting evening indeed. She accepted another glass of wine from a passing servant and looked to Fox:: Are you well?

MaskofOrazio: @ ::He stopped:: Of Luminii?

Ranu Kishar: ::The tall elf heads for Tharius:: May I interduce myself?

Masquedfirelight: ::She laughed:: Good evening, Sir. ::then brushed past him to move into the crowds::

CptSSioriin: *::watches the elf approaching Tharius::*

Baroness Ivy: @ Dreven these days. Once Silverton, when there was a Silverton.

Ranu Kishar: *::as if nothing has happend before::*

LordFoxMask: *::sighs a bit and nods to Idle:: Aye Lady. Our host has "invited" me to study here.*

Idlewild: Invited? *::She caught the tone::*

Captain Tharius: *::turning to the elf::*

Ranu Kishar: *::takes the last step and offers his hand::*

Baroness Ivy: @ I know the man who's face you wear, though it's been over ten years since I'd seen him last.

Captain Tharius: I'd advise strongly you keep a safe distance.

MaskofOrazio: @ I am looking forward to seeing him again as well.

Baroness Ivy: @ When you do, tell him Lady Cari greets him and he owes her a drink still.

LordFoxMask: *::nods slightly to Idle:: It was more along the lines of a order.*

MaskofOrazio: @ *::Laughs::*

Idlewild: So...pyromancy? *::she nearly whispered::*

Masquedfirelight: *::Deciding she had been amused enough this night, she left the hall with a grin on her face::*

Baroness Ivy: @ Do you have a name, sir?

MaskofOrazio: @ *::He reached and tugged off his cloth mask:: I am Liston San Giamoncio son of Orazio.*

Baroness Ivy: @ *::Out into the festival, they could easily get lost::*

LordFoxMask: *::he gave her a slow nod:: I have some skill in it. But not formal training. ::softly::*

Ranu Kishar: *::waits for Tharius reaction::*

Baroness Ivy: @ Take care of yourself Liston. *::She smiled::* And go. They'll start to wonder soon.

Captain Tharius: It would be wise to wait until sometime as you have not insulted me to make introductions.

Idlewild: Now you will. Lord Fox, take care while you are here. Our host is a dangerous man, I think.

MaskofOrazio: @ *::He bowed and than turned to get lost...somehow..somewhere....::*

Baroness Ivy: @ *::She stepped into the darkness and vanished::*

Ranu Kishar: *::Laughs softly::* So you've not heard the saying yet. An elf speaks the half-truth?

LordFoxMask: *::he gave idle a light smile:: I will lass. And my thanks for the concern. ::he sounded sincere:: Well the night grows late. Can I ask your true name?*

Ranu Kishar: But do we not meet on neutral grounds? *:: Carefully removes his mask and tucks it away::*

LordFoxMask: *::softly speaking to Idle::*

Idlewild: You may. And then I must go, because I am expected somewhere. ::She removed her mask.:: I am Nadiya Galyn and it was good to meet you.

Captain Tharius: ::two years fighting undead left one not so in awe of the rumors of elves.::

CptSSioriin: *::frowns at the elf's back and continues walking.::*

Captain Tharius: Half truths are as dangerous as daggers.

Idlewild: ::She offered her hand.::

Ranu Kishar: ::Waves a servant near him and fetches another glass of wine.:: I am Ranu Kishar, I am sorry I offended you so early in the evening ahmm ::looks at Tharius.:: Your rank is ?

LordFoxMask: ::he removed his own.:: **Dante Voltan Miss** ::lightly takes her hand and kisses her fingers.:: It was a pleasure to spend the eve with you.

LordFoxMask: I was wondering if you'd care to get together again sometime soon Miss?