

The Avon Mered

27 March 2007
Crosswinds Tavern

Tristan R Black: ::he heads into the tavern, not sure why, maybe he's a glutton for punishment or maybe he just wants a little distraction::

Tristan R Black: ::He orders a cup of tea and heads for the firepit to stretch out::

Passeador Noche: ::Shadows, somewhere within the Tavern stretched and yawned before depositing their contents into the tavern proper. She wasn't about to miss this evening, not for a thousand water coins, rare as they were::

Omni Aerpon: ::An odd threesome sat at a table. One, a woman, perhaps in her mid-twenties. The second, a middle aged man, and third, a selevanti. The woman was armed. They sat in silence::

Passeador Noche: ::as she strolled slowly toward the counter, the shadows seemed to pull away from the wall and wrap themselves around her, cloaking her within their embrace::

Passeador Noche: ::the only thing visible were her eyes, the tip of her nose, and her lips::

Omni Aerpon: ::The man's eyes flicked to the woman, then dismissed her casually::

Tristan R Black: ::he doesn't really notice who's about, there are always people about in a tavern, just concerns himself with his tea::

Ranu Kishar: ::The tall dark haired Elf slowly enters through the western door, he is in partial armor and his blade is secured at his side. Wordless he takes up a spot near the door and starts to study who is already hear::

Dante Voltan: ::Dante pushed his way through the door, glancing around::

Tristan R Black: ::he furrows a brow as he notices the elf::

Omni Aerpon: ::Those who entered were watched by the woman and the Selevanti. The man ignored them.::

Ranu Kishar: ::And the Elf in question makes no big secret of what he is, his attire and sword do give it away::

The Ashmaker: ::the Southern door swung open and a dark skinned man stepped inside, hand upon his scimitar as his eyes quickly glanced around the tavern - assessing::

Dante Voltan: ::since his return and the attacks, Dante has begun wearing his sword once more::

Dante Voltan: ::his eyes fall on the dark skin man::

Omni Aerpon: ::Sitting at their table, only the woman appeared armed::

The Ashmaker: ::he turned and motioned to someone beyond the door still confined within the darkness of the night::

Ranu Kishar: ::His chin lifts and he looks over to the southern door::

Tristan R Black: ::oh, he recognizes what the elf is, he's seen plenty of them to know::

Ranu Kishar: ::Crosses his arms and leans back against the wall, waiting for now::

Tristan R Black: ::he no longer went about unarmed either, not after what happened with the bandits, but he's only carrying a sword, not a bow::

The Ashmaker: ::a pale skinned man with dark hair stepped into the tavern. His black, silk suit was cut to fit a well sculpted body, his long dark hair flowed untethered down his back, his dark eyes quickly scanned the patrons within the Tavern:

The Ashmaker: ::he sniffed slightly and motioned to the dark skinned man to move to the right, to one of the booths near the Southern door, away from the rest of the Tavern dwellers::

Sherakai: @::It looked like most of the Streytan Guard and a sizable chunk of the Taysayad Guard had showed up to lurk around the Crosswinds. While they settled themselves, Kai helped another rider to dismount near the front door::

Omni Aerpon: ::For the first time, the middle aged man glances up, then nods to the pale skinned one::

Dante Voltan: ::his eyes shifted to the pale man, if he looked his way he gave the man a nod of respect::

The Ashmaker: ::Versaisna gave a nod in return to the middle aged man, the rest of the tavern mostly ignored for now by him, but not by his attendant::

Dante Voltan: ::he approached the man, his hands away from his weapon, allowing the attendant to see his hands clearly::

Ranu Kishar: :Studies Tristan for a long moment, still he is not moving an inch from the wall::

The Ashmaker: ::the attendant watched Dante then glanced toward the Ashmaker whose eyes rested coldly upon Dante:: “ The student may approach.”

Tristan R Black: ::he shifted his position, something was coming down, though he was not quite sure what yet::

Miri Bayani: @::The half-lo woman accepted Kai's offer of assistance without looking at him::

Dante Voltan: ::he approached the man, his head bowed in respect:: (s)Archmage, it is an honor to see you her. Its been a while. Since the Ball where you noticed my abilities I believe.

Sherakai: @::He murmured something polite and encouraging, then went to open the door for her::

Tristan R Black: ::he felt eyes on him and looked toward Ranu and offered a respectful nod::

Miri Bayani: @::Her hair was caught back in a severe braid. Scales glittered at her temples:: The Crosswinds. ::she murmured:: Your hired thug and I spoke of this place.

Ranu Kishar: ::He meets his eyes and nods his head softly, his face is emotionless::

The Ashmaker: ::Lucair arched one brow slightly:: (q) Is there something you need, student?

Sherakai: @I'm sure you'll find it... completely dull and ordinary. ::Ha!::

Tristan R Black: ::he hopes the elf knows he is there if he's needed::

Dante Voltan: (s)I just wish to give my regard and thanks for allowing me to attend the school. I've learned much since I first joined.

The Ashmaker: Yet, not enough. ::he looked away from Dante and stared at a cobweb strung between the ceiling rafters::

Tristan R Black: ::he goes back to nonchalantly sipping his tea, well, that's one way to forget his problems for a while::

Miri Bayani: @I'm sure. ::quietly::

Sherakai: @::Holding the door open, he waited for her to go inside::

Dante Voltan: (s) ::bows his head in respect:: I will strive for more Archmage.

Miri Bayani: ::She stepped into the tavern, the hem of her robes swirling about her feet::

The Ashmaker: ::He made a dismissive motion with his hand, still staring at the cobweb::

Sherakai: ::No fancy garb for him, he was all business -- dark leathers, a braid nearly as severe as Miri's, and the usual assortment of weapons::

The Ashmaker: ::~Where is Passeador when I need her?~::

Miri Bayani: I'll need a goblet of water. ::Not a question::

Dante Voltan: ::turns in a military fashion and strides away::

Tristan R Black: ::He upnods Dante::

Sherakai: Yes. ::He played with the temptation to let her fetch it herself, but gestured instead to a seat away from the fire, then made his way to the bar::

Dante Voltan: Hello Tristan. How are ye this eve?

Tristan R Black: Fine, and you?

Passeador Noche: ::she finished her drink and moved toward where Lucair sat, although watching him with that young man did amuse her for a moment::

Miri Bayani: ::Her gaze swept the room. Her chin was up, her look defiant. But her dusky skin was a shade more pale than normal::

Sherakai: ::He set coins out on the counter and murmured instructions to Asa::

Miri Bayani: ::She found herself a chair, away from the fire. Away from everyone::

Ranu Kishar: ::He finally moves and heads towards the western door to step outside::

The Ashmaker: ::his gaze shifted to Kai and his eyes narrowed slightly, then shifted back to the cobweb again::

Omni Aerpon: ::The woman at the table seemed perfectly happy to watch the men in the tavern::

Dante Voltan: Well enough, mostly working with the shop.

Tristan R Black: ::He nods, making small talk, but watching the goings on out of the corner of an eye::

Passeador Noche: ::she slid onto the booth bench across from Lucair and melded into the shadows::

Tristan R Black: Any idea what's going on? ::quietly to Dante::

Tristan R Black: ::though he has his suspicions::

Sherakai: ::With two cups and a pitcher, he threaded his way to Miri's table, then poured her a drink. His silvery eyes assessed her critically::

Dante Voltan: ::settles down near Tris:: I don't know (s) But thats the Archmage of Thermador I was just speaking to.

Tristan R Black: ::he's seated at the firepit::

Tristan R Black: ::he glances that way and nods to Dante::

Miri Bayani: ::She did not look at Kai, not directly:: Where are the others?

Tristan R Black: ::toward the AM of Thermador, that is::

Ranu Kishar: ::The western door opens again and Ranu holds it open for who is behind him::

Tequin Sundew: ::With timeless grace and the hint of ancient power the Elf strides into the commons.His bright and cold eyes drift over who is already present::

Ranu Kishar: ::The door closes and the Blade takes up his station behind Tequin::

Omni Aerpon: ::Leaning over, he spoke silently to the Seleventi, who stood and strode out::

Sherakai: ::His head lifted and one side of his mouth drew down. He nodded toward the door:: There's the Elf. ::Eyes glimmered slightly as he searched the room, paused on Versaisna::

Tequin Sundew: ::Tequin's tip of his right ear moves just a bit and he directs his steps towards Kai and Miri::

Miri Bayani: Your co-conspirator. ::she sighed::

Dante Voltan: ::eyes narrow:: And the Archmage of Arboria.... ::softly::

Tristan R Black: ::he glances toward Tequin::

Sherakai: ::He just snorted::

The Ashmaker: ::his eyes shifted from watching his consort slide into the shadows to Tequin's entrance, a slight wrinkling of his nose as he watches the elderly elf::

Sherakai: If you'll excuse me a moment?

Dante Voltan: (s) Seems to be a Archmage gathering tonight.

Tristan R Black: That would be my guess.

Miri Bayani: ::She nodded::

Tristan R Black: ::frowns, he looks around for another Ranger and doesn't find one::

Tristan R Black: ::leans to Dante:: Why do you think they are meeting here?

Triad Mage: ::where there was light, there was shadow. And of course, the necromancer loved shadow::

Mortis Sanguin: @ I hope I'm not late. ::the man wrapped tightly in a cloak spoke to himself in a voice scratched with age::

Miri Bayani: ::And picked up the goblet of water to drink it::

Sherakai: ::Cup in hand, he made his way to Tequin's side:: Sir.

Triad Mage: ::and didn't he wish he were tucked in a nice juicy shadow about now::

Dante Voltan: (s) I don't know, might be concerning the magic going messy....or they plan to tear this place down.

Mortis Sanguin: @::a scrawny hand slid from its hiding place within the cloak to pull the cowl lower over his face before reaching to turn the handle on the Western door and allow him entrance to the Tavern::

Sherakai: ::The title was strictly polite, yet managed to carry a hint of mockery:: Did we lose someone?

Tequin Sundew: ::His lips curl up as Kai addresses him:: Cousin. Do I look as if I did?

Sherakai: ::He looked the Elf over, then took a casual drink of his water:: Yes.

Mortis Sanguin: ::stooped shouldered and slightly shuffling, the elderly man made his way across the Tavern toward the counter, all the while making soft apologies to anyone he might bump into along the way::

Tequin Sundew: And who are you referring to Kai?::Cold eyes meet Kai' strange ones::

Triad Mage: @::He certainly was in shadow, watching the goings on outside. A subordinate trying to play cat and mouse ...thinking himself the cat and his prey... oh, his prey was....:

Sherakai: Your Luminian companion. ::His eyes raked the patrons again and straightened a

little more, nostrils flaring as he caught... something.::

Irmaa Vep: ::*the glass pane of the window to the left of the entrance shattered in a cacophony of splintered glass, crunching boards as she came to a crashing halt on top of an empty table:: CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASHHH!!*

Miri Bayani: ::When the water was gone, she poured more from the pitcher.::

Tequin Sundew: ::smiles:: *She will be here, do not worry.*

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu draws his blade and stands before his Archmage in a hurry.::

Irmaa Vep: ::*parts of her robes were burnt from the recently used fireblast she hit her::*

Triad Mage: ::Whoooooooooosh! Following the crashing woman was a fist-sized ball of flame. ::

The Ashmaker: ::his eyes shifted abruptly toward the sound of splintering glass and cracking wood, his attendant leapt to his feet, scimitar halfway unsheathed.::

Omni Aerpon: ::The man and woman left at the table watched the others, the man notably unconcerned over the gathering, until the crash.::

Miri Bayani: ::Water slopped over the table in the confusion, dripped to the floor.::

Omni Aerpon: ::Tamaa was on her feet in an instant, her blade in her hand.::

Irmaa Vep: ::*looking up she took it right in the face, her pale skin, getting a slight redish hue to it as she rolled to her side::*

Miri Bayani: Baron! ::she demanded.::

Tristan R Black: ::he was on his feet in an instant, blade drawn.::

Dante Voltan: ::winces hearing the crash and seeing the fire blaze.::

Tequin Sundew: ::Tequin slowly turns who would use such a grand entrance to stir up the place:

Irmaa Vep: ::*she wiped her chin and sat up grinning at the mage:: Nice shot. My turn.*

Triad Mage: ::and on its heels a violet robed figure, a blur really...of violets... of flaming hands, ready to wrap around her neck.::

Sherakai: ::His hand was on his sword as turned to the commotion, then he slid over between Miri and the ... smoking woman. Familiar-looking smoking woman....: Oh, for crying out loud in a bucket ::he muttered.::

Mortis Sanguin: ::he tried to lift a leg onto a stool, and tried again, and then again before finally shifting upward and settling onto it, the noise behind him not phasing him one bit.::

Tristan R Black: ::He made his way toward Tequin...carefully.::

Irmaa Vep: ::*leaping forward from the ground her hands aimed at the mage's thin throat, as she nearly flew back toward the shattered window.::*

Miri Bayani: What IS this? ::she cried, rising to her feet.::

Tequin Sundew: ::A glance to Kai:: *Should we spoil her fun?*

Triad Mage: ::and behind it all, unnoticed, how could he be...the necromancer spidered in...found a nice juicy shadow.::

Sherakai: We should. We don't want her wasting her ... ah... talents.

Omni Aerpon: ::A wave of the man's hand removed all air from around the flames.::

Dante Voltan: ::mutter, rising and trying to keep clear of the fight:: I really need to stop coming here. This place is becoming a mad house.

Triad Mage: ::But the little cat fire mage found the mouse had turned into a Lion...and suddenly his fire was gone. And...he couldn't breath. ::

Triad Mage: ::gasp.::

Sherakai: ::He set his cup down on the table and gave Miri a thin smile.:: Archmage.

Triad Mage: ::eyes wide as Irmaa flew at him.::

Ranu Kishar: ::Nods to Tristan and lets him approach closer::

Omni Aerpon: ::The air returned::

Irmaa Vep: ::*hauling one hand back she thrust it out toward the man's chest her nails like daggers piercing first his skin, then sinew, bone and into his heart::*

Tristan R Black: ::he returns Ranu's nod and just stands nearby in case he's needed::

Miri Bayani: This...this is what you brought me here for...

Irmaa Vep: ::*she left it there and twisted, a malice filled grin coming to her lips::*

Triad Mage: ::His only defenses now gone... he found himself clutching Irmaa's arm but... gurgle::

Irmaa Vep: ::*and then tossed her head back as she blackened out what remained of his life force::*

Tequin Sundew: I see she does not need us anymore ...pitty...

Irmaa Vep: ::*releasing his innard she let the body slump to the floor as she stood::*

Triad Mage: ::raspgurglechokedeathrattle::

Triad Mage: ::thud::

Mortis Sanguin: ENOUGH! ::the drake's roar shook the entire building, the bottles on the shelves rattled and the wood creaked, although where it came from was...unknown? ::

Irmaa Vep: ::*then carefully wiping her hand on the mage's robes she grinned at those about the tavern:: It's good to be back...*

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu drew one step closer to Tequin::

Dante Voltan: ::slides up beside Tristan:: Well Archmage....why the gathering of titanic powers? ::nonchalantly::

Sherakai: Not really.... ::He quirked a brow at the attention-grabbing yell and smiled:: Thank you.

The Ashmaker: ::one dark brow arched as he watched the very elegant woman snuff out a life before them all, and he smiled slightly:: (vsm) What a woman.

Tristan R Black: ::he merely stands ready, his fingers tightly gripping the pommel of his sword::

Irmaa Vep: ::*milky white eyes glanced about at those gathered as the mage she just disposed of withered into dust, and spiraled up into the air, dispersing as if it were never there::*

Miri Bayani: ::She took a steadying breath::

Sherakai: Very poetic, Irmaa.

Tristan R Black: ::wishing he had brought his bow, he'd take the bitch out, or at least try to::

Triad Mage: ::The necromancer in the shadows sighed. Another one to tick off the list. Did he have to do everything himself?::

Irmaa Vep: ::*a sneer flew Kai's way:: Is there any other way? ::her ears acute as ever::*

Miri Bayani: Irmaa? Wait. There was another claiming that position...

Sherakai: ::His eyes slid from her to the aeromancer:: For you, I doubt it ::He turned back to her:: It seems that your talents could be turned to something a little more ... productive tonight.

Dante Voltan: ::mouth's "Irmaa? Vep? " shuddering a bit::

Irmaa Vep: ::*she brushed back her hair from her face and glanced about the tavern:: It's changed slightly, where is the barmistress?*

Sherakai: She must have heard you were coming.

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu settles down a bit and::

Mortis Sanguin: ::he ordered a drink and slid an ancient coin across the smooth wood of the counter top toward the elderly tender:: (q) My thanks.

Irmaa Vep: *Zharyka is always about. ::she looked to the bar central::*

Sherakai: She's about somewhere else.

Irmaa Vep: *I see. So who runs the establishment then? Perhaps Lan come back from the beyond?*

Sherakai: ::He drew a breath and let it out again carefully:: I should have known better than to hope that *one* item would be wrong...

Tristan R Black: ::he sheathes his sword and steps forward:: I bartend here.

Sherakai: Asa's in charge now. Are you here to help or harass?

Tristan R Black: What would you like? Let me guess. Black kiss?

Irmaa Vep: ::she strode toward the bar proper glancing a moment toward Tequin and then the Shaftile wannabee::

Triad Mage: ::The necromancer laughed, maybe he was heard. Irmaa was so amusing tonight::

Tristan R Black: ::he makes his way around the bar::

The Ashmaker: ::his eyes gazed admiringly at Irmaa while his thoughts undressed her as she strode across the room::

Tristan R Black: ::eyeing the woman with distaste::

Irmaa Vep: ::stopping before Kai, she looked him up and down, then her eyes settled on his:: Who is Asa?

Miri Bayani: You did not mention any of this, Kai.

Tristan R Black: ::thinking maybe he can put some distance between Irmaa and Asa and Abby with himself in between::

Sherakai: ::He lifted his hand to push through his hair -- then remembered he'd braided it tight and settle for giving the tail a yank:: The guy that runs this place now. You did ask.

Mortis Sanguin: ::scrawny, age spotted hands wrapped around a tankard and lifted it up under the cowl of the cloak the man wore as he listened to the screeching of the death witch::

Sherakai: ::He glanced aside to Miri:: Didn't mention what?

Irmaa Vep: *And does he follow the rules of old? Are we still standing on neutral ground? ::her guard ever up:: Or shall I make more examples of the patronage?*

Tequin Sundew: ::muses::I had wondered what it would take to flush your out of hiding Irmaa.

Tristan R Black: ::He watches from behind the bar, apparently ignored::

Tristan R Black: ::maybe a drink isn't what she's after::

Sherakai: We're neutral. Don't get your -- ::His eyes swept her from head to food:: -- bodice in a twist.

Miri Bayani: ::She gestured towards Irmaa:: That. And where is the vivomancer?

Tequin Sundew: She is coming::his voice soft for now::

Tristan R Black: ::ignored or not, he'll stand between Asa and Abby and that woman::

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu nods at Tequin and heads back to the western door::

Irmaa Vep: ::she pursed her lips and grinned at Kai:: My bodice is just fine. ::then glancing to Tristan:: Blackkiss is just fine. Warmed please.

Sherakai: I'm sorry, Miri. She didn't RSVP.

Tristan R Black: As you wish.

Irmaa Vep: ::she made her way toward Tequin then looked back at Tristan:: Put it on the

elf's tab.

Miri Bayani: I see. By all means, have her take her time. My people are undoubtedly preparing for war as we speak, no rush.

Sherakai: ::Yes, that was good. He actually smiled. *Elf's tab....*::

Irmaa Vep: *::sliding up to tequin, she glowered at him:: You smell like trees and earth, bath much?*

Tristan R Black: ::He nods to Irmaa, trying hard to hide his distaste::

Tequin Sundew: Where is your usurper Irmaa? ::a fancy motions of his hand:::What was his name again?

Sherakai: ::He gave a little shake of his head, determined not to rise to that bait again::

The Ashmaker: ::he leaned back in his seat, stretching his legs out in front of him, and cupped his hands behind his head. An odd smile plastered itself on his lips as he watched Irmaa and his thoughts continued::

Irmaa Vep: *Usurper? You mean Fors?*

Tristan R Black: ::he goes about warming the blackkiss, shoing Asa and Abby to the kitchen::

Tequin Sundew: Lost him in the shuffle? Or did the new Black Branch finally snuff him out for you?

Irmaa Vep: *I believe Edail and Ashoken disposed of the little man.*

Miri Bayani: ::She took up her goblet and drank down the contents. Then she moved to the bar::

Tristan R Black: ::watching Tequin from the corner of his eye as he does so::

Tequin Sundew: You have been gone for to long:: snears at her::

Miri Bayani: ::She fixed her gaze on Tristan:: More water, please.

Sherakai: ::Silvery eyes went to the Ashmaker again and he quirked his head::

Mortis Sanguin: ::The cowl turned toward where Miri stood. The front of the cowl lowered as if the owner had nodded in her direction before his raspy voice filled the air:: Problems, young one?

Irmaa Vep: *I was 'indisposed'. ::she shifted her stance, placing her Ironwood staff down at the base of the bar::*

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu once again is so helpful with opening the door for yet another invited guest, not like the partycrashes who have to use the window::

Miri Bayani: Problems? Only being kidnapped and brought here against my will.

Irmaa Vep: *::she thumbed to The ashmaker:: Where si Shaftile, why is THIS one here?*

Tequin Sundew: Of course you were, confined for you. :His eyes drift over to the Ashmaker:: Why do you not ask him yourself?

Tristan R Black: ::He nods to Miri, pouring the warmed Black-Kiss into a snifter and setting it on the counter::

Irmaa Vep: *I would rather have my entrails devoured by Arborian Fireants.*

The Ashmaker: ::hearing *her* name he startled and glanced toward Irmaa before sliding out of his booth and strolling toward her and Tequin, his left hand smoothing out the silk doublet covering his chest::

Tequin Sundew: ::Well, Miri and Anara will get along just fine, both had to go through the same thing::

Sherakai: ::Picking up his cup, he emptied it, then dragged the back of his hand across his

mouth:: Well, this is going swimmingly already...

Tequin Sundew: ::soft teasing voice:: Oh dear Irmaa, say the word and I will have it arranged for you, it be my pleasure.

Irmaa Vep: ::a thin almost sinewy hand reached for the Blackkiss, cupping it then bringing it to her blood-hued lips::

Mortis Sanguin: Ah, then you must be thirsty. ::the cowl dipped forward as if the sage nodded once again::

Tristan R Black: ::he watches Irmaa a moment, in case the drink is not to her liking::

Irmaa Vep: ::looking over the upper rim of the glass she simply smiled than drank of the deadly fluid::

Anara Midiere: ::having come in behind Tequin, quiet and graceful::

The Ashmaker: My sister is in hiding. ::he stopped to lean his hip against an empty chair and crossed his arm over his chest:: You're stuck with me.

Miri Bayani: For water, yes. For *home*.

Irmaa Vep: ::an approving glance toward Tristand as she set the glass back down::

Omni Aerpon: ::He sat and listened to the 'children' play their King of the Mountain game, before getting this thing over with::

Tristan R Black: ::he then goes about pouring Miri her water::

Tequin Sundew: ::He turns and takes Anara's hand into his:: Anara, meet Irmaa Vep.

Irmaa Vep: ::dis-ingeniunous smile toward the ashmaker:: Wonderful...

The Ashmaker: ::a car salesman's smile slid onto his lips:: Yes, I know.

Irmaa Vep: ::and then one of her snowy brows arched as she stared at Anara:: Let me guess, Anna's replacement?

Miri Bayani: In case you had not heard ::to Tristan:: Kidnapped. I was taken, by the Baron here. Remember that, when war comes. Remember whose fault it is.

Sherakai: ::He tipped his head up and mouthed a silent "thank you" to the rafters. Rafters were irreplaceable allies, of course::

Sherakai: You'll go home a hero, Miri. Don't ruin it by starting another little war.

The Ashmaker: (vsm) Even better up close. ::his eyes raked down Irmaa's body admiringly::

Irmaa Vep: So. Four of us here at once. Coincidence? i think not.

Sherakai: All of us here at once. And no coincidence ::his gaze went back to Irmaa:: Except for you.

Tristan R Black: ::he heard just fine and sets Miri's water on the counter::

Irmaa Vep: ::matter-of-factly, not looking at the Ashmaker:: In your dreams.

Anara Midiere: I could feel you from a mile away. ::she looked to Irmaa::

Sherakai: A happy one, I'm sure ::His smile was faint::

LorenSintstrider: The woodsman entered the Crosswinds via the kitchens; stopping briefly to sell a brace of rabbit to the cook. Coming toward the main part of the tavern, he paused, catching a glimpse of two faces he had no desire to interact with :

Miri Bayani: I might go home quietly. If this works. IF that thug of yours turns himself in... ::she took the water and drank some::

Tristan R Black: ::he hears footsteps behind him and glances over his shoulder at Loren, since he is tending bar::

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu is now outside watching the front of the tavern::

The Ashmaker: After tonight, guaranteed. ::smirking smarmily::

Sherakai: You may even thank the thug some day...

LorenSintstrider: :: the Sequin he had no fondness for :: He made a slight quieting gesture to Tristan, inquired softly after a mug of serky ::

Irmaa Vep: ::she slightly shook her head and smiled at Anara:: *I do hope the feeling was unpleasant.*

Omni Aerpon: ::The Seleventi outside is keeping a partial eye on Ranu, and the multitude of guardlings outside.::

Soledaad Rourke: ::The warrior enters through the western door, holding it open::

Irmaa Vep: *So, where is Klacktonakin?*

Tristan R Black: ::he nods to Loren and snags a bottle of serky and a glass and pours::

Mortis Sanguin: Interesting gathering. ::another sip of ale::

Irmaa Vep: ::looking for the brightly colored bird::

Anara Midiere: ::she frowned keeping a healthy distance from irmaa::

Omni Aerpon: ::No birds. But the middle-aged man looked over at Irmaa, declining to answer::

Tristan R Black: ::He hands the glass to Loren::

Renol Duvualt: ::looking delicious in re leathers, he enters::

Sherakai: I believe we're all here. Shall we not put this off any longer? ::Like until someone lost their temper?::

The Ashmaker: The bird was cooked last round. ::he answered Irmaa::

Irmaa Vep: *I see no air, I see no water. What a shame.* ::she reached for the Blackkiss again::

Tristan R Black: ::he warms another in case she wants a second::

Anara Midiere: Please

LorenSintstrider: :: takes the glass, a couple of silvers with a slight nod; the nonverbal equivalent of keep 'em coming while the money lasts ::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she enters behind Renol::

Miri Bayani: The water...is here. ::quietly::

Irmaa Vep: *The bird cooked? A pity. He was the most charming of all of you.*

Soledaad Rourke: ::she frowned as she closed the door::

Tristan R Black: ::he doesn't really want to end up like the other over bad service::

Irmaa Vep: *So, will we be seeing the Seamere wench or is she dead as well?*

Sherakai: Water is here ::he nodded toward Miri:: Air is here ::His gaze shifted to the quiet man::

Miri Bayani: Dead. Slain by the Pirate King, Kili Bashar.

Ciara Deirdre: ::grey eyes look to Soledaad, her own discomfort not showing on her face::

Tristan R Black: ::he watches and listens, if nothing else, it's enlightening::

Irmaa Vep: ::she guffawed at that one:: *Slayed...by...::cackle::...a pirate??!!! How ironic!*

Tristan R Black: ::he'll have plenty of "rumors" for the Rangers in the morning::

Miri Bayani: He has been...punished.

Renol Duvualt: ::softly:: She is supposed to be dead. ::he fumes seeing Irmaa::

Irmaa Vep: *So which family line did the power slip to then? Or did the fish get it? ::grin::*

The Ashmaker: ::he glanced toward the half-lo:: Looks like the fish.

Ciara Deirdre: (s) I know. ::leaning to Renol::

Tequin Sundew: ::Little does Tris know another Ranger is outside with Ranu. Tequin manages to get a drink from Asa while everybody is busy looking each other over::

Miri Bayani: ::The woman smoothed back a few strands of hair, revealing the scales at her temples:: You see what I am. We have taken what is ours by right.

Tristan R Black: ::He hands Loren the bottle of serky and gestures for him to stay behind the bar if he wishes::

Irmaa Vep: ::sniffs the air:: Smells liek a fish.

Miri Bayani: Oceanuus belongs to the Mer, now.

Miri Bayani: Laugh if you wish.

LorenSIntstrider: :: Loren makes a brief sign against evil, seeing the scales on the one woman, then takes the bottle, remaining as he is for the time being ::

Irmaa Vep: *I shall!* ;;tosses back her head and laughs with a shrill like candor::

Tequin Sundew: Oh! ::The old Elf smiles at Irmaa:: I think all are here now ...::His hand with the goblet motions to Renol::

Tristan R Black: ::Asa was shooed to the kitchen by Tristan::

Soledaad Rourke: Let us just get through this, Sister.

Miri Bayani: ::She stiffened and looked to Kai::

The Ashmaker: ::he snorted a soft snicker::

Sherakai: She has no manners.

Ciara Deirdre: ::she nods to Soledaad:: (s) One step at a time.

Sherakai: ::He refilled his cup, took another drink, then set it down again:: Shall we?

Omni Aerpon: ::He stood:: If you are all finished with this banter?

Irmaa Vep: *Well then. I suppose yet again, Irmaa must save your skins. :she drank deeply from the Blackkiss, then placed the glass on the bar, looking toward Tristan:: Oh Bar Boy.*

Soledaad Rourke: ::she moves before Renol, a physical threat::

Tristan R Black: ::he cringes but nods to Irmaa, taking up the glass and immediately refilling it::

Renol Duvualt: ::moving along to the group::

Sherakai: ::His gaze paused for a moment on Renol and he debated:: Evening, Renol.

Tequin Sundew: ::Shake his head at Irmaa::For once we did not need you, we have a fine replacement even for you dear Irmaa.

Tristan R Black: ::he had a refill all ready to go::

Irmaa Vep: ::a serpentine smile crossing her lips as she looked back to Tequin:: You could never replace me dear Tequin.

Anara Midiere: ::she hated that elf but it was nice to see him turn on someone else::

LorenSIntstrider: :: drains the first mug, then refills ::

The Ashmaker: ::his eyes had left Irmaa and moved to Renol and the woman who walked like a warrior approaching him::

LorenSIntstrider: "Tools w' teeth"

Sherakai: Anara ::he greeted::

Tristan R Black: ::looks to Loren:: Pardon?

Renol Duvualt: And yet.. ::holding Ciara's hand:: I am here.

Ciara Deirdre: ::she takes a deep breath and follows Sole and Renol::

Mortis Sanguin: ::sip, listen, sip, listen::

Tequin Sundew: True words, I would miss your presents too much, as nauseating as it can be at times::teases her right back::

Miri Bayani: Wait. Who is the archmage? Is it Renol? Or...this one. ::gesturing towards Irmaa::

Anara Midiere: baron. ::she turned a lovely smile to Kai::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she squeezes his hand:: (s) One step at a time, Renol.

Irmaa Vep: ::glances toward Miri curiously::

Sherakai: And you, Zorrel ::he nodded, weaving a thread through the crowd, urging those he needed to attend to business::

Soledaad Rourke: ::she waited, now behind Renol and Ciara::

Tristan R Black: ::he will have a story for Connor in the morning, at least::

Irmaa Vep: *This one? Are you sense water-logged with the kelp you so adore?*

The Ashmaker: Her. ::pointing at Irmaa:: He's just a poser. ::a nod toward Renol::

Miri Bayani: I don't concern myself too much with the ways of *mainlanders*.

Omni Aerpon: What brilliant ideas have you come up with, baron?

Tristan R Black: ::he offers a hand on the sly to Loren, introducing himself:: Tristan

Sherakai: I'm thinking twisting ears...

LorenSintstrider: :: he regarded Tristan, then leaned in to murmur quietly :: "Tae geos tools hae teeth t'night... mus' rankle 'im tae see."

Irmaa Vep: ::she stood to her full height and stared at Miri:: *I am Irmaa Vep. Archmages of Balthazor, Scourge of the Living. Ruler of the Bone Throne of Malcoven. Mistress of Death. ::she snarled:: Bringer of Disease and Famine.*

Renol Duvualt: And yet you have left that throne.

Irmaa Vep: *And you little sea creature should midn your elders. ::she grasped for her staff:: Or I shall teahc you a lesson liek I did with Elorac.*

LorenSintstrider: He offered a slightly wolfish grin. "Bes' I dinnae mak' much o' m'self t'night sir. An' wi' meet agin under more ... friendly state, then sha' gi' ue' mah nam'n."

Sherakai: ::His mouth tightened slightly:: Irmaa, I have a tiny request.

Tequin Sundew: Yes, disease and famine we need to talk about Irmaa:: a sharp comment from the Elf:: and your hell hounds going after my Elven again...

Irmaa Vep: ::she stopped and looked to Renol:: *A true leader can leave the throne. The throne never leaves the leader.*

Tristan R Black: ::he had a little trouble with the accent, but caught most of it and nodded::

LorenSintstrider: This said, he could not refrain from whispering to Tristan. "Da, th' magi wav their magic dicks about a'ready I see."

Soledaad Rourke: Sister. ::she said softly to Irmaa::

Miri Bayani: ::Her answer cut off by the words of others. She drew in a breath::

Tristan R Black: ::can't help but snicker at Loren's comment::

Mortis Sanguin: ::the cowl'd man turned his head toward the odd language of Loren's before the tankard was slowly lifted beneath the cowl's edge once more::

Tristan R Black: It would seem so. ::He replies::

Irmaa Vep: ::she just stared at them, knowing she was being overdramatic:: Yes?

Sherakai: Could you kindly postpone your lessons and put away your claws for five minutes? ::Five minutes might be really positive thinking::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she bites the inside of her mouth, she understood Loren, but this was NOT the time to laugh::

Irmaa Vep: ::she looked Kai up and down:: For you. ::a smile lit across her lips, hinting at some cruel demise:: Five it is.

Soledaad Rourke: It would be a good time to remember the lessons of the Great Mother and attend to what needs to be attended to.

Sherakai: ::He wiped his hands on his black breeches and moved toward the portal. One outstretched hand brought it snapping and crackling to life.::

The Ashmaker: ::he begin to rap his fingers against the chairback in bored irritation:: (sm) That weaponmaster better get this show on the road before insults change to magic duels.

Tequin Sundew: Learn to control your Undead before you point fingers at your cousins Irmaa Vep! My patience only last so long.

Tristan R Black: ::aside to Loren:: There's gonna be trouble. ::as if that's not stating the obvious::

Renol Duvualt: ::he sits stiffly in his seat::

Anara Midiere: ::she puts a hand to Tequin's arm to perhaps stil him::

LorenSintstrider: He nodded. "Which one dae thin' wi' be 'irst tae cast," he inquired in a murmur back to Tristan.

Irmaa Vep: ::she rolled her eyes aping Tequin...'Blah-blah-blah-blahblabblablah..elves rule...blah'::

Sherakai: Tequin ::Command threaded the tone:: Are you ready?

Ciara Deirdre: ::she stands behind Renol's seat::

Miri Bayani: ::She folded her arms, watching this.::

Tequin Sundew: ::His hand softly touches Anara's before he steps forward and nods to Kai::

Tristan R Black: ::he eyes the scene, sizing it up::

Irmaa Vep: Fine. ::she reached into her robe and withdrew an small object wrapped in a red silk cloth, placing it on the bartop::

Anara Midiere: ::she smiles to Tequin::

BlissNLvjy: ::wandered in the southern door as usual::

Tristan R Black: ::he's standing behind the bar, ready to serve any customers::

The Ashmaker: ::he straightened and tugged at the bottom of his doublet before turning to gaze at the portal to watch what Kai was doing:: (m) It's about flaming time!

Tequin Sundew: ::Time to teach the young ones how it is done, the Elf leans on his staff and the floor starts to rumble under the tavern as he calls fourth the power of the earth::

Anara Midiere: ::it would have troubled her if she realized she was doing that more and more::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she rests one hand on Renol's shoulder::

Irmaa Vep: So. i take it we are all aware of the distateful unpleasantries left by the Time witch and her little grand game?

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu outside does hold on to something::

BlissNLvjy: ::paused at the place being so very busy:: Well.

Sherakai: That is why we're here, Irmaa ::mildly::

Tristan R Black: ::he takes hold of the bar to steady himself and looks to Bliss::

Tristan R Black: ::he waves her over to the bar::

Irmaa Vep: ::rolls her eyes at the earth shaking and overthetoppness of Tequin's magic::
Every time..

The Ashmaker: ::he started to utter a smart aleck retort to Irmaa, but Kai beat him to it::

Tristan R Black: ::and behind it if she so wishes::

BlissNLvjy: Isn't me this time. ::looking at the floor::

Sherakai: The ... Time Witch... has left a stain on the magic -- *all* of the magic. It is our job to remove it.

Tequin Sundew: ;:A low growl, still the soft rumble does not stop, the bartop of the tavern starts to shift and a few glasses get stuck in the wood::

Renol Duvualt: ::he moves to stand with Irmaa::

Irmaa Vep: ::glances to Kai:: *So why are you here? For the ale?*

BlissNLvjy: ::zips over to the bar if only to have something to hang on to for a moment::

Tristan R Black: ::he snags a few glasses so they don't shatter and break::

LorenSIntstrider: :: the woodsman makes sure bottle and glass are well in hand when the theatrics start ::

Sherakai: To see your lovely face and musical voice, Your Grace.

Tristan R Black: ::silently with a gesture of his hand, he waves Bliss behind the bar::

Irmaa Vep: ::she smiled:: *Perhaps I will sacrafice you for my show of magic?*

LorenSIntstrider: "Tae wonder 'ow much o' th' apprentice wi' hae tae pay for th' magicks o' th purported masters."

Omni Aerpon: ::He had moved to the bar and was using one hand to steady himself::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she grabs on to something solid::

Irmaa Vep: ::glances to Renol:: *Have you and understanding of Fors Mishal?*

LorenSIntstrider: He murmured this quietly, but not quite as quietly as his earlier comments. He felt pity for Tequin's assistant tonight.

Mortis Sanguin: ::eyes, hidden by the cloak's cowl, rolled in response to the banter between Irmaa and Kai as well as the grand theatrics by Tequin, then another sip of ale was taken::

Tristan R Black: ::quietly to Bliss:: What can I get you?

Renol Duvualt: I am not one of the ambitious children you have laid to waste over the long years. ::he nods::

Tequin Sundew: Anara ! ::this is a bit more of a command to the young woman when a request::

Irmaa Vep: *Perhaps if you understood history, you would not be so doomed to repeat it. ::a posionous grin tossed his way::*

Soledaad Rourke: ::she quietly prayed that the old rumors were true and Irmaa would not undo all they had done::

Sherakai: ::He gestured to Miri:: Come.

Irmaa Vep: ::coughs:: *Oh Tequin. ::nods toward the object in the red silk cloth:: I think you need that...*

BlissNLvjy: Uhm, I'm fine for the moment....I think.

Ciara Deirdre: ::she looks to Soledaad and takes a deep breath::

The Ashmaker: ::the black skinned man in multi-layered flowing robes moved to Lucair's side just as the fire in the firepit began to blaze higher::

Tristan R Black: Why don't you join us behind the bar? It's safer.

Miri Bayani: ::She came forward towards Kai, but in no hurry::

Tequin Sundew: Would you be so kind and bring it old friend? :: with a bit of a hiss to Irmaa, Tequin sarcastic, never::

Irmaa Vep: ::a talon...err finger reached out and pulled the cloth from the object, revealing the fine silver rune inlaid metal disk::

Miri Bayani: Let us be done with this. ::quietly::

Tristan R Black: ::he'd already seen Vep do away with one person tonight::

Irmaa Vep: Sure. ::she reached out and blithly tossed at at Tequin, the fine metal disk clattering to the floor before the portal:: Whoops...

Soledaad Rourke: ::she knew Irmaa would hear her whisper:: We had to put someone in charge. ::to explain Renol's ascendance::

Tristan R Black: ::He had a feeling things were going to get worse before they got better::

LorenSIntstrider: He drained the second mug of serky, refilled

Irmaa Vep: ::she glanced to Renol, the Soledaad, thinking why not put that idiot Axechucker in charge, anything would be better than this stiff::

Tequin Sundew: Irmaa..about those fireants....would now be a good time?

Sherakai: ::He looked at Irmaa, then down to the object at his feet. Crouching, he touched it lightly::

Mortis Sanguin: ::withered hands settled a near empty tankard on the counter in front of the figure before a lanky finger quirked at Tristan, beckoning::

Anara Midiere: ::her eyes closed, there would be no flash no show of lher power, life was::

Irmaa Vep: ::she blew a kiss at Tequin::

Tequin Sundew: ::catches the kiss out of the air::

Soledaad Rourke: ::she smiled to Irmaa, Renol only appeared to be in charge::

Miri Bayani: What is this? ::following Kai's gaze to the object::

LorenSIntstrider: :: The woodsman's hand moved to his waist, this new development not to his liking ::

Tristan R Black: ::he's going to pull Bliss behind the bar, if she doesn't join him and Loren soon::

Renol Duvualt: ::idiot he might be, but he was a powerful idiot for too much for the youth of his face::

Irmaa Vep: ::she looked at Miri, ah the fish was as bright as her predacessor::

BlissNLvjy: ::slipped over the top of the bar to the other side:: Suppose asking what the blazes is going on would be silly.

The Ashmaker: ::slowly, agonizingly slowly, the fire grew in intensity, brightening the tavern and slowly dispelling the shadows::

Sherakai: ::Light danced along his finger as he touched the disk. It was divided into seven separate sections, each carved with a rune. One of them flared brightly when he touched it and he sat up in surprise, then

Tristan R Black: Archmages. ::that's all the explanation he gives::

Sherakai: looked assessingly at Irmaa.::

Irmaa Vep: ::coughs:: <m>

Shaftywouldhavedonebetterthenthatfireboyatleastshewouldhavelookedsexydoing

LorenSIntstrider: "Th' magi 'r wavin' their bits about an talkin about time."

Mortis Sanguin: ::yet again that lean, bony finger quirked at Tristan, beckoning, while a scratchy voice called from beneath the cowl:: Refill?

BlissNLvjy: Yes, I recognize some of them.

Irmaa Vep: ...it

Ciara Deirdre: ::as she watches Renol facing off with Irmaa, there's more than worry on her features, her composed expression had slipped::

Tristan R Black: ::he looks to Mortis:: Of course. What are you drinking?

The Ashmaker: ::Lucair's attendant began to break out in a sweat while Lucair merely arched a brow at Irmaa then winked::

Renol Duvualt: ::he added his own touch with the leylines to Irmaa's, the scuable could indeed wait::

Tristan R Black: ::trying to hide his distate for Mortis, as much as his distate for Vep::

Irmaa Vep: ::milky white eyes stared blankly back at Lucair::

Sherakai: ::He picked the disk up cautiously and held it in the palm of his hand:: Touch it ::he said to Miri. The section he'd lit still glowed::

Omni Aerpon: If someone would explain this ... thing to me?

Renol Duvualt: ::Ciara's presence allowing him to focus more::

Mortis Sanguin: Ale. ::the aged hand motioned to the near empty tankard sitting before him upon the counter, his back still to the goings on within the tavern::

Sherakai: ::He gestured Zorrel closer::

Miri Bayani: ::Her look was eloquent: *trust you?* Still, after a beat she extended her hand, and touched::

Triad Mage: ::the shadows stirred, a soft swirl. They seemed to lean in toward the gathering::

Irmaa Vep: ::has not added anything of her power to this ..so far, glancing at Renol::

Anara Midiere: ::she gestures to the ones at the bar, a warmth sweeping over each one as she wards them as best she can from what might occur::

Omni Aerpon: ::He eyed Kai, not approaching:: I'm waiting.

Tristan R Black: ::he's not quite sure what or who Mortis is and doesn't ask, but he does refill his tankard of ale::

Renol Duvualt: ::obsidian eyes lock to Irmaa's, a presence she might just know::

Tristan R Black: ((Sorry, but I have to go!))

BlissNLvjy: (s)Once again I pick the wrong night to come out for a cup of tea.

The Ashmaker: ::is allowing his attendant to expel his powers so far, he moves closer to the portal and the disk::

Mortis Sanguin: ::he slides an ancient coin to Tristan and the cowl bobs in a nod of thanks::

LorenSIntstrider: (vs) Oh, nae ... tae be plenty o' tea about..

Irmaa Vep: ::stares back:: Cat got your tongue. ::knowing JC would hear that::

Tequin Sundew: ::Tequin himself finally leans in and touches the object::

Anara Midiere: ::anara's own power added behind Tequin's::

Tequin Sundew: ::one section of it starts to glow::

The Ashmaker: ::he reached and pressed a finger against the object, then ran it delicately around the side until he found the part that lit up at his touch::

Tristan R Black: ::he scoops up the coin and tags Asa to take over the bar::

Anara Midiere: ::her delicate fingers touching the disk::

BlissNLvjy: ::points at Irmaa:: That one is supposed to be dead. ::blinks:: Okay, uhm, destroyed would be a better word.

LorenSIntstrider: "Bes nae t' thin' about it, na?"

Irmaa Vep: ::she reached for her glass of Blackkiss and drank it down with one long gulp::

Miri Bayani: Do you truly know what it is we are doing? ::quietly to Kai, and to the others standing by::

Tristan R Black: ::slipping back into the kitchen to check on Abby and then outside to "chat" with Ranu::

Sherakai: It's keyed in to each of our magicks ::he murmured:: Think Irmaa's will suck in the light?

Soledaad Rourke: ::she nodded to Irmaa::

Mortis Sanguin: ::the tankard lifts beneath the cowl from time to time as the figure waits::

Omni Aerpon: I asked, in case you have trouble hearing. What is it? ::He looked at the thing but refused to touch it::

Irmaa Vep: ::placing it down on the bar she then quickly struck her hand out at one of the drunkards at the bar, startling him from his ale:: <drunkard> Wahtt!

Ciara Deirdre: ::she takes a few steps backward::

LorenSIntstrider: The woodsman crossed from behind the bar to the stairs, moving up a number of them, then turning and sitting down to observe ::

Omni Aerpon: And gives another a touch of our power? What do you know?

Irmaa Vep: ::with strength quite powerful for her slight frame, she drug the drunkard across the bar toward the disk near the portalm toppling a few chairs and a table on the way::

LorenSIntstrider: :: this, incidentally, made him near invisible from the main doors ::

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu and another Ranger::

Sherakai: ::He looked at Irmaa, at the glowing and sputtering portal, then back to the disk, slowly shaking his head:: Magic. Wards. A key...

Irmaa Vep: ::slamming the man into the floor near the disk one hand on his chest then another finger slightly touch the disk, she smiled::

Sherakai: ::He looked at Tequin, who was oldest and understood metals far better than he:: A container?

Miri Bayani: ::She flinched, a look of distaste spreading across her features::

Mortis Sanguin: ::shook his head, muttering softly:: Pity the fool...

Miri Bayani: Trickery...

Sherakai: Irmaa! Will you please stop? ::His frown was thunderous::

Irmaa Vep: Such is the cycle of life. ::the man screamed as his life essence flowed from him and into the disk, her white skin taking on a reddish hue as she did the dead::

Tequin Sundew: ::Nods his head slowly:: Get the rest of them here now !

Omni Aerpon: And does this witch hold the container? ::Stepping back::

Anara Midiere: ::she began to sweat, it was her own lifeforce into the isk and she was starting to find it hard to stand::

The Ashmaker: Do you people not ever listen to prophecies?

Sherakai: ::He suppressed a grimace of revulsion, then held the disk out to Zorrel.: We're lacking aeromancy, and I'd say no.

Irmaa Vep: ::then releasing the husk of a drunkard, as ebon fibers slunk across her fingers into the disk::

Renol Duvualt: ::shadows draw around him and flow towards Irmaa, maybe?::

Tequin Sundew: She is what she is :: His eyes on Irmaa: What do you expect:: to the younger Archmages::

Irmaa Vep: ::she snorted and then released her touch from the disk:: That was simple.

Sherakai: For you ::He doubted the dead man would agree::

The Ashmaker: ::Lucair's assistant began to tremble and waver while sweat poured down his body from exertion::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she looks to Soledaad:: (s) The spirits have gone mad in here.

Soledaad Rourke: There is much to be mad over.

LorenSIntstrider: "Such p'wer claimed ... but mus' still kill a mon tae make it glow. Sad."

Sherakai: Zorrel. Come.

Omni Aerpon: ::He would kill himself before giving her his power, which he could easily do later. He touched the disc, with great trepidation::

Irmaa Vep: :: no one most likely knew the dead drunkard, but did it really matter? The needs of the many outweighing the needs of the few::

BlissNLvjy: (s)Still the great party wench of memory.

Ciara Deirdre: (s) Quite so, Sister.

Miri Bayani: Kai. Is this part of your plan? This? ::looking at the disk::

Triad Mage: ::a voice at Irmaa's ear, a whispered rasp:: Lovely lovely Irmaa.

Sherakai: No, it wasn't, but it ... feels right ::That was really reassuring, he knew. He tossed another look at Irmaa and shook his head as he set the disk down on the floor::

LorenSIntstrider: "Tools twisted."

Renol Duvualt: ::her knees threaten to buckle over and over::

Anara Midiere: ::or rather HER knees::

Irmaa Vep: ::she smiled hearing the voice:: Jean claude, how joyous, you are here. ::was that joy, or seething with falsenities::

The Ashmaker: ::his assistant crumples to the floor unconscious::

Miri Bayani: Tell us what you would have us do. ::she insisted::

Tequin Sundew: ::Tequin leans on his staff and looks over to Irmaa::

Sherakai: ::He glanced around the assembled AMs and drew a breath.: Now, then. Now we pull the tainted magic from the ley lines and into this ::he pointed with one hand and lifted his other to the portal. As he did, it

Irmaa Vep: ::watches all the bodies fall to the floor:: Silly Magi, using their own energy to power the dmanable device. Will they never learn? ::almost to the air it seemed she was talking::

Omni Aerpon: ::He gave a sharp whistle, summoning the Selevanti outside::

LorenSIntstrider: :: Seeing Anara nearly topple, he frowned ... then another of the assistants as well ::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she closes her eyes and steadies herself with a chair::

LorenSIntstrider: He rose to his feet, cursing under his breath.

Triad Mage: ::Had to be to the air...no one around to whisper in Irmaa's ear:: I was not invited. I am not please.

Sherakai: cracked and spat. He turned his head away as light streamed at him... and through the hand aimed at the disk on the floor. His head cocked as though he heard something::

Triad Mage: ::nor was he pleased::

Ranu Kishar: ::Through the western door a Geomancer enters and slowly walks towards the portal::

LorenSIntstrider: :: **The woodsman looks at the new arrival ... to be certain ::**

Irmaa Vep: ::to the air again:: *You expected to be invited? Neither was Auranz.*

Tequin Sundew: ::Curls his finger, not his first choice, his Ambassador was not with him tonight::

The Ashmaker: ::he heaved a sigh, he'd hoped that assistant would have lasted longer, alas! He followed Kai's lead and pointed one hand at the portal and the other at the disk::

Triad Mage: ::was that a hiss? So much disdain:: Why should he be? The coward.

Irmaa Vep: ::glances to Kai:: *Must I?*

Miri Bayani: ::The S'oshan archmagess knelt near the disk, closing her eyes. ::

Sherakai: ::The animantic section glowed more fiercely as energy poured into it. His eyes, too, were white, painful to look at:: Yes ::he murmured::

Anara Midiere: ::yet she stood, lone, looking delicate, physically the opposite of her power::

Tequin Sundew: ::Tequin follows suit and leans back, a moment later his energy joins the other and his assistance doubles over on the floor as the ground once again shakes under the tavern::

Omni Aerpon: ::The feathered one picked up Zorrel and held him as he copied the others::

LorenSIntstrider: :: **He moved down the stairs slowly, carefully, minding the footing and a good thing as the shaking resumed ::**

BlissNLvjy: ::glad she isn't old Tequin's assistant::

Miri Bayani: ::A mist gathered in the air. Water began to drip down the windows::

Irmaa Vep: *Bah. ::she sauntered over toward the disk and waved her hand disdainfully toward the portal, a thin tiny sickening beam of darkness and green light arching toward the portal::*

Miri Bayani: ::Having been taken from Oceanus by force, she didn't have the luxury of an assistant...::

LorenSIntstrider: "Corruption. Abomination." **He muttered the words under his breath.**

Sherakai: ::Shadows competed with sparks in the energy he was drawing. Frail forms peeled away from the portal and dashed around the room, sending up a sudden shriek of unearthly voices::

Irmaa Vep: ::she closed her eyes as he skin began to darken and drain::

The Ashmaker: ::fire began to stream out of the portal into Lucair's left hand and through him then out of his right hand into the disk, an obsidian stone hanging upon a chain around his neck began to glow slightly, winking at Irmaa::

Soledaad Rourke: ::she watches Anara a moment, the others all seemed to have some form of support::

Triad Mage: Fascinating...

LorenSIntstrider: :: he moved longways toward the gathering ::

Irmaa Vep: ::her hair wilted and flattened as the skin about her body collapsed into itself, her frame quickly resembling a drained husk::

Mortis Sanguin: ::the elderly man tipped the ale back and his cowl slid from his head as he downed it all in a few swallows then his body shifted off the stool and he moved toward Lucair::

Miri Bayani: ::Her frame seemed to shrink as she doubled forward. Her forehead rested against the ground. And a gentle rain began to fall in the tavern::

Irmaa Vep: ::coughs:: Can we get this over with...::her voice raspy and hoarse now::

Anara Midiere: ::she drew in a deep breath and pulled the corruption from the ley lines she touched so constantly::

Irmaa Vep: ::now getting wet:: Great.

Ciara Deirdre: ::she takes slow deep breaths and her grey eyes move to Renol::

Mortis Sanguin: ::a gnarled hand lifted to rest upon Lucair's shoulder::

Renol Duvualt: ::the tendril of power he feeds to Irmaa does not waver::

Irmaa Vep: ::she glances to Renol:: come here and make yourself usefull stripling.

Triad Mage: Do you know what this smells like? ::the voice rasped in Irmaa's ear, careless of her physical condition::

LorenSIntstrider: :: His eyes watched Sequin's new assistant ::

Irmaa Vep: ::to the air:: Miles's Socks?

Renol Duvualt: ::he steps closer to Irmaa, knowing proximity increases her pull on his power::

The Ashmaker: ::startled he looked over at the elderly man then smiled slightly and began to concentrate harder on the task at hand, fire pouring through him and into the disk::

Triad Mage: ::laughter:: Somewhat, but no...It smells like ... the Master.

Tequin Sundew: ::His staff comes down one more time and the green light keeps a steady arch towards the portal while his Geomancer cowers on the floor::

Irmaa Vep: ::She grinned her talon...err hand darting out to grasp Renol's wrist::

Anara Midiere: ::her pale skin takes on a sickly glow::

Irmaa Vep: ::to the air:: speak not his name idiot

LorenSIntstrider: :: that draws the woodsman's interest and concern ... he begins to move closer, barely aware he is doing so ::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she starts waving her arm to shoo something away that can't be seen by most:: (s) Not now..

Renol Duvualt: ::he snarls at Irmaa as she takes his wrist, the pair of them far too pale, the look in his eyes a mixture of primal instincts::

Miri Bayani: ::The fire in the hearth hissed as rain fell on it::

Omni Aerpon: ::A multitude of dust devils seemed to play about the room, knocking over things not already destroyed::

BlissNLvjy: ::yup, hiding behind the bar was probably a good idea with all this power flying around::

Anara Midiere: ::she lowers her head as her lovely skin even yellows almost a jaundiced look::

Irmaa Vep: ::she pulls his wrist up painfully and then bites into it ravenously, blood splying

across both their robes as she pulls from his essence::

Sherakai: ::Spirits whistled and shrieked past him and he bowed his head, struggling powerfully. Moments, and then he was down on his knees, his face drenched in sweat that glistened in the wild light.::

Dante Voltan: ::thats what he'd been doin the whole time::

Tequin Sundew: ::Chair started to change shape and some bottle sprung a leak::

Dante Voltan: ::drinking ale and trying not to get blown to bits::

Renol Duvualt: ::the dasp he makes is far from pain, his other hand gripping Ciara's hand tightly::

LorenSIntstrider: **He reaches into one of his pouches ... pulling out a small vial of smelling salts.**

Triad Mage: Why do you give me such opportunities? So easy to take it all for him....:wistful, the voice at Irmaa's ear::

Omni Aerpon: ::Asa quits, refusing to clean up after this mess::

The Ashmaker: ::his arms wavered, his legs shook, it was by sheer force of will he stayed standing::

XRemembranceX: ::As they labored, something slowly built in the air, like a charge....::

Irmaa Vep: ::*she spat out the wrist, the blood having filled some of her husk like skin with enough essence to speak again:: Only a fool...*

Ciara Deirdre: ::she closes her hand around Renol's and brings his to her lips::

LorenSIntstrider: **He reached out his arm with the vial, but then it slipped from his grasp ... something in his mind felt queer as his hooves struck the tavenr floor**

Tequin Sundew: ::Tequin leans on his staff, stubbornness and will keep him upright while his assistance is on the floor almost drained::

XRemembranceX: ::And then CRACK....more a force than a sound, as the vessel filled to capacity.::

Triad Mage: Only a fool would gather all the players and weaken them to kittenhood?

Anara Midiere: ::dark trails appear on the sides of her neck::

LorenSIntstrider: :: **he sniffed the air instinctively, his tuft tail twitching in the breeze ... leapt at the sound of shattering glass as the smelling salt vial broke on the cobbles ;;**

XRemembranceX: ::It split apart violently, into seven pieces.::

Irmaa Vep: *The cat calling us kittens. ::to the air:: How droll.*

Soledaad Rourke: ::shadows swirled around him, caressing him::

Sherakai: ::The portal popped, flickered, then shuddered back to its normal quiet state::

The Ashmaker: ::he stumbled, then fell to one knee as the vessel filled to almost overflowing::

LorenSIntstrider: :: **the stench of humans and elves all around ... and weapons and blood and death ::**

Sherakai: ::Kai shook his head slowly, then tipped over onto all fours.::

Ciara Deirdre: (s) Fight... ::her voice soft to hide the fact that it's weakening::

Miri Bayani: ::The rain abruptly ceased. The archmagess went still, with a sigh.::

LorenSIntstrider: :: **panic flooded as he sought a path to safety ... nearly trampling over Anara with his hooves as he bolted ::**

Irmaa Vep: ::*she laughed, as a darkness gathered about her feet, her body quickly filling*

back up out of a husklike state::

Sherakai: ::The spirits whirling around the room stopped suddenly seemed to drift away::

Triad Mage: Lucky none of you have what I crave...

Tequin Sundew: ::The earth stills and he leans over his staff for a moment, the other geomancer stills::

Anara Midiere: ::she stood for a moment, blood coming from the corners of her eyes, her nose, her ears::

Irmaa Vep: ::*Irmaa fell to her knees for nothing::*

Triad Mage: ::Just for JC's amusement::

Renol Duvualt: ::and there he was like he had not been drianed::

Mortis Sanguin: ::the elderly man gave Lucair's shoulder a soft squeeze, then turning gave a slight nod to Irmaa and moved back toward the counter to retake his seat and look about for a tender::

Irmaa Vep: ::*her eyes darted to the shadows concealing JC:: Out out damn spot!*

Omni Aerpon: ::Zorrel fell unconcious, his breathing was questionable::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she squeezes Renol's hand. she just nods to him::

Miri Bayani: ::Slowly, slowly she straightened up and looked about, blearily::

Triad Mage: Come to me darling...::cat eyes reflected green in the shadows::

Irmaa Vep: ::*she brushed her hair back and looked at Renol and Ciara:: You have my thanks. ::matter-of-factly::*

Sherakai: ::He struggled to stay in this reality, focusing on a droplet of sweat as it fell from the tip of his nose to the floor. It splashed on the wood next to one of the pieces of the disk::

Soledaad Rourke: ::she looks to Irmaa, wondering::

Irmaa Vep: ::*her palor now losing the blush tint and going back to its usual whiteness::*

LorenSIntstrider: :: the deer that had been the woodsman twisted and bucked, then charged, shoulder checking Tequin and sending the oh-so-dignified elf flying in his passage

Miri Bayani: ::Her focus went to the portal:: Is it...?

The Ashmaker: ::he retrieved a handkerchief from his pocket and began to wipe away the sweat at his brow with a shaking hand::

Anara Midiere: ::she swayed to the left::

Anara Midiere: ::she swayed to the right::

Irmaa Vep: ::*and then a casual glance to Soledaad:: and you as well.*

Tequin Sundew: ::Tequin, gets pushed to the side and his staff hits the floor with a loud bang!::

BlissNLvjy: (vs)Nope, didn't just see that.

Soledaad Rourke: ::she bows:: Sister, you are welcome.

Sherakai: ::He swore softly as -- a deer? -- ran and trampled and -- how did a deer get in here?::

LorenSIntstrider: :: he reared back, front hooves slamming into the door that led out of the Tavern; on the third 'kick', the door flew open and the deer fled out; blinded by the sudden change in lighting ::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she was trying to stay on her feet, leaning on Renol a bit::

Anara Midiere: ::she crumples to a heap on the floor::

Tequin Sundew: ::Tequin swore under his breath and reaches over to collect his staff::

Miri Bayani: Kai.

Irmaa Vep: *How fitting. ::looking at the felled Tequin::*

Tequin Sundew: ants

Irmaa Vep: *Struck down by a doe. ::she chuckled::*

The Ashmaker: ::he shuffled back as well as a man on one knee could as the Luminian arch-magess hit the floor next to him::

LorenSintstrider: @ :: again panic set it - the deer could not see to know predators, and bowled forth seeking freedom - unfortunately, in its blindness, what it ran into was a tall Ranu-shaped Elvenblade ... whom it then proceeded to run right over

Sherakai: Yes, Miri ::his ears were ringing and everyone's voice sounded very strange::

LorenSintstrider: as it caught the smell of metal and oil on the man ::

Omni Aerpon: ::The Seleventi stood, Zorrel in his arms. He spoke to the woman in Seleventi, and walked out::

Renol Duvualt: ::he looks to Ciara, wanting to now challenge Irmaa::

Miri Bayani: What do you feel? ::she whispered. Her throat felt so dry::

Ranu Kishar: @::Not so happy about this and what the bloody ...is a deer doing here ! ::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she nods and leans to speak softly to Renol::

Sherakai: ::With an effort, he lowered himself into a cross-legged position and reached for one of the disk segments:: All stretched out. You?

Triad Mage: ::The necromancer stepped free of the shadows::

The Ashmaker: ::he looked about to see if anyone else was going to help the woman::

Miri Bayani: No, not that. The magic, do you feel it? ::She saw what he was doing, and mirrored his movement, reaching for a segment::

Triad Mage: ::with hands hidden in the sleeves of his dark robes and slowly made his way to the portal::

Sherakai: ::His head canted curiously and he moved his hand over the remaining pieces, paused, then closed over one::

The Ashmaker: ::he then reached and waved a palm in front of her face::

Sherakai: I'm not sure ::he swallowed::

Soledaad Rourke: ::seeing the whisper, she shakes her head::

Sherakai: ::The talisman was warm in his hand, almost too hot to hold::

Triad Mage: ::but already, he could feel it and he mumbled arcane words with each step::

Sherakai: ::Lifting his head, he closed his eyes and warily reached for the magic::

The Ashmaker: The Arch-Magess of Balthazor killed the Arch-Magess of Luminii... ::he spoke softly, accusingly::

Anara Midiere: ::there was no response from Anara::

LorenSintstrider: @ :: a familiar scent, and the deer loped away, east-southeast ... toward the only protection it knew - the woods ::

Miri Bayani: The pieces. ::She reached for another, but then snapped back her hand as if repelled by it::

Tequin Sundew: ::His hand strikes the portal::

Irmaa Vep: ::she laughed looking at Lucair, as she waked over to the other discarded pieces::

Sherakai: ::His head turned slowly toward Versailles, then toward Anara. One questing ribbon of essence stretched out toward the Vivomancer::

Triad Mage: ::He paused and looked over, eyes narrowed sharply on Anara. How he missed Annabella.::

The Ashmaker: ::oh what the heck, he leaned his head against her chest to check for a heartbeat, he really was only checking for that, really!::

Miri Bayani: ::Sure, that's what he was doing.::

Anara Midiere: ::she was weakened, she had done this alone, but she was alive.::

Triad Mage: ::and then he began to laugh, shoulders shaking with mirth...the fire popped, crackled... candlelight lfuttered.::

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu steps back inside, a elven female at his side.::

Irmaa Vep: ::she reached down, picking up the blacken piece, obviously meant for her.:: *I could never kill that which cannot be kill. Idiot. Even Shaftile knows that.* ::egging him on.::

Miri Bayani: The pieces. I can only take one of them.

Irmaa Vep: ::she waved the blacken part of the Avon Mered toward JC.:: *Shiny toy.*

The Ashmaker: Not that you wouldn't try. She's not dead. ::he leaned back again, wiping his handkerchief against his cheek and ear as if he were tainted by touching Anara.::

Tequin Sundew: ::Now once again on his feet he looks at Kai.::

Irmaa Vep: ::glancing to Anara.:: *Darn...*

Triad Mage: ::the laughter stopped. His gaze followed the shiney toy....: Oooo pretty.

Tequin Sundew: Arboria next.

Miri Bayani: ::And take it she did, clutching it close as she staggered to her feet.:: Are we done here? ::she rasped.::

Triad Mage: ::he moved toward Irmaa.::

The Ashmaker: ::he then glanced at the pieces of the disk the others were picking up.:: Trophies. I like trophies.

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu walks up behind the Ashmaker and places his strong hand on his shoulder.::Let me.

Irmaa Vep: ::she tucked it deftly within her robes and winked at the mad one.::

Sherakai: I noticed ::he said in an aside to Miri.:: I could only pick up this one...

Anara Midiere: ::already the pale alabaster perfecting was slowly returning to her skin.::

The Ashmaker: ::He reached for the disk nearest him then jerked his hand back and decided to try another that seemed to "call" to him.::

Triad Mage: Not even going to let me hold it? ::sighing as he loomed over Ms. Vep.::

Miri Bayani: Will you let me go, now? ::She looked at Kai.::

The Ashmaker: ::he looked up at Ranu, then followed the man's arm down to his shoulder and back up again.:: I'd suggest you remove that.

Irmaa Vep: ::she shook her head and stared over at Renol.:: *<w> That one is not to be trusted. Beware, he could seek what you ahve as well.*

Mordred Anubis: @ ::The horses shifted uneasy in the dark outside the tavern. Staff held within a dark hand as the three riders merely watched the tavern.::

Ranu Kishar: :Ranu gives him a look and steps back before he kneels down and craddles Anara in his arms before he carefully lifts her off the floor.::

Triad Mage: ::more laughter.:: No one can have what I have.

Irmaa Vep: ::she smiled up at the cat-like eyes, she only being about 5 feet.::

Triad Mage: ::He kills them all.::

Sherakai: I was never keeping you ::He turned his weary gaze to her:: You are welcome, though, to stay another night and rest.

BlissNLvjy: ::straightens her stance behind the bar::

Tequin Sundew: Do not dare to touch him :: Tequins cold and demanding voice addresses the Ashmaker::

Irmaa Vep: *So. How is the fox and the bear?*

Renol Duvualt: ::he seems very assured, as he meets Irmaa's gaze::

Miri Bayani: *You took me, though.*

The Ashmaker: ::he regained his feet and stared at Tequin:: I do not need to touch him. He would do well to remember not to touch me.

Anara Midiere: ::she lay quite unlady like on the floor::

Triad Mage: ::the necromancer took a gander at this Renol fellow:: They send their best wishes.

Tequin Sundew: So move out of his way young one.

Irmaa Vep: ::then noticing earth and fire fight:: *Oh, look a fight!*

Sherakai: Because you were needed.

Soledaad Rourke: (m) Damn children.

Triad Mage: ::a skeletal hand out, caressing the air around Irmaa's shoulder... and then .. a fight?::

The Ashmaker: There's plenty of room for him to walk around.

Ciara Deirdre: ::her grip on Renol's hand begins to loosen::

Sherakai: ::He moved himself along on the floor, away from the portal -- which seemed to actually look pretty now::

LorenSIntstrider: @ :: **Trees! Glorious trees and shade and running water ::**

Tequin Sundew: ::He stands strong and looks at death, both of them, Irmaa and Renol:: Which one of you has my Ambassador?

Irmaa Vep: *50 fire rubies on the elf. ::to JC::*

Tequin Sundew: Or was it you ::eyes drift back to the Ashmaker::

Renol Duvualt: ::oh he was more than met the eyes, surely Irmaa had felt it::

Irmaa Vep: :: no emotion on her face:: *Your ambassador?*

Sherakai: But take it outside ::he waved his hand at the contentious ones:: Fates, my head hurts...

Triad Mage: That's no bet. Earth has ever been stronger than fire.

Irmaa Vep: ::points to JC:: *Maybe he took him?*

Miri Bayani: It wasn't your decision to make. ::She stared at him:: But I will stay. One more night, so long as you will send word along to my people.

LorenSIntstrider: @ :: ... was that a stag? ::

Tequin Sundew: He does not have the wits :to JC::

Soledaad Rourke: I would start with that one. ::she points to the hunter::

Ciara Deirdre: ::she looks to Tequin:: Elenari is not in Renol's keeping, Your Grace. ::she was acquainted with said ambassador::

Triad Mage: ::Looking up his sleeve and then staring right at Tequin::

Sherakai: As many words as you like. And you were offered a choice. You chose to refuse.

Irmaa Vep: ::stifles a laugh::

The Ashmaker: Bah. ::he stowed his portion of the disk inside his doublet and strolled into the fire, in a flash of flame he was gone::

BlissNLvjy: You'd think they'd be too worn out to fight. ::shakes her head::

Triad Mage: You take care, mudpup.

Irmaa Vep: *I hate Lucair, he does not have the wit of his sister. She was always so fiesty. ::grins::*

Triad Mage: ::a pleasant smile::

Miri Bayani: Take care, *Baron*. ::She pointed:: Baron-mage. My full abilities are back.

BlissNLvjy: ::peers over the bar:: Need anything, Kai?

Ranu Kishar: ::Ranu cradles Anara and moves towards the portal::

Sherakai: A drink and a pie, Bliss, would be heaven.

Anara Midiere: ::she groans, but does not stir::

BlissNLvjy: Milk?

Irmaa Vep: *Now where were we? ::to one who knew her she looked fine, to others the exhaustion was hidden but apparent::*

BlissNLvjy: ::turning to poke her head in the kitchen in search of a pie::

Mortis Sanguin: ::the elderly man struggled once again to slide down off his stool then shuffled toward the southern door::

Irmaa Vep: ::her eyes settled on Renol and his plaything whore::

Sherakai: Milk ::He nodded::

Tequin Sundew: You ::points at Renold and Irmaa : will answer to me soon enough.. you will control your undead...

Irmaa Vep: *It seems you have a claim to settle?*

Triad Mage: Come with me, Irmaa. The Fox will be pleased to see you.

Soledaad Rourke: The hunter, Your Grace, the hunter who wanted her away from you.

Irmaa Vep: ::she grasped her Ironwood staff and held it firmly::

Sherakai: Does that mean you're ready for a game of Hooeyball, Your Grace? ::he turned a musing look on Miri::

BlissNLvjy: ::she set a mug of milk along side a berry pie...and a fork::

Anara Midiere: to claim it:

Tequin Sundew: ::motions to Ranu to take Anara towards the portal: Baron ::this to Kai:::pleasure..

Miri Bayani: ::She stared coldly at Kai:: Evil man.

Renol Duvualt: You know where to find me. ::as if she was the one who had to challenge::

Renol Duvualt: ::leading Ciara to the portal::

Mortis Sanguin: @ ::the sound of wings filled the air for a moment then the night was still once more:: (qm) Good work.

Sherakai: ::He pushed himself to his feet, and stabbed Tequin's narrow chest:: Let me tell you one thing, old Elf.

BlissNLvjy: There is a difference between evil and desperate, Miss.

Tequin Sundew: ::His brow arches just a bit ::

Triad Mage: ::grumbling to himself:: Once I inspired fear, now I'm insulted?

Irmaa Vep: ::she laughed:: *A coward at heart. You would be akin to fighting traveling luggage.*

Ranu Kishar: :Kai should be thankful he had his hands full::

Ciara Deirdre: ::that gaze seems to have caused Ciara crumple::

Sherakai: You have until morning to be gone. I've had quite enough of your meddling.

Miri Bayani: A very small difference. And it depends on which side you view it from.

Irmaa Vep: *::she glanced to JC:: Seems you might want to do soemthign about that?*

BlissNLvjy: You've been minorly inconvenienced for the good of all peoples, what other view is important?

Tequin Sundew: *::Tequin removes Kai's finger from his body:: We are leaving tonight, you do not have my Ambassador back in two days I will send Blades through that portal.*

Sherakai: You leave my garden, my walls, my home, my roads, trees, paths, pools and flaming weeds alone and do not again insult me by assuming that you know me better than I do.

Miri Bayani: Minor. Who are you?

Triad Mage: There's so much to do...

Irmaa Vep: *::motions to Kai and Teq:: This should be good.*

Tequin Sundew: Ranu?

LorenSIntstrider: @ **:: heads deeper into the woods, unknowingly toward the border east ::**

Ranu Kishar: Your Grace: his arms full with Anara::

Ciara Deirdre: *::her fingers unlace from Renol's as they go through the portal::*

Tequin Sundew: *Except our expanded towers as my gift, you think to small Kai:: he calls on the portal::*

BlissNLvjy: Bliss. *::grins:: One of the peoples.*

Sherakai: You threaten me with your Blades and you'll be -- *::he paused and smiled wickedly:: -- surprised.*

Anara Midiere: *::another groan::*

Triad Mage: He should be wielding the air.

XRemembranceX: @ *::The stag followed after the doe, interested.::*

Sherakai: *::Now, where was that pie and milk? He looked around, suddenly ravenous.::*

Tequin Sundew: *::the portal stirs:: Until the calling Baron:: snips at him and before he steps through:: we see what you are made off.*

Triad Mage: So much hot air...stifling... *::wavings hands in front of him to clear the place::*

Miri Bayani: Bliss. *::She began a response and cut it off. Began again.:: Then you are welcome. ::She turned towards the door.::*

Ranu Kishar: *::Follows behind, Anara firm in his arms.::*

Irmaa Vep: *Oh, Tew threatening Blades, and Kai scoffing at it. I bet Kai would not scoff if it were a 'certain' Blade.*

BlissNLvjy: Good bye Archmage Tequin. *::not sorry to see him go.::*

Soledaad Rourke: *::she shook her head.::*

Miri Bayani: I will be at the Keep, Kai.

Triad Mage: Everything's cracked. Eggshells everywhere and people stepping all over them.

Sherakai: And which Blade would that be? *::he growled at Irmaa.::*

Irmaa Vep: *::she sat in one of the chairs, the tiredness showing in her face.:: Did you not like eggs?*

Sherakai: Thank you, Miri. The guards will escort you. *::He just wanted to sit. Finding his pie, he moved to the nearest chair and began shoveling it in his mouth with a decided lack of*

grace.::

Soledaad Rourke: By the bloody abyss. ::she sighs, Irmaa could undo all the work the sisters had done to dispell the untter choas left in her disappearance::

LorenSIntstrider: @:: the doe wasn't quite in season, so for the time being, continued moving east, not avoiding the stag, but not seeking it out either ::

Miri Bayani: Of course they will. ::She sighed. And stepped out.::

Triad Mage: ::He sat next to her, reaching into his sleeve.:: I adore eggs.

BlissNLvjy: Uhm, Kai, would there be any reason that someone was turned into a deer while you were all at work?

Triad Mage: ::He pulled out a vial of rust-colored liquor.::

Irmaa Vep: ::looks over at Kai:: Chajar.

Triad Mage: ::whispering:: Chajar...

Triad Mage: ::He held the vial out for Irmaa.:: Drink this.

Irmaa Vep: ::she opened her palm as if to have it dropped there.::

Sherakai: Chajar... ::he echoed, thought a moment, then smiled.:: No, I wouldn't scoff at him, but I'd hate to mess up his pretty face.

Soledaad Rourke: ::turning with a swong of that long braid for the southern door goes the new Baroness of Padrical and leader of the wholly changed Black branch and now the Ambassador to this bloody city.::

Sherakai: ::He took a long drink, watching Bliss over the rim.:: Deer. I saw that...

Triad Mage: ::he dropped it into her hand, not about to touch her.::

Irmaa Vep: ::she openly laughed at that.:: You remind me of Edail.

Triad Mage: ::He growled.::

Irmaa Vep: ::the vial in her palm, she popped it open and drank down most likely a vile tasting liquid.::

BlissNLvjy: Well, either Loren is now a deer or he switched places with one like at the Stewards' Ball.

Triad Mage: ::It was cherry flavored.::

Irmaa Vep: ::she waved to Soledaad.:: Ta Ta!

Irmaa Vep: ::her tongue darted across newly bloodied lips.:: How nice.

Triad Mage: You'll either die... again ::giggles.:: or feel better.

Sherakai: ::He drew thumb and forefinger down his mustache, half thinking about the deer and half thinking about Irmaa's reappearance.:: Feeling a little old are you, Irmaa? Seems like nearly everyone you knew is dead or gone. Must be... unsettling.

Irmaa Vep: ::she did feel better from the cherry liquid as she sat up straighter and looked to Kai.:: Eventually...

Irmaa Vep: ::she grinned at him.::...all come to my bossum. ::she opens her arms as if to mockingly give Kai an embrace.::

Triad Mage: Lucky man

Irmaa Vep: Cycle of the world....cycle of the world.

Sherakai: ::He let his gaze fall to her chest, pursed his lips, then shrugged and picked up his fork again.::

Triad Mage: Do you see? No respect. Not one bit. ::a pound of his fist to the table.:: Ow... ::staring at his hand.::

Irmaa Vep: ::glancing over.:: Anara could help with that. ::laughs.:: Anara. Where is the Morningstar.

Triad Mage: Wilted like a flower in autumn.

Sherakai: ::He made a snorting sound and shook his head.::

Irmaa Vep: *A pity. She was fun, although prone to kidnapping. ::winks::*

BlissNLvjy: It was an interesting show, Kai. ::coming out from behind the bar.::

Irmaa Vep: ::she looked over at the emerging Bliss:: ah, the truculent one. She still lives?

Tamaa Vita: ::She made her way to the bar, ordering an ale.::

Triad Mage: Some do, some don't...

Irmaa Vep: ::she stretched, cracking her fingers as well:: All right then. Since it seems I'm back for a bit, shall we see *La Volpe*?

Sherakai: Was it? ::His brows knit as he looked up at Bliss.::

Triad Mage: He'll be pleased. ::He was pleased. He actually smiled.::

BlissNLvjy: ::nods:: And a bit of a disappointment. I would have thought that those raised to the office of archmage would be a little less...childish.

Triad Mage: ::He stood up, and indicated she should as well.::

BlissNLvjy: Or selfish...selfcentered. ::she shook her head:: The proper word escapes me.

Tamaa Vita: What ever gave you that idea? ::She turned to Bliss.::

Irmaa Vep: ::glances to Bliss:: *Egotistical, self-serving, egocentric, perfect?*

Sherakai: One hopes. But they're still people -- ::he looked skeptically at Irmaa.:: Mostly.

Triad Mage: You just described yourself.

Tamaa Vita: Perfect somethings anyway.

Irmaa Vep: ::she looked abck to JC:: *Same place eh? La Volpe has cheese no?*

Triad Mage: And wine. But not the same place.

Triad Mage: ::He winked a golden cat eye.:: I will take you.

Irmaa Vep: *Oh. ::quizzical look on her face:: Then i suppose you will be doing the transporting.*

BlissNLvjy: All in all, they were a disappointment. ::a grin appeared:: With an exception or two.

Irmaa Vep: *Very well. ::she smiled:: I'm all yours. Watch your paws. ::a death-lined smile::*

Triad Mage: He would not be the fox with only one den. ::He made a face. He couldn't stand touching.::

Sherakai: ::He pulled the crescent-shaped talisman from beneath his leather mail and turned it over in his fingers.:: At least as a group they -- we -- can pull together a redeeming factor or two.

Triad Mage: ::and with that, every shadow screamed, ripped from their berths to be pulled around the pair like necromancer devouring blanket.::

Sherakai: ::He sighed.:: And I suppose my own little cat is out of the bag well and good now... ::he murmured to himself.::

Triad Mage: Oh...that feels good! :: the blanket wrapped itself tight, tighter, tighter still...and poof...::

Triad Mage: ::they were gone.::

BlissNLvjy: I won't tell on you. ::still grinning.::

Sherakai: You won't?

Irmaa Vep: ::vanishes into the blackness with the cat.::

BlissNLvjy: Nope. Your life and you're entitled to keep it as you want it to be.

Tamaa Vita: Don't real men come to this tavern any more? ::She asked Bliss::

Sherakai: ::He smiled thinly, his silvery eyes gone a dull gray:: There are limits.

BlissNLvjy: Define real men?

XRemembranceX: ::Sadly, one of the real men had just been turned into a deer and was heading for the border::

Sherakai: ::He took a breath and looked over at the space that had previously held Irmaa and the other:: Is it me, or does the air smell better now?

Tamaa Vita: Unmarried, and non-as**s.

BlissNLvjy: Lots of group a, few of group b.

Sherakai: Zat mean married men are asses?

BlissNLvjy: ::she sniffed the air:: I'll let you know, Kai about the air and no, you aren't an ass.

Tamaa Vita: It means you aren't a real man. I need to find another tavern while I'm in town.

BlissNLvjy: Oh, he's a real man, he's just real taken.

Sherakai: I'm not real ::he repeated, looking faintly confused::

Mordred Anubis: @ ::A light motion made with the staff, the three riders turned and slowly slid back on the path for Dreven::

BlissNLvjy: I think I'll wander home to see if my husband as appeared yet.

Tamaa Vita: No. And Zorrel will want to talk to you before he leaves, Kai.

Sherakai: Bliss... You know The Ashmaker isn't in Thermador? Unless he went home tonight...

BlissNLvjy: I saw him here, Kai. ::nods:: And I saw him go poof.

Sherakai: ::He nodded and pushed his fork around his empty pie plate:: He is -- was -- on the coast. Here.

BlissNLvjy: Probably looking for a weak spot to mow over the top of us and take over. ::only a little paranoid around the edges::

Cait McGill: ::she yawns as she comes in the southern door::

Tamaa Vita: ::She looked to the woman coming in. Dam::

BlissNLvjy: Thank you, Kai. ::patting his shoulder:: For playing nanny to the powerful children.

Cait McGill: ::she looks to Bliss:: Did I miss another party?

BlissNLvjy: Only the biggest one in ages, Cait. ::smile::

Sherakai: ::He squeezed her fingers::

BlissNLvjy: Can't say nobody died ::mostly because Irmaa did kill someone:: but in the end, things worked out.

Cait McGill: ::she moves to the bar, gets a serky from Asa then pays:: Has to be better than what happened the other night. ::there's a hint of sarcasm in her voice::

Sherakai: What happened the other night?

Tamaa Vita: ::She snorted into her ale, then rolled her eyes::

BlissNLvjy: ::she headed for the southern door:: Night all.

Cait McGill: Let's just say I'm not engaging in games that require truths or dares again.

Sherakai: Good night, Bliss. Be safe.

Tamaa Vita: Good night.

Cait McGill: Night, Bliss.