Alexandretta
A new dawn
« Thread Started on Apr 6, 2005, 7:18pm »

She watched as the dawn broke and sighed softly, her wings folded behind her before she turned from the windows. Another day, another set of troubles to fix. What would come today? Only time would tell.

Since she received this appointment, she had done well in her job but most of that she owed to her adviser. Turning from the windows, she debated a short flight to work the kinks out of her wings. They had been sadly disused for a while. She made her way through the halls, nodding to the few others who were out and about this morning and headed to the balcony overlooking the land.

Yes, a short flight would work the kinks out of her body and her mind. She spread her wings easily and pressed upwards feeling the air beneath her. She smiled. A short flight always helped when she was troubled. There were few that would bother her in the air.

Before he flies to save Dretta in streets

Mercury
Another day's duty
« Thread Started on Apr 7, 2005, 3:34pm »

Still groggy from a long night of wine and entertaining, Mercury climbs the spiral amber staircase to the Archangel's private chambers. As he approaches the simple wooden door, he wonders for a moment why he didn't simply fly up the 15 stories from his balcony to hers. With their relationship still in its infancy, perhaps a knock on the door would be the sensible thing. He reaches out to the titanium knocker and raps three times.

He grimaces a bit as the sound reverberates through his aching head. He waits.

Far in the distance, he hears the sounds of children playing in the schoolyard. Registering these sounds from more than a thousand feet above the school and inside this hallway, would be impossible for most mortals. He wonders whether this ability isn't more of a curse than a blessing.

"Where is she?" he wonders.

Hearing no sound from within the room, and certain she would have heard the knocking, he chooses to look for her in the Archangel's formal residence. He knows she finds the opulence of the building distasteful, but it serves as her office and reception hall when she's in Seraphia, so he figures that perhaps she is up early, working.

Not at all interested in climbing another ten stories to the residence, Mercury walks the fifteen feet down the hallway to the balcony at the end. Seraphia is filled with balconies, which are almost as common as doors. The only reason these portals can be called balconies at all is because of the railings installed for the safety of the humans. Without such considerations, these would simply be open doorways to the sky.

Mercury steps onto the balcony and leaps effortlessly over the railing. This particular balcony faces east, towards the direction of the rising sun. The glare doesn't help his headache, so as he leaps into the air he keeps his eyes closed, as he begins to fall. In his head, he starts to count backwards...

"Twelve, eleven, (What was that woman's name from last night?), Seven, Six (Danielle? No...Denise? No...), Four, Three, (Donna? No...DARLYN! That's It!) ONE!"

Mercury kicks out his powerful silver wings, driving them into the rush of oncoming air. He adjusts their angle just as he is about to smash into the rock face at tremendous speed. His wings fully extended and body stiff, he turns skyward, catching an updraft, which when combined with the speed gain from his free fall, gives him enough thrust to reach the Archangel's residence, at the highest point of the Hold. As he approaches the main balcony to the residence, he rotates his body, pulls in his wings and lands with a thud on the marble deck.

Lifting his eyes to the figure now standing in front of him, he is surprised to see it;s not the Archangel, but her personal attendant Maxine. Maxine is one of the oldest angels on Aurora. And while most consider her to be Among the wisest of the Angels, Mercury tends to avoid her. And now after that little display of reckless flying, he knows he is about to get another lecture on "proper angel behavior."

He stands, and clearing his throat, pauses to regain his composure.

"Angela," he says politely. "I have come to call on the Archangel."

Maxine says nothing.

"Here we go," Mercury thinks. Silently rolling his mind's eye.

He walks past her into the residence. "Is she here?"

"I should say that it is a good thing she is not, after that little display..." Maxine continues even though Mercury is no longer listening.

The Archangel's residence is a grand cathedral-like structure with white marble buttresses raising several stories above them to a ceiling covered in complex and beautiful tile mosaics. While the effect is impressive, the space was actually designed for its acoustical properties. At the far end of the hall sits a large throne constructed from precious metals and gemstones. Fondly, he remembers Dretta's elegant words while gazing upon this glorious seat of power for the first time as the Archangel.

"If you ever see me sitting in that God-awful chair, please shoot me."

Smiling now, Mercury turns back to Maxine. And waits for her to get to the point.

"The Archangel has gone for a flight Angelo," Max offers after another minute's scolding.

After a few seconds consideration, Mercury replies. "Did she say where she was going?''

"No Angelo," Maxine replies.

"Did she say when she would be returning?" Mercury asks.

"No Angelo."

Mercury breathes in deeply through his nose, and then lets out a slightly too loud breath through his mouth. Already he's feeling the cobwebs lifting from his mind. And thinking that one more moment here with Maxine might bring back his headache, he bows slightly to the woman.

"Thank you Angela. You have been most helpful."

Then he walks straight back out the way he came in, turns back towards Maxine, smiles, and falls back over the balcony railing.

Alexandretta
Re: A new dawn
« Reply #1 on Apr 7, 2005, 6:52am »

She took a turn over the city for a bit, landing softly and looking around. She sighed softly, glad that no one had followed her from the manor. Occasionally, she just liked to get out and about. Politics though were needed nowadays with the Treaty in effect.

She had little fear of the darkness of the city. It was kept this way so all could roam freely. She watched from her perch atop one of the buildings, her eyes following some of the denizens of the city and she wondered about their lives.

She could pry and find out but what was the fun in that; she preferred to watch and learn. The way humans ached for each other yet could turn and argue to almost the point of bloodshed. It shocked her but then again much shocked her.

Alexandretta
Re: A new dawn
« Reply #2 on Apr 7, 2005, 5:21pm »

She drops from her perch and hits the street gently, her wings folding behind her as she made her way around the city. She knew she might be in a bit of danger, all off on her own with none of the usual claptrap. She had had her fill of the manor for a bit. Perhaps she should venture to her grotto. But no, that would not do, no one would ever find her there. She looked around as a young man approached her for a moment. She looked into his eyes and smiled.

“Greetings M’Lady what brings you to town?” the young man inquired.

She almost laughed, as she looked at him “would you believe boredom of all things.”

He looked at her for a moment “Boredom in the manor this early. No M’Lady, I am not sure that would be possible. The day has barely begun.”

She sighed softly, “True, but I have been cooped up too long dealing with politics and just wanted to roam around. After all, It isn’t as if I am going to be attacked now is it?”

A flicker of guilt crossed the young man’s face as he looked behind her “No M’Lady.” he turned and started to walk off.

She smiled a bit. She knew it would have only been a prank for him to grab her and try to hold on when she fought. But she also knew it would have been dangerous.
“Pranks are all good young man, just don’t let them hurt another person. That is when they become more than a prank,” she spoke softly. “And Tobias, I hope to see you at the manor in a few months.”

She turned and walked off leaving him stunned behind her as to how she knew his name. She continued to walk through the city, her small feet barely skimming the streets as she moved. She liked being Among people. That was why she had been chosen for this job. Though the paperwork was beyond dull and sometimes all she wanted to do was take to the skies. She looked up into the air wondering if that was her true reason for being out in the city. She enjoyed it far too much.

Metatron had told her once that dealing with humans was almost as hard as dealing with God but not quite. Humans varied their emotions constantly. She

stopped near one of the fountains and smiled, watching the water. Perhaps she should be getting back to the manor. She had been gone since dawn and noon had come and gone already. She knew she should be gone before true night fell.

Amon
Re: A new dawn
« Reply #3 on Apr 8, 2005, 10:03am »

Crouched on the roof of one of the cathedrals, he looked like a gargoyle statue. His blood red eyes follow the angel, not making a sound. If things were the way they had been before the treaty, he would have swooped down at a moments notice to attack her. But now, they were all allies, and in this world, one needed plenty of allies. So, he just watched her, not moving, not making a sound; not needing any sleep. He could stay in the city indefinitely. He had been, waiting for his orders.

His black skin was hard to see in the night sky. His huge wings stayed folded over his body, claws gripping the buttresses for balance. He watched her talk to a human, then watched as he ran away. He just continued his vigil, waiting, watching.

Alexandretta
Re: A new dawn
« Reply #4 on Apr 8, 2005, 1:15pm »
thread jump to .... Mercury arrives at the Manor this category

Mercury
Mercury arrives at the Manor
« Thread Started on Apr 7, 2005, 6:06pm »

Sure that the Archangel would be at her “home away from home”, Mercury made the quick flight over the Great Pit to Angel Manor. Making no pretense as to where to land, he glides silently into the Archangel’s office.

It’s empty.

Now walking with urgency, he steps into the hallway, where he finds a peacekeeper guard standing stiffly next to the doorway.

“Guard, can you tell me where the Archangel is?” Mercury asks.

“Sorry sir, I thought she was in her office,” the guard answers.

“Thank you” Mercury replies as he swings around and heads down the hallway to visit Azarel, head of the Archangel’s personal guard. He walks in on the smallish

looking angel. Azarel looks up from a set of maps spread out on an enormous wooden table.

“Dretta’s taken off again,” Mercury says to his friend.

“I swear, that woman is going to make me board up her office balcony. Come on, let’s go find her,” Azarel replies.

Without another word, the two angels take to the sky. They figure that the Archangel is back Amongst the humans, probably walking the streets, tempting fate. From 5000 feet, they can see almost the entire city. They methodically scan the grid-patterned neighborhoods, looking for a blonde creature with wings, wandering.

After thirty minutes or so Mercury spots their target, talking to a young, nervous looking human. He also spots a couple of the human’s “friends” hiding around the next corner in what looks to be a very stupid attempt to ambush the Archangel. Knowing full well that Dretta can take care of these three without trouble doesn’t make him feel any better about her “unauthorized” travels through the city.

He gestures to Azarel, who has also spotted the group and they begin their descent. Mercury heads straight towards the man with whom the Archangel had just spoken, flying low, and at great speed. He buzzes the man, who hits the ground hard, trying to avoid the oncoming angelic missile. Mercury then comes to a skidding halt directly behind the Archangel whom, to his surprise, makes no indication that she is aware of his arrival.

Just up the street, there are sounds of a...well, struggle isn’t the right word; sounds of a “thrashing” are probably more accurate. One after another, two helpless looking humans come tumbling out from around the corner, landing in a pile on top of each other in the street. Azarel comes strolling out from around the corner to address the Archangel.

“Are these friends of yours Angela?” Azarel asks.

Alexandretta
Re: Mercury arrives at the Manor
« Reply #1 on Apr 7, 2005, 6:17pm »

She turned to look at him for a moment and just smiled sweetly.

“Good morning Angelo, and how has your day progressed so far?”

It wasn’t a bad thing he had done, they had tracked her down, but she knew what was most likely coming. She folded her hands together and held them at her

stomach watching Mercury. That same smile she used when dealing with most people seemed almost plastered on her face.

“Friends, yes Tobias and his accomplices. No they are not, not yet anyway, but I have a feeling they will be joining us at the manor soon.” she looked at him and then to the place she knew her guard was.
“Did you need something Angelo, or could you simply not bear to be away from me another moment?”

She almost lost the light smile and laughed but figured that would get her lectured worse.

“Honestly, you know I could handle them. All they wanted was a feather,” she conveyed.

Mercury
Re: Mercury arrives at the Manor
« Reply #2 on Apr 7, 2005, 7:04pm »

The look on the Archangel’s face betrayed her lack of experience with her new position. Somehow Mercury sensed that she expected to be admonished by her would-be protectors. Soon she would come to realize that her will was law Among the angels. She could go wherever she wished, do whatever she wanted. We would advise her when asked, and serve with her when invited to do so. But admonish her, we would never do. Still, all the angels had a responsibility to the “office” of the Archangel, and she would be protected to the best of our ability.

“Angela,” Mercury began. “I was hoping to find you well today. I bring a message from Metatron.”

Alexandretta
Re: Mercury arrives at the Manor
« Reply #3 on Apr 8, 2005, 2:11am »

She looked at him as he spoke. A true smile crossed her face for a bit before she turned slightly and spread her wings.

“Well I suppose we should be returning to the office. After all, if he sent a message then something must be up,” the Archangel remarked.

She was not comfortable in her role but Metatron knew best. He had chosen her for the job, though only God knew why. Her childish act seemed to fall away and she stood a bit taller as she looked at them both.

“Thank you for coming to find me Mercury, Azarel. I would have returned in time but a message from Metatron, I should have been in my office to receive it. I

apologize for putting the two of you out in having to come track down a wayward Arch," she said.

She launched herself into the air leaving behind her the scent of white jasmine as she rose swiftly into the sky moving higher than she had before; the chill of the air causing the last remnants of her morning out of her head. After all, it would be true dark soon enough.

Alexandretta
Re: Mercury arrives at the Manor
« Reply #4 on Apr 8, 2005, 5:03am »

She settled back a bit in her seat; the look on her face very grave as she pondered the words her mentor and boss had sent. Her eyes closed slowly as her wings seemed to droop a bit. Shaking her head, she looked up at Mercury for a moment.

"This is most definitely not good news but on the other hand, it was not the lecture I had expected on my behavior," Alexandretta observed.

She turned from the desk, rising once more, her thoughts heavier than they should have been. She moved to the balcony and looked out over the lands she could see. She watched as darkness, true darkness settled, leaving everything muffled beneath its blanketing grasp. She turned away from the balcony and looked at Mercury.

"I will be back soon. I need to be alone for a bit to think. Nothing will happen to me just please do not let anyone follow," she ordered.

With that she launched herself from her office, intent on merely flying around for a while until she spotted a small grove like area near the Great Forest. She landed slowly and settled her wings behind her as she looked at the small waterfall and spring within the place. Finally, away from the conventional places, she lowered to her knees and closed her eyes; her wings wrapping around her as she spoke softly in her mind to the Father.

Alexandretta
Re: Mercury arrives at the Manor
« Reply #5 on Apr 8, 2005, 7:32pm »

Finishing her prayers, she glanced around at the peaceful surroundings and sighed softly. She would remember this place when she needed to get away. Maybe the others wouldn't track her so swiftly if she were not in town. As it stood, night had fallen.

She launched herself into the air not taking the time to worry. She winged her way back into town, her eyes partially closing as she landed on one of the buildings. She would watch for a while perhaps interact with the humans here. She settled herself on the roof of a club and waited. Her golden hair blew slightly in the breeze this eve, as she watched the comings and goings of the people. They seemed to flock to the club, which she thought might be a good thing or a bad one.

She allowed her wings to rest at her back as she stood there almost as if acting a statue. She would not venture within unless she felt the need.

Roux awakens
Roux
Searching
« Thread Started on Sept 27, 2005, 4:51pm »

She had awakened from her sleep or shall she say rest, finding herself in the crypt that she had been talking with Lord Tagent in. Sitting up, she glanced around, feeling a bit strange as to why she was here and not in her home. She felt as though she had rested for several weeks, but why. She felt alone, not feeling attached to anyone. Carefully, she stands, a bit unbalanced at first, but gained her composure quickly. A small torch flickered giving off a small amount of light, not that she needed any. Brushing off her leather trench coat, she makes her way up the steps, only to find the large cement door closed.

Turning back, she glanced around thinking to herself, “Why would this be closed?”

Turning back towards the door, she braced her hands against the door pushing it slowly open. She knew she had the strength to push it open, but still why was it closed.

Stepping out into the darkness, she felt alone. Why was this? Slowly, she makes her way towards the large house. She felt nothing, no one. The house was in complete darkness. The sound of her boots beating against the floor as she steps inside. Closing the door behind her, she heard nothing but silence, not even the servants were around. Dust and a few spiders had created a home for themselves.

She steps into the large library, still nothing. She was feeling anger growing inside her as she reached her arms up into the air screaming “WHY?”

Falling to the floor on her knees, she knew that she should have tears or sadness, human emotion, but she wasn’t human. Sitting flat, she pulls her knees up towards her chest, resting her head against them. Her mind racing with what she could remember last. Silence surrounded her as she sat in the library.

Targent
Home once more
« Thread Started on Sept 19, 2005, 5:38am »

Targent finally home, made his way into his castle, the sound was silent as he entered. He had been away so long he had almost forgotten what it looked like as he pulled his coat from his body and hung it on the hook by the entry. His steps echoed throughout the home as they fell on deaf ears. They were gone, all of them. He just shook his head and found his way to the parlor and settled in the chair by the hearth. He stared into the empty cold fireplace; they were shattered once more. It would take long to find each one again if ever. He just stood silent, if any would have come upon him now, he would look to be stone, just like the many statues that graced his territory.

Roux
Re: Home once more
« Reply #1 on Jan 10, 2006, 8:40pm »

Opening her eyes after she felt as though she had fallen into a deep sleep. The parlor was pitch black, yet she could see as though it were daylight. Lifting her head from her knees, searching the room for any movement or maybe some of her family returning home. Standing up, stretching her arms and legs out, she moved quietly over towards Targent's wines. She was weak from not feeding in so long; she grasped a glass and the bottle of bloodwyne, pouring the glass full. Lifting the glass, she quietly drinks the liquid; her body tingles as she feels the fluid draining into her. Lowering the glass, she fills it again, needing to nourish herself more.

Grasping the glass, she moves over towards the large fireplace. Wood was placed in a perfect stack, striking a match, she lights the kindling. Stepping back, she slips into the large black leather chair facing the fire. Sipping the bloodwyne, her thoughts search for what has happened to her family. Where was their leader Targent, could something have happened to him, she thought, and the others. She had finally found a home here and hoped she wouldn"t be alone again. Her eyes gazing into the fire, hoping she would find the answers soon.

Targent
Re: Home once more
« Reply #2 on Jan 10, 2006, 9:27pm »

Long dark lashes fluttered open as he listened quietly, never making a move, or even taking a breath as she entered the parlor; her steps heavy as if some great burden befell each. Dark violet orbs stared into the darkness, as she poured

herself a drink, her movements quiet and graceful like a cat's. He smiled to himself and knew it was Roux.

"My, they did not all leave," he thought as he continued to listen without movement. "How long had it been, days, weeks, years, centuries?"

The concept of time eluded him on his journeys to find more of our kind. His listening heightened as she approached the hearth.

As the match struck, his eyes narrowed as he focused towards the light. His brilliant violet eyes blazed as they caught her own. He only smiled and greeted her.

"Good evening Roux," Targent said.

Before nicademus comes home
Nicademus
Arriving at my new home
« Thread Started on Jan 10, 2006, 8:18pm »

I walk out from within the depths of the haze surrounding the Great Pits. I trudge the long weary path to the Stone Gardens. The first sight I have had of anything closer than a few feet in front of me accosts my eyes with more life than I have seen in a long, long time. For once, the constant chaos and wanton destruction is replaced by crisp cool lines of many headstones and mausoleums. A sigh escaping my hidden visage as each foot sets forward in a steady pace toward my target -- castle off to the distance.

As a child I learned about the Matrix Treaty, and the now ruler of these lands. My mind reeling from the countless days and nights since my change, my mind still not fully clear from the carnage, I retreated from on the shores of the Great Forest. For the life of me I cannot recall the name of the ruler of the vampire lands.

Thinking absently aloud to myself, "Taget, Target, Tangent. Damn! Why can"t I remember that person"s name?"

Nicademus
Re: Arriving at my new home
« Reply #1 on Jan 12, 2006, 8:19pm »

The distance seemed greater when I first viewed it but that was certainly deceiving, for with in minutes I have found myself standing before the castle's wooden door. Mounting my courage for what hopes to be a better life now.

Nicademus

Re: Home once more
« Reply #3 on Jan 10, 2006, 9:36pm »

Each step brought me closer to the large ominous building but yet, as I neared its front walk; the chimney spewed a dark smoke, as if the fires inside the hearth were awoken by my nearing presence. Hesitating for a few seconds from beneath my cowl, hands drawn in to hide their leathery appearance, eyes glowing with the deepest red. My nostrils work overtime, as my hearing is encumbered.

I mutter, “Shut up.”

Thankful for the lack of company, I cautiously approach the large doors, and allow my hand to remain hidden as the ever-present tree branch bat raps, and taps gently at the door. Unconsciously, I swallow the fear in my mind down to my gullet.

Roux
« Reply #4 on Jan 10, 2006, 9:45pm »

Sipping the bloodwyne, her thoughts swirling around in her mind. Suddenly her senses alerted her to another being close. Before she could turn or speak out, she heard his voice, Targent”s voice. Standing quickly turning towards the large chair, she could only see the dark outline of him sitting comfortably.

Stepping around her chair, nodding to him.

“Hello Lord Targent and how long have you been here or better yet, when did you get here,” she spouted out almost catty like.

She was glad to see another, but yet, almost furious at the thought of being alone again.

She turned her eyes towards the front as she heard the sound of heavy boots against the large porch. Hearing the knock of the door, she glanced back at Targent then back at the door. Suddenly one of Targent”s help rushed out of nowhere to open the door. She glanced as the man walked in as the help ushered him inside the parlor, closing the door behind him as the help left. She sensed him not to be human but one of them, but who. Looking at the man then at Targent, she wondered how this guest would be taken.

Targent
« Reply #5 on Jan 10, 2006, 9:55pm »

As she caught glimpse of him, the words flooded from her mouth, and her expression one of subtle anger. But more of fear, that inevitable thing we all hate

more than life or death, the silence of the tomb, the nothingness, which was so comforting in torpor, but in awake it was worse then death. But before he could answer, a loud rap could be heard from the front great wooden doors, such life in such a short time, from nothing to a hustle of something. His head turned towards the sound as one of his new servants scurried to tend to whomever it was rapping on the door.

He laughed some to this as he quoted Poe.

“Who’s there rapping, tapping on my chamber door”"

He leaned back once more against the smooth leather of his chair and waited silently.

Nicademus
« Reply #6 on Jan 10, 2006, 10:04pm »

The abruptness of the door opening ended any thought or second thought of entering as I was ushered into a room at the far side. I could see the fireplace, its flames blazing well now. Much better than the moments of smoke I saw far above the building when I first approached.

The words of an old earth poet, Poe, greet me as I heard the door close slowly behind me. I seemed to reply in fast order, being fond of that particular author.

“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door. Only this, and nothing more.”

My harsh raspy voice parched from the long trek; I did not stop one moment just continued to find my way here. I look in the direction, my nostrils picking up the scent of not only the man who”s voice found my ears beyond the noise in my head, but a woman”s scent as well. I stand there in the entryway red eyes glowing as they always do piercing the darkness of the hood. I await to gauge these two, for I am out numbered but at least I had some reassurance in the branch that hides partially up my sleeve.

Roux
« Reply #7 on Jan 10, 2006, 10:19pm »

Stepping to the other side of the chair, she listens to Targent and the man. Glancing from each of them, she smirked at the man’s gestures. Her eyes moving back to Targent, still a bit angered at feeling as though she was alone again. Lifting the glass, sipping it slowly, she watched the man closely.

Turning, she sets her glass down, reaching for two more glasses. Filling both with the bloodwyne, lifting them both turning back. Walking towards Targent,

holding the glass towards him, tilting her head slightly. Releasing the glass as he takes it, she turns stepping towards the man, holding the glass out to him. Nodding as he takes the glass from her, she normally wouldn't have gotten the wyne, but she thought it to be a moment, she thought, would need something to refresh them all.

Stepping back towards the large hearth, lifting her glass she looks towards the man.

"Hello, might you be lost or just wandering? And you are?"

Nicademus
Re: Home once more
« Reply #8 on Jan 10, 2006, 10:40pm »

I take the offered glass of bloodwyne, my lips parched and chapped. I raise the vessel to my lips and drain it quickly, still even though my head slightly tilted back my eyes are the only items to catch notice. As the glass lowers from my lips, the tongue slides out to lick the remnants from them.

"Thank you miss, I was quite parched," I say cordially.

The light flickers off the leather like flesh on my hands.

"I am more than a wanderer, and less than lost, either way I am here where I hope to find respite and peace," I reply.

I look around for a place to set the empty glass, seeing nothing immediately available, I hold the glass firmly, and await the man's reaction. Judging from his looks and his demeanor, I already assume that this is the man called Targent. As that realization finally hits me, the name slides out as a revelation more than anything else.

"Targent," I mutter.

All this time it took to remember and now of all times my lips and mind work as one, but also the voices start to whisper louder.

Targent

Targent merely laughed at the man's reply. He chuckled and bid the man to sit in the chair by the fire.

"Come brother, enter your home and make yourself comfortable," he offers.

Oh yes, Targent could tell the scent of his own, even though they all had learned many tricks to hide this fact . Targent had many gifts being an ancient; one of his favorites was his psychic abilities. Targent's mind swept through the man's so quickly he would be gone before they even knew he was there. His lashes fluttered closed as he felt the chaos within him.

As he left the man's mind he sat back, staring within the flames of the fire, feeling the same thing he felt within his own brother. When his eyes opened once more, his voice flowed from his lips in a low timbered tone.

"When you have rested and eaten or…" he glanced at the man. "fed ,you will be shown to your room," Targent said.

Roux
Re: Home once more
« Reply #10 on Jan 10, 2006, 11:21pm »

She finished her glass of wyne, setting it on the small table. Seeing that the servants were coming back in, waiting for the gesture of Targent to take care of the man, she stepped towards the man sitting, looking down at him, and holding her hand out.

"Hello, I am Roux. I am sure we will run into each other again. But for now, I need to get some fresh air," she said.

Looking over toward Targent and nodding, she turns, making her way out of the parlor out the front doors. Stepping out onto the large porch, the moon beaming down, holding her arm out and smiling. She was suddenly energized with a feeling of things to come. Stepping down the steps, she quickly makes her way out towards the row of head stones that lay before her.

Targent
Re: Home once more
« Reply #11 on Jan 10, 2006, 11:41pm »

Targent only slightly watched as the man was escorted to his room to rest. Canting his head a bit as he watched Roux move outside, which seemed kind of odd to him as she had just returned. Sensing she was still at odds a bit, he decided he would speak to her a moment , as he rose and followed her to the door. Leaning a shoulder to the door well he watched as she embraced the night. The breeze always swept quickly through the dry dusty lands of his realms, moving dirt and rock from one place to another, shifting the earth like one big mosaic.

He stood a moment and began to speak to her once more.

“What is the matter Roux, feeling a bit estranged?” Targent inquired.

Roux
Re: Home once more
« Reply #12 on Jan 10, 2006, 11:55pm »

Stopping before she could reach the bottom of the steps, turning back towards the door. Tilting her head, seeing Targent standing there. Stepping up a few steps towards him,

“Misplaced?” she said shaking her head. “Not at all Targent, last I remembered was talking to you in a crypt and then suddenly waking up alone.”

Turning around, she didn’t want him to see her angry for being left. It didn’t matter, she was used to it before she came here.

Stepping down onto the dirt, looking up at the moon she said, “It is good to be out tonight, the air is so brisk, don”t you think Targent?”

Nicademus
Re: Home once more
« Reply #13 on Jan 11, 2006, 8:35pm »

The rest was short but much better than it had been in weeks; the nightmares continued but at least I wasn”t waking to every noise. The door was closed and bolted though I remember not doing it at all when I got here. That woman, Roux, she must have been there and perhaps has a key, but it didn’t matter.

I rise slowly looking about the room. In the rest, I reverted back to my normal form but when I awoke I felt the change immediately. The views changing from normal to the red hue I have recently become accustomed to. My hand opens the door and I step out and retrace my unsure steps back to the parlor. Looking about the room I hear the soft voice of the woman asking Targent about the air. With his name came a memory of him. Not in my past but just recent. The voices have been silent since I awoke, but now they slowly mumble again into my ears.

I don’t know if they didn’t hear my approach or smell me coming due to the soft cool night breeze or if they just didn’t care. It didn’t matter. I was welcomed here even with my piercing red eyes. Clearing my throat, “Ahem.”

Roux
Re: Home once more
« Reply #14 on Jan 11, 2006, 9:22pm »

Before Targent could answer, she noticed the movement behind him. Tilting her head to the side, her gaze directed to the man behind Targent. She didn't recall him giving his name, yet she did offer hers up earlier.

"Seems we have company, Targent. Hello again, I hope you found your sleeping quarters to be most satisfying. Targent is most generous with his family, anything you need just let him know," Roux said.

Glancing back at Targent as he just listened to her and the man talk, she knew Targent still hadn"t gotten the answers he was looking for from her, but all in good time.

"Do you have a name?" she asks the man.

Nicademus
Re: Home once more
« Reply #15 on Jan 11, 2006, 9:26pm »

I nod to the woman, Roux, and before answering her question I find my mouth spouting one last poem from one of my more satisfied poets....

"Twas noontide of summer,
And mid-time of night;
And stars, in their orbits,
Shone pale, thro" the light
Of the brighter, cold moon,
"Mid planets her slaves,
Herself in the Heavens,
Her beam on the waves.
I gazed awhile
On her cold smile;
Too cold--too cold for me--
There pass'd, as a shroud,
A fleecy cloud,
And I turned away to thee,
Proud Evening Star,
In thy glory afar,
And dearer thy beam shall be;
For joy to my heart
Is the proud part
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,
And more I admire
Thy distant fire,
Than that colder, lowly light."

Smiling towards them both, “Yes I did. I am still not used to sleeping more then a small bit, but it was far more restful than before. Forgive my rudeness. I am Nicademus. And thank you for your hospitality Targent....”

Targent
Re: Home once more
« Reply #16 on Jan 11, 2006, 10:48pm »

Targent’s senses always heightened as new people were about his home. But as usual he never moved as he listened to the man step quietly behind him. His glance never swayed from Roux as her eyes moved behind him, her voice smooth and inviting as she began to talk to the new male about the home. She always had that alluring way most female vamps had. That predatory grace about them, how delicious it must be to be one of their prey.

Hearing the man clearing his throat, Targent finally turned and looked over to where the man stood. In his usual nonchalant manner he spoke.

“How did you enjoy your rest and accommodations, fitting I hope? If not you can make a list of things you require and it will be sent to your room,” Targent said.

Roux
Re: Home once more
« Reply #17 on Jan 11, 2006, 10:58pm »

She listened to the man, his words of a poem or something. Very intriguing she thought, but for now she wouldn”t bother him to explain. Hearing his name, she nodded.

“Nicademus -- interesting name. Your travels here, I hope were safe,” Roux replied.

Glancing back at Targent as he spoke to the man, she looked into his thoughts briefly, seeing that he had expected the man. She knew that Targent allowed her to see this, then quickly pushed her out. She didn’t wish to battle in his mind, for she would not win. She was still growing and learning her ways of the kindred.

“Nicademus, have you ventured into to town?” she asked.

She stepped up on the large porch, leaning back against one of the railings, crossing her feet as she watched the two men before her.

Nicademus
Re: Home once more
« Reply #18 on Jan 11, 2006, 11:08pm »

I look at her and smile then back to Targent for a brief moment.

“No “tis a fine chamber and good enough thank you,” I respond.

Then returning my gaze to the more attractive of the two people.

“Yes, I have in fact. I know the town like the back of my hand. I grew up there not far from the New Dawn Horizon nightclub, was where my friends and me used to live as well. Till not too long ago that is,” I explained.

My eyes grow darker and tinged with a bit of sadness in my voice at the mention of the recent past.

Shaking my head vigorously I turn my head to the side and mumble, “will you shut up” softly.

I’m still not used to those damned voices

“If you don’t mind, I think I will go to the roof to sit and relax and gather my thoughts,” I said.

Knowing that they will not object, I walk outside and move to the side of the building and begin to climb up its side slowly. It was obvious why I chose to do it; perhaps it will just be what I need to get more rest later.

Nicademus
Re: Home once more
« Reply #19 on Jan 12, 2006, 8:14pm »

Reaching the roof in short order, I sit there pondering the past few months and how my life had changed so greatly in such a short time. Muttering to myself as I pick out the silhouettes of the graveyard far below. Scavengers rummage through the dust looking for a small morsel to eat or a bit of pooled water to drink. My eyes focus and scan the area, being blessed with better than perfect sight from birth I make out a gravestone and read the name. The name setting in my head, the one I used to carry was too new on the minds of the council of man. A change of identity would help me blend in as would a change of looks too, the normally long hair I have gone in this form does not make me think of much, but to cut it or color it so that my looks are a bit different. Pondering the needed color, I set forth my plan but I don’t think Targent would want to help color my hair so I would have to ask Roux. A good way to at least get to know her.

She offers better company with less worry than I would spending with Targent himself. I look out again becoming lost in the memory of my friends now departed and that fate-filled trip that we had undertook for fun.

Roux
Re: Home once more
« Reply #20 on Jan 13, 2006, 9:55am »

She listened carefully as Nicademus spoke, glancing back and forth between him and Targent. She knew Targent knew more than he was letting on about the man, this one that would become apart of their family. Chuckling softy to herself, she thought this could be fun and an adventure having new family around.

Stepping back as Nicademus walked past her, tilting her head to the side as she watched him climb the side of the home to the top. Glancing back at Targent, she noticed he has slipped back inside the castle disappearing. Walking down the steps, she makes her way several feet from the home, turning as she looked to the top. She could see the dark figure of Nicademus pacing at first, and then settling down to a comfortable seat.

She felt Nicademus to be a bit strange at first but intrigued with him at the same time. Turning back towards the many stones that stand before her, she knew that Nicademus would find this area to be one he will enjoy visiting. She Among the dead could some hear crying out for loved ones, others still lost.

Nicademus
Re: Home once more
« Reply #21 on Jan 13, 2006, 8:56pm »

I look down to see Roux looking up at me for a brief moment, secretly I would not mind having a bit of company after the past few weeks spent alone. But honestly I don't expect to receive company at all. I nod and scan the lines again. My mind wanders back trying to retrace the time lost from that fateful day as the minutes roll past. Wondering if I will ever find myself a few moments to end all things that were cursed upon me.

I roll back to the day of my eighteenth birthday when I was asked to come to the council meeting. Normally it was not a custom for one to go but when asked you would not refuse. I was informed of a great many things that day, least of which that I was an orphan and that the woman I called Grams was dying of old age.

"Gee lucky me! Happy Birthday. Your only parental figure is dying," he thought.

Later that eve sure enough, she was gone. Ten years later, I lose more in my life and my life. I just can"t win no matter what.

Roux
Re: Home once more
« Reply #22 on Jan 13, 2006, 10:46pm »

She turned stepping towards the large stones before her. She could feel Nicademus's eyes upon her; her long black leather coat, flowing around her legs as she walked. She knew he could see her anywhere in the stone garden or as many would say, land of the dead. Her fingers tracing over the stones as she walked around them. She enjoyed being out here when she needed to think or just be out in the night. She knew Targent knew his way around this place; he could get around quicker than any of their family. She still has never found the secret ways beneath the ground that he uses to show up inside the crypts.

She thought that maybe Nicademus might venture this way, if nothing else to explore his new home and all that lay around grounds. She stopped before a stone, one she always stopped before, running her fingers over the name.

"Jake"

If she could shed a tear she would for this man for he is of her past, long ago past. Her thoughts searched back into her past, remembering this loved one as silence fell around her.

Link to Post - Back to Top IP: Logged
The hunger inside given to me, makes me what I am, always its calling me. Always stalking my prey, you"ll taste my pain, in the dark I"ll hide.

Nicademus
« Reply #23 on Jan 13, 2006, 10:54pm »

Standing up and bored, I look for a rush -- one that I have never felt before. Stepping a few steps back I run forward and leap high into the air... plummeting towards good old terra firma. I aim my first landing on top of a large above ground casket. A thump as the hallow insides echo their aggravation to my intruding noise. Coiling quickly, I leap again and begin to run and leap from gravestone to gravestone, not caring what direction I went but just going. The design of the landscape left very little spaces between to worry about but even so my cockiness has a price, for before I know it I am only a few paces from Roux. I guess it was more like a few yards but either way I turned to say hello. However, all that was managed to be heard from me was a loud thump and a stone splitting sound.

Roux
« Reply #24 on Jan 13, 2006, 11:07pm »
She glanced over as Nicademus was jumping around the stones. Moving quickly, she stood to the side of the stone she was at, preventing him for jumping to it.

Glaring at him, her voice ringing out, "Nicademus, do you find this place a playground?"

Her posture showing him that she wasn't too happy with him jumping on the stones.

Nodding her head towards the forest that lay ahead of them, "There are many trees there if you wish to jump around."

Her eyes never left his as she stood her ground.

Nicademus
« Reply #25 on Jan 13, 2006, 11:12pm »

Stopping my leaps and bounds, I turn and move towards her slowly, a slightly less then boyish look on my face. I stand not more than maybe a few yards from her.

"My mother died long ago, Roux, and last time I checked you were not offering to be my new one. Everyone has choices on how to move and exercise. Unlike you, I cannot return to the city at least not right now, my face would bring lots of unwanted attention," I retort.

I look at the stone she was standing next to.

"Jack…hmm. In case you don't realize it, you're not the only one that has lost someone close to you. Perhaps if you took the time to step back, you would realize that many have lost a loved one. Did you even get to say goodbye? I have never had the chance to say goodbye," I assert.

Roux
Re: Home once more
« Reply #26 on Jan 13, 2006, 11:24pm »

She chuckled listening to the newcomer to their family.

"Nicademus, his name is Jake. And you have no clue about me or my past," Roux responded.

She moves around to the front of the stone.

"So you can not go into town? What a shame. There are many things to see and things to feed upon," she says with a laugh. "Maybe you will be able to venture beyond the home soon. You will find many things I am sure to your liking."

Nodding her head, she walks past him, her shoulder slightly bumping him enough to let him know she was not scared of him. She had battled many men before him and she was sure many after him.

“Enjoy the Garden of Stones Nicademus. But remember the sun comes up quickly,” she added.
Stepping quickly back towards the castle, moving inside, making her way up the stairs to her room. Closing the door behind her, she was exhausted from the evening and needed to rest. She knew she would meet Nicademus again and things would be easier between the two of them. She knew she was hard on him, he was part of the family now, but she knew she would test him to see how far she could push or if he was hot tempered.

Targent
« Reply #27 on Jan 13, 2006, 11:25pm »

Targent let his shoulder roll off the doorway as he once again entered his home leaving Roux and Nicedemus to get acquainted. His movement silent as he moved from the corridor, then up the grand staircase that led to his room. Pushing the wooden doors open, there was a loud creak as they allowed their master to enter his chamber. Closing the door behind him with a thud, he idly strolled towards his closet, viewing all the grand suits and coats. He chose a gray shirt and black pants, then taking a long leather jacket he laid them upon his bed. He then moved towards his bathing chamber, slipping beneath the warm red crimson fluid, he closed his eyes and began to think what this new night would bring him.

As he left the bathing chamber, he moved to dress himself quickly then lifted a brush that sat on his dresser. He glanced into it for a moment as he drew the fine bristles through his hair, and began to speak to his mirrored image.

“So Targent, what will you do next?” spoke the phantom.

He smiled and replied, “I think we shall go to town this evening. What say you to that?”

A deep chuckle escaped his lips as he turned and grabbed his coat, swinging it around his shoulders and slipping into the sleeves. He moved from his room down the long staircase and summoned a carriage driver.

Targent
« Reply #28 on Jan 13, 2006, 11:48pm »

As he reached the last step, he looked about his home and listened as he heard a door close quietly. His head canted a bit as he reached for the door and slipped between, closing it behind him. Standing for a moment his dark violet eyes cut through the darkness, his night vision could catch a warm-blooded rat scurrying or even the coldness of his kind he could sense and watch as he caught glimpse of a shadowed man standing upon a headstone. He only watched him a moment more as his carriage awaited him. His servant had the door slightly ajar as

Targent made his way to it and entered. Sliding his back to the seat, he glanced out the window once more as the horses sped towards Azoic city. He caught a glimpse of the man once more as he turned his head and smiled to himself.

Nicademus
« Reply #29 on Jan 15, 2006, 8:10pm »

I watch Roux pass through the castle doors. Once she was fully away, I lean against the tombstone and look at it,

“Well Jake,” going by the name upon the grave marker. “What is the deal with her? You must have really broken her heart.”

I sigh and walk back to the castle to rest for a bit in the chambers given to me by Targent. As I pass countless markers, the carriage speeds by my red eyes and my keen nose senses the presence of Targent deep within. As I enter the castle I speak to the servant.

“I require a few things when someone might be able to return with them. Some hair dye, a good razor and perhaps some decent city clothes.... Thank you,” I instruct.

Without waiting for a response, I make my way to the room.

“Oh and if you see Roux, could you ask her to come and see me? Thank you,” I ask.

New Dawn Horizon
Introductions
Yuri
« Thread Started on Mar 31, 2005, 5:45pm »

Well, everyone who comes to the Dawn, will get to know my name, so I’ll introduce myself now. The name is Yuri Hyuga, and I am the bouncer. Don’t mess with anyone in the club, or you will have to deal with me. Just enjoy the shows, the beautiful women, and the drinks. See you there.

Targent
« Reply #1 on Apr 3, 2005, 9:43pm »

Targent enters the newly constructed club; he looks about once more, seeing it’s not quite open yet. He pauses and wonders where he might purchase, a VIP pass. He looks about and pulls a piece of notepaper from his coat. Taking a pen he jots down his request and leaves it on the bar.

The note reads:

“To the management of the club:
My name is Lord Targent and I would like to purchase a VIP pass. Please contact me at the Castle De Convotise Sang, in the Garden of Stone. It looks to be a very nice place. I will be looking forward to your answer.

Sincerely,
Lord Targent

Charity Flint
« Reply #2 on Apr 4, 2005, 11:46am »

Charity slowly peeks into the bar with a soft sigh, her deep blue eyes slowly adjusting to the dim lights. She smiled a moment watching the man penning some sort of note and tilted her head to one side, long raven locks spilling from her shoulders. She stepped silently inside the bar knowing it had not yet opened; a sketchpad tucked under one arm and graphite pencil in hand.

She had come to see if she could offer to display some of her artwork she had for sale or merely give them as gift pieces. She leaned back against the wall, long tapered black slacks hugging her slender legs before disappearing into high black boots. Giving a soft tug of the black vest she wore, the white long sleeve silk blouse shifted against her skin causing a shiver to run her spine.

She watched him a few more moments before she pushed herself off the wall slipping back in the shadows to watch him leave. Her liquid blue eyes never left the man as he passed her and she swept away making her way over toward the bar. The place was deserted but she did not doubt someone was watching. Laying her pad upon the bar, she made a swift sketching of the place filled with people every inch in perfect detail. She quickly sketched a note under the picture.

The note reads:

“I would like to see about possible art displays or sale pieces you might want for the bar. Please contact me at the art gallery.

Thank you,
Charity Flint

She left the number and name of the gallery at the bottom of the page and tore it free. Folding it lightly, she placed it under a nearby ashtray so that it would be seen. She swept gracefully away from the bar making her way back out into the street. She headed for her gallery with a light tune drifting from her crimson lips.

Yuri
« Reply #3 on Apr 4, 2005, 10:13pm »

His red-tinted eyes watch the occupants carefully, from the doorway. His arms folded over his chest. He was not about to let anything happen to this club. He walks towards the notes, reading them. He tilts his head, looking at the artwork. He takes them to the manager's office, placing them on the desk.

Maya
« Reply #4 on Apr 5, 2005, 2:49pm »

She steps inside the club carrying her bag. Looking around, she smiles in approval of the establishment. Thinking to herself, this place is much nicer than the last club where she danced. Moving quietly past the main bar, she steps down the hall to the rooms she was shown when she applied where she could keep her stuff.
Opening the door, she smiles liking what she sees and tosses her bag in the chair. Moving inside, she nods in approval of this. She hopes that she could make enough money dancing here to get her own place to stay. Living with others can be a problem at times, but she knew if the men come, she could make what she needed. Closing the door, she starts to unpack her things, getting everything ready for her job.

Allure
« Reply #5 on Apr 5, 2005, 11:38pm »

Soft tapping is heard coming down the small dirt and rock way of the road, as a slender hand gripped the brass doorknob; twisting it with a flick of the wrist, pushing it open. A young woman enters within the vast candlelit nightclub. She closes the door behind her, seeing Yuri just turn the corner towards the manager's office. A slender brow rose at that but perhaps, he had some business to take care of.

Shrugging her shoulders, she walks across the wooden floor, letting the thin material of her dress dance around her legs. It was knee length and a dark midnight blue, different from her soft blue eyes. The thin spaghetti straps rested gently upon her fair creamy skin as the long brown locks of hair tumbled along her back, curling around her body with each step. Gripped within her left hand was a small bag, containing many things for her dancing and that showed she was head of the club.

As she moved towards the door where she could get ready, a sound crossed her ears, coming from within the room. Curious, Allure reached out with her free hand, gripping the small brass knob and twisting it. She didn't know if any other people would be here yet. Perhaps it was a bartender or waitress preparing their things for the evening rush. As it opens, her eyes settle upon the figure -- a rather beautiful woman with long blonde hair. Realizing her set of dress, Allure draped a

few strands of dark chocolate brown tendrils along the right side of her face and arms, trying to cover at least some of the demonic tattoos that were somehow imprinted upon her flesh.

Closing the door behind her with a small click, not wanting to scare the girl, Allure placed a soft smile upon soft pink lips. With bag in hand, she moved over to one of the chairs she had picked out for the interior and seeing the girl enjoy it greatly. Happy with the results of it, her eyes look to the woman.

“Hello. My name is Allure. I am the Head Dancer of the Horizon Club. I have not seen you here before. Are you a waitress or bartender?” she asked.

Keeping the questions minimum for now, casual for anyone to hear as she zipped her bag down. Letting only her left light blue eye look at the girl, she readied herself inwardly to expose the tattooed flesh to another’s eyes, as she has done since opening day.

Eve
« Reply #6 on Apr 6, 2005, 10:03pm »

She makes her way down the hall towards the manager’s office. The corridor is lit in a half-light, as one or two of the candles lighting the way seem to have gone out. Having just talked to Faith and having offered to help her with some of the jobs for setting up the club, she makes her way towards the manage’rs office.

Her feet clad in her normal form-fitting thigh boots, soon have her spiked heels tapping loudly on the hard floor in the silence of the hall; and escorting the soft seductive sway of her hips. Moving on down the hall, the flickering candles cast dancing images on the walls as she walks on, bathed in the half darkness. The soft lights almost seem to make her form appear topped with the image of a medusas head until she stops and uses a taper to relight the candles; bringing renewed light to the hall and revealing the midnight black gleaming dreadlocks of her long hair falling down her back. A small smile forms upon her glossy black lips as she goes about her work.

Nearing the managers’ office, her pace slows and her slim fingers use the brass doorknob as she heads inside. A quick look over the desk reveals the notes placed there by Yuri, a little while earlier. Giving them a quick once over, she giggles faintly, as she moves across the room to pin the beautiful rendition of the club on the board opposite the door way, so Faith will see the eye-catching image and note upon her return.

She takes up the other note, and heads back out into the hall, making sure to lock the door behind her. She walks out into the main clubroom escorted by the clicking of her heels with each step as she heads over to the bar. She swiftly makes out a return note in her own elegant flowing script and slides a VIP pass

from a pouch in her belt to place beside the note. Having talked this over earlier with Faith and knowing that the custom of the lords and leaders of the different races will bring in more prestige and business, the words read fairly simple:

“To Lord Tangent:
Care of the Castle De Convotise Sang, the Garden of Stone

Please accept this VIP pass as an open invitation to return soon. And we are sure that the price can be settled simply when the chance arises. We hope that you find the New Dawn Horizon Club even more to your liking upon your next visit to us.

Signed:
Eve,
Manager of Entertainments “

Once finished, she hands the note across the bar to one of the messengers of the club with instructions to take it to the address on the note right away. She follows the fellow towards the door and watches him set off on his task.

Faith
« Reply #7 on Apr 7, 2005, 5:04am »

The slender form slips through the darkness of the streets toward the lights of the club. Her smile curls on the dark crimson painted lips, as she approaches the door and lets herself into the club once more. She turns her eyes to meet with the ones that she passes and she nods acknowledgements to the ones she doesn’t know. She exchanges a few friendly words with the individuals that she does know.

Faith’s slender body is attired in simple clothing; jeans artfully torn in places to show teasing glimpses of her firm legs, a halter top that shows the slender but toned arms and accentuate the fullness of her bosom while also revealing the flatness of her tummy. Her arms and tummy are both adorned with simple but elegant tattoos that have the same lavender tint as the long silken tresses that artfully hang down over her shoulders and back.

Her graceful stroll takes her to the message board where a wider smile crosses her lips as she sees that her friend Eve has already been here. She carefully writes a note in her graceful and elegant script,

“To all employees of the NDH:

I just wished to let you know that the manager's office has an open door policy. Please feel free to come to me with any issues within the club that you might feel need to be addressed.

Faith Montague,
Manager, NDH"

With that taken care of, Faith lets herself into the office to tend to taking care of orders, looking through the new employee applications; and the other paperwork that will need to be tended to.

Maya
« Reply #8 on Apr 7, 2005, 9:27am »

As she unpacks her things and attire for her dancing at the club, she turns towards the door as another woman enters. Judging by her looks and her sculptured body, she could tell she was a dancer here at the club.

Maya dressed casual for she enjoyed being comfortable; her white tank top snug against her chest, jeans tattered from long use of her wearing them. But she was comfortable nonetheless, she wore tennis shoes most of the time, unless she was dancing or invited out for dinner or drinks.

She steps over towards the young woman.

"Hello, I am Maya," extending her right hand out to her in a gesture. "You are a dancer here as well, I assume?"

Her eyes glancing over the tattoos adorning the woman's body. She tries not to stare, not that it bothered her, only curious of what they all meant.

Yuri
« Reply #9 on Apr 7, 2005, 12:17pm »

His brown hair looked as if he never combed it, but that just gave it more of a boyish look. His smile, his knowing smile, added to his already impressive good looks. It wasn't that he was egotistical; it was that he really was good looking.

He leans against the far wall, keeping an eye on the club. His red-tinted eyes gave him a look of mystery, and he seemed to be of oriental ancestry. His arms crossed over his chest, his brown trench coat falling loosely around his body, he didn't strike that much of an imposing figure. He waits for someone to cause trouble, though, because that will be the first example of the solution he brings. It will also give him a chance to impress the chicks. They were all very attractive, and he was sure as hell going to attempt to seduce them. But for now, he just does his job, watching the club.

Eve
« Reply #10 on Apr 7, 2005, 9:20pm »

She stands in the hallway to the entrance and watches the messenger vanish as they head on their way, taking a few moments to look out the front of the club. The drafts below the door gently stirs through her hair and soon brings goose bumps to raise across her flesh while sending a shiver down her spine. She turns back into the club. Her fingers slowly rise up to stroke one of her dreads from before her eyes while her glossy black lips catch in the candlelight of the club.

Walking back towards the bar, she heads down the front past the barstools. One arm trails her fingers idly over the bar top's wooden surface as she heads toward the entrance leading behind it. Her smooth motions swaying her hips by instinct as she moves along and yet she catches the motion from off to the side, against the far wall; and pauses for a moment to take in the man standing there. Her gleaming black lips part in a warm smile as she nods a greeting across to Yuri. Her hair cascades back down before her eyes once more and partly covers her face. She moves on to slide behind the bar itself then to begin checking the drinks are all fully stocked.

Allure
« Reply #11 on Apr 8, 2005, 3:49am »

The clothes that adorned the girl were casual, comforting for one who was coming or going from work. Allure had a feeling those were not her dancing clothes. For one thing, they would not attract many customers and two would not move all that easily when doing certain actions or dances. Seeing the changing room was large, mainly for women staff to undress, Allure was not too bashful to expose herself to the girl, as long as not many were within. It may seem foolish, but she wished to show her unique flesh once she was dancing for she could lose herself in the rhythm.

As the girl stood and walked her way, she sensed calmness about her, a new scent as well. Since the girl did take the effort to reach out and shake her hand, Allure thought it rude not to do so back. Reaching out with her left hand, she gripped the girl's gently shaking it. She made sure not to squeeze too tightly, in case she broke it with her strength. Not wanting it to last long, she removed her hand but noticed the girl's gaze run over her body. Allure knew most would look at her this way, but the girl's gaze was of curiosity, not disgust. Taking a step back, she reached once more into the unzipped pack, pulling out two pieces of her dressing attire and a pair of flat, open-toed soft cream shoes. Placing the pile upon a chair just left of the one she was using, Allure began to speak without looking at the girl now known as Maya.

“Yes, I am a dancer. I am the head dancer as I had said before,” Allure replied.

Not knowing if the girl heard her question from before, she didn’t mind answering. Knowing now was the time to remove her clothing; she hoped it would not scare the girl after she had a full view of her skin. Raising both hands to her shoulders, Allure begins to pull the thin spaghetti straps down, letting them end to the tips of her shoulders. She lowers her arms, watching and feeling the soft material tumble free off of her body rather easily. She wore nothing below as her dancing attire called for it. Her flesh had a soft glow around it in the candlelight, illuminating her light blue eyes, contrasting with the darkness of her brown hair.

She turns slightly to the left, letting Maya look at the full extent of her tattoos. It started at the top of her forehead, in the hairline on the right side. The patterns ran down along her cheek, over her eye, nose and even mouth. Weaving their way down along her neck, all the way over her right breast, torso, precious flower and even down her entire right leg. It was as if someone burned them into her flesh, sculpted it upon her body as if she was a piece of canvas, making someone’s artwork into reality.

“This must seem strange to you huh? They are along my entire right side,” Allure asked the new dancer.

Shifting a bit to the left her hands reach down, grasping the material of her top first. It looked like a bra, yellow in color but a thin fabric that moved within the wind; small jewels inlayed in a vinery pattern upon the chest area, giving it more of an elegant look. She slips the material on, reaching behind and tying the strings that would hold it in place. Her breasts uplift a bit from the new clothing, giving the V look of the top. Now her back faces Maya, exposing the tattoos that even ran down along the back of her neck, back, buttocks and leg. It was a never-ending intricate pattern of demonic yet angelic words.

“I wish I knew what they said. All I remember was a lot of pain before I could even breathe. I was told they were with me when I was born. I’m a living canvas of language,” she added.

When each word leaves her pink lips her slender fingers curl around the bottom part of her clothing. Leaning her upper body down, she slips her feet within a mess of material, also yellow, that kissed along the floor. A long piece was draped in the front and back as long strands dangled to the sides where she could easily grasp them and drape them outward like a bird’s wings. A small sapphire jewel rested in the middle, just below her belly button and in the center of the fabric. It gave the illusion of holding her skirt together yet gave some refinement to the garment. Her upper torso was bare to all eyes, letting the marred flesh now be seen as she tries not to feel ashamed of it. Picking up the flat shoes, she drops them on the floor, where they land with a soft click. Slipping

her tender feet within to protect them from the wooden floors and any shoes that seem to step upon her toes.

Allure looks back to Maya, letting the soft smile cross her features once more as she picks up a silver-handled brush from her bag. The thin bristles run down along through the thick veil of chocolate brown while she converses with the girl in prepping for the upcoming evening.

“I am to guess you are now a new dancer here as well. It’s good to see more joining in to bring more entertainment. It’s not a hard job. Just enjoy yourself and let the music flow within you and move your body,” Allure said.

She hoped her words didn’t sound that strange. It was what she did most of the time with music. It was a drug to her. Alluring, calming, yet uplifting all at the same time. She felt that Maya would get into the flow of things in time. After all no one was perfect right off the bat. She herself had troubles with learning steps, movement of the body and timing in the music. Blue eyes gaze to the girl, keeping the urge for a few other choice words and actions to take place as this was not the time nor the place. Knowing full well she would have to wander off for a few moments on her break, Allure thought Maya could take care of herself and handle things till she got back.

Allure heard footsteps pass in front of the door. She tried to pay them no mind unless they intended to enter within the changing room. If they were male they would be directed out towards either the front door or their changing room, depending on who it was. Shaking her head inwardly she places her attention back upon the girl before her, keeping the motions of her brush up while she awaits more conversation with her. It was best to get to know the workers.

Maya
« Reply #12 on Apr 8, 2005, 9:08am »

Maya watches as the lady Allure reaches out shaking her hand. Smiling as she feels her hand to be warm, knowing that she must be warm blooded. Hearing her speak of being the head dancer of the club, she nods listening to her. She apologizes for not hearing her earlier when she had introduced herself and telling her that she was the head dancer.

“Allure, please accept my apologies for not hearing you earlier when you told me your name and what your job was here; my mind must have been wondering. I am a bit nervous starting this new job, so please excuse my absent mind,” Maya apologizes.

Maya’s attire was casual and usually was most of the time. She did enjoy her tank tops and jeans. She was aware that not many men cared for her dressing choice but she didn’t really care, as long as she was comfortable was all that

mattered at this point in her life. Stepping back away from Allure, Maya continues to unpack her bag, glancing every now and then over at the other dancer. She didn't want Allure to catch her staring at her tattoos, not that it bothered her, she was only curious as to why so many of them. In time, she would get to know her and find out, but for now she didn't ask. She hears Allure asking her about if her tattoos seemed strange. Shrugging her shoulders some, trying not to seem too overly anxious about them, she turns towards her.

"Not strange, interesting I must say. I have seen many a strange things since this place we call earth has been inhabited by many a creatures. I find your tattoos to be alluring, such as your name," she reiplied.

Maya smiles to her hoping that she knows that she doesn't find her strange or to be a threat to her. She didn't wish any trouble at her new job. She only wanted to dance and do her job, make some money so she could find her a place of her own. Living with others can be a pain at times. She turns back to her bag as she continues to unpack her dancing attire. Nothing as grand as Allure but Maya guessed she had been dancing for awhile. Allure seemed very confident in herself and Maya knew she would be able to learn some from her.

"Yes, I am a new dancer here. I heard about the club opening and put in my application to dance. I have danced at a couple of other places but none as grand as this one," she added.

Maya hangs her dancing clothes up, placing her brush and a few other beauty items on the vanity in front of her. She glances every now and then back at Allure, watching her. She turns towards the door hearing heavy footsteps outside. Knowing that she doesn't dance for sometime yet, she decides to take a look around.

"Nice to meet you Allure. I look forward to watching you dance and getting some helpful hints from you," Maya conveys.

Maya steps outside the dressing room as she makes her way down towards the main bar. She passes a room, the door closed with the words "Faith – Manager" engraved on it. She nodded as she remembered the name. The man that hired her said that she would need to speak with Faith at some point. She makes her way into the open bar, as she notices several people milling around looking at the new bar. She did notice the man leaning against the wall. He had long brown hair, slightly messed a bit and very tall. She figured him to be a bartender or bouncer, something of that nature. Making her way over to the bar, she takes a seat at the end away from everyone, so she wasn't in the way. She just wanted to relax a bit and see what was ahead of her in this new job.

Insert Lord Targent receiving VIP pass at castle

VIP Pass
Targent
Targents domain
« Thread Started on Apr 7, 2005, 6:43pm »

Targent sits comfortably in his chair as he listens to music; it filled the air with a malevolent siren's voice. His long brown hair fell gently to his shoulders as his head turned hearing someone at the door. Not many came to the castle, most were afraid until the treaty was signed. Many became lost within the many tombs and headstones before they even made it to the castle.

He didn't bother to react though; he sensed nothing out of the ordinary as one of his ghouls answered the door. He listened as heavy feet fell to stone floors, and in moments the servant arrived in his presence and knelt to him, raising a hand to give him a letter. Targent took it from him, and waved him away. He sat back and looked it over carefully. It seemed business-like, and was. It was from the New Dawn Horizon nightclub. A wry smile crossed his lips as he opened it and read the contents. It seemed to be written from a woman and inside laid his VIP pass to the club. He smiled and rose from his chair.

"I guess Targent should put some use to this," he chuckled and made his way to his room as he made ready for the night events.

Scenes at the club

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #13 on Apr 8, 2005, 10:28am »

Noticing one of the dancers enter and sit down, he pushes off against the wall, walking towards her. She was a good place to start. Besides, she looked friendly, and he could use more friends. He slides into the seat next to her, nudging her with his elbow.

"Hey, you one of the dancers?" he asks, already knowing the answer.

The manager was Faith, but everything was run by him first.

"The name's Yuri. I am the bouncer," he adds.

He smiles, a boyish, cocky smile. It was a smile that said "I dare anyone to mess with me." He gently touches her hair, not sexually, and looks into her eyes

"You are very beautiful, I can see why they hired you. I think you will find many fans here," he chuckles.

He takes his arm away and leans back, to look at her fully.

Eve
Re: Welcome
« Reply #14 on Apr 8, 2005, 5:02pm »

Walking down the gantry behind the back of the bar, the curve of her hip brushes lightly against the edge of the bar. Her hips sway and as her left arm hugs around her slender waist, she runs the fingertips of her other hand along the bottles. Gently caressing her fingertips over their cold surface as she takes a mental count of the inventory. She reaches the end of the bar and smiles across to Maya as she exits the changing rooms. Her smile grows slightly upon her glossy black lips as she watches Yuri head over to the woman. She flashes Yuri another quick mischievous smile as she drops from view to one boot-clad knee behind the bar. She continues to go over the items they will need at the ready once the place gets full and adds them to her mental count.

A few minutes pass before she rises back up and her hands almost seem to stroke down over her body, sliding over her curves as she dusts off her clothes and turns around while casting another quick glance to the two at the table. She takes out another few of the VIP passes and sets them aside in case any other leaders from the various races should wish to procure one like Lord Targent.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #15 on Apr 8, 2005, 7:01pm »

She relaxes comfortably on the bar stool looking around. She turns her head quickly as she feels a nudge at her arm. Seeing the man make himself at home on the stool next to her, she smiles as she introduces herself.

“Hello, I am Maya and yes I am a dancer here,” she responds.

She noticed he was very consumed with himself and thought himself to be the man of men. She chuckles softly to herself letting him carry on. He was a good-looking man, she must agree, but his arrogance was spilling over on him.

“Nice to meet you Yuri. I am sure we will be seeing each other quite often around the club then,” she says.

She glances over as the lady moves behind the bar. She gives her a quick smile and nod of the head. She knew there would be many more employees to meet and she would have to remember who was who. She was still a bit nervous about dancing at the club. She tries to settle her nerves by mingling with others getting the feel of the atmosphere.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #16 on Apr 8, 2005, 7:45pm »

Oddly enough, she chose the newest club to settle on; her blue eyes watched the comings and goings of people. She enjoyed simply watching people, though she knew many of them had problems. She stood on the roof wondering as they came and left, if she should actually enter the club herself. She nodded making her choice and landed close to the doorway. She looked around for a moment before she tilted her head at the man near the door.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #17 on Apr 8, 2005, 9:21pm »

Targent stepped back into the night as he made his way toward the club, his fingers played with his new VIP pass as he turned the corner. He paused a moment as he saw the silhouette of a woman. But this was no ordinary woman; she had adorned wings at her back. He inhaled deep and caught the scent of one he met at the manor ...the Arch. His smile broadened ever wider as he slowly stepped toward her and the club. Just the thought of her in such a decadent place made his mind wonder. How simply delicious this chance meeting would be? Yes indeed, this was a night perhaps to remember as he stood only a foot from her now.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #18 on Apr 8, 2005, 9:29pm »

> She knew she should have masked her wings but could for the life of her see no reason to hide herself from people. They knew angels existed. She looked up at the man once more before she stepped past him tilting her head oddly at the sights before her eyes. She still could not figure out the morbid desire to forget one's troubles within drinking but she shrugged as if to say "to each their own." Her only worries now were on the missive and mission ahead of her.
>
> First though, she would attempt to relax. Her steps brought her closer to the bar where almost biting her lip, she ordered an angel's tears. An interesting drink of heavy clear liquor and light cream. She smiled softly before nodding to the woman behind the bar. Oh she was not as oblivious as she seemed; she had almost felt the dark one's approach but attempted to hide the shudder at his presence.

Targent

Re: Welcome
« Reply #19 on Apr 8, 2005, 9:37pm »

He knew she knew he was only inches from her now, her shiver quite noticeable to him if none others. But for now he just wanted to see her reaction to the place. He fell back from her a bit and let her enter and make herself comfortable first.

He flashed his VIP pass to the young man, Yuri as he passed him. He made his way to the bar and leaned into it, his glance never leaving the Arch as she made her way about, watching as she ordered herself a drink. He turned and ordered himself one. A young woman brushed up against him as he turned and smiled slightly to her, taking his drink in hand he thought this was as good a time as any to approach the arch, and he did.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #20 on Apr 8, 2005, 9:47pm »

A soft chuckle escapes her soft pink lips at hearing the apology from Maya. She lowers the brush down onto the smooth counter while her head turns to face the young girl.

“It’s all right Maya. All have their minds’ wander from time to time,” she expressed.

When Maya stepped back and began to unpack her own things, Allure thought that perhaps she had scared her a bit with her forwardness of undressing. But it was just all girls here at the moment. Taking no offense to it, she shuffles her hands within the pack, picking out a few beauty items to rest on the vanity opposite of Maya’s. She didn’t want to mix up their things and then it would end up in a squabble of whose things were whose. It was something she did not want to occur.

The thought of Maya being intrigued with her tattoos brought calmness to her slightly nervous disposition. She was afraid the girl would loathe her for looking the way she did. It was a mystery to even herself on the origins of such inscriptions. Perhaps here, in this city, she could find the answer. That’s if people didn’t shun her away so quickly.

Shrugging her shoulders to the memories and assumptions, she closes her bag and slips it into a locker marked ‘Number 2’ that rested just beside the one vanity. All the lockers seem to come with a vanity right beside them for each woman that came in to change. Slender fingers wrap around a small key that she slipped into the thick titanium steel lock that hooked onto the locker. Flicking her wrist, she locks it and slips the key into the valley between her breasts where it would be safe till its next use.

Looking over to her left, she peers at Maya, listening to how she got the job in the first place. Smiling, she turns to face her fully, crossing her arms over her lower torso as her fingers rest to her hips.

“I’m sure you will be fine dancing here. You will make a great addition to the club. It’s all about enjoying yourself. Like how you dress. You feel comfortable in what you are wearing so all you need to do is get to know people. Surround yourself in where you work till you feel that level of comfort,” she explained.

Her words seemed to reach the girl before she watched her leave the changing room. Her left hand rises from her right hip, tapping a slender finger to her chin in thought. They still had plenty of time before work so Allure did not stop her from wandering. Maya had to learn the layout of the club so she would know where to go. Plus, she could go for a walk and retrieve what she forgot at home for her routine. It was something miniscule to most but something that Allure had to decide for later. Finally making up her mind, she slips her arms to her side and walks towards the door, slipping out from it and closing it behind so no one but workers could go in, in case anyone had any mischievous thoughts on stealing there belongings.

Her hips swayed from side to side in a casual dance, bringing her down the long hallway till she entered the main level of the club. The ambiance of the room was soft with the candlelight and the few people already here. Her soft blue gaze scanned around the room, seeing everything ready for this evening. Her sight rested on Yuri as he was talking with the new dancer, Maya. A soft chuckle escaped her lips as he always tries so hard to get a woman. He was handsome, she would give him that much, but his ego seemed to inflate every time a girl spoke to him, let alone follow him wherever he wished and did what he asked. Hell, half the time he didn’t even have to ask as they were willing to follow his every whim. Some people these days.

Seeing Maya having a conversation with him was good for she would have to get to know the bouncer in case she got some rowdy men after her or a problem that needed to be taken care of by brute strength. She spotted a girl behind the bar, ducking down as if to either hide or collect something from below. This intrigued Allure but she thought nothing of it for now. Perhaps, she was a bartender or repairwoman.

Shrugging her shoulders, she glided across the room, feeling the yellow cloth kiss along the wooden floor as she passed by the bar. She couldn’t help but give a smile and wink to Yuri in good luck for sometimes he had bad luck with women, before moving towards the door.

Suddenly, her feet stopped in place as her eyes looked upon the angelic woman that entered the club. She was a sight to see. Her presence gave serenity to the

atmosphere. It was a nice change and very interesting to see an angel within the bar. Keeping a smile on her face, she bows her head to the woman before making her way to her destination. Again, she was stopped for a moment by a man now entering just behind the angel, Targent. Not wishing to be rude she bows her head to the man, the smile still on her face. It was good to see people now entering as a few other stragglers now begin to enter.

Seeing as how she will not have too much time to get what she needed, Allure breezed past the man as he moved from the bar after ordering a drink, going toward the angel. Her lithe form runs towards the door and disappeared between a few girls arriving and moves out into the night to where she had to go.

Charity plans gallery show

Charity Flint
« Thread Started on Apr 8, 2005, 4:58pm »

Charity walked into her gallery, flicking the lock closed and with a soft toss, the sketchpad landed upon the nearby table. Her deep blue eyes scanned her beloved gallery, trailing over the works of art from various local artists. She had started the gallery some time ago and business had always gone well for her because of her shrewd mind. That was one of the reasons she had gone to the new club that had opened in town. She had left the sketch as a demonstration of her artwork.

She sighed softly leaning against the door as she surveyed the café she had added to the gallery. Giving a soft shake of her head that sent her midnight tresses dancing against her hips; she picked up her sketchpad and sauntered her way into her office.

Her body trimmed and lithe moved with a fluid subtle grace that was like a seductive dance to the eye as long slender legs carried her with a sure and confident stride. She stepped into her office; a soft snarl crossing her ruby lips when she saw the disregarded envelope she had left there for days. Some males never learned not to try summoning someone like her but then some males never learned. With a soft shrug, she pushed the thought aside as she settled her sketchbook upon her desk folding herself into her chair.

Charity crossed her long slender legs, the tapered black slacks hugging the well-toned muscles as she moved while she dealt with what business she had. Once she had finished setting up orders that were being filled by locals, she turned her eyes to her desk; one small hand pulling open the lower draw. From it she pulled another sketchpad this one smaller than the one she usually carried and with her graphite she swiftly sketched the man she had seen in the bar penning the note. He had intrigued her, which for most was not always a good thing. The soft curtain of dark hair cascaded over her shoulders and down across the white silk

blouse she had worn beneath her black vest. She finished quickly enough and placed the pad back into the drawer, locking it away.

Leaning back in her chair, she smiled as she let her mind wonder about this man; her delicate fingers tapping lightly upon the envelope she had yet to open. She absently placed a few calls dealing with other business that had nothing at all to do with the gallery but everything to do with her income. A cruel smile crossed her face as she tended to her matters her fingers dancing over the invitation that she had blatantly ignored.

She wasn't much for parties, she thought with a soft velvety laugh as she hung up the phone. But perhaps a showing of the newest arrivals would bring this errant male out of hiding. With this thought in mind, she began planning the event, a small social affair to show the newest art works she had acquired. She set up the ads she would need and began to make an invite list; the first name upon would be this Targent man who evidently wanted to see her. The thought of having this male upon her own turf brought a wicked chuckle flowing past her lips as she made her preparations for the showing.

As she worked she idly flipped her long hair back over her shoulder taking notes and jotting names upon the notepad her eyes narrowed and glittered like sapphires awash in the sun. She gave a few contacts a call to learn more about the man she was dealing with before hanging up the phone. By dawn, she would know all she needed to know about Targent and then it was her turn to summon him to her. With an idle smirk, she slowly picked up a black and gold invitation filling it out in silver calligraphy, noting the time and place of the showing. In bold flowing script she etched Targent's name upon it, filling out the envelope as she called for a messenger. When the messenger arrived she instructed him to take both the unopened invite with her name upon it and the new invitation to Targent. Paying the lad handsomely for his trouble, she sent him on his way. A wicked chuckle floated from her lips as she continued to fill out invites and guest lists for the showing and called her caterer.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #21 on Apr 8, 2005, 9:54pm »

She slowly sipped on the small drink, the alcohol burning slightly on the way down. Perhaps, this had not been the best idea tonight. She had told the others not to let anyone follow her and here she was in the same room with no protection but the treaty.

She knew he was here and coming closer. Her eyes sought out the woman who had bowed her head to her and smiled. A sweet girl, it seemed at least outwardly. The tattoos were disturbing, but possibly not the woman's fault. Her slender form turned a bit as she finished the drink asking for another before her

breath almost caught. Too close -- he would be near her in a few moments. She would not allow herself to react as most would. She turned to face Targent with a soft smile on her lips.

“Good Eve to you, Lord Targent,” the Arch said.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #22 on Apr 8, 2005, 10:08pm »

As he made his way towards her, the clientele seemed to move a path for him automatically. His aura made most run. He never hid what he was since the treaty was signed, but carried his presence with authority and dominance. He knew they all felt it, especially the arch as she turned and spoke to him.

He casually stood in front of her now, his eyes a deep black, almost hollow if you stared at them for any amount of time. He had used them to draw his victims in, with a slight glance and thought he could lull them into submission, or send one screaming into the night. As he kept his gaze upon her, his thought was the abyss, she would not be able or would not want to delve there. Her voice was soft and gentle as she greeted him.

“And hello to you too, dear Alex, what brings you to such a place as this? Perhaps, you would sit and have a drink with me? Yes, No?” he asked.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #23 on Apr 8, 2005, 10:16pm »

His voice was almost as comforting as the slow advance of night as she listened to him. She nodded gently.

“But of course, Lord Targent, I believe that would suit me just fine,” she replied.

She looked up and into his eyes for only a moment, her soft blue looking into the darkness of his before she tilted her head pulling her wings closer to her. She had seen several of the patrons looking at them and then whisper Amongst themselves. She had come unarmed but for the small dagger that always rested at her hip.

“And please call me Dretta. Alex always seemed so formal to me,“ she responded.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #24 on Apr 8, 2005, 10:50pm »

Maya watches the lady moving around behind the bar as Yuri continues to talk small talk with her. She was only half listening to him; her thoughts were on her dance she would be performing at some point.

She turns around on her bar stool as she notices Allure the dancer, she had just met, making her way towards the door of the club. A bit concerned as to why she was leaving so quickly, but no matter maybe she needed some fresh air or something.
Suddenly, she feels calm and refreshed as she notices the angel entering the club. She seemed to bring a bit of sunshine to the club, happiness, something of beauty. She was glad to see someone that made her feel comfortable in the club. Frowning a bit as she notices the man, she remembered seeing at Angel Manor. She remembered how he seemed to be on her bad side quickly as he talked about things she wished not even think about now.

She turns away from him as he makes his way towards Yuri handing him a pass. She glances off noticing that he had given him a VIP pass. She mumbles to herself, hoping he wasn't there when it was her turn to dance. She wished not to have to deal with him. He quickly moved past Yuri and her as he made his way towards the angel. She hopes she will be safe, but if anything was to happen, Yuri was the bouncer and she was sure he would handle anything that arose.

Sliding off the bar stool, she makes her way to the VIP room. She wanted to check out the dance floor and make sure that her music was there when it was her turn to perform.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #25 on Apr 8, 2005, 11:43pm »

"Of course Dretta, anything for such a beautiful being as yourself," his voice sounded of smooth velvet.

He motioned her to walk with him to the second floor, it was much quieter there, the music less manic as he extended his hand to show the way, walking just steps behind her. He noticed she was unarmed but angels were not in need of them unless they were at battle, and this game was more a battle of wits than arms.

He was strikingly handsome with long dark hair and dark eyes, contrast to his pale skin, his lips full and the color of crimson. He moved like no man, he was fluid in his motion, not deliberate. He had the feel of old-time grace and manner, as they finally made their way to a quiet spot, the music a bit easier. He motioned with his hand for her to enter the booth first as he stood by.

He watched as she slid in, he glanced over her form a minute as he slipped in next to her and waved a waitress over.

“What would you like dear Dretta?” he asked.

Then ordering the house drink, he showed the girl his VIP pass, she smiled and moved away from them. Then he turned and stared at the angel across from him

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #26 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:00am »

He continues just talking to Maya, noticing that she isn’t paying much attention. It didn’t bother him, for he could use this as a cover to watch the bar. Seeing the winged woman enter, he flashes her his most charming smile. And then Lord Targent entered. This man everyone knew about, and that was made obvious when he flashed the VIP pass. Apparently, Faith thought he should have one. He nods his head to Targent, and then turns back to Maya. He notices the wink and smile from Allure, and winks back. She was a very attractive girl, one he seemed drawn to more than any other woman. He shakes his head, dismissing that thought.

Then something happens that makes his shake unnecessarily, a big man comes into the club, seeming to be already drunk. He wobbles over to the bar, ordering a drink. Yuri keeps a watch on the man, and soon his vigil pays off. The man turns to the winged woman, touching her shoulder.

“Hey, baby!” he says loudly. How ‘bout you an’ me…‘hiccup’…go off an’ fly together?”

He chuckles. Yuri stands, walks over to the man.

“Sir, I think you have had enough to drink. It’s time for you to go home,” Yuri says calmly.

The man looks at Yuri. He wasn’t as tall, but he had a good hundred pounds on Yuri at least

“What you say boy? *he asks gruffly, balling his hands into fists* You gonna make me?”

Yuri looks at him steadily, never flinching.

“I would not like to, but I will if I have to,” Yuri replies.

The man swings at Yuri and he moves with a speed that betrays the years of training he has undergone. Ducking the punch, though easy enough for he was drunk, he lays into the man's head with a snap kick that sends him flying. The man slams into a pillar, slumping to the floor unconscious. Yuri straightens his brown trench coat, walking over to the sleeping man and grabbing him by the collar.

"Now see, you did that to yourself. I asked nicely, and do you listen? Noooooo!" he continues lecturing the knocked out man, all the way to the door.

He opens the door, tossing the man out into the street. He closes the door behind him, shaking his head and cracking his neck. He moves back over to the bar, sitting down next to Maya again.

"Now, where were we?" Yuri asks.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #27 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:14am »

She was caught off guard by the man grabbing her shoulder and she turned in time to see the club bouncer grab him. She shuddered the slight glow in her palm, swiftly subsiding as she stepped away from the ensuing brawl shaken badly. She was not use to being grabbed. She looked at Targent, her voice shaking a bit as she tried to smile.

"I th.. thank you for the offer M'Lord. Honestly, I think red wine would be the best right now," she manages to say.

She shuddered at what she had seen, the disjointed images in the man's mind, the pain he had been through; but that was no excuse to try to hurt another. She rubbed her shoulder where the man had grabbed her and looked to Targent again

"Do things like that often happen in places like this Lord Targent?" she asked.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #28 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:24am »

Targent's mind swept quickly into the drunk's, within the darkest recesses of it, Targent loomed like some great monstrous creature, black-winged nightmare that gnawed and gnashed through his mind. Only strands of crimson dripped through it now. He would not leave this man's mind till he was a gibbering idiot

haunted by creatures never imagined. He would not EVER, make the mistake to trespass against one who was with him. He smiled, as he knew the man lay fetal in the streets, to never know reality again.
He released the man's mind as he heard the arch order a red wine. He summoned the waitress to their table once more as he told her what they wanted.
Within moments, his mind was strictly on the arch once more.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #29 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:31am »

Maya steps inside the VIP room, only a few people were there. They all seemed to be involved in conversation with one another. Her steps not heard she wore her tattered worn jeans and white tank top. Her breasts bounce slightly as she moves across the hardwood floor. She steps up on the one of several stages in the VIP room for the dancers to use. A pole was placed in the middle of this one. She reaches out her slender fingers wrapping around the pole; she circles around it, testing it. Smiling as she knows she will be using the pole for some of her dancing.

Letting go of the pole, she walks around to each of the stages checking them out. Seeing that there were plenty different sizes, she would do well here, or at least she hopes so.

Looking back out toward the few in the VIP room, a couple of men seem to have taken interest in her. She raises her hand waving her fingers at them then lifting her hand, she places her fingers on her glossy lips, blowing a kiss their way. She chuckles softy, knowing that they would be easy to excite, which means money for her.

Stepping off the stage, she mingles around the VIP room a bit longer. Then making her way out, she slips towards the patio. She needed some air to think about her dances.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #30 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:33am »

She watched Targent's eyes for a moment and shook her head. She had a feeling she did not wish to know what he was doing at that moment. She smiled as he gave the order and slowly began to compose herself. She was use to being asked, before anyone laid a hand on her and that was unsettling.

She shook her head forgiving the poor drunken man knowing that he had only wished not to spend the night alone. She ran her fingers over her wings, making certain all of the feathers were in place before she looked up as the wine arrived.

“Thank you very much,” the arch said.

Her delicate hand curved to settle the stem between her fingers then gently raising the glass from the table, she looked into it for a moment. Seeing the remnants of the wars within the glass, she set it back down for a moment. Her mind was playing tricks on her tonight. She shook her head and almost laughed, instead an actual smile crossed her lips
“So Lord Targent, how are things on your end of the world?” she inquired.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #31 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:56am »

Targent chuckled a bit as he gave her one word to answer her question, ”Dead.”

But he realized something he never thought before she could not read him. Somehow, he had blocked her sight from his mind -- very interesting.
But for now he only wanted to play out the game they had started.

Turning back towards her he says, “You seem a bit shaken up.”

Long lashes blinked as a slender pale hand reached to touch her cheek gently.

“And the answer to your other question is yes. The humans are a brutal sort, always the thought of ego and conquering each other. I sometimes wonder why the angels bother with them,” he added.

And with that he pulled his hand from her, picking up the glass and lifting it to his lips.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #32 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:08am »
She began to relax as he spoke in answer to her first question and almost stiffened as he reached to touch her. Luckily, neither of them burst into flames. The treaty had aided in that but still his hand was almost like ice as it touched her cheek. Her body was 10 degrees higher than a mortal’s was. She allowed the touch for a bit but began to pull back as his touch left her cheek.

“We bother because to leave them alone and adrift in a world of moral depravity would be against His word. He made a promise to them and as angels we are bound to carry it out. So brutal as they may be, cruel and hateful as many are,

there are those whose inner light shines through to us. That is why I am here to help them," she replied.

She smiled softly, the longest speech she had given in almost a week with the exception of the courts. She looked at him and smiled a bit taking her glass and sighed.

"Please forgive my reactions to the man. He frightened me," she said.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #33 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:25am »

He listened to her voice as she spoke, but the words lay unheard as he had heard the rabble so many times; and very few humans he thought were even worth saving. But for some reason she intrigued him. He watched her silently, his thoughts were on how she felt, the smooth perfect skin, the clear sparkle that showed more than just her outer beauty but one within which he didn't understand.

He drank his drink slowly as he watched her down the wine. She had drank a few tonight and maybe he could use that to his advantage as he moved closer to her, his eyes never leaving the creature. He could feel the vitae deep within him stir, calling to his beast, whether it be for hunger or lust, time would only tell.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #34 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:36am »

Twice today, she had deliberately placed herself in danger. The first early morning when she allowed the boy close to her, the second was coming to the bar in the first place. She had known the darker side wished to get her alone to try to subvert or even win her to their side. Even now her mind, though seemingly easily read if pushed, would fail to reveal the complexities within. She has way too many thoughts at once to allow only one layer of consciousness. She looked at him and smiled a bit as he moved closer. She shivered slightly; he was already as close as she felt was comfortable. She glanced at him for a moment before she drank a bit more of the red wine. Feeling his eyes on her, she turned to meet his gaze.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #35 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:38am »

Maya makes her way to the second floor -- her first time up here. She nods her head slowly as she looks at the surrounding.

“Very nice,” she thinks.

This place was nicer than she originally thought. She glances around at the few patrons enjoying this part of the club. She moves with grace across the shiny wooden floor. She passes a table with the beautiful angel and the man. Shaking her head, she doesn’t slow down as she continues past them and out towards the patio area. She had heard that it was a great place to enjoy the night air.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #36 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:56am »

“Dretta, do angels feel passion, desire? To touch another, become one with that person? Have you ever wondered the bliss of what it might be like -- two opposites crossing the lines of taboo?” he asked the angel.

His eyes stayed fixed and focused on her as his head tilted, letting his long hair fall over his face a bit. He could make himself look boyish and innocent if he liked. He would make himself look as innocent as a boy or like a long lost lover; her dream lover if he wanted it that way. It was a gift of blood and he used it well when needed. He intentionally inhaled her scent, she was so close now, and hadn’t told him to move away.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #37 on Apr 9, 2005, 2:11am »

She looked at him for a moment before tilting her head a bit, her wings folding closer to her. This place had no free balconies she might go to.

“Yes angels feel passion, desire, lust, all of that. Our Father has granted us in the time we have served him faithfully. All that we do not have which the humans do is, free will Lord Targent. We may touch others so long as it does not harm them or anyone around them. Therefore, we normally keep ourselves confined to others of our kind. But no Targent, I have never wondered what your life might be like -- to kill upon a whim and cause harm to others. That could never be a passion of mine,” she replied.

She looked to him and blushed gently as she seemed to shift just a bit closer to him before she looked at him again.

“I believe it is time I was to be going. Being inside for this long tends to make me act odd. I prefer the open air to the press of too many bodies, the scent of the night wind to the smell of the crush of people, the mingling perfumes. I must get outside,” she said.

She shuddered a bit as she moved slightly closer to him.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #38 on Apr 9, 2005, 2:27am »

He listened to her as she spoke, the tales of wanton desires and lust that vampires possess, but whim.

“You call it whim. I call it survival, which all things are entitled to. Is that not the way of your One? He has made animals to feed his creation, and they eat. I do the same. I survive,” he insisted.

He felt her discomfort and for a moment reveled in it. Then graciously, he moved out of the booth and stood so she could easily pass him.

“Maybe another time, dear Dretta, we shall meet again,” he expressed.

He watched as she hurried from the club. He sucked in a breath. He had mimicked the humans for so long it was second nature to do so. His glance caught sight of the girl he had seen at the manor. A smile moved over his lips as he made his way to follow the girl.

Alexandretta
Re: Welcome
« Reply #39 on Apr 9, 2005, 2:35am »

She nodded as she made her way past him and out of the club. Once she reached an open street, she put her wings to use heading straight home. She dropped on the balcony as she got there and shook her head looking up at the small crystal she had brought with her from home.

“Father, grant me the strength I will need in the time ahead. Send someone to me that can aid in this cause. Please. I admit I cannot do it alone. Though, I withstood temptation this eve it was only by your will. I fight a persuasive power, Father. I need all the help I can get,” she prayed.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Sun Apr 16, 2006 5:05 pm Post subject: Another day in Paradise.

Morning was here. The sun was rapidly ascending to its peak, and with it the town-folk were about. Everyone was either hawking their wares or being hawked to be in possession of more wares. The attitude of the people was lively, and the prices of goods varied by the moment. Within one stand having a great blue and green tapestry for an awning Gilderoy Gentry was selling his delectable treats

from Ocean Prime herself. And only the ocean herself knew how he kept those fish so fresh.

A man was standing near the vendor, a few feet back from the stand itself, trying to seem casual, but with an apparent hunger in his eyes. He was leaning against a stone wall, shifting his eyes casually around the market stalls as if waiting on a friend or co-worker.

Haischumein could feel it; he felt the intent. The man was hungry; he was poor, that much could be seen from his appearance. He was not gaunt like a man who had been hungry for a lifetime. No, he was someone who was, at the moment, desperate.

Haischumein could feel the desperation behind the man's eyes. He was going to make his move for one of the Gilderoy's fish soon. And he was going to make it fast, with no regards to the consequences. The only thing holding him back at that moment, was the reason still left in his mind, but soon the hunger in his belly would take over.

Haischumein approached the man, from the side, not directly, but as an individual casually coming to inspect the wares of another booth. The man noticed him, but his fear-crazed brain was only considering the watchful eyes of the city patrol and Gilderoy himself.

"Good day to you stranger," Haischumein uttered coyly. "Awaiting someone's return? Or are you just planning on waiting 'till no one is looking, and grabbing one of those fish sitting in the far pile just outside of Sir Gilderoy's peripheral vision?"

With that the man nearly jumped or tried to anyway. All he managed was to freeze where he was standing; breathing included. Beads of sweat began to form around the man's temples and brow.

"I, I…Know, don't what you are talking about!" stammered the young man who appeared to be in his mid-twenties.

Noticing the incredible failure at simple sentence structure due to the man's fear of having been caught before even committing the crime, Haischumein let out a brief chuckle.

"Oh, it is quite obvious. You know that I spoke the precise truth, even if you don't have the wherewithal to make sense out of your own words," Haischumein remarked.

A member of the city patrol was walking by at that moment.

“Excuse me, guardsman, may I have a moment?” Haischumein asked.

Seeing the former judge, the guard, Julius Rahim, hustled over to him. And seeing the eyes of the man who was standing near Haischumein begin to widen, he made himself ready if the man tried to bolt. He then took the man’s arm and swung him back around to land on his knees in front of the judge.

“Top-o-the-Morning, your grace. Has this man done something to render his demeanor amiss?” the guard greeted the judge.

“Ah! My good friend Julius! Sorry, I did not at first recognize you under that visor; you all tend to look quite alike in those uniforms,’ the judge apologized.

“As to this man, he has not done anything wrong yet. However, I think he is in need of a bit of aid, as he was attempting to steal a fish or two from our dear Mr. Gentry,” Haischumein explained.

“I was doing no such thing!” the now cowering man cried in protest.

“Not yet, but in my many years, I have learned how to read people. However, as it is true, he did not yet commit the crime, and I sensed no malice or intent beyond desperation in his actions. I have a request of you Sir Rahim,” he began.

In the past Haischumein had helped to work out a rather unfair penance contract, Julius had once had with a greasy-palmed merchant with quite a silver tongue. Julius had been forced into a lot of debt and his life was seeing no improvement. Julius had come to Haischumein asking what could be done. It was at that time Haischumein learned of the compassion Julius had for people and so he helped him out of that tough bind. So naturally Julius was in another debt, albeit a much more benign debt.

“Sure, what did you have in mind?” Julius asked.

“Do you think you could find some work for this man? All he really needs is an honest, even if only temporary, job, by which he can earn food enough and shelter with which to live; until he can find his way into the world,” the judge continued.

The man crouching nearly fainted from relief and did as he heard the words of Julius’s concurrence.

“Sure, your grace, your wisdom still carries weight Among the men and women of Azoic. Many are sad and even a little upset to see you go. It’s as if the honesty of the courts left with you,” the guard said.

Laughing again, for laughing was becoming quite the aphrodisiac habit, “Well then maybe you’ll need to train this man to be honest and bring him into the world of law and justice.” Haischumein mused.

“By the way, could you do me one more favor?” the judge remembered.

“Absolutely, anything legal,” came Julius’s grinning reply.

“I am seeking General Aarious Orion. I was wondering if you could put the word out that there is a man who seeks council with him?” Haischumein asked.

“Why would you be looking at meeting with him? I know how much you abhor weapons and war. And anyway, he’s an important man, running in circles of simply enormous importance after one holy widget or saving one more amazingly gargantuan day,” the guard said.

“I don’t abhor weapons and conflict so much as dislike it with vehemence. And I see the city watch hasn’t done anything to curb your sarcastic wit,” Haischumein responded.

Thinking to himself regarding the importance of General Aarious Orion, he wondered, how many times had his secretary said that very thing to keep would-be petitioners at bay? Ah well, Haischumein figured even in a soldiers’ camp bureaucracy had to exist.

“Well I’ll be sure to spread the word, I wish you luck getting a meeting with him,” Julius replied.

With a wave and a thank you, Haischumein made his way back into the market. Spotting something that piqued his interest; he shuffled his way over to a jewelers stand.

Riki
An angel..walking with his thoughts
« Thread Started on Apr 10, 2005, 12:43am »

He walked in darkness, as was his habit. Although, he could fly as other angels could, unlike most of the others he preferred walking Amongst the mortals. It helped him clear his head from the many thoughts that haunted him.

His sister, and her thought-words to him as he left his home again after so long.

“Be careful young Brother, the above has changed since you were there last,” Krys-Juun warned.

“I know Krys-Juun, my Sister. That is precisely why I decided to go. My Love’s message will be welcomed now,” Reiki explained.

“You fear them, those above. You fear they will find out who you are. Come, stay Brother. You know you are safe here,” she offered.
He looked into her flame-filled eyes and smiled, “That is why I will use a new name, but you know this. As well as you know that I am immune to your persuasion powers.”

“And yet, I am not blocked from your ability to know the truth. It seems only one was able to do that,” Krys-Juun remarks.

“Yes, and he will pay with his life when I find him but not before he confesses, and my Love accepts my apology,” Reiki says.

“That may never happen. Your Love may never forgive you for the wrong you are blamed for,” she adds.

“And I have accepted that, but I can always hope,” Reiki admits.

“Hope can be twisted, mangled like your body was. Leaving something completely different, something that has forgotten what it was,” his sister says.

“I don’t see myself as ‘mangled’ Sister, and as for forgetting who I am,” Reiki ran his right hand along his left arm tracing the glyphs tattooed there. “My Love said one should never forget their origins, no matter how much they change. And so, here is my name and linage forever etched into my body and in our native tongue.”

“Some above will know those words,” Krys-Juun adds.

“Yes, I know and that is why I shall keep it hidden from those who can read it. I will know them before they have a chance,” he counters.

“Accidents happen,” she remarks.

“That is a risk I will have to take. And so, I bid you goodbye Dear Sister,” Reiki says.

“Know that you will always be welcome home, Brother, no matter where your path takes you,” she replies.

The glyphs on his arm have a soft, gentle azure glow underneath his long sleeves; a tear forms in his icy blue eyes and drops to the ground, leaving a tiny frozen spot where it hits.

“I must be careful,” he thinks as he walks toward the manor.

The glyphs return to their inert state looking like nothing more than an intricate tattoo.

Charity Flint
Re: Welcome
« Reply #40 on Apr 9, 2005, 9:13am »
Charity sauntered her way toward the nightclub, taking her time to enjoy the night as she moved with a predatory grace through the streets. She stopped at the door of the club dropping the invitations off with the bouncer, each one black with gold lettering in hand done calligraphy stating the showing was on Sunday night at 8 pm. With a soft velvety laugh, she stepped off into the night moving toward the manor.

Others start receiving invitations
Targent
Mercury accepts
Dretta invites Reiki

Place after Charity sends out invitations

Amon
« Reply #1 on Apr 8, 2005, 10:31am »

A note sits on Targent”s bed.

Dear Brother,
I”ve gone into the town, looking for some fun. I”ll be back sometime tomorrow night

Amon

Targent
« Reply #2 on Apr 8, 2005, 5:31pm »

Seemed there was a lot of activity within his castle this night as he listened to another knock upon his door. He ponders if he should make it a bit more difficult to get to it. But then again, he did sign the treaty and for now would welcome who dared to arrive there.

His servant entered his sitting room as he still listened to the sweet song of the siren. He took the letter and looked over it. It looked to be an invitation of some sort, as he looked at the artistic manner it took. He smiled and opened it. It was not only one letter but also a second. He smiled as he looked at the unopened invitation to his get together. He laid it on his table and thought a moment, then

rose and grabbed for his long trench coat. He tossed it across his shoulders and made his way into the night.

Targent
« Reply #3 on Apr 8, 2005, 6:01pm »

As he reached the door, a note stood by it. It was from his brother Amon. He paused and thought he should get into town to take care of a few items of business, and watch for Amon; he sometimes didn't follow all the rules and sometimes as brothers often do, he would have to watch over him. With that he opened the door and made his way into the darkness.

Roux
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #4 on Apr 8, 2005, 8:21pm »

Roux wakes from her rest as the dark starts to claim the day. Moving quietly through the castle, she looks around for anyone that might still be here. She was late tonight, so she thought most had already left to venture out for the night. She was a bit exhausted from the past few nights. She had battled a few of the men from town that thought they would have her; instead she had them.

"Poor souls," she laughs.

She had heard about a new club opening in town, maybe she would check it out; see if anything interested her. She slips back into her room, stepping out onto her balcony, the dark night, many stars out, and the moon. Oh how she loved the moon. She takes in a deep breath of the night air, feeling it tingle throughout her body. She would decide later if she would go to town.

Roux
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #6 on Apr 11, 2005, 10:01am »

She was feeling a bit bored and the castle was quiet. She hadn't heard any movement going on or any voices. Her hunger for entertainment or maybe some company had finally gotten the best of her. She slips into her large closet filled with clothes. Her fingers tapping against the seal of the door as she decides on what she feels like wearing.

"Hmmm," she says seeing the deep purple pair of leather pants.

Reaching out, she takes the pair looking to the other side she chooses a white shirt. Grabbing her black boots, she slips back into her room, changing into her clothes. Her long black trench coat lay over the large chair next to the window. Stepping over towards the window, she grabs her coat sliding it on. She felt

exhilarated and was ready to enjoy the night. Pulling open the window she hops up on the seal taking a deep breath, she slips out the window. There was a haze surrounding the castle, some would say eerie, but to her was like a child receiving a piece of candy. Stepping quicker as she moves across the grounds, some might think she disappeared.

She was suddenly at the edge of the city. Grinning, she looks at all the flickering light, deciding just where she would seek some entertainment for the evening.

Invitations delivered to Angel Manor

Charity Flint
Invitations
« Thread Started on Apr 9, 2005, 9:18am »

Charity sauntered her way toward the manor taking her time to enjoy the night as she moved with a predatory grace through the streets. She stopped at the door of the manor dropping the invitations off with the servant. Each one was black with gold lettering in hand-written calligraphy, stating the showing on Sunday night at 8 p.m. With a soft velvety laugh, she stepped off into the night moving toward the gallery.

Mercury
Re: Invitations
« Reply #1 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:38pm »

Mercury stares out his window to the lights of Azoic City. He knows that allowing the Archangel to wander through the night, alone is a very bad idea. But what could he do? Her orders were quite explicit. “Do not let anyone follow.” Still, he could not allow her to continue to put herself in jeopardy this way.

“Do not let anyone follow,” he said to himself.

“Well,” he thought, “If this was going to be her ‘M.O.’ then I have no choice but to ‘pre-position’ my eyes and ears around the realms.”
Mercury then reaches out to open the window. And closing his eyes he begins to sing.

“Creatures of the light, creatures of the night
Friends of the Angels who soar in flight
Send me your envoy, so that I might
Plead with you to share your sight”

Within moments, a large falcon lands on the windowsill. He hops into the room, perching on the back of a chair. Then several white doves fly directly into the room, landing on the couch against the far wall. Six pigeons come flapping into

the room in a fuss, landing without grace on the floor. An Eagle, far too proud to be seen with such “common” birds stays on the ledge outside.

After a moment, they are still. His eyes still closed, Mercury finds the minds of his new friends. Although with the falcon, his is already familiar. The diverse perceptions of reality Among this group makes communicating with all of them simultaneously difficult. Yet the Holy Spirit translates to each without fault.

“Friends, the Angels are in need of your assistance. Our Archangel, she who sits at the right hand of God, has been blessed with an irrepressible desire for freedom. We Love her for her spirit, and wish not to dim the light of her joy. Yet the dark force of evil pushes forth its tentacles throughout this realm seeking to do her harm,” he begins.

“To prevent such disaster, I would ask you for your help. As I may not follow her consistently on her travels, I would ask that you be my eyes and ears over and through the places traveled by our beloved Archangel. Speak to your flocks, and spread the word to your friends without wings, to watch and listen,” Mercury continues.

“And if she should come to harm, or be threatened in anyway, you will seek out the nearest angel and petition them for assistance. In return you shall have the continued love, respect and protection of the Angels and the Creator of us all,” he concludes.

Without another word, each bird flew out of the window one after another. No further communication was needed for Mercury to know that they would do as he asked. Still, he needed more. The help of creatures was one thing but nothing beat having feet on the ground. If only there was someone else, someone without wings, whom he could trust to watch out for the Archangel.

A soft knocking at the door broke him from his thoughts.

“Come” Mercury was saying as he turned back from the window towards the door.

A plain-clothes peacekeeper, who he knew well as Araan, entered, handing him what looked like an elegantly written note. He quickly realized that the black and gold lettered paper was an invitation to a party to be held at one of the local art galleries in Azoic City. “Charity’s Fine Arts Cafe” Sunday 8pm.

“Well,” he thought, “if I’m going to need friends, then I’m going to have to make friends.”

“Araan, please go to this gallery in the morning and RSVP for myself and two others. I would like to see this woman’s work.”

“Yes, Angelo,” said the peacekeeper.

With that, the peacekeeper left the room, and Mercury feeling a little less helpless, turned again to watch the lights of the city.

Charity Flint
Re: Gallery Game
« Reply #1 on Apr 9, 2005, 9:54am »

Charity settled back in her chair after returning from delivering the invites and began to make the calls to set up preparations. Her contacts had gotten back to her; she knew now all she needed to know about Targent and a wicked grin played over her face as she tapped her pencil upon the note pad.

Mercury and Targent accept invitations

Mercury
Re: Gallery Game
« Reply #2 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:56pm »

As the sun broke through all over Aurora except for the city, Araan made his way through the darkened streets to the gallery. As he had been the night before, he wore plain clothes, as not to attract attention to the fact that he was one of the peacekeepers’ most experienced soldiers. Running these little errands seemed beneath a warrior of his skill, yet he reasoned that the Angel Mercury must have had his reasons for sending him, rather than a regular messenger. He reached the gallery, knocked on the door and waited.

After a moment the door is opened by the same woman he met last night. Years of training allow him not to react to her strikingly beautiful features. He knows full well, that not everyone in Aurora is as they appear.

“M’Lady,” he begins. “I have returned from Angel Manor with a message from the Angel Mercury. He wishes to extend his heartfelt thanks at your kind invitation, and will accept, and will bring two others if it is acceptable?”

Targent
Re: Gallery Game
« Reply #3 on Apr 9, 2005, 4:09pm »

Targent smiled and made his way through darkened streets toward the gallery. As he moved closer, he could see a flickering light dance about the gallery’s window. Seems he was not too late, the gallery was still open. On reaching it, he opened the door easily and walked in closing the door behind him. He stood for a moment as his eyes caught glimpse of a man in plain clothing and a woman.

Targent inhaled slightly and caught scent of the man, he was human, but his manner was familiar … the low-key way he tried to behave, but nonetheless, he was there to take care of his own business as he walked up to the both of them.

“Excuse me, I’m looking for the owner of the gallery, a Charity I believe,” Targent said.

And as he finished his inquiry, he turned and looked directly at the man. His gaze held him for a moment , then released as he turned back to the woman

Charity Flint
Re: Gallery Game

« Reply #4 on Apr 10, 2005, 9:13am »
Charity sat back in her chair clasping her hands behind her head, her long hair shimmering raven in the soft candlelight. A smile traced her ruby red lips; she was very pleased with the preparations and had taken time in selecting the finest pieces for the show. The artist, a local young man merely 19 years old, had been ecstatic when she had called. As young as he was, he was an exceptional artist. His art had a slight darkness behind each scene enmeshed so subtly that one had to look twice to find it. She hadn’t planned one of those large flashy affairs that one would see in the bigger cities, just a nice tasteful little gathering. The thought of who might be attending brought a smirk slowly playing over her lips. She had cast the first stone in her game a subtle challenge to the lord of vampires by sending the unopened invitation to his party along with her gallery invitation. Imagining the look on his face brought a soft chuckle flowing past her lips and a mischievous glint to her deep blue eyes.

She was pulled from her reverie by a light tapping upon the front door of the gallery. She cast her sapphire gaze at the clock surprised to see that it was morning already. That was one of the reasons she had moved into this town, why she loved it here; she never had to worry about rest. With a light yawn, she rose fluidly to her feet stretching her slender frame before she turned away from her desk and stepped out of her office.

Her sculpted face settled into a blank expression as she approached the door, canting her head to one side, the long dark tresses spilling off her shoulders. Though she showed no outward reaction, she was slightly surprised to see the servant from the angel’s manor at her door when she opened it and she stepped back motioning him inside. Reaching up a delicate hand, she tucked a few strands of silken hair behind her ear as she listened to the man issue the promptest response to an invitation she had ever seen. She let a soft smile play over her lips, shifting her stance slightly, the tapered black slacks hugged her slender legs while the black silk blouse clung to every curve. When she finally spoke her voice was a light melody of midnight caress both soft and sensual.

“Well this is a rather swift response. The angel Mercury is welcome to bring two guests with him. It will not be a problem, I assure you Sir. Can I offer you anything from the café this morning? No charge of course.” Charity replied.

No sooner had she finished speaking than the door opened and she silently cursed herself for not locking it again. Her smile never faltered though, she cast her deep sparkling gaze at the man entering her gallery, a soft thrill running down her spine. This was the lord of vampires she knew that from the information her contacts had gathered on him and by the look of him. Any normal woman would have melted at the sight of him. Thankfully, she was no ordinary woman, she thought as the man stopped beside them and spoke softly. The sound and cadence of his voice was enough to send shivers down her spine as he asked for her. She turned her stance slightly toward him letting her deep blue pools travel the length of his frame. This one she had to admit was devilishly handsome and very dangerous to toy with but then she wasn’t about to be summoned like some commoner. Her voice dropped into a soft silky croon as she met Targent’s eyes, the soft smile playing about her lips, vanishing in an instant as sapphire orbs hardened.

“Excuse me a moment, please sir. It seems I have business to handle. Please extend my welcome to Mercury and his guests if you would be so kind. Mr. Targent how nice of you to drop by, please follow me,” she said.

She paused long enough to turn her gaze a moment toward the man as she spoke before returning her attention to the lord before her again speaking in a soft silky caress of sound. She did not bother to introduce herself to the vampire if he didn’t have the wit to figure out who she was then that was his little mistake. Her breathing remained deep and even as she spun away from the men and began leading Targent toward her office. Her body moving with a fluid predatory grace, hips swaying in a subtle dance of seductions though her footfalls made no sound upon the floorboards.
Paintings of almost every style hung in small groupings arranged by the artist’s name. Even her own were in evidence, depicting sunlight mountain streams but one she knew would catch the lord’s eyes easily. A painting depicting his castle bathed in the morning sun and brushed with the colors of the dawn hung near the office door and she turned toward him as she stopped at her office. Again her deep gaze like hard sapphires traveled the length of his graceful form and a smirk tugged at the corners of her lips almost threatening to shatter the bored expression upon her lovely face.

Targent
Re: Gallery Game
« Reply #5 on Apr 11, 2005, 5:19am »

Targent listened to the soft sultry voice as it crept within his ears, and as his glance broke from the man’s, he began to follow the woman, as she seemed to

move more like a snake slithering on some warm stone to bathe. He just chuckled to himself as he followed this obviously talented and creative woman, seems she was more creative in her life and bed as her lust and desires were well known Amongst her fellow artists. She was one to indulge in the finer things that life had to offer than just what she portrayed on canvas. Most truly gifted artists were.

As he reached her office door, his glance took him to a picture that hung on one of the walls. His eyes narrowed as he stared at it. It was his castle during the daylight hours. He had never seen what it looked like during that time of day. But more than that he looked to see the signature of the artist that painted it ... and there in the corner laid her inscription ... Charity.

As he heard her rustle about her office, his attention is drawn back to her as he stands tall against her office room walls . His hair long and brown flowed and framed his features and dark black eyes stood staring at her from an ocean of pale skin; he looked almost as if he were made of porcelain. Then he pulled from his pocket, her invitation. He laid it in front of her and for the second time his voice escaped his lips in a deep melodious sound.

“Dear Charity, I would love to come,” Targent replied.

He knew now this little gathering would be more than what it seemed just above the surface. She thought herself some grand chess player moving people along her board. Or was he reading far more into it than he thought...and no he knew better than to underestimate any … even if they were the feminine persuasion. He had been set upon by women assassins during the war, to be cautious.

This woman somehow had that feel about her.
But nonetheless, these were times of peace and he the leader of the vampires would do his best to show the new world, the kindred were willing to go to whatever lengths it took to become one with this new society. He was an ambassador of good will. He stopped that thought and laughed to himself as he tossed the unopened letter to lay atop her own invitation and spoke one final time.

“Too bad. It was a very fine get together. You should have been there,” he remarked.

His arms crossed over his chest as he leaned to the back of his own chair.

Charity Flint
Re: Gallery Game
« Reply #6 on Apr 11, 2005, 2:03pm »

Charity lead him to her office hearing the soft catch of his breath at the sight of his castle in full sunlight. She had painted that picture as she did all sunlight scenes from thought and memory. She remembered the sun though it seemed so long ago. Tonight, she would draw this man the lord of vampires in full daylight perhaps the rising sun. She pushed the thoughts away as she shifted the papers upon the desk. She couldn't deny this man had a presence, a way about him that would weaken most women. He was certainly handsome though she doubted he had any charm.

She settled herself behind her desk black velvet slacks and white silk blouse clinging to her slender frame as she crossed her legs watching him lean in the doorway of her office. She wasn't surprised the calm manner he showed her, most did not understand what they were dealing with. She let her deep sapphire gaze trail the length of his muscular frame as she watched him, a blatant admiration for his looks if not his manners. Then his voice flowed like warm honey across her senses. That soft melodious tone would have been enthralling had she not been prepared for it. She laughed softly, a velvety sound, at his words.

"Well a personal response, how delightful. Well you are certainly welcome to the showing; the artist is exceptional." Charity responded.

She let her voice trail off into a silky seductive purrb tilting her head to one side, the midnight tresses spilled from her shoulders. She reached up one deceptively delicate hand to brush the strands from her face before she returned her attention to the man. She was playing a very dangerous game but it was a game she had never lost and she had no intention of losing now.

Her contacts had provided her more information on this man than any other of the occupants of the castle. It seemed he liked his solitude at times. Her silvery laughter filled the air; her liquid sapphire gaze catching his as he tossed the unopened invitation down upon her desk like throwing down the gauntlet. Her small hand crept out tracing the embossing on the invitation that lay atop hers even as that warm silky croon answered his soft melodic words; she wouldn't be that easy to ensnare.

"Ah yes, the little get together you attempted to summon me to. I do not see why you would have bothered to invite me. It would seem my little gallery is of little consequence to you," she bantered. "What did you think of the picture beside the door Mr. Targent? I would say it was one of my finest works but there is far more yet to come."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she spoke to him letting him know he wasn't as subtle and unobserved as he thought he might be. Watching as he coiled himself into a chair, she had the thought of a serpent in the grass and silenced the chuckle that bubbled up her throat. It would certainly be delightful to see how

he reacted to her future moves. She would enjoy playing this highly lord who thought all should answer to him. He of course did not know what he was up against; her mentor had been one of the finest and the best and had taught her everything he knew until she mastered it.

She leaned back in her own chair, the bored expression never leaving her face as she tapped her slender fingers against the arm of her chair, waiting to see what reaction he might have to the fact he had been watched. She was glad the sketch she had drawn of him standing at the bar was locked away for the moment. It would be the base of the portrait she painted of this man.

Targent
Re: Gallery Game
« Reply #7 on Apr 13, 2005, 2:55pm »

Targent listened to her carefully, even though his face would remain expressionless. As she spoke he looked about her office, it is said that the things around you and what you wish to place there are extensions of yourself. And this one, he thought, had quite a few issues or not, maybe her life was just one big game. But he liked to play, so he let it continue as he sat quietly across from her. And as she finished, he just looked at her and then spoke.

“Charity, it’s always good public relations to be gracious even though you would rather spend your time on other things, especially if those contacts made in such a small gathering of people may not seem much at first...you know never about life. You may be surprised,” Targent said.

He smiled to her and rose, he would let her think on this for a while.

“I wouldn’t miss this little gathering of yours for the world, but now I must get back to my castle to prepare for it,” he continued.

He bowed his head slightly as he made his way to the door. His glance took him once more to the picture of his castle; it somewhat disturbed him. As he reached for the gallery door, he glanced back once more and then took to the streets of Azoic City.

Charity Flint
Re: Gallery Game
« Reply #8 on Apr 15, 2005, 9:38am »

Charity tilted her head to one side as she watched him closely. Her contacts had been right about the man. Cold didn’t begin to describe him with devilishly good looks and such a voice he could easily destroy a woman. Leaning back in her chair, she listened quietly to his words letting out a soft velvety laugh. She supposed it was dangerous to play this game with him but she had to see for

herself before she did what she must. Watching him rise, her voice rang out softly a sweet melody of warmed honey.

“I look forward to it, Mr. Targent. Perhaps you might even find something to decorate the castle walls with,” Charity replied.

She rose to her feet as he did, offering a slight nod to the man. She watched him go and gave a soft shake of her head. Settling down at her desk she pulled the long raven tresses and tied them at the nape of her neck before she rose moving to the door and locking it. She moved with purpose back to her office, closing the door and dragging the easel out from behind it. She took out her paints and began to paint slowly. She would have a gift for the lord of vampires when the fun began. A soft smile touching her lips, she worked on the portrait the rest of the day.

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #2 on Apr 9, 2005, 2:04pm »

She had fallen asleep during her prayers, which was not unlike her at all. She rose slowly and stretched her wings before she smiled softly. Her gentle voice began to sing softly as she began her morning routine. She stood in the doorway of her office and looked at the peacekeeper with a soft smile.

“Dear Markus would you kindly go find Mercury and tell him I had a most enlightening meeting with Lord Targent and that I would like to speak with him.”

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #3 on Apr 10, 2005, 12:58am »

Reiki walked into the manor through the front doors as any common human would, though his pitch-black wings betrayed his species.

He walked slowly absorbing his surroundings, wondering where the Arch was and if she would want to speak to him. He was unsure of what his place would be here since he did not “grow up” within angel society. He was not exactly sure what was expected of him, but he had pledged his allegiance and he would serve as he was told.

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #4 on Apr 10, 2005, 1:06am »

She rose from the desk and sighed softly, pressing her fingers to her temples.

“Another day and I guess I should go see what is going on around me,” she said to herself.

She moved slowly through the halls closing her bright eyes for a few moments as she leaned against the walls before heading off on her adventures. She dropped from her balcony and barely managed to get her wings functioning as she neared the ground. She snapped them out and rose a bit before fluttering to the ground landing lightly.

She smiled a bit; as it was the first time in a very long time she hid her wings and seemed to be dressed in a soft rose-colored gown. She slipped in with the morning crowd and noticed a black-winged angel. Her head tilted slightly as she stepped closer to him

“Umm Hi. You seem a bit lost. Most of the angel’s offices are on the upper floors. It makes it easier on those with wings,” she explained. “Though I must say, I have not seen wings like yours in a while... if you wouldn’t mind I am Dretta. I could show you around a bit?”

She smiled softly to the man and tilted her head. A new angel… interesting. Maybe her prayers had been answered. She hoped so .

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #5 on Apr 10, 2005, 1:45am »

Reiki’s wing retracted slightly at her mentioning of them. He sensed no deception or malice. Her curiosity was genuine. A flash crossed his mind. A feeling of importance though she had not told him, and no one had thought to tell him he knew who she was. He calmed himself.

“I am sorry, I am a little sensitive about them,” he smiled weakly. “I would be honored to be given a tour by the Arch herself.”

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #6 on Apr 10, 2005, 8:11pm »

She smiled slightly as she nodded to the angel.

“Well since my secret is out Angelo, I suppose I could show you the normal way,” she said.

She shrugged a bit, looking at his wings with a gentle smile before she stepped beside him.

“Well you shouldn’t be. I think they are quite wonderful, Angelo. And please call me Dretta. Eventually I will have everyone doing so.”

The childlike grin that crossed her face seemed slightly mischievous as she touched his hand very lightly

“Come on, with you being new here, there is an awfully large amount of things to show you before I have to go,” she began.

“Listen, would you possibly like to come to a gallery showing tonight? I mean I know Mercury is going and all but no one has said I couldn’t go too. Would you mind going with me?” the Arch asked.

Oddly enough, for a supposed supreme ruler, she seemed not only young but also rather unsure of herself in this venture. Hardly the seasoned warrior most would expect. But then her childlike innocence was one of the few qualities that never changed about her.

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #7 on Apr 11, 2005, 12:39am »

Reiki smiled one of his knowing smiles.

“This one has much light,” he thought.

He did not shudder as she touched his hand, though he was immensely glad she had not seen the markings on his left arm. Even though the coverings he wore were long sleeved, the arms were a bit to open for his tastes, which was a shame because he did love its dark red color and maroon trim. Perhaps he could find a tailor to make alterations, give it shirt cuffs rather than the Juliet-like sleeves it had.

“Then ‘Dretta’ is what I shall call you, “ he said to the Arch.

He paused a second. She seemed young, innocent; he reached and plucked a feather from his left wing.

“It is customary in my family, when someone shows interest in something you possess, you should share it or inform them how to get it for themselves,” Reiki explained.

He hands her the feather, which is about 10 inches long and iridescent black from tip to shaft.

“You liked my wings, so think I should share them,” he remarked.

He stood back and bowed politely, " I am called Reiki and I would definitely be interested in joining you. I find art of all types fascinating."

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #8 on Apr 11, 2005, 1:31am »

She gently took the feather from his hand and smiled softly before she swiftly braided it into her golden hair. She turned and smiled. Then taking his hand, she moved beyond the people heading into the upper levels and stopping outside the office before she winced a bit.

"Umm the interior is a bit gaudy but it works. Come in, this is my office. We can talk in here privately. I would love to know what brought you to us here," she said.

She smiled softly and tilted her head a bit before she opened the doors and sighed at the odd scent of Myrrh and dragons blood. She shook her head as she waited to see if he would come in or stand outside.

"Please, I promise I wont bite," the Arch joked.

She almost winced when she said that recalling her thoughts from the night before and almost giggled.

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #9 on Apr 11, 2005, 1:49pm »

Reiki walked into the room noting decor and not minding it at all. He could see beauty in everything he saw or heard. He looked into her eyes and saw a glimmer of something she was holding back. But it did not bother him as she still seemed genuine.

"As you can tell, I am not native, so to speak. I went up to The Hold at Seraphia and they didn't seem sure what to do with me. I am not completely familiar with the customs here, and I had apparently broken some protocol by just showing up as I did. They told me I should fly over the Pit and come see the Arch," Reiki explained.

He shifted his wings a bit not revealing the thoughts he had of giving up -- diving back down through the mist and rejoining his sister, Krys-Juun, the Dark Mother. That and the Myrrh was starting to make his nose itch. He knew he would get used to it again. It had just been so long since he had smelled perfume of any sort.

“And so, I did and walked here upon landing,” he continued.

His stomach made an odd gurgle as he realized that he had not eaten anything in a while.

With a slightly embarrassed look on his face he said, “Is there somewhere I can get small snack? I forget to eat before i came over”

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #10 on Apr 11, 2005, 2:07pm »

She smiled softly at the rumbling but the small visions she got from him -- they disturbed her a bit. She looked up as one of the guards shut the doors to her office and she smiled.

“Well Reiki in the most general sense you probably should have come here first. But I am kind of glad you didn’t find anything in the hold. Otherwise, it would have been a while before we met. As for a snack, that is easy enough, “ she said.

She moved to the door and opened it a bit before speaking to one of the guards. She smiled as he left his post. She always wondered why there were two guards, not just one. Oh well, it didn’t matter. What bothered her were the feelings coming from the young angel behind her -- feelings of failure of giving in. No, no, no that simply would not do. Hmmm, so he felt he failed. Interesting.

She took the silvered tray from the guard and as he went to say something, she closed the door. Oh yes, she could be rude especially when she did not want to hear what would be said. She had sensed the thought about Reiki and was not in the mood for prejudice. She had little idea what his wings meant. Perhaps she would ask or if that did not happen she would need to ask Mercury. Speaking of him, he should have been here already. She turned back to Reiki and smiled softly

“ Well here you are. It is not as heavy as a normal breakfast would be Reiiki, but it works. I will have to go fly over to the city later to check on a few things. If you like you can come with and we can stop in and have lunch Among the humans,’ she offered.

Of course, I know not many angels would want to so. It is up to you,” Alexandretta remarked.

She smiled a bit as she set the ray down on the corner of her desk and moved the cover. Small pieces of fruit and cheese lined the tray surrounding a sweet glaze. She almost laughed but she had said a snack. She shook her head slowly

“ Well I guess that is what I get for having a sweet tooth. They have gotten use to my peculiarities, she mused. “If you would like something different, I can always send them for something else.”

“To be honest, I do not know how they keep from falling asleep out there. I must be so boring to watch since all I do is drop from my balcony,” she admitted.

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #11 on Apr 11, 2005, 2:34pm »

Once the tray was set down, he took one of the few whole fruits, a fairly large grapefruit, and started to peal it; eating the skin as he went. It had been a long while since he had had fruit like this and he savored the taste.

“This will do me fine for a while, Dretta. I do not eat much. I never have,” he added.

He did look at the other items though, marveling at the variety. He sensed her concern and wondered why. It seemed a caring concern, nurturing almost, rather than perception of threat. It reminded him of his sister. One would usually never think of her kind as ‘motherly’ but that of course is where her power lied.

Then his thoughts turned to the guards outside whom he had chosen to ignore. He understood their thoughts; he was a strange angel in the Arch’s office. Like any good guard dog, they growled and snarled at intruders, but only attacked if given the order. The thought of guard dogs put an amusing picture in his head of two Rottweilers dressed in the guards’ uniforms.

“I shall have to draw that when I get some paper and time in the same place,” he thought.

“I would not mind joining you for lunch though. I rather like staying close to the ground, Amongst the people, mortals as it were. For some reason I find it soothing; all the jumbled thoughts and feelings merging together like a mental montage,” he noted.

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #12 on Apr 11, 2005, 2:54pm »

She smiles softly shaking her head for a moment.

“You know, I think you are the first person who actually enjoys the feelings around the mortals other than myself. Most of the angels stay away from them,

but I like being around them. I like the way that I can keep them from being hurt, from being so sad," the Arch admitted.

She smiles and touches his shoulder for a moment before looking into his eyes. "Now I need you to answer me something. Why do you feel different from other angels? And is that on your arm a tattoo or something else?" she inquired.

She had barely caught a glimpse of it through the opening on his shirt when he reached for the fruit. She sat on the edge of her desk picking up a strawberry and dipping it into the sauce in the center as she spoke very casually.

"Not that it truly matters, Reiki. I am merely curious," she said.

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #13 on Apr 11, 2005, 6:40pm »

"SHE KNOWS! Kill her now before she tells the others!" he heard in his head.

Reiki instinctively reaches for his sword but it isn't there. Then it strikes him -- the thought was not his, it was put there.

"Met'ra!" he realizes.

This is precisely why he left his sword, Baka-Ai, with his sister, so he would not be tricked into attacking. She would know if he needed it and send her human pet, since it burned at her touch.

He looked at Dretta and something drove him to tell her the truth.

"If Met'ra thinks she should not know then she probably does need to know," he debated internally.
"It is my given name, Dretta, in the language of my ancestors. It is a very private thing to me. I trust you will not reveal what it is to others?" Reiki explained.

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #14 on Apr 12, 2005, 1:08am »

She slowly tilted her head towards him and placed the strawberry down before taking a bite. Standing at her desk, she had noticed his movements, and his distress at her observation. She looked at him for a moment before she spoke. Her voice lost all the childlike qualities it had before as she looked up at him.

"Reiki, you have my promise that I will not reveal anything to any, save possibly one person and he is one I trust with my own life. In my position it is not good to

keep deadly secrets and by your reactions, I would say that this is one. But with that one exception you have my word. As both the Arch, and myself unless it places our people in danger," Dretta said.

She looked at him, her eyes seemed to shift from a deep gray green to almost sky blue as she pulled her wings and allowed them to rest at her back once more. She held out her hand and smiled softly.

"But you also have my word as a friend, which I believe you may need more, that your secret lies safe with me. Unless it becomes too dangerous to keep then I will call you to my side to tell it yourself to my advisor," she advised.

"You were reaching for a weapon though. Might I inquire what you had intended to do with it?"

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #15 on Apr 12, 2005, 8:53am »

"So she noticed," he thought.

Reiki bowed his head shamefully.

"If my sword had been at my side, I would have quite possibly taken your head. However, I left my sword with someone I trust. That way, I would not be Influenced to do evil with it," he admitted.

"I should tell her of Met'Ra," Reiki decides.

"Trust me, Dretta, the thought was not my own. It was placed there by a powerful Deceiver by the name of Met'Ra. I have had dealings with him before, a long time ago," he explained.

He paused a moment and stood at attention.

"Rest assured, it will not happen again. I know he exists still, so I can shield my mind from him. I had not thought to do so before, because it did not occur to me that he would attempt to use his Powers here," Reiki said.

He bows his head shamefully again, "I should have known better."

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #16 on Apr 12, 2005, 4:46pm »

She looked at him for a moment before she shook her head. Long golden hair fell over her shoulders.

“No Reiki you would have tried to take my head. Do not mistake simply because I seem unarmed that I am. I have learned the hard way to be completely unarmed is a bad thing,” she retorted.

She looked at him and relaxed once more lifting the strawberry from the plate to her lips.

“Now tell me your story, if you would please. I have a feeling I should most likely be seated for it, so I will remain here. That is if you are truly going to tell me?”

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #17 on Apr 12, 2005, 5:26pm »

Reiki continues to stand, his brow furrowed as if deep in thought.

“I am not sure what more I can tell you, Dretta. I know you tell the truth when you say you will not reveal my secrets, but I fear what dangers you may face once you know,” he says.

He looks again at his arm and the odd language inscribed on it.

“Others can read this writing and then know who I am. or at least know what it says,”

He sighs and looks deeply into her eyes.

“Please ask me no more for now. I must meditate on this to see what course I need to take,” Reiki explains.

The room starts to feel small; her presence filling the room.

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #18 on Apr 12, 2005, 5:54pm »

She nodded slowly.
“Please allow me to make certain you have a place to sleep. It is the least I can do after you came here to me,” she offers

She turned and stepped towards the door before she closed her eyes a bit and smiled.

“You could always take a room in town if you would rather,” Dretta says.

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #19 on Apr 12, 2005, 6:34pm »

Reiki smiles and nods, “Thank you, Dretta. I would not mind a room here, but what I really need I think is a tailor to fix these cuffs.”

He waggles his arm causing the Juliet sleeve to flop about and expose his tattoo, “for what you now know are obvious reasons. Do you know of one close by?”

Alexandretta
Re: Invitations
« Reply #20 on Apr 12, 2005, 9:16pm »

She laughs softly and nods a bit.

“Come with me. I shall take you to one of the better tailors in Seraphia. I think you will enjoy her shop; her company however is a bit odd. You might enjoy her though, she is an elf,” the Arch explains.

She smiled softly looking at Reiki for a moment, “I will take you to her shop, if you don’t mind tagging along with me for a bit longer.”

Reiki
Re: Invitations
« Reply #21 on Apr 12, 2005, 9:59pm »

Reiki raised an eyebrow.

“You say that, as if you think I find your company annoying. Rest assured that is not the case,” he reassured.

He started to walk towards the door to the street, “So are you coming? Or do I have to figure out where this ‘odd, elfish tailor’ does business on my own?”

He walks through the door and out onto the street.

Allure snags invitation

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #41 on Apr 9, 2005, 11:35am »

Having taken care of the troublemaker rather easily, everyone else seemed to try to get along. He chuckles, for it seems that demonstration had been enough.

He steps out into the night, looking up at the moon. It was a nice day, and he would go for a walk. He looks around, seeing a few people out. He nods to them then heads off, not going in any particular direction.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #42 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:00pm »

The mix of yellow and creamy flesh sauntered past many people as Allure weaved her way through the streets. How the time flies when one is running around, busily collecting items. She didn't know how long it took her, but the club must be bouncing with people by now. Hopefully, Faith would not render her with a speech on punctuality in this job. Hopefully, she didn't notice her walking out through a crowd.

Her feet padded quickly along the streets as she held something close to her chest. She had to get back before Maya had any troubles with locations in the club or with people. Even though she was around Yuri, that still didn't give her that much reassurance. He was strong but such a womanizer, a player of his own.

Her heart beat rapidly as she was late and knew it. Passing by one older man, she smiled in a kind gesture, turning her head slightly to do so but didn't notice the person before her. SMACK!! Allure slammed into someone or something hard and fell down to her rump on the ground. Hands flew down to brace her impact causing her to release what she was carrying. A pair of white high-heeled shoes rolled slightly to her left on the street while the dust kicked up a bit from her fall.

Her head lifted to peer at what she had run into and saw Yuri. Blue eyes blink in slight confusion as she wondered what he was doing out of the club at this hour. What if people got rowdy or someone needed help like their new worker Maya? In a mess of yellow sheer material and chocolate brown locks she spoke.

"Yuri, what are you doing out here? Shouldn't you be in the bar?" she asked.

Knowing she was contradicting her own situation but she was a bit less important compared to someone like him. He was after all, second manager of the club and bouncer.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #43 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:12pm »

Walking down the streets, the cool air whipping his hair about, he smiles at the few couples he sees wondering the streets. His eyes, those extraordinary red-tinted eyes, gaze at one of the couples. He sighs, not knowing why he feels saddened by the sight.

He doesn't notice the flurry of yellow until it hits him in the chest. Considering his strength, it doesn't even move him, but she plops onto her butt. He looks down, seeing Allure had run right into him.

Her question didn't surprise him, but her being out here did. He holds out his hand for her to take, pulling her to her feet. Not realizing how much strength he used, he pulls her too hard and she comes up flying into his arms. They wrap around her, holding her steady. He breathes in her scent as her hair tickles his nose. Reluctantly, he releases her, backing up a few steps.

"Me? Oh, well there was a disturbance and now everyone is getting along. I thought I would take a short walk. What about you? What are you doing out here? You started your shift twenty minutes ago," he replies.

He looks into her eyes, getting lost in them. Then he follows her tattoos, tracing them with his eyes. He brushes a loose strand of hair out of her face, smiling his boyish smile.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #44 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:48pm »

This was a predicament if she ever saw one -- two workers from the Dawn Horizon, one a dancer the other a bouncer, out in public when they should be working. Hopefully, no one would ask anything. She was sure they would get in trouble if Faith found out about there little outing during shift time.

A soft smile crossed her supple pink lips at the outstretched hand. Yuri was a gentleman at times, when he tried. She lifts her left hand, slipping it into his and accepting the lift up. But she didn't suspect such a strong pull.

A gasp escaped from her as she felt the strength behind his arm and flew up right into him. Again, she bumped into him but this time was of his own doing. The mess of yellow fabric tumbled around her form as she felt she was going to fall back down to the ground till his strong arms encircled around her waist. She lifted her head and was almost face to face with him except he was much taller then her. The soft blue orbs stare into his deep red ones as their gaze met. Her breath almost caught in her throat, as she has never been this close to a man before – this close to anyone for that matter. It was a new experience for her and her first reaction was fear.

Most people feared her because of the way she looked, the tattoos engraved upon her flesh. So it was of no surprise that she was skeptical of him holding her and wondered if it was accidental of his strong pull to put her in his arms. Before she shuddered in so many confusing thoughts and showed the fear within her eyes, he placed her down. Allure was grateful for the kind act, able to breath again, though she thought she saw something within his eyes of reluctance or sadness.

Shifting her feet a bit to remove the nervousness within her, she hears his question and keeps turning around and crouching to the ground where she picks up the pair of shoes she was carrying. Lifting herself up she spun around, dancing the long lashed brown locks around her lithe form. Facing him once more, she laughed a bit nervously at his question.

“Yes I know I am late. Sorry about that Yuri. I had to get this pair of shoes in case I should need to change into them. You know how some girls like to switch clothing; I do with shoes. Though heels in dancing isn’t all that smart but there just a back up in case the shoes I’m wearing get ruined,” she replied nervously.

It was a poor excuse but it was the truth. Sure it was silly for her to be late over something like that, but she hoped he would believe her. Her eyes widened slightly as she felt the warm brush of his hand across her cheek, pulling a strand of hair from her face. Then she saw his eyes wander her form, along the path of the tattoos. Her eyes flashed an inner pain as she had received that stare many a time. Clutching the shoes to her chest again, she forces a smile upon her lips so he would not suspect anything. She was good at hiding the hurt.

“I guess we should both get back before we get in trouble with Faith. Plus a new girl named Maya has started today and will need me there to learn from for a while. Though, I have seen you met her already,” Allure says.

Giving him another wink, she chuckles at the audacity she has to bug him as such. But he knew she was joking, hopefully. Allure was not one to cause pain to the ones she knew, well the ones she cared for in someway.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #45 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:02pm »

His eyes did not stare at her tattoos in fear or disgust, but rather in wonder at the beauty. For in his eyes, they gave her a beauty that surpasses any others. And that feeling he did not hide. He nods his head at her response, knowing it wasn’t really his business what her reason was. He smiles to her, not really knowing why. He felt drawn still and he wanted to explore that feeling, to find out why he was. He extended his hand again towards her.

“Well then, shall we get going? If you would like the company, I will walk with you. These streets are not exactly safe sometimes, though I’m sure you can take care of yourself” he remarked.

He smiles, but quickly that changes to something else as a man comes up to them. This one seemed to be sober, but he pulled out a knife.

“I don’t know what you did to my brother, but you are going to pay!” the man exclaims.

He stabs at Yuri, aiming for his heart. Not knowing what this was about, Yuri redirects the strike off to the side. The man, not expecting that, stumbles forward, right into a knee to the gut. It wasn’t with as much strength as he had used on the drunken man, for he didn’t know why he was being attacked, but it was still enough to knock the wind out of him. The man stumbles to the ground, gasping for breath. Yuri shakes his head not knowing why he had to attack him. Yuri enjoyed fighting but not without a reason. He held out his hand again for Allure to take.

“Shall we go now, Allure?” he asks.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #46 on Apr 9, 2005, 1:50pm »

He seemed to still stare at her body. Either he was entranced with her figure or repulsed by it, she didn’t know till her eyes met his once more. Again, she felt something stir on the side of fear and curiosity. Within his orbs read something she did not understand. He was always easy to read. One of wanting women and immense strength and honor but this was different for Allure to see within his eyes.

Her eyes settled upon the outstretched hand once more, a look of confusion written on her face till she heard his explanation. Why he was so kind to her was a mystery as he hit on any woman that was within the vicinity. She was waiting for one of his cheesy pick up lines but none came. A soft tender smile crossed her lush lips as she snaked her arm through his, hooking it with her own instead of taking his hand. Allure wasn’t sure what she would feel if she touched his hand once more. It already brought confusion to her.

“Yes, some company would be good I guess. We both have to work and I need to get back to Maya. Do you know where she was last before you left?” she asks him.

Before they could go any further, a man steps forward and draws a knife. Her eyes widened with fear, as Yuri was right, the night was not safe. Though the man's words did intrigue her. "Brother." Her head turns to the left slightly, peering at Yuri in confusion at what he had done to this man's brother, if he had done anything at all. But even as the man spoke those words Yuri looked confused himself. She heard the approaching feet and spun her head around where she gasped as his knife went towards Yuri's heart.

She stepped back quickly, unhooking her arm with his as he avoids the attack easily. Allure could see why he was made the bouncer of the club. His movements were so strong, flawless with power and elegance that she had never seen before. Perhaps he could make a good dancer. Allure chuckled inwardly at that. Yuri a dancer? That would be like hell freezing over and the angels becoming the dark ones.

The man fell within minutes; curling upon the ground with the pain from the knee to the gut Yuri gave him. Then he turned around and held his hand out to her once more. She was surprised at how easily he could get over such an event.

"Aren't you going to ask him why he attacked you?" she inquired.

As her hand rose to slip within his, a few people gathered around as they looked to be officers. She clutches her shoes within her right hand as they came up and asked what happened while one of them looked to the balled over man. This was going to slow them down even further. If they didn't get back to the club soon they both will be reprimanded by Faith and what if something happens? If Yuri is needed? This was just not her day.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #47 on Apr 9, 2005, 2:03pm »

He shakes his head to her question.

No, I don't really care. I gave him a warning shot. If he tries it again, I wont be so nice," he answers.

His face was very serious for a second and Allure could see that he was not kidding. As his hand wrapped around her, he shivers. Her very touch sent him into a euphoric state but then the cops showed up. He grimaces as he had been hoping not to deal with those idiots. They began questioning them both but Yuri kept glancing over to Allure, silently asking her if she was all right. He gave the officers the information they required, and told them both Allure and he needed to get to work. Explaining where they worked, the officers nodded and let them go.

He shakes his head, walking towards the club. He made sure Allure was walking next to him but he didn't try to take her hand again. The moment, whatever it had been, was gone, which saddened him more than he wanted to admit. He had heard of things like this before from the women he had slept with but he didn't know what it was, really. He shakes his head, pushing that thought to the back of his head. He smiles at Allure as they approach the doors.

"Well, here we are. I wont say anything to Faith, if you don't," he chuckles, opening the door for her.

On an impulse, he leans down, pressing his lips to her cheek ever so gently. He didn't know why he did it, but the feel of her skin, having kissed her tattooed side, sent a tingle along his entire body. He didn't know what she felt but he was so confused right now, he couldn't have even asked her. He walks back into the bar, nodding his head to some of the occupants who looked at him. He makes his way back to his normal spot, leaning against a wall in the shadow. His red eyes the only part of him to be seen now.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #48 on Apr 9, 2005, 2:39pm »

Maya makes her way out to the patio, the air brisk, as the darkness had set in. She looked around not seeing anyone, shrugging it off to being a bit chilly for some of the patrons of the club. She moves over toward the railing, her slender hands gripping the cold metal. Stretching up on her toes, she tilts her head from side to side awakening the muscles in her body before she was to dance. She looked out toward the city, few lights flickering here and there. She breaths slowly in and out, as she feels relaxed for once. She thinks this job will help her get out of the situation she is in.

Her thoughts seem to drift to her family. She was the only one left; the others were killed or died of sickness. But she was determined to make her way in this cruel place and not let anyone get in her way. She turns around grabbing a chair, sliding it over towards the railing. Slipping back into the chair, she props her feet against the rods. Her hands clasp over the top of her stomach as she closes her eyes enjoying the silence of the night.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #49 on Apr 9, 2005, 2:49pm »

The questioning seemed to go on forever for Allure as she shifted nervously. It didn't help that she kept moving around and taking her time to answer. She wanted to leave now before anyone noticed them gone. Her eyes looked over to Yuri and noticed his silent question. Smiling she nodded her head slightly in his

direction, letting him know she was all right. Allure could take care of herself but the man jumped out so quickly without notice that it surprised her. She cursed herself mentally for being so scared when everything would have been under control. Though, the local officers did have to come and ask question after question that seemed to never end.

Finally, thanks to Yuri, they left them alone to continue to the club. It was a relief since it felt so stuffy around so many men. She noticed that a few looked at her strangely with disgusted eyes at her body, at the tattoos. A soft sigh escaped her lips, as she knew they would always ask the question about them, and they did, even when it wasn't part of the situation. She had answered quickly so they would just get along with it. It was always like that.

From the corner of her left eye, she watched Yuri as he seemed so serious before and now just saddened. Not understanding why she was about to speak when they had already arrived back at the club. She could hear the bounce of the music and the laugher of the people. They were enjoying their time, which is what they wanted to happen here. Turning to him, she looks up and smiles softly, holding the shoes to her chest once more.

"I won't tell Faith either, but lets just hope the officers don't talk to her about some of her employees ending up in a fight," she added.

Chuckling softly at her own words, Allure was glad they both could understand each other and keep a secret. She felt a bit saddened to hide the event from Faith, but what would she say if she knew? Maybe later she would go talk to Faith and explain everything to clear her mind. Her conscious would be the death of her.

Then something she never expected to happen occurred. She felt the light brush of her hair from the right side of her face, removing the dark locks from her flesh as she felt a kiss placed on her cheek -- on her tattooed cheek of all things. Fingers tightened around her shoes as blue crystals look over to Yuri as he leans back up. This was something unexpected from him, from anyone. She shook inwardly, willing herself not to show it on the outside. Allure was confused at his actions. Was it just a way to pick her up? His reputation preceded him wherever he walked. Maybe a man like him could love. She was sure everyone could love and change their ways.

A soft smile graced her features at the kind gesture, feeling the confusing sensation leave her. Her eyes watched him retreat into the club, leaning by the bar once more to keep an eye on everyone. She chuckled softly, seeing how girls could fall for him so easily. Her head shakes, kissing the locks around her face at her own performance. She was just like a giggling schoolgirl. How often did one see that in her? She didn't even see it herself. It was probably just the shock of being treated kindly after so long of being hated and ridiculed.

Yellow covered feet brushed her within the club as well, just a moment after Yuri had entered. Slipping a smile upon her lips, she weaves her way through the crowd. Since the music was going she decided to make her walking into a sultry dance while scanning the room for Maya. The soft fabric curled around her frame, tickling a few people's legs as she passed by. Some even stepped aside, watching her move through the massive people as if she were walking on water. Her steps were graceful as her body moved in elegance. She straightened her back while her arms hung down at her sides. Allure couldn't do too much at the moment with the shoes within her hands.

Her frame glided past Yuri, where she gave him a smile and whispered softly.

"There are many girls here tonight. Will you try for them?"

She hoped her words didn't offend him but she was curious why he had treated her differently from the others. Her eyes sparkled with the joking tone behind her voice, as she loved to tease and bug her associates. Her left hand raised, gliding the well manicured fingers, she had done the night before, up along his chest, feeling the gentle fabric of his shirt. At least he dressed well for work and wasn't bruised up with the fight in the street. Letting her hands wander down to his waist she stepped back again, giving a childish giggle to him before spinning upon her heels. The clothing meshed with her long locks as she pirouetted like a ballerina behind a few bar stools, giving a smile to the bartender, as she stopped her twirling and snaked her way over toward the VIP room to see if Maya was there.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #50 on Apr 9, 2005, 3:38pm »

Her question brought a smile to his face. She was so cute when she teased him. He shrugs his shoulders, her touch sending electricity through his entire body. His red shirt was just the right size to show off a well- toned body, while leaving much to the imagination. He slips his hands behind his head, using them as a pillow against the hard wall.

"Well, it depends. I may, if you do not want any company," he replies as he gulps nervously.

She twirls away, leaving her scent around him. Her voice was so sweet, while his was gruff, the type of voice that turned women on usually and made men hate him. He didn't like his voice sometimes, and compared to hers, he wished he had a different voice. He watches her move off, seeing the stares from the men and women in the club. Some were of disgust, fear, and he stifled the urge to go over and punch those. The rest were of lust, desire for she was very attractive. Again, he stifled the urge. She was one that needed to be treated with love and

kindness, not as an object. He laughs to himself, thinking how hypocritical he sounded right then.

He returns his attention to the rest of the club, making sure nothing else happens. It appeared as if nothing had yet, and for that he was grateful. A few women come up to him, not being subtle in what they want. He smiles at them but it wasn't the same smile he would have used before he met Allure.

"Well, baby, care to join us girls for a drink?" she winked at him, sliding her hands down his body.

He shakes his head, which surprised him.
"No, I'm on duty. Sorry," he responds.

They look disappointed but move off, giving him a wave
"Let me know if you change your mind, cutie," the woman says.

He nods his head, not intending to change his mind. He shakes his head, not sure why he did that but shrugs and leans back again, waiting for something to happen.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #51 on Apr 9, 2005, 3:51pm »

Targent strolled easily past the many patrons of the club as he made his way toward the patio. On reaching it, he stood silently in the doorway and watched the girl Maya deep in thought. She was lying back in a chair by the railing. He brought his drink to his lips and finished it off. Then for some reason, he turned and settled the glass on a nearby table.

Targent had other business to attend to before he left the city, to drop off his RSVP at the gallery. As Targent made his way along and through the crowded club, his senses heightened and seemed to slow everything down. People moved as in slow motion as he scanned the room for his brother Amon, his eyes narrowed a bit not sensing him about. As he moved past the dance floor and made his way to the entrance he saw Yuri and what seemed to be one of the dancers enter. As he drew close to them, he stopped and looked at Yuri then spoke pulling a note from his coat.

"If you happen to see a big fella by the name of Amon enter the club, would you please hand him this note. Tell him his brother is looking for him," he told Yuri.

He released the note into Yuri's care and glanced at the women, he would definitely be back to watch these beautiful dancers. Then turning his glance

towards Yuri once more, he held his gaze for a moment then released it and moved out into the darkness.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
Reply #52 on Apr 9, 2005, 4:02pm »

Now that he was alone, he could deal with all the notes people liked to give him. First, he moves toward the manager's office, placing the invites on her desk for her to pass out and taking one for himself. Then he moves out onto the balcony. He looks around, seeing if anyone is about. Seeing the balcony empty and no one on the street below, he breathes in nervously, looking about. He spies a ladder up to the roof and climbs up then sits down. He pulls the note out from Targent. It was addressed to Amon and he was curious as to its contents but he knew better than to piss of the lord of the vampires. He sets it down on the roof and stands back up, moving to go back into the club.

Amon
Re: Welcome
« Reply #53 on Apr 9, 2005, 4:04pm »

The note on the roof was not hard to see, as it was white against the dark sky. He picks it up, opening it to read the contents.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #54 on Apr 9, 2005, 4:22pm »

The note reads:

Amon,

I have found a weakness in the angels. We need to meet soon. I will explain when I see you at the castle. We have much to plan, brother. I will return back to the club shortly. I will be in the VIP room.

Targent

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #55 on Apr 9, 2005, 4:57pm »

Targent made his way stealthily and quickly back to the club. His thoughts weighed with knowing the man from the gallery must be tied to the angels. He could smell it on him, but nonetheless, he would see what enfolded in the little

cafe later. But now his mind was more set on relaxing and taking in what decadent pleasures this new club had to offer.

He found his way back to the club quickly and entered flashing once more his VIP pass as he moved in and made his way towards the VIP room. He stopped and handed the man his pass as he waited to be let in beyond the velvet VIP ropes. As the man handed him back the pass, he entered the exclusive area and settled at a table by the dance runway. He smiled as he leaned back into his chair, ordering a drink and finally having a bit of time to play and maybe meet up with his brother.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #56 on Apr 9, 2005, 5:24pm »

Maya quickly opens her eyes as she felt like someone was out on the patio with her. Leaning up, she turns back looking but not seeing anyone. She glances over at an empty glass left, her brow wrinkles as she doesn't remember seeing that when she come out. Shrugging her shoulders she thinks nothing of it. It was probably just someone walking by and left the glass for one of the waitresses to pick up.

Standing up, she pushes the chair back making her way toward her dressing room. She knew the time was growing near for her to dance. She was nervous; she always was at the beginning but as she danced she was lost in the music.

Pushing the door to the dressing room open, she sees that Allure isn't here; she must be dressed or roaming about the club. Closing the door, she reaches down grabbing the bottom of her shirt, pulling it over her head tossing it in the chair. Sliding her hands to her jeans, she unbuttons and unzips, pushing them down as she slips out of her tennis shoes then stepping out of the jeans, kicking them over to the chair. She wasn't much into being tidy.

She glances to her side as her profile mirrors back at her. Her medium-size perky breasts, her right nipple pierced, sliding her hand over her toned stomach, a small violet jewel pierced her navel. She slides her fingers around her white thong adjusting it some. Stepping over towards her outfit, she grabs her sheer white blouse, sliding it on. She only buttons the bottom two buttons, adjusting the top part around her cleavage. Reaching for her sheer white skirt with a long slit up both sides and three buttons on each side. Stepping inside the skirt, she pulls it up as it hugs her hips.

Turning back towards the mirror, she pulls her hair up but leaves several strands hanging down giving her hair more a messed look. She didn't wear any make-up; tanned skin was good enough for her. Picking up a small red lipstick case, she rolls the lipstick up, running the color over her lips. Popping her lips together, she

tosses the lipstick down. Taking a deep breath, she steps out of her dressing room.

Making her way to the VIP room, she glances around seeing that there are many there tonight. She smiled knowing that would be good for her. She smiles to the guy running the music as she moves to her area where she would be dancing.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #57 on Apr 9, 2005, 5:42pm »

The beat of the music begins to fade as she moves away from the main area toward the VIP room in search of Maya. Velvet ropes hung across the doorway as a bouncer stood at the entrance. He was not as good as Yuri but he did the job. He was about six feet tall and had short blond curly hair that could make a girl blush. He was placed there to keep ones who did not have the VIP passes from entering, as well as the drunks.

Flashing a smile to him and raising her left hand, she glides it along the bottom of his chin. She had met him before, seeing how all employees must meet. Allure knew he would let her in. He gave her a glare at her touch and moved back, reaching for the clip on the velvet rope and removed it. Allure was used to the cold shoulder from everyone except the close few that she knew. Slipping within, she lets her soft blue orbs scan around the very decorated room till she sees a figure step away from the stairs that led to the second floor. A slight gasp escaped her lips as she sees it is Lord Targent. The air around him read power and authority. He didn't even have to speak, as people would move from his pathway. Slipping a smile upon her lips, she bows her head slightly to him as he leaves. A shiver runs up her spine, as she was not used to seeing the Lord of all Vampires come in that often, or at all really. If he was able to enter the VIP room then he must have purchased a membership.

Having no real say in the decisions of who gets a membership, Allure moves down through the vast elegant room to the spiral staircase where she ends up on the second floor. It was such a lovely sight to see, the club opened and everyone enjoying themselves. She was glad her choices of interior were well picked.

Allure still could hear the sound of the music up on the second floor, vibrating through the floor as she makes her way across the room. People were already gathered in the place awaiting the dancing that was sure to come soon. First, she had to find the second dancer. Keeping a hold of her shoes, she walks up the small stairwell to the patio where instantly as she moves from the shelter of the club, the cool night air bats at her body.

Moonlight gleamed down atop her head as the stars sparkled brightly this night. It was no wonder they picked such a good building, you could see the sky clearly.

The cool breeze kissed the soft yellow fabric around, bringing a bit of color into the darkness. Long chocolate brown lengths blew past her face, framing it within their velvet curtain as she gazes upwards before scanning her eyes around the patio. They rest upon the form of Maya as she rests upon one of the billowed comfy chairs. She looked at peace resting there. Perhaps, she was having a wonderful dream to smile so in her sleep. Allure didn't want to awaken her just yet. She needs the slight catnap to gain the energy to perform in the VIP room. The second floor could wait since the VIP'S paid the money for memberships.

A sound from up above caught her attention, as if wings were flapping. Turning around as she spots a shadow atop the roof. It looks as if it was kneeling, grabbing something that was there but she could not see what it was. This time Allure was ready for any intruder. She looks around the patio, finding a small stone that must have been left from a guest's boot. Crouching down, she picks up the stone. Standing back up she leans her arm back, taking aim before shooting it off with what strength she had.

The shadow disappeared before the small pebble could hit it but it hit something or rather someone as she heard a noise of pain. She takes a few steps back not knowing who it was but stayed on guard for whatever drunk, thief or whoever to approach. Her eyes watch the figure descend down a ladder that leaned against the wall. The brilliant moonlight cut through the thick clouds once more to illuminate the figure. Allure's eyes widen as slender fingers cover her mouth from the gasp that was to escape. It was Yuri. He came down with a hand behind his head, rubbing the spot where the stone must have surely hit.

"Oh Yuri I'm so sorry. I thought I saw someone on the roof, well besides you I mean. I thought I saw a shadow," she explained.

She didn't even hear Maya get up and leave the patio, as she felt embarrassed for hitting Yuri.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #58 on Apr 9, 2005, 6:19pm »

Targent sat back as the lights dimmed to almost nothing, but for a few flickering candles that seemed to rhythmically dance along with the tempo of the music then turning, he watched as the girl he had met at the manor entered and took her place on the stage.
He smiled and leaned back in his chair, his eyes scanned over her form as her outfit clung snuggly about her body. He glanced at the door as one of the other dancers peered in a moment and left.
But now his attention was drawn back to the girl on the floor. He was going to enjoy this one, knowing him being there was not her wish, but he was a paying customer and would enjoy the fruits of being so.

Setamora
Re: Welcome
« Reply #59 on Apr 9, 2005, 6:23pm »

Walks into the room as he looks around the room trying to see if he knows anybody.

“How is everyone this fine day?” he asks as he looks around the room.

He wonders if anyone knows that he is a arms dealer.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #60 on Apr 9, 2005, 6:31pm »

Targen’ts attention turned as he watched a man enter the VIP room. He grinned as he saw it was the arms dealer Setamora. He had business with the man and waved him over to his table.

“Setamora, my man, glad we bumped into each other. Please, have a seat at my table,” Targent said.

He waited for him to be seated and waved the waitress over.

“Get us more drinks or should I say more for me and one for my friend here,” he commanded.

Setamora
Re: Welcome
« Reply #61 on Apr 9, 2005, 6:39pm »

As he sees Targent, he walks over to his table and has a seat.

“How are you my old friend?” Setamora asks.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #62 on Apr 9, 2005, 6:46pm »

“Setamora, how nice to see you again. It’s been a while hasn’t it? The demon wars I believe. Have you set up shop yet? I have a very lucrative proportion for you,” Targent begins.

Targent starts to tell the man that he has found many rare relics, weapons and articles he may want to sell in his shop.

Setamora
Re: Welcome
« Reply #63 on Apr 9, 2005, 6:51pm »

“Targent, I am still looking for a location to set up my shop. I am looking for a peaceful setting for it. I have grown tired of war. I just want a peaceful life now selling arms and artifacts,” he explains.

As he finishes he takes a sip of his drink that Targent got him.

“Oh by the way, thank you for the drink as well,” Setamora adds.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #64 on Apr 9, 2005, 6:56pm »

“Ah well, I hear that the forest is a peaceful place with rivers and streams, waterfalls but you’d find more customers within Azoic City. Maybe have your home near the forest and place your shop here in the city. I, myself, would like to open a little trading with you. What do you say to that?” Targent offers.

Setamora
Re: Welcome
« Reply #65 on Apr 9, 2005, 7:00pm »

“Targent, I believe that the forest would be a nice location to start my shop. I like to build my old house and set it up as a shop. Have the shop on one of the sides of my house built on the outside of the patio. I also would be glad to trade with you, my old friend,” he replies.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #66 on Apr 9, 2005, 7:07pm »

Targent was half-heartedly happy with his answer of him putting up shop in the forest. He didn’t want to have to deal with the forest guardians but, nonetheless, he knew the man and in a peaceful setting he did his best work.

He turned to the man and lifted his glass, “Well Setamora to peace and profit then old friend. Let your hand work its magic over whatever you do. Then we have a verbal agreement to our trading?”

He knew the honor the man held and knew he would keep his word if promised. Targent leaned back patiently as he waited for the girl to start her dance.

Setamora
Re: Welcome
« Reply #67 on Apr 9, 2005, 7:14pm »

“Targent, unless there is a wooded area in the city that would work for me instead of the forest, I just need to have it located in a peaceful area so I can do my best work,” he admitted. “Indeed, we do have a agreement.”

He looks around for a dancer of his own to look at.

“Where are the gorgeous women?” he says as he looks at Targent with a silly grin.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #68 on Apr 9, 2005, 7:15pm »

Maya steps up on the stage, the lights low. She looks over at the man, nodding as he starts the music -- the music with a medium beat and sultry.

She reaches out with her right hand, her fingers wrapping around the pole. Leaning back, she glides slowly around the pole with her sheer white skirt splitting apart up to her hips. Her toned tanned legs flexed as she swirls around. Slowly stopping, she releases the pole leaning back against it; her back pressed against the pole as she slowly moves her body down. Her legs apart as her skirt lay between her legs and her bare feet arched up and she snakes her way down. Leaning her head back, she reaches back with her hands grabbing the pole. Sliding back up the pole, she steps to the edge of the stage; her arms to her side as she slides them up over her hips moving them across her stomach, her fingers grasping her blouse, pulling it apart. Her full breasts exposed only briefly as she releases her blouse, turning her back to the room.

Her hips sway to the music as her body waves to the beat. Sliding her hands down to her hips, she unbuttons one side of her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. She straddles her legs apart, her back straight as she bends over showing her tanned round bottom, clad only with her white satin thong. Reaching back she slides her hands up the back of her legs as she slowly stands with her hands covering the bare cheeks of her bottom. Slapping them gently, she turns around to the room. Her blouse slides to the side as one of her breasts peek out. She dances around the stage, swaying, rolling her hips to the beat.

She glances around the room at the men and a few women. She comes upon Lord Targent and another man she didn’t recognize. She makes note as to where he sat; she was still not happy with this man.

Twirling around, she makes her way back to the pole, one leg wrapping around the steel as she swirls around while her blouse moves from side to side. Hearing the music coming to an end, she steps back out to the end of the stage, running her hands across her body, teasing the crowd.

The music comes to an end. She hears a few whistles and clapping. Smiling, she turns back grabbing her skirt as she makes her way to the side of the stage and out of the light. She quickly slips on her skirt, buttoning it back. Leaning against the wall, she was out of breath, mainly due to nervousness. She relaxes against the wall looking around the room. She knows that Allure will be dancing soon because she is the head dancer and will always close the show.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #69 on Apr 9, 2005, 7:18pm »

Rubbing the back of his head, he grumbles, half meaning it, at Allure. He chuckles as he stands upon the balcony once more.

“No, it’s my fault, Allure. And that was one hell of a shot!” Yuri says.

He smiles at her, the pain having eased finally. He holds out his arm for her to take.

“I believe it is time for a dance from you. I look forward to seeing it,” he adds.

He smiles, leading the way to the VIP room. The bouncer at the door gives a look to Allure, but one look from Yuri, and the man quickly looks away. Yuri shakes his head, letting Allure in. As they walk in, he sees Targent speaking with another man. He doesn’t recognize him, but it must be someone important if Targent is speaking to him. He slides by the table, setting a note down.

“Your brother has given this to me. Said he would be home tonight,” Yuri says to Targent as he passes.

He nods to Targent, then moves back towards one of the far walls after letting Allure go, so as to watch the dancers and make sure no trouble arises.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #70 on Apr 9, 2005, 7:56pm »

Targent nodded to the man Setamora as he agreed he did do better work in a tranquil place. His head turned slightly as he watched Yuri enter with the dancer he had seen before at the door with him. His brow arched a bit as Yuri laid a note

by him. Targent glanced at him and slid his hand over to it, then put it into his pocket.

He didn't know the boy well but he was beginning to like him very much. He tended to business quickly and stealthily. So in return he placed a "trinket" in Yuri's hand. It was worth much, much more than that but maybe he could give it to one of his favorite girls.

Hearing the sound of the music roar up within the room, he turned his attention back to the stage where the girl Maya began to dance a dance of desire. And yes indeed, he did desire to taste this one. Not only to feed his thirst that rumbled deep inside him, but to taste the fruits of her flesh as well. He watched her move like a golden snake above him and when she finished her dance, he wanted more. He beckoned the waitress over.

Leaning to her ear he whispered, "I'd like a personal show with this dancer."

He glanced over to one of the VIP booths

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #71 on Apr 9, 2005, 8:14pm »

Maya smiles as she sees Allure and Yuri entering the VIP room. She wanted to watch Allure dance. She was hoping she could get some ideas from her.

Glancing around the room, she smiles as the waitress approaches her. Leaning towards her, she starts to whisper and point, "Maya the man sitting over there, Lord Targent, he has requested a private dance from you."

Leaning back quickly she peeks over the waitress's shoulder glaring at the man. She looks back to her.

"You have got to be kidding me? That man wants a private dance from me!!" her tone a soft growl.

The waitress nods yes and reminds Maya that Lord Targent is well respected and brings a lot of money to the club. Mumbling several words under her breath, she walks towards the table with the two men. She keeps to the opposite side of Lord Targent. Placing her hands on her hips, she bends her hip to the side in a pretentious manner.

"Sir," she says looking at Lord Targent. "I was told you have requested a private dance? There are plenty of beautiful women here for you to choose from. How about I set you up with one?"

She glares at him tempting him to go against what he is saying.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #72 on Apr 9, 2005, 8:26pm »

As Setamora is being entertained by the other dancers on stage, Targent glances over as the waitress informs the dancer Maya of his request. He grins slightly as he pulls his glass to his lips and drinks.

He watched as she moved slowly and reluctantly over. He just smiled as she began to speak to him, her words sarcastic in nature but he paid that no mind as his eyes roamed over the girl. He let her finish her statement then spoke softly to her.

“But you see my lovely Maya, I want you to dance for me,” Targent replied.

And with that he rose and started to move to a small private booth. He held the sheer curtain open for her to pass through.
Once inside, he settled to the deep purple cushions and sipped his drink waiting for the girl to perform for him.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #73 on Apr 9, 2005, 8:57pm »

Allure suppressed a giggle as she heard Yuri grumble while laughing at himself. She was surprised to hear him compliment her on her shot. She couldn’t hold it back any longer and laughed out softly at the predicament.

“Well I’m glad you’re not mad at me for it Yuri,” she said with a laugh.

Guessing he did not see the shadowy figure like she did, thinking it just crazy talk, she did not bring it up again. Allure smiled and looked to his offered arm. Gently she curls her arm around his, accepting the escort as they proceed down from the patio towards the VIP room. She could already hear the sound of music being played as she descended the stairs and walked down the hallway to the velvet rope of the VIP room. Her eyes met the ones of the bouncer once more but he looked away once he saw Yuri. This surprised her but she didn’t question it.

As she walked within the room, it was pretty full with guests of the high class or ones that just wished for the membership. Her gaze looked to the stage where Maya was walking off, dressed very nicely for dancing. The music attendant began to cue the musicians to Allure’s liking as they saw her approach. From the corner of her eye she spotted Lord Targent talking with another man as his eyes

wandered over to Maya, seeing he was pleased with her greatly. A soft smile crossed her lips as she knew Maya would do a great job on her first day and everyday.

Slipping past a few tables, she walks to the corner of the stage where Maya leaned against the wall to rest. Allure had caught the last bit of her dance and saw she moved with precision but was stiff. That was understandable as it was her first time dancing in a prestigious place as this. She raised a hand once reaching her and brushed it over the girls left cheek smiling.

“You did very well Maya. You probably would not need my help here. I’m sure you will get more comfortable here in time. Take your time,” Allure said reassuringly.

With that said, she moved from her and walked up the steps of the stage. She points a few fingers to three waitresses as they nod in understanding and walk around the room, blowing out a few candles to dim the lights as one brings five lit candles, circling them around the edge of the runway of the stage. The maestro raises his baton and cues up the band as a soft lulling tune is played with an upbeat every five beats.

She turns her back to the crowd, hearing the talking dulling down as the lights go down and her eyes close, taking in the music. The red candlelight danced along her fare skin as she lays her arms at her sides, illuminating the color of her dark tresses. Slender fingers grip the excess material of the yellow skirt, slowly raising it up with her right arm. It spreads out like a wing upon her hips, drawing out the flesh of the back of her leg. Her left arm reaches behind her, letting the tips of her fingers play with the ends of the strings that hold the top closed around her chest. Her fingers release the excess material, letting it curve around her ankles. Her left arm stretches out, having loosened a bit of her ties but it was still tight to her frame. The fingers curl around the metal pole, pulling herself toward it as she walks around it slowly, letting the skirt dance with its metal partner. Still her eyes stayed shut as she leans her head to the right, letting her hair weigh over the tattoos across her face and shoulder.

If there was one thing she prided herself on it was her dancing. It was the only comfort she had from all the hateful stares to ones of awe at the beauty she portrayed with her body movements.

She circles three times before standing to the back of the pole, facing the audience. Slowly her eyelids begin to open, revealing the soft blue hues that shine within the candlelight. Her right arm slides down along her side, tracing an intricate pattern with her fingertips as it brings shivers to her body. Releasing the pole with her left hand, it too follows the path of the other appendage while her hips sway from side to side like a gentle wave. Each wrist slips within the small loops that hold the excess material to her frame. She pulls her arms up as a

snapping sound is heard and the fabric is removed to reveal just a yellow strip that ran down along the front between her legs and one in the back. Both arms cross along her torso, drawing up slowly as she presses herself against the post.

Breasts part slightly in the material of her top as each arm curls up around the pole, pressing the bracers on her wrists together. Only her ears hear another audible click as they lock together. She draws her right leg up along the cool metal, leaning against it as she pulls her arms, showing the people her entrapment. Her shoulders begin to roll, waving the dressings around her sides that are attached at her wrists. The long slender leg curls around the pole, letting her weight drop and her back to arch backwards. Long chocolate brown locks tumble in a waterfall of color, kissing along the floor of the stage. Her knee draws up the pole more, exposing more of her left leg, close to where the material meets and hides her special treasure. She uses her weight and spins around, not noticing Maya's departure. The long tresses curl with the color of her clothing, mixed along with her flesh as they graze over the burning candles.

The rhythm drummed within her ears, raised her pulse and thumped her heart into a wild beat. A light coat of sweat dabbed at her forehead as she clenched her thighs around the pole, stopping her spinning as she slowly, using her torso, brings herself up to cuddle with the metal. Her chest rises and falls in quick breaths as she lowers her leg. A finger lowered, pressing to a small triangle button at the edge of her right bracer, feeling it release them as her arms swing out to her sides as if calling out to the heavens for redemption.

Slowly, she moves towards the end of the stage, feeling the heat from the candles upon the skin of her ankles. With the grace of a gazelle, she jumps from the edge onto the nearest table to the stage. Landing upon her right foot, pressing her toes of her left just to the wooden surface of the table, Allure lowers her arms slightly, petting atop the people's heads that sit at the table before moving to the edge and jumping quickly to the next table, as not to tip it over. Each table she lands on, she pets the occupants' heads gently, letting her fingers run through the locks gently for but a moment before moving on. She could hear a few whispers between the people and feel eyes on her but she ignored them. She lands to Lord Targent's table, not even noticing if he was there or not as she pets atop his friend's head while moving on to the next one.

Each table she landed on gave a closer view of the demonic yet angelic tattoos upon her body. Some got a closer look than others. Hips swayed while within her landings, bringing the material of her skirt to gently caress a person's face. She jumps from the last table in the room back to the stage, grasping the pole with her right hand this time. Her jump raised her up a bit higher as she glides over the stage and immediately curls her right leg around its cool surface.

She leans to the left as her body begins to spin down along the pole towards the ground in a spiral. The silks of her clothing glide around her frame as they flow

through the air within the room, floating on an invisible breeze. Her left leg stretched out as she let gravity take hold of her.

Once more her eyes close as she reaches the carpet on the stage again. Her left arm glides over the candles that rest at the end, blowing them out with the fabric, as it surprisingly did not catch fire. The candles go out, leaving the room in the dim light of her performance.

Allure's head lowers, letting the many lengths of hair cascade around her face, framing it within their veil. The straps to her top slip down from her left shoulder, letting the top of her left breast become exposed while the material between her legs press between, baring her smooth featured legs. The music dies down, drawing the dance to a close.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #74 on Apr 9, 2005, 9:02pm »

Maya listens as Lord Targent tells her that he requested her for the private dance. She stands her ground as he stands, making his way to the private dancing area. Her hand resting on her hips, she shakes her head. Stepping over toward the private area, she huffs past him as he holds the sheer open. She stops to the side as he moves over to the seating.

She nods almost raged at him for asking for her to dance. She did find him distinguished and handsome, but on the other hand, she despised what he stood for. She decides he was as good as any to make some cash from, even maybe more than the usual man in the club. She reaches over tapping the small box as the music starts.

Turning her back to him, she slowly weaves her body side to side, her hands gliding up her sides. She turns slowly stepping towards him. She stops a foot from him, her eyes glaring at him in a sultry sinful look. Her hips swaying side to side, her hand gliding up to her chest, cupping her breasts squeezing them together. Her pert nipples press against the sheer blouse.

Leaning forward she sways, teasing him; her hands reaching out as her fingers trace down his shirt. Leaning back, she turns around rolling her hips slowly to the music. She reaches over, unbuttoning her skirt and letting it fall to the floor. Her fingers slide to the top of her thong slipping them around the top. Tugging at her satin white thong, she wiggles, circling around, teasing him with maybe seeing more; purring softly as she seems to get lost in the music and her moves.

Her legs lightly bump against his. She reaches down parting his legs as she slides up between them, snaking her body against him. Slowly, she squats down and her slender finger rake over the top of his legs while her eyes glance up at

him. Slithering her body up against him, the music comes to an end. She steps back as the music stops.

She bends down picking up her skirt, stepping inside it. Not saying a word, she turns off the music. A bit embarrassed, she kept her back turned to him as she composed herself.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #75 on Apr 9, 2005, 10:41pm »

Her dance enthralled him like no other woman ever has. He follows her with his eyes, half watching the bar still. He notices Maya does not look happy at all with Targent. And as they enter a private booth, he can see why. He just shakes his head, for that was not his business at all.

A few men stand to try to touch Allure as she moves about. But after a tap on their shoulder from Yuri, they desist rather quickly. As she finishes her dance, he starts clapping and whistling. He overpowers everyone else with his applause, letting her know just what he thinks. He moves toward the stage, extending his hand for her to take. He helps her down, acting as a bodyguard as he takes her to the dressing room to change, for in her current outfit, men would do anything to touch her.

He wanted to as well, but in a different manner. He wanted to take her in his arms and hold her protectively. He smiles at her as he opens the door to the dressing room and lets her in. He closes it behind her, standing guard now.

“That was beautiful, Allure,” he calls through the door. “Where did you learn to dance like that?”

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #76 on Apr 10, 2005, 12:33pm »

Though the drum of the beat from the musicians was gone it still pounded within her body. She barely heard the amounts of clapping and whistling for her performance. Her veins cried to hear the music again but the dancing was done for the moment. Now that her clothing was a bit damp, she needed to change into something else for a while. She was surprised that her mind fogged so easily during her dance, as it was a bit irregular for it to do so early in the night. Most of the time her mind fashioned its own realm where she slipped within while dancing, seeing not a soul and letting loose her movements as if she were the only person alive.

Allure never noticed anyone approach the stage, as she was still lulling out of her daze, till she saw a hand before her vision. Slowly, her head rises as she meets the gaze of Yuri again. He always seemed to be around her a lot today, which surprised her more or less. The days before he did not come near her but now he had been around since she was wandering the streets not long ago.

As the glaze began to fade from her sight, she noticed Maya was not against the wall where she was moments before her dance. A slight worry began to arise within her as she was still the new girl and hoped that she knew the choices that she could make. There was no real rule for dancing, just do what you feel comfortable with. Also her eyes caught no sight of Lord Targent at his table where she had passed. It never occurred to her that he had left. She must have been in a very deep trance to not notice when people had left.

The hand still lay before her as she tried to catch her breath. Her right hand released the metal pole, sliding itself within Yuri's offered hand as her body glided up smoothly like a serpent. Accepting the help down from the stage, Allure feels the loosened fabric of her top and quickly pulls her hand away from Yuri's. A faint blush could be seen crossing her cheeks in the low candlelight as she curls her arms around her back, pulling the strings tighter, making a quick bow since she was going to walk back to the changing room. She pulls the straps to her top back along her shoulders, curling her arm around Yuri's once more as she releases a soft chuckle.

"You seem to be escorting me everywhere today. What have I done to deserve such royal treatment?" she jokes.

Not really understanding Yuri that much, Allure just lets him lead her away from the VIP room, though she takes one glance back to see if Maya was around and was all right. She could not get a good look within as she was taken away from the room and down the hallway to the dressing room.

This was a change from all the other nights. Most she did everything alone -- dancing, walking, and eating. It was a daily routine for her. Even the place she had found to live in was not all that grand. It was a small apartment, nothing too big. It had the basics, a kitchen, bathroom, bedroom and small living area. Allure did enjoy it but she wished for something a bit bigger, which was why she was going to go talk to Faith when she had the chance.

A smile was set upon her lips as she and Yuri passed a few people, giving them a nod of her head as they too did that and not noticing her tattoos for the moment. As they reach the girl's changing room her arm slipped from Yuri's, outstretching to take the handle when his hand grasped it first. She turned her head to look at him with her smile, removing her hand from atop his as she lets him open the door.

“Thank you Yuri,” she said.

Her hips sway slightly with her walk as she slips within the room, hearing the door close behind her with a click. Now she could relax fully and change into something a bit more comfortable but still showy since she was still working. Moving over to her vanity, Allure slipped her left hand between her breasts, pulling out the key that was for her locker. She was glad it didn’t fall out during her dance. Slipping the metal key in the titanium lock, she flicks her wrist, hearing the click and pulling the lock off. Reaching inside she pulls her bag out, placing it on the soft billowy chair to her left. She places the lock and key on the vanity while her hands unzipped the bag, reaching inside.

Allure was sure that Yuri had left till she heard him talk. His question was not all that surprising. She heard it from a few patrons that visited the club. Keeping her gaze staring into the back, she parts her soft pink lips to speak, back to the door. Though the soft blush that had crossed her cheeks earlier stayed at hearing his compliments.

“I learned it by watching,” Allure replied.

She took a pause for a moment while pulling out a long midnight black dress. She drapes it across the back of the chair while her arms curl behind her back, pulling the strings free from her top as it falls freely from her body to tumble to the floor by her feet.

“Through my travels I have seen many things, the movements of nature’s creatures, squabbles and marriages, flying angels and angelic birds. Even the people who danced or just moved around doing there daily business helped inspire me,” she remarked.

Another pause is heard as she unclips the bracers from her wrists, letting them fall to the ground. Her fingers trail down along her sides, enticing a few goose bumps to cover her skin as she hooks her thumbs in her skirt, pulling it down. The yellow fabric tumbles down in a sea of material till it pools atop all the other clothing. The tips of her fingers slide along the black dress, feeling the soft material below her touch as she smiles. It was one of her most favorite dresses. A prized possession as she had made it all by herself, which took her a long while to do so.

“So one day I tried to make my own movements, jumping, twisting, pirouetting, bowing. Making a pattern and plan of dancing. It took quite a while to make my own moves, especially while you’re on a constant journey,” she continues.

Never having told this much to anyone, Allure hoped that this would not be used against her in the near future. Her head shakes; bringing her out of the slight trance she was in while staring at her dress. Though the room was a bit cool it

felt wonderful to her naked flesh. Feeling that she was composed enough to finish up, she picks up the dress delicately and slips it over her head. Her body wriggles a bit till it falls down along her skin, curving to her body as it accentuates her frame.

The neckline was a V that stopped just between her supple breasts as the back did the same, exposing the flesh beneath. It ran down to her ankles where two slits ran up either side to the middle of her upper thigh, making her legs look longer and her body look taller. From the end of the slits mesh criss-crossed up her sides, exposing the smooth flesh as it ran up to her shoulders. The mesh pattern ran down along her arms till it stopped at a point atop her hand. It was made of string that was tied into a knot and placed to rest underneath her dressings by the slits. The rest of the dress was made of a dark material, unable to see through but the dress itself left much to the imagination.

Turning around she notices that Yuri brought her shoes in and smiled, picking them up and slipping the yellow slippers off her feet.

“Dancing helps me relax. I fall into another world where I’m the only one around. I can dance freely and without judgement,” she explained.

Even her tattoos were covered by the dress but showed through the mesh on her arms and the openings at her sides. A hand rises, brushing her long dark locks behind her back as they caress her skin. She moves to the vanity and picks up her brush once more, running the bristles through each strand till all the knots were released.

As she changed, her thoughts went back to Maya. She was not all that happy with Lord Targent it seemed when he was looking in her direction when she was against the wall. She bites her bottom lip nervously for a moment before placing her brush down. Turning, she slips her feet into the white shoes, thinking they don’t match and decides to pick them up instead and place them in the back. This time she reaches inside and pulls out a pair of black high- heeled shoes that she brought in case she got to wear this dress. Slipping her slender feet within the opened-toe bindings, Allure steps towards the door with clicking sounds from each step she makes. Reaching the door handle, she twists and opens it, gliding out and closing the door behind her.

She turns to her left where Yuri stood guard. Smiling softly she lowers her arms to her sides once more.

“Yuri could you do me a favor, please, and go find Maya? I’m worried about her. She is new here and I don’t want her to be in any sort of trouble that could cause her harm,” she explains to Yuri.

Allure hoped that he would do this small favor for her. She rarely asks for any help or service from anyone but Yuri would have the best luck in finding her and helping her if she truly was in danger.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #77 on Apr 10, 2005, 7:34pm »

He listens to her speaking, shifting from one foot to the next. This was the first time he had heard anything about her life and he was very intrigued. In between pauses, he nods to a few people who walk past, pushing a few people away who took a little too long to move off. Hearing the rustling, he thinks she is probably changing and he can imagine her gorgeous body naked. It arouses him but at the same time, it gives him a feeling that he is missing something in his life.

Shaking the thought and the image out of his head, he turns to her as she opens the door. She stands before him in the black dress, and he cannot stop himself from whistling in appreciation.

“Oh my, Allure. You look absolutely gorgeous,” he says sincerely.

He blinks at his words. He said that to women all the time but this time he actually meant it with feeling. He never lied to women, they did look gorgeous, but this time it was different. He smiles sheepishly, looking down. He looks back up as she asks him to look for Maya

“Maya? I saw her go into a private boot with Targent. She left as you were getting done with your dance. She didn’t look too happy,” he remarks.

He frowns, and then nods his head. He adjusts his coat and slips his hands into his pockets. As he pulls his hands out, white gloves cover them with brass knuckles on them. He makes sure they are on properly, then cracks his knuckles.

“Sure, I’ll go look for her. No problem whatsoever Allure,” Yuri agrees.
He smiles and touches her shoulder, almost caressing it. Then he sprints off down the hallway. Coming out into the main bar, he begins looking around for her, asking a few of the waitresses if they had seen Maya.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #78 on Apr 11, 2005, 4:17am »

Targent’s eyes roamed over the girl as she swayed her body like a glimmering snake. Her golden hair flowed about her shoulders, and then covered her face as she moved rhythmically to the music. She was beautiful and the mere fact she disliked him, made him smile even more as leaned he back, knowing he could

not touch her. He had been to many places like this in his lifetime, and this was no exception to the rule when it came to their private dancers. And, so for the time, he would just enjoy her dance and her disdain for him.

As her body brushed up against him, she taunted him as she moved between his legs and raked up against them. He never moved, but drank his drink slowly and just enjoyed the show. He knew what she was doing and it somehow seemed amusing to him. But he would let her have her small revenge on him.

As she finished and pulled her clothes back on, he thought perhaps this little one did not like this dancing as much as she thought. She held her back to him and it was ok. He laid the glass down and clapped. Then rising, he pulled something from his pocket. It was a small gift, a diAmond necklace, not gaudy but small and thin. He laid it on the table next to her music. Then grabbing his coat he tossed it around his shoulders.

The only words he spoke were, “Thank you Maya”. He then brushed past her and made his way across the VIP floor. He knew she would not keep it, but she may need the money and she could trade it for metals or food. He didn’t know which but she had done her job and he would not bother her more this eve, but leave her to her thoughts.

Targent was almost to the exit of the VIP room when Yuri rushing, almost ran right into him. Targent stopped and looked at the boy, then down to his hands. Targent smiled as his gaze settled to Yuri’s eyes holding them within the dark abyss of his own. Targent entered his mind easily as he placed an image within it. And that image was Allure dancing and swaying in some beautiful meadow just for him. Then as quickly as that image faded, another took its place, one of a dark alley with two men and the sound of Allure’s screams echoing throughout it, calling him. “Yuri, please!”

The next thing he would see were two men dragging her down the alleyway and a voice echoed within his head, “Hurry Yuri, before its too late.”

Targent’s eyes moved from Yuri’s as did his mind, leaving the boy with the feeling of dread.

Targent smiled to the boy and spoke, “Excuse me, young Yuri, ‘tis my fault. I didn’t see you coming”.

Then he turned and noticed Allure, his glance stared at her a moment. He knew it was her that sent the boy; he hoped she would not try that again. It was not a good idea to push Targent especially if he had done nothing wrong. Then moving without a glance back, he made his way to the exit and pushed out into the night.

Maya

Re: Welcome
« Reply #79 on Apr 11, 2005, 9:39am »

Maya composed herself, straightening her skirt and blouse. Her head turned enough that she could see Lord Targent from the corner of her eye. She didn't speak to him; she really didn't know what to say.

Beads of sweat glisten over her body as she always put her soul into the dancing. Many might think she didn't enjoy it but in fact, she really cared for it. She was parched and was in need of something cool to drink. Before she could even speak to Lord Targent, she turned to find him gone. Turning in a small circle, she was a bit confused as to why he left so quickly. Shaking her head, she hoped that she hadn't upset him or he didn't like the dance. Even though she herself was not happy about the private dance she performed. There was something about the man that left her gut aching. She normally had no problems with anyone but him, something about him. She wondered if maybe they had crossed paths before and she just didn't remember.

Looking down, she notices something glimmer in the light. Reaching down, her slender fingers grab the item. Holding it up towards the low flickering light, she notices it is a small thin diAmond necklace. Turning quickly back to the exit of the private area, she looks for him. Not seeing him, she lays the necklace in the palm of her hand. Shaking her head, she is amazed at the beauty in something so slender. She had never been given anything like this before and couldn't believe he would leave it and for her, for that matter. Her attitude towards him was a bit harsh and she knew that, but she has been struggling for so long and alone at that. She wasn't sure what to do with the necklace. Gripping the necklace, she turns, quickly stepping out of the private area. Making her way towards the dressing room.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #80 on Apr 12, 2005, 2:28pm »

The blush that she had, finally left her cheeks but flooded back up once more. His whistling and flattering words had caused her to flush easily. It was something rarely spoken to her. Her world was one filled with loneliness, darkness and survival. So receiving such attention was a bit frightful to her.

She takes a step back, looking at his hands as they slip into his pocket when she spoke of her favor. She notices the frown that crosses his face. Was he going to hurt her for asking? Was it wrong of her to ask him something so small, as he was a busy man?

Perhaps she should have kept silent but she was worried for Maya. The thought of her alone with Lord Targent didn't seem to sit well with her. Though he was a

VIP, Allure was still on guard with almost everyone in the club, even the other workers. Yuri was sweet to her this day but what of the next day? Was this just a one-night thing? Maybe she was just being overprotective but it took a bit more than gentlemanly acts to give out her friendship. She gave people as much friendship and trust that she would allow for now.

Allure gave Yuri a smile as he set off in a run to go find Maya, assuring her nerves to calm down. She released a breath that she didn't know she held until her lungs gasped for it. She leans against the wall for a moment, regaining her energy before placing her palms to the smooth marble wall, pushing herself straight once more. A smile crosses her velvety lips, giving the passersby a bow of her head as she clicks her heels along the wooden floor to the VIP room where the private booths were. Yuri said Lord Targent asked Maya for a private dance, which churned her stomach even the more with worry.

Her body glides into the sparsely lit room, thanks her to blowing out a few candles during her dance. The soft blue orbs scan over the crowd, seeing a few other dancers now attending to guests in the room and walking to private booths. She catches sight of Yuri talking with Lord Targent, who seemed to appologize for something. Then as Lord Targent turned his head her gaze locked with his. She could feel something, a lurking within her mind as she had a feeling he knew she sent Yuri to find the new dancer. How he knew she did not know, and did not wish to know. The powers of vampires were too complex for mortals to understand.

A shiver ran up along her spine, as the gaze was cold yet alluring, dark yet calming in a sense. She was glad when he broke the gaze and moved from the room to leave the club. Again, she let out a breath, clenching her left hand into a fist over her chest. Her heart pounded within her chest, audible within her ears as she was sure he would have said something to her about her false accusations; he left instead.

Thanking the gods up above for the slight detour of his attention, she looked over and saw Maya come out from the booth, a bit nerve racked it seemed. Perhaps he had tried something, she did not know. Or maybe his words or presence had frightened her. Most did not like the air around Lord Targent or the fact that the manager of the club gave him a membership but since the Treaty, they all had to get along.

Moving past a few tables, she gave a smile over to Yuri in thanks for finding her, while following Maya as she moves out of the VIP room. The heels click along the floor as her dress billows around her as she catches up with Maya.

“Maya. Are you all right? You seem a bit distressed. I heard from Yuri that Lord Targent took you to a private booth,” she asked.

Her eyes look to Maya's with concern. Sometimes a cold, lonely heart could reach out to others in times of need or urgency.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #81 on Apr 12, 2005, 2:36pm »

Practically shoulder checking Targent in his hurry; he looks at the man. Targent was not one to mess with but as the thought of seeing Allure in trouble entered his mind, for some odd reason, his fists clench in anger. His teeth grind against each other and he literally has to grab hold of his arm to stop himself from jacking Targent in the face, right then and there. Watching as the man finally leaves, he turns, punching a nearby pillar. His punch actually leaves a mark in the pillar. Had it been a human face, he probably would have punched straight through it. He gasps, anger flooding his entire body.

Slowly, he drops his hand, closing his eyes. The entire club has stopped, for his punch was very loud. They are all looking at him; some seem afraid. He shoulders his coat, and brushes his hair out of his face. Smiling to the guests and staff members, he walks upstairs towards the manager's office.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #82 on Apr 12, 2005, 2:45pm »

Maya makes her way towards the dressing rooms as she meets up with Allure, hearing her ask if she was OK and about the private dance.

"Yes, I am fine, I was busy with a private dance for a man named Lord Targent. He was actually well mannered and never laid a hand on me. I am sure he was told about the rules," Maya said.

She slides her hand behind her back, cupping the thin diAmond necklace. She didn't want Allure or anyone else to see it. Some might think she stole it or wondered why she would have something like that.

"Allure you look a bit pale. Are you ok?" she asks.

She notices that she didn't look right or maybe something had happened. Turning quickly, she hears the sound of a bang. She notices it was Yuri; he was hitting the pillar with his hand. He looked very frustrated and upset. Must have had to deal with a customer getting out of hand.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #83 on Apr 12, 2005, 3:12pm »

Her gaze locked with Maya's listening to her as she spoke of Lord Targent. Most did not know much about him but one thing; he was the Lord of Vampires and should not be messed around with. She scanned her soft blue orbs over Maya's form, not seeing a scar or cut of any kind upon her flesh. The thought of him not touching her was more relieving than anything.

At the question directed at her, Allure tilted her head a bit to the right, exposing her tattoos slightly within the candlelight. Her face looked in confusion to Maya's question as she felt all right. A hand rose, brushing it along her left cheek to check her temperature.

"I'm all right Maya. I just was a bit worried about you was all. I did not know where you went after I started to dance. I wanted to make sure you were all right since you are still new here. It's not that I don't trust you, I just want to make sure you know your way around here. Some people can get quite rowdy," she explained.

Slipping her arm back to her side, she straightens herself out, smiling to Maya to let her know she was all right. Her right hand raised up, brushing a few of the dark locks from her face so she could see from both eyes, exposing more of the intricate patterns on her flesh; but she did not mind it at the moment.

Before she could speak more to Maya a loud sound echoed within the room, causing her to turn her head in curiosity and jump a bit in surprise. Her gaze settled upon Yuri, fist to the wall and face clenched in anger. This was the first for her to see Yuri angered, to show it on the outside as she heard the rumors of him only keeping it on the inside. Perhaps something or someone pushed him over the edge.

Not knowing the cause of his anger, she watches as he loosens up and smiles at the silent crowd before moving from the room and towards the manager's office. Her eyes caught his stature as if he was still holding the anger in. Her lower lip quivered in worry before she bites down on it gently to still its movements. Turning to face Maya again, Allure releases her lip and speaks to her once more.

"He seemed calm a moment ago. Do you know what could have angered him so much?" she inquired.

Knowing that all she and Maya could think up is supposed accusations and guesses that could have upset him. Allure thought to follow him and ask what was the matter. Since she had to talk to Faith, she supposed that it would be all right for her to follow, for there would be a reason for her to be going in that direction. Looking to Maya once more, she bowed her head a bit to excuse herself.

“Excuse me Maya. I have to go talk to the manager, Faith, about a few things. I will check up on you later to see how you are doing,” she said.

Stepping back she twirls around, always having a slight dance to her step as she moves down the hall towards Faith’s office.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #84 on Apr 12, 2005, 3:36pm »

Maya smiles as she listens to Allure, nodding as she informed her that she needed to speak to the manager. She moves around Allure and towards her dressing room. Placing the necklace on her vanity, she slips off her blouse and skirt. Grabbing her jeans, she slips them on then grabs her white tank top pulling it over her head. Releasing her hair, she shakes her head, letting her hair cascade down around her shoulders and back. Reaching over she grabs the necklace, slipping it into the front pocket of her jeans. Turning around, she slips her feet into her sandals.

Feeling a bit more comfortable, she decides she will take a walk. She needed the fresh air. Stepping out of her dressing room, she makes her way to the doors.

As she passes the main bar, she tells the bartender “I will be back, going to take a short walk.”

Pushing the doors open, she steps outside and into the streets of the city.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #85 on Apr 12, 2005, 6:28pm »

As he approached the manager’s office, he could hear the clicking of Allure’s shoes coming towards him. Not wanting to see her face for fear that the image would jump back into his head and not wanting her to see him, he quickly ducks into an alcove, the shadows melting around him. He kneels in the alcove, completely invisible to the human eye. He breathes in very slowly, quietly. He seems to become completely still, proof that he has been trained in more than just direct combat.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #86 on Apr 13, 2005, 2:26am »

Her steps paced down the hallway towards the manager’s office and following only a few steps behind Yuri. The long midnight black dress billowed around her slender frame, opening the slits on either side to expose her creamy lengthy legs

that carried her effortlessly. The breeze from the other dancers passing her brushed the long brown tresses about her shoulders. She gave them a smile while they looked away from her on their way home as their shift was done for the night.

A look of concern crossed her face, as she was worried for Yuri. He seemed very angry when he left the VIP room after his bump into Lord Targent. Perhaps the Lord had angered him in some way and he went to talk to Faith about it. But nothing could be done since he was a paying customer and a member of the Horizon Club.

Her eyes caught sight of his form moving into the manager's office. A silver plate with the name 'Manager-Faith' was printed on the door. A slight smile crossed her tender lips as she caught up with him. But before she could speak, he vanished. Allure paused and then slowly stepped into the manager's office as she looked around the room. It was empty.

She stood before the mahogany desk; Yuri was nowhere to be found. Her lips curve into a frown, as he was gone. Maybe he really didn't want to be around her. Maybe he was just being courteous to her this one day since he could not get the new girl or any other girl this night. The thought made her heart lurch and her shoulders slump a bit. It seemed he thought what everyone else did, that she was a freak.

As she looked down, her gaze landed upon a pile of very well-graphed invites with beautiful calligraphy on the front. She raised her left hand slightly, reaching out to the table to pick up one of the papers and let her eyes scan the words printed below.

"An invitation to a show opening in Charity's Fine Arts and Café," she said aloud.

A slender brow rose as she re-reads the contents, seeing there were many more on the desk as well. Perhaps Faith was to give one out to all the workers in the club or the VIPs. She lifted her head, looking around the empty room a bit saddened still. Looking back to the invitation she held within her hand, Allure took a step back.

"Maybe one invite won't be missed. I'm sure they are for the workers as well. I would love to go see the fine arts within this gallery. It could help cheer me up a bit," she said to herself.

Turning around once more she heads out of the office, closing the door behind her. She did not notice where Yuri was hiding or that he was anywhere near the vicinity. Her steps glided her down the hall, slipping the invite between the valley of her breasts so it would not be lost. Though she tried to smile, it did not meet her eyes as she felt the pain of rejection once more. She forced a smile to her

lips for the company. She looked over to the bartender, as she weaved her way through the crowd, giving her the information of where she would be for about an hour or so.

Allure did not like to skip out of work but the other dancers were handling things and she just wanted to stop in for at least an hour in the gallery. Her dress clung to her in the rising heat of the club because of so many people being within. Her right arm brushed past a tall woman as she entered, pushing her slightly through the crowd that seemed to barricade the door. Giving a quick apology, she moved through the people and out into the refreshing cool night air as it danced with her dress while she moved through the prowling darkness.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #87 on Apr 13, 2005, 8:22am »

He could see her become saddened by his disappearance. He winced as he saw this. It hurt him to think that it was his fault. He was just about to stand up and apologize but she saw the invitations and picked one up, leaving the room. After she left, he stood up and grabbed one himself. He jogged after her, intent on an apology. As she left, he grabbed one of the other bouncers.

“I am leaving you in charge for now. I’ll be back in a bit,” he explained.

The bouncer nods his head and quickly moves around to do his job. Yuri raced outside, grabbing Allure by the wrist before she could get any farther. He turned her around, mistaking his own strength again. It spun her right against him once more and his arms wrapped around her to hold onto her. He didn’t even bother letting go this time. He just leaned down and whispered into her ear gently.

“I’m sorry, Allure. I just did not want you to see me in that state of mind,” he says sincerely as he pulls back to look into her face, smiling. But, it’s all cool now.”

“Hey, let’s go to the gallery together. I’m sure it will be fun,” he says cheerfully.

Without even bothering to wait for her response, he lets her go, grabbing her hand again. He starts leading her down the street. When they get too far away to return to the bar, it starts raining. Looking up, for it started raining really hard quickly, he laughs. Knowing Allure was wearing something a little more flimsy than him, he takes off his coat. Slipping it around her, he smiles and winks at her.

“There you go. Wouldn’t want our head dancer to catch a cold. That would be bad,” he says as he laughs and leads her towards the gallery again.

Roux
Re: Welcome

« Reply #88 on Apr 13, 2005, 9:14am »

As she gets closer to the entrance of the club, she passes a few people coming and going. The closer she got to the club the more she seemed to get bumped in to. Only shrugging them off, the small young lady as the first. She glared at her briefly, thinking she might be one she could use if her need to feed was urgent. She saw no fight in this one. She moves on in toward the club.

She stops briefly again as she is bumped by another young lady. She glanced over her quickly, her tattoos very noticeable. She senses a bit of fight in her but nothing she couldn't handle.

"Excuse me," she says in a bit of harsh tone, as she continues on in.

The noise of the club grows louder. Looking around, she is bumped again, a man this time. She turns her eyes almost to the glowing point now. It seemed as though everyone was pushing her to her point of anger. She smirked at the man, watching him run. Unsure as to what he was running from or after; he was of no concern to her. Maybe one day he would be running from her. She chuckles lightly to herself.

Her need to have some type of liquid was growing with every waking moment. Moving quickly over to the main bar, she slips up on one of the stools.

"Bartender, a bloodwyne if you don't mind," Roux says.

She casually glances around the bar looking for anything or maybe even someone that might perk her interest.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #89 on Apr 13, 2005, 4:21pm »

As Targent entered the club, he glanced about as his heightened sense took hold. The people slowed. And yes this place was crowded even more than when he left it earlier.

He spotted what he had come in for, as his eyes fell on a most beautiful woman. She was leaning against the bar and what a sight she was; short but well proportioned, long dark hair and dark mysterious eyes. She had a body many men would kill for or have been killed for. He chuckled and made his way through the crowd to her.

She wore tight-fitting pants that showed off a firm stomach and round curves of her hips. Soft material of white clung to her breasts. She was a beauty indeed he thought.

When he finally reached her, he smiled.

“Hello my lovely Roux. What brings you out of hiding? Dinner?” he laughed some then took a seat next to her. “Roux, sit please. I have something to ask you?” “Would you like to attend a little gallery opening with me tomorrow?”

He waved the bartender over and ordered the house specialty as he waited for her answer.

Roux
Re: Welcome
« Reply #90 on Apr 13, 2005, 4:39pm »

She was tapping her nails on the bar waiting for her drink. Almost getting a bit impatient, she looks over at the bartender. It seemed as though everyone wanted something from him. Finally, he brought her the drink she ordered.

“Thank you,” she smiles towards him.

She leans a bit forward looking over the bar as he walked away, grinning at his muscled features. She glances around, as it seems to be getting a bit more crowded in her. She nodded, liking this, so many to choose from she thought.

Suddenly, she sensed something or someone. She felt someone was trying to enter her mind. Turning around, she notices a very handsome man or shall she say vamp walking her way. She was pleased to see him; she had missed him at the castle. She turns as he takes a seat next to her.

Reaching out she lifts her drink, as she listens to him talk. Tilting the glass towards him, “cheers” she whispers as she hears him ask her about a gallery opening. Setting the glass down, a soft smile comes over her.

“Lord Targent, what a pleasure to see you out. I would love to attend the gallery opening with you. The arts have always intrigued me and who knows, I might find a new painting or statue that I must have. Or better yet, maybe fresh blood,” she replies.

She chuckles softly to herself. Her coal black eyes glance over him. She has a thing for him but many of the ladies did. He seemed to draw them around him no matter where he went.

“Just let me know what time we will be leaving and I shall be ready,” Roux said.

Faith

Re: Welcome
« Reply #91 on Apr 14, 2005, 12:19am »

Several days had passed since she had been to the club. She knew that things would have been well in hand with Eve and the others that were taking care of things in her absence. Her boot heels clicked sharply on the floor as she enters the club. The sound of her heels is muted by the blaring music in the background. She walks into the club and stops for a moment to run her fingers through her lavender-colored hair before looking down at her black nails shimmering through her lavender eyes. The strange match of her hair and eyes shimmer in the flashing of the lights before she walks through the club. Her eyes do not meet with anyone's or even deviate from the door behind the bar with the plaque reading "Faith Montague, Manager". Her fingers dip into her pocket and pull the key for the door from within and she inserts it into the lock and lets herself into the office.

The door closes almost silently behind her as she leaves the raucous noise of the club behind. Once more she is within the sanctuary of her own small quiet place within the crazy world that's become her life. Faith's eyes move over the dark oak desk, the large leather chair and the shelves of papers and books that are next to the desk. She takes in the sound of her heels clicking on the floor as she walks to her desk and sits down within the chair. Her slender form almost dwarfed by the large chair as she leans her elbows on the desk and places her hands on her forehead with her fingers splayed within the lavender locks of hair. A weary sigh rolls forth from her lips.

Sasha
Re: Welcome
« Reply #92 on Apr 14, 2005, 1:24pm »

Deciding to take a walk though town, I dress for the night in a royal blue of silk to the ankle dress with a slit up the right leg, thin straps; low cut front and high heel shoes to match. I also have a necklace, which shows I am true to the animals and have a spirit of the tiger with me. I am from the great forest and when in town can be seen just in human form.

I take a raft across the river then start making my way to town and the club. As I am walking not realizing that the rain is starting to fall, as I am in my own thoughts. I make my way to the club New Dawn Horizon to see what happens in there. Then I see the one by the door watching me as I approach and I wonder why he is watching so close.

Then looking in the door, I see some of the others that I should know but don't since I have been in the forest for months now trying to prepare my work for show around town. My work is needlecrafts for show in homes and stores.

Targent
Re: Welcome
« Reply #93 on Apr 15, 2005, 1:40pm »

As Targent's eyes roamed over the lovely Roux once more, he answers her question.

"In about two hours. I don't want us to be the first there. It's always better to be a bit late than early.
I'll meet you at the little eatery a couple of doors down from the gallery."

Targent leaned in and kissed the cool cheek of this very beautiful woman. He knew when he walked in with her heads would turn and not because of him but because of what laid upon his arm. He chuckled to himself.

Farewell for now, dear Roux, and I'll see you in two," Targent said.

He backed away from her and made his way into the night. A slight grin played upon his lips as he thought of what the amusement he would enjoy tonight.

Roux
Re: Welcome
« Reply #94 on Apr 15, 2005, 1:59pm »

She smiles as she feels his cold lips against her cheek. She reaches up with her hand, sliding her nails gently across his jaw line.

"I will meet you at the cafe in a couple hours," Roux answers.

She watches as he slips away as quickly as he had appeared next to her. Turning back to her drink, she finishes it off and leaves a couple of coins on the bar to pay for it. Standing, she moves toward the door, slipping out into the darkness.

Sasha
Re: Welcome
« Reply #95 on Apr 16, 2005, 9:54pm »

I walk into the club and shake off the rain from the shawl and my dress then go to an empty table and sit just watching all the people and what they are doing. Then I look to the one at the bar and think I have seen him before but not sure from where. I then shake the thought out of my head

"I have been in the forest and most would not know me in this form there except the tigers at my home," I say to myself.

Looking to them and the one behind the bar, I nod a hello then look around for a waitress to get a drink. I just sit and dry off some.

Before she goes to Arch's office first time

Lantia
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #5 on Apr 9, 2005, 12:01am »

Slowly the womanly figure slips from a room, closing the thick oak door behind her as it shuts with a thud that seems to echo down the empty hallway. The torchlight was the only light to lead any along the path. She begins to step forward, letting her black knee-length boots click along the stone floor. It was very enjoyable to fall asleep at night and awaken at night as well. For some it was a never-ending hell, but to her it was her version of heaven.

A hand rises to brush a lock of black and silver tinted hair from her face, giving her the vision she needs to watch her step. The black tattered cloth clung to her body, as the panties were the only "pants" that she wore. It was more comfortable to wear and felt easy to move in. Her silver eyes looked over to the left as the pillars stretched up high, giving the view of the garden of stone. She let a smile cross her blood red lips instead of her grin. Once in a while she enjoyed the beauty of death.

Lantia felt stiff, as she has not awakened in some time and felt a hunger stir in her belly. She knew of the treaty and felt a bit perturbed that she could not go feed to her heart's content. Releasing a sigh of longing for the good old days, she steps past Lord Targent's room, sensing him gone already. Perhaps he went to feed already or go about his business, as he was a busy man. She looked to the attached note on his door that must have been left. Scanning the writing quickly, she laughs softly at who wrote it. Of course Amon was always going out for his nightly feedings and trickery. Hopefully he will follow the rules that were set before all of there kind.

Her mind wanders to a little trip out into the city. It would do her good to get out after finally awakening. Slipping out of the castle doors, she crouches down before a rose bush. Slender fingers wrap around the thorny plant, plucking it from the ground. She looks as the crimson liquid drips from the puncture wounds the thorns made, urging her hunger. She lays the flower to the doorknob of the castle, a present and note to Targent that she finally had gone out for a while and would return. Turning once more, she glides away from her home, having a hunger that craved to be fed.

Dretta's dream
Reiki before going to get Dretta at Hold for Gallery Show

Alexandretta
To sleep and yet to Dream
« Thread Started on Jan 15, 2006, 11:23am »

She made her way to her room and curled into the quiet, pulling the drapes around the bed to block out the light already filtering through the windows. She slept for a while dreamlessly, but soon filtering through her rest were sounds and images of a nightmare soon to come. Her body held in place, her mind roaming freely, she saw what seemed to be an attack. Blood was everywhere. She would have placed it in the realm of a past dream but the setting was the new library. She saw vague shapes and heard odd voices -- voices that should never have been close to this haven for good. She felt her wings almost torn from her back, blood running freely from many wounds in her flesh.

She awakened sitting upright in her bed. Her breath came faster as she took in her surroundings. Slowly, the fear from her dream left and she wondered what she could do to prevent this tragedy. All she remembered was a voice; a man's voice saying it was her fault that this had happened.

She rose from her bed and dressed. She moved to her desk and sat down to complete the daily paperwork. Her mind still lingered on the pain of what had occurred in her dream but she finished her work despite it. Making her way to the balcony, she stood there overlooking everything. She made her decision and spread her wings. She definitely needed time to think and the best place for that was to go to town.

She flew through the swiftly dimming skies and landed just beyond the main square in town. This time she did not bother to illusion her wings; she simply moved through the area with them folded at her back. The white silk dress she wore bore no traces of dust or grime. Her hair was loose about her shoulders. The young Archangel was lost within her own thoughts, obsessing how to keep her dreams from becoming reality.

Rebecca
Re: To sleep and yet to Dream
« Reply #1 on Jan 30, 2006, 8:12pm »

Having stopped at a window as I was wandering the halls and remembering, I noticed a lovely angel I had not met before fly towards town. Curious to meet those who may have come to the manor to live while I was away, I made my way back to my bedroom balcony and flew in the same direction she had gone. With my keen senses, I quickly discovered she was heading toward the city. Hoping not to disturb her and knowing I was far enough behind her to let her be for quite some time; I tried to think of a way to introduce myself.

Upon landing in the city, I hid my wings. It was instinctual in places like this. No one here needed to know I was of the angel race. I smiled as I spotted the one I had followed in the distance.

Alexandretta

She had been wandering for some time now. The sky was dark but her thoughts were still on her nightmare. She feared, perhaps, her own thoughts could bring these horrors to life.

The blood was fresh in her mind as she stopped outside of the club. She leaned back against the wall. Her eyes closed as she pulled a lock of her golden hair forward, twisting it in her fingers. Her wings were pressed against the back of the wall. She sensed the approach of another and slowly allowed herself to become aware of her surroundings.

Alexandretta
Re: To sleep and yet to Dream
« Reply #3 on Feb 19, 2006, 6:54pm »
**** Moved to City Streets******

Lantia
Search
« Thread Started on Apr 15, 2005, 2:28pm »

The light from the sun was dimmed by the blanket of night, velvet with its color as it snuffs out that which hurts so much. A low curse rumbles below her breath as the last ray of sunshine is washed over by darkness.

How the days have changed from when everything was bleak and the night ruled over the day. When the creatures of the night walked every hour of the day, only taking a wee break to rest. The times truly have changed as the light expands over parts of the land and angels watching over the humans like brethren. While vampires used to refer to them as cattle for there own pleasures.

Letting a pleased sigh escape her lips, Lantia brushed from the shadows, walking up the path to the Angel Manor, which she had heard so much about. Maybe it was curiosity that drove her, but not this night. There was something she wished to complete, or rather someone she wished to speak to.

Weaving her hips along the walkway, she steps into the shadows, seeing a few angels perched near the entrance. There would be no chance for her to enter if they spotted her. A light grin slipped across her blood red lips as she moved through there own shadows, giving them a slight cold chill of dread before entering through the entranceway with only a slight creak of the door echoing

behind her. Thankfully, the angels thought it was only the wind. How foolish the winged ones could be.

The thick black boots clicked along the stone hallway, feeling the torchlight cast upon her pale frame. The light only made her body look more frail and empty of life. She raised a hand, brushing a few black locks from her line of sight as a slight squeak can be heard up above. Lantia stops her ascension, letting her silver eyes shift to the slight light within the building. Her pet bat Shadow swoops within, perching atop her left shoulder. A smile creases her lips as she felt a bit of comfort now that he was here while she walked in this holy of places.

Once again she proceeds on, moving into the shadows when she hears any voices. The angels were so close her nostrils caught their scent. If only she could feed from them but she knew their blood was too holy, too filled with the light to drink. If even a drop touched her lips she would feel the burn of purification. The beast within banged to become free; to feed to its heart's delight. But the last bit of her humanity kept it at bay. Humanity. What a strange word for one like her to think at a time like this.

Shrugging her shoulders, she moves down a seemingly empty hall, stepping from the shadows to look over at the tapestries. How droll they looked. Depicting the battles of eons ago.

She lets the silver of her gaze run over the fine fabric before she heard voices once more. Stepping aside into a small alcove in the wall, Lantia watches two angel soldiers move from a door; speaking of food and leaving the entryway defenseless. Her curiosity gets the best of her as to what is contained within. A hand raised, petting Shadow as she pointed to the door. The creature perked to the small show of affection before moving to the door, squeaking after a moment to signal it all clear for her. Lantia approached the door, reaching out a slender hand to grasp the metal knob. She twists it, moving herself within and closing the door silently.

Shadow swoops around the room, curious of its contents. Lantia moves slowly, seeing it to be an office of sorts for a woman. The decorations screamed femininity. With a grin she stepped to the window, staying in the shadows as her eyes peer out into the garden below. It was beautiful, how sickening.

Crossing her arms over her chest, she lets the warmth of the air caress her skin through the tattered clothing. It had no affect, as her body would always remain cold. She wondered sometimes how being purified would feel, to be human once more. The thought was dismayed as she thought back to the reason of her arrival. She had heard of the Archangel Alexandretta, the one that all seemed to bow down to within the Angel Manor. This was the one she wanted to speak to.

Lantia hoped this was her office or she would have to deal with an angry angel when they entered. Her eyes looked over the large magnificently crafted desk, spying a very well written invitation upon its surface. She let her eyes scan over the words from where she stood, seeing it to be an invite to a gallery opening within the city. Her grin only widened as she had a feeling. A feeling the Archangel would meet a certain Lord there at the gathering.

Shadow squeaked once more, landing to perch on her left shoulder again as it nuzzled her neck. She let a smile cross her lips, raising a hand to pet its head gently as the light of the moon glinted off her bracers that she remembered to wear this night. She stood in the shadows by the window, waiting for the owner of the room to return.

Alexandretta
Re: Search
« Reply #1 on Apr 15, 2005, 3:47pm »

Once returning to the manor, she gives up being ground bound and launches herself to the balcony of her office stepping inside, still in the gown. Not noticing much, she puts the box on her desk then turns feeling something odd in the office.

“Hello is someone here?” she questions the darkness.

She had yet to light the room but she Knew something was off a bit.

Lantia
Re: Search
« Reply #2 on Apr 15, 2005, 4:10pm »

The gust of wind alerted her to the approach of an angel. Perhaps it was the one she was expecting. Lantia slips into the shadows to the right of the window, watching as the beautiful angel lands within. A slender brow rose, seeing the woman in a dress instead of the armor she expected. Shadow flapped its little wings, brushing a few black strands to caress along her cheek. It was jumpy to the arrival of the owner of the office. She remained in the darkness, watching the angel lay a box upon the desk.

Her grin returned to her red puffed lips, hearing the angel speak to the shadows. She was very acute about her place to be able to sense someone within her presence. Seeing no need to hide, as the woman must be the Archangel, Lantia stepped from the shadows. Slowly, she emerged into the dim light of the moon, listening to her heels click on the stone floor before they touched the soft contours of rugs that covered around her desk. Hips sway rhythmically to her own inner music, letting the silver of her eyes lock with the angel’s.

“Yes someone is here. I guess angels’ senses are as sharp as ever,” Lantia remarks.

She moved to the right side of the angel’s desk, placing a pale hand to the intricate pattern engraved around the rim, moving along with her walk. The tips of her fingers run over the smooth varnished surface as she lifts her head once more, looking to the angel.

“I have come for a visit you could say. I see you are ready to go out to the gallery opening. How quaint,” she says.

Her eyes never left the Archangel’s face in slight worry of an attack for many would not hear a vampire out. Maybe this one would be different. Her pale face illuminates within the light of the moon which streams through the open balcony doors.

“I’m sure you will see a certain Lord there this evening. Mayhap you’ll be going with someone. I’m guessing with the way you seem a bit chipper or is there...something hidden behind that forceful smile?” Lantia observes.

Lantia kept the grin on her lips as Shadow flapped his wings, setting himself a flutter as he soars overhead of the angel. The room was silent, as she liked it to be. The only sounds that could be heard was their steady breathing. The thought made her chuckle, as she had no need to breathe. She stands in the front of the woman’s desk, like a guest or politician would when having a meeting with her. She would take things slow, till the threat of sunlight would drive her away or till she had spoken what she came to say.

Alexandretta
Re: Search
« Reply #3 on Apr 15, 2005, 8:00pm »

Watching the woman carefully, as she steps forward looking the Vampire in the face.

“Hmmm Quaint is it? Well I am glad to have been a part of your amusement thus far. And Yes I am going to the opening with someone; another of my kind to be exact,” the angel remarks.

As for seeing a certain Lord there, if you speak of Targent, you are most likely right. After all the treaty allows us to come close to one another without either of us seeking the life of the other,” she replies.

She watched the woman, not sitting down at her desk but remaining behind it a bit. She knew the guards outside would be able to do little should the woman attack, but somehow Dretta did not feel that would be the case here.

“What is it you have come to tell me? I would suspect you know my name but I doubt seriously you will give me yours. So for politeness sake, will you give me a name to call you?” Alexandretta asks.

A soft smile crossed Dretta’s lips as she seemed to relax a bit before touching the candles on her desk, allowing them to light before she looked at her visitor.

Mystery and Magic
Re: Search
« Reply #4 on Apr 15, 2005, 8:32pm »

A noticeable warmth began filling the room. The dozen or so candles, freshly lit, took on a strange tint of purple. And while the occupants of the room noticed these changes on a subconscious level only, there was no mistaking the flutter of a raptor’s wings as a fierce looking falcon landed on the balcony railing outside the Archangel’s office. Its talons gripped the cement hard enough to send tiny chips floating off on the evening breeze. It sat, and watched the conversation taking place.

Alexandretta
Re: Search
« Reply #5 on Apr 15, 2005, 10:07pm »

She shivered softly for a moment. As the door outside opened, a tall human walked in carrying a small envelope. She shook her head when the man’s hand went for his sword.

“ Hello Peacekeeper, may I help you in a matter?” she asked.

She looked to the Vampire in her office and smiled softly.

“ I do hope you will excuse me a moment.”

She turned her attention back to the human male who had come in. She smiled to him as she reached her hand for the envelope. He drew back slightly and shook his head

“ No M’Lady your eyes only. I am sorry, “ the peacekeeper insisted.

She nodded slightly to the man and stepped towards him. She moved from the balcony area of her office. She glanced at the falcon for a moment before she shook her head, a bit uncertain what to make of it as she slipped out the door of her office to take the letter. She opened it swiftly and looked to the man.

“ Would you please show my guest out? Allow her to leave a message as to where I may contact her if needed, but I must attend to this first. One of the children at the Hold wants me,” the Arch explained.

She peeks her head into her office and sighs softly.

“I do hope you will excuse me. I am needed elsewhere. I have very little time to myself. If need be we can speak later if you wish,” she informed the vampire.

She headed directly towards her balcony, turning to the peacekeeper and smiled.

“Show the young lady out. Nicely please. She has caused no harm,” she insists.

She dropped from the balcony like a stone, spreading her wings leisurely as she began the flight back to the Hold; letting the cool air brush over her through the silk of the gown she wore.

Reiki
Re: Search
« Reply #6 on Apr 15, 2005, 11:31pm »

Reiki’s eyes followed her as she flew upwards. He considered entering as well, but decided he needed to collect his thoughts. And so he strolled quietly away searching for some coffee. He wanted to see if he could find any that held a candle to his sister’s own very strong blend.

moves to City streets: Reiki walking and thinking again

Lantia
Re: Search
« Reply #7 on Apr 16, 2005, 2:12pm »

The woman had listened and not attacked. Very intriguing for most angels would have. The old saying of ‘Attack first, ask questions later’ had somehow snuck up within her mind at the situation, but she kept herself calm.

As the lady lighted the candles, Lantia had to close her eyes from the sudden brightness. It perturbed her slightly as she had no warning of the sudden light. Shaking her head slightly, dancing the black locks around her face to remove the irritation. She slowly opens her eyes to reveal a pair of silver orbs. They held nothing but mirth, darkness, mischievousness and something else that she pulled back before the angel could read. Her face was even paler within the candlelight, as white as snow and as cold.

She leaned herself up properly, straightening her back as she let the grin settle upon her blood red lips.

“Yes, I have come for more than to wish you good tidings for the visit at the gallery. A name you wish? Then, a name you shall receive. Most would not know my name, and I will give it to you in time. For now you may call me, Silver. A bit garish, yes, but it will do for now.”

A hand rose, petting Shadow’s head as he landed to her left shoulder once more. He squeaked and flapped his wings when more lights filled the room and a falcon landed on the balcony behind Alexandretta.

Her eyes glared slightly as the light burned her eyes a bit, to the immense light till they adjusted. She lowered her arm tapping a foot gently to the rug as she took her eyes off the strange bird and back to the angel. Before she could speak, once more, her head turned swiftly hearing the door open and a human step in. Her pink tongue slipped out, licking along her puffy lips, as she knew humans were safe enough to drink from. Lantia shook her head, removing such thoughts, as it was not the time, nor the place for such pleasures.

Turning her left side to the door, keeping an eye on the man that entered, she listened to Alexandretta excuse herself for some personal business. This was a bit upsetting. She had not expected the angel to have visitors so late in the evening. Perhaps she would have to visit this place once more when the sun descended.

She waited patiently, crossing her arms over her chest. She looked to the woman peeking her head in once more and speaking of needing to leave. This was definitely not working out the way she had hoped. Releasing her own sigh, she nodded her head in understanding to the woman.

“Yes, I see you are a very busy Archangel, but what Archangel is never busy? I shall then have to speak with you another time soon,” Lantia said.

As the angel left she watched the human, who wished to draw a sword on her earlier, walk in and speak to her about leaving. She glared at the mere mortal, hearing his heart beat rapidly at the fear and anger of a vampire in such a holy place. Raising her head in her own authority, she lowered her arms to her sides, nuzzling Shadow gently with her head as it squeaked and took flight.

“Tell Alexandretta that she can contact me at New Dawn Horizon club. Its a place I frequent for feeding,” she explained.

The grin grew on her lips as she watched the boy glare at her with more anger at her mention of feeding. She turned her head slightly, looking over her shoulder at Shadow as he swooped by the falcon, barely clearing its head before flying out into the night to meet its mistress outdoors. Shifting her attention, she walked past the boy, the air filled with the scent of lavender. She swayed her hips and

walked, an erotic tale she best not speak of, slipping out the door. Her eyes looked to the weapons that were immediately drawn from the angel guards as she left the office. A soft chuckle emerged from her, slipping underneath their swords.

“The Archangel said I can leave without harm since I had done none. But if you could, tell her I wish to speak with her as soon as possible,” she said.

Grinning, she weaved her way down the hallway, heading towards the front gates. She slipped into the shadows, seeping past the posts at the gate and out into the night. She would return soon to this place and finish what she started.

Before he goes to hold to escort Arch to gallery

Reiki
waiting
« Thread Started on Apr 17, 2005, 1:15am »
**continued from City Streets:Reiki walking and thinking again **

He decides that waiting in her office would be a bad idea, so he jumps down form the balcony and walks in the from door. He looks for someone who knows where he could rest for a few minutes

Alexandretta
Re: waiting
« Reply #1 on Apr 17, 2005, 10:32am »

Seeing the angel there in the doorway, the girl smiles a bit.

“Ah Angelo, why fore are you still here? Were you not to accompany the Arch to the gallery? She said you were. You might wish to rest at the hold and get dressed instead of being here. But there are quarters here if you would rather.”

She smiled to the angel with the black wings and held out her hand.

“ I can guide you if you will trust me.”

Reiki
Re: waiting
« Reply #2 on Apr 17, 2005, 6:07pm »

Reiki looks at the girl and tilts his head

This one has light, but sadness within. She must be genuine,” he thinks to himself.

He moves down to eye level with the girl.

“You are very trusting, child. How do you know I do not mean you harm? Whether or not I intend evil on this place?” he asks.

“You are Angelo and you were with the Arch. Why do you ask such things?” she counters.
“Because I am curious. Tell me sweet child, if you had not seen me before, if this were our first meeting; what would you think? What would have been your first instincts?” Reiki inquires.

“You are Angelo,” she answers.

“Not all things are as they seem young one. Take a caterpillar; it looks like a worm with feet, a slimy disgusting thing. But it goes to sleep and dreams of Heaven and when it awakens it is a butterfly; a thing that all love and cherish. I was a caterpillar once. Some days I feel like I still am,” Reiki explains.

“Then it would be your eyes. They are kind and yet sad. Like you’ve lost someone that you’ll never find again,” the girl replies.

Reiki looked at the girl again.

“So much insight,” he thinks

“Come then, I trust your judgment, little caterpillar. Show where I need to be, since I obviously do not know,” he says.

Alexandretta
Re: waiting
« Reply #3 on Apr 17, 2005, 8:26pm »

The girl laughed softly, as she nodded to him before turning towards a large door and opening it into a long hallway filled with doors.

“These are the normal quarters. We should be able to find an empty one near the end of the hall Angelo,” she explained.

She moves past almost twenty doors before coming to one and opening it into a smallish room. Inside were a bed, a closet, table and chairs and a desk. The place was well lit.

“Here you are Angelo. If you need me, my name is Caroline.”

Reiki
Re: waiting

« Reply #4 on Apr 18, 2005, 12:15am »

Reiki smiled at her.

“And I am called Reiki. The same goes for you if you need me.”
He bows and gently closes the door. He looks at the desk. It’s the kind that the writing surface is a lid for a storage space, where he finds paper and a pencil. He smiles taking them out and sitting. He starts to sketch; slowly at first then more voraciously. He draws the various faces he has seen today. He draws the little caricature of the guards he thought of earlier.

A knock comes at the door

“I wonder who that could be,” he thinks.

He opens it to find the elfish tailor from earlier in the day, holding a large clothing box, like the one Dretta’s dress came in. She pushes him aside and walks right into the room.

“There you are! I should have known,” the tailor exclaims.

Reiki smiles, “hello again.”

“No time for pleasantries!”

She pokes him in the chest

“You! Off with those clothes now and put on these! i made them for you to wear, not just for my health”

Reiki smiles as he strips out of his robe, not shy around the elf. She opens the box and he lets out a small gasp. The suit is beautiful -- a dark maroon almost burgundy, the trim in black. The front has brass buckles that attach diagonally across the front running from the right shoulder to the left hip. The back is a kind of flap with straps on either side; each strap with the same kind of buckles as the front of the suit.

He slips it on and notices that the flap fits perfectly between his wings. The straps fit into a belt loop along the bottom edge of the suit. The buckles fit snugly into the bottommost of the front buckles.

He looks at himself in the mirror. It gave the appearance as if the wings were part of the suit itself.

“Yes, yes, you’re very pretty. But perhaps you should put on some pants?” the tailor jokes.

Reiki blushed slightly at her noticing his primping. He looked again in the box and took the pants inside, black slacks with burgundy trim reversed patterned from the shirt. On the left was a double brass ring he fingered it curiously.

“For your sword, it is part of who you are,” she said.

Reiki blinked and picked up his sword. He attached the scabbard to the rings where it stayed perfectly aligned and ready to draw; yet when he sat down it did not interfere with his range of motion.
“This is perfect! Thank you. Now about payment,” Reiki said.

He reached for the pouch in which he kept the money he had. The elf placed her hand on his before he could open it

“That can wait until later, Angelo. I have heard that you are very generous, well to coffee vendors at least,” she smiled. “I saw the gold piece you left. She is a good woman but be careful who sees you throwing money around. Hmm? Woon you’ll have no money at all!”

“Yes thank you, I had not thought of that,” Reiki replied.

“Now these I shall take with me,” she said as she gathered up the clothes he had been wearing earlier. “I shall fix them and maybe make you more. Hmm? Have fun tonight. I am sure I will hear about it.”

She left in a quick hurry as she had arrived and Reiki wondered what Dretta would think of his new outfit.

Reiki
Re: waiting
« Reply #5 on Apr 18, 2005, 2:01am »

“Well, I suppose I should go to where they are,” Reiki said to himself.

Reiki walks outside to the street and looks up into the dark sky. He jumps straight up as he did before, marveling on the freedom of movement his new clothes supply. He pumps his wings going faster marveling at how the suit seems to act as a second skin streamlining his body. He soon is over the Pit and almost to the Hold.

continues in...The Hold :Getting Ready to Party

Alexandretta
Getting Ready to Party
« Thread Started on Apr 15, 2005, 10:38pm »

She landed gently on one of the balconies and opened the doors allowing herself within the small room only to be mobbed by small humans.

“DRETTA!!!!!! You came,” the children shouted.

She laughed at the small ones, all 5 of them, and nodded slowly.

“I promised didn’t I? All you have to do is send me a message and I will be here any time you want. Didn’t I say that?” she said to the little ones.

The youngest of the five held her arms up as Dretta leaned down and picked her up. She laughed at the kiss the young one gave her before feeling her hands tug at her hair. She gently extracted the four-year-old’s hands from her hair.

“Now, now Callie, calm down. I am here arent I? What was so important you needed me?” she asked them.

The oldest of the five, a 9-year-old looked at her and shook her head.

“Well Mercury asked us to call for you. He said you had somewhere special to go tonight and... and....ohhh yeah ... He didn’t want you too distracted to get ready since you need to dress and do your.... fix yourself up. Though I don’t see anything needing fixed. I think you are the most prettiest angel,” the nine-year-old explained.

Dretta set the youngest down and kissed the older girl on the cheek before smiling.

“And I think you are the sweetest youngling I have contact with, dear. Now Mercury was right. I would tend to forget myself in my work if I am not careful. So who wants to show me to the ones who are suppose to fix my hair hmm?” the arch replied.

The oldest looked at the other four and smiled.

“I want to but someone has to watch the others so Jasmine will you take the Archangel to the hairdresser. I believe Mercury is there as well, I could be wrong though,” the oldest child said.

Mercury
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #1 on Apr 16, 2005, 11:31pm »

Mercury is standing in a quiet, dimly lit anti-chamber to the Archangel's formal residence. The music in his head began only a few minutes ago, and now with the outside world closed off, he listens to the words of his maker.

Gently, and slowly he sways side to side as the harmonies of divine thought fill his world. He never ceases to be amazed by the infinite depth of every note, as if a child is plucking the chords of the universe itself.

Astonishingly, to Mercury each note makes perfect sense. Every chord speaks of life and love...guiding him unerringly towards forming the perfect words, translating for the ones who don't hear the song as clearly.

Suddenly, there is another melody vying for his attention. It's the song of children's voices. Mercury knows now that the time has arrived. A long and dangerous evening is forming out of the darkness before them. His eyes open and he starts out of the room to see the Archangel.

Alexandretta
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #2 on Apr 17, 2005, 3:20am »

She looked up and smiled, her hair down and blown against her skin. She stood, running her hands down the twilight silk of the gown she wore when she saw Merc and smiled

"Well .. how does it look?" she asked.

She had little vanity but the gown she loved to pieces. After all, John had made it just for her. She turned slowly, her shoulders bare, as she smiled. The gown dipped in the back to make it easy for her wings.

"All I need is my hair done and I am ready. How about you Mercury, have you a date for the eve?" the arch asked him.

Mercury
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #3 on Apr 17, 2005, 11:31am »

Mercury stepped towards the Archangel. He had changed into his formal flight suit earlier. Black leather pants and a matching vest adorned with a silver collar covered in detailed symbols that very few living creatures could read. His bear arms revealing a lean man possessing great strength, his forearms hidden by silver bands covered in those same mysterious symbols. His whole form seemed to be dusted with in starlight.

Ignoring her comment about hairstyles, he bows his head and speaks softly to the angel before him.

“The Creator has blessed me with another message for you Angela.” And before she could reply, he goes on.

“I have seen through your eyes, to the valley into which you have traveled. I have seen you standing in the dry and dusty bones that cover the ground for as far as the eye can see. I have felt the dust in your nostrils and know of your fear. But He has spoken the words to me, sung the song, you cannot hear.”

Mercury lifts his head, closes his eyes to the sky, turning his hands out and upwards.

“Go on through the valley of dry bones. And when they rise in the shadows, just speak life to it. Just see life through it. Knowing God’s not a man, that he should lie. Just move on to it. Just see light through it. Knowing God’s got a plan, and victory shall be Hers.”

His eyes open, focusing on the Archangel. He stands silent and waits.

Alexandretta
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #4 on Apr 17, 2005, 4:58pm »

She looks at him for a moment. The child at her side tightened her grip on Dretta’s hand before the Arch looked at the child and patted her on the head gently.

“Run along my dear; it will be OK. I need to talk to Mercury for a bit alone. Tell the others to remember to brush their teeth and say their prayers,” she says to the child.

She stepped forward and sighed softly looking at Mercury before closing her eyes a bit.

“I believe I understand. It is something that has weighed on my mind recently, with the vampires being as strong as they are right now. ‘Tis nice to know that others have heard my thoughts as well,” she replied.

Reiki
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #5 on Apr 18, 2005, 2:06am »

Reiki lands on the first balcony he sees with open doors; coincidentally it’s the same balcony Dretta used. He perched himself on the ledge looking al the world

like some weird gargoyle. Not wanting to interrupt Dretta and the other angel's conversation, he stayed perched watching them.

He still marveled at the feel of the suit. He also couldn't quite place the fabric but it breathed well and seemed to move with him with no impedance issues.
He looked at Dretta's dress again then the other angel's clothing. He snickered slightly at some of the glyphs he was wearing. Reiki wondered if he knew the double meanings that some of them had.

Alexandretta
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #6 on Apr 18, 2005, 9:02pm »

She noticed Reiki's entrance but out of courtesy said nothing as she smiled.

"Mercury, I know I need to attend to business but for now, I would like to enjoy one night before I try to stand at the first battleground and deal with things. Please.. for one night?" she replied.

She sighed softly and looked down, the light around her dimming slightly. She knew she needed to do what she had dreamt of but it scared her, and angel, it scared her. She would have God on her side so she could do it but that fear was always there.

Reiki
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #7 on Apr 19, 2005, 8:55am »

Reiki continued to watch, feeling sadness and fear come from inside. He could not place which angel it came from but he knew it was not directed at him.
He noticed the sun setting and wondered if he should enter as if he had just arrived, but decided to err on the side of caution. He did not know this other angel and he looked formidable to say the least.
Reiki's own fears came to a head hoping that Dretta would be able to tell the other angel that he was not a threat, before he did something they both regretted.

Mercury
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #8 on Apr 19, 2005, 9:19pm »

Mercury looks at the Archangel for a moment, seeing the sincerity on her face.

Nodding slightly, "Of course, Angela."

Then a bit louder towards the balcony, "Well come on in Angelo. We've got a party to go to."

Reiki
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #9 on Apr 20, 2005, 12:05am »

Reiki startles at the other angels voice.

“So he saw me,” he says to himself.

He launches himself off of the ledge through the open doors and lands softly on his feet in front of the one who spoke to him.

Reiki extends his hand in the classic sign of mortal greeting. “I am called Reiki, Angelo. What may I call you?”

Alexandretta
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #10 on Apr 20, 2005, 3:47am »

She laughs softly at the two for but a moment.

“Please allow me. Reiki this is Mercury. Mercury, Reiki... my escort. I figured you most likely had a date and took advantage of the fact that Reiki is new to basically drag him along,” she explains to the angels.

She looked to the two of them before shaking her head.

“Well Mercury, I believe you had an entrance set up did you not? So shall we go make it?” Dretta asks.

She knew of the added security tonight because she had heard the peacekeepers speaking of it earlier. She stepped forward running a brush through her hair before twisting it into a loose knot on the crown of her head. Loose tendrils curled at the sides of her cheeks as she looked at the two angels and blushed.

“All right, so I have a bit of pride in being who I am. It can be fun. Now shall we for one evening, forget politics and try to relax,” she adds.

Reiki
Re: Getting Ready to Party
« Reply #11 on Apr 20, 2005, 6:30pm »

Reiki looked at Dretta and put down his hand --another faux pas.

“Well then, if we are all here, shouldn’t we be all there?” then an odd grin crossed his face. “of cource many have said I was never quite all there.” With a soft

chuckle to himself over his pun, he follows the others, flying towards their destination.

moves to Charity's Fine Arts Cafe : The Gallery Art Showing

Targent
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #7 on Apr 15, 2005, 8:07pm »

As the carriage approached then stopped by the fortress gate, he handed the man more than enough to pay for the ride as he slid out and made his way to the door. He passed his hand over the door as they parted to let their master pass, then closing slowly behind him.

He entered the hall and glanced towards a note and flower left on the table. He moved to it and picked it up, it was from Amon, letting him know he would be out for the night. Targent never worried about him, he could take care of himself, but he did need to stay within the bounds of the treaty. He was young in the unlife, but he wasn't dumb. Then lifting the rose there were traces of blood left on some of the thorns. He brought it to his lips and tasted it, then smiled. It was the essence of the lovely Lantia, and such a treasure she was. She had slept well and now he knew the thirst was upon her.

Targent inhaled, but it seemed the rest were about the night and he was the only one here now.
He made his way along the torch-lit corridor to his chamber and moved in. It was time to make himself ready for the night's events.

As he disrobed, his body pale but well toned as he was turned in his youth and still possessed the muscle tone of it. He walked naked into his bathing room. Soft flickering lights played the shadows against the wall as he moved into a warm crimson bath; his servants always sensed his arrival and had his bath ready for him. He leaned back and closed his eyes, letting the liquid cleanse and seep into his body refreshing him.

Roux
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #8 on Apr 15, 2005, 8:20pm »

Her black trench coat was a bit damp from the mist of the rain. Moving up to the doors of castle, the doors open when she is a few feet from it. Stepping inside, she glances around not seeing anyone, nor hearing anything. She guessed all were in town or out taking care of business. Her boots making a small thump sound as she makes her way to the stairs. Trotting up the stairs, she makes her way to her room. Pushing the door open, pulling off her coat and letting it fall to the floor. She unbuttons her blouse sliding it off her shoulders down her arms,

letting it crumple to the floor. Moving quickly inside her large closet, she unbuttons and unzips her leather pants, wiggling her hips side to side. Kicking off her boots, she slips out of her pants. She really wasn't one to keep things really tidy; she would pick up her things later.

Searching through her clothes, she decides she would wear a dress tonight. Her fingers picking through the few she had and grabbing a long deep dark purple, strapless dress. Nodding, that this one will do. Slipping it off the hanger, she steps into the dress, pulling it up over her hips and up over her breasts. Adjusting some, her ample breasts pushing out the top, plenty to tease them with. The dress split up the front, showing off her toned legs. Grabbing the heels, she slips her feet into them. Moving out of the closet, she grabs her brush, brushing her hair. Pinning up several strands, taking her lipstick, sliding the red moisture over her lips. Popping her lips together, she decides she will fit in the opening of the art show. Grabbing a bottle of perfume, she spays around her neck.

Feeling good about the night ahead, she slips out of her room, closing the door behind her. Her heels clicking as she makes her way down the hall and down the stairs. As she enters the main room of the castle, her senses alert her. He is here. She could always tell when he was home. She decides that she will wait for him and they could go together to the cafe.

Targent
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #9 on Apr 15, 2005, 8:55pm »

His eyes flickered open as he sensed a familiar presence, he smiled as he felt Roux scan his mind, with a simple thought he told her...wait...and she would.

He turned and laid his long dark hair into the crimson liquid immersing himself, then lifted from it. Blood dripped down his pale skin. He stood and grabbed a bucket of clear water rinsing the crimson liquid from his hair and body.

After rinsing, he stepped from the bath and made his way into his room, he moved to the closet and as it opened there was every kind of garment imaginable.
He looked to the suits and found a nice finely tailored black suit with a gray vest. Taking it from its resting place, he laid it on the bed, then grabbing a gray shirt and black tie, he moved to dress. Walking over to the dresser and mirror, he picked up a brush and slowly drew it through his long ebony hair.

He stared at his face in the mirror for quite awhile…and yes he can see his reflection. He sought the depths of his own eyes, trying to capture the soul staring back at him. The answers that he had hoped to see reflected back at him weren't there. His gaze was tempted to a gold watch that lay upon the dresser and then picking it up, he slid it onto his wrist.

He looked back into the mirror as he studied himself, the soft candlelight had cast an eerie radiance about him, lending his alabaster skin the pallor of death; his large eyes reflecting nothing but their own darkness. They were still pools, an abyss that nothing escaped. His eyes closed a minute as he moved to his chamber door and opened it, moving into the corridor where Roux waited for him.

Roux
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #10 on Apr 15, 2005, 9:28pm »

Her heels clicking softly against the marble floor, she smiled as she felt Lord Targent. Turning, she looks up towards his area of the castle. His room was set apart from the rest of them. He had a whole floor to himself. She knew he wouldn't be long.

She moves around the room slowly, getting anxious to go into town to see the gallery opening. Suddenly, she felt his presence. Turning towards the stairs, her dark eyes gaze upon him. Her senses heighten with excitement as he moves closer toward her. She did find him lustful and handsome. She kept her urges to taste him buried deep. Not many were given the privilege to have a taste of such rich liquid. Some have tried but yet they are no longer with us. Nodding her head towards him in respect.

"Lord Targent, you look handsome this evening. I hope you don't mind that I will be traveling into town with you instead of meeting you there."

She walks up to him, inhaling his scent.

Targent
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #11 on Apr 15, 2005, 10:01pm »

As he reached the top of the stairs from his floor, his gaze moved to the beautiful women that stood waiting. She was a lovely woman, the purple dress she wore was perfect, it took to every curve on her body, snuggling it tightly then flowing. He approved as he made his way towards her.

"Good evening Roux, you look extremely beautiful this eve," Targent acknowledged.

He watched as she inhaled his scent, as he did hers.
On reaching her, he extended an arm for her to clutch if she wished, which he knew she would.

“Shall we make our way to this little gathering? It should be very interesting,” he said.

And as he finished his statement he leaned down and laid a cold soft kiss upon her lips, then backed away.
Making their way to the door, he grabbed his black trench coat and her wrap, placing it around her shoulders as he slipped into his coat.

As they made their way to the doors, they opened and closed behind them as the night air rushed at them, flowing about their bodies as he summoned a servant to fetch his carriage. He turned to see the rose bushes and walked over and plucked a deep purple rose from it and cleared the thorns, then walking back to Roux he handed it to her gently as he carriage arrived.

The driver stepped down and opened the carriage doors as he escorted her in first then himself. He settled to the seat and smiled at Roux as the driver snapped his whip and the carriage moved towards Azoic City.

Roux
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #12 on Apr 15, 2005, 10:13pm »

As he moved up next to her, his scent was overwhelmingly intoxicating. Nodding her head as she hears him speak of her dress for the evening and pleased he approves.

“Thank you Lord Targent, and I must say, you are as handsome as ever,” she responded.

She sees that he offered his arm to her; quickly she slides her hand over. Her eyes meeting his as he places a kiss upon her crimson red lips. Her hand gripping his arm as they move out towards the front. Taking her wrap, as the doors open and they step outside. She remains quiet as he summons for a driver. The dark roses that surround the castle were the most beautiful around. Whispering a “Thank you, M”Lord” to him as he retrieves a purple rose for her. Grasping the rose in her hand, she walks with him to the carriage, stepping up inside, she watches as he moves inside with her. Lifting the rose to her nose, she inhales the sweet scent.

The carriage begins to move as they make their way to the city.

Setamora
Re: Targents domain
« Reply #13 on Apr 17, 2005, 12:15am »

Greetings, my old friend, my shop is now open in The Great Forrest. Come see me when you have the time, my old friend. Be well.

Gallery show

Charity Flint
This is the actual show
The Gallery Art Showing
« Thread Started on Apr 15, 2005, 10:25am »

Charity smiled softly as she checked the buffet table as well as the open bar. She had made certain provisions for the night creatures of the city by acquiring a very special wine for them. A soft chuckle escaped her lips thinking of the men and women whom would soon be arriving. She reached up a hand brushing back the few curls of midnight that framed her face this evening; she had pulled the rest back in a small clip leaving the mass of dark curls dangling down her back. She had chosen for the occasion a slender black silk dress that ended at her knees. The low scooping neckline and slim spaghetti straps left her creamy shoulders and slender throat bare to the shimmering soft lighting she had set up.

The artwork for the showing was exceptional and lit softly with lighting that accented the works. Wondering idly if anyone would see the truth behind the painted scenes, she walked toward the door, heels clicking softly against the floor. The black silk clung softly to her slender frame accenting her curves while adding a little bit of mystery of what lay beneath.

Reaching out a small hand she unlocked the door and stepped back, the slender young man nervously standing in her office. A delicate finger traced the small sapphire pendant that dangled between the upper curves of her ample breasts as she turned away from the door. Her deep sapphire gaze caught her newest work. Nestled on either side of her office door were two paintings, the one on the left was the lord's castle in full daylight, the one upon the right was a portrait of said lord in the dawn's light brushed with the beauty of the sun. She smiled wondering what the lord might think of them as she stepped toward her office to calm poor Antonio.

The doors were open the showing would now be an open field with food and drink for any who might arrive. Fingering the golden chain dangling from her slender throat, she stepped over to the bar picking up a glass of champagne. She took it to Antonio cooing softly to calm him. She turned to face her gallery lit with soft candlelight and music drifting about the room. She smiled proudly as she waited for her guests to arrive.

Targent
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #1 on Apr 15, 2005, 10:41pm »

As the carriage pulled up to the front of the gallery there was a bustle about the doors, many people milling around the streets; he turned and smiled to Roux as the carriage came to stop. He was a prompt man, as he kept to every appointment on time and this gathering would be no difference for him.

When the door opened from the carriage he slid out and waited by the door for Roux as he helped her out.
They moved to the doorway as he pushed the door open and stood for a moment. His presence dominated the doorway, filling the gallery with the shadows of his very being. The low flickering lights inside the gallery reflected on the preternatural smoothness of his hard flesh, emphasizing the unnatural pallor.

As he let Roux enter first, he followed her. All eyes turned to her first she was a sight indeed. Her ivory skin glistened in the candlelight, her full crimson lips made the strongest of men beg for their touch upon their own lips. Targent extended his arm to her once more as they walked further in, not seeing any of importance yet; he moved them to view some of the artwork.

Roux
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #2 on Apr 15, 2005, 10:58pm »

The carriage bouncing a bit as they make their way into the city, she could hear the sounds of the horses feet stomping against the ground. Her legs crossed, the dress falling to the sides of her legs, glancing over at Lord Targent, he seemed to be lost in thought. She didn't bother him, she knew not to.

Feeling the carriage come to a stop, the driver slips down and over to the door of the carriage. Opening the door, Lord Targent steps out first; he turns holding his hand for her. Taking his hand, she steps out of the carriage, her dress sliding down around her. Sliding her hand to his arm, he guides her into the gallery.

Stepping inside, the candles flickering, several people already there, mingling, talking and looking at the art. Slipping her wrap off, she hands it to the doorman. She notices that all seem to turn as Lord Targent makes his appearance. All know of him either by stories or maybe something personal. He was respected as well as admired by many. She was sure that some didn't care for him, but it was of no concern to him.

They move further into the gallery mingling with the others, hoping the evening will turn out to be one that neither of them will forget.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #3 on Apr 16, 2005, 9:12am »

Charity leaned in the doorway of her office watching the first couple to arrive. She chuckled softly to herself as mortals milling around the showing turned their full attention toward the couple as the lord of vampires stepped into her gallery. Arching a finely sculpted brow, she gave Antonio a soft stroke from her long nails trailing down his arm before she stepped away from him instructing him to follow. She smoothed the black silk over her hips as she moved with a predatory grace toward the bar, hips swaying softly in a seductive dance while her long black curls danced against her lower back. The light caught the long raven tresses as she stopped, setting them ablaze with rich colors. She stopped at the bar picking up two glasses of rich fluid and handing them to Antonio before she picked up two more. Three of the glasses contained a very special wine, the fourth was Antonio's and a lovely white.

She chatted lightly with Antonio as they approached the couple and he could see the delight in his eyes when he looked at the woman. She silenced the chuckle that bubbled up her slender throat and resisted the urge to elbow him in the ribs. They had discussed earlier that they wanted to keep his true identity a secret for as long as they could and his blatant appraisal of the woman accompanying the lord was a direct contrast to the story that he was her escort.

They slowly approached the couple, her skin shimmering softly from the jasmine oils she had used upon her ivory skin, her deep blue eyes sparkling in anticipation of what might come. Stopping before them, Antonio offered the glass of yabarah to the young woman as she spoke softly to the lord of vampires. She did not have a problem with the lord yet, but some lords thought that all should kneel at their feet regardless of strength and she had killed her last lord consort for just that reason.

She knew that any of her kind would know what was so special about this wine the moment they caught its scent and she hoped it would prove adequate to quenching hungers in those of the night. As she looked upon him she was again struck by the handsome beauty of her new lord but under the striking looks she knew lay a coldness most would not wish to see. When she spoke, her voice was the whisper of midnight on a cool summer's night as she reached out one hand to offer the yabarah to the lord.

"Welcome Lord Targent. So glad you could join us for the evening. Lady. This is Antonio my escort for the evening. Might I offer some refreshment that I believe would be suitable to your tastes?" Charity offered.

Her eyes sparkled with challenge catching the dim candlelight and reflecting it back at those looking into her eyes. Canting her head to one side, she looked up at the lord and merely smiled a soft light smile that seemed to light her eyes. She was a pro at separating her thoughts from her emotions and tucking each away

as needed. And for that reason could display any emotion she chose to with such perfection it would convince most.

What she felt inside differed greatly from the light mirth in her eyes. What she felt inside was a nervous anticipation like standing upon the edge of a high cliff preparing for the leap. She might find a lot of trouble coming from this game she played. It might even find her death but it was a game she had played for almost a thousand years; it was a game she never lost. It would give her all she needed to know about this new lord and would be the deciding factor in whether she presented herself to him or not.

Targent
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #4 on Apr 16, 2005, 1:11pm »

Targent idly moved from one piece to the other, the artists Charity chose were excellent as he looked over a few paintings, but his thoughts were on the one that hung by her office. He would inquire about it when she arrived.

As his glance turned toward an archway, it took him to a most beautiful creature, the predatory one he had come to know as Charity, the owner of this quaint establishment. But tonight she was dazzling; the aura around her seemed a sultry blue. She was beautiful and mysterious, as her body lay silhouetted against the candlelight, a black silk dress clung to every curve, and her beautiful hair was upswept into hundreds of lavish curls. She was not only beautiful but also cunning and smart; he admired her strength and will to go after what she wanted.

He watched as they approached, he smiled and greeted her and her escort as they arrived. He seemed a good-looking man, but probably a plaything for her amusement till the next. He found that somewhat funny, as he extended his hand to the man, noticing his interest in Roux.

“Well hello Charity, your gallery opening seems to be a success. I myself am interested in a painting you have, unless there’s more to come?” Targent remarked.

He turned and whispered into Roux’s ear then turned back to Charity and her escort. Speaking to Antonio, he smiled and asked politely if he would watch over Roux, as he had some business to attend to with Charity. He took the glass of beverage she handed him and sniffed the glass. He smiled and extended his arm to Charity.

“Shall we?” he asked.

Charity Flint

Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #5 on Apr 16, 2005, 1:46pm »

Charity smiled lightly though this time there was a strange bored look in her eyes. She tilted her head to one side sliding a hand lightly over the silk as he spoke. She knew what painting interested him and she knew it unnerved him to see it. What would he think when he saw the second one with him standing in the foreground bathed in sunlight?

She cast her eyes to one side watching Antonio taking note of his over affectionate interest in the lord's lady. She stifled the urge to smack the boy as she watched the amusement play in the lord's eyes, biting back a pithy response. She reached up a hand taking a long sip of her wine as he whispered in his lady's ear wondering exactly what he was plotting. Well she would play the game as long as it amused her, using it to her advantage to discover everything she could about this lord.

When Antonio took the bait to watch over the lady she nearly groaned at how gullible mortals could be as the lord extended his arm to escort her. There was no possible way she could politely refuse without seeming rude so she reached up settling her small delicate hand upon his arm, the long manicured nails tracing the fabric along his forearm. She did not like the fact of leading this man to her office but again she had little choice. When she spoke, her voice drifted lightly like a midnight breeze as she accepted his arm.

"Of Course Lord Targent right this way," she said.

She would have to be extremely careful once they were in her office, as she never conducted business with the door open. She stopped momentarily to instruct her manager in dealing with the showing before she led the lord of the night into her office. Her eyes caught the two painted so similar but different. One was the castle in the morning light, the second was him standing upon the grounds and bathed in sunlight with his castle as the backdrop of the scene. She wondered what he would think of the second piece that framed her office door.

As she moved with a fluid grace the hiss of silk against skin sounding lightly to the ear. Tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, the wisps of curls framing her face, she stepped into her office waiting until he had entered before closing the door. Once the door was closed, she moved toward her desk seeming unconcerned by his presence and as she spoke her voice was like a silky caress.

"Now Lord Targent, which painting is it you would like to discuss with me? Please have a seat. The wine won't hurt you, it is made just for people like you," Charity began.

Yuri

Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #6 on Apr 16, 2005, 4:06pm »

He finally gets her to slow down as they approach the doors to the art show. It seemed they had finally made it, a little worse for wear, but they had made it. He brushes himself off, making sure he was halfway presentable and looks at Allure. She had mud caked on her feet and her dress was not doing too well. Looking around, he sees a clothing store nearby that is open. He grabs her, running her towards the store. He hurries them inside, looking around at all the men's clothes. He pushes her off in the direction of the women's clothes, laughing with her.

"Go on, pick out something nice, my treat. I don't think they would appreciate the mud, not one bit," he chuckles.

He finds a nice red button-down shirt. It was his size, so he picked it up. Finding a pair of black pants, he makes sure they are the right size as well, then slips into the changing room. He quickly changes his clothes and then walks out, waiting for Allure to come out. As he waits, he pays for the clothes, and gets a bag for his other clothes. They would have to be washed when he got home. He waits to see what Allure has picked out, knowing it will be just as gorgeous as everything else she wears. His red-tinted eyes look around the store some more as he waits.

Allure
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #7 on Apr 16, 2005, 4:33pm »

She was about to open the door to the gallery, having finally reached the destination when she felt the grip on her arm and the tug away from the door. An almost whimpering sound escaped her lips as they had gone through so much to get here and he was taking her away. She squirmed a bit within his grasp, trying to keep her feet from stumbling before she looked up to the sign on the building he was dragging her into. It read "Accentuated Clothing." Her brow rose a bit in confusion as he released her wrist and told her to pick something out. She looked to him with wide eyes, hearing him say he would pay for the clothes as well. Allure almost stuttered in surprise.

"Yo…you don't have to. I mean I know I can't pay for it now but I'm sure..."

His next words rang true. They would be looked down upon if they walked in caked with mud stains and drenched in rainwater. She raised a hand, brushing her fingers along her face to remove the stuck on hair that lay to her cheeks. A small blush flushed across her face as the teller looked to them with a raised brow, watching as Yuri moved into the men's section. Not wanting to take too long in scouring the store, Allure set off into the women's department.

She let her fingertips graze over many fabrics from dresses to pantsuits. They felt well refined below her touch, thinking them to be more expensive than they looked. As she rounded one of the display models her eyes caught the sight of a beautiful magenta-colored dress on a dressing rack. Quickly she walked with slightly dirty steps, grasping the dress from the rack before anyone else decided to and hurried over to a dressing room. She hoped that Yuri did not spot her for she wanted to keep it a surprise.

Her hands placed the delicate dress gently upon the hook in the dressing room before she began to peel the wonderful midnight black dress from her body. A sigh emerged, as she loved the dress she had made, but the rain and mud had ruined it. Placing the dress off to the side, she then slipped her feet from her shoes, using the already dirty dress to clean them. It took a few minutes to clean herself before she could slip the new dress on.

It was of deep magenta, almost purple in color within the light. The spaghetti straps slung upon her shoulders as the material itself tightened around her bust till it spilled out all around her in a sea of fabric. It was like a waterfall of cloth, swirling around her, threatening to drag her into its depths. It stopped just to the ground, kissing atop its surface. There was a small lace pattern just above the bust, letting a small view of her supple breasts become exposed. It felt like heaven to wear, as if she was wearing nothing at all. Allure did a spin before the mirror, letting a smile slip across her lips at the well fit.

Picking up her dirty clothing, she saunters out of the room and through the shop. Her feet were bare so she decided to stop by the shoes area before meeting Yuri at the front desk. Her soft blue eyes scan over the selection before deciding on a pair of midnight black open toed shoes. Hooking the dirty clothing under her left arm, making sure it did not touch her new dress too much, she picked up the shoes and placed them to the ground. Her feet slipped in, almost magically fitting to her size. Two straps weaved around her ankles to keep them in place. She finished tying them up before leaning back up, letting the now damp strands of brown tumble all around her.

Before she even moved she spotted a pair of magenta elbow length gloves on the wall. They looked like they would match with her outfit so she pulled them down. Slipping them from the package, she pulled one glove along her arm, feeling the sleek silkiness of its material before putting the second one on. Her body shivered from the feeling of all the different materials upon her body. She felt like a kid in a candy store.

Moving from the aisle, she weaved her way around the racks and mannequins. Her eyes looked upon Yuri as she got closer to the counter, a smile still upon her lips. He looked very handsome in something different than the boring clothes he had to wear for work. Allure looked to the right, handing the dirty clothes to the clerk as he placed them in her own carrying bag till she could wash them. The

blush that had crossed her cheeks had now faded as she took her bag and slipped past Yuri with a small scent of coconut. She had found a small test perfume bottle and spritzed herself so her scent was pleasant.

Looking over her shoulder to Yuri, as he seemed to just stand in place, she giggled softly, moving herself out from the clothing store.

“Come on Yuri or we will be late. I want to see this gallery before we have to get back to work,” Allure said.

Again her body moved with an inner dance that could not stop itself from displaying with her outer actions. Arms waved from side to side along her body as her hips swung back and forth like a gentle rocking wave. Her eyes dead set on the gallery now before her.

Yuri
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #8 on Apr 16, 2005, 4:45pm »

He whistles appreciatively once more at her dress. It was absolutely beautiful, and fit her perfectly. Before she could leave the store, however, he picked her up, swinging her legs over his right arm, her back against his left arm.

“Wouldn’t want to get this nice new dress ruined already, would we?” he says, chuckling as he carries her across the street to the gallery.

He sets her down right outside the doors, opening them for her. He bows his head, lifting his left arm in a sweeping motion for her. He looks up and follows her. He walks next to her, glancing her way every few seconds. He nods to the people who notice him, seeing a woman accompanied by Targent and another woman. The woman who didn’t have her arm around Targent’s had to be Charity. The doorman stopped them, asking for the invitations. He passed the man his own, waiting for Allure to do the same. The doorman also takes his coat from Allure.

Afterward, he walks around the place, looking at the pictures. He wanted to have Allure in his arms as he walked, for some reason, but didn’t know how she would react to that, so he just waited for her to make the first move in that department. He smiles at her, getting a flashback. What if that woman in the alleyway had been Allure? He frowns for a second, thinking of how he might not have made it in time, if it wasn’t for whatever had happened to the two men. He shakes that thought free, smiling once more to Allure.

“Enjoying yourself, yet?” he asks.

Allure
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #9 on Apr 16, 2005, 5:07pm »

Allure had not taken a step outside the door before she felt a pair of arms wrap around her and pick her up. Her squeak of surprise was loud as her eyes widened in shock. Arms quickly curled around Yuri's neck as she felt he was going to drop her. Never having been picked up before, she shivered a bit in fear. Last time she was close to being picked up was when she was tossed in a mud puddle to move out of the way for some nobleman who was traveling in the forest. How she detested civilization since then, but it was the only way for her to survive.

She looked up to Yuri, listening to him as the faint blush began to emerge again. How did he always manage to do that to her? Not wanting to know or understand at the moment, she lets him carry her almost weightless body across the street to the gallery. She was slowly gaining weight since she began work at The New Dawn Horizon Club. It was a good place for her to stay and earn money to afford a pleasant home for herself.

As he put her down, her shoes clicked softly to the cement entryway of the gallery. She watched as Yuri handed his invitation to the guard at the door. She slipped her hand into the bag of dirty clothing, slipping out the wrinkled and water logged paper. Shyly, she handed it to the man as he raised a brow and barely was able to read the invite. When he motioned them in she smiled happily, slipping her arm within Yuri's when he offered.

Her eyes scanned around the room as it was starting to become crowded. Her sight looked to the woman she had bumped into on the way out of the club. How she looked so beautiful in her dress. As she passed by her with Yuri, her body shivered, seeing the very pale skin and the bright lips with long accentuated dress that hugged the woman's curves. Was she a vampire? Not wanting to ask the question out of the blue, she moved her arm from Yuri's, moving over to one wall with magnificent paintings displayed.

Lips widened as a gasp of surprise passed. The image before her was of such majestic beauty she could not describe it. The unicorn within the painting was mounting upon a hill, rearing on its hind legs as the sun cast strands of silver sunlight along its body. The fur coat was glistening within the light as its horn, oh how it sparkled with magic and wonder. It made one curious enough to touch the painting, so that they may feel the power of the purest of creatures run through their fingertips. Even the everglades of long grass gave a look of the waving seas.

Allure barely heard Yuri speak, as her mind was in such a state of its own. Her head turned to look at him, her face in a fixated state of wonder before she shook her head and bumping the tassels of brown around the frame.

“Oh sorry. I didn’t hear you. Yes, I am enjoying myself. These paintings are just beautiful. Don’t you think? Or is this not as interesting for a guy?” Allure replied.

Smiling softly, she stepped away from the unicorn painting, almost too entranced to look away before she faced Yuri once more. Her arm slipped around his as she giggled, pointing with her free hand over to a sculpture. Clicking her heels along the wooden floor, she tugged Yuri along, seeing something almost familiar about the clay making.

Yuri
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #10 on Apr 16, 2005, 5:23pm »

He chuckles at her expressions and reactions to the paintings. He shakes his head, lowering his gaze to the floor for a few seconds before looking back up. “No, it’s not something I am terribly interested in, but it’s nice to be with you,” Yuri admits.

He looks down and then his eyes travel back up to hers to see her reaction to his words. As he was tugged towards the statue, he looked at it, wondering what the hell it was supposed to be. He was not the artistic type, unless you counted fighting as an art form. But that didn’t matter. He liked being so close to Allure, her arm around his. He breathed in her scent, loving it. He nodded to one of the men near the statue, and the man moved closer.

“Aren’t you one of the bouncers in that new club...the Dawn’s Horizon?” the man asked Yuri.

Yuri raises an eyebrow, not answering just looking at him inquisitively.

“Well, if you are, I am a very important man and I am going to be leaving. I know I am not very well loved and many would love to see me dead. Perhaps I could interest you in a bodyguard position?” the man propositioned.

Yuri’s eyes narrowed at the offer, looking the man up and down. He looked loaded, that was for sure, but what could he do that would make him fear for his life? He looks at Allure, raising an eyebrow. It would be something fun but at the same time he didn’t want to leave the new club so soon or Allure for that matter. His other hand gripped her arm that was wrapped around his. He squeezed it, almost as if to get a grip on reality. He just didn’t know what to do.

Roux

Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #11 on Apr 16, 2005, 6:50pm »

She smiles as she sees the lady approaching Lord Targent and her and the young man following closely behind her. She nods toward the lady as she starts to talk with Lord Targent. They seem to know each other from what she could tell. Turning her head slightly, she scans the room, seeing several pieces of art she still wished to view. She was only hearing bits and pieces of the conversation. Sliding her hand from Lord Targent's arm as he leans in whispering to her. Nodding her head, as he takes the glass from the man. Reaching over, she takes the other, lifting it up to her nose. She grins slightly, nodding her heard towards the lady in a manner of "thank you".

She watches as Lord Targent and the lady disappear. Standing before the man left with her. She looked him over, wetting her lips, as she didn't find him handsome but rather "tasty".

"Hello, I am Roux and you are?" Roux asks.

She listens to him tell her his name is Antonio.

"How about showing me around this event? Seems to be several pieces of art that I haven't seen," she says.

Antonio extends his arm for her as she lays her hand on top. They slowly walk around the gallery as she listens to him chatter about each piece of art. She was only listening to part of what he was saying; she was trying to hold her urge back. The smell of his blood rushing through his body, his heart pounding, she could almost taste the sweet nectar.

Passing several people, she nods towards a couple, as they seem to be enjoying the gallery event. She stared a bit long at the lady intrigued by the tattoos that adorned her. The man with her was quiet handsome. She winks at him as they pass by her and her escort at the moment. They continue milling around the gallery as it begins to fill with many people.

Setamora
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #12 on Apr 17, 2005, 12:20am »

He walks into Charity's Fine Arts Cafe, looking at all the art and sees everybody around as he walks around enjoying the art.

"Hello Charity you have a lovely cafe here," Setamora acknowledges.

Passing by all the people, he greets all who are in the gallery

“Greethings to you all,” he says cordially.

He notices his old friend Targent and speaks to him.

“Hello my old friend. One of your servants told me I would find you here,” he says as he walks close to Targent and stops next to him.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #13 on Apr 17, 2005, 9:11am »

Antonio began showing the Lady Roux around the gallery; his interest in the beauty beside him was clear. As he talked he seemed to know more than he should about some of the artwork on display. Taking sips of his wine every now and then he devoted his attention to the lady upon his arm.

The manager of the gallery Rhia came around to fill drinks, greet the new arrivals, telling them politely that the lady of the gallery was in her office with a handsome lord on business. She tended to the guests watching Antonio closely to ensure his safety.

Allure
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #14 on Apr 17, 2005, 9:55am »

The statuette was not far away from where they were standing as Allure pulled Yuri along. For some reason it caught her attention when she turned to speak with Yuri while he questioned her. She was glad her eyes were focused upon their pathway since it hid the blush that began to creep along her cheeks at his words of wanting to spend time with her. The reason for that was a question within itself but she was not brave enough to ask or even answer that. It was better to live in fantasy at the moment than reality.

Her feet stopped before the small pillar that the statue was nestled upon. It was of an angel in flight, a woman angel. How majestic she looked, as if she was snatched up from the sky in mid-flight and shrunken to make such a piece. The artist had a very good eye for their work it seemed. Her wings were painted the brightest of white, the tunic the softest of blues. Though there was no halo to hang over her head it was still a remarkable piece. The artisan was very skilled to capture such beauty.

From the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of the woman from the club that she bumped into. A small feeling of dread began to creep up within her, as if she was about to get in trouble like a child would. Hoping she didn’t recognize her, Allure saw the acknowledged nod and could not help but respond. She lifted her

head, giving a gentle smile and a simple nod of her head. Her gaze looked to the woman's but saw they did not lock together. Her's seemed to roam a bit to the left. Allure looked slightly to her right and saw the tattoos that could clearly be seen upon her skin. Being self conscious of her body, she raised a hand, brushing the long dark locks of hair about her face to try and hide them but it was futile as the rest could be seen along her arm before the long magenta dress hid from the bust down. She was grateful for the dress but some still did show. If she could hide all of her tattoos she would be very happy but it was impossible since it covered the entire right side of her body. Though some days she wished to know what the inscriptions said.

Looking away from the woman, Allure stepped a bit behind Yuri, to cover her right side from other prying eyes. She could still look upon the statue but not as well as she had before when forgetting about the absurdities on her flesh. Before she could feel any remorse for coming to such a social event she felt the squeeze to her right arm by Yuri, bringing her out of her haze. Lifting her head, the soft blue orbs looked to him curiously, having only caught bits and pieces of his conversation with someone. Turning her head slightly, she spotted the man that seemed rather wealthy and had asked Yuri to be his bodyguard for wherever he was traveling to. This was surprising. Especially when he could point out Yuri being the bouncer at the club but the man must have seen him there before so that shock slowly dwindled.

Yuri seemed confused to answer, let alone speak to the man. With her free hand she gently placed it atop Yuri's clenching one. A soft smile graced her supple pink lips. Stepping out a bit from behind Yuri, she spoke for him at the moment.

"Well why not get an officer of Azoic City to escort you to your destination? We need Yuri at the club for our business as I'm sure you need your own men for your business," Allure responded.

The man raised a suspicion within her, one that she did not know to trust or not. Not many brushed well with her. Though her tattoos could be seen a bit better once more she was more curious of the man standing beside Yuri. Why ask a bouncer of all people to be a bodyguard? Why not an officer? Was he a criminal of sorts? Allure did not want to point fingers but her last thought was raising even more questions within her mind. Why did so many people dislike him? Why not hire mercenaries with the money he seemed to have? She had to shake her head to rid the amounts of questions piling up.

Again she patted Yuri's hand in comfort, trying to sort this out as he was in a daze for some reason.

Yuri
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #15 on Apr 17, 2005, 10:38am »

Hearing Allure respond to the man for him, he let loose a small breath. The man frowned; seeming disappointed, but didn't press the matter. He quickly spun on his heels and walked away in a huff. Yuri looked down at the beautiful girl on his arm, brushing the hair out of her face that she had put there. He liked the tattoos. He thought they were extremely exotic and beautiful, and on her they made her even more irresistible. His hand lingered on her cheek, lightly stroking it.

"Thank you, Allure. I didn't know what to say to the man. I know I am needed at the club, so I didn't really want to go. And, there is another reason why I didn't want to go," Yuri said.

He smiles sheepishly as he looks into her eyes. Pulling his hand away from her face, he drops it to his side. Feeling the urge to be spontaneous once more, he leans down, kissing her lightly on the lips. Every muscle in his body was tensed, extremely nervous, and waiting for her reaction. He was afraid she would slap him, or pull away, and he didn't know if he could handle that. As soon as his lips touched hers, however, he lost all thought. He became completely absorbed in the kiss, until something comes in to intercept them. With all of his being, he hopes nothing comes between them.

Allure
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #16 on Apr 17, 2005, 11:13am »

She felt the touch from atop her arm slip from the hand she placed above it, brushing along the right side of her face. Her hair was moved from her line of sight, exposing the tattoos once more. The candlelight within the gallery illuminated the pieces exceptionally, as even the soft reds brought out the dark brown of her hair and the soft blue orbs of her eyes.

His fingers were warm and soft as they rubbed gently along her skin. Her eyes fixated with his as they read confusion and surprise. None ever touched her this way, not in comfort or in thanks. Shivers tingled down along her spine, arising a few goose bumps to cover her arms. She was glad the elbow gloves kept her relatively warm, hiding some of the bumps along her flesh. A simple smile found its way to her pink lips as she spoke to him.

"No thanks necessary. I saw you were a bit stunned by him and well he seemed more suspicious than anything," she responded.

Her eyes blinked a bit, curious on what his other reason was to stay. She was glad he did not want to leave the club for they needed him. He was, after all, the head bouncer within the place. The second reason left her feeling a bit...odd. What other reason could there be to stay? From the back of her mind she felt a nagging, something she could not describe.

“Oh? What other reason is...” Allure began.

Before she could finish her question, having been a bit nervous to ask why, she saw his head lower and his lips meet hers. Eyes widen with shock; the feelings registering within her orbs. Arms stiffen; the one still curled around his gripped the fabric of his shirt tightly. The flush that she managed to remove flared back across her cheeks. His lips were soft but his body felt stiff behind it. He seemed enthralled within his actions. Her own body shivered slightly with the realization that she was now kissing him back. When did she decide to do that? Her head had leaned forward a bit, pressing her lips back in turn to his.

With confusion and fear, Allure finally pulled her head back, removing her arm from his at her jolt. Cheeks were colored red as the deepest rose. The outer shaking was calming down but she felt eyes upon them. Lips trembled as they moved to speak.

“I.....I....need to use the ladies room,” Allure managed to say.

Quickly she spun around, letting the dress kick up a bit to expose some of her creamy long legs before it fell back down. The clipping of her heels echoed upon the walls of the room but with so many people within it was died down through the chatter. She weaved her way through the crowd, not caring if her tattoos were seen at the moment or not. Why had he done that? Was there a reason for the kiss? Why had she run like a shy little girl? Her heart was beating fast within her chest, threatening to burst out from the event.

She ended up within an empty hall after removing herself from the crowd. It lay with beautiful paintings that were not within the gallery. Slowly she walked down along the narrow hallway, feeling a shiver of fear run up along her spine. Ignoring the feeling, thinking it just to be her jittered nerves. She passes a closed office door with a name upon it but what caught her attention were the two paintings that hung from the wall. One of a castle, one she heard tales about, as the other was of Lord Targent within daylight. That surprised her to say the least. Though he was an evil creature he made the painting look more alive. The sun kissing off of his pale skin brought out the darkness within his eyes and the layers of dark tresses of hair. Even in the painting she could feel the power of his eyes begin to pull her in. Whoever had painted the portrait, no not a portrait, a masterpiece had a flare for catching the inner person. Perhaps there were more to artisans than meets the eye.

Yuri
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #17 on Apr 17, 2005, 6:36pm »

Seeing her pull away, he sighs. He had felt her kiss back, and that excited him. Maybe he had come on too strong. He sighs and thinks about going after her, but he decides she might need some alone time. He knew he did. He moves over toward one of the walls, leaning against it. Women pass him by, smiling and trying to get him to go with them, but his mind is so absorbed with thinking of Allure that he doesn't even acknowledge them. He closes his eyes, just waiting for her to return.

Targent
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #18 on Apr 19, 2005, 11:48am »

Targent walked beside the beautiful Charity until they reached the door, he took a step back to let her enter first then followed behind. At the moment they stepped in and she shut the door his attention was drawn to a new painting, he paused his gait towards the chair he was about to settle into. A new picture hung on the other side of door. His eyes narrowed a bit and stayed that way until he stood right before it. It was him in his domain, the hateful sun drenching his castle and himself; a low growl escaped his lips as he glared at it.

What was the purpose of her painting him in this manner? Did she wish to send him a message of his death? Or even worse by putting in his face what he shall never know again. He stared a moment longer, then turned to face her.

"I see Charity you have been hard at work, not only for your new artist but for yourself. It seems the purchase of two paintings is required now," he remarks. Targent moved to sit across from her as his face turned to his emotionless one once more. He leaned back and waited for an answer to his inquiry.

Roux
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #19 on Apr 19, 2005, 12:00pm »

Roux slides her hand on the arm of her escort, Antonio, making idle chat, she was only listening to about half of what he was babbling on about. She nodded from time to time, as he would try to explain each art piece they came upon. She made sure he had a drink in hand at all times, knowing the more he talked and drank, the more chance the night would be a successful one for her.

Several people mingling around all with their opinions of each picture or statue, none seem to really catch her eye until the happened up on a small painting. A single rose, black background, deep dark purple rose just beginning to spring to life. Dark green stem, several thorns adorned over the stem. She stopped, her eyes locked with the painting, Antonio had stepped to the next painting. Something about this picture seemed to draw her to it, but why? Reaching out, her slender fingers almost touching the picture when she was stirred by a voice.

“Roux,” Antonio spoke.

He reached over taking her hand, leading her to the next picture. She was a bit lost for a second but came to her senses realizing where she was. She became a bit nervous by the picture, not knowing what just happened. Shrugging it off for now, she turns her attention back to Antonio. She could smell his rich blood surging through his body the more he drank. Leaning towards him she kisses him lightly on the cheek, keeping close for a second inhaling his scent.

“Antonio, it seems to be getting a bit warm in here, care to take a walk with me outside?” she asks while looking at him with a soft smile.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #20 on Apr 19, 2005, 12:38pm »

Charity flipped her curls a moment the shimmering midnight dancing against her back as she watched him closely. She stifled the chuckle that bubbled to her throat. When her deep blue orbs locked upon him as he glared at the new painting. Most of her kind enjoyed such paintings but it seemed the lord of vampires did not. What would he take the meaning for -- a threat? She shook her head slightly as she watched him wondering what was going through the lord’s mind. A slight smirk tugged at the corners of her ruby lips anticipating the deadly game she was playing with this feral predatory man.

She shifted the skirt of silk against her creamy thighs as she sat down upon her chair crossing her long slender legs with the whisper of material upon her skin. She let out a soft sigh settling a bored expression upon her face letting a slightly hassled expression flow into her liquid gaze. Canting her head to one side as the soft voice floated upon the air, she watched him settle into the chair across from her desk. When he had finished she cast the next stone in play as she spoke her voice a silky warm caress of sound.

“Lord Targent, why ever would you want to buy my work? I am sure there are a number of artists that would suit your taste better. I am afraid I am dreadfully selective about whom I sell my art to and not just anyone can walk in and request to buy my work. There is a special talent and skill in each piece I paint. Lord Targent, it will not be that easy to acquire,” Charity retorts.

She leaned back slightly in her chair, her eyes locked upon him, deadly strong and handsome. It seemed he had perfected the same skills she had though she would never have shown reaction to the paintings.

Outside in the gallery, Antonio sighed softly fingering the stem of his wine glass as he pulled the lady away from a painting. He hadn’t liked the look in her eyes

as she had stared at his work. He led her to the next section of the show with some relief that it wasn't his. He had never seen anyone react to his work in such a way. His deep brown eyes widened as the lady placed a soft kiss against his cheek and he stepped back from her a pace. He wasn't sure what the chaste little affection had meant. Shifting his feet slightly as her lovely voice floated toward him, he felt the flush of heat staining his cheeks as he spoke.

"Lady Roux, I am not sure it is such a good idea to leave the gallery yet. Ms. Flint would not approve of me disappearing just at this moment. Perhaps another drink might help to ease you some," Antonio replied.

Roux
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #21 on Apr 19, 2005, 12:55pm »

Roux frowned a bit at his response. This Ms. Flint must have a tight rein on this one. But all in good time she thought. She would just have to take her walk alone. So many people mingling around she was in need of some air. Handing her glass to him, she politely excuses herself.

"Antonio, I think I will step outside for a bit. It seems to be a bit warm in here. Please, if you see Lord Targent let him know that I have stepped out for the evening and will see him back at the castle." Roux says.

She turns away from him, making her way to the front. Stopping to get her wrap, she quietly slips out into the night.

Targent
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #22 on Apr 19, 2005, 1:23pm »

As he settled, he listened as she spoke. The sultry way she moved, this was definitely a game she had played many times before. His voice a velvet tone slipped from his mouth as he spoke in return.

"Charity, you will learn something about me, I will only play a game so long as it amuses me. Then when I believe the game is over you will know. And as far as why I chose your paintings, you seem to be quite interested in things about me," Targent responded.

His dark eyes stared into hers as he let them pull her in, she would feel a bit of what she was playing with, a coldness beyond any mortal cold felt, a coldness that could shatter one if you stayed too long within it.
His glance broke from her as he once more let that low velvet voice move from his lips.

“Name a price Charity. And prey tell why so picky about whom you sell your work to?” he asked.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #23 on Apr 19, 2005, 2:02pm »

Charity leaned back in her chair brushing a stray strand of midnight from her face. Her blue orbs sparkled as she watched him. Hearing the soft tone of velvet in his voice sent a shiver down her spine. She canted her head a moment casting her eyes to the paintings he referred to. Oh this was a game all right; a dangerous one that she often enjoyed with new lords whenever she had been chased from her home.

A smile dark and seductive crossed her lips as she turned her attention back to him. The moment her eyes met those deep dark orbs, she found her gaze captured, a whisper of cold wrapping about her spine as he continued to speak in a voice like silk and glass. When he finished breaking his glance away from hers, his voice thrilling her senses, she took a slow steady breath. She shifted lightly in her chair as she steepled her fingers under her chin before she spoke, creamy ivory limbs delicate slender fingers ending in nails as black as night. She settled her gaze upon him a slow cold smile crossing her lips as she spoke in her midnight voice.

“I am picky Lord Targent because I chose to be, though I know not what game you speak of. My interest in you aside the castle is a lovely place to paint though few would truly appreciate the talent behind it. There is no price upon my work Lord Targent there never has been even for those who have acquired it,” Charity retorted.

She would let him chew those thoughts over as she watched him closely her eyes taking a moment to trail over his fine frame. No she had suspected the gift would be made only when she saw fit to present herself at the castle. Though the thought was now crossing her mind, she still was not ready to give up the game. She enjoyed the danger and thrills far too much to simply accede to his wishes. Flicking a glance silently at the portrait of him, she smirked as she ran her slender fingers of one hand through raven curls shifting the black silk against her ivory skin,

Mercury
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #24 on Apr 19, 2005, 9:33pm »

Unseen by most of the party attendees, a small elite force of peacekeepers have taken up inconspicuous positions in and around the neighborhood. The Archangel’s Special Guard, as they are called, is not a fighting force in the typical

sense, but a snatch and grab team. They specialize in extracting individuals, willing or otherwise, from the most dangerous of situations. Two pairs of guards, in official uniform, take up positions in front of, and across from, the cafe. These four do not bother to hide their presence. The Archangel will be arriving soon.

Yuri
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #25 on Apr 19, 2005, 11:05pm »

Having a knack for sensing danger, or things out of the ordinary, a useful trait for a fighter such as himself, he moves over towards the window. He sees the peacekeepers and smiles to himself. Perhaps there would be a fight and he would get to join in the fun. As that thought crossed his mind, however, thoughts of making sure Allure was safe during any altercation became foremost in his mind. He casually cracked his knuckles and then leans back against the nearest wall, looking over toward where Allure had gone and hoping she will return soon.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #26 on Apr 20, 2005, 5:13am »

She had launched from the balcony seeing little to no point in waiting for a coach to arrive. She settled into her normal flight, the gown surprisingly warm in the chill night air. She raised into the night sky, a study in gold and silver against a twilight background before she spied her landing area and smiled.

Landing in the open square near the gallery, she folded her wings knowing Mercury and Reiki would follow soon enough. She nods her head to her guards knowing that they were only there to make certain she would get out all right. She handed her invitation to the man near the door as she returned herself to a more mortal frame, her wings hidden it was easier to move Among a crowd this way.

She lifted her head as she made her way to the paintings, stopping at one of a small child and tilted her head a bit. She knew that child from somewhere but could not place it. For now she had escaped her guards but they had no orders to leave her be this night, so she knew they would find her.

She bumped into a young man and lowered her head slightly to him with a soft smile.

“Please excuse me ... Andrew I did not mean to stop you like that,” she says.

She turned easily looking at the paintings, noting a few she liked and a few she did not. She walked to a small painting and stopped at “An Angel’s Light”. Odd none had been seen in almost 20 years. She stepped toward the painting, her eyes catching the tiny details of the brushstrokes as she smiled.

Targent
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #27 on Apr 20, 2005, 12:00pm »

As Targent sat back idly in his chair and listened to the beautiful but deadly woman speak, a wry smile began to form on his face. He understood perfectly now as it became crystal clear, the paintings were her bait. It was something she could dangle in front of this face, something just out of reach, which she knew from the start that he was not going to purchase them this day.

He rose and slowly walked around her desk, his long finely manicured nails from his left hand drug along her desktop as he approached her. As his body loomed over towards hers slightly, his right hand moved to draw through a strand of raven hair , as he twisted it around his finger, then released. He leaned down and laid a cold kiss to her cheek then back and walked to the door.

“Since it seems our business is over for the moment, I think it rude to keep your other guests waiting and wanting for your attention. I’m sure this will be the first of many encounters between us Charity,” Targent remarked.

His long slender fingers wrapped around the doorknob as he turn and opened the door.

“Shall we return to your party, dear Charity?” he asked.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #28 on Apr 20, 2005, 12:33pm »

Charity watched the lord as he sat back, the slow smile that had spread across his lips not removing the chill from his lovely face. So he understood finally that the game had already begun and that she would toy and play with him till she was ready. The bait had worked perfectly but she had other things in mind that would draw him into the game even deeper. Settling in the locked drawer were sketches of him in different aspects of light. Would he truly appreciate the beauty and would he recognize the threat?

She watched him rise from his chair uncoiling with a predatory dangerous grace and begin gliding around her desk. The sound of his well cared for nails dragging against the wood sent a shiver down her spine. Such a dangerous sound she thought, but then he was a dangerous man, which made the game all that much more thrilling. Her breath caught in her throat, her deep sparkling sapphires raking up his form to meet the eyes like the night itself. She felt the ice whispering along her veins as he raised his hand to trail over the midnight curls twining one around his finger, her body tightened in response. The presence, the very nature of the man inspiring the soft thrilling sensations through her slender

form; her blood sizzled inside her as he laid the cool kiss against her cheek before drawing back.

As he spun away from her she took a long shuddering breath it was like playing with a viper, she thought. Her small hand trembled against her desk just slightly, the only sign of her reaction to him as she rose to her feet, his silky deadly voice sliding against her senses like cool rain. When she spoke her voice was a husky midnight whisper, a lover's caress, as she sauntered toward the door, fluid in her grace.

"Perhaps you are right, Lord Targent. I do have a show to finish and it would not do to keep your lady waiting," she replied.

She smirked devilishly as she slipped past him, black silk lightly brushing against him as she moved. She said nothing more about the paintings, loving how nicely the web was being woven around him. She would cast her next stone with the next portrait she painted; a subtle hint would lay within that painting that she wondered if he would pick up on. She stepped back out into the gallery moving away from him as though he were no longer there; she glided across picking up a glass of wine on her way to Antonio's side. She greeted the newest arrivals, her voice a light melody of sound that seemed to drift back to the lord's ears. She approached Antonio's side, a soft smile drifting over her lips. Soon she would introduce him to the growing crowd. The manager approached to detail what sales had taken place and she let the pleased expression show in her eyes.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #29 on Apr 20, 2005, 1:17pm »

She had sensed Lord Targent as soon as she had entered the gallery but dismissed him as swiftly as she looked over the artwork. A few inquiries about the painting of the child she had seen as well as the flower. She relaxed for a few moments leaning against one of the bare walls not moving as she watched the people mill about. She captured a glass of wine from a nearby busboy and held it for a few moments before taking a small sip. She began to move again slipping Amongst the people watching them as much as the artwork.

Targent
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #30 on Apr 20, 2005, 2:05pm »

Targent watched as the aloof woman brushed by him, making it a point to brush against him as she passed. He just smiled and watched her walk down the short corridor, swaying like a willow in a windstorm. He chuckled to himself, as he knew one day she would move that way for him, while she lay beneath him.

He closed the door behind him as he slowly moved towards the main gallery; he paused as he caught scent of the beautiful arch Dretta. She was here finally, and he smiled at her late appearance. He inhaled deeply to catch the scent of humans but no other angels for now . He laughed as he arrived back into the main showroom where Charity had slithered back to her plaything. He smirked then caught glimpse of this elite guard that stood about. He laughed a bit as he passed them and continued to follow the scent of Dretta.

Ah, and there she stood like a princess in her blue dress, the memory of what twilight sky looked like laid in the hue of it. He smiled as it fit her well. He waved a busboy over and told him to bring him a drink made just for his kind as he moved with fluid grace past the guards and approached Dretta. He watched out of the corner of his eye as the guards tensed and watched him, but didn't move on him yet. He slightly laughed, as he knew if they dared, he could be on then in a moment. But this was an event to make new and old contacts and Dretta was such a sweet thing, so innocent. He could not help but to draw closer.

As he did, the busboy hurriedly approached him with a sculptured crystal glass, the deep crimson fluid smelled sweet as it walfted into his nostrils. Taking the glass within his hand, he moved within a foot of Dretta and spoke.

"I see you've found something to your liking, dear Dretta," Targent remarked.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #31 on Apr 20, 2005, 2:21pm »

She nodded her head slightly a single lock of hair falling against her cheek nearly touching the corner of her mouth as she did so. The woman's greeting had not gone unnoticed; she was just having a brain dead moment. She smiled softly toward the woman before turning her attention to Lord Targent.

"Yes I have Lord Targent. The flower is quite lovely but…'tis the artist I am interested in. What did he see in the flower to make him remember it in such detail?" Dretta replied.

She took a sip of the wine she held and turned to look at him with a smile. Tilting her coral lips before she looked around at the people there, knowing the guards were present if need be but she of course did not see any problems.

"So have you found any of these to your liking M'Lord? I believe I saw one of the garden done in full sunlight with spring on the horizon back a bit; the child within the picture was familiar though," the Archangel said.

She felt a push from behind and stepped forward catching her balance just before she would have fallen against the vampire.

“Sorry about that, even angels have trouble staying on their feet at times it seems,” she apologized.

Targent
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #32 on Apr 20, 2005, 2:45pm »

He listened to her songbird voice, so sweet and lovely, then watched as she was shoved towards him. He noticed she had caught her balance but played on like he had not as he caught her arm, pulling her to lay within his embrace as he looked down upon her.

“My, Dretta, some people have no manners at all, and I’m quite surprised, as they should be at your feet,” he said.

His voice was like a deep timbered sound that caused visions of erotic shadows to weave a spell of seduction around her senses. His eyes traveled down and lingered on the lushness of her form for a moment. He smiled to her, as his gaze was intense and burning as he appraised the situation around him and relapsed her from his arms.
“Maybe if we moved to a less crowded area, I can buy you a drink and speak of art,” Targent offered.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #33 on Apr 20, 2005, 3:02pm »
She felt him take her arm and pull her a bit closer. A slight shiver trailed up her spine as she looked up at him; his voice could draw even the highest of angels to him if he cared to use it thus, she realized. She relaxed a bit as she shook her head.

“‘Tis not their fault, Lord Targent; it is rather crowded in here. I cannot stray far from here or my escorts will never find me. But if you know of somewhere close, then by all means, please lead on,” Dretta said.

She stepped away from his embrace to brush her hand down the front of the gown she wore; making certain the fabric had not been dampened by the wine at all.

“‘Twas silly of me to give in to the urge to be normal and hiding my wings…few people wish to jostle an angel but I knew it would be crowded within. If you will allow me to make certain that the paintings I am interested in will be taken to the manor, I would gladly join you,” Dretta commented.

Her voice held the soft laughter of innocence as she turned, spotting one of the men from the manor. She leaned forward and whispered in his ear for the two paintings, instructing him to speak with the lady in charge.

Reiki
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #34 on Apr 20, 2005, 7:52pm »

Reiki arrived within minutes of Dretta. Landing softly on the balls of his feet, he walked toward the door. He noted the guards, figuring they were there only for Dretta's sake.
As he started to enter, he was stopped by a man.

"Respectfully Angelo, I must have your invitation," the doorman said.
Reiki replied nevously, "Dretta, had mine and she left before…"

The man interrupted, "That's fine then! She told me you'd be late! Come in."

Reiki bowed his head respectfully, "Good night to you sir. I feel this gallery's security is in good hands as long as you man the door."

Reiki enters having instinctively folded his wings so as to take up the least amount of room. He catches sight of Dretta but the flow of the crowd draws him away from her.

He looks about admiring all the lovely paintings, catching sight of what he considered a fairly humorous portrait of a vampire bathed in sunlight. He did not know who the vampire was, but something told him they would not find it as funny as he did.

"Half breeds have always been far too serous about their precious 'unlife,'" he thought.

He wandered about some more when one painting caused him to stop. He stared at it, eyes wide. It depicted a tormentor with blue eyes; seeming to stare straight into the souls of all who dare look upon it. Reiki shook his head and looked at the tag.

Title: "Convert of Ice"
Medium: Oil on canvas
Date: 0005
Artist: Anonymous

"Oh goddess!" Reiki exclaimed.

He quickly moved on to look at other paintings, trying not to think of what he had just seen.

Reiki
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #35 on Apr 21, 2005, 4:58pm »

Reiki wandered around in the crowd. He felt comfortable within it, yet he did not know who anyone was and he had lost track of Dretta.

“I’m sure she can take care of herself,” Reiki thought.

He took a glass of red wine from a passing tray, not noticing the person carrying it, and strolled some more. He looked at another painting. This one of a redheaded woman in black lingerie trimmed with purple scarves, standing in a snow bank. Her head in her hand and looking down toward a humanoid skeleton with a knobby sheep horn on its head He didn’t know why but it reminded him of his sister, and of Dretta as well.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #36 on Apr 21, 2005, 9:58pm »

She had placed her requests with the head of the peacekeepers, knowing that he would inform Merc when the angel arrived, of her choices and her decision to go on and have a drink or two with Targent. She moved back to Lord Targent’s side knowing that it wasn’t the brightest idea but she enjoyed speaking with the man. Even if he was still the enemy.

Mercury
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #37 on Apr 21, 2005, 10:09pm »

Mercury stepped quietly through the front door and into the cafe. In his hands, he held a small book with a leather cover and silver trimmed binding, a gift for their hostess. It was an ancient text from before “the fall” taken from his own collection. He took a few steps into the room, his eyes scanning the room for signs of Charity Flint.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #38 on Apr 22, 2005, 10:14am »

Charity spoke a few light words in Antonio’s ear, whispered reassurances that seemed to sooth the young man’s nervousness. One small hand trailed through the ringlets of midnight curls as she spoke to the other and holding the slender

stem of her wine glass. She took a small sip before telling Antonio to remain while she greeted her guests formally.

Soon she would gather them all before Antonio's work and introduce the artist responsible for such fantastic art. She wondered how many of her guests noticed that hint of darkness in his work as she lightly stepped away from his side. The black silk slid against her creamy pale skin as she approached one of her guests as he slipped through the café door. He was handsome for what he was, she thought to herself, as she slipped in behind him, deep blue eyes scanning the interior. She lightly stepped up to his side heels clicking softly against the floor, body moving with a sensual predatory grace. When she spoke, her voice was a silky whisper of sound, light and warm.

"Good evening, Sir. I am glad you could join us. I am Charity. Can I offer you a drink or perhaps some food this eve? Shortly I will be introducing the artist behind the work," she said.

Her dark liquid gaze trailed over his form. Catching sight of the book, her orbs widened slightly as she canted her head to one side. Curls the color of raven silk spilled from her shoulder as she scanned the book before trailing her gaze up to meet his eyes. She had a love of reading that was only matched by her love of art. She reached up brushing the hair back from her shoulders catching his gaze; she held it for a long moment before a slow seductive smile played over her lips. Raising her glass, she took a deep sip before she continued in her silky midnight voice.

"What book are you reading sire, if I might ask? I have a defined love of literature that is almost as strong as my love for art. It is a dream of mine someday to add a library of sorts to my holdings," Charity admitted.

Allure
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #39 on Apr 22, 2005, 12:10pm »

Had the door not opened, Allure would have been staring at the picture for hours. The sound had jolted her from her revere, causing her to gasp quietly in surprise and hide behind the door that opened to reveal Lord Targent and another woman exiting. The air around the Lord had once more brought a sense of dread and delight within her, kindling a fire of curiosity.

Questions, thoughts and accusations ran throughout her mind. Why would Lord Targent be within the room with the woman? Purchasing pictures or something more? The Lady looked to be of refinement and poise. Her body carried with grace and elegance, befitting of any woman of culture. Maybe she was an artist or the manager of the place.

Not knowing whom could answer her questions and not wishing to make irrational accusations, Allure kept herself hidden well till they moved down the hall. She made sure to press herself closely to the wall in case they decided to turn around and walk the other way.

Seeing them gone now along the long corridor, Allure decided it was the best time to head back. Taking in a breath to calm her nerves once more of the close call she just had, she moved away from the wall, running her hands down along the silky soft dress to make sure no wrinkles were present. Even from the slow exhaled breath, she still felt her heart racing behind her swelled breast.

Again she proceeded down the hallway, taking one more glance at the picture of a castle drenched within sunlight and the other of Lord Targent. How the artist got something that looked so evil to look so innocent and happy was a miracle within itself. ‘Twas some skill the artist held.

Once reaching the entryway back into the main room, Allure had remembered why she rushed out in the first place. Yuri. Slowly the blush that had descended began to return at the memory of the kiss he had given her and how foolishly she had responded like a love struck girl. Shaking her head to rid the thoughts, she forced the blush back and began to weave her way through the crowd again. Through the few moments she was absent the gallery had filled immensely with people of different cultures and social status.

The place was almost jam packed and hard to move in. Allure could not even look at some of the paintings or sculptures with how many people stood before them. As she moved by one man he pushed past her, causing her to stumble forward a bit and brush against a well-dressed angel. Her head lifted, giving the woman an apology but was stopped mid way as the sheer presence of the woman brought her into an awe. There was something about her that screamed respectfulness and lady. Her eyes were so deep she felt she would get lost within them. A calmness settled over her inner trembling that she knew how to hide, and hide it well.

Soon the moment was faded as she felt a chill run up her spine as if someone’s eyes racked along her frame, digging into her soul. Another figure stood right beside the woman. Lord Targent. Without notice, she gave him a glare of spite. Allure did not notice it till she saw the reflection within his eyes. Catching herself before she got in trouble, she slipped a smile on her pink lips, bowing her head to both of them.

“Oh I..i’m sorry I bumped into you. Its a bit crowded in here don’t you think? Please excuse me,” Allure said.

Hoping not to receive any lip back from them for her clumsiness, she slithered her way between them, causing a space of their bodies for a moment. Allure slid

to another section filled with people. From the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of an angel coming in. He seemed to be carrying something but her vision was once more blurred as people brushed before him.

With a soft sigh, she trudged on till she felt another push, wondering why people were being so rude and not patient to let others by first. Again she had a misstep and stumbled only to land against something soft instead of something hard. Her head lifted and looked to Yuri as she had been expecting to hit the wall. With a sheepish smile, she stepped back, giving him some room and air as she had landed rather roughly against him.

“Sorry Yuri. So many people here,” she apologized.

Mercury
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #40 on Apr 22, 2005, 3:32pm »

Mercury bowed subtly to his hostess.

“It looks like you have put together a wonderful event here. I congratulate you,” Mercury said.

Referring to the book, “And a little birdie told me you might appreciate this, so I brought it as a gift for you.”

He extends the artifact to Charity.

“Unfortunately, it is not an original, but I understand that it dates back to before the fall of man,” he explained.

The book was small in size and length, and carefully restored by the angels.

“Its a wonderful little book, called ‘A Little Soul and the Sun’, a children’s story really. But I hope that it will be a fine addition to your future library,” Mercury added.

The story reads...

ONCE UPON NO TIME, there was a Little Soul who said to God, “I know who I am!”

And God said, “That’s wonderful! who are you?”

And the Little Soul shouted, “I’m the Light!”

God smiled a big smile. “That’s right!” God exclaimed. “You are the Light.”

The Little Soul was so happy, for it had figured out what all the souls in the Kingdom were there to figure out.

“Wow,” said the Little Soul, “this is really cool!”

But soon, knowing who it was, was not enough. The Little Soul felt stirrings inside, and now wanted to be who it was. And so the Little Soul went back to God (which is not a bad idea for all souls who want to be who they really are) and said,
“Hi, God! Now that I know who I am, is it okay for me to be it?”

And God said, “You mean you want to be who you already are?”

“Well,” replied the Little Soul,” it’s one thing to know who I am, and another thing altogether to actually be it. I want to feel what it’s like to be the Light!”

“But you already are the Light,” God repeated, smiling again.

“Yes, but I want to see what that feels like!” cried the Little Soul.

“Well,” said God with a chuckle, “I suppose I should have known. You always were the adventuresome one.”

Then God’s expression changed. “There’s only one thing...”

“What?” asked the Little Soul.

“Well, there is nothing else but the Light. You see, I created nothing but what you are; and so, there is no easy way for you to experience yourself as who you are, since there is nothing that you are not.”

“Huh?” said the Little Soul, who was now a little confused.

“Think of it this way,” said God. “You are like a candle in the sun. Oh, you’re there all right. Along with a million, ka-gillion other candles who make up the sun. And the sun would not be the sun without you. Nay, it would be a sun without one of its candles...and that would not be the sun at all; for it would not shine as brightly. Yet, how to know yourself as the Light when you are amidst the Light -- that is the question.”

“Well,” the Little Soul perked up, “you’re God. Think of something!”

Once more God smiled. “I already have,” God said. “Since you cannot see yourself as the Light when you are in the Light, we’ll surround you with darkness.”

“What’s darkness?” the Little Soul asked.
God replied, “It is that which you are not.”

“Will I be afraid of the dark?” cried the Little Soul.
“Only if you choose to be,” God answered. “There is nothing, really, to be afraid of, unless you decide that there is. You see, we are making it all up. We are pretending.”

“Oh,” said the Little Soul, and felt better already.
Then God explained that, in order to experience anything at all, the exact opposite of it will appear.

“It is a great gift,” God said, “because without it, you could not know what anything is like. You could not know warm without cold, up without down, fast without slow. You could not know left without right, here without there, now without then.”

“And so,” God concluded, “When you are surrounded with darkness, do not shake your fist and raise your voice and curse the darkness. Rather be a Light unto the darkness, and don’t be mad about it. Then you will know who you really are, and all others will know, too. Let your Light shine so that everyone will know how special you are!”

“You mean it’s okay to let others see how special I am?” asked the Little Soul.

“Of course!” God chuckled. “It’s very okay! But remember, ‘special’ does not mean ‘better.’ Everybody is special, each in their own way! Yet many others have forgotten that. They will see that it is okay for them to be special only when you see that it is okay for you to be special.”

“Wow,” said the Little Soul, dancing and skipping and laughing and jumping with joy. “I can be as special as I want to be!”

“Yes, and you can start right now,” said God, who was dancing and skipping and laughing right along with the Little Soul. “What part of special do you want to be?”

“What part of special?” the Little Soul repeated. “I don’t understand.”

“Well,” God explained, “being the Light is being special, and being special has a lot of parts to it. It is special to be kind. It is special to be gentle. It is special to be creative. It is special to be patient. Can you think of any other ways it is special to be?”

The Little Soul sat quietly for a moment. “I can think of lots of ways to be special!” the Little Soul then exclaimed. “It is special to be helpful. It is special to be sharing. It is special to be friendly. It is special to be considerate of others!”

“Yes!” God agreed, “and you can be all of those things, or any part of special you wish to be, at any moment. That’s what it means to be the Light.”

“I know what I want to be, I know what I want to be!” the Little Soul announced with great excitement. “I want to be the part of special called ‘forgiving’. Isn’t it special to be forgiving?”

“Oh, yes,” God assured the Little Soul. “That is very special.”

“Okay,” said the Little Soul. “That’s what I want to be. I want to be forgiving. I want to experience myself as that.”

“Good,” said God, “but there’s one thing you should know.”

The Little Soul was becoming a bit impatient now. It always seemed as though there were some complication.

“What is it?” the Little Soul sighed.

“There is no one to forgive.”

Mercury
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #41 on Apr 22, 2005, 3:33pm »

“No one?” The Little Soul could hardly believe what had been said.

“No one!” God repeated. “Everything I have made is perfect. There is not a single soul in all creation less perfect than you. Look around you.”

It was then that the Little Soul realized a large crowd had gathered. Souls had come from far and wide, from all over the Kingdom for the word had gone forth that the Little Soul was having this extraordinary conversation with God, and everyone wanted to hear what they were saying. Looking at the countless other souls gathered there, the Little Soul had to agree. None appeared less wonderful, less magnificent, or less perfect than the Little Soul itself. Such was the wonder of the souls gathered around, and so bright was their Light, that the Little Soul could scarcely gaze upon them.

“Who, then, to forgive?” asked God.

“Boy, this is going to be no fun at all!” grumbled the Little Soul. “I wanted to experience myself as one who forgives. I wanted to know what that part of special felt like.”

And the Little Soul learned what it must feel like to be sad. But just then a Friendly Soul stepped forward from the crowd.

“Not to worry, Little Soul,” the Friendly Soul said, “I will help you.”

“You will?” the Little Soul brightened. “But what can you do?”

“Why, I can give you someone to forgive!”

“You can?”

“Certainly!” chirped the Friendly Soul. “I can come into your next lifetime and do something for you to forgive.”
“But why? Why would you do that?” the Little Soul asked. “You, who are a being of such utter perfection! You, who vibrate with such a speed that it creates a light so bright that I can hardly gaze upon you! What could cause you to want to slow down your vibration to such a speed that your bright light would become dark and dense? What could cause you -- who are so light that you dance upon the stars and move through the Kingdom with the speed of your thought -- to come into my life and make yourself so heavy that you could do this bad thing?”

“Simple,” the Friendly Soul said. “I would do it because I love you.”

The Little Soul seemed surprised at the answer.
“Don’t be so amazed,” said the Friendly Soul, “you have done the same thing for me. Don’t you remember? Oh, we have danced together, you and I, many times. Through the eons and across all the ages have we danced. Across all time and in many places have we played together. You just don’t remember.”

“We have both been all of it. We have been the up and the down of it, the left and the right of it. We have been the here and the there of it, the now and the then of it. We have been the male and the female, the good and the bad; we have both been the victim and the villain of it.”

“Thus have we come together, you and I, many times before; each bringing to the other the exact and perfect opportunity to express and to experience who we really are. And so,” the Friendly Soul explained further, “I will come into your next lifetime and be the ‘bad one’ this time. I will do something really terrible, and then you can experience yourself as the one who forgives.”

“But what will you do?” the Little Soul asked, just a little nervously, “that will be so terrible?”

“Oh,” replied the Friendly Soul with a twinkle, “we’ll think of something.”

Then the Friendly Soul seemed to turn serious, and said in a quiet voice, “You are right about one thing, you know.”

“What is that?” the Little Soul wanted to know.

“I will have to slow down my vibration and become very heavy to do this not-so-nice thing. I will have to pretend to be something very unlike myself. And so, I have but one favor to ask of you in return.”

“Oh, anything, anything!” cried the Little Soul, and began to dance and sing, “I get to be forgiving, I get to be forgiving!”

Then the Little Soul saw that the Friendly Soul was remaining very quiet.

“What is it?” the Little Soul asked. “What can I do for you? You are such an angel to be willing to do this for me!”

“Of course this Friendly Soul is an angel!” God interrupted. “Everyone is! Always remember: I have sent you nothing but angels.”

And so the Little Soul wanted more than ever to grant the Friendly Soul’s request. “What can I do for you?” the Little Soul asked again.

“In the moment that I strike you and smite you,” the Friendly Soul replied, “in the moment that I do the worst to you that you could possible imagine -- in that very moment...”

“Yes?” the Little Soul interrupted, “yes...?”

“Remember Who I Really Am.”

“Oh, I will!” cried the Little Soul, “I promise! I will always remember you as I see you right here, right now!”

“Good,” said the Friendly Soul, “because, you see, I will have been pretending so hard, I will have forgotten myself. And if you do not remember me as I really am, I may not be able to remember for a very long time. And if I forget who I am, you may even forget who you are, and we will both be lost. Then we will need another soul to come along and remind us both of who we are.”

“No, we won’t!” the Little Soul promised again. “I will remember you! And I will thank you for bringing me this gift -- the chance to experience myself as who I am.”

And so, the agreement was made. And the Little Soul went forth into a new lifetime, excited to be the Light, which was very special, and excited to be that part of special called forgiveness.

And the Little Soul waited anxiously to be able to experience itself as forgiveness, and to thank whatever other soul made it possible. And at all the moments in that new lifetime, whenever a new soul appeared on the scene, whether that new soul brought joy or sadness -- and especially if it brought sadness -- the Little Soul thought of what God had said.

“Always remember,” God had smiled, “I have sent you nothing but angels.”

The End”

Mercury finished handing the book off to Charity and said, “I hope it brings you as much joy as it has me. Now, I can’t wait to meet this artist of yours.”

(Note: for more information on The Little Soul and The Sun, and its “real world” author please visit

http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/1571740872/qid=1114200322/sr=1-1/ref=sr_1_1/104-8318189-4781561?v=glanc e&s=books)

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #42 on Apr 22, 2005, 4:15pm »

Charity watched the angel closely, her deep sapphire gaze remained locked upon him as he bowed slightly. As his angelic voice drifted over her, she kept the blank expression upon her face until he informed her that the book was a gift for her. Her clear blue eyes widened slightly in surprise, the only emotion she had shown this evening as one hand reached up to twirl a raven curl around her finger. She gasped softly her delicate hand trembling lightly as it drifted to the base of her throat as he detailed the origins of the book. She met his gaze as her liquid sapphire orbs cooled slightly masking the shock she was feeling. Such an ancient book given as a gift could only mean this angel wanted something from her. When he extended it toward her, she reached out a slender steady hand to grasp it setting her wine aside as she pulled the book close.

Flipping through it she carefully skimmed the story silencing the hiss that instinctively clawed at her throat over the subject matter. She could deal with that because of the book’s age and it would make a fine addition to the books she already had. With a soft smile she raised her eyes to meet his as she canted her head to one side speaking in her soft silky whisper.

“I thank you for the compliment on the event and thank you sincerely for the gift; it was most unexpected. Due to the age of the book it will be displayed in a locked shatter proof glass case. It is a most wonderful surprise. However it is almost time to introduce the newest addition to the gallery. If you would honor me by accompanying me back to the main section, it would please me greatly,” Charity responded.

Some warmth flickered across her clear blue gaze as she spoke, tucking the book in one hand, she left her wine on the counter. Stepping toward him, she looped her arm with his a seductive smile upon her face as she tossed the dark curls over her shoulders. She led him back toward the gallery, stepping back as she opened the café door for him. She wasn’t overly concerned with what he might think of her forward nature and it was time to introduce Antonio, the star of the evening.

Slipping out of the café beside him, she let her dark eyes scan the crowd. Turning her face toward him, she spoke softly that she would regretfully have to leave his side and placed a small kiss upon his cheek. Stepping away, her body moving with a fluid feline grace, she made her way back toward Antonio. Catching his nervous glance, she smiled reassuringly as she stepped up to his side silently nodding to her manager. A loud clear note of an ancient Chinese gong rang through the gallery to quiet her guests and gain their attention.

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Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #43 on Apr 22, 2005, 7:22pm »

At the girl’s apology she lowered her head slightly and smiled.

“‘Tis alright young lady, you didn’t break me. I hope I am sturdier than that…” Dretta replied.

She stopped speaking as she noticed the young woman move on and sighed a bit.

“Such a beautiful young girl, yet so skittish it seems. Poor darling,“ the arch remarked.

She looked back at Lord Targent and shook her head as she headed toward the door intent on getting outside for a few moments as the crush in this place was beginning to make her feel dizzy.

Yuri

Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #44 on Apr 23, 2005, 1:01am »

He watched the movements of the multitude of people milling about. Gad he had made it to the wall he was leaning against, he sighs. Seeing a few notable people here, Targent, Setamora, and the Archangel herself. Her beauty was almost unsurpassed, but she was busy talking to Targent of all people, so he continues looking around.

Watching another angel walk in, he raises an eyebrow. The angel was carrying a book, it seemed. Ah well, some people enjoy reading. Fingering the ring given to him by Targent, which he had put in his pocket, he closes his eyes and leans his head back against the cool glass. By now, he was used to the little bumps and jabs by people, so was ignoring them. Hearing the voice of Allure, he slowly opens his eyes, looking down, smiling.

“Yes, it certainly has. Maybe we should go somewhere less crowded, hmm?” Yuri says.

He smiles and gently brushes against her arm. His red-tinted eyes look into hers, an emotion within that told he was not playing her in any way. He turns to face the window briefly, looking up at the night sky.

“Besides, I think it has gotten nicer out. Better for a walk. At least it’s not raining,” he remarks.

He chuckles, turning back to her, the smile never leaving his face. Placing his hands in his pockets again, he waits for her response.

Reiki
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #45 on Apr 23, 2005, 5:59am »

Reiki turned to the next painting. it was by the same artist and seemed to be the same woman…or rather three of her. One standing tall in red armor holding a sword, one in a green dress seeming to be waiting for her love, and the other sitting on a chair seeming to be waiting for something fun to happen.

http://www.linsner.com/images/covers/triplegoddess.jpg
He looked at the title -- Triple Goddess.

“I must have this one,” he said to himself.

He wondered who to tell, and how much it would be.

noticed the other link is beening persnickety...here a better one for the same painting form the earlier post
http://www.linsner.com/images/covers/deathofthehornedgod.jpg

Allure
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #46 on Apr 23, 2005, 12:17pm »

An outdoor excursion sounded quite tempting from the hustle and bustle of the gallery. It would be a nice change as the room was heating up from the many bodies within. She longed to feel the cool air along her fair skin, the starlight dancing above her head. The bright moonlight running along her lithe form, accentuating her features and sparkle the dark chocolate brown that tumbles along her back.

It sounded pleasing but her duty began to nag at the back of her mind. The club needed them around for both dancing and protection. If they stayed out too much longer then they would get in trouble by Faith. They already had two encounters with the law and had to hide it from her. The last thing they needed was to be out too long from work.

Lifting her head, she gave him a smile, making sure to cover the right side of her face and arm so her tattoos did not show. When her eyes met his she seemed to be caught within them. The red sparkled with something unknown to her. Something that spoke of higher emotions that she never felt before. Before she could get lost within the dark pools, Allure shook her head to remove her gaze with his. A fear of the unknown began to draw within her gut, but her eyes had caught one part within the dark red before she looked away. The knowledge of not being played with like all the other women. For some reason that thought sent a soothing warmth throughout her entire body. Still not understanding, she looked at him before her mind wandered again.

“I think we should get back to the club. We can’t stay out for long. What if Faith finds us missing or if there is trouble that needs to be taken care of?” she asserted.

Allure would have continued if she didn’t hear the sound of a gong echo within the room. The people that were chattering about began to quiet, looking over to the direction of the sound. She turns around, placing her back to Yuri’s chest, not touching but slightly brushing as her eyes set upon two people on a small stage-like stand. As her soft blue orbs looked to the people, she noticed one to be the woman Lord Targent had left that office with. Maybe she was someone of importance from the gallery. The male she did not recognize but caught glimpses of him wandering around the room with a beautiful woman upon his arm.

Quieting herself, she looks where all others are staring, wondering what was to be announced as she raised a hand to fan herself from the growing heat.

Yuri
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #47 on Apr 23, 2005, 1:07pm »

He nodded his head at her words, getting lost in her eyes. He wasn't sure, but he began to believe he might be falling for this girl. He smiles at her, brushing a few strands out of his face. Sweat can be seen on his brow and he hoped to get out of here soon. the thought of spending just a few minutes with her, alone, brought a smile to his face.

He was just about to take her out of the stuffy place when he too heard the gong. Looking up, he sees the man and woman on the stage, wondering what they have in mind. As Allure stands in front of him, he breathes in deeply, then lets it out. This was to calm his nerves for what he was about to do. He had already kissed her and she hadn't smacked him in the face, so he was feeling a little braver. His left arm slipped around her shoulder, pulling her against his body. No matter the heat in the room, it felt nice, comforting to have her so close. He leans against the wall, keeping both of them from getting squished by anyone else. His heartbeat could be felt by her, and it was moving pretty fast; his breathing, though, he tried to control. He takes slow deep breaths, his chest rising and falling in a slow rhythmic pattern. He stands like this, waiting for the announcement to begin.

Allure
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #48 on Apr 23, 2005, 1:33pm »

As her attention was upon the two people on the stage, Allure did not notice the arm that encircled around her shoulders to cross along her collarbone. The touch was barely felt as if it was the wind itself. When the feel of fabric on flesh registered within her mind, she felt a panic arise. Though before she could react, the arm pulled her back to a well-chiseled chest. It was as solid as stone but radiated heat that seeped into her flesh.

Allure felt the warmth as if it were burning her skin but it slowly began to relax her tensed muscles. She turned her head slightly, looking behind her as Yuri had the nerve, or bravery, to place his arm around her and pull her closer toward him. The situation felt un-nerving, as though her bones would jump right out of her skin. Though something strange tightened within her stomach. It felt as if she was going to be sick but wasn't. The feeling wasn't something painful, but more...pleasurable. She felt the blush starting to return but used all her will power to keep it at bay.

She was not used to this feeling. It was as native to her as daylight was to this city. Her body began to tremble slightly within his embrace. This sort of attention was unknown to her. Was it a trick to attack or…show of affection she had read and heard about? Not understanding even her own feelings, she thought it best to stay where she was since the room was rather crowded.

Calming herself once more, she leans back against him, raising her left hand to gently lace her fingers around his arm, keeping a gentle grip upon it as she moves her attention back to the stage. The feel of his heartbeat was soothing to her, though it was in quick rhythm as her own. His breath tickled just over her head, bringing a few wisps to dance across her forehead. Swallowing, she tries to stop the throbbing within her veins and the rush of her heart. Each beat rings in her ears but she ignores it as her head leans back to his chest, seeing it to be a pillow of sorts as she can see a bit better over people's heads at the man and woman in the front.

Targent
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #49 on Apr 23, 2005, 2:57pm »

Targent extended an elbow for the beautiful arch to hold on to. They moved through the crowd easily , as most instinctively never wanted to be within his shadow's cast. On reaching a table just outside the main gallery, he pulled a chair out for Dretta and smiled to her as he waited to seat her, then himself. And in that moment a young girl, the one from the club, bumped into himself and the arch. His dark hollow eyes met hers for a moment as she spoke hurriedly, apologizing; he grinned and held his gaze upon her till she scurried away. Seems she and Yuri were together more and more these days. His long dark lashes swept upwards as his attention had been brought back by the arch as she sat. He stepped back and moved to the chair opposite her as he seated himself.

He waved a waiter over as he placed the order for two more drinks and then turned to Dretta. It was strange when he was in her presence, he felt of a time long ago, like a whisper, not really hearing what it said, but a familiarity to it.

He gathered up his drink and settled back to listen to Dretta speak, as dark eyes scanned the room.

"So Dretta how's business of saving the lost souls going? The lost sheep of this world; gathering the flock eh," a bit of sarcasm resounded in his voice.
His senses heightened as the crowd slowed within his senses. He watched a strange black-winged angel enter, and smiled. Then a few moments later the angel Mercury entered carrying an ancient text and moved towards the woman as he handed her a book and told a story of it contents; he listened and remained unmoved. If he intended to reach ones who had no soul, it would take much more than a story to do it. But they were only trying to "save" humans, they were

sheep and some would follow until the terms of following conflicted with their own agendas.

He just smiled to himself as he figured Dretta would want to be with her brethren.

“Well Dretta, I must be leaving soon. What I have come to acquire seems not to be available now. He rose and helped Dretta to unseat herself, as he extended his arm once more and moved with her towards Mercury. Moving his arm away as she slipped to be with them, his gaze turned towards Mercury as he spoke.

“Very nice fairy tale Merc,” Targent remarked.

He grinned and moved towards the gallery door as a gong rang throughout the gallery. Hearing the announcement of the new artist Antonio, he was a very good artist, but his work didn’t interest him. He smiled and thought a walk in the night’s air would be good, as he grabbed his coat and made a silent exit, the rush of cool wind brushed against cool flesh.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #50 on Apr 23, 2005, 3:26pm »

She smiled as he ordered the drinks and tilted her head a bit as he spoke. He did not truly give her time to answer but then again she had not expected him to be truly interested in her work. She rose with little urging as he guided her back to Mercury. She stepped away as not to interfere with him and then turned leaving the two men there, shaking her head as she moved back outside.

She had wanted outside for a reason. She actually enjoyed Targent’s company but she knew the task that lie ahead of her and she did not relish it at all. To stand alone in a field of the dead, the dust infiltrating everything, her eyes, her nose, even her mouth; to call life back into a dead place.. She shuddered for a moment and for just an instant she lost faith in herself. She curled up at one of the small tables and shuddered as she silently prayed to Him.

Her eyes closed as she stopped paying attention to those around her losing herself once more in the prayers. She allowed her wings to return as she knelt at the table silent to all around her except for the emergence of a soft light about her.

Reiki
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #51 on Apr 24, 2005, 3:04am »

Reiki stares at the painting a little longer, then wanders in search of someone who would know how or even if, he could purchase the painting. He asks around

finding no useful information other than “Maybe you should talk to Charity. She owns the gallery.”

So Reiki looks around searching for her though he has no idea what this “Charity” person looks like.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #52 on Apr 24, 2005, 6:01pm »

Charity smiled softly as she announced this evening’s artist and introduced Antonio to the crowd. She gave a short detailed bio of his work before she stepped back to let him answer questions. Explaining that any who sought purchases should come to her office, the door would stand open till the end of the night. She kept her evil smirk from showing upon her face as she swept away from Antonio while he answered some of the humans, catching sight of Targent moving out into the night.

That one, she thought to herself, would be far too easy to play like a puppet. Dropping her gaze to the floor, she moved behind the high black counter into her office and settled behind her desk waiting for the evening to end and guests to leave. She reached down pulling open a locked drawer in her desk and settled the book within it. Slipping the sketchpad from her desk and a graphite pencil, she set about drawing the guests she had seen this night whom were not already sketched.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #53 on Apr 25, 2005, 4:51am »

She moves towards the office after hearing Charity’s announcement. She stopped outside before knocking gently on the door. Remembering always to be polite when in someone else’s parlor, she waited at the door for acknowledgement from within. Her soft green-blue eyes taking in the paintings within the office with a smile, she had not realized Targent could look so .. happy. She smiled a bit wondering what it would truly take to place that sort of smile on his face. Most likely the revocation of the treaty.

She watched the others for a moment, her slender form settled waiting outside the woman’s office. She wanted the painting of the flower as well as the other she had seen that she liked before she had been distracted by Targent. How he had the ability to distract her like that, she had no idea, possibly the fact that he was darkness to her light.

She watched the people around her for a moment, a few truly touched by inner light that she spotted and marked to have summoned to the manor if they would

come. She allowed herself to smile softly before she turned. Only a few moments had passed. Her eyes lit once more on the sunlit portrait of Targent before she shook her head and smiled, her mask firmly back in place; she was again the Arch not just Dretta.

Reiki
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #54 on Apr 25, 2005, 7:58am »

Reiki, who normally would have been caught up in the fervor over Antonio, moved quickly toward the office door. He saw Dretta knocking, and then seemed to...change, taking on a more professional aura. Reiki smiled seeing that this was also true to her nature and not just a mask.

He moved silently, stealthily towards her.

“Hello, Angela” he said as he stood beside her seemingly not even disburse the light or air around him, “making a purchase yourself?”

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #55 on Apr 25, 2005, 9:24am »

Charity looked up from her sketchpad the moment she heard knocking upon the open door. Midnight curls slithered down her back as she reached a hand up to brush them back over her shoulder. It would be most interesting to see what the inhabitants would buy. She placed a light smile upon her lips though it did not reach her eyes. Lifting her sapphire gaze from the book, she flipped it closed before she answered her voice a midnight whisper of sound.

“Come,” Charity commanded.

It was merely a word spoke in a silky seductive voice but she knew the patrons would answer the call. At least they would if they wanted to buy anything. She didn’t have to look to know neither of them were the lord of vampires and she kept that wicked smirk hidden as she waited.

Yuri
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #56 on Apr 25, 2005, 11:01am »

After the announcement was made, he clapped along with the rest of the crowd. The woman’s second announcement did not interest him in the least. After all, he was not really an art fan, he just came here for Allure. He smiles as he looks down at Allure, taking his arm off of her shoulder and taking her hand in his.

“Well then, let’s get back to work,” Yuri agrees.

He smiles, leading her through the thick crowd. After a few minutes of pushing through, they finally make it outside. The cool night breeze blows across their faces, cooling them instantly. Seeing Targent walking away as well, he considers following the man to see what he is up to. He shakes his head, though, and begins walking with Allure towards the club.

Talking to her about various unimportant things such as favorite foods seemed natural as they walked. He felt as if he had known her for years. As they neared the club, he began to believe that he was indeed falling for this beautiful, talented woman. She was a perfect match for him, the exact opposite in so many ways. He could not help but smile every few seconds as he looked at her.

Finally, they arrived at the club, and he sighs. He did not want this to end, but it had to. He smiles as he holds the door open for her. But before she goes inside, he looks around, making sure no one is watching then he steals another kiss, cupping her chin and tilting her head up. Her lips tasted so sweet, he wanted to remember this night forever. After breaking the kiss, he bows his head, smiling boyishly.

“After you, Allure. I believe it is time for another dance,” Yuri says.

He walks in after her, moving over towards the wall he had made his watching post. Soon he was back in his bouncer mode, pulling troublemakers out, dealing with the freaks and weirdoes as normal.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #57 on Apr 25, 2005, 3:02pm »

She steps into the office and smiles a bit, her eyes take in the woman as she draws a deep breath.

“I was wondering on a couple of your paintings. I am afraid I am not good at recalling names though. One is a purple flower, very well done. The other a small child alone, the background of the painting is the old battlefield. I was wondering if arrangements could be made for them?” Dretta begins

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #58 on Apr 25, 2005, 3:56pm »

Charity sat behind her desk tapping the graphite pencil against the pad as the woman walked into her office. The arch had come to call had she? Well, this was an interesting turn of events. Leaning back in her chair, she watched the woman

enter listening quietly to the singsong voice of the angel. She hadn't really thought of what price she would charge but knew those two pieces well. With a soft smile casting her sapphire gaze at the woman, she spoke, her voice a silky whisper of sound; a caress against the senses.

"Please do come in Lady Alexandretta and have a seat. We can discuss the pricing on those two pieces. I always like to get to know the customers I serve," Charity replied.

Reiki
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #59 on Apr 25, 2005, 3:56pm »

Reiki was not offended by Dretta's apparent snub.

"I'm sure she has a lot on her mind," he thought.

He stayed by the door, not following Dretta inside.

"It is her business to attend to. I shall wait until she is done," Reiki reasons.

He looked into the small leather pouch that contained his money and pulled out one of the gold coins. He looked at it and rolled it along his fingers palming it from one hand to the other like a small time illusionist.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #60 on Apr 26, 2005, 5:48am »

She had heard Reiki and made a note to herself to make it up to him later. She had not meant to snub him at all; she was merely wishing to get back to the manor. She smiled softly, settling herself in one of the chairs as she looked at the woman and nodded.

"Hello Charity. It is lovely to meet you. I am Alexandretta," she offered.

She paused for a moment and smiled softly.

"I was wondering if it might be arranged to have those two pieces for the manor. They are rather interesting though I would understand if you had already had offers for them. If that is the case then I will cease taking your time and go on about my business.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #61 on Apr 26, 2005, 9:19am »

Charity watched the woman closely as she settled into a chair, the softest brush of a smile crossed her face as she reached down toward her desk. Ringlets of midnight spilled off her shoulders as she pulled open the drawer wrapping her delicate fingers upon the inventory receipt book. She placed the book upon her desk before closing the drawer, one small hand reaching for the quill pen. It was time to get down to business and Charity made it her business to know each and every piece of art in her gallery. She flipped open the book, tapping the feather lightly against her pale ivory skin as her sapphire gaze narrowed slightly at what she saw. Lifting her eyes, a wicked smirk played at her lips as she spoke, her voice a silky seductive purr.

“Well Lady Alexandretta those particular pieces sell for 900m a piece, however, I would be willing to let them go for 1500m for both pieces as a set. I will need the delivery information should you choose to purchase them,” Charity explained.

She let her voice trail off into silence watching the arch closely and gauging her reaction. It was a more than fair price for both pieces; anyone would be a fool not to pick up on the deal. Brushing a stray black curl from her face, she set the quill next to the book and waited for a response from the lady, crossing her legs in a soft hiss of silk against her skin. Her sapphire gaze piercing and cold settled upon the angel before her keen mind observing every detail of body language.

Alexandretta
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #62 on Apr 26, 2005, 11:55pm »

She smiles at the price and shakes her head gently.

“Unfortunately that I can not do. Most of the metals I have are tied up in other ventures, though should you be willing to do business in other things, perhaps jewelry I dare say, I could accommodate you easily. Oddly enough jewels seem to find their way to me. I have quite a few different pieces that are quite unique,” Dretta offered.

She smiles softly as she looks to Charity for a moment. She moved as one who was certain of what she wished and equally as sure that things would eventually work out for the better.

“Anyway M’Lady, as you undoubtedly have others who wish your attention, I shall be going. Should you wish to contact me, you may easily send a messenger to the manor or failing to reach me there to the hold. You have a lovely place here and the artist who did the painting of Lord Targent in the sun … beautiful. I wonder if his smile truly would look like that. Anyway, good eve M’Lady, I must be going ... to check on the children you see,” the arch finished.

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #63 on Apr 27, 2005, 9:43am »

Charity looked at the women as she rose from the seat, canting her head softly to one side' her melodious voice ringing true as she answered the woman.

"I do not trade in jewels Lady Alexandretta. However, should you ever wish to come again, please feel free," charity replied.

She let the words trail off as she escorted the lady to the office door, reaching out a hand to open it for her; the smile never left her face. She did not really care if the woman had to check on children or not but she had a feeling the woman would be back eventually, and if not there would be others to take her place. She smiled lightly keeping her thoughts to herself as the woman left her office.

Allure
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #64 on Apr 27, 2005, 12:02pm »
She had clapped with the rest of the people within the gallery as the artisan was presented before them. Her smile widened as she could see a glow of sorts around the man, or perhaps her eyes were playing tricks on her. Shrugging her shoulders at the thought, her eyes settled upon the unicorn picture then back to the artist. How could one capture such beauty on canvas? Allure wished to ask him the question but she felt the arm retreat from around her and slip within her right hand.

Pale blue eyes look up at Yuri as he smiles and leads her away from the crowd, speaking of work. A soft sigh escapes as she wished to stay longer. To look upon the wondrous paintings and sculptures, but work came first for how could she afford anything of such splendor without money. Nodding her head in agreement, she followed him, weaving around the masses till they passed the last bystander and into the calling of the night.

Reiki
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #65 on Apr 27, 2005, 8:53pm »

As Dretta left, Reiki noticed that she seemed... disappointed.

"I hope to speak to her later," he thought.

He walked into the open door, the smile on his face disappearing as he laid eyes on Charity.
"Darkness and secrets and...creativity," Reiki said to himself.

Reiki bows respectfully, “Greetings, fellow artist. I am called Reiki.”

His smile returns.

“I am interested in the possibility of purchasing the painting titled ‘Triple goddess,’” he announced.

He thought for a moment as he looked into her eyes attempting to get a reading on her trustworthiness.

“And there is another painting that intrigues me. It is called ‘Convert of Ice.’ I was wondering how you acquired it? I thought I recognized the artist’s style and form, and wanted to see if I was right,” Reiki continued.

Link to Post - Back to Top IP: Logged
“The death of an angel is always a tragedy.” ---God, from DAWN, Lucifer’s Halo by Joseph Michael Linsner

Charity Flint
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #66 on Apr 28, 2005, 11:50am »

Charity was about to close the book on her desk when the second person walked into her office. It was a night for business she mused as her thought trailed to the portraits she wanted to paint. Looking up from her desk, her liquid sapphire eyes met his for a brief moment before she canted her head to one side. Midnight curls spilled over her shoulders and she reached up with a soft growl, unclipping the mass letting it cascade freely down her back. When she spoke her voice dripped like sun-warmed berries, sweet and tart at the same time.

“Well greetings Reiki, please do come in and have a seat. The paintings came from an auction of some old estate. I cannot quite remember which, however if you are interesting in the purchase, they are also sold as a set for 1000m. Unfortunately I can go no lower then that as that is the price I paid for them,” Charity said.

Letting the words hang between them, she wasn’t about to tell them how she had acquired that particular estate or the unfortunate demise of its previous owner. She leaned back in her chair, hard eyes watching him, observing every detail as she waited for his answer. She may be many things, but above all else, she was a shrewd businesswoman, talented to say the least. She had ventures and accounts through out many lands.

Reiki
Re: The Gallery Art Showing
« Reply #67 on Apr 28, 2005, 12:25pm »

Reiki's smile fell once again.

"Now I see why Dretta was disappointed," he thought.

He also sensed deception about how the paintings were acquired.

"I will not push, not here on her terms," Reiki reasoned with himself.

Reiki sighed, "Well then I suppose I shall have to sketch 'Triple Goddess' from memory and hang it in my room instead. And as for the other painting, 'Convert of Ice' I wasn't interested in buying it; I think it would do more good here. Especially if it is painted by whom I think."
He looked seriously at her, "And if you do find out any information on its artist, I would be very interested."

He turned to leave, shifting his black-feathered wings a bit, preparing to stretch them out once he was outside the building.

"Good night to you, fellow artist. Hopefully, your other transactions this evening fair better than your first two," he remarked.

He silently and quickly leaves before she can say anything to him. As he walks outdoors into the crowd, he feels a need to fly and so he jumps as he did before launching himself a good two stories in the air before unfurling his wings on the downward arc of the jump.
*** Angel Manor: A Letter***
Jumps to A Letter when Lantia comes second time to Angel Manor

After gallery show
Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #101 on Apr 27, 2005, 12:20pm »

At the reach of the club doors, she felt Yuri remove his hand from hers, reaching out to open the door. She could still hear the music bouncing but noticed through the small crack created by Yuri, that not many were within. Hoping not to dance too much tonight, with the questions still in mind, she lifted her head to give Yuri a smile.

"Thank you, Yuri for coming with me. I know it's not your cup of tea. I'm sure there were other places you wanted to see. Other women I'm sure," she said to the head bouncer.

Before she could even laugh at her own pined joke, she felt his hand caress the bottom of her jaw, lifting her head up higher till his lips brushed with hers once

more. Again, that tingling feeling rushed down along her spine, right down to her toes. Goosebumps emerged again with the others, a mixing of cold and something else she could not describe. Her lips trembled against his till he pulled back and retreated into the club, back to his leaning wall.

Allure felt her body tremble as she wrapped her arms around herself to keep it from showing too much. She did not know what was going on with her. What these feelings and sensations were. How could he bring such confusion to her simple, rejected little world? It was easier if he hated her for her imperfections than being so kind, sweet and gentlemanly.

Needing to collect her thoughts, she lowered her gloved arms and proceeded inside, moving past a few people while forcing a smile to her soft pink lips. Though some of the tattoos showed she did not care at the moment as she passed Yuri and felt a shiver run up her spine again. Quickly, she walked through the bar, giving the patrons a smile and a few hellos as she moved down the hallway and into the women's changing room.

Closing the door with a soft click, she moved to her vanity and took a seat on the comfortable chair. Gloved fingers clenched the edge of her seat as she stared into nothingness. For a moment she felt herself lost, wandering within the plains of darkness before she heard scuffling outside the door and then the proceeding pushing and shouting. Blinking back into reality, she listened as a bouncer took care of it. Not knowing if it was Yuri or not, or even caring, for she was just glad the sounds stopped.

Looking down to her attire, she realizes she could not wear this to dance. Releasing her firm grip, she pushes herself up to stand, turning around slightly to look at her locker and try to keep her mind from disappearing again.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #102 on Apr 27, 2005, 1:12pm »

A man had somehow gotten by one of the bouncers and was trying to get into the dressing rooms. This, Yuri could not allow. Rushing in, he drops to his knees, pushing his shoulder into the man's gut. At the same time, he brings his hands out, wrapping them around the man's knees. A quick pull towards his body, and the man was on the floor. From there it was simple to pick him up by his limbs and carry him out.
Afterwards, Yuri moves around the club, making sure no one tries anything else.

He sighs, as his mind moves back to the kiss they had shared. Allure's lips tasted wonderful and the kiss had sent shivers up and down his spine. He smiles boyishly, nodding to some patrons and dancers. One of the dancers comes up,

telling him it's Maya's turn to dance and asks him to find her. He begins a search, starting with her dressing room. He knocks on the door first, so that Allure and Maya would know to get dressed, should either be otherwise.

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #103 on Apr 27, 2005, 1:19pm »

The knock caused Allure to jump slightly, spinning around to face the door. Her heart beat rapidly as she felt the fear of the surprise. Taking a deep breath and releasing it to calm herself, she moves over slowly to the door. Allure had not changed out of her evening attire and did not care at the moment. If it was a drunk or pervert, she could kick them with her heels. If it was someone of importance, she would tell them she was busy changing -- anything to have a few more moments to herself and collect her thoughts.

Once reaching the fogged glass door, she gripped the brass handle and twisted it. She leaned only her head out, keeping the rest of herself hidden behind the door. As she peers out to the hallway, her eyes settle upon Yuri's chest. Lifting her head, she looks to him and feels the flush coming forth again. Forcing it at bay, she gives him a coy smile, the one she was used to giving him before he was kind to her, as her voice rang out softly over the music.

"Yes Yuri, did you wish something?" she asked.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #104 on Apr 27, 2005, 1:25pm »

"Yes, I'm looking for Maya. It's her turn to dance. Have you seen her?" he asks, as he stares into her eyes.

That smile was so sexy. He wanted to kiss her again. He stops himself, though, and softly brushes hair out of his face. A few staff members walk by, nodding to the two. Yuri nods back then returns his attention to Allure to wait for her response.

Sequence where Allure follows Roux

Allure
Re: Welcome
« Reply #105 on Apr 27, 2005, 1:52pm »

Listening to him, she tilted her head a bit, wondering where Maya was as well. A soft sound of movement draws her attention as she looked back and noticed Maya stand up from one of the couches in the changing room. They were there

in case someone got tired or passed out from weariness. Maya looked dazed and confused. Allure was a bit nervous to ask if she was all right, in case she wished privacy. Not wanting to disrupt her, she turned her head back to look at Yuri.

“Yes she is here. I’ll tell her it’s her time to dance. Just wait a moment,” she replied.

She closed the door before he could speak to her again. Allure was more nervous in speaking with him than most people. There were a few she was un-nerved to speak with but for some reason whenever Yuri was near her, she felt a shiver run up along her spine. Taking a breath to calm herself, she steps toward Maya and stops. Her eyes catch sight of a long thick coat. Perhaps Maya was out with a gentleman she knew and didn’t want others to know. Not wanting to make accusations again, she passed by her toward the other side of the changing room where she had placed another bag two days prior.

“Maya, Yuri is outside waiting for you. He has something to talk to you about,” Allure said.

Though she tried to remove the many questions from her mind, she still felt something was amiss. Seeing Lord Targent, an angel and now Maya acting strangely, Allure could not dismiss the sense of foreboding. All seemed to circle around Lord Targent or at least half of it. Having a small plan in mind, she kept the reason for Yuri’s presence a secret so that Maya and Yuri would be distracted for the moment.

She reached the other side of the room and pulls the zipper open to the bag she had left there a few days ago. Reaching inside, she pulls out a pair of brown baggy jeans and a thick, knee-length, long sleeved black sweater. Along with the sweater, she takes out a pair of white running shoes that have become dirty from the long travels they have been in. Lastly, she pulls out a hat that men usually wear. Ones that tilt to the side slightly and are tight on the head if one wore it right.

A quiet sigh escapes her lips as she remembered wearing these clothes for so long on her travels for a place to be. Still she felt out of place from the ‘crowd’ as some people call it. Even in the club, she felt amiss, different from others. Taking in a breath, she prepares her nerves for the exploration. Allure slips the gloves off first before reaching behind herself and pulling the zipper down from the dress. The fabric tumbled along her slender frame, pooling around her feet as she stepped from the material. Nimble hands work with the clothes, slipping on the pants first, then shirt before she pulled her feet free from the high heel shoes. They felt a bit restricting and uncomfortable. A smile crossed her lips as she placed her feet in the runners, feeling the needed comfort.

Allure stepped over to the side, watching as Maya went to the door. Quickly, she reaches to her vanity, pulling the brush from its place as she slinks back behind the lockers. Brushing the bristles through each thick strand till she pulls it up in a bun atop her head. Placing the brush down atop her open pack, she picks up the hat and tucks the hair within till she looks like a boy. A good reason to travel like a man was that you were not attacked that often by bandits like a woman would be. Lowering her arms, she slowly steps over to the right of the room, to a side door in the changing room and slips out as quietly as she can. Seeing none heard her departure, she walked down the hallway, keeping her head lowered so her face was unseen by the guests.

Instead of taking the usual route to the main room, she went through the VIP room. She flashed the bouncer her I.D. He sees the tattoos vaguely in the light before letting her pass. Her body weaved by the chairs and tables, reaching the main room once more. Though she had just gotten back, she could not dismiss the strange feeling she had. Stepping by a few more people, she was glad Yuri was by the changing room. Quietly, she snuck out of the club and out into the streets, heading to where she thought she could find the answers.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #106 on Apr 28, 2005, 12:19pm »

Maya hears the door open as she sees Allure coming in. Smiling a quick smile to her, she turns her back to, her hoping she couldn't tell that she was a bit puzzled about the small marks on her neck.

"Hello Allure, hope your evening at the gallery was fun," Maya says.

She turns back toward the door as she heard knocking. Hearing a man's voice, she realized it was Yuri. Walking over to the door she reaches out pulling it open. Smiling as she sees him.

"Hello Yuri, how are things going?" Maya asks.

She was dressed in her jeans and shirt, still comfortable; she knew it would be time for her to change for she had to dance again. She looked back to make sure Allure was dressed, noticing that she had left. She must have used the other door. Turning back towards Yuri, she waves him inside.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #107 on Apr 28, 2005, 12:23pm »

He nods to Maya, seeing her wearing street clothes.

“No, no, that won’t do. It’s time for your next dance. Hurry up and get dressed,” he said to Maya.

He looks for Allure but she seems to have disappeared. He sighs and turns back to Maya.

“Now, if you will excuse me, I have some things I need to take care of,” he explains.

He turns around, making his way back out to the first floor. He sighs and slips into the shadows, moving outside. It was time for him to do his job, as a bouncer and make sure bad people didn’t get in.

After meets vampires and snores
DPhose
Re: Welcome
« Reply #108 on May 6, 2005, 6:59pm »

After awakening from its long slumber, Davedei Neblu D’Phose in its favored form, a short gangly gnomish figure decides to check out the many activities that Azoic City has to offer, observe the people, and figure out the best way to peddle its wares. While walking the streets, it happens across a strange sight. Spying an odd looking human standing outside a doorway with the words New Dawn Horizon above it, telling others if they can go through the doorway or not, while loud music wafts out the open door.

“Sounds like an interesting place, but that guy; he’s a bit rude. Who does he think he is?” D’Phose says to itself.

Curious about what is going on inside, D’Phose slips into the shadows. Removing a small vial from around its neck sprinkling the fairy dust contents into his palm and throwing the dust into the air. Within moments the small creature vanishes from sight. Unbeknown to the rude man the strange entity walks past him completely unseen while stopping briefly to tie the rude man’s bootstraps together before walking inside.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #109 on May 9, 2005, 11:06am »

He stopped a few people from getting in, and then received a message telling him to head home. He moves to do so but stops, instincts telling him not to step too far. He looks around wondering what is going on. As he looks down, he notices his bootlaces tied together.

“How in the-?” he sighs as he unties the laces and heads on home as quickly as he could.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #110 on May 9, 2005, 2:06pm »

Maya hears Yuri telling her it was about time for her to be dancing again. Closing the door, she turns back towards her vanity. Her fingers rubbing over the small red marks again, she is still unsure as to how or when she was bitten. Shaking her head, she puts it out of her mind for now. She had to get dressed for her dance. She needed to keep this job.

Reaching down her fingers grab her shirt, pulling it over her head and tosses it in the chair. She unbuttons her jeans, slipping them down then stepping out of them. She grabs her black top and slips it on. Grabbing the black skirt, she slips into it.

http://store1.yimg.com/I/flirtylingerie_1844_1879337

Pulling her hair up, she pins it in several places. She straightens the skirt, taking a deep breath as she makes her way out of the dressing room. Stepping into the main bar, she makes her way to the bar. She needed a drink, maybe some white wine or something. Her nerves were a bit unsteady.

“Sam, can you get me a glass of white wine?” she asks the bartender.

She winks at him hoping he would take care of it quickly. She waits at the end of bar, watching him as he brings her a glass of sparkling wine.

“Thank you sweetie,” she says leaning over kissing him on the cheek.

She had a few minutes before she had to dance, a little bit of wine would ease her nerves. She turns making her way to the patio. It seems to be quiet out there, she could relax and enjoy her wine before she danced. She smiles and winks at several of the men as she passes by them, several asking her to join them. She respectfully tells them she couldn’t right now.

Stepping out onto the patio, she noticed she was alone. Walking over to the edge near the railing, she inhales deeply taking in the scent of the night air.

Eve
Re: Welcome
« Reply #111 on May 21, 2005, 9:25pm »

She makes her way down towards the main room, her form clad snugly in the dark clothes that wrap around her flesh as her long raven dreadlocks fall over her shoulders and down past her waist and swaying hips. Reaching out, her fingers stroke over the door as she presses inside, opening the doorway just enough to allow her entrance inside. The wooden door brushes lightly over her tightly clad cleavage as she enters.

Turning into the room, she takes a few moments to look over the place, letting her eyes adjust to the lighting within, to better see those guests in the club. She smiles a greeting to those she sees dotted about the place as she makes her way towards the bar. Her hands glide out deftly as she slips behind the bar top and she soon gathers a glass of water. She takes a small sip of the cool liquid as she returns her gaze to the club floor and anyone who might require something.

Faith
Re: Welcome
« Reply #112 on May 22, 2005, 5:40pm »

Seeing that she had all of her paperwork done, the young lavender-haired manager placed all of her files in the outbox on the desk so that they could be filed and items that needed to be sent out could be sent out with the postage in the morning. Faith smiled to herself before moving out of the office and walking into the club to make her way behind the bar. She pours a glass of wine to enjoy as she leans her slender form against the counter behind the bar. She gazes out across the brightly flashing lights, which accentuate the color differences between her soft skin and the tattoos that streak darker colors over her arms where they have been carefully and artfully emblazoned on her skin.

Faith decides that she'll remain there for a bit so that the employees will be able to easily find her instead of being hidden away in the office as she normally is. Her soft lavender eyes turn to glance over to Eve and she gives her a friendly smile while still watching over the club and sipping at the sweet rich wine.

Maya
Re: Welcome
« Reply #113 on May 22, 2005, 10:33pm »

Maya makes her way from the patio to the dance floor. The VIP room is filled with many patrons tonight. Waving towards the guy in charge of music, she takes her position on stage. Slowly, she begins to dance, her body snaking around the pole, her mind drifting to the sound and beat of the music. She did not hear the whistles or claps from the room. Finishing up her dance as the music comes to end, she quickly exits the stage.

Making her way to her dressing room, she slips out of her dance clothes and slides on her jeans and blue tank top. Reaching on the vanity, she slips the diAmond necklace in her pocket. Grabbing the black trench coat, she makes her way out.

Passing the main bar area she yells to the bartender.

“I am gone for the night, heading out. See everyone later,” she announces.

Pushing the doors to the club open, she steps out into the streets.

Eve
Re: Welcome
« Reply #114 on May 23, 2005, 9:55am »

Eve lets the water flow over her tongue and chill the back of her throat. She gives a small shiver as the cold seems to run down her spine and through her flesh, and yet the drink never leaves her glossy lips till the glass is half empty. As she replaces the glass upon the bar, her fingers gliding softly over the smooth surface, she hears Maya heading towards the exit and catches her shout that she’s heading out just before she disappears out the doorway.

Leaning forward into the bar top, she props up her body upon her elbows and takes a little of the weight of her form off her booted feet. She gently taps the spiked heels of her boots on the floor in time with the music as she settles into position. Hearing the sound of glass on glass as Faith makes her drink, Eve tilts her head and looks over just in time to catch Faith smile and return one of her own in greeting to the club manager.

DPhose
Re: Welcome
« Reply #115 on May 24, 2005, 7:25pm »

Upon walking in through the door, the unseen D’Phose makes its way around the bar. Completely fascinated about the lights, the humans swaying to the music, occasionally snooping in on several conversations; people complaining about their jobs, to how hot the waitresses are, to the growing vampire problem and that the angels don’t seem to be doing much about it. Thinking to itself that these humans can talk about the most boring things at times.

Completely fascinated by the sights and sounds of this place, it loses all track of time. Just as D’Phose pulls the chair out from one of the patrons, causing him to hit the floor and spill his beer all over himself, it notices the pretty blond lady descend upon the stage and begin to dance to the music. Enraptured by her seductive dance, D’Phose makes his way to the stage. Crawling up upon the edge to sit and watch with awe.

It looks away for a brief moment to look around the bar to see if anything exciting is happening elsewhere. When it looks back at the pretty blond lady and realizes in shock, “Oh my gosh, she’s naked!” Quickly covering its eyes. “Wait a second, what am I doing? The fairies are naked all the time, silly me.”

When the music ends Maya quickly exits the stage, rolling to one side D’Phose quickly moves out of the way to avoid her tripping over it. Just then it happens to glance down at its hands and realizes that they are beginning to materialize. “Uh oh, has it been an hour already?” Quickly slipping into the shadows hoping no one saw it.

D’Phose thinking to itself that he better not use the invisibility dust again because it would like to talk to pretty blond lady. Just then she comes out from the back room dressed in jeans, a blue tank top and carrying a black trench coat. She makes her way past the bar and yelling something to the lady standing behind it before making her way out the door.

Realizing it is going to have to get past the bar unseen in order to follow the blond lady outside, especially having to get past the lady standing behind the counter and the rather somewhat scary lady standing in front of it.

“Ooo...her skin don’t look so good, a little pale. Maybe she’s sick? Perhaps some chicken soup? Anyway how do I get out of here without them seeing me?” it thinks.

Glancing around and remembering seeing an open window on the second floor, its gnomish form dissolves into orangish goo. Then it forms into a large iguana. Quickly climbing up the wall, trying to stay in the shadows and making its way to the second floor.

“Uh oh that man spotted me,” it realizes.

Flattening its body to try to look as much like a mural as possible and staying absolutely still, hoping the man will look away. Sitting there for what seemed like an eternity the man finally looks away and at that moment, D’Phose scrambles over to the open window, down the outside wall and onto the city streets.

Eve
Re: Welcome
« Reply #116 on May 28, 2005, 5:33pm »

Eve continues to take small sips of her drink before the first of the club’s guests approaches her. Her lips part in a warm smile as she takes their order and makes her way down behind the bar. She reaches up to fetch a glass from the shelf having to stretch a little despite the lift given by the stiletto heels of her

boots, which pulls the already snug material of her outfit a little closer around her curves. After placing the glasses upon the bar, she sweeps up a couple of ornate bottles and with a few deft pours from each soon begins to fill the glasses with a colorful mix of liquids. Her smile deepens as she works, enjoying mixing the drink for the guests before passing them over the bar and happily taking the offered money and putting the tip in the jar on the shelf at the back of the bar. She serves the guests as they come to the bar until there seems to be a lull in the people wanting a drink and so she returns to her own drink and takes a few moments to relax.

Leaning backwards into the back of the bar, Eve rests her elbows on the bar top there making her arch her back a little to remain in balance, while she remains at the ready in case any of the guests require anything.

Eve's hair falls about her face as she looks over the room. As she tilts her head, she could have sworn she had just seen some shadows that looked exactly like a set of fingers floating in the air. Giving a small shake of her head as she chuckles to herself and rubs her eyes, she makes a mental note that she needs to make an effort to get more rest. She decides another glass of water might clear her head and after downing the last of her drink, she turns to pour out another ice water. The motion of turning means she just misses the image of the large iguana scurrying up the wall over her shoulder behind her and its exit goes unseen. She leans back again into the bar and waits for any other customers that might be in need of anything.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #117 on May 29, 2005, 10:34am »

Slipping out of the cafe, he moves quickly toward the club. Sure, the other bouncers were probably doing well enough but he knew he needed to get back. He slipped through the back doors, nodding to the other employees. He slipped out to the main floor, leaning against one of the walls, watching the crowd. His eyes scanned the crowd, making sure no troublemakers appear.

Eve
Re: Welcome
« Reply #118 on May 29, 2005, 1:10pm »

Eve lets her left hand rest against her bare mid drift as her right holds her drink to her glossy lips. As she lowers the glass, her gaze sweeps over the club's main floor. As she rests back into the bar behind her, the fingertips of her left hand idly trace over her firm stomach before sweeping upwards to stroke her slender fingers over her cheek and to brush her hair back from her eyes as she looks about. Eve catches the motion coming from the back of the club and turns to look to the hall that leads to the back entrance just as Yuri emerges there. Tilting her

head as she watches him head across the club, she smiles a greeting to him as he passes by.

As she leans back into the bar, she stretches her muscles. She stretches a little to arch her back slightly more and as she clasps her hands together her arms rise above her head. She releases a soft content sigh at the easing tension in her muscles. Gently relaxing back as she savors the feeling, she returns her gaze to the main floor. Eve looks over to Faith a few meters down the bar and watches the woman work for a few moments before casting her gaze back to the floor. She smiles as Yuri watches over the crowd of revelers.

Yuri
Re: Welcome
« Reply #119 on Jun 6, 2005, 9:07am »

Making sure everyone is doing what they are supposed to, he moves towards Faith's office. Hoping she is there, he knocks on the door. His mind is occupied with many things, not all of them good, and he hopes to clear up some things with the manager.

Eve
Re: Welcome
« Reply #120 on Jun 8, 2005, 9:33am »

Eve pours out another customer's drink into a slender glass and slides it across the bar top to them. Her smile rests lightly on her lips as she works; it grows all the warmer as she watches Yuri head toward Faith's office, nodding a greeting to the man as he passes.

Charity Flint
Gallery Destruction
« Thread Started on May 4, 2005, 9:31am »

Charity pushed herself back from her desk, stacking the papers to one side and raked her long slender fingers through her hair. After the last guest had left she had unclipped the silky curls, now they tumbled wildly down her back. The black silk dress was slightly wrinkled and her heeled shoes lay upon the floor beside her chair where she had tossed them. She leaned back in her chair a moment pinching the bridge of her nose. Her slender right hand reached down unlocking the drawer and pulling it open. She gathered her sketchbooks and slowly stacked them on her desk. A soft smile touched her lips as she placed the book the angel had given her on top of the pile, her delicate fingers tracing the title.

She heaved a pleased tired sigh as she rose to her feet, hooking her purse over her shoulder and picking up the books. She slipped on her shoes and headed for the front door. She didn't notice the small candle burning in one corner of the

room or the dark patch of moisture beneath it. She growled softly when she found the door stuck. Pushing her hair back, she began to wrestle with the door. After a few moments, she managed to get it open and slipped outside. She absently locked the door behind her, stepping into the night, making her way home.

The call came in the wee hours of the morning dragging her out of her much needed sleep. Slipping a robe over the silken gown she wore, she stumbled up the stairs and into the kitchen, her midnight hair a mass of tangles from restless sleep. Grumbling softly, she picked up the phone muttering her greeting to who ever was brave enough to be calling her this early. As she listened to the voice on the other end of the phone, her heart slowly sank, her deep blue eyes widening with each word. She hung up the phone with a heavy sigh not bothering to dress as she headed for the door. She stumbled through her door, heading to the gallery, her mind reeling with the news she had just gotten.

When she finally arrived at the gallery, the fire had been controlled but the fire department was having a difficult time putting it out completely. She could feel the searing heat wafting through the air at her while she watched helplessly as her gallery burned. She couldn't believe it, the red orange flames devouring her life long dream in moments. She stood there wrapping her arms around her for most of the early morning hours, making sure the fire was completely out before she returned home. There was nothing she could do now, the fire had devoured everything but the frame of the gallery, which would most likely come down eventually under the weight of soaked wood.

Reiki
« Reply #1 on May 4, 2005, 12:02pm »

Reiki had noticed the smoke and out of curiosity had flown up and followed it to its source, arriving a few seconds before the firemen.

"Goddess no, this can't be! It won't be!" he exclaimed.

Unbeknownst to all, Reiki landed in the ally behind the gallery, the flames not bothering him at all. He had suffered through far worse.

He kicked in the back door, shattering it to splinters that only fed the flames inside. He ran in, not noticing the flames singing his new clothes, only concerned about the art. He looked around, frozen tears falling only to evaporate before hitting the floor.

"Most of this is a lost cause," he thought.

Then he saw out of the corner of his eye, "Convert of Ice" seemingly untouched within the smoky haze.

“It is a sign,” he said.

He grabbed it pulling it from the wall frame and all. Then something seemed to tell him where to go…almost an instinct. He ran through quickly grabbing seemingly random paintings; some singed, others almost half gone, some untouched. If anyone had been there to witness, all they would have seen would have been a blur.

Having gathered all he could hold, he exited how he entered. He started to set them down, to make another pass inside when suddenly the door frame exploded into flame.

“Not even an elemental could go through that,” he realized.

He heard the shouts of the firemen and thought of the gallery owner.

“I hope she will be ok... she has lost so much,” he worried.

He looks at the various paintings. Among them are “Convert of Ice”, the two painting of Targent, though Reiki did not know it was Targent in the paintings, one of them burned badly along the edges and darkened by smoke, some of Antonio’s work in various states of damage; and an odd little book with the cover singed so badly that Reiki could not read the title and a few other pieces. All in all, Reiki had only rescued about 20 paintings and sketches...and some of them were beyond repair. He walked out of the ally carrying the artwork, delicately yet firmly.

He saw her standing, watching the gallery burn. He walked up to her silently, his step making no sound.

“Excuse me, Fellow Artist. I believe these are yours. I am deeply sorry I could not rescue more. My condolences; art should never be destroyed,” Reiki offers.

He sets the art and book on a nearby table and launched himself into the air without waiting for a response.

Charity Flint
Re: Gallery Destruction
« Reply #2 on May 4, 2005, 12:26pm »

Charity blinked slowly, not having realized anyone was near when she had turned away from the gallery. She hadn’t heard his footsteps and his words shocked her out of her own thoughts and sorrows. She turned slowly, just in time to see him lay the stack of paintings down, the book on top of them. She shook

her head, tears slowly gathering in her dark blue eyes; tears that would never fall in the sight of men.

She watched him go, not having the chance to thank him as he took to the sky. With a soft sigh, she looked down upon the works he had managed to save and gathered them into her arms like she would a child. Turning, she said nothing to anyone, moving slowly through the streets the few blocks to her home. There was nothing to be done now. Everything else was now lost to her. Stepping inside her home, she locked the door behind her, her heart slowly breaking under the strain. She moved mechanically into her studio.

She began to inspect each painting, each work gauging the damage and if it could be repaired. One of her talents, her skills was to repair the works even ancient ones she could work with. As she noticed the final portrait, “Convert of Ice”, she gasped softly to see it untouched by smoke or fire. Somehow this painting had defied the laws of nature, surviving unharmed a fire that had destroyed her life. She remembered this piece, remembered the auction she had bought it from, and also remembered the angel that had inquired about it; the same angel that had saved these works from the fire. With a soft tearful smile, she wrapped the portrait in plain brown paper attaching a note to the paper and picked up the phone. Moments later a messenger arrived. She slipped 8m coins into his hand, thanking him and giving him the instructions. Before sadly returning to her work, she slowly began with one portrait of Antonio’s; the repair process slow.

Charity gives painting to Reiki after gallery fire

Charity Flint
A gift in Rememberance
« Thread Started on May 4, 2005, 12:50pm »

The messenger slowly made his way up to the manor not knowing if the young man would be here or elsewhere. He knocked upon the door and waited until it was opened. He spoke softly, handing the package to the servant of the manor with the instructions he had been given. The package was for an angel named Reiki and to be opened in private only after he read the attached letter.

Contents of the letter:

Dear Angel,

I do not know what inspired you to go to the gallery tonight. I watched my dreams burning to dust, fearing that all was lost. Then from nowhere you appeared with the few paintings you could save. For that, I will be forever grateful. You do not need fear for the art, dear angel; I am skilled in the repair of such things and even now will begin work upon them.

I noticed one painting untouched by the fire, defying the very laws of nature. I do not know if it has some special property but I do recall you inquiring about it. Thus from the depth of my heart, in remembrance of a dream; I make this gift to you. The painting is called Converts of Ice and was painted by an unknown Druid long ago. The dating on it is almost 3000 years old. It is now yours. May you enjoy it for long days and cherish it.

Charity Flint
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #1 on May 4, 2005, 11:56pm »

Reiki's downward arc brought him within sight of the manor. He landed a few feet away and walked in the front doors, as had become his custom.

As he walked in a young man walked up to him.

"Angelo! What happened? "

"I don't want to talk about it," Reiki said softly turning to walk down the hall.

"But Angelo your clothes...they are burned and.."

"I DON'T want to talk about it," Reiki said with a slight edge to his voice.

"But Angelo," the young man persisted.

"WHAT!?!?!" Reiki shouted visibly upset.

The young man startled at the very unangelic behavior stammered, "You - You have a package."

Reiki looked at the startled human and smiled softly.

"Thank you, young one. I am sorry if I frightened you. I forget how imposing I can be. Please show me this package I received."

The young man handed Reiki the package and note and quickly left to do other things. Reiki took the package to his room. He opened the package and let out a yelp, tossing the picture on to the bed and backing up until his back hit the wall. Mumbling under his breath. He slid to the floor eyes wide.

"Who sent this?"

He opened the note and read it's words.

“3000 years…but how?”

He stared at it.

“Why does it haunt me?”

He stood again and walked over to the painting.

Perhaps this is why my Love sought me out.”

Reiki took the painting and set it in the corner.

“I do not like the way you stare at me,” he said aloud to the painting.

Reiki
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #2 on May 5, 2005, 12:21pm »

There was a knock on the door. Reiki turned to open it and on the other side was Caroline, the girl from the other day.

“Angelo, Reiki… are you OK? I heard you.”

Reiki smiled at the near-woman, “I am fine. I was just surprised by something is all.”

She glanced inside and saw the painting.

“Is that what surprised you?” Caroline inquired.

Reiki let her enter and she stared at the painting of the hideous creature a moment.

“What is it? How did you get it?,” she quizzed.

“It is a.. Caterpillar” Reiki said softly.

He looked at the note, “And it was sent by a woman named Flint. I helped her with something and she sent this to me as a gift.”

The adolescent gave Reiki a sideways glance when he called the creature a caterpillar.

“The gallery owner? I heard that her building burned down,” admitted Caroline.

“News travels fast. I rescued some of the artwork inside. It is a tragedy that I could not get more,” Reiki explained.

“You must tell Dretta of this. I’m sure she will have some idea of how to help Miss Flint,” Caroline said.

Reiki smiled at her, “Unfortunately Dretta is off having a constitutional. I do not know when she will be back.”

The girl grinned, “Then I know just the Angelo to tell! Come on! Usually, he stays at the hold but he is here right now. I’ll take you to him.”

She grabs Reiki’s hand and practically drags him to a nondescript office door.

She knocks softly and calls, “Angelo? Are you there? We have something you need to know.”

Mercury
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #3 on May 5, 2005, 11:01pm »

“Ouch!”

Mercury turns to pull a silver feather out from under another fallen book. This was the second one he’d lost tonight and wondered whether he’d be able to ever get off the ground again. Looking around at his office filled from floor to ceiling with crates and stacks of books, Mercury lets out a small sigh.

He randomly grabs a little leather bound novel and is surprised to see that it is the sequel to another little treasure he had given away just the other night. In silver embossed letters the cover reads, “Forgiveness in the Dark.”

Smiling inwardly he speaks to the empty room, “I forgot I even had this one.”

Even before the knock on the door, and that sing song voice of a young girl, Mercury heard the steps of approaching visitors.

“Please come in,” he calls through several tall stacks of books between the angel and the doorway.

“But be care....” Before he can finish the warning the door opens and knocks over another large stack of books, which tumble down in a muted crash. “...ful,” he finishes.

Laughing, “Hello Caroline; Angelo. I’m so sorry for the mess. I have just begun to extract the library cases from the vault. These are the first of 40,000 titles

secured by the Angels during the last conflict. I have no idea how I'm going to get them back into the City Library, never mind getting them catalogued. But this is my problem. What brings you to my office tonight?"

Reiki
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #4 on May 5, 2005, 11:35pm »

Reiki looked at the angel he new as Mercury and then at Caroline.
She poked Reiki in the ribs, "Go on, tell him."

And so, Reiki told of the fire and his rescuing of the paintings and the book. He told of how he left them with Charity and left her without accepting thanks.

He swallowed, "When I arrived here I had a package waiting for me. It contained one of the paintings I had rescued; one I had inquired about earlier in the evening with a note thanking me."

He paused again.

"Caroline thought maybe you would have some ideas on how we could help Miss Flint."

Mercury
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #5 on May 6, 2005, 10:36am »

Mercury sits back in his specially built chair, contemplating what he had just heard. He bid Caroline and Reiki a farewell without offering any solutions to Charity's plight. Deep in thought, he absent-mindedly ran his fingers over the metal bindings of his newly re-discovered book. Then glancing around the room, he was struck by a curious thought.

He rose from his chair, strode over to his balcony and launched himself into the night. A minute later, he found himself circling over the burned ruins of the gallery. It was almost totally destroyed. Only the brick outer walls remained standing, blackened and scorched. From the air it looked like a giant flaming foot had stomped the gallery roof into the ground. And there, sitting on a stoop across the street sat Charity. She looked very small from this height, but there was something else as well; a reduction of spirit, which the angel could sense. And having been created just for this purpose, Mercury knew what he had to do.

He landed silently a few feet in front of the raven- haired woman. This was clearly not the arrogant creature he had met at the party. She sat with her head down, apparently not noticing the arrival of the angel.

So he spoke.

“Charity.”

Charity Flint
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #6 on May 7, 2005, 10:33am »

Charity had worked through much of the night repairing what works she could. Of the twenty the angel had brought her, she had lost two and given one as a gift.

She shook her head a moment as she slipped out her front door settling down upon the steps. Looking over at what was left of her gallery, she dropped her head into her hands. Her biggest dream, which had taken so long to build, had taken less than an evening to destroy.

Her long midnight curls helped to cover her face, keeping her from realizing she had a visitor until he spoke. A soft startled gasp escaped her as she raised her head and turned her eyes upon him. She had stripped the black silk gown sometime during the night and was covered in a long oversized t-shirt that seemed more a battleground. The front was criss- crossed with splashes of paint both old and new. There was a splash of bloody crimson across one cheek, a streak of gray beneath her chin and dark circles under her eyes as she looked up at him. Her voice, when she spoke was small and trembled with the unshed emotion.

“Mercury I did not expect to see you again, if ever. I am sorry I must be a frightful mess this morning but I am afraid I had some work that needed to be done. How are you at the moment Sir?”

She tried to sound cordial although she felt anything but. She felt almost as broken as her dream that lay in ruins a few yards away. Canting her head to one side, she tried to understand what might have brought the angel out this early and why he had come here. The last she had seen him was at the showing, something she didn’t want to remember. Brushing back the wild tangled curls she rose to her feet and watched him.

Mercury
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #7 on May 7, 2005, 10:02pm »

“Dearest Charity. You have the sympathy of the angels for your loss. It is truly a tragedy when anyone is forced to experience the destruction of a dream,” he offered.

Charity says nothing, so Mercury continues.

“But if we remember the reason for tragedy, we can see it as an opportunity to lift ourselves up to an even greater purpose.”

Now Charity tosses the angel a slightly annoyed look. So he tries a different tact -- the straightforward approach.

“I wonder if you can help me with a very important matter. You see, the angels have decided to re-open the City Library. We now have hundreds of crates containing many thousands of books and works of art to move from Seraphia back to the library. The library facility itself needs a great deal of work to bring it back to its former glory...and well, I am afraid it’s just too much work for me to handle alone. I’d like you to come work for me as the new Director of Library Services. We have a great need for someone with your obvious talents and appreciation for art and literature. What say you?”

Mercury waits for a response.

Charity Flint
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #8 on May 8, 2005, 9:26am »

Charity rose slowly to her feet. Her deep blue eyes darkly smudged from a lack of sleep watched him closely. She waited a moment as he spoke, reaching up to run her fingers through her hair. She remained silent as the angel spoke, narrowing her eyes as he spoke of reasons for tragedy; silencing the snarl that had crawled up her throat. She said nothing, letting the angel continue his rant, drinking in the next words which he spoke like a drowning man would air.

It was a shock to her to hear him asking for her help. Her liquid pools widening with the surprise. Tilting her head to one side, she cast her gaze at the ruined gallery, her mind running over certain options before she spoke. She weighed every word of his offer.

Returning her gaze and capturing the angel’s own eyes, she spoke softly her voice unusually husky.

“What you offer me is a great deal of work, however, it does seem that i have more than enough time on my hands. Please do come in while I clean up and change. I would like to see these books and works of art you mentioned. I need to see what needs repair. I accept the offer Mercury. I trust the wages for the work will be amenable.”

She turned away from him then stepping back across the porch on small bare feet that were surprisingly silent. Stopping before her front door, she tossed a look over her shoulder before one trembling hand reached out to push open the

door. She couldn't stop the trembling of her body. The pent up unshed emotion swirled around inside her, threatening her very sanity. Stepping through the open door, she slipped to one side holding it open for the angel as she canted her head to one side. Her long dark har lay tangled. She needed to shower before she went anywhere but he had sparked a burning flame inside those deep blue pools; igniting her curiosity and thirst for literature and art. It would be something that would take her mind off the destruction of the gallery and would ease the ache inside her, not to mention providing an income.

Mercury
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #9 on May 9, 2005, 10:05am »

Mercury smiles at the invitation into Charity's home. Deciding against it he says, "Don't worry, as an employee of the angels, you shall want for nothing. But there is so much to do. I'm going to go start the process of having the crates moved to the library. If you decide to accept my offer, meet me in the Hall of Life later today."

And with that, Mercury takes one step back and lifts off into the night.

Charity Flint
Re: A gift in Rememberance
« Reply #10 on May 9, 2005, 11:08am »

Charity shrugged softly watching the angel as she listened to each word with a soft smile tracing her lips. Perhaps it was time for a new dream she thought as she watched him take to the sky. She closed the door softly leaning against it for a moment, weighing the decision she had just made. Closing her eyes a moment, she steadied her frayed nerves as she pushed herself off the wall, moving swiftly before she could change her mind.

She moved into the studio packing up the supplies and setting the portraits against the wall. Cleaning up her area, she then moved with a fluid lithe grace into her bedroom, stepping over to her closet. A slender hand dancing over the clothing, she pulled out a pair of khaki slacks and a pale blue blouse. Deciding to forego the vest, she set the clothing upon her bed and pulling out a pair of white lace panties and bra.

She spun away taking a swift shower, enjoying the hot water that poured over her body and washing the dirt and paint from her hair. Stepping out of her shower, she wrapped a large towel around her; taking a second she dried most of the water form her hair. Dabbing rose oil upon her neck; she stepped into her room dressing quickly. She had to do this before she changed her mind, she thought as she pulled on the black boots.

Taking a long moment to brush the damp hair before tying it at the base of her neck, she then stepped down the hall, picking up her purse as she moved with purpose. Stepping into the street, she locked the door behind her and spun away from it, boots thumping softly upon the stone. She made her way through the streets toward the Hall of Life.

The part at the castle where Lantia writes a note needs to go after this But before Reiki shows Lantia around

Lantia
A Letter
« Thread Started on Apr 27, 2005, 1:11pm »

The wind gusted past the jarred windows of the balcony. A shadow could be seen passing over the smooth stone of the railing before soft flapping was heard. As the room was empty, none could see a small bat landing upon the ledge; the parchment held within its claws. He folded his wings back, slipping them to his sides as the dark black eyes looked through the open doors and into the empty office. It kept its hold of the letter till the receiver returned.

Alexandretta
Re: A Letter
« Reply #1 on Apr 27, 2005, 5:31pm »

She returned to the manor making a small note to herself to speak to Mercury about finding another gallery in the city; one that she could tolerate the owner or preferred. She disliked rudeness; even her worst enemy was not as rude and pretentious as that woman had been.

The Arch shook her head slightly and smiled a bit. She glanced over, seeing the slight movement from the corner of her eye; it was the little bat the woman had had with her before the show. She stepped forward. Unlike most angels, she stayed mainly to her office; working until the wee hours of the day then remained up during the night. Sometimes she had to wonder about herself. She laughed softly and stepped towards the little creature not bringing anyone else's attention to it. She had noticed her guard's reaction to the little thing's mistress earlier. She took the note easily from him and looked at the little thing.

"You are welcome to stay here if you do not think you can make it home before dawn little one. I would hate for anyone not use to the light to be trapped within it."

Lantia
Re: A Letter
« Reply #2 on Apr 27, 2005, 6:08pm »

At the sound of someone entering, Shadow squeaked and flapped its wings. It was jolted from its slight rest in awaiting the owner of room. Looking over, he spots the angel that moved into the room. He tilted his head a bit curiously, seeing the woman to be tired and disheveled from the day. It remembered seeing her when his mistress was present just a few wee hours ago. How she left in such a rush like a mouse scurrying away from a bat.

Its black eyes watched her approaching form, seeing her come forth slowly so not to scare him away. It would not fly away till its mission was done, as was asked by his mistress. As she reached him, it flapped its wings, keeping it aloft over the balcony. Not wanting her to think it was leaving, it flew just a few feet over to her and released the parchment down to her hands; letting the flimsy text fall on the wings of the wind to her own palms.

Alexandretta
Re: A Letter
« Reply #3 on Apr 27, 2005, 6:16pm »

She caught the paper and smiled softly. It seemed the little one's mistress had needed to speak with her about something of importance. She opened the parchment carefully, never too sure when it came to vampires what to expect. She began to read what was written.

Lantia
Re: A Letter
« Reply #4 on Apr 27, 2005, 6:36pm »

As the black silk band was removed, Shadow landed back to perch upon the angel's left shoulder; finding comfort in resting on a body than something as stiff as a railing. That was a contradiction to ones saying how vampires were as hard as stone. It did not notice if she was scared of him or not but was tempted to take her offer of a place to rest while the sun took its time on the world.

When the paper was rolled out, he could see very intricate calligraphy was used to write each word. It was as if the patron took their time to stroke each letter as gracefully as they could, revealing the elegance in just the letters.

Dear Archangel Alexandretta,

I have come to make a meeting time for me to speak with you. A place? Well if you wish, I would like to meet you at a small cafe within Azoic City, beside the gallery that you must have toured this evening. We would be on an even ground, within the sights of mortals and not on each other's territories.

If you can, I would like to meet you the next evening coming, when the moon sets to rid the blasphemous sun back into the darkness for a few hours. Pardon my choice of words but as you know ones like us hate the sun.

Please, no escorts if possible. It may be hard to trust me but I will not harm you. I just wish to speak with you. If you can please write a letter back and my pet Shadow will bring your response to me.

Signed...'Silver'

Alexandretta
Re: A Letter
« Reply #5 on Apr 27, 2005, 6:48pm »

She reached a finger up and lightly petted the little creature's back with a smile before she finished reading the missive. Her smile seemed to brighten a bit more as she relaxed before she looked at the tiny creature on her shoulder.

"So little one, your name is Shadow. Well, your mistress shall get what she wishes -- a meeting at the cafe alone. Once again, I shall place my trust in His will and follow my heart. "

She swiftly penned a missive to return once darkness fell. She looked at the little one again and smiled. Seeing the sun peeking over the horizon, she drew the curtains gently on her sleeping area. One thing she loved about her office was she did not have to go back to the hold when she began to get tired. She smiled, lifting the creature gently from her shoulder then settling him on one of the pillows as she curled up herself to sleep most of the day away.

Lantia
Re: A Letter
« Reply #6 on Apr 28, 2005, 12:12am »

Shadow immediately made a squeaking sound of approval at the petting. Her finger felt soft and held a light that soothed its nervous actions. It wanted to return home before the sun rose but since the Arch took a while to return, he had no choice but to stay.

Its head nuzzled her cheek as she read, not disrupting her but felt comfort in the lack of his mistress. As she spoke he flapped his wings, brushing the long strands of hair back over her shoulder. His wings felt like thin leather, grazing her soft skin before he resettled.

His black eyes watched as she moved to the desk, responding to his mistress's request. He may look to be just an animal but his intelligence was slightly higher then normal bats. Though he could not read, he understood her words. Her

penmanship was remarkable but who could not expect perfection from an angel. Once more his wings flapped, wondering why other creatures always expected everything perfect from ones they saw as ‘pure’.

When she had finished, he was prepared to deliver the message. But he looked out toward the balcony and saw the sun beginning to rise. As the angel closed the curtains, it felt the darkness wash in once more, bringing the comfort of home. At the touch of the angel, he squeaked in surprise, flapping to escape her grasp. She then gently placed him upon a large pillow that she herself had nestled in.

Seeing no harm in resting the day away, Shadow curled his wings back to his side once more, hopped over to the angel’s body and curled to her knees; feeling the soft material of her dress. The mixture of the soft fabric of her dress and the pillow was soothing to his aching wings as the flight was a bit long and he had been scouring the skies all night. His ears kept in tune in case someone interrupted, but for now he would rest in blissful sleep.

Alexandretta
Re: A Letter
« Reply #7 on Apr 28, 2005, 2:42am »

She had snuggled easily with the small creature in her bed as well. She knew what was expected of her. She dreamt easily that day; awakening in the early afternoon, careful not to disturb her little guest. She smiled softly. She did not keep a pet, not since the cat she had found had died. She could not bear to get attached to a creature only for it to die on her. Perhaps that was why her liaisons with most humans were short. She tried to stay away from the romantic side of things.

Shaking her head, she almost laughed. She seemed to think about romance a lot recently. Maybe she was growing old. She reread the missive to the woman and smiled easily enough. She continued with paper work until she saw the sun begin to set. She moved over and lightly petted the bat

“Shadow ‘tis nightfall again, little one, and your mistress will be waiting for her message “

Reiki
Re: A Letter
« Reply #8 on Apr 28, 2005, 12:34pm »

As Reiki arrived, he noticed the shades drawn at Dretta’s balcony.

“She is probably resting,” he said to himself.

He landed softly and headed for the small room he now thought of as his own. He opened the door and sat down at the table where he sketched for hours. He recreated the various faces he saw -- Charity's own dark beauty, and the triple goddess'. Not quite as good as the original, but it would do. He had noticed the sun was up as he finished and decided to sleep for a while.

He woke up from his dreamless sleep just before sunset. He got up and got dressed again in his wonderful new outfit. It was the only one he owned until he got his other one back. Reiki then headed to Dretta's office, softly knocking on the door.

Alexandretta
Re: A Letter
« Reply #9 on Apr 28, 2005, 1:40pm »

Hearing the knock as she gave the small creature the light paper, she turned pulling the drapes once more and opening the window to the outside air. She waited a few moments for Shadow to leave then moved to her door. She was still dressed in the gown from the night before as well; she had not yet bothered to change. Smiling as she saw Reiki, she tilts her head a bit

" Well hello my friend, how are you doing? "

She kept her voice causal as she spoke to him before she drew a breath

" I do have to apologize for my behavior last night but before speaking to a new person, I try to clear my mind. 'Tis one of the few ways I have of preparing myself to deal with what may come. That way I may cope with the person politely even if I do not personally like them. I apologize for not responding to you"

Reiki
Re: A Letter
« Reply #10 on Apr 28, 2005, 10:12pm »

Reiki smiled at her apology.

"It is not necessary. I understood. I met her too. She seemed...over involved with her work."

Reiki closed the door behind him.

"I have some things I must confess to you. Please do not think less of me when you hear what I have to say."

He confesses holding back some information but telling her more than he first thought he would.

Alexandretta
Re: A Letter
« Reply #11 on Apr 29, 2005, 11:51am »

She listened to him and watched his face during his confession, after which, she sat down in her chair both shocked and amazed. She looked up at him, her wings gently moving behind her -- the only show that she was even slightly upset. Though her face showed none of her emotions.

“And still you find yourself here with me. Not your normal now, is it my friend?”

She smiled. The information had settled and though one would figure she would have a different reaction, she did not. Acceptance of people until they had proven themselves not needing or undeserving of such was her normal. She smiled softly once more looking at him.

“Well I hope you don’t expect me to treat you differently. But beware whom you speak to about this; not all those here have given up the war completely.

Reiki
Re: A Letter
« Reply #12 on Apr 29, 2005, 11:08pm »

“Normal?” Reiki mutters.

It was a word he had never thought to use in reference to himself.

“I understand your concern Dretta,” he says with a tear in his eye. “That is why I am very careful about my...name. There are those that can read the text on my arm.”

Reiki smiles a bit.

“I prayed for guidance on this matter and I feel that Goddess was right in guiding me toward you. I see Her grace in your eyes, Dretta. There is more, if you wish to hear it but I can understand if you need to pray for your own guidance before I continue.”

He thought again, “I shall retire to the room that a truly beautiful young human girl named Caroline showed to me. If I may keep it as my permanent quarters, I would be grateful. I find the manor a much more comfortable environment than the hold.”

He turns to leave but waits for her response.

Alexandretta

Re: A Letter
« Reply #13 on Apr 30, 2005, 1:44am »

She looks at him and smiles softly.

“Well you are welcome to stay where you feel most comfortable, of course. Caroline is a dear girl. I do not need to pray Reiki, not on this. I am fine with it. If there is more you wish to say at a later time, you are welcome to do so.”

Reiki
Re: A Letter
« Reply #14 on Apr 30, 2005, 2:01am »
He turns back to face her; the tear in his eye drops leaving an icy spot on the ground.

“No dear Dretta, I think if you are ready, Goddess intended for me to tell you all”

Dretta has been granted access to Reiki’s lvl2 profile

Lantia
Re: A Letter
« Reply #15 on Apr 30, 2005, 9:40am »

Shadow opened his eyes sleepily, feeling the pet upon his head to awaken. The night had fallen as the beams of moonlight streamed through the opened curtains. He lifted his body, shifting upon the soft pillow as he flapped his wings to awaken.

As he waited to wake fully, his ears picked up a sound of someone approaching from the balcony. With a squeak, he looked to a man, another angel entering but he was much different then the others. His wings were black instead of snow pearly white like the angel that woke him. His ears perked, listening to their conversation. He could not fully understand their whispers but he could not stay long either.

Waddling to the edge of the pillow, Shadow flaps his wings, gaining gusts beneath it as he uplifts himself. Soaring above the two, he goes for a nosedive, snatching the parchment from the angel. With a squeak of gratitude to the woman, he swoops out from the open window, giving one more gaze back to the strange angel before setting his course back home.

Alexandretta
Re: A Letter
« Reply #16 on Apr 30, 2005, 6:37pm »

She smiled softly at the little bat's antics as she watched him fly off. She turned her attention fully to Reiki and smiled a bit. Then she rose from her desk and stepped over closer to him reaching out her hand palm up.

"Thank you for your trust in me, Reiki, I will not betray you as so many others have. But I suppose, I should get ready for this evening. I have a bit of a date"

Reiki
Re: A Letter
« Reply #17 on Apr 30, 2005, 8:42pm »

Reiki bowed his head slightly.

"And thank you for trusting me, now that you know what you do."

He turned to the door.

"If you need anything from me...simply ask."

He thinks for a second, "I can be much less obtrusive than a cadre of guards, and far more subtle. I also know when others are watching. Should you decide you need or want insurance for you safe return, I will be in my room."

Reiki opened the door noticing the lack of guards and wondering silently, why. He went to his room, sat on the floor cross-legged with his wings spread wide and prayed silently.

Reiki
Re: A Letter
« Reply #18 on May 2, 2005, 1:54am »

Reiki finishes praying. He stands and folds his wings.

"I need coffee. I should write a note in case Dretta needs me."

He goes over to the desk and pulls out some paper.

"I've gone outside to get some coffee. I shall be back shortly, if you do not wish to come find me," he writes.
Reiki affixed the note to his door and grabbed his mug.

From here he finds out about dead girl and meets Rhiannon
continue incity streets: out for coffie

Alexandretta
Re: A Letter

« Reply #19 on May 3, 2005, 12:18am »

She changed swiftly. Shaking her head and knowing this was a bad idea as she slipped into normal clothing. She opened the curtains to her balcony. She dropped from the railing and let herself free fall a bit. Spreading her wings at the last moment, she laughed as she soared towards the city. Feeling the air against her face made her laugh gently; her small slim form doing spirals in the air as she rose and fell easily playing in the air currents.

She landed on the roof of the cafe and dropped to the alley behind it with a soft laugh. Moving around to he front, she settled at a table

Lantia
The Arch Angel's office
« Thread Started on Jun 11, 2005, 1:44pm »

As the night began to wrap around Angel Manor, Lantia found it the best time to move within unnoticed. With a silent step, she slipped within the shadow of the veiling night, moving within the shadows of two angel guards. A new set that she did not see upon her first arrival. Perhaps they would detect her presence. But alas they shivered off the feeling she sent through their bodies, giving her an easy passage within.

She slipped through the door silently; glad to hide within the shadows as three angel children laughed their way out the door. One, however, stopped and looked to the corner of the door, practically staring at Lantia. A brow raised in curiosity at the youngling. The raven-haired child smiled then ran off with its other brethren. Not knowing if the child saw her or not, Lantia decided to quicken her pace to the Arch's office.

As the coast was clear she slipped into the soft torchlight that lead down along the corridor. Knowing the way to the woman's office, she took her time for a moment and took a gander at the tapestries that she had seen upon her first visit. They looked more hopeful at her, as if she too could become what they were. As if she could read back to the past and watch as history unfolded before her.

Lantia shook her head to remove the cobwebs of memories from her mind, setting the task at hand first. Once more she merged with the shadows as she approached the guarded door of the Arch Angel's office. Sneaking through the shadows of the guards and through the door, she could not help but chuckle below her breath at the easy security of the place. Or was it on purpose to let her in without any trouble?

Shrugging her shoulders, she moved within the elegantly detailed office, letting her gaze wander as she awaited the arrival of the woman.

Reiki
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #1 on Jun 12, 2005, 12:28am »

Reiki's eyes popped open. He felt a darkness -- a half-breed was here, in the manor. He stood and dressed in one of his new sets of clothes -- green with blue trim -- and attached his scabbard to the rings that had been included. He did not put on his shoes; he felt stealth was necessary. He walked out the door without a sound and felt for the darkness. He could track the dark aura like a bloodhound. He searched throughout the manor, noting the large amount of angelic children. He wondered if it was a tour group from the hold to see what jobs they might want when they grew up -- if they grow up -- thought Reiki, cynically.
As he got closer to Dretta's office, he recognized the aura he was feeling. It was the one from last night, the one with hope. Was that hope a lie?
He approached the guards whom he privately thought of as 'spot' and 'rex'.

"Hello kind sirs, may I enter Dretta's office a moment? I think I left a book I wanted to read in there," Reiki asked.

The two guards looked at him with scowls on their faces, then looked at each other.

'Rex' spoke, "You are Angelo, but the Arch is a very private Angela. We would prefer if you came back later."

Reiki thought quickly, "Well I'm sure if you don't trust me enough to be in Dretta's office, I will have to come back later and tell her what dedicated guards she has."

Unfortunately for Reiki, they were either too dense to understand the valid threat or they just didn't care.

"Yes, Angelo that would be preferable," the guard replied.

Reiki sighed, "May I leave a note at least? Slip it under the door?"

The guards looked at each other again and nodded, "You may."

It was 'Spot' who spoke this time.

Reiki pulled a pencil from his pocket along with a small piece of paper. He wrote:

"I know you are here, dark one, but I have not told anyone of your presence. If you feel that you are in need of somewhere else to be while you wait, enter properly through the front door and ask for Reiki. Although, I am sure you could probe the guards' minds for the answer as well. Good night to you- Reiki." He

folded the note and drew a glyph on both sides; one he knew would get the intruder's attention, an ankh.

He slipped the note under the door quickly before the guards could see what he had drawn on the outside. He stood and nodded his head towards the guards. "I shall take my leave then, kind sirs," and then a little louder "I hope the night finds you safe and uneventful." He turned and left, going back to his room.

Reiki moves back to "Reiki arrives... again"

Alexandretta
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #2 on Jun 12, 2005, 3:24pm »

She took off and made her way back to her office, knowing that if the vampire listened to her that would be the easiest place to meet her. She landed on her balcony as she saw the paper being slipped beneath the door. She grinned slightly before stepping into the room calling the candles to light. Her wings spread a bit before they resettled and she yawned. She spoke softly as she moved.

"I am glad you got my message. I would hate for something to happen to you. I have a friend researching how to remove the taint from your blood but the only hope we have found has come from an ancient text and is dangerous to those involved," the Archangel said.

She sat down quietly waiting for the woman to answer her that she knew she was there but only barely.

Lantia
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #3 on Jun 13, 2005, 8:50pm »

A hand rose to wash off the yawn that emerged from the waiting she was providing. As she lowered it her eyes cast about, taking a good look within the office; more then the first encounter. It was very decorative, more so then usual offices that she had seen. There were draperies surrounding the walls. Large sets of pillows aligning the floor in a corner for the use of sleep. The scent of her pet shadow from that corner of the room caught within her nostrils. She raised the lowered hand, giving a soft pet atop the bats head.
"So this is where you stayed while I was sleeping. It was nice of the Angel to give you a place to stay till the moon rose."

The gesture was touching to Lantia but she turned her attention to the thick oak desk with many papers askew upon its surface. She thought angels were more

organized than that but perhaps this one was extra special to get an abundance of paperwork.

Thinking nothing of it anymore, she turned around as she heard voices outside the door. She could hear the guards' louder deeper toned voices then a softer yet still masculine voice caught her attention. The voice was unfamiliar. A shifting sound caught her attention and directed it down upon the floor at the front of the door. Cautiously, she stepped forward brushing a strand of silver black from her face. Crouching, she reached for the paper with the beautifully drawn ankhs on its white surface. At the booming voice, she looked up to the closed door, listening to the words before whoever approached the office, left.

Looking back down, she slowly arose, opening the parchment to read the calligraphy upon it. Slowly, a grin began to emerge across crimson lips. It was amazing how another could know she was here and request for her to approach like a regular person at the front gates and ask for him. She guessed it was a him with the name 'Reiki' upon it. Perhaps, she should go and see this 'Reiki' and ask how he knew she was within the Manor. But what if the Arch came back as she left. The brush of wind from behind and the quick illumination of candles made the decision for her. She raised her left arm, covering her eyes as the light was too sudden, almost blinding her for a moment. A low chuckle slipped passed supple lips as she turned around, looking to Dretta as she lowered her arm back down.

Crumpling the paper within her right hand she stepped forward slowly, swaying her hips unconsciously in their dance. Shadow screeched and flapped his wings, taking flight and then perching upon the balcony of the office.

"Yes, I too am glad that I came here safe and sound. Though I do wonder who else knows of my arrival from this message."

Stepping before the large desk, Lantia dropped the crumpled parchment down before the angel, letting her take a read for herself.

"If you can answer this question for me I would be grateful. But for now lets move on. What is this procedure that is so dangerous? What is so dangerous about it? Whom else would be involved in it?"

The questions were hard to answer, but she hoped the angel had the answers for she wished to know what she was about to get into.

Alexandretta
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #4 on Jun 14, 2005, 5:44pm »

She listened to Silver for a moment and smiled softly as she moved to sit down in one of the more comfortable chairs and looked up at her.

“Well first off, I was told it might be able to be done but at great risk to all involved. First you would need to be drained completely I believe and then your tainted blood replaced with angelic blood. I am uncertain how we would do this but I have one I trust implicitly on it right now. It is unprecedented but perhaps we can do it. It sounded logical when I was told this but it is up to you. Just how badly do you wish to be different? We could not make you human again but perhaps an angel,” Dretta explained.

She watched the woman’s face and smiled seeing the small bat again.

Lantia
Re: The Arch Angel’s office
« Reply #5 on Jun 16, 2005, 12:49am »

Her gaze was set upon the angel as she took a comfortable seat. She seemed calm, relaxed with her presence. Though she had dealt with more of her kind, especially the Lord of the vampires, Targent. How could an angel remain so calm when in the face of her enemy was astounding, but that must be in the ‘faith’ that they all withhold about their ‘God’.

The soft candlelight illuminated Dretta’s form, giving it a soft angelic glow. Within the soft sparkle was the ring she had given her in the cafe in the city. It seemed to be doing its job, keeping her less afraid and bolder around the more dangerous creatures of the night. Seeing how the angel relaxed, Lantia decided to take her own seat as Shadow was already perched upon the balcony railing.

Her boot heels clicked along with each step upon the stone floor till they touched the soft comforts of a rug. Resting upon the rug was a soft black velvet covered chair with armrests. Pale frigid hands gripped the handles, lowering herself down to relax for the moment in the angel’s presence. She had not harmed her in anyway, just yet. And she was willing to help her find a cure of the vampirism.

Reclining back, she let out a sigh and listened to the woman’s description. More questions formed within her mind that she felt needed to be addressed.

“I would like to know who else would be involved in this dangerous procedure. If my blood is drained will that not nearly kill me? For if there is no blood in me, then I do not exist. Plus, there is a much more serious problem if you do take my blood out from me, or at least too much.”

She turned her head slightly, casting her silver gaze to the woman as the candlelight brought out the paleness within her cheeks, the sharpness of her

fangs and the length of her slender body as well as the deep shine of her silver eyes.

“When ones like us do not feed we tend to get a bit cranky. The thirst builds till it is unbearable and the beast is let loose. The call of blood consumes our minds till there is nothing else to think about or fear; only feeding. We do not distinguish between friend or foe in such a state till we have had our fill and then there would be dozens dead, depending on how much is needed to calm the beast.”

Lantia silenced her sultry coated words, letting it all sink into the angel’s mind. There was much to ask, much to learn between them and if she could fully understand the intentions and procedure of this change then maybe she can be free of the endless nightmares.

“I do not think you would want me leashed out in this manor with so many to feed upon. Whether it be angel, human, or child do not matter in the raging state. But even so, how could you mix angel blood with my own? Will that not take a life of another angel to accomplish this? Will that not burn once it is somehow brought back into my body? Won’t the holy blood burn me from the insides?”

A hand rose brushing back a strand of dark locks to rest upon her shoulder once more. Slowly an apologetic smile creased along crimson lips as she spoke with words covered in silk.

“I am sorry for so many questions. I just wish to know all that must take place. I do not wish anything bad to happen during this changing,” the vampire said.

The question asked to her earlier was one she was a bit hesitant to answer. How badly did she want to be different? Her head lowered slightly, bringing the black veil of tresses to tumble and surround her face, giving her a shield from the emotions that crossed her facial features. The thought of becoming even close to human was a dream she had held since the beginning of her embrace.

With her head down she spoke once more to the woman that sat but a few feet from her form.

“I wish to release myself from this endless night. How I wished to feel the warm embrace of another. The delicious tastes of many varieties of foods. The feeling of being whole again...” Lantia expressed.

As she continued her left hand rose slightly, palm up as she turned her head to stare within her own hand.

“The caress of the sunlight upon my skin, without it hurting; the gentle touch of a lover. The feeling of being sick and knowing you are human -- that you’re normal,” she continued.

A quiet sigh escaped, as she seemed to withdraw into her own little world, forgetting the angel within the room.

Alexandretta
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #6 on Jun 18, 2005, 3:31am »

She remained relaxed as she listened to Silver speak and smiled

"Now that sounds like an angel's anger to be honest; to not distinguish from friend or foe in the midst of battle. Among our kind are those that also are afflicted with a madness of sorts, a battle lust that when triggered rages nearly as deeply disturbing."

She smiled to the girl listening and shook her head " I do not think you will ever be human but Merc found a ritual. It is long and painful for both parties. That is why I wish to know how badly you want this, Silver. For one of my angels will be in essence giving themselves to you in a way. I will not force anyone into this I will ask discreetly for volunteers or have Merc do so. But you will be staying here for a long time afterward to make certain that none of those you are leaving can harm you"

Lantia
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #7 on Jul 4, 2005, 9:37pm »

Slowly Lantia uplifted her head to stare at the angel once more. If she were to go through with this, she would be leaving Lord Targent and all her brothers and sisters. After so many centuries as a dark one, she felt close to them, almost a family. That is till the day she made a mistake that almost cost her life. Since then she has felt out of place from them all. They live closely while she lives just out of reach of understanding and compassion, but what vampire holds compassion. It is a human trait. Perhaps she has been harboring her human side since the embrace. She has never felt strong enough to let it go.

Though tempting as the night is, Lantia wanted to become what she missed most -- human. Even if she was to become an angel, it was close to humanity.

A shake of her head brought her out of the revere she placed herself in. Silver and black curls draped along her shoulders as she shifted within her seat. She must make sure, in her non-beating heart and non-existing soul that she wanted this as badly as it seemed. Raising her chin proudly, she set her gaze upon the woman across from her.

“I wish to have another day or two to configure my thoughts. If I am to become an angel, would I be able to get a tour of the manor while here for my stay? I wish to wander around as my self for the two days. To look over things and sort out my thoughts.”

She leaned back within the chair, resting her back upon the soft cushion. She hoped that her request of a tour and wandering about would not be too much. It was something she felt was needed to make her choice.

Reiki
Re: The Arch Angel’s office
« Reply #8 on Jul 7, 2005, 2:24pm »
moves back from “Reiki arrives... again”

After he had wandered around exploring the manor, noting how different it was from the hold in Seraphia like how the lack of daylight tended to play on the gothic construction of the building. He rather liked it. The bright sunshine never was his thing, and he was glad he wasn’t required to stay at the hold. The brightness, the light would be over powering. Though he liked the light, and felt it was perfection of the soul, there is truth to the phrase “too much of a good thing.” After wandering for what seemed like a few hours, he wound up once again at Dretta’s door. Rex and spot were still there.
Reiki over heard voices, one of which he recognized as Dretta’s, coming from the office. He decided to try again with the two guards.

“Hello again. Can I go in to see Dretta now?”

Rex stared at Reiki and said dryly, “She is in a meeting and is not to be disturbed.”

“Who is she in a meeting with?” Reiki was curious as to the answer he’d get.

“We are not at liberty to release that information at this time,” explained the guard.

“Does that mean you don’t know, or that you won’t tell me?” Reiki asked.

“Respectfully Angelo, you are not authorized to receive that information,” Spot said.

Reiki rolled his eyes knowing he might as well be talking to a wall. He knew whom Dretta was talking to. He could feel her presence. But he was unsure as to whether he should interrupt. He did not want to ignite suspicion in the female half-breed.

“And they are a rather paranoid lot,” Reiki thought.

Alexandretta
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #9 on Jul 9, 2005, 2:26am »

She looks at Silver and nods.

"I will arrange someone to guide you through the manor but there are places you will not yet be allowed to visit. I am sorry but though we may be trusting, I cannot even grant you access to some places. You are neither human nor an angel, " she explained.

She looked at her and tilted her head.

Standing from the desk she looked at her and said "Silver as much as I would love to grant you the freedom to roam around, could you do the same if I visited your home? Even here there are those who are not willing to let the past remain there. I cannot truly guarantee your safety."

"Please excuse me a moment Silver, I believe your guide has arrived. He will keep you safe. People have seen he and I together often enough to know he has my trust," Dretta explained.

She smiled softly, as she walked to the door and opened it, touching the guards on the shoulder, she gently said. "Easy boy."
"Reiki, please come in and be welcome in my office. I have someone I need to introduce you to. And I have a favor to ask of you," she said calmly.

Reiki
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #10 on Jul 9, 2005, 3:09am »

Reiki looked into Dretta's eyes as she spoke to him. He felt warm and calmed even.

"Gentlemen," he said to the guards as he nodded toward them.

Reiki followed Dretta into her office and the warmth drained from him. He turned to the female vampire. His cold blue eyes seemed to scrutinize her every detail. He held out his hand in the classic hand shaking gesture.

"Hello, I am called Reiki. What may I call you?"

Alexandretta
Re: The Arch Angel's office
« Reply #11 on Jul 9, 2005, 3:36am »

Dretta allowed him into her office and smiled softly.

“ Reiki, I would like you to meet Silver. Silver, this is one of my dear friends Reiki. Reiki could you do me a favor? You know the work here often times leaves me at loose ends for time away from the office. If there is anyway I could talk you into showing Silver around? It wouldn’t take much time and I would appreciate it greatly, “ her voice was soft as she spoke to him.

Her eyes had not left his face as she settled down on the edge of her desk this time.

“Silver is going to be staying with us for a few days -- maybe longer. I just wish to make certain she is safe.”

Reiki
Re: The Arch Angel’s office
« Reply #12 on Jul 9, 2005, 3:53am »

Reiki tilted his head, “Silver -- such an interesting choice. Silver is pure and reflects light. It has been thought for as long as I can rember to offer protection from evil.”

He held out his hand again.

“Greetings Silver, may you not just reflect light, but broadcast it as well.”

Reiki
Re: The Arch Angel’s office
« Reply #13 on Jul 19, 2005, 12:31am »

When he received no response, Reiki frowned and withdrew his hand. He stepped back half a step, giving Silver room.

“I seem to have made a faux pas. Pardon me if I have offended, Ma’am.”

He waited silently trying to keep his thoughts steady. He did not wish to offend and hoped he had not caused any trouble.

Alexandretta
Re: The Arch Angel’s office
« Reply #14 on Jul 27, 2005, 11:24am »

She moved to Reiki’s side and drew a deep breath; her eyes on Silver for the moment as she placed a gentle hand on Reiki’s shoulder before leaning closer to

his ear. She did not speak quietly enough for it to be a social blunder. She knew the vampire would hear her and she had little trouble with that.

“Reiki remember, she comes to us for help not friendship, my dear. Be careful not to confuse the two in your efforts to aid others.”

“That was something a very dear friend once told me, two dawns before he was stripped from our ranks. He did not heed his own words. See to it you do my friend. I would be grieved to lose you.”

She turned back to Silver, her wings spread slowly. The single black feather that Reiki had given her was laced in with her own; a silver beaded thread keeping it there along with a few other feathers. She looked the vampiress fully in the eyes.

“I grant you something I give few people vampires. I give you my trust for now. So long as you do not wander too far from Reiki, I can guarantee your safety but I cannot guarantee anything more. Should you be only here to prey upon those within this place, I will know. But I do not believe so, regardless what the guards at my door believe.”

“The procedure will be painful and it may carry the highest price there is. I do not know. That is why I asked you how badly you wished to change. If it works you would be one of us. You would be taught according to that and brought to full power that way. As for the other person participating, there is little mention of them after the exchange in the manuscript found by my second, Silver. I am as uncertain of this as you are”

She turned after placing a gentle kiss to Reiki’s cheek, a mild hello and thank you for allowing her his services. She then turned her attention to her desk and the papers upon it. Her head hurt that was a given, but she would not react to it so long as they remained within her office. After all, the Arch angel did not get ill, even when so much weighed on her mind.

The rub was, she didn’t know if her angel would survive or if Silver would survive and it caused a great ache in her heart. Her eyes closed slowly as she settled into the chair, her wings stretching behind her before folding back against her back.

This comes after Reiki shows Lantia around
Jalyn comes to the manor
Jalyn
A new appearance
« Thread Started on Jan 11, 2006, 9:46pm »

A faint gush of erotic wind and light surrounded her as she lightly glided towards the ground. The soft earth holding solid as she placed both feet upon the ground.

Enfolding her brilliant silver glossy wings behind her, a soft smile danced happily about her glistening lips, the shade of a new red rose within the spring. She glanced around and found the place a bit quiet for it's formal appearance.

Sliding soft flesh colored arms down along the shimmering white thin, silken gown she wore, she kept her softened gaze about these magnificent surroundings. Not aware of where she should begin such a long thought out, personal tour she set the small tantalizing curiosity aside, as her main goal was to find someone in charge. Then again, she would be happy to find anyone that could direct her to where she should go. Knowing about such a place was different from actually setting foot in it.

She paused to catch a familiar scent and sight about the place. As long lashes fluttered over sky blue eyes, she inhaled deeply to only find the truest of pleasures. The scent of such a place smelled light and soft, pure and true, of such content and happiness. Although, many more than angels were allowed to pass along here, it still held such a wonder about it; the uprising of such good thought and love. Eyes opened to find herself just standing there, a bit out of place, perhaps the fact she saw no one around for such a busy place. Perhaps everyone was attending to business.

Or perhaps they were all out enjoying what life brought to them for such a cause. Whatever the occasion, she would carry on and find somewhere she should be, if more than anything to run into someone. She wouldn't be getting far if she just stood there all night and gazed, which by all means she could. Soft strides of light feet carried her towards the manor. Surely she wouldn't use her wings to get to such a close destination. She strode on towards the place, the closer she got the higher it seemed to grow. A slight gush of warm and welcoming breeze washed over her form as golden strands of silken hair fluttered lightly against her shoulders.

She smiled as the place seemed to welcome her with open arms, cradling her as if a small infant within a mother's caring and loving arms. Stepping up along the stairs she kept silent to hear if anyone would call out to her. She continued her slow stride, trying to soak in the many delicate sights, still no one to be seen. Surely, very odd as it seemed, she found herself at the front doors. Raising a single hand, thinking only appropriate to knock before ever entering, she knocks with a solemn thud against the thick oak, cherry-colored wood. The sound flowed along her senses as the door seemed to open on it's own. She peered within its small welcoming slit as she pushed open the door with a soft loving caress of her hand.

Turning to look behind her to make sure she wasn't intruding, or perhaps to see if anyone was watching, she turned her gaze back upon the opening of the door as she slipped through. She took a moment to gaze about such a wondrous place before she called out, "Hello, is anyone here?" Her words seemed to echo about

the walls as she stood and glanced about the place once more. Her first thought perhaps was she found herself within the wrong place. Yet she was never led astray before. She quickly shook the thought away and called once again, “Hello. Sorry to intrude, but is anyone here that can help me?” She smiled lightly and took a few more soft steps within the manor and paused to see if anyone would come or perhaps answer to her call.

Alexandretta
Re: A new appearance
« Reply #1 on Jan 12, 2006, 10:46pm »

She left the two alone, certain Reiki would take care of Silver. Her eyes closed and she felt something odd almost a stirring within her heart for a moment before she slipped out onto her balcony, taking flight easily into the evening sky. She flew until dawn, her body finally claiming to need rest as she set down not on her balcony but at the front doors. Seeing the young one before her, she smiled, her wings folding behind her back. She stopped silently behind the girl as she called out to any who might hear her.

Dretta was never one for staying silent when someone needed help and thus she spoke, her voice soft and calming with an odd childlike quality to it.
“Well, I do not know if I would be one you would seek, but might I be of some small help to you?”

Anyone who did not already know this slight woman would never consider she might be the Archangel, but then again many times she had used that to her advantage. She smiled sweetly at the new arrival and tilted her head slightly before looking about. Seeing the main hall deserted; she shook her head.
“The trouble with early morning arrivals is few are awake to greet you “

Jalyn
Re: A new appearance
« Reply #2 on Jan 13, 2006, 12:00am »

She just stood silent with a small smile of enlightenment. A soft soothing feeling surpassed her as she took in all the magnificent sights around her. How true it was, the place was unspeakable, yet to be within such a place, to actually feel and touch it, was beyond sight and words alone. Still the small fluttering thought swept through her mind as to why there were so few people. Surely by now, those would be up, with the rising of the new day. It’s brilliant colors, of gold, orange, red. She trailed off and couldn’t help but to only smile, as the sun brought her such joyous thoughts and company to her mind’s eye.

The simple pleasures of such had her smiling like a small child within a candy store. Closing her eyes she withdrew a small breath of cleansing air as she felt a light breeze about the back of her. Still such a wondrous place held by darkness,

was a bit saddening. A small chill washed over her, one of warmth and love, a welcoming almost familiar chill, as she raised a single arm and pushed back the small amount of hair that trickled over her shoulders, hugging her face lovingly. She smiled and turned towards the one who had spoken to her caressingly, the voice soft and warm, caring and light.

Not startled at all she completely turned and faced the one who had come to her call and smiled warmly. A soft silent moment beheld her voice as she held the angels beauty in awe. Such a wonderous sight indeed, it was almost light and pure at first glance. She couldn't be mistaken; this of course had to be the Arch Angel. Indeed, any who held her grace and elegance in their presence would know first off. Jalyn couldn't help but just smile and nod slightly to the woman's words, hearing her as they bellowed in such pleasant music against her ears.

She began to speak but stopped a moment as she glanced around and smiled, "Yes, please. I'm not quite sure where to go, although I've managed my way here to this unspeakable manor; I am in need of room and board. I was looking for one who could direct me in such a way, if that is possible?" She trailed off and smiled almost as if an innocent child spoke with a desire to learn and question the unknown with such passion.

"Perhaps, you could be of help to me, I could simply meander my own way around if none are up and about. I'm lucky to have stumbled upon you." She trailed off once more and brought up her right hand in means to introduce herself with a warm smile about her lips, "Please forgive my rudeness, my name is Jalyn, and it's very nice to meet you." She glanced past the lovely sight, which held her fashioned still to this moment and laughed faintly. "Ah, yes, you would think those would be up with the early rays of sunlight. The darkness might confuse them a bit perhaps." She turned her gaze back towards her with a small joking laugh, as a bit of curious interest rippled about her as to what the woman's name would be.

Alexandretta
Re: A new appearance
« Reply #3 on Jan 13, 2006, 1:16pm »

A soft laugh fell from her lips as she shook her head. She knew the routine around here but few would believe the manor could be unguarded at any time, let alone early morning. She tilted her head and waited a moment before she spoke to the young woman before her.

"Most who know me call me Dretta, though it is not all I am called these days. Welcome to Angel Manor. I can indeed aid you with finding a place and the halls themselves may help you find what you seek. If you will follow me, I will take you to the guest quarters. Are you expected by anyone?"

She rarely used her title unless she had to and she hoped in this area, she would not need it. As of late, her duties had been weighing heavily on her mind. She moved to lead the new arrival into the manor knowing that she might place herself at risk should there be harm in this woman's intent; she did so with every new arrival. She turned her head slightly as she moved down the corridor and stopped at the beginning of the hallway before bowing slightly to Jayln.

"This is the hall leading to the guest rooms. Please avail yourself to any of the unoccupied rooms. The guard will be posting soon. I, myself, have been out all night and must seek my own rest. I do hope you will be comfortable."

Jalyn
Re: A new appearance
« Reply #4 on Jan 13, 2006, 9:45pm »

She smiled lightly as she continued to keep her sky blue orbs locked on such a beautiful woman as her. Small breaths circulated about her lips as she inhaled each time, her scent light and loving as she spoke to her. She closes her eyes for just a moment to capture such a pure warm essence. She quickly withdrew her hand as she listened to the woman speak. Her words filled her with such a warm light feeling she couldn't help but to be caught within a gaze.

Nodding slightly as she finished speaking, Jalyn smiled and spoke with a loving soft tone about her voice. She knew most were weary of all new arrivals. She could only hope she didn't give off the vibe of bringing any bad intentions to any, nor that she came with any harmful intent. "Thank you, very kindly for showing me the way." She silenced herself as she followed the woman now known to her as Dretta. Grasping every breath, taking in every design and photo; her mind could capture being within such a place as this.

She turned towards the woman as she stopped and bowed slightly to her as she spoke once again.

"I shall find my way from here. It shouldn't be too hard, as you had spoken just a moment ago. And no, I wouldn't think to be expected by anyone. Then again, I'm not too sure of that myself. Once more, thank you kindly, it's very appreciated," she said.

She bowed in return, giving her wings a bit of a relaxing ruffle as she turned and began her way down the long corridor to which she was pointed out the way.

Light steps carried her to see the first door on the right. It looked to be occupied as she stopped and spoke lightly to the woman again.

"Please rest well, I do hope to run into you again," she added.

Jalyn smiled warmly and turned her attention towards the next door as she trailed off to begin her first small quest in finding herself a room to which she could occupy. A soft silent breath of assurance washed over her lightly as she saw another door not too much further away. She stopped in front of it and knocked lightly. Hearing nothing from within she reached for the doorknob and turned slowly.

The door seemed to open on it's own as she glided in with soft steps. Seeing no one and the room in perfect clean condition, she stepped in and shut the door behind her. Settling herself on the bed, she smiled as she slid her hands beside her. The softness was comforting as she withdrew a small breath and extended her wings a bit before enfolding them once more and settling herself within the room. Remembering not many were up and the only one she had met went off to rest; she would just wait to venture out about the grounds of the manor. Surely she would have to ask where she could find her way to one who would know her. She knew why she came, but still now her next small quest would be to mingle and befriend those around her.

She was one not to keep to herself and always wanted to talk with everyone. Knowing there was negativity about in other places, this didn't keep her from accomplishing her goals. She leaned back and kept silent as she said a small prayer in thanks as she arrived safely. She didn't bring much, really nothing at all as she turned her attention to such a well-provided room. She smiled and found herself more than comfortable. Surely, she would want to seek out the friendly face she had met just earlier and thank her for her hospitality.

Jalyn
Re: A new appearance
« Reply #5 on Jan 13, 2006, 11:50pm »

Being a bit anxious, not more of the nervous state, but more of the curious one. Wanting to meander about and see more of what each place had to offer in a sense of balance and entertainment perhaps; she looked around for something she could at lest slip over her. Not wanting to hide the fact she was an angel, more of a sense that the city was always in darkness, and she wanted to be adapted within the cool breeze if one so came her way. At least this way she could mingle in it more than if she had nothing to keep away that small brisk of cold air.

Rising from the bed, she turned toward the closet, opening it with a small smile. Indeed, if they had provided guests with many pleasant things in such a room, perhaps she would also be able to find at least some sort of cloak to keep her warm when outside. Pulling open the closet door, and as she assumed there was a small cloak. It was a bit thin in the warmth area, but surely it would do for her first time out. Grabbing it with great care, she slips it on around her with a small flutter of her wings, since they would be covered. She tied a small knot around

her neck and turned out with silent step out of her room and down the corridor. Finding herself once more at the front of the manor she proceeded and made her way onto the city streets.

Jalyn
Re: A new appearance
« Reply #6 on Jan 14, 2006, 6:46pm »

A soft solemn sigh surpassed bright colored lips as she strolled back to the manor with heavy thoughts. Not so much a worried cause, yet to run into such a thing as she did earlier, was a bit too soon for her. She overlooked the manor, as it brought her a safe warming comfort, perhaps security. No matter, it brought her spirits up higher then what they were earlier. Mingling and being close to such evil had caught her off guard.

She shook the somewhat heavy thought from her mind as the light that seemed to radiate from such a place, filled her and made her smile. She had roamed much more than she had planned. Perhaps now was a good time to see about the grounds of the manor. Not knowing how long she would stay, or if she was actually expected by anyone was still a small puzzle within the back of her mind. So long as she was welcomed in the manor she would stay.

For now, perhaps a small retreat to her room would suffice after such a first mingle within the streets. After regaining some sense of balance and strength, surely she would go back to the city streets and convey more of what she left upon her return to the manor. She smiled once more as light graceful steps carried her within the entrance of the manor; making her way back down the long hall to which she was pointed earlier that day by the friendly woman. Still now, a stifled yawn released itself for she had walked more then she had thought.

Pushing open her guest room with a soft caress of her hand, she flows into the room. She gives a slight loving push as the door shuts with a soft click. She stops at the closet door as she untied the small knot at the front of her neck. Pulling off the cloak that had kept her warm the bit she was out and about, she hangs it back up within the closet and pushes the door to close. Expanding her wings as far as she could, she smiles and raises her hands towards the sky, giving a small huff as she stretches. Folding her wings around her chest, she turns and settles about the soft bed, cradling herself against it like a small child would in her mother’s arms. Long lashes fluttered over sky blue eyes as she closed them and fell into a light rest.

Jalyn
Re: A new appearance
« Reply #7 on Jan 14, 2006, 11:18pm »

Long lashes fluttered open, revealing sky blue orbs as they glanced towards the ceiling of her peaceful, silent room. She rose to sit up as she expanded silver glossy wings and folded them against her back. Reaching back with both slender arms, she pulls the small ribbon that she pulled back her golden strands with earlier, allowing them to sway and dance lovingly against her shoulders. She released a small content yawn, slipping both feet and placing them to the warmth of the floor.

Standing to her full height, she places delicate hands to the edge of the bed and pushes herself up as she stood and glanced in a nearby mirror. She laughed a bit as she raised her right hand and slid a few slender fingers through her ruffled hair while she turned and glanced about the room. Surely more had to be up and about now. Not sure of how long she rested, but even so a good amount of time had passed since she retired to the comfort of her room. She smiled at this, hoping to perhaps bump into someone. She rethought another small trip towards the inner city would accomplish this.

The lights and smells caught her senses well enough before to want to return. The friendliness of most who passed her was welcoming and thus, she hoped she might even hold some light conversation with someone. Light steps took her from one side of her room to the other. Approaching the door, which took her to the corridor, she swiftly glided down. She couldn't help but to stroll a bit in a daze as she turned and made her way towards the main entrance.

She smiled warmly to the few who passed her as she made her way out onto the grounds. Peering around with bright glistening eyes, she tilted her head a bit as indeed, guards were now posted at various spots around the manor. She smiled warmly to them as they noticed her, as she continued towards the streets once more, a venture perhaps this time a bit more fulfilling than the last.

Reiki
Reiki's task
« Thread Started on Feb 7, 2006, 7:40am »
Reiki continues from "Angel Manor :: In Reiki's room"

He walked to the library and decided to get a refill on his coffee. First he realized the pot of "foundling blend" wasn't there. Then he noticed the girl that ran the cart wasn't there either. It was a male, seemingly in his mid-30s and slightly balding.

"Can I help you, Angelo?" the man at the coffee cart asked.

Reiki looked at the man. "Possibly. The girl that's usually here, do you know where she is?"

The man shook his head.

“Nope, haven’t seen her. She left word that she wouldn’t come in today. So I came in to cover for her,” the man answered.

“Ahh well then, perhaps, I should drop in on her. You know where I could find her?” Reiki inquired.

“Hmm. I’m not sure but I think her place is a couple blocks over.” The man pointed and Reiki strolled off in said direction not noticing the man’s eyes momentarily flash red as a grin spread across his face.

Reiki rounded the corner and stopped dead in his tracks. There was a wagon with the word ‘Morgue’ written on the side. Two humans were loading a body covered by a white sheet.

“No. It can’t be,” he said aloud.

Reiki ran toward the building. The local human constabletary were wandering about, asking questions. The door to one building was open and there were more inside. Then on the porch, Reiki spotted the thing that turned his blood cold in his veins. There was a small potted plant, a bush. To most, it would look sickly and under watered but the bright red beans on its branches proved it was indeed very healthy.

Reiki walked into the apartment and headed to the highest-ranking officer, who was eating pastry from a box, and seeming to be joking with the others.

Reiki walked silently up to him and asked, “What happened?”

The man didn’t even stop eating.

“Oh hello, Angelo. It’s nothing that needs to concern you. Some skank hanged herself is all,” the officer replied.

The sky above Azoic City rumbled with thunder.

Reiki glared at the officer.

“I knew this girl and I am offended that you make light of her untimely demise,” he shot back at the officer.

“No offense, Angelo,” he smirked picking up another pastry from the box, “but a lot of men ‘Knew’ her, if you know what I mean.”
Lightning lit up the sky as the loud crash of thunder echoed throughout the city.

“GET OUT!” Reiki shouted at the men.

A look of apologetic nervousness crossed the officer's face.

"But Angelo, we still need to process the scene, document everything and see if there is a will," the officer said.

"I will not alter your precious 'crime scene.' GO take your damn confections with you," the angel said angrily.

Another crack of thunder boomed from the sky.

"But..." the officer stammered.

"If you have a problem, take it up with the Arch. I just want some time alone," Reiki answered.

The officers all left quickly, closing the door behind them. Reiki walked softly into the bedroom. There he saw a rope hanging from the rafters. It was frayed where she had been cut down. There was an overturned chair nearby.

Reiki dropped to his knees put his head in his hands.

"I didn't even know your name, child," he said sorrowfully.

And it began to rain.

Reiki
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #1 on Feb 9, 2006, 10:52pm »

"Kathleen"
Reiki jumped to his feet and turned to face the source of the voice behind him. It was her. He ran toward her, arms opened wide to hug her. Instead, he went through her and hit face first into the wall.

He turned rubbing his head. It was then he noticed that she was translucent with a white aura around her form.

"Silly Angelo," she said with a laugh.

Reiki's eyebrow arched, "You're dead. What are you..."

"Doing here? Well for lack of a better term, I'm a ghost. What you are seeing is the karmic echo of my soul," she explained.

Reiki's mind flashed to his vision of black-winged angels. He reached for his sword.

“No, that won’t be necessary. I have been to my Home in Grace and I came back,” Kathleen replied.

“Why? If you have seen the light of grace, why would you ever...” Reiki began.

“Because a grieving angel is not only the saddest thing, it is also dangerous; to both you and those around you,” the ghost explained.
“But I hardly knew you, why would I grieve? And how could I be dangerous?” Reiki asked.

“You feel all life is precious, and it is, but you tend to go overboard. Taking every death you witness personally. As for danger, there are many stages to grief. And each is a temptation for evil. For one such as you, with the powers you possess, falling from grace would be a very bad thing indeed,” she began.

So of these stages, others or I can help you with. The rest you will have to deal with on your own. But I will tell you right now, my friend, it was not your fault. You will hear things about me that will upset and may disturb you... do not be angry with those who speak ill of me. They don’t know me as you do,” she continued.

“I hardly know you at all,” he replied.

“Exactly. And therefore cannot judge me on my past. You were the only person I have ever met that judged me for who I am... not what I was,” Kathleen explained. “You should appreciate what that means. You gave me hope that day you stopped by my stand... you actually talked to me as if I mattered. You gave me a reason to live.”

Reiki stared at her, “but you committed suicide.”

Her smile never faltered.

“Ahh yes, therein lays the irony,” she sighed.

“I had been feeling ill before we met, but as I said, I was too depressed to care. So that day I actually went to the doctor. He sent me to a seer who was able to see inside my body. The seer found something,” she tapped her forehead, “here,” she conveyed.

“Between the seer and the doctor, it was diagnosed as an inoperable tumor and that I had less than six months to live,” Kathleen added.

A look of sadness crossed Reiki’s face, as the rain outside seemed to let up.

“I’m sorry,” he expressed.

“There is no need to apologize. It was not your fault. Anyway, as I was lamenting my fate, I considered telling you about it the next time you came by. But before I could, you had to go. When I closed down that night and went home, I ran into a strange little man. He told me he could heal me, in a way. He said he could return me from the dead, but only if I died within the next hour. In hindsight I should have known better. I am a fool,” she remembered.

“You are not, you were tricked, it is not your...,” Reiki started to say.

She interrupted him, “no, dear friend, I AM a fool. That is the truth. But my foolish action has served a purpose,” the ghostly figure admitted.

She tilted her head like a dog hearing a high-pitched whistle, the looked again at Reiki.

“I don’t have long for this field trip. Normally, one isn’t allowed to return until their next life, but an exception was made in this case,” she explained.

“Why? What is so special about me?” he questioned.

She waved her hand dismissing the question.

“That is not the question I need to answer. The question is what do you need to do? And the answer is this: help. There are many things that must be taken care of in light of my death such as the shop must be taken care of, this apartment needs to be cleaned, and many other things. I knew this when I was diagnosed, which is why when I wrote my will, I named you as executor. I’m sure it will be a drain on your other duties, but you were the best person I could think of at the time. You are also named as a beneficiary,” Kathleen disclosed.

“WHAT?!?!?” Reiki exclaimed.

“Calm down. Don’t give yourself a heart attack. I left you the coffee bush,” she said pointing out to the porch. “It’s the beans I make founding out of. Consider it a fee if you’d like.

“Oh dear, I really do have to go.” she started to fade from the feet up. “Reiki, friend, don’t be hard on the ones who joke about me; they don’t know any better.”

“Live well my friend,” she said in closing.

Once she left, Reiki walked to the porch and checked on the plant. From what he could remember of plant care, the soil seemed like it had the right dampness. He decided to leave it for the time being. If indeed it had been bequeathed to him, he would have it soon enough.

He leaped from the porch to the street not sure of his feelings. He debated going back to his room or going to the library.

Amon
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #2 on Feb 11, 2006, 12:27pm »

His path led him past an angel walking along the streets. The man looked uneasy, as if something bad was happening. Inwardly, Amon smiled. It's always a pleasurable event, to see an angel in distress.

His clawed hands clenched involuntarily, and through a sheer force of will, he stopped himself from striking out at the angel. He knew the consequences, and besides, they were supposed to be allies in this dreadful world.

His purple eyes, almost soulless orbs, glanced into the angel's face and then he continued on. If the angel stopped him, to talk or whatever, then he would leave it up to the angel to do. He would not bother with him otherwise.

Reiki
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #3 on Feb 13, 2006, 11:09pm »

As he passed by the dark stranger Reiki acknowledged him with a nod and then a thought crossed his mind. "Is all that we see or seem, but a dream within a dream?"

Reiki was slightly startled at the sound of his voice; he hadn't intended to speak out loud. He stopped and hoped the half-breed hadn't taken offense; he didn't seem to be the conversational sort.

Amon
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #4 on Feb 14, 2006, 6:04pm »

The angel's voice stopped him, his claws clenching at his side. Turning his head to the side, watching the man out of his peripheral vision, he spoke plainly.

"Dreaming is for those without hope. Hope is for those without faith. Faith is for those without dreams," Amon responded.

His muscled form rippled for a second, the powerful man barely containing the need to kill. As he stood there though, the battle within reached another climax; and he fell to his knees clutching his chest. The pain was extraordinary as usual and his roar could be heard throughout the city.

Reiki
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #5 on Feb 16, 2006, 5:53pm »

Reiki did not flinch as most everyone else with earshot did. The roar did not disturb him in the slightest.

"He's in pain," the angel realized.
Reiki knelt down beside Amon, "What is wrong? you seem like you're in great pain. Should I see if I can find one of your... kind to help you? I am not all that knowledgeable in vampire physiology and don't know what I can do."

Amon
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #6 on Feb 16, 2006, 6:12pm »

Trying to breathe, for what good that did, and clutching at his heart, he roared again. Making a fist with one hand, he slammed it into the ground, cracking it in a radius around his body. His wings unfolded, the leathery things making it even darker around him. He pushed away from the angel, clambering to his knees the best he could. Using the wall as leverage, he pushed himself up. he was so dizzy, though, that he almost immediately fell back towards the ground.

Then all was black, and he knew nothing more. The only indication that he was still Amongst the moving was the clenching and unclenching of his clawed hands.

Reiki
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #7 on Feb 16, 2006, 8:21pm »

Reiki looked at the obviously injured one in front of him. The first thought that crossed his mind was to leave and let the half-breed fend for himself. But Reiki immediately felt guilty about this thought.

There was something different about this one. The wings were a big give away that he wasn't the standard half-breed, most of them were from human stock.

Reiki stood protectively over Amon. He let out a call for help that could be heard both by the ears and the mind; and by anyone who cared to answer his call.

Amon
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #8 on Feb 18, 2006, 12:38pm »

As the mortals heard the call, they came. Seeing what the call was for though, they quickly backed up. A circle was made, with the two immortals left in the

middle. No one moved to help, none of the mortals anyway. Meanwhile, Amon's body convulsed, the pain waking him up long enough for another roar, only to fall unconscious once again.

While he was awake, he managed to slam his hand against the ground once more, cracking it even more. The crowd backed up even further, unwilling to get too close to such a monster. Shifting uneasily, they all looked to see what the angel would do; most wondering why he was even bothering to help such an abomination to mankind.

As they watched, blood began sliding down his face, from his eyes. If anyone could tell the difference between the different types of blood, they would see that it was vampire blood. Unless they could also see within his body, they would have no clue that the demon blood within was pushing out the vampire blood, the war over.

Amon's trial was over, but the pain was just beginning.

Reiki
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #9 on Feb 21, 2006, 3:12am »

Reiki looked at the humans surrounding him. He had noticed the blood and knew it was not a good thing.

"Please, if none of you know how to help at least point me in the direction of someone who does," he looked at Amon prone form. "I might need help carrying him too."

One man spoke, "But..but..Angelo, it... it's a..."

Reiki interrupted the man an obvious look of disappointment on his face. "He is a sentient being as you or I are. Whatever his form, he is just as worthy of help as any of us."

Reiki made a gruff grunting noise as he started to grab Amon under the arms.

"Now if you won't render aid to your fellow being, then show me someone who does care," he demanded.

The man pointed toward the darkest areas of the city, an area darker than seemed possible even in a city shrouded in eternal night. In Reiki's self guided air tours over the city, he had noticed very few if any humans ever ventured into those darkened streets. But go there he would. He would help this one, even if it was never reciprocated .

Reiki was not the strongest of angels and Amon was heavy so his feet and bottoms of his wings dragged the ground. The crowd parted like the red sea as Reiki moved Amon. It was then Reiki noticed Dretta, standing and observing.

Why had she not offered help? Maybe, she was as ignorant of vampire physiology as he was, but perhaps she would...

“Angela, Dretta,” he punctuated mentally. “Can you help? Grab his feet maybe? I think between the two of us we might be able to get him where he needs to be.”

Alexandretta
Re: Reiki’s task
« Reply #10 on Feb 22, 2006, 9:39pm »

She looked at Reiki a moment before she slipped in and took the creature’s feet without so much as an argument. She smiled to Reiki before closing her eyes a moment.

“Honestly Angelo, I was waiting to see if you needed help. You know it is not my way to interfere with another’s missions. Now where are we taking him? I do not think he would be comfortable in Angel Manor, do you?” the Arch conveyed.

Reiki
Re: Reiki’s task
« Reply #11 on Feb 23, 2006, 2:58am »

Reiki’s eyebrow arched. “Of course not. One of the crowd pointed me there, “ he moved his head toward the darkened area of the city.

Reiki then noticed that the street was empty. All the humans had disappeared. “Though it seems none of them cared to give me more detailed directions.”

As they neared the darkened streets he said, “I’m sure there’s some sort of healer, medic or triage for his kind somewhere around here.”

Reiki looked around read the various signs, some in very bizarre languages, others advertising products ad services that most would have found abominable or disgusting.

As the neighborhood seemed to grow darker Reiki could feel things watching him and Dretta. They seemed to be gathering around them, staying out of sight; waiting to see what business the two Angels had here

Amon
Re: Reiki’s task
« Reply #12 on Feb 23, 2006, 5:42pm »

His body was heavy, and the blood dripping from his orifices didn't seem to be lessening it any. Something strange was most definitely happening, though, if any of the two angels had stopped to check they would have felt a pulse, something no vampire had. Because of that, there was probably no reason for them to think to check.

Reiki
Re: Reiki's task
« Reply #13 on Feb 24, 2006, 4:17am »

As Reiki carried Amon and read the signs about him, he noticed that the blood was different. It smelled different than before. It was a smell Reiki recognized. It was then he also noticed the pulse..

"Oh goddess, what is happening?" he exclaimed.
He looked at Dretta.

"Did you feel that? I think we need to find someone to help him, quick. Who knows what could happen if..."

He did not complete his sentence for he had spied a sign that looked promising.

"This way," he said as he headed toward a very grungy looking shop with dead flowers in the box garden.

Reiki
PostPosted: Thu Mar 02, 2006 3:22 am Post subject: Reply with quote

"No, No, No, No! Get out! We don't serve your kind here!" said a bizarre-looking little man behind the counter as Reiki walked through the door.

Reiki turned his head as he carried Amon further in.

"But he..."

The man was suddenly next to Reiki.

"Him we'll help, you will leave NOW," the bizarre-looking man insisted.
Before Reiki could ask where to set Amon, several big-eared, spindly-limbed creatures came from seemingly everywhere; a few carrying a stretcher. They quickly transferred Amon's body to the stretcher and carried him to the other room.

Reiki opened his mouth to thank the man but instead found both himself and Dretta being shoved out of the door

“Out! You go away. You should not be here! Go back to your places! These places are ours!” the man persisted.

The door slammed and Reiki heard the distinct sound of a lock being turned.

“Well then,“ Reiki said to Dretta as he started to walk back the way he came. “I suppose not everyone is glad to see an angel hmmm?”

Amon
PostPosted: Sat Mar 04, 2006 9:32 am Post subject: Reply with quote

After being brought in by the stretcher, Amon shifted, the blood flowing through his veins; awakening abilities he would come to find in the next month or so. As one of the little men came towards him with a scalpel, unsure of what to do, Amon’s eyes shot open, the purple of the pupils flaring brightly. It didn’t take him much to rip out of the bonds on the stretcher, and then he rocketed up, smashing through the ceiling and coming up into the night sky. His darkened skin barely visible against the stars, but the roar of triumph and of a new sense of power could be heard throughout the city.

He fell back towards the earth, not bothering to unfurl his wings to catch himself. Instead, he hit the ground, landing with one knee on the ground, the other leg bent with the knee up. The whole area of the street that he landed on cracked with the force of the impact, but he stood up like it hadn’t even phased him. He chuckled eerily, and turned around walking off.

Goes with Reiki carrying Amon
Goes after his meeting with dark visitor

Haischumein
PostPosted: Thu Mar 23, 2006 12:21 am Post subject: quiet musings Reply with quote

Seeing the open and brazen hatred of the vampire towards the angel, Haeshka gazes somberly towards where the bizarre-looking man had so recently stood. How would balance be brought to this fragile world when even angels could not walk the alleys of this city.

A slight burning sensation reminded Haeshka Manju of the tattoo oh-so-recently seared into his back -- a great scale with a feather balanced perfectly by a bar of tarnished gold. This had only happened days before, and since that moment, he knew his calling; he must try to bring the races, all the races, even the werewolves and the fey beings, together. Together, maybe not in some great communion, but at least in enough cooperation that open displays of hate like this event would not continue.

“Thank the balance for the treaty,” he thought.

With that final thought, he set off to seek a way to resolve disputes, not as he had in the past when he was a judge of ordinaries; but now as a self-appointed arbitrator in the affairs of all creatures.

Find the post of him at the library
Haischumein
PostPosted: Thu Mar 23, 2006 12:29 am Post subject: Approaching the Library...To Knowledge, or Ignorance? Reply with quote

As Haeshka Manju approached the library, he noted the steps, they were once... pure, serene; like a granite stone cunningly chiseled to show no seam. Now, the steps had cracks, scars running through them. Oh they were no health hazard, but they were there and visible nonetheless.

He approached the library’s doors.

“One must wonder if these cracks are a sign of the pain, the loss of bliss,” he reasoned.

Chuckling to himself at the near insane mutterings, he opened a door and entered.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri Mar 24, 2006 7:59 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She watched as Reiki disappeared into the stacks then moved, closing her eyes for but a moment. Her mind not on the futility of mortality unlike her friend but on one she had once met long before, being sent here. She knew humans died. Some horribly, some in battle, some by their own hand. It always amazed her that for all their seeming futility of short lives, they still had the passion to choose to die for what they loved…or believed in strongly enough.

She leaned against one of the bookshelves waving away the young man that came to her aid. Perhaps she should simply leave Reiki to his work... but she knew something was wrong with the young angel. That and besides Mercury, he was basically her only friend. She closed her eyes once more and sighed softly for only a moment then a smile crossed her face as she moved slowly among the stacks herself. She knew if Reiki had need of her, he would seek her out swiftly. She moved to a section of poetry. The young woman had a love of the written word that could rival most people’s passion for their friends. She removed a volume from the shelf and moved fluidly to the table to settle down to read.

Reiki

PostPosted: Thu Apr 06, 2006 5:40 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

When Reiki looked away for a second from the book he was reading to jot down a note, he saw out of the corner of his eye, a small girl, no more than 5 years old, with flame-colored curls and very striking green eyes. She seemed familiar to him but he couldn't quite place her.

She waved at him and softly, almost a whisper said, "Hi."

Reiki smiled at the child, "Hello to you too, child. Are you lost?"

The little girl locked her hands behind her and fidgeted.

"I…umm…dunno? I…umm...was playing and then mommy umm...I dunno where she is…" the child said.
Reiki stood, "So you are lost…let's see if we can find your mother, hmm?"

A defiant smirk crossed the girl's face.

"I'm not lost! I know where I am...And mommy always told me not to go anywhere with strangers," the girl informed him.

Reiki kneeled in front of the child.

"Yes, your mother is a very smart woman. I am called Reiki, and what may I call you?" he asked.

The girl fidgeted some more and softly said, "Heather" and bit her bottom lip as if waiting to be chastised.
Reiki stood again never touching the girl, as he did not want to seem threatening and said, "Come then. Let's find her then Heather. Do you agree?"

She nodded quietly and they started to walk among the stacks. Talking softly.

Guest
1 Metals
1.0 Nanotech
PostPosted: Fri Apr 14, 2006 9:09 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She finished with her book and slowly rose, her eyes brimming with tears. Many was the time she had allowed a book to influence her thoughts at the time, but the feeling of tragedy and lost romance in some of the legends could stir the young angel's heart easily. The way so many of her kind lost themselves to the ones they loved, wanting their own end when their partner met their end…it still tore her apart. That was why she had never tried to become involved with

another. She had to remain objective though somewhere inside, she wished for the passion she had heard of.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 11:56 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

A disturbance as she felt the images of violence impressed upon her mind; blood and death strong enough violence to rouse even her protective shields. She rose from her seat and made her way outside. Looking up for a moment, she gave a silent prayer for the souls she had felt in terror. She swiftly took to the air, her mind seeking all those within her vicinity. Finding them well, she traced the fear as best she could, her armor appearing upon her slender form as she winged her way through the skies.

Reiki
PostPosted: Wed May 31, 2006 5:11 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

As he followed the girl he felt...something familiar... but he couldn't place it. The feeling left him with a cold chill as he stopped for a second to get his bearings. It was as if he suddenly forgot whom he was and was filled with an indescribable feeling of rage and despair. The feeling lasted only a second, if that, but it felt like an eternity within Reiki's soul.

He blinked; the child was standing staring at him.

"Are you OK, Mr. Reiki?" she asked.

Reiki nodded at the girl who suddenly seemed…different. Her hair had turned from red to blond; her dress seemed different as well.

"It's probably just a trick of the light," thought Reiki as they started to walk again.

With the child talking nonstop about everything she saw, everything she'd seen, everything she wanted to see; about how slugs were icky and flowers were pretty...all the things that to a child seem dreadfully important, but trivial at best to adults.

Reiki
PostPosted: Mon Jul 24, 2006 10:25 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

As they turned the corner, Reiki blinked as she changed again. It was subtle, more of a shimmer than an outright transformation. Her hair was dark now as black as a raven's wings…or his own. He stopped and cocked his head to the side.

"Child who are you, really?" Reiki asked.

The girl's dress twirled around her as she spun on her heels to face him.

"Who am I?" she giggled as little girls do. "I am, that I am. Silly goose."

Reiki's eyebrow arched at the answer.

"Does that mean what I..." he began.
"Think it means?" she answered sing-songly. "Yes... and no. You see, my dear Angelo, I cannot be explained that easily or even complexly. I came to you as I do all of my children."

She started to walk again.

"Whatever view of me they have," she answered.

Reiki started to speak but the girl who had once again changed her hair an odd shade of lavender, her dress now a clashing shade of orange.

"I know your thoughts, and I know your doubts. I will say simply this, you have your place in this world, I promise you. But you also must help others find theirs. There are those who walk this world who are as uncertain, if not more so, as to their place in the universe. Or even if they should even exist. Be tolerant of those whose views are different from yours, even if you see them as abominable... even a stopped clock is right twice a day," she looked upward and snickered. "Sometimes I wonder who really runs things."

She stared to glow as if lit from within

"I must go...I wont come to you again, my dear…not in this form nor this directly. But I will leave you with this truth. Your soul is your own and so is your path. This is how it is with all free beings. Remember, my child, I will be watching and listening," she said.

She glowed brighter and brighter until Reiki was blinded and then she was gone. He blinked to try to get the stars from his eyes. He looked around and no one else seemed to have seen the bright light and most seemed to be ignoring his presence.

"Was that real?" he thought to himself rubbng his chin. "Or was it another trick?"

He sighed knowing that the answers would not be forthcoming as easily as that. His eyes fell on a clock and he noticed the time.

"Oh no," he mumbled to himself.

It was later than he thought and he needed to go back to his research. He saw the table still piled with books; he started toward it walking through the reading circle trying hard not to disturb any of the folks sitting in the chairs as he passed.

Where Reiki meets Rhiannon
Rhiannon
PostPosted: Thu Jul 27, 2006 4:12 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Rhiannon sat alone pondering the next step. It had been a month since she left home.

“Home,” she grumbled to herself as she slid another bead down the gold wire she was holding.

With deft skill and precision, she wound the wire and clipped it off with her beading pliers. She reached into a small wooden box beside her and selected a round clasp. She attached the clasp to the string of crystalline beads.

“That’s nice,” she said softly as she placed the newly made necklace in the box. “It’s a shame this one won’t sell either.”

She sighed again and pulled out an incomplete project. It looked almost like a necklace she had just put away save for the type of beads, wooden rather than crystal, and the intricate pattern, a grouping of small beads then a large one then another grouping of small beads, etc. She counted off the small beads, ten, then slid a large one down the wire. The repetitive pattern had a calming effect on her, so much so, she almost didn’t notice the presence nearby. Felt it she did, however and she raised her eye to look for what or rather whom she sensed. Her hands never stopped working as her eyes scanned the area and fell upon an angel; an angel with a chaotic and confused aura that shifted from grief to pride to anger then joy... and he was talking to thin air.

Rhiannon cocked her head to one side like a canine hearing a high-pitched whine. The air in front of him was not as thin as she had thought, it seemed. She couldn’t hear the conversation but as the angel spoke, his aura seemed to vibrate slightly. Then suddenly there was a disturbance like someone throwing a rock into a pond. The angel stood still, seemed to gaze in her direction and started walking toward her.

“Oh great now he’s gonna want to talk me,” Rhiannon thought.

She put her head down trying her best to look disinterested, hoping he would just ignore her. But she knew from experience whether it was the angels or the vampires or anyone else, everyone thought their religion was the best and wanted to tell you all about it, and how wrong you were for thinking anything else. That’s why she left home; she had gotten tired of her father’s proselytizing.

“Humans once lived among the stars and ruled Aurora with peace and harmony and will again... My ass,” she thought to herself.

Reiki
PostPosted: Fri Jul 28, 2006 2:44 am Post subject: Reply with quote

He walked past a few empty chairs when a feeling of...hatred brushed across his empathy. No, not hatred exactly, more like annoyance, but stronger. His mind was occupied with the new emotion, attempting to catalog it better. Unfortunately, he wasn’t watching where he was going and tripped over a wooden box sitting next to a chair.

Predictably and awkwardly, he met the ground hands first with an “Oof” and an “Ouch.” He turned to a sitting position and found himself staring at a pair of knees. His eyes followed the knees to lap and up until his eyes met the gaze of the woman sitting in the chair.

With a sheepish grin he spoke to her.

“Hello,” he said as he started to get to his feet. “I am called Reiki. What may I call you?”

He looked at her hands and the project she was working on.

“Fascinating! I saw a picture of one of those in my research. It’s called a rosary. Am I correct?” Reiki said.

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Mon Aug 07, 2006 8:59 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Rhiannon looked at the prostrate angel. There was something disarming about him. Part of it was because he was on the floor.

“You are called Reiki, you say?” she said with a wry smile as she joined the angel on the floor to pick up her beads that had scattered. “Personally I would have called you Mr. Clumsy.”

Most of the beads stayed within the little pouches she used to keep them separated, so the spill wasn’t nearly as catastrophic as it first seemed.

“I myself have been called many things, most of them quite inappropriate to be mentioned in current company.” She said as she gathered the last of the beads and put them in their proper places. “My name, however, is Rhiannon.”

She stood and looked up at the now standing angel. She was slightly annoyed that he hadn't apologized, but he hadn't chastised her either.

"So was there anything else of mine you want to destroy or are you going to just stand there in my way like a doofus?" she asked sarcastically.

Reiki
PostPosted: Thu Aug 10, 2006 1:25 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki arched an eyebrow at the doofus comment. Her annoyance was now obvious even to those without empathy, but that's not what gave him pause. While almost all of the others had met him with fear and trepidation... or even more disturbing to Reiki, reverence and awe, this human, this woman was acting as if he if he were like anyone else -- an equal. Reiki liked this. It was such an honest response, and as Reiki found when he skimmed her emotions, a deserved one.

He stepped to the side and bowed his head slightly.

"I am sorry Rhiannon, I did not mean to disturb your art. I find all art precious and hold those who create it in high regard. Please let me treat you to a cup of coff.." he stopped himself before he finished the offered and mentally fought back a tear.

No more tears! I can't risk it any more," he thought.

His eyes closed tight as he took a breath and continued with the sentence as if he had never stopped.

"Or dinner perhaps? I know there is a nice cafe a few blocks from here," he finished.

He looked at her again with a warm smile hoping she would accept. He so wanted someone to talk to about art and it's creation, and this woman seemed to share his views…at least on that level.

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Sat Aug 19, 2006 2:09 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Her first thought was "Hell no!" but that's not what came out of her mouth.

Instead she said, "Why the hell not? But on three conditions. One , this is NOT a date. We go dutch or no dice. Two, I pick the place, no fancy restaurants or cafes. There's this diner I go to all the time. It has good food for cheap. And three, I pick you up. I assume you'll be at that gaudy manor? Eight o'clock on the dot, or I eat without you."

She paused for a second before adding, “And one more thing, NO FLYING. If my feet were meant to be off of the ground, I would have wings like you.”

She stared up at him, not showing any sign of submissiveness. She didn’t seem to care if he was a foot taller than she was, she was not going to be pushed around.

Reiki
DN Writer’s Community
Joined: 24 Feb 2006
Posts: 33
Location: Azoic City, Angel Manor
500 Metals
271.0 Nanotech
PostPosted: Sun Aug 20, 2006 10:48 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki was amused, to say the least, and in some part relieved. He had no idea how he was going to handle the evening and whatever romantic implication occurred. But now he didn’t have to worry.
He had enough on his mind. He smiled at her again.

“I would hardly call the manor ‘gaudy,’ but yes I will be there. If I am not outside, just ask for me at the desk,” he instructed.

He bowed his head to her.

“I look forward to tonight, it will be refreshing to talk to someone who enjoys art as I do.” Reiki admitted.

As he turned to walk away he said, “I really must go now, but I promise I will be ready at eight.”
He walked back to the table and found that most of the books had been gathered up by the staff. A few scrolls and a copy of something called ‘Zen and Art something maintenance’ the rest of the title was obscured by wear and tear.

Reiki was slightly annoyed, but happy thoughts of his impending evening over washed them. He gathered his notes, the book and a few of the scrolls as well as another book he had found with the rather amusing title, to Reiki at least, “Art of War”.

“War is not art but I still would like to know the persons thoughts,” he said to himself.

He walked to the checkout table and was told the scrolls had to stay, but if he needed copies a cartographer could found for him. Reiki waved off the offer

“I have taken all the notes I need, if I must, I shall return,” Reiki said.

He checked out the two books, signing his name with a small flourish and walked out the door and headed for the manor.

Reiki moves to: Angel Manor: back to the manor again

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Sat Jul 01, 2006 4:28 pm Post subject: Returning to work Reply with quote

Charity sighed softly as she walked the city streets. It had been a few days since she had last been here. She shook the long black strands from her face as she tucked her briefcase under her arm. The soft sound of her heels clicking against the street echoed in the silence around her. She wore the soft black skirt that came to her knees with a slight slit in the back for movement. Draped across her supple breasts was a black silken blouse. She didn’t know why she had chosen black this night but it seemed the right choice.

Brushing her hand absently across the skirt, she trailed her tongue over her lips, moistening them in the cool night air. She pushed the thoughts away as she stopped in front of the library, her eyes once again drinking in the sight of the imposing structure. Taking a deep breath, she stilled her nerves tucking a strand of raven behind one ear. She took the first step tentatively before her bold stride once again carried her up these steps. By the time she reached the door, she was whistling. One delicate hand reached up and braced against the door with a slight push. She opened the door and slipped inside. It took a moment for her soft blue eyes to adjust to the light. Tracing a hand over her slim waist, she stepped up to the main desk and cleared her throat.

“ I would like to see Mercury if you please,” she announced.

Charity nodded to the assistant having stated her message. She listened to the girl’s answer. She left instructions that she was to be notified when he returned. Turning away from the girl, she headed for her office. She had much to catch up on in a short time. She called for her assistant as she stepped into her office, the soft click of her heels echoing around her. Laying the briefcase on her desk, she opened it as the assistant entered, bringing her a mug of black coffee. She sighed as she took the first sip then placed the mug upon her desk. Taking a few folders from her briefcase, she set them on her desk. She had picked up a few estate sales and purchased a good deal of items. Among the old furniture and artwork she had found books. Some of these books, she believed would benefit the library while others she could not even read. The language of some texts was obscure and unknown to her.

Shaking her head, she raked her fingers through her hair and listened to the reports from her assistant. She gave a few instructions to the girl and sent her on her way. Settling down behind her desk she picked up the first folder and started going through the lists and invoices of what was to be delivered.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Thu Jul 06, 2006 11:43 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Charity sighed softly leaning back in her chair. She had been at this for hours, she thought to herself, as she tucked her hair behind her ear. There was so much to catalog and sort when the delivery came in that she would be at work for weeks to get it all done. She closed her eyes a moment placing the back of her hand upon her forehead as she stretched her shoulders. What she needed right now was a break, she thought.

Slowly, she placed the folders back into her briefcase and rose to her feet. She slipped her shoes back on before tucking the rest of her papers into the desk. She reached up a hand and raked it through her long dark hair and giving a soft shake of her head. She wasn't exactly dressed for going out but it would have to do. She would have to return to work long before she could ever go home. Running a hand over her slender waist and brushing out the knee-length black skirt, she called for her assistant. When the girl walked in Charity gave her instructions on filing the reports she had left on her desk. She informed the girl that she would return later.

She stepped from the office leaving the girl to the paperwork and took a deep breath. The great circular library had always amazed her and she loved it here. The long halls and tall shelves of books had struck a chord inside her the moment she had set foot in the place. The small apartment she maintained had enough room for her artwork as well as her living quarters. Sometimes, she still missed the gallery. Shaking her head she pushed the thoughts away as she approached the main desk. Her high heels clicked against the floor casting an echo around her. The sound brought a smile to her lips. She stopped at the main desk telling the attendant that she would be out and asking if Mercury had returned. With the answer in mind, she turned away and walked out the door. The soft black hair shimmered slightly in the light as she moved along the street, her hips swaying in a soft rhythm as she headed toward the heart of the city.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Mon Apr 10, 2006 1:01 am Post subject: A Waltz Through History

Entering the old library was something Haischumein had not done in years, years since he had begun learning of law, justice, equality, where he had begun his journey to learn not only the letter, but also the spirit of things.

Haischumein nodded and smiled graciously to the young woman standing off to a side reorganizing some texts. She had had an issue with her former husband over who was to take care of her son, Haischumein had sided with her, uh... Eliza...That had been her name yes...

He did not learn the spirit of things in this library, no. Books could not relate the ideas of mercy; they taught justice. Books spoke of “truth”, all simple terms, with nothing in the margin. But in his career, he had learned the value of patience and compassion, seeing past the individual incident and seeing to the soul of the people involved, to find the common thread amongst all beings, to repair damages and renew bonds.

Opening a few choice books, he began to open his mind, as a ravenous glutton to a feast. For hours he felt nothing but the raw power of the words. Yes, it was true books could not fathom the power of their own words, nor the power of ideas beyond truth, yet the power within books still held, in a manner of indifference they held, yet they held all the same.

After a time Haischumein fell out of his rapture, wiping sweat from his brow with his handkerchief.

Like any being on the planet, he had heard of the great powers of the universe; Lord Targent, the hated vampire lord, The Archangel Alexandretta, the gracious, and most beautiful being, and General Aarious Orion. There was much to be said of Orion. He was a warrior of great valor, a strategist without peer. However, now that outright ‘wars’ had ceased, what were the man’s aims? For that matter what were the agendas of any of them? Maybe if he could work with the general, he could accomplish his own goals. Haischumein understood that despite this Matrix Treaty, as with any law, problems would arise. He felt that all creatures, even the capricious vampires, had some semblance of rightness, maybe not goodness in the ideological sense, but a desire for order, even if only on surface practice.

It was strange how it came to him, one night alone, reviewing a case, reading upon an insurmountable wave of evidence pointing towards the guilt of a man in the killing of a traveler. He had felt there was something wrong, and had spent hours reviewing the files. He finally decided to take a walk, when a vampire came from the shadows, speaking as those distressed. The emotion didn’t show, but at that moment Haischumein felt as though he could... feel what was behind the masque, the visage...

“Maybe after so many years of starring down soul after brightly blazing soul, I can finally feel righteousness,” he chuckled.

A disturbed gentleman looked over, blanched and moved away. Haischumein chuckled again realizing he had said that statement aloud.

“Well if that didn’t sound high-minded...” he said.

It was after that night he had begun to think that it was possible to sway ANYONE into cooperation. It was simply a matter of seeing the core of every problem, every vice. Yes, vice, that is it. Even the vampire’s vice is deficient; it does not sate them, whatever “it” was. If only he could bring a balance to things, then could the chill be lifted from his own burning soul.

This comes between Haischumein’s time in library and riding through streets and sees Charity walking then goes back in library

Haischumein
PostPosted: Mon Apr 10, 2006 1:38 am Post subject: Elation Reply with quote

Leaving the once grand library, Haischumein returned to the streets, and made his way back to his home. Fetching his favorite horse, a dapple-gray, named Ehrenwort, he rode a short way outside of a town to a small enclosure surrounded by some older trees. It was nice and cozy, with a perfect view of the sky, and small pond to allow the mare to drink; and a large, smooth stone he could rest on while contemplating the days ahead.

He slowly unfolded in his mind, all that he had digested. Interestingly enough, his mind seemed to be more on food lately.

Thinking to himself, he realized he had not eaten at all that day.

He sighed, “I almost regret giving up my position, it was nice having a secretary tell me what needed to be done in my day-to-day life such as eating. Thankfully, I have not yet forgotten when I have had the need to relieve myself.”

He chuckled.

A figure stepped out, it was difficult to form a physical description as this being seemed to blend so well with the background, and it was night.

“Evening, and welcome Judge,” said the sweet, flowing voice of the apparently female creature before him.

“Greetings and Salutations to you as well, but please, do not call me ‘Judge’, I have since stepped down from my position,” he replied.

“In word you have left the trappings, and formalities of your passion, but within your heart you still live that life. But what is unknown is, are you still as honest, forthright, and most importantly, aware of what it is inside your mind?” the dark figure asked.

“If what you mean is that I still intercede in the lives of the humans that I once helped to stay in domestic hospitality, then yes,” he said.

His jaw had clenched and his heart once again felt that chill, he pulled his clothes tighter around him to make it appear as if he had become cold.

The creature stepped out from the shroud, the air around him warmed, ‘she’, was smiling.

“Oh, how much you have to learn if that is how you are going to behave. One would have thought that after all those years, you would have learned to at least keep your composure if not see the truth inside yourself,” she remarked. Gathering himself together, “Yes, thank you for your gentle reminder. I was beside myself. How do you know of my, realization?”

Yes, realization, that was the word for what had come to pass: Not Situation[/u], not Issue[i]. He was not one of his own cases. He was simply a man, discovering what was right, as he had done time and time again, though this time he felt it would be a true journey, one oft spoke of in the books of his youth.

“Yes it will be young Judge,” the woman replied.

“STOP, calling me Judge! Wait, what will be?” he said.

“You know to what I refer,” she responded.

Trembling he realized, or thought the creature, he assumed it was a fey, by the green hue her skin had taken on, she seemed covered in nature itself, had read his mind.

“Tell me, tell me! What is it I must do to set things aright,” he inquired.

“Tsk, tsk, you know as well as I, council is one matter, outright being told an answer? Would that not be akin to accepting a bribe in your former courts, minus, of course, the monetary pleasure gained later?” she reminded him.

Sighing, “Yes I guess it would be.”

He chuckled, “Well I guess I must be off now, right the world.”

“HALT!” she commanded.

He stopped, and so did his heart for a beat.

“First, it is not about righting wrongs and you know this.” The voice was not serene, but very crisp and sharp now, “Second, you must not take this venture alone, seek out another, it does not matter who particularly, simply work with others, and learn from those who have seen more than you. That is all the counsel I offer. Fare thee well,” she advised.

With that the creature left, leaving him to contemplate far more than he had originally intended, he was going to need a midnight snack after all.

B**efore he gets ready for date with Rhiannon**
Reiki
PostPosted: Wed Aug 23, 2006 2:11 am Post subject: back to the manor again
Reiki continues from: City Library: in front of the library

As Reiki crossed through the door to the manor, he felt odd. He looked forward and there standing in front of the main desk was a man in a three piece suit; a human, or at least he looked human. Reiki couldn’t get a read on him, but the young man behind the desk looked even more nervous than usual.

The suited man turned to face the angel.

“Are you the Angelo known as Reiki?” the man asked.

Reiki nodded with some ambivalence and set his hand on the hilt of the Baka-Ai.

“Yes, I am called Reiki,” he answered.

The man did not smile or even acknowledge Reiki’s answer; he picked up the briefcase at his feet.

“I am Nathaniel. I represent the firm of Smith, Blackwyne and (this word was a strange collection of squeaks, pops and growls) in matters of probate regarding one Kathleen Greentree,” the human explained.

Reiki understood then. The will he was executor over and this man was here to aid him in that task.

“I see come then Nathan, my friend, let us retire to one of the nooks and get this taken care of,” Reiki said with a smile.

“Mr. Reiki you shall address me as ‘Nathaniel’ and I am not your friend. There is much that needs to be done, not to mention the arrangements for the body. I have set up in the conference room, “ Nathaniel answered.

He turned and walked towards the glass-lined room to the left. As Reiki approached, he saw piles of scrolls and other papers.

“Oh dear goddess, What have I gotten into now,” Reiki thought.

Reiki
PostPosted: Tue Aug 29, 2006 7:47 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Only fifteen minutes had passed, but to Reiki it seemed like months. Nathaniel was talking about something Reiki tried to follow but even though the words the man spoke were English, they seemed to make no coherent sense. To Reiki it had all started to sound like “the party of the first part to the party of the third part divided by the square root of the cosine of pi alamode with chocolate cream de mint gabba gabba hey...” or something simlar.

“I’m sorry what? Say that again?” Reiki said.

“This is a standard binding soul liability waiver,” said Nathaniel. “You must sign it in triplicate.”

Reiki’s expression changed “explain what that means, and do not try to deceive me. i can tell if you’re lying. And my reaction to such would be unpleasant for you,” Reiki asserted.

Once again, the man showed no emotion, not even a hint that he was in any sort of danger.
“Mr. Reiki I am a Barrister, I do not lie. To do so would mean my disbarment,” the human clarified.

Reiki nodded, he had heard of Barristers or rather shady legends of such. But whether the stories praised or demonized them, two things held true in all the tales. Barristers were adept at twisting laws and rules into pretzels to aid their clients without ever actually breaking them and they had an iron-clad if convoluted dogma. It was said that to break any rule in that dogma would cause the Barrister to be disbarred, or unmade, his very being ceasing to exist.

“I’m sorry, I did not mean to offend. But do please explain exactly what this paper means. i am unfamiliar with the dialect,” Reiki replied.

Then something happened that Reiki found slightly off-putting and anyone else would have found deeply disturbing. The Barrister smiled or rather his reflection in the mirror smiled. The man sitting across from Reiki was as stoic as ever.

The Barrister’s voice or rather a ghostly whisper that graced across Reiki’s mind.

“You know what questions to ask... interesting. Let me tell you something about my kind Mr. Reiki. We never take a client unless we know all of their secrets. Though I have not lied to you, I have withheld some facts. One due to the terms

of Miss Greentree's will, you are now my client until such time you terminate that contract. There is no penalty for such action. As my client, you are entitled to the rules of attorney client privilege. You are entitled to full disclosure. Il advise you ask the proper questions to get the answers you desire. Also anything and everything you tell me not even God can make me unveil unless there is a third witness to such conversation. In your case, I think we should keep the rest of this conversation as it is now... agreed?" the Barrister finished.
"Yes, I agree," Reiki said.

To the outside world the angel and the man in the dark suit did nothing but sign papers in silence for two hours. Then they stood, gathered whatever papers they were entitled to and strolled from the conference room.

Reiki nodded towards the Barrister as he left and made a beeline to his room. He needed a shower before he met up with Rhiannon. He was looking forward to the evening.

Reiki
PostPosted: Fri Sep 08, 2006 11:56 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki entered his room and sat at the table. He pulled his journal out and started to write. Unfortunately, his thoughts were cluttered and his writing didn't make much sense or at least it didn't to him. It seemed to be one long ramble.

He shut the book, put away his pen and walked into the small alcove in his room that served as a washroom. It was here; he realized the shower was definitely not designed for someone with wings. He looked at the room and wondered how difficult it would be to expand the shower about a meter square or even install a large tub.

"I will have to look into that, it shouldn't be that hard," he said to himself.

His mind snapped back at the memory of Rhiannon's threat to eat without him and with a small chuckle he grabbed the large towel hanging on the bar and the shampoo.

"The rec area's locker room has a shower where I can stretch my wings," Reiki realized.

Reiki
PostPosted: Sat Sep 16, 2006 3:27 am Post subject: Reply with quote

The locker room was surprisingly empty. The last time Reiki had taken a look inside, the room had been bustling as had the gym area but other than a handful of youths playing basketball in the gym; it was deserted.

“Just as well. I guess this way I can unfurl and not have to worry about smacking someone with my wings,” he remarked.

He hung his towel on one of the hooks and stepped into the gang shower. He turned on the fourth spout from the entrance and adjusted the temperature. Soon the room was filled with steam. He used the shampoo on both his hair and body, preened his wings a bit. Once he rinsed off, he turned off the shower and gave his wings a few powerful thrusts to shake the water from the pinfeathers.

He walked to the door, grabbed his towel and started to dry his legs when he heard a soft voice gasp and say “Oh um, WOW!”

He looked up and there was a young lady, Reiki guessed no older than 20, standing with a look of shock on her very red face. She was tightly clutching the handle of the cart full of clean towels she was pushing.
“Hello, I am called Reiki,” he said.

When she blushed even further Reiki stopped drying and tied the towel around his waist.

“There is no reason to be embarrassed, I’m sure that you didn’t know I was in here.” He pointed to the cart. “Could you toss me one of those? I still need to dry my hair.”

The girl almost robotically picked up the towel and placed it in Reiki’s hand.

“Thank you,” he said as he began to dry his hair .

“Big,” the girl muttered.

“Pardon?” Reiki cocked an eyebrow. “Say again?”

“You. Your wings...yeah your wings are big and feathery and I’ve never seen a naked and I…oh god I’m going to get hit by lightning aren’t I?” the girl rambled.

Reiki closed his eyes and tried to hold in his laughter but failed. He had to sit down on a bench to keep from falling over. The girl was not amused.

“Why are you laughing at me? All you MEN are the same. Make a girl all red faced then laugh at her,” she turned and started to walk away.
“Wait, young one, wait please,” he stood trying to keep his towel tied. “I’m sorry I didn’t mean to offend, it just...”

She turned and stared at him “just what?”

“The thought of being struck by lightning because you saw me with no clothing struck me as funny is all,” he explained.

A smile crossed her face, “Yeah, it was a little funny. Say are you doing anything later? Because once I finish up loading the towels, I’m done for the evening,” the girl asked.

Reiki, not quite as obtuse as he seemed to most answered, “Well as charming as that would be, I already have plans. I am meeting a friend for dinner.”

Before the frown finished forming on her face, he added, “However, if you are free tomorrow perhaps, we can go somewhere and talk or just stroll about. Whatever strikes your fancy?”

The smile returned to her face, “OK that sounds nice.”

Reiki sensed the girlish squeal of glee that she was containing.

“I do like to know who I’m spending time with. Perhaps you’ll tell me you name then?” Reiki asked.

“Oh yeah, it’s…” she began.

“Shhh,” he said before she finished. “Let that be something you keep from me till tomorrow. It will balance things out a bit.

“And if you decide not to come, you won’t have to worry that I’ll spread rumors,” he added.

“Oh, you’d never...” she said.

“True but you just think that because I am Angelo...if I was, what did you say, ‘the same as every other men’ would you be so quick to give me your name?”

“No, prob’ly not,” she answered.

“Whether the other Angelo and Angela like the reverence or not, I cannot say. But speaking for myself, I’m just like you, a child of the One and nowhere near as perfect as I may seem,” he explained.

The girl nodded and waved goodbye as she left the room. Reiki finished drying and got dressed. Then it struck him, he should probably dress differently for this dinner. He went to his room and got his red outfit, the one he’d worn his first day in town. He set his sword aside on his bed and looked at himself in the mirror.

“Yes, that will be perfect. I don’t need the sword tonight. It’s not like we’re going to run into any trouble,” he said to himself.

Reiki
PostPosted: Tue Oct 10, 2006 2:23 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki closed the door to his room and walked to the main foyer. Rhiannon wasn’t there yet, so he stepped outside and sat on the steps to wait for her.

He looked up to the sky and his mind began to wander. He thought of Dretta and wondered where she was. He reasoned she must be at The Hold. Where else would she go?

“I suppose I will have to go there for a longer stay at some point,” he thought to himself, though the thought made him uncomfortable.

He understood why the others liked the Hold, it was bright and spacious, a truly angelic place, so to speak. But Reiki preferred the streets of the city. He liked his room at the Manor and thanked the One that keeping residence at the Hold was not mandatory.
Besides, it made sense to have some angelic presence in the Manor 24/ 7, for appearance sake if nothing else.

He closed his eyes and listened to the city -- sound, emotions and stray thoughts intermingled. To Reiki, it was the most beautiful music he’d ever heard, the music of life. He felt at home here, more so than he’d ever felt anywhere else before.

A smile crossed his lips as he sat listening, feeling, and absorbing the ambiance.

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Sun Oct 15, 2006 12:59 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Rhiannon walked up to the manor to see the black-winged angel acting oddly again. He seemed to be in some sort of trance and his aura glowed with the warmth of love and contentment. She almost didn’t want to interrupt him but she reasoned, a girl’s gotta eat.
“Hey,” she shouted at Reiki. “You ready to go? Or do you need to go slay a dragon or save a princess in a tower or something?”

She was sure that if the angel wasn’t shocked by her tone anyone else in earshot would be. She didn’t care, as far as she was concerned, he was just another person and she would treat him no better or worse than anyone else.

Reiki
PostPosted: Fri Oct 20, 2006 10:06 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki opened his eyes at the sound of Rhiannon's voice.

"I was simply absorbing the ambiance. And for the record, I do believe it's knights that do that sort of thing," he retorted.

He walked down to her.

"Truth be told, I'd probably take the dragon's side," Reiki added.

He laughed in spite of himself. There was something about this woman that made him feel, well not happy exactly, but the sadness in his heart had lessened somewhat.

"So show me the way to this fabulous culinary experience," he said.

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Tue Oct 24, 2006 1:22 am Post subject: Reply with quote

It was Rhiannon's turn to laugh this time.

"Yes, I'm sure you would side with the dragon." She turned and waved for him to follow. "Though I wouldn't quite classify D'nai's diner as a 'fabulous culinary experience.' But the food is good."

She kept walking, knowing he would follow.

moves to City Streets - "D'nai's diner, open all nite"

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Tue Oct 24, 2006 1:31 am Post subject: D'nai's diner, open all nite

She walked the few blocks from the manor to the diner and waited for the angel to catch up.
She stared at the building as she waited. The only thing remarkable about it was the bright clashing colors. The front door was blue; the outside walls were yellow. The walls only went up about three feet then from there it was glass up to the roof. D'nai's was painted in red letters above the door.

"C'mon slowpoke," she thought to herself. "I'm hungry here."

Reiki
PostPosted: Thu Oct 26, 2006 12:48 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki ran to catch up with her.

"She walks fast for a human," he thought.

And stopped next to her staring at the garish building.

“How on earth, could I have missed this place?” Reiki asked himself.

He turned to Rhiannon, “So shall we go in?”

He opened the door, bowed toward her making a sweeping gesture with his other hand.

“After you M’Lady”

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Thu Nov 02, 2006 2:53 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She ignored the angel’s gesture, opened the other door and walked into the alcove. She turned to Reiki.

“I told you, this is not a date. You don’t need to be opening doors for me,” Rhiannon expressed.

She opened the inner door and came face to stomach with one of the waiters whose torso was easily as wide as the double doors.

“Hi Matt!” she beamed.

She had hoped Matt would be working tonight. The 7-foot- tall man bent down to face Rhiannon.

“Riri!” he said in a deep booming voice. “So glad to see you Darlin’. ‘Tis been awhile. Why so dressed up?”

Rhiannon pointed her thumb in the direction of the ange,l “having dinner with a... um... friend.”

“Oh Riri! You have a date finally Darlin’! I was startin’ to wonder about you,” Matt admitted.

The very large waiter looked at the man Rhiannon indicated. His eyebrow arched, “An angel?!?”

Reiki
PostPosted: Fri Nov 03, 2006 3:56 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki turned to the giant man with the booming voice.

“Yes, I am an angel. Hopefully, that’s not a problem? I’ve found there are places that I am not welcome,” Reiki responded.

He looked passed the man into the diner observing the other patrons. They seemed a rather eclectic lot.

“I hope that will not be the case here,” he held out his hand to the one Rhiannon had called Matt. “Greetings, I am called Reiki.”

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Mon Nov 13, 2006 7:19 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Flashing a smile that had scared many small children, Matt grabbed the offered hand and shook it vigorously, the angel along with it.

“Hey there Rie-man, I’m Matt,” the tall man said.

He let go of Reiki’s hand.

“Everyone’s welcome at D’nai’s! As long as you pay your bill and don’t start any trouble. We don’t care who or what you are. Besides,” he began.

Matt picked up two menus from the holder by the door and started to lead them to a booth by the window.

“any friend of Riri is a friend of mine,” Matt continued.

He set the menus down on the table, walked to the service bar and mere seconds later was at the table again. He had a large glass of a bubbly brown liquid in one hand and an oversized mug of coffee in the other. He set the glass in front of Rhiannon and the coffee next to the angel.

“Kathy-G was my friend too,” he remarked.

He pulled a small notepad that looked like a postage stamp in the large man’s hands and scribbled something down.

“Okey dokey, you two figure what you want to munch and I’ll be back in a bit,” Matt said.

The very large man walked away and impossibly seemed to blend in seamlessly with the rest of the crowd.

Rhiannon arched an eyebrow, “So what are you gonna eat? Do you people even have to eat?”

Reiki
PostPosted: Tue Nov 21, 2006 4:55 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki blinked at the cup of coffee in front of him. It smelled, in a word, heavenly. He took a sip and smiled. It wasn't Foundling but it was good just the same.

He arched an eyebrow at Rhiannon's query, "Of course I eatl. Al living beings eat."

H picked up the menu and started to read and was slightly baffled. A few of the items on the menu he recognized, the rest, however, were completely alien.

"Ummm," he mumbled. "I am unfamiliar with the cuisine offered here, perhaps you could help?"

He set down the menu and pointed at an item, "What exactly are 'Nay Chows'?"

Dove
PostPosted: Fri Nov 24, 2006 5:36 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Her heels clicked softly on the tile floor of the diner as she entered. She awaited service, as it seemed the oddly large man who was greeting customers seated a most unusual couple. A young woman quickly took his place and began leading her down the aisle, allowing a moment for the large man to move his massive body towards the kitchen and out of the way. Was this sight real? An angel?

She still did not understand how they all came to be, how she herself came to be. Angels, demons, and mythical creatures ... all of them walking among the humans. She had never seen an angel before and was quite fascinated. She couldn't help but take a good look at him as the waitress led her past him and his lady friend. The waitress motioned for her to sit at a table a little further down. With a swift motion, she turned and sat in the booth facing the door she had just come in through. The window faced the street allowing her to watch the people that walked by. However, her mind was elsewhere in deep thought.

"Perhaps I should go to the library later to find more information on the ..."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the waitress's content voice. "Are you ready to order?"

With a nod, Dove took up the menu and pointed out a few items and the waitress was quickly on her way.

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Mon Nov 27, 2006 10:35 pm Post subject: Reply with quote
(as Reiki discussussed elsewhere here is part one of the combo post)

Rhiannon closed her eyes in disbelief.

“It’s pronounced nachos,” she said matter of fact. “It’s a dish of fried tortilla chips covered in Jalapenos and cheese. You can get other things on it if you want or even get the cheese on the side as a dip.”

Reiki looked even more confused.

“What is a tor-tea-ya?” he asked.

“It’s a flat bread of sorts, though some people make them out of corn as well. It’s very versatile; a lot of people use it as a wrap. And Jalapenos, in case that was your next question, are a breed of pepper that is rather hot, spicy that is. Some people like them others do not,” Rhiannon explained.

Reiki smiled, “Oddly enough I knew about Jalapeños. We had a bush growing near my previous home. I found them to be an acquired taste. Nachos are fried you say?” He looked at the menu again, “There seems to be a common theme here. Fried bread, fried eggs, fried cheese, what is a fried french?”

Rhiannon stifled a giggle at his question, “I think you mean french fries. Its potatoes cut into strips and then fried.”
“Fascinating.” His eyes widened, “Even the deserts are fried. How on earth do you fry Ice cream?”

“Very carefully,” Rhiannon smiled. “After you’ve breaded it first, of course. If you think that’s weird, you should see what they call a ‘frinkee.’”

“I am almost afraid to ask,” Reiki retorted.

“It’s a cream filled sponge cake,” Rhiannon explained.

“And then they fry it,” he quipped.

“Yup,” she answered.

“Blessed be,” he muttered under his breath. “I think possibly you should order as you are more familiar with the food here.”

“Anything you have in mind? Any allergies? Are you a vegetarian?” she inquired.

The idea had already formed in her head, but she just wanted to make sure that he could eat what she was going to order.

“No allergies that I know of and as long as the animal was treated humanly, I have no qualms about eating meat either,” he replied.

The smile on Rhiannon’s face widened, she held her hand over her hand and snapped her fingers. Almost instantly and seemingly out of thin air, Matt was at the table.

“So what can I get you folks?” the large waiter asked.

Rhiannon spoke before Reiki could open his mouth.

“Well the angel here seemed to be intrigued by the concept of tortillas, so I think we’ll start off with a double order of fajitas and go from there.”

“All the fixin’s too or just the guac like usual?” Matt wondered.

“Yeah bring it all. Lets see if he likes any of it,” she replied.

Reiki’s mouth finally opened and words came out.

“How do you do that?” he asked the huge man towering next to the table.

A puzzled look crossed Matt’s face, “Do what, Rie-man?”

“You just appeared out of nowhere. Is it some sort of teleportation?” Reiki questioned.

“Goddess no,” Matt laughed. “Everyone knows teleportation is a myth. I’m just so small and unobtrusive that no one notices me till I’m right next to them.”

“But, you…” Reiki began.

Rhiannon interrupted, “He’s small and unobtrusive. Go on Matt get the order in so we can eat. I’m getting a little peckish.”

“You want some fried pickles while you wait?” Matt asked before leaving.

Reiki
PostPosted: Mon Nov 27, 2006 11:10 pm Post subject: Reply with quote
(and here be part the 2nd)
Rhiannon wrote:

Reiki turned green at the thought.

Rhiannon shook her head. “No Matt we’ll be fine.”

Matt moved away from the table once again blending in seamlessly with the crowd. She turned to the angel, “I’m sorry for interrupting you but he’s sensitive about his size and questions about it make him uncomfortable.”

Reiki nodded, “Say no more, Rhiannon. I understood completely.”

“Far better than anyone knows,” he thought.

“But I wonder is he human?” he asked Rhiannon.

Rhiannon shrugged, “Dunno, There’s nothing extraordinary about his aura. As far as I can tell he’s perfectly mortal. He told me once that he was an orphan and that as far as he can tell he’s still growing even though he in his 30s.”

“ He’s over 8 feet tall!” Reiki exclaimed.

“Yeah I know. So tell me about yourself” she said.

“You first,” he retorted.

“But what if you decide not to reciprocate?” she asked.

Reiki was slightly offended, “You believe an angel capable of such deception?”

Rhiannon sensed the offense as she read his aura.

“Well maybe not, but you like being treated as if you were anyone else, correct? And I don’t trust anyone unless I know a lot more about them than I know about you,” she admitted.

“Good point. Ok then quid pro quo shall be the name of the game. You ask something I answer then I ask, you answer. If one of us doesn’t want to answer, another question will be asked instead. Be warned though I can tell if you’re lying,” Reiki said.

“Sounds good to me and don’t worry, I can read your aura like a open book so…first question. Where were you born?” Rhiannon began.

Reiki wasn’t exactly sure what to say so he answered as truthfully as he knew how.
“I can’t remember where I was born. It was a long time ago and even my memory faded after a while” he shrugged. “so my turn then. Same question.”

“I was born in a little backwater hamlet called Yzrej. How about your parents were they angels too?” she continued.

“I never knew my parents, or at least if I did they never made themselves known to me. I was raised by my sister, who can be very nurturing when she wants to be. And your parents?” Reiki continued.

“My mother died when I was very young I barley remember anything other than her scent and her aura. It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. After her death my father threw himself into his ‘work’, as he called it. Personally, I think that damned cult he joined had something to do with it. So why did you come here to Azioc?” Rhiannon went on.

“I felt it was time to meet some of my own kind, to face my fears, for you see the only angel I had ever seen before a few months ago was in the mirror. And why did you come here?” he fired back.

Rhiannon blinked, “umm… I… err… that is”

She was saved by the sudden appearance of Matt with a large black iron skillet piled high with sizzling strips of various meats. He set it on the table along with a round covered basket. He left and returned with another plate filled with chopped vegetables and a small bowl of green paste.

“Enjoy your fajitas folks” he said and left once again.

“So how exactly do I eat this?” Reiki said not forgetting that Rhiannon had not answered but figuring that eating was a more pressing priority.

“Allow me to demonstrate,” she said. “First, you get a tortilla,” she began.

A cloud of steam escaped as she lifted the lid on the basket and pulled out a tortilla. She sat it flat in the palm of her left hand.

“Then you get the meat and put it in the tortilla,” Rhiannon continued.

She picked up a fork and gathered some of the meat and placed in the tortilla. She set the fork down and picked up the spoon.

“And then , if you wish, add some veggies” She scooped up a spoonful of the green paste. “This is called guacamole. It’s made from avocadoes with a few spices mixed in.” She dolloped some on the meat and set down the spoon. “It looks like swamp goo but it’s actually quite tasty. Sometime I just order a bowl and eat it by itself. Now you roll it up.” she demonstrated by rolling it into a tube shape. “Then you tuck in the end,” she said as she did so, “so the insides don’t fall out as you eat.”

Reiki mimicked her actions placing the meat on the bread. He took a small dab of the guacamole and tasted it. He liked the taste and added some to the tortilla he

also added some of the chopped tomatoes as well. He rolled and tucked as instructed and took a bite.

As soon as he swallowed he said, “this is delicious. Thank you Rhiannon for showing me this dish.”

They talked through the rest of the meal, though the subject of Rhiannon’s reason for leaving home was not mentioned again

Reiki
PostPosted: Wed Dec 13, 2006 1:41 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Once the meal was finished and the plates had been cleared save for Rhiannon’s glass of bubbly liquid that Reiki excepted the offer to taste and found it to be interesting but far to sweet for his tastes and his coffee.

“That reminds me,” he thought. He would have to ask Matt about Kathy’s memorial.

Odd thoughts floated through his mind -- what to do with all her things, her apartment and such. And the coffee kiosk; he couldn’t run it. He didn’t know the first thing about running a business. But it would be such a shame to let the cart go to waste; but he could worry about that later. It was rude not to pay attention to Rhiannon

“So,” he said to break what seemed like an eternity of silence. “Do we want to do anything after we leave here? As I was touring the city the other day I noticed a few places here and there that we could go for recreation. There was this one game where you roll a round stone about the size of my head down a track trying to knock down some upright club like objects. It seemed fascinating.”

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Mon Dec 18, 2006 4:09 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“Bowling,” she muttered under her breath. “It’s called bowling.”

She took a sip of her soda.

Rhiannon looked at the angel.

“And it’s not a stone, it’s just a ball. Perhaps, I’ll take you up on the offer someday,” she said.

She drank the last of her drink “I have to pass for tonight though. I need to get up early tomorrow and start looking for a job. My beads, which you found so artistic,

no one else seems to be interested in," she sighed to herself. "And if I don't pay rent soon, I think my landlord will try to collect his rent some other way."

She shuddered at the thought of the greasy little troll. She looked into the angel's caring blue eyes. She wondered why she felt like opening up to him telling him everything.

"Mjölner , please don't let him ask about home again," she thought.

She shifted in her seat and Matt was there with the check. He set it down and left as stealthily as he'd arrived. She reached into one of her pockets and pulled out a few coins and set them on the check

"That covers my half," she announced.

Reiki
PostPosted: Sat Dec 30, 2006 9:49 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Reiki smiled and matched her contribution. He sensed her discomfort and wondered what he had done wrong. Then something dawned on him.

"You said you needed work? I just might have a solution for you, and a venue for your art as well," he nodded his head as if answering a silent question. "Yes of course, it would be perfect! Give me a few days to straighten some things out then I believe that I will have solved your problem."

He stood and held out his hand to help her from the booth.

"Shall I walk you home then?" he asked.

Rhiannon
PostPosted: Tue Jan 09, 2007 3:11 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Rhiannon looked the angel square in the eye.

"If this is some weird attempt to get me to like you, let me warn you that I'm not wired that way," she remarked.

She moved away from the table and waited for Reiki to follow. Once they were out the doors she spoke again.

"I appreciate the offer both of the job and the walk home. My apartment is this way," she pointed toward the darker area of town. "It's a rather rough neighborhood. But I get by."

She locked her arm around Reiki's and squeezed his hand.

“It is nice to have a nice big strong man to protect poor defenseless me,” she remarked.

The last sentence was dripping with sarcasm.

As they rounded a corner about a block from her door, she felt something BAD. She heard foot falls about 10 or so yards away and whatever it was, was making gurgling noises. She let go of the angel, almost forgetting he was there. She reached down and unclasped the small hatchet strapped to her leg.
A soft growl escaped her lips as her grip tightened around the handle.

“Veiztu hvé sóa skal? ef ek skal til orrostu leiða langvini undir randir ek gel en þeir með íki fara heilir hildar til heilir hildi frá koma þeir heilir hvaðan,” she uttered, her eyes ablaze with rage. “Come forth demon, face your death or run like a coward. It makes no difference to me.”

Translation of the above: “Do you know how you must kill? If I must lead old friends to battle, I sing under the shields, and they go victoriously: safe to the battle, safe from the battle, they come safe from everywhere.
Source : Hávamál verse 156

Shifts the action to: City Streets – Buat

Dove
PostPosted: Fri Sep 15, 2006 10:47 pm Post subject: The Newcomer Reply with quote

The mist on the bridge seemed to roll and burst in a puff with every step as the elegant woman emerged from the forest and crossed it. She seemed to glow as the moonlight reflected off her gown and glimmered in the mist. Her strong confident stride took her into the city, her soft shoes making her approach deathly silent.

Dove had never seen a city such as this. She was almost sure it was near 3 a.m. and yet the main strip of the city was still bustling with people. As normal society would have it, many shops were closed though she noticed a good number of shops were open, making it known that the city quite obviously never sleeps. People dressed in club attire and those dressed for a day or, perhaps a night, at work walking the streets at the same hour seemed all too common. They never took a second look at each other.

For many, the newcomer distracted the oblivious gaze that directed their steps down the street to their destination. Her attire was far from the ordinary and she looked intently at each person, as if to remember each face; her eyes seemingly able to read into their very souls. She chuckled to herself as she saw a few

people were unnerved, shuddering and hurrying past her. With a pleased smile, she turned away from a particular woman only to have it fade, her eyes narrowed determined to identify a sparkle that came from the window of a shop across the street.

She appeared to float across the street with silent, graceful steps as the gown fluttered in the slight breeze that came from her hastened stride. Her eyes searched the neck forms displayed in the window, taking in every detail of the glittery necklaces. Beautiful jewelry reflected starry lights upon the delicate features of her face as she gazed upon the amethyst, diamond, and tiger's eye gems. A soft sigh slipped from her full lips as she walked away from the window and continued her journey in this new city.

She would have to find a place to stay in the meantime.

Dove
PostPosted: Fri Nov 03, 2006 10:50 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The wooden door of the inn opened with a slight creak. The flame upon the candle that sat on the counter danced with the eerie movement of the air. The old man that sat behind the counter lowered his newspaper, letting his gaze peek over the rim of his small reading spectacles towards the door. The door shut sending a slight shudder around the room.

"Good evening, my dear gentleman. I'm in need of a room," she announced.

The female voice was serious, calm and controlled, but could almost be considered sweet despite the almost entrancing tone. Her smile seemed kind and yet made the old man unsteady. She slid her hand across the counter until she came to rest upon her forearm. Her eyes wandered about the room following the shadows that moved slightly in the candlelight.

The old man stood, bringing a book from behind the counter and placing it between them. His old, scratchy voice asked, "Your name, please?"

"Dove," she said without so much as a glance in his direction.

His eyes peeked over his glasses again and observed the woman who leaned against his counter, her presence like that of an aristocrat who had abandoned the luxuries of that life long ago. Or had that sophisticated life abandoned her? He wrote a few things in his registry and fumbled in a storage case for a key, his hands clumsy due to nervousness he did not understand.

A mischievous smirk formed upon her lips as she took the cold brass key from his wrinkled hand. She turned to the stairs, her swift movement wafting her soft scent of gardenia and lavender into the air.

His voice hesitated for a moment as he called after her, “M – Madam … How long did you say you were staying?”

Her gown fluttered for a moment as her soft shoe landed on the first step, she grasped the heavy cherry wood banister and her eyes met with his.

“I didn’t say … but it will be just long enough,” she nodded towards the counter. “I will need some things. Please have them sent to my room.”

The old man seemed flustered as he looked down at the counter to find a small sheet of paper with a list in her handwriting. His gaze rose towards the foot of the stairs, but she had already gone.

Dove
PostPosted: Fri Nov 24, 2006 5:14 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She stepped out of the shower, taking a towel off the rack that hung on the wall. The almost suffocating thick steam rolled around the bathroom. The soft, clean towel was warm against her bare skin as she dried, finally wrapping it around her chest. Taking a second towel from the rack she began drying her dark, wet hair while staring into the haze of the fogged mirror.

Her hands released the towel, placing it on the counter. Reaching up, she took her white gown off the hook and examined the months of wear and tear. She ran her hand over the crimson embroidery. Her wet hair fell forward around her face in stiff, dripping waves. A drop of water fell upon one of the ruby gems sewn to the design. Bits and pieces of a memory flashed in her mind. A lush green forest with light streaming through the treetops, the rustling leaves in the wind, the clean smell of bark and greenery. It was as if she walked through a curtain of vines, when she saw him, a tall man with dark hair, green eyes, and a smile that took her aback. The green eyes were focused on hers, she seemed drawn to them. She saw them slowly changing to a dark yellow, the pupils stretching into an elliptical shape, and the fear within her grew as his handsome face seemed to elongate and change in color and texture.

Before his metamorphosis was complete, her mind had already flashed forward. She awoke in a dim cave that seemed designed into a residence lit by a few small fires, curled up in a large, circular, velvet pillow in what seemed like a smaller cave within the wall made into a bedroom, the sensation of hot, forceful breathing upon her neck. Her soft curls fell back as she lifted her head to face the dragon, suddenly finding herself without fear. It seemed distant, but a voice began to speak … but the memory was fading, the face of the dragon seemed to melt back into the ruby gem on her dress.

Her breath had quickened and she looked up into the mirror that had started to clear from the steam. She closed her eyes tight and shook her head slightly to allow her eyes to return to normal. She couldn't stand looking into the darkness of the elliptical pupils set in her yellow iris. Her eyes opened and stared into the mirror. She took in and released a deep breath as her eyes returned to their normal sandy brown color. The gown slipped from her hands into a silk puddle on the floor.

She opened the bathroom door and stepped into the bedroom. She hadn't stood there but a second when she heard the gentle knock at the door. Her shapely legs carried her half naked form to the door. A soft hand grasped the knob and opened the door while leaning her shoulder against the door jam. The young man at the door seemed flustered at the sight and quickly looked down at his hands while handing over the bags he carried. She smirked and, after smoothing her wet hair back, took the bags from his hands. The young man turned and walked briskly away as she closed the door.

After laying them out on the bed and inspecting each one, she started placing many of the objects she had requested into the small-sized, black, leather backpack she had ordered. Out of one bag, she removed a black, corset-style shirt with sleeves that hugged the edge of her shoulders down her toned arms to the elbows where it was released to flow around the lower length of her arms. She reached into the bag once more and pulled out a matching black skirt. She examined both as she laid them out upon the bed observing the simple yet beautiful gold and red embroidery, which sent a design of tiny flames in a wavy horizontal line from one shoulder to the bottom edge of the skirt. A pair of black open-toe shoes that fastened securely around the ankle lay in a shoebox at the bottom of the bag.

"How appropriate. The old man or whomever he sent shopping has good taste," she thought.

Within a matter of moments she was dressed, her hair was half up sending soft, natural curls from the top of her head down the length of her back, a few stray curls falling around her face. With a quick tease of her curls, she left the room with her backpack ready to explore more of the city and grab a bite to eat. She may actually be here longer than she thought.

This comes before catacomb gardents

Morgan Vane
Art in the making
« Thread Started on Apr 25, 2005, 10:28am »

It had been two days since that night, the night of the gallery show and the death of her dream. She had come here to take her mind off of the event and add

another piece to her small collection. Morgan sighed softly as she stepped through the eternal night toward the massive castle of stone. She had been here before but she wanted to scout the grounds to see if there was a garden that might need sketching.

With a wicked smile she stepped closer, eyes scanning the night as she made her way around the side of the immense stone building, her steps making not even a whisper of sound. She tucked the sketchpad under her arm as she ran a hand down the long silken French braid, flipping it lightly to one side. She slipped around the stone wall nothing more than a shadow in the night as she searched the grounds for evidence of a garden. Even if the garden was dead and gone she could still draw it full of life and in blazing sunlight.

She chuckled to herself remembering the disturbed look upon the face of the castle's lord when he saw it in the painting, a talent she had long ago perfected. She chose a spot on a small hill not far from the castle on the west side and settled her sketchbook upon her drawn up knees. Flipping it open, she pulled the pencil from behind her ear and slowly started a sketch of what the gardens here might once have looked like in the afternoon sun.

Targent
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #1 on Apr 25, 2005, 12:31pm »

Targent walked slowly as he made his way back to his domain, the soft silence felt good in contrast to being in the city. In this place of death he was comforted by its glorious silence. You could hear for miles. A long slender hand dragged over an old headstone as he looked down upon it. Martha Andrews was her name, being only 19 years old, he crouched and ran a pale finger over the engraving as he smiled and spoke.

"Come Martha, come dance with your dark prince," he said.

He mimicked taking her hand in his, then wrapping an arm around her waist as he began to gracefully dance around her headstone. When their silent dance had ended, he bowed his head gracefully and let her slip back into her peaceful sleep of final death. He chuckled to himself and headed home from the west.

His senses caught scent of someone near. He closed his eyes as his form took on the appearance of the shadows. He moved stealthily as he crept without form or substance to his being, only a dark foreboding feeling. The kind you get when your all alone, the kind that makes your hair stand up on the back of your neck, the cold touch upon you as it passes.

As he reached within inches of her, his shadow loomed over her as he saw her face. It was unfamiliar but her scent was that of kindred. New kindred, but as he

looked at her sketchpad and pencil, her drawings, she had a familiarity to her. He grinned to himself and let his essence take on shape and substance once more, as when she turned around she would see the man most knew as Targent.

He spoke to her in a deep timbered sound

“Well hello. And welcome to my domain. I’m called Lord Targent. Why don’t you come to my home and rest while the sun rises,” he offered.

There was not very many minutes left of night before it would be upon them. He extended his hand for her to take if she wanted.

Morgan Vane
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #2 on Apr 25, 2005, 2:36pm »

Morgan sighed, content in her sketching as she watched the night pass. She flipped the page to start a new sketch, drawing the garden in full bloom with a certain man standing within. She lost herself in her art, humming softly to herself, her pencil scratching lightly over the paper as the soft breeze dances along her raven tresses. She had nearly finished the sketch when she felt a strange foreboding sensation tingling along her nerves. She stiffened instinctively training her senses upon the night, as the shadow seemed to fall upon her. Silencing the hiss, she waited slowly turning her gaze behind her. When she saw the man that stood over her, she flipped her sketchpad closed swiftly hiding from view what she had been working upon. It would not do to have the lord see her work just yet -- that might spoil the game.

A dark smirk crept across her lips looking up at the handsome man as she rolled to her feet. With a soft spin that sent dark silken hair flaring around her slim waist she turned to face him. He was just as noble and handsome as he had been when last she had seen him. She had not planned on this step of the game just yet but then fate chose the oddest times to throw a curve ball. Thankfully, she had changed before slipping into the light. Running a slender hand over the soft black slacks that tapered down her slender legs and the white silk shirt, she straightened the black vest and canted her head to the side; deep blue eyes locking upon the lord as her voice floated like a silky warm caress.

“It would seem that I have let the night slip away, unaware of its passing. Thank you for the welcome Lord Tangent. Perhaps it would be wise to seek shelter within these aging walls until the night again blesses me with darkness. If you would lead the way, I would gladly accept the invitation as weary as it seems I am,” Morgan replied.

A soft seductive smile traced her full lips as she stepped back allowing him room to move around her. She did not think he would escort her as he would have

some titled lady but that mattered little to her; the game had just begun but she would have to take a great deal of care while in this castle not to fall prey to the lord. She could not afford to give this one the upper hand in the game. Reaching up a hand she tucked the graphite behind her ear along with a strand of raven silk watching him closely as she drank in the sight of the nobility before her. ~

Targent
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #3 on Apr 25, 2005, 6:40pm »

Targent's smile was like that of the brightest moonlit night as he looked to the beautiful dark vixen Morgan. He took her hand gently and laid a soft velvet kiss upon it as he helped her to her feet. He lent her his arm to hold on to if she wished. As she placed her arm in his, he looked into her eyes for a moment as he moved past them, spiraling into the very depths of her, he felt the burning ache begin in her heart. It was a deep, gaping hole of pain that would burst forth, flooding her soul with tears, if she possessed it still.

He watched her swallow, as if she could push the pain back inside of herself. He moved back from her as he turned and began to walk easily. A low whispered voice came upon her ears as he began to speak to her.

"So Morgan, you are an artist of some type? I, myself, am not, but do admire the ones who are. And if you are as talented as I think you are, I have a very important portrait I would like you to draw for me, if you would," Targent commented.

As they reached the castle door his hand rose towards them as they opened. He hustled them in as he had his servants show her to the parlor, he moved to a drawer by the entryway and pulled it open, pulling from it a small worn picture. Holding it tight, he moved into the parlor as he watched the beautiful Morgan as she sat by the fireplace. On reaching her, he extended a pale hand to her and laid a small picture into it.

"Do you think you can draw that for me? I need something to hang over my fireplace and it has meaning to me," he explained.

He paused a moment and looked into her dark eyes once more, waiting for her answer. He thought to himself he had never met anyone who could capture it.

Morgan Vane
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #4 on Apr 26, 2005, 10:22am »

Morgan looked up at the man's smile and shivered softly. That smile might resemble the moonlight but even moonlight could be cold. She pushed away the

thoughts that swirled through her mind as he took her hand helping her up and steadying her. When he extended his arm toward her she had a strange feeling she was treading dangerous ground as she accepted the arm. When her deep dark eyes met his she found herself captured within the depths of the midnight pool feeling them tug at her very soul. Suppressing the shudder that seemed to claw at her as things inside her rose unbidden, she swallowed hard pushing them away and locking them out again.

His voice as he spoke whispered against her nerves as they walked toward his castle. She couldn't shake the feeling that she was walking into a trap, that this step in the game might just end it. Her voice when she answered flowed past her lips like sun-warmed honey.

"Yes, I happened to have some skill with art, Lord Tangent, however, I am not very good at it. I will see what I can do to draw a portrait of you but I will have to see the picture to know if it is beyond my skill or not," Morgan replied.

Her voice trailed off as they reached the doors of the castle, a cold shiver wrapped around her spine as he hustled them inside. She had little choice but to follow the servants that led her to the parlor and left her there alone. Stepping lightly around the room making a circuit, she slowly trailed her delicate fingers over furniture enjoying the beauty of his home while she waited. Coming to the fire, she perched herself in a comfortable chair crossing her slender legs just as he entered. She pushed a stray thought from her mind as he approached her holding out the picture for her inspection. Her slender fingers brushed his as she took the picture, her liquid pools remaining upon him before she looked at the picture. It would be easy enough to paint this picture to canvas but she didn't want him to know that. Narrowing her sparkling sapphire eyes at the picture, she pretended to study it, mulling it over in her mind before she spoke. Her voice drifted in a midnight whisper as she looked up at the lord.

"I believe I have enough talent to capture this picture. However, there is light in this picture. Do you wish it fully captured in the sun?" she asked.

Targent
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #5 on Apr 26, 2005, 3:37pm »

As he moved back into the parlor, picture in hand, he watches as she settled to a comfortable chair by the fireplace. He grinned and walked confidently till he met her. He watched through dark hollow eyes as he kept his glance a moment then returned it to the picture. Feeling her gentle brush over his hand, he smiled as he kept his gaze upon her, then moving his thumb over her hand as she drew it through his hand.

He listened intently as she spoke of being able to capture the essence of the picture, and that would be the key all right to not merely draw the lines, but to capture how it made one feel.

He took the picture from her hand and tucked it into his dress shirt as he realized he was still in his dress clothes. Wanting to just relax, he spun and ordered his servants to get a room ready for the new female vampire called...he paused.

“What shall we call you, forgive my manners” he asked as he looked to her and listened for her to speak the name Morgan. Such a beautiful name for just as beautiful of a woman he thought.

“I want one of the finer rooms for our guest,” he commanded.

He turned and looked at her for a moment.

“You will be staying with us till the portrait is done,” he said.

This he did not assume but willed it to be so as he excused himself to the woman.

“If you’ll excuse me awhile I need to change and make myself more comfortable, as I think you will find your accommodations more than suitable for our needs. Ask for anything from my slaves, materials for the painting, paints, canvas, a snack or drink; you may travel the castle and explore it to your leisure, but I’d like you to be back in two hours, so we might have dinner and a drink. Perhaps your brethren will attend dinner so they might meet you,” Targent said.

He knew that the servants would take great care of her till his return in two hours. Moving up the long staircase to his floor of the castle, he just smiled and entered his room quietly, where he caught the scent of lavender; he grinned and knew Lantia had been there. Slender fingers curled around the stem of a lily that rested on his pillow, he lifted it to his mouth and licked across the soft petals that held her essence upon them. He inhaled and caught scent of her whereabouts, he grinned as he laid the flower back on his bed and undressed.

Changing into his black pants and white flowing cotton shirt , he placed each black boot upon his feet as he rose and groomed his hair. Lifting the flower from his bed once more he moved out of his room to find Lantia.

Morgan Vane
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #6 on Apr 27, 2005, 9:15am »

Morgan suppressed the shiver that ran down her spine at the soft brush of his thumb over the back of her small hand. She had to remember this man was

dangerous if not handled properly. She shifted slightly rising to her feet as he withdrew the picture, tucking it into his pocket. She knew she wouldn't need it to capture exactly what that picture hadn't shown. Already her mind worked shifting the lighting and essence of the picture that would capture the truth of it.

Canting her head to one side, she listened as he spoke to his slaves before asking her name. She whispered it to him softly feeling like a fly caught in a web as he told her she would be staying. The command in that voice as he spoke the words left little doubt that she wasn't being given the choice. It would take her two days to complete the portrait. She sighed softly as he left her side; giving in to the urging of his servants she followed them toward her chambers.

She instructed them as to her artistic needs for the portrait and groaned softly as she learned she wouldn't have the supplies she needed until after dinner. She sighed softly to herself as she stepped into the room then let out a soft gasp of surprise. The room was more than one with a small parlor and sitting room adjoined to the bedroom, all decorated in the finest of silks and woods. Her delicate fingers trailed over the fine furnishings with a practiced eye as she stepped into the bedroom. She would need a place to hide her sketchbook from prying eyes, she thought with an evil smirk as she settled upon the bed.

She flipped open the pad and spent the next two hours sketching the lord of the castle in various poses and degrees of sunlight. She noticed that her room had no windows and only one door, which would make it difficult if she needed to run. When the knock sounded at the door and a soft male voice whispered that dinner would soon be served, she looked down at the final sketch showing the lord in all his glory lying upon silken cushions with a silk sheet draped over his waist. She chuckled softly knowing he would never see that one as she flipped it closed and tucked it up under the mattress. She imagined the silk would be the color of rich blood or blacker than the night showing off the pale ivory flesh of the lord of vampires.

Since she hadn't brought clothing with her on this excursion she had no need to change for dinner. Rising from the bed, she straightened the black velvet vest, smoothing wrinkles from the white silk shirt she wore beneath it. She took a moment to enjoy the feel of the silk against her bare skin before she turned. Her supple leather boots made no sound as she moved into the sitting room reaching back to untie the braid letting loose the strands of midnight silk. She gave her hair a soft fluff as she reached out a slender hand opening the door and gasped in surprise. The servant stood outside her door waiting patiently to lead her to the dining room. She snarled lightly but he calmly informed her that her supplies would be arriving during dinner and that the lord requested her presence at the table.

Giving herself a mental shake as she figured the request was more a demand, she stepped from her suite and into the hall, closing the door behind her. She

remained silent as the servant led her to the dining room, explaining every painting, statue and point of interest they passed leaving her with the distinct feeling she was being given a tour.

Roux
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #7 on Apr 27, 2005, 12:08pm »

Roux awakens from her rest, stretching her arms out, as she slips off the bed, her red silk nightshirt enslaved around her slender body. Inhaling deeply, she detected Lord Targent had returned home as well as Lantia. Another scent aroused her as well, one she does not recognize. Someone must have a visitor, she thought, maybe one that would quench a thirst if needed.

She quickly steps into her large closet, looking over her clothes. Her fingers tapping over each garment, as she decides on which one she liked at the moment. As always her favorite was her black leather pants and white blouse. She loves the feel of the pants against her skin. Taking them from the closet, she steps back into her room, her fingers grabbing the bottom of her nightshirt, pulling it over her head, tossing it on the bed. Slipping into her pants and blouse, she finds her black boots, sliding them on. Reaching over for her brush, brushing her hair, pulling back a few strands from each side pinning them back. She slips on her bracelet, a beauty she thought. Feeling refreshed and ready for what the night would bring, she makes her way out of her room into the hall of the castle.

She could hear the hustle and bustle of the slaves moving around, soft chatter from them. She assumed Lord Targent had something planned; they only acted this way when he was around. None want to displease him, for they knew if they did their punishment would be harsh. Making her way down the stairs, her boots making a soft thud sound against the marble of the floor. Stepping down into the main entrance of the castle, she looks around to see if she could see what all the commotion was.

Lantia
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #8 on Apr 27, 2005, 6:49pm »

The servants were hustling and bustling around the room, making the last touch ups to the table and surrounding area of the dining room to make it perfect as their Lord likes it. The torchlight dim but just enough to let all have good sightings of each other and place settings set out with the fine plates and goblets for the new guest.

Lantia felt the squeeze back to her hand and lifted her head to look at Targent. His smile brought more comfort to her slightly battered nerves from her earlier speaking with him. She was glad he had not judged her on those words. Words

that she held strong to her meaning. As his hand slipped from hers, she looked over and smiled to Roux who had entered. She looked to the pulled out chair then back to Targent with a smile.

“Thank you Targent,” Lantia said.

She hoped calling him by his first name was all right instead of lord. Before she took a seat, she had a thought. Biting her inner cheek she stepped from the comforting seat over to where Targent had taken his place as he ordered a servant to retrieve a drink, she sliinked past the boy and over to his left side. Her head lowered as rosy blood lips whispered softly within his ear, a few wisps of black caressing along his pale cheek.

“Targent, I was hoping that I could speak to you after this dinner. ‘Tis rather something important, I hope you have some time to spare,” she expressed.

Her eyes looked over the meal that was being set out, something she knew she could not taste. But from the corner of her eye she looked to Targent, awaiting a response as she hoped she could speak with him later on.

Roux
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #9 on Apr 28, 2005, 11:12am »

Roux turned towards the dining area as she heard the voices of Lord Targent and Lantia. Smiling as she catches a glimpse of Lord Targent waving her in. She steps swiftly into the dinning area, the room softly lit, servants hustling around preparing the meal their master had requested. She moves next to him, leaning over, pressing her crimson red lips against his cheek, and softly kissing him. Her ebony eyes meeting his as she leans back up.

“Hello, Lord Targent. I hope the gallery opening was eventful for you. You looked to be in good company,” she grins slightly at him. “I must say Antonio was a great escort, a bit nervous, maybe I will get to visit with him again. I do want to apologize for leaving early, but I felt like you were in good hands.”

She notices Lantia standing behind him.

“Hello Lantia, ‘tis nice to see you about. You have been a bit scarce, I hope all is well with you,” Roux said.

Looking around, she assumes that there are more than just the two of them eating dinner. Four places seemed to be placed.

“Lord Targent, you must be expecting visitors,” she observed.

She makes her way over to the large wood cabinet, taking a crystal glass; she fills it with the bloodwyne. Turning back towards Lord Targent and Lantia, she noticed that something didn't seem right with Lantia. But maybe it was just her, she hadn't fed and was in need, her senses were a bit joggled. She knew the bloodwyne would calm her for now.

Morgan Vane
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #10 on Apr 28, 2005, 11:36am »

Morgan followed the servant down to the dining hall running a slender hand through her hair. Settling a bored expression upon her face, her deep blue eyes settled into a sleepy cast, the normal expressions she used when dealing with others. She learned long ago how to hide behind her masks to keep all thought and emotion from being seen and she has always used this skill to her advantage. She stopped a moment at the door to the dining hall hearing the chatter of voices within. She certainly hadn't planned on this.

Taking a deep breath and straightening the black vest over the silk shirt, she stepped around the doorway into the dining hall. They were seated around the table chattering easily like old friends and once again Morgan had the feeling of looking though a locked window, of being separated from her own kind. Dark blue orbs scanned each face recognizing a few of them from the gallery. Closing off the emotions inside her, she dismissed each one before resting her cold, hard gaze upon him. He sat at the table like a royal prince flanked by women of his own that most likely would dote upon him. She had always hated the lords for that reason alone most were not worthy of affections.

With the feline grace of a true predator sleek and lithe, she stepped into the dining hall. She did not approach the table but instead slipped fluidly along the wall to lean against it, cocking one hip as she tucked her delicate hands into her pockets. There was no more timidity within her only a sultry beauty that she used against any male who got in her way. She had seduced many into her web of death without them ever realizing their doom and she would do so again should the need arise. Crossing her slender ankles, deep eyes glittering and cold locked upon the lord himself, a subtle movement a, challenge as she spoke. Her voice flowed past full parted lips like sweet honey and a midnight caress.

"Good evening Lord Tangent. I do trust your evening goes well. It seems the supplies I requested will be arriving soon. It should not take me more than a day to paint the portrait you requested," Morgan remarked.

She let her words trail off ignoring the others in the room, keeping herself closed off and shielded from them all. She was what she had always been since she had been brought into the dark life. An object for males to desire, her body and

her subtle seductions had always been her weapons against them. They might have use of her body but none would ever reach the mind within it.

Cocking one hip, she watched them, subtle webs of desire and seduction floating unseen around the room. How many of them would soon be ensnared, she wondered and no longer a threat? She allowed a sleepy, bored smile to tug at her lips as she watched the lord intently, canting her head to one side letting strands of raven hair cascade off her shoulders. Crossing her delicate arms under the succulent breasts, she offered no other words, no other movement, remaining where she was. Even as she observed them, she noted small details; gathering bits of information on those around her, reading body language hints these people did not know they were giving off. It pleased her to have use of such skill; it kept her on her toes and alert for any danger.

Targent
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #11 on Apr 29, 2005, 11:38am »

Targent leaned to the back of his chair as the servants brought in the fine meal he and his kindred would feast on this day. He leaned in and listened to Lantia, as she let a soft whisper fall into his ears, wanting to speak to him after dinner had finished. He glanced at her as their eyes met. He smiled and in a soft velvet tone agreed with a nod.

“After I finish some business with the new kin, then I shall meet you in the parlor,” Targent agreed.

And with that he watched as Morgan moved into the dinning room, her subtle way of slinking into the shadows, thinking she would be unnoticed by her kind. But, yes indeed, this little get together was in her honor as she spoke to him, and wished him good tidings. Such niceties among our kind, while the truth lay just below the surface. Targent thought for a moment as a realization came to him, although they had all fought together in the wars and survived, none really trusted or seemed to care about one another. In the long run that would not due. If he could not unite them and bring together one strong, close-knit family, the kindred would fall prey to any strong untied group; and to him this would not due. Didn’t they understand the importance of their unity or were all their own petty concerns much greater than the big picture? Didn’t they even see it? He wondered a moment before he answered the beautiful vixen.

A deep timbered voice rolled from his lips as he answered her.

“My day goes well Morgan. I hope you’ve found your accommodations to your liking, and yes our servants will have your things set up for you after dinner. But for now you must join us. I have much to talk to all the kindred about,” Targent replied.

And with that Targent gracefully eased back his chair and rose with the subtle elegance of one raised to nobility. But little did they all know that could be no farther from the truth. He walked over to Morgan and extended his arm to her as he eased her to a chair and pulled it open for her. As she settled, he easily pushed the chair in and then seated himself.

Targent caught the scent of one he knew all too well; it was his younger brother Amon. He leaned back once more as this was surely a grand day for new associations and bonded ones alike. He sipped upon his drink as the others bantered and chatted. When all kindred were present he would speak to them.

Roux
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #12 on Apr 29, 2005, 12:41pm »

Roux quietly made her way to the long table, Lord Targent at the head as the new kindred sat next to him and Lantia on the other side. She pulls out the chair next to the new kindred, slipping into the chair she slides up to the table, setting her glass down in front of her.

“Hello, I am Roux and you are?” she said looking to Morgan.

She could tell that something seemed a bit out of sorts with those at the table. She kept quiet not wanting to intrude on any business that was to be taken care of.

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The hunger inside given to me, makes me what I am, always its calling me. Always stalking my prey, you”ll taste my pain, in the dark I”ll hide.

Morgan Vane
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #13 on Apr 29, 2005, 1:18pm »

Morgan arched a finely sculpted brow at the lord as he spoke, the cadence of his voice sent a chill wrapping about the base of her spine. Joining them for dinner did not sound like a suggestion and she carefully weighed her options. She had played this game for hundreds of years and had yet to lose it. Pushing off the wall with a subtle grace as the lord approached, there was a slight tensing of her muscles. She accepted his offered arm and let him lead her to the table silencing the snarl that clawed at her throat when he seated her beside him. They were all the same no matter where she went; things would never change.
She settled into her chair crossing her slender legs, her body relaxing as the sleepy expression tainted her eyes. Those that had known her well enough would have known the look for what it was and stayed clear of her path. No matter, she thought as she reached up tucking a strand of midnight behind her

ear. She cast her dark blue eyes at the lady beside as she spoke, canting her head to one side. Tucking one delicate hand into her lap, she shifted slightly, a lazy smile crossing her face as she spoke, her voice a silky lover's caress.

"I am Morgan, Lady Roux, a pleasure I am sure," she responded.

She let her words trail off, her dark eyes roaming over those gathered at the table. Laying her slender arms upon the arms of the chair, she watched servants bustle at the lord's command. This wasn't much different than other courts she had served in, but then most kindred did not differ much from land to land.

Her sleepy gaze gathered every detail of each member, the way they moved or spoke, the way glances shifted. By the time she finished the portrait she would know these people like an open book, easily read, sifted through and manipulated. Tossing her hair back over her shoulder, the deep rich midnight color shimmering in the soft light, she waited remaining the silent watcher. In time, some of them might come to know the woman called Morgan Vane however few would be that lucky. The shift of the game between her and the lord of the court did not bother her much; she had always been able to adapt to any given situation. The sleepy gaze and lazy smile remained upon her face as she listened to the creatures around her banter and wondered if these would prove as petty as other courts.

Roux
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #14 on Apr 29, 2005, 9:14pm »

Roux grins slightly at Morgan as she introduced herself. She sensed that Morgan seemed a bit uneasy at being here. She couldn't imagine why, they were all kindred and all seek the same thing in the end.

She watched as the slaves kept bringing plates of food to the table. All the food looking like portraits as steam slowly rises above each. Not that she really cared to eat any of it, that was more of a human need.

"Morgan, I hope you plan on staying here at the castle. Lord Targent provides all his clan with the best of everything. Our needs are well met here, we go and do as we please, we are just careful not to anger him," Roux explained.

Roux's thoughts float off to the picture she saw in the gallery, the rose pictures. Something about it, something that seem to be eating at her. She must return to the gallery soon, knowing there are answers there and maybe she would run into the handsome escort she had later that night, Antonio.

Shaking her head, she puts it out of her thoughts for now. She knew Lord Targent would be growing a bit angry if his brother, Amon, didn't show soon. He always seemed to keep Lord Targent worried with what he was doing.

Amon
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #15 on Apr 30, 2005, 1:24am »

Slipping in quietly, well as quietly as a huge demonic figure can, he nods to those gathered as he makes his way to the table. He wasn't much for pomp and circumstance, but the table setting was pretty nice. He grins to his brother, knowing Targent was probably not pleased. Folding his wings over his body, turning them into the semblance of a cloak, he finds a seat, and sits down. He runs a claw over his face, scratching at his cheek.

"Sorry, Targent. I, ahem, got a little held up," Amon explained.

He wasn't about to tell him about the pains. They were worsening and he didn't want Targent to know.

He smiles again, fangs showing. He looks around at the affair, smiling at the other vampires.

"I see everyone is here. So, what's the occasion?" he asked.

His foot tapped silently, as if he were impatient. It was known that he was a vampire of action. Though intelligent, he preferred letting others handle that part. After all, people mistaking him for a dumb brute was advantageous. He looks at each of the other vampires, realizing he and Targent were the only males and it seems Targent has good taste. He pushed that thought away and just concentrated on the words spoken to him.

Lantia
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #16 on Apr 30, 2005, 9:25am »

At his answer, soft yet sultry for a male, Lantia smiled and leaned back up, happy with his words. As she placed her hands upon his shoulders to move back to her place she watched as Roux stepped within the room. A smile slipped across her crimson lips, giving her a nod as she moved to take a seat.

"Hello Roux. It's a pleasure to see you again. Yes, all is well with me. I just had...an uplifting talk with someone. I hope all is well with you," Lantia remarked.

Though she did not point out whom she had spoken with, her hands gave Targent's shoulders a slight grip in silent thanks before removing her touch. Not

wanting her touch to linger too long when he was about to do business, Lantia moved along his right side, crossing the smooth edge of the mahogany table till she slips within the soft comfort of her chair. One slender finger brushed a small strand of silver back over her shoulder as the smooth leather chair pressed to her pale skin, clinging her frame to its embrace.

From the corner or her right eye she caught movement, looking upon the exquisite physique of their guest, her movements read deadly as a poisonous cobra yet the sultry seduction of a mistress. The midnight curls tumbled along her frame like a blanket of the night's sky. The air around her seemed familiar. She could not place where or when she had met her, though this was the first time ever setting eyes upon the Lady Morgan, as Lord Targent spoke her name.

Her head shakes, dismissing the thought and feeling it was just rattled nerves, as she has not fed since her journey within Azoic City the first time. That was a pleasant meal. The placement of a goblet before her jolted her out of her revere, lifting her head to smile up at the servant as she poured the bloodwyne. Hopefully, it would ease her nerves as she was going to speak of something important to Targent.

A pale hand reaches out, wrapping slender fingers around the stem of the goblet, lifting it up to her pursed lips. The first few sips felt wonderful to her parched throat but the sound of footsteps approaching brought her head to look at the entrance of the dining room. Bright silver orbs landed upon the form of Amon as he had finally returned home. It had been ages since she had seen him last. From her sleep she has not seen her kindred in a long time and now a new one may join the ranks.

Smiling softly, she lowers her goblet to the table, looking to Targent as he leans back in his chair but notices his gaze go towards Amon. Through the years Amon hasn't changed in looks at all, but that was expected from vampires. At the mention of the occasion, Lantia turned to look at her brother as blood red lips part to speak softly, yet with a hint of laughter.

"We have a guest Amon. Why not bid a greeting to her?" Lantia said.

Turning her head, she sets her gaze upon the extravagant woman who seemed to control the atmosphere around her, affecting all that she could control but not Targent or others present. Smiling she gives the girl a nod of her head.

"Greetings and welcome Morgan. My name is Lantia. I hope you will stay with us as Roux pointed out. You would have your own room and free reign of practically the entire castle," she said.

Not wanting to be rude, she decided to start a small conversation with the woman as Targent deals with Amon's long period of absence.

Morgan Vane
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #17 on Apr 30, 2005, 11:49am »

Morgan settled back in her chair listening to the lady beside her. She assessed the others slowly, silently dark blue orbs dancing from one to another before another one entered. Her eyes raked over him, a lord she thought to herself and by his words, brother to Targent. So this court enjoyed the pampering of the lord, obeying his every wish seemed to her, like they were more slaves to him than a clan. She would make no judgment until much later, merely gathering and storing information as the man sat down speaking to the lord. She noted that he tapped his foot impatiently as though he longed to be someplace else.

Watching the servant set food and wine in front of her, she raised one delicate manicured hand and pushed it away, the long tinted nails tapping lightly on the dishes. She certainly had no need of food and could provide for herself quite well. Ignoring the wine, she reached up and tucked away a dark raven strand of hair settling her eyes for a moment upon the man.

She lifted her hand to study the long black tinted nails as the second woman spoke to her. She had noticed that the lord kept only one other male probably to cut off rivalry for the females he seemed to keep in abundance. Turning cold sapphire eyes to the woman, she nodded slightly before she spoke, her voice a midnight whisper like a warm summer breeze.

“Hello Lady Lanita, a pleasure to meet you, I am sure. Though, I thank you for such concerns as you and Lady Roux have voiced, I assure you, I am quite capable of taking care of myself. I do not need to be looked after,” Morgan responded.

The words trailed off a slight, so subtle that it would not be noticed as she merely smiled that cold brutal smile. She returned her attention to the manicure, flicking the point of one nail. Her elegant cruelty to others was how she kept them out of her life, something she intended to continue doing whether she was forced to serve in this court or not.

Leaning slightly back, her mind trailed over the past, the centuries of training she had endured to get to this point. Now she chose which lords she served and which lords were unfortunate enough to disappear. A slight smile traced her lips at the memory as she again danced her shimmering icy gaze around the table. A court made up of females with only two males in the mix did not please her, though it meant there would be little use of her skills.

She would endure the dinner; paint the portrait and the next eve she would silently slip away. She narrowed her gaze a moment at Amon, gathering a few

more facts about the man before she returned her attention to the ladies of court. Pampered and spoiled, she thought to herself, dependant upon a male for comfort. The thought brought a chuckle bubbling in her throat, which she wisely kept silent. It mattered little to her what they were; she had no use for any of those present. She leaned back comfortably in her chair, tucking the hair behind one ear as she settled her hands upon her toned thighs. Her long nails trailed over the velvet material with a barely audible sound.

Targent
DN Writer"s Community
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #18 on Apr 30, 2005, 12:56pm »
Targent watched for a long while at the kindred gathered at his table, such a diversity of the blood.
His glance turned to his brother as he entered, he looked of strength and physically healthy, but there was a sickness within him; he felt the pain, even though, he was determined to hide it. Very soon Targent would speak to his brother about what seemed to befall him and grow in strength.

"Welcome home brother, come sit with our brethren. We have new blood within the court, and today I will speak to the clan of what Targent thinks," he said.

He watched as Amon took a seat and spoke to the female kindred. He was young and still held the weaknesses of the flesh for them, in centuries that too would fade as with his remnants of humanity. His glance fell from Amon to Roux, she seemed comfortable in her blood, she understood her position in it. Strength and beauty used for the advancements of the kindred, she as himself did what needed to be done for the kindred, her quiet subtlety; she was strong in her silent way. Then his gaze turned to Lantia, she was new to the clan, still trying to find her way through her embrace, but he felt a willingness within her to find himself and the others as family. He felt her inner strength and would help to guide her if she let him. She would grow stronger, he felt this .

Then finally his glance turned to Morgan, he watched as she shoved her plate away and held herself within her shell of indifference. He sensed a sadness within her. It had always seemed to him the ones more defiant felt the most loss. She must have been treated badly at sometime of her unlife, but to him he could not fathom who could use kindred to the point she was at now.

He had always seen the kindred as kings and queens of night and now we had the opportunity to not be in the shadows, but to reign over the land of day and night, as they should. Some would understand and stand with him; some would fade to their own devices.
He asked nothing of the kindred they were not willing to give freely, although he had the means to control them, he never used it on his kind or would he ever. If they followed him into the future, he would protect and nurture them, lend his

strength, give his own blood; nothing else mattered to Targent but the survival and well being of his clan.

He would never have a child of his own, his children were his kin, and like a father he would protect and guide, like a brother he would be there to stand beside them and like a lover he would hold them to his breast and still the loneliness of time. Like a friend he would listen and try to understand. He hoped the kindred left would soon understand the big picture or at least sense it. If not he would go to his inner sanctum and place himself in torpor, a suspended sleep for centuries till he would rise once more and try again. Hopefully it would not go that way.

Amon
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #19 on Apr 30, 2005, 1:23pm »

Nodding to the new woman, he watches her study him. Her eyes show that she believes she knows him. He smiles inwardly, for no one knew him, except for Targent. He smiles to the others as they address him, for he cared for all his kindred like family. He would do other things to his family, besides plutonic things but he would still be there for them. He leans back in the chair, folding his hands behind his head.

“Well, glad to meet you. My name is Amon,” he says.

His wings flicker a little; his deep purple eyes look the new woman up and down, noting the emotional wall.

Roux
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #20 on Apr 30, 2005, 4:07pm »

Roux gives a smile and nods towards Amon as he makes his way into the dinning area.

“Glad you could join us Amon. I have missed seeing you around the castle. I have not seen you in the city either, I hope you are staying out of trouble,” Roux expressed.

She chuckles softly knowing he was a wild kindred, but one she did enjoy spending some time with every now and then. He did keep her on her toes when she ventured out with him.

Shifting in her chair, she was growing a bit uneasy at sitting for too long. She did enjoy being out and about meeting new friends or exploring around the city.

“Morgan, I am not sure if you have ventured into the city lately, but I have heard that many new establishments have opened up. I would always enjoy company if you care to go,” she added.

She turns her glance towards Lord Targent, she smiles with ease when she sees him. He always seemed to calm her and keep things in order. Even though at times she was sure that his family caused him grief. The clan always seemed to push the limits of the treaty. He is a true leader and one she could go to when in need of anything.

Her glance turned to Lantia, she was a beauty among the kindred. Many men follow her in hopes to gain her attention but very few got close to her. And those that did, well let’s just say they never got close again.

Reaching out, her slender fingers tap against the goblet. She knew that they were all summoned here for a reason. She turns her attention back to Lord Targent, as she heard his low growl of a voice.

Lantia
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #21 on Apr 30, 2005, 4:22pm »

Her head lowers in a nod to the woman Morgan, understanding her choice to leave. Though if she was to leave, why stay for a day or two? Then she remembered the lady speak of a portrait that Targent wished for her to paint. Turning her head slightly she looked to Morgan, feeling a sense of awe of her ability to paint the portrait within such a short span of time. Though something about her read that she despised all of them or that she wished to be rid of them as soon as possible.

Lantia shook her head slightly, dancing the silver curls about her porcelain face to rid such bad thoughts. The sleep or torpor was much too long for her. It would take time to fit back in within the kindred clan. Her family meant much to her but the feeling was out of balance.

A slender brow raised as she watched the woman push her food away like it was poisoned. Lantia thought it was hospitable to eat what the host serves, to not be rude, but perhaps ‘tis what she wanted. The ice-cold stare she received was from one who wished not to be bothered. One who held control in her life and answered to no one. A rare trait to find in some people but was very pleasing to see within her. Slowly, a smile crept across her crimson lips, looking to the woman and her visage that she holds well around her.

After a moment of reading the girl as much as she can, trying to hone her skills once more, she turns to face Targent, wondering what was the announcement he wished to speak about.

Morgan Vane
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #22 on May 1, 2005, 9:06am »

Morgan uncrossed her slender legs crossing them again with a casual grace as she watched those around her. She knew well from experience how deceing appearances could be and so she reserved her judgment about this court for the moment. Canting her head to one side, she turned her gaze upon the others while the lord dealt with his brother. She could see the deep intelligence in the lord's eyes; she could almost sense him weighing something as he looked at her. She merely let the lazy smile remain upon her face. She was beginning to think there was more to this court than she might have sensed at first. The ladies of the court though seeming pampered had shown some concern for her though she was unknown to them. The other male of the court, Amon, seemed impatient with being here as though it were some burden, but she doubted that was the case. As for the lord, he was elegant, she would give him that with a fluid courtly grace of nobility, but one had to wonder what depravity that eloquent manner might hide as it had with others.

She shifted slightly in her chair when the lord's gaze landed upon her sensing again that hidden locked away part inside her stirring. She pushed the sensation away, tapping her nails against her thigh to distract herself. Turning her eyes away, she let the cool sapphires glance upon Roux, canting her head to one side. Something lay beneath that one, she thought to herself, something that was causing some sense of unease in the woman.

Her liquid pools slid away from the woman like cool silk on a hot summer night and trailed over Lanita. For all appearance, the woman seemed cheerfully friendly but what twisted webs might lay beneath that sunny appearance -- time would tell. If this was the extent of Tangent's court then it was one of the smallest she had encountered and perhaps she had wandered a bit too long. She found though court after court tainted and twisted beyond hope with depravity she couldn't help but wonder if this one would prove any different than the ones before it.

Her soft ivory skin shimmered softly in the flickering lights, clear blue eyes both cool and distant. She shifted in her chair as she watched them closely picking up on the most subtle of movement, some that belied their words. She tapped her fingers lightly against her thighs as she listened to Roux speaking. The words of invitation surprised her a little, though there was no change in her sleepy expression. She slowly turned her sparkling gaze like the warm ocean waters upon the lady. As she spoke her voice drifted like a silky lover's caress.

"Greetings Lord Amon, it is a pleasure I am sure," Morgan said.

“It would be my pleasure to escort you, Lady Roux, on a venture through the city. Perhaps we can stop at the tailor’s shop as well. Just send word to the room allotted to me for my time here. If I have already returned home then I shall have to contact you,” she replied.

She let her voice trail off into a seductive purr as she slid her eyes over the woman’s form. She had been used by women in most courts as well; so escorting a lady did not trouble her much. Few of the courtly ladies she had served in the past ever found her temper; the lords were the ones that earned it so well.

With a lazy smile, she felt the gaze of the other lady upon her and slowly turned her gaze toward Lanita. The assessing gaze of the woman held for a moment before she turned her attention elsewhere. Morgan could guarantee that each assessment of her by each member was different and way off base. They only saw in her what she allowed them to see, a skill she had developed over centuries of service in court. Her gaze drifted over the lords, suppressing the shiver that seemed to wrap itself about her spine.

She again lifted one delicate hand reaching for the stem of the goblet. Her delicate appearance was deceptive to say the least, the hand that lifted the goblet to her lips was more deadly than most would realize until it was too late. She took a small sip of wine setting the chalice aside and resettling her hands upon the arm of the chair. Perhaps she would stay a week painting each of the kindred she saw at the table; painting them in full light and showing the strengths she could see in each.

Settling back in her chair a small hand fluttered over her thigh brushing away a stray wrinkle in the black velvety material, material that hugged her slender legs accenting and providing mystery as to what lay beneath. Even her manner of dress was designed to entice and lure the wary eyes of lords and ladies. Canting her head to the side the long raven strands spilling off one shoulder, she raised her eyes toward the lord of the castle returning her attention to this courtly announcement. She locked away whatever part of her he stirred and watched him closely and most curiously. She was interested to hear what this lord thought of his clan and court, what instructions or orders he might lay upon them and dreaded the moment his attention would fall completely upon her. There was too much that was a mystery about him and she almost feared having to spend any time alone with the lord of the court because he seemed to strike nerves she long thought dead and would have to kill again. Her cool sapphire gaze remained upon him, showing nothing of the thoughts or emotions inside her as she waited to hear this announcement so she could begin the portraits.

Targent
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #23 on May 6, 2005, 4:25pm »

Targent let his glance roll over each kindred once more before he leaned forward and lowered his glass beside his plate. His dark eyes focused on them as he laid his elbows against the table and began to speak clearly to all.

“Children of the Garden of Stone, Kindred of the Greater Shadow, heed my words to you this night. We have been a society of beings made to lurk in the shadows of cities, to be an underground society of beings made into monsters of our prey. But no longer will that be the status. We are a strong people wrapped in diversity. I see a grand picture for us. One where our kind will live as they should always have been. As kings and queens of the lands. In my court none is more or less than the other but equal in strengths, even though different from one another each of you brings your own special gifts to it,” Targent began.

“There is nothing more important to me than the survival and prosperity of the kindred. I shall never have children of my own, so I see you, my kindred, as my children. And as a father I will watch over you and give you guidance, protect you. As a brother I will stand beside you, be it with arms or inner strength, to lend when times are hard. As a friend to listen with all of my being. Or as a lover to some, to help with the loneliness of time,” he continued.

“Some of you will follow and we will grow strong, siring our family from what humans wish to join us. Making sure the humans grow in number and strength like shepherds. They are our lifeline; their blood gives us life and we will make sure they are protected from others that wish them harm,” Targent added.

Targent grins to this notion of being the humans’ guardians, mentors. He is the first and the last, and knows the truth. And in time so would his brethren, but for now he had to organize their works. To make sure each was taken care of, built up in spirit, mind and body, which was his first plan of order.

Targent let his velvet tone slip from his mouth as he looked to each one.

“What say ye Kindred? Who will stand beside me?” he asked.

Roux
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #24 on May 6, 2005, 11:42pm »

Roux moves around in her chair, picking at the plate of food in front of her. She never really cared for this, even if it did mimic more of a human nature. Extending her right arm out, her fingers wrapping around the crystal glass and swirling the glass some as the bloodwyne swishes and her thoughts drifting. She is pulled from her state of thought as she hears Lord Targent speaking. She listens to him carefully, nodding her head some in agreement with him. She knew she didn’t always show him the respect that he earned or deserved, for without him their

kind would no longer exist. She glances around to Lantia, Amon and Morgan. She knew if they didn't come together as a family and support one another that their existence here would be no longer.

Lifting her glass, she stands pushing the chair back. Moving behind Amon, laying her slender fingers upon his shoulder, she lifts her glass up towards Lord Targent.

"M'Lord Targent, as I stand here before you and the rest of you, I will do my best to support our family until I no longer exist," she professed.

Nodding her head in respect to him, her hand squeezes Amon's shoulder as she moves the glass of wyne to her lips, slowly sipping. Sliding her hand from his shoulder, she steps over towards the large fireplace, her dark eyes gazing into the flickering flames, and listens to the sounds of the crackling wood.

Morgan Vane
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #25 on May 7, 2005, 9:25am »

Morgan crossed her arms over her chest watching those around, her deep blue eyes perceiving more than she let on. These beings of the court were unlike any she had seen before. Reaching up one delicate hand, she tucked a stray wisp of midnight behind one ear as she continued her observations. There were only two males and three females in this court if she counted herself, and yet the females did not seem to be used in the typical ways.

Watching Roux place a plate of food on the table was strange enough, no other court had bothered with such a pretense of emulating humanity. Chaotic thoughts chased each other around in her mind, fingers tapping against her ribs as she contemplated the nature of this court. It wasn't like anything she had seen before; the first shock had been when the lord himself had risen from his chair to lead her so eloquently to a seat. The second had been the ladies and their generally friendly concerns, which now seemed genuine enough. Considering that Roux had asked if she wished to accompany her to the city instead of demanding her to escort her, posed more questions than answers. Was it that this court had yet to define what she had always been or was it that they did not see her as a mere object to pleasure them?

She was pulled abruptly from her thoughts as the lord himself began to speak, that soft velvety voice sliding over her like a caress even though the words were not aimed at her. She listened to each word, each inflection of sound closely, gauging the truthfulness of his speech. It wasn't until he spoke of those here as being kings and queens that she had to stifle the gasp of shock that clawed at her slender creamy throat. This was the Lord of the Court these kindred would obey him in all things wouldn't they?

Pushing the thought aside she continued to take in every word, her surprise and shock growing even more confusing as he spoke of them as family. When he spoke of being a lover, the words did not quite have the same affect as it would have in any other court but caused that warm sensation inside her. This lord was offering himself to the comfort of others not demanding it of them. This confused her even more when he asked if they would stand by him and follow him. It seemed as though every belief she had come to know was straining to stand against that warm fluid voice. When he had finished and the Lady Roux had moved to the other male's side, the words the lady spoke did not shock her quite so much. When she spoke, her voice was warm, silky and sultry as night.

"I reserve my answer for now Lord Tangent," Morgan replied.

She let the words hang as she eyed each member of court almost daring them to challenge her. It would take her time to sort through all the chaos that suddenly seemed to swirl around her mind like a tornado. She had far too much on her mind at the moment, things that no one here knew and things she preferred to keep to herself that added weight to the hidden part of her. Tracing those thoughts, a deep sadness darkened her eyes as she dropped them to inspect her nails for many long moments. Never had she served in a court like this one and never had she let out the secrets she kept; the events previous were exactly that, a secret, and one she would deal with eventually.

Raising her eyes once again the cool distant cast had returned to the deep pools of blue shielding her inner self from those around her. She canted her head to one side as she watched them gathering information and seeing things only an artist could see. A smile touched her lips though it did not reach her eyes as she thought of the portrait she would soon paint of the handsome lord, one he might not approve of. She had decided upon what frame of light she would paint him in, the soft candle lit night instead of the blaze of day.

The other male of the court she had ideas for as well. As for the ladies, she would have to wait until she returned to her room to sketch them out upon her pads. Turning her eyes once again to the lord, she merely watched him, hoping his eyes would not land upon her.

Amon
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #26 on May 7, 2005, 11:14am »

The touch of Roux's hand on his shoulder was something he was not expecting but he resisted the urge to move. He acted as if it was nothing, and indeed he needed to act that way. As Targent's only real family left, kindred aside, it was his duty to honor the older sibling, and acting like a cat in heat was not the way to do it. He nods to Targent's words, slipping out of his chair and standing up.

“Targent, you are my brother; you are my family. You saved me when all I had left was killing. You brought me back to life and allowed me to do what I do best. The war brought us closer and it changed both of us, maybe not for the better, but we stayed together then and I stay by your side now. We have been through too much for me to leave you now; you have my loyalty, and always will,” Amon expressed.

He raises his goblet, wings moving slightly.

“I propose a toast. To Targent, to us, and to the night,” he says.

He waits for the response before taking a drink of the delicious liquid.

Lantia
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #27 on May 9, 2005, 10:18pm »

The waiting of the announcement was finally ended when Targent began to speak. His words rang true and held emotion, as much as emotion that a vampire could give. He placed himself in every aspect of a person, from family member to lover to inner power. His strength would be their strength. His blood would be their blood. They were tied as one and he wished them to become closer and stand as one, as a whole.

Lantia tilted her head to the side slightly, listening to his words and reminiscing in thought. The time that passed within the echoless chamber of her inner tomb was haunting enough, leaving her to many thoughts of being together with ones like her. Now, as the concept was draped before her like a blanket, she was a bit uncertain if she would accept. How thrilling it would be to go into town, to hunt with others and know they understand what you are going through...most of the time. There were few of them already and for them to be together would ensure their survival.

A pale hand raised, tracing a slender finger around the rim of the crystal goblet that was half empty of the bloodwyne that was served to her. Her head shook slightly, dancing the black curls about her porcelain face as she knew it would be more pleasant to be in company of ones like herself. Deciding upon her words, she too stood and turned to look at Targent with a gentle smile.

“I too will join with you Targent. We must stick together with the few of us that are left,” she affirmed.

She looked from the corner of her eye to their guest Morgan. She was curious if the new vampire would join with them, leave on her own, or betray them. Pushing her chair back a bit, Lantia slips out from before the large table and takes the few

steps to Lord Targent"s side. She lowers her upper body down, letting her lavender scent waft within his nostrils as she whispers softly within his right ear.

"M'Lord, I know you do not wish to leave our guest but I do need to speak with you soon. I have something that I must attend to," Lantia said.

Her ears perked to the sound of a squeak past the window of the hallway just outside of the dining room. She knew the sound her pet made and knew he was back with the response from the Arch. Not meaning to rush him, she leans back up and makes her way across the dining room into the parlor where he had mentioned she could speak with him. Turning her head slightly, she gives her brother Amon, sister Roux and their guest Morgan a smile.

"Please excuse me, I must speak with Lord Targent urgently for just a few moments. I hope you all do not mind," she explained.

Hoping to not displease the guest or be rude before her brethren, she slips through the open doors into the murky darkness. The soft taps of her heels echoing through the room as she steps over towards the small fire that was placed within once the servants found out it was to be in use. The red flames danced across the fur carpet and large furnishings that governed the room.

The clicking was silenced by the rug as she steps to the hearth, the dancing flames reflecting within her own silver eyes as she awaits her first appointment, hoping to find out if the next one was to come to fruition.

Roux
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #28 on May 10, 2005, 9:10am »

Roux turned towards the group as she heard Amon speaking up. His gesture towards his brother was that no other could ever know or understand for they hold a bond that the rest of us will never know. She smiled as she saw Amon raising his glass towards Lord Targent.

She holds her glass up.

"To Lord Targent" she softly speaks.

Glancing over towards Amon, she gives him a nod and grin of approval for his actions. Her gaze moving to the new one, Morgan, she was still a bit unsure of the group, maybe it was Lord Targent she was unsure of. She hoped that Morgan would at least realize that we are all the same; we want our family to grow and keep each other safe. She hoped to get to know her more, but wouldn't push it too hard, she wanted Morgan to feel comfortable around them.

Turning her attention to Lantia, she was pleased to hear her in agreement with Amon and herself. Nodding in respect towards Lantia, she tips her head towards her. She listened as Lantia seemed a bit apprehensive about something and needed to speak with Lord Targent in private. She hoped that all was well with her and that it was only something minor.

She steps softly towards the table, setting her glass down. Her hand reaching over, touching the shoulder of Morgan.

“Morgan, it was a pleasure to meet you and I hope we see each other soon. Maybe take our trip into town or the club? Please let me know when you are free or have some time,” Roux said.
Her glance turning towards the rest, “It was a great evening all, but I think I will retire to my room for some rest. A few new places have opened in the city that I wish to check out, but alas has to wait until the evening of tomorrow.”

She moves out quietly from the dinning area, only the clicking sound of her boots against the marble floor and the stairs could be heard. Slipping inside her room, she closes the door for some needed rest.

Targent
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #29 on May 12, 2005, 12:54pm »

Targent smiled and rose as he looked to his brother Amon first. He nodded his head to him, knowing his brother would always be by his side; he never doubted him. Then his glance turned to Roux, she was always by his side no matter the situation. But as he turned to Lantia a genuine smile crossed his lips. He was glad to hear she would be joining them in heart as well as body now. Then finally his glance turned to Morgan, he wondered about her, she seemed to always be on guard, but with her own was quite unusual to him to see. He would speak to her later after his business with Lantia was finished.

As a bit of raven hair fell over the side of his face , he spoke one final time.

“Children, we have much to talk about, but for now rest well,” Targent said.

As he stepped easily by Morgan, he paused and looked into her face, holding her eyes within his for a moment and then speaking in his soft velvet tone.

“Morgan, I would like to speak to you after my business with Lantia. I have a dark garden within the catacombs, I’ll meet you there,” he said.

And with that Targent turned his attention to his business with Lantia.

Targent excused himself and made his way into the parlor where he noticed Lantia was sitting by the fire of the hearth. She looked lovely and he wondered what news was so important she had to speak to him so quickly. His steps lightly upon the smooth bare wood floor were almost silent as he reached a chair by where Lantia sat. He hated to disturb her solitude but figured she needed to speak to him, so settling down upon the oversized chair he spoke to her.

“So Lantia, please tell me what you needed to speak to me about?” Targent inquired.

Lantia
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #30 on May 13, 2005, 3:26pm »

At the sound of someone approaching, Lantia turned her attention from the blissful roaring fire to set her silver gaze upon Targent. His manner screamed of ancient royalty; the air around him spoke of strength and not just physical but from within as well.

As he took his seat, she slowly stepped towards him, the sound of her heels silently clicking upon the rug from her lengthy boots. Hips sway from side to side with her own grace and manner, one of which she did not understand or could control at times. The closer she approached, the larger her smile grew till she straightened her face out for serious business.

Gracefully, she took a seat beside the larger chair where he placed himself. Pale hands curled around the armrest of his chair as she leaned over towards him slightly to speak so none could over hear.

“I have something important to speak to you about,” she announced.

After those words she pressed her rosy lips close to his right ear, close enough for her soft honeysuckle voice to be heard and the soft scent of lavender to fill his nostrils. She whispered her words to him, the importance that she has been urging to release to someone. Her mind raced with his reaction to her words, her fingers gently tapping upon his arm as she leans back to study his face.

He seemed calm but as they say ‘tis worse to be in the calm for it’s just before the storm.

Targent
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #31 on May 13, 2005, 4:55pm »

He watched Lantia approach like the predator she was, with all the grace and sense of a hunter, which she was for all practical matters anyway. She sat very

close to him and leaned towards his ear, and whispered softly as he listened to the smoothness of her voice as it rolled over his ear gently like her warm breath.

Targent lowered his head in order for her to reach him, a slender pale hand reached up and tucked his ebony hair behind his ear as he listened to her speak to him. His face stood emotionless, as she finished. Then turning to face her, he canted his head as his dark orbs drew her into him, he slipped beyond her eyes into her very soul and searched for a moment then slid out.

He smiled at her and touched her cheek gently and spoke to her in almost a whisper.

“Lantia do what you must, but know our blood runs through yours. We will always be family, but understand the journey you must make for yourself, and know this One will always watch over you even though he is not seen or felt. Know when your journey is done we shall be here for you beyond love, beyond time, beyond death with open arms,” Targent replied.

He cupped her chin with a cool touch as he leaned down and kissed lightly upon her forehead and then released her to do as she would. He rose and with a deep mimicked sigh, he moved from the parlor and made his way down a dark corridor . He stopped in front of a picture with a rose, the moonlight bathed its rays upon it as it bloomed in the darkness of night. A pale hand gripped the edge and swung it open, it was the secret passage into the catacombs that led to his dark garden. Closing the picture behind him, he stepped into the cool darkness of the catacombs, making his way to his beautiful dark garden.

Lantia
Re: Art in the making
« Reply #32 on May 15, 2005, 3:19pm »

Her head lifted, looking deep within his eyes as she felt him shift after her little whisper. She felt the deep power from within him pierce through her eyes into her very soul. The power he withheld was something she was grateful for, for though she too was powerful, nothing could compare to Targent. He had more than just physical strength but mental and emotional, though he did not show it that often.

At the feel of his touch, she froze in her place. His fingers were as cold as death itself, which was the irony of it for they all were cold to the touch. Even his eyes held a coldness that none could pierce. Before he read anymore of her thoughts, she lowered her eyes to cut off the locked sight, though how hard it was to remove herself from diving within the dark pools of black.

For a moment she pressed her cheek into his touch, nuzzling it gently as she listened to his words. They rang such comfort to her, yet something else,

something more than words could describe. Crimson lips parted to speak for herself, letting her warm breath caress along his palm.

“Your words mean much to me Targent. I thank you for trusting me in what I have to do. To know I will always be accepted is a great comfort to one like me,” she responded.

With those words said, she too stood up as he did, laying her arms at her side. As he turned and walked away, she followed a few steps behind him, exiting from the parlor. Before she left the opposite way, her eyes focused upon his form once more as her words whispered forth softly.

“I hope we can see each other again someday soon,” Lantia said.

Lantia turned around, placing her back to Targent as she moved from the parlor towards her room where she was to receive the message that she hoped for.

Lord Germania
The finding of a new place
« Thread Started on Jan 11, 2006, 11:47am »

Part I

He had been patrolling the border between the very northern section of the Great Forest and what lay north of it; a mortal captain within the great armies from north of the Great Forest. Night had fallen and a trap was laid to draw the captain. Every night he guarded the border, races of all kinds tried to pass so illegal trading could be made. This particular night he was led into a trap, several things that he did not see knocked him to the forest's floor after being led astray through the Great Forest for any hours; a wild goose chase that allowed the opportunity for the border’s security to be weakened.

Being struck to the ground by another from behind as he was led on the chase, falling to the ground unconscious he laid there and not knowing what had happened to him while he had been lying there in the state that had occurred.

Waking groggily and disorientated, he picked himself up off of the ground slowly, his body feeling ever so empty. Drops of blood laid on the corner of his lips, the taste was in his mouth, yet there was no form of cut on him near his mouth, no bite marks of any sort. Only from where he had been hit and where he fell to the ground.

His body was rather average looking psychically, he was not particularly well built. The muscles in his arms and chest were noticeable, just not over built. Many scratches and cuts lay on his flesh. Short black hair, usually neat and trim, looking scruffy and not brushed. He was not cleanly shaven; stubbles ran over

his chin, along his upper lips and down the sides, framing his goatee. Small cuts and the small signs of blood showed.

Looking around now in the middle of nowhere, trees, bushes, scrub all around as he turned to look. Running finger through his hair, deepened brown eyes concentrated. Without realizing or thinking about it, his vision enhanced as he gazed to the west, being able for his sight to pass through the tree, seeing the water, suddenly being able to hear the crashing of water against a cliff. Not understanding, confused why he had these abilities, thinking it was to do with the trauma, his mind playing tricks on him.
He slumped as he walked aimlessly for something that he could follow, knowing a coastline or a road would be the direction to follow. After a half a days travel, the sounds, smells, noises grew stronger. He still thought it was the trauma, yet his mind wandered why it was so.

After traveling a lengthy distance in what seemed an incredibly short length of time for the distance traveled, his mind wandered again, and again with confusion to why he was feeling the way he did. Coming to the western coastline of the Ocean Prime until it cut inland forming into the Maymaker River. As the river formed itself along the southern edge of the Great Forest until he found an opening in amongst the thick foliage, he concealed himself within so he would hopefully not be noticed.

As he brushed the branches of the mix of trees, bushes and scrub, his eyes came upon a large building, the familiar look of it made him assume a shrine or temple of sorts. There he walked out of his cover, very weary of his surrounding; his head now thumping more than he could take, taking some more steps until he came to the stairs of the temple. There he crashed into a totally exhausted heap. Drifting off again into an unconscious state.

Part II

For two nights and a day he slipped into a deepened state of rest, allowing his body to heal somewhat. On the oddest of occasions in this time, he would seem to drift towards a conscious state, then would slip back. On the second day, he arose to the coolness of a breeze in the mid morning, the breeze brushed across his face, having rested enough, his body naturally woke. Physically, he still looked drained, his flesh not the usual colored tone; pale, as if he had a fever, a craving for the taste of something yet he did not understand. His stomach was in knots; a sharp pain stabbed the inside of him. Lifting to his feet after a little time, a dazed feel over him, unsteady on his feet at first.

Gazing around where he stood, taking a few steps from where he had fallen, moving over to the stone steps of the temple. There he sat on the steps, slowly gathering his bearings of exactly where he thought he was. Looking back to the forest where he had come out of, deciding it not best to return that way. Looking

from the forest, gazing along the horizon of who or where he could see. Deepened brown eyes came along a dirt path in a gap half way in between where he had walked from, having not seen that he had crossed over it when he arrived previous days ago. Where it led to, he didn't know. But it did go in the direction that headed out of the compound, passing through a large metal fence, which he couldn't see past. It split in the middle of the compound; the other direction was up to the stone steps of the temple. Slowly he dragged his lifeless body towards the steps, each step was painful. After a shortened distance, he fell to the steps, turning over so he could sit on the step.

Both his hands rose up, reaching out in front of him as to keep him balanced as he slumped forward, hands gripping his ankles. Parting his thighs, he heaved hard as if to throw up, then a sudden gasp of air escaped his throat as he tried to catch his breath. Hands left his ankles moving up, brushing through the thickness of his scruffy hair. The pain in his gut grew harder, causing him to heave several times before he could catch his full breath. The pain suddenly seemed to lighten, like a rock caught in his stomach, making it easier for him to concentrate now.

His thoughts as a soldier quickly took over now he could focus his mind completely. Taking a sudden gasp of air, his hands lowered to the stone steps on each side of him. Though it was painful to do so, he lifted himself back to his feet. Standing there he thought to himself, "Today isn't going to be the day I give up."

Taking one step, the pain inside of him was strong with each step, but he pressed on nonetheless. His eyes lowered as he looked down to where his sword should have been. It was not there. It had either been lost or stolen along the way, or after he had lost consciousness. Trying to think for a moment, he could not recall if it had fallen from him in the forest. His head raised as he looked to the clouds above, eyes narrowed like a hawk's, his voice was like that of a wolves howl as he spoke aloud to his dead father.

"Why do you test me now? Have I not done all that has been asked of me?" he questioned.

His eyes lowered back down, knowing the time for questions would be later. Now he needed to find civilization of any sort. He hoped that what lay beyond the fence was not a hostile place, especially for someone who was wandering without any particular knowledge of where he was going.

With that final thought, he made his way wearily towards the fence, heading through the large gate and towards Azoic City, though he did not know it was there or what laid in between. He had been a solder, a warrior for as long as he remembered, bred into the world he knew as a slave, freed the day he swore an allegiance. Now that was nothing to him. Alone, injured, hurt, he questioned why the pain and sudden desire for what he couldn't understand. Knowing he must survive he pressed on.

Genevieve goes to club
Genevieve
PostPosted: Wed Apr 12, 2006 1:37 pm Post subject: Out and about Reply with quote

It had been sometime since Genevieve had left her home. It seemed more and more that she would lose track of time. The hours melted into days, the days into weeks. She was growing restless again. Perhaps it was time to take a trip into the city again.

Dressed in a moderately plain gown of cotton fabric that fell to just above her ankles. It was a dark green, which made her long red hair stand out from a distance. She pulled it up tight in a bun on her head to keep it from her face. Grabbing her heavy cloak, she scrambled outside shutting the door behind her with a yank.

Moving up the street she headed toward downtown, unsure of her direction.

Genevieve
PostPosted: Thu Apr 20, 2006 9:34 pm Post subject: Continued Wanderings

Genevieve moved along the busy streets twisting and turning along the walkways. Silently weaving between people, she tried hard to avoid any physical contact. She had kept herself isolated far too long this time; just being in close proximity of others made her nervous. She was never sure anymore if the voices she heard were real or fabricated by her own mind. Pulling her cloak tighter around her fragile looking frame she forced her steps onward moving faster along the street.

The sun was beginning to set, casting an orange light to the sky, giving an obscure look to the buildings as she moved further downtown. The city was brimming with activity, the promise of distraction from her thoughts hustled her along. Her steps hesitated for a moment before her right foot continued its fall to the ground. She heard music. Her dark eyes darted around her surroundings for a moment. She knew where she was. The club she visited the last time she was downtown was only a few blocks up ahead.

Genevieve smiled. She had once again seemingly aimless in her direction found herself heading to the club. It had been a pleasant visit the last time she was here. Perhaps, it would once again prove to be so.

Put this after Geneveive comes into the city
Maya
PostPosted: Mon Mar 06, 2006 2:34 pm Post subject: Club Reply with quote

Maya had visited with Nick and his friend Genevieve for a bit. Feeling a bit tired; she slipped from the booth, glancing toward Nick.

“Thank you for the drink, but I need to take care of some work and get ready for my dance,” she said.

Making her way through the club, she smiles at the bartender, Jason, waving as she passed by. Reaching her dressing room door, she pushes it open and steps inside. She inhales deeply as she slips into the chair placed in front of her vanity. Her eyes glancing to her jewelry box, the necklace that Lord Targent had left her for the private dance was dangling half in and half out. Reaching over, she slides the necklace all the way in the box, closing it.

Picking up the brush, she begins to brush her long blonde hair. Leaning back against the chair, her thoughts drifted to her family. Laughing some to herself as she remembered the fun times they had. Setting the brush down, glancing over at her dance clothes, she had plenty of time before she had to dance. Maybe a walk through the club would help her clear her thoughts and concentrate on the dance later. Who knows she thought maybe she would run into someone she knew or better yet meet some new people. Standing, she straightens her tank top and makes her way from the dressing room.

Two rivals at the club

General Aarious Orion
PostPosted: Fri Mar 24, 2006 8:21 am Post subject:
Going to the club

After issuing the next day’s orders to my captains, I decided to have a drink before turning in early, for tomorrow I will be meeting with the council to give them the weekly report they so eagerly await. Most of the time, I just fabricate the reports so as not to cause a panic with the council. If they knew the things that really went on at the borders of the Great Pit, they may not sleep so well at night.

I also don’t tell them about the men that I have watching the gardens just in case Lord Targent decides livestock is no longer a suitable meal. As far as I know, the

kindred have stayed loyal to the treaty, however, we are still looking into more than a few missing persons.

After my meeting, I will be traveling to the forest to visit a friend that I have known for years and that I have fought with in many battles. He moved to the forest after the Matrix Treaty was signed and the sky blackened over Azoic City. He never could sleep at night. He says he's a night owl but I think he is just scared of the dark.

As I approached the New Dawn Horizon, I noticed the long lines and thought I might turn back, but before I could finish the thought, a path was being cleared and I was ushered past the waiting customers and into the club.

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Tue Mar 28, 2006 2:18 am Post subject: Reply with quote

"Dream, warriors, of the dark above, and feel the sweet redemption of the 'Night's Consort',
And of her love for those within her bands
Sleep, love, forever sleep
Your soul the night will keep.
Embrace the darkness deep
Sleep, love, forever sleep"

As Targent leaned down and lifted the frightened man within the alley, he handed him a card; one he kept to invite some to his castle in the Garden of Stone. He idly stood and watched as the man scurried from his presence. He would deal with him another time.
His violet orbs turned to glance into what most of Aurora would see as morning. The morning sky here was gray with a strange kind of shimmer that he liked to watch as the canopy deepened and turned from gray to a deep purple, eventually turning to a velvet black.

His vision was paused as he caught whiff of the smell of old metal and leather; too many times had it been victim to a storm or muddy trail. He merely smiled as he began to walk with the confident gait he always had, towards the club entrance. He paused a moment as he watched a man being shuffled in. The look and smell of him was military, and he could only guess who that was. But he need not, as he knew.

Unemotionally, he watched as the general entered, knowing there had been scouts reported to be on the edge of his borders. If they were to be ill guided, they could easily disappear from the garden as many a trespasser had. None of the living walked there of their own free will. Those who entered did so out of desperation, dire need, or they had been ordered to do so by their commanding

officer. But just as those who haphazardly fumbled into his realm, they would meet the same fate as many before them.

He grinned somewhat at his thought as he gave the man a few moments to enter and become the center of attention. As Targent slowly walked in after, he glanced to the man at the door and flashed his VIP pass and moved past him into the club.

Amon
PostPosted: Tue Mar 07, 2006 6:28 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Walking along the streets with people avoiding him, he felt a new spring in his step. Unsure as to why he felt so alive, he walked past the nightclub. It seemed to be very popular, so he decided to check it out for himself. Walking towards the front door, he noticed a long line of people waiting to get in. A single look from Amon sent most of them running, and a few of them backing away from him. The bouncer at the door stepped up, looking Amon up and down.

“Sir, are you going to cause any trouble here tonight?” the bouncer asked, gulping a little.

That was one big customer and he didn’t want to think about what might happen if he and the other bouncers would have to throw him out.

“I only cause trouble when it has been brought to me first,” Amon said, a slight growl upon his lips.

The bouncer nodded his head and moved aside, letting the powerful creature in.

“Oh, Sir, I believe Lord Targent has asked that you be given VIP privileges, so here is your pass, the bouncer said.”

Handing the pass to Amon, his hand clearly shaking, the man breathed a sigh of relief when the tall figure walked out of his sight. Hopefully, he wouldn’t have to deal with anyone that scary for a long time.

As Amon walked through the club, he watched some of the dancers, their movements very provocative. He smirked then walked up the stairs towards the VIP entrance. Holding up the pass for the bouncer to see, he was let in. He moved towards a small table off in the corner and sat down. A cute waitress came up and he ordered a drink. He sat, waiting to see what could possibly make this place so great.

General Aarious Orion
PostPosted: Fri Mar 24, 2006 3:56 pm Post subject: Im in love with a stripper
Reply with quote

After being ushered into the club, I was handed a VIP pass and told my drinks would be free tonight but as I entered the VIP room, I notice a couple kindred and decided it would be better if I didn't drink with them here. So I headed back toward the runway in search of some friendlier faces. Once I had commandeered a table near the end of the runway, I let my eyes wonder the room. It didn't take long for my eyes to rest on a very beautiful woman. So when the waitress had arrived to take my order I asked the girl's name. It was Maya and she was a dancer here the waitress said. I then ordered myself a drink and sent one to Maya as well.

General Aarious Orion
PostPosted: Tue Mar 28, 2006 8:03 pm Post subject: The meeting Reply with quote

As I sat waiting for my drink and of more interest Maya, I shifted in my seat slightly because my sword had wedged itself in my side. Now facing just to my left, I notice something. I'm not sure what it is, I can't see it really but I can feel it. Something out of place or.... wait someone was watching me. I hear a commotion near the entrance as I look around, I see two of my men pushing their way past the bar. As I stand and move toward them, I glance over my shoulder to try and see who had been watching me without any luck.

As I reach my men, I see one of them carrying a parchment with the wax seal still intact. I reach for the parchment and immediately see the kite shield crossed by two blades and serpents wrapping around each of them. This is from a recon group who has been ordered to follow and report on the very elusive Lord Targent. At that moment without even reading the letter, I know who is watching me. I break the seal and open the parchment just to confirm my suspicions. I quickly scan the letter and just as I had thought, Targent was spotted inside the city. This alone, however, is not unusual and doesn't warrant me being interrupted. However, as I learn on the next page, he was seen not 100 yards behind me and entered the club just after I did.

I sent my men back to their posts and turned to go back to my table; it's then that I see Lord Targent sitting at my table watching Maya who has just started to dance.

As I pull up a chair and begin to speak, I stop as I notice Targent isn't even looking my way. It's like he is hypnotized by the seductive dance of Maya.

Maya
PostPosted: Tue Mar 28, 2006 9:41 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Stepping from her dressing room, closing the door behind her, she could hear all the chatter from the club. The club was getting busy. She smiled as she knew

that meant money. Making her way toward the front bar, she smiles at some of the men enjoying their drinks. Slipping up on a stool against the bar, smiling as Jason approached her, he slides a drink over towards her.
“Maya, a drink for you from one of the patrons,” he explains.

Looking around she thought who would be sending her a drink.

“Jason who sent it, which one?” she turned actually looking for Lord Targent, thinking maybe he had made his way in the club this night. She didn’t see him, looking back at Jason

“Maya, one of the waitress took the request from the VIP room,” Jason replied.

“Thank you Jason, but I have a dance to do and for now I just need a cold glass of water. Please pass on to the waitress my gratitude to whoever it was,” she requested.

Jason quickly pours her a glass of water sliding it towards her. Lifting the glass, she slides from the bar stool making her way up towards the patio. She thought a bit of night air would get her ready for her dance.

Passing by the VIP room, she makes her way onto the patio. Stepping out, she inhaled deeply the freshness of the night. None were out on the patio this night. Looking out, she could see lightening dancing in the distance. A storm brewing she thought, she so loved listening to a storm.

Maya
PostPosted: Tue Mar 28, 2006 10:50 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Turning around, she makes her way from the patio and back inside the club. Quickly, she makes her way towards her dressing room. Pushing the door open, she steps inside and closes the door behind her. Pulling off her tank top, unbuttoning her jeans, she kicks them off. Reaching over grabbing her blue sheer top, she buttons only one in the middle. Reaching in the drawer pulling out her blue thong she slips it on and then her white sheer skirt.

She turns to look in the mirror. Reaching for the brush, she brushes her hair up, pinning it up. Several strands hanging down around her back and around her face. Taking in a deep breath, she closes her eyes. It was her time to dance.

Making her way from her dressing room, she steps inside the dance area; smiling at the DJ as she steps up close to the stage. Looking out into the bar, she couldn’t tell who was there or not. The light shining brightly in her eyes, she thought that was best anyway; it seemed to make her nervous knowing they were actually watching.

Taking a deep breath as she hears the music playing, she steps on stage. Moving next to the pole, she grabs it with her right hand, leaning away from it. Her hips sway to the beat of the music while her other hand glides up her side. She wraps her leg around the pole, twirling around, moving herself down toward the floor. Releasing the bar, she slides up on her knees as her upper body snakes to the sounds. She spreads her knees apart, leaning forward with her hands pressing the cold stage.

Rolling her body seductively, leaning back as she unbuttons the single button on her shirt. Slowly opening it in a teasing manner, moving up on her knees, she slides the shirt off. Her slender fingers glide across her stomach, up over the ample breasts and rubbing over her perk nipples. Rolling her head, she reaches back and grabs the pole as she stands.

She dances up against the pole, sliding her hand down as she unsnaps her skirt and slides it from her waist. Beads of sweat glisten over her silky skin as she twirls around the dance floor, snaking her body to the sound of the music. The song slowly comes to an end as she grabs the pole wrapping her leg around it twirling around and slides to the floor as the song ends.

Reaching over grabbing her shirt and skirt, she steps off stage as she slides them back on. Her breathing was quick, as she moved back against the wall, composing herself.

Allure
PostPosted: Wed Mar 29, 2006 5:57 am Post subject: Reply with quote

As Maya's dance came to an end, the lights began to dim, bringing on an eerie darkness to the room. One single pillar of light shone upon the stage, slowly ascending upwards along the back, as if reaching up for the sky. There, standing alone was a cloaked figure on the next level of the room perched atop the iron railing. The black cloak was large, enveloping the figure beneath, giving people a hard time to see who was inside the seemingly empty void of darkness.

The lone stranger seemed to look down upon the people below in the VIP room, wondering why there were so many guests this night. Usually when she was asked to perform in the VIP room, there would be hardly a soul around, making her feel a bit more comfortable when dancing. Now it looked as if the manager was giving out free passes to the first few dozen that joined them this night. None the matter, she thought and shrugged her shoulders to dismiss the nervousness. Maya was the head dancer, one that was loved by all. She felt a bit withdrawn to perform but the show must go on as they say.

A light sound wafted in the air, the music needed to continue what was to come. It was slow, almost enchanting to hear. The figure high above began to lean forward, as if struck down by an invisible force, falling gracefully towards the

stage floor. Everything seemed to move in slow motion, as she did not fear the fall for it was all part of her act. The cloak whipped along, barely giving a view of the body beneath as she landed a few seconds later. Legs curled to brace her fall, palms pressing upon the wooden planks as they were used to help brace the impact. The cloak fell about her, hiding her form from prying eyes as she shifted her legs so that she was kneeling. Her head lowered as the spotlight landed upon her having followed her every move.

Her arms peeked through the slip of the robe, stretching outward to expose they were bound together by a deep crimson ribbon. It twisted around each slender arm from elbow to wrist, her palms facing upwards as if begging for help. Suddenly, the music turned from the light melody into a burst of upbeat power. The sound drew more from the lone figure as those bound arms shook, bursting away from each other with a hard pull as she broke the knot that had sealed them shut and then her arms stretching out on either side of her. At the breaking of the bindings, her back arched, throwing her upper body up, letting the cloak fall from her form. Beneath the veil of ebony was the girl known as Allure.

Dark midnight curls flush down her back like a cascading waterfall, tickling the back of her calves. A sheer blue cloth covered her face, hiding luscious lips from view, leaving only those deep hazel orbs to stare up at the ceiling. Her body was dressed in something that would look to be belly dancers' attire. A dark blue cloth covered each breast, leaving just enough of the skin bared for the viewing public's pleasure. The straps were a thin chain that curved over her slender shoulders, tying in the back with the other chain that curved around her back to help keep the top upon her form. It was like a bra in itself. Three more small chains looped from parts of the dark blue cloth, hanging over her arms as decoration. Her long torso was bare of any fabric, letting the milky flesh glisten softly in the light. The lower part of her body had two pieces of the same dark blue material covering over her pert rump and over her moist mound. They were attached together by two thin chains that lay over her curvaceous hips. The ribbon around her arms curled loosely along them, her body the epitome of stalk-like grace and stillness at the moment.

Her left arm moved to stretch out before her, as if reaching for the sky, begging for forgiveness for the sins of man. Her right arm followed, body stretching as the music's tempo kept on with the up beat. Her right leg slipped up, pressing a bare foot to the floor below. Slowly, she lifts herself up like a graceful swan rising to fly. Her arms lower to her sides in a swift motion, head turning to the left and looking down as if in shame. As the spotlight shined, there was something visible upon her skin. Covering the entire right part of her body, from forehead to toe, were intricate demonic and Celtic symbols. They seemed to form an interesting pattern, as if telling a tale all on their own. This gave her a more exotic beauty, of which some people were afraid.

She began to take slow steps forward, hips swaying from side to side in an erotic dance, brushing the not- so-thick pieces of fabric along the front and back of her legs. Lashes flutter, eyes closing halfway as she slowly turns her head to face everyone and staring over the crowd. Her right arm stretches outward, wrapping slender fingers around the pole that stood on stage. At having a firm grip, she let her body fall with the control of gravity. She spun in a circle around the pole, left arm stretching out to her side like a wing, as she seems to almost float. Facing the people once again, her right leg lifted swiftly, curling around the cool metal. A shiver coursed up her spine but she ignored the sensation as she releases her grasp from the pole. Instantly she leaned back, her body held up only by the leg curled around the pole. Her left arm falls loosely as her right hand presses to her breast, cupping it gently before slowly trailing her fingers along her flesh. Shivers continued up her spine, goose bumps covering her skin, but still she ignored them, feeling her breath begin to quicken. Reaching out to the pole, she pulled herself back up, lowering her leg to the ground. Pressing her palms against the metal, she pushed herself away from it and began to spin around, nearing the front of the stage. Midnight strands mix with dark blue fabric in the spiral of her turns before she suddenly stops, falling down to her knees once again.

Her chest rose and fell quickly with each panting breath, wisps of black caressing supple rosy cheeks. Carefully she leaned her body backwards, doing a bridge with her body, causing her knees to spread.
Between her taut thighs the audience can see the material over her mound, which is just able to cover her treasure. She swayed from side to side, letting her body drag along the ground as her arms once again touch upon her breasts, dancing downwards. With each touch of her fingertips she gasps, feeling herself entranced by the dance as a fine layer of sweat dapped at her succulent flesh as she moved her hands down to her inner thighs. Nails lightly claw at her flesh, causing more goose bumps to form and a burning fire to swell in her belly.

Ever so slowly, she begins to move her upper body up, like a slithering snake being summoned by a snake charmer. Arms glide down along her legs, flowing along the floor as this brings her chest to press onto the cool wood. Pink nubs perk beneath the fine fabric, as her rump rises high in the air. It wiggles in a slow erotic motion, thick strands of hair falling about her face, framing it within the dark veil and bringing out the soft woman glow of her skin. Succulent pink pieces of flesh move to speak; yet no sound was uttered as she moved her body upwards slowly, arching her back like a cat would if being petted.

There was a light purr in the air that rolled from her lips as she continued pulling herself up to stand while the chains on her top chimed a light tune. The music began to die down into a slow sensual tempo. She thrust her head back, chest forced outwards, straining against the material of her top as she brings her hands up to cup her face, taking this time for a breather. Allure slowly brings her head back up, sliding her hands away to look over the crowd. That was when the

music silenced itself, leaving the room in a quiet awe, as the dance was complete.

With a graceful bow, Allure turned around swiftly and padded along the stage, leaning down to pick up her cloak. There was a soft blush that covered her cheeks from the intensity of the dance, parts of her body sore from certain actions she preformed. Quickly, she descended the stairs that were off to the left, giving Maya a shy smile as she passed by. She weaved around the tables, moving away from the room and towards the Ladies' changing room. It was hard for her to stay in the room dressed like this, especially with all that she performed and not knowing the reactions of the people within to her appearance. Though she was considered an exotic beauty, from her tattoos, Allure wasn't sure if people saw her that way.

As she moved by a table, a form caught her sight from the corner of her eye. Stopping a moment, her gaze falls upon the one that looked familiar to her. He sat in a dark corner, looking around the room to judge what he had never yet seen before. The nightclub was fairly new; most people were still discovering its presence. She felt her cheeks flush a darker pink at the way he carried himself, body leaned back against the fragile chair as his deep gaze seemed to bore into everything and everyone they landed upon. Feeling slightly flustered and warm from the mixture of the lights and her dance, Allure once again moves off towards the door, intending to clean herself up. Perhaps it was just the heat that colored her cheeks a darker hue. Or maybe she was becoming ill with the stresses of life. Her head shook removing such thoughts, as she did not get sick very easily, and if she did it was pretty bad.

Amon
PostPosted: Wed Mar 29, 2006 6:22 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Watching the dance, he smiled to himself; here was a graceful, beautiful, intoxicating, sexy woman. He was sure her blood would taste very sweet. As she moved her body in the most erotic ways, he could feel his own body reacting. That surprised him, for his body had not reacted as it was now, in a very long time. He began wondering what was happening to him now, puzzled at many new things that were occurring. Lost in thought, he almost missed Allure walking past and staring at him. When he did notice her, he smiled, fangs sliding out and resting against his jaw dangerously. Oh yes, she was definitely delicious.

A waitress approached, asking if he would like anything. He nodded, ordering a blood mixed drink. She gave an involuntary shudder as she walked away, but said nothing. As he waited for his drink, he closed his fist, the claws sliding across his smooth skin. He felt a different strength in them, not at all the vampiric strength he was used to. Shaking his head, clearing the strange train of thought, he looked up and saw Targent approaching. It had been awhile since he had

heard from his brother and he was glad he was here. Perhaps Targent would have something for him to do. He was very bored.

The waitress returned, setting the drink down. She walked away before Amon could give a tip, not that he would anyway. Amon sipped the concoction; it tasted a little different than what he was used to, but it was still good. As he drank, he motioned toward Targent, hoping to catch his lord's attention.

Allure
PostPosted: Thu Mar 30, 2006 12:16 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Quietly, she moved by the bouncer that stood at one of the entrances of the VIP room. Her eyes lowered, keeping their distance away and from looking up at the burly gentleman. She knew most of them did not take to her kindly. Most of the workers tend to stay away from her unless needing to speak to her about work. The six-foot-tall redhead grunted and stepped aside, knowing she was one of the dancers that needed to return to the dressing room.

As she slipped past him, she caught sight of the gentleman in the corner looking at her. She paused in her step, lifting her gaze to peer at him. His eyes found hers and instantly she felt her cheeks flush a dark red. Slender fingers clutch at the cloak against her chest, her heart beating rapidly. She saw the glint of sharp fangs protrude from his lips, tapping at the flesh of his chin. Allure had heard of such creatures from listening to the whispers around the club. Ones called vampires whom wandered around the eternal night of the city with a powerful presence surrounding them. Unsure if to take his wicked grin as a kind gesture, she spun around and ran down along the hall to the changing room.

With each step she felt her heart beat faster, as if ready to burst forth from her chest. The dark blue attire brushes along her legs, caressing the heated flesh to bring a new layer of goose bumps to the surface. Stopping before the door labeled: "Ladies Changing Room Employees Only".

She grasped the brass knob and twisted it open, slipping inside.

The room was empty of all souls but her. A few vanities were set at the back of the room while lockers lined in sets of six, three rows on each side of the room. There was a bathroom off to the left in case any of the girls needed to 'freshen up'. It was fairly decent, with a few comfortable velvet chairs, benches and mirrors strewn about to give it a more feminine touch.

Allure leaned against the door a moment, taking in a breath to calm the racing of her heart and blood. Something about the stranger seemed oddly familiar and eye catching that she could not stop the coloring of her cheeks. Shaking her head to remove the gentleman's face from her mind, she pushed herself off the door and proceeded to her personal locker labeled 'Allure'.

Fiddling with the combination lock a moment, she released a quiet sigh, only heard to her ears. The night had been very slow and uneventful. Most of the patrons stayed away from her, like the workers, and the rest too were preoccupied with the special VIPs to consider doing anything else. Most of the time the managers tried to suck up to the VIPs since they were the main benefactors of the club itself; helping with funds, new additions among other things. She still had to find a place to stay till she worked up enough money to move into a more proper place for a dancer's earnings. Opening the metal door, she hung the cloak up and began to undress. Arms reach behind her effortlessly, unclasping the chains to her top. It slid off with ease, landing within her grasp as she hung that up too. Thumbs hooked on either side of her panties tugging them downward to slip them off fully.
The dressing attire was comfortable as was the rule itself. She could use whatever necessary for her performances, only if it was non-threatening. Picking out dancing clothes was easy; thinking up dancing moves was another thing. It took her a bit to conjure up a decent performance but at times it came with great ease.

She stood nude for a moment, embracing the cold chill within the room as she shivered from its touch. Reaching inside the locker, she pulled open a zipper on her duffle bag, looking for some garments suitable to walk around in. She did not have to dance for the next little while, perhaps a drink would help calm her nerves and sooth her aches. Maybe there would be something exciting going on in the city streets this night.

Taking that thought as something happy and worthwhile, she let a small smile curl at the corner of her lips. Carefully, he pulled out a dark crimson dress with lace embroidery surrounding the collar and shoulders of the sleeves along with the cuffs of the sleeves themselves. It slid on with ease over her head, the length reaching down to mid thigh, the lace design also on the hem. It was an off the shoulder dress, wrapping across her shoulders, above supple breasts and across her back, along the shoulder blades. It was of rich darkness, unable for any eyes to see through the fabric. The sleeves ran down along her arms tight till just after her elbows where it flowed out to her fingertips. Adjusting herself enough so that she felt comfortable, Allure pulled out a pair of black, open-toed high heel shoes. She rested her foot against one of the chairs near her locker, sliding the delicate shoe on, twisting the leather strap around her ankle and hooked it in place. The other foot soon followed, vague clicking sounds coming from them as she stepped down onto the wooden floor. Lastly she took a silver necklace and looped it around her neck. One single ruby stone stood at the front, resting in the crevice of a crescent moon. It wasn't anything too fancy but decent enough to wear out.

Closing the bag and shutting the locker, Allure placed the lock back on and stepped before one of the vanity mirrors. She peered at herself, brushing back

the midnight strands over her shoulders. Even with the tattoos present, Allure still thought there was beauty there. Satisfied with herself, she crossed the room and opened the door, stepping out into the hall.

Eyes looked from one end of the hall to another while closing the door behind her, wondering which way to take on her little stroll. Not caring which way was shorter or longer since they all led to the same place she intended to go, Allure turned to the left and proceeded in her walk.

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Thu Mar 30, 2006 4:27 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“Wake up, wake up,” he said. “A darkness is set upon your dim life. Wake up! I’m a fire and rouge, a rotted soul in a world of illusion. WE’RE NOT ONE.....or are we?.”

Targent moved within the smoky mist of the club; dark violet orbs scanned the room as the general entered into the VIP room. Targent watched with slight amusement. His awareness heightened as he moved between the patrons that mingled and chatted idly among themselves, oblivious to what was about to unfold. But no matter, that was how they were -- blind. He paused as he watched two soldiers rush by heading towards their general. They seemed a bit disheveled and weary; he could play with them a bit if he chose to but they were not what he was after this night. That lay within the walls of the VIP room.

He moved stealthily by the general and his men. They would not even notice him but merely feel a slight breeze brush by their arms if even that. He settled to a table by the stage as he leaned back. The few torchlights that framed the stage burned brightly as he knew the dancer was about to start. Maya would dance tonight and he had taken an interest in her slightly. But for him that did not mean much as he preferred little in the way of small talk. It was his way after all, to the point or the price. Little mattered but the seeking of that which amused, intrigued or garnered him something he desired. The desires having taken hold of his once divine light.

He watched as Maya swayed and moved like a serpent, her skin glistened as a sheen of sweet sweat began to lay upon her graceful form. He heard the footsteps first, as ordinaries were not too stealthy in an approach. From the smell of him, he knew already who it was. He could hear the rush of breath in his lungs then it held for a moment, and released. But at the moment, he was interested in the dancer. If he wanted to meet Targent, he would wait. And if not I’m sure he would pay me no attention.

He clapped as Maya ended her dance, he smiled to her graciously as she moved from the stage to her dressing room. Then the lights went dimmer as the second dancer moved to take the spotlight. She was an erotic woman with one side of

her body covered in what seemed ritual tattoos. The dancers here were not only seductive and beautiful but had a way about them that drew you in. She had feline grace and movement, her eyes seemed to blaze as she could devour her captive audience. Targent somewhat liked that about her.

After a few minutes her dance ended, as he tossed a trinket to the stage. More lanterns were lit, as the room grew a bit brighter. He half turned his head as he looked into the face of the general. Deep violet eyes stayed fixed and focused on him a moment as he spoke in his usual velvet tone.

“Good Evening General, what brings you out to play?” he chuckled.

Targent made no qualms about letting the man know he knew whom he was. He smiled as he caught scent of his brother Amon. His gaze moved from the general in the direction of Amon. He grinned and watched as he summoned him over. Targent thought he should summon him over to have a drink with him and the general. Targent let his thoughts slip into his brother’s as he asked him over to them. Then turning, he called to a waitress . Not even looking at the general, he asked, “Whats your poison?”

Nickolas
PostPosted: Thu Mar 30, 2006 8:01 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

It had been sometime since Genevieve and I had left the club and began our separate journeys home. And once again, I found myself wondering back to the club that had been the most prevalent part of my life since birth. The entire staff probably knew me or at least of me before I disappeared. But as of now, they all either didn’t remember or didn’t care as to who I am. I was greeted happily with the sight of the torn down missing sign outside the club but it left me wondering as to whom tore it down and why. The bodies should have been long gone and never found by a single person. Or were they found?

Sighing, I made my way to the door and walked past the bouncer to the humming of the crowd and the music, which the dancers choose with careful consideration. Looking about the club, I make my way directly to the bar and have a seat near the wall side of the long smooth surface. Patiently waiting for the bartender to make their way to me, my gaze constantly moving around to see if I notice anyone or anyone notices me.

General Aarious Orion
PostPosted: Fri Mar 31, 2006 1:36 am Post subject: Drinks with the kindred

“Another mug of ale will be fine,” I replied.

As I spoke I turned back to Targent to see he wasn’t even looking at me but behind me. He had a look of concentration on his face but as soon as I noticed, it

was gone. I wondered what was going through his mind, and then realized I'd never know and brushed the thought away.

"So do you like my city now that you may roam freely? Or has it become just another hunting ground?" I asked the vampire.

As the words left my mouth, I thought, "Damn, I need to learn to not say everything on my mind."

But it was too late. I didn't want this meeting to turn into another war. So before Targent could answer, I lifted my hand to stop him and apologized for being rude.

"What I mean is, I have been looking for a person of great power and Influence for a week now, and everything I've learned leads me to believe he was killed at the hands of a kindred. If you have any information on this man or any other, I'm sure you will let me know as soon as possible," I began.

As our drinks arrived, I pulled a small pouch from my cloak and emptied the contents into my ale. These herbs came from a potions maker who traveled with me during the war and this was one of the concoctions he always gave me when I was feeling stressed and needed to calm my mind. I drank the mug quickly and called for another.

"Also I have posted men at all of our borders, which I'm sure you already know. This is not for any other reason except to keep watch on the creatures that have been spotted flying over our territories and causing our lands to be torched. I believe these creatures are dragons however, I have not had any sightings in a couple of days," I announced.

Maya
PostPosted: Fri Mar 31, 2006 11:07 am Post subject: Reply with quote

After her dance was finished, she leaned against the wall as the beautiful Allure took the stage. She danced with such grace and beauty. She looked out over the audience seeing how mesmerized most were with Allure. A slight smile crossed her face as she noticed Lord Targent with a couple other men. They seemed to be talking business of some sort or another as well as enjoying the show.

Stepping down the side of the room, out of sight, she makes her way toward her dressing room. Stepping inside, quickly she changes from her dancing attire. She slips on a pale pink top, and slides into her jeans. Grabbing her boots, she slides her feet into them. Glancing into the mirror, she sees that her hair seemed to still be OK. She turns and makes her way from the dressing room, back out into the club.

She was a bit hungry; her stomach seemed to be growling at her. Quietly, she makes her way towards a booth in the corner, slipping into the seat. Smiling as the waitress, Cindy comes over to ask her what she would like.

“Hello Cindy, can I get a plate of fruit and cheese and a glass of red wine?” smiling as the waitress nodded walking away. Leaning back against the booth, she relaxed, knowing her dancing was done for the night.

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Fri Mar 31, 2006 8:38 pm Post subject: drinks with the kindred

Targent finally turned his chair inward and leaned back against the headrest as the waitress brought them, their drinks. He placed a small gold trinket she could trade or keep in her hand. Taking the ale, he brought it to his lips and drank a bit then laid it on the table, as his glance moved to the general’s face as he spoke.

He almost laughed in the man’s face as he listened to him saying Azoic City belonged to him. As he thought the city was for a free people, to enterprise in what they chose to. He was slightly amused at how the man almost choked on the vile words that spilled from his mouth like too much drink from a drunk’s belly. But the words were already in the air as he tried to recant them, and for the general to try to wave him off, silly ordinary.

Targent merely raised a brow and spoke in his steady voice, “General, don’t tell me such an established and honored soldier as you believes in fairy tales. For thousands of years the kindred have taken the blame for missing children and women; we are the ‘Boogie Man’.

Targent leaned in and his set violet orbs to the man’s gaze.

“We have endured centuries of prejudice from your people when most of the evildoing has come the twisted genetics of ordinaries. Sick with the bloodlust, sick with lust period. Such a primitive race and your arrogance astounds me, assuming you know anything of the kindred. I’d be watching your own General, not the kindred. But yes, you are the shepherd of the city. And your man of influence, you would probably find in his mistress’s bed rather than on the side of the road, dead,” he ranted.

Targent settled back to his chair and lifted the drink to his lips once more as he watched the man pour some kind of powdered substance in this drink, the smell of it herbal as it wafted to the air and dissipated.

“And General, post what men you wish at the wall but if they venture into the garden, their lives and blood will be on your own hands. Be it order or greed, the catacombs creatures; don’t take kindly to thieves or trespassers,” Targent continued. “General, ignorance of who you call an enemy can be worse then the

little knowledge you think you know of them. Dragons and men, and whatever race have rouges in all. If it is a dragon in your skies, find out why by confronting one and ask, before you act. An act of war on any race would break the bond of the Matrix Treaty and I don't think you want to break such a thing for an assumption, do you?"

"Oh and general, kindred do not feed on animals unless they are desperate or starved. We have many dolls and donors, which is their right to choose. Is it not? Free will and all," he chuckled.

Allure
PostPosted: Fri Mar 31, 2006 11:26 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Her steps were light as she sauntered down the hallway. The sounds of laughter wafted in the air all around her, lightly echoing, as they were a bit further away. Soft hazel eyes lowered to the ground, watching each step she took with idle interest. Her left hand pressed against the wall, lightly dragging fingers along the wood as she walked. Dark midnight locks cascade about her face, shielding her eyes from the view of others. Allure did not mean to look like she was in her own little world but the corridor that she traveled down was rather secluded, leaving her to her thoughts.

Everything seemed to change since the treaty was signed, the eternal darkness over the city, and the high security over each land. Even how the people acted seemed to change. Everyone seemed to be on edge, as if waiting for destruction to befall them.

Her steps began to slow; the light tapping of her heels was the only thing now reaching her ears as her thoughts begin to wander.

There were also the strange sensations that she felt when her eyes met the vampire's. It was as if she were being drawn into an endless sea of darkness, unable to pull herself free. Her heart raced, cheeks flushed and words stumbled when she saw him. What was it about the creature that drew her attention after seeing him only once? Was it his looks? The way he seemed to bore through her soul with a single glance? Or was it the fact that he looked at her when no others would? She was not sure if the gaze he gave was of good intentions or secret desires. A known fact of the vampire was that they had to feed on the blood of people around them, but with the treaty, they could not out right kill anyone. Everyone was safe in a sense.

Supple pink lips part releasing a quiet sigh as she shakes her head to remove such thoughts. There was hardly a soul that would consider her anything but a meal, a blood meal that is. Suddenly, she stops her footing, shaking her head vigorously to try and shake the depression from her mind. It wasn't like her to be so depressed, it wasn't good for anyone to feel that way. Determined to make her

day a bit brighter and pleasing, she slipped on a smile and walked back into the VIP room. The bouncer seemed to step away as if on cue when she walked in, his eyes scanning behind her in case anyone without a pass tried to sneak in.

The room was still rather filled with special guests. Even most that were present for Maya's and her dance were still around. As her eyes scanned the room they landed upon the pale figure of the vampire that caught her attention. It seemed he was in a meeting with a select few, one she recognized to be Lord Targent. Who did not know him? Allure made sure to recognize the main heads of the lands around. He was the most revered man around, with great respect towards him but also shrouded in mystery. Most people feared him because he was a vampire, among other things.

Not wanting to be caught staring, she detoured her eyes away, only to look upon the form of Maya. She was seated in one of the booths waiting for either something or someone. Unsure to approach her or not, not wanting to disturb her, Allure casually walked by her booth giving a waving gesture. Hips sway from side to side in an innocent yet erotic dance as she moves to one of the father booths in a corner. The beautiful red dress hugged her curves in all the right places. The back was a bit shorter then the front to let peoples imaginations wander. Heels click with each stride, the sound drowned out by the wailing of men's laughter. Again she felt like she was being an outcast to others. Not wanting to push others away, she stepped to the left, stopping at a booth closer to the rest of the public, only two spots away from Maya's. Hands glide to her pert rump, keeping the fabric of her dress against her flesh as she seats herself down upon the soft cushion. Gently, she glides in, shifting to the center so she would be able to look around the entire room.

Before she glanced any further than the tabletop, a waitress approached. Allure knew her to be named Justine, a lovely woman with a kind heart. The fake smile she had been wearing when entering turned real as she looked up to the elegant beauty.

"Evening Justine. May I please have a plate of fruit with bread and mutton followed with a glass of sparkling champagne?" Allure asked.

The girl smiled brightly to her and jotted down all that was asked upon her paper before scurrying away without a word. The girl was very quiet and shy but when she did speak, it was as if the heavens opened up the gates to release a sound sweet to all ears.

Her right hand rose, brushing back the dark strands to let her full gaze wander around the room as she tries hard not to become captivated by the vision that is the vampire.

Amon

PostPosted: Sat Apr 01, 2006 12:57 am Post subject: Reply with quote

He stood up, moving over toward Targent as he empathically called him over. His stride took him to the other table in just a few steps, his large form, over seven feet tall, towered over almost every other being in the world. As he neared Targent, he saw the human talking with his brother. Dim recognition swept over his mind, trying to place where he knew the man, but the knowledge eluded him at the moment.

He stood behind his brother, arms folded in front, almost protectively. Though his brother was probably the most powerful vampire alive today, Amon was the more physical of the two. Whenever they fought, Amon was the one to step in front of Targent to take the blows, both from brotherly love, and from a devotion to the man who had saved him from the wreck he once was. His darkened skin, almost ebony, stood out, especially compared to the pale skin of his brother. It was odd; as was the black cloak he wore over his shoulders, and the deep purple eyes. The cloak seemed to move occasionally, almost as if it were alive. In fact, the cloak was composed of his two wings folded over but very mistakable as clothing when resting as such.

As he positioned himself next to his brother, his eyes scanned up, seeing the dancer Allure come back in. Now wearing something a little less revealing, she still looked completely gorgeous. Good enough to eat, both to slake his thirst, and to slake his growing lust. He smiled at her once more, a promise of pleasure and pain in that smile. Turning his attention back to his brother, he heard him speaking of dragons. It wouldn't surprise him if they truly existed, but so far, there had only been legends and stories -- no actual proof. Perhaps he should investigate. He had the best chance of catching them in their territory -- the sky. And if they did pose a threat to him and his, Targent would most likely want to know quickly. He decided to bring it up to Targent the first chance he got.

Allure
PostPosted: Sat Apr 01, 2006 1:52 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She leaned back against the cushion of the booth as she waits for her food to be cooked and served to her. Usually she would grab it herself but she enjoyed dining in without having to do any of the work or service. Her hands glide atop the wooden table, feeling the grains below her fingertips. It was circular, giving enough room for quite a few others at the booth if they wished to join. Most of the time she would sit within a chair at a smaller table, leaving the booths for groups of customers but she enjoyed the feel of such softness below her pert rump and against her body. She was sore enough from her graceful fall from above the stage that she felt she deserved the slight pampering.

Her eyes began to gaze around the room, watching as many patrons laugh, bicker and drink merrily with one another. The smell of alcohol and pipe smoke

filled the air, tickling her nostrils that she turned her head to sneeze. When she lifted her head, a hand rising to rub at her nose, she notices the glance from the vampire that stood behind Lord Targent, at least she thought he was a vampire for most that followed Lord Targent were. His skin was so dark, like melted chocolate with rippling muscles beneath. The flush on her cheeks returned, a light pink for now as she watched the smile that formed across his strong lips. There was something in that smile, a message of things soon to come. The mere thought of anything to do with Him brought a shiver rolling up her spine and her cheeks to darken in color. There was something about him that she could not put her finger on. At times his actions seemed to mimic another she knew.

That thought brought a chuckle to her lips as the image of Yuri entered her mind. The flirting male was always running about trying to catch a date with every girl that worked at the club or entered. He was a decent man, kind to others, even to her. He was fairly attractive but he used that to his advantage to gain the hearts of women. Allure had to laugh at that. True she saw him, as a kind handsome gentleman but there was no way he would be interested in her. He had many women to pick from for his next date or lover for a night.

Her smile returned as she laughed inwardly, flashing that smile to the dark-skinned vampire. She did not feel shy at the moment, being so far from him and laughing at the memory of seeing Yuri trying to pick up the bartender whom seemed a tough cookie herself.

General Aarious Orion
PostPosted: Sat Apr 01, 2006 4:24 am Post subject: in the club

As Lord Targent finished his speech, I reached into my cloak once more and this time I pulled out a small gold trinket just like the one Targent had given to the waitress.
“This was found in the home of the man I speak of. I believe it belongs to you”. I said as I laid the trinket on the table and lifted myself from my chair.

As I turned away from the table to leave, I stopped and added this, “You may think that ordinaries willingly give them self to you but I still see them as victims, brainwashed by your kind for generations. You would do well to keep to the livestock. And as for dragons, have no worries I can handle them. Oh and the men at the borders fear no being, living or dead; they will follow my orders. I may only be the shepherd of this city but don’t make yourself the wolf.”

I tuned and walked away before any response could be made. Lord Targent knows his place as do I. Besides, I have a much more cunning creature to deal with in the morning, a creature known as Ember.

As I exited the club a cool breeze was blowing and I wrapped my cloak tightly against my chest, pulling one side up over the hilt of my sword. Targent was right about one thing, ordinaries can be much more dangerous then the living dead.

Maya
PostPosted: Sat Apr 01, 2006 3:41 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Relaxing in the booth, she waited for her fruit and cheese to arrive. The noise of the patrons echoed throughout the room, chattering and laughing of many. Faint sounds of music could be heard from the other bar, where the dancers were performing.

Smiling as Cindy brought her wine and food, “Thank you Cindy, it looks good.”

Sliding the plate closer to her, she picked up a slice of apple nibbling a few bites from it. The wine was sweet as she sipped away. Looking up as Allure had passed by, making her way towards another booth. Nodding a hello to her as she moved by.

Reaching over grabbing a strawberry slice and dropping it in her wine, her mind wondered to the art gallery and the paintings she had seen in the window. Maybe she would visit and go inside when only a few were there. She felt out of place when too many were roaming through. She nibbled on the other fruits and couple slices of cheese until she was full. Reaching in her pocket grabbing several coins, she slides them on the table for Cindy as she slips from the booth with her glass of wine.

Moving around the people, she makes her way to the VIP room. Walking back to the last room, she sees no one was there, and slips inside. Reaching for the music, she turns it on as she sits down on the large couch. Looking around at the decorations and how elegant they are. Sipping her wine, she closes her eyes as she listens to the music.

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Sat Apr 01, 2006 5:26 pm Post subject: drinks with the kindred(continued) Reply with quote

Targent felt the presence of his brother Amon behind him and sure to any that looked upon him, he would be a menacing sight indeed. Amon had been his own general for the vampire nations in the demon wars. He was fearless, and smart , always taking in silently all the information he would need to forge a plan of action, as he was doing at this very moment.

Targent slid Amon’s drink to his right, as he felt him move to his side, he watched as he knew the ordinary general would be brought to insult by Targents words. But that was his way; he knew where to stick a pin to move people to show their

true selves underneath the mask. He had no malice toward the general, but his underlined assumptions toward the kindred were something he knew he had learned through ignorance instead of true interactions with his kind.

The general would learn perhaps one day, that the ordinaries were gifted from their creator with the one thing all the other races had no choice and that was free will. There was no manipulation in the ones that gave themselves to the kindred. They understood the kindred, and in that free will, chose to fill a need. And for him to think he would tell the kindred how to feed was more then a bit funny. Maybe we should tell the ordinaries to just eat vegetables and salads, he laughed to himself. Wolves as well as sheep have a right to live the way they were born, it was the way of the world. You would think he would understand that.
Perhaps one day he would see past his own face and see the truth. It seemed when the ordinaries were faced with something that made them feel uneasy their first reaction was aggression and inner fear. I think its called the fight or flight reaction. And his place was where he chose it to be.

But Targent did follow the treaty, for he would not be the one to break it. Foolish ordinary, little did he realize, the kindred have always watched over the masses of ordinaries. They would not let anything happen to their most valued … he paused and smiled … assets. The ordinaries' only threat was from themselves than from any other creatures. They turned on each other throughout the centuries. Why the need for armies? I suppose it gave them some comfort to huddle and prepare. And for him to assume the kindred were no threat and less cunning than he thought, was even better for us. Most times when you underestimate a person, is when you leave yourself open.

Targent slipped a long manicured nail under the trinket that the general had left on the table, and lifted his arm as it dangled from his fingertip.

"Interesting don't you think Amon? A cheap imitation of a one of kind piece," Targent observed.

Everything that Targent had in the form of trinkets were all originals from the very vaults of the catacombs.

"I think the kindred are being set up. I'd like you to find out where this was made and for whom. Then we shall have our culprit," he laughed slightly and handed Amon the trinket.

And the matter of dragons, Amon was the best to find this information out.

"Amon, also please check out this rumor of dragons before the general gets himself into a mess. Funny you'd think the guardians of the ordinaries would

know what one of their flock was up to. Perhaps they have gone lax on paying attention to them," Targent said.

But he supposed it was more the freewill thing.

"Funny Amon that the ordinaries have no clue, how many of them the kindred helped to save during the demon wars. Yes, of course, it was self-interest but all in all it was the way of life. Wasn't it?" he continued.

Targent leaned in to Amon's ear and whispered a small detail to him. And as they laughed and enjoyed the rest of their drinks he saw that Amon was as interested in the tattooed woman as he was in finding Maya.

Maya
PostPosted: Sat Apr 01, 2006 8:10 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She relaxed as the music took her into its beat, her left hand gripping the glass of red wine laying her head back over the large couch. Her feet tapping against the soft carpet to the rhythm, softly she hummed along to the tune. She was relaxed and comfortable for once in along time. No worries drifted through her thoughts, no worries about her family. She had so much to do in such a short time she thought, knowing she needed to work as much as possible. She would finish what she started. Laughing softly to herself as the music slowly ended, hearing herself singing. Opening her eyes quickly she hoped no one had heard she was horribly out of tune.

The music started on the next song and she turned her body, pulling her legs up on the couch, scooting back as she rested against the arm of the couch. She pulled her knees up, kicked her boots off, and put her bare feet flat to the couch. Lifting the glass, slender fingers picked the slice of strawberry from the wine. Lifting the strawberry to her lips, she sucked the juice of the wine and fruit then biting off a piece before she dropped it back in the wine. "Mmmmmmm," she softly murmured at the taste. Her toes wiggling up and down to the song as she enjoyed it.

Amon
PostPosted: Sun Apr 02, 2006 1:55 am Post subject: Reply with quote

He nodded his head, taking the not-so-valuable item. Holding it in his claws, he scratched the material, watching it peel away quicker than a whore's clothing. He tsked, putting it away. He would have to call in some favors to get this information, but he knew how to work them.

"Yes, Lord Targent. Consider it done," his deep voice reverberated out off his lips and through the room.

He hoped there would be some fun, and at the mention of dragons once more, he grinned. Targent knew him all too well.

“If any truly exist and they threaten us, there will be one less species in this world to contend with,” he added.

He gave a slight bow and then headed towards the balcony. Things would be easier if he just slipped out this way.

Opening the doors, he stepped into the cool night, his muscles aching to flex in certain places. He looked back once more, nodding to Targent and then smiled at Allure again. Then he clenched his claws and his cloak came alive. Almost exploding outward, two very large leathery wings unfolded before onlookers’ eyes, most of who scattered as a result. He grinned in pleasure; fear was an intoxicating drug. Then he crouched down, bunching his powerful leg muscles in anticipation of his jump. As the wings rose into the air above him, catching what wind was available, he leaped upwards, slamming his wings downwards to propel himself higher. The powerful downdraft of wind was enough to knock the closest humans down and some of the farther ones were pushed back.

Then he was away, speeding towards home, perhaps to gain some clues about these so-called dragons. It would be interesting, he was sure. But he would not let his brother down; he would get the job done.
Allure
PostPosted: Sun Apr 02, 2006 9:03 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Allure did not want to seem nosey but her eyes could not pull away from the three important men that sat at one of the tables. Of course, she knew one of the men, Lord Targent, but the other two were a mystery. By their facial expressions it looked as if they were in some sort of dispute. Their voices were quiet compared to the rest of the people in the room. Their ‘meeting’ did not seem to take long as one of the men left abruptly, leaving Targent and his companion all alone. Her eyes followed the quick stride of the gentleman leaving, sensing there was some bad blood between him and the vampire lord.

Her head shook, dancing midnight curls around the ivory flesh of her cheeks to remove the trail of thought. It wasn’t polite to neither stare nor conjure up unbelievable reasons of what was happening. Perhaps she was reading into it too much. Turning her head from the door, she looks back to the table where Targent stood. His eyes seemed to gaze around the room, as if looking for someone or something. Her lashes lower, not wanting to be caught staring. Then a thought struck her mind. Where was the dark-skinned attendant?

She had no time to look around the room, as there was a sudden gust of wind that blew from the balcony at the far end of the room. The sheer force pushed people back, some falling upon the floor. Breakable items flew off their pedestals

or tables and broke on contact with the wooden planks. Curious on what could cause such a gust of wind, Allure slid to the side of her booth and looked to the balcony. There her eyes were met with the sight of the tanned flesh of Targent's companion standing on the railing, about to fly. Her eyes widen in shock, as the cloak that she'd seen draped around his shoulders spread into thick leathery wings. With a far jump and a flap of his wings, he was off, leaving quite a few patrons staring on in shock and fear.

A hand rose brushing back the dark curls as they covered her face, taking one last look at the magnificent creature that flew off. Her attention was suddenly detoured from the balcony to the loud crash that was right in front of her table. Looking to the right she saw the floor covered with a mixture of food and drink, Justine crouched down gathering up the pieces. It seemed the flying one had scared her along with the others, causing her to drop the tray that was full with Allure's food. A tender smile curled to her luscious lips as she rose from her seat to crouch beside the girl who tried frantically to clean up while deeply apologizing for ruining her dinner. She placed a gentle hand upon the girl speaking in a quiet voice for only her to hear.

"Don't worry Justine. I am not that hungry anymore. I was thinking to ask everything to go because I may go for a walk around town. Just take whatever you can salvage and feed it to your dogs. I know this will be a great meal for them."

The girl smiled shyly, embarrassed at her act of clumsiness but did as asked. When Allure stood up to leave she felt a grasp upon her wrist. Looking down she watched as Justine stood up holding her wrist, her free hand sliding into the pocket of the apron she wore.

"Here I found this after your dance. It seemed someone had given it to you but you left so quickly you didn't see it," Justine said.

Opening Allure's palm Justine laid a beautiful bracelet; it wasn't like any that she had seen before. Silver, gold and bronze lengths were twisted together in a braid-like fashion, the ends meeting in a knot where it surrounded a single sparkling clear diamond. It looked rather expensive and nothing fake like some other jewelry that she saw in stores. Allure was flattered at the elegant gift, wondering who would give her such a delicate piece of beauty. She didn't know what to say but pick it up and slip it over her right hand, shivering as it slid along her flesh. It was not heavy but had some weight to it. Her eyes shimmered as she stared at it for another minute till there was a tug at her hand. Shaking her head, she looks to Justine with a gentle smile.

"Thank you for bringing this to me. Please find out who gave this to me so I may thank them personally when I return," she said to the waitress.

With that said she gave the girl a kiss on the cheek and turned around, walking with an elegant sway of her body out of the VIP room. Gracefully, she descended the stairs from the second floor to the first, the dress hugging her curves beautifully. All the people below had not heard the commotion upstairs. Allure was thankful for that. She did not want to explain to the guests how a person flew out a window. They would think her crazy if she spoke that.

She weaved around each person, moving with a steady pace as she slipped through the front door, giving a smile to the bouncer on her way out.

Lantia in the streets

Lantia
PostPosted: Sun Apr 02, 2006 10:39 pm Post subject: A night walk Reply with quote

The city streets were filled with the hustle and bustle of nightlife, or rather the on goings of everyday life for the people of Azoic city. Women and men alike traded and sold goods between one another, creating the economy that they thrived upon. Shops were open, brightly lit with lamps, torches and glowing magic as the city was cast in an endless world of night. There was a rather long line leading into the club known as Dawn Horizon. It seemed very profitable since it had opened those few weeks ago. Everything seemed to be at peace for all but beneath the bright visage there lurked a darkness that no one could see.

Behind a few old tall structures there was something gathering that no one understood or wished to comprehend. Shadows began to gather in one of the more barren streets of the city. There was hardly any light illuminating the dark corners as everything began to go black. The only thing remotely visible was a silver glow in the darkness. It seemed to glow brighter with each passing second.

Suddenly, a figure appeared, swooping through the shadows into the eerie light of the torch. Leathery wings fluttered as the small creature flew about looking around. Red hues danced over the petite figure of a bat as it perched itself atop an empty barrel in the alleyway. The silver glow seemed to follow the bats movement, watching as it finally settled itself comfortably.

Slowly, the shadows seemed to part as if opening a gateway into the city. The moons' light shimmered high above, casting its golden rays down below, reaching into the deserted alley.

Click, click, click, came from the darkness as a figure began to emerge. Knee length black high-heeled boots were the first to be touched by the glow of the moon as a form receded from the shadows. Long legs were attached to those zipped up tight boots, slender and smooth as silk itself as they held up the

perfect form of a woman. Curvaceous hips swayed from side to side in an erotic dance as slender fingertips brushed along them with a gentle touch. A slim waist was next shown, followed by succulent mounds of flesh that bounced with each step. A swanlike neck held up a delicate face of the woman that stepped through the dark tunnel. Long curls flooded down her back in a wave of black water, tumbling to curl at the arch of her back, just before her pert plump rump. Bright silver eyes looked around the place she ventured into, seeing that no other souls were around to see her entrance.

“Good,” she said to herself.

Her voice was deep and sultry like melted chocolate as she stood below the touch of moonlight. She was dressed in what seemed to be tattered clothing; a red spandex band wrapped around her neck, solid and strong holding unlike the rest of her attire. Pieces of red were draped over her arms and shoulders, leaving from thin strips to medium-sized patches till it stopped at her elbows. At her elbows the fabric was pieced back together as if it were never torn as it drew tightly along her forearms till her wrists, the end going into a tip that rested just above each of her middle fingers.

The neckline was very open and low, dipping into a long U shape. The large opening gave a splendid view atop her supple breasts as the spandex material covered the rest. It hugged around her torso tightly, bringing out her hourglass figure. The fabric stopped just below her navel, exposing the pale flesh beneath till one looked lower.

Covering her mound was a pair of panties of the same cloth and color. They too had strings stretched down along her legs, seeping beneath the top of her boots. She looked to have been in a battle, having barely escaped with the skin on her bones. If any knew her, they would know that she enjoyed the way the cloth hugged her curves; how the open patches in her clothing left nothing to the imagination. If one string was cut at the right point, everything looked like it would come apart. She enjoyed the sensual illusion that she portrayed, using it to her advantage.

The bat looked at the delicious figure, flapping its wings to rise into the air. It flew up to her, landing upon her left shoulder and began to nuzzle her pale cheek. The women known as Lantia curled a smile to crimson lips, nuzzling the sweet creature back as she proceeded down the alley.

“There you are Draven, you naughty pet. Flying off without saying a word,” she said to the bat.

Her left hand rose petting him atop the head as it did not take her long to move from the deserted pathway into one of the main veins of the city. Her smile drew into a wicked grin, as she looked at all the potential food. The light of the moon

somehow made its way through the endless clouds to rain over her form, exposing the death pale color of her flesh.

She was one that people feared and revered; a living, breathing vampire. Perhaps, living and breathing were not the right words to use. Her pink tongue slithered out licking seductively along plump rosy lips as she sauntered through the crowd looking for a meal. She was rather hungry, having awoken from a stupor not long ago. The thirst that raked in her stomach demanded the fill of blood now.

Everyone seemed to move swiftly around her, in a hurry with his or her daily lives; everything looked to be in slow motion for her. The sounds, scents and sights were all so beautiful to see that Lantia got a bit distracted. Her eyes looked through a few windowpanes, gazing at the wondrous goods inside. The glow in her eyes faded to a light silver, easier for her to look at others without scaring them away.

It was a nudge to her cheek from Draven that pulled her away from sight seeing to look at him. His red beady eyes blinked at her before turning his head, pointing at a group of men that were coming their way. A group of three fairly handsome gentlemen were traveling together, mugs held in each of their hands. With her keen sense of smell she could tell they were intoxicated; yet they were still drinking ale, wine and whiskey. This looked like an open window of opportunity.

Carefully, she changed her path to head towards them while making sure to not push people out of her way. The deep hunger wanting to take control, to turn her into the bloodthirsty beast that everyone saw vampires as, but she held it back, wanting to do things her way. It had been so long since her last taste of blood that she wondered what it tasted like now. Though with feeding from a drunk it would be a bit tart. She didn't like the heavy dose of booze in her system but who could be picky these days.

As the men laughed and sang away, not caring if they were in public, one of them caught sight of her from the corner of His eye. He was a dark-haired blonde while the other two were redheads. He couldn't stop the cheesy grin that crossed his lips as he unlinked his arm from one of his comrades and walked towards her. Lantia saw the blonde heading her way and kept her composure. Her body seemed to move in a hypnotic dance, entrancing the male. Arms swayed, breasts bounced and legs slipped in front of one another as she neared them.

The other two, confused as to why their friend had left, followed him till they saw what caught his attention. They too grinned like fools as they tried to walk straight and act cool. She couldn't help but laugh inwardly as they were like sheep flocking to the wolf. Her approach stopped just a few feet from them as the blonde spoke to her as calmly as he could.

“Well Hellowwwwww there young lady. What’s ‘hiccup’ a girl like youuuu doing out on a n...night like th..this?” he managed to say.

His speech was more slurred than he thought it would be but Lantia did not mind. Deep silver orbs began to glow softly as she stared into his eyes. She would use a bit of mind control to steady his thought, tempting and teasing him with future images; thoughts of her naked form pressed against his, sweat covering their flesh as echoes of her cries run into the night.

Just as fast as she placed those thoughts, they vanished; but the reality of it all lingered in his mind. Lantia used those images to persuade him to follow her so she could take the chance for a little bite, but she left the decision all up to him. It would be his choice in the end if he wanted to follow her or wander off with his buddies. The images she placed to linger in his mind and persuade him were just that, images and that’s it. She would not go through with the dream she gave Him, just use it to her advantage.

Once again his cheesy grin returned and he looked over his shoulder to his friends.

“Errr I think meeeeee...and the lady are going to have a little talk guys. See youuuuu back at the bar,” he slurred.

Both of the redheads looked at him for a moment confused until the blonde winked and walked towards her. It was hard not to laugh out at the scene before her as the male fell for her trick easily. It was amazing how a little alcohol could bring down a man’s resolve. Humans were so funny that way.

As she waited for him to stumble his way towards her, Draven squeaked and looked up. This drew her attention away from the tipsy one as she looked up to the sky. Her eyes caught sight of something flying in the air high above them. As she stared, following the path of the creature, her eyes slowly began to pick out parts of the body; wings, white cloth and dark skin.

The only one she knew who would ever sore around in public over the city was Amon. He flew around just to scare the people below for fun. Her grin returned as she watched him do a few circles over the city, as if he was watching someone or following them. Perhaps he was looking for his own meal, or following a suspicious stranger that either himself or Lord Targent thought dangerous.

She laughed out loud this time, confusing the man that finally made his way to her side. Before he could even touch her, she stepped away from him. She leaned in close, whispering seductively within his ear.

“Perhaps next time little one. I have some business to take care of.”

Lantia moved away from him, chuckling softly at his bewildered face. He looked rather disappointed; having hoped to get some sort of sexual release tonight and now was denied such pleasures. She did not care what he thought as she moved through the crowd following Amon's shadow in the sky. As some of the crowd cleared she lifted her right hand to her shoulder. Small claws grip at her fingers as Draven hops on her hand. She throws her arm up, giving him more height as he flaps his wings and hovers before her.

"Go, my pet, and see where Amon is heading. See if he wishes to rest a moment and visit an old friend," she commanded.

Having his orders, Draven moves swiftly through the air, cutting it like a hot knife through butter. He was on a mission to get Amon to stop and see his mistress and he would not fail her.

Watching Draven fly off, Lantia grinned at the aspect of seeing Amon again. It had been a long time since she saw any of her kindred since she went to sleep. They were all about the country living their own lives. It was hard to get in contact with them.

Her form slips from the crowd into an alley just behind a flower shop. She takes a seat upon a wooden crate filled with flowerpots that rested at the corner of the building. Palms pressed to the thick wood on either side of her, she crosses her left leg over the right like a lady would. Her pert rump wiggled to help get comfortable as she raises her head, looking up at the sky, waiting for her pet to return with hopefully some company.

Lantia
PostPosted: Tue Apr 04, 2006 9:53 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Up and down her left leg bounced as she waited for the arrival of Amon. Her pet would be true to its orders, she knew that, but would he be able to convince Amon to stop for a quick chat. It truly had been such a long time since she had conversed with a kindred that she felt a small sense of loneliness. Perhaps that feeling of sadness was felt by all but some people say that vampires have no feelings; that they could not feel sorrow, anger, regret or love. The thought made her laugh.

The small amounts of her personal thoughts were interrupted when her keen ears caught the sound of footsteps approaching. Her nose twitched with the scent of alcohol and body odor mixed in the air. Normally, Amon would land upon the ground from high above before the person he wished to speak to instead of tiptoeing around buildings. With this information, Lantia knew it could not be him. Turning her head to the right, she caught sight of a pair of shadows that rolled along the ground. Soon the bodies that they belonged to followed those shadows. The blonde man that she had tempted earlier seemed to have followed

her, along with one of the two men that he was traveling with. His footing was still a bit wobbly as he and one redhead moved towards her. Her orbs of silver lifted to meet his gaze, seeing something different within them. There was a sense of anger that seemed to shine within his dark pools. Another sound came from behind her, causing Lantia to look to her left. The missing redhead had appeared, stalking up towards her as the others did. This was a strange predicament indeed.

She did not waver from her spot, as she stayed seated upon the crate. Each redhead moved to either side of her, staying a few feet away as the blonde one walked up and stood before her. His cheeks were flushed a dark red, indicating his intoxication along with the others. He seemed irritated as he stared down at her.

“You can’t just walk away like that making a fool out of me in front of my friends. I thought we were going to have some fun?” the blond man insisted.

The words of this man made her laugh softly, only confusing and angering them even more. She calmed her laughter while looking up at him with a sly grin.

“My, my, I never said nor indicated that anything was going to happen between us. I was merely walking down the street like you three were and our eyes happened to meet. Can’t a girl stare at a person to enjoy their beauty as she passes by, perhaps having a thought of keeping them company? Man or woman,” she replied.

Slowly, she uncrosses her legs, placing her heeled feet upon the dirt ground before her. She leaned her weight back some upon her arms as she watched his expression turn from irritation to utter anger. His left hand slid inside his pocket, pulling out what seemed to be a regular dagger. From the corner of her eye, she could see one of the redheads pulling out a metallic object, more then likely a dagger like the blonde. A logical observation would be that the other redhead would pull out the same weapon, and to see if her theory was true she looked over to her right. There stood the other one, dagger in hand and ready to attack. It seemed they wished to harm her for disrespecting their friend.

“How can you say that? You wanted me. I saw it in your eyes but it seems you’re just like every other girl. You smile and look good on the outside but your all just bitches in heat when a guy comes near, ready to pounce them or use whatever means necessary to gain what you want. You’re all alike,” he accused.

He spat out those words as if they were a disease, something dirty to utter. His grip tightened on the hilt of his dagger as he readied himself. The other two followed in kind, showing they were serious on what they were about to do.

Lantia did not like the words that he spoke, indicating it as her grin turned into a scowl. Insulting people was one thing, insulting her was another. She did not take kindly to being placed in the same category as regular women. They were nothing but pawns used in the production of the human race. Used by men for their own personal games and pleasures.

“Your gonna pay bitch!!” he shouted.

With that said the blonde rushed forward, thrusting out his dagger towards her neck. The other two followed a few seconds after but since the blonde was the closest he was the first to be dealt with. Putting her weight upon her hands, she lifts both her legs with one swift motion, kicking him in the chest as he came in range. Since he was still intoxicated he was not prepared for a defensive attack and could not move away in time. Her feet pressed hard to his chest, kicking him backwards. Since she was a vampire and had more strength than her opponents, the blonde skidded back along the ground, his back hitting against the wall behind him. Though he was still standing, Lantia knew he was dealt with for the moment. Not wasting any time after her connection with the blonde’s chest her legs spread apart, kicking both her feet towards the two redheads. They had been pretty close when she kicked the one before her, perhaps too close as one had enough time to slash at her dark curls, but no matter. Her feet connected with their targets, there groin area. Both men cried out in pain, dropping their daggers to grasp the area that was brought immense discomfort. After seeing the men distraught for the moment, she lowered her legs to the ground, lifting herself up to stand.

“How dare three men drunk off their minds attack a defenseless woman. I carry no weapon and yet you still attack, with daggers no less. You call yourselves men? I call you worthless insignificant insects that need to be dealt with firmly,” she said angrily.

After uttering the last few words, she took off in a quick run towards the blonde as he started to regain his composure. Her left hand fisted, thrusting outwards towards his gut where it connected mere seconds after the initiation. Her movements were swift as she used her vampiric speed against them. Though using her natural skills against weak opponents like them was not very fair, Lantia did not feel they deserved mercy.

After her first punch, it was followed by her other fist, hitting him one after another in the gut. He cried out with each punch, feeling as if he was being hit by steel. His ribs ached along with his chest. His lips parted, spurting out a bit of blood caused by the force of her punches yet she did not relent. After the next punch, she grasped his right arm in a firm grip, pulling him away from the wall and spun him around before throwing him towards his friend that was on the left of her. She used his weight against him as he knocked over his friend. They fell in a pile

on the ground, crying and whimpering from the hits that she gave each of them. How pathetic.

Hearing a cry from behind her, she spins around in time to see the other redhead attacking. His dagger thrust out with a swift motion, though a bit too slow for her. She managed to move to the left, avoiding most of the attack. The cool steel cut along her right cheek, her crimson blood trickling out from the wound. The smell of her own blood brought a low growl from her lips as she moved with great speed. Her right hand grabbed his right arm, pulling it behind him as she managed to move behind his back. His painful cry echoed in the alley but with the laughter and cheerful sounds on the main city street, those cries fell on deaf ears.

Her left hand rose, grasping tightly to his shoulder to keep him still as she looked to the two fallen men while the man she held struggled to get free.

“Naughty, naughty man. Harming a girl is just not right. Especially, if this girl is one not of the living,” she taunted.

The familiar wicked grin returned as she stared intensely at the other two. They had managed to scramble to stand up but looked at her with awe-struck eyes, almost mesmerized and shocked. Her eyes were glowing bright silver, bringing out the inky black of her hair and the soft paleness of her flesh. Their eyes widened in horror, as they looked onward to their friend. Though they seemed ignorant, their minds were able to register what stood before them.

“Yo....you’re a..vampire!”

The blonde pointed towards her at this discovery while the other two gasped in surprise. The redhead that was held in her grasp began to squirm even more, tugging and twisting to try and get free. Lantia hated when her food fought back; her grip tightened on his arm, bringing him to whimper in pain.

“My you’re not as dumb as you look. But this will teach you to never mess with something you do not understand,” she chastised.

Her voice rose in volume but not by that much as she parted her succulent lips. Slowly, her fangs elongated to their sharp points. Her pearly whites glistened in the soft torchlight that ebbed into the alleyway. She wasted no time as her head lowered to the man’s neck, right where his neck and shoulder met. Fangs pierced his flesh easily, bringing on the metallic fluid that she craved. It filled her mouth quickly as she took deep long sucks, swallowing each load with a gulp. A low moan vibrated from her lips, along the man’s neck as she could feel the deep hunger being sated. The taste, the smell, the thrill of a feast was delicious. She had forgotten how it felt to feed from another, especially when they fought back.

The man that she drank from cried out at the sheer pain she caused from biting at his neck. His body began to feel weak within a few moments of her teeth entering his flesh. His legs shook, showing his weariness as he could feel his life draining from his body. Lantia could sense his weakening state as his struggle lessened till he was barely standing. She released his right hand, moving her arm beneath his to keep him aloft as she fed, all the while staring at the other two. They shook in fear, not knowing what to do to save their friend. With no other choice left for them that they could see, they turned around and ran away from her, leaving their friend behind.

Seeing their pathetic bodies disappear around a corner, Lantia pulled her fangs free from her hostage, releasing her grip on him. He fell like a sack of potatoes on the ground landing upon his stomach, eyes barely open to watch as his friends left. He struggled to reach out for them, trying to cry out for help as his blood dripped upon the dirt below. Lantia turned her head, spitting out the little blood she had left of his in her mouth onto the ground, a hand rising to wipe away the excess left upon her lips and chin.

“How disgraceful. They abandoned you, leaving you to your fate. I should let you die here now but since the Matrix Treaty was signed, I cannot do that. I left you enough strength to move after a moment. Just press your hand on your neck and you’ll be fine, you wimp,” she told her victim.

She turned around and proceeded back to her seat upon the crate. Arms lowering to ease her body down in a gentle touch onto the wood; her back leaned against the wall behind her, left leg drawing up to her body as the right stayed stretched out before her. Dark curls framed her face as she looked to the man with idle interest.

“Your blood tastes horrible; too much alcohol. I don’t know how I’m going to remove such a tart taste from my mouth. Now just lay there and help yourself while I wait for a guest to arrive,” she said idly.

He wasn’t sure what she was talking about but he did not want to stay long and see whom she was waiting for. Though he couldn’t move, he did as he was directed, trying to gain enough strength to leave with his life.

Amon
PostPosted: Tue Apr 04, 2006 9:53 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The night was peaceful, a shame, and his flight through the city would have been uneventful; but there was no fun in that. Swooping down low, scaring a few of the residents, he cackled gleefully.

“Much better,” he thought.

With the population running around like chickens with their heads cut off, he could get to work easier. A scared human gave information a lot quicker. His powerful wings beat upon the wind, speeding him up and aiming him straight for a poor girl about to soil herself.

Just as he was about to snatch her, his claws extended, his fangs dripping with anticipation, he heard the distinct flap of another pair of leathery wings. Thinking he might have found his dragon already, he folded his wings and shot straight sideways. He had had years of practice in the skies, and almost no one could keep up with him here. It was his element.

He could hear the wings following him. Grimacing, he unfolded his wings and gathered up all the wind around him for a big boost. One powerful push, and he was rocketing up into the sky, his wings once more folding around his body to streamline him. Once he was up, he looked around, unfurling his wings to hover. His eyes scanned the area looking for sounds of his pursuer. And then he spotted him.

He almost laughed out loud at the absurdity of it. He chuckled though, holding out his arm for the pet bat. Of course he recognized him, Lantia's familiar. But that meant that Lantia was once more walking this world, her torpor ended. He nodded, understanding, and let the bat go, following him towards the bat's mistress. Weaving and moving through the sky, dodging around buildings, he made his way towards a small flower shop. He landed with a loud thud, as a monster of his size need not be quiet, and walked into the alley behind the shop, sensing her presence there.

He walked up to Lantia, his toothy grin showing his pleasure at seeing her again. He stood in front of her, folding his arms across his chest.

"Ah, dear Lantia, it is good to see you awake again," his deep voice booming through the area.

He looked down, seeing a bloodied body in front of her. As he looked up at her, he noticed blood on her body, some of it hers. It looked as if she had been in a fight, and not one of her choosing. He growled as he spun around, claws flashing at the ready.

"I'll rip them to shreds! Where are they?" he practically shouted, his voice menacing and dangerous.

New power seethed through his body, and he felt it. He was unsure what it was, but he wanted to give it a try. He still had no clue what had happened to him, but the new strength within him was powerful indeed; if he ever learned how to use it. That would take time, and patience.

But he wasn't even thinking of that, his mind on the task at hand. One of his had been injured, and there was vengeance on the horizon.

Lantia
PostPosted: Tue Apr 04, 2006 10:39 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Lantia was curious as to why it was taking Draven so long to retrieve Amon. Within the time she sent him on his task, she had relaxed, fought three drunken horny goons and now was returning to relaxation. She was sure Draven would have gained Amon's attention by now and escorted him back. But it seems the little creature must have had some problems along the way.

A sigh of boredom escaped her succulent lips, as she so did detest waiting too long. Patience was a virtue she would have to relearn once again. Being locked up in a tomb for years upon years did tend to rust up some etiquette rules. Her head slowly lifted staring up at the sky with a calm gaze. The bright exuberant silver pools of her eyes had dimmed to light silver once more.

As she stared up at the endless clouds that shrouded the city, her ears detected the sounds of screams and hasty footsteps. It seemed someone was causing a bit of trouble and chaos -- and she was missing it. Her lips turned into a pout as she enjoyed the thought of helping with the disturbance. It was so easy to scare the humans, or ordinaries as some referred to them, that it was laughable.

Suddenly, she felt the ground shake beneath her feet as something rather large and heavy hit the ground. Her head turned to the right, listening as heavy boot steps were headed her way. There was only one person that Lantia knew who could cause such a ruckus in a landing; let alone the people that seemed to scream nearby at seeing his massive size. He was perhaps, one of the tallest kindred out there that she knew, though, it seemed she had forgotten just how large he really was as his form entered the alley.

Eyes widen as she lifted her head up high to look at him. Indeed, he was taller than any other she had seen before. His form towered over hers, as if she were a little bug beneath him. His eyes bore down to her with a gentle yet admiring gaze. She had to shake her head to pull herself out of the awe he had placed her in. Gaining her composure once more, she looked up at him with a gentle smile instead of her usual wicked grin.

"It's nice to be back. Sleeping so long does tend to wear on the body. The outdoors is rather refreshing," she replied.

She laughs softly, enjoying the company of a good comrade. The sweet bell of her laugh stopped as she felt Draven perch upon her left shoulder. He nuzzled her cheek softly while making his own little squeaks now and then to express his joy at seeing his histress again. Her smile returned as she felt her pet's touch to

her cheek; nuzzling it back gently as she was rather glad to see him once again. He had been the only company she had since her awakening and it was rather comforting.

“Nice to see you back my pet. You did a great job,” she said warmly.

Though she enjoyed her pet being around, it was nice to have another person to talk to. As she looked back up to Amon, she saw his eyes were staring at her intensely. Before she could speak a word, he spun around, yelling about slaughtering whoever harmed her. Lantia was slightly confused by his actions before she caught the scent of blood, which wasn’t of the one she fed from. It was her own. The memory of the fight that happened only moments ago flashed in her mind. She had remembered that one of the men had managed to land an attack on her, cutting her right cheek.

Her right hand rose, brushing along the wound that was healing up quickly. Though her fingertips touched a fine line, the wound would be completely healed and gone within the next moment or two. It amazed her to see how much Amon reacted to seeing a simple cut upon her cheek. It wasn’t anything fatal but he seemed rather upset by her being touched in such a way.

This thought widened the smile upon her lips, as he seemed to act like a knight in shining armor, coming to her rescue. Chuckling softly, she pulled her other leg in, hoisting herself to stand up. Her hands drew down her torso, dusting off any dirt or grime that she gained from the small scuffle. Stretching out her right arm, she pressed the palm of her hand against his shoulder blade. Placing some of her weight against him, she stepped down from the crate in a graceful motion while speaking in a deep sensual voice as she always had done.

“I thank you for your concern, but it’s almost healed Amon. Those three were easy to handle. Two of them ran off with their tails hanging between there legs and the third, as you can see, I fed from and let him live.”

Having stepped on the ground, she moved her other hand to press against his shoulder blade, leaning her head down to nuzzle against his back gently. Lantia would seem like a flirt to most, but she rarely was so cuddly or close with anyone. Most times she used her sexual prowess to seduce her targets and feed from them for her own pleasure. So it was a rarity that she would be so close with anyone. The scent of lilies and lavender filled the air around them, her own personal fragrance that she enjoyed. Her form pressed close to his as she purred out seductively for him to hear.

“Where is a strong man like you heading? On another errand?” she asked.

She could feel his muscles tense beneath her touch, still on alert and angry at her attackers. It was rather sweet. Gently, she slid her hands up along his back

till they hung over his shoulders. Lantia was about five foot eight, but not as tall as him. Since her size was not as big as his own, her hands just hung over his shoulder, the rest of her body was pressed against his form. Succulent breasts mesh against his wings that had the illusion of a cloak. Her slim torso curved against the hollow of his back as the rest of her body hugged him close.

She cooed once more, trying to gain his attention so that he would relax and answer her question. Bringing her right hand back a moment, she grasped his white locks gently and pulled them off to the side, exposing the back of his neck. Lifting her chin, she pursed her luscious lips and blew a warm breath at the nape of his neck, tickling the fine short hairs.

Amon
PostPosted: Wed Apr 05, 2006 8:25 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

His eyes burned brightly, his anger raging. Just when he was about to rip what was left of the human quivering on the ground in fear, he heard her words as if from far away. Lantia's voice came through his raging fog, soft at first but growing in power. As she pressed her body against his, he snapped out of it. Feeling her cool, small form trying to hold him, he breathed out. He hadn't even realized that he had been holding his breath. That made him pause once more. He didn't need to breathe, right?
Before, he could focus on it, though, he felt her breasts press against his muscles. His back tingled with her touch; probably due in part to her many powers of seduction. His wings flexed in their resting place, and he turned around to look at her. He smiled as he turned, a rare event. He never smiled for anyone, having learned long ago that there was very little in this world worth smiling about. He brought his arms up, wrapping them around her tiny body, and brought her in for a hug, his wings encircling them both.

"It's good to see you again, Lantia. It's been a little lonely without you to cause havoc with," he admitted.

Chuckling, he looked down at her, his purple eyes glowing brightly in the night sky. He recalled her earlier questions, nodding his head.

"You are, of course, right. I am on an errand for Targent. Seems in your absence, the humans have gotten brave, as well as stupid. They have been watching us, though apparently drawing some pretty bad conclusions, and have blamed us for the disappearance of someone important," he says as he pulls out the fake trinket, showing it to Lantia.

"This is their evidence. Unfortunately, we know it's a fake. Humans don't have such sensitive senses. My job is to find out what's going on, and perhaps you can help. I've also been informed of possible dragon sightings, and I need to investigate that as well. If you want, you can try to find out what's going on with

this," he explains as he hands her the trinket, his eyes looking towards the sky, "while I find out what's going on with the dragons"

He stepped back a little, his muscles tensing for flight once more.

"As of right now, I'm heading back home, seems there is something I need to take care of first. If you wish to join me, that's fine," he added.

Hhe waited for her response, his eyes staring intently at her, occasionally looking down at her luscious body. Hell, it was there to look at, wasn't it? Why not take advantage of the moment?

Lantia
PostPosted: Wed Apr 05, 2006 10:36 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Her touch was light and soft as she let her fingertips glide up and down along his back. Her head leaned back from blowing against the nape of his neck, having finally caught his attention. He was so stubborn yet very sweet, as to stand up for her since she was injured. The cut upon her cheek was already healed, as she couldn't smell the scent of blood that had dripped out. She wiped her cheek, removing the excess blood that dribbled out from the wound before.

Feeling him stir, she stepped back a bit, yet stayed close to his form as he turned around. As she lifted her gaze to meet his, Lantia was surprised to see a genuine smile across his lips. Not many of her kindred ever smiled, that she saw. It was a rarity indeed to see someone so strong and menacing to smile. Though she was a contradiction herself as she too felt the corner of her lips curl into a smile, as she felt his arms curl around her lithe form. A small shiver climbed up her back at his touch, feeling her small body pressing against his massive form. Slithering her arms around his waist, she laid her head to his chest and returned the offered hug. As his wings brushed over the bare parts of her body she couldn't help but bite her lower lip, holding back a purr as they caressed her skin lightly, teasing.

"I'm glad someone missed me while I was away. It's good to hear," she said.

She felt relaxed in his embrace, as he did not release her for the time being. When he began to answer her question, Lantia pulled her arms back so that the palms of her hands lay gently upon his chest. The wind was gentle as it glided over her permanently cold flesh, enjoying the feel of his leathery wings as they blocked some of the brisk air. So her assumptions were right as he was on a mission for Lord Targent. The man always knew whom to pick for the right job from information to infiltration.

Her sharp nails tapped against his strong muscles as she listened to his words, finding them very intriguing. The humans were growing backbones and it seemed

the vampires were going to be their first target of such bravery. These people never did trust anything that they feared or did not understand. It was a surprise any of them trusted the winged angels that supposedly ‘protected’ them.

Soft silver orbs lowered from his deep mesmerizing purple eyes to the small trinket within his large palm. It did indeed look very fake compared to what Lord Targent held in his personal safe or even within the catacombs of the Stone Garden. Even she had a few items that were rare to find and had a feeling the same could be said for the rest of her kindred. Opening her palm, she looked closely at the small jewels imbedded in the metal, finding them to be as fake as the material used to make such an item. Bringing it towards her chest, she slipped the jewelry between her plump breasts for safekeeping, wondering where to start gathering information on the item.

Feeling him move from her embrace, Lantia looks to him curiously. His wings spread wide, ready to flap and raise his large form into the air once again. It was hard to see how such brittle wings were able to lift his body in the air with such great ease but that was one of his interesting abilities. She had not expected him to offer her a lift back home to help him gather information about the trinket as well as dragons. That was the last thing Lantia would ever expect to hear from anyone. How could dragons be around? Perhaps, they have been dormant all this time and suddenly decided to awaken.

A grin curled to her lips as she sauntered towards his form. Her heels click along the ground as she steps right close to him. Long midnight curls flush behind her from the caressing wind as she lifts her gaze to his. Lantia could feel his gaze wander over her form, which pleased her greatly as she enjoyed that kind of attention most times. Seeing Him look at her like that made her feel warm inside, a different sensation than she got from others.

“Yes, I would like to come with you. This looks likes an opportunity for excitement. I need a thrill or two after awakening,” she said.

She stands, waiting to either be lifted in his arms to soar in the air with him or be told to walk home as he would wait for her arrival.

Amon
PostPosted: Thu Apr 06, 2006 6:15 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

He nodded his head, wrapping his arms around her tightly, and giving her ass a good squeeze.

“Then let us get going,” he said.

With her body in his arms, he leaped into the sky, rocketing them towards the castle. He moved faster than he had ever done before, wanting to get there as

quickly as possible. It would still take a couple of hours of flight, but any creature in his way would most likely be ripped in half from the force of his flight.

Lantia
PostPosted: Fri Apr 07, 2006 11:55 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She let her body be lifted within his arms in bridal style so they could fly together. Lantia was glad that he did not say for her to meet him at home for it would take her quite a while to return, even if she used her vampiric speed. Plus running with great speed and strength would exhaust her more quickly than having a ride, one way or another.

A soft purr rolled from her lips as she felt one of his strong hands squeeze her pert rump. It was barely covered by the spandex fabric of her clothing, only wisps grazing the plump flesh. She did enjoy a good squeeze and caress once in a while.

The slender of her left arm curled around his neck to prepare for the flight, the other draping unceremoniously across her stomach. Legs relaxed across his left arm as she smiled up at him. Draven jumped from her shoulder onto his, hopping along till he reached Amon's neck. The small creature found its way through the parting of Amon's cloak, slipping inside to nestle within his clothing. Draven knew he would not be able to keep up with the fast-paced vampire with his small wings. Seeing her pet ready, Lantia chuckles softly while looking up towards the sky.

"Ready," she announced.

Amon didn't seem to need an order of her readiness as he pushed up with his legs and wings, taking off into the air. His strength was amazing as he moved through the clouds with her in his arms like she weighted nothing. Peeking through the flapping veil of his cloak, Lantia could see Draven snuggled close to Amon's dark flesh, his eyes closed as he takes a nap; she couldn't help but laugh at her cute pet. He was such a good companion to have.

Her dark lashes close a moment as she inhales a deep unneeded breath. The air was fresh and clean up high, though her body did not need such pleasures anymore. Midnight curls fly over Amon's shoulder, mixing within his stark white locks. They seem to spiral and tie together as one. Turning her head, she stares at the clouds that seem to pass by so quickly with the speed Amon was traveling.

A few thoughts rolled through her mind about the false trinket that was given to her; the notion of dragons flying the skies once more, the weariness of the General over the vampire clan. It seemed things were starting to move after all these years -- things that may be of use to the vampires or one of the other races.

Looking over at Amon, she brings her lips up to his right ear and whispers softly but loud enough for him to hear over the howling wind.

“Why don’t we go see a few woodland creatures? They have been around as long as we have and may know how this false item came to be. I hear that they have built a tavern out in the forest along with homes and so much more. Perhaps, we could ‘persuade’ a few to give us some information,” she offered.

Her words slithered out in a sultry tone. Succulent lips were cold yet soft as velvet as they brushed along the outer rim of his ear. They part slightly, taking a gentle playful nip at the lobe as she waits for a response from him.

Amon
DN Writer’s Community
PostPosted: Sat Apr 08, 2006 1:26 am Post subject: Reply with quote

He nodded in understanding, his eyes peering off towards the very distant forest. He banked sharply, feeling her pet dig into his flesh to hold on. His arms tightened their grip on Lantia, to keep her from falling as well. Though it wouldn’t kill her to drop from this height, it sure would be inconvenient.

He looked up as he flew, and noticed that once they had left Azoic City, which wasn’t too far behind, the sky had started lighting up. Dawn was approaching, and they would have to find some place safe to spend the day. He looked at Lantia, growling in impatience.

“It will take a couple of days to get there, four at the most. And it’s starting to get light out. We need to find a place to rest. Any suggestions?” he said.
He looked down at the ground, swooping a little lower to try and spot anything; whether it be a cave, or a house, or even an overhanging rock wall. His wings beat strongly, propelling them further onward and downward. There was still an hour or two of darkness left for them to find a place, but he didn’t like waiting until the last minute.

“I just hope no one decides to try and track a flying vampire. It might be a little difficult,” he joked.

Letting out a little chuckle, he settles on the ground, putting Lantia onto her feet and beginning to walk towards a copse of trees he had spied.

“There might be some cover in there,” he said as he pointed.

“And after all, you did bite a human against his will. There is likely to be trouble, since we already know the general is suspicious of us. He’s not likely to listen, if he finds out. So, we need to be extra cautious,” he added.

They were in luck. No sooner had they walked into the copse, when Amon spotted a small cave, extending a few meters into the earth. It wasn't a lot, but it blocked the sun. He motioned Lantia inside, then took off his coat, hanging it against the opening as best he could to block out more of the sun. He slipped inside making sure the coat was secure, then hunkered down near the entrance. He nodded to Lantia, and leaned back against the wall.

"Well, good night, sexy. May you have many, many horrible dreams," he chuckled, and then closed his eyes, waiting for the inevitable drift into undead sleep that always comes with the day.

Lantia
PostPosted: Sun Apr 09, 2006 6:36 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The wind was quite strong and cold as they rose high in the air; bustling dark midnight curls over her shoulders as they fly swiftly through the clouds. Lantia had not noticed nor could tell how far they had flown thus far. He was moving at such a quick pace that she could see nothing below. Everything looked to be swift moving dark gray and purple clouds.
The notion of dark gray did not sound right to her. Soft silver orbs lift to look up at the sky. The clouds above them that used to be of inky black, like an ink holder spilled all over the sky. It had begun to lighten, indicating that dawn was vastly approaching. Lantia did not fear the sun too much for she played the timing game with its golden rays, though those same golden strands of heat caused her to disappear into torpor for quite a while.

It seemed Amon had noticed their slight predicament as well, as he began to descend from their high point closer to the ground so they could try to find some sort of shelter. Lantia could now say that they were no longer in the protection of Azoic city. It seemed like there was nothing around to use as cover from the sun. Even as her gaze lowered to the passing ground when Amon descended, Lantia could not find anything that was remotely usable for them both. Amon was a rather large man and nothing below could cover half of him, let alone her own form.

Her left arm tightened around his neck as she felt him landing, a soft puff slipping from her lips as it was slightly rough even though he tried to be gentle. Though, she had enjoyed the flight as she felt his hands hold her a bit more tightly. Chuckling softly at the trail of her own thoughts, Lantia stretches her arms above her head to uncurl any of her muscles that were sore from the ride. Her legs were a bit sore for having been slightly bent over his one arm, but she managed to stretch them out by doing the splits slowly, not wanting to strain any of the ligaments. Her palms press to the dirt ground below as her long slender legs stretch out on either side of her form. It had been a while since she contoured her body in such a way.

Hearing the breaking of twigs and rustling of leaves, she looks up to see Amon moving ahead already to try and find a hiding place. Pressing her hands down firmly upon the ground, she stood herself up and dusted herself off. Though sunrise was still a bit away, Lantia could feel her body tiring from its approach. Quickly, she catches up to him, pulling back branches and stepping over logs. While they journeyed further, she listened to what he said, laughing at the notion of anyone trying to track a vampire in the air. It was very laughable, though what he spoke next did silence her.

It was true that she bit an unwilling human but it was in self-defense. Though the general would definitely not listen to a word she would say since she was a vampire and he seemed so suspicious of her kind. A hand waved unceremoniously before her as she walked up to his left side.

“It was all in self-defense, though I’m sure no one will believe me. After all, I’m a scary vampire. Besides, they deserved it, though I still have a bad taste in my mouth from those drunks,” she remarked.

She spat onto the ground, as if the tainted blood was still in her mouth. It was so vile that she was surprised she could even drink any of that man’s essence.

Lantia was dragged out of her thoughts as Amon stopped before a small cave that receded in an angle between a hillside and the ground. It was not that deep but had enough room to fit them both and keep them hidden till the sun disappeared. She stood a few feet from him, watching as he pulled off his cloak and began to cover the opening so no light could find its way in, at least not most of it.

A slender brow perked at watching his body move, muscles tensing and soft white locks flooding around his form. He was very attractive, she would admit, but he seemed to be much different then any of her brethren. His skin was of dark charcoal instead of white snow. His eyes drew ones gaze within more deeply, yet emanated off a strange power or aura that she could not figure out.

Not wanting to waste time standing in the outdoors with her thoughts while waiting for the sun, Lantia entered the coverage of the cave after Amon. She made sure it was draped carefully back when she entered, not wanting to feel the sun’s burning touch again. Stepping to the left of him, she lowered herself down to the cold stone below so that her back would rest against the wall. The small space was now dark enough to shield them, while also giving them a small glimpse at the light that was coming and show the time of day it was.

Legs curled up still her heels clicked on the stone. Her head leaned to the right, laying to rest gently against his right arm. A few wisps of ebony caress her cheek, bringing out the paleness of her flesh yet the elegant features of her face.

Arms lay lax at her sides as her breath began to draw in and out evenly. She could feel herself drawing into the blissful world of sleep, chuckling quietly at Amon's sweet words before she drifted off into the land of darkness. But not without her lips moving to speak in an almost whisper, not knowing if he would be able to hear.

"Sleep well....my.....prince...."

Icewolf's Arrival

Icewolf
Ice's Arrival
« Thread Started on Feb 6, 2006, 7:30pm »

Ice would be flying along on his normal rounds and as usual he would have a book in his hands. A very ancient looking book but still in very good condition. He would never lift his head to look where he was going but he seamed to fly as if he was paying attention. His wings would flap when needed to keep himself aloft. His mind was immersed in this new spell book that he had found.

With great speed, he was traveling over the land of Aurora and with almost carelessness, for he was traveling past where he had been sent. He would continue on this way until his mind would open for a moment so that he would think of what he was doing and not of his book. He would lift his head slightly and look around, then lowering his head and mentally slapping himself saying, "you did it again Ice, you went too far."

Ice would flap his wings and shift them so that he was heading back. After a short time, he would arrive at his destination. He would land without a sound upon a balcony of the Angel Manor. After a short moment of finishing a page of his book, he would tuck it securely into his trench coat. He would straighten his coat and walk into the manor looking around for his instructor. He would lift his right hand up to his hair and pull it back for it was flared out everywhere from the wind. He would smile softly as he looked around wandering where his instructor could be.

He would stand there for a few more minutes then his instructor would join him.

"Hello Ice. Have you been waiting long? I thought I would give you some extra time for you are renown for being late," joked his instructor.

"Ice would nod his head, "I'm sorry. But no I have not been waiting long. "

He would give his instructor a small bow and then continue on, "what is it that you will be having me do today?"

He would listen to his instructor's words carefully though most of his mind wanted to continue on reading the book he was given.

His instructor would nod his head slightly as Ice bows and laughs.

"Today is a new day and there doesn't seem to be much going on. I think you will be OK taking the day off for once," his instructor said.

He would nod his head and walk away without another word. Ice would let a smile escape his lips for he was hoping this would happen. He would turn and walk out to the balcony that he had come in and jump to the ledge; sitting down with perfect balance and taking out his book once again reading it. He would read this book until either finished and it was returned or he was sent to do something.

Icewolf

Re: Ice's Arrival
« Reply #1 on Feb 7, 2006, 12:26am »

Ice was sitting upon the balcony reading the book he was given. He lifted his head from his book for a moment when a familiar scent came by. Wondering whom it was that had this scent, he would close his book; hiding it once again into his trench coat. He smiled softly and walked into the manor taking a deep breath he could smell everyone and everything in the manor but he could barely catch the scent that had gone past.

He looked around confused and thought to himself,
"How does someone mask that wonderful of a scent?"

Walking down the halls of the manor taking in normal breaths but looking for this scent, he couldn't find it. He traveled throughout the entire manor trying his best not to seem as if he was lost but getting slightly upset that he couldn't find it.

Shortly after looking throughout most of the manor, he would walk back to the balcony where he had been sitting; and thought that maybe it came into the manor from there and just passed him by until looping back. He climbs back up onto the balcony and sits once more as he did before and looks out over the lands.

He so wanted to just travel the skies and just wander the world to find and learn from the masters of magic. For so many years he knew just what was taught to him at the manor, but he wanted to learn more. He had learned all that he could from the manor and still longed for more. His mind would race some as he sat

there running back through his mind; remembering all the spells and how to conjure and use the ones he already knew.

Shaking his head slightly as he came back to reality, he would look out to the forest for a moment and nod his head.

“If the instructor needs me he will come and find me”

He would stand on the edge of the balcony and leap off of it with his wings still held close to his back. He would leap high into the air, for angels have great strength. Then slowly his body would fold and he would dive straight down for the forest. After a short moment his wings would fold out to there maximum length and he would begin to free glide along the tops of the trees.
He wasn’t really looking for anything, merely flying around to keep his mind occupied for the time being until he was given something to do by his instructor. He would fly along the forest then from nowhere he would catch the scent that he had found at the manor. He would turn in a blink of an eye and follow it in the sky. As he flies along he would notice that it was in the air.

“Could you be another angel?” he said as he flew along trying to find the maker of this wonderful scent.

Icewolf
Re: Ice’s Arrival
« Reply #2 on Feb 9, 2006, 12:35am »
~~ Move from Ice’s arrival to Ice’s forest travels in the great forests of vere~~

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Fri Apr 07, 2006 7:35 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Targent rose slowly making his way to the door as he grasped his coat and flung it over his shoulder. He was bored and needed something to entertain him. He stepped onto the cobble stone street as he had the doorman summon his carriage. He waited silently in thought, smiling to himself. He had heard rumors about the forestlands; it was growing and Targent was always interested in what was going on around him. So this would be as good a time as any to go see for himself. Pulling a paper and pen from his pocket he scribbled a note to his brother.

The note read:

Dear Brother,

I’m going to the forest. I will meet you at the new tavern, “The Belching Dragon”. I should arrive there in about a week.

Sincerely,
Targent.

He turned and handed the doorman a gold ring and the note.

“Please do see that my brother Amon gets this note or give it to the new manager of the club, Yuri,” he said.

As Targent turned, his carriage was pulling up in front of the club. He grinned and stepped inside. Rolling down the curtains that were special made for him to block the sun, he began his journey. Black sun in a white world.

Sasha’s house

Topic: Welcome to my home (Read 289 times)
Sasha
Thread Started on Apr 14, 2005, 4:55pm »

The Tiger House

As I am a crafter the rooms of the house have several made of mine as well as others in them …

A tour of the house:

The main open room of the house is open with high ceilings, trees in the corner for the tigers to climb and scratch on. The furniture is a couch and with wooden end tables made by hand. And then music from a friend that plays the flute plays softly in the corner. Then walking further in there are stairs going up to a loft where there is my bedroom and den where I have some of the crafts that I am working on.

Past the stairs there is a kitchen and water room for washing clothes and fabric for the crafts. Then there is the stairs leading down to a basement for the tigers to relax and play when I have company.

Please be welcome and enjoy my home and the store. But be aware that the tigers of the forest are my eyes and ears when I am not around and I will know if something is wrong when I return.

Setamora
« Reply #1 on Apr 17, 2005, 12:10am »

You have a lovely house Sasha. I am known as Setamora from the Temple of the Elementals in the Great Forrest. Please come visit me. Be well.

Roux

Re: Venturing through
« Reply #4 on Jun 7, 2005, 11:29am »

Roux continues deeper into the forest, trees, plants and bushes seemed to have a life of their own. No matter though she sensed no harm in them. Stopping a moment she sensed something, not the woman following her but something ahead of her. There were others here beside her and the woman. Turning back slightly, glancing back at the woman who seems to think she was hiding herself from Roux. She chuckled at how the woman really believed that she couldn't sense her or hear her moving behind her. If she wanted she could be upon her before she even realized what or where.

Slipping her hands into the pockets of the trench coat, she quickly speeds up her pace moving towards the new senses she was alerted to. Tree limbs lightly brushing against her, her boots crushing the dead leaves and sticks as she moved quickly.

Stepping into an opening she notices a cottage of some sort.

"Interesting," she thought to herself.

Carefully, she makes her way up towards the cottage, still unsure of what or whom it belonged to.

Allure
Re: Venturing through
« Reply #5 on Jun 10, 2005, 9:01pm »

Deep peircing blue eyes looked up ahead at the vampire who seemed to be on edge now. Her head arose to look about her. The air about her body seemed tense, as if she was on guard for some reason. Even the atmosphere of the Great Forest was dense and thickened with every second passing.

Did she perhaps discover her presence? Or was it something else she had sensed? If the woman had figured she was around she would have already struck her down like an animal hunting its prey.

Slowly, Allure began to step back, finding the looks of a house of sorts in the forest a bit disturbing. This was not the place for her to be. What if another vampire was within that holding, hidden away in the dense forest? She could be their next meal, or tortured entertainment.

Allure did not want to become part of a creature's buffet this day. Slowly she turns around, making sure not to make a sound in case it would draw the attention of the elegant but deadly vampire. With quick strides and beating heart,

Allure makes her way back to the bridge to return to the city where she felt a sense of peace and safety.

Sasha
« Reply #2 on Apr 26, 2005, 10:44pm »

Returning home from a long day out in town across the river, I call for my cats and take some time to feed them. I again tell them to listen for any thing strange going on then turn in for the night.

Sasha
« Reply #3 on May 2, 2005, 9:45pm »

Seeing that I am at home for a while, I sit on the couch with stripes, a white and black striped tiger and my guard when out next to me, and work on my picture for a client. The picture reads: Happiness is a bite in the neck, in black and red letters.

Sasha
« Reply #4 on May 9, 2005, 10:34pm »

Seeing that I am in need of floss for my work and some of the elements for the jewelry, I decide to go in to the city to get supplies.

I get up and make my way to my room and change in to common attire of a slim dress and a cloak then come back down. I address the tigers, telling them to go on their hunt and that I will be back in four days, and to keep an eye on the store and house till I get back.

I then go outside, letting the five tigers out into the forest to hunt, and close the door. I make my way to the edge of the forest and the river's crossing where the boat is.

DPhose
« Reply #5 on May 12, 2005, 6:19am »

As Sasha makes her way to the edge of the forest, she hears a voice from behind her.

“Hello you must be the lady who lives here in the forest? The one with the tigers,” the voice says.

Upon turning around she sees a peculiar looking tiger; one that she had not seen before sitting about fifteen feet away. This tiger is definitely odd for it is black with white stripes and a set of what look like large bat wings coming out of its back just behind its shoulder blades.

Sasha
« Reply #6 on May 19, 2005, 9:07pm »

Minding my own, I stop and see the tiger with the wings and wonder what's going on. I then look around for Jessa, the mother tiger, to see if she is near since I sent them out to hunt.

“What are you?” I call from steps away. “Why are there wings on you?”

Turning my head to the side, wondering if it will answer me in a language like the tigers or one that I understand, I just stay still and wait to see what it says.

DPhose
« Reply #7 on May 24, 2005, 8:00am »

Pausing as if studying the bewildered woman before him, the tiger opens his mouth to speak.

“Silly lady, wings are for flying. I thought humans were smarter than that. It is a lot easier and quicker to fly than to walk. I am sorry. I thought assuming this form would be more pleasing to you,” the winged tiger replies.

Just then, the black tiger misshapes as appearing to melt into an orangish goo. Then the goo shapes into a short gangly and not all that attractive human-like figure with pointed ears. This figure appears to be a gnome.

“Umm…Hi! I am Davedei Neblu D'Phose. Have you not seen an elemental metamorph before? I am a kind of shape-shifting fairy,” the shape shifter begins.

“I was flying over head on my way to Azoic City for the evening and noticed the lady who lives in my for…um THE forest who has the tigers. I wanted to say hello. Excuse me, there was another reason… hmm…let me think… Oh yes, I saw you were going to get into that boat and wanted to let you know going across the river by boat at this time would be very dangerous. Earlier today the river dragon ate an ogre. His meal didn’t quite agree with him. Gave him a wicked case of heartburn it did. He is a little cranky right now. Might I suggest taking Starling Bridge? Or if you wish I can give you a ride?” D’Phose offers.

Sasha
« Reply #8 on Jun 10, 2005, 10:13am »

“I thank you for the kind thought of showing me your tiger form and I think it is good to know that you are here in the forest in disguise and can protect those of the forest and my tigers too. As far as flying, I am not one that likes to fly, but an

escort in your tiger form would be OK to the bridge and I thank you for your help," Sasha agrees.

DPhose
« Reply #9 on Jun 15, 2005, 9:18pm »

Gazing around with a bewildered look on its face, pondering the tiger lady's comment.

"You are welcome but Umm…Huh? I think you misunderstand as to what I am. See normal metamorphs have two forms a humanoid like form and an animal form. I am an elemental metamorph; I only have one form. The orangish gooeyish liquid-like form that you saw, but I can shape myself into anything I desire. Well at least anything that is relative to my body mass. I can make myself look like you if I wanted to," the metamorph explains.

With that D'Phose's body begins to lengthen and become more feminine. Within moments, it appears as if Sasha is looking at herself in a mirror or her twin sister. Not exactly sure which at this point?

"See," it says.

"The wings seemed to make you all filled with a sense of ickiness, so I won't do that. If you like the tiger shape, I can do that but there is just one thing I have to ask…what color?"

Sasha
« Reply #10 on Jun 18, 2005, 10:32am »

Watching the changes, I think it's OK to have him help but I keep the wariness to myself.

"I see that you look like me now, well almost, my tigers would think you are me if they were not trained to take orders only from me," Sasha remarked.

"Well we should go before it gets dark. I am one who does not like to be out when its dark, knowing what's out there at night. And besides, I have lots to do before coming back and letting the tigers back in," she says.

DPhose
« Reply #11 on Jun 18, 2005, 1:48pm »

"Very well then," D'Phose agrees.

As they begin walking towards the bridge, one of the Sashas begins to melt down and form back into a black tiger. Only this time its stripes are orange and two spiraling ram-like horns sprout on either side of its head.

“So afraid of the dark are we? I have something you might be interested in. I have some magical fairy dust that whatever you sprinkle it on will glow with the brilliance of the sun. Hmm ... it is kind of funny though, those sickly looking pale morbid humans with the sharp teeth don't seem to like it very much. They're kind of weird. Oh...I also have some other fairy dust that makes whatever you sprinkle it on unseen,” it reveals.

“Well if you ever need me or if you miss my cleaver charmingly witty banter, just come to the forest side of Starling Bridge and hang a lit oil lamp from one of the trees and I will come find you,” D’Phose offers.

Sasha
« Reply #12 on Jun 22, 2005, 10:20am »

“I thank you for your company even in the tiger form. It's nice to have a friend around to go to when all things odd happen,” she says as they continue to the bridge.

“I hope you are able to come and see my shop when all is done ... and maybe meet my tigers as well,” Sasha remarks.

DPhose
« Reply #13 on Feb 12, 2006, 1:26am »

“Well Ms. lady with the tigers, I can see the bridge up ahead. Did I mention that if you ever need me just come to the forest side of the bridge and hang a lit oil lamp from one of the trees and I will come find you? I guess this is where I leave you. The river should be safe tomorrow; the river dragon’s heartburn should have subsided by then,” it says.

“I am going to fly into Azoic City and go back to the New Dawn,” it announced.

Just then DPHose spies an angel (Icewolf) fly overhead heading north.

“Ooh there's one of those happy shiny bird people. I wonder what he's up to?” the metamorph says distracted.

Changing his shape to that of a barn owl but keeping the ram horns, DPhose takes to the air following the angel, completely forgetting that he was talking to Sasha.

Amon and Lantia continue journey through forest

Amon
PostPosted: Mon Apr 10, 2006 10:15 pm Post subject: Journey to the Forest

Sleep did not come to him as readily as it used to, which worried him. But he took the opportunity to review the last forty-eight hours. Something weird was going on, he was sure, but he just couldn't place his claw on it. He smiled at Lantia as she fell asleep, hearing her last words. They were sweet, and they made his heart beat a little faster. Wait! His eyes widened as the realization dawned on him. His heart...was beating! He checked it by placing his hand over his muscular chest and waited a few moments. He grimaced, but there could be no question about it. His heart was thumping, something it had not done in a very long time.

He gently placed Lantia on her side, taking his shirt off and using it as a pillow for her. She wouldn't have to worry about the cold, at least, for she felt nothing, much like he did. Or at least that's what he thought. As that thought entered his mind, a cool breeze blew in through his coat, making goose bumps stand up. Now his eyes widened in complete and utter confusion.

"What is going on?" he thought.

But no answers were forthcoming. He stood up, stretching a bit, and a stray line of sun broke through, right at his arm. He quickly pulled away and started beating at his arm to stop the smoke, which didn't come. More and more amazed, he gently placed his hand in the light but felt nothing. Now he was completely and totally confused.

He just watched as the light played across his skin, not an ounce of pain coursing through him. He dropped his hand, unsure of what would be causing this, and unsure of how long his luck would give him this newfound resistance. Not wanting to risk it though, he closed his eyes and breathed in deeply. And then he immediately opened his eyes again.

"Now I'm breathing?!" Amon exclaimed.

It was too much. He let it go and simply closed his eyes, and forced himself to drift into his dreamless sleep, sitting opposite Lantia.

As he finally reached a state of slumber, however, he did in fact dream -- and what a dream. He, standing amid a pile of dead bodies, was surrounded by death, destruction, and fire. He looked around, recognizing the place as one of the battle sites during the war but this time, something was different. As he stepped back from one dead body, he turned and saw a large demon, one of the more powerful ones that dwarfed him in size. As he watched, the demon blasted a hole through his adversary, rendering him completely and totally dead. His

eyes widened as he witnessed the pure destructive power of the beast and then he felt an intense pain in his head. He grabbed his head to keep it from splitting in half and looked around to try and spot who had attacked him. No one was in sight. As the pain coursed through him once more, he felt something within him change ever so slightly, but his vampire blood then took effect, healing him. Then the demon turned toward him and roared as if sensing something in Amon. He stepped toward Amon and Amon raised his claws in defense...

...And then awoke, panting for breath, sweating. He looked around, realizing it was dark once more. He looked over at Lantia, seeing her still asleep, and forced himself to calm down. Once she awoke, they would be on their way and he didn't want her to see him like this.

Lantia
PostPosted: Tue Apr 11, 2006 1:03 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Dreams. A visage of reality. A place where one could escape the harsh times of life to a land filled with blissful pleasures, to whatever the person's imagination conjured up. But not all people were lucky to have that type of luxury. Some lived in a world of happiness and peace, only to be met with horrific sights and sounds when they entered the land of dreams. For others every waking moment and every dawning night would be pure torture to them.

One such soul, or rather, soulless creature that landed in the last two categories was Lantia. Though her waking nights and perhaps days, when she traveled in the city of Azoic, were filled with erotic pleasures and sights to withhold, her dreams were not as comforting. Visions of the past returned. The blood, screams, and tears of all that she slaughtered or her brethren seemed so vivid, as if she could reach out and experience it all once more. She had participated in the bloodshed during the war but that was just a tiny sliver to what her mind brought forth.

There was a sudden break in those smoke-filled clouds within her dream, bringing down the golden rays of the sun that so many wished to see once more. If those people who complained about the lack of real light left their homes, they would be able to stare up at the blue skies and feel the warmth of the sun upon their skin again. Her body did not take the warm touch too well as she felt her blood boil and skin sizzle. The scent of burning flesh filled the air along with all the other dead friends and foes, yet her screams were like that of a banshee, crying in pain from what was almost impossible to stop. She ran, stumbling over corpses, to escape the harsh light. It took her long enough to duck into a hiding place that she had been burnt rather badly. She dared not face any of her colleagues in such a state so she left a note for Lord Targent and slithered into the darkness of the catacombs of the Stone Garden and went into a deep sleep that lasted for years.

The visions were becoming too much as she suddenly sat up from where she laid, gasping for breath that she knew she did not need. Her eyes scanned around the hovel that she laid in, taking a few minutes to register where she was and the memories of the previous night to return.

Slowly, she calmed herself, raising a hand to wipe away the sweat that dabbed at her brow. It was then that she noticed her body was not resting against Amon's, but on the floor. Her gaze lowered to something heavy that was placed upon her body, seeing the bright white of Amon's shirt. It was like a blanket to her since she was quite a few feet shorter than him. Turning her head to the side, she spots Amon resting across from her, His eyes fixated upon the floor as if he were in thought until he heard her shift. His gaze rose to her face, looking at her with a stilled expression that she could not read. Lantia wasn't sure if he had gotten any sleep as he seemed to be awake before her, when usually she was the 'early bird' among most vampires.

Grasping hold of his shirt, she slid her body to its knees since the alcove did not have much headroom. Stretching out her arm, she hands it back, a small smile curling to her lips as she spoke.

"Thank you for the blanket, though I don't feel the cold," she said.

As she lays the material upon his lap, her fingertips lightly brush against is hand. A gasp slipped free from her sultry crimson lips as she felt warmth against his flesh. Shifting herself closer to his right side, Lantia laid her hand atop his own, feeling the warmth that flowed through his body. It was not a dream. She looked up to him with a look of concern and confusion at this new realization. Last evening she had not felt the warmth since he had most of his clothes on and now his state of undress was quite undressed. All that seemed left upon his body were his boots and pants. His well-toned torso bulged with muscles but not so much as to look like they would tear in half if he flexed. His arms looked strong yet were gentle enough to hold a girl like her in them.

Before her eyes could look over anymore of him, she tore her gaze away and looked back within his dark burning eyes.

"What happened? Did the sun touch you?" Lantia inquired.

It was hard to explain what she was feeling. The warmth was present in his body but was he not a brethren? Was he not a vampire? If not, what was he then?

Amon
PostPosted: Tue Apr 11, 2006 7:08 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Her questions mirrored his own, but he did not know the answers. He looked at her blankly, deciding right then to bring her into his confidence. After all, he had

fought alongside her and knew what she was capable of. He was not worried about anyone getting anything out of her and he trusted her.

“Yes, the sun touched me but that’s not why I’m warm. In fact, I didn’t feel anything bad from the sun at all. Over the past two days, at most, I’ve been feeling different. And over the past day, I’ve noticed very strange things,” he began.

“First, I seem to have a heartbeat again and I need to breath,” he held up his hand to stop her next questions. “No, I have no clue why nor how this happened. Secondly, I was sitting in a sunbeam today and felt nothing. No smoke, no fire, no pain. I don’t know how long I can stay out, if I can at all, but I don’t feel like risking it. I’m not sure if it was just a one time thing or what? But what I do know is that I don’t want anyone to find out about this, understood? You must keep quiet, no matter what,” Amon continued.

He looked up at the night sky, having taken down his coat after waking up. He slipped the shirt back on, the cool fabric sliding over his toned form. He slipped on his coat before stepping out of the cave and flexing his wings.

“Unfortunately, now is not the time for that kind of investigation. Let’s get going before the hour becomes too late,” he said.

He picked her up, looking at her. His eyes met hers and before he knew what he was doing, he leaned his head down, bringing her head up; their lips met and he kissed her deeply. He didn’t know why, but at that moment he didn’t care. Electricity shot through his system as he kissed this glorious creature and right then, he knew things would be different between them, possibly in a very good way. He broke the kiss and before she could say anything, rocketed up into the sky once more, leaping high with his powerful legs before letting his wings take hold.

They zoomed past more of the area, heading deeper and deeper towards the forest. It was still another night or two away and they would have to find shelter once more before they got even close enough to the forest to begin walking. But he would deal with that when it came. For now, though, he flew on, feeling his almost tireless wings beat against the clear sky. A few hours and he would have to land, he couldn’t fly for eight hours without rest, he knew that. But walking wasn’t so bad. He gritted his teeth, though, and flew on.

Lantia
PostPosted: Tue Apr 11, 2006 9:04 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

It was strange to see that when she asked her questions he too had the same expression, one that read of confusion. It was as if he were questioning himself about all that was happening to his body, as if he did not understand what was

going on. Her previous thought came to fruition as he spoke of having no explanation to his findings, as his flesh was warm without the painful touch of the sun. How his lungs needed the precious air around them and his heart beating once more. Beating???

This surprised Lantia as she looked to him with wide eyes. Her right hand rose from its resting place upon his hand to his chest where his heart would be. As her cool hand pressed to the warmth of his flesh, she could feel the slight beating beneath her palm. When her hand touched his flesh she couldn't help but feel a shiver somehow crawl up her spine. The warmth, how it felt wonderful against her hand; the feel of his heart beating rapidly below her palm, a wish of some vampires whom dreamed of their humanity once more. She was sure her cold flesh was bringing him chills so she pulled her hand away and drew her eyes back up level with him. Before she had any time to speak his hand raised, silencing any words.

She kept silent as he wished; listening to the last few days of events unfold for him. Lantia was shocked to discover how he could step into the sunlight without burning, staring up at those golden rays and the soft blue sky once more. How she dreamed to see that once more. True she was a vampire and enjoyed the mystery of night but she wished to have one more look up at the white clouds fading while the sky darkens as the sun sets. It was, after all, the time of day when she was attacked by a cloaked figure, bringing her into the land of darkness. Sunrise was the last thing she saw before the darkness took over, never to look upon those skies ever again.

Her eyes followed his movements as he stood up, slipping on his shirt and coat while still speaking to her. She understood the secrecy he wished to keep with this newfound information of his body till he was able to investigate it a bit more. He had a task to finish first before he could worry about himself. Nodding her head, she pushed her palms against the stone ground, lifting herself up.

"Do not worry Amon, I won't tell a soul. Your secret is safe with me," Lantia agreed.

Lantia was rather surprised he conveyed his personal matters with her, that he trusted her enough to keep everything quiet. She would do all in her power to not let any of her brethren or enemies know of Amon's change. It would be disastrous if anyone else knew for they could take advantage of the newfound discovery.

Stretching her arms above her head to remove all the kinks from her day of rest, Lantia stepped out from the small alcove and into the night. Lungs inhaled the fresh cool air, though unneeded for her, yet it still was refreshing to feel. Hands smoothed out the spandex of her clothes so that it was stretched out along her lithe form, the openings baring succulent parts of her flesh.

Stepping before Amon, Lantia waited till he took her within his arms to continue their flight since it would still be a few days till they arrived in the forest. However, she was neither prepared nor expecting what happened next. Silver orbs that looked up to him, ready for his take off, when she saw his face nearing her own; his eyes dark and mesmerizing, his breath warm as it caressed her face. Before she could do anything or even think on what was happening, Lantia felt his lips press to hers in a deep long kiss. Dark lashes widen at this reaction from him. His strong arms held her close to his body with a strong yet gentle grip. His lips were astounding as they kissed her own velvet petals. It was a good thing she had no need for air for as he broke that intense kiss, she felt as if her breath was taken away. Her body was frozen in its place within his arms as he held her bridal style. Luscious lips moved to speak but not a word could escape. Even as he lifted from the ground to take off in the air, Lantia was still silent.

The silence lasted for a quite a few minutes as they flew through the darkened sky. Lantia was still in shock about the kiss so that when she began to submerge from her mind, she noticed they were already far off from where they had rested. She shook her head, drawing midnight tresses about her face and over his shoulder. She was in disbelief that he had kissed her. Not just a teasing kiss or feather light kiss but a deep passionate kiss. As her left arm draped around his neck her right rose to gently touch her lips, feeling as if they were slightly swelled from his touch. This kiss was different than any she had felt before. True she kissed a few of her willing victims so they would become willing, but she never felt anything as stimulating or exciting as this.

Finally, as she drew her mind out from the dream she was in, she drew her eyes to look at him. Things would be different between them now. She wasn't sure how much would differ as the kiss stepped over the boundaries of friendship into something more. How much further would it go? Or was it a fleeting moment that sparked within him? Deciding to take things one step at a time, to let fate decide on the path, Lantia leaned her head into the crook of his neck on the right side and nuzzled it gently. For now she would enjoy this sense of joy that was given to her, something that she never expected to feel again.

Amon
PostPosted: Wed Apr 12, 2006 6:17 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The flight was silent, both of them thinking about what had transpired on the ground. He knew it was sudden and very unexpected but she hadn't resisted. Not too sure on what to do now, he just flew on. He looked down at the ground as they flew past, watching the scenery change. They were nearing the forest but were still too far to think about slowing down yet.
Unfortunately, he was beginning to tire. He grimaced, trying to keep his muscles moving as long as possible but soon it became a losing battle. He sighed and inched towards the ground. The road soon became visible and with a furling of

his wings, they were soon very close towards the ground. He grinned, loving the feeling of a wind rush, as he unfurled his wings at the last minute, making their descent upon the ground smooth and dramatic.

He set Lantia down, looking around at where they had landed. In the middle of BFE, of course, but that suited him, no one to bug them. He nodded to Lantia as he began walking down the road, his claws ready for anything. No one would be dumb enough to attack them, not with Amon there, but animals weren't known for their intelligence. His eyes seem to shift, and he could now see the area in a different perspective. He had excellent night vision, to be sure, but now he could see the heat signatures of all the living things around him. Though Lantia showed nothing, her absence of heat was a blaring sight against everything else. He ignored the small ones, concentrating on locating any big ones in the area. So far, so good.

As they walked, he looked at Lantia, her small form seeming so tiny against the rest of the world. He shifted his eyes back to the normal night vision and smiled at her.
"So, what's a sexy gal like you doing in the middle of nowhere like here?" he joked.

It was a stupid question, of course, but one designed to make her laugh. It had been awhile since he had heard her laugh. His fangs protruded as he grinned and he softly settled his wings around his shoulders in the customary cloak arrangement. It would be a little bit of a walk before he would feel up to flying again and he wanted them to be ready.

D'Phose and Diana traveling

DPhose
PostPosted: Tue Nov 28, 2006 3:16 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The sun just about to set as D'Phose makes its way up the path toward the wall of Moore's Gate. Realizing that they had already closed the main gate for the evening.

"Darn it, I don't want to have to give the guard human something else so he will let me in the gate again…Hmm, I know," D'Phose said.

Walking off the path and transforming itself into a zebra-striped lizard, it makes its way through the underbrush hopefully unseen by the guard and begins climbing up the wall.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Wed Feb 22, 2006 1:19 pm Post subject: New arrivals Reply with quote

(This is continued from Ice's Forest Travels on the Great Forests Of Vere board-

It took the high elf much longer than twenty minutes to reach the edge of town even on horseback. She was lucky they hadn't closed the gates yet. The sky had grown dark, and rain had erupted a few minutes before she'd reached the crossroads that led into Moore's Gate.

Diana's face was shrouded by the cowl of her 'borrowed' piwafwi. It was not often that she visited this kind of place, not anymore. The eyes of the high elf landed upon the tavern sign. The rain came down about her as she contemplated going in. Such places were often violent and riddled with vermin.
She liked that.

She liked the smell of whiskey and sweat, of oil and smoke, and foods all mixed together. She liked that she could hear the din of people engaged in conversation inside. It drew her in. The danger, the darkness. Darkness was alarming and comfortable, all at the same time.

Her tall stature gave her away, long before one could seek the amethyst eyes behind the cowl of the drow cloak. She was clearly not a dark elf. But the story of the cloak was one of lust and loss…and the high elf wore it proudly.

Stepping a few feet inside the door, she lifts the cowl of the cloak, exposing the shockingly flame-tinted hair. Within the open folds of the piwafwi, an ornately crafted sheath adorned her hip, and she carried a small bag over her shoulder. It gave her the unmistakable look of someone who traveled.

She takes a seat at the bar, and raps her knuckles against the polished burgundy wood, gaining the attention of the burly bartender Grumble, a trusted friend and ally. He had been bent over behind the bar and hadn't noticed her arrival.

Standing up, the giant of a man exclaims, "Diana! You are a sight for sore eye's lass. Been too long, much too long. Wait right there, I know what you need…. this just came in from one of the trade caravans. I've been saving it because I know how you are about fine wine…. Here," Grumble says to her.

He pours her a glass and waits for her to taste it.

She swirls it around in the glass, giving it a little air to breath, and letting the dusky aroma waft up to her nose at the same time. Then taking only a small sip, and letting it caress the back of her throat, she smiles.

"Not bad…tastes a little like something I had in a dwarf camp once… they do make the best wines," Diana replies.

She turns away looking around the room for a moment.

“Grumble, I sent some patronage your way this morning, I think it might have taken me longer than expected to get here… an angel, a monk, and a…. Umm….well another…. just another.
Did they happen by… or…I don’t suppose they are still here?” she asked.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Feb 23, 2006 1:47 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Flying high in the air, he looks about and spots the tavern with his very keen eyesight. He looks down to the monk and smiles softly.

“We’re almost there,” Icewolf said.

As it started to rain, he looks down.

“You are going to be too heavy for me to carry while it's raining,” he said to the monk.

He slowly falls to the ground and drops the man just a few feet from the ground. Landing a few feet away from him he nods.

“This way. I looked just before we landed,” he explained.

Turning, he heads toward the tavern. Walking with great speed, he arrives at the gates. Seeing that they had already shut them, he noticed a human man standing at the gate. Walking over to him, he talks with him. He comes to find out the only way for him to get in was to give the man something in return, something valuable. Looking around and thinking for a moment, he takes out his book, the one he was reading from before and hands it to the man. Watching him as he examines it, the man nods and opens the door. Smiling, he walks through telling the man there would be a monk and another following shortly behind him and to open it for them as well.

Walking away after the man agreed, he came upon the tavern and smiled.

“Hello there. I have found you,” Icewolf said.

Nodding his head, he walks into the tavern and looks at Diana standing just at the bar. Before walking in looking down and sees that his trench coat is wet, so he shakes his trench coat off hearing droplets of water hit the floor. Hiding his wings under his trench coat, he walks over to Diana and smiles.

“Finally a moment alone,” he says once again winking.

Turning his head, he looks to the barkeep and says, “Hello sir. How much for a whiskey?”

He gives the man whatever amount he wanted then sits on a stool and waits for his drink and Diana's reply.

DPhose
PostPosted: Sat Feb 25, 2006 12:50 am Post subject: Reply with quote
(Continued from Quel Fara: D’Phose’s Travels)

Coming up on the main gate of the small town of Moore’s Gate, the sky opens up and begins to rain. D’Phose gazes up higher in the sky with a little concerned look on his face.

“Awwh, man! The cloud dragon is sick again. Maybe I’ll bring him some chicken soup tomorrow,” D’Phose says.

Just then one of the guards from on top of the gate yells up to him, “Hey you, come down here the gate is closed after dark.”

Landing next to the man on top of the gate, D’Phose says, “Umm…sorry, I was a little distracted. But I have to meet some friends at the Belching Dragon Tavern. Hmm…perhaps…”

Reaching up and taking the torch off the wall, he forms his hand to fit over the end of the torch, putting it out. Smacking his lips, “Mmm…that fire was a bit tasty.”

Pulling out a small vial of dust, D’Phose uncorks it. Sprinkling some of the dust on the end of the torch, it begins to glow with the brilliance of the sun. Even the ground where some of the dust landed begins to glow.

“This is magical fairy dust. It lasts about an hour, the rain won’t put it out and also those somber sickly looking people with the pointy teeth don’t seem to like it very much. If you ask me they are a bit weird. So can I come in?” the metamorph asks the guard.

Handing the vial and the torch to the guard, D’Phose spreads his wings and takes off heading for The Belching Dragon. Flying over head, he spots a flower shop. The shop owner is just closing up due to the rain.

“Umm…hello sir, I was wondering if I could get a flower pot, some potting soil and some flower seeds?” D’Phose inquires.

Handing the shop owner the proper metals, he heads off again toward the tavern.

Walking into the tavern, walking up to the bar, and hopping up onto a bar stool, getting the barkeep's attention, "Ahem, excuse me, I am looking for some friends of mine, a purty pointy-eared lady, a large shiny bird man and a somber monk man," it explains.

Gazing around the room, he spies Diana and Icewolf sitting at one of the tables.

"Oh…never mind I see them. Also can I have a pitcher of water please?" D'Phose says.

Waiting for the barkeep to bring him the pitcher of water, D'Phose sprouts a third arm out of his side and picks up the pitcher. Walking over to Diana and Icewolf, he reaches up placing the flowerpot, the bag of potting soil and the pitcher of water on their table and hops into one of the vacant seats.

"Hi guys did ya miss me? Ya know Miss pointy-eared lady, we were riding together and I stopped briefly cause I heard two goblins arguing and when I turned around you were gone. How rude! Mind if I eat?" D'Phose rattled on.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Fri Mar 03, 2006 5:53 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Diana turned and smiled at the angel.

"Alone as one can get in a crowded room," she replied.

She tilted her head in response to D'phose and replied, "I'm sorry, I had thought you were right behind me… please go ahead and eat, I have stew coming along any moment now."

Turning back to Icewolf she says, " So do you live in the manor?"

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri Mar 03, 2006 6:10 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Nodding his head slightly, "Well I do live there but a lot of time I don't go to the manor unless I have class."

Smiling softly, he looks to D'Phose and nods his head. Looking to the bartender he reaches out taking the glass of whiskey and drinks a little of it with a smile.

Turning his head, he looks at Diana and says, "A stew? what kind of a stew?"

Hoping by chance there would be something spicy in it. He loved spicy in all life's aspects.

DPhose
PostPosted: Fri Mar 03, 2006 9:39 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

“Why thank you, don't mind me,” D’Phose replies.

D'Phose's wings begin to melt and get reabsorbed into his body. Picking up the bag of potting soil with two of his hands and pouring it into the flowerpot. Sticking his third hand into the rich earth, D'Phose sprouts a fourth arm and picks up the water pitcher. He then proceeds to pour the water into the flower pot, over the soil and his hand.

“Stew huh? Never had it. Can't eat it anyway. What's it taste like? You should try this potting soil. Good stuff. But if you want some really good earth, the minerals in the soil in Taraerea are really yummy! And the trees there are not too bad of conversationalists. They can be down right hysterical at times. That's if you have the patience to listen to 'um. (whispering) They...tend...to...talk...a...little.... s-l-o-w,” D’phose rambles.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Sun Mar 05, 2006 4:08 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The high elf chuckled.

“I’m sure that the potting soil is much more to your taste D’phose. Ah, here it comes, best stew around. A humans dish I believe… cows... strange animals, and not very intelligent,” Diana expresses.

She took a moment to savor the aroma of the stew before bringing it to her lips and tasting it.

“And how are things at the manor then? I don’t know very many angels but I am always happy for their company. You are not so different from my own kind eh?” she conveys.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun Mar 05, 2006 5:31 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Looking at her for a moment, he nods his head and looks to the bowl of stew. Smelling it for a moment, he then dishes himself a spoonful and tastes it. Lowering his eyes to the dish looking at all the things that were floating around in it, he laughs slightly and looks over at Diana

“The manor is just as it has been for many years. There are a few new angels coming into the manor but nothing we can't handle,” Icewof responds.

With that, he lowers his head, lifts his spoon and he eats a little more of the stew.

Licking his lips, he lifts his head look to D'Phose as his wings vanish into his being.

“Nice trick. Wouldn't that be nice,” he says.

Turning his head back and looking at his own wings.

“Sometimes these things get me into trouble,” he says as he turns his head back to them.

DPhose
PostPosted: Mon Mar 06, 2006 10:36 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

“The manor huh? Never been there. I am going to have to visit there sometime. It must be glorious with all those happy shiny bird people,” D’Phose begins.
“Burp”
“Pardon me,”
“You don't like your wings? But...but...but...flying's fun. Soaring high above the treetops, through the clouds. The fresh air, but I wouldn't do it today. The cloud dragon is sick. He can get a little cranky when he has the sniffles. But guess what? You just happen to be in the almighty presence of the one being that can help you with that issue. It just so happens that I have some magical fairy dust for sale,” the metamorph continues.
Holding up a small round vial filled with white sparkly pearl like dust with one of his arms.
“Whatever the dust touches, umm...well except for the vial. Special fairy glass ya know. I mean whatever you sprinkle it on will become unseen for about an hour. So if you don't want anyone to see your wings, I mean they will still be there. Just sprinkle the dust on them and no one will be able to see them,” D’Phose explains.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Wed Mar 08, 2006 5:21 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Shaking his head for a moment he looks at the vial.

“No I think I would rather find a way to hide them on my own. I'm not much of a potion kind of angel,” Icewolf admits.

Turning his head for a moment looking at Diana smiling. Turning his head back to answer D'Phose’s question, he answers with “because I personally don't like being seen above humans. And other than the wings, I don't look as if I am different from them”

Smiling softly and lifting his drink to his lips, he sips a little of the whiskey from it.

Turning his head back to Diana wondering if she was going to ask something of him or maybe D'Phose was. He was used to people even if they were not humans asking him things. It didn't bother him but it got old fast.

DPhose
PostPosted: Thu Mar 09, 2006 11:47 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Picking up the water pitcher and pouring more water into the flowerpot and over his hand.

“Eh, suit yourself. You don't have to use it on your wings. Umm...you know...you can use it for other things. I find it particularly useful for sneaking into the clothing store and rearranging all the manikins,” D’Phose said.

Before you criticize someone you must first walk a mile in their shoes, that way when you cirticize them you are a mile away and you have their shoes.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri Mar 10, 2006 12:51 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Smiling softly, he listens to D'Phose.

“I think that might be a little fun but no thank you. I would rather find my own ways to make things a little more exciting,” Icewolf responds.

Turning his head, he looks to Diana wondering if she was going to speak or just listen to him and D'phose have a conversation.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Thu Mar 16, 2006 12:55 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She was quite content to listen to the two converse. She knew about hiding one’s identity from the world just as much as Ice. It was something that she supposed most people did, some more honestly than others. Everyone has secrets and the high elf was no exception.

Breaking her silence she said, “ Humans are interesting creatures. They have such short lives and they waste so much of it on anger and ego. I have spent much time trying to understand them but I doubt I ever will.”

She took a sip of wine and looked at the door briefly as if she was expecting someone.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Mar 16, 2006 2:49 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Listening to everything that Diana says smiling softly. After she finishes talking, he nods his head.

“She speaks,” he laughs softly and shows that he agrees “But then they return to where they belong only to be reborn once again. So you see they have a limitless life. They just don't know it.”

He turns his head and smiles while lifting his glass of whiskey to his lips. Sipping some whiskey, he lets the liquor sit in his mouth for a moment before swallowing it

“This is wonderful whiskey, Diana. What year is it? Do you know?” he says as he eyes her for a moment.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Thu Mar 16, 2006 8:30 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

“I don’t, you should ask,” she replied. “Grumble gets his supplies from several traders who pass through. I swear he finds some of the best brew around. He has quite the impeccable taste.”

Her eyes rested on the angels face for a moment. He reminded her of someone and she looked longingly at the door again.

“I have shared many a good glass of wine n this tavern with several good friends. It’s nice to be back, and with such good company,” Diana admits.

She raised her glass, in a toast.

DPhose
PostPosted: Thu Mar 16, 2006 11:58 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

“Yeah, a toast. To good friends.” D’Phose says with way more enthusiasm than what was really necessary.

Then jumping up on to his chair, irreparably he pulls his hand out of the flower pot causing potting soil to fly all over the table and with much dismay over his two new friends.

“Oopsie! Sorry, my bad,” D’Phose apologizes.

Standing up on his chair, a truly remorseful expression adorning his face. Holding up the hand that was in the flowerpot, there are no longer fingers on that hand

but a network of twisted, entangled plant roots. Shrugging his shoulders. Reaching down with one of his other hands and ever so slowly, D'Phose picks up the water pitcher and holds it up.

“Umm...toast.” he says.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun Mar 19, 2006 3:27 am Post subject: Reply with quote

He smiles when she looks into his face.

“I remind you of someone who causes fond memories?” he asks Diana.

Turning his head just in time for D'Phose to knock the soil on him. Laughing, he stands and brushes the soil off his trench coat and shirt.
“No harm done sir. D'Phose, don't worry,” he reassures.

He sits down after he cleans himself off.

“Toast uh?” he says and tilts his head.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Fri Mar 24, 2006 8:43 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She didn’t look at him when she nodded her head.

“I was just thinking that you reminded me of someone. It’s of no consequence really… just interesting to note,” Diana explained.

She took another bite of stew and continued her conversation with the two. She was distracted and somewhat inattentive but followed along enough to maintain herself enough not to seem rude.
She jumped when the soil was knocked on her but chuckled and brushed it off. When she sat back down, she smiled and then turned back to the door. Something lurked nearby.

Amon and Lantia fight the dragon

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Thu Apr 13, 2006 10:41 am Post subject: Something wicked this way comes Reply with quote

It was a few days since Targent left Azoic city for the forest of Vere. Being what he was, gave him the ability to torpor at will, a sort of hibernation, extended sleep as he traveled. His body slept as his mind’s eye was heightened, sounds echoed through his thoughts. The roll of the wheels beneath the carriage clicked over

stone streets, once smooth were now ravaged by wars and time. He could smell the rivers mist as they moved over Starling Bridge. He knew Amon would be there a bit before him but he was in no rush. He had all the time in the world, he chuckled to himself.

Safe within the sanctuary of shadows he did lay within its inviting touch. Little did any know Targent's true self, and he hid it well within himself. The darkness immortal would soon be upon the land of Vere. He did so love the little creatures that lived among its green embrace, they both had one of the same weaknesses he and these creatures. But living light did not always welcome the darkness. So intricate was the web of life, how one thing depended on the other, thinking they needed none, but that was the fallacy, the great lie. As most living creatures, it's hard to look past the obvious of their own realities, and why Targent like to "stir the pot" as they say.

He lay against the black leather seat, as he moved over the river and into the great lands of the forest. Soon he would be among them.

Lantia
PostPosted: Thu Apr 13, 2006 4:19 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The silence was almost eerie as they flew along, the clouds rushing by as the wind whipped through their hair. White strands intertwine with midnight curls as if they dance intimately together in the wind. Her eyes were still closed, enjoying the feel of his warm body against her cold flesh. His scent was something like a mixture of sulfur and fresh air, like a meadow. It was refreshing to inhale though she really didn't need to.

Parting her eyelids slightly, she looked to the opening of his shirt where her pet had gone back to rest. Draven had slipped from his shirt when they headed to the land of dreams in the morning, perching upon the low drooped ceiling. It seemed before they took off Draven had slipped back into the draping of Amon's clothing, nestling himself comfortably so as to not fall behind and have a nap along the way. A smile curled to the corner of her lips at her pet. He was so cute and seemed to like Amon, which was even better.

Her eyes looked downward as she felt them descend, feeling as though they needed to land. Raising her head, she could see a small amount of perspiration dabbing at his forehead, indicating how much strength he used to fly. She did not mind the thought of walking a while for he had to carry not just his own weight but hers as well, which aided in exhausting his muscles and strength. His movements were magnificent as he flew down with great speed, letting them drop before spreading his wings once more to catch the updraft of wind, settling them upon the road gently. If there were any dragons in the air they would have some difficulty to either catch Amon or keep up with him.

Heeled boots pressed to the dirt road as he placed her down, arms smoothing out the spandex fabric of her clothes. A hand brushed through her ebony locks, untangling the mess that the wind caused. After brushing back silken strands she turns and begins to follow Amon as he moves down the road. Heels click over a few stones that dress the road, kicking them ahead of her as she takes a quick glance to him. He was interesting to say the least. For one that used to be of vampire origin, he was very calm about the situation that he was in, for the time being anyway. Perhaps after discovering who made the fake trinket, they could look for information on what was happening to him, together.

She moved up to his right as he began to speak to her, listening to what he had to say before looking to him with a look of surprise. Not after a minute of staring at him did she begin to laugh. Crimson folds part to release her merry laughter, as sweet as the dew that lies on the grass of the early morning.

“What am I doing here? Hmmmm well...”

A hand rose, tapping a finger to her chin in thought of his question. The light of the moon rained down over her form as the clouds parted for a moment. Her flesh was given a softer look instead of deathly pale. The color of her eyes sparkled as they reflected the light of the stars. Her hair seemed much darker, as if she were created from the darkness of chaos herself. She moved her body right behind him, moving quickly so that it looked as if she disappeared.

“I am wandering, discovering all of these new things of the world that I have missed. I search for something. I’m not sure what. Perhaps a companion, some fun or perhaps to cause trouble for others,” she answered.

Her voice seemed to come from all around him, echoing off the trees and everything that was within the area that he walked. Suddenly, she seemed to pop out of nowhere right in front of him, her face mere inches from his own. It was as if she were floating on air to be able to reach his height. A seductive grin curled to her lips as she spoke just above a whisper, her breath soft and warm as it glided along the flesh of his face. Silver orbs stared deeply into the dark coals of his eyes, never wavering in her stare.

“What brings you to a place like this with a girl like me? What keeps you going on what you do?” she bantered.

Amon
PostPosted: Thu Apr 13, 2006 8:22 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

He nodded his head at her answer. It was a good answer, one that came from the truth. He continued walking along the path, his eyes picking up slight movement every so often. It was a peaceful night, creatures being noisy. It might be annoying sometimes but it was always an indication that nothing too

dangerous was out and about at the moment. His footsteps made no sound, though his size contradicted that. He moved gracefully, his years of training as a warrior giving him a certain flare not found in most people his size. He turned at her question, not towards her directly, his head stopping right where he could see her in his peripheral vision. After a few seconds, he turned back and continued walking.

“I travel because I have nothing else. Targent is my only family left and I have no loved ones. That is why I am here. However ….”

He cut off, something catching his attention. It took him a moment to try and figure out what it was but it soon came to him. There was no sound. The creatures of the night had all of a sudden stopped being noisy. He growled low, dropping down onto all fours and sniffing at the ground. He caught the scent of many different things, normal things. But all too soon, he smelled something else. It was unnatural and powerful. But he had no clue what it was. He stood up, turning to Lantia.

“We must be cautious, something is about. I fear we may need to...”

Before he could finish that thought, something huge swung out, smacking into him and sending him flying. He landed against one of the larger trees, splintering it. It was strong enough to stop his flight, luckily, and he landed on his knees. He let loose another growl as he picked himself up. He looked up, to see that he had been knocked almost twenty feet away. He had never come across anything that could move him so. He smiled, moving back towards Lantia. If that thing was strong enough to smack him, Lantia’s small form would be an easy target.

Lantia
PostPosted: Fri Apr 14, 2006 12:10 am Post subject: Reply with quote

He did not seem surprised when she suddenly appeared before him, her face mere inches from his own. He stepped aside and continued on their walk as if nothing happened. Dark lashes flutter at his reaction as she had hoped to at least catch him off guard but was sadly disappointed. Shrugging her shoulders, she moved down along the road behind him, her form a few feet away from his since he had a longer stride then her.

Her ears listened to all that he had to say, nodding her head some in understanding. With having nothing to do like ordinaries or angels, people like her were bored out of their minds. Since the signing of the treaty they cannot go out on killing sprees or blood hunts. That pesky piece of paper kept them from having any fun. But improvising on what to do now a days was much more alluring.

“I can see why you do what you do. Though causing trouble for the ordinaries is fun at times; spooking them in the shadows is quite exciting, for a while till...”

She cut her words short as she watched Amon fall upon all fours and begin to sniff along the ground like a dog upon a hunt. It was very strange to see him act in such a way for she had never seen it done before. Before she even finished her next step towards him, his body was tossed back, far back away from her. Eyes widened in surprise as she looked to his flying form hit one very tall, thick oak tree, bringing it to splinters as one half collapsed upon the ground. Her head turned swiftly, looking to the road ahead where Amon was just standing. Eyes of deep silver glowed eerily in the dark, giving her great sight. She could see nothing indicating an opponent but there was a heavy musk in the air.

Slowly, she looked all around her, looking into the brush but could see nothing. Ears picked up on the sound of something approaching quickly. She turned her head in time to see something large come her way. Having caught sight of it from the corner of her eye, Lantia managed to take a few quick steps to the right, avoiding whatever had come towards her. The wind brushed along her form, as if it followed right after the figure. Catching sight of what had nearly punched her in the face, Lantia could see it was something long, an arm or perhaps a tail that was drawn towards her. Where was the rest of the creature?

No sooner after the thought passed her mind did she feel a great force hit her in the back. Eyes widen as a gasp slipped free from her lips. Something had moved quickly enough to not only hit her but Amon as well, with enough strength to force his form far behind her. The force that was put into the hit was strong as it easily lifted her body and flung her towards Amon as he had begun to approach her. If he did not catch her, she would slam against his chest with enough speed to perhaps crack a rib or two, though Lantia would never complain about it since she was much stronger than that. One thought, one question ran through her mind as she flew in the air. What was lurking in the dark?

Amon
PostPosted: Fri Apr 14, 2006 9:35 am Post subject: Reply with quote

He strode back towards Lantia quickly, knowing the truth of the statement, strength in numbers. He saw movement, though before he reached her, and his eyes widened as she was sent flying as well. This thing was fast, too fast. It caught her in its swing and now she was flying right towards him. Her small form looked like a rag doll as it flew and he knew her landing would cause some serious damage. Though she was strong, even she would be hard pressed to ignore the injury this would cause. He had three options available. One, duck out of the way, avoiding her body, and continue towards the beast. Two, let her slam into him, hoping to cushion her landing. Or three. He smiled, reached out his hand and caught her hand as it whipped by. Using her momentum, he stepped

out of the way, spinning. They turned a full 360 degrees and her momentum slowed enough for him to catch her solidly in his arms.

He set her down on her feet, stepping in front of her. He bared his fangs, roaring out his challenge to the unknown assailant.

“Lantia, I’m going to try and get it to come at me. You sneak around behind and do that voodoo you do so well,” he explained.

He smiled as he began walking back towards the spot he had originally been standing,

“Come on, ugly! Show me what you’ve got!”he yelled, then instantly regretted it.

His eyes, switching back to heat mode, detected the rise in temperature in front of him.

“Oh shi-” he said as he tried to move out of the way, dodging to the side.

It wasn’t enough, however, and the intense heat from the powerful flames licked at his heels. He felt the warmth travel up his body, igniting his clothes. He dropped to the ground, rolling around to try and put out the fire.

As he stood back up, he threw away his useless shirt and coat, as they had been shredded beyond repair. He expected to see burn marks on his body. After all, it was fire and he knew vampires didn’t like fire too much. His eyes widened once more, however, as the flames did not seem to even have singed the hairs on his body.

His shock was short lived however, for the beast charged forward, straight towards him. He reacted just in time, springing up into the air and somersaulting over the creature. It turned around, growling at him and Amon finally got a good look at the creature. What he saw was like something out of a legend.

“So, dragons do exist. And it seems they don’t like vampires. Well then, I guess it’s time I slay you,” he thought.

His claws slid out and he bunched up his leg muscles, preparing for another leap; he only hoped he could keep the dragon’s attention on him while Lantia made her move. Having never faced such a creature before, he was unsure of what to expect. He knew the creature was strong, but was it too strong?

He didn’t have time to think about it, though, as the dragon spun around, whipping it’s tail straight at Amon.

“So that’s what hit us!” he thought as he steeled his muscles and tried to catch the tail. It slammed into him hard and he heard some bones cracking but he managed to get his arms around the tail and hold it in place. Not the brightest idea in the world, he knew, but it was a start. He began pulling on the tail, hoping to move the dragon where he would have the advantage over it. He looked around frantically, trying to find some place that would work but grimaced in disappointment. He would just have to hold on, and hold on he would.

Lantia
PostPosted: Fri Apr 14, 2006 3:34 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Lantia could not stop her flying form, as there was nothing near to grab nor were her feet close enough to the ground to press them down into the dirt. She was prepared to either hit Amon’s body hard or one of the tress that was near. To her surprise, she hit neither as she felt a tight grip wrap around her wrist. She felt her body being spun all around till her form was pressed against something hard. Lashes flutter open as she looks up to Amon as she was held solidly within his arms. It seemed he had managed to catch her wrist on her passing by his form and spun around enough to slow her momentum so she could be held, stopping her in place. She never expected him to have such great reflexes but she was learning many things about Amon these days.

Sliding from his embrace she to turned to face the creature, eyes peering through the darkness to see what was attacking them. A small groan slipped from her lips as she felt the ache in her back from whatever part of the creature that hit her frame. Ignoring the pinching pain, Lantia listened to the orders Amon gave, nodding her head in understanding. He had more strength to go head to head with the creature than herself.

As he charged to face their attacker, Lantia took a few steps back, slowly seeping into the shadows that surrounded all around them. Eyes of piercing silver glowed as she watched Amon for another minute before her body disappeared into the darkness. Her form became one with the shadows, moving swiftly around the road, trees and brush to appear behind the creature. As she passed one shadow hole, her eyes peered through to see where she was. That was when her eyes widened in surprise, seeing their assailant to be a dragon, a living, breathing dragon.

This was the last thing she expected for them to be fighting. There forms were like bugs compared to the large size of this dragon, though she had remembered reading them to be much larger. Perhaps it was a baby having some fun, or hunting for food on its own. If that were the case then the parents would not be far behind. A soft cry of Amon’s name came from soft crimson folds as she watched a ball of burning fire engulf his form. She watched as he scrambled to remove his clothing, grunting as he stood up with no shirt or cloak left as they

were charred badly. She half expected to see his upper body with second to third degree burns but was rather amazed to see his flesh still in tact.

Having no time to ponder over Amon's condition, Lantia moved on through the shadows till she found the best place to reappear. Carefully, she slowly emerged through the shadows, first her face showing along with her upper body. Amon had the dragon's tail in a tight hold, fighting strength against strength to keep it at bay. Seeing this as an opportunity, Lantia moved into action. Her form quickly sped from the inky blackness rushing towards Amon. Though the dragon was quick, perhaps too quick, it was held in place for the time being, which gave her an opening. When she was a few feet away, her legs crouched a second before hand and lifted her body up into a high leap. The soft tap of her heels clicked on the thick scales of the dragon's tail as she ran up along it like a bridge. Turning her head, she peeked over her shoulder, grinning at Amon and gave him a wave.

"Thanks for the lift," she shouted.

With that said, she turned her head forward and watched her step. Eyes looked to the dragon's head as it looked over to Amon, screaming its loud wail as it tried to pull its tail free. For an instant her eyes were linked with his, seeing the molten gold orbs stare within her soul. There was a sudden moment where she felt a rush of fear wash through her body but as quickly as it arrived, it vanished. Ignoring the strange feelings, she moved up to the dragon's shoulder blades where she crouched down. One hand grasped a scale to keep her steady as the other prepared itself. Pulling her right arm back, she gathered a bit more strength before thrusting it forward; nails that were of short length grew and were razor sharp. They were neither thick nor strong enough to pierce its scales but were just enough to slip under them.

Fingers curled up, taking a tight hold of one large scale and pulled hard. The dragon once more opened its maw and cried out, body shaking back and forth to throw her off. Lantia managed to keep steady and she pulled harder and harder until the scale broke off with a bit of blood spurting from the wound. Grinning, she held the scale close, having a thought in mind on how to kill the creature. For a moment the dragon stilled, his nostrils flaring as it sniffed the air. Taking this time of stillness, Lantia released her hold of him and turned around, running back down its body. There was a thunderous growl from the dragon as its mouth opened, shooting another ball of flames at Amon to make him release its tail.

Stopping her movement, she spun around at feeling a great heat approach, crouching down and putting the scale before her so she could use it as a shield. The heat that the red hues created was intense as she could feel her fingertips burn slightly while she held the scale before her. Lantia hoped that Amon would be all right with another hit from the fire, for she wasn't sure what his new body could withstand. A few hairs upon her head were singed as her knees were a bit scuffed from the scales below but those would heal quickly.

Thinking all was safe for now as the fire died, Lantia stood up only to be met with a clawed foot. She had no time to dodge as the dragon swung at her body, throwing her off its back. Its claws raked at her flesh, cutting across her torso in a diagonal motion from her right shoulder down to her left hip.

The pain was nothing like she had ever felt before, as her flesh was torn open, blood staining the dragons claws along with the ground as she flew at least twenty feet away, slamming into a pile of bushes and weak decaying trees. Her body had fallen hard upon its back, rolled a few feet and was now upon its right side. Her clothing was tattered even more so than its original design. Chunks of flesh were torn away from her body, leaving gaps and wounds to bleed freely. The trinket that she carried between her breasts had flown free and landed a few feet away from her. The dragon's eyes looked to the sparkling trinket and settled for a moment, its neck stretching out to take a closer look at the jewelry.

Amon
PostPosted: Fri Apr 14, 2006 5:57 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

He grinned as she ran past him along the dragon's tail; her grace and swiftness something quite breathtaking. As he struggled with the monster, holding it as steady as he could, he grimaced with the effort. He could feel one of his ribs moving in a way it was not supposed to and he knew it was probably broken. But he held on, hoping that they could end this fight quickly. As Lantia ripped the scale off of the dragon's back, he almost believed it possible, until he saw the head whip around, and it's mouth begin opening. He knew what was coming next. As the flames shot out, he let go of the tail, diving backwards in an attempt to avoid the fire. The first time had been a fluke. He didn't want to find out just how fire-resistant he was the hard way. This time, he managed to get out of the way and as he skidded to a halt in front of a tree, he saw that Lantia had only been slightly burnt. They would have to do some serious healing after this was over and he was definitely glad that he was what he was.

He charged forward again, hoping to draw the attention of the dragon away from Lantia, so she could do some more damage. But before he had even taken two steps, he watched in horror as Lantia was hit hard. She dropped like a rock to the ground as she hit the tree and he was very afraid she would not get back up. His eyes burned brightly in rage, his muscles bulging. He roared louder than he had ever roared before and charged forward, wings spreading to give him an extra boost. He slammed into the side of the dragon, wrapping his powerful arms as best he could around the torso. The force of his bull rush sent them both flying backwards; only Amon used the dragon's body to shield himself. They hit tree after tree, flying over fifty feet before finally landing. Amon stood up, his arm useless for now and prepared to strike the dragon again. The dragon stood up, turned towards Amon and roared.

Amon felt a surge of power travel through his body and he raised his one working hand towards the dragon. A ball of energy shot out, slamming into the dragon's snout with enough force to knock it back once more. Amon's eyes widened as he exhibited more abilities he had been unaware of. As the dragon stood back up, he raised his hand to fire again but nothing came out. Fortunately, the dragon didn't know that and took off, stretching its wings and flying off. It was done and would leave.

Amon panted, almost exhausted, as he waited a few moments to see if the dragon would come back. When it looked clear, he turned around and raced towards Lantia, hoping she was still in one piece.

Lantia
PostPosted: Fri Apr 14, 2006 9:20 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The pain was intense. Hell, she wished it were just pain. This was something she never felt before. It felt as if there was a burning fire lit within her body while creatures of microscopic size dug and clawed at her insides. The gashes were very deep, three to be exact, that crossed in an angle all along her torso from shoulder to hip. Lantia knew they would take a few days to heal compared to the rest of her body. Though her wounds would heal, she was losing too much blood too quickly that even if she bandaged herself up, she would need to feed immediately.

Her right arm was sore as it draped over one fallen tree, the rest of her body laid on the ground beside it, beaten and sore to all hell. Eyes of shimmering silver dimmed, as she felt weak after that one strike. She would not let herself be out of commission, not this soon. There was still the dragon matter to deal with; she couldn't let Amon take care of it all by himself.

She looked curiously at the dragon as it leaned towards her. Lantia, fearing that it was going to finish her off, tried to stand. Her left hand that draped over her waist slid down to the ground before her torso and pushed up, fingertips stinging as they were burnt from before, forcing her body to try and stand. She would not be killed without a fight. A soft cry slipped from crimson folds as she felt an electric shock of pain run up her spine making her body crumble back onto the ground on her side. Lashes flutter to set her gaze upon the dragon's own when she saw his head lean over to the side. Curiously, she stared as its nose neared the trinket that flew from her grasp, sniffing at it. What was it trying to do? It seemed more interested in the jewelry than either herself or Amon. Something about the trinket drew the dragon near, which Lantia could not explain. Whatever it was searching for, near or upon the trinket, was not around as it roared loudly as if in anger. Its eyes blazed with a mixture of anger and hunger, not a good combination for Amon or herself to be around.

Expecting to be hit again, Lantia once more tried to lift her form up, only to listen as a loud roar echoed in the air. There was no creature around that could make such a loud sound besides the dragon. Her head turned slightly to catch Amon's form. His eyes were set ablaze with darkness and anger. His claws extended fully as his wings unfurled as far as they could reach. Her eyes could not keep up with his swift movement as he flew towards the dragon, slamming into its side. Both of them flew back, way back, knocking down trees along the way. They flew a bit too far that Lantia could not see what was happening. All she could do was listen to the sounds that came from their direction, hoping that Amon would be all right.

Her form struggled to stand, hand pressing down to the floor to aid her in her attempt. She pulled her right arm from over the fallen tree, using that hand to at least lift half her torso up. The claws not only tore at her flesh but at her clothing as well. Tattered rags hung off her shoulders, draping along her arms between the original torn patches. Droplets of blood colored her pale flesh, her own blood along with the dragons from when she pulled one scale free. Her boots managed to come out unscathed, only dusted up from the dirt on the forest floor. The entire upper half of her body was bare to the night. Supple globes of flesh were released from their tight bindings to bounce freely. The curves of her hourglass figure were exposed till about her mound where the fabric was still in tact and covering.

Though most of her form was naked the blood that spilled from her body coated the more intimate parts. Legs slip from beneath a bunch of leaves that fell upon her, pressing booted feet to the ground. They shook from the pressure she put upon them, as they felt weak. A low growl rolled from her lips at the way her body was acting. She could take much more than this.

Finally, as her body stood, a bit shaky on her legs, she looked over to see Amon approaching. He looked to be in bad shape like her. One of his arms seemed to hang a bit lower than usual at his side as blood trickled from a wound. His free moving arm was curled around his waist, perhaps there was some damage done to his ribs during the battle. His skin was free of any burns, which Lantia was thankful of.

A small smile curled to the corner of her lips at seeing him still alive. Her head looked around a moment, wondering where the dragon had gone. She wasn't sure if he had defeated it or if it ran away. Either of the options would be fine to her. As she took a step her legs shook and collapsed beneath her weight. Her form glided to the ground upon her knees, palms pressing to the ground before her as she grunted. The loss of blood was not good and now as they were both injured, it would be a miracle if they could reach a place to get medical attention or hide and help mend each other's wounds. Her head lifted as dark curls framing her face, the tips tainted with her blood. Eyes looked over to the trinket

once more, her voice coming out softly as she panted, trying to use that as a means to ignore the pain she felt.

“Why was it interested in the jewelry?” Latnia inquired.

A squeak caught her attention as she lifted her gaze from the shiny trinket to a rock not far from her. Draven was perched atop it, looking at her with concern. It seemed he was tossed from Amon’s shirt when he was first hit, getting its little mind jumbled up for a while. Her smile grew as she saw her pet was safe and unharmed.

Dove with the dragon
Dove
PostPosted: Mon Sep 04, 2006 6:01 pm Post subject: A Dove Amidst the Ash

A tall, delicate figure walked through the forest near the Haymaker River, a white and red silk gown glimmering from time to time as the moonlight found its way through the treetops. Dove, as she was known to her friends, hums an almost entrancing tune as she made her way around, her gentle voice carrying off into the surrounding trees. She stopped a few paces short of a cave. It’s large opening, dark and eerie, seemed alive and anxious to swallow any wayward visitors into what seemed an endless labyrinth of caverns. The smell of sulfur and ash wafted into the air as a breeze caressed her face and lightly tugged at strands of her long, dark brown hair. How did she get here? She almost couldn’t remember anymore, but she knew what she was looking for.

A burst of air came from behind her as a small cloud of dust rose around her. She felt the ground tremble as a large, heavy animal moved slowly towards her giving off a loud snort as it loomed just over her head. The smell of sulfur was incredibly overwhelming now as she turned to see a red-scaled chest breathing deeply before her. Her eyes rose up, following the long neck to the head of the immense creature that stood at least ten feet higher than her. Its body came down to all fours as the head lowered towards her, a slow rumble coming from deep within its chest and her humming came to an end.

Her voice was like melting honey, warm and soothing, as the dragon came mere inches from her now smiling face.

“I was just looking for you,” Dove says.

The dragon snorted once more before letting out a slight whine, gently nudging her face with its snout. She ran her soft hand over the hard, armor-like face and neck of the creature that sat before her. The dragon’s growl softened to what would seem like a deep purr as it shifted in its place allowing her to see an area of its chest where someone or something had apparently ripped out one of its scales and whined again.

“It seems you had an interesting evening getting into mischief again,” she remarks.

She gently placed her hand upon the beast’s wound as it snorted once more with a puff of sulfuric smoke.

“Relax. You’ll feel better in a minute,” Dove reassured the dragon.

A seemingly invisible tattoo seemed to shimmer upon the back of her hand with an intricate design of ancient symbols. They seemed almost liquid as the shimmering flowed down to her fingertips, offering a soft glow upon the wound of the beast and healing it within a matter of moments.

With a satisfied smirk, she looked to the dragon.

“You know I can’t replace the scale, this is now your weakness, so be very cautious in exposing this area when battling,” she warned.

The dragon lowered its head a bit and blinked slowly in understanding. She let out a small sigh and smiled as she stroked its snout.

“So did you find it?” she asked.

Another snort with a rough shake of the head was her reply.

“I’m sure we are close, we will find it here,” Dove reassured.

A faint roaring could be heard from some other area of the forest and the dragon raised its head towards the sky, shifting its wings.

“Your brothers have awakened, go to them. I will come back soon. I would advise you to stay out of too much trouble while I’m gone,” she said.

With a smirk she turned and began to walk away, hearing the rustling of the powerful, leathery wings behind her followed by a burst of air as the magnificent creature took flight.

This goes before Icewolf kills the men

Icewolf leaves to carry out task

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun Mar 26, 2006 2:04 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Finishing off his bowl of stew, he turns his head for a moment looking out the nearby window. It was open and had a cover over the top so that the rain wouldn't come in. Lowering his head for a moment then lifting his glass of whiskey finishing it off. Placing the glass down, he stands and smiles.

“I must be going” he says and turns without another word heading towards the door.
His footsteps were quick and almost silent as he walked toward the door. Lifting his right hand to the door, opening it and looking out to see the rain had let up a little.

With a silent lift of his wings, he takes off into the air fighting against the small amount of wind and the droplets of rain collecting on his wings. Flying up with great speed, he breaks through the rain cloud to find there was a sun down waiting for him. Floating in place for a short bit, he looks around trying to get his bearings. Turning his body and flying south, he was heading for his assigned task.

DPhose
PostPosted: Thu Apr 06, 2006 8:19 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Watching Icewolf swiftly down his whiskey and head out the door, DPhose stared intently as he watched Icewolf leave the bar.

“Huh, that was a bit odd. He just up and left like that. Was it something I said? He must have some shiny bird man stuff to do,” D’Phose observed.

Noticing that Diana has been periodically glancing at the door, all through dinner and even after Icewolf's departure, with an anxious yet concerned look on her face.

“Psst, psst. Hey, Vere to pointy-eared lady, PSST! What cha lookin' at?” Ooo Ooo is there going to be kobold juggling?” D’Phose asks.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Wed Apr 12, 2006 7:07 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Diana laughed curtly, and said, “ I don’t think so. But I have this uneasy feeling. Like something is near and it doesn’t feel friendly.”

Indeed, the woman had been getting waves of some sort of dark energy washing over her for the past few moments. It made her skin crawl. She shifted in her chair and wished the angel hadn’t left so abruptly.

Turning back to D'phose, she said, "You are a being that is long of this planet, and I suppose you must have encountered many of the different races. What do you know of…"

She paused as if saying the name would bring the darkest creatures of the night crashing through the door…then let the word slip from her lips like a prayer…. "Vampires?"

Targent picks up Lantia and Amon

Amon
PostPosted: Sat Apr 15, 2006 11:13 am Post subject: Reply with quote

As he walked up to Lantia, he noticed almost all of her clothes were unusable anymore. His arm was all but useless, as was her arm. The dragon had done quite a bit of damage in the short time it had been here. He couldn't imagine the kind of destruction it could do to a human. As she asked the question, he gave her a quizzical look. But as he looked down at the ground, he noticed the trinket lying there. It appeared to have fallen from her body when she was attacked.

"It was distracted. That's how I bull rushed it," he thought, his gaze snapping up to the bat.

The fact that her familiar was still alive was a miracle, one he was thankful for.

"I don't know what it wanted, but at least we do know that dragons sure don't like kindred. We must get to the forest immediately. If anyone knows about the trinket, it's the fey. And if they know about it, then they might know why the dragon attacked us," he realized.

His gaze shifted back over to Lantia and her almost nude form. He licked his lips subconsciously and then began looking around.

"We need to feed. Send your bat looking for some food and I'll try to find a place where we can rest," Amon ordered.

He moved closer to her for a second, picking up the trinket. He wrapped his arms around her once more, pressing his lips to hers. He was pretty sure she would need some comfort right now, though she was strong and he wanted her to feel that everything would be all right. He pressed her body against his, feeling her cool body so close. His working arm reached down, squeezing her butt firmly.

"I'll be back"*he said as he strode off towards the direction they had been traveling in.
As soon as he left her line of sight, however, he all but collapsed. His knees gave out as he tumbled onto all fours. He panted, feeling a burning sensation in his

body. Figuring it to be the hunger, he clenched his teeth and tried desperately to hold it down. The next few moments, however, were something he had never expected. He felt the bones in his ribs cracking and settling back where they belonged, the blood dripping down his arm stopped and slowly reversed flow. He watched in amazement as he felt feeling return in that arm and it looked brand new. No longer feeling any pain or discomfort, he rose up onto his feet.

He looked around, trying to figure out what had happened but a strong hunger told him he had used a lot of energy to heal himself. Never before had he healed so quickly or fully, but now, he was hungry and the hunter he would be. His eyes flashed darkly, his fangs bared as he took off into the forest. His heightened senses detected movement off to his right and a quick stride towards that direction confirmed the presence of a large deer, it's huge antlers proving it to be an older male. He licked his lips, downing the deer easily. After a few moments, he was feeling much better, though he knew human would be a better choice. When they were within sight of civilization, he would find some humans for the both of them. But for now, his hunger was sated and he continued looking for shelter.

It wasn't long before he found another cave, this one occupied by a bear. Spreading his wings and growling at the bear, convinced the creature that it would be more prudent to leave the cave. Amon marked where the cave was and then headed back towards Lantia, hoping she would be able to last and find food herself soon.

Lantia
PostPosted: Sat Apr 15, 2006 3:58 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Relief washed over her face as Draven flew from its spot upon the rock to perch atop her left shoulder, nuzzling her cheek gently. He did really care for her, even if some thought he was an ugly pet to have. Her familiar was the only family, friend, companion, and company she has had for the last decade. There was no other that has kept her alive emotionally or mentally like Draven. Perhaps with her awakening from torpor, she would be able to find a companion to be with whom also cherished Draven as much as her.

She nuzzled the small bat's cheek in return, showing she was going to be all right while listening to what Amon had to say. They would have to find food as quickly as possible along with a place to rest. This small tiff with the dragon would slow them down by at least a day since they did not travel that far this night. Turning her head slightly she whispered orders to Draven on finding his own food while they do the same. The small creature squeaked its response before flapping its wings and flying off into the woods. Her eyes watched its form for a moment, making sure he would be all right before releasing a sigh and nodding her head in understanding to Amon.

“Yes, food would be very essential right now. The faster we get to the tavern, the faster we find out what’s so special about this trinket, or rather who made the fake. Also we need to discover why the dragon was so interested....”

Her words were suddenly cut short as her lithe form was lifted from the ground by Amon’s good arm, bodies pressed tightly against one another as his lips pressed deeply to hers. Soft lashes flutter in amazement, as this was the second kiss he had given her without any warning. His actions were dispersed so that she couldn’t read what he would do next, yet she found that very alluring. Knowing what a person was going to do was boring for it was much too easy to either fight them, contain them, kill them or seduce them.

His lips were soft as velvet yet held so much power within them as he kissed her. Lantia, not wanting to look or feel like a blushing fool again, returned the kiss in kind. A soft moan rolled from her lips, vibrating along his as she was held tightly, lovingly. Slender arms lift, curling around his neck loosely to keep her form pressed against his, her blood staining his bare chest. Though she didn’t show it on the outside, Lantia was scared from the ordeal they had just gone through. Having someone here with her, showing her, expressing to her that things were going to be all right in there own way was very comforting. Perhaps she was getting soft in her age but right now, she didn’t care.

As He broke the kiss and grasped her pert butt firmly, Lantia grinned and removed her arms from around his neck, releasing him so he may step away. She felt a warmth within her body that seemed to come from the place where her heart used to beat. Eyes watched with intent interest as he whispered softly and turned around, wandering down the road to look for his own food. She chuckled softly at his actions, knowing this was going to be a very interesting journey together.

The laughter died quickly as she grasped at her chest, feeling a sharp pain rush through her entire torso. Blood was still seeping from her wounds, never relenting as it spilled the elixir of life that she so desperately needed.

Lowering her hand, she grunted and began a slow walk down the opposite way that Amon went, venturing into the bushes. She did not walk that far in, feeling her legs shaking with each step she took. A low growl rumbled from her throat at the way her body was feeling. She had taken much more damage before in the ancient war but this time, being swatted by a dragon once, seemed to do more damage than any scouting party or blood lusting creature ever did.

There was still the matter of finding some sort of bandages to wrap up both hers and Amon’s wounds so that they did not become infected. Lantia did not have to fear about infections very much since she was already dead but Amon’s body was changing so she wasn’t sure how his would react to such a matter.

Her form crouched down as her eyes spotted a small rabbit coming her way, its form unknown to her presence. As it neared her reach, she moved quickly, arm snapping out as fingers wrapped around its waist and lifted it up to her lips. Fangs that were already elongated pierced through the fur and flesh, reaching what she needed most. She sucked deeply, hungrily at its blood as she feels the warm liquid slide down her throat. Lantia knew this was not going to be enough to sate her thirst along with helping her to heal. She would have to feed upon something else very soon but her body felt fatigue so that she couldn't hunt for anything larger at this point in time. She could feel its squirming form begin to settle, knowing it was near its point of death. Not wanting to end the little creature's life Lantia removed her fangs and licked the small puncture wounds, healing them within a minute with her saliva. Placing it down upon the ground, she watched as it hopped away slowly, knowing that it either would survive or be taken by some other creature.

Hands press atop her knees, slowly standing herself up with a grunt escaping as she felt another thunderous pain rush through her body. Turning around, she slipped from the forest back to the road where she would wait for Amon. Her back leaned against a tree, hands pressing to the bark to keep herself aloft as she tried to ignore the torturous sensations that racked her form. She would never admit that her body ached from head to toe. That she felt weak and tired with every second that passed and that she would need help to move. Lantia needed bandages and a change of clothes by the time they arrived at the tavern or she would be of no use to Amon.

Eyes lingered upon the road looking for any sign of his return. Bright silver orbs flashed a moment from their dullness as she saw Amon in her line of sight. The arm that she had thought was injured badly had somehow healed as she watched him swing it back and forth along his side. He wasn't hunched over in pain nor was there any blood on his body from his cuts besides her blood that smeared on his chest from his embrace a moment ago. Lantia was very surprised at the sight as she had seen him greatly injured just a few minutes ago and yet here he was; all healed up as if nothing had happened to him.

"What happened to you? Did you step into a magical healing spring?" she joked.

Her soft laughter erupted at her own words, ignoring the pain she felt in her chest. From the corner of her eye, she saw Draven fly from the forest behind Amon, flapping its wings and landed atop his head. She chuckled once more seeing Draven place a few berries atop Amon's long white silken locks and began to nibble his own meal.

"It seems you've been made into a table," she remarked.

PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 10:04 am Post subject:

He smiled then looked up as her bat perched on his head. He reached up, grabbing it by the scruff and pulling it off his head.

“No no, my head is definitely not a table,” he said to the bat.

He set the bat on his shoulder and then walked closer to Lantia. He shrugged his shoulders at her question, unable to truly answer.

“I didn’t find any healing spring and I have no idea how I healed. I sure am hungry though. Let’s get going as soon as we can. The faster we get to a village, the faster we can get some real food,” Amon replied.

He wrapped his arms around Lantia, picking her up in the strong embrace. He started walking down the path, still too exhausted to fly. His wing muscles were starting to become sore. He looked down into Lantia’s face and leaned down to lick her wounds. His rough tongue slid over her chest and where he licked, the wounds seem to close up. They didn’t heal but they no longer bled. He took a moment to lick over her nipples, smiling lustfully at her then moved his lips up to hers to kiss her once more, sharing some of the blood that he had fed on.

Afterwards he walked on, until Lantia was sure she could walk again. He looked up at the sky, glad that they hadn’t been too delayed. They wouldn’t get nearly as far this night and had gained at least half a night’s trek, but it would give them more time to heal and find some other food. He kept a constant eye out for shelter, not wanting to be caught out in the open too late.

Finally, they broke out of the small forest and came within sight of a bridge; The Starling Bridge or something like that. He wasn’t too sure, nor did he really care. He could see quite a stretch of open road before the bridge and it was starting to get light. He growled but knew they would have to shelter once more before getting to the large forest. If he remembered there was a human settlement on the other side of the forest but it would take them a night to reach it. He started looking around, trying to find a place to rest.

“Lantia, see if you, or your bat, can find some shelter. We must rest before attempting to cross the plains. It is too big and the sun will rise before we can cross.,” he said as he stretched his wings experimentally. “Tomorrow, we can fly some more, hopefully make up some time.”
He could tell they would have to feed the next night before continuing. She was still weak and he needed more energy as well. He just hoped they would find what they needed when they got to the fey.

Lord Targent

PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 11:46 am Post subject: Something wicked this way comes Reply with quote

Time was lost as Targent slept the sleep of death. Had it been hours or days? Within the void's deep embrace all time seemed the same neither slow nor fast, no concept of time, just the endless blackness that comforted all like him.

Visions of Amon and Lantia entered his mind as his body began to stir. Slowly, his eyes opened slightly, deep violet orbs squinted a moment as he glanced around. Letting his mind wander out within a few miles radius, he felt his brother and used his ability to transmit thought as he let Amon know he was close and would be upon them in moments. He awoke refreshed and very hungry. Leaning back, he laid his head back along the cushioned headrest. Lifting his hand, he pulled back on the shade a bit, sensing the darkness still laid upon the land, It was not like the twilight of Azoic City but a deep black velvet sky. He parted the curtains and tied them off as he stared into darkness, a thick veil of trees stood before them like silent sentries. The nocturnal creatures of the forest scurried about their nightly tasks as he thought to himself, there were several new players to the game. He wondered what part they would play in it, and did it really matter. Perhaps not he thought, as he looked deep into the darkness, catching slight movement in the distance. He tapped the window in front of him.

"Driver," he called out. "My brother and Lantia are up ahead. Pick them up."

It was only moments before the carriage shuttered to a halt. Targent grasped the handle of his carriage door and swung it open wide. He grinned as he looked to Amon and Lantia.

"Well look what the bat dragged in," he chuckled and watched as the rag-tagged couple slid in across from him.

He shut the door behind them as they fell against the seat in a huddle; they looked to have been in a battle. An old smell wafted from their clothing as he sat back and waited to hear the tale. He tapped the window once more and yelled.

"To Moores Gate, driver. And make haste or I will have to snack on you," he laughed as he laid his arms over his chest.

He turned his head once more and looked out about the forest; it would not be too much longer to the Forest of Vere.

Lantia
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 11:59 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Draven squeaked in protest as Amon grabbed him by the scruff, wings flailing as he lifted him off the comfort of his head. The small bat reached down and

grabbed its food as Amon settled him upon his shoulder. Draven lowered his head as claws from his feet held the berries to Amon's shoulder while he finished his meal as the large vampire continued on his approach to Draven's mistress.

Lantia only laughed softly as she watched her pet scuffle and huff at being removed from its comfortable perch, leaving a dark mess atop Amon's beautiful white locks. Smooth palms press to the bark of the tree, pushing herself away as she takes a few steps to the right and reaches down grasping the one scale she managed to remove from the dragons back.

"There goes my idea of killing it with its own flesh," she said.

Tucking the spear shaped disc below her left arm, Lantia turned to face Amon with a questionable look. It seemed his body was a mystery to even himself. If he did not know how he healed then his personal discovery would be a hard and perhaps treacherous one. As she was about to walk onward beside him Lantia gasped loudly as his strong arms lifted her up with little effort and held her close as he started off down the road. Her form shifted to adjust her position so she would be more comfortable, her legs hanging over his right arm as her back rested against the left. She was about to bring the scale to rest upon her lap when she watched Amon's head duck low and begin to lap at the deep long scars upon her torso. Somehow a shiver found its way up her spine, bringing not just pleasure but blissful enjoyable pain that she had not felt since she fell into her death sleep. She sucked in her lower lip nibbling upon the plump crimson flesh as she moaned out quietly when his tongue lapped at her nipples that were somewhat visible when he licked the blood away. They perked to attention from his ministrations, feeling the roughness of his taste buds run over the sensitive pink flesh. The small of her back arched from his touches, letting a small grin curl to her lips as he lifted his head only to kiss her deeply. This time there was no hesitation as she pushed her lips back in return, purring softly to let the light vibrations run along his lips. As he pulled away, she took a playful nip at his lower lip, seeing the passion of lust and desire flash within his eyes before it died away, sharp fangs releasing the tender flesh.

Her grin never faded as she looked to him once more before lowering her gaze down upon her body. The blood that had kept spilling forth had seized but the cuts were still present. Amazed, she brought a finger to poke at one of her wounds, wincing when she did so but saw no blood leaked out. There must have been something in his saliva that was powerful enough to stop each of her wounds from bleeding. Even her own saliva could not do something as magnificent as that to large wounds. Not wanting to explain it herself, as she was quite confused, Lantia laid the cold scale gently upon her stomach, making sure to not reopen any of the gashes that were still very visibly present.

As she rested her head against Amon's left shoulder Lantia looked onward to the path before them. It stretched far and wide across open plain as far as the eye

could see, after crossing over the Starling Bridge. The bridge was their way to the tavern within the fey lands, but it was also a dangerous feat to cross as the fey are not only cunning and precocious, they were also dangerous to mess with if one provoked them. With potions galore, one had to be careful if they did not wish to leave with different color skin or a few extra attachments to their bodies.

Feeling Draven hop upon her head, Lantia smiled and lifted her left hand, palm up, so he could perch atop for a while. She listened to Amon's words as the bat jumped upon her flesh. Lantia did not know if her pet was physically up to the task. Though he was all right, she was not sure if Draven was inwardly well. Open blood pockets or broken ribs were a few things she was worried about for her pet. Gently, she nuzzled him atop the head before a sound caught her attention. Looking over her shoulder, Lantia catches sight of a carriage approaching. This could be taken as a piece of good luck or oncoming dread. Hopefully, whoever was traveling in the shadows of night would stop and aid them. Carefully, she placed Draven upon her left shoulder, sliding her legs from Amon's arm to stand up on her own power as he stood in place to look upon what was coming from down the road.

Eyes flashed bright silver as she looked upon the full fledged black carriage, having a feeling someone familiar sat in the back. Her theories were true as whom opened the door was none other than Lord Targent. It had been ages since she had last seen the vampire lord. He had not changed one bit. His features were still the same as was his attitude, as he looked to them almost smugly, trying not to laugh at their appearance. Eyes of charcoal black stared to them both as the soft paleness of his flesh was seen for a moment by the slight light they had from the starlight high above. All she did was grin; it was the same Targent from long ago as she remembered.

Her legs lifted as she moved into the carriage first, sliding to one end as Amon would slide in either beside her or go sit beside his brother. Lantia knew that Amon was closest to Targent than any other that she knew. They had a personal bond between each other that could not be broken by any means that she could or even wished to fathom. Feeling the carriage take off, Lantia looked between the two a moment, as they seemed to share a moment before speaking. Fingers of her right hand wrapped around the scale, tossing it to lie at Targent's free side.

"Seems dragons are no longer a myth or story to scare children to sleep any more. They live once again and are quite the formidable opponent," she remarked.

She leaned back against the cushioned seat, sighing at the feel of velvet rest against her sore body. She didn't care if her form was not that presentable before the Lord's eyes. Being in a tough battle and coming out with her unlife was good enough. Arms lay at her sides, ignoring the fact that she sat nude before both men from the neck down to about her waist. The upper part of her body ached

too much for her to cover up. Legs crossed at the ankles, trying to act sophisticated but she really didn't feel like trying at the moment. Lantia was tired, sore, hungry and becoming a bit irritated though slowly calming herself by nuzzling her pet's cheek, it returning the gentle caress.

Amon
PostPosted: Wed Apr 19, 2006 5:32 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Looking up, he saw the carriage approaching. Stepping in front of Lantia, shielding her with his body, he prepared to fight. As it pulled up, he visibly relaxed, recognizing it as his brother's carriage. As the door opened, he let Lantia in, waiting for her to settle before moving his larger body inside the small carriage. He closed his wings, folding them over into the cloak facade. He leaned back against the seat, his right arm coming to rest upon Lantia's lap. Giving her thigh a slow rub, he turned towards his brother. He nodded as Lantia turned over the scale.

"She's right. That answers our first question. And our second wasn't too hard to figure out either. Seems they have a disliking for vampires, as it attacked us without warning. Unfortunately, it got away. But it seemed quite interested in the fake, the general was kind enough to give us. I fear what might happen to the waitress you gave the real thing to. If it was looking for that, she might be in danger," Amon reported.

He looked out the window as the carriage rolled on, then closed it to the coming dawn. He looked over at his brother, and then nodded his head, knowing his brother could hear him.

"Seems there's something going on with me. I don't know what, but it seems I can stand the light of sun once more. I dare not stay for too long, I don't know how long it will last," he conveyed telepathically to Targent.

He looked over at Lantia, seeing the coming day having its intended affect on her. He gently wrapped his arm around her shoulder, pulling her head to rest against him, and then settled back himself.

"I hope we can find what we are looking for. Maybe the fey have answers, or at least some food. We need to feed, and soon," Amon said.

He looked towards his brother again, knowing the lord of the vampires would have some idea of what needed done.

Conversations about vampires continue

DPhose
PostPosted: Fri Apr 14, 2006 1:54 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

“Aww…no kobold juggling. What kind of tavern is this? Most disappointing,” D’Phose retorts.

Upon seeing Diana’s concern and mere mention of vampires, D’Phose adorns a stern expression upon his face. His two extra arms begin to melt and get reabsorbed into his body. Holding up the arm that was transformed into plant roots, the roots change and reform into a hand as D’Phose sits down into his chair.

“Do you mean those cranky pale humans with the pointy teeth? They are kind of weird. No fun at all. If you ask me, they could use some sun. Give them some more color in their cheeks. What do you want to know? There are a lot of different stories about them. Some are conflicting, depending on whom you ask. Why do they concern you so? You and I both know there are far more dangerous creatures that live in the forest than cranky pale humans,” D’Phose replies.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Fri Apr 14, 2006 11:21 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She only nodded absently, and gestured to Grumble for another glass of wine.

DPhose
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 9:47 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“Yes, lots of stories. Depending on whom you ask. There was this one guy who used to fight them…oh what was his name? It had something to do with a large capacity motorized carriage and singing in a very hot place. Hmm…Oh never mind. He said that the cranky pale humans were the way they were because of a divine curse. Some prince pissed off a deity, or something like that,” D’Phose began his story.

“I do remember seeing another account about their condition is actually some form of disease, like having the sniffles that just won’t go away. But if you ask that one teenager that has the same name as you would name a poodle and has a best friend that is a witch. Yes, if you ask her, she would say that when a cranky pale human bites another human then that human’s soul leaves the body and a demon soul takes up residence,” the metamorph continued with his tale.

“They are somewhat like us fey in the sense that they are ageless. But unlike us, we maintain and help life grow, they must take the life of others in order to continue to exist. Is that what you wanted to know or was there something else?” D’Phose asked.

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Wed Apr 19, 2006 9:23 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She sipped on the wine thoughtfully listening to D'phose's explanations of the creatures called "kindred". She had run across them from time to time in the past and had never found any common understanding with them. Conversations usually turned sour quite quickly and she'd learned that the creatures often were as likely to try and kill you, as they were to engage in conversation.

They had a particular energy that could be perceived, it was different from the living, and different from the nonliving as well. She felt it now, and as it drew nearer, the high elf was concerned with it's intent in this part of the Great Forest…perhaps this very tavern.

She nodded to D'Phose setting the glass down on the table before her, folding her arms across her chest as if protecting herself from the energy that lingered next to her heart. That was where she felt it, it prickled and stung, and she was uncomfortable with its reign over her emotions.

"Yes, I have heard much of the same tales and theories. I just wondered if you knew anything different from the stories. My encounters with them have been brief," she replied.

It was then that the barkeep interrupted her, leaning over the bar as if he wanted to share a secret. His thick accent was dark with warning.

"Aye dear girl, I couldn't help but hearin' you mention the kindred folk. You know there are some rumors floating around that their leader is about and up to no good. And a couple was seen near the river the other day, a male and a female. I'd be careful where you spent your evenings. You hang out in that forest too much. I'd hate for one of those monsters to catch you unawares," Grumble warned.

Diana put her hand on the giants arm, "Thank you Grumble. You know I can take care of myself."

So much fear and speculation, she wondered if it was all false in someway. D'Pose had said they were like us fey, but how much? Could understanding between the two races happen? Were they really purely evil as she had been lead to believe?

She turned to D'Pose again, knowing he had heard what the giant had said, she asked, "What do you make of it?"

DPhose
PostPosted: Sat Apr 22, 2006 11:51 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Catching Grumble just before he turned away to leave the table, "Hey, Mr. Giant Guy, can I have another pitcher of water?"

Turning back to Diana, “Yes, ‘tis very odd indeed. The cranky pale humans don’t generally come to the forest, let alone three of them. They obviously have some dire purpose to risk becoming Cajun. They would have to find a safe place to rest during the day. They generally stay in Azoic City since it is always dark there.”

“I guess I have never really been concerned by them. There is not much they can do to harm me. Can’t cut me, not solid. It’s kind of like trying to cut honey. Can’t crush me, no bones. Can’t drink my blood, don’t have any,” he reflected.

“Giant guy called them monsters, but can we really fault them. In order to continue to live they must drink the blood of other creatures. Bleh! Much ickiness! That is how they were made. For them it is very intense, like a drug addict with an addiction. Sometimes they can’t help it. The need for it takes over and it makes them not right in the head,” D’Phose continued.

“Others have a tendency to label anything that has the ability to make us dead as evil. Evil really is someone who takes pleasure in the suffering of others. Just because they need to kill us to live doesn’t mean they are evil. I mean anyone can be good or evil if they choose to be. You and I don’t consider a ladybug to be evil, but if you asked an aphid what do you think it would say?” the metamorph conveyed.

“Well if you are concerned about them, I happen to also have some other fairy dust that when you sprinkle it on something wherever the dust touches will glow for about an hour. I actually watched the fairies make it once. They are able to use fairy magic to capture sunlight and turn it into dust. The cranky pale humans don’t like it very much. They usually will run away from it. It won’t burn um, well…unless they get really close to it or if you sprinkle it directly on them,” D’Phose revealed.

Insert Lantia going to store for new clothes

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Sat Apr 22, 2006 3:14 am Post subject: something wicked this way comes (continued from haymaker river Reply with quote

Targent looked into his brother’s face as he listened to him speak quietly, not like others spoke but in thought as they had done all their lives. Arching a brow, he listened to his brother speaking of being able to stand the light. When he was young Amon was always sickly, and their mother had died not soon after his birth. So at a very young age, Targent had cared for him, always excepting his differences, till one day as Targent was at the river it came to him, the shadow that promised him he would never want for anything again and that Amon would be OK.

Targent half turned his head and looked down upon the seat next to him where Lantia had tossed what he knew to be a dragon's scale. Reaching down, he lifted it up and gazed at it through brilliant lavender eyes. As he turned it, the shine of it glittered between hues of green . A Beryl Green dragon, they were once abundant in the forest, the guardians, I suppose they were, till their cousins the Reds from the wastelands coveted the fertile lands of the Greens.

He remembered a time he watched within the shadow as a great snake that was the Reds' army, wound its way through the thick forests .The troops could move only as fast as the heavily-laden supply wagons. The Reds' army dare not forge, dared not live off the land as they might have done. The animals and even the vegetation of the forest entered the fray. Apples poisoned those who ate them. Bread made from elven wheat sickened an entire division. The Reds' soldiers reported comrades strangled by vines or killed by trees that let fall huge limbs with crushing force. But this was a foe easily defeated, however, just like the vampires, the forest could be fought with fire. Little known to his kindred that sat across from him, the Reds had once called the Garden of Stone its home, till the mystical creatures had killed each other and their kind most thought. But Targent knew better, they laid in wait just like the vampires for a time when they could regroup and grow stronger, able to enter the world above once more.

Then came the time of mortals and they reigned over the world with their technology, seeming to conquer there all until their creation, the nanotechs, devoured them. They buried their dead in the barren lands they called the Garden of Stone. Millions upon billions lay to their final rest, and what better creature to watch over the sleeping dead, but the undead. So long he had lived the game, trapped in his vessel, and now again the wheel turns. But there was something not right within the lands, not even his vampires were immuned this time. First his brother and now the new one in his home; they carried the same sickness. The humans once more afraid and naïve, thinking of their own destiny. The feys stayed to their lands and never ventured out of them.

Targent set the scale to the seat beside him, as he felt the night move over the land. He reached up and moved the curtain slightly as he viewed the deep purples of dusk. He closed his eyes and laughed to himself as the driver spoke of the gates that gave entry to Moore's Gate, he wondered if they would allow entry. It didn't matter, a gate to creatures as themselves didn't really matter, no need for permission, but he preferred it.

He felt the eyes upon his carriage, as he knew all that kept watch over the forest knew the shadow fell upon their lands. He glanced to the tower as the carriage passed and he smiled. He tapped the window and called to the driver, "Take us to the nearest tavern." "Wake up kindred we have reached our destination at last."

And with that Targent settled back against his headrest and grinned.

Lantia
PostPosted: Sat Apr 22, 2006 11:57 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Eyes wander back and forth between Amon and Targent. Ever since Amon spoke, they both have been silent. Neither a word was exchanged between the two, let alone Lantia's presence being acknowledged by Targent since she stepped into the carriage. It seemed he was within his own little world. Targent was always a silent one, knowing he barely spoke to her let alone anyone else unless he needed something, but it seemed different with Amon. The vampire lord seemed much more protective of his brother than most people she had seen. Both being brothers, Lantia could see something was vastly deeper between the two men than any other kindred, yet she was kept out of it all.

Shrugging her shoulders she raised a hand to brush back some of the dark velvet curtains so she could peer outside. The sunlight was slowly cresting over the horizon as the moon began to disappear into the darkness of the sky, as if the moon itself was a vampire running from the harsh golden rays. She could feel her strength dissipating as if it were being sucked right out of her body. Though she was beginning to feel weary Lantia did not show it on the outside. If other kindred could take it then she could as well. She had slept long enough; it was time to refresh her senses.

Turning her attention from the window a moment Lantia looked at the two once more. They stared within each other’s eyes, saying not a word to either her or each other. She was thankful to see them both still awake as Targent grasped the scale, peering at the discoloration from the edge where it was supposed to be attached to flesh. Once again his lavender eyes seemed to recede within themselves, casting a shadow over the pupils as he enters his own thoughts. The silence was deafening bored but it was Targent’s way.

Lashes flutter as she forces them to stay open, not wanting to sleep in case there was something to be talked about. Lantia did not want to miss out on the conversation but her body was literally begging her to rest. A low grunt crosses her lips as she shifts a bit in her place, feeling Draven hop from her shoulder onto the spare seat beside Targent. He was always a scamp of a bat, wanting more space to rest.

Eyes wander down to look upon her left thigh, which was being occupied by Amon's hand. His caress was gentle, soothing and warm as it rubbed along her cool flesh. He was not going any further, which was almost a relief to Lantia as it would not be appropriate to do such an act before the vampire lord. Plus it was something more suited to the privacy of a room with just the two of them where she could enjoy the sensual pleasure a bit more as could he.

Her form teetered to the left as Amon's arm wrapped around her shoulders, pulling her close. She was not complaining since her body was leaning to the side anyway. Dark curls flood around her face as she nuzzles his shoulder gently. Perhaps a quick nap to rest her eyes for a moment while gathering some energy wouldn't be so bad. If she misses anything talked about between the two bothers she will just ask Amon later. Legs shift as she makes herself comfortable, laying her right hand to Amon's chest as she lets the darkness of sleep pull her into the shadows.

Not long after her body begins to stir within the confines of the carriage. Dark lashes part to let her blurry gaze look upon the sight before her. Targent was still sitting within his seat looking serious as ever while her pet now rested upon the ceiling. Gently, she presses her hand to Amon's chest, pushing her form to sit back up. Her gaze looks over to the one she rested against, seeing he is either asleep or within a trance of his own world. It was hard to tell. She brought a hand up to stifle the yawn that slipped free while the other rubbed her eyes to rid the sands of sleep.

“Both still silent I see,” she said.

Lantia dared to take a peek out the window to see if the sun was fully high in the sky, only to be met with something rather shocking. Eyes widen as she looks upon complete darkness, as if the sun had risen and set within minutes. It seemed she had been asleep longer then intended. She must have slept through the entire day while they traveled on. Even more so surprising was that they were entering through Moore's gate already. The driver must have gone all through the day and now night just to get where they needed to go. Plus the threat about being eaten was a good incentive for any human.

Somewhat dazed at the great work that Targent's driver did, Lantia leaned back against the soft cushions and watched out the drawn back curtain. There were people still up, alive and bustling around the small horseshoe-shaped town as if it were daylight out. It seemed bartering and trading was a never resting business. She caught the eyes of people staring at the full black carriage as if it were some sort of disease entering the town. Even the few fey she gazed to were shivering at the darkened shadow moving through. They knew well to stay away. The thought made her grin, seeing how scared some of the people looked. Though most would wish them to leave, Lantia knew none could be pushed out of the trading city without a valid reason.

Lantia had a thought as they passed a few wayward shops along the way to a tavern. Releasing the curtain, she leaned back against the soft insides of the coach, letting the shadows slowly envelope around her area. She casually looked to the men, a small grin forming over crimson lips as she felt the hands of darkness criss-cross over her form, pulling her within the seat.

“Well I shall meet you two at the Belching Dragon Tavern. I must freshen myself up or some people may be offended by my attire,” Lantia announced.

Her left hand slithered into the right pocket of Amon's pants, taking out a few gold coins that she knew would be quite enough for a new ensemble. Pulling her hand free, she took the coins and held them tight within her palm since there was no place to put the money at the moment, having lost most of hers in the battle with the dragon.

“Thanks for the shopping money, Amon. I'll pay you back once we all return home. See you soon,” she said.

Giving both gentlemen a wink, Lantia disappears within the nothingness of darkness, her presence gone from the carriage. She left draven with Targent and Amon, knowing they would take care of him till she met up with them later. All that was left of her was a vacant spot where she sat and the scent of lavender and lilac.

Amon
PostPosted: Sun Apr 23, 2006 6:44 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

His eyes snapped instantly open as his brother spoke. Seems he had dozed off without even noticing it. He looked over the wakening form of Lantia, her curves looking more sensual as the night darkened. Seemed she had managed to heal a little, which was good. That brought him to thinking about the dragon again, his mind wandering to what had made the dragon fly off. How had he done that? He looked down at his clawed hands, trying to figure out what had happened. He had no answer, unfortunately. As he felt Lantia's hand slip into his pocket, however, he was brought back. He began to protest as he realized what she was doing, then just smiled and shook his head, sending a mental message to her, unheard by anyone except his brother, he knew that she would be safe.

He turned back to his brother, shrugged his shoulders, and then relaxed to wait for them to arrive at the tavern. He wasn't quite sure how long it would take to get there but he wasn't worried. With his brother by his side, there was no force on the planet that could harm them. He began to reminisce about all the battles the two of them had fought together. Together they had defeated every foe that had stood against them. He had witnessed Targent's power first hand and had been very impressed. But then, his older brother had always been stronger. He remembered once, however, when he had finally gotten the chance to prove himself to Targent.

It had been during the war and they had been discussing some strategies to force the enemy to retreat. Unfortunately, no one had been able to prevent the surprise attack. The scouts had been killed, allowing the attack to go unnoticed until it was too late. When the alarm finally sounded, they had been surrounded

already. Unable to properly execute a counterattack, Targent had been forced into a precarious position. He was surrounded and outnumbered. Amon, who was also surrounded, saw his brother's plight and something in him snapped. He felt power surge through him, his mind shutting down all but the most basic of instincts. His hands shot out, the claws growing farther than they had ever gone before. He ripped the creature in front of him in two, throwing the pieces at the remaining enemies. Seeing the vampire go into a frenzy, the remaining enemies around him scattered.

As he charged towards Targent's position, he saw one of the demons fighting, it's large form made it's enemies look like midgets, and it was ripping them like paper. His mind, seeing the carnage in a state no creature should ever witness carnage in, woke a dormant part of him. He not knowing it at the time nor to this day, changed. He developed the wings he now wore as a cloak and his skin darkened. His eyes turned deep purple and his fangs seemed to grow longer. He felt a momentary stab of pain in his heart, but it passed as he rammed into the first creature attacking Targent. The others turned to see what had happend, giving Targent the opportunity he needed to strike another one down. Now, side-by-side, the two decimated the rest of them and they soon began hacking through the rest of the attackers.

It wasn't too long until they drove them off. They had won but had suffered too many casualties to celebrate. Amon knew, without a doubt, that Targent, though he might have been surprised by his appearance, saw who he was instantly. He had always been there for Amon and Amon had done likewise. No matter what happened to them, physically or otherwise, they would stand together forever.

Lantia
PostPosted: Wed Apr 26, 2006 6:11 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Within the shadows lurked a dark creature; a seductive mistress with desirable intentions. None could escape the claws of something that which they had no power to leave. The trance one sets within as they gaze within the bright silver orbs that captivate them, capturing them to leave them at her mercy. Yes the shadows were the layer to the night creature that sucked the blood from pleasure-filled victims.

Those same shadows began to collect together within the carriage once more. Though there was barely any light in the small darkened area, it was just enough to bring forth the creature. The thickness that grew began to part, letting the form of the seductress seep through. Her face emerged along with part of her torso and legs while the rest was still within the grip of the shadows. Eyes of shimmering silver look back and forth between the two silent gentlmen, seeing that they have not moved an inch since she left. It had been perhaps a half hour since she left their presence, only to return to the same silence.

“Don't either of you speak anymore? Or has something caught your tongues?” she asked.

Slowly, she pulled the rest of her form from the shadows, having taken the last ten minutes to find the right shadow hole that lead into Targent's specific carriage. It was harder than it looked. She drew her left leg over the right, the hem of her dress sliding up a bit along creamy legs to expose taunt thighs. Dark midnight strands seem to disappear against the inner material of the carriage, as if the soft silken locks covered the entire seat. The one thing that shimmered from her was the white pin that was easily seen within the mesh of dark curls. Arms cross over one another beneath supple breasts, raising and straining them a bit against the fabric of her dress.

Eyes break from the two men and looked around to see if Draven was about. Her question was answered as the squeaky pet perched itself upon her right shoulder. His small head nuzzled against her cheek, glad that she had returned.

“Ah, there you are my pet. Happy to see me, I see,” Lantia said to the bat.

There was a faint smile that curled to her lips, a genuine smile at seeing her one and only loyal companion at her side. A hand rose to gently pet at its back while she nuzzled its head in return waiting to see if either gentleman will say a word or keep to their silence till they arrive at the tavern.

Lantia
PostPosted: Wed Apr 26, 2006 5:35 am Post subject: Shopping Reply with quote

Dark velvet shadows ebb away to open the pathway for the one to pass through. Clicking sounds echo through the darkness as Lantia slowly steps through into the faint light of an alleyway. It seemed she had picked the right shadow hole to emerge, as she did not wish to bring any attention to herself just yet. The light that cast within the narrow alley was from street lamps that hung on either posts or corners of shops. She made sure to appear where the trade occurred, for that’s where most of the clothing shops would be.

Quietly, she moved down the short passageway stopping before the crest of the entrance where many people of all different races and species scurried around doing their daily business during the cloak of night. It was strange to see trading go on through all hours of each day but some people perhaps couldn’t do their daily tasks in the harsh rays of the sun. Though Lantia was not used to seeing such things progress, she was rather glad they kept many shops, businesses, etc. open during the night. This way the nocturnal creatures could live their lives like everyone else.

Gracefully, she moves from the alley into the light of public, letting any eyes wander over her form. Hips sway in their erotic dance as long midnight curls flood along her shoulders and back, letting a few wisps graze the sides of her cheeks. Arms sway along her sides, caressing the sides of her thighs with razor sharp nails, yet never drawing blood since she lost quite enough in the forest. The three long scars that crossed over her torso had healed some during her sleep but were still quite visible. They no longer bled after Amon's sensual lick across them.

As she moved through the streets eyeing over some shops, Lantia could feel the gaze of many upon her form. She watched as an elfin couple shivered and scurried away, feeling the darkness emanate from all around her. This brought a grin to Lantia's lips. She knew that the more sensitive and nature type people would feel the sense of evil and foreboding illuminate from her form. It was like darkness, a thick eerie fog that surrounded her. Even the ones that could not feel the shivers of despair stepped aside as she approached.

Her footsteps stopped before a cute shop that caught her attention. Within the windows stood simply made mannequins with very elegant and perhaps erotic dresses. Some were low cut while others were thin and lengthy. There was even one with a bit of diamond embroidery. The outside was fairly simple with brick surrounding the windows while three steps brought a person up to the thick oak wooden door. A small lantern was lit and hung just above the door to the left, illuminating the walkway while also bringing a glistening shine to the windows that showed off the dresses. The building showed its age with some vinery growing on either side of the house but they looked to have been freshly cut so as not to let it grow out of control. All in all, it was something that Lantia was curious to look within. Perhaps they would have something refined yet still hold sexual appeal within the design.

Boot heels click upon the wooden steps as she draws herself up, grasping the brass knob. Turning the circular handle, Lantia pushed the door open, stepping inside to peer at the clothing. The store was a fare size with clothes galore upon racks of many numbers. Resting against the left side wall were bookshelves filled with a variety of shoes from men to women to children, some of them catching her eye from her position. To the right side were glass-like cabinets withholding jewelry, perhaps some fake some real. They seemed to be of different gems and an array of magical colors. At the far end of the room was a regular counter where a girl stood, staring at her with widened eyes. She had dark disheveled brown curls that cupped her face beautifully. She was dressed in a plain sky blue dress with thick straps. It was surprising to see such a lovely creature not dressed in some of the beautiful designer dresses that hung in the windowsill.

Quietly she stepped in further, shutting the door behind her. A chiming bell sound echoed in the room that was just above the door to signal the shopkeeper of an occupant. Slowly she moves within, hips swaying to move her form past a few

racks and quickly eyeing a few garments. She could feel the wide-eyed girl's attention upon her, sensing the fear she had in approaching, as all knew what vampires were and to be weary of her kind. As she stops before one rack looking through each dress one after another, Lantia speaks softly without looking up from her task.

"Do not be afraid girl. I am just here to purchase some clothes. I won't be here long," Lantia explains.

Her voice was of melted chocolate, soothing the girl's fear so that she may serve her with all the intentions of making a sale. Even if the girl were too afraid to approach Lantia would serve herself and pay in the end.

Rack after rack she went through, finding quite a few interesting ones but nothing that caught her fancy. She had to admit the craftsman of the cloth was very talented. When she pushed one dark flower filled dress aside her eyes gazed upon one item that was as dark as night itself with a bit of decoration. It was simple yet elegant, something which she was looking for. It was hard to tell if it held any sexual quality but all she needed to do was try it on and find out. Draping the fabric carefully over her arm, she moved from the rack towards the right wall where she had seen a few glimpses at the array of jewelry.

Sharp nails tap at the glass as she peers over each row, slowly walking ever so much closer to the back where the young hostess stood. Even though she was still quite a distance away, Lantia could smell the fear radiating off of her like the smell upon a dead carcass. She couldn't blame the woman for her fear though she did indulge in the act of causing such a stirred feeling. As she was about to give up on finding anything that would match with her attire, there was a sparkle that was seen at the far back corner where the glass box ended before going into another. Eyes fixate upon the shimmering jewel, finding it to be a pure snow white porcelain hair pin with small diamond shavings upon each petal to give it a morning dew look. Pleased with its appearance, Lantia looked over her shoulder to the young lady.

"I'd like to try this on if I may?" she asked the clerk.

A soft gasp emerged from the young shopkeeper as she heard the beautiful yet pale woman speak up. Quickly, she scurried over behind the counter where Lantia stood; fumbling with the keys to unlock the wooden back so she could retrieve what was asked for. The grin only grew on Lantia's face, as the girl seemed almost flustered in being spoken to. She seemed to know her way around the store and yet there was something quite innocent about her. Her actions seemed quite new, as if she were an apprentice to the shop instead of a co-owner or regular worker. When the girl finally found the right key and grabbed the pin, all Lantia did was take it gently from the girl's hand with the grin never fading.

“Thank you very much, young one. You seem to be quite new at this. Is this your first day?” Lantia inquired.

The tips of her fingers glided against the girl’s palm, cold as ice yet soft as silk. The girl shivered from the slight caress of flesh to flesh before Lantia pulled her hand aside and proceeded to the back where she saw the curtained cubical changing rooms. Ears picked up on the sounds of the girl’s hurried footsteps to keep up with her customer, having finally snapped out of her daze when Lantia spoke to her in a deep sensual tone. Holding the hair pin gently within her palm, Lantia gently pulled back the curtain and stepped within before shutting it behind her. Looking around she placed the pin upon a small corner edge that stuck out, along with the coins she held since her arrival. As she placed the dress down upon a chair and began to undress Lantia could hear the girl’s stuttered words as she spoke, trying to sound professional though sadly failing.

“I…I’m the daughter of the main shopkeeper. He’s been sick the past two days so I’ve be…been taking care of the place. M…my mother is out of town on business so I’m th...the only one qualified to work in the front room till we train some new workers,” the girl explained.

With each word the young lass spoke, Lantia nodded her head. Having a conversation with a mortal was better than having dead silence as if she were an unwanted customer, though perhaps she was. Laughing inwardly, she removed her boots finally and began to slip on the dress. There was a bit of shuffling in the closed confinement before there was silence once more.

Lantia stood before the mirror within the room, looking at herself from different angles with a pleased look upon her face. The dress was of beautiful soft velvet that slid against her flesh like melted butter. The top part of the dress was held up by a strap that looped around her neck, thicker pieces moving atop succulent globes of flesh to cover them. The neckline was a deep V plunge, which stopped in the middle of her torso where one velvet sash crossed over just below her bouncing supple breasts. Upon the strip of velvet were diamond studs that ran across, giving the attire a more elegant look. With the widely opened neckline almost half her breasts could be seen upon the inside yet the dress covered up quite enough of each mound so that it was tasteful. The length itself started just below her left hip and ran in a diagonal pattern so that it ran from left to right, the front ending an inch above her right knee. The ruffled hem even dipped low in the back so that it barely tickled the back of her knees. Half her back was covered from the fabric surprisingly as the rest of it was more revealing in certain ways. It hugged her curves just right so that it was not too tight or too loose.

Pleased with how she looked in the dress, Lantia grasped the white rose pin and held it within one hand. While holding the pin, she used her free hand to brush back a few strands so that she could hold back the sides of her hair. Fiddling with

the trinket for a moment, Lantia let her voice speak out to the girl so that she knew she was still there and had not disappeared into thin air.

“Ah, I see so you’re a novice yourself like any new worker. You are doing a good job thus far, so do not worry that you must worry yourself over me with every detail. People do need space instead of being crowded or pressured,” Lantia reassured the girl.

Her keen hearing caught the sigh of relief that slipped from the girl’s lips, as if a big weight was somehow lifted from her shoulders. Lantia was surprised she was being so civil to a human but what would the fun be if she fed from her, perhaps even killing her at the strength of her hunger was at now, and then being caught right after. If she were to break the rule of the Matrix Treaty not only would all species shun her and wish her death but also Lord Targent would not be pleased.

Finally, the clip settled in place, holding back the sides of her hair. She pulled a few thin strands from the clips hold so that they would rest along side her face, brushing the cold flesh with their gentle touch. Looking at herself in the mirror once again, though unable to see her reflection, Lantia pulled the curtains back and stepped out.

“How does this look?” she asked the young clerk.

She was beautiful was Lantia’s thought, but she wanted a second opinion. The girl seemed to stare for a few minutes before shaking her head from looking at the beauty before her. Fingers fiddle with the set of keys within her grasp as she looked within Lantia’s eyes, speaking in a shy voice.

“Miss looks very beautiful. I think the dress suits your body very well. It hugs the right curves in the right places,” the girl commented.

Crimson lips curve into the familiar grin, as she was satisfied with the girl’s words. With an inner grace, she glides by as if she were floating on air, walking towards the shelves filled with many styles of shoes. Her body moved with its hypnotic sway, sensual yet sexual, filled with promises yet teasing desires. Quickly, her eyes scanned over many types, trying to find what might suit her. It did not take her long to find a pair of black stiletto heeled open-toed shoes. The material was latex with single latex buckle straps that would wrap around each of her ankles. Lifting one leg to rest against the front of one shelf, Lantia picked up one of the shoes and slipped it on, tying it off before moving to the next time. Once more she spun around, listening to the heels click against the wooden planks. Yes, this attire would do just nicely.

She turned her form to stare at the girl whom just watched with a small growing smile. Slowly, Lantia approached her, heels clicking with each step she took. Her

eyes watched the girl's movement as she practically jumped with each echo of the sound within the room. Her cheeks began to flush a soft pink as Lantia stepped a mere few inches from her form. Luscious lips part to let her voice speak once more in an almost mesmerizing tone.

"Thank you for your service. The boots within the changing room you can keep or toss. I have quite a few at home. The tattered clothes you can toss for I have no use for them anymore. There are a few gold coins in there waiting for you. Whatever is left from the charge for this entire ensemble, keep for yourself," Lantia said.

Leaning her face in, Lantia gently brushed her lips along side the girl's cheek; the touch was shockingly cold yet soft. The sound of the girl's gasp echoes within her ear, only bringing Lantia to grin at the woman's reaction. Taking a few steps back, she bows her head some in acknowledgement before turning around. With graceful steps, she moves from the room to the door, opening it with great ease and stepping out onto the stairs. Casually she stepped down, slowly losing herself in the crowd, in search of a good shadowed area. Now it was time to return to the carriage, hopefully before either of the vampire brothers arrived at the tavern.

Conversations about vamps continue

Diana Silver
PostPosted: Mon Apr 24, 2006 5:21 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Grumble lumbered off for more water and to tend to other patrons just now filtering in. Diana nodded to her fellow nature spirit and said, "Your words are true. I value their worth. I am not so concerned with them for myself I just have this feeling. I can't place it…really, no matter. I probably should just get some sleep."

She dismissed the thoughts and returned to a pleasant manner of mood.

She didn't know that the questions lingering in her mind might be answered very soon that night. Excusing herself from the bar, she went outside to check her horse and make certain he was well fed and watered. The still night was a little chilly and it felt good to her skin, the bar was hot and stuffy, clouded with pipe smoke. She stood in the stable door caressing the muzzle of the pitch-black steed cooing to it soft words of affection. The light of a full moon silhouetted her form. The breeze picking up turned her hair into a flaming halo of brilliance. She took a deep breath of sweet hay-filled air and closed her eyes.

Midnight shifted his weight and grunted a small warning, and the keen ears of the elf picked up the slightest movement through the air to her right. Slowly, her eyes opened and she smiled. A small blue light darted and twirled in front of her and came to hover next to her ear. It was an elemental fairy, a spirit of water; it

smelled of lavender and seemed agitated at her calmness. It spoke in quick little phases a high singsong voice, laced with a whispered tone, although the elf could hear her quite clearly.

“Dark of heart and white of skin, they are not fey. No life have they within. They come to the gate, Lord, brother and mate…My Lady of Nen’harma, be aware… Heru’agar!” the elemental fairy warned.

The last words were Elfish for “Lord of Blood.” Diana lowered her eyes and thanked the spirit who had come to warn her. Grumble had been right, and it seemed they moved this way. Their presence would be alarming to most of the forest and country folk. And Diana wondered what their intentions were in this part of Aurora. She patted her hand against the sleek back of the stallion next to her and began to walk back to the confines of the tavern.

Sitting back down next to D’phose she said, “ On second thought, I’ve decided I’m not so tired after all.”

DPhose
PostPosted: Wed Apr 26, 2006 8:39 am Post subject: Reply with quote

After Diana politely dismisses herself from the bar, D’Phose being the ever so calm sort of fairy begins to get bored rather quickly. Grumble returns to the table with another pitcher of water.

“Excuse me, Mr. Giant guy? Is there going to be any entertainment this evening?” D’Phose asks.

“I am terribly sorry, er…sir.” Grumble responding as politely as possible, not knowing exactly what he is or how to address D’Phose. “But there are no bards scheduled to perform this evening.”

Grumble continues on to serve the other patrons.

“Most disappointing.” D’Phose says with a sigh.

D’Phose mutters to himself as he reaches over and pulls the lit candle on the table closer to him. Staring intently at the flame, not noticing Diana return to the bar and sit down. Startling D’Phose when she spoke, he knocks the candle over. After many years of alcohol being spilt and soaked into the wood, the table immediately bursts into flames. Amidst the panic from the other patrons, D’Phose jumps up in his chair now dressed in a thick yellow coat and a black helmet. One of his arms now looks like a fire hose.

Exclaiming loudly, “Rrrrrr…ding ding ding. Never fear fireman D’Phose is here. Weeeooooweeeeoooo.” He begins to wave the end of the hose over the flames,

but instead of water spewing forth, a sucking sound emanates from the end of the hose like the sound that is heard when drinking through a straw when the contents of the glass are almost gone. The flames begin to whirl, funnel up into the end of the hose and disappear.

In no time the flames are sucked up into the hose. With immense satisfaction of a job well done in saving the bar, D'Phose looks up noticing everyone staring at him with perplexed expressions on their faces…

"Burp...What?!"

DPhose
PostPosted: Tue May 02, 2006 10:37 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Looking around the room, D'Phose gets confused trying to figure out why everyone was staring at him. After a little time passes, the other patrons begin to go back minding their pints and quarts. Sitting back down and transforming back into the ugly gangly gnome that we all know and love. Just as the front door to the tavern opens and an ominous eerie feeling floods the room. Three travelers surrounded by the aura of death and leaving behind the stench of the grave as they enter the room and take a seat at an open table.

Speaking softly to Diana, "Hmmm…I guess Mr. Giant guy was right. I wonder what they want? Like I said before, very odd. Cranky pale humans don't usually come to the forest, especially this deep. Umm…well there was this one time a while back there was one who went to go visit the tiger lady that has a shop down by the river," D'Phose remembers.

The vampires arrive at the tavern
Lord Targent
PostPosted: Thu Apr 27, 2006 6:33 pm Post subject: Darkness Immortals arrive(cont. from Moores Gate) Reply with quote

"Life is a wonder, I've entered the gate
Time can be healing if you just learn to wait
Pain makes tears flow but it tells you to pray
And the night is your fortress when you're tired of the day
Faith is stronger where weakness rules
Changes will open your eyes when it hurts
A coin has another side, staring at you
And love, causes freedom and prison in you"

The rattle of reins was within the confines of the carriage as the rather large black steeds halted and pounded their hooves against the ground. Fire red eyes blinked as bellows of air huffed from their nostrils. They had finally reached the first part of their journey. The driver shrouded in a long gray coat, shrouded by

the overly large hood he wore to keep out the elements. He jumped down from the seat he had driven in for days and opened the carriage door. Lantia being the lady she was, and wearing with such grace and elegance the new dress she purchased, exited first as the driver held his hand to her for any help. Second exited Amon, the driver took two steps back and out of the way. Amon was a sight for any, even those that had seen him many times. Then Targent exited, finely dressed as always, his dark violet eyes took in all that was around him as he handed the driver a satchel of gold trinkets he could barter with in exchange for goods and a room at the inn. He earned his keep by not sleeping day or night, and Targent rewarded any that did for him or his kind.

Targent spoke to the man not by words but thought as he told him to find a place for the carriage and see the horses were tended to in their unusual manner. The man nodded to Targent without a word as he hopped back to his seat and urged the steeds to the stables. Targent looked to the sky as night looked like a fallen ink well covering the sky like inky tendrils moving across the face of the moon. Then turned his gaze to Amon and Lantia. He took a place beside Lantia as his brother took to her other side. What people were around paused on their nightly tasks to watch the strange trio as they walked with confident strides towards the entrance to the tavern.

Targent stepped forward and entered the tavern first as his presence dominated the doorway, filling the tavern with the shadows of his very being. The low flickering lights outside the tavern reflected on the preternatural smoothness of his hard flesh. The soft light of the torches had cast an eerie radiance about him, lending to his alabaster skin, and the pallor of death. Violet orbs scanned the room quickly as the other kindred followed quickly behind him. Half turning his head he noticed the great giant that was tending to the bar then as he stepped in further, his glance moved to a young woman who sat with a strange fellow. From her scent she seemed to be Elvin but he radiated pure energy, not sure but a forest spirit he supposed. He had not seen the likes of his kind since the war. Their energy could sustain you for a time if caught without a donor he chuckled to himself.

The trio moved to an unoccupied table and settled, not sure the customs or if they even had bar wenches to serve. For now, Targent would just watch and see if any would speak or stay dormant like mice, peering from their holes.

Amon
PostPosted: Thu Apr 27, 2006 8:30 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Their arrival was a relief to him, as he was quite exhausted from being on the road. He was happy to finally be able to relax for the first time in days. He looked down at his brother's driver, grinning satisfactorily as the man seemed to give him a wide berth. He looked around, his years of experience and training giving

him the know-how on suspicious characters. No one seemed to want to come anywhere near the three of them, as he had expected.

His tall form dwarfed his two companions as they walked and his dark skin was a stark contrast to theirs. His cloak-like wings were settled upon his shoulders, giving their customary illusion of clothing. Unfortunately, he had not had time to find a new shirt, but his pants and boots were in good condition still. He would just have to keep his wings about him for now. As they walked towards the inn, he noticed a few of the women giving him odd looks. He smiled, recognizing those looks. They were mostly from women walking with men, and it was a look of pure lust. He seemed to draw that kind of attention wherever he went and he knew it was his physical aura of power. Women were attracted to that, after all. He smirked as they continued into the tavern.

He had to duck to enter the doorway, so he let Lantia move in first. After all, she was a lady and Targent was their lord. It only made sense for them to enter in the order of Targent, Lantia, and then himself. He noticed the giant right away. Anyone bigger than him was not hard to see. It didn't bother him, he knew size was not something to be impressed by, and it only helped matters. As they sat down, he waited for his brother to call for drinks. After all, Amon was just the muscle. Intelligent he may be, but he liked staying in the background. It helped him do his job better. His deep purple eyes scanned the bar quickly, noting the looks they were given. Mostly filled with fear, there was also a hint of anger in some of their eyes. Vampires, it seemed were not that welcome. He didn't mind, though, they weren't there for trouble. If trouble came, he would take care of it.

He turned to Lantia, eyeing her new dress. He licked his lips in approval, smiling to her. It would be interesting to see what the men thought of her.

Lantia
PostPosted: Fri Apr 28, 2006 1:47 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Lashes of dark ebony part to release her gaze upon the empty seat before her as she feels the carriage finally stop, reaching its destination. Ears perked to the sound of hooves crashing against the dirt roadway as they scamper to calm down from their long, tireless journey. Those wondrous steeds were always dependable to get one to the place where they needed to be in record time. The sound of their beating hearts and panting breaths echoed in her ears before there was a shift in weight upon the carriage.

Slowly the door to the black casket opened, revealing the heavy cloaked rider that had journeyed far and wide with them. Though he hid within the darkness of the cloak, Lantia could see the weariness upon his face, with good reason. Being threatened into becoming a meal if they didn't arrive in time was very good initiative for a human, especially if it was spoken by a vampire.

Taking the first movement out of the two stilled bodies around her, Lantia stood and took the few steps to the entranceway. A delicate hand reached out for the offered hand from the coachman, stepping down the three small stairs. Heels clicked against the wooden steps before falling upon the ground below. Gently, she slid her hand free, smoothing out any wrinkles from the velvet dress before leaning over to lay a gentle but cold kiss against the man's cheek in thanks for his service. Draven shifted upon her shoulder as she moved around, flapping its wings to fly off and perch itself upon Targent's left shoulder. Quietly, the bat nuzzled the Lord's cheek before hiding itself beneath the long dark tendrils of his hair. Her eyes turned to look at her cute pet, laughing softly at the bat's ways and preferences of perching spots. Perhaps she wore too much perfume for her little friend to take -- none the matter. He was in a safe place so she had nothing to worry about.

Slender fingers brush through thick black curls letting them flood down her back like the cloak of night before slipping either arm around the gentlemen that stood on either side of her form. Lantia had not expected to be escorted inside by either of them but it was gratifying to know she had that privilege, with her upon each of their arms. Her stride was smooth and graceful, as if she were floating on air like the sweet suckling humming bird drinking its fill from a flower. With each step she took, the air seemed to still around them as they neared the entrance to the Belching Dragon Tavern. The sheer darkness of her aura was strong and easily felt by any that were sensitive to such things. Even Lord Targent and Amon had their own set of power emanating from their forms.

Seeing the doorway was a bit small for all of them to enter at once, Lantia recoiled her arm from around Targent's so he may enter first. After all, he was their lord. She was second to enter, letting the bright orbs of silver look around the room. It was pretty large with quite a few patrons inside doing their own things, being within their own little worlds. As her eyes searched around to gather her surroundings, they landed upon a very tall giant that stood behind the bar. He looked to be just as tall, if not more, than Amon. His eyes seemed to look over her form along with Targent's and Amon's as they entered. The look within his eyes was not of fear but of readiness, in case something was to happen. He looked good enough to feed from as her inner beast rattled against its cage. Giants, humans and elves were always worried us vampires come to cause nothing but trouble. She shrugged her shoulders at the constant stare, holding back the hungry demon inside before following behind Targent.

The sound of her heels echoed within the room, bouncing off the walls to land gently upon all patrons' ears. Hips sway in their normal fashion, side to side, brushing the rippled hem of her new dress along the paleness of her flesh. Red and golden hues from the surrounding torchlights dance over her form, illuminating it within their own magic. Her body looked to be almost enchanted as she weaved her form around set tables and chairs. She used the glamour power she held, feeling eyes wander all over her form. Lantia enjoyed the blank drooling

looks from the men, knowing she was strong enough to take care of herself. Supple breasts bounce within their somewhat tight confines when she walked as silken locks brush against her cheeks. Soulless eyes look to the table at the far corner where Targent sat, taking a seat herself. Fingers held down the back of her dress as she sat down gracefully, crossing her left leg over right. Nails of her right hand tapped at the wooden grains of the table as she looked around for some service, hoping they had bloodwyne to drink.

As usual Amon stood near Targent, watching out in case anyone wished to cause trouble with them, always the doting brother. It was rather cute to see. She caught sight of a fair number of women staring at Amon with the look of lust easily seen within their eyes. She could tell their bodies must be going on overload at seeing his shirtless form, perhaps even moistening in their chairs. She laughed softly at their futile attempts to draw him in with their sultry stares, puckering lips and beckoning fingers. It was their death wish for they would either be taken as they wished or fed from.

If Amon wished to retreat to their arms then it was his choice, she could not order him to stay even though she felt this strange feeling of anger towards the girls. Was it jealousy? No it couldn't be. Vampires couldn't feel such emotions, or could they? She had a fascinating thought to slip near the dark-skinned vampire and display herself in a more seductive way with him before the eyes of the women, but perhaps that wouldn't be good at this moment in time. Making a large room full of women angry with her would be a bad idea. For the time being, she would be good. Fingers of her right hand fisted, letting her chin rest atop as her elbow presses against the right armrest of the chair.

“So what does the all mighty lord have planned to do in such a place as this?” she asked.

Her voice was lowered so that none of the occupants near could hear what she spoke. Only Amon and Targent would be able to pick up on her words, along with any whom had very sensitive hearing like them. She caught sight of the lord's eyes wandering within the room. Her head turns slightly to look upon what caught the vampire lord's interest. She gazed upon two very strange beings that sat across the room. One looked to be a dark elf while the other...well she could not tell what the other one was. Something between the mix of human yet plant life, a hybrid perhaps. Though they were quite different than the regular occupants, there was something about them that was very odd. Something she couldn't put her finger on.

DPhose
PostPosted: Tue May 02, 2006 10:38 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“Hmm…maybe this will cheer them up,” D’Phose speaking to Diana. “I was saving this as a surprise for you but I think they need it more.”

Pulling the flower pot closer to him, D'Phose sticks one finger into the potting soil to make a small hole. Taking out the flower seeds that he purchased at the store earlier this day. Removing one seed from the package and dropping it into the hole. Pulling out another small blue vial. Removing the cap and ever so carefully puts a miniscule drop of oil on the seed and covers up the seed with potting soil. Saying to Diana, "We must use a very small amount. Too much could be umm…bad."

Picking up the water pitcher and pouring some water into the flowerpot, D'Phose proceeds to quietly walk the flowerpot over to the vampires' table. By the time he reaches the table, the seedling is already beginning to break the surface of the soil. Reaching up and placing the flowerpot on the vampires' table between Targent and Lantia and speaking in an unwavering tone, "Ahem…excuse me. Down here. A little gift to brighten your day. Please don't eat anyone."

D'Phose backs away and by the time he returns to his seat next to Diana the flower has already grown four inches. Over the next few minutes the flower continues to grow several feet high, bloom, and stop. It has grown way larger than any normal daffodil is supposed to grow so that even the roots are coming up and over the sides of the pot.

D'Phose watching the pot the entire time, once the flower stops growing he exclaims, "Oops I guess I used too much!"

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Wed May 03, 2006 8:35 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Targent casually watched as the strange man came to his table. He didn't look too feminine for a waitress but maybe they had waiters here. Targent chuckled and continued to watch as the creature set down a flower pot in front of them. Deep violet eyes looked into his face a moment as he caught a strange essence radiating from him. He smiled a toothy grin and licked over long ivory canines as he sarcastically asked for them not to eat anyone. It seemed all had the same idea of what a vampire was outwardly. And like all things in Auroa, they weren't always what they seemed.

Targent idly sat back against his chair as the plant within it started to grow, and quite rapidly at that. He canted his head and just pretended to watch it grow till it suddenly stopped. Always the tricksters these forest beings, but this wasn't anything he hadn't seen before.

Targent leaned forward as he stared at the flower for a moment longer, then reaching out with a pale slender hand he lifted a finger and placed it upon the root that had overgrown its barrier. All things that lived had a life force, including trees, plants, flowers even the very ground they walked on had an energy of

sorts. The violet orbs began to swirl, the black pinpoint within his eyes began to gather the shadows within them as he began to drain the plant only slightly, the more he took the smaller the plant became. Its roots began to slither back over the ridge of the pot, the long stalk descended back into normal size. Moving his finger away, he licked over full crimson lips as he turned his glance towards the creature and the woman. He nodded and smiled as he pushed his chair back and rose to full height.

He began to walk slowly towards the couple with confident strides, his manner was of old grace and manner, his gait fluid and languid as he approached them. Long ebony hair framed his alabaster skin as he kept his gaze fixed and focused on them both. On reaching them, he smiled and spoke in his usual tone of deep timber.
“Very nice gift creature, and since you were so kind to give us such, I have a gift for you,” Targent said.

Reaching into his pocket he pulled out a silver box and opened the lid. Long manicured nails lifted something from within, gripping it in his fist and placing the box back in his coat pocket. Keeping his gaze set on the creature, he reached out and dropped one single seed on the table in front of him. The seed ash in color, seemed to shimmer if you even turned your head slightly and in different angles. Targent spoke once more as he explained, “My gift to you creature is called the ‘Night Watchman.’

He turned his glance from the creature to the beautiful woman who sat across from him. Targent slightly bowed his head and greeted her.

“Hello and good evening to you M’Lady. Seems our appearance here has made more then a few uncomfortable. But our reason for being here is much more important than coming to hunt for food in your homeland. That we could have done in our own lands. Targent looked out upon the darkness as he inhaled deeply.

“Can’t you feel it? I smell the slaughter on your lands. Such a smell does not leave easily and not soon forgotten, and such a deed not by one who would naturally do it. I believe the lesser tormentors have breached the pit. They whisper now but soon they will come. I have two of my own that are ill. My comrades and I have come to check the perimeter of the forest’s edge and the Great Pit. You should be more concerned what has come back to your lands and they are not the same as you would remember them either,” he warned.

“Now if my ‘blood’ and I could get a drink and a room it would be appreciated”. Preferably a donor, but if not, a bloodwyne would do fine,” he chuckled.

Amon
PostPosted: Thu May 04, 2006 5:59 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The strange man walking over to them looked familiar but he couldn't place him. He passed it off as all fey looking alike. The man sat down a pot, filled it with soil and made a plant grow. He rolled his eyes, wondering if the man was looking for a fight. Just as he was about to see if he could make that ball of energy again, he noticed Targent drain the life force from it. A smirk played across his lips as Targent then stood up and gave the strange man a gift. The mention of food made him lick his lips, remembering just how much he and Lantia had expended the past three days. He hoped they had some fresh blood. Lantia would need it more than he would. He looked over at Lantia, noting how no matter what the circumstances or what condition she was in, she always looked ravishing and sexy. If he weren't so tired, he would be tempted to grab her right then and have his way with her. She would probably go along with it, which made it all the more tempting. But, for his brother's sake, he sat where he was, waiting for service.

As he waited, he looked around, eyeing each occupant and wondering if any of them would have the information he needed. Dragons existed and the trinket that Targent had given the waitress could very well be the target. And if it is, then the waitress could be in danger. This was something that involved every race in the world, and if they didn't work together, they could be in serious trouble. For once, it seemed, the vampires were the only ones who wanted to work with the others, and they were being treated like monsters, monsters that had given a perverse sense of hope and faith. If it weren't for monsters, there wouldn't be angels. He looked at Lantia, wondering what she was thinking.

pain, anguish, fear, hate. those are emotions you feel towards me. do you think I care? then you are mistaken. that mistake will cost you dearly

Lantia
PostPosted: Sat May 06, 2006 4:46 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Nails that tapped at the wooden tabletop seized as Lantia watched a small strange looking creature approach their table. He, or what seemed to be a he, stepped forward with a pot of soil within his hands. He looked to be of the fey race but there was something about him that didn't seem right. As he neared, her nose caught his scent, finding it to be much different than the others that were within this room. She wondered a moment at what he wished to do with the soil pot at their table. Lantia never suspected anyone would come and approach them, as all seemed to fear their presence. Even the waitress played "busy" so she could avoid there table.

Left leg slid off the right so she could switch their positions as finally the small creature stood before them. Her head lifted from her fist as she stared down to his small form then over to the pot that he placed upon their table. Eyes of silver peer to the small flower within the soil, finding it to be beautiful in its small form. As she was about to reach out and touch the seemingly soft petals her hand

stopped as the flower that grew within mere seconds seemed to keep growing. The small petals spread out wider. The roots that were imbedded within the dark soil sprouted free, growing over the porcelain edge. Her arm lay back upon the armrest as the other stayed on the table, watching with interest as the flower grew a few feet before it finally stopped. Now that was one magnificent flower. She wondered what the little creature had given the flower to make it grow at such an exhilarating rate.

Her thoughts were interrupted as he spoke of the flower given to them to brighten their day and for them not to eat anyone. She could not contain the laughter that erupted from her lips. How funny it was, as he seemed to be the only brave soul in the room to come up to them and say something like that without worry of any repercussions. Lantia did not think a simple flower could brighten their day but it was a sweet gesture nonetheless.

As she stared to the magnificent flower specimen, she watched as it began to shrink, its life energy being drained. She caught sight of Targent stealing the essence of the plant, it having much to give, as it was much too large. Slowly, it faded back to its original size, the stress on the flowerpot taken away so it could still contain the flower within. It was for the best as now Lantia could touch the petals without stretching high above to pet them. One fingertip traced circles around the rim and over the petal itself, enjoying its soft texture as she watched Targent stand up and walk towards the table with the elf woman and strange creature.

A low hum rolled from her lips as she listened to her lord, waiting for an answer from either fey creature. Though he was being patient, Lantia could see that Targent would not wait forever for an answer. They all wished a good drink and rooms to stay in when dawn arose. Plus there were still the questions to be asked about the little trinket she held onto.

Palms press to the armrest and table lifting her form up so she could stand once more. One hand brushed down the front of her dress, smoothing out any wrinkles from the fabric. Her head turns to look at Amon, giving him a wink before she stepped towards the two feys. As she did so her left hand reached into the space between her luscious breasts, grasping the fake trinket from its hiding place and held it within her palm. Her strides were slow and sensual as was her body as hips swayed with each step.

Her lithe form moved to stand beside Lord Targent but giving him his personal space as well. Her hand reached out and laid itself in the middle of the table where fingers slowly uncurled from its form of a fist. From her position the neckline of her dress seemed to dip a little bit lower. There was a small clinging sound before she leaned back up, leaving an object upon the wooden surface. Within the center of the table was a bracelet made of shimmering silver. It was thin, like a woman's bracelet with small diamond gems imbedded all around it.

Though it looked to be beautiful, every part of it was fake. The gems were nothing more than colored glass stones while the silver was false as well. It was impressive nonetheless as it would be hard for most people to detect the falsehood it held.

“Also if possible, could either of you two tell us any information on which craftsman made this trinket? And why it was given to General Orion for I'm sure he should have been able to tell that it wasn't the real thing,” Lantia inquired.

The sound of her voice was as smooth as velvet as her eyes stared to either of them. Perhaps she gave the general a bit too much credit but she did not know the gentleman that well, so gave him a good name for now. Arms crossed below her mounds of flesh as she waited to hear anything from the silent pair.

DPhose
PostPosted: Wed May 10, 2006 11:18 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Watching Targent gaze at the oversized daffodil causing it to shrink by draining its energy, D’Phose turns to Diana.

“Hmm…that’s new. I didn’t know they could do that. I thought they could only drink blood. This does not bode well for our heroes. Hey, he’s coming over, quick look busy,” D’Phose says.

An aura of eeriness descends over Diana and D’Phose’s table and Targent strolls over. Listening to Targent thank him for the flower and place the seed on the table.

“Thank you very much for the appropriate gift. It is very generous of you. I will have to find a nice field in which to plant it,” the metamorph acknowledges.

D’Phose reaches over and places his hand over the seed. Without closing his hand, he immediately removes his hand off the table and the seed is gone.

Quickly noticing Lantia walk up and take her place next to Targent and place a bracelet on the table.

“Sorry pale pointy tooth lady. All I can tell you is what you probably already know. As you said it has no magic and it was not crafted by fairies. Ms. pointy-eared lady might know. Perhaps maybe the pointy ears (elves) or the short ground dwellers (dwarves or gnomes) or possibly the black-skinned pointy ears (Drow) will know. I am more into potions than craftsmanship and besides I have been asleep for the last 2,000 years, a lot has changed since then.

The Night Watchman

Before you criticize someone you must first walk a mile in their shoes, that way when you cirticize them you are a mile away and you have their shoes.

Adjudicator 2
PostPosted: Thu May 11, 2006 10:22 pm Post subject: Clearing Inactive Player - Diana Silver Reply with quote
Post from Adjudicator 2: Clearing Inactive Player - Diana Silver

Suddenly there is a clamor at the front door to the tavern. Three little elfin warriors, clad in leather tunics and bronze chain mail come scurrying in. Two of the fierce little men take up positions near the door, while the third hurries over to Diana Silver. He leans in and whispers into her ear. For a flicker of a moment her eyes widen and her jaw begins to drop. But she quickly composes herself and whispers a reply to the soldier. He bows slightly, turns and heads straight out the door, followed by his companions.

Diana rises, “My friends, I must tend to some important matters. I hope you will stay awhile and enjoy the wine.”

With that, she turns and leaves the tavern.

(Note to Diana SIlver: When you return you must pick up from this post and follow the shift in storyline. Thank You)

DPhose
PostPosted: Thu May 18, 2006 8:19 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“Uh…that was a bit rude to up and leave like that. Phish…and just when our wonderfully stimulating conversation was getting interesting,” D’Phose protests.

Sighing with great disappointment as his nose and ears begin to elongate and become more canine-like while watching Diana leave with sad puppy dog eyes.

Turning back to Targent and Lantia, “Yes, yes the Great Pit, of course -- full of mean and badie things. Most will not go down there. Hmm… tormentors coming out you say. Most odd. Perhaps something is telling them to like a demon or something wanting to mess up Aurora a little, wouldn’t be the first time or they could be just bored,” the shape shifter theorizes.

“Many in these parts know that the main entrance into the underworld lies in the Mori'Quessier Tulien mountain range to the north. Just off the Gorga Pass. But very few know there is a second entrance down in the Great Pit. You might be able to find the answers you seek there,” D’Phose explains.

“Oh and by the way, your big friend over there, is there something wrong with him? He don’t smell right…well at least for a cranky pale human sort,” it asks.

Lord Targent
PostPosted: Mon May 22, 2006 8:39 pm

Targents gaze turned from the two, toward the tavern entrance as two smaller Elvin warriors rushed in. He just watched with slight curiosity, but left them to their business with what seemed to be their leader of some sort, the woman. He nodded to her as she excused herself and left. Turning back to the strange creature, knowing as he could sense he was a timeless creature as himself. Targent leaned in and spoke in a voice that sounded like velvet.

“Spirit of the forest, do not plant the seed I have given you unless in dire need of it. It is more then it seems and very rare,” Targent explains.

“But now you speak of an entrance that maybe quicker to the pit you say? I would ask you to guide us there, if that’s possible. I have a feeling you will want to be there to witness what I believe is waiting there. Are you game little creature? We leave early evening tomorrow,” the vampire lord offered.

And with that Targent leaned away from him and turned, his gaze turned back to Amon and Lantia as he made his way back, pulling his chair out and settled once more. Taking his pouch he pulled a bottle from it and laid it to the center of the table.
“Drink up, blood. I have brought us something to tide us over for now,” he said.

Fey blood was toxic to vampires and this journey seems as if it could take awhile. He thought to himself how little concern these creatures seemed to have for their people and land. I suppose death brings an appreciation for things that the living take for granted. Or maybe the dead have a memory of what they once were. He laughed to himself and finished off his drink as he walked to the giant bartender and handed him a satchel of coin.

“Hopefully this will be enough for a couple of rooms and a few nights stay,” Targent said.

The giant grumbled some and handed Targent a couple of keys.

Turning back to his kindred, he tossed Amon and Lantia one set of keys and tucked the other pair into his jacket. His violet gaze turned back to the strange creature once more. His thoughts washed over the strange creature as he spoke to him.

“I know you are guardian to the forest. If you care anything for it and the dwellers here, to work as a team for now would be the best way to deal with what’s coming.” Targent said.

Targent's head leaned down as he made his way toward the rented room.

Opening the door to his room, it was dark, which was fine for Targent. He could feel the dawn coming as he sat upon the comfortable bed. It wasn't what he was used to, but seeing he was on the road, he would have to make do. Pulling the blanket from the bed, he tucked it over the window and sat beside the bed, his back against the wall as his mind began to wander back to the days of the Demon Wars.

There was still too little of his kind to take on the mounds of demons that would rise if not stopped, before they could enter Aroura once more. If he liked it or not he would have to ally with races that didn't quite get along with, or even like each other. His brother was very sick and he needed to find out one way or another why.

He could feel the heat of the dawn rays against the window as he hissed and pulled further into the shadows. Leaning his head back against the wall, he closed his eyes but never drifted to sleep, He merely rested as he listened. The flashes of memory played in his head like a silent picture show. He would await the comfort of night here in the small prison of the room.

DPhose
PostPosted: Wed May 24, 2006 10:10 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Catching Targent before he and his companions retire for the day.

"Yes…well…um…no. Ya see…actually going through the forest is a lot quicker, but then ya have to deal with the sunlight. Flying is even faster. Well going through the underworld is underground but it is a maze of tunnels and pitfalls and nasty badie things like black-skinned pointy ears (drow), demons and plants that can eat your skin. I mean it's dark and we could get lost. If we run into the ground dwellers (dwarves) they might not like you being down there. I can show you how to get there if that is what you want," D'Phose explained.

"Oh and I can understand your concern about me being concerned about the well being of the forest. And yes I am concerned about it. But you see I am an elemental metamorph. A kind of shape-shifting fairy and my gifts have to do with the elements. I don't sense good or evil. Now I could tell you when a storm or earthquake is coming or if the forest was on fire or when someone digs a pit for a cellar for his or her house. Farewell this day and I will meet you again this evening," the metamorph says.

Watching the three companions adjourn themselves upstairs, DPhose finishing up his pitcher of water and settling his tab with Grumble, he takes a walk outside to find a nice spot to sleep for the day. Finding a spot next to a field, his feet begin to sprout roots and dig themselves into the rich soil. His body elongating

and his skin hardens into a thick bark. Stretching his arms skyward as if to touch the sun, sprouting many branches adorned with lush green leaves.

Amon
PostPosted: Mon May 22, 2006 9:14 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

His eyes snapped to the commotion at the door, watching as two small frantic elves ran to their woman leader. It never ceased to amaze him how elves could be so fickle, always disappearing when they were needed. Hearing his brother talk about the pit, he peered at Targent curiously.

“Why do we need to go there?” he thought to his brother.

He remembered the last time they had tangled with demons. It had not been a fun time, not even for him. Now, with time making vampires less and less powerful, would they even stand a chance? It had been a miracle, though he hated to admit it, that they had survived before. He took the much needed drink, though, feeling more of his energies return. His eyes burned with fresh power, almost uncontrolled, but he held it in check. It was good blood that was for sure. He nodded to Targent as he grabbed the key out of the air.

“Yes, get some rest, my Lord. We have quite a journey yet,” Amon said.

He looked to Lantia, holding the keys just above her head.

“So, shall we share a room, or do you prefer privacy?” he asked.

He chuckled, guessing her answer. He looked back at the strange creature, knowing full well there would only be trouble from the thing. But his brother knew well what he was doing. Feeling the sun getting closer, he headed up to the room, waiting for Lantia to follow. He opened the door, letting her in. He still wasn't as tired as he knew he should be. So, after closing door, he went back downstairs, sitting down at the bar. The sun came up and through the window a beam hit his arm. Nothing happened. He expected. Now would be a good time to check how long this would last. And, perhaps, it would scare enough of the people into thinking vampires could stay out in the sun to stop anyone from messing with them.

Lantia
PostPosted: Tue May 23, 2006 4:51 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Eyes of bright silver had been looking down upon the strange fey creature waiting for an answer until she heard boot steps approaching. They seemed to be heavy yet short in step and as soon as her eyes lifted towards the door someone entered, or rather two dwarf guards entered. They looked to be fairly armored and weapon ready but it seemed they were not here to cause trouble. It

seemed they had something else in mind. There forms stepped aside to the now opened door, gazing around the room as if in search of something, or rather someone. Another sound came from the entrance as another male entered. He was a bit taller than the others though armored just as well as the other two. He seemed to survey the room before walking up behind the drow woman and whispering in her ear. They conversed between one another in soft whispers for only them to hear for a few minutes before both of them rose, excusing themselves and departing from the tavern. A slender brow perked at seeing the woman leave there presence without a word the entire time they were present, though the dwarves seemed to be in a rush, as if they were in need of the lady's help. Perhaps they were having troubles of their own.

A hand lowered to the table, grasping the fake trinket within her grasp, as it seemed they would be getting no answers today. Perhaps on their journey they would discover all that they wished to know. She held the jewelry within the palm of her hand, as she had nowhere to put it for now while taking a glance towards Targent as he spoke with the fey. She was rather surprised to hear that he knew a second way to their destination that none others knew. He either discovered it upon curiously wandering around or he was as old as them. How else would the woodland fey know something that others have not yet discovered? Some probably have forgotten about the second entrance and Lantia had to admit she did not know of it either.

He was wise as well as witty as his senses picked up on the difference of Amon compared to herself and Targent. She had to hold back a laugh though when her lord warned the wise one about the seed for most times when he warned someone about anything they became paranoid or cowered in fear. With the way he seemed to shift and pout as the Drow woman left, Lantia had a feeling he could take care of himself instead of using the seed if in dire need and yet she was curious as to what type of seedling Targent had gifted upon the stranger.

Turning around she began to return to their table where Amon sat though not intending to take a seat herself. Instead she walked to his side and leaned her form against the wall, crossing her arms beneath her supple breasts, pushing them up and outwards a bit. Eyes watched around the room, seeing that others were quite busy and scared to near them to service their needs. But none the matter as she and her kind could suffice on their own.

She looked over to Targent who had returned also, listening to his words and looking upon the small bottle of fresh blood. Unconsciously her tongue slithered out along luscious lips at the thought of biting into the necks of one of the occupants within the room but she dared not for fey blood was impure, poisonous to her kind. Lantia waited till the other two took their fill of the drink before uncurling her arms and leaning down to grasp the bottle. Long dark curls brush against the back of Amon's head as she reaches out and snatches the bottle, raising it gently from atop the table to bring the rim against her soft lips. She took

long deep gulps as she was still rather thirsty from the battle, though knowing she had to leave some for the rest of their journey. Pulling it away from her mouth she laid it back down upon the table before returning to her stance against the wall.

Soon they would have to retire for the day till night fell once more. Then they could travel onward with their newfound guide. But where would they stay? Her question was soon answered as she looked to Targent who had left the table and proceeded to the giant bartender, having a few whispers with him before handing him a bag with some sort of contents. Within a moments time he turned around and was returning to the table, holding keys within his hands. A small grin curled to the corner of her lips, as she was glad their lord had the funds to acquire them some sleeping arrangements as she had lost all her money in the battle earlier on. She stepped forward, a hand reaching up and outwards for the tossed keys but watched as they suddenly disappeared. Dark lashes flutter as she looks up to Amon who had snatched them first, having stood up without her noticing. Her hand moved to reach up for the keys while chuckling softly at his words.

“Privacy? Is there such a thing anymore these days?” she retorted.

Seeing as she was not going to win the keys over she gave up and followed him toward the stairs while waving a hand to their lord, speaking of rest for him along with Amon. It seemed he had a lot on his mind and a bit of rest would do him some good. As they ascended the stairs, she felt a light weight upon her left shoulder. Looking over to the side she stares upon her pet Draven who had fled from Targent’s shoulder to be with its mistress. Her smile softened as she welcomed the company, nuzzling his cheek gently as she looked to Amon’s back. She listened to her pet squeak within her ear, understanding his words and began to laugh softly. A hand rose to tap him upon the head as she spoke with a chuckle.

“Now, now pet don’t say such naughty things,” Lantia replied.

Gingerly, she stepped through the now opened door that Amon held open, letting her right hand rise to glide sharp nails lightly against the flesh of his chin, the scent of lavender dancing in the air around her.

“Mmmm, thank you,” she said.

As she passed his form her hand slipped the fake trinket into the pocket of his pants, taking one more glance at his bare chest, admiring the view. Heels click upon the wooden planks below as she stares at the room, which was simply decorated. There was a small four poster bed covered with white sheets and blue covered pillows to the left of the room while a dresser sat near. Upon the back of the room there was a large window heavily dressed with dark purple curtains, though there’d have to be another layer of such a color to be dark enough to

shield them from the sun. To the right of the room was a large tub for one to bathe in if they wished.

As she neared the bed Draven flapped its small wings and flew about the room in a circular motion before landing upon Amon's right shoulder. Gently he perched himself comfortably upon the larger man's shoulder, slipping beneath some of his stark white locks to hide and gain some rest. But he also wished to be near the fellow vampire.

As Lantia turned around at feeling her pet leave, she watched as Amon, instead of coming within the room, closed the door to leave as Draven settled upon his form. Confusion wrote upon her face as she thought they were going to share a room, but it seemed Amon wished time to himself. She laughed softly, a bit disappointed that she could not share some alone time with him. Yes she had been alone with him for some of their journey but it was filled with dangers and a timeline to get to the Belching Dragon Tavern to meet their lord.

Instead Lantia wished to curl close to his large form and speak about not just what is to come but of each other. Maybe even a few theories on what was happening to him. Perhaps it was best to leave it for another time, though would their be another time to relax as they could do this night?

Shrugging her shoulders, she grasps one layer of blankets, tossing it over the posts so that it could act like a canopy and curtains to help block out any rays that may sneak into the room. Making sure it was at a good length all around, she leans down and unlaces the leather strip wrapped around her ankle that keeps her shoes aloft. Bare feet soon touch upon the wooden floor though not a chill affected her anymore since she was already cold to the touch. Slipping in gently through the make shift curtains, Lantia settles herself to sit upon the bed for now, legs curled up close to her chest as she looks to the slowly growing light within the room. Even with all the curtains the light would still shine through, though dull in power and light with the fabric, which should keep her relatively safe. Lying back against the bed she sighed in content, legs stretching out before her as she lets her eyes close to embrace the blissfulness of sleep.

Though within the shadows, darkness lurks. One neither that she nor the others could feel during their time of most weakness. Its blackness of a hand reaches out to lay several cuts within the curtains upon the windows in not just her room but Targent's as well…leaving them both unaware….

Icewolf kills men

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun Apr 16, 2006 1:49 am Post subject: Ice's task Reply with quote

Flying for a long time, my wings started to get tired. With merely a thought, I turn my wings and slowly fall towards the ground at a normal speed. After a short travel down from extremely high in the air, I land like a feather upon the ground. Looking about for a moment with a smile, not seeing anything too dangerous around.

Taking a few steps forward, I hear the sound of men talking and know their voices. Diving back behind a tree, I wait there until the men moved passed me. Seeing that they were the monks that I had come after I nod and began to follow them being as stealthy as I could. Without making but a little rustling, I follow the men all the way to their sanctuary. Nodding my head softly my wings were mostly rested and I knew that I would need them for this upcoming task. Taking a seat staying well hidden from any view, I rested for a while hoping that most of the men there would leave in time. I wasn't there to harm anyone, I was there because I was called there by something.

After nearly three hours of hearing the men worship whomever it was they did, I got a little angrier and growled a deep growl from the bottom of my throat and thunder picked up. I had called upon a storm, hoping it would make the men clear more quickly. It seemed to have little affect; they merely locked up the windows and shut the door tight. Another low growl from my throat and the thunder would boom again and lightning would strike in the distance. Standing slowly, I walk to the doors letting my wings open fully stretching for a moment then with a powerful blow of my arm, I slam open the doors.

All the men turn quickly to see a very upset angel at their door and they had no idea why he was there. Stepping in I look to the man at the altar and speak softly.

"Do you believe in reincarnation?" I ask.

The man nods his head knowing that I could tear him limb from limb if I wanted to. Though angels are normally peaceful, tonight was a different story. I look to the man closest to the door and walk past him looking at all of the men. A strong gust of controlled wind blasts the door shut and holds it that way. Looking at the man at the altar once more, I let another low growl escape from my lips and then lean down looking at him

"There will be no forgiveness for you, for you believe in something that is not true, something that goes against all my teachings," I say angrily.

Taking the man's throat into my hand and tightening the grip, I lift him up off his feet so the toes of his boots are barely brushing the floor.

Turning my head quickly and seeing the rest of the men trying to run, I laugh.

"Where can you run I have the door?" I question.

Turning my head back to the man who was now trying to catch a breath but was unable to for I had his throat completely closed with my hand. I nod my head saying, “If you ask now for forgiveness you will be taken into the light.”

Releasing the man long enough that he could take a few breaths and speak. “Never” was the only word that was heard out of the man before he was thrown with ease into a set of tables.

Hearing the tables crash, I turn and look to the others.

“Who among you agree with him?” I ask.

All the men but one nod their heads; the one man walked up very afraid but spoke up.

“I don’t believe in their teachings, I was forced to come here. I was hoping someone would come,” the man admits.

Two of the other men jumped on him trying to make him stop talking. I smile and nod my head.

“Then you are the man I seek,” I announce.

I could feel something changing inside me and I didn’t know what it was but it seemed to overwhelm my senses for a time. Running with great speed towards the group, I slam my fists into the men who had been holding the one man back, hearing their skulls shatter under the pressure of my fists. I smile and look at the group once more

“Is there anyone that wants to join them?” I inquire.

A few others who were true believers leapt forward onto my back, trying to hold me back. Merely laughing, I lift my wings throwing the men to the side. Moving with great speed, I slam my fist into the men’s chests and cracking their ribs. Not wanting to kill them, I merely wanted to scare them into not believing what they did. Turning my head for a moment seeing the men that where left.

“Leave and never return to another of these temples. I am a hunter of your kind and we will find them and destroy them all,” I warn.

I stand and look to the one man that didn’t want to be there and nodded.

“Come along,” I say to him.

After letting the wind die down and allowing the door to open once more, the other men ran. Walking about ten feet away, I lifted my hands, controlling the lightning so that it would strike the temple in a multitude of places in quick succession. Aiming the shots, of course, to burn down the temple. After it had burned, I summoned a large rain cloud to cover the ruined temple with rain and put out the fire, making sure the surrounding forest was not harmed. Looking to the man who was now saved, with a smile.

“You are free to go, they will no longer bother you,” I say, bowing my head softly and flapping my wings hard after the rain cloud cleared.

Taking off into the air. My powerful wings flap carrying me higher into the air. Where I was going I didn’t even know. I was thinking about going back to the mansion and asking for forgiveness but I wasn’t sure if I would be welcome back, so I merely flew high in the sky for a while.

Kindred get burned
Lord Targent
PostPosted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 2:19 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Targent drifted in and out of the void as he rested, not fully being able to rest as the heat filled the room to almost suffocating. He longed for the cool, damp black void, the chill of his crypt, but he took he chances with the day because what he needed to do was far more important to him than what the sun had in store for his kind each dawn.

He nudged himself further in the corner between the bed and the closet and closed his eyes. The sun beating against the flimsy material of the curtain was just a small barrier between him and what the sun’s rays could do to him. It seemed to drain him physically. He let his mind drift out to keep him aware, but in his weakened state, it was a bit of a struggle for him. In a mere fraction of a moment it caught something, a presence within the room. Targent’s eyes flashed open as they were blurred, a figure stood off in the distance, a silhouette.

Then suddenly the blinding rays of pinpoint sunlight punched through the room. Targent leaped to his feet and uttered a growl that filled the small tavern. He slammed back into the small closet and kicked the door closed as he felt his entire body in pain. His mind wildly searched for his brother Amon to warn him. Fighting against the excruciating pain, he let his thoughts search out for the one that he had seen right before the light came.

Targent used his ability to “Phase Shift” his body slowly faded then shimmered as he moved from the corporal to incorporeal. Now just a shadow within the shadows, he had just enough energy left to stay in this form till nightfall. Then the hunt would be on. Finding a willing victim to feed his need would be hard in these lands if almost impossible, but he did still have his stash of blood with him. It

would have to be enough to get him to who did this horrid deed. Someone did mean to kill him and his vengeance would fill the very air of night when it came. No mercy would befall this creature, no remorse, and no regret . They would learn the full extend of his wrath.

Amon
PostPosted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 6:42 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

He looked out across the bar, wondering what the new night would bring them. As he sat there, his mind heard Targent's call and his blood began to boil. He could sense the danger his brother was in, and he reacted immediately. Letting a low growl escape his throat, he spread his massive wings, revealing the fact that his cloak was not his cloak at all, and leaped through the ceiling, crashing into the floor above. As the dust settled, he looked about, seeing that he was in the hallway. He flew towards Targent's room, kicking the door open and looking about. Though he could see no one, he saw sun streaming through the room. He looked over, seeing the closet door shut, and knew his brother was in there. He could feel Targent's pain, and looked for a way to block the sun. With a quick stride, he looked out the window, seeing shutters on either side. He ripped them back, blocking a lot of the sun, then a horrible realization went through him, and he quickly made his way to Lantia's room.

The sun was shining brightly in there as well, and Lantia was exposed. Her skin was smoking and he knew she didn't have long. He quickly flew in front of her, shielding her body with his own. The sun's heat started to burn him and he knew he had reached his own limit. He quickly picked her up, making his way towards the closet and put her in. Smoke rising from his own skin, he went to the window, ripped those shutters in, and blocked more of the sun. Ignoring the pain, he went into the closet with Lantia and closed the door. He contacted Targent, letting him know they were both OK, and breathed a sigh of relief.

“We will live, brother, though whoever did this is too smart for their own good. I will help you with the ritual of protection, which should safeguard us for the rest of the night, and tomorrow we will begin the hunt,” he conveyed to his brother.

His words had a sharp tinge to them, their venom filling his whole being. This creature would pay for what it did. Focusing with his brother, the ritual was soon complete, though he knew more energy had been drained, and it would take some time and fresh blood to bring them back to full power. In the meantime, he drifted off into sleep, cradling Lantia in his strong arms.

Lantia
PostPosted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 11:10 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Daylight seemed non-existent to Lantia as she finally fell into the darkness of sleep that she had been wishing for the entire night. Still hungry and needing to

be healed, being asleep would be the best way to lure away such desires till her next awakening. Through the fog of dreams she felt as if she were being drawn back into the waking world, back into reality. Something around her seemed to be pulling her back, which she tried to fight against. All Lantia wanted was sleep and it seemed she could not even get that. Her form stirred within the bed, legs kicking, and fingers twitching as her body was forced to awaken. She was not used to being awakened while dawn was still risen for she knew it could not be nightfall yet as she had just fallen asleep a few minutes ago. What was going on?

Her senses slowly began to stir, dark lashes fluttering to let her gaze stare up at the makeshift canopy, though soft silvers were still hazed with the sand of sleep. Her nose caught the scent of something burning within the room, something near her form. She was sure nothing flammable was in the room when she neither entered, nor was there anything in the room to indicate a burning element. She was unsure what it was. It took her another moment before she felt a sharp pain run up along her legs. A gasp slipped free as that single immense pain brought her entire body to life. Palms pressed to the bed as she sat up quickly, eyes looking around the room in a panic; all they landed upon were streaks of bright sunlight that danced around the room. Tattered fabric dangled before her gaze, as if taunting her about the pain that was being inflicted upon her. Burns had already started on her legs and arms, even her torso was steaming and becoming covered in dark flesh.

Every move she made, her body surged with agony, which brought a half scream from her lips before she curled her arms around her chest. Her skin felt as if it were on fire, bubbling and burning from the rays. The three deep cuts from the dragon were aching as well, even more so as the skin within each scrape was bubbling, as if she were being cooked from the inside out because her flesh since she still had to heal.

Arms uncurled, pressing down to the bed to raise herself up and get away from the light before she indeed met her end this time round. Long midnight strands flush around her face and yet it was still not dark enough to shield her from the light. This was the reason she had left before for so many years, and now it was happening again. The once enjoyable light from her mortal days was now sucking away her beauty, life and energy. Her blood was boiling as was her anger for she did not know how this all came to be. Hadn't the curtains been closed and pieced together when she entered? Was there someone who wished their death on this land that most feys called sacred and unclean for vampires? Were her lord and Amon safe? So many questions and emotions scurried through her mind but she could not concentrate on any, as the pain was overwhelming.

Before she could slip from the bed there was a loud thud as the door burst open. Amon was standing in the entranceway. He moved with great speed to block the light from her form but even then she could still feel the pain course through her

lithe form. Her mouth gaped open, gasping for breath, for anything that would relieve the torture that she was going through. Her nose once more picked up on not only her flesh and blood burning but Amon's as well as she peeked over her shoulder to investigate. She could see faint lines of steam rising from his body and yet he pushed on, picking her body up and placing it into the closet.

Her legs felt weak from the stress from the agony, causing her body to collapse upon its knees within the slightly dark confines. She watched in awe and worry as he moved to the window, pulling the curtains free, which let even more light in, only to close the wooden shutters that were open and against the side of the building. Relief seemed to wash across her facial features as she watched him return to the closet, closing the door and pulling her form against his own.

He was quiet for a few moments as they settled within the moderate space, his eyes closed as if concentrating on something. Not wanting to bother him she settled her form between his legs, her head moving to rest against his burley chest. The small space was filling with the mixture of steam from their bodies but she did not care at the moment as he was there with her. Her left arm curled around his waist, resting comfortably upon his right hip as the right one went to lie against his chest above where his heart slowly began to beat. She placed his stomach before her gashes to hide them from his view as the flesh was close to peeling, ready to spill her life essence upon the floor.

Her dress was not burned but the flesh below was quite tender and sore from the touch of the light. Eyes gaze upward a moment as her ears catch the sound of her pet Draven who poked his head out from the white locks of Amon's hair. He was looking to her with concern and yet all she did was give him a reassuring smile as she nuzzled Amon's chest gently, showing her pet that she was safe. Yes, she was safe right here, with him. This was yet another time, which were very few, that she felt fear for her life. Once more it was almost lost but this time it was during the weakest point for most vampires. Her form shook slightly within his embrace but stayed near him, very happy to have someone here with her watching out for not only her but for other brethren as well.

DPhose
PostPosted: Tue Jun 13, 2006 8:48 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Snoring…snort…D'Phose enjoying its peaceful sleep under the clear blue sky. Basking in the mid-day sun, absorbing the life giving rays.

"What do you make of that?"

D'Phose groggy, awakened by a hush whisper.

"That tree, where did it come from? There never was a tree here before and I think…it's…snoring?!" the voice observed.

Cracking an eye to see two human farmers pointing and talking quietly to themselves about the tree that mysteriously appeared in their field this morning. Digging a root through the soil and quietly breaking the surface, D'Phose reaches up and ties both of the farmers' boot straps together.

Quickly rearranging its leaves to form eyes and a mouth. Glaring at the farmers exclaiming, "Excuse me, do you mind? I am trying to sleep here."

Startling the farmers, they turn to run, falling over themselves. Screaming and yelling at each other.

"Kee hee hee. Silly humans," D'Phose laughs.
…more snoring.

DPhose
PostPosted: Fri Aug 11, 2006 3:20 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

...still more snoring.

DPhose
PostPosted: Fri Aug 11, 2006 3:22 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The sun steadily making its descent toward the horizon, D'Phose yawns after a short daily slumber. Thinking to itself it had better get back to the tavern before the cranky pale humans awaken. It wouldn't be prudent to keep them waiting. They are liable to be imbued with more crankiness. D'Phose transforming back into everyone's most favorite lovable gnome, it sets off back to The Belching Dragon tavern.

Amon
PostPosted: Sat Oct 21, 2006 1:30 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The light of the sun finally went down and Amon opened his eyes. He looked down at Lantia, holding him so closely. Right in that moment, she looked like a little girl, not the warrior woman he had seen in action so many times. He just wanted to hold her in his arms, protect her, keep her safe from all harm. He opened the closet door, helping Lantia down and then stepping out himself. Whoever had tried to kill them had gotten close, so he would have to be extra careful now. He looked at Lantia, noticing the wounds that had still not healed, and he sighed in anger and frustration.

"We need to get back to the castle, you and Targent are wounded, and no good in a fight right now. Come, we can continue our journey another time," he insisted.

He wrapped his powerful arms around her, picking her up in them and walking towards Targent's room. He rapped on the remains of the door, getting his brother's attention.

“We are heading toward the carriage, we are going back to the manor. I won’t have my brother travel on such injuries,” Amon said.

He then proceeded down the stairs, walking out of the tavern without a word to anyone. He moved toward the stables, nodding to the driver. The man stumbled as he ran toward the carriage, hooking the horses up as fast as he could. When he was finally done, Amon set Lantia in one of the seats and climbed in next to her. He sat back and waited for the ride to start. It might take some time to get back, but it should be relatively safe for them all.

Lantia
PostPosted: Sat Oct 21, 2006 2:39 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Darkness. That was all that she could see. Pain. That was all that she could feel. Soon those two presences became one as Lantia began to awaken. There was movement beneath her form, drawing her away from the blissful darkness of her sleep and into the world of reality. She did not wish to return to such a painful world but knew that she must. The events of last night began to flood her memory, helping her to wake up.

Dark lashes flutter, slowly drawing the yellow sleepy haze from her silver orbs. The hand that was rested near her head pushed down onto something hard yet warm. Her head lifted from its resting place as her body moved backward, casting her gaze upon the form of Amon. He had awoken himself, his eyes bearing down into hers. Wisps of ebony danced against her pale cheeks, bringing out the inner and outer beauty that she had been gifted with since birth. She felt herself becoming lost within those dark purple, entrancing pools, unable to pull herself out. Suddenly, she felt her body stirring as hands had gripped her hips and began to lift her up. Being pulled away from his mesmerizing gaze, Lantia looked to the left; seeing that his foot had kicked open the closet door. Having been placed onto her feet, she slowly stepped out from their small shelter, peeking out carefully to make sure everything was safe. It seemed the sun had set, casting a darkness throughout the entire room. A sense of relief washed over her at it having turned night, the sun finally having set. Bare feet pad upon the smooth wooden planks below, letting her body awaken the rest of its other senses.

Turning around, she looked over to Amon who stood up and exited the closet himself, his form still as regal and awesome as before. Her eyes looked further up, staring to the stark white hair of his. There she found her little pet Draven, nestled comfortably within the white veil. The sight brought a small chuckle from dry crimson lips. Soon her laughter died as she looked straight at him, hearing of

how injured she and their lord were. Moving her gaze downward, she looked upon her wounds that were from the dragon, which had stopped bubbling but were not healing as fast as they should be. The sound of a growl brought her attention back to him, seeing the angered look crossing his face. Her form turned fully around to face him, her body seeming as elegant as before, even with the burn marks and claw marks.

“I will be fine Amon. Though I must say the thought of resting at our home is quite alluring. Maybe we should...” she said trailing off.

Before she could continue her words, she felt her body being lifted with ease as Amon picked her up. The sudden movement of her body brought a surprised gasp from supple lips. Legs were draped over one of his arms as her back rested against the other. Not wanting to fall, or have the sensation of falling, she snaked her right arm around his neck, helping to keep herself close to him. He did not speak to her, only walking out of the room and toward Lord Targent’s sleeping quarters. All she could do was stare at Amon blankly for a moment before a small chuckle escaped.

“If you keep picking me up like this, I may get used to it and want it more often,” Lantia joked.

The laughter was silenced as she looked to the door that he knocked upon, hearing not a movement she did hear what Amon said through the barely standing door. She was surprised the knock had not brought the door down. As they turned away and headed down the stairwell, Lantia began to think about who had done this to them. It had to be someone who knew they were going to be at the tavern and stay over night. She had thought no one from these lands knew of their arrival but perhaps someone must have found out. Maybe they had a spy within their clan. Such a thought brought her head to shake, not wanting to think something so negative about their people. There were not many of them left and trying to get at each other's throats wasn't a good idea either, especially when there was no proof.

As they passed through the main room of the tavern, Lantia looked up and saw a large hole in the ceiling. It had not been there before, so the only thing that came to mind was either Amon had flew through it or there must have been some fight in here. Turning her head, she stared to the bartender and waved a finger at him, crooking it toward her, summoning him. The large giant-sized man seemed a bit reluctant on approaching but did so as they were paying customers. She placed that same free hand onto Amon's chest, signaling for him to still himself for a moment. When the bartender was close enough Lantia spoke in a soft yet alluring voice.

“Please give a message to our small gnome-like friend that we will be returning to our home at Castle De Convotise Sang. He is welcomed to find us there as I'm sure we may be needing his services soon once again,” she explained.

With that said, she winked to the man before tapping Amon on the chest, feeling his form move through the room and out the door. Lantia had thought to be gracious and leave a message for the small creature, so he knew where they were going and where to find them. It was the least they could do.

Eyes lifted and watched as the mortal coachman scrambled from his relaxing place on a pile of hay by the horses to ready them. The sight brought her to laugh softly as it was funny to see mortals in a panic. They always believed if one did not hurry in the presence of a vampire that they would be killed without a second thought. Or that is what she has heard and experienced in her unlife.

She waited patiently as the coachman finished everything up before opening the door for them. Her legs drew in as Amon moved inside the carriage, not wanting to get banged up more then her body had already endured. Her arm uncurled from his neck as he sat her body down onto the soft cushioned seat of the carriage. She sighed contently at the softness against her body, feeling it press to her back as she leaned back. Her head turned to watch Amon take a seat himself, sighing at having finally come to rest and away from the danger. A thought struck her, rolling around in her head before she took actions to the impulse thought. Moving her body a bit, Lantia leaned her form back so to rest her head and shoulders onto his lap. Long slender legs stretched out along the seat, bare feet pressing to the other side of the boxed carriage. She had forgotten to retrieve her shoes from her room but did not see such a high priority in doing so. She had many other clothes and shoes at home so it wasn't a big loss to her. Bringing her left leg up, she pressed her foot down onto the seat, her knee now bent. The new position of the one leg brought the hem of her midnight velvet dress downward, pooling around her waist. There was still enough coverage of her secret treasure, but a simple small tug could reveal all to his eyes. Lush silken tendrils flooded about his lap, bringing out the beautiful paleness of her porcelain flesh. Her right arm draped down over the seat, resting against the front of his legs as the left arm drew up. Her palm reached out and rested over her eyes, shielding them for the moment as she let out a deep sigh.

“Gods what a day. I wish this carriage could just get back to the castle right now. The ride is going to be long. I'm not sure if Lord Targent wishes to go back home. I think he wishes to stay and discover more secrets that the fey are holding from us. I don't blame him though. The attack was so sudden and had passed by our senses so easily. What do you think Amon?” she voiced.

Her body was so calmly relaxed on him, feeling comfortable in his presence. She parted a few fingers to let her stunning silver orbs look up toward him, waiting for an answer but enjoyed watching him as well.

Rogue Angel

Mercury and Dretta find Icewolf

Mercury
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 11:53 pm Post subject: Intercept Reply with quote

Mercury was not sure how long he had been in Metatron's realm. A few days maybe? A few weeks? He did not know. It did not matter. An angel had gone rouge. It was not the first time such a thing had happened, but it was certainly unusual for angels to snap over such trivial matters. It was a sign that there was something very wrong on Aurora. The entire episode was observed in excruciating detail. Seen from a place without time, a realm without past, or future, the event stretched out before them like an endless reel of film; each frame branching off into an infinite number of possibilities. But as the intent of the angel was made clear to the Creator, the Truth of the event was made known. Mercury knew that two of the monks did not...or would not survive their injuries. Murder had been committed. And justice would demand its due.

History is filled with stories of angels meting out God's wrath to man and beast alike. Finite minds were usually left ruined by the obvious contradiction of a ruthlessly merciful God. Man's lack of understanding of His True Nature left them afraid...confused.

But this was no act of God. What difference did it make whether man perceived his immortality as a linear progression of finite lives, rather than a multidimensional, simultaneous Self. It was a sophisticated concept. Was it even possible for man to grasp his own reality outside of time? Mercury did not know. But he did know that this level of anger from an angel ignited by such a minor slight could not go unaddressed. God would forgive a man for forgetting himself. But an Angel was an entirely different matter.

As Mercury fell from the stratosphere, he found his wings to be of no use in the thin air. But it mattered not because he knew there was only one direction he could possibly go. Straight down. Towards Icewolf.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Apr 18, 2006 12:16 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Her wings carried the Arch to the site of the bloodshed and her heart seemed for a moment to seize. She looked at the carnage and sent a plea to the Creator for strength. She knew who had done this and she had to make things right once more. He must be confined until a trial could be called. She felt Merc's reentry to this realm and relaxed slightly. She would not have to contain him all on her own.

She moved from the scene into the air determined to find the rogue angel and take him back to his quarters. Therein to confine him until justice could be served. Her speed was what her heart could pour into it, so much so that even the armor took its toll. She moved swiftly to hunt him down. She knew she would need to go back and heal those she could, the best she could do after they got the rogue under control. She did something she rarely ever did; her mind turned within and she sought the angered one in his mind. He would hear her voice.

“Come home, young one, and present yourself. You have killed without need. Come seek forgiveness for what you have done,” she said telepathically.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Tue Apr 18, 2006 2:46 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Flapping his wings hard, he was flying without direction, merely flying trying to calm himself down. He knew that he had killed two men. But he didn’t want to kill them, merely to make them understand but he had let his emotions take over when he fought with the men. Deeply saddened for killing the men, he continued to flap his wings hard trying to get far away from what he had done. Slowly, he fell to the ground landing upon the ground folding his wings behind him. Looking around for a while as he walked over sitting down against a large old oak tree. Leaning his head against the tree, he took in a few deep breaths and wondered why he did such a dishonorable thing. Never questioning anything before, he merely did what he felt was the right thing to do. He felt so evil in a way. Lifting his head for a moment, he heard a strange voice that sent chills down his spine. He knew he was in trouble merely by the way her voice echoed in his head.

Standing again, he looks to the sky seeing an angel far away with his keen eyes. He saw that one was Mercury and that was enough. He knew that he had done something really bad and he would have to pay for it. He stood there and allowed them to come to him even though he was told to return home, he didn’t want to look as if he was running from them.

Mercury
PostPosted: Tue Apr 18, 2006 12:16 pm Post subject: Freefall Landing Reply with quote

The ground was coming up quickly. Large geographic features giving way to details of the surface. With no effort at steering himself, Mercury could now see that he was streaking towards a clearing in the forest. There were scattered trees and greenery and what looked like...an angel sitting under a Great Oak. Mercury extended his wings, maximizing their surface area, using them essentially as a parachute. At 50 feet, he forced the air underneath them down and came to a hover. He became aware of a short sword strapped to his waist but quickly dismissed the thought of aggression. Slowly and quietly, he landed in front of Icewolf.

“Icewolf,” he said. His voice carrying tones only an angel could hear. In only one word, he communicated his intention to bring the rogue angel back to Seraphia to face the judgment of the Hold. Mercury expected compliance. Once again aware of the weapon he carried.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Wed Apr 19, 2006 12:20 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Nodding his head softly when Mercury had landed in front of him, he didn't even need to speak, he knew he had done something very wrong and knew he was to be punished for it. Looking into Mercury’s face for a moment merely bowing his head and submits. If he went without a fight, he would be given a better chance. But nonetheless, he knew he would be punished for he had without thought, without a great reason killed two men and injured a few more. Standing there, he took in a few breaths and merely waited for what Mercury would do next.

Last edited by Icewolf on Thu Apr 20, 2006 6:52 pm; edited 1 time in total

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Wed Apr 19, 2006 6:46 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She spotted them ahead of her both on the ground and she slowly relaxed as she set down behind Mercury.
“Icewolf,” the Arch said.

Her voice was softer than normal. She knew the angel was upset over what he had done. It was written all over him in the way he moved, the way he looked.

“It is time to go home Icewolf, back to the hold... Will you accept an escort or...” she began.

Her voice trailed off slightly leaving the or as a hanging question. She looked to Mercury then smiled a bit. The blood from his crimes still covered the angel and that worried her more than the fact that he was still upset.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Wed Apr 19, 2006 9:44 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Looking to them both, he nods his head softly and says, “I have gone against the Creator and I should be punished.”

He walked over to Mercury unsure of how he would be taken. If he would be held or allowed to fly of his own free will. Turning his head towards Alexandretta, he liked the sound of her calm voice but was still worried because he knew he still

was in trouble. He bows his head again and allows them to state their way of getting him back.

Mercury
PostPosted: Wed Apr 19, 2006 11:56 pm Post subject: liftoff Reply with quote

Not at all moved with this angel's apparent contrition, Mercury looks him in the eye and speaks softly.

“You have no idea the damage you have done. If it were up to me, Icewolf, you would already be gone from this world. Luckily for you, the Archangel has not yet ordered your destruction. You will follow her back to the Hold. I will follow behind you,” Mercury announced.

Mercury turns to Dretta awaiting her orders to fly.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Apr 20, 2006 6:58 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Nodding his head, he knew that he would be taken of his own will. Turning his head to Dretta as Mercury did, he waited for her to take flight so he could begin his flight to his judgment. There were many thoughts running through the angel’s mind. He was trying to find out in himself why he had done what he did. There was this constant thought in the back of his mind

“I did it for a reason. I did it for the man,” he kept thinking.

That was the main thought in his head and it would keep repeating in his mind even louder each time.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Thu Apr 20, 2006 8:10 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She looks to Mercury and smiles softly.

“Angelo, will you please do damage control? The building is a few miles back towards the Hold. Icewolf, please follow me. I will know if you leave my trail,” Dretta ordered.

She launched into the air, worried, for what was becoming of her angels was plainly written on her face. Perhaps she was not strong enough to be the one in charge. Her eyes widened for but a moment as she hovered waiting for Icewolf to join her in the air.

Icewolf

PostPosted: Thu Apr 20, 2006 8:33 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Leaping into the air, he looks to Dretta, nodding his head and says, “I will do as I'm asked.”

He turns his head to Mercury and says, “Please, do not rebuild it. There is a reason for my destroying it.”

His face changed again. He was still remorseful but he was serious as well. Looking back to Dretta, he flaps his wings next to her waiting for her to show him the way.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Apr 25, 2006 12:34 am Post subject: Reply with quote
((next post will be in Angel Hold... posting tomorrow))

Dretta and Icewolf discussing murders

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Apr 25, 2006 8:39 pm Post subject: Angels on the way home
Reply with quote

She sighed hearing Icewolf and shook her head hovering there for a moment. Her blue eyes turn to him saddened by his misinterpretation of her order to Mercury. She looked at him again and shook her head sadly.

“You have been away too long Icewolf. Hardening yourself against the humans in that manner. No matter what they have done. If HE wishes vengeance HE would say so and make HIS orders clear to all. Where is your compassion for the humans Icewolf?” she expresses.

She worried for a few moments before turning back towards Angel Hold and the hope of home.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Tue Apr 25, 2006 9:22 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Turning my head to Dretta looking down for a moment

“I had my reasons for doing as I did,” I reply.

I leave my head down as I fly along behind her.

“I shouldn’t have killed those men but something happened, something took me over for a short moment,” I admit.

Realizing what she had said about me being gone for too long, “I believe I have Dretta; I miss it.” Turning back, looking to the land I was leaving, longing to be back there and safe.

But I knew I had to pay for what I had done. I looked forward seeing the hold far up ahead of us.

“Don’t blame yourself for my actions Dretta,” I say with my head lowered once again. “This was not a cause of yours.”

I continued to flap my wings not trying to get ahead of her, trailing just behind her.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Thu Apr 27, 2006 12:08 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She nodded at his words but they offered little comfort. She knew her duties and knew them well. All within her people were her responsibility whether they wished it or not. She smiled softly dropping back just a bit to settle pace near him.

“It matters not what happened, but that it did happen Icewolf. But you know no harm shall befall you until judgment has been rendered. I will ask that you do not leave the hold under any circumstances unless myself or Mercury are with you,” the arch explained.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Apr 27, 2006 12:51 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Turning my head softly towards her I nod, “Yes Dretta, I will do as you command.”

Turning my head back towards the hold, I knew I was going to be jailed or held under 24-hour watch until the trial was over. I was still running things through my head, trying to figure out why I was so pissed off at the two men, why I had killed them.

I look over to Dretta again. “Have you ever lost control of your emotions around humans?” hoping she would answer my questions even though she was upset with me.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Thu May 04, 2006 7:33 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

A soft smile crossed her lips as she tilted her head.

“When dealing with humans, very rarely have my emotions gotten away from me. Though, there are a few I can honestly say, I detested dealing with. I will admit sometimes my position leaves me with a horrid feeling. You lost yourself most likely from being away from the peace of these places too long, but I do not know Angelo. Losing control like that can cause great repercussions amongst the angels and humans. Though I felt the...oddity they were bowing to as well, I will admit It made me uncomfortable,” Dretta replied.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri May 05, 2006 12:14 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Nodding my head, hearing her reply to my question. It gave me a little more hope in my adventure. Though I personally didn’t feel it was because I was away from grace as she put it, I did miss it greatly. Lifting my head, I once again look towards the hold. A soft breeze from being so high in the air sent a wave of calm through my being but not enough to hide the edge that was caused by what I had done. I looked to Dretta but this time I said nothing, I merely watched her for a moment then turned my head back to the hold, hoping that I would get my chance to speak soon. To explain what had happened and why I had done what I did.

Dretta brings Icewolf back to The Hold

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri May 05, 2006 1:42 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She stopped herself for a moment just to look at the hold and then she looked to Icewolf.

“Come then, let’s get you settled into the hold where you will be safe and protected from those who might wish once this is known to have a piece of you,” she said.

She moved forward towards home and relaxed as she got closer. Her bright eyes traced the lines of the hold before they would land, almost as if seeking those who would have already found out and would come seeking justice.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri May 05, 2006 1:51 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Nodding my head, I look to Dretta.

“Thank you for helping my even though I’ve done such a terrible thing,” I respond.

Right now if someone were to attack me, I don't think I would defend myself; I would merely allow the person to do their worst. Landing as softly as a feather, my wings slowly fold down onto my back. I look to Dretta as she scans the area. I couldn't care less either way, so I merely stood there awaiting her escort to where I would be held. I could feel this wave of calm flow over me, so much more powerful than before. It felt so wonderful to be home again but I knew I wasn't here for pleasure; I was here because I had done something terrible.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri May 05, 2006 7:25 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She smiled softly and nodded, her eyes watching him for a moment before she shook her head.

"It is my pleasure to bring you home. I simply wish it had been under less... painful circumstances. You should have returned far before this Angelo. Perhaps then what occurred could have been prevented. Mayhap I should send out a call to all those of our kind to return home. Perhaps that might prevent more incidents like this one.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sat May 06, 2006 12:36 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I found it very odd for Dretta to call me Angelo but then again I'm more used to being called bright bird man, so it wasn't all that different.

I bowed my head, "If you wish Dretta, your will is ours."

I walk through the hold with Dretta, wondering where it was she was going to take me. Was she going to take me to my room or to a holding cell? I wasn't sure I've never heard of an angel acting out as I did. But then again I had my reasons, which everyone would soon know.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat May 06, 2006 6:50 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She stopped just outside his quarters and smiled a bit. Her hand moved slightly to brush open the door.

"Here is where you will stay Icewolf. If anything is needed simply ask one of the two guards that will be posted both for your safety and ours. I am sorry for the precaution but as you know you have violated a law, therefore, I know eventually someone will be here to say something about us bringing you home instead of placing you in a cell somewhere. I know angels do not do well in cages; therefore, I am attempting to make your confinement as comfortable as I can.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun May 07, 2006 12:30 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Bowing my head, I look to Dretta, “Thank you.”
Looking to the two guards that walk up to his door, “I will not cause anymore trouble but I’m sure you can’t trust my word anymore.”

One of them nods his head as I turn back into the given room. I walk over to the near bed and sit down resting, for my wings and muscles where starting to hurt me. I look to the door when it closes and nod my head.

“And so I’m confined,” I say to myself as I close my eyes, resting where I was.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sun May 07, 2006 8:30 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She watched him, noting his movements. She relaxed once the door closed and then moved away. She headed to her own chambers after catching two of the Hold’s guards to station them outside of Icewolf’s door. She sighed softly after her duties were done and settled into her own chambers. Shaking her head, she gave vent to the emotions that had been triggered when she realized what had happened. She had spoken the truth when she told him she rarely allowed her emotions to get the better of her but this, the pain of those he had wounded, his own disturbance. She relaxed for a few more moments before shaking her head. Pity angels could not cry or risk becoming stone.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun May 07, 2006 11:54 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Sitting in my assigned room, I lean back and lay my head against the wall.

“Why did I kill those men? Did my emotions get the better of me or was there another reason?” I asked myself.

I looked about for a moment.

“Well at least that man is free now,” nodding my head softly. “I just wish they would see that but they don’t see that, they just see that I killed those men.”

Closing my eyes with a sigh, “I just wish I could go back and not kill those men.”

I lay there until they either come to talk to me or take me somewhere else.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat May 27, 2006 10:43 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She waited until her body had settled and she moved through the halls again. Her eyes closed, she smiled a bit more then moved heading to the children's wing. There was where she felt most at home. She smiled watching the small one's sleep and thought a few moments about what had happened. Icewolf did not feel as if he had crossed to evil.

She moved as she heard the dreams of one of the small ones. The disturbance worried her; it was almost as if a darkness had infiltrated the little girl's dreams. Perhaps something like that could happen to one of her own? She moved slowly settling beside the little girl and brushed her hair from her face gently; the aura of calm coming from her enough to settle the child's mind.

She stayed for a bit until the little one settled again and then she moved heading back to Icewolf. Perhaps she should listen to what he had to say about why he did what he did.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun May 28, 2006 1:06 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Lifting my head, I hear her leave with my keen ears. Having my eyes already closed, I merely laid on my bed replaying all that had happened. I go through what I wanted to happen step by step and find out where it varies with what really did happen. Setting up for a moment, I get a strange flash back and I could feel the men's rage building inside me once again.

"I did. I lost control," I realize and Ilower my head in shame.

Keeping my head down, I felt so badly for what I had done but there was no going back. Lifting my head for a moment, I stand and walk to a small window in the wall over looking the kingdom. It was smaller than I could fit but I wouldn't have tried even if it was bigger. I merely stand there taking in deep breaths hoping maybe the trial would be soon so my word could be heard. Lowering my head, I merely stand there listening to everything going on outside.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sun May 28, 2006 1:06 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She smiled a bit looking to the guards at the doorway to IceWolf's room. She tilts her head a bit before slipping beside them to knock at the door. She wasn't certain why she was there other than she wanted to hear his side of it before the trial. Her eyes adjusted to the dimmer light in the hallway as she awaited his answer.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun May 28, 2006 2:31 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Turning my head for a moment, I step away from the window and sit back down upon the bed.

“Enter at your own risk,” I say in a voice that was soft and afraid.

I wasn’t sure if I could do something like that again. If I would just go off on my own kind like I had done with the humans, so I wanted to make sure others knew that I didn’t feel I should be trusted right now.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sun May 28, 2006 11:04 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She opened the door easily and stepped through. One of the guards touched her arm as she moved past and whispered softly.

“Be careful Angela he is unbalanced.”

Turning to him, she smiled softly before shaking her head a bit .

“No my dear Angelo, he is not unbalanced, only a bit lost for now. I will be fine,” she reassures the guard.

She moved past with the same smile on her face and shut the door behind her before turning to look at Icewolf. Her eyes adjusted to the semi-darkness within as she moved closer to him.

“Would you mind if I sat down. I have a feeling I will be here a while. Though you have done something wrong, I feel you had reasons to do so. I wish to know what they were or if perhaps something outside of yourself was working at the time,” the arch explains.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Mon May 29, 2006 12:39 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Turning my head the moment the door open, I heard the other angel’s warning and lowered my head once again.

“You are welcome,” I say, looking at her for a moment and noticing her smile.

I couldn’t smile back at her no matter how much I wished I could. I look at Dretta for a moment and then look back to the window

“I’ve done something so wrong yet you come to talk to me?” looking back at her for a moment, I wonder why. “Why do you ask me? Why don’t you act like the others?”

I was more confused and slightly hurt but I also felt it was good that they did this. Looking into her eyes for a moment, “I don’t know truthfully, if I had full control of myself while I was in that temple. There was such hatred for me and for that man that maybe…” lowering my head “maybe I lost control.”

Lifting it once again, “I killed two men.” Turning my head back to my hands, “I crushed their chests and more than likely hurt many others.” I turn back to her again, “I killed” was all I could say at that moment.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue May 30, 2006 10:48 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She moved forward next to him unable to see someone in pain and not react to it, even if he had killed two humans. She placed a gentle hand to his shoulder and tilted her head a bit more.

“Because Angelo if I were like the others then anyone could do my tasks. I accept people because of their faults. It is my way of doing things that got me the position I hold. My heart, my compassion and my ability even when I know someone has wronged another to see both sides of the story,” Dretta began.

“Now stop blaming yourself and begin to look at this Angelo. You said you do not know why you reacted as you did, that the hatred was too strong. Sometimes we angels can be swept away by emotions that are too strong. Just as humans can, though we punish ourselves far more harshly than the humans do,” she continued.

She smiled to him again and settled herself gently near him. She was unafraid of him striking at her unlike the others were. Perhaps she should find other guards. After all, Icewolf did not need condemnation before the trial.

“Now Angelo, talk to me. Start from the beginning of why you went there and maybe you will find the answers that confuse you so much,” she said.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Wed May 31, 2006 1:22 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Turning his head for a moment, “I see,” listening to everything she said. “Yes, I think I lost control of my emotions because of the men.”

I was confused for a moment,

“You trust me enough to get so close?” I ask and tilt my head for a moment.

“Never mind” I say as I shake my head.

“I heard someone’s prayer,” I say and look into her face.

I lower my head for a moment thinking that she may not believe me. Lifting my head, I look at her again.

“I heard it and I thought I should help the man,” I explain.

I look back out the window and then look back for and blink.

“Is the man still alive and safe, the one that was with me before I left?” I ask hoping she would know.

I turn my head back to the window wishing I could be back in the clouds.

I turn my head back a few moments later before she could say anything back to me and continue with my account.

“When I arrived I found what I was looking for,” I say nodding my head. “The man that had prayed for help.”

I smile softly, feeling a little better talking to her.

“Then when I arrived, I felt the strong hatred for me just by arriving. I was able to control it for a while but when I started to fight, I just lost control,” I continue.

Once again lowering my head, for it made me feel like crap for losing my emotions. I Lift my head and look at her again.

“But if he was praying to the Creator, why does he send you after me now?” I ask while looking at her, awaiting her answer.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri Jun 02, 2006 11:21 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She looked at him a moment and stepped closer to him with a slight smile.

“I dare get close to you because I know you will not harm me, Icewolf. As for the man who called you, I do not know if he is alive or not; but I can have someone find out if you will tell me his name. I do not wish you burdened by worry,” the arch says.

She settled closer to him listening to the cadence of his voice. She knew many could be influenced by another’s strong emotion if they were near enough but normally this place balanced them, for it was a retreat from most of the outside world. She looked at him before speaking again.

“ Angelo... stop please. Your distress is strong here. Do not worry so. I will do all in my power to find out how the man is to set your mind at ease. But tell me...what was the prayer you responded to? She asks.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sat Jun 03, 2006 1:41 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Turning my head for a moment I looks at her.

“I heard it while I was in the tavern,” I say softly.

“He called himself Darious, I believe.” Nodding his head, “Yes that’s what his name was.”

Tilting his head for a moment, “Don’t worry? I can’t not worry; I have to go to trial for killing those two men.”

“Even though I went there to save that man, I still killed two others. It’s not right. I should be punished,” I express to her.

Nodding my head looking back out the window once again, I merely sat there and listened to what I could on the outside; longing so much to be flying.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat Jun 03, 2006 10:16 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She watched him for a moment and looked out the window to the sky before sighing slightly. Her eyes closed for a moment before she rose slowly from where she had been sitting.

“I guess my speaking skills need more work. I still have trouble setting people at ease. Too many watch me as if I have their lives in my hands. I guess in a way I do,” she confesses.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sat Jun 03, 2006 10:30 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I look to Dretta with a soft smile.

“I’m sorry, I do feel better by having you talk with me,” I say and look down for a moment. “Shows that not everyone hates me.”

Looking back at her once again, I have a bit of a happier face but not much. “Please don’t leave,” I plead.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat Jun 03, 2006 11:44 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She shook her head and smiled watching him.

“I would not leave you alone to face this, at least not tonight. Too much guilt and pain are dangerous for our kind, Icewolf. Why would I hate you; hatred is a distant idea to me,” she explains.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun Jun 04, 2006 3:38 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I look to her for a moment.

“Because I killed two men? maybe?” I shake my head and say softly. “But I wish not to talk about it anymore. If you would?”

“Tell me what do you think will happen to me now?” I said softly and calmly.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Jun 06, 2006 12:04 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She sighed softly and shook her head a bit.

“Honestly Angelo, I do not know. If it were left to me, I would find out what went wrong but the trial will be done by a committee,” she explains.

She stood for a moment and walked to the window looking out at the sky before turning back to him.

“I wish I knew what was to be Icewolf but I do not; otherwise I might be tempted to change it,” Dretta confesses.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Tue Jun 06, 2006 12:33 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I shake my head softly.

“I wouldn’t want you to get yourself into trouble for me,” I say looking to her while she stood at the window. “I did something wrong and I will do what I have to in order to make things right again.”

Lowering my head once again, I didn’t know what else to talk to her about.

“I will do my best to answer their questions,” I say and close my eyes for a moment. “Just wish I wasn’t cooped up here. I wish I could fly.”

I open my eyes again, “Not to get away from you just to relax you know?” tilting his head for a moment before turning back again.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Jun 06, 2006 9:33 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She sighed a bit and looked at him for a moment .
“Perhaps after I have finished my duties for the day, I can arrange something. I know it is hard to be in what could be considered a cage when you are use to the skies, Angelo, but you would have to be accompanied,” she says.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Tue Jun 06, 2006 11:44 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I Nod my head softly, “I would only ask that it was you.”

I merely wanted her for she didn’t judge me like the others. She would give me a chance instead of judge me right off. I lifted my head, hopeful of her answer being yes.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Wed Jun 07, 2006 7:18 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She smiled softly and nodded.

That was what I was thinking Icewolf besides I would not wish any type of accident to harm you if say one of the humans decided to harm you... After all we must wait for the council to meet and then the trail

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Jun 08, 2006 12:19 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I smile softly and look back to her, “I thank you.” Bowing my head for a moment. Lifting it back up I looked to her, “Do have any idea what time that will intail? I have some things that I should have done. A few debts to people and promises that I had made,” I reply.

My voice was soft and almost docile for I didn’t want to sound as if I was trying to push anything. I just had never broken a promise before and would much rather not have to do it now. Looking once again outside longing still to just fly and let the wind blow through my hair. I looked to her and awaited her response to my question.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Thu Jun 08, 2006 9:05 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She smiles softly and nods her eyes on him for a moment.

“It should take only about an hour or two for me to take care of everything. So as long as you give me your word you will not try to run,” the arch answers.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 12:05 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I smile softly and nod my head.

“I give you my word that I will not do anything,” I bow my head and allow her to leave if she wished.

I smiled softly and merely looked out the window.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri Jun 09, 2006 9:48 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She left for a while finishing her work, setting other things that had gone on to rights including sending for Reiki wherever he might be. She moved towards the room after about three hours. She waited while one of the guards returned and she smiled at him. She slipped into the room, the guard holding the door for her as she stopped in the doorway and looked at Icewolf.

“Are you ready to go?

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sat Jun 10, 2006 11:44 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I was lying back on the bed with one arm over my eyes, the other softly smoothing out my left wing’s feathers. I move my arm when she spoke to me and a small smile appeared on my face.
“If you are,” I say standing and folding my wings behind my back. “Is there somewhere special you would you like to go?”

Tilting my head for a moment with a soft smile, I walked over to her slowly and stood near her awaiting either her moving out towards the landing pads or to talk to me more.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat Jun 10, 2006 9:44 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She laughs softly, a gentle light sound as she looks to him before stepping towards the landing pads then unfolding her wings from behind her she tilted her head bit.

“I can most likely do this once per day until the council sets the date for the trial so long as you keep your word to me,” she says.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun Jun 11, 2006 12:25 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“I don’t like to break my word,” nodding my head, say softly.

I turn as we walk out to the landing pad and let my wings fold out, flashing for a moment a bright light around the area when the sun hits my wings.

I looked up and smiled, “to fly” my voice was soft and almost a whisper. I leaped into the air with great power and flapped my wings awaiting her to take flight and either lead or allow me to.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sun Jun 11, 2006 8:22 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She smiled as she launched almost directly behind him before she smiles moving ahead of him to look into his eyes.

“So shall we go? You take lead I will follow you,” she announces.

Her eyes brightened as soon as they were in the air. She enjoyed the feeling of flight even if she was holding someone prisoner.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Mon Jun 12, 2006 12:33 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled softly and nodded my head

“Then fallow me,” I agree.

Turning and flying not at my greatest speed but enough to give her a bit of a challenge.

“I won’t fly away. I just love to go fast,” nodding my head as I continued.

I knew right where I wanted to go and it would take us a bit to get there. I looked to her for a moment

“You love flying just as much as I do, do you not?” my voice was more clear and happy than before in the room.

I was smiling brighter and seamed more upbeat than before.

“You seam like it to me at least,” turning my head back towards where we were going.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Mon Jun 12, 2006 8:01 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She laughed softly and looked at him as he took off. She kept pace with him nowhere near her top speed. As he waited for her, she stopped not fully but slowing and nodded at his question.

“Yes I love to fly; it is one place I feel free… free of duty, free of cares and worries and I can keep an eye on those in my care,” Dretta admitted.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Mon Jun 12, 2006 9:36 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled softly and turned my head to her.

“Same for me, other then the keeping an eye on people thing,” I laugh softly.

I was taking us to a high cliff that over looked all the land. We could see into all the different farms. I always came up there to see where I should go next or just to think and clear my head. I felt closest to the God there.

“This is a hidden place not many will venture high enough to get to it,” I say flapping my wings a little higher gaining height.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Wed Jun 14, 2006 8:26 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She landed gently on the cliff top and smiled slightly to Icewolf, her wings folding behind her as she turned slightly to look off toward the forests.

“My favorite place is a quiet grove within the woods. No one ever seems to come there. It fills me with a sense of peace, of belonging, like nowhere else other than being with Him has,” she says.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Jun 15, 2006 1:00 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I look to her for a moment, “what is it like?”

Taking a step closer to her, my wings folding behind me and almost seaming to vanish. I look down and smile.

“Being with the creator I mean,” my voice was calm and almost serene now. “I’ve never been with Him just heard His voice talk to me from time to time. Can you explain it?”

Sitting down so my legs were crossed and my wings were lying upon the ground. I was hoping she would sit with me but didn’t push anything.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri Jun 16, 2006 8:17 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She smiled to him for a moment; her eyes brightened a bit more. She settled gracefully to the ground, her wings folding against her body like a soft cloak and she settled.

“It is a wonderful feeling. It’s almost as if you had flown into the warmth of the sun with no burning, a surrounding warmth that takes every doubt you might have thought of having and washes it away. It is a serenity I have yet to find again, though being in the heart of the hold at times is close,” the arch explains.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri Jun 16, 2006 10:10 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled softly and listened to her words.

“I have had such a feeling,” I close my eyes for a moment remembering what had brought in that feeling. “I would rather not talk about that situation unless you wish me to.”

I looked to her for a moment and smiled

“If I can say without ridicule, I enjoy your company over any other angels,” turning away from her for a moment hoping she didn’t have a bad come back.

I was watching as some clouds rolled past them, harmless ones that wouldn’t cause any trouble unless they met up with others. I smiled softly and looked to her awaiting her comments.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Jun 20, 2006 7:34 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She relaxed which for her was a rarity in and of itself and looked to him a moment.

“I am told that often Angelo, I believe it is because the ease of acceptance which others find such a burden is easier for me. So tell me, Icewolf, a bit about yourself if I am not out of line to ask,” she says.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Wed Jun 21, 2006 2:00 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“You can ask me anything. You are mine for the next few hours,” laughing softly as I turn back looking over the area.

“I’m normally a quite person. I flirt a lot when I feel I can get along with someone. I like to read and love to learn more about spells,” looking back to her softly for a moment. “I’m fascinated with wolves and keeping a certain pack from harm.”

I look back to the forest hoping to spot them but was unable to tonight.

“They must be in the caves already,” nodding softly turning my head back to her. “If there is anything else you would like to know just ask.”

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Wed Jun 21, 2006 3:36 am Post subject: Reply with quote
this is a Joint post done in yahoo messenger between Icewolf and Dretta

She looked to him and shook her head a bit. Her bright blue eyes seemed to sparkle for a moment.

“Oh I am yours for the next few hours am I?” She laughed softly and relaxed. “I would venture to say we are in each other’s custody.”

I tilt my head for a moment and smile.

“However do you mean? You are in no way in my custody,” laughing softly at her words.

I turned to her looking once again into her eyes, his perfectly shaped hazel eyes staring deeply into her soul.

A soft laugh came from her and she watched the sunlight against the trees fading as the twilight approached them.

“Simple. Can you catch the wind Icewolf? Can you hold it in your hands?” she stands spreading her wings out and laughs again. “Neither can I be held.”

I smiled softly and nod, “At times I’m sure I can but then it’s just the wind playing a trick on me.”

Watching as she stands and smiles, “I wasn’t trying to hold you, merely letting you know that I’m here for you to ask anything of.”

I smile and turn my head back to the forest.

She sighed softly and shook her head settling back down, the smile slowly fading from her lips.

“Forgive me Angelo, I did not mean to speak out of turn,” she watched the woods for a moment before turning back to the skies.

I smiled and looked to her seeing the smile fade.

“I’m sorry I ruined your moment there. I should have been more energetic,” and gently bump her shoulder with my own hoping to bring her smile back up or get into more trouble, but he was hoping for the latter.

She looked at him at the bump and tilted her head a little.

“What … No! It is not you … well not entirely you, Icewolf. I am worried the dark ones have been quiet for a long time and I wonder what they are planning.

I smile and shake my head.

“They are planning the same thing they are always planning,” turning his head back to her. “Living.”

Nodding then turning back to the forest, “But I don’t worry too much about them for I live and protect this forest, and they don’t seem to want to come here.”

Nodding softly looking back to her, “Is there something telling you that we should worry?”

She looked at him a moment and shook her head.

“No but I always do. Even Mercury does not know how much I worry about the people we watch over, not to mention those within my care such as yourself. I cannot help but worry,” she explains.
I nod with a soft smile, “I understand,” looking away from her for a moment. “I just wish I could tell you something to make all the thoughts of those things just go away for a while so you can really relax, you know? Comepletly?”

I smile softly at her.

Alexandretta

PostPosted: Sat Jul 01, 2006 8:16 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She reached forward almost reaching out to touch his cheek but not quite with that odd sad smile.

“No Angelo, I knew what I was signing up for when I came here on His wish. My worries will make me stronger. I simply wish the evil did not have it as easy as they do. Seduction is simpler than honesty. And thus they win more people to their side. This is why I worry. But we will remain even if I am the last one of our kind standing. We will remain a light through the darkness, Icewolf. So rest? Relax...no better I remain as I am,” she expresses.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sat Jul 01, 2006 8:23 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled softly and nodded my head.

“I understand, but you still need to relax some,” he adds.

Closing my eyes wishing she would touch me but not letting her in on that feeling. I smiled softly and looked out over the land.

“Is there something you want to ask me?” looking back to her slowly.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat Jul 01, 2006 8:39 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She settled near him this time and leaned back, looking up at the sky before she spoke softly.

“What is it like Icewolf... to have no more than the lives of two or three humans resting in your hands? What is it like to only guard them, not to have to worry constantly about their souls but to be a guide? Sometimes it feels like I am a jailer. But never would I leave those around me to wander in the darkness alone,” she reveals.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sat Jul 01, 2006 8:46 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled softly and looked to her.

“I’m not sure. I don’t take care of humans,” shrugging his shoulders. “I know I’m supposed to but I just check in on them.”

Looking back to the forest, “I look after wolf packs” nodding softly.

I looked to her, “Then why not resign?”

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Thu Jul 06, 2006 12:32 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She turned towards him for a moment.

“Because IceWolf they need me. Unlike those elsewhere, my counsel is needed here and I will stay so long as this is true. We must each do what we can,” she says.

She stands up and sighs a moment looking over the forest before placing a gentle hand on his shoulder lightly.

“Would you leave the wolves to fend for themselves against an enemy who fights with poisoned meat or would you do your best to keep them safe?” she asks him.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Jul 06, 2006 11:09 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I smile softly and look at her when she stands up.

“I would stop the things that were poisoned because I’m here to protect the wolves,” I said.

I wasn’t so sure where she was going with this but kept on with her.

“Why do you ask such a question?” I ask, tilting my head for a moment, looking up into her beautiful eyes.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri Jul 07, 2006 6:59 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She smiles turning back and stepping close to him before she spoke.

“Because Icewolf as you protect the wolves, so I protect the humans and the rest of the angels. It is my duty to keep us all safe from the temptations of darkness. Though sometimes, I wish I could resign, I would not feel right in doing so. You hurt others because of my inattention.... and now we shall both pay the consequences for those actions. That is why I came with you Icewolf. Because you are a caring creature and so am I,” she explains.

She turned to face the woods once more

“I wish I could be more like the wolves and not worry so, but I can not. Soon the council will convene over when and where the trial shall be held,” the arch continues.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sat Jul 08, 2006 12:34 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I look into her eyes when she steps closer and listen to her words as if they where coming from God herself.

Nodding my head for a moment, “There is no reason why you should be getting into trouble.”

Takng a step back, “I made a mistake and I should be blamed.”

Closing my eyes, “If I would have thought about it, I would have stopped. I don’t want anyone else to be blamed for my faults.” Opening his eyes looking at her again, “Tell me they won’t do something bad to you?” Stepping closer, “Tell me please?”

I look into her eyes.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Thu Jul 13, 2006 9:07 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

A soft laugh fell from her lips as she stepped closer to him, this time placing her hands both on his shoulders. She looked into his eyes directly her wings rising behind her and she spoke.

“No, my friend, I will get in trouble for allowing you a chance to escape, not for your actions. Though, there may be a mild reprimand for that and my inattention. I will be all right but I worry for you, Angelo,” Dretta conveys.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri Jul 14, 2006 11:51 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I close my eyes, hearing that she wouldn’t get but small things.

“I worry about myself at times but I’m a little happier that you won’t be getting in too much trouble on my part,” I say.

Opening my eyes again I look straight into her eyes and smile softly blushing a bit as I step back.

“I’m sorry,” turning away from her and walking over to the edge of the cliff. “I have to keep those comments to myself for now,” nodding softly feeling the blush fade away.

I turn and look to her for a moment.

“How much longer do you think we can stay out here?” tilting my head for a moment before turning back to the forest view. “I would like to check on my wolf friends if I may?” looking back to her awaiting her answers.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri Jul 14, 2006 11:35 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She watches his reactions for a moment then walks to the edge of the cliff next to him and smiles.

“Come on, I have to remain with you. But basically until someone tells me we have to return, we can stay. I know Mercury will tell me when the council has convened,” the arch says.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sat Jul 15, 2006 1:41 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I look to her for a moment, “I need to go down into the forest.” Turning to look at her, “Can we go down into the forest?”

I turn my head back to it hoping to see where they might be so I didn’t have to look around for a while. I turn back to her hoping she would tell me it was all right.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat Jul 15, 2006 11:21 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

In answer, she spread her wings and lifted into the air awaiting him to do the same. She smiled softly.

“Of course Angelo, after all, if you are punished, someone will need to look after your friends for you,” Dretta realizes.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun Jul 16, 2006 12:08 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled softly when she opened her wings.

“You would do that for me?” I ask.

Tilting my head for a moment as I leapt from the cliff and headed down towards the forest without waiting for her reply. I knew she would catch up and give him an answer but I smiled as I scoped out the forest more trying to locate the pack. After a short dive, I leveled out above the forest far enough not to bother any creature below and begin checking the possible places they would be.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Jul 18, 2006 10:13 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Smiling softly as she reaches him, she hovers beside him a moment.

“Yes I would Ice you are one of my own. You care for the wolves and I would not like you upset about their care while you were at the trial. So yes, I will make certain they are taken care of,” the arch adds.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Wed Jul 19, 2006 5:08 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled softly and closed my eyes.

“I thank you from the bottom of my heart,” I say gratefully.

I turned back and spotted the pack I watch over.

“There they are,” I say, pointing down at them. “Now I don’t interfere unless they are fighting within the pack.”

“Or if they can’t find a good food source,” looking back to her. “I try not to be seen by them either for they might see me as an outsider,” nodding softly knowing more then likely she knew what I was saying.

“Can I ask you something?” I inquire.

Tilting my head, my wings beating softly as I looked at her; I was a little embarrassed to ask her but I thought it would be better to ask first.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Wed Jul 19, 2006 9:41 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

A soft smile crosses her lips as she watches the wolves, seeing that the pack seemed to have prospered under Icewolf’s care. She smiled again, happy that she had something to tell the council about him in a very positive light. She heard his question and turned towards him carefully watching him.

“Yes Angelo. What is your query?” she replies.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Jul 20, 2006 10:54 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“After the trail if I’m not jailed, do you think you and I could have dinner together?” I ask her.

Tilting my head for a moment before turning it back, I hear a few of the wolves fighting but find that they were merely playing with each other. I turned my head back to her for a moment awaiting her answer but not wanting to seem impatient about it.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Thu Jul 20, 2006 6:17 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

A smile crossed her lips and she looked to him for a moment.

“Dinner together would be nice but why is it subject to such restrictions? After all, I could come visit you. I do not have many friends, Icewolf,” Dretta answers.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri Jul 21, 2006 3:09 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I looked to her for a moment and smiled.
“Well I thought you being my boss to say,” I begin.

Nodding my head looking back to the wolves down upon the ground, “They are so wonderful. This is where I come as well as the cliff to relax, sort things out.”

I smiled over at her and shook my head.

“I would rather you not see me in such a place. I don’t think I would be very charming while being jailed,” I admit.

He looks away from her not knowing what else to talk to her about.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Jul 25, 2006 3:35 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She looked at him a moment and shook her head and then landed away from the wolves but within the boundaries of the forest, tilting her head slightly.

“And you think I would leave one of my own in a cage alone always. No, it is not my way. No one should be caged, Icewolf, and I will do my best to keep you safe from that but it is not up to me,” she responds.

Icewolf

PostPosted: Tue Jul 25, 2006 10:50 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I followed her carefully, landing near her. I walked over to her shaking my head

“If that is my fate for my actions then so be it. But all I would ask is my wolves be taken care of. And I think you would do great, you understand how much I love them,” I reply.

Closing my eyes for a moment holding back a comment, I opened them again and looked about.

“There is a great reading place nearby,” nodding my head. “Or there’s a hot springs.”

I shrug my shoulders.

“Your choice,” I say looking back at her with a strangely calm smile.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Tue Jul 25, 2006 10:30 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She laughed softly looking to him as she moved next to his side and tilted her head a bit.

“Well Angelo, I could read you a story or we could soak the worries of the day from ourselves … and you left it up to me to decide. Well as nice as reading is, I will have to opt this time for the hot springs. After all, it is not often I get away from the Hold this long,” she decides

Icewolf
PostPosted: Wed Jul 26, 2006 1:30 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled, secretly wanting to go to the hot springs. I smiled softly when she moved over closer and nod my head.

“Then follow me,” I say turning and with great speed run towards the hot springs.

It would only take the two of us about five minutes to make it to the hot springs and when she arrived I already have my cloak and shirt removed. I wasn’t sure if I should take my pants off for that might be too intimate for this certain situation. Standing for a moment after she arrives, I wait to see how she reacts and what she removes. If need be I would turn away from watching her but only on her request.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Thu Jul 27, 2006 12:00 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She followed him to the springs. Once there, she slips out of the robe she wore and smiled softly as she settles to the edge of it removing the soft boots she wore looking up at him a moment.

“Wet clothes are hard to move in, especially if you get your wings damp,” she says.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Jul 27, 2006 12:22 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I nod my head.

“I wasn’t sure,” I admit while looking at her as I remove my pants revealing my boxers.

I smiled and walked over sinking slowly into the hot water letting my wings rest upon the edge of the hot springs.

“It’s not made for us angels,” I remark.

I watch her a little closer taking in her features hoping she wouldn’t be upset. I blushed slightly and move my eyes up to meet hers.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat Aug 19, 2006 12:52 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

A soft smile graced her lips even as she felt some of the water soak into her wings then oddly enough she crippled herself, at least for a time and settled them fully in the hot water. She closes her eyes for a moment before allowing a shudder to pass through her. She peeked over to Ice and tilted her head a bit before closing her eyes again and this time simply relaxing in the water.

“Angelo, ‘tis a wonder you have here, that much is certain. I thank you for sharing this with me,” she says while relaxing.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Mon Aug 21, 2006 2:15 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Smiling softly, sinking down into the water, I normally would put my wings into the water as well but I felt that this time I didn’t need to. I laid my wings out along the ground behind me, which made for an odd sight but was still rather comfortable. I looked over to her for a moment when she looked this way and smiled softly.
“It’s not exactly mine but you’re welcome,” I reply.

I looked up for a moment and took in a deep breath releasing a lot of the stress that had been brought up by what had happened

“Do you think they will have me killed?” I ask, my voice was soft almost a whisper as if trying not to allow anyone but her to hear it.

I closed my eyes for a moment then lowered my head so it was level once more and looked at her awaiting her answer.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Wed Aug 30, 2006 2:59 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Leaning fully back into the water after hearing his question, she lifted back up slowly looking at him for a moment before speaking.

“This is the first time I have dealt with such a proceeding Icewolf. I hope they do not call for your death but mine is only one voice within the council. He tells us to forgive others...but first we must know why it happened the way it did,” the arch answers.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Aug 31, 2006 12:46 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I nods my head softly listening to her words.

“I wish I could tell you....” thinking for a moment. “I wish I knew the words to tell you what happened.”

I lower my head.

“I know what happened I killed people without thinking,” I admit.

Looking to her for a moment, I hope she would understand. I turned my head back and didn’t know what else to say to her.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri Sep 08, 2006 1:58 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Watching him as he spoke, she knew he told the truth and that that in itself frightened him. She moved her wings within the water feeling the warmth through them as she shivered softly before moving a bit closer to him and reaching out to touch his arm, trying to reassure him that all would be all right.

“Perhaps the council can be persuaded to look into this more deeply before pronouncing sentence on you Ice. I feel something isn’t quite right with the whole affair,” she reassures him.

Within light we find darkness
and within myself I found you

Icewolf
PostPosted: Fri Sep 08, 2006 12:32 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

I smiled and turned to look at her. I would normally use this to do some down right flirting but I felt this situation would not be good to do so. I turned my head for a moment and spoke.

“I hope they don’t just look at the situation. I hope they look at me as well, all the things I’ve done to help this world,” I begin. “I want to thank you again for allowing me to come out here instead of being copped up.”

I never really liked being inside for very long especially if I was locked up.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Fri Sep 15, 2006 10:56 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Smiling softly she sighs a bit and tilts her head to look at him before speaking gently.

“Well I will definitely shift my own vote. You seem to be a nice man Ice. Perhaps the worst they would do is strip you of your power but I do not know, something like this has not come up before and it bothers me. There is more to this. But what gets me is none of the council have called demanding your head. It makes me think none of them pay attention to their bulletins,” she vented.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Tue Sep 19, 2006 12:21 am Post subject: Reply with quote

“I’m not sure they have even heard of me. I know they will want a trial but do you think it normally takes them this long to get to it?” I realize.

Tilting my head for a moment looking to her, “strip me of my powers?” I contemplate.

I had never heard of that happening in this lifetime but there was always the chance. God gave me this powers, she could certainly take them away.

“But they wouldn’t clip my wings would they?” looking back to her sadly.

I loved my wings and that was the only way I could keep an eye on the packs.

Alexandretta

PostPosted: Thu Sep 21, 2006 12:07 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She watched him for a few moments before speaking; having a hard time with the pronouncement that she knew could occur. Bright blue eyes looking into his face as she spoke.

“Yes, Angelo, that means basically clipping your wings per se. You would become mortal completely; your body would revert to that of a human’s form. They could seclude you; lock you in a place away from everyone. Or they could send you back ... away from this world where you could be retrained before allowing you anywhere near people again. Or your pack,” Dretta explains.

Within light we find darkness
and within myself I found you

Icewolf
PostPosted: Thu Sep 21, 2006 12:18 am Post subject: Reply with quote

I turned away from her, closing my eyes tightly.

“My pack” I whispered softly.

I moved to get out of the hot springs lifting my wings to their full length, shaking them carefully. I retrieved my clothing putting them on carefully and then looked at her semi-hurt, semi-angry.

“Then let them cast their judgment but I want a word before they banish me from this land,” I said.

Taking the words she spoke that could happen, deep into my heart. I didn’t want to leave the pack and didn’t want to come back to them being dead. I looked at her; there was a very small amount of anger on my face but there was more pain and worry than anything. I stood there awaiting her reaction.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sat Nov 11, 2006 6:59 pm Post subject: Acting Admin

An angelic messenger glided through the skies, his rich brown eyes searching the passing forestry below him. The message he bore was of the utmost urgency. His eyes narrowed as he spotted the small glen and banked his flight toward the rising steam. The angel he sought was sheltered within that small glen where the springs ran hot. No expression showed upon his face as he landed beside the small pool, his liquid gaze giving a mere glance to the woman with the angel. He had no interest in the female and he turned his eyes upon the male before stepping forward. The angelic messenger’s voice rang clear and sweet like a melody upon the wind as he spoke.

“You are ordered to return to earth alone, take no one with you and resume your duties as a protector until further notice,” the messenger relayed.

Without another word, the messenger spread his massive wings and launched himself into the air. The messenger never looked back down upon the couple as he took to the skies. His mission was accomplished and the message delivered to the one it belonged to. What the male angel did with that knowledge was no concern of his. The messenger soon disappeared beyond the trees heading back to where he belonged.

Icewolf
PostPosted: Sun Nov 12, 2006 4:54 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Looking down at Dretta I saw that she wasn’t moving to react to his words. Moments later I felt a presence coming this way and noticed it was another angel. I stepped back when the other angel looked to me. I heard the angels words and a soft smile came across my face. Even though I hadn’t stood trial, the Angels were calling me back to duty.

I turned to Dretta now there was no reason to stay with her. I bowed my head softly and turned on my feet. I let my massive wings flow from my back and took flight. I wasn’t sure where I was going but for now I was going to get a new library book to read.

Once in the air, I turned back only for a moment to make sure the pack was doing all right. Nodding my head, I took off into the heights of the skies trying to get my bearing to head off towards town to find a new library book.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Mon Nov 20, 2006 2:05 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She was dazed, but hearing the messenger even after his words, the anger in his face coupled with the worry, she shook her head after he had gone, startled for a bit. Then rising began to make her own way back home to her office, knowing once there, she would lock herself away with paperwork. Only seeing any who tried to come to her. No more reaching out for a bit. This time had shaken her a bit much.

Lantia leaves carriage to head to Arch’s office
This might go after the Arch’s office

Lantia
PostPosted: Tue Jan 09, 2007 10:10 pm Post subject: Traveling through

The ride was silent as they left the tavern. Curtains had remained shut upon the carriage's windows, keeping the small box in total darkness. Eyes of shimmering silver began to glow in the inky blackness, their direction set straight up, staring to Amon. Not a word had left his lips, which brought her to look up at him. Her left hand had left from atop her eyes, lying across her belly, just below where the markings were left from the dragon. Throughout the ride he stared straight ahead, lost in his own thoughts, at least that's what she thought. There wasn't much she could do to gain his attention, at least nothing very decent. A small laughter escaped her lips, imagining the look upon the coachman's face if he peeked inside the carriage and saw them in a very indecent position. Even the sound of her laugh wasn't enough to shake him out of his trance as she stared up at him. Releasing a sigh of defeat for now, Lantia turned her head to the side and gazed upon the empty seat across from them.

Thoughts of the past began to flood through her mind, the visions as clear as the day they had happened. The smell of blood and burning flesh was vivid, as if it were tickling her nostrils now. Brown dirt and dust of the earth colored red with blood that spilled free from both enemy and comrade. Screams and cries echoed in her ears from all around her. One scream was all too familiar; a high pitched voice that rang in her ears like the screach of a bat. It was her own voice. The images flooded vastly, her form burning from the light of the sun, causing flesh to bubble and tears to fall. Feet stumbled over one another as she scrambled to safety, just in time before she was cast into a pile of burning ash and bone.

Eyes narrow as a silent swear slipped past her lips from the memories of long ago. The sun had caused the most suffering to her. It's light burned like holy water, casting her in a deep sleep for years upon years to heal. Though she cursed the thing that had harmed her the most, the thought of being touched by the warm rays without being seared was somewhat comforting.

She was once human as most of her kind, besides the ones whom were born vampires. When she was human, she had enjoyed laying beneath the blue sky, feeling the warm light rain down upon her form as the cool crisp air played with her dark raven mane and soft ivory flesh. Eyes softened as she let those haunting memories pass through her mind’s eye, missing those days of old. With those passing memories, they brought up the ones she had not long ago. The plans of becoming what she once was. There was not much information that she gathered about the procedure from the angel known as Alexandretta, for they both had to rush to another meeting or another they had made.

Turning her head, hands both pushed against Amon's form, sitting up. Slender pale legs move from the seat that she was perched upon, pressing them down to the wooden planks of the carriage below. Slowly she stood up, seeming to balance perfectly from the quick ride of the stage coach. The skirt of her red velvet dress kissed down along her smooth skin, teasing the flesh of her knees. Supple breasts bounce with the movement of the carriage, exposing a bit of the

inner globes. Taking two steps forward, she stared to the shadows that ran over the empty seat on the other side of the bouncing box. Raising her right hand, she waved it over the darkness, feeling the surge of power when the portal to the shadows opened up. Turning her head to the right, she peeked over her shoulder towards his silent form, her voice ringing out softly, hoping to reach within him.

“I must go Amon. I am not sure when I will see you again. I will send Draven to bring you information of my whereabouts. Take care my friend...my dark prince,” she said.

The last of her words were whispered out softly, her eyes filling with sadness at leaving his presence. Lantia had to admit it to herself that she cared for her brethren, more than a comrade. Even though she cared for him deeply, she was set in her plan to become partially human, as close as they could get her. Perhaps then she could meet up with Amon again, and win his heart in being her true self, and not the creature she had become. Yes, she had a dark side, but she had a much different side that he had not seen yet, a side she had lost in her change; one she wished to get back.

Breaking her gaze with his, she moved into the shadows, disappearing from his sight, Draven following behind his mistress after disentangling himself from Amon's white tresses. Lantia wasn't sure when she would meet him again, or any of her brethren, for if they found out what she was up to, they would surely try to kill her for her betrayal. Seeping into the darkness, her glowing silver hues stared ahead, her destination set in her mind -- Angel Manor.

After Ice and after Lantia comes from the carriage

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Mon Nov 20, 2006 2:26 am Post subject: A return Home Reply with quote

She left the pool and returned to her home and office. Her life after a few days away seemed overwhelming at the least. Moving to land on the porch, she curled up and then settled in the chair. No one was in her office/home at that moment. As she wrapped her wings about her, the lights turned on alerting the guards outside her door that she was finally home.

What would she find to do? Who knew she would have liked the angelo quite a bit? Alas, he had his own life to attend to and she had hers. Knowing how things go for her, they would probably never meet again. After all, Merc was off doing something major. Reiki was busy elsewhere. And now Ice was par for the course.

She looked very young and vulnerable sitting there. When the door opened, she moved instantly to keep the guard from seeing her that way.

“Angela, would you care for dinner?”

With a nod, he left and she was alone again with her thoughts.

Lantia
PostPosted: Thu Jan 11, 2007 2:18 am Post subject: Reply with quote

An unforeseen figure moved through the shadows like a serpent slithering atop water, weaving from shadow to shadow undetected. Its form seemed to swim in the darkness, fluttering from portal to portal, an unholy presence hidden in what some felt a safe haven. Its destination was clear, as the form had been here before. Twice it had passed through the tight security of the winged ones, bringing a grin to curl upon dark luscious lips. Once again it returned to finish the journey it had begun those long days ago.

How lovely it was to see shadows hidden in corners and beneath large walkways where the light of the sun could not reach. Taking those paths, it found its way through the guarded entryway, using their own shadows against them as it had done before. Seeing the heavily armed men shudder was pleasing as the eerie feeling they felt vanished as quickly as it came.

Orbs of brilliant silver glowed through the ebony tunnels, staring within an empty hallway. At least that's what could be seen thus far. A lone finger stepped through the darkness of a small corner alcove, bringing forth what could be thought of as a beastly beauty. Small bare feet padded silently upon the large marble floors below as not to alert anyone of its presence.

Curvaceous hips and swinging arms appear attached to the supple curved and thinly refined torso. Dark silken tresses bounce and sway about slender shoulders, kissing over the black velvet dress that clung to the female form. What made her a beastly beauty was the snow-white pale flesh that stands out against her dark tinted lips, which indicated her being a vampire. Light from the torches that cast over her form brought out the stalking beauty through the scratches and burn marks that laid upon her flesh. She was a vision of death itself, breathtakingly beautiful yet utterly dangerous.

Blood colored lips curled into a smirk as she looked around the area she had appeared in. Seeing it once more brought a nostalgic feeling to occur. She had stepped down the same pathway upon her first visit here, and now she takes the same road as before to finish what she had started. Knowing what laid at the end of her path, she stepped back into the shadows, feeling its chilling touch embrace her. Using her innate ability to be silent, she moved through the shadows, taking a peek out of them until she found the place that held her destiny.

The sight before her was quite intriguing, as the strong-headed angel that she met seemed to look so fragile, lost and alone, seated at the large desk in her office. This drew her grin to grow as most angels would show such a side, let alone one that all depended upon. She did not move from her place in the shadows that the dim light of the candles created, having heard the door open in

time to see the angel guard she had passed by, walk in. Her body kept still until he departed, leaving her alone now with Alexandretta, the one she intended to see.

A slender leg stepped forward, soon followed by the other as she left the shelter of the shadows.

“Evening Archangel Alexandretta. It has been a while,” Lantia remarked.

Her voice seemed to echo like a demon in a dark haunting memory. Hips swayed from side to side, kissing the diagonal skirt of her dress about her silken thighs. She stepped into the light of the candles, letting it illuminate her form with an eerie cast of yellows, reds and golds. Slowly, she moved to stand before the large mahogany desk, arms rising to cross beneath supple breasts that push out more than usual; leaning her weight to the right side of her body, waiting for her to speak.

Alexandretta
DN Writer’s Community

PostPosted: Tue Jan 16, 2007 6:24 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She looked up from what she had begun and tilted her head before nodding to the young woman. She was not surprised or at least she did not seem to be. The vulnerable look faded from her face as she lifted her brows and turned to watch the woman come from the shadows.

“Ahh, hello Silver. I was wondering if you would ever return. I take it you had more pressing business than showing yourself to be an honorable and trustworthy creature. But that is neither here nor there. What may I do for you this time?”

Lantia
PostPosted: Fri Jan 19, 2007 7:41 am Post subject: Reply with quote

The glow of her silver eyes slide up, away from the intricate workings of the desk, having taken another glance down, and moved towards the angel. They seemed to flash for a brief second at the audacity of the woman whom spoke of her not being trustworthy or honorable. Slender shoulders almost seem to shrug it off, as her body hardly moved from the position it had taken.

“I had matters that were quite pressing upon me and could not attend to our original meeting. Or perhaps, I have caught you at a time that has been most troubling?” Lantia replied.

A small grin slowly curved to the corner of her lips, wondering if she had perhaps entered at a time that the angel would be more snippy or perturbed. As what creature would let or even allow their enemy to look upon them at their weakest hours?

The grin slowly faded, like the sun, turning into a more solemn look of calm. Arms lower from below supple globes of flesh, bringing her body to stand up straighter now from its leaned position. She seemed to almost look restless, even though her facial expression did not show it. Her bare feet carry her over to the right a few steps, standing in front of a chair. The sudden movement had jutted Draven from his slight doze upon her left shoulder, bringing him to squeak gently in her ear. His wings fluttered about, casting midnight tendrils about his form before he began to resettle himself.

Lantia chuckled softly to her pet, her only companion thus far, besides having Amon around, who kept her company. As she lowered herself into the chair, her left hand rose up to gently pet her bat's head. Her voice seemed to ring out softly in the air.

"If trust is what you seek again, then I may as well tell you my name. For how else will the plans continue without knowing my true name, if they continue of course."

Gently her form seemed to sink into the rather large leather cushioned seat. The air within the leather seemed to hiss out as she leaned back to enjoy its comforts. Her left leg rose, draping over the right as her right arm lay gently atop its resting place. She continued to pet Draven's small head, feeling him nuzzle back to her fingers as she looked to Alexandretta.

"My name is Lantia and I would like to continue with what we had talked about before. I would like to become a human, or as close as I can be to one."

Her gaze met and stayed with the angel, as she was silent now, listening and waiting for her to speak about what would happen from here.

Alexandretta
PostPosted: Sun Jan 21, 2007 1:32 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She looked at the woman and nodded before setting her pen to one side actually giving the vampiress her full attention.

"What I would like Lantia is to know why you think you might have come upon a distressing time. Admitted, I have had a rough week but then again every creature does eventually," the Archangel commented.

Her hands folded and she set her chin on them. She smiled softly, a warm smile, as was her usual even if at the moment she was not feeling particularly warm and friendly. She watched the woman before leaning back, knowing her eyes would follow every movement.

“So exactly why would you desire to give up your darkness for the light, if I might be so bold as to ask? I mean the last time we spoke, you were rather vague and if one of my wards is to willingly sacrifice themselves for you, I wish to know what your reasons are. If you can not or will not share them then, most likely, we have little left to discuss,” Alexandretta insisted.

She was for once not in the mood to be the sweet gentle person most had come to know. It was time to start doing something about the state of affairs in this place. And she would make certain if one of her own volunteered for something so dangerous, it would not be for someone’s whim.

Lantia
PostPosted: Mon Jan 29, 2007 1:29 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Fingers that stroked atop Draven’s head, slowly ceased as she stared at the angel. Perhaps she had been assuming too much earlier, when she had watched the fragile, winged creature curl up slightly in her chair before her presence was given away. It seemed the assumption alerted Alexandretta, or rather brought her to question her own observations. Sometimes assuming without gathering more information brought one into a heap of trouble.

Slowly, she lifted her left leg, switching its position so that the right draped comfortably over it. Her left arm lowered slightly, brushing a few midnight tendrils from her shoulder, pushing it back to rest over Draven. She let her voice carry out in a reasonable tone so the angel heard and not her guards outside.

“Perhaps I was a bit quick to assume you were curled up in your chair, ready to either cry or banish this world away. Its true, every creature has his or her rough days, but it was just interesting for me to see an angel have such a day. As you know we vampires don’t exactly come here for occasional visits,” the vampire remarked.

Her form leaned back a bit more, pressing against the soft leather of the chair. She shifted her pert rump so that she could wiggle slightly, trying to get just a bit more comfortable within the large chairs embrace. Within less than a minute she stopped her shifting, letting out a soft yet unneeded breath as she listened on to the angel.

Her words brought a slender brow to rise, noticing a change in Alexandretta’s behavior. She seemed more serious then the sunny perky angel that she had seen a few times before. Her demeanor was more wanting than curiously asking

and waiting for an answer. This brought a slight grin to curl at the corner of blood red lips. She had not thought the Archangel had such a feisty side of her, but people don't always have to show such a side of themselves to others all the time.

"My, my such a serious atmosphere that grew in this room, but you are right. If I do not give a valid reason, then there would be no point in continuing our conversation," Lantia retorted.

The grin that had brushed her lips soon vanished, letting her own serious side out like the angel. Now was the time to drop the games and get down to business.

"Have you ever had something taken away from you so quickly, that you don't even realize it was gone? Have you ever been forced into a life, a world that was filled with darkness when all you could see before was light? Was there ever a time where you feared to take one step, afraid that a thirst deep inside your soul would make you do horrible things?" she inquired.

Eyes of brilliant silver began to haze with a slight eerie yellow and red, as if a burning fire was filling her very being. Her left hand laid back onto the armrest, fingers curling now on either sides of the chair, gripping it slightly as she spoke with utmost hate, malice and truth.

"I have met a few people in my long undead life that were truly worth meeting. I have felt a stirring in my heart for another that is different like me. But even so, my life was taken away from me in an instant. I was given no choice but to change. And tossed into a world that was so horrible, that if humans dreamt it, they would die in fear. I want my life back. I want to live a life, even if it's a short one, within the light of the sun. I want to love another, whom will love me for whatever I am and for who I am," Lantia professed.

The gripping of the armrests tightened, making the leather tighten against its own wooden skeletal holdings. Suddenly, her tight hold slowly loosened. Her eyes drawing away from the angel to look at the left side of the room, staring at the wall almost wistfully as her voice ringed out in a soft tone, barely above a whisper.

"I want to be held in loving arms. I want to taste food, let it roll along my tongue without it tasting mostly like ash. I want to rid the thirst, the beast that always tries to break free inside me. I've had dreams, long before I became what I am now. Dreams that I vaguely remember. But what I do remember is how I enjoyed each and every day," the vampire admitted.

"The thought of becoming a vampire never occurred to me. I had some nights where I dreamt of loving one of the dark and being embraced by them, but girls

whom are young and naive always think up such dreams. A life of a vampire is harsh and unruly. Perhaps my change will evoke others," she revealed.

Her voice silenced itself as she stared at the wall, becoming lost in all that she had said. She had mentioned of another, but never spoke Amon's name. He was different, different in certain ways than her, but still he was one that trusted her with his secrets. She was one not to go back on them for all that she could do now was hold onto those secrets and memories of him. They were the most memorable ones that she cherished. Over the centuries, she had learned many things, seen many things and done many things; some horrible, some good, depending how one looked at it.

Now, she just wanted her regular life back, and perhaps she could still see Amon, maybe, if she was lucky enough, be with him. If he would even see her after the change happens, if it happens.

This come after Art in the making

Morgan Vane
Catacomb Gardens
« Thread Started on May 12, 2005, 2:53pm »

Morgan listened softly to the conversation around her as the lord walked by her, she didn't know where these catacombs were.

"No matter," she thought as she rose from her seat with a fluid grace that marked her and stepped away from the table.

Her body moved with a sensual rhythm as she stepped toward a side door intent to wander the night till he found her. Without a word, she tucked a strand of midnight behind one ear and stepped out into the night taking a deep unneeded breath. She let her mind sort through the events and perceptions she had picked up during dinner and her mind spun with the possibilities. This court was small and strange to her with the lord offering himself up to service others when that was normally what she was kept for. It made no sense to her when one had a pleasure slave in court why he would offer himself.

The ladies of court surprised her even more. Never in all the courts she had served in had any lady concerned herself with a pleasure slave unless she wanted to make use of it. She shook her head, mind reeling slightly confused by what she had seen. The only other male in court had been impatient and had barely noticed her. Was she to serve the ladies only?

She could not understand the very nature of the lord's words never had any lord concerned himself with anything but his own depraved needs. She shuddered softly as she came to a stop, not realizing how long she had wandered amidst

her own thoughts. A slight sparkle caught her eye and she turned her attention toward it, finding herself standing before a large rose shimmering with moonlight.

Reaching out a slender hand, she started to trail her fingers upon it when she noticed a doorway hidden behind it. Canting her head to one side, she opened the entryway looking down upon the stone stairway. With a soft smile, she slipped inside and began making her way down; curious as to what the painting might have hidden. It was many moments before she came to the catacombs, her eyes widening with wonder at the sheer immensity of them. With a gleeful chuckle, she began to explore losing herself in discovery.

Morgan Vane
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #1 on May 15, 2005, 9:34am »

Morgan made her way deeper into the catacombs moving slowly with a defined feline grace. Her slender body no more than a passing shadow among the silent stone as she kept her footsteps silent. Her long midnight hair danced lightly against her back as she explored every stone and nook hidden within the dark. Her delicate fingers slid against the cool damp stone, deep blue eyes scanning around her.

She heard no sound within the depths, none of the usual creatures that should have inhabited this place. As she made her way deeper into the earth, she found the black garden he spoke of; her gaze narrowed slightly as she heightened her senses. He wasn't here yet, which was something to be thankful for; it gave her time to think. If his court was small and strange then the lord himself was even stranger to her. Why would a lord, a ruler, offer himself to service others as friend, brother or lover? She had no doubt he would even act as escort should anyone dare to ask. What bothered her more than that about the lord was his gaze and whatever power it held. It seemed to her that every time he looked at her and caught her gaze that deep hidden part of her started to stir. She had hidden that part long ago, trying to forget that it was there and yet every time his gaze pinned her, it threatened to surface.

She stood at the center of the garden closing her eyes as she wrapped her arms around herself, a cold shiver tracing its way down her back. She didn't want to think about that; didn't want to remember that long ago. She hissed softly through her teeth, pushing it back to the very depth of her as she settled into a seductive stance to await the lord, cocking one hip to the side. She wondered what he had to say to her, unless this was where he would inform her what her place and duty was within the court. Would he take her here in the depth of darkness just to prove his point?

She was a pleasure slave, she always had been. She had never left a man or woman unsatisfied and she wasn't about to start now. With a slow leisurely smile

playing at the corner of her lips, she hardened herself again and prepared to play his game; a game she had been playing for far too long to lose now. She hadn't heard his footsteps or even a sound but she sensed his presence; it tingled along her nerves like a feather light touch. She waited silently until he got close enough to hear her. Without turning to face him, she spoke, her voice a silky lover's caress.

"Good evening Lord Tangent. You wanted to speak to me, I believe," Morgan said.

Targent
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #2 on May 18, 2005, 11:55am »

The dark pitch of the catacombs would be a very dangerous place and not even did he know the extent of them yet, but the few that he did travel, he knew very well. He outreached his right hand as he drug long nails along the cool jagged stone. He smiled as he caught scent of the new kin, his steps steady and approaching, as he turned right at the next opening. He heard a small gentle voice speak to him, as he already knew who it was. There was an opening high above the catacomb ceiling that let in a few rays of moonlight. It lit up his underground garden, the dew rolled off the petals of deep crimson roses as he drew closer to Morgan.

Long dark lashes closed over deep orbs as he paused and listened to her greeting to him. He answered in a low velvet tone.

"Hello Morgan, and yes it's a very good eve, isn't it?" he replied.

His voice trailed off as he moved gracefully among the strange flowers that rested within this place. It was like nothing else on Aroura. He smiles as he looks over his dark beautiful garden with flowers a deep purple and black, hues of maroon and the pond that is home to his odd but one of a kind creatures, his trees that sweep over the garden, protecting it from the rays of his most hated enemy, the sun. They seem to hunch over it, weeping almost, and the sky a beautiful deep black velvet sky, the moon the only thing bright in it now, the clouds wisp a hint of trailed fingers along the moons surface.

He just smiles as he watches her among his garden. This is one of his most favorite places. This was his sanctuary; the edge of his world in this realm of fantasy and reality. His blooms dance happily together here in his beautiful nation. He looks to the roses thought dead in their muted colors, but no, they live as him, not by water but by blood, his hybrids.

He paused and turned to Morgan once more.

“Yes I would like to speak to you. Come please,” he said as he pointed to a rock bench.

Morgan Vane
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #3 on May 18, 2005, 12:17pm »

Morgan turned her wary eyes upon the lord, watching him prowling the garden. She wasn’t sure what he wanted of her but she would be ready for anything he might decide to attempt. She stiffened as she caught his gaze, that deep hidden part of her stirring painfully once more. Lowering her deep sapphire eyes from him, she began her own circuit of the garden not accustomed to the way his voice sounded like silk felt.

Shivering softly, she drank in the sight of the moonlit garden, knowing she would paint this scene in the bloom of morning light. She waited until that velvet voice drifted over her senses again before she turned to face him, keeping her eyes lowered. His very presence stirred her soul -- stirred that deep dark part of her she tried to ignore. This one was more dangerous than any other, she thought to herself as he spoke.

Taking a deep breath, she moved with a feline grace toward the bench, slowly crossing her long slender legs. She tapped her long tinted nails against the bench as she spoke trying to distract herself from the feel of his presence.

“What is it you wanted to see me for Lord Tangent, and why in such a secluded place as this? I really do not see the point of bringing me all the way down here just to talk,” she said.

Carefully, she kept her face turned away form him, not wanting those eyes to sear into her soul, to expose the most vulnerable part of her. She wasn’t sure yet why he had brought her down here, not that she hadn’t been victim to more depraved needs of men than them taking what they wanted in catacombs. She reached up a hand trailing it through her midnight hair as she waited for his answer.

Targent
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #4 on May 18, 2005, 12:36pm »

He crouched by the pound and glanced up to look at her for a moment noticing she kept her eyes from him. He smiled and flashed his usual grin and then moves from the pond to the roses, his long slender fingers reach for the dark stem of a rose of crimson velvet. He snaps the rose from its stem as the wind whips around his body, his long trench flapping and waves within the winds embrace and then turning back; his dark silhouetted form is all that’s seen from

the shadows of his garden. Making his way back to her, he tilts his head and slides the deep crimson rose behind her ear and kisses her forehead gently. The pond water starts to ripple as he turns to see what makes noise in this silent night.

He laughs and leans to the water, his pale hand whips the water around tempting what lays in its murky deepness, then as the movement from the water seems to close in on his hand he slides it back out, tempting fate as he always has.

He rose from the pound once more and moved with fluidity, only few like he had. He settled to sit beside her, although she would not look at him, he knew her pain already, but he wanted her to speak it to him. He wanted to know what demons and shadows kept in her mind. Eventually, he knew they would destroy the woman but once released from her mind, she would be able to heal.

He took her small pale hand in his and spoke once more, as soft as any silk or velvet.

“Morgan, release the pain. Live once more and reign with us. ‘Tis your destiny,” he says.

Morgan Vane
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #5 on May 18, 2005, 1:00pm »

Morgan shivered softly upon the bench watching the man move like a predator as he crouched beside the pond. She did not want to think what might lie in those dark waters anymore than she wanted to think about what lay in the darkness of herself. Lowering her head she pulled her gaze away from that refined elegant form, capturing her lip between her teeth. She wasn’t sure what the hell he was doing to her but with him around it was harder to forget the past; it seemed to stir, to live under his gaze and that was one thing she feared.
She didn’t hear him approach her until she felt the rose sliding behind her ear and the softest of kisses against her forehead. The depth of that hidden piece stirred and rippled almost like the pond he returned his attention to. Biting into her lips, she remained silent, fighting to close off that part again but finding it stronger than before. She raised her eyes just enough to see him playing at the water, stirring it to life just as he stirred what lay inside her. She wanted to strike out in fear and budding pain but she clamped down on her emotions, swiftly pushing them away.

She waited in silence until he returned to her side the feel of his hand grasping her small delicate one. Holding it within his caused a shudder to course through her and that hidden darkness to rise at his words. Growling, she rose to her feet and began pacing as she spoke her normally soft voice harsh and loud in anger.

“What would you know of pain? What would one of the mighty lords know of the pain they inflict? Have you ever been a pleasure slave to the most depraved and twisted of lords? Subjected to their perversities and forced to submit to any they might choose to hand you to. Subjected to pain and agony while enduring things far worse than a mind should be capable of imagining. What would you know of being a young girl in the wrong place at the wrong time and forced into this life broken and shattered?” she scolded.

She hissed and snarled as she prowled the garden, her long nails digging into her palms as the pain and rage came flooding through her from the dark place she had hidden it. Her voice had risen, trembling with the unshed fury and pain. Slowly tears of blood gathered in her deep blue eyes as she prowled through the garden reliving every helpless moment of her dark life, swirling inside her until she finally dropped to her knees at the center of the garden. The scream of outrage, anger and pain she let loose could have chilled the blood of the living. Every ounce of pain and humiliation was poured out in that shriek, her body trembling and taunt with fury.

Targent
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #6 on May 18, 2005, 1:22pm »

He watched as he had loosened the floodgate within, he intently watched as the raging waters of her past flooded out from her; a danger to consume her within the deep waters of her pain and grief being taken by force to the embrace rather than wishing the embrace upon her. He did not pity her as he watched her finally spew the vileness she kept deep within. And little did she know how much his shell pained him to be trapped within it for eternity, such an ironic fate for him.

As she collapsed on the garden floor, and her blood dripped into its soil, little did she realize the ground drank up her vitae, swallowed up her pain, and devoured her mortal death. And as she lay there like a small child, the roses around her bloomed with newfound life, the veins rolled over her form, caressing and bringing some comfort. His garden was part of him and how he felt is how it reacted.

Targent rose from the bench and moved almost silently to where she lay on the ground. He crouched and moved the veins that tried to comfort her. He slipped his arms under her small body and lifted her to his chest as he cradled her closely . He smiled as he looked over his garden once more and then turned, holding her gently, he moved through the catacombs back to the palace.

Slipping through the secret passage, he carried her to her room as he motioned for a servant to open her chamber door. He looked down upon her face as she seemed a bit different now, maybe purging just a bit of what she held deep inside had helped her some. Time would only tell. As he laid her gently to her bed and

covered her, he sat down beside her as he stroked along her midnight silken hair and spoke once more to her.

“Morgan, what you give, you give freely now. You are safe here with me and our kind. No longer will any demand anything from you. You are mine, none will dare harm what belongs to me,” he said.

Morgan Vane
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #7 on May 18, 2005, 1:44pm »

Morgan stayed upon her knees during the long drawn out shriek of anguish. As her cries died, she sank to the ground upon her side curling up as if defending against some physical attack. Closing her eyes, the tears of blood and blood from her palms dripped upon the ground below her as she sobbed gently. It burned in her soul, scarred it, the pain she had unleashed.

She was barely aware of the vines caressing, soothing her until he came to wipe them away. When he pulled her into his arms, she offered no resistance. Not having the strength to fight him, she lay her head upon his chest as he rose to his feet. Cradled in his strength, she let her mind drift, letting the world slip away until she felt him lay her upon her bed. She curled herself under the covers with a soft groan, which became a moan as he caressed her midnight hair. When the velvet voice began to sink in, his words brought a shocked gasp from her lips and she settled her blue pools upon his. Her voice trembled as she spoke asking, offering what she needed to. She had never been offered such safety, such strength.

“You ..... You would have me even now? After all you know you would accept me? You...wouldn’t let them have me anymore?”

Targent
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #8 on May 18, 2005, 2:13pm »

He smiled down at her and spoke in his velvet tone.

“Morgan, you are a queen, not a slave. What you will is done, and as I said none will get from you what you do not wish to give…as mine none would dare tempt the anger and ferocity of the kin. We are family and look after each other. Now you just rest, I have some business to tend to. Sleep, it will do the body well, and refresh the hunger…you will be as you were always intended to be,” he assured her.

He stroked her hair gently once more and leaned down to place a velvet kiss upon her lips. Then moving back, he lifted himself to his feet and began to make

his way to her chamber door. He grasps the edge of it and pauses to look back at her once more before he leaves.

“Sleep well li’l one,” is all that is heard before he passes through the doorway and closes the door behind him.

Morgan Vane
Re: Catacomb Gardens
« Reply #9 on May 19, 2005, 10:00am »

Morgan whimpered softly, curling up tightly under the covers. Her deep blue eyes fluttered as she listened to the voice of velvet wrapping its strength around her, soothing her frayed nerves. She settled comfortably into the large comfortable bed listening to him talk and letting her mind wander. She was no queen she had never been anything but a pleasure slave. When he spoke of her being his, it sent a thrill coursing through her. Whatever power he held had lanced the old festering soul wounds she had carried since she was forced into this life. She looked up at him, her face still streaked with blood tears as he stroked her hair gently. With the brush of his lips she felt a wash of true pleasure for the first time in centuries and shivered. She watched him leave still stunned by the whirlwind events. The last thing she heard as she drifted into sleep was the lord calling her li’l one with such tenderness in his voice.

Several hours later, she woke in a cold bloody sweat to the sound of her own screams. Nightmares had plagued her fitful sleep. She sat up in her bed, wiping her bloody tears from her face with one trembling hand. She slipped out of bed with a groan, realizing why the hunger gnawed at her. Her perfectly tailored cloths clung to her slender frame drenched in her blood sweat, the sheets and bedding stained with it. Shivering with a grimace of disgust, she swiftly crossed into the bathroom and stripped the ruined clothing, dumping them into the tub.

She growled as she stepped back into the chamber viciously tearing the bedding free; she tossed them into the tub with her clothing. Taking a moment to wipe as much of the sweat from her body as she could, she stepped over to her closet. Her slender toned body shimmered, her pale skin streaked with blood as she pulled out a black robe from the closet. She didn’t give herself a chance to think about what she was doing, she simply gave into the growing need inside her. Right now in this moment, she needed him, the lord of the castle. Drawing the robe tight around her she slipped out of her room and began searching the halls for the man she needed.

Maya
PostPosted: Tue Apr 11, 2006 11:11 am Post subject: Reply with quote

The music softly faded off as she finished her wine and strawberry slices. Leaning up and standing from the couch, she realized it was late and needed to

run a couple of errands. She needed to get some fresh air, get away from her job. Slipping quietly from the VIP room, she nodded to the gentlemen as she passed them, some offering her a seat, others a drink. Politely, she thanked them but turned them down. Stepping inside her dressing room, she grabbed her long black coat and slipped it on. Making her way from the dressing room, towards the front doors, she waved at some of the waitresses and Jason, the bartender.

“See all of you later. Have a good night,” she softly spoke out as she stepped out the front doors into the city streets.

Lord_Germania
PostPosted: Sat Apr 15, 2006 12:39 am Post subject: Lord Germania Enters City Streets

He had passed through the gates from the Temple of the Elementals making his way out on to the long road. He did not know where it led; just hoping it led to some form of civilization. Wearily and exhausted, still he slumped his way down the road for several miles with no sight of any form of body. Looking around to the far distance behind him, the gate had disappeared. His head still thumped but he was overcoming it with what mental strength that he could muster, as well as the pain in his stomach, which now seemed to settle.

His head moved back slowly as he continued to walk, The Great Forest still within walking distance if he needed to flee from danger. Traveling for the entirety of the remaining day until the dusk was about to fall. There was no sign of a town, city or village. Just as he was ready to give up for the night and head into the sanctuary of the trees to sleep for the night; his ears picked up on a noise in the near distance, the sound of a cart and horse of some kind. It still seemed some distance away. Quick as he could, in the condition he had been left in, he found shelter behind some nearby trees. Crouching best he could, he waited to see what drew near. He readied himself in case he was maybe drawn into a fight.

After a short length of time, an old man on a horse and cart came into sight. A bandage had been wrapped around the old man’s eyes. He assumed the man was blind as the horse and cart trotted at a slow pace. The old man had a hold of the reins, though the horse seemed to know the way.

Germania stepped out of the concealment he had placed himself in as the old man went by. Thinking it was best he stayed out of sight, he hitched a ride in the very back of the cart; which he did using his new found agility that was heightened more than he understood. There he lay down in the cart silently, hitching a ride all the way into Azoic City.

As the cart he traveled in moved along, his body rested, gaining back some energy over the journey. His eyes wandered around, looking at what he could see. As they drew closer to Azoic City, the signs of life grew more. More

merchants and other figures crowded the streets as the slow journey continued late into that night. The sounds of silence soon changed into more of a city atmosphere. Passing through the last of the forest, the surrounding changed into a city full of life, even for late at night.

Sitting up quietly, he moved to a knee as they passed the first side street that was dark enough for him to hide in; it just happened to be a side street close to New Dawn Horizon. Climbing out of the side of the cart closest to the alley street, his feet fell as he dropped into a hunch, using the rest of the cart to hide behind as it continued its journey. With haste he turned and went into the shadow of the alley, staying low. There he watched his new surroundings, studying where he was before he decided what he would do next.

This is after she leaves club before she finds Germania
Maya
PostPosted: Tue Apr 11, 2006 11:23 am Post subject: Reply with quote

The night air was brisk as she slowly made her way down the streets of the city. Several were out enjoying the night; smiling and nodding at those she passed. Smiling as some she passed seemed to be in love, cuddling another. Others were mere friends enjoying a night out.

Sliding her hands in her pockets she pulled her coat tight. Across the other side of the street, she noticed a man riding a horse, talking to another. She couldn't really make out either as far as features, yet not recalling seeing them before. She was glad to see a new one arriving or could it be that she hadn't been aware of them before. No matter she thought; she needed to get out more.

She finally made it to the gallery. It was closed for the night but that did not matter, she wished only to look through the windows at the paintings. Moving close against the glass, her breath heated the pane in front of her as she looked at the exquisite paintings. Suddenly, one caught her eye, the red rose one. She was a bit puzzled at the changes it seemed to make. Shaking her head, thinking she must be seeing things, she must have had too much to drink.

The cafe was next door to the gallery; she thought she might at least have some hot chocolate to warm her body. Glancing back at the artwork, she made her way to the cafe.

Maya
PostPosted: Sat Apr 15, 2006 5:57 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Moving quickly towards the small café, she slipped inside. The warmth of the wood stove in the corner felt good against her ivory silky skin. Rubbing her hands together, she made her way to the counter.

“Hello, can I have a large cup of hot chocolate?” she said smiling to the round man behind the counter.

“Coming up, li’l one,” his low gruff voice mumbled out.

Sliding her hand in the pocket of her coat, she pulled out a few coins then Slid them over the counter as the man handed her the cup.

“Thank you,” she softly whispered as she grasped the cup.

Stepping back, turning she made her way out of the cafe, back onto the streets. She thought a walk would be nice, while sipping the hot liquid. Her thoughts went back to the painting in the gallery. She wanted that painting, but was unsure she even had enough money to purchase it. She knew she might have to work longer hours, but she would find a way to get that painting. Her boots crunched small rocks beneath them as she quietly made her way down the streets of the city.

Lord_Germania
PostPosted: Sat Apr 15, 2006 6:41 pm Post subject: Lord Germania Internal Injuries

He had been sitting in the alley for hours observing the coming and going of the people within the city. Now and then he would get the strangest feeling as if one or two of them did not seem as who they really were.

It had now been over two days since the attack took place within the Great Forest. The wounds to his body seemed to have healed now, but he still did not understand how it could have been since not long before, he had been close to death. Now all the deepened cuts that were imbedded into his tissue were superficial markings. In fact, he seemed to have more strength, smelt things better and seemed to have been better than before he had been attacked. Looking to the palms of his hand, rolling them over as if studying them confused and baffled to why it was so, deciding not to question it until he got back to his camp and the doctor could sort him out.

Dropping his hands, his ears twitched as the sudden sounds of the tiny footsteps from the distance slowly drew closer. He moved into a prone position, ducking behind the can as best he could to see who was walking down the alleyway. As the footsteps approached closer, seeing it was an attractive young woman with creamy flesh caught his attention quickly. There he waited for her to draw closer, ducking deeper behind the metal bin. Observing what she looked like, how she moved, looking for any immanent signs of possible threat before proceeding.

His darkened hazel eyes never faltered as he watched her movements. As she raised the cup to her lips and slowly drank, it gave him quick glances of her

figure. He looked to see any noticeable signs of anything that would be used as a weapon.
As he knelt where he was positioned behind the bin a sudden sharp pain came over him like the first. Reaching for his stomach, doubling over in pain; he came crashing into the bin with a loud bang. His knee came up to his chest as his forearms pushed into his stomach as they locked over. Trying not to scream, wincing from the sudden rush of pain that forced him almost incapacitated; he fell to the ground. A washed out, pale look came over his face as the pain became immense.

Knowing someone was approaching, as much pain as he was in, he tried to pick himself up off of the ground. As he pressed to stand up, he fell once again, clutching his stomach with his forearms, gasping for breath as if trying not to scream from the immense pain. The sweat now poured off of him from the first attempt. Once again, he tried to lift himself up. But just as he got to one foot, trying to balance himself on the other, he crashed to the ground again; falling atop of the rubbish can and causing it to roll up into the alleyway in the direction of the oncoming woman.

Maya
PostPosted: Sat Apr 15, 2006 8:42 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She had been walking for several minutes not really paying much attention to where she was venturing. Turning down one of the alleys she had walked through many times, not concerned about her well-being. She had never seen anyone here before, only a few animals scurried around from time to time.

Suddenly, she heard a noise and not one an animal would make. She stopped quickly to listen, looking back over her shoulder and turning in a small circle. Shaking her head, she thought she was only hearing things or maybe one of the animals knocked something over.

She continues down the alley when suddenly, she heard a loud crash; jumping, dropping her cup of hot chocolate to the ground as it splatters. Turning towards where the sound was coming from, she noticed it was a man. She ran towards him seeing that he seemed to be grabbing at his stomach, hearing low growls of pain.

“Sir, Sir, Are you OK?” she asked as she squatted down next to him.

Not even thinking if he was friend or foe, she never thought anyone would actually harm her. Reaching over, her slender fingers lightly touched his shoulder.

“Sir, what is wrong. Are you hurt?”

Lord_Germania
PostPosted: Sun Apr 16, 2006 12:18 am Post subject: Maya finds Germania

He lost sight of the female figure that came down and leaned over him without so much as a concern for her own safety, not knowing anything about who he was. Feeling the soft petite hand upon his shoulder, he pulled away with haste as best he could. As he moved he held back another curdling scream. Trying to get up with hard sluggish movements, his voice stuttered and trembled, as it was also direct and blunt and defensive to who had come to him.

“Where am I, where is this place. Where is it, it was, was, wasn’t it?” he questioned.

Instinctively, what had happened to him in the Great Forest when he had been attacked came to his mind like sharp crystal clear images. The taste of blood was still apparent in his mouth, though it had been washed away and now faded. The new presence before him somehow must have been connected to who had done this to him, though he didn’t know at the time. The blood in his system, even though only a small amount had been consumed, acted like a transponder to anything that came in contact with the unknown host.

His voice trembled as he fell forward, stumbling as he planted his body into the adjacent building across from the club. There he fell back again, leaving a blood patch from his head where he fell flat to the ground again. There he lay curled up, clutching his stomach, the pain unbearable as he clenched his teeth. Hissing through them as he rolled over to look at her while still doubled over in pain and the sweat pouring from him, he spoke in a demanding manner that could have easily been heard from beyond the alleyway.

“Who did this to me? Take me… now!”

Maya
PostPosted: Sun Apr 16, 2006 8:46 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She couldn’t tell if the man had been stabbed, attacked or beaten up. Pulling her head back quickly as she watched him in such pain, she listened to him asking where he was.

“Sir, you are in the city,” shaking her head as he mumbled out things, confusing things. “Sir, did someone attack you?”

Suddenly, he falls back as she notices the blood. Quickly, she takes off her coat, rolling it up and sliding it under his head.

Looking around she yells out, “Someone help me, please”.

Looking back down at the man, “I will help you, get you to someone who can take care of your wounds.”

Still unsure as to what the extent of his wounds were; she was trying to think quickly, trying to decide how she was going to get him out of the alley.

“Sir, you are going to have let me help you up, let me get you out of the alley. I will flag down a carriage and get you some help. I am sorry, I have to get you up.”

Reaching down she takes his arm and slides it around her neck. She pulls up with all the strength she had, moaning out at the weight of him.

Looking at him as she heard him demanding her to take him somewhere, but where she had no clue.

“Sir I am Maya, I will get you some help.”

His large form overcastted hers as she walks slowly, almost dragging him. She pulled him to the end of the alley, waving down a carriage. He had enough strength to get in the carriage as she pulled on him. His blood soaked her clothes as he lay against her.

“Driver take me to the nearest medical doctor or someone that can help this man,” Maya commanded.

Lord_Germania
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 8:06 am Post subject: Maya Leads Germania To The Carriage On The Main Street.

As he was lifted, the pain that rushed through his body was so immense he started to shake. The flowing blood had slowed down fractionally but still having the affects of what happened in the Great Forest running through his body. He was literally dragged along, feeling one of the ribs in his rib cage moving about.

He tried to help support himself as he stumbled towards the carriage out on the main strip of road. He had to rely on Maya to guide him towards the carriage. All the time, he seemed to grow worse as he reached half way from the alleyway to the carriage, which was out in the open, just past the corner of the two buildings that were opposite each other. Doubled over in pain once again, he fell to the ground in a large heap.

Regaining his composure after a couple of minutes and with Maya’s help, they finally managed to hail the carriage. As they finally got into the carriage, he fell on to the seat where she came so he could rest against her. The glazed over look from the loss of blood showed how far he was gone.

He muttered in a heated sweat, “take me, take me to him...”

Over and over his mutters continued not making sense, just deepening until he fell into a state of almost complete sleep. Not knowing where she was taking him, just knowing where he was at that present time was not going to get him anywhere. He seemed to be able to trust Maya by the look of the way she was; at the glances he could see of her between all the commotion. Though in his current condition not having much choice and knowing he was on the verge of death, he could sense he had nothing to lose and everything to gain from where se took him.

Maya
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 1:16 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Her shirt was soaked in blood as the man lay against her. He was constantly mumbling, “take me to him.” But who was him. “Sir who is him?” she would ask, but he would only respond, “take me to him.”

The carriage was bumping up and down over the rough streets.

“Driver please hurry” she yelled out.

Suddenly the carriage comes to a halt, the driver jumping down running inside the building. She was trying to lift the man from her, but his body weight was almost too much. Before she could slide out from under him, the driver and a man come running out from the building.

“Sir please, help me, help me get him inside, he needs your help,” she pleaded.

The man climbed inside the carriage as she looked over the man.

Shaking his head, looking at her he says, “My dear, I cannot help him, you need to take him to Castle De Convotise Sang. Do it quickly. Driver take them to the castle and be quick about it.”

The man slipped from the carriage before she could respond.

“Sir, wait...is that not Lord Targent’s home?” she asked.

Before the man could answer her, the driver snapped the reins as the horses took off.

Right before interaction with Charity in library

Haischumein

PostPosted: Mon Jul 17, 2006 9:33 pm Post subject: One Last Look...

One last ride. One last ride by the library to see it's magnificence and etch it in his mind before leaving, this fair city to discover the changes that had taken place in his eternally cool and collected mind.

Haischumein leaned slightly back on his horse, to keep the pace slow. He knew he was going to want to savor every bit of this last night to keep his heart warm as he rode to wherever his spirit should take him. A gorgeous woman in heels, showing no sign of a hurried pace, was also heading in the direction of the library.

"I wonder what a woman like that would be doing going to the library as opposed to enjoying the city's cyclic nightlife?'" he thought.

He shook his head to remove her image from his mind. The image lingered. She was an attractive woman. With a breathy chuckle and a reminder to himself of his age, he remised, "It's not like I am old, just simply at the end of my prime."

With another shake of his head, he focused on his final remembrance of this place. He may come back, though it will all depend on what his journeys bring his way.

With a trail of gray dust falling behind his mount, Haischumein left the city.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Tue Jul 18, 2006 8:05 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Charity blew out a soft sigh, blowing the stray wisps of black from her delicate face. She kept her pace slow and leisurely. She was in no hurry to return to work and dreaded the mounds of paperwork on her desk. Not only had things piled up during the few days of her absence but also she still had the new acquisitions to deal with. They had to be sorted, cataloged and placed.

The silky black skirt swirled against her creamy thighs as she moved gracefully through the city. She tilted her head back slightly enjoying the night's breeze, the moonlight melting against her sculpted features. It had been a long time since she had enjoyed the night, she thought to herself as she turned down the street that would take her back to the library. The immense structure called to her in a way that her gallery never had.
She was on her way back when the sounds of hoof beats pulled her from her reverie. Slowly, she opened her eyes not having realized she had closed them. Reaching up a slender hand, she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. She turned her warm sapphire eyes toward the rider, catching his gaze upon her. The sultry smile played across her lips as she watched him. He didn't seem to be in any hurry. Instead, he seemed almost reverent of the city.

Canting her head slightly to one side, the midnight tresses spilled over her shoulder as her liquid gaze slid over him. He was handsome, she would give him that much. She knew the image of him would remain with her until her skilled hand added the image to her sketchbook. The thought of her book tucked away in her desk at the office quickened her steps.

Charity's long toned legs carried her at a more hurried pace toward the library steps, her heels clicking louder against the road. Capturing her bottom lip with her teeth, she watched the rider slip into the night as her foot landed upon the bottom stair. Letting out a soft sigh, she briskly climbed the steps of the library, dreading the work she still had left to do. Her smile softened as one hand reached out grasping the door handle. She watched the rider disappear from view before she pulled open the door.

It only took a moment for her eyes to adjust to the light before her gaze was roaming over the elegant circular library. She knew she would take a moment to draw out the scene that still lingered in her mind before she settled down to work. Her pace slackened a little as she approached the front desk to check her messages. There was nothing out of the ordinary and Mercury had not yet returned. Giving a soft shake of her head, she let her gaze caress the room around her before she stepped down the long hall toward her office.

Saying nothing to her assistant, she pushed open her office door and groaned softly. It would be a long night. She stepped around the large black wood desk and settled herself into her chair crossing her slender legs. Reaching down to the bottom drawer of her desk, she slipped a small key from a chain upon her neck. She unlocked the drawer and slowly slid the sketchbook and pencils from their place. Setting the book upon her desk she flipped it open, her skilled hand immediately going to work. She began to draw the horse and rider set against the nighttime city just as she had seen him only moments ago.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Sun Jul 23, 2006 8:06 pm Post subject:
A moment worth noticing

A pause. A rustle in the still air. Did that girl … was that girl walking with her eyes closed? Or was she just trying to cause a reaction with those eyes, and of course those luscious legs she bore so well in her cantor. She had definitely attempted to affect a demure state; but it was plain for any folk to see; let alone a former Judge, that her glance was... inviting. An invitation for what, was now the question.

Haischumein found himself grappling with his immediate desires and his extenuating resolve to leave the city Azoic. Desire for immediate resolution got

the better of him and his horse, seemingly as if telepathic turned back towards the library.

Upon entering the great library yet again, he found he no longer felt the nostalgia he had felt upon last visiting this age-old work of art. Instead, now he felt a tug towards that woman who had obviously come this way. He entered the great library and immediately sought to implore the assistant librarian as to the sultry female's whereabouts. Something in the back of his mind told Haischumein he must speak with this woman.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Mon Jul 24, 2006 9:28 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The assistant looked up from her desk as the man entered and a slight furrow crossed her brow. Though she worked this late at night, it was normally as quiet as a tomb here. The man looked like he was searching for something. When he approached her and began to speak the furrow slowly turned into a soft smile. She knew the director had been out for a leisurely walk but she hadn't realized that it would have attracted attention. The assistant smiled at the man and spoke softly, her words welcoming.

"You would be looking for Madam Director, Sir. I will take you to her office," she said.

Without another word, the assistant stepped around her desk. She raised one arm indicating that the man follow her before she stepped away. Her gait was strong but unhurried as she led him down the long hall set off to the side of her desk. The entire structure of the library was laid out like a great wheel and circular in design. There were many hallways such as this one and a person could get lost easily. Her flat- soled shoes clicked softly against the marble as she led him toward the offices.

This hall was decorated with several graceful paintings adorning the walls. Unknown to most, these painting, unlike the others in the library, were painted by the director's own hand. She stopped outside a large oak door that was ornately carved. Off to one side of this door as a desk; it seemed Leanna was absent again. Sighing softly, she tapped lightly at the door before she opened it a crack and peeked her head inside.

Charity frowned slightly as she heard the knock at her door. Pulling her steely blue gaze up from the sketching she was doing, she let her displeasure show upon her face as she looked at the assistant. The assistant's words brought a mild surprise to her face and she canted her head to one side. The midnight strands slipped down over her shoulder as she set her book open to one side, laying the pencil upon the page she had been working on. With a light brush of her delicate hand across her skirt, she rose gracefully from her chair. She

nodded to the assistant, telling the girl to show the man in. She could not think of anyone that would be visiting her unless…she refused to think about that now. Blowing out a soft sigh she watched the assistant swing the door open. Instantly the smile that curved upon her lips was warm and almost seductive. Her steely gaze warmed like the summer sky as though the clouds had drifted away from the sun.

Her office was not overly decorated. There were a few black wood shelves and cabinets dotting the space, some filled with books, others empty. There were two paintings that might catch the eyes dangling from opposing walls of her office. One was Mercury riding the night air with a bundle of paintings and books in his arms. His arms were outstretched offering the items to her while she stood beside a burning building. The other painting might have caused a stir depending upon who was seeing it. It was the painting of Lord Targent standing before his castle in the full brilliant morning light. In the painting, the morning dew still sparkled upon the grass and leaves.

Charity let her smile and her eyes invite the man into her office. She placed one hand upon her hip as she stepped around the desk. The soft swish of silk could be heard as it moved against her succulent breasts and brushed against her shapely thighs. The soft click of her heels matched the rhythm of her swaying hips. As she reached the other side of her desk, she let her eyes roam over him, studying him with an artist's eyes. She leaned against one corner of her desk a dainty hand braced to either side of her. She crossed her slender ankles as she spoke, her voice a warm silky purr like a whisper in the night.

"This is a pleasant surprise. Please come in and make yourself comfortable. If you desire refreshment please let Neera know. How can I help you noble Sir," she said cordially.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Mon Jul 24, 2006 9:40 pm Post subject: To be surprised at one's own heart

With bluster and a few guffaws, Haischumein managed to compose himself in front of the woman who seemed so casual, yet professional at this late night hour.

"Well thank you kind lady, I am not sure about being a 'Noble' sir, but I will certainly attempt to be pleasant," he replied.

"My soul and spirit have willed me here tonight," Haischumein paused, glancing up to the ceiling of the office noticing the patterns the low lights in the room gave off. "Oh Heavens and Hearthstones, I just said I would be pleasant and I am already attempting to delve into a tirade that would be sure to upset even the most patient soul."

“Allow me to start a little earlier in the reason why I came here. I have been feeling awkward of late, my soul has been restless, and my spirit is calling me to seek other beings out in this struggling realm to understand more of life than my former occupation as one of the head judges of Azoic City,” Haischumein began.

“Forgive my frankness, I do not even know why I am telling these things to you, something about when I saw you glance down the street towards me, beckoned me,” pausing again to try to justify himself. “I know what you are thinking, that I followed you because of your beauty, but believe me, these old bones have lived far too long to fall prey to youthful lusts. I tell you true and fair, something or someone has called me to speak to you, I know not why, about the truths of the universe,” he continued.

Considering to himself why he might need to speak with her, realizing that he had not considered the idea until this very moment.

“I would propose that since you are a part of this great repository of knowledge you would know much, but something in my chest burns into my mind to say there is more about you than most know,” he said.

With that, he waited for the barrage that was sure to come from this woman.

Charity Flint

PostPosted: Wed Jul 26, 2006 11:38 pm Post subject: Change in the air Reply with quote

Charity watched the man closely, shifting one curved hip to the side. His manner and speech told her that he was a little unsure, perhaps, even flustered. He seemed to be trying to compose himself, though she could tell not why. She had to wonder what exactly brought him to her. Her eyes roamed sensually over his frame taking in every aspect of the man before her. There was no expression upon her face or in her icy eyes save the soft chuckle that drifted seductively from her lips at his mention of youthful lusts. She didn’t know this man but the more he spoke, the more intrigued she became. In her position, a city judge, even a retired, one was not one to take lightly.

She gave a soft shake of her head, the dark tresses dancing against her creamy face as she watched him. Letting out another soft chuckle, she waved the assistant away. Uncrossing her slender legs, she straightened, brushing a delicate hand against her waist. Her firm mounds rose and fell evenly straining against the black silk that hugged her supple frame. When she heard his last words, she canted her head slightly to one side letting the dark strands spill off her shoulder to trail across her alluring mounds, though her expression never changed. The gesture was a subtle seductive shift in her body language. The

slight curl of a smile played at the corner of her lips while she inspected him in a new light. Her eyes trailed almost lazily over him like a whispering touch. She would know exactly what this man was after before this night was through. If she had to, he would leave her completely satisfied and yet with no more knowledge about her than he had entered with. When she spoke, her voice dripped from her full lips a silky seductive purr.

“ Well noble sir, why don’t you come in and take a seat. You can start with telling me your name. My name is Charity Flint and I am the director here. What knowledge I possess, I am willing to share, though I am not sure how it might help you. Why don’t you start with telling me what other beings you are referring to?” she said.

She let a soft smile trace her lips, her skills and instincts coming to bear upon this man. He was older in appearance than she was but rather elegant and stately. A soft icy tingle began to course through her veins at the very thought of what she might have to do. Slowly, she stepped to one side, the light playing against her dark locks and shimmering in the depths of an icy gaze. Raising one arm, she slowly waved him forward welcoming him into her office. The other hand brushed seemingly absently over her tight belly as though absently, but the gesture was a subtle play to draw the eyes. One hand reached up to tuck a strand of hair behind one ear grazing down along her delicate cheek before tapping against her chin. Her taunt thigh muscles tensed slightly playing under creamy skin as she stepped back slightly. She dropped her hand to her desk trailing her long tinted nails against the dark wood. She would enjoy this most teasing conversation and steer it where it might do less harm. At least that was her hope as she made the impulsive decision to share what knowledge she held in a way that would not reveal much of her own dark secrets. She spoke once more, her voice husky and sultry like a lover’s caress.

“I look forward to a stimulating conversation this evening. I can only offer what I might know on any given subject but, perhaps, I can help you. You don’t by chance play chess do you?” Charity retorted.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Fri Jul 28, 2006 7:55 am Post subject: The Dance of Questions or the Dance of Flame? Reply with quote

He squinted one eye as if to study her final question. Tilting his back just a little, then straightening himself again, Haischumein replayed in his mind this little woman’s casual movements and subtle twists. In all his years as a judge he had learned that conversation consisted almost not at all of the words spoken, but instead the actions taken and the little signs given to tell what the real agenda at hand was.

Taking a seat, he noticed the fine lace of the guest chair in this young woman's office; a stylish silk, possible from up near the Haymaker river where some of the more quality textiles and fabrics were fashioned. Seating himself at an angle towards her with the open direction facing the door, his mind still screaming at him to get out and leave the city, he finally nodded and answered in the affirmative.
"Why, yes young lady, you wouldn't happen to enjoy this so-called 'man's game' now would you?" Haischumein answered.

Now spying the chess set on the board, completely ivory with perfectly crafted pieces of exquisite detail, possibly of images of former kings and kingdoms, he began shifting from the worries tumbling in his mind to how he would play his first move. Every conversation with a game of chess always revealed something: though not necessarily the answers sought.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Sat Jul 29, 2006 9:35 pm Post subject: */clear throat Reply with quote

"Ahem," he cleared his throat.

"Well yes, Ms. Flint, to answer you first with your request. I referred to a creature I believe to be one of the creatures of the night, possibly a vampire, as the person seemed to identify themselves as such with their actions that seemed to be only too characteristic of beings of darkness," he began.

Haischumein carefully watched the woman's body language to see if she gave any sign of any extra knowledge of such beings before continuing.

"You may know more about these things with your deeper knowledge of things outside of the walls of this city, all I know is what the children's stories have said, and the old wives tales, if any are to indeed be believed," Haischumein said.

Haischumein without looking, took up a pawn from his side of the board, the one in front of the queen and placed it two spaces forward. He would have to see how this 'played' out.

"You see madam, that in all my years I have learned to deal with people and to deal with my own feelings both regarding those people and how I feel myself toward the events around me. I have learned to keep a cool composure in many situations and have dealt with personalities ranging the broadest of spectrums. But now I face an impasse. I face something that cannot be described with raw emotion, or needs of the body, or even a calculated decision. I feel myself being pulled away to the Stone Garden to speak with anyone, or thing from the community, if that is what they are called for such beings, of the shrouded ones," he revealed.

“I sense that you will be able to offer me information, maybe even assistance; though I also sense that you may not wish to offer this aid. If you choose not to, I will understand; I simply must try every possibility I can before continuing what may be a perilous journey,” Haischumein admits.

With a moments glance at the board, he plotted his next move, though which type of move, be it the game, his journey, or in this twist of minds called a conversation; he knew not.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Sun Aug 20, 2006 1:31 pm Post subject: The Game begins Reply with quote

Charity watched the man carefully, noting his reactions. She watched him taking a seat and noticed the subtle way he had placed himself facing her with an open line to the door. He was nervous about being here and she wondered why that might be. It was interesting that though he seemed so calm, his body language spoke differently. With an artist’s skilled eyes, she could pick up the subtle play of the muscles, could see the slight tension in those muscles.

She let a sultry smile play over her lips as he nodded toward her and spoke. She let out a soft warm chuckle at the thought of the “man’s game”. She played more games than merely chess and often chess was the metaphor for more subtle games. She saw his eyes dance over, noticing the chess set she kept in her office. She had brought the piece with her from her apartment, a set she had carefully overseen the crafting of. She shifted her head downward a little, acknowledging his words as she let him continue to speak.

She once again braced one cocked hip against the desk, the black skirt lifting slightly to show a bit more of the creamy thigh beneath it. One sculpted brow rose as he cleared his throat and she could almost sense his nervousness. She had done nothing that would have indicated the threat that lay beneath the business exterior. Tilting her head slightly to one side, she listened to his words carefully weighing each. There was a slight narrowing of her eyes when he spoke of vampires, a reaction she was not able to hide. She knew this male was treading onto dangerous ground and hoped to steer him to a safer pasture. She caught the motion of his hand placing the queen’s pawn two paces forward and realized that the game had begun.

Slowly, she straightened, listening more closely as he spoke. Now that she knew what he was after, she knew she had to steer him away from it. It would be a delicate task to give him enough to sate his curiosity about the children of the night. The moment he spoke of going to the garden, a furrow crossed her brow though so slightly that it might not be detected. Absently, she reached down a hand to brush away a wrinkle from her skirt, though the movement was subtly

designed to catch a man's or woman's eyes. She spoke softly, her voice dipping into a silky soft purr.

"You do not want to go to that garden, sir. It is a most dangerous place and those who do go often never return from it. No one knows what happens there but it is best for your health to stay very far away from it," she warned.

As she spoke, she stepped toward the chess set. The silky black brushed against her thighs just above the knee and her hips swayed in a gentle seductive rhythm. Stepping up to the board, she reached down one delicate hand and lifted the knight on the queen's side from the board and placed it directly in front of the bishop's pawn, a smile flitting over her face.

Looking over at him, she let that smile play against her full lips as she listened to the rest of his words. When he had finally finished, she returned to her desk. Lifting herself, she slid her shapely ass back upon one corner of her desk perching herself there before she spoke. The tone of her voice was more a concerned tone than a seductive one though it did hold a sultry note.

"I can help you to at least learn some of the truth about them but as I said; it is a dangerous subject. They will not be pleased if they learn they are being discussed. They are private creatures from what I have learned. Tell me where would you like to begin," Charity said.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Mon Aug 21, 2006 9:59 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Taking time to draw in not only air, but also to note each of this dramatized personas movements, Haischumein weighed his next words. He caught that he would need to be specific and careful in his questions, though he knew not why.

"First, why is the Garden of Stone truly dangerous? I am not a man for dens of rumors and old wives' tales, all know what is said, that dangerous demons and foul zombies spew forth at the beckoning of Lord Targent to swallow trespassers. But what really happens?" he asked.

"What I want to know of these beings of unlife, these vampires, is just what drives them? A man or woman can have a passion and a talent that will hedge them toward an accomplishment, and their emotions and feelings will succor them as they hurtle on to their deaths. A human, a mortal being can be comforted in the knowledge that they are on equal footing with any other man due to the limitations of time, but a vampire? Such a being, they say will endure the very walls and crust and foundations of this world. What gives such a creature the traits and faculties that are so valued by better men? Values such as compassion, and mercy; a vampire can simply outlive a rival, especially a mortal, so mercy is nothing when the life of the individual no longer matters because

they are but tools in a scheme that will outlast even that mortal's children's children," he inquired.

Haischumein paused another moment, dipping his hand down to the chessboard. He advanced his queen's bishop's pawn one space forward to guard his formerly lonely soldier on the front lines.

"The queen's knight? An early offense meant to distract, so the masons, this game's pawns can erect the impenetrable wall of steel and stone, is this an ode of your upcoming words? A flash and a spark, a cool drop of water for the parched lips and no more?

"What I must know most of all, how does such a society, assuming there is one, for these creatures function, when as you just said yourself: these beings are secretive ones. What justice could there be among shadows, what honor, courage, and honesty?" he continued.

Haischumein sat himself up, leaned in and stared directly into the young woman's eyes, and finally noticed the depth of this woman's cantor. Just how old was she anyway? She certainly had more to her than her physical side, and her artistry, and this entire library? Cities were not built in days, nor were ages of knowledge compiled into one room...

"Your move Mi'lady," he said.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Sun Aug 27, 2006 12:57 am Post subject: The game begins

Charity raised one hand to her chin tapping a finger lightly against it. The movement was a subtle shift that pressed her full breasts upwards slightly enhancing them seemingly innocently. She watched him, drawing a breath slowly as her eyes flickered with some hidden thought. She was studying him closely, tilting her head slightly to one side. She realized now that she had drawn him perfectly as he sat upon the horse the first time she saw him. It had only taken an instant to capture him fully. A smile flitted across her lips and a slight cant of her head could be seen as though she were approving something.

When he spoke again, her eyes remained expressionless, her face a calm mask of beauty. She would let him finish his words while she calculated her answer. Slowly, she scooted back upon her desk until her feet rested off the floor. The action had slid the black silk slightly further up on her taut thighs and the creamy flesh shimmered slightly. Slowly, she crossed her legs, the muscles tensing, showing to play beneath that soft skin. Reaching up a hand, she sifted it through the raven tresses brushing away the stray wisps that framed her sculpted face. She was skilled at reading people and could tell that he was being cautious with his words as if trying not to set off a mine. Though no expression showed upon

her face she smiled inwardly. The judge was reading exactly what she wanted him to from her.

Watching him lifting the piece from the board, she smiled, that simple movement was a subtle hint to his own character. She calculated each question he had asked and the information he wanted; a devious plan forming in her mind. Nothing of what she was thinking would show within those icy eyes or upon her delicate features. Her skills went far beyond librarian and those skills were being used upon this male.
She studied the move he made upon the board, studying her own patterns as well. She was very pleased with what she saw. It would only require one more move then a shifting in focus. She gave a slight tilt of her head an almost quizzical expression slipping over her face as she listened to his next words. With a slow sensual movement, she slid from her desk placing her feet upon the floor. She left her legs crossed for a moment before slowly slipping her feet straight. Her shimmering blue eyes never left him as she stepped up to the chess board, her movements appearing as if she were deep in thought. She was a master at separating her mind from her body, of making the body perform while the mind simply observed the actions.

One hand slowly reached down grasping the king's knight and placing it in the space before the pawn at king's bishop upon the board. She would let out a soft sound as she turned away with a dance-like spin, the skirt swirling up around her thighs. She made her way around her desk step by careful step. Turning to face him, she settled herself into her chair, shifting her sketchbook to one side before she placed her elbows upon the desk and steepled her fingers under her chin. She waited a heartbeat, letting her eyes lock with his, a slight furrow developing on the shimmering features before she spoke. The sound of her voice was warm and silky though it carried a cautious tone.

"The Garden of Stone is a very dangerous place. No one really knows what happens there. Some people enter it and never see a thing but headstones. Others, however, have gone in and never returned. I do not believe such tales. I do not believe that legions of demons and undead rise from the ground nor do I believe they would answer the lord's call. However, the exact numbers of the vampires are unknown and I do not doubt they would protect their secrets at any cost," she began.

Charity let her words trail off for a moment plotting the course of her words. She had decided what course of action she would take but she would have to play the game very carefully. It was a dangerous thing she was doing just holding this conversation. Slowly, she crossed her legs, her fingers tapping against her chin as her eyes continued to hold him and study each reaction both visible and subtle to her words. She leaned forwards slightly, eyes narrowing as if in deepest thought before she spoke again. She almost seemed distant as if trying to remember the things she knew. Her face settled into that thoughtful mask, her

firm globes brushing against the desk with the soft hiss of silk. Her voice was silky like a caress but deeply thoughtful when she spoke.

“You must understand, vampires feel no emotion, what so ever. What you consider merciful is to their minds, just a waste of their time. Their hearts are cold and they can be vicious and vindictive in their very nature. They do not hold morals as we do, though if you consider it, they have their own codes of honor. As for the society you wish to learn of, not many ever hold that information and live. I might be able to help you but you would have to trust me, which it seems at the moment you do not. The vampires’ jealously guard their society. Even this conversation, were it known to them, would get us at the very least killed if not worse. How dedicated are you to finding out what it is you seek and how far are you willing to go to learn?” Charity responded.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Wed Aug 30, 2006 10:10 pm Post subject: Where the eyes do flutter.

The young woman was definitely showing concern; though if it was concern for that which she spoke, was another issue altogether. Did vampires truly keep tabs on the musings of others just to keep their unlife a mystery?

Shifting his last glance from the chessboard completely to the attentions of the librarian mistress, Haischumein once again shifted his old frame to fully face this woman, not even bothering to move his chair. He was focused, his mind honed, and his sights set on his target, now it was time to send the arrow home and wait for a letter, be it on the wings of a dove, or in the maw of a night stalker.

“How do you know about the goings-on in the Stone Garden? And what causes a librarian, a person whose sensibilities are said to come from their great repositories of knowledge; in more simple terms, not that you are in need of such things: their books? What I mean to ask is, what makes you believe that undead and demons do not rise from the ground?” he asked.

Remembering what she had said and thinking of what had struck him as odd, he continued his query, “Also, you say the lord, rightfully a proper noun. Are you referring to the being known as “The Lord Targent”, and would you be making a reference to his sway or one such as yourself? Your words are too keen, dear one, too exact, much akin to the lawyers of the courts I used to hold.”

“You speak also of mercy and vampires viewing such emotions as a waste of time? How can time hold meaning to creatures of eternity? What can possess them to hasten to anything? Does the grave call them even in their pseudo-afterlife?” he continued.

Now taking the plush arms of his chair, finally noticing the exquisite craftsmanship and the comforting feel of its' fabrics, he positioned it to face Charity head on. Haischumein leaned in, supporting his weight with his arms pressed against the chair's arms and drew breath.

"The last note: you speak of trust, my dear Charity; what a fine name for your gifts, charitable gifts of art one could say. I don't know what you gathered from my previous words but I am showing my willingness not only to learn, but also to speak in hushed and somber tones. However, you ask me to trust you, and you proceed with taunts and gestures of requital, yet the air forms naught but the outline of a ghost, nothing of substance. Ms. Flint, I would hear what you have to say, as I began, I end my words again: My spirit yearns for this understanding, I must know the truth, I must be able to assess the truth and bring the scales to a close," he asserted. "Here I speak no more and open my eyes and ears to your counsel and I hope truly and dearly that you will aid me in my newfound cause."

With the final syllable, he released the remainder of the air in his lungs, sat upright and waited for what he hoped would be the words he sought to quench the burning.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Wed Sep 06, 2006 2:33 pm Post subject: The web Reply with quote

Charity watched the man's reactions closely, her deep icy gaze picking up on the subtlest of shifts. She noticed the slight shifting of his eyes toward the chessboard and wondered if he was comparing that game to this conversation. She let that thought slip from her mind and centered herself on chosen path as he shifted to face her more fully. She knew she had captured his attention and that it was time to lay out the web. She would have to be very delicate in how much she gave away. Her eyes narrowed slightly as he began to speak and she could sense that this man was not so easily fooled. She was pleased she had an answer that would fit his questions, perhaps gaining his trust enough to lead him where she wanted him to go.

Her expression remained serious and concerned though a slight thrill had begun to shiver in her veins. She listened politely to his questions changing her expression to suit either concern or deep thought. When he finally finished, she leaned back in her chair letting a soft sigh float from her lips as she crossed her legs. When she spoke, her voice was measured and cautious and none of the excitement she felt showed in her eyes or on her face.

"Perhaps I should begin at the beginning so to speak. The reason I know some of what goes on in and beyond the garden is because I know someone on the inside. She is a very intriguing woman who seems to enjoy taking certain risks. From what I know, demons and zombies have never risen to the lord's call

before, though some of the vampires have taken measures to ensure their secret. Yes I refer to the Lord Targent, though I have met him only once and I do not know just what manner he behaves in. So I am most cautious about divulging information. Vampires are cold blooded and merciless creatures that think nothing of taking a human life; it is how they survive," she explained.

Charity paused a moment weighing the affect of her words upon the man. She kept her expression carefully concerned, concealing the true depth of what she was feeling. Reaching up one hand, she tucked back a wild wisp of raven behind her ear and studied him before she continued. She would have to be very careful with her next words and weighed them carefully before she spoke, letting a soft sigh slip from her lips.

"I know someone who would be able to help you far better than I. She could show you what most mortals such as us never see and live. She may be willing to escort you and provide protection at the right time but there will be a price. How far are you willing to go to see this culture you seek, to learn of the vampire courts?"

Haischumein
PostPosted: Fri Sep 22, 2006 7:27 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

"To cool the searing placed upon my chest and heart? As far as these old bones can go, and beyond," was the immediate answer, given without second thought; as it had become so heavy on Haischumein's mind; it was forced out of him.

"Also, you say you have met this Lord Targent and you say you have affiliations and a contact within the web, or should it be pool, of these supposedly nefarious beings? You say you have survived their courts and know a few details of them? I wish to possess such knowledge. I will walk into these fires, through the pauses, seeping between these lines of illusion you are now scribing to the tablet of this conversation and understand. I want to know this price that must be paid if it means more fully understanding our world and choosing better: being not a jury, but a true judge, one who looks past all else and sees only character," he admits.

Haischumein drew air in sharply to fill his lungs from the torrent of words he had just ushered into being and then slowly let the air out again. He brought his head closer and narrowed his eyes to observe this woman; firmly believing that something did not add up about what she was putting forth to him. Just like any lawyer's contract, as the loopholes therein were sure to exist; so did the enigmatic feelings he received from her 'shoe-in' that she so directly offered.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Sat Sep 23, 2006 3:33 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Charity blew out a soft sigh as if she had feared his answer. She listened quietly to his answers slowly crossing her slender legs beneath the desk. She let concern show upon her face, her icy gaze narrowed slightly. Many of his words sent a thrill coursing through her even though nothing showed upon her face or in those deep cool eyes. She tilted her head to one side slowly tapping a finger upon her chin as if weighing his words carefully.
This man seemed so intent on finding out the world behind the shadows that she had no doubt nothing would stop him. She sat up a little straighter locking her glance upon the man's face as he sat forward. His narrowing eyes prickled against her nerves but for the moment she ignored that feeling that he was searching for something. She took a deep breath weighing her own words carefully, knowing that the wrong ones could well send this man fleeing in fear. One hand reached up tucking back the silken strands of midnight while the other slowly pulled an empty sheet of paper from the pile. Her voice as she spoke was cautious, her own emotion carefully hidden.

"The price she would demand of you is a simple one -- blood. This woman would ask that you feed her. Please keep in mind she does not kill like others do, she prefers to leave those who feed her alive. For such a price she would agree not only to talk with you but also to take you inside even into the castle if that is what you want. You would have her protection while you are with her though she would not take you into the nest while all the creatures are present. It is more likely she will wait until most or all of them are away; it is safer that way," Charity explained.

"If you truly are determined to follow this course to discover these secrets then I will make contact with her. Her name is Morgan, though I cannot tell you much more than that about her. It is rumored that she is an artisan and the courtesan of the vampire court; however, asking her directly about herself is a pointless venture. She will not answer questions about her, though she is willing to share some secrets of the vampire society," she offered.

Charity let those words trail off taking another slow breath and then she blew it out. A soft shake of her head sent the raven waves dancing about her slim shoulders. Picking up a pencil, she began to write something down upon a piece of paper, her eyes lowered to the parchment. Her delicate fingers moves swiftly, penning the note that this man would need upon meeting the vampire. Her icy eyes showed nothing as she raised them toward him, a furrow crossing her brow for a moment. Her hand slowly extended toward him holding out the parchment as she spoke, her voice soft and almost fluid containing some hidden note. Fear perhaps?

"Go to the garden of stone and wait upon the edge. Do not step inside the garden without her. She will meet you there and when she does give her this. Morgan is a slender woman with long dark hair and cold blue eyes. She tends to be dressed in black usually something that shows off her figure. Yes, I have met

Lord Targent only once, though not within his own domain. It was before the gallery burned down, actually at the first showing I had there. He is a cold one, a colder man than you will ever meet and he is very dangerous," she warned.

A cold shiver coursed through her as she let those words trail into silence, unwilling to say anything more on that subject. Her eyes flicked upwards to a painting upon the wall of the lord himself standing before his castle in the full blaze of the rising sun. She looked quickly away and back to the man she was dealing with, offering him a way inside the pit of fiends and waiting for his answer. She had no fear that he would read the note, simply because it was written in a language that did not exist. Only the ones who created the script would be able to decipher it and read what might be written upon that slip of paper.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Sun Oct 01, 2006 8:27 pm Post subject: Fear and Trepidation

"Blood? To feed her immortality? Or is there another need for blood these vampires have?" he questioned.

Haischumein drew in breath, straightened himself and looked down upon the veins leading to his hands. How much more blood still flows through these old tunnels of my flesh? Considering the consequences such a rash action could have, he felt the blood suddenly surge through his body, like the feelings he had received many years ago when he was a young lad shying away from his chores. Was this what it felt like for criminals as they prepared for their daring deeds? Was this what the making of evil felt like, or simply the confidence the body bestowed the mind when up taking a greater journey?

"Yes, I will agree to meet this woman, however, like any cautious man still bearing a semblance of reason to his maddened frame; I must ask the age-old adage: 'How do I know I can trust what you say?' After all, you have sat here spoon-feeding me inklings of information that really spell out nothing. You make claims of the secrecy of the vampire society, yet you seem to have the perfect contact, a woman, a member of their courts; who seems to bear qualities contrary to which you have spoken and you would offer me such knowledge to soothe my soul for the mere price of using me as a piece of cattle," he responded.

Drawing in breath again, he leaned forward and neatly, yet firmly, took the scrip of paper, pausing only long enough to fold it again and place it in an inner fold within his robes. Grimacing, after he had put the paper away, he stared at the woman with intent, looking to verify the woman's honesty.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Fri Oct 06, 2006 1:39 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Charity watched the man closely, taking not of every reaction. The depth of her icy blue eyes betrayed none of the thoughts or emotions she was truly feeling. Instead those clear pools shimmered with concern. Seeing him straighten with the intake of breath and look down at his hands, she could have guessed at his thoughts. She remained silent, studying him while she waited patiently for him to take the note.

His words rolled like waves into her ears, questions and statements she had anticipated he would ask. She waited weighing each word carefully until he had taken the paper from her delicate hands. Her full breasts rose straining against her blouse as she took a deep breath and leaned back in her chair. She crossed her shapely legs raising her hands to steeple beneath her chin. She blew out a soft sigh before she began to speak, her silken voice dipping down into a cautious tone as if she feared the very words, words she selected with the utmost care.

“I do not know why the vampire needs blood. I do know that they need it. The younger ones must feed daily while the older ones can go for days without feeding. I can only assume that it is necessary to sustain them just as we humans must eat food every day. That is one question Morgan has not yet answered for me. As for Morgan, from what she tells me, eternity is long and boring. She looks for ways to amuse herself. She seems to like taking risks almost like she is trying to break the tedium of her life. She found it so amusing when I stumbled into the garden, into the web so to speak. She has been my contact ever since and tells me much. Sharing this information puts her in danger, creates a thrill for her. That is why she does it. I don’t know what else I can tell you that would prove to you I speak the truth. All I can do is offer what I can,” she assured him.

Charity let her words trail off into silence as she leaned forward, slightly resting her elbows upon her desk. She never took her eyes off the man, not even as she spoke. Reaching up a hand, she tucked a strand of her hair behind one ear brushing the lengths back over her shoulder. She watched him waiting to see his reaction, waiting to see if there was something more she could do to prove her story to him. Canting her head to one side, she laid her hand upon the sketchbook partially covering the image of him upon his steed in the night. Her liquid gaze slid over him again like water as she studied every aspect of the man before her.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Thu Nov 02, 2006 12:47 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

“Well then lady, I will take my leave of you and your art…work.” Haischumein deliberately paused between the last two syllables as he questioned himself

which was art and which was work, the way she was handling her dealings with him or the works which hung on her great walls.

Haischumein paused once more to take note of the painting behind him, trying to see what name may have been etched upon its surface. Standing, he took Charity's hand lightly, giving a quick shake then stepped out the office door, tipping his hat behind him as a farewell.

Writing a note hastily saying, I thank you young lady for your aid, though I must question you and your motives and your odd sense of discretion. He folded it and left it at the front desk where the now gone receptionist sat earlier. Haischumein then made his way to his horse and set off to the great Stone Garden, that would either have his death set within it, or crack open to reveal its carved and jagged secrets.

Charity Flint
PostPosted: Thu Nov 02, 2006 6:08 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

A soft smile touched Charity's lips as she listened to the man speaking, and a barely audible sigh slipped from her. She took careful note of the pause between his words though she suppressed any reaction, keeping that mask of concern painted upon her delicate features. Watching him scrutinizing the painting, she knew if he looked close enough he would see her name etched upon both for she had painted both portraits. Something cold ran up along her spine thinking of the lord of the castle and the first night she saw him. She quickly pushed away those thoughts, rising fluidly to her feet as the man before her took her hand. She remained silent as the man stepped from her office though the moment he was gone a sly smile crept over her full lips.

She perched upon her chair for a few moments dealing with some of the work that lay piled there, before she tucked it all neatly away in her files. One delicate hand reached down grasping her briefcase as she rose gracefully to her feet and left her office. She retrieved the note from the front desk on her way out and a velvety laughter floated behind her as she made her way home to change. Within her ice blue eyes something sparkled wickedly. It didn't take her long to reach her apartment, only a block from the library and a soft sigh escaped into the night air as she slipped inside.

Haischumein meets Morgan

Haischumein
PostPosted: Mon Nov 06, 2006 12:32 pm Post subject: A Rushed Waiting

Haischumein, riding hunched down on his horse, in took air sharply and reined the brown beast to a halt. There was a different feeling to the night's breeze. A breeze there indeed was, fetid and spiteful. The air in Azoic city was usually filled

with the aromas of produce and the perfumes of women; but this place instead gave off tides of decay.

He had seen the signs, the physical wooden posts, hammered into the ground, and the less-than physical ones, the breathless sky, and the dead air. He was approaching the Garden. This garden was by no means any noble or rich person's attachment to their villa. Nay, this garden was one of bone and sinew. This Garden was little more to Haischumein than a massive construction of stone and mortar meant to house the bodies of old. Unfortunately, not all of the bodies housed there in were dead, at least not in the traditional sense of being dead.

Haischumein dismounted his horse as he entered and passed the stone wall; the fire in his soul disregarding all the warnings not to enter the place. He tethered his horse and offered some water, which the creature eagerly consumed to brush off the strain of the ride they had just undertaken. Seeing what looked to have been a mausoleum covering now in tatters lying in a heap on the ground, he laid down a skin and began to rest and wait. Haischumein sat in exacerbated silence, wondering if this woman with this great knowledge would truly arrive. He clutched the note in his hand, occasionally loosening and clenching again to keep the blood flowing through his veins in the cold of the dead night.

Morgan Vane
PostPosted: Tue Nov 07, 2006 10:50 am Post subject: Game of cat and mouse

Morgan sauntered toward the garden wall, the place where she would meet the next little amusement. A wicked smile bloomed across her full lips while the light of the moon danced across her pale skin. Her eyes held a certain gleam in their cold silvery blue depths, the gleam of a predator. Perfectly tailored black velvet slacks hugged her shapely legs, the hard leather boots barely stirring the dust as she walked. A silken crimson blouse slid against her skin covered by the black vest draped over her ample breasts and slim waist accenting each curve. The low V-cut of the blouse exposed the slender throat and upper curves of her breasts with silken folds draped to either side laying against the soft black velvet. Around her slender throat lay a choker adorned with a silver rose that glittered with moonlight.

Her long raven hair was danced about her slim shoulders caught upon the soft breezes that ebbed and flowed through the night air. She was at peace here. Those silvery blue orbs caught the sight of movement ahead and her smile widened, her tongue slowly trailing over her lips with the thought of fresh blood. She walked toward the man watching him settle upon the stone while a bored mask settled over her sculpted face. One brow rose in a delicate arch as her silky voice purred from the darkness.

“Most mortals would not dare to enter here, let alone rest so comfortably within the realm of the dead. You, sire, are either very brave or very stupid and one must wonder which,” Morgan said.

Morgan stepped from the darkness like a shadow slipping free to dance among the stones, her cold blue eyes landing upon the aging man settled not far away from her. With a wicked grin that flashed ivory fangs, she leaned against a headstone slowly crossing her arms over her chest. The movement was filled with unnatural grace and forced the full mounds to rise, straining against the ebony velvet trying to contain them. She tilted her head slightly to one side, letting her gaze roam slowly over the man before her like a whispered caress.

She was not surprised to see the mortal lounging in the Garden of the Dead for she had expected him to come to her. When her eyes once more rested upon his face showing no hint of emotion or the thoughts that flitted across her mind, a smile curled upon her lips, one designed to seduce the unwary. Reaching up one hand, she tucked a strand of midnight hair behind her ear as she spoke.

“I am Morgan Vane Courtesan of the Vampire courts and I have to wonder what brought you into the lair of the beast, so to speak. There are very few who willingly cross that wall, and most never return. However, I do not foresee any danger to you yet. So tell me mortal what is it that makes you brave enough to step into the garden?” she asked.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Wed Nov 08, 2006 1:49 am Post subject: The Night’s Grimace

Seeing this woman walk so casually in the very place that she herself acknowledged as being dangerous, should have chilled the now haggard man. However, his current resolve had not yet faded though time would tell the truth.

“Lady Courtesan, as your title may be, neither bravery nor idiocy bring me here. The behests of my soul and the things that in recent days I have seen, bring me here, against the very will of my bones. My blood boils and surges like a youth in heat, even as the sinews of my body fail me. I have seen with my eyes always before as a judge of right and wrong, and a judge of the motives’ of people’s actions. This day I stand now to learn the judgment others consider right, the judgment others consider necessity,” he began.

“It is well known that this is a place of the dead, and as many know the stories of those who live an unlife, and life of near immortality, I wonder by what caliber such a creature would be judged. That is why I have come this night,” Haischumein continued.

With a sigh, the man awaited what would most likely be a long discourse. A discourse, which would surely carry the night itself away.

Morgan Vane
PostPosted: Sat Nov 11, 2006 7:21 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Morgan moved like a sleek cat through the night, each step taking her closer to her prey. A wicked smile curved upon her full lips, the tiny points of her fangs exposed beneath the flesh. She let the words float over her ears while her glittering ice-like eyes never left the man's face. One hand slid down over her waist, the red nails trailing starkly against the black. Her full firm breasts rose sharply as though she gasped for air while she watched him. She gave a slight shake of her head, sending the raven waves like bone straight silk dancing about her slender shoulder. Musical laughter flowed from her lips when she had stopped a few paces from him, one hand laying against her taut thigh as black velvet stretched across it. She lifted one booted foot, planting it upon a low crypt near the man and spoke, her voice like warmed honey.

"You have come here to learn what most mortals would never dare to contemplate and yet you offer nothing in return for such knowledge. How am I to know you have not come here to kill? Perhaps if a price were offered, one might look more kindly upon the mortal within our midst," Morgan replied.

She let her words trail off into the silence of the night, cold hard eyes watching him closely almost studying him. She knew the others were long gone, far away from the castle, so there was little risk of her getting caught at her game. The thought brought a smile to her lips, almost a genuine one, before her face turned cold. Her pale features shimmered with moonlight like some sculpted piece of art within the shadows of the night. Tilting her head slowly to one side, she trailed her tongue over her lips before her voice flitted upon the breeze.

"Tell me, puppy, what is it you have come here to learn, and what price are you willing to offer if i let you live long enough to learn it?" she inquired.

As those words dripped from her lips like a sweet lover's whisper, her hand dipped slowly reaching toward him. The long red nails extended toward him, if he didn't move away, she would let those nails graze the tender flesh of his throat. Her eyes glimmered with wickedness, each move she made designed to seduce, to entice her prey into her web.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Sun Mar 11, 2007 5:47 am Post subject: Reply with quote

If ever death sang anything but a dirge, its lyrics were thus. The notes were a spider's legs, spinning effortlessly the songs measures, which were its strands.

"I have come here to learn what it means to live between the lines of life and unlife. I want, I must understand what drives the different beings of this universe

to their designs, what crafts their morals, and drives us all to our ends," he confessed.

He paused, pulling together his most professional face, though his body quaked with anguish at the thoughts of the being with whom he was now consorting.

"As for the price I am willing to pay, I have already proffered much of myself in these last few days. I have thrown away my position as a judge in the city, and I have all but abandoned my estate, leaving it in the care of the provincial guard," Haischumein revealed.

"As a further price to you, if you are willing to let me live, I do not know what I would offer. I have no vitality that youth bear. I am here because I do not know the ways or the desires of the kindred. Please utter to me the path and the value of the pearl that I may lay it before you for both my life's sake and for the sake of the thirst that knowledge brings," he replied.

With Haischumein's two, final words he was forced to gasp in air, as he had exhausted himself in his diatribe. He hoped his exuberance and earnestness would lend him credibility in this time.

Morgan Vane
PostPosted: Sun Mar 18, 2007 9:36 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Morgan tilted her head to one side spilling the stark black strands from her shoulder as she watched her prey. The words that floated upon the air like wisps of cloud brought a wicked grin curling upon her lips. Deadly ivory fangs peeked from beneath the full lips as her booted foot slid from the crypt. She sauntered toward him, fluid seduction in motion, her hand lifting toward him. Those long red nails grazed the tender flesh of his throat while she crooned softly.

"You assume as all humans do, that age dulls the blood. Youth is not what it appears to be. We are connoisseurs of the blood as some humans are of wine. A fine aged blood is more bountiful with flavor than something of youth," she retorted.

Morgan purred softly as she stepped around behind him, letting her nails slide over his shoulder. She raised one booted foot placing it upon the stone beside him as she leaned forward. The velvet stretched across her full breasts as though they strained to be free. She leaned forward slightly allowing her words to brush across his ear like warm breath upon the skin. Her voice was a silky tone as she spoke her word, seductive in the very nature of them

"The price for letting you live long enough to find the answers you seek, is your blood. I can hear it pulsing within your veins, sweet and full of life. I will not take enough to harm you, just a sip or two to savor the richness of it. For that price, I

will lay the knowledge at your feet. I may even show you the court itself though not where my brethren sleep," she said softly every ounce of her designed to seduce the unwary.

She took a step back, moving like a graceful shadow around before him, circling her prey. Stopping directly before the aging male, she cocked her hip to one side placing a deceptively delicate hand upon it and a sultry smile played about her lips as she waited for the mortal's answer, waited for him to willingly step into the web she had woven around him.

Haischumein
PostPosted: Thu Apr 05, 2007 3:06 pm Post subject: A fly all too eager. Reply with quote

Fear. What was its meaning? The tattoo upon his chest burned as he realized his mind was no longer responding to his normal impulses. His muscles still steeled themselves for the moment that was now upon him.

Breathing in sharply, Haischumein pursed his lips. Letting out the air within him, he opened his arms to the one who would soon take away a part of his very life. He hoped this vampire was not like the ones in the stories. Then again, he had recently read of a great deal of exceptions to the supernatural world in the great library in Azoic City. Also, Haischumein sensed a desire in the woman, a desire that begot a semblance of truth.

Attempting to show his valor he held calmed his nerves.

"I am ready, and so is my soul," he said.

This goes after she drops off Lord Germania

Maya
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 1:18 pm Post subject: Arrival of Lord Germania

Looking at the man as he continues to mumble, his pain growing fiercer, she was confused as to why he needs to go to the castle. She never thought of Lord Targent as a healer much less a doctor. The carriage was moving quickly down the streets, over the bridge into the more wooded area. Her body chilled from the night air, she had left her coat in the alley. The night was black, growing a bit more nervous the closer they got to the large castle. She had never ventured out this way much less uninvited.

The carriage comes to a stop as the driver quickly jumps down running to the front of the doors. Banging on the door, they open as she watched the man pointing and talking to someone. Quickly, they run towards the carriage.

“Let’s get him inside quickly,” the driver tells her.

The man mumbled and moaned in pain as she and the driver carried him inside, laying him on a couch where the servant had instructed them. The servant ushered them out saying that he would be taken care of.

Making her way out of the castle and back towards the carriage, she was confused about what just happened. The driver urged her to get in.

“Li’l lady, please hurry along. We need to be on our way quickly,” he grumbled.

Climbing into the carriage, he snaps the reins as the horses take off. She was still a bit shaken and confused about what had happened. Her clothes were soaked in blood, her hands and arms dried with blood.

Lord_Germania
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 7:00 pm Post subject: Germania At Castle De Convotise Sang

Germania had been brought to the Castle De Convotise Sang, home of Lord Targent, but did not know yet. He had fallen into a deepend sleep during the carriage ride where his temperature soared up to where he should have been at the point of death. The wounds that he had sustained along the way had done internal damage such as the broken rib, which had pierced parts of his organs unknowingly. He was placed upon the couch, his body limp yet he seemed to still be conscious, drifting in and out, mumbling the same word over and over. A pool of sweat mixed with the dirt and blood stained his body.

As he moved about his right arm flopped to the ground so it was palm side up. His shirt had been removed since it had been in a condition that was torn, covered in blood and dirt like his body, and immediately disposed of. As his arm flopped to the ground a tattoo could be seen, which was distinctive of the human patrol; it had been an insignia so they could recognize each other, a serpent-like creature that coiled in a diamond pattern.

There his body laid in waiting for death to come and find him, struggling to survive. Now it had been four days since he had found his way out of the Great Forest. The servants of the castle tended to Germania until help could arrive, bathing him and cleaning the wounds that had been inflicted upon him. Trying to keep his temperature from soaring any higher than it was by using different medicines and remedies they could think of.
A doctor was called to help ease any pain but everything they tried seemed to work for only a short amount of time. He was brought closer to consciousness, but then he would just slip back. Everyone was left scratching their heads about what to do.

Roux
PostPosted: Mon Apr 17, 2006 10:12 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Roux awoke slowly, feeling as though she had been resting forever. Slowly stretching her arms and legs, rising up from her bed, her room dark, only a candle flickering on the small table in the corner. Sliding from her bed as a soft knock on the door was heard.

“Yes, come in,” she softly spoke.

One of the servants entered

“M”Lady Roux, we have a visitor. He is in need of your assistance,” the servant explained.

Tilting her head towards the servant, as she knew what she was thinking and who was here and what was needed.

“Thank you Missy, you may go. I will be down in a moment,” Roux responded.

Making her way in her closet, pulling down a white blouse and black leather pants. Slipping on her clothes, grabbing her black boots, sliding them on. Stepping over towards the dresser, a round mirror, resting against the wall. Picking up the brush gazing into the mirror, as she brushed out her long golden locks. She couldn’t see any reflection, just habit from her past as a human. Laying the brush down, she quickly turns, making her way out of her room.

Making her way down the stairs, down into the large corridor. Her boots lightly tapping against the marble floor as she makes her way into the library. Stepping in she stepped around the couch looking over the man, Lord Germania. Yes, she knew him. He didn’t know her but she knew him. He was weak and not far from death, but not on this day would he see that side. Turning she makes her way towards the large cabinet, pulling open the doors. Reaching back her slender fingers grasping a small glass. Pulling it from the cabinet placing it in front of her. Raising her left hand up over the glass, extending slender finger from her right pressing her nail against her wrist. Her tongue moistening her lips as she slices across her wrist with the sharpness of her nail. Quickly her crimson liquid flows freely down into the glass, smiling as she watches, her hunger growing at the sight. Filling the glass half full, bringing her wrist against her wet lips, flicking her tongue out across the opening. Her eyes close at the taste of blood as the cut heals. Lifting the glass turning, smiling as she made her way back over to Germania.

Kneeling down next to him, her hand sliding under his head lifting it up. He moaned as the pain was eating at his insides. Leaning down she softly whispers “Lord Germania, welcome to De Convotise Sang.”

He moaned out as she brought the top of the glass to his mouth, pressing it against his lips.

“Germania, drink. You will feel better soon. Yes, very soon,” she smirked.

Tilting the glass as the crimson liquid pours down his throat. Quickly, he swallows like a child drinking something sweet for the first time. Emptying the glass sliding her arm from under him, standing.

She noticed the tattoo on his arm, knowing what it meant; she turned as the servant walked in.

“Missy take this glass and please keep an eye on Lord Germania,” Roux commands.

Nodding as Missy takes the glass, she turns and makes her way out. Looking back over at Germania, she knows he would rest throughout the day and night but would awaken feeling a bit stronger. Still weak he would be, but he would be able to move around some.

Quietly, she steps out of the library as she heard sounds of boots walking around. Turning as she knew who it was, it was Nic. Quietly, she steps towards him as he had his back turned towards her. She knew he could sense her yet he didn’t move or turn her direction.

“Hello Nic, I see you are finding your way around as well as feeling a bit more comfortable. I hope you have made yourself at home, for it is your home. We have a guest in the library, he is resting for now, but will soon be up and about. It seems the house is quiet, Lord Targent, Amon and Lantia must be out,” she said.

She stood a few feet behind him watching his body shifting, but yet he never turned towards her.

Lord_Germania
PostPosted: Wed Apr 19, 2006 8:03 pm Post subject: Roux Saves Germania

He had been laying there for the entirety of that night and well into the next day after Roux had tried to save his life by allowing him to drink the essence of her life, which helped to rapidly heal his insides quicker than it would have taken for them to normally progress through healing process. As the essence took hold, he broke out into a sweat that caused his temperature to soar and to start having delirious nightmares that caused him to toss and turn, throwing himself to one side and the next into the early hours of that morning. Throughout he seemed to be getting worse. This was the affect from the larger amount of blood that had

been given to him to sustain his body. All the time mumbling over and over constantly as if trying to fight an inner demon.

As the sun rose creating the dawn of the next day, which couldn't be seen through the closed curtains, allowing no sunlight to break into the room, the cold sweat broke. Allowing him to sleep comfortably well into the next day and through the next night, this being a total of a day and two nights since he had been bought to the castle by Maya. As he slept the healing process seemed to be working faster, the color of his flesh, which had turned pale from the usual pink, was showing signs of life in it once again. The servants had undressed, burning the clothing that had been soiled and torn beyond any repair, leaving him completely naked because of the cold sweat; they just covered his body with a sheet so that in case of a change of temperature it would not cause hypothermia.

The third night came and was well set in close to eleven when he stirred slightly, not knowing where he was, just looked around. He had been moved to one of the upstairs bedrooms so he would rest more comfortably. Trying to get up, he winced as he put his hand across his chest. The healing had taken place but was going to take some time to fully recover. One of the servants had been told to stay and watch over him. As he stirred the servant must have been outside the closed door and came in to see what the noise was. Seeing that Germania had woken up, he rushed to the bedside.

"Sir, sir you are alive. Let me get you some clothing," the servant said.

Germania looked to the servant not knowing what was going on.

"Where am I, how did I get here?" Germania asked.

He lifted himself up, as painful as it was, he bit down and just pushed himself up, holding on to the bed for support until he could balance himself enough to place both hands down on the bed. The sheet pulled away revealing his naked body, which he didn't seem to notice still being groggy from waking up and the pain that he still felt, though now it was a dull pain, not the sharp, intense pain that he had been feeling days before. The servant rushed over to the black cotton shirt and matching pants that had been laid out for him when he awoke. The servant moved towards him, placing the pants down on the bed as he spoke, standing before him. Speaking in a proper manner, Germania could tell that he had been well educated,

"It seems you have had a nasty accident, sir. If it was not for Lady Maya you might not be alive now," the servant said.

The servant picked up the shirt and helped Germania to pull it up over his arms and head, allowing it to fall on to his upper body.

“Once we have you dressed, I will tell the lady of the house you are awake. She will be pleased to hear this,” the servant remarked.

Germania reached for the pants, knowing the only way he would get them on was by lying back on the bed and sliding them up and tying the cord that held them in place. Seeing Germania was having troubles rising, the servant instinctively helped him to sit up so he could steady himself using his hands. Looking to the servant curiously in a defensive manner, not really understanding what was going on.

“Lady of the House?” Germania questioned.

The servant spoke only once more as he saw Germania was dressed.

“Please rest some more, I will go and fetch her right away so you can meet her,” the servant responded.

Germania nodded at the servant and waited for him to leave. Then he stood up, finding it difficult at first to steady himself, after a moment he found his legs. Moving slowly over to the closed window, drawing back the curtains slowly. Since it was night time he couldn’t see much past the window, only to a sheet of darkness outside that didn’t show anything. But for some reason he just leaned up against the window and looked outside. He had this closeness to someone inside of him that he could feel, as if he had met this person before, not knowing who it was, just a sense of familiarity came from it. Looking out he just stared out into space.

Lord_Germania
PostPosted: Thu Apr 27, 2006 8:57 am Post subject: The Contemplantion.

Time had passed, which felt like hours, as he continued to wait for someone to explain to him what had happened. By now the small vial of Roux’s essence had taken full control and most of the wounds were now superficial, only a small amount of pain was felt from the broken ribs, which with the assistance of the essence of Roux was also mending. Standing up from the bed slowly once again, he found his feet, which this time felt more stable than the previous attempt with the servant.

As he looked around the eccentric-looking room he noticed no light was allowed to enter the room, not even the doorways seemed to allow any light to pass between any gaps. He thought it very strange; he had never seen architecture designed that way before. Turning his head to left or right, there were no mirrors or anything that reflected any form of reflecting surface. He knew a female occupied the building, he found this most intriguing that there would be nothing of the sort. His hazel eyes turned back to the window and then looked at the door pondering whether he should see if the door has been locked or not, to

determine whether, in fact, he was prisoner or a guest in this place he found himself.

Nicademus
PostPosted: Wed Apr 05, 2006 6:56 pm Post subject: Crawling out of the Crypt

Moving out of the crypt that Targent had given me for rest I make my way about the halls of the castle, all adorned with various forms of decor. Some of the decor I am sure predates even my lifetime but it matters not for as each time my foot hits the floor an echo of its contact seems to fill the ears. It doesn't matter to me if I am quiet or not just thankful that for once in the long months since past, I don't have to keep looking over my shoulders to make sure I am safe. Now only if my head would clear and the voices would stop filling my mind with pointless urges and desires.

I make my way to the front door, my hood pulled up high to cover the hideous truth of what I have become, which leaves only my long talon-like finger nails black as the darkest obsidian gemstone any have seen in their life to show. As dark and lifeless as the eyes of the devastators whom call The Great Pits home...

Nicademus
PostPosted: Thu Apr 20, 2006 12:29 pm Post subject:

Not even showing any notice to her I smell the sweet coppery scent that sets my fangs a tingle. I don't know how long it had been since I fed last -- day maybe more. The thought of killing a human just to eat was barbaric and cannibalistic in my mind. I had not much time to get over the fact that I was a walking dead man. Even the finality of it, I still hold on to the last bit of my humanity. Except for now the words and the smell, I know it was not intentional but I do know she is here now and perhaps I might be able to resist the urge I have right at this moment. Not turning, my words roll slowly free as if someone put their hand on the record that was my voice.

"Hello Roux..." I begin.

Roux
PostPosted: Sat Apr 22, 2006 9:59 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Standing a few feet behind him, tilting her head to the side slightly as she heard him greet her. Softly chuckling to herself, knowing she could sense his hunger growing. Her soft velvety voice rings as she acknowledges him.

"Nic, 'tis nice to see you up and about. I hope the servants have tended to your needs. If not, please let me know and I will make sure that whatever it is you need is taken care of," Roux replied.

Stepping to the side a bit, as he kept his back to her, she did not wish to intrude on his space, at least not for now. He seemed to have kept to himself since he had arrived here, his home. Turning her head as she heard the soft patter of feet coming from the stairs, she smiled as one of the servants made her way towards her.

The servant stepped up towards her whispering softly, “M”Lady Roux, the guest has awakened.”

Nodding towards her, “Yes, thank you Missy. I will tend to him in a moment.”

Missy nodding as she quickly retreats back up the stairs.

“Nic, care to share a drink with me?” she inquires.

Knowing that Lord Targent always kept bloodwyne as well as the crimson fresh liquid on hand. She hoped he would take her offer to help with his craving. She could sense that it was growing inside him and she could feel the beast that could savagely attack if he did not calm and feed.

Nicademus
PostPosted: Sat Apr 22, 2006 5:59 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

As the young lady “Missy” as Roux called her approached, I cringe for the thought of a creature divine in beauty as most of the things Targent had here still raise more than a few hairs on my neck, if I had any in this damned form of mine. Reaching out one of my leathery, black talon-tipped hands to the wall for support, I look around for the cacophony of voices that have woken to haunt me once more. Everyday I find it hard to deal with in the beginning of each day and the end of the day as well. As it was with the world when you ran into those few minutes of absolute peace.

I remember the days spent just enjoying the twilight times before the rise of the sun and before its setting. Perhaps that is why I always loved the trips I took to the Great Forrest being able to see the turning of time and space around me. Few ventured out of the city too often, but me, you could never keep in the city when you wanted me to stay. Now I have this cold stone surrounding, the lifeless tombs that surround it and the “bastion” of existence here in the lands of Targent and the other vampires. Absent mindedly I breath, “Why...”

No matter it didn’t even get noticed by me over the cacophony of voices in my head nor the chatter of Roux and Missy.

Thinking once of the very kind elderly woman, the loving care and impeciable mannerism, I turn realizing I was being rude to the living or unliving for that matter. I don’t get very far before in a mess of cloak and bony flesh I fall to the

floor. I thought no matter how much I wanted my feet to move, they decided that I should have been trying to keep straight on my path to the outside...

Echoing around the hall in a loud THUD.

Roux
PostPosted: Sat Apr 22, 2006 7:06 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She glanced back at the stairs as Missy made her way back up to the room where the guest was. Looking back about the time Nic slumps to the floor. Moving up next to him, squatting down, yelling out

“Overton, get me the fresh crimson liquid, quickly,” Roux orders.

She hears rustling from the servants, as she slides her arm under Nic’s head lifting it up.

“Quickly, Quickly” she yells out.

Overton, made his way back with the large goblet of liquid. Inhaling as the aroma of the sweet nectar flows through her nostrils.

“Nic, drink this. It will help you,” she says as she presses the rim of the goblet against his lips.

Tilting the goblet as the crimson fluid flows freely into his mouth, Nic reached up grabbing her arms, squeezing tightly. His grip was tight and rough, but she knew he would relax soon. Tilting the glass more as he finished off the goblet. Handing it back to Overton, “Thank you Overton, that will be all for now.”

He nodded as he took the goblet retreating back to the kitchen. Nic’s grip is still tight, as she watched him, his legs slightly moving.

“Nic,” she softly spoke. “You will be fine, you must know that you cannot wait so long to feed your body.”

She kept squatting next to him as she waited him to awaken from the state of darkness.

Nicademus
PostPosted: Sat Apr 22, 2006 7:28 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Oh woe be the timing, awake but not awake the voices in my head. Speak to my body directly sending to the muscles commands that normally are denied fully. I drink down all the fluid and without warning the hand on her arm that she thought

would relax soon begins to cause some serious pain in her body. My eyes glow furiously, a deep amber color veined by the normal yellow glow they keep.

As moments pass the yellow viens grow but the grip on Roux's body is not relenting one bit. While in the trance of the voices, my mind falls into a brief peaceful rest. I can see far above me a bright sphere of light. It beckons with the soft and peaceful voice of Roux. Almost motherly she sounds, but for this moment I smile and in kind the body that she has knelt by does so too. Even though I have lost most of my control temporarily to the voices, it seems that few muscles do follow my command.

What seems to be forever moves faster for me than it would for her. I can only imagine the thoughts that she must feel when I do not answer her beckoned call. As if on cue my mental release begins to flow through to the crimson back drop with that familiar coppery smell.

Roux
PostPosted: Sun Apr 23, 2006 1:36 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She knelt next to Nic waiting for him to regain his senses. Gritting her teeth as she felt his grip tighten around her arms. Glancing down, his eyes a dark amber, his grip not easing up. Her eyes opening wide, the color bright yellow, a soft hiss slips from her lips. Her fingers balling into a fist as she flexes her muscles. Even though she is a female, her strength was close to his. She could easily over power a human male with no worries or even another female kinderd, but she knew she couldn't over power a male vampire

Pulling up with her arms, growling out, "NIC!"

Turning her arms trying to release his grip from her.

"NIC! NIC!" she growled even louder.

Overton quickly comes runs towards her.

"M'Lady, are you OK? Let me help you!" he exclaims as he rushed next to her side.

"No, he will be OK" she hissed out.

Her attention turned back towards Nic.

Nicademus
PostPosted: Sun Apr 23, 2006 3:07 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

The amber now sharing the space of the eyeball equally with the more common yellow color, they almost look like a sick and twisted version of a pinwheel. My

grip remains firm at first as the eyes take on that color combination. Easing lightly as my head swoons in the direction of Overton. The sadistic void of emotion on my face was most likely uncommon to him or perhaps none knew. At this point all that was known was the look made him back pedal as if he had seen the devil himself and recognized me as such. His vocabulary cut short with a rather incontinent stuttering fit.

Few sudden breaths from my chest heaving as if in some way trying to remember how to breath. A hushed whisper leaks from my gritting teeth.

“Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up,” I insist.

Suddenly my hand throws open wide as both arms swing out and around me with such ferocity that poor Roux was caught ill prepared. Tumbling more then sailing, her feminine form goes towards the corner of the hall closest to the stairs as if joining the shocking display of what might be considered carnage by some. But if they only knew it was triumph; a loud bellowing echos out of my mouth.

“YOU DO NOT CONTROL MEEEEEE!!!!!” I scream.

And as if resigning to the control being back in my hands, “only I control me” is softly spoken.

On top of my own commotions Roux’s form slams into the rather large suit of old armor that stood in silent vigilance over the entire scene. Drawing my attention back to her, where the look of remorse and sorrow blanches over my visage.

Roux
PostPosted: Mon Apr 24, 2006 4:47 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Her small hands tightly balled into fists as she hissed out “NIC”, pulling back trying to release herself from his grip.

Before she could gain her balance from the tugging, her petite body was flung across the floor. Tumbling, sliding back, her anger grew deeper inside her as her small form bashed against the armor. Her head and back hitting against the armor as her right arm bangs into the sharp battle-axe. Growling out, at the thud of her body slamming against the armor, shaking her head to rid it of the tumble. Lifting her right arm, noticing the trickle of blood from the axe. Her facial expression turns to anger, her eyes glaring at him.

Standing up, not paying any attention to the cut across the back of her arm, she makes her way back towards Nic. Suddenly, he screams out. Stopping a couple feet from him, her gaze burning into him. Her voice growling and hissing, “NICADEMUS, NICADEMUS...you are stronger than the beast, control him” in a demanding tone.

“NIC, take control now!!!!” she commands as she took a stance a few feet from him.

She knew she needed to get him under control, for there was a guest in the castle she needed to attend to. She watched, as he seemed to be battling within himself the beast. She would not let that happen, she would battle him if so needed.

Nicademus
PostPosted: Mon Apr 24, 2006 9:32 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

Looking over at Roux most of the amber is gone and the yellow is filling in the area once held by the amber. With a blank look on my face, shaking my head back and forth, I know that she doesn’t fully understand and that she never will. My secrets must remain so forever. Slowly, I rock forward and head towards the door not speaking a word moving past, the shaken and obviously scared, Overton. With swift and slightly hurried movements I pulled open the door and duck out into the maze of tombstones.

Roux
PostPosted: Fri Apr 28, 2006 9:20 am Post subject: Reply with quote

She watched him carefully, unsure if he would go after her again. She watched his movements, the back of her right arm streamed with her crimson blood. Moving her shoulder forward holding her arm out, shaking her head. Glaring back at Nic, her eyes burning yellow, she watched as she stood. Before she could say anything, he rushed past her, out the door. Quickly, she turned moving to the door, watching as he moved quickly into the Garden of Stones.

Softly whispering to herself, “Nic, I shall deal with you later. For now you roam through the stones.”

Overton stepped up towards her.

“M’Lady, let me assist you with your cut,” he offers.

“Please just get me a wrap, I will be fine,” she says to Overton.

He scampered off quickly, returning with the wrap. Holding her arm out, he carefully wrapped it. She smiled, she knew he couldn’t hurt her, but she let him attend to her.

“Thank you Overton, you are very kind. I will be OK. I must attend to our guest,” Roux reassures him.

Turning she makes her way up the stairs to the guest's room.

Roux
PostPosted: Fri Apr 28, 2006 9:36 am Post subject: Reply with quote

Slowly she makes her way up the stairs, down the hallway towards the guest room. Knocking softly, turning the handle, pushing the door open. She glances over at Lord Germania.

"Well I see you have awakened and you do look better than you did when you were brought here," Roux said.

She steps inside, leaving the door open. She watched him, as he seemed to be a bit confused on where he was.

"Germania, you are at Castle De Convotise Sang, home of Lord Targent. You were brought here by a young woman a few nights back. Seems as though you were attacked by something. But no fear, you are healing very well," she explained.

She knew he would have a gut feeling and the need for the taste of her crimson nectar. Soon, she thought, very soon, he would have his taste again. She moved next to the frame of the door leaning back as she listened to his raspy voice.

This post is before Roux goes to the Forest

Roux
PostPosted: Sun Jun 11, 2006 7:42 pm Post subject: Reply with quote

She watched as the man slowly moved around the room, not even realizing she was standing there. He never responded to her question or looked up at her. Calling back the servant, she softly whispers to her making sure she understood what and when she wanted for Lord Germania. The servant nodding as she scampered off down the hall.

Stepping back out of the room as Germania made his way back to the bed, laying down. He quickly slipped off to sleep as she pulled the door closed locking it. She knew that he would be taken care of and nothing would happen to him. Making her way down towards her room, her arm still wrapped from the encounter earlier, she would deal with him another time. Making her way into her room, closing the door behind her. Grabbing a small bag, placing some clothes as well as a few other things inside, zipping it closed.

Slipping from her room, down the stairs, summoning Overton.

"Overton, please get the carriage and a driver for me," Roux ordered.

Overton nodding, “Yes M’Lady Roux.”

Then he rushed off to take care of her request. She paced the floor, sounds of her boots thumping against the ceramic floor below her. Even though only a few minutes had passed, she thought it seemed to take forever for the carriage to arrive.

“Overton take care of our guest. Make sure my orders are followed,” Roux commanded.

Overton nodding as she lifted her bag, quickly making her way down the steps, slipping inside the carriage as the driver held the door open.

She smiled as she gave her request to the driver.

“Samuel, to The Great Forest – Moore’s Gate, quickly. Let me know when we have arrived at the gate,” she demanded.

He nodded as he quickly stepped up top the carriage, whipping the reins on the horses as the carriage pulled away at a quick pace. Leaning back resting against the cushions of the carriage, she gazed out into the night hoping she would find Lord Targent and the rest of the group.