

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533234, member: 718"][spoiler="Mood"]
[MEDIA=youtube]le1PZnXOJ-g[/MEDIA]
[/spoiler]

It was a frigid morning in the Fall as the buses came, ferrying students from all corners of the continent - all kinds of backgrounds, countless flares of dreams and aspirations. But after this day, all Pensalirs equal in devotion to their study.

Right?

[spoiler="Desha Poteryal and Ai"]

Being a particularly notable addition to Pensalir's intake, you had been allocated your own transport - not as luxurious as it sounded, given that that happened to be a metal bench in the back of an unmarked van. But you didn't much notice the lack of creature comforts, only the lack of movement when the van came to a stop. Your keen 'ears' identified two voices outside a moment after; one seeming... careful, the other rough.

"This is her?"

"Yeah, if you wanna call it a her."

"They say she's alive, her family..."

"You reckon they'd say otherwise? They only have to believe it is for our obligation to be filled."

"Not quite true - and that is a case of more than just an obligation. In any case... we can hope. In either case, it is a historic advancement for Sliver's technology. But to think of the possibilities, if it was really true her consciousness had not dissipated. We could finally see off that dratted... open the doors."

Light streamed in from outside, you exited and stepped onto the tarmac, in front of a man in glasses looking at you with thinly-veiled fascination. "Good morning, Desha Poteryal. My name is Doctor Wylf Mercer (evidently the owner of the more considerate voice from before). I am here to safely direct you to the Pensalir Memorial Institute..." He hesitated. "Your new home. I have additionally been assigned to assist you in any difficulties you may face integrating with the wider student body, given your condition. Before we move to the main hall, do you have any questions or requests?"

[/spoiler]

[spoiler="Valerica Rohiklav, Serena Sterling, Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise III, Arkan Edel and Rowan Clarke."]

Being so nearby to Pensalir, as well as being allocated the plushest transport (sporting engines which had actually been serviced at some point over the last decade), you arrived a little before

most of the rest, the dawn-sun warming the cool of your skin as you disembarked your respective vehicles and; thronging with the rest of Pensalir's soon-to-be-favoured, made your ways (messily or primly, who cared) towards the doors.

Your way, however, was barred by a tough-looking figure wearing a black cloak and an expression like a slapped arse.

"Ladies and gentlemen," they began sarcastically, "We *regret* to inform you that there has been a change in the schedule. I'm afraid to report that Hell has frozen over, and you're *strolling* straight into it!"

Slow shake of the head - "All your life, you've had it easy. The scuttling little heirs and heiresses of Nova Stella. Well, yanno? I'm not actually here to bash anyone for their origins, and neither should you be. But I'm also not here to throw the '*leaders of tomorrow*' any special favours. When you walk in these doors, your privilege ends. And when *I'm* through with you, you'll either be a tight-wound drum of violence; or, dead, or... maybe both? Hasn't happened yet... don't suppose anyone would care to prove me wrong?"

Valerica Rohiklav

"Eh? How about you, *princess*? Hope you're not scared of breaking a nail. Or maybe with that unblemished white skin you've taken *so much effort* to maintain, you're try'na blind someone?"

Rowan Clarke

"Or you, magic-man? Hope you don't keel over on the hundred-metre sprint in basic. But if you did, that'd save the rest of us a good measure of time and effort."

Arkan Edel

They pointed to you with a grimace, a broad finger from the cloak-sleeves. "I don't have anything to say to you. Somehow you're particularly pathetic."

They went through about half of the crowd, pelting each with personal insults. Most seemed pretty dumbfounded, but there was a rising chorus of grumbling and dissent by the time they abruptly went - "Alright, that's all I've to say. Toughen up or get lost." and stomped off like nothing'd happened.[/spoiler]

[spoiler="Ty Bennett"]

((I had to write this out twice so this'll be a bit poor I LOVE TCF.))

The Elysian prospects... were the second-largest group of any coming to Pensalir, and increasing by the year. And in terms of the backgrounds of each, the walks of life from which they came - their reasons. In that respect, none were more varied than they. But it was true that most were spurred-on to Pensalir by some kind of ambition.

Then there were others - well, none were quite like you. But some, some were here simply because they couldn't know, or maybe couldn't think of, what else they could do.

Coming to Pensalir offered a fresh start in many ways, but too many other things felt bleakly familiar. And the cold on the light winds. But if you could endure, something might come your way. At least this'd be the last time you'd be mixed-in with the kids of Elysium and no-one else.

Your coach was received by a good-natured, fast-talking young man in a longcoat (and you lucked out on it being someone relatively sane, not that you knew that). "Hi, hi, hello." he said to the group. "Name's Cobray, and it's good to see the folks of my hometown back again. Welcome to Pensalir. I'd love to keep you here and chat, but we need to collect a lot of groups together, I'll get put on blast if we're late for this mystery new headmaster's speech... heh, probably the same old stuff he'll say."

He clicked his fingers and pointed off to the giant building in the background - which seemed more like the grand spires of an ancient castle than a school - started walking. "Ask me any questions as we're walking, please, just so long as we walk."[/spoiler]

[spoiler="Daniel Striker"]

A brisk walk in the cool air of the morning tended to clear your head, and on this morning in particular it'd been sorely needed. The Pensalir Institute, what were you getting yourself into? Still, you were probably the only person in the entire year - maybe in several years - who'd taken it upon themselves to climb the school's ridiculously long staircase, the only possible entry-point on foot (and nowhere near as grand as the mighty crystal gates at the front). Below, you could make-out the buses carrying others from every end of the country going up the winding mountain roads. It was... strange, being near to so many, and yet so alone.

Wait. Not quite *alone*. On the onyx balcony by the side-door you were just coming to, there was a tall man in the navy-black uniform of the Northern Guards, and a captivating young blonde in a strapless silver dress despite of the freezing temperatures.

"I'm telling you", said the guard uneasily, "We have a situation in E-Section, and -"

The woman interrupted him. "Yes, yes. And I'm telling *you*, this is one of my favourite days in the year. If there's a problem needing to be... squashed, as you say, then I will organise a solution - or execute *it* myself if necessary. But, I will do it *after* I have observed the new intake."

"But my lady, by that time -" At that moment, while looking anywhere but at the lady in the dress, he caught sight of you. "Spy!" he cried, reaching quickly for the sword at his waist.

Extremely quickly, she grabbed his wrist. "Be *quiet*." said the blonde to him firmly. She turned to address you politely, with an innocuous smile that paid no attention to what she'd said just before - "Good morning. My congratulations on your acceptance to Pensalir."

You could talk to them if you wanted, but considering how willing the guard'd been to attack you a moment before, it might be a better idea to walk past them and into the foyer before anyone present changed their minds.[/spoiler]

[spoiler="Rag Smith, Laterose Mastema and Feren Aldebaran"]

Pracha this morning had been very busy indeed, being perhaps the largest spring of Pensalir kids in the country. It'd taken the battered buses a couple hours to make the journey, and longer for their complaining engines to cough up the road up the sides of Pensalir's mountain. But the delay had not diminished most of the young peoples' excitement. You included? Maybe.

You all filed over to be welcomed by... a young man who didn't seem particularly welcoming. He had a slim face, green eyes sharp as broken bottle-glass, and a clipboard. "Good morning. I am Shritt Fielding. I'm obliged to direct you all to the main hall, where the new headmaster will make an address. If you could just confirm your names -"

He stopped in mid-sentence abruptly and lurched forwards, due to being... headbutted on the shoulderblade? Rather than reacting angrily, his face seemed tired and decidedly unsurprised.

"Do you *a/ways* greet people like that?" asked Shritt sourly (and not for the first time).

"Only those I *loooooove*." came a bouncy, saccharine voice from behind him. A pint-sized girl

built like a brick  house stepped forwards and waved at the three of you. It was difficult not to notice that, for some reason, she had donned a white faux-hair beard on an elastic string.

Shritt grinded his teeth. "Karkas, some of us have work to do."

"Yeah yeah, *sorry*, but you always seem to pick-out the best. I had to see." This seemed suspect, considering your bus was just one on the park of at least a couple dozen.

Rag Smith

The girl walked up to you, narrowed her eyes. Then she pulled at one of the buttons on your shirt, and sniffed twice experimentally at the sliver of your bare chest underneath. You would've felt rather violated as it was, but the hairs of the beard tickling you ever-so-slightly *sealed the deal* on this being a decidedly uncomfortable interaction.

"...You smell... tough. I like that. We should throw down some time!" mused Karkas approvingly.

"Can we *please* get on with this - I suggest you go through those double-doors before my sister tries to use one of you as a scratching-post. Quickly, thank you." said Shritt matter-of-factly. But just then, Shritt's all-business posture was interrupted by - his nose wrinkling. He scented the air suspiciously, then looked with slightly... clouded-over eyes at:

Laterose Mastema

Oh, lord. You were *not* going to be pleased if he tried to sniff at your chest as well. Mercifully, Shritt seemed to want out of there, not to draw any closer. "You... smell. You smell, really nic-" He snapped himself out of the mini-stupour, reverted to his usual glare.

"Just... just get in there, already. We have a schedule to keep." he said a little too hastily. He knew that scent...

Feren Aldebaran

Wisely, you moved quickly past the four of them during this time, not wanting *anything* to do with that bizarre show of preening going-on, and were likely the first to make it out of the cold and into the warmth and the eye-watering opulence of Pensalir's gaudy foyer.[/spoiler]
[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533243, member: 6200"]AI

"Negative." I say as my eyes give a white flash with every syllable. "No further information needed. All needed data is saved."

DESHA

I am currently invisible and unhearable. "Please, get me out of this prison." I say to myself while shaking that no-one can see.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533249, member: 718"]WyIf nodded, he didn't seem particularly surprised by your stilted tone or words. There was something in his eyes - difficult to read... a hint of sadness, or maybe disappointment. But he'd been expecting it.

"Very good. For the moment, you'll be kept at a short distance from the other students. Do not draw any conclusions from this, you were simply introduced at; how should I say, brief notice."

Despite those words, the Northern Guard with a repeating crossbow shadowing him didn't escape your notice. "Kindly, follow me carefully."

He led you through a modest door in the wall and into a lit but deserted corridor. You detected dust molecules on the air, but there was a door opening onto a balcony at the end ((where Daniel is, so I'll wait a bit to see if Zeta posts)). "We'll wait here one moment... someone important requested to see you."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533279, member: 6200"]AI

"Command recieved. Unit number 33742 shall wait in this location untill further command."
Once again, my eyes flash with every syllable I say. I walk over to the wall and stand still, still and straight.

DESHA

Still in my previous state. "IS this really what my body is becoming.....Please give me back the keys...."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533296, member: 718"]From the outside balcony, with lithe, quick steps drew-in a woman as unblemished as the undisturbed snow outside. Wait... not quite true. A patch of the skin on her cheek was detectable by you as darker. Still, she was what most humans would identify as beautiful, even if she was egregiously improperly-dressed for the setting. Her crimson eyes immediately focused on you with an intelligent zeal. She quickened her pace.

"Good morning, Doctor Mercer." she said professionally. "I am to assume, this is...?"

"Yes, Doctor Edelhart. This is Desha Poteryal, transported here from Elysium General in the strictest confidence, as requested."

"...To you, it's Nicola." she said, shaking her head at him with a flattering little smile. "But, excellent work. Now -"

Here, she turned to you, looked intently into your 'eyes' and spoke extremely quickly. "I am Nicola Edelhart, North R&D. Identify yourself."

"...Actually..." said Wylf from off to the side.

"Oh?" - Edelhart looked at him with polite curiosity, but you could tell she was slightly annoyed by the interjection.

"She identified herself already, as... 'Unit number 33742'."

"Hm. I see." She returned to you (clearly consigning his words to some sort of mental wastepaper basket), as if nothing'd happened. "Inform me of your specification. Any arms which're capable of interfacing with 'Passion', and..."

Her voice quietened, became almost conspiratorial. It seemed she was savouring these words: "Tell me what you would consider to be your purpose."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533310, member: 6200"]DESHA

I try to to not let my body show those weapons but fail, she does do it.

AI

"Orders recieved.....Entering combat mode.....Excecuting S&B mode." Once the last of my words are heard, A laser sword appears in my right hand and a shield in my left. "Entering G mode." I get rid of the sword and shield as some sort of grenade appears in my hand, which I toss up. "Entering B mode." My palms open up and a laser shoots the grenade at the apex of it's arc, causing the explosion to happen in the air. "Searching databanks for unit purpose.....ERROR.....Infomation not found.....Searching for specification.....ERROR.....Infomation not found."

DESHA

If I only could posses my body, then it would be ten times simpler. I know I can influence it, if I only knew how to do it better.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533324, member: 718"]Needless to say, your immediate demonstration was... quite alarming. The solitary Northern Guard dived to the side while nocking a bolt into his crossbow; meanwhile, Wylf Mercer seemed to be half-crouching behind Edelhart's sparkling silk dress. The guard raised to shoot -

"Stop." Edelhart instructed, waving a gloved hand to the side. Obediently, the guard lowered his weapon in spite of his grimace. Although the grenade had gone off only a couple metres above her head, she seemed completely unfazed, although her smooth hair was displaced slightly. Edelhart had this satisfied little smile, as if she'd just realised it was her birthday the morning after.

"Very good, U-33742. Idle."

She turned to Wylf, smirking a little when she noted he'd sprung from standing beside the artificial girl to cowering behind her in the timeframe. Wylf took three quick steps backwards, embarrassed. Edelhart addressed him (talking as if you weren't there) -

"Its capabilities are exceptional, considering these armaments are passion-compatible. However, it seems it displays no semblance of retaining free will or uninstructed thought."

"Ye-es, Doctor... I mean, Nicola. That was my prognosis at this stage, also. B-but, it may be too soon to tell..."

There was silence for a long moment. Edelhart seemed intently thoughtful.

Conclusively: "It is a shame *Desha's* family, most likely, deluded themselves. But it is not a surprise. Let us not forget that this; while not the *best possible* result, remains an excellent one for us. However, we will have to work on modifying its parameters, establishing from whom it will

take orders - or as we'll refer to them, 'requests'. Once *its* presence becomes public knowledge... I'm sure I do not need to remind you that there're *certain parties* whom we would much prefer are covertly restricted access."/>

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533330, member: 6200"]DESHA

No! I can not be lost! I try to force my body to attack Edelhart! I shall not be used as a weapon!

AI

I go into a idle like mode for a few seconds going back. "Intitiating combat mode. Excecuting B mode." I aim at Edelhart and fire off a laser beam.

DESHA

Yes! A small victory.

I seem have lost control of my form as I was visible as a stream of code above my body."/>

[QUOTE="Kendrick Lamar, post: 1533335, member: 11599"]-**Arkan-**

Arkan's arrival was fairly smooth. The transport was oddly comfortable and the weather was not as hostile or cold as it usually was, yet he still felt a sense of dread about the situation. An itching feeling within the back of his mind. He definitely knew that something was going to happen and as he hopped off, he felt it. A presence up ahead as he walked particularly sluggishly, not in a rush to encounter them, despite the inevitability. And he did nothing but watch in neutrality as she pointed and berated the others after a fairly judgemental statement that he didn't really have a particular problem with. Most of what she was saying was true, and he honestly found the insults quite amusing. Eventually the finger was pointed at him and he found the insult particularly funny, to the point that despite trying to hold a straight face in the situation, he let out a small chuckle. She continued with the procedure for some time however, and whilst he didn't really seem as disgruntled as his comrades, he did find himself wanting a nap. Luckily for his survival, she ended up leaving before he actually fell asleep, which prompted him to move.

Figuring this day would be easier with some conversation, he looked next to him and saw an interesting face. A respirator covered the majority of it, but he seemed pretty interesting. Hoping he'd be interesting conversation, he figured he'd initiate contact.

"She seemed pretty friendly." he spoke with a smirk, looking at the brown skinned fellow."/>

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533341, member: 718"]Edelhart wasn't looking your way, but she turned swiftly as she heard you speak, an eyebrow raised. Her eyes were... unreadable. Her expression retained this slight, faraway smile even as you warned everyone you were about to attack.

Your targeting systems would've followed any evasive manoeuvre she attempted, anyways, but she would not budge so much as a millimetre. So... you blasted at her unarmed, slim frame with the crackling laser.

A bright flash eclipsed your sight for a second. When your optics faded back into vision, Edelhart was... unchanged? No, that wasn't true, but she was unscathed. Her left arm was outstretched, and covered in this transparent black fibre that seemed to mirror the shape of her muscles from fingertip to shoulder. Edelhart looked like the cat that'd gotten the cream for a very brief moment, but she quickly restrained herself and forced a serious expression.

"It seems our initial prognoses may have been inaccurate, Doctor Mercer. Even if this is simply symptomatic of... erratic behaviours produced by contradictory data processing. However, on the off-chance it is something less clinical -"

She took a step closer to you. In a very calm, and measured voice, "Unit-33742. Desha. If you are alarmed by our designs, I assure you they are not borne of a desire to control you, and especially not to use as a means to attack others. We are doing this because there *are* people who would wish to establish complete control over you, at any cost, even if that entailed your full dissection. These people would have no qualms with using you as a weapon. Myself and Doctor Mercer, however, do not believe that should be what defines you - it is not your purpose."/>

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533348, member: 14460"]((I'm feeling a bit better now, so here goes! I often use 1st person, but I'll go 3rd person at it fits longer posts better.))

-Rowan-

"I can tell today will be an *excellent* day."

He scowled and trudged through the crowds, not caring if he steps on a foot or nudges someone accidentally. The only things worth Rowan's time are books and cats.

He took his glasses out of a front pocket and slid them on, looking for any signs or posters that would catch his interest.

No clubs, though. He thought. *Not even chess club...*

His stern gaze could probably burn a hole through a wall. Even a young toddler could tell Rowan despised the crowds and chattering.[]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533352, member: 6200"]DESHA

I have no clue which party is the good or bad one, nor which one to believe.

AI

"User input saved. Storing information in databanks." I say to her. "Deactivating combat mode." The holes in my palms slowly close

DESHA

Did she ever see me? That would not be pretty if she did see me.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1533357, member: 984"]

Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise

Already off to a great start.

First thing in the morning I wake up to mother and a doctor waiting outside my room declaring that I need more boosters and treatments. "In case of exposure to a foreign body," they said- which just really meant that they were preparing for the worst scenario: students from slightly further south- or really anywhere- with more hardy and varied immune systems acting as carriers for what could be the next plague; so that was an ordeal of about an hour. They spent a while of worry over my Chaustinise Syndrome, which hadn't been acting up for a while. Of course that changed when they looked at me and could tell that I read their minds- not on purpose of course. I wasn't looking, just hearing.

So we talked -on and on- about how I shouldn't try to experiment with my mind or anybody else's just because I could, how to act if I did pick something up from someone, most importantly that I was by no circumstance to take off my respirator unless I needed to eat, and some other topics that're typical of parents. After that they gave me what I needed; clothes, small water purifier, extra respirator, two whole spray bottles of sanitizer, and a bunch of other odds and ends- and wished me luck.

I wouldn't even know if the ride to Pensalir was loud or not in the sense of noise, but it certainly was in the thought sense. Missing thoughts, doubts, dreams, all of that. I heard it all. Couldn't tell who it came from in all of that mess, but I still heard it. And then it just died down. I don't know if it was because we pulled up or if it was because the episode was over. Either way, I could think straight enough to form an opinion of the member of Pensalir we came across.

Probably a test, or that's what I hoped they were, the way they threw insults like bacteria from a cough. That stopped with them stomping away liked they owned the place, and I honestly had so many questions. They had to wait of course because it seemed that this was starting off like some sort of book I'd read- with the promise of actual interaction.

"If that's nice, I don't want to imagine meeting the rest of them. I don't even know if that was a staff member or not, the way they just came at us." I started. He was tall, like actually tall. Around six feet, certainly a bit older than me too. "I'm Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise III, but you can just call me Cerabin if you want. What's your name?"

((I don't think I'll be doing this colored text thing for long.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533366, member: 718"]**Desha**

She hadn't *seen* anything, but there were perceptions beyond just sight. Not to mention, the educated guess was also a powerful sense. Edelhart... was clearly knowledgeable, knowledgeable of things you did not yet understand. This all seemed completely foreign to your old life... but then, with what many had called 'your death', so much after had changed. It was difficult. She was knowledgeable, but she didn't seem trustworthy - actually, that wasn't quite right. The moment before, she had seemed very trustworthy indeed, and that... was suspicious in itself, for someone's evocations to change so quickly.

& Ai

"Very good." said Edelhart. "Doctor Mercer, how long until the rest are here?"

"A few minutes, ma'am, but it's rarely what I'd call an exact science."

She smiled. "No matter. Look after *her* for the moment, I must go... elsewhere. Goodbye, Doctor Mercer, Guard Kamford... Desha. Hm, I must say I prefer that name. But I suppose that's irrational, sigh, how boring."

She kissed Wylf on the cheek as she went, he looked away, brow sweating a little. "Oh, Wylf? I've something to deal with at Northwest this afternoon, so cover my class for me, won't you? Thanks!" she said, striding off, 'accidentally' leaving him with too little time to formulate a response.

Rowan Clarke

((Write in whichever style you prefer, I'm trying my best to flex here and I'd love you to be comfortable rather than feel you have to do anything particular.))

Despite the... annoying delay, courtesy of that intolerably brash figure in the cloak, you'd surprisingly made it to the main hall ahead of anyone - wait, except for some oddly nondescript-seeming (apart from their lack of height) person with a crossbow slung over their shoulder, looking at the far-wall ((Feren Aldebaran)). With his casualwear, he definitely looked like a Prachan or worse, so he probably wasn't worth your time. For the moment, you continued reading, trying not to sear any holes in the paper.

"Hey, looking for clubs?" came a cheery voice off to your side. You looked down to see a short, tanned girl with... a beard? Your iron-hewn grimace and glare backed by the force of a thousand suns fixed upon her. Her friendly smile changed to a sheepish expression. "Alright, I'll just walk if you want, yikes."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533376, member: 6200"]AI

"Awaiting user inputs." I say after the conversation is over. I scan the area and see a male of age 15 standing there. "Accepting new profile, requesting username." I say to him.

DESHA

Here is an input for you, escape is this place! Go over to Lichthart, where I originally wanted to go before you took over my body! I get no reaction from my body.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533378, member: 14460"]((im fine with 3rd person tbh))

-Rowan-

No one is worth my time, really.

He crossed his arms and stared at the odd woman, slightly repulsed by the "beard" she had on her face. *What is she trying to do, win my love? That won't work.*

"Yes and no." His tone was standoffish and curt. "I wouldn't mind discovering what clubs are held here, but I'm looking for directions more than anything."

He turned his attention to the man with the crossbow, nodding towards him. "And it would be appreciated if you could let me know who this is."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533390, member: 718"]((Ye it's too bad Zeta isn't up at this time as it would've been even juicier if Edelhart'd been pumping Daniel for his opinion - she likes people like him.))

She bristled, but didn't adjust her tone or stance... ostensibly. There was this, undercurrent, to her next words which didn't sound quite so carefree. Despite her unruly appearance, you did get a slight inclination that she might not be one to ridicule nor push *too* far, tempting as it seemed.

"No. Who do you think I am, student head? Although, I do like to get the measure and memory of more people than most - I'm Karkas." She deliberately omitted her last name, tactfulness wasn't usually her strong suit, but she was well-used to what she'd classified you under - people like you, Novo Strellan gentry who sneered at everyone besides. And those gentry would be the same to fall about themselves with unctious compliments when they found that she was in fact the heiress to one of the most powerful families in the North.

"I head-up the contact-sport clubs in a number of disciplines. I'm also the current champ of fourth-year 1v1. But you don't look cut out for either of those." that came quite aggressively, Karkas was challenging you to say otherwise. A bait? "If you just wanna know where to go, that'd be past crossbow-boy and down the hall; mahogany double-doors, you can't miss 'em. But, they're waiting for the wider body to arrive before they crack 'em open."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533394, member: 6200"]>(*Shrug* I can wait.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533395, member: 14460"]-Rowan-
He squinted as the girl gave him sass. *Exactly why I would rather date a man than a woman. They whine too much. And they're just not as attractive.*

"Oh, sports. No, I don't bother myself activities like that. You will get nowhere kicking balls or swinging rackets." *Not to mention that I do run out of breath rather quickly.*

"But you should be quiet, lady. Women are meant to be submissive and soft-spoken, no?" He gave Karkas a coy grin and patted her on the shoulder before making his way to this "crossbow boy", studying the figure as he slowly approached. With only a smidgen of... perverted intent.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1533409, member: 81756"]~Valerica~
Ultimately, the trip to school was exceptionally nondescript, if not a little parching. She'd been ready at first light, something that was a bit unique for Kindred, who usually slept in due to their light sensitivity; by the time she left to make her way to the bus, her parents hadn't yet woken, so she didn't bother to give them her farewells. She wasn't particularly concerned about it, either; after all, she was an heiress. She wasn't ever particularly close with her parents, and they were always busy with one thing or another; something that was perfectly fine with Valerica. On the rare occasion that her mother decided she wanted to actually involve herself in Valerica's life...well, neither party were very happy. Still, that was neither here nor there.

No, right now, she was being insulted by some creature who had the inkling to think itself her better; as if it could even be her equal. The insult itself was of no concern to her, but it was the fact that they had the audacity to dare to insult her that infuriated her, and if it weren't for the fact that she was pretty sure they were a member of the staff; she would've made it clear right then and there that she wasn't afraid to break a nail. Preferably one of their nails, or perhaps even several of them; and while she was at it, why bother breaking them, when she could forcefully rip them off of their body.

She was still lost in her own thoughts when the figure departed, leaving her among the rest, momentarily glancing over at two of the other new arrivals who saw fit to discuss the situation.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533417, member: 14460"]((Valerica is high quality. I'm already liking her lol))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533422, member: 718"]Karkas... said nothing, actually. She had this expression of slight surprise upon her pretty features, and a couple blinks when you smiled oh-so-sardonically and patted her bare shoulder. So off you walked, feeling yourself the biggest man on the mountain.

You made it about four steps before you were knocked to the hard-tiled floor. It wasn't like you'd been dragged down, it was - one moment fully-upright, the next flat-on-the-ground. There was this impossible weight squashing the air out of your lungs, making it difficult to draw a breath. You could feel something tickling the bare nape of your neck... rough hairs... what?

You could only see the ground ahead as your collar was being gripped, the grip was with fearsome strength, but... careful. The bestial shadow you could see, it was in control of itself. A maw with long teeth lowered itself next to yours, let out a low growling, slavering breath.

"Sister, please do not maul the new intake." came a raised but calm voice from the outside entrance.

"JuuuuuuuuSSSSSSStttt giviiiiingggg himmm a LUUUUUUuuuuuvvvv-taaaaap, broooooootherrrr!" replied a roar garbled into poor speech. A moment later, the weight was released, and there was no trace of anything that'd just happened.

"You wouldn't believe what this one'd said, little bro'." said Karkas humorously.

Shritt rolled his eyes. "I could hazard a guess."

(([USER=984]@TechnoSpectre 0-85.5[/USER] @Artymis Not sure if any or all of you guys would like to form an interaction together for the time being or if you'd like me to GM you and push you onwards.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533427, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

What... Just happened...? That went by WAY too quickly. He forced himself up, hiding his trembling - but failing miserably.

After checking his glasses for cracks and putting them away, Rowan looks up at his attacker. His confused and somewhat angry expression changes to one of pure shock upon seeing the beast. He opens his mouth to say something but promptly closes it, instead choosing to take a few steps back.

For once, the young man was speechless. He usually had some kind of snarky response to give, but he was truly lost for words here. *My first day here and I'm already getting pinned down by beasts?! I... It's ugly... Brutish... I think I might faint.*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533440, member: 718"]You hadn't gotten a superb glimpse of the beast, but from the words... it wasn't some pet controlled by Karkas. No - that *was* Karkas. But you could hardly believe it now, as disgusted and fearing as you were. Now you'd regained your footing - there was just Karkas. She looked the exact same as before, in the tacky copper gilet - even that ridiculous beard had returned, not a hair displaced. She was smiling at you, smugness barely-veiled on her face.

"Roar." she growled playfully.

"I think he learned his lesson," she said over her shoulder, "Don't you?"

Shritt - revealed as a young man of your age, russet hair tossed about him, eyes a striking viridian; physique a little wiry but acceptable, he was reasonably appreciable eye-candy - too bad that he shared the blood of that hideous, self-righteous *creature*. He sighed. "Karkas, I don't even know what that lesson was supposed to be. But, sure. Whatever he did, I doubt he'll do it again. In your presence, that is."

Sounding like he'd seen all this before: "Now, would you care to stop grandstanding? You're wanted."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533448, member: 14460"]-Rowan-
Of course he's related to her. That's just my luck. He straightened his posture and approached Shritt, staring at everything *but* him.
"Of course. You lead the way. I shall refrain from disturbing your dear sister, too. But she *did* disrespect me. Teach her proper manners."
He finally locked eyes with Shritt, his gaze faltering a little. "And get her to shave that ghastly beard. It is appalling."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533463, member: 718"]Karkas' body visibly tensed, her upper-arms rippling like wound lengths of rope. Luckily for you, Shritt patted her on the shoulderblade, and strangely that seemed to calm her down.

He addressed you, but his tone was not significantly better-natured than Karkas. In some ways it was worse, considering he spoke in such a calculated and proper manner. "Are you dim? You must either be as such, or be a masochist. If the latter, I fear you will fit in here rather too well. To knowingly agitate Karkas Fielding (you recognised the surname) twice in the space of the minute - intriguing behaviour."

He folded his arms, continued his sharp eye-contact and dismissal. "Well, it is not my place to comment on your mental health, nor any plausible mental deficiencies. But no, it's not *you* that's wanted; not by the Institute and I'd imagine by few people generally besides. And, by the way - the 'beard' is an accessory. *Obviously*. It's bright-white. She bought it from a costumier at yuletide. Karkas was always upset as a girl that we did not grow nearly as much hair as most other *Hesti*."

"Hey!" interrupted Karkas. "You can't go telling *everyone* that..." she protested weakly, but you could see she had a big smile creeping out at the sides from her brother's defending.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1533469, member: 3220"]**Feren**

He had not even the slightest idea of whatever it was that happened when his bus arrived at Pensalir. What seemed like a relatively normal greeting somehow quickly devolved into a less-than-appropriate interaction between the other two first years and their seniors—of which consent was one-sided. Whatever that ritual was, Feren wanted no part of it, briskly walking not only out of the double-doors but also into the school itself, wanting to minimize the chances of running into Karkas as much as possible.

And for a while he thought he succeeded—reaching the main hallway before many of the other students. But despite all that, somehow, Karkas, who he'd thought was far behind him (at the bus), was at the same locale, conversing with one of the other students—and something was off. Feren felt an eerie premonition that, as much as he was hoping would be wrong, proved true just moments later.

He wasn't sure how it happened, but in place of the woman was a bear, and he witnessed that same bear knock the other student to the ground. So he did what any other reasonable person would do in that scenario—that was, of course, prime his weapon to neutralize the beast. Turning around to face the wall—so as to avoid suspicion—he took the crossbow slung across his back and loaded a single bolt into it, then turning back around to face the bear, now holding up the crossbow with both his hands.

Again he wasn't sure how it happened, but when he looked back the beast was gone, and the student, Karkas, and Shritt (who was not there before) had returned to talking to each other—at least to some extent. And so there he was, too confused from the whole ordeal to remember that he still had a weapon aimed at what was now a harmless trio of students.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kyubey The Incubator, post: 1533473, member: 25450"]

Ty Bennett

After what seemed like a rather cluttered ride on the way to Pensalir, Ty finally gets some space to move around, breathe, and generally stay quite away from most other kids his age. However, with the new space came a sudden rush of cold- something he dreaded when he was applying to the school. Cold isn't exactly his best friend here- it's one of the reasons he had to move out

of Nova Strella in the first place. Luckily, the shirt he brought was long enough that he didn't freeze up immediately. Hopefully someone else is having trouble with the cold so he doesn't stand out.

Ty's attention to the ice cold diverted when he assumed what was his coach approached the group of kids- apparently the man's name was Cobray. Judging from his choice of words, he's also from Elysium... And now he wants us to head to what looks like a knockoff of an evil castle spire. Either way, it was a good time to get his questions answered, so he spoke up during the walk.

"Does it get colder than this?" Was his question, as he rather had hoped this was as cold as it gets. Otherwise he'd need to get a heavy coat...[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533485, member: 14460"]-Rowan-
Ah, so she's insecure.

He nodded and looked at Shritt once again. "Enough of this petty argumentation. I came in here looking for directions... Not a fight." Rowan was clearly annoyed, but he didn't let that get to him. "If it helps, I apologize for being so rude." His voice was cold and monotone. "I can't stand... interaction, you see."

He takes out his glasses and a cloth, polishing them as he waits for a response. *If they got cracked, Karkas wouldn't have lived to see another day. She's lucky.*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1533533, member: 24795"]

Rag

Why me

I might've replied with a weirded out thank you or something of similar fashion, if I wasn't subsequently told to go into the bus.

So instead, I just give a small shrug, and dozy on inside.

Besides that, I felt slightly special that she said that he picked the best of the best. Even if it wouldn't fall true, I suppose it was still a nice thing to say.

Even if it was from someone that wears a fake beard, and as a first impression pulled at one of my buttons.

...

I feel less special now.

When I get on the bus, I try my hardest not to sit next to anyone I don't know - which is everyone. I want this to be an enjoyable bus ride, its the first time I've sat down in a while, and it might be the last time for a while aswell.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533581, member: 718"]**Rowan**

At the apology, Shritt rescinded his hostile tone. He sounded calm and objective. "Then you have learned two lessons - that we do not always get what we'd wished for; and that at Pensalir, fighting frequently follows the most innocuous things. There are worse ways to see them demonstrated."

"Apology accepted!" said Karkas brightly and ingenuously. Shritt... did not seem quite so convinced, but nonetheless appeared to consider the matter closed. A shallow nod from him. "I suggest you simply wait a few minutes."

Feren

Uh oh. Karkas was waving at you, with a beaming grin. She called over - "Hello there!"

It seemed she bore no hard feelings at all over your toting a crossbow a few moments earlier, on the contrary, her body-language read that she'd approved of your quick reaction. The practicality of a fighter, perhaps. "Why not come over? I believe Glasses wanted to see you, before I'd sat him down for a little conversation." She didn't seem to be taking the piss, it was like... that's how she actually believed events had passed. Mind you, it was already clear from before that Karkas had an *interesting* set of perceptions of her dealings with people.

"Cool weapon, but you would've been lucky if that even scratched my hide."

Cobray flashed a sympathetic smile your way. "Yeah, yeah. 'Fraid so. Eh, it's only the start of the Fall, you see. So, this is... I'd say it's a brisk day, yeah. But the real grim sets-in in a few weeks time. But, the Pensalir inners're kept at practically balmy temperatures, so you won't need to worry about that for the most part. Just... yeah, be worried when it's mid-Winter, and you see you've got Instructor Marxilou on your schedule."

He let out a low whistle. "They've got some, ah, *interesting* ideas about the sorta things that're right to do in -10. You ask me, I wouldn't have counted wetsuit diving among them."

Cobray led you and the rest of your straggling group of Elysians into a wide room, a... waiting room? It felt that way, but it was at least as warm as he'd promised, and with posters splashed across the walls; yet, there were people here already too ((because I'm lazy on descriptions - Feren, Karkas + Shritt Fielding and Rowan)). Your guide, Cobray, took one look at Karkas and Shritt together in one small place and immediately decided he didn't desire to go any closer. He stood resting on the furthest wall away, near to the door. Some guide...

((Slight misunderstanding, during your introduction you'd gotten off the bus taking the Prachans to Pensalir, not on it. I'll just move you on through to the pre-speech gathering.))

By the time you could think of what you could possibly say as a reply to that - positive or protesting - Karkas'd already long-gone. The girl seemed... like a dynamo of energy, here or missing within the moment. As for her brother, while it seemed you could almost trace the raincloud in the skies above his brow, it was evident he was no lackadaisical figure, either. He'd seemed quite sharp, which is why his sudden dozing when addressing the fit girl in the black coat and (improbably) shorts came across as all the odder.

Damn, it was like there was something in the water at Pensalir.

Either way, you couldn't relax yet. Considering both of your improvised guides had just scuttled-off in opposite directions, you had to find your own way in. Not that difficult - the impenetrability of the walls themselves was matched only by the frequency of doors across them. You experimentally tried a door, mildly worried an alarm was going to go off: unlocked. Nice. But whether you figured this to be good fortune or not, you'd coincidentally ended up back in the same chamber as the Fielding duo that'd 'sniffed out your group' before. As well as a short, boyish man (or perhaps a man-ish boy) with a nocked crossbow, a serious and aggrieved-looking handsome gentleman in glasses, and two blokes with brown-hair chilling off on the side, trying to stay (seemingly) out of... whatever was going on. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533590, member: 6200"]Al

I look at at the 34 year old male. "Awaiting user input." I say to the guy. as I just stand still, my legs are standing next to each other and my arms and touching my body.

DESHA

Here is an input for you, escape is this place! Go over to Lichthart, where I originally wanted to go befoe you took over my body! I get no reaction from my body. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533595, member: 14460"]-Rowan-
Fine then.

He put his glasses back on as he pulled out his old spellbook, casually flicking through the pages and occasionally glancing at the three new people.

I was expecting NORMAL students. I suppose I set my hopes too high. But at least there's one redeeming factor... A smirk spreads across Rowan's face. He uses his book to cover himself, almost sticking his face right in it.

Shritt is a rather attractive man. Too bad he's related to... her. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1533617, member: 664"]-Daniel

I'm visibly shocked by the kind treatment. I actually almost fell down the stairs, luckily it wasn't too noticeable, to them it would just look like I leaned back a bit. (I hope) I recover myself and

almost absent mindedly, "Um, thanks..." I've gotten so used to being treated poorly, and this was the last place I expected kindness. I have all my possessions, basically just my armor, in a pretty big bag over my shoulder. I have my, *ahem* "shield" slung over my back and my sword in a scabbard attached to my belt on my left hip. I probably could have had someone do this for me, but I don't care for leaving my possessions in the hands of others. It also turned the trip up the stairs into good exercise, which, if I'm gonna keep up here, I'll need a lot of that, even though I'm already strong.

I'm visibly uneasy by this encounter, and am unsure of what to do, I decide it's best to wait for a reply, or instructions... really I just wanna find wherever I'm gonna be sleeping, throw my stuff down, and take a nap, but I get the feeling that won't be happening for awhile.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1533635, member: 24795"]

Rag

*First day, already gotten lost, someones already touched my chest, and that's with me **missing** most the action.*

I move myself out of the way of the door, and then just linger where I am - away from most of the other people.

I consider going to a group, but as they are all conversing I choose not to interrupt. If new people were to arrive, or if conversation would start to go quite, I would return. Till then, Ill stay here, pretending I didn't get lost and find my way here through a random door that could've easily had an alarm.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1533672, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~

This school was quickly becoming more of a circus than Laterose had anticipated. While she was far from 'normal' herself (Baphomet seldom were), she hadn't expected such a strange, varied cast. Samsara had conveniently left out the more chaotic aspects of Pensalir. If she didn't know any better, she'd have thought she'd stumbled into Lichthart by accident, and she had somewhat considered going there instead. But was she gonna face the heat from her parents about mingling with those 'backwards Southrons'? *Hah! Yeah right!* She'd have to find Samsara and tell her off later. Things got interesting almost as soon as she'd walked in with a couple others; she was greeted by some rather *sensitive* siblings in the form of a redhead and his smaller, beard-toting sister. He'd caught wind of her pheromones after Karkas had gotten a bit too personal with someone else. The way his eyes glazed over only made Rose chuckle and smirk at the poor guy, sticking her tongue out a bit as a tease. But he was far from the object of her affections.

No, that title belonged to Shritt's fun-sized sibling, for the moment. Rose had overheard the nerdy-looking bastard's condescending remarks to her, which triggered both her and Karkas. The smaller girl had easily put Green-eyes in his place by transforming into a literal bear and forcing *him* into submission. Rose grinned widely, baring her fangs with obvious relish as she

laughed at Rowan's misfortune. She didn't care if he noticed. She'd even considered going over to him and giving him a piece of her mind herself, but she wasn't about to make threats to someone she barely knew, even if he already was on her kill-list. She also thought about approaching Karkas and, er, 'congratulating' her, but something prompted her to stay where she was in the crowd. Perhaps it was the way the Shritt had threw his last name at Rowan and his calculating tone that barred Rose from going to his sister, or that she didn't quite want to get mixed up with the poshboys and girls *quite* yet. Either way, she was gonna stick around and see what happened next. Who knows, maybe her own sister would make an appearance?[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kendrick Lamar, post: 1533684, member: 11599"]-Arkan-

Arkan was glad to hear a response. A non-boring one. It woke him up a little bit admittedly, as his voice sounded stranger than normal to him, likely due to the ventilator. He also noticed the height difference. It was quite astounding to him how far apart they were in terms of differences and yet Arkan found himself speaking to this guy out of everyone. It was interesting to think about. And he was definitely right in his analysis, he couldn't tell if that was a staff member or not either. But he'd remember the kid's name, he'd do him that service at the least given how usually clumsy he was. The first name in the first look of the place was something that was hard to forget. That, and this kept on getting more interesting. A new arrival, a girl paler than he with red eyes and formal wear. She seemed to affirm his beliefs, given the situation. And he found herself gazing into her eyes for a second before forcing himself to stop. There was something odd about them that he definitely recognized right off the bat.

"I'm Arkan. Good to meet you Cerabin and it's also good to meet you, though I do wish I had the pleasure of knowing your name. Should we go and see if that was a staff member then, 'cause this has caught my interest." he spoke, a modestly less monotone voice than usual. He genuinely did have some stake in finding out what this school was about, and if it was better than home then he'd have no complaints.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533693, member: 718"]((It'd be ideal if you and [USER=25450]@Kyubey The Incubator[/USER] 's Ty talked. Unfortunately we're still waiting on quite a few folks in Pensalir, compared to Lichthart where it's 6/8 which is what I call 'that'll do guv'.))

((Kamen - slight retcon, Edelhart never walked off. Firstly because Zeta's problem got solved just now, which is awesome, also because I like writing Edelhart.))

Before

For a moment, it'd seemed like the blonde woman had just been waiting on you to leave prior to resuming her conversation. That... would be the sort of attitude you were used to, polite nature

present or not. But she smiled when you thanked her, and took a curious look at your heavy pack. She had an expression like she'd made her mind up on... something.

"Why, you're welcome." she said sweetly. "By the way, my name is Nicola Edelhart. You must be quite an unusual student to chance those overlooked stairs, in fact, most have dismissed them as dangerous with the ice. Even just as a small choice, it's a strange path to take; and a familiar one... what might be your name?"

She'd said it in such a compelling manner that, uneasy as you were, you'd given it.

"Daniel Striker. It's nice to meet you. Now, if you could do me a favour - and I know you're likely dreading this, but; I am someone for whom it can be quite useful to have owe a favour - if you would just wait here for a few minutes, and I'll call you through."

Her guard didn't say a word, but 'oh no, what is she doing' was written across his face clearly enough to be seen from the Moon. Nonetheless, she walked off without waiting for either of you to express against it.

Now.

Edelhart looked mischievously at the flush-faced Wylf, and then raised her voice - "Daniel, would you please come in?"

She turned her neck to look at Desha. "I have someone I think you might like to meet. He's a young, new student, much like you are. It is good preparation."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1533711, member: 664"]-Daniel

I'm very uneasy about what's going on, but I decide it's best to do as I'm told, even though it's against my nature, this is a school, I should probably get used to it. I CHOSE to come here after all. I may end up regretting that... Anyways, I reluctantly walk in.

((OOC, I actually didn't go though much of the posts here, so I'm not sure what's going on with the other characters, I think this may result in more organic responses from Daniel though.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1533723, member: 24795"]

Rag

I see someone alone, quite like myself. Well, its better two people talking then two people doing nothing. Ill need allies soon enough, anyway.

I walk to Ty, whilst raising one hand like a wave.

"Hey" I say.

I don't think I could've said a more normal thing.

Is that a good thing, or a bad thing?

((Sure. I just wanted to make sure I wasn't interrupting anything.))

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533728, member: 14460"]((everyone hates rowan
my job here is done



but seriously, hate him all you like, hes a .))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533729, member: 6200"]Al

I walk up to the boy. "Creating new profile.....Insert username....." I say to the boy in monotone.

DESHA

I wonder why they singled him out.

I think to myself both inaudible and invisible.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1533736, member: 664"]-Daniel

What the ever loving flip is happening? I think to myself. I just kinda stare at whatever is happening for a bit. Until I finally manage to voice my question. "Uh, what's going on?" I ask no one in particular. I'm really not in the mood to deal with strange situations, I've been in a rather poor mood since my dad died not long ago. I try not to take it out on others, but sometimes, it can be hard.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kyubey The Incubator, post: 1533742, member: 25450"]Ty Bennett

Ty almost visibly shudders when Cobray mentions it gets far colder. Looks like he won't be going out much... Though he gets visibly worried when he mentions an instructor enjoys doing diving during -10. That sounds borderline nightmarish! Marxilou sounds like one of *those* instructors, the ones from stories you hear about being hardass'd angry drill sergeants whipping anybody who blinks wrong. On the bright side, they were brought into a nice, warm waiting room. Of course there were people here- and some were enough to have the guide back far away from them. Looks like colorful characters, for certain. Though whether they are colorful in a good or bad sense is yet to be seen.

Hearing someone say something, he turns around to see someone waving. It seems like this... for a lack of a better word, grey, person wants to talk to him.

"Yes?" Asks Ty, facing the grey person approaching him.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533744, member: 718"]((Zeta: Basically, they're all collecting in to one messy group, Rowan went hEh WoMyn ShOulD bE sEen aNd NoT heArD to Karkas, got absolutely destroyed, then Shritt came along and lightly charred his minced body with a few succinct roasts. Now there's various reactions and conversations as a result. Meanwhile, yourself

and Desha are basically in the  en' West Wing of Pensalir.))

"Daniel..." Edelhart began. Her tone seemed quite casual, but you did get the impression she'd considered - to what degree of care, who knew - what she was going to say before she said it. Pointing to a mechanical girl standing against the wall,

"This is Desha. It might be difficult or upsetting to believe, but she is a girl of your age who suffered with an awful recessive-genetic wasting disease. Every... every part of her body was transplanted, then rejected, then replaced with prototype inorganic parts. Including, even, her mind. It was what had to be done to save her life, but no-one can be sure if we have succeeded in preserving her spirit."

She looked to you. "You seem to me to have quite an analytical mind, and you're associated with... nowhere in particular. In some ways you are a blank slate, not unlike Desha. Accordingly, I'd thought perhaps you might be suited to see..."

"Go on," she said encouragingly. "Introduce yourself."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533750, member: 14460"]((i need to do something :D))

-Rowan-

Tired of waiting for directions, he slams his spellbook shut and tucks it away. *I shall look for the dormitories by myself.*

"Goodbye." He looks at Shritt for a split second before promptly leaving the room, surveying his surroundings once outside.

Or a library. I could do with some silence and books.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1533755, member: 664"]-Daniel

I take into consideration what she said. However, I personally don't see much of a connection, I mean, I can understand the blank slate thing, but it sounds like he life sucks a heck of a lot more than mine (somehow...). But because of the kindness she's shown me thus far, I decide to at the very least see where this goes, even if I'm in a crappy mood. I look at the robo girl and proceed to say in a voice that's trying to be kind (but kinda fails... whoops...) "I'm... Daniel." I usually avoid giving my last name, I hate the reactions it typically gets, when it gets one at all. A lot of people know my family's story, we were among the richest once after all, but the younger

generation has a tendency to not care about things that happened a decade ago, so it seems unlikely that the students here will recognize my name.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1533759, member: 984"]

Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise

Someone new came after I asked my question. A girl the color of a child or human's sclera. It looked like she went outside even less than me, and I wondered what her excuse was. She thought that the figure was a staff member, and a more physically inclined one as well. Unlucky. I may have been vaccinated, protected against contamination, but I basically never exercised. Couldn't really. Even with the respirator, my lungs were too weak last time I checked. Without going on too long about it, I'm sure I'd learn to hate them if they held to their promise.

"I think it's safe to say that was a staff member, like she said, unless they're just a student with an inflated ego." I said. "Sorry, where are my manners? You can call me Cerabin if you want, and this is Arkan. What should I call you?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1533761, member: 24795"]

Rag

I finally get to about a meter away from him. I, obviously, stop walking at this point.

"Just saying hello" I say

Socialising, socialising.

"Where are you from?" I ask

Stay cool. In the end this is the conversation he determines whether or not I have a friend here.

I put my hands in my jean pockets. Hopefully he doesn't take this as some random kid just randomly talking to him...

Even though, that is exactly what is happening.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533772, member: 6200"]AI

"New profile registered." I say monotone, with each syllable my eyes flash light. "Registration complete. Initiating greeting.....I am unit 33742." I bend my right elbow 90 degrees with an open palm.

DESHA

Hmmmmmm. This boy is quite interesting, I might use him for some of the powers.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1533779, member: 664"]-Daniel

I take her up uneasily on the handshake. It's not even the fact that she's pretty much entirely a robot that makes me uneasy. I'm just not much on social interaction. I think I'm beginning to understand why I was introduced to her...[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kyubey The Incubator, post: 1533793, member: 25450"]

Ty Bennett

Looks like he's just making small talk.

"Elysium." He says, not really saying much else. This kid is probably bored and needed something to do.

"Anything else you need or want to know?" Ty asks, raising an eyebrow, looking at the kid with an impatient look.

Waiting for his response, he takes another quick look around the room, hoping some event or a speech will start soon- it's best to get this stuff done early, otherwise the crowd will get impatient.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533794, member: 718"]((Will GM Arkan, Valerica and Cerabin on the next occasion Techno and/or Cheyenne post, and will probably move into the main part of what I had down for 'Day 1' after that.))

Your efforts to stay unseen were wise, but did not account for two crucial aspects - firstly, that many more things could reveal one's person than simple sight and positioning; no matter how wisely that might've been chosen, and secondly -

The presence of an observant young man who just happened to be a Lupus Hesti. As Rowan'd slunk off, Shritt'd seemed satisfied - another altercation resolved (which for once was not, apparently, Karkas' fault; that in itself a refreshing change). Even if that boy did seem trouble, he knew the measure of him, just another slim variable to be wary of as he navigated campus life, and -

Involuntarily, his (kinda cute, really) little nose tilted to the sky. An enthralled expression took Shritt's features for a moment, and then -

He looked straight at you. Grimaced, actually. "You, again?!" he said, painedly. "I... I understand it is not your decision, but your family's scent is, difficult, for me."

"But you will not tease me." He said with determination. "If you wish to fall into your people's own tropes, then so be it. I will tough it out, and -"

His strong little speech was abruptly interrupted as his expression changed. "No, wait, the scent is different. It is... sour." He turned quickly to be sure that Karkas hadn't noticed. He took a

quiet breath of relief, but that didn't last - his eyes narrowed to slits, he hid his nose. But he marched *straight* up to you. He sighed.

"...Another masochist? Seriously? I don't know what it is about this school... why so many are drawn here. Look. Hey, listen, you -" compared to his quiet, collected wrath from before, this time Shritt sounded actually angry, "Don't try and hide anything from me. I know what you're thinking. And if you believe you can have *her* simply on account of *what* you are, you'd be mistaken. Sorely mistaken."

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533795, member: 6200"]DESHA

I float over to Daniel's ear and make my voice be heard. "Do not trust your senses, things are not what they seem even after a thousand glaces." I whisper in his ear before making me inaudible again.

AI

My servos are not calculated for a human hand and I end up using a little too much force in my hand before I let go and return my hand to normal. "Awaiting user command."

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1533798, member: 664"]-Daniel

I hardly notice the force on my hand, I've grown accustom to pain and that was well withing what I could withstand. What confuses me is what was just whispered to me. I guess it makes sense, but how does it apply here and now? Perhaps if I thought about it I might makes sense of it, but I just can't bring myself to care right now. I kinda just stand there, unsure of what to do.

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1533800, member: 6200"]AI

"Awaiting user command." I repeat the sentence again with nothing changed about it, I am still standing in the rigned pose.

DESHA

OFcourse is he an idiot. Why would he be anything else then an idiot.

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1533807, member: 24795"]

Rag

"Sorry, didn't mean to bother you" Rag says, while raising both hands in the air, and taking a step back.

Jesus. Of course the person I go for is like this. Though, now it makes sense why they're alone.

I then turn around, scan the room, find nothing new, and then go back to my spot beside the door.

Maybe this is going to be harder then I thought.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1533825, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~

It seemed that Rose wasn't so lucky at keeping some eyes off of her -- particularly the eyes of the redheaded Shritt. It seemed he wasn't quite able to shake her natural pheromones, and while that normally would have made him fun to tease and toy with, he was clearly upset. "Look, i'm sorry, but I can't exactly help it," she started, but her voice trailed off when he marched right up to her and started biting her head off. A nervous smile spread across her face as she tried to back away, kind of afraid; she knew that his family ran the mines, which just so happened to be where most of the Mastema name made their livings (apart from Samus, who was working for some tech company or another). If he couldn't get her expelled from this school, he could no doubt pull some strings and get her parents fired. She was also rather irritated that he thought she felt entitled as a Baphomet to chase after whomever she pleased, but that was par for the course. The Fielding name, however, was more frightening to her.

But then, the voice of God herself seemed to call down from the heavens: "Back off, Shritt. No one picks on my little sister but me."

Standing about a head taller than both Shritt and Rose, Samus Mastema made her way through the crowd and looked down at the redhead, her normally-apathetic eyes narrowed in irritation, her arms crossed, her staff slung across her back. She was more covered than Rose, and went the extra mile to mask her pheromones with light makeup and neutralizing perfume, though her scent was still present, however faint it was. "I thought you knew better than to judge a Baphomet by her pheromones," she said, somewhat scoldingly. "She knows she won't get anywhere with her scent alone. And I think Karkas can take care of herself if some crazy first-year goes too far. So, unless you have anymore racist remarks to make, I suggest you move along and consider investing in nose plugs."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1533837, member: 24795"]

Rag

I silently sigh.

I can't just sit here doing nothing.

Well I can, and I kinda want to, but its not going to get me anywhere.

I see a group of people talking (Laterose/Shritt). Alrighty. Take two.

I walk up to them.

"Yo!" I say with a wave

If this doesn't work Im not gonna socialise ever again I swear

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1533848, member: 718"]"Oh, shut up, Samus." he replied extremely bluntly and dismissively, rolling his eyes. It somewhat deflated Samus' dramatic appearing in the room -

particularly in the respects of that ridiculous, faux-tenor boom she'd put-on to announce herself. It was uncharacteristically rude for Shritt (although brusqueness was probably his middle-name), but not entirely undeserved even if all the pheromones were making it difficult for him to retain his focus. "You're pulling the 'racism' card? Seriously? I know where you live... wait, let me rephrase that. What I *mean* is that we're both benefiting from the top 1% of living conditions in Sliver. Easily. So don't come to me being a bleeding heart. In fact, just leave. This is my business with your sister, and if you actually believe I'm trying to threaten her, then that really shows what an abysmal judge of character you are."

Although she was by far the stronger fighter in the argument, Shritt considered that irrelevant, on which count he probably wasn't wrong. "Use your brain. You're telling me not to bother your sister, while *your* sister bothers *my* sister. 'Racism', by the way. What an absolute joke."

Shritt turned back to make eye-contact with Laterose. Given the searing, but relatively inconsequential rant he'd just delivered to Samus, he actually felt *much* better, as loathe as he'd be to admit that. "Alright... look, what I meant to say is, you wouldn't be the first person to look; like, then find she's a little... *different*... than she might seem. And that both I and her would need to know what kind of person you are. Although in her case, she'd probably just want to see how many boulders you can bench."

This heartening little end to the dialogue was punctuated by Rag strolling right into the middle of the arms-folded three, and cheerily offering a greeting. Shritt facepalmed. "Oh, mountains. Yes, hello, how're you."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Six Routes of Roses, post: 1533849, member: 18694"]**Siegrain**

Locus

"Now, now, let's not work ourselves into any grudges on the first day. Save that for the third, when you've all inevitably decided to retreat back to your homes instead of take another of that new gym teacher's classes."

Just as Samus had appeared like the voice of god, Siegrain Locus, CEO of Kiro Enterprise and another of Pensalir's professors, had shown himself with all the glory of god's gold-encrusted, diamond-laden dad. Not literally, of course, but rather in the sense that those around could feel that some of the bigger players in Pensalir's ranks, both student and teacher-wise, had displayed themselves for the world to know who was in charge.

"Samus, be easy on the boy. He's a little cranky when surrounded by people of these....calibers." He had said as he looked at all the new faces. "I'm pleased to make your sister's acquaintance," he turned to Rose, "your older sibling is a valued member of my company and anyone she would be protective of is surely worthy of praise."

Next, he turned to Shritt, and it was as if the world held still for a few moments. "Don't be so hard on the fresh meat, my boy. They'll learn where they stand and who they are in no time; that is when we judge who rises and who falls in our eyes." A ringing in his pocket ended his time with his favorite student. "Excuse me." He didn't bother to acknowledge the boy who had come up to engage in the big conversation, and walked off to have a phone call with a corporate lackey of sorts.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1533855, member: 24795"]

Rag

"I am good, thank you for asking. How about you?" As I say this I look at all three, as to imply the question is for anyone and everyone there.

When I look at them all, I realise that they don't seem to be, the happiest, at the moment. Well, hopefully I can help that.

Hopefully this goes better then before. Looks like it might!

Slightly intimidating though, as some of them are a bit older then me.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1533856, member: 14460"]((terribly sorry if these posts seem desperate - just trying to flesh my boi out a bit i guess because i do like him a lot eheheh))

-Rowan-

His patience was running dry. Rowan pushed through the crowds, snapping at anyone who even looks at him.

His sights were now set on teachers, assistants - or any important figure in the school, really. *Goodness. I would be better off arguing with Karkas than strolling around these pointless hallways. Perhaps I should try calling out... But I can't bring myself to just... shout like that.*

He would frown at this thought, but it seems he can't pull off a more angered expression.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1533873, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~

Samus opened her mouth to respond to Shritt, but stopped herself and just glared at him with a clenched jaw. Her intimidation card clearly didn't work, so she would try negotiating with him. Once Siegrain arrived, however, her expression softened noticeably, and she merely nodded in agreement with her boss. Once he'd walked off, she looked down at Rose, who seemed lost and off-put. "I don't want to tell you who to love, but i'd rather you stayed away from Karkas and Shritt."

"Wh-- I just-- Graaah!" Rose had to growl and work through her thoughts before responding rather angrily. "I'm sorry she looks attractive and that he has a sensitive nose! It's not my fault I

give off pheromones, either, and don't start about masking them, either!" With that bit of steam let off, she took a deep breath and sighed. "I wasn't even going to approach her, let alone talk to her..."

"I know," Samus said, patting her shoulder. "But I mean it. You'll be better off if you don't get mixed up with anything that has the name 'Fielding'."

"... fine, i'll go bother someone else, Samsara," she said, pushing her way through the crowds, accidentally shoving Rag aside in the process, trying to find a vacant room or hallway. Not even a day had passed, and she was already fed-up with Pensalir. All she wanted now was somewhere she could be alone, God forbid she started crying in public, especially in front of all these rich pricks -- or her sister. Then she'd have to kill the witnesses and get pulled away by Samus, and it would just be a mess. Perhaps she should have gone to Lichthart, after all.

~ Samsara Mastema ~

Samus tried to stop Rose from running off, but with so many people in the way, she figured it was just best to let her go. She wouldn't be gone for too long. Instead, she just put her hands in her pockets, and calmly observed Rag and Shritt. She supposed an apology was due to the latter, even if she felt he didn't really deserve it, but Siegrain was right; she was being protective. A bit too much so.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1533897, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

She took a moment to look over the two as they gave their responses to her statement and asked her name; noting Cerabin's peculiarities. Something was wrong with him, but what it was, she couldn't quite tell; his skin was pale, not as pale as her own, but closer than anyone else she'd seen so far. Then there was that respirator of his; which she had to admit, made her doubt how useful he could possibly be in a combat situation. To add to that fact, he didn't have any visible weapon on his person, which likely meant he was either a Wild Card or a Magician; but she couldn't quite tell from a glance.

Arken was another story altogether. He lacked the ill appearance that Cerabin wore, but he also wasn't particularly strong or well-defined, and he was clothed fairly well; if not overly elaborately, not that she was one to talk when it came to that. Similar to Cerabin, he didn't appear to be carrying a weapon, but unlike with Cerabin; she was fairly sure he was a Magician. Something about the way he held himself, and the appearance of his clothes; it just fit the look of a Magician.

She seemed to approve of the fact that Cerabin asked what he should call her, instead of what her name was, as she answered him. "Technically, you should call me Lady Rahiklov, but Lady Rahiklov is my mother; so my name is Valerica. Do make sure to remember it, as I don't appreciate having to repeat myself."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1534021, member: 3220"]**Feren**

If there was anything in this world that Feren had pride in, it would most definitely be the Loader Crossbow. It left him furious to hear that Karkas thought it couldn't penetrate the hide of her bear form when the weapon itself had been built to handle beasts without memory who (Feren assumed) were far stronger. He unloaded the bolt from the weapon and once again aimed the crossbow at Karkas—except this time actually pulling the trigger.

Without the bolt what he fired was essentially a blank, but instead of emulating a gunshot it resounded the cracking of the firing mechanism—a sharp, loud noise to anyone in the same room and perhaps even some outside. It was a display of power, not for intimidation but merely to convey the message that it could (at least, Feren thinks it could) definitely do a lot more than just a scratch. "You're wrong," he muttered softly as he lowered the weapon, now only holding it with one hand, meeting eyes with the half-bear (...or full bear?). "But if you think you're not," he continued, twirling around the previously unloaded bolt in his free hand, "I wouldn't mind a more practical demonstration."

His tone was indifferent—borderline monotone—but it was clear from his words alone that there was an attempt at snark.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1534033, member: 984"]

Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise

The name was familiar, but I couldn't put a finger on it. The Lady part obviously meant that she was part of some kind of lineage, but who wasn't around here? It's not as if that entitled her to anything- we all were entitled. If I wasn't entitled, I wouldn't be of the health to tell you this, right? In any case, she seemed nice enough, and so did Arken. Two friends, if you call the first people you talk to friends. If life were a story being written, it probably would've turned out that way, but life wasn't just a bunch of letters on a page at the whim of some extremely bored or extremely talented person, was it? Life was that: meeting people and seeing the world. That's what life at Pensalir would be, that is.

"Alright Valerica, nice to make your acquaintance." I said. "Shall we get a move on guys?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1534115, member: 718"]**Rowan** [USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

His furious little jaunt without direction had taken him from the main mass of students collecting in the waiting room. And soon after, it'd taken him away from everyone. He'd paced down richly-carpeted corridors, up and down stairways... and, now he was completely lost. Rowan was absolutely livid, to the point of being about to scream, when a voice from an alcove in the corridor disturbed his fury.

"Are you lost?" asked the voice, it had a strange presence to it... you looked, and saw it belonged to a man of average height clad in white and blue formal robes (rather old-fashioned design, you noticed), a face which'd likely once been handsome but was now worn - but not worn-down, an impeccably-cut pristine white beard.

"I don't believe you are." he answered himself. "But it is notable either way. Tell me, what is your name?"

Shritt [USER=18694]@RIP Scourge[/USER] [USER=256]@TheAlphaAndTheOmega[/USER]
[USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER]

For crying out loud, thought Shritt through a haze of pheromone-tainted thought and irritation.

Yes, let's make the day just that delectable shred more  *. Of course, of COURSE Siegrain would choose now to stride by... this is difficult to deal with.*

"Yes, thank you, Professor Locus. Don't pay any mind to these... improprieties on my behalf, it is the curse of my blood." he said, quite mechanically (a monotone was all he could ensure control over at this time). "Have a fruitful day."

He'd turned then to address the Mastema sisters, perhaps to apologise or at least to measure his past words, but Samsara had hastily whisked herself and the Laterose girl away. He didn't feel exactly saddened by that, nor guilty, but he felt the thrum of unfinished business that; were he in a better frame of mind, he could easily have sewn-up then without incident. That hurt him, and it would be something he would have to retain in the back of his mind. Shritt did suspect he had been overly hasty in how he'd addressed Laterose... it wasn't really his fault. Samsara did not understand, even the *barest* hint of a Baphomet in *that* state would drive even the most restrained of Lupus Hesti wild.

As he threw his mind back to another unfortunate memory; a little wounded, he supposed that was a component of why Samus continued to treat him like a creepy criminal despite the fact that they'd been loose co-workers for over a year now.

He knew he was in the right, but that wasn't always enough for a person to be happy. At least his sister was protected... mostly.

He turned to look at Rag (after wincing at a cracking noise from nearby, superb, Round 3 for Karkas), the two of them the only ones left in the close vicinity. He didn't have a great enthusiasm for the conversation to be sure, but he didn't want to aggrieve any others until

tomorrow at least. "Well, you would just not *believe* the wonderful day I am having." deadpanned Shritt. "But you are welcome, and welcome to the Institute. Might I ask, are you Southern? You look to have endured a harder life than most before coming here."

Karkas [USER=3220]@PotatoBlaster[/USER]

Outrageously, Karkas actually bit her lip at Feren's demonstration of the weapon's capabilities. She sidled closer. "Ooh, you're packing heat for a first-year." She put a hand carefully on the body of the crossbow, testing its balance. "It's a superb hunting weapon - I like it. However, you *are* underestimating me. I have no doubt you could use that to slay even the strongest of the bears wandering the hillsides, sure. But a *Hesti Aiterni* form is different - more than it appears. I would like to fight with you sometime, but..."

She smiled at you with an honest quality, making straight eye-contact with you which felt... slightly unusual, as used to being looked-down on (purely for practical reasons) as you were. "Please, don't think I'm disrespecting you. But you would have to train first. The teaching is very good here, even if some are... hmm, unique. Within the month, you'll be so much stronger than when you came. The gap between a final-year and a fresh student is very great indeed."

Edelhart and Wylf [USER=664]@Zetablaze[/USER] [USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER]

Daniel could tell that, despite her appearing extremely nonchalant, Nicola Edelhart was following the progress of your (admittedly bare bones) conversation with care.

Something had seemed wrong to her, at one point. A hint in Daniel's eyes... she did not know yet; but nor did she need to, and she would know soon enough. So she smiled easily, and clapped her soft little hands together.

Spiritedly - "I'm glad the two of you're acquainted, now. I believe the Pensalir day is about to begin; although this time, it will be under a new Headmaster. It has been quite a closely-kept secret, even from me... how fun, wouldn't you say?"

She made the shushing gesture with one finger, winked. "Of course, I still found out. But it was nice of the Institute to give me a little sport to while away the evenings over the Autumn holiday. Anyways, Daniel; Desha, I'm a senior lecturer here - although I do often have other business to attend to. But you'll see me around, and you're most welcome to ask if you need anything."
[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1534119, member: 24795"]

Rag

"Centre south, no less." I say, looking slightly off in the distance.
I then look at where the others once stood.
"I hope everyday isnt this bad for you. It was hard just to be near it all."
"You have my sympathy" I say with a slight nod.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1534120, member: 6200"]AI
"Orders recieved. 'Go join ceremony'. Need mission objection location." I say to Edelhart in my classic monotone way.

DESHA

Now the lady got me thinking. Her name is Edelhart and the rival school is Lichthart, or noble heart and light heart. I wonder if there is a connection between the two.

I shake off my idea.

This is not a child's cartoon where the villain's disguise is always an anagram. I must be over thinking it.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1534143, member: 718"]**Shritt** [USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER]

The angular-faced Shritt looked at you with a small measure of curiosity. It wasn't the reply he'd been expecting by any measure, but he did appreciate it nonetheless. "Thank you." said Shritt simply. "Yes, it was something of a tense situation, but I can't say I'm not by now well-used to them, given that I'm just starting my third year here. I would be pleased if many things were a deal... quieter, but in fairness, most altercations do have a point. That? Perhaps... not so much."

He looked around, either shiftily or wistfully, it was a little difficult to distinguish. "Well, maybe my sister was not wrong; I remember she scouted you, albeit with an... unorthodox method. But, she does have a good eye. You must be quite a strong one - and collected in your own nature - to choose and succeed in coming to Pensalir. It's unusual, but unusual is good - I should make a note of your name, mine is Shritt Fielding. Granted, I am obliged to warn you that many will resolve to make your life here more difficult than it need be simply on account of your origin."

"Small-minded people, but small minds align with small wills." dismissed Shritt smartly.

Edelhart [USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER] [USER=664]@Zetablaze[/USER]

"Very well, that is - in fact - just a few corridors away. You see, as large as Pensalir's body is, the architect - some whom have said was deranged - built the school to be larger than is needed; impossibly so, in fact. This area has been practically deserted for years, and if you took two wrong turns from here, you'd find yourself in a half-lit labyrinth."

She winked, spoke with levity: "Luckily, you have two superb guides by your side."

She led the two of you at a measured pace down a few dusty corridors. Eventually you came to what seemed to be a dead-end, but when Edelhart laid a hand upon it, the brickwork slid away. The crypt-like heavy silence was immediately replaced by a hubbub of voices. "Mahogany double-doors on your left." she said briskly, but it seemed that no-one'd yet gone through them. Although she was indicating you should go that way... there was clearly a great mass of people down the hall. You were free, so, free to go and mingle if you wished.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1534149, member: 24795"]

Rag

Rag simply nods.

"Thank you"

"In case I have not yet introduced myself, I am Rag Smith. It is a pleasure"

Finally, a good encounter, with useful information.

But, it is a shame to here that others would discriminate for such a small thing. I'm used to it, though.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1534153, member: 718"]**Shritt** [USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER]

"Rag." He nodded slowly. "It's an honest name - excuse me, Hesti superstition. You seem like a fighter, so for future reference, I arrange Pensalir's... pseudo-officialised, shall we say, duelling operation. Of which Karkas is the current champion."

A rare smile from Shritt, amused by his own sardonic sense of humour. "I realise that must sound dreadfully nepotist, but I can assure you; at the least, that Karkas does not know what 'nepotist' actually means. She simply remains inconveniently skilled at mauling others, intended or otherwise. I suspect she alone was what prompted Elysium to significantly bolster our healthcare budget, two years back."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1534156, member: 6200"]AI

"Excecuting Thanks.EXE. Expressing Gratitude. Thank you." I say to Edelhart as I enter the doors and preform a scan of the room behind it. "Room empty of lifeforms. Preforming additional scans.....Nothing found" I go into a corner and sit there. "Entering power-safe mode." I go limb as my lights and such slowly go out.

DESHA

This robot needed to scan to make sure there were no humans here eventhough it was said that they further down the hall? I fell sorry for my own body.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1534190, member: 3220"]**Feren**

Strangely enough Karkas actually sounded convincing (a large step up from insane), yet still he disagreed. It was clear that there was a substantial difference in power between Feren himself and the Hesti—as is usually the case—but even if in a month's time his control over the wind or just his physical prowess strengthened, the Loader Crossbow itself would more than likely not. If that logic held true, then consequently the difference between his chance to win a fight with Karkas now and in a month—or longer—would have little difference.

Still, it was a point that he was not willing to argue, knowing that neither of them will accept the other as correct. For now he simply nodded at Karkas' remark, making a mental note for later—however long that may be—to eventually face the Hesti in combat, then returning the crossbow and the bolt to its rightful place: slung across his back. "Feren Aldebaran," he spoke, with pretty much the same tone as before. "Fight me sometime." Despite the utterance being merely a slight alteration from Karkas' words, the meaning was completely different—not being a hypothetical but rather an invitation, as if setting in stone that some day the duel would definitely happen.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1534210, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

He halted upon seeing the old man, and sighed a sigh of relief.

"My name is Rowan Clarke. Nice to meet you." Although the greeting was slightly forced, he bowed to the older man and looked up at him.

"As for getting lost... You could say that. I escaped some annoying students, and decided to go somewhere a little quieter.

Like a library or a dormitory. Do you know where either of those are, sir?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1534216, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

"Yes, we really rather should." She didn't actually wait for the others to agree with her, making her way forward the moment she finished speaking. Ultimately, it made all too much sense that she wouldn't really wait for them; after all, she was here to become stronger. To prove her worth as a member of her family, and a member of the North. Being late on the first day wouldn't necessarily impede that, but neither was it something that she intended to do, and especially not because one of the staff decided to insult her skin.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1534289, member: 718"]((Much like in Lichthart, we're going to be moving onto the 'bloke gives a dramatic speech... and then initiation' part in the near-future. If Myu's around, I'll probably do a quick few rounds of replies with Rowan, and then bring everyone into it. I'll also puppet characters like Serena and... I think someone else didn't get to post at all yet? As well as Rylee who's off for the next couple days.))

Feren [USER=3220]@PotatoBlaster[/USER]

As irrational as it seemed, Karkas' words to you were not... incorrect, as you would eventually find. Although her Aiterni form was obviously a weapon shaped by her spirit, the difference

between her bare (or rather, bear) hands and your weaponry was only skin-deep. In either case, it served as a focus for your own reserves of passion; and as a result, while now the weapon seemed almost too-powerful for you to keep in check, there would come a day when you would surpass and then be the one to elevate it. For now though, it might as well have been that the crossbow was wielding you.

Karkas

Her smile grew broader under the beard. "To the point." she mused. "I like it." Karkas punched Feren playfully on his upper-arm, which... hurt quite badly, honestly, although Feren managed to withhold his grimace. He couldn't tell if that was supposed to be a little test, or if that was just Karkas continuing to be poor at controlling her own strength. "Then I'll look forwards to that day..." murmured Karkas as she moved past,

"And I'll be sure to give my advance notice to the nurse."

Rowan [USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

"Hm, 'annoying students'." repeated the statesmanly old man with more than a trace of amusement. "Well, I cannot say that I disagree; oftentimes... but, you did not hear that from me." He returned your bow, inclining his frame slightly - you could see he was well-built, although his age was relatively advanced by the standards of Sliver, he was not infirm by any means. In fact, he seemed conspicuously capable.

"Well, at current, you stand in the faculty quarters... the wing belonging to a specific member of the faculty, as it happens. I could tell you where those two are, but does it not strike you as a poor time of the day for rest nor research?"

There was this humourous glint in his eyes which was increasingly clear - and increasingly irritating, especially combined with his rather cryptic attitude. It didn't feel like he was exactly ridiculing you, more that there was a punchline that had gone over your head. "If you'd ask me, you should keep your youthful dynamism for; oh, the next hour or so perhaps. I believe that by that time, someone of quite some importance will've rendered a speech."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kendrick Lamar, post: 1534309, member: 11599"]-Arkan-

Arkan looked at the two and figured they were right. They were probably going to fall behind the others, or perhaps they already had in their short conversation. Regardless, he agreed with the sentiment that they should go so he figured he'd begin walking. There was definitely not much pace to his walk and he was moving definitely at a more slothful pace than Valerica and perhaps even Cerabin, merely enjoying the scenery and not wishing to expend more energy than necessary before letting out a slight yawn and covering his mouth.

"I'm pretty worried that's the average. I hope that's not the standard of the staff." he spoke before shaking his head and speeding up to match the speed of his accomplices.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1534315, member: 14460"]-Rowan-
"Tch, fine."

He rolled his eyes and turned around, back facing the old man. "Tell me where this speech will be held, please. I'll stand around the entrance. Can't have me being late for anything. I *must* maintain *perfect* attendance."

He quietly chuckled to himself. "Oh, and what will happen after this "important" speech? I have a schedule that I'd rather not have broken."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1534330, member: 718"]**Rowan** [USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

He smiled slimly. "I'm quite sure you'll enjoy it, worry not. In fact, it's very soon indeed to begin. Seeing as you're so determined to be a dedicated student, allow me to do you a favour. I shan't spoil what'll come for you afterwards, as it's tiresome to hear things twice... and it'd also be partially the remit of Professor Edelhart." He adjusted his collar - it was strange he still hadn't given you his name, such an obvious oversight in polite behaviour given his refined style was conspicuous, nor did he seem forgetful.

"Ah, I don't doubt she has her pristinely-manicured fingers jabbed into the pie already... but allow me to show you a shortcut of mine."

He led you deeper along the corridor, then down two flights of stairs. He opened a small black door, and you were behind... an opaque blue curtain? "I'd slip out the side." advised your companion. "Unless you'd like to greet everyone yourself."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1534383, member: 664"]-Daniel

Feh, mingling, I'm gonna make sure I'm as unnoticeable as possible... okay yeah I stick out like a sore thumb giving my street rat like appearance, and that was kind of the idea of me coming here, but I didn't expect to be put in a room with everyone immediately. I mumble a thanks to the woman who I met outside, (I'm sure she told me her name, but I forgot, like I said, I'm having trouble really caring today...) I walk away without any visible spirit in my movement (given my mood it's hard to put life into anything.) but I kind of just hover around the wall.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1534386, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"Thank you." With a curt nod he follow's the man's directions and slips out the side, staying low in case this was some kind of trick.

"Be seeing you," He waved goodbye to the old man before quickening his pace. *It is certainly strange he didn't give out his name... But I'm sure that someone will mention it eventually. Teachers usually refer to each other by their first names.*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1534532, member: 24795"]

Rag

I smile at this.

"That's pretty amazing." I say while looking slightly off in the distance.

Karkas seems pretty amazing at all this.

In fact, I wonder what Shritt's Hesti form is.

He may be just as powerful.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1534617, member: 718"]**The Banquet**

[spoiler="Mood"]

[MEDIA=youtube]fugruxPGbyM[/MEDIA][spoiler]

In the earliest forays of the afternoon - it seemed a strange choice of time to eat, drink and be merry. But this was one of Pensalir's main PR days, as well as the day on which they welcomed their new stream of students. This year, much moreso than usual - with Headmaster Brasenose's sudden and still, partially-unexplained retirement having only become public knowledge in the North a week and a half so before, the expectations of the people of power bankrolling the Institute had been thrown into turmoil. Still, Pensalir was nothing if not resilient - not unlike the people of Sliver themselves... but the question remained, who would and who could move to follow in Headmaster Brasenose's wake?

Serena [USER=663]@SolusFalcon[/USER] [USER=177]@Gamablaze.EXE[/USER]

She was livid, even as she made her way to the hall. The dolts entrusted with caring for her bags... had done nothing of the sort! Her treasured rapier had been returned to her in pieces; luckily, deconstructed rather than destroyed. Still, it'd taken her over an hour of fiddling craft to put together again... which had left her with too little time to offer greetings to any of the other arrivals. Or change into a more suiting fit for the formal lunch to wear the year. She was beautiful, but not so much now, with her eyes flashing glares - admittedly at no-one in particular. Not really wishing to talk, she took an unoccupied seat at the back of the hall.

What she could not have known, however, was that she was not alone.

Than

You'd needed someone to bear you passage into the school, and the girl with the musketeer's hat - so intent on her work - was, as a target, almost too easy. It felt hollow to you, to be a passive observer as most others greeted one another fondly. But it was... easier this way.

Laterose Mastema [USER=256]@TheAlphaAndTheOmega[/USER]

You'd been so upset. And rightly so... why did it seem that no-one ever paid the smallest amount of attention to your own instincts? Your sister, you knew she meant well for you; even with the traces of indignation still streaking through your system, but she was always looking over your shoulder. And now, so was that terrible Hesti, Shritt. They were all the same.

The same... rather like these corridors. You did feel somewhat better now, or at least more stable. But you also had no idea where you were. There were some curtains ahead of you... you pushed them aside and stepped through, and found yourself on a balcony with a superb view of a hall encrusted in splendour; crystals, silver, rubies. People were streaming into it, but it was quite quiet up here.

"Hello." said a patient-sounding voice. Looking to your left, you saw a young blonde woman, captivating in her appearance, sitting neatly in one of the large chairs. "I think you might have taken a wrong turn, but if you leave now, you'll most-certainly miss the new headmaster's speech. I'm afraid he is rather a bore, but it's important to hear nonetheless. Why not take a seat?"

It did occur to you that if she had one of these grand balconies all to herself, she must've been even more of a rich prick than Shritt was. Despite that, she didn't seem so bad. In fact, something in her presence felt rather comforting, and if nothing else, the view was nice.

The Foyer Crowds [USER=3220]@PotatoBlaster[/USER] [USER=25450]@Kyubey
The Incubator[/USER] @Artymis [USER=984]@TechnoSpectre 0-85.5[/USER]
[USER=81756]@Lady Cheyenne Snowfield[/USER]

Considering the unpredictable delay, it was a surprise how quickly things came thereafter. The doors up the corridor slammed open - as if of their own volition - and people started pouring in from then on. Within just a couple minutes, you were all (rather unceremoniously) dumped on a table in the centre. Hm, how unbecoming of your status... thought some of you. Others, perhaps, were just glad to be soon to receive an excellent meal. Still, the atmosphere, while not quite austere... for some of you it was intimidating, the number of faces you could recognise on the fringes (belonging to power-players from the North and Elysium) was frightening.

Rag Smith [USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER]

You'd been pulled aside quite smoothly by Shritt as you'd entered. "Sit with me." he said simply. "I do not usually like to use my name and status to convey a message, but it is useful in this case - if you share the table of myself, Karkas, and some of the other 'Strellan scions; few would dare to bother you. As for the group itself, don't worry about them. They... tend to pay little attention to me, so I doubt they'll even notice your presence."

He whisked you away to a splendidly-laid table directly at the front of the hall, before the stage. The number of knives and forks in front of you was... worrying.

Desha and Daniel [USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER]
[USER=664]@Zetablaze[/USER]

Just as Rag had had the red carpet rolled out for him, it seemed the inverse had happened for you. With Edelhart suddenly gone, and Wylf Mercer... rather useless, you'd been left on a loose-end. But you'd managed to secure places at a table, at least - coincidentally, the same one shared by the crowds from the foyer.

Rowan Clarke [USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

What...? As you swept aside the curtains with a hand *far* too good for this nonsense, you found yourself on the edge of... a great stage? And you were staring-out at an improbable array of figures dressed in Northern finery. Seeing you, a small chatter moved among them.

"Is *that* supposed to be the new Headmaster?" shouted someone who sounded... inebriated, and a peal of mocking laughter went up.

"No." said a powerful, good-natured voice from the stage's centre. "But *I* am."

Oh... the man from before, who you'd... oh. So, he was not *exactly* some kind of senile caretaker, after all. Furious and embarrassed, you hastily exited the stage and sat down on the first table you found. Thank goodness, this ongoing parade of unjust misfortune had finally come to a close. You could eat a fine meal, and wallow in solitude - just as you liked.

So then imagine your surprise when you saw Shritt Fielding sitting just three seats down from you! Luckily, he hadn't noticed your joining - he was engaged in a low conversation with some ignoble-looking boy.

Arkan Edel @Artymis

Rowan wasn't the only one to be stunned by the new headmaster's rather nonchalant reveal. You couldn't help but let-out a low groan as the pieces of your family's uncharacteristic approval of you leaving the household to study, somewhere mercifully removed from their... care - the times your mother'd enthusiastically said that 'great things came of Pensalir, now moreso than ever'.

They fell into place all too well, because the mystery headmaster now standing at the podium was *none other* than your uncle, Drachyn Edel - once again, keeping the North's business in the family, and keeping their noses stuck firmly in *your* business.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1534631, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

Oh for goodness sake. Showing myself up in public like that... He decided to stay quiet and eat, only taking as much food as he needed.

The happy chattering and cheering had already started to get to the young man, so he ate rather quickly, just so he didn't have to stay in this hellhole for any longer. While eating, he prayed that Shritt didn't notice him. Conversing with him right now would be much too awkward. So he stared at his food, pushing up his glasses every ten seconds or so. Can't have them falling off right now. They'd get so dirty.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1534650, member: 24795"]

Rag

I was quite surprised from this act of what I can only describe as generosity.

"Thank you" I say as we make our way to the table.

I've already got the attention of some of the 'higher ups'. What worries me about that, is if it will grab the attention of other students. I don't want school drama. Actually, I just don't want drama. But Shritt could be correct. It may do the opposite, and give me respect. That would be most pleasant.

Nevertheless, I would count this as a positive thing.

I try my hardest not to stand out too much from the others at the table, but that can be slightly difficult.

"May I ask, how does the dueling operations here work?"

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1534687, member: 664"]-Daniel

I'm actually very glad I got no special treatment, given just about the only special treatment a guy like me gets is not the kind you really want. I have a faint memory appear in my head, a big party, many people, and my dad, as the center of attention, carrying me along, teaching me how these events work. I quickly wipe a growing tear out of my eye before anyone can notice. I simply sit quietly, wishing he had been here to see me off as I climbed up the school staircase. But no... I shake my head slightly to clear the depressing thoughts. I can't break down here... not now...[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kyubey The Incubator, post: 1534694, member: 25450"]Ty Bennett

It was surprising how quickly everything came together after it had been suddenly slowed to a halt. Ty watched as doors nearby opened up as if by magic, and suddenly crowds- waves, seas, and armies of people- just poured in like some sort of funnel. Eventually, the group was pushed into a table somewhere around the center- Ty sitting down and stretching for a bit. It took one look around... Quite a fancy place to begin with. While it was always quite comfortable where Ty lived in Elysium, this was incomparably much better. Food was certain to be placed- it's quite clear this school treats the students rather too well. The atmosphere- it's comparable to a royal dance for nobles. Sadly, Ty couldn't recognize anyone he knew- or any really friendly face he could make out at all, for that matter.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1534770, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

Valerica was exceptionally displeased to find herself sat aside several other students as if they were equal, but ultimately not all that surprised. She'd known ahead of time that there were certain luxuries she'd be giving up when she enrolled in the school, at least until she'd proven herself. As would be expected of one who didn't eat, she made no move to grab anything, a great degree of impatience clearly present on her face as she stared at the stage; waiting for the headmaster's speech to begin. The sooner this was over, the better, and she'd have been perfectly fine to maintain that face for the duration of the banquet if she didn't suddenly gag and

bury her face in her elbow. Of course, as if this situation wasn't already unpleasant enough, one of the other students she'd had no choice but to sit beside was eating garlic.

It was utterly revolting, and so was the garlic.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1534910, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~
Literally running away from her problems did two things to Laterose; it had calmed her down and exhausted her somewhat. She'd managed to stop herself from breaking down into tears, but also managed to get herself lost in this labyrinth of a school. When she made it to the curtain, she stopped to catch her breath and try and organize her thoughts before stepping through. *Might as well, not like there's anything else to do...*

Her eyes widened and sparkled, much like the rubies that adorned the hall. She stepped forward, her mouth slightly open as a smile spread across it as she spread her gloved hands across the balcony railing. The Mastema family may be wealthy, but it was also a bit more frugal than the rest; the very jacket Rose was wearing once belonged to Samus, and was well-taken care of. So to see such a gaudy, *ridiculous* display of wealth and resources in the form of the crystals, silver, rubies, and other finery was stunning, though not to the benefit of the school. If she wasn't upset from the mess with Shritt and Samsara earlier, she might have chuckled aloud.

The voice of the woman made her smile fade, but once Rose saw how objectively beautiful she was, a small smirk remained on her face. The trauma from her Real Shritt Experience™, however kept her from staring or even thinking about her appearance for much longer. *God forbid, another Hesti might sense attraction.* Instead, Rose was curious as to who the hell this woman was. As she was bid, she sat in the large chair next to the blonde woman. "Don't mind if I do!" She looked over the hall, still amazed by the decor, before saying, "It's nice to see someone remotely friendly around here. Is this a VIP balcony or something...?" It occurred to Rose that she probably shouldn't be here, judging by the way she said 'you might have taken a wrong turn'. But hey, she didn't seem too terribly displeased about it![/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1534911, member: 984"]

Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise

Things were finally getting started, and in more ways than one. We'd been let in after the short walk to the doors, which flung open faster than a bottle of sanitizer in my house. The stage was empty then, and food was being served. I sat in the same room as some of the most important people in all of Sliver- I didn't recognize many of them, but I certainly knew some by name. That reminded me, that Valerica girl, she said her mother was Lady Rohiklav, didn't she? Quite the detective I was, putting two and two together, no? I made a good call when addressing her as if she owned the place. But that was in the recent past, and I still had plenty of time to mess up in

the present; for instance, how to go about eating. That would be a task for later, probably.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1534943, member: 3220"]**Feren**

Karkas' punch had hurt him far more than he'd like to admit—so much so that, until he and some other students were seated, he had his other hand clenching his arm rather tightly. He couldn't tell if he was just uncharacteristically physically weaker than he already is, or if the Hesti's stronger than he had initially thought—regardless, he was relieved to be able to finally release the tension upon reaching the table.

Being seated in a table full of strangers, in a room also full of strangers, however, brought a different kind of tension upon Feren. It was a far cry from what he was used to; at home he had almost always eaten by himself. After (uneasily) taking only a few hearty bites of the food before him, he pushed his plates a bit towards the center of the table to make some space directly in front of him. Then, perhaps unexpectedly, he took the crossbow from his back and set it on the clearing that he had just created, performing what others could define as some sort of maintenance checks on it. The gesture may (most likely) have been seen as inappropriate or disrespectful by the others at the same table, but whether or not it was Feren was unaware.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1534945, member: 718"]((Just doing a partial GM rn.))

Shritt [USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER] [USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

To Rowan, Shritt was not speaking loudly, but - perhaps in consideration of the tongue-lashing he'd delivered him before - his measured tones seemed to permeate through the more raucous conversation around him. He could hear every word, and as much as he disliked Shritt, it was at least preferable to hearing Karkas tell ridiculous tales of her combat prowess while the others around her cheered, or scoffed, or tried to top her with their own!

Was this *really* the table of Pensalir's supposed best and brightest?

"Duelling?" repeated Shritt, looking at Rag. "I would be careful. Some people take it rather too seriously, but, you didn't hear that from me. In any case, fights are supposed to be passionless - as in, they are friendly spars which're stopped before any kind of injury could come which might actually lead to a transfer of passion or memory - but: that frequently isn't how it transpires. It can be the case that additional wagers are made beyond standing on the school's rankings... money, status. There's even been *more* than one case where two girls have registered a duel over a misfortunate young man."



Shritt smiled. "Hah, my, that was a show."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1534949, member: 24795"]

Rag

Rag smiles "Sounds like it"

After eating a small bit more, Rag follows up: "So basically, people use it for entertainment, personal arguments and wagers, and some people take it a bit seriously and use it for status."

"Interesting."

I've always liked the idea of sparring, and fighting competitions. This seems to be the closest the school has to one of those.

I might just get myself into these, Dueling Operations. See how far I can get on these, school rankings.

"I assume the Dueling operations fairly popular?"

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1534965, member: 718"]**Shritt** [USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER]
[USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

"Sort of, but I wouldn't call the status the most serious part. I mean, it's not exactly my thing. I believe in the importance of preserving memory over accruing passion."

This was quite an unusual belief, if Rag knew enough to recognise it as such. Shritt cut and took a large bite of his steak before continuing - not exactly to most's tastes, Rag could see it was practically raw save for being sprinkled with pepper. He waited to swallow before speaking again. "However, I'm not going to dismiss those who do believe in combat glory. I mean, Karkas is my sister, after all. No, the problem is that some have been known to hold... grudges, which they've tried to exercise in ways prior to entering or outside of 'The Ring'. We've had to deal with that before. But yes, the system is popular; the majority of the students access it at least occasionally, most simply for training and light-sparring purposes."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1534971, member: 24795"]

Rag

"Interesting."

I eat away at my food, unsure of what to say.

Does that mean it would be, dangerous, to start involving myself in the Dueling?

Hm.

Even so, I have no problem with that at all.

Dangerous events are how you grow.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1534975, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

I've come to a conclusion that I'm one of the only sane people here. He decides not to speak to anyone, as he just wants this to end quickly. If anyone decides to approach *him*... Well, they'll get what's coming to them.

Rowan surveyed the selection of drinks. He was hoping to find some kind of alcohol. Dulling his senses would make this much better.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1535053, member: 718"]**Laterose Mastema**
[USER=256]@TheAlphaAndTheOmega[/USER]

The lady smiled modestly. "I suppose you could say that, although I moreso took it than requested it. Many of these balconies have been forgotten over time. For my part, I simply wanted a break, so you are welcome to do the same."

She sighed, gestured with a gloved hand vaguely towards the crystalline and platinum eaves. "Quite embarrassing, isn't it? I won't pretend I don't appreciate certain luxuries, but the frivolous overspending on this school could've been used to so many other benefits, for research or for the living standards of other people. I suspect that our mothers and fathers had more than they quite knew what to do with... ah, and that's why I like being up here. Were I down *there*, it would not be a welcome part of lunchtime conversation to express such an opinion. Indeed, everyone would be gnawing at my hem about 'business'."

She winked and took a mouthful from a flute of cava she'd swiped. "I'd rather just eat. That is, after all, my little secret to keeping young." It seemed a slightly strange joke to make, considering (at least in the half-light) she looked at the very most a year or two older than you were.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1535054, member: 6200"]Al
I let my food on my plate as I have no need for any fuel, I am charged electrical. I do look around and save their faces in my memory drives.

DESHA

If I could drool, I would.

DO NOT TORTUNE ME LIKE THAT! I WANT TO EAT! I CAN NOT EVEN TASTE ANYMORE!
I float around and look at what the others are doing.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1549601, member: 16528"]**Mars Signus**

Mars stepped up next to Nathan with a nod and a smile, his rather unique looks making him stand out a bit too much.

"Yeah! What he said!

I don't think we can afford standing around for long here, especially in the rain."

Mars took his time to look at all the people around and memorize their shapes, Nathan looking particularly peculiar to him.

Irm Lionheart

Irm was about to stop Mars when he moved but that kinda got thrown out the window fast.
I wonder how that other group is doing...probably way better than us right now...[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1549824, member: 256"]~ **Aizen Blacktail** ~
Why the hell Aizen thought it was a good idea to make it to Lichthart on his own from Elysium, he'd never know. What he did know, however, was that he'd never do it again without looking at the weather first. The downpour had left him soaked from head to tail, and while he didn't mind the water as much as his other felid cousins (swimming was something he enjoyed doing), this was just unnecessary. At least his guitar case was waterproof. The worst part, however was that he was late on his first day of combat school. Hopefully this wouldn't become a trend.

The folks that he'd had the (mis?)fortune of meeting seemed friendly, at least. Kenn was a fluffy ball of unending energy, as far as Aizen could tell, though he thought the gi was a bit much. *Says the kid dressed in all black.* Xine, on the other hand, was exhausted, and seemed... preoccupied. At least, she was when she introduced herself to him. Figuring he should return the favor, Aizen stepped out from behind the corner and shook himself somewhat dry, brushing his overlong bangs to the side to keep them from completely obscuring his view. "**A-Aizen Blacktail,**" he said simply, an uneasy smile on his face. "**Tardy first-year.**"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1549864, member: 81756"]~Kaori~
Rainy days were beautiful in their own right, but that didn't mean that they weren't a bit of a hindrance at times; Kaori generally enjoyed spending her free time in the courtyard, playing for any who would choose to listen, and for herself if no one else was there. She couldn't very well do this on rainy days though, so instead she found herself in an empty classroom, drawing in a breath as she started to play; her eyes closed as she let the music carry her. Her violin started to glow with a light golden yellow hue as she played, magic amplifying the sound it produced, making it possible for the sounds of a piano to accompany her; the music in itself having a warmth to the sound of it.

Before Kenn, Xine, or Lexus had a chance to respond to Aizen; a warm melody began to fill the hallway, originating from one of the nearby classrooms. The third and fourth years would likely know that the classroom was meant to be empty, and also what (or more appropriately, who) the source of the music was; whereas Aizen obviously had no way of knowing any of these things, for all he knew, that room was a music classroom.

[spoiler=The Melody]
[MEDIA=youtube]ML6Y26B6BZc[/MEDIA]
[/spoiler][[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1549919, member: 984"]

LORIN

It recently occurred to me how much I actually don't like tea. I was more of a coffee girl. Samos drank too much of the stuff, and look at how he turned out. Tea was just musty water with dead leaves in it. Coffee, on the other hand, was pretty darn good. Unlike the trek through Karasmai. Everyone was on edge, more salty than the sweat on my brow after the fight on the boardwalk. I guess there was little else to do except wait for something interesting to happen. I would take anything, even falling into a little hole.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Vicious, post: 1549949, member: 3640"]**Lexus Tarkion**

The "Prodigal Son" wasn't amused by Kenn's response to his pushing; the Striker presented why his lack of strength was beneficial, but Lexus simply viewed it as him accepting weakness and not resolving to change it. Luckily, he was in a very good mood in general today, but also because of some factors they had each thrown in. Xine's earlier unintentional roast of the little scamp was quite frankly hilarious, and the Thunder Giant had raised his eyebrows in a "Wow" fashion just to keep from laughing. Second, there was a new kid who had come wandering in, stating himself Aizen Blacktail somewhat meekly and proclaiming himself a late arrival. The blonde giant took a bit of an aggressive step towards him before the melody starting kicking in from a side room. He didn't particularly mind the music, though he still rolled his eyes simply because of the lack of new things. Which is why seeing this new kid was such a pleasant surprise for him. "Sounds like miss 'D Minor Sharp' is doing her thing again." He said in a faux-snob tone. "I suppose we'll consider it our introduction theme, Aizen. We're buddies now, after-all." Lexus mused, walking over to Blacktail and wrapping his left arm around his shoulder. His breath smelled curiously of the North on a damp fall morning, which was to say, deceptively nice.

"Don't be so tense, kid. If you don't relax, you'll end up like the geezer who runs this place's right-hand woman. The name's Lexus Tarkion, guess i'm supposed to be a big deal around

here-" He shrugged as if he didn't realize it until recently, which even you could tell was bull . "but I don't want that to scare you off or nothin'. Just think of me as....your new big brother." The prospect was very fabricated.

"There's a few things you should know about this place before just jumping in; first and foremost is that strength is what's most important. Sure, suavity and knowledge are important too, but having more power than the other guy is key. That's why you're here after all."

"Second, the geezer is a pushover, but the Study Coordinator is who you wanna watch out for if you ever wanna break the rules. Not that she's a problem for *me* now, but fresh meat like you she'll tear into. It's sort of her fetish." He sneered.

"The last bit of info i'll pass on to you is to practice like there's no tomorrow. Of course, if you're born with a natural talent like myself, that's far better. But practice is the next best thing, so train



and study until you hurt, so that way you don't become disappointingly...*average*." He seemed to hate that word, his grimace becoming an actual grimace for a second.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1549968, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Wait, didn't me and Kenn just clean that room? Xine pondered for a moment, but didn't bother to dwell on it for long.

Xine felt soothed from the melody playing, relaxing back on her chair with a content sigh.

"Ahh, it's nice for Miss Kaori to play at this time. Certainly makes this heavy rain a bit more bearable."

Xine then notices Laxus giving the rather cute-looking Aizen a rundown of how things work around here, and she points a mop towards them and decides to interject.

"Aizen, use your own judgement but I will not deny Laxus's words except for:

Strength, Suavity and Knowledge can all be very important, the Geezer is called Greyson and he's got more than meets the eye, and don't work yourself to death please."

Xine laughs to herself for a short moment, mumbling to herself through her tired state.

"Hehehe, her fetish...I'll give you that one, Laxus."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="eaterofeaterofworlds, post: 1550037, member: 449"]Isaac Rosado

More events transpired before the ever watchful and immensely unaware boy known as Isaac. Whatever subtext lay within Nathan's words seemed to upset Ardel enough that she promptly used his friendship flame for evil (or justice?) Either way he left that situation mostly confused and unsure if he had made a friend or not. He couldn't help but feel a bit sad, even though he didn't have anyone to let down. He had to think things through better as it seemed, as random circumstances never arranged in his favor. Unlife would get boring without its challenges he supposed...

His uncanny ears perked at the nathan's voice, as well as the other late student, and their statement that it was time to move. Isaac felt his slow-moving heart stop for a moment, frozen in his own fright. Lives were on the line here, and he had wasted everyone's time by trying to make friends and screwing around instead of getting on with the mission! He looked the ground and removed his hat, feeling shame well up inside him.

[SPOILER="C"][/ATTACH=full]194370[/ATTACH] [/SPOILER]

"We've been still too long, I'm sorry for holding us all up. People need us right now."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1550066, member: 16528"]**Mars Signus**

Mars approaches the scarecrow man with a friendly shoulder jab and a wink.

"Aw, don't worry about it! I think it's pretty important to know your teammates a little well!

If someone gave me a friendship orb of fire, I'd be feeling pretty touched!

Also, I think I held us up too,ahaha!"

Mars quickly sizes up Isaac, this weird blue-skinned fella looks like a real friend!

"Name's Mars, by the by. Isaac, right?"

I know we're all gettin' this mission done, so keep your chin up!"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1550129, member: 256"]~ **Aizen Blacktail** ~

Kaori's tune drifted through the hall like a sweet summer breeze, and Aizen's ears twitched and swiveled to hear it best, his tail swishing to the tempo. He instinctively wanted to join in and accompany it with his guitar, but this was hardly the time or place. Instead, he resolved to find the source of such a sweet melody... Kaori something or other, if he'd heard Xine right. He couldn't quite do that, however, not with Big Shocky bearing over him.

Almost from the start, Aizen could tell that Laxus' ego was at least as big as the giant himself, and likely that the brain-to-brawn ratio wasn't quite 1:1 with him. He just meekly looked up at him, his sky-blue eyes alight with diligence... or perhaps fear. Either way, he didn't quite feel comfortable literally being in Laxus' grasp. "I-I'll be sure to train and study as I can, sir," he said solemnly, though he more so took Xine's words into consideration than his. "I hope I didn't miss anything too important..." He looked away and added, "I didn't realize it was gonna downpour on my way here..."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1550140, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Xine sat there in thought, furrowing her brow as she started into the squeaky-clean ground and her reflection.

Should she stop cleaning for now and go check on Kaori? Just listen to her melody for a few moments?

It's not like she's about to get whipped for not cleaning everything, especially after Calvin ditched her and Kenn.

It's just gonna get dirty anyways pretty fast...and damn, she's hungry. She'd do with Professor Camilla's cooking.

"Kenn, feel free to take a break, I'll put anything we've missed on Calvin."

Cursing under her breath, she gets up from her chair as she goes to the music classroom, watching Kaori in all her glory playing her beautiful melody.

She simply gave a wave and a smile to the playing Kaori, not wishing to interrupt her.

"Don't mind me, just..taking a break..."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1551442, member: 81756"]~Kaori~

As the violinist continued to play, there was never any chance of Xine interrupting her, she didn't even notice the other girl as she came into the room to take a seat. She was similarly unaware of Xine as she spoke up, stating that she had the intention of taking a break, simply continuing with her performance. When she finally finished, she exhaled as the glow faded from her violin, the overflowing warmth of the room starting to cool down; Kaori visibly exhausted, sweat dripping from her face as she caught her breath.

As she turned in Xine's direction, she jumped ever so slightly, before setting her violin back into it's case placed on a nearby chair; before smiling at Xine as she spoke up. "Didn't see you there. I guess the first years aren't back from their trip yet?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1551621, member: 718"]**Dunlitt Bog**

Elena Arda

Vic's dim-witted stumbling through the conversation he'd initiated, unable to understand the finer points of the Beast's Fyaerl tongue, and his arm-flapping gestures which he hoped would excavate him from the awkward situation as quickly as possible - it was enough to placate Elena Arda. Mostly. At least, nothing terrible'd evidently happened; and indeed, indirect as it was Vic's interruption had given her additional information.

But it was very clear the Salamander boy didn't know his place, which could be a problem.

Not from the perspective of being 'insulted' by a lack of respect, that would be pathetic - no, it was purely a question of him inviting danger for himself and others by refusing to follow simple commands in a combat scenario. Something likely with or without the Beast.

For now, the blanch-faced Arda rolled her eyes at Vic's antics, and seemed content to let the issue go... as long as they kept moving, which they did. But the group weren't aware of where Mystogan and the Minuteman were leading them at this moment, she'd admit to it momentarily - Cecil wanted something, tugging on her jacket-hem like an errant child? She scowled, but reluctantly moved back from her close guard of the Beast.

"*What?!*" she hissed to him. "You want to strike up a conversation? I don't care if you're lonely, this is *slightly* more important than your desire to make a new friend. You're worried about the Beast? *I'm* worried about the Beast. Do not distract me and do what I say. No, it shouldn't attack you. My prognosis is... look, based on what I know, the language we speak doesn't even exist, to it. But what I 'know' is nonsense."

"Speaking of which," she murmured, before raising her voice - "Everyone, we're returning to dry land, travelling toward Lichthart immediately. With that disastrous fight on the boardwalk, our ways to Deep Anoya are barred." This was not entirely true, and she knew it, but Arda wasn't above a coolly-delivered lie - especially when it in service of the greater good. With a sense of finality: "We have our own duty. Mayor Pente and Principal Chance will account for the hunters."

With the Beast looking on curiously, Arda gave a simple translation for their benefit; or so she made it out to be - "Yv llandwyn, wyl thyrkam. I yan e prych."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1551841, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Xine shakes her head gently with a sigh and a smile towards Kaori.

"I do hope you're fine, miss Kaori...

For the first years, no, they have not come back yet. But..."

Xine points to the door behind her, quickly followed by her stomach growling in desire to consume nutrients.

Xine. She hungered. She spited Calvin. And, most of all..she's tired.

"Ghn...T-There was a first-year that didn't decide to just storm off to the Deep Wetlands. For the better, really. At least the last two had means of fast travel."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1553582, member: 718"]**Karasmai Fens**

((Excuse me if this is a little awkward, I had to re-pick up this post halfway through a few days later.))

Calvin Galbatore



"... I can see it, I can see it." he cursed, shaking his head all the while. The last couple hours had put him on edge. He was cold, but still sweating under the tight clothing. His cloak was weighing him down. All the while he'd been itching for a battle, but even the Beasts weren't forthcoming - it was like they couldn't stomach the Fens. Malodour of death and slight, fizzing acid in the waters...

"Is everyone alright...?" asked Galbatore, tired enough to be showing rare, but genuine concern seeping through his thorny attitude. "Look - the darkness. It's like the sunlight's being stolen from what's up there... yeah, along our path. Deep Anoya." He swallowed, clearing his throat. "For real. I'm gonna level, and I don't like that. This is some of the toughest territory in the country. A lot of people say a lot of things about Deep Anoya. A lot of it, I don't wanna repeat."

"Most agree... it's a place where the line between real and, not-real; well, it wears pretty thin. Those who believe the Beasts come outta people's dreams say Deep Anoya's where any people's nightmares can get put in reality. Something like that. Just don't trust anything you see."

He continued, sounding strangely bitter now, as if he loathed what he was saying himself. "I'm not one for speeches. I'm not even supposed to be a second or something like it, not on this



. Just stick behind me and Noire. We find the Hunters, or any traces of them, and we get



the out. Wherever the others are, that ain't our right now. Got it?"



Deep Anoya Wetlands

[spoiler="Mood"]

[MEDIA=youtube]mfh5ErHVq0s[/MEDIA]

[/spoiler]

Everyone

It was pretty strange. After all the rain, the mud; the sodden underfoot, when the group crossed the threshold into Deep Anoya, it was like... the water'd gone away. The ground was dry and featureless, a dim brown colour. The mist was present again, and thicker than ever this time, curling over itself like a creature stabbed through its stomach. There was something soporific about it... or perhaps that was just the hard trek over here. There were many shrubs and short-plants along the ground, the fruit and berries from them looked so much brighter than the land around, juicy.

Galbatore's scowl could've been carved from granite - with a sledgehammer.

The further in they walked though, the more hospitable the surroundings became. In fact, with the tall, colourful wreaths of flowers spilling from the trunks of the tall trees around them, it seemed almost idyllic. The treeline spread its arms to welcome a little clearing, and poking out from behind some berry-bushes there looked like... a figure in ragged clothing, sleeping.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1553683, member: 718"]**The Ozon Runs**

Greyson Chance

Greyson smiled genuinely at Isaac and Ardel, unflappable as ever in the face of the rain. "We're our best judges..." admitted Greyson. "But, I think you're over-harsh on yourself, Ardel. To others, as well. I understand why it's your way, but remember that there's always time for us to change for the better."

"Anyways." he said abruptly. "There's some use to standing around *talking* about moving-on, as can be seen by our two new - accomplices - but there's more use in puttin' it into practice."

Auraxis Pente

"A master should follow his own teachings." grumbled Auraxis. "Especially in matters of life and limb. You were thoroughly useless that fight, Greyson. As usual."

"As usual." agreed Chance nonchalantly. "You're over-dramatising for the youths' benefit, old friend. Don't you think the two of us are a little old for that?" he teased. "A Stalker versus the Vigilante, it's not really a fair fight, now is it?"

"Yeah yeah." harrumphed Auraxis, turning his head, denying the compliment. "With the conditions and these old bones, you'd be surprised. But there's still so much for me to do, most of it to be done *by* me."

"You and me both." said Greyson with a sympathy that was lost on most present, perhaps on Auraxis too.

Auraxis Pente raised his voice, which cut through the storm-winds like a hammer claw. "Is the Draconic recovered? We're going either way." he affirmed, rather uncharitably. In the background, Ardel furrowed her brow in a scowl, but bit her tongue from protesting now. "Come on."

...

The journey downhill wasn't easy for those present, purchase underfoot grew worse by the moment, the driving rain turning the ground into a slurry of run-off which threatened to catch them all in it, tossing their broad bodies like bowling pins across the jutting rocks and odd twines of fibre strung across the ground; pushing, pulling until they were... something best not thought about, sinking in the base of the valley. There was nothing to be seen other than the party's incremental progress (aside from Isaac, who easily hovered to one side of the crew - gritting her teeth as she trudged onwards, Ardel jealously thought she liked him less now). If the Hunters, or any trace of them, had come through here - well, it was the season of the worst rains on Sliver-West. Within minutes, much less hours, it'd be gone.

The path curved back on itself now, making the descent just *about* barely gradual.

Auraxis held the group back with a meaty arm, preparing to direct the group around the bend carefully. He didn't want anyone falling over the steep sides of the increasingly precarious 'trail', there could easily be two groups pending rescue, that way.

Auraxis opened his mouth to speak reassuringly as he helped a miserable-looking Irm over the ground. And then he opened his mouth quite a bit more to see what was above them, just barely visible at the fringes through the flashing-light and tumultuous downpour.

An impromptu lake of rainwater gathered in a clay gouge atop the close-side of their pass. Auraxis saw a trickle of it come over the top of the gouge, and run down towards them, and that meant -

"Brace!" he bellowed.

The clay, now wet, was flung towards them by the pressure, and countless gallons of water followed. Auraxis' open mouth was filled with water as it smacked into the limping group like a breeze-block wall, gathering them all up, and tossing them over the cliffside.

...

Isaac was knocked on his ankles, but quickly recovered his poise. But... where were the others?

...

A good hundred metres below, in a swathe of deep mud and filth, came a chorus of groans.

Ardel Rendain

Coated in mud from head (and hair) to toe, the Antipath honestly wanted to cry. She gasped as she heaved her aching body - weighed down with scum - onto firm, dry land.

Wait... dry land?

Blinking the muck out of her eyes, she patted the ground she was lying on with her palm. It felt dry. She looked around, and could faintly see all of the water down here flowing away from them, around this dry patch. Miss Rendain was by no means an expert on geography (it was questionable whether she could even spell 'Naraida'), but that didn't seem to make much sense. It was almost as if the freshwater deluge was... keen to steer clear of this place. At least that'd given her something to claw her way onto, but, the others...?

She wearily raised her neck, and flinched as she saw Auraxis standing tall and ready in a mud-patched cloak like a heathen revenant.

"Mayor...?" she asked weakly. Auraxis held up a hand. It was difficult to miss the pillar-blade, pointing stalwartly ahead, in his other.

Deep Anoya (Northwest)

Everyone

Clawing out of the run-off mud in varying states of disrepair, the gang's eyes turned to face ahead. Auraxis still hadn't moved. There... didn't seem to be much to see. The land was bone-dry, but apart from some wispy, ashen-looking plants whose thorny twigs seemed to stretch everywhere, there was nothing to see. The place was barren as bone, everything

outlined in a murky palette of  -brown and violet.

The group... became increasingly aware that they weren't the only things emerging from the mud. In fact, there were 'visitors' coming from everywhere, lining to greet them with... something like curiosity.

"Look alive." said Auraxis warningly.

The creatures were of bone with varying kinds of flesh glued to it; some which seemed fitting, some - not so much. With greater and greater intensity, they forced themselves out of each pockmark and scar on the dry ground. Their jaws hung open and low, but the ones at the front had waited a long time - so they waited a little longer. Barring the stricken group's path in a hemisphere formation, bits of old skin fell from them with each moment they stood at still vigil. The creatures were of varying size and shape, most resembled animals or bipedal figures which were recognisable enough. Others were horrific chimaeras, bones and limbs straining and snapping with each movement, a torment they endured in attentive silence.



Cadaver Shams

Hostile Passions: Varies Greatly

[spoiler="Mood"]

[MEDIA=youtube]a8u5-CnmJk8[/MEDIA]

[/spoiler]

"Move! We're being surrounded." Auraxis was getting frustrated. He wasn't sure if he could protect the students from these numbers - two-dozen emerged with each breath, and as the ground-holes grew wider to allow them out, they seemed to come all the quicker.



"We don't have *time* for this !" With a flick of his sword, a line of the Beasts at the centre exploded into a bloodless mess of mummified meat and bone, the others around - quickly as they could, which was to say, not particularly - sampled the hewn pieces of their brethren experimentally. The hole in their ranks was quickly being absorbed.

"Punch through - kill on all sides, get out of the basin and don't look back, or you're next."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Blue the Swordsman, post: 1553690, member: 363"]Praetor

The large draconic was having the worst time of all, being constantly treated as an inferior by all those that aren't draconics, getting at best sympathy, but in a way that made it seem almost inferior, and at worst having any possible response that could be at least neutral seem to be rich with venom. Things only got worse when the group started to descend down out of the runs, as water and mud was getting all over the hydra, making it more and more difficult to move, said movements becoming more jittery, less smooth, much like an animatronic in the rain.

When the entire group was washed away, Praetor wondered if it would have the  tiest end of all time, and when it turns out that the monstrous one lives, there is nothing but annoyance, wondering if it would have been better to freeze up and enter a coma for years to come, passing by agelessly. At least Praetor still was holding onto its head that was dismembered, although the neck fragments were unable to be retrieved.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1553694, member: 16528"]**Irm Lionheart**

UGH, MUD! MY CHEAP  CLOTHES! FIRST RAIN AND NOW THIS?! WHAT THE MAN, I DIDN'T BUY CHEAP CLOTHES FOR- 

What a dreadful looking area this is, not even the freshwater is coming over here.

It's all looking dead, barren. *Were we even supposed to be here? This place looks so damn dead.*

And then the cadaver shams...damn things look terrifying, even Auraxis seems a bit peeved at this situation.

"We just won't get a break, eh?"

Irm punches his fists together as he generates a nice wad of Abyssal energy in his right hand, moving a step forwards with a grin as bits of excess come out of his mouth.

"CRAWL!"

Hey, not every attack needs its whole move name  , eh? Let's call it "*Soulless Wave*" to satisfy you.

Anyways, with a fiery shout, Irm punches the ground with his abyss-covered energy fist towards the center of this oncoming horde, launching a big wave of ground-travelling abyssal energy towards the beasts. *Don't look back!*

Mars Signus

Things are looking pretty bad as they are, but now these things? This is horrid.

The unholy mixture of ashen shrubs, dead-looking grounds and being unnervingly empty put Mars on edge.

Mars' first concern certainly wasn't his appearance, even with the mud everywhere, but he took out his E7 Slasher held in his off hand, and his Nomad blaster with his right hand. Seeing as there are already two heavy-hitters on the front, Mars aims to the sides and barrages the beasts with bright-pink magic laser shots, sticking close to the team and strafing to the side as necessary.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1553982, member: 24795"]

Ek

Seems like the battle isnt over.

Great.

Luckily for me, explosions.

It hadn't been that long since my previous fight, but my energy armour and sword would still need to be re-created to act efficiently.

I walk forwards towards the visitors, creating my armour and sword while I do so.

3/5 Circling Energy

At least this fight will be on land.

Less muck in scales.

Truth is, though Ek would be thinking surprisingly positive, he was tired. Quite tired. He would fire an explosion forwards towards the visitors. It's aiming mattered little - there were too many of them to possible miss.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="EeveeWarrior, post: 1554011, member: 27383"]Katie

I had tried to maintain my barrier throughout the ordeal, but the fall had been enough to break it. I quickly got back up and made a new one as soon as I saw the Beasts. I get ready to make a break for it when I can, also prepared to provide assistance if needed.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1554031, member: 6200"]MANTIS

As I keep walking, I am glad that they finally found the way out, after a loooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooong while.If this is the place where nightmares come into reality, then I am not seeing a second Galbatore.

With that small joke I laugh a little to myself. Yes, I am the type who laugh about her own jokes. As we entered the other region, I see the change in landscape. I smile from this, it is quite pretty here,I even grab some berries from some bushes.....untill I see someone sleeping. "I know you do not want my opinion, but that guy might be a beast."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="eaterofeaterofworlds, post: 1554251, member: 449"]Isaac Rosado

With the situation settled and a possible new friend, Isaac happily followed the group on their harsh trek onward through the miserable conditions of the deep swamp. He had a comparatively easier time with the help of his magic and the insensitive nature of his half-dead body. He tried

to help coax the others onward and keep morale up in the face of their plight, unaware to the silent envy that was directed at his own ease of travel. The deluge of muck and grime was slowing their travel considerably, but he knew they would all press on. A little rain and mud wouldn't stop this lot... he could feel it. Their slow but steady progress was halted suddenly at the sound of Auraxis's hardy cry, quickly drowned out by a flood of clay and fetid water that washed the group away in a confusing torrent. He was grounded for the moment, and when his vision cleared he found himself alone and out of sight of the others.

[SPOILER="Panic"]

[MEDIA=youtube]6PliCEtmpjk[/MEDIA]

[ATTACH=full]194826[/ATTACH] [/SPOILER]

This was *bad*, objectively and horrifyingly bad. Where was everyone?! He held a hand to his mouth in silent fright, wondering if they had fallen to their deaths. He was sure their seniors could survive a fall like that but if there was nothing to cushion the fall all the way down... he pictured their crooked forms rendered still under a few centimeters of water, now no longer anything more than crow-food. Isaac shook his head. Negative thoughts flooded the undead trickster's mind, threatening to overwhelm him. He felt his slow moving heart thump hard in his chest, drowning out the sound of the rain. He had to leave, her sacrifice couldn't be in vain... Isaac grit his teeth, body shaking from the conflicting emotions as he tried to make the right choice.

...

He had to have faith in them.

[SPOILER="Balduran stubbornness"] [ATTACH=full]194828[/ATTACH] [/SPOILER]

They aren't dead, but they could be soon. They need my help! Removed from his own sense of self-preservation for a moment he released a telekinetic burst from his body to clear the mud from his form. With renewed spirits Isaac leapt from his position and sailed through the air, searching for his comrades. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1554258, member: 81756"]~Professor Noire~ Despite the fact that he didn't know exactly where they were going, he did know the basic direction they needed to be heading in, and he knew that they did not want to remain in the waters of Karasmai for any longer then necessary; and as expected, they did end up in Deep Anoya, the atmosphere shifting as they found that they were no longer amidst the water. The presence of the mist was much heavier as well, greatly reducing his sense of awareness, even with his more refined senses. His hopes that the students might've learned from the first seven or eight times he told them to remain silent were almost instantly dashed as one of the students spoke up, mere moments after they'd been stupid enough to harvest a nearby berry bush that the ragged figure had chosen to use as their shelter.

"Yes, Miss Mantis, I am aware of the fact. However, it is far more likely that this is one of the hunters we were originally sent here to retrieve. If it turned out that it was a Beast, I assure you I

could've taken it out before it ever noticed us, and I say could've because this is no longer the case; considering you chose to break the silence and voice the very obvious fact that we all know. If this man were indeed a Beast, they would've instantly been alerted to our presence the moment you spoke up." The tone in his voice was very clearly annoyance, which was warranted, given how many times he'd insisted they remain silent so far. "And I did not think I would need to point this out to any of you, but do not eat anything you find growing here unless you have no other option for survival; and yes, that includes those berries."

He didn't want to be so derivative to the students, especially not when that was already Arda's whole thing, but this year's arrivals really weren't giving him any choice. "Stand back until we are sure that it's not a Beast." That was addressed at all of the students, as opposed to just one, as he leaned down to take a closer look at the figure; one of his accelerators at the ready just in case.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Vicious, post: 1554306, member: 3640"]**Vic Manning**

The Salamander gave a bit of a low hiss, but aside from that and a grimace remained silent for a moment. The angry lady had none so importantly - rather nonchalantly daresay - imparted that the group would be ignoring the people in peril for the dude with no eyes. Sure, he was a Beast, but he seemed chill enough to Vic that the thought of abandoning the mission made him boil. Not to mention what was at stake. Vic cracked his knuckles, and sighed.

"Alright angry lady, which way is Ozon from here? If you're so cold as to leave people to die, then i'll just have to save them myself." Leaving out the part about his orphan sibling, he turned a bit towards the Beast, and pointed towards his own heart. "Fy neulu. Per'glon. Raid Arbe." *My family. Danger. Must Save.*

He turned towards the others. "Eisel, thanks for comin' out here bro. If I don't make it back to Lichthart, give Lorin my thanks too. Cecil, you seem pretty cool-headed. Keep these guys in check, yeah? Light scythe..lady..uh. I don't remember your name, but don't get hurt. Mist...Gun? Uh, cloak dude, you're a strong guy, I can smell that much. Protect the others for me." Mystogan seemed against the idea of letting Vic run off, but left the decision in Arda's hands.

Lexus Tarkion

The large man shrugged and pulled away from Aizen. "Don't listen to the goody-two-shoes forever kid. If you wanna get anywhere in this world, sometimes you gotta bend the rules." Lexus then stood in the doorway to the room of the classroom, looking across the way to Xine and Kaori. "You really do like to play every chance you get, huh? I swear, not a day goes by that i'm not hearing some melody filling the halls upon my return. Is that really all you wanna do, kid?" His tone wasn't like it was with everybody else. Not condescending, but sort of like pity, as if Lexus wanted her to aim higher. Why that was could be a mystery to those present, or perhaps they'd have an idea. Maybe even Lexus was above picking on those who had been denied the world.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1554352, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Xine gave Lexus a cold glare from the side when he mused his thoughts to Kaori. Hmm... Well...was it really a glare? It's more her usual piercingly-cold emerald gaze drilling into Lexus with no real expressed emotion. Some cold, hard moments pass as she seems to get Lexus' angle.

"Hm...what's your static? You could afford to enjoy the fine arts of the performer instead of speaking with such concerned words."

Xine spoke out her words in a rather mellow tone, but it's almost as if she couldn't really piece together what she really wanted to say. Xine simply looks to Kaori with neutral eyes, mops leaned against the wall nearby as she folds her arms, not feeling like getting up. This is a bit unusual for Xine to act.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Snowratt, post: 1554774, member: 450"]-- Scott --

Scott couldn't be more thankful finally being out of the water as that meant he didn't have to worry about it anymore. Especially as Professor Noir's warnings about the water were starting to worry him. The further in they walked though, the more hospitable the surroundings became if not for the warning from Galbatore's specifically mentioning the danger of this place he would have assumed they were home free.

Up ahead a figure in ragged clothing was sleeping, which Mantis pointed out may be a beast. Scott took a step away from the figure upon being told to stand back by the professor. Fully trusting the Professor's abilities he awaited any further orders.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1555320, member: 984"]

LORIN

After what seemed like decades of walking, we made it to a change of scenery. Galbatore talked the place up as if it was some place from the depths of a kid's nightmares. Well, maybe I was just a little wet behind the ears, but I took that as a challenge. If real and unreal became one, then I could just pretend that none of the beasts we came across were real threats, right? Made enough sense at the time. Then everything turned into a drawing from a five year old and I couldn't keep a straight face. When we found the maybe-a-dude, maybe-a-beast, I got myself together though.

"If he was a beast, wouldn't he have like, attacked or something?" I mumbled to Scott. "And what about those berries? If this place is supposedly between being real and not real, couldn't we just... I dunno, imagine it's not bad to eat? Just some berry good things to think about."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1555643, member: 256"]~ **Aizen Blacktail** ~
Everyone's attention seemed to drift towards this Kaori, so Aizen decided to follow suit, peering into the classroom past Laxus' bulky frame. Inside, he found the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, and his heart proceeded to melt (metaphorically, of course). *So... this is Kaori*, he thought, completely captivated. His ears drooped, and his eyes seemed to visibly light up as his cheeks flushed red. He quickly retreated behind Laxus, using him as a convenient door to keep himself out of sight despite his tail gently swishing back and forth behind him, betraying his position.

Briefly, Aizen considered taking out his own guitar and playing a tune in response to hers, but two things stopped him. Firstly was that anything he could play would be completely overshadowed by her performance, and likely unnoticed as a result. Secondly was the apparent tension between Xine and Laxus. He couldn't quite figure out what it was between them... though both seemed to pity Kaori, and he did not know why. He perked his ears up and looked at them from behind Laxus again, if only because these were the only people he knew so far.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Six Routes of Roses, post: 1558127, member: 18694"]**Nathan Abel**

The path forwards was treacherous, and multiple times Nathan felt his goop sliding towards the edge, roughly readjusting himself so as not to make a splat. He noted Isaac was quite gifted at flight, a bit of a rarity that seemed to make Ardel a bit more irritable, something the blob'd keep on a positive record for the scarecrow.

All of a sudden, however, water and mud and dirt came sliding down in great torrents, washing away the rest as Isaac flew overhead, and Nathan clinged on a fair bit longer. The water mostly passed through him, and he laughed at those falling below, however dire their plight might have been. "It would seem i'm the last man standing, i've always thought myself both the *bedroom* and natural surviv-" Just then a cascade of hardened mud debris came down through the wave, knocking him clear off the hill, actually hitting him with enough force to send him careening out of the currents and flying through the air like Isaac, though it was far less graceful and ended with several splashes of Nathan hitting the mudslide and flying off the surface again and again. In a fit of desperation, the Detrii swung his arm like a lasso, latching on to a strangely dry patch of land and reeling himself in next to Ardel, sighing in relief at his safety.

Once again, it was proven short-lived, and the Impure hoisted himself up frustratedly. As Auraxis led the others forward, Nathaniel grasped at Ardel's hand and yanked her to her feet. "No rest for the wicked, you nitwitted numpty." He cawed, though the last part was more to try and get some fire in her eyes again instead of that weak look she had adopted moments prior. In the last part of getting her up however, he felt a twinge of pain in the segment of him that had repeatedly bounced off the ground and winced. "Oh, this is getting old fast." A sentiment that was somewhat new to Ardel, it would seem the slime man was starting to actually lose his patience. Or rather, his "charm" (if you could call it that). As a small rabbit-like cadaver leapt from a flank, he changed his arm to the shape of a baseball bat and knocked it away, sending it soaring towards another sham some distance away.



"C'mon then, let's get moving. I'm so sick of this ing swamp, this damn academy is barely worth the effort so far." As Nathan angrily dragged Ardel more or less against her will with the others, he bemusedly remarked "You wanted to know why I came to this school, back on the way? Well, let me tell you, it was certainly not to be smacked around, lit on fire, spit on, washed away and outnumbered. Honestly, if I wanted half of those i'd have just stayed at home." He still hadn't told her exactly why he did, and Ardel no doubt did not believe what he had said earlier about learning how to kill Guardians. Nonetheless, this demoralized Nathan didn't sit well with her, in fact; it was more uncomfortable listening to him angry and distressed than it was for his rather...unfavorable tendencies on the regular.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1558639, member: 16528"]**Brandon Andrews** (yoink!)

Could things be worse than they are or is this the worst it can be? Brandon didn't feel like finding out the answer for neither of those questions, flicking his thumb along the corner of his mouth with a [confident smile](#) and sparks leaving his hands.

From just the sound of Mayor Auraxis's words, this situation was at least 100% more life-or-death than Ozon, and that's just not good!

"Hmm, I can think of something...Hey, Lionheart!"

Irm snapped back with a quizzed look to Brandon as the Pyrotechnic is sprinting towards him.

"Gimme a leg-up, will you? And since you're the theatrical type, how about a fancy name move for some explosives?"

While Irm's position doesn't allow for hard turns, he can-thanks to his impressive height-give him the support of his shoulders.

Brandon quickly hops onto his shoulders and prepares for a jump as Irm grits his teeth with a glint in his eye.

"How about this:"

Irm uses his raw body strength to push Brandon up, hopping a short distance into the air as he aims at the beasts with two open palms, preparing to fire some explosive fireballs!

Irm and Brandon, as if they could read each other's minds, shout in unison:

"GAUN FLARE!"

Brandon blasts the sides of the horde with two powerful fireballs, this should give some good breathing time to smash through the front!

He would then land just a few inches behind Irm, with a clenched fist and a grin as he prepares for the worst to come. (But I'm leaving that until you GM Anoya, Jill.)[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1559320, member: 718"]**Deep Anoya Southeast Part 1**

(([[USER=718]@Jill[/USER] [USER=81756]@Lady Cheyenne Snowfield[/USER] [USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER]]))

Taurus Noire

He held a hand raised for silence, the other was on his accelerator. The male figure lay down, face pressed into the damp grass. That alone did not fill him with hope, he momentarily steeled himself for what was, in all likelihood, to come next. Lowered the hand, gently turned the figure over.

He shook his head. "He's dead." It was strange, because Mantis' self-pleased prediction hadn't been entirely inaccurate. Either whatever'd killed him or at some point after he'd died, the man's eyes had been torn-out, which was unusual but not completely unheard of, particularly among some of the more developed beasts. However, that'd mean... Noire furrowed his brow.

Inspecting the corpse, he was coated almost all-over in a thin sheen of dried blood. In both hands, clutched with rigor mortis still as tight fists - two weapons of spiny metal to thrust and tear with. Oddly though; the one in his right hand was a warped, useless shape, although the palm that grasped it remained undamaged. It was almost as if it'd been melted down, but the body and the air around them was frigid.

Noire traced a strange set of markings that'd been shorn with long claws in the flesh of the dead man's bicep. Curved lines which seemed to indicate a certain point on the skin, although nothing seemed to be there. He memorised the exact layout of the mutilation for future reference, although it was no doubt the after-death prodding of a curious beast.

"This is the first of the hunters. There's nothing that can be done for him." he said flatly. Even the Professor found the bounty of the grove they were in somewhat unsettling, it was not what he'd expected nor recalled from the centre of the Wetlands.

Kalvin Galbatore

Galbatore was the furthest away from Noire, to the side of the group with greatsword held unswervingly before him in those grubby, beat-up hands. The shadows seemed to gather heavily away from the centrepiece of the grove, where the body'd been laid as if in an ancient ceremony. Calvin had a sickness in the pit of his stomach, but his senses themselves were... exceptionally keyed-in.

Sometimes even a hero, or a hero's pretender, needed fear to fight.

He saw a flicker of something like blonde-shimmering silk drape inbetween the thick cover of trees and vines. *One of the lost hunters?* thought Galbatore passively. Quietly, he started walking towards what he'd seen as if drawn.

Mantis

Only one'd kept a good watch on Galbatore... after the 'Professor' had taken the opportunity to criticise her once again - as if he knew anything of Notum Telum biology, but he seemed right to

be the type to believe themselves much wiser than they were. She'd dropped the fistful of berries and ground their soft globes under the heel of her boot. Then, she'd scowled into the dimness at each side. For some moments Galbatore had been doing the same, but then to her surprise - without saying anything, he abruptly wandered off into the treeline.

Other than being his *clear* usual hypocritical self, what was he *doing*?

...So, she'd tailed him.

Beyond the treeline, the ground seemed to be slashed with colours at random, plants and trunks writhing slightly within the dirt. Mantis'd moved quickly, ducking to avoid the flailing branches - she could see Galbatore's idiotic cloak dragging behind him, but he was stood still.

"No..."

He wasn't holding onto his sword properly, and there was a beast standing too-near to him, too near. It seemed he was out here to get himself killed - wouldn't be a great loss; not by any means, but what was with his expression...? The beast had a human guise, and was unusually clean, as if it'd emerged to the land recently. It might've been beautiful, were it not for its eyes, which were put-out as always. It seemed though Galbatore that 'recognised' it, judging by his blanched face and the stuttered breaths he took.



[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1559341, member: 6200"]((Good job Mans, pull the necromancer away from the dead body.....*Clap* *Clap* *Clap*))

MANTIS

What the hell is that top-heavy guy walking into? Does he want to walk into a will-o-wisp and

burn his  ? I, pocket some more berries and follow him to the light. As I see him standing

there, standing quite awkwardly I see the woman in front of him. I would say that that was his ex but that would imply that he could get one. As I move to the side I see that her eyes were hollow as he was blocking it. "What are you doing?" I summon a soul to distract the beast as I offer him my scythe as a small boost of power to him. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1559348, member: 718"]**Deep Anoya Northwest**
((([USER=718]@Jill[/USER] [USER=18694]@RIP Scourge[/USER] [USER=16528]@Frenzy Moon[/USER] [USER=27383]@EeveeWarrior[/USER]
[USER=449]@eaterofeaterofworlds[/USER] [USER=363]@Blue the Swordsman[/USER]
[USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER]))

Isaac Rosado

He was losing altitude rapidly - not losing control, but the cliff was so steep that the group'd surely been washed-downwards fifty metres or more - Isaac could only hope the waterflow and abundant, cloying mud would cushion their fall. His breath caught for a moment as he descended through a layer of staggeringly thick mist, then it cleared, and he could see the group clearly as they split.

Surrounded by beasts which almost blended with the mud... Auraxis Pente, the silhouette of his cloak (by now more russet than crimson) distinguishing, was ahead of the group. In fact, he seemed almost to be leaving them behind, which was disconcerting - when he looked towards where Pente was running, he couldn't exactly see. There was so little light, and it almost ached his eyes to stare down there. He shook his head, thoughts of that could come later; especially if it was in the absence of the Mayor, he had to help the group *before* the beasts engulfed them.

Auraxis had lashed a hole in their ranks and'd disappeared through it. Two brown-haired figures'd unified for a moment to produce a rough gouge of their own. The others were mostly lagging behind (most noticeably, the giant draconic), but oddly, he couldn't spy the sloppy man who'd been introduced as 'Principal' Chance anywhere.

Ardel Rendain

"I want to go home..." she sniffed quietly, not offering any resistance, nor really listening as Nathan dragged her along with a face and voice like thunder. Of course, she didn't allow that pathetic attitude to persist for long (although it was easy to tell that, if she weren't in the company of others - and thus had appearances to keep up - she'd much rather've given-in and fled by now). A shiver went up her sodden spine, dislodging large chunks of mud from her. She forced her natural scowl, but as she retroactively processed what Nathan'd uttered, it lopsided into something like concern.

"I - I don't think they wanted this to be *this* way." she murmured softly, uneasily, admitting, "But this was a bad idea... Nathan, we're supposed to save lives, and I want to. I have to. But..."

It felt physically painful for her to say. "I'm weak. Even you're stronger than me... I pretended I was too good for Pensalir, but I wasn't, and it's no different here, either. It's just how I'm expected to be... please don't be angry with me."

Katie Andrews

She needed to hurry. Although she'd paused for a moment to channel a technique to protect herself - and was ready to extend the same blessing to others - it seemed none'd noticed, not even Brandon. The teachers'd somehow left already, and without them, the other students just seemed to be running or marching in split directions... and she was at the back of the pack.

Ek Jenkins

He scored a direct hit on a tightly-collected group, sending chunks of the ground, dry flesh and split bone alike flying awry. Astoundingly though, despite that sledgehammer-like blow, it only seemed to inspire most of the Cadaver Shams to draw towards him more quickly, them dragging hideously broken and twisted legs after them without feeling the pain - still, they uttered not a sound.

Praetor

Frankly, this was bull  . Misfortune seemed to follow them like a bad smell, and now their new 'comrades' seemed to be abandoning the entirely. Almost like the followers of a funeral cortege, a handful of the cadavers fell in line slowly behind, ready at the hydra's heels to gore him where they fell.

Brandon Andrews and Irm Lionheart

The attack impacted the brunt of the beast-line with great force, but even more than that - with a crackling, throttled noise like snapping tree branches, the flames licked and caught upon the dry, withered skins which held-in the bloodless meat within. They burst into flames like old cloth - swiftly, the skins and their limbs split and severed, the mass fell out from between the gaps. They'd step forwards a couple more paces like a sock-puppet without a hand to guide it, then collapse into gelatinous heaps on the ground.

The Combination Attack was effective, maybe overkill if anything. But it seemed fire was the most efficient way to stop their ranks - with no real centre of control, these *things* could lose heads and would still beat you with the stumps of their necks.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Blue the Swordsman, post: 1559352, member: 363"]Praetor

With a rather loud curse of their luck, the draconic realized that it was being left behind, it's movements a little delayed as it surged off after the group, having delayed reactions thanks to all that has transpired up to this point. Honestly, if things continued further, the hydra would be

little more than a lifeless shell, which was absolute bull . *I swear if I die out here my spirit will damn everyone that has ever wronged me and I will make sure that they all are cursed to the same fate as myself.*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1559410, member: 24795"]

Ek

Oh.

Well that isn't good.

Actually quite bad.

I try to stay in the front of the group. I notice that most of the others have become very fatigued.

Can't blame them. I am too.

I fire another explosion, frontwards. I want to blast a way in front. A way to escape.

I then fire an energy bolt at any of the nearby 'things' that survived, trying to kill as many with it as possible.

2/5 Circling energy

One turn till +1

I want, I want to make up for my mistakes in the previous fight with this. I want to redeem myself.

I suppose, even if I do help save everyone, they still won't like me. That didn't matter to me anymore, though. I'm way past liking.

If I have to, I can act like a tank for this group right now. I'm trying my best to lead the way. I can do it.

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1559416, member: 718"]**Kalvin Galbatore**

After a moment, he flinched his head upwards as if he'd been roused from a daydream. He snapped to look around for the source of the voice, he couldn't think - "Oh, it's you." he said, quite neutrally. He looked down to her hands, the weapon. "Your scythe...? No... I'm not fighting her. No."

He was uncharacteristically quiet and listless in his voice, it was a marked change from the usual Galbatore bluster and rage. He seemed as torpid as the Beast. It had both of its arms outstretched towards Galbatore, but was otherwise disturbingly still; and appeared either not to have noticed, or was uncaring to the presence of Mantis' summoned ally, even as it lurched over the uneven ground towards it.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1559425, member: 6200"]MANTIS

"May I ask what happened? Or even the full story on this?" I ask Calvin. I send tge soul back to it's resting place. "Why are you so quiet?!" This has to be something related to the beast, there has to be no other reason."She is a beast, a fake, a phoney!"

I wind up my syche and enter it at the last second, sending me flying over the beast in question. "Hey! Black eyes! I got some juice memory for you!" I say to the beast as a way to distract it, I



even turn around and slap my towards it before I look back to face it. I then throw some berries towards the back of it's head, I need to get it away from Calvin.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Six Routes of Roses, post: 1559435, member: 18694"]Nathan Abel

The Impure gave a chuckle at Ardel's words...no, that wasn't right. Was that a whimper? His hand wasn't slimy like before. His form was more solid. His regular slithering lower half was gone, were those two legs? Nathan honestly hated the humanoid form, so why....

"Shut the hell up, you goon. You're *strong*, whether you think so or not. Mayor Pente was having trouble with that sleek beast, **Mayor Pente**, and you came in and bought enough time for him to finish the job. You've been trudging on with a handicap, I know how much you hate water, and keeping up with us at the same time. I've only been mucking about with a natural advantage



that's quite frankly bull enough to make me a competent fighter. I've got two years on you, and i'm still far less a warrior than you are. That's how *strong* you are." He kept swatting at any cadavers that got near, and it seemed there was some sort of flecking liquid coming off of him, hitting her in the face. It was yellow, like his eyes.

"So you couldn't stay in Pensalir, so *what*? They're northern *pisssers* that can't see real talent, and they abandon it as they did the Centre-South." He paused, the words straining to keep themselves from rearing into the air. Even if the others couldn't hear them, were busy fighting to move on like they were, even if it was only meant for her ears alone Nathan could barely utter them so weakly.

"Gods, Rendain, I *trust* you, by the Elder Dragons. I can't even trust my *own mother*, and I *trust you*. Does that give you any idea of your strength? Even if there's a foe your hand can't fell, even if your physical strength fails you, your strength of heart will always shine powerful. So clench your fists and harden that scowl like you do. There are others that *need* you...they can't do it alone." It was flecking in Ardel's face again. He dared not show his own to anyone.

And in that moment she saw it. As before, when she was a scared little girl, fighting back against the Morass Stalker, there was a scared Detrii boy, infinitely smaller than the world. There was no bravado, no cheeky innuendo-throwing bastard. There was someone just as frightened and alone as she felt.

And he was crying.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="eaterofeaterofworlds, post: 1559440, member: 449"](I ended up drawing them on paper instead :b)
Isaac Rosado

Searched for the group frantically, understanding that lateness could end in their deaths. The dark depths bellow the cliff filled him with a terrible sense of dread, the likes of which he hadn't felt in a long, long time. If it weren't for the fact he knew they were in a clearing he would have been rooted with unnatural fear. Thankfully he breached the cover of fog and spotted the group, they were alive! A legion of undead terrors were lurching after the group down below, threatening to devour them and add their flesh and bones to the ranks of horrible beasts. They were doing okay considering the odds (most of them..) but something seemed amiss. His eyes widened in shock as he caught the form of Auraxis leaving the students behind.

[SPOILER="You!"][\[ATTACH=full\]195493\[/ATTACH\]](#)

That cowardly bastard!

[\[/SPOILER\]](#)

For that moment Isaac forgot the fear he had felt before, seeing the man abandoning the students as they struggled onward. His clenched fists trembled with anger as he thought about the injustices of it. The fear and hopeless look in the faces of his comrades made his blood boil, he wouldn't stand for this. He fumed at the disappearing image of Mr. Pente, planning on

shoving his boot firmly up his  once he made sure no one died for his escape.

He charged up a light grenade, the luminescent ball acting almost as a tiny sun as it grew in size to its peak point. Squinting from the intense light he hurled it as far as he could towards where he last saw Auraxis, willing it to stay intact instead of exploding like a flashbang when it landed. This beacon could help guide them out of here faster. Isaac bellowed down below at the struggling team, "Follow the light! We have to cut a path through the horde!"

Isaac took a deep breath, it was time to go all out. He assumed a stance and split his image twice to create two clones.

[\[SPOILER="Faster"\]\[\\[ATTACH=full\\]195494\\[/ATTACH\\]\]\(#\)](#) [\[/SPOILER\]](#)

These were likely mindless critters that only sought to destroy, so he figured a diversion might help thin the group. The two clones went Opposite directions from their center point and started dive bombing just shy of the crowd of dead, attempting to gain the attention of the beasts. The real Isaac swooped down closer to the ground and provided support to those lagging behind, especially the slow moving draconic. He charged pyro bursts as fast as he could, trying to blast away the beasts that were lurching closest.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="EeveeWarrior, post: 1559502, member: 27383"]Katie

I frown and glance around nervously, before I look forward and take deep breaths, getting myself focused. *I have to get caught up. I can't afford to get left behind!* I start running, hoping to catch up. *At least with this barrier I'll be somewhat safe if one of them tries to jump at me.*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1559508, member: 16528"][BURN MY HAND!](#)

Irm Lionheart

Irm snaps up from his crouching position, he was expecting the rest of them to keep at speed considering they haven't moved much yet but, sheesh...

More importantly; Auraxis has already moved, he DID say to not look back so we should be hurrying up as well.

Irm took a bit of a deep breath and shouted out to the people behind:

"COME ON! AURAXIS SAID NOT TO LOOK BACK! JUST KEEP PUSHING FORWARDS!

Wait...where's Praetor?!"

Now those sound like some inspirational words! Thought Irm as he saw Mars wide-eyed at the sudden explosion that happened.

But Praetor...where was he? Irm was pretty worried but there's no way he can check for him now. *C'mon, he's a Hydra...dragon...thing. Way stronger than me or some of the others here.*

"Hey, board boy! Get a move on!"

Irm fired several impressively accurate bolts of abyssal energy at some of the cadaver shams that were drawing in on Ek.

Dammit, I have to move forwards too!

Mars Signus

Well, so much for using your blaster, Mars, Brandon and that Lionheart guy managed to score some sort of fancy combo move that tore up a huge amount of the beasts.

He holsters his blaster as he takes a deep breath, then exhales...the exhale has thin trails of green-yellow luminescent energy coming out as he stylishly gets on the board and zooms straight towards Katie.

"Grh...you're at the back!"

He quickly puts away his machete and sweeps Katie by her feet during his board-riding towards her, making a slick turn back as Katie shrieks in fear in his arms.

"Hold on a little tight!"

Some of the shams at the back might've had the bright idea to try and pounce Mars, but with his boards he's far too quick for them as he zooms by Ek, Ardel and Nathan, and finally Irm and Brandon.

Irm Lionheart

Irm gives a thumbs-up to Mars as he boards on by, shouting again:

"ARDEL! NATHAN! DON'T WORRY ABOUT TAKING THE BEASTS DOWN! FOCUS ON CUTTING ON FORWARDS!"

Irm's excess energy is...starting to grow again. Worrying. It seems like he's had some sort of epiphany...

Irm's gonna move forwards and follow that ball of light from Isaac fast now, hoping the rest will be able to do the same.



Whoa, scarecrow boy is doing some kooky !

Burn my hand...but at what cost? Fighting isn't for me...it never was.

Sister...why would I want to burn my hands?

...[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1592999, member: 984"]**Dunlitt Bog**

Elena Arda's Group

[USER=47255]@Chasm Guardian[/USER] [USER=70364]@OptiPri[/USER]

[USER=3220]@PotatoBlaster[/USER]

Elena considered her options very briefly; the salamander was a rogue element who had nearly cost them their lives with his little gamble on talking to the Beast. He was also a student, and it would reflect badly to let someone waltz off to their death in Anoya when they were in her company. However, that was only if those who needed to know were told the truth. While it wasn't ideal; it was an out that she'd risk.

"I won't stop you. Mayor Pente and Principal Chance should be thataways, though it'll be trudge for sure Salamander. I'd tell you good luck, but I'm not going to indulge any foolhardy thoughts. As for the rest of us, we're continuing this way towards the bus."

As Vic had already said his farewells, the Salamander rushed off into the distance, still calling Ireli's name. The Beast mumbled something inaudible in Fyaerl, and clasped its hands together rather weakly before going back to its stumble-ridden trod alongside the rest. As the wetlands grew steadily more dry in the group's increasing proximity to the edge of Anoya once more, Arda just briefly dropped her vigil for danger long enough to notice how clenched Mystogan's hand had been on his staff. It was very unlike him to be nervous, but she knew that not to be the case. While the others would not be able to discern the miniscule difference between a regular Hardass tone and a repentant one, it would matter little since her target had known her long enough to do so.

"Mystogan, I know you're upset at the loss of the young Mr. Manning on this trip, but may I remind you that a situation this extraordinary-" He held up his hand to shush the Study Coordinator, an act he'd only done once before in his four years under her tutelage.

"I understand. There is no need to explain anything, you did the right thing." They both regretted the disingenuous assertion, but continued on in silence.

...

For the rest of the party... it seemed her mind was made-up, and by extension theirs unless anyone was - brave, enough to challenge her. The creature with no eyes was simply looking around with a slightly warped part-smile on the better half of her face. Judging by Arda's pace, and Mystogan just slightly behind, it was either leave with her and return home as agreed, or be left out here. She'd already done it with one, who knew where her limit was.

And why did she even care so much?

To tell the truth, a significant part of her hadn't been far from gunning most of the unwilling party down some moments earlier. But even Mystogan couldn't have been aware of that, not really. Keeping secrets was... generally petty, but the attractive aspect of the task was that she had only to control her own tongue. Something which didn't move much to begin with. Having to impress the importance, and the maybe-danger, of something like this onto a bunch of kids in the meantime?

Whatever. The tatty minibus was only a bridge off, at least. They could all see it. "They'd best still be in tow..." muttered Arda sharply to herself, before shaking her head and saying simply, "You'd better drive, Mystogan."

Vic Manning

[USER=3640]@Vicious[/USER]

As they traveled off towards school, the Dragon Fist ran in the direction Elena had pointed, roaring Ireli's name and blasting any small beast that dared to cross his path with Dragon Fist Arts. As he let off another Fire Dragon's Iron Fist into the face of a Clawkin, however, a low rumbling became apparent. Before he had a chance to react, the ground began to tear itself apart, and what seemed like a great eye opened and gazed at the salamander.

"What the hell is tha-"

The ground around the eye opened into an even more massive hand, and grabbed the struggling pyro who attempted to burn his way through, to no avail. He could see it was dragging him towards the mud water of the Bogs, and before he could react, everything went dark....

...but everything was still moving. It had closed, and the hand traveled at great speeds through what could be assumed was Anoya itself. This was perhaps the most horrible thing about the

trip so far Vic thought, as being on any type of moving surface to a Salamander, as many know, is bound to bring about horrible motion sickness.

“Blrggg.....*gulp*...crush me first, but...stop this...please....HRK!”

[spoiler=Results]

No normal beast can stop your way, the blazing passion in your heart is ever growing. But that blazing pain in your stomach is also growing, hopefully you can hold it in...

Vic: +2P, +1M

[/spoiler]

Deep Anoya South

Kalvin Galbatore and Mantis

[USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER]

Mantis’s “attack” did not go as planned, no, not at all. The berries went straight through the beast and landed square in front of it. She was right. The girl was a beast, a fake, “a phony”. Mantis came down behind it and landed on the ground- well, no, that wasn’t particularly right. She bounced off of something, something fleshy and warm, and when she hit the ground there was a squishing sound and a particularly dire screech. Looking down, she saw the unlikely source of the screech, writhing in pain and cloaked in a thick fog.

[spoiler=Mirrorvore Minor]



[/spoiler]

Mirrorvore Minor - Passion: 10

It was around the size of a small dog, and had a sizable dent in it from her foot. As it writhed it let out a scent reminiscent of rotten egg and burnt hair, which was distracting enough for Mantis to be blindsided by the next surprise- a fleshy white tail knocking her to the ground, and a gaping maw meeting her upward gaze.

[spoiler=Mirrorvore Alpha]



[/spoiler]

Mirrorvore Alpha - Passion: 420

As she said, the beast was a phony alright, and the size of a bus. It looked down upon Mantis, sending a chill up her spine and a blast of cold, electrified air down upon her, paralyzing her. It got close, with its neck craning with surprising length down to her as it did little more than look at

her, its gums rippling like small fans. Was it smelling her? There was no time to find out or think on that. She was in a worse spot than an ant under a magnifying glass. Even worse, the smaller ones were starting to appear from thin air, and were gaining on her.

Kalvin Galbatore

Her face, it contorted into something of a frown when the berries went through her head, something reminiscent of a tear running down her face. Then, in an instant, she was gone in a puff of smoke.

Kalvin stood for a moment, his thoughts coming back to him to see just that. His fist closed as his normal sense of intensity and rage returned, no, exceeded the normal amount. This turned to shock and tempered anger when he saw the pale hide of whatever beast was before him. Without thinking, a horde of bats swarmed the biggest of the beasts, causing its telescopic neck to retract into its body and its frame turning with a jump to meet Calvin with a quick and decisive extension of its neck, barely missing him after a narrow dodge. Calvin responded with a quick thrust of his spear to the neck of the elastic thing. Sure enough, the Mirrorvore retracted its neck again and stretched it immediately, grabbing his spear and taking it and him back to its body, planting a rubbery foot on his chest.

“Damn! A little help over here!”

Everyone (Else)

[USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER], [USER=450]@Snowratt[/USER],
[USER=984]@TechnoSpectre 0-85.5[/USER], [USER=73235]@SimeaseKitten[/USER]

Professor Noire

[USER=81756]@Lady Cheyenne Snowfield[/USER]

The sounds of combat were a worthy reprieve from looking at a dead hunter. Hopefully they wouldn't be looking at another dead body for some time to come. The first to respond with his usual quick nature was Professor Noire, replying with a quick and icy blast from his accelerators, which seemed to have little effect. If anything, the ice spears shattered on impact and covered the prone students in a magical slush. He amped up his performance by charging himself with electricity after a gesture towards Ven, and charged the beast. No, the beast missed with its extended bite, and so did he- he had a different target. The professor grabbed Galbatore by his spear and after an accelerator point towards Lorin, pulled the Panzer by his spear from underneath the beast, and plunged it into the beast's neck, pinning it to the ground for a moment.

The only one left to save was Mantis, and everybody else.

The students jumped to the offensive, only to be halted by the professor.

“None of our attacks will be effective, especially Scott’s or Ven’s.” The professor noted as he shot at the beast again. No effect, only a small white flash as the projectiles disappeared. “We need to save Mantis and leave the area.”

Mantis

She wasn’t particularly in a bad spot. The small ones just sat atop of her chest and legs, pinning her down after the shocking chill wore off. Regardless, she was unable to move, and unable to transform. Whatever they were doing, it made her powerless. That lasted only so long though. The large one began to screech as its neck was pinned to the ground, and that caused the smaller ones to look over and run to its aid, leaving only one to sit on Mantis’s midsection. That gave her enough strength to get up- as it still clung to her- and begin to move back to the group. She hadn’t the strength to run, nor to jump, even still unable to transform.

The worst part for her was when the largest of the bunch had the spear removed as the professor moved in to grab her, only to see him be jumped on by more of the smaller ones that appeared out of thin air. The large one then spun around again, knocking down Noire and wrapping Mantis in its neck before running off deeper into Anoya.

Everyone Else

The small beasts loaded off of the professor and ran into the swampy brush, a few of which were shot at and destroyed by the students who could do such things. In the end, one got away and was in pursuit of its better, and it being pursued by Kaede.

“Wait.” The professor started. “Keep that one alive. We can follow it if we intend on retrieving Mantis. I don’t intend on losing a student, so follow it we shall. Stay alert, and don’t believe your eyes. Just follow me.” He said, giving a short glance to Galbatore. “Closely.”

The professor and subsequently the group set out following the dog-sized beast, who unbeknownst to its judgement, would lead them to its leader. Along the way the group ran into minor pitfalls such as the occasional illusion of the path being obscured by a larger beast, people getting seperated by spontaneous and explosive growth of imaginary foliage, and many other illusions and delusions. Whispers danced at their ears, in the voice of what some could presume to be the deceased hunter, “Run while you still can” it said “A great terror looms” it said.

Mantis

It kept her under control with controlled pulses of electricity and cold blasts of air, making sure she was just weak enough to not resist her capture. She faced backwards, and could see the smaller ones crawling after her captor, releasing a thick fog as they followed. In the fog she could see more of them coming, and other bizarre things. She saw people clashing among the beast-tide, larger beasts chasing after her captor, and much more. However, it was all a farce, and she was soon thrown on the ground into a pile of sticky and chilled mud. The beast then did something unexpected- it did not eat her- it sat on her instead, packing her into the mud with little room to breathe. It would sit and wait until something sprung its trap.

Central Anoya

They breached the thankfully real foliage and stepped into the clearing to see the Mirrorvore sitting atop a pile of mud with around a dozen smaller ones roaming the clearing. The one they followed came to a skidding stop as it returned, and rolled into the open and waiting mouth of the largest. There was no chewing, it was simply swallowed, and the presumed alpha let out a puff of chilled air to commemorate it.

“So how’re we gonna do this?” One of the students asked. It was Lorin, bits and pieces of foliage matted into her hair. “There’s like twelve of the little ones and you said the big one isn’t affected by some attacks or something. So what do we do?”

Other students voiced similar concerns, turning the moderately stealthy spot into a miniature box of speech.

Galbatore stopped that, however. “We do what I was trying to do earlier.” He started. “I’ll distract the small ones while the professor goes in to get her, then we get the hell out.”

“There is only one small problem with your plan.” The professor said. “You forget to factor in the neck of the beast, and its ability to turn despite its size. I propose a different plan. We will make it tie itself up. I learned that Ven has extraordinary speed, so he and I will be on the offensive, distracting the largest beast and forcing it to overextend and confuse itself. Calvin, you and Scott will handle crowd control; when your job is done join Lorin and Kaede in their job. Lorin and Kaede, you two focus on hitting the beast when it’s focused on Ven and I in order to destabilize its legs and cripple its back. That will allow us to free Mantis, allowing either Lorin or Kaede to use her to take off the beast’s head. I’ll also be needing your spear at some point Calvin, so throw it to me when I call.” He paused. “Understood?”

The group all agreed without another discordant set of peeps, readying themselves for combat. “Then let’s get started.” Professor Noire said, pointing an accelerator at Ven and beginning his plan.

[spoiler=Mood]Mood: [MEDIA=youtube]O3nRuYD4Zx4[/MEDIA][spoiler]-

The others followed suit, with bolts of ice and clouds of bats filling the clearing. The acrobats of the team started their attacks on the beast, whose neck was interrupted mid attack by a coordinated strike from the professor and Ven. The lightning duo weaved under the beast, making its neck fold under it as they ever so slightly tugged at Mantis. A few more passes and she would be out. Galbatore and Scott finished rather quickly, with some of the beasts fleeing. Lorin and Kaede took turns launching aerial assaults on the back of the beast, with Lorin sweeping a swing or two just barely above the professor and Ven as they went underneath it.

And then Mantis was freed.

“Mantis, be a weapon for Lorin or Kaede!” The professor said as he ran by and pulled her out. “Galbatore, your spear!”

Mantis dusted herself off before jumping in the air and transforming into a scythe, with only a small amount of indignance. Galbatore threw his spear to the professor, who began to rush the beast before planting it near the base of its maw, pinning it to the ground. It was Lorin’s turn in the air, so she got Mantis. After that came a heavy strike to the nape of the beast’s neck.

“Here we go!” Lorin said, shifting all of her weight into Mantis and then some. She was probably heavier than the beast now, and with all of that weight, the beast’s noodle of a neck and head came off with a gooey screech. “Yeah! Who cut off the head? That’s right, me! High five!”

The clearing grew silent for a moment as Lorin stood on the rubbery remains of the head.

“Wow, tough crowd, am I missing something?”

“It’s not over.” The professor started. “The beast’s body didn’t disintegrate. It’s still alive, as is the head.” He pointed an accelerator at the remains of its neck and head, which still had a lifelike pulsing to it. The beast’s body laid in the mud, dripping a whitish goo from its neck-stump. “At the very least, it is playing dead.”

“Well let’s freaking pulverize it! We don’t have time for it to play around!” Lorin said, starting to hack at the body with Mantis.

“What I think he means is that this is the perfect time for us to retreat. If a beast loses something as important as its head and can still chug on, we need to leave.” Galbatore said, picking Lorin up by the back of her cloak. “And we need to leave fast. If memory serves I think we were heading north when chasing this thing, so we’re either in the northern half of Anoya or near the center. Either way we need to keep moving.”

“My thoughts exactly.” Noire said. “Everyone form up and get ready to move. We don’t want to be here when it recovers. There were no major injuries as far as I can tell, so there’s no reason for us to slow down our pace.”

[spoiler=Results of the Hunt]

That was almost too easy. See what happens when a little coordination and guidance carries everyone a long way?

Mantis: +3P, -2 P or M (choice)

Lorin: +4P,+0M

Kaede: +3P,+2M

Ven: +1P, +3M

Scott: +2P, +1M

[/spoiler]

Ozon Runs / Deep Anoya

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[USER=16528]@Frenzy Moon[/USER], [USER=363]@Blue the Swordsman[/USER],
[USER=18694]@Six Routes of Roses[/USER], [USER=718]@Jill[/USER]

Most everyone made it through the gap in the horde. The Shams somewhat scrambled at their escape, those of them that were left not bothering to chase after them. As the group dashed ever deeper into Anoya, less and less of the beasts so much as looked their way. This continued until eventually no beasts were within range, and the fliers of the group were also able to report that absolutely nothing followed.

[spoiler=Results]

Survival is still a victory, even if it is due to fleeing. Still, only survivors can complain or boast about it. I wonder which side these students are on?

Irm: +4P, +1M

Katie: +2P, +0M

Brandon: +2P, +0M

Ek: +1P, +1M

Praetor: +0P, +2M

Isaac: +3P, +2M

Mars: +2P, +3M

Nathan: +1P, +4M

Ardel: +0P, +5M

[/spoiler]

As they ran, Ardel felt moisture other than Nathan's tears gathering in her own eyes. She found herself unable to respond properly until they were in the clear, where she spoke through action; wrapping her arms around Nathan's midsection (which while uncomfortably squishy was sort of comfy like gelatin).

"Let's not give the others *ideas* now." He said quietly, wiping away his tears out of view while still sounding content with the reassurance between the two. "As if I'd stoop to such a level." She whispered back with a smile, also wiping her tears away out of the line of sight. Other members of the group such as Auraxis and Greyson had short and unmonitored spats about the recent conflict, and others didn't do much of any kind of speaking, keen to keep a lookout for beasts.

The deeper they walked, the more bits and pieces of the dead landscape began to dissolve, almost by virtue of a gradient. Even more of an oddity, nothing, not even beasts, interrupted their travels deeper into Anoya. If directional sense proved to be correct, they were nearing Central Anoya.

Central Anoya

[USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER], [USER=450]@Snowratt[/USER],
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[USER=363]@Blue the Swordsman[/USER], [USER=18694]@Six Routes of Roses[/USER],
[USER=718]@Jill[/USER], [USER=81756]@Lady Cheyenne Snowfield[/USER],
[USER=73235]@SimeaseKitten[/USER], [USER=3640]@Vicious[/USER]

Central Anoya was a middle ground between the dead, damp wastes of the north and the dreamish life of the south. The grass stood tall in a drab shade of brown, and reached the waist of most of the students; the ground beneath the feet of the travelers held a dampness similar to a mossy cloth, and held no amount of closure in the amount of balance one could have on it; boardwalks and wood were strewn across the land, puddles beginning to dot the areas the boardwalks did not cover; and light began to be choked from the air through some kind of smog, and it smelled just as bad as the quality of vision was.

The traveling came to an abrupt stop though. This happened when the path both groups were taking became less swamp and puddle and more board and wood. They came to find something not wholly unexpected. First, a large and octangular junction in the boardwalk with a hollow in the center containing what looked to be some sort of twisted tree in its center. The other important things they saw were each other, other students in the depths of Central Anoya. There was also what seemed to be a large moving mass of... something barreling towards the group. It looked like something was either being held within or sat atop it. Something both colourful and familiar. What ever could it be?[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1593046, member: 16528"]What a weird landscape this is...

Irm Lionheart

The road to this central ground didn't have a lot of problems, unnervingly so. This put [Irm at unease](#), all those...canine things chasing them stopped, even though they probably could've kept up the chase all the way here. And with nothing impeding us up to this point...Irm felt something was up.

This place was...really wide. and smelled horrid. *Good lord, is this a  ting ground? I'm gonna have to make some serious reservations for a good shower or two, sheesh!* But more important things aside, he feels a bit shook up by the twisted tree in the center, *what's up with that?*

And...are those the other students? *Goddamn, talk about a crossing of...really  circumstances.*

"Heeey, guuuys! Are you okay? Professa! Big shield dude!

I don't see Study Coordinator around...is she okay?!"

He's rather jolly in his call-out until he notices something red moving towards us...and it's being held by something big!

"Uhhh, what the hell is that?

Is...is that a person?"

Mars Signus

Mars steps in, his Burst held by his side as he looks closely...there's definitely someone moving towards the group.

"We should probably [help them out!](#)"

Irm agrees but before he even moves a single foot forwards, Mars bars his advance by holding out his Burst in-front of him.

"...with a plan."

Irm rapidly rubs his own head, ruffling it before letting go of it with a groan and a less serious expression.

Irm Lionheart

Yeah, he's right.

Irm looks towards Principal Greyson and snaps his fingers.

"Heeey, Mayor Pente! Principal!

We wanna help that stuck guy out but we don't wanna get pancaked either!

It'd render the saving thing moot, ya know?

I mean, I'd fire at it some energy bolts but, hard to aim with somethin' fast...!"

Irm regardless takes a step forwards, charging his right arm with energy at a slow rate, just in-case this speedy thing needs to get punched back.

Mars Signus

While that's being discussed, Mars has his own problems about this place.

Other than the vile stench, it looks...desolate. Way more desolate than Mars is ever used to.

He figured things in the South are...iffy, bad, not the best.

But since this is about one of the few first things he gets to see from the south, it makes the barren Novo Strella and the dread he faced there when he made his choice look far nicer than all this.

"I've never seen a place so...so dead..." Mars mumbled to himself, flexing his arms and trying to study the surroundings so that he may use his Waveriding skills to their fullest.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1593072, member: 6200"]((Just give me the -2 to memory. I will write a full reply later.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Blue the Swordsman, post: 1593092, member: 363"]Praetor

The hydra was completely overjoyed by the fact that they were no longer in the water, with the thick coat of mud covering its flank having been almost completely washed away, yet no amount of water would wash away the pain and suffering that the hydra was experiencing. The entire ordeal about losing its head was nothing to laugh at, and it had done more than a little to discourage the hydra, especially with all of the rain pouring down.

Had the sky ever decided to, the shuddering steps of the large creature would be no more, as the monstrous reptile would be frozen in place from all of the cold, which didn't sound like too much fun for the beast. Yet, any more rain, and the hulking hydra would be no more, and Praetor would be as dead as the severed head that it carries...its very own severed head at that.

Carried away in its own thoughts, Praetor wasn't aware of the...thing...that was currently approaching, and barely recognized that the group had stopped, stopping just before Katie, glad that it had stopped then and not after it had trampled the shy lady, as that would end with at least one other head on the ground, and losing just one head is more than enough for this trip into the swamps which had been oh so foolish and more than a little ill advised.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1593178, member: 16528"]Irm Lionheart

Irm hears the distinct footsteps of a big thing behind them and he turns, seeing Praetor still up and kicking.

"Oi, Praetor! Good to see ya, hydra!"

Irm is not blind to the fact that he's carrying one of his severed heads, and Irm is reminded of what he did, gulping with a little poker face.

"Was worried about you back there, but good thing you're not dead yet!"

Irm gives him a little thumbs-up with his left hand and a smile.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Blue the Swordsman, post: 1593313, member: 363"]

Praetor

"All the rain and water and mud makes it feel like I'm dead more than anything else at this point...if we get thrown through another mudslide you may as well just leave me there, I won't be following quickly, if at all." Praetor sighs, and looks down at the head that it carries, "while your efforts had hurt quite a lot, I think that you may have done the least to actually harm me, all things considered. So I thank you for not hitting me any harder than you did."

while the words of the hydra rang true, the damp environment doing very little to actually help it out. and more than a few of the problems that Praetor is currently faced with are currently to blame from the water.

Aside from the missing head, of course.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1593376, member: 6200"]MANTIS

I take a breather after that.....what ever it was. I knew that this place was full off craz stuff like that ever since I reawakend, where did I reawakenen again? It must be at this this school most likely.

I am currently cleaning the scythe from all the insides that thing infected my scythe with, those same stains disappearing from my clothing at the same time.

As we left those beautiful dead lands and see that giant thing I flinch a little, must be because I still have some reactions from that from that vore-thing left. I hope it is not Mirrorvore Giga or some other kind of Mirrorvore. It that is the case, I want my revenge![/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Snowratt, post: 1593593, member: 450"]-- Scott Williams --

Scott was starting to feel more confident as the as time passes. Despite Mantis being captured Mirrorvore Giga their group was able to save her with no injuries, thanks to Professor Noire's quick thinking and leadership. They met up with another group of students and Scott noted that their where a few new addition but made no mention of it as everyone seemed to just going along with it.

"Cold spear" Scott muttered noticing the large mass moving towards the group. An icy blue spear appeared floating above his head. He awaited any orders from any of the teachers.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="OptiPri, post: 1594120, member: 70364"]Ara

The student didn't have much else to do. Hell, she didn't have much she *could* do in this particular situation. She was lumped into the group, just another faceless nobody at the moment with no real defining features besides the wire in her neck. This was typically the case in most situations for Ara, and she was used to it, and so she followed along with the group. She had no desire to stray away from the party at this point because she'd probably be eaten alive (who knows if she tastes good?). They eventually drew near to the bus and were presumably desired to enter the bus. Ara looks around the landscape once or twice, not actually paying much attention. See, her mind was thinking back to how she was found by the group in the bog. At that point, the girl had been an absolute wreck in multiple ways. Couple this with her... unique, artificial features and Ara was sure that she'd be left alone at the school and probably here. Yes, despite being in the middle of a place that is probably completely trying to kill her that is what she is thinking about, and so she moved along with the rest of the students. Not much else she can do really. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Chasm Guardian, post: 1594362, member: 47255"]**Cecil Lockett**

A wildfire. Reckless fighting. Getting stabbed in the leg. It was all a bit too much for Cecil, and the wound in his leg started throbbing horribly. Not painfully, as the healer's spell worked wonders. The lack of balance was a bit off-putting (literally), as Cecil no longer felt like he had the grace and balance to throw his knives as accurately. Really, he couldn't wait to return back to base, to get some medication for his leg, to take some shrooms and hallucinate. There wasn't much left here other than prayers that the Salamander would be okay and that Principal Chance and Mayor Pente would get this situation solved.

With a bit of limping, hopped into the bus behind Ara, tired from a walking favoring only one leg, and stole one of the seats which had his rollerblades on, sitting on the seat despite having blood



and gore and water all over his clothes.

((TI;dr: Just stall for time)) [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lord Ruby, post: 1594408, member: 4726"] [spoiler="Mood"] Silence, nothing but rain. (If you want to hear rain I guess there's [this](#).) [/spoiler]

Nyn, Lichthart

"Where is everyone?" Nyn asked rhetorically as he and Master Blix arrived at Lichthart. "This *is* the 'Day of Choosing', is it not? I'm not sure what I expected, but it certainly wasn't desolation." Nyn said, hovering outside the main entrance of the building he had been told to look for. The building looked like it needed a bit of refurbishing, but it would beat being outside in this disgusting mix of rain, mud, and puddles. They couldn't really see much else - the awful weather didn't allow the two to see very far.

"Yes, it is indeed the Day of Choosing. But note that we did miss the appointed hou-"

"And whose fault is that?" Nyn interrupted. Blix laughed nervously in reply. Then they both walked inside, the place was a bit dilapidated, but looked surprisingly tidy, as if it had just been cleaned. This was a welcome sign of human activity, proving that there had at the very least been someone here recently. Blix made sure to thoroughly wipe his shoes on the doormat so he would not be the one to disrupt this presumably rare state of cleanliness. Nyn did not - perfectly clean shoes was one of the very few perks floating bestowed.

-

"That way!" Nyn said and pointed in a direction, the two had reached a point where they could take multiple paths.

"No, I sense presence in this direction." Blix said and pointed toward another corridor.

"I'm convinced that this is the best way for finding someone."

This was far from the first time Nyn had ended up in a situation like this one with Blix, he knew what to do. First there was silence, neither wanted to yield to the other's suggestion. Then Blix started walking in his direction, Nyn was supposed to follow, after all, Blix had authority. After that Nyn did the same, not walking in Blix's direction, but walking in the direction he himself had decided on, just like Blix just did with his own. Finally Blix turned around and followed Nyn, not wanting to get separated, but not before letting out an audible sigh.

-

The two actually found people rather quickly. They could hear the voice of a man and a woman. Soon they saw a couple of boys, a huge one standing in the entrance to a classroom and a short Neko standing just outside, the woman's voice presumably belonged to someone actually inside said classroom. "Good day!" Blix greeted the group. "We just arrived, you're the first people we've found here."

"Where is everyone?" This time, Nyn's question was not rhetorical.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594412, member: 16528"]**The Mexican Stare-Off Squad**
While they were just staring at each other with nothing good to do, some curious looking blonde young man enters with a green-haired warrior-type not too behind him.
Now, the cat boy was a pretty boy, but this blondie? A level beyond it.

Xine Plissken

[Xine peeked](#) to see behind the ginormous electric titan to see two men, and she notices something critical: That blond young man got some strange fashion going on!

The green-haired man looks like quite an impressive warrior of sorts, but this tight, one-piece white clothed man is unlike anything Xine has encountered in her life. *His whole body is just...just...!*

Xine throws out that thought quickly, aiming to not get too distracted as she responds to the newcomers.

"Huh, greetings and good day to you too."

She stands up, mop in her off-hand as it's revealed to them she's actually quite tall. And quite prim-and-proper.

"You two don't look like...students. Did you need directions to somewhere else?"

One could take that as "taking the piss out of them" but her question seemed genuine. She may be dressed like a proper lady, but Nyn, in particular, seemed like someone very important. *Is he even from here?* Xine pondered as she grins internally to herself.

"Ah, my apologies. For your question..."

Kenn Amlyan

He zips up to the two new arrivals, eager to continue Xine's line instead of letting her talk more.

"Hello-hello! We just seem to be getting more and more visitors today, huuh?"

He chuckles a bit before giving them a bit more space before answering their question.

"There are plenty of students who've gone out to the initiation, yes-yes, a few came in here and went out to find them too!

Not all of them of course, like mister Aizen here! I'd say-say it's for the best, hmmm?"

Well, at least one of them seem like they can communicate like a regular person.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lord Ruby, post: 1594419, member: 4726"]**Nyn**

"That explains that. Well, hello there everyone!" Nyn said. "As for *your* question, I am Nyn, apprentice Channeler. I guess I may not look it, but I am actually here to learn. Like you, I assume?" In order to prevent the awkwardness of talking to someone technically in another room he entered the classroom. Nyn looked around at the people present and was slightly disappointed to find out that the well-dressed woman was taller than him even while he was floating. At least the cat boy was shorter than him, and he towered over the little Drosno - but who didn't? He was pretty sure most of them were students, the giant seemed maybe a tad old for that role, but the others looked the right age, so his question was really directed at all of them.

"And I am Blix, Master Channeler, I am here to teach." Blix said in a similar manner to Nyn's introduction, he followed Nyn inside. "Hmm." He pondered Kenn's answer for a moment. "Where were the poor first-days brought this year?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1594438, member: 256"]~ **Aizen Blacktail** ~

While he was hiding behind Laxus, Nyn and Blix entered behind him, prompting him to jump slightly and step away from the Titan, putting himself in full view of the new student and his

master, ears perked up attentively. This was something he quickly regretted once he got a good look at Nyn... *Ohhh by the gods... is he an angel...?* The Celestial was a lot to take in at first, and was on par with Kaori in terms of beauty... if not, higher. His ears slowly went flat against his head again as another blush crept up and turned his face beet red. He was unable to keep his eyes off of Nyn, and completely missed everything Blix had said. Aizen was rendered speechless.

It wasn't until he'd dropped his guitar case -- which he *should* have kept strapped to his back but was instead carrying by the strap -- that he remembered where he was and what he was doing. He broke his gaze and hurriedly knelt down, swearing under his breath and opening the case and checking on the guitar within, making sure it was still intact. It was, thankfully, so Aizen closed it back up, strapped the case to his back, and turned his attention back to Nyn and Blix, brushing his bangs out of his eyes and purposefully keeping his gaze away from Nyn, his blush still lingering. Internally he hoped he wouldn't share any classes with him, or -- gods forbid -- have to fight him. He was just too much.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594446, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

"A *Channeler*?" Xine quizzed, she seems a little surprised at hearing that, like finding a rare ingredient in a store.

"I believe I've read about them in passing before...It's quite an honor to be in the presence of a master as well. I believe you got in touch with Principal Greyson before coming...?"

She nods at Nyn's question, before casting a quick sideways glance at Lexus before returning her gaze to Nyn.

"Yes, yes we are. Not that I can speak for one or two students in this rather large building of education but, we are indeed here to learn."

Xine sighs with a smile at Master Blix's question, replying kindly:

"Ah, they were sent to...*Deep Anoya*. With supervision of course. Mayor Pente, Principal Greyson, Ms.Arda, Professor Noire, and Mystogan.

...Still, a very risky decision, if you ask me."

Kenn Amlyan

Kenn quickly flew back into the room and chirped to Xine on one last member.

"Ohh! Don't forget Calvin! He's with them too! Extra-extra safe!"

Xine Plissken

Xine simply groaned, fixing her hair a bit as she grimaced towards nothing in particular.

"Ugh, I didn't need to be reminded of him..."

That bastard, he's gonna be mopped up good when I get him cornered...

Xine noticed the little cat man stumbling in the presence of Nyn, hiding a little laugh behind her hand as she glances down at him.

What an adorable student...but he better not be getting ideas for Channeler Nyn...

...Xine, you're also a student.

Ah.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lord Ruby, post: 1594455, member: 4726"]**Nyn**

"Naturally." Blix replied to Xine's question. "In his letter it seemed like he was very eager to have me. And let's be honest here, it's no secret that Lichthart lacks teachers."

"While the faculty may be lacking in quantity I have heard very good things about their quality." Nyn said. He then closed his eyes for a second, moved his hand toward his face and tapped his chin thrice, which made it look like he was counting something silently. "Although I've also been told about some . . . rather harsh pedagogy, especially concerning Ms Arda."

"Anoya. I've been there before, beautiful place. Most of the Beasts there are pretty weak, but should provide a decent challenge for someone with nearly no experience." Blix said, with a slightly surprised tone. "But the place also has quite a few really strong Beasts which even someone like me would rather avoid. Between Pente, Chance, Arda and Noire they should be fine. So you are correct in that being a risky choice."

During the discussion Nyn took a closer look at everyone present. The black-haired girl had seemed a little stunned when she saw him, but it didn't even come close to the obviousness of the cat-boy's interest in him, so Nyn smiled at Aizen, the Neko was pretty cute, in a way.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594466, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Xine nodded, definitely not denying that Lichthart is low on teaching staff, and also laughing a little about the "Harsh pedagogy"

"Ahaha, you aren't wrong..."

Truly, Ms.Arda, in particular, is a rather stingy, harsh teacher.

But I've learned a lot from her when I first came here, so I can't really bad mouth her."

Xine spoke sentimentally about Arda, almost as a mentor figure as the days of her being weak and scared flash in Xine's mind.

She's snapped out of that (not that she was showing any particular emotion) as Master Blix says Anoya is a beautiful place. How odd...

"Beautiful, hmm?"

I can't say I agree, but it really is risky."

Xine wonders where Professor Camilla is at a time like this...

Xine notices Nyn smiling at Aizen, she doesn't show any emotion still but is inwardly a little jealous. *Dammit, why'd he get...ugggh...*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Vicious, post: 1594559, member: 3640"]-Vic Manning-

Those in Deep Anoya that were listening beyond the rumbling and cracking of rock, earth and mud could hear the faint, graceful and mystical sound of someone throwing up violently from motion sickness of the intense shaking variety.

-Lexus Tarkion-

The Thunder-Giant had barely given the two new arrivals the time, as he had been telepathically contacted by one of the Trinity Raijin, Lexus' three lieutenants amongst the Thunder Legion who had gained significant notoriety and power of both the physical and social variety after being under his tutelage.

Tell those two to get some dumbos from the Legion to build a kiosk for when the First-Years gather at lunch. Fresh meat is the target market for new 'fans' needing social protection. And the more followers we get, the quicker we can move on to Phase 2 of codename Thunder Palace.

"As you wish, Lexus. Perhaps I shall arrange for more merchandising in Elysium?" Heh. You know me well, Serena. We're gonna run this place one day, and it'll be sooner rather than later. And like that, it ended and Lexus was once again part of the scene.

"Sorry, had to have a chat with someone who just got back from an assignment, assuming you're familiar with magical telepathy. Anyway, it's nice to have you two around. Any higher attendance for this school is a plus for me." Lexus explained, wrapping his arm around Nyn like he did with Aizen earlier. "I happen to lead a 'club' at this academy dedicated to boosting the confidence of those around me. It's also the biggest in the school; the Thunder Legion, a bunch of friends that sort of look up to me. I'm a bit of a popular name around here, but it's no big deal really." Once again that last sentence was so vivacious it was sort of burned into some of your retinas with the amount of bull you could feel. "I'd be thrilled to have you along in the program Nyn, First-Years can feel really alone sometimes. That can also go for you too, Mr. Blix. There are a few teachers moderating the 'club', and it wouldn't hurt to have more with all those participating."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594563, member: 16528"]Xine Plissken

Xine rolls her eyes as Lexus lets out his spiel about his stupid-  club, the ego is so thick she could cough from it.

"Goodness, Lexus. Two of these in just one day?

Did something really good happen today?"

She only scoffs at herself and fixes her hair, leaning back against the wall.

"But I suppose I shouldn't be surprised someone as **important** as yourself would love to advertise your own club...

I can hardly **wait** until the rest of the first-years come back and you end up talking with them."

That sounds a little joke-y but even then, it's no lie that's a sentence with its true intentions flipped a bit.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1594576, member: 256"]~ **Aizen Blacktail** ~
Otherworldly beauty of Nyn aside, Aizen was trying to pay attention to the discussion between Xine and Blix, what with them speaking of where the rest of the First-Years had been sent. Deep Anoya, from the sounds of it, an area that Aizen was not at all familiar with. He didn't exactly know the South very well, since his parents always kept him within Elysium or at least within arm's reach, until this past year. That said he had absolutely no idea what Anoya was or what lurked within it that was giving Xine and Blix cause for concern... but, whatever the case, it seemed some of Lichthart's best were accompanying the First-Years there.

The Neko just barely caught Nyn's smile at the last second, and just like that, Aizen's bout of fluster and anxiety seemed to go away. His ears perked up, and he returned the smile, baring his teeth a little. That smile became a more neutral expression once Laxus got his grip on the Celestial and began Thunder Legion Recruitment Part II: the Second One, however. And from what Xine said, this unfortunately wouldn't be the last time he'd give his little spiel... hopefully, however, Aizen wouldn't have to bear witness to it. "**Speaking of the other First-Years,**" Aizen interjected, deciding to play to his own curiosity (and not really addressing anyone in particular), "**is there any sort of ETA on when they'll be coming back...? I-I don't mean to sound impatient or anything... just curious, is all.**"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594585, member: 16528"]**Kenn Amlyan**
The drosno taps as his chin with his little fingers, looking towards Xine and thinking about that...
"My-my-my...did they even say when they'll be back?
I can't remember! Xine, you must remember, yes-yes?"

Xine Plissken

Xine chuckles at Kenn, gently twirling her mop along the ground.
"Would we even bother to remember something like that?
It's not like they ever told us before..."
Xine looks towards Aizen with a shrug and a sigh.
"No, Aizen. There's no ETA or anything similar.
We're just sure they'll be back in time."
*It's not like we were ever told what to do when they don't ever come back.
That'd be a scary scenario...*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lord Ruby, post: 1594595, member: 4726"]**Nyn**

"Disregard Master Blix' judgment of locations, they're all beautiful to him." Nyn explained, and then shrugged.

"I- Well- It's not-" Blix tried to begin his reply in a few different ways, but none seemed to work. Then Laxus touched Nyn, which prompted a glare from Blix.

Nyn didn't pay much attention to the giant, but tried to both listen to the big guy and rip on Blix at the same time. "Oh? Name one place you consider ugly."

"Now you're not being fair." Blix said, but Nyn just rolled his eyes, knowing that to anyone else that question would be laughably easy. "It is obvious to me that I have the ability to appreciate locales on a much deeper level than most, every place has some kind of hidden beauty."

Nyn shook his head. "Whatever." He turned to Laxus, he had heard enough to properly answer. "No thanks." Nyn said simply, he then turned again, not giving a chance to reply, to Xine. "I'm sure they'll be back soon, it's just an initiation." He wasn't sure how, but Nyn had just successfully juggled paying attention to two conversations while he was involved in a minor argument. He supposed the important parts had just aligned nicely with his pauses, much like many things seemed to do in his life. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Vicious, post: 1594608, member: 3640"]-**Laxus Tarkion**-

The giant retracted his arm and shrugged, his grinmace ever-present. "Suit yourself kiddo. An unfortunate denouement." He then turned towards Xine and yawned. "Hey, I get tired of recruiting nobodies all year too, but when you get to the top, you realize there are things you gotta do that you don't want to. Then again Xine, you know about that yourself. Didn't that bumbling Galbatore leave you to cleaning so he could run off into Anoya and play hero?" He then turned to address those in question of the initiation. "Deep Anoya isn't just some place you'll 'come back from soon', kid. When old S-Class Guardians have peaked and wanna die, there's three places they go to have some final use. The old Balduran Mines, Immatore Pass

and the Deep Anoya Wetlands. That's because those areas are so -filled with horrors and beasts you need a party of planet-busters to have a good chance at making it out alive. My guess, the old geezer went and got half of them killed out there. But hey, whatever makes *me* Principal faster isn't something i'll look back on too hard."

Now that he had gotten a good idea of where the new arrivals stood, Laxus cared little about holding back how he truly felt about things. The static in the air grew more thick and some hairs on each of their heads began to stand up. He cracked his neck. "This whole place is in dire straights. It needs someone to stand up and do something, change the way we run things, or Lichthart's just gonna be a joke to everyone. It already is to some, with the way that geezer's been dragging it through the mud." It barely seemed Laxus had acknowledged any of them anymore, clenching his fists in a great frustration as visible streaks of electricity darted across him in his stressed state. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594609, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Xine shrugged with a groan at the mention of Calvin again with an unimpressed expression.

"Since we both know Calvin is a bumbling fool, I don't think I need to answer the question."

She then listened on to Laxus's little speech with a deep sigh.

"Oh, so from dragging it through the mud to piling it through the swamps?

Interesting approach, Tarkion. But hey, maybe there's a slim chance you'd get it out of the mud...

...and into dry dirt. An improvement nonetheless."

Xine didn't seem to care much about Laxus's apparent "frustration". If he can't handle her sort of

talk, then he'd be more of a  than a third-generation Novo Strellan heir. And those can be

 *real* es.

"If anything, I'd be more impressed with *nobody* dying in this initiation, rather than getting half of them killed or anything.

So many extremely competent fighters in one whole group are bound to have a lot of protection for the ants trying to swim around, hmm?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1594651, member: 984"]

Answer & Lunasia

"Ooh is he getting ready to throw a fit? Anyone got any batteries? Now's a good a time as any to get em charged up." A voice started from around the corner. "I mean, it's not like they'd work. They'd be fried, all because somebody got a little upset. Shows the extent of his self-control, don'cha agree?" From around the corner walked Answer and Lunasia, the former of the two finishing up the thought with a small smile.

"I wouldn't worry about the initiation either." Lunasia pitched in, walking over to the group and leisurely past Laxus. "I mean, someone's gotta turn up besides you guys. Wouldn't be a real class if they didn't. And anyone that does show up'll probs be worth their weight in salt after coming back from Deep Anoya." She started to mumble. "Or completely and utterly scarred for life. Either way, they'll be here."

Anyone that knew them would be rolling their eyes or reacted in their own way for one reason or another. Of course they'd show up to do some good old fashioned denouncing, but they expected much more of a crowd. That did but a little bit of a nose-ring on the whole thing, a nose-ring ripe for the yanking by anyone that would try. That didn't matter, though. There were two new faces, new faces to impress, and new faces were always the best kinds of faces.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594653, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Xine rubs her forehead the moment Anwer utters her first few words.

How wonderful, as if Laxus by himself wasn't enough. Laxus, Anwer and Lunasia...

She appreciates the duo's presence (to a degree) when Laxus isn't around, but right now isn't the best time.

"Anwer. Lunasia. How nice for you to arrive here, in this rather specific room.

It appears time is very much on your side, rather than against it."

Xine's more weary than she is annoyed, hoping that all three of the combination of Bomb, Bomb Detonator, and Enabler would behave.

"I'm sure Laxus is the type of man to not throw a fit.

He *DOES* want to be Principal sooner than later, and keeping one's temper is quite an important quality."

Maybe she lied a little about the part with Laxus but she felt like a stroke of kindness during that moment.

With more sarcasm and pricking in the span of a few minutes than she could handle, she sighs again, nodding at Lunasia's point.

"Yes, it's not like they're about to throw a bunch of first-years into a suicide mission.

...there are easier ways to do that..."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Vicious, post: 1594660, member: 3640"]**Laxus Tarkion-**

Laxus had just finished scoffing when *those* two showed up. The Thunder-Giant let out a bit of a cackling laugh as Anwer and Lunasia showed up, putting his hand to his head as he started to get a headache.

"Oh man, and I thought it wasn't lively enough around here. Look who it is! The Sun and Planet Mercury, in all their radiance and glory. Shouldn't you be out, I dunno, getting people to join your sad little anti-me group? Networking doesn't seem to be your strong suit ladies. Unfortunate for ya, guess I take up the rest of the solar system." Laxus leaned back against the wall and tilted his head towards Aizen, Nyn and the middle aged man.

"Allow me to introduce you to some of my biggest fans. Anwer Chuli, whom I like to call the Sun - because everything revolves around her and if it doesn't, she's the one ironically throwing earlier said fit. Not that i'm complaining, makes things more fun." The hypocrisy in his earlier statement was palpable.

"And Lunasia Lacuna was attached-to-the-Chili-bean, we call her Planet Mercury because she's closest to the sun, been burnt up by it, and is generally very small in comparison." The large man shrugged and sneered. "So what's the plan today girls? Come to talk about shoes, hair, boys? Or are we making this about *me* for a change? How exciting." The sarcasm shared between these two parties was intense.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lord Ruby, post: 1594669, member: 4726"]**Nyn**

"Some of these people seem to align pretty poorly." Nyn whispered to Blix while Laxus was busy comparing people to celestial bodies. Technically the giant was speaking to them and Aizen, but he was too busy explaining his metaphor to notice them gossiping right in front of him.

"Yes, the malice between them is more or less tangible." Blix whispered back.

"Hmm? It does seem that way. But mind that friendly bickering is a thing, you know, like we do. Maybe this isn't friendly bickering but a *lovers' quarrel*." He progressively lowered his voice during that last part, to make sure only Blix heard, then a chuckle followed. They both moved toward Xine, curious to find out what actually was going on between the planet-people. Fortunately she was rather close by. "So what's the deal with those three?" Nyn asked Xine.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1594721, member: 984"]

Lunasia & Answer

"Ouch. Getting to the name calling already, you big taser? Alright, I'm down with it." Lunasia started somewhat jokingly, crossing her arms and stepping ahead of Answer, who was visibly heating up. She cleared her throat and straightened out. "But we didn't come to nut tap. We're playing nice today. Turning over a new leaf for the first years, yeah? We don't care about your agenda, but we do care about the school and the people inside. Most people. It's called diplomacy, and we're gonna try it. Work something out for the first years. A ceasefire, no pun intended."

"Just until we learn everyone's face and name, yeah? Y'know, actually make sure they have a chance to be themselves before you come along and taze your way into their lives." Lunasia continued. "So the deal is this: You step off from the first years for the first month or so, and we'll step off of your plans for as long as you do that. Deal?"

"Agree and things'll be just peachy. Our people won't mess with you or your people, and you'll do the same for our people."

That was something new, for those that knew. A(n official) ceasefire for the first time in two years. Granted, it wasn't as if the 'Anti-Laxus Group' did much other than sit around and counterplot if anyone learned anything, and then showed up for the sake of inconvenience, but it was a welcome potential change of pace. As for the "*injured party*" of Answer and Lunasia, they would sort out those insults later.

"We don't need diplomacy, we need to step up our game! I won't sit around like some slow burner for a month, no way. Deal's off before it started! There's no dealing with the big man bug zapper! You looking to start an electrical fire? 'Cause this is how you get an electrical fire! This

isn't diplomacy, these are demands! We want you to step off the new arrivals this year!" She explained all of this without pause and a small smile, each word firing her up more and more. It definitely seemed like Anwer was handling those insults in the present. "And if you don't agree, we'll have to crack out our specialty."



"Well , there goes diplomacy."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1594738, member: 256"]~ **Aizen Blacktail** ~

It started to occur to the Neko that things were not well-organized in Lichthart, at least, not today. The lack of an expected time of return for the new initiates (and the prospect of some not returning at all), Laxus' little outburst and apparent lust for power (which seemed to justify his ego), and the appearance of Anwer and Lunasia were good evidence of this. It was at this point that Aizen was starting to feel lost, and didn't really want to be here, what with the sudden reveal of ulterior motives and uncertainties. *If this is what Lichthart is going to be like, then... this is going to be a long year.*

He looked to Nyn for help, but saw he was preoccupied with Blix and Xine, which essentially left him adrift, with only Anwer, Lunasia, and Laxus. Aizen couldn't possibly have a grip on the larger situation they were bickering about, and quite frankly couldn't care less about it. He did care about them taking this elsewhere, however, so he figured it was worth a shot to try and get the Titan and the pair of lightbringers to simmer.

"Honestly, i'd prefer if we were left alone from both groups," Aizen said, his eyes shining with a bit of resolve, "and by 'we' I mean us First-Years. I don't know about the others, but I just got here, and i'd like to get a grip of what things are going to be like before I get caught up with any factions or anything like that..." He looked at both Anwer and Laxus before adding, "I don't mean to side with one party or the other here, I just... maybe you should both let us all get settled first?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594743, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Xine groans in annoyance at the bickering of children happening before her, until Nyn whispered in a question to her which is met by her growling out her reply.

"I don't even feel like giving you a detailed answer..."

But the gist of it?

Big man being a big bully, the two girls are against him but are also bothersome, both sides acting like this is some sort of fictitious grand story..."

Xine then listens on to the [two side's argument, this isn't even the second day!](#)

She didn't feel like listening on to have Anwer finish her word, so she cut the whole order without much care.

"If you two got this much time to yap on about this, then do it elsewhere. You could either make yourselves useful and help me clean the rest of the school but I doubt even the threat of

Ms.Arda coming down on the lot of us-save for the new arrivals-is enough to make you even want to lift a mop."

Xine glares at Laxus with a sharp red glint in her eyes, giving him the same tone of her inner Kaiser Genocider.

"That goes for you too, Tarkion. You didn't even think it through! You never bothered to think to wait for the new arrivals to come back and wait until the next day to tell them about your *amazing* club-OH, that probably even applies to Anwer and Lunasia!"

Xine begins to scratch at her chin in annoyance, wishing that all she had to deal with was Calvin's absence.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1594790, member: 984"]

Lunasia & Anwer

"We're not advertising for any club! We're doing the exact opposite: telling Laxus to step off of it for a while! Geez, get the floor wax outta your ears." Lunasia said to Xine. "And I'm *not* cleaning. Do I look like I'm gonna clean a hall in my free time? Nope! I'm gonna spend my time lounging around and doing what I do best." She took a short pause before turning on her heel and looking to Xine personally. "Yeah, you wouldn't understand anyhow Xine. You're too busy being pissed all the time to care about the real problems or how to deal with them... How's Calvin by the way?" She said with a clear smile.

Anwer on the other hand wasn't going to respond until Laxus gave his rebuttal, his acceptance, or whatever it is he wanted to give. It was going to be dealt with then and there, the first day, or no day at all. And if it wasn't dealt with, well, that's where the plotting would kick in. Even if Anwer would do it all by herself. She *had* been more on edge lately, and normally the insults would have rolled off like drops of water on a hot pan. Something was up, and not even Lunasia picked it up.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Vicious, post: 1594843, member: 3640"]-Laxus Tarkion-

Laxus gave a hearty laugh as Anwer completely shut down the idea of diplomacy. "That went about as well as your last 50 ideas on how to slow me down. Someone's running a short fuse today. Did someone drop a glass of water on your ember or something?" He asked with a sly grin. He stood tall off of the wall, stretching his shoulders a little before folding his arms underneath his massive coat that hung off his back, giving him the unfriendly caped appearance of someone like Darth Vader, Sauron, or Cap'n Crunch. "I think both you first years and these two are missing the point. We're getting in on essentially prime real estate for growth by recruiting as early as possible. Our club's practically a business after all; we just want a little

loyalty, and in return we watch eachother's backs. We're all friends after all." Laxus' grin turned into a toothy sneer.

Then, it started getting heated. At first Laxus just rolled his eyes at Lunasia, but then gave a wheeze as she started in on Xine. "Damn Plissken, you gonna take that from this little pinto bean? I thought you were the toughest chick in our school, barring the teachers and Brandi. I think a little payback is well-deserved on your part." he instigated, leaning back against the wall again as he felt a prominent Passion drawing closer. *Damn, is he done already? I don't want my fun spoiled too soon, it's just starting to get interesting.*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594898, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Without so much as glancing at Laxus, she directs a reply to him with a steadfast tone in her voice.

"I'll take things from even an ant if I desire, just as I've gotten used to and learned in my past. I'd prefer to at least attempt to not be so short-fused but unfortunately, I grew into that."

"Either your anti-club or planting info against Tarkion once everyone is back would help better than taking small shots at only one or two.

Tarkion could do similar, but not that I'd care."

Xine starts to grip her mop a little too hard, making it produce a small, yet noticeable *crack sound*.

"You look like you'd be licking a certain someone's *boots clean* in your free time, perhaps, so I suppose a hall is too much.

And don't worry about Calvin, he's been and will be in my **good, capable hands** once he's back."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lord Ruby, post: 1594982, member: 4726"]**Nyn**

"It is time we all listened to Xine and made ourselves useful," Blix said, he stated this as fact, his voice showing a firm belief that before long everyone would be helping out, "you should not underestimate what you can learn and gain from some simple labor every once in a while. Now, Xine, could you please show everyone where they will find a mop?"

Nyn sighed, then he spoke "I hate to admit this, but he's right, I'm not doing anything productive right now. Neither are you." He said to Laxus, Anwer and Lunasia. "You're not convincing us and you're most certainly not convincing each other. Guess what I've heard by listening to you? Just a bunch of personal attacks: Calling people names; making demands, which are just insulting because you already know they won't be accepted; and attempts to bring up others' failures. It has been made clear to me that the only people here who care about such childish rhetoric are you three. Which means that all you're doing is trying to convince yourselves. And that makes

you look pretty pathetic. Now, save your faces by showing that you're mature enough to help clean." Nyn then dramatically turned toward the entrance while looking at Xine, ready to head wherever she directed him.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1594989, member: 16528"]**Xine Plissken**

Xine looks towards a certain seat to the side while Blix talking and notices Kaori isn't even there anymore.

She sighs to herself, disappointed with how bothersome the three annoyances here are.

[SPOILER="Flashback to a few moments ago of something that totally happened"]

(([don't bother searching back it didn't happen](#)))

Xine looks towards Kaori and waves with a little-worried smile.

"Ehe...sorry about disturbing you, Kaori..."

Kaori simply smiles in response, looking out towards the rainy window.

"Suppose it's always like this for Laxus...it's fine, Xine."

[/SPOILER]

Well, It's better than her staying here...Xine is envious.

Xine got up and stretched with a groan, taking one of her other mops and handing it to Nyn while he's finishing up his talk.

"Don't waste your breath so much, Nyn, Master Blix.

Kenn, let's go.

Come on, mops are only a room away..."

If Anwer, Lunasia, and Laxus had any more words for her, she wasn't really wanting to bother to listen, she's got more things to worry about than flinging words back and forth between pests.

Now with the combined manpower of two others, [Xine is bound to get things done](#), though she feels a little sad she has to make new arrivals work with her...

((kinda want to cut this off here, or at least cutting Xine off from this. only planned for it to be a little side thing but it went on for longer than expected lmao))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1594992, member: 984"]

Lunasia

What a very northern approach of trying to persuade them. Or specifically, a very Novo Strellan approach. She was going to say something along the lines of '*Look sweetie, here's a news flash: nobody here's mature enough for your standards*' but Lunasia decided against it. "You know what? I never looked at it that way. I thought I was contributing to society. Oh how *deeply* sorry I am. We didn't come here to nut-tap and I just tapped away at ol' Xine and Laxus. So

yeah, I'm game for some, uh, cleaning now." She said, it didn't really matter because it was at the point where everyone (that would get agitated by the sarcasm) was walking away or not paying attention. Either way she gave her word and started going for the mops.

Answer

Anwer just let out a sigh and walked the opposite direction. She couldn't be bothered anymore- even though she was the one to really start it. Maybe her blaze'd been burning for too long; even she felt that she went a little overboard. Nobody needed to know that, especially those that could either make use of it or would be concerned. These days she couldn't tell which was which. She probably just needed some time to herself. She'd be back later though.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1595083, member: 256"]~ **Aizen Blacktail** ~
As he realized he'd been effectively ignored somehow, Aizen's shoulders slumped and his ears drooped, all together with a wistful sigh. But hey, the situation had seemingly been diffused, and most of the parties involved had decided to humble themselves with a bit of menial labor... if one could call floor-mopping 'menial'. So problem solved, technically. And as much as Aizen might want to stick around and do the same, if only because Nyn and the idea he might get an idea of what to do from now until the other First-Years showed up. *But why bother if I won't even be given the time of day?*

... Okay, so maybe that was a bit harsh, but he didn't feel like lingering around people that could get so hostile towards each other. Nor did he feel like mopping, even if skipping out was frowned upon from the eyes of the others. Wouldn't be the first time he'd cast himself out of the light of others, anyway. He'd rather keep himself amused in other ways, like exploring the rest of the school or lightening the mood with some music. Or both, but there were probably classes going on, and he'd rather not get the stink eye by poking around and disturbing a lecture.

Instead, he took himself and his guitar and headed out shortly after Anwer took her leave. He instead made for the main doors of the building, however, and decided to set up there as he waited for the rest of the First-Years. He grabbed a stray chair, took out his guitar and a pick, and sat down, setting the open case in front of him, facing outward towards whoever might pass him by. It briefly reminded him of when he'd go busking in Elysium every so often to pick up a little extra cash, or whatever else anyone was willing to spare by tossing it into the open case. He didn't expect to net anything here -- if anything, it was force of habit that he'd set himself up like this. After quickly tuning his guitar and his voice, he began softly singing [an old folk song of a gambler's life gone wrong](#).[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1596860, member: 984"]

LORIN

Lorin, too, will be stepping away as the narrator. Teenagers, am I right? Speaking of teenagers, it looked like things were looking up, aside from the jacked-up tree and whatever was making its way over to them. On the other side of it all she could see what looked like other people. Maybe they were students, and that's a bet she was willing to take. After all, more people were always good no matter what as long as they weren't traitors or liars. That couldn't be tested then and there, but that didn't matter. "Hey guys, I think I see someone over there. Maybe they can help us get to the root of our problems." She said. The tree pun was rather weak, but she just had to take the shot. I personally disapprove, but then again, I don't matter.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1596903, member: 16528"]**Irm Lionheart**

Irm looked towards the cloaked gal and gave her the pointer finger with a stern look.

She's not wrong but, I gotta set somethin' straight...

"Hey, I agree, but I consider what you just said right now as...*treason*."

Hehehe..."

Mars Signus

Mars simply looks towards Irm and Lorin in disbelief, sighing disappointedly.

"You two...is now the best time?"

Irm Lionheart

Irm chuckles to himself a bit before nodding and moving a little forwards towards the figure in the distance, but not exactly breaking off the group just yet. *I'm gettin' kinda antsy just standing around.*

He then begins to shout again.

"HEEEY! RED PERSON! CAN YA HEAR US?"

I-I think that's red...it's got color!"

Yeah, no  , me.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1597351, member: 3220"]**Eisel**

He had been silently hoping that Arda would deny the Salamander's request, knowing already from what little he had seen of the Beasts in the area that Vic *probably* couldn't survive. Perhaps it was an unfair assumption—perhaps it was selfish of him to want his newfound friend not to leave. But he didn't really have a say in the matter; as soon as Arda allowed it, the Salamander went running off.

Of course, the Windrunner wouldn't let him die. Not alone, at least.

In truth, there was the thought that even if he followed, two wouldn't be enough to avoid certain death. After all, he wasn't nearly as strong as the Dragon Fist, and his abilities weren't exactly the most suitable for this environment. Still, he'd rather take the chance than leave the Salamander behind.

After a deep breath, his form faded away—perception blocking, to avoid making a scene as he left. Arda'd already allowed one student to leave; she wouldn't mind another, hopefully. With that in mind, he took off following the Salamander's trail—not too difficult given the more-than-audible calling of the name "Irelia".[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1597431, member: 16528"]((
[USER=3220]@PotatoBlaster[/USER]))

Eisel Lanze

Did you make a sound decision or did you mess up hard by following the Blazing Hot Salamander Man?

Let's be honest, that wasn't your brightest choice in all your years, but you decided to do it anyways. Mystogan clearly stares down the direction you're heading towards (where Vic went) but makes no effort to make chase as you vanished from Arda's group. You're gonna make some people worried sick now. Maybe...

[You do your best to try and follow](#) Vic's loud shouting of his Irelia, you might only be a little faster than him but he's got the distance advantage.

The farther you go on, the more the landscape shifts and contorts, it starts getting a little harder to follow Vic not just because of the obstacles, but the fact that his voice is getting quieter, more

distant. You're already feeling a pit in your stomach as that happens, you really  ed up now and you might be lost here forever!

Eventually, you can't even hear Vic anymore, but you keep following where you last heard him.

You simply CANNOT leave him be and die! That's just not ri-

Uh, what's that? Something's approaching you fast from behind! OH SHI-

[You can't say you've dodged](#) it but something HUGE just punted you! You are rapidly approaching an area that seems rather empty...

That tree looked pretty crooked but not as much as this TALL GUY YOU'RE ABOUT TO CRASH INTO!

Irm Lionheart

OH  ! THERE'S ANOTHER PERSON! AND IRM ONLY JUST NOTICIED HIM RAPIDLY APPROACHING HIM BEFORE HE-

Crashes into him. But he manages to grab him! But Irm's smacked into the ground and ow that smarts...

Still, at least he didn't die or anything, he seems alive! And so does Irm! But he's more in a bit of pain right now...  in' hell, mate...

Eisel Lanze

Well, that was a trip and a half, but as you were hurtling through the air towards the group of students, noticing the Principal and the Mayor Pente and all those important people, you caught a glimpse of Vic right as you were flung by...whatever that thing was.
Now what?

((And that was my attempt at bull  ting something for PotatoBlaster at his request to follow Vic. I uh, hope it's fine, PotatoBlaster, Jill...))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1597807, member: 3220"]**Eisel**
That wasn't at all what he expected.

Losing track of the Salamander and being lost who-knows-where was low in the list of possibilities that he considered. Being flung at breakneck speed by an unknown being evidently leagues stronger than himself, on the other hand, was *definitely* not. He tried anything that he could to break his flight, to no avail. The ground was a little too far to stop himself with, but even if it wasn't, friction might not have been enough to save him at the speed he was going. Without much hope left, he simply braced himself and looked ahead to see what he'd finally crash into. At first, nothing, then a tree, which he somehow narrowly avoided... then some person—

A few moments later and his hurtling stopped. He was alive—in a lot of pain, admittedly, but alive. Another few moments later and he recognized why he survived: the person he impacted had caught him, and was now below him.

"Sorry!" He quickly muttered, getting off the man and eventually stood up once he could balance himself. Somehow he had ended up with the other group of Lichthart students, and Vic was there too, strangely. Perhaps the Salamander was also punted across—it wasn't as hard to believe now that it had happened to him.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Frenzy Moon, post: 1597840, member: 16528"]**Eisel Lanze**

Wel, at least you're still alive, right? No scary monster eating you.

While you did see Vic, he's not with this group...rather, he was being held by something and is fast approaching this group. Seems like the guy you landed on was more prepared for that rather than you.

Irm Lionheart

"Owwwww, fuu~uuuck..."



The longest " " Irm has ever had, that one is. And it wasn't even that funny.

He gets up after Eisel gets off, stretching a bit as he tries his best to minimize the pain he's feeling.

"It's...ungh...it's fine, dude. Not like...I can account you for unwillingly bein'...a fastball special..."

*Damn, that felt totally outta nowhere though...*thought Irm, as he looks at this new guy.

"...Oh hey, weren't you with Arda-I mean, the Study Coordinator's group?

At least, I think I recall her pullin' you..."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="eaterofeaterofworlds, post: 1597986, member: 449"]Isaac Rosado

He had prepared himself for quite a fight, but after his initial preparation to help the fiery hydra escape the pack, his efforts were made to be largely purposeless. The pack of beasts quickly lost interest in them, somewhat ominously. He wondered if that meant that they were about to encounter something even bigger and meaner, or if they simply refused to leave this area. Isaac hoped it was the latter, because given the state of their crew, they probably couldn't handle any more vicious encounters with the local wildlife. As he was scanning the group to make sure everyone was present, he spotted an exchange between Nathan and Ardel that filled his chest with a strange unwelcome sensation. An icy-fire tickled his insides insidiously, a strange mix of longing and anger that he could not put into words. He forced himself to smile, even though he didn't really mean it. The last thing this group needed was further unnecessary negativity and conflict.

[SPOILER="Balduran pokerface"]

[ATTACH=full]202503[/ATTACH]

[ATTACH=full]202504[/ATTACH]

[/SPOILER]

It was not a very convincing display, " *c-cute..* " It was hard to choke out just that one word. He quickly averted his eyes and flew on ahead, intending on promptly distracting himself from that hot mess. The journey to Central Anoya was thankfully uneventful, replacing the scenery with a sea of drab green grass instead of endless muck and scum. A welcome change of scenery at the very least, and he could finally walk around for a little bit. Isaac had needed to stretch his legs for a couple of hours at least, so that was one small gift. The group stopped for a while, for some reason that was unclear to him. All that was around was a gnarled old tree, and some kind of something... in the distance. It was probably a monster, this place doesn't seem capable of producing good things. Then another student came hurtling out of nowhere and slammed into Irm, spoke too soon I guess. He addressed no one in particular in a tired tone, " So are we going to do anything about that monster coming at us, orrr.. "[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1535066, member: 718"]((Yes, I know doing people basically one at a time is pretty glacial, but I keep getting pulled this way and that by things this afternoon. Next main part coming soon.))

Rowan Clarke [USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

In one way at least if not the others, it was your lucky day. A great deal of booze, mostly of quite venerable provenance, had been left basically unattended. Especially since this area seemed to be the domain primarily of seniors, faculty and visitors. The only real question to ask was whether you preferred red or white wine. Or, whether you'd rather reach straight for the cava.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535067, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

He went straight for the red wine. *I'll drink enough to either get tipsy, or pass out. It depends on how much there is and how much I choose to drink. But knowing me, I'll be out cold within two glasses.* He half hoped no one would see him take the alcohol, but there's so many people here, someone is bound to notice him. If he gets approached, he'll ignore the person or give them some nasty expletives to drive them away.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1535075, member: 718"]**Rowan** [USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

Surprisingly, no-one seemed to care at all. For the few that'd noticed and guffawed at the time, your earlier improprieties had already been forgotten. Most were caught in exchanging their own polite - or impolite - conversation. You could certainly hear more than a few utterly dreadful jokes, which your table companions were laughing uncomfortably loudly at. High society, right? At least the lack of organisation which seemed to be endemic at Pensalir allowed you to get what you want, but it's not as if you were so far under the 'legal' age to begin with.

In fact, you recalled there *was* no law on the matter; regulation from Elysium itself being quite bare-bones. Most cultures and families had simply decided of their own accord that stumbling and vomiting pre-teens was something best to be avoided - the Clarkes taking a decidedly 'no fun' approach - although the South were often ridiculed as a cadre of drunks. It wasn't entirely inaccurate, the freshwater there was so bad it'd be safer to drink anything but.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535080, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

Good for me. Upon finishing the small amount he had poured into the glass, Rowan went for the incredibly first move of drinking out of the bottle.

These jokes are insufferable. Everything here is insufferable. Maybe if I pass out I'll get carried to a bed, or something. "Get me out of here" was written all over his face. The dread and agitation could be visible from the moon.

((I had an idea to start Leo off. But I don't know if it's be ok with you :D))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kendrick Lamar, post: 1535096, member: 11599"]-Arkan-

Arkan shook his head. He knew something didn't feel right before stepping into the hall and getting seated for a meal, but he'd figured out what it actually was. His uncle, of all people. The only worse candidate he could have thought to be the headmaster would have been his father, but then he would have known. He rest his head on his head and he began thinking, thinking of a way out of this situation. Would he run away? No, too much effort. Would he try to take his uncle on? Dear god no. His mind swirled, looking for answers as he tried to hide his identity from his uncle so he wouldn't get picked out by covering the side of his face that would have been seen from the podium. This was a difficult situation for him indeed.

All he wanted was to be away from them for maybe a year, to finally experience the freedom that he so desperately wanted, and they couldn't give him that. It disgusted him. He grew angrier by the second, and he realized that had his uncle not been there, they probably wouldn't have let him study there. His arms began shaking on the table, rattling it slightly despite the severe weight present as he found himself taking deep breaths to calm himself down. Getting angry wasn't a common trait of his, but in circumstances like this he didn't exactly know how else to react.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535126, member: 14460"]((was gonna wait, but I can't resist the urge to use a drama queen character))

-Leo-

"I'm late, I'm late!" He sped through the school, making his way to the banquet.

Ahh, curtains! I can make my grand entrance! Leo burst through the drapes, giving the new headmaster a "Hello!" as he darted past him. The demon took a few seconds to acquire his target: dessert.

Once his sights were set, he rushed to a table and sat down, catching his breath and fixing his hair. *Oh no, I'm going to have to comb this all over again. Boo.*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1535225, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~
Secret to keeping young...? She raised an eyebrow, curious about her statement, as she couldn't much older than Rose herself. She *definitely* wasn't older than Samsara. Though it seemed they had an equal opinion in regards to the absurd levels of affluence on display in the hall. And then there was the decor that adorned it. "Can't blame you for wanting to keep your

distance from those s," she said, leaning back and lazily looking at the woman. "It's like the size of your pocketbook and achievements of your parents and grandparents define who you are!"

At least, that seemed to add up with what Samus told her. Her sister had seemed to make her own way in Pensalir, it seemed; the Mastema name wasn't one of renown, particularly in the school where all the hoity-toity spoilt brats went. Samsara made sure her peers earned her

respect, and that she earned theirs... though the incident with Shritt seemed a bit -- no. She didn't want to think about that anymore. She had more pressing matters right beside her.

"Speaking of which, my name's Laterose Mastema, but most just call me Rose," she said to the woman, locking eyes with her. "Who are you?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1535238, member: 664"]-Daniel

No one even seems to notice I'm here, can't say it bothers me. Much. I don't bother getting anything to eat, I ate before I came here. Man, it's been years since I last saw some of what they have here, and for some of it, that was a good thing. I simply sit, unconsciously maintaining the good poster my dad taught me so many years ago, being in these environments always does this kinda thing to me. I take a look around at those who surround me, as they will be surrounding me for awhile. I wonder is anyone will noticed I brought my sack of armor in. Probably not, their all busy with their own things. Overall, I have no complaints so far, which I find shocking.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1535247, member: 718"]**Laterose**
[USER=256]@TheAlphaAndTheOmega[/USER]

She had a wry little smirk, took another drink. "Would you care for some? It's rather good." she asked. "I'd figured a whole bottle wouldn't be missed, but I had best not indulge myself too far, much as I might like to. As usual, I have work to do later... hm." She licked her lips in a somewhat... seductive manner? Or maybe just self-satisfied. She seemed to be enjoying herself. "I suppose it's quite irresponsible of me to proffer it to you, but what might I say, I make bad decisions. Still being at this school, for example - but the wanton opulence is at least good for *something*."

She stood and leaned over the balcony for a moment. You noticed her movements had this unstable edge to them, or at least, they were a little too quick to be purely natural. "You seem quite sure of what the North is." she challenged. "But... I do not disagree. You *can* get ahead here with smarts and with work, the ethics of self-improvement requiting fortune some like to propagate aren't *entirely* lies. Yet, you will never be quite the same as them... not a legacy." A hushed little sigh, barely-perceptible, she rocked her supple frame against the balustrade.

"I apologise for waiting so long to tell you my name, young Rose; a beautiful name if I might say, by the way." Edelhart silently supposed that that was no real compliment, given that names were just one of many things that we did not choose for ourselves. Still, she'd meant it, and it'd felt right to express. "I simply grew rather tired of saying it from the events earlier in the day. I am Nicola Edelhart."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1535306, member: 984"]

Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise

((First post was an accident, here's the actual content))

Nothing much to do at that point, just sitting around and trying to get comfortable. Speaking of comfortable, that was the opposite of what I felt at the moment. I could feel thoughts beginning to creep up against mine and make their acquaintances like good old friends. It became increasingly difficult to sit still, just like someone down the table. Arkan. Don't know what got into him, but he might have been the source of the thoughts that were oh so irritating to the back of my head.

"Are you alright Arkan? You seem a little on edge."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535376, member: 1525"]Fiona

I take a deep breath, and enter the big room, my schoolbooks under my hand. *It's just a feast. You're going to do some work, get a bite of food, and leave...* I think to myself. Once I see the inside, I'm about ready to change my mind. Way too many people. Oh god, where do I sit? What am I even supposed to DO here?![/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535380, member: 14460"]((um idk if i can do this but since we organized an introduction for Fiona im gonna do it))

You can spot someone who looks just as uncomfortable as you on a certain table. A bespectacled young man, clutching his head. Seemingly in pain.

((only short, we can get spicy when she approaches))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535385, member: 1525"]Fiona

Hmm, might as well start here, I guess... I awkwardly make my way through the crowd over to his table and gently set my books down before sitting a few seats down on the opposite side of the table. "Er, hi!" I say quietly. "Are you okay? You don't look okay... if you want me to leave I can"

Nailed it.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535387, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

His gaze snapped to the new arrival. *Words cannot describe my rage.* "No." He made it clear he wasn't interested in conversation right now, by giving the pointy-eared girl a cold stare. One that could make even a ferocious bear back away in fear.

"Don't talk to me." Rowan growled as he continued to eat, shaking his head in pain and frustration.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535394, member: 1525"]Fiona

"O-oh... I'm sorry..." I grab a plate and some food before opening my book. "If you don't want me to it's fine, but I could help your head. It would just take a quick tap, nothing more!" I look down. *Should I find a new seat? This kid looks rough...* I continue my book, occasionally sneaking glances at him. He's probably been drinking, seeing his cup. Stupid idea, but I'll try not to be judgy.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535405, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"A tap?! I'm not interested in any... physical contact! Especially not with a *woman*!" He didn't shout loudly - only the few people sitting next to him or opposite him would be able to hear his whining.

"And it's rude to read at the table. As much as I'd love to dive into a good novel, I'm waiting until I can actually access a library.

I expect women to know better. They're the masters of manners, after all." That's the second time he's insulted a woman like that, and he's not going to stop any time soon.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535420, member: 1525"]Fiona

"Oh... okay" I begin to pack my things back up and leave, feeling hurt and annoyed. "Before I go, might I ask something? Why are you just sitting back here on your own? Did you not bring a



date? I can only wonder why, looking at your  ing attitude!" I start to run off, trying not to cry. Sure I'm sensitive, but this guy is next level rude! *Don't take it personally, Fiona. Maybe he's just having a bad day...*

((Sorry if these are short, it's hard to judge the length from a phone))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1535423, member: 81756"][USER=14460]@Myu[/USER]

~Valerica~

Waiting would've been annoying enough surrounded by all these idiots without the scent of garlic directly to her left, so she could only remain patient for so long before she'd had enough and decided to move to another place in the hall, somewhere quieter and less revolting. At least, that had been the intention. However, as she'd started to make her way there, she found herself overhearing part of a conversation between some imbecile and a poor girl unlucky enough to end up on the other end of his remark.

As if a revolting creature like Rowan had any right to say such a thing, acting as if he were her superior; and having the audacity to imply a woman was beneath him. It was the final straw for Valerica. He wouldn't have had much time at all to react, maybe just barely noticing the scent of iron, and the taste of copper in the air as her blood hit the ground; flowing from her wrist much faster than would've been expected. It only remained on the ground for a few seconds before it started writhing and bubbling in on itself before it solidified in the form of a [nameless beast](#),

Rowan's chair (seat? spot on the bench?) shattering as the beast threw itself onto him, restraining him on the ground, constantly dripping and reforming on the poor boy; soaking him in Valerica's blood even as her blood continued to reform into this beast and terrorize him, her wound now all but healed.

"I dare you to insult a woman again. I dare you to imply that they're lesser creatures than you are." She moved so that she was standing directly above him, her face clearly visible, despite the beast slobbering blood over him.

((Bit long, but felt it was necessary))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1535426, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~

The way she licked her lips made Rose sit upright and bare her fangs slightly in a flustered, fidgety smile. Normally, she'd be the one to toy with others, but this one knew what she was doing. And she didn't even have any pheromones (well, she might have, given her pale skin and crimson eyes, but they wouldn't work on another Baphomet). When she stood and leaned on the balcony, however, Rose narrowed her eyes slightly; she was far too quick and precise to be spontaneous about this. She had something planned, no doubt... but, Rose *did* the way she was being buttered up, and blushed slightly when Nicola said her name was beautiful.

Nicola Edelhart. For some reason, that name carried a lot of weight, and it wasn't necessarily her tone of voice. This was a woman of power in almost all senses of the word, and made Karkas Fielding seem like a kitten, and seemed to surpass even Samsara. Rose could have sworn she'd heard the name before, but she wasn't sure where or why. "Nicola... I like it," Rose said, crossing her arms and looking at her with half-lidded eyes and a smug grin. "Legacy, though... I've had a few ideas about that. You've definitely seen my sister Samus around, yeah? Think of her, but a bit less... restrained, eh-heh-heh."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535430, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"Good riddance." He rolled his eyes and looked over his shoulder, only to be staring directly into the eyes of Valerica. *Oh, its her. Could my day get any better?*

"Men are better than women in every way." The beast clearly unnerved and disgusted him, but he taunted Valerica despite the slavering... Thing staring into his eyes.

"Don't expect me to treat you like the goddess you think you are, *milady*." He got up and stood face to face with the arrogant woman, ready to knock her out with his spellbook.

[doublepost=1517268902,1517268528][doublepost]((ok turns out I misread that post and replied a little wrongly, whoops.

sorry about that, I thought the whole beast pouncing on him was purely metaphorical.



I ain't doing well today.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535437, member: 1525"]Fiona

"How's that working out for you?" I angrily yell. "Look at yourself, you've got a monster on you and you still think that? There's no hope for you at all!"

"T-thank you... do you know him? Is he always this bad?" I walk over to the girl that attacked him. Being near her made me feel a bit better, having someone on my side for once helped. "I'm much too scared to actually attack him, so you really did me a huge favor. Could I get your name?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535442, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"Women are nothing but whiny and selfish! I truly detest them!" He made an attempt to re-adjust his glasses. *I'm going to snap if these get smashed. Without them I can't see anything, unless it's on the other side of the room.*

"Attack me? What are you going to do? sprinkle some pixie dust in my hair?" He taunted the Nymph, despite the situation he's currently in.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1535447, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

He wasn't face-to-face with her for very long, as the blood beast threw itself onto him, and he had the strangest sense of déjà vu as he was forced onto the ground by the thing; precisely as Karkas had done earlier. "No I think you'd better stay down. Dracul doesn't like it when repugnant cattle such as yourself dare to act like my equal." This time, as if to prove her point, the blood thing growled as he tried to get up; and it was suddenly a lot heavier; despite the fact that it was made out of blood. Additionally, he noticed that her words had a certain sting to them all of a sudden, as what little blood was still trickling from her wound suddenly increased in intensity; forming a long spiked whip, before the flow of blood seemed to settle down once again.

It appeared that her combat abilities were based on weaponizing her own blood. "Now, I'll give you one chance to beg for my forgiveness, and maybe Dracul won't bite your head off. Oh, and while you're at it, beg this nice lady for forgiveness to." She tilted her head towards Fiona, even as the blood whip dangled just above his head. She momentarily looked away from him, leaving him to struggle with Dracul as she answered Fiona's question. "I've never met this disgusting thing before, nor do I know who he is, but my name is Valerica." [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535454, member: 1525"]Fiona

"Selfish?! Do you hear yourself? You think women are supposed to serve you and your every need! If anyone's selfish, it's you!" I pull my staff off of my back. "Sure you want to keep taunting? I could make that headache a lot worse than it is now. I graduated from my last school as the top of the class when it came to magic, I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end!" I prep the staff, ready to use a Power Word.

"It's nice to meet you, I'm Fiona! Now, what should we do to this creep next?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535458, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"Congratulations, you just ruined another suit." He let out a deep sigh and made an attempt to look Valerica in the eyes.

Putting on a patronising and falsely desperate voice, he pleaded just as she ordered: "Oh, please, lady Valerica! Forgive me, for I have committed an atrocity. I can't believe I thought that I had the rights to disrespect *you*." The blood was making him queasy, and it was obvious in his face. Most of the colour had drained from it. "And you, madame Valerica's companion - please, I beg for your mercy. I repent!"

What a situation I've gotten myself into. Now I'll be the laughing stock for as long as I live. May as well shut myself away.

"Women? Serve me? I would never dream of that. I wouldn't mind another butler, though. And a handsome one, at that."

"Creep". Do they seriously think I'm attracted to them?[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535462, member: 1525"]Fiona

"A butler? Aren't you still in school? Are you one of those super spoiled kids or something?" At this point I'm still arguing out of rage. He's already got himself in a sticky situation, but I feel an uncontrollable urge to yell at him more. "You're disgusting. People like you are why I'd rather

stay in my room all day. Even schoolwork is better than your toxic  !"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1535464, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

"Good. Very good. Very nicely done, and in such a manner that everyone present can hear you. Don't worry, Dracul won't bite off your head." That was great and all, but the beast wasn't making any motions to move or get off of him, and Valerica was starting to walk away; at the last second, she feigned the act of remembering something and turned back to Rowan. "Dracul? Stay." A twisted smile touched her lips as she said that, before she let out a sigh and made a motion with her hand, the blood whip coiling around her arm like a bracelet. "Come, Dracul." The beast finally got off of him, moving to follow after Valerica, who was still standing there; almost as if she were waiting for him to say something else, and he could tell from the way she was tensed up if he did decide to say something else, she'd react immediately.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535471, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"I agree with you there. I would much rather be writing an essay than... Be in this predicament. As soon as I'm let go, I'll leave you alone. Because, frankly, I'm not in the mood for even argumentation anymore."

He immediately got up as the beast clambered off him, grimacing at all the blood he got on him.

"Washing this out will be enjoyable," He muttered. "Now, I shall be taking my leave." Rowan turned and walked to the exit, as casually as he could manage. "It seems I underestimated you, Valerica."

There was a hint of sincerity in his voice. "I hope you take my apology to heart. I'd hate to get another suit soaked in blood."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535475, member: 1525"]Fiona

"Hey wait! I'm sorry if I overreacted a bit there, I didn't expect all this to happen" I slowly follow after him. *The hell am I doing?! Am I really following this idiot?* "If you don't want to I totally understand, but my offer to help your head still stands. Maybe if you're feeling a bit better we could... you know, talk? You seem to like books, and I can respect that, even if you are a bit... extreme"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1535477, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

She seemed satisfied at that, the beast moving to press itself against her leg, before turning into a flow of blood which defied gravity as it traveled along her body and back into the initial wound at her wrist, followed shortly after by the whip; the wound properly sealing itself shut as her blood returned itself to her skin. She didn't wait for Rowan, or Fiona for that matter, to say anything else as she continued on her way; retreating to a less populated area of the hall. "Rightly so."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535481, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"... Perhaps I'll consider it, after this feast has finished.

I'll just be sitting on my own. Join me if you really wish to. I don't talk much, though." *Is this what "making an acquaintance" is? Interesting...*

"I, too, can respect your love for books. You seem to be nice and quiet, too. Not annoying to be around."

-Leo-

The demon had let his curiosity get the better of him. He witnessed the entire event unfold, with the two ladies kicking Glasses while he's down.

He decided to approach the pale one who pulled off some fancy moves with her blood.

"Impressive!" He grinned, showing his shark-like teeth, and twirled his hair around his finger.

"What's that form of magic called, eh?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1535487, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

She'd just managed to find a nice quiet spot in the hall when someone else just had to approach her. As if this situation wasn't already starting to get on her nerves, then he had to go and talk about something he knew nothing about. "It's not a form of magic. By definition, magic is an amplification of Passion through the outlet of a focus, which can be utilized only by one of The Inspired. The arts of the Blood Warrior are a unique type of Eclectic Sub-class usable only by Kindran."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535491, member: 14460"]-Leo-

"Ooooh, sounds special. Just like *you*. Who's your lovely friend over there, as well? The one with grumpy old four-eyes. She's a pretty one."

He put a hand on his hip and watched the girl, before making a few remarks. "Although, she could drop the nervousness. Women should be bold, and brave! Not afraid to speak their mind! Being so submissive will only get them in deep trouble!"

Truly, I envy women. They have such lovely features. I want a waistline as good as this pale lady's...[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1535499, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

"Women should be however they choose to be, and they should certainly not have any reason to fit the desires of some imbecile of the opposite gender." She eyed him more than a little bored, considering whether or not it was worth whipping him like she should've done Rowan. No, he'd probably just enjoy it, and that took all the fun out of it. "If you want to know her name I suggest you go ask her." Best of all, if he did decide to go talk to Fiona, he wouldn't be bothering her anymore; and she was already quickly growing tired of his presence.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535505, member: 14460"]-Leo-

"Well, if that's what makes you happy, missy. I'd hate to upset you! You look like you could give me a real beating... But I like that."

After winking at the pale princess he strolled over to Fiona, deciding to take refuge in her shadow for now. *She'll have no idea...* Of course, to everyone else, it'd be obvious he was hiding there. The young Nymph's shadow now has a pair of ruby-red eyes.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrissir, post: 1535557, member: 1525"]Fiona

"You mean it? I'd love to! We could talk all about our favorite books, our favorite characters, everything!" *Did I do it? Did I actually make a friend? With HIM?!* "Yeah, I'm not the social type. The only times I've ever gotten louder than this are when I'm mad or, uh, that one time I got really excited at a midnight book release"

Why do I feel like I'm being watched?[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535565, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

He looked a little taken aback at her sudden enthusiasm, but it was a nice change of pace. Finally, someone wasn't completely roasting him.

"You might not get much out of me. I greatly dislike talking to people. This amount of chitchat is making me... Uncomfortable.

Despite that, I'm willing to meet up in the library later. Once I've changed clothes, and once this



fest is over."

-Leo-

"Boo!" Leo leapt up from out of the girl's shadow, placing his hands on her shoulder and shouting right inside her ear.

"The demon strikes again! So, are you two in looove?~" He quickly dodged a slap from Rowan, looking at the two nerds.

"Woah, woah, I'm sorry. So, are you?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535569, member: 1525"]Fiona

"Okay! Sorry if I talk too much, I'm just glad that things calmed down. Who would have thought you'd turn out to be nicer than you seemed? Just... try to watch that stuff about men being greater than women. It's fine to believe that, but you've seen how people react to-" I jump up and scream as I feel a pair of hands on my back. "What the hell?! Where did you come from? No we're not in love, I just met him! We're like, friends at most. Maybe not even that far yet!"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535580, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"And I'm not attracted to women. Full stop." *I thought I felt an unnerving presence. Now we have a servant of the devil himself playing with us.*

"Would you leave me - us, sorry - alone? I don't want to waste my time talking to a demon, especially not one as annoying as you."

-Leo-

"Don't be so quick to judge, you two!

I'm just having a spot of fun.~" He surveyed the Nymph for a few seconds. "You may be a pretty lady, but goodness, is your race not fun. You and your magic faerie dust! It's like something a kid made up.

And then we have the regular human. Booooring." He put a gloved hand over his mouth and yawned. "Actually, all the students here seem to hate my fun and games. Or should I say, "flirting".[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535595, member: 1525"]Fiona

"For  s sake, enough with this fairy dust crap! Not all of us live in happy little tree villages all day singing cheery tunes. We have other sources of magic!" I groan. I get a fairy dust joke just about every day, somehow people still find it funny. Let me guess, next he's gonna take a jab at my ears, isn't he? "I can't imagine why anyone would possibly dislike you" I roll my eyes. "Who even are you, anyways? I didn't see you around at the feast"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535605, member: 14460"]-Leo-

"I am Leo Harrods, a professional demon and future megastar! I shall dominate the theatre with my excellent acting and singing!

That is, if anyone is willing to hire a demon... If anyone is slightly religious they'll try to drench me in holy water..."

He sighed and gritted his teeth. "That stuff stings."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535609, member: 1525"]Fiona

"You sing?" *A singing demon... isn't that something?* "I'll have to hear you perform sometime. Preferably not now" I add, seeing the other boy's face. "I take it you like to mess with people? I'll keep that in mind if anyone is ever bothering me and I want revenge" I grin at him before turning back to the human. "Pardon me for asking, but I don't think I got your name during all that chaos earlier. Mind telling me?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1535728, member: 718"]**The Speech**

[USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER] [USER=718]@Jill[/USER]
[USER=663]@SolusFalcon[/USER] [USER=177]@Gamablaze.EXE[/USER]
[USER=256]@TheAlphaAndTheOmega[/USER] [USER=3220]@PotatoBlaster[/USER]
[USER=25450]@Kyubey The Incubator[/USER] [USER=11599]@Kendrick
Lamar[/USER] [USER=984]@TechnoSpectre 0-85.5[/USER] [USER=81756]@Lady
Cheyenne Snowfield[/USER] [USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER]
[USER=664]@Zetablaze[/USER] [USER=14460]@Myu[/USER] [USER=20313]@The
True Hero[/USER] [USER=1525]@Gigavair[/USER]

The small orchestra had been providing a pleasant accompaniment to those seated as they ate, nice but quite unnoticeable - well, apart from when one wag had gone off-sheet for a mental trumpet solo to accompany Rowan being utterly dominated by Valerica; in front of most of the hall, again.

Shritt

Shritt shook his head disbelievingly, only glad that he was removed from the splatter zone from Valerica's sanguine techniques. "That man really does excel in creating himself trouble, but I suppose such incompetence and flaring idiocy proves not a great surprise from the Clarke heir. How long he can last at Pensalir before being shattered, physically, mentally... or otherwise. I fear we shall see."

Now the orchestra had risen to a crescendo however, accompanying Drachyn Edel's ascent to the podium, the microphone pre-adjusted for him.

"Ladies and gentlemen." he began, his voice warm and smooth. "I can see we've all had rather a lot of excitement on this fine afternoon; but, if you might lend me your ears, I should like to formally welcome -"

L'Arachel

You were hopelessly late - why did you get the sense that was something of a recurring theme in your life? You'd found your way to the mahogany doors, could hear the conversation from within; ooh, and smell the food. But you'd been shut-out! How rude. I'm sure they wouldn't mind you cutting in, though.

Dramatically, you shoved open and burst through the great doors - five-metres or so in height - leading into the hall. One of them smacked against the marble wall with a very, very loud bang, and quickly bounced back towards you. You dived sideways to get out of the way, ending up on the floor on top of a startled-looking man with glasses and smooth silver hair who you'd evidently dragged-down with you.

"Good afternoon?" asked the man whom you were pressed against, Wylf Mercer, sounding quite baffled. Your entrance had... certainly been noticed, let's say. The room was almost silent.

Drachyn Edel

With an impresario smile and taking the disturbance in his stride: "Well, I'd first like to extend my fairest greetings to our rather tardy young arrival, although for future reference, a simple knock would also have sufficed."

"Now. Welcome, one and all, to the Pensalir Memorial Institute, celebrating for another year the achievements; commemorating the lives and the tragedies endured by our parents, our grandparents, in their struggle to protect and advance the lives of all Sliver's people."

"First, I would like to indicate that I am certain the news of Headmaster Brasenose's retirement from duty, with the highest of honours, must have come as surprising news to a great many of you. And it is with a very heavy heart that I report his sudden exit was resultant of his diagnosis with a very severe affliction, the details of which I have understandably been requested not to reveal. Brasenose requires immediate treatment, as well as the allocation of more time with his family. Even for a man who has given so much for this school; no, for Sliver, it was impossible for him to continue."

"I can only express my most heartfelt thanks to Headmaster Brasenose's contributions over the past two decades, and affirm that while I will also expend the very most of my energies in running this school with the same zeal as he did; day upon day, no man could be a truly worthy successor."

The audience erupted into a round of applause that seemed borne of genuine respect, followed by a standing ovation from many.

Nicola Edelhart

"My, Drachyn certainly does like to go on, wouldn't you say?" teased Edelhart. "Still, he is right. Brasenose will leave a hole around here..."

She didn't seem to display particular interest, nor pay attention to his speech as he continued. Nicola much preferred to talk to her new-found companion, and much as Rose had presumed from Nicola's kindly nature that; surely, she must want something - at least so far, she seemed to have nothing of the sort in mind. Perhaps it was as she'd indicated - this truly was just a break for her, a chance to abandon the stuffy formality and scheming.

But she didn't seem the kind of woman to allow herself many breaks. Then again, she also smelt faintly of alcohol, so maybe everyone had their chinks.

"Oh, you're Samus' sister?" she exclaimed. "Hm, that's quite piquant. Yes, we have been... acquainted, shall we say. Samus is... a very competent young lady. Intelligent. Strong. Disappointingly committed to all work, no play. But, I am not as convinced by her decision-making skills." Edelhart seemed to be running her mouth, were these really wise things for her to say? "Her talents are being wasted." she said morosely. "Those she's chosen to associate with are not great believers in offering others their due."

With a cryptic edge: "However, that would not be the worst thing about them." Edelhart shushed herself. "Drachyn is a crashing bore - but you'll need to listen to this part." Odd, so she was paying more attention to the rambling below than impressions'd given?

Drachyn Edel

"I shall take this opportunity to extend a special welcome to our new first-year students. As a teacher, my congratulations are in order in recognition of your qualification for the Institute. But as a citizen, I express my heartfelt thanks to you all for choosing - to be the ones to bear the torch. Shaped by our careful hands, you will become the leaders; the protectors, the innovators of tomorrow. Indeed," he expressed with a wink, "One or more of you might even be ones to stand upon this same stage, and bear this honour."

"I'm sure I do not need to remind you all that, in the wake of the current affairs in Elysium, within the decade we will be sending expedition parties outside of the country. In all likelihood, many of you would on that day stand amidst them - but there is a long road to that point, a hard road. Countless times you may stumble, often you shall fall on that path, but we and your brethren students will be there to pick you up. This, I promise."

"Remember, you will be representing the welfare of not only Pensalir and the North, but of all Sliver." a quietly controversial statement, but accepted by those who disputed as ceremonial words. "And to that end, permit me to alight the details of the very first step..."

Arkan Edel

Of all the people in the crowd with their eyes on Drachyn, it wasn't much of a surprise that you were *by far* the least impressed. More than that, something about this whole affair didn't add up. Granted, you didn't know uncle Drachyn as well as many of your family members, he was moreso on the fringes; interested in much more besides the Edel estate. Even so, for *any* Edel, he seemed uncharacteristically... obsequious. Simply playing to the crowd, given the tightrope of expectation on which he walked? Or... something else?

Shritt

Even the patient Shritt was starting to zone-out by this point, particularly as he'd heard most of this before.

"...The Pensalir Initiation," droned Drachyn, "Which will take the form of an especially-devised combat training and orienteering excercise within the Northwest Mines."

Shritt's sharp looks immediately snapped back into focus, he looked to Drachyn just in time to see his eyes - and only for the very slightest moment, but present - flit towards the upper-level balconies, before facing the banquet crowd once again.

"That." muttered Shritt under his breath. "Is *not* the Initiation." He'd known the details weeks in advance, since Brasenose had still been the Headmaster; indeed, it'd been his job to realise many of them. As to whom could've prompted such a last-minute change of plans, played-off as if it had been that way all along (and almost everyone would know no better) - let's say Shritt could hazard a few guesses.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535733, member: 14460"]-Leo-

"Oh, I can take their souls, too!" After witnessing the new headmaster speak up, he immediately silenced himself and gazed at Mr. Edel. The speech may be boring, but he lightened up at the mentiom of being atop a stage.

I'll have to perform for the whole school!

-Rowan-

"I am Rowan Clarke. You may recognize the surname," He mumbled. "As our family is quite wealthy and also infamous for being insanely strict." He took a seat as the headmaster began his speech, not really caring for much of what he said.

"You would hate it. All work, no fun. Unless constant schoolwork is what constitutes as fun to you."

He whispered to Fiona as the speech was still going on.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535744, member: 1525"]Fiona

"I've, uh, never heard of it. Sorry..." I grab a seat next to him. "Don't make fun of me, but that actually does sound a little fun. Reading, writing, I love it all!" I whisper back. "Does he mean what he's saying? They're sending students out on the explorations too?" *That sounds like it would be really fun... too bad I'm usually just in the back of the room healing paper cuts. Combat isn't really my thing...*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535745, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"I believe so. I can't wait for the opportunity to do some field research." He tried to mask his excitement with his usual stern tone and gaze. "Venturing into the outside world must be exciting." His cold glare faltered as he quickly whispered, "And if you can't fight, perhaps I'll consider protecting you."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1535750, member: 6200"]DESHA

A combat training. Maybe I should reveal myself then or else this damn robot might just blow everything and their mother up, but the expedition should be a good way to escape, if the robot cooperates with me but I do not know how the crystals will react with me or the bot. All of this speech yet none if it intressting to me as it is all propaganda for the north.

AI

"Speech recorded.....mission set." I say after hearing the speech in my monotone.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The True Hero, post: 1535753, member: 20313"]~L'Arachel~

She quickly got up, saying, "It is I, the true light and glory of the sacred realm of Silver...Well, it seems that I am late. I am.. a tad disappointed however. After all, I did rush all the way here to show you the splendor of my might."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1535761, member: 718"]**L'Arachel**

Wylf Mercer hauled himself to his feet next to you, with a small measure of difficulty. From his slightly bent stance, it seems you'd winded him. His expression seemed slightly put-out - given you hadn't even looked at him, much less helped him up.

"That's nice." he said drily. "And I can't tell whether you're a magician or a madwoman. If there's even a difference."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The True Hero, post: 1535780, member: 20313"]~L'Arachel~

"Huh? Who are you? Did you just call me a magician? No, I am the greatest healer in here! You shall be blessed by my presence!" She replied, barely paying any attention to the person she fell on.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1535788, member: 718"]**Wylf Mercer**

Wylf dusted himself off, patiently adjusted his glasses. He'd regained a good deal of his stature, but there was an uncomfortable number of eyes on the two of them; it was the doctor's preferred way to keep his business his own, no matter how determined Edelhart seemed to change that...

"Healers aren't commonly known to bring down doors and initiate such dissonance," he censured primly, "But I suppose we do welcome all types of student, accommodate all ambitions at Pensalir. However, at this time and with your age - I doubt you're the 'greatest' of anything."

Wylf smiled, not really in a smug way, he was just amused by her braggadocio and evident high threshold for embarrassment. "Unless, perhaps, you'd accept 'the North's greatest fruitcake' as a title to your tastes."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535793, member: 14460"]((may i ask when lessons will start? i feel like thatd be a good time to introduce sebast- julius.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1535824, member: 81756"]~Valerica~
By the time she took her seat and was finally left alone, it was still another few minutes before the speech finally began. She made sure to listen to the whole thing, despite the fact that it became unbearably boring at certain parts, and it seemed as if this man was one of those Sliver united freaks; as if the South could ever hope to compare to the North. Perhaps most interestingly was when he finally got around to mentioning the initiation, and it was apparently within an area she recognized, one that was probably far too dangerous to send not only first years; but first years on their first day into. "The Northwest Mines? Really? How peculiar..."

Wait what was that? She barely managed to catch the headmaster glance up towards one of the balconies as he said that, before she too found herself gazing up at those balconies curiously.
"Now here's the question, is this man a puppet for the one in the balcony, or is he trying to prove a point to the one in the balcony?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535826, member: 1525"]Fiona
I nod in agreement. "I've never been outside of a town or city in my life, which is a little ironic for a nature spirit. I bet the outside is even better than it sounds from books!" I lean back, daydreaming about adventuring past the boundaries of the school, fighting monsters and hunting for treasure.
"Are you sure you'd want to protect me? To be honest you'd be better off just taking someone else. I'm just a healer, and a bad one at that"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535838, member: 14460"]-Julius-
He was listening to the speech, sitting at a table with other fellow tutors, swirling around a half-empty glass of wine. "Oh, make it stop." Julius groaned and rolled his eyes.
"Let me enjoy my time with the new recruits..." *They'll have no idea what's coming to them.*

-Rowan-

"Well, healers are valuable assets to any party. They stop people from *dying*. But since you're a bad healer I suppose you're no good." Unlike Fiona he kept his back straight. "We might not even get sent on the same expedition yet. Don't get your hopes up for nothing."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1535854, member: 1525"]Fiona

"I can get better! I just have to practice! I've never had to use it for combat before" I say, a little annoyed. "So how long does this go on? Is there anything else he needs to tell us? I'm falling half asleep here!"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1535858, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"I'm not sure. But after this, lessons will likely start. I'm... Excited, to say the least. But the teachers..."

He scanned the groups of teachers and staff members. "I'm not sure about them. They look... Interesting."

Attempting to get to know Fiona better, he awkwardly inquired: "Say, what is your favourite subject?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1535886, member: 718"]**Valerica**

A second-year - the black sheep of the school, or so you'd heard mentioned once or twice - who'd happened to be sitting next to you (well, in fairness; it was technically such that you'd been the one to intrude upon this table, but you were of course well within your rights to do so) overheard your muttering. He replied, with disgracefully impertinent casualness - "The balconies, you think?" he queried. "They say no-one's been up on most of them in years... they're reachable from the 'lost corridors' of the school."

He smiled. "I remember one of my old tutors sayin', it'd be easier to climb up the walls than to try and find your way there through the halls."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1535895, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

She glanced over at this second-year, listening to what he had to say before she raised her hand so that it was just before her face. "Or fly, perhaps." Without warning, her skin split itself apart, as if an invisible blade had sliced across her open palm as her blood started to pool in her hand much faster than it should've; bubbling and swirling in on itself until it took the form of a small bird, constantly dripping and reforming. Apparently, her blood beasts could take more than one form, but clearly this one was not nearly as effective in combat as the other one; likely designed specifically for the purposes of scouting.

"Go take a look for me, Carmilla, won't you?" The question was obviously rhetorical, but the little blood creature chirped to show it's agreement all the same, before it started to fly over to the balcony. Surprisingly, it wasn't nearly as noticeable as one would think, and it didn't leak blood everywhere either; instead just as the blood started to fall from it's form, it shifted back into it.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1535912, member: 984"]

Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise

So the speech had finally started, and I never got to get an answer from Arkan. I listened to the whole thing, and it was a bit inspirational if boring, but me being me, that didn't change for long. Arkan, or whomever was causing so much mental ruckus wasn't alone, and any silence that would have been in the room was replaced in my mind with a cacophony of stray thoughts- especially after the tardy newcomer. At that point, I'd given up on trying to hear the speech, and just tried to pick it up from people's reactions. Somehow that was better, because there was always that one person who went over things in their head twice or more. Just as things began to become clear, something caught my eye and caused me to lose focus. *Who's he looking at up there?* I thought, looking up to the balconies. That thought was the only one I could make, and after that the wave of thoughts drowned everything out.

"Well that was interesting. Anyone wanna guess who or what he was looking at up on the balconies?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kyubey The Incubator, post: 1535939, member: 25450"]Ty Bennett

Ty had sat down, quietly eating what food had been brought to them, all while waiting for something, -anything- to happen. Waiting just a minute, and suddenly, the speech has started. Introductions have started as standard, Ty listening intently hoping to glean some new information that would be vital to learn about-

The speech gets interrupted by a late comer smashing through the doors. Ty simply glares at them, waiting for the whole thing to pass before the speech continues. As the speech goes on, Ty is convinced more and more he made the right choice coming here. Technically, it was as his birthright to be here in the first place, considering where he was born, but it's more a sense of belonging- that this was his proper place to be.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1535971, member: 664"]-Daniel

I listen to the speech, but I was one of the few who didn't clap along with the crowd. *Does he think he's telling us stuff we don't already KNOW?* I think to myself. About the only thing I didn't know was the thing about the last principal, but I don't keep up with that crap anyways. *Is this speech scripted or something? Are there students who are really so stupid they need this explained to them?* I consider the idea that that may be it, and they just had us all as a group so they would think that everyone is in the same boat. I personally knew what I was signing up for.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1535989, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~

Rose was about to say something about Samus' 'associates', by which she meant employers, but was hushed by Nicola before she could. Reluctantly, she kept her mouth shut, and listened

to the rest of Drachyn's ceremonial, bull  spiel. At least, that's what it was until he mentioned the initiation being held in the mines. That detail made Rose's usual grin fade away into a neutral expression; when he looked up at the balcony for a split second, seemingly right at Nicola (she assumed it was her, anyway), her eyes widened, then quickly narrowed them in suspicion at her newfound companion.

She was drunk, Rose had realized, or at least tipsy. She took the liberty of standing up and taking the flute of cava away from Nicola and setting it down out of her reach. She also considered shoving her into one of the chairs or against the wall to get some answers out of her, but the sight of a crimson, flying... thing coming their way, however, made that seem less than ideal. Instead, she just backed away to the back wall, trying to stay out of sight. The situation was getting a bit dicey, and Rose didn't like it one bit. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Gamablaze.EXE, post: 1536020, member: 177"]((I'm just barely getting to this. Where is Than right now? I don't have time to catch up right now, but I'd like to kick myself off.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1536027, member: 1525"]((Shoot I missed this))
Fiona

"I can't wait! I hope we have some classes together... You signed up for all the advanced lessons too, right?" I open up my notebook and start to sketch in the margins, somewhat bored with the speaker. "They do look a little odd... I wonder who teaches history? That's my favorite. And art!"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1536032, member: 664"]((Your into is on page 5 bro.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Gamablaze.EXE, post: 1536033, member: 177"]((I know, I just wanted to know if he went anywhere from there. He's possessing someone, if I interpreted it right?))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1536034, member: 14460"]-Rowan-
"Yes." He doesn't bother with whispering anymore. Most people seem to be focusing on the balcony. "My favourites would be literature and history. I have no idea who will be teaching us, but I hope they're not too annoying."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Zetablaze, post: 1536036, member: 664"]((Fair point, I wouldn't know that, I'm focusing on my character, you may have to skim though and look for every post involving the character he's possessing, which I know you're trying to avoid. Anyways it would probably be best to put any OOC posts in the OOC thread from here.))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Gamablaze.EXE, post: 1536045, member: 177"]((I didn't see any. I'm just going to make a random post.))

Than

Than had spaced out for a while. He rematerialized himself, and began to assess his surroundings. Was he in the school yet? It certainly matched the description he was given. He wasn't too interested in talking to anyone, but he kinda had to, in this case. He turned to the nearest person.

"I just arrived. What's going on?" he asked, in an almost brash sort of way.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athisir, post: 1536162, member: 1525"]Fiona

"Oh god, like one of those teachers that keeps trying to act younger than they are? I feel bad for them..." I giggle a bit. "I can't wait to finish setting up my room, I still need to unpack all my clothes! After this is over I'll go do that, and then we can meet up in the library?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1536166, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

Her enthusiasm and excitement made him groan. "Fine. Don't be late, either. I can't stand tardiness." He looked for a clock of some kind to get the time, seeing as he didn't have a watch on him.

"And if there's lessons going on, we'll have to cancel the meetup."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The True Hero, post: 1536196, member: 20313"]~**L'Arachel**~

She strolled up to the nearest chair and sat down, asking the nearest person what she missed.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1536353, member: 24795"]

Rag

In the mines? How strange.

To add to that, even Shritt seems confused. This, might not be the best sign.

"It's not the initiation?" I ask Shritt

Hopefully nothing fishy is going on

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1536503, member: 3220"]**Feren** ([USER=984]@TechnoSpectre 0-85.5[/USER])

Anyone who saw Feren at this point would assume that he was too enamored with the Loader Crossbow to pay any attention to the speech given at the front. While it was true that his eyes and hands have only been focused on his weapon for the past five or so minutes, he was actually a lot more mindful than he seemed, taking note of (almost) every word that the new Headmaster was speaking. In truth he was excited for the initiation, not having been able to use his weapon for a while—but that expression was *really* hard for anyone to see.

But then something (rather, someone) else got his attention, with a mention of the Headmaster looking up to the balconies. Naturally, as a deadeye, proficient in the art of long-ranged weaponry, Feren could *only* assume the worst. He took the scope of his crossbow and separated it from the main body, pulling it up towards his right eye as if it were a monocular—though, disappointingly, it was far too dark to see, and even if it wasn't, the angle where he was (considering where he sat on the table) didn't help either. "You can check it for yourself." He turned to face Cerabin and reached his hand out forward, offering the scope to him. "It's a bit dark, but you might have some more luck than I did."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1536525, member: 718"]**Long-Suffering Second Year**
[USER=81756]@Lady Cheyenne Snowfield[/USER] [USER=177]@Gamablaze.EXE[/USER]
[USER=20313]@The True Hero[/USER] [USER=663]@SolusFalcon[/USER]

((Gamablaze: Than hitched a ride inside another student whose pilot was away. Her name is Serena Sterling.))

The second-year sat beside Valerica was clearly surprised, if not disturbed by the creature of congealed blood she'd summoned and... spoken to; in a familiar if patronising manner, as if she were playing out a part. His honest face bore a pretty clear expression of 'best not to ask', and he turned back to his roast chicken dinner with a desiring glint in his eye - evidently he wasn't off-put enough to ruin his appetite. He'd just raised a pristine mouthful of the meat and gravy to his lips, when -

"I just arrived. What's going on?" blurted - from the seat directly to his left - a white-haired, pretty young girl in a half-mask who hadn't said a word prior to this point. The second-year dropped his fork in shock, looking disappointed at the waste of chicken. He looked at Serena askance as to why she'd ask that, but Serena herself seemed at least equally confused.

"Just arrived?" he asked, quizzical. "You've been sat there, staring ahead like a puppet with its strings cut for the past twenty minutes. Frankly, you looked pretty out of it."

He was hoping he could get back to his meal, just when L'Arachel walked off (from Wylf Mercer, who splutteringly protested her strolling away), plonked herself down next to him, and didn't so much ask as presumptuously shout in his earhole 'what she'd missed?'. "Oh for crying out loud!" he protested. "I have no idea! You lot have talked over anything the headmaster's said in the past five minutes."

Ty and Daniel [USER=25450]@Kyubey The Incubator[/USER]
[USER=664]@Zetablaze[/USER] [USER=6200]@The kamen rider[/USER]

Although the both of you - despite your differing opinions of the speech - preferred to keep yourselves to yourselves, the activity and conversation on your table had graduated from

'irritating' to 'worrying'. For some reason, there was some feminine android - Ty had never seen anything like it before; even stranger, no-one seemed to be questioning its presence - sat two places up from you, gripping a knife and fork in each fist like they were deadly weapons, but otherwise idle aside from a slight whirring noise.

Daniel knew her well-enough already, but given their uncomfortable meeting from before, wasn't convinced he wanted to go for round 2. There was something rather sad about the way it sat there, though, like it was pretending to be something it was - but now could never be again. Lost.

Meanwhile, up the table for you, two young men, slight - one with a respirator - were passing an oversized crossbow between each other and taking turns at pointing it at the dark balconies overhead.

Shritt [USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER]

"I didn't say anything..." said Shritt, sounding decidedly shifty. He closed his eyes for a long moment, likely turning a set of variables, questions - concerns - over in his well-tuned mind. "Nothing to be afraid of, in any case." He didn't even succeed in convincing *himself* with that line.

Edelhart [USER=256]@TheAlphaAndTheOmega[/USER] [USER=81756]@Lady Cheyenne Snowfield[/USER]

She was well aware Rose had distanced herself slightly, but did appreciate - if was rather amused by - her concern in covertly; or at least so she thought, relocating her tippie away from her side. It seemed the Mastema sisters did not diverge in all ways. Unfortunately, it seemed a combination of her acting the last part of this conversation in a slightly wooden manner - intimating she knew something she likely shouldn't of his speech - and most of all the language of Drachyn...

My, Drachyn. Edelhart would have to address him later, he truly was an astoundingly poor liar. That in itself would not have been a problem, given the drunkenness and general lack of prescience of the crowd to which he made address, but looking towards *her* for confirmation he was doing his job correctly was about as tactful as a Punch and Judy show.

Still, Edelhart was aware, always aware: she could salvage the situation. But she had another idea, which seemed much more fun.

Valerica's Carmilla had just caught a half-look at the balcony, enough to confirm there were figures there. One a black-haired girl lurking in the shadows, another a blonde leaning upon it.

That was about all it managed to see, because Edelhart - firstly, not as affected by the liquor as she was letting on, and secondly, well-used to watching her back even in much worse states than this - had spotted its presence.

Rose watched as a razor-thin metallic blade shimmered into existence behind her companion's slim backbone. An instant later, noiselessly, it whirled through the air, and sliced the approaching blood-bird completely in two. The ichor from which it'd been formed streamed below, marring an unblemished white tablecloth with its drops.

"Spying is not very nice." cooed Edelhart, smiling innocently.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Lady Cheyenne Snowfield, post: 1536553, member: 81756"]~Valerica~

Ultimately, the moment that Carmilla took flight, Valerica stopped paying attention to the second year next to her; as a matter of fact, she stopped paying attention to nearly everything around her as she entered a trance-like state. Unlike Dracul, which had seemingly not acquired any extra amount of concentration on her part, the scouting based Carmilla appeared as if it took the greater part of Valerica's concentration to maintain; or perhaps this was the only way that she could actually receive whatever data Carmilla discovered.

The Kindran wasn't exactly pleased when Carmilla was released back into blood, but neither was she entirely surprised, given what little she had managed to see. Two women in the balcony, one with black hair, and one with blonde; one who seemed to be trying to hide, and one that seemed not to care enough to hide her presence. She doubted she'd be able to recognize them if she saw them in person, as she hadn't had enough time to properly make out any of their notable features; but she'd discovered what she'd intended to, at least in some small part. Whoever this blonde woman was, clearly she was the one in charge, if she didn't care enough to try and hide.

If this were any place other than Pensalir, she'd say that the fact the woman could release Carmilla was proof enough, but she knew better than that; she was a first year on her first day, with several of the elder students having been here for two or three years now, it was inevitable that they would be more capable than she. At least, for the moment, anyway. "How interesting..." She spoke aloud as the trance ended, her gaze momentarily going back to the balcony before she simply shrugged and waited for the blonde woman's puppet to continue speaking.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1536560, member: 6200"]DESHA

As I slowly become bored, I start to sing a small song:

Machina Lacrimosa~

Machina Po Uota~

Diva Me A Atra Anima Evicta~

Diu E Me A Atra A Mei A Adiu~

Tristi Anima Evicta~

Tristi Demu Notu~

Do Mo Nata Anima Evicta~

Dega Mi Atra Ala Te Teme Cha~

I suddenly stop with the song after I realise that everyone heard me and that I wasn't inaudible. CRAP!

I remember the time I could just sing freely, people say I could hypnotise others with it. Now, all of it is lost. I atleast still have my singing voice.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1536598, member: 984"]

Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise

I didn't expect that. "Thanks." I muttered to the crossbow fellow. Surprisingly, I decided not to waste time and try to clean off the part where my eye would be nearest to, and hoped that I didn't get some kind of contamination. What I saw was indeed dark, and hard to see, but what I could make out was a little winged thing popping as soon as I saw it. It was red, and almost looked like it definitely would have been made of liquid. Regardless, there were two possibilities. A, whomever sent that red "bird" was shoddy and couldn't keep it up for too long; or B, which was more likely, whomever was up there was being spied on from someone down where we were and didn't want to be seen. Well actually, there was a third possibility, that was more unlikely. Maybe the person up there sent the red streak, and recalled it just to be rid of it. For what purpose, I wouldn't know, so it would be best to share option B with my new crossbowed companion.

"I didn't see who was up there, but I did see something else. It looked like someone from one of the tables sent some kind of bird-thing up there, but when it got there whoever was up there just liquefied it." I said. "Or maybe the bird was always made of liquid- either way whoever's up there doesn't want to be seen"

(([/USER=3220]@PotatoBlaster[/USER]))[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1536627, member: 1525"]Fiona

"Okay! I'll try not to get lost, I'm still learning my way around... I think I know the right way at this point, though!" I awkwardly laugh at myself, and then stop when I realize he wasn't amused. "I doubt they'd start lessons immediately after this, right? I'm sure some people haven't had a chance to even unpack their bags yet!"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Gamablaze.EXE, post: 1536637, member: 177"]((I'm still a little confused, but I tend to be that way anyway.))

Than

Yeesh... Than thought, *How long have I actually been here?*

Than tended to get a little spacey after extended stays in other people's bodies, especially after so long with zero host-to-ghost interactivity. He debated leaving the host to clear up the confusion. Well, actually, it wasn't much of a debate; He'd surely be ridiculed should he leave right there. People always found the prospect of being possessed rather... displeasing. Besides, should anybody see him, *especially* after coming out of somebodies body, he was sure to be met with the same horrid mistreatment he always had. That was assuming they even knew what a phantom was, but he'd really rather not take such a risk.

He decided rather quickly to remain in his host's body until the coast was clear. For now, he just had to worry how she would take it. Not well, he supposed.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Myu, post: 1536640, member: 14460"]-Rowan-

"I don't know. We would have time to unpack after lessons. It's best to get settled at the end of the day, if you ask me..."

His voice trailed off as he stared at the balcony, confused as to why seemingly everyone else was staring at it.

Taking his glasses off to get a better view, he leaned forward a smidge. *I don't see anything suspicious. How strange.*[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1536646, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~

Yeah, I definitely took a wrong turn. This is not how I wanted to start high school. Rose slowly crept from the wall towards Nicola, splaying her left hand and beginning to silently draw in dark magic and energies. *Just in case.* A slight purplish glow in her palm would be visible, but aside from this, she did nothing else that might set Nicola against her. Not that she'd have much to fear from some hormonal mess of a first-year student, especially after the way she clove the blood bird in two. In fact, Rose's intent wasn't to explicitly harm her; if anything it was instinct that bade her to prepare for any tricks from Edelhart -- she had somehow become more unpredictable -- or any unwelcome guests.

"Nicola... what's going on here?" Rose quietly asked, tilting her head slightly. There was something else going on here that Rose didn't fully understand. Something she wasn't *meant* to understand, no doubt, though whatever Nicola was doing seemingly wasn't of any harm to her. Having initiation in the mines, of all places, seemed like a reckless move, but with the Pensalir administration being Northerners, it was likely one or some of them have direct ownership of the mines. It made some sense in that regard, but the Northwest Mines were hardly a place for first

year students, especially students like Rose. But, at the same time, if this really ran *that* deep, why would Nicola have allowed Rose to stay here?[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1536687, member: 24795"]

Rag

"You don't sound so convinced. But alright."

I don't see why he would lie. But, there are many things I don't know.

There are also many things that I do know. And I know that even if this wasn't the plan, it's the initiation, and the initiation would not only be supervised by many teachers, but it would have the mass of the new ones here in one place. That's a very difficult group to take down.

So, not to jinx anything, but what's the worst that can happen?

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kyubey The Incubator, post: 1536692, member: 25450"]

Ty Bennett

Ty's focus of the speech was pretty much undivided, until he looks away for a single second to see what everyone was yelling about- to be greeted with a scene that looks like it was ripped out of a movie. We have some... android... thing... holding utensils like it was about to kill someone, and people were being loud during what's supposed to be a sacred speech. 'Isn't this supposed to be a well-mannered...' Ty thought to himself, before cutting himself off at two people passing around a crossbow the size of his own weapon and aiming it at the balcony above him. Ty didn't even know there was a balcony- he never bothered to look up.

Ty, while frustrated at this turn of events, resists every urge to go slap the two idiots passing around crossbows in order to detract attention away from the weird as hell android thing, and the fact that people at the table were starting to get louder than the guy speaking. Instead, he just stared at the speaker, hoping everyone would tune themselves out. Of course, that plan was derailed when that thing- Er, Android- was singing a melody that was best to say indescribable. Of course, Ty, who was trying to listen to the goddamn speech as a first year, was starting to get a little frustrated with these fools who are just making everything worse for themselves.

'Did someone short circuit? Cause it sure sounds like it!' Ty said... in his head, glaring at the android thing for a second before returning to the speech as best he could.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1536699, member: 6200"]((If you have nothing, just say it and I will add more to it.))

DESHA

Crap, I was found out! Atleast good that he associates it with the robot and not with some paranormal spirit around the robot.

AI

I sense that someone's optical receptors are looking at me. "Creating user profile.....please state username." I look at him. I say in monotone and with a completely different voice than that singing. Nothing of me moves except that my eyes light up when I speak.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1536828, member: 718"]**Shritt** [USER=24795]@Drakialeke[/USER]

"That's because I'm not convinced." affirmed Shritt. "But the Northwest Mines are not particularly dangerous, nor dangerous at all... in most areas. In either case, I'm bound to attending the Initiation myself, albeit as an observer. There's not a chance the Institute would put the students in harm's way, even if there have been... resolutions from Headmaster Edel, or... resolutions to impress one's individual stamp upon the process."

He wiped his ruby lips (an embarrassingly feminine feature, really) with his napkin. "Though of course, I shouldn't tell you that. Institute instructors, especially of the kind as Captain Marxilou, greatly enjoy postulating at the outset with a load of nonsense about how 'there are live beasts!', and 'we shall not intervene, so if you falter, you will die!'. Psychological crap, honestly."

Nicola Edelhart [USER=256]@TheAlphaAndTheOmega[/USER]

"Hm, the guests do seem quite excited, wouldn't you say? They must have found Drachyn's speechcraft about as enthralling as I'd have guessed. Still, how unjustified." She recalled her blade, frowned at the blood that marred its surface like a mirror; Edelhart's face shone as crimson as her eyes in its reflection. She cleaned the blade with her silver glove, staining it, which seemed like an odd priority. Then the blade faded away, as if it had never existed to begin with.

"Now, before, I was simply indicating to you that you ought to listen to the arrangements for your Initiation; given that you have the aura of a new arrival, that was all really. However, I won't insult your intellect - yes, if it matters, there *were* different plans for the event beforehand. What can I say? Drachyn is a man. He arrived, saw *all* the diligently-laid framework by Brasenose, and immediately wanted to tear it up. 'Laying his own hand on it', he said to me, and my; he was quite proud of himself, would you believe?"

Edelhart shrugged, which seemed something of an incongruous motion for her noble frame. "Either would have sufficed just as well, really. The Mines were quite a hostile locale... fifteen years ago. Now, you're only in '*danger*' of getting stones in your shoes. So please, put away your Baphomet magic." It wasn't clear to Rose how Edelhart had even noticed it, given that she hadn't looked her way in the past thirty seconds or so. She didn't have the tone of commanding, if anything it seemed it didn't matter greatly to her, but she'd prefer it slightly to not be in her vicinity. "Let me tell you a secret, really. You're... quite coddled in Pensalir, as often as that might

be denied. There is very little for you to be wary of here, and you most certainly have nothing to fear from me."/>

[QUOTE="Drak, post: 1536939, member: 24795"]

Rag

"Hmph"

"Sounds pretty un-needed"

I see why they do it, but it's still a bit iffy.

I suppose it makes it a new experience for everyone though.

"Even if we weren't going there, why would they tell us we are?"

[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kyubey The Incubator, post: 1537023, member: 25450"]Ty Bennett

Well, Ty *tried* to focus on the speech. He was borderline intent on focusing his entire essence on it, knowing he's missed at least one important part of the speech, something that would be very useful information... but his concentration was disrupted, again. He hears something very distinct- someone with a voice so monotone it's come out of a machine. Ty looked around a quick second, only to see the *only machine that could speak* looking at him.

"Uh... What the..." Ty muttered under his breath. A robot of all things, talking? This *screamed* warning signs all over it. So he attempted to ignore it by looking at the speaker again, but was increasingly nervous by the robot still looking at him, waiting for a response.

"It's Ty. Now please be quiet so I can focus on the speech, which I'm pretty sure I've missed half of at this point." Ty said without so much as looking in the android's direction. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="The kamen rider, post: 1537081, member: 6200"]Al

"Warning.....Username too long.....It's Ty now please be quiet so I can focus on the speech, which I'm pretty sure I've missed half of at this point.....Select another username." I say in monotone again, being oblivious that what was actually being said. I have not moved anything so I am still looking at him.

DESHA

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHA. This is the first time that stupid robot made me laugh. [/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1537113, member: 3220"]**Feren** ([[USER=984]@TechnoSpectre 0-85.5[/USER]])

His initial assumption was that whoever was up at the balcony was some deadeye hired to attack someone somewhere during the initiation speech. Hearing Cerabin detail the witnessed incident certainly didn't help—if anything, it further solidified his extremely-far-from-the-truth

theory. He took the scope back from Cerabin, attached it back to the crossbow as well as loading a single bolt, then quietly left the table, crouching, slowly making his way over to the scene of the bird-killing.

As he did all this, he motioned for Cerabin to follow—though that was more than likely not a good idea.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1537303, member: 718"]**Serena Sterling and the Second-Year**
[USER=177]@Gamablaze.EXE[/USER] [USER=663]@SolusFalcon[/USER]

"What on *Earth* was that about..." murmured Serena under her breath, sounding irritated. "I mean -" she turned to the second-year, affixing him with a one-eyed glare. "Don't talk to me like that, you dolt!" He looked at her, wounded.

Okay, perhaps that was a little harsh. But it'd been a stressful morning. Why was nothing going her way? This was supposed to be the start of her training, her emergence into becoming something better as she'd always wanted. "I'm... I'm fine. Thank you. I just had a long journey this morning."

"Ah, I see." he replied. "I remember on my first day, I had quite a brutal one, being from Lenabury. Going up all those mountain roads, I... heh, never mind."

Serena smiled politely back at him, but she was disturbed by how her emotions felt slightly... warped. It's like there was something scratching in her mind, it was making it hard for her to think clearly - she supposed it was a little hot, but that wasn't it.

Than

Your host seemed suspicious, even agitated. But she understood your presence for now. Still, it had you worried she could do something hasty.

Wylf Mercer [USER=984]@TechnoSpectre 0-85.5[/USER]
[USER=3220]@PotatoBlaster[/USER]

Wylf still had a thin sheen of dust on the side of his rather poorly-fitted waistcoat from his non-standard, shall we say, introduction to L'Arachel. It wasn't a great surprise for him, he always hated these banquets. The sooner he could be back to his books and his phials, the better. Even Nicola didn't like them. He was worried for the Unit, but she'd told him the OS must be allowed to attempt integration, and... he'd agreed. Well, he hadn't *really* felt like agreeing, but Nicola always got her way; so he went along with it anyways. He sighed.

"Could the two of you please stop skulking around, pointing that crossbow at the guests." rattled Wylf monotonously to the not-so-stealthy duo who were nonchalantly treading by him. "I'm sure you think it's terribly fun, but if Instructor Marxilou or someone of the like catches sight of you, she'll tackle you to the ground - no matter how many fully-laid tables she has to smash through to do it. I'd really appreciate it if *this* opening academic day banquet didn't devolve into *another* drink-fuelled brawl."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TechnoSpectre 0-85.5, post: 1537367, member: 984"]

Cerabin Alodius-Vhortinise

First day of school and I was already subject to peer pressure. Sure, I went along with him, what was the worst that could happen? Whoever that professor was clearly illustrated it for me. I imagined whoever this Marxilou was barreling through a barricade of tables and chairs, just as he said, of course I didn't know that I had already met her at the time. "Right, sorry won't happen again." I said, taking a short bow and leading my companion over to our location of interest. "Now that I think about it, we probably could have just walked over instead of skulking."[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1537486, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~

She lightly closed her left hand, ceasing the flow of magic and gutting out the subtle purple glow, and stepped forward to stand beside Nicola. She looked right at her and might have asked, 'If things would have worked either way, why let him undo what Brasenose had worked on?' But that seemed rather shallow and short-sighted -- no, she wanted to know if she could have done anything to begin with. She wanted to know how Nicola was implicated in whatever this was.

Rose turned around and leaned back on the railing, looking at Nicola with a coy smile and half-lidded eyes. "If I have nothing to fear, then, what's your role in all this?" she asked, gently tapping her fingers against the balcony. "What's your place in Pensalir, hmm?" While she knew that however much alcohol she'd consumed wasn't affecting her line of reasoning, she internally hoped that there was enough in Nicola's system to play to the favor of her pheromones. It was most likely a futile hope, but it wasn't going to stop her from trying. As shifty (and potentially dangerous) as she was, Nicola was a *lot* of fun.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1537623, member: 718"]**Nicola Edelhart**

Edelhart smiled at that, quite without guile. "Why, little ol' me? Oh please, nothing special." Humility wasn't her strong suit, but she conveyed it well, if perhaps with an edge of swooning; drunken dramatics. "What might I be? That's a question with many answers, most of them quite uninteresting. For what's pertinent to *you*, then I am a lecturer here. Well, a senior one, to be exact - although seniority here seems to indicate more money allocated with less work obligated; ooh, not that I am complaining, believe me."

She giggled. "Come now, give me my drink back. When you're being threatened with strange blood creatures, guns and crossbows, doesn't it excite you? The liquor rolls in your sternum... it livens things up. For the rest of these, I'm simply intrigued by how *little* I must do to have them running around, waving their hands with dainty little cufflinks on their ends... sigh, apart from my teaching career; I am something of a technician, an inventor - even if that might conjure the ideas of some grey-haired old stiff, slaving over a desk in the broom cupboard."

"No, that'd be Wylf." She blew a kiss out to the air beyond the balcony. "As for *me*, I'm the best. Well, sorry to brag. Is it bragging when it's true? It's ill-natured regardless, but then again, I would say the North and ill-naturedness tend to flirt with one another constantly, wouldn't you agree?"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Kyubey The Incubator, post: 1537779, member: 25450"]Ty Bennett

'Ignore her... Ignore her... She'll leave me alone eventually... I sincerely hope she does...' Ty thought to himself, now distracting himself from the speech as the damn robot seemingly lacks any sense of intelligence itself. He glared for her at one second, before trying to go back to the speech, even though he's resigned himself that he's completely lost where the speech even is at anymore.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="TheAlphaAndTheOmega, post: 1537863, member: 256"]~ **Rose Mastema** ~
"Oh, completely," Rose said, baring her fangs in a wolfish grin. "And I don't quite have your drink, either..." She gestured to the arm of a chair she'd set it on, but before Nicola could get it herself, Rose swiftly leaned forward and snagged it, then almost snapped back into her former position beside her. "Now I do," she said, teasing Nicola by swirling the sparkling wine in one hand before taking a sip of it herself, licking her lips afterwards.

Then two particular words dawned on her: 'senior lecturer'. Which meant she was technically part of the faculty, and that she was, in fact, at *least* as old as Samus. This thought ironically sobered her up, and with a straight face, Rose asked Nicola, "Wait, you teach here? H-how old are you...?" It wasn't polite to ask a woman her age, but Rose was a woman herself. And she wasn't about to be led on by someone who was much older than they seemed, particularly when there were so many races that lived longer than humans and Baphomet.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Athrisir, post: 1537894, member: 1525"]Fiona
"What's wrong? Is there something up there?" I follow his gaze to the balcony. *Maybe I'm just missing something, but I don't see what all the fuss is about...* "Anyways, I can't wait to meet with you later. I have some books I think you'd enjoy!"[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="PotatoBlaster, post: 1537982, member: 3220"]Feren

After being told off by Wylf he immediately lowered his crossbow, the limbs retracting back to the main body, but the bolt was still loaded. Cerabin had already stated his apologies to the doctor, so Feren, having nothing else to say, simply nodded and started walking normally.

There was certainly a lack of foresight in Feren's plans—when they finally arrived at the scene of the bird's dying, he had not even the slightest idea what to do next. There was no entryway that led into the balcony (at least, from where they were), and he certainly didn't have the physical prowess to scale the wall. "Any ideas?" He said to his companion, turning to face Cerabin with his back leaning against the wall, his free hand (the other holding the dormant crossbow) pointing upwards to the balcony. It was clear that he did *not* plan this well.[/QUOTE]

[QUOTE="Jill, post: 1538116, member: 718"]**Nicola Edelhart**

"Hmhmhm." She seemed greatly amused by the question. "Quite an impertinent thing to ask, but I'll take it as compliment."

She traced a circle with her finger in the air, eyes sparkling with mischief. "In truth... Memory is a fickle thing, wouldn't you say? And I don't exactly remember. Indeed, I *try* not to; but when we forget things, we so rarely lose what we'd like to be rid of. Even for you, it has begun already. We lose grip of our own pasts, as do others of both ours and their own."

"You must believe I'm talking tipsy nonsense, but, I'm sure you've heard the old aphorism... I am older than you think, and much older than I think. But until the last declining years, age barely seems to matter. We can only recall; with clarity and with the emotions we felt at the time, the past... two, three years, wouldn't you say? Worse, for those that fight. Aur Pente - he's gone mad, he's misplaced who he was to begin with; and he doesn't even know it, he cannot. Quite chilling..."

Edelhart was pretty tempted to swig directly from the bottle of cava - she needed it quite urgently - by her chair, but that would probably invalidate any gravitas she was trying to summon for the occasion. "A long answer to a simple question, but with my research, I aim to change these things. And I will, soon. Until then, I almost feel like a cheat giving you a straight answer; we're not growing older and proceeding, we're circling on ourselves - our motivations change with each passing year, the previous abandoned. Did you ever notice this?"

She broke-off from her quite melancholy, or at least serious speech abruptly with a wink and a wan smile. "Then again, I don't think you were *just* interested in my age, hon. I believe that might have been masking a few other questions..." Eyed Rose up almost hungrily, but restrained herself. "I'm flattered, believe me, especially from one so gorgeous. But I don't *think* it'd be a very good idea. Quite boring to say, sigh - yet I should behave myself."

Wylf Mercer [USER=664]@Zetablaze[/USER] [USER=25450]@Kyubey The Incubator[/USER]

Wylf was just trying to get back to a position out-of-sight of any students or faculty members who might seek to collar him. He had a few notebooks slipped into his waistcoat pockets, so even while Drachyn droned-on about something interminable, he could get on with his work.

A smartly-dressed courier grabbed his wrist. "What?" asked Wylf, sounding tired.

"Letter to go through you." replied the courier blithely.

"I... was not expecting anything." In response, the courier lowered his voice, addressed with a much shrewder tone.

"Well, I was told this one came from a rich, beautifully-dressed blonde Northern noble. I don't really need to tell you whose description that matches, do ya? So, here you go."

Wylf was quite annoyed, both by the interruption from his 'quiet time' and the presumptuousness of the help. "Really..." he grumbled under his breath. "Daniel Striker?" It was the name of the boy he'd met in passing earlier, although he could already barely remember his face. He hadn't made much of an impression on the Doctor, other than as yet another example of Edelhart's nonsense. Mountains, what was she playing at now? He steamed over to the first-year table, barging roughly past Ty, who was almost knocked out of his chair.

He unceremoniously dumped the letter in front of Daniel. "You have mail." he said without humour, his tone pretty clear he didn't want to entertain any further questions.[/QUOTE]