

[1]<Claire Brea> "Well, it's been rather quiet recently, which is never a good sign. I think perhaps we should pay Lord Fuzzybutt a visit and deal with that while we're not having to deal with Ishgardian matters."

[1]<Claire Brea> "So, get your arses to the meeting hall."

[1]<Zanin Briggs> "Am presuming that is an affectionate nickname for...?"

[1]<Claire Brea> "We have a bit of a Moogles problem. Of the Kingly size."

[1]<Veluren Moonstriker> "This sounds like it will be interesting."

[1]<Elviane Lefebvre> "Does this, dumb Miqo'te have white hair?"

[1]<Claire Brea> "Yeah."

[1]<Zanin Briggs> "Please do not harm any moogles. Can get some orders of food to appease them. They do like wine."

[1]<Audrelle Arbeaux> "Moogles like wine?"

Veluren Moonstriker walks in and takes a seat on the bench with a heavy thud.

[1]<Elviane Lefebvre> "Something for you to share with a fuzzball friend, if you get one."

[1]<Zanin Briggs> "They like kupo nuts more, but do not have those sadly."

[1]<Claire Brea> "Z...I hate to tell you this, but uh...they threatened to kill us. We kinda have to beat down their king before he rampages on Gridania on the way to Limsa."

[1]<Claire Brea> "The whole Primal issue."

[1]<Zanin Briggs> "You are certain these are not glamourised rogues? Posing as moogles? Again?"

[1]<Veluren Moonstriker> "Again, what?"

[1]<Zanin Briggs> "...Long story."

[1]<Claire Brea> "...glamour---what the fuck kinda shit have you been dealing with lately, Z?"

[1]<Zanin Briggs> "Fortunately that remains firmly in the stable."

[1]<Claire Brea> "Whiskerwall Kupdi Koop showed up here demanding the pup back. Pup doesn't want to go. Something about Mooglesguard sacrificing other Moogles to Moogle Mog. So uh. Yeah. We're gonna go beat the King back into aether, and take the Mooglesguard to Kan-E."

[1]<Claire Brea> *pauses and adds* "Not precisely my choice of operation, but likely the best thing to keep Gridania happy."

[1]<Jordan Kennedy> <very static. mettalic echo> "Ah 'ells, I... indisposed at-.....sendin-...don't be alarm-.... -likes pink n fuzzy-.....rendezvous with ye at-.... over'n'-'"

[1]<Claire Brea> "...pink and fuzzy?"

Audrelle Arbeaux lofts a brow at the conversation on the linkpearl.

[1]<Claire Brea> "You're sending Mochi Chi's sister?"

[1]<Jordan Kennedy> "Always 'as, she- good scrapper... -nin will fill ye in-"

Veluren Moonstriker brings his sword into his lap and takes out a whetstone, then begins to sharpen it, "At this point, I know better than to question anything I hear over that pearl."

Elviane Lefebvre: "It'll save what's left of your sanity."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "I should take a similar approach as well."

Audrelle Arbeaux sighs. "But as my mother used to say: 'Curiosity killed the coeurl'."

Claire Brea shrugs. "I question it all, but no one said I was sane."

[1]<J'manji Vaih> <Mochi> "... I don't recommend it."

[1]<Claire Brea> "It was the only pink and fuzzy that came to mind."

[1]<Zanin Briggs> "Jordan? Um. Have you talked to Sami lately?"

[1]<J'manji Vaih> <Mocha> "YOU'RE SO MEAN."

[1]<J'manji Vaih> <Mochi> "... And that's where my last pearl disappeared to. Apologies."

[1]<Jordan Kennedy> ".....-ho'd ye think i'd sen-..... she'll 'ug it to deat-..."

[1]<Zanin Briggs> "She might be going to see this giant moogle...apologies."

[1]<Claire Brea> "Ah. And I figured that it was Mitsu's arhiman that had it..."

[1]<J'manji Vaih> <Mochi> "We would only be so fortunate."

[1]<J'manji Vaih> <Mocha> "Rudest brother ever."

Claire Brea just shakes her head. "Well, that solves that," she mutters. "Anyroad. It seems we're going to have an interesting time of things. I finally got my hands on the report from the Scions encounter with the damn thing."

Claire Brea pauses again. "...Lalafell..."

Veluren Moonstriker: "Oh? And what can we expect from our encounter with his fluffiness?"

Claire Brea looks to Veluren. "Well, I have rather bad news."

Veluren Moonstriker: "This is unusual in what way?"

Claire Brea: "The Scion team discovered that the Mooglesguard and his Fluffiness, as you put it, are rather linked aethericly."

Claire Brea shrugs a shoulder once. "King Fluffybutt is incapable of being harmed while the Mooglesguard are conscious, however," she explains, "you can't just take down the Mooglesguard individually - if they drop independently, the good King just revives them."

Claire Brea: "And no one is harmed at all. It's like you've done jack all to 'em."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "Well, that's a right pain in the neck."

Claire Brea: "After a bit of trial and error, the vaulted Warrior of Light's little scholar friend figured out that all of the Mooglesguard had to be knocked out rather simultaneously or in rapid succession, because then when the King attempted to revive them, he hurt his fluffy butt doing so."

Veluren Moonstriker: "Splitting off his own aether to keep them alive, oddly noble."

Claire Brea adds, "And it actually didn't work to revive them, it just kept them from dying, so then they could deal with the King without his protection."

Claire Brea: "However, once the King dissipated, his aether revived the Mooglesguard, and they fluttered off. So uh. Nets will have to be thrown over 'em mid-fight to keep that from happening."

Audrelle Arbeaux blinks.

Claire Brea blinks back at Audrelle. "You know, once they're all passed out. We throw nets over them."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "I realize what you're saying, but it's not often I would hear something like that as a battle plan."

Audrelle Arbeaux shakes her head. "You have to remember what kind of society I came from."

Veluren Moonstriker: "We can't just knock 'em around a bit more? I think it'd be easier to take them back to Gridania if they're still unconscious."

Claire Brea: "Look, I agreed not to wipe their Tempered little butts out and instead agreed to take them to Kan-e-Senna. Lin made me agree after reading the report that we'd capture 'em, so uh...nets."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "And if they awaken while we have them in the nets?"

Claire Brea shrugs a shoulder. "We could knock 'em back out afterward, but they'll flutter off after the surge of aether. Report said it fully revived them."

Elviane Lefebvre: "I've got a blackjack I could use on them if such a thing happened?"

Audrelle Arbeaux: "El, dear... While this is technically Whack-a-Moogle, you would have too much fun with such a thing."

Elviane Lefebvre shrugs at Audrelle Arbeaux.

Elviane Lefebvre: "I neither confirm nor deny such a possibility."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "Which translates into a yes for me."

Claire Brea shrugs once more. "I tested it on Mogchi a while back, sorta. Netting a Moogle makes it too hard for them to fly. Even if they're awake, they're not getting away. At that point, we can use chloriform to knock 'em out."

Elviane Lefebvre: "Think as you will."

Veluren Moonstriker: "Chloriform is such a boring solution, but if you say so."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "Whatever is effective, I suppose."

Audrelle Arbeaux drums her fingers against her tome. "Would likely be safer than bashing their heads in to keep them unconscious."

Claire Brea: "So, pick up a net or two on your way out the door. I'll have extra for any stragglers."

Veluren Moonstriker: "And just to make sure, this Moogle king is going to be a veritable feast of aether, correct?"

Claire Brea shrugs a shoulder. "Probably not as much as a real Primal with an entire race worshipping him properly, but yeah, more than your average aetheric construct."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "Just how big is this Moogle king?"

Veluren Moonstriker: "Good, I suppose it's worth taking my arrow then."

Elviane Lefebvre: "I'm sure you could make a bed from his fluff."

Claire Brea: "Tall as me, fat as maybe two Turk's if Reborn were made of all flab?"

Claire Brea shrugs once. "Maybe taller? They weren't so specific with dimensions."

Elviane Lefebvre: "No, you can't take it home."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "Merely curios -"

Audrelle Arbeaux slowly glances at El.

Audrelle Arbeaux: "Excuse you. I do not plan on taking anything home."

Elviane Lefebvre: "Whatever you say Mooglenut."

Claire Brea: "If you really want a Moogle of your own, we can ask the Chieftan if there's any adventurous ones in the Twelveswood later."

Audrelle Arbeaux huffs at El. "I am not a mooglenut. I simply find those creatures rather cute. Am I not allowed to find things cute?"

Elviane Lefebvre grins. "And your menagerie only grows with an adventurous moogle."

Claire Brea waves a hand at Audrelle and Elviane. "Or you two can try to take the Kid off Tierell's hands. He comes with a Moogle pup and a whole slew of aetherical creatures."

Elviane Lefebvre: "Claire, we already have one feline in the house, we don't need another. Besides, I hate having to censor myself."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "El would break him with her foul mouth."
Claire Brea blinks. "I did not need those visuals, Lefebre."

Veluren Moonstriker just claps four times in a slow, rhythmic fashion.

Elviane Lefebvre: "What bookworm said Claire... Now I know where your mind always is."

Audrelle Arbeaux pinches the bridge of her nose. "Never bloody mind."

Claire Brea blinks again. "Elvaine...the Kid hangs out with Zak. Words aren't going to phase him. It's the visuals that give him the bloody nose."

Audrelle Arbeaux: "Six thousand things running through my head right now. I'd rather not have any more."

Elviane Lefebvre huffs. "He already did when I showed up from my workshop the other sun."

Claire Brea motions once at Elviane. "Exactly."

Claire Brea: "Anyroad. Such things aside, no, Audrelle. No trying to keep Primals as pets. Take the Miquo'te Kid and his menagerie instead. And--" She stops and looks at the new Miquo'te.

Sami Sondraix pokes a head in, "Um, hello?"

Elviane Lefebvre: "That's, a new face."

Claire Brea raises her unscarred eyebrow. "Can I help you?"

Sami Sondraix thinks for a moment.

Sami Sondraix: "Um, like, you needed some help with like a big moogle or some junk? I asked Zanin, but like he wasn't being real clear."

Sami Sondraix sighs, "Mom wasn't much help either. It's like she was talking from a cave or like one of those Garlean walkers, like, ate her or some junk."

Claire Brea blinks at Sami. "Yeah, a bit. Guessing you're Sami?"

Sami Sondraix nods. "Yep!"

Sami Sondraix waves to Elviane Lefebvre.

Claire Brea: "Have a seat quick, and let me explain..."

Sami Sondraix nods and walks, almost skips to a seat.

Claire Brea pauses then says, "No, there is too much, let me sum up."

Claire Brea: "Yeah, there's a giant Moogle, essentially a Primal who is supposedly their ancient King. Seven Moogles that believe they are his guard summoned him. They're sorta all aetherically tied - can't harm the King if they guard are awake, but the guard can't be taken down individually cus the King revives them, so they all have to be knocked down at once."

Claire Brea points at a box near the door. "Once they are knocked out, the guard need to have nets tossed over 'em, while we're still fighting the King, cus once we finish the King, his aether dissipating will wake 'em all up and they'll go fluttering off."

Claire Brea: "And we kinda need to take the lot of 'em back to Gridania to Kan-E-Senna and the Moogle Chieftan."

Sami Sondraix thinks for a moment. "Seven moogles... okay so i only have, like, four limbs. Well I mean like I could, like, use my tail too, but like I haven;t trained with it and stuff and it's more like counterbalance anyway and junk? I should be able to help knock 'em out in like two go arounds, like I guess? I mean they're just floof and , like, toebeans and stuff right?"

Elviane Lefebvre just shakes her head, mumbling lowly. "I think I've found someone worse then Audry."

Veluren Moonstriker: "Why do I suddenly feel like our odds of success are slim?"

Audrelle Arbeaux has her tome opened and is reading. Whether or not she is actually paying attention to the conversations around her remains to be seen.

Claire Brea stares at Sami for a moment. "Uh. These are actually combat trained Moogles. They're just as good of fighters as most adventurers are, possibly better than most adventurers. The Scions even had difficulty with them - we're ahead of the game only because we have the Scion's report to build off of."

Claire Brea: "So we don't have to figure out the Moogles are aetherically linked, for example."
Sami Sondraix sighs. "That what, like, I was afraid of. I like had dreams of floof and hugs and punchies and junk, too..."

Claire Brea shakes her head. "No, no hugs with these ones. Not unless you're meaning to suplex one."

Trixie Trinity: "So what exactly is going on here?"

Veluren Moonstriker: "Homocidal moogles."

Trixie Trinity: "And why did I hear something about moogles?"

Sami Sondraix 's eyes brighten. "OOH! Suplexes are like hugs you can, like, give your enemies. I like that."

Claire Brea looks at Trinity. "We might have pissed of some Tempered Moogles who've since started trying to summon the ancient King of their bedtime stories to rampage over here and kill us - so we're preemptively heading over there to stop them, capture them, and take them to the Gridanians."

Trixie Trinity: "Sounds like fun."

Trixie Trinity: "Much better than eating a meal for some test."

Claire Brea slowly looks at Sami, deadpans, and nods once. "Or your wayward sons when they don't bother contacting you for years."

Sami Sondraix shrugs, "Don't have kids yet so I like can't say. But I like suplexed my husband like a few times and junk."

Claire Brea looks back to Trinity. "Eh. Not everything is being big damn heroes around here. I actually think the Gridanian's might be a bit upset at the fact that the Kid kidnapped a Moogle first and provoked all this. But, long and short is we have to go stop them before they actually summon the thing by sacraficing other Moogles to it."

Claire Brea: "Which is kind of the crux of the issue to begin with."

Claire Brea looks at Elviane. "Speaking of, when we arrive, you and I will be making sure those Moogles get released."

Trixie Trinity: "To fight a Primal again sounds good to me."

Elviane Lefebvre: "Sure~ Long as they aren't as bad as the one that Kym'a keep company with."

Claire Brea: "Look, I have no idea where that Moogle learned it's manners, aside from the time he's spent with Zak. It was bad before that though, it got worse after."

Claire Brea motions to the box by the door. "Anyroad. Everyone grab a net to throw on the Mooglesguard once they're all knocked out, and we'll get on our way to this Thornmarch."

Sami Sondraix: "Alright! Like, let's do this!"

Trixie Trinity: "Why do we have to use a net? No one has the arms to drag them?"

Claire Brea looks at Trinity. "When the King dissipates, his aether will revive them, and the little fuzzy fucks will flutter off."

Audrelle Arbeaux snaps her tome shut and walks out of the door.

Claire Brea: "The nets keep them from doing so."

Trixie Trinity: "Then keep them in a stranglehold. I'll lead by example."

Claire Brea: "No, we'll be dealing with an active King after that."

Claire Brea motions to the door. "I'll explain on the way."

Trixie Trinity shrugs.