

(Let's all pick a colour. I'll have this one. :) Also, it's helpful to make a comment on your character, listing any skills or abilities you find relevant!

Targ---((Targ is a novice blood mage, whose speciality tends to be of the medical sort. She also knows quite a bit of herbology and crystal warding, thanks to her mother's personal beliefs and teachings. She speaks fluent French and can read and write Arabic, due to a family history of Armenian Turks and Frenchmen. She's also a total geek when it comes to anime and pop culture references. Is also trained in the use of firearms by a Thomas Haeftehn, as well as hand to hand combat.))

Marsyas---((Young illuminati agent from Greece, specialized in archeology and history of art. Also axes and rifles, when it comes down to that. Speaks some broken French he learned working in the tourism industry, and close to perfect English. Not much of a geek but learned some stuff through osmosis. Has a big black dog, if they'll let him take it into the bar.))

Arthur---((Arthur is a rogue Illuminati Agent and the *estranged* son of local portal guru, Charles Price. He's a Ealdwic Brit with a cynical sense of humor. Arthur is skilled with a long sword and elemental magic (preferably plasmas). He knows how to use a firearm, but has not trained in its use for a while.))

Targ waited until late at night to head down town to *La Tour*.. Down where her grandmother told her it would be. In the shadiest, slimiest part of Paris. She looked the part as well. Wearing her worn brown punk blazer with some buttons from the good old days. Back when she and her twin brother shared a joint interest in screamo and heavy metal. Underneath that she wore a loose black sleeveless shirt that without the blazer would show a bit of sideboob. Her neck was covered with her signature belted choker. One that she would never take off no matter what the situation or occasion was. Her cargo pants a deep red, raised just above brown combat boots. Her blazer's sleeves were rolled up to reveal fingerless woven black gloves that would stop just before her elbows, as well as a beautiful amethyst ring upon her left finger. She entered past a group of French college students lingering around the front. Practically pushing through them upon her search for the apparent mole, Jay Thomas. She was also searching for a place where she and her fiance could talk without anyone bothering them.

She was growing tired of hearing her grandmother and grand aunt talking about how much they would be kicking ass right now if they were a few years younger. Tired of hearing talk about the glory days and how potent the Templar Order used to be. And how great the Illuminati would be at handling this situation. And how glad they were that she left the Order. And questions! Constant questions about the Phoenicians! She didn't even actually work for them, she just buys things from them! She'd most likely be selling things to them in the near future as well.

But that was a topic for another time, and Targ was already getting thirsty for the taste of some nice white wine. "Honeybun, do you want me to get you something to drink while I'm at the bar?" she asked the man behind her.

Tight patterned jeans. White shoes. White shirt. Leather jacket. Flat cap. Plain metal rings on either hand. The young man at the counter was dressed to impress - in a whole different part of Paris, at least. Still, he kept his infomercial smile on, not letting such small details - like his contact failing to mention the location of the bar, or even it's actual name in French - deter him from enjoying this fine evening. Also his mission.

Jay Thomas. He had a name and a photo, and he was presumably somewhere around here. Or he could ask the barman about him, if he'd ever deigned to actually turn around and ask for his order.

The barman, as it happened, was a middle-aged fellow with a hyper-alert look and a compulsive habit of chewing on a toothpick. He did turn, eventually, and give a questioning eyebrow. He leaned against the bar, sizing up the crew before him with a look of combined (somehow) boredom and anxiety.

(please, all three of you give the bartender one interesting detail that could be gleaned by a seasoned observer!)

(for Mar it would be the smile - it's plastered on, like you'd see on a hotel entertainer. fake as heck. professional smiler.)

(You can pick, but it would be his furrowed brow. He either looks concerned or pissed off)

((Targ always has a stubborn look in her eye. The sort you can find in most teens. Has yet to grow out of her rebellious stage))

He waited, to hear what they wanted.

Arthur stood right behind Targ. He was a foot taller than her and was wearing his black hoodie over a white buttoned up shirt. His wiry hair was held back by a black bandanna that sported white skull and crossbones all over it. His hands were firmly buried in his rough, blue jeans. He also seemed to have a slight nervous twitch as he occasionally tapped the floor with his sneakers. He was obviously uncomfortable being here. "Sure, hun. I'll have whatever you're having." He replied as his eyes shifted ever so slowly around the room.

Marsyas tapped his fingers on the counter, still smiling. "Un Amanda Palmer, s'il vous plait. Extra vodka." His French is... simple, would be the best word for it.

Targ on the other hand seemed to be rather at home here. As though she was the sort of person who'd sneak out in the dead of night just to visit a dark seedy place like this. Her eyes had a certain adventurous but stubborn gleam to them as she approached the bartender. "Certains Chenin Blanc pour mon fiancé et moi plaisent." ("Some Chenin Blanc for my fiance and I please.") she requested smoothly. Looking back at Arthur and offering him an encouraging smile. Patting the seat next to the one she would take for herself.

The 'tender sniffed, rubbing at his nose with a frayed handkerchief. he set to making the requested drinks - or something 'close enough' - with the sort of studied, long-suffering sense of chagrin one often found when Parisians suffered tourists. He was dressed as plainly as could be: a well-worn jumper, ragged jeans, and - hello there! The sort of polished fine leather boots that spoke to perhaps some secret vanity. He set the ordered drinks on the bar, and made a 'hurry up' gesture with one hand.

Targ couldn't help herself. She sort of just, leaned onto the bar a bit at the sight of the leather. She was curious, truth be told. 'Guy must've been recently loaded or something' she mused.

"Say, nice boots. Where'd ya get them?" she asked. Her French slipping into more of a street accent.

Arthur moved towards the bar and sat where Targ had gestured for him to. He dug into his pocket and procured a handful of Euros which he began to count.

Damn, the lady had stolen his question. With a nod and a thank, he paid for his drink and took a sip. Well. At least this one didn't ask what the drink was. It was a step up?

He leaned closely on the bar, waiting for the answer and, possibly, a hook in the conversation where he could ask about his 'friend'.

He seemed a bit startled at the mention of his boots, but to his credit didn't look down involuntarily. "From the cobbler." he answered, completely deadpan. He was...joking...right? He set his knees on the bar. "Mlle Punk-Rocker, if you wanted to compliment me so forward, you should buy *me* a drink." he teased, with the first spot of humour they'd seen from him.

Targ smirked, amused by the guy's sense of humor. "Must've been a pretty pricey cobbler. The only person I know who can afford shoes like that holds shares in the stock market." She'd continue, before digging into her blazer for a pocket purse full of euros. It was set upon the counter, with Targ shooting him an inquiring gaze. "But sure. Just not before you tell me which cobbler you bought them from. I really have to recommend him to my friend."((tag))

Arthur placed the money for their drinks on the counter. "My fiance has an eye for the finer things. Wish I could afford to indulge her more often." He said. He cracked a slight grin before taking a sip from the mystery glass.

He drew back - shutting down just a bit. Or perhaps he was just hiding very well how the pouch of money drew his eye. "They are not from around here, Mlle - I am so sorry." he didn't sound a bit sorry. "Perhaps, if Miss would tell me what brought her?" this time, his look at the money was pointed.

“Telllll you what” Targ started to say, pocketing the coin purse out of sight. “Tell me where I can find a Jay Thomas, and I might be willing to give you a good tip for your services, That sound okay?” she prodded. Smiling a very friendly smile all the while.((tag))

Arthur tucked the rest of his cash back into his pocket and waited patiently for the barman to respond to her question.

Might? And...Now they weren't even paying for drinks? The man betrayed no sign of displeasure but a very slight narrowing of his eyes, but the disappearance of the cash seemed to be the reason. “Whatever Miss would prefer.” he said, with forced politeness, which was his way of saying exactly the opposite. “I'm so sorry, I don't recall such a gentleman.” he said, his expression almost comically sorry.

“That's too bad.” Targ said, before placing a generous amount of euros on the counter. Leaving behind her drink. She turned away, as though she were about to leave. Her hand still in her blazer. “Let's go hun.”

When she was almost out the door, his voice came, thoughtful. “...American?” The money had, of course, vanished.

“Yeah! Something of the sort!” Targ stopped midstep, turning to face him with a knowing gaze. “Where is he?”

“Well...” the man rubbed his jaw. “There *is* an American who comes to drink.” he said, thoughtfully. “He drinks cheap american beer and puts his basketball shoes on the table.” he looked up. “Is this your ‘Thomas’?”

Targ put her hands upon her hips---heroine style. He had to be. He was American, and rude to boot. For her, he fit the description quite well. “Yup! Pretty certain!” she told him, before walking back up to the counter and placing herself back upon the chair. Reaching forward to grab her drink to sip from it. “Does he ever talk about anything interesting. Say, the sewers or the catacombs for example. Heard any good rumors?”

Arthur had not moved an inch since the discussion began. He was merely an audience member enjoying the show. He held back a chuckle and took another sip before taking out the cash. He firmly held the money within the barman's reach. “Yes. Where does our *American* like to hang out? I'm sure he must have spoken about something.”

“He *may* come to drink his terrible American beer. The guy scratched at his cheek a bit. “Puts his shoes on that table, there. See, the mess?” he pointed.

And sure enough - not half an hour went by before a young man came in, giving an upnod to the Rook, and plopping his trainers on the table. He leaned back, using both hands to fluff his sandy brown, carefully-tousled hair to get that perfect 'I don't care about my hair at all' look. He wore a simple blue button-up and jeans, and seemed a bit fidgety. He looked around, as if trying to look for someone without being obvious about it.

The Rook just lifted his eyebrows and jerked an elbow toward the young American, as if to say '**Can you believe this guy?**'

Targ comedically shrugged at the Rook. Just shrugged. A sort of loopy half-smirk. She wasn't too concerned though. The guy was essentially a dork anyways. "I'll take care of him" she whispered to the Rook. "You don't have to worry about him dirtying up your counter today."

With that she approached the poor fellow, a welcoming smile. She was carrying with her the pale alcoholic drink. "Hey pal, if I buy you a drink would you get those shoes off the table? This isn't like those silly American bars, where everyone always sits back in their chair, smoking *indoors....obnoxiously.*" She tried her best to keep a serious, offended looking face as she said this. She just couldn't get over his hair. Much emphasis was put on the Street Parisienne accent she had put work into perfecting during the last few months.

The guy looked up, startled, and pushed himself up a bit, like a kid caught zoning out at school. His trainers clomped down on the ground, sending a shock through his whole body. "Uh..h-hi?" Yes. His voice actually cracked. "What's up, guys?"

"Ooooh nothing much. We were just looking for you! We were thinking you went into the *catacombs* without us my friend. Which would be a shame ya know. I was thinking we could take the guided tour. Show you around. I'm not sure if you know this but there's some famous people buried there!" she grinned supportively. "I mean, you don't want to go in blind don't you?" She would press further. Acting as though they were all a bunch newly formed friends in some sort of foreign exchange program. There was a bit of implication there near the end.

"Uh..." the dude pushed himself fully upright in his chair now, shaking his head quickly. "I...I actually kinda got the impression they weren't like, buried so much as like... stacked." he scooted his chair back a bit. "**In piles.**" he gestured

"Which is why I think it would be so cool for us to go there!" Targ continued. Sitting down next to him and leaning onto the table with her elbows. "You don't get to see places that do that too often! And it just so happens that Paris has one as big as the city. Sort of makes you wonder how big those piles are right?"

He shifted in his chair, eyes flicking toward the ceiling, then dropping to regard the strange sigils carved into the bar table in front of him. He catches a bit of his shoe-mud, and nervously rubs his hand against his jeans. "Yeah, I dunno. Like...it sounds pretty, uh, spooky. I dunno if I'd go

unless I like, had to..." he trailed off. After a second, he looked away and then back at her, as if hoping she'd get bored and wander off. "Unless I like, *really* had to. Yeah, uh, not my scene."

Marsyas had been conspicuously silent until that moment, making his drink and the following one last a while, occasionally checking his phone. If the Rook had any problem with his odd behaviour, he hadn't made it known in so many words. And the other two, obviously secret worlders, had been doing all the job for him, asking the questions and paying the money up front.

Since Thomas has made his entrance he had waited, listening in on the conversation, and this looked like a good moment as any to actually get involved. Drink in hand, he got closer to the trio, without actually joining them

"Maybe the kid just isn't that much into catacombs. There's just so many things to do and see around here in Paris. The wines. The neighborhoods. **Ancient relics. Birding.**" He put a stronger emphasis on the last two. "Kiki says hi, by the way. Wants to know how you've been doing."

((Tag! and Kiki = Said's nick for Kirsten Geary))

There was a quick, naked flash of *aww shit* across the guy's face, then he quickly gets his expression in order, though his voice is still a pitch higher. "Oh, cool. Uh, *dunno who that is* but uh, real sweet of her to think of me. I guess." he said, giving a too-wide smile. "Tell her I'm, you know, doin' ok or whatever. Paris is pretty great." he nods until his head wobbles, and scoots back to make room for Marsyas to sit.

"Ooh ancient relics?" Targ crooned with some interest, looking between the two. "What sort of ancient relics?" She further inquired. Looking verrrry interested.

"Yeah I dunno a lot about that, uh, they don't 'zactly...tell...me." he trails off. "I just.." he leaned forward, lowering his voice to a whisper. "I just heard about it."

"Mind telling us what it is you've heard?" Targ asked him, her voice settling into a whisper as well. Knowing a confidential conversation when she heard it.

Arthur took out his phone and glanced at it for a moment before tucking it back into his coat pocket. He lazily got up, leaving his drink, and patted Targ on the shoulder before heading out of the Rook.

"I uhh...that's it, really." he chews on the inside of his cheek a bit. "Somebody told that guy." he gestured toward the Rook "That he hadta', uh, **'take care' of the relics.** Like deal with em. He didn't like it much. He was all 'I don't do that anymore' and **they were like 'then innocent people will dieeee' and he totally folded!**" he'd gotten a bit more animated as he'd talked, then caught himself, and sat back again. "I wouldn'ta known any of that, 'cept I was deaf as a kid. I can read lips."

“Huh...” Targ tried not to stare at the bartender at this revelation. Before glancing over at Arthur as he left with some concern. Though this news made her extra curious. She wondered if these artefacts were being stowed away at this very spot. Or something to that effect. It did make sense if they were. “Wait, did you get a chance to see what this guy looked like? Or recall anything about him...at all?”

His face screwed up. “I...huh.” His eyes skittered sideways for a moment, and he chewed his cheek, deliberating something. A hard swallow.

“No clue. Sorry.” he gave a sigh. “Uh, you guys...you like..we’re.. you know. We’re...” he tried to make an ‘**illuminati hand sign**’ without looking like an idiot. He looked like an idiot anyway. “Right?”

Marsyas raised the tip of his glass. “Yep. Well, I am anyway. Don’t know about Hart to Hart here.” He wondered briefly if Thomas had ever heard of that show, then decided he didn’t actually care. “Did you see any crates of suspicious stuff being carried around here? Extra shipments beyond the usual times? Or saw the Rook go to weird places outside his usual schedule?”

“Factionless I’m afraid, though that isn’t to say we don’t have our connections.” Targ muttered, taking a sip from her drink as her eyes glazed over the Rook for any sort of clues that pertained to what Marsyas was speaking about.

“Man, I ain’t *never* seen that guy anywhere else but here.” Jay leans back in his seat. “Prob’ly he gets **Evgenie...**” his thumb jerked toward the barmaid “To do all his buying for him. He’s so married to this place I bet he prob’ly *lives* here.” he rolls his eyes. “I see people bringing boxes in all the time, but...I mean, it’s a bar.” he shrugs. “Nothin’ specially big or interesting looking or like..makin’ noises...” he shook his head.

From what Targ can say, Jay Thomas is spot-on. The Rook does look very much like a man who’s married to his bar.

Moments later, Arthur would return. he strode right up to the three of them and stood casually behind the kid. he seemed to have a grin on his face. “Sorry about that, Hun. Had to take care of some business.” He said towards Targ. He then looked towards the lad. “We’re quite interested in taking a trip down into the **catacombs**. From what I heard you know quite a bit. You must have been down there a lot. That’s damn **brave** of you. I don’t suppose you’d show us? Could make it worth your time.”

Almost instantly, the guy was shaking his head so fast his teeth rattled. “Oh no no no no oh *hell* no hell *fucking no*.” he said, without thinking about it. “I mean, I’m not gonna tell you how to live

your life. Go get chewed to pieces or smashed or..." he swallowed hard and calmed down a bit. "Yeah, somebody I lo..somebody I know went down there, and...." he rubbed at his face. After a moment he reached into his back pocket and pulled out a battered field notebook. He scribbled a number into it, tore out the page.

"Ok. So there's another Blue Kid, comes in here to fuck and fight. Walks like a badass." he shrugged and pushed the number over to Targ. "Name's Xi. She'll take you down there. Still say you're crazy, though."

Arthur winked at Targ as Jay Thomas wrote down the number. "I must have missed something while I was out. Sounds incredibly dangerous down there." He said with a raised brow before moving away from Jay. "Thankfully we are the right kind of crazy to investigate."

"Uh, yeah. You know whatever's down there chewed through half the Templar in the city, right?" he said, shaking his head with an incredulous expression. He pushed himself back from the table, "But uh...good luck, right?"

Arthur pondered for a moment about what he just said. 'Half the Templar in the city'. They'll need more than just bullets to counter whatever is down there.

"We'll be fiiiiine" Targ assures Jay, in a semi-insistent manner. Inwardly she wasn't so confident, but her resolve to face danger head on was far stronger than her fears. "I mean, if anything. At least I can say I went down in a bloodbath." she added with a wink. Feeling pretty good about this sort of thing. And if they got out alive, she wanted to speak to Evgenie a bit as well. "Anyways, I think we're good here...right hun?" she started to stand up, drowning the last of her wine. "Was really nice meeting you Thomas."

Arthur nodded in agreement and gave Jay a slight smile as he waited for Targ to exit with him.

"Yeah. Uh, nice knowin ya." Jay answered, slinging his back over his shoulder and giving a vague sort of wave as he headed out.

(Looks like that's a wrap! Everyone good? I'm adding it to the reports! :D

bottom of the doc

Remember: it's helpful to **bold** anything you especially want me to see and respond to. Thanks!