

the Anywhere Cafe, starting at #15445

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-05 01:11:17 | 15445

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

During much of the time that Sidney has known Tristan, he's been a more cautious person than he was previously. When they met, he had largely furloughed himself from overseas journalistic and shamanic work, and mostly stuck to Maine, to the cottage he had acquired, and the ever-broadening circle of acquaintances he'd made there. Unsurprisingly, though, over time that changed; it's hard for him to stay put that much, and as he seemed to recover physically and—to some extent—metaphysically from the events that landed him in Maine in the first place, he let himself start drifting back to some of those places. At first it had been to visit former Dreamspeaker friends and acquaintances in some of those old haunts. And then, eventually, it had been an assignment or two, from papers or magazines he'd worked for previously. Occasionally, those two spheres overlapped.

It wasn't as though Sidney didn't have her own work at times, after all, with the pack she ran with. And as much as Tristan liked teaching with the little collective of fellow willworkers he'd fallen in with, it wasn't the same as the field. Nothing ever is. And mostly, he tries to play it wise, to not get in so deep that Quiet creeps up on him again. Mostly, he manages it. The times that fall outside of *mostly*, well, Sidney's sometimes the one to spot eccentricity tipping over into delusion, and yank him back.

So when an acquaintance in Istanbul contacted him over some matter of mystical import, and life had been quiet for a while, it was impossible for Tristan to resist. The problem sounded interesting, and, giving him some mundane cover, Istanbul is roiling with unrest. It wasn't hard for him to pitch a story to an editor—never mind that he doesn't speak Turkish, but he's got other languages and a stringer he's worked with before—and he was off, just as Sidney's pack had their own matter to attend to. A couple weeks, he'd promised, and if it went longer, he'd let her know.

Exactly one day past that cutoff, Sidney would receive a voicenote from an unfamiliar Turkish phone number. The voice, however, is definitely Tristan's. And he doesn't exactly sound—good, even taking into account that the message is warped and distorted from some kind of interference.

...still here, I'm fine, just that...find Yusuf, not sure...go back over, something's not right...in Şile, find Nezihe Kemal, she'll...you what you need...tu me manques, à bientôt.

Şile, as it turns out, is a town an hour, hour and a half out from Istanbul's city centre. And when nothing more is forthcoming from Tristan—and when trying to ring back the number that the voice note came from turns out fruitless, all texts failing to deliver—it sure looks like Sid needs to somehow get herself to Turkey, and to a pretty little seaside town on the Black Sea. Nezihe Kemal she will trace to a slightly more run down apartment building a couple miles away from that very pretty seaside.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-05 01:46:57 | 15446

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

Sidney isn't much for people. By now Tristan knows everything, and with no lies or pretenses this time - he's been fully onboarded, to an extent her packmates might be uncomfortable with if she'd bothered to tell them. Gabriel had gone his own way and she'd lost that linchpin but gained another in the Dreamspeaker, and she needed him to know why she slept so poorly, why she always retreated when he had company. That she didn't truly hate him during their worst moments, and they did have worst moments. Inevitable, when cohabitating with a werewolf.

This baby's got a temper.

The routine they'd gradually fallen into suits her well. She needs the structure in her life. He has his projects, his mentees, and these are good opportunities for her to run with Birdie and the others. Put boot to ass or whatever else needed doing; she's versatile, and although she's absolutely shit as a traditional Galliard she owns her role in other ways. The comms are always clean and crisp, interference is dialed out. They **always** have a signal and she can get into systems and obtain intelligence that informs their next steps. She's **very** good at what she does, even if she can't operate by the old traditions. Can't talk, can't howl, can't do a lot of things. Her reputation is poor both with the spirits and the Nation from when she'd gone it alone to prove that she could. Sometimes there's that draw to do that again, to isolate, throw away everything but Tristan and hold onto him with both hands. But that kind of codependency isn't healthy. He'd helped her understand. And so had her brother.

So when she returns to the flophouse she crashes at while away, receives that message, she's calm. It sounds a little dramatic, maybe even dangerous, but Tristan knows his shit and she has to trust that he's not gotten himself into something he can't get back out of. She can't zero in on his location from that number, can't get through, but she **always** gets through and that does strike a little panic through her. She turns that into urgency, throwing some clothes, cigarettes and a few guns into a milsurp duffel. **Better bring some water too.** And she looks up the carry

laws for Turkey as well, discovering them to be labyrinthine enough that she leaves the longarms behind. If they decide to stop her and check her bags, well, she'll deal with that later.

Getting across the world would be a problem for her in theory, since she doesn't *do* airplanes. It's just a recipe for disaster, nowhere to go, surrounded by scents and voices. But she's got the Umbra, and the Umbra has her. She crawls through the cracked bathroom mirror and into the other side, and from there it's even faster than a Boeing. On this side of things, she's strong enough to kill anything she can't run from, with a rare few exceptions. She drops back out in an empty men's room in a shitty dance club in Beyoğlu that's mostly abandoned at this hour. She gets an odd look as she exits from someone about to enter, but she doesn't even meet his gaze, just weaves around him with her bag slung over her shoulder. Once outside, she fires up a cigarette and waves down a cab.

She doesn't speak Turkish but then, she doesn't speak anything at all. Her smartphone on the other hand speaks basically everything. She slides in the back and quickly taps out a message. Holding it toward the driver, the pleasant voice issuing from it is at odds with her dark and mysterious brooding as the device provides the address of Nezihe Kemal's apartment building.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-05 02:25:01 | 15450

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

The cab ride is uneventful, other than the driver clocking Sid as foreign and definitely trying to overcharge her for the trip, particularly since she is so obdurately silent the whole time. But she winds up delivered to the building in question otherwise uneventfully, and the street is disarmingly ordinary. Open windows from a few buildings are playing competing music, of several genres and tempos, and a handful of people on the sidewalks, either returning from or heading off to run errands.

There's no directory or labeled mailboxes on the small building to point her at the correct apartment, but the digital trail would have indicated it was unit 9, which turns out to be on the third, and topmost, story. There is a locked door of metal mesh to get past, but that is unlikely to present much of an obstacle to the Glass Walker, either: the lock is analog, and nothing extraordinary, and people do occasionally go in and out as well, potentially offering opportunities.

Once she reaches the correct unit, if she knocks, there's no answer. What she does get from *behind* her, a moment later, is the voice of a woman who has just reached the top of the stairs

and has seen Sidney at the door, and Sid doesn't need to understand Turkish to guess that the person is demanding something along the lines of *who the hell are you* or *what the hell are you doing*. Her interrogator turns out to be a woman of around thirty-five, in a loose grey shirt and faded jeans, a variety of bracelets on her left wrist, and a bandage on her right forearm. She looks a *kind of* like the couple low-quality images of Nezihe Kemal that Sidney might have been able to dig up.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-05 02:42:44 | 15452

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

She doesn't tip the cabbie to make him happy, she tips him to *leave*. A tap from her phone transfers funds from a credit card she'd stolen from someone she'd recently killed. Oh no, there's probably going to be a currency change fee. *Shucks.* She has a wad of American currency jammed into her pocket but she's not even sure if he'll accept that, so for now the NFC is her friend. She slips outside, hefts her duffel, fires up another smoke and commits to about fifteen minutes of recon from a patch of darkness just big enough to contain her.

Spotting an opening, she makes her quiet entrance. Not that she'd had a *ton* of time to loiter but she's reasonably sure this isn't some den of criminals that are liable to shoot her up for trespassing (not like that would do them any good). Her own firearms stay in the bag, no need for them here. Too noisy and she can deal with anyone she needs to easy enough with just her hands in these enclosed spaces. She makes the rounds, embracing the tradecraft as she pretends to know where she's going, avoiding talking to anyone. Hood up. She's *fucking* pretty which can cause a lot of problems but hiding her face in shadow solves a lot of those.

After sniffing around at the tangle of wifi networks (Didn't change the manufacturer password? Really? And that one *crumbled* to a dictionary attack) she has a pretty good idea of population, what people are up to, who's home, who's out. It's incomplete, of course. Almost everyone has at least a smartphone these days, but some things you only learn by doing. So, *knock knock* goes her tattooed hand. The voice from behind makes her jump. Bad idea to sneak up on a werewolf, but she decides not to make an issue of that now. She tugs her phone out, closes all the cracking software that she'd left running, and opens up her text-to-speech app.

"I'm looking for Nezihe Kemal. Tristan sent me. I'm not a cop."

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-05 17:13:36 | 15459

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Sidney's digital surveillance will reveal that her initial intuition about the building was correct: whatever illegal things might be going on here are the kind of petty, low-level stuff that might happen anywhere, and this is not some den of iniquity but just the kind of slightly run-down, slightly cramped apartment building that's maybe not entirely up to code and where maybe slightly too many people are living that you get in neighborhoods that haven't completely priced people into oblivion yet.

Nezihe—for it's almost certainly her—raises her eyebrows slightly at the text-to-speech app and the artificially cheery female voice that comes out of the phone. But the words themselves don't startle or perplex her: Tristan's name is clearly one she recognizes.

She makes a little flicking motion to usher Sidney away from her door, and then unlocks it, letting the garou inside. This is obviously not a conversation she wants to have in an open area where nosy neighbors might overhear it.

The flat is furnished simply, a little shabbily, but everywhere one looks there are plants. Some of them might be familiar to Sidney from Tristan's ritual space, some of which are potentially toxic, or have other notable effects. Others would be totally unfamiliar. Tristan is a bit of a hobbyist with his plants; Nezihe is clearly more serious.

Less visible, but also perhaps striking, is that the space has a kind of spiritual **substance** or density to it, and—perhaps relatedly—a pretty thin digital or electronic footprint. No wifi at the moment, little in the way of electronic noise beyond what one might expect the minimum of household appliances to generate.

Nezihe has stalked over to the kitchen counter, and placed a couple of canvas shopping bags there. "What do you mean," she demands, in accented but clear English, "Tristan sent you?" There's a kind of unspoken **prove it** in the question. She doesn't know Sidney, and doesn't trust her, but she also isn't discounting the possibility that she's telling the truth.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-05 17:53:54 | 15460

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

Sidney steps back at the gesture, doing her level best not to be affronted. She's in a strange country surrounded by people who don't know either of the languages she's fluent in, she has severe anger management issues, and Tristan is for all intents and purposes missing. Needless to say, she's a little on edge. But so is Nezihe, it seems. She can let the brusque mannerisms slide. She follows behind and finds a place to toss her ruck, though she remains standing for the conversation because the other woman does.

She gets a few gestures into a signed reply before she finishes running through the odds that this probable poisoner knows ASL and returning to the phone. The plants catch her dark eyes, briefly raising the hope that Tristan's nearby before she dismisses that thought too. He hadn't invited her over to have tea at his new friend's place, because he knows she invariably hates his friends. She is not very fun at parties. And her hostess sure doesn't seem like she was expecting guests, either. But the plants, that's something in common...

Oh. She's a *mage*.

The werewolf had been trying to learn about plants, partly out of an interest in her partner's hobbies but also because she's been trying to build up her medical skills since she... has none. It's been a low priority, she still hasn't really had the time to do much more than thumb through the first aid book she'd picked up, but what she *did* grok is that the way Tristan does things, his mysticism and his practice, are not replicable. Not any more than Tristan could turn into a hulking, steel-furred death machine that can turn off guns like flicking a switch.

Anyway, it's back to the device. Coherence is easier in English, the translation software is always a bit iffy. "He's my boyfriend. He sent me a garbled voice message telling me to come here. I can't reach him. I need to know where he is and if he's in trouble." There's a bit of an age gap between them, to be sure, and it's worse than it looks since Metis grow up a little faster but he'll probably still outlive her because his job involves writing and teaching and her job involves fighting trained soldiers with her bare hands. These are details she politely leaves out. She doesn't even know if he's told this woman anything about her and that's a lot to volunteer unprompted.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-05 19:57:23 | 15461

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

The moment Sidney starts signing, the other woman makes a slight, negating gesture, indicating that, indeed, she's not going to get anything from an explanation in that fashion. The voice-to-text app might be a bit slower, but at least it's going to be comprehensible.

Sidney does get the slightly raised eyebrows that she might have expected upon declaring herself Tristan's girlfriend. But Nezihe, at least, doesn't say anything, and schools her face back to some kind of tense neutrality quick enough. The age difference between the Dreamspeaker and this young woman isn't really the problem at hand. At the mention of a message, she draws in a short, sharp breath.

"Can I hear the message?" she asks. There's a low urgency in her voice, not **quite** the same as what Sidney's been feeling since getting the message, but not unrelated, either. She's **worried**.

When Sid plays it for her, she leans in, listening intently. And once it's done, she spends a long moment clearly just mulling over exactly what to say next. "What do you know," she asks finally, "about what Tristan does? Besides the reporting?"

Sidney might have clocked Nezihe as some kind of mage, but the other woman is not entirely sure what to make of Sidney. She doesn't **seem** like a Sleeper, but she hasn't exactly revealed herself as anything else, not entirely.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-05 20:59:14 | 15462

**Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn**

**Firefly* | Glasswalker | Notoriety*

She's good enough at tapping out messages on her smartphone that it's not **too** much of a delay, but her hands got the better of her momentarily. They're better off occupied one way or another at present, because otherwise she'd be cracking knuckles, making fists, or just letting them twitch nervously. To the average Sleeper she's always strangely imposing, tickling something unspoken at their basal ganglia. Mages are made of sterner stuff though, she doesn't pose the same kind of danger to them. Well, maybe she does, but not on a metaphysical level.

While the message is playing, she's staring at Nezihe's face expectantly. And once it's over, her patience quickly wears thin until she's wearing her nerves on her sleeve. All she can do to keep from pacing, lighting up another cigarette. Tearing this motherfucker down. **That** won't help her find her missing Dreamspeaker. She lets out an audible huff of air, a little indignant in the face of the questioning. It's the opposite of what she wants. She closes her eyes and tries to control her breathing like Tristan had shown her.

And then she opens them and her thumbs tap-tap at the black mirror in her hands. "I know he works with spirits, I know that nobody would believe the things that he can do. He used to work with my brother, who is a Chakravant." It's the truth and it's what she wants to hear, but it's not what Sidney finds the most important. *I know how he takes care of me, I know the way he holds me when the nightmares are too much and he makes me herbal tea to help me go back to sleep even if it's 2AM and he has to be up in three hours to get to the airport. I know I'm a lot and I know he thinks I'm worth it.*

She blinks away the moisture in her eyes, briefly looking away as though some sudden movement to her side had caught her attention. "If he is in danger then I will end the danger." No qualifiers there. And of course, her electronic voice does not waver or break.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-05 21:52:27 | 15463

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Sidney gets one more long, searching stare. Her evident emotion softens the other woman's gaze a bit, but there are, of courses, pieces of the story that feel discordant. Sidney is a mage's partner, and another mage's sister, but hasn't claimed that for herself. Finally, Nezihe sighs, running her hands through her wavy hair, and then leans against the counter, looking exhausted. When she speaks, she doesn't look *at* Sidney, but beyond her.

"I know where he probably is," she says finally.

"Yusuf, *my* partner, needed help. From another Dreamspeaker. Like himself. He's the keeper of a door to a place where we—those of our Tradition—can store things. Or knowledge. The kind of knowledge you don't write down, or record in mundane ways. There are things, yes? That must be remembered in someone, something living? This, ah..." She trails off, groping for a word she can't find, some mystical idea whose English equivalent eludes her, at least at the moment. "...small realm, on the other side of the Gauntlet, it holds such things. Sometimes someone who shouldn't hears of it. Comes looking."

She starts fussing about at the sink and stove, taking a package of coffee from one of the canvas bags and adding it to the *cezve* on the stove, then pouring in water. As she lights the stove, she keeps talking. "No one's come in years. But with the riots, the protests, mmm, this bad man, Silcox, he seems to see an opportunity, he brings another, they come looking. This is when Yusuf asks for help, and Tristan comes."

Flatly, without looking at Sid, she adds, “They killed Yusuf. And they found the door. The one, Silcox, doesn’t make it through, he’s hurt badly and doesn’t see the wards, so,” she clicks her tongue quietly, dispassionately, indicating that Silcox’s error was rather lethal. “But the other, we don’t find him. I don’t know where Tristan goes, looking for him. No word. I bury Yusuf yesterday and then today,” she gestures at Sidney. “Then today, there is you. And this.” Nodding at the phone, meaning the message Sidney sent.

“They must have gone over. Both of them. And I can’t,” she draws in another sharp breath, “I can’t follow. I can’t go there.” Her mouth tightens briefly. “I am not like Yusuf and Tristan. I am a—a lesser talent.” A static mage, a sorcerer, rather than fully Awakened. Sidney likely doesn’t need it spelled out for her—Tristan would have described his own Awakening, the years he spent as a similar *lesser talent*, unable to break through until, at last, he did. Nezihe, meanwhile, remains dry-eyed, but her tension and sharpness now perhaps read a bit differently to Sidney than as the stonewalling it might have upon her arrival.

“Can you?” she asks, point-blank.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-05 22:43:29 | 15464

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

/roll 5d10

Rage, diff 6

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<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>5d10: 1, 3, 1, 10, 10 = <b>25</b></div>  
</div>
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Sidney Graves / 2025-05-05 22:47:54 | 15465

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

It's something she'd come close to mentioning before, but there's no telling how anyone would react to that news even if she knew them better than she knew Nezihe Kemal. At least it's some

small comfort that Tristan isn't going around telling everyone he's dating a werewolf but when would that even come up? *By the way, when you meet her, maybe lay off the dog jokes.*

When the other woman makes the decision to tell her, she immediately has the full attention of those big eyes, fixed in an unblinking stare as she tells her story. The thing she describes sounds like a vault, or maybe a prison. Sid thinks Ashes would have a better idea of what's going on here but she's made a conscious effort to compartmentalize her existence, and now isn't the time to be calling her up for some random Umbral trivia. She winces sympathetically as the sorcerer explains about her own partner, so recently gone. And Tristan's missing, along with an unnamed malefactor.

Her teeth grind behind closed lips, muscles in her cheeks tense. The thought of Tristan being trapped somewhere in the spirit world with a thief, or worse, obviously torques her badly. She tastes blood, only to realize it's her own gums. The hand not holding her phone turns into a trembling fist and it takes effort to will it apart, to flex her fingers until they can move independently again. Losing her shit right now would not only be unproductive, it would absolutely scarper any chance she has of saving her man.

She forces out a shaky exhale, breathes in deep. Tamping it down. This isn't going to help him. She nods in reply to the question. "Tell me everything you know about it." Directions. It's hidden, a Traditional secret. Presumably knowing about its existence isn't enough for a stranger to stumble across it. She's less worried about the wards and what they might do to her than she is finding the damn place at all, because she's tough as hell and thousands of years of Garou tradition has taught her that running into problems face-first is often the best solution.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-05 23:53:29 | 15467

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Nezihe shakes her head slightly. "I'll take you." She stirs the coffee in its pot. "I don't know much about it. It was Yusuf's work. And what I don't know, I can't reveal. He called it the House." Whether that's euphemistic or in some way genuine, she can't and doesn't say.

"He loved it. Very much." And why that detail feels important, Nezihe doesn't say, as she adds sugar, and then, from pouch she takes from a cupboard, a pinch of something aromatic, ground to a fine dust. After another good stir, she reaches for a pair of demitasses, and pours the coffee into them. She offers one to Sidney.

“This will help—it will tell the wards to let you by.” It’s not clear immediately, perhaps, why Nezihe needs to drink it too, since she’s already admitted she can’t cross, but Sidney’s paranoia might land on the plausible reason after a moment: because if Nezihe drinks it, too, it’s a little gesture indicating that she has no intention of poisoning Sidney. Whatever it is, it’s (probably) something safe. Even if most mundane poisons would have precious little effect on the Glass Walker—but that’s not something the sorcerer could know.

She blows across the surface of her coffee before she takes a sip, wincing at the scalding heat. “I liked him,” she says quietly, after a moment. “Tristan. He seems kind.” A trait that is never guaranteed among willworkers. She downs the rest of the coffee in two quick swallows, and then finds her keys among the bags on the counter. Once Sidney has consumed the coffee, Nezihe beckons for her to follow.

They walk, and the walk isn’t short—a good forty-five minutes, and only a little of it seems to involve doubling back occasionally, or taking a more circuitous route, in order to shake off any possible tails. They’re closer to the waterfront by the end of it, on a more deserted street where one side is really just a hill, with an old, crumbling wall built into it. Nezihe follows the curve of the street around a corner, where it dead-ends, and they’re shielded largely from view. There’s nothing in particular that indicates a **door** immediately, but Nezihe peels back the bandage on her arm, revealing a nasty, recently-stitched cut, and, scarcely flinching, prods slightly at it until a bit of blood oozes between the stitches. She dabs it on her fingertips, and then on a particular stone on the wall. She offers Sid the knife, so she can do the same, motioning for her to dab the blood in the same place. Once she does, there is a faint sheen to the stones, roughly in the shape of a door. Or at least, a slightly narrow rectangle not quite six feet high.

“Right here,” Nezihe says firmly. “Either side, you just go across. **Here** will take you **there**.”

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-06 00:54:45 | 15468

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

/roll 6d10 v7

Gnosis, +WP

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<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>6d10 vs 7: <b>10</b>, 5, <b>9</b>, 2, 1, <b>7</b> = <b>34</b> (<i>3
successes</i>)</div>
</div>
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Sidney Graves / 2025-05-06 00:57:11 | 15469

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

If it were poison it might at least make her uncomfortable, perhaps even sick. And there's a good chance she'd be able to taste it. But with Nezihe taking her own share, she doesn't bother to worry about it, drinking it straight - scalding hot. It's better than the crap she makes at her flophouse and might be a nice change of pace at Tristan's too; she'll have to look it up later. What, exactly, she drank. After the initial taste she downs it about as fast as her hostess to free up her hands so she can stay in communication. "He's the sweetest man I've ever met." She's a Metis and her ex before Tristan was a world-class dickhead, so the bar was set pretty low, but that doesn't mean she doesn't recognize a good thing when she sees it. "He's good for me. I hope I'm good for him too."

Before they get moving, she takes the opportunity to slip a revolver under her jacket. Just in case they run into something funky along the way. The bombastic spirit bound inside of it is always ready to party, and it'll come across with her just fine without needing to be bagged. There are a couple other weapons in the duffel but she leaves them inside, shouldering the luggage for now. If things **really** go crazy, then hopefully Nezihe's aim is as good as her coffee. That Silcox guy hadn't been alone and it's anyone's guess who else he's got involved in this.

Of course, not **everything** is a worldwide apocalyptic conspiracy. But she lives in a universe where some things **are**.

Sidney chain smokes as they go, burning end to end, not needing prompting to keep a weather eye out for trouble. She doesn't complain about the roundabouts, the precautions, they just make sense to her and she follows the sorceress' lead. Her butts are tossed into bins where they won't stand out rather than onto the ground like breadcrumbs, the smoke helping to shroud her face and keep people from engaging. When they arrive and Nez hands her the knife, she slashes herself across the palm - a piss-poor place to do that outside of cinema, but easier to hide when the cut closes up almost immediately. She just clenches her fingers and forces some blood out, and otherwise keeps her hand obscured as she paints her contribution onto the stones.

Portals aren't really her thing, she's more into mirrors and the shining door isn't exactly reflective. But she's been dealing with mage bullshit for years, to the point where she could name most of the spheres of influence and several of the Traditions, so she's always game to at least try to play their games. But before she does, she shifts the knife to her 'wounded' hand and reaches into her jacket pocket for the wad of cash. It's a few hundred Ameros, nothing crazy, but

it just feels like she ought to offer *something*. "Thank you, Nezihe. Tristan means more to me than you can know. I can take it from here." The knife does have a reflection; she leans it against the doorway, hedging her bet as she focuses herself on the other side. Within seconds, the reflection expands, becomes everything, massive, big enough to drive a Dodge Ram through. But all she does, is step.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-06 01:16:59 | 15473

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

/roll 8d10

Perception+Alertness

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<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>8d10: 3, 10, 9, 6, 8, 3, 5, 2 = <b>46</b></div>  
</div>
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Tristan Capell / 2025-05-06 01:47:48 | 15474

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

The other woman doesn't refuse the cash, but there's a beat before she takes it, in a calm and measured gesture, from Sidney's hand. "Kill him," Nezihe says quietly. "The other." It probably doesn't need to be said, but there's a burning intensity in her voice that means the words were probably going to come out no matter what. She's grieving, she's furious. "*İyi Şanslar.*" *Good luck.* Some things need no translation.

Sid had thought that the House, based on Nezihe's scant description, had sounded like a vault or a prison. What she steps into, however, is quite different: a lofty marble vestibule with vaguely Byzantine architecture, the pillars inlaid with asymmetrical, abstract mosaics in vivid color. There are several small plinths in several places, near the walls, all but one of them empty.

There are not, it seems, any doors, that she can see.

Examining the space more closely reveals various oddities. The one plinth that has anything on it holds a neatly disassembled Walther PPK, the kind of small, discreet weapon that Tristan, no fan of weapons but also no stranger to them, would favor. And the way it is neatly laid out seems very much like him, precise and exact with his tools, whatever they might happen to be.

Far more careless, there's a Beretta that's been tossed—or perhaps hurled—into a far corner. Not Tristan's style.

Sidney's careful, trained eye will catch several more discrepancies in this strange but beautiful space. Someone had shot one of these guns several times, leaving several bullet marks in the walls, one long, deep graze along one of the mosaics on a pillar. When she goes for a closer look, she'll notice a fine marble dust slowly leaking from the bullet holes in the walls. A similar phenomenon is happening along the graze in the mosaic, though here she notices something else that's odd, and easier to see here than against the austere white of the walls: if she watches for several breaths, she can see that the mosaic is slowly self-repairing. Not quite perfectly: the colors are slightly muted, there are hairline cracks that she can see, but nonetheless, it is changing before her eyes, even as that fine dust softly weeps from the scar.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-06 03:29:58 | 15482

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

/roll 6d10

Intelligence 4+Enigmas 2

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<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>6d10: 2, 3, 5, 3, 4, 6 = <b>23</b></div>  
</div>
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Sidney Graves / 2025-05-06 03:30:49 | 15483

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

She'd already been planning to kill him, but the encouragement gets a nod out of her anyway before she blinks out of the material plane and into someplace far stranger. She'd never been a churchgoer, her religion doesn't have temples, but something about this chamber feels almost biblical. Like the entryway into someplace far grander, somewhere to be cleansed before entering a house of worship. It all makes her feel vaguely... itchy. The guns are a puzzle, something familiar to latch onto. The Walther looks like a Tristan gun, practically something she might've bought him for his birthday. It's a different caliber than the Beretta but examining the holes is fruitless given how they seem to be, er, *healing* so she heads for the discarded Italian piece to drop the mag and see how many are missing.

Then she's done with it too, tossing it right back to where it had come from. She's got half a mind to change, nothing to hide now. They're all freaks here, and there are no basic bitch humans around to lose their minds at the sight of her. But she also doesn't need the hotter blood of her birth form, so she stays as she is. Might come in handy if Asshole B just thinks she's some pretty girl, albeit, a pretty girl who had somehow transgressed against the laws of physics to push herself into the Immateria. How far is that *actually* gonna get her? For now, she ditches her ruck next to the stand where Tristan's gun is laid out like a vivisection.

And she adjusts her .44 for an easier draw.

The mosaic earns her attention since there aren't any doors to barge through. What had made that cut? Parallel ricochet? If a shooter's standing next to a wall and they're spraying ammo downrange, a bullet can catch the surface and kind of ride it for a while before veering off. But the angle seems wrong for that. She glance around for brass to get a better idea, but it's not a constructive avenue of thought. Just a way to rule something out. What she needs is a way forward and there are no obvious choices. This is so outside of her wheelhouse that it's hard to even know where to start. Not for the first time, Sid thinks, *Ashes would love this shit.*

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-06 14:22:55 | 15487

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

The bullets that are missing from the Beretta seem, if Sidney double-checks, to align with the number of bullet holes in the wall. One in the wall near where she entered, the rest in the wall opposite. As if The Other, as Nezihe called him, shot behind him first, expecting pursuit, and then, in frustration, shot forward, when he couldn't spy a door.

Sidney's guess isn't outlandish; the ricochet **could** be possible. But the angles do seem off. It doesn't align at all, heightwise, with the bullet holes on the opposite wall, and it's the right height but horizontally mis-aligned for the one at the now-vanished entrance.

But when Sidney touches her 44, something happens. There's a groan, as of stone on stone. And though she'd have a hard time swearing she saw it happen, the pillars have absolutely moved, coming in toward the center of the room.

Suddenly the angle of the parallel ricochet might make more sense. And if she let herself think, for a moment, like her Bone Gnawer packmate, a possibility might come to mind. Someone shot the House, and the House didn't like it. And it's feeling just a **bit** touchy about guns now.

If Houses can be said to feel things. But it's a possibility that Ashes would probably entertain.

It's a possibility she can probably imagine Tristan entertaining, too.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-06 16:47:49 | 15491

**Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn**

**Firefly* | Glasswalker | Notoriety*

Oh, there wasn't a gunfight at all. One or both of them had tried shooting the wall. She can't say she hadn't considered that. It also explains the state of Tristan's weapon, which was otherwise so aberrant that she hadn't even been able to form a thought as to how it had become like that. The problem is, her hand cannon isn't a throwaway, and not because it's a **nice gun**. It is, in fact, a **mean gun** that tells her to shoot things that don't need to be shot, but she's used to violent urges so that's easy enough to tune out. No, the problem is it's sentient, there's a spirit inside. It's bound to her and she can't just toss it into a corner.

Firefly and Ultima Ratio have a **deal**.

But she gets it, and an idea starts forming in her mind. She slowly pulls back her jacket, showing the piece to the house. She extracts it with two fingers on the grip, like she's being confronted by law enforcement - nowhere near the trigger. And then, with her other hand, she pushes out the cylinder and dumps six fat magnum slugs onto the ground. She snaps the gate shut and shoves the revolver back into her waistband, pulls her jacket back over it. And then she wills herself into a new shape, one without jackets or guns or even anyplace to conceal one: a massive, prehistoric wolf with a black and brown brindle like tiger stripes. Shifting had always come naturally to her, like breathing. Seamless, painless. Well, relatively.

She sits down like a dog waiting patiently to be allowed inside, tongue lolling out of her horrible, voracious maw. Her compromise is presented. Even though she could do far more damage in this form than her gun could ever dream of with just six shots.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-06 21:11:41 | 15493

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

/roll 6d10 v5

Perception 4 (Detail-Oriented)+Primal Urge 2, diff -1 for Hispo

```
<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>6d10 vs 5: <b>9</b>, <b>8</b>, <b>5</b>, <b>10</b>, 3, <b>9</b> = <b>44</b> (<i>5
successes</i>)</div>
</div>
```

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-06 21:37:24 | 15494

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

When Sidney takes the gun from her waistband, nothing immediately happens, but she can almost **feel** the tension, as though the barometric pressure in the space has changed, grown heavy, like the moment before a storm. It eases, fractionally, when the bullets drop to the floor, and then slightly more when she changes form.

A long silence follows this proposed compromise with the House, in which nothing happens at first. It's so quiet in the space that she might almost think she can hear the dust still slowly, softly leaking from those bullet holes in the far wall. And then, at last, the opposite wall gracefully and almost noiselessly rearranges its stones, and a delicately pointed arch, neatly sized to be proportionate to Sidney's current form, opens.

Deal accepted.

The room she moves into next is large and airy, a rotunda, except that the dome overhead is just a skeleton structure, and is mostly open to, apparently, the sky, which is streaked with clouds and flushed with the colors of....sunrise? Sunset? It's hard to tell which it might be. With the sharp senses of her current form, she would hear faint birdsong overhead, and if she looked up, notice small birds darting between the ribs of the dome, their calls clearly signals to one another about this new arrival.

There are other openings all around the room, leading to other passages or spaces. Otherwise, the space is startlingly stark and bare, though not in a way that seems sterile, or cold. There are more panels of those abstract, intensely detailed mosaics, for one, and where the stone is bare, it picks up the colors of the sky overhead. But there is nothing that immediately, visually indicates which direction either Tristan or the Other might have gone.

Fortunately, she's in a form that is far less reliant on visual cues. This place has its share of scents: distant but persistent (and perhaps perplexing) is the smell of the sea, suggesting saltwater and seaweed somewhere; there's the smell of some unfamiliar man; not that any of it matters when she also picks up, quite clearly, Tristan's scent. Not just his soap or cigarettes but that quality of the man himself. It leads to her left, through one of the openings that leads onto a staircase going upwards. The proportions of the stairs are strange, as though sized for people who are fifty percent taller than the average human. There are niches in the walls as she goes up, and sometimes they contain statues, though they don't seem exactly religious in nature: one, for instance, is of a woman in unfamiliar clothing carrying a beehive. On others, there are objects, some of which seem to have a ritual significance, like a drum and flute held in one, and others which seem bizarrely, incongruously mundane, like a candy tin, a little battered and scratched.

The stairs culminate in a sort of grand hallway at the top, and here the scent trail becomes perplexing. Whereas scent usually indicates passage of time, more recent where it's stronger, Sidney quickly finds it seems equally strong to both the right and the left. Tristan has been here, and, apparently, gone in both directions, but it's unclear which way he went more recently.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-06 22:08:25 | 15496

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

For a moment she's not sure that her cunning plan is going to amount to anything, but she wills herself to remain calm. Wait for the room to respond in its way. Prowling around and acting anxious isn't going to put the demiplane at ease when she's in the shape of something that could smash and tear and cause one hell of a mess. In fact, she has to be even better-behaved

than before, she supposes. At least until she finds whoever's tailing Tristan and rends him apart like an infant with a plate of spaghetti. *Tristan better be okay.*

The path is opened, and she stands up and walks through it. For a wolf as tall at the shoulder as a particularly short adult human, she moves with a certain grace, an affected daintiness, huge tail down and unwagging. She could, theoretically, speak in this form but she can't speak at all in any form and she doubts the House would answer any verbal questions even if she could. So they're playing stuck charades, either way. It's kind of beautiful here, and she tries to guess whether it's always like that or it's trying to tell her something by presenting her with this bucolic seaside pleasantry. It would be a nice place for a vacation, too bad Yusuf could never bring Nezihe here. And while Tristan brought Sidney here, it ostensibly wasn't to see how lovely it all was. He knew something was wrong, he'd said as much, and he reached out to most dangerous person he could rely on for anything. And here she is thinking about brat summer.

Her legs are very long even compared to a human's, but stairs are tricky as a quadruped just by default. Different center of balance, somewhere between the two sets of legs rather than right above the one set, throws everything off. She manages the oversized steps as best she can, sparing only a cursory glance for the items arrayed alongside the staircase. Their meaning is largely lost upon her, she's not a mage, she's not even a Theurge. She's only here because she's half-spirit and she can come here as easily as she could go any physical location on the other side of the Gauntlet if given the address. This place just happened to be in a weird cul-de-sac, or else, presumably, she wouldn't have had to detour to the grief-stricken partner of Tristan's... coworker? Fellow Dreamspeaker? She doesn't even know what word they would use.

The tin does throw her for a little loop though. Probably it's holding something important, rather than **being** important. Something too small to put on its own, maybe several somethings. She has no thumbs so she just doesn't fuck with it.

She's also colorblind, but she does check the hallway at the top to see if it's carpeted in interlocking hexagons. In a standard horror movie **she** would be the monster but the Umbra still plays all the hits and will cast anyone in any role whether they fit or not. It's just a second, letting her mind wander again to keep her agitation down. The scent splits in two and it's impossible to tell them apart, like Tristan himself had divided via mitosis into two smaller Tristans - talk about a horror movie. She recalls "left" is related to "sinister" and that has some kind of magical significance, not really in any depth but it's just bad. So she goes right because she's got nothing else to go on and she can't flip a coin because of the aforementioned lack of thumbs. Or coins, or pockets to have them in.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-07 01:32:05 | 15502

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes

que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 1d2 (1 right 2 left)

```
<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>1d2: 2 = <b>2</b></div>  
</div>
```

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-07 01:39:22 | 15503

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

/roll 8d10

Perception 4+Alertness 4, -1 diff for Hispo

```
<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>8d10: 8, 3, 8, 6, 5, 10, 6, 10 = <b>56</b></div>  
</div>
```

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-07 02:03:02 | 15504

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

The peculiar collection of objects and enigmatic statues continues as she moves through the halls. Some of them are stranger and more alarming: in one niche, two halls further along, a skeleton has been carefully and tenderly arranged, with seashells carefully placed around it.

The scent remains frustratingly fresh as she goes, and still no sign of Tristan. What's **absent** is as interesting, she might realize, as what's present: there's no scent of The Other here, either. And if Tristan is pursuing him, then Tristan almost certainly must have realized that absence at one point for another, too. It's a good reason to turn back before she goes too much farther; these rooms are huge and she's smart enough to realize the architecture is impossible: it's just too huge, and she should have probably crossed over the rotunda, but that hasn't happened.

And in hindsight, going left makes sense. Shamans are contrary people. In fact, as she goes, she'll notice marks, small and subtle, left on each doorway arch: an arrow, penciled lightly on the stone, pointing back the way she's come. As though Tristan tried to leave the lightest marks possible here to guide himself, realizing as she did that this space is vast and bewildering.

Going left, Tristan's scent is stronger, and the scent of the stranger appears two rooms onward, where there are another set of doors that open to the left and right. The scent of the sea intrudes again too. Now would be a good time to be cautious, since the fact that no smells are diminishing makes it difficult to tell whether the **hostile** presence might still be there.

The next room she enters is half flooded, seawater drifting in from the room beyond. And here there are signs of a struggle; several plinths have been shattered, several inches destroyed.

Someone smart, and in their right mind, would probably hide, or continue chasing the hostile they're seeking. But there's a man crouched in the ankle deep water, trying to collect fragments that have fallen into the waves. And that man is definitely Tristan. Looking worse for the wear, and definitely favoring one side a little, but decidedly not dead.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-07 02:24:33 | 15508

**Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn**

**Firefly* | Glasswalker | Notoriety*

Of course if Tristan were following the badguy, he would've gone sinister. She turns and burns, abandoning her decorum for a moment. She'd wasted too much time and who knew how much she even had to begin with? There are markings to guide the way this direction. Yusuf would've known the place intimately but the two latecomers would not, and since the House seems to heal those marks have to be recent anyway. Once she finds Tristan, she can use the scent trail to backtrace her route, assuming that foyer is even the exit - it's hard to tell with mage shit.

She should probably be more apprehensive about where she's going but she's not. There's only one threat that she knows about and she also knows that he's unarmed. He might be able to put together some kind of magic that will hurt her, but she's ready to gamble on her supernatural speed and strength in a brutal rushdown. What she knows of magic is that it's a careful,

thoughtful craft, which is a pretty poor matchup for a werewolf in a battle form. So about five hundred pounds and change of fur, muscle and bone speeds down the hallway, then skids to a halt as she spots Tristan in the water.

Unable to speak, whine or even bark, she paws at the surface to get his attention. A little *splash-splash*. Then she steps in to approach. He looks hurt, and that's her immediate concern. She'd shown him her birth form before but she can't remember if she's ever gone dire wolf around him - either way, her coat is the same color, same pattern, across all three forms that have it. More unique than a fingerprint, as the dark stripes are not uniform at all but rather a chaos of different widths and angles.

Silcox's buddy might be near. It looks like there was a fight but she doesn't see a body. She also doesn't want to transform in case the House thinks she's breaking her end of the bargain by bringing the gun back into play, so she remains as she is, head bowed just low enough that she can still see Tristan as she stalks closer, ears flattened in a submissive gesture that she hopes to Gaia he reads more as "not dangerous" than "you're the boss". But really, in this place, he kind of is.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-07 21:03:15 | 15515

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 7d10

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>7d10: 6, 1, 7, 9, 3, 7, 3 = 36</div>
</div>

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-07 21:27:46 | 15516

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Tristan doesn't seem to especially notice the quiet splashing that Sid makes, engrossed as he is in whatever task has preoccupied him. When she does come into his peripheral vision, he looks up briefly, and then back down. He appears to be gathering up amber beads that have fallen into the floodwater, a few at a time.

It's another cause for concern, though not necessarily disastrous. Sidney has seen him fall into Quiet before, and these are hallmarks of it: hyperfixation on peculiar tasks, an inability to recognize the familiar. Delusions, too, though since he hasn't said anything, it's hard to tell if he's gone that far.

After a few moments, though, he paused, and looks at her again, frowning, brow furrowed. Something about the sight of her direwolf form seemed to register eventually, and he's managed to force himself to focus, for a moment at least. "Sidney?" he says quietly. *"*Est-ce vraiment toi?*"*

English is his first language; when he's exhausted or losing hold of reality, he often slips into French, his literal mother-tongue, or sometimes Spanish. But Sid doesn't need the language to grasp the gist of the question.

And he's cautious because he's aware his senses can't entirely be trusted, and maybe she's just something he's hallucinating. Did he send her a message, or was that imagined? The last few days are something of a blur. He certainly looks worse for wear up close, a bit haggard and grubby. He reaches out, slow and careful, to touch her fur.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-07 22:03:33 | 15518

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

/roll 5d10

Charisma 1+Expression 4

```
<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>5d10: 4, 3, 5, 2, 3 = <b>17</b></div>  
</div>
```

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-07 22:04:01 | 15519

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

Oh. *Oh*. Her heart breaks, even if her lupine face can't really emote that in a way that would be obvious to a human. He's losing himself again. As he reaches for her, she tilts her head into his hand, letting him feel her soft, warm coat. Less familiar than her hair, since she almost never sleeps alongside him in her Lupus form, though she's chilled out on the couch before. Or slept there like that after they've had an argument over something that was probably trivial and definitely forgotten within a day or two.

It's not enough. She's been through this with him before, and it'll take more than just petting her to snap him back. In the end she decides, fuck the house and fuck their deal, this is more important. Her big wolf head pulls away so she can shift back to her more-familiar two-legged form. The worst part of doing that in water is that her feet are wet even inside her watertight motorcycle boots. Even inside her dry socks. It's a weird sensation even for someone used to extremely weird sensations. But that's a problem for Future Sidney, because her dark eyes are fixed on Tristan's face and he is her whole focus. He might not even know it but he's her whole *world*.

She closes the gap between them and throws her arms around him, hugging him tight. Her scent is more familiar now, the cigarette smoke baked into her clothes and hair, mixed with leather and sweat. She buries her face in his chest and takes in his smell too, the tension of her travels unwinding, the dam allowed to break as her tears wet his shirt and she makes that repetitive, breathy sound that she does when sobbing. It's not entirely different from her laughter, but someone who's been around her long enough could easily tell the difference.

After she's arranged against him exactly as she wants to be, she unwraps one arm to retrieve her phone from her jacket and one-hands she text-to-speech, which takes her longer especially blind but she's still reasonably proficient at it. "Tristan, I am here with you. I am always here for you. I love you. Asshole." The last word is *probably* an autocorrect error. And at that, her sobbing does turn closer to laughter.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-08 23:47:47 | 15521

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Something in his expression eases when his fingers come in contact with her fur. It seems *more* likely this is real, and she's actually here, which means he didn't imagine that frantic improvised rote he used to send her a message. Which means, perhaps, he's not as far gone as he could be.

Some comfort.

His hand draws back when she changes forms, and when, homid again, she lunges for him to throw her arms around him, he can't quite keep his balance and falls back on his ass in the shallow water, with a quiet grunt of pain at the movement, and the beads he has been gathering in his hand fall back into the water. Not that it stops him from clutching her close, burying his face in her hair. The smell of her is perhaps the most reassuring thing, since olfactory hallucinations are rarely part of his delusions, which means this is, in fact, wholly real. At the feeling of her sobbing into his grimy shirt, he draws in a breath, and then murmurs soft reassurances in French.

The House does indeed react, though with wariness rather than instant retaliation. There's that sense of pressure shifting, and a slight surge in the shallow floodwater, but nothing else moves. For now.

“*Desolé*,” he says, almost automatically, when she calls him an asshole. Because, really, getting into this mess probably is an asshole move. Or at least, worrying her to distraction like this. Then the rest of it registers, and he smiles faintly, and kisses the top of her head. “I love you too,” he says softly.

And then he looks around, seeming to register the space as though for the first time, though clearly whatever happened, he was probably here for. “Ketterly,” he says, putting a name to the other. “He’s still in the House.” But the mere mention of that distracts him, his eyes lighting up. “Sidney, the House isn’t a place. It’s alive, it’s a creature.” Which, maybe, sounds insane.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-09 00:18:48 | 15522

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

Of course Sid goes down with him. And now her legs are wet too, but none of that matters, because this water isn't even real. She's still not gonna drop her phone into it though. When he tells her that he loves her she gives one last sniffle then pulls back to look up at him, with tears smeared across her cheeks and a hopeful little smile. She hadn't really known what to say, had

felt it was a bit wooden even as it was playing, but thankfully it had worked or else she would've had to take more drastic measures to bring him back.

Reluctantly, she unwinds her left arm from around him so she can see what she's typing this time, though she's still practically sitting in his lap and remains tucked in against him as best she can. Like he might float away if she's not right up there. "I know, the House has been leading me to you. It doesn't like guns very much but it let me bring mine in unloaded." She'd explained, at some point, that Ultima Ratio is as much a magical instrument for her as any of Tristan's, that it is home to a spirit birthed a century before either of them drew their first breath. But all it casts is "Shell", which sounds not very impressive until you see it evaporate some dumb asshole's whole torso.

So obviously, she wasn't gonna part with it if she could help it.

"It's kind of mad that I shifted back, I think. I'm going to turn again so I can go kill Ketterly and we can go home and I'll make you grilled cheese and tomato soup." Like he's a little sick boy. She isn't human and she never really was, though, so this is sort of her perception of how one takes care of another. Probably, soup and cheese will fix it, right? She doesn't cook for him often but she's actually not that bad at it. The power of her food to cure one's dark night of the soul is debatable, however.

"If I get up, can you stay close to me? I'll do the work but I can't lose you."

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-10 23:33:09 | 15524

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

"It remembers. It's a creature that remembers." He loses himself in this detail for a moment, pleased by it in some abstract way. But it does revise the idea of this place as merely a vault.

"Yes. I left mine..." he gestures vaguely but, somehow, accurately, in the direction they had come. Though, as Sidney was well aware, beings with supernatural powers can do plenty of damage without guns. As the room they're in might attest to.

Tristan furrows his brow, clearly trying to work out how soup and sandwiches will mend his current minor metaphysical quandary, but he's just enough with it at the moment to realize it's not the time to go asking.

"I want to say yes but *je sais pas*," he admits candidly. Right now he has pulled the fractures in his psyche into alignment, but it's a temporary measure at best, and will almost certainly give way at some point. Probably at the worst possible moment.

His gaze sweeps across the room, and he grips her arm for a moment. "Sidney, he can't take anything out. And," he frowns a moment, trying to recall what else he wanted to warn her about. "...he mustn't damage more. If it can be helped." His expression is a bit stricken. He doesn't exactly know what was damaged in the struggle here, but some things were, beyond the House itself, and somehow he feels that loss keenly.

There are, however, more useful observations he has while mostly lucid. "I don't think he knows you're here. And there is only one way out. And the House doesn't like him." He gestures vaguely, as though trying to pull his scattered thoughts together. "He may not know where he is. The House is vast. So he may come looking for me." He looks at her, hoping she'll pick up what he's trying to put together.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-11 00:25:11 | 15525

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

"Most spirits are," she agrees, admiring his joy of revelation. Her head tilts and she smiles at him from a sideways angle before turning her eyes back to the glowing touchscreen of her phone. "I'd let you borrow Ratio but I emptied it out and anyway I'm not sure it would let you use it." It could fire normally too, no spiritual oomph, but it's a Weaver-spirit inside there and they can make even blades not cut if they really get a bug up their ass about something. Even **she** can do that, and she's only half-spirit and that half ain't Weaver's brood even if they do flirt on occasion.

The Galliard can't help but look around at the damage that had already occurred when Tristan mentions that he can't do more. If the House is a spirit it would have a limit, beyond which it would cease to be. And it wouldn't be like a collapsing house in the real world, more like something the two of them might not be able to escape from in any way at all. It not only limits their options, it paints a certain sense of urgency to either escape and let the dumbfuck unreality himself, or find him fast and put him down to save this beautiful-yet-ominous place.

"You want me to use you as bait." She looks frustrated by the request, but Sidney's 'frustrated' is most people's 'extremely pissed off'. And of course Sidney's 'extremely pissed off' is quite a fuckin' thing to behold. She narrows her eyes and grinds her teeth, sucks in a too-loud breath to further advertise her feelings on the matter. "I hate this, Tristan. But okay." She types in something else but looks up into his face before hitting play so she can watch his face. So he

can watch hers, expression vulnerable, eyes wide, mouth made small. "When I go for him you can't watch. I don't want you to see it. Promise me."

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-13 18:13:55 | 15534

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

"Eh, *oui, je sais, mais c'est différent,*" he starts, wanting to explain, but fighting to find the language to express it. Particularly in a language they both speak.

Also they don't really have the time for that right now. Because what Sidney has realized, he has too: there's only so much the House can endure, and he's not wholly sure how close it might be to that limit. He could probably figure it out, but he also has to make choices about how much magic he'll try to do in his current state, when he is both physically and mystically depleted. So bring swift and precise with whatever they do next is best for everyone.

"If you have a better idea, I'm listening," he says wryly. It was the closest he'd come to a notion in his hazy state, and in this lucid moment he's even more convinced it's the fastest, best way to resolve the Ketterly problem. But Sidney is no fool and no stranger to fighting, so he wouldn't dismiss an idea from her. If she has another.

His brow furrows a bit as she looks at him so intently before continuing. It depends to a small frown as he listens. But he's not going to fight her on it. This isn't the time or place to have a conversation about it: if it's what she needs right now, then it's what she gets. She's the one who came all this way to rescue his sorry, broken self. "I promise. And I'll do my best to keep it." If he loses his sense of self again, he might not remember. But if he stays on this side of sanity, well. He promised. And she knows he keeps his promises.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-13 18:38:24 | 15537

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

If time weren't an issue they could just wait for Ketterly at the entrance, but they're at the mercy of his whims. He could destroy everything, by mistake or by design, and they've got no control over that. They don't even know what he's after, else they might try to get ahead of him. But the information isn't there. Not enough for a better plan. So whether she hates it or not is immaterial, because she's got nothing better this late in the game. That doesn't mean they can't modify the ground game, however.

"I want to be at your side. He won't know what I am at first, so I'll have the advantage. When I turn, you need to get behind cover, get away from him, and I'll take care of it." She always has the initiative. In every time Tristan's ever seen her fight, she's Han Solo, shooting first, moving before the other party even knows what's coming. Often moving at speeds that frankly go beyond human ability. To a normal person, or someone who doesn't *know*, doesn't have that same experience, this might come off as sheer arrogance, but she has good reason to be certain of her ability to end the fight as soon as it begins.

And when that *doesn't* bear out, that'll be the day she dies, but she's been at this for decades now.

Nothing left to say, she puts away her smartphone and kisses him gently on the mouth. Then she gets up, helps him to his feet as well, and steps away to shift once more. Smaller, four-legged - a wolf, albeit one with a slightly uncanny coat. She hadn't seen any animals or really any life at all in this place, but there's a lot here beyond what she's witnessed so far. Who's to say there *aren't* any animals that are part of the House? She'd heard birds, maybe there *are* birds. She's counting on Ketterly having these same thoughts, though it might all come apart if he leaps to the very correct conclusion that, somehow, Palpatine retur- er, Tristan had smuggled in a lycanthrope.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-14 16:58:56 | 15551

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 4d10 diff 5 (arete, spirit 3)

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>4d10: 8, 5, 5, 10 = 28</div>
</div>

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-14 17:01:22 | 15552

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 7d10 (wp, keep it together)

```
<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>7d10: 3, 2, 1, 1, 1, 8, 7 = <b>23</b></div>  
</div>
```

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-14 17:31:10 | 15556

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

His expression is briefly conflicted; he'd rather she stay more hidden and have more of an element of surprise. Even knowing how she heals from injury, a part of him forever will worry about her getting hurt. But between the two of them, she's the one who fights, and yielding to her expertise is probably the wiser move here. "All right," he agrees.

He kisses her, then stifles a quiet noise of pain as she helps him to his feet. Before she changes, he tugs briefly at her hand. "Cigarettes," he requests. His pockets are rather light; much of what he carries on him for quick magical purposes has either been used or lost. He does still have his own lighter, at least. And once she hands over the cigarettes, he pauses to touch her hair with his free hand, gazing at her for a moment as though she is some marvel. Which, in truth, she is. "Thank you. For coming, for everything. *Je t'aime.*"

Maybe it doesn't *need* saying, but it's always *worth* saying.

He works quickly from there, without explanation, but in a manner familiar to her by now, lighting the cigarette and murmuring almost inaudibly to himself in Spanish, and pacing in a slow, counterclockwise circle. The point becomes clear in mere moments, as the response to his call

is rapid: a small flock of the birds that Sidney has heard but not glimpsed come flying into the room, small seabirds similar to terns, with brilliant white and purple-black plumage, and eyes like emeralds. One lands on Tristan's shoulder, and he spends a moment whispering to it, his hand rising to brush along the white feathers of its breast before it chirps briefly and then, with the others, takes off all at once.

"They're looking for Ketterly," he explains to Sidney, now in her wolf form. "We can follow them."

But he can feel his focus splintering again, and before it's gone, he removes his belt, feeding it back through the buckle to create a loop that he slips around his own wrist, offering the tail of it to Sidney. He's the one that needs to be on a literal leash here, lest, in the midst of a hallucination, he wanders off. *"*Allons-y.*"*

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-14 17:50:17 | 15559

**Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn**

**Firefly* | Glasswalker | Notoriety*

She could use a cigarette herself, she considers, as she forks over the pack on his request. They'd never done anything for her physically but it's the ritual, the lung-hit, the act itself that does it for her. The way he looks at her does a lot more, though. **I know he thinks I'm worth it.** Full of new resolve, she watches the bird take off and tries to follow its scent. Whether they're spirits, some embodiment of the House itself or just some spell Tristan had cast is not immediately apparent but it doesn't really matter. Whatever they are, they're just a crosshair.

**Firefly* is the bullet being fired at Ketterly's heart.*

Before that trigger is pulled, though, she can tell he's slipping again. Broken in some way she can't comprehend. But that makes two of them, their jagged edges fit together, and while the leash will come in handy she can and does do more. The gesture takes a handful of seconds, smoothly shifting back to her Homid form, pulling out earbuds from her jacket. Seating them into the Frenchman's ears. Extracting her smartphone and tucking it into his pocket. Then she's back on four legs, effortless, even the gross cracking of bone a more softer and smoother affair than most of her ilk. If he's going to space, it'll be to the nostalgic melancholy of **Trevor Something Does Not Exist**.

That taken care of, she takes the end of the belt gingerly in her teeth and stalks after the birds. Hopefully she didn't waste too much time, because she's pretty sure he's not going to be able to do that again. If they left a scent, she'll find it. If they didn't, well, she'll find Ketterly's, and run him down like a sick deer. She is part human and part wolf and both of those ingredients have one thing in common: they're persistence hunters.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-18 01:13:03 | 15580

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Tristan gazes at her, a bit lost, as she tucks the earbuds into his ears, but he doesn't try to swat her hands away; he's not so far gone that he reads her as a threat, and his hands only rise to brush fingers against her wrists as she finishes settling the earbuds in place. He does draw in a startled breath when she shifts again, as though he hadn't seen her do that just a moment ago, but whether it's the music, or some trace of his own memories (or the music aiding his memory somehow), he doesn't react any more strongly than that. When Sidney tugs at the end of the belt, he follows along, gazing pensively around him as though all this reminds him of something, but he can't quite say what.

Trying to track Ketterly through this place is challenging. Part of it perhaps that the smell of the seawater in the room where she found Tristan and the first one beyond it partially obscures the scent; part of it is the same issue she ran into with tracking Tristan: the scent just hangs in the air, and doesn't seem more or less fresh in any particular direction, as though no time at all as passed since he's been in there.

She has better luck following the birds; they're doing visually what she was attempting in following Ketterly's scent, and they seem to be working in coordination, dividing to check the various halls and chambers that branch off from one another, and returning to the couple of birds who seem to remain swooping overhead above Tristan and Sidney. This pattern of movement gives the Glass Walker something to zero in on.

Tristan, in the meantime, is mostly compliant to being led, and Sidney doesn't even have to tug at the leash that often. But occasionally he loses track of what they are doing and stops to try and look at something on a plinth or in a niche, and once or twice he startles when one of the birds flies back into the room, flinching as though they seem something larger and more threatening.

Attentive as she is to the birds, Sidney will realize when they must be drawing closer to Ketterly: there are simply fewer that are flying ahead and returning, and most are clustering in whichever hall that the wolf and the man are pacing through, some fluttering overhead, others electing to perch on statues or pillars that are littered around the space.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-22 03:32:27 | 15590

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

If she focuses her ears she can hear the faint hum of music even from her lowered perspective. Maybe not if they get separated by too much but it's another sense that's occupied by Tristan, reassuring her that he's still here. He might not have any idea where he is, but she does, and *that* bit of stress is over. Just one throat to tear open and they can go home. Eyes on the prize. She's hyperfocused, and while Ketterly's scent trail is bullshit just like Tristan's had been the birds are all the clues she needs.

Even without a gun, even with her regeneration and being, honestly, pretty tough to kill even for a werewolf (or a cockroach), she's not blind to the fact that there are ways for Ketterly to hurt her. Incapacitate her. While she's banking on her speed to take him out fast, there's not much left in her toolkit to prepare against the things a Will-worker can do. But she deploys what she can, her pace slowing for a few seconds so she can concentrate. Electricity plays between individual strands of fur, turning it to backswept grey spikes - steel. A little extra toughness, in case he opens with something physical.

As far as mental attacks, she's left to rely on her own resilience, which isn't nothing but it isn't insurmountable either. And there's shit she hasn't even considered, that she has *no way* of knowing about. Offense is her *only* defense and while many Garou happily accept this, Sidney is too fucking smart to be anything but apprehensive. *Fuck it, we ball.* A very useful thought-terminating cliché.

Having done all she could, which isn't much, she tugs Tristan along and then stops ahead of where the birds seem to be converging. She doesn't want him to see, and in this state he won't understand. *He'll look and it'll just fuck him up even worse.* She's gotta cut him loose, and hope that the House doesn't sweep him away as soon as she lets go of him. The anxiety from making this consideration is *not* mild. *Fuck it, we ball.* She drops her end of the belt and charges ahead.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 17:31:39 | 15608

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 7d10 (int + enigmas) pull it together, man

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">

<div>7d10: 8, 4, 4, 10, 7, 7, 8 = 48</div>

</div>

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 21:29:33 | 15614

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

When the pressure at his wrist that has been propelling him along suddenly ends, Tristan halts in place. And then it's as though the music catches him up in its measures, and deposits him back in reality, for a few minutes, at least. Something about the music that is so insistently associated in his mind with Sidney perhaps causes a correct and genuine chain of associations to fall back into place: *Sidney's music, Sidney is here, here is the House, and also in the House is Ketterly, and we are hunting Ketterly.*

Putain de bordel de merde, Ketterly. And there is Sidney, in her wolf form, with her fur looking itself like armor...

This all happens fast, but Sidney, of course, is faster. Nonetheless, Tristan races after her, and she'll hear that suddenly quicker and more purposeful stride behind her. He's not forgotten the promise she extracted from him, but there are, potentially, still things he can do that might help even if he still averts his eyes from the undoubtedly gory fate she has in mind for the person he's been chasing for...

...well, however long all this has been going on.

At any rate, while he finds himself still lucid, he's going to be the backup that she probably doesn't need, but nonetheless still gets.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 21:45:13 | 15619

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes

que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 1d10+8 (Ketterly)
/roll 1d10+7 (Tristan)

```
<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>1d10+8: 1+8 = <b>9</b></div>  
<div>1d10+7: 5+7 = <b>12</b></div>  
</div>
```

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 21:54:44 | 15622

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 4d10 soak (Prime-infused Pattern) (still lol)

```
<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">  
<div>4d10: 3, 4, 8, 2 = <b>17</b></div>  
</div>
```

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-24 22:07:31 | 15623

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

She can hear his footsteps behind her, giving chase. Maybe he doesn't know where else to go without her. It tugs at her heart but she can't turn back. It's a race, now. Carve this fucker up, and get her boy home. Cross Ketterly off her to-do list like laundry or washing the dishes. She's never really had much issue with killing people she didn't like. Lack of morals, sure, but it's hard

to be human when you weren't born as one, when try as you might barely anyone would ever accept you as anything close to one.

And that gives the lie away. For all her tattoos, her music, her art, she's exactly what the Nation says that she is. And she's more ashamed of it than she'd ever admit. On four legs she sprints toward Ketterly, and then she lets herself revert to the form she hates the most. It's so easy, easier even than the others. Less like she's concentrating on the shape that she wants and more like she's letting go of it. Gabriel had never called her by her rite-name when she was just his artsy, mute little sister but even he'd drawn a distinction between how she tried to be and what she became when she was like this.

This is **Firefly** at her most true.

Muscular arm outstretched, her claws arc skyward in an uppercut, catching flesh at the apex, rending him open like she's gutting a deer. The blow leaves him alive, but her mind is filled with such bloodthirsty impulse that she can't be sure she didn't pull her punch a little. Just to give him the chance to run, so she could run him **down**. She bares her teeth, raging silently, desperately holding on to **Sidney** and all she wants to be even as she becomes this monster that she hates. The worst part is the sick enjoyment. This is what he drove her to. This is what she was made for. **Fuck it, we ball.**

The momentum carries her up onto two legs and while she doesn't bother rising to her full height, she's still much taller than him. Broader, wearing a coat of jagged metal but still a primeval horror of the like who had stalked and murdered the ancestors of everyone who had wandered these halls.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 22:15:16 | 15624

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 4d10 diff 6 - 1 (quint) =5 Forces 3/Prime 2
WP to ignore wounds

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>4d10: 2, 8, 9, 3 = 22</div>
</div>

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 22:17:11 | 15625

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 5d10 diff 7 (last ditch countermagick from Ketterly)

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>5d10: 3, 2, 6, 3, 3 = 17</div>
</div>

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 22:19:21 | 15626

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 4d10 soak

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>4d10: 10, 7, 10, 9 = 36</div>
</div>

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 22:24:43 | 15629

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 4d10

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">

<div>4d10: 4, 4, 3, 9 = 20</div>

</div>

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-24 22:31:15 | 15630

*Before you save me, just wait your turn

Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

He should've run. Her second strike is directed downward, pushing through his clavicles and crushing ribs like pirouline cookies. Claws sever arteries, sheer muscle, and empty all of the organs in Ketterly's chest to join all the ones from his belly on the beautiful parquet flooring. It would've been less messy if she hadn't had to spare the House. She could've palmed his head and driven it like a coconut into the floor until it cracked and the milk of his slushied brain seeped out but she doesn't know if that would cause damage. This place is on his last legs, so his death must needs be a little gnarly. Contemptuously, she backhands his hollowed-out corpse away before it even has the chance to drop, then turns to see... Tristan. *Fuck*.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 22:33:07 | 15631

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Tristan keeps his promise: once he catches sight of Ketterly, and sees Sidney launching herself towards him, he looks away. Mostly. He keeps his gaze *down*, letting himself glimpse only Ketterly's feet as he simultaneously gathers his will and speaks a single incantatory word of power in some dead language and also hears the scream of pain from Ketterly as Sidney tears into him. And *then* he actually looks away.

What he did is far from subtle, a furious streak of energy that blasts towards Ketterly, and probably leaves a strange smell of ozone in its wake for Sidney as it blasts into the other mage. Because whatever Sidney thinks of herself and her terrifying capability for bloodlust, Tristan simply cannot allow himself to do anything other than back her up, and, if possible, spare her

from any of the vicious effects that Ketterly might still have in his arsenal. Because he has never really been able to accept just *letting* her absorb pain if he can help it. It doesn't matter in the least that she *can*.

It's an ineffectual attack, unfortunately, since Ketterly's efforts to fortify himself against such actions from Tristan absorb the magickal energy, absorbing it into his own form. But it does mean he has no focus or ability to protect himself from Sidney's *second* strike. And he crumples to the ground, a broken, shredded corpse.

During the brief tussle, there was a clamor from the birds overhead, but the moment Ketterly is dead, everything goes hushed. Tristan is still, dutifully, not looking, but he says softly into that quiet, "Sidney? *Tu vas bien?*"

Dimly, he registers the oddness and absurdity of the music still playing in his ears, and he carefully removes one of the earbuds, the better to actually hear what might be going on around him.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-24 22:48:11 | 15632

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

A wide-eyed look does not exactly do wonders for her appearance in this form, if anything it just makes her look more psychotic and to a degree she really kind of is. This shape isn't built for affection, it's made to kill and it's packed full of ancestral memory, ancient memes, to that exact effect. Her every impulse is toward destruction. Breath catches as she forces the intrusive thoughts down, wills herself into her beautiful lie. Oh, but she'll boohoo about this later.

Her hands are soaked in blood, up to the elbow even beneath her gloves and her jacket. Fingers trembling, she reaches into a pocket to fish out a greasy bandana with which to vainly attempt to clean some of it off as she steps closer to Tristan. She gives him a hesitant nod - she doesn't speak French any more than he can read her signs, but they've been around each other enough to understand vibes and recurring phrases. Like when her gory hands shape *We are safe* and *I love you*. It takes everything inside her not to run to him, to cling on and not let go, because she doesn't know if he's in the right place for that.

Gentle, she has to be gentle, and that's so hard when he gets like this.

But the approach happens one measured step at a time, and she only glances down at her hands once. Cloth discarded, it hadn't done very much. Consequently she doesn't reach for him even when she gets there, she just collides her shoulder softly into his chest and tucks her

cheek in against him, listening to his heart, hands pressed over her own in a quiet plea for him to forget all this, whatever he'd seen, the beast that she is and just know her like this. She'd fought so hard, she still does, she deserves the respite of this charming fiction where they're just two broken people who fit together just right.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 22:51:19 | 15633

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 5d10 (per + emp -2)

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>5d10: 5, 2, 8, 5, 10 = 30</div>
</div>

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-24 23:04:00 | 15634

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

He doesn't look up until he hears her footsteps (some part of him registering easily that they are *her* footsteps and not Ketterly's) coming closer, and then his eyes, at last, lift to find her face. She'll see quickly enough that he's once again temporarily lucid, and it's his turn to be a little saddened by how careful and tentative she is, that she holds herself so much in check. How much saving *him* seems to have wounded *her*, albeit in ways that cannot be seen.

So of course he closes the rest of the distance between them to pull her close, offering what silent and immediate reassurance that he can. The smell of that spell still hangs around him, the air a little acrid in some peculiar, supernatural way.

And he's carefully not looking at Ketterly's body, at least for the moment. Because she probably doesn't want him looking at the results any more than she wanted him to see the process. “*Je

t'aime,*" he says softly into her dark hair. "*Maintenant et toujours.*" And somehow there's the same absolute conviction behind it as there was behind that strange word he'd spoken only moments ago.

Then he adds what might, in this moment, be more reassuring: "I didn't see." Not really. As she'd asked.

He still has that one earbud in his hand (and no recollection, really, of how he wound up with them at all), and so, not able to do much else, he tucks it into her ear. At least they can be listening to this together for a moment.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-24 23:26:02 | 15637

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

She's too deep in her own head now, not *entirely* unlike Tristan himself. They're on an intellectual parity, which means they never run out of things to talk about but it also means they're both smart enough to fully comprehend that the world they live in is fucked and it's not getting better. But just like she'd pulled him out, carried him with her and made his problems hers, he'd reciprocated, pushed a hand into the darkness. Put a Bluetooth receiver into her ear. And then she can breathe again, settling against him, shoulders losing a stiff set that she probably hadn't even been conscious of.

Her staccato breath rustles his shirt, her laughter so subtly distinct from her sobbing.

*And I can tell she's crazy
But that's my type of lady
She says she loves me, maybe*

Back to the moment. They've really got to get out of here. *Ratio* is on the wrong hip to be stabbing into Tristan's abdomen but she's conscious of its weight and surely the house isn't happy about it being in play again. She puts pressure on Tristan to turn away, following him by marching in a tight little circle and then she hooks two bloody fingers into his collar to haul him down a couple inches. Her motorcycle boots squeak as she rises on her toes to meet his lips halfway with hers. Nothing more than a quick peck, then she jerks her head pointedly toward the door. Not to indicate the door itself, but that, they should fuckin' *leave*.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-25 00:03:33 | 15639

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

When a bit of the tension ebbs out of her, a little leaves him, as well, and he lets a quiet sigh escape. This is hardly a relaxing situation, overall, and yet. Well, she's here, and somehow he's still alive, which seemed not entirely certain at several moments in the past few days.

He leans down to meet her for that swift kiss, and then glances toward the door, nodding. She's right, and they need to leave. The House, and all the things it is charged with remembering, are safe, and what happens to it from here is a matter for some Dreamspeaker other than him. Left alone, and kept safe, it'll mend from what's been done to it. Still, there's just a moment where his feet drag. If all were well, and he could choose, he'd want to stay here longer, even while some part of him knows it's a bad idea. But it's all so terribly fascinating.

Cognizant of an unfamiliar weight in his pocket as they start walking, he reaches to see what's there, and when he realizes it's her phone, guesses at least partially at what happened while his sanity was cracked. He offers the phone back to her, since it *is* how she talks. And with the adrenaline gone from his system now, he's moving a bit slowly, the injuries he's acquired catching up with his attention again, particularly as he threads his belt back into place. Once that's done, he quietly reaches for her hand, his grubby fingers lacing through her bloody ones.

"Nezihe," he asks softly, as other thoughts manage to come to him. "You found her? Is she..."
All right feels like the wrong thing to say; he vaguely remembers enough to know that she is probably very much not fine, strictly speaking.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-25 01:11:50 | 15643

**Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn**

**Firefly* | Glasswalker | Notoriety*

Sidney takes the phone back from him and then reaches for the bud in his ear. She removes her own and drops them into a pocket rather than fumbling around for the charging case, thumbs open menus to kill the tunes and turn BT off, and opens her text-to-speech app. The anxiety and apprehension are still there, just buried deeper down now. They'll be there forever. Tristan probably knows that by now, that her demons are not something that can be **slain**. Much like his own. Hers just lead to bad behavior, at least, and not dissociative fugues.

Sharp eyes flick over to him favoring his wounds and she realizes he's still hurting, **physically**. It's easy enough to overlook when he's going through an existential crisis on top of it, and she's been spending far too much time in the company of unbreakable baddies like Ashes and Birdie. There's a moment of hesitation when he takes her hand, then her fingerless glove creaks as it stretches to allow her to twine her digits through his. Maybe he doesn't realize... but maybe he does, and he thinks the contact's worth it. To her, it is.

Her boots halt for a few seconds and she closes her eyes to draw upon her spirit to heal his body. She feels a little bad for letting it go on that bad but in the grand scheme of things that inflict guilt on the former Ronin it's really just a blip. Only once she's satisfied that he's taken care of does she bother to tap out a reply to his inquiry. "She helped me get here, and she asked me to kill Ketterly. Which I was going to do anyway." It's frank enough that he might not press for more details. She's not sure if she ought to mention Yusuf, if he doesn't remember already. Maybe he watched his friend die, and that's why he got hurt like this.

"She'll want to know that we're alright. She liked you a lot."

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-25 22:57:03 | 15646

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

He is **sort of** aware her hand is still bloody; he cares very little, and it's not entirely something that can be chalked up to his mental status. For all that he's a civilized and principled man in most ways, he is also someone who, when he has an enemy, loathes them fiercely, and despite the brevity of his acquaintance with Ketterly, he hated the man a lot. Whatever part of his brain registers the blood also recollects whose it is. And so it troubles him not.

Besides, the pressure of her fingers laced through his is one more small thing to help hold him a little bit more firmly, for a few moments more, in reality, and he'll take that.

He gives her a puzzled look when they pause, though the reason is clear quickly enough, when the various pains plaguing him suddenly vanish. A different tension washes out of him, and he breathes easier. The unspoken **thank you** comes in the quiet squeeze of her hand, before he begins walking again, and now it's much easier to take up the brisk pace that Sidney would probably prefer, in order to get them out of here.

The shadow that passes over Tristan's face is answer enough to the unspoken question of whether or not he remembers that Yusuf is dead. For now, he does, though when the fugue

overtakes him again, he'll likely forget. And therein lies the ironic temptation of those episodes of Quiet, that it becomes possible to forget some of the sorrows that, when he's sane, he remembers all too well.

"I liked her too." He squeezes her hand briefly. "I wish we'd all met under better circumstances." Rather than in the midst of a rapidly-evolving crisis.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-26 00:01:59 | 15647

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

Sid chews at her bottom lip, taking her dark eyes off the road ahead to peer up at Tristan's face. He's here, for now, and she can't help but want to hold him in this moment for as long as she can. Even knowing this is temporary, and he might not even remember it later on. "Do you remember when we first met?" Her grin is absolutely *lupine*. "You thought I was an asshole." And to be fair to his judgement of character, she is. She's from New York City, for starters. She's also a metric ton of violence packed into a five-foot-six, hundred-thirty pound container.

Well, five-eight with the chunky heels of her sleek Dianese biker boots.

"I thought you were *hot*." Her stride lengthens in her haste to depart. She'd covered a lot of ground to get this far and she can't be sure the way back wasn't *adjusted* by the House - it seems like just the type. But it probably wants her gone as much as she wants to *leave*, so there's hope yet. There's just the matter of keeping Tristan together in the meanwhile, because while she absolutely can just bridal-carry him back to the entrance he needs to be lucid enough to use the door himself.

There's not as fine a point on what comes after. Take him home, however that needs to happen. Get in touch with the pack and let them know what's going on (an abbreviated version, anyway, they don't need to know all her personal shit). Put some food in her poor boy's stomach, then wait for all this to pass. She has to have faith that it will, because this isn't the first time and she's seen it come and go like a nasty storm. With her keen eyes and solid memory, she retraces her steps rather than his, headed back for the staircase down to the bird-noise room.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-26 01:35:54 | 15648

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous

qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

"I remember." He glances sidelong at her. "I thought you were interesting. *And* an asshole." She'd done such an absolutely terrible job in that shelter of trying to bullshit him about her motives. But she *had* been interesting, in more ways than he'd anticipated.

A brief laugh escapes him. "No," he says, half-incredulous. Because to him, it's faintly ridiculous: she's the one who catches the eye like that, and he is less immediately remarkable. Not without his charms, but not that. He adds, dryly, "I thought you just wanted me for my cigarettes." He does remember quite well that it was her opening gambit.

He glances down at her again, "**Je connais ce que tu fais.**" But he doesn't say it accusingly; if anything, there's a fondness to the words. Grounding him in shared memory isn't the worst strategy for trying to keep him lucid.

Meanwhile, it *does* seem to be taking less time to retrace their path, as though the House itself is trying to shorten the journey. Not unceremoniously ejecting them, but making it a little easier. And Sidney's effort to keep Tristan's focus on her is helpful, because the many distractions of the House would probably send him lapsing again more quickly than otherwise. He rubs at his eyes briefly with his free hand. He's still tired, and around the edges of that exhaustion, the madness lurks.

So he plays along with her ploy to keep him in the here and now, as they near that staircase that goes back down toward the entrance. "Is that why you broke down my door when you came back?" A flicker of a smile. It's something he does occasionally still give her shit about, an old recurring joke at this point.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-26 03:45:57 | 15649

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

That charm was what had done it. Sidney of all individuals knows that looks can be deceiving; while she's *extremely* easy on the eyes and she **knows** it, she has the blunt personality of a lead pipe and enough baggage to fill a container ship. "I did want your cigarettes," her electronic voice admits, and at that she briefly tucks her phone away in a back pocket to free her hand up so she can extract her smokes. Thumbing two up from the pack, she grabs them with her lips and then the pack is exchanged for a flitop lighter with a tarot card painted on the side - Queen of Swords, inverted.

She fires up the coffin nails, drags on both of them and blows the smoke through her nose, then she plucks one with her least-bloody digits and lifts it up to Tristan's mouth. She'd taken to smoking his brand, when she could find it, and another sense engaged with familiarity can only help.

Her phone's out a beat later, no audible clicks from the presses of her thumb but it vibrates slightly to give her tactile feedback. "I only broke the frame." A common protest. "And I did fix it eventually. It's even better now." It would be harder to get in with a prybar, at least, though she could still huff and puff and blow it right down if she had a mind to. Nowadays, she just uses a key though.

Two fingers hold the phone while two others carry the cigarette away briefly from her mouth to let her exhale. Her thumb keeps moving about the screen like she's playing some clicker game. "That was right before our first kiss. I was being kind of shitty, I didn't deserve it." She'd been trying to push him away so hard but he'd read her like a book, knew **just** what she was doing. The memory makes her blush and for a moment the Galliard is at a loss for words. She shoves her cigarette back into her mouth and sucks on it pointedly as they make their descent toward the entrance.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-26 22:18:36 | 15650

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Tristan leans in to take the cigarette that she offers, appreciating the little additional anchor that it is, and also that the stimulant is probably much needed by his exhausted system. "Eventually," he mutters, the cigarette between his lips, still quietly teasing her.

There's the impulse to reassure her, to play down how much she was **being kind of shitty** on that occasion, but she can already probably predict what he would say on that score. So he lets the silence stretch out for a few moments, particularly as they work their way down that staircase with its irritatingly disproportionate stairs. When they reach the bottom, he pauses for a moment, and takes the cigarette from his mouth, exhaling a slow stream of smoke.

"I could be wrong," he says, in the tone he uses when he's actually certain he's correct, which tends to be either funny or infuriating depending on the context, "but I think that's also the conversation where you told me any time I lost myself, you would find me."

He glances sidelong, gives her a little Gallic shrug while he raises the cigarette to his lips again. However much the memory of that day might embarrass her in hindsight, there were also things she'd said quite truly then, too. Things that he has certainly held tightly in his own mind and heart since then.

There's a curious sense that nags at Tristan, and likely at Sidney too, that the House seems almost to bend closer around them as they reminisce. As though, in some way, it too is *listening* to this. As Tristan had said, it's a place that *remembers.*

A doorway that had not been visible when they were at the top of the stairs is waiting for them once they reach the bottom, leading into that vestibule with the doorway back to the world they know. And Tristan dallies for a just a moment there, half-reluctant to leave this place, and also half-steeling himself to do just *one more thing*, in a moment where he would very much like to stop doing things entirely. And knowing also, as he feels the clouds creeping in around his mind, that there is a limited amount of time for doing this.

Sidney Graves / 2025-05-27 06:22:10 | 15651

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

Sidney rolls her eyes at the teasing, though she can't help but grin. In a perfect world, they'll still be having this conversation twenty years from now. Then he recalls the rest of that conversation aloud and her phone sits in her hand, silent, a glowing rectangle of plastic and glass. She turns off the display, jams it into her pocket, and pauses at the sight of the doorway, tugging his hand to a stop. They're so close, but maybe she's picking up his vibe. His indecision. Else, she's decided that she needs to make this point right now.

She taps a finger into the center of her chest, then holds her hand flat next to the right side of her hand and tips it forward. Then she makes the initial gesture again, waves her hand in what could be taken for a reverse 7 from the mage's point of view - she does this twice, probably to emphasize it - then wipes her brow with the back of two fingers, and pokes him in the chest. It's sign language, which he doesn't know, but her lips also spell out the words she can't verbalize: *I will. I'll **never** forget you.* Never leave him behind. Never let him drift away. He should know by now that she's not one to give up easy.

She looks up at him earnestly, eyes wide to take in as much of him as she can fit into her field of vision. She'd come here, for him. And she'd do it again, a thousand times, even if it killed her. Even if it cost her everything.

Then she takes a breath and tugs his hand toward the newly-appeared exit. Maybe the House had overheard that she had a taste for breaking down locked doors and is eager to be rid of her. She doesn't know if they'll be led out to the vestibule or kicked out of the place entirely. Or where they'll eventually exit *to*. Turkey would be problematic, since she can't exactly escort him home by plane and they've nowhere to stay while he convalesces. Any part of the Umbra could be even worse (or perhaps they'll find the mythical sunshine and lollipops realm that no Garou has ever been to, but this seems dubious).

Wherever they wind up, though, at least they'll be together. She takes one last drag off her cigarette and then opens the door.

Tristan Capell / 2025-05-27 23:59:18 | 15661

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

He captures the hand that had poked him in the chest, and holds it tightly for a moment. “*Je sais,*” he says, steadying a bit. “*Je sais.*” He leans down to briefly touch his forehead to hers.

Perhaps anticlimactically, the doorway does simply take them into the vestibule they'd started from. There's Sidney's rucksack, right where she'd left it, and Tristan's disassembled gun on the plinth, and Ketterly's in the corner. The bullet holes in the wall are harder to spot, having healed further, and even the streak of the ricochet in the mosaic has begun to blend again. Visible on the opposite wall is the outline of where they'd entered from.

With the air of someone determined not to leave behind a mess, Tristan goes to pick up Ketterly's discarded weapon, as well as reassemble his own, though he leaves it unloaded, out of deference to the House's clear preferences.

Sidney is, however, the one thinking more clearly about what happens next, in terms of where they wind up when they do step back across the Gauntlet. Tristan's tunnel vision has him assuming that they'll stumble back into the streets of Şile, not that he's planned for anything beyond that. And given how scrupulous he usually is about planning, it's another little indication of both his fatigue and otherwise unreliable status.

When she reaches to pick up her bag, a couple of those tiny colorful tiles from the mosaic on the wall drop to the floor beside it. When she looks up to see where they dropped from, there's a momentary pause, and then another falls to the floor.

Sidney Graves / 2025-06-02 02:18:57 | 15702

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

Her smiles always have a touch of anxiety to them. She can never fully get out of her own head, and that can be a two-edged sword. Nevertheless, when he takes her other hand, she's as placid as she ever gets outside of sleeping. Once they get back to where she started she beelines for her bag, shoving her own gun in pretty hastily just to communicate to the House that their deal still holds. No more bullets. The fat .44 slugs left rolling around the floor notwithstanding, of course.

Then she notices the little pieces falling off the mosaic and her first thought is that the House is falling apart after all, that it's ruined beyond saving in spite of everything. That wouldn't really be her problem, but it's still a little sad. Fortunately, it also isn't what's going on here; she deduces that the demiplane is trying to tell her something.

She's just kind of at a loss for *what*.

Unlike some Garou, she'd never been able to speak with spirits because she can't speak at *all*. Communication (or at least, expression) has never come easily to her, has always been something she had to put work into. In certain ways she's very good and in others she's pretty lacking. But when she gives the house an exaggerated shrug, that is probably a pretty clear *What do you want?* Tristan could probably help, but Tristan's also holding onto his sanity by his fingernails so he's not her first choice in this moment.

Tristan Capell / 2025-06-03 00:27:40 | 15708

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Tristan, indeed, is quietly picking up the slugs that Sidney had left on the floor, a little bit of fixation setting in. Definitely not at his best in the moment. At least his activities do not seem to bother the House.

It would be helpful, though, seeing as **neither** Sidney nor the House are much able to use any kind of shared speech. And attempting to compensate for that lack is clearly a little tricky.

But the House is definitely trying, as shown when it pointedly drops a couple more of those little colored tiles from its mosaic. One at a time, to make it all the more pointed. If Sidney picks one of them up, she'll feel the quiet thrum of energy, of essence, in it. And if she reaches to put it back in place in the mosaic, that little buzz of energy heightens before it snaps back into place. Like something approving, almost.

Having gotten her attention, the House makes its next overture: the mosaic image changes, in part because some tiles move, and others subtly change color. And when everything settles, the image is of a doorway, shaped rather like the outline on the opposite wall through which she'd first entered this space at all. And what's through that doorway is a kind of darkness, an uncertain blur in streaks of darker greys. As if to stress the point, the indistinct image shimmers once or twice when Sidney is looking at it.

There is another little shift of color and movement at about eye level, and reforms into the shape of a handprint. As though inviting Sidney to touch the wall, to communicate through the medium of the visual, since speech is not an option. After all, before coming into this space, she and Tristan had been talking of **home**, and there had been that sense of the House **listening**.

Sidney Graves / 2025-06-03 01:21:03 | 15711

**Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn**

**Firefly* | Glasswalker | Notoriety*

The BRX cartridges are heavier than they look, fatter and longer than a 9mm. Handling them with one's hands tends to give a very good appreciation of the sheer destructive potential packed into each round, and that's before one even considers the violently enthusiastic spirit bound to the gun they're typically loaded into. Getting shot by **that** piece is a lot like getting bashed in the ribs by the hammer of a drunk and unreasonable god.

Sid does try to reassemble the mosaic, for want of any other obvious correspondence. She jerks her hand back at the hum of spiritual power as it repositions itself the final few millimeters like it's drawn by a powerful magnet and she looks around for what else might have changed. There's always that sense of apprehension beneath everything else, like she's screwing it all up. Pissing off the House, which is obviously pretty bad when she's still inside of it. But like usual, that feeling is wrong and she knows its wrongness.

Instead, there's... a door. The front door? She's not **entirely** sure where it's inviting her to go, but if it was eavesdropping then it seems to be making a point to be helpful at least. How much

had it been able to read between the lines? Well, she can't ask, and it can't answer except to emphasize what it's already done. Something about gift horses...

She arranges her bag on her shoulder and heads over to Tristan, grabbing him gently by the arm and steering him over to the portal. Only once she's got her boyfriend in tow does she place her hand on the wall, closing her eyes and hoping she's got this figured out correctly. *Home is his house, his couch where they watch shitty arthouse movies together. His kitchen, where she has a chainmail glove for food prep because one time she'd sliced her finger and not noticed it before it healed, and she'd accidentally gotten blood in the dish. Every wall covered in art, not just hers, bringing color and life into the space. His shower, with long black hairs gradually clogging up the drain, and his bed that smells like the both of them.*

Tristan Capell / 2025-06-03 20:34:15 | 15719

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

The tiled representation isn't so much the door itself as a facsimile of it, an indication of what the House is *trying* to communicate, and it does a good enough job, since Sidney takes up the invitation of putting her hand on the wall.

Which was, apparently, equivalent to accepting a request from the House to have her thoughts rifled through. Not *entirely* shocking, since Sidney can communicate mind-to-mind and thus has some experience with the phenomenon, but having it initiated by a creature so completely different from herself is a bit startling. Not painful, but not *delicate*. The memories she calls up of *home* become almost super-saturated in both color and emotion as the House observes and examines them, and then tugs at the *related* memories that are conjured up around the edges of these specific ones, *morning light through the window at the kitchen table, potted plants in the attic under the skylight, a carefully-mended doorframe, a wintry draft coming in under the back door that Tristan never gets around to fixing...*

The sense she might get from that other, alien consciousness is almost simultaneously remote and warm: its fascination isn't cold or clinical, but it also has no frame of reference for these things, and pores over them with the intrigue of discovery, and the indelicacy of someone who doesn't quite have context for anything they are looking at, despite the intensity of their looking.

And then, suddenly, all of that is *gone*. Sidney's alone in her mind again and the tile handprint on the wall has disappeared. And now the doorway back to their world does appear to reopen,

that faint glow she would remember from before reappearing, and beckoning them to step beyond.

...And once they do, they are ejected a bit roughly (not unkindly, but rather with a certain lack of precision) into the kitchen of Tristan's house, as if they had just burst in through the back door.

Sidney Graves / 2025-06-05 02:37:51 | 15748

*Before you save me, just wait your turn
Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

Having such an alien spirit in her head, sifting through her memories - the sex, the fights, the soft affections - is far different than having someone more familiar in there for casual communication. Sidney chokes back her apprehension and lets things play out, hoping this is going where it seems to be. There's only one place in the universe where all these things have happened with the two of them. Where everything is *just so*. And she's got a great memory, and she pays attention to details, so there's a lot to go off of.

Her faith is ultimately rewarded as she finds herself, and Tristan, back in his home. *Their* home. Even if she can't always be here. Her duffel bag slips onto the floor with a loud *thwack* and she takes in the scent, the ambient sound, the familiarity. Unmistakable. But there's no time to get too comfortable, as her boy is still unwell. She slips her hand from his and looks up into his face. While she could easily carry him over a shoulder, it would be awkward given the height difference, but a quick shift to her Amazonian Glabro form and she picks him up in her beefy arms like a dad scooping up his sleepy teen daughter.

He'd be pretty familiar with this shape as well, moreso than the shape of her birth anyways. She's still devastatingly attractive even if she's more obviously inhuman. And much taller than he is. And of course she'd introduced him to it in the bedroom to spice things up, for good or for ill, but it's the wrong time of the lunar cycle for that kind of thing even if he weren't in pretty bad shape spiritually. She only carries him to bed, then helps him undress and returns to her human disguise to sit down beside him and get a feel for where he's at, her expression remaining fixed between relief and naked concern throughout.

Tristan Capell / 2025-06-05 16:07:48 | 15752

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

/roll 7d10 how well are you keeping up with reality?

<div id="main-alert" class="alert alert-success dieroll mt-1">
<div>7d10: 5, 8, 2, 4, 4, 7, 1 = 31</div>
</div>

Tristan Capell / 2025-06-05 17:05:24 | 15756

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Tristan is generally too exhausted to even register Sidney's change in forms as she carries him to the bedroom and helps him undress. Trying to compute when he last slept or ate is the kind of thing that just makes his brain short-circuit at this point. He **is**, however, dimly aware that it has been **???* days since he changed his clothes, and he says blankly, as Sidney is helping him disrobe, "I should shower."

Because he can smell the faint lingering scent of detergent on the sheets, and the plants that are growing on the windowsill, and then also something less pleasant that's also probably himself.

Not that he gets up to do so. That just feels like an interminable distance. But then he draws in a breath as he recollects something, and grasps at Sidney's forearm. "Nezihe," he says. "She doesn't know." And he goes to pat his pockets, but, no, he's not wearing trousers anymore, and anyway he recollects that at some point he wound up without his phone. So.

And then he looks over at her, his expression a little worried, and asks, "Are we really home?" Because if this is all some product of his fevered brain, he knows he doesn't have the strength to shake it off: it's what he wants, and where he wants to be, and if it's a delusion, he's just going to sink down into it for however long it lasts.

Sidney Graves / 2025-06-06 02:07:13 | 15764

*Before you save me, just wait your turn

Look at me now, steady as we burn*

Firefly | Glasswalker | Notoriety

While Tristan gathers himself, Sidney pries off her boots and her gloves, sheds her jacket and then the sweater beneath it - it's a bit warm for the extra layers in the northern hemisphere, but neither of the garments are especially thick anyway and she was born with a thick coat of luxurious fur so it all comes out in the wash.

When he speaks to her she turns to look at him, grinning slightly. He likes to keep himself clean and, out of social habit, she does too, though she'd never minded the smell of him unwashed. And when he mentions Nezihe, the werewolf gives him a one-shouldered shrug. They can fill her in later, it isn't *that* urgent, but of course he'd worry about everyone but himself. She crawls over on all fours and straddles him, looking down and nodding enthusiastically. They're home. Reaching for his wrists, she guides one hand to her face and the other to her hip, where the tank top's ridden up a little.

She always feels like she's running a low-grade fever, even though she's never really been sick in all the time he's known her. The occasional ennui, sure, depressive spirals, *emotional* issues certainly but never physically. She can only hope that physical touch is enough to keep him grounded now that he's in a safer place, and he can sleep. And to encourage that, she leaves her phone in her jacket, heaped over the pants containing *his* phone, and she lowers herself onto him to press a cheek against his chest, tucked in against the healthy body of her spiritually-troubled boy.

Tristan Capell / 2025-06-06 15:09:29 | 15776

quand vous êtes la nuit
qui saisit les campagnes
que vous promettez-vous
qui vous étonnerait?

dreamspeaker

Tristan doesn't mind the grubbiness that comes with his various kinds of field work, but there's something about a hot shower upon coming home that is almost a ritual in itself, a way of putting whatever has happened in the rearview. Life out there goes however it must, but life within these walls is something more manageable, contained and tidy and, yes, with its comforts, too. It's one of his smaller, quieter survival strategies. The low hum of agitation in his mind isn't something that's going to be fixed by a shower or a phone call alone, but it makes them both feel urgent even as his weariness prevents him from doing anything about it.

And Sid further pins him in place by straddling him, and she'd feel some of that restlessness seep out of him as his hand slides to her waist, his thumb brushing along her skin in a slow, repeated movement. His eyes take in her face, meanwhile, and some of that worry eases at her silent reassurance that yes, they're home, this is real.

His other hand falls away from her face, and, after a moment's hesitation and marshalling of his thoughts, he very carefully signs one-handed: *I missed you.* Given that he's a versatile polyglot who has taught her to swear in every language he knows, his signing is almost endearingly tentative.

Then he wraps his arms around her as she lowers herself to rest against him, and, little by little, his breathing slows, his vigilance giving way under her ministrations, and the demands of his body, to sleep at last.