

RP logs:

(Colors: **Salder/Goliath/Elias/Anabelle/Gilly(Same player)**, **Lebli/Zulu**, **Ryz/Leyoric**, **Phylan/Honey**, **Val'theral**, **Summersong**, **Ties**)

Gilly Goldcog is also in attendance tonight. She's in a bikini and has a hobgoblin with her, also oyf which is in a bikini. "We's got the distraction paht of things down."

"Though it's cold..." Gilly mutters with a shrug. She's a goblin with gilded teeth, pretty much.

Lebli shudders in the cold a little too, also wearing a bikini, "Y...yeah. I don't think we took the COLD into account with the whole bikini distraction plan."

Gilly laughs and says, "TCH! Trust me on this, it's gonna be awesome. Say, Ana, why aren'tcha wearing a bikini?!" Ana pauses and mutters, "Because I would look ridiculous, that's why."

"why are you wearing a bikini, anyways?" Tiedi mumbles, and tugs the cloth around her neck up to cover her mouth and nose, "I don't much care for the cold either.."

"It was part of the plan, OK!" Lebli shoots Ties a look that says 'don't ask'.

The Keep forces have successfully scouted out the location of the next attack from those under mind control. Vio'thel sighs, addressing everyone here. "I will be managing backup, if we need it," she begins. "...Apparently, the goblins will be -distracting- those under mind control, and getting them to chase them. Anyone not a goblin and no in on the whole distracting plan will be taking care of the Cultists. No doubt there will be many around. Kill then on sight, give no mercy, but -ensure- they do not manage to drag their puppets away into the shadows with them. It is imperative we separate everyone."

Lebli gives Rosko a little pat, "Alright, almost showtime. Stay just outa sight unti the rest do their thing, alright?"

Sumersong simply stands in place, silent and unmoving. Her stomach, a portion of her back, bits of her arm, face, and fingers were exposed to the harsh elements surrounding those who gathered. Then again, just by looking at her, one knew what she was. After all, she made no effort in putting an illusion over herself. As she listened to Vio'thel, she gave an occasional nod. Only when she stopped talking did she speak. "Any traps we should look out for? Hidden beasts, perhaps?" Silena questions in Orcish.

Ry'zrel Athram stood worriedly in the back of the group.. He wasn't worried for himself--no, he was worried for his brother. He didn't want anyone to see him like this, so he made sure to keep his hood up and his face hidden. He was twirling a bolt of fel energy in between his fingers worriedly as his loyal Voidwalker--Lovingly known as Chuck--stood at his side.

At the moment, Elias Cipher, a blood prince, is tearing through a town like last time. Within his jagged claws is the skull of the latest victim, of which he drinks a bit of blood from. Cliche but effective. What he does next is simple. Whomever he comes upon, he lunges at and rips out their throat, chewing on their flesh and laughing as he rips out their heart. He's gone completely hysterical.

Down in a town very nearby, Goliath is doing the same, though as he walks by townspeople he spreads curses that dissolve their flesh and force them to collapse into a heap of screaming bones and flesh. His red eyes survey the area, a very deep sadness within them. He brings his claws to his mouth and licks them every so often, giving a light hiss.

Leyoric Plaguefang--as he was known before retaking the mantle of house Athram and becoming a San'layn--was a rather powerful Scourgelord in the Scourge army. He'd now

become so filled with rage that he didn't care anymore, and fell right back into his Scourge training as a Plaguebringer, a powerful Necromancer, and a commander of the undead. He landed roughly in the center of a town nearby, screams might even be heard as his recently risen Frostwurm decimated a clocktower. The Knight dismounted and unsheathed his sword, dragging it on the ground behind him and spreading a foul magic across all of the town's roadways. This vile magic gripped at the ankles of panicking townsfolk, allowing his minions who were risen from the previous town to maul them and make more as they were trapped by the very ground they sanctified. His armor dripped with blood along with his sword, his lichfire eyes flaming blue with necromancy and pure power. He said nothing, and nigh deviated from his path. He was once again a killing machine, raising vast swaths of dead and living alike to serve in -his- army.

Phylan stares across the town, dread and nausea twisting her stomach in knots; for a moment, all she can do is stand paralyzed, petrified as memories assail her. 'now is not the time to freeze up,' she scolds herself, drawing her staff with a trembling hand, and approaching the nearest San'layn. "Gilly says you guys are really good," she whispers, trembling as she approaches Elias. "Let's see if that's true."

Leyoric stopped in the center of the town, his army of the dead amassing in great numbers behind him, almost creating a wall of people behind him. It had to have been at least one hundred dead, and at least one hundred more still rising. He was waiting for something, just standing there, resting two hands on his sword in front of him like a statue, staring, waiting... Plotting.. Gathering strength. The magic around him alone could kill.

Elias continues tearing across the town, hissing and gutting anyone he comes across. His nostrils flare, and he looks about, pausing for a moment. There's familiar scents all around him... The puppetmasters controlling him notice this pause and tense. They look about, wondering if they should call him back.

Ababelle is riding regally atop the skeletal horse given to her by Elias. She sighs, standing with the goblins, a paralyzing potion in hand from Shaghoul's lab. "...Hopefully we can get them to chase us. Looks like we're about ready to head in..."

Goliath pauses as well, looking about in confusion. Now that it's more than just Lebli, and they are much closer, he can also sense them. "...Wait..." he mutters. The scroll takes ahold a bit stronger now, and he clutches his suddenly aching head.

Valtheral: *steaths around to gather around, hiding along for an opening. Blades ready to defend and attack, he waits patiently for an opportunity.*

Nearby the town, there are a ton of Darkbringer Cultists moving closer. What is going on, why are their puppets stopping?! Salder is among them, holding the scroll controlling Leyoric, Elias, and Goliath. He looks down upon them, noticing they are growing unstable. "Stop them," he commands. Suddenly, there is a flow of cultists heading to both restrain the San'layn if they must, and intervene with any rescue attempts.

as a flood of cultists wash in to the camp, Honey closes her eyes and concentrates, calling upon the spirits of the earth and raising a volley of stalagmites. with a flick of her paw, she hurls the stalagmites, impaling five cultists, and severely wounding a sixth in the process.

Some cultists fall already, but seeing the Keep members, many curse and fade into the shadows. They plan on ambushing when they have a chance. In fact, one appears behind

Honey and stabs a knife cruelly into her back, ripping downward before vanishing. Revenge for taking down fellow cultists.

"I'll hunt down these cultists.. they're gonna pay for what they did to our friends." seeing the approaching army, she tilts her head until there's an audible pop and, in a blur of mist, propels herself towards the cultists approaching the town. Skidding to a stop, she slices a cultists throat open then jams her other scythe into his buddies gut, spilling his intestines out of him in just one swipe, "If you want to get to my friends, you will have to get past me first!"

Several cultists are taken completely off guard by the aggressive pandaren. Many try to dodge her, but those she manages to down die grisly deaths. Salder looks on and snarls. "More fodder for the void..." is all he comments.

As the others moved into position, Mistress Sumersong took to the shadows of the gore-ridden, gloomy landscape. Swiftly she ran, looking around every inch of the environment in the way a predator would. She witnessed the loss of life, the site, and the others in various places of the town along with the targets. Upon seeing the Darkbringer cultists, she stops and observes momentarily. Tiedi was fighting several cultists. She moved in. Possibly foolishly, she tried to stab at Salder with a drawn dagger; jumping from the shadows.

Salder is too distracted by everyone else, -especially- those of the Keep that he recognizes. He isn't paying attention enough to notice Silena coming up behind him at all. Suddenly, there's a knife in his back, and he drops the scrolls, hissing out and whirling. He's bleeding and fumbles for the scrolls. Silena can probably detect that he is a -fellow- San'layn. "GET THE SCROLLS!" he commands. Several cultists near him lunge for the scrolls at least, while he takes on the new threat. He glares at the woman, his lip peeling back from his fangs. He is tall and slender, with slicked back long hair, and jagged ripped ears. Surrounded by shadows, his red eyes look crazed. He looks to be adorned in the design of many spiders. Slowly, he asks, "And what do you think -you're- doing?" This attack had caught him off guard. It had -also- distracted him from the Keep, for the moment...

Lebli, rather than approaching the cultists, gets up on a higher bit of ground near the edge of town, "OK, ready ladies?" she asks of Gill and her hobgoblin, then... puts down a music box that starts playing some VERY loud music, and starts to dance...presumably joined by the others involved in the distraction.

This is Gilly's chance! She steps forward and whistles loudly at the mind-controlled San'layn. Gilly clears her throat and begins. "LUAO! IF YA'S HUNGRY FOR A BIG HUNK OF FAT AND JUICY MEAT! EAT MY HOBGOB BUMBA HERE AND YA'LL HAVE A TREAT! EVERYBODY GET IN LINE, ALL YA HAVE TO DO IS BE FINE! ARE YA ACHIN', FOR SOME GOBLOOD! HE'S A BIG GOB! YOU CAN BE A BIG GOB TOO!" The hobgob nods along and shouts, "YUP YUP YUP!" While both do the hula dances. (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r3JAM1nuNAk>) Also this scene actually stops several cultists abruptly, and confuses them so hard that they just stop and -stare-. What the actual fuck is going on?!

Ry'zrel hesitated as he pulled his horse into town, seeing his brother standing there with his army of the dead shooting a pang of fear up his spine. His Nightmare clopped along the cobblestone slowly, before stopping just inside the edge of town. "Leyoric!" He shouted. "Brother! You fucking asshole! Stop this madness!" He shouted, just like brothers do.

Leyoric's evil smirk almost immediately faded, his eyebrow twitching at the sight and sound of his brother. "R-ry..? No.. An.. An Illusion.." He growled and bared his necromantically amplified fangs. He Lifted his greatsword in one hand and approached slowly, his entire army following step by step, his frostwyrms roaring. "Who -dares- impersonate my -dead- Brother?!" He growled. Elias looks at the ridiculous dancing goblins and growls savagely. The distraction, and confusion, works. He drops a dying man to the ground, one he'd been consuming alive, and begins to crouch and slowly approach the goblins...

Seeing this, Ana looks to the goblins and yells simply, "Good, yes. RUN!" She whistles for her horse, grabbing the goblins by the arms and hoisting them upon them.... right in time, too, for Elias is now giving them a chase! "WE NEED TO GET FAR AWAY FROM THOSE CULTISTS! THEY CLEARLY DON'T WANT TO BE SEPARATED FROM HIM!"

Catching sight of the chase scene going on under him, Goliath leaps forward and begins to join in. Of course, he's grabbed by a gigantic demonic dog, who flies off and dodges several void bolts. He slams Goliath to the ground and holds him there, snarling in his face. The San'layn shuts his eyes, hisses, and struggles! Rosko has brought him to where Ana is running--meaning they're now heading right at him.

"The scr-" Tiedi growls and starts slicing and cutting her way through the crowd, cutting anyone and anything in her path. She points to her allies on the field, "Get those scrolls! If you gotta, destroy them!" She's now a whirlwind of blades and mist slicing down any cultist foolish enough to get too close, "But keep them away from our friends at all costs!"

Narrowing her dark, shadowy eyes, Silena stands herself up and looks back up to him with a blank slate. "You are foolish, 'brother'.. You -let- these people know what you did.. You let others know of us. You -used- us for a foolish crusade. We may all die now because of you.. if we do, you will -certainly- be the first." she emotionlessly answered, cracking the knuckles of her right hand. With her claws exposed, she tried to grab his throat and throw him to the ground.

This time, Salder manages to dodge her and lashes out with his claws, attempting to sink them into her cheek. He vanishes and appears behind her, laughing. "They know not of their power. They are -weak-, they do not seek to use it for a greater purpose... hiding in their Keep, being merciful to mortals that do -not- listen to the void's whispers. That is all they are good for, to hear it, and to be food, of course. Only mortals one with the void are worthy. Our people have so much potential for -slaughter- and bloodshed. I am merely helping along what is -natural- and what they -cannot deny-. While of course, benefitting the one true gods."

Val'theral: *catches to see Elias once again drops in and tried to help by grabbing hold from Elis behind him. "Elias! Wake up!"

Elias stumbles, hearing the voice in his ear, but his focus remains upon those that are fleeing. He snarls and bucks, throwing Val'theral off and turning toward the other San'layn, lashing out in confusion and attempting to rend flesh with his claws if they catch him.

Lebli, knowing FULL well how to run away from a san'layn (thanks Ikkie!), is basically doing some parkour type stuff to get out to the edge of town where Goliath's being held by a demon dog. Because charging AT another mind controlled san'layn is clearly the plan. She runs up to... wait, just past Goliath, giving him a bonk on the head, "Oi! Snap out of it!"... very well thought through. Then... leaps on the back of Rosko, because she KNOWS this is a fel of a gamble.

Gilly cheers Lebli on, still being held by Ana. "...YAH, YA GO GIRL!" But then suddenly she's tossed off the horse, of which neighs and is forced to turn so suddenly. Ana glances to her. "...Don't follow me, Gilly. Help Lebli. Don't die." The goblin is surprised and shouts, "HEY! THAT AIN'T PART OF THE PLAN! GAH!" She rushes over to Rosko and Lebli. Goliath lays there dazed, though hisses out and lashes out, goring the dog's arm. Rosko shrieks but holds firm. He's starting to waver...

"...F-fuck.." he mumbled under his breath. "Yeah! That's it you piece of shit! Come and get your brother who Father loved more than you!" He insulted his brother as he ran away, but with an oddly specific tidbit of history, which caused him some more confusion for a split second before his frostwyrms swooped down to pick the Knight up. He followed quickly behind the warlock. "WHO ARE YOU?!" The knight shouted in a panic.

Phylann considering that the san'layn are currently being handled by people who are much more equipped to handle them than she is, Phylan shifts her focus to the myriads of cultists, and douses one of them in holy fire.

The cultist screams out as light clashes with shadow--and considering they're an undead void priest, this makes matters all the worse. They fall to the ground--say, this is one of those that was the closest to the scrolls they're all going after! Excellent job!

Leyoric's frostwyrms flew past Ry'z, swooping around to land in front of him. This was beneficial, as he was now very far out of range of the scrolls! His head began to throb and the spell began to waver as the frostwyrms crashed into the ground and he fell off of it headfirst into the snow! He would groan and roll over onto his back, curling up and grasping his head in pain. "AAAGH! WHAT IS THIS?!"

Anabelle closes her eyes and lets out a sigh. As she rushes toward the Blood Prince, she takes out her potion and douses it with the potion. "...This will only hurt a little..." she mutters. The horse rushes forward and Anabelle rushes by Elias, plunging the blade into his shoulder! She smiles at Val'theral. "Thank you for getting him to stumble---" But wait...

Elias reaches out and yanks her off of the horse, throwing her into the distant mountain and leaping after her. He's extremely quick, no longer playing games. One moment he's where he was standing, the next he's on top of her, his fangs deeply plunged into her throat as he drinks in strong pulls. Except, two things occur now. As he shreds her flesh with his claws, he tastes her blood and recognizes her scent. The scroll and control is -completely- severed, and he lets go of the woman in shock, stumbling back. And then the potion sets in, and he falls to his back, staring up to the sky, his mouth set open in shock. He's now fully aware of what he's done, and no longer under -any- control. Oh, he's also paralyzed, at the moment. Ana, well... she's alive. Meanwhile, Goliath glares and hisses at Rosko, then hears Lebli's voice, Gilly's voice, Val'theral's voice. The madness fades from his eyes. In the distance, the sound of loud bursts of magic can be heard as two scrolls burst into flames. That signifies that control has been lost. Goliath stares up at Rosko and Lebli. "...Lebli? R-rosko?" he whispers. "Is that really you? It has to be.. what... what have I done?!"

Salder becomes distracted by this. "NO! THE SCROLLS! THEIR CONTROL IS BREAKING! NO!" At the moment, he's completely vulnerable... His resolve is wavering.

Valthera: *brushes himself off* "We have more here at hand, I will be joining the others in need of my assistance."

Valthermal: *he hurries off running as fast as he could in stealth*

the chaos of battle confuses Honey so much she can no longer concentrate on the elements. Afflicted as she is, she decides to use brute strength alone to tear in to any cultist that comes too close to her.

Many cultists die to the bear, as they are too distracted by trying to get to the scrolls. Of course, they're too late. Many begin to flee for their lives.

Tiedi roars out, seeing the man vulnerable, she dives for him, and aims to deliver a powerful punch.. and then cut, to Salders face, then, to finish off the combo, assuming it goes uninterrupted, swings and delivers a powerful round-house kick to his gut.

Salder is punched extremely hard and driven back, snarling and now focusing upon Tiedi. He sends several bolts of shadow magic at the pandaren, his attention entirely captured by her. Though, this is interrupted by the kick, and he falls to his knees, panting.

Sumersong takes the strike to her face, resulting in her head bouncing back before regaining control. Four claw strikes of red appeared across the right portion of her face. Dark ooze began to seep from the wounds."... You see? You inflicted a wound upon me. You are completely lost.. If you truly were smart, you'd realize that we could still accomplish the dreams you seek for us all. We'd need a force to gather, large numbers. Continue to hunt. Your brain is rotten and we need no stab-ready traitors blowing our cover."she boasts with a lack of emotion in her voice. For a second, she'd watch the pandaren woman dive in and strike him. When Salder was down, Silena took the opportunity to rush in and aim two of her first clawed digits of her right for his eyes.

Salder is too focused upon Tiedi to prevent this at all. Suddenly, claws plunge into his eyes, ripping into them. He screams out in sheer agony as his vision is ripped away from him. Tears of blood pour from his sockets as not only were his ribs practically broken by the pandaren, but now he lost his eyes entirely. All because of his -obsession- with those damn scrolls. He lets out a strained hiss and his form dissolves. He has to abandon this place, too much is lost already. A final whisper might be heard by both Summer and Ties. "You'll be sorry, vermin. Fodder for the void... no. Prey for ME. I will make sure of it..." Seeing their boss down, the cultists begin to rush away, abandoning the area entirely. If -Salder- can't hope to succeed, how can they?!

Lebli reaches down, to grab Goliath's hand, "Oh thank FUCK, that worked." pulling to help him on top of Rosko, "yeah, long story, and not a pretty one. You wanna get outa here?" She draws one of her swords and points in Salder's general direction, "Or you wanna go stab that son of a bitch in cold blood?"

Goliath wavers, and finally he just goes limp. He had been sitting atop Rosko, but like a corpse does he just fall off and to the ground again. Rosko takes the warlock into his claws and begins to head right for the Keep. Oh, and he grabs Gilly too.

"OK, yeah, maaaaaybe stabbing Salder's out then. Let's get you home." Lebli ruffles Goliath's hair.

"Brother knock it off and snap out of it!" He shouted, a tear rolling down his cheek. "You're fucking stronger than this! You know it! You dickhead come on!" Ry cast some magical bindings on his brother, anchoring his red saronite-clad body to the ground as he thrashed and screamed in agony. "C-come on!"

There is still one controlled San'layn at bay. Will the scroll be grabbed by a fleeing cultist?

Valtheral *notices a running culties among a few others with him, he chases down the suspicious man running going after him*

Lebli reaches back and gives Goliath a hug on the way back, "You OK? Wait, shit dumb question. That's probably pretty obvious."

Ry pinged the comms "H-hey guys, can someone come help with Leyoric? He's uh.. Still kinda struggling.." *Blood curdling screaming could be heard in the background*

The cultist holding Leyoric's scroll is caught, he shouts, "NO! RELEASE ME!"

Goliath is currently completely out of it. He's not responding, but he's still alive, at least. Rosko whimpers, placing the warlock down on a bed and laying there with a THUD!

"Yeah you better run!" Tiedi growls and throws her scythes on the ground, the shadow magic that had hit her already healing up thanks to her mist. She pants a bit and sighs, "Oooooof.. did we do it? Is everyone okay?"

Valtheral *Knocks out the cultist and takes the scroll, he now hurries off before he could be caught in even more danger then he should, then again, he will not let anyone take him down unless they seemed to be a worthy challenge that could actually kill him*

Sumersong pulls the fingers out of his eye sockets, pulling out the bright red eyes and sinewy darkness that hung from the eyes."Are you sure you're a -real- San'layn? Can you regenerate? Can you control the minds of humans beasts alike? Show me your power. SHOW ME YOUR STRENGTH! I WANT TO PISS MYSELF WITH FEAR."Silena shrieked back at the wounded Salder, cupping the left side of his head with a gloved hand as she rubbed the eyes and the jam-like substance that bled from the eyesockets across his entire face in mockery.

"Did someone find his scroll?"..

Lebli sits on the side of the bed, "OK wow... you's SERIOUSLY outa it. And I'm... talking to myself and Rosko then. Fel, let's get you cleaned up..." Lebli starts examining Goliath, seeing to his injuries.

Valtheral *uses the keep call* "I got the scroll. Im on my to anyone closes to me."

There is a darkening around Summer and Tiedi. Salder -did- hear that one last threat. And he's angry. Bat-like shadows appear and surround both of them. If this hits (should player allow it), there will suddenly be several bite marks all over their bodies, and their blood would slowly be drained. Manic laughter, Salder's could be heard in the mass, before it rushes off entirely. Goliath has many self-inflicted wounds from when the scroll hadn't controlled him and he'd been fully aware of his actions when caged. Considering he has literal weapons at the tips of his Vio'thel says into the comm, "What scroll? You do? Whatever it is, destroy it, if it has anything to do with the cultists. And do so quickly."

Tiedi, having dropped her guard, and never been the one to resist dark magic easily, is overwhelmed by the mass of shadows. when they dissipate, Tiedi is on the ground, unconscious, and losing blood fast, bite marks all over her.

Valtheral *stops in a ally to burn the scroll with his handy lighter, burnning it up fast*

Phylann upon noticing the unconscious Tiedi, Phylan runs over to the pandaren and proceeds to cast a healing spell, hoping to rouse her.

Just before the bat shadows could grab ahold of Silena, the dark-eyed she-elf hides herself from sight within Tiedi's shadow before bursting back out into sight to run toward the group with the eyes still hanging off her clawed fingers.

"Oh fel, that was the only way out you saw... not that I's not planned a few quick ways out of... well, yeah." Lebli goes over to a cabinet and pulls some of the very familiar alchemical THINGS she tends to use, rubbing some alchemical oils into his injuries.

The potion slowly starts to fade from Elias, and he sits up, in a daze. He rubs his head and groans. "...Ugh...the Society....are they, uh..." The last thing he'd been doing before the mind control was fighting the Society. Slowly things start coming back, however, and he looks down at his blood-covered hands. "...I..." he whispers. He then looks to Ana, shocked and horrified. "Did this." Seeing no one around, he rushes to her, grabbing bandages and trying to at least heal her somewhat. He's panicked like a cornered animal, however.

"Oooooow.." The Monk mumbles quietly, "Drag me to everyone please.."

Phylan nods, and proceeds to try and carry the wounded pandaren to her companions.

Goliath -finally- begins to stir, but panic seizes him. He claws around the bed, looking like he seeks to run. He hisses, lashing out with his claws in front of him, before slowly calming down upon seeing Lebli. ...Hopefully he didn't damage -her- in this.

Leyoric finally stopped struggling and passed out from the amount of power he'd exerted during his rampage. Ry sighed in Relief as he knelt by Ley, releasing his bonds and lifting the Knight up. "F-fuck you're heavy." He dismissed Chuck and summoned a Felguard, handing him the knight and opening a portal to Leyoric's room at the keep.

"YEEP!" Lebli flattens herself against the bed as a claw goes right over her head! "Wow, that was almost my face there, they REALLY got's you nervous."

The Pandaren is quite heavy, as per most Pandaren. Plus all of her armor, she a heavy bear, "Oooooow.. center of town.. just drag me there, i'll be fine.."

Lebli ...flattens herself against the bed. And oh yeah, the elf in it too, probably.

Phylan drags Tiedi to the center of town, then collapses, exhausted from the effort it took.

JUST THEN! A massive red tiger, with mist pouring from her body, lands next to the Pandaren. She looks down to the Goblin beside her and nods, "I'll take her from here, thank you.." She grabs onto Tiedi's foot with her paw and flies off with her.

Elias is still caring for Ana but might flee at a moment's notice, he's no longer mind-controlled, but certainly panicked...

Valtheral *starts to make his way to the keep*

Ana is safely delivered to the Keep via Dracul! But... where's Elias?

Sumersong lumbers into the Keep's main hall after Ana. Her dark gaze fixed forward as she strode in with the claw marks on her face and the eyes still hanging off her claws.

"...I...sorry..." Goliath mutters, looking at his claws. He sits up and stares her down, then closes his eyes. "Back when I worked with the queen, and conquered. Things like that, they were normal. Enjoyable. I loved ripping mortals to shreds, burning away their flesh. But now..." his tone is hushed, and he shudders.

Ana is currently unconscious, but the drake holding her is it. The infinite drake has a grim expression, and he says to those in the room. "T-the Blood Commander told me to keep silent about his location..."

the moment she teleports to the Keep, Phylan collapses, utterly drained, and barely aware of a Forsaken woman rushing towards her. "Phylan," the woman cries, rushing up to the

unconscious goblin, and scooping her in to her arms. "I'm so sorry Phylan," she sobs, "I should have gone with you!"

Tiedi is leaning against a chair, her eyes shut, "Well.. at least we won, right guys?" she mumbles out and sighs, tired from blood loss. "Anyone got any rum? I would love some rum right now.."

Gilly follows after Phylan and the forsaken woman, commenting, "She did great out there. All's of us did. We won. Wait, someone say rum?" She rushes back out and whistles. Hobgoblins lug out a ton of alcohol, and she gives a smile. "ON ME! Pay me back latah."

Lebli ruffles his hair, "Yeah, yeah I get it. We's still working out WHAT they did to you's guys, but whatever it was... well, you guys went preetttty dark there. Can't blame ya for bieng on edge a bit there... I can imagine it was probably like some sorta really shitty nightmare."

Valtheral: *manages to see mostly everyone back. He puts a hand on his hip and cant help but to bring himself to smoke a good cig now that the mission was a good one.*

"Those scroll things.." Tiedi mumbles, having taken a large barrel of rum and is drinking it out of a hole on top. She sighs and sets it down beside her with a loud thud, "those scroll things.."

"I remember thinking all of you, every one of you, was dead. Tortured to death in the worst way possible. Everything I saw, every creature, was the cause of it. I could see them killing each of you personall, one by one. Every single person I killed had a part in it... but... I know that's a lie, now." He buries his face into his hands. "I was so angry. I needed revenge. He played on the deepest, most primal fears and hatreds..."

Honey all the while immediately goes to her room where her twin currently resides. surprisingly, Lusa is now conscious, and regards Honey with an awkward wave. "Hi," she mutters to her twin, not knowing what else to say.

Dracul leaves Ana on the hospice bed and flies off, presumably to go talk to Elias. Ana takes a while to stir, but when she does, she groans. Looking about hopefully, soon enough, she curses. "...Damn it. I failed, didn't I..."

Sumersong walks around for a bit more. Then, she turns around and approaches Val'theral. "I am disappointed. We failed to recapture one of our brothers. The dragon said it." she grumbled in Thalassian.

"Ok wow... yeah, nightmare ain't even a good enough word for that shit..." Lebli pulls him over so he can bury his face in something else...probably her shoulder, for a good cry.

Off in the distance, Dracul returns to his caretaker. Elias stares him down. "Go," he snarls flatly. "I told you not to come back." The drake claws at the ground and keeps a steady stare. "But Commander--" he begins, but Elias cuts him off with a hiss. "But NOTHING! Clearly what I tried to maintain within the Keep has been shattered because of my nature. I ripped the throats out of innocent men, women, and children. I sawed several of them in half with my axe as they ran from me. Back a long time ago I would have been blissful. I LOVE to slaughter. But not like that. My enemies deserve to fall. This contradicts -everything- I wanted for the Keep. And now, dear little Ana is hurt because of me. I -knew- I'd hurt her. I -knew- it."

Ry just sat against the nightstand next to the bed Ley laid unconscious in. He sighed and took a swig out of a large bottle of rum, letting it drop to his side. It was half empty already. He drank quickly--and he wanted to be drunk right now. Oof.

Goliath does just that. He clutches the goblin like she's the only thing in this world he can hold onto right now, and begins to sob into her. This occurs for a good, long while. This negative

emotion is enhanced, of course, because of his condition--the undead have greatly enhanced negative emotion. And boy is he feeling it.

"You son of a bitch," Honey roars at Lusa, rearing up and smacking her across the face. "What were you doing, serving the Alliance!?" Meia all the while holds the unconscious Phylan closer to her, and casts a sour glare at all the Keep members. "I should never have let her assist you," she hisses to no one in particular, golden eyes gleaming with a feverish light.

Valtheral: *he lifts his cig up once again, "You shouldnt think negative thoughts Silena. Im absolutely positive we will come across him again. Will find him. I will go back to the since to look for him, if you want."

Emerging from the depths of the Keep, a certain Sin'dorei paladin with tied-back white hair emerges and stares at Meia. "She wanted to aid us, didn't she? We won't abandon her now." The woman's palm fills with light as she begins to pour it into the goblin, attempting to at least heal the worst of her wounds.

Valtheral *finishes his smoke quickly and tosses it in the ash try.* "Everyone... I will be heading out to the place were we once were to look around to go find our lost brother."

Shakily, Ana gets to her feet. "I'm coming with you," she comments, but then falls to the ground. No, she's not. She snarls and tries to get up again despite this.

Lebli just holds him for awhile, letting him cry it out, motioning for Rosko to go make sure Gilly's OK... has anyone heard from her after they got back to the Keep anyways?

Sumersong turns her head from Val'theral and brings the severed eyes close to her fanged lips."... You may do as you please.. I do not want you to see me right now..,"she grumbles in Thalassian. Whether he left or not, or if anyone was watching her for that matter, Silena ravenously chewed at the eyes until they were moosh later smooshed into semi-liquid. The claw marks slowly close up in the process.

Tiedi, cuddling a half-empty barrel of rum, passes out in her chair. The same red tiger from before trots into the room and grabs her chair with her mouth, dragging Tiedi out and to her room.

Gilly is just fine, though when she's glomped by Rosko, she lets out a shriek. "GAH!" she shouts. Then, she glares up at him. "BAD DOG!" Rosko whines and prompts her to sigh. She looks over to Silena, catching sight of the grisly way she's eating the eyeball. "...Now tha's what I call gorey. I wonder how eyeballs taste, anywayz." Apparently she's not all that disturbed.

as Meia silently curses the keep members, Phylan stirs, "Meia," she calls, catching the Forsaken woman's attention, "I'm okay Meia, just tired... but I'm okay..." Phylan loses consciousness again, and Meia sniffles, beginning to weep as her anger towards herself rises. "I should have been there with her," Meia sobs, "But I was too angry... I knew I would try to kill your companions if I went with you," she whispers to the Paladin, "So I left Phylan to fight alone..."

"And why," Ysila begins. "Did you harbor hate for -us-, hm? What have we done to cause it? Regardless. She will survive. She's a fighter, obviously."

"Your mind controlled friends... they destroyed mine and Phylan's village... after watching our friends fall, I was just so angry..." Meia whispers, shudders wracking her boney frame. "But now my anger lead me to abandon Phylan..."

Flicking her ears around, Silena turns her attention toward Ry'zrel tending to his self with a bottle. Narrowing her dark eyes, the vampyric she-elf approaches him."-Why- are you celebrating? We are still missing one pair of fangs. I do not know about you, but I remain displeased until we find him and the trash who dared to further besmirch our name."she firmly admonishes.

"It wasn't their fault. You said it right there. MIND CONTROLLED. Don't you get it?! None of us wanted this to happen. They didn't either. Go talk to them. See how -distracted- they are." She then proceeds to yell something into the comms.

Ry'zrel's eyes flicked to her and quickly it became apparent that the emotion on his face was not one of celebration or pleasure. He was downright -depressed-. Whatever he saw back there that his now sleeping brother had done, combined with his now unconscious state, had thrown the warlock into a downward spiral. "Celebration is quite the opposite of what I'm doing.." He said groggily.

Valtheral *manages to come back feeling very tired, and his attier definitely could use a good wash. It took a good several long two hours into it.*

Lebli gives Goliath a squeeze, "Hey, you're safe again... ain't in a cage or anything."

Meia grits her teeth and shakes her head, still furious, and Phylan shifts, taking Meia's hand and gently squeezing it.

Valtheral Comes walking back to the place, looking at his family, all seem to be sad. Not that I don't blame them all. He goes to sit down real quick to get some air and a good feed.*

It takes a while for him to compose himself. The steely San'layn has never quite broken down like this at all. Being a noble in life, he was taught to hide all emotion. He closes his eyes and just replies, "I believe I need to recover my strength. I'm sorry."

Blinking her eyes, Mistress Sumersong cants her head toward her right before sending her predatory gaze down upon the 'slumbering' San'layn."... He is back, Ry'zrel. You still have your brother, and -he- is not alone anymore."she gently points out.

Lebli snuggles up against Goliath, "Hey... I'm here for that too, if you need it." She blushes a little... still a wee bit underdressed.

"I didn't find any trace of any of our brothers. I did my best." He now drinks a glass from table next to him, lighting up another cig.

Sumersong turns to look back to Val'theral and frowns slightly. The claw marks that once blemished and bloodied her face were gone.

Ry picked up his comm and mumbled into it before looking back up to her. "I know he's back, I carried him here." He sighed. "It's just.. I thought I'd lost him and I still haven't recovered. He's still not awake."

""I'm shot."

Valtheral *he begins to try to relax from what happens. *

Goliath at least falls to sleep now. Normally he doesn't really, as he doesn't have to, but his brain needs a complete rest, and he needs to rest his power. He certainly doesn't need blood right now, considering he's just ripped through many towns.

"...well, I suppose that works for regaining your strength too. I'll make sure you get a good breakfast..."

Ysila is glaring at her comm and sighs, taking a seat. She switches channels and begins muttering into it.

Lebli gets out of the bed and gets her comm.

Lebli quietly flops back into the bed... and breaks down crying a little snuggling the sleeping elf.

Valtheral *decides it time to get up and get ready for bed. He gets up and heads out.*

Hearing something behind him, Elias freezes and lets out a frustrated hiss.

Zulujenai: "Ya forgot ta watch your back mon."

"This scenario seems very oddly familiar," Elias grumbles. "Once again, I cause a gigantic issue for people, once again, I'm gone after. Only -this- time, I seek to be left alone, troll. Go home."

"I be plannin' on goin' home soon. But I be tryin' ta make sure ya not doin' somethin' ya be regrettin' first." Zulu hops out of his copter, and walks over behind Elias.

Elias hisses at Zulu, but there's little power behind it. "...I said go away." He runs his claws through his hair and turns to face him, baring his fangs.

"Look... ya be turned against your friends. Ya did some nastah things. I get dat. But think about it... what would Salder want ya to do if ya did break free? I heard on da comm what be happenin'... but do ya think Ana be comin' after ya when ya be an evil puppet expectin' ta not have dat risk? I think she be understandin' too."

Elias crosses his arms, recalling what happened. He still has a deep puncture wound in his shoulder where it happened. His red eyes look quite broody, and he sighs. "And?" He then grumbles and finally lapses deep into thought. "You all -saw- the atrocities I committed."

Zulu nods, "And we know, at least in part, what be causin' them. Blamin' ya for dat would be like blamin' da remnants of da Kingdom for what da old King had done. It be like blamin' me for what Percy did because of my presence. Runnin' away isn't da answer 'ere."

Elias stares him down and finally mutters, "-Fine-." He appears somewhat irritated, but extremely tired. His ears droop, and he closes his eyes for a moment. Reaching for the hourglass necklace around his neck, he grabs it and turns it three times. This calls upon Dracul.

"...Take us home." He says flatly. Dracul beams, then looks to Zulu and nods thankfully

Zulu gives Drakul a friendly headpat, "Let'sb e gettin' home... and don't worry, ya can sulk a little there... dat we not be blamin' ya for. But ya friends be still ya friends, remembah."

Upon arrival at the Keep, he vanishes quickly! The sound of a door slamming shut and locking can be heard. Well, at least he's moping in his room now.