Hi there! You have found the transcript for Flying in the Face of Fate!
Just so you know, there may be one or two differences between the podcast and the transcript, purely due to me riffing a little while I record. I have tried to fix as many errors as I could, though let me know if you find any more!

At least the rest of the night was uneventful, and soon the two men found themselves on the final stretch towards Winterdrift. Lin had spent the rest of the night talking in a low voice to Caelan, wanting to keep the nightmares at bay as much as he could and hoping the droning of his voice would help. At least he had kind of settled into the motions of travel on horseback now, and even Shihoh was getting more comfortable being out and around, especially with Caelan being so close to her. They had finally come over the last slight hill before reaching the gates of the city, and they could see the towering buildings and arches of the largest city in the country.

The city shone in the spring sunlight, the white marble and glass reflecting the light in a myriad of directions. Even Lin didn't remember far enough back to when the city was constructed, but his grandfather had showed him paintings of when it was still wooden structures with a few buildings of stone, back before elves took over the city. Of course, they'd since lost control back to humans again before reaching an… amicable enough truce, but not before redesigning the entire city like the ancient halls of the sun elves.

The road had gotten much busier the closer they got to the city, many branches merging as they converged on one of only two gates leading into the capital. Lin struggled between riding with the straightest back he could, like he had been taught, and trying to hide his face so no one noticed him. As much as he tried, it didn't work. People were still staring, and he could almost

hear the whispers between them. He hoped it was just because Star Elves were so rare, and not because they knew exactly who he was.

Caelan, for his credit, seemed to be relatively okay with all the whispers and stares. He was a much more professional bodyguard than the last one Lin had employed.

“Have you been to Winterdrift before?” Lin asked, trying to be as casual as he could to distract him from the number of people watching them.

“Once or twice” Caelan mused, carefully maneuvering his horse into the line of people trying to get passed the guards. “Once when I was a lot younger, with my parents, and once five or so years ago. How about you?”

Lin hummed, lining up in front of Caelan so he could talk to the guards first. Not that he didn’t think that Caelan was professional enough, he just knew that he would have more sway with them than him.

“I’ve stayed here a lot, honestly. I have friends that live here, although I think they’re out travelling at the moment. We can stay at their place. If they’re there they’ll leave us be, and if not we’ll have the place to ourselves.”

He didn’t want to tell Caelan where exactly they were staying quite yet. It could be… a little over the top and he didn’t want to scare him off. Not that it wouldn’t be much easier to find a bodyguard here rather than in Peatsland.

Lin should have expected to be spotted by one of the guards and called forward ahead of the queue. That didn't mean he didn't hate it, hated the looks he got from everyone he passed, but it was difficult to say no, not to mention it always raised the guard's suspicions. After a quick look to make sure Caelan was coming too he followed the guard up to one of the smaller side gates. That's where he realised he was called up purely because he was a Star Elf, not because he had any idea who he actually was.

"Name?" The guard said, ignoring Caelan completely and just looking at Lin. He was a wood elf, and sounded like he was in the last of his years but it was always difficult to tell with elves.

"Lin Yanion Chasso." Lin replied easily, knowing his name would be kept on record. The guard didn't even bother to look, and Lin winced at the knowledge that he most definitely knew the name.

"And the half-elf?" the guard asked, looking up to Caelan with barely concealed suspicion. Lin opened his mouth to respond, but Caelan got there before him.

"Caelan Maedhros Harlaw" he responded, and Lin tried not to pull a face. He knew that he was asking Lin to answer for him. He disagreed, of course, Caelan could speak for himself. But that didn't mean he didn't make this harder to work with by speaking.

"He's my bodyguard." Lin added, seeing the look of displeasure on the guard's face. "I have business at the Winterdrift branch of the university. I could call the dean, if you wished?"

That seemed to kick the guard into action, apparently forgetting any plans he had to question Caelan further.

“That won’t be necessary.” he replied, simply opening the gate for them and allowing them through. “Enjoy your time in Winderdrift, Sir.”

Lin waited until they were through the gate and it was closed again before letting out a long, slow breath.

“That was easier than I’ve ever had it, getting into the city.” Caelan joked, pulling up alongside him again as they fell into step and followed Lin’s lead.

“You think?” Lin chuckled, leading the way through the streets towards the house they would be staying in. They would be sticking to the main streets, more crowded than the others, and he didn’t know if it was blessing or a curse. A blessing, because they were far less likely to be ambushed, and a curse because it meant many more people would recognise who he was, and he knew how quickly word got around.

“Every time I’ve been here before I’ve been queuing for hours. Maybe I just have to use your name. Did you say your middle name was Yanion?” Caelan chuckled, looking across to him with a smirk. Lin shot a look back. He didn’t want to admit that it was only one of his middle names.

“And your middle name is Maedhros. I’m guessing that was your mother’s doing? Very Elvish.” Lin responded, watching Caelan puff out his cheeks and look straight forward where they were going. “Yeah.” Lin chuckled, smiling that he hadn’t let the half-elf win. “I thought that would make you shut up.”

Inside of the city was just as impressive as the view from outside. Whereas only the top of the taller buildings tended to be made of marble, the lower portions and smaller buildings were made of a pale sandstone and crystal clear glass. The streets were kept clean, magical constructions roaming the streets to eradicate any dirt or litter. Locals and tourists alike mingled around the streets, everyone heading to somewhere they had to be but not seeming too rushed about it.

Lin led Shiloh through the streets, heading around the outskirts of the city and avoiding the inner city streets. The houses here were larger than those closer into the capital, most of them fenced off by their own security gates. Some of the houses even had their own employees stood guard, and Lin made sure to avoid them. He was sure no trouble would start, but he was well aware of their trigger happy nature and how Shiloh could easily trigger it.

He made sure to watch Caelan’s face the closer they got to the house they would be staying at. He knew it was over the top, and excessive, but it had been his friend’s decision not his. A part of him would have preferred them to stay somewhere slightly less in your face and pretentious, but it seemed stupid to spend money to stay at a hotel when a free bed was right here.

The house in question was larger than Lin's, a huge footprint towards the northern end of town. It was essentially split into three sections, one large middle section made of a pure white marble, and two side sections completely gilded. A long driveway led its way to a large stables, and after getting past the wrought iron gate with a whispered password in Draconic Lin led both of the horses up towards it.

He looked around to see Caelan staring at the house, Kevah moving more of his own accord more than under the half-elf's instruction.

"So, uh, you're super rich, right?" Caelan said with a small laugh, seemingly snapping out of it as he followed Lin into the stables. The building was empty, as Lin had suspected, which told him that the family were out of town.

"Well, this isn't my house" Lin spoke easily, rolling off Shiloh and moving her into her own compartment before setting about taking her saddle and looking after her methodically.

"But you are friends with the owners. People who live in houses like this usually only run in very small circles, and those circles are full of *other* rich people." Caelan responded, going through the same routine with Kevah in the next compartment. He didn't seem like he would leave if Lin said he was rich, or that he was particularly judging him, but Lin still felt strange, as if he was bragging if he turned around and told him that *yes, actually, I am rich*.

"Well, I can tell you I'm nowhere near as rich as the owner of this house but… yes. I'm definitely in the upper class." he replied, speaking slowly and watching Caelan carefully as if to make sure

he didn't run away. But instead he just shrugged, carrying on with his motions caring for the horse he was borrowing.

"Well… it wasn't hard to guess." Caelan chuckled, pulling an apple out of his bag and feeding it to Kevah. "You're giving me over a hundred gold to take you across the country. One hundred gold for just over a weeks work, and by the looks of it I'm spending at least a part of that week in luxury. You had to be rich."

Lin huffed, turning around and looking at Caelan more fully.

"I could have paid you less, you know." he chuckled, heading to walk back out of the stable. He'd hire someone to come and look after the horses, maybe treat them a bit as well. They had been helping them since the beginning of the journey, after all, they definitely deserved it.

Lin stopped just outside of the stables, looking up into the morning sun. It was still just before noon, plenty enough time for them to do something for the rest of the day. A part of him was desperate to spend some more time with Caelan, but something more important waited. He turned back to Caelan waiting for him to leave the stables with him.

"Would you mind if I went to the library for the afternoon?" Lin asked, trying to seem somewhat casual while still watching Caelan carefully. If he seemed upset about splitting up, Lin supposed he could always come back to the library some other time. It wasn't like it was moving anywhere.

Caelan shook his head, still standing awkwardly with his bag over his shoulder and Lin supposed that maybe they should go in and wash up first. He turned around, heading towards the main house and using another arcane word to open the door and hold it open for Caelan.

Inside was just as pretentious as the outside of the house, all marble and velvet trimmed in gold. Lin was used to it, having been in the house many times, but he did see Caelan's eyes darting around as he apparently tried to take everything in.

"My room is upstairs." Lin offered helpfully, which at least seemed to pull Caelan out of whatever daze he was in.

"You have a room here?" he chuckled, starting to follow Lin up the large ornate stairs easily. "And I thought you said you weren't rich."

Lin stuck out his tongue, and almost instantly regretted it. It was childish, immature, but if it bothered Caelan he didn't show it.

"I stayed here a lot. Both as a kid and after growing up. The friends who live here have helped me out and I try to help them out when I can. Not to mention I like having a place I can stay whenever I'm in the capital." he explained, moving along the hallway and opening up the farthest door on the right.

His room here was plain, but unmistakably his. The majority of the room was taken up by a large four poster bed, still made as if he had left it this morning. He appreciated that, that a room was

always ready here. For most of his life this had been more of his home than the one he lived in. A wardrobe with a few spare clothes, both everyday and outfits for more fancy occasions, stood on one side of a bathroom door while a writing desk sat on the other. He watched as Caelan moved over to it, placing his bag an dulcimer down carefully before stretching his arms up and over his head.

“What do you say we have a shower, head out for some lunch and then I can go to the library.” Lin said with a smile, watching Caelan even as he put his own bag down next to the wardrobe. “There’s some nice cafes around, or bookstores. However you wanted to spend your time, I can drop you off and pick you up there. Or you can meet me at the library when you’re bored?”

Caelan appeared to think for a second, before starting to strip out of his jacket easily. “Yeah. Sounds like a good day.”