



QUEST OBJECTIVE:

A little envelope finds its way under your door one morning. Upon opening, you find a hastily written note: "Adventurers! I hope you're doing well, the image of the apparitions excitedly waving us goodbye is still fresh in my mind, and I can't stop thinking about how good you all did, and how much more good we can make! As you know, we're heading to Winterway after me and Silas finish figuring out the logistics of our journey there. In the meantime, I have some exciting news for you: I have visited many clothiers around Seaworn! So feel free to visit them any time to get your own styled- totally made for YOU and your likes- clothing for the cold! Or just choose whatever fits your needs! Everything will be paid for with the guild's fund, and I think you've very much earned that and more! So go! And don't forget to come by and show me, I can't wait to see what you get or come up with!"

RULES:

- ★ This doc will NOT be moderated. However, group rules still apply during rest breaks, please keep that in mind and be respectful!
- ★ Minimum 4 posts per participant, including your own character, about completing the quest

PARTICIPANTS:

1. **Edward** (played by Summers)
2. **Tiberius** (played by Rudy)
3. **Darius** (played by Canis)



◆ Edward Garance

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.2 | Puppetry

◆ STATS

《STR -3》《DEX +0》《INT +1》《CHA +2》

Deception +2 | Insight +1 | Performance +1 | Culinary +1 |
Culture +2 | Survival +2

▲ POST 1/4

Edward's making his way to the shopping district of Seaworn. His eyes peeled for any familiar golden brown coat in the masses. Of course he had accepted Darius' offer to go shopping together when he had causally brought it up at the birthday party. Edward is more than happy to be looking for a new guild-funded outfit for himself. Of course, that outfit is for their next expedition which, if everything is going to keep ramping up like it has been, most likely entails facing ever greater horrors and consequences than the last. The very least he could do is to make sure that he'll look good while doing so.

But never mind all that! Edward isn't going to think about what his future holds for him, nor is he going to think about what has happened, after the party Edward's come to terms that he's much happier just focusing on the now and enjoying the moment while he still can. Ignorance is bliss and he's getting better and better at ignoring his problems. Now, he may have never successfully outrun any of his problems ever in his life but that's not going to stop him from trying over, and over, and over again.

Finally he spots his shopping partner, approaching the other tom he greets him with a smile. **"Why, fancy meeting you here."** he chuckles, pretending like he hasn't been looking for him. He puts one paw on his hip and lets his gaze wander over the stores ahead of them. **"Now then,"** his eyes land back on Darius as he shifts his weight from one foot to the next. **"Do you know what you're looking for? I'm quite excited to get my own stylized exploration outfit, but it's fun to see what they have to offer, you know?"** he strokes his chin with a smirk eyeing the store in front of him and before you know it he's already on his way inside. **"Let's go!"**



▼ SUMMARY

Edward is going to ignore his problems and go shopping instead yippe! He's excited to go shopping with Darius and especially when the guild's paying for it. Ed's quick to take the lead and check out one of the clothing stores.

▼ ACTION

None for now!



— ◆ □ ◆ —

◆ TIBERIUS BIRCH ◆

(HE/HIM / ILLUSION LV. II)

◆ STR (-3), DEX (+1), INT (+1), CHA (+1) ◆

— ◆ □ ◆ —

◆ Culinary (+1) ◆ Deception (+2) ◆ Stealth (+1) ◆

— ◆ □ ◆ —



□ SHEET ◆ TRACKER ◆ BOUNDARIES ◆ POST 1 □

— ◆ □ ◆ —

With a pensive little 'tch' to himself, Tiberius curled the little piece of paper into a loose tube in his paw, ruminating on where he might hazard his luck at double-dipping into the Guild's pockets. It had been one thing to manage to keep hold of the little token – following his *most fruitful* expedition with the ever-wonderful Viola and Sugar – but actually using it again was a delicate matter that he intended to tackle with a degree of decorum.

Sigh.

No matter how exquisite the offerings were, he certainly couldn't get away with the same store; *that would just be sloppy*. Perhaps this street could boast some fanciful offerings?

As heart-wrenching as it was to turn tail on a reliable tailor, the tickling excitement of the unknown beckoned!

Meandering along the cobbled street, the curling brush of his tail danced and twirled behind him with every rhythmic step – a hum catching on his lip every now and then, mouthing some words about a 'little light'.

Mrrrrp?

...

Oh... now who are **you**?

There was something remarkably familiar about the two figures he saw wandering down the other side of the street... and with a little recollection, he quickly recalled why. Why – they were among the attendants of Leon's party!

How interesting that they were together. Hadn't that striking golden tom *made off* the night prior? While the darker tom – *what had been his name...* – had stayed behind with Viola and the besotten birthday boy?

His whiskers quivered with the memory, a spark swelling in his chest – as the curiosities of that night resurfaced with a *jolt*, a rush of awareness running through him. As if on instinct, Tiberius quickly skulked behind a nearby statue on velvet paws – then into the shade of an alley nook.

Though Tiberius would never be so bold as to clumsily claim an understanding of Viola – *he had to wonder*. Following the disparaging look sent between them – and his own instinctual assumption that such a forceful, undignified demand for another's heart couldn't have curried much respect from a cat of Viola's refined disposition – **so why?**

The mechanical question whirred curiously in his mind, like a little puzzle.

Was it a matter of professionalism, or of strategy – and why had she thought to depart with that darker tom in tow as well?

A mischievous little smile played at his muzzle. He half-heartedly apologized to ‘*Vi*’ in his head, unfurling and refurling the little token in his paws in an absent motion.

He just couldn’t help himself!

Now – he could hear them, but just faint–...

Squelch.

...

Ewww.

Tiberius’s little game was promptly soiled by a harrowingly recognizable *squelching sensation* beneath his pad – his nose wrinkling with abject horror as he froze on the spot. While *his instincts* told him to throw up his hindleg into his forepaws and scamper back as quickly as possible – *his logic* knew that that was a miserably pointless exercise.

So, he settled to quietly lifting his paw from the ground – and trying to subtly rub the mess from his pad and into the stone nearby instead. Thankfully, holding his tongue had kept his cover, even though he’d found himself in a bit of a shitty situation out here.

Oh!

His attention quickly returned to his little ‘mission’ at the sound of a shop door’s swing– *it would seem that the target was going inside. Well. The target–s.* He wouldn’t exclude that darling little magician – he wasn’t *heartless*.

With his paw (mostly) clean, he kept an eye on the store entrance – ready to slip in after the two of them for a little further *spying*.

– ♦ □ ♦ –

◀ SUMMARY ▶

– ♦ □ ♦ –

Tiberius plays with his special outfit coupon, working out how he’s going to go about trying to use it *again* – after having already bought an outfit with **Viola** and **Sugar**. He hums *a familiar tune* – when he catches sight of **Edward** and **Darius**.

Recalling them from “Leon’s” party, he’s struck with curiosity about Edward especially – though he kindly avoids excluding Darius – and decides to go about this in the funniest way possible; *eavesdropping*.

◆ ACTION ☾

–◆□◆–

Tiberius impressively utilizes his **Stealth** to... *eavesdrop on Edward and Darius* – at the cost of stepping into gull poop. *Ewww!*
Stealth; 7

☀ DARIUS STRIKESTONE, MAGICIAN ☀



~~ILLUSION LVL 2~~ | APPLICATION | HE/HIM | POST 1

Window shopping had always been a dear hobby to Darius. As a kid, he’d gaze into the windows of the bakery, dreaming of the cakes and pastries that were a rare treat in his family. Once he left Irondeep Ridge, he’d spend hours wandering each new town he arrived in, just taking in the luxuries on display that he could never afford.

Once he began his life of... less than legal means of attaining money, he could have the rarest treat of all and actually buy beautiful things. He caressed the gem sitting on his neck gently. The sapphire had been one of his first purchases that weren’t strictly necessities. His expensive taste developed from there.

So the opportunity of getting an entirely new outfit, all expenses paid by the Guild, was perhaps the best birthday present Darius could hope for. Of course, it was no fabulous birthday party – a part of him was quite jealous of the foolish writer’s party last night, however disastrously it ended – but it would do the trick of making the magician’s day brighter.

He was, at present, gazing into the windows of a rather pleasant looking establishment. The mannequins in the window were sporting a few cute outfits, none fitting for a cold climate such as Winterway, but who knew what they had inside?

A voice made him turn from the dreams of fashion to an older tom approaching him with a smile. Ah, Edward! Darius grinned back at him, nodding with acknowledgement.

“You as well. What a lovely surprise,” he went with the older tom’s joke, chuckling slightly. As Edward continued to speak, Darius scratched his chin idly, thinking.

“Well, I was thinking of a tailored outfit, made just for me. It’s been a while since I’ve had one of those,” a lie, since he had never, in fact, owned clothing tailor made just for him, **“but I do feel my birthday is an occasion that calls for such luxuries.”**

He straightened his posture with a proud smile, hoping his mention of his birthday would elicit an adoring response in his companion.

...He might be trying to be a better person, but that doesn't mean he couldn't be celebrated!

“But I agree. It’s best to see what the stores have to offer. I haven’t been to Seaworn before, so a look at the local fashion scene is very welcome,” he said graciously, smiling at Edward and following him inside.

For now, the magician remained blissfully oblivious of the other illusionist watching them. Too busy making a good impression on the fascinating artist, he had forgotten to keep an eye on his surroundings. But why would he? He was a Wayseeker now, no reason for him to run or hide from pesky guards, especially all the way in Seaworn. No reason to be constantly looking over his shoulder – or so he thought.

SUMMARY: Darius gazes at the windows of the shopping district, thinking about days long past. He greets Edward and engages in conversation, casually mentioning that it is his birthday. He doesn’t notice their delightful spy - for now.

ACTION: Talking with Edward and entering a store :)

-3 STR / +1 DEX / 0 INT / +2 CHA / + 1 DECEPTION +2 PERFORMANCE



◆ Edward Garance

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.2 | Puppetry

◆ STATS

《STR -3》《DEX +0》《INT +1》《CHA +2》

Deception +2 | Insight +1 | Performance +1 | Culinary +1 |
Culture +2 | Survival +2

▲ POST 2/4

Edward nods along as he listens to Darius, he had no real reason to doubt Darius about how many tailored made suits he did or did not have. His brows did raise in surprise at the mention of his *birthday* however. **“Really?”** he looks at him wide eyed, voice raising a pitch. **“I’ll say, you simply *must* treat yourself for the occasion! It’s the only right thing to do! Undoubtedly.”** Edward claps his paws together and smiles. He decides to not ask Darius how old he is, it can be seen as rude, but if anything Edward is mostly concerned about sparing his own feelings about feeling old than Darius.

Walking into the store he figures that they might not see a whole lot of winter wear in the summertime when in a port town. It’s not exactly the right season nor climate. But that’s not going to stop them! They are here for browsing and getting ideas - and to celebrate his birthday! At least this one can only end better than the last. Edwards interest is drawn towards the selection of coats and hats available, looking if they have anything in his color. He is completely oblivious to whoever else might be following or watching them.

“You know, winter wear usually comes in more than one layer. So, while it’s important to pick out something warm to brave the cold weather we’re up against, you’re also supposed to wear something under it.” he states as he begins looking through some nice fancy tops that match the one he’s already wearing. He pulls one out and holds it in front of him, he looks at Darius to gauge his approval, a sly smile on his face. **“What do you think?”**



▼ SUMMARY

Edward is surprised to hear it's Darius' birthday! He's certain that it will be better than the last one they celebrated. Excited to shop for clothes he is oblivious to Tiberius spying on them, he begins to pick something out for himself and tries convincing them both that they'll be buying more than just one layer of clothes.

▼ ACTION

Cats be shopping.





— ♦ □ ♦ —

◆ TIBERIUS BIRCH ◆

Ⓒ HE/HIM / ILLUSION LV. II Ⓜ

◆ STR (-3), DEX (+1), INT (+1), CHA (+1) ◆

— ♦ □ ♦ —

◆ Culinary (+1) ◆ Deception (+2) ◆ Stealth (+1) ◆

◆ Culture (+1) ◆

— ♦ □ ♦ —

□ SHEET ◆ TRACKER ◆ BOUNDARIES ◆ POST 2 □

— ♦ □ ♦ —

Judging by the twist of conversation, it was the little magician's birthday; *how quaint!*

As his targets slipped away into the store, Tiberius took a moment to reflect – *and to pace his entry, from following too soon* – before he'd trail in after the two. So, they were out shopping too, were they?

Well! He couldn't deny the allure of joining in, now, could he? Especially not when he suspected what they'd be using – and getting his *additional goods* on *somebody else's* guild tab would completely negate his prior concerns! Why – as

far as he knew, they'd have no clue that he was anything but a Seaworn spectator at the talent show! *No more than a humble bartender!*

And to uncover a little more background information surrounding Viola's second-most *puppety* of associates – *and the magician too, happy birthday!* – in the meantime?

It was too tantalizing to resist!

Now...

It would be *preposterously ghoulish* to enter this fine establishment without a final cursory wipe of his hindpaw against a paving cobble that offered a *little* more traction than the last. Having performed maintenance himself in another life, he could hardly live with himself if he trekked something so *unsavory* in. He was a scoundrel, not a *ruffian*!

Ow!

Sucking in a sharp inhale with a force that stretched his cheeks, Tiberius tucked his muzzle down toward his neck in an exaggerated wince. He had got to stop getting so lost in thought! Recoiling his paw – *from where he had so carelessly stubbed it* – he slipped instinctively back behind a wall to clutch it for a moment, before giving it a meek shake and letting it back down.

He'd lurk around a little longer, slipping between the aisles and racks, allowing his unassuming demeanor to mask his presence – before he'd just *happen* to bump into them!

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◀ SUMMARY ♦

– ♦ □ ♦ –

Tiberius slinks into the store after Edward and Darius.

♦ ACTION ▶

– ♦ □ ♦ –

Tiberius stubs his paw while he's wiping it off - but he's being super cool about it, entering the store *stealthily*.

Stealth; 7 (again)

☀ DARIUS STRIKESTONE, MAGICIAN ☀



~~ILLUSION LVL 2~~ | APPLICATION | HE/HIM | POST 2

As he had hoped for, Edward immediately congratulated him and insisted that he treat himself for his special day. Darius preened at the attention and gave the older cat a grin. **“Oh, believe me, I’m planning to,”** he said happily, more than pleased by the fact that the guild would be paying for all expenses. Agnes and Silas might regret that when they looked at the bill.

Darius trailed after Edward through the aisles, a keen eye taking stock of the selection available and the price tags. Edward’s voice made him turn from a delightful hat to see what the artist had found. He was holding a top, clearly gauging for an opinion from the magician. Always up to give fashion advice, Darius took in the sight with a thoughtful *hmm*.

“It’s certainly your color!” Darius said at last, tapping a finger on his chin. **“Maybe not the most weather-proof option, but as you said, layering is key. I like it, it suits you!”**

He turned to grab the hat he had been looking at, a cap in shades of dark blue. He tried it on, gently lowering it on his head so as not to ruin his impeccably groomed fur. **“How about this, what do you think? A hat could be a good thing to have up north.”**

The store’s door gently closing went mostly unnoticed, registering idly as background noise as Darius focused on more fashionable things and the artist’s reaction.

SUMMARY: Shopping! Darius praises Edward’s choice and tries on a hat!

ACTION: Not noticing Tibby, he rolled a 4 :(

-3 STR / +1 DEX / 0 INT / +2 CHA / + 1 DECEPTION +2 PERFORMANCE



◆ Edward Garance

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.2 | Puppetry

◆ STATS

《STR -3》《DEX +0》《INT +1》《CHA +2》

Deception +2 | Insight +1 | Performance +1 | Culinary +1 |
Culture +2 | Survival +2

▲ POST 3/4

Flattery will get you anywhere, at least if you want to get along and on Edwards' good side it is the fastest way to do so. He beams at Darius' compliment to his choice of shirt **"It just looks right, doesn't it?"** looking very pleased with himself as he agrees. Ah yes, the layering. He's on the lookout for a coat to wear over it to keep him warm once they travel up north.

He doesn't get very far in his search as Darius asks him for his opinion on a hat he's been looking at. **"Ooh, why yes of course. It's not just about coats, we have to get the whole package deal by keeping us warm *and* stylish with hats, scarves, gloves and boots if we want to get as much from this trip as possible!"** he informs. He takes an extra look at Darius again, scritchng his chin with a thoughtful expression.

"Mm, I do like it! The color is nice. But have you thought about what style you want? Brim or no brim? Will it compliment your face?" Being the hat cat he has a lot of unnecessary information and opinions about hats that he has no problem pouring over poor Darius. Giving him a few more suggestions and picking out other similar but just *slightly* different hats for him to try on. He's so engrossed in the conversation about hats that he doesn't notice Tibberius at all.



▼ SUMMARY

Edward is a happy little shopper and fashion enthusiast, giving Darius a lot of opinions and suggestions about what sorta hat he should try on before he can settle on which one to pick.

▼ ACTION

Edward is still as oblivious as ever (he rolled a 1).



— ♦ □ ♦ —

◆ TIBERIUS BIRCH ◆

(HE/HIM / ILLUSION LV. II)

◆ STR (-3), DEX (+1), INT (+1), CHA (+1) ◆

— ♦ □ ♦ —

◆ Culinary (+1) ◆ Deception (+2) ◆ Stealth (+1) ◆

— ♦ □ ♦ —

□ SHEET ◆ TRACKER ◆ BOUNDARIES ◆ POST 3 □

— ♦ □ ♦ —

Well – he had delayed his introduction long enough!

Secure in the consistent assurance that he *surely* wasn't omitting any particularly fascinating information by injecting his presence into this dynamic prematurely – it was frankly beginning to get a little boring *not* being involved. Especially when the two were talking fashion.

Though... he hardly assumed that they would have any reason to recollect him as a guildmate. After all, he had hardly made his affiliations known at the talent show – and dressed from tip to tail in his *Lonely Comet* uniform at Leo's disastrous birthday, he was serving '*hired bartender*' more-so than '*intrepid explorer*'.

In a slip of the mind, it didn't occur to him that he'd seen Edward before *all* of this – and perhaps... thoughtlessly teased his muddied shirt.

As he waltzed off to inject himself into a conversation that he had no part in, absolutely *glowing* with confidence, Tiberius lightly wondered if he'd appear to be a *fun Seaworn local*!

— ◆ □ ◆ —

“Excuse me, gentlemen!”

Trailing in from behind the two, came a charismatic, smooth voice – warm and friendly. With a playful lilt to his tone, he hardly appeared here to stir a conflict.

“I was just browsing through the newest collections, when my eye couldn’t help but be drawn to your impeccable senses of style!” A confident purr rolled from his throat, his flowery manner of speech adorning each word, as though conversation itself were a performance – and with a playful pique of his eyebrow, leaning his head a little as if to let them in on a secret, **“*And imagine my surprise, when I recognized those familiar faces!*”**

As he finished, he drew himself back, tail twisting and curving behind – like a slow, dancing serpent.

“It’s a delight running into you both again! – Tiberius, from the party.”

He gracefully flared out an outstretched paw between the two – looking forward at them with an uneven grin that cocked to the right, eyes twinkling with friendly zest.

An open offer to shake!

— ◆ □ ◆ —

◀ SUMMARY ◆

— ◆ □ ◆ —

Tiberius decides that it’s time to come and say hello!

◆ ACTION ▶

— ◆ □ ◆ —

Hi, hai, bello, bello, hai, hi, bello!!! ^_^

☀ DARIUS STRIKESTONE, MAGICIAN ☀



~~ILLUSION LVL 2~~ | APPLICATION | HE/HIM | POST 3

“**Certainly,**” Darius agreed once more, delighted by the way the older tom seemed to glow at the compliment. Although there was no real need for it, part of Darius was glad that his usual tricks of flattery and grace were working to sway Edward’s opinion of him in his favor. Perhaps he was being paranoid and petty, but knowing most of his guildmates had magic and he didn’t, he was now keenly aware that in order for his mediocrity not be his downfall, he would need allies.

The two toms continued to talk about fashion, a frivolous thing perhaps, but Darius was nothing if not a believer in how influential joy could be. Even if it was something as small as the joy of picking the right hat or a shirt, the shared experience would be a step forward in achieving something akin to an allyship.

“**I’ll say, you seem to know a lot about the topic of hats,**” Darius said, looking at a spectacular, brimmed hat that Edward pointed out to him. It had a fantastic embroidered brim, the thread a sparkling gold. Darius tried it on, looking for a mirror in the vicinity. “**I must admit, I know little about hats – well, from a practical perspective, at least. I know what to pick for my shows,**” and especially the little tricks he needed to add to them, “**but my ears have gone cold many a time up north.**”

He turned once more to smile at Edward, a polite gesture that was half performance in order to move further in Edward’s good graces, and half... well, somewhat genuine. “**How lucky am I, to snag the perfect shopping partner who knows just what he’s talking about?**”

A voice called out from behind them, and as Darius turned around he saw an oddly familiar face approaching. His immediate reaction was surprise, then mild annoyance in being interrupted, and then absolute, smug glee as he realized that this – rather well-dressed cat himself – was *complimenting him*.

Darius preened under Tiberius's keen gaze and swept imaginary dust off his coat. He gave the cat a confident grin before recognition sparked in his blue eyes.

Tiberius, from the party! Of course, the bartender, he mixed one hell of a mocktail.

“Of course, Tiberius! It's good to see you again,” and surely even better to hear his compliments? Darius reached over to shake his hand with polite enthusiasm.

“Edward and I were exploring what Seaworn can offer in terms of fashion. As such a fashionable fellow yourself,” Darius said, returning Tiberius's compliment with deliberate intention, **“you must be familiar with the local options, no? What do you think, is this a fine store?”**

SUMMARY: Darius overanalyzes a friendly conversation and tries on hats. He is delighted by Tiberius's compliment and asks his opinion on Seaworn's stores.

ACTION: Attempt at making allies by being polite is going strong

-3 STR / +1 DEX / 0 INT / +2 CHA / + 1 DECEPTION +2 PERFORMANCE



◆ Edward Garance

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.2 | Puppetry

◆ STATS

《STR -3》《DEX +0》《INT +1》《CHA +2》

Deception +2 | Insight +1 | Performance +1 | Culinary +1 |
Culture +2 | Survival +2

▲ POST 4/4

Edward was delighted in sharing his expert opinion with Darius. The compliments given to him boosted his ego tenfold, his first reaction being a typical limp wrist “oh you” to seem humble, but it was quickly replaced with a smug grin. **“Well, I suppose living in NSC for a couple of years helped with picking up a thing or two on how to dress for the weather.”** Edward was far from the first cat in the guild to have been staying in New Star City, but he still found some sort of child-like joy in dropping that fact as if it was something to still write home about. The big city was just so different from his small underdeveloped hometown he had lived for half his life.

He would have loved to chat more about their choice of winter wear and trying on different outfit pieces but another cat called their attention. *Tiberius? What's he doing here?* While Darius went from looking annoyed to joyful, Edwards' expression stayed more neutral, watching the other cat with half lidded eyes. **"Charmed."** he greeted back and offered a single paw shake to Tiberius, more so out of obligation of acting polite than anything else, in contrast to Darius' enthusiasm.

Edward looked between the two cats and had to stop himself from not blinking too loudly as Darius, *for whatever reason*, decided to ask Tiberius for his opinion. *What possibly could HE have to offer? Is my fashion taste now suddenly not good enough?* Edwards' ear twitched once as the pang of jealousy hit him. **"Right, looking for winter wear at a beach town is a bit orthodox, but clearly you should know if we're in the right place. Yes?"** He emphasized. Well then, if they are going to ask him for his opinion then this better be good.



▼ SUMMARY

Edward is having a nice time having his ego boosted by Darius but then as soon as Tiberius enters the picture he's grabbed by the throat from his jealousy, his ego truly is that fragile.

▼ ACTION

Jealousy and pettiness ensues.





◆ TIBERIUS BIRCH ◆

Ⓒ HE/HIM / ILLUSION LV. II Ⓜ

◆ STR (-3), DEX (+1), INT (+1), CHA (+1) ◆

◆ Culinary (+1) ◆ Deception (+2) ◆ Stealth (+1) ◆

□ SHEET ◆ TRACKER ◆ BOUNDARIES ◆ POST 4 □

“Why, I’m flattered!”

The magician’s enthusiasm was like a ray of sunshine, breaking through the clouds following a weary drizzle! Tiberius’s chest swelled with deliciously validated confidence, his uneven grin peaking as he returned Darius’s pawshake with mirrored earnesty. As he drew back from the action, he seamlessly swept his forepaws into cocked and loaded *bean-guns*, which he jauntily flashed in the tom’s direction – with a head-cocking wink for good measure! The message expressed was clear; *Darius was the coolest cat in the room!*

And truly, the enthusiasm had been genuine! For, out of the pair of them – Tiberius felt the most immediately comfortable with the magician. A petty thief with a bag of tricks and a bombastic sense of showmanship? In an externally inexplicable twist of fate, in fact, it was the tom’s ‘*alleged*’ crookery that won Tiberius’s favor. What could he say? He *did* so love to consort with petty criminals.

Of course, he would be *laughably* naive to rule out further deviancy entirely – but as he saw it, a cat who could be caught stealing a wallet, likely wouldn’t make it in a larger-scale crime ring without capture. Odds were, Darius had stolen to survive – *or perhaps* – had a daredevil’s spirit.

Either way, Darius had a downright whimsical persona – and Tiberius could immediately appreciate both his social tact *and* his seeming penchant for attention. Though Tiberius had initially approached the pair with an eye for Edward, Darius' amicable reciprocation – coupled with what he already knew about the tom – had him thinking twice, as he had a sneaking suspicion that he and Darius could get along *historically*!

However...

The same could hardly be said for Edward – though Tiberius continued in his greeting indiscriminately, despite the older tom's cutting neutrality. As he took Edward's paw into his own, he met the gentleman's stony gaze with the same old *roguish grin*! Though, his eyes didn't quite crease the same. A trick of the light? He lent their shake more enthusiasm than Edward was willing to give in turn. *With a little squeeze*. As he drew back, he flicked the tom a *lax* bean-gun – complete with a *casual* wink and a perk of his grin!

Still, despite the slight dampening to match Edward's mood – he had lent the tom *far* more vigor than he'd received in turn, still appearing remarkably friendly! *After all* – he had just been adjusting to accommodate *Edward's* energy. Though, had Edward gone looking for a coldness behind Tiberius's gaze... *perhaps he could have found one*.

My apologies, Puppet-master.

Tiberius thought coolly.

...

You reap what you sow.

What an unfortunate impression to have to carve! Sadly, there was nothing to be done about it. *He had eyes* – and there was no mistaking the affiliation that Edward seemed to hold with Viola; *him and the puppeteer*. He remembered the talent show – and he remembered the party, clear as day.

Unfortunately, considering the crude reintroduction he was so *forced* to make, neither event had roused even the slightest distaste from him. *Distrust?* Certainly! But that was hardly a reason to dislike someone – now was it?

He *liked* that Edward's act didn't employ *feline puppetry* – and every grain of respect that lent the Puppet-master... stood to further his distrust. There was

no mistaking the skill behind Edward's divine craft; every bit as hauntingly controlling as the puppeteer's – yet *he restrained himself*. Why? Judging by the way in which Edward's disposition had changed the *second* that Tiberius had entered the picture, he coveted the spotlight just as dearly as his sweet friend.

The chance that Edward *intentionally masked* the truly morbid capabilities of his abilities spurred a *tense respect* – as did his affiliation with Viola. *Especially his affiliation with Viola.*

Yes, there really was no other way that could have gone. It wasn't a threat, so much as a warning – that what Tiberius received, he would return.

Well!

He'd communicated his message well enough – and he was more than happy to let bygones be bygones, especially when he hadn't really wanted them in the first place! Tiberius didn't *want* to posture at all – it didn't suit him!

Of course, *externally*, he'd hardly given a hint of his internal dialogue away – *especially* not to Darius, who he returned his attention to eagerly!

“Why, I'm crestfallen to admit – I rather shared your intentions! You see, I'm not traditionally from these parts – and in fact, I rather hate shopping alone...” He sighed softly, rolling a paw through the tousles of his fur in a modest performance – an apologetic look to his smile, as if feeling a little sheepish.

They didn't have to know that he'd been shopping with Viola and Sugar just earlier – and had in fact, stumbled into some rather handy shops along the way! If he was trying to double-dip on his coupon... best not be recognized!

Raising his paws a little in what appeared to be a bumbling little defense, he perked his voice a little – as if enthusiastic to maintain his usefulness! **“But certainly, don't get me wrong! I've a decently good eye–”**

He played his paws together, delivering a hopeful, sweet smile.

“– and, should you be interested, I've struck a little deal with a local innkeep, should the two of you fancy some refreshments on the house following the long, sweltering walk about the streets!”

As he finished, he beamed, his tail giving a jubilant swish as he more confidently finished his pitch, “It’s so rare to find good company with good taste on a dime! “What do you say?”

— ♦ □ ♦ —

◀ SUMMARY ♦

— ♦ □ ♦ —

Tiberius thinks that **Darius** is the bee’s knees – mirroring his enthusiasm in spades! To **Edward’s** coolness, however... **Tiberius** delivers a *slightly threatening* pawshake (an achievement, really!) before smoothly moving on. Oh *do* add Tiberius to your party! *Oh please!*

♦ ACTION ▶

— ♦ □ ♦ —

Pawshakes all around!

☀ DARIUS STRIKESTONE, MAGICIAN ☀



~~ILLUSION LVL 2~~ | APPLICATION | HE/HIM | POST 4

As Edward spoke of New Star City, Darius nodded gracefully and gave him an understanding look. The artist was clearly proud of his time in the big city, and from the time that Darius himself had spent in NSC, he could understand why. The city remained one of the absolute favorite places Darius had lived in – perhaps defeated only by Freeheart, which had been his first stop after Irondeep Ridge.

Edward must have spent more time there than Darius, or perhaps Darius was just thick-headed when it came to weather appropriate clothing...

The newcomer to their conversation, the bartender, was just delightful company! He almost *oozed* whimsy with his expressive eyes and playful gestures. Darius shot him a wink back, unable to help it. Tiberius's glee was nothing if not contagious! Besides, Tiberius *clearly* liked him (good taste!), what with the playful greeting that was delivered with much more enthusiasm than the one offered to Edward.

There was nothing playful about Edward, however. The older tom's calculated neutrality in contrast to his previous easily engaged countenance spoke volumes – but of what?

What was Edward's problem with Tiberius? He seemed... displeased as he posed a question to the bartender. The tone of his voice shifted, there was a sharp intonation that Darius could recognize from his own barbed comments veiled with the sweetest words.

Ooh, does he hate Mr. Birch? Darius wondered, eyes darting between the two dark furred toms.

In a hilarious turn of events, the flash of coldness in the other illusionist's eyes went unnoticed by Darius, especially when Tiberius turned back to him.

“Oh, I mistook you for a local! So sorry, Mr. Birch,” Darius hurried to fix his error, ears perked sharply to listen to Tiberius. **“Well, shopping with a fellow fashion enthusiast is always better, which is exactly why I'm here with Mr. Garance here. Another set of eyes is crucial in finding the best of the best that these stores have to offer.”**

Speaking of offers, Tiberius was offering free drinks. And Darius would be damned if he ever missed out on anything free! Edward was going to have to deal with whatever was bugging him about Tiberius.

“Ooh! Free drinks!” he exclaimed, clapping his paws together. **“We're absolutely in, aren't we, Edward?”**

Darius nudged Edward's side with a wide grin, looking up at the older tom with practically stars in his eyes. **“You did say I deserve a treat on my birthday, didn't you?”**

SUMMARY: Darius observes the conversation between the two toms and figures out Edward is not as delighted by the new company as he is. The magician is enticed by the offer of free drinks and brings up his birthday :)

ACTION: It's his birthday! He's a special boy!

-3 STR / +1 DEX / 0 INT / +2 CHA / + 1 DECEPTION +2 PERFORMANCE



◆ Edward Garance

[Bio] | [Visual] | He/Him | Lv.2 | Puppetry

◆ STATS

《STR -3》《DEX +0》《INT +1》《CHA +2》

Deception +2 | Insight +1 | Performance +1 | Culinary +1 |
Culture +2 | Survival +2

▲ POST 5/4

Tiberius handshake and cold gaze only cemented Edwards distaste for the tom. This wasn't just any other friendly cat, this was a player in the game, acting nice to get something out of it for sure. The jealousy and insecurity burned hot inside of Edward and the threat that he perceived Tiberius to hold over his own status and place in his social circle only grew more and more. *First Viola and now Darius? How many cats are you gonna try and take from me?* Obviously, friendship and respect was a finite source in Edward's mind, and the more these cats gave to the nice and charming Tiberius the less would be left for Edward.

"Oh, I see." was Edwards only response to finding out that Tiberius wasn't a local, meanwhile Darius apologized for the misconception. He couldn't see a reason as to why he'd have to do that. And even *less* of a reason to invite him into the shopping trip, Edwards expertise was *plenty*. But the offer of drinks afterwards must have swayed Darius, but it was his birthday...

"Why- of course if it's your birthday then you have all your right to celebrate it as you want." he smiled and nodded at Darius before turning to Tiberius. **"We are more than happy to take up your offer."** While he may not have wanted this, a free treat for Darius' birthday did mean that *he* didn't have to pay for it. Perhaps something good could come out of this if he just played along. **"Now where do you suggest that we go look for our winter wear?"**



▼ SUMMARY

Edward is an insecure poor little meow meow. To make the birthday boy happy he plays nice even if he doesn't want to at first. Free stuff IS pretty good.

▼ ACTION

None for now!





— ♦ □ ♦ —

◆ **TIBERIUS BIRCH** ◆

☾ **HE/HIM / ILLUSION LV. II** ☽

◆ STR (-3), DEX (+1), INT (+1), CHA (+1) ◆

— ♦ □ ♦ —

◆ Culinary (+1) ◆ Deception (+2) ◆ Stealth (+1) ◆

— ♦ □ ♦ —

□ **SHEET** ◆ **TRACKER** ◆ **BOUNDARIES** ◆ **POST 5** □

— ♦ □ ♦ —

Tiberius couldn't withhold the beaming smile that grew across his face as Darius referred to him as 'Mr. Birch' – the novelty immediately tickling him. At his first convenience, he decided it fit to return the favor, feeling a budding sense of comradery with the magician's whimsy.

"It's his birthday?" Tiberius echoed excitedly to Edward after the magician's sentiment, before looking back to Darius with his grin still intact – **"Oh, happy birthday!"** Of course, *he'd* already known that. Still, despite it being old news, hearing Darius's charming little voice proclaim it to be '*my birthday*', complete with the delightful notion of a little treat... the energy was earnest! *Darius was really cute.*

Edward's continued coldness, however, didn't quite align with what Tiberius had hoped for – having purposefully tried to mark himself as an equal before then extending an olive branch. Ever-avoidant, he was quick to swallow the foreboding disappointment that loomed at the hull of the sinking ship that was his hopes of sparking a mutually beneficial understanding with *the more reasonable* of Viola's allies.

Still, it didn't serve him to get cold paws now – justifying to himself that perhaps, if Mr. *Garance* wasn't willing to foster more than one dynamic built off mutual respect with a proposed equal – perhaps he wasn't *Viola's* equal after all. He had pegged Edward as having been cut from the same cloth in cunning; but perhaps, he had been too hasty.

Viola's *seemingly* closest allies certainly weren't Jenny, nor Polarity – and *nothing* like Miss Macaroonie. It was beginning to seem strategically beneficial to place just outside of her *visible* inner circle. Still, this was far too early to draw sweeping conclusions! Perhaps this was just a foul day for Mr. *Garance*.

“Absolutely wonderful–” Tiberius proclaimed with a little flutter of applause, grinning his roguishly crooked grin in celebration of their new plans! **“– Mr Strikestone.”** he garnished it, giving *an impressively low bow...* which he broke after a calculated to peek up at the magician with a playful grin, before returning to his stance.

Feeling pretty comfortable with his integration overall, he stood relaxed, his feathery tail sweeping calmly behind.

“Did the two of you want to buy that darling hat first?” He tipped his head, offering a patient smile, as if to invite the two to continue as they were before he got here. No need to move on so quickly, after all.

– ♦ □ ♦ –

◀ SUMMARY ▶

– ♦ □ ♦ –

Tiberius loves being called ‘Mr. Birch’ – and laments miscalculating **Edward**. Still, he’s not going to lose sleep over it, he’s ready for fun!

◆ ACTION ◆

—◆□◆—

Tibby Time!