

[20:05] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame | Night had fallen over the fortress-city of Ishgard, and the rare lack of snow and cloud made it seem all the brighter for the stars in the sky. Even rarer was the relative warmth of the night- enough that one might not need be fully bundled up in proximity of a flame to keep from being frostbitten. And so it was that the humbly garbed figure found herself standing near far enough from the nearby fire that it wouldn't cloud her vision of the skies. A green-haired elezen woman in robes befitting some manor of... clergy? Scholar? It was ever hard to tell in Ishgard. The tips of her pointed ears had gone red from chill but not enough to bother her, and her gaze was fixed firmly on the heavens. Behind her, one of the chocobo in the stable let out a rather loud 'wark' at being asked to do something it didn't want to by one of the stablehands, and the woman winced. She glanced over her shoulder, but turned back and fidgeted lightly with her hands as she tried to ignore the sounds. A terrible place to stand, but the view here was better than anywhere else she'd found in Foundation, and she was far less likely to be 'asked' to leave by one of the nobility like she might in the Pillars.

[20:30] Ser Elias de Spencer picks a piece of hay from his hair, running fingers through ebon-and-silver locks to shake them free of any further strays before he has to interact with another person. Gabrielle had at least been kind enough to tell him it was there at all as he turned to also follow up on her inquiry, and he stifled an annoyed huff until he was well out of earshot of the nosy groom. 'A scholar loitering near the stables' was hardly cause for concern, but perhaps the curiosity was less in **why** there was a member of The Scholasticate lingering around and instead **who** the person might be. From a distance, the pale green locks aren't ones with which he's at all familiar, but there had been such an influx of people when the Gates first opened back up to adventurers that a new face was no longer the rarity it once was. Idly dusting at the bits of blue feathers that still stuck to his coat, he slows his approach before calling out. "Nice night, isn't it?"

[20:46] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame jumped slightly as someone spoke to her, seeming to have been lost in her thoughts as she stared up at the heavens. She briefly berated herself for being snuck up on, but turned to look over her shoulder with a friendly- if awkward- smile. Clearly not someone who'd **expected** to be approached, "Oh, yes." She agreed, her voice soft as if afraid she might disrupt people this late in the evening. She turned back to the stars, and then continued, "The view from here is nice- unobstructed." she explained, gesturing with a hand before folding them together again, "It'd be nicer higher up, but... I doubt most in the pillars would be pleased with my loitering so late in the eve."

[21:09] Ser Elias de Spencer follows her gesture heavensward with his eyes before glancing back at the tool affixed across her back, raising an eyebrow. "With an orrery like that, I doubt many would actually inquire as to what you were doing in the first place when also so close to the Astrologicum." He shrugs, her excuse feeble but not worth prying apart any further. The view here wasn't **bad**, per se, but it was certainly better in other places. Gabrielle's nosiness would get to be sorely disappointed in finding that this stranger was just a student doing some average stargazing. His gaze turns assessing, debating a question for a moment before both casual approach and response lend to the comfort of asking outright. "Why consult the stars in the first place?"

[21:14] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame remained quiet for a while, though she did glance at the planisphere on her back as it was referenced- as if she'd forgotten it was there. She flushed slightly, before turning more towards Elias. Save the strange colour of hair and eye, little was of particular note of the woman- plainly dressed, without any crest to be seen nor any accoutrement that didn't seem explicitly purposed for magecraft. "Studying the dragonstar gave us insight into the movement of dragons," She replied, more rote and to offer **some** response than imagining she was telling him something he didn't know; more to offer **a** response than anything of import. "But I always have just enjoyed the view on clear nights. Their power can be wielded for incredibly magicks, but I just... simply enjoy looking at them." She explained, before forcing an awkward chuckle as she

smiled and fidgeted with her hands, "They care naught for the folly of we mortals, and there's... some peace in that, I find."

[21:38] Ser Elias de Spencer can almost feel the mental fuzz of reflexively tuning out yet another lecture on the importance of the Dragonstar, but thankfully the young woman only references it as though the most obvious answer were the only cause. The groom would have company in her curiosity disappointed, it seemed. Or, very nearly did until the verdant-haired scholar offered a touch more of an honest answer instead of a regurgitated one. "That's a bit of a grim outlook, isn't it? That the selfsame stars that are consulted are the same ones that care the least." To avoid the need to keep his voice raised, he steps closer to find a less-snowy spot on the parapet to lean against while he chats.

[21:44] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame chuckled softly, gaze half-lidded as she ruminated on the question. She shook her head, "No, I don't think so." She replied, turning to look at the night sky again, "A lord or a pauper all see the same stars, and will find the same answers- if they know how to look." she continued, then a momentary pause, "Every sin forgiven, every piety forgotten. No blood or name sways the stars." She then chuckled awkwardly, and shook her head, "Perhaps it does sound grim when I put it like that; what I mean to say is... I've always just thought it a comforting thought, though an idle one at best. Truthfully, I just enjoy looking at them. I'll leave the greater philosophy to those better suited for it."

[21:58] Ser Elias de Spencer makes a quiet noise of acceptance of her answer, glancing up at the pinpricks of light. "That sounds like they're about as useful as—" He stops short. 'Prayer' is not a word that leaves his lips, though it is the one at the forefront of his mind as he presses them together in a wry smile. What a casually heretical sort of thought he'd nearly let loose in front of a complete stranger. "Well.. you make it sound as though they're far better suited for idle watching instead of consultation." He nods to the orrery across her back. "Why study, then, if you do not aim to join those in philosophically picking them apart?"

[22:03] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame considered the question for a time, as if uncertain of the answer herself, "I think they're pretty," She affirmed, at first, before continuing, "But they're more than just idle watching or consulting; they're vast wellsprings of aether, though so far as to be pinpricks in the night." She gestured up towards one, then lowered her hand, "And I study their magic and use, as well." she turned back to the off-duty knight, "But I think there's value, too, in quiet moments to think." She was quiet for a while, and then took a breath as if to speak, but then stopped and seemed to think better of it. "You... don't much look like one of the stablehands," She said, glancing briefly towards the stables nearby where thankfully the chocobo had quieted down as the evening grew darker.

[22:19] Ser Elias de Spencer has had most of his curiosity sated with her answer, nodding slowly again to show he's listening, even if his eyes do not watch all of her gestures in favor of searching for something worthwhile in the lights above. Finding nothing of note, her question draws an amused smile from him. "You are correct: I am not." There might still be hay hidden annoyingly away in his hair somewhere, but the difference in attire and demeanor has long kept him from being mistaken from one of the grooms. The suggestion otherwise very nearly draws a chuckle of his own, but the habit to mask keeps the sound from coming out so easily. Her unspoken question is left to hang for a moment before he tilts his head in thought. "I'm more of a hobbyist, I think. I've loved them since I was a boy, so taking care of one now is.. less of the chore most describe it to be, and more of a continued chance to bond with a creature that's shown me nothing but the same care and attention." Despite the attempt otherwise, he cannot help the bit of warmth that sneaks into his voice when referencing Gestalt.

[22:22] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame glanced at the stable again as she listened, and though she did smile slightly at his obvious affection for the creatures... he might notice the slight crease of her brow, "Ah-..." she started, then nodded, "They're... certainly impressive creatures." She shifted her weight for a moment, "Having a companion like that is a wondrous thing, and I... imagine most would feel the same." she turned back to him, and then after a moment of hesitation asked in an embarrassedly hushed voice, "Yours isn't one of the ones that can summon meteors, is it? ... Do they allow those in the city...?"

[22:49] Ser Elias de Spencer is so taken aback with surprise at the absolute sincerity of her question that the laughter bubbles up and out before he can stymie it with a fist pressed firmly against his mouth. Gold eyes gleam with the laughter he attempts to keep withheld as he fights to recompose himself, and he turns away to further remove the image of her intense expression behind that question. "No, they—" He stops again as the laughter again tries to steal his voice, turning his head away entirely to finish regaining a modicum of calm. "No." The answer is deliberately firm, as though sternness would help chase away the hilarity that threatened to overtake him. "Dalmaskan Reds are banned from the Stables, as they're volatile and temperamental enough that they're a danger to others. It hasn't stopped some of the higher nobles from trying to bring their own in, but their trade and ownership is strictly regulated, and reds are barred from being housed with the other chocobo." He takes a few breaths to steady himself further, laughter reined in and kept corralled properly. "And my bird is blue for that very reason, actually. My best friend received a chocobo that's a lovely copper colour, but she turned out to be such a hellion that his parents looked into her pedigree and found that her sire's sire was truly a red. The incident actually led my own mother to find a brood that was so opposite in colour and nature that she found Gestalt for me." He grins, both at the memory of meeting Gestalt as a chick, and the looks on Benoit's and Anaïs' faces when Cuivre's pedigree was revealed.

[22:59] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame's brow knit in embarrassment as he began to laugh, and her face tinged near as red as the tips of her frost-kissed ears. "That's not...!" she started to retort, "There— There are also the red ones in Dravania!" she insisted, "Much nearer by! And they also summon meteors!" she made a gesture with her hands like an explosion, but the damage was done. The woman's expression was bright red and her lips downturned in a frown. She folded her arms to stop from fidgeting as he continued his story, and she listened quietly... but then she paused. Blink. She considered what he'd said, and then slowly shook her head as if to ward off the embarrassment. "A blue chocobo? Aren't... most yellow, or black?" She asked, as if uncertain. Her voice still shook slightly, trying to steady itself after being SO RUDELY laughed at. She searched him quietly, seeming still a touch indignant and guarded now.

[23:11] Ser Elias de Spencer raises both hands in a gesture of apology, the remaining grin belying his continued amusement. "Sorry, sorry. I didn't mean to laugh. You're entirely right— most are yellow, sometimes red, and we've the black ones here. But they do come in other colours, and those tend to be bred for specific purposes." The worst of his humor dies down as he explains, though traces of his smile still remain. "Yellow is your most common stock, but there are types as well that help determine a chocobo's traits and abilities. Gestalt is a palfrey along with being blue, so he was initially bred to be mild tempered and have a smooth gait. I'm told he's also supposed to be good at swimming, but that's a little harder to test here, and I've noticed it at least translates into a penchant for long leaps."

[23:15] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame continued to... pout? Look displeased? Either way, she still hadn't quite recovered from being laughed at for her very-reasonable-fear of birds-that-cast-black-magic (if you ask her). She nodded along as he explained the chocobo colours, but it was obvious that the woman's familiarity with the horse-birds was, at best, being afraid of the aforementioned birds that cast black magic. She was trying to follow, and had taken a few steps closer to not have such a

distance between them. She looked him over quietly as he talked, but then quirked a brow, "Mild tempered with a smooth gait...?" she asked, "So... just for riding, for example? For travel?"

[23:26] Ser Elias de Spencer dips his chin in confirmation, the gleam of amusement very slowly being replaced with that of excitement to share about one of his favorite topics. The feeling is kept in check, however, in an effort to not suddenly give a dissertation about chocobo in the middle of the night to this random scholar who had been enjoying her stargazing. Experience told him that doing so would likely gain more ire than ever intended. "Correct again. Palfreys are excellent for travel, and most I've encountered are also quite friendly. Ges tends to try and make friends with just about anyone, even when he probably shouldn't." He chuckles in spite of the questionable habit, tone again warming over the bird. "The only magic I've been able to get him to learn is that of healing, which has most certainly saved my hide in some rough situations. As for his gait, I'd say it's a lot smoother compared to a rounsey or a courser, but he's certainly not as fast as the latter."

[23:33] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame continued to nod along, with a few... nervous glances at the stables as the conversation continued. She clearly was... if not averse to chocobo, nervous enough around them that it showed even now. "I see." She replied, "A companion capable of wielding healing magics would certainly be useful, I'd imagine...." The woman paused for a moment and then looked back at him, "I've never had a chocobo. I admit I am only passing familiar with those kept for travel and hunting by..." she trailed off, and then shook her head, as if not willing to continue the thought. Though awkward, and seemingly not the best versed at conversation- who would imagine a scholar who spent her evenings star gazing *would* be- she seemed eased slightly by Elias' newfound amiability. Ishgard wasn't always known for having friendly people, and truthfully- though Elias wouldn't know it- it wasn't exactly common for her to find herself *in* the city proper.

[23:54] Ser Elias de Spencer quirks a brow as her sentence trails off, assumption mentally filling in the word 'family' or 'associates' based on the rest of her sentence. Poor conversation etiquette is forgiven and nearly matched for connection's sake, and despite her obvious wariness of the birds, it has garnered just enough favor to keep the knight at ease. "They're terribly useful creatures, if ever you had more than a passing interest. I'd offer to let you meet Gestalt, but I've already got him settled for the night. Perhaps if you're visiting the Stables again?" He looks at the fire and the general location, glancing up at the stars once more. "Or... plan on stargazing nearby, I suppose."

[23:58] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame considered the offer for a while, frowning slightly. Trepidation was obvious, but that wasn't too much of a surprise given her reticence prior. Eventually, she slowly nodded, "Ah- yes, perhaps." She agreed, before turning her gaze to the ground, "Though I don't live in the city," She explained, "But out in the country. Truthfully, I only made the journey for some errands, and... stayed later than I intended." she chuckled sheepishly as she looked back at him. Then she turned to once more look at the sky, "I had enough gil left over to rent a room for the evening, but... wasn't quite ready to settle in yet. I thought some stargazing would quiet my mind."

[00:11] Ser Elias de Spencer tips his chin in understanding, much of her situation making more sense with the simple explanation. "And Cloud Nine is not known for its stellar views, nor is the Brume a safe place to be stargazing alone. I see." He lets the subject lull into silence a moment, finally taking a moment to actually look at the green-haired scholar that claimed to be from the countryside. There was still a youthfulness to her appearance and demeanor that made him distantly wonder if she'd had to use any of that star-gleaned magic for a purpose meant for anything aside from occasional healing. A dark part of his mind dismisses the fleeting thought with a 'probably', and the idea sits too heavily to lend to a calm mind. "Has it? Quieted your mind, I mean." The question is low, with the closer proximity, an answer sought as both distraction and curiosity.

[00:25] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame shook her head, "No; to both." She agreed, "You are correct." she sighed softly, and then chuckled, "And it's warmer by the fire." She was strange, certainly. The

vibrant hair was uncommon, and her mint-green eyes seemed almost a little too bright as she stared at the stars. Features that accentuated the ambiguous youthfulness of her features- not young, but certainly... timeless, in a way. Ethereal in a way that could almost prove uncanny as the starlight danced on fair features. His question drew her attention back, and she frowned indignantly. Her arms crossed, and she... looked about to retort before she realized that it might be a bad idea with a stranger. Brief hesitation certainly dulled the edge of her words, but eventually she seemed to determine that he was a 'safe' enough person to bite back against, "When it's not interrupted by mockery at being certain there was no red-feathered fiends in the stable!" But then let her expression settle, and did eventually nod, "But... yes. I'm still restless, I suppose, but not as I'd been."

[00:32] Ser Elias de Spencer fights against the smile that still manages to spread across his face at her brief indignation, dipping his chin low to try and stifle it further. "I do apologize for laughing, miss, but you sincerely caught me off guard, and I hadn't realized there were any who thought that we'd keep reds in The Holy Stables." Despite the grin, there is still contrition in his statement, and the smile mostly fades again as he studies her. Gold still gleams with good humor as he ponders a moment before asking, "Might I earn your forgiveness if I can help find a way to quiet your thoughts?"

[00:43] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame studied him for a time, and then eventually nodded. Apology accepted, it seemed. At least for the moment. "Very well." She agreed, with a soft sigh. "Though I fear I don't even know your name, Sir. Perhaps it'd be best to start with that." She settled her hands together before her, and fidgeted idly again as she adjusted the cuffs of her robes. If he inspected further, he might notice that- despite the unadorned and humble design of the robes- they were masterfully made. Not quite something that screamed 'noble', but likely something that even many in the scholasticate wouldn't possess, and certainly too rich for the Brume. Whoever this scholar's patron was, they were happy to equip her.

[01:03] Ser Elias de Spencer tilts his head in consideration of this request, and seems to nod to himself. "Ser Elias de Spencer, of The Congregation's Sixteenth." The conversation had gone on long enough and an offer of repeat interaction had been made, so her request for a name certainly made sense if there was any intention to follow through. Otherwise, she might be chasing her tail looking for any dark-haired man that spent time around The Stables. Proximity, however, does not lend to closer inspection of her robes with naught but fire and starlight to reveal the quality of her attire, though her adjustment in speech lends a suggestion that she's received at least brief lessons in some measure of etiquette.

[01:08] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame nodded slowly as he offered his name, though with slight wariness at seeming to realize she'd been so... casual with a Temple Knight. She offered a polite enough curtsy, though seemed slightly hesitant; unused to actually *having* to meet people. As she rose, she offered a slightly forced smile, "It's... nice to meet you, Ser Elias." she replied, "My name is Elicia- though I don't have any titles quite so grand."

[01:21] Ser Elias de Spencer offers a half-bow in return, but quirks an eyebrow at the subtle change in her mien. "I may be a Temple Knight, My Lady, but I don't bite, you know. Not unless you ask *particularly* nicely." He grins at the terrible joke, a meager attempt to lighten the mood again. "And with the Astrologicum's very tool upon your back, would you not have gained a scholarly title? That, at least, has some merit of its own." He gestures with a finger toward the planisphere, not as ready to discount the stargazer's efforts.

[01:29] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame blushed slightly at the possibly-flirtatious retort, eyes widening slightly. But she quickly shook her head and then forced a smile- not looking uncomfortable, per se, just awkward (as she'd been all night so far). She chuckled and then attempted to hide the slight fluster with another shake of her head, "I am far from a noble Lady, Ser. You don't have to..." she

gestured vaguely, and then went back to holding her own hands quietly again. "And no, I am not part of the Astrologicum. My tutor is- was? I suppose I don't much study with him anymore." She explained, "So... not quite any titles for scholastics, either."

[20:12] Ser Elias de Spencer seems to take a subtle breath of relief of his own as she shifts from tension and back to social awkwardness, a condition he had far less skill at helping to mitigate or assuage. Adjusting his feet as one leg starts to ache from prolonged stillness, the awkward scholar gets another brief appraisal. "The Observatorium, then?" Dragonhead hadn't ever been known for its well-stocked provisions or welcoming amenities, so it made sense for a young scholar to venture into the city for anything the Keep or Observatory lacked. "Or are you entirely self-study..? I'd imagine that's a sight more difficult, even with the right source materials."

[20:20] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame shook her head, lips thinning slightly in awkward sheepishness for a moment, "No," she admitted, "Self-study would be most apt, though... like I said, I did have a tutor." She gestured vaguely with her hands as if clearly trying and failing to find more words, and then just opted to adjust the mantle of her robes against the chill. "I suppose it likely was more difficult, but I can't say I have much of a reference for otherwise." she continued, folding her hands together once more.

[20:55] Ser Elias de Spencer nods, a conversational idle of acknowledgement and not full understanding of her situation. There is a prolonged pause as he waits for any further clarification, and when none is forthcoming, he shifts again, now feeling awkward for expecting an answer. A distant "kweh!" sounds from The Stables behind him, and it garners a cursory glance before he tries a slightly different tact. "Self-study tends to take much more discipline and diligence; are those what are keeping your mind so occupied, even this late at night?"

[21:09] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame startled slightly at the distant 'kweh', clearly having been focused perhaps a little too much on the conversation (or what maybe passed for one) until the birds in the stables reminded her of their presence. She reddened slightly with embarrassment, and then turned her attention back to Elias. "It does," She agreed, "Though it's easier with a field of personal interest. I've always liked watching the stars... it's peaceful to sit outside on a clear night and just..." she turned and gestured a hand to the heavens, before letting it fall back again, "My... lord saw fit to offer me tutoring when he thought I'd have a talent for astromancy-" she paused, then blinked and turned back to Elias, smiling sheepishly. "... Ah, my apologies. You asked a question and I was apt to ramble... I am unused to people inquiring much of me." she admitted, before taking a moment to contemplate the question. "Truthfully... no, not any... diligence or discipline, I suppose? It's a little... more unimpressive than any of that. The city is just overwhelming, and I rare am here so long. Or... at all, really. I suppose it's simple nervousness."

[21:25] Ser Elias de Spencer keeps his face intentionally straight as she recovers from the mild startle, quietly determined not to outright laugh (or be caught laughing) at the scholar again. When the momentary urge to snicker passes, he shakes his head at her apology. "It was a question meant to be answered however you saw fit. And while I cannot share a way to get the scent of the city entirely out of the inn, have you at least tried wax plugs for your ears? It works wonders, I've found, when the odd sounds of the stones and structures creak and howl differently than the Highlands do." He glances at her clothes, weighing his next suggestion before inwardly shrugging to himself. "Sleeping under your clothes can also help, since it's a familiar scent and helps ease the mind a little." A noblewoman might look aghast at the suggestion, but nights far from home in a half-frozen camp had taught a few tricks.

[21:41] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame quirked a brow at the suggestion of wax plugs, briefly considering the advice. Her mind drifted to the comforts of her armor for a moment, but she dare not even think about such too long in a place like this. As he continued, she remained quiet and attentive. Perhaps

a little too much so, but such was often the wont of scholars. It was the suggestion of sleeping in- or under?- her clothes that seemed to give her pause. Her brow furrowed, and she looked as if about to retort; the perhaps obvious reaction of a woman of... if not standing, at least learning enough to have etiquette ingrained as second nature. But then she softened slightly as she contemplated the actual merits of the suggestion. Even camping she'd normally never even consider it, but then... she often had both company and supplies when camping. She glanced down at her robe, and then back at Elias with the same sheepish smile, "I... suppose my robes would make an acceptable blanket," she agreed, after a moment of consideration, "Though... perhaps I should simply prepare to bring an actual one from home with my supplies, next time. I normally do when I'm camping, but... I didn't think I'd be here overlong."

[21:56] Ser Elias de Spencer caught the look of retort, consideration, and then sheepishness, and his own expression mirrors it ever so slightly. "It's not normally the most polite thing to do, but if you're not the sort to toss when you sleep, then they'll at least stay relatively flat between other blankets and retain a bit of warmth in the morning without the risk of an ember from the fire flicking onto them in the night. But yes, bringing supplies from home is typically best, when one anticipates an overnight stay." He quirks a wry smile, the idea amusing enough to bring forth. "You must have had terribly high hopes that your errands would not take overlong, nor that a blizzard would roll through and prevent travel. Was it the Scholasticate or the hawkers in the Crozier that delayed you longer than anticipated?"

[22:04] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame nodded along, still warming up- no pun intended- to the idea. But as question turned back to her again, she chuckled and offered the same embarrassed smile. "Both?" she replied, canting her head, "I expected the volumes I needed to fetch would be far easier found, but then the scholasticate sent me away until they could find them, and others I had to fetch from the Astrologicum... which took near as long. And I thought I'd be able to use that time to find what I needed in the markets, but... I struggled to find everything and half the merchants weren't half as prepared as their missives implied..." she sighed, perhaps a bit more emphatically than she meant to. A little bit of warming up to the knight, perhaps, or at least their conversation. "By the time I'd found everything, it was far too late to hire a porter to transport it back..." she continued, then trailed off. Her hands raised as if telling a grandiose story, and then fell limp back to her side, "... and so I paid for a room at the inn and found myself here stargazing until I could settle in for the eve." she then paused, and tilted her head as she inspected Elias, "And... what of you, Ser Elias? It's rather late to be tending to your chocobo, isn't it?"

[22:25] Ser Elias de Spencer tries and fails to keep the empathetic look of apology from his face, knowing far too well after recent experience how it was dealing with the Scholasticate for even a pair of tomes, let alone multiple volumes. When her question turns to his own activities, however, he looks only mildly surprised at the unexpected expression of interest at all before he looks equally introspective. The pause is long as gold meets the pair of pale green that inspect him, as though searching for an ulterior motive that doesn't seem to make itself apparent. They avert as he shrugs to himself and admits, "I never sleep well unless I know he's properly taken care for and bedded for the night, and today happened to be long. Would that I had half as interesting a story to share behind the reason for it as you do, but it was simply a long patrol and extended duty." It's not a lie. But the details of the stressors of the day are almost pointedly left out, as though not speaking of them might lend to forgetting them faster. "And there's something calming about the routine of it, I think. Makes it easy to focus on something else, for the sake of a creature that needs your care for its own health and wellbeing to thrive."

[22:33] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame nodded thoughtfully, glancing at the stables again. She grimaced slightly before she could catch herself, the trepidation obvious on her face and thankful for the stables and fences and distance between them. She smoothed her robes and then turned back to Elias. "I imagine so. Both... the routine, and the companion, I mean." She flustered a moment,

before clearing her throat softly and continuing, "Often times it's... nice to have something so... normal? to do. It's hard to let your mind wander when you've tasks to focus on." she then chuckled and adjusted the cuffs of her robe, "Mayhaps that's why I feel restless? I normally would spend the evenings tending to chores around the estate before I retire, with a bit of star gazing as I settle. It... feels strange to not do so."

[22:05] Ser Elias de Spencer finds himself nodding along with her words in agreement, and opens his mouth to reply before a hand quickly flies to cover it as a jaw-popping yawn slips out instead. Eyes slightly watering with the intensity of the stretch, he blinks the cold moisture away in mild surprise and chuckles to himself. "It seems the length of the day is finally catching up with me, and my walk home is a bit farther than just Cloud Nine." He glances at the odd scholar again, visibly weighing something in his mind. "If you don't mind, I'd prefer to either see you safely to your destination myself, or I can request a guard to see that your walk goes without incident? Much as I'd like to believe in the safety of this city, there are still those who tend to their own wants above others' needs."

[22:11] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame blinked, an amused smile starting to settle on her features before the contagiousness of the yawn caught up to her. She brought a hand up to hide her own, though seemed to fight to at least keep the gesture more contained save a soft 'mnnh' that slipped out. His request to escort her as she settled back was met with brief surprise, and then a slight smile. Nodding, Elicia responded, "If it wouldn't put you out too much... the inn isn't too far from here, as I recall." She said, peering back towards the road as if trying to recall the city's layout. "It seems a waste to bother another knight just to escort me that short of a distance."

[22:19] Ser Elias de Spencer makes a small gesture of presentation of their path, already toward the direction in which she was looking. "It's not far at all, but still just enough of a distance to get into trouble." He stifles another yawn, the trade of them circling back to plague him again, and grins wryly. "I think the walk itself might help wake me enough to keep out of trouble, myself. Shall we?"

[22:23] Elicia of the Alabaster Flame chuckled, turning away to break the cycle, hopefully, of trading yawns. She then nodded and moved to begin the walk. As they started, her hands folded politely across her midsection- which while certainly a trained habit of sorts, also helped keep them warm in the ishgardian chill. She moved with a practiced dignity one might expect of a noblewoman, but her unfamiliarity with the city certainly didn't seem particularly faked. "If nothing else, a walk will help keep the cold from settling in even more..."