



The R Bar

Location: Brooklyn | New York

Date: June 8, 2016

Time: 4:00 PM

Jericho decided to revisit Allura Allbet at the R Bar in New York. It was just a bit after sunset in Brooklyn, NY. The streets started to fill with people of all walks of life. Rain started to drizzle down onto the streets as he arrived. A man in black leaned against the dark red brick near the spray painted garage door. He had a hoodie pulled up on top, and was talking to a woman in red. She had a long red coat on, and gave him a light wave as she strolled away from him, and into the club. He rested there, smoking a cigarette as he hummed a light jazz tune.

As Blake made his approach, he'd remember just how run down it looked from the outside. No visible lights were shown and nothing could be heard from it. If he were to look up information on the place, he'd see that publically the bar has been closed for a good amount of time. However, people have been seen to wander in and out through a side door located in the dimly lit alleyway.

The man in black flicked his cigarette into a rain puddle on the sidewalk, before vanishing into that same alley way.

Jericho would follow, knowing the in's and out's of the club he had visited before. He would follow the man into the alleyway, and find that he stood at a door in the dark. An overhead light flickered on and off, a few bees flew around the light. He would overhear the man say the phrase, *"I'm dead and I'm bleeding red."* as a metal door slid open, and allowed him inside.

It would only be after he had stated the phrase to the guard, that he would be granted entry into the Ex-Templar club.



Smooth jazz plays in the background, as a jazz singer performs. The R bar seems to be a place where the ex-templars have come to bring a bit of red to the sea of blue. Allura can be found sitting at the bar, listening the singer do her thing as she writes a few notes down in a book. She's tapping her foot, as she listens to the tune, and has a little cocktail, barely sipped on.

(([Background Music](#)))

The tall man looked around the club, his Aviators-covered eyes taking in the patrons before approaching the lady he came to meet. He wore a tan trench coat, still beaded with rain, over a black suit, grey shirt, and dark red patterned tie. In Manhattan most would take him for a linebacker-turned-stockbroker or similar story. Once he had a good idea of where everyone was, he approached Allura deliberately.

"Ms. Allbet. It's been a while. You look lovely as ever."

Allura turned at the sound of his voice, and gave a surprised grin to him. "Oh, Mr. Blake, was it? Oh so *glad to see you!*" Her voice was as smooth as velvet and she extended her hand to the man with a bat of her long lashes. "Always a pleasure to see you..."

Jericho took her delicate hand in his calloused ones and barely brushed his lips against her knuckles. Then pulled out the next bar stool and sat facing her. "The pleasure is all mine, ma'am." He signaled to the bartender. "Maker's Mark, straight up."

He then turned back to the blonde. "Hope you're doing well?"

The bartender nodded to the man, and started to prepare his order.

"Oh little of me?" She asked with a light laugh, "Oh you know... Staying in trouble. Hearing what happens in the dark... Seeing if it... *sparks my interests...*" She winked to him and laughed a bit. "Heard a lot lately... Jean Marks is in the wind." She added, "Some explosion in a factory in

Russian... He could be dead or not... But, whoever could know for sure, hmm?" She smirked and sipped on her cocktail. "Well how have *you* been?"

"Can't complain." He smiled back thinly. "Working as usual. Which gave me the excuse to come and say hi, really."

"Oh you... You know you *never* need an excuse to come see me, Big B." She winked and giggled a bit. "Either way... I do love the idea. You should stop by more often. A girl needs more big burly men to keep her company." She sipped on her drink and crossed her legs.

Jericho admired her openly but honestly, and accepted his own whiskey from the bartender. "Sounds like a plan... a good one." He smiled as he sipped his drink. "You said you've been getting in trouble. I hope not the kind we had to deal with last time."

"Maybe... Maybe not. I'm actually not quite sure on that one anymore..." She raised a brow. "After the last time those suits came in here, I stayed in hiding for a bit. Didn't want to become one of the mindless..." She nodded and sighed as she moved her finger along the rim of her drink. "*But* I have heard of this new thing... This... Connecticorp?" She tilted her head. "I may be blonde, but I'm no fool, sweetie." she winked.

"That's why I'm here, Ms. Allbet. You keep your eyes and ears open. And you're definitely no fool." He sipped his drink again. "The Link is definitely active again. Sending cryptic threats and messages. And all I know is that their leader is a German... a perverted one, it seems."

"Perverted? And a German at that?" She tilted her head and pulled out her notebook, and flipped through. "Well... I did hear about a sighting of a man making a few appearances in London... Heard he was German. This was a tall man, older fellow. 40's..." She flipped the page over. "Was trying to get a message to New York through a few drug hands." She then closed her book. "Also been hearing about white vans popping up over Darkside. Not sure is **DaVino** is active again or if it's your guys."

"DaVino... The drug dealer?" Jericho sipped his drink. The deep voice remained low and conversational. "Working Darkside these days? Hmm." He paused in thought. "You think he could have run into them?"

"I think so..." She nodded, "Wait, you know 'em? Don't tell me these muscles are... artificial..." She gave a light tease, "But... DaVino is from *blue* country, and he had a guy who used to come through here all the time to run product over in Darkside... Haven't seen him in a while though..." She nodded and tilted her head, "But I heard DaVino's been pissed... something about those vans that I just can't seem to recall." She shrugged a bit, "At any rate, that's what I've heard. The vans, DaVino, the older German guy..." She nodded.

Jericho chuckled at her joke. "No, ma'am, all hard work and sweat, I promise." He then listened attentively, sipping his whisky. "Sounds like I need to talk to him about these vans, and our chipped friends." He then reached up to remove his shades, and after glancing at his watch, studied Allura for a moment. "Thank you, Ms. Allbet. You've been most helpful. Only one other thing I was meaning to ask you."

"Hmm?" She asked as she looked to him. She smiled at his chuckle and her hand was on her cheek as she leaned on the bar. "What would that be, Mr. B?"

Jericho put his drink down and turned to look at the musicians as they went into a slower number. He then stood and removed his overcoat, draping it over the barstool, and extended a hand to Allura. "May I have this dance? Make all these Reds jealous..."

Allura blushed with a light giggle and then stood up to fix her dress before she extended her hand to the burly man. "Yes, you may." She gave a light wink and twist side to side a bit.

Taking her delicate hand in his burly one, Jericho led the willowy woman to the dance floor. He held her close as he led her in moving to the sultry rhythm of the Jazz.

The woman were to lean against him as they danced, and her light smile couldn't have been more genuine. She swayed with him to the music.

A few Templars did take note of the woman dancing with the stranger, and their little snarls of jealous could be seen just in their fixated gaze.

He did exactly what he wanted: Made a few Red's jealous.