

CHAPTER 2

Dumbcane

“Innocent till one eats of its leaves”

Xojon, the Lace-monitor, walked with a light foot steep, trying to not draw unwanted attention to himself. It was still late, the sun would not be up for hours, the air cold and crisp. The Destroy Angel, bought earlier, tucked safely in a cloth sac, inside a old leather rump sac. There was little light, only a few stars and the moon shining through the clouds. A occasional torch held by one of the muscular guards, and a few street lanterns. None of the guards liked doing the night shift, and were easily aggravated due to the lack of sleep. Xojon did his best to avoid them; he kept to the shadows. Trying to stay far, far, way from any brothels and the light from the red lanterns that hung distastefully upon the door.

Xojon walked down the same path he did many time, it made him conferrable knowing his soundings. One of the many safe houses, the order of poison born, has throughout the city of Ilton was at the end of a dark alleyway. This was one of Xojon's favorite, as it was isolated. He was free to do as he wished, without the prying eyes of the residents of Ilton. As he started to walk down the path, getting farther from any source of light besides the stars and the moonlight, footsteps could be heard, followed by a chuckle then a thud, like a hard object hitting soft fat flesh. *“Do you want him to hear you ? Idiot!. Be quite. Follow the shadows”*. A quite, whispering voice said. The footsteps drew louder and closer to Xojon. He did nothing, just kept on walking, pretending nothing was happening. One of the figures jumped down, from atop the roofs, he landed in front of Xojon, to dark to tell what species he was; another repeated what the first did and slowly snuck up behind him. The sound of a dagger being drawn could be heard along with a faint blue glow, from behind the Lace-monitor. *“Your crowns, your weapons and your sac”* The voice called out from behind him, the figure in front stood and blocked the path in front. *“And don't think of running”*, the voice called from behind. The figure in front giggled.

Xojon said nothing, he slipped off his rump sac and slowly placed it down in front of him, all the meanwhile reaching for a small four inch blade strapped to his ankle he slide it out fast, cutting the leather straps that healed it in place as he did. Leaning forward he ran towards the figure in front of him, head butting him in the stomach, it let out a gasp. Xojon garbed its wrist twisted his arm as he turned around behind him, placing the dagger to the thief's wrist. In a cold voice the Lace-monitor said *“ I have a dagger to your friends wrist, take my bag, or touch my bag he dies, make any sudden movements he dies. I know you have a dagger, by the time your eyes fully adjust to dark I will have slit his wrist he will bleed out, you dagger will hit him and I will be unharmed. I know you have being following me for the past few minutes. Now I give you the choice, you friend can live or die. Chose wisely, Chose one you drop your weapons, crowns and you speak of this to no one. Chose two, you take your chances with my possible bluff, and most likely get a way, un harmed.”* Xojon smirked, at the end. The scent of urine started to flood the alleyway, the captive, started to soil him-self.

The price of freedom

By Icy Wolf

“Don’t let him kill me.” The captured thief cried. The other thieves, lifted his dagger, changed the position in his paw and throw it. At the same time Xojon lifted the captive the dagger struck the captive in the chest, blood started to leak, it pour down his chest. Xojon dropped the captured thief, ran towards the other. He caught up to him and stabbed the dagger deep in the other thief back, severing his spinal cord instantly killing him.

Walking back towards the body he picked up the dagger in the first thief’s chest, and wiped his dagger on the thief’s clothing. The dagger glowed, blue, it slightly lit the dark alley way. It was rare and unseal for anyone one but those who had extra crowns to have one, unless it was stolen, or the true owner was skilled in the Arcane. Xojon tossed the thief’s dagger in to the swears, he had no use for it, and didn’t like using magic to assist him. He kept on walking, not looking back, ignoring the grim murder.

The Lace-Monitor reached the safe house, it looked old and atbandit, long forgotten in time, covered with weeds, vines, cracks in the stone and burn marks, some of the stone falling off. Most would never travel down the alleyway, let alone go near anything that was atbandit, most of the residents of Iltion were superstitious, they believed that sprits lived in old places and it was best not to disturb them. Once a month when the moon was bright and swollen, priests would visit the atbandit parts of the city and offer a mixture of spiritual dried herbs that would be burnt, allowing the smoke to fill the area. The priest would dance and sing a chant as they would do it, but never go inside, any of the atbandit places, no matter how used they still looked. Some would say the spirits of the dead would still move what little was left of what they use to own.

Xojon pulled a iron key from his pocket, placed it in the lock and turned it left, right, left then pushed it in two inches to a notch he cut in to the key. A slight kick back followed by a quite click and the felling of a snap. The needle trap hidden in one of the peep holes was disarmed. The toxin was not meant to kill anyone, it was *only* a powerful hallucinogenic, the induced intense and terrifying hallucinations. It was a simple precautionary masseur, just in case anyone did decide to break in.

The lace-Monitor opened the door and stepped inside, he closed the door and locked it behind him, his eyes still adjusted to the dark, he took a box of match sticks out of his rump sac and lit one.” Bitch” He swore, as his eyes burned slight from the light. He light the candles in the entrance and walked towards the back of the safe house. The safe house was barren, it had only what was needed for a night or two except for food and drink. A bed, a table, a shelf, a few books, alchemy set and a fireplace poker were the only objects in the house, the floor cold stone. Xojon sat his rump sac on the old wooden table and slowly dug out the Destroy Angel. A familiar voice called from the shadow.