

(Story by Koviell Sashermasock)

We travel to the elven encampment. This place used to be a village, but recent wars turned it into an outpost. We can see a few workers, but a lot of soldiers around, all giving me a curious and/or mean look. Warmaster Leto bring us in front of a bit hut. At this point, the soldiers escorting us were going about their business. Those three guys and this lady, where are they from?

"Did you see that little creature before?" Said an elven civilian, in the elven tongue.

"Never seen one." Said another one.

"Do you think he's even able to talk? Or even think?" Said the first one.

"Maybe that thing is stupid." Said the second one.

What? This is pretty insulting.

"Sure, obviously I'm not able to talk or even think. Good think I've learned the tongue of the elves."

"That thing can talk? Weird." Said the first one.

"What are you supposed to be?" Asked the second one.

"If you're unable to know that I'm a dragon descendant, you're the ones that look stupid to me."

"A dragon? You? Don't make me laugh." Said the first one.

"Okay then, Mr. Dragon. What about this." Said the second one before gibbering some words, trying to sound draconian.

"Mmm... I didn't know that your mom what a dirty old whore."

"I beg your pardon?" Asked the second one.

"This is exactly what you said, pal. This is my main language, so I can't be wrong on that."

"Pff, whatever, we got better things to do." Said the second one before moving up.

I think he's angry. Hehe... Take that you punk. I think they will leave me alone, for now.

"You lied, right? What did he say actually?" Asked Kalsed.

"I have no idea. Gibberish."

Warmaster Leto get out of the great hut.

"The Elder is waiting for you all in the main hall. Please, take a seat."

We get into the hut. It seems bigger on the inside. Maybe it's slightly underground. We take a seat on the animal pelts on the floor, except for Malekiv who seems to prefer standing up.

"Greetings to you, travellers. I'm Maereowoen Takkalak, the Elder of this village. Warmaster Leto told me that you helped him during the last skirmish with the orcs." Said the Elder.

"I don't know how I end up there, but I couldn't just stand there and watch." Said Kalsed.

"Obviously, there wasn't enough of them to stand in my way." Said Malekiev.

"I couldn't let foreign brothers and sister fight without helping." Said Bloom.

Warthryn and I remain silent.

"So tell me, how did you happen to get there? Did our call for assistance reached foreign regions?" Asked the Elder.

"I don't even know where I am right now. I was travelling in Torabia and I got caught in a snow storm."

"Torabia? Never heard of it. Is it a faraway region?" Asked the Elder.

"No. I was in Torabia when all happened. I mean, I don't know what happened."

"You seem a bit confused. Do you need a drink or something?" Asked the Elder.

"I was on the road to Sunhaven and there was a flash on the road. When I could see again, I was right in the middle of a battlefield." Said Kalsed.

"You weren't there too? This is getting weird."

"I wasn't in the snow too." Said Bloom.

"What about you two?" Asked Kalsed.

"None of your business." Said Malekiev.

Warthryn remain silent.

"Mmm... You tell me that you simply appeared there? Right on the battlefield? I think a magical disorder affected you. I'll have to do some research on that."

"What about the gift? So I don't end up wasting my time fighting those weakling brutes." Said Malekiev.

"Sure sure, your gift. Ask me something you want, and if I can grant it, it's yours." Said the Elder.

"I would like winter clothes. It's very very cool here and I'm about to freeze up in place." Said Bloom.

"For the winter clothes, this will be granted, sister of the forest." Said the Elder.

"Know that I helped someone more than enough reward for me." Said Kalsed.

"This is very kind of you, Sir Kalsed. May I see the face of the one who helped us?" Asked the Elder.

Kalsed seem to hesitate, and he finally removes his helmet, to show a dark red skinned face, similar to the humans, but in another colour. His eyes where glowing yellow.

"A fiend? You're a fiend?" Asked the Elder.

"I'm not a fiend, or should I say I'm not one anymore. Lord St-Cuthbert gave me a second chance to atone myself and fulfill my vengeance."

"I see. So you're good willing?" Asked the Elder.

"I won't get another second chance; I must prove that I'm worthy of my new life under these traits and regain my lost soul." Said Kalsed.

"I hope this will happen, noble cleric. What about you? The one standing here." Asked the Elder.

"All I want is a bigger opponent, but obviously it's something you can't grant me." Said Malekiev.

"So you want a bigger opponent? Warmaster Leto might have a task for you." Said the Elder.

"I would like to know where we are and where is the nearest human settlement?"

"You're in Nosteferest, and the nearest human settlement is far beyond the seas, you can't reach it simply by walking by." Said the Elder.

Great, just great. Now I'm lost in an unknown place. I'll need to figure out a way to get back to Torabia.

"And what would you want Mr. Lupine?" Asked the Elder.

"I want to get paid, the coins, the treasuries." Said Warthryn.

"I might not be able to fulfill this request, but maybe Warmaster Leto might have a task for you too. If you have no more questions, I'll set you free so I can meditate and then do some research about your problems." Said the Elder.

We left the hut. What should I do now? I don't know where I could go. All I can do is waiting for the Elder to bring some answers. For now, I should hear what tasks the Warmaster Leto could have for the two other guy, maybe I could give a hand. In any cases, I got nothing better to do... for now...