

Evening in Whiterun, inside the Battered Mare. At the corner of the inn sat Samantha, the black Grovyle mage. She was wearing her usual robes with her staffs leaning close by. The member of the Dark Brotherhood were eating her dinner at the moment as the house she is living in... currently lack a cooking spot. Or anything in the matter right now except for a bed... at this moment the building is being reconstructed in the inside to fit in a small shop and in the cellar a full hideout for Dark Brotherhood members. With secret entrance from outside the town. But all the work involved with it takes quite a time. In the meanwhile she has her "shop" set up outside the building. She is selling magical items. Mostly easy to use staffs and scrolls as well a handful books. Mostly of the Restoration and Alteration Branches but offers also enchantments and soul gems. At the time she is getting the materials from the Collage of Winterhold, curtsey of a professor she shared a brief relationship with as both of them were still students of the Collage.

He didn't like it that Samantha left but it was from the very beginning only been her plan to learn enough about the different magic branches that she could follow her own goals. While she is having knowledge in all branches, she took a specialty in the Destruction and Alteration branches with the necessary knowledge to create and charge her own staffs and scrolls. Thought she took the time to learn to summon Bound Weapons and for summoning a Storm and Fire Astronach.

As she ate her dinner she heard the door of the inn opening. Normally she isn't really thinking much about it but since she is expecting Myst to approach her, she raised her head. The reason why she is expecting the Zorua is that she got orders for Myst but didn't send them after her... only a massage that she needs to see her.

While it wasn't Myst who was coming in, Samantha was glad to have looked up to see the newcomer... Because the Sneasel that came in is well known in the town. The Sneasel with blue feathers and eyes was none other than Sapphire, from the Companions. Wearing her usual Studded Leather armor and boots, with imperial bracers on the arms so her claws were staying free. On the back the usual sight of two ancient nord swords, which she obviously took from Draug she killed and the two steel daggers in her boots.

Also fasted on her hips were a pair of deadric gauntlets. If the Sneasel would go serious, she would wear these... nobody knows where she gained them, but rumors are that she went straight to the Oblivion Plane of Molog Bal and fought the Deadric Prince for three straight months. Impressive by the display the deadric prince gave her these gauntlets as trophy and as mark of her title as champion.

Samantha heavily doubts that a deadric prince were involved but for sure these deadric pieces originated from a deadra. The very fact it looks much different than any other deadric armor she has seen in any armory or in use. Especially as it is designed to fit Saphires primary way of fighting... using her fist and claws. If anybody were caught in attacks based on hitting a target with claws or fists, they would be torn in shreds as the wicked design is favoring spikes and claw like ornaments on the fingers which would rip through the skin and flesh of anybody uncomfortable enough to get hit.

That is also why Sapphire even got herself steel bracers which leaves her hands free... the Sneasel tends to block any kind of attack with her arms, be it a sword strike or Pokemon attack if dodging isn't an option.

Samantha had once the "Honor" of working alongside Sapphire once... she needed to fill a grand soul gem and learned the companions were going to deal with a giant that harassed one of the farms. So she have offered her aid. For her the soul and some Septims and for them the rest.

While disliking mages is a common thing in Skyrim, the very fact that the Grovyle knows healing spells and some spells which would help dealing with Giants, the small group agreed.

Samantha barely managed to cast the bound soul spell on their target before the Sneasel got close, avoid being smashed by the club, got on the back of the giant, using her claws to cut and climb until she got high and enough to swipe her claws across the giants throat. The giant fell on the ground due the damage, trying to stop the flow of blood before the Sneasel buried a war axe she brought only for this giant along into its brain.

That earned the respect of the black grass type... and later she learns she is having a reputation for such stunts... and only one other thing is of greater reputation...

A man approached the Sneasel and said "What kind of Sneasel are you?"

Sapphire turned her head towards the man, Nord. "The one who joined the companions."

The man laughed "They would never get a freak like you into the group! Or did you fuck them so you can sneak in and steal everything that isn't nailed down? Followed with eating every egg of the hold?"

Samantha decided it was time to prepare some wards. While this wasn't her strongest suit, it serves it purpose that is coming now...

The Sneasel in question put her cup down, turning her head and glared at the Nord that offended her. Every other patron who knew the Sneasel backed off, knowing well what is happening next. "What did you just say?"

"That you a freak of nature. And that Sneasels are worse than the Khajiit! Off from our lands you little demons!" stated the man.

Everybody in the inn agreed silently that if the man dies today, it wouldn't be considered as plain murder. But an act of mercy and doing Tamriel the favor of removing one idiot.

Sapphire were quick standing up and before the man could think, he felt the ice cold punch of the ice/dark type in his face and he flew into the middle of the in. Now the patrons were backing off even more while two rushed out... one informing the companions and another the guards about the beating.

Groaning in pain the man got up and growled "Now you are paying for that!" while he holds his face in pain.

Cracking her hands and neck, Sapphire only stated "You are only getting what you deserve!" before moving in.

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Later the guards were coming in while Sapphire are hold down by Farkas and his brother. The two brothers were fighting to keep the pissed of Sneasel at bay while the Guards are taking the remains of the Nord that offended her.

Samantha did the Sneasel the favor and told the Guards what the man said to the Sneasel. As the Sneasels temper are known in the entire Whiterun hold, the guards were quick to simply say this was a one sided brawl, thought if one look at the man... the only thing that prevents him being delivered straight to the Hall of Dead was the pained groans. While Sapphire were so... merciful to have not used her claws or deadric gauntlets, ice punches are even for ice resistant Nord a very painful story. And given the brutality of some punches, the healers will be busy with many broken or fractured bones. And a betting pool of the very perverted are already forming if this guy were still fertile due the fact that half a dozen of her kicks and punches were aimed directly into the balls of the Nord.

Once the guards are off the two companions dragged Sapphire out and behind the inn. There they let go of the Sneasel and Farkas grunts "Always the same with you Sapphire! One guy insults you and next you demolish the man. If we wouldn't know it better, one would think you are a werewolf looking for a victim to rip apart."

"This guy deserved it!" countered Sapphire with a growl

"From what we heard we aren't disagreeing with you! But you should look after your temper! You are one of us, and your behavior drags all of us into a bad light." Countered Farkas.

Wanting to cross her arms, Sapphire glared at her superior "And what do you expect me to do?"

"To let out your aggression on some targets and then find a way to use it better. Instead of half killing anybody who dares to get on the wrong side of your short temper. One of these days, you kill somebody, or beat up the wrong guy and then you have to deal with prison."

"So you are telling me to leave Whiterun in the middle of the night to deal with the crap that is keeping Skyrim a hellhole to life with?" snarls Sapphire at the two. Both male companions knew that it is her temper speaking as the Sneasel loves to life in Skyrim and fight with her fellow companions and her friends. However Farkas countered "No. You take a good sleep and then you go and beat up a guy in Misirth. This is a small village east of Markath. A thief nobody managed to catch. His name is Zane. A purple Umbreon."

Sapphire turned her head to this information: A purple Umbreon named Zane? She was mentally groaning. Zane was her boyfriend and they often see each other in one of a few places the two have set up. She never agreed about his profession of being a member of the Thieves guild, but what could she do? That guy got the brains to escape her whenever he wants. And now she has a job of catching and beat him up... and properly to drag him to Markath, the very place were prisoners are anything but having a good time. Who knows how long he would disappear in these mines.

Shaking her head about this uncomfortable turn of events, she looked at Farkas. Her anger was now focused on that idiot and when her anger got focus, she was much more reasonable... not as reasonable as when she isn't angered but this has to work.

"Fine! Tomorrow at first sun I get breakfast and leave the town! And I make sure that thief gets what he is deserving!" she declared to her fellow companions.

Farkas nodded to her "Very well! Then let's head back. After all you need your wit to catch this elusive fox!"

Nodding to him, she moves back with him, her mind wondering if she should go with a carriage or by foot... by foot it would take longer, thus having to spend more time to track him down, or use the money to have better chances to catch him before he disappears to anywhere.

Zane can be such a headache for her at times... and makes her wonder sometimes why the heck she has something for him.

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Samantha finished in the meanwhile her meal and paid for it. Actually she wanted to raise up and go back home, figuring that Myst wouldn't show up anymore for the night.

Two cups of Honeybrew mead appeared on the table and the Grovyle was proven false with her thought as she saw Myst sitting across from her, grinning to her "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes I do." Told Samantha "We got a job for you. But this time Mother isn't involved."

That got Mysts attention, as no involvement of Mother usually means that no one gets to be killed. But there are very little things the Brotherhood does outside from killing people. In fact aside from the different cover ups the members deploys to move unhindered or get their killing tools to the target are the only things the Zorua could recall. Even the shop that Samantha was running was the Grovyles idea to ensure the hideout underneath is protected and to excuse why random people would go in and out. Of course a killing call could be done anyway but even then, it isn't normally outright stated that Mother isn't involved.

"What is going on?" asks Myst.

Samantha drank some of the mead and looked at Myst "It is about the Thieves Guild... we need a contact within their guild."

"I thought we got some contacts." Stated Myst

"Not the official ones... one of the... unofficial ones. And the last one we got is missing." Stated Samantha.

"You mean..."

"Yes... your missing friend was a contact. I don't know any details, only that she was sending letters to one of our contacts, this letter got to the Sanctuary and from there our Listener or Cicero left for a few days and upon return another letter were send. I had once of these once but I couldn't read them as they used a sort of code. Not wanting to bother it more, I never adapted to break it. However as one of our best members, the Listener gave me the command to seek you and give you a letter."

"A letter for me?"

Samantha nodded "Yes. As far I was told, this letter contained an emergency plan in case SHE disappears. And it is only to be read by two people. The Listener and you." And the Grovyle reached for her bag and pulled out said letter.

Myst took it and opens the paper. She instantly recognized the handwriting as her missing friend, Zeppy.

The following were written:

*Myst,*

*If you read these words, then I am gone for whatever reason. Most likely due the events of the Guild. You will be one of the few people knowing the truth once you finished reading this letter and did what I seek you to do.*

*As you know, the Thieves guild is only a shadow of itself. A joke to the great days it once had. I know the reason. I know the story. Only three more people know the story. The Listener, the one who told me, and the one I tell you to find.*

*He is a smart purple Umbreon named Zane. Due his talents and his mind, it will be troublesome to find and talk with him without anybody learning about the dark secrets. But if you ever manage to be in this situation tell him the following words: Luck is Locked. The Skeleton is the Key. He will understand. He will tell you everything you need to know.*

*If you wonder why he didn't became the new insider for the Listener and our common Ally... because to protect him. In the guild everybody knew I had a close contact with you, and some frown upon it. Including the one we suspect to be the culprit.*

*Myst. Find Zane and find with him a way to end what is destroying the guild. Also if my child is still alive when you receive this letter. Please make sure he or she is alive and has a good home where my child is taken care for.*

*May the gods smile on you.*

*Love*

*Zeppy.*

Myst looked over the letter a few more times before folding it together. This letter is pretty much the last sign of life she knows from the shiny Pyroar... and from the way it is written, it was some time before she gave birth to Pactorn.

That her friend were missing or dead was something she only learned by pure chance, as she has seen Pactorn in Falkreath under the care of a couple living there. This couple happened to be friends with Raven and that he brought them his son with the promise to send money to cover the cost. A promise he was holding so far.

Myst took a deep sigh and looked at the ceiling for some time before turning back to Samantha "I thank you for making sure I get this letter. It... brought some answers I were lacking. But brought many more questions."

"You're welcome Myst. Can I help you any further?" wondered Samantha.

Myst bit her lip and thought a while if she should tell her. However she decides until she knows more she stated "Not regarding that letter. But I heard about a curiosity. An Umbreon that is purple. The name is supposed to be Zane. Does this ring any bell?"

Thinking for a moment, Samantha nodded "Indeed I heard of something like him. Heard rumors about a purple Umbreon from almost any direction of Skyrim. Thought the most recent are from the direction of Markath."

"Thank you Samantha." Myst told and finished her meat "I still have to finish a few things up before I can fully concentrate on the matter you brought to me. So I hit the bed early and leave the town early."

"That important?" asks Samantha surprised. Since she met Myst the first time, the Grovyle knew that the fellow female would never miss out the chance to have a good night with any of her friends. And the two are considering each other as friends. Then a thought accoured to her... Samantha just handed over the properly last sign of life from one of her other friends. And this could of course sour the mood of the Zorua. Loosing somebody is very common in Skyrim, especially if you have work with increased risks, like a thief or a member of the Dark Brotherhood. But this doesn't mean you aren't fazed when this happens. Shaking her head she stated "Forget the question. I wish you a good night then."

"Thank you" said Myst "And I promise to make it up next time we see each other." And smirks "Then I show you a few things I have picked up along the way."

Licking her lips a little, Samantha stated "I am looking forward to it." Before raising up and began to leave the inn.

Myst on the other hand paid for a room and hits the bed, thought as she were laying on top of the bed without any kind of clothes on her body, she laid her forearm on her forehead and sighs "Damn... as the mess that lead to the destruction of the old Sanctuary weren't enough of a mess to be caught in..." taking a few deep breaths she stated to the unseen sky "Zeppy... I will do like you ask. I get in contact with this Zane and I look after Pactorn. But something in return would been great."

Since here was nobody who could answer her, she decided to close her eyes and go to sleep.

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In the next morning a carriage left for the town of Markath. On board of it where only three people: Myst, Sapphire and a mercenary which should protect the one driving the carriage as the two passengers were last additions honestly and this was mostly a transport towards the trading center of Markath.

The mercenary sat right beside the driver while the two females sat at the corners of the carriage, just looking at each other. Both of them could feel that the other could be a danger for themselves and that there is something they don't really like about the other. A deep feeling that more or less tells: This female will get in your way! But neither could tell what it would be.

As the carriage rode over the wide fields of the Skyrim, the two females keep on staring each other, neither of them willing to not look away to give the other the advantage.

Even the Mercenary who was to protect the driver grew nervous and wondered if he should go to hell with the money the two girls bring extra and kick them off or simply got his own blade ready in case the two are going to attack each other's throat. But on the other hand he fears their reaction if he even dares to move his hand close to his weapons handle... the vibe of intending to harm each other if the other dares to do as much as a wrong move or word scares him. And he was a wandering orc.

But the glares the females are giving each other stopped as their instincts are telling them something.

The orc felt something as well and his hand reached for his war axe while Myst had her hands on one of her daggers, while the other reach for her throwing knives. Sapphire looked around, carefully loosening the straps of her bracers and the protective metal fell off. Then she reaches for her Deadric Gauntles and carefully moved them to fasten them on her arms. Just in this moment both females ducked down, two arrows barely missing their bodies. The Orc got hit by the shoulder but his orcish armor took the blunt of the arrow and the tip only got to scratch the green skin of the warrior. Grunting in annoyance, he grabbed the shaft and ripped the projectile out. The driver of the carriage did the only thing he could think off... he jumps off the carriage and hides under it.

Given he is likely not able to fight or would be only a hindrance with his mere iron dagger, nobody would blame him.

Myst were the first to spot the archers. They were two of the Forsworn.

Good news: This proves Myst is at least in Markaths territory.

Bad news: These guys come always in groups to kill anybody who isn't their friend. And anybody who isn't a forsworn or hagraven counts as such.

The two archers keep on shooting, forcing the three to keep cover while the rest of the group of Forsworn rushed in. While the archers came only from one side, the rest of the enemies came from two. Myst muttered "At least a small one of only 20 of them."

Which is still bad of course. But beggars cannot be choosers. The three kept cover while having their weapons ready to fight. The archers then stopped shooting to not risk hitting their allies and Myst were waiting for that to happen. Jumping up from the spot she hid, she got on top of the carriage and threw a couple of her throwing knives.

Because she threw as many as she could without real precision, only one or two found a mark at one of the Forsworn... but this one or two hits were more than enough. The hit forsworn stumbles upon being wounded by these thrown weapon, before he was holding a hand on his head, shaking it as something wasn't right... then suddenly he roared and raised his weapon, a crude axe of the good old forsworn stile and rushed again.

But the forsworn were surprised one of their brethren suddenly attacked them. The first who took notice of it, could only cry in pain to warn the others as the axe were buried into its skull. Two of the others. Were forced to break off their attack to handle their crazy companion. Jumping down from her elevated position to avoid behind a cushion for arrows, Myst were grinning that the frenzy poison were working perfectly. She had tipped her throwing knives in it, thus anybody who gets hit

gets the urge to attack anybody in the vicinity. Thought this will only buy a few minutes at best as the poison wasn't that strong and who knows how long it would take for them to dispatch their mad comrade.

Saphire in the meanwhile had dashed against the second incoming group and her fist reared back to punch the first who would come too close. Said one raised the shield to block the punch and trained his sword to stab her. But much to his shock the leather shield broke under the punch of the Sneasel and the forsworn cried in shock and in the pain of his broken arm, before he got punched by the deadric gauntlets, into the chest. And by the sounds of it, the ribcage were destroyed and that one is properly suffering internal bleeding now.

Blocking the sword of a different forsworn, Saphire grabbed the arm of the offender and threw him against some other Forsworn. And followed to that she moved aside to avoid being hit by a the next forsworn. Who earned a head breaking punch on the side.

The orc of them... was just brute force. Tackling anybody who dares to stand before him before cleaving through the battle field with his two handed orc blade. Three Forsworn were already dead by his hands, but in return his heavy armor got many dents and his face showed a nasty cut from one side of his face to the other.

Right now he was locked blades with one of the Forsworn and he was adapting to press his strength and properly higher weight against the opponent.

What he didn't notice is that another forsworn was about to split the orcs skull from behind.

Myst however took notice and the forsworn found her dagger slammed into his back, piercing the heart. As the Forsworn sacked together, Myst took the axe of the dead and threw it at an storming in enemy, hitting the head with the blade.

The Orc in the meanwhile has finished his opponent, who was now a broken and beating mess on the ground. And he were now facing the next ones. Myst took a quick look and saw that the one she caused being frenzy were dead... but took one of his comrades with him.

Looking at the Sneasel... Myst had to hold her stomach a bit. The dark/ice type was in a frenzy herself if Myst had to guess and she just had slammed her gauntlet wearing arm through the body through one of the few female forsworn and were holding her heat on the other side. Pulling her arm violently free, she then proceeds and squeezed the still pumping organ, splattering her body with more blood as she was already covered thanks to her fighting. The five forsworn which had surrounded her were backing off in fear.

The other three Forsworn which were still on the field were clashing with the orc. Myst took the opportunity to throw some shadow balls at some of the forsworn, followed to the still standing back archers who were dodging. She continues the attacks while rushing up and then she jumps over the rock that were the cover of one of the archers. Both archers were surprised that the Zorua were suddenly above one of them and she lands on one of them, blasting point blank with shadow balls before she jumps up, twirls around and threw one of her toxic covered dagger, hitting the throat of the forsworn. It was now everybody's guess if the forsworn died of her toxic or the wound she caused.

Looking back at the battlefield, she saw that the orc had a dagger sticking out of his gut while the Sneasel... she just ripped off the head of a forsworn which she smashed at the last one standing.

Myst made a note to NEVER piss off this Sneasel.

Saphire were making short breaths before she pulled off her deadric gauntlets. Quiet quickly on top of that. Looking over her body her face frowns in disgust. It will be a pain to get all that blood off. Looking at the Gauntlets, the Sneasel sighs, before fasten them back on her hips and goes to the carriage to put her imperial gauntlets back on.

The Orc was grunting in pain while pouring down a healing portion. The wound he got was bad and he would have to rest but at least it wasn't so deadly that healing potions were out of the question.

The three came down and looked at the driver, who looked at them in fear. "Are they gone?" he asked

"If here were any left to fight, he wouldn't be kneeling here, staring at you!" grunts the Orc "now get out and see if these bastards at least got some gold or so we can loot."

"I prefer we disappear as soon as possible" objected Myst "These forsworn must have a camp somewhere, and if they have left anybody there, the rest would come to investigate. Not to mention the wolves and whatever else might be drawn by all that blood."

"So you suggest that we run like dogs with their tail between the legs?" asks the orc.

"No you buffoon!" snarls Saphire "She wants that we are not an easy prey!" while the female would have no problem with the looting or dealing with animal lives, they just had killed a bunch of Forsworn and if reinforcement comes, the fact the Forsworn have the higher ground and better rested than herself and the other two, a fight would be unwise. Better fighting another day.

The orc grunts but after hearing the reasoning he decides to go along with it and soon they were on the way to Markath... with a stop at a bridge to was the worst of the blood off from their bodies and clothes.

Myst has to admit during the washing, the Sneasel got an impressive body. If she would do something about her berserker like fighting and her oblivious temper, here might be a guy who would fall for her.

If she knew the truth...

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The sun were already setting as the carriage arrived in Markath. The only reason why the gates weren't closed yet, were that one of the guards in charge had noticed the incoming carriage.

As they were approaching the carriage to ask about their business, the orc states a bed to stay and a new job. The carriage driver that he is delivering goods. Myst stated simply she is going to the temple of Dibella... not a complete lie as she wanted to see a friend living there. But finding clues about this Zane were more important.

The Sneasel said she is only taking a room for the night before she would leave. Companions business.

Myst looked at the Sneasel for a moment. A girl like her in the companions? Thought the assassin heard stories of such a Sneasel but dismissed them as one of these wild things people tend to tell about people. Now she is inquired to believe these stories.

Shrugging she and the Sneasel went to the Silver-Blood-Inn but the Sneasel stopped her before entering "Didn't you tell you visit a friend by the Dibella shrine?"

"I did." Said Myst "but be honest. Do you think the maidens of Dibella would welcome anybody right now?" indicating the time.

"You got a point." The Sneasel shrugs and let go to go in and get a meal and a room for the night.

Myst is planning the same thought also asking about this Zane.

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Life is a strange thing. You never know what is waiting for you in the next corner or how it likes to play with things.

This is one of these plays that makes life strange. In the separate corners of the Silver-Blood-Inn, two dark types are sitting on their table, taking their breakfast in a foul mood.

Why? Because both have learned something that sours their plans. Neither of them ever talked about who they look for and they got both their information of two different people.

Myst had talked with the barkeeper about rumors regarding a purple furred Umbreon while Sapphire had been sitting on the fire of the room and heard it from a guard who got a free day, bragging about why he got his free day:

The Umbreon Zane they both looking for without knowing the others intent or reason to find him was captured and thrown Cidhna Mine. The most secure prison of Skyrim.

For Sapphire it means she isn't able to see her boyfriend and finish her job. Not to mention the costs she had so far. Meaning she needs another income source before going back or this entire trip would have been a waste of time.

For Myst it means she cannot talk with him like she was asked in the letter. And this also means she has to get that guy out somehow or get in. In both cases it would draw quite the attention due solid reasons.

Sighing the Zorua decided to do the visit first to get her head clear again and then think how to deal with this nuisance.

Whatever Daedra or Aedra is playing with the fates of the two dark types... both had decided to stand up and leave the inn at the same time. Thought they acknowledged each other simply by simple glares before they opened the doors and moved out.

The market place of Markarth were simple as usual. Though this peace were interrupted as they heard a young man shouting something about the Forsworn and rushed with a raised dagger at one of the stands of the market place.

Saphire didn't think long. Forsworn means trouble. Drawn dagger means trouble. And the combination is anything but good. The man had grabbed a woman from behind and moves his arm to slam his blade into her.

The woman thought never felt the cold irons touch, as Saphire had punched the man already sending him on the ground.

The man were dazed as he staggered up before spotting Saphire between him and his would be victim and the Sneasel was in fighting position. The man rushed without thinking at Saphire but never got to her, as an arrow impacted with his chest, sending him on the ground. She turned and saw that a guard Decidueye had shoot the projectile while two more guards have arrived at the man. Thought all they could do here were dragging the body off.

Saphire shrugged to this and turned to the woman "You alright?"

"Yes. Yes I am. Thank you for saving my live." And gave Saphire a Silver necklace "Take this as my thanks."

"Not a problem!" stated Saphire with a shrug and pockets the necklace. Perhaps she could sell it later. For now she needs a job. And for that she figures seeing the Jarl were the best option. Here were always jobs with these guys. As she moved she were approached by a young nord and gave her a paper "Excuse me. You dropped it."

Saphire was sure she didn't drop it but was smart enough to tell that that guy wanted to ensure that nobody would suspect something... so she looked at it and it states that he wants to meet her in the shrine of Talos.

The Talos shrine of Markath was underneath the Dibella temple in a way that is easy to miss. That why it is one of the lesser visited shrines except for the really dedicated Talos worshippers. Thought given the Thalmor influence over Markath, it is not visited that often in fear of being shipped off by these damn elves.

"Thank you!" she stated "I don't know where to go without it." And moves away. Deciding to simply walk randomly around in the town for a while before she would head to the Talos shrine.

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Myst on the other hand went after the attack on the market place straight to the stairs towards the temple of Dibella to visit her friend.

Upon entering she was greeted by a priest of Dibella, a Breton named Senna. "Greetings Myst. It has been a while since you have visited us. And Dibella still is smiling upon you. Do you wish to see Lacif?"

"Indeed Senna. I like to talk with her. And as I see, Dibella was kind to you in return." Replied Myst, giving a bow. Myst didn't think herself of a religious type, but she tends to pay her respects to the gods. And a few of the Deadra if the time is correct.

"Lacif is currently helping some sisters to show a couple how to correctly worship our fair lady." Explains Senna "But since you are here, I guide you to a room where she will see you. I know you two prefer to have your privacy when praying to Dibella."

"Thank you Senna" nodded Myst and followed the priest towards the room she mentioned.

It was a relative simple room with a comfortable bed so two worshipping Dibella wouldn't have to do it on the hard ground. The Dwemer may have been brilliant but who in their right mind sleeps on stone beds?

Deciding this is a question for another day, Myst began to loosen up her clothes so that her robe and armor were off her body. In the simple clothes she was still wearing she laid down and waits.

After a while the door opens and a female Skuntank with blond hair that covers one half of her face and pink eyes. She has very revealing priest clothes of Dibella and two golden rings were on her right leg.

Smiling at the half naked Zorua the poison type started "Hello Myst... it has been a while."

"Hey Lacif. Still looking well I see."

"Dibella seems to favor bad girls as long they are not necromancers." Mused Lacif

"One of my closest friends is a vampire. I would a bit question her decision on me" jokes Myst.

"Better don't joke again or she might punish you" warned Lacif as she locked the room and let her robes fall off, revealing her entire body. Smirking to it, Myst pulled the remaining clothes off her body as well and pulled Lacif on the bed, kissing the Skuntank.

Both girls keeps kissing each other for a while before breaking the kiss. Lacif murred and mused "Still the dominant one."

"You know me!" mused Myst and pushed the other females head to her chest with a smirk.

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Sapphire has arrived the Talos shrine and have entered it. Down the corridor where the chamber with the shrine rests is the man from earlier and as she have approached him, he said "I am sorry for dragging you into the trouble of Markath... but that attack from today made me realize I have little time."

"Before we continue, who are you and why do you need my help?" asks the Sneasel

"Right. I am Eltrys. And I am trying to find out what is going on." Explains the man "You're an outsider and dangerous looking. You'll do."

"So I do for seeking answer for you? All I see is that some guy spouted Fornsworn stuff and tried to kill a woman in the market."

"Yes. Everbody knows he's a Forsworn agent. Guards to nothing. Nothing but clean up the mess. And this has been for years. All I was able to dig up murder and blood."

"And you expect me to help you how?"

"Find out why they would attack that woman and who's behind the attack and the Forsworn." Explains Eltrys "I pay you for any information you bring me."

"Good! Who was that attacker?"

"His name was Weylin, a smelter worker. Used to have a job down there myself, casting silver ingots. Never knew much about him, except he lives in the Warrens, like all the other workers."

"And you look at this why?"

"It all started when I was a boy. My father owned one of the mines, Rare for anyone who isn't a Nord. He was killed. Guards said it was just a madman, but everyone knew the murderer was a member of the Forsworn. I've been trying to find out why ever since. Gotten nowhere so far, and then I got married. Have a child of my own on the way. I swore I was going to just give up, for my child's sake, but it's like my father's ghost is haunting me. Asking me "Why?" I want to have it over."

"I understand." Stated Saphire "I will be back once I got any clues." And she turned around, leaving the shrine, having a clear clue where to start first.

Heading back to the inn, she approached the woman she had saved. Why was Saphire looking for her here? Simple: Her speaking tone was different from what she has heard so far in the town. Approaching her, the woman looked up at Saphire and stated "It is nice to see you again."

"We will see if you keep this after you heard what I want." Stated the Sneasel "Why were you attacked?"

"I fear I don't know what you mean."

"Don't play games!" growled Saphire "It is clear you hide something: Speak or I force you to speak."

"I am losing my touch if the notorious Saphire of the Companions can tell somebody has a secret."

"Good that you heard of my name." stated Saphire "So?"

She looks at Saphire "Look, I am an agent of General Tullius. I was sent to investigate the Treasury House and the Silver-Blood Family."

"What does the adept to kill you have to do with your investigations?" asks Saphire in wonder.

"They own the Cidhna Mine, one of the toughest jails in Skyrim. I was hoping I could buy or steal the deed, but I don't think that's how things work here. Mark my words. Thonar Silver-Blood was behind that attack in the market. Somehow."

"Thonar Silver-Blood?" asks Saphire in surprise. She heard of the nord and has mixed feelings. While he thought in the Great War, his business deals are more than questionable. The Sneasel once had to kick out a bunch of mercenaries out of a mine so the owner could continue business.

Nodding she heads out and once she left the inn, a guard were waiting "You! I've seen you snooping around, asking questions. Stop that or you might regret it."

"We are seeing" stated Saphire with a stern voice. "I am not looking for trouble, but if I find it, it has trouble."

"Don't get caught or we won't guarantee anything for your safety." Stated the guard and leaves her alone.

Sapphire only huffed to this threat and began to head her way, with a clear goal in mind.

---

Back in the temple of Dibella, sat Myst on the hips of Lacif, pinning the poison types arms down on the bed while the two were sharing a deep and passionate kiss where her tongues twisted around each other, strafing the fangs in their mouths. Near of them laid wooden object which from the design reminds on a large male piece having leather straps on it.

Breaking the kiss Myst mused "That was the best fun I had for a while... didn't know you could scream like that."

"Indeed" sighs Lacif "And I am very pleased on how our... time here turned out."

"I agree with you" sighs Myst "I wonder if I should get one of my male friends here... wonder if he manages to make you scream more."

"Perhaps." She mused before sitting up and wrapped her arms around Mysts shoulders "So now you have to answer me a few questions... why are you here? Such visits for our friendship sakes are not the main reasons for you showing up in Markath. For that you got too many friends you enjoy too much. And enough opportunities making new friends due you're traveling through Skyrim for the Brotherhood."

"Need to find somebody." Admits Myst "And to my luck, I found him somewhat..."

"Dead?"

"No... in the mines."

This made Lacif frown a little "In the mines? Not a good timing."

"Why?" asks Myst, frowning herself now.

"Madanach. Your friend is sharing the mines with Madanach."

"The king of the Forsworn? I thought he got killed during or after the Markath incident." Stated Myst "Heck I was sure Ulfrik Stormcloak would have removed his head personally with the own hands."

"As much I would have thought myself, I know for years that Madanach is alive and still calling for attacks from his prison. I lack the knowledge how he does it. I got a hunch but no proof. Thought my hunch might be correct when I think about the attack today."

"You got informed before we saw each other? Your network is really effective." Mused Myst

"Yes... got the message before I went to see you." Admits Lacif "Anyway, from my resources I know the woman which got nearly killed is an Imperial Spy. And given she was specifically attacked by a Forsworn agent, tells me somebody wanted her gone. And the only person I can think off is Thonar Silver-Blood."

"As interesting as it is, why do you tell me? So I can find proof and blackmail Thonar?" asks Myst

"Nope. But Thonar is growing to quite an annoyance for Markath. Especially with the civil war. I want him gone or at least his reputation seriously hit. In both cases you can help. Either Thonar or

somebody else has to redirect the orders. I doubt it is Thomar, else the connection would be discovered too soon. So here must be somebody else. The question is, who is it and to who the loyalty lies? To Thomar, then the dead would hinder further attacks for a while. To the forsworn... then it would be interesting to know I have heard rumors about an escape plan. And for said escape plan I can give you some info... while your skills can clear a path."

Smirking at the thoughts Myst mused "I am all ears dear."

---

Saphire just entered the Treasury house as she got informed by a woman behind a desk "The Treasury House is really just for patrons of the Silver-Blood family. You don't belong here."

"Cut the chase and tell me where Thamor is. And don't tell me he won't see me. I got business!" told Saphire and slams her hands on the desks "So?"

The Woman winced "He... he is in the room to the left side. I won't keep you."

"Wise choice!" smirks Saphire and moves from the desk and walked on the left corridor. At the end of it, she kicked the door open and Thomar Silver-Blood jumped in surprise "Who are you? Who let you in? I told them no visitors!"

"Then you have to deal with me! Was the guard threatening me your idea?" asks Saphire

"What did you expect? Did you think nobody would notice you butting into business that isn't yours? The guards know who holds the purse strings in this city, and I don't like snoops." Countered Thamor

"So you prefer to let Forsworn kill whenever it pleases you?" asks Saphire with a growl, cracking her fist. "We're going to deal out a lot of answers today."

"Get out! Markath is my city and you have no rights here. Now leave! I am busy. I have to keep the half of the city that works for my family in line."

Then a scream were heard and the two turned to the source. They saw the woman from earlier being electrocuted by the hands of an Electivire. Only blood were rushing out of the eyes and the screaming stopped, the electric attack stopped and the smoking body were dropped. Saphire were already dashing over and as the female electric type turned around to notice the new threat, the only thing she could do were to stare at the blade stuck in the chest, roughly were the heart is.

Looking up blood began to run from the mouth and as Saphire pulled the weapon out, the dead body fell over. Saphire had barely time to turn and block the attack of somebody else. This time was a nord but Saphire didn't get to fight him as Thamor was already at the guy and cut the head clean off.

"My wife..." he said while kneeling down at the still smoking body "They killed her. Damn Madanach! Dam his Forsworn backside!"

"So here is a connection between you and the Forsworn?" asks Saphire, having no sympathy for him.

"Yes! They're my puppets. I have their "king" rotting in Cidhna Mine!" he shouts "And he should have keep them under control!"

"If two of them got in here and kill your wife, the control is questionable!" stated Saphire.

"Get out! Before I going to execute you!"

"That is something you won't be able to manage!" she stated "Clean up the mess you caused or you might get more trouble!" and began to leave, planning to go back to her contractor.

Back in the Shrine of Talos she reached the shrine self and saw three guards and... Eltrys. Dead.

"You were warned!" told one of the guards "But you just had to go and cause trouble. "Now we have to pin all these recent murders on you. Silence witnesses. Work, work, work!"

"So you killed ELtrys to keep your dirty secret silence!" growled Myst while reaching for her gauntlets, only to hear something and upon turning she saw three archers aiming at her. And the other two guards were drawing their swords.

"Indeed! WE had a nice little deal going between Thonar and Madanach until you and Eltrys started snooping around. Well, you wanted to find the one responsible for the killings? You have plenty of time with the King in Rags when you're in the Cidhna mine. Now hands of from your weapons."

Saphire raised her arms, growling but she managed to stay focused enough that she realized she won't survive a fight if she stated one now.

The guard moves over and removed her weapons while tying the arms behind her, in a way that her claws could scratch on them. "You'll never see the sun again!" stated the guard "No one escapes Nidhna Mine!"

"I swear to you, if I get out, I break your neck with my own two hands!"

"Then I have nothing to worry" he laughed as they transported the sneasel off.

---

Myst have arrived the Warren and got her charm used for her needs to learn where Weylin sleeps. The room self were very sparse but the Warrens weren't known for being a good place to life. So the Zorua had to look around and found soon a note with the orders signed by N... and the only N she could think of thanks to Lacifs information Nepos the Nose.

And for that she simply had to go to his house. She didn't took long reaching there. Inside she was stopped by a woman who asks "Excuse me. What's your business here?"

"I want to meet Nepos. Business." Smiles Myst "And I am sure he would be willing to listen."

"You weren't expected and the old man needs his rest. Come back later please." Stated the Woman

"Wait! It's okay, my dear. Send her in." called Nepos.

"Thank you" murred Myst and moves in, finding Nepos at the fire. She approaches him.

Turning to her Nepos said "I'm sorry about my housekeeper. She's a little protective of me."

"Don't worry." Stated Myst "I am here because I think you are with the Forsworn."

"Well, you sniffed me out. Congratulatlans. I am a Forsworn. Like everybody in this house." Stated Nepos "I've been playing this game for almost 20 years. Sending the young to their deaths. All in the name of the Forsworn."

"If you words should make me worry about my life..." began Myst "Then I would dare to say you won't kill me. Especially I am here to help. I know about Madanach. And I know about... certain moves."

"Are you trying to bargain your life?" asks Nepos

"In a way. I need somebody who shares Manadachs holidays in the mine. And helping your goals is helping mine." Stated Myst

"You got my ear. And possible my friendship."

"I prefer to keep it by business." She states. "Oh... and about how your king lives... a bird told me that Thamor made a deal with him."

"Thamor Silver-Blood. I see now." Stated Nepos "Thank you for this. Now to business."

---

In the Cidhna Mine stood Sapphire in front of an Orc, within a small chamber with two gates. One she just passed and the other leading to the prisoner area of the mines.

The orc slapped Sapphire and told the Sneasel "All right prisoner. Eyes front. You're in cidhna Mine, now. And we expect you to ean your keep. There's no resting your hide in a cell in this prison. Here, you work. You'll mine ore until you start throwing up silver bars. You got it?"

Sapphire grit her teeth and said "Yes I got it!" she wanted to punch that orc but here is no way she could pull that off without arm. Firstly she was in rags now and a collar were strapped around her neck, thus preventing her to use any kind of her natural Pokemon Abilities.

"Alright!" stated the orc "Open her up!" and the gate to the mines opened and Sapphire was pushed in. "Now get in and start digging!"

"Bitch!" growled Sapphire and moves down the blanks. In there she saw several prisioners with pickaxes hacking on the walls to get the silver ores out of the mine. Thought one, an orc, were guarding a cell door. She was wondering why, she heard a voice call "We aren't that different, aren't we?"

Turning around she spots a purple Umbreon approaching her and she simply hit him with "Shut up Zane! It is partly your fault that I am in this mess."

"Let me guess... you were send again to punch me and throw in the nearest cell." Chuckles Zane while rubbing his sore face "Why were you kicked in?"

"Got framed for every single kill in this entire place that were written towards the Forsworn." Stated Sapphire.

Zane stopped and stated at Saphrie "Now that is interesting to know HOW did you piss off somebody that you get framed for hundreds of murders in the last 20 years."

"Somebody wanted to know the truth, and asked my help. I agreed as I had at least to get back in the cost of getting here." Stated Sapphire "Long story short, after finding out that Thomar Silver-Blood had his hands in this, the guards murdered the one who hired me and placed the blame for all the deaths on me."

"That's Markath for ya." Shrugs Zane "Well, getting out here is one tough game for ya. I would be out in a few days or a couple of weeks for my crimes. But you? Oh boy. Twenty years worth of murdering... that is one thought nail."

"Stop that!" growled Sapphire "Just tell me why this orc isn't working while the rest do."

"The orc? That is Borkul the Beast. Madanachs bodyguard. He is preventing anybody of seeing the King of Rags. And believe me... he does it well." Explains Zane

"So Madanach is just behind that cell door? Good! Then I get his neck at least."

"And you will be dead afterwards." Warned Zane "Only a handful of people here are genuine criminals. The rest of them are here because they were believed to be in terms with the Forsworn. Some are just here because somebody whispered they might be. Or Braig. He is the longest here. Got arrested because he simply talked with Madanach. Only for that. His daughter pleaded by the jarl to be taken instead. Braig got to watch his daughters execution before being thrown in her. And since them they are ready to follow Madanach for a chance of revenge."

"He has an escape plan?" asks Sapphire

"Half of it if the rumors a true. It seems he needs something he lacks. And you know yourself how hard it is to get something smuggled in."

Sapphire shuddered, knowing what he means. While she never were a smuggler, she was hold by a couple of guards while others were removing her clothes before getting her the rags on. She doesn't even have her underwear anymore. Only because these bastards wanted to have her in here as fast as possible they didn't try anything on her.

Shaking her head she asks "Get me a Pickaxe! I get to relieve my fury! And if I cannot kill that bastard, then I at least try to get my mind clear for something proper."

Zane nodded "sure! Here is a spare one lying around. And by your temper, try to get a shiv... else you get one between your ribs. And perhaps, you should listen to me... I was often enough in prison to know how to survive."

"Fine!" growled Sapphire "Don't expect me to be nice."

"If you were, you would only invite the real monsters of the bunch." Mused Zane "I already got to know them."

"What a mess" groaned Sapphire.

---

A couple of days have passed since Sapphire had been kicked into the mines. Day for day the same thing. In the morning the rations were handed out, depending on how much the prisoners managed to mine. Then everybody had to work all day long with little water to the evening, where with some

luck a second meal was handed out. This wasn't a life for the Sneasel, she needed to get out. She got at least a Skiv after a brawl with one of the other prisoners and a Hariyama which were sent in for murders and rapes learned quickly that Sapphire knew how to handle it in self defense.

He will think twice in the future about approaching her in the night again if he values his other eye. It also showed the other prisoners not to mess with the sneasel. While some are still trying to get a talk with her, they at least understood the value not to get her on the nerves or trigger her anger.

Sapphire were just busy hammering silver ore off a wall as Zant rushed to her. "Saph! Better get ready for something big."

Stopping her work she turned around and asks "Why?"

"Because Borkul just killed Grisvar the Unlucky." Stated Zant. It took a moment until the sneasel remembered what Zant had told her. Almost everybody knew that the nord were a spy for Thamor to keep an eye on Madanachs activities. Also the King in Rags had used him in return to keep somehow tabs on Thamors activities... if he had send his Orc Bodyguard to kill him...

"Madanach is planning to escape?" asks Sapphire putting the pickaxe down "He is aware that the guards would soon notice it?"

"I think he is covering that. Let's go. Perhaps we can hitch the ride on this escape route." Stated Zane

Sapphire wanted to protest but given how unjust her prison time is and that she wouldn't see any chance to ever come out by legal means she resultantly followed Zant.

In fact every prisoner seems to be on their way to the largest part of the mine where also the door the Madanachs "quarter" is.

As Sapphire saw the elder man for the first time, she was impressed on how fit he still looked despite being in this hole for good 20 years.

As everybody has gathered, one of the prisoners, Sapphire knew he was a forsworn through, and through, asked Madanach "Madanach. You had killed Grisvar. Does it mean we are finally leaving?"

"indeed!" stated Mandanach "We are fleeing today. And we got unexpected help."

Upon that Saphires eyes widened as the Zorua she traveled with to Markath came in together with some forsworn who carried heavy looking bags. They emptied the contents and they saw several weapons and equipments.

Myst began "WE got some of the guards switched up with brothers from the Forsworn. Upon a signal they will open the front gates and those of you who wish to help the escape will storm out of this gate and keep the guards busy. While the rest follow Madanachs lead to escape the town. Both groups shall cause as much chaos as possible. For any of you who have doubts: The guards are busy with themselves since, "somehow" the jarl and the Imperial military got hands of the journals of Thomar Silver-Blood and other people who got many of you in these mines."

"For those who aren't leaving through the front door are following me." Stated the King in Rags "Will follow me through a tunnel guiding through some Dwemer ruins. Don't worry about your hides when going through there, as these were cleared by our new friend our brothers. Now grab your weapons

and equipment. They are from the rooms where your belongings are stored. So go and grab what belongs to you.”

Everybody began to head for the piles of equipment and tools. Sapphire found her clothes soon as the number of female prisoners were rather low and most of them only had normal clothes and daggers.

Also she was the only one with her choice of weaponry. Thought for her deadric gauntlets she had to punch some people to prevent them taking them from her.

Zane on the other hand got his grey clothes made of leather and shows quite a number of bags. They had no sleeves and he got a deadric dagger and an elven sword on his body. Saphrie was still asking herself from where he stole these weapons.

“Great... my lockpicks are all gone.” Sighs Zane after checking everything “At least my potions are still here.”

Once all of them were clothed, Myst approached Zane and told him “You are coming with me.”

“Me? Why?” asks Zane in surprise

“Luck is Locket. The skelekton is the key.” Was the simple reply.

“I understand.” Nodded Zane “but Sapphire is coming with us.” Gesturing to his girlfriend

Myst looked over her and asks “How the hell did a thief and a companion became a couple?”

“Long story” stated Sapphire “I am more interested how you know our relationship.”

“Educated guess.” Was the counter “Ok! After we left the mines with Madanach, we will not run with them. We are going to a house provided by an ally. There we will stay some days and discuss before leaving the town.”

Then looking at Sapphire, the Zorua asked the umbreon “And I take I have to make sure her criminal record is gone as well?”

“Yes.” Stated Zane and Myst nodded “I think this is will be rather easy. Given that in the journals that were found contained her as well.”

“Then we have a deal.” Nodded Zane.

The group that remained in the mines were rather small, only those who prefer to either sit out the revolt or there more than eager to get blood on their blades as soon as possible. The rest went with Madanach through the ruins, and they saw the bodies of frost spiders, dwemer tech and humans... both forsworn and guards.

Why guards would be done here, especially as it seems they came here recently, is a question only few would know the answer off. Thought... is it unreasonable to think somebody had interest to get these ruins cleared with the side effect of having lower amounts of guards to deal with.

The trip wasn't long and at the end they found a few more Forsworn waiting for a woman. Madanach approached her and stated “Kaie. Good that you got so many of our brothers here to fight with us.”

"Without our new friend it would have been next to impossible." Stated Kaie and looked at Myst

"I only did it for my own goals" stated Myst "I don't like you. And if I ever are send to kill you, I will do it."

"Understood" stated Madanach "We both knew that this partnership would not last forever. Good luck with your reasons."

"Good luck to you too." Stated Myst "May Sithis never let our paths cross again."

Saphire perked up. Sithis? This means this woman was with the Dark Brotherhood. Glaring at Zane she asked "What did you get into again?"

"It is complicated" replied Zane "Just wait please until we are save. Then I will answer all questions."

"Fine!" growled Saphire

The three dark types waited in a corner as Madanach were storming out after sending the signal to the others to start the chaos in the mines. The town of Markath sunk into chaos as from the mine and from a random corner of the town groups of armed Forsworn appeared and attacked everybody in sight. The guards were quick to react but they were only able to limit the chaos, not stop it.

As this chaos were far enough, Myst took Zane and Saphire and guided them through the town, avoiding any of the chaos that is rampaging.

Thought just as they got around a corner they run into three guards. The two trios are staring at each other until the leading guard pointed at Saphire "You? How are you here?"

"You?" snarled Saphire, recognizing the voice. Before anybody could react she jumped at the guard and grabbed his head, twisting it quickly and a loud ugly sound of a broken neck were heard. The other two guards didn't get to react as Myst were between them and with swift movements she cut vital parts on their body, causing them to lay on the ground while bleeding out.

Once the blades are sheated Myst asks "Any other people you need to break the neck?"

"He was the only one"

"Good!" and they began to run in case somebody saw them. They got to a house and Myst opens the lock before the three disappeared in there. Inside they turned on the fires and the Zorua stated "In the next few days they will be on edge. Thought I am sure that the imperial soldiers are coming soon to reinforce the guards and clean up the mess caused by Thamor and his underlings."

"Good! Now I want answers! Talk!" stated Saphire with crossed arms.

"My name is Myst" told the Zorua "And as you properly guessed already a member of the dark brotherhood. I am here because I were send to find Zane and get in contact."

"To kill who?"

"Nobody so far" intervened Zane "She is the one I have to hand the reports for a friend of us."

"Which friend?" asks Saphire

"I... cannot tell." Said Zane and shock his head "What I can tell is this: The reason why most of the Thieves Guilds operations are failing now and us being at the low point stems from a curse... a deadric curse."

"A deadric curse? You don't mean..." began Myst

"Yes. Nocturnal is cursing us with bad luck. I don't know why or how we got it. But that is why I were working with a friend... who got missing." Stated Zane.

"After our friends disappearance I got a letter" continued Myst "Stating Zane is the new contact. I shall establish said contact and be his partner whenever it is necessary. But this connection between the two organizations are kept to be a secret as the one who caused the misfortune of the thieves guild must be still there. The evidence is there."

"So for me to understand... you are helping somebody you don't know to find out why the Guild is running low?" asks Sapphire "And you communicate with this one by the means of the Dark Brotherhood."

"That sums it up." Smirks Zane

"I don't believe it! By Arceus! Why the hell are you doing that? It is hard enough that I have to search you once a month to punch you. But now you are risking your neck?" asks Sapphire

"Sapphire. If the Companions were in a familiar crisis. Wouldn't you do the same?" asks Zane

She grit her teeth and groans "I hate when you are right." She took a deep breath and asks "What is the plan?"

"I return to the guild as soon as possible, and try to investigate without raising any bells." Explains Zane "Once I got something, I will send a letter for Myst so we can meet and hand her the report to bring it over to the friend. And if we need some fighting power, I will ask for your help."

"Fine. I help you if you are in trouble because of who you are. But don't think I do any favors for the dark brotherhood or the thieves' guild."

"I never expected that." Chuckles Zane and he pulled Sapphire in and kissed her. She groaned as she dislikes these pulling but kissed back. She just couldn't resist these lips of the sly umbreon.

Myst watched them and gave a lower murr, being very... interested on how it would turn out.

The two hold the kiss for quite a while, each other in a tight embrace. Their tongues danced with each other and after a while they broke the kiss and gazed at each other for a moment. Before Saph grinned and holds a dagger in front of Zanes face "Here is your dagger."

"Well in this case" chuckles Zane while taking back his dagger "here are your two daggers."

She took the two daggers

"Your purse."

She took the sack with money

“And your pants.”

She looked down before looking up again seeing Zane running deeper into the house... with the mentioned pants. “ZANE!!! GET BACK HERE SO I CAN BREAK YOUR FINGERS!!!”

Myst had to grin at the scenery... if this is normal between the two, then she is really curious how one of them isn't dead yet.

---

Later at night, Myst and Zane were sharing a bed, as the house only had two. And despite both having said they want to sleep early... they were in close embracement, their lips pressed against each other's while their hands moved over their bodies, which were only covered by the sheet of blanket placed over the two of them. Myst who were still drinking a tea mused she will hear certain sounds sooner or later... and was playing with the idea to try and join them.

---

Breezehome. The house that Samantha is currently reconstructing for her guild and her coverage. In the moment she was in there with some people she could trust to get the interior fixed up. After the desks were at least set up she decided to head outside and open her temporary stand for now.

After going outside and starting to put the items down for selling she were approached by a feline. At first she thought it was a Khajiit that got somehow into the town but then she recognized it as a Persian. The Persian had a blue tattoo showing a dragon head and wings. The clothes were sleeveless red vampire armor while wearing leather boots and leather gloves and wristbands. On the back of the normal type is a dwarf's bow though the arrows seem to be normal iron or steel arrows. At the left boot Samantha was able to spot an orcish dagger and her back also had an iron sword. And over all that she wears a brown cloak.

“Can I help you?” asked Samantha

The Persian nodded “Indeed. Two normal soul gems and an information.”

Samantha put up four soul gems, two empty, two filled. Depending how much she wants to pay and said “For the information it depends what you want to know.”

“I am looking for a Zangoose. Lost an eye, wears a metal arm, white one handed blade. The name is Raven.” Explains the Persian

Samantha nodded “Yes I heard a rumor. It is said he is on the way to Solitude. At least that is what I heard as he took a night in the inn together with a Luxray.”

“A Luxray eh? Well that makes things more interesting.” Murred the Persian and paid for the two empty ones and a bit for the information “Thank you” and she leaves Samantha.

The black Grovyle rubbed her chin and mused “I have seen or heard about this cat before... but where...” Then she blinked “Wait, that tattoo. But... what are THEY doing here in Skyrim?”