The Fight club agian
Message 1 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast  (Original Message)      Sent: 1/12/2004 1:26 AM

She swiftly steers him in the direction of the Fight club. "Ok so what is it that you want to know, if I can I will help you." She smiled and made it all look like she was nothing but his date for the night. A twinkle appeared in her eyes as the distant sound of sirens was heard...

"As for most of the city itself I have not been around much either, but I have heard a few things here and there."

Message 2 of 43 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391       Sent: 1/12/2004 11:51 PM

"I need to know whos in charge. Who has access to information, and how to get it." He looked toward the sky and sighed inwardly. "I need to know who made me, Crystal. I need to know....I dont care what it takes...but if i dont find out soon...." He lowered his voice to an almost inaudible whisper. "I may not get to enjoy my unlife to the fullest." Did she even know how it felt? To see all these Kindred with their sires, and their embraced ones? Could she tell that it nearly causes him to start a spree of bloodshed, just to end it, to end the pain? "No one knows what its like Crystal...I need this. Please help, if you can....." He looked her dead in the eyes...."And if you cant....point me to who can." The melody of the popular song drifted through his head.

Nobody knows what its like....to be the sad man.....to be the dead man...behind blue eyes.

Message 3 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast       Sent: 1/13/2004 1:05 AM

She stopped just outside the door of the Fight club.. "Xander what do you mean you need to know who made you? as in..." She cut the words off and pushed him inside.. Once the door was closed.. "Are you talking about what clan?"

She raised a brow and sighed.. Yeah she knew, she understood.. Hell she never knew who sired her, only what clan she was.. That was fine for her.. She cared less... "as for who runs the city I am asuming its that Victor guy that um helped cause problems for Kasymm.. But can't verify it...

She moved away from him, and shook her head tossing blond silk hair about. " As for information, find a Nos, or track down Song..."

Message 4 of 43 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391       Sent: 1/13/2004 6:48 PM

Track down Song? She couldn't be serious. "Id have better luck finding Hoffa. But any shot is a shot worth taking." He shrugged. "So what are your plans now? You gonna stick round for a while? If so, I could use a place to crash out." God , he thought, I hope she doesnt discover traces of what I did here earlier. "I guess ill have to look for Victor.......or Song for some information. But, Id like to stick round here if it is ....alright with you." He smiled his best 'you cant say no' smile.

Message 5 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast       Sent: 1/13/2004 8:16 PM

"Yeah I plan on being around for a while, and your welcome to stay... IF not here there is the Lair..." She smiled at him... "Plans for me.. hum none really, other then finding out my own info, on who and what is running this city."

Message 6 of 43 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391       Sent: 1/14/2004 12:36 AM

He tried to gauge her speech...was she planning something...nah...she wouldn't do anything rash...not without him anyway . "Id like to tag along on your ...'factfinding' mission, if you do not mind the ...." he chuckled slightly,"...the dead weight?" He was making nay excuse, really to not be apart from his one remaining thread of sanity...she was the first person from the past he encountered that was...for the most part... the same. "I was helpful to you once...I can be again. I wont get in the way." He lifted his fingers in a mock salute. "Scouts honor."

Message 7 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast       Sent: 1/14/2004 1:35 PM

She laughed at him a bit..." Welll Xander.. I am not sure who I am going to hunt up, or what I am actually looking for. I do know that one way or another things will get sticky, and trouble will probably follow..."

She moved off and started for the stairs that lead to her apartments in the club. " If you really want to hang on with me cool, but don't put yourself at risk, just cause you might count me as a friend..." Honesty great....
Friend? Well yeah, I guess she is a friend....she hasnt killed me, and she helped me out before...what else could a guy want? Besides he wasn't
go to get to the top on his own, that he knew for sure. He stopped her just before she started up the stairs...."If you need help, I will give
it." He slipped her a piece of paper with his number scribbled on it. "Call me here, anytime...well...not anytime." He winked as he turned and
headed for the door......wondering where to start looking.

Message 9 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast Sent: 1/14/2004 7:42 PM

She stared first at the paper then at his retreating backside. "Your not going to stick around?" she sounded a bit put out. " OK well have
fun...." She waved at him... OK so maybe she had hoped he wanted to hang for a bit before business.. But no sweat off her back...

Message 10 of 43 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 Sent: 1/14/2004 8:11 PM

Something in her tone made him hesitate. He turned, and looked at her. "Unless you want me to stick around?" He quickly tried not to
sound too obvious. "I was just going to grab some things and head out for a bit...but.....I can stay." He smiled again.....he always did have a
good smile, after all.

Message 11 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast Sent: 1/15/2004 1:09 AM

Ok the question now was, was she flipping out of her mind? And the answer to that $1,000,000 question was...YES! She was coming to find
out she actually liked Xander.. Hell she had to be crazy..

Turning back to look at him, a lock of sun bleached hair fell over her eyes hiding what ever look was in them as she leaned against the rail-
ing... "If you want to stay you can... I have the room, and well." She shrug, acting as if she didn't care. "Its not like anyone of the Cammi way
of unlife would dare to come here.. So... Sure."

Ok what the hell was she doing... Not even she knew anymore.. Once she let herself care, or even pretend to care for someone.. Wait make
that twice.. First Zeek, then Michael... Shaking her head... No that can't be it... She just wanted to help Xander.

Yeah thats it. ..Help him figure out who, what, and why he was what he was. As well as having an extra set of ears, would come in handy
when it came to finding out the whos in and outs of the city now that Kasymm was not in control.. Yeah thats it. .Right?

Message 12 of 43 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 Sent: 1/16/2004 12:11 AM

He sensed a change in her attitude....she suddenly became distant...something was bothering her. He smiled and raised his hand toward the
stairs. "After you then, after all...it is your place."

Message 13 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast Sent: 1/16/2004 9:45 AM

Her hand darted out and she turned the knob, and walked into the hall of the apartments... Leaving the door open she wandered in, and down
only to stop and stare out the large picture window that over looked the gym floor...

"Xander... What brought you to the city the first time around?"

Message 14 of 43 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 Sent: 1/16/2004 2:53 PM

His answer was quick. "Refuge," He tried to remember back to all that had happened to him the night he decided to go to Hidden Cove. "I
had seen my only friend set ablaze, and he always talked of coming here, called it a ...haven for our kind." He frowned slightly. "I also came
looking for others.....like me. I had ben wandering too long, so I decided to see what was what, and I came here." He looked down thru the
window at the boxing ring, watching the two men spar. "I guess I was searching for answers even then."

Message 15 of 43 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 1/16/2004 8:56 PM

Andi pulls her hat so that it conceals her eyes from those around her as she approaches the doors. Remembering some place have rules and
others don't care, she checks around the door for a bell or camera, figures she'd better be safe than sorry, and knocks a few times on the door.
The door is opened by a man, well more like a kid.. The guy was too young to look like he belonged here.. yet he was muscle bound, with the ever present tank top, and shorts... Taned skin, short hair... His eyes a brilliant glow as if he was inturrupted from his workout.. In a deep tone.. "How can I help you, and welcome to the Fight Club.."

The door was pulled open to revial the floor of a gym, and sparing rings...

At the picture window, she turned and looked at Xander.. "so you heard this place was a free base, kind of like sanctuary?" Shaking her head.. holding back a hint of laughter..

"Well once it might have been, in a fashion... But now." Shaking her head in a no fashion.. "Not anymore.. the Cammies run it.. Kasymm, is well in hiding in a fashion I guess... Or just not watching anymore.. that is something I have to figure out out...

He couldnt believe he bought it either. "Yeah, I learned my lesson pretty quick ." He thinks back to the last time he was here, Kasymm in charge, the fire at the lighthouse...the fight on the grounds of her estate. "I just hope, that in time...all of us.....all Kindred will be one unified house. So there is no more confusion, no more useless infighting, no more ....death for our kind." Man , he hated sounding like a nutjob. He covered his tracks quickly. "Thats really why I came here...cus this place was founded on that....and maybe ..someday...with help......it can get back to it." Wow...if she doesnt laugh or throw me out like some stupid zealot, ill be shocked......but, she asked........all i did was answer.

She smiled and stared at him.. Her, well she Crystal would not kick him in the ass on his way out the door cause oddly she agreed with him.. Yeah nutjob, psycho, what ever you want to call it..

"Xander.. if by some chance someone else actually sees what was, as far as Kasymm's dream went, then good.. But I doubt it.. Hell even dead humans, or what once was human are greedy, backstabing, egotisical, arrogant species... If anyone can pull thier head out of the sand" or thier ass, she thinks "then I will eat my hat."

He chuckled softly. "I'll hold you to that, Crystal." His eyes wandered down to the floor of the gym again. Hmm...the big guy was distracted by someone at the door......oh well......he turned his attention back to what was at hand. "So whats the first stop on our road of merry may-hem?"

With a shrug and a lift of her hands... "Xander honestly I don't know... Hell there is that possiblity that nothing is gonna happen just yet..." She turned from the window and smiled.

"Unless you have any ideas... What would you like to do first..." She wiggled a brow at him, and winked.

OOC--ok so i have to go out of town...crud. ill be back thursday night. So ill post this last messg, and if Crystal goes anywhere, just assume Im taggin along lol. Ill catch up when I get back.

He looked round the room and seeing a couch, he flopped down. "I guess im good to rest for a bit anyway."

Andi steps into the gym,, "I thankya, kindly, what I need," she scans the room and darts a finger at the punching bags, "is right there, do I need ta sign in 'er anythin'?"
Rick smiled warmly, then moved over to the information desk... "We normally have a listing of our clients," He scooped up a clip board... "But since this is your first time... Just a name and a contact number will do..."

"Xander... resting is a good thing, that and we do need to decide on where to start first... " She turned back to the large picture window.. Now noticing that there was someone new in the club...

Eyes narrowed just a bit...

Andi takes a look at the young man. "Name's Andrea Roberts, prefer Andi, though. I'm stayin' over at Kassie's Place, an' haven't really gotten the chance ta get settled in just yet, will that work, or do I need somethin' a bit more stable?"

Although her manner is cordial, she's yet to bring up her hat by way of hello, and looks ready to turn heel the moment rejection is handed her.

The relief is obvious, as she straightens out her hat and sets her pack next to her foot. "I've a few personals in here," she taps the bag with her foot, "that I wouldnae be surprised if'n you'd prefer I'd left behind. Ya'll got a check in fer that sort o' thing? I'd hate ta be the start o' trouble."

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"No one here would dare steal anything..." He gave her a wink and a warm smile...

"I guess the first thing I need to do is find a couple of new guys to work in the salvage yard."  Falcon tumbles the drained bodies of two of his employee's into the car crusher.  When he had awakened after his semi state of torpor he'd been famished and the unlucky night crew had been goofing off in the office playing poker instead of working.

Falcon puts on his leather jacket and flinches as he looks in the mirror.  He probably wouldn't have to worry about whether or not he still had the ability to grow hair....the scars on his head from the explosion that had sent him into torpor were probably going to take care of any chance for hair for a while. He was too tired to conjure up the illusion, so the heck with it.

He slides a "Shook's Salvage" baseball cap on and heads into town.  Finding no one at the Vein that he recognizes and no one at Kassie's place, he heads for the only other place he knows someone might be.  He walks into the fight club and hears a thick southern drawl.  Knowing it's not Crystal, he sticks his head around the entry wall and looks toward the admission desk.

"Well, now, that be a relief stranger. Since I need me change o' clothes, anyway, I'll just be takin' it wi' me." She hefts the pack over her shoulder. "If'n that be all ya need, I needs ta get me ta those there bags afore I go nuts. Nothin' like a good round a punches ta get frustration outta the system. Which way 'er the changin' rooms?"
She moved, well more like paced, back and forth in front of that large picture window. Her mind wondering a thousand miles an hour. Ok here she was talking to Xander, a one time person, come to town that got caught up in a battle that was started by the same group of people now in control.

Wonderful... She sighed, yes yes a very human trait in a none human creature. Sheesh, she remembers, or thinks she remembers what it was to be normal once upon a time. Then she turned and stared out over the wooden floor of the fight club. Her eyes catching the gal talking to Rick...

"Xander I'll be right back, Unless you care to join me for a spar?" She removed her jacket and then walked out the door.

---------------------------------------------

Her foot steps clicked on the steps, in her boots, just in time to her this southern bell ask about changing rooms. "Rick I'll take it from here" she waved him off.

Rick seemed a bit relieved, as he moved off some. She turned to the lady. "The changing rooms are through that door" she pointed to the door that read Showers, on the door. "To the left is the mens, the right the ladies. Take your pick."

"Oh Rick, set up the dummies in the center ring, I might need them." Ok yeah I know, a air of command, what do you expect for the woman who owns the Fight Club?

Message 31 of 43 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391     Sent: 1/23/2004 9:57 AM

He jolted awake. Where...who...oh yes, the Fight Club...Crystal. He relaxed a little. Standing up from the sofa, he walked to the big window and looked down into the floor of the gym. Interesting.....someone he didn't know talking with Crystal, and what's this...his eyes narrowed.....someone else looking on from around the corner. He rapped on the glass trying to get Crystal's attention.

Message 32 of 43 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts     Sent: 1/23/2004 10:49 AM

Andi merely nods and heads into the women's changing room. Within a few moments, she is out of her jeans, flannel, and tee and into a tank and sweats. Realizing she doesn't own sneakers at the moment, she walks into the gym in stockinged feet. Her stride is purposefully headed for the body bag, trying to keep the haze in her head at bay by focusing on them. She doesn't bother with the hand tape or the gloves as she pummels the bag full force. Every frustration, every answer that received a less than honest answer, every game piece she watched being manipulated received another punch, elbow, or kick. Nothing else exists in her mind but her frustration and the bag. She doesn't realize she's talking as she is punching and kicking.

"Damn you, why can't you just once tell me what in the fuck is going on? We have to be so damn secretive, even amongst our own. It makes me wish I had died rather than be subjected to all of this bullshit. I'm so sick and tired of games!"

Finally having gotten it out of her system, Andi throws a final punch to set the body bag swinging and heads back to the changing room.

Message 33 of 43 in Discussion
From: crossbones_shook     Sent: 1/24/2004 11:43 AM

Spotting a stranger looking at him and not seeing Crystal, Falcon takes off. He will rest another day and then see who he can find tomorrow night. He finds a paper lying on the street and looks at the date. He's been asleep quite a while. There is lots to catch up on. First he has to find out who all survived the blast.

He swings in a diner looking for ads on the bulletin board by guys who are looking for work. Writing down a couple of numbers, he heads back to the salvage yard. He places a couple of calls and asks the guys to meet him at the yard tomorrow after closing. He explains he will be out of town til then.

Finally, he goes below ground and rests in his haven.

Message 34 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast     Sent: 1/24/2004 1:23 PM

She watched the lady walk into the changing room... Her head turned as she heard someone knock on glass... Smiling she looks up at Xander... A frown, crosses her face...

Then she walks back upstairs and into the apartment... "What's up handsome?"
Andi doesn't care if she should have said anything to the woman who'd helped her out as she steps beneath the steaming water of the shower. It may seem futile to attempt to warm something eternally cold, but she enjoys every sensation as she washes away several weeks worth of road dirt from her hair and skin. Her internal clock is ticking, telling her she doesn't have much time to get somewhere safe. She finishes up, dries herself off and grabs her last fresh set of jeans and flannel. Once dressed, she heads back out to the entranceway, noticing the woman who was in the gym with her is gone.

She calls out into the empty space, "Hello? Can anyone tell me how far it is to Kazzy's? I need ta be gettin' meself settled in."

Message 36 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast Sent: 1/26/2004 2:43 PM

Rick came up and smiled... "well it is a bit of ways... If you need a place to crash, I can ask the owner here... Or just give you a ride back, in a bit... My shift starts just after sunrise..."

He watched her. he had his own suspisions she was not much different then Crystal, but having no way to get proof... He waited... He glanced once at the window... then back to the lady.. "Actually if you want.. you can go talk to her yourself.. Up there"

Rick pointed up the stairs.. "She was the blonde moments ago."

Message 37 of 43 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 1/26/2004 4:27 PM

"Great, thank ya kindly, I think I'll go talk ta her meself."
Andi followed the direction the man pointed, and once finding the stairs, took them slowly, hoping she wasn't interrupting or intruding as she reached the clearing.

Message 38 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast Sent: 1/27/2004 11:52 AM

Opening the door, she looked the lady over... Her eyes narrowing... "yes, how else can I help you?" A hint of hurried anxiety sounding in her voice... She could just about feel the pull of dawn as it slowly crawled to awake the rest of the world...

Message 39 of 43 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 Sent: 1/28/2004 12:06 AM

He was about to mention the stranger when there was a rap at the door. Retreating to the (presumably) safety and comfort of Crystals apartment...he let her deal with the 'guest'.

Message 40 of 43 in Discussion
From: Crystal_Everlast Sent: 1/28/2004 11:38 AM

The look was one of frustration... She leaned from the door. "Rick... Get her a ride where ever, or show her to the spare bed downstairs.. thank..." Then she stepped back into the shadows of the apartment...and closed the door.

Rick stood there stunned, or it was just the pull of te dawn... If accepted he will either rush Andrea back to the Inn, or just tuck her in the windowless room.....

Message 41 of 43 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 1/28/2004 12:02 PM

"Ta be honest, and frank, I'm too late getting ta Kazzy's and need ta crash, and soon. I hate ta impose, but may I stay here t'day? I promise ta be out yer way come sundown."

Message 42 of 43 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 1/29/2004 7:45 AM

"Hate ta be a bother, Rick, but a room here is fine."
Rick moved and showed her to the spare room..... and just before closing the door. "its no bother, the lady is used to this... happens with most like her.." yes he hinted that there might be a knowing of what, if not who she was....

"You will be more then safe here during the day..."

(occ time for a new thread)

Everyone Suggested I Use "Master & Commander"

From: malachai  (Original Message)  Sent: 1/29/2004 3:34 PM

If Pearl didn't quit slurping on that goddamn black ghoul of hers he was going to crawl out from under the floorboards and lay a boot to her own black ass. His back had healed, but that bitch, Justice, knew how to dig that damn needle in so that he had a miserable rest laying flat on his back. And now he damn sure wasn't going to have a chance at a little more shut eye with Pearl's canine lapping.

Malachai bursts through the grease soaked floorboards and rises like a bullet into the office. The huge white eyes of Pearl's ebony stud instantly disappear behind the slamming office door. "Jesus Christ, Pearl. Can't you at least suck quietly?" He grins as he growls. "Take some lessons from Justice....she's a pro." He grabs up his shirt from the floor where it had been thrown last evening, wincing when the denim brushes his back. "There has got to be a goddamn needle or something in there."

The dust from whatever his name is is just settling as Malachai steps down off the porch and into the chaos going on in the middle of the compound. From the looks of Hank, Drago had disagreed with some little problem on the Vette they were working on. The last time this happened, they had to put up with Hank's screams and cries as Drago enthusiastically pulled out the timing chain that he had shoved up Hank's ass just minutes before. "Boys, boys!!" Malchais looks into the Malk's good eye then down to the piece of flesh hanging off his tusk tooth where it pierced through his bottom lip. "I don't even want to hear that that meat is any part of Hank." Pulling at the boots that are sticking out from under the Vette, he is content to see that the little guy who rolls out on the dolly is still in one piece. A quick jerk and Hank is on his feet.

Malachai spins with his back to Hank and pulls his shirt up. "What the fuck is hurting back there. I am healed. I know it but it had to heal around something. Get it the hell out." Hank stammers. Malachai yells. Drago just stands there looking one-eyed stupid. "I said yank it the hell OUT!"

The pain was unbelievable...enough that Malachai spun around and was prepared to ram a fist through Hank's chest. He stops when he sees the bloodied hunk of metal hanging from Hank's shaking fist. "That BITCH! That rotten, no good, freak-assed bitch." He takes the razor ball out of Hank's hand and starts back to the office. On the way, he licks at the dripping blood, his tongue slithering back each time he slides it the wrong way on one of the razor edges. Between slurps he yells back to the guys, "Man, I just love that freak-assed woman. She gets here, tell her I want to see her."

What's in a name?

From: LilianRamsey  (Original Message)  Sent: 1/31/2004 12:11 PM

Showers always refreshed the mind. Lilian steps out of the shower and begins the elaborate process of drying her hair. Nothing like a good night’s sleep and a warm shower to freshen up the mind. Indeed warm shower. She was one of those person who could get really grumpy by a cold one. And well her mind was freshened up indeed. She had realised she not even taken care to properly examine this hotel suite. There should be clues about her identity everywhere. Soon she found out there weren’t clues everywhere. The first odd thing she noticed was that apparently she hadn’t brought any luggage. Quite unusual. I mean it is quite a trip from New York and that mural must have taken days, weeks possibly.

But she does find one very sufficient clue. A lady’s handbag. A designer lady’s handbag perfectly matching the dress she found lying next to it. Going by the exquisite taste the owner must have in order to buy this jewel, it had to be hers. Inside there was a mobile phone, some make up, an ivory Jugendstil comb, and a small booklet containing some businesscards. No wallet. Unusual. When wouldn’t you need money?

She takes one of the businesscards. Turquoise quality paper with golden capricious letters. On one side it said: Ramsey Art Gallery

The other side mentioned a name: Lilian Ramsey address and phone number. Lilian Ramsey again! But it wasn’t just a card. There were dozen of them. She picks up the phone next to her bed and dials the cell phone number on the card. The handbag rings. Out of shock she drops the phone.

But that means…that I’m Lilian Ramsey!
She quickly speaks, relieving the man of his awkward position. 'Might it be possible to talk to Kasymm right now?'

A couple of regulars working for her. 'Good evening.' The man smiles in recognition, although it's clear he's not sure anymore of her name.

She walks into the Lair. Quiet. For an Elysium. After looking around she recognises one of the men behind the bar (OOC: I assume Kasymm has no longer part of the land of the living.

In a speed you might not even consider on a race course she drives to the Lair. After parking it perfectly between two cars, she steps out and runs her fingers over the yellow Lamborghini. It had not been that difficult to track down and once again plenty of money to buy it back.

She grabs her purse and takes the elevator all the way down to the car park. It was item nr. 10 on her list. Getting her Diablo back. 'Oh baby!'

The word had spread. Samantha Harris was back to the land of the living! Well...you know what I mean. Business was taken care off. Well just the introducing part that is. Anyway the little things, covers, egitimate business, P.R. to make the local 'normal' businessmen and politicians content. To most concerned Harris International opened up office in Hidden Cove some weeks ago and now was part of the daily business life in town.

Everything went smoothly. As expected. Patricia hadn't failed her. The Japanese that still wanted her head until a week ago, now settled with a meeting. Right here. Or to be more precise ten floors down. She was confident she would not only smoothen the surface between them, but also make a lot of money out of it.

The Plan was going fine as well. Six more young Kindred had 'disappeared' in the mean time. Still no one really was stirred by it. Well Sam was still in her test drive. Test drive but not her own anymore. Why make your hands dirty when someone else could do it for you? Three rather stupid Sabbat were her someone else now. The problem was they were a bit too stupid. Not very clean, leaving too many traces that took her hours to smoothen up. No they needed a proper pack leader. Well that was for later concern. After all removing the entire Kindred population of Hidden Cove was a short long term goal. The real long term goal to rid the entire Earth from Kindred. Seems ridiculous not?

But in the mean time she just had to pose has a regular Kindred. And that meant presenting yourself to the Prince. Well sucking up to Kasymm for once couldn't do her no harm. Lilian always hated her guts, but she was sure she could use Kasymm's trust in the goodness of people to her own advantage. She smiles thinking about the encounter she had with Kasymm as Tara. Wonderful to do things when you know they don't have consequences. But now she just had to tell Kasymm about how she was Sired when on a business trip to Dallas, how it shocked her and how she would like to settle here right back in Hidden Cove, if that's all right with her of course.

But before she would go to Malcom's Lair she first wanted to check her e-mail. Piper hadn't responded to her last one yesterday and usually he was so quick with that...

Message 2 of 2 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey Sent: 2/1/2004 1:09 PM

'Really? You are sure. Double checked everything? He's gone? As in deceased? Unconfirmed but probable. I see. Thanks for the info. I won't forget it.' Sam hangs up her phone. Seen the fact she still hadn't received anything from Piper she tried phoning his company. No answer. So she made a couple of inquiries. Gradually her old network began to function again as it should. Apparently there had been quite some happenings at all addresses in Dallas. They suspected that Piper was dead. Well good riddance to that man. But rather a shame too, he was quite convenient in her little crusade.

Well nothing she could do anything about. Somehow it just seemed she was missing something. Something vital. First the slaughter of Harris International in Paris, then there were strange happenings in Stockholm and now this in Dallas. She would find out in time.

Patricia comes walking in. 'Good evening Miss Harris. I have the information you requested.' Thank you Patricia. She takes the pile of files.

Info on the Japanese. Short and longterm goals for Harris Hidden Cove. The renovation of Harris Paris. Ah and the info on their neighbour Timekeepers Inc. My my that's what you call a board of Directors! Timothy Anderson. Wasn't that...ah yes. She picks up her phone. 'Patricia? Would be so kind to phone Timothy Anderson? Tell him I would like to have a word with him. It's not urgent.' He might be able to get her some inside information. This seemed like a good company for some investments. After all she needed to launder her money somewhere.

With Timothy on the board she might not get too many inconvenient questions.

Enough with the business. First things first. Kasymm would know by now she's settled in town and might become aware any time that she's no longer part of the land of the living.

She grabs her purse and takes the elevator all the way down to the car park. It was item nr. 10 on her list. Getting her Diablo back. 'Oh baby!' She runs her fingers over the yellow Lamborghini. It had not been that difficult to track down and once again plenty of money to buy it back.

In a speed you might not even consider on a race course she drives to the Lair. After parking it perfectly between two cars, she steps out and walks into the Lair. Quiet. For an Elysium. After looking around she recognises one of the men behind the bar (OOC: I assume Kasymm has a couple of regulars working for her). 'Good evening.' The man smiles in recognition, although it's clear he's not sure anymore of her name. She quickly speaks, relieving the man of his awkward position. 'Might it be possible to talk to Kasymm right now?'
Andrea awakened, refreshed from a decent sleep, all things considered. Grabbing her pack, she heads out toward the entrance of the building, and not wanting to hang out here the entire night, she asks Rick to give her directions to the Vein. She waits, tapping her boot as she watches him draw a map on a slip of paper, then heads out for the Vein.

She watches the typical night life as she walks, watching for the loner, waiting for the perfect one to make themselves available. She sees him, he saunters with his own type of jive down the walk, as though he owed the street, yet he has no followers trailing behind.

Must be on his way to pick up his pals, well, that's gonna change.

She changes her path subtly, letting him bump into her as he passes, when he turns and mouths off to her, she lets him back her into an alley, away from prying eyes. She lets him have a few shoves at her shoulder before she grabs his wrist and in one movement, has his arm twisted up behind him.

"Ya know, ya'll should be a bit more careful about who you choose a battle with, little man. Ya'll ne'er know when ye may run into a bad motha fucka. Tonight's yer lucky night, all's I want is a kiss."

She traces the back of his neck with her free hand before wrenching his head out of the way and sinking her teeth into his flesh. She hears his moan of pained pleasure as she drinks her fill. As he sags into her, she releases her hold, and cleans him of her mark. Checking his pulse, nodding as she notes it is still going strong, she props him onto some trash.

She takes the alley in the opposite direction they entered and exits onto a side street that continues her journey to the Vein.

*Brang Brang Brang*

My hand reaches out faster than I ever thought my body could as I slap the alarm silent and roll over in bed to face the darkened ceiling. It takes my small mind a few moments to put everything in its place and to make sense of my surroundings. Basic hotel room...nothing overly fancy, just a single room at the Sheraton and a king bed. The shades were pulled tight and I remember putting the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door handle as I slowly creeped into the room just before sunrise. I rub the sleep out of my eyes as I slowly give up the ghosts that come with sleep and realize that as much as I would like to have something to complain about I have nothing for the clock says 7...seven in the evening; just after one in the morning back in London...I'd just be starting my turn at the watch with the Moirai...if things had not changed.

To compartmentalize...to separate into isolated categories...that was something that had become the all to common state of affairs in my life over the past few years. My legs ached as I pulled myself to the side of the bed and sat up, placing my feet on the thick carpeted floor. The jeep sat in the parking lot of the airport right where I had left it...and this room...I was almost so shocked it was still coded for the key I had. Everything was still here...so apparently some people had kept their promises and continued paying the bills long after I had fulfilled my duties to them. The world came into vision as the fog in my eyes started to slowly roll away. I stand and open the curtains to reveal the lights of Hidden Cove before me. I run my hand through my hair and feel the knots of time and pains of memories slowly start to loosen.

A shower several minutes later provides me with a clearer sense of the world around me...opens my body to the fact that it hungers for nourishment, my mind to the blank slate areas that have become over-run with nightmares of another time, and my perceptions that I have no fashion sense whatsoever as I stand, towel wrapped around me, looking into the closet and a collection of worn blue jeans and much too casual shirts. All well and good for their time...but that time is not now. I pull the hanging bag from the back of the closet and unzip it as I start to ponder where to begin the evening. A fine black suit and white shirt rest upon the hangers as a pair of well polished black dress shoes fall out in a thud on the floor. Twenty minutes later and I'm out of the hotel and climbing into the back of a cab...looking more like a million dollars than a man that once paid for a pizza delivery with a bag of pennys.

"Where to?" the cabbie asks me, the odor coming from him fills the cab and masks the cleanliness that I had started to feel. As the cab starts to pull away I meet his eyes in the mirror, "Shaved Pussycat." I say...my voice almost sounding as if it were coming from somewhere else with its flat tone. "Sorry Mac...they haven't re-opened that place since the fire...damn shame to considering that there's no other gentleman's clubs in the city." His eyes stay in the mirror as he speaks to me...only a cabbie can drive with no eyes on the road. He almost smiles as a slunch back in the seat...that's right...the smell of the smoke almost fills my entire senses as I remember seeing the rubble. That empty
I was never really good in multiple choice
Message 1 of 2 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey  (Original Message)  Sent: 2/2/2004 12:08 PM

She couldn't stay her no longer. She felt like she couldn't breathe. Wrong choice of words. Anyway as soon as she was sure she was presentable (i.o.w. looking stunning as she should) she walked down to the lobby.
Five minutes later she was standing outside on a busy, very expensive looking street. She could go to that gallery. But you don't know who you meet, who to trust, this was unbelievable. She was either Alice or Lilian. You can't be two persons at the same time can you? You can't be someone and have the memories of someone else. If only she had someone around her who could tell her true from false.

This was no use. Walking around late at night in a town you don't remember was asking for trouble. She never walked without a bodyguard anywhere. Well back in New York. If she was Alice than were the hell was her bodyguard?
She walks back inside and straight on to the bar. She needed a drink. A strong one. No matter if it would make her naseous or not. She sits herself down at the bar and orders a scotch. Taking a sip from it she glances at all the people around her. Not a single face rings a bell.

Where are those Princes when you need them?
Message 1 of 13 in Discussion

Kasymm is out. Return later. That was about the answer she got from that man. He didn't want to say where she was going and while she could phone her, but that's not a proper way to start things.
Sam had walked out of the Lair since it seemed that it wasn't the place to be anymore. Well at least it was quiet. Too quiet for her taste. To hell with those Princes. She would wait until she simply met her. That servant of hers would probably tell her that Samantha Harris came looking for her, so that should ring a bell somewhere.
Standing outside she can only think of two options. Either go back 'home', or maybe it's too soon to call that skyscraper home. Married to the job indeed. Or she could go to a club she does know where these vampires come and mingle all the same. She still had that long list of names and photographs of Ash.
The Vein it is. She walks in and looks now slightly out of place. This is a club, a place where people come for a relaxing drink, dance, listen to music, talk. Sam looked more like she was about to have a business meeting including several presidents. With difficulty she moves through the dancing crowd to the bar and orders a drink.

Message 2 of 13 in Discussion

The crowd was all a buzz with activity tonight...music pulsing in an almost ritual beat that acted as the soundtrack for our lives, many of the patrons using their skills and pheromones to attract a mate...or simply a means to a desired way if that be the case. It didn't matter much to me...I simply slipped past a few of the tables until I could start making my way to the bar, no simple task that was. It took a few minutes for one of the chairs to become available and as soon as it did all "gentlemanly manners" left me as I claimed it as my own. The tender was a bit overwhelmed but made an honest effort to get the Beam on ice down to me as soon as he could...never mind that it was more ice then
But she didn't feel like that very much and it was all so noisy and busy. Maybe you became more sensitive as a vampire. Or maybe she didn't

people when walking into a room even when she's dead. She could already pick a dozen guys she could talk into doing just about anything.

She wasn't sure what to think of the Main Vein. Sure it had good music. A crowd. It was very nice to see that she still had that effect on too noisy, not her kind of music and not her kind of people.

Of course since she met Lilian that night in some nightclub in a city in Canada that was all history. Lilian disliked nightclubs. Too crowded,

The poor guys (ladies were an entirely different matter) didn't know what hit them. He just shakes his head and thinks, yah man, good luck with that, then goes back to serving drinks to the other patrons.

He goes back to serving drinks and he notices ol' death warmed over staring at barbie. He glances back and forth to make sure he is seeing doesn't pass out and get trampled by the crowd. He looks up at the beautiful woman orders a drink. He finds himself wondering what a chick of that overly friendly guy from the night before. That was a relief too, something about him had just made his skin crawl.

that the boss lady hadn't shown up yet either. Maybe he'd be alright after all. He scanned the bar and the crowd as he poured drinks, no sign

Late, he was late, damn late. Not a good way to keep a new job there Eli. He rushed in through the crowd and was only a bit relieved to see that the boss lady hadn't shown up yet either. Maybe he'd be alright after all. He scanned the bar and the crowd as he poured drinks, no sign of that overly friendly guy from the night before. That was a relief too, something about him had just made his skin crawl.

He glances at the guy the other tender is pointing out, no, he doesn't look too good, he thinks. Have to keep an eye on him, make sure that he doesn't pass out and get trampled by the crowd. He looks up at the beautiful woman orders a drink. He finds himself wondering what a chick like her is doing here. She certainly sticks out like a sore thumb. But who's he to judge. He places the drink on the bar in front of her and

puts the glass back down, I fish in my pockets without looking and feel the bottle of pain-killers and consider taking one...they worked well on the flight...keeping the dreams and voices back in the shadows. I let the bottle spin back and forth between my fingers as he looked at the mirror...almost afraid to pull my vision away from the mirror and what I see causes more pain and anguish then I had felt in years.

She was dressed in blue silk and without even being able to see he would almost bet that the dress was fitted perfectly in all the right places and her long beautiful legs were accentuated by ungodly expensive heels. She had caught several pairs of eyes as she stepped into the building just like his Samantha would have in the past. I force myself not to stare...and find it difficult...she's like a light in the darkness...several of them here were but she stood out amongst them all and he pinches the bridge of his nose as if he were trying to reset his vision as a young couple brushes up against him, sending his free hand forward from the elbow and knocking the glass off the bar and into a shattering crash at his feet.

The face I see in the mirror across from me...a reflection of a reflection staring back at me stops my actions. The eyes not much harder around the edges and yet a look of age, almost ancient in scope, is settled upon my face...like a child forced to grow up too fast under too many harsh conditions...a man who has seen it all come and all taken away and yet knows that it is nothing more then the circle of fate... karma...and under all that knowledge still resides a fire, a burning to set everything back in place...to pick up the cards and start building the house again...better this time then before...now armed with more understanding. I have to set the glass down, have to move in some way to make sure that I'm looking back at myself and not someone else...something else that I might have become. Putting the glass back down, I fish in my pockets without looking and feel the bottle of pain-killers and consider taking one...they worked well on the flight...keeping the dreams and voices back in the shadows. I let the bottle spin back and forth between my fingers as I look off slightly...almost afraid to pull my vision away from the mirror and what I see causes more pain and anguish then I had felt in years.

She uses to be incredibly fond of nightclubs. The whole crowd seeming to be one single organism and you could become part of that. Forget for an evening your identity. Combine that with alcohol and some partydrugs and it was a thing you craved for all week long. Of course the many harsh conditions...a man who has seen it all come and all taken away and yet knows that it is nothing more then the circle of fate... karma...and under all that knowledge still resides a fire, a burning to set everything back in place...to pick up the cards and start building the house again...better this time then before...now armed with more understanding. I have to set the glass down, have to move in some way to make sure that I'm looking back at myself and not someone else...something else that I might have become. Putting the glass back down, I fish in my pockets without looking and feel the bottle of pain-killers and consider taking one...they worked well on the flight...keeping the dreams and voices back in the shadows. I let the bottle spin back and forth between my fingers as I look off slightly...almost afraid to pull my vision away from the mirror and what I see causes more pain and anguish then I had felt in years.

London was never home...never felt right...like something was missing, like I wasn't complete until the last few days. A friend would have told me those were feeling generated from running from my problems instead of facing them...but you know what, screw'em...sometimes just cutting away huge parts of your life seems to make the most sense at the time. I pick back up the drink and tell myself that its all going to start anew from this moment on. Make that same promise here in Hidden Cove that I made to myself before coming back...and I lift the glass to my lips.

The face I see in the mirror across from me...a reflection of a reflection staring back at me stops my actions. The eyes not much harder...and yet a look of age, almost ancient in scope, is settled upon my face...like a child forced to grow up too fast under too many harsh conditions...a man who has seen it all come and all taken away and yet knows that it is nothing more then the circle of fate... karma...and under all that knowledge still resides a fire, a burning to set everything back in place...to pick up the cards and start building the house again...better this time then before...now armed with more understanding. I have to set the glass down, have to move in some way to make sure that I'm looking back at myself and not someone else...something else that I might have become. Putting the glass back down, I fish in my pockets without looking and feel the bottle of pain-killers and consider taking one...they worked well on the flight...keeping the dreams and voices back in the shadows. I let the bottle spin back and forth between my fingers as I look off slightly...almost afraid to pull my vision away from the mirror and what I see causes more pain and anguish then I had felt in years.

I force a deep breath as if I were trying to clean my thoughts with my perceptions and reopen my eyes...

Message 3 of 13 in Discussion

From: Eli  Sent: 2/3/2004 1:06 PM

Late, he was late, damn late. Not a good way to keep a new job there Eli. He rushed in through the crowd and was only a bit relieved to see that the boss lady hadn't shown up yet either. Maybe he'd be alright after all. He scanned the bar and the crowd as he poured drinks, no sign of that overly friendly guy from the night before. That was a relief too, something about him had just made his skin crawl.

He glances at the guy the other tender is pointing out, no, he doesn't look too good, he thinks. Have to keep an eye on him, make sure that he doesn't pass out and get trampled by the crowd. He looks up at the beautiful woman orders a drink. He finds himself wondering what a chick like her is doing here. She certainly sticks out like a sore thumb. But who's he to judge. He places the drink on the bar in front of her and says, "Here you are miss. Anything else, let me know." He goes back to serving drinks and he notices ol' death warmed over staring at barbie. He glances back and forth to make sure he is seeing right. He just shakes his head and thinks, yah man, good luck with that, then goes back to serving drinks to the other patrons.

Message 4 of 13 in Discussion

From: LilianRamsey  Sent: 2/3/2004 1:13 PM

She uses to be incredibly fond of nightclubs. The whole crowd seeming to be one single organism and you could become part of that. Forget for an evening your identity. Combine that with alcohol and some partydrugs and it was a thing you craved for all week long. Of course the thing was to balance this with proper sleep, food and a quiet environment the rest of the week. Maybe that's why it also seemed like you were only truly alive in the clubs. The sheer contrast.

Next to that it was a skill to get businessassociates in this rush of alcohol and drugs and staying sober yourself that made milliondollar deals. The poor guys (ladies were an entirely different matter) didn't know what hit them.

Of course since she met Lilian that night in some nightclub in a city in Canada that was all history. Lilian disliked nightclubs. Too crowdy, too noisy, not her kind of music and not her kind of people.

She wasn't sure what to think of the Main Vein. Sure it had good music. A crowd. It was very nice to see that she still had that affect on people when walking into a room even when she's dead. She could already pick a dozen guys she could talk into doing just about anything. But she didn't feel like that very much and it was all so noisy and busy. Maybe you became more sensitive as a vampire. Or maybe she didn't
want to admit to herself that so many people around her all of a sudden made her paranoid. And now this guy decides to drop his glass not so very far from her! (Because it had to be a guy, it's always a guy) She turns around to see who it is and the moment their eyes meet it's like time freezes. It's him. He looks slightly different, but it is him. It could make her heart race, but it doesn't. For a moment nothing exists but the two of them. It's like the music died out and all the persons around them froze and all blend in to a mass of grey. Just the two of them.

A warm smile appears on her face, her eyes show a great longing, but suddenly she turns her back to him. It's him all right! It's he who's supposed to be safe on some Greek Island. It's him that doesn't know that should stay out of her life. It's the guy she should be having a live with.

But wait he's the person caught on her security camera in Paris, standing between bodies of her former employees...

**Message 5 of 13 in Discussion**

**From: PDCassidy  Sent: 2/3/2004 2:08 PM**

The world had come to a crashing halt for him as he opened his eyes and saw Samantha Harris' killer weapon...her warm smile. And just as his entire being starts to hurt with the upsweeping of the emotional torrent coming to the surface...she just as casually and suddenly turns from him showing her back to this portion of the room. It was a casual glance, a turn to see who and what may be found in the bar...anything other than that would have been a miracle; it would have been the equal of a cat living its eighth of its nine lives. It was the jet lag associated with the returning to this painful city and the conditions of the past few months that made him see things. But inside...under this calm, almost bored looking exterior, there was a mixture of panic and boyhood joy.

His hand slips off his nose and reaches for a bar napkin to clean the few drops of Beam that spilt not in the floor but on the counter. His eyes catch the bartender doing the math in his head as he looks back and forth between the woman and himself and knows that in the final calculations that he didn't measure up in the tender's eyes. He wants to tell the guy, grab him by the collar, and tell him how once upon a time he had everything he needed in a look from a woman just as beautiful as that one down the bar...how with just a smile she could change the weather, a wink sent fears to their dark corners, and her touch upon your skin...you felt like a being of pure energy.

He wads the napkin up into a ball and places it in an ashtray with $5 under it in payment for the drink. He stands from his stool and no sooner done then someone else rushes to take the now vacant spot. What was he going to do? Walk over there to her...and he can feel his hand start to quiver nervously. The smells, the visions...everything over the past few months he was calling into question. Elizabeth claimed he would wake her up in the middle of the afternoons carrying on heated conversations with others...in their room...just them. He knew he heard voices all hours of the day...just chalked it up to his mind cracking was all...nothing to serious. The visions were more like dreams...not like this however...hell, it even seemed like everyone else with a male attitude had taken notice of her as well. His decision was taken out of his hands as the crowd started flowing again around the bar and he moved with it closer to her.

Her perfume alone, Desire by Lancome, was almost too much as he moved closer to her...her back turned still. He was with her that afternoon she bought it...back when things were simple. He chewed on his bottom lip as he continued getting closer...half wanting her to turn around, the other half screaming for him to do the same. Two guys from the bar step between him and her and as all four react he catches her eye again...longing...and worried, almost troubled. He pauses just a beat as the duo walk between him and her before he clears the only other obstacle, a chair left away from the bar. She faces the far wall and he sees the pale unblemished skin that gave him all the comfort in the world.

Just a step away, close enough to touch her and yet I hesitate as three girls push their way to the bar in another wave of orders. I brush my hand lightly across the back of her hair as if one of the three sorority sisters tossed her hair in her direction. A step to the side and I've passed them all, now the back of my black suit showing to her. He's hallucinating...wanting something so badly that he actually believes in his heart that it is her. Its time to leave...time to...

I can't help but look back over my shoulder...those pouting lips that he has kissed so much, thoses eyes that tell him the truth even when it rips his heart out...and now...I want to smile at her...to gain some kind of reaction...some kind of recognition...reassurance that he's not insane to believe that this is the real world. God...now I smell like her...just a simple passing brings back an entire life.

**Message 6 of 13 in Discussion**

**From: LilianRamsey  Sent: 2/3/2004 2:24 PM**

He saw me! He did. Walking away now...he might feel...She glances over her shoulder. He's coming here! She felt ecstatic but in panic as well. Any minute he would be here and she would have to say something. Hello? No. She didn't want to be cold and distant. But too warm would...

She could feel he was close. She would almost swear he caressed her hair for a moment. No that was just imagining old times. She glances quickly in the direction where she saw him approaching. Not anymore. He's not going away is he? Well you looked away, he didn't! She quickly scans the whole room, looking for him. She wasn't daydreaming? No there he's walking away. She stares practically holes in his back, hoping for another glance. Please look at me! This time she was sure she wouldn't be able to look the other way. She knew she shouldn't let him walk out of the door, but it was like she was nailed to the ground and no sound would come out of her mouth.
She had wanted him to turn back around...practically begging with that look on her face and I feel an eruption of confidence and intense desire as our eyes meet. It's enough, with her standing there, to crack this dour demeanor and smile...it's a warm smile, or so it feels, upon my face...hopefully the match to her welcoming smile. Somewhere inside, like a picture album, scenes replay themselves over again and a promise unkept yet not forgotten pushes to the front of the memories. She was as real as he was and neither one knew how to react within this busy scene.

A man looking towards a woman like Samantha is not looking ahead and so with the next step he bumps into one of the bouncers and quickly looks away to find an very intimidating force before him. "Sorry...I was just on my way out," using the words like an excuse to avoid any further confrontation. As the bouncer seems to dust off imaginary germs, he looks back again and sees not only her continuing to watch him but is that a smile forming in the corner of her mouth...has his clumsiness brought a smile to her face again.

I just shake my head as if I'm an idiot and give her a wink...now those emotions are on the surface, my smile, my posture, my entire attitude seems to lift as I surrender myself to the moment...be it real or not, he is committing himself to the time and place. With a wink I try to make her smile grow larger by sheer will and I nod my head. Towards the door I motion...away from the crowd, away from the noise...my palms should be sweating...my mind is racing as I step out into the shear coldness of the street and walk across to the sidewalk on the other side.

I almost erupt into laughter as the music changes as I walk out...the words are almost too perfect for the situation and for a moment he's almost positive that this is another vision...a twisted remainder of emotions..."Why can't I breath whenever I think about you" the singer asks...and he only smiles forcing another deep breath to remain calm and not burst into a sprint.

The look, the clumsiness, the wink. Before she knows it she is standing outside. Somehow it was like she flew over the crowd, not even noticing any bouncers. Or maybe the crowd just felt her presence so much that they automatically made way for her.

Outside it's shady, cold and much quieter. There under the lamppost. Don't you run away from me now. Confident she strides towards him. Forgetting all those good and sensible reasons why she shouldn't do this, for simply one other reason. Nothing like kissing that man!

Coming closer she just looks at him. Words were unnecessary between them. She grabs him gently and gives him quite the passionate kiss. Apparently she's been saving it up all these months. Clearly she will not be the first to let go.

Its the pinnacle moment in this scene; the moment when the two separated lovers come together once again...if this were a movie it would be when the romantic theme begins to rise from the background and tears threaten to stream down the face of your date. But a movie it isn't and as he returns the kiss with all the passion and longing, forgiveness and welcoming it is given in, the moment seems surreal and time almost pauses for them. Her hands upon him, her smell, the coldness of her skin matching the residual effects of the passing winter storm...they all tell him how real she is; his hands upon her waist, the return of emotion into his thoughts, the almost literal skipping of my heart makes this even truer that it might appear to anyone passing by.

How long we stand here in this embrace is irrelevant...just being with her like this is the only thing that matters. It was a passing car that tossed semi-frozen slush upon our feet that broke the moment, and ended their mutual silent communication. I place my forehead upon her, looking down into her eyes and past her nose to those lipstick smeared lips. "I never...I just thought that...I can't believe that you are standing right here." and I clasp her hand in mine, our fingers intertwining as I silently command to myself a wish that this doesn't end.

Everything in the world once said this was wrong...everyone he knew said nothing like this could ever happen...Samantha Harris herself was afraid for him...for his safety, his life...and probably even for this moment. He knew he was once upon a time...frightened of this openness and vulnerability. He closes his eyes for a second before reopening them. "Still here..." he whispers in a hushed tone, half surprised-half in relief.

She rounds the corner, her destination nearly at hand, noticing the couple embracing on the sidewalk as she crosses the street to head into the club. She nods at the bouncer at the door and looks around for familiar faces as she heads to the bar. She wonders who she should talk to, or if she should just sit and listen to find out what's happened recently to cause such upheaval in the city.
Time stood still indeed. Nothing mattered but right here, right now. But to all things must come an end. He breaks the silence, expressing he's just as astonished as she is. She just holds her finger to her lips. 'Ssh, be still. It is real.' She hugs him even tighter. No way she is going to let go of this man!

Sam whispers in his ear: 'I know a quiet place where no one dares to disturb to us.'

There was something about the allure of Samantha Harris that I just couldn't resist. With words that slip their way into a soul like fragrant honey she inspires. Her faith alone in him gives me all I ever need. The touch of her finger upon my lips sends every fiber of my being over the edge. It's a reunion that demonstrates what he believes in...both equal apart but a force, the ideal, together...lifting each other as needed, the light to the darkness, the warm to the cold, the angel of release and bringer of death.

They had seen the highs of heaven and the dark depths of hell, one giving life for the others protection, one seeking an immortal treasure to free the other...sacrifice, renewal...the physical manifestation of the wheel in movement, of the Fates that guide them. Together...and he nods feeling the longing surface...and unwilling to let any of this change before chaos can put its reach into the situation.

He looks past her finger and into her eyes and nods...

Love and War... wasn't that a book?

She moves around her home office, signing paperwork, dealing with company business and informing her assistant at Lorgadh Clar that she would be in later. She had left a message for Victor and hadn't heard back from him yet. No surprise there. Now she had a guest to tend to and decisions and thoughts to ponder.

She nods when she is informed that Mr. Borden is awake and stirring around. "Take him the clothes, have him dress, then bring him to join me. Answer no questions and be careful." Her servants nod and move off to do their mistress' bidding.

She sits behind the desk, trying to decide exactly how much of Mr. Borden's situation she will explain to him and whether or not to hear his story now, or wait until the Prince can hear it as well.

This message has been deleted by the author.

There they were all huddled around the water cooler like a pack of lions set to spring on a meal...except in this case the meal was tonight's juicy gossip and the newcomer to this particular pack was Hailey, the morning office manager. She had been asked to cover a few other duties during the next few weeks as tax season started...the pay was great but it was the benefits that she enjoyed more. The voices of the other four members seemed to flow in an orderly fashion that she soon discovered as they all tried to one up each other in this ridiculous contest. "She's been in there for nearly an hour." "Phone calls...right." "But can you blame her...he's so intense and yet you can tell...and those eyes..." "Yeah those eyes...one minute its like he's trying to solve the world's problems and then all of a sudden he looks at you as if you are the entire world." "Forget those eyes...I want to know what he's hiding under those suits. You know...boxers or briefs?" And then a collective laugh shared by the group. "But...but would Ms. Kog..." Hailey shyly asks trying to get into the rotation of gossip swapping before she is interrupted. "Ms. Kog? Jill?...listen darling, Jill Kog is nothing but a high priced piece of arm candy. She used to have a top floor position as an analyst in Miami before she came here to the Cove. She must have really screwed up there to get moved here and get dropped this far on the food chain." "Unless she and Reineger..." "Un-uh...no way...In there...that's something that's just started up recently...way I hear it he's engaged to one of the big shots out of the Asian Group." "I knew it from the first time I saw him...that snake...never thought I could..."
trust him." "Hell yeah...someone needs to shit can his ass before he runs the place into the ground." Hailey's turn again and just as quickly the entire conversation has turned bitter against their boss. "Way I hear it TI's doing better then ever before. Stocks were up..." "Stocks?!? Babe, we're talking about life here...not how much money the company makes but how well we like working here for a..." "Snake...never can trust a man when he starts thinking with his" He's just bad news...you ever pay attention to how he looks at us...like we're meat or something... Bet he has plans on firing all of us before too long." "I think there is something wrong with him...something evil you know like those guys from Pentex that Macey used to work for. Bet he's got all kinds of dirty little secrets...probably beating on dogs and little kids." And Hailey interjects now that the circle has lost its complete mind in her opinion. "Look...I don't care what you think...Mr. Reineger is a good man. He helped get my boyfriend Jimmy a job as a night watchman here...and Beth?!? When your father died who paid all the bills for the hospital treatments...TI right?!? To think that Mr. Rieneger would ever do something..." and the opening of the CFO's door brought the entire conversation to an abrupt halt as all the pairs of water cooler eyes settled on Jill Kog as she stepped out of the office and strolled right past them to her own desk...a look was shared between her and every one of the gossip spillers and it froze the blood in Hailey's body. They took the hint and went back to work.

He stood by the window and dabbed his fingers at the corner of his mouth, looking out onto the Hidden Cove Skyline...well, what makes up the Cove's skyline with its abrupt halt where the business section falls away to reveal the surrounding subdivisions in one direction and Lowtown in the other. A city of contrasts he thinks slipping into a contemplative state for a moment before hearing the dial-tone buzz within his office. The lights were dim but he needed them not for dialing the number. The number rings twice before the slightly familiar voice answers. "Yes..Good evening...Victor Reineger for Ms. Anwen please."

(Assuming my wonderful Seneschal takes my call when it is transferred to her...)

With assistants like Briar's one might start thinking about raiding her company, Victor thinks as they are quickly paired together over the phone lines. "Ms. Anwen...good evening...I hope I haven't interrupted anything." He ponders for a moment and tries to picture exactly what she might have been doing at this moment early in the evening. Knowing your partner's tendencies would assist in facilitating future actions. "I understand that for the most part everything went well last night..." and he lets her wonder just like Mercutio how he knows all this..."and...I suspect that we might need to meet together rather quickly to discuss a new acquisition." How he wants to call Borden what he is...a problem...a sign that the Traditions have been broken...a slap to the face of this new leadership...but he is careful not to loose his tongue nor his cool in this situation. "I suspect that we can come to a solution without having to call the board back into session, correct...besides, there may be other more sensitive matters we need to discuss as well. I have cleared my plans for the evening and I am at your call, Ms. Anwen."

Now he pauses and waits for her response...she will no doubt have expected this and should have a safe secure place for them to meet...away from the eyes of the many as well as the chosen few within their ranks.

Message 4 of 19 in Discussion
From: BriarAnwen       Sent: 2/3/2004 2:42 PM

It is absolutely amazing the message that gets across when you actually do place that trash can on your desk and label it "In". Any plans Briar may have been making are quickly paired together over the phone lines. "Ms. Anwen...good evening...I hope I haven't interrupted anything." He ponders for a moment and tries to picture exactly what she might have been doing at this moment early in the evening. Knowing your partner's tendencies would assist in facilitating future actions. "I understand that for the most part everything went well last night..." and he lets her wonder just like Mercutio how he knows all this..."and...I suspect that we might need to meet together rather quickly to discuss a new acquisition." How he wants to call Borden what he is...a problem...a sign that the Traditions have been broken...a slap to the face of this new leadership...but he is careful not to lose his tongue nor his cool in this situation. "I suspect that we can come to a solution without having to call the board back into session, correct...besides, there may be other more sensitive matters we need to discuss as well. I have cleared my plans for the evening and I am at your call, Ms. Anwen."

She smiles at the sound of his voice through the phone and says, "Good evening to you as well Mr. Reineger." Acquisition, Borden, it doesn't take a genius to put the pieces together. She only ponders for a moment how he might have known what has transpired last night. There are any number of ways, from the truly mundane to the archaic. There is no reason to overly consider something that cannot be changed. It is not often that the Prince of the city will be at the beck and call of the Seneschal, more often it being the other way around. When he has finished speaking she says, "My house guest is just rising, perhaps we could meet in say, 30 minutes at......." She gives the address of a small strip mall on the opposite side of town from both of their office buildings. "I have a small office there that should prove more than adequate for our meeting tonight."

It was a small mall owned by a subsidiary company that there was no way anyone would ever be able to trace back to her, so completely buried was it in paperwork and legitimate holdings. It was only one of the small nesteggs that she had accumulated over the years, just in case. She knew that Duncan had known of and even encouraged many of her business ventures. She even hid a few "in plain sight", just so that he could believe he knew even what she tried to hide. But it was these, small in importance, large in number, that she had actually managed to keep completely hidden away from him, that she was most proud of.

Message 5 of 19 in Discussion

Victor takes note of the address and places it in his jacket pocket. It was clear across town and that came as a surprise in two ways to him...the first that Briar would have somewhere like this for a meeting to be held...and secondly that he didn't expect it from the woman he chose as Seneschal. Was there no end to how well she does her job? This did give him a moment of pause however, after the conversation came to a close and arrangements were settled...if she has all these secret resources as well as the power of her education and knowledge...how long before she turns her eyes towards something higher then her current station? He doubted that she would deliberately undermine his position.
She watches as he places the phone back on the cradle and glares at her with resignation. She smiles at him, "I think you are making a commendable decision, Mr. Borden."

He moves boldly across the room. She waits until he has actually picked up the phone and says, "Yes, Mr. Borden...I get it."

The caller did not find the humor in the joke. He was sitting on the steps of city hall...watching the cabs stop and pick up fare after fare...bookers work John after John. He was worried that he was going to be a continuous string of boring events...no seeing the Doc, no picking on Song, keep your nose clean...that's why Victor's request made him laugh. Ten minutes later Mercutio was standing outside the Crown Royal...across the street, sitting on the doorstep to a bookstore. "Watch who goes in and who comes out. Vasile may be planning something...no, we know he is planning something but what we have no clue. Find out who he meets with...which Kindred share his 'hospitality'...and act accordingly."

He climbs into the BMW and removes his phone dialing a private line. One call to make...fight cross town traffic and then decide the fate of an abomination...and unless Briar has something more to add...something she kept up her sleeves at the Primogen meeting. Steve Borden's fate had already been decided.

Only one person had this number and when the phone rang, Merc jumped to answer it. In a thick Asian accent he answered..."Mr. Wong's...you order...I get it wrong." The caller did not find the humor in the joke. He was sitting on the steps of city hall...watching the cabs stop and pick up fare after fare...bookers work John after John. He was worried that he was going to be a continuous string of boring events...no seeing the Doc, no picking on Song, keep your nose clean...that's why Victor's request made him laugh. Ten minutes later Mercutio was standing outside the Crown Royal...across the street, sitting on the doorstep to a bookstore. "Watch who goes in and who comes out. Vasile may be planning something...no, we know he is planning something but what we have no clue. Find out who he meets with...which Kindred share his 'hospitality'...and act accordingly."

The Scourge loved that last part...it was like giving him a secret agent James Bond license...use appropriate force, license to kill if needed. He could only smile.

(OOC: Yes I posted for both Scourge and Prince...Why? BECAUSE I CAN! *Evil Laughter*)

Message 6 of 19 in Discussion

*your clothes, Mr. Borden. Do dress quickly Mr. Borden, Ms. Anwen is waiting. Who the hell was this Ms. Anwen anyway? That doc last night had promised him answers. Night? It's nighttime already? Somehow, he simply knows it is. He doesn't question it, he just does. He is too busy puzzling over what in the world is going on to question too much at the moment. He feels a hunger, for something, but nothing that comes to mind sounds very appetizing. He dresses swiftly, feeling more than a bit out of place in this obviously expensive suit. He wants to ask for some jeans, a t-shirt and some tennis shoes, but somehow, he doesn't think he's going to get them. The shoes on the other hand are actually surprisingly comfortable, ugly as hell, but comfortable. He tries the door and realizes it's locked. He raps on it a few times and says, "Hey, I'm ready, didn't you say someone was waiting?"

The Scourge loved that last part...it was like giving him a secret agent James Bond license...use appropriate force, license to kill if needed. He could only smile.

The door opens and the guy that brought him the clothes stands outside. He looks him up and down, makes a few adjustments, then with a slight shake of his head, says, "This way please."

He's led down a set of stairs and though a series of hallways, till finally a door is opened for him. It seems no announcement is necessary. He steps into the room and there is the beautiful woman from the night before. She doesn't seem quite so inhibiting as she did last night. The shoes on the other hand are actually surprisingly comfortable, ugly as hell, but comfortable. He tries the door and realizes it's locked. He raps on it a few times and says, "Hey, I'm ready, didn't you say someone was waiting?"

The door opens and the guy that brought him the clothes stands outside. He looks him up and down, makes a few adjustments, then with a slight shake of his head, says, "This way please."

He's led down a set of stairs and though a series of hallways, till finally a door is opened for him. It seems no announcement is necessary. He steps into the room and there is the beautiful woman from the night before. She doesn't seem quite so inhibiting as she did last night. He looks at her and says, "Ms. Anwen, I take it. Maybe now I can get some answers as to what the hell exactly is going on."

In a burst of confidence, he moves across the room and toward the phone. "Or maybe I should just call the police and tell them that you've kidnapped me." He reaches toward the phone.

Message 7 of 19 in Discussion
From: BriarAnwen Sent: 2/6/2004 8:54 AM

She sits in the chair watching as he moves boldly across the room. She waits until he has actually picked up the phone and says, "Yes, Mr. Borden, please do. I am sure they would be most interested to hear that a well-respected citizen of Hidden Cove has 'kidnapped' an accused murderer. One that was very publicly shot on the courthouse steps just a very few nights ago. I am sure as well that they would completely understand your complete lack of answers. I do believe they would be most interested to hear your story and would give you a swift and speedy trial, with a quick execution of sentence. The end of which would more than likely be, locking the poor deluded Mr. Borden away in New Mercy Hospital, 'for his own good' of course."

The Scourge loved that last part...it was like giving him a secret agent James Bond license...use appropriate force, license to kill if needed. He could only smile.

(OOC: Yes I posted for both Scourge and Prince...Why? BECAUSE I CAN! *Evil Laughter*)

Message 8 of 19 in Discussion
From: BriarAnwen Sent: 2/9/2004 3:41 PM

*moving along, with Borden's permission.

She watches as he places the phone back on the cradle and glares at her with resignation. She smiles at him, "Excellent choice, Mr. Borden."

As the car pulled around Victor's mind went over the comments from last night. It would have been wise to have gotten Mercutio's take on attitudes. Kasym, no doubt, would have found her appointment both unusual and suspect...but that was to be expected. He had the take on Song's opinion...but what of the others...how would they react to Dr. Lector's mysterious 'acceptance' to the Primogen? To the appointment of Mr. Phillips, a relative unknown, over the local Toreador recognized head Ramsey? And Melody...not only the reaction towards her but her reaction to the entire event? Should he bring Briar up to speed on that situation?

He sits in the chair watching as he moves boldly across the room. She waits until he has actually picked up the phone and says, "Yes, Mr. Borden, please do. I am sure they would be most interested to hear that a well-respected citizen of Hidden Cove has 'kidnapped' an accused murderer. One that was very publicly shot on the courthouse steps just a very few nights ago. I am sure as well that they would completely understand your complete lack of answers. I do believe they would be most interested to hear your story and would give you a swift and speedy trial, with a quick execution of sentence. The end of which would more than likely be, locking the poor deluded Mr. Borden away in New Mercy Hospital, 'for his own good' of course."

She watches him as his confidence falters and says, "So please, Mr. Borden, do go ahead and make that call."
Now then, if you will just accompany me, we have an appointment across town and I know it will be best if we do not keep him waiting." She moves to the library doors and out them, knowing that Borden will follow out of curiosity if for no other reason.

She steps out of the house and up to the car, taking the keys and getting in the driver's seat. Unlike her "sire" she has no aversion to such modern modes of transportation. It is rather invigorating to have the feel of a powerful engine roaring to life at the turn of a key and the push of a pedal. She waits for Borden to seat himself and watches with amusement as he carefully puts on his seatbelt. She shrugs reaches up, grabs her own and snaps it quickly into place. Then they are off across Hidden Cove.

They arrive at the small undecorated office building in no time at all. The small name plate on the door reads simply Montee Association. She places her key in the lock, she turns the knob on the door and motions for Mr. Borden to step inside.

The front room is simply appointed with a small filing cabinet, a simple desk and chair and a combination fax machine, telephone on the desk. A name plate sits on the very front of the desk, with Susan James emblazoned upon it. The blotter in the middle of the desk has several appointments written on it. Briar shuts the door and moves to an interior door, not bothering to turn on a light in the front room. She opens the door and steps through. Here she turns on the light and indicates that Borden should sit in one of the 3 simple chairs that sit across the room from a slightly larger desk than was in the other room. The name plate upon it reads Michael Weisman.

There is not a single window in this room and only two doors, both of which are closed. She steps back out into the front room. Closing the door of the back room slightly, so that not enough light will filter through the window in the very front of the office to attract the wrong sort of attention. She moves over to the window to watch for the approach of the Prince, leaving Steve alone with his thoughts.

Message 9 of 19 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger Sent: 2/10/2004 11:28 AM

The BMW slowly pulls to to the curb before the address he was given and Victor sat behind the wheel looking at the name on the door, 'Montee Association'. Inside that building was the first major, and certainly not the last, conflict he would have to deal with. This was the time, the beginning, when the entire motif is established. It was a lot easier when you have someone higher to report to...now all you have is yourself and you have to ask what is in the best interest for those around you and can you live with the decision you make. His eyes narrow on the letters on the nameplate and he seems to be focusing through it as he focuses his energies and mind for the task at hand.

The door slowly opens as he shuts the car off and with a deliberate stride, head held high as if he defied the wind itself to blow against him, he walks to the darkened office. His hand pauses slightly as he reaches for the handle and pulls slowly feeling the slight difference in temperature between the frigid night air and the staleness of the office. Another step and he stands inside the darkened office catching the slight crack of the light from the back room. "Ms. Anwen?" he asks...his voice confident and strong, proud and authoritative. He was going to listen to what she had to say...take her opinion of the Primogen meeting as well as her personal opinion of the matter and see how it aligns with what he thinks should be done and then make a choice...for Camarilla and for Hidden Cove.

Message 10 of 19 in Discussion
From: BriarAnwen Sent: 2/10/2004 2:00 PM

She had watched him pull up and waited as he opened the door, her last intention was to alarm him. She took a slow step toward the door and said, "Prince Reineger." She watches as he turns towards her and says, "Shall we join Mr. Borden in the adjacent room?"

She does not wait for a reply, instead leading the way and pushing the door open, then stepping inside and to the side, so that Victor can see the entire room as he steps through. She is used to Duncan being paranoid and suspicious at every turn, so she has been acustomed to the old, "see nothing up my sleeve" routine. She waits for him to enter the office, then closes the door most of the way after him.

She takes a seat between Borden and the door, leaving two others open for the Prince to choose from. As she waits for him to decide upon a chair or otherwise settle in, she says, "The primogen meeting went better than I actually suspected it would." She finds herself wondering how much he already knows and decides not to waste words telling him what he may already know.

Message 11 of 19 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger Sent: 2/10/2004 3:59 PM

He quietly follows the Seneschal back into the other room. Sneaking about in the darkness had a certain apropos about it and as she entered the room he looked upon Detective Steve Borden. This was their first face to face meeting and Victor could see the depths of his eyes, the strength of body and will, the fortitude that would have brought him to someone's attention. He pauses for a moment to look over this bastard child and moves to the seat opposite Borden so that he is flanked by Hidden Cove's leadership. Victor takes the time to move the chair slightly so that he can address the Seneschal without having to look past or over Borden.

He nods as she explains the result of the Primogen meeting. "As I would have expected under your guidence." and he looks at how silent and confused the man beside him looked. "Hale and Barbeoux split on the matter with Lee...and Philips had no strong voice one way or the other correct?" he says almost expecting her nod in affirmation before it is given. "And I assume that Lector will support any decision made...and we must make it now before this becomes a source of in-fighting amongst the Primogen." He takes a moment to measure this things worth and looks Briar in her eyes. "Too long has this city rotted from the top down due to weakness. My only regret is that we do not have its sire's identity known to us to fulfill the Tradition." And his voice sounds hollow and echos for a moment in the quiet room.
He doesn't say a single word, sitting silently, waiting to be led away yet again. A risky plan already being plotted in his mind. It was con
now, he would go on the assumption she was exactly who they were talking about.

Something in the situation stops him from interjecting while this Reineger character is here. He decides it was for the best, 'Ms. Anwen', sure
whirl past him as these two discuss apparently him as some minor inconvienence to be 'disposed of'.

He is absolutely dumbfounded by the whole process that he witnesses. Words that he can find no meaning or understanding for in his mind
choose just the same...justice for crimes committed; against both Kindred society as well as the man seated between them. He brushes off
water from a melted snowflake as Briar goes through the actions that need to be put into place to ensure the protection of this action.

"I will contact Mr. Lee and inform him of the decision as well as see to his assistance in mortal judicial affairs. Besides, another set of eyes
looking over his files regarding the case would never hurt in our search for the cause of this matter." He bites his lower lip in rememberance
that this was something said at the meeting and not relayed to him through either the Seneschal nor the Scourge. "I would like to meet with
Mr. Lee anyways considering how little I know about our Ventrue Primogen to begin with. In the meantime, I will leave you to contact Dr.
Hale and see about the disposal of this body." He glances at the newly embraced and feels nothing for him.

"Contact me when everything is completed and our safety is ensured, Seneschal Anwen. I place my faith in you highly in this matter and
ate what you have already stated and Mr. Lee pointed out last night. The Traditions have been blatantly and purposefully violated. The only
answer to this is to deliver justice as swiftly and mercifully as possible. I will contact Dr. Hale as soon as we leave here about collecting the
blood. I will also talk to her and Mr. Lee about making sure that the kine issues are resolved. Then I will see to the execution of the sentence
of Mr. Borden." The words 'Tremere science' sent a cold chill down her spine, though she does not show it. "Unless you would rather see to
any of these matters personally?"

She does not wish to seem overzealous. It is rather, she is used to being the one carrying out the orders or wishes of another and delegating responsibility when necessary to others. Though she would never admit it outloud, let alone to herself, in some ways, Duncan had groomed her perfectly for just this position.

And so it is decided without much fuss and fanfare, the only honest and true decision that should be made...Steve Borden will be excused from the exisstance he finds himself in, ashes to ashes dust to dust, a return of life to the Earth. Someone somewhere would feel pity for his loss, somewhere even Kindred in this city will think the act unexcusable, but faced with the same situation and same desires they would choose just the same...justice for crimes committed; against both Kindred society as well as the man seated between them. He brushes off water from a melted snowflake as Briar goes through the actions that need to be put into place to ensure the protection of this action.

He is absolutely dumbfounded by the whole process that he witnesses. Words that he can find no meaning or understanding for in his mind whirl past him as these two discuss apparently him as some minor inconvenience to be 'disposed of'.

Something in the situation stops him from interjecting while this Reineger character is here. He decides it was for the best, 'Ms. Anwen', sure as hell isn't going to help him, but he catches the name of one person that just might, Doctor Hale. It has to be Alicia, unless they're talking about another doc in another town, but surely that isn't the case. If they are, he's going to have to change the plan brewing in his mind. For now, he would go on the assumption she was exactly who they were talking about.

He doesn't say a single word, sitting silently, waiting to be led away yet again. A risky plan already being plotted in his mind. It was con-
tingent upon only a few very minor things coming to pass and he had a million alternatives already cooking up just in case. For now, seem
resigned to this fate they have decided upon for him. Maybe it would work, maybe it wouldn't, but something deep inside him wasn't going to let him go down without at least trying.

Message 16 of 19 in Discussion  
From: BriarAnwen  
Sent: 2/11/2004 12:17 PM

watch it, you cagey old bastard, or you'll be next

She stands quietly listening intently as he not only instructs her but imparts some interesting information. She bids him a good evening as he leaves, following after him to close the doors as he exits. She steps back into the inner office and listens as the Prince's car starts and drives away. She looks intently at Borden and then says, "Well, let's go. There's alot to do." She watches as he stands up and moves toward the door. She doesn't believe his silent act. She is not stupid enough to believe for an instant that the instinctual need for survival inherant in every kindred was absent in this one, no matter how young. She would be alert for his every move and any possible escape.

(considering your post, I am going to assume that it is alright to move on)

Once the office is locked and they are both in settled into the car, she picks up her cell phone and dials the number she has for Doctor Hale. She gets a voice mail and hangs up and dials the hospital directly. She is transferred down to the morgue and when someone answers the phone she says, "I need to speak with Dr. Hale immediately." When she is informed that Dr. Hale isn't taking any calls, she says, "If you would please pass along a message with some urgency then, inform Dr. Hale that Briar Anwen needs to speak to her immediately. Yes, she has my number."

She clicks the phone shut and starting the car, pulls out of the parking lot and into traffic.

Message 17 of 19 in Discussion  
From: DuncanMcCloed  
Sent: 2/11/2004 2:52 PM

ah Briar... you almost make my old undead heart skip a beat....

Message 18 of 19 in Discussion  
From: BriarAnwen  
Sent: 2/11/2004 2:55 PM

you'd have to have one first.

now shut up and get off my thread. I believe your "Lady friend" is waiting on you to post, go bother her awhile.

Message 19 of 19 in Discussion  
From: DuncanMcCloed  
Sent: 2/11/2004 2:57 PM

"Assssssssssssss yooooooouuuuuuuu Wiiiiiiiiisssssssssshhhhhhhhhhhhh.........."

"Somebody" did it, Wonder who  
Message 1 of 1 in Discussion  
From: who_the_Hexx  
Sent: 2/12/2004 8:38 AM

The Main Vein is hopping as usual tonight. A veritable banquet of young pulsating flesh interspersed with the predators of the night. He laughs at his own thoughts. Next thing you know, he's going to be walking up to someone saying I vant to suck you blood. He shakes his head. He sits just down the bar from the couple, catching snipits of their conversation. He almost laughs outloud. With a new face, there's no way the bartender is going to recognize him. That's one to keep an eye on, Malachai might even want the heads up on him. There were a few others in this town that might be most interested as well. He'd have to wait and see.

When the newcomer steps up to the bar and starts asking for information, he's tempted to give him all sorts of it. Nah, best leave that to the tender, no need in calling attention to himself.

Time to go see what's going on elsewhere in this fine city. See who he can scare out of the woodwork and what kind of information is being passed around tonight. The key was sorting the bullshit from the good shit. With a smile on his face, he passes back out the door of the Vein and back out into the night. Down a few streets, he ducks into an alley and disappears into the darkness. He laughs when he hears Malachai's guys cussing and smacking each other. He reappears several streets away, wearing yet another new face and a different set of clothes, he takes off for Heathrow Square.

Case Closed  
Message 1 of 7 in Discussion  
From: M_Antoine_Lee  
Sent: 2/11/2004 12:32 PM

He sat in his office looking over the case files from the Borden case and contemplating from all angles all possible problems. There was no doubt in his mind what would happen to Borden. He had not met a Prince worth their stuff yet that would allow the subject of so many violations to live beyond their usefulness. Borden offered none, his fate was almost assured. As he thought about the Primogen meeting the night
before he shook his head that the reaction of Alicia. Someday she was going to have to learn. Anwen has impressed him, when this was all over, he was going to have to see about meeting with McCloed again, there was still clan business to be resolved. The Toreador Primogen, what was his name, Phillips, had not surprised him by his position on Borden, but more on the intelligence of his arguments. Not that they mattered either.

He finds himself also contemplating the daggers that Ms. Blue was shooting at him. What did she expect? That his position would have changed at all from when Alicia and he had spoken right there in front of her? If anything, his appointment as Ventrue Primogen had only made him all the more convinced. He had a responsibility to the Kindred of Hidden Cove. Allowing such as Borden to live, would be a complete and utter disservice.

He shakes himself from his ruminations and turns back to the task at hand. There are several ways this can be handled, most with a minimum of upheaval to the kine. He might not even be asked for his opinions or his assistance, but he was Steve's lawyer and as such, he still had his own loose ends to deal with. If he heard from the Prince or the Seneschal, he would make sure he was prepared, if not, he would simply make sure his small part in Borden's life was taken care of.

Message 2 of 7 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger  Sent: 2/13/2004 11:16 AM

He flips the business card over between his fingers as he stands outside the office door. Mr. Lee was Ventrue...other than that all that Victor could pin down was that he was a successful lawyer which implied he knew the right people, the right prices for lives, and the best path between the two. As he had heard the previous night as well as what he had seen in the T.I. offices, he had some connection or insight into Dr. Hale and he was a polite gentleman...beyond that, like so many he has come to understand the man is a mystery.

Victor had thought about looking into the files Mr. Lee had offered, trying to understand the actions of the police officer and what might have brought him into this darkness but decided against it. Energy spent by him there was energies that could be directed elsewhere. It was better to leave those issues and final touches to those already familiar with the events and under-currents. He knocks gently on the office door before opening it. He was not sure what to expect as he entered Mr. Lee's office but he knew that this member of the Primogen would assist him as best he could at protecting the Masquerade...as soon as his client's fate was completed.

"Mr. Lee? Might I have a moment of your time?" he asks stepping into the office.

(Provided the door is unlocked. Otherwise he will ask after knocking and wait outside in the hallway/entrance/whatever the heck it might be.)

Message 3 of 7 in Discussion
Sent: 2/13/2004 3:10 PM
This message has been deleted by the author.

Message 4 of 7 in Discussion
From: M_Antoine_Lee  Sent: 2/13/2004 3:12 PM

The angles this particular case could be handled from were numerous, but there were actually few that he would recommend, again, only if he were asked.

The soft knock on the door is not completely unexpected, he had asked to be informed on several other cases the firm was handling should developments change. Without looking up from the case file in front of him, he says, "Come in."

It is the unexpected voice that draws his attention. He smiles and stands, coming around the desk. "Prince Reineger, of course, of course, please come in." He waits for the Prince to enter, then closes the door behind him. He motions with his hand to offer Victor either of the comfortable chairs that sit in front of his desk for clients. He moves back to his chair behind the desk and says, "What can I do for you this evening?"

- not going to take time to describe the office itself, I am sure at the least you have seen plenty of well-to-do lawyer's offices (on television if not in person) to know what to expect. And it would have been a hallway.

Message 5 of 7 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger  Sent: 2/16/2004 10:01 AM

Its a welcoming smile, a smile that screams let me help you, a smile to comfort the ills and troubles that his many clients bring to him...Mr. Lee obviously paid attention to the small facets of business and how to make a client comfortable with the situation present. Victor takes a seat across from the lawyer's desk and notices the many files stacked neatly and orderly upon the desk. "It wasn't my intention to interrupt your work this evening so I will make this as quick as possible Mr. Lee," he adds nodding towards the pile of work before the advocate. He had just gotten comfortable in the chair and crossed his leg over the other when he told Lee the news, "Mr. Borden is being taken to his fate as we talk. The Seneschal is seeing to the matter personally and will be contacting Dr. Hale with requests for assistance as she can provide." He pauses not out of respect for the outcome of this decision but to allow Mr. Lee to come to the conclusion that this Prince will make the choices some see as difficult appear simple.
"It is my desire that you also be involved in this process. I understand that you agree with the outcome I have chosen and that you yourself stated that we had gathered enough pull amongst our ranks to bury the secrets from eyes that need not see. I'm sure that there will be legal questions to be answered, an investigation into Borden's disappearance and his final fate by mortal institutions...I have every faith that you working with Ms. Anwen and Dr: Hale can end this mess with little mess as possible." He sits silent for a moment, making sure that he had told the lawyer everything he had intended to and finally nods in a silent agreement with himself.

"I appreciate your assistance in this matter as I do all that concern our city. Your positions within this city make you a very valuable asset to us...please keep me updated on your progress and believe that whatever assistance you need from me or any of the Primogen, you need only ask." He stands and extends his hand, "Again...I do not intend to keep you from this or any other tasks you might be busy with this evening."

Message 6 of 7 in Discussion
From: M_Antoine_Lee  Sent: 2/16/2004 11:11 AM

He takes his seat and watches as the Prince settles in. As the Prince speaks of interrupting his work, he makes a sweeping motion as if dismissing it, as not all that much. The fate of Mr. Borden does not shock or surprise him in the slightest. The swiftness of the sentence and execution are qualities to be admired. He is sure Alicia will be none to happy, but surely even she will understand there was no other way. He is interested that the Prince seems to know some of the details of the meeting. This speaks to a communication and openness between Prince and Seneschal rarely seen in other cities. But then, the Seneschal is Ventrue, nothing less should have been expected.

He listens with interest to the fact that Prince Reineger is requesting his hand in this process. 'Borden's disappearance', perhaps the Prince already had a plan in mind. Well, since it was being left in Alicia, his and the Seneschal's hands, perhaps he could offer other solutions to those two that would leave alot less questions.

Discovering that this audience is over, he stands and moves around the desk, taking the hand that is offered. He shakes it firmly and says, "Of course Prince Reineger. I will do all I can for this city, my clan and the Camarilla. I will contact Dr. Hale and Seneschal Anwen immediately so that this matter can be resolved quickly. I appreciate the personal visit this evening. Myself ,my services and those of the firm are at your disposal, whenever you may need them, please, do not hesitate to ask."

Message 7 of 7 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger  Sent: 2/17/2004 9:46 AM

With a final nod and a smile of satisfaction upon his face, Victor turns from the advocate's office and out through the door he came in. Antoine Lee knew what was expected, he would know just how to make the situation find the proper ending and, most importantly, lend an air of unity to this decision. No matter how or to what extent some Kindred might protest the outcome of this nasty situation so early upon the new regime, it will be accepted for it was the will of the Primogen majority. Victor would allow the vocal opposition within the ranks to freely state their mind with regards to this situation but with time they too will come to understand the need and importance of this action and the message sent to our collective enemies.

As Victor sat behind the wheel of the BMW he couldn't help but ponder on how different members of this Primogen were from one another, the stark reality personified in the Tremere and Venttrue Primogen; Mr. Lee's zest for city, clan, and sect...his desire to throw himself into the tasks needed to be done was the mirror reflection of Dr. Alicia Hale, self-proclaimed rouge clan member, hiding for some unknown reason, and hesitant towards embracing the structure she currently finds herself in. She had made a valid point about the potential in Borden, using him as bait to draw out the unknown sire but to Victor this seemed more of a ploy Kasymm would have used, the actions of a Prince who felt the Traditions and those that uphold them wouldn't supply the proper means to discovering that secret as well.

The BMW had snaked its way across town and pulled close to the curb outside L'etiente de Vie. Stepping out of the car, Victor removes his dress jacket and tie and lays them in the back seat. He rolls the sleeves of the dress shirt up to mid-arm and takes on an air of relaxation. The Borden task was taken care of, the remainder of the night was about smoothing feathers that would need to be calmed. His lack of presence at the Primogen meeting was something that did not go unnoticed, not like he expected it to, but at the same time it was rude of him not to inform the Keeper of his plans. Entering the Elysium and passing a few workers as they toil with the power tools, Victor looks around for Melody LaCroix.

More's the Pity
Message 1 of 25 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed  (Original Message)  Sent: 1/27/2004 2:00 PM

He finds that rising is not nearly as difficult tonight... as it has been in other recent nights.... It still takes him a bit to shake of the lethargy of the day.... but when he does.... he realizes the sun is just setting.... A good sign that his body is healing some of it's damage.... He moves slowly from the bed....testing his injured legs.... He takes up his cane... and manages to lean a bit less heavily upon it.... another good sign. He moves from his bed chamber... into the dressing room just adjacent... He hears the soft rustle of clothing... and knows William is moving about the room.... "William, good evening.... Have you laid out my suit?" .... The thick german accent answers him.... "Yes sir.... the dark blue suit you requested.... sir.... Shall you require something more this evening sir?"
Duncan shakes his head.... then thinks better of it and says.... "Yes... William.... call Kevin.... Ms. Barbeoux's man.... request that the lady
of the lighthouse.... meet her old friend at the bar in the Crown Royal Hotel..... for a bit of reminiscing.... at her earliest possible conven-
ance...."

"Very good sir... I will make sure the car is brought round and awaiting you... when you are ready."

Duncan nods... dismissing William with a wave of his hand... Then he sets to the task of dressing.... A task that takes far longer than it
should.. much to his dismay...

Message 2 of 25 in Discussion
From: kasymm  Sent: 1/27/2004 2:31 PM

The street was silent.  The new blanket of snow that had fallen while they were all inside left the world with a kind of false peace.  What
few cars traveled past as she stood beside the Lexus, made no sound as they traveled on the pillowed blanket of snow.  It seemed that the
primogen had no desire to mull around the Elysium after the meeting and rather than stop Mr. Lee as he exited, Kasymm slid into her car and
drove straight out to the lighthouse.  She waved briefly to Song as she passed and watched as the cat slinked into the front door of Kassie's
Place.

Tomorrow Kasymm would try and get up with Duncan to see if he had noticed the same thing she did at the impromptu meeting at the
Vein.  Kevin had already turned down her sheets, letting her bed reach the icy cold temperature that she prefered when she sought deep rest.
Kasymm removed her gloves then carefully wiped her right hand upon the flannel square that laid on the nightstand.  Tucking it away in a
small plastic baggie and then in a metal box that slid into a compartment on her desk, she stood silent at the bay window.  As the sky turned
lighter, she cast a lingering glance over the city and then, closing the shutters, slid beneath the sheets. The icy cold satin sheets did the trick
........................................

She stretched.  How long had it been since she had actually stretched, feeling muscle move beneath flesh? That was a good sign.  Kevin
always laughed when she said her muscles were tense and made some sort of sarcastic yet humorous remark about dead muscle probably
would be.  She enjoyed their banter on those rare occasions when she was not concerned with the outside world.  She had slept well. She
would have to reward Kevin with a special tasting reward.  It was not often that she "ate out" and he'd have Song to thank for the spicy fla-
vor.  As Kasymm rolls over, she spots the small slip of blue stationery under the rose vase.  She reads the message from Kevin regarding
a meeting with Duncan.  Gathering one of her favorite outfits from the closet, she moves to the shower humming one of her favorite tunes.
This would be a night for favorites it would seem.

Message 3 of 25 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed  Sent: 1/28/2004 9:18 AM

Finally dressed.. the day's business taken care of.. and the car warmed and awaiting him.. .He emerges from the house.. determined to not
appear nearly so decrepit as he feels... He manages to walk slowly... leaning on the cane hardly at all.. progress indeed...
The door to the backseat is held open for him.. and he settles comfortably into the tan leather... grateful for it's softness.. The door is closed
behind him and slowly.. the driver leaves the drive and ventures out into Hidden Cove...
He pushes the button to move the window down a small bit.. so he may at least smell and hear the city he cannot see... He gets an all to clear
picture as he rides...
At his behest.. the car takes a long languid tour of the city... he does not expect Kasymm right away.. she will have her own duties to attend
to.. upon rising... so he knows he may take his time..
After quite the drive.. they arrive at the Crown Royal Hotel... the doorman opens the door for him.. and he steps out.. giving his legs a few
moments to gain their bearing.. he walks with confident steps into the lobby of the opulent hotel...

Message 4 of 25 in Discussion
From: Nikolas_Vasile  Sent: 1/28/2004 1:48 PM

He was making his nightly pass through the hotel, when he saw the most interesting sight. Duncan McCloed, making his slow, agonizing way
through the lobby of the CR. He smiles as he watches. The old man hides it well, but it is apparent he is still recovering from his injuries. He
will have to remember to reward Destiny for such excellant work. He watches as Mr. McCloed makes his way to the restaurant. He walks
over to speak to Michael, then turns and smiling again, makes his way into the restaurant. He walks over to the table where Duncan is just
being seated and says, "Mr. McCloed, what a pleasant surprise. Might I join you?"

Message 5 of 25 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed  Sent: 1/28/2004 2:08 PM

He walks deliberately slowly... making more of his injuries than they are... taking in every single sound in the hotel as he walks...
Even though he realizes where he is.. and who supposedly resides on the upper most floors... he is nonetheless a bit surprised to hear the
sound of his voice.. as he is sitting down...
He smiles.. and turns his face to greet him... "Mr. Vasile... I do not believe I have ever had the pleasure of your company... I would be hon-
ored to have you join me...."
Ah the games we play...
He allows the silence to stretch for a few moments, then says, "Well, Mr. McCloed, I must say, I am a bit surprised to find you here this evening. I would have thought that you would be enjoying the success of your childe. Seneschal for a Prince of the Camarilla is quite the lofty title. What brings you to this quiet corner of the Cove?"

Judge Malatasta's courtroom had a functional air. There were straight-backed pews and squared-off benchwork at the front for the court officers. The witness stand was lower than the judge's bench to which it was joined. The court reporter and clerk had desks immediately to the side of the judge and the lawyer's podium was centered about a yard or so ahead of him. The seal of the state hung behind Malatasta, between two flags and there to the right, on the west wall across from the windows was a portrait of Hidden Cove's mayor or at least the named mayor until another was appointed to replace the incarcerated leader.

Night court was in full swing as Kasymm entered and sat in the foremost pew. There was a brief exchange of glances between the judge and her as she took her seat and then the sharp bang of the gavel as Malatasta called for the next case. The judge's small, quick eyes swam behind the distortion of his heavy framed glasses. He did not look particularly pleased to find Kasymm in his courtroom but gave no indication, hiding his anger behind tightly pressed lips and running his fingers through what thinning grey hair remained on his nearly polished dome. As the defendant shuffled before the judge, Kasymm reached into her bag. Removing a compact, she snapped it open and dabbed softly at her cheeks. She suddenly looked up, her eyes meeting with Malatesta's and remaining locked for more than 30 seconds. As she returned the compact to her bag, Malatasta returned his attention to the man before him. Skunk had stood in front of him at least ten times before and would normally have the book thrown at him tonight, but this time the wasted little man in the heavy suit would avoid trial.

With a scowl, she pulls the door of the Lexus open against the mound of snow the scraper piled against the door. Grey slush flies as she guns the car and drives off, leaving Skunk standing alone. Moments later, Kasymm alights from the car, dropping her keys into the warm hand of the young lad who waits. She smiles at a gentleman who opens the door for her and steps into the lobby of the Crown Royal. "Why thank you. Please, take care. The streets are very dangerous this evening." Her violet eyes indicate to the kindred that she is well aware of his not being kine and that she is not only speaking about the road conditions.

He smiles shrewdly, as Vasile attempts to bait him... He says, "I am quite proud of my childe... But as you said, here it is quiet..." He allows the comment to linger for a moment... then says... "But I wonder... Mr. Vasile... how long it can remain so..." He can tell that he gets no reaction... but he expects none... "The rumored haven of one of the most notorious of the 'Sabbat'... How long will it take for the Camarilla... to come to roust you out of your comfortable surroundings? Perhaps... even I am part of the "scouting party"... The Camarilla has indeed come to Hidden Cove... Mr. Vasile... even the former prince sits upon their primogen... I do wonder what this will mean for you... and yours..."

He allows the silence to stretch between them... then breaks in saying... "But I digress... I am just here to enjoy some quiet respite... and perhaps enjoy the company of a beautiful lady..."
Message 10 of 25 in Discussion
From: Nikolas_Vasile  Sent: 3/30/2004 8:58 AM

He almost, absolutely almost, laughs out loud. He clucks his tongue and says, "I would have thought Mr. McCloed that creatures such as you and I were far above such petty black and white distinctions as sect lines. But since you asked," he leans in closer to McCloed and says, "There are rumors that the Camarilla in Hidden Cove has enough problems as it is. I do not foresee that they will be turning their attention to me very soon. After all, what harm can one Cainite really do in a city as vast as Hidden Cove?"

He sits back again and smiling says, "But quiet reside from worry and the company of a beautiful woman, I most definetly understand." He notices the former Prince making her way across the dining area, more leading the way than following the attendant. He smiles at her, turns back to the old man and says, "It would seem your companion approaches, I will leave you to your pleasures. It was..... interesting... speaking to you McCloed, perhaps another night when you seek rest you may join me in my garden?"

He stands and smiles at Kasymm, he motions toward the chair and says, "Ms. Barbeoux, good evening."

Message 11 of 25 in Discussion
Sent: 3/30/2004 9:05 AM
This message has been deleted by the manager or assistant manager.

Message 12 of 25 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed  Sent: 3/30/2004 9:06 AM

He smiles at Vasile.. as he speaks.. games of words... it is a good thing they sit at an isolated table.. but Vasile would not have taken a chance... For all their boasting of ignoring the Traditions.. and that mortals are chattel.. nothing more.. the Sabbat.. in his experience.. still holds true to the Masquerade... Vasile would not endanger his own existance by taking the chance of their conversation being overheard... When he announces that Kasymm approaches.. He grabs his cane.. and with more drama.. than actual pain.. stands... to greet the Lady of the Lighthouse... Just as Kasymm reaches the table.. Duncan says to Nikolas... "I would not expect I will be joining you anytime soon.... Vasile... but thank you for the invitation... " Then he turns his attention to Kasymm... and says... "Ms. Barbeoux.. please.. have a seat.. Mr. Vasile was just leaving...."

Message 13 of 25 in Discussion
From: kasymm  Sent: 2/2/2004 1:01 PM

"Good evening.....Duncan....Mr. Vasile. Oh no, must you leave so quickly?"  Nikolas Vasile was such an interesting creature. Nothing of his outward appearance would give a hint as to his age, but his eyes were the eyes of a kindred who had seen a few many decades and witnessed quite a few things that, probably, were the last things other kindred had been unfortunate enough to witness. More than anything, she was fascinated by his aura...or rather, lack of at the moment. "You have a lovely establishment here, Mr. Vasile. I commend your exquisite taste. Will you not join Duncan and I for a few minutes?"

Her smile appears totally genuine as she moves toward the seat beside Duncan, softly touching Duncan's shoulder then sliding into the chair.

Message 14 of 25 in Discussion

(lack of aura, thank you for noticing)

The tenderness that the former Prince shows for her dinner companion is not lost on him. He does however wonder how much is true affection and how much is simply for show. He smiles and waits for her to sit and Mr. McCloed to perform the laborous task of seating himself once again, then says, "Would that I could take credit for such luxury as this fine hotel, but I am afraid I cannot." His eyes twinkle mischeif. He pulls out a chair and sweeping his hand, he says, "How can I resist such an invitation from such an intoxicating creature? It would be my supreme pleasure. Though I will not impose upon you or your companion overly long." He almost laughs as comical as this dance they perform is. Instead he simply allows the smile to sit upon his face and says, "It is not often one is asked to join in even polite conversation with two such," he pauses for a moment, then says, "prominent citizens of this fair burg."

Message 15 of 25 in Discussion
From: kasymm  Sent: 2/4/2004 1:07 PM

She slides the centerpiece across the table to a position that enabled her to see both Duncan and Victor without craning her neck. It was a bit too modern for her tastes but then, she wasn't exactly up on the times when it came to the metal and glass, cold modern architecture of the last few decades. Without being too obvious, she watches Nikolas's mannerisms, the effortless motion with which he accepts her offer and occupies the chair across from her.

"You are much too kind, Mr. Vasile. You flatter me. I am nothing more in Hidden Cove than a....... retiree of sorts and find myself content to merely enjoy taking what little advantage I need of the assets I have managed to accumulate over the years and to give those who would seek it nothing more than an opinion. I am rather looking forward to resting in my haven, monitoring the condition of the seas and being
just another......citizen." The corner of her mouth twitches in a slight smile, making it obvious that she is in her own way mimicking what the Camarilla would like to see her become. "Unlike you, Mr. Vasile, I find little reward in business." Her eyes hint at humor as she turns her head slightly toward Duncan. "What do you think, Duncan? Perhaps I should find an occupation to idle away my time? Perhaps like Mr. Vasile, I might try gardening."

Message 16 of 25 in Discussion
From: Nikolas_Vasile  Sent: 2/4/2004 1:36 PM

 occult: Victor? Hmm, should I feel insulted or flattered? Better still, what should he feel. (see the first line of your post) But do not delete, please, it is amusing, and after all, it was but a thought.

Message 17 of 25 in Discussion
From: kasymm  Sent: 2/4/2004 1:49 PM

lol I should NEVER try to post from work. How could I make such a mistake? After all.....I only like ONE of you! Oh but then...we are talking about in character--then I guess it's understandable. rotflmao

Message 18 of 25 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed  Sent: 2/5/2004 10:35 AM

Her gentle touch on his shoulder is reassuring, but it is her words that surprise him. Why would she invite Vasile to join them? Probably many of the same reasons Vasile stepped up to talk to him in the first place. It is a delicate dance they do... careful to not step wrong.. every move perfectly timed and choreographed...

He smiles at Kasym's comments... It is amusing to listen to the banter... When Kasym mentions gardening.. he almost laughs... "I am absolutely sure... dear Lady... any venture you undertake would bloom and blossom under your tulege... not daring to disappoint you..." He shifts in his seat slightly... and smiles as he says.. "I am sure you will find many worthwhile pursuits to occupy all of your free time... I shall only hope you will have time for the occasional stroll on the beach with me.. I have not been blind so long.. that I have forgotten the way you look bathed in moonlight... the spray of the seas... glistening in your hair...."

Message 19 of 25 in Discussion
From: kasymm  Sent: 2/6/2004 12:29 PM

Kasym shook her head slowly in response to Duncan. "My dear, dear friend. Sometime you must tell me about any time that you spent in Ireland....especially exactly how much time you spent at the Blarney Stone. Not that I don't thoroughly enjoy the results mind you." She pats his hand again, another sign to Nikolas of just how much Kasym respected Duncan...or as much as any kindred could have affection for another. But then she frowned and turned her attention to Nikolas.

Her jaw clenched slightly. "Mr. Vasile. I am sure that there will not be many opportunities for you and I to speak. I do not believe for one moment that you would be foolish enough to allow anything discussed here to be heard by others not of your choosing. So be it if you've a hundred Sabbat listening in right now, as long as kine are not privy. This is probably the safest place for me to say what I have decided to tell you. Understand....I speak freely in front of Mr. McCloed and want you to understand that I do not speak FOR him. You may think that my decision for turning the city over to the Camarilla was a weakness. You may also think that I have abandoned my premise that Hidden Cove can survive as an independent city." Her frown deepens. "What you THINK of me is of no concern to me. What I DO care about is your influence with the Sabbat. I have allowed," her eyes deepen in color, "I repeat, allowed your...kind to exist in Hidden Cove. I believe in the values that both the Sabbat and the Camarilla can contribute to the ability for kindred to survive. As long as there was no problem with the Sabbat threatening the Masquerade, and I know that the Sabbat in their own way agree, there was no reason why your sect could not thrive or prosper. And don't tell me that you do not, yourself, find the Masquerade useful to your ends or else we would be at each others necks right here."

She leans back in her chair, the old habit of circling the water ring on the table with her finger suddenly once again appearing. "I have my reasons for doing as I have done. I will only warn you, and I feel it is my duty in a strange way, since I have turned the tide of the city with my decision, that should the Prince begin a path against you and yours.....I can do nothing, and will not do anything to endanger my own agenda to help you." Her finger stops circling and her face hardens. She looks past Nikolas surveying several portraits that hang in the large room until finally her eyes once again rest on his. "I will only assure you of this. I do not believe that Prince Reiniger either represents the agenda to help you." Her finger stops circling and her face hardens. She looks past Nikolas surveying several portraits that hang in the large room until finally her eyes once again rest on his. "I will only assure you of this. I do not believe that Prince Reiniger either represents the agenda to help you."

"What do you think, Duncan? Perhaps I should find an occupation to idle away my time? Perhaps like Mr. Vasile, I might try gardening."
She pauses. "Bottom line, you may not agree with the fact that I have an investment in this fine building in which we sit, but I assure you...I do. I do not intend for a city that has become a recognized benchmark for what kindred life could become, to be destroyed by an individual who sees the future of kindred in only one focus. We have spoken little to one another, we will probably speak even less, but Mr. Vasile, I believe you and I will have quite an influence on each other's futures in this city."

Message 20 of 25 in Discussion  
From: Nikolas_Vasile  
Sent: 2/9/2004 12:59 PM

For a self proclaimed retiree, she certainly as alot to say, he thinks to himself. There are so many points upon which he finds humor. He will keep his tongue and his humor to himself for now. But the way she so openly expresses her own disdain for the current regime is interesting. An opportunity blossoming? Perhaps, if nutured carefully. But then, his mind turns to why she would be telling all of this so openly. Something to ponder.

As she finishes, he sits, appearing deep in thought for a moment, then says, "Well, I would say I have taken enough of your time this even. Indeed, other matters call for my attention." He stands, looks at the two at the table and says, "It has been a pleasure, Mr. McCloed, Ms. Barbeoux." He pushes the chair carefully back into the table and levels his gaze at Kasymm. "And Ms. Barbeoux, thank you sooo much for such and enlightening conversation."

He turns and walks away from the table. As he enters the lobby, he is approached by Whisper who informs him that Ms. Ramsey has left. He nods and the two of them move to the elevator.

Message 21 of 25 in Discussion  
From: kasymm  
Sent: 2/9/2004 1:45 PM

Kasymm inclines her head slightly and gives a brief nod as Nikolas turns and walks away. She studies the woman on his arm wishing she had caught a glimpse of her face. Had she seen her before? Her brow furrows briefly then as though dropping a costume, Kasymm relaxes and settles back in her seat.

She continues to watch Nikolas leave as she speaks to Duncan in a low voice. "Perhaps I am already a gardener, Duncan. That seed was much easier to plant than I had anticipated."

Message 22 of 25 in Discussion  
From: DuncanMcCloed  
Sent: 2/9/2004 8:46 PM

He sits there for a long while... in silence... waiting until he is absolutely sure that Nikolas has moved on away from the table... Finally... he reaches out and touches his friend's hand... "Be careful my dear Lady... that the seeds you plant... do not bear poisonous fruits... that turn upon you at first opportunity...."

He pats her hand and says... "But I didn't bring you here for philosphy lessons..." He smiles and says... "Also known as the deluded ramblings of an adled brain...."

He sits forward a bit and says... "I am more interested to hear all about the way you really feel... and the first primogen meeting of the new regime..."

(feel free to e-mail me juicy tidbits instead of posting them... lol... )

Message 23 of 25 in Discussion  
From: kasymm  
Sent: 2/10/2004 2:45 PM

"Duncan, rest assured I am always aware that each and every seed that I plant may well turn on me. Thus far, in this life, I have come to expect it. I merely do not choose to have the Sabbat nor the Camarilla believe that I have turned against those who I have in at least a small way been able to align myself with. Those who dared risk the wrath of their own sect by revealing things to me. Those who hid me when they could have well tossed me to the sun and been done with me. I will not throw the baby out with the bath water. I will not have every-one in this city who I have given respite to thinking I have willingly handed them over to a vicious dog. I am going to have a rough enough row to hoe."

"And you know me well enough to know that I am not going to sit in the lighthouse and do nothing while Victor Reineger destroys Hidden Cove while he hides behind the cloak of the Camarilla. I know you remember the outcry when I removed the bastard childe from among us. If I know Victor's need to prove to the Camarilla that he is worthy, Hidden Cove is about to have it's first - and not its last - instigation for rebellion under the new prince's leadership. This time, the childe has ties to kindred and do you think for a minute that some are not going to think that a detective that could be so valuable to kindred wasn't killed because Victor was afraid that a detective as good as Bordon might find out exactly what was going on in the city. Hell, they might even think that Victor thought it could lead to him. Someone was responsible for the descent that was setting the path for Reineger. Someone was causing problems between kine and kindred. Someone was supplying drugs. All things that built a platform for Reineger to mount himself upon. Of course, I can't imagine who might come up with that idea.....can you?" There is the definate look of sarcasm in Kasymm's manner.
It is obvious that Kasymm is frustrated. Duncan knows her well enough that he is well aware that she may say she enjoys peace and seclusion, but the taste of power that she has been led to partake of in the last few years has given her the need...the need all kindred eventually embrace. The need to ensure their survival by any means.

"I will keep your advice in mind, as always. And I expect probably even more of it than I would desire." She chuckles. "Anyway, let me tell you about the first meeting of Victor's primogen. I'm sure you will find it delightfully informative." The two...a young, petite woman with the picture of health and the...older man, obviously blind, sit in a corner conversing like any dear friends....at least to the passerby's eyes.

Message 24 of 25 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed Sent: 2/12/2004 10:24 AM

He is quiet...as she speaks her mind...He does not remind her of the things she already knows... the Camarilla is a double edged sword.. and some of the things she said to Vasile.. will become all too true... as much as she might want to... she could not protect them all... not even close... Deep down... he knows she realizes this....Probably even counts on it... He does wonder why she is so convinced that Reineger might be out to destroy Hidden Cove... the Camarilla does not usually take the time and resources to take over a city...simply to destroy it. Perhaps it is the way she believes the Cam will exploit it that makes her afraid it will be destroyed... On some points... she is right... someone was definitly sitting a very elaborate staging area for something... what exactly... was yet to be seen.... He recognizes the inner fire burning in Kasymm... it is not simply the need for survival that she probably has convinced herself of... it is also a desire that tugs at the older of the kin-dred... that has them engaging in such pursuits as the jyhad.... It is the hunger for control...not power... necessarily... but control...

When she turns her attention and her words to the Primogen meeting.. he smiles.. There are some things she obviously still delights in.. and for all her admonitions.. She loves the game as much as the next vampire...

The appointments do not really surprise him.. the Ventre was to be expected... with Briar as Seneschal... it would not do to have her sire sit in a primogen seat... not that Briar would have stood for it anyway... The only one that does pique his interest is the Toreador... What could be the reason there? Is this Phillips someone that Victor believes he can control?... That might be an interesting subject to inquire into...

He finds himself smiling as Kasymm mentions the admonitions that Briar put down... and the instructions she imparted... He knows Briar well enough to know.. she would not state anything... unless she at the very least knew the barest wishes of the Prince... She was one to make sure all her i's were dotted and t's crossed... He feels a pang... of what... who knows... as he thinks about the woman that shared so much of his life for so long... and has come to hate him so completely...

It is unfortunate... he thinks... that she will not even turn to him... should she ever need his assistance... she would likely rather face a sunrise... than to admit she needed anything from him... ah well... She would likely face a sunrise before he would ever offer his assistance... whether she asked for it or not...

As Kasymm finishes telling him all... he smiles... and says... "Most interesting indeed... I do wonder however how long it will take the Camarilla to turn their collective eye to this very hotel.... I know there are things that require their immediate attention... but I cannot imagine them..." he stops for a moment. and says... "All things considered... I suppose I should include you in that..."... He smiles a teasing smile... and continues... "I cannot imagine them allowing the "Sabbat" to remain unhindered in Hidden Cove overly long... and Mr. Vasile certainly shows no sign of leaving any time soon...."

He pats her hand gently and says... "Ah.. but most questions I know... for now.. only speculation... I believe we have kept ourselves hidden away from the whole of Cove society long enough this evening. Shall we see who else might be frequently the Crown Royal this evening? It would not harm us to get a feel on pulse of the mortal population considering recent events. I would be honored to act as your escort... if you would be so kind as to act as my guide....."

Message 25 of 25 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey Sent: 2/17/2004 10:52 AM

Nothing like a late evening walk to freshen up the mind. Lilian had walked around Hidden Cove's very own park, enjoying the peace that only a quiet place like this could bring. Quiet but for the usual tramps and junk of course. But none of those felt like bothering her tonight. She was thankful for that and the fact her nausea quickly vanished.

It took her some time to find the way back though. She should have taken a map with her as normal persons do in a city unknown to them. But then again it's not like there's enough light to read a map during these hours. And using a discipline just for wanting to know where you're going seem a bit folly.

With these completely irrelevant thoughts in her head she enters the Crown Royal once more. She chooses a comfortable seat in the lobby at a point she can oversee the area. Nothing like looking at people when you have nothing else to do.

Opportunity Knocking
Message 1 of 12 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 (Original Message) Sent: 2/5/2004 11:15 PM

Do you think you're better off alone...do you think you're better off unknown...........The music thumped and drove it self through him in steady, pulsating beats. He wondered now how he had never come here during his previous stay in Hidden Cove...this was a good place to forget yourself for a while, and pretend you're...normal. Let the music move you, have a drink....unlife is too short to stop and think.....he wound his way through the throng to the bar. Ordering a drink, he spies the woman from the Fight Club. Here? Now why would she be here.....unless she too was just trying to forget for a bit. Time for the old Cage charm, he thought......he downed his drink, and slowly walked
to where she was sitting. Good thing I changed into more 'respectable clothing'. Do you think you're better off alone...do you think you're better off unknown......

"Pardon me...." He smiled his best smile....."But I do not believe I had a chance to....introduce myself at the Club earlier......." He sensed something about this woman...something hidden...something powerful....."I am Xander....and if I may be so bold, Miss......a rose such as yourself should not be left alone in such a place as this." He motioned to the empty stool beside her. "May I?" He flashed her another winning smile.

Message 2 of 12 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 2/6/2004 2:21 PM

"Yer quite right, Xander, time was cut a bit short fer introducin'. I be Andi, Andi Roberts. I co'ld use a bit o' company, I'm sorta new here, an' don' know many people."

She cocks her head slightly and gives him a half smile by way of welcoming.

Message 3 of 12 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 Sent: 2/6/2004 5:31 PM

"Well now....I dont know many either...but Im glad to add you to the list, Miss Andi, Andi Roberts. " He slid up on the stool and ordered a round for them. "It would be my pleasure to provide you with some company. I think we both could use it." He sipped his drink, then turned and looked at her again. "So what brings you to Hidden Cove, if I may ask?"

Message 4 of 12 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 2/7/2004 8:34 AM

She does her half smile at his wit, seeming to settle in to a small level of comfortable companionship. She plays with the straw in her drink, listening to the ice tinkle in the glass.

"It was on my way from here ta there, someone I'd met along the way 'ad suggested if I ever find meself o'er this way I should stop in and give the place a chance. We'd met 'afore, and knew I nae be the kind o' person th' sets roots, if'n ya know what I mean. So, as the rodeo circuit fizzled out, I decided it could nae hurt if'n I stopped by to see what the fuss was all about. So, here I be, 'n already unable to help when I want ta, just like ol' times."

Message 5 of 12 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 Sent: 2/7/2004 1:39 PM

"I know what you mean.....I was told this was a safe haven, and it turned into a...."he lowers his voice slightly.."It turned into a bloodbath the last time I was here.... I cant make heads or tails of whats going on here now." He smiled and said, "But I have made a new friend." He clinks his glass to hers...."To friendship..."

Message 6 of 12 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 2/9/2004 9:49 AM

She clinks her glass to his and makes it look like she's drinking. She sets her glass down, a thoughtful look on her face. She keeps her voice toned down as she speaks, wanting to know what happened.

"A blood bath, ye say? What happened? I saw someone last night who seemed ta be the tragic victim o' whate'er happened here, and it's made me curious fer me own safety."

Message 7 of 12 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 Sent: 2/9/2004 8:10 PM

Pretending not to notice, he stares into his glass, thinking. "Before.....before I was gone...dont ask me where, because I dont know......" he takes anther slug of his drink "I was shall we say....temporarily attached to the 'former' Prince. " He pauses, not wanting to divulge too much. He shifted in his seat a little. "Lets just say my 'disappearance' was entirely to coincidental for my taste, especially after what happened at the lighthouse." He shrugs, then shifts the subject expertly..."So, milady...."..that old charm again.. "Do you happen to know who is in power now?" He tries not to seem overly anxious to find out, but he does 'so' want to meet them..........
Andi is frustrated, knowing she has never fooled any but the kine with her false drinking. She set the glass down, rolling it between her palms as she struggles with the decision of how much to tell the man she's only just met. If she were mortal, she'd sigh. Why is it she either gets in with the most manipulative who refuse divulge anything, or a kin who knows slightly more than she?

"There's a Ms. Anwen who seems ta be running the show, at the moment. Ms. Anwen was the one I 'ad to 'nnounce meself to, so I figure she's in charge. I only got here last night, so, I don't know much."

"Then I shall do the same...do you know how to reach her?" He smiled cooly, "I would very much like to meet her." And to maybe get some 'answers' finally. He sat back waiting for a reply, his drink running empty, he gets another and smiles back at Andi.

"I had the wonderful opportunity ta have 'er actually be here in the Vein when I showed up yesterdee. I haven't the first clue as ta were ta look fer 'er now, but I'd be 'appy ta join ya lookin'. Mayhap we'll both find the answers we be searchin' fer."

Andi had stopped winding the glass betwixt her hands as she spoke, coming at ease with the gentleman she spoke with. Had she been mortal, she may have actually allowed him the chance to woo her, but then again, not being mortal, how could she refuse if he had? Most likely, the only reason would be sitting somewhere else in the city, blinded by some accident or torture, but not blind to all that happened around her. She wanted answers, and knew they'd not be an easy thing to achieve. Better to have company than be alone. She shrugged at her thoughts, looking at Xander in the midst of them.

"Ya know, yer kinda cute, when ya wanna be. Who do ya know that may point us in the direction of finding our illusive Ms. Anwen?"

Smiling a bit at her flattery, he thought for a moment. "Well, Crystals as close as I have to a friend, besides you, of course, Andi...but she seems to have gone missing. I know of another who was an ally once, but I have no idea where she is if she is even around." His mind wandered back to the fight on the cliffs..."Plus, I don't know if she would be happy to see me anyway." He finished his drink, and smiled at her. "But if shes not, then I welcome the challenge I know shell give me." He chuckled softly, and, lowering his voice a bit so only they could hear......"Do you know Song?"

"Me thinks I had a brief meetin' with Song yesterdee e'en as well. She was in a tizzy o'er Ms. Lee's surprise visit, amongst other thin's. Seemed like she 'ad erself a han'ful with the goin's on here in the Cove."
For the first time since she's worked here, Nyah pours herself a shot of Crown and throws it back. "What'll it be," she sings to the next customer.

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**Fate of Yoshi Anon and Vincent Harle**

Message 1 of 1 in Discussion

From: Mercutio_Blackwall  (Original Message) Sent: 2/27/2004 8:09 AM

"Someone keeps moving my chair." The words seemed to vomit out of the gap in the monster's face that used to be a mouth and Mercutio only shrugged his shoulders as if to say I haven't seen anyone. He hated it down here but at least the coldness of the season kept the stench down to a minimum and when dealing with the pox faced Homer and his penchant for spitting chunks of his flesh to the ground at your feet, the less time spent exposed to the area the better. A finger that appeared to have been broken off at the nub traced down a ledger book until it finally settled upon an entry. "Harle...V...as in Vincent...yeah, I met with the fashionista pretty boy once before. He was looking for information about a murder; priest out near St.Sebastians as I recall. We broke bread at his place...Ravenswood Arms. Pretty boy had the penthouse suite all to himself."

Mercutio nodded and turned to leave. A hacking cough stopped him quickly as he was almost certain he heard under it the sound of a grape squishing; at least he hoped it was fruit and nothing worse. "And our fee? Come on Scourge...we like that there is an official 'pecking order' now but we still don't go around handing out information." Homer explained how it was going to work. "She feeds down at the tanker fueling station near the commercial docks. Can't miss her coming, the Indian needs a tune-up." and the Scourge slops his way through the sewers leaving the Nosferatu to the dankness of their realm; everyone satisfied with the outcome of this little exchange.

The penthouse smelt of decay and mold; like someone had set out around two hundred pounds of hamburger meat to thaw and left it in the sun for a week. The odor wafted from the two dufflebags stacked in the corner. He knew he was going to have to open them eventually but the longer he could put it off the better he told himself. Mercutio rummaged about the efficient apartment examining the nearly spartan arrangement and flipped through the fashion magazines...Toreador he had to wonder. Whatever the case he was a wanted man and it was always Merc's motive to not soil his own hands when someone else wants to do it for you. He had heard rumors for a while now, keeping them to himself mostly...but he tells himself he would have shared them if given the opportunity; perhaps the appropriate partner to share them with but the Sheriff and him weren't on the best terms right now.

Mercutio pushes the problems between him and Song to the back of his mind and dives deep into the day-planner on the desk. A few appointments he had here in town but since last Tuesday Mr. Harle had taken a flight into the Big Apple it appears. And a name was circled...Szandora. That was it...now matter how much he didn't want to he had to open those bags just to make sure that he was right in his assumptions. Slowly he unzipped the top bag and the stench would have killed a mortal man, not to mention the disease and rot that surely carried death with it as well. The body was badly decayed, almost a pile of semi-solid jello which ment the deceased ha not been long in the world of darkness. At one point he had been hacked into many pieces but now it all ran together like a congealed salad at the pot-luck lunch. Mercutio rolled his sleeve up past the elbow and slowly, with his face turned away slipped his arm into the bag, through the remains of whoever this might have been, and grabbed the small fanny-pack that rested in the bottom of the make-shift disposal. A wet smacking pop sounded as he removed the contents and his arm from the bag and with a dance that would make any bug-frightened five year old girl proud he jumped around swinging his arm tossing the fatty remains from his person.

He unzipped the fanny-pack and found the cell phone he had been counting on and searched the incoming call history until he found the same New York area number popping up over and over. A quick punch of the redial button and the phone rang with a clear sound. "Cardinal here." the voice gruffly answered on the other end and Mercutio paused for a moment before replying...making sure he knew what he was doing by releasing this information...soon he had no choice. "Saint...that you?" The voice asked and Mercutio's eyes looked down at the dead body and wondered if that was who this man once was. "Saint's dead Cardinal...Vincent Harle's actions saw to that and if you want your pound of flesh I'd suggest you get over to Szandora's ASAP before he slips away again." There was silence now followed by an almost child-like innocence in the replying question. "Who is this?" the man in New York asks. Mercutio looks at his reflection in the mirror and clears his throat."Someone who thinks traitors deserve what they get." and he slammed the phone up against the wall, shattering the mirror and the phone at the same time. "Damn Sabbath." he mutters to himself before leaving the apartment through the window and slipping down the fire escape. Moments later Mercutio, Scourge of Hidden Cove enters Lowtown...

The motorcycle pulled into the truck stop and parked between two of the big rigs, T.Ross Trucking and Young's Refrigerator Trucks. The rider climbed off the bike, rested the helmet on the saddle, and shook out her long dark hair. She was beginning to get a reputation around the truckers as a fun way to pass the time as their cargo was moved from trailer to ship or vice versa. She leaned against the back of the refrigerator truck and waited...she was in no hurry to find her meal tonight and this was going to be a complete take...blood and cargo, time to make a little money to cover some of the costs she was running up in Hidden Cove. The sliding of the latch from the inside of the refrigerated trailer caught her off guard and as the door swung out she was knocked to her feet.
As she rolled from her fallen position onto her back she could see a shadowy figure standing on the edge of the doorway, the coldness of the hold blowing out and onto her skin. The voice was harsh like gravel under a tire as it spoke. "So...you think you can steal from us Ms. Anon? Take Nosferatu knowledge and secrets and sell them as your own?" and suddenly Yoshi Anon feels the powerful paws grasp her by the ankles and toss her past the shadowy voice and deeper into the coldness of the trailer...

Hours later the driver of the meat truck starts heading towards Cleveland and his drop-off point with a full truck of hanging sides of beef...and one Kindred, a traitor who betrayed the Nosferatu and will spend the eternity of this trip hanging on the tip of a meat hook slipped through her heart. A lesson will be learned and the Nosferatu have finally ended one of their more wide spread information leaks...thanks to the new Camarilla Scourge.

Even a bad seed produces its own fruit

Message 1 of 4 in Discussion
From: Song_of_vitae1  (Original Message)  Sent: 3/2/2004 1:23 PM

It was like looking at two marbles set before a candle. The fire behind Malachai's eyes shown through and past the frozen irises, like prisms of glass refracting the sun's rays. Even the hatred fueled by Malachai's rage could not reach her. Song slowly moved back and forth in front of his face as she crept close to him, watching for a flick of his lashes or the slightest twitch of his cheek. Crouched upon the coal dust coated floor, she studied him as he sat propped up in the corner of the bin. Her lips formed a wry grin as a finger flicked out and skimmed a morsel of blood from the tip of the stake that projected from Malachai's chest...that grin widening as she held the blood stained digit in front of his face and then dabbed it upon his nose. Even when she licked the stain from his nose, there was no movement except for a deeper burning behind his eyes.

Slowly she rubbed her closed fist over her face, licking her palm and washing dust from her flesh. As she grooms the spattering of blood from her, she peers through slitted eyes. Reaching out to him, she cradles his jaw and turns his head to look directly at her. "How nice of you to finally give me your undivided attention, Mr. Holicker. For once perhaps you and I can have a discussion without your temper delaying my purpose. Oh, excuse me....I guess discussion isn't quite the term seeing as how I will be doing all the talking, but that is a woman's prerogative anyhow.....no?"

She relaxes, sitting down on her haunches and crossing her feet Indian style beneath her. "I have a proposition for you, Malachai. And you have no choice but to hear me out. And, SWEETBLOOD, I have all the time in the world for you to think about your answer." She bites her lip...the mocking eyes of an innocent staring into his. "After all, you seem reluctant to leave at this time. How gentlemanly."

Song straightened the hang of his jacket and pressed the wrinkles from his blood stained shirt with one hand. Her other hand rapidly waving through the air in ever accellerated motion, accented each word as she poured out her wishes. The cadence of her speech surprisingly floated in a wash of calm, the deep purr from her chest cushioning the hostility in her voice. Slowly the fire in his eyes began to waver, to reduce its flame to a mere hint of heat. So sweet was the rhythm of her words that she could have told Malachai that she was going to serve him up to the sun and he would have felt no anger.

Message 2 of 4 in Discussion

His fangs are mangling her exquisitely silky throat. He's tearing out her jugular, feeling an electrical charge as it snaps like a rubber band. He is near euphoria as he laps up the Gangrel vitae that pours all over him while she twists and jerks in his arms. A shadow plunges through one ear drum and slams through his brain bringing brain matter and blood alike out the other side and into his open palm. The thick hair he longs to run his fingers through hangs in one clump, flesh from her skull clinging to the roots. A shadow tendril wraps around her squeezing tighter and tighter, a black python suffocating its prey. All these things are happening in Malachai's head. Unfortunately, he merely sits and glares at the cat unable to will even a flinch as she touches and teases him. He feels like he is grinning though he knows there is no movement. It's a wierd type of voyerism and just one new excitement for him. One more excitement that takes his anger close to the breaking point, anger that is his passion. He can almost taste her.

A part of him tries desperately to think of how he can free himself and another part of him craves more. And so he rides the tide of what is sweetblood's appeal and listens as she begins to speak sweetly. Listens as her words brush his face and lure his soul. Listens and wonders how he ever got through the decades since his Embrace without wanting this morsel.

Message 3 of 4 in Discussion

It's after she explains to him what she is doing and why, that she moves back and sits with her back against the wall watching him. She knows he understood...as much as she knows that his nature is not going to let that matter. "You need time to think Malachai....and, as you know, as Sheriff of Hidden Cove I now live to serve. So.....time is what you'll get."
Rising, Song calls to Snookey then waits as the mangy creature lazily climbs down from the heating ducts. She pokes his belly. "Seeing as how you seem to have been a bit of a glutton this evening, I'll make this simple, Snooks. You've no worry about anyone bursting in here. However, you need to keep an eye on our friend here." As Snookey in turn takes a poke at Malachai and then looks at Song questioningly as if to remind her he's paralyzed, Song expels a very mortal-like sigh. "No Snooks. I'm not worried about him removing the stake, I want to be sure that no harm comes to him when he is helpless. Got it. That means from anyone...." Her brows meet as she scowls. "Anyone, Snooks, including anyone in the litter. It'd piss me off and I ain't got time for discipline. I'll be back in a bit."

With one last glance at Malachai, Song leaps up and over the wall of the coal shoot and onto the basement window. She calls back to Malachai. "Think on what I've said, Malachai. Your future depends on it."

Message 4 of 4 in Discussion
From: malachai Sent: 3/3/2004 3:01 PM

The bitch has been smoking or chewing catnip and in mass quantities! If he could get out of his skin he'd kill her on the spot. Then again, with what she was planning he might not have to do a thing at all. Hell, the bitch was suicidal. Malachai glares at the ghoul Song has set to keep an eye on him. This is a first. If he could he would laugh. He's not worried about Song killing him...she could have done that at any time during the last hour. What he's worried about is what he does if some idiot warms himself around a fire and burns down the school or for that matter, what the hell happens if he gets an itch?

For right now he's going to concentrate on the ghoul. There's got to be something he can do to get out of this.

Searching
Message 1 of 2 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 (Original Message) Sent: 2/25/2004 12:22 PM

Its amazing how they all look like little ants. From his perch high above the streets, he watched as the people strolled through the night, not a care in the world. He wondered how many of them would be so willing to stroll casually if they knew what sort of...folk were about in this place. "Focus, Xander....." he shook his head to clear it. His thoughts went back to his search. Why couldn't he remember how he came to be....this. He remembered his whole life up to that point...and after that point. But the memory of that day...or night eluded him. He goes over in his mind what was said at the Vein....at least he had a name to look for...Ms. Anwen. But he couldn't help but think there was something more...something elusive. He concentrated hard...trying to pull any thoughts or feelings out of the conversations that had happened........when suddenly he was thrown back physically......landing against the A/C duct with a loud metallic thud. He sat , stunned for a moment. Then he started to chuckle. "Well, Well, Miss Andi.......seems you have a secret." He stands and brushes himself off. Adjusting his 'tool belt', he throws up the collar of his trenchcoat and lights a cigarette. He casually tosses it into the night air. "But it is safe with me.....for now." He jumps, and descends into the waiting darkness of the streets below. For some reason, he felt as if he was being pulled somewhere.

Message 2 of 2 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391 Sent: 3/9/2004 2:29 AM

Well well......now this was interesting. He had rounded back toward the Vein, only to see (from his vantage point on the rooftops) Miss Andi and her 2 new friends leaving...a little discreet reconaissance may be in order. Summoning his remaining strength...he began following from above...who knows , they may lead him to the answers he is looking for at last.................

Sheriffin'
Message 1 of 21 in Discussion
From: Song_of_vitae1 (Original Message) Sent: 2/8/2004 3:00 PM

She ignored the stares. Everything, and it was quite a collection of "sparkley things", that Song had accumulated over the years and stored among the burlap in what she called her haven over the last few years, clanged together with each step. The burlap bag slung over the shoulder of the amazon woman brought more than one suspicious look from passers by. She smirked as one police officer looked as though he were about to stop her. She breezed past, head held high and ears alert for a change in direction of the beat cop's steps. Not that she'd bother examing what a woman in ragged blue jeans, boots and a well worn army jacket would be doing with a cash of diamonds, gold earrings, tin foil sculptures, and a serpent shaped golden cane handle with a ruby eye. Not that she'd bother showing him the pocket full of counterfeit pawn tickets or endeavering to make up an excuse. But, maybe....just maybe...if he stopped her he would come away with no more than a headache and she with a full belly and a great looking policeman's badge.

She was almost disappointed as he continued on his way back to the station. So much for the long arm of the law. She snorted. Long arm of the law.....just what she was now and not altogether pleased with the fact. Now she had to change her haven....wouldn't do to be hiding up in the Lair anymore where Victor was sure to bitch about her being still tied in some way to the ex-prince. So be it....she was tired of all the noise in the joint anyhow.
Song turned the corner and hesitated. The alley behind Louigi's was eerily quiet and there seemed to be more shadows than usual. She looked down at her feet and forward, noting that there was no shadow cast from herself. She felt for the dagger, content that in her rush to gather up her things she had not just tossed it in her bag. Instead of traveling the alleyway, she ducked in the back door of Louigi's and wound her way through the kitchen and past the baker who was busy tossing a garbage can lid sized pizza dough in the air. Continuing out the front door, she crossed the street and crawled beneath the bottom of the broken fire escape of the old Hidden Cove elementary school. Effortlessly casting a few broken pieces of masonry aside, she glanced around seeing no one and then slipped into the basement window. Immediately, she was assaulted by the moldy smell of disuse. "Ah, home sweet home."

She liked the feel of the dirt floor that had been the floor of the coal bin, found something rejuvenating in the fossilized remains of long gone prehistorical animals mixed with amber and peatoleum. "Yup, you'll work just fine." She crossed the expanse of discarded needles and what looked like old condoms, glancing at a bunch of rags that looked like they might hold some semblance of a future wardrobe. She opened the door of the huge metal furnace, grinning as the bars on the heavy door gave the metal monster a look of giant teeth over a gapping mouth. Into the ashes of decades past, she tossed her bag and closed the door.

At first she thought it was the sound of ashes falling, then realized it was more like the tap of claw on metal. She froze, her ears the only motion as they turned in search of the source of sound. Quicker than eye could see, she launched herself off the floor and sailed over and above the huge heating ducts. Her body slammed into the culprit and as she sailed toward the floor, her dagger slid from its sheath and moved toward the hissing and squirming body that tumbled with her. Hissing and squirming? Song released the ball of fury, hurling the discovered felinethrough the air. She landed on her feet in a crouch and grinned. The ball of fur flew against the wall of the coal bin causing a cascade of coal dust to fall upon the infuriated cat that laid in a ball and gasped for breath. "Snookey, Snookey, Snookey." Two huge green eyeballs opened beneath the covering of coal dust and a pink tongue wagged furiously as the cat shook off a cloud of black. "You must be getting careless. I thought cats were stealthy?"

Message 2 of 21 in Discussion
From: Song_of_vitael Sent: 2/8/2004 3:45 PM

It had taken nearly an hour for the dwarf Gangrel to calm down....and nearly a pint of Song's own blood. "You really have to quit the damn frenzynig, Snooks. You look like a miniature wildcat. Jesus, pretty soon they will have the animal control people out here hunting your ass." Song sat leaning against the stone cellar wall, her fingers stroking the silky long fur of Snookey's head while he kneaded contentedly on her belly while sucking on her arm. During this time, the other members of the ex-circus performing litter, mulled around, filling her in on where they had been and what they had seen. It was the last statement by Tigger that sent Snookey flying from Song's arm and once again sending up a cloud of coal dust as he rolled upon the bin floor. "What do you mean they're moving into Lowtown?" Song licked her arm and reached down, grabbing Snookey by the nap of his neck and shaking the dust off his body as though he were an old rag. "I knew it! I fucking knew it!!!" Song paced, cats scrambling from the path of her army boots as she stomped back and forth across the cellar. Behind her, Snookey followed, keeping pace by pace, a mimicking miniature, although it be black, copy of Song

"Once they had word that Kasymm wasn't in control any more, they were going to start flexing their muscle....shadows actually. They were content to keep to their own community and fighting among themselves. They never even realized that they were being watched, that their every move was under surveillance. They were lazy in their contentment. God damn Camarilla. Haven't they learned?" She laughed in spite of herself. "Of course they haven't. They are so Goddam blind in their belief that they are the chosen ones that they ignore the fact that anyone wouldn't want to be THEM...and now they have stirred up a hornets nest of Sabbat that look at this as open warfare on them. SHIT!!" Song flings herself atop the furnace and says nothing, merely stares around the room for what seems like hours to the shaking litter below. Now she knows why the shadows were in her old haunting place and that pisses her off.

"Alright, this is what we are going to do....." Song begins to give orders to the eager-to-please litter...barking out commands like a drill sergeant to a bunch of recruits. After the cats scatter, Song crawls back out from the school basement and heads South on Lewis. She now is wearing a long black coat hanging heavy with the tools of her trade. She's replenished Snookey's dinner with one of her own and is soon outside the walls of Malachai's compound, hidden within shadow not of Sabbat making. She closes her eyes, concentrating her energy on her surroundings....the buildings, the stairway on the side of the fake facade that walls in Malachai, the scent and smells of the street until, before moving, she has become only a part of the scenery. Soundlessly, the sheriff moves up the stairway and stands undetected a mere thirty feet from one of Malachai's guards. She watches the cloud of vapor that comes from the guard's mouth and takes note. On her way out, this one will be easy prey. The snow around her feet is packed solid...thankfully....and as she steps along the wall looking down into the compound, she leaves no footprints.

In a low crouch, Song remains motionless, even as Malachai screams and turns to his mechanic who holds a bloody object in his hands. Maybe he is about to take care of one of his own men--one less for her to deal with. But, instead he merely moves off toward his office....a spot Song cannot enter.

Message 3 of 21 in Discussion
From: malachai Sent: 2/10/2004 1:18 PM

Ooc Took you long enough!
His tongue flapped in slivers as he wound it between the blades of Justice's devise of torture. He was already forming in his mind new methods of paying her back...methods they would both enjoy. His boot clomped on the bottom step then he stopped. Malachai tossed the metal ball throughout the doorway and then turned on his heel. His eyes scoured the compound. Everything seemed in its usual chaos, yet there was something...strange.

Slowly he moved back across the area, his eyes searching the scattered cars that were in various stages of modification. Nothing. They roamed the boarded windows of the facade of buildings that faced the street. Nothing. He counted guards upon the wall...three, four, five...where was six...ahh, six. Nothing. But then his eye fell on the source of his concern...George's breath. He watched George take breath after breath as the guard in turn watched him. The slight breeze carried the vapor east, like a series of indian smoke signals. What was odd was that for a time, it disappeared as though it had dissipated into the air, only to return again about two feet further to the east. Malachai grinned. Now who might it be that stood, secure in their belief that they were invisible, upon his compound wall? He certainly knew how to find out.

Message 4 of 21 in Discussion
From: Song_of_vitae1  Sent: 2/10/2004 1:56 PM
np......a

Song knew the second he stopped and turned around that Malachai knew she or someone was there. There was always the chance that someone like Malachai had more than one kindred only too happy to enter his hold-up and slit his throat. Most likely one hell of a good chance. His eyes roamed the compound and his gaze actually faltered for an instant as they moved over her. She held her concentration, judging the distance from the wall to the rusted rooftop of the old Bonneville and from there to the precariously pile of discarded rims.

Fairly certain that he would much more enjoy playing with her first than an outright attack, she remained motionless and waited. As a matter of fact, she was looking forward to a bit of cat and mouse herself. They had never settled this little matter of who's toughest and if he thought he had any average kindred on his wall, he was in for a big surprise.

Slowly she moved herself into a low crouch and waited.

Message 5 of 21 in Discussion
From: malachai  Sent: 2/13/2004 6:28 AM

He moves in one smooth motion, the back of his denim jacket seemingly lifting by nothing more than a shadow that passes over his back. With a flick of the shadow's tip, Malachai's Springfield 45 tumbles over his shoulder and into his waiting palm. Just as quickly, another shadow slams a mag into the service revolver and in a matter of seconds, the barrel of the gun is pointed at George. "Hey....Manson.....toss down some of those empty beer cans I know you've got up there...and don't tell me you've not been drinking on the job."

His guard's body stiffens but George knows better than to run. The obvious relief at the lesser of two evils puts George in action as he begins to toss the aluminum cans down. "No idiot! Toss them high in the air. I've been a bit rusty lately." The path of the first can erupts from it's downward path and flips high in the air, jumping from right to left, high to low as each bullet slams through its thin shell until, nothing left, the remaining chunks of metal drop to the ground. "Another. this time a little to your left."

Malachai grins as the second can hurls through the air between where the intruder and George stand. Another series of shots send the can dancing through the air, propelling it even closer to where Song crouches. "Further, George. This time a couple at a time. Let me open this baby up." George grabs a handful, tossing them directly into Song's path, and scrambles away from the direction that the madman's revolver is sighting.

Kerpow, bang, bang, bang. Bullets fly from the fast repeat and sail directly toward where Song crouches.

Message 6 of 21 in Discussion
From: Song_of_vitae1  Sent: 2/13/2004 8:30 AM

She managed to keep her concentration through the first display of gunmanship.... even through the second, though she could feel herself beginning to waiver. It was his last command to the guard that sent Song into action. All thoughts of being undetected were immediately replaced by her need to survive. As quickly as the group of beer cans appeared in her path, she sprang from her crouch and launched herself into a flip through the air. Unfortunately, just not quick enough. It was the seering pain through her ankle and the clink of metal on bone that told her she had slowed and that one of several bullets had found something other than a can.

She soared through the air, flinching as her heany boots landed with a loud thud on the roof of the old Bonneville. The pain sent her back through the air and diving for the feet of the man who was turning the gun in her direction. As her body plowed through the dirt floor of the compound, she cast a blow at the shadow that was already aiming for her neck and scooted between Malachai's legs, kicking a bloodied boot upward and connecting with Malachai's netherparts. Meanwhile, the beer cans clattered on the rooftop of the Bonneville, uninterrupted on their fall to the compound floor.
Pearl's bitching was sweet music to Justice's ears. She pretended to be interested in cleaning off the last of the filth in the fuel pump as Pearl lambasted about Malachai's foul mood. It was going to be a good night. If there was anything Justice enjoyed, it was Malachai in a bad mood. It would seem her little accident of leaving a tattooing needle tip in Malachai's back had done the trick. She snickered as she dunked the fuel pump back into the can of gasoline. His blood tasted twice as strong when he was fired up. And a poor days rest always did that to him. How funny...Malachai was far from the princess and the pea and yet...............GUNFIRE!

The fuel pump dropped into the can, never touching bottom before Justice burst through the garage door and out into the compound. What the hell was he doing? He was firing at George......no at a bunch of tin cans for pity sake. Now that should wake up the neighborhood. Backfires, they would have to tell any nosy person that it was merely backfire. But what the hell! Out of nowhere, the Gangrel appears in mid air and is attacking Malachai. Justice's eyes go red as she races across the compound, leaping from car hood to car hood. She doesn't stop when she hears the howl as she lands on Drago's belly. She gives the garage dolly a shove, sending Drago back beneath the car he is working on, and races toward the commotion.

Message 8 of 21 in Discussion
From: malachai Sent: 2/13/2004 9:52 AM

Like a long-assed line of railroad cars roaring down the track, a whole row of thoughts blow through Malachai's mind. First, what a trip it is that it is Song who he is going to be in battle with. Second. how great it is going to be when he feels her vitae flowing down his throat. Third, how killing the sheriff is going to have the entire Camarilla nation down on his ass before he is ready. Fourth.......shit!

Thankfully, he knows the cat well. He watches her roll off the Bonnie and gets at least some satisfaction when he sees her boot blast apart. But as he watches her face plow up the ice and mud and it beats a trail toward his legs, his satisfaction stops. Knowing that the Gangrel considers anything fair in a fight, his first motion of sending a tendril is simultaneously duplicated by sending a tendril that cups his balls. And apparently just in time as he feels not only her blow to the attacking tendril but another blow smashing into his black armor. In a move equal to Song's speed, he wraps the tendril around the offending kick and snaps Song around in the mud like a spinning top. At the same time he sees Malachai's foul mood. He watches her roll off the Bonnie and gets at least some satisfaction when he sees her boot blast apart. But as he watches her face plow up the ice and mud and it beats a trail toward his legs, his satisfaction stops. Knowing that the Gangrel considers anything fair in a fight, his first motion of sending a tendril is simultaneously duplicated by sending a tendril that cups his balls. And apparently just in time as he feels not only her blow to the attacking tendril but another blow smashing into his black armor. In a move equal to Song's speed, he wraps the tendril around the offending kick and snaps Song around in the mud like a spinning top. At the same time he hears Justice coming across the vehicles like an elephant in panic and throws up a hand. "Stop...stop right there."

Sending out an army of small tentacles, he pins Song into the mud and leans down to her face. "Sweetblood, if this is just a social call and you've missed me couldn't you have just walked in through the main door?" He winks. "Or are you here on business, as your unsuccessful camouflage might give me cause to suspect?"

Message 9 of 21 in Discussion
From: who_the_Hexx Sent: 2/13/2004 3:22 PM

The 911 on the pager he'd lifted from one of Malachai's boys makes him let out a yowl of delight and has him scrambling for the warehouse. Something was going down and if someone had hit the panic button, it had to be good. He comes flying through the door of the warehouse, and finds several guns pointed at him. He throws up his hands in the air and says, "Wooohoo boys, any of you takes that shot and you'll be picking up pieces of yourselves for weeks." He notices a few of them wavering and says, "Come on, don't you all even recognize your ol' pally?" He slowly moves to where he can see more of the warehouse and notices Justice. He smiles and says, "Justice, darlin', would you like to call off the puppies before I have to hurt some of th......" His voice trails off when he sees Malachai with something pinned to the floor. His grin widens and he says, "Well, well, well, lookee here." He can practically feel the gun barrels move to target him as he walks toward Malachai and Song. He keeps a safe distance from the cat and says, "Looks like you've caught yourself a live one there Mal." He looks up at Malachai and says, "This is really getting ridiculous, would you just call them off before I have to feed someone their buddy's liver?"

Message 10 of 21 in Discussion
From: BrandonDarkrainSent: 2/13/2004 3:39 PM

He's riding the razor's edge and he knows it. The beast on the verge of full blown bloodshed, he had to find some release. The yowl had him skidding to a stop on a rooftop, his claws barely catching his fall. Someone was happy and from the sound of it, something was likely happening somewhere. Probably just some kid finding out his favorite video game just arrived from the store or some crap, but it was worth a shot anyway. It wasn't like he had anything else to do. He takes off in the direction the shout came from and notices a figure darting between buildings, in an undisguised hurry to get somewhere and fast. From his vantage point, he gets a good idea of where the figure is heading and slows considerably. He stops completely allowing the other to get quite a bit of lead. The only thing he has to his advantage is an intimate knowledge of these warehouses. He chooses a perch on a roof that appears to be across from the one he thinks the figure entered.

He stretches his hearing to it's limits, concentrating on blending into the gray metal of the rooftop, hoping to get some idea of what is going on. It's not a kid with a video game, probably just some kine chop shop, but with the Sabbat, the Anarchs and the Camarilla all in town, you just never knew what fun you might scare up.
Mud scatters from her eyelids as the fly open them just in time to see a shower of shadows fall around her spinning body, pinning her jacket, entwining in her hair, and for a millisecond coming just a wee bit too close to personal parts as they snagged the denim over her thighs and poked the material into the ground. Her reaction was instantaneous...almost as though there were a rope tied around Song's waist and some force in the center of the earth yanked on it as hard as it could. Her arms flew up in the air...her legs as well...as her body made a "V" and she plunged backward disappearing into the mud.

The brief second it took her to scope the individuals standing around her told her the number of figures she was going to see when she erupted from the compound floor and exactly where each would be standing. "Erupt" is the defining word. Before Malachai was able to withdraw any shadows and turn, Song had tunneled her way through the ground like a torpedo being shot through a submarine's torpedo chamber and swept out of the ground. Her boots made a racket as she landed on the familiar lime green Prowler, the screech of their ragged soles slicing the air as she slid down over the perfectly painted trunk.

Leaping onto the carriage of the heavy piece of equipment just to the side of Malachai's favorite ride, she grinned. By this time Malachai had turned and was moving in her direction. Instead of pulling her weapon, she laid a hand on the levers inside the cage and winked. Slowly she pointed, up the crane, down the cable, to the huge demolition ball that hung now suspended over the green machine. "Nuh, uh, uh Malachai. You don't want to do anything hasty now, do ya?"

Her gaze swings over the group, taking in the albino, the two guards rushing from their lofty perch, a large black woman bursting from a building behind Malachai followed quickly by an equally large black ghoul (from the way he was puffing) and lastly upon some guy who had himself just barged into the compound. She rolls her shoulders. It looks like she is in for one hell of a fight.

Malachai shakes the shadows free, his hold on Song more a warning than an attack, as she disappears into the slush. He can feel the earth move under his feet and plunges a shadow into the tunnel that is rapidly being dug away from where he stands. "What the hell are you....."? His question is cut short by the explosion of mud and Song's expulsion from the earth. He spins and feels his chest tighten as he not only hears but feels the screech of her claws on his prize vehicle. No longer interested in playing her silly game, he starts across the court, fighting to keep the beast under control. One look from him stops anyone else from entering the zone he is in now. He could put up with the kitty's unexpected visit but this was the second time she has held his car hostage.

"Go ahead, drop the fuckin' thing. But so help me it's going to be the last ball you bust. Better yet...let me help you." His eyes grow wide and filled with fire as he snaps his arm in the air, sending a tendril at nonperceptible speed through the air. The thick band wraps around her ankles...three, four, five times. With another snap he reels the lasso back in sending Song crashing out of the crane and onto the prowler. A second tendril bangs against the controls and sends the wrecking ball plunging from the heights straight down toward Song. Let's see how the Gangrel likes looking like road kill.

He sits on the rooftop of a neighboring house, his preternatural hearing tuned into the row houses across the way. The sounds he hears are peculiar, so he decides to take a closer look. He closes his eyes and imagines becoming smaller, more compact, wings forming where his arms once were. Moments later, a single small bat alights on the roof of the building across the way. He moves around just barely out of the view of the cameras that move this way and that and once again becomes his 'human' form. He is amazed and almost forgets to move as the cameras do. A veritable junkyard rests in what once probably once the community yard for all the houses on this particular city block.

He zeros in on the action down below, and catches a familiar face sitting in a crane. It only takes him a moment to register the shadows whipping their way toward her.

As he jumps down from the rooftop, to the shouts of those below, a momentary distraction, then poof, only a puff of mist remains. As they scramble to figure out where he went... rats begin to pour out of the buildings.
She throws her hands over her ears. The sound of Song's claws scraping the paint off Malachai's car is like fingernails on a chalkboard, no more like a fork across a plate and the sound nearly drops Justice to her knees. She leaves out a scream of her own that almost matches the sound... and starts to charge Song... when Malachai holds up his hand to stop her. Justice is nearly bowled over by Pearl and her ghoul who slam up behind her before they have a chance to stop.

Justice clenches her jaw... rage written all over her face as Malachai stops her. He just doesn't get it. He will never get it. What he feels... she feels. Not in any creepy sort of way. Just in the way that lovers do... on her part anyhow. Her look of rage turns to fascination when Song holds the crushing ball over the car and that look soon turns to one of humor. Malachai would sooner see HER killed than that car touched and Justice finds something in that situation delightful. She holds her arms out holding the others back and they all actually begin to race backward when she sees Malachai release the 5 ton weight. "Oh shit. Now this is going to be good. Stand back guys cause I think we are about to get splashed all over with kitty juice." Justice leaves out a yelp that is cut off before the weight reaches its target. Another thing has caught Justice's eye and this one is really freaking her out... godammed RATS.... thousands of them and they are headed for the gang of blooddrinkers.

Song's back slammed onto the hood of the Prowler and sent shards of glass and metal flying through the air, Song's heavy work boots... now free of the shirking shadow... slammed into Malachai's chest. As Malachai's body flew backward, Song clung to him. The two tumbled across the compound looking more like circus performers than kindred in combat. They slammed against the side of a 57 Chevy, it's wheel rims removed for replacement.

Song's body flew from Malachai's as her claws ripped a few inches of flesh from his wrist where the shadow had previously originated. Thunder! She heard thunder and her mind told her that it was the middle of winter. Where the hell........?

They came swarming over the cars... a thundering herd of rats, their tiny feet pounding on the metal like a million miniscule drummers beating out a maddening rhythm on kettle drums. And from the looks in the glowing red eyes... they were ready to sink their razor sharp teeth into anything. Song snatched Malachai's shirt surprised when something scratched her hand. Grabbing him again and tugging him toward her she was surprised that he resisted. She tugged again and still his lifeless body resisted. She hadn't hit him hard enough to....... It was then that she saw the plank... saw what had been being used to hold the jack in place and was now protruding through Malchai's heart, a direct shot through the back and out the front. The first rat bit Song's arm. A second rat didn't have the chance. Immediately she snatched Malachai up, tossing his paralyzed body over her shoulder and leaping onto the front of a Cherokee. From there it was onto a school bus, across a row of old mail trucks and over the wall where just a few minutes before she had stood next to George. Her boots thundered down the street... screams being heard in the compound over the sound of the inadvertent stake banging off of Song's sheathed katana. Into the darkness she flew with her bundle and disappeared into the night.
Malachai's thoughts raced. What had happened? Why had he lost his strength? He watched helplessly as Song reached for him. His mind screamed as he listened to the crack of something behind his back. He tried to recoil but then realized that he did not feel the pressure of her hands as she picked him up as though he were a toy. He felt nothing as he was draped over her shoulder like a rich bitch's mink stole. He didn't even feel her hair as it blew against his face as they flew down off of the compound wall.

Malachai could see the piece of wood now. He could hear it bang off of her sword. He knew that he could not drive it out. He was helpless as a new born babe. Oh he felt something alright. Not physically. But he knew. He was at her mercy and the one thing he sure could feel now was fury.

He tried to move his eyes but only saw the garbage of the city streets as she carried him away. Where the hell was Justice?

Message 17 of 21 in Discussion
From: justice_snow    Sent: 2/24/2004 8:52 AM

Her body had been literally shivering with excitement as the wrecking ball sped toward Song's body. She'd been sure it was going to be great and it would have put Malachai in the mood for some real havoc in the city. Justice had even braced herself for the splash anticipating the shower of blood that was going to cover them all. She'd closed her eyes, dropping her jaw and opening her mouth wide for the Gangrel treat.

The shriek from Justice's throat matched the call of the one who had called the rats. Everything took on an acceleration that the human eye would not have been able to see. Rats flew, bouncing off of cars, pinging off Malachai's ghouls, getting skewered on car antennas. And all the time Justice was tossing the vermin off her body she was racing toward Song and Malachai, trying to catch up with the Gangrel.

She was furious, wanting nothing more than to sink her claws into the bitch of a sheriff. She followed them across the hood of the old Freightliner and made her leap for the wall Song had just cleared. It was the biggest cat Justice had ever seen that smashed into her face, digging it's claws into her flesh, and caused her to miss the wall and fall in a heap into the grease pit. It was the biggest cat she had ever seen that scrambled up the wall and then, she would have sworn a cat wearing a hat grinned down at her before leaping off the wall out of sight.

"Shit. Goddamn. Son of Bitch." Justice scrambled out of the grease pit, her hair no longer the color of snow, her skin more ebony than blanche, but her eyes the deepest red they had ever been. She flung grease balls at the retreating rats and stomped like a child in the middle of a tantrum. "I am going to kill that bitch."

Message 18 of 21 in Discussion
From: who_the_Hexx    Sent: 2/24/2004 10:52 AM

He's just about to voice outloud his thought of 'quite the show you put on', when the shouts draw his attention. He no more than focuses on this new problem, than the world goes dark and smelly. He smiles as the rats swarm the compound, but his eyes narrow in on the puff of mist moving slowly through the commotion.

He moves just as slowly, watching, swatting away rats, stomping on them, but never taking his eyes off that mist. He's seen this particular parlor trick before. He follows as long as he can, only giving up the chase just outside the compound as the ball of mist moves to a rooftop and forms solid once again. He smiles, he's seen enough.

He moves into the compound just in time to see a grease covered Justice coming up out of the grease pit. He sits down on one of the cars, not far from Justice, and watches as Mal's men scramble to try to follow the gangrel, to no avail.

Finally he turns to Justice and says, "The kitten had help." He smiles at her, a plan already forming in his mind.

Message 19 of 21 in Discussion
From: justice_snow    Sent: 3/8/2004 1:42 PM

Justice scrapes clumps of grease from her eyes and hurls the dirtballs on the ground. She stands like a greased pig, helpless to do anything but watch as Malachai's men slowly, and understandably, creep back into the compound. "You're all dead. Everyone of you. Get busy. Scour the town. Someone better find Malachi or don't bother coming back." She kicks the dirt and then gingerly crawls up on the hood of the car where Hexx sits. She has all she can do to hang onto the side mirror and not slide off the car.

Two pink eyes stare out of the blackened face, each narrowing as Hexx says that Song had help. "What do you mean, the bitch had help? One of them?" Her head nods to the mechanics as they scramble to each claim a ride and leave the compound.

Message 20 of 21 in Discussion
From: who_the_Hexx    Sent: 3/10/2004 3:35 PM

He shakes his head at her and says, "None of them are stupid enough, or smart enough to pull something like helping out the kitten. No, her help came in the way of Barky, the flea-bitten dog-face boy. He's the one that called the rats and gave princess the moment she needed to take off with 'massa'. But don't you worry your colorless little head about it one bit, I have a plan........" He smiles and begins to lay out exactly what that plan entails.
The more he talked the more she grinned. If her dried up salivary glands still functioned she'd be drooling all over herself. She'd always heard that Hexx was a perv but she had no idea of the extent of his disfunction. If she had, she'd have sidled up to this one a long time ago. As for dog-face, she hasn't a clue what he is talking about but that one is his target anyhow. "Tell you what. Give me a couple of minutes to shed some of this shit and I'll get a couple of those ideas into action tonight."

As she heads for her space in the building next to Malachai's office, her mind is already ticking off names and places. She stops at the door and calls back to Hexx. "I'd ask how to get ahold of you but I know better. Besides, you'll know when I've started. The whole city will know." With a last flick of grease from her hair, Justice heads for the shower and her favorite "business suit".

Anonymous Phone Call
Message 1 of 2 in Discussion

He opens the phone and dials the number of Lilian's Gallery. A hand around his throat distorts his voice just enough that her hired hand will not have any idea who in the world is calling. The cell phone is traceable only back to a business man that reported it stolen somewhere in California, weeks ago.
When someone answers the phone he says, "Ms. Ramsey is in the Crown Royal Hotel lobby and she certainly doesn't seem herself, you might want to check on her."
He clicks the phone shut again before any questions can be asked and he smiles. Even if they ignore his call, another piece has been pushed into play.
He drops the phone into a large manilla envelope and steps out into the hall, handing it to the young man standing there. The young man nods and walks away.
Nikolas takes the elevator back down several floors and exits on the appropriate floor.

Message 2 of 2 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey Sent: 3/13/2004 3:57 PM

Quentin hangs up the phone looking paler than your average computer nerd. Damnit! the call was too short to try and find out who it was? A man that was clear.
He knew Lilian was in the Crown Royal unlike herself, but he had been a coward. He was afraid to drag her out of the hotel. Afraid of that Vasile, afraid of facing what might have happened to Lilian. Now he was even more stunned. Was this a trap? A trap from him and other aids of Lilian? Maybe Vasile wanted to remove everyone around Lilian who knew what was going on.
If he told Shawn he was sure the big guy would storm into the hotel trash the place and hurl Lilian out of there over his shoulder. She could scream and kick all she wanted but he would have her here in safety in less than half an hour. But why didn't he tell Shawn when he saw Lilian first in the lobby confused as he was? And now he couldn't tell Shawn because Shawn would kill him if he found out that he had been lying. He said that Lilian needed a couple of more days and Shawn had very reluctantly agreed to keep on waiting.
It was like he didn't care enough to get Lilian back. Why risk your own life for a chick? It was like a cloud lifted out of his brain. He didn't really understand what he was doing here. Well maybe the swimming pool and luxurious mansion helped. And no boss around makes it a lot more fun eh?
'Was that Lilian? I thought I heard a phone?' Shawn pops his head around the corner.
Quentin casually turns his head. 'No wrong number.'

Everybody Needs a Body...Sometime
Message 1 of 7 in Discussion
From: yore_nightmare (Original Message) Sent: 1/11/2004 1:07 PM

It was more like a small vault than a large room, a secure storage area of some sort with a heavy metal door and thick stainless steel hooks that hung from a pull frame on the ceiling. The area inside was featureless steel coated in a thick layer of ice crystals that reflected the blue-ness of the form that swung back and forth, dangling upside down in the center of the freezer. The large door on the outside of the room even had a padlock hanging from it, key in the lock.

The floor was covered with a thick layer of red ice. Apart from the crunch of the ice as the metal hook grated on its eyelet, the room was silent. Silent until an eerie moan echoed off the metal walls.

Outside, a hand stretched for the lock. Or at least it appeared to be a hand. Shards of flesh hung from boney joints, seemingly out of place with the perfectly manicured crimson nails that adorned each bony finger. The key turned effortlessly as the padlock snapped open. the rusty workings of the lock giving way to the strength behind the ghoulish hand.
As the door creaked open, the hanging mass of flesh squinted the one good eye remaining in its socket against the grey light filtering in behind the monster that stood in the doorway. His flesh crawled at the sound of the stiletto heels as they crunched in the frozen blood beneath the tapering weapons that not long ago he had felt pound into his back. His eye roamed upward, over the featureless figure before him. Was it the same one? No. It could not be. But there had been so many or had he been slipping in and out of hallucinations? But then, there it was.....again....that voice. How was it that he heard that angelic voice each time his body was violated? How he loved that voice! How he longed to follow that voice to the ends of the earth....to Hell if she called to him.

And then again, the agony as his body was again pierced. How he loved her! How he loved hearing her call his name! "Soon, my sweet Liam. Soon, you shall have what you desire." He welcomed the seering pain that racked his body. He laughed as he felt her move behind him and choked back surprise when her crimson nails plunged through his back and out from his chest. He groaned as he raised his head from his hanging body and licked his own entrails as they slid between her boney fingers. Oh how he loved this woman.

Message 2 of 7 in Discussion

She hated that sound. Why hadn't she picked somewhere a little more quiet to "set up shop"? First it was that thundering roll and then the smash of wooden pin on wooden pin. It made her ears hurt almost as much as listening to Liam bitch when he got his fingers trapped between the crashing pins and the 16 pound balls. She wanted to shout for him to wait until the machine picked them up but what the hell. He could be repaired.

Destiny fled into the office located just above the concession, equally as happy about the rancid smell of hot dogs and burgers cooking that wafted their way to her office as she was about the sounds of the pitiful dorks who were bowling. The glass, one-way window allowed her to watch the activities in the bowling alley. After being sure that all seemed to look like a normal night in a redneck house of entertainment, she moved to the window that looked down over the front parking lot. She opened the blinds and blinked, surprised by the unexpected brightness of the red neon sign that flashed off and on, shattering the black velvet of the night.....Starlight Bowling...written in a spray of what was supposed to look like the Milky Way. Enough to make you throw up...and for her, that took a lot. She walked to the corner window that looked over the alleyway and peered down below watching as Allen, Christie, and John loaded up the van. Again, she was irritated by their stumbling and bumbling about, but then what could she expect from a bunch of punk recruits? She growled from her side of the window, her voice not going beyond. "Go ahead. One of you drop one of those crates. It'll come out of your hides, you stupid flunkies." She released the blind letting it crash back to the sill with a loud bang and dropped into the old swivel chair, again irritated as it screeched under her weight.

Everything is getting her goat this evening...as usual after the kind of night she enjoyed last evening. She pours over a couple of entries in a ledger, closes the cloth bound book and slides the desk forward a few inches. Snapping out a claw, she inserts it between two boards and lifts a very well disguised "lid" from the floor. Quickly, the ledger is within the hidden safe and the office furniture returned to its usual, dis-orderly position.

"So much for "setting up". I need to get back to the Crown and clean up before someone sees me looking like this." Of course, Destiny looks marvelous but a few hours in what she deems a hell hole of pathetic kindred and kine requires her to clean off a nonexistent stink to her body. Besides, she had so much fun with Liam last night that she could use a bit of what she stored in her pillbox back at her room.

After checking to see that the van has finally gotten underway, she slips down the back stairs leaving her legitimate place of business in Allen's care and heads for the luxury to which she is becoming accustomed. As she pulls away from under the flashing Starlight sign she grins. "Thanks Allie." Who would have known that all the shit tucked away in the basement of Allie's Club would have sold for so much on E-Bay........especially those special little toys on the not so well known perv sight. Well, at least enough for her to get her hands on this lovely little bowling alley, all in Liam's name.

Message 3 of 7 in Discussion
From: yore_nightmare  Sent: 2/16/2004 12:11 PM

She was wound up in a tight ball inside and yet as she drapped herself across the park bench and stared up through the trees at the green colohed night sky, she licked her fingers casually as though she'd just finished a box of fine chocolates. Every now and then a turning car's headlights swung across the riverbank and dimly illuminated the area just to Destiny's left then quickly flickered away. The boys were walking around, their boots trampling the area into a muddy mess but if anyone looked they'd think it was a band of guys playing a ragtag after-hours game of touch football. Soon there was nothing left but muck...no evidence of blood, no evidence of ash, no evidence of tissue.

Destiny swung her legs down from the back of the bench and in long strides walked to the water's edge. Her hand moved out from her body, the thin glittering golden chain and ruby pendant dangling from her fingertips swinging back and forth like a pendulum. Each flicker of her semblance from his hanging body and licked his own entrails as they slid between her boney fingers.
Destiny was stronger now....really stronger...both physically and in her hunger. She felt like God himself but knew that it was just temporary....temporary euphoria from what they had just done. Oh, she'd always been hungry, not for blood as much as for power, and Nikolas had given that to her. Destiny smiled as she dropped the necklace into the vest pocket of her jacket. Nikolas had given her much and above all, permission to do as she saw fit to her one time business partner should Destiny discover they had a problem with one another. Destiny laughed out loud, halting the "football game". Nikolas had no idea......a problem with Allie?...hell, Destiny had always had a problem with that controlling bitch. But no more....no sir, never again.

As Destiny picked up a clump of muck and tossed it into the river, she shouted to the boys, "Good job, lads. The rest of the night is yours.....but don't be late tomorrow. The bowling alley isn't going to run itself." The woman who disappeared into the light curtain of snow walked with an air about her that made large men move away. It was with that very same aire that she strode across the lobby of the Crown Royal several minutes later and into the elevator.

**Message 4 of 7 in Discussion**

**From: Nikolas_Vasile  Sent: 2/24/2004 1:01 PM**

He is actually on the way back to the lobby when the elevator doors open and Destiny steps on. He smiles at her and nods at the elevator attendant, indicating he will not be exiting after all. He smiled at her, looked her up and down and said, "Destiny, dearest, you look postatively radiant." He holds a single finger to her lips, indicating she should not speak, not yet.

They rise several floors, Nikolas entering the code at the proper floor, so that the elevator rises all the way to the garden. It is obvious the attendant of the elevator isn't entirely comfortable going all the way up here. Nikolas simply smiles.

The elevator doors open, Nikolas & Destiny step out. Before the doors close again, Nikolas looks at the attendant and says, "Report to Whisper for more training." The trembling of the attendant turns into full out shaking as he nods.

The doors shut and Nikolas turns his attention to Destiny, "So, you look like the cat that ate the canary. It is obvious you have something you would like to tell me, so go ahead."

**Message 5 of 7 in Discussion**

**From: yore_nightmare  Sent: 2/24/2004 2:57 PM**

Destiny locks her hands together, raising them over her head and stretching. Leaning against the walnut wall of the elevator, she nearly purrs. It is more than evident that she is pleased with herself. She dips her fingers betwen the expanse of cleavage barely hidden by the red silk shirt she wears and slowly withdraws the object that hangs from the thin chain around her neck. With a sharp snap, she breaks the chain and, motioning for Nikolas to open his palm, she drops the ruby necklace into it.

"It was delectible. No, more like exquisite." Her green eyes flash as she goes on. "Allie was dumbstruck. Even as the last drop of her life's blood left her body, she stared at me as though I would tell her it was a joke at any minute. Oh Nikolas, how can I ever express to you the thrill of how her flesh felt beneath my hands? How can I explain the ecstasy that flowed from each crunch of bone, each scream that never got past her lips?" Destiny's hand carresses her own throat. "How can I......." She smiles as the liquid eyes of a woman completely satisfied stare at the closed door of the elevator and she hears the hum of it decending back to the lobby. "But then, I need not explain. Do I? You know."

She begins to slide her hand onto Nikolas's arm and then stops, remembering. Instead, she turns and faces him and runs the hand that seeks the feel of flesh up and down her own arm. "The pack is formed, and I have set them up in their own little place of business. " She wrinkles her nose. "You have no idea of how bad the smell of bowling shoes can be. I'd sooner be toying with a Nossie in some shithole that sniffing feet. But the location is perfect. They are in the hub of Lowtown and will be in constant contact with me." She smiles wide. "I don't believe I will be spending much time there nor at the slaughter house. She tosses her luxurious red hair. "At least not in this form." Slowly she cranies her neck from side to side, the dim light of the exit sign briefly giving Nikolas a look at the tired look about her eyes.

"Passion can be exhausting." She turns to walk the passegway to her suite and then stops. For the first time since she has stepped into Hidden Cove, Destiny speaks the truth. "I have not always appreciated what you offer me, Nikolas. I have been a fool to want more and cannot ever say that it will not be the case that I can cease to crave the power that you hold. But for now........thank you for everything." The appearance of sincerety drops and once again her veil of what she is replaces it as her eyes harden. "I owe you. I am sure you will let me know when it is time to reciprocate."

**Message 6 of 7 in Discussion**

**From: Nikolas_Vasile  Sent: 3/2/2004 9:14 AM**

He steps toward her, closing the distance between them in a single step. The breath of his words falling upon her skin as he speaks, "Never the fool, my dear Destiny. Ambition and drive are qualities to be used and turned to your advantage, not squelched. Should you ever find yourself no longer desiring all that you purvey, then you should leave, for I have failed completely. No matter who you end up owing, never forget, the trick is in finding the way to repay them, and yet twist the situation to your advantage." He steps back from her again and says, "You have mearly had a small taste of what I yet have to offer. Go and get your rest, you have been without too long. Tomorrow night, it begins in ernest." He turns and walks back to the elevator.
Her dark red nails run over the pewter screens, a wide smile showing her obvious delight with the equipment that Nikolas has provided her. She taps the computer key and as the monitors come to life she peels off her grimey clothes, dropping them in a heap at her feet. Her grin turns to a small pout as she eyes the two spots on her belly. Quickly, she is washing down two small tablets with a chilled bottle of Crown Royal's special.

Minutes later she steps from the bathroom and wipes a light film of steam from the computer screens and begins to type madly. As a 360 of the bowling alley pans on the first screen, she moves to the second. The wet towel from her hair follows the path of her previous attire as she sinks into the chair and watches the figure that paces in the chiller at the meat packing plant. Content with what she sees, Destiny begins to search on the third screen, her eyes absorbing with lightning speed the figures, names and symbols that answer her touch on the keyboard. Finally, she taps a lock and moves her face toward the screen. Her finger outlines the name and address before her. "Oh yes. I knew you couldn't stay put forever." She leans back in her chair and sips straight from the bottle, a cold rivulet of water travelling down the bottle and falling with a splash onto her naked stomach.

Many Vain
Message 1 of 54 in Discussion

Stepping off the bus into this city was quite well unexciting. He had been given a place to go to and a name with which to gain a haven in this city. Watching as a select few "people" are let in, I now know that I am in the right place. The name of the place that was given to him had apparently changed since his sire contact had been here.

Walking through the door with a confidence born from years of training under the military nose. I can just smile a little knowing that most of those outside will never get to see the inside of this club. On the inside, the bar was quite a bit cleaner than I am used to, but when in Rome... With a quick survey of the room, I head over the bar to find out the selection and grab some information on the town and on the who’s who of hidden cove.

Getting the bartender’s attention I ask for a Shot and the latest news....

Message 2 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts  Sent: 2/12/2004 9:46 AM

As she speaks, she sees the newcomer, and listens as he inquires about the city. Just another greenhorn searching, like herself, like Xander. She waits, splitting her attention between the two conversations, trying to catch something of use. What she'd like to do is catch up with McCloed and tell him straight up he's hiding something and she can't help the girl if he plays that way. She knows it won't do a damn bit of good, she'll just have to bide her time and figure it out. Somehow.

Message 3 of 54 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391  Sent: 2/12/2004 10:57 AM

His focus on their conversation is lost for a moment as he spies the newcomer to the Vein. He racks his brain for any reference to him, and is quite sure he's never met him before. Something in the way he moves tells Xander he has had as much, if not more, military experience as he had. This is one to be watched, for sure. He turns his attentions back to Andi, and smiles as he can't help but notice she saw him too.

Message 4 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts  Sent: 2/12/2004 11:32 AM

She speaks almost as soon as she sees his smile. "Looks as if we nae be the only greenhorns in town. If we aren't careful, they'll begin ta think we be tryin' ta gather a posse up." She gives a half smile at her own wit. "Mayhap we should invite him ta join us, at least, that way, once we find Ms. Anwen, he'll be able ta interduce 'imself, and mayhap owe us a favor." She offers a once over glance at Xander, "Er per'aps you be wantin' ta leave it ta jus' me an' thee?"

Message 5 of 54 in Discussion
From: BrandonDarkrain  Sent: 2/12/2004 12:07 PM

Anger, frustration, how familiar he's become with just those emotions in these last nights, hell months. He wants nothing more than to find some outlet for all that's pent up inside of him. The beast is practically chomping at the bit to be loosed upon the first available target. He would have loved to been able to go work out some frustration with the wolves. But there was some uproar going on and he had all but been thrown out by Lea herself. The press of mortal flesh all around him is almost too much to bear. But they are keeping him away from her, from them, they won't let him near them, fine, he'll stay the one place he can feel her and they can't keep him from.
He catches the glances and words of newcomers. Just what they need, more mouths to feed, more fodder for the cannons of a war that was bound to break out any moment. Let them have it. Even the thought of the new regime brings his anger to a boil. He crushes the glass in his hand as he thinks of the "Sherriff" and the rest of the merry band that now leads Hidden Cove.

He should just leave, let them have it. Screw them all, who needs this shit anyway. But even as he thinks it, he remembers his promise to Tommy. He shakes the glass from his hand and takes the towel the bartender offers, scowling through a thanks. Damn them all, anyway.

Message 6 of 54 in Discussion
From: Rygor_Lados    Sent: 2/12/2004 2:08 PM

Out of the corner of my eye I notice the two at the bar, a female with a bit of a hard look to herself. The other I am more interested in he has a carry to himself that just might be fun to be around. Shaking my head I pay for the shot and grab an empty table.

Catching the servers attention I ask a beer...

Message 7 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts    Sent: 2/12/2004 3:56 PM

She takes a quick glance at the commotion of the glass, when she realizes who caused the mess. She is unable to prevent the "o" of surprise from showing on her face. Why in the world would he come here? Perhaps, if he were in the right mood, he'd be willing to allow her to help the girl. She places a light hand on Xander's arm, "Xande' would you 'xcuse me a moment? I think I may see me someone who ken help me wi' somethin' else I've been dealin' wi'. I probably won' be more 'n a moment."

She actually takes her hat off and sets it on the counter with her drink. She saunters her way toward Brandon, ignoring the shoves of dancers and bar hounds, making it so it is an obvious approach, noting he seems on edge as it was, it seemed safer that way. She finds her zone, the one she tends to hide from more than use, the calm, non-confrontational one. She hadn't used it for nearly a century, but it still fit like an old glove. Hands out of her pockets, hanging loose at her sides, she walked up to Brandon, allowing him space to run if he wanted.

"Brandon, I ken ya prolly don' wan' ta talk ta me, but hear me out 'afore ye go." Her speech takes on more of the song-like lilt of the Irish as her tone softens with memory. As she continues, her speech seems to go against the grain of the outer shell, and her face softens in a kind of love only known by family. "I ken, somewhat, how special the girl, Tommy, is ta ya. I 'ad me a sis once, an' I ken how deep that sort o' relationship runs. I earnestly wan' ta help ye out, but there's one thing I ken nae understand. If I'm ta help, how is it no one will tell me what ye were searchin' fer in her 'air? If it's so important, where is the bes' place to search? I be full o' questions, lad, an' 'ave no one ta answer me, save wi' riddles. I wan' ta help, and prove me worth ta this place, God bless me if I ken why."

She waits, still allowing space to leave if he wishes, part of her hating the fact she let her heart slide from it's cage to her sleeve, waiting for the rejection to come, yet half expecting it. She knows how hard it is to trust anyone, to maintain that trust once it's given. She looks at him and thinks, Take a gamble, Brandon, what have you got to lose?

Message 8 of 54 in Discussion
From: SebastianNMPhillips    Sent: 2/13/2004 9:42 AM

From the top of his long blonde hair to the tips of his motorcycle boots, he's dressed the part of the club-goer tonight. Melody would be busy at the Elysium and have more questions than he was willing to start answering, not that he had many answers to begin with. He had spent the night in a small flat on the opposite side of town from the theatre. It hadn't taken much for him to get it rented with no questions asked.

Grease the right palms with the right amounts of money and you do about anything. He never even gave the bouncers a second look, you didn't look at the help, they did their job without question, or they were replaced, pure and simple. He stepped into the club with an air of confidence and savvy. Several heads turned as he stepped inside and he smiled and waved at each of them. He started toward the bar and the crowd simply parted in front of him, closing just as quickly behind him, none of them even realizing they did it. Him striding through as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The years spent with Melody had helped him develop the talent.

He stepped up to the bar and tried to get the tender's attention (isn't there a pc tending bar?). He looked around the bar and caught the glances and words of newcomers. Just what they need, more mouths to feed, more fodder for the cannons of a war that was bound to break out any moment. Let them have it. Even the thought of the new regime brings his anger to a boil. He drags the glass in his hand and wraps it in a towel, scowling through a thanks. Damn them all, anyway.

While he waits for the bartender to get a few minutes, he scans the room. An alarming number of kindred frequent this place. Not that he is surprised. The press of flesh, the liquor, the atmosphere, makes feeding simply too easy not to take advantage of.

Message 9 of 54 in Discussion
From: BrandonDarkrainSent: 2/13/2004 10:26 AM

ooc: dear GOD woman, it's a bitch to read that accent, can only imagine what it's like to TYPE it. lol
ic: Picking pieces of glass from his hand and wrapping it in a towel, he ignores the stares of those around him. He hears whispers of him being hopped up on drugs. Let them think what they want, as long as the go back to their own lives. He almost growls a 'get away' at the woman that steps up, but he turns as he recognizes the woman from the night before. He scowls at her, what kind of games is Duncan playing now, already have this one on a short leash does he?

He listens as her tone softens and she speaks of her own past. When she finishes, he resists the urge to clap. What a performance, he thinks, Duncan would be proud. But he really needs to start teaching you all better. He stands up, grabs another bar towel and scoops all the glass
up in it. He stops short of moving past her and says, "You don't know half so much as you seem to think you do. Stay the hell away from Tommy." His voice goes soft and distant, "You can't help her, no one can." Angry at himself for showing this woman a damn thing, he says sharply, "As for proving your worth....." he half-snorts, "go talk to your buddy McCloed, or Anwen, hell even Barbeoux, or someone else that gives a damn." He notices Phillips and says, "There you go, right on cue, he's friends with that whole bunch, have at it."

He shoves past her and through a chorus of shouts of Hey! and Watch it! He storms out the front doors of the Vein. He storms down the street, ducking down an alley for a moment to dump the towels and glass into a barrel already burning. The beast is screaming at him to flee. He stands there, staring into the flames, fighting the urge building up within him, until he simply can no more, then he turns and jumping up a fire escape, takes to the rooftops, heading across town.

Message 10 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue  Sent: 2/13/2004 11:46 AM

Her mind was somewhere else as she walked the short walk to the Vein. She'd called off work, paced her room, even stood in the bar at the Lair and given some thought to seeing if she might talk the owner into letting her tend there. Once she looked at the few figures slumped over tables she figured there wasn't enough in tips to make it look like she was living on the money she earned.

Instead, she went to the only place she could think of right now----back to work. The shove came from out of the blue (wow-was that a pun?) and if she'd been paying attention instead of worrying abut Steve, the bully that barged out of the Vein would have never knocked her down. Instead, she finds herself sitting in the slush and watching him disappear. Furious, she stands up and tries without much success to clean off the dirt and water from her brand new butterfly decorated stockings and her woolen skirt. The splash had sent water flying onto her orange hair and nearly jarred the piercing right out of her tongue. "Well, screw you too," she screams to empty air.

Nyah storms into the Vein and throws her white vinyl jacket behind the bar. As she ducks under the bar door she mutters, "I swear to all that is unholy----I hate this city." She stops short when she sees the guy from last nights meeting. "Great! The night's gonna really SUCK!" (two puns in one post---and Mal says I'm an airhead!)

Message 11 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue  Sent: 2/13/2004 11:48 AM

ooc Okay---okay...I am an airhead. Andi is a WOMAN. Sueeeee me.

Message 12 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts  Sent: 2/13/2004 12:14 PM

ooc: Honestly, it IS a pain to type, but, in light of staying in character. :-)

She speaks as he shoves past her, "It's nae wha' you think, I'm nae here fer McCloed, I'm 'ere fer her! Nae that it woul' matte' ta ya!"

She realizes half of what she said was probably lost to the crowd as he shoved his way through. Maybe she should just give up on the false hope of personal redemption, the girl was not her own blood, anyway. She shakes her head as she rejoins Xander at the bar, noticing Nyah as she ducks under the bar.

Turning to Xander, she puts her hat back on, feeling the security of it return to her. "I 'spose that ought ta teach me ta help. If anyone 'ere knows where we ken fin' Ms. Anwen, it'd be her." She jabs her thumb in the general direction of the bar tender who just returned to her station behind the bar. "Asi' from tha', I ken we be on our own."

Message 13 of 54 in Discussion
From: Eli  Sent: 2/13/2004 12:21 PM

DAMN.. who put the revolving door on the bar?

The sudden flurry of activity at the bar has his head spinning. Well, at least he's earning those tips. The guy that asked for information apparently gave up on him and took off for a table. Some asshole crushes a glass in his bare hand, he thinks for a moment about asking him if he plans on paying for it, then thinks better of it. If only he could get a few minutes, he might just be able to get some information. But no, this place is just flat hopping. Then some long-haired guy steps up and asks for the manager, just as Nyah jams her way behind the bar. He throws a thumb her direction and says, "Here she is now." He gives her a glance and finds himself staring for just a minute. Just peachy, second night on the job and the boss is in a fowl ass mood, just perfect. Better make himself both invisible and indisposable. Not an easy task for someone to accomplish both at the same time, but he's damn well going to do his best.

(um, I don't know why it mattered that Andi was a girl or guy, cause wasn't it that hot-headed, oh hell, braden, brad, butch, something, that barreled through the door and knocked you on your ass? or am I lost again?)
ooc Yeah Brandon knocked Nyah on her ass...but he's gone. I spotted Andi (Okay, okay, okay ---fess up time----I actually spotted Sebastian but had the wrong meeting. He was at the one at Elysium where I wasn't. so---oh crap---can we forget it? There are too many of you guys. and I AM an airhead.)

Andi looks as if she is ivery bit as foul a mood as Nyah herself. Maybe there is something in the air. And Eli looks just plan frazzled. Nyah moves over toward Eli and grabs a bar rag. She turns and sees the ton of dirty glasses behind the bar. "Eli. You should have called me. I would have come in seeing as how I have NO social life." She looks around the club with a look of disbelief on her face. "The weather must have driven everyone in here except for the servers. I should fire half of them for layin' out. Let me help." She looks at the tip jar which is nearly filled to overflowing. "You'd better empty that now cause from this point forward I'm claiming half...I have to buy myself a new pair of friggin' stockins'."

Her eyes light on a familiar face. "Hey, Andi. Sorry. Looks like its been a bit jammed tonight. Can I get you somethin'. Don't let the looks freak you out. That friend of Song's just knocked me on my ass and didn't stop to even apologize." Nyah shakes her head, sending a shower of wet snow in all directions. "Shit, sorry!" She uses the bartowel to dry her hair and ties it like a turban. "Can't look much worse, I guess." She tosses the towel in the bin and grabs another, cleaning off the bar.

Message 15 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue  Sent: 2/13/2004 2:48 PM

ooc Okay Someone just DRAIN ME-----Sabastian was in the room at Elysium at the same time Nyah was. His face should be imprinted on her mind forever----that is if she had one. Looking forward to him walking over to her now and asking for a drink. If she's lucky---she'll just FAINT.

Message 16 of 54 in Discussion
From: JoKeR9391  Sent: 2/14/2004 2:37 AM

His mind reeling from all the activity, he promptly orders another drink. Good thing I cant get hangovers anymore, he thinks. But this is as close to a headache as Ive been in a LONG time.

Message 17 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts  Sent: 2/14/2004 9:59 AM

"Eh, he be in a foul mood 'cause he cain't help when he wants ta, I understan' it, e'en if I don't like it. Actu'ly, I was wonderin' if you may be able ta tell us where we ken find Ms. Anwen. Xander here needs ta let her know he's in town. I 'ave other questions, but the place seems ta be hoppin' at the moment." She watches as a couple of the bouncers wrestle with some guy who decided he was a part of the band and attempted jumping onto the stage. "Ya'll need help wranglin' these poor saps? May nae be able ta start tonight, but yer bouncers seem ta have their hands full."

Message 18 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue  Sent: 2/15/2004 11:02 PM

"Yeah, walkin' the line here ain't exactly easy--if ya get my drift. These guys come in here and get one look at the parched white-skinned women with black circles around their eyes and immediately try to wow 'em with tales about how they drink blood and shit. They ain't got a clue. Street Goth wanna-be punks, tryin' to impress underage runaways. Hell," her eyes twinkle, "these guys would really be in trouble if there was any such thing as vampires, ya know. Most of 'em would piss in their leathers. But hey, the headbangers wail about the dark side of life and the customers eat it up----so to say. I even hear tales about them cuttin' themselves and carryin' vials of each others blood around their necks. Freaks. Next thing ya know, some creep in a red cape will be tryin' to fly off the air conditioning ducts."

She puts her elbows on the bar and leans toward Andi. "As for Ms. Anwen, I don't know where she is. There, um, there is a place that," she looks around carefully and lowers her voice a little more, "a place that she is getting ready for some restricted social events. I'm sure she'd wanna be meeting you but my guess is that Xander here just might have ta take his chances for a while. Things are in a bit of turmoil for the new, um social pace setter. Ya know?"

Her eyes move over to where the guy is hopping around on the stage. "You askin' to work here?" She looks her over. "Ya askin' to be a bouncer?" Her eyes narrow. "The pay kind of sucks but you get all you want to drink." She chuckles.

Message 19 of 54 in Discussion
From: Rygor_Lados  Sent: 2/16/2004 8:47 AM

occ: sorry for walking away bradon I asked than walked away.
ic: Wow this place is busy tonight. I thought seeing all the activity. I realized won't find out much here at the table. So I head back to the bar squeezing myself back in, and wait for the bartender to have a slow moment so we can talk.

Message 20 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts    Sent: 2/16/2004 10:28 AM

"I ken what ya mean, 'bout the vials and such. Scary, come ta think of it, they would be in a whole heap o' trouble, if'n vamps were real." The sparkle of the eye is returned with the wit. Andi turns and watches the youth and guards who are chasing him, "Ain't lookin' fer much in the way o' pay, just a decent place fer an outlet, if ya ken. Place like this, well, ya get all types, like ye say, an' knockin' a few heads in would nae be a risk, so tu speak."

She shakes her head as the guy continues to dance just out of reach of the usually apt guards. "You want I should help them out?"

Message 21 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue    Sent: 2/16/2004 3:04 PM

"Well, I guess as manager I have the right to hire and fire," Nyah hesitates, hoping that Andi didn't take offence at the firing part. "I mean, well----I have no doubt you can handle just about anything, Ms.----ummm. Yeah Andi, I'd be greatlyful as a matter of fact if you'd help out around here. We've been short handed for a while." Nyah points further down the bar. "This is only Eli's second night and he sure has been a blessing." Nyah nods again, seemingly embarrassed at asking for help but concerned that minute by minute the guy at the bandstand is tearing up the place. "Yeah, you're help would be great. We could settle up on pay maybe after you take care of that guy at the bandstand."

Stammering and stuttering and avoiding Andi's direct stare, Nyah begins to move toward the fellow that has just walked up to the bar. She can remember how Andi acted before the meeting just last night and something gives Nyah the uncomfortable feeling that Andi can see right through her. After all, she offered to help Nyah if she had a problem. Man, if she only knew----but then there was no way Nyah was telling anyone else. It was bad enough that Mr. Lee probably was going to turn on her.

She looks up to the man standing in front of her. (Draxas) "I'm sorry. Bit busy tonight. What can I get you handsome?" Nyah flashes her "welcome to the best bar in the entire United States" smile, pushing her unruly tie-died hair out of her face and tries to make the smile look like it comes from her heart.

Message 22 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts    Sent: 2/17/2004 9:10 AM

Andi gives Nyah a wink and a nod with a tip of the hat, and swings around to face the crowd. She saunters through, letting bodies push and bump into her, as though she didn't exist, ignoring the calls to move or watch where she was going as she headed toward her goal. As she approaches the guards, she stands just a few feet behind them, watching for a moment as the guy dances and yells along with the band. Her eyes never leave him, as she finally steps between the guards. "Xcuse me, fellas, Nyah thought I could offer ya'll a hand." She offers up a condencending half smile, as the new addition to the stage makes the move she was waiting for. "Watch a pro at work, boys."

His leg swings just to the edge of the stage as he does another spin in his dance. Andi places both palms onto the edge of the stage, launching herself under the leg in the air and timing her "flight", pulls on the leg holding him up, causing him to over balance. She follows through with the opposite hand grabbing an arm as he falls, reversing his momentum as she begins her descent, and pulls him toward her. He lands nearly face first into her waiting arms as her feet touch the ground. "Whoa, there, han'some! I think you had a bit o' a slip there!" She helps him steady himself, "I think these gentlemen need ta talk ta ya about the hazards of invadin' our stage, ya'll coulda cracked yer head open if'n I hadn't caught ya!" She gives the guy a "friendly" slap on the back, and leaves him in the care of the guards.

She saunters her way back to the bar, noticing the people who had complained before now step out of her way. Satisfied with a job well done, she sits next to Xander. "Don' ken if ya caught the part about Ms. Anwen er not, but it sounds like we be on our own fer a bit." She turns to him, "so, what do ye wanna do?"

Message 23 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue    Sent: 2/18/2004 6:37 AM

"Wow. That was great---just great!" Nyah moves from the bar to the table where Andi sits with Xander. "I sure wish I could do stuff like that." Pretending to be embarrassed Nyah continues. "I was thinking about going down to Ms. Crystal's fight club and learnin' a little self defense stuff, you know---nothing too heavy. Just enough to maybe protect myself."

She holds out a twenty to Andi. "Call it an advance on services for the night. I---uh---I know you're staying at the same place I am. Maybe once in a while you could give me a few pointers---you know---just somethin' to keep the drunks at bay. Anyhow. Glad to have you aboard." She looks to Xander. "Did I hear you say you wanted to sing a Song when I was walkin' up?"
Andi nods and tips her hat at the compliment, listening and watching the crowd as Nyah continues, "Seems like I'll be in the neighborhood fer a bit, perhaps we'll be able to rustle up some time ta do jus' that, ma'am." She offers a kind of side-long glance, the kind that states she knows the woman she's speaking to is going through hard times, but also says she's not going to pry. "If'n ya need, I can be a sort o' body guard on yer way ta work 'n back, jus' 'til ye can learn a few moves o' yer own, a'course."

She lets the conversation flow off of Nyah and back to the topic at hand, letting the woman make her decision in her own time. If she can't help that Tommy girl, she damn well may be able to help Nyah. Her mind fades away from the conversation as she thinks of Tommy, and those she'd met the night before. Brandon looked as though he'd kill anything that looked at him wrong, she hoped he'd be able to control it until he found a suitable outlet. He's probably been around long enough to know how to do just that. She shakes her head, in the midst of her reverie, still wondering what the hell they were looking for in the girl's hair. McCloed knows what to look for, he'll probably find it without any help. As for the others, she hadn't gotten to spend much time to get to know them, but she's certain she has an idea of the kind of personalities they have.

She pulls herself back into the room and out of her thought. She notices the crowd as it pulses with the music, reminding her of her earlier meal, although, it is much more subdued since she yanked the wannabe off the stage.

*I know I'm kinda jumping the gun in the stream of things, but I'm on a roll. If Xander & Nyah are speaking to one another, Andi, of course, would make an apology for interrupting before speaking this next bit.*

"Looks ta me like I may 'ave sceered yer customers inta behavin' fer the night. Mayhap we ken discuss me hours, so's I ken work 'round 'em if'n I e'er need ta."

Hey Eli when you get an open second or two can i have a word with you. I have a few questions that you might be able to answer for me.

Apparently Nyah and Xander are NOT speaking to each other lol

Nyah's thoughts are a jumble. A little voice in her head keeps saying, "Careful Nyah". Nyah can feel the desire to make this woman a friend and so far she has learned that that is nothing but trouble. But she keeps thinking how desperely she wants one. Sure, go ahead. Get chummy with the woman and she'll end up like Hayden and Steve and everyone else who she got close to. She looks at Xander, wondering if he had answered her and then decides he is lost in his own thoughts. Chewing on her lip piercing, she almost shrugs. Then she is aware that Andi is talking to her.

"I'm sorry. Seems I slip out of my mind every once in a while. I've a friend I'm worried about right now." Nyah concentrates for a minute and her eyes actually dilate a bit as she looks back at Andi. She tugs at the gawdy earrings that hang from her ears. "Well, if you're serious about the job, we're open every night you know. The two fellows you helped out tonight are...um, well, they're not exactly like you and me. And really, we need someone with your...um, background to take care of the stronger troublemakers." She hopes that Andi understands that she is saying the two guys on tonight are mortal. "Normally, we have a guy um, like us... to take care of them but he can't work the hours he has been...like every night." She laughs. "How about you get together with Doug, decide what hours you both want to work, and I'm willing to agree to whatever is best for you guys. I'm sure he'll be glad to have off time."

She smiles. "And, I'd really appreciate having you around. It's kind of a bummer to have all these guys making like they can do anything and I'm too small to do anything about it." Nyah once again hopes that Andi buys her helpless act.

ooe There is no Doug...just thought we could say there was so you wouldn't be there all the time. Is that how it works? If not, I imagine I'll be told.

"I ken whatcha mean 'bout these fellas," she waves a hand at the two men, with a sly smile on her face, "they sweat. I'll be sure to talk ta Doug, mayhap we can trade nights er somethin' like that."

The tell-tale signs would have lost Nyah the hand, were they playing poker, it's obvious to Andi the girl wants to take a chance and is afraid to, for her own reasons. Patience is a virtue she'll just have to learn. In the meantime, she'll just have to keep an eye on the girl from a distance, and see what happens.
"Great. Glad to have you here." She walks to bar and grabs a pen and paper and writes a number on it. "Tell him I asked you to call. I'll leave it up to you guys who works tomorrow night. And maybe, if things quiet down you and I might hit the fight club a little later. Have you been there?" The sudden crash of glasses falling behind the bar interrupts Nyah.

"Okay, get up with me if you've a mind." She races off to the bar and is immediately calming down one of the female servers who has dropped a tray and checking for any sign of blood.

Andi watches Xander wander off into the night, silently wishing him better luck than she'd had. Not one to sit in one spot for too long, she saunters around the dancers toward the gentleman asking for information. She leans on her elbows, facing the crowd. As she speaks, her eyes never leave the crowd. In all appearance, she seems ready to pounce for any occurrence.

"Pardon me, coul' nae help bu' hear ye be lookin' fer info, mayhap I can help ye."
Ever since that meeting Nyah had been having trouble concentrating. Actually, it had been ever since she had looked the Lady Barbeoux in the eye. Even now, as the waitresses who were overdue were explaining to her why they were so late, she was thinking of other things. Once again, Andi pulls Nyah back to reality.

"Crap Suzie. What a bummer. Don't sweat it. It's just important that you made it and that the accident wasn't bad. You know Eli from last night. He's doing great and you'll work fine with him, good enough that I think I'll split for a bit and uh...catch up on a couple of things. And Suzie, I know how expensive it is for car repairs. Tell ya what, you do a good job tonight and the money in my tip jar is yours."

Grabbing her jacket from behind the bar, she walks around front and stands with Andi and the guy that's asking questions. (Not sure if Nyah met him). "Care if I tag along? I really could stand to get out of here for a while."

Andi stands herself up, "Don' mind 't all, Love, I ken this be gettin' on yer nerves." She turns to the newcomer, "Well, stranger, looks like we be headin' tha' way, if'n ye be ready."

She grabs her pack and throws it over her shoulder and heads for the door, looking back once to see if he decided to follow or not.

"Well you what they say twos company and threes a crowd and I do love a crowd" smiling at Nyah. "I would like two escourt two lovely ladys for the time being."

With that I grab my coat and motion towards the door, "Ladys first."

Andi looks at Nyah, laughing, "Jus' realized, I landed meself at the Fight Club yesterdee, jus' in time, as I reckon, a'fore I 'ad ta bed down. I 'ave nae a clue where we be headin', so's I'd bes' let ye lead us!"

She actually takes off her hat and makes a grand sweep of her arms toward the door, placing herself between Nyah and the new fellow. Never can be too safe, and keeping someone she didn't know close and out of reach of Nyah was better than nothing at all. She waits until Nyah gets a step or two in front of her, but not too far ahead, before falling in behind her. She glances back at the stranger as she walks.

"Ne'er caught yer name, stranger, I do nae believe. Then, mayhap ye did nae toss it me way. I be Andi."

She grins wide as Andi sweeps her hat in front of her and actually laughs, nodding and moving past the coat check and out the door. "Evening, Mac", she says to the bouncer stationed at the door. "I'll be out for a while but you know how to get a hold of me should you need me." Nyah pulls the collar of her jacket around her neck tightly to give the impression to any kine walking in the snow that she is mortal and cold. The city actually has a look of peace what with all the blanket of white and for an instant Nyah feels a strange comfort. She turns as the trio steps out of the Vein and suggests they walk since it isn't far and after all, they are going to the club for a little "exercise."

When Andi asks their male friend what his name is, Nyah looks at him questioningly and smiles. She had assumed that Andi might have known him from somewhere else. She had to quit making assumptions.

Pleased she finally got Nyah to smile and mean it, she doesn't miss the look the crosses the woman's face.

"Me apologies, Nyah, I'd meant ta introduce ya'll ta one 'nother, an' realized I did nae ken who he be. I be takin' 'im down ta get settled inta somewhere's ta stay. Since ye were so kind as ta tell me 'bout Kassie's, I figured it be as good place as any ta try. Did ye 'ave somethin' else, in mind, Love?"
"Somehthing' else? No. I figured since it was pretty early that we could show him where we're hanging out and get him a room if he dug the place. Then I could give you the little tour he was asking about...or as much of the city as I know." She looks at the guy suspiciously. "I thought you all knew each other. Umummm What are you interested in?" Nothing about Draxas gives even a hint to Nyah of what kind of kindred he is. Now she's not sure he might not be someone that was sent to find her.

If her heart did such things, it would skip several beats as it dawns on Nyah that Andi might be hunting her too. And she would have walked into this with eyes wide open. Suddenly she feels really vulnerable.

Message 41 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue
Sent: 2/27/2004 12:22 PM

Crap! Did I do it again? Did Nyah know he wanted a tour? This out of character stuff confuses me. I'll know I screwed up again if it gets deleted. Sorry

Message 42 of 54 in Discussion
From: Rygor_Lados
Sent: 2/27/2004 3:58 PM

"My name is draxas, ladies. I am from south america and am here looking for some turths my sire couldn't find for himself." Hoping I hadn't givin' too much away I head after the ladies out the door following Nyah and Andi. " I would like to see as much of this city as you know of Nyah."

Message 43 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts
Sent: 2/28/2004 11:04 AM

Andi nods, "Me apologies, Nyah, I mus' be distracted wi' other thoughts in me head. I ken I would appreciate tha' tour, as well. Looks as though I be stayin' fer a while, now, havin' a job 'n all." She offers Nyah the rare true smile, hoping it sets the poor girl to ease, she looks like a cat thrown into a room full of rabid dogs.

Message 44 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue

"Well, why don't we start with Kassie's Place first so that Draxas can shed his stuff safely and then we can hit the town." She looks at Draxas. "I'm really not sure what you might be interested in. " Her eyes narrow a bit as she goes on. "Are you looking to ummmmm ..dine?"

Message 45 of 54 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts
Sent: 3/4/2004 8:40 PM

"Sounds like a plan ta me, dahlin'!" She resists linking elbows with the woman, remembering to allow her space and time to let her get used to having Andi around. She suddenly remembers how it feels to be the outsider, the loner, not necessarily by choice, but by default. She steps back, still keeping between the other two, but backing away, none-the-less, trying to stay out of personal space.

Message 46 of 54 in Discussion
From: Rygor_Lados
Sent: 3/5/2004 12:32 PM

"Yes,well a lite snack wouldn't be so bad, I had a quick snack last night,"I said. " Are there hunting bounderies that I should know of?"

Message 47 of 54 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue
Sent: 3/5/2004 3:51 PM

Hunting boundaries? Nyah should have thought of that herself. What the heck would the new boundaries be? That's all she needed was to have the new prince get wind that she was touring new residents and serving up an illegal buffet. She was feeling a growing irritation. In less than 24 hours she was already fed up with walking the line that the new prince was responsible for. Part of her already figured that she was screwed any which way she turned. Her head would probably be rolling in the gutter behind Steve's. Well, they were going to have to charge her first.

"Hunting boundaries? Nope. Not that I'm aware of. My preference is the docks but then I like the salty taste of the seafarers as opposed to the rush of drugs." She grins and holds her arms out as though to show him her style of dress. "I may look like I enjoy the nip of hallucination but I like to know where my multicolored haircovered head is." She goes up the steps to the hotel and holds the door open for her mates.
"Let's get you fixed up with a room and go get a bite. I think you'll find whatever your palate desires down by the boardwalk." And probably a few things you don't want to find, she thinks.
I could tell from her voice that something was not right, but rules of this city might just be different from anywhere. Hunting grounds are the backbone of our society! How can the Prince let things like this go?! Going up the stairs All I could wonder was what had happened to the independents in this city. "So, Nyah, is the prince still Kasymm Barbeoux?" I asked. "And whom should i talk to about a job at the docks?"

Andi stays to the side, letting the two of them talk, but keeping between them as best she could while allowing space. The more this Draxas talked, the more she would learn from him, perhaps he'll reveal a little more than he'd hoped, perhaps not, but knowledge is power, no matter the gamble.

The redhead next to him kept trying to get his attention but he just wasn't interested, not tonight. He flashed her a smile and whispered a little something in her ear. She would be back every night and eventually maybe he'd take her up on her offers, not precisely as she might expect. He watches as the newbie's leave the Vein. After a few minutes he steps out the door after them, once he establishes their general direction, he begins to walk the opposite way. He opens his cell phone and dials a phone number, when someone answers he says, "Ms. LeCroix please."

"Andi if you don't mind I have a question or two for you," I said. "Where are you from and how long have you been in town?"

"Nae one fer questions, if ye ken, but I be from 'ere 'n there." She eyed him, he was a quick one for asking questions, that was certain. Who was he to be asking questions like that? Certainly, asking the question he was back at the Vein, he had recently gotten into town himself? She mentally shrugs, deciding to be careful around him. "As fer me bein' in the city, I jus' blew inta town yesterdee."

She reaches down and snaps the heel off of both of them and then grins. "Now, that's an even better fashion statement. With a toss of her hair, she drops the heels into a trash can and stands with her hands on her hips. "Well, as for me. I'm from nowhere...ain't goin' no where...ain't interested in being no where. I'm just makin' the best of a bad situation.....ya know. Ya wake up one night and your taste for food is gone, you sleep days, and ya find out ya can leap tall buildings in a single bound. Just one more shitty part of a shitty future to deal with. We gonna hang around bonding and swapping histories all night or did ya want to see where ya' landed?"

Andi gives a "my sentiments exactly" look toward Nyah. "I be ready ta see where I be headin' in this mysterious place ye call 'ome, Nyah. Lead on me Lady, lead on."

She looks at Draxas, he must be a young one, she thinks to herself, to be asking questions like that in a 'society' where questions aren't welcomed. Best keep an eye on this one, a close eye.
MSN HC    1553

Finally
Message 1 of 8 in Discussion
From: crossbones_shook   (Original Message)   Sent: 2/24/2004 1:46 PM

Another days sleep made him stronger than last night when he was in the Vein. The shakes were gone and he was surprised to see hair beginning to actually grow back on his head. In a couple of more nights he'd have long hair again. The scars were gone too. But even the kindred who recognized him seemed scared to talk. It was like everyone was afraid of being overheard. They merely lowered their eyes and moved on. Once in a while someone hinted at what had happened in the last week. The most common phrase was Cammaretard.

Falcon slipped into Kassie's Place and headed straight for the Lair. It might as well been a tomb. Even Song's pile of rags didn't look like they'd been disturbed in some time. Her mirrors and personal things were gone. He dropped from the loft and went behind the bar. Bottle after bottle stood dust covered, but none of what he was searching for.

Falcon tried the door to the wyne cellar and was happy to find it unlocked. In the cellar he pulled the stone away, reached in, and found what he was looking for. Once the cork was popped, he sat in a dark corner digging in the dirt and thinking about how a Ravnos was going to make it in Hidden Cove now. He took a deep swig and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. The real question was who he could trust.

Message 2 of 8 in Discussion
From: BrandonDarkrain Sent: 2/24/2004 3:20 PM

DAMN but that took alot out of him, changing that fast was never easy. But doing all he did, that was just exhausting. At least the beast was too tired to roar for a little bit. And did she even throw a thanks his way? Of course not, ungrateful cat, he should have let her get smashed. She probably doesn't even realize he was there. He walks slowly into Kassie's place and on into the Lair. The silence strikes him. Not so much as even a bartender. RICK out at the check in desk probably fits the bill if they have even a single customer. He jumps up on the bar counter and yells, "HONEY, I'm HOME!" Just to listen to it echo off the walls. He pokes his head up into Song's loft and realizes, she must have had a change of venue and didn't tell anybody. Well at least there was one way she was watching her own tail. Wouldn't do to be the new Sherriff in town and have the whole town know where you called home.

He grabs a bottle of whiskey and pours some on a bar towel. He may not be able to drink the stuff anymore, but he can still enjoy the smell. He walks over to the pool table and smacks the pool balls around, remembering his first days in Hidden Cove.

Message 3 of 8 in Discussion
From: crossbones_shook Sent: 2/25/2004 6:14 AM

He recognizes the voice. Moving up the stairway with his bottle in hand, he steps out into the Lair. "Darkrain! Am I glad to see you. Thought maybe everyone associated with Kas had skipped town." He grabs a cue stick, and walks the table keeping an eye out for any sign of agitation on Brandon's part. "Whats with the 'Honey, I'm home' deal? You dog! You finally tamed the kitten and set up housekeeping in her lush apartment?"

Message 4 of 8 in Discussion
From: BrandonDarkrainSent: 2/25/2004 1:03 PM

He looks up at the sound of his name. Unbidden, a smile breaks out across his face. "Well, well, if it isn't the ol' Falcon himself." He scowls just a bit at the mention of being associated with Kasymmm. Then he shakes his head, "Are you kidding me, the only way anyone would tame that cat is a full on lobotomy and having her declawed." His smile grows as he talks, "Though, that probably wouldn't do it either." He grabs the cue ball and sends it sailing across the table, knocking into several of the others and sinking the 8 ball. "Oops, guess I lose." He looks at Falcon for a few minutes and then says, "Would have thought you would be hiding out. But then Kasymmm's primogen, Song's the Sherriff, hell Briar's the Seneschal. Next thing, you'll be asked to become the damn harpy."

Now there's a thought that strikes a chord and he laughs out loud. He shakes his head and says, "What are you doing here, Falcon? I wouldn't think Hidden Cove would be high on your list of prime real estate right now."

Message 5 of 8 in Discussion
From: crossbones_shook Sent: 3/6/2004 2:00 PM

Falcon reaches into the corner pocket and removes the eight ball, tossing it back and forth from hand to hand. With a crash the ball drops to the floor and rolls beneath the table to Brandon's feet when Brandon begins ticking off an account of the new order of things. Both hands grip the table as Falcon leans across it. The confusion on his face is very obvious. "What do you mean? Song sheriff? Kasymmm primogen? Briar senechal? What the hell are you talking about?"

He pushes off the table and leans against the wall, folding his arms over his chest. "All of a sudden a lot of what I have seen makes sense. Half the kindred merchants that I used to deliver to are gone....their businesses locked up tight with out-of-business signs on the doors. Our favorite bar at the docks doesn't even exist anymore. ....it's nothing more than a burned out hull. The cannery is non-existant...looks like a tornado struck it but there wasn't a kindred workers to be found hanging out at the day work office. It's like there was a mass exodus."
He runs his hand through the short cropped hair that continues to grow by the minute, stopping at his temple. "What the hell happened after the Elysium blew up, Brandon? What the hell has been going on while I was in torpor?"

Message 6 of 8 in Discussion
From: BrandonDarkrain Sent: 3/8/2004 3:42 PM

He stares across the table at Falcon. He knew that the kindred were making a mass exodus from Hidden Cove, but he hadn't realized to what extent. He looks at his 'old friend' and says, "The whole fucking world's gone to hell....." He shakes his head and says, "And I hate repeating myself, so listen up....." Then he begins to detail what he knows has happened in Hidden Cove since the Elysium burned.

(I'll e-mail yah a list, I am no going to type all that right now)

Message 7 of 8 in Discussion
From: crossbones_shook Sent: 3/13/2004 4:38 PM

"You sound like you're pissed, my friend. I'll admit, it's a lot to drink in right now but I can't believe that Kasymm would have just bailed for no reason. And the fact that she sits on the primogen has got to tell you she's not taking a back seat and being blind to what's happening here." He thinks. "And Song is sheriff you say?" He laughs. "You make that sound like a bad thing. You sooner have some Cammie bastard hunting your ass for a made up charge? Not me."

He picks up a cue stick and chalks up. "This Reineger guy. What's he got that would make Kasymm believe he could beat her?" He huffs in air and blows the chalk. "But then, I guess the real question is where we all were that she thought he could beat her." He breaks the stick. "I got to talk to the lady."

Message 8 of 8 in Discussion
From: BrandonDarkrain Sent: 3/15/2004 9:39 AM

He snorts in response to Falcon's musings. "Isn't there always more going on then they let on? Don't you ever get tired of the damn games?" He shakes his head and stares at his old friend, "I don't know everything, never will, learned that a long time ago. To some extent I understand why Kasymm has done what she's done, even Song, but hell Falcon........." His voice trails off, he gets quiet and finally he says, "Now I remember why I don't talk much, go on, go chase after her again..." He tosses the ball on the table and stalks toward the door.

Bridled Rage
Message 1 of 17 in Discussion
From: MelodyLaCroix (Original Message) Sent: 2/18/2004 3:02 PM

Anger, frustration, confusion. Why would he avoid her last night, then tonight. No messages, nothing. He jetted out of her last night as if he was running from the sun itself, ok, so maybe he was, but he could have stayed with her, not like it would have been the first time. The fact that he was deliberately avoiding her was the part that was really ticking her off.
White overalls, red shirt, painters shoes and hair tied up in a scarf, hammer in hand, she was helping with the work tonight, much to the chagrin of the work crews. They were gaining more and more respect for her the more she just dug in and did odd jobs without complaint. When one of the workers approaches and tells her that someone is looking for her, she shoves a stray hair out of her face and heads toward the front doors.
She is trying to figure out what one of her "visitors' from the night before might have already begun to spread the word about the "new Elysium", damn them anyway. It would be ready to open in a night or two, couldn't they at least have waited that long? Hammer still in her hand, swinging it as she walks, she steps up behind a gentleman and says, "I'm sorry, you have been misinformed, the theatre isn't ready to open quite yet. If you would like to come back in a couple days. It should be ready for the grand opening."

Message 2 of 17 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger Sent: 2/19/2004 9:40 AM

He had taken to watching this particular set of gentleman as they tooled about with their power saws, nail guns, and levels. It was a lighting trestle they were constructing, the brace and frame for the absurdly complicated bank of lights that would establish any needed mood and atmosphere for Melody's stage productions. They were like one person working together, each ascribed their own tasks in order to complete an overall work of perfection...the symbolism was not lost on him. Victor takes note of the kind but seemingly put out voice that comes from Melody...he should have called first.

But if he had he would have missed the unexpected sight before him? Surely she would have at the very least dusted the small collection of sawdust that was forming in the cuffs of her overalls away from her as well as eloquently secured those escaping stands of hair that toy with her face. No...the look of surprise upon her face, should she give in and allow him the pleasure of seeing it, was worth the trip alone. Too think how she might have reacted seeing him and the Scourge working on their own 'home improvement' project only hours ago at the chantry. "Come back in a couple of days? And miss seeing how a masterpiece such as this is constructed?" he asks with a smile.
"Is the construction so far behind schedule that your assistance is needed Melody or are you simply passing the night exerting your energies and focus into your creation?" He takes note of the paint splatters upon her shoes. As the noise of the construction picks back up, Victor steps closer to her to express his true interest in visiting this evening. "Honestly Ms. LaCroix I was just wanting to stop by and express my gratitude once again for providing this place for our use...and to gather your opinion of our board of director's meeting last night." He places a hand upon her arm and moves her away from the workers with their passing eyes. "I apologize for not addressing our needs personally last night but I hope Ms. Anwen was professional in her requests and that we did not disturb your work too much." He was getting to a point eventually, and he knew it might be a sensitive subject given the secrets shared. "What was your take on the meeting, your opinion of the board in all its gruesome truth...for I hear you were invited to sit in upon most of the meeting?" He tried to be careful of the words he used, sensitive of the fact that she does not legitimately hold a seat in the Primogen but Keeper is an important asset all alone, as well as being aware of the double standard he has set with her inclusion.

He pushes the rolls of his sleeves up further on his arms as they walk as if he were preparing for some physical work..."Share a few minutes with me on this matter and I'll return the favor." he adds motioning for the hammer with a smile on his face.

Message 3 of 17 in Discussion
From: MelodyLaCroix  Sent: 2/24/2004 12:18 PM

Surprise blooms into full view upon her face when Victor turns around. She becomes painfully aware of her own attire even as she notices that he is not dressed exactly how she has gotten used to seeing him. He passes his questions with an easy and comforting air. The workman quickly returning to their work when they discover this is not someone here to slow production, but instead seems instead inclined to help it along. She smiles and places the hammer in his hand and says, "I have always taken a personal and vested interest in any structure I have ever deigned to call home. There is a personal satisfaction from knowing that there is the nail I placed. There is the handrail I fixed." She rocks back on her heels, smiles and says, "Besides, I have found, it inspires a male workcrew to even higher standards, after all, they cannot have a woman out do them."

She returns her attention to the loose floorboards in front of her, replacing those that have weakened, refastening those that have come lose. She continues to speak as she works, not raising her voice above normal tones, knowing that Victor will hear her, but the workman will not. Just in case, she is careful about the words she uses. She would have invited him to retire to another room for this conversation, but that would have only caused undo attention and perhaps overly encourage evesdroppers.

"There is no need to apologize to me for anything. Ms. Anwen was more than polite and professional." She hammers a rather stubborn nail into place, then continues, "As for the board, I was somewhat surprised by some of the arguments on the subject that was being addressed. Ms. Barbeoux seemed to argue against the motion." She pauses for a few moments, as if thinking over what she is about to say, then turns to face Victor and says, "But I found myself wondering if she expected the motion to go in the opposite way from what she voted. Which would raise the question of if she was really trying to sway the board against the motion, or in favor of it?" She allows that to sit for a few moments, then continues with her work, continuing as she works, "The rest of the board voted somewhat in the manner that I expected. Dr. Hale seemed very very close to the situation and very empassioned in her plea for the board to vote against. Mr. Lee was professional and focused, though very one sided and perhaps one might even say tunnel- visioned. Mr. Phillips," an edge creeps into her voice for a moment, but she pushes it away quickly, "Mr. Phillips seemed to weigh the motion most carefully, though he admitted not having an entirely vested interest in the outcome, so much as the fallout."

She fights a board into place for a moment, allowing the silence to stretch as she does so, then she looks at Victor and says, "Overall, I do believe that the meeting went very well, all things and members considered. It was a sensitive matter and even the members most connected to the situation seemed to conduct themselves very professionally."

Message 4 of 17 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger  Sent: 2/26/2004 11:25 AM

He went about helping as best he could, trying to identify which boards needed the gentle pounding of nails and which deserved to be removed and replaced by superior timbers, listening to Melody's cold and methodical interpretation of last night's meeting. She had not come out and said that there was something bothering her but the way she impacted the nails, her dedication to the utter dominance over the damaged goods, gave Victor the idea that something was upsetting the good Keeper. As she looks up at him and gives the final overall measure of her opinion, he removes a board from the floor and watches as it splinters under the pressure of the claw of the hammer.

"You're not pleased with some of the choices of board members are you Melody?" he says with one eyebrow cocked and a smirk almost in the corners of his mouth. "Particularly Barbeoux and Phillips, yes?" and he sets the hammer down as he reaches over towards where the pile of substitute 2X4's rest. Grabbing one he slides it into place and continues. "You don't think the position you have is as important as some of the others, do you? That it might be below you?" he asks slipping the board into place. "I couldn't let you sit at the head of the table and we both know why...Anwen is a much safer choice for our goals. Phillips was brought to be me by you and I'm sure Anwen felt that that was a sign of approval...and for Barbeoux?" he asks as if he was expecting her to finish by saying something along the lines that the woman should meet the same fate as Borden.

He slowly taps the board into place and sets the hammer back down on the stage. "You were the first one to accept what I have and can bring to Hidden Cove, Melody. You were the first one to reach out and help bring about the changes we are seeing. I haven't forgotten that...I won't forget that. You need anything you come to me...you have questions you come to me...something upsets or disturbs you you rest those troubles on me Melody." There was a secret between them and right now he didn't know who else might be privy to it...there was
a lot of faith and trust he had placed in her and never had she given him reason to doubt otherwise. Nothing could separate that promise he had made to keep her secret safe provided she continued the Masquerade herself.

He looks about the stage and takes in the grand environment around them."The Vein's crowd in here? Perhaps you may need to oversee two holdings, Melody." he says with a smile.

Message 5 of 17 in Discussion
From: MelodyLaCroix  Sent: 3/4/2004 12:30 PM

She sits there quietly, contemplating all he has said, really working it around in her mind. Pushing the anger to the side and giving it serious thought. Finally, she says, "Some of your choices more than likely would not have been mine, but that does not mean I completely disagree with them. I understand to some extent the reasons for placing Barbeoux in the position you did." She pauses for a few moments, trying to discern exactly what it is she wants to say and taking the moment to place the words exactly, "But at the same time, I see the danger in it. Which I know you yourself have probably already thought about it and are preparing for the eventualty. But it has been my experience that you cannot prepare for everything. Too often something slips past the cracks, that is what concerns me, though not overly. I will not gloss over the fact that I would have recommended much more permanant 'position' for Ms. Barbeoux. But again, that was not my decision to make and I do trust your judgments.'

She hammers another nail to allow her a moment before continuing about with Sebastian, it is a supreme force of will that keeps her tone neutral when she speaks of him, "As for Mr.Phillips." She searches his face for a moment, then continues, "Sebastian, has been both a friend and an adversary in the past for me. Again, I understand his placement. My problems with Mr. Phillips are more of a personal nature and something I am positive we will be able to overcome, once we are able to speak about it. I think he proved last night that he will be a valuable asset to the board."

It was his next statement that gives her pause, no, that wasn't quite right and it was best that they cleared the air right now, "I understand completely why you placed me in the position you did and I am grateful. I do not for a moment underestimate the importance of my duties, either to your leadership or to the greater whole. I believe rather my frustration was in the attitudes some of the board members showed me, treating me as nothing more than a hired hand to be ordered around at their leisure." She smiles at him and says, "Please do not think for a moment that I am asking you to ride to my rescue. I will earn the respect I desire by my own merits, nothing more. I appreciate the fact that I may come to you with the things that 'trouble me', Victor. Please remember that, that particular street runs both ways."

She looks up and looks around as he mentions the Elysium, she smiles warmly and almost laughs. "Well, if you honestly believe that is necessary, I am more than willing to take any suggestions you may have."

Message 6 of 17 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger  Sent: 3/5/2004 9:03 AM

"They will come to understand that the Keeper is not just a 'hired hand'; albeit that was the impression the last few Keepers in this town gave off." Victor had his guesses as to exactly whom Melody might be referring to and if his estimations were exact then she might have had some justification for those thoughts...and the fact was if he was right...well...he leaves it unsaid. "Perceptions are an important aspect to power...where someone sits can be just as an important statement as what they have to say. I'm positive that if you wanted to extract vengeance for a slight a simple nameplate before an obscure and obstructed chair at the table would get your point across clearly." Now he smiles at the thought of how petty business usually is when it comes right down to it.

He hammers one last nail into the floorboards before setting the hammer down beside him. He takes note of her smile and how comfortable she seems in this environment, amazing given all that is going on around her both in the building as well as the city. "Perhaps its not needed for you to preside over several Elysia at once...this place will surely radiate the power and display the gifts and talents that we wish of it. I was simply worried about functionality. I trust in your responsibilities and those of the Primogen to ensure that this place will meet the needs we have." He slowly gets to his feet and carefully dusts any dirt from his pants. "A few more nights, eh? A grand gala planned for the opening or simply a low-key event...perhaps nothing more than a tour for the Primogen?" He dusts his hands off now and looks about from the stage out into where the crowd would gather. "I have heard that the Kindred of this city in the past held lavish balls...but then again what else would you expect with Lilian Ramsey and the others playing the role of party-planners?" He extends his hand to help her to her feet.

"The object of last night's meeting is being taken care of as we speak. This will be a permanent outcome he will face. I am almost certain that no matter how calmly some people took it the other night there will be retribution upon the heels of this action Melody. I just wanted to warn you...take extra care when you travel over the next evenings and please keep in touch so that I do not worry." He remembers her stunning display of defense in the alley the other evening and wonders just why he felt she would need extra caution. The thought that here he walks the streets alone defenseless given the warning he had just issued escapes him for the moment. "I'll leave you to your work...and the inspiration you provide to the contractors." he finishes with a smile and a wink.
She takes the hand he offers and together they begin the walk toward the front doors, as they talk. Her smile comes easily, it is amazing how comfortable she feels with him. She says, "I honestly had not considered as of yet exactly how to open the theatre to the public. There is so much yet to do, I have been concentrating upon it for the moment. I suppose I will have to consider it carefully." She smiles at his warnings and stops him for a moment, "You should heed your own warnings, Victor. You will certainly make a more prime target than I would. Especially considering everything occurring in the city currently and the decisions made last night." She is interrupted by someone calling her name and holding up a phone, she smiles and says, "Well, it seems my work is never done. If you will excuse me." She turns and walks to where they are holding out the phone, she takes it from them and before she puts it up to her ear she says, "Remember that the streets we walk run both ways Victor. I expect to hear from you on occasion as well." She smiles a final time at him and places the phone to her ear.

"This is Melody LaCroix, how can I help you?"

"Evening Melodious." He can almost feel her bristle on the other end of the line as she hisses, what do you want into the phone. He says, "Tsk tsk, now is that any way to treat your oldest and dearest friend?" He can just see her in his mind's eye, anger boiling to the surface, he says quickly, "Melody, damn it. I'm sorry. I didn't know! I swear! Look, I'll talk to you about this another day, I called for another reason. Have you talked to Reineger or Anwen tonight or do you know how to get in touch with them?"

It is only the proximity of Victor and a supreme effort of will that keeps her from sounding a deafening note straight through the phone. He deserves it, the bastard. Then he starts getting sarcastic with her, she is on the verge of doing it anyway, when he starts backpeddling, fast. Suddenly he is asking about Victor or the Seneschal. Her anger begins to melt away as curiosity takes it's place, she motions to Victor to wait a moment and says, "Perhaps, why, what is going on?"

"Melodious, I need to get in touch with them. There were a couple of new faces in the Vein tonight. I heard at least one of them asking the bartender for information. Then they left with the little blue-haired bartender from last night. It looked like they were headed to Kassie's Place or Malcolm's Lair, but it was hard to tell. I thought the Prince would want to know. Blue certainly didn't seem to happy with the outcome of things last night. I thought this was information that Reineger might like to have."

"Mr. Reineger is here now, I'll let him know. I'm sure he'll appreciate it. Where are you off to now?"

He feels a twinge of jealousy when she informs him that Reineger is there. He wonders if he really is, or if she is just trying to get a reaction out of him. Melody isn't really one for playing those particular kinds of games, so he probably is there. He says, "I have other things to do. I'll probably see you in a few nights. Thanks Mel, you're a peach." He hangs up the phone quickly, not giving her a chance to respond. He turns and hails a cab and is off on another errand.

She stands there quietly holding the phone in her hand, for a few minutes after he has hung up, waiting for her ire to lower to tolerable levels before replacing the phone on the reciever.

She turns to Victor, a smile gracing her face once again, "That was Mr. Phillips. It seems he saw some new faces at the Main Vein. They left with Ms. Blue, he said it looked like they were going toward Malcolm's Lair and he thought you might like to know." She thinks for a moment then says, "If you choose to go greet them, I would be more than willing to accompany you....."
Victor pauses as Melody holds her hand up to stop him. His car keys bounce in his hand as he waits and as Melody informs the caller that Victor is currently there and in her company he tilts his head to the side. It had already been a night of non-stop meetings, something he had intended upon, but now a possible mystery caller grasps his attention. He waits with baited breath as Melody informs him of the circumstances surrounding the phone conversation and a smile begins to enlarge at the corners of his mouth.

"Mr. Phillips appears to be a very industrious young lad, doesn't he." It was the little things he noticed, those quirks that she works so hard to hide when she is upset. All was not wine and roses with Sebastian and Melody but what was the exact nature of the wrong was an unknown to Victor and as long as it did not interfere with their duties and tasks he would be wise to leave it to themselves...a couples council or he was not...some would go as far to say that within his own life there is a dramatic need for reconciliation with members of the opposite sex.

He ponders her offer to join him in greeting them...not the exact task he was about to lay before him, there was a desperate need for him to attend to matters at New Mercy; meet with Dr. Gray and smooth over the entire scene from the night before. Mercutio vouched that the man's interest in Dr. Lector was honest and now, faced with what had happened last night, Victor knows that there is a perceived wronging that needs to be ironed over...and a lie told that needs to be made true. However...now with Ms. Blue circulating with even more unknown Kindred?

"It could be nothing, Melody. Ms. Blue might be meeting with someone that has been a long time resident of Hidden Cove, she might be trying to direct them into giving a proper introduction..." and he shifts his head towards the exit and with his eyes asks her to follow."And then again this might have something to do with the matter that is currently being solved elsewhere." He holds the door to the theater open for her (assuming she follows before remembering just how "worky" she is dressed) and directs them to the BMW resting at the curb before the theater. Settling behind the wheel, "Ms. Blue should know after last night's meeting that it is a thin layer of ice she walks...any sane mind would make sure that their actions are perceived as nothing but honest and true...let us search out her heart in this matter." and he moves into traffic gliding along to Malcom's Lair in the evening flow.

(OOC: Feel free to make the PRINCE wait if need be, lol. And upon arrival at the Lair feel free to start the thread. Victor has met Nyah but in passing only as a bartender/patron...he would expect Melody to point her out to him and perhaps even see exactly why it was Melody wanted to accompany him on this task. Nyah, if your gang is not there then ...color Mr. Phillips embarassed.)

Message 15 of 17 in Discussion
From: MelodyLaCroix  Sent: 3/15/2004 10:56 AM

She steps to accompany him then realizes that although her attire would certainly be appropriate in some respects, this would not be one of them. She asks him for 10 minutes and walks quickly back into the theatre. In exactly 10 minutes she reemerges, dressed in slacks, a light blouse and a simple sweater, similarly simple loafers adorn her feet and her hair is swept up onto her head. She takes her seat in the car and speaks as he drives, "Indeed, it may be absolutely nothing. I believe Sebastian was more concerned about there being unknown new persons in town, than who exactly they were in the company of."

As they drive, she looks out the window, "He also did not indicate that this Malcom's Lair was their ultimate destination, instead mentioning that was where they appeared to be going. Considering the recent state of things in Hidden Cove, it would seem to me a logical conclusion that any newcomers would seek lodging there."

As they pull into a parking slot, Melody turns her gaze toward Victor and says, "How exactly is it that you will wish to have newcomers greeted or handled once the Elysium opens? I assume it is a safe presumption that you will not be taking up residence there, or there every moment. As I will more than likely be the one greeting newcomers first, I was simply curious as to what the protocol will be? Shall I alert you immediately? Set up appointments with them at your office? Do I insist upon the fact they remain outside the city or feed outside the city until they have had their introductions? These were my reasons in asking to accompany you. To discover exactly how you will expect new arrivals to be dealt with."

Message 16 of 17 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger  Sent: 3/15/2004 1:14 PM

He waits patiently as she goes to prepare herself for an outing and is suprised upon her return...as best as he can remember this was the first time she had not been adorned in at least an off-the-rack dress, so for a change both Prince and Keeper appeared more like a casual couple than an ornately designed decoration. He gives her a smile that says he did not mind waiting at all for her. Their conversation turns to business as they drive and when they finally park in the semi-filled lot he ponders her question for just a brief moment...not searching for an answer but making sure that his choice in words will be appropriate.

Turning the engine off, he removes the keys and rests them in his lap. "I will not be taking residence in the Elysium; not disrespect meant to you nor the place itself, but I feel it is more important that I do not give the impression that I favor one member of our Camarilla council over another, or what one member can provide over another." He gives her this line instead of telling her flat out that Fishstix is nearly an impeneratrable fortress and provides safety beyond what she could provide. "Primogen members have the responsibilities of advising me,
dealing with internal clan politics and disputes, and...perhaps this needs to be made more clearer to them, the responsibilities of introducing new arrivals to me." He steps out and closes the door, then walking over and opening hers he leans on it and continues addressing her as she remains seated. "Each member I am certain will carry out the introductions in their own manner...simply informing me of the arrival of some and others will insist upon bringing them before me personally. All I ask of you, my Keeper, is to uphold the sanctity and quality of our Elysium." He extends his hand and helps her to her feet.

Slowly he looks up and down the street. Crowds filter this way and that moving as they do this time of year, as they continue the business of living. "This understanding of duties needs to be made implicit to the Primogen and please see that you let those that you encounter know full well of my wishes. And while we are on the subject of duties...a Harpy of the City needs to be placed as well, someone that can determine on a status basis what problems need to reach my desk, Briar's attention, and what can simply be dealt with at the Primogen level." He doesn't ask for a recommendation but surely he would listen should she give one. He reaches down and takes hold of her hand as they begin walking towards Malcom's Lair. "Now...we are searching for Ms. Blue and her friends...that shouldn't be that difficult should it?" he says almost laughing.

Message 17 of 17 in Discussion
From: MelodyLaCroix Sent: 3/15/2004 3:17 PM

His approach is one new to her ears, but also places a responsibility and trust in the Primogen. She listens intently to every word and takes his hand as he offers.

She nods her understanding of his wishes and makes a mental note to make sure that Sebastian is the very first one she encounters.

(going to start a new thread to bring this together)

Oh F-ing Hell What Now
Message 1 of 2 in Discussion
From: who_the_Hexx (Original Message) Sent: 3/16/2004 2:41 PM

He grins as Justice runs off to tend to her "girly habits'. He throws the pager back to the guy he lifted it off of earlier and takes off out and away from the compound. He notices with a grin that the normal trailers are well in place. That's ok, he'll use them to his advantage this time, they are definitly going to come in handy.

He stops short and stares, seemingly at absolutely nothing. But with a smile and a whoop of joy, he turns and takes off in the opposite direction. Oh yes yes yes yes, he is going to enjoy this one.

Message 2 of 2 in Discussion
From: who_the_Hexx Sent: 3/19/2004 12:26 PM

He moves through the streets, slinking in and out of shadows, darting between people. Making it look like he's actually trying to lose the idiots trailing him. He glances back and actually laughs as they dart back into the shadows around the buildings. Mal's really going to have to let Justice start training his people or something, this was ridiculous. He stops short in front of an electronics store where the screens all show the same thing a press conferance. He steps quickly into the shop as someone else exits and listens to the announcements being made. He watches till it's all over. He didn't miss the fact that the coroner was mentioned and then the statements made by Stevie boy's lawyer. He stands there for a few minutes after the tv flicks back to regular programming. So that was it, he was dead, or going to be soon.

Slowly, so very slowly, a smile spreads across his face. Ohhhh, perfect, absolutely perfect. As he thinks about everything he heard, he smiles even more. He couldn't have even imagined anything better. He grabs a woman standing next to him and kisses her full on her warm worn old lips. She beats him about the head as he kisses her. Finally he lets her go, with a wild whoop and dances out the door. He dances down the sidewalk, whistling "we're off to see the wizard".

On another floor of the Crown Royal
Message 1 of 7 in Discussion

Within moments, he is on the correct floor. He exits with the operator not saying a single word. He strides confidently up to the door of #934 and knocks gently.

Message 2 of 7 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel Sent: 3/11/2004 4:00 PM

Victoria stands, places the chair in perfect alignment to the desk, and checks for wrinkles in her clothing before heading toward the door. As she opens the door and looks into his face, she suppresses her look of surprise and forces it into a smile. "Mr. Vasile, I was not expecting you, please, come in." She pulls the door fully open and steps back to allow his entrance into the room.
He smirks as he steps into the room. Everything exactly in its place, even the luggage neatly stacked awaiting proper attention. He would love to just walk around and skew little pieces, just to see what her reaction would be. He resists the urge to do so right now, for now, the look of surprise on her face that she tried to hide so quickly was enough. "And a good evening to you Ms. deMarcel. You will forgive me for not greeting you in the lobby I am sure." It is not a question simply a statement. He turns as she closes the door and says, "I will not take up too much of your time this evening. I am sure you are looking forward to getting settled and exploring the city. I simply wished to greet you and extend an invitation to join me in my garden tomorrow evening. Unless there is something so pressing it requires discussion tonight?"

"Of course, your visit is a welcome one, Mr. Vasile, I too am looking forward to our formal meeting. I have nothing pressing that needs discussed this evening, I would not presume to take up your time on such a sort notice."

He smiles, "Short notice? Ms. deMarcel, we have been expecting you for some time. But I do have other matters to tend to. Enjoy the remainder of your evening. I will see you tomorrow eve, Whisper will come to escort you to the garden." He walks to the door, opening it even as he finishes speaking. He hears the hush of the elevator door opening and says, "The information you requested is arriving, I will leave you to it." Then he is simply gone, and the maids arrive at her door.

Victoria watches as he leaves, a bemused look on her face. He set the timing perfectly, in her opinion, giving her little time to think of the words exchanged as the maids enter the hall. She dives right into directing the maids toward the luggage and inspecting each outfit nodding if it goes into the wardrobe or shaking her head and saying it needs pressed. Mentally, she prioritizes things that need done and things she wants done as her maroon crushed velvet is drawn from a case.

"Wait, that one needs to be kept out. Set it in front of everything else."

Finally finished going through her clothing, she sends the maids on with the items needing pressed. She calls her chauffer and tells him to meet her at the door. Double checking the room, she tucks her card key into her pocket and heads toward the lobby.

"I have no doubt that everything I said this evening went unheeded, however I imagine I will have to learn to get used to that. I'm not so foolish as to not think that I am but a mere token on the," Kasymm speaks lower, "Board of Directors. I do hate that it is obvious that Steve's association with the company is going to be terminated. He has so much to offer the company not to mention insight into the mind of the one who....brought him into the business world. Oh well, our loss."

Gently urging Duncan to stand, she guides him around their table and toward the main part of the dining area. They make occasional stops here and there, addressing several of the city's officials as they dine with their wives (or mistresses) (or equal opportunity--male lovers). Cordial comments about the new construction on the East side, agreement about the shocking state of crime and apparent gang activity, and a bit of fawning on the beautiful garments worn by the ladies are the main topics of conversation until Duncan and Kasymm manage to make their way to the lobby.

Fortunately Kasymm has her arm through Duncan's as they begin to cross the room, or else the red headed woman who bursts through would surely have knocked them both down. "I'm sorry, Duncan. I didn't mean to practically pull your arm out of socket but a woman apparently was in a bit of a hurry." It is the color of the woman's hair that pinches a bit of memory for Kasymm. Even moreso, Kasymm remembers Nyah talking about the unbelievable red of the woman's hair who was involved in the confrontation in the alley. Kasymm turns to say something to Duncan, but stops when she sees a familiar face. Guiding Duncan toward the woman, Kasymm smiles. "Lilian, is that you?" She glances quickly up to get a better look at the redhead but Destiny has apparently moved toward the elevators and out of sight.
'Lilian, is that you?' A small blonde woman accompanied by a male stood still in front of her. It seems the man has lost his eyesight. The woman says it like they're old friends but haven't seen each other in a while. She could of course say once more she has no idea who Lilian Ramsey is, but right now that would be lying. She is probably this Lilian and an artist. Let's keep up appearances and maybe find something out this way.

'Good evening. How lovely to see you again!' For an innocent bystander knowing both persons this should be enough to make them blink twice. Lilian being this genuinely warm to Kasymm? Whatever is going on here.

Message 3 of 38 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed Sent: 2/24/2004 12:50 PM

Blinking more than twice is what he would be doing, had he eyes to blink with. The genuine emotion emanating from Lilian with that one sentence is enough to make anyone stand back and reevaluate. Perhaps she has simply gotten better at hiding her true emotion from her voice. But the undercurrent of confusion and relief at the same time, he heard in the timber of her voice gives him pause. He gently squeezes Kasymm's arm where his hand rests, a seemingly tender gesture, instead meant as a warning. Things are not as they seem. He moves his fingers gently on Kasymm's arm, imperceptible to others, to her a warning not to show the tiniest hint of surprise at what he is about to say. "Ms. Ramsey, what an unexpected delight. Did you and Ms. Harris have a business meeting here this evening?"

Message 4 of 38 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey Sent: 2/25/2004 4:54 AM

So that man also knows me. I must be living in this town, why otherwise do so many people know me? And Miss Harris. I knew a Samantha Harris once, but that was at boarding school. Besides it's a common name.

'Yes indeed an unexpected delight. Very nice to see you again as well. As a matter of fact I'm not meeting Miss Harris. I do not wish to be rude, but why would you expect me to meet with her tonight? Do you have an appointment with her?'

Maybe that's why he's here. Maybe I have an appointment with her. Maybe not. At the same time she says these things, she wonder if it's wise. Maybe she is an art supplier, a trusted associate of Xavier and for all she knows this man is someone else entirely and would not even dream of meeting this Miss Harris at all.

All the time she keeps on smiling, hoping that one of them casually mentions their own name.

Message 5 of 38 in Discussion
From: kasymm Sent: 2/26/2004 1:54 PM

Kaymm's jaws tightened in a strong attempt to keep a scowl from washing over her face. There was no outside evidence that Lilian's answer had surprised her but Kasymm was quite frankly stymied. Instead, she willed her eyes to remain light and casually moved to the sofa beside the chair where Lilian rested.

As Lilain looked at Duncan, Kasymm wondered just what reaction mentioning the name Alice might bring. She thinks of inadvertently mentioning the name when she again thanks her for her portrait.

Message 6 of 38 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed Sent: 3/1/2004 3:18 PM

Her voice betrays her utter lack of understanding. There is no undertones of anger, frustration, or really any other emotions when Lilian speaks.

He wonders for a moment.. if perhaps she better learned how to mask her feelings.. but Kasymm's reaction.. to leave his side and take a seat... tells him she is as confused as he...

Try something else he thinks... "No.. indeed.. I did not... I simply thought.. considering mutual business interests... that you might have been here to meet with her... It is not often one finds you out and about in the city.. Ms. Ramsey..... So forgive me if I seem to be prying into your business... I must simply admit a rather firm curiosity... What then.. was it that brought you to the Crown Royal Hotel?".. he wants to add...

of all places....

Considering the events of the past few evenings in Hidden Cove... the delicate balance.. and the cautious nature of the Lilian Ramsey that he remembers so well.... he cannot imagine what she would be doing in such close proximity to a Tzimsce...

Message 7 of 38 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey Sent: 3/1/2004 4:11 PM

Why is this man so curious to my presence here? Is it that unusual for me to be in a hotel like this? He's here is he not? What tells me that about him? And the way he says Crown Royal Hotel....

'Of course you may ask me that, it's not the kind of business to hide!' She says it warmly, clearly meant as a joke. Lilian is much more open, not cautious at all in her demeanour. 'I mean what else would an artist do in this hotel then create art?' What else do you expect me to do here
mister... both still hadn't mentioned their names. She continues 'The owner of the hotel' (she still hadn't managed to find out who that is...) 'asked me to paint a mural on one of the ballroom walls. I have just finished it last night.'

Message 8 of 38 in Discussion
From: KyleT-aye1 Sent: 3/2/2004 2:02 PM

“I need you to cover for me in McCaughlin’s class tonight Greg…yeah a hot date….Thanks man, I owe you one.” And with that I set the receiver back down in the cradle. Greg Myers owed me a few favors and I knew I could count on him to give me a complete set of notes from the class…like McCaughlin would teach anything that I didn’t already understand twenty times better then him. Myers’ was also one of those guys who thought first with his dick and would believe some bullshit story about blowing class off for a woman…I can imagine the look of shock on his face if he only knew. I sling the backpack over one shoulder, hanging freely with its weight of a laptop and other assorted electronic surveillance devices that would baffle any local airport security, and use my other arm to cradle the five sets of books that are past due at Hodge’s Library on campus.

I would have liked to have started an hour earlier but that’s just the way it is sometimes…a genius when it comes to balancing a budget and a fool around an alarm clock sometimes and I laugh stepping into the elevator. Cunningham’s VCR still blinked 12:00 the last time he revisited his sire; and it was almost incredible to believe that a Ventrue of his influence couldn’t either one determine how to program the machine or had not replaced it with the superior workings of a DVD player. As the doors open and a young couple steps onto the elevator, I simply smile being polite and turn my attention back to the purpose at hand.

A very quick spin past the campus to drop the books off and then turn the car towards the downtown business center and Lorgadh Clar. I have been looking into the company for nearly as long as I have been embraced and still I’m no further along then the day I started. It was a test, or so I thought at first by Mr. Cunningham, but the more I search, the deeper I dig and feel the pushing back upon me the more I question the true purpose of this investigation. Cunningham didn’t give me any clues or assistance and at first I thought it was simply because he wanted me to do this on my own, prove my investigative talents but now…it’s like he’s as clueless as I am.

The hustle and bustle of the lobby fills the elevator as the doors open and I start to cross the ornate lobby of the Crown Royal. The pleasures of this lifestyle…something I thank my parents for every passing night. As I try to sidestep a diligent bellhop I accidentally bump into a frumpy elderly couple and their teacup poodle sending my collection of borrowed books to the floor. I quickly apologize and start gathering my books up off the marble floor to discover that one, Troxel’s “Government Works: Profiles of People Making a Difference”, has escaped the fall and slid across the glossy coat of the floor upon its hardbound cover. My eyes follow the path it took until I see it resting at a stop, apparently the path of travel stopped by the dress shoe of a man standing in conversation. I shake my head and make my way towards the two ladies and the man who deserves an apology. “Forgive my clumsiness.” I say realizing I now should apologize for interrupting them as I knell down to retrieve my book.

Message 9 of 38 in Discussion
From: kasymm Sent: 3/2/2004 3:58 PM

Against the dark maroon of the chair that Lilian sat in, her aura contrasted sharply. Kasymm watched the dance of color, shifting from one to another as Lilian's mind worked. A quick glance passed from Kasymm to Duncan before Kasymm gently reached out and laid a hand on Lilian's arm. "Lilian." Kasymm spoke to her but said nothing else until she was sure that she had Lilian's attention. Once Lilian's eyes met Kasymm's, Kasymm's darkened and she once again spoke softly. "I believe that you might want to take a walk with us, Lilian....with Duncan and I. Once outside, I believe you will wish to accompany us further....I know this because I am Kasymm, your friend. But I need not tell you that, do I?" As Kasymm's eyes darken even more, she watches as colors begin to take a pattern, particularly from dark blue to light blue.

Having told Lilian to go to Nikolas for his services, Kasymm is already getting an inkling of what may have happened. After all, it would seem that Lilian remembers nothing other than working on the ballroom. "I need not tell you that, right........Alice?"

Kasymm's gaze is broken as a young person suddenly interrupts them, reaching for a book that has slid into the area between Duncan and herself.

Message 10 of 38 in Discussion
Sent: 3/2/2004 5:00 PM
This message has been deleted by the author.

Message 11 of 38 in Discussion
Sent: 3/3/2004 11:02 AM
This message has been deleted by the manager or assistant manager.
The blonde woman suddenly makes sense. Of course I will follow you outside. What else would have reason right now. She is about to stand up, when suddenly it's like someone opens up the sky and lets the sun shine once again. Follow her. What the hell? She knew what was going on here. She shouldn't be here indeed. Apparently these persons knew very well who she was etc. She had mentioned a name but it didn't seem relevant information so she couldn't remember. It sounded not English though. But Alice! She clearly said Alice. Her arm still leaning on mine, but she is not looking anymore that man, with the book. He interrupted it! Well he sort of saved me. She called me Lilian first, but now Alice. She knows! She knows I'm Alice and not this Lilian Ramsey. And she knows what's going on, but with evil intentions. She stands up and wants to remove Kasymm's arm, (OOC: I'm not sure how tight your grip is) ready to get away from these persons as soon as possible.

He listens to Kasymm's voice and recognizes control being exerted when he hears it... he should...
The sound of books being dropped and the steady slide of one across the floor.. then it's gente bump into his foot.. He moves it slightly away from him with his cane... as the young man moves to retrieve it..
He says.. as he hears the young man begin to straighten up... "There is no need to apologize.. the pursuit of knowledge is a worthy undertaking by any standard..."
He turns his face toward the two women and says... "Kasymm.. perhaps you and Lilian should go on to the car.. I will be there momentarily..."

He surveys the lobby as he steps off the elevator, looking for Whisper. He had set her about many tasks this evening. His eyes take in every detail, every person, looking for hers and taking stock of those that pass here this evening.
It is the gathering across the room that catches and holds his attention. He moves in that direction as a young man drops all his books and one goes sliding to the feet of McCloed. He pauses for a moment, watching the young man move to retrieve them.
After a few minutes of observation, he closes the distance between them and smiling he says, "Well. well, what a pleasure. Mr. McCloed, Ms. Barbeoux, a good evening to you again." He has already seen Lilian, but he feigns surprise, "And Ms. Channing, a pleasure to see you again so soon."
He bends down and picks up one of the books the young man had dropped, he glances at the title, then holds it out to him. He takes a quick look at the rest of the titles in his hand and perks an eyebrow. Let's just see how this plays out.

Any connection that Kasymm had with Lilian was lost. It was even apparent in Lilian's eyes as what seemed to be a look of relief washed over her. Kasymm could not speak directly in front of the lad who now stood with them but something told her that she needed to get Lilian out of the Crown Royal and right now.
As she begins to stand while Duncan speaks with the young man, she reaches for the book only to see a pair of well-polished shoes approaching across the marbled floor. She has no doubt as to whom the immaculate shoes and deep creased pants belong to, so she is not surprised when she looks up and sees Nikolas. However, Kasymm is more than surprised when she hears him call Lilian, Ms. Channing. Her eyes quickly dart to Duncan as she wonders if he is wondering the same thing as she.

I am making a total ass of myself I can just imagine. First I create this scene, then as I reach down to retrieve the Troxel text between these people obviously engaged in conversation the book moves; not by itself mind you but with the urging from the cane and just as I shift balance a second time to pick it up I see it moving past me as another man lifts it in his hand and takes a look see. I look up to see the books rescuer and notice the slight arch in his brow. Carefully I shift the weight of the backpack as it rests on one shoulder and slip the books I managed to hold on to into that hand after the gentleman has also taken note of them with their assorted titles and subjects dealing with economic theories.

I steady my weight due to the off-centered backpack before taking the book offered to me. “Thank you sir.” I say and turn to the other three persons standing about now in this little accident. “And excuse me once again. Ladies…gentlemen.” And no matter how much I try I cannot help myself but to stare, even for the briefest of moments at the face belonging to the man with the cane. FINCEN doesn’t produce many field spooks but we all have a knack for listening and remembering items that seem to be relatively important and this was one of those times.
The shorter of the two women had called someone in the group Duncan as I stepped forward and now the gentleman who had come after me had addressed the same man as Mr. McCloed. I tuck the Troxel text with the other four books and take my eyes away from directly taking in the features of this man. There seems to be enough polite tension brewing here that my presence might have only created more of a problem. But I can't just help the strange coincidence. “Yes sir, the pursuit of knowledge is a worthy task but I hope I do not have to continue chasing it across the lovely floors of this hotel. Thank you once again.” I say with a nod and give a smile to the others as I turn and start heading out towards the valet stand.

Message 17 of 38 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey Sent: 3/3/2004 4:40 PM

Mr McCloed. Mr. Duncan McCloed and Ms Barbeoux . She was quite positive she had never heard the names before. It's like the atmosphere in the room changes now that Nikolas is present. The man from last night. The man who complimented her, who was a guest here and the man who had something to do with the picture she made of a face that kept haunting her in darkest domains of her mind. Well at least now 'Ms' Barbeoux couldn't force her to do anything. At least she assumed this much since she and that Mr. McCloed suddenly just sat and stood there as if nothing was the matter. She could kiss the clumsy man for breaking the spell. Maybe he had saved her from some unknown peril.
And she looks very relieved towards Nikolas, because he would surely prevent anymore action. (she hoped. There is always the change of a bigger conspiracy here. OOC: can you say paranoid?)
She does watch the reaction on Kasymm's face when she hears her being called Ms Channing. She is not sure how to interpret it though. No hint of emotion. SHE could check her aura but that cost so much time to concentrate, she was too stressed for that right now. Maybe she should just wait how this game is being played out. The dark man and our two strangers clearly know each other.

Message 18 of 38 in Discussion

(ever get the feeling you're wading in quicksand?... let's not all speak at once.. LOL)

He takes a step back as it seems suddenly... there is far too much movement around the floor.... near his feet... He smiles at the comment by the young(?) man.... Young surely... but by kindred standards... certainly not by mortal ones... It is always the voice that gives them away.... The entrance of Vasile is pure timing..... Was he watching from the numerous video cameras.... and decided to step in?... (now who's paranoied.. lol) The fact that he calls Lilian.. Ms. Channing.. leaves him no doubt that this hotel is a very very dangerous place for Lilian to be at this moment....
From the fact that Lilian and Kasymm are not already up and moving... he would take it that young man with the books had broken whatever momentary hold Kasymm had over Ms. Ramsey....
He waits as the young man walks away.. then says... "If you will excuse us.. Mr. Vasile.. we were just offering to escort... Ms. Ramsey... to her art gallery... she had promised to show me several of her exquisite pieces this evening... "
He leans heavily on his cane.. and says... "Lilian.. if you would care to take my arm... Kasymm can lead the way to the car..." He turns his face toward Vasile.. and says... "Good evening..."
He isn't sure this plan is going to work worth a damn.. but it is at the very least.. worth the ol' college try...

Message 19 of 38 in Discussion

She felt the limosine slow to a stop and crushed out the unsmoked cigarette. The chauffer opens the door and offers her his hand, which she accepts and steps out of the limo in a single fluid movement of grace. Her style is subtle elegance, her crimson dress cut just enough to accentuate, her silver jewelry is not shiny, but muted, appearing as though decorative tattoos done in taste. Money slides from her gloved hand into the chauffer's as she approaches the doors.

She steps into the lobby, noting the lack of mirrors gratefully as she walks up to the desk. "I believe you have a reservation for me, my name is Victoria deMarcel."

Message 20 of 38 in Discussion
From: Whisper_RafastioSent: 3/5/2004 2:33 PM

Michael watched the whole scene reprovingly. He motioned for one of the valets to assist the guest immediately, so that he would cause no further disturbance to the other guests. He turned his attention to the new guest at the desk and smiled his most disarming, charming smile, "Absolutely Ms. deMarcel. Welcome to Hidden Cove and the Crown Royal Hotel." He does not bother to ask for identification, nor does he have to check the computers for this particular reservation. She was one of the few that he committed to memory.
He slides her pass card across the counter to her and says, "Here is your key, you will be in Room 934." He snaps his fingers and a valet moves swiftly to her side. "Jerald will be happy to assist you with any luggage you may have. If there is anything else I can help you with, please do not hesitate to contact me, simply dial 99 on any hotel phone to reach me directly. Is there anything else I can do for you right now?"

Under the counter, far from sight, Michael presses a small button, alerting Whisper that a guest Mr. Vasile has been expecting has arrived.
She was taking care of business in her office when she saw the tiny pinprick of light out of the corner of her eye. She stood up and moved swiftly out the door. She glanced at the desk, noticed the woman, then moved toward Nikolas. She stopped just behind and to the left of him. He knew she was there, when he was ready, he would acknowledge her.

Message 21 of 38 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel Sent: 3/8/2004 3:04 PM

Victoria smiles as she takes the card, "Thank you."

She turns to Jerald, "My luggage was brought in by my chauffer," she motions toward a rather large, neatly stacked luggage cart. "I apologize for the inconvenience, I've packed for an extended visit."

Message 22 of 38 in Discussion
From: Nikolas_Vasile Sent: 3/8/2004 3:54 PM

He 'feels' the presence of Whisper behind him and smiles as McCloed wishes him a good evening. Ramsey, Channing, whatever she is going by tonight looks like a deer caught in the headlights. He doesn't let on that he knows anything is remiss. Perhaps she is simply Lilian once again and has remembered everything that happened and that explains her expression. If that is not the case, she certainly has made no attempt to enlist any help. He smiles at the three of them and says, "And a very fine evening to each of you."

He turns away from them and continues to walk across the lobby, Whisper follows obediently, then steps up beside him and speaks quietly in his ear.

He nods and says something just as quiet to her, then he turns and begins to head toward the restaurant.

Message 23 of 38 in Discussion
From: Whisper_Rafastio Sent: 3/9/2004 10:42 AM

Jerald smiles at her and says, "No inconvenience at all madam. We often have guests here for extended visits. I think it's the magic of the Cove that captures them, makes 'em not want to leave."

He notices the reproving glance of Michael and says, "If you will follow me madam, I'll show you to your room. The porters will follow momentarily with your luggage." He moves and motions toward the elevator.

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Whisper moves into the office and pulls out a piece of hotel stationary. She begins to pen the note in silence. When she is finished, she folds it in half, places it in an envelope, seals the envelope, writes a room number on the outside and places it in the out-box on her desk. She stands and leaves the office again, she steps over to the desk in the lobby. She watches the three across the way, as she speaks in quiet murmurs to Michael about hotel business.

Message 24 of 38 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel Sent: 3/9/2004 4:14 PM

She smiles at him as she follows him to her room, "Well, that is a relief. I'm not familiar with the magic of this place, just yet, but I'm looking forward to discovering it. Are there several points of interest, or is it just one of those places that draw people?"

Message 25 of 38 in Discussion
From: Whisper_Rafastio Sent: 3/10/2004 11:44 AM

He takes her card key and opens the door to her suite for her. He remembers Michael's look and decides it may not be a good plan to earn the ire of the concierge, so he simply says, "I am sure that Michael could give you excellent recommendations for places to visit during your stay here."

He shows her all the rooms in the suite as the porters bring in her luggage. He says, "Will you be needing any assistance to stow things away madam? If so, I'll be sure to send some up, otherwise, if that's all?"

Message 26 of 38 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel Sent: 3/10/2004 12:32 PM

"Very well, I shall speak with him about the local sights, I shall require someone for unpacking, and quite possibly pressing." She presses a folded $20 into his hand, " I believe that is all, thank you."

She steps into the room after he returns her card, and begins inspecting the suite. Mentally, she begins taking notes. Heavy drapes blocking out all light, plenty of room for small meetings, well-maintained, no dust, bathroom spotless, the mirror-less wall beautifully decorated rather than being a blank wall, large bureau and closet space, as well as the necessary power source, phone connections, and sufficient space on the desk for her business needs.
She sits at the desk and picks up the phone, setting herself into her business mode, she calls her contact, receiving the voice mail, she leaves a message that she has made it safely to Hidden Cove and gives the room number to contact. She sits for a moment, eyes closed, allowing herself to relax, then dials 99. "Yes, I would like information on the local sights and interests as well as a subscription to the local business news and Wall Street Journal as quickly as possible."

**Message 27 of 38 in Discussion**
**From: Whisper_Rafastio** Sent: 3/11/2004 11:36 AM

Michael answers swiftly with a "This is Michael, how may I be of assistance, Ms. deMarcel?" He listens to her requests and says, "Absolutely Ms. deMarcel, I will send the information up immediately along with the young ladies that will assist you in your unpacking. Anything you need pressed, simply send down with them and it will be returned to you within the hour. I do hope that everything in your suite is satisfactory, is there anything else I could assist you with?"

**Message 28 of 38 in Discussion**
**From: Victoria_deMarcel** Sent: 3/11/2004 3:53 PM

"Wonderful. I found everything in pristine order and condition, please relay my compliments to your efficient staff." She hears someone knock on her door, "if you will excuse me, that will be all for the moment, I must attend to business."

**Message 29 of 38 in Discussion**
**From: LilianRamsey** Sent: 3/13/2004 3:49 PM

He didn't do anything. She stood nailed to the ground. Was she simply to go along with these people? What are you thinking Alice? Why would that man help you, simply because he's the only face around here that you recognise? You don't even know what from! And that Kasymm woman tried very strange means if they simply wanted to have a nice chat with her. 'Mr. McCloed, tell me one simple reason why I should go with you. Is it that unusual to find me here in this place? Apparently you don't want me here for some reason or another. I think it's best if you would continue to mind your OWN business and leave that of mine out of it! It sounds sort of aggressive in a cold way, but deep down it's sheer panic.

**Message 30 of 38 in Discussion**
**From: kasymm** Sent: 3/13/2004 5:22 PM

Kasymm resists both the urge to shake her head in disbelief and its accompanying urge to grab Lilian and push her hair back from her brow. There was little doubt the mark was gone. There was little doubt that Nikolas had done what was expected of him. There was also little doubt that he had also been able to get much more from his treatment with Lilian than the woman thought she would give up. What fools the Toreadore were. Now the woman stands foolishly before them completely unable or unwilling to see the obvious. Kasymm's patience was gone.

She slips her hand beneath Duncan's arm and speaks softly. "It is obvious that we are mistaken, my dear, for this woman obviously is not our acquaintance." She forces a smile as she looks at Lilian. "Our sincere apology. It's just that you look so much like someone we once knew it is incredible. Again, please excuse or mistake. I feared you were confused when obviously it was me."

She begins to steer Duncan to the side. "Come, Duncan. I fear we shall be late for the visit we planned." As they move from the sullen woman, Kasymm whispers to Duncan. "We must consider how to deal with Lilian carefully....or if we even should interfere any longer. After all, she resists our help when she is herself...why should she want it now? Perhaps this is just a coward's way of telling us to stay out of her business," She glances briefly back in Lilian's direction. "Perhaps, she is actually where she intended to be all along...and who she wanted to be. If I didn't know better I'd be searching out the Malk rat in the woodshed."

**Message 31 of 38 in Discussion**
**From: DuncanMcCloed** Sent: 3/15/2004 9:28 AM

He nods and allows Kasymm to lead him away....He listens as she goes over all the possibilities of what Lilian could be up to.... He shakes his head and says... "Whatever Lilian is up to, it is an even more dangerous path she walks...." He smiles a small sad smile at Kasymm and says... "But who would we be to ever judge another's chose path..." He leans heavily on his cane with each step and says... "At least for now.. we have done all we can.. and I will not interefere again... I do not know what else I might have expected.. but that certainly was not it..."

He straightens up a bit and says... "Well then.. shall we go.. I believe I have kept you to myself long enough this evening.... Shall we go see what other things have changed...?"
He steps off the elevator again and watches as McCloed and the former prince walk away from Lilian. He smiles, oh yes, things are coming together perfectly. Now if only her assistant will perform in his role, things will slip nicely into place. He moves across the lobby once again, his face melting into a mask of concern, his voice filled with it as he approaches Lilian and says quietly, "Ms. Channing? Are you quite alright?"

Wait a minute! I am getting crazy here?! First they insist on taking me with them and now when I confront them with why they suddenly refuse. That Kasymm even seems offended! My God they are not best friends that i'm turning down are they?

this was just too confusing. And now the other man is back. 'Yes I'm fine, of course why wouldn't I be?' The way she says it with a lump in her throat and the lost sheep look all over her clearly state she means the exact opposite.

'You are going to think that I'm crazy, but could you please tell me if you have ever seen or met me before we had that conversation about the paintings in the ballroom?'

Inwardly he smiles, the look on his face is confusion. He says, "It is as I told you yesterday evening, I thought I knew you. But you informed me your name was Alice Channing. Tonight, others address you as Ms. Ramsey. Perhaps we should take a seat in the restaurant, somewhere quiet and out of the way. You can tell me what is going on and I can attempt to help you to put some of the pieces together. Would this be acceptable?"

'Yes of course!' She should have said that more controlled. Now it was clear how desperate she really felt right now. At least this man had a sense of trust hanging around him. He felt like the safest person to tell about what's happening.

They sit down in the restaurant. 'Ok you are going to think I have completely lost my mind and maybe I did, but apparently everybody around me thinks I'm this Lilian Ramsey and I even have some clues that I might be, but I am very sure that I am Alice Channing! That's too crazy for words right? I have all the memories, I just don't remember coming to this hotel, but until say a week ago I know exactly what's been happening in my life.'

She looks at him for a second and then continues. 'But you also mistook me for Lilian Ramsey. Suppose I really am her and she is me, were, are we friends?'

She does not say a single word that he had not already guessed. But his expression remains one of his own sort of confusion and wanting to assist her in any way he can. The question is, what will he do. This is a prime opportunity one would believe to twist things and supplant memories. Ah, but he is much more intelligent than that. So, when he speaks again he says, "Well, I honestly must say that as far as I was aware, you are Lilian Ramsey. And I would like to believe that we were becoming friends, yes. Let me tell you what I know about you."

He goes on to detail the fact that she is a gallery owner, their encounters dealing with art, even his suggestion to McCloed that she be appointed his Seneschal, some time ago. He tells her about requesting that she do the mural in the ballroom. He gives her only facts, nothing of feelings or how she reacted, nothing of his motivations, just a recalling of things that have happened. Finally he comes to their most recent interaction. He says, "Recently, after you began work on the ballroom, I received a call from the Prince at the time, Ms. Kasym Barbeoux, with whom you were conversing in the lobby. She informed me that you had had a mark placed upon you by the Tremere. A dreadful thing, surely a way for them to twist you to whatever means they deemed necessary. She asked me to assist you in it's removal."

It is clear on his face that he is very concerned about this woman sitting next to him at the table. He says, "The Camarilla has come to power in Hidden Cove, with a Tremere Prince. Considering all that has happened, I am very concerned for you. But you were a citizen of the city..."
long before I came to reside here. I would suggest that you go to other residents for information, but I am concerned as to what danger that may place you in as well. Should they discover your memory loss or should the Tremere discover that their tricks worked. I would not keep you here, nor do I have any desire to trick you. But all things considered, I am concerned for you."

Message 37 of 38 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey  Sent: 3/21/2004 7:06PM

She tries to listen and remember all he is saying, but it's so much and so completely unpersonal. It's simply hard to belief. It would explain why she remembers his face somehow. He's probably the only person she saw during that memory loss. But the Tremere? She never had problems with Tremere, let alone met them! And apparently this Kasymm was Prince and tried to help her but that doesn't seem right with this night's events. And Seneschal? She was the Seneschal? She must have lost decennia full of memories.

It suddenly felt so completely unfair! She didn't even know anymore what it was or why they did this to her. And now she was supposed to put all this effort in getting her life back, but I remember so much. So many other things. How can this be? She buries her head in her hands for a moment, not sure if she wants to cry or simply sink through the floor and being engulfed by the earth.

Come on Alice be strong! You've lived through so many ordeals, this one only adds to the list. She straightens herself, runs her fingers through her hair and looks at Nikolas once more. The whole way she moves is more free, more relaxed, younger than Nikolas knows her. 'So in short the Tremere did this to me and the Tremere hold the power right now? There must be other factions. You included? Where we planning anything against them? Oh and what's your name, I do believe you haven't yet mentioned it. And this Kasymm is she on my side or not? Tonight she seemed hostile, but what you tell me she tried to help?'

Boy apparently Lilian's famous rambling is nothing compared to how she used to be...

Message 38 of 38 in Discussion
From: Nikolas_Vasile  Sent: 3/22/2004 11:19AM

He watches her, as he plays each and every card. His face a mask hiding the truth of any real feelings he has. Only showing concern for her and sadness at her 'condition'. He reaches out to touch her back as she buries her head in her hands. When she straightens up again and begins firing off questions, he yanks his hand back as if he has been burned and looks shocked. Inside, he is on the verge of overpowering laughter, but not a hint of that shows on his face. Only the shock and dismay at her sudden revelations is what he shows her.

He stares at her as if to make sure he heard her right, then he slowly shakes his head. He looks at her again and says, "I am afraid I cannot help you. I have told you all I know. You and I, we, were barely acquainted, why in the world would I be helping you to plan something against the Tremere. You came to me for assistance, with the blessing of the former Prince, I helped you all I could. What I know now is that Ms. Barbeoux, handed over the city to a Tremere Prince, then took on the position of Brujah Primogen. Were I in your position, I would be wondering exactly what her motivations were in helping me to begin with, and what her motivations may be now. I would suggest to you, Ms. Ramsey that you return to your gallery and attempt to find some person you can trust to assist you in picking up the pieces of your former life, without revealing that you do not know what has happened." Sadness creases his face once again as he says, "I would help you, but I have not known you long enough to be able to help you to put all the pieces together." He stands and says, "And were I you, I would be much more discrete in asking what might be considered volatile questions, lest you find yourself asking the wrong people, unknowingly. Good evening and good luck to you, Ms. Ramsey." He moves from the chair, pushes it back into the table and begins to walk away.

A Night Excursion
Message 1 of 1 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel  Sent: 3/22/2004 1:37 PM

She smiles at her chauffeur as she slides into the limo, "Thank you, Davin, I wish to go to the corner of Wolfe Avenue and Batsmore Street."

She watches as he bows to her and closes the door and closes her eyes to listen to the city around her wisk by. She wonders who she might meet, hoping she will be able to avoid the scene of the grotesquely named bar not far from her destination. Quietly, she hums the old lullaby her grandmother would sing to her, feeling her nerves relax within their shell.

Meanwhile @ Harris Inc.
Message 1 of 6 in Discussion
From: PDCassidy  Sent: 2/18/2004 1:20 PM

The bitter coldness of the night's air had given way to the comfort of the expansive room they were now in; sprawling was too small of an adjective to fully give it justice and while spartan in character it still provided the creature comforts that she felt she was deserving of. They were a picture of lust, love, and agony as they held each other tightly, finding those familiar embraces, touches, and sensations; before them out the window stretched Hidden Cove's night and the promise for the future while on the bed resided the primal nature of the present, the never-ending now.
It was a combination of noises and sensations that brought on my memories; the relief as the trappings of the suit jacket fell off my shoulders, the teasing nature of our tongues as we kissed, and finally the dull thud of her heels upon the floor as they slipped off her feet, her hand clutching the nap of his neck. It first started as a tingle, the warmth of my skin nothing more than a reaction to my surroundings and the moment but slowly it was more...a smell, or rather lack of a smell. Her perfume that seemed almost able to provide all of a man's nourishment had escaped my awareness as her touch clashed with mine, cold and filled with a unGodly nothingness. We pressed on, lost in the pause of the present, lost in our own passions. No words came to us, and for that matter no other sounds as I felt, slowly at first and then increasing as my panic and awareness came on faster, all alone...trapped in a prison constructed of my greatest fears; pure lack of anything.

Her whispered desires became a jumble of noise and misconstrued wants to my mind; no matter how hard I wanted to feel what was here before me I was at a loss and the harder I pressed the more difficult it became to separate the visions from the reality that was this world. A blinding light struck me behind my closed eyes, the smell of smoke overcame me, and an intense mixture of jealousy and abandonment filled every remaining sensation. He knew the only escape was to admit defeat to the unseen force. Slowly his hands drifted across Samantha's body and came to rest upon her shoulders. Even lost in the moment it didn't take much force to separate him from her kiss and with a lost look in his eyes he just watched her.

"I ah..." I start to stutter and anticipate her bewildered reaction. Her beauty to his eyes is something more than he had ever seen before, something within her elevated her to the beauty of the angels. "I..." and I shake my head again wondering how, why..."I've missed you Samantha." and his voice sounds like a child, nervous and without mature confidence. He tries to correct that sound and continues..."What I ment was...I saw you everywhere...in my sleep...awake...I love you." and the tone of his voice rises and falls like a complicated song, finally ending not in the eruption of joy that such as statement should but rather in a dull, gray, heartless finale...and for some reason I know its Wednesday.

Message 2 of 6 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey Sent: 3/18/2004 4:45 PM

‘Hush, my sweet boy.’ Sams lips almost touch his right ear. The fact he seems nervous, doesn’t know what to do, says in a highschool like manner he loves her, turns her on even more. Nothing exists right now but for him. She starts opening the buttons of his shirt, one by one, playfully, looking at him naughty but at the same time 'don't you dare walk away from me now'. With a single motion she throws down the little straps of her dress, making it fall down on the floor. She steps out of it and before he knows it she is right on top of him on the comfortable but quite low bed. As she has him lying under her, she has to restrain herself from digging her nails into his shoulders. Why she suddenly has this urge she doesn’t really understand, it never was her thing to take things rough, but who cares anyway? She kisses him once more so passionately that as he rolls over and pulls away, she's got nothing for him. Even his fingerprints on the sheets she didn’t really care as she was so lost in her own memories she didn’t even notice that he was already out there either. Asking for more, sighing loudly. However, her insatiable appetite only makes him more determined to push her away and make her feel as empty as possible. "I..." he whispers so low. "I want to...I want to make you..." and as he takes the chance to breathe, he pulls his hand away from her nape of his neck. It first started as a tingle, the warmth of my skin nothing more than a reaction to my surroundings and the moment but slowly it was more...a smell, or rather lack of a smell. Her perfume that seemed almost able to provide all of a man's nourishment had escaped my awareness as her touch clashed with mine, cold and filled with a unGodly nothingness. We pressed on, lost in the pause of the present, lost in our own passions. No words came to us, and for that matter no other sounds as I felt, slowly at first and then increasing as my panic and awareness came on faster, all alone...trapped in a prison constructed of my greatest fears; pure lack of anything.

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Her eyes play with his features seeming to swallow him in one glance much like her kiss engulfs his very soul. Her confidence unbreakable as her hands seemingly rip away one button after another leaving him almost quivering to her cold touch. As she allows her dress to slip to the floor the primal memory comes forward and she swallows hard at the beauty before him. Slamming him back down on the bed, she rests her body upon him and for a split moment the sensation of the duality of the situation becomes very apparent as his heart races, pounding against the muscle of his chest while her body filled remains silent and still. She continues her kisses, tracing the line of his body, until he himself almost erupts and his hands reach down pulling her body back up, face to face and he rolls his nude form upon hers. An act they had played out before, literally a lifetime ago, and like lifelong lovers they discover exactly what it is they adore about each other, those touches they lust for, the covetous caresses that bring life and energy with each wave of passion. There is true love here but something more...something animalistic and hungry, pain and pleasure...soft and gentle for a moment and then rough and greedy as they each share in commanding the other's body and senses. She brings him to the point of climax only to push him back down to begin the entire process over and each time he relishes the opportunity to once again explore her being. Time and the world beyond his perception means nothing at this moment but slowly it was more...a smell, or rather lack of a smell. Her perfume that seemed almost able to provide all of a man's nourishment had escaped my awareness as her touch clashed with mine, cold and filled with a unGodly nothingness. We pressed on, lost in the pause of the present, lost in our own passions. No words came to us, and for that matter no other sounds as I felt, slowly at first and then increasing as my panic and awareness came on faster, all alone...trapped in a prison constructed of my greatest fears; pure lack of anything.

The bed while enormous for a single person was should still have provided ample room for any physical exercise still was apparently not sufficient for us as we find ourselves on the floor, sheet pulled from the bed wrapping us like a shroud, the cool sensation of exhaustion set-ting on my body. There is silence as I hold her, her back pressed against my chest, and I rest my head upon her shoulder. As indescribable as it was, my mind fixates upon a single powerful moment and the complete rush of emotion slams against my being like a cannon against my body. For one incredible fleeting moment I saw life and death, felt the complete cycle pass through me and out of me, utter being and unlimited nothingness. It was like we were one, giving a life for another, and in that passing glance I saw God and wondered why he would do this...why allow us to glimpse what perfect is, what we could be and know, and then take it all away just as quickly as it came and in return grant us nothing but weakness. I allow the moment to pass and open my eyes to see her looking back over her shoulder and I smile...for the first time Samantha shows a mortal trait, her perfectly coifed hair is disheveled.
Slowly my senses return and now the pain left replaces the passing pleasure. Small rivulets of blood slowly trace down tracks left upon my back and I can feel the warm wet viscous blood from my chest meshing our flesh together. Her power something more unexpected than first imagined and while I never feared it was very much like a lion playing with a deer. I place a small kiss upon the back of her shoulder and lean back myself. My eyes looking at the thin trails left upon my chest from her fingernails and I can not help but trace them with my own hands as I look about. My pants are left at the end of the bed where they were removed, the dress shirt tossed like a used rag across the room, yet one item lays open in the middle of the cavernous room, the passport. A life that saved me and brought me back here and I smile...now not a smile so much of pleasure but of purpose, complete adoration in the concept of second-chances. I feel her stir against me and allow her; man and woman, Kindred and Mortal, and yet something more between us.

"I do have plans this evening." I tell her...my stare focused beyond the bed to the windows looking out onto Hidden Cove, my voice almost from elsewhere...and I'm getting used to it; placing the emotions separate from the life when the times call for it. Elizabeth didn't understand and it cost her...I have a feeling Samantha might have a deeper understanding of me...or so I tell myself in hope.

Message 4 of 6 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey    Sent: 3/21/2004 5:17 PM

Sam is still savouring the moment when Cassidy speaks out loud. Now why does he have to ruin this moment? She caresses his naked body and can't help but trace the little bloody marks she left on him. She never knew how close pain and love actually were. Her head still beneath his, she looks at him out of the corner of her eye. It's a look of a predator, but also a look of surprise.

'You are kidding right? What plans do you have? You found me tonight, isn't that enough for you?' She says it on a playful tone, throwing him quite a naughty look. 'Or do you have plans to a) take revenge on Allie, b) take revenge on Lilian or c) wipe out my office right here in Hidden Cove? I must apologise for my single-mindedness.'

Suddenly she has managed to sit on his chest once more and hold him down. 'Because no matter how crazy I am about you, you do have some explaining to do.' Bending close to one of his ears she whispers sweetly. 'And did you really think I would just let you walk out of here after we finally found out each other? I don't think so.' She playfully nimbles on his earlobe.

Message 5 of 6 in Discussion
From: PDCassidy    Sent: 3/24/2004 8:57 PM

I was reaching out to grab the dress pants from the floor when she forced me by suprise back down. The sound that rushes out of my mouth was uncontrollable as my air filled lungs forced their contents out and left me gasping for the briefest of moments. They were powerful, Kindred, more so than even some of them might realize and she was correct in assuming that there was still unfinished business between us but she was mistaken about one item. I feel her teeth against the drupe of my ear and like quicksilver the image of a shark feasting on a seal comes to mind as the sensation mixes with the previous feeling of her fingers tracing the blood drawn from my chest. I slip my hands down to her narrow waist and with surprisingly little effort roll her off of me...a simple continuation of her lean and a more dramatic effort to regain my respiration. Everything about her, her touch, smell, slight hum of her words...the glorious beauty amplified by Kindred attributes all tell me that every man in the world would trade places with me right this moment but as I said earlier...she was mistaken about one item; she was going to let me walk right out of here.

I stand and I've reached down and grabbed the pants from the floor by the time she has come back to face the world and myself properly. "Samantha..." I say, the voice empty of emotion and sensitivity, "You and I both know well enough that whatever vengance there is to place at the altar of Allie Gharston and Lilian Ramsey will be handed down by death's own right hand maid...yourself" and I pull my pants up, "And as for your precious little office in Paris, those people were obstructing me and worse we lying to you..." I zip them up and finish the statement before moving over to where she had tossed my shirt..."I'm sure you can replace them with much better resources if you haven't already." I give her the look now...the one that says yes we do know a lot about each other don't we lover.

Without looking I reach down and swipe the shirt off the floor with one hand and hold my other hand up to stop her from talking...to let her know it's still my turn. "You're going to let me walk out of here tonight because there is someone else I have to see..." and I slip my arms into the shirt and slowly start walking towards her. "And before you ask, no I do not need you to come with me to see Ms. Ramsey's personal assistant...and yes it is something important that I need to see to..." and I button the shirt up as I stand before her. "No, I'm not going to tell you what it is yet..." and I reach down and take her finely manicured hand in mine and help her to her feet, allowing my gaze to take in her form one more time before leaving. "But I will be back before sunrise..." and a place a soft kiss upon her cheek, "...and I'll answer any questions you have then..." and my voice lightens up tremendously as I turn to leave..."all of them love."

Message 6 of 6 in Discussion
From: LilianRamsey    Sent: 3/26/2004 1:13 PM

This guy is amazing! Everytime she thought she knew him, he changed slightly. Adapted. For a mortal he was so strong of character. He was fully aware of what happened to her and his simple emotionless statement about Paris turns her on incredibly. My oh my what a naughty boy. Well he hadn't survived until now for nothing. She had been a fool earlier thinking he needed protection. Indeed she wanted to know everything about it. And about his plans. Talking to Lilian's new PA eh? Maybe he had a nice surprise for her in store. Like Lilian's head on a platter, or maybe even something better.

Oh yes he did deserve to walk away! Wow. And he would be back! When he walks into the elevator she keeps looking after him filled with nothing but desire. Life can be good. Unlife I mean.
Outside Malcom's Lair
Message 1 of 20 in Discussion
From: MelodyLaCroix  (Original Message)  Sent: 3/15/2004 3:24 PM

She smiles at the lift in his voice and says as she spots who she believes must be Nyah, "Actually, it will be much easier than you might think."
She takes his arm and guides him in the right direction, when she gets closer, she knows for certain that it is Nyah. She says softly, "That would be Ms. Blue, the one with orange hair."
As they get closer, she says aloud, "Ms. Blue."

Message 2 of 20 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts  Sent: 3/16/2004 1:35 PM

Andi looks toward the source of the voice calling in the night and stops mid-stride at the vision before her. The woman herself is the definition of beauty, and yet, quite possibly a new threat. Her chosen task is definitely cut out for her, always a surprise around every corner. She jogs a bit to catch up with Nyah, placing herself at Nyah's side. She watches Nyah intently for her reactions, already assuming the skittish woman will not see this as a welcomed intrusion on what's been a rather strange excursion. Her mind is kept busy as she looks from the new pair to Draxas and back to Nyah, watching for reactions and keeping herself ready for whatever may happen.

"Ye ken these folk, Nyah?"

Message 3 of 20 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue  Sent: 3/18/2004 8:57 PM

As if the evening wasn't pure hell already, Nyah watches as the couple approaches. "As a matter of fact, yes Andi...you are about to meet..."
The flicker of the television screen in the window of the Broken Mole pub catches Nyah's eye and cuts off her concentration. She squints and increases her vision, bringing the closed captioning on the bottom of the screen into focus. As the words tumble across the screen, Nyah feels a sharp pain in her belly and visibly clutches at her stomach. It is a news break talking about the death of Detective Bordon. She hears the click of the prince's leather shoes upon the pavement as he approaches the trio but cannot tear her eyes from the television.

They did it. They really did it and they have claimed they have proved his innocence. Holy Mother of God. Is the prince here to see that she meet the same end? Has she no other choice than to discard her own masquerade and take matters into her own hands? Is this to be ground zero?

The screen turns to a commercial with a yellow truck driving backward onto a car carrier and Nyah's mind snaps back to the present. She can feel the trickle of blood in her palm and wills herself to calm. Reaching into her pocket, she slips on a pair of black lace gloves, carefully wiping the drop of blood from the healed palm.

"Umm, yes Andi. I believe the two of you are about to get your heart's desire." As the prince and his keeper approach, Nyah keeps the pure hatred she is feeling masked, every ounce of strength she had overcoming any evidence in her aura. "You are about to meet the...prrrrrince." The title falls from her tongue like rotten fruit.

Message 4 of 20 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger  Sent: 3/18/2004 10:08 PM

Victor allows Melody to guide him as they walk along the sidewalk arm in arm towards the trio and for some strange reason the color of Ms. Blue's hair strikes him as funny. Maybe it was the passion he had heard in her voice as she pleaded for Borden's existence...he would not call it a life for that was not what it was and God willing this unlife would be something he would not understand, something he would not have time to become accustomed to...and her explanation of his innocence, again something he had not considered but if it were to appease the woman if his innocence were proven then surely the Primogen would see to it. She spent her time working at the Main Vein, bartending from what he's been told, so that made him feel even less sorry for what he was forced to do...not because he felt superior but because she should have known better with respect to the Masquerade.

His features do not change as they approach them, he neither smiles nor does he look stoic...just a man out for a stroll about to make new friends. He slips his arm away from Melody's as they come to the three standing outside of the pub. His eyes settle on the gentleman first and then the lady who spoke with the odd accent, before finally settling upon Nyah. "Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Trying to find a place to get out of the cold this evening?" he says making small talk before catching the effort Blue is making at remaining calm. "Ms. Blue, excuse me...I do not believe we have been formally introduced. I am Victor Reineger and I believe you have met Ms. LaCroix. Sebastian Phillips told me we might find you in this area of town. I wanted to personally extend to you my condolences regarding your friend Steven Borden and the legal troubles he faces. I am completely confident that when all is said and done we will all come to understand the grave mistake that has been made and he will find justice smiling upon him...and his person found innocent." There is a ring of honest truth in his statement, no detectable notice of sarcasm...nothing but sincerity. He lets his gaze hang for a moment too long...just enough to make the situation uncomfortable before turning to the others.
"If you would...please introduce me to your friends. Perhaps we can all find somewhere off the street and out of the cold?" he says with a smile before turning to Melody to see if this agrees with her.

Message 5 of 20 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 3/19/2004 11:32 AM

She watches this new couple and Nyah's reaction to their approach. She thinks to herself, so this is the cause of Nyah's problems. She listens to Victor as he speaks and realizes he is taunting Nyah about this Steven person. Not one to deal with the games of hierarchy, Andi protectively steps in front of Nyah and shoves an offering hand in front of Victor. "How dee do, I be Andrea Nicole Roberts, ye can call me Nick. I jus' blew inta town yesterdee 'n had the good fortune ta speak wi' one o' yer key people as a brief intraduction 'ere."

Her handshake is firm, she begins to squeeze before she remembers who she is dealing with and forces herself to resist the urge. Mentally, she is shaking her head at herself and wondering just what in the hell she's thinking, being so bold as to measure up and stand up to the prince of a city she's only just come to. The power of wanting to help someone in need is the only reason she can think of, that personal redemption she will forever seek as long as clocks refuse to turn back time.

Message 6 of 20 in Discussion
From: MelodyLaCroix Sent: 3/19/2004 12:06 PM

She doesn't even have a moment to smile and suggest that they move into Malcom's. The woman steps in front of Nyah, protectively it seems and thrusts her hand out to Victor. (since I have yet to see Victor shakes hands with anyone, I will not assume he choose to this time, until he posts such) Was that even english she was speaking? She only caught bits and pieces of it, and what she did catch, she could just barely make sense of.

She speaks up and says to the other three, as Victor had already said it, "Why don't we step into Malcom's Lair. It should be quiet and not too much of a crowd."

Message 7 of 20 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 3/20/2004 12:33 PM

(Oops! Forgot about what assuming things can do! I will continue, guessing he probably does not take the offered hand, since that seems more in his character. However it works, just so we're able to move forward.)

She lets the hand hang for a moment, then does a half shrug and thrusts it into her pocket as the woman next to him suggests they go inside. She wants to hook arms with Nyah and show a good front, but can tell now is not the time to play that card. She lets them lead the way and steps in beside Nyah, hating the fact she doesn't have eyes in the back of her head. Which was the more immediate threat? If it were the Prince and his lackey, just what the hell was she thinking? How can she protect this girl from the powers that be without losing her own head? Perhaps it was time she moved on to calmer waters.

Message 8 of 20 in Discussion
From: Rygor_Lados Sent: 3/20/2004 2:33 PM

Nodding his head toward the lady with the prince, he slightly moves his head to the side exposing his neck to the prince. "Perhaps we can move this inside, I personally would feel more confortable." Motioning towards the door "If you don't mind."

Message 9 of 20 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger Sent: 3/21/2004 10:19 AM

He watches as the woman moves before Nyah and it seems that she thinks there might be some harm becoming Nyah and Victor only smiles. He watches as she extends her hand, almost grabbing his as he balls it up and places it behind his back. A strange dialect this one has and Victor turns his attention from Nyah to Ms. Roberts. His gives a slight shake of his head as if to say 'no thank you' as she stands there with her hand extended. "So you are Ms. Roberts? And then this gentlemen must be the other chap that Ms. Anwen had informed me about...please..." he says motioning to where Draxas had suggested. He allows Melody, Andi, and Nyah to enter before him as he himself holds the door open.

Making their way into Malcoms (assuming everyone does join in on the festivities) he moves to a round table large enough for them all yet away from the pool tables and such. The bar was deadly still and nearly empty, unlike the nights long ago when it bustled with Kindred activity. "Please...let's have a seat and talk. I've been told you two were new in town and while I welcome you I strongly encourage you to meet with your respective elders with haste." his tone soft and protective. He sits after pulling a chair out for Melody and seems very comfortable and relaxed. His eyes watch Nyah as she takes her seat as well (assuming).

"I'm not sure what you might have been told about this town Ms. Roberts but trust me when I say that there has recently been a run on the introduction of law and order within the city...a change for the better, a movement towards a more safe and secure environment. Tragedies have been plentiful lately and I am just as worried about those that it touches as I am discovering the causes of them." His eyes
Melody is a bright girl he tells himself, he has surrounded himself with what he considers to be highly motivated and intelligent women in Briar and LaCroix...she will figure out based on their conversations where he is going with this...and more importantly if she should say something for or against it.

Message 10 of 20 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts  Sent: 3/22/2004 12:02 PM

Her temper wells up within, first the whelp who just blew into town showing his neck like a dog from the gutter and now she's being told to look for her respective elder. She hadn't been a child for a very long time, and she was not about to be treated as one for the mere fact that she's new to the city. Playing her temper card would not be appropriate, not now, but if the meeting doesn't end soon, she knows it will blow without restraint.

"'xcuse my int'ruptin', but afore this goes on much further, mayhap ye could tell us who those 'spective elders would be?" Her brows furrow in frustration as the musical lilt of Ireland invades her speech. Unthinking, lays a friendly hand lightly on Nyah's arm. "Nae that ye bus'ness be less important, ye ken, I meant nae dis'spect to ye. I 'ave the tend'cy ta speak me mind afore I be able ta stop me-self."

She realizes where her hand ended up and calmly removes it from the woman's arm, avoiding eye contact with the man across from her, refusing to succumb to whatever power he may hold.

Message 11 of 20 in Discussion
From: Nyah_Blue  Sent: 3/24/2004 10:26 AM

A viper's eyes and tongue. Just like her sire's. She could feel the revulsion welling up inside her and she willed herself calm. He was so much like her sire. Oh he appeared couth...gentlemanly even. All the worse. She concentrated on his lips...being sure to keep her long bangs dangling in front of her eyes...a fragile block to the workings of her soul. His voice sickened her. And she smiled...the same innocent and dazzling, scatter-brained smile that she had managed to perfect over her years of abuse.

She was aware of Andi's touch on her arm. She nodded automatically as the prince lead them into the Lair...each kindred following like a herd of sheep behind the shepherd. She glanced quickly at Andi, an appreciative glance that was meant to show appreciation for an attempt to protect, and then folded herself rather unceremoniously into the chair at the table selected by the group. She could feel his eyes on her, felt his gaze burn each inch of her flesh as the predator scanned her face. He was no different than her sire and she would be damned if she would allow fear to rule her again.

Folding her hands before her on the table, she turned a small turquoise ring around and round on her finger, stopping abruptly as the prince adressed her directly. Countless problems? She brushes the bangs from her eyes and in a defiant act of showing no weakness, looks directly at the prince. "There are countless problems in every city, I would imagine. I'm only aware of small problems, Prince Reineger. But then, I'm merely a bartender and not prone to giving opinions.....just listening and pouring the drinks...sir." She sets her jaw. "I don't see how I could help you with the important night to night problems you must face as Prince. What do you mean am I willing to work with the government of this city? Hell, I don't know much about anything but making a good drink and keeping the thugs from tearing up the bar." She quits toying with her ring. "What makes you think I have any kind of influence at all on anything that could happen in this city?"

The viper is curling and Nyah is steadying herself should he decide to strike.

Message 12 of 20 in Discussion

The toying with her ring, her poise and posture, the placement of her hair...she's nervous...and with good reason...It must be painfully aware to her that it was his words that produced the finality of Borden's existence. Surely she must think that I've come to finish the job with her now...and as she sets out to explain how much of a simple person she honestly is any hint of a smile leaves his face. He didn't particularly care much for kiss-asses and rarely did he tolerate fools...but this type of attitude, the "I know you think you're better then me so let me sit here and complain about my worthlessness" just jumped up and down on his last nerve. So many times he had seen it happen, Tremere asking for assistance and turned away by apathy or others who were refused aid simply because the requestee didn't like taking instruction. He had seen it in the Sheriff and expected it from the Gangrel...but this woman? What was her reason? Or was she so entrenched in the idea that it was Victor that signed Borden's death certificate, and not the fact that the Traditions had been obliterated, that she wanted nothing to do with helping protect others from what she was currently feeling...assuming that she actually did have some moral convictions regarding the police officer.
He leans back after her verbal assault, she was calm in her phrasing which was just one more thing that made him think she could pull off what he was going to ask of her...a rare feature among the female Kindred in this town, and he looks over at Melody and shrugs. "Ms. Blue's a simple bartender, Keeper. She just listens to the problems of her customers...perhaps even assists them in finding solutions. Hell, I bet every now and then she does favors for them...points them in the right direction, helps bring people together, ease over tense situations simply by measuring social status and influence of each and every passing paying customer." He had come with a offer for her but damn if he was going to beg this one...she had caused enough of a mess within the Primogen for him to bring her in with him on his knees...if her desires to continue the status quo of the 'independent rule' that has past is what drives her then damn him for ever trying to change her mind, right?

He looks now at the other two, the new Kindred to the city, and attempts to explain to them what they must know..."The current Primogen, under the guidance of the Seneschal, see to addressing the nightly duties of the city by advising me. I do not rule with sword and scythe, but merely depend upon the opinion of those that surround me. Each member of the council sees to important decisions..." and now he turns back to Nyah, "and I had assumed, incorrectly according to your assessment of your position, that you might be able to assist the Primogen in determining which of several situations needed our guidance first...based on what knowledge you had collected from your employment. Ms. Blue...you have a very intriguing perception of how small the tasks you already provide are." He lets the words hang for a moment too long...and lets her wonder if he is referring to the bar or Borden. "I'm sorry for taking up your time...It was a pleasure to meet all of you." and he stands and pauses. "Again...my condolences for your loss, Ms. Blue."

Message 13 of 20 in Discussion  
From: Nyah_Blue  Sent: 3/24/2004 12:20 PM

ooc Verbal Assault!!!  Yikes. I thought she was coming across humble.....sorry for not being able to convey that to the prince.

How typical! Nyah could practically see the peacocks feathers spread as the prince absorbed what she said. How like her sire. More and more Nyah felt power growing in her. Were all "men of position" so easily drug by their egos? Were all those in the heairarchy led by any feeling of power they thought they had over another. If she had not been concentrating so hard on keeping her emotions in check she would laugh in the man's face.

Instead, Nyah appears surprised at the tone with which Reineger speaks to her and builds on the sheepish look that her master loved to rain blows down on. It was obvious she had displeased him and she wasn't altogether upset that she had.

"I understand, Prince Reineger. Even though I am not sure exactly what it is you would find of interest from me, I of course will be of any help I can." She digs her nails beneath the table in response to his condolences. "And I, as well as any others who knew Detective Bordon, appreciate your condolences on the loss of an acquaintance who, unlike us, did not have time to learn and to serve the Camarilla. But then, who am I to judge whether another is worthy of mercy? Thankfully that falls under your job description."

Message 14 of 20 in Discussion  
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts  Sent: 3/24/2004 1:20 PM

She hears rather than sees the nails digging into the table as the Prince stands to take his leave. Impulsively, she takes the woman's hands and turns toward her, she looks at Nyah, giving her a meaningful look, but avoiding her eyes, she wills the woman to grasp that what she is about to say may just relieve whatever strain that lies between Nyah and the Prince, should she follow through with the suggestion.

"This jus' be me opin'ion, 'n all, but, ye ken, he be right. Ye were one o' the firs' ta 'elp me when I blew inta town. Many o' the folk who come 'ere look fer the busy places that're still able ta stay low key while seekin' out those they need ta report ta. Ye be more 'elp than mos' round 'ere, tha' much I ken. Mayhap ye shoul' hear 'im out, 'n see what ye ken 'bout his ideas."

She waits, holding Nyah's hands loosely to allow her to pull away if she so desired, and to show she wasn't attempting anything more than trying to convince the girl that doing what the Prince wished was better than being on his shit list.

Message 15 of 20 in Discussion  

Keeping my face passive at this obvious brush-off, from the Prince of all Cainites," Mr. Reineger if you will but point me in the direction of my "Elder", than I will Be on my way and out of a discussion that I have no place in." I said quickly.

New to town I maybe but not to the political affairs of a new "Cam" city. This prince is all to interested in himself and his problems for my attention. Maybe the top "elder" might be able to help.
He was going to walk out of here dissatisfied with the entire events that had played out. He knew when he set out to find her with Melody that Nyah wouldn't be the most open listener in the world...and with two others accompanying her she had even more reason to put on a front of defiance. This was the position he was getting from many of the Kindred in this town...their absolute adoration of Kasymn now blinded them to the dangers that set upon all of us. The Sabbat were not tales of monsters that went bump in the night, they were honest threats and had a secured position already in this town. The Anarchs, or whatever label you wanted to place on this second group that continued to bounce around Hidden Cove setting trouble in motion, were just as real as well and just as dangerous to the Masquerade. Either group would strike again...soon...hard...and this deliency that the Camarilla continues to encounter does nothing less than sign the death warrants of the same Kindred he is honestly trying to protect. Nyah's snide comment about job descriptions only made him wonder even more why the sect continues to struggle to protect those that clearly think they can manage the world alone...and then he remembers that the weakest amongst us is still a threat to all of us if the Masquerade is breached.

As Ms. Roberts speaks to the woman, Victor stands there silently...watching as Melody had remained seated. Non-verbal communication is sometimes the best indicator of intelligence and poise than anything that one can say...they were not finished here and no matter if he liked it or not he would return to a seated position and continue this conversation. As Draxas calmly but quickly asks to be pointed to his 'elder' Victor looks at him, still calm and collected...his voice remains low and hushed and yet present with the position he has taken upon his shoulders. "Sir...The Primogen sees to the nightly business of the city and an aspect of those nightly activities is of course remaining informed of who of their blood is present within Hidden Cove." He did not like the tone in the man's voice as he said 'elder' and perhaps Victor had misspoken earlier and reminds himself to refer to those Kindred as Clan Primogen. "Since I am ignorant to your name I dare not even guess at clan and heritage, sir. If you and Ms. Roberts would provide such information I would be glad to provide you the contact you need." The sudden noise from the table as two gentlemen Kindred prepare for another game of billiards catches his attention and Victor looks over towards them. The gentleman setting the game up seems familiar while the other is just another new face for him to remember. Victor watches as one of the men chalks up the stick and then turns back to Draxas. "I think that each director of individual units can best provide whatever is needed within their scope of responsibilities than myself. Contrary to popular belief all the power of God himself does not rest within me," and Victor smiles trying to return the air of atmosphere back to cordial.

He noticed that he had slipped back into the language he utilizes when in public...a trait that others should learn as well, Elysium should be the only location that lexicon not acceptable to mortals should be used. This alone could ease the burden of the Masquerade. Turning back to Nyah, "Even Ms. Roberts thinks that the services you provide are more worthy than you make them out to be Ms. Blue." He has placed her comments behind him and tries not to focus on exactly how forward she was with her accusation of his lack of mercy towards Borden. She would understand when the time was right or she too would fall at the hands of those trying to destroy us. He removes a business card from his wallet and slips it across to Nyah. "The address to my office within TimeKeepers is right here..." He taps on the card "as well as the number to my receptionist. Please feel free to stop by at a time more convenient for yourself and we can discuss exactly how I think you can assist the Primogen and any other matters you might discuss." He removes two more cards and slips them to Roberts and Draxas...almost feeling Melody wince at how freely he is giving out a location where he is vulnerable. "And that goes for the two of you as well...if you need assistance in locating Primogen members or need something they may not be able to provide please feel free to ask my receptionist to have me get in contact with you." He leans back as the cards rest on the table.

"Now...let's see about the continuation of your establishment here in Hidden Cove." He watches Nyah's reaction trying to percieve any change in mental state...was she more suspicious now or could she possibly see that he was as honest about his intentions as they come. His hand falls from the table and softly pats Melody upon the leg beside him...a simple thank you for the assistance...and he waits for the next statements from this trio.

She does a sweeping glance around the room, recognizing the two men at the pool table without acknowledging the fact on her face, in spite of the appearance of safety, she keeps her voice low as she places her hat upon the table.

"As safe as we seem ta be, I 'spose it'd be a'ight ta say who I'm kin ta, I prefer ta use the more subtly way o' sayin' things, when me tongue stays in it's leash. Me 'pologies fer me earlier outburst. I be a part o' the Rabble, sir. 'S far 's me intentions go, I jus' 'appen ta be recently employed down at the Main Vein. Seems the more. . . mudane, shall we say, are nae al'ays able ta keep thin's goin' smoothly."

She offers a small smile, without teeth, to Victor, hoping to have appeased him as well as putting Nyah slightly more at ease by moving the spotlight off of her, if even for the briefest moment.

Had she gone daft? Why couldn't she understand a word this guy was saying to her? Associate with the primogen? Go to the primogen if she needed information or direction? Hadn't he just basically told her to her face he sensed rebellion even when she was sure she had con-
vinced him that she was of little or no worth? Did he know something about her already? No, that was impossible. There was absolutely no trail to follow...of that she had been extremely careful, and her only contact certainly couldn't be traced...at least not by Reineger.

She reaches for the card, sliding it cautiously across the table and then, after glancing at it quickly, nods. As she slipped it into her pocket, she smiled uneasily. "Though I cannot imagine what knowledge I may ever possess that will be of use to you, Pr...Mr. Reineger, I would be more than happy to assist you in anyway possible."

Maybe the hair dye was getting to her. Was he talking to her when he says something about seeing to the continuation of her establishment? She waits wishing she could just become part of the furniture.

Message 19 of 20 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger    Sent: 3/26/2004 1:06 PM

OOC: I was referring to the "establishment" of Roberts and Draxas to the city...not Malcom's Lair. Sorry for the confusion...I would never harm such a place named for one of the greatest Kindred Hidden Cove had ever seen grace its city limits...and btw I have been informed that my silent Keeper is unable to be with us right now. Best wishes to her and I'm sure the others in this scene as well as myself understand and will work through it.

IC:
"The city is rocky sometimes for everyone Ms. Roberts...but I am glad you have been able to obtain some employment already..." and as he watches her smile he adds, "and I doubt that you will find work at the Vein mundane." His eyes drift from her to the back wall as if he was searching for something and then almost when it seemed he might never say anything he gives her the information requested. "Ms. Kaysym Barbeoux would be who I would encourage you to contact. (Yeah, I know she's 'Brujah' but welcome to Victor's world of thought...Rabble...Catiff...Brujah...guess there's prejudice in me still...and you're welcome Leigh.) As you might have already heard, she is the recently removed leader of the city and yet was still willing to work with us in our common goal. She owns the historical lighthouse near the bayline and something tells me she is more that willing to meet with new arrivals and will be more than happy to answer many of your questions."

He can feel Melody's body slightly tense at the idea of him sending the new arrivals across the street to their...let's call Kasymm the slightly unwilling partner...but Victor is confident that once the light shines brightly all will understand...trust is a long term investment and building process. He waits to see if this has satisfied the Celtic tongued woman before turning back to Nyah and yet still prepared to provide the same type of information for Draxas if he requires it. "Come now Ms. Blue...you must have more self-confidence then that...even if you have no aspirations to be more than a bar-tender. Having it makes you not just walk a bit taller but it brings out the positive aspects of your nature as well...." He notices she begins to look a bit more uncomforatable again and he helps to provide some of that needed encouragement..."I think you would be suprised greatly at how much you can assist us, Ms. Blue.” He sits quietly now...waiting to see what Draxas might ask or if this conversation has come to an end now.

Message 20 of 20 in Discussion
From: Rygor_Lados    Sent: 3/27/2004 1:43 PM

"As an Outlander (Gangrel)in your fair city I would love to talk to you , at your discretion of course. Or is there someone else that I should talk with, Mr Reineger?" I asked politely.

This conversation had its finer moments , but now it was time to have a drink.

Malcom's @ Wolfe Avenue & Batsmore Street
Message 1 of 5 in Discussion

Victor's eyes in a flash jump from Nyah and her quiet rage to this newcomer who needs to learn a lesson in restraint, and quickly. This was one of the great problems in society today...the complete disintegration of proper manners and social form. Ventrue might be nothing but power brokers and Toreador artistic stumbling blocks, but both clans understood the proper utilization of social skills and the importance of maintaining such manners...Andrea Nicole Roberts was this generations shining example of what not to do at this moment...and Victor lets the smile slide from his face as he addresses her. Perhaps he is more in need of an information kiosk rather than what he had come in search of?

"At times it is important to be lead by passion and at other times we must practice patience, Ms. Roberts." He doesn't have to tell her which of those this time is. "I understand that given how new you are to the city and even more so how new the leadership is to its position that there will be many questions from you and others." He takes a look around to make sure that this place is still an only Kindred crowd, and once he's come to that conclusion, that the Masquerade is intact for a moment, he continues with his voice lowered so as to keep the drift of their conversation amongst themselves. "A Primogen has been established and it is their duties and responsibilities to be aware of others of their blood within the city. By elders I was simply referring to these positions. I'm sure that once you have expressed your blood lineage we will be able to put you in contact with that representative." His eyes stay on her for a moment longer as if emphasizing some point.
"Now where were we? Ah...yes...Ms. Blue?" and he turns his attention back to Nyah as Andrea takes her hand off the woman's arm. She had already rallied support from complete strangers and this too worried him. Kasymm had created this problem...allowing anyone and everyone to roam freely about the city, Sabbat arm in arm with Anarchs, power movements left unchecked...complete chaos would not be the continued rule of the day. "I believe that there is something we can do for each other if you are interested...something I desperately need and a way for you to assist in molding this city into the peace that protects others." He falls silent and awaits either the barrage of questions or perhaps something as simple as a nod...he is perplexed by this woman who spoke so elegantly for Borden and yet has always given him the impression of bottled chaos...yes there is more to the Kindred of Hidden Cove then first experienced.

(OOC: When and if Ms. Victoria de Marcel enters Malcom, for that was the address she gave the driver, Victor will tilt his attention to her entrance for a slight moment before returning to the conversation...just a simple noting of the presence of another unknown Kindred.)

Message 2 of 5 in Discussion
From: BrandonDarkrainSent: 3/24/2004 11:04 AM

As the group of kindred comes sauntering into the bar, Brandon reaches out with his pool cue and taps Falcon to stop him. When Falcon stops to see what Brandon wants, he nods toward the table with his head. When Falcon gets close enough he says, "Careful where you walk, old friend. The snakes are coming closer and closer to home." He sets up another game, making sure the sound of the balls will cover anything he might have to say. "That's Reineger, the new Prince."

Message 3 of 5 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 3/24/2004 11:13 AM

She allows him his speech without interruption, thinking to herself to let him think he's in control of the situation at the moment. A man who speaks of passion hides much under the surface, usually the passion of fury. Established hierarchy, it may be, however, at the moment, it seemed to be controlled by a greenhorn whelp who was enjoying playing God. Perhaps she can learn a bit more than she'd hoped, since he seems bound and determined to speak of his business in front of strangers. No doubt he sees her protective ness of Nyah as a negative point, thanks to her outburst. She sits back staring into the room behind him, clearing her mind and listening as he speaks to Nyah.

Message 4 of 5 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel Sent: 3/28/2004 12:33 PM

The limousine pulls up in front of the building, and she allows Davin to help her out of the car. She straightens herself out as she nods to his inquiry of whether he should wait. She waits a moment, examining the building, trying to get an idea of the type of place it was. Determined to enjoy herself in this strange, new city, and heads into the building. She takes note of the gentleman leaving through a rear exit, as well as the group gathered around the table. Looking around, she chooses a table off to the side, but not out of the line of sight and hearing of the door or the group at the table.

Message 5 of 5 in Discussion

"Fer sure, Pr...errr, Mr. Reineger." It would seem that Nyah is terrified of breaking the Masquerade and totally unsure of how to address the man. "I wouldn't dream of refusing any request from you. "Lumm..." she hesitates, giving the appearance of being completely unsure of what this man wants from her. "I really don't understand what you want from me. "I tend bar. I eat. I sleep. I tend bar. Where in that is the chance to, umm, work with you?"

Her face is absolutely passive...her aura completely calm. Nothing is revealed that could give the prince a hint of any turmoil. Yet, in the back of her mind, Nyah's screaming. "Sure mother-fucker. What you want me to do? Maybe next time a friend of mine deserves being disposed of, I can slide the blade across his throat for you." Her practiced calm is quite evident in her eyes, her hands remain still, and her smile appears genuine even though the prior thought of sliding a knife across a throat brings up an immediate vision of her sire...a vision totally blocked from anyone who would be trying to read her thoughts. "I'm not trying to be difficult, sir. I really don't know much about...well, the workings of a position as great as yours or those that assist you."

Trying to answer all of you at once
Message 1 of 1 in Discussion
From: VictorReineger (Original Message) Sent: 3/28/2004 8:28 PM

A Gangrel...another Gangrel...one is one too many....now with this one and the one Mercutio reportedly came across it seems like the entire humane society had decided to open the pound's gates and allow freedom to ring in the ears of the beasts. He remains smiling and supresses these thoughts completely...why let it bother you, the Sheriff belongs to the clan of the creatures, he tells himself as he turns his attention to Draxas. "Sir...please feel free to utilize the information on the card," Victor says keeping the thought that he doubts the flea-bitten fiend could *deleted under advice of storyteller*, "And as for getting into contact with another of your station, Song of Vitae would be an excellent place to begin...she has first hand knowledge of the city and the authority to act on my behalf from time to time." He nods to the man to let him know he was trying to accommodate him as best as he could given the structure of the Camarilla and the clan he claimed.
When Mr. Walker arrived at their table, Victor stood as the man addressed them all...not a defensive posture, just kindness..."Mr. Walker...a pleasure to meet you..." Victor says as he offers drink to the crowd now increasing at the table as the door to the Lair opens once again. "...especially considering all the wonderful things I have heard from others about you." A ploy...blowing smoke up the man's ass..."I'll pass...but if any of the others here need to partake in your beverage services just bring me the tab as I leave." Another smile and then the passing of a figure behind the group catches his attention as he stands there.

He listens half-heartedly as Andi and Falcon talk of mechanical bull riding but his attention is focused upon the single woman who has placed herself and the lovely dress she was flaunting in a very strategically position. She was here to be noticed but something...some way she held herself...told him she really didn't need the attention but was craving it for some reason...for some purpose; a hunter perhaps. Nyah's words draw him back to the scene and he steps slowly, drawing his attention back to the group, towards the bartender. As he speaks his eyes drift from the stranger to Nyah. "I believe you are not trying to be difficult Ms. Blue...we are all adapting to the newness that this change has brought. There is an exact request and proposal I have in mind with respect to you..." and as he smiles at Melody and then Nyah, "And it will not hinder any of your current activities in the least...please...when you have more time and us more privacy we will explore it in depth."

*OOC: Hope I hit everyone...if not let me know, lol*

**Cleanup Duty**

**Message 1 of 30 in Discussion**

**From: Alicia_Hale**  (Original Message)  **Sent: 2/10/2004 11:34 AM**

Her phone had not stopped ringing since she had gotten to her office that night. Where was Borden? What is his condition? Why has she been unreachable? What was the transport that was involved in last night's accident? Was Borden inside? Not only from reporters either, hospital administration was crawling all over her, city officials, anyone an everyone wanted to know the whereabouts and condition of Steven Borden. She had implemted a plan. It would work until she found out whether Borden was going to live or die and it would quiet all the rumors and quiet her phone for awhile. She was pulling alot of strings and calling in several favors, but it was getting done and that was what she had to do.

What she couldn't guard against, what she hadn't prepared for was the person that came barreling through the morgue. She heard him screaming as soon as he stepped through the doors. Yelling for her, his voice resonating off the walls. She stepped out of her office and motioned for other workers to move away. This was not the first upset person they had ever had down here. Some family and friends didn't take to well to the passing of their loved ones. But this was the first police officer, wearing their shoulder holster with their gun snapped into it. It never ceased to amaze her the level of tension a single, even holstered firearm added to a situation. She stepped closer to his back and said, "Detective Solinger, I'm right here. If you would please calm down." She watches as he whirls on her, eyes blazing. His unkempt hair, the bags under his eyes, his pale complexion. It's obvious he hasn't had sleep or had a decent meal in quite sometime. She turns to one of the orderlies and says, "Go to the cafeteria, get a meal, bring it to my office." She turns her attention back to Detective Solinger and says, "If you will just step into my office, we can discuss whatever it is you need from me."

**Message 2 of 30 in Discussion**

**From: Det_Steve_Borden**  **Sent: 2/11/2004 11:55 AM**

He walks into her office and slumps down into the chair opposite her desk. He leans forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his head in his hands, he heaves a great sigh. When he looks up at her his eyes are rimmed red, confusion and frustration written all over his face. He sits back in the chair and shakes his head, "What I need from you, Doctor Hale, is to know exactly where the hell my partner is and what is going on."

**Message 3 of 30 in Discussion**

**From: Alicia_Hale**  **Sent: 2/11/2004 2:31 PM**

She understands his anger, his confusion, his frustration, even feels a bit of it herself. She can't blurt out the truth to him, but she doesn't really want to lie either.

"Detective Solinger, Luke," her voice is soft, "Steve is somewhere getting the best care he can, fighting for his life. It wouldn't do him any good to be where reporters or city officials or any other number of others could get to him and impede his healing process." She moves around the desk and sits down in a chair beside him. Gently taking his hand in her own she says, "He's my friend too. I understand what you're going through, but there's nothing we can do. Steve took a pretty hard hit. The fact that he's alive now is a miracle." She won't, she can't, bring herself to admit that he'll probably be dead before dawn and there's not a damn thing she can do about it.

She notices movement outside her office and glances up, an orderlie is standing outside the window of the office, holding up a piece of paper with a single word on it, Anwen. She feels her heart sink. She nods to the orderlie and he moves away before Luke can see him. She squeezes Luke's hand once and says, "One of my staff is bringing you some supper. Eat it, Luke. Then go home and get some sleep. I'll let you know the moment I know anything about Steve, I promise."
Her eyes, her expressions, everything written on her face says everything that her words don't. Steve is as good as dead. The fact he's even breathing now, nothing but a formality. He pulls his hand out of hers and balls both of them into fists. He was going to get to the bottom of this one way or another.

He stands up, shoving the chair back a bit as he does and says, "Thanks Alicia. Sorry for barging in on you like this. I know you have plenty of work to do, I'll get out of here and leave you to it."

He turns and stops for just a moment to steady himself on the back of the chair, then opens the door and leaves. She was right on a few points, he did need to eat, get a shower and get some sleep. But not for the reasons Dr. Hale was eluding to. Instead, he's going to need all the strength and clear-headed thinking he can muster. One way or another, he was going to figure out who had set up his partner. Who was responsible for the actions that led to his death. He would make sure that no matter whether Steve lived or died, his name was cleared.

Thinking more clearly than he had in a long time, Detective Solinger left the morgue and headed home, the first step on what was shaping up to be a very long road to haul.

He leaves her with so many things unsaid. But telling him now would not change a thing. She was mostly responsible for drawing Borden into this world. His death, she realizes that is exactly how she thinks of it, she already knows he will not live. His death will rest solely upon her head and her conscience. She opens the door to her office and calls out to one of the orderlies, "Did Ms. Anwen leave a number where she could be reached?" He walks over and hands her a piece of paper, she thanks him, then shuts the door again, with a final instruction that she is not to be disturbed again.

She picks up the phone and dials the number, when Ms. Anwen picks up she says, "Yes Ms. Anwen? What can I do for you?"

More than a half hour later, all the arrangements are made. She sits in the darkened examining room awaiting the Seneschal and the man who's life she had completely destroyed.

The orderlies at the morgue were beginning to sound like tape recorders, "Dr. Hale isn't in. No one in this office has any comment regarding any on-going investigation or incident." Actually getting through to them to find out anything about Alicia was a damned impossibility. He was getting the same answer from Lordagh Clar regarding Ms. Anwen. She isn't in, doesn't expect to be for most of the evening. If you'd like to make an appointment. Most would become discouraged, but he wasn't most and he hadn't yet exhausted every resource available to him. After several more calls and too many minutes, he finally had some idea of how to get in touch with Alicia.

He dialed the number of her cell phone and listened to it ring on the other end. He just hoped she hadn't turned it off to voice mail.

The vibration of her cell phone causes a sigh. She takes a look at the number and shakes her head. She really isn't in the mood for this. Opening the phone she says, "Antoine, I really don't have time for your 'wisdom', so what do you want and if you would please, make it snappy. I'm expecting the Seneschal any minute. I don't think she'd appreciate finding me on the phone."

"And a pleasant evening to you as well, Alicia. I am actually happy to hear you will be meeting with the Seneschal. The Prince just left my office. If you would be so kind as to inform me as to where you are meeting? The Prince requested that I assist in the process of making sure that the current predicament causes only the tiniest of ripples in our little city." She isn't going to like it, but that's beside the point.

Sh pulls into the parking garage and into the designated space. There are more than enough cars in this garage that one more will go unnoticed. Dr. Hale had assured her that any security cameras in the vicinity would be taken care of so as to completely erase the mysterious couple. Just in case, Briar makes sure that Mr. Borden dones a hooded sweatshirt and that his face is well hidden within it. Not the best of camouflage, but it would do in a pinch.

The service elevator whirls as it ascends. When it opens and they step off, they walk down the hospital corridor, their footsteps echoing in the silence. Room 421, they open the door and step in.
The small out of the way examining room was beginning to feel even smaller. It certainly didn't help matters when Ms. Anwen and Steve stepped through the door. She got up, greeted them, then asked Steve to sit on the table. In silence she rolled up his sleeve and inserted the needle. She drew out more than enough blood to fill several vials. Then she dabbed his arm with an alcohol swab and watches the the small puncture hole closed again, without even spilling a drop.

He seemed to be taking all of this in stride, certainly by now he had figured out what was going on? Was he consigned to his fate that he would go without so much a a protest? She found herself wishing he would fight, he would make this harder on them. The police detective she had been grooming for embrace would have fought tooth and nail and absolutely would not have allowed this to happen so easily. But somehow Steve seemed hollower than before his embrace.

She placed each of the vials into a small refrigerator in the room then locked it, placing the key in her pocket.

She carefully avoided looking at Steve at all and instead turned her full attention to Briar. "Mr. Lee is on his way here. He said the Prince had asked him to assist in making sure that all our t's were crossed and i's dotted. He should be arriving momentarily. If I may ask Seneschal Anwen, what plans to you have to tie up the loose ends?"

The traffic at this time of night is surprisingly light, the city eerily quiet. He finds himself wondering if this is simply the calm before the storm, or if the Kindred are truly settling in under this new leadership. Somehow he believes it is like the former rather than the latter.

He pulls into the parking garage and picks a spot nearer the exit and right in the midst of what few other cars he sees. He moves to the elevator and pushes the button for every floor. Precautions, precautions. He mulls over his proposals for the Borden situation as the elevator rises. He holds the door on each floor long enough for anyone following to believe that he may have gotten off on any one of them. Probably a needless gesture, but you never knew. When the elevator finally arrives at the correct floor, he pushes all of the buttons again, so that they elevator will take it's sweet time going back down.

He moves down the hallway to the door Alicia indicated, and raps lightly on the door. He opens it a crack and says, "Dr. Hale?"

She sincerely doubts that the report Dr. Hale gives is entirely accurate. But there is no need to call her on that, she was already notably distressed. Any response she does have for Dr. Hale is cut off by the announcement of Mr. Lee.

She opens the door and smiling says, "Good evening Mr. Lee." She glances at Dr. Hale and at Mr. Borden, then says, "I will join you in the hall and allow Dr. Hale to perform her duties without an audience. Dr. Hale, join us as soon as you are done." She steps out into the hallway and says, "Thank you for coming Mr. Lee. Before we get down to the heart of the matter, indulge me. I have not noticed that there is some connection between you and Dr. Hale." He tries hard to hide it, but she notices a touch of alarm. She smiles easily and says, "Take heart Mr. Lee, it was once my job to notice every possible detail. I simply have not forgotten those lessons. My only question is this, how much of an asset or hindrance do you believe that Dr. Hale will become? When it becomes time to finally dispose of Mr. Borden, will she make some last ditch effort at a rescue? Barring that, how much cooperation can we expect from her in covering up and taking care of this entire escapade?"

She honestly didn't give a damn what he thought of Dr. Hale's feelings or how much she would cooperate. She knew that should Dr. Hale become a problem, she could be removed. This was a completely different card she was playing. Lee was Ventrue and as far as anyone knew he had a "clanmate" of hers. He had also asked several times about Duncan. He could easily become a very very valuable asset to her, if she played the situation just right.

His touch of alarm is more at the fact that he had revealed something of a relationship between he and Dr. Hale and had not even realized it. Soon he is probably going to have to have a conversation with Briar to discuss exactly what the extent of that relationship was, just to set the record straight, but not at this moment.

"I believe that Dr. Hale sincerely realizes the severity of the situation and despite personal feelings about Mr. Borden, she supports the decisions that have been made. I have no doubt that should Mr. Borden prove a problem, she will step in to assist in whatever ways are necessary. I also have absolutely no doubt that she will play a valuable and instrumental part in making sure that this entire affair is dealt with as quickly and quietly as possible. No matter what her personal feelings, it has always been my experience that Dr. Hale will perform her duties exceptionally and efficiently. I do not forsee any problems from her at all."

Words fly by him he doesn't understand, it as if he is caught in a nightmare he cannot wake up from. Alicia draws his blood out of his arm, obviously bothered by something. He doesn't notice that it doesn't bleed at all. He simply takes the cotton swab and holds it in place. When
the door opens, his spirits lift, as he recognizes the voice on the other side. The fall just as quickly as Anwen and he step out into the corridor.

He strains to try to hear any of the conversation, but cannot even seem to hear their voices. They must have walked away quite a distance and quickly.

As Alicia inserts the needle into his arm again, he speaks to her in a hushed whisper, desperation creeping into his voice. "Alica, what the hell is going on? Who are these people? How are you and Lee involved? Hell, how am I involved?" He shakes his head, one thing at a time, Borden, he tells himself. "Look, I don't care. Just, Alicia, you have to help me get out of here! I think they're going to kill me!!" He tries to catch her eye, he just can't seem to manage it, he says, "Come on, once we were friends." There is so much more he'd like to say, but this isn't the time or the place.

His voice pleading he says, "Alicia please, help me get out of here!"

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Message 15 of 30 in Discussion
From: Alicia_Hale  Sent: 3/12/2004 10:57 AM

She turns her back to him, trying to keep it together, come on, you can do this. This is the way it has to be, it's the law remember? She clenches her fist hard and stops just short of slamming it into the cabinet. She stops herself and her thoughts and hears a nagging thought at the back of her mind, one that has been knawing at her. *Are you upset, because a good man and a good cop was embraced? Or are you upset because someone stole your prodigy out from under you?* She has been trying hard to ignore those questions, not sure she would like the answers should she decide to be honest with herself. She picks up a stethoscope and turns around, her expression stone cold once again. She holds it out to him and says, "Steve, you're already dead, you just haven't laid down yet. Here, see for yourself. Stop and think about it, really think about it, have you taken a single breath? Except to speak? Try to take your pulse, see what you find." It's cold, it's harsh, but it's the reality and reality is the one thing that just might get both of them through this. Maybe if he knows whats going on, maybe if he realizes that he is now part of a society that has rules and laws, maybe if he knows that someone broke those laws in creating him, maybe, maybe, maybe, he can come to terms with what is happening and maybe so can she. She stops for a moment to wonder if she should consult Seneschal Anwen, before plunging ahead, but decides to take the chance. If Steve becomes more understanding, realizes the whys and wherefores, it's only going to make Briar's job easier, she hopes. Right now, it's a risk she's willing to take.

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Message 16 of 30 in Discussion
From: BriarAnwen  Sent: 3/15/2004 12:25 PM

She takes a few moments as if evaluating what Mr. Lee has had to say, then she says, "Excellant, well thank you Mr. Lee for your perceptions, I am sure they will prove invaluable." She glances at the door to the room and says, "Shall we get back then, Dr. Hale should have all she needs by now."

She opens the door and sees Dr. Hale holding out a stethoscope to Mr. Borden. She raises a brow and says, "Dr. Hale? Are we ready to proceed?"

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Message 17 of 30 in Discussion
Sent: 3/15/2004 12:41 PM
This message has been deleted by the author.

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Message 18 of 30 in Discussion
From: Alicia_Hale  Sent: 3/15/2004 12:43 PM

Her shoulders sag just a bit and she draws back away from Steve, moving back over to the counter, she places the stetoscope on it. Finally she turns to Briar and says, "Absolutely, I was just preparing to draw the final vial of blood."
"Perhaps we should discuss what the plans are? I have ideas and I am sure that both you and Mr. Lee do as well."

She turns back to Steve and inserts the needle one final time. As she pushes the plunger in, it shoves something small and wooden just under his skin at the same time. She closes her eyes for just a moment, silently asking for his forgiveness for what is to come.

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Message 19 of 30 in Discussion
From: M_Antoine_Lee  Sent: 3/15/2004 1:00 PM

He glances at the confused and frightened look on Steve's face and finds himself wondering exactly what was said between them. He says, "However we proceed, I am sure that you realize that this is not going to be simple. Borden was all over the news, if he simply disappears it will raise more questions and possibly even have some of his former collegues looking into his disappearance. Yet if we come out with a statement saying that he has died due to the injuries he sustained, and only Dr. Hale and I seem to know this, once again, we call undue attention."

He proceeds once he has the nod from Briar to continue, "We could more than likely use various talents to coercize or otherwise convince certain mortals that they saw Mr. Borden's body or any number of other things. But, as talented as we can be, our talents are not fool-proof."
He pauses for a few minutes, then starts in with a new thread of thought, "The best way to take care of the legal ramifications is simply for Mr. Borden to die and be buried. We can release enough information to the press and place enough truth in the District Attorney's hands to exonerate Mr. Borden from any charges he might have faced. Thus allowing him to go to his grave with an unsmudged record, further decreasing the need for anyone to try to prove his innocence."
She nods as he speaks, watching the reaction of Mr. Borden. She steps over to him as Antoine finishes and capturing his eye, she plunges into his mind, shattering his already weakened will, she says, "Mr. Borden, you will lie down on the table, close your eyes and you will not move, no matter what is done to you. Do you understand?"

In response he does exactly as he is told. She turns back to Dr. Hale and Mr. Lee and says, "I agree absolutely that there is no need for us to use our particular talents on such mortals. We will instead use the resources of Dr. Hale and yourself to cover this fiasco. I would of course welcome your input, but this is what I had thought would be best....." She goes on to detail the plans she had piece by piece, listening as Antoine and Alicia each interject their own bits and pieces.

Once all the plans are made, she says, "Well then, shall we get to it then?" She watches as each of them nods in turn and then she says, "I will remain here with Mr. Borden while you two make the proper arrangements."

She watches as each of them walks out of the room, each set to their particular tasks.

It takes her far less time than she had thought it was going to. Her team had been prepared for most of what was to come, even having a similar patient in the room they were going to use. They had been careful to make sure he looked mostly like Detective Borden and that the nurses that came in and out never got a very good look at him. It would only take a small bit of work to remove him swiftly and silently and place Detective Borden in his place. The hospital director and the chief of police had made sure to lock down this particular part of the hospital, so the press would not be a problem. She was simply waiting on the call from Miracle to make sure everything else was in place and he was prepared. Once she got that call, it would be simply a matter of putting the entire plan into motion.

Carefully concocted evidence was being sent to the District Attorney through several layers upon layers of contacts. There was just enough of the truth to make sure that there was no doubt as to Steve's innocence in the matters he was accused. And the route it was taking to the DA would make sure that any questions he might have would be answered smoothly and without a single problem. Even small problems that would likely and predictably arise were going to be handled, just to make it all seem more "real". Nothing ever went too smoothly and forcing this process to do so would only raise far more questions. Questions they didn't need asked. When all the preparations are made and he makes sure that everything is in place, he opens his phone and dials her number. He allows it to ring 4 times, then hangs up and calls back, allowing it to ring twice. Then he hangs up one last time and dials her voice mail. This was the protocol they had established. To make sure that everyone was in place and everything was done.

She called back moments later confirming that everything was in place and he stepped out of his car in front of HCGH and into the waiting throngs of the press.

Patiently she waits, making plans and decisions about other things, completely ignoring her silent companion. Finally her phone rings, ten minutes later, Steve is being wheeled deeper into the hospital and taken to a room.

She stands back and allows the others to handle this part of things, there is no reason to raise unnesscessary questions at this juncture as to her role and presence. Once the formalities are dispensed with and the mortal authorities dealt with, she will take Borden with her and see to his true final death. For now she is content to allow Dr. Hale and Mr. Lee to play their parts in this little charade.

Everything is set, the monitors hooked up, everything done. She ushers everyone from the room and prepares. When she is sure everyone is clear, she sets it off and steps back out of the way. She cloaks herself to be just out of view and listens to the machines going off. The nurses and doctors rush in, crash cart with them. For over 15 minutes they work on Steve. Nothing, of course there isn't, he's already dead. Finally the doctor says, "Call it." The call the time and begin to file out of the room. Alicia slips in behind one of the nurses and slips back down to her office. It takes them only 15 minutes to call her. The hospital administrator wants to make sure things are all in order on this one. She

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Message 25 of 30 in Discussion
From: Alicia_Hale Sent: 3/18/2004 11:23 AM

It takes some time to get all the paperwork done and Steve's body released to the morgue. It will be an even more delicate process to make sure the autopsy is done correctly, without revealing anything. But it is something she has accomplished more than once in the past. She places a call to Briar to inform her that everything is going as planned, Borden will be hers to deal very soon. She hangs up the phone and returns to the lab to make sure that everything is going smoothly.

Message 26 of 30 in Discussion
From: M_Antoine_Lee Sent: 3/18/2004 2:42 PM

He gets the news from the doctors just before the District Attorney and the head of hospital administration appear at an impromptu press conference. He watches as they make the announcement to the press about Police Detective Steven Borden's death from gunshot wounds sustained in the shooting on the courthouse steps. They answer a barrage of questions, then inform the press that is all for now. The press spies him and suddenly all cameras and microphones, as well as several tape recorders are thrust in his face. Questions are hurled at him one after another, he holds up a hand and says, "Please, one moment." His face is one of quiet sadness and then he looks up and says, "This is a great tragedy. Detective Borden was a good and decent officer of the law and innocent of the charges brought against him. His death was violent and needless. My office will continue to investigate and bring evidence to the district attorney to exonerate Steve of all charges he was facing. We will do all we can to make sure that even in death, Mr. Borden is honored as the hero and public servant, he spent his life striving to be. Thank you." He turns his back on them and walks away, the assembled security assisting to hold the press back.
He walks outside and climbs back into his car. He phones Briar and says, "Stage two complete, the evidence will be coming in slowly to the offices over the next week or so. If I can be of any further assistance, please let me know." He closes his phone and just sits there for a few minutes. He shakes his head, sparing a few last thoughts for his former client, then he starts his car and pulls away from the hospital. There is still much to be done.

Message 27 of 30 in Discussion
From: Alicia_Hale Sent: 3/25/2004 8:33 AM

It took her far less time to make sure that everything was in order. The tapes were made, the notes, every single detail filed away and taken care of. There would be no slip-ups, no mistakes, not in this office, at least not when it came to this. She walks up and moves the sheet off of his face, looking down at him, a frown sits upon her face. Suddenly a plan begins to formulate in her mind. She motions for two of the hospital orderlies to help her. She glances at the clock, she expects Briar in 30 minutes, that isn't a lot of time, but maybe it's just enough.

Message 28 of 30 in Discussion
From: BriarAnwen Sent: 3/30/2004 12:19 PM

She's early, on purpose. She moves quietly through the morgue, unseen for the most part, though several of the other workers spared her a glance. Were someone to overly question who it was that had passed by, why, simply another lab attendant, why? She smiles at the thought. She steps into one of the adjacent rooms and says, "Dr. Hale, Forgive my early arrival, but I just wanted to make sure things were in order."

Message 29 of 30 in Discussion
From: Alicia_Hale Sent: 3/30/2004 12:31 PM

It was a good thing that she had abandoned the numerous plans that had first run through her mind, or Sens. Anwen's early arrival could have meant that she followed Steve into final death. She had opted for one that although in the end it would not save him, it might yet mean that everything he was and everything he had worked for lived on. She was just preparing him for S. Anwen when she walked through the door. She turns and looks at Briar and says, "The files are there on the desk if you would like to go over them. Mr. Borden will be prepared to go with you in just a few more moments. I have taken steps to make sure he will offer no resistance and will not upset any of the plans we have put into motion." That's right, sound like a good and loyal Tremere lackey. She hates herself more and more for every syllable that comes from her lips.
She finishes up what she is doing and says, "He is prepared. Once we have gone over the paperwork, there are orderlies that will assist you in loading him into your vehicle."
She moves over to the desk and begins to go over the details with Sens. Anwen.

Message 30 of 30 in Discussion
From: BriarAnwen Sent: 3/30/2004 1:28 PM

It does not take them long to go over the details. She had dealt with enough coroners and hospitals in regards to dead bodies to know what details and possible problems to look for, Dr. Hale had covered them all. She nodded and closed the file, "I expect copies on my desk by tomorrow sundown." She smiles as Dr. Hale produces another file folder and hands it over. "Your efficiency is to be commended Dr. Hale." She places the folder into her satchal and says, "Well then, shall we?"
It does not take long to make sure that Borden is properly stowed into the van of a mortuary that sits on the outskirts of town. It was not the first time that Briar had dealt with this particular one. Years as a vampire's ghoul had made it necessary for her to make sure that dead bodies,
should they occur, as they invariably did, were taken care of swiftly and with very little question. Angelus Rosedale Cemetery-Mortuary & Crematorium was one she had been working with for years. There were many others all around the country and in fact the world, that should she need their services at a moment's notice, she knew she could call upon them and have discretion. The key was giving them just enough information to satisfy their curiosity.

Every mortuary knew her by a different name, from a different company, a company that handled making arrangements for those individuals that wanted things private and quiet, or who were unable to make arrangements for themselves for whatever reasons. She made it clear, her company was paid well and they were paid well in return. On top of the business she brought them, she also sent them a monthly stipend, somewhat like a retainer for a lawyer. All in all it was a very successful working relationship.

She watched as Borden was loaded, thanked Dr. Hale for her assistance and left not long after the van, to see to Mr. Borden's final 'arrangements' herself.

_The More Things Change......_  
**Message 1 of 11 in Discussion**  
From: kasymm  (Original Message)  
Sent: 3/27/2004 1:11 PM

"If you would humor me for just a bit, Duncan. Since we have no set pattern to our meanderings this evening I would like to conduct a little personal business. Our Ms. Lilian seems to have chosen a path, either willingly or not, that is not ours to interfere with. However, I am concerned about one of my investments that an informant has told me appears to have been abandoned. A few nights ago I requested that an informant attempt to locate Crystal. She appears to have vanished, perhaps on a path of her own, and I am claiming right of domain back over the property that I gave to her to run. There is nothing on paper and as far as anyone knows it is still mine to retain. I will not have the Camarilla invading one of my few known properties. Should Crystal return and decide to continue on, then it is a moot point. However, my dear Duncan, what say we swing by the Lair to set my mind at ease?"

She has moved him toward the door of the Lexus and is already guiding him into his seat with a smile to the Crown Royal attendant who waits patiently for her at the open driver's door. Once seated herself, she speeds off toward the Lair. As the city speeds by, Kasymm moves her hand from the gear shift and gently places it on Duncan's arm. "I don't know about you, Duncan. But I am twice as concerned about the sudden lull in activity in the Cove as I was about the two nights of frenzy that seemed to be permeating the city. I have the feeling that we are sitting on a time bomb with a very short fuse. Things have quieted much too quickly."

The car arrives just outside the doors of Kassie's Place. As she cuts off the engine, she waits for Duncan's reply. "If there is someplace else you would prefer to go, I would be glad to take you. But I really hope that you would accompany me. Something doesn't feel right." She chuckles. "Call it woman's intuition."

**Message 2 of 11 in Discussion**  
From: DuncanMcCloed  
Sent: 3/29/2004 9:44 AM

There are so many things she says that strike chords in him.... The problems Lilian faces... the disappearance of Crystal... though she had a penchant for going off on her own, and seemingly showing up at either the perfect moment.. or convinently right after she could have been of assistance.. was something that had concerned him for some time.. but best not to spread his suspicions around.. not right now...

The lull in the city had indeed concerned him. it was as if the other factions in the city wanted to let the Camarilla either to know they were there.. or to believe them to have staged their one last effort.. and moved on... What little Duncan had heard and experienced firsthand. of Reineger.. he did not think the man fool enough to believe such folly.... He certainly knew that Briar would not be... could she clear the hatred of him from her eyes long enough to see... He smiled at that thought.. He knew she could... she might turn a hate filled eye upon him and any thing he was involved in.. but she could remove the splinter to see other things more objectively.... As much as she would hate to admit it... he had taught her well... Deep down.. he knew that was such a lie.. they had taught much to each other... Years as a vampire had nearley taught him to view her in a lesser light at times.. because she was a ghoul... Now he had to be careful to not see her as many others would... as a child.. a whelp.. not worth their attention...

He realizes he his thoughts have been wandering and Kasymm has been awaiting his response... He has to think for a moment to remember what she had been saying...

He smiles at her and opens his door.... He places his cane out and one foot.. then turning his face to her... he reaches over and feels her face... taking it gently in his hand.. he pulls her over and kisses her gently on the cheek.. He pulls away again.. and says... "There are many things I have forgotten.. and others I never learned.. but one thing I have never doubted....." He smiles wider... "A woman's intuition...."

He steps out of the car... closes the door and stands with his arm out for her to take... he says... "Shall we? I believe your adoring public awaits..." He laughs lightly...

He had heard not many frequented the Lair with the opening of the Vein.. so his comment was more aimed at remembering some of their previous visits to this illustrious establishment... He is hoping for a much quieter visit this time around...

**Message 3 of 11 in Discussion**  
From: kasymm  
Sent: 3/29/2004 1:07 PM

She enjoys hearing his humorous chuckle as she assists Duncan from her car. Even more than that, she finds herself mezmerized by the look on his face as he slips off into some thought for a moment. She'd learned to study that roadmap of a face, enjoyed the few times that the thin
lines that creased his now scarred eyes relaxed into comfort. She waited patiently, enjoying the familiar scent of the river and park, the smell of food coming from somewhere down the street. Oh, not for the joy of the scent but for the familiarity of it. She found herself smiling at the feel of the uneven mortar in the bricks beneath her soles as they mounted the three steps into Kassie's Place. Familiarity was something Kasymm always cherished. However, she found herself slowing and stopping the two of them in their tracks as they entered the lobby. Wads of fast foot papers and Burger King drink containers piled around the wastecan and on the desk were the only evidence that the clerk's desk had ever been occupied. The thought came to Kasymm that she would have to keep an eye out for Rick, Crystal's ghoul. If she had abandoned him, he could very well become a potential problem...if he indeed even still was anywhere close.

A quick look at the key peg board showed a series of blank spots. Though no numbers were apparent, (a system intended to keep from giving away the room numbers of guests-no keys are actually hanging there), she was quite familiar with the outline of pegs and a bit pleased to see that there were at least a few guests. From behind the swinging doors of the Lair, she could hear the faint sound of conversation. At least there was some activity in the place. Running a finger along the counter top and looking disapprovingly at the dust upon the tip, she made a silent vow to take matters back into her own hands. Kevin was getting cabin fever anyhow, and like any bored ghoul, needed an outlet.

"It would appear we have guests, Duncan. As to whether they are adoring public shall be quite another matter." She lays a hand on the door, opening it into the large room and chuckles. "It would seem we are destined to run in circles this evening, my friend." As they work their way to a table on the far side of the room, Kasymm notes Falcon standing at the very busy table across the way.

Message 4 of 11 in Discussion

She watches the entrance of the couple, they appear to have been long-time companions, if not at least long-time friends. She finds the gentleman quite remarkable to her mind, a slight limp in one leg, not very noticeable, but there. Both of them seem, like herself, slightly too refined to actually be here for more than a business venture. She observes the goings on, trying to glean the importance of each person within the room. As she watches, the haunting tune of her grandmother's song creeps into her mind, without thinking the words are whispered under her 'breath'.

"Fi la nana, e mi bel fiol, Fi la nana, e mi bel fiol, Fa si la nana. Fa si la nana. Dormi ben, e mi bel fiol, Dormi ben, e mi bel fiol, Fa si la nana. Fa si la nana."

Message 5 of 11 in Discussion

He feels her stop and examine the desk at the entrance to Kassie's Place.. it is obvious that all is not to her satisfaction... when the cross through the doors into the Lair.. the murmer of activity assaults his ears.. and he is surprised.... He allows her to lead him toward a table.. but as he is about to sit.. he hears something.. melodious...

He pauses for a moment and listens more intently.... He turns his head... catching more of it.. "How interesting." He whispers. He stands again... and smiling at Kasymm says... "Pardon me for a moment, please my Lady.. I will return momentarily...."

He stands quietly.. then begins to walk toward where the music was coming from.... The suddenness within which it quits... tells him the woman.. from the sound of the tune... has realized he is approaching... He stops just shy of her table and says, "Signora di buona sera. Pardon la mia intrusione, sono tutti bene per voi?"

Message 6 of 11 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel  Sent: 3/29/2004 4:10 PM

She is pulled out of her thoughts, suddenly aware she was singing, when she hears him approach. She offers a large smile at the sound of her mother language being spoken to her, carried by a melodious voice with perfection. She looks at him, wondering how long ago he'd learned the language to have it flow so easily.

"Buon signore, siete un'intrusione non, ma una distrazione benvenuta. Non avevo realizzato che stavo cantando fino al vostro metodo, io chiedo scusa se li disturbassi. Sono venuto qui nelle speranze di individuazione del posto simile all'hotel in cui sto rimanendo, senza gli occhi di sollevamento della gerarchia. Chiederei che lo unite, ma sembrate già avere un compagno."

Message 7 of 11 in Discussion
Sent: 3/30/2004 8:42 AM

This message has been deleted by the manager or assistant manager.

Message 8 of 11 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed  Sent: 3/30/2004 9:00 AM

He smiles warmly at her.. he always did love the way Italian rolled off the tongue.. "Non ci è necessità di chiedere scusa, la vostra voce era in modo da incantando io non potrebbe aiutare ma notare. È definilento io che vi deve le scuse. Permetta che me mi introduca e vi chieda di unire
MNN HC 1586

il mio compagno ed I. Sono Duncan McCloed (del clan McCloed, scherzante appena). Il mio compagno è ms Kasymm Barbeoux. Se posso, anche se è evidente che l'italiano è la vostra lingua natale, forse nell'interesse di disegno della troppa attenzione dovremmo commutare all'inglese?

He smiles again... "So... will you join us?"

Message 9 of 11 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel Sent: 3/30/2004 12:56 PM
Her smile is warm as her mother tongue flows back to her. "Yes, it would be a pleasure, Duncan." She stands, smoothing out her dress, "I believe I neglected to introduce myself whilst enjoying my mother tongue, my name is Victoria deMarcel."

Message 10 of 11 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed Sent: 3/30/2004 3:29 PM
The use of his first name startles him just a bit.. but some people are just like that he supposes.. He smiles and says... "A pleasure Ms. deMar...

Message 11 of 11 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel Sent: 3/30/2004 5:16 PM
She nods in acknowledgement of the introduction before seating herself. "It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Ms. Barbeoux." She folds her hands upon the table and watches as Mr. McCleod seats himself, then speaks once more, "I apologize for my earlier indiscretion, Mr. McCloed, the familiarity of the language had my mind convinced we had known each other far longer than a few moments." She offers an apologetic smile to Ms. Barbeoux, as well as a brief explanation, "It seems that I was not the only one in the room to know Italian, or the lullaby I was singing, your companion gave me a pleasant surprise that left me slightly befuddled. As I stated to him, due to the familiarity of the language, I happened to call him by his first name when he invited me to join you."

Its just business
Message 1 of 6 in Discussion
From: KyleT-aye1 (Original Message) Sent: 3/31/2004 8:51 AM
The temperature had dropped as the skies cleared and the wind howling through the steel supports sounded like there was an entire pack of wolves waiting for me at the base of the hundred foot tall firetower; the entire situation sent a shiver of cold down my spine as I flipped on the halogen lantern and placed it on the makeshift table before me. The blue glow of the laptop screen shaded one half of my face and with the bright white glare from the lantern I could easily make out the topographic map spread out before me. The stark contrast on the map between the white urban and developed areas stood out against the green forested and agricultural properties with the interstate corridor dividing the two like the Berlin Wall of a lifetime ago. A subtle beep from the global positioning satellite unit let me know that enough satellites had been obtained in order to get an exact position and I leaned down into my backpack and removed the laser range finder and plugged the USB connector into the computer.

"What's a company like Turner Fisheries & Canneries want with a bunch of land down here?" the area forester had asked just a few hours earlier in his office. The stench of stale old chewing tobacco spit seemed to permeate my skin, making me regret not staying in the moldy library of Hidden Cove University, as I sat in the cramped Extension Office explaining to the man that TF&C wanted to join the hundred or so other companies in preserving our environment through the carbon sequestration markets. I had considered telling the gent that we were wanting to help this area of the country preserve its natural resources but as I stepped inside his office I took note of the hints that this was not only a resource steward but also a logical man; a rare combination. The bumper sticker on his desk asked a rather rude question, "Ever try wiping your ass with a pine cone?" and the poster on the wall had the ever humorous demonstration of a spotted owl mobile home...a timber truck loaded down with large Douglas Fir. A practical man this was. The conversation was easy going and laid back but he understood the seriousness that my offer carried.

"It's roughly 28,000 acres between the city limits and the interstate to the west. The county built three two-lane roads through the holding to keep traffic moving swiftly, appeasing both the tree-huggers and the Sunday drivers. Twin Falls State Forest makes up the 8,000 acres on the far west side of the forest and the rest is held by private landowners or investment firms." And he slides a large map of the area across the desk to me and spits into a Styrofoam cup. "There's a few owners who have active management plans...and in those cases the active plan is to keep the timber locked up but with the recent economy and the questions of how much longer we might be able to log in this area a lot of the absentee landowners would probably more than willing to entertain your proposition Mr. Turner. Hell...he's the tax plates..."
The process was a tedious one but it went a lot quicker than in the days when you would hire a survey crew to do the same work taking over a month dragging chain and transect across the land. The map now looked like a child had scribbled over it in red ink. The outline of property boundaries traced on the map gave me a clear idea of which lands were available for quick money and which ones would take a bit of persuasion. From this firetower I could see clearly out to the interstate and whatever the eye could see the laser range could target. About 75 landowners had holdings, the State would need to make up for budget deficits and I’d make sure that whatever logging jobs came up I’d have the bid ready to go as soon as the cuts were announced. The investment firms didn’t care who managed the timber as long as they saw the return they were wanting so using the area forester would be a great help in that matter. What bothered me were five rather substantial holdings, substantial compared to the other landowners that is…One of them was not a surprise considering the name seems to be popping up in regards to everything lately, Lorgdh Clar International. It would make sense for a local company to purchase lands in the area. There was another trust that held land as well…and something told me that the deeper I dug the more likely I was to find that another Kindred held it as well…my guess would be Kasymm Barbeaux since I’ve seen some of these fronts in town as well.

I rest the range finder down and start flipping through the addresses on each envelope, making sure they are correct in acreage. Its not the land I want to buy…just an offer for a 99 year lease for the timber and mineral rights on the property. A well written and logical explanation of how proper management by our company can insure long term income at no expense to the landowner…active management it says. The young ones had come running. There was someone around the fire towers, a stranger that stunk. The animated way they talked, she wondered who it might have been. She gave enough descriptives to eliminate most of the mortals and leeches and traversed these woods unharmed. She didn't like it. She called together a number of the pack to go scout it out, telling them to keep low and just observe. She led the way and they stayed low and watched. She sent one or two up the trees to get a better look at what he was doing. The report they came back down with bothered her. She had chosen to remain in human form, even though it was easier to travel the woods as a wolf. She was towards the city. These three might be a waste of time in talking to but I’ll give it a shot anyways…who knows, maybe they’re an old man and his eccentric grandchildren and nothing worth my paranoia.

Message 2 of 6 in Discussion
From: Lea_Cala  Sent: 3/31/2004 9:39 AM

The young ones had come running. There was someone around the fire towers, a stranger that stunk. The animated way they talked, she wondered who it might have been. She gave enough descriptives to eliminate most of the mortals and leeches and traversed these woods unharmed. She didn't like it. She called together a number of the pack to go scout it out, telling them to keep low and just observe. She led the way and they stayed low and watched. She sent one or two up the trees to get a better look at what he was doing. The report they came back down with bothered her. She had chosen to remain in human form, even though it was easier to travel the woods as a wolf. She was wearing hiking boots and a tank top, with a flannel shirt over it. The chill didn't bother her much. She sent two of the scouts back to report to Talon and stepped out of the woods as the stranger came back down the tower. She keeps a distance, down-wind from him, once he is all the way down the tower, she says, "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

Message 3 of 6 in Discussion
From: KyleT-aye1    Sent: 3/31/2004 10:25 AM

I freeze at the sudden sound of a woman's voice behind me and while not paranoid the sudden, out of the darkness element frightens me enough that the lantern falls from my grasp. I shift the weight of the backpack from one shoulder to the next and say over my shoulder, “I could ask you the same question…” are those dogs I hear off in the distance? “Look, Miss…I’m going to turn around now…slowly.” And I do exactly as I say and let my hands fall to my side when I notice she doesn’t have a gun…or a chainsaw…trained on me.

It was either the straight out of a horror movie scene or possibly the fact that as I stand here in the cold with a jacket she’s out running around in a flannel shirt with a tank top underneath, but either way it suddenly gets colder here in the grass between my car and the firetower. “I didn’t know there was anyone else around. The ranger told me at the gate the other day that the tower was open for public viewing…just be careful of the wind.” I bring my right hand up to my jacket pocket. “Look, if you want I can show you my Nature Conservancy “Special Places” pass…gets discounts into all of the national and state parks and forests?” And as I wait for her to say something I try to make out her face under the star filled cloudless night.

She doesn’t seem like much of a threat and I let one arm slide out of the backpack strap, letting it hang heavily to one side. “So what are you doing out here?  Night birding or something?”
Sure, dogs, keep telling yourself that too. She studies him and looks him up and down. He talks smoothly and tries hard to evade the questions she has already posed. She moves a step closer to him and says, "I believe, I asked who you were and what you were doing here." Her stare is hard and cold. "The tower is open for public viewing," she motions toward his equipment and backpack and says, "But all that sure as hell isn't for 'viewing'. So let me ask you again, who are you and what are you doing here?"

Message 5 of 6 in Discussion
From: KyleT-aye1 Sent: 3/31/2004 1:02 PM

*The thought about hearing dogs was just that, a thought. Are you a mind reader or telling yourself that those are dogs as well?*

I keep my position as she moves a step closer and I start to make out more of her facial features and force myself to take a deep breath and hold it as she asks again what I am doing here. If she doesn’t intend me harm she sure needs to take a lesson or two in social niceties. Maybe she’s one of the adjacent landowners I tell myself before remembering the map I had just constructed and the thought that one of the landowners would be this deep into the state forest this time of night would be just as odd as someone visiting the tower at this time of night...of course he had heard stories from others about college kids coming out here to escape the prying eyes of the dormitories...he should just go with that story, except the fact he is alone.

“The pack?” I ask instead and sling it around off my back and rest it on the ground between us...letting myself become vulnerable as I kneel down beside it but, like I thought earlier if she intended to harm me she could have done it before I realized she was here. I flip the flap up and release the drawstring of the main pouch to reveal its contents. I have no clue what she saw or how well she might be able to see in the dark so I don’t mess around any. “It’s a laptop, a GPS unit, and a range finder...nothing unusual about any of that all things considered. Got a few clinometers, an increment borer, compass, and vertex hypsometer in the other pocket.” I pat the zippered portion of the backpack.

The stare she held meant business and I was being as honest as I wanted to be at the moment.

“Oh...and my name’s Kyle Turner...if there’s a problem with me being out here on state land we can call the area forester...Mr. Wayne Woodwell said he didn’t think there would be any problem being out here.” Keep giving her factual information and she’ll leave you alone I tell myself. “I’m doing some mapping work for a class at the University and given how clear the night was and the P-Dop ratings for the GPS satellites I figured this would be a good time to get the work done.” I turn my head upwards to trace the height of the firetower...“You can see a long ways from up there and using the range finder helps cut down on the amount of field work...things got an accuracy of 1.5 inches. Better then I could do dragging a chain across the countryside.” I look back down and close the backpack shut and stand back up.

“Now...Miss...I was on my way back to the car...” and I hitch my thumb towards the older looking Saab sitting alone on the gravel pull-off, “Do we need to call the forester or are we copasetic?” I pick the pack up and sling it on one of my shoulders and the thumb of my hand on my free arm through my belt loop on my pants and shift the gravel beneath my boots to steady my weight. “Sorry if I disturbed you tonight.”

Message 6 of 6 in Discussion
From: Lea_Cala Sent: 3/31/2004 1:45 PM

*sorry, was distracted when I was typing and failed to make the comment about the dogs, ooc, which is what it was meant as. A tongue-in-cheek ooc comment, I had realized it was a thought. Again, sorry for the misunderstanding*

Her brow furrows, he talked to the forester, she was liking this less and less. She studied him again, the lack of his breath creating a mist in the night air and the lack of an audible heartbeat when he was obviously at least slightly nervous told her a lot. But Talon warned her only to protect and not to provoke, they didn’t need trouble right now. She doesn’t believe his lies for a moment, but it was something they could check into during daylight hours.

She’s tempted to really spook this one, but better not to push it too much at least not right now. She says, "Sorry, we’ve had some people out here trying to poach." not a complete lie. "Call the forester if you like, he’s an old friend. Just be careful where you go out here, you take a step in the wrong direction and you are on private land. The owners don’t like trespassers and there aren’t any posted signs to tell you the difference." She knew that for a fact, what few the state department had tried to put up, the young ones in the pack had ripped down and would continue to.

She nods to him and says, "Have a good night and be careful as you leave, there’s wild animals in these woods. It can be dangerous."

Being an available Prince
Message 1 of 14 in Discussion

They ask their questions, the share their information and add their insults and inform me of their "injuries" I have given to them through their glances, their attitudes...and then they are off...ignoring me like some silent statue to spit upon and shatter into limestone after I have been displayed. Ms. Roberts no sooner greets Falcon Walker than she runs out of the room as if someone had turned the sun's eye towards her...
And the gentleman Gangrel...here sits a man now partaking in a poison he could not possibly enjoy...a man who wanted out of this conversa-
tion, who will share his bloodline with him but not his name...no that was to be determined by listening to him talk with other strangers....
Mr. Lados he says....well Victor will not forget that name, nor the attitude that comes with it.  This is the reason, just one of them, that he
can not stand the Gangrel as a whole...yes they have their uses...and even their exceptions such as the Sheriff...but the social manners and respect
that this one shows in return will not be forgotten.  Seeing as how he had gotten the message through to Nyah and was now left only in her
company and the company of the soon to be no-doubt drunk and useless Lados, Victor moves to take his leave...escorted by the quiet but ever
listening and watchful Keeper.  "Ms. Blue...I look forward to our next meeting" he says with a smile as he turns to walk away."Mr. Lados...
Best of luck." he adds...his face serious and for the first time all evening perhaps he does look down at the man as if he were a pile of waste.

Melody and Victor move from the table that had seen much activity towards the door but on the way by he notices that the woman he had
spotted entering the building now has companions...one of Hidden Cove's past champions and Mr. Paul Adrian, the gentleman that was on
the wrong end of a conversation with the same woman nights not long ago when Victor first met.  He guides Melody towards the table and
can feel her telling him no....not now with her bodily motions but a smile, natural and confident comes to him and he can almost imagine her
sigh in exasperation.  They walk up to the table as the woman has finished her apology and Victor take note of the situation.  With a solid
and unwavering voice, he greets them..."Good evening gentleman and ladies.  Forgive the interruption Lady Barbeoux but we had happened
to notice you on our way out and would have felt it improper not to stop by and give you my thanks for joining us on the board of directors.
I look forward to working with you and your associates.  Again, forgive the intrusion."  His eyes move to the blind man as he finishes the
statement...

Message 2 of 14 in Discussion
From: kasymm  Sent: 4/1/2004 10:39 PM

Kasymm tucks a few whisps of hair behind her ear, her head slightly bowed and cocked to the side.  As Duncan makes his way effortlessly
toward the same sound that now rings louder to Kasymm's hearing, she watches each footfall...each miss of an errant board or jagged nail
head that projects just a tad from the barnplanking floor.  She is almost sorry to hear the tune end but smiles as she listens to the exquisite dia-
lect roll from Duncan's tongue.  Forever, the charmer.

As Duncan escorts the lady to their table, Kasymm greets them with a winning smile.  The woman's charm is nearly as fluent as Duncan's.
"Good evening, Ms. deMarcel.  It is a pleasure, I'm sure.  Please join us."  Her smile widens as Victoria takes a seat.  "I believe there is
nothing that Mr. McCloed enjoys more in this world than surrounding himself with female companions and I would be remiss if I denied him
the presence of such a intriguing creature."  Her light laugh is genuine as her eyes sparkle.  "Besides, he would surely pout!"

As she begins to ask Victoria a question, she suddenly stops and places a hand on Duncan's sleeve.  "We have company approaching," she
whispers.

Before Duncan can respond to the prince's appearance, Kasymm speaks to Victor.  "I am afraid I have been the one who has been remiss
this evening, Victor."  Careful not to mention his title, she also uses his first name...perhaps as a means of relating to him that she still feels
a sense of seniority to the prince.  "It is I who should be thanking you for your generous offer to sit upon the Board.  I am flattered that you
deemed me worthy of your trust."  Her eyes flit mememtarily to Victor's companion and then back to him.  "Trust in my ability to be of
service to your....organization, that is."  She returns her gaze to Melody.  "And good evening to you, too, Melody.  I am so anxious to visit
your new enterprise.  Hopefully the remodeling is going well?"

Kasymm waits for Duncan to make introduction of his new "find" to the prince, now that she has made sure that Duncan is aware that
Melody stands at Victor's side..

Message 3 of 14 in Discussion

She quickly takes a liking to Kasymm, giving a chuckle to the joke at Duncan’s “expense”.  Who could blame him for wanting beautiful crea-
tures at his side?  Wouldn't every true gentleman?  She looks sharply at Kasymm as the woman’s mood switches to a serious tone and makes
the announcement of someone’s approach.  As she speaks to the newcomers, the once smiling face is now somber, taking on an almost busi-
ness-like.  Victoria takes notice of the caution Kasymm takes in making sure Duncan is fully aware of whom stood at the table.  She realizes
quickly her assumed “station” in the situation and sits back to allow for a formal introduction through the proper channels.  She’d seen this
situation so many times before on both sides.  She suppresses the nostalgic smile attempting to cross her face.
"Well you do have the pulse of some of the more..." he pauses searching for the right word, "...independant spirits within the city, Lady Barbeoux. Your insight into their perceptions will help guide us all along a more fluid and productive path." And a sly smile creeps into the corners of his mouth as he realizes his poor choice in words...fluid, which no doubt if she is anything like her Gangrel friend, will be taken as a threat and not an oversight in speech. As Melody nods and gives her greetings (as far as I know Ms. LeCroix is still not able to post with us) Victor adds his two-cents as to the progress of the Elysium. "The theater is progressing rapidly...the artistic eye catches every detail and is fusing function and elegance into one. I have no doubt that all will be amazed, as expected, from Ms. LeCroix' presentation and hospitality. I understand that you recived a 'behind the scenes' view at the last board meeting...other matters held me up otherwise I would have gladly joined you all. I understand Ms. Anwen did a superb job stepping in for me...as one would expect from such a talented and gifted woman." Now he can not help it...his eyes float back to the blind man seated at the table with the beautiful creatures.

"When last we spoke Mr. Adrian...it appeared we were both on the wrong side of Lady Barbeoux' temperament. It appears the worm has turned and now we find ourselves in a more favorable light..." and with an acknowledgement to the unknown lady he adds, "...yourself bathed even more so in its glory as you sit at her right side and the light of another just as breath-taking shines upon you. A pleasure to know that you are well Mr. Adrian...I do hope my houseman made you very comfortable while I was away...I feared that he might have offended you seeing as how I had not heard back from you since that frightful night." There was more here...more that he should press upon this man, but it would come...the fear and distrust at the table was almost a physical being in itself and one slight spark might ignite the powder-keg.

And as if on cue a powder-keg itself walks into the Lair, leaving a wake of sand in her movement as she heads towards the back of the bar...Song, the sheriff, goes past them...taking the long route to no suprise to avoid any direct possibility of making the awkward situation that much more so. Victor thanks whatever star shined upon him...they were here to present a strong unified leadership, to garner support...seeing the sheriff dress-down the Prince in public does not usually instill those thoughts. He almost drags his eyes away from "Paul" and to the new woman sitting quietly regal at the table..."And Lady Barbeoux...since I have already upset the quiet conversation at the table...might I trouble you for an introduction to your friend?" His eyes settle upon the small details of this woman...her aire of comfort and yet caution...the details the young man was more than gracious.. as were you... Circumstances have prevented me from contacting you to offer proper thanks...衷心被 noticed, offering up a small, closed smile.

"deMarcel, kind sir, Victoria." She speaks her first name as though it were an afterthought. Within her mind, she enjoys the edge upon which she walks, knowing that the wrong move could make things very interesting, indeed.

He smiles at Kasymm's gentle jabs... and listens as she greets Victor and Melody... the memory floods back to him of the night he met Kasymm upon the beach...mistaking her for his captor... and the subsequent meeting of Victor Reineger... this was a farce that had proceeded much much too long... He must fix it before it continues any longer...

"Mr. Reineger... a pleasure to meet with you once again... Please do forgive my failure to send proper thanks for such wonderful hospital-ity... The young man was more than gracious.. as were you... Circumstances have prevented me from contacting you to offer proper thanks... till now..." With more than a slight degree of effort... and leaning heavily upon his cane... he stands... from the sound of Reineger's voice... he knows he stands directly across the table from him... "There is a misunderstanding I believe I need to clear up.. I must admit that evening I encountered you on the beach... my mind was addled and distressed from injuries so recently recieved.. and as you can see... though I have begun to recover to some measure... they dog me still... I offer no excuse.. mearly explanation..... That evening on the beach... in such a state... I misspoke my name... Allow me a proper introduction... now that my faculties are once again intact..... I can only ask your understanding and forgiveness for the deception... and the fact I have not rectified it before now... My name.. Mr. Reineger. is Duncan McCloed..."

The shy coy look upon the stranger's face was either one of genuine emotion or a skill practiced over many years; Melody would have told him to follow his initial instincts as would Rachel...amazing how the thought that he had replaced one with the other hits him like a silent bolt of lightening...and yet Victor had committed himself to this situation when he approached the table, before that even when he engaged in conversation with Ms. Blue. There were hushed whispers about the new leadership and yet unlike the infant that characterizes the new regime the Prince did not allow such unpleasant matters to ruin his expectations...or so he told himself. "Welcome to Hidden Cove, Ms. deMarcel. I can only assume that you have everything you need...seeing the company that you keep." Yes, he was referring to the Brujah
It was the blind man who struggled to stand...his speech flowing freely from his lips but the words lacked a polish that he would have expected...and that was a hint at the truth within them. Given the gravity of what he had said it was now Victor who felt he needed his strength to maintain his standing position, his composure. 'Circumstances prevented him...until now...' So had Victor not approached the gathering would this man have continued his little masquerade? An addled and distressed mind...possibly, but still strong enough, coherent enough to concoct such a blatan lie. He stands there in the silence, the tense moment, and stares blatanly into the orbs that are healing eyes. He's not trying to visualize what this man might look like under less-harsh conditions...no, he's looking for the fire, the drive that he passed on to his childe. The obvious deception that stares back at him works the gears of the Prince's mind and he tries to piece the figure before him with the conversations, however brief, he had with the Seneschal regarding her sire.

"Please..." and Victor almost reaches out to assist the man as he had on the beach before stopping himself, "There is no need to stand Mr. McClod." His voice tries not to show the disappointment in the situation. "I apologize if I sound disappointed in the deception you employed for had I known exactly who I was dealing with on the shore that night, I would have made myself more available to you...". He steadies himself and returns the composure that he had originally, some might even go so far as to say his arrogance returns. "I can only assume that you are, being here with Ms. Barbeouxs, are aware of the new conditions the city finds itself in. First allow me to express to you how pleased I am with your prodigy Ms. Anwen. She has embraced each and every task I have assigned her with such determination and perfection and I have more than inkling that her work is the manifestation of your example you provided her." There might be some animosity between sire and childe but Victor wanted to make it perfectly clear that he had respect for the woman that represented him at times and that respect also extended in part to her sire. "Secondly, I encourage you to visit with Councilor Lee. He sits upon the board of directors in a position that could have very easily have gone to you..." a blatan lie considering how eagerly and stalwardly Mr. Lee had worked with Victor to this point, his dedication showing no signs of faltering. "I am sure that he would be more than happy to converse with you upon matters that might impact your interests within Hidden Cove." It was an obvious attempt to soothe any brusied ego the Ventrue might have regarding being passed over for the Primogen position. Victor knew nothing about how this man might operate but he did understand the social ladder and the political power struggle amongst the Bluebloods.

He can no longer keep the thought at bay and allows a soft "hrumph" exhale as a smile crosses his lips."Hidden Cove is full of suprises is it not...nothing is ever as it appears it seems."
me pack, and it's botherin' me havin' ta leave it ta chance tha' nae one will take 'em. I'm wonderin' if'n ye would take 'em in yer care 'til I fin' a safe place fer 'em."

She wishes she had the ability to hold her breath as she waited for his response.

Message 10 of 14 in Discussion
This message has been deleted by the manager or assistant manager.

Message 11 of 14 in Discussion
"Certainly, Mr. Reineger. It would be a pleasure to meet with you. I was contemplating asking for a bit of your time as well, but since I understand the hectic schedule you must be under I thought it best to wait until you were obviously free. I am sure Duncan will not mind hav- ing these two lovely ladies keep him company. Would you care for a walk in the park across the street?"

The conversation about Duncan's true name has intrigued Kasymm. That conversation must have happened in the time period between Duncan's severe injuries and her invitation for him to once again stay at the lighthouse. It would be interesting to hear whether duncan was just using an alias to protect himself while he was more vulnerable than now.

Kasymm moves her chair back and is about to stand when Andi approaches Duncan. She remains seated and waits for Victor's cue that he is ready to leave his keeper with the group.

Message 12 of 14 in Discussion
From: Victoria_deMarcel Sent: 4/8/2004 4:01 PM
She watches the events unfold as though it were a game of chess, taking note of the checks and balances of power within each conversation. As the move of Ms. Barbeoux and Mr. Reineger begins, a new game piece is added. She cannot help but think this new addition as nothing more than a pawn, here to address some minute concern with her elder. To her surprise, the girl turns to Duncan, addressing him with a tone of familiarity in spite of using his last name. She barely represses an outburst of laughter, keeping complete external repose when the girl literally blurts out her request. In what sick circumstance was this gentile man placed in such high esteem of this hometown hick? She pauses, rethinking her first impression. What tongue can wrap itself around such abruptly vulgar language and yet hold onto the song of an older country? The answer comes quickly into her mind: someone who has been around long enough to have known one before learning the other, and is more than they appear to be.

She places a cautious hand on Duncan's wrist to let him know she wishes to address him, and removes it just as carefully. The movement is brief, and the touch light, as she has yet to learn his personal preferences. She speaks in her own tongue, so as not to offend the woman with her words.

"Se preferite, sarei felice di trovare in qualche luogo altrimenti per avere luogo per un breve periodo, mentre vi occupate di tali questioni fragili, il sig. McCloed. Questo sembra prendere abbastanza gradire voi affidarvi con qualcosa che ritenga importante. Dal senso ha parlato la sua richiesta, direi che questa non è qualcosa facilmente."

Message 13 of 14 in Discussion
From: MelodyLaCroix Sent: 4/9/2004 9:26 AM
The looks, the glances, the slight touches that conveyed so much. It was amazing the amount of non-verbal communication they had already become accustomed to with each other. As he leaves with Kasymm, she makes her concerns known to him by that same means, even though she knows he is more than capable of taking care of himself. She too was surprised at the deception of Mr. McCloed and it makes her curious as to what had transpired to make him participate in such an obvious charade. It makes her even more curious, the motivation he had in keeping the secret. It would have come out sooner rather than later. Her thoughts are interrupted abruptly by Ms. Roberts bursting upon the table and asking for a moment of Mr. McCloed's time. Ms. diMarcel speaks up and Melody looks quietly at her, understanding every word. When the woman finishes speaking, Melody turns to Mr. McCloed and adds her own input, "En effet, Monsieur McCloed. La jeune femme semble la plus impatiente et l'a eue mais pensé pendant un moment, je suis sûr qu'elle n'aurait pas laissé échapper hors d'une telle information devant les étrangers parfaits. J'également serais davantage qu'heureux de vous permettre à de l'intimité de lui parler."

Message 14 of 14 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed Sent: 4/9/2004 9:45 AM
He is about to inform Kasymm he will be awaiting her return... when Ms. Roberts steps up to the table... and expells her request in a flourish of accented speech.... Ms. diMarcel is gracious enough to offer them privacy... while speaking in her own native tongue... so as not to embar- rass the young woman... then Ms. LeCroix speaks up in what he can only assume is her own native tongue... and does the same... He smiles at both of them... but takes his attention directly to Ms. Roberts...
He opens the door to her bedchamber and stands there in the doorway. He hears the slightest of movements and moves toward the bed. He needs them. He crosses the room as silently as possible, straining to hear even the slightest sound from the next room.

He opens the door to the office and hears absolutely nothing. Not a sound from the room beyond. He does not turn on any lights, he does not was awake. He should be able to handle her, but he would not sacrifice any of her staff.

He makes sure that the patients he was to see are transferred to some of the other doctors for now. Then he makes his way to the elevator and

When she comes out of the dreamlike state, she does not immediately open her eyes, instead taking stock of her body, or rather what's left of it. Pain hits her in waves, crashing into her, threatening to drown her again, pull her back under to the black oblivion she had been emersed in. She struggles against it. Even the beast within her is curled up and cowering. With every bit of strength and willpower she can muster, she forces herself back to awareness. Slowly she opens her eyes and is grateful for the darkness. Her throat feels parched and she realizes the depth of damage that was done to her body. She is not sure at this moment she can muster enough strength to speak. She realizes that she does not hunger uncontrollably and notices the iv and empty blood bags not far away. She would smile if she felt capable.

It takes a great effort of will for her to pull herself up to a semi-sitting position on the bed. She reaches over and hits the intercom button. She smiles, then turns her face back to the path in front of her and begins to walk.

He smiles at her and nods, then says, "As long as you aren't in torpor to do it, you have a deal." Mikalia sits back in the bed, feeling drained from just what effort that took. She sits up again, forcing her body to resume activity. She will need them. He opens the door to the office and hears absolutely nothing. Not a sound from the room beyond. He does not turn on any lights, he does not was awake. He should be able to handle her, but he would not sacrifice any of her staff.

He opens the door to her bedchamber and stands there in the doorway. He hears the slightest of movements and moves toward the bed. He

No Rest for the Damned
Message 1 of 24 in Discussion
From: MikaliaLector (Original Message) Sent: 2/12/2004 3:13 PM

She sits quietly on the bench, the feel of the sunlight on her face. Steve is long gone, on his own journey. She protected him all she could, there is no need for him to understand, only to have it all pulled out from under him. Better that he never know, never understand. Her hair is back up in it's bun, her sundress replaced by her more customary slacks, dress shirt, suit jacket and loafers. She does not delude herself into believing that this is any sort of reality. Even when she walked in sunlight, it was nothing so pure and radiant as this. The soft crunch of leaves beside her, makes her move her head to see who might be coming to visit her in this dream-state.

She smiles as she recognizes the tall, lanky, bald black man. With nothing on but a pair of worn jeans, he strikes quite the picture, with his athletic build. She admires him for a moment , then pats the bench beside her. The two of them sit there in silence for a few minutes, then she says, "It's been a long time since I've seen you...." She turns to face him, gives him another once over and a smile and says, "like this." She watches as he sits back on the bench, his legs sprawled languidly in front of him. She smiles as he just nods slowly in response to her question, his head rolls back, his eyes closed, basking in the sunlight. She leans over and rests her head on his shoulder. "This is nice. We should do this more often." She feels him move and she sits up. He leans forward and looks at her. "Mikky, you can't stay here."

She stares at him and says, "I know. But I'm not sure I want to leave either. Haven't you missed the sunlight? I'm not sure that I want to wake up in a body that will hurt as much as mine will. Half of it is gone, it is going to take a long time to heal it." He reaches over and takes her hand in his, "I'll be with you, you know that." She nods. "Can you blame me for wanting to stay just a little while longer? Dorian has the hospital under control. Ms. Stinson is more than capable."

He puts his other hand under hers, looking at them for just a minute, then he looks back up into her eyes and says, "Mikky, Tommy's here. Something's wrong and she needs you."

Mikalia stares at him, then does something she has not done since a time she cannot completely remember, she takes a deep breath and sighs. She stands up, reaches down and place a kiss on his cheek and says, "Ok, I'm going." She starts to walk away and turning back toward him, she says, "Thank you for this. We need to meet like this more often." She smiles at her and nods, then says, "As long as you aren't in torpor to do it, you have a deal."

She smiles, then turns her face back to the path in front of her and begins to walk.

When she comes out of the dreamlike state, she does not immediately open her eyes, instead taking stock of her body, or rather what's left of it. Pain hits her in waves, crashing into her, threatening to drown her again, pull her back under to the black oblivion she had been emersed in. She struggles against it. Even the beast within her is curled up and cowering. With every bit of strength and willpower she can muster, she forces herself back to awareness. Slowly she opens her eyes and is grateful for the darkness. Her throat feels parched and she realizes the depth of damage that was done to her body. She is not sure at this moment she can muster enough strength to speak. She realizes that she does not hunger uncontrollably and notices the iv and empty blood bags not far away. She would smile if she felt capable.

It takes a great effort of will for her to pull herself up to a semi-sitting position on the bed. She reaches over and hits the intercom button. When someone answers on the other end with "Yes Dr. Gray?" She answers with a voice that angers her with it's seeming frailty, "This... she tries clearing her voice and it gets a tiny bit stronger. "This is Dr. Lector." She hears the woman on the other end drop whatever she had in her hand and whisper, "Oh my God!" Suddenly, there is a flurry of comotion on the other end. A hurried voice says, "I'll have someone right up there Dr. Lector." Then the connection dies.

Mikalia sits back in the bed, feeling drained from just what effort that took. She sits up again, forcing her body to resume activity. She will not be an invalid.

Message 2 of 24 in Discussion
From: DorianGray Sent: 2/17/2004 12:40 PM

He didn't believe it, couldn't believe it. Yet there is was, the call had come from Mikalia's room. His steps are measured, purposefully slow. He makes sure that the patients he was to see are transferred to some of the other doctors for now. Then he makes his way to the elevator and up to the floor of Mikalia's quarters. He had insisted that Ms. Stinson stay away. There was no telling what he was going to find if Mikalia was awake. He should be able to handle her, but he would not sacrifice any of her staff.

He opens the door to the office and hears absolutely nothing. Not a sound from the room beyond. He does not turn on any lights, he does not need them. He crosses the room as silently as possible, straining to hear even the slightest sound from the next room.

He opens the door to her bedchamber and stands there in the doorway. He hears the slightest of movements and moves toward the bed. He
moves one of the curtains aside and finds himself staring into the bluest eyes he has ever seen. Releif threatens to overwhelm him, but caution rules the day. "Dr. Lector....." He cannot think of what to say, somehow, how are you, just seems all wrong. He stands there, staring and trying to find the right words.

Message 3 of 24 in Discussion
From: MikaliaLector Sent: 2/25/2004 1:55 PM

Finally, after several minutes have passed, but no more than an half hour, surely, she opens her eyes again, to find Dr. Gray still standing there, still staring at her. She says, every word an effort. "Really Dr. Gray, such formality between such old friends? And in such a situation?" She closes her eyes, and says, "Perhaps in the present circumstances, you forgive me for breaking with protocol and allow me to simply call you Dorian, as I once did."
Her eyes remain closed, but a small smile begins to form on her face. "It would seem I owe you a great debt, Dorian. But I am afraid I will ask alot more of you before I am in any shape to begin to repay it. First I would ask you to arrange proper transportation, as it seems I will not be walking of my own volition anytime soon." Pain rages through her body, only her iron will forces her to move to swim past it, to not allow it to get the better of her.

Message 4 of 24 in Discussion
From: DorianRGray Sent: 3/11/2004 2:52 PM

He stands there, watching her struggle, resisting the temptation to help her. He turns and walks back out into her office, using the phone he calls for a wheelchair to be brought up. He paces the room trying to get a handle on the situation as he waits for the chair. Ms. Stinson walks through the door, pushing the chair and he looks up at her with some sympathy. To her questioning glances he simply says, "She's awake, one thing at a time. I will call you if she requires your assistance." It is obvious the woman is not happy about being dismissed.
He pushes the chair into the other room and says, "Mikalia, I am not sure this is a good idea."
He resists the urge to stare at where her legs should have been. Instead meeting her gaze, "Your body isn't healed, you need rest."

Message 5 of 24 in Discussion
From: MikaliaLector Sent: 3/16/2004 10:17 AM

She opens her eyes slowly, staring at him once she does. After a few minutes she says, "If you would be so kind as to get me some of my clothes. We will also need something to cover the bottom part of my body and to appear that I do indeed have legs, so do not forget my shoes." At his questioning look she says, "It would not do for me not to have legs today, and some weeks down the line, suddenly have them. My body will heal with time, but that is what it is going to take, time. If you believe for an instant I will remain bedridden in that time, you are quite mistaken. I have a hospital to run and people that count on me." She sits back as he moves to get her clothes.

Some time later, finally dressed and sitting in the chair, her hair pinned up neatly once again in it's customary bun and her glasses sitting squarely on her face she feels ready to return to her duties. Dressing was quite a chore, with pain wracking her body, but with Dorian's help, she had managed. She waves him away and wheels herself out into her office. It takes her a few minutes sitting with her eyes closed before she feels comfortable enough to open them once again. The office is bathed in soft light, she is not sure she is ready yet to face the harsh lights of the rest of the hospital, one step at a time. She wheels over to her desk and begins looking through the papers upon it. Finally she pushes away from the desk again and moves further into the room. She indicates that Dorian should come and take a seat, then she says, "As I said before, I owe you a great debt, but I am sure I will be incurring more, before I am fully recooperated. In the meantime, why don't you begin by telling me exactly what happened, how you came to be here, and what has gone on in the time I have been incapacitated."

Message 6 of 24 in Discussion
From: Mercutio_Blackwall Sent: 3/16/2004 1:43 PM

"Way I hear it the new boss is worse then the old boss...some Tremie son-a-bitch spouting about the Cammie way..." and the Brujah lets out a laugh that is joined by the others at his table. "What makes it even better is he's got himself his own little kitty-cat running around like a Sheriff. Those damn Gangrel bitches are like cats in heat when they get your scent so we better..." Mercutio stands up from the adjacent table and drops a few dollar bills around the empty beer bottle. The talk was the same everywhere he went and here in Lowtown the scum don't even take the time to look around before opening their mouths much less try to sneak off into a dark corner to state their traitorous natures. The night had gone smooth so far, eliminating a few problems that were small potatoes to the Prince but were becoming a pain in the ass to the local Nosferatu...and a pissed Nossie is a Nossie that's not going to be much use to you. So it was Mercutio mending fences with the sewer-rats and at the same time gathering the 'local' perspective in the matters of city leadership. The gang here at the Rusty Nail were pretty much anti-everything; they didn't care much for any of the past leaders and he'd bet a days pay that whoever came next would still be an asshole in their eyes...even if it was one of their own.

He lets the door close behind him and starts heading across Lowtown on the grimey streets. That gang back there could and probably should answer for their remarks, hell...given less then an hour he is almost positive that he could come up with half a dozen breaches they were guilty of but that wasn't his job...that was Song's. He hadn't heard from the Sheriff but knowing her she was up to her neck in trouble somewhere or she was plotting with the Lady Kasymm. There was a force moving under the city, the Nosferatu knew it but as usual they were
waiting for enough payment, and he was no closer to discovering the source. Not as if there wasn't a huge list of anti-Camarilla warriors in this city to choose from...but this had the taste of something more...almost like the attacks were personal...the fire at the House of the Rising Sun, the blatant embrace of someone as public as Borden, and not to mention all the chaos the night of the peaceful take-over. This wasn't the typical Sabbat smash and trash...they were targeting someone.

He leans on a cock-eyed newspaper stand and pulls out his cell-phone. This smelled like an organized well run and supported machine. He had heard the rumors that Vasile was in town...he was a big enough player to support something like this...but that was almost as obvious as the staged attack the Scourge had preformed in the docks...this was something else and it just seemed to be there in his mind somewhere but trapped, locked behind something deep. He flips the phone open and dials a number saved in memory. They hit strategic points, and their timing was amazing...as if they had inside information...and a force that was larger than he first imagined. He shifts his eyes from the street to an empty beat-up Ford Taurus sitting on the curb as the voice answers on the other end of the line.

"Yes, ma'am..." he replies as the woman answers at New Mercy Hospital. "I am calling from the National Institute of Mental Health and the NIH offices in Washington D.C. with regards from Dr. Dennis Charney. Dr. Charney is spending the night in Hidden Cove this evening on way to a press juncet in New York tomorrow to discuss Post Traumatic Stress Disorder treatments. Dr. Charney understands that this is short notice but he was hoping to have the opportunity to meet with Dr.s Lector and Gray this evening over drinks at the Sheraton bar downtown. He would like to discuss some of the recent trends in increasing PTSD outbreaks in smaller metro areas...will the doctors be available?"

Mercutio holds his breath and hopes that the bait will be taken. Victor told him to stay away from New Mercy but he never said anything about bringing New Mercy to him...and besides it will give him a chance to ask Gray just how Mikalia was progressing without upsetting the balance of nature at New Mercy.

Message 7 of 24 in Discussion
From: DorianRGray Sent: 3/17/2004 1:42 PM

He has barely even begun to open his mouth to begin the explanation she requested when the phone rings. Slightly irritated at the interruption, he stalks over to the phone and picks it up. The voice on the other end of the line informs him of the request of Dr. Dennis Charney from the National Institute of Mental Health and the NIH offices in Washington D.C. He makes a mental note to remind Ms. Stinson that no calls mean just that. He says, "Please give Dr. Charney, Dr. Lector & I's regrets and regards, but inform him that our own duties will render it entirely impossible to meet on such short notice. Should he find himself passing through this way again, even a few days notice should suffice in making sure we are able to meet with him. " He listens for a moment, then says, "Yes, that's correct."

Message 8 of 24 in Discussion
From: MikaliaLector Sent: 3/17/2004 1:50 PM

He no more than gets the words out of his mouth than she says, "No Dorian, Please inform Dr. Charney that we would be more than happy to meet with him wherever he requests, this evening."

She sees the look on his face and simply nods. To his credit, he simply passes the word along, makes the arrangements to meet and then hangs up the phone.

"Well it seems we had better get things arranged so that we can meet with Dr. Charney." The secretary relays the word to "Dr. Charney" that he doctors will join him, if he will just name the time (going to assume it is sooner rather than later).

On the top floor of New Mercy, he turns his gaze to Mikalia and goes to sit in front of her. He says, "You do realize of course that this could very well be a trap. You were the Keeper of the Elysium when someone decided to blow up that building. Now that you have been appointed the Malkavian Primogen, you will make an even juicier target. Allow me to go to meet with this Dr. Charney. If he is who he says, I will converse with him awhile and send your regrets. You have just awoken Mikalia. I would not risk your safety again."

Message 10 of 24 in Discussion
From: MikaliaLector Sent: 3/17/2004 2:06 PM

She looks at him as he speaks and raises a brow, "The Malkavian Primogen? Indeed. Kasymm has appointed a primogen then? How interesting. Well of course she would know I would gladly accept the position. Perhaps you should tell me what other changes have been made while I lay in torpor? As for this being a trap, I am almost certain I was not the target of the attack on the Elysium. But assuming this is a trap, there are measures we can take to make sure it is not and still allow me to attend as well." She levels her gaze at him and her voice taken on an edge she says, "I will not allow anyone or anything to make me a prisoner within my own hospital, Dr. Gray."

The look on her face melts away and she says, "But fill me in quickly, then we will go and meet with this Dr. Charney."
The wait was almost unbearable and yet it was only a few minutes or so...ninety seconds max, but he didn't like standing around out here on
the street corner...who knew what bum might rush him and ruin the entire fiasco. When Stinson tells him that the doctors would be able to
meet with Charnock he smiled and tried to contain the excitement. She had said doctor's he noted as the phone was placed back in his jacket
pocket...could Lecter be making a trip out into the open...and if so, what exactly had gone on within the walls of New Mercy. The woman he
saw only nights ago was so far from being able to even open her eyes that he couldn't imagine her recovered enough to make such a trip. He
was only counting on Dorian...but this might make things much more easier. Enough standing around he tells himself, knowing now he was
running against a clock...he had to make his way to the Sheraton and be ready before their arrival.

The Sheraton is uptown in the heart of the business district. The clientele here were often business travelers coming to or from one of the
large metro areas and needing a economical solution to their travel plans. It had a nice restaurant and a comfortable bar, affordable suites,
and a gym with an indoor pool...not high end like the Crown Royal but better than your average Motel Six. Mercutio waltzed through the
lobby and into an open elevator trailing a small group of businessmen; the man at the front desk gave him a passing look as he kept his
head down. Three of the men got off on four and him and the lanky blonde haired man with the briefcase continued upwards. As the
door opened to six, Mercutio held his hand out to keep the elevator doors from closing as the other man picked up his briefcase. "Thank you," he
said in passing on his way out as Mercutio smiled. He followed him out of the elevator and onto the plush carpet of the hallway.

"Excuse me sir...did you drop this?" Mercutio asks holding a silver ink pen up. The man pats his shirt pocket and smiles..."Must have fallen
out when I reached for my case...Thanks again," and he extended his hand to take the pen back. He never felt his body erupt into convulsion
as Mercutio touched his hand passing the pen to him...and in a few hours he will awaken confused and too embarrassed to report anything
missing.

"I am expecting Dr. Dorian Gray and Mikalia Lector. Would you be a dear and direct them over towards me when they arrive?" the man
asks the hostess as she seats him at a bar table, his back to the door. "Of course Dr. Charney," she replies before relaying the message to the
hostess at the front of the room. The bar is empty now except for the hostess and the one patron...dressed in a gray suit and a white shirt, no
tie, and his hair...almost waxed completely down to form a semi-helmet look, stark blonde as if he had used too much peroxide. He looked
slightly sick under these lights but other than that no other distinguishing marks...and definately no ear-rings. Mercutio folds the paper nap-
kin that was placed under the beer bottle several times as he waits for their arrival.

(OOC: Take your time...I am sure that Mikalia has much to hear from Dorian before she rolls down the street)
to go to this meeting. I will indeed invite Dr. Charney to visit New Mercy on any other occasion that he finds himself in Hidden Cove, to discuss whatever he wishes at length. I will even invite him to take a tour of the facilities when he has more time."

He stands and kisses her on the cheek, saying, "I will return as soon as I can." Then he turns and walks out the door of the office.

Not much later, he strides into the lobby of the Sheraton Hotel and asks where he might find Dr. Charney. He is directed toward a gentleman at the bar. He steps up behind him and says, "Dr. Charney, good evening. I am Dr. Gray. Dr. Lector sends her regrets that she was unable to join us this evening, but matters at the hospital have her otherwise occupied."

Message 15 of 24 in Discussion
From: MikaliaLector Sent: 3/17/2004 8:53 PM

She waits until she is sure he is gone then she says, "I know you were listening. Come on out." A tall bald black man steps out of the shadows and nods in her direction. "Of course I'm going, but I am going to be careful. You are going with me." A smile blossoms across his face, showing perfect rows of white teeth, quite the contrast to his black skin. She smiles back at him and says, "Go change into something suitable. I don't want you calling attention to yourself as anything more than my escort."

She smiles as he turns on his heal and jogs off. She has no doubt but what this Dr. Charney was nothing more than a ruse, the question was, who wanted to meet with them, why, and why the charade? She would take precautions just in case.

Not 5 minutes later, the man reappears, dressed in a tan suit and sandels. She smiles at him again and says, "Shall we then?" He pushes her out of the office and through the back ways out of New Mercy. Then he helps her into the car, loads her chair and takes the driver's seat.

About the time that Dr. Gray is making his introductions to "Dr. Charney", Mikalia and her companion are walking through the front doors of the Sheraton Hotel.

Message 16 of 24 in Discussion
From: Mercutio_Blackwall Sent: 3/18/2004 8:35 AM

He was lost in his own thoughts as he sat there waiting for his party. It was the discussions in the dark corners that bothered him the most right now; if the Sabbat or worse were to strike would they have a force strong enough to protect the city? Kasym was going out of her way to make sure they couldn't rally any support amongst the Kindred but why? What was it she thought she could accomplish? *For a Scourge you do a lot more thinking them expected of you Mercutio.* he thinks as he folds the napkin once more and is suprised by how quietly Dr. Gray had approached.

"Dr. Gray...forgive me for asking to meet with you on such short notice." Merc says still with his back to the man...he knew the disguise was enough to fool the deskman and anyone who might have seen him in passing, but once he turned around the ruse was over. Slowly, Mercutio turns to face the gentleman who was running the funny farm in Mikalia's absence, and he can almost feel the peroxide of his bleached hair burn into his scalp and for a moment he feels completely naked and vulnerable. "Please, will you not join me at the table." and he moves to the corner table away from the solitary ears of the bartender..." and he moves to take a seat where he can face the entrance giving Gray the other chair. His eyes focus upon the doctor half expecting him to refuse, half expecting him to ask why the facade and he simply shakes his head.

"I am sorry Dr. Lector will not be joining us..." he continues the charade knowing full well from the vision of her just nights past that it will be a long battle before he sees her again. "PTSD has many ways of displaying itself does it not Dr. Gray...some physical some mental. I was wondering what, if any, changes in referrals your office might have seen in the past week...possibly before and after your official arrival." He wants to tell the gentleman, who has been nothing but kind to him, that he's trying to figure out exactly why someone would have harmed Dr. Lector in such a way...but to lay all the cards out on the table? "Hidden Cove hasn't been spared any of the stressors that we've seen in other areas of the country, but there have been some unusual activities lately and I was just wanting to pick your brain and see if you had come across any traces of...." his voice trails off as he notices the large black man escorting the woman in the wheel-chair into the lobby.

"By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes." and Mercutio nods his head towards the pair wondering if this was a suprise to Gray as well.

Message 17 of 24 in Discussion
From: DorianRGray Sent: 3/18/2004 11:31 AM

The professional smile firmly on his face falters a bit when Mercutio turns around. He wonders for a moment at the charade, but follows along to the table. He understands completely what Mercutio is trying to say without saying it, but still cannot understand the charade. When Mr. Blackwall's voice trails off, he turns to see what in the world might have him spouting Shakespeare. He stares, turning slowly, confusion in full bloom on his usually so composed features. He shoots a look back at Mercutio, looking for any hint of duplicity from the Scourge. What kind of game was this they were playing with him and why? But no, from the look on Mercutio's face, he was not expecting Mikalia either. And who in the world was the man pushing her chair? He was certain he had never seen him before. Yet there is something familiar about him as well.
He looks to Mercutio and says, "Please excuse me a moment." He walks over to where Mikalia is entering and says, "I thought you had agreed to remain at New Mercy, in case this was a trap? Why would you lie to me Mikalia? What are you doing here?"

**Message 18 of 24 in Discussion**
**From: DorianRGray**  
**Sent: 3/18/2004 11:32 AM**

he says to Mikalia in a quiet voice, so as not to carry and shatter the carefully constructed charade (knew I forgot something)

**Message 19 of 24 in Discussion**
**From: MikaliaLector**  
**Sent: 3/18/2004 2:06 PM**

She reaches up and her hand is taken by that of her companion as he leans down, she looks at Dorian, but is obviously speaking to Robert, “O good Roberto, What shall I do to win my lord again?Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,I know not how I lost him.” She smiles and reaches out to take Dorian’s hand and says, “All things and explanations in time old friend. Forgive me this small deception, please.” She releases his hand and motions for Robert (tall lanky black man, pushing her wheelchair) to take her toward the table. A smile blossoms across her face and she says, bemused, “Dr. Charney I presume?” There is a twinge of laughter in her tired eyes. “O, my old friend! thy face is valenced since I saw thee last. Very well met, and well come. What is the news from this good deputy?”

**Message 20 of 24 in Discussion**
**From: Mercutio_Blackwall**  
**Sent: 3/18/2004 7:51 PM**

If the ghost of the dead King spurred Hamlet into action then the appearance of Mikalia's presence stirred those same emotions within Mercutio. He couldn't help but stand as she was wheeled towards their table and his smile under this pitiful excuse for a mop of hair bloomed. "The Bard would have no idea how to describe such a gathering and spirit that settles upon my soul." and he sits back down, taking up very little of the seat, instead positioning himself on its edge as if he were waiting to assist in some matter.

As they gather about, he does not wait for the mistetfying gentleman escorting Dr. Lector to be introduced, more accurately he expects that such an introduction will not be forth coming anyways, "Forgive me for the subterfuge and blatant lies...for all I know Dr. Charney may still be holed up somewhere in Atlanta...I hope I am not a disappointment in his place." and he fears Gray may interject otherwise but continues.

"It was my intention to see about your health Mikalia but apparently I need not worry with such matters as your strength shows through in all things so I will turn to the next matter at hand. As I know not what you know and do not know, what Dr. Gray has informed you...we have asked that you take a position worthy of your value within the city's Primogen." He couldn't help but hear the word 'worth' ring in his ears and it sounded as if it echoed across a street somewhere.

"Among the many problems we are facing, I have turned my attention to hunting those that were at fault for the blatant attack upon your Elysium... in doing so," and he turns to face Dr. Gray now, "I was just asking Dr. Gray what, if any, increase in unexplainable or unexpected mentally challenging epidemics your hospital has encountered...myself excluded." he adds in self-deprecating fashion. "The continued attacks upon our city seem to be very organized, almost methodical in nature, and understanding our enemy to find their weaknesses is my current undertaking." He wonders how much she might know, his appointment possibly...and if so why he does this work over the appointed sheriff...right now he's asking himself that same question.

**Message 21 of 24 in Discussion**
**From: MikaliaLector**  
**Sent: 3/29/2004 3:14 PM**

Robert wheels her to the table as Mercutio speaks, then leaves them to converse alone, as he retreats to the bar. Sitting at such a place as to keep careful watch over his ward.

Mikalia smiles at Mercutio's words. She waves a hand dismissing what he has to say about blatant lies and subterfuge. The term "we" in regards to the asking of her to take the primogen position causes her to cock her head slightly, but she allows him to continue, uninterrupted. When it is clear he has finished for a moment, she says, "I count myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends." and he sits back down, taking up very little of the seat, instead positioning himself on its edge as if he were waiting to assist in some matter.

She pats Dorian's hand absently for a moment, then as her face turns more serious she says, "I must admit that have been a bit out of touch, since my injuries and I cannot imagine that things have changed overly much, considering the information you provide. I am sure Dr. Gray will be able to enlighten us more on those matters. Of course both Dr. Gray and I will assist you in any way we can, in tracking down those responsible for the current nature of things. I am not sure though, whether my appearance in public will bolster them to more rash movements, or send them to ground."

She seems far away for a moment as she says, "Careful examination of the events is what will be necessary to suggest any foreseeable patterns."

She focuses again on Mercutio and says, "I should have some more concrete answers for you in the nights to come. Perhaps revisiting the scene will jog my memory as well. I am afraid there are still bits that elude me." She smiles again and says, "For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come."
Her smile comes and goes as she talks...easily not forced and Mercutio relaxes as she continues on. Both of these Kindred are children of Malkav and yet for some reason Mercutio can not help but wonder if he might be the only one sitting at the table who would be considered a bit off of center. He listens as she talks about the state of the mental hospital and its patients but the only thing that truly suprises him is her desire to assist them; that's not completely true...he had always felt he could trust Mikalia to join with the side of the angels but her determinaion is something to be admired. She's not even able to carry herself from here to there and yet here she is worried about the question of her appearance regarding those that attacked the city and her, and more...she all but stated it was her desire to revisit the House of the Rising Sun to fill in the gaps.

He knew it would be more Dr. Gray's spot to protest such a statement but he couldn't help the Astor in him...he wanted answers and while none would be coming from the police officer that Mercutio was suspecting to be tied to the wider schemes someone was playing at, taking Dr. Lector to the scene,...giving her a chance to utilize those mental faculties might produce the nugget of gold they were missing. "If they move again based on your reappearance it will be possibly unplanned and this might be the chance to catch them...either way Dr. Lector, your safety is my responsibility and I will see to it that no more harm befalls you or the hospital." He gives Dorian a quick look to see if there was some snide remark forthcoming. "Why am I not sure what going back to the scene of the crime might produce...that choice is entirely your and I will support you coming or going. Mr. Reineger is in no exact hurry for answers...like us he would rather understand the entire truth before acting on assumptions and possible half-truths."

That wasn't exactly honest either...and he tries to express it without showing the weakness of their current position. "The Primogen are pushing for an end to this chaos..." and he lowers his voice a bit, "...and not to your suprise I imagine, some blame us for the actions in the first place while others see it much differently. The truth is what will set us all free and if that means waiting...then we wait. Dr. Gray has been extremely helpful during his brief stay with us and I anticipate hearing even more from him. If there is anything I can do to help with your investigations please let me know. I'll do my best to make sure everything flows both ways." The comment was said directly to Mikalia...he knew she would be privy to Primogen comment but sometimes Victor lets things slip around his most trusted and it might be something Dr. Lector could use.

He leans back now and a coy smile crosses his face..."Africa you said?" and he shakes his head in disbelief..."I'm getting sloppy in my old age, eh?"

She smiles and it is his final comment that she addresses first. "Never sloppy, my friend. I was the one that suggested the sabbatical and one of the few that knows he took me up on it. Most others and indeed inquiry would have only discovered he is said to be taking a tour of the country's facilities." She sits forward slightly in her chair and says, "Any assistance you give is always welcome. The more communication we have flowing both ways, the more results we can acquire at a rapid pace. Closed mouths will only result in too many efforts being spent backtracking." She sits back once again and says, "It is good to see you again Mercutio and to be seen. I will look forward to more visits with you in the nights to come. Perhaps we could make arrangements to meet at the remains of the House of the Rising Sun tomorrow night? I am afraid my strength wanes tonight, and Robert promised to take me on a drive around the city before sunrise. Which if I miss my guess, is not all that far off (hopefully)."

"I understand completely Dr. Lector," and for a moment he gazes at Dr. Gray to see if he had an "I-told-you-so" look on his face as he mentions her strength waning. "The nights have been long for all of us lately." His voice stays strong but he can still feel the marks upon his back inflicted in the opening salvos of this war, not to mention the more recent wounds; and while it seems that the injuries run deep he nods to himself as he silently acknowledges that only a few of them have been badly scarred...Dr. Lector and himself, the massive injuries he has heard about regarding McCloed, the pain Nyah must carry knowing the police officer's fate and that mortal's death...and the countless others he had never met. Spilling his own blood is one thing for a cause, risking his neck came with the job...but these others, these that are 'innocent'?

He shakes his head as if to apologize for going somewhere inside for a moment and stands. "I'll scout out the Sun tomorrow evening after I make my rounds, Doc. You rest as best you can and let your talented staff handle their jobs as best they can...You've got a good right hand man there in Dr. Gray," and a smile comes to his face as he pays the compliment. Turning to the gentleman, "You contact me before she decides to go out on this little scavenger hunt at the Sun. you've done an admirable job of keeping a lid on all of this but outside the gates of New Mercy it doesn't hurt to have some back-up." He takes a step away from the table pulling up beside the wheelchair bound Kindred.

"Something about us Mikalia...always taking care of everyone else as best we can..." and his mind, like it had been since he heard about her being caught in the blast turns towards their first meeting, hovering over a wounded body in the kitchen of Malcom's Lair. "Words are easy...
like the wind; Faithful friends are hard to find. Take care Mikalia until I see you once again." His hand rests on the armrest of the wheel-
chair and slowly he removes it and walks past the escort that had helped her to the place. The early morning air hits him as he leaves the
hotel, turning not towards the parking lot where the gas-guzzling old Ford sits but towards mid-town and the TI office.

At a Segregated Table
Message 1 of 8 in Discussion  
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts  (Original Message) Sent: 4/10/2004 11:48 AM

Andi follows him to the table and sits across from him. She never truly realized just how difficult something like this could be. She sets her
pack on the table and looks straight into the dark glasses on Duncan's face. She steadies herself, trying to keep the words from flowing like
water as she speaks, the Irish once again thick on her tongue.

"In me pack 're me treasures, buckles I won from bustin' broncos a' rodeo. I nae e'en sure 'ow many I 'ave, an'mo'e. Each one 'as it's own
story, its own mem'ry. Nary a thin' means more ta me than these dern pieces o' dec'rated gold, silve', 'n coppe', McCloed. ... nary a thin', 'til
now." She pauses, wondering why she was always set at ease enough to spill what was in her mind, her heart, whenever she was with him.
Yet, some part of her warns against it, tells her he's not all he seems, a part, at the moment, she chooses to ignore.

"Nae 'til I got ta this town 'ave I found meself a place I may be able ta call home. I been wanderin' a long time, McCloed, searchin' fer a
home, nae e'en the Isle coul' offe' me one. I ken tha' this buildin' be one o' the safest places I could keep me thin's, but ye see, I kenna trust
the petty thief nae ta come in an' steal 'em away from me. It's lef' me in a fix, tryin' ta think o' someone I trust who mayhap be willin' ta hold
onta them 'til I 'ave a place o' me own. Tha's where ye come in, McCloed. Ye be the on'y soul who stuck 'is neck ou' fer the axe when it came
ta helpin' Miss Tommy an' lettin' me come along. Nae e'en Brandon could trust I meant well, nae then, nor now. He'd be likely ta toss 'em in
the firs' alley he came ta. Nyah kenna trus' an'eone a' the momen', in spite o' my extended 'and, she'd be worried I 'ad a personal agenda 'gainst
her if I offered 'em ta her. 'n Falcon, she pauses long enough to smile at the thought of him holding onto her memories, "well, let's jus' say
methinks it'd be all too temptin' ta switch 'em with some fakes. So, if'n it's nae too much o' a burden upon ye, I'd like ta entrust me prize
bucks ta yer care, 'n if'n it nae be safe ta wear me sixers, those as well. Ye seem ta be the on'y one who I ken I trust, 'n mayhap call a friend. ..
in time."

Her eyes the entire time never left his face, watching for any sign of reaction, a raised eyebrow, or a small uplift at the corner of his mouth,
anything that may show a deception on his part. Yet, at the same time, hoping she saw nothing of the sort as he listened to her explain her
situation and what she truly desired from him at this point: a trusted friend.

It was time to move on from the past, and finally settle into a home, she was beginning to tire of the road, of being alone. In the back of her
mind, the idea of setting up a place of her own begins to form. A honky tonk bar with mechanical bulls, or perhaps a rodeo on the outskirts
town, something permanent, something real, something to call home. Home, the word echoed in her thoughts as she sat back, hand on her
pack, and waited for his response, feeling, for a change, at ease with her decision.

Message 2 of 8 in Discussion  
From: DuncanMcCloed  Sent: 4/12/2004 10:27 AM

He takes a seat and listens carefully... as the young woman speaks... He reaches over and pats her hand gently... and smiles... softly he says...
"Try not to take too much offense at the fact that others have so much trouble with trust... It has been my experience that trust is hard won..
and much too easily lost... But... let us get right to the heart of the matter my dear... Some would call you a fool for placing such a delicate
story, its own mem'ry. Nary a thin' means more ta me than these dern pieces o' dec'rated gold, silve', 'n coppe', McCloed. . . nary a thin', 'til
now." In his mind's eye.. he can imagine her reaction.. he continues.. never raising his voice above it's softness... "But
then we all have our dissenters.. do we not?.. Some with merit.. no doubt.. others.. for nothing other than misunderstandings..."

He leans upon his cane.. sitting in front of him.. deep in thought.. when finally he says.. "I will take care of your prized possessions.. for a
short while... but only upon the condition that you will find yourself a proper haven.. and have a security system installed.. so that you need
not worry about them.. and can observe them and hold 'em in your hands whenever you like.... I can place you in touch with real estate
agents.. and security companies.. that are discreet.. reliable.. and more than willing to adapt to a paying customer's schedule..."

He thinks for a few more moments.. then finally he says... "I would not believe it would be wise to carry guns... not in such climate as that of
Hidden Cove right now... The police have become much more attentive... to irregulairities... than they perhaps once were... There is no need to
call undue attention to yourself.. carrying weapons you are not licensed to carry.... Or indeed... spending possibly precious time trying to show
proper proof.. should a fine officer of the law become persistant... But I am remiss to remove them from your person completely... I am cer-
tain you can see the dilemma I face..."

Message 3 of 8 in Discussion  
From: DuncanMcCloed  Sent: 4/12/2004 10:30 AM

(that's what I get for hitting Send to soon.. please continue below...)  
He thinks for a few moments more.. then says... "But should you insist that they go together.. and that your safety will not be a concern... I
will take all of them into my care.. under the conditions I stated before... It is a precious thing... trust.. Ms. Roberts... I would hope... should I
succeed in this endeavor you set me upon... that the word friend.. does at least cross your mind... when you think of me..." His face softens as
he smiles a sincere smile...
"Ye've much wisdom, me friend, 'n I 'ccept yer terms, they be quite rational and well thought." The word almost sticks as she speaks it, but being able to call him "friend" somehow eases her heart. "I ken what ye say 'bout me sixers, they be e'en mo' impo'tant than me buckles. Since the times 'er as full o' suspicion as ye say, mayhap ye shoul' take 'em fer the time bein'."

She pauses, her mind full of thoughts and ideas. May as well share them with her new-found companion. "As a matte' o' fact, I 'ave in mind a plan o' action, but I nae sure 'ow much I be able ta 'fiod wi'ou havin' ta trade me buckles fer the money I'll need fer it. Me big goal is ta set up a rodeo outside o' town, er someplace it wouldnae be a bothe' ta kine and kin. T'will take much work, ye see, gettin' the right buildin's, horses, n' bulls, findin' all o' the wranglers. If'n I nae be able ta do tha' right away, I be hopin' ta at leas' be able ta set up a honky tonk kind o' bar ta set up a few 'chanical bulls. I nae e'en sure where ta begin, McCloed, I nae be big on settlin' down, havena done it since, well, since afore me change."

She sits back, trying to grasp the idea of finances and costs, of having a stable income rather than living from hand to mouth. The idea seems out of her league, nigh impossible. At the same time, her mind is full of the idea of once again surrounding herself with her favored horses and hard work. Knee deep in muck and saddle sore from riding, the thoughts bring a smile to her face.

Message 5 of 8 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed Sent: 4/12/2004 3:02 PM

He smiles at the fact that she is already calling him friend... As she speaks of future plans... and obvious dreams... he remembers times past... when he was taken under wing and taught just such matters.... He smiles again... and says... "There are many in the city that could help you with whichever undertaking you so desired... Including how to find the right investors... If you have never owned such places yourself... you may need to consider taking on a more stable partner... so as to look more attractive to potential investors... Getting started with a "honky tonk"... would give you a good idea on how business is done... and wouldn't be as much of a commitment... your wandering spirit decide it is time to move on yet again...." His smile widens as he says... "But I need not bore you with business details this evening... You may contact me later... or even your representative on the city's 'board of directors'..." he places emphasis on the words... to make sure she understands exactly what he speaks of... "Would likely be able to help you in just such matters...." He reaches out to pat her hand again and says... "But I will not keep you any longer here this evening... My companion should be returning soon... and I have promised some light conversation to the young ladies we left at the table.... Just make sure to leave your pack with me before you leave... and I will make sure it is well taken care of until such time as you have a proper place for it..."

Message 6 of 8 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 4/12/2004 3:24 PM

She enjoys his smile thoroughly, "It be in'erestin' ye mentioned tha' "board", McCloed, Mista Rinenigga ne'er did get 'round ta tellin' me who I should talk ta, any ideas to whom a Rabble such as meself goes ta?"

She stops a moment, concentrating fully on what she has to say next, the western drawl gone, only the Irish song filtering through her words. "You, my friend, are more complex than you seem, which is good for our kind. We all have our masks to wear, and some lessons we've learned become forgotten. Don't forget what I've only just re-learned, there comes a time when all of us become so consumed by our loneliness and deceit, we forget who were truly are and where we came from. We all need someone sometime, McCloed, go back to your women, and sometimes... a conversation... is just a conversation..." the last bit is obviously aimed at her comments about the ladies at the table... He smiles just a bit and says... "Since you have imparted some small bit of wisdom to this old man this eve... mayhap ye shoul' take 'em fer the time bein'."

She gives him a rather sad smile, the words choking from her, as though near tears.

Message 7 of 8 in Discussion
From: DuncanMcCloed Sent: 4/13/2004 9:26 AM

He is surprised by the dropping of the drawl... but he listens intently... He picks up the hand he has been patting... and says softly... "There are lessons I have learned... that I could not forget even had I tried... and others I relearn all the time... Do not forget that no one is ever all they seem... Ms. Roberts... no one.... and sometimes... a conversation... is just a conversation... the last bit is obviously aimed at her comments about the ladies at the table... He smiles just a bit and says... "Since you have imparted some small bit of wisdom to this old man this evening... allow me to return the favor in kind." He moves a bit closer to her... as if imparting a secret... and says... "You cannot run from your past forever... there will come a time you must face it... and all the pain and joy it brings with it... head on... lest you eventually become over run by it... because it refuses to be ignored any longer." He sits back again... and says... "We have all made horrible mistakes... and have lifetimes full of regrets... It is not the past that makes us who and what we are... but how we choose to act... and react... knowing what has come before... As for your offer of watching my back... I am gracious... but be careful... that you do not find yourself watching so many others... that you forget to watch your own...." He releases her hand... the smile once again gracing his face... a hint of humor back in his voice... and he says... "I believe the board member you would be looking for... is my companion... Ms. Barbeoux.... I am sure she will be more than happy to
help you in any way she can.... and do not forget my own offer...

Laboriously he stands... leaning heavily on his cane... He reaches down to the table.. picks her hand up..... and squeezes it gently... he says...

"It has been an absolute pleasure speaking with you this evening... Ms. Roberts.. I look forward to many more conversations in the future... "

He will pause to see if there is something more she has to say... before making his way back to the table from whence he came... Where Ms. LeCroix and Ms. deMarcel are conversing...

Message 8 of 8 in Discussion
From: AndreaNicoleRoberts Sent: 4/13/2004 12:48 PM

She listens intently to the wisdom he imparts. How long had it been since someone had cared enough? She forces herself to stay in her chair, not to assist him, knowing he wishes to do it on his own. She returns his gentle squeeze, a sad smile on her face as the truth of their words echo in her mind. "Thank you, M. . .Duncan." The words are whispered, but she knows he can hear her as he moves on.