

Over the years, I have had many friends in many lands, each with many tales to share. The tales from Robin LaRouge and Scarlet, tales that slowly come to me, over time and great distances, from my dearest of friends, old lovers, and soft gentle winds carrying the whispers of history in the gentle touches that blow across my face. These tales are not unlike the rest, and on this day, I give them to you, sharing of the many secrets that Lacari has shared with me. Guarded secrets, so private, so delivering of the inner self, and they are her secrets – unknown by the bulk of the worlds.

Lacari is a dark elf from a realm we cannot mention here, for while many changes have occurred in those worlds, privacy and safety are needed for those whose tales come our way. So, remember, what you learn here is a secret – a secret for you and I, one we tell to no others. It is like so many other tales that have come from the many worlds here – here in all these many worlds that exist around the Glade. We are not alone, you are not alone, and around us are the secrets to the many universes that travel and move around us.

This one, she is a sister, a soul sister, her dark adventures and her hungers have forced us to cross paths on many occasions. First, we passed as enemies, but eventually our kinship was obvious and our friendship was sealed with the right of blood- De’Ra – now she is my dark sister. Her dark skin is sprinkled with a deep purple hue, her eyes are a blazing red, her skin is soft and gleaming with the hidden light of the moon, but her heart is hard. She would kill you as soon as look at you. We have battled, and reached our common ground, kindred spirits if you will. She is not so tall, but there is no question that her body is a fine tuned machine of war and battle. Her body, fined tuned instrument of killing, her mind a challenge – a constant battle of control and hunger, endless hunger. Sharing this with you, well, I cannot promise your protection if you should share the tales, but I can offer you something else. If you can keep this secret, maybe I can give you something more... a little more. Hmmm, maybe a reward for your discretion?

By order of Si'Kerril's Overlord Deliver only to the Druid of the Glade

Message of the messenger: “Deliver only to the wandering Reohoko – Druid of the Glade. Please assure that only her eyes will read these pages, dire consequences will ensue should these orders not be followed.”

He appeared in my Glade, as I wandered in from a short trip to the SBE tower, his tall dark form brought back an instant memory – dark elf – *children of the darkness*, crouching low to the ground I considered the options. Here, there are no battles that are not of a specified design. Here, we welcome guests, but this I remember, he looked befuddled, as if uncertain that he had wandered into the right place. Leaning against the tree I watched as he ruffled through his satchel, looked at what seemed to be a map, and then at a scroll worn from resting in the bag. Overall, curiosity seeks to overcome – and I presented myself.

“Minstrel of lands afar?” I giggled, the subtle movement of my fingers raising the grass around his legs but not entrapping him. “Friend or foe?” My playful look not perceived as the daring that might have been in the words.

“Druid of the Glade?” His voice was both a whisper and a relief. “I had thought...” He shook his head and dark hair moved about his face, letting his pointed ears take on a larger appearance. As if realizing his words would be a mistake, he changed course. Dropping to one knee as a sign of respect, he looked up to speak, but he froze, looking at me his jaw dropped. It was plainly obvious that he had simply just now realized my lack of clothing. His proper attire for a traveling messenger in contrast. I wondered how often he had come across a fully naked woman before.

“Druid of the Glade?” I smiled, walking slowly to him I placed my fingers under his chin and assisted him in closing his mouth. “I suppose that I am, but Druid none has called me in quite some time,” I

pulled him to his feet, his hand in mine – warm... taller than my current form, but not by much. “What brings a dark skinned minstrel to my worlds?”

He pulled his eyes from staring, and reached back in his satchel to pull forth a tubular object – a scroll.

“I was sent here to deliver this, I was not sure that here was here, but I was chosen from my unique circumstances, My Liege knew I would find it, here,” he gazed around confused, his mumbling seemed unlike his presence, “But I was not as sure.”

I knew that the surroundings were engulfing him, distracting him, no dark elf ever demonstrated confusion or weakness. I leaned closer to him, touching his hand as I touched the scroll. “Unique circumstances?” My voice a gentle whisper, some part of me was becoming more and more curious about this interesting situation. My other hand reached forward and rested on his arm as I stepped in towards him. A flash, a spark, and the spell was broken.

“Druid or no druid,” he scowled, stepping back and raising a hand. “You were a request of My Liege or I would destroy you.”

“Really?” I laughed, “do not tempt me dark-skin, I have had no battles of true trials in many moons, I would enjoy making you part of the landscape.” Starting to raise my hands, I remembered - *awakening*. “No,” I shook my head. “Deliver your message, minstrel, be on your way.” I put my hand out.

Placing the scroll in my hand, he did not release it. I looked back at his eyes, looking at the barely hidden challenge. “My Liege asks that you specify a mode of communication, this is not to be the only message.” Anger and distrust burned in his eyes.

“You are the chosen mode of communication,” I pulled the scroll from his hands and turned away walking to the sitting stone. “Return in two days.” He did not answer, but I heard the soft popping of the gate, the disbursement of the air and space, and he was gone.

I slid my fingernail under the familiar seal that I could not place, and it broke easily... Ancient text, very familiar, but I did not know why I could read it, for certainly it was a foreign language....

Reohoko, Druid of the Glade, I have deemed that you shall be council to my most recent needs, I call

upon you to answer the call – Sister, the shout be heard. These words, these trials between you and I, as once they were before. You have been gone too long Sister, much has happened. It is rumored that you will not return, thus I do not ask it. Instead, I ask that you fulfill your promise, my Sister – in times of need, you and I have promised to be there, guidance and committed. I invoke the right of De’Ra – Sister, you must honor it.

“De’Ra,” I mumbled aloud. Suddenly the world was gone, I sat on a small rug on a cool stone floor, in a leather vest and riding pants, across a small pot of fire was a woman, young and in warrior garb – a dark elf, so familiar. “Reohoko, De’Ra, the ancient tradition, I have asked no other.” It was the only time I had ever seen fear in her eyes, fear of rejection. I remembered her, we had shared a strange friendship, partly because of her culture, partly because of mine. What was her name? I wondered for a moment as the memory continued and she reached for my hand.

She pulled my arm across the warm flames, just far enough above it not to burn me, though a part of me knew she would not have objected to sticking her whole arm in the fire herself. Her eyes held mine and I felt any manner of emotions flowing between us. She was chanting, and so was I, her grip on my hand strong. I watched her eyes as we spoke the words whose meaning eluded me. Then something slid around our wrists, I saw it, a snake, tightly winding itself around us to hold our hands together. A warmth was growing between our palms, growing hotter, but I knew not to pull away, I knew she would not hurt me. The light and warmth was surrounding our hands, as if we held a bright star between us. The chanting seemed louder and softer all at the same time, and suddenly the star imploded, feeding its energy into both of us, the brightness engulfing my eyes...

And I was somewhere else.

We were pulling blades from their sheathes, the green glow of my scimitar against the blood red glow of her blade. “Do not test me, Nymph... I am not here for you,” she scowled and began to move slowly around me.

“You may not pass, Dark Elf. This one is not for you.” I followed her, debating which spells might

have the most lasting effect.

“You do *not* protect him from me! He has stolen from MY Kingdom! Stand aside!” Her shout followed by the massive blow that rang against my blade and shock into my arms...

The world spun, and changed.

My arms were bound above my head, the brick wall digging into my back, and she stood inches from me. “Again we find ourselves at odds, Nymph.” Her fingers grazed over my skin, “Where are your pretty spells this time?” I didn’t see the blade but I felt it dig softly into my skin, causing a small pearl of blood to escape around it. “I wanted to kill you,” she brought her lips next to my ear. “However,” her other hand past the blade at my stomach and pressed firmly into my womanhood, “I think you will serve another purpose.” I shuddered against her, afraid to squirm against the blade.

As she pressed her lips to mine, I felt the sudden hunger and desire that was guiding her movements. Suddenly, the wall blew up beside us, slamming brick fragments and dirt spewing over our bodies and throughout the room. “Leave her be!” A strong familiar voice shouted over the sudden movement of boots and fighting. “ARRGHH! Why must you all vex me so!” She pulled away and a warm breath of healing flowed over me...

A moment of dizziness that changed the world again.

Her back was to mine, the forest was filled with growling and movement, Blood Orcs, fevered with something were eyeing us, more than a few dozens of their comrades dead around us. “We cannot take much more, Nymph.” My breathing was heavy and every inch of my body hurt.

“It’s Reohoko, Reo.” I mumbled, “They will come, you’ll see.”

“Lacari. If they don’t,” She paused, eyeing the movement I had sensed too. “It will have been an honor to die with you at my back.” The movement was a driving force exploding from the forest as a giant Orc decided the challenge was well worth it. The flurry of our actions, swords moving through the air, blood flying, and bright colors flashing all around...

The world suddenly changed again.

I reached forward and grasped her wrist as she grasped mine. “We have gathered all who will come,

the Gods will not answer, but too many hold out that the historical hatred must continue.”

“It is more than I expected,” She was tired, and all around clerics and druids worked to heal the wounded and outfit new members for the upcoming battles.

“With your permission, I would like these three to stay with us.” I gestured to the tall ranger behind me, the dwarf, and the large catlike man.

“Your decision, but I request you at my side, and I would like a moment in private.” She turned and walked away, I followed her back to a tent that had maps and scrolls strewn about. Pulling down the flap, she gestured for me to sit. Sitting in the nearest chair, I watched as she placed a small concealment spell on the tent, guaranteeing our privacy. “Reo, there is one more thing I need from you,” her hand flipped towards me and suddenly snakelike chains dropped from above and entangled my wrists, ripping me from the chair so that I was suspended in the air.

“Lacari...” I gasped, pulling at the chains and trying to think of something to cast. “No!... why are...” I didn’t think to kick at her as she came to stand in front of me. Her fingers ran slowly down the space that now existed between the bottom of my vest and pants. She stopped to tickle my belly button. I could see the fire in her eyes. A quick snap and my pants were unfastened and I squirmed, her hands flicked quickly and the same snakelike chains wrapped around my ankles.

“You know the hunger,” she let the chains lower me until our faces were inches away from each other. Strong dark nails ran lightly down my cheek, my neck, scratching lightly down the space between my breasts. Her other hand slid around my waist to the base of my back, pulling me close. Bright red eyes of hunger and need burned into mine, the scratching fingers were in my hair, and as her lips pressed to mine she whispered, “Surrender to me.” It was sparks of power that coursed through me, instantly I had no will to resist, her touch was all encompassing, and the world faded...

Faded into another.

Our hands clasped over the pot of fire... “You felt it?” She whispered in awe, a childlike amazement that was new to her strong features and didn’t seem to fit her commanding personality. I nodded,

unable to speak from the most recent vision, “I knew you were the right selection.” She smiled, “Sisters, but more,” she didn’t stop smiling as I watched the sudden fire return to her eyes and suddenly there they were, the snakelike chains grabbing at all my limbs and pulling me up for her entertainment, I gasped, my body trembling in anticipation, and then it was gone...

The Glade was back, the scroll in my hand, and I trembled, wondering if I would need a break before continuing. My eyes stole down to the pages, ‘*Lacari*,’ I whispered, and felt the strange attraction returning.

Of recent, you have been the forefront of my thinking, it has been so long since I have seen you. Friends of old have passed through. Reo, they miss you, seeking out to see if you shall return. Most recently, they contacted me, that dwarf that you once entertained, still lost in their world. The Great Grey had overwhelmed them, their world torn asunder by some unknown force. Many sought escape through the gateway, only a few were able to find new worlds to call home, some were stranded – left to pick up the pieces.

‘Dwarf’, I whispered, thinking I could almost feel him, sense him, feeling something I could not quite put my finger on but something that was both sadness and happiness. So many memories were lost in the transition, but I did not bother, it was time to make new memories. Yet, Lacari, my Sister, she did not call me back yet she needs me. The story, I wondered if she would come here instead. Though, a warrior by nature, maybe she would like to play here as well. There are so many nice toys here for her.

When our city split from the world, merely weeks after your departure, things changed, and after a short time of peace, things are changing in our world again. I will not ask for your return, your strength would be of great assistance, but I know of the heartache, and your happiness is my concern. I ask instead that you be my council, my sanity in this time of trials. With your permission, I will hide with you a number of documents, secrets, and I will insist you guard a true dark secret, the Mutterings of the Mad. They are tale, oh indeed a tale my Sister. They could be used against me, but sometime, they must be archived as part of our history. I know they are safe in your hands. To assure you they are harmless relics, here is the more recent entry.

When the minstrel returns, please provide him with a return message.

In life, we must all overcome challenges of heart and soul – written words to maintain a semblance of sanity – and thus I begin yet again the keeping of the Mutterings of the Mad, for some things in life are never meant to be spoken or shared... Lacari MG

Destiny is a hardcore challenge of fate and humiliation; however, everything can be overcome with the forceful belief of something greater – something better. In many ways I have always relied on myself to be that greater power – I can overcome anything, challenges are nothing but the waves of the ocean, and I can put those back. Yet, no one is perfect, this is the domain of ultimate beings, of which no creature can call themselves. Unlike other masterful dreaming of insane people – I have but one overwhelming trial and dilemma, a personality flaw of greatness, overcome by a great fear that I will be wrong. Wrong more than the shaman in predicting the rain or more wrong than the orcs last raid on Trallis Hall.

Wrong, always wrong, like a giant foot stepping downwards to crush me, I am fire and brimstone – the ocean flows within me but I am no great relentless force – I am fire and brimstone, broken trials of the archaic forms of horoscopes and destiny riddled tales written before time – before our true history from the books. I am fire and brimstone, a burning passion to destroy things – the water is life – the fire is death, and within my inner being is an unnecessary desire to destroy everything that does not grant me the true desires I have sought – my due, my hard earned rewards. Fire and brimstone, burn it all.

Yet, sanity must overtake me... where is the pain causing the fire and brimstone... where is the pain and the suffering. Some thoughts that are still alive and waiting. His release is imminent, and stopping him, there is a challenge I must overcome. If all factions were decided of the mistake it would be, this battle would not be at hand...

There is more my Sister, advise if this will be for you, if you shall be the keeper of my legacy.

Overlord, Lacari of Si'Kerril's.

I set the scroll down, staring out over the tall grass and into the trees, I could see him, the werewolf, his hungry eyes glowed through the forest at the sudden rise in my sexual scent. I had time to compose a note, the minstrel would not return for two days, maybe I would lay down and take a little nap. See what might happen with the hiding creature in the trees.