

You've travelled from House Artus in a long convoy for the great wedding feast between Sanni of House Artus and Isari of House Vari. Jervholm castle stands tall and impressive if somewhat worn from time and lack of maintenance. The sun is high in the sky and the heat is unbearable and the cool halls of the castle keep will be a welcome relief.

Count Aalto and his family are greeted by Lord Falorarg himself and his family. The young groom, Lord Ivari of House Varis, greets the bride Lady Sanni of House Artus with great courtesy and leads her by the hand as they and the lords and ladies of House Artus enter the keep. You soon follow while the small retinue of servants and maids unload the chests and sacks from the auroch pulled carts and nearly two dozen spearmen form up under command of Lord Kai.

As you enter the hall Count Aalto walks with Count Falolarg in quiet conversation while Lady Sanni laughs at something Lord Ivari has said and the Countesses listen intently. Others, such as the heir of House Artus and father of the bride Lord Aska and his son the young boy dressed in splendid leathers Lord Ferion follow at a polite distance. Surrounding him his cousins of all ages, along with the strapping young ward from House Panya and Count Aalto's younger brother the formidable if old and bald Lord Erdonius.

Belaric finds that the only person he knows here is a bailiff; not exactly natural company for a man of his stature. As a result, he finds himself simply wandering about aimlessly, keeping an eye open for any tricketts that might be worth the risk of pocketing - or noble women who might be receptive to his roguish charms.

The Elnar man named **Baradin** who got you invited to this wedding was well enough to travel with you, but the journey was hard on him and he is feverish in one of the wagons. A stout looking guardsman and a servant comes to take Baradin into the keep, presumably to get him some rest and a healer.

Stantor walks with his back straight, looking ahead of him but not really paying attention to anyone. He knows they must have noticed his hideous appearance. The right side of his face all burnt and scarred and his eye socket hidden beneath a leather eye-patch. He knows that they would cringe if he looked at them, so he pretends to not notice them. It is an awkward situation, like always, like it has been for years. He would rather be somewhere else right now...

It is midsummer and the heat is unbearable. You've been suffering sweat and sunburns on the road and the shadows of the keep are waiting.

You seem to be the last few stragglers except for the spearmen under command of Kai and a few remaining servants, but as soon as you enter you are greeted.

Belaric wipes sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

Pod Looks nervously at Stantor.

Pod: *Welcome to Jervholm sirs. I am Pod and will see you to your chambers. If you would be so kind and tell me whom I have the honour of serving?*

Ayn adjusts her ceremonial armour, wishing she'd wear something else right now

Stantor's left eye turns towards the name who introduced himself as Pod.

Stantor stays quiet for a while, then says...

Stantor: (Elven) *I am bailiff Stantor of Fydor.*

Belaric: (Bardur) *I'm Belaric; I did a good deed while I was travelling, and found myself invited here.*

Pod: (Elven) *My Lord has told me to make sure you are rested and refreshed for the great welcoming feast which will take place in the great hall at sunset.*

Ayn looks at Belaric with confusion

Stantor nods.

Pod Looks at Belric then turns to Stantor.

Pod: (Elven) *I take it you are the Lord Master then <gulp> and these are your... err servants?*

Pod Looks expectantly at Stantor.

Belaric looks a little confused; as though he perhaps didn't catch a couple of the words.

Ayn: (Elven) *I am Lady Ayn of House Artus*

Ayn looks at Pod with contempt

Stantor looks briefly at Belaric then turns back to Pod.

Stantor: (Elven) *This lad is with me...*

Stantor looks at the lady.

Pod Takes a step back at Ayn's strong tone.

Stantor: (Elven) *The lady I do not know.*

Pod: (Elven) *My apologies my lady. A thousand pardons. May I ask your relation to the bride and the count?*

Ayn: (Elven) The Count is my Uncle

Ayn looks at Stantor

Stantor stares at Pod's face.

Pod: (Elven) *Ah, very good my lady. I have a beautiful room for you with a view over the orchard, and I also have another room for you Lord Bailiff that I think will suit you. It has a servants quarter for your man servant.*

Pod leads you upstairs past more curious faces than you can keep track of.

Stantor grumbles, readying to say something but apparently changes his mind.

Stantor watches the surroundings, but pays more attention to the walls, doors and decorations than people.

Pod shows you all to your chambers where you all have time to refresh and cool down a bit.

Wine and lemon water is served to your door and the decor is quite pleasant.

Belaric is housed in a small servant alcove in **Stantor's** room which is without windows or much light, but not unfitting for a bailiff of status.

Belaric grumbles to himself as he enters the servants quarters. He then proceeds to wash himself clean from the dirt of the road.

Belaric: (Bardur) Hell's bells, why does everyone have to speak elven in this bloody place.

Ayn is housed in her own chambers which oversees the yard and the smell of summer apples and

fresh baking drifts in through the narrow window. The shutters wide open with the afternoon sun baking the room is bright, but also unbearably hot.

Ayn inhales the hot air, pleased to be on her own for a while.

Outside the corridor is ringing with sounds as laughter and conversation mingles from what seems to be a horde of nobles who have descended upon Jervholm.

Stantor calls over **Belaric**.

Ayn looks out of her window, wondering about her neighbours

Belaric heads into **Stantor's** room.

Belaric: (Elven) *Yes uxhi bailiff*

Stantor: (Elven) *Listen, it seems we have a little bit time on our hands right now.*

Stantor: (Elven) *I would like you to check on something.*

Stantor: (Elven) *We came here with a convoy, I have some information that the items we are looking for might be in one of the wagons from that convoy.*

Outside Ayn's chamber is the inner yard with many apple trees providing shade for a few young men escaping the sun watching what seems to be a fight.

Stantor: (Elven) *Perhaps you could go and take a look, see where the wagons are, try to learn something about their contents maybe?*

Belaric nods.

Stantor: (Elven) *I believe you will... garner less... attention than I.*

Belaric: (Elven) *Then I'll see you at the party*

Stantor: (Elven) *Fine.*

Someone shouts down in the yard - "Come now Jarasan, give the man a chance to catch his breath." Then there is a gentle knock on Ayn's door.

Ayn unbuckles her tight chest armour to let some air and looks out of the window.

Belaric begins making his way towards the wagons, as though he has a good reason to be there.

Ayn opens the door

Ayn: *Yes?*

Belaric steps out into the corridor just as **Ayn** opens the door to a young very pretty lady with long hair and dressed in an impressive red dress. He tries not to stare as he goes about his business.

Ayn smiles at the lady

Ilsi: *Ayn?*

Ayn: *...and you are?*

Ilsi: *I... I'm sorry, where are my manners. I am Ilsi of House Varis.*

She makes a little curtsy.

Ayn glimpses at rather charming fella walking past her door, then looks at young lady again

Ayn: *Please, come in.*

Ayn gestures to young lady to come inside

The young lady also looks at **Belaric** as he passes and gives him a shy smile before **Ayn** invites her in and they disappear into her chambers.

Stantor goes to the balcony. In the yard below the balcony there is a large group surrounding a man on the ground and there seems to be an argument over something.

Ayn opens her chamber's door, letting the young lady out with a smile and a gentle nod.

Stantor hears some ladies talking behind him in the corridor and below him in the yard two rather large boys are trying to have a go at each other, but others are holding them back.

Ayn hears some noises outside, but can't see what's going on through her window, so she adjusts her armour as she walks out of her chambers. There she sees the rather unsightly bailiff standing on a small balcony overlooking the yard. She remembers the face and walks towards the balcony and looks at a man beside her as she approaches

Ayn: *Good afternoon, Sir.*

Stantor slowly turns head to the right, noticing Ayn. That side of his face is a real mess.

Stantor: *Good afternoon, lady.*

Ayn notices the burns

Ayn: *What happened to you?*

Stantor pauses, apparently surprised by the question.

Stantor: *Orcs.*

Ayn: *Orcs?!*

Ayn: *Never seen those before...*

Stantor: *Pray you don't.*

Stantor turns back to watch the commotion below.

Ayn grins at the man beside her with half smile

Ayn: *I hope I will one day*

Belaric sighs.

Ayn: *I am Ayn.*

Stantor looks at the woman again and straightens, taking off his arms from the railing.

Stantor: (Elven) *Bailiff Stantor of Fydor.*

Stantor pauses.

Stantor: (Elven) *Pleased... to meet you, lady Ayn.*

Ayn: *Bailiff huh?*

Ayn: *Where did bailiff managed to encounter Orcs I wonder?*

Stantor 's right mouth corner twitches involuntarily.

Ayn is amused by her companion

Ayn raises her eyebrow

Stantor: *The bailiff was not always a bailiff. It's a... war remembrance.*

Stantor: *Orcs are... savage beasts. Cruel ba... beings.*

Stantor looks over Ayn's armor.

Ayn nods at Stantor

Ayn: *I can imagine*

Stantor: *I heard Count Aalto's your... uncle?*

Ayn: *Yes, that he is...*

Stantor: *So the bride must be your cousin.*

Stantor takes a look down from the balcony.

Ayn: *Yes...I'm not looking forward to this wedding*

Stantor turns his head to Ayn.

Stantor: *That so?*

Ayn: *I can't stand ceremonial gatherings*

The dispute seems to have been resolved down in the yard and it is empty except for some blood where the wounded... or dead(?)... man was earlier.

Ayn: *Not very noble of me, I know*

Ayn smiles and Stantor

Stantor frowns looking from the balcony.

Stantor: *Hm.*

Stantor: *I guess then... We both are out of our comfort zone.*

Stantor looks intently at the blood in the courtyard below.

Ayn: *I can imagine you are...no offence*

Stantor: *Do you... Do you know what happened there?*

Stantor: *Have you been to Jervholm before, lady?*

Ayn: *No, no I haven't*

Ayn: *Why?*

Stantor: *No reason.*

Ayn laughs at Stantor

Ayn looks down the balcony

Ayn: *What are you doing here then?*

Stantor: *Reckon I am running the wedding ceremony.*

Stantor frowns.

Stantor: *Your uncle, Count Aalto invited me to do so.*

Ayn: *Interesting choice...*

Stantor: *Ain't it?*

Stantor says under his breath.

Ayn smiles at Stantor

Ayn: *I mean no offence*

Ayn unbuckles top half of her armour (wears black, quite tight fitting leather armour, carved in ivies on bracers, back of her cuirass and sides of her leggings).

As you talk on the balcony a large one armed man stops at the doorway.

Ayn turns around to see who is behind her

One Armed Man: *Ah, Ayn, there you are. Lord Aska has told me that you're not to wear your leathers to the feast, nor your whip, sword or any of that sort.*

Stantor looks over the one-armed man.

One Armed Man: *Please try not to embarrass us this time.*

Ayn grins at the man in front of her

Ayn: *I will try my brother, but I'm not making any promises. Why not my Snakebite? I think it can be a good present for the bride.*

Ayn laughs

One Armed Man huffs and stalks away not bothering to answer.

Stantor: *'Twas your brother?*

Ayn looks at stantor and nods.

Ayn: *Please excuse me, I will return to my chambers. It is too hot here*

Ayn walks away casually and disappears behind her door

Meanwhile...

Belaric steps outside, but the wagons are nowhere to be seen and have instead been replaced by a new set of wagons and aurochs, and a mighty horde of ladies and lords disembarking, as well as countless men-at-arms with spears. He looks around to see if there are any stable hands or the like that he might ask where the wagons have been taken and sees them leading the new aurochs around the castle to what must be the stables.

Belaric waits a little while for the lords and ladies to go inside - no doubt they'd be in just as much a hurry as his own convoy was - before heading in the direction that the stable hands went.

You see the stables and surrounding area is filled with wagons, guards, servants and lots of aurochs.

Belaric: *My best bet is to head to that guard and ask him for help finding Stantor's wagon, under the pretext of picking up something that I forgot to bring for him. I'm here as his manservant, after all.*

Outside the guard looks at Belaric approaching and listens to his question.

Guard: *The bailiff you say. Alright, s'ppose I wouldn't want to deny the bailiff. Ratan! Ratan!*

Ratan! Get your ugly ass over here and show the bailiff's servant to his lord's belongings.

An old man with a bent back waves to you to follow him.

Belaric: (Bardur) *Thank you.*

Belaric follows the old man.

Guard: *Wait... how do I know you're the bailiff's servant. I don't want no trouble. I think I'll come along.*

The guard follows grumpily scratching under his mail byrnie.

Guard: *Bloody heat!*

The old man apparently called Ratan takes you to the Artus wagons where one of the Artus guards greets you.

Belaric: (Bardur) *Just picking something up for the Lord Bailiff; like a bloody pillock I went and forgot his spare eyepatch; he'll go spare if he notices...*

Artus Guard: *No problem lad.*

Belaric turns to the suspicious guard.

Belaric: (Bardur) *You see?*

Suspicious Guard: *You should be tipping me you know. This freakish heat. Anyway, I'll leave you to it. Ratan you fetch me some water.*

The House Artus guard takes Belaric to where the wagons are held and the mighty auroch oxen are being fed and watered.

Belaric heads with the Artus guard to the wagons.

Artus Guard: *What's your name then lad? I'm Corso, finest swordsman in all of House Artus.*

Artus Guard: *Well, perhaps except Lady Ayn.*

Artus Guard Gives Belaric a wink.

Belaric: *I'm Belaric. Nothing so grand as a swordsman, but a bailiff has his needs. Lady Ayn... Was she the lass in armour?*

Corso: *Yes, indeed she was. I could tell you some tales about her.*

Corso winks

Corso: *But, I'd much rather hear about your bailiff and how he lost that eye and that face of his...*

Belaric: *I don't actually know; he only hired me recently. I think he said something to do with orcs, but my elven isn't exactly brilliant.*

Corso: *Good thing I'm fluent in Bardur then. So this is the one you travelled in I think.*

Corso Corso looks at Belaric, waiting...

Belaric: *Yes, that's the one. Thanks a lot. Listen, it might take a while to find the bailiff's spare eyepatch, and I reckon I can find my own way back from here, so there's not much point you waiting.*

Belaric: Smooth Talking - Bluff (3d6), rolls: 5, 4, 6. Highest is 6

Corso: [2d8], rolls: 5, 3. Highest is 5

Corso: *Are you sure, it's no bother?*

Belaric: *I'm sure. Thanks very much for the help. Maybe I'll get chance to see you either at or after the feast?*

Belaric finds a wagon with a likely candidate chest, but the wagon is not very distinct... The chest doesn't have a Fydor emblem, but neither does it look like any of the other chests you saw. It had a strange serpent emblem of iron. Quite a large chest too and made from an almost black wood and bound in heavy iron with strange runes.

Then...

Stantor walks down to the courtyard, intrigued by the blood stains and interested to see what took place there.

Belaric, as you hurry back up the stairs you see guests making their way to the feast.

Belaric heads quickly to Stantor's quarters, hoping he hasn't set off yet.

Belaric: When it turns out that Stantor isn't in his quarters, Belaric heads to the feast and waits for his employer to show up.

lean young man: *That was a needless death, but I told the fool not to fight my brother.*

lean young man: *I am Urvo of House Sakri, and you are the new bailiff of House Artus from what I've heard.*

Stantor: *You have heard only partially wrong.*

Stantor: *I am not a servant of House Artus, sir.*

Stantor turns over looking at the man who is speaking to him.

Stantor: *Some kind of quarrel?*

Urvo: *My apologies then. From abroad? I have always dreamed of travelling one day if my father Count Velus would allow it. Yes, my older brother Lord Jarasan. Words were said and he challenged the fool lad to a duel.*

Stantor nods.

Stantor: *Who was the other man?*

Urvo: *Lord Eeto of House Harjaanen. There may be more trouble soon with this heat and all these young men competing for who has the longest sword.*

Urvo: *At least now is the feast and the respite of the evening. We should probably attend the feast. It has been good to meet a traveller from distant lands.*

Stantor: *Likewise, sir. Too bad this*

Stantor gestures at the blood

Stantor: *happened at a day like this...*

Urvo: *Well, I come from a big family and there is rarely a wedding without blood.*

Urvo and **Stantor** walk together to the hall to be seated.

Meanwhile...

Ayn walks out of her chambers, wearing a long crimson gown with a trail. Understated, yet showing off her curves. The other ladies of House Artus nod approvingly at Ayn.

Belaric tries even harder not to stare this time. He doesn't do a very good job.

Belaric: (Elven) **My lady**

Ayn looks at a young man. She realises she've seen him before, noticing his charming looks.

Ayn: Yes?

As everyone arrives at the Great Hall servants rush to take everyone to their tables. Pod spots Belaric and Ayn and comes rushing over.

Belaric: (Elven) *x apologise my Elven isn t exactly brilliant You know I think you might just be the only lady I gork met who gszg armour*

Ayn nods

Ayn: (Elven) *What language do you speak then?*

Belaric: (Elven) *yelenq p m not used to walking among nobility k only got my post ixenwfwe so I never got ebyf chance rq practice my Elven*

Ayn smiles at the young man

Ayn: (Bardur) *k can speak opysgk and you will see plenty fo nobles tonight*

Belaric: (Elven) *That fxcim make things much easier thank you my Lady So how does a Lady end bh wearing armour nyq carrying a mwocce*

Ayn: (Bardur) *n gvbfg to be in the army*

Campaign saved.

Ayn adjusts her corset, clearly unused to wear it

Ayn: (Bardur) *I qlo not stand weddings*

Belaric: (Elven) *ng interesting choice not one I d make far too likely to get holes poked in you*

Ayn smiles

Belaric mutters to Ayn.

Belaric: (Elven) *Me neither Far ted prvjeje pompous*

Ayn: (Bardur) *jdjg is your dulh*

Belaric: Belaric.

Ayn takes her seat at a table, next to her companion

As **Stantor** arrives the last few are being seated and the host family Varis with the brides family Artus walk down to take high seats .

Pod, the servant, seats Stantor on the same table as Belaric and Ayn.

Ayn looks at Belaric

Ayn: (Bardur) *mwcgpygd to meet you I am btq*

Ayn nods slightly

You have been seated far from the action, between two long tables each seating nobles from House Artus and probably House Sakari (it is where Urvo is seated).

Stantor turns to Belaric, rudely interrupting his attempts at flirting with Ayn.

Stantor: (Bardur) *Did you learn anything*

Ayn gestures to Pod

Ayn: *I would like my wine now please!*

Belaric: (Elven) *Later in private*

Outside the sun is low in the sky. Guards line the walls from each House and servants swarm everywhere starting to serve food and drink. There is easily well over a hundred people in the hall and at least half of them of noble birth.

Stantor: (Elven) *Fine.*

There is spit roasted mutton and beef, marinated with spices and crusted with salt. Roasted root vegetables such as potatoes, carrots, parsnips, and turnips. Onions baked in gravy. Loaves of fresh baked bread with butter and honey. Wheels of pale, sharp cheese, and plenty of wine.

Ayn seems not to notice the two chatting, preoccupied by checking out young noble men around her

Belaric turns back to Ayn. He's actually probably better looking than most, if not all, of the young noble men.

On her table Ayn spots several handsome men...

Ayn: *I didn't realise how hungry I was...*

Ayn notices Belaric's gaze and turns to him with a smile

Belaric may be the best looking, only let down by his low birth. Across the table sits the young and dashing ward from the defeated rebel House Panya Narjas. He scowls at you as you smile at Belaric.

Stantor carries out tasting of the food.

Belaric: (Elven) *As horrible as mdmircjb are at least they serve good food and lots of wine*

Stantor looks to where lord Urvo sits, trying to make out which one might be his older brother - lord Jarasan.

Next to the one-eyed bailiff sits a man of impressive physique with silver streaked hair and a hawkish nose branding him as a foreigner of some sort.

Next to Ayn sits a young Lord who none of you have seen before. Not especially handsome or impressive, but friendly looking.

Ayn: (Elven) *I'd drink to that*

Ayn winks at Belaric and raises her glass to him

Belaric smiles back, raises a glass of fine red wine, and takes a drink.

Silver Streaked Lord: *Ah, yes my lady we should toast to the wedding of the happy couple. I am Sir Okka, captain of the Artus mercenaries who defeated the vile traitor House of Panya.*

Ayn turns to her left and looks at the young Lord

Narjas Looks angrily at the mercenary Captain.

Narjas : *Mercenary scum...*

Belaric sighs at all the posturing.

Stantor bites deep into a piece of mutton.

The feast is going on all around you and there is an ugly silence at your table. At least the food is good and wine is strong!

Ayn: (Bardur) *low pfft g ve qulu Mercenaries ulropq nobles without suuqrvxn asweat*

Belaric: (Elven) *low Nobles train hi gjqhi duels mercenaries train to fight wars*

Belaric shrugs.

Ayn: (Elven) *I couldn't say better myself*

Mercenary Captain: (Elven) *I like you lad!* What fine company I'm seated with tonight, the infamous Ayn herself. I respect a woman of such qualities.

Ayn gazes upon the young noble next to her.

Ayn: *And who are you?*

Stantor: *Have you been working for House Artus for long, sir?*

Ayn nods at Captain with a smile

Haltjas: (Elven) *My lady, I am Lord Haltjas of House Sintajari, son of Lord Auramo from the line of Lord Usso. Pray tell what does our somewhat unrefined Captain speaking of?*

Ayn: *Oh, it's just one wouldn't expect to see myself at a wedding after I ruined my own.*

Narjas : *Well, we could always hope you ruin this one too.*

Narjas speaks with a bit of a slur, suggesting he has had quite a bit of wine.

Ayn laughs at Narjas

Ayn: *Oh, I like you!*

Stantor takes a glance at Ayn.

Narjas smiles at Ayn.

Narjas : *There is a lot to like.*

Stantor finishes chewing his mutton and wipes his chin.

Belaric takes the opportunity to eat his food, wincing in sympathy at the young noble's last comment.

Ayn: *How very modest...*

Ayn sips her wine

Haltjas: *I hate to be so forward, but how could such a lovely lady ever ruin a wedding?*

Count Falorarg himself gets up to speak and there are calls for quiet in the hall.

He toasts the couple Sanni and Ivvari and speaks of a new and better future between House Varis and House Artus.

Ayn: (low) *this is not the story for tonight. Maybe I will tell you one day...in private.*

Ayn winks at young Lord

Count Falorarg: *With the generous dowry of Panya lands the couple will have a bright future we will stand stronger against rebels.*

Haltjas nods in agreement and smiles.

Narjas : *Bloody rapers and thieves, those are my fathers lands their bartering like merchants.*

Narjas looks drunk and angry.

Belaric blinks even before Narjas's outburst. Afterward, he just sighs.

With the distractions at the table you miss the next few words, but then something catches your attention...

Count Falorarg: *I know House Artus has sacrificed much in their heroic fight against the traitorous rebel scum of House Panya and I feel touched that their crippled and disfigured bailiff has suffered this journey to do us this honour of joining the couple, but my good man how is my poor lad Ivvari suppose to do his duty in the wedding bed with such a face haunting him from the ceremony!*

Count Falorarg looks expectantly towards Stantor with a grin.

There is some nervous laughter and some grumbles at other tables.

Belaric: (Bardur) (low) *knob head...*

Ayn raises her eyebrow, amused by the situation

Stantor frowns.

Stantor stands up, looking in the faces of the guests and then staring at the Count.

Everyone looks expectantly at Stantor...

Stantor: (Elven) *That is how you treat wedding guests and foreign officials in this kingdom, sire?*

Stantor looks angry.

Ayn ponders about Stantor, as she clearly can not remember seeing him as a bailif at her house

Urvo: *I may also correct my Lord Host that this bailiff is not of House Artus. I had the pleasure of talking to him earlier and I think the brave Ivvari must have faced worse as he gallantly fought against the rebels of House Panya.*

Count Falorarg: *Oh come now good lords and ladies, it is your honour that I speak your name and I wanted everyone to understand your purpose here as otherwise you would frighten the poor children. A toast to the couple!*

Everyone toasts and Falorarg sits back down seeming happy.

Ayn raises her glass slightly to toast and sips from it

Belaric raises his glass politely, and mutters under his breath again.

Belaric: (Bardur) *What a complete ass.*

Ayn looks at Belaric, saying

Ayn: *I'm sorry, I didn't catch that*

Stantor: *I ain't no servant of House Artus, I am here as a courtesy because Count Aalto invited me. I serve none other than the King Ainen Fydor of the Royal House of Fydor and I demand respect as an official!*

Narjas : (Elven) *I'll tost tho dat. To all the asses of this wretched house.*

Stantor 's scar tissue reddens even more.

Lord Haltjas and the Mercenary Captain seem amused and also toast.

Ayn: (Elven) *Oh, I see*

Ayn smiles at Belaric

Stantor still stands.

Ayn: (Elven) *I'll drink to this too*

Belaric: (Elven) *I i sorry it was just a comment about the llqe Count s manners*

Belaric takes a sip at Narjas's own toast.

Arteri: *Stand up you wretched cow! Stand up and I'll show you what you've deserve.*

Ayn looks surprised.

It seems a young man has stood up and he's standing behind Ayn's chair with a sword in his hand looking like he is about to fall over or puke...

Ayn slowly turns her head around

Belaric: (Elven) *Please my lord sit lswc htelfh you do yourself an injury*

The noise and drunkeness all around the hall means only those nearby notice and look up.

Ayn: (Elven) *Curses!*

Arteri: (Elven) *Shut up stupid peasant!*

Belaric: (Elven) *Stupid am I oysm the man tik jyq barely stand yet demands a duel*

Ayn stands up slowly, facing Arteri

Stantor is still waiting for an apology!

Ayn: (Elven) *Nevermind him, he is just a stupid drunkard, whom I refused to marry*

Campaign saved.

Arteri: (Elven) *Yu, scar face - you're going to marry me - right now. A little pre-wedding. I own this bitch and I intend to break her in.*

Arteri looks at Stantor.

Belaric smiles, rises to his feet, and proceeds to punch the little bastard right in the jaw.