

Book Conglomeration held by Tehya

Morgan Drakewing was the handsome master of ceremony.

Opening Song

by Miranda

*You said you'd kill me
You said you'd thrill me!
But I can tell ya that you lied
You said you'd kill me
You said you'd thrill me!
But it was our love that died.*

*You said we'd be together, "Always" is what you said
and if I ever I left you?
Sword through me 'eart and dead
Well 'ere I am alive still
Singing this limerick
You never could get it up, be it sword or prick.*

*Well that ain't exactly true though, I really should be fair
We both know why I'm alive
You're always shagging her
Her of course ain't one of them
It's any that down you've pinned
The only bedroom action I saw, was when you rolled o'er and broke wind*

*You said you'd kill me
You said you'd thrill me!
But I can tell ya that you lied
You said you'd kill me
You said you'd thrill me!
But it was our love that died.*

*Perhaps I am too far away, too much effort to chase
or can't you tear away
From tarts dress up in lace?
Mebbe we need a change of plan
Some'at you can do in bed?
Mebbe you should take your sword and kill yerself instead!*

Song sung and danced by L`aquera

Written by Miranda

"Once I felt yer prick"

Her fan flickered up to cover half those glorious lush tiers and she smiled, leaning forward.

"Know what I mean ladies?"

Spinning about, she glided to the other end and paused, such a heartfelt look upon her face, chin dipping as the band slowed their harsh notes... poignant plucking upon guitar and the lute that softly insisted to background.

"You're a cunt, you're a cunt

You're a cunt you are."

Whispered almost.

"The biggest fookin' cunt that I've met by far.

The thought of you now, just makes me gag

And I pity the poor sod who you next shag."

Her fan snapped out again, its vibrant quiver tickling at the corner of mouth as moriel leaned forward, arm out and slipping upwards.

L`aquera spun about, the train of her dress spraying upon the crowd little flicks of what appeared to be, fire... but soon... very soon, she was snapping back, walking quickly to the edge of the stage as if she'd jump off.. Before falling to her knees, arm moving to slither over forehead and head tipping down... if one were watching, they may even see... tears?

"So now you know me 'eartbreak and fuck

you and yer God and the chaos yer make.

So stick wit yer God, yer temple and yer rites

As far as I care it's a load of shite for.....yer a cunt, you're a cunt, you're a cunt

You are. The biggest fookin' cunt that I've met by far. I 'ope you choke, I 'ope you die

Lord Sorgram.. for what you did.. to this young.. but old wife.

"And I hope that one day like her you'll cry."

L`aquera's note, was actually lilting and beautiful. Surprising for one that was obviously tone deaf... Slowly, she rose and bowed, her fan snapped closed and used to slip under that red veil and wipe away the last tear before she eased off the stage... a trail of red flourishing flame...behind her.

L`aquera winked audaciously to Tehya and moved along and off the stage, her arm winding that long train of red lace around her left arm as she went. She'd done as promised, a small coin purse left behind with someone's name attached. She hadn't been allowed that kind of scandalous behavior in a while. Killing folks, was easy, killing an enemy? Easier... leaving their life story upon a stage with many watching? Priceless... Within the satchel of coin however, she'd left a note to the bard that had provided what was right and perhaps, so wrong. That she could count upon the noblewoman to protect should anything befall her for the hilarity of tonight's events.

Songs that both laymen and nobles would sing from that day forward, pleased Tehya. Maybe that was the settlement she needed to ease the anger. They would be written in history, something very hard to ever erase. That pleased Tehya as she decided to pay Miranda more for her work."Well done L`aquera!"

Miranda Oh. Bloody. Hell. And as the crowd, real and magical applaud, Miranda...well, her elven disguised version of her that is...decides to leg it! It would get back to him she knew. How could it not? And he'd have the wit to -know- just who was to blame. And let's face, she tells herself, she was a damned easier target than the L`aquera now wasn't she? Aye up? What was this? Something for "Miranda".

Well bollocks...typical of her luck to not be her right now of course...but a peek...And so with those nimble little fingers and slight of hand she looks. A free pass? Well that was better than a dagger in the back and no mistake!

Trisha walked casually through town, taking a stroll and enjoying the sights when suddenly she hears a strange sound... it almost sounds like music, singing of some sort. Too far away to make out the words, she starts moving closer to the sound source, her natural kitten curiosity taking the best of her.

Malevica"I've nothing humorous to sing to follow them like that, though....I suppose I could try."She lifts her hand into the air and stands.

MorganDrakewing talks to one of the attendant in the entryways, checking to see where the other artists were. He then looks over to Tehya, tilting his head. "Dear, would you like to do something whilst I figure out where the devil the others went to?"

Tehya asked the audience.

"Calling all those with skills that would like to show them tonight please step up."For so long she had teased Morgan she whispered, "We could do the dance of cat n mouse."There was no dance as such but they did have a routine. Though Tehya's first wish was that more people would show their talents.

Hearing Malevica whisper her she motions her to come up on stage.

Malevica winking those emerald eyes she slips from the seat she was in and walks up towards the stage. The nine foot minotaur lifting the edge of her skirts gently as she walked up onto the stage and dropped them. She taps her chin for a moment and leans over speaking to the band. She smiles to Tehya.

"My name is Malevica. I will sing and dance if you don't mind."

MorganDrakewing, mmmms at Tehya's suggestion, grinning, then pauses as Malevica approaches the stage. He looks to the friendly minotaur. "We will not mind at all...please, allow me to announce you." He looks to the elf, nodding, squeezing her hand as he approaches the stage again. A special treat for those who have admired the strong form of the minotaur. Please welcome the devoted maidservant and concubine of Dias Eesha, Malevica!"

Malevica:

Walking out to the middle of the stage she looks around at the crowd. "Perchance I have no humorous skills such as Miranda and Lady Aquera, but I can offer you....a Mirage." her voice is soft but it carries easily over the crowd as the band begins to play, the strings of a violin tugging at first before the others join in, its slow to start and then picks up with a Arabic style of flow.

Reaching up with one hand she draws a few of the pins from her hair and lets what seems like a random assortment of curls fall down around her face and back, the cloak she wore begin drawn away to expose the bare shoulders of the woman. She was at once beautiful and yet untouchable. Her hips began to sway slowly, those heels kicked off behind her leaving her barefoot on the stage. Her head rolls backwards into a circle causing the curls of hair to drag across the corseted flesh before one foot stops down, the jingle of coins easily heard around her ankle, silver trinkets it seems. Spinning out slowly she draws her right hand across her eyes, those emerald eyes blurring with a red color as dancing lights appeared across the stage, giving her an ethereal look as the rich voice of the woman began to sing.

"Can you see the twisted lines, the pull of fate, the tempting sights....Bring your eyes and bring your hearts, those pulsing emotions can always be drawn out at the sight....." her voice is haunting and melts across the stage itself as she begins dancing with her entire body, twisting and dipping in seductive and alluring ways so that she rolls and curls almost like a belly dancer would, the swirl of her split skirt flaring against the lights even as her shadow begins to rise beside her, the form of herself taking place to dance against her.

"Breathy sighs kiss the air, so you wait to take what's yours...pushing the lines, pulling my boundaries as if you have the right....but come you fool and see my sights....my Mirage will light your fires....." A soft air of rage filters over the song, twisting and mixing in with the lustful desire the song gave wave to, intermixing blood lust with desire. She was no seductress but she had years of practice in song, and her ability to manipulate her own hidden emotions was now....precise. Her words are breathy, meant to entrance the senses. Her own Shadow plays against the lines of her body, drawing the eye and giving life to her words of Mirage as her fingertips brush against it, hips sway around it. She bore no bare skin save for her shoulders and arms and perhaps her tail, flashes of her waist were given now and then as those hips. "Come to me and see my sights....tarry the fool who stays and tries.....my fire burns, cascades with

light...beware for not all you want...is before your eyes, your Mirage is deadly, the sands burn fools and the light blinds the eyes.....come to me and see my sights." she whispers and pulls her hands towards herself her shadow mimicking her as if she were drawing someone to her

Drawing back she slows down and lowers her hand those dancing lights fading from view as her song echoes about the amphitheater, her Shadow melds back into the floor at her feet. Breasts lifting and lowering a bit harder than normal she blows a kiss into the air at the crowd and stands with her feet together once more before crossing an arm over her waist and bows at the hip, whispers of long pink curls falling forwards to her words of Mirage as her fingertips brush against it, hips sway around it. She bore no bare skin, save for her shoulders and arms, and perhaps her tail, flashes of her waist were given now and then as those hips. "Come to me and see my sights....tarry the fool who stays and tries.....my fire burns, cascades with light...beware for not all you want...is before your eyes, your Mirage is deadly, the sands burn fools and the light blinds the eyes.....come to me and see my sights..." she whispers and pulls her hands towards herself her shadow mimicking her as if she were drawing someone to her

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L`aquera clapped for Malevica as enthusiastically as she had for the bardess previously, two fingers sliding past plush tiers in a whistle. Encouraging. Caught off guard, she returned the kiss to draksen, leaning with him and oozing an arm about her favored. "It was something asked. I saw no reason not to." Winking, she set pools of silver to stage. She knew the minoess very well by now, anything she did would be of pleasure and heartfelt. She couldn't wait really.

MorganDrakewing nods to Van as he makes the request in person, waiting first though for Malevica to make her finish, waiting for her to accept her well-deserved applause. He himself extends a hand to the minoess. "You do us proud, sister...our thanks."

She smiles to Morgan and giggles. "Thank you, I do try. I haven't been on a stage in years, it was quite fun." she leans down and shakes his hand gently.

Again the spectacle of shadows applauding and Tehya looked up at Morgan. "Another very good performance, who is next?" She seen Van-Masterson approach and remembered meeting him a long time ago.

The servant runs over and gives Malevica the cookies with her coin under it.

MorganDrakewing will stick with just the handshake, especially considering the drak sen mistress was in the audience. He lets Malevica draw off the stage.

Van-Masterson smiles as he does to all before he ascends and takes the stage...clearing his throat "at first I had thought of centering one but with so many on here and within this theater..it would not be

fair to have just one...his eyes looking to L and Tehya and to MorganDrakewing and to Dias and then to Malevica. Then his eyes catch Allivia and a grin forms over his face.

"To say to all

To say to this place

*I have seen but all and above this angel *he motions to Allivia**

And her grace...but to focus on her would be such a crime.

Yet I see the lady L and know I have time

Lest o all be burned a lot of yet from

Dias may more worries arise

His lust his spark his ambition

He has little...her less inhibition

The drak a he or a her...she is here

He is that spur....then there is

Van-Masterson the lady of flame...

She desires all yet sets other aflame

Her beauty yes for darkness holds no bounds

There is a array around...light

He motions to Allivia darkness *to L`aquera**

And then the in between..

He smiles to Dias all of which brings love and lust to ever arrive...*

You all are each aspect of life..

Through hope

through darkness

And through strife.

Well i ask you how many hours to dawn

You all are a menagerie of the levels of life

You are very aspect and every scent of its price

The motions about with this winter clothes

I may not be the best with everything I say and do

...but for this empire I hold true...

Lady Tehya and Sir Morgan

I thank you for this time to say my words

And be spoken again

You all are everything that I would hope and wish

And every plate is such a dish

Must I start to savor you?

You know that I take everything

*Be they flower or ball *grins**

This poem does let loose a little bit of lust

But in my shield and sword I ask

that you indeed do trust

He kneels on the stage summoning that shimmering whip sword and making the length extend to wrap around that of his own form as those serrated blade to lunge his body and make his entire form seem aglow.

One more performance before the night went into socoal mode where refreshments would be served from the Artist`Ambit.

Dias_Eesha was called on stage.

He blinked a few times at an in the middle of hir approach before raising a brow and then just nods slowly without an actual answer before continuing eventually making it to the stage and jumped up to it without a second thought hir heels slamming rather harshly into it but it was meant for emphasis shi just smiled to herself at it before walking towards the band and spent quite some time speaking with them. What was said would be anyone's guess but the Draks back remained turned to the crowd for more then a few minutes before shi nodded slowly and stood back up fully walking to center stage towards the rear, hir back remained to the crowd as wings spread out to their full length the black opal scales flickering with bursts of color from the light within the amphitheatre there was nothing though or at least nothing yet as silence remained from both hir and the band one hand slowly raising from hir right side the claws

flicking closed suddenly pulling the breeze through from the back of the stage into the crowd making a soft haunting whispered moaning sound. Shi let it linger, let it fill the air, echoing through the place. Upon the winds moan a soft chanting seemed to start up hir own voice carried along, barely enough to tinge the ears.

"I am a nightmare.", repeated over and over again slowly growing in strength the music slowly building behind it dark powerful, the cry of violin and others start to ring with the wind before a steady thump like that of a heartbeat, slowly growing to full force before shi turns hir wings snapping closed. "A nightmare from the darkest nights, an angel from the brightest days, the world sees one or the other but doesn't understand. That everything can not be held only in two hands, when one sees only black and white, they miss the light. Of dusk and dawn where shadows dance and commit to their romance. The sky itself with open arms embraces the lands and brings their fate the close of one the opening of another. If it's only but a taste, can you dance with the light, can you kiss the dark goodnight? Can you bring from clear and calm to hear the storms endless squall? Oh how a heart that has two worlds does pine for the ones that can see that swirl the clashing crescendo that warps and twists the fear and despair that we keep, hidden inside of each ones mind, they all admit it in the span of time."

Dias_Eesha eyes closed shutting the world out and hir form started to sway and slide with the music, what shi lacked in training shi made up with from the natural gifts given by the elders to hir kind, a voice like spun silver, though shi lacked the sort of motions that any true dancer could form shi did have a natural grace to go with it. Arms slowly rose up crossing over hir chest as head fell down and to the side eyes seeming to well with tears as shi continued, those close to the stage could see how hir fingers dug into hir arms and shi stayed like that for the next to verses.

*"Am I cursed or am I blessed, which one is meant to test, that which I am that which I was, that which I shall become. A path I cannot see, a cup I cannot taste, a joy that I've seen thrice beyond my fingers. A tease from the world, a punishment given from hidden figures. Ment to cow and meant to kill, to destroy that which is built. Yet I rise and yet I stand, as a growing part of the land." *hir form shifted as shi came out of that clasped form and stood tall eyes opening to them all scanning over the crowd as arms spread open.*

*"An oath given and promises made, each and every day. To better not just a life, but to better all in strife. Am I a nightmare? Am I a dream? Am I something yet unseen? Whos to say and whos to know unless they dive into waters cold face the light and the dark for one comes not without the other." *the right side of hir wings spread out before curling in front of hir hiding that half away under their dark scales. Lips curled into a grin on the other side and hir head tilted up and to the right exposing hir neck in the process.*

"Those that dare to take a bite, may just revel in delight. But beware of that taste for its coy and knows its place, to tease and taunt, to draw inside and rest in the heart. Yet few shall know its guile, and fewer still the true fire. That stokes the storm in a wild core, that dances free forever more. Beware the night those that hear, for it shall be forever near. Walking amongst you every day, drawing away from sight

behind glass veils and endless calm. And yet you'll forever hear the sound, of the darkest storms eternal might. For I am darkness and I am light.

I am fury and I am love. I am the world and it is me. And that is what I'll be, till the end of time. Now put your hand gently into mine."

*With that his left arm reaches out fingertips curling in a beckoning motion and his wings return to full flair. "Nightmare, Dream, and Delight. Upon this cold and frigid night." *the music fades again and the wind and whispers pick up this time mixing the words nightmare and dream as they echo into the amphitheatre and the Drake upon the stage slowly curls those wings around himself with the dying of the song closing as they do.*

Applause

Among the guests there is that sneaky servant that spies on Teyha

Kydo offered a nod of his head to the woman. "Certainly." There was little more than that needed to be said as she was already dancing away from where he stood. The song of L was drifting to an end though and it had certainly been an interesting one. He clapped for her, the end of her song almost a different tone than everything else. Certainly something amazing. He would have to congratulate her eventually.

That sneaky servant tended to follow Teyha and jot things down in back of her, remembering conversations and faces they were logged into his book and sent to someone. He would then send these notes to a circle of Sorgram followers.

Infernus didn't know, nor care what transpire to bring this little demonstration about, but it was amusing, all the same. That was enough for him. Fishing a fresh clove out of his robes, lighting it upon a bit of palmed flame with his free hand..."Well, that was fun. Do you think they have anymore singers? Maybe a juggler or something..." The fate of the bard wasn't anything that he concerned himself with, but if asked, he'd have pointed out that the damage was done and the slurred party was likely to do little, if anything, lest he incur a greater wrath than had already befallen him. But, no one asked, so...

Dreams accompanied him and was right at his side. She was heard answering him. Dreams chuckles, breathing in the scent of the cloves and letting the smell drift around her body, gaze having watched L`aquera until she had disappeared off the stage. There was no concern for the singers, if they had the courage to name call from stage then who was she to question it, the healers could be found if the injured party actually sought retribution. The small sack of coins would be slipped into the pocket of her skirt, money never really holding much sway for her but it was always handy on rainy days.

"Is there someone brave enough to follow L`aquera?"

Kydo weaved through the crowd smiling to himself. It wasn't everyday that you got to watch something quite like that. Yes, certainly an event worth chiming to witness even if that was all he got to see. Well, things couldn't be left alone. No that was one thing Kydo had never taught himself, or perhaps

something he simply ignored. The Torian had moved through the crowd as he was wanted to do, emerging next to Infernis.

Allivia could hear the remnants of what must surely have been a roaring laughter before she'd arrived; clearly whatever was taking place was pleasing the crowd which was of course a good sign that she remained a bit longer. She reaches into her bag to procure a chunk of bread she'd saved from her breakfast, she'd been too busy at the sanctuary to eat a proper lunch and was growing famished, and nibbling at it as she gazes across the busy amphitheater trying to see out what all of this excitement was about.

Dias Eesha leaned and touched L`aquera's forehead and heart in the interim before she shook her head and then laughed just a bit more. "Quite on the money I think actually." Shi whispered softly before getting this little look.

"Perhaps I should tarry up there myself, not really my thing but...mmm...maybe it would get some closure." *she sighed, a moment before leaning into the heat of the moriel.*

"Long roads make for wondrous stories both good and bad after all." *the pouch would be stored in her pack and she would tend to it later though it was certainly appreciated and a soft smile and a bow of the head was given before she stole a kiss from L rather quickly before giving a wink.* "Quite the look for you I rather like it actually." Shi looked back down to the stage waiting for what was to come, and still debating if Shi should be part of it.

The servant went to each and every one and gave them a little sack of crackers with something on the bottom and more wine. Under the crackers were coins in thank you for coming.

Dias_Eesha hard pressed to be found it looked far more like a natural evolution of the drak then a sudden change, little additions here and there that altered appearance and presence by adding to what the dream was, and how she was created. A rumble was given at the returned kiss and her own arm found L's hip quickly enough the slight pressure from those little mithril claws likely easily felt, though.

A grand Finale of another Book Conglomeration and Morgan and Tehya joined hands and bowed to the audience. Suddenly they were whisked away while those remaining could perform all evening.

Tehya

Finale