

What is Paragraph role play?



Paragraph role play (rp) is rp at its very best. You don't just „say“ something. You „emote“ it, describe yourself as you say it. I find that Gor's villains especially like to emote this way. And I find it much more satisfying.

Death of Melisande Moisant Ubara of Treve
anonymous

[05:58] Melisande Moisant lay on the couch in the small inn, comfortably asleep. She was pleased with the events of the day, having found the tome that she had searched for within the library of the small mountain city, and she was dreaming of the look on the faces of the convening scribes in the Sardar in just a few months. Perhaps that would stop the wagging tongue of Verona, who seemed to look always for any bit to pick at, where Melisande was concerned. Fore was sleeping outside the room in his usual position of guarding. Melisande's sleep had, for the most part, always been restful and easy, quick, without guilt or walking the floors at night. The soft, incandescent light of the three moons bathed her face from filtering in the windows as she slept soundlessly.

***** was riding the proverbial last leg of a journey that had spanned over almost two years. The slight to his honor at their first meeting had been too much and too interesting in some demented way to overlook. From the moment he turned from her on that day, 'eyes' had opened in the back of his head when he walked away to stare at her even in retreating from her presence and it was a stare of hate, pure, unblemished hate. As beautiful as the woman seemed to be, as desirable as the rumors of her were, she had no appeal in that regard to him any longer. The woman known as Melisande was no longer a woman at all to him, but instead she was the personification of an object of vengeance. She was, in his mind, stripped of her humanity and value and became a vessel with which that vessel alone could he sate his righteous revenge. Everything had been arranged and the time to strike was nigh. On the morrow he would either lie in a pool of his own blood, or bask in the glory of Melisande's fall.

[06:11] Melisande Moisant stirred, her throat scratching. She fluttered her eyes open just a moment, coughing, and repositioned herself with a pleased sigh. A glance out the window would reveal that sunrise was far from beginning, and though her bed was comfortable, she swung her legs over the side of her couch, sliding her fingertips through her unbound hair, blinking her eyes. She rose, pulling her long, soft garments around her. Even in sleep, she was dressed modestly, and she fingered a small drape of veil, walking past the stand that held a burning candle, should Fore enter. It wasn't as if he'd seen her without her veil. She was the Ubara of Treve and, under the Ubar's edict, had gone without her veil as of late, as a reminder to the spoiled bandit princesses of Treve that they could flaunt their beauty. She chuckled softly as she realized she was quite in the habit, as a woman of Port Kar, of wearing it, and for a comfort in the night, she slipped it over her head delicately, letting it fall over her lips as she sat, picking up the tome and opening it.

***** was a fighter, but was no fool either. What he was doing was highly dangerous and would take poise and precision. He could not afford to make mistakes, for this woman held with her the ire of Treve. He had followed the woman's travels ever since he first met her in Port Kar, learning of her habits, trying to find a hole in her armor. She was quite well guarded and had a fairly strict regimen of keeping herself safe. It wasn't until she changed her station and moved to become Ubara of Treve that he had lost full contact with her. He was a bandit himself, though, not one of the sky as the Trevians were. A plainsman of the vast, rolling oceans of green, brown and gold outside Turia...where he had made a name for himself as a highway man and vagabond. Though his treasures could not compare to an Ubara's, he had made enough from his ill gotten gains that he was able to pay well for information concerning the woman. Melisande was a famous name and one that would not go easily missed and, such was her arrogance, that she had no problem dropping it when she pleased. It was in this regard alone that he now kept track of her, finding that her ONE weakness in the world was a wonderlust and a thirst for knowledge. She would, at times, leave her precious hidden city to explore the world that she saw as her oyster. It wasn't until this particular outing to Harfax that she had finally left herself vulnerable. The single guard that now dozed outside her door, ready to spring up in defense of her at the drop of a pin. Only, the pin did not drop, it instead flew. From the end of a dart gun, it flew down the hall to stick into his neck, where the anesthetic dart let off its effects into his blood stream and would not allow him to wake for many passings of the sand.

[06:28] Melisande Moisant let her slender, ungloved fingers play over the script of the tome as she began to read. It traced the symbol that stood for the city of Ar itself, the pad of her fingertip following the swoop up and around and back down. „Always out of reach,“ she murmured, her eyes darkening as she had thought of the tumultuous events of late.

The decided victory over Cosian forces that had taken, temporarily, the city of Ar. The rise of the new Ubar. The home stone, the bread, salt, and fire. Her nostrils flared as she inhaled the evening air, dropping her head back, a scent memory swirling around her of the sights and scents of the city. The tome would be the key to many things, and perhaps she would eventually find her way back there, facing the Taurentians with her own, identical band. She tapped the book twice and began playing the game one does when one is tired and trying to once again find rest. She began reading, hoping the beginnings of fatigue would take her again and allow her rest.

***** moved forward down the hall like a stalking larl. His eyes were predatory, his senses alert and keen, even on edge. He could feel his heartbeat pounding in his chest. Though he had disabled the guard in less than honorable combat, it was a necessity. He could not risk an open battle in the hall at night; it would rouse too many sleeping bodies and sound too many alarms. Stealth was the watchword of the night and stealthy he would be. When he reached the anesthesically sleeping guard, his hands went to his belt, searching it over until he found the object of his desire: the key to the woman's room. He could feel the lub dub beat of his heart even in his ears when he closed his fingers around it and divested the warrior of it's safe-keeping. Once more he stood erect, pausing a moment to compose himself, to try to quell the beating of his heart as he reloaded the dart gun one last time. He was no cut-purse, but with a quiet subtlety he set the key into the lock and began to turn.

[06:42] Melisande Moisant had just about entered into that drowsy state again when she saw something that piqued her. Her eyes widened, and she tapped the page she was reading, „That's it,“ she whispered. „By the holy Priest-Kings...“ her mouth dropped open in awe, and she slipped back against her chair, „I have to tell him...“ She shook her head softly at the

simplicity of it, and how she could not have known. In that moment, however, her body went rigid as the turning locks sounded. Click-click-click. It was most probably Fore, and she relaxed. It was good to have had Radix and Fore now that Pax was around less and less, apparently chasing after her new-found cousin Isabella. They had proved able, honorable guards, and she had worried so much less with their presence near. They wouldn't be bought off the way assassins would... that arrangement had gotten her into trouble more than once. Her voice called out, „Fore?“ lightly, and she reached around, pulling another layer of thick, dyed wool, a night-cape, over her shoulders to drape over her breasts. The silence remained, and though she had been quite sure it had been Fore, something was not right. She reached down reactively for her dagger, but of course, it was not there, as she had just awoken. The sound of a chair scrape against the floor, and she, heart racing, looked over at her trunk, moving the few steps she could to begin opening it, searching for her oft-hidden weapon.

***** heard even over the throbbing of his heart, the audible click of the lock and then, with remorse, the sound of the woman's voice from within, calling out her guard's name in a questioning tone. His heightened senses did their best to pin-point the location of the voice and were aided by the noise she made fumbling at something wooden inside. He would have to act quickly now, least his window of opportunity forever be closed; for if he failed this night, she would never leave herself this vulnerable again. The door swung open and he stepped inside, clouded in a cloak and hood of black, trimmed by embroidered red. Beneath the rim of the hood, he scanned quickly about the room and saw the woman's backside and flank in her nightshift. As curvaceous a form as a master stoneworker could have created in a lifetime of work: flaring hips, wispish waist, perfectly sized-pert breasts so unlike the succulently large orbs of a slave girl, yet large and firm enough to certainly catch a man's eye...any man, of course, but this one. All he saw was his target, his long, painfully

sought after target; and he gave her no opportunity to thrive, setting the dart gun to his lips and expelled it with all the hate filled air in his lungs. The unforgiving breath felt to him as if he was cursing her in a thousand languages with a thousand degrading words, all his pent up hatred and ire – forcefully expelled to send the dart streaking across the room in a blink at her long, slender, ironically silken soft, bare neck. Though the turian kaiila riders of his people were well known for their mounted archery, this ranged weapon was no less proficient in his tunnel-vision focused hands.

[07:12] Melisande Moisant closed her eyes when she heard the door -fling- open, her heart literally stopping for a moment as her stomach turned, her face paling. She saw the cloaked figure, not recognizing him – though there was something vaguely familiar. She had met him before... Port Kar... Her mind was reeling as she browsed with rapidity through her memories like a catalogue. The canals. The small, cramped house she lived in, in the neighborhood in the back of the city. She still could not place him, though most of his face was hidden from her. She opened her mouth to shout out to Fore, her upper teeth clamping down on her bottom lip to make the sound, and “Fff...” slithering out before her eyes closed, and she curled almost in mid-air, falling unceremoniously to the ground with a loud, blunted thump, a mass of diaphanous and wool veils and coverings draping over top of her body.

***** cursed the loud thump, but it was not a scream, only a thud. It could have been anything in the night and it was followed up by nothing. With celerity he moved forward, his work only half done. For a moment he stood over her body, looking down on it without pity, for he had none for the devil that walked the earth. She was a heinous woman, a destroyer. Perhaps she should have been born a man, an Ubar of a war ravaging and dark society. In all the years he had followed her, traced her, and hunted her – he had not met a soul that she had touched in a way that was not self serving. It was

true that she had many friends, many allies and many followers; but they were all her unknowing pawns. No, there would be no pity. At his feet lay the shape of the devil and he could not stop to enjoy it. With a purpose filled mind, he finished unpacking the crate of her belongings she had begun to rifle through to find her whatever sort of protection she had sought. With its contents mostly emptied, leaving only some cushioning dresses in the bottom, he hoisted the woman off the ground and packed her into the crate as contents. With that done, he had to keep moving, he had an appointment to keep that he could not miss. With a simple grunt, he bent, grasping the crate by its handles at either side and straightened himself with his legs, lifting her and the crate bodily off the ground and balanced its considerable weight at his pelvis. With slow, methodical steps, he then made his way back out into the hall, giving the warrior a nod of respect that still lay sleeping before he exited the hall and out the building to his waiting, tethered kaiila.

[07:33] Melisande Moisant had only been captured a few times. Once, by the crazed Ubar of Cos before her Roberto had come to power. He had come disguised as a merchant to Port Kar during one of the many wars between the port city and Telnus. As she had bent over the casing of jewels he had brought, he slipped a tassa injection into her flesh as quickly as she had ever seen anyone move and she had awoken in the top of his cylinder in the city of vineyards. He had been taken away with business gratefully before she could be molested, and in that span of time, Panner, the Poet, had saved her, bringing her back to Port Kar. When Port Kar was raided by Tetrapoli, aided by Cosians once again, she had found her way to the personal quarters of Servine. In the chaos of that war, she was found and rescued by Pax and Brian, and returned home with the rag-tag band of Karians who had fought bravely to escape the city. As she crouched, unconscious, in the crate, she dreamed of streaming arrows into the port city, the heinous laughter of those two men, how she had narrowly escaped and somehow come

back to power again. The reality of losing her freedom or life was violently realistic after those times, and she had almost neurotically insisted on guards every ahn of the day. Darkness fell on Melisande as she raced around the city of arrows, running and jumping over canals, bridges, gates, squalid apartments, her eyes horrified as the two men in her dreams chased her, each gaining on the other, almost seizing her, yet not quite.

***** flexed all the muscles from his toes to the top of his neck in a straining to raise the crate and its contents up over his head. The plainsmen of Turia were not specifically renowned for their strength, but instead for their speed, accuracy and riding ability. It was no small effort to secure her crate over the back haunches of the beast, but his purpose and drive were motivation and inspiration enough as the package settled just behind the saddle with a snort from the kaiila before it was secured and lashed firmly into place. A dark smile spread over his lips then when he turned and took a step forward to mount with ease. The bow-legged walk of the plainsmen came from a life spent in the saddle – it having been said that the men of his tribe learned to ride before ever they learned to walk. One swift jerk on the reins and a click was all that was needed for the expert kaiilaman to send his mount at a swift stride towards the city gate, where he was to fulfill his appointment with the night watchman. The city streets were a dead quiet, on the sound and pristine smell of the nearby vosk filled the air. As he approached the night watchman he simply loomed at the gate, looking down at the expectant man. A deal had been struck, he had to garner favor with a man of the city to accomplish his mission and, being that he was an outside, that favor was only going to be won with coin. The two had gambled together 3 nights past and the watchman had lost heavily. It was in this losing that the plainsman had won his escape from the city, striking a deal to allow him out of the city gate at night with some 'sensitive cargo' no questions asked, in exchange for a settlement of the

wager. It was with much concern that he had waited those three nights, finally allowing the man whom owed him to be stationed where he was needed.

[07:53] Melisande Moisant lilted in the crate, her head bobbing as the kailla trotted its way down the streets of the city. It was the only small movement her body could make. While she dreamed further, her thoughts raced as did her body towards the back end of the city of Port Kar, where Pax was waiting for her in his small house, his arms crossed, a stern expression on his face as he saw her running, "Where have you been?" he asked, meeting her in the gazebo at the center of the neighborhood. She tried to scream at him that the two men were behind her, but as she opened her mouth, no sound erupted. Pax continued to look at her sternly, demanding over and over again to know where she had been. To the right of his figure, she saw him, dressed in the rough leathers of the plainsmen. It was her current captor, right where she had first seen him two years ago. He loomed, watching her. She knew then who he was and she pointed. It seemed her arm was so very heavy, and with tremendous effort, she tried to reach out to Pax, to show him the captor behind him. And then there was darkness.

***** gave the man at the gate his nod of assent, there were no words needed, but even as gate clanked open, he did speak, telling the man simply, „Our debt is settled. Remember our deal.“ Silence for coin, it was nearly as old as a woman giving her body to a man for the same. Archaic merchantry at its finest. When the portcullis opened just enough for he and his horse to duck through, he moved out, not look back even once, out...out, into the night. As soon as the hooves of his kaiila met open road, he spurred his beast, surging it into a steady trot then a wide open gallop. He and the beast were as one, with its legs and powerful muscles surging him away from the city at a growing rate, the beast was his accomplice, as it was in all things with him – one.

Pasang after pasang grew behind him. He had already picked his spot, over rock, earth, grass, hills and streams – he rode. His beast began to huff and puff, despite its great fortitude for carrying its Master. The added weight of the cargo tiring it faster than he had anticipated. The morning light was still a ways off, but it would eventually come and he still yet had work to do. Nigh unto death, the belabored beast at last came to its destination: a rocky outcropping not far off from the Vosk. He plodded his trustworthy mount up to the mouth of a foliage hidden cave and dismounted, tethering the reins to a low hanging branch and set to work unloading the crate. With his victory so near, he was invigorated, muscles surging to lift the package off the animals back and carried it inside, where he thudded it without care onto the stony floor and flung open the lid to remove his prize.

/I was beginning to rouse; blurring light filtering through her vision as she groggily turned her chin up, and then slumped back down. Every muscle ached, her joints stiff and sore, a spot on her forehead and shoulder that hurt terribly from the fall as she had been taken down with the blow dart. She slipped into unconsciousness again, this time at the foot of her mother who was smoothing back Melisande's gleaming blonde hair, gesturing discreetly to a warrior who was standing next to her father. She began to speak to Melisande, instructing her on propriety, of how to deal with such men. Her hands delicately moved when she spoke, a gleam in her eye, wit as sharp as a barber's razor and beauty to rival the most dangerous slave girls of Port Kar, with their predatory, salacious dances in the taverns that Melisande never saw. The woman had later been abducted on a journey near Turia, by a band of Tuchuks, and no one had ever heard from her again, though her father had committed some fifteen years of his life to finding those who had taken her. She slowly shook her head as she began again to come to, and murmured some incoherency as she opened her eyes slightly, seeing dark stone beneath her body, feeling its cold, cruel, jagged edges poking at her

robes.

***** watched as the veiled face of the woman before him contorted. He could see the crinkle in her eyebrows. She was not yet awake, but not full asleep. Perhaps it was the anesthetic causing her twitches, perhaps it was some terrible dreams – he did not know or care. His right hand went to his belt, drawing off a well made, but simple bosk-horn handled dagger. Swift cuts at the shoulders of her shift let the garment fall away from her unblemished skin there, freeing the rest of its free flowing form to be ripped and pulled away from her body until she lay bare except her feature concealing veils covering her face. It wasn't until then that he let himself make notice of her body. She was, in a single word: beautiful. Finally, he allowed himself to think of carnal thoughts in his mind's eye. Still yet, it was the woman Melisande that he wished destroyed. It was she who had been so arrogant and scornful of him when they met. It was she who had brazenly mocked his people. It was she who had insulted his intelligence and his prowess. It was she who had thought to raise herself, with such ease, over a man. And, perhaps, in the years between that day and this, she had thought she had done so with him. It would not be so. Though he had never met a woman with her cunning, her sharp tongue, her powerfully wooed allies, her innate presence or her aura of power...no woman would ever be as powerful as even a man riding the plains. He thought of her as two women now, which one lie in the future, was soon to be seen. With a harsh dig of his boot into her flank, he stood back and reached for a simple, turian collar at his belt and towered over her, waiting.

[08:37] Melisande Moisant was slowly becoming aware of her body's slight jerking movements, and she held one eye open, seeing the fabric of her sleeping robes falling away from her body. A wave of unforgiving nausea washed over her as she knew her bare body was beheld by her captor. Clarity, she prayed to the Priest-Kings. They had always watched over her, or so she

thought. Melisande was of the belief that she was anointed by them to come to power, that the authority of her voice was blessed, as had said the initiates who had come to her secretly during the time of talks of peace that she had planned when she was to companion Roberto of Cos, long ago. After his violent death, her faith had wavered, but it surged anew as she tried to focus. Clarity. She was suddenly aware of the ground, of large, calloused hands hovering over her head. A shadow against the wall where burned a torch. A small circle, unlocked. She very quietly, without movement, said, "No." Her voice was calmer than the racing of her heart that threatened to flee from her chest, or the horror that gripped her. It was a simple statement. A rejection of what had happened. Of what whomever her captor was wished to befall her. Of the flaw in security. Of the very existence of the Turian man who beheld her.

*****'s voice rose up over the quiet in the cave, seeming to come from all angles as it echoed off the walls, matting out the exclamation of your simple word of denial under the proverbial boot of his authority. „Rise, Melisande,“ he called with a command that was backed by the presence of two objects in his hands: the bosk-horn dagger and the unlocked turian symbol of slavery. „To your knees,“ he further ordered, watching the woman now with a palpable intent. He had looked over her veil when he was stripping her, there was no shine to their edges and he was secure in the fact that she did not go about in the privacy of her guarded room with poisoned pins at her cheeks in those few, simple layers of veil that she had allowed herself. His face was now unmasked, he wanted her to see the visage of the man who would be her undoing. The tightening of his jaw could easily be seen as could the grinding of his teeth when he finally stopped speaking, only staring at her, waiting for her to use her superior intellect and comply with neutral, but forceful demands that still left her a road to travel down.

[08:53] Melisande Moisant looked up, her eyes cold and narrowed. She blinked, bringing the heel of her hand up to her face, the grogginess finally slipping away from her. Very deliberately, she then crossed her arms over her breasts to cover herself, her fingers splayed, cupping around her nipples and holding them against her body. She crossed her legs tightly and resolved that she, Melisande of the Scribes, the Ubara of Treve, would not fall apart as her spirit threatened. Tears filled her eyes, and she blinked them back, her face filled with crimson. A silent battle raged behind her visage as she fought for emotional control. Never had she been laid so bare, so quickly. The dagger shone in the torch light and at the voice she then remembered, she said, "You." Melisande did not rise. She remained where she was. Too, she did not kneel. Her chin rose as an equal hatred appeared on her face with recognition of the man who had once given his veiled threats to her.

***** nodded slowly to the woman, „Yes,“ he simply replied, „Me.“ His dagger then moved down with an ost's quickness, the business end meeting up under her arrogantly postured chin. With a slight press, he poked at her flesh, not enough to break through, but enough to send the message that soon it would, if she did not move with its motion. With the dagger's tip, he guided her up, allowing her to rise no higher than her knees. When she was thusly positioned, he tilted the point of the dagger in, just above the delicate, feminine indentation at her throat to keep her from moving further up or back down. „Lower your arms, or I will cease with words, where surely you hold your greatest strength and I will become a man of action.“ To emphasize this point, he then held the unlocked Turian collar before her eyes to indicate his intentions should she decide to be further stubborn.

[09:06] Melisande Moisant flared her nostrils, and if looks were weapons, she would have slaughtered him there. She, trembling, rose with the blade, the tip sending a pinpoint of

cruel pain to her jaw that she responded instantly to. Slowly, she lowered her arms to her sides, releasing the burden of her breasts that fell naturally against her chest. Melisande was a very old woman – several hundred years old, in fact, but with the power and medicine of the serums, her body defied gravity easily. She pressed her heel to the ground to try and still the slight quake in her knees with final success. “Whatever coin you wish, you will have it. Obviously, you know this,” she said quickly, hoping beyond hope that he was after coin, as bandits usually were.

***** could feel both her rage and her fear in the air about them. It was a magnificent storm. The begrudging compliance of her body now set on its knees at his feet, where he had desired it with every waking breath and every colorful dream of every day for the last two years. He had become aroused, but it was not because of the beauty and perfection of her body, not because of that alone, anyway. It was vastly more so because of the position in which he had the woman. His mind raced to all the possible outcomes. It was it going to happen, his dreams were going to be realized. Nothing would stop that now, he would die before he would let it and take her with him, smiling to himself, to the grave. „Silence, you poisonous bitch!“ his words boomed out over her attempt at a bribe, with a force and tone that showed truly how insulted he was by it. He could have cared ANY less about her coins, even if she had the treasures of Treve’s coffers sitting behind her in offering, nothing could have paid for the satisfaction of this moment. Nothing. The dagger then pressed in further at her neck, drawing a thin line of blood that he only held back from being a killing blow by his will alone, for his body and spirit screamed out for the opposite. „The next words out of your mouth will answer a single question: Slavery or Death? Now choose.”

[09:26] Melisande Moisant could not believe it was going to be over this quickly. Freedom. No matter what she chose, she was

giving it up. If she chose slavery, she could perhaps become free again. She could escape. She could find a way to have him killed in cold, venomous revenge, but the knowledge that she had acquiesced and assented to the collar would kill her slowly every single day thereafter. She thought of the beautiful women of Treve, the way they would stand on the ramparts, looking out over the mountainous rock for sights of their beloved Tarnsmen, raising their hands when they would see them flying back and the embrace... and the honor of their freedom. She remembered Sela, of Port Kar, and holding the gate with her when they were attacked by Cosians, the lines of Karian men slain in front of them as they screamed for aid to the warriors of Cardonicus who were behind them. Of the man who covered her body with his own to bring death to an offending Cosian, only to be run through, just in enough time for Melisande to run back to safety. In the silence, she thought of Pax, whom she loved, who had guarded her without fail, who would have died rather than see her fall to slavery. Of her noble companion, the Ubar of Treve, who had offered her asylum, and finally, power. But beyond that, his trust in the line of sons she might bear one day. This Turian would steal them all from her in this moment, no matter what she chose. But finally, she thought of the home stone of Ar, and with a parting grief, she said, "La Melisande, Ubara Civitatis Trevis," as if she was going to speak her name, offering it in submission. The pang of the blade made her wince, but she stilled herself, her eyes fierce. She would never be a man. She would never be a warrior. But she would always be free and great, even in her death, to honor the brave men who had given their lives to keep her free, to this point. "Never will I submit to you," her trembling lips offered up, a great tear of grief for those she loved falling shamelessly across her cheek.

***** face remained placid, even as she spoke. He had waited with anticipation, but his excitement was not even remotely quelled by her brave reply. In truth, either

option was thrilling to him. The split he had seen in her when he finally sat her upon her knees at his feet was not that of a pleasure slave, but that of a broken, collared and shamed woman who had bought her life by now serving the people she had once so brazenly mocked. His people, his ancestors, the wind itself, which blew, unfettered – across the Turian plains. The other was the magnificently regal free woman, Melisande Moisant, scribe, scholar, and deceiver; power hungry Ubara, devious enemy. Either choice would bring about the death of that woman, and that was all that mattered. When her words rang out into the air with the last syllable, the stony calm of his face faded into a smile, as if the weight of years of failure and shame to his people were lifted away on the wings of a Great Tarn. The clatter of the collar hitting the floor was the next sound that filled the room, his freed left hand moving up to fiercely grip the back of her skull, clutching a fistful of platinum blonde locks so that he could tug her head back and look into her eyes. He would have the last word. As he looked down into those now tear filling eyes, his smile of absolute, genuine pleasure showed true the feeling of his words, „I never sought your submission. Only the death of Melisande. You will get what is coming to you, venomous ost...in the city of dust. Die with honor.“ With that said, he flexed the forearm holding her head, and thrust through with his right hand. The point of the blade made a sickening sound as he drove through flesh, ligament, and muscle and finally scraped off the bone of her upper vertebrae to exit out the back of her neck. She had died with honor and so he would give her what she never gave his people...the honor deserved of them. With a swift twist of the blade, he ended the twitching, spastic pain and laid to a final rest, the Great Melisande Moisant, Ubara of Treve.

***** Has Captured Melisande Moisant!

[09:44] GM 3.3 shouts: Melisande Moisant has been killed by
