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## Session 0-1: Mardi, 11 Harvest 882 (Nones)

It's been a quiet afternoon, but not an unpleasant one. The river looks pretty clean. The beer is... decent. And it's getting on to that time of day that gives a twilight-cycle fellow such as yourself a little buzz in the whiskers, a hope of a promising evening to come.

"Oakoten, you mangy sheep," Quentin shouts at the none too present proprietor of the beer garden, "Where are you hiding the good stuff!"

"Nahh! Same's you get every day, kid! Roll in with more denarii and fewer sketchy buddies and maybe you'll deserve a finer cask!"

In tossing that shout over your shoulder, you catch sight of someone heading your way. The gent (client? seeker?), a rather well-coiffed otter, is clearly either a magical practitioner, or attempting to pass for one. He wears a voluminous brown cloak and a peaked hat, and carries a staff topped with a mystic symbol of some kind wrought in silver. An out-of-towner for sure, though still Calabrian. He cocks an eyebrow. "Master DuVarge. Am I interrupting something?"

Quentin still a little shaken realizing he's potentially insulted Oakoten, who he'd thought was not there, looks over the newcomer as he stands up. "No, not at all, please have a seat. You have me at a disadvantage. What do they call you, gentle-otter?"

He tips the hat and takes the offered seat. "Lystragones, as it please you."

"Most excellent fortune to make yer acquaintance, I'm sure," Quentin replies, sitting down as well. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your presence here at Oakoten's today?"

He settles the staff upright at his side. "I understand you are a weasel to speak with if one wishes to secure... lodging with entertainments included. Or at least, that you might know where further to inquire." Most folk delivering such a line would at least smirk, but the otter keeps perfectly level.

Quentin is still unsettled by Oakoten's appearance seemingly from out of nowhere, and looking about a bit, convinced that despite the unlikeliness of there being something underground so near the river here, that old Oaky has some sort of hidden bolt hole behind the bar. Distractedly he replies, "Yes, yes, of course. What do refined otters such as yourself have for taste in companions?"

"Oh, it is not for me. I have business elsewhere in the city for a few days. Rather, I'm looking to secure accommodation for my young patron. He is a touch shy and inexperienced, and fortune has not been kind to him of late. I simply wish for him to have a good time while I am preoccupied."

"I see, I see... so what are your young patron's preferences? Or is he perhaps too young to have figured those out as of yet? If the latter, I know just the one to help him navigate those waters," Quentin says with a wink and a nod.

He opens a paw. "Exactly so." He looks back toward the front of the bar and raises his voice. "Fabrizio. Have you found yourself a drink yet? Come, join us."

From around the corner, a young-adult fox emerges, looking extremely overdressed and more than a bit discomfited at the environs. He's clasping a mug between his paws as if it were a rope he could

ascend out of here.

Looking Fabrizio over from head to toe, Quentin tries to discern if he might be a member of a noble household.

He could certainly be a Rinaldi. In fact, the scion who went missing the same time as Lady Amalsand was named Fabrizio... but that's a bit unlikely, to say the least.

Before the young fox arrives, Quentin leans in to Lystragones and asks, "Surely he's not THAT Fabrizio... is he?"

He still does not smile, but there is pleasure in his voice. "You understand, then, why I might spend some time looking into a few matters. And locating a quiet place for him to stay."

Quentin sits up very straight, considering his fortune here. After a moment he says, "I am your most humble servant in this matter, and I shall see that young Fabrizio's needs are attended to in detail."

"Excellent. I'm sure you may need a few hours to make arrangements. We are staying at the Royal Dragon, down the street from the Three Spears. Send us word and I will remand the lad into your good care."

"Your wish is my command," Quentin says, standing up and doffing his hat, holding it over his heart and bowing to Lystragones.

Lystragones offers a firm but brief paw-shake, tips the hat again, and leads the fox out. The ostensible Rinaldi nods and mumbles a "Very pleased" before more than willingly letting himself be nudged to exit.

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