

## Felina's scrawls 54

The throne room looked like it was worth some cash... the walls were covered with gems stones and gold. Nethander pried one of the stones from the wall. This one alone would make a few hundred... the elf was not amused though. Nethander made the stone my responsibility and Kendalan took from my hand to put it back in the wall. The wall seemed more alive, more... more. It almost seemed the room responded by giving Kendalan a clue that there was a special sword among the rubbish. A *blood sword*. Being a Ranger this sword would be more effective against his favoured enemies. I wonder if I could give the sword a purpose like that. Probably not.

Time to get on and we take the door at the back of the throne room. This led to a curious construct. More complicated than the machine upstairs. According to the signs a gnomish invention. I was not happy the others, Grimwald especially, wanted to turn it on. The apparatus made noise. After some manipulating some music was obtained.

This music room led to a room in which skeletons were on display. Again skeletons?! This time they told the story of the history of the dwarves and their neighbours. Several hours of information which Grimwald absorbed. In the meantime we rested and scouted a little bit ahead. Time to get healed again. Cuura's belt and the lyre were put to use. There was a lava pool in which an fire elemental resided. We gave it some dragon breath bolts a pole and an oil to gain passage over a bridge. It was still quit hot. The door on the other side was trapped, but no problem there.

A room in which an armor was hidden. An adamantine armor. According to the readings the former owner was killed by it and now it was marked as being some kind of cursed. Grimwald detected what the flaw of the armor is and claimed it as his own. The armor reacted by destroying Grimwald's current armor. Guess the dwarf is accepted.

In the meantime Nethander, Jay and I scouted ahead. There was this nice cushioned lovely decorated restroom. And it smelled good as well. And there was the itchy feeling I needed to be touched.... By men.. Jay being the most manly man around at the moment seemed a good target. I faked a stumble entering the room and ended up being caught by Jay. Being his polite self Jay did not know what to do with a girl writhing around him. Somehow this made it more pleasant. Some piece of Sharess in the back of my mind screamed it was not funny and this was not the way. This blurred away when more men arrived. Alas Kendalan stayed out of reach, but an unarmored Grimwald was a better target and I grabbed him by the beard while still holding on to Jay. Suddenly there was a rope in the middle of us and I tied myself to Grimwald.

Then the back of my mind kicked in again... and this time I regained control over myself. I needed to get out of this situation fast and with the same ease I tied the knots I freed myself from Grimwald and ran to the corridor.

I do not now what feeling was strongest at that moment. Being pissed because I was tricked by some poison and out of control of myself. Being embarrassed to be in a situation like this as party leader. Feeling blameworthy for touching Jay like that and betraying Reed. Reed sat next to me and I apologized and said it was not my will. It will take a lot of time to get this emotional mess cleaned up.

We continue our way and we came across a place of worship. Somewhat defiled it is. I will not go into the motives of everybody but the tower has the tendency to reward those who clean this place up. So we cleaned and repaired this worship place. The reward was an opening.