

## Lady Snowfire's Journey part 6

Talis stood outside of the pub and tried to peer into its murky deeps. In the back of his mind he was wondering about who he would find in there? Would it be the fair lady he had meet on those barren snow and wind swept hills of Scotland or would it be the short tempered raven haired pirate who had stormed out of his home? Did it really matter? He knew that Caius had followed him but where his old friend was hiding he was not sure.

Better get this over with." He whispered to himself and with that said he entered the pub. As he passed the point of no return he was pretty sure that if his wife saw him enter here he would really be a dead man!

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Drucsilla sat in the darkest corner from the door. She had been in places that where seeder than this looking for Thoren or information but not by much. The air she projected around her was dark and unwelcoming. She knew that if she gave this crowd an inch that they would take a mile. The mug of ale that sat in front of her looked cool and inviting but she knew that she would need a clear head for this talk.

As she was just about to wonder if Talis was coming the doors to the pub opened and the mage himself walked in. He paused in the door way and Lady Snowfire was worried that he would not see her in the corner. She was just about to get up and get him herself when he started to head her way.

The only thing that was in his way was the token drunk that every pub seemed to have. The man was stumbling all over the place as he drank. Talis expertly avoid him as he made his way over. He sat in the stool across from her and she could see the uneasy that was in his eyes.

"So madam, what should I call you?" He asked and with those words Drucsilla felt bad about how she had treated this man in his own home.

"You may call me Esmeralda for now but should we ever meet in a friendlier place, you can call me Drucsilla." Lady Snowfire whispered.

Drucsilla cleared her throat and looked the man across from her in the eye. She knew that Grease trusted this man or he would not have sent her here but the Dracos where becoming more and more deceiving. She was not sure if this was the best place for this but with a little help no one would know what they where saying.

Out of mind and out of sight  
With all holy light  
Let no one hear let no one see  
What is all around me

Lady Snowfire felt the magic flow out of her and surround the both of them. When the bubble of magic reached Talis his eyes opened wide and Drucsilla knew that something had changed.

“Esmeralda, you asked me before about the fey yet...” Talis paused and looked at Drucsilla in confusion. “It would seem you should know more about them than me. The magic you just used is pure fey magic and only someone of fey blood could use it. Who told you I could help when not many know of my connection to them?”

Lady Snowfire’s eyes opened wide in shock! Fey magic, she was doing fey magic! “Good sir, I know not if you knew that he knew, but Grease Lugnut of the barbarians sent me. He told me on the night that I left Bristol that he thought there was a connection but he didn’t know of what kind. He said that you might be able to help me.”

“The night that you left Bristol but that must have been mere days before...” Talis trailed off with a sigh. “What is it about the fey that you would like to know?”

“Where may I find them and what do you all know.” Drucsilla said knowing that what ever he said would change her life.

“They are in no one place Lady but what I know could take a bit to tell and I could use...” Talis trailed off as Lady Snowfire pushed the mug of ale across the table at him. “The tale is long but it should help you.”

Drucsilla listen as Talis told her everything he knew about the fey. The whole time that she was listening she kept an eye on what was going on in the rest of the pub. The drunk that Talis has almost tripped over was well into his cups when the door was violently shoved open. Drucsilla knew that they where safe behind her spell but the man that had just walked in, was the same one as from Scotland.

Talis paused as a glaze came over his eyes. “We must go the soul drinker is coming...”

Drucsilla cut him off. “I’m sorry Talis but he’s all ready here. Don’t worry, the spell will hold and we should be safe. My only concern is for that drunk. I don’t think he knows who he’s trying to pick a fight with or he just doesn’t care.”

“I do see one problem with your plan. You look different Lady but I don’t and he knows what I look like.” Talis pointed out.

“I may be able to help Fire child. That frozen woman has told me how she changed your look. I may be able to do the same for him but then I could not protect you.” Lady Snowfire could hear the worry in his voice. This man was not as weak as she had first thought.

Drucsilla knew that they did not have much time if they where going to save the drunk and get out alive themselves. “Do what you have to do but do it fast.”

“You need to give me to him and tell him to put me on his finger. From there I can do what needs to be done.” Firestorm said.

Lady Snowfire took the ring off her finger and slid it across the table to Talis. “Put this on whatever finger you want but do it now. You may feel a little hot but that’s just him saying hello.”

Talis looked at the ring a little leery as he tried to slip it onto one of his fingers. Drucsilla watched his face go through a large range of emotions before stalling on ah. With the changing expressions his facial structure changed as well. Not much but not much was need, just enough so that someone could mistake him for himself.

“Welcome aboard the Havens Tear, matie. Now let’s go.” With that said the spell dissolved and the two of them made their way over to where an argument had broken out between the drunk and Robert Mayhew.

“Sorry matie, but it seems that our mate is far too deep into his cups. We’ll just be taking him back to the ship now.” The two of them working together maneuvered the drunk out of the pub and took him to a near by tavern. There Lady Snowfire paid for a bed for the man, but before they left him to sleep Drucsilla leaned down and whispered into his ear. “The answers you seek can be found with the Band of the Twisted Claw. Go to Bristol and I shall see you again.”

The two of them exited the building. Lady Snowfire turned to Talis “Is there any place that you think I might be able to find the fey?”

“No Lady.” He said as he handed back the ring. “The fey are all around but most people can only see them when they want to be seen. If you are what I think you are you might be able to see them when ever you want. You just have to find some first. I would suggest that you look somewhere that you have seen them before.”

“Thank you Talis, you have been very helpful. I hope we can meet again in a more friendly time.” Drucsilla said as she slipped the ring back on her finger. The only place she had seen the fey was Bristol and she was not sure if she trusted herself to go there yet. Rumor did have it that fey could be found in the north, back in Scotland. “I shall see thee anon, Talis. For I fear I have many miles to travel before I sleep.”

With those words Lady Snowfire, no, Captain Frostburn turned to head to the gates. It was a long way to Scotland but she still had some time.

## Lady Snowfire’s Journey part 7

It had been a hard several months and Lady Snowfire was losing hope of ever finding the fey. Not that she had not found anything in her travels, a month after leaving London she met an interesting merchant. In his wears was a simple small ring. Just a band really but what caught her eye was the fact that it keep changing its color. The merchant told her that the ring was cursed and anyone who had ever owned it had died.

Drucsilla bought the ring for almost nothing, but that was months ago. Winter and Spring were both over but she had still not found any fey. To make things worse she was pretty sure that whoever the spirit in the ring was it really was trying to kill her. Oh Diamond Frost and Firestorm were doing their best to make sure she was all right but the close calls were getting tiresome. Lady Snowfire knew that if she could just talk to the spirit she would be able to help it with its troubles but it was quieter than a mouse.

The fey were also giving her trouble. She had not seen any, she could not find any but she could feel them watching her. They had been following her every move since she had reentered Scotland and it was starting to drive her up the wall. How was she supposed to talk to them when they would not come near her.

She was just about to give into her anger and roast all that was in front of her till there was nothing left. When she crossed over the mound she was climbing and entered a beautiful wood glen. There was a small clear brook that ran through it. The wood was old growth and it looked like a place no human had ever entered before. It was such a peaceful place that all the anger that was building up inside of her just flowed out.

Drucsilla walked over to the brook and knelt down to take a drink. The water was cool and refreshing. The best water she had ever had. As she stood back up she saw a man sitting across from her. She knew this man was fey. He looked human but his eyes were old and the color was not one that you would see on a normal person.

“Who are you?” Drucsilla asked the man.

“Who I am, not the question, what you are is. You are fey but not. You are fire and Ice but both can not be the same. We see you when you want to be seen but you hide better than we. We would kill one like you, mix of seelie and unseelie. “As he said this he moved closer.

Lady Snowfire tried to move, to leave but she could not move. It was as if some magic was holding her in place. “Kill you sadly we can’t. The paragons protect your kind. We have seen you guardians before and mess with you we can not. To have you on our side thou would help. We make deal, you have choice. Be full fey again or stay human forever. We give you time to think.”

As the man disappeared from view Drucsilla looked up and saw hundreds of fey in all shapes and sizes. Then they too disappeared. She looked around for the way she came in but the wood had grown into a tangled mess. They had given her a choice human or fey. She had been fey, the memory loss, seeing things others could not, doing things no one else could. It was all starting to make sense. The one thing she was having problems wrapping her mind around was why? Why had this been done to her? Why had they made her human if she had been born something else, and why would they want to kill her for something she had no control over?

The next thing to cross her mind was did she want to change? Did she want to become fey once more or did she want to stay human. Could she abandon all her friends to the Dracos and never look back or not. What of Talis, Caius, Grease, Illyria, and all the others. She had made promises about coming back but would they understand if she was with her people. Where they her

people?

“Do not let what they have said bother you little one.” A male voice said.

“Your choices are your own and no one else’s.” A female voice said.

Lady Snowfire turned around to look for who had spoken and saw two fey disappear from sight. If she had to guess who they were, she would guess that they were her parents.

Then quite voice came from her right. “Do not trust these fey, my lady. These are of the unseelie and will try to harm you.”

Drucsilla look at where the voice came from and there stood a little girl with long reddish blond hair and clear blue eyes. Winds seem to stir her hair and fear filled her face. She was looking at Drucsilla like Lady Snowfire was going to hurt her.

“It is all right little one.” Diamond Frost said as both she and Firestorm appeared behind the girl. “The ice maiden would not hurt you.”

“Aye love, the fire child is a good lass, even if she takes me into this god forsaken cold land. “

“Thank you my friends.” Drucsilla smiled at them. “What is your name little one?”

“Autumn Breese, my lady.” Was the reply before she disappeared back into her ring.

The group turned at the sound of clapping coming from behind them. The fey was back and wanted his answer.

“Human.” Lady Snowfire said loud and clear. “I will stay as I am. I have friends that need me and I will not abandon them now.”

“That was the wrong answer, child.” The fey said as his voice and face changed into something much darker and sinister.

“No, you trying to keep me here is.” Lady Snowfire said as she tried to move once more.

“You think you have a hope of leaving. We can not have an abomination like you running around. Since you will not join us and we can’t kill you, we have trapped you here. You may never leave.” He laughed as he disappeared from sight.

“I’ll show you.” She said as she started to chant.

“Water blue as earth is green  
Wind doth blow and fire light the scene  
Show me the way to hearth and home  
For too long this day I have roam”

Drucsilla felt a warm light come over her and when next she could see, she was back where it all started. The village had not changed much in the year that she had been gone. It was still small and no one would look at her but she was changed. She now knew who she was, what she was. She had friends that were waiting for her and places to be. As she was setting off to head back to Bristol, she heard two voices on the wind.

“You have learned much our child but you still have a long way to go. This gift we give to you, the block we put on your powers is off. Go use it well.” Then the voices were gone and Drucsilla felt a deep grief come over her. Deep in her heart she knew she would never see or hear her parents again but they were always with her.