

How does one get oneself into messes like this. I was supposed to be running this mission. But Shabhi "Silver Tongue" not only took over she...I should be honest. She knows what she is doing. Three years I've given to this. And in that time, I had to watch her court that altmer bitch, bat her eyelashes and swing her tail till... I could just about vomit. But in the end, they were married and Arnirne never knew that rebuilding the arena wasn't entirely her idea. And the return on her investments to fund the project, hah, khahiit coin helped with that and yet fully half of the funds were raised by the elf herself, so strong was her belief in her's and Shabhi's dream. Yet only Shabhi and I know. It was she who overheard Joslin and Brahnlor. And she was wise enough to share it me. Rare it is these days that the Renrijra Krin can act without the Dominion knowing our every move.

I don't feel bad. I've had to suppress my feelings and put our relationship on hold, but once we find what the blades are interested in, here in the dark under Kvatch, then will the Dominion reward the Renrijra Krin with...oh, I don't want to ask for too much, maybe just the county of Bravia, which those Imperial pigs stole from us.

But that isn't all the rewards that await my patience. I'll get to hold Shabhi again and she says I get to be the one that puts a knife between Arnirne's ... ribs. Soon, now...

Our Arena plan led to the imperials doing some of their own digging and wouldn't you know it, they paid, us, me! To explore what was under Kvatch. As soon as we can find what lies here, Shabhi will send those two Blades agents, Brahnlor and Joslin straight to Sithis.

I can't stop purring.