

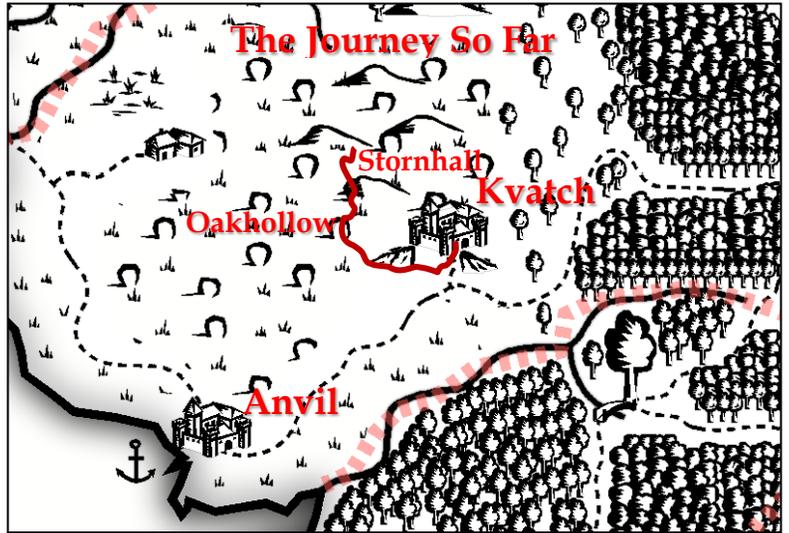
# THE ELDER SCROLLS/BBFRPG PLAY REPORT # 1 1

Dominion: Borkul's Club  
Kvatch, Middas-Turdas 13<sup>th</sup> of Midyear  
4E 206, Date: 081913, 3 hours

Players:

Brian: Jo'Rak, Khajiit Assassin  
Amanda: Filbyn, Wood Elf Scout/sneak  
Tina: Riala, Breton Mage  
Reid: Kalarus, Mage/enchanter  
Logan: Yngvar, Nord Warrior

It was finally time for the group to unwind and get some well-earned rest.



The party went to Borkul's Club, whose proprietor immediately kicked them out for their gore covered gear and bodies. He brought them around the back of the inn where discreet bathing tubs were setup. Both a launderer and tailor were summoned to clean clothing and bring new cloths for our heroes. This took a couple of hours and in that time word had spread that the rescuers of the guards had come back up from the Underhalls of Kvatch.

Refreshed and clean and with assurances that their other clothing would be cleaned/mended and ready by tomorrow they entered the inn only to discover three of the guards waiting for them at a large table with three pitchers of Colovian Ale. The guards, looked a little worse for wear but that would not dissuade them from toasting their rescuers and telling all those present of their heroic deeds.

Since two players were not here for the session we had them go "off screen". The drinks were pouring pretty fast. Only Filbyn and Riala paced themselves. Yngvar didn't need to. Jo'Rak didn't want to and Kalarus didn't know how to. Several more pitchers were ordered one of the guards got up to go "get something". At this point Kalarus felt like showing his magic off. He intended on doing a trick but it just didn't work out. He decided he needed more to drink.

Jo'Rak meanwhile had caught the eye of a female adventurer across the room and picked up some drinks and joined her at her table. The guard soon came back with the other two guards who had been laid up from their ordeal but roused themselves and came to Borkul's to raise a

glass in our heroes' honor. Kalarus, really getting in the swing of things gave one of the guards one of his rune inscribed stones telling him he really wanted him to have it, that it could cure any illness. The guard, most taken by his generosity ordered another round.



Meanwhile Jo'Rak and his date retired to her room upstairs. The revelers continued their fun. One of the latecomers had brought a jug of strong Chorrol brandy. And there was much sharing of songs and heartfelt philosophy. The guards volunteered to help watch the party's horses if they go to any nearby dangerous ruins.

Kalarus began dancing with Riala, sharing a rowdy dunmer dance. Yngvar and the rest cheered them on. And well they did for Kalarus was soon passed out in his chair. Food was served somewhere during the festivities.

Meanwhile Jo'Rak was fighting for his life upstairs as his companion turned out to be a vampire and member of the Dark Brotherhood. After a most deadly battle that had them both slashing at each other with pairs of enchanted daggers in a deadly dance around the room Jo'Rak destroyed the vampire with a critical blow and the enchantment on his dagger caused her to turn to nothing but ash. He recovered her daggers and swept what was left into the fireplace, taking the room key. He then went to his room for a few hours to calm down and think about what had happened. At around midnight he went to Yngvar's room and told him what had happened. Yngvar, nonplussed just congratulated him on killing it.

Jo'Rak then went to Borkul and gave him the key. Borkul said the room belonged to a trader he hadn't seen for a few days. When questioned, Borkul hadn't noticed the lady Jo'Rak had shared

drinks with, but mentioned it was a pretty rowdy night. Jo'Rak then went to an alley that Borkul indicated would get him to the local thieves' guild.

Jo'Rak went to the indicated alley, noting that it had many places a thief could hide. At the end of the alley was a plain stone wall. There was also a door on one side. He could see the sign of the guild etched into the door frame. He carefully checked the door for traps and found there was a bell alarm, which he disarmed. He then picked the lock and slipped into a pitch black room. This room contained only one door. He thoughtfully checked for traps and found there was a pit trap in front of the door. He successfully jammed its mechanism preventing it from working. Then he knocked lightly on the door. The door opened and a thief told him he was expected and that the guild master would be here soon.



Borkul soon showed up and the three thieves in the room showed him deference. Borkul was the guild master. Borkul laid out the ground rules. Then he and Jo'Rak shared what info they had on local vampires and assassins and such. Not much was known other than some people have gone missing, more of late and the bodies have been found in the sewers by the thieves. They are worried. Borkul told Jo'Rak he'd have some work for him pretty soon.

With that Jo'Rak snuck back to the inn and slept until smells of breakfast brought him downstairs where the group assembled. The group decided to spend the rest of the day shopping for new gear, potions, scrolls and alchemical ingredients. We ended our session with them most of the way through their shopping day.

