

“Are you sure it shall stay safe here, Father?” Victor Greydragon inquired with an exhausted voice.

He looked older in a way, as several droplets of sweat flew down the Knight’s forehead and into his eyes the man beside him answered:

“I pray it shall be, Sir, I only pray. ‘tis the best we’ve got unfortunately.”

Something about the way Father Bouchard answered, made Victor very, very concerned. *What if someone was to break in?* He heard himself think, but he only shook his head, making his hair cover the eyes and he spoke up:

“Then I shall pray with you Father, *this* must be protected.”

Without further reply Father turned on his heels and strode forth, taking loud steps that the enormous room echoed out, *tap tap tap tap tap*, until it suddenly stopped and silence took over the room.

So Victor was alone in the huge square shaped room, with one big chest in the middle. It was clear that this room had been designed for holding such precious items as the one in that box. It surprised Victor that it had been underneath the cathedral. When Augustus took him down a spiral stairway, he could have sworn that the priest was about to stab him in the back, but he only kept walking along, traveling to one corridor and then the next, sometimes in total darkness, other times through foul smells and there was an instance when the priest stumbled and fell on a dead rat. A bit after they came to a clear stone wall, not so different then all the rest, but it was a dead end, so this had to be it, and it was. The priest told him to push hard against the rock, when Victor did, he fell right through it and a moment after he heard a soft laugh.

Victor bent down and trailed his gloved fingertips along the chest and tried to open it with force, it did not budge and he deemed that good. The Knight turned and walked off, through the wall that wasn’t there and then left, and right, and right and then he forgot. It took him a good hour to get back to the cathedral’s upper level, crawling his way through the crowd in prayer he pushed open the wooden door and was instantly blinded by the sunlight. It took a moment and more so his eyes adjusted but a moment and more was enough to leave the Knight stumbling down two steps and almost falling in the end, *not falling in the middle of the square*, Victor told himself and made his legs obey.

When he reached the end of the stairs he found the square oddly empty and didn’t think too much of it, at least he didn’t have to push against the people simply to get a drink, it was a delightful walk down to the Drunken Priest (the inn was right beside the cathedral), even if it was a short one. Victor slammed a few copper coins on the counter and waited for his ale, he had time to look around and asses the situation in the inn, he liked doing that, he scanned over the wench serving food to two bearded guardsmen and thought he could knock them both out and steal the wench, then his eyes moved over a seamen to his right, drinking down the sixth glass of whiskey and ordering a seventh, he spied a maiden speaking sadly with what had to be her father, *I could steal her, too*.

Victor drank his ale quickly and in no more than two swigs only half was left. He actually did think of stealing that maiden, but he snapped back to reality once he felt the hand on his shoulder. It was something he seldom enjoyed from a complete stranger, so he said only:

"I'll cut it off, I swear."

It was taken off rather quickly after that.

The Knight turned around quickly to find a strange figure in front, it was a man with a big squashed nose, red lips and a jester's hat, the hat in particular had been red and green in a checkered pattern, he looked down over the man and saw that his whole garment was that of a jester's, same pattern from toe to head, even on his rounded cheeks, Victor thought he looked like a walking chess set, but didn't say it aloud, it wasn't worth a fight, not with a jester anyway.

"Aye?" was the only thing he could say.

The jester responded quickly and firmly:

"I want wine."

Then the queer man put a finger in his thin white beard that covered only his chin and nothing more. Victor bellowed out a laugh then asked:

"Who the fu-? Who in Light's name are you?"

The knight corrected himself and muffled a second laugh: "Gianni. And Gianni wants some wine."

The jester said and then Victor retaliated:

"Gianni can go to hell, he can go beg somewhere else."

*Maybe this fool could be a worthy fight after all.*

"Take pity on a poor Jester, he can repay with words and songs, and secrets if one wants."

Gianni the Jester said and Victor considered, then turned around without a word and leant on the counter, ignoring the man.

The red-green jester waved his hands about for a bit, then felt offended and finally simply left the inn, Victor had been tempted to break a few teeth and cut a few fingers, but this was the city, he could never do that here. The two guards were done by then and back by their posts, but Victor stayed and was well into his third pint. He wanted a fourth but he had to relieve himself already and his bladder couldn't possibly hold another pint, he bolted for the door and the seaman in his glasses simply blinked then carried on with the drinking.

Victor swore as he got out of the inn and suddenly realized he was a tad drunk, along with the fact that he was fully clad in plated armor. The knight stumbled about and swore again loudly enough that surely half the city heard. He ran and turned into a dark tight alley, stopping suddenly he began removing his plated armor, he could only pray he was fast enough. The plate clad knight heard something behind him and before he could turn, he felt the dagger across his neck, it ripped open his throat and blood gushed out over the wall in front, the last thing the mighty Sir Victor Greydragon did, was relieve his bladder.

...TO BE CONTINUED...IN A FORTNIGHT...