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what they remember her doing, or the fact that someone from money was walking through this ghetto. She went to call out and mention that she wasn't a threat or anything when her ears picked up something. Shouting, children fighting it seemed. The Viera wasted not a moment. She began dashing towards the source of the sounds.

As soon as she arrived on the scene, she took in the sight. A young blonde Elezen, no more than thirteen or fourteen summers old, standing with her fists balled up, ready to fight. Behind her was a young boy of about ten summers old it seemed. He looked nothing like the rest, maybe a refugee? Before her stood three other children around her age. It was clear what was going on. "Stand down Istrone, he's not worth getting beat up over." Called the leader of the group. "Just let us teach this refuse where he belongs on the totem pole down here."

Istrone stood firm. "No! I will not stand by and let you and your cronies do as you please Edaux!" It was clear that she did not want to just let them walk all over the other child. Edaux scoffed. "Fine then. Have it your way." What proceeded was nothing short of a brawl. While she was outnumbered, it seemed this girl was not a stranger to fighting. Ashlyn stood back for a moment, wanting to see this outcome naturally.

Folding her arms, the Viera watched it intensely. It went as well as one would expect when someone is outnumbered three to one. Yet, she still fought valiantly. As this Istrone fell to the ground, broken and bruised, Edaux walked up to her. "I told you, you need to learn your *own* place Istrone!" With that, he pulled his leg back to kick her.

In an instant, Ashlyn leapt to the girl's side. "That's enough, you little street rats best scurry back to your little hovels." She states softly. There was a low threat to her words, Ashlyn was not planning on actually harming them, but she was not above scaring them. Sure enough, the sight of the full grown Rava, with a gunblade in hand was enough to cause the small gang to scatter. With them dealt with, Ashlyn leaned down and checked Istrone.

"Who are you?" The Elezen girl asked, terrified at the sudden showing up of the gunbreaker. The small refugee child was just as scared. "You need not fear me. I am coming here looking for someone to take under my wing. Someone worthy of it. I think I found it in you, Istrone was it?" The small Elezen nodded. "Y-yeah..." Ashlyn smiled down at her. "I'm looking for someone to be my squire. I'm the Knight-Captain to a princess from a far away land. The way you handled yourself against those bullies. I think you fit the bill perfectly. I'd like to take you and train you. Maybe give you a better life than you would have here."

The Rava looked around, there was a small crowd gathering and whispering. "We should probably go though, do you have any parents?" Istrone nodded. She was starting to fear the Viera less as they talked. "Y-yeah. Both my mom and my dad. Though, I... can't leave them. As nice as that sounds. They need whatever money I can help bring them." Hearing this broke Ashlyn's heart. "Then, it is especially important I talk to them."

Istrone looked pensively towards the refugee child. "Come Alric. We should take you back to your parents as well." It was clear she wasn't sure if she should trust this random adult who wanted to take her away. Her parents had oft warned her of such people. Yet, this promise of a better tomorrow. Could she risk throwing that away? The small Elezen bit her lip.

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