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She did indeed hide the true reason as to her strength. She hid the source as to her scars. She hid all of this to protect her protege. She did so to let the girl live in ignorance of what the Ser truly was. Taking a deep breath, Ashlyn expected for the worse. After a few moments more of silence, what felt to be an eternity. The young Elezen spoke.

“Ser, I will admit I am young. I am still only fifteen twelvemoon old, I still have five more twelvemoon before I become an adult, let alone a knight. Forgive me if I am out of line in this but I must ask...” At first, the girl began soft, almost coyly. Then, as she spoke the next part, her gaze hardened. “Why do you live when your scars say you shouldn’t?” This question burned the hottest in the girl’s mind.

Ashlyn was taken aback. Where did this come from? “Istrone, I’ve... I...” She knew that she couldn’t turn around and tell the Elezen to not worry. To not think anything of it right after telling her that she had nothing to hide. Clearing her throat, the Viera thought about how best to answer. “Istrone... You must understand a few things first...” She began softly, her gaze was almost motherly to her charge. Yet, the Elezen knew some bullshit was about to come her way.

“Save it Ser, I’ve heard lies before.” she stated softly. She knew this kind of talk would only go to mentioning her age, mentioning wanting to protect her. This was all the same she had heard time and time again from her parents. “I may not be an adult, but I am training to be a knight under you, am I not? I’ve earned the right to have your respect, have I not?” She stated proudly. Her Ishgardian heritage showing in the very way this smaller girl held her head up. Ashlyn went to speak once more, but then Istrone went on the attack, her youth getting the best of her.

“Ser, are you a dark knight? Are you one of the heretics that we were warned about? Are you one of... the dark ones who haunted our lands, who slew the Templar-Knights, who acted like they were above-” As she was going, the Elezen’s voice was shaking, but she never got to finish. “Enough!” Called out the Rava. “No Ser! I will not let you squirm away from this. I need you to be honest with me. I need you to tell me the truth!”

To this, Ashlyn slammed her fist against the desk. “Enough I said!” Her voice rang out firm. Standing up, the Rava merely gives an order. Her warm demeanor gone. “Clean and sharpen my Thorn.” The order came through firmly. It was clear that the Rava was intent on avoiding this discussion as long as possible. Standing up, the Viera walked to the door. “But Ser! I-” Though, before she got another word out, Ashlyn snapped. “You heard me Squire!”

The seriousness with which she spoke the title. Istrone knew it was pointless to pursue this longer. Maybe she could get some answers from her Ser’s lovers who are coming with. “Yes Ser. Sorry Ser for speaking out of line...” Her voice remained low, and the Elezen kept looking towards the floor. With that, the Viera opened the door. “I’m going up on deck, I need fresh air. Come find me when you are done, we need to get back practicing your basic form.” With that, the Rava departed and Istrone remained quiet.

Still lost in her thought, the Elezen realized, even if it turned out to be true. She still wanted to follow Ashlyn to the ends of the star. She knew that the Rava was far more than just what the legends would tell of her kin. There had to be significantly more, like the truth about the history of the Dragonsong War, but like that, this one is keen on keeping the truth hidden. Istrone wouldn’t let that stop her, no. She will see this khani and girlfriend... maybe even the Princess may know.

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