By the time Natsuki arrived at home, she felt ten years older than when she’d left on Friday. During the week, she spent most of her time behind a desk at the Adventurer’s Guild. But, there were always more jobs during the weekends--which often resulted in Natsuki going on jobs herself in order to fill the ranks. The Cleric wondered if she perhaps needed more exercise during the week. Even though she spent there days a week at the Temple providing free healing to the needy, perhaps she was sitting too much during that time.

A guard opened the gate as Natsuki approached. Natsuki noted that there was slightly less rubble amongst the manor grounds--and what remained was forming tidy piles. No doubt, someone would find use for the stone somewhere in the city.

Before Natsuki could even reach for the front door, it swung open to reveal Saito--the head butler. As usual, he greeted Natsuki with a genuine smile--the light glittering in his golden yellow eyes.

“Welcome home, miss. Dinner is ready, and I’ll have a bath drawn for you this evening,” he said, then took in Natsuki’s slightly singed clothing and the exhaustion in her face.

“Ah, and I shall call for a masseuse first thing in the morning,” Saito said.

“You are a true blessing, Saito,” Natsuki sighed, following the familiar path to the dinning room.

Saito closed the double doors with a smooth click, then locked them. The manor’s master was home for the night, and he wasn’t taking any chances of some unscrupulous sorts wandering in.

Saito remained vigilant as Natsuki ate her dinner, refilling her water cup whenever it ran dry. It was something of a tradition in the household for Saito to keep the young lady company--as there were currently no other family members within the manor. That, and the Fellblood Butler liked to take notes for Natsuki’s chronicles at the end of the week--just in case she might forget an important detail before she got to the paperwork. There was always paper and pen available in the dinning room, even though that might be seen as unusual in most households.

The Head Butler knew to expect Lady Abe would eat twice to three times her normal portion at the end of the month. Normally a petite eater, Natsuki always ate well after a busy weekend out in the field. There was always a healthy variety of meat, rice, and vegetables--and a pretty dessert planned for those days. Saito knew she loved the fresh pickled cucumbers and eggplant especially on evenings like this--when she’d probably sweat out most of the salt in her body.

“I imagine this was another eventful week for the guild,” Saito said as Natsuki pushed her plate away and placed her chopsticks on top of the plate--the signal that she was finished.

“Where should I even start?” Natsuki leaned back into the chair.

“There’s some unrest in the city regarding the council members and whether or not they have defined term limits. But, that’s beyond the scope of the Adventurer’s Guild and our area of influence,” Natsuki began. She still wasn’t certain why people had chosen to protest this outside of the Adventurer’s Guild. It was a strange choice. She could count on one hand the number of Guild members who had any rank within the Assembly. What influence did the Adventurer’s Guild as a whole have on any voting topic? Very little.

“As I’m sure you are aware, the Nocturnal Empire has advertised that they have captured a resistance leader who knows quite the quantity of sensitive information. They have yet to release any information regarding the prisoner’s identity. Although they have yet to overtly lie about such things, I wonder if this isn’t some type of fear tactic. If I receive any information, I will of course share it with you, Saito.

A number of the guild also visited a ruin. There is a significant amount of evidence that points to this location being the Tomb of the rumored Desert King. Unfortunately, it seems the scholar who hired us as guards has robed it of its master. Au’Dun was more roused than I have ever seen him or ever heard of him being. I feel we must return the Desert Lord to his proper rest--but I have no clue where to start aside from the scholar. I am also looking into a personal favor for Au’Dun. He seeks the souls of his lost wife and child. As he has served the guild well, and has never voiced a personal desire before. So I feel this *must* be done for him--as much as my influence counts for anything.

There is also an ancient Weapons Master within the tomb--who seeks a grand combat that he could not find in life. Would that only Rothemyr was still with the Guild, I imagine this issue would already be solved. Au’Dun is also *vehement* that this wish be granted to the Weapons Master. Even Flint could not satisfy the spirit, even given a grotesque number of healing potions and blessings showered upon him. I know not where we might find a suitable combatant.

I plan on contacting any faithful to Sul’Sehk within the city as soon as possible. I would appreciate it if you could purchase some proper stationary--and perhaps some gifts of incense.

We also discovered an unusual number of Moss Dogs in the city sewers. I cannot understate the shocking size of them. Perhaps half again as large as the ones I am familiar with. We believe this to be the cause of the unrest in the...situation in the market. I can’t imagine how they got there.”

What Natsuki distinctly did not mention was the secret tower in the Great Library, and the Room of Five Doors within--nor the mysterious key that Flint had bought from the Night Market. The fewer who knew of any of that, the better. The sheer implication that they could travel to any of the other jeweled cities, undetected, through the power of that room once a month boggled the mind. Natsuki had informed the Guildmaster. It was *his* guild. So he had the right to know. And there was also the mysterious Eternal Librarian. Natsuki had not been able to see into their cloak, but saw a protruding beak and the suggestion of feathers. The more she turned it over in her head, the more questions she had.

She also didn’t mention Quartermaster Flint’s little side project of creating constructs specifically trained to oust Hidden Court members from the city. That was also something better known the to fewest number of individuals possible.

The young lady stared into her water glass for a few seconds before turning back to Saito.

“I wasn't involved directly in this, but I would like to know more. I heard there have been some strange happenings--a murder even. Some of the Adventurers were talking about some one or something called ‘The Silence.’ I don't like the sound of it. But, given who was directly involved, I expect we’ll see a chronicle of excellent quality. So I have no fears of that information becoming lost,” Natsuki sighed, rubbing at her temples.

“I think that might be all for now. I am curious to read the other Chronicles,” she mentioned, folding her hands together.

Saito couldn’t suppress a small chuckle.

“So a normal amount of activity for the energetic Adventurers in Samazar?” the Fellblood asked.

“As much as I hate to say it, it is indeed,” Natsuki replied.