Chapter 3: Dynnergh dha Unysa

I sat outside a café on the outskirts of Mustar’s capital, Orion Auros, drumming my fingers on the table. Ras wasn’t late, the bastard had a better sense of timing than I did. No, I had made the idiotic decision of arriving early, knowing full well just how easily I got bored.

“You’re early,” I looked up to see Ras dressed in his usual military regalia. I responded with a shrug. Ras sat down and ordered fried lava-tail, his favourite meal.

“Some things never change,” I commented when the waiter brought out a dish with the fried fish. Ras smiled and started eating. I waited patiently as Ras ate, noting that he’d picked up a few more scars over the past five years.

“Is it true? Is she still alive?” Ras asked after he’d finished.

“Yep, she’s with Nagaon at the palace sorting out security.”

“And what about the *sangas* who dragged us all into this mess?”

“He went to Torlan to pick Velgor up. Quite when we’ll see Aiden is unknown even to him.”

“So you’ve spoken to him.” I shook my head.

“Nope, The Triad sent Nagaon instructions regarding our recruitment. The only contact I had with Aiden is when he sent me the call to arms speech.”

“He definitely spent hours rehearsing those speeches,”

“Of course he did, I imagine he hired a secretary to write them for him, the bastard.” Ras laughed.

“Yeah, that sounds like him.” A couple of silent minutes passed. Eventually, I remembered why I was in this part of the city.

“Come on, we need to take a trip to The Triad Embassy,” I said, standing up so quickly that my chair nearly toppled over.

“Why?”

“I don’t know, I’m not told this kinda crap,”

“Do you know where you are going?”

“Why do you think you’re here and not at the palace?” Ras sighed and stood up.

“You see that building across the street, the one with ‘Triad Embassy’ chiselled into the front,”

“Oh, that’s what is says,” Despite knowing basic Enlyan, I had never learned what ‘Triad Embassy’ was. Well, I know now. We crossed the road and entered the stone building. The embassy was rather quiet, though that was to be expected as most people were on their lunch break. Our boots made a soft clapping noise as we crossed the polished marble floor and approached the main reception desk. The desk was occupied by a young Enly woman, who greeted us in her native tongue.

“*Dynnergh dha an Unysagas Kheiligh. Fatlan reb myn gwer tywi*?” She said. I looked at Ras with a raised eyebrow.

“She says ‘Welcome to the Mustaran Embassy. How may I help you?’”

“Thanks.” I quickly memorised the phrase for later use. Ras replied to the woman, stating that we were here on instructions from The Triad. After a quick conversation over the Embassy’s internal comm system, the receptionist told us to wait in a nearby conference room until a Triad liaison officer came to see us. The liaison officer didn’t take long to arrive. He was a portly man, who Ras informed me was a *flogh’teyrbragas*, which meant ‘Child of Three Countries’. He had the tanned skin of a Fairan, the calming aura of an Enlyan and the fair features of an Akuferin. The man put a briefcase on the long table then said something in quick-fire Enlyan, which went straight over my head.

“Sorry, my translation spell doesn’t support Enlyan, could you repeat that please?”

“Would you prefer it if I spoke in Drakanian then?” The man replied, in fluent Drakanian. Now it was Ras’ turn to be confused.

“As much as I would love to converse with a non-Drakan in my mother tongue, my companion also needs to be included in this conversation.” The man gave a short laugh.

“That is true. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Hir’gan Berin, though my colleagues call me Levu.”

“Levu? Is that a middle name?”

“No, it’s short for *Levuskis Ladern[[1]](#footnote-1)*.”

“You’re not handling our money, are you?” Ras asked. Hir’gan laughed again.

“Don’t worry, I got the nickname from my sword fighting days. I had this little trick where I would disarm my opponent without them noticing.”

“Ok, that’s enough about the past. Let’s talk about the present and very near future.”

1. Levuskis Ladern means ‘Swift-handed thief’ [↑](#footnote-ref-1)