
The Discovery

The Old Man sat in a darkened corner of the inn. If you looked at him when you passed his table it was as if he were dozing. Yet under the half closed lids were eyes gazing at every movement and those eyes picked up even the smallest detail.

Once passed you were part of the rest of the patrons who were in their own little groups, drinking, eating, talking and singing. A large fireplace against the north wall was the inn's only major source of light and heat. There were a few oil lamps hanging above the tables for extra light, yet not bright enough to let you see who was at the table next to you.

The Old Man noticed that there were more darkened corners here at this inn than in most of the ones he had visited. He knew that in these corners were the people who wanted to be left alone. Like him, they wanted to be invisible to the inhabitants of the inn. It was the same in all villages and all the inns that he had searched. The searching ended as always with great disappointment. Yet here in this village this inn it felt different, as if he was meant to be here. He could feel that there was something very different about this inn, this village and that, different feeling was very powerful.

Whenever the door opened and someone walked in they had to pass the table where the Old Man sat. When they looked his way they were immediately drawn to the now smoldering gaze of the Old Man from his dark corner. When they made contact with his stare they noticed that the color of his gray green eyes were indistinguishable as to what color they really were, yet always looking as though they *Sword of Souls: Souls Series* smoldered with a dark dangerous fire.

The moment you met *Sword of Souls: Souls Series* his gaze, his eyes would lock you in place as if time had suddenly stood still. The person would be drawn deep within the Old Man's stare and soon forgot the noise, the chatter, the rest of the world. In the flickering light the Old Man's eyes were the only things they could see.

The Old Man's eyes seemed alive, questioning, probing and searching. Then in the *Sword of Souls: Souls Series* next moment it was over and the person would forget that the Old Man was even present. The individual then went on their way with a slight puzzlement. Like when you went to do or say something then suddenly forgot what it was you were going to do or say.

For most of the people who walked through the door it was a quick glance between the Old Man and that person. They would pause for a moment in his staring, probing eyes. Then they would blink and move on. Yet once in a while the stare would last a moment longer when the Old Man found someone of interest.

At those times the individual could feel the electricity in the air. The patrons would react to this like riding a wave on the ocean. The noise would rise when the Old Man looked at someone and then die down once the moment passed. This was the way most of the night went.

The Old Man was beginning to think that maybe the one he was searching for was not here at this inn. Still he had the feeling that, the one person he had been searching for all these centuries was some where in this village. He was getting ready to retire for the night in disappointment; then suddenly the noise stopped altogether Sword of Souls: Souls Series as the inn's heavy oak door flew open. What swaggered into the now quiet inn was a young man dressed more flamboyant than a court noble or a lady of pleasure.

He wore a purple hat with a large brim and a long white Sword of Souls: Souls Series feather protruding from the hats silver band. His light colored leather britches hugged him as if it were his actual skin. His boots came to mid thigh were black shined bright as a mirror and had silver spurs that jingled like bells when he Sword of Souls: Souls Series walked. His shirt was a light blue with billowing sleeves that looked more like sails than shirt sleeves. His sleeveless coat was dark green with gold buttons and cut to his waist. The Old Man smirked thinking a clown had better taste than this man. Yet he was dress better than any of others in the inn. You could feel and see he was someone who wanted you to take notice of him.

Looking at him the only thing that even remotely looked like it was of any use was his sword. You could tell that it was of good workmanship. You could tell that he valued it as if it were made from pure spun gold. The sword was well oiled and the scabbard was stiff enough to allow quick drawing of the Sword of Souls: Souls Series blade. The question was could he use it or was Sword of Souls: Souls Series it just another decoration as was the rest of his costume. Sword of Souls: Souls Series

Everyone turned to look at who had walked through the door. The Old Man's gaze did not even cause this young swordsman to slow down. Then before he took another step the young swordsman stopped, turned and stared deep into the Old Man's eyes.

Power, the Old Man reeled for a moment then pushed back at the young man. The Old Man had not felt power such as this for centuries. This power was old and very strong. Then with out the Old Man releasing him, the young man broke their gaze as if nothing had happened. Sword of Souls: Souls Series He walked away with an air of superiority; he made sure everyone there knew he had entered the inn.

Then the noise inside the inn grew louder than it was before; some started to make fun of his outfit, laughing until their partner Sword of Souls: Souls Series leaned over whispering something in their ear. The laughter would stop; they would turn and look away as if they had not seen him at all. The rest of the inn returned to its business as if nothing had happened.

That was all except the Sword of Souls: Souls Series Old Man in the darkened corner. The Old Man kept his eyes on the young mans every move thinking to himself that there was something very different about him, as no one had ever broken his gaze, no one.

The young man strode towards the Sword of Souls: Souls Series bar with his silver spurs jingling, tipping his dark purple hat, with its long white feather poking from the back, to the ladies as he passed. As he passed the tables he would slap the men on their backs as if they were old chums.

You could tell by the comments of Sword of Souls: Souls Series the ladies that they were less than charmed by him, showing Sword of Souls: Souls Series not the least bit of interest in this colorfully dressed young man.

“He loves himself more than any woman could.” One tall dark beauty said with a smile.

“The only Sword of Souls: Souls Series thing he needs is someone to hold a full length mirror in front of him as he walks down the street.” The comment came from a small, buxom, raven-haired girl as she stuck out her tongue at him as he passed by her.

All the men sat staring not saying a word; you could see fear in some eyes, anger in others. With the glow of lethal Sword of Souls: Souls Series hatred in their eyes, some would rub scars from previous meetings with the young peacock. Still none would look him in the eye or say a word, for fear of being singled out by him.

The young man would stop occasionally in his stroll to the bar to look about the room as if waiting to be acknowledged. When none was forth coming he continued on, seemingly disappointed.

When he arrived at the bar the innkeeper waited patiently. The innkeeper looked unconcerned towering over the bar; his giant, massively muscular frame out of place for an innkeeper. Radnich did not seem to be worried about the young man.

The young swordsman turned around at the bar, took one more look about the inn, and saw a big man sitting at Sword of Souls: Souls Series a table in the corner across from the Old Man. The large man was scowling, with death in his eyes, at the young man at the bar. The young man leveled his stare back at the large brutish man in the corner, who then turned his eyes away from the young man’s steel cold gaze.

The young man slowly smiled a cold hard smile then turned to the innkeeper. “Looks like not much going on tonight, Radnich. Not even Sword of Souls: Souls Series Nert is up to a bit of play. Sword of Souls: Souls Series Give me your stoutest drink, I have to have something to make this night interesting.”

The innkeeper slowly shook his head not really caring about the young man’s comment and began to pour a mug of ale when suddenly the inn keeper’s eyes were attracted to the Old Sword of Souls: Souls Series Man in the darkened corner. Without a word to the young cavalier Radnich stopped pouring, came from behind the bar and quickly walked to where the Old Man was sitting. There was a brief discussion between the Old Man and Radnich. Radnich soon returned with a small silver cup holding some thick reddish looking liquid.

“Here you go Schmitter, the gentleman in the corner said a man like you would appreciate a man’s drink to make your night, interesting.” Radnich put the cup in front of Schmitter and pushed it towards him. You could see the wry smile on Radnich’s face his eyes sparkling with a wicked joy.

Schmitter took the cup, eyed it carefully, sniffing it he turned to the Old Man in the corner lifted it in a salute and said. “It might be a man’s drink but it is not a proper tankard.” Schmitter smiled put the cup to his lips and took the entire contents in one gulp. Before he could swallow Schmitter spewed the liqueur out and Sword of Souls: Souls Series swore. “What trick is this, is this poison or a fire oil of some sort!”

Schmitter said this to a room that at first roared with laughter then went deadly quiet as Schmitter with Sword of Souls: Souls Series a scowl began walking to the table in the corner Sword of Souls: Souls Series where the Old Man sat. Schmitter’s eyes were ablaze with fury his hand was resting on the hilt of his sword. He just stood looking at the Old Man who was sitting calmly at the table.

The Old Man would not even raise his head to look at Schmitter. “You are not pleased with your drink my young friend?” the voice coming from the Old Man in the darkened corner was soft but deep, like thunder rolling in the distance.

“That was no drink and I am not your friend you old goat, you tried to poison me!” Schmitter yelled.

“Not Sword of Souls: Souls Series so lad, where I come from that is a drink only for the most stouthearted of souls, I can see now I was mistaken that you might be one.” The Old Mans voice still speaking low had no emotion in it.

Schmitter’s ears stung with the added insult to his manliness. He slowly removed the leather thong from his sword hilt. His gloved hand was flexing nervously ready for a challenge. “Drink, a drink, you call that a drink? What is it made of crushed fire ant?”

The Old Man at the table took the silver cup from Schmitter, poured more of the reddish liquid, downing it with one easy swallow. Lifting his smoldering eyes to Schmitter, with a cold smile he gently set the small cup down. “Yes.” was all the Old Man said.

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Staring at the Old Man for a long moment Schmitter slowly Sword of Souls: Souls Series smiled, turned to crowd at the center of the inn. Looking around he spread his arms wide and Schmitter laughed “You are joking of course. Everybody knows that no one can even touch those nasty little creatures skin with out being badly burned. So this Sword of Souls: Souls Series has to be some kind of appalling imitation.”

“No.” was again the single word reply offered by the Sword of Souls: Souls Series Old Man.

“Well then, in that case what is the name of this magnificent drink?” Schmitter turned once again to the crowd as if he were putting on a show.

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