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It was a snowy day in Ishgard, breath crystallizing instantly upon leaving her mouth. The Viera cursed to herself silently about coming back to this gods forsaken land. Her and hers left this place for the much better Ul'dah clime some while ago and she never looked back. Yet, here stood Ashlyn Ishina, Knight-Captain to Asuka Stiles. The adults recognized her from her public trial, most stared at her as she walked in to the walled city. The Viera could still feel cold steel from some of their gazes. A Templar-Knight approached the Rava. "Halt, what business have you in our city, heretic?" He asked, icy daggers in his tone.

"Look, I'm just here to find a person. That's it. I've been granted my amnesty by the council." She stated softly. Her gunblade, safely stowed upon her back. "You and yours got your closure. Let me be in peace." She sighed heavily. He stood tall. "You slew my brother *wench*. There is no closure for that without your blood. Though, you are right. You were granted amnesty by those who've decided we are to stow our blades. You know the rules, you have eyes on you. Any of your dark arts, and you will have all of Ishgard down on you for your blood." Through his narrow slits, the Viera could see the Elezen narrowing his eyes.

"I gave them my word, did I not? Do you think a Knight becomes a captain by breaking her word?" The Viera held her head up high. "As Knight-Captain to a foreign emissary, I would hate for something to happen to you for stopping in official business." He snarled. Suddenly, a mailed hand presses against his shoulder. "Leave her be Ilmex." Ashlyn snapped back to reality, looking to the one who talked to the one who stepped in. "Forgive him for his outburst Ser Ishina." His voice was low, truly seeking forgiveness.

Ashlyn merely raised her hand. "No, it's fine. I understand his pain. I've seen enough of it in my life that I caused. I can only do my best to try to atone for my sins. I did kill many who did not deserve it, especially among your order who were just doing their jobs. I can never truly ask to be forgiven, but I can only work on doing my best to make things better in the meantime." The other knight nodded. "That's all any of us can do to those we wronged."

Ashlyn solemnly nodded. With that, she began walking away, still able to hear the first Elezen snarling for quite a few foot steps. As the Viera walked through the stone pathways, her mind raced to where best to search for a squire. For that was the real reason the Rava had made her way to this frigid place. Her mind raced back to the talk with her liege after her interrupted duel. She knew she would need to find a squire, even if she no longer feels the need to die to atone. Her path to peace requires her teaching the next generation. The next generation to protect others, to not go after some perverted sense of justice.

Without thinking, the Viera found herself wandering in the slums of The Brume. While the high houses would have likely had good 'stock' for a squire. Most would not dare send a child to be with this Knight. For they all remember the sins of her past. As she looked around at the crumbling buildings, the undercity where many are left to die wallowing in poverty. This is where her eldest daughter was born. Her eldest whom hated her very soul. Ashlyn's mind traveled back to Ashlee, the troubled young adult, seemingly falling to the sins of her mother's past. Ashlyn sighed and shook her head. Maybe if she picked someone fitting from here, she could understand Ashlee better.

Yet, the Rava really didn't even know what to look for in a squire. Hells, she barely knew how to be a 'proper' knight herself. She just went about her life, using her training from back in Bozja on how

to be a guard. Yet, instead of a whole family, she is protecting just one. One very precious royal, her sapphire eyes scanned side to side. Trying to find someone suitable. Every person around her either fled from

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