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They had only been to sea for a few suns, but the small Elezen kept looking wistfully out the porthole in their shared cabin. Was she right about her hunch of her Ser? Was this gallant knight, the one who saved her from a life of suffering and misery, the one who gives so freely of not only house and home to a poor lowborn, but also gives money to her family, was she truly one of the evil few? How could it be? It didn't make sense, but Istrone couldn't deny the signs. She'd have to be blind to not see them. No, there had to be something more to it.

She sighed deeply and looked over towards the Rava. Her quill hadn't been set down since they did their morning exercises. The Viera was ever dutiful in making sure everything was being done according to meticulous plan. While she had to relinquish some trust and control to the ship's captain for once, Istrone could easily see how much this bothered her Ser. Yet, the Viera knew her place. As long as their liege was safe, that's all that mattered. Her eyes shifted now towards one of the two blades that the Ser had brought along.

It even felt as though a wickedness was emanating from the weapon. The blade itself, as long as Istrone was tall. That was one of the biggest signs, both literally and figuratively. Sure, there were some from The Holy See who traditionally used such a weapon, but it was in ever of The Fury's hallowed service. They also felt... differently. No, this was a much more sinister blade. There was something cold about it that the Elezen couldn't quite place.

Then, there were the scars. Wounds that normally should have killed someone. A grave wound across her midriff, merely scar tissue now. A scar lining in a ring around her neck, reminiscent of a noose having done its job. Yet, if it had, would she still walk among them? No, she should be six fulms under. Each of those scars alone should have killed her, but still she stood. She seemed not even phased by these wounds when many Templar-Knights have been felled by less, not to mention being maimed beyond service.

Yet, here Ashlyn stood. Not just proud, but almost in defiance of the natural order. There was something unnatural about her Ser. Something that caused her to still stand when many would fall, something that would cause her the ability to wield such a wicked weapon. Yet, the wonder burned in her. Would she still follow the Rava? Would she still study under her? What would cause such an evil being to follow a princess as pure as their liege. Nothing added up to the Elezen.

Finally she couldn't take it anymore. "Ser, pray forgive me if I'm speaking out of order. I know we are to be relaxing right now, but may I ask a few questions?" Her light voice rang out within their rather spacious accommodations. This sudden question caused Ashlyn's ear to twitch. "Oh? You know I am fine with you asking things. After all, we can't learn anything if we never inquire about the star around us." She responded warmly. This was the Ser she knew. This couldn't have been one of the accursed ones, right? One of the Dark Knights of legend? Istrone averted her eyes for a moment while she thought about how best to tackle this.

Back but a year ago, she would have stupidly blurted out the question bluntly. Yet, in her time with Ashlyn, the lowborn had already began to learn tact and the social graces of the highborn. Had she not known any different, she would have expected Ashlyn to have been born as one of them. The Viera kept smiling brightly towards her young squire. "Well, it's.... about you...." She asked finally.

This made Ashlyn practically freeze in place. Her ears were unnaturally rigid as the bunny began thinking about what this could be regarding. Sure, she's been asked things before, but usually it was directly related to their training. "Well, I... am rather curious what you wish to know Istrone. You know I have nothing to hide from you." She replied softly. Truth be told, she hid quite a bite from the Elezen.

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