

She was beautiful. Her hair ran the length of her back, with an azure color like pure ice. Her eyes were gray, as if they held storm clouds within them. She was at least six feet tall, and her ears were long and pointed, not unusual for an elf. Her name was Clara de Vance and not only was she amazing to behold, but also immensely talented in the art of magic. Clara was one of five mages that sat on the Council of The Elements. An order that advises kings, queens and emperors, as well as overseeing the training of mages across the realm.

Clara was also the most powerful of the council due to her mastery of wind and ice magic. That accompanied with her renown among the nobles made the other four mages envious and resentful. Clara sensed this and decided to leave the council in pursuit of a life more suited to her salacious sensibilities.

"Mmhm" moans Clara "right there, that's the spot." Clara's consort massages her back.

"This is why you are my favorite." Clara compliments her masseuse.

"Ohmm, Bran your hands are magnificent."

"Maybe when we have more time I can show you what my hands can really do." Bran teases

"Maybe" Clara purrs "but for now this will do perfectly."

After the message Clara kisses her consort and sets off to her meeting with the Lord of the town. He wants her advice on a public relations issue. As her carriage departs she feels an ill shift in the air. She is being followed, but by whom?

She arrives at the Lord's office in the town hall, but he is not there.

"Well I am early, it won't hurt to wait and sip some of the Lord's fine brandy." Clara pours a glass and sat on the couch. The room was well furnished, lavish chairs and rustic tables, fine crystal and a fully stocked bar.

"This is what I call an office." she thought to herself "Maybe I will add one like it to my home in this town, I know Bran would love to play secretary."

She giggles, but before she can let her imagination play the Lord walks in.

"Sorry to have kept you madame" he said apologetically "but I see you have made yourself comfortable."

Clara looks up from her glass and added "oh yes, you have fine taste in furnishing and drink."

"I am glad it is to your liking, but to the matter of which you are here." Clara and the Lord speak for many hours. She offers him council and better advice, it seems, than her former colleagues.

"Thank you miss de Vance, as usual you have offered superb council."

"Please call me Clara, and it is my specialty to offer such advice." The two bid their adieus and on the way out Clara is paid by the Lord's treasurer. Five pounds of gold is what she receives and with a proud, mischievous grin she accepts every piece.

"I always out do those pompous fools on the council." Clara says to herself as she enjoys her days spoils. Unfortunately the mood is spoiled as she senses another shift in the air.

"Hmm, it is about time I confront whoever has been following me." She motions her hand and the carriage stops. Clara peers out of the back window to see if there is another carriage pursuing her. There is not, yet she knows her stalker was hiding somewhere.

She steps out of the carriage, another shift in the wind, but this time it is coming from above. Clara looks up and sees another wind mage hovering in the sky.

"Well are you going to come down and introduce yourself or am I going to have to force you down." Clara shouted, unimpressed at the sight. The other mage, not wanting to press his luck, descended.

"So... Why have you been following me?" Clara demanded. The other mage did not reply. He just stares at her with his pale white eyes, as if he is measuring her capability.

"I see. So you are the strong silent type."

"Under any other circumstances that would be appealing, but seeing as you were stalking me I am going to have to insist on some answers." And with that the other mage's body began to grow cold.

"Ah yes, I almost forgot that you are also an ice mage." The stalker finally spoke. Suddenly his body was covered in flame. Clara looks on. Still she is unimpressed.

"Don't look so cocky ice witch, you know as well as I that fire beats ice."

“Well it is a good thing that I am a master of both ice and wind.” Clara rebuts “and that you are a mere novice, and trying my patience.”

“You may be a master of wind but wind only amplifies fire” he replies angrily.

“Spoken like a true novice, and I do not have time to give you a lesson on wind magic.” Clara scoffs irritated at the novice’s ignorance. The fire mage gestures and mumbles a spell, but there is nothing. He tries again, and again but still nothing. Then his body starts to grow cold. He is confused, how is she doing this? Then his feet become encased in ice and frozen to the ground.

“Now as I was saying” Clara said mockingly “why are you here?”

The fire mage looks at her and spits in her face. “Well then if you want to get nasty we can get nasty.”

The ice creeps up the fire mage’s leg, past his thigh and stops at his testicles. “Now unless you want me to freeze them off I suggest you tell me what I want to know.”

He looks at Clara in horror and starts to tell her everything. “I was sent by the council to spy on you and if the opportunity were to arise kill you.”

“Well that backfired now didn’t it, but it was a valiant effort.” Clara added “You get to keep your family jewels, but if you cross me again they will not be the only thing to freeze.”

She retracts her ice and let her would be assailant stumble off, leaving him with more than wounded pride. “They were listening and I know they saw what I did, so what is next?”

Clara ponders what the council is plotting, but it soon bores her. “Well what ever it is I am sure they will keep sending more assassins.”

She re-enters her carriage. “Should be amusing.”

Clara rides off to the next town for her next meeting. “All of this over jealousy, but if I were them I would be jealous too.”

Her mind then drifts towards her consort in the next town, and how much fun she would have with her.

“Now if only Bran were there too.” She grins a lustful grin. “Well all in good time... All in good time.”

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