Rebina Impertabo woke from her midday nap and -as she did after every sleep- used the full length mirror to check her body for wounds. As usual, they were kept close to her navel and ribs, long gashing scratches like something with talons had raked her skin while she dreamt comforting nightmares she couldn’t recall. As usual, her lord was kind… they ensured that Rebina would be able to hide the marks of patronage with a minimum amount of effort and thus do what was needful. She bandanged herself, her expression something between a wince and a smile as the gauze touched the aching wounds and triggered small fireworks of pain. After, she wrapped the gauze with fine linens to blot any blood that got through before slinking into the fine dress -a beautiful purple number which had to be Pinnay’s finest work yet.

Only after she was dressed did she summon the servants, one to work the tight curls of her hair into elaborate braids, one to apply just the right colors to her face and lips; her arms and armor for this sort of battle (though she much preferred the work where she’d rip apart some trollop with a word). After they’d finished her work, it was off to the party.

Arriving at a fashionably late hour, Rebina entered the gated compound and exhachanged pleasantries: complimenting Frindini’s wife to distract from her sagging chin, laughing uproariously at Crouxa Adame’s joke that didn’t warrant a titter, and otherwise playing the game. Through it all, she did as she’d done so many times: soaked in the gossip, sowed seeds of discord, and made mental notes of half a dozen opportunities she wished to explore for the greater glory of 10th House, herself, or her Lord (which she ranked in that order).

Finally, the man of the hour appeared; The Honorable Merchant Gaeuv. Rebina waited for the appropriate moment, saying ‘Gaeuv dear, if I could have a moment of your time.’

She smiled at him, held the smile even as he took a long moment to stare down her neckline before finally returning his eyes to hers. And with an intake of breath, she called up into his imagination his painful memory where she could see it. Inside, she laughed at his sudden obvious discomfort, he didn’t know why he was remembering the betrayal… that most painful moment of his life.

But now Rebina knew just a little more she was never supposed to, and that made what was to come next much the easier.

‘Sir Gaeuv, I have a proposition for you…’ She said, baiting the hook that would lead to this man’s doom.