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Warning: Contains explicit scenes, mature content.



Khrevar Stories Part #1 - Barfly wondering around the Harbor City and ends up tavern fight and having a romance at

Early 3500's at Lancros – Northern Continent – Second World

Spring was just giving way to summer in Lancros, in the Northern Western Kingdom.



After the long winter, people were more active than usual now that the warm weather had finally arrived in the North.

The capital city, Fedreim, boasted the largest and most beautiful harbor the Second World had ever seen. Its historical architecture, towering sculptures, and long, high bridges carved from dark gray stone were sights to behold. This harbor was also home to the tallest and finest lighthouse in the history of the North. It was rumored that its light could faintly be seen across the vast ocean to the South, which separated the northern and southern continents.

One of the most beautiful harbor cities in history also served as an important trade hub, as nearly all major shipping routes passed through its port. Cargo traveled from the icy glaciers of the distant North to the warm lands of the South, where palm trees swayed.

Naturally, this great city of the era had its share of problems, and crime was on the rise. The large harbor also served as an ideal hiding place for outlaws and fugitives, and unrest had been growing for several years in its southernmost district.



This area, with its narrow alleys paved with large stones, had started to show signs of slum-like conditions. It mainly consisted of taverns and inns, as many travelers enjoyed stopping in this port. It wasn't far from anywhere, really, and the beer was cheap compared to many other places, with the promise of a bed for the night always at hand. One such traveler was a tall, pale-haired man, older and somewhat weathered, looking for a place to stay. His name was Khrevar—or at least, that was his name for the day. His thin face was set with a strong jaw, currently sporting a bit of stubble. His black hair, despite his lean frame, reached his broad shoulders, though this was rarely visible, as he kept his head covered by a hood even on sunny days. In addition to his long cloak and hood, he wore tattered and dirty clothes.

It was Saturday evening in early summer, and the northern sun still warmed the streets pleasantly. That day, Khrevar had already tried his luck at several inns but had, unfortunately, failed to secure lodging. This was either due to his excessive drunkenness, disruptive behavior, or the fact that some innkeepers knew him all too well and had imposed a lifetime ban on him.

However, finding a place to sleep wasn't particularly high on Khrevar's list of priorities. He was a laid-back kind of guy. If he couldn't secure a bed in the summer, he would simply pass out somewhere in a side alley, provided his attempts at charming the local women had failed as well. By this point in the evening, Khrevar no longer remembered the events of the previous night, nor did he particularly care. "Yesterday was yesterday, today is today" was his mentality. He had now found his way into a slightly more upscale tavern, where the prices were nearly double those of other local pubs. Behind the bar, there was a collection of expensive wine bottles and a promotional sign that read, "Local is always the best choice." The sign was perched atop large beer barrels, and the tavern's owner was indeed from a wealthy family that owned its own brewery just outside the harbor city.

For a traveler on a tight budget, this establishment was out of reach. That being said, Khrevar didn't have many silver coins in his pockets. Slightly tipsy, he had stumbled through the entrance, nearly crashing into a display of expensive wine glasses in the foyer. Two crystal glasses



fell, drawing immediate attention from everyone in the room. Khrevar squinted, one eye almost closed and the other half-open, mumbling,

"Now, where might I find that fine ale around here?"

The other patrons were well-dressed, their demeanor betraying their affluent and refined origins. Many were members of the local nobility, enjoying the summer evening in this high-end tavern, albeit one not ideally located.

One of them shouted at Khrevar, who had managed to break the expensive glasses within a minute of entering, "Get out of here, you bum!" Judging by the accent, the man was a local, seated at a table with other wealthy-looking men and their spouses.

Still in good spirits, Khrevar simply raised a hand in what seemed like a greeting and proceeded to ask a gentleman who appeared to be from the South, adorned with fine, expensive rings, "Where can I get some beer around here?"

"Over at the bar," the traveler replied, pointing with his left hand. At that moment, Khrevar's mind seemed to clear with crystalline focus. What the wealthy and friendly traveler didn't know was that his rings had completely captivated Khrevar's attention. This marked the beginning of a better acquaintance.

"Thanks! Where in the world are you from?" Khrevar asked.

"Far from the South. Have you ever heard of the Jenqres?" the gentleman replied.

"Hmm, you're asking tough questions now. Your appearance definitely gives away that you're not a local, though neither am I. I came here from the South myself a few days ago. We haven't crossed paths before, have we?" Khrevar asked.

"I don't think so. I only arrived this morning," the Southern man replied.



"Ah, I see," Khrevar said, pondering while trying to keep his gaze away from the gentleman's diamond-studded rings. "My name's Khrevar. Pleased to meet you," he said, extending his left hand. The gentleman, slightly puzzled, shook it nonetheless.

"Mr. Saedry, nice to meet you, Khrevar. It seems we're both in the minority here at this tavern. The locals are rich and arrogant, looking down on me with disdain. If only they knew that each of my fingers carries more wealth than they do as a whole. I mean, especially the ones who shouted at you for that little stumble earlier. They mocked me as well when I walked in a moment ago: 'Hey, no entry here for someone who's been sunburned!' they jeered."

"Did they now? You look pretty fit, judging by those arms of yours. Thick as tree trunks! You must be good in a fight. What do you say we go put them in their place? I know how to brawl even if I'm skinny as a thread," Khrevar said, growing increasingly excited. Finding someone he could relate to—and more importantly, an excuse to start a fistfight—seemed like the perfect end to his evening.

Unfortunately for Khrevar, the gentleman from the South was exceptionally calm and well-mannered. "Why bother? Let them shout. I'm on an important business trip and would prefer not to draw any more attention to myself."

"Oh, well, if they keep shouting, I'll go deal with them myself, fists or no fists. But anyway, what brings you here?" Khrevar asked.

The Southern gentleman finished his drink and headed to the bar, inviting Khrevar to join him, clearly killing time while waiting for someone. "What'll you have, Khrevar? It's on me."

"Hmm, how about the house's most expensive red wine? Though I'm not much for wine," Khrevar replied.

"Alright. One beer and a glass of that wine," the gentleman ordered at the bar.



By now, their budding friendship had captured the attention of the entire tavern, and the Southern man grew slightly nervous, worried that Khrevar would sooner or later start a brawl. Khrevar, meanwhile, scanned the room, sizing up the clientele, and, for once, thought rationally: perhaps this was a better moment to calm down and ask about life in the South.

For a while, they got to know each other better, and soon the purpose of the Southern man's journey came to light. He was waiting for a shipment to arrive at the port, one that included some acquaintances—women and a business partner. His role was to act as their translator and help them settle in.

"From the South? Just how far south are we talking?" Khrevar asked as he sipped his beer. The wine, on the other hand, he had downed in one gulp, and the evidently wealthy gentleman was already offering him another.

"Far away, and they're exceptionally beautiful women. Would you like me to introduce you to one of them? It's good to have a local friend who speaks the language, Khrevar. Back home, I was the only one who could speak the languages of the northern regions," the gentleman explained. Khrevar's earlier belligerent demeanor disappeared instantly upon hearing about the exotic and beautiful women coming from such distant lands. "Would I want to? Hell yes, I would!" he laughed and hugged the Southern man. "Never in my life have I had the pleasure of bedding a woman from so far away."

The gentleman merely smiled, but the hug drew negative attention from the other patrons.

"Looks like the love story of the century is taking off," jeered the same group of men as before.

That was enough for Khrevar. He turned to the Southern man and said he'd wait outside the tavern for a bit so as not to draw any unwanted attention to his business trip. The gentleman, slightly embarrassed, left his half-finished beer on the counter and walked out. But being a natural



businessman, he recognized that a man like Khrevar could be quite useful on this journey.

As he stepped outside, he first heard racist and insulting comments, but it wasn't long before the sound of a glass beer mug crashing into someone's head echoed through the street. Judging by the women's screams, it wasn't Khrevar who had been hit. Shouting and cursing filled the air, and the gentleman grinned as he stood in front of the tavern, hands clasped behind his back, watching the arriving and departing ships.

He enjoyed the sunshine for a while, listening to the commotion. It seemed Khrevar had already caused a much bigger brawl inside. Suddenly, he flinched at the sound of someone crashing through a window. Almost immediately after, Khrevar walked out, covered in blood, saying, "Let's go somewhere else. That tavern's full of assholes, including the owner."

The Southern man glanced inside and realized Khrevar had destroyed the entire collection of crystal glasses—apparently with his fist, as his knuckles were bleeding heavily. Otherwise, he didn't appear to have any major injuries.

"That needs to be taken care of quickly. Let's find a quieter place; your bloody clothes are drawing far too much attention," the Southern man said. He seemed to know the alleys better than Khrevar himself and quickly found an abandoned, decrepit building. It was clear he had planned to stay there if his ship didn't arrive on time, as the place contained a large backpack and other items necessary for such a long journey.

He pulled out a small bottle of alcohol with a snake preserved inside. "Here's the medicine—strong enough to kill even the worst bacteria. Hold this, and I'll take a look at that wound," the man said, examining Khrevar's knuckles.

Khrevar, however, started gagging. "What the hell is this poison?" he asked.



"You're not supposed to drink it! It's for the wound so it doesn't get infected," the man replied, now questioning whether it had been a good idea to involve Khrevar as his local assistant. A good portion of the bottle's contents had been consumed, something that would never be done in the South.

Fortunately, it didn't take long for Khrevar to pass out on the spot. "Aah, damn, my hand hurts," Khrevar muttered groggily as he woke up, completely dazed. He looked at his hand and noticed it had been bandaged. It took him a moment to recall what had happened, but soon the memories of the upscale tavern and the dark-skinned gentleman came flooding back.

"He was a good guy, too bad he's gone now. Guess I missed my chance with those Southern women..." he lamented, fishing a small bottle out of his pocket, which contained just a few drops of alcohol. He drank the rest in one gulp and started wondering what to do next. After a while, he tried to fully wake himself, realizing it was early morning, and he'd been out for quite some time.

"Oh, right. I need to tell Iril about that tavern plan we've been cooking up. Better start looking for him," Khrevar thought. Just as he was about to get up, he heard strange voices in a language he didn't understand. Two women were talking, and then, into the dilapidated building—missing half its walls—stepped a beautiful woman from the South. Khrevar froze, trying to gesture something, but the golden-brown-skinned woman with full lips smiled and approached to look at his bandaged hand. However, those luscious lips locked Khrevar's gaze completely. At that moment, he regretted more than ever not having studied the languages of distant lands.

After examining the bandaged hand for a moment, the woman made eye contact with Khrevar and....



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The story series of Khrevar's is just about to begin. Will he charm the Southern woman with his charm? Or will he meet old enemy of his before romance?

Anyway, the Story of Khrevar will continue, stay tuned and get to know more about the world, lore and interesting characters, check www.thelastartifact.com for additional material.

