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The passengers went ahead to make sure that the stream did not go deep or fast in the present, and that the stream remained a soft vesca with enough shopping for bed wheels. He stops . They pulled over a bank, where an opposite of rock could hide a small fire. There were also granite ruins, which would also provide cover. Meakwright recognized these shapes, and recently saw them in Marlas, although the ruins here were only the remains of a wall, wore stones and grew into it. Pallas and Aktis put their skills into working and drinking the supreed fish, which they cooked and wrapped in leaves, fortified wine. It was a sweet tasting supplement on their usual street fare of bread and hard cheese. Horses, bound for the night, a bit of a grip, whuffling ground slowly. Jord and Lydos took the first watch, while others came sitting in a semacher around their small fire. When they came , they came , and everyone suddenly stood up , and the rabbit , the oquardley . Earlier, The Larin threw his bedroll and said, 'This is packed, and The Pallas had challenged almost a single doondod. Contempt. There was nothing he knew how to eat cheese and agree with his king. Paulas poured a large cup of alcohol and accepted the soldier with him, and there was a long silence in which Paulus clearly stood up that he had to reach out and take it. Until the lamps were broken, threw himself down on the log from the bottom, and in a press-on-the-sound I started in the story of the cote adventure, which had acquired him a blue dress, which thus made the ina-shadle-shadli-ser-ser-sinsa, and very funny. Waritans asked Frank questions about the escape from the larva' well. This caused Frank's answers and more eye-smile, each that was translated was the opinion about the Veselys and mistranslated Hallarosli. The wine was passed around. To not be out, Akelon told the laers about escaping from the soldiers of Castor, knees in the river bed, race in slow cars, hidden behind the tree vendors. The palace made a decent impression of the ride of the passover. Lazarsaw saw the pallas with slow praise. It was not the impression that he was a star. He has a little beauty . When he was my king, he remembered it all again, but was strictly forbidden, and he agreed to bedroll that he was a dotefol inpakad, and to hear his voice on it, he was prepared to sleep himself by listening to the sounds of the camp. He was with a small shock that he heard the steps, and the unconscious sound of a beadroll hitting the ground with him. The laris moved out, and they put together under the stars. You smell the horse, he said. 'This is how I got the dog past. He felt a sense of joy, and said nothing, just put it on his back and looked at the stars. It's like old times,' although true, he never had such a time. My first trip is alone, Said Lauren. Do you like? 'Lauren said it's like Vere, to bathe in fewer places. And when he saw the sideways , he was lying on the back of the laris towards him . Their ass was the other's resin . 'Stream is fine'. 'Do you want me to wander around the naked alone areas at night? And then, 'You smell as much as the horse as I do. ' ' ' He was smiling. The laryne was a yellow form in the moon . It was a fair gold camp, and the granite-in-the-sands that would dig over time and fall into the water forever. They are artesian. Are they not? From the old empire, Artes. They say they used both of our countries in Spain. Like the ruins of the Akoutart, Said Lauren. He said, and in Marlas. 'My brother and I used to play there as boys. Kill all the akelon and restore the old empire. My father Idea. And look what happened to him. The laris didn't say either. The laris was easy to breathe, although he was comfortable, and lying with him. They say that this is heard. 'Outside the capital is the summer palace in IOS. My mother designed the gardens. They say it is built on the Basis of artesian. He thought of the manding walk, the delicate, flower-south arcade, the orange flower spray. It's cool in summer, and there are fountains, and there are tracks to ride. His nerves were defeated with uncharacteristic nerves, so he almost felt shy. 'When it's all over... We can take horses and will stay in the palace for a week. Since his night in Karthas, he had no courage to talk about the future. He felt himself carefully, and had a strange obstacle. After a moment, Lauren said, Slowly, I want it. He re-enforced it on his back, and he felt like happy, such words as the massive re-appearance of the stars. Chapter 15 It was common to his fate that the vegan, who had held a river bed together for five days, soon broke down when he joined the street. It was sitting like a trocont child in the middle of the mess, the second wagon is comfortable behind it. Lazar, emerging from under the wagon with a smage on his gall, announced a broken smil. He who is the prince of blood, did not excel in the repair of the wagon, shook the well, and ordered his men to correct it. Everyone got to land and work to propup the wagon, cutting a young tree to wood. This happened when the Squadron of the Akeloan soldiers was published on the horizon. His hand is his body to be silent . The brushing stopped. Everything stopped. In the strict configuration, the Trotang Squadron had a clear view all the way: 50 soldiers, traveling to the northwest. If they come like this,' said Nakanderaus in a low voice. Hey! 'The larys called out. He was pulled himself from the front wheel on the wagon top. He had a wrap of yellow silk in his hand, and he was standing on a fully-soured wagon in the squadron. 'Hey you!

Akelon! Dan's stomach clenched, and he took a rare step forward. Stop it! This kind of movement is moving forward – it's too late, Nakanderos said. On the horizon, when the squadron was like the Starlongs' rearor. It was too late to stop. It's too late to capture the ankles of the laris. Squadron saw them. The short dream of the Stanglong Larin was not helpful. In their eyes, The Nacandraus . They were Japanese, and there was nowhere to hide on this vast, flat plain. Two of them are subtly guarding the squadron. They decided to distance themselves and the nearest soldiers, chances of killing them, they also had the chance to kill them. Others. The larva was still silk-clotchang, to be fed from the top of the wagon. He congratulated him with a squadron sound and a mature version of his Veratian accent. But thank you, officer. What can we do if you don't stop? We have eighteen bolts of clothing to provide to the Ergos de Melo, and as you can see, The Churchofela has sold us a flawless vegan. The officer in question was identified by his superior horse. He had short black hair under his helmet, and the kind of rough expression that came with just wide training. He looked around for a single, and as Found Deason. They try to keep their own expression in the streets and not see in the vehicles. First was full of clothes, but the second was full of other jopattis, and his wife was also there. At that moment the doors were open, they would be revealed. There was no blue dress to save them. 'Are you a trader?' We are. What name? The officer said. Charles said he was the only trader he knew. 'Are you Charles the famous Vertian cloth merchont?' If this was a name well known for it, Officer Scapitacali said. It was the most stupid thing in the world, Lauren said. 'I'm Charles' famous Veratian cloth merch. This is my helper. In silence, the officer tracked his eyes on the larceny, then then The Deason. Then he saw the wagon, each of the rocks, every sign of dust, every sign of long distance travel, taking in minute detail. 'Well, Charles,' he said, after all. 'It looks like you have a broken smils. I don't think your men can help us repair us, Lauren said. I hate you . They were hometod by 50 installed akelyon soldiers. They were inside the wagon. The officer said, We are on the patrol of The Alone. Who is alone? said Lauren. His face was perfectly open, his blue eyes were uncolored, turned the officer on the horse of the upturned. He is the son of the king, the brother of Castor. Don't be ridiculous. Prince Danos is dead, Lauren said. He is hardly the man for whom this officer is referring. Then, the officer said: 'I apologize to my assistant. He does not live with the matters of the alone . On the contrary, it is believed that The Akelos is said to have crossed into this province with his men six days ago. The officer has told his squadron and is pushing them forward. Danko is in alone. He was moved to repair the wagon, while he was being swayed by his disbelief. One of the soldiers asked for a wooden block for the wheel to be delivered to The Ncandraus. Ncandarus has him with Vordlesli. Nakanderos had a slightly stopifid look that many of his own adventures with the laris remember. 'When your wagon is repaired, we can ride You have to do it for them, the officer said. 'You'll be very safe. The remaining roof has been deployed from there. He used the same head that Larin said when he said, Who is it? It was suddenly clear that they were not free from doubt. A provincial officer will not feel comfortable facing the well-known murchon on the road and finding his cars. But in a car, he could set his men to investigate in his entertainment. And why is a fight with a dozen guards on the street, when you can only take them back to the weapon waiting for your knife? Thank you, officer, the larys did without the hastatang. 'On the lead. The officer's name was Stavs, and when the wagon was set, he rode with the laurels, each one is troating himself in his saddle. The air of confidence of Stavos has become stronger as he rides, which has given birth to every feeling was life-threatening. But any hesitation was a sure sign of guilt. He could only ride later. One of them was the hostelres lass, equipped for massive, powerful guests, and a set of great doors through its doors through which cars and carriers can move to a central courtyard that has enough yards for the animals to roam, and He grew up feeling the danger of passing through the door and into the bumpy courtyard. There was a wide range of barracks, it was clearly used as the same time for soldiers in the area. In the provinces, it was a common order: praised traders and good-born travelers and even a military presence, which established normal homes where there are no slaves, if they are a piece of serdidity, then there would be a risk of food. They counted 100 soldiers . 'Thank you, Stavs. We can take it from here. 'Not at all. Let me destroy you inside. 'Very well. The laris showed no signs of any hesitation. 'Come on, la'. Aware that he was being separated from his men, I followed him. The laris just went into them. Among them was a high ceiling in the single-style, and the fireplace had a huge fireplace, a little more spacious to the room with the aroma of its dishesh meat. Through an open walk, sitting around a table, in a dynamic discussion, there was only another group of guests. On the left, the second floor had a stone staircase in the bedroom. Two single soldiers took up positions in the entry, and two were posted at the door, and Stos himself brought a small breakdown of four soldiers in with it. In his view, the modest, in-house stairs can be high ground in a fight-as if they can take on a full roof, only two of them. Maybe he could have abducted Stavos. He could negotiate in some kind of exchange, The life of Stavs for them The laryngs were introduced to the Stavos innkeeper. This is Charles' famous Vertian fabric murch. It does not have a well-known Vertian cloth. The larys were looked at. 'I can assure you that I am. 'I can assure you. Charls, the famous murcht is already here. There was a break. He found himself finding the man as the last opponent to step on the mark in a larys throw competition after a perfect bols throw. It is impossible. Call him here. 'Yes, call him here,' Stavos said, and everyone waited for a service boy to party in the next room. A moment later, the ANA heard a familiar sound. M-' who claimed to have been this deaf man came up with the Veratian clothing merch. Charles had changed little in the month since he saw each other, his expression was serious, like his dress, a heavy, expensive looking brocleft. He was a man in his late teens, with an interesting nature by the presence of trade through years. Charles took a look at his prince's dark blue eyes and golden hair, which he last saw dressed as a pet at a hotel in Neeson. His eyes are wide . Then, with a truly brave effort: 'Charles! Charles said. If he is Charles, who are you? Charles said to the officer. I said, 'Am-' he's Charles, I've known about those eight years. That's right. He's Charles. I'm Charles. We are cousins, named after our grandfather, gamely said. Charls. Thank you, Charles, this man thinks I'm the king of The Alone, Said Lauren. I just mean you can be an agent of the King, Said Stavos Arretable. When an agent of the king raised taxes and threatened to bankrupt the entire garment industry, Larin said. His eyes will not meet the laris anywhere, while everything and hate him on his golden-haired face, with his yellow, serable browser, to spread his hand, a Veratian gesture to go with his Veratian accent. I think we can all agree that he is not the king of The Alone. 'If Charles voukas for his cousin, that must be fulfilled. 'I definitely do bad for him,' Charles. After a moment, Stavos made a hard smell. 'My apologies, Charles. We are taking to the streets with every precaution. 'Sorry, Stavos. You are being credited on your behalf. The laris smelled a little hard . Then he stopped his ride and took it to him. 'Then I'm back! Charles said he turned to the laries on his desk by fire. What is it at this time? A mission to the crown? A secret reserve? No fear, your greatness — this is my honor. Your secret. Charles introduced six men to the table and each of them expressed their surprise and joy at meeting Charles' young cousin in The Alone. This is my assistant Goliami. This is my helper, Said Lauren. It was like how a Veratian trader found himself on a table full of a single, discussed on the clothes. Yesterday, there were six men at the party of Charles in all the traders. The laryls found a set near Charles and the silky murcht mattilan. The lastin was ranked on a small three legs at the end of the table. The view took the oil, olives, and the meat in the tukko. Red wine was poured into the drink with a bowl of wine and high cup. It was decent wine and there were no flotists or dancing boys, which was the best one could publicly hope for it. Goaliami came to talk to him, because they were the same classification. □ This is an unusual name. It's he said. You speak very well alone, he said, loudly and slowly. Thank you, Ann. When he arrived, Nkendraus had to stand up to Oquardley until the end of the table. He is a tiwari when he realizes that he should bring his report. The cars are intheme. Charls. Thank you, soldier, Said Lawrence, adding the pan-soldier to the group, we usually work in Delfeur, but I've been forced to come south. As the nacandraus is completely inefficient,' Said Lawrence, stressing enough for Nacandraus to listen to him. He doesn't know the first thing about clothes. It's true,' agreed Matthilan. Charles said, 'They allowed trading in campitian silk, and when I tried to sell silk from Warani they taxed five catazydad sms in a bolt. It was blessed with the word of disapproval that it deserved, and the conversation shifted to the difficulties of border trading and the chaos of supply trains. If it was true that Danos had returned north, Charles expected his last goods before closing on the streets. The war was coming, and they could expect the slim times. This was the price of grain in the war, and the producers and farmers. No one knew i had seen anything about Damascus, or why their own prince was allied with it. Charles met the Prince of Vere,' Said Goaliami, 'the plot to reduce his voice,' at a hotel in Neeson, 'reduce it further,' the tweet. The 'Dara' lar, which was deep in the conversation, moved her eyes slowly on each familiar feature, with gold in the props to gently reveal the cool expression. He said: 'Charles said, think of the most expensive pets you have ever seen, then double it. 'Really?' ' ' □ 'Of course, Charles knew he was away immediately, because he couldn't hide his style of, and by the spirit. 'K And said , O , Across the table, Lars was asking questions about cultural differences in trade. Waritans liked the clothes and colors, the Viangs and the Orangutans, Charles said, but Akelon had a sharp focus on quality, and their textiles were actually more complex, every aspect of their scum-smooth shells revealed by the shells. In some ways, it was hard to trade here. 'Maybe you can encourage the akelon to wear austin. You'll sell more clothes,' Said Lauren. Everyone is politely crossed one or two faces, as if it were a good idea to this young cousin of Charls to be stumbled upon by accident. Think.

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