Octopath Drabbler

by SarahLia

Summary

Just a series of silly little drabbles about the Octopath Traveler characters.
Cyrus and Therion Try to Meet Women in a Tavern

Therion leaned against the bar and scanned the tavern. It was a busy night, and there were lots of lovely ladies around. And his handsome wingman Cyrus was sure to draw them like moths to a flame. He had caught the attention of a few even when they entered, so Therion was sure they'd have no problems chatting up others. Really, it was a perfect plan.

"Alright," Therion said. "Let's get this show on the road, Cyrus. Those two ladies over at the end of the bar are definitely eyeing us up. So, we'll go over all casual-like and-hey! Cyrus, what are you doing?!" His scholarly friend had a book on the bar in front of him and was reading it while politely sipping from his mug.

"Oh, this?" Cyrus asked, looking up. "The tavern keeper had this tome under the bar, and he thought I'd be interested in it. Some might call a treatise on the construction of schooners a rather dry work, but I find it quite interesting, having never sailed much myself. Apparently, some merchant left it here. I'm considering purchasing it before we leave and then donating it to the academy. If you like, Therion, you may borrow it when I'm finished."

"This is a tavern, not a bookstore," Therion said, frowning. "And we're here to meet women, not read!"

"Yes, I recall the conversation as to the purpose of our coming here," Cyrus said. "But I can scarcely turn down an opportunity to expand my knowledge and learn new things."

"This ain't really the time for that, friend," Therion said. Seriously, couldn't he give it a rest for one evening? "Put the book away, and let's go."

"Very well." Cyrus closed the book and passed it to the tavern keeper, declaring he'd return for it in a bit. The two men made their way over to the far end of the bar, approaching the two women who had been watching them and casting flirtatious glances.

"Hello there, ladies," Therion said. "The name's Therion. This is my friend, Cyrus. Might the two of us buy you some drinks?"

"Why sure," the first woman said, giggling coyly at them. Success! Therion sat down next to her and called for another round. He motioned for Cyrus to sit down as well. Cyrus did so and flashed both of the women his bright, charming smile. The second woman looked as though she might swoon.

Strange he might have been, but Cyrus definitely had his uses.

"So, tell us a little about yourselves," the first woman said. "We haven't seen you here before, and it's always interesting when intriguing men show up."

"Oh, where to start…" Therion said.

"Well, what do you do?"

"Oh, a bit of this, and a bit of that," Therion replied. "Believe it or not, I've worked as a merchant, a caravan inventory taker, a locksmith, and a prison guard, among other things."

"Really?" the woman said. "That's quite a resume." She turned to Cyrus. "And what about you, handsome?"
"I'm a scholar from Atlasdam, madam," Cyrus said. He pushed back his hair some and favored her with another smile. "And might I add, it is a great honor to meet the both of you."

"Oh, a scholar?" The second woman finally spoke up. "What do you study?"

"A fellow seeker of knowledge?" Cyrus said, looking happy. "It's wonderful to meet a kindred spirit! One topic that's intrigued me recently has been the geography of the Riverland. In a book written some fifty years ago, the scholar Silas made note that…"

Wait. Did Cyrus seriously think this was a lecture hall? Therion tried to interrupt him, but Cyrus went on and on. Eventually, the two women began to look bored and excused themselves. Cyrus gave them the same charming smile and bade them keep at their studies. Therion buried his face in his hands.

"Cyrus," Therion said. "What was that?"

"You mean Silas's theory on the routing of the lower rivers?" Cyrus said. "Well, you see, Therion-"

"No, no," Therion interrupted, looking back up at him. The last thing he wanted to hear was more lecturing. He sighed. "Why don't you go ask for your book back? I'm going to get very, very drunk."

"Very well," Cyrus said. "You ought to be careful about how much drink you consume, however. The balance of the humors in the body can be undone by the excessive imbibing of-"

"Right, right," Therion said, waving for the tavern keeper. Trying to do this Cyrus had been a bad idea after all. Under his breath, Therion muttered, "Next time, I'm going to invite Alfyn instead."
Ophilia and H’aanit Try to Meet Men in a Tavern

Sitting at a table in the center of a busy tavern, H’aanit eyed Ophilia warily. She remained unconvinced that the cleric’s plan was a good one.

“We’ll visit the local tavern, H’aanit!” Ophilia had told her. “Apparently, many men in the city go there in the evenings. With such numbers, there are bound to be some who would be suitable for us!”

So, here they sat in some dingy little tavern, Ophilia drinking lily water and H’aanit drinking thin ale that tasted more of water than anything else.

“Lady Ophilia,” H’aanit said. “I remain unsure whether thou art correct about meeting men in this establishment.”

“But look at all the men here!” Ophilia said, gesturing toward the crowd.

“It doth little good to be around so many,” H’aanit said. “When nary a one cometh to speak with us.”

“Well, they might be a little intimidated by your leopard,” Ophilia said, pointing at the large snow leopard resting by H’aanit’s chair.

“I couldn’t very well leave Linde outside,” H’aanit said. “And I thought that mayhap the food in here would be to her liking.”

“Oh, of course not!” Ophilia said happily. “I know how important she is to you, and I would never have asked you to do such a thing. I was simply making an observation. I apologize if I offended you, H’aanit.”

“Think naught of it,” H’aanit said. “Thee has never seemed prone to the offense of others.”

“Well, ‘ello there, ladies,” a voice said. “Mind if we join you?”

H’aanit looked up and saw two men standing over their table. Ophilia shot a smile at her as if to say ‘See? I told you so!’

“Prithee do,” H’aanit said. “Mind not Linde, she will not attack thee without reason.”

“Right,” the second man said, though he was still watching the snow leopard nervously.

“So, where you ladies from?” asked the first man as he and his companion sat down.

“I am a huntress who hails from the Woodland,” H’aanit said. “My name is H’aanit.”

“And I’m Ophilia, a cleric from Flamesgrace!” Ophilia said happily. “We’re both in the middle of very important journeys, but we’re taking a rest at the moment.”

“A…a cleric of the flame?” the first man asked. He looked again at H’aanit. “And this one ‘ere is really a huntress?”

“Mate,” the second man whispered. “I don’t think we’s allowed to be sweet on no holy priestess. And ‘er friend looks like she could shoot us down and feed us to ‘er pet if she fancied doin’ so!”
“Er...right,” the first man said aloud. “Uh...excuse me, sister. We probably ought to go. Blessings upon you and the huntress and all that.” He stood up, grabbed his friend by the arm and dragged him away.

“May the Sacred Flame guide your path!” Ophilia called after them. She frowned and turned to H’aanit. “Oh dear. Was it something I said?”

H’aanit shrugged and drank some more of the watered-down ale. Such flighty men would make for poor mates anyway.

“Well, that was only our first attempt,” Ophilia said. “By the Sacred Flame, we’ll keep going and-”

“You two!”

H’aanit looked up. Primrose was standing over them.

“I’ve been looking everywhere for the both of you,” Primrose said, looking annoyed. “What in the world would possess you to come here of all places?”

“We’re meeting men!” Ophilia said happily.

“It is proving to be quite the task,” H’aanit added. “Like the hunting of elusive prey.”

Primrose sighed and rubbed her temples. “No. Just...no.”

“No?” Ophilia asked, tilting her head.

“No,” Primrose repeated. “Come on, we’re going back to the inn. We need to set off early tomorrow, so we can’t have the two of you...doing whatever it is you think you’re doing in here.”

Primrose headed for tavern door, motioning for Ophilia and H’aanit to follow her.

“I did want to stay and make another attempt,” Ophilia said as they exited the tavern into the cool night air. “But your words ring true, Primrose. Oh well, perhaps the next town will be-“

“Hey, Primrose!” someone called. H’aanit saw the merchant girl Tressa running up to them.

“Looks like you found ‘em, Primrose!” Tressa said. She turned to Ophilia and H’aanit. “What were you two doing in there?”

“Seeking a most difficult quarry, apparently,” H’aanit said.

“Really?” Tressa said. “Say, I want to go in! I bet I could make some great deals with people too inebriated to negotiate well!”

“No!” Primrose said firmly. “We’re going back to the inn. No one else is going into this tavern!”

“Next time,” Ophilia whispered to Tressa, winking as she did.

“I heard that!” Primrose snapped.
"I'm telling you, this is just perfect," Therion said to Alfyn. "Olberic's strong as an ox. Kind of looks like one too. He could win this contest with both hands tied behind his back."

Alfyn couldn't really argue with that. Here they were in a tavern where an arm wrestling contest was being held. There was a grand prize of fifty-thousand leaves. Therion made a comment about making some easy money without having to swipe any for once. It was a good thing they were entering Olberic; Therion probably would have just made off with the prize money if they weren't. At least this way, they'd get it legit.

"Alright, Olberic," Therion said, patting him on the back. "Stomp 'em into the ground."

"I beg your pardon," Olberic said. "But as this is arm wrestling, there will be scant stomping involved."

Therion shook his head. "Never mind. Good luck, not that you'll need it."

"Indeed," Cyrus said. "The sheer length of Sir Olberic's arms, combined with the development of his biceps and triceps, allows him to exert an amount of force that far exceeds-"

"Can it, Professor," Therion said. "The contest is about to start."

"First round contestants!" the contest referee called.

The first match was Olberic versus a local guard. Slam! It was over as quickly as it began, and Olberic won. Alfyn cheered their comrade loudly. Cyrus politely clapped, and Therion wore a thin smile.

As the contest continued, none of the participants could stand against Olberic. Slam! One man lost. Slam! And then another.

Slam! Slam! Slam! After many rounds, Olberic emerged victorious. Alfyn wasn't surprised at all.

"The winner!" the referee announced, raising Olberic's arm into the air. Everyone in the tavern applauded. "Your prize, sir." He handed Olberic a large, heavy-looking bag.

"Excellent," Therion said quietly to Alfyn. "I've got some plans for that money."

"Thank you," Olberic said loudly. "And thanks to all of you who participated as well. Only by continuing to fight in battle can we go stronger. I think we all did that today and brought honor upon ourselves by engaging in a fair contest of strength."

More applause.

"As such," Olberic continued. "I will be using part of this money to buy a round of drinks for all my fellow contestants. We fought together, now let us celebrate together!"

Loud applause and cheers followed this. Therion frowned. Alfyn figured that wasn't part of his plans for the prize money, but there would still be quite a bit leftover after that.

"And the rest of the money," Olberic said. "Will be donated to help the needy of this city, so that they too might benefit, for it is the duty of those with strength to protect others in any way they can!"
The cheers continued. Of course, that might have been as much the free drinks as it was Olberic's compassionate nature.

"Huh?" Therion said.

"A most honorable use for the prize money," Cyrus commented. "As expected of Sir Olberic."

"Well, what do you know?" Alfyn said, leaning near him. "Looks like you facilitated a great charitable deed today, my friend."

"I guess I should have anticipated something like this," Therion grumbled.

"Well, this or him going and buying a giant sword with the money," Alfyn said. "But he probably figures he's got plenty of those."

"Can a man really own too many giant swords?" Therion wondered.

"A question for the ages," Alfyn replied. "We should ask Cyrus that one." He raised his voice. "Say, Professor-"

"Never mind!" Therion said loudly. He turned to Alfyn. "The last thing I want right now is a three-hour lecture on the history of swordplay."

Alfyn laughed. "Sorry that your money-making scheme didn't pan out, Therion."

Therion shrugged. "In the end, it's no big deal. I'll just make some rounds later."

Alfyn knew very well what Therion by 'rounds.' He was about to say something when Olberic came up to them.

"My friends!" Olberic said, holding out two extra mugs to them. "My good fortune is also yours. Please, drink!"

"Thanks, Olberic," Alfyn said. "Congratulations on the victory. Cheers!"


"But we're not done yet, of course," Olberic said. "I have yet to go up against any of you."

"Us?" Therion said. "We'd be no match for you either."

"But how can you know unless you try?"

"He's got a point," Alfyn said. "Sounds like fun. Count us in, Olberic!"

"I'm game as well," Cyrus said. "It is important to exercise the body as much as the mind."

"Uh…" Therion said.

"Excellent!" Olberic said. "Once you gentlemen finish your drinks, the contest will continue!"

Alfyn figured it would be a while before it would happen, however. Therion was drinking his ale very, very slowly while occasionally shooting an annoyed glance at Cyrus and him.
"Draw and release!" Tressa said, lining up her bow. "That's all there is to it."

She fired an arrow at the target. The city they were staying in happened to be hosting an archery contest, so she and H'aanit had entered. Primrose figured that H'aanit would most likely win – few could match the huntress when it came to the bow – but Tressa seemed quite fired up about it. So, here they were, practicing hitting targets beside the large river that ran through the city.

"We shouldeth move the target back," H'aanit said. "Thee must challenge thyself more."

"But we're already at a greater distance than the contest will be using!" Tressa said.

"To truly hone thy skill with the bow, it is necessary," H'aanit said. "Ideally, the target would be moving about as well, rather than sitting like unto a rock."

"We're just shooting at straw dummies, H'aanit," Tressa said. "Not hunting dragons."

"Nay, for dragons would provide a much bigger target."

"Not the point!"

"They looked like they're having fun," Ophilia remarked to Primrose.

"You've an odd notion of fun," Primrose replied. "But if it looks as such to you, why not enter the contest yourself?"

"Me?" Ophilia said. "I'm not exactly great with a bow…"

"You should try it though, Ophilia!" Tressa said, having apparently overheard them. "You and Primrose both."

"Well, okay…" Ophilia said uncertainly. "Do you want to go first, Primrose?"

"Very well." Primrose took Tressa's bow and fitted an arrow to the bowstring. She pulled back, narrowed her eyes, and released. Swish! The arrow flew through the air and struck the target dummy in the arm.

"A decent shot," H'aanit said. "Thou art also skilled with the bow, Primrose?"

"My father taught me a bit before…well, you know," Primrose said. "I'm hardly on the level of either of you though."

"I see," H'aanit said. She turned to Ophilia. "Tis thy turn."

"Here I go!" Ophilia said, taking Tressa's bow from Primrose. Her first try left much to be desired though – as she drew the bow, she dropped the arrow on the ground. "Whoops!"

"Keep hold of the arrow until you release!" Tressa said. "Try it again!"

Ophilia's second attempt was a little better, but the arrow only flew a few feet before falling to the ground.

"Thee must draw the bowstring back a little further," H'aanit said. She demonstrated just at that for
Ophilia. "Like this."

"Alright!" Ophilia said. "This time for sure!"

Ophilia drew the bowstring back once more. Primrose wasn't entirely sure what transpired next, but somehow Ophilia's third attempted shot ended with her hold the arrow in her hand and Tressa's bow flying the nearby river. It splashed as it hit the water and was quickly carried away from the current.

"My bow!" Tressa cried.

"Well," H'aanit said. "I hath seen many an arrow launched from a bow, but 'tis rare to see a bow launched from an arrow."

"Oh dear," Ophilia said. She turned to Tressa. "I'm really, really sorry!"

"Ah, it's okay," Tressa said. "No, seriously. I'll hit up the fletcher and bargain for a new one. It'll give me a chance to get a good idea of the latest market values as well."

After they had cleaned up the practice area, the four of them made their way to the market square. In the fletcher's Tressa managed to get quite the bargain for her new bow. While leaving, she noted it was better quality than her old one and cheaper too.

"I'm glad I didn't cause you too much trouble," Ophilia said.

"It's no trouble," Tressa declared. "And I'm gonna need a good bow if I want to have a shot at beating H'aanit!"


In the end, Tressa's new bow made little difference. H'aanit won the archery contest easily.

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