

LUNC

The Cabaret Chronicle

THE LIPSTICK HEX

& OTHER DRESSING
ROOM MYTHS

**KRIIA
EXPOSED!**

*MOONFIRE'S STAR DANCER OPENS UP ABOUT
SHADOWS, SCARS, AND SECRET VEIL SIGHTINGS.*

**CHANDRA'S
DO-NOT-ENTER
LIST LEAKED**

*IS YOUR NAME ETCHED IN RED INK? SEE THE
LOUNGE'S MOST BANNED AND BRANDED.*

DRINK THE MAGIK:

5 COCKTAILS THAT MIGHT BE CURSED (OR BLESSED)

OUR EDITOR BLACKED OUT AT #3—AND
CAME BACK REMEMBERING A PAST LIFE.

This month's edition:
MOONFIRE LOUNGE



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Origins of the Moonfire Lounge

03 Step behind the velvet curtain and discover the shadowy beginnings of Hiraeth's most infamous lounge—where history burns as hot as the spotlight.

Girls, Girls, Girls

05 Meet the sirens of the Moonfire: a fierce, unforgettable lineup of dancers who command the stage—and dive into an exclusive spotlight on Red, the woman who dances like she's hiding a thousand stories.

Signature Drinks

07 Sip the night away with our handpicked Moonfire cocktails—concoctions crafted with shadow, shimmer, and a dash of whispered danger.

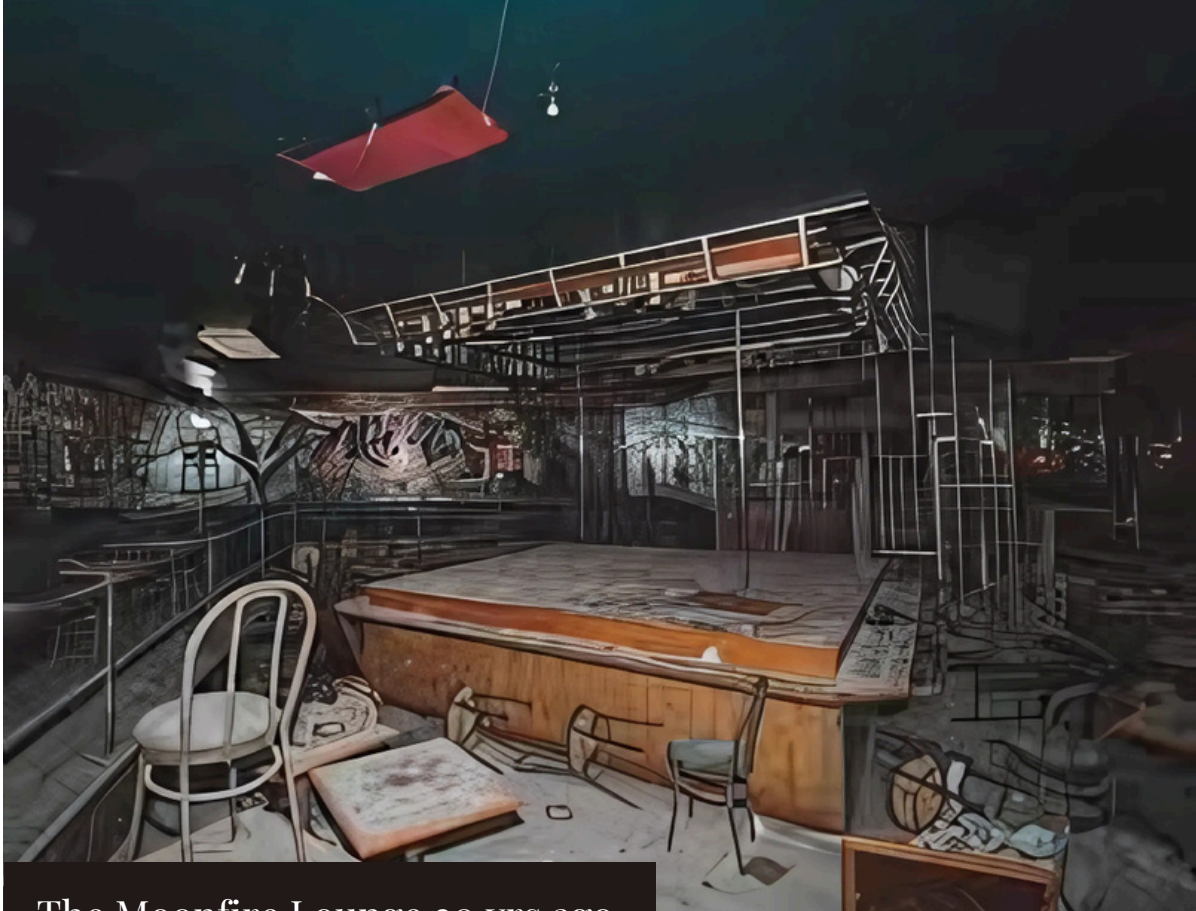
Moonfire Gossip

13 Whispers, scandals, and backstage myths—peek into the secrets only the dancers dare pass around when the lights go dim.

Honorable Mentions

15 A tribute to the souls who keep the Moonfire thriving: from the iron will of Chandra Nix to the unshakable loyalty of Shawn King, and to every dancer who lights the darkness with fire and grace.

Origin



The Moonfire Lounge 20 yrs ago

Origin of The Moonfire Lounge

Tucked behind frostbitten alleyways and veiled signage in the snow-shrouded capital of Glacivryn, in Scrila, lies a place spoken of in hushed tones and half-truths. The Moonfire Lounge wasn't always a sanctuary for the Veil-marked and the magik-weary. Long ago, it was a Vaedellan opera house whose doors were

sealed by decree after a string of vanishings and unexplained echoes during rehearsals. Locals still recall the place as a ruin where frost gathered inside the walls and chandeliers swayed without wind. Some say the building itself exhaled—a cold breath laced with sorrow—and watched back through its warped glass and locked doors.

From Ruin to Reverence

The bones of the past rarely stay buried in Glacivryn.

When it reemerged nearly two decades later, it was unrecognizable—a cathedral of indulgence stitched together from remnants of sorrow and shadow. Purchased under layers of forged identities and re-sanctified by magik-sensitive architects, the building reopened as The Moonfire. Entry was invitation-only, its ownership obscured by whispered names and occult seals, and yet by the end of its first week, Glacivryn hummed with rumors. The drinks glittered with Veil dust, the very air throbbed with hidden rhythm, and the performances? They haunted you long after you left.

Its connection to the Veil has never been formally acknowledged, but few deny its presence. Some rooms inside the Lounge feel colder than they should, too big for the building's walls. Shadows move on their own. Some say if you stare too long into a mirror at Moonfire, you might not see yourself looking back. Yet people return, night after night. Because no matter your race, your Affinity, or the secrets you bring in with you, everyone leaves a little different.



“You don’t come to the Moonfire for answers. You come to forget the question.”

—Anonymous Patron





GIRLS OF THE LOUNGE



The Moonfire Lounge doesn't just host dancers—it showcases veiled stars, smoky legends, and living poetry in motion. From Kriia's haunting elegance and shadow-woven routines to Selynn's fire-spun aerials that set hearts (and occasionally furniture) ablaze, every performer brings their own kind of magik. Velda smirks through scandalous lullabies, while Mira channels Veil-soft illusions that leave audiences blinking between dreams. Whether they're teasing secrets in lace or commanding the stage like queens of old bloodlines, the girls of the Moonfire don't just dance—they *dominate*. And trust us—every single one has a story worth listening to... *if you can get close enough.*

— *Dancer*
*Spotlight**

RED IN THE SHADOWS

Veiled in velvet and woven with secrets, Red doesn't just dance—she lures. Where her shadow falls, the truth flickers... and burns.



You know her as the one who doesn't break character. The one who drips mystery like candlewax, trailing shadow and scent across the stage. But offstage? Red isn't all lace and illusions—she's sharp-witted, fiercely private, and the quiet anchor for half the girls who cry into glittered towels after a bad set. She doesn't give advice unless it's needed. When she does, it cuts clean. Always true. Always final. Backstage, she's the first to notice when someone's aura is off. She'll say nothing, but leave a charm tucked in a dancer's locker.

The younger girls think she's distant, maybe cold—but those who've been around long enough know she's the one who'll sit with you in silence until you remember how to stand again. One dancer said Kriia's comfort feels like the moment just before the spotlight hits—soft, tense, full of promise. But the real secret? She's not performing for the crowd. She never was. Every routine, every glance through that fringe of black lashes—it's all for someone who isn't watching anymore. And that? That's what makes her unforgettable.

Moonfire Lounge

signature cocktails



Black Magik

black vodka | lime juice
cherry juice | simple syrup
*edible glitter



Crimson Gorge

gin | Cynar
strawberry Campari
*dry ice



Violet Margarita

tequila | creme de violette
fresh lime juice | simple syrup



Bare your Fangs

Black Cassis liqueur
Rose Syrup | Sparkling rosé



Changes color!

Sparkling Bloom

Gin | St. Germain Liqueur
Sparkling Water | Lemon
*Butterfly Pea Powder

Beers

LICHLIGHT ALE
FROSTGRAVE STOUT
WYRMBONE LAGER
HOWLER'S BANE BLACK IPA
CROWNLESS HONEY MEAD

Spirits

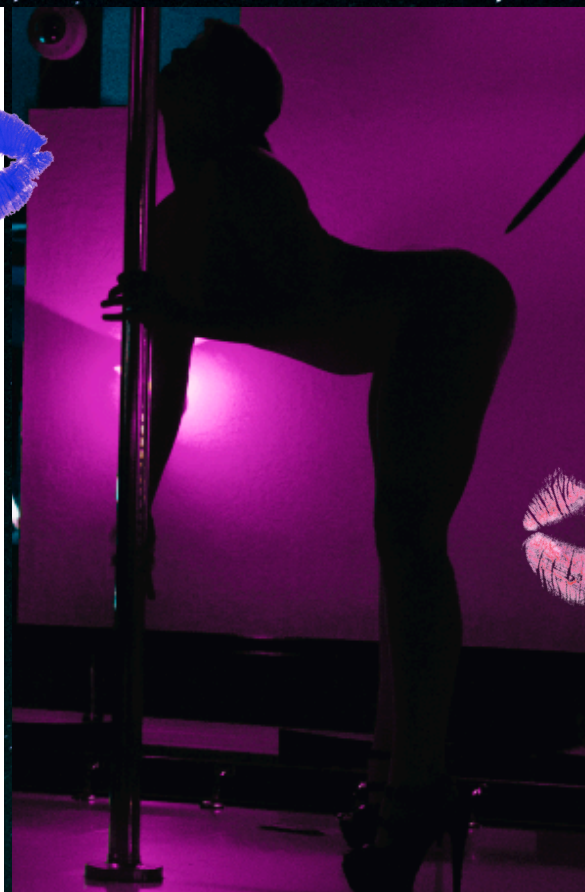
VELVET THORN GIN
CINDERGLOW WHISKEY
ASHMOUTH RUM
OBLIVION VODKA
SABLE BLOOD BRANDY

THE LIPSTICK HEX LIVES ON!

"Wear It, and You'll Hear the Truth"

Ask any dancer in dressing room two and they'll tell you: never borrow the cracked amethyst lipstick in the far-left makeup drawer. Legend says it was left behind by a Fallen Empyrean with a vendetta and a taste for karmic revenge.

Anyone who wears it? The next person they kiss blurts their darkest secret—uncontrollably. From love affairs to unpaid debts, nothing stays hidden. Last week, Jinna wore it on a dare. Her date confessed to robbing a magik-run bakery in Odmor ten years ago. He's now mysteriously missing. Coincidence? We think not.



GLAMOUR GONE WRONG OR CURSE UNRAVELED?

It started with laughter. Echoes. A giggle in stall three that no one in the room admitted to. Then came the voices—eerily similar to your own—mimicking secrets, humming rehearsal songs, or worse... reciting private spells word-for-word. Every dancer at the Moonfire knows that if you hear your voice saying something you didn't, you leave. Fast.

The cause? Likely a botched shadow glamour from Aurel—again. The poor thing tried to rehearse a new Veil-draping reveal during full lunar eclipse hours (a known no-go for unstable rifts). The glamour held just long enough to impress a drunk noble in the audience—and then snapped like a fraying thread.

Now, stall three flickers like a broken illusion spell, and one dancer swears she saw her own reflection wink at her from the faucet. Management has banned unsupervised magik in restrooms, and the latest maintenance request just reads: *"Toilet hisses when unobserved. Veil leakage suspected. Recommend ritual cleansing. Again."*

CHANDRA'S DO-NOT-ENTER LIST

"Once You're Out, You Stay Out."

It's not posted. It's not whispered. But every dancer knows it exists. A narrow, handwritten list Chandra keeps in the back of her schedule book, folded three times and marked with an oily fingerprint. If your name's on it, you don't come back—no matter how much you spend, who you know, or what you claim to regret.

She doesn't ban people lightly. But if you touch the girls without consent, mess with their tips, or show up on something you shouldn't be, you'll be lucky if all you get is a permanent ban.



Some say she keeps a lighter in that same book—just in case a name needs to be erased permanently. No appeals, no second chances. In her lounge, respect isn't optional—it's the price of entry.



The most talked-about names?

- **Veras Kael** – A silver-spoon type from Titesway who tried to treat Red like property. Thought money meant control. It didn't. Security dragged him out the front door mid-set.
- **Ilora D'Saen** – Too many gifts, too many late-night waits outside the staff entrance. Obsession's not love, and Chandra doesn't do warnings twice.
- **Ez Vonn** – Smooth talker, good dresser, and three weeks behind on every promise. Left a dancer crying in a cab and tried to book a booth the next night. Never made it past the front steps.

It's not about revenge. It's about **protection**. Chandra built this place brick by brick, and she won't let anyone turn it into a cautionary tale.

The girls come first. *Always.*



dancer
CONFESSIONS

"I once snatched a tip from a guy's pocket mid-lap. He moaned louder after it vanished. Never got caught. Still wear the ring I bought."

- Unnamed
(but we know it was Selynn)

"Chandra caught me kissing a Fallen in the prop closet. Said I was playing with fire. I told her I am fire. She didn't laugh."

- Velda

"Sometimes I pretend I'm possessed on stage. It gets better tips than my actual routine."

- Lyric
(and honestly? Genius.)

"Sometimes I tell new hires that the Moonfire used to be a cathedral. It wasn't. But the ghosts believe it. And honestly? That's funnier."

- Yren

Rexar promised me a song. Said I'd be the chorus and the storm. I still haven't heard it."

- Thara

"One guy tipped me a rune instead of Oni. It whispered compliments all night. I kept it. We're sort of dating now."

— Marin



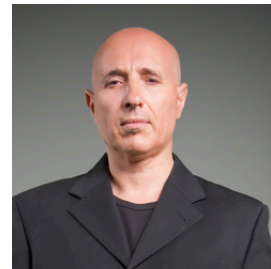
To the Moonfire girls,

To the ones who paint stories on smoke, who command silence with a single step, who wear sorrow like silk and joy like glitter—thank you. The Moonfire shines because of you. For every bruise hidden beneath shimmer, every laugh shared in cracked mirrors, every routine danced like it might be your last—we see you. You are the pulse of this place, the danger and the dream. Keep dancing. Keep surviving. Keep burning the world beautiful.



Chandra Nix

The heartbeat behind the Moonfire Lounge. Stage manager, shield, and shadow-keeper—Chandra keeps the doors open, the girls safe, and the secrets buried deep.



Shawn King

Tall, silent, unshakable. If Chandra's the mind, Shawn is the muscle. Nobody gets past the velvet rope without his nod, and no one who deserves to be inside gets left out in the cold.



"The Moonfire isn't just a show—it's an experience. Red stole my breath, the whole room moved for her. Chandra keeps it sharp, and Shawn at the door? Stone-cold legend. I came once and now I'm ruined for everywhere else."

-- Ryn Holloway, *loyal customer*

— Moonfire Lounge's Honorable Mentions