

“Are you ready for bed Sheri?”

“I’m not tired, dad!”

Sheri Penell was in her bedroom, decorated with a colorful collection of stars, planets, and mountains. Her bed was soft and warm, surrounded by drawings and pictures that Sheri found or made. Most of the things in her room was homemade.

Next to Sheri’s bed was her adoptive father, Jeremiah Penell. The leader of an expedition group named the Defiants. A group of pirates that explore remote locations for the most famous treasures. And sometimes even steal those treasures too. It was a busy yet fulfilling life.

“You need to go to bed, my daughter, we have a big day tomorrow.”

“Please dad. Just one story.”

The relationship between Jeremiah Penell and his feline daughter, Sheri, was special. Ever since Jeremiah found the purple cat on the streets and adopted her, the two had a father daughter bond that was stronger than most biological families.

“Alright, just one story.”

“YAY!” Sheri yelled, joyfully.

Jeremiah opened a book of exotic locations. The book contains many places Jeremiah’s pirate group either went to or heard about. Jeremiah flipped to the pages to find the page of interest.

“The Bifrost Terminal. The grand and mighty transportation hub,” Jeremiah told, “ran on the most advanced magitech you’ve ever seen.”

The picture of the Bifrost Terminal was magnificent. A place decorated with statues and paintings. A marvel of engineering that was greater and more opulent than anything ever seen.

“Look at all the shiny things!” Sheri said in awe.

“That’s just the lobby,” Jeremiah told her daughter, “There were other rooms that are just as extravagant as the lobby.”

Sheri was impressed. Such a place of riches and wonder. A place that was filled with imagination and wonder. The picture of the grand opening was so magnificent, and the functioning portal was filled with light and hope.

“And then one day, an incident happened,” Jeremiah continued.

“What happened?” Sheri asked, interested.

“Nobody knows, they say that it was an attack, but people don’t believe that” Jeremiah answered to his daughter, “The whole thing happened fast, but the whole thing malfunctioned and the whole thing was closed immediately afterwards.”

“You think you’ll be able to get inside?” Sheri asked, excitedly, “See what happened?”

“Depends, my little cat,” Jeremiah answered back.

The Bifrost Terminal brought a lot of joy and imagination with the purple cat. A place of excitement and grandeur. Something that would define a legacy.

“One day, I’m going to find Bifrost Terminal,” Sheri declared.

“Yes you will, my daughter,” Jeremiah said, proudly, “And you will solve the mystery of the terminal too.”

“Yes I will!” Sheri confirmed.

“Well, it’s time for bed, Sheri,” Jeremiah said. “We have a big day tomorrow.”

Sheri was already feeling tired. Her dad was right. There was a big day tomorrow and she needed to be ready for the big trip that was about to happen. It was a special trip and a surprise one in which Jeremiah would bring her daughter along.

“Good night, my Sheri,” Jeremiah said to her daughter.

“Good night, dad!” Sheri said, happily falling asleep.

YEARS LATER

The poster for the Bifrost Terminal was clear and visible. Despite having just one eye, Sheri the cat could still read and understand everything. The poster itself contained a handwritten invitation to the Bifrost Terminal. Sheri got it quickly, and thanks to some deals and contacts, all she needed was a portal. A portal that was in a certain shopkeeper’s apartment.

It had been many eventful years and lots of daring and dangerous adventures. Many successes and stolen artifacts received. But also many failures. Many members lost. Sheri’s eye was a terrible victim of one of them. No matter. One eye was more than enough for her.

“I still don’t know what the big deal is over this Bifrost Terminal, Sheri,” a fox standing next to her said. This was a unique colored fox with two different colors split right down the middle. One side was red while the other side was blue. His purple eyes looking at the same handwritten letter.

“My dad told me about it a long time ago, Corey,” Sheri answered, “A lot of Defiants know about it.”

“How come I haven’t heard of it?” Corey asked with curiosity.

“Probably because you joined too late...” Sheri said.

Sheri was mostly right. The Defiants were once one of the largest pirate groups assembled. Many people feared and respected the group at the same time. Their influence felt throughout as their misadventures were the stuff of legend, with a member being in the know of any rumor or relic of importance. Now, they’re not that large, and maybe not feared either. And that was the time when Sheri found Corey in a coma and woke him up.

It wasn’t the best introduction. Corey was too clingy and Sheri saw him as a burden. They even fought each other often and there were a lot of destroyed objects after these fights. It wasn’t until Sheri got kidnapped by a group of raiders and Corey risked his life to rescue her when Sheri saw Corey as a friend.

After that, the two started to train together. Sheri teaching Corey everything her father taught her, and Corey became a fast learner, especially around computers. With each training session, Corey bonded with Sheri more and more, and Sheri bonded with Corey in ways she didn’t experience since she was with her father all these years ago.

“I remember some part of the story,” Corey said, “Not much of it though.”

“As long as you remember the big picture, you’ll be fine,” Sheri replied.

Memory was always a problem for Corey. The fox didn't remember his childhood very well. In fact, his memories before being put in a coma were fragmented at best. The first thing Corey definitively remembered was being woken up thanks to Sheri's spells. With no memories of where he came from or how he got split colors, Corey decided to join the Defiants and partner up with Sheri. There were other people in the Defiants, but Corey is the most loyal person of the Defiants. Something that Sheri greatly appreciates.

"Remember that ruined kingdom with the siren?" Corey reminded Sheri.

"You remember that?" Sheri asked, impressed.

"Multiple sirens and those... people with pistols..." Corey tried to remember.

"Just the one," Sheri corrected, "And those guys were using swords."

"Damnit," Corey said, embarrassed, "At least I remember that castle."

"Whatever the castle is, I bet the Terminal would be even better than that," Sheri said.

Corey nodded. The Terminal was something Sheri talked about at length. Something that was a dream of hers ever since her father told her about it. And the fact that they were so close made her even more excited than ever.

Sheri held a tiny gold crown pin. Was it a military logo? A government logo? A piece of love? Sheri didn't care. It wasn't the thing she wanted anyway. It was an old treasure she found years ago and saw no purpose in it until now. Now it is the thing Sheri will trade for the portal.

The pair entered inside. The interior was rusty and looked like it was tearing apart. Holes that were covered using whatever was available. If it weren't for the many artifacts the place had, they would've confused it for a condemned house.

The shopkeeper was a big and burly human. Lots of scars and a dirty uniform. Either he was in combat or a conman.

Corey displayed a dark glow. Something that happens when he is either really worried or really sad. This was the glow of worry.

"I'll be fine, I've dealt with him before," Sheri reassured Corey as she walked alone towards the shopkeeper.

"You're here for the portal, eyepatch?" The shopkeeper asked Sheri.

Sheri nodded her head, giving the shopkeeper a crown pin. "The pin, just like you asked."

The shopkeeper took a slow look at the crown pin. It took a while for the shopkeeper to authenticate it, but eventually, he was satisfied with it.

After the shopkeeper finished inspecting the pin and seemingly confirming it, he gave Sheri the portal. The paint was starting to peel off a bit and the screen looked old with lots of pixels. The portal didn't look important to the average person.

"I feel like I am stealing from you," the shopkeeper said, "This is a piece of junk. Doesn't even work."

Of course the shopkeeper didn't realize the importance of the device. If he knew what he was giving away or knew about the terminal, he would've realized that he was being fleeced.

Sheri gave a smug smile. "Enjoy figuring out that pin," she said before walking away towards Corey, who was glowing in light. That happens when he has a lot of positive emotions.

“This didn’t end up in a great disaster!” Corey celebrated.

“Yep. Let’s get out of here before the shopkeeper knows we conned him.” Sheri whispered, ready to walk away.

The shopkeeper gave a loud cough, getting their attention just as they were about to leave the apartment.

“Jeremiah was a great man and one of my favorite customers,” the shopkeeper explained, “The goodwill I have with him is the only reason why we’re still in business together.”

That was true. The Defiants may not be as influential as they once were, but they were still well known enough that people still communicated with Sheri at some point.

“You are not your father!” The shopkeeper said, bitterly.

“Of course, I’m not,” Sheri replied, coldly.

“Not that he matters. A bit overrated if you ask me.” The shopkeeper concluded without emotion, “Got what he deserved in the end.”

This struck a nerve in Sheri. Captain Jeremiah Penell, the leader of the Defiants. The man who adopted her from the streets. Raised her to be more than the ideal daughter. Fighting, exploring, stealing, espionage, Jeremiah taught her those. A man Sheri respected and cared for. Even saved a few times as well. And the audacity and gall for him to say it. Unacceptable. Jeremiah Penell was a name that deserved respect and honor. His memory will not be squandered like this!

Sheri immediately punched the shopkeeper with anger, completely shocking Corey.

The shopkeeper was now filled with rage. “Oh, how I wanted to beat you up to a pulp.”

Corey shot a beam of darkness, which provided a shield against the furious shopkeeper.

“Run!” Corey yelled.

The pair ran away as they were being pursued by the shopkeeper. Despite how fast and nimble the two were, the shopkeeper somehow caught up to them despite his large size. The two were trapped in some corner with the shopkeeper ready to beat the two up with his bare hands.

“Use the plant wall!” Corey suggested, “That works!”

When Sheri heard this, she created her plant wall, which separated the pair from the angry shopkeeper.

“How come I never thought of that?” Sheri asked herself in shock.

“Because you think with your fists,” Corey replied.

“You’re right,” Sheri admitted, embarrassed, “But I can still take them on.”

The pair heard pounds and punches. It was powerful, and both of them knew the wall won’t hold forever. They need to act fast and escape or else it would be the end.

“How do I get this portal to work?” Sheri asked, trying to push some buttons to no avail, “There’s got to be a combination somewhere.”

“Let me try it,” Corey offered.

As soon as Sheri gave Corey the portal, Corey started to tear the thing apart and look at the contents inside. Corey’s memories may be scattered, but he is really good with tech and their devices.

“Be careful!” Sheri yelled, “That’s a special device!”

“I know what I’m doing,” Corey said, fiddling with the wires and coils inside. He was focused on the portal in front of him, trying hard to fix the apparently broken device.

There were more loud knocks on the plant wall that Sheri created. The wall was sturdy, but it wasn’t invincible.

“Hurry!” Sheri yelled, concerned, “That shopkeeper will kill us both!”

“Almost done!” Corey said just as he reconnected the last wires and reassembled the portal, “Let’s see the results.”

Corey pushed the portal button and grabbed Sheri’s hand. Almost immediately, the plant wall shattered and the human shopkeeper was fuming, ready to murder the two with his bare hands.

“Time to do what should’ve been done a long time ago!” The shopkeeper yelled.

The shopkeeper threw a punch, but it was blocked by a wall of light that came out of the portal, which protected the two.

“What is this!” The shopkeeper yelled enraged as the portal glowed, shook, and sparkled, “Some trick by evil spirits?”

“Should’ve been smarter than that!” Sheri yelled as the portal activated for real. Both Sheri and Corey were consumed by a bright beam of light.

As the light dissipated, Corey and Sheri found themselves in a strange unfamiliar place. The shopkeeper was nowhere to be seen. An immediate relief, but they are surrounded by an unfamiliar mountain. Wherever they were, it was snowing, and the blowing winds were loud.

“Is this place always this cold?” Corey asked, shivering.

“Your fur isn’t keeping you warm?” Sheri said.

“You know I hate the cold weather,” Corey said.

Corey was right. The fox wasn’t comfortable with the cold no matter how much Sheri tried to have him adjust.

“Are you sure we’re in the right place?” Corey asked.

“We should be,” Sheri answered, “My dad told me the Terminal was surrounded by snow and cold.”

“Are you sure?” Corey asked more cynically, “It could be a trap.”

“If this was a trap, we would be dead by now,” Sheri said.

Corey sighed in relief. “At least the shopkeeper didn’t come with us.”

That’s one good thing that came out of this. But with one problem solved, there was another one. They had to climb this mountain. Yes, the trek to the Bifrost Terminal was not going to be easy, and the maps Sheri read were supposed to be accurate, but sometimes, mistakes could be made.

“You can light the way, Corey,” Sheri suggested.

“No need to,” Corey said, pointing at a bright glow.

The bright glow. Of course. Light is the one thing everyone goes to when things get dark and unknown. The two explorers quickly went up to the glowing light, climbing the mountains and being bombarded with snow and wind.

“Why couldn’t it be warmer,” Corey said, annoyed, “Like an island or something.”

“Keep going,” Sheri motivated him, “We’re almost there.”

Every step was difficult, and they had almost no climbing tools or support, but the two had experience in this type of situation. Sheri’s plants keeping a good hold and support for Corey, preventing him from falling down as they both climbed.

“Almost there,” Sheri said, getting a few more steps.

“I see the building,” Corey yelled, “Just a few steps away.”

And then they saw it in the flesh. The giant glow belonging to a giant beacon statue greeting the two partners.

The building was enormous. Probably the biggest building Corey had ever seen. Everything was excessively decorated too. No expenses spared. Despite nobody seeming to enter it for years. Maybe decades. It felt uncanny for some reason.

And the archway. Sheri remembered the picture of the glowing portal filled with magitech. Now it lies dormant and deactivated. But still impressive.

“The most opulent and extravagant building ever seen,” Sheri admired.

“A bit too much,” Corey remarked.

If it weren’t for the bitter cold, they would continue to admire the large scale of the building. But the blizzard forced them to go inside.

The interior was really dark, which was the cue for Corey to light the way using his light abilities. Sheri produced some plants with her hands, ready to fight if needed, with Corey protecting her side without the eye. The first thing the two realized was that they were in a lobby of some sorts, but it took a while for the two to adjust.

When the cat and the fox got a better view of the building, they were in awe as the place was nothing like the old and messy shopkeeper’s apartment. The contents inside looked grand and magnificent. The floors and walls are immaculate. The opulence of the decorations and the statues were unlike anything Sheri ever saw. Just one of the things that could be found in the place could sell for at least three fortunes.

The only thing that was off about this building was the fact that it was completely quiet. Not a single voice could be heard at all. All they heard was the sound of the supernatural. Nobody could see it, but the two felt like they were being seen or sensed by ghosts. It felt haunting. Even more so when they realized that there was nobody actually there. An entire building, a palace even, and it was eerily empty. Cavernous even.

“You said this place was run by magitech a while ago?” Corey asked, trying to remember.

Sheri nodded in agreement.

"Looks like I can fix some of this in no time," Corey said, confidently.

"You definitely can," Sheri confirmed.

"You're a long way from home," the pair heard, shocking them.

"Who is that?" Corey asked, concerned.

"Show yourself!" Sheri yelled, ready for a fight.

Almost instantly, a tall human showed up in front of the two anthros. He wore an intricate outfit with patterns in some parts of the clothing. Looking clean and noble. No scars found whatsoever and a charming smile. The exact opposite of the shopkeeper they met earlier.

"Cain Salvatori!" The man introduced himself, "Owner of The Hourglass, a shop filled with psychic services."

"Awesome!" Corey said, enthusiastically, "We need a new shopkeeper to trade with. The other one kinda wants to kill us now."

Although Corey started to like this person, Sheri wasn't impressed with this man.

"Love your eyepatch by the way," Cain complimented, "And I never seen a fox like this before either."

"I'm Corey, the two colored fox," Corey introduced himself to Cain, shaking the human's hand, "And the purple cat with the eyepatch is named Sheri. She's like my sister."

"Fascinating," Cain said, cheerfully.

Sheri didn't speak to Cain. The human's body language was filled with confidence and excitement, but for some odd reason, Sheri didn't think this persona is genuine. That something is hidden beneath all that personality. Whether something sinister or melancholy, Cain is hiding something.

"I can give you both a free reading if you want," Cain offered, "Tarot reading, palm reading, clairsentience, you name it."

"I love to have a reading!" Corey said instantly, "And Sheri wants one as well."

"What?" Sheri said, surprised.

Cain held Corey's multicolored hands and closed his eyes for a moment. "Corey, your colors are much more than just a physical thing. They represent two very different sides. One side is a selfless desire to help and protect others no matter the cost. The other side represents a more selfish act. A desire to reveal some long lost memories. A desire to only help yourself. It scares you as well, as you fear it will take over."

Corey was impressed with the reading, but Sheri wasn't buying it.

"What about you, Sheri?" Cain said.

Sheri didn't say anything, but Cain still did a reading on her anyway.

"You need to be much nicer to other people," Cain said, "This negativity is going to hurt yourself much more than it would hurt your enemies."

"Where are we?" Sheri asked, refusing to acknowledge Cain's reading.

"Ah, you're in the Bifrost Terminal!" Cain answered with pride and enthusiasm.

"Bifrost Terminal?" Sheri asked, impressed, "The Bifrost Terminal?"

“The one and only,” Cain said, smiling.

Sheri’s face produced a smile. Not like the proud accomplishment of discovered treasure or defeating an enemy, but the smile that was like a childlike wonder. The Bifrost Terminal was something Jeremiah and Sheri bonded over, with Sheri promising to her father that she would find it one day. And now that dream had come true. A promise finally fulfilled. Sheri could already imagine her father smiling at her, congratulating her on a great job.

Sheri gave a squeal like a fangirl. Her smile still strong as she admired the whole building again. The Bifrost Terminal itself.

“Are you, OK?” Corey asked, concerned. He never saw Sheri this happy before.

“The Bifrost Terminal is real!” Sheri said, excited, “My father was right! Wait until everyone takes a look at this!”

Corey gave a warm smile at Sheri, proud of what the two accomplished and also proud of her. The Terminal was always a lifelong dream for her. He can’t recall why, but hearing the tales she shared with her father made him believe that the place was special.

“Well... there is a catch,” Cain said solemnly, “You can’t exactly leave.”

“What?” Corey asked, stunned.

“There is a reason why the Bifrost Terminal had been empty for years,” Cain started to say, “It’s because the place is haunted.”

“Haunted?” Sheri asked, “Tell me more.”

The supernatural feeling the two felt earlier returned, or it never really left. The whole thing resulted in Sheri’s smile fading. Sheri never knew what happened to Bifrost Terminal or the inhabitants of the area. Only the rumors and theories Jeremiah told her, but that was it.

“The Bifrost Terminal was created as a transportation hub designed to connect this place to the many worlds of Thraleos,” Cain explained, “When it opened, it was the most incredible, if not intimidatingly opulent, event of their lives.”

“You should’ve seen it when it first opened,” Cain said, imagining the bustling scenes of the terminal, “I haven’t seen it either, but it’s still cool to imagine nonetheless.”

“Wasn’t there an incident that happened?” Sheri asked, “Something that ruined everything.”

“Ah right, the incident,” Cain remembered, “one week after the place opened, someone from another world attacked the terminal’s biotech. It caused the whole system to malfunction catastrophically, killing the poor folks inside. The terminal was shut down and it was abandoned ever since.”

So that’s what happened to the Bifrost Terminal. A deliberate attack on the terminal. Not an accident like Jeremiah thought. This got interesting for sure.

“They have to shut it down as the main facilities were broken,” Cain explained in the aftermath of such an incident, “but the place quickly became haunted by the souls of those trapped in the Bifrost Terminal.”

That definitely explains the supernatural elements that the two heard when they got here.

“And that’s why you sent out this invitation?” Sheri asked, giving Cain the handwritten invitation to come to the Bifrost Terminal.

“My letter!” Cain said, recognizing it immediately, “I knew you would find it!”

“Yep, definitely found it” Sheri lied. The letter was actually stolen, but nobody had to know about that.

“Either way, I need to free the ghosts of the Bifrost Terminal,” Cain continued to say, “And I need all the help I can get.”

“We’re explorers, not exorcists,” Sheri stated.

“But you answered my call nonetheless,” Cain said.

“This incident, how long ago did it take place?” Corey asked Cain.

“Around a century ago,” Cain answered.

“A CENTURY AGO?!?!?” Sheri said in shock. That long? She knew the whole thing wasn’t recent, but Sheri would’ve never guessed an entire century. And everything still in pristine condition as well? Something strange was definitely going on. Sheri’s pirate instincts kicked in fast and everything felt like she treasure to her.

“Let’s see what we can take with us,” Sheri said, eyeing some of the artifacts in the terminal, “Maybe take a picture of the two of us before we-”

All of a sudden, the duo was met with a strange, god like form. A massive shadow with glowing eyes. Well, not exactly god-like, but still intimidating enough that Sheri froze.

Whatever that god was, it spoke in a loud and thundering voice, so powerful that nobody would dare question its authority even though no one could see it.

“In Bifrost Terminal, I am the creator, judge, and jury. Nothing happens without me knowing. You are in one piece because I decided it. Explore the terminal, ask questions. Figure out a way to free all the souls in this facility. If you succeed, I will allow you to leave. If you don’t? Annoy me or slack off? I’ll leave that to your imagination.”

And then the being disappeared, leaving everyone stunned for a while.

Sheri’s one eye looked for the exit and ran straight towards it, but she was hit with some force field right in the middle of it.

“WHY CAN’T I LEAVE!?” Sheri yelled, trying to punch the force field with all her power. No matter how hard she tried, the force field was completely impenetrable.

Everyone reluctantly didn’t answer. They secretly knew that whatever this being was, it created a powerful force field. Sheri eventually realized this as well. She and Corey were stuck here. Trapped even.

“What was that!” Corey asked, still spooked by the being.

Cain had a guilty look on his face before answering, “The Entity.”

Corey looked at Cain as if he spoke gibberish.

“The Entity is this... all powerful being from the terminal,” Cain answered, almost stuttering. The cheerful and happy persona Cain received was absent for this scene.

“So not only are there ghosts, but there’s also this entity guy who’s going to kill us if we don’t play along,” Corey recapped.

“Yep. That’s the main gist of it.” Cain confirmed.

“What do you think, Corey?” Sheri asked, a bit more tense than what she remembers.

“We don’t have a choice,” Corey answered.

Sheri played with some of the plants she created, thinking about this. They could refuse to play along and take their chances, but the risks were too high, and she didn’t have a lot of confidence that she and Corey would defy death twice in one day.

“This could be the thing that would finally get people to respect your family again,” Corey persuaded, “The one who found the Terminal and their secrets.”

Sheri thought about it for a moment. It was something that she always dreamed of, even if it was under less than ideal circumstances. And she was still curious about everything that happened. Since she was here, she might as well make the most of it.

“Alright, we’re going to play your game,” Sheri conceded.

Cain smiled once again, seemingly returning to his jolly act. “That’s what I like to hear! I knew you would get along!”

Neither Sheri nor Corey were smiling. Cain noticed that almost immediately.

“Good luck, you two! Enjoy your stay at the Bifrost Terminal!” Cain said, enthusiastically, “And if you need anything, I set up a mobile shop in the terminal where you can get what you need.”

Cain left the pair shortly after finishing the conversation.

Sheri looked at the departing Cain. His body language showed nothing like the excited character they met, but instead of a depressed, tense, and guilty person.

Sheri the purple cat and Corey the multicolored red and blue fox were sitting on a bench. They were really tense due to what happened, and it felt like hours passed even though in truth, it only had been a few minutes.

“Are you OK?” Corey asked, concerned.

Sheri didn’t respond. Everything happened so quickly. One moment, they made the discovery of a lifetime, and the next, they’re stuck with no way out. With time to let the situation sink in, Sheri let her thoughts out. The whole thing felt traumatizing to her. It shouldn’t be, but it was. It reminded her of how she and her father was trapped on a boat. It was supposed to be an underwater discovery, but it all went wrong. Everything went wrong. Jeremiah wasn’t supposed to swim away. They were supposed to be together.

And the ghosts and the entity. The supernatural. The one thing that Sheri didn’t like to explore. Why did it have to be ghosts?

“Sheri!” The cat heard, getting her out of her trauma for a bit.

Sheri went into a defensive stance, almost ready to fight. When she saw Corey trying to communicate with her, Sheri sighed and calmed herself down.

“What the hell have we gotten into?” Sheri asked, ending the silence.

Corey didn't answer. Sheri was feeling down, so Corey held her hand instead.

"Don't worry, Sheri," Corey consoled her, "We'll solve this thing together."

Sheri smiled at Corey. The two colored fox was like a younger brother to Sheri. A brother who needed to be protected, even though Corey could take care of himself.

"You're too good for this life," Sheri said to Corey.

Corey chuckled, "Yet I'm still here."

There were other people present in the terminal as well. Cain is meeting some of them in his cheery personality.

"You think we have a chance against these people?" Corey asked Sheri, trying to make her feel better.

"We better," Sheri said, her hands producing plants and leaves, "I won't let someone else take credit for our discovery."

"Well, tell me about the incident again," Corey said, "Because I kinda forgot about that."

Sheri laughed. "Well, there was an attack from someone and everything malfunctioned." Conversing with Corey always made Sheri feel better. It was helping her right now, "That's more info that what we have coming in."

"And the stories about the opulence and the grandeur of the whole thing," Corey reminded her.

"You remember!" Sheri said, impressed.

"Took a while," Corey admitted.

Sheri gave Corey a big, tight hug. Corey hugged back moments later. The two were a team. A strong and effective team. They had been for many years, going through so much hardship together, but nothing stood in their way. It hadn't before and it wouldn't now.

"What should we do first?" Corey asked.

"Either try to buy something from Cain or converse with someone," Sheri answered, fast.

"How would you trade?" Corey asked, confused, "We have nothing to trade with."

Sheri smiled with confidence. "Don't worry. When you're in the game for enough time, you know that anything can be traded."