

## Search

Cheers and laughter echoed around The Ram Horn inn as guests of many different species and backgrounds talked like old friends. The smell of fresh bread wafted from the kitchen and the familiar clink of glasses was heard all around. It was perfect, so perfect in fact that nobody noticed the hooded stranger slipping in through the door. Taking a seat at the bar they called for a drink from the bartender as they slowly unfastened the brooch around their neck and let their cloak fall to the floor, revealing two curled horns poking through their fluffy hair.

“So why’re ya here”, said the barman with a friendly grin, “don’t think I’ve seen anyone quite as unique as you, and I’ve seen plenty of strange folks.”

The stranger didn’t answer, simply staring at the mahogany wooden surface in front of them with their pearly white eyes. The barman shrugged it off and went back to preparing their drink. Suddenly, the stranger jerked their head now looking over into a corner of the room where a group of sea-fae (part human part fish) sat around a stone table playing cards. A fire manipulator who sat in their midst had just won and was letting out a raucous cry of laughter. “Here’s ya drink” said the bartender, setting it down with a clink in front of the Tiefling, but without even glancing at it, the Tiefling stood up and hurried towards the stone table in the corner. They tapped the fire manipulator on the shoulder and stood next to him patiently. The winner looked up, a wide smile on their face.

“What can I do for you, here to congratulate me?”

The Tiefling grew rigid, a murmur escaped their lips, “I was right”, they whispered softly.

“Didn’t quite catch that”, said the manipulator in a croaky voice, a voice that the Tiefling knew all too well.

“I knew it!” the Tiefling cried, and before anyone could do anything they grabbed the man by their collar and held them up against the wall. Everyone was shocked, the inn went quiet, all anyone could hear was the Tiefling’s heavy breathing.

“Settle down” pleaded the man, clambering for escape. “Listen I don’t know who you are but there’s obviously been some mistake, I don’t know you.”

“Don’t know me!?” yelled the Tiefling, his voice and hands shaking. “You’d better know me, do you not remember my eyes? Do you not remember my name? DO YOU NOT REMEMBER KILLING MY SISTER!?”

The man’s eyes darkened as realisation hit him.

“Yes... yes I remember now, the young Tiefling child, Tomoha was your name right? And your sister, I remember them very clearly.”

“Good”, Tomomha growled. “Then you’d better remember my face, as the last one you’ll ever see”