

CULINARY ARTS

• Half Body • Colour • Shading • BG • 750 Words

Everyone needs to learn how to cook! Is your trainer a master chef or are they still learning the basics? Show off your Trainer's culinary skill level in the kitchen! Are they making an amazing dish, maybe baking a cake for a friend, or is it a total burnt disaster?

Rewards- 150 Credits, x2 Cooking Items

T-182: ELIRIEL

T-232: ADRIEL

Word Count: 776

Eliriel was in the kitchen and Adriel could feel the hairs on the back of his neck raising with every passing moment. The whole space was clean and desolate, kept a bright white with very little color outside of the view from the windows. If it could even be called a view that was. Many in Wintervale would get the digitised displays to look at something beautiful, to maybe allow them to pretend that it was summer and bright- but Eliriel said he preferred the sight of the real world. He liked seeing the dreary, snow covered city with glittering lights outside his windows, and Adriel didn't. Adriel had grown to rather despise the view, but it wasn't too bad most of the time. He had been working here for longer than he could remember, it was what he was used to- and the view didn't matter. He would take any view if Eliriel would just leave them alone.

To work under Eliriel wasn't something that everyone could do. You just stayed out of sight and out of mind, you disappeared into the background without the slightest hint of presence. You wanted to be as far from the man as possible, so to have him staring at you completely while working? Well. Suffice to say it usually ended in someones blood staining the white walls. While this place needed color, the doublade didn't want to be the paint that would make the kitchen red. He'd take the dreary winter landscape over that particular splash of color in a heartbeat.

"Adriel~" The voice of his employer was angelic and surprisingly soothing. It was so gentle that to anyone hearing it for the first time it might lull them into relaxation. If Adriel wasn't aware of what hid underneath that gentle exterior it no doubt would have had such an effect for him. Sadly though, for him it only put him on edge more as he dreaded every syllable. "Are you sure that meat is still good~ It's not too old is it? This guest is very important so we can't mess anything up."

That was true. If he messed this up his head would be hung on the walls for decoration. Adriel's own smile didn't falter however. At the words as he turned his gaze to look at Eliriel and away from his work. It was a large leg was in front of him, and it had been skinned and deboned by another worker in the mansion. Adriel's job was simply slicing it into thinner pieces and he could do that even without watching his hands. "Of course." The Doublade fused man replied pleasantly as another thin strip of meat was sliced off.

He did his best to hide the way the question made his stomach turn in disgust. The long 'hands' of his fusion curled in around him even more, but not enough for it to be noticed by Eliriel. It was subtle so that Adriel could comfort himself while the question rang in his head. *Was it still good.* Was it still good? What did it matter? There was going to be no cooking of this meat, there was no prep outside of cutting it up, it's whole goal as far as Adriel was aware was to make the one eating it fall sick. Beyond making them fall sick, this whole dinner was no doubt going to end in their 'guest' being scarred for life.

"I'm glad you are so confident~ It has been quite awhile since we acquired that afterall!" Thankfully that wasn't a statement he had to answer. As such Adriel focused entirely on finishing the meal. It was simple, nothing more than a chartreuse board alongside an array of snacks but everything about it had to be perfect by Eliriel's standard. It had to look normal, there couldn't be anything

suspicious about the meat and every inch of it had to be of the highest quality. Each cube of cheese had to be half an inch exactly. The crackers arranged like flowers on the board with tomatoes in their centers. If anything was crumbly, or chipped then it was no good. If there was the slightest bit of green on the tomato it was no good- even the olives had to be just so. What exactly the olives being 'just so' meant Adriel didn't know, but he knew he had to make it happen. Since Eliriel was here watching, he couldn't even pawn off any mistakes on another worker as he had done in the past. The slightest deviation from Eliriel's plan for this meal and he'd have to take full responsibility.