



"**H**old it still, hold it still! " The kitchen seemed to be in a disarray. Eldritch horrors bellowed in such a muffled tone from behind the kitchen doors. Pots and pans clashed about; dishes tumbled and broke upon the floor. Even the patter of spoons, forks, and other utensils can be heard taking a tumble.

"~~RAAAAH~~————"

CHOP!

And then silence...

A young woman, or so she appeared, emerged from the swinging doors. She wiped the sweat and blood from her brow bone and exhaled in ultimate relief. The hard part was done....for now. Wintr waddled over to the dining area

kitchen as quickly as she could, the heels over her feet had been killing her after the tussle in the kitchen. Without hesitation, the bovine immediately leaned over the sink to cut the water on and clean the blood from her hands and forehead.

Wintr diligently dapped the blood from upon her forehead with the corner of a damp towel. Her pace leisured as an unfamiliar yet familiar smell caught her very attention. She slowly lowered the towel into the sink and reached for the butcher knife she had previously used. Her ears twitched, listening closely, and then suddenly...the front door opened.

"Hello?" The demon's voice rang out.

She pushed her hair back behind her ear, inhaled and exhaled, walked out of the back room, and entered the restaurant through the kitchen doors. She was unsure of the stranger's intent, given assassins and other dangerous people had entered her restaurant before; so respectfully, she was on edge. She approached the counter with a cheerful smile, but a butcher knife comfortably clutched in hand.

*"Why hello stranger, that scent of yours caught me off guard, ha...
Welcome to my establishment...may I kindly ask...friend or foe?"*

Though her voice was soft and airy, she was strong and stern in her conviction. Her voice never shook, wilted, or faltered. She was always ready for a fight had need be. She was *bull headed* like that.

"Sooo....friend or foe?"



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