He was never known as a kind man, barking out at visitor that came to just ' check things out' when he knows the hard truth. They want nothing more than to waste his precious time and make themselves a nuisance. He huffs to himself leaning against his desk and staring at the sign he pasted to his front door. You either buy it, or get out.

Not the most customer friendly way of doing things, but if he had to deal with one more person trampling around his haven and ruining his supplies he might just murder something, or someone. Preferably the person because frankly his plants deserve better. They'd gone out of vogue in recent years, his alchemy and potion skills a thing of the past. Everyone thought themselves a god simply because it was more widely understood how to use magic. Bah what a bunch of rubbish, mastering the cosmos and bending reality to your whim was just a shortcut. It made life easier sure, but it also made you lazier, people were all fluff and no substance to back it.

To Akil, he was simply better than all that, his methods took longer but they were better for the environment and his own health. He'd seen people who became overwhelmed with their power, it gets a bit messy the whole so filled up that you explode business. It wasn't a sight he liked to think too much on.

Business like usual was going slow, not a soul in sight. Drumming his fingers against the counter he finds his face turning to a scrowl, and ready to leave the front desk to do something productive when a soft bell chimes through the store. He readies a customer service smile until the large hat pushes its way through the door and rattles the pots he had hanging on the ceiling. Already he feels his poor blood pressure rising as he stares at the figure ahead.

" Look what the cat dragged in, I'm surprised you can still fit through the door with that hat. " His lip curls up in distaste of the other. It was Mathieu. A common haunt in his shop with a hat several times too large to be reasonable and robes modernly tight. Hes awaiting the day

simply the hat walks in because he swears the mans hat grows in size with every visit and his clothing becomes a size smaller, it's only a matter of time before that hat eats him. Just make it quick oh sir hat, because every second spent having to even think about this man was a second too many. " Overcompensating or just charmed by my presence "

" Neither " The man, Matthieu sticks his nose up and his the brim of his hat before moving it up and hitting more hanging plants. Akil can already feel his eyebrow starting to tighten as he holds himself back.

" I need to make an acquisition of the lesser kind you see, the missus insisted and you are the only," he raises his head higher looking down easily at the shorter man " shop that still sells such frivolous things you see" he draws out the end of his sentence, making a point of his clear displeasure.

The feeling is quite mutual, although Akil supposes he should be thankful, after all it's because of this man's wife that he gets some regular business, and she's quite a sweet woman. Heavens knows why she married this slob. In fact, he'll make his trepidation vocal, he's never been one to hide his irritable nature.

" Why Helénè ever married a lout like you, I'll never understand" He huffs, crossing his arms and shifting his weight. " Well, get on with it ,what was the ' frivolous thing' do you ever so need today Mathieu " His tone mocking the other man as he raises his voice to meet the others tone. Sure he needs the business, but he also hates the other man and he'll be damned if he ever has to lower himself to the others level.

" Why of all the nerve- " The man mutters a few unpleasant things under his breath before calling out in a voice filled with contempt " That purple thing you made last time, you know " he gestures vaguely to Akil in a dismissive way " the.. thingy. "

" Yes of course, the thingy" Akil's voice drips with sarcasm. Not even bothering to hide his eye roll.

What a fool, this man was lucky he knew exactly what the other man was talking about, that so called purple thing was a mixture he'd created that was a granted greater restoration, magic was fine and dandy if you were a slob but nothing could beat an alchemist's potion. This one took a year to grow the herbs for under very specific conditions and was popular with those who enjoyed adventuring.

He starts to move out from behind his desk and towards the shelves lined with different plants all fighting to be nearest to the sun. He gently thumbs at one of the bottles on a bottom shelf, a small terrarium of green filled with various plants, even with minimal soil and light, these plants continued to thrive. In no small part thanks to his own magic and the few sprites he employed. Still that wasn't what he was looking for, unless someone dared to move things around without his permission the potion should be right around- " There it is " he whispers.

A few rows down sits several bottles filled with a purple sludge that seemed alive, swirling around and almost staring at Akil. He squints and lightly taps the bottle almost

scoldingly before picking it up. He can hear the soft murmuring of all the plants and a few of his employees as he walks back to the front and plops down the bottle. “ That’ll be 10 000”

“ What ” Mathieu's hat seems to fall over his eyes before he pushes it back up, looking incredulously at the other man.

“ 10 000 “ The dark skinned man holds out his hand, making the commonly known gesture as pay up.

“ Are you thick in the head- that's robbery! For such a stupid rubbish I could find outside in the damn forest myself “ The other man huffs rising his nose even higher crossing his arms as he stops a foot like a petulant child.

“ Rubbish, just for that it's 11 000 you cur, this takes years to prepare and you know damn well it's saved your wife's life in the past, pay up or get out” He snarls, giving no room for argument. Mathieu huffs louder, stomping his foot even harder and starts to whisper under his breath, the air in the store getting more humid and thick. Akil nips that in the bud when he bends down and grabs his shoe, launching it across at the man.

It smacks him right in the face and falls to the ground with a soft clack. Mathieu just stares in shock and Akil slams his fists down on the table, making the bottles shake. “ Try that again and I swear I will come over there myself and beat you black and blue you two tongue prat. “

Mathieu's mouth opens and closes as blood starts to drip down from his nose and he hands over the money mutely. Picking up the bottle and walks out, large hat still hitting some of the lower hung plants before leaving out the door.

Akil curses under his breath and pinches the bridge of his nose. Will those damn mages ever learn.