

Chapter 11: Banshee's Wail

Contrary to popular belief, the inner city of Coredam knew many places just beyond the PKF's reach and dictation. One such place was a rather seedy hole in the wall, or so it seemed.

A bar, a well-known one, named after the original tavern that once stood on those same foundations. The Crescent Rose, it was called, and it had some of the best drinks in all of Coredam.

Even so, it was not visited as much as it used to be. Rumour had it that it used to be the Overseer's favourite place to kick back after work. Many there claimed to know the man.

Maybe there was only one that truly did.

His eyes were a bleeding red, his skin pale yet dull, like ash, as he peered from his seat in the back, shuffling a deck of cards.

He was called the Banshee, and no one ever came there to talk to him. No, none ever talked, yet some dared challenge him.

That night, a challenger walked in, his shoulders broad and chest full. He paced towards the table in one straight line, coming to a halt just in front, to look upon the one with the charcoal hair.

No words were uttered as he took a seat at the other end of the table. The game had begun the moment he walked in. He knew the rules.

The Banshee laid out his cards before him.

One card, the visage of a great depth, fathomless, empty.

Second, a frozen lake, barren yet breathing.

Finally, to which the Banshee finally made a sound, the end.

His expression remained stoic, but his breathing had changed. It had grown irregular, lost in thought. The man ahead of him frowned, gently tapping his hands on the table as if to conjure up a ghost.

Challenger: "I... I'm still here. Hah! I am still here!"

The man's bewildered celebrations fell on death ears as the Banshee gathered his cards and got up with the loud shoving of his eat. It scraped harshly over the floor and fell over as the red-eyed one started to pace towards the door.

Challenger: "Hey! Hey- Wait! Y-you still owe me something!"

Without turning around, the Banshee dropped a small blue gemstone upon the floor, to which the challenger immediately scrambled, pocketing it and guarding it closely, as if it could disappear any moment. By the time he looked up again, the Banshee was already gone.