

I remember this man, he was in his forties, and he was quite drunk. He entered my sweet abode, or well, that's how I want to call it, but it was nothing more than a reception center, really.

That man was not home, and I was supposed to entertain our guest until he returned. I kept my polite smile as I welcomed him in, "Welcome, the Lord is currently not available, but I would kindly ask of you to wait until his return."

"Lord? Are you role-playing or something? Aren't you too old for that?", he said while pointing a half-empty bottle of liquor at me.

Now, I was quite agitated, but as I knew my position, and the fact our guest was quite drunk, I swallowed hard and continued, "No matter. All your questions will be answered when "he" returns, I am nothing more than a receptionist, so to say. I'm sure you have a lot of questions."

By the time I finished, the drunk man was already at the other end of the room, looking at a door, it seemed like he ignored me completely.

"Hey... Hey! You! The servant guy! I want out! This door won't open." he shouted while trying to open the door.

"I am sorry, but leaving is impossible until the Lord returns. And that is not the door to the place you came from, but to the garden. I can take you there if you want." I said calmly.

"Huh? I'm sure I came from here! Don't lie to me, let me out, now!", he shouted while throwing his half empty bottle of liquor near my feet.

I was sure it was aimed at me, but I knew better than to react to such blatant provocations, so I snapped my fingers and made the door open all the while making the broken shards and liquor disappear.

The man looked at me in utter disbelief, and I could see his eyes fill up with fear.

His drunkenness was nowhere to be seen anymore.

I made a habit of showing magic from that day forward, as it made dealing with people a lot easier.

"W-was that magic?", he asked when we were already sitting in my garden drinking tea. His interest for the garden seemed to be nonexistent, which dissatisfied me greatly. I put immense effort in it, and I can confidently say it's one of the most beautiful gardens in the world, and seeing someone not taken in by its beauty is irritating.

"Hm, what do you think? Was it?" I decided to tease him, as I didn't particularly care on keeping a good impression anymore.

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A few hours passed, and it seemed like the initial fright I gave him sobered him up quite well. He annoyed me about the magic trick I showed him at the beginning at first, but after I threatened him a bit, he stayed mostly

put.

He didn't seem especially bright.

I was reading a book in the garden when that man showed up.

"Heya! Did anyone new show up?"

He asked cheerily.

"Yes," I answered while clapping my book shut.

"He's sitting in the reception room." I continued while getting up from the sofa.

"Reception room?" He said in a confused voice. "Why is he not with you?"

"He insisted on waiting for you there." I answered with a slight smirk.

"Anyways, I hope you have a fun time, he's... unique." I added while seeing him off to the reception room.

My vision was blurred, and I experienced sudden deafness.

I was familiar with these symptoms, so I didn't panic. I waited for them to pare down.

As my hearing gradually returned, I started listening to the sounds around me. My vision was still blurry.

I focused on a few distinct voices that seemed to be in the vicinity.

"Does Pierre think this is going to make our ratings go up? We're already at risk of getting cancelled. Why would he bet everything on some random stranger?", one of the voices said. It was feminine, and it carried a certain dose of anxiety.

Before I could collect my thoughts, another voice mixed in, "I may not know why he did this without consulting any of us, but I know he is always thinking of our well-beings, and of the success of the show before anything else." The voice was male and quite rough, but it carried a tremendous amount of faith.

"I agree with Hugo on this matter, Camille, I think we should wait at least until after the show before confronting him." A third voice mixed in, it was neutral and carried no distinct characteristics.

"Are you both out of your minds?! We need to stop this now! This is going to put us out of our jobs!" Camille shouted.

"And do what? Do we have a backup plan? Can you bring someone to the show in less than 10 minutes? That guy is our main guest."

I was startled to hear the fourth voice, it seems he has only been listening in until now. The voice was passive, and you could find a hint of annoyance and tiredness in it.

My vision gradually returned, and I could now make out their overall appearances.

One of them was huge, as wide as the other three combined. His hair was short, military style, and he wore a camouflaged jacket and jeans. His jacket was half-zipped, and beneath it was a green shirt.

Two figures were standing next to him. They seemed very similar, around 170cm in height, tiny compared to the giant, and also much slimmer. The one to the left wore glasses and a black suit, while the one to the right was wearing a grey hoodie with regular blue jeans.

Across them stood the only woman in the group, she was a bit shorter than the two previously mentioned, and her mesmerizing blonde hair formed a bun. She wore a regular, white office shirt and a tight knee-length black skirt.

"Urgh! I know that! That's why I'm so angry.

We let Pierre deal with everything, and it led to this!" She said while messing her hair up from frustration.

After saying this, she stormed off.

When they saw her leave, sighs escaped from all three of them simultaneously, and after an awkward pause, they all left in different directions.

The studio had a cosy atmosphere, it had two armchairs in the centre of the room, behind them was a fireplace, and in between the two armchairs was a small table,

just big enough to fit two cups of coffee. The walls were covered with bookshelves, and in the corner to the left was a sofa with a table.

On the armchair to my right sat a plump, short man. He was in his forties, but nature didn't do him a favour concerning hair, he was almost devoid of any. He wore a brown suit with a green tie and had a large paunch. He was reading something, probably a script, when Claude sat on the free chair to the left.

It has been around one month since our last encounter, and it seemed like he has changed, at least appearance-wise.

He wore a flashy outfit, so flashy in fact you couldn't look at it for a prolonged period of time. He reminded me of a magician, the only difference was, he didn't have the typical hat they all wear. A shame. His expression was full of pride, and arrogance. Kind of funny if you remembered how docile he was in front of me just a few weeks ago.

Silence descended for a few minutes, until the short, plump man put his papers aside and asked, "You know what you're supposed to do, right?"

"Of course," was all that escaped Claude's mouth.

