

Chapter 18



Morph was an old port town that looked like it was about to fall apart any second. Fomo is the complete opposite. This port town looks very much put together, and fancy, and has a large church sitting in the middle of the town, impossible to miss. Like Riptide, Fomo is surprisingly busy compared to everywhere else. It's nice to see that there's some life in some towns at least.

"I heard the ones who built this town were so scared that Morph was going to get everything and that Fomo would miss out. Apparently, that's why they put so much effort into making it look nice and new." Mira says as you approach a large statue of some famous sailor or something.

"Why were they scared of missing out?"

"Because Morph is closer to the capital, and closer to more people. But I do find it funny how the two port towns who can only ship to each other across the lake look more like ports than the ones who can ship to other kingdoms," Mira laughs. She has a point. The only port Fomo can ship to is Morph and vice versa. It's not very profitable.

You head over to a building near the docks which, you were told by a random person you asked, is where you can find Ronn. Inside is a nice communal area and bar, much like the one in Morph, but this one looks newer. Behind the bar is a wooden door with a small sign that says "Ronn Duckson" in tiny letters, as if he had to have a sign there but didn't actually want people to know that's his office. A young woman is tending the bar, or pretending to tend the bar.

"Hi, we would like to talk with Ronn Duckson please," you say politely to her.

"Sorry, you need to make an appointment to see him," she dismisses you.

"Okay, so we'll make an appointment to see him right now," Mira says, already getting impatient.

“He’s busy. I can put you down for the first of Maytember,” she says as she picks up a notepad behind the bar.

Mira puts her hands on the bar. “Look, we don’t have time for this bullshit. You will let us see him, or we will...” you see her shadow start to detach itself from Mira, and you put a hand on her shoulder, pulling her carefully away from the bar.

“Excuse my friend, she hasn’t gotten her beauty sleep,” you say and you can feel Mira’s distaste for your words. The woman looks at her amused.

“Tell you what,” she says, leaning forward on the bar. “I will let you see him if you do me a favour.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Mira says and detaches herself from the conversation.

“What do you want?” you ask.

“There’s this guy in Phoenix who has something of mine, and I want it back. I went there for some...personal business,” she says with a hint of mischief in her eyes. “I left before he woke up the next morning, but I forgot my bracelet. It’s very important to me, so if you get it back for me, I’ll let you see him.”

“No,” Mira says, returning to the conversation, and you panic slightly as you see the shadows start to creep into her eyes again. “No more. We have come all this way, done so much bullshit, and if you don’t let us see him, I will tear down that door and drag him out.” The barwoman doesn’t flinch.

“Mira!” you snap. She doesn’t respond, she’s fuming. Then, shadows start swirling around her, completely enveloping her before they and Mira disappear. You’re silent for a moment, looking at the space where Mira once stood. Taking a deep breath, mostly to calm yourself down, you turn towards the woman. “We’ll try our best to get your bracelet back for you,” you say and smile, but it’s not quite reaching your eyes. The woman’s smile, however, does reach her eyes.

“Excellent! You’re looking for a guy named Brakin. Tell him June Ludport sent you.” And with that, she’s back to pretending to tend the bar.

You nod, and head outside again, having no clue of where to even begin to look for Mira. You don’t have to wonder for long though. As soon as you take a few steps outside, you hear her behind you.

“Please tell me you didn’t agree.” She’s leaned against the building wall, her arms folded. Luckily, she’s looking normal again, but for how long? You don’t respond immediately, and she sighs. She pushes herself off the wall and walks towards you. “Pernille, we are so close. We are literally in the only town right now that can get us to that damn warlock. You can’t seriously mean we have to leave again just to do some stranger’s errand.”

“It’s just one small errand,” you say, trying to hold back some words you’d very much like to say right now.

“And then another, and another. Pernille, we’ve soon visited every single populated area in this entire kingdom.” She’s taking deep breaths, trying to calm herself. “You could’ve at least tried to use your status to convince her.”

“No, Mira. We’re doing this,” you say, leaving no room for argument. You would have like to be finished too, but after Mira’s little outburst in there, you kind of felt like you owed June. “And please, will you stop just disappearing?”

She looks at you and sighs. “Sorry, I just needed to get out of there.”

“Okay, but next time please just walk out or storm out or whatever you want. You know what your powers are doing to you, and I can’t tell if you’re still worried or if you’ve stopped caring. I know you have a short temper and all, but it’s never been this short. You were the one who kept saying you shouldn’t use them. Now you’re all back and forth, and you still keep saying you shouldn’t use them, but then you do anyway.” you’ve pulled the plug and you can’t stop the stream. You have to catch your breath afterwards.

Mira is taking in every single word you’re saying, and she knows you’re right. “Let’s just get this over with,” she says and walks off in the direction of the main road.

You stand and watch her for a moment before you move to catch up. You’re starting to resent the warlock for making you go on this quest.

“Hey, maybe we should stop by the church. Get a little exorcism going,” you say, half joking. Mira laughs, and for now the mood is lifted again. But you can’t keep doing this. You can’t keep fighting with her and then have one of you lift the mood for just a moment by some joke. You know this good mood will not last, and that makes your heart sink. Maybe the warlock can help once you reach him? You won’t know until you try, but the hope that he can help keeps you going, at least for now.