

Verse 1

Verthund woke up and was immediately overrun by pain coming from everywhere in her body. She stood motionless in the bed and tried to arrange her thoughts. She first had to check how badly she was injured. She kept her eyes shut and once the ache had subsided a bit, she started to feel her body. Without moving at first, she tensed her muscles to see how they reacted. Then she used her hands to check for wounds. She found various bandages around her belly and legs, but most importantly around her head, which made her wince when she touched it. She finally opened her eyes.

She was in a small room. A bedroom, if the bed she was on could be of any information. But beside that she could only see a small nightstand, covered by a metal tray cluttered by gauze and various bottles. The room was plunged in darkness, which made any attempt at seriously investigate her surroundings fruitless. The only light came from a small window, sitting on the wall on the opposite side of her. It didn't shed much light on the place, so it was probably late. She sighed and tried to remember the last events, but couldn't recollect much, everything was a blur in her head. She sat up and the pain in her belly made her groan.

"You really should stay in bed." A silhouette detached itself from the shadows around the window. Verthund cursed herself for not noticing that someone else was in the room.

"I didn't mean to startle you," the silhouette drew closer to her but stayed out of clear sight, and her headache made it that much harder to clearly see him. She could tell it was a man, both by his voice and his stature, but with his back turned against the light she couldn't make up any of his features.

"Who are you?" Her voice was shaking.

"It doesn't really matter right now," the man dismissed her question with a wave of the hand, "what's important is how you feel."

"A bit drowsy," Verthund ran her hand on the bandage in her forehead, "I guess I have you to thank for this."

She could see the man smile in the gloom. He then went to the nightstand and picked up a small bottle. He held it in front of his eyes and made the liquid inside twirl as he uncorked it. When he did a fetid smell filled the room.

"Ugh," Verthund couldn't prevent a small gasp when she smelled it.

"I know it stinks, but as they say, it means it's effective."

He gave the bottle to Verthund and she gingerly picked it. The smell was much stronger now. She lifted it to her eyes and could see a distorted image of the man through the bottle.

"You want me to drink this?"

He nodded. "Yes. I used to give it to you, but seeing as you're awake..."

"Yes, I would rather do it on my own."

She wondered if it was wise, drinking a strange liquid from an unknown man. But she didn't see any other option. She lifted the bottle to her lips and gulped the liquid. She choked on the smell, but managed to drink most of it. She had a lot of questions for the man, but she fell asleep almost instantly.