

Entry FCK25 - Thursday, 16th of June, 20XX

I woke up in bed after the last day. Yeah, I felt better. I'm still thinking about the situation from last evening, but I try to not pay much attention to it. New day, new ways to screw up the things that may happen.

Jokes aside, I was curious about the contact Zavish left me on our parting. Would it be my chance to finally be a proper member of this community? I was optimistic about it. I suspected that it wouldn't be a trap. It's not in his style.

However, one thing keeps bugging me. It's about the goat, saying that he's not a demon. It sounded... a bit not like him. I can't properly describe it, but I understand what that was. Least to say that when he said that, something magical came out of his mouth.

And I still can't understand what his exact condition is. Is it related to that curse that he supposedly has? Or is there something else? There has to be something else that I don't know. If I can't sense what exactly is happening with him then it's something far worse than I imagined.

But I don't think he would like my help. At least in that moment. For now, I want to focus on myself. After I returned to Grandma's house, I took a shower, so my horns got back to their golden color. Then, I had some sleep.

I stood up from my bed and quickly cleaned my room. Then, I dressed in my usual clothes, not the ones that Grandma gave me. I was prepared to leave my room and I did that. Then, I was following my nose.

I went downstairs, looking for Grandma. Even if I knew where she was, I was always enjoying that little walk from my room to the place where she was, which was the kitchen. As I got there, I noticed her frying steaks on the wide pan.

She ordered me to sit down and I did that, waiting for her to finish. I took that time to continue on thinking about my contact. Perhaps it wasn't a trap, but I had no idea what kind of a demon I could meet at that moment. Not even knowing if it was a Slavic one.

My train of thought was interrupted by a steak and some bread slices placed before me. I grabbed them quickly and started eating my meal, with Grandma joining me shortly after. We were eating in peace, even if I did so really quickly.

"My love for your cooking keeps growing with each day, Grandma," I said with a happy tone.

"Oh my..." The old lady chuckled quickly. "Thank you, dear. You must've been really hungry."

"I was." I nodded. "Especially after yesterday."

"What happened yesterday?" She asked me, curious about my adventures."

"Eh..." I sighed deeply, making a big pause before my answer. "First of all, I got rejected from the other job I had..."

"I'm sorry to hear that." Grandma sounded a bit concerned.

"Then, I met with my friend," I continued with my story. "We chatted a bit and then, she took me to her place. She was suddenly acting strange and I asked her what she was doing and we engaged in a deep conversation. After that, I comforted her, giving her some time to arrange things in her head."

"You did a good thing, Sulmir." Her tone contained some pride.

"Next, I met with my other friend, where I had to help him with one of his things..." I began to sound noticeably more sad. "In one situation, I wanted to help him, but I made things worse. Because of that, we got into an argument. With him saying that he doesn't want to see me again."

"Eh..." The wolfess sighed, placing her hand on my palm. "Just give him time, Sulmir. He may calm down later."

"Yeah..." I wasn't really sure of that. "I want to ask you something, Grandma. But I think it's not the time for that."

"Just ask," Grandma said with a soothing tone.

"What is your view on existence?" I asked her.

"Ah, I get it now..." The old lady realized what topic I proposed. "You want to get philosophical. True, it's not the time for that, I'll respond regardless. My view on existence is just my own. You can copy it and live with it, but I won't guarantee it will fit you. I was trying to live as happily as I could, even in the worst circumstances. And I had a happy life overall. It wasn't the best, sure. There are things that I regret to this day. But I don't want to change what I experienced. And most of all, I don't want to spend the rest of my time thinking about "what if". It won't change anything anyway."

"Wow..." I was quite shocked by her response. "Interesting view on a mor... I mean, on life. Just life. But tell me, Grandma... Do you believe people can have their calling? Like having a nature that makes them do things?"

"As I believe, every person has some good and evil in them," the wolfess continued with her explanation. "Everyone has them in different proportions. It's not for me to judge if someone is born inherently evil, for example. Some people may have their callings in life, but for many, it's not revealed. So they continued to live normally. The nature of a person is influenced by many things. And thus, it can change many times. That's how fragile we are, Sulmir."

"Yeah..." I got a bit sad by her words, considering the fact she doesn't know what I am. "But if that's true then I certainly appreciate that I could meet you, Grandma. You make my stay in Khorogard a lot more bearable."

"I'm glad I could help you." Her grip on my hand tightened a bit. "Just like usual, the old are here to help the young. And just like usual, the most true form of happiness is in the little things. If you appreciate them more then you'll see that life isn't as bad as you could think."

"I'll remember that, Grandma." I nodded with respect.

"Well, I have to do some chores now, Sulmir." The wolfess took her hand away and stood up from her seat. "Such as doing a bit of cleaning in the house. I'd ask you for help, but... you don't know this house as well as I do."

"Alright." I stood up as well. "I have to go anyway. I have to meet someone. See you in the evening."

"Take care, Sulmir."

I quickly went to the exit door and went outside. My walk was quite quick, as my curiosity was growing about the demon I had to meet. Will it truly help with getting a proper job here and thus, a normal life in Khorogard?

For that moment, though. I had to go to the bus stop. There was a circus crew going on the street, where they were constantly laughing, even if I didn't know the reason why they were doing that at all. And I eventually reached the stop.

The bus quickly arrived and I went inside just as quickly. I looked at the schedule before entering and I knew that exact one was heading in the direction I wanted. Where did I want to go that day? Into the Old Town.

It was the place where Khorogard was created, from what I assumed. The oldest part of the city and the style was supposed to reflect that. I was curious about what that district looked like on my way to the contact.

On my way to the Old Town district, I was thinking again about Zavish's situation. It kept bothering me. He wasn't an ordinary mortal, but I didn't sense that he was a demon either. I'm sure I'm missing the necessary information to solve that riddle.

There could be some people who would say he's a cambion, or half-demon, as few call it. However, I would sense that as well and I didn't. Then, I even threw out another similar possibility that could explain that whole situation, but I knew that those were just myths.

I was thinking about it more time than I should have and I realized that I got into the Old Town. My first view of it and I was stunned by its beauty. It was like when I just set my hoof on Yav. With some modern changes, but most of the details match.

Then suddenly, I realized something. I didn't call Zavish's contact that I'd arrive. And arriving unexpectedly can be somewhat rude. So I took out my phone and found the contact's name. Or at least the way the goat wrote it down. Either way, I made a call.

"Yeah?" A deep voice could be heard in the speaker.

"Zavish gave me your number," I explained, speaking a little quieter than usual. "He said that you could help me. Was he talking to you about it yesterday?"

"Maybe, maybe not..." His tone was indifferent. "Are you sure you spoke to Zavish?"

"I gave him my phone and he left the contact to you," I continued with my explanation. "He named your contact "Fourhorny"."

"Heh..." I could hear the chuckle in my speaker. "That sounds like him. When do you want to meet?"

"Now?" I was a bit confused about this whole situation. "I'm actually in Old Town, going by bus."

"Good." His tone was neutral. "I'll give you the directions, so you can get to me quickly."

And I was listening carefully to the demon's directions, repeating them with him to make sure I remembered correctly. After I was sure, we ended the call. I could take the rest of my ride time to look at the Old Town.

It was really interesting to look at that district with all of its modern additions that for most of the time, they were blending quite well with the whole architecture of that part of Khorogard. As I went back in time for a few centuries.

Of course, there was some modern stuff in there, but there was surprisingly not a lot of it in Old Town. Even if they were produced with modern methods, most of the clothes or vehicles were old-fashioned.

And the use of the red plus grey bricks, the smooth curves of the roofs with rough edges of the walls, the use of some Slavic symbols incorporated into some of the designs... That was beautiful, which was the least I could say about it.

I've made my point to visit that district sometime in the future and explore it in detail. I probably should start my job hunt from there. Instead of going through roughly half of Khorogard. At least I could find some friends in this city. But also some enemies.

Eventually, I got to the bus stop that I should take. After leaving the vehicle, I went to the right. If he didn't lie, I was on the street where he was supposedly leaving. There, I had to look for "a mansion worthy of an old demon."

On my way there, I sensed something interesting. I sensed it while in the bus, but outside, it was clearer. There was a lot of magic in the air there. Demonic magic. It felt like a big amount of demons were living there.

After several minutes of walking, I found a huge house that indeed could be considered a mansion. It had a considerable amount of dark green details on its exterior. I didn't look much at it, though. I just went to the door and knocked on it.

From the opened door, a man appeared. It had the features of a wolf, like nose, tail, and hand, but I could also see four goat horns and hooves. He also had brown fur and blue eyes. My eyes weren't deceiving me.

"Well, well, well..." The man said with his deep voice, but he had a small smile on his face. "Been a while since I met another matoha."

"Same." I chuckled. "Zavish should have sent me to you earlier."

"I suspect he wanted to do good." The matoha crossed his arms on his chest. "But since he sent me to you, that means you screwed up something bad."

"Yeah, I argued with him..." I got a bit embarrassed but returned to my confident attitude. "I wanted to do good, but I just screwed something up."

"Just give him time," he replied. "He should be fine. Want to come inside?"

"Sure."

The matoha invited me inside his place and I followed him. In the interior, I noticed that a lot of wood was used. Darker types of wood. But the designs were incredibly detailed. Not the house of a multimillionaire, but it still had an expensive look.

The demon dragged us inside the living room. I sat down on the couch, while he went towards the armchair. I noticed that he only had a white tank top and blue underwear on him. It looked like he went out of sleep not long ago.

"So what's your name?" The host asked.

"Sulmir." I introduced myself. "Yours?"

"Semezkh." The matoha smiled wildly.

"Just between us..." I wanted to ask him a question. "How old are you?"

"More than one thousand mortal years," Semezh replied while making himself more comfortable in the armchair. "I was around even before Khorogard was a thing."

"That explains why I feel a lot of power resonance coming from you," I said to him.

"Well, but we're here to not talk about me." The demon chuckled. "We're here because of you."

"Yeah..." I sighed. "I need your help, Semezh. I need to find a proper job, so I can live as a normal person in Khorogard?"

"Can you resist your nature?" The host asked, interested in a bit more about me.

"Only for some time." I got a bit more sad.

"So you're just like other matohas I met," Semezh said with a neutral tone. "Listen, Sulmir. The things we've learned in medieval times? Or in the age of enlightenment? Forget about those. We're now in a new era. An era where surviving in the cities is more important than surviving in the woods. The laws are more strict now and those aren't good times for those that don't want to adapt. Because you either adapt to live in Khorogard or you can just return into the woods since you won't fit in this society."

"Eh..." I sighed. "I miss the old times..."

"Me too..." The matoha nodded. "But we're just guests in this realm, Sulmir. This realm belongs to the mortals. We can only influence it, not control it. Perhaps because of this influence, this world looks like the way it looks. Perhaps it's because of the inherent human nature. Or perhaps it's something that you and I both can't even comprehend."

"So... will you help me?" I asked, a bit uncertain.

"Before that, tell me about what happened between you and Zavish."

"Alright..." I focused on myself, so I could provide the answer. "Zavish invited me for a heist and had to go with him. We went to get one thing, actually got it, but we had to escape from some lady. We slid down the rope and while she was doing the same, I cut the rope, so she could fall and die from the impact. Zavish was angry that I just killed a mortal, where I had good intentions and we got into an argument. We both said a bit too much to ourselves, so we parted ways."

"Okay..." Semezh acknowledged the information I provided him. "For now, I can only provide you with the gear."

"What gear?" I was confused.

"Follow me."

We both stood up and I was going behind the fellow matoha into the basement. I was still careful, but also curious about what he would show me. We went into the big room in that basement, where I saw the gear that this witch hunter had.

"Incredible collection," I said with respect.

"Thank you." Semezh smiled a bit. "For a fellow witch hunter, I'll provide you with some gear that might help with surviving in this world."

"I thought you'd just call someone to give me a job." I was uncertain about that whole situation. "Or that you'll just give me something to do."

"Sulmir, you harmed my friend," matoha said with a serious tone. "How can I be sure that you won't do the same for me?"

"Is it bad that I wanted to protect him?" I started asking him questions. "Is it bad that I follow my nature? Is it bad that I want this world to be a better place?"

"It is bad that you follow your calling instead of following your heart," Semezh responded, looking through his collection.

"You say that as it is easy to change a demon's nature." I crossed my arms on my chest.

"Actually, it is easy." He chuckled. "If you believe it has power over you, it will have power over you. When you realize that your calling has no power over you, then things become easier. Did you even give that approach a try?"

"No..." I looked down at the floor, realizing that I didn't try anything like that.

"Besides..." Semezh began to take some weapons with him. "No matter if you do things with or against your nature, it's still done by your hands. And you should take responsibility for your actions. Which is easier to do when it's your own decision, not some hidden force that you've imagined that exists. I know that is not easy to change, but you'll lose nothing if you try."

"Alright." I released my arms and then smiled. "Thank you, matoha."

"You're welcome, matoha." The fellow witch hunter laughed a bit. "Now, it's time to get you geared up."

He showed me the armor that I was supposed to wear. Something like a black leather jacket with some green elements that had an extended back side, making it a bit like a coat as well. I had matching pants for it that looked more tight than loose. Plus fingerless gloves and a cloth mask.

I chose to change up into it immediately. I was a bit surprised it was fitting me, considering that Semezh was noticeably shorter than me, but it was indeed suiting me. I felt like in my old days. It was a good feeling.

Then, some set of weapons. First was the war hammer which looked a bit like some kind of an artifact. I hung it on my back. Then, a longsword that could extend its length considerably if any kind of blood would be used, including mine. But it could also use blood-related attacks.

After that, I got some weapons with longer reach. First was a small crossbow that could fit on my forearm. And a variety of bolts for different situations. The other was a pistol made in Czechia that was firing .45 ACP, as it was written on it. Plus some magazines and a holster for it.

I was swapping the places for my new weapons until I could eventually find a configuration that was fitting for me. Warhammer on my back, sword on my left hip, pistol on my right hip, and crossbow on my left forearm.

Semezh said that he had a job for me and I got interested. However, he also said that he'll give me more details on the way. We began to leave the basement. And I was really curious about what kind of a job I would do.