

Scampering through the street between towering people, a Kobold weaved her way hurriedly through the crowd. Jostling after her came human guards brandishing swords and shouting curses. Daring a panicked peek over her shoulder at her pursuers, Kem ducked into the next alleyway, throwing herself into the cramped space between stone wall and abandoned crates. Dragging her tail in harshly, Kem clamped her claws around her snout. The heavy footsteps of the guards paused at the alley entrance, and she squeezed her eyes shut. Closer, and closer...

But the hiding place protected her once more. With ominous mutters, the footsteps receded. When she could stand it no longer, Kem wriggled back out of the pile. Glancing around quickly to ensure the coast was clear, Kem approached a large wooden door. As she anxiously reached up and rapped a short sequence on the unremarkable door, Kem fingered her growing optimism thought. The muted clack of an almost invisible slit opening in the door snapped her from this reverie.

Quietly she stepped

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Grimmnir stopped suddenly, and Kem stumbled on for a moment before turning. A small, familiar piece of carved horn hung on a broken drawstring between Grimmnir's claws.

"This was everything to her. She would never give it up without a fight..."

"How... what are you saying?"

Grimmnir met Kem's eyes, burning with a fire she had never seen before.

"I found it behind Witton's manor... Kem, there were bloodstains.

She's gone..."

It was only a few days later...

Kem pelted along familiar streets, the towering crowd around her swinging kicks and throwing trash after her. Just behind her came others armed with anything they could get their hands on. Glancing over her shoulder in fright, she sensed Akko engaged in his own race through their bond.

Kem spun on instinct, and lunged into a cramped space where old crates didn't quite meet the wall. As the thunder of feet passed and the not-quite silence of Antoria settled once more, her thoughts turned to what had happened. Snublu's murder, Akko's secret meeting with Witton's unwilling "daughter"

...and then the message from the Dragon's Voice.

Vain, greedy, selfish, craven... Kobolds.

Reports of claws.