

Gunslinging Seer

The bar was like purgatory, bustling with sinful souls. Men played cards in the corner, gambling their lives and savings away. A bartender dashed behind the counter, serving pitch-black liquid 'courage' to dying men shrouded in smoke. An old piano up against the wall was beautifully, yet miserably, being played by a man with his arm shrouded in devilflame, evidence of a deal made many blood moons ago, as the flame had crept from his hand to the right of his face. Soon his entire right side would be flaming with that creature's fire.

The templars in the bar tried to not intermingle with the sinners, staring at them disdainfully, practically hoping for them to test their luck so they had an excuse to put their boots down on their skulls. Beastmen strolled in and out, chomping cigars and flashing toothy grins stained with crimson from previous hunts.

Despite all the varied activities throughout the bar, everyone had at least one eye trained on a man in the back right corner alone with a starsteel flask, occasionally sipping while shuffling a deck of cards speckled with stars. Tarot cards. He was a seer, and thus, as seers do, didn't associate with the un insightful. The seers were a peculiar bunch. Most agreed that trifling with them wasn't the wisest decision, but most of the time, what were they going to do? Tell you you'd die in 20 years?

The poker table's dealer, a gnarly and wicked horn growing from his head, stood up to go and taunt the seer. The dealer sat down at the table, for once being the one dealt to, and without a second of hesitation, the seer spoke with a voice wiser than a thousand mountain-priests.

"Choose your card, sinner." The seer said bluntly. The dealer laughed nervously and chose the middle card, and when he flipped it over, he gazed upon a reaper, and at the top of the card read "DEATH" seemingly in blood. Before the dealer could even stand it was too late, he felt cold steel on his forehead and screamed, his howl of terror cut short by a gunshot and the sound of his own heavy body thumping against the wooden floor. And for this one action, the seer quickly had 4 rifles, each in the hand of a gambler, aimed at him from the poker table. Each rifle glowed with the powerful deal each player had made with a beast or devil, and their hands shook with unease.

"STAND UP SEER!" A winged man shouted, slowly inching towards the seer with his rifle aimed at the man. The templars sat on edge also, hands on their weapons, ready for the brawl to break out. The player finally reached spitting distance with the seer, and he couldn't stop shaking.

“Come on now, you know you don’t wanna die. Or are you confident in fate’s dice roll that you’ll live?” The seer said with a cocky grin. The gambler’s eyes went wide and his jaw dropped, his bluff was called. His muscles twitched and power visibly coursed through him into his weapon. In anger, his finger curled back onto the trigger, his smile twisting upward slightly on his disgusting face. Before he could pull the trigger though, his arm was cut into chunks, causing him to scream out in terror. He reached for his sidearm with his other hand, but he felt buckshot tear into his stomach and turn his organs to shreds. The gambler slumped back and coughed up his own heart in his dying moments. His heart was black with demonic energy. It quickly faded and shriveled to dust as the power left his body. The man on the floor looked up at the seer, who had a curved dagger poised to plunge into the gambler’s head. Through the pain, the gambler opened his mouth to scream, but no noise came out. He suddenly jumped up, screaming in his seat at the poker table.

“John! You alive you jackass?” The dealer at the poker table asked crudely. The piano was vibrantly playing again, people were chattering in a soft hush, crystal whiskey glasses still made a thick, dull, and lifeless noise as they slid across the bar.

“W-W-What happened? W-What’s goin on?” John asked, looking around warily as he put his hand on his revolver. He locked eyes with the seer and felt his own sins crawling up his back.

“You damned idiot, it’s your move. We’ve been waitin’ for 10 minutes. So drop out of the game or do somethin.” The dealer said, with the other players at the table grumbling impatiently. John stood up and wandered around, he touched the wall, support posts, even put his hands on his own skin. Everything was solid.

“I... I don’t like the look of that seer in the corner.” John said, staring back over at a now unhooded man, shuffling tarot cards and taking a sip of a glass of dark whiskey.

“Sheriff Wedex? Why not? Jeb Wedex’s been protectin’ Wrypost for 20 years now. Why you ain’t like the look of ‘im all a sudden?” The dealer asked as the rest of the table laughed at John’s wariness and grinned.

“He killed me! He killed me, and he killed you too Jack! THAT MAN ISN’T HUMAN!” John said hysterically, pointing at the dealer, and then at the rest of the table.

“Congratulations... You figured out my power.” The seer stood up, clapping slowly and grinning while a ghostly figure appeared behind him. Every soul in the bar dropped their jaws as the seer had just manifested a devil.