

Vetto woke up, and moved to sit up, but found he was too weak to do so. His whole body hurt, and he felt like he had been split in half. He became aware of the bed he lay on. It was a little too short and his feet hung awkwardly off it. There were also bandages wrapped around his upper body and the top of his head. His eyes stared at an unfamiliar ceiling. Those weren't the wooden beams of the cabin he lived in, but grey stone. He could see that the bed was by a wall with a small window high up. A beam of light shone through it, and motes of dust floated in it.

Vetto tried to sit up once again, wincing at the pain in his muscles. He was more successful this time, and was able to survey the rest of his surroundings. It was a small room. There was a table with a chair by another wall, and a heavy looking door with a small barred window in the opposite wall. He was in a holding cell of some kind, Vetto concluded. That suspicion was only reinforced when Vetto couldn't find his grimoire anywhere.

Vetto had no memory of how he got here, or what happened before. Like something had taken control of his body. Last thing he remembered was meeting this strange white haired man with golden eyes and red tattoos on his face.

"How did I get here?.." He mused aloud to himself, his voice raspy like it had been overworked before. Like he had been screaming on top of his lungs but couldn't remember it.

Vetto's thoughts were interrupted by a sound of approaching steps on the outside of his cell. The door opened with a horrible creak that made Vetto cover his ears, and a man walked in. He was tall, dressed in brown pants and white undershirt with a black cape covering one shoulder. A golden outline of a bull skull was emblazoned on the cape. The man looked tired and had a cigarette in his mouth. He also seemed weirdly familiar but Vetto couldn't remember why. They stared at each other for a few moments.

"Oi, Mr. Despair. You're finally awake."

"Mr... Despair?" Vetto raised one eyebrow. "Who are you?"

"I should be the one asking questions after you nearly killed my entire squad."

"I...what?" Vetto blinked in confusion. He never was particularly violent, although people would assume he was based on his appearance.

"Let's see... You beat the shit out of two of my squad members," The man started counting off the offenses Vetto had apparently committed, "broke another's arms and put an ancient curse on them, tore a guy's leg off, and crushed a girl's throat. Don't play innocent, Mr. Despair."

"I..," Vetto choked out, "I did WHAT?!"

Well, that would definitely explain why he was in a prison cell.

"Now tell me about the Eye of the Midnight Sun or I'll kick your ass again. Surprised you're done in one piece after I cut you with my Dimension Slash. That eye you had must have taken most of the damage..."

Vetto hunched his shoulders in a futile attempt to seem smaller.

"I really don't remember anything. The name seems familiar, but I don't know why. I used to live in the woods near the border with the Diamond Kingdom. I met a strange man with white hair and red markings on his face one day. The last thing I remember is being on the ground and something forcing itself into my mind. Between that and waking up just now, nothing. If you say I did all these violent things, it must have been during that time."

Vetto sighed, trying to remember anything from before he woke up. All that came up was vague feelings of pain and despair. He also realized that he had left his partner behind and disappeared on them with no warning. His heart sunk. Another thing he'd have to try to fix.

"I am truly sorry," He said quietly, "If there's anything I can do to atone, I will do it."

"So, you really don't remember anything?"

Vetto shook his head.

"You aren't lying," the man stated, blowing a puff of smoke. Vetto stayed motionless, watching him like a cornered beast. He flinched when the man stepped to the table and placed something on it, before turning around and heading towards the door.

"See ya, Mr. Despair."

Vetto sat still for a while after he had left. He then lowered his feet to the floor, and slowly stood up, leaning on the wall for support. He looked towards the table and from this angle could see more clearly what had been left on it. A black cape that surprisingly looked large enough for Vetto's shoulders, with a golden bull insignia on it. Vetto stared at it in disbelief, gears turning and creaking in his groggy head. He might have lived alone in the woods for most of his life but he was aware of the Magic Knights and their Squads. To be chosen for one was a great honour, an honour a cursed beast like him couldn't even dream about. And yet, here it was. A veiled kindness. A second chance.