

Letho grimaced as he hefted the sack over the fence. Normally for something so heavy, the elf would ask for assistance, but tonight it was quiet, and many of the hands had gone to bed. It was not worth waking them. The sack fell into the pen with a wet splat as it tore open, its contents spilling out to the delight of the greedy pigs inside. He hated just being used for this kind of work. It seemed like anytime the assayer wanted to talk, this was what it was about. But the pay was decent and supplemented his business well.

He squatted to lift another sack over the fence. This one was particularly heavy, but keeping the hogs meant feeding them, and everyone in Port Elry seemed to like his bacon. Still, he couldn't help but think that Marth owed him. No doubt Varga and his men would come to town in the next few days looking to find out what happened, though they generally avoided Letho, as the stink of the pigs was unpleasant.

If they came, it wouldn't matter anyway. There'd be nothing to find.

A metallic glint caught his eye as he turned to leave. Sticking out of the sack the pigs were gorging themselves on was a hand, pale and fleshy. A silver ring adorned one of its fingers.

Swearing to himself in his native tongue, Letho opened the gate and shooed away the hungry pigs, bending down to remove the ring. It would not budge. Letting out another foreign curse, he reached to his belt, withdrawing an old pair of snips. With a crunch he removed the finger and was able to retrieve the ring. He scowled at the severed digit before tossing it at the pigs, who greedily slurped it up.

Letho returned to the pen gate and closed it, quickly inspecting the mud now caked on his boots. Mumbling to himself, he scraped them on the fence before turning and ambling to the barn door.