Echoes of Memories

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Summary

Grillby finds an echo flower that he's never seen before in his kitchen.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
flower had to say.

It was a strange voice Grillby had never heard before, but at the same time, it made him feel safe and loved. "I hope you have a great day, dear. I love you!" It was a chipper voice, laced with a loving accent Grillby hadn't heard before. Grillby frowned at it, his soul pounding. Why did he feel like he knew the one who spoke through the echo flower? The voice didn't match anyone he knew, though... Not any of his friends, regulars, a passerby perhaps? No, he didn't recognize anyone with that accent. And why had they told them they loved *him*?

Resting the glass back over the flower, Grillby picked up the wooden base and moved to one of the booths at the side of his bar, setting the flower on the table in front of him. A pang of sadness burrowed its way into the fire elemental's soul, swelling his chest as his flames dimmed, but a thoughtful smile twitched on his face. Tears pricked the sides of his eyes, forcing Grillby to set his glasses aside on the table as he wiped his eyes. They rested back on the bright flower in the dark room.

Finally, he removed the glass case and gently brushed the flower's petals once more. It's words filled the empty, quiet bar. Over, and over again. ...Why did he feel like he should be remembering something- or someone...?

He long forgot about the dishes.

**End Notes**

I've never posted any of my fanfics before uH-
Anyways thank you so much for reading! I know this was pretty short, so I'm sorry about that. ^^'
Any and all criticism is welcome!

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