

Content Warnings: Death, apocalypse talk

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So, it turns out it was the end of the world, in a way.

The planet had shattered.

Life... continued on, though.

It's kinda funny how it does that. Even in the most inhospitable, impossible environments, life found a way.

Eros was letting his mind drift. He was currently staying in a hotel until he could get back to his apartment, and it was fine, he supposed.

As his mind drifted, he thought of tardigrades. The microscopic animals that could survive in space, under immense pressure, and even in extreme temperatures. In this moment, he wondered if Skireans were like tardigrades in that sense. CCCats were capable of surviving in space, after all...

He let out a sigh. Sitting there and thinking wouldn't bring in money, and he sort of needed that in order to keep paying for this hotel.

He got up, cracking his knuckles, and left his hotel room to look for work.

Work.

Gods, it felt like that was all he was doing nowadays.

I suppose it's a good distraction from all the shit that's been happening...

As he left his hotel, he saw a poster on the brick wall of the alleyway next to the hotel and tilted his head. He approached it to read it.

It was a posting for a guild, meant to fend off and predict the ichor beasts spawning in their area. They offered money to those who worked for them, protecting the community and all that.

Eros hummed before he went to find the person in charge of the guild.

He met them in a bar. They had a discussion, a small interview, and he was in. It wasn't unlike the ragtag mercenary group he ran with not so long ago. Just a little less rough around the edges.

Turns out a lot of the other guild members were staying in the same hotel as him as well.

Meetings were held in a nearby warehouse. There were various jobs in the guild — aiding civilians, tracking the Titan and the other ichor beasts, and killing the ichor beasts.

Eros was assigned to the last job, of course. Turns out word of his work had gotten out and the leader was impressed.

He spent the next few weeks hunting the ichor beasts, each one taken out was a little more comfort for the community they'd built on this chunk.

Hell, he'd even started helping teach folks self defense against the beasts. He'd never fancied himself a hero of any kind — what kind of a hero was a hitman for hire? — but he had to admit he did feel a swell of pride in his chest when he saw was a successful teacher.

The death toll went down as more dead ichor beasts piled up. It wasn't easy for most folks to get used to using physical weapons rather than magic, but with Eros' guidance, he made things a bit easier.

As the days continued on, he found himself slowly getting used to things. He did occasionally worry about his apartment, but he figured he'd clean it up when he was able to get to it. Things could be replaced, after all.

He'd heard some people made trips down to the core planet. Research, they said.

Few survived.

He considered signing up as a bodyguard. Protect the idiots that went down there, but then that'd make him one of the idiots down there too, and he wasn't sure if he'd return back home.

Gods.

Eros *really* hoped things would go back to normal soon. Yeah, he was used to this strange new way of life now, but surely the Titan would fall and they'd all be able to go back home one day... right?