

Marshall looks around before taking a quick glance over to his watch. Noting the time it seems his work day is finally over and done. Giving a sigh of relief he begins to put away his makeup products from his prior work this evening. Blushes and mascaras placed in his suitcase neatly and accordingly. Though all this order and peace is ruined the moment he hears a ding from his phone. His ear perking slightly at the familiar ring he turns to see it's from Latte. "Lunch at his place?" He mutters to himself, repeating his words. He hums, "It has been sometime since I have last visited..." he mentions to himself and picks up his phone to reply.

"I'll be there at 3pm. Would you like me to get drinks?" He sends. Soon after he gets a reply,

"Yeah! Pick up some beer and ice cream while you're out I'm all out!" Latte types back. Marshall rolls his eyes, Latte is always so excitable and he hasn't even had a drop to drink yet. Though it's not out of his way to pick up a few things either. "Alright. I'll be there after I go to the convenient store then." He reluctantly agrees and closes up his suitcase. Making his way to the door he says goodbye to his coworkers for the evening and makes his way to the store.

Gazing around the isle he wonders just what exactly Latte drinks anyways. Funny enough they have been dating a while and he hasn't really asked what Latte may enjoy eating or snacking on. Marshall grabs a few different drinks at random and a vanilla ice cream. It's always a safe enough bet. Placing the items on the counter to be scanned he gets an...odd look from the employee. He wonders if maybe he still has makeup somewhere on his clothing but it's overall fine. It's not like he comes here often enough for it to be all that embarrassing. Grabbing the bags he makes his way over to the hotel they are staying at, clicking the elevator to take him up to one of the higher floors. Soon he finds himself at Latte's door, ringing the bell and only moments later being greeted with an embrace from Latte.

"How are yah Marsh!! You took a bit there, come on I got this great new movie I've been wanting to watch, I heard it's a real thriller!" Latte turns and walks inside now after grabbing one of Marshall's bags since he had so many. Marshall sighs, "It seems my walk over took longer than I had thought. I didn't know what you enjoyed so I grabbed a few drinks with some colorful labels." He brushes it off before setting down the ice cream onto the counter, getting some bowls for the two of them. Latte blinks and looks into the bag he has a look at the beers. They all looked rather normal but... "Bacon beer?" He chuckles a bit.

Marshall looks back confused. "Pardon?", though Latte holds up the drink. "Bacon beer!" He laughs as he holds up the drink. Marshall was quick to turn red at the odd beer he ended up grabbing. "Well- surely they all can't be weird, I was in a rush!" But Latte was only laughing louder at the next. "Pizza beer!!" He cackles out. Marshall turns now, "You are surely joking with me now! There is no sure thing!! —,, as ..." he is met with the face of the label... he's so embarrassed. Wanting to hide in his coat.

Latte laughs a bit longer but sets the drinks down, "Hey don't be so soft about it, you rushed over to see me after all. It'd be a waste to not at least try them right?" He nudges Marshall, only to get such a confused look back. "You're joking." Marshall looks back at him seriously. But Latte

shakes his head and pops open the bacon beer. "Now stop whining and join me on the couch! I wanna see this movie today." He teases and walks over to the couch.

Marshall is a bit unsure but he brings over their ice creams and grabs the other beer. Sitting down beside Latte he watches as Latte flicks through each of the channels lazily till he finds the one he's looking for. "Oh! This one!!" He stops and gets comfortable, soon taking a swig of his drink. Marshall stares for a reaction but he doesn't seem to make any... he soon takes a small sip of his own drink. "It tastes..." Marshall begins. "Really bad." He puts his head in his hands. And soon Latte bursts out laughing again. "Yeah! It's pretty bad Marsh, I'm not gonna lie to you!" But he pulls him closer. "At least we still have some ice cream to wash it down." But Marshall just mutters, "I don't want to have more..." he whines.