

Skire portals prompt:

Ultraviolet was a cat on a mission. With his electric guitar was always slung across his back, ready for any impromptu jam session (these rarely happened, but still. There are many, MANY things that helped his chances of stumbling across opportunities for jam sessions.) . Tonight, he was looking for something more than performing to his usual crowd. He wanted to explore.. and not settle for the single dingy bar by his apartment.

The secret to Ultraviolet's sporadic jam-session filled nights lay in the events of one fateful night where he had miraculously stumbled upon his first ever portal. From then on he was a constant search for portals.. and bars that didn't smell like a sewer.

On this particular Friday night, he stood in his cluttered apartment, tail swishing about, surrounded by posters of rock legends and stacks of vinyl records. He knew tonight would be a good night to venture around.

After a good hour or so of searching, he had finally found a portal. The glow of the portal, the hum it made... it was enough to make him giggle like a child in excitement.

"Let's see where the night takes us," he muttered, stepping through the portal with a toothy grin.

He landed in the middle of The Wormling's Nest, a bar known for its eclectic vibe and lively crowd. Neon lights flickered overhead, and the air was thick with the sounds of clinking glasses and laughter (and cigarette smoke.) . Ultraviolet sauntered over to the bar, where the bartender gave him an acknowledging nod.

"Time to find a stage," he said to himself, mumbling to himself as he scanned the room. But the bar was packed, and there didn't seem to be a spot for a solo guitarist to play. Not one to be easily deterred, he quickly found a quiet hall, stumbling upon yet another portal at end of the hallway, and stepped through. Said portal smelled a bit like toilet water and soap, but he didn't mind. It was by a bathroom after all...

This time, he emerged in a smaller, more compact bar that truly felt like stepping into a dream. Trees wrapped in fairy lights illuminated the space, and the soft scent of blooming flowers filled the air. Ultraviolet looked around, hoping to find a stage or an open mic. The ambiance was whimsical (lol, whimsy!!!!) , but tonight he needed more than atmosphere; he needed a place to actually play while fitting into what the bar was already playing .

Finding no stage, Ultraviolet didn't hesitate whatsoever, feeling slightly distraught at the lack of "real energy" (he considered "real energy" to be anything like a club in Miami) in the bar. He ventured for another portal, letting his instincts guide him. He stepped through a small portal in a nearby trashy alley and found himself in a club that was a vibrant homage to the past. The smell of the alley lingered as he stepped further into the bar. Disco balls spun overhead, casting a kaleidoscope of lights, and the retro music was infectious. The dance floor was packed, and the crowd was alive with energy.

"This could work," he thought to himself with a snicker, making his way to the small stage in the corner. He plugged in his little electric guitar and strummed a few chords, testing the sound of the amps. The retro vibe melded perfectly with his electrifying riffs. As he played, the crowd's energy surged, and soon enough everyone in the bar began to gather around the stage, drawn in by his magnetic presence and electrifying performance.

Ultraviolet lost himself in the booming music, each note resonating with the pulse of the crowd. This feeling was almost like a religious experience to him. The energy was palpable, and for a while, he was in his element, creating a connection that transcended words. His claws danced across the strings, and the room seemed to hum with life from the not-so-sober crowd.

After a few exhilarating (exhausting) hours, he took a break, feeling the high of the performance still coursing through him. But the night was young, and his somehow magically still sober self wasn't ready to call it quits. He took a deep breath, stumbling out of the bar to find the nearest portal.. which... unfortunately happened to be half a mile away from the bar... in a small park.

After a quick jump through the park's portal, he landed in yet another bar. His luck was... disgustingly good this evening. The walls vibrated with the heavy bass of electronic music, and the air was charged with excitement and filled with fog. Ultraviolet made his way to the DJ booth, catching the eye of the bar's resident DJ who, sensing something special from UV, handed over the booth's controls. This was probably not the smartest move in hindsight. At least on the DJ's end.

Ultraviolet plugged in his guitar, and the crowd's curiosity turned to pure exhilaration as his guitar riffs blended seamlessly with the DJ's electronic beats. The dance floor completely exploded with energy, club-goers moving in sync with the powerful rhythms he created.

As the night wore on, Ultraviolet continued to play, his music becoming the heartbeat of the bar. Each new place he visited offered a unique experience, and he thrived on the unpredictability of it all. His guitar seemed to take on a life of its own, each performance more intense and electrifying than the last.

Finally, as the first light of dawn began to creep into the sky, Ultraviolet found himself back in his apartment, his head buzzing with the memories of the night (and probably from a few cocktails). He set his guitar gently on its stand and stretched his paws, feeling a sense of satisfaction wash over him. The portals had taken him on yet another unforgettable journey, filled with music, energy, and feet pain. Walking around that much was probably not the best idea.

"Not a bad night," he mused, regardless of his minor pains, a weary grin slowly spreading across his face as he face planted into his bed. With portals around every corner and his guitar by his side, Ultraviolet knew that every night in his hopefully pain-free future held the promise of infinite places to show his... sweet, sweet guitar skills. What a silly cornball of a guy.