

With a drawn out sigh Akari reached for the gray hand mirror that resided upon her wooden bedside table, her fingers gently wrapping around the object before she moved it closer to be able to take in the appearance of her human form.

Her brightly coloured fur was no more, instead replaced by a similar shade of pale skin. Her thick darkly coloured mane now long locks of hair with her crowns popping out from, she hurriedly tied her wild hair into a bun with a color matching hair tie from between her sheets at her side.

Can't have that getting in my way.

Despite her hair tied into a bun there remained a couple long strands of hair that hung down across the left side of her face somewhat hiding her eye socket.

I better grab an eyepatch..

Akari leaned forward reaching towards her bedside table once more. Her delicate fingers wrapped around the handle to pull the drawer out, now beginning to sift through several eyepatches. They were either primarily white or black but the symbols on the front of them varied greatly.

She continued to search until she found one that she was content with, it was white with the symbol of a blood drop on it.

Perfect.

She placed the mirror back down on the bedside table before pushing herself off the bed and beginning to observe the clothes she wore.

Her outfit was simple, gray coloured jeans and a black tank top; her shirt made the red stripes along her shoulders and below her elbows stand out.

I need to get moving or I'll be late. I'm probably going to be late regardless.

Akari glanced at the digital clock.

Oh I am definitely going to be late.

She hurriedly made her to the front door, grabbing the key to her room on the way out. With just as much speed as she swiftly locked her door before speed walking to the exit of the building.

As soon as she exited the building she started to sprint down the street, carefully weaving between other Skire to avoid shoving them.

Her pace only slowed when she reached a street filled with bright neon lights and plenty of other Skire. Her head turned towards one titled the Quacking Ukulele.

Oh I am so late. Let me just..

Akari stopped, now taking a moment to brush down her clothes before she pushed open the glass double doors. She was immediately greeted by the sound of cooking and singing.

The inside of the Quacking Ukulele was primarily a series of monochrome for its walls and checker pattern tiles. However the real attraction for Akari was the wooden karaoke stage over to the side. Currently the stage was already occupied by a brightly coloured Gravent in sphinx form that was singing, although they weren't singing in a language the CCCat understood so for now she would disregard it.

"Hey Akari! You're late today but you can go next, just head on over. She'll be done soon!."

Akari turned her head, glancing at another CCCat although this one was in the form of a faun. "Yep, thanks. I'll make my way to the stage then." And with that she headed over.

That's a relief.

The previous singer was in the process of stepping off as she approached. "You up next?"

She nodded and was then promptly handed the microphone in response.

Akari firmly grasped the object, taking a deep breath as she did so.

She ascended the three steps to the stage, spinning around to face the crowd of people as she moved the mic to her lips.

"Tonight our city bleeds red, blue and green as I walk in the dark unseen."

As soon as the words began to leave her form, the tension in her body would start to slowly fade.

"Yet like the gray the sky is draped in, the colors of my heart have faded; gone."

Her voice radiated a confidence the more she got into it and eventually she would find herself lost in the song, going as far as to move about and dance to it with a confident smirk across her face.

Completely immersed in the song and without the nerves and anxiety she had at first, she continued on to finish it, to which she was met with a surprising amount of applause from both her song and her dance moves. And she would continue to sing into the late hours of the night, until her voice and body could go on no more.

She would then be tagged out by another singer before disappearing into a far corner of the building to relax and enjoy a meal; a serving of garlic brown sugar chicken. Fortunately - and surprisingly too - she was left unbothered for the most part. There were a few people who approached to compliment her song but that was it. The inverted CCCat wanted nothing more

than to wind down and enjoy her meal and then head home and pretend it never happened.
This was her secret to hold.