

Chernabog's chest deflated, letting out a long sigh. They patiently eyed the clock as they placed their hands behind their head. They had been working at the office since it had first opened for hiring, and as much as they dreaded coming in every day, they needed the money and, as many put it, needed the reason to leave their home every day. They watched the numbers ascend until the numbers struck six, immediately jumping up onto their feet from their desk.

"Heyyy! Doing anything this weekend?" The spunky voice of Lumon jolted Bog from their thoughts of what they would eat that night. It was likely ramen or microwaved dinner as they normally did since they'd lost motivation to cook for themselves long ago.

"Oh... Lumon. I'm not doing anything." Bog muttered over their shoulder as they grabbed their bag from under the desk. Tossing the heavy thing over their shoulder before turning from their cubicle to leave. The straggling pod followed quickly behind him carrying her bag.

"Me and Wizard are going out to a club tonight! He says he can get us in for free cause he knows a guy but I don't know. I trust him to never steer us wrong. We're also thinking about going possibly to Meteor Lake tomorrow. You should totally join us!" Lumon blabbered on as they walked to the elevator together. Bog only hummed softly through every word that came out of her mouth.

Bog never truly understood why she hung out with such a deadbeat who didn't even do anything with himself. Always dragging the naive woman along to weird places that got her in trouble but never once did she ever leave them behind. Inviting them to even be around the deadbeat was far from what they wanted but just as well they appreciated her offer. It was nice to have co-workers who cared about Bog at all—but just as annoying.

"I'll be alright, Lumon," Bog said gruffly as the elevator's doors opened. Stepping in and pressing the close button before Lumon could even step on. The door closed as she tried to reason with Bog but before a coherent sentence could leave the doors had shut solid. If they were honest with themselves they would have loved to go to the lake.

They missed visiting the ocean so much since they'd come to shore broke and tired. They would have returned if not for their heart being still here on land. Somewhere lost in time but it was there and they knew it was. The elevator dinged before the door opened to the busy main floor. Chatter among people who prepared to leave for the day, most speaking of their weekend shenanigans ranging from humans to gravents like themselves that socialized on the daily.

Bog never was the type to stay. They weren't the type to talk either as they stepped out into the active room heading straight for the door. This was their routine. Leaving the large office into the city drenched in golden light from the setting sun. It was a beautiful day on Eeridi as it was most days and the walk home was just as pleasant as it was every day. A normal routine and the same path they took every day along the sidewalks of the city.

Just like any other day after work they just as well passed the same cafe. The grey old Gravent they often spent a short bit of time each day with sat alone. Sometimes accompanied by strangers who simply wanted someone to talk to and other days with familiar faces that Bog had grown to recognize as well, but today the table she was at was empty except for the half-empty mug she sipped from.

"Good evening, Luni." Bog called just loud enough for the older woman to hear. Lifting her head a smile broke across her pale face as she put down her mug.

"Hello, Chernabog. It's nice to see you today." Luni chimed as Bog pulled a chair out to flop into the seat with a groan. It was always a pleasant stop to make between work and their home and a routine they enjoyed when it came to speaking with someone closer to their age. Though she spent her time at the cafe and retired from work it was good to not be alone as much as they had felt before they met. "I heard it's a long weekend for your office, hm?"

"Yeah, there's an extra day. Likely going to spend it sleeping if I'm honest." Bog laughed to themselves, a dry one that was more self-pitying than anything but true. After all, they had nothing to do when they weren't working. Spending their spare time alone since they didn't have many friends who were still on land.

"Why don't you go out tonight? There's plenty to do in the city after all." Luni chirped, bringing her coffee up to her lips to take a long sip.

"Me? Go out? Ha! I don't go out..." Bog scoffed as they rested their hands behind their head. Looking out upon the engaged city that bustled with Skire's heading home from work. The roads filled with cars and folks chattering among themselves walking in groups while others busied themselves with calling for cabs.

Slowly Luni sighed, lowering her mug to the table to rest her hands in her lap. Gazing over to Bog who's eyes were fixed on the world that moved among them. "Bog, I believe you should go out this weekend. I heard from gossip many people are going to a club that just had their grand reopening a few days ago. You should go."

From the corner of their eye, Bog looked at the old woman. Her face was gentle with a crack of a smile on her lips. She was serious and they could tell in the way she stared at them. She always did seem more down to earth and accepting of the life they now lived having never left the lands compared to themselves. She had seen the city grow for herself while they sailed the seas for hundreds of years only to come back to everything changed.

Letting out an exasperated sigh Bog sat up. Leaning over to rest their arms on their knees as they let the thought rattle through their head. Lumon had mentioned she and Wizard were going to a club so she was bound to know where it was, that they were sure. The real question was if they'd want to message her and ask about it.

"Fine, fine. I'll look into it. But if I don't like it I'll leave and just go home." they huffed, putting up their hands before standing. Stretching as they did and leaning back to pop their

back. Their wings unhook from their vents to stretch them out with a fluttered feathery puff. Turning to Luni they adjusted their bag over their shoulder giving a satisfied grin.

"Let me know how it goes when we see each other again, won't you?" She spoke from her coffee mug. A knowing look on her face made Bog simply roll their eyes.

"I will, I promise." Bog grunted before turning to stroll back down the road. Pulling out their phone to seek out their co-worker's number while they walked. The question of whether they should or not was the real one that played through their mind. Their thumbs hovered over the letters to type out the basic question but lord knew if she knew they were going she'd never shut up nor would she leave him alone. Not to mention they'd have to deal with her friend which was far more than even they could handle.

No. They couldn't do it. They couldn't drag them somewhere they didn't want to be and be surrounded by younger folks who knew nothing except for the now that drowned out everything they once knew. From the seas to the gladiator shows. It was all so different now and they knew it. Suddenly their shoulder collided with one another, their phone flying from their hands crashing to the floor with a large crack spreading across the screen.

"Son of a bitch." they muttered loudly to himself. Reaching for the broken phone when a white and pink hand grabbed it first.

"I am so sorry! I wasn't paying attention to where I was going, at all! I'm late to work and I totally spaced!" The bright pink Gravent was quick to hold the phone out to Bog. Black accents decorated his face with bright green eyes that stared up at him with a smile.

Slowly Bog took the damaged phone. Looking at the black screen where they'd just moments before staring at Lumon's contact. "Yeah, whatever.... Damn kids these days."

"Listen, I'm in a rush but you can meet me tonight. Here's my work's business card. My name is Fizzie, find me there." The pink Gravent dug through the satchel purse at his side for a few seconds before pulling out a wrinkled business card weathered by being tossed around so much. The bold letters of Ozzie's written in pink writing on black paper with 'the best club in town' written just beneath it. Maybe it was fate. Maybe it was written somewhere in the stars they were meant to go to this dumb club after all.

"I guess-" they spoke, looking up to find the pink gravent had already left. Running down the sidewalk haphazardly past even more people who dodged him as he ran. So strange. But they wouldn't question it, not when they were going to the club anyway that night. At least now no one knew they'd be going.