

Morgan was yet again wandering. He'd spent his day flitting in and out of shops, exploring downtown streets he'd been to once or twice before, for more morbid reasons. He enjoyed the small adventures he took himself on. He'd refrained from going too far from David, however. He knew they would travel together, so he saved the bigger adventures for a time when they could be shared.

He had to pull himself out of a particularly interesting craft shop to arrive at the bar on time. He and David were scheduled for another meeting, this time going out to lunch. David had picked the place this time, and still refused to tell Morgan where it was, as 'revenge' for their first meeting. He wasn't even working that day, he just didn't want to let Morgan know where the place they were going was.

He chuckled to himself as he headed down the street to his car. He knew it was deserved, but David was being a bit melodramatic. He arrived quickly at the bar, parking his car and heading inside to wait. Sandy was working that day, and she waved as he sat down.

"Hey. You're... waiting for David, yeah?"

He nodded sheepishly. "Yes, I'm sorry. You won't get any business from me."

"Oh, it's fine. We're always slow around now. I'll leave you to it." She went off, waiting on another customer. Morgan hunched at the table, unsure what to do with himself. He'd never been in here without David, and he wasn't going to order anything right before lunch. He pulled out his phone and let David know he was there. He was going to be there, some 15 minutes out, and that was the end of their conversation. He sighed, setting his phone face down on the counter. The chatter of the bar overtook him, and he sat surrounded by sound.

No one walked by him for a while. People entered quietly, to join their friends or just to get their food and drink, ignoring the man at the counter with no drink in his hand. But he wasn't left alone.

A figure sat beside him, and he didn't register it at first. But then he felt a breath by his ear, and a familiar voice hissed, "Death."

He flinched away, sitting up straighter to look at the woman before him. "Do I know you?"

Life's honey-brown eyes flashed. His comment had been meant to annoy her, but he truly hadn't recognized her at first. The green tinge had left her skin, leaving only rich walnut brown. Her hair was free from blooms and vines, and it looked strangely empty. She'd played her part well, he had to commend her. She could pass for a human, but he knew better.

"You know who I am," she said. He sighed.

"I do." He looked her over again, leaning slightly away. "Why are you here?"

"For you, obviously." She huffed, and she seemed more like herself, the air around her different. Death smiled thinly.

"Oh?"

"Must you?" she snapped. "You know why I'm here. You have to come back."

Death looked down at his hands, casually examining his nails. "Really? The humans are happy without me."

"We aren't!" She glared at him, and he blanched. "What you're doing is selfish. Pain and Despair are overworked, everyone is down with the humans more than they should be."

“You mean down with the humans like I was?” he asked quietly. “If I recall correctly, I’m the youngest. How did you all get on without me before?”

“It was different then and you know it,” she said, malice dripping from every word. He knew he was making her angrier, but she was being unreasonable.

“Because there weren’t as many of them? I think the one to blame for that is you, Life. If it was so horrid without me, why would you keep leading them into this world? And yet you do, more everyday.” He lifted his gaze to meet her eyes. “I thought you, of everyone, would be happy. This is what you’ve been asking me for, for millennia. I finally listen, and it’s a problem?”

“They care more than me,” she said, voice hushed. Death huffed out a laugh.

“Then you should go.”

“They won’t give up, you know,” she warned him.

“I know. Good for both of us, then, that I have an incentive to stay away.” He raised an eyebrow, and Life put on a smile.

“Good.” She stood from her seat, green dress shimmering in the low lights. “You’ll get bored of this eventually.”

“I hadn’t realized you were Fate,” he said, a bemused smile on his face.

“You will,” she insisted. “You’re an Old God. This isn’t for us.” She spread her arms wide, gesturing to the world her creations had managed to build.

He hummed. “We’ll just have to wait and see.”

She turned on her heel and stormed out of the bar, leaving the faint scent of petunias behind.