

There was nothing like a warm bath to take the edge off. Nanami still had a plethora of amenities at his disposal and he was going to use them, well aware that his life of luxury would eventually come to a close. Or at least, it would be squeezed when the catastrophic bottlenecks that loomed in the distance were suddenly front and center.

Already, some of the refugees were starting to stream into Stonewing, and it was causing a lot of unsightly problems. Streets full of people that didn't belong there, overcrowded stores and rapidly emptying store shelves. Stonewing was never meant to be a sanctuary to any Skirean that could not fly, but that wasn't stopping people from showing up.

First, it had been the people with means. Rich socialites that fled from Uto when the first earthquakes rocked the city. Second came the ones with family firmly established in Stonewing, usually relegated to the outermost stone rings and suburbs. Then came the broken and beaten, and Nanami didn't really care for any of them.

His bath was hot, and he had filled it with rich soaps and oils that did wonders for his skin. Kept it nice and clear of debris and grime. Made his skin look shiny and soft. He was only doing it for one reason.

Invited company. Truth be told, Nanami had warmed up a little to that absurd imposter that flaunted their creamy white self like it wasn't a facade. But that facade had been ruined, and once his backlog ran out, there would be nothing to shield him from the outside world finding out.

But, for the time being, Nanami only focused on himself, cleaning his skin and scrubbing his tail so that it gleamed in the light when he finished brushing it. His company would be arriving later in the evening and he wanted to be perfectly better than him in every single way.