

Agatha's grey eyes rested on the white ceiling of her bedroom. *It's so frustrating that my anxiety has flared up immensely.* She squeezed her eyes shut as a drawn out exhale left her. *Though I suppose maybe it's just nerves of meeting our third member.. but more than likely it's a combination of everything, meeting, prepping and then actually going to the core. While I could forget about it as if it wasn't happening, today makes it so much more.. real. But Mocha is right, I do need to get out more, it's been years since the incident. And it would be so interesting to see what's down there and take notes, join the other research team and compare notes— make discoveries and learn.*

Rapid light knocks sounded from down the hallway, drawing her attention from the roof and to the doorway as she sat up.

"Agatha! Are you awake? Are you ready to go?"

Agatha carefully rolled out of bed, feet hitting the floor with a light thud. "I'll be there in a moment, Mocha!" She headed for the doorway, moving through the hallway and into the living room.

"You sure are taking your time."

The crook shook her head, true eyes rolling. She walked past a weathered couch whose worn cushion had a leather backpack on it. Agatha picked up the backpack as she made her way past it and to the front door. "I see you still haven't learnt patience."

Once at the door she twisted the doorknob, pulling it inwards to reveal a grinning Mocha. "Come on, let's get moving! The other teams might've grabbed all the suits already."

A clawed hand gently grabbed her wrist, giving a light tug.

Agatha huffed, stepping out as the cccat moved out of the way. "At least let me lock the door." The hand let go. "Did you pack anything?" She pulled the door shut before locking the door and hiding the key under the doormat below, she slipped the backpack on afterwards.

"You know that's an awful hiding place, right?" Amusement laced the cccat's voice, "and why would I pack anything? We're going to get all the stuff we need."

Agatha gave a loud exhale, "alright, what do we need then?" She spun around to face Mocha, whose earlier grin remained upon her face.

Mocha put a clawed hand to her chin, "well, our third has the supplies handled, so we're just securing our suits and our means of travel."

"They've already got all the supplies? Including snacks, pencils—"

Swiftly Mocha covered Agatha's mouth, "yes. She's got everything I'm sure. I gave her the list you made."

With partially furrowed brows Agatha turned her head away, "she? Who's she?"

Once more Mocha grabbed Agatha's wrist, this time sprinting away with the crook in tow. "She is Eden! I saw her the other day and asked and after a bit of talking she agreed to come with us."

"Eden? I've not heard that name before, what's she like?" Agatha's cluster eyes shifted focus, taking in the surrounding area.

"She's a crook with portal magic, she's close friends with Svetla."

Both Agatha's cluster and true eyes widened as she focused on Mocha's face, "Svetla's friend?"

"Yeah! She wants to search down there for something, no clue what but hey I'm happy to have someone with magic to help us."

Agatha averted her gaze.

The duo fell into silence as they travelled, Mocha's crowns raised and moving while Agatha's eyes took in the areas they travelled through.

Mocha's grip on Agatha's arm released as they approached a small crowd gathering at the entrance of a building. "We're here, we just need to buy some suits and hire an airship. Do you want to come in with me or stay outside?"

Agatha's true eyes glanced from Mocha to the crowd and back to Mocha, "I'll stay out, double check what I've packed."

Mocha nodded, "I won't be long."

Agatha turned away, taking a seat on the curb as she removed her backpack from its place on her back. She visibly relaxed as it slipped off.

She settled it on her knees and carefully unzipped the main zipper, revealing the top most contents; a thick fluffy blanket and a small white cat plush tucked into the far corner.

The crook reached for it, gingerly touching its soft fur. She removed her hand, zipping the bag before reaching to a medium sized pocket on the side and unzipping it to reveal several notebooks inside. With a soft exhale she zipped it up and reached for one of the smaller pockets, opening it up to inspect its contents; various pencils and a couple pens.

Agatha zipped it up before lifting her head up and beginning to look around with both her true and cluster eyes. *Mocha's taking a bit.. I hope she's okay.*

She turned her attention back to the zippers on the backpack, grey eyes checking over each one.

Approaching footfalls caught her attention, eyes shifting towards the source. A group of several skire walked past, heading towards the building. She watched them enter the crowd as others exited.

A short, quick exhale left her as she turned her attention to her backpack once more, taking interest in one of the zippers as she began to fidget with it in her hand.

*I hope that Eden is nice, she seems it from what I've heard from Mocha.*

"Agatha! I've got the suits!" The crook jerked her head to look behind her, catching sight of Mocha's form and three unusual suits slung across her arm.

"They're a thicker material so the ichor can't touch us."

Agatha nodded, "do we know what happens if it comes in contact with us..?"

"Burning. Pain. Lots of nasty stuff, so we're going to avoid that." Mocha stopped in front of the crook. "I've also got an airship booked, they're happy to take us in a few hours which is a relief because I told Eden to meet us here around this time."

"Mocha! I'm here!" An unfamiliar voice caused Agatha's head to turn, grey eyes meeting a black and white crook.