

The night was quiet as Bog walked along the roads. Cars passing by one after the other bustling people. Even at night, the world was so full of life and vigor, buildings filled with night owls that stalked the night. On a normal Saturday night, the old Gravent would have been at home. Watching a movie of some kind with some microwaved dinner but today they'd made a promise. Glancing down to the business card that had been handed to him by the pink stranger. They knew the city well but never had they gone to that side of it before. Long past their office building filled with people.

Street sides became busier the more Bog walked. The Casino which was rumored to be a hell hole was filled with crooks that smoked outside. Chatting among each other lined along with clubs that were filled with people waiting in lines to get in. Glancing to the card none of the clubs seemed to be the one they were looking for. The name was bright on the paper they were sure it would be hard to miss but the more they walked the more the city seemed to only expand more and more with clubs and bars that lined the busy road.

Lowley, Bog sighed. Dropping their arms to their side feeling a bit embarrassed for having even dressed up at all for something that maybe didn't even exist. The jacket they'd not worn since they first came to the city so long ago and the shirt? They'd only ever worn it at sea but they liked how it fit on their body. They were sure the others if they saw them would love it as well but they hadn't even seen any familiar faces during their walk around. No one to shout their name or call for them to let them know where they needed to go.

Soon enough the large neon sign came into view, the large white that spelled out Ozzie's just like on the card. What were they even doing here, they thought to themselves. As much as they wanted to go home and forget about the night they had to go in. It was written in the stars they were sure. It was part of fate to go in and go in they were damned if they didn't.

Bog took in a deep breath as they walked toward the lit-up building. Loud music blasted from within with people talking and laughing among each other. The bouncer at the door was a large crook dressed in black, wearing dark-shaded glasses even at night who watched Bog as they approached the door. They'd never been to a place like this before so they weren't sure what the etiquette was for such a place but as they stepped in the strangest thing they'd not expected occurred. Before they could even process it their body had been changed. Their fur changed to tan skin and their clothes fit a little more loose.

Did the club have a glamour on it to change Skire's to appear human? Was it some kind of customer discretion for their privacy? They weren't sure but a part of him was grateful.

"Hi, welcome to Ozzies!! How can I help you today?" A young Gravent asked from behind a desk at the entrance. Compared to him and who they assumed were others they weren't glamourised. Matter of fact, as they glanced around trying to get their bearings none of the other workers were glamourised to be in motley forms. All shared one thing in common, a necklace.

"Oh um... I'm new here. I've never... Been to a place like this." Bog was bashful about saying it. Admitting that they'd been locked up in their home for so long they'd never been out

like this before. Let alone a nightclub of all places, but the gravent only smiled at him with a big grin.

“Well, what are you looking for? To dance? Karaoke? Have a drink and unwind? We have it all.” They cooed, placing their hands under their chin to look up at him but before they could even open their mouth to speak a somewhat familiar voice broke through the air.

“You actually came!!” Fizzie yelled as the short pink gravent trotted over. Grabbing Bog around the arm making the older grav tense. “I was telling our boss about you and he wants to meet you!”

“Y-Your boss?” Bog could hardly even get the words out before they were dragged away from the desk clerk who simply waved. Out of the frying pan and directly into the fire where the music was coming from, filled with people just like him who sat with all kinds of Skire’s dressed in club clothes as they danced among each other to the DJ’s music. Why the Boss of such an establishment would even want to see him was strange but as they walked through the busy floor of dancing individuals he came into view.

Sitting in a booth surrounded by Skire’s that fawned over him sat the large white cccat. He held an opera cigarette holder dressed in white with their legs crossed. Glamoured just like they were with long white luscious hair and feathered wing ears that obscured their face, yet Bog knew. they knew his colors, his tail... Him. All along they should have known from the name alone but they’d never really been good at thinking hard on this sort of thing but it was him. They hadn’t seen each other in over 100 years but he was always here.

“Asmodeus...” Bog blurted, drawing the attention of the white cccat who lowered his cigarette holder. Waving off the doting Skire’s that scattered by his word alone to allow him to stand. Towering over half the people of the club he looked down at Bog.

“Chernabog... It’s been far too long.” His voice was like silk, his wings opening to show his bright hollowed face that was exactly like they remembered. He’d never really changed in the years they’d known each other, had he? Before Bog could even stop themselves they’d run to Asmodeus, wrapping their arms tightly around the waist of the massive cccat whose hands gently placed on him.

“I thought I’d never see you again, good Everything I’ve missed you.” They couldn’t help but cry. Feeling the cccat’s hands gently run through their hair and down to gently cup their face and make them look up at him with their head rested upon his stomach.

“I’ve missed you too... Come, let’s get some privacy. I’d love to talk to you and catch up.” Slowly Bog pulled away from the tall pale grav, their hand being taken in his before he turned to the pink gravent who seemed proud of himself. “Thank you, Fizzie, You’re dismissed for now.”

Slowly Asmodeus guided Bog out and back into the main entrance passed the desk that opened into a long hall. A pair of stairs ascended into a second floor Bog hadn’t even noticed before. Guided up the steps into another large floor lined with doors they assumed led to private rooms for customers to hang out in private. Likely like a karaoke bar he assumed from all the

ads he'd seen and invited he'd received. Led gracefully to a room at the end of the large hall that opened into what looked like a VIP lounge of some kind. Large plush couches and mirrors lined the walls with a private unattended bar for whoever paid the pretty penny for the lounge. Pink and blue lighting reflecting off the mirrors onto them lighting them up in the dim light.

"Asmodeus, I want to apologize for all those years." Bog started but before they could get any further Asmodeus only looked down at him with a wide smile on his face. Bog's cheeks lit up in a deep pink just by his smile alone which made their heart beat only faster.

"I never blamed you, Bog... I'm only happy you're doing ok. Tell me everything about what you've been doing." Asmodeus spoke as he walked to one of the couches, sitting down with his legs crossed and patting the cushion beside him.

Slowly Bog did too, walking to the couch and sitting on the plush velvet beside the large man. Their life had become nothing special and even just talking about it compared to nothing that they were sure Asmodeus endured. After all, he owned an entire club to himself. Skire's listened to him without a second thought or word. Sitting beside him felt surreal. Like they'd seen a ghost of their past that spoke so gently to them. It was a dream to talk to them.

So much of a dream that the night simply seemed to go on around them. Talking for what only felt like minutes that dissolved into hours explaining about the past 100 years, the co-workers who begged him to come out, and the world that they'd closed himself off from when they last crossed paths. All the while Asmodeus only smiled at him. A content one that spoke a thousand words that Bog couldn't hear but they could feel it in the way he looked at him.

It was as if they'd found their home again. It was as if it had never even left.

"Your life sounds so boring." Asmodeus joked as he rested his head in his palm. Leaned into the back of the couch to face Asmodeus as their cheeks brightened once again. Needing to look away before their unresolved feelings got to him and made him say something stupid.

"That's cause it is. I work, eat, sleep, repeat. But- That's ok." Bog would be lying to himself if they didn't say how much they wished they could return to the sea. Return to where no one knew or needed them. Occasionally they'd meet the sea shanty folks who docked on Meteor Lake that would offer to take them with them but they had always felt like they had to remain on land. And it just so happened that part of him was right. "Could I... Possibly see you again?"

Bog was nervous to look at him as their head raised. The last they'd seen each other was when Athen broke the tall cccats heart and disappeared just like all of them had. He seemed so content now. So happy where he was it was like a different person sat beside them.

"I'd very much like that... I'd be sad if you didn't, in fact." Asmodeus ran his hand along Bog's cheek turning their face into a ripe tomato. Jolting from their spot to stand, Bog cleared their throat as they shoved their hands into their pockets.

"We should get coffee sometime. We uh- Well I know where you work now so whenever you're off we should go out." Whether it was a date or not Bog didn't care. Keeping their eyes averted as Asmodeus stood alongside him from his place on the couch.

"I'm assuming you're off tomorrow? We should get some then." The tall elegant man walked to the door to open it for Bog who looked from the gaping door where music emanated from to Asmodeus.

"I'd like that... Say, 1 pm tomorrow?"

"Perfect."

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The weekend felt as if it had flown by in the blink of an eye. On most days the time seemed to tick by at a snail's pace but never before had Bog been excited for their weekend to already start once Monday rolled around. They were happy, they felt new. A face they hadn't seen in years now blotted their every thought and they weren't even sure if it was just all a dream.

Work flew by just as fast and before anyone could even talk to him they were already racing to the elevator doors with a bag in hand. Excited for the night, excited to tell Luni about their weekend for once having not been locked indoors and possibly to see Asmodeus that night.

Flying through the busy halls and out into the busy world ahead of him he belined for the cafe where they knew the old woman was. Practically throwing their bag into their usual chair before slamming their hands onto the table making the old Gravent flinch.

"Luni, you won't believe the weekend I've had! I think I've found my purpose!"