

It had taken twenty minutes for Engel to arrive at the new building. It smelled clean... in a papery sort of way. Similar to a library, if not filled to the brim with decades-old books. The delicate scent of a good old-fashioned library normally could calm his senses. This place did little but set his teeth on edge and had his ears swiveling to catch up to any sounds.

There were many.

He came during rush hour, it would seem.

The swell of the chaos only became heavier the further he stepped in, and there were panicked voices from individuals who were not even at the counter, yet he saw the wave of a brown flat tail in the air from behind it among the rattled voices of the individuals.

"No, Freddy, I said that goes into this pile!" Shrieked a girlish bell of a voice. It was followed by a whoosh of papers and a groan. "You just knocked them all over..."

"Sorry, Harley." Came a more timber, deeper voice. Exasperated.

Engel's ears swiveled forward, catching the short conversation. Soon, his pink eyes lifted, and he took in the full detail of the scene.

The place was a cluttered mess. Scrolls, boxes, and letters were scattered around everywhere. There was hardly a surface in that place that wasn't covered in the bulk of the unsorted mess of a room. Desks, tables, cubbies, they were either stuffed to the brim or already burst upon the floor.

If this were the mailroom, he could only wonder how anyone got anything done. This place made the Casino look like a well-polished engine, while this one was catching on, even a pebble thrown into the mix.

Standing for what he felt was far too long, Engel took a step closer to the counter to see the scrabble of the so-called workers as he took in more of the scene and what the two were squabbling over.

It was two gravenets crouched to the floor where they were picking up piles of boxes and letters. Well... they had to start somewhere, Engel guessed. He panned his eyes from side to side, then cleared his throat, catching the eye of the two. The white and grey one jumped, and the brown one stood frozen with wide eyes the size of two yellow dinner plates. Engel's eyebrows hiked up, as astonished as they were. Why were they so shocked? They were supposed to be working there.

"O-Oh! Hi! Hi hi hi, I'm so sorry. Things got-" The girl, Harley, attempted to lift herself from the floor holding a pile of boxes stacked four high, wobbling as she did. All for nought as the top one toppled, leading the rest of them to trample to the floor and hitting poor Freddy on the top of his head on the way down.

"Ow-Harley!"

Her ears pressed back, her brows knitting nervously attempting to ignore the minor accident. "Out of hand?"

"Clearly." Engel annotated, silently wondering if there was a different post office he likely should take his precious goods to to ensure it got delivered promptly. "Is it always this wild?"

"Yes!" Freddy whined pitifully.

"No!" Harley answered with a hiss. "Yes and no! Today is just bad! See, the portal glitched or something. And all of a sudden WHOOSH! There was a huge gust of wind from it, which made the whole place into this mess!"

"And it kept happening!" Freddy added in with a note of breathiness. "We ended up unplugging the whole thing just to make it stop, and we've been trying to fix all the mail ever since."

"And how long ago was that?" Engel inquired, his face placid of any care for what the two were going through. Sure, it sucked. But he had his own job to get back to, and he needed to determine if exactly this would be fixed, or if they were achieving nothing to waste his time.

"Uhh..." Freddy bit his bottom lip, staring into the mailroom where things were swept out everywhere. "Since this morning..."

"But we'll figure it out!" Harley exasperated with a heavily forced laugh. "Eventually."

"Right." He found that hard to believe. His trust and concern dwindling further by the second. He didn't want to be here. He surely didn't want to get sucked into whatever debacle these two clearly had gotten themselves stuck in. "Is there another post office anywhere near here?"

Freddy began nodding his head just as Harley was shaking hers. "Nope! The closest is at least a day away from here, unless, of course, you have wings! Maybe you can sprout them!"

"Good one, Harl!" Freddy piped in, his voice a little further as he made himself busy by walking to the portal and went about examining it.

Engel's eyes fell, and his ears drooped, unmoved by the attempt of a joke leaving Harley to force more laughter. She smoothed the apron which held stamps, a few pens, and an assortment of stickers and pins around it. "W-We can take a look at your package. Maybe its close by."

Sighing through his nose, Engel walked to the counter, hand lifting to place the parcel in the center of it, then flicked his wrist to send it into her hands, which

she grasped with a trained hand as she lifted it to her eye and gazed at the transcribed address. She nodded, lips pursed. "Yeah, that's rather far."

"Great," Engel muttered numbly.

Just then the whooping noise of magic was heard, and the tandem sound of a portal was heard. Engel lifted eyes just in time so it flicked to life, the rippling surface flickered, causing Engel to swallow, and he brought his eyes back down to Harley again, who breathed a sigh of relief.

"See! Now that it's working, we'll be right on track again!"

If only.

If only the portal didn't flicker again, violently ripple as it seemed to gasp, taking the package right from Harley's hand along with half of the mailroom right with it.

*To Be Continued...*