

Today was going to be a rough one. It had been a few weeks since Jolyne had left for some kind of training bootcamp and Neo was really starting to feel her absence.

He had been calling, but he supposed wherever she was had no signal. His text messages weren't sent either. It was giving him a lot of anxiety and he had to do something to get rid of it or he was going to explode.

And what better way to do that than to clean the apartment? He'd been watching some kind of reality garbage show about clean freaks anyway and while he didn't have the highest standards in the world, the apartment was starting to look a bit cluttered and disorganized.

With the inspiration from the show, and a healthy dose of demanding Ducky go out for the day - something she did without pushback - he raided the cleaning supplies cabinet and got to work.

It wasn't that bad at the start. Removing trash was easy and putting away some of the things that didn't need to be out was simple enough even if he had to double check a few spots to make sure he wasn't disrespecting any of Ducky or Jolyne's stuff.

But when it came time to clean properly? There was dust everywhere. It was in places he didn't think could be dusty. And it made him realize just how much he and Jolyne shed.

It was a harrowing ordeal if he was being honest with himself. At least three vacuum bags had been filled and at some point, he wanted to give up even though the anxiety was lessening. He'd settle for getting most of the cleaning done in the end.

The apartment looked noticeably put together at least. His blankets being folded and stowed under the now dust free couch was a particularly nice touch. At least in his opinion.