"Sorry," Charon mumbled wearily. He exhaled shakily, exasperation coming off of him like an aura. At his feet laid his flask, flat on the floor and spilling its contents. He put both of his hands through his hair as he turned his head down, grabbing fistfuls in each. "I'm sorry, I'll...I'll clean it up—"

"It's okay, Charon—" Wit started to speak, standing across the corridor, carefully stepping away from the forming puddle.

The bard continued, seemingly having not heard Wit's comment, or simply ignoring it. "—just give me a m-minute."

To Wit's relief, it seemed the other had just been drinking water. He glanced at the stain on the wooden boards, then back to Charon. He felt unnerved, hearing Charon's breathing getting heavier and heavier. Maybe he *was* drunk, Wit thought. He reached an arm over, somewhat awkwardly, and set a hand on his shoulder. He was surprised how unsteady Charon seemed to be. He sighed. "Hey," the tiefling spoke as gently as he could. "Are you okay?"

Charon peered up at him, one of his blue eyes visible as his hair parted away from where his hands clutched it. Wit knew the answer, of course, but it seemed polite to show concern. There were dark circles beneath his eyes, his makeup was smeared, the look on his face simply screamed:

"Tired. I'm *really* tired."

Charon placed a palm over both his eyes and tried to straighten himself out with minimal effort. Wit frowned. He tiptoed over the dropped flask and turned his companion away from it, back towards the stairs which lead up to the attic. The other followed as he sat him down on the fourth step from the bottom. He knelt in front of him, looking at him curiously; somewhat worriedly. There were a few, drawn out moments of silence between them. Charon sat, breathing deeply, Wit pondered if he might be ill. Without thinking, Wit took the elf's hand in his own and pulled it away from his face. With his free hand, he placed the back of it to Charon's forehead. It felt warm, but not overwhelmingly so.

"Ah—Wit?" Charon muttered. It was only as he gingerly shifted their entwined fingers up closer to eye level that Wit realized what he had done and embarrassingly let go immediately. Charon blinked at him, unable to read the situation in his state, or perhaps not finding it in him to make a big deal. "I'm not sick."

The rogue cleared his throat awkwardly. "S-something else keeping you up then?"

"Something like that." Charon swung his head back to lay on the step above him, letting his arms fall limp beside him. "What's your excuse?"

"I have my reasons." Wit averted his gaze.

Charon eyed him. He was wearing his dress-shirt though unbuttoned to where the neck came down into a low 'V' shape. He snickered at the sight. Given what he was used to, he thought, this was the closest he could get to his usual habits without making an accidental run-in with the others *extremely* awkward. Wit looked back to him, his brow furrowed as he thought that Charon was judging his 'reasons'. "Right. Secret agent man."

"Not this again." He rolled his eyes.

"You'll be promoted to just 'agent man' when you tell me what you're hiding." Charon watched him whilst they spoke, still laying where he was on the stairs. He folded his hands over his chest.

"Is it really a promotion if I'm losing an extra title?"

Charon sat up then, grunting as he did. Where Wit sat—glaring off in another direction irritably—he was startled when he turned back and the bard put his palm against the top of his head, pressing down on his slicked-back hair. His fingers barely brushed the sides of his dark horns. The bastard was sneering. "Well, what do you *want* me to call you?"

This isn't fair, Wit thought. His own face began to feel warm then when Charon's half-lidded gaze met his. *He's done this a million times, this isn't fair—*

In a swift move, Wit snatched his wrist and moved away from him. He grimaced, unable to find the words he wanted. "Just...just Wit." He let go. *Goddammit.*

"Right," Charon huffed, a small smile still gracing his face. He had won again, he thought.

As Wit watched him slick his own bangs back, he took note that the elf's breathing had normalized once more. Charon yawned, tears forming on the edge of his eyes squeezed shut. There were no words between them for an agonizing amount of time. Eventually, he raised his right arm and tilted his head to see around the rogue. With a snap of his fingers, the water on the floor evaporated. He stood up shortly thereafter and trudged over to the flask, Wit watching his movements all the while. He picked it up, sighing.

"Well," he shrugged, then glanced back at the tiefling. "I gotta get back to Wonderland."

"Wonderland?"

"Shitty, shitty Wonderland."

Wit finally stood up, readjusting his rolled up sleeves so they didn't hug his arms as tightly. Charon had barely budged the door handle when Wit started to speak dryly, "Hey—" he

paused and cleared his throat. "Hey, um—" *You can stay with me tonight if you want to*, he tried to say. The words got caught in his throat, and nothing came out. Charon turned his attention to Wit curiously, nodding his head to him as if to tell him to continue, but all he manage was a simple "Don't go too far down the rabbit hole. We've got a lot to do tomorrow."

Charon chuckled and shook his head. "Will do," he said, opening the door and stepping inside. When he turned to close it, he smiled—almost sadly—at the other. "Goodnight, *Just Wit*." And the door shut with a soft click.

Wit's frown grew in the meanwhile. His hands were by his side, balled into trembling fists. He turned away from the door, hunched over and gritting his fangs, full of regret and embarrassment and frustration for himself all at once. He covered his face when he thought he might be turning pink. *Fucking goddammit.*