The rumble of Vi’s motorcycle cut off as she turned the key to the ignition, her left foot kicking down the kickstand as she began to step to the side of the machine. Downtown Vale always looked prettiest at night, in her opinion, as the city hummed with neon lights. It was a different view than what she’d seen elsewhere on Remnant, one that felt more limitless and open; in Mistral she could always feel the segregation between the upper and lower classes, which was something that Mantle and Atlas only made more evident, and Vacuo’s crown city she was always held too close to her father or her uncles to really be able to ever really see.

But Vale, now, had quickly become her home turf, and it was a comfortable one. Though she was still infatuated with her role at Beacon as a Huntress-to-be, every time she got to leave and run about the city, she fell in love with Vale more and more. There was a light snowfall that she felt melt in her pink-and-purple-and-blonde hair as she took off her helmet, which she stared up at for a bit, a smile resting on her soft face. It was a good day, Vi admitted to herself, and as much as she loved her team, it was good that Indie had her own performance to attend and Dahlia wanted nothing more than to just sit around the dorm and read. Orri was gone before Vi even woke up this morning, so she could only assume that they were off training. They often teased Orri about their love for their work, and Orri always teased back – as best as they could, at least – how at least they’d always be able to keep the rest of them safe. Just remembering their dynamic broadened the smile on Vi’s face, until a vibration and a ding from the Scroll in her coat pocket forced her to come back to the present. Sliding her Scroll out, she finally got off of her bike, leaving the helmet over her right handlebar as she checked the device and began to walk.

It was Izzy, reminding her that she better show up. It drew a chuckle out of Vi, because she wouldn’t miss this night for the world. Returning her Scroll to her jacket’s left pocket, she produced a lanyard from the right one, which she wrapped around her right arm and wrist; for some reason, she just absolutely hated the sensation of feeling it against her neck. To the bouncer of the club – the line, it seems, had already faded and shuffled inside – she presented it, and he just nodded and didn’t interfere with her attempts to walk in. She could already hear the music starting to play from here, and winced that she was just a *moment* late, but there was only so much speed she could milk out of her bike. She’s only human, after all, and she hadn’t been helped by waking up at 3pm and taking a bit longer in the shower than she intended.

Truth be told, she wasn’t sure what to expect when she walked in; Izzy performed at so many different venues that it made it hard for Vi to tell what she was getting herself into each time that she showed up to once of her performances. Today, surprisingly, was a relatively quant place: there were tables set up, all surrounding an empty stage (except for a stool and a microphone) with enough space between the tables and the stage to account for a small dance floor; the lights were dim, likely to assist in the atmosphere that the candles on each table were preparing for, and Vi could practically feel the overly romantic vibes that the room was emanating. It was almost suffocatingly cheesy, and as Vi sat down at an empty table near the rear of the room, she couldn’t help but to roll her eyes, even if there was a massive smile plastered all over her face.

Somehow, it managed to grow wider as she saw that Izzy was the first one out on stage, her acoustic guitar in hand. Her white hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and her yellow eyes were roaring with a brightness that made Vi remember all of the reasons that she’d fallen in love with her once more. She had to peel her eyes away, though, as she became cognizant of both the menu on the table and the growl of her stomach. Besides, she knew Izzy always opened with the same song: it was a song she’d written shortly after the two of them had met, equal parts a love song about a car as it was a love song about a girl set to a frantic beat that almost seemed more fit for an electric guitar than Izzy’s own acoustic – but, somehow, the girl made it work. It always melted Vi’s heart whenever she heard it, and she found herself humming along as she paged through the menu. It was standard bar food, Vi quickly realized, so she was just as able to shut the thing and wait for someone to notice her.

Until she noticed the pen and slips in the center of the table and realized that this bar was going to ask for her to, if she had to guess, write it down and hand it in somewhere; Vi couldn’t help but to sigh as she made this realization and shake her head slightly. Via showing up too late, she’d likely just screwed herself out of dinner for at least a little while longer – she had no plans on getting up while her girlfriend was playing. The sound of applause through the audience drew her attention back to the stage; the song was already over. It was always one that Vi felt was too short.

Izzy’s next song was a bit softer in comparison to her opener, just as much about love, but with a lot more focused on colors. It was cheesy, for sure. The last song, however, wasn’t one that Vi expected: it was one about heartbreak. She’d heard Izzy play it before, but the last time she’d heard her play it had been before the first time they had even thought about hooking up. It was always a lonely song, and for today of all days, it felt like a rather weird choice for Izzy to have chosen; after all, wasn’t today supposed to be a day about love?

Was it a warning? Vi couldn’t help but to raise her pierced left eyebrow, slightly worried at that implication, but the two of them were normally good enough at communication that the same fear wasn’t reflected in her magenta eyes. Just as quickly as it began, however, and it seemed like the song had ended, even with the far slower pace of this song compared to Izzy’s opener. Then, she was shuffled off-stage, and another musician came out. Now, VI could get up and not feel bad in the slightest. Quickly, she grabbed a pen and one of the slips and scribbled down the simplest order she could: just an order of fries. The thought of anything heavier was, somehow, upsetting her stomach. She saw another few other sane individuals like herself getting up and walking about, with part of the heading to where Vi figured the restrooms were, so she chose to follow the other ones.

Until she felt arms slip around her waist, freezing her in place. Almost immediately, Vi felt herself being brought into a tight, squeezing embrace that almost made it hard to believe, and as she started to crane her head back to see, she felt a kiss get planted atop her head, which brought a giggle from her.

“Haven’t I warned you about hugging me like this?” she teased softly, slowly twisting around to return Izzy’s hug.

“Mmm, you *have*, but you always make it too easy,” Izzy mumbled back, her face still buried in Vi’s hair.

“I’m going to have to punch you one of these times to prove the point, aren’t I?”

“You’re too much of a pacifist for that,” Izzy pointed out teasingly, and it got another chuckle from Vi. Then, Izzy began to drag Vi back to where she was just at.

“Hold on, I need to get food!” Vi complained.

“You’ll have plenty of time to eat later,” Izzy responded, still tugging Vi along, “right now, we’re going to sit down, and we’re going to stare at each other lovingly, and then maybe we might even kiss.”

“In that order?”

“In that order specifically!”

“Hm…” Vi murmured, “I suppose that I can *try* to work with that. I *suppose*.”

Now was Izzy’s turn to break out giggling. “Sheesh, stop being such a drama queen, it’s just some food.”

“I haven’t eaten all day!”

“Then not eating for a bit longer won’t kill you, dork.”

“Pft, if I’m a dork, what’s that say about you?”

“It says that you’re *my* dork, Vi.”

“I can work with that.”

Izzy’s giggling returned.

Dragged behind her, Vi could see that Izzy had let down her hair, which was now trailed just past her shoulders. She was wearing her usual apricot-colored jacket, with the white fuzzy fake-fur poking out at her cuffs and below the hem. Half of the time, Vi was tempted to tease Izzy about her love of that jacket, but she realized her own leather-and-flannel jacket, in all of its pink and purple and black glory, would likely earn her just as much teasing back if she dared open her mouth.

When they sat back down, Izzy made sure to be as close to Vi as she could, even if, true to her words, she was just going to stare lovingly at Vi. She was resting her elbow on the table, and her head in her hand, just staring brightly at Vi. “Sometimes, I really wonder who adores who more here,” Vi joked, leaning back slightly in her chair as a soft smile on her face refused to grow or to fade in the slightest.

“Mmm, I think it’s me,” Izzy replied, “cause I was always looking for you in the crowd.”

“You were always looking for *me?*” Vi replied, astonished. “Miss talented musician wanted to see some grape-colored punk and talk to her?” Though her words carried a confident swagger, it served only to hide Vi’s amazement – sadly, the same could not be said for her eyes, which had went wide in wonder.

“Well, when someone as obvious as you in the crowd seems was at seven of my events before and then was at this one as well, I just had to see my favorite groupie.”

A blush rose on Vi’s olive cheeks, even if she tried to chuckle to cover for any bashfulness present. “P-please, that was more of a coincidence than anything, I was just in the same part of town and saw that you’d be –”

“Pft, dork,” Izzy interrupted, reaching forward and taking Vi’s hand. “Doesn’t matter, does it? We’re here now, and that’s what does.”

Vi let out a small snort, but she nodded. “Yeah. We’re here now. I *still* can’t believe you decided to approach me first.”

“Prettiest girl in the crowd, Vi, though if I’d known you had a tongue piercing…”

“Oi, that was *solely* because I thought they look cute!” Vi fumed as her blush coated her entire face. “Besides, it…”

“Yeah, I know,” Izzy responded, bopping Vi on the nose. “It’s not useful for ‘those things’, but I just wanted to see you like this.”

“Hmph, well, you got it,” Vi indignantly murmured, looking towards the stage. The music was beginning to change, and the lights were rising a little bit, and then Vi felt a squeeze on her hand.

“C’mon, dork. They’re about to play our song.”

“You got’m to play it?” Vi’s eyes snapped back to Izzy, wide one more with awe as the blush seemed to disappear completely; her smile was practically stretching from one of her bright magenta eyes to the other.

“Helps when your mom’s are the owner’s of the bar you’re choosing to play at~?” Izzy teased with a wink, standing up and guiding Vi upright at the same time.

“Shows what I know,” Vi mumbled, her eyes not leaving Izzy’s for even a second. Already, the chorus of the song was filling her ears, *“Oh don’t you dare look back”*.

Izzy laughed, and in time with the song, she just said, “Just keep your eyes on me, Vi,” as she tugged Vi just a little bit closer. Vi joined in on her laughing and nodded, but before they could get to dancing, she had just one thing she had to do:

She planted a kiss on Izzy’s lips, catching her off guard for once – though she quickly melted into the kiss, even if they kept it brief. “C’mon, Vi, I know you’ll be kicking yourself if we miss thing.”

“Yeah, I will,” Vi murmured back as she rested her forehead against Izzy’s for a second longer. Then, smile as bright as ever, she pulled away, and it was now her turn to tug Izzy towards the small dance floor. Other people seemed to be joining them, but Vi didn’t mind – Vi would’ve danced with them all for even just a second of more time with Izzy.