

is the first night where donations will be accepted, and anyone who donates will be honored and treasured. Anything with our name on it, be it a plaque, a build board, hell even a newsletter will have your name somewhere on it. Thanking you. When people think of Rose Water, it won't be me they think of, it'll be the names of all those people who made this possible. If you would like to donate, meet me and Steve by the bar and we'll get your name and basic information. Thank you all and have a nice rest of the night". Lane finishes and the crowd of people begin clapping in unison. No one would dare look unhappy about donating in front of their other colleagues.

Whenever Lane sits down, he does so in the most comfortable way imaginable. His shoulders are down, his neck is relaxed, and his whole body leaned back in a way that would make the average person fall asleep within minutes. Lane understands this is not a win that will guarantee him a spot at the top. He has learned today that there are monsters of desire who could end all his hopes in an instant. Those who have sacrificed anything to Baal have already sunk deeper into power than Lane. Even though he has gained the same ability to make deals, he lacks a deeper connection to Baal that everyone else in the room has. Lane is only able to sit so comfortably in a room full of demons, knowing full well they could devour him at any moment, due to the simple fact that he knows he is different from them.

"Let the sign ups begin"

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Lane is sitting in the cold car waiting for Winston. He checks the temperature on his phone, 19 degrees. He has already been waiting long enough for his phone to be almost dead. Now with nothing to do Lane taps his foot and looks around outside. Shivering, now that his focus is not on a screen he can feel how cold he is. The door suddenly opens, "sorry to keep you waiting, had to finish up a few things, and I didn't want anyone seeing us get into the car together." Winston explains joyfully. Lane stares out the window. "Something wrong? No one hire you?" Winston asks with genuine concern in his voice.

"When?" Lane asks.

"When what?" Winston asks.

"You know."

"So you heard..." Winston begins to admit.

"...I've been working with them for awhile. I know what they've done. I want to cut ties with them. Soon I'll be able to. I'm sorry, but in this world you have to work with bad people. They exist, you can't ignore them." Winston explains.

"When?" Lane repeats.

"Lane what's wrong with you?" Winston stares and waits for Lane's reply which never arrives.

"Come on man" Winston bends his right arm and is ready to nudge him, but Lane grabs his elbow and looks him in his eyes.

"When?" Lane's voice now echos throughout the car.

Winston pulls over and puts the car in park. "5 years ago, whenever the business was running into trouble. All the loans I took out to open the place were high interest, and that year I didn't make enough to even make a single payment. It wasn't going to be immediately damning, but now there was no foreseeable future in which I could pay that off. My business is marketing, and while that is a highly profitable market, there is also a low ceiling on it. Most of our clients have signed multi year contracts with us, so we know what our profit margins are for at least the next 3 years with no possibility to increase it. If my business went bankrupt it would be more than losing a job, I'd lose my house, any