

Your eyes sting as you try to open them, quickly leaving you with nothing but blurs and discomfort instead of answers as you try to get your bearings on where you are. Other answers do make themselves known however, even if none of them are the answers you hoped for. You can't remember what you got up to the previous night, apart from it having started with an invitation to a party in a part of town you'd never been to before. Now, though? Now you're naked in an uncomfortable chair and your ankles and wrists have been tied down to it. Now you're sitting in some room that smells of sweet cigar smoke and something acrid and pungent that the smoke is masking. It's too hot, you're already sweating and your throat is parched, and one other thing-

You aren't alone.

“It wakes, *finally*. I had begun to think you might just be broken. Shall we begin, then?”

The voice startles you at first, but the twitch of movement alerts you to just how precarious that little chair you're on is and you quickly ease yourself back into what balance you can maintain. The source of it is right in front of you, something reddish brown with a hint of gold to it, but your vision hasn't cleared enough yet. Trying to answer the voice doesn't go much better than trying to see it's source.

“Wh- *cough* – wh.. o.. w- *cough*- water?”

A wry sounding chuckle bubbles up from the figure before you. Somewhere behind you a tension around your wrists loosens and you find yourself able to use your arms once more, with just enough of your vision clearing to realize that a desk sits between you and the figure. What's more, water seems to have been provided in an oddly old fashioned tankard. You clutch it in both hands and start to drink, relief washing through your body. By the time you're done you can just about properly see your host – a red furred squirrel with gold eyes in a business suit of such a dark green it was almost black.

“Certainly, we'll put it on your tab. Value commensurate to need – and that naturally brings us to the topic at hand. This is a.. well-”

Coughing a bit as you finish the drink and then look down at the tankard and back to the squirrel when he mentions a tab, and whatever 'commensurate value' means. Whatever it is doesn't sound good. Despite how hot the air around you feels, your blood runs cold at the sight of those gold eyes looking you over the way someone would a cut of fresh meat.

“Job interview? Yes, that's close enough I suppose. So, what are you good for?”

You sputter a little again, looking around yourself to try and gauge what's going on. To see what your chances for running are, assuming you can free your legs. Unfortunately for you there doesn't seem to -be- an 'around' to look through. Anything past the first few feet away from your chair and the desk just kind of.. stops. Like you're in a pitch black void but under a spotlight, alone with this squirrel that's giving off all the energy of a hungry predator.

“..W-what do you mean? Like.. like what are my skills?”

The squirrel gestures in a half-hearted 'kind of' fashion at that but he seems, if not satisfied, at least content to continue from there.

“I suppose that's someplace we could start. What can you do – who are you – *what are you good for?* There's bound to be something.”