Ramona stepped into the hotel lobby, dressed in her summer beachwear. A satchel hung from her shoulder, full of all the supplies that someone would need for a successful day at the beach. Chiefly rum coolers and potato chips.

“Today’s the big day.” She beamed.

Sophia peaked up from her copy of the Globe and Mail. “What’s going on?”

“What’s going on?” Ramona repeated. “What’s going on? Don’t you remember what Grandma Bertha said?” She frowned. “Actually wait, she might’ve talked about it before you were even here.”

“This should be good,” Sophia grumbled under her breath.

Ramona held up her hand. “Tonight is our annual beach volleyball match with *El Campamento de los Guapos Chicos Lobo.*”

“I’m sorry,” Sophia replied, blinking. “The what now?”

“It’s another paranormal resort that’s nearby,” Romona explained “A campground that is entirely populated with werewolves that are conveniently shirtless, male, extremely attractive, and around our age group.”

Sophia shook her head and turned back to her magazine, flipping away from an article on Maple Leaf stocks to another discussing igloo culture in the Canadian north.

Ramona whined. “Soph, we need to go to the beach right this minute or we’ll miss our first game and have to forfeit.”

“Not interested,” Sophia said. “Mr. Bones told me to man the front desk and I’m not about to abandon my station just so we can go out to some strange beach with some strange boys to play some strange game that requires even an ounce of hand eye coordination.” She frowned. “Which, may I remind you, I completely and utterly lack.”

Ramona huffed. “What if I found someone to replace you at the front desk?”

“Then I’d probably go up to my room and spend some time catching up on my readings,” Sophia explained. “Been working through a very engrossing non-fiction book on the history of the Canadian Rail Network.”

“Gods you’re such a dweeb,” Ramona whispered under her breath.

“What was that?” Sophia asked.

Ramona flashed a nervous smile. “I said your taste in literature is extremely dweeby.” She immediately flinched. “I mean that your taste in literature is extremely inspiring?”

Sophia rolled her eyes. “Uh huh.”

“Look, Soph,” Ramona said, approaching the desk and placing a hand upon it. “Can I level with you for a moment? Have a little heart to heart.”

Sophia sighed and dog marked her page in the magazine before placing it down on the front desk. She didn’t speak but placed her chin in the palm of her hand, making it clear that Ramona had her complete and undivided attention.

“Ever since I was a little girl,” Ramona started. “I have always known that deep down in my heart, I wanted to play beach volleyball with a bunch of hot werewolves and get trashed on rum coolers.” She made sure to put some legitimate pleading into her gaze. “Are you really going to break this young girl’s heart, Soph. Because right now you’re shattering it.”

Sophia’s only response was to lift an eyebrow by an accusatory amount.

“Come on, Soph,” Ramona pleaded. “Don’t you just want to spend a day outside and not couped up in Mr. Bones’ wild manor?”

Still, even now, she was failing to get through to her.

It was time for the big guns.

“And I really need my best gal pal to put sunscreen on my back for me,” Ramona added, biting her lip and fluttering her lashes.

Sophia paused for exactly one second before slamming her hand forcefully upon the desk. “Deal!”

“Oh, thank you, Soph,” Ramona said. “I thought I was this close to having to forfeit.”

“Uh huh,” Sophia said, rolling her eyes.

She got up and made her way towards the stairs.

“I’d be disgraced if that were to happen,” Ramona continued. “I’d never be able to show my face in public again.”

“I’m just going to get changed,” Sophia said, ignoring her. Though, she stopped at the foot of the stairs and looked back at Ramona. “By the way, what does *El Campamento de los Guapos Chicos Lobo*, even mean?”

Ramona giggled. “Your Spanish is adorable.”

“Well, we can’t all be bilingual,” Sophia teased.

“Fair,” Ramona said. She then shrugged. “But the rough translation is Camp by the Moonlight.”

“Appropriate name for a werewolf campground,” Sophia said as she made her way up the stairs.

Ramona led the way, cutting through the grove of trees and wild growth that obstructed their path towards the beach. Her flip flops clapped against the ground with every step and her bag dug ever deeper into her shoulder.

“This seemed like a smarter decision two kilometers ago,” she whined.

Sophia snickered. “Told you we should’ve brought a wagon.”

“So, you could’ve pulled me?” Ramona asked.

Sophia snorted. “So that we could’ve pulled our supplies.” She glanced at her. “What did you even pack?”

“Two beach towels, a volleyball, a bottle of sunscreen, three bags of chips, and twenty-four rum coolers,” Ramona answered.

Sophia’s eyes widened. “Twenty-four? Why did you bring twenty-four rum coolers along?”

“Because I knew you wouldn’t bring any and then you would see me having mine and want one,” Ramona explained.

“Still, a two-four of them?” Sophia asked. “Doesn’t that seem a little bit…” She shook her head. “Never mind. Did you at least bring ketchup chips?”

“No, you weird Canuck, I brought normal flavours,” Ramona said, wincing in disgust. “I’ve got lime, fiery habanero, and chili lime.”

“I have literally never heard of any of these flavours,” Sophia said.

Ramona shrugged. “They’re perfectly normal flavours.”

“It sounds like you just googled Mexican potato chip flavours and picked the first three that you saw,” Sophia jeered.

“No way.” Ramona snorted. “That would just be lazy writing.”

“I mean we did have a run in with a writer already,” Sophia said, shuddering. “Back when we were trapped in that visual novel? Do you think…”

“Yes, I remember that and your pet mouse,” Ramona said, sighing fondly. “Little Estaban.”

“You named him?” Sophia asked.

Ramona grinned. “Of course, he was a cherished childhood pet.”

“That never existed,” Sophia grumbled. She then shook her head. “But do you think this is the same writer?”

“Nah this is totally a different writer,” Ramona went on. “Little weaker on her character building, not great at being serious, and has a pretty strong grasp on comedy.” She snorted. “Though at the very least this one will let me talk about how much I want to be ravished by a pair of…”

“Hey girls!” a voice called.

Both of them looked up to see a werewolf smiling at them and waving. He looked like the textbook example of a beach jock, wearing tight shorts and having a ripped body that was covered in a coat of grey fur.

“Hey Chris,” Ramona greeted. “This is Sophia.”

“The famous Sophia?” Chris asked.

Sophia grinned nervously. “That’s me.”

“The same Sophia who is always too busy reading nerd books to come hangout?” Chris asked.

“I…” Sophia looked at Ramona. “What have you been telling them?”

“Oh, nothing but the truth,” Ramona said, batting her lashes.

They came upon the beach where a pair of werewolf boys, of equally fine stature, were setting up a volleyball net. There were a few more loitering around, talking with one another and with a few familiar faces from the Last Resort itself.

“Huh you weren’t lying,” Sophia said. “This is totally like… *a thing*.”

“Why would I lie about this,” Ramona teased.

She moved towards the beach and dropped her bag upon the ground. It landed with a thud and she winced as she peaked inside.

“Oh, thank god,” she said. “Nothing broke.”

Ramona started to grab the towels and laid them out upon the sand. She then plopped down on one and invited Sophia to take the other.

“Not a bad beach for the land of the dead,” she teased.

Sophia nodded. “Always thought purgatory would be a little bleaker. You know?”

“Do you think this is purgatory?” Ramona asked.

She reached into her bag and produced two rum coolers. One was mango and the other pineapple. The pineapple one went to Sophia, of course.

“Pineapple?” Sophia asked.

Ramona shrugged. “You like putting it on your pizza.”

“I mean because it makes sense to put it on a pizza,” Sophia said, holding a hand to her chest. “It’s not my fault that Canadians are some of the finest culinary minds on the planet.”

“Uh huh.” Ramona allowed herself a thin smile. “So, you think this is purgatory?”

“I mean it has to be,” Sophia said. “It sure isn’t hell and it feels a bit lackluster to be heaven.”

“It can totally be heaven,” Ramona replied. “Endless days of enjoying life at a beachside resort. Doesn’t that sound like paradise?”

“Well maybe if you’re a guest,” Sophia murmured.

She cracked open her cooler and took a sip, smacking her lips together and letting out a satisfactory note.

“Not bad?” Ramona asked.

Sophia smirked and nodded slowly. “Not bad.”

“Better than sitting alone in your room and reading a book on trains?” Ramona asked, smirking at her.

“A little better than that,” Sophia agreed. “Though I had reached a rather interesting chapter that was talking about the use of the Trans Canada Railway during...”

Thankfully, before Sophia could go into one of her *‘nerd outs’*, Chris returned.

“We’re thinking about starting the game in about fifteen minutes,” he explained. “Does that work for you two?”

Ramona grinned. “We’ll be ready.”

“What’s at stake?” Sophia asked.

“Stake?” Chris replied, cocking a brow.

“Like what do we get if we win?” Sophia looked between them. “Isn’t that how games are usually played?”

Ramona nodded solemnly and sighed. “I did promise him our mortal souls if we lost.”

Sophia paled. “What?”

A beat ticked by and then Chris snorted.

“You’re mean,” he said

“Only because she makes it so easy,” Ramona teased. She then shook her head. “We’re playing for bragging rights, Soph.”

“Bragging rights,” Sophia repeated, nodding to herself. “Got it.”

“Any other questions?” Chris asked.

Sophia frowned. “Yes, but well… I don’t know if it’s very appropriate.”

“Soph,” Ramona warned.

Chris chuckled. “I think I know what it is. Go ahead.”

“I was just wondering how all of you became werewolves?” Sophia asked, rubbing at her arms. “Like what are the chances that an entire campground of you would come together in the afterlife.”

“I mean we’re all werewolves because we all died the same way,” Chris explained.

“I see,” Sophia said. “And that would be…”

“Mauled to death by a pack of wolves,” Chris said, flashing a smile.

Sophia’s eyes widened. “Oh.”

“Yeah, it’s a pretty grizzly way to go,” Chris agreed, “but hey, at least we’re smoking hot in the afterlife.”

“Hell, yeah you are,” Ramona teased, allowing herself a predatory smile.

Her gaze was very much not on his face, aiming for somewhere considerably lower.

“I’m going to die,” Sophia whined.

She laid on the ground, panting for breath. Her chest burned, muscles burned, soul burned, everything burned.

“Soph,” Ramona said. “We’ve only played two sets.” She blinked. “Also, you can’t die, we’re already in the afterlife.”

“I’m going to die,” Sophia repeated. “Ramona, I need you… I need you to please ensure that my final form is a cute cat girl.” She gasped. “A fox girl will do in a pinch.”

“That’s up to you,” Ramona chided. “And also, you’re not dying.”

“I can see the light,” Sophia whispered.

Ramona sighed. “Didn’t your *madre* ever tell you it was a bad idea to look directly at the sun.”

She stood over top of Sophia, blocking out the bright light and offering her a hand. Sophia looked at it, for a moment, and reluctantly took it, getting back to her feet.

“How many more sets are there?” Sophia asked.

Chris chuckled. “We can call it here if you’d like. You seem pretty wiped.”

“Can we?” Sophia asked, looking at Ramona and silently pleading.

Ramona rolled her eyes. “Alright, alright we can call it here.”

“Thank you,” Sophia said.

Ramona went over to the pair of rum coolers planted in the sand, off to the side of the pitch.

“They kicked our asses,” Sophia quipped.

Ramona smirked and picked up her drink. “They are werewolves.”

“I swear to god that one guy literally teleported,” Sophia whispered, shaking her head in disbelief. “It was like something right out of an anime.”

Ramona nodded. “Still, that was pretty fun.”

“It was,” Sophia agreed.

She plopped down onto the sand, not caring where the granules were bound to end up. Her gaze went over to her rum cooler and she picked it up, holding it out to Ramona.

“To new experiences?” she asked.

Ramona smirked and tapped the tip of Sophia’s bottle with the bottom of hers. “I can drink to that.”

Chris came over, running a hand through his gorgeous mane as he approached.

“Glad you two came out,” he said. “That was a whole lot of fun.”

Sophia smirked. “Hey, any time. I wouldn’t mind hanging out with you guys from *El Campamento de los Guapos Chicos Lobo* in the future.”

Chris tilted his head to the side. “Pardon?”

“Oh, sorry my Spanish isn’t very good,” Sophia said. She cleared her throat and tried again, more slowly this time. *“El Campamento… de los Guapos… Chicos… Lobo.”*

“That uh…” Chris bit his lip. “That isn’t the name of our camp. We’re called Inkster Heights Night Camp.”

Sophia was about to inquire but her answer came soon enough as she heard Ramona trying her very best to not lose her shit. Though she failed incredibly hard as it came spilling out.

“Ramona!” Sophia gasped. “You lied to me.”

“I didn’t think you’d actually believe me,” Ramona pleaded, unable to overcome her ceaseless giggles.

Chris smirked. “And what does *El Campamento de los Guapos Chicos Lobo* even stand for anyways, Ramona?”

“Well, uh…” Romana flushed. “It’s an old Spanish folk saying that roughly translates to…” Her laughter trailed off. “The Camp of Hot Wolf Boys.”

“I’m never forgiving you,” Sophia stated, folding her arms in front of her chest.

Romana smirked. “I still need someone to put on my sunscreen.”

Sophia scrunched her expression tight before letting it out in a heavy sigh.

“Just be thankful that I believe in redemption,” she grumbled under her breath.