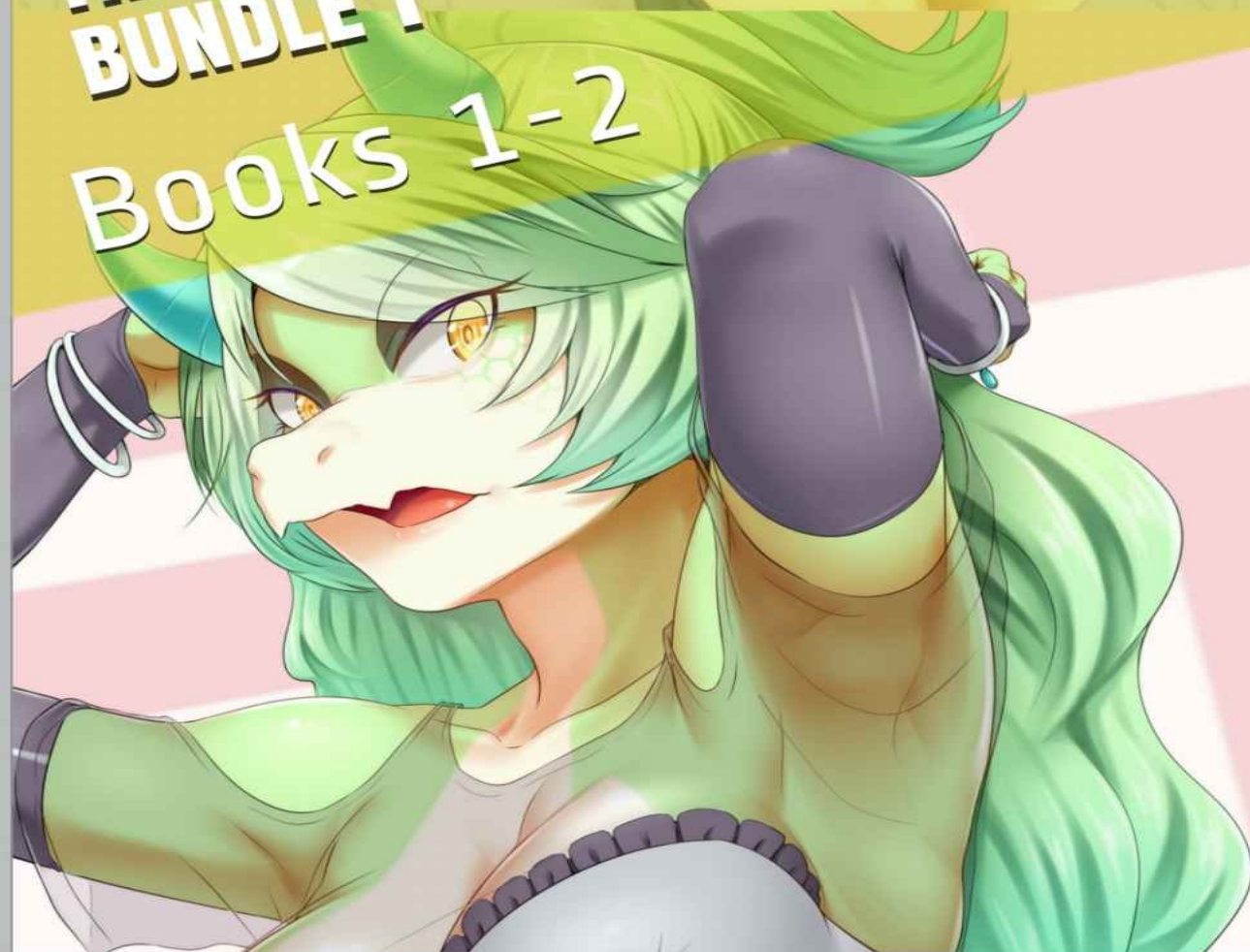


HEIDI FISK

THE WORLD OF FUR WE LIVE IN:
BUNDLE 1

Books 1-2



THE WORLD OF FUR WE LIVE IN: BUNDLE 1

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THE WORLD OF FUR WE LIVE IN: BOOK 1 BUNNYHOP

1

The Town of Summclove

"Hey, is this necessary?" I sighed pushing the large log on my back. Despite it being the size of a tree the weight wasn't what was getting to me, but rather the monotony of the entire situation.

It was a beautiful day, and I could have been doing anything else. Yet here I was pushing logs for someone I didn't even know...

"Geez stop complaining and put them here." The white rabbit's ears twitched as she pointed to the two metal poles that held up that was sticking out of the ground. It appeared that she had set everything up already.

I followed her order placing the logs onto the beams. The moment I did I took a deep breath lifting my arm, with a massive swing my arm came down cutting the wood in two.

"Man, I forgot how strong you are for a human." The white rabbit looked at the broken wood that was in the grass as I rubbed my arm. "You know, you can help too Rabby..." my eyes narrowed as she just shrugged.

"This isn't a two-person job, plus I'm going to help you carry the wood back anyway!"

I honestly couldn't argue with that. It wasn't like we had two sets of beams to hold up the wood and if she was helping me carry, then it was enough. I just wished that she would have told me about agreeing to help build a house.

As I continued the task at hand, I could finally feel the fatigue setting in. Whether it was mental or physical, it was another story entirely.

"Okay, I think that is enough. I think it's time we get these to the building site." the moment Rabby said that she stood up stretching. She walked towards the logs I had created with my bare hands lifting three of them as if they were just a

bunch of twigs. I suspected she would have lifted more if she had more room in her paws.

I followed suit, lifting the wood as we made our way down the road and towards town.

The road was short as we came up to the town's arch. Both me and Rabby shifted our bodies making sure the logs didn't hit the sides of the arch as we walked into the town known as Summerclove.

The town itself was rather small and was a bit outdated regarding technology at times. Not only that but only Beastkin lived there. In fact, I was the only creature that could have been considered human in the entire area.

As we walked through the streets creatures of all shapes and sizes waved to us smiling. There was something about the country life was relaxing despite how dull it was.

"Okay, this is the spot..." Rabby spoke. Honestly, I didn't know how she could see. She was shorter than I was and even I couldn't even see past the logs. I assumed it just had something to do with her other sense, considering that I had been following her lead up to that point.

We casually put down the logs causing the ground underneath us to shake. The moment we did I could finally see in front of me again, what I saw was a large number of beastkin workers building the foundation and setting up for a home.

Of course, all of it was made out of wood a stark contrast to most of the buildings humans made. Then again, even Rabby's home was built mostly of stone perhaps beastkin just preferred those sort of things.

"Herre it is, if you need anything else from us just ask!" Rabby grinned causing me to groan somewhat. I was about to swiftly remove myself from the situation as I heard from behind us causing us to turn around.

"I swear you two are always together..." It was Miss Canino, her fur was a dull gray, and her black nose twitched as if she was confirming our scent. Her ears perked up after a minute before her tail started to wag ever so slightly.

"What can I say, Joek is a pretty good helper!" Rabby stated as Miss Canino

stared at me for a moment. Her bright green eyes scanned my body. I didn't know if she was about to sniff me or not.

"I was about to ask you something, but it would have been rather rude of me...so forget it."

Miss Canino smiled, she had a certain air of maturity to her. However, it didn't make her statements come across any less condescending.

"Anyway, this is your house they are building right?" Rabby probably sensed the awkwardness and decided to change the subject.

"That is right. I decided that I would like some more room, and since I am living alone I don't need something too complicated."

"I see, well don't forget to pay us for the wood!" Rabby made sure to slip that little piece of information in as Canino chuckled.

"Do not worry. I'll mail you the money soon. However I think you two should go home and rest, I'm sure it wasn't easy to cut down and move it all the way into town."

"We will, thanks!" Rabby grinned as the two of us slowly walked away leaving Miss Canino to manage the creation of her home.

I took a deep breath taking in the air. We were finally done work, at least for the day and I was free to do what I wanted...too bad I didn't want to visit any shops or anything like that.

"So, do you want to do something? Maybe get something to eat?" Rabby asked as I shook my head.

"We got food at home, and I am kind of tired..." "Aw, did moving some sticks make the big bad Joek tired?" Rabby chuckled causing me to hold back rolling my eyes.

"Yeah, said the rabbit that didn't do anything..."

Rabby just laughed as we made our way down the road towards Rabby's house...at least that is what we called it.

Rabby's home wasn't very tall. Rather it was wide. Perhaps this was due to her family being bunny beastkin, but I decided not to focus on it too much. The

color of the building was a beautiful red with a chimney and glass windows.

The bricks that made up each corner of the building were expensive, at least that is what I assumed considering I wasn't even there when it was built. Despite that, it was still a place that I had no hesitation calling home.

Rabby casually opened the door as we entered the building. There weren't many halls in the house outside the ones leading to the bedrooms. There were a few walls, but outside of that it wasn't too unheard of for someone from one side of the house to see someone else. The only rooms with doors were Rabby's, her father's old room, the bathroom, and the room I was staying in.

Rabby stretched as she slowly started to take off her gloves as well as her top. She never did mind being naked around me. Perhaps it was just a Beastkin thing. I tried not to question it too much.

However what I did notice was Rabby's figure, despite her short stature her body was rather curvy. Not only that, but her breast was cute and perky. I often wondered if she knew that I was eyeing her when she got undressed. I doubted it, and I was probably just being a pervert. Despite neither of us saying it, we were pretty much a couple in everything but name. A part of me wondered which one of us was avoiding taking the final step.

"Anyway, what are we eating? Since you wanted to come back home I'll let you cook!" Rabby said as she put on a new shirt taking a seat on the couch.

I groaned that was to be expected. I entered the kitchen, despite most of the home being made of stone things like televisions and refrigerators were still made out of regular components.

I checked the freezer first then the fridge. There were a few salads, but I was checking for something with a bit more meat to it. After another look through the freezer, I noticed a pack of grilled chicken that was on the door.

It was odd to me that the beastkin just ate meat. Rabby also ate it, which was strange since I figured that most rabbits were vegetarian. Even after living with them for my entire life there was still quite a bit, I didn't know about them.

My mother wasn't particularly keen on them. If she figured out that I was living in a town full of them, she would probably take a lamp and beat me across the

head.

"Hey...what's taking so much time? Did you decide what we are going to eat?" I head Rabby call from the other room snapping me out of my daze.

I quickly pulled out the cooking pan and placed four pieces of chicken on it. I set the oven to the listed temperature making a note to remember to cook the vegetables as I sat next to Rabby on the couch as she stared at me.

Her red eyes pierced me, then without warning she stretched her feet going across my leg as she placed her head on the armrest.

"What? Is there something on my face?"

"...Joek, why did you come here?"

My eyes widened for a moment. This wasn't the first time Rabby had asked me that, yet every time those words escaped her mouth my mind went blank.

"I came to this town searching for someone..." when I said that I felt one of Rabby's toes pressing against my cheek.

"I know that I mean who are you looking for? Staying in a town for two years for that seems pointless..."

"Don't worry about it. It doesn't matter."

Rabby at least had enough tact not to keep picking with me.

"By the way, we are going to be helping out Mr. Flats tomorrow to remove some land sharks from his yard."

I groaned, a part of me hated that she continually dragged me into doing odd jobs with her. At the same time I wasn't paying rent, and it was the least I could do.

"Don't you think we should take a break tomorrow? I mean, we've been doing these types of things all week."

"Of course not, my dad wouldn't have taken a break so I won't either."

The moment I brought up her father I knew the conversation was over. Rabby's father died the previous year due to an illness. I hadn't known him for long, but he seemed like the type of person that would help anyone out no matter how troublesome it was.

She probably just wanted to fill the hole her dad left in the town.

"Fine, I won't complain about it anymore..."

The moment I said that Rabby foot dug into my side as she smiled at me. My eye twitched causing me to quickly look away. For some reason I could feel my cheeks heating up, and Rabby probably took notice.

"Joek come on, we are both adults here...if you have something to say to me say it."

Why did she have to be blunt all of a sudden? I quickly shook my head trying to keep my thoughts in check. It seemed that Rabby took the opportunity to shift her body suddenly. Before I knew it, I could feel her paws on my shoulders my lips just inches away from hers.

She was waiting for something I knew what it was, and I weighed what I should do. I slowly started to move my hands grabbing her waist pulling her closer to me. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as our lips met.

This wasn't the first time we kissed. It had happened a few times since we started living alone. However this time I felt Rabby's breast rubbing against my chest, her saliva dripped into my mouth as we parted lips.

I felt some of her fur against my cheeks as I took note of her bright red eyes. Some humans may have had found them unsettling, but for some reason I found them alluring. Right when I was about to lower my hand to her thigh, I heard a sharp beep of the oven.

"Ah...haha, I should probably get that!"

I rolled off the couch trying my best not to touch Rabby as I heard her mumble something under her breath. I quickly pulled out the food and started to cook the vegetables...though using the word cook was giving myself a bit too much credit.

It was frozen vegetables, something you could throw in the microwave and it be done in a few minutes. Honestly, both me and Rabby lived off of mostly frozen meals considering neither of us was experts in cooking despite being us residing in the country.

As I made our plates, I noticed Rabby turning on the small television in the main room. I had a feeling that she was probably pissed about what just happened, but

I wasn't going to bring it up.

"Here you go." I gave her the plate as I sat back down next to her. We ate in retaliative silence as the longer we went without talking, the more I wondered just how angry she was.

"...By the way, do you want to take a visit back to your home city! It seems like it would be fun!" It was like she had completely forgot about her previous anger Rabby made a random comment.

I had thought about it, once I had found the person I was looking for I was planning on taking Rabby there for a short vacation. Both humans and beastkin lived there, and I had a feeling that Rabby probably hadn't seen a lot of humans besides me.

"Ah sure..."

"Don't just say that, make a promise!"

It was a weird thing she asked, but I wasn't going to refuse. After all it was just a simple promise, and I didn't see any reason not to make it.

"Sure, I promise I'll take you sooner or later..."

"Sooner or later? That sounds so vague, but I'll keep you to your word!" Rabby started eating, for some reason I was beginning to regret making such a promise. Mostly because I knew she would be nagging me about it every chance she got.

After we finished eating Rabby got up rubbing her eyes. She quickly looked at me her ears swaying slightly, and for a second I saw her short tail twitch.

"...I'm going to my room!" She said that randomly as she jumped up.

"Huh, I thought we were going to watch television together?"

"I would love to, but I have plans and things that need setting up. Why don't you read one of your books or take another walk around town or something~" with that Rabby hurried out of the room leaving me alone.

Everyone had something that had to be done, but I couldn't help but be curious. Most of the time Rabby spent her free time either hanging out with me or doing things for the people in the town and having conversations with them.

She never struck me as a beastkin that wanted free time. In fact, the only time she ever wanted to be alone was when her dad died.

"I guess that's fine. I do have some things I need to catch up on anyway..." I said that under my breath getting up from my bed and walked into my room.

I called it that, but it was far smaller than Rabby's room nearly half the size mostly because it wasn't meant to be a room that someone was supposed to stay in. It was quickly converted when I started to stay Rabby and her father.

There was a decent size bed with a small desk and table, but that was mostly it. I didn't have table or dresser to hold my clothes, so I had to store the clean ones in a box every time we washed.

I sighed looking under my bed pulling out a few textbooks along with novels.

I had just recently bought the history books from the nearby bookstore. Most of it was detailing the history and relations between humans and beastkin with a bit of the history of mankind before the two species met one another.

I groaned, I wondered why I even bothered buying such things. I wasn't a history buff, but at times it was fun to read. Apparently, humans had a long tradition of raging wars with one another which interested me.

I cracked open the book and read some old dates, some dated all the way back to 2020...I couldn't imagine life nearly 150 years ago. As I read a bit of history time slowly went by. The sun fell, and before I knew I even realized it the moon was out.

I looked out the window and noticed the moon was out. The moment I stared at it I felt my heart skip a beat. I didn't know why, but every time I stared at the moon I felt both excited and at ease. It happened as long as I have remembered.

It was uncommon for a human to have that sort of condition, my mother told me that some people did start to act strangely during full moons and there was a disease that related to it. At the same time tonight wasn't a full moon, and I was still getting that feeling in my body.

I closed the blinds holding my chest...I managed to calm myself down. While I doubted that I was going to do anything dangerous being excited when there was

nothing to do wasn't going to help me any.

"Now that, that has been taken care of I wonder what Rabby is doing?"

It was strange, whatever she was doing it couldn't have taken her more than a few minutes let alone the hours that had passed since she had entered her room.

I wondered if she was alright. Most likely she just fell asleep and would be complaining in the morning about all the time she had missed.

I yawned as I continued to lay in bed my eyes on the clock. It was only about 9:00 p.m yet it felt closer to midnight. Perhaps it was because of how early Rabby and I got up to help with the house.

"This is good enough I guess," I yawned closing my door and shutting off the lamp in my room. The became pitch black, but I was used to it. I honestly preferred the dark when I was trying to sleep compared to having a source of light.

I let the darkness slowly overtake me as my body relaxed. I finally drifted to sleep.

While my consciousness started to fade, I heard something causing me to twitch. There was a chance it was just a small animal outside of my window, that was until I heard the door to my room slowly start to open.

It was most likely Rabby, but why did she go into my room? Maybe she was trying to borrow one of my books without me noticing.

Right when I was about to open my mouth I felt someone sit next to me on my bed.

"Damn it, I was hoping that he would still be awake."

If any doubt that it was Rabby it had left my mind. I wondered what she could have wanted so late at night. I felt something getting caught in my throat before finally speaking.

"Well, I'm awake now..."

"Ah!" Rabby quickly jumped off of my bed before I heard a loud bang as if something hit the ceiling. It seemed she jumped a little too high.

I quickly cut on the light my eyes rapidly trying to adjust from the darkness. I rubbed them as my gaze shifted downward to Rabby.

She was on the floor rubbing her head. She was completely naked for some reason gripping something in her paws.

"R-Rabby, what the hell are you doing?"

Rabby bit her lip, considering the size of her teeth I was a bit worried about her biting right through her lips. Her body language told me she was conflicted about covering herself up or leaving herself exposed.

"This was supposed to be a bit more romantic..." she grumbled as she quickly ran out of the room causing me even more confusion.

"Did she want to have sex?" That was the only thing I could think of, but it seemed that she had lost her nerve which was shocking considering how close we were to going all the way on the couch.

Either way, I dared not risk going into her room while she was like that and it was getting far too late. Whatever she was doing in my room I opted to just ask her in the morning rather than at that very moment.

"Well good night Rabby..." I whispered that under my breath as I cut off my light for the final time that night.

Landsharks and Diners

Once again we were walking down the trail leading into the town. Rabby had been completely quiet about the events of the previous night which might have been for the best. I didn't want to embarrass her any more.

"Make sure you don't drop any of the stuff. If it breaks, we can't lure any of the landsharks out!" Rabby glanced over at me causing me to roll my eyes.

The device I was carrying was sort of like a giant saucer from a bad alien movie. It had two poles sticking out from the top and bottom with what appeared to be a speaker in the middle. I had no idea how to use it since every time there was a landshark problem in the city the exterminator took care of it.

We finally got to the house in question. It was large, nearly twice the size of Rabby's. We noticed the yard with holes and cracks scattered around it, if there were any doubts about there being landsharks in the yard it was put to rest. "...Joek, set the thing up in the yard while I talk to the house owner."

I wasn't going to refuse. Despite Rabby's attitude, she was somewhat good with people and other beastkins. I walked to the center of the yard setting it down. Rabby said she ordered the device so she could take care of landsharks easier, but I had no idea what she meant by that.

"Hey Joek, everything is ready!" I heard Rabby call out to me as she waved making her way towards me it seemed that she had finished talking to the homeowner and we were about to start.

"You have to be fast for what we are going to do next," Rabby then handed me a pile of what appeared to be muzzles. I assumed this is what we were going to use to catch the landsharks. Even Rabby had a few of them in her hand, at the very least she was going to help me.

"You ready?"

"...Sure," I still had no idea how the device worked or anything like that, but I

wasn't going to question it. The faster we got it the done faster we could do anything else.

Rabby stomped her feet on the ground before lifting them. With one quick blow she kicked the metal device as he shook. Despite the strike, I didn't hear any noise as the object started to vibrate.

"I hope you're good at catching fish!"

I had no idea what she meant until I heard the ground break apart. Suddenly nearly half a dozen landsharks came jumping up from the ground like fish in a barrel.

I didn't hesitate as I quickly started putting muzzles on them. I then placed them in the metal net that Rabby had brought with her.

Landsharks weren't too dangerous even if they were a cross between a frog and a shark. Despite how intimidating they were they rarely attacked anything longer than themselves, and their teeth were mostly used for digging.

I tossed them in the bag before noticing Rabby grabbing them as quickly as possible. It was clear that she was used to doing this sort of thing. After a couple of minutes we got them all, at least that is what I assumed we did.

We managed to fill at least three bags worth of landsharks as Rabby stretched dusting off her pants and smiling at me. The two of us then tied up the bag as we put them on our backs. I didn't know what we were going to do with a bunch of landsharks, but I was sure Rabby would know.

"Come on, let's see the owner for our payment!" Rabby said before we walked back to the large house.

Rabby knocked on the door humming to herself. It seemed that her mood had improved since last night.

After a minutes of waiting, an old goat beastkin with a cane dragged himself out. His eyes were darting back to Rabby and me.

"Ah...so you took care of them?" His voice sounded a bit strained as if he was about to fall over any minute.

"Yep, don't worry about paying us the full price. Since you're a senior, we're going to offer you a 20% discount." Rabby took out a small notepad and started to add random numbers together. I was positive that she was making most of it

up and just wanted to appear professional.

"Here is your total." Rabby showed the man the number as he nodded. He limped his way back into his house forcing us to wait even longer. After what seemed like an eternity he came back out with a pile of silver coins in a bag.

Beastkin money was different, mostly because they used bronze, silver, and gold as currency. This made trading and conversion with humans easier. They just needed to sell a certain amount of gold for the money they wanted.

"Thank you for your help." The old goat laughed dragging himself back into the house one more time. While I was happy that we were able to get it done we still had no idea what we were going to do with the landsharks.

"Do you want to give these away at the market or something?" I asked causing her to nod.

"Yeah, might as well. Plus I have to buy something there anyway." Rabby stated as we secured the bags of sharks over our shoulders, both me and Rabby removed the machine from the yard and made our way back to town.

I noticed just how annoying it was to carry everything at once. The weight wasn't the problem. Rather the fact we only had two hands made it difficult to do anything. We were carrying three bags and a rather sizable machine.

"I'll go carry this thing back, and you can go ahead to the store." I handed Rabby the bag of landsharks. It wasn't like we both needed to be there to sell a bunch of fish, and the machine was just going to get in the way.

"Are you sure?" Rabby asked causing me to nod.

"It's not a big deal. Plus you are better at dealing with things like haggling and giving stuff away." Rabby wasn't going to argue with that, but I could tell she was genuinely disappointed that I couldn't go with her.

I made it a point to do something with her later as I started to walk back to the house carrying the giant tool on my back. It didn't take too long for me to arrive back at the house.

I leaned the machine next to the building noticing the small grave. Or instead

what would have been a grave.

Rabby wanted her dad to be buried in the backyard, though almost everyone that attended the funeral said that was a bad idea. So instead he was buried in a cemetery, and we put up a small headstone in the back to honor him.

Thinking about it, we hadn't visited his grave in a while. I wondered what would have been a good time to bring it up to Rabby. If she wasn't mentioning it I wondered if it was even my place to say anything.

I walked around back to the front of the house as I noticed a wolf beastkin standing in front of the door. He was tall, towering over even me his brown fur had a specific look to it even more so with the scars that dotted his face.

"Can I help you?" The beastkin turned to face me. His eyes widened the moment he saw me.

"... I was just wondering if the homeowner was here?"

"Sorry she is out right now, but if you want work done then I can leave a message."

The wolf nodded closing one of his eyes before straightening his back. For a moment I noticed his nostrils flaring as if he was sniffing the air. The beastkin then stared at me again before taking a deep breath.

"On second thought don't worry about it."

Without saying another word he walked away, the arches in his feet giving each one of his steps a specific weight.

He was a weird one for sure, but he didn't appear to be dangerous. Maybe he was looking for Rabby to talk about something? Regardless I was going to ask her once she got home, there was no point stressing about it then.

I entered the home taking off my shoes and jumped on the couch. It was quiet, but that was how I liked it. Just sitting on the couch relaxing with only my thoughts to keep me company.

I didn't mind hanging out with Rabby. In fact, I enjoyed it. However, there was just something about sitting alone on an early fall day that couldn't be replicated when there was someone else in the house with you.

A strange sensation that I wouldn't mind lasting for eternity if I had the chance. Of course I knew deep down that wasn't going to happen, as time went by I knew I couldn't stay inside my head forever.

Just when I was starting to get comfortable, I heard the door slowly open. Rabby stepped in carrying an overfilled bag of coins. It seemed that she was successful at selling the landsharks.

"Yo, anything happened while I was gone?"

"Did you make an appointment with a wolf-beastkin recently? I think he was looking for you."

Rabby stroked her chin as she tugged on her large ear. She tapped her foot on the ground as she shook her head. "I don't think so, plus we usually don't make appointments like that. Did you get his name?"

"No, but it looked like he was in a bit of a rush."

"Welp, can't be helped. If he needs our services then I am sure he'll come back. Right now it's best that we enjoy the fruits of my labor!" The moment Rabby said that she held up the bag of coins shaking them ever so slightly. The light sound of metal hitting each other was satisfying.

"Fine, but what are we going to do. No offense, but this town isn't exactly exploding with money spending possibilities." I wasn't trying to be rude, but I was confident that there wasn't even a movie theater in town. The only thing people really could do was buy books, eat, and fuck.

"Hmm, we could always go to the most expensive restaurant in town." Rabby stated.

"Sure, since I decided what we ate last time it's only fair that you get to pick."

The moment I said that Rabby jumped up putting her paws together! "Ah! I finally get to wear that cute dress I've wanted to try. It's not every day I get to dress all fancy and stuff."

Before I could say anything Rabby ran into her room leaving me alone. I knew for a fact that wherever we were going there was no need to get dressed up for. Honestly, a part of me wondered if taking me out to eat was so that she can show off her dress.

Rabby was never really the girlish type. Very much a tomboy, but despite whenever she got a new piece of clothing or jewelry she had to wear it. She tended to enjoy black or white dresses, things that either complemented her fur or contrasted it.

I on the other hand got up scratching the back of my head. I knew I should change, but into what? Most of my clothes could pass for something formal, at least in the casual sense. I brought along plenty of button up shirts from my house, but that wasn't the issue.

The issue was that I only had one pair of shoes, and barely any shops sold shoes in my size due to mostly beastkin living in the town. They hardly ever sold shoes in the first place.

I wandered back into my room checking the pile of clothes in the box. A part of me didn't want to take it too seriously. At the same time, when I saw Rabby's face when I agreed I couldn't help but want to try and look my best.

I put on what I assumed was my best clothing before stepping out. My eyes wandered to Rabby's room. I knew she was going to take a bit longer to get ready and I was willing to wait.

I sat back down on the couch, my ears picking up on what appeared to be a bit of mumbling. After what felt like an eternity I heard Rabby's room door open. I turned to face her, the moment I did my words were ripped right out of my mouth.

She was wearing a pure white sundress with a black broach. I doubted the broach itself was actual gold, but it still looked beautiful against the white of the dress. Not only that, but she was wearing a large sun hat with holes in it allowing her ears to stick out.

"So, how do I look?"

"Great..." I wasn't going to mince words, Rabby looked fantastic. Though she was probably overdressed for the occasion, but that was fine. As long as she was enjoying herself, it wasn't a big deal.

"You staring at me like that makes me want to grin," Rabby laughed as she wrapped her arm around mine nearly dragging me out of the house.

The sun was still high in the sky. It made me wonder what kind of fancy

restaurant was opened in the middle of the day. Most places I had gone to only open after 5:00 p.m., however, that was in the city. The country may have had different logic.

We walked through the streets as we came upon a two-floor building. Despite it being larger vertically it wasn't very wide.

"This is the place huh?" I scanned it. I barely could tell it was a restaurant at first glance.

"Yep, me and my dad used to go here at least once a month early in the morning when we got the chance. I stopped going after... you know, but I wanted to take you!" Rabby then looked up at me and grinned.

The fact that she was willing to share that kind of experience with me made me realize just how much she cared for me. At the same time...

"Do you want to go with me? I mean this was you and your dad's spot right? I don't want to impose."

The moment I said that Rabby's eyes narrowed. "You dummy if I felt that way I wouldn't have invited you in the first place. Now come on, you have never been here before right?"

Before I could say anything else, she dragged me into the building.

The moment I entered I felt relieved. The building was charming and rustic. It matched the country feel of the rest of the town. There were a few beastkin enjoying their brunch with a sheep beastkin working the receptionist desk.

"Ah, Rabby haven't seen you in awhile. You also brought a friend this time~" the woman was wearing a pair of glasses lowering them ever so slightly. She scanned my body for a moment before winking at me.

Her voice was a bit sultry. I could tell she was an older beastkin at the very least, maybe in her mid-thirties.

"Yep, he is the human who has been helping me with some of my jobs. You've probably heard about him from some of the other townsfolk." Rabby wasted no time introducing me, but it wasn't by name.

"My name is Joek by the way." I quietly added.

"The name's Florence, though you can just call me Flora."
She snorted before laughing.

"Alright Flora, it's nice to meet you." I kept my manners, it was odd. Despite having lived there for two years, there was still so many beastkin I haven't met. Though that may have more to do with me keeping to myself than anything.

"So a table for two I assume?" Flora asked as she gave Rabby and me a menu before leading us to one of the booths.

"What would you two like to drink?"

"I guess I wouldn't mind some lemonade." I said.

"Some juice would be all right, ah maybe something strawberry like!" Rabby's order was rather vague. She had a bad habit of having other people decide on smaller things sometimes.

"Alright, I'll be back with your drinks. Try to find what you want to eat in the meantime." With those words Flora walked away as we opened our menus.

It probably just dawned on me how weird it was sitting across Rabby like I was. Usually we were always out doing something, and if we weren't, we were back at home just lying around. We didn't go to a lot of places in town because there wasn't a lot of places to go.

"You should order the mountain cat steak. It's perfect if you get it medium well."

"Ah sure." I looked at the menu. I wasn't against taking any of Rabby's suggestions. It wasn't like I had a clue what I would like or dislike. After a few minutes of thinking about it, I ultimately decided just to pick the steak.

"What are you going to eat?" I was curious as Rabby tilted her head.

"A hamburger with fries on the side. Maybe I'll get some cake afterward, you know it's not often we get to treat ourselves like this!" Rabby laughed finally closing the piece of plastic known as a menu.

She was acting like the same old Rabby which made her wearing her dress all the stranger. It wasn't that the restaurant wasn't lovely, but it was just as I first thought. She probably should have waited to wear the dress for something else.

"Here are your drinks," I was snapped back to reality by Flora who placed our

drinks as she took out a pen and pad. "Now what should I order for the lovely couple?"

"I'll take the burger with fries. I want grilled onions with a lot of ketchup too!" Rabby ordered quickly as Flora's attention turned to me.

"Oh...I'll just have your mountain-cat-steak medium rare." I said handing Flora our menu.

She smiled before walking away. If it was like any other restaurant, then it was going to take a while before our orders arrived.

I looked over at Rabby who was glancing at me. It was strange. Usually, we had no trouble chatting about pointless things, but now that we were in public we had trouble making small talk. "So, who did you sell those landsharks to?"

"Oh, no one important. Just a traveling salesman that happened to be in town. I got way more than if I sold them to anyone that lived here." Rabby said I guess she had a bit of business sense since she did take over her father's company.

"How much money did you make anyway?"

"Just a few gold pieces with a bunch of silver and bronze..."

She was acting like that wasn't a lot of money. If what Rabby said was true then we would be set for utility bills for quite a while, at least as long as she didn't spend it all.

While Rabby had business sense, she also had a loose wallet. She'd often buy things on a whim for a single job and not use it for months at a time. Similar to the machine that she purchased to take care of the landsharks. Except this time, it turned into a profit.

As I scanned Rabby, a random thought popped into my head.

"Hey, Rabby, do you have any plans for the future?" The moment I let those words escape my lips I winced. I was probably a bit too forward with that statement, and I had a feeling that she was going to take it the wrong way.

"Oh? So you have finally started to notice my charms? I knew this dress was a good idea!" Rabby laughed as I quickly shook my head.

"No, not that. I mean what do you want to do in this town and stuff? I know you want to continue your dad's business, but is there anything else you are interested in?"

Rabby eyes widened as she pressed her finger to her lips. She was thinking about something. Her expression was the most thoughtful I had seen her in awhile.

"I want...kids."

I thought it was another joke, but her expression was stone cold serious.

"O-oh." I stuttered a bit, Rabby was only 22. I figured she was a little young to be thinking of something like that. Then again I was only 21, so I had no place to speak.

"...Bah, enough about me. What do you want to do?!" Almost as if it was a switch Rabby changed topics to me. Probably for the best, I had a feeling if the conversation continued in that direction it would have been awkward.

"Me? I wouldn't mind researching history or something, though I don't have a degree or anything like that. I barely graduated high school, but if I had a choice I guess I wouldn't mind being a teacher either."

"Really?! Someone like you being a teacher?"

Her genuine shock struck me right in the heart.

"Guess you're right, that doesn't suit me at all."

"I never said that!" Rabby crossed her arms. "I'm just shocked, considering how strong you were I never took you as the type that was interested that kind of stuff."

I wondered why she said that, then I thought about how I looked. I was a wild looking guy, while it probably wasn't a big deal to beastkin I had a feeling that most humans would look at me funny. That was perhaps what Rabby was referring to.

"Here is your food." Both me and Rabby quickly turned our head to see Flora putting our plates down.

"Thanks!" Rabby smiled as Flora wrote something else on her notepad.

"Enjoy your brunch." Flora walked away, most likely not returning until we were ready to pay for our food.

Without warning, Rabby started biting into her burger without a hint of elegance. Even if she was wearing such a cute dress, she was still Rabby after all.

I looked down at my stake as I started to cut it. Despite getting medium rare, I didn't have too much of a preference with how my steak was cooked. I even had it raw sometimes when I had the chance.

As we ate, Rabby put her food down looking over at me. "Hey after this do you mind if we visit the graveyard?"

It was just something she shot out there. I knew why she wanted to go and it's not like I could say no.

"Sure, I don't mind." When I said that it was almost like Rabby mouth went into hyperdrive. She started to shove down her food as quickly as possible. I was surprised that she managed to avoid getting any on her dress somehow. I hurried through my meal as well, just so there wouldn't be an awkward time where Rabby was just staring at me while I ate.

After we had finished, we got up heading to the register.

"Well, that was fast." Flora's eyes were wide causing Rabby to chuckle.

"Sorry, I haven't come by in a while. I promise I'll stop by tomorrow to talk to you." Rabby then paid for our food as she dragged me out of the restaurant Flora chucking to herself as we left.

3

Memories and Connections

The road to the graveyard wasn't large. It was a winding path off to the side of the town. Despite that, it seemed to have gotten bigger as time went on.

A small gate stood in front of us as Rabby held her breath. Even if it was still sunny out there was a certain amount of gloom to the whole situation. At least for me, I didn't know what Rabby felt since she was the one who was excited to come here.

She opened the gate. Luckily there was no one there visiting. I remained silent as she led me down the rows of gravestones.

We finally reached the two we were looking for. We stared at them for a few moments. They were the graves of Rabby's parents.

The last time I had visited was a few months ago with Rabby. I wondered why she didn't visit more often. She adored her dad, though a part of me realized I probably answered my question. Typically in this type of situation, the loved one would talk to the gravestone, but that didn't happen. It never happened with Rabby. Every single time she visited she would just stare at the graves, her large ears slightly slumped and her regularly twitching tail still.

"Earlier I said I wanted kids remember?"

"Why are you bringing that up?" I probably should have kept my mouth shut since she was about to explain.

"...You know, rabbit beastkin usually have at least four children when they are pregnant. Yet I am the only one here."

Now I was just confused, was Rabby referencing siblings? She couldn't be, neither her nor her father mentioned them to me.

"Rabby what are you talking about?"

"...My mom was sick most of the time, at least that is what I remembered. She was even sick while she was pregnant with me. I never got an answer from dad, whether due to her illness that she was only able to get pregnant with me or something...else happened."

I think I understood what she was getting at and the idea just made me even more depressed. The fact that her father never gave Rabby a clear answer as to why she didn't have siblings probably revealed the answer.

"Rabby, you didn't come here to think about those things right?"

She quickly turned around, facing me. She was biting her lip as if she was holding herself back from doing something. "I know, it's just I keep thinking of things. There are so many things I wanted to say to them, and now I'll never get the chance."

"..."

Rabby wanted to go to the graveyard at some point but probably didn't want to go by herself. I could understand that feeling, and I was also starting to see why she wanted children.

"Well I am sure they know. At least that is what I think." It was a cold comfort since I never was in the situation Rabby was in.

"Hey Joek, you came here looking for your dad didn't you?"

My eye twitched as my heart skipped a beat. "H-how did you." it was absurd that she was able to piece that together. I made sure never to mention my dad at all in most of our conversations or at least I quickly change the subject.

"You only ever talk about your mom, and you said you went to this town looking for someone right? It is pretty easy to put two and two together."

Honestly, Rabby was a bit sharper than she let on, either that or I should have known that someone that I was staying with for two years was going notice things about me.

"So, you know. Though I don't think it matters since I haven't found him in the two years of me staying in this town. I doubt that he is here." I wanted to drop the conversation. After all this wasn't supposed to be about me, but about Rabby visiting her parents. Rabby opened her mouth about to ask something else but stopped herself. Her large red eyes were just looking at me, without warning she patted her cheeks and fixed her hat forcing a smile on her face.

"Sorry about that~ sometimes even I need to be a bit gloomy. Though it's pretty clear that you have enough gloom for the both of us."

I ignored her comment, mostly because I preferred seeing her smiling than nearly crying.

"Should we go back then?"

"Yeah my chest just felt a bit heavy, and I needed to clear a few things up." After saying that the two of us made our way out of the cemetery and back onto the trail. I often would forget just how small the town was. In a way it had a lot of charm, but at the same time a part of me couldn't imagine living there my entire life.

After we had made it back to Rabby's house, she slipped back into her room most likely changing into something a bit more casual as I sat on the couch checking the time. Even though it felt like we spent an entire day out it was only a bit past 2:00 p.m. I wondered what we were going to do to spend the rest of our day.

I didn't feel like watching television, and I wasn't feeling like reading a book either. I was sure that Rabby would think of something for us to do before the day was over.

At that moment I heard the door to Rabby's door opening as I peeked my head from over the couch.

"Hey, what do you want to do no-" I stopped talking the moment I laid my eyes on Rabby. Once again she was completely naked. Usually, this wouldn't be cause for concern, but she was staring straight at me. I noticed she was gripping something between her fingers.

I couldn't tell what it was, in fact, I couldn't even ask any questions as Rabby sat next to me on the couch pressing her head against my chest.

"H-hey Rabby, what are you doing?"

"What, shouldn't we finish what we started here?"

I didn't know if she meant what we were about to do on the couch or whatever she was doing in my room last night.

"Are you sure this is fine, doing something like this in the middle of the day?"

Perhaps I was trying to calm her down, but the moment she stopped burying her face in my chest she gazed up at me with her two crimson eyes.

"Of course, no one is going to come by right now." At that moment she started to nibble on my neck. Her sharp teeth barely avoided breaking my skin causing a shiver to go through my body.

"H-hold on Rabby..."

When I said that Rabby removed her mouth from my neck. She glared at me, the kind of look that would have sent spears through your lungs if you got even a glance at it.

"What is wrong?! Do you think I'm ugly or something? Or maybe you're not into beastkin girls?"

I winced, I had a feeling that I hurt her feelings, but neither of those answers were right.

"Are you sure you want to do this with me? I mean wouldn't you want to do this with someone else?"

Maybe I was thinking too much about it, but I had only known Rabby for two years. There were probably plenty of beastkin in the town that found her cute. Then again, I probably could have picked a better way to say what I just said.

"If I felt that way I wouldn't be doing this." Rabby said before she forced me down on the couch. She kissed me again. I felt the fur of her cheeks starting to brush against my face. Her large ears were nearly blocking out most of the light coming from the few windows.

That was it, there was no going back nor was there an excuse for me to stop. I finally felt the blood pumping to my lower body as Rabby placed her paws on my chest removing my shirt.

I finally noticed what Rabby was holding in her paws, condoms. I looked at them for a moment. There were so many questions running through my head at that moment.

"Y-you actually went to the store and bought those?"

Rabby just tilted her head as if she was confused. "Huh? Why is that weird?"

I didn't know how to reply. Most women would go to stores and buy birth control or something. Most of them tried to avoid the implications that condoms had, though that may have just been me.

I was focusing on the wrong thing anyway before I knew it Rabby pulled down my pants and undergarments as I felt the pads on her paws against my skin. My dick twitched as she clenched it for a moment examining it.

If I was trying to hide my true feelings, it was far too late. My penis was completely erect, and my mind was in a haze. Rabby laughed before she started breathing heavily. The fur on her thighs was rubbing against mine as I noticed a single nail eject from her paw.

She started to press against the tip of my dick, despite how she was trying to act it seemed that she was confused on what to do next.

"Ah...I'll just put this on right quick."

Rabby then grabbed one of the condoms that she brought and fit it between her fingers she tore it open.

I knew that she was blushing under her fur before her paw started to shake. She slowly fitted the condom onto my dick as I felt it shift.

I felt my body heating up, but once the rubber was on it seemed that Rabby was confused on what to do next.

"R-Rabby, are you a virgin?" I managed to force that out between my battered breaths.

After all considering how she was acting it appeared that she wasn't used to sex.

"O-of course not, I've had sex before, once."

I guess I couldn't judge her. While I had more experience, I haven't had sex since I started living with Rabby. Of course I did take some time to relieve myself every once in awhile, but my sex life had nearly vanished.

"Do you want me to take the lead?" I finally managed to calm my breathing. I noticed Rabby's cheeks puffed ever so slightly.

"N-no, I got it." I felt her take a deep breath, her breast shaking ever so slightly. Rabby lifted her hips, her legs shaking. She held her breath before lowering them right onto my dick. The moment she did I felt the insides of her pussy suck me in.

Rabby let out a soft moan. I felt liquid drip from out of her. Despite us just

starting it seemed that she was already wet.

She was panting, saliva slowly dripping from her mouth. She wasn't moving. However every motion made her shiver. It seemed that I would have to do some work.

I managed to lean the top half of my body up despite the pressure Rabby was putting on my lower body. I grabbed Rabby kissing her, our tongues meeting in each other's mouths. I tasted her saliva again before attempting to move my hips.

I felt her pussy clamping down on me harder. Without warning, I pressed my finger against the center of her breast digging past some of the fur. It didn't take me long to reach her nipple, both of them were erect causing me to tug on them.

As I did I felt the Rabby's insides starting to tighten again I grabbed her wrapping my arms around her waist.

I began to thrust my hips faster. Despite usually not wearing a condom I could still feel the folds of Rabby's pussy clamping down. If she continued to get tighter, then I had a feeling that the condom could get ripped or torn. Not like it mattered. By the way, Rabby's legs were twitching she was nearing her limit and so was I.

I held her tight, not letting her escape. I felt her small tail between my fingers as my hips started to shift. I felt Rabby's paws grab onto my shoulders as I felt a spray against my lower body. She had just came as I exhaled. I felt fluids rushing out of me and into the tip of the condom.

We were finished, Rabby laid on top of me her ears covering my face. For some reason, her fur felt softer than usual. I continued to hold her, our bodies coming down from the ecstasy of our actions.

I didn't know what to say to her. I lifted Rabby up, slowly sliding my penis out of her. She flinched for a moment causing me to sigh with relief, the condom didn't get stuck in her or break. Then again we didn't do anything particularly extreme that would have warranted that.

Despite the overall cold air, Rabby was sweating a bit. She laid back on the couch her eyes fixated on me. The more I thought about it, the more I wondered if it was the right choice for me to have sex with her.

I wanted to and I cared about her, but I didn't want it to cause any problems later down the road.

"I-I didn't get anything on the couch did I?" for someone as sloppy as Rabby the thought that she was worried about the couch amused me a bit.

"Don't worry about it. I'd wash the cushions if you did." We went from having sex to awkwardly talking about the state of the furniture. Though the reason for that was most likely that we didn't want to answer the question that was in both of our minds.

Did this make us a thing? Or maybe a couple? I wouldn't mind, but having sex with someone didn't necessarily mean you were in a relationship.

It was weird I had had sex with women before, even if it was my first time with a Beastkin it wasn't too different. The issues wasn't that. It was everything else surrounding the situation. It wasn't like we had sex on a bed and we could just fall asleep after we were finished,

We had to make a decision right then and there. It wasn't like we could ignore it until morning. I felt my heart racing for a bit, before I sat up looming over Rabby.

"Joek, what are you doing?"

I took a deep breath. We were already this far. We might as well make it official. I placed my hands on Rabby's cheeks as I kissed her again, her eyes closed. I felt her paws grab me as if she didn't want to let go.

Our lips parted before I spoke. "If you really alright being a couple, then I'm willing to try."

I hoped everything we just did wasn't a mistake, though the moment I said those words Rabby's expression brightened as she grinned. I felt her arms cling to me as if she didn't want to let go. I had a feeling that this was as nerve-wracking for Rabby as it was for me.

"I should get dressed!" Rabby shot up. She nearly tripped, most likely because her legs were still weak. She leaned on the table for a moment causing me to wonder if I should try and carry her to her room.

She looked at me for a moment before shaking her head. Perhaps the whole experience was a bit too overbearing for her.

"I-I'll be back, don't move!"

Rabby ran back into her room which was probably for the best. It gave me time to remove my condom throwing it away in the nearby trash can. I then looked at the cushions before sighing. There was a wet spot on one of them.

I never took Rabby as a sprayer, but it seemed that she couldn't help herself. I removed the cushion bringing it to the back hallway.

We called it the back hallway, but it was just walkway with the bathroom to the side and a washer at the back.

Despite only the two of us living there the washer was huge. Rabby once told me that they had it since she was a baby, I just assumed that it was bought when her mother was still alive.

I stuffed the cushion into the washer and put it on a small load before heading back into the main room. Rabby still wasn't out yet, which to be expected. She probably needed to calm herself down before putting on any clothes. I was half expecting her to head to the bathroom instead.

I sat down on the couch leaning my head back. Rabby and I were dating, a part of me couldn't help but smile. At the same time, I couldn't help but wonder what my mother would say.

She was never a fan of beastkin, and even if I couldn't care less about what she thought it also meant I probably could never take Rabby to see her. Not only that, but what would change between Rabby and me?

We were pretty much already dating, and the number of times we were close to having sex was too many to count. The only difference is that we went through with it. I assumed that nothing was going to change between us outside of us being a bit more open about our feelings and urges.

"Ugh, this is stupid. Why am I thinking about any of this?" these weren't thoughts a guy like me should be having. We were dating that was it, there wasn't anything else I needed to think about.

Just when I was about to clear my head, Rabby walked back into the room

wearing her usual clothing. She took note of the missing cushion before sitting next to me.

"So... we should do something together!" Rabby said causing me to scratch the back of my head.

"We just went out and ate." I pointed that out like I mentioned before there wasn't a lot to do around town most of the time.

"I know, I just want to do something." Rabby crossed her arms, her mind probably thinking of every possibility.

I took this chance to ask a few questions. "So was it awkward to buy those condoms?"

"Huh, of course not? Why would I be?"

"I mean, it's just weird for women to do that sort of thing. Usually, they buy birth-control pills or something." I laughed, I was trying my best not to offend Rabby. I wasn't against the idea or anything like that. I just couldn't imagine her buying them in a small town.

"Birth-control? What are you talking about?" Rabby just looked at me as if she didn't have a single clue what I was talking about.

That couldn't be right, if she knew about condoms among other things she must have known about Birth-control. Unless beastkin's bodies were different enough from humans that they didn't use that sort of thing.

"Um, if you don't mind me asking, how do most beastkin prevent pregnancies?" I sounded like an idiot, at least that is what I assumed considering the look that Rabby was giving me.

"We use condoms, that's it. Do humans have more ways of preventing it? Seems kind of silly..."

I remained quiet for a moment. Either Rabby was even more of a country bumpkin than I thought or beastkin did just use condoms and nothing else. I really should have done a bit more research on their culture and lifestyles.

"Yeah, we have a few ways, hey Rabby..." I stopped myself, wondering if I should ask her my next question. "No never mind, anyway did you decide on what you want to do?"

I didn't dare to ask about her periods or anything like that. Even an idiot like me had a bit more tact than that, and it probably wasn't worth knowing.

"..." Rabby didn't speak as she sighed leaning her head against me once again.

"You know what, I think I am alright with just talking to you for awhile."

"Sure." I replied placing my arm around her body. She did feel softer than usual, or perhaps I was just a bit love-struck.

As we sat in silence, all my worries about our relationship slowly vanished from my mind. I knew at that moment I made the right decision taking the next step with Rabby.

Old Playground

I yawned lifting myself off my bed. I checked the clock noticing how early it was. Despite the fact me and Rabby were dating we still slept in our rooms own rooms. We both knew it probably took far too much work to move everything from one place to the other.

Even if we started to sleep in one bed, we probably would have still kept a majority of our things in our own rooms just so it wouldn't be overcrowded.

I got dressed slipping out of my cramped living space and into the main room. It was just hitting 9:00 a.m. so Rabby probably was going to be up soon. Despite often staying up late she would still managed to get up early.

It was probably due to all the small naps she took during the middle of the day. Though I doubted that was the only reason, it just seemed that she needed less sleep overall.

"I wonder if I should make breakfast?" I asked myself. Rabby had a bad habit of scheduling appointments early, so early that we rarely had time for breakfast and usually had to eat when we were done.

Either way, it wouldn't hurt to at least cook something small. I opened up the fridge taking out a couple of eggs. While I wasn't a big fan of them I knew Rabby liked them well enough, so I took out a pan and cracked the egg against the edge.

Luckily the one cooking skill I had was making eggs. I put two in a pan and started to let them bake on the stove top. I also took the spatula and began to flip them ever so slightly, right before they were done I heard a cute yawn from the hall as Rabby walked into the main room.

It was Rabby, wearing her regular red top with blue pants. She had her gloves around her neck if I had any doubt we were going to be doing an assignment it vanished.

"Hey!" Rabby stretched as she walked up to me, she stood on her toes and

pecked me on the cheek.

I flinched at the action not because I minded, I simply wasn't used to it.

"I'm cooking breakfast, do you want anything with it?" Rabby looked at the eggs before shaking her head.

"Nah, the eggs fine by themselves. Plus we have to hurry, or we are going to be late."

I knew she made another early appointment. I quickly finished the eggs putting them on to separate plates. We sat on the couch the two of us eating sunny-side eggs I had just cooked.

"So what are we doing today anyway?" I asked while chewing the food. A part of me hoped it didn't have anything to do with animals again.

"Nothing really important. We are just pulling out some old playground equipment from the old park. Apparently, the new owner of the land wants to do something with it."

"Fair enough, but wouldn't it be better to ask the few construction workers here?" Despite us helping with Miss Canino new home, it wasn't our field of work. We were closer to exterminators or weed killers than anything else.

"You'd think, but a lot of them are working on other jobs like Miss Canino's home, and he said it would be pointless to hire a big group for such a small job."

I was starting to understand a bit more. Though the idea of such a small town having a park seemed odd to me. Then again it was probably abandoned which is why we were asked to remove whatever was left.

After we were finished our meal, we set out for the old playground. Just like everything else in the town it wasn't too far from Rabby's house. I just followed her until she leads me to the location. After a few minutes, we came upon a small field with broken-down swings and monkey bars.

The entire scene was depressing, what didn't help was how cloudy it was. It looked like it was about to rain any second which just added to the gloomy nature of the of the scene.

There were about five major objects in the field, but none of them were particularly prominent.

"Man, this reminds me of my old playground back in elementary school. Well, a

bit less rundown." I said examining the old swings.

"Oh, you had that sort of thing in your school? My school was tiny, so they never bothered to install this kind of thing. We also only had half days up until I left middle-school." Rabby pointed out as she walked next to me.

A strange mixture of jealousy and sympathy overtook me. On the one hand not having a playground must have sucked, on the other half-days from school until high-school sounded appealing.

"So, how are we going to take this down?" I looked at it for a moment causing Rabby to chuckle.

She lifted her foot and kicked the metal braces of the swing causing it to lean and bend. "Just rip it out of the ground, the guy who hired us told us not to worry too much about the dirt since he is going to redo the land anyway.

I shrugged moving away from the swing-set. It was clear that Rabby was capable of handling something like that on her own. I went to the small set of monkey bars reeling back my hand and whacking it causing the rods to snap.

I continued to do so until the bars fell to the ground. The only thing left was four pipes of metal sticking out of the field. I tugged on the first two, my face turning red for a bit. I then yanked them out of the ground along with a big chunk of the ground.

It was finished, the piece of equipment that used to have children playing on it was reduced to a pile of scrap and metal. I would have been lying if I said I didn't feel a little guilty about the whole thing, but that was life.

I doubt the person who was paying us to do this was some evil corporate body. Hell chances were he was probably going to turn the place we were standing in into some store for the small town.

I looked over to Rabby who was nearly done with her job of dismantling the swings.

With one last massive kick, the swing-set tumbled down as the two of us moved onto the next piece of playground equipment.

It was a small roundabout that was a bit rusted. I put my hand on it causing it to

turn slightly. It was in working order from what I could tell, and a flood of nostalgia nearly overcame me.

I looked over at Rabby who looked at it like with curiosity.

"Do you want to try it right quick?" I ask as Rabby nearly jumped.

"Ah...I mean, I wouldn't mind." Rabby didn't even try to deny her curiosity, which honestly just made her even more cute.

"Then get on, and I'll spin you."

I knew we were supposed to be on the job, but it wasn't like anyone else was around and there wasn't a law that said we couldn't enjoy ourselves a little bit.

Rabby followed my instructions as she got on, holding onto the bars. I started to spin it as I noticed her grip tighten. Her curious expression slowly turned into a great big smile as I continued to turn it faster and faster.

I noticed the base of the roundabout starting to wobble slightly before stopping it.

"Aw, why'd you go and do that?" Rabby pouted as I pointed to the screws that were flying off and all different directions.

"If I kept going I would have sent you into orbit." I laughed as Rabby nodded.

Once Rabby jumped off we both ripped the metal circle out of the ground before our eyes wandered to the rest of the equipment. There was a decent size slide and what appeared to be a dome climber.

Once we finished destroying the roundabout, I looked over to the slide. "You know, we can play with the rest of this stuff for a few minutes before we tear it down."

Rabby's eyes lit up, despite being a year older than me she was far more childish.

We walked to the slide climbing the decently sized ladder. In fact, the slide itself was broad, clearly made for older kids rather than younger ones.

I was the first one to go down it, half because of nostalgia and the other half because I wanted to make sure it was safe for Rabby.

Once I got to the bottom, I brushed off my pants. I didn't notice anything wrong with the slide. No pieces of plastic or metal were sticking out. I figured it was

safe for Rabby to go down it.

"Alright, your turn!" I called up to her as Rabby smiled, she sat down allowing herself to go down the slide...well go down was a bit too kind. Instead, she got halfway down and suddenly got stuck.

"Eh?" her eye twitched for a moment as she struggled. I wondered what happened before I started to hold back a smile. I didn't notice it while I was going down, but it was clear that her butt was too big.

"Wow, r-really?"

"D-don't laugh!" she continued to struggle for a moment before punching the slide. She dented it enough that she freed herself allowing her to get down.

The moment she landed I could feel her gaze trying to pierce me to no avail.

"D-don't mention this to anyone."

"What? You should be proud of your ass."

"S-stop! Let's hurry up and tear this down!"

I finally stopped myself from laughing as we tore down the giant slide. We rolled up the metal and smashed the wood. The feeling of guilt was eased somewhat, even if we were breaking them at least we were using them one last time.

The last thing that was left was the dome climber. It was too small to offer us much enjoyment. It was barely taller than me, and it was apparently made for really small children.

Still, Rabby just sat on the top without any provocation. I followed her, the two of us looking at the cloudy sky.

"Who would have guess playing with a bunch of old playground equipment would be so much fun." Rabby said humming to herself. There was a certain amount of satisfaction from her voice. It seemed that she got her wish.

"That's probably because you've never played with them. I wonder if there is a school in this town?" Despite having stayed in the town for two years, I hadn't visited every single building or corner of it.

"Of course! We may live in the country, but we still have education. Though there are only like only fifty students that go there."

"What?" that didn't sound right. There was no way there were only fifty kids between the ages of 5 to 18 in the entire town, even one as small as Summerclove.

"Is not that surprising. I told you we went home early until middle school was over. That was because after middle school we are done schooling. Either you join the workforce, start getting tutored to move away from the town or live with your parents until you get married."

"Oh..." I never really thought of it like that. This also meant that the moment Rabby finished middle school she started working with her dad. I never actually took her for the type, though even if she was only half as strong as she currently was she probably didn't have any problems.

"You want to be a teacher or something right? I could ask one of the teachers there to let you hang out around class until noon." Rabby said as my heart skipped a beat.

Being a teacher was just one of the things I wanted to do. At the same time, I didn't want to miss the chance to get a bit of info about the job and what it took. After all, if the entire school was only ten students, then I wasn't going to be overwhelmed.

"I mean, you don't have to."

"I want to, you've helped me out a lot. Plus I'm your girlfriend. I can do a few nice things for you right?"

When she put it like that it felt like it would have been way more of an insult to refuse.

"Alright, just don't rush it okay."

Rabby just laughed as she jumped down from the dome climber I followed her. We then broke apart the tiny dome ripping each of the rods from out of the ground. After we were finished, there was one question I had to ask.

"Um, Rabby, what are we going to do with all this metal?"

After all, the only thing that we did was just tear them down. I doubt anyone would be capable of building something with a bunch of broken playground equipment in the way.

"That? I said that we would handle pick up. The town's old landfill is near here so I thought it wouldn't be a big deal if we just took everything there for them."

I groaned, I was trying my best to hide my irritation but it shined through due to my face and voice.

"Oh, don't be a big baby. We had fun, right? Plus we should hurry up before it starts raining."

I couldn't argue with her. We did have some fun, and the idea of getting wet wasn't too appealing to me.

We started with the dome climber. Mostly because it was the smallest, we managed to get all of it within our hands and paws without too much trouble. We then picked up half of the remains of the swing set. From how much we were carrying in our grasp we would probably need to take at least two to three more trips to get it all done.

I followed Rabby down the path. It took a few minutes for us to reach the junkyard. There was a sign hanging from the top with a small gate, but there was no one guarding it.

"Is it okay to dump this here?"

"Yeah, this town has a bit of trouble getting rid of metal. Since we are so far out it takes awhile for trash companies to get some of the larger and heavier garbage out. So most people tend to dump this kind of stuff here."

It was probably the best that they could do if what Rabby was saying was true.

We continued back and forth between the dump and the field until there were only a few scraps of metal left. I felt droplets of water starting to hit my forehead as I looked over to Rabby who was about to pick up the remaining pieces.

"Rabby I'll finish up here. Why don't you go ahead home."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I don't mind getting a bit wet unlike you." Unless she was explicitly going swimming, Rabby hated getting her fur wet. Most beastkin I met weren't particularly fond of getting water on their body unless they were a part of the reptile family.

"If you insist, just be careful and try not to stay out here too long if it does start raining."

Rabby walked in the opposite direction back towards her house. I picked up the few remaining pieces of scrap before heading back to the junkyard.

I dumped into the pile with the rest of the stuff, taking a step back and looking at the distorted mess of metal, plastic, and wood. It was hard for me to believe that not too long ago that it was somewhat working playground.

The few droplets of water slowly started to turn into a light drizzle before I closed the gate.

"Well, isn't it rude to close the door on someone who is about to go through?" I flinched as I heard a familiar voice.

It was the wolf beastkin from earlier. This time he had a cigarette in his mouth and carrying a large trash bag filled with what I assumed was metal. I would have been a bit weird that I ran into him again, but considering how small the town was.

"Oh, sorry about that."

I opened the gate for him as he walked through sitting down on the ground. It hadn't rained long enough for the dirt beneath us to start to get muddy, but it was only a matter of time.

"Well, are you just going to stare at me?"

Was I staring? I guess the situation was so odd to me that I couldn't help but do just that.

"Sorry, I was looking at what you were throwing away."

"Just some old scrap, a bunch of things I am never going to use again. If you see something, you like you can have it." The beastkin then dumped out the contents of the bag onto the ground causing a bunch of bent forks, busted radios, and other trash to fly out.

He was right. There wasn't anything of note in the pile. Still, there were a couple of things from long ago that looked interesting. I picked up the radio. It was probably a recreation of one from a couple of decades ago.

The truth of the matter, the only reason I was taking it was because it felt rude not to. He offered, and I wasn't going to turn away something free even if it was junk.

"So what are you doing here?" The beastkin stood up as I shrugged.

"I was finishing a job with a friend of mine. If you want I can take you to see her if you want me to."

He was at the house yesterday wanting something. This would be the perfect time for him to talk to Rabby for whatever job he wanted us to do.

"No thanks, I think I took care of it myself."

"You think?" I hoped he didn't try to do something complicated without any help.

"..." The beastkin remained silent before he spoke again. "It seems like the rain is getting heavier, don't you think you should head back?"

He was right the rain was picking up, and I didn't have a reason to hang around an old metal junkyard.

"I guess I'll be seeing you around." I waved goodbye before walking out of the gate and back onto the trail. I held the radio under my arms. It was kind of weird. I didn't hate talking to him. It was enjoyable.

I once again missed his name, but if he were actually living in the town then I would have plenty of chances to ask.

It took me awhile to get back to the house. By the time that I did my clothes were soaked. I knew I didn't have anyone else to blame but myself, but it wasn't like I regretted it. I got a radio out of it after all.

I opened the door entering Rabby's house. From the corner of my eye, I noticed her on the phone. I forgot how strangely shaped some phones were for some beastkin. The phone that Rabby was using was specially made for her kind.

It was rather funny looking. It was large and wide, the receiver going all the way up to the top of her head reaching her large ears. In all honesty, I was pretty sure I wouldn't even be able to use the phone.

"Oh, he's back~ I'll talk to you later!" Rabby laughed before finally hanging up the phone.

"So, what took you so long?" Rabby tilted her head she looked at the radio that I had between my arms prompting me to set it down on the small table in front of the couch.

"I ran into someone I knew, who was you talking to?" I was only asking that mostly because it was evident she mentioned me, at least that is what I assumed from the small part of the conversation I heard.

"I was talking to one of the teachers that work at the school. They said that it is okay for you to help out and observe the class tomorrow if you come by early. Plus since I have a small job tomorrow, it will be a perfect time!"

I wanted to complain about the fact that Rabby made that decision for me without me even being in the room, but I couldn't. Mostly because despite her jumping the gun it was really sweet of her to do so.

"Are you sure you'll be okay by yourself?" That was my primary concern. Since the death of her dad, I have helped Rabby with every single one of her jobs. I knew she was strong I just didn't want her to get in over her head doing something by herself that required two people.

"Of course, I'm pretty strong you know! And I want you to do something for yourself. You are always helping me. This is the least I could do!" Rabby looked at me with her bright red eyes forcing my heart to skip a beat.

I didn't want her to feel like she owed me. After all, I was living in her house without paying rent or anything like that. Me helping with her jobs was just my way of earning my keep.

"If you feel that way." if Rabby wanted to do that by herself then there was no arguing with her. Maybe she had a reason to want to do something by herself.

"Anyway, that's tomorrow. What do you want to do with the rest of our day?" Rabby asked causing me to look out the window. It was still raining like crazy, and it was only a little past noon. We had a lot of time to kill and not much to do honestly.

"First I'm going to take a shower and change clothes. These are pretty wet."

Rabby nodded as she sat back on the couch. Despite only being a little less dirty than me it seemed she didn't mind putting off her shower.

I walked into the cramped bathroom lowering my head. I grumbled forgetting just how small the tub was. While it was large enough for me to stand in, I couldn't sit in it without my feet and legs going over the side.

It made sense, both Rabby and her dad were pretty short beastkin. Neither of them needed a huge shower, but a part of me wished it was possible to get a larger tub and bathroom.

I crouched under the shower-head turning the water on.

I started the shower allowing the hot waterfall on top of me. I never really had a problem with nearly boiling water. In fact, I enjoyed warm showers far more than cold ones.

After a few minutes in the shower, I got out wrapping a towel around my waist. I slipped out of the bathroom and into my room putting on a random assortment of clothes.

The moment I walked back into the main room my nose twitched. I was picking up a few different scents. I instantly knew that Rabby was probably in her room at that point.

I always had a pretty good nose. In fact, that was one of the reasons I started my search in a town that was mostly populated by beastkin.

"Geez, Rabby was the one who said she wanted to do something and then she just heads back to her room?"

I knocked on her door for a moment before I heard a voice from the other side. "Come on in!"

That was the only thing I needed to enter her room. The moment I did, my senses were assaulted. The room had a red and blue colors scheme to it, matching Rabby's favorite colors. I nearly had to cover my nose with how overpowering her scent was.

Rabby was in her room laying on her stomach in her bed. She was kicking her feet examining what seemed to be an old CD player. Since there wasn't any wi-fi or internet in the area, mp3 players didn't have a lot of uses.

"What are you listening too?"

"Just some stuff to pass the time. I was waiting for you." Rabby said lifting her body her breast bouncing ever so slightly.

Examining her body, I wondered how it was possible that her back wasn't broken considering the size of her chest. Then again I was also wondering if it hurt to lie on them as she did so often.

I sat on the bed realizing how much bigger it was compared to mine. Rabby's dad did make sure she was as comfortable as possible.

"Do you need this much room?" I was mostly joking as I felt Rabby's paws on my knees her eyes narrowing.

"Of course, you know someone like me needs to roll around my bed all the time!" I didn't know if she was joking or just messing with me.

"So, um...hey, when do you think you'll start sleeping with me?" Rabby words took me off guard.

"We already started having sex."

"No, not that!" Rabby snapped as she pointed to her bed. "You know, sleeping in the same bed like a couple."

I froze for a moment. I suspected that Rabby would start asking that sort of thing. I just didn't think it would be so soon.

I looked at Rabby's bed, and while it was far larger than mine I still could see it having trouble fitting both of us while we were asleep.

"I think we need a bigger bed if we want to do that."

Rabby pouted, but she wasn't going to argue. "Alright, maybe sometime later this week we can pick up a larger bed and replace my current one. I'll let you have this one!"

Rabby laughed, it wasn't a bad idea. My bed was tiny, and while hers wasn't huge it was way bigger than mine. Besides, if we did get a new bed I doubted I would be using Rabby's a lot. "Well, since you're here in my bed." Rabby pressed her forehead against mine as she rubbed our noses together.

I felt something tingling in my body. I often wondered what made me attracted to Rabby so much, the truth of the matter I was indifferent to her when we first met. However, it was something about her that made me warm up to her.

I kissed her, shoving my tongue into her mouth. The moment I did her eyes

widened and her body started to shake. My heart started pounding in my chest as I pushed Rabby onto her back. I already knew what we were about to do and a bed was far more comfortable than a couch.

Rabby scent was rather intense. She probably sweated a little due to the work we did earlier, and she hadn't taken a shower.

I pressed my finger to her stomach as I worked my way down. Most beastkin didn't bother to wear panties since their fur was thick enough to cover themselves. Someone would have to move the fluff out of the way to even catch a glimpse of their private areas.

"H-hold on Joek, let me get the condom."

Rabby squirmed for a moment, reaching her paw under the mattress pulling out the only remaining condom she probably had left.

I was slightly disappointing. I preferred raw rather than using a rubber, and I was hoping that Rabby was having one of her safe days. However, I admitted to myself that was being somewhat greedy.

"We can worry about the condom later, right now I wanted to try something with you." I lifted Rabby's slightly, so my head was between her legs. My face was almost touching Rabby's pussy. I knew I was about to get a bit of fur in my mouth, but I didn't care.

"I-if you are going to do that at least let me take a sho-"

"A bit late for that." Without warning, I brushed my tongue against Rabby's fur pushing it out of the way. After the first lick, I finally reached the pink lips of her pussy. I pressed my mouth against it sliding my tongue inside.

I noticed the walls of her vagina starting to twitch as fluids began to drip into my lips. It was taking all of her not to cum despite me only using my tongue. It seemed that she wasn't used to having sex.

I strengthen my grip around her legs, my eyes catching a glimpse of her face. Rabby was covering her face with her paws trying to avoid me seeing her in such a state.

For some reason that just made me want to tease her more. I lifted my head

slightly baring my teeth. I stuck my tongue out slightly pressing it against her clitoris. The moment I did she let out a moan squirting something onto my face and bed.

Unfortunately for her for her, I wasn't finished. I gently placed her clit between my front teeth nibbling on it. I could feel her body starting to convulse every time I applied even a hint of pressure. After Rabby came, two more times I finally removed my mouth from her lower body wiping my lips of her fluids.

I stuck out my tongue removing the strands of fur that I got in it. I looked at Rabby. It was clear that she was completely drained. I noticed her nipples poking out of her tight red shirt. However I wasn't finished, after all I hadn't been relieved yet.

I grabbed the condom that was next to Rabby on the bed sliding it on my now erect member. I lifted Rabby's leg, the side of her body leaning against the bed. I pressed my dick against the entrance as to her pussy before slowly sliding it in.

"Gah." I heard a grunt as I felt Rabby's insides clamp down on me. I was struggling to move my hips, yet I somehow managed to continue. Rabby's pussy was quivering while more fluids started to pour onto the bed.

I guess it was going to happen. I teased Rabby so much before we started that she was sensitive. The more we had sex, the more she would get used to it and not cum with every little thrust that I did.

I noticed Rabby's feet twitching as I increased the speed of my thrust. I felt my heart beating faster and faster my body nearing its climax.

I noticed Rabby grabbing a pillow holding it tightly before I gave one final thrust. I felt myself empty everything I had into the tip of the condom before slowly pulling out of Rabby.

Unlike last time, the condom did get stuck in her for a moment causing me to quickly pull it out of her. We were both breathing heavily nearly exhausted by what we had done.

Rabby was still clenching her pillow. She turned her head looking at me for a moment, her white fur somewhat damp from her sweat.

"I-I can't believe you put your mouth there." "What? Next time you can do me you know." I laughed, I wouldn't have been against having Rabby giving me a blow-job. My only concern was the idea that she would accidentally bite down on it, which somewhat horrified me.

"You at least could have let me take a shower...speaking of that." Rabby feet were still somewhat off balanced due to what we just did, despite that she managed to retain her footing.

"I'm going to take a shower right quick could you wash my covers and sheets for me?"

I looked down. Despite our best efforts, there was still a few wet spots on Rabby's bed. That was probably going to happen no matter what we did considering how sensitive Rabby was.

Rabby grinned hurrying out of the room leaving me alone.

I rolled up the sheets and then sighed. For some reason having sex with Rabby calmed my nerves. I was a bit on edge with the idea of going to the school and just being around her put me at ease.

I wondered if Rabby felt the same way about me, I doubted it. She didn't seem like the type that needed any confidence or someone to push her. Regardless tomorrow was an important day, and I wanted to be prepared.

5

Back to School.

I held my breath looking at the written instructions that Rabby had given me and back up at the building in front of me.

There stood a building that was barely larger than Rabby's house. It had a single swing set and a sandbox. No one was standing outside waiting for me causing me to wonder if I should let myself in.

I walked up to the brown and redwood building and knocked on the front door. The entire process was weird to me. The idea of knocking on the front door to a school to be allowed in was just jarring. Most schools I've gone to had a receptionist desk.

After a minute the door finally opened as a large bear beastkin came walking out. She was wearing what seemed to be an apron covered in paint as her eyes shifted downward.

"Oh, you must be the human that Rabby was talking about!" The woman gave a motherly smile removing some of the tension in my body.

"Yeah, that's me."

The woman allowed me in as I took note of an oddity.

Besides her fur, she had some hair on her head. It wasn't too uncommon for beastkin to start growing out human-like hair even if they had no human blood in their body. Though it was more common for those, who had a human parent or ancestor. Some say it was a mutation while others say it was just how they evolved.

Rabby didn't have that, she only had fur. Which probably meant her bloodline is unusually pure or she didn't have a mutation.

"Here are the rooms the kids play and do work in." I was snapped back to reality by the bear beastkin as she pointed to the three rooms in front of me.

The fact that I was capable of peering into all three of them from where I was standing told me just how small the building was. Each one was color coded red, blue, and green. Though only one of the rooms had students in it at the time.

Most of them were younger beastkin, either drawing or coloring. I couldn't see any of them being past ten years old.

"So, are you here to observe or help out?" the bear beastkin tilted her head as I quickly nodded.

"I-I'll be happy to help in any way I can."

The woman just laughed, she probably could detect my nervousness. "Don't be too stressed out most of the children here are well behaved, and everyone here is pretty laid-back. By the way, my name is Charlotte."

"My name is Joek..." I smiled as I held out my hand. She grabbed it as we shook, I felt the strength of her grip. It was as if she was trying to tear my arm off, and the scariest thing about it was the fact that she wasn't even trying to do so.

"Oh my, you are quite strong for a human. I know it is somewhat impolite to ask you this, but could you bring the large book from the red room. I'll get the students prepared for your introduction."

Charlotte said as I nodded.

I slipped into the red room picking up the book that was just there. I had a feeling that this was probably going to be my job for the few hours that I was there. Not that I minded, it was like being an intern in a way.

Once I got the book, I went to the green room that was holding all the students.

As soon as I entered, I noticed the children sitting on the carpeted floor. Charlotte sitting in a chair before all of them. I felt a bit nostalgic of my time in kindergarten. A part of me wished life was still that simple.

I glanced at the children who then looked towards me. The moment they saw me most of their eyes widened. I wondered if I had dirt on my face before realizing something.

I was the only human in the town, meaning for most of the beastkin children in the room this was their first time seeing someone like me. At that moment I felt

a sudden weight on my body, if I didn't make a good impression they easily could get the wrong idea about my race.

"Anyway kids this is Joek, he will be assisting us today." Charlotte tried her best to calm the kids down.

Half of them looked like they were about to rush me, most likely wanting to examine me. While the others seemed perfectly content with staying as far away from me as possible.

"Hey...my name is Joek. I lived in this town for about two years, but I am actually from the city. If you guys have any questions for me, then go ahead and ask." I put on an awkward smile. I wondered if it was a mistake coming here.

All the children just looked at me before a small cat beastkin raised her hand. "Go ahead, Sue." Charlotte said as the young child nodded.

"Mr. Joek, um what is it like in the city?"

I sighed with relief. I was expecting a far worse question, but something that simple I could answer.

"Well, there are a lot more buildings and people there. It's mostly crowded all the time with a bunch of cars and lights. Even during the night, the lights are so bright you don't even need flashlights to see outside."

I tried to make it sound as impressive as possible without ranting about it. The moment I answered the first question a few more hands shot up.

I then proceeded to answer a few questions about humans, city life, and what schools were like outside of the small town. It appeared the more I talked the more relaxed the kids became, Charlotte was right. They were well behaved.

After I answered most of the questions, I just helped Charlotte with some small things. Like moving and shifting chairs and cleaning up after the kids, before I knew it the four hours had passed and most of the kids were heading home.

I took note that only a handful of parents picked up their children. It was probably due to how small the town was that they allowed such young kids to just walk home without supervision.

I stayed in one of the classrooms until the last child left. Despite enjoying myself

I wanted to stay out of sight from the parents. I didn't want to explain why I was there and I would have just made things awkward.

While I sat at one of the small desks in the classroom Charlotte walked in smiling.

"Thank you for coming by. I think it is important for the children to be introduced to more elements from outside of the town."

"N-no, I am the one who should be saying thanks. I would have never gotten this opportunity to do this sort of thing in the city on such short notice."

I didn't finish college, mostly due to lack of time. A part of me wanted to be a teacher of some kind, and even if that dream was impossible for me at the moment I got to experience a fraction of what it was like.

Charlotte sighed sitting down at her desk looking at me. "This town is going to have to change soon."

"Huh?" I was shocked by the change in her tone.

"This town, you lived here for two years. You must have noticed how bare it has gotten. A couple of beastkin from outside of town is buying up land and making shops. Soon, this place with a bit of luck will have people visiting it again."

I remained silent. I couldn't imagine having things around me change so drastically.

"Maybe, I think Rabby wouldn't mind getting to see a few new people." I smiled causing Charlotte to cross her arms and lean back in her chair.

"You're Rabby's boyfriend right? Tell me, are you planning on moving back to the city with her?"

"I wouldn't be against it, but Rabby wants to continue her dad's work. I don't want to take that away from her, and it's not like I'm doing anything at the moment."

Rabby at least had a basic plan of where her life was headed unlike me. It would be silly for me to want to move back to the city without a real job or anything like that. Honestly, I would be happy living anywhere as long as it was with Rabby.

"She says that now, but will she be saying that in nine years when she has kids and the town hasn't grown at all?" Charlotte sighed, "Sorry I'm just being a grouchy old woman."

I think even she realized that she was projecting a bit. I didn't know if she was just tired of the town she was living in for most of her life or something else. However, I had far more tact than to ask that from her.

"Regardless, the kids seemed to like you well enough. If you are free give me a call, and I'll let you do this again sometime."

That was all I needed to hear. Even if the school was small and I wasn't getting paid it was kind of fun being an assistant.

Once our conversation was over we locked down the school before walking in opposite directions. While I was somewhat disappointed that the school day wasn't longer, I couldn't help but be excited to see Rabby and tell her everything I did.

I finally reached the Rabby's house to see a familiar wolf beastkin standing outside of the front door crouching. I usually would have been far more defensive if this scene wasn't so eerily familiar to the time we first met.

"Hey...old guy, people might be getting the wrong idea if you keep standing outside of people's doors like that."

The wolf just laughed standing up. "If you looking for that rabbit girl she isn't here right now. Also, don't worry, I'm not stalking her. I'm here for you."

I didn't know if I should have been more concerned or relieved by his statement. I mean, what could he possibly want with me? I didn't have too many connections to the townsfolk outside of Rabby.

"I'm here, so if you have something to say go ahead and say it."

He just laughed at my bluntness before running his long nails through his fur.

"Tell me kid, is your mother's name Karin?"

I froze for a moment, that was her name. A part of me wondered if that was some mistake, there was a lot of Karin's in the world after all. At the same time, the meeting was far too perfect for it to just be by chance.

Meaning the beastkin in front of me either knew my parents.

"Yeah, but how do you know her?"

The beastkin then scanned me.

"Your dad just wanted me to tell you that he is sorry and he cares about you. That's all." The beastkin started to walk away as I felt something sink into my stomach.

This guy knew my dad, knew what happened to him or where he was. I couldn't let him leave with such a vague statement like that, not when I was so close to finding him.

"H-hey wait, what happened to him and where is he now?"

The beastkin stopped if only for a moment as I looked back at me. "Kid, sometimes it is better just to let things go. Enjoy the life you have right now and don't worry about some old guy that ditched you."

I froze for a moment, a part of me was assuming the worst. My dad was probably dead somewhere in a ditch, and I wouldn't be the wiser. I felt myself about to ask another question, but something in my chest stopped me.

The wolf slowly vanished down the trail, any hopes of me asking something else disappearing with him. No, that was a lie. If I wanted to, I could have chased after him and caught up, but I didn't want to. Mostly because I had no idea if the answer I was going to receive would be one that I want.

I walked back into the house in a haze. I kicked off my shoes and laid on the couch in the main room allowing myself to be alone with my thoughts. It was a good thing that Rabby wasn't there at the moment. It gave me time actually to think.

Should I pursue more information about the wolf beastkin and my dad? Everyone was giving me warnings against looking too far into it. Even my mother before I left told me it wasn't worth looking into.

It was frustrating. The more I thought about it, the more it just became unclear, just when I felt my brain about to explode I heard the door open. I sat up noticing Rabby entering the room.

"Hey, I had a feeling you would be back before me!" The rabbit beastkin grinned at me. Rabby was covered in some dirt with some twigs in her hair. I couldn't help but wonder what type of job she got.

"The job wasn't too hard for you was it?"

Rabby just scoffed shaking her body and fur as twigs and dirt fell off of her body. "Of course not, I just had to climb a few trees and remove a couple of branches."

Rabby sat next to me as she closed one of her eyes. I noticed her nose twitching as if she smelled me. I wondered if she was confirming that I was indeed still me.

"So, how was your visit to the school? Nothing surprising for someone from the city, but you probably had some fun." Rabby said.

"Yeah, I learned a lot. Plus I was able to teach the kids a little bit about humans." It still boggled my mind that some people in the town never actually saw a human.

The idea that anyone in the world hadn't met a species that took up half of the population was crazy. Though, I knew if I looked hard enough there were probably still a couple of towns filled with humans that were the same way.

"So what do you want to do now? We still have half a day left to look around and do a few things." Rabby said forcing me to sit up.

"Can we do it a bit later, I'm thinking about something right now." Despite trying my best to bury my thoughts until a better time I just couldn't get what the wolf beastkin said about my dad out of my head. It didn't help that I was also thinking about me and Rabby's future together.

Rabby took notice of my expression. I noticed her ears slumping somewhat as she continued to stare at me as if she was wondering what to say next.

"Joek, what's wrong? No one said anything weird to you did they?"

"Nothing like that it's just... " I stopped myself, wondering if I really should ask the next question. I stared into Rabby's eyes. The look of concern she was giving

me was far worse than anything I had seen before.

"Rabby, do you plan on living in this town forever?"

Rabby just tilted her head at my question. It took a moment for her to process what I had just said before coming up with a response.

"W-well, I was born and raised here. Plus everything my dad has done is right here in this town, but I also want to go out and see a bunch of other places." Rabby stopped looking towards the floor. "It's a complicated feeling."

I could understand where she was coming from, and that was probably the reason she was so interested in visiting the city. Rabby probably wanted to see what life was like there before making a big decision like moving.

"Rabby, you said you wanted to take a trip to the city." I grabbed one of her paws placing it in my hand. "I think I can get something set up for next month with a bit of planning."

The moment I said that her face lit up. She quickly hugged me peppering my cheek with kisses. Despite the tough girl attitude, she could put on she was pretty openly affectionate.

"This is perfect. I was saving a bit of money just for this sort of thing! I'll try to finish up all the jobs we have left and find someone to house sit for us." Rabby nearly jumped up.

I was glad that she was happy, that my words were able to insert at least a little bit of joy into her life. Of course, this also put a time limit on what I needed to find out about my dad. I still didn't know if it was worth looking into further or not.

"Oh, but what about your dad?" Rabby words made me flinch. "You came here looking for him, and you haven't found him. Is it okay for you to stop trying to track him down?"

"D-don't worry about it. I am pretty sure he isn't even here, and even if he were he probably wouldn't want to see me anyway." Thinking about what I just said it was far harsher than I thought. At the same time, the only reason I could see my dad not even attempting to make contact with me is that he is either dead or hates my guts. Neither option was filling me with self-confidence and worth.

"...That's bullshit! I won't let you leave it like this. We got plenty of time before we plan our trip. I can ask around town for some more information and see if anyone has noticed any humans passing through the town."

I wanted to tell her to stop, but I knew it was no good. She was going to follow through with whatever she was planning no matter what. That was just the type of beastkin Rabby was.

"If you feel the need to do so, then I won't stop you." I sighed as Rabby smiled sitting back down.

We spent the rest of the day just talking and watching the few channels that were actually on TV. It was somewhat calming, despite the hectic day I had just sitting down and enjoying Rabby's company managed to make it better.

Before I knew it, the sun had fallen, and the sky was pitch black. Rabby got up yawning to herself before stretching. Despite it only being a bit past 11:00 p.m. it appeared that she was ready for bed.

It made sense, I didn't see her take any of her usual naps, and she was probably tired from all the work she did.

"Hey, I'm going to take a shower and go to bed. Do you want to sleep in the same bed tonight?"

"Like I said, even your bed is too small for us." I honestly felt bad for turning Rabby down again. I was pretty sure it wasn't even a sex thing. Instead, she just wanted me close by while she slept.

"Oh fine, but once I do get a bigger bed, I don't want to hear any excuses!" With that Rabby walked into the bathroom prompting me to start getting ready for bed myself.

From the way that Rabby spoke, it seemed that we didn't have any jobs lined up for tomorrow. I headed into my cramp room shutting the door and collapsed onto my bed. Now that Rabby was no longer there to distract me I started to wonder about my father again.

If Rabby was going to help me look for him, there was no need to stop. After all, I came here two years ago looking for him after I heard a tip and it would have been a waste only to give up.

There was a reason why I picked Summerclove as the first place to look. It was mostly something that had to do with my mother and me.

I knew there was something that she was always keeping from me. It had to do with both my strength and my reaction to the moon. Honestly, I suspected that I wasn't entirely human, but rather a halfbreed.

Half-breed were rather common. However, they also had a slightly odd habit of sharing traits from their mother more than their father. Meaning a human woman having a child with a male beastkin would produce a child that looked mostly human besides maybe an ear or a tail.

Same thing with female beastkin and a human father. They would produce a half-breed that had mostly beastkin traits with only having a few human traits. I suspected that my mother just got lucky with the way that I looked and was able to pass me off as human.

All of it just added up to the fact that my dad was a beastkin, or at the very least had a bit of beastkin blood inside of him.

I sighed cutting off the light in my room and closing my eyes. Whatever I was going to worry about it could wait for tomorrow.

6

The Truth

"Rabby, do we need to do this?"

I frowned as I stared at the many mattresses lining the store. I was honestly surprised that there was anyone in town that was selling mattresses. Then again beds had to come somewhere even in a place like Summerclove.

"You said that we couldn't sleep in the same bed until we got a bigger mattress right? I'm just trying to fix the problem." Rabby smiled as she scanned the different beds causing me to groan.

It was my fault, when Rabby said it was a small job I jumped at the chance to help her. I didn't think it would end up with us shopping for a bed.

Despite it being a mattress store it was small with only about five or six beds out for us to see. I assumed most of the others were in the back and they would take them out as customers bought them. Rabby bounced a bit on the some of the beds. It was pretty apparent that she was having fun. I guess even something as simple as shopping for a mattress could be enjoyable if you were doing it with someone you cared about.

"Well, fancy bumping into you two here." both me and Rabby turned to face a familiar canine beastkin.

It was Miss Canino, at first I wondered what she was doing there before realizing she just had her house built. She was probably shopping for a new bed to go along with her new home.

"Hey!" Rabby jumped off the bed she wrapping her arm around mine.

"Oh, I see you two are finally a couple. Can't say that I'm not a little disappointed with that." Miss Canino laughed as Rabby shot her a glare.

"W-what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing, anyway, is the lovely couple shopping for a new bed?" Canino quickly

shifted subjects as I nodded.

"Yeah, since Rabby's is too small to fit the two of us we decided just to get a new one."

Miss Canino just snorted a bit before grinning. "Well I don't want to keep you two, I'll be on my wa-"

"Please wait a moment, Joek wants to ask you something." Rabby cut in saying something completely random.

"Wait, I do?" I tried to recall if I ever had a question for Miss Canino let alone one that I told Rabby.

"About your dad, she's been living in the town for a bit right? I'm sure she would have seen something odd, like a human passing through." Rabby pointed out as I groaned.

I didn't want to start getting random strangers involved with my problems, but since we already had her attention there was no need to pass up the chance to learn a bit more.

"I was wondering if you have noticed an oldish looking wolf-beastkin walking around. Large, wears overalls and has brown fur."

That wasn't the most detailed description, but by the look on Canino's face showed me that it was enough.

"Ah, you mean Lance. Here is a weird one, he came to the town around twenty years ago. He vanishes every few months before coming back...like he is checking on someone."

That was far more information than I expected, but it made sense. Now there was only one more thing that I wanted to ask.

"Do you know where Lance lives? I want to talk to him about something."

Canino nodded. "He doesn't live too far from the junkyard. You know that place is pretty much abandoned. So he looks after it making sure no one does anything stupid or dangerous."

"Thanks." I committed it to memory as Canino walked away.

"Is that all you wanted to ask her?" Rabby asked as I nodded. "That is all I needed.""

Rabby didn't say anything else about the matter as the two of us picked through

the different mattresses that were out on the floor before finally deciding to get the cheapest king size mattress in the store.

As the owner helped us carry it out my thoughts started to wander as we began to walk down the trail towards the home.

I was carrying the mattress over my head before I noticed Rabby's eyes keep shifting towards me. I didn't know why, maybe she wanted to touch it before we brought it back home or something?

"Hey, Joek, if you want to talk to that guy I can carry the mattress back to our house."

I flinched, I didn't know what shocked me more. The fact that Rabby was willing to do that, or the fact she called it 'our house.'

"No, you were excited about this. So I might as well take it back and help set it up."

"I am excited to be able to sleep on it with you. Not about the mattress itself, plus you heard Canino that he has a habit of traveling. What if you wasting time here means that you just miss him?"

Rabby's concerns were kind of hilarious. The chances of all of that happening at that moment were rather low. Then again, maybe me being in town and mentioning my dad would have forced him to leave.

"Are you sure you will be alright by yourself?" "Of course, something as light as this might as well be paper."

I wasn't going to argue with her, mostly because I knew it was pointless to do so. I gave her the mattress as she struggled to wrap her paws around it before finally lifting it and the box spring over her head.

"Good luck~" Rabby winked at me as I walked the opposite direction heading towards the landfill.

At least, that is where I assumed his home would be. Miss Canino didn't give exact directions and the only thing I knew that it was near there. I started to regret not getting a more detailed description of the location.

I stopped for a moment looking at the field that Rabby and I had destroyed the

playground equipment. I noticed that the ground and the few holes we did leave behind had been filled in. They were probably going to start construction soon.

I couldn't help but wonder what they were going to build, perhaps a supermarket or a store of some kind.

I walked past the field down the trail heading towards the junkyard. I was just outside of the gates as I heard a voice call out to me.

"Eh, so you're here again kid?" I turned around to be greeted with the wolf-beastkin form earlier. He had a large bag over his shoulder as if he packed something. I guess Rabby was right. He was going to leave again.

"I guess you won't be staying in town much longer?" I asked just to confirm my suspicion.

"Yeah, this time it will probably be for good. I was able to find what I was looking for, so I don't need to come back here."

I grumbled, he was leaving because of me. What could he have known about my dad that was so terrible that he was willing to move to avoid telling me?

"You probably already know why I'm here."

The wolf-beastkin looked at me before laughing. "I told you to let it go. You don't get anything from knowing more."

I wasn't going to accept that answer. I had a feeling this was my last chance to learn about my dad.

"Yeah, fine, he was a beastkin right? Did he ever live in this town, is he still alive?" I pretty much ignored his words asking a bunch of questions that he probably wasn't going to answer.

"..." He looked at me for a moment, "can I ask you something kid?"

"Fine." I decided it was best just to go along with him.

"Why do you want to meet your father?"

The question was odd to me. I just thought it was natural for kids to want to learn about their parents.

"Well, I don't want any money from him or anything like that. I just want to see him, at least once and talk to him."

I didn't even know what I would say to him if I saw him. I didn't think that far ahead.

The wolf-beastkin looked at me one last time. "Follow me, and I'll lead you to your father."

My heart stopped, a mixture of excitement and fear filled my body. I never thought it would happen just like that. I expected more build up. Then again, the fact that my dad was in the town was cause for concern.

Was he dead? I doubt he was just living in a house without ever going out. The wolf-beastkin started to walk as I followed firmly behind him. He was most likely taking me to his home or something.

After a few minutes of walking a small shack appeared on the horizon. When we finally reached the structure, I realized just how tiny it was. It seemed that it was shambled together by someone with free time and a bunch of wood.

The first thing that came to mind was shed. Despite how small it was the door was still large enough for the beastkin to walk through without lowering his head. I entered the home after him, as the thick smell of fur and food entered my nose.

The shed was only about two rooms large. Empty beer cans and cigarette ashtrays littered the rooms with a small mini-fridge in the corner.

It was clear that this was closer to a shitty summer home rather than a place anyone would stay for an extended period. Which probably was the reason why he always kept leaving and coming back.

"Well, we're here, and I don't see my dad..." I crossed my arms as the wolf-beastkin chuckled.

"That's because you are staring at him, kid."

The wolf's eyes narrowed as he stared straight into my eyes.

"Huh...what?" I didn't understand. I thought it was some joke because the way he was phrasing his sentence could only mean one thing...

"Yeah Joek, I'm your dad." The beastkin sat down on the floor most likely due to the lack of furniture while I was left speechless.

I still couldn't believe it, and a part of me still wanted to think it was some cruel prank, though it made some sense. The fact that he knew me and my mom's

name kind of forced the point home.

"Really...I just can't." I honestly expected a bit more. I couldn't specify what kind of more, but anything more.

"I guess I should officially introduce myself. The name is Lance, and like I said before you're my son. If there is anything you want to ask me go ahead and ask."

I wished he would have been a bit softer, like a hug or a grin. It felt like I was talking to an old co-worker that invited me for a drink rather than my long lost father.

"Why did you leave my mom and me?"

"...Right to the hard questions huh?" Lance closed his eyes leaning his back against the wall. "I honestly don't know what to say without making your mother and me out to be complete assholes." Once again he was way too blunt.

"I still want to know."

Lance chuckled. "Seriously? Wish you were just the type to let things go. Fine, your mother and I were pretty much just a fling. We never really were interested in staying together or anything like that. Well, at least that was the plan until she got pregnant."

I sat silently; I expected that. I wasn't a child that was created out of love, and it was something I came to terms with a long time ago.

"The problem was what you would look like, and that is all it came down to. If you ended up looking like a beastkin, I would take you. If you looked like a human she would keep you, and it doesn't take a genius to see how you turned out."

Despite me knowing all the possible answers, I felt a hint of anger start to well up inside of me. Not just at Lance, but my mother as well. It was clear that she was the one that made such a plan.

She was always concerned about her appearance to the rest of the family. If they found out she had a child with a beastkin, then she would be a laughingstock.

"I guess that explains why she doesn't like beastkins." I replied as Lance just laughed.

"Don't be too harsh on the lady. It wasn't like I had to agree to something like that. We just thought it would be better for you to be raised as one or the other rather than both."

"She could have told me once I was old enough, hell you could have called too." I frowned. I didn't really like that excuse.

"Well, isn't that why you're here?" Lance shrugged, it was the only thing that he could do. Even if he was trying to act relaxed, I could tell that the situation was just as awkward for him as it was for me.

"So what have you've been doing for these few years?"
Lance's eyes widened, guess he was shocked I was interested in his life.

"Nothing of note, just wandering around to different places. I always end up back here, but enough about me. You're dating that Rabby girl right?"

"Yeah, we started dating officially earlier this week. Though you could argue that we started about two years ago."

Speaking of Rabby, she was probably still waiting for me back at the house. I really couldn't keep her waiting despite wanting to find out more about Lance and everything.

"So...kid, how long are you planning on staying in town?" Lance asked a strange question as I scratched the back of my head.

"For a while. At least a few more months, Rabby and I might take a trip to the city later, but I doubt it will be anything permanent."

Lance didn't respond right away. He placed his claw on his face as if he was struggling to say something. "Well, I guess I won't leave anytime soon either, just in case you have any more questions for me."

I nodded getting up from the wooden floor. Lance probably was just staying to learn more about me, which was fine. I was probably going to do the same.

I held out my hand as he did the same with his paw. It was an awkward

handshake, but I don't think either of us was ready for a hug yet.

"I'll be around."

"Same..."

With nothing else to say I left the small wooden shack, an odd feeling started to claw its way into my chest. A sense of relief and confusion, there was still so much I didn't know about him and a lot I wanted to find out.

I walked down the trail alone. After two years my search was over and it ended in the most casual conversation I could think of. There were no explosions of emotions. No anger filled rants. Just two strangers making a weak promise of getting to know each other better.

Despite finding the answer I was looking for it wasn't conclusive.

I made it back to the house allowing myself back in. I noticed a couple of things were knocked over, as I heard irritated grunts and noises coming from Rabby's room. It was apparent that even if she was strong enough to carry the mattress and box-spring by herself, it didn't mean she could move it without causing some trouble.

I peeked into Rabby's room noticing a few dressers and bookshelves had moved. She probably already moved her old bed into my room and was now getting everything set up.

She was lying on it, trying her best to stretch the sheets to the four corners of the mattress. Rabby was so into her work that she hadn't even noticed me watching right outside of her door.

"Do you need some help?"

"Eek!" Rabby nearly jumped out of bed landing onto the floor. She always had a habit of overreacting to be startled, and this was no exception.

"Joek you're back? Did you find out anything about your dad?" Rabby fixed her ears.

"Yeah, I got to meet him."

"Really?! That's great...is it great?" Rabby was staring straight at my face. She was probably confused why I wasn't happier with the situation.

"It's a long story." I said before I started to help her fix the bottom sheets of the bed. I was surprised she managed to fit it into her room despite its size, I couldn't imagine it being easy by herself.

"Go ahead and tell me! We got some time~" Rabby said.

"Well, first of all, I guess I should start by saying that I'm a halfbreed..." I had to start the story out like that. Mostly because it actually wouldn't have made sense to tell.

"I guess that makes sense. I always found it weird that you were looking for your human dad in a town filled with beastkin." Rabby pointed out.

"Yeah, that's not even the half of it." I then proceeded to tell Rabby about everything. Why my mom and dad did what they did, what my dad was doing at the time and what my plans were when it came to having a relationship with him.

"It sounded like your parents picked what would be easier on them than on you." Rabby said sitting on the bed.

I really couldn't blame her for thinking that way. Compared to her parent's mine were far from stellar. I didn't even know how I would react when I saw my mother next time.

My relationship with my mother had always been strange. I didn't know if she loved me or just did the things she did out of obligation and so she could brag about me due to my physical accomplishments.

It didn't matter, at least not at the moment.

"It's no big deal, if I didn't come looking for my dad then I wouldn't have met you." It was a somewhat cheesy line, but it was the truth. The fact that I met both Rabby and her dad was probably one of the best things that had happened to me in the past two years.

Rabby stared at me, her nose twitching and her tail moving ever so slightly. She leaned her head against my shoulder before pressing her lips against mine.

"Y-you know we should probably break in the new bed before we sleep on it." Rabby pressed her paws against my chest. I wasn't about to argue with her as I pushed her down onto the mattress my hands already under her shirt.

We were both breathing heavily. Our lips met again, our tongues wrapping around one another. Rabby's saliva tasted sweet as I lowered my hand to her most precious spot.

"W-wait, Joek we don't have any condoms." Rabby managed to choke those words out between her heavy breathing causing me to scoff.

"We don't need them. It feels better without them anyway."

Rabby went to speak again, but I kissed her once again. My fingers then parted the fur that was protecting her vital spot before I slipped three of my digits inside of her.

I felt her vagina starting to wrap around my fingers. It was apparent that she was eager as I removed my tongue from her mouth grabbing her waist.

She had nothing else to say as I unzipped my pants pressing my member against Rabby's pussy. I didn't push past her lips, not yet. Rather I was content with just teasing her, rubbing against the entrance.

Her soft fur drove the nerves in my dick insane.

"P-please don't te-tease me..." Rabby said, she was heaving, with each breath she took I noticed her breast shifting ever so slightly.

I couldn't keep her waiting, I slowly pressed pass the entrance and firmly placed my dick inside of her. The moment I did I felt my brain about to go blank, doing it raw was an entirely different feeling compared to using a condom. I could feel every one of Rabby's juices sticking to my lower body.

Rabby must have been feeling the same way. I was barely moving yet a stream of liquid was slowly coming out of her and onto the new sheets.

I finally started to move, each thrust I felt the tip of my penis hitting her womb. As I continued Rabby was letting out a strange cry, one that I hadn't before. I felt the very core of my body starting to heat up as my dick twitched letting out some precum.

That was it. I was at my limit. I was doing everything to hold myself back, but it wasn't enough. With one final thrust, I let loose a torrent of semen inside of Rabby her body twitching with each lump of sperm that flowed into her.

She covered her mouth, her legs collapsing on the bed and cumming dripping between her legs and onto the sheets and her fur.

I held my chest as I noticed something odd. Despite having just came my member was still erect. I looked back over to Rabby who was still trying to regain her senses. It was pointless to stop at that moment, not when I still had so much energy.

I grabbed her from behind, cupping her breast in her hand.

"J-Joek w-" I didn't let her finish as I put two of my fingers into her mouth. I then slid my penis back inside of her, allowing the mixture of my semen and her fluids drive me insane.

I knew I wouldn't last as long the second time as the first. I was already reaching my limit again after only a few thrusts. I felt Rabby's drool and teeth against my fingers as her tail started to shake rapidly.

I pressed my lips against her neck gently sinking my teeth into her fur and skin.

That was it. I was about to cum again as my legs started to grow weak. I collapsed on top of Rabby. The moment I did I let out another stream of semen inside of her. I could feel the wet spot forming underneath of us.

I heard a dripping noise against Rabby's floor. I couldn't help but wonder just how many times Rabby came during the entire process.

I finally felt my dick go limp inside of her, I was about to pull out but I felt Rabby's paw against my arm.

"Wait...can we stay like this a little longer?"

I decided not to move. Instead, I embraced Rabby as she turned her head and kissed me once again.

"If you're okay with me, then I guess it's fine by me." I didn't know the meaning behind her words at the moment. All I knew was I was with someone who I loved, and that was enough for me.

Dreams of Winter

I gave a heavy sigh as I wiped the sweat from my brow. I dragged my feet back to the house, every part of my body was sore from the work I had done. I never thought that I'd miss Rabby's help as much as I did, but when you had to do two times as much work alone it was to be expected.

I opened the door leading inside.

"Hey, I home." I didn't have to yell considering I could see the two pair of massive ears from behind the couch.

"Welcome back!" Rabby shifted her body slight trying her best to peek her head, though she as having a bit of trouble considering her current condition.

I walked around the couch sitting next to her. Her stomach had grown quite a bit in the last three months.

"Hey, daddy~ working hard?" Rabby laughed resting her paws on her belly.

"D-don't call me that yet, it's kind of weird."

Rabby was three month's pregnant, though her stomach was far larger than it should. She explained to me that beastkin had shorter trimester. Usually six months instead of nine. Of course, this just meant that I had even less time to prepare.

Rabby gave a heavy groan as she leaned her head back against the couch.

"Sorry about getting you pregnant and everything." I nervously laughed. I didn't know how many times I had apologized since we found out.

"Ugh, don't. I said I wanted kids right? Plus I also went along with it. It takes two after all!" Rabby tried to wink before she clenched her stomach.

Apparently, I knew less about Beastkins than I first thought. First of all, they didn't have periods, safe days or anything like that. Every time they had sex they always ran the risk of becoming pregnant. And due to the sheer amount of

differences between different beastkin birth control for them was still being tested.

This was the reason why it was common for female beastkin to buy condoms. It was the only way they could have sex without running the risk of pregnancy.

"I guess, it's just a shame that it forced us to put the trip to the city on hold." I didn't mind too much since I lived there for most of my life. However, I knew how excited Rabby was to go.

"The city will always be there, right now we should focus on preparing ourselves. Speaking of that, I went to the hospital to check how many we were having."

My heart skipped a beat, beastkins had a habit of having large amounts of kids. "So...how many?"

"Well, it's on the lower side." I sighed with relief before Rabby could finish her sentence. "We are only having four." I went pale for a moment. What was a bigger shock was that fact that Rabby wasn't worried about it at all.

"Geez, what's with that look?" Rabby leaned her head against my shoulder closing her eyes. "We are saving up money, combined with the money that dad left us we'll be okay for awhile. Plus once I give birth, I'll be able to start working again."

She was right, Rabby wasn't the type to stay home all the time. I suspect once she recovered we would be taking turns doing jobs. Though that brought up a different problem.

"We were probably going to need a bigger house, we can turn my room into a room for the kids, but when they get older, they will probably want their space." I had to point that out. I finished moving my stuff from my room into Rabby's as preparation.

"I know. I am sure we can get some of the workers to build an extension to the home or something." Rabby closed her eyes, trying her best to shift her body placing her head on my lap.

"You know, we haven't had sex in like three weeks." Rabby sighed causing me to roll my eyes.

"Is that something you should be focusing on?"

"Hey! You weren't complaining when my boobs were getting bigger."

"That was before we found out you were pregnant." I replied, though still had sex every now and then.

"I guess, but don't feel like you have to hold yourself back okay." Rabby laughed as I placed my hands over my face.

"You're right I guess, since this will probably be the last three months we can have sex without a condom." I felt petty worrying about something like that.

"Huh, what are you talking about? Once beastkin give birth the chances of us getting pregnant sink like a rock for the next three years."

Rabby casually giving me facts like that always took me off guard. Though it made sense, it explained why beastkin weren't completely overtaking humans considering the average number of children they had per pregnancy.

"So, do you think we should be thinking about names?" I was about to have four children, and I had no clue on what to call them.

"Names? I was thinking about marriage." Rabby shot back, revealing what our priorities were.

I was starting to feel dizzy by the sheer amount of things we had to worry about. I hadn't even told mom that I was having kids, mostly due to knowing how she would react. The entire thing just felt daunting.

Not three month's ago I was thinking like a teenager, and now I was on the cusp of being a dad, and that filled me with a mixture of fear and excitement.

Just when the two of us were about to muse further we heard a knock on the door. Rabby lifted her head slightly letting me get up. I walked towards the door slowly allowing it to open to be greeted with a familiar face.

"Hey, kid." It was Lance...or rather my dad.

"Oh hey, what's up?" My eyes widened when I greeted him.

"Just wanted to see how my son and his wife were doing." The wolfbeastkin let out a heavy sigh before leaning against the side of the door.

It took me a month to tell my dad that Rabby and me were having kids, he

reacted the way that I expected him to. Though since then he had been making an active effort to visit me a bit more, probably not wanting to miss out on his grandchildren.

"We aren't married...at least not yet." I ran my fingers through my hair as Lance just laughed.

"You look a bit nervous. I guess that just proves that you're going to be a better father than me." Lance gave me what I assumed was a compliment.

"Hey, Joeek is Lance here?!" I heard Rabby scream from the couch as I winced. "Yeah, he's at the door," I called back as I heard Rabby shifting on the sofa before making her way to the front door.

"Heya!" Rabby smiled as she stood next to me.

This was probably the third time ever that Rabby and my dad interacted. They seemed to have been on good terms, at least that is what I assumed.

"Man, your stomach swelled right up...so how many are you two expecting?"

"Four! So we are probably going to have our hands full." Rabby said before Lance looked down at the two of us. For some reason he had a particular look in his eyes that I couldn't describe, like he was happy.

"That is part of the reason why I came here. If you two ever need any help looking after your kids, so that you can have some time alone I will be there."

I was left speechless as I noticed Rabby's eyes light up.

"We would love to!" The moment those words escaped Rabby's mouth Lance looked over at me. It seemed my opinion was the one that he was the most concerned about.

"Um sure, I don't mind." I couldn't turn him down, plus I knew we were going to need all the help we could get with the kids.

"...Thank you." "Welp, I'm not going to get in the way of this father and son bonding experience. Plus I have some stuff to take care of." Rabby walked back inside leaving me alone with my dad. I doubted she had anything she had to do, she probably just wanted us to talk one on one.

Once Rabby vanished back into the main room there was an awkward silence between the two of us. My dad then spoke.

"You know, you should tell your mother."

"I know, it's just." I knew she would be at least a bit disappointed that I didn't end up with a human girl.

"Don't think too poorly of her, I am sure she is capable of getting over her hate to see her grandchildren." Lance pointed that fact out as he stretched. "Anyway, I should probably get going. You probably have a lot of stuff to figure out with Rabby."

"Yeah..."

We each waited for the other to leave first as Lance closed one of his eyes and smiled. "Do you want a hug or something?"

"No...just get out of here old man!" I grumbled as Lance laughed.

"See you around kid."

With that, Lance walked down the road vanishing over a nearby hill.

I walked back inside noticing Rabby sitting on the couch holding a photo. I walked beside looking at the picture alongside her. It was a picture of her with her parents. She was looking at it with a soft smile on her face. I couldn't imagine what could have been going through her head these last three months.

"Hey, Joek, do you think we could visit my dad again. I know that it's late."

"Of course, I have to pay my respects after all." I helped Rabby up off the chair as I noticed her grab her sun hat from the stand.

This was my life in Summerclove now. While there was still plenty of problems and questions that needed to be answered, I had a feeling that as long as Rabby was by my side each day would be better than the last.

THE WORLD OF FUR WE LIVE IN: BOOK 2 COLD BLOODED WINTER

1

An Old Friend

"For someone who has so much money you sure do slouch a lot."

I held my breath as she said that comment. A part of me wanted to grumble, but I just kept my mouth shut. Our day out was almost over, and I just wanted to get it done before either one of us said something stupid.

"This is your apartment right?" I said, despite the fact that the two of us had been dating for awhile we rarely ever went to her place. Most of the time we either went to a restaurant or my house.

"Yeah." The black haired girl frowned parting her hair ever so slightly. Despite our spats I never really forgot how beautiful she was, she had bright blue eyes and skin that was somewhat pale. Honestly, her beauty often made me forget about some of her personality problems.

"Eva, sorry about my posture." I managed to force out an apology. It wasn't like I did anything wrong, but it was still just easier to do it not have it brought up later.

"Henry, the posture thing isn't a big deal. It's more that it looks like you are having a horrible time with me." Eva brushed her hair to the side as I felt some an odd weight on my chest. I ignored it, trying to focus on the conversation Eva and I were having.

"I know, I just been having some trouble thinking lately." I said.

"It's because you've been hanging out with those monsters. Seriously, I can introduce you to some of my friends from around here if you are interested."

"No thanks, and you really shouldn't be calling them monsters. They are beastkin." I felt the need to point that out, despite knowing full well that Eva

knew the proper term.

"Whatever, that isn't the point. My point is that you need a few more human friends!" Eva stated causing me to run my fingers through my hair.

There was no point in talking back, my entire reason for apologizing was to avoid getting into an overly long argument. It was probably best for me to just let her say what she wanted.

"I'll think about it." When I said that we looked at one another. "I'll call you later" I said.

"Yeah..." that was her reply before backing back into the apartment.

It inhaled before sighing, the cold air showing my breath. It was the start of winter vacation, and most college students had an entire month off from school. Usually, I would have been excited by such a thing.

I on the other hand was having trouble mustering out any enthusiasm. As I descended the stairs my eyes glanced at my phone, hoping one of my friends had left me a message of some sort.

My inbox was empty. Everyone else most likely had plans with their family or friends, even if they had time for me it wouldn't be until later in the month.

I couldn't help be a bit irritated. Despite having a girlfriend I barely felt the need to spend time with her. Even now we didn't even attempt to make any more plans than the ones we talked about.

"Shit..." I spat out a curse as I finally reached my car.

It was a nice car, that was all I could say about it. I had no interest in cars or their makes. As a result, I didn't even know the names of the essential manufacturers. It was merely a beautiful car that I bought because it looked expensive.

I got into the car my body instantly relaxing. Even if it may have been overpriced at the very least it held heat well. I pulled out of the parking lot and onto the road, it was empty.

There were plenty of places to go, but all of them were familiar and not the good familiar. The air of things getting boring and samey seemed to radiate from the

town.

Chances were I was just an asshole, the town wasn't to blame for my feelings.

I finally managed to get to my house before parking my car. I took a deep breath looking up at the two-floor house with had least eight rooms on each floor, and it was all for me.

No one else lived with me, even when I invite Eva to do so she turned me down. I just guessed she didn't want to be known as someone that relied on others.

I got out of my car and headed to the front door however, before I went inside I noticed something off.

The welcome mat that I had placed in front of the door had been shifted. I had a bad habit of noticing trivial things like that, but this time it was cause for alarm.

I lived a bit further out of town, so it wasn't like there was anyone that would come and check on me. Not only that, there weren't any cats around the area either so I doubted it was some animal.

Though despite that, there wasn't too worried. Despite me having a doormat I didn't keep the spare key under it, and it didn't seem like anyone broke the windows.

I slowly unlocked the door before entering my home. Everything was in the same position that I left it. I shrugged before kicking off my shoes and sitting on the couch

I just sat there for a moment before lifting my legs and laying on the couch. I looked up at the ceiling for a few minutes wondering what I was going to do with myself. There were movies and games, but those were just distractions.

"What's wrong with me?"

I had a girlfriend. I had money, hell my parents even bought me a house all to myself. Yet I couldn't muster any energy to do anything, I could have done plenty of activities, but here I was doing nothing.

Just when I was about to close my eyes and resign myself to my fate of a wasted

winter vacation, I heard something from the second floor. A strange banging noise, as if something had fallen over. I shot up biting my bottom lip.

I held my breath trying to make as little noise as possible. I weighed my options. The smartest one would be to call the police before quickly dismissing the option.

"If I did that and it's just a cat or something I'd be a laughingstock. It wasn't the most logical thought process, but I didn't want to appear as a spoiled rich kid that was scared of everything.

I got up before walking up the steps trying my best not to make too much noise. The house itself wasn't too old, but I wouldn't put it past a couple of animals managing to sneak in. It was still big after all, and there was always a chance of a small hole would let something in.

The second floor was large in size but not in content. There were only four bedrooms on the second floor and a bathroom. Most of the rest was just filled with empty halls and rooms that led to dead ends with windows.

My parents told me that the house initially was a different building, which made sense. The layout of the home never felt comfortable. It made me wonder why they just didn't buy a smaller house for me instead of the behemoth I was standing in.

"...I don't hear anything anymore." I whispered that to myself before I crept across the hallway pressing my ear to each door, if someone were stealing anything then I would hear something. It wasn't like the walls in the house were particularly thick.

After a minute I finally heard something shuffling ever so slightly on the other side. I waited for a bit longer, trying to find out if it was indeed another person or just an animal that managed to sneak in.

I held my breath before hearing whispers on the other side. I couldn't make out what they were saying, but the voice sounded feminine. It seemed that someone had broken into my house.

My heart skipped a beat. They must have climbed up the side and entered through one of the windows on the second floor. I froze wondering what I should do. I

didn't know if the person had a gun or anything else.

If they were a beastkin they wouldn't even need a weapon to kill me.

I quickly put my hands in my pocket trying to pull out my phone only to fumble it between my fingers. With a loud thud, it fell on the wooden floor causing me to wince.

"Henry is that you?" The voice called out my name from the other side of the door. Its tone was far too casual for it to belong to an intruder. Not only that, but the more I heard it the more familiar it became.

I managed to work up the courage to finally open the door and enter the room. Standing in front of me was a reptile beastkin.

She had large yellow eyes that stared right through me. Her green wavy hair was slightly past shoulder length while two horns stuck out from her head. I would have been taken aback by her beauty if the nagging feeling that I had seen her before wasn't still eating away at me.

Her clothing all but confirmed that. She was wearing what appeared to be a leather jacket with a short skirt. A combo that in itself wasn't too rare, but combined with her face and voice I was able to connect the dots.

"Fran?" I spoke her name as the beastkin smiled as she ran up and gave me a huge hug.

"Dude, it's been way too long! How you've been?"

"A-ah good, but if you squeeze me any harder I will break in two..."

She quickly let me go as I checked my back making sure it wasn't broken before looking to Fran.

While I was happy she wasn't an intruder I still had quite a few questions for her.

"Fran, what are you doing here?"

"What? Can't someone come back to visit?" She shot back, but that wasn't really what I was talking about.

"I mean, what are you doing in my house?" I replied looking past her. I noticed a few bags scattered in the room with some of them opened. Like she was unpacking her things.

"I wanted to surprise you when you got home, but the door was locked so I had

to crawl up the side."

That explained how she got in at the very least.

"That makes sense, but why come to my house? I'm sure the others would be happy to see you." I was trying my best not to be rude. While I was happy to see her the fact that she broke into my house and acting like it wasn't a big deal was still concerning.

Then again she always had a habit of doing dangerous things just for the thrill of it. She probably just wanted to break into my house for the sake of it.

"Your house is bigger than all of theirs, I figured you wouldn't be as irritated if I showed up unannounced." Fran said walking past me and into the hallway. I knew what she was hinting at, and I didn't like it one bit.

"Fran, do you need a place to stay?" I asked before the two of us descended the stairs and walked into the living room.

She didn't reply right away, instead waiting until we took a seat before continuing the conversation. Maybe whatever she had to say to me was significant enough that we had to be seated.

"I ran out of money, and I need a place to crash!" she laughed causing me to groan. So much for something dramatic happening.

"To come all the way back here because you ran out of money. Isn't that a bit extreme? Not only that, but shouldn't you talk to your parents instead?"

The moment I brought up her mother and father the tone of the room completely changed. Fran averted her eyes to the floor.

"Dude, is it a bad time for me to stay with you? If it I can just go somewhere else."

I remained silent, Fran and I were pretty good friends back in highschool. I even had a bit of a crush on her back then, but a year after we all graduated she left town without contacting anyone.

"Do you have a job lined up or something?" I had to ask. I wasn't planning on her paying me rent or anything, more that if she didn't have any money she would continuously pester me about it.

"Of course," she held her breath for a moment. "Does that mean I get to stay?"

"Yeah, I guess." I didn't know if I was going to regret it later or not. At the very least having someone else around would keep my mind busy for the month I had off.

"Thanks, even if I already knew you weren't going to say no." Fran laughed, I didn't know if I should have felt insulted or not.

"Just go unpack your stuff." I groaned.

"Huh? You don't even want to talk about what I've been up to?"

"We can talk about that later, also don't go around telling everyone you're living here. It could cause a lot of problems for me." Fran had a big mouth and also had a habit of bragging about stuff. She would probably start telling everyone she knew causing more than a few rumors to spread.

"Why? It's not like living with someone is illegal."

"That's not the point, just don't tell anyone." "Fine." Fran pouted before finally getting up from the couch. "If you were just going to make me head back upstairs you didn't need to lead me back down here."

I held back mentioning the fact that she was the one that headed downstairs in the first place. Either way, Fran walked back up to the second floor leaving me alone with my thoughts.

The most prominent question that was on my mind was if I should tell Eva. The obvious answer was no. She would have gotten pissed if any girl was staying with me, let alone a beastkin.

The other question was if I should have told Fran about Eva. I doubted she would care too much besides teasing me about it. There was no need to talk about it unless she brought it up.

I placed my head on the cushion of the couch relaxing my body. I was so eager to make Fran leave the room I forgot what I was even going to do.

".I should probably make lunch." I said to myself before getting right back up. It was less for myself and more for Fran. I had a feeling that she probably hadn't eaten anything in a while. I at least wanted to be a passable host even if the

situation was a bit unorthodox.

I dragged myself to the fridge opening it only to realize that there was nothing actually in it. I usually ended up eating out most of the time since I could afford it, but moments such as that made me wish I went to the grocery store more often.

"What should I do?" I just went out to lunch with Eva, so eating out again so soon would have been a bit much.

I walked back up the stairs and knocked on the door to the room that I assumed Fran was in.

"Hey, I'm going to the grocery store."

"Let me go with you!"

I cringed the moment she asked. I wanted to say no, but the more I thought about it the quicker I realized it would have been bad if someone came to my house and Fran answered the door.

"Sure, but it's going to be pretty boring." The moment I said that the door opened Fran was still wearing her jacket and skirt.

"Great, which store are we going to?" She asked cheerfully.

"Geez why are you so excited? You can go to the grocery store at any time." I pointed that out causing Fran to fidget before a red blush appeared across her face.

"You would be right, if I didn't lose my car."

When she said that I couldn't help but wonder just how hard she was hit. Did she lose her job or did something worse happen? Then again, it shouldn't have come as a surprise to me. I didn't see any other car or vehicle parked outside.

"Come on." I let out a big sigh. I wasn't going to press her for more details at the moment. If she wanted to tell me she would have done it, and I wasn't a particularly nosy person.

We walked back downstairs and out the front door. Fran nearly ran to my car jumping into the passenger seat as I followed. The moment I started the vehicle Fran turned the heat up as far as it could go.

Fran was cold-blooded, meaning she probably despised the current weather. The fact that she had to ride the bus and walk a few miles to get to my house was probably the closest thing to hell for her.

It was probably also part of the reason she didn't wait outside and decided to break into my house. She could have gotten seriously sick if she stayed out in the cold for too long.

"You didn't wait outside for too long did you?" I asked, it probably seemed like a random question to Fran.

"Of course not, the moment I realized you weren't home I broke in."

I couldn't help but slump my shoulders, I was stupid to be worried about Fran. She was more than capable of taking care of herself.

I pulled out of my driveway before noticing Fran's eyes glued to the window. She had been gone for a few years so she probably was taking in all the sights and what had and hadn't changed.

I never really had an experience of leaving a place for years then coming back. I've slowly seen the town change over the years and for some reason that gave me a small sense of pride.

It wasn't a logical reaction, but if someone were to ask me what was currently happening in town I'd probably be able to give them a detailed explanation.

We finally arrived at the grocery store. I ended up picking the most expensive one, less due to wanting to spend a lot of money and more due to the fact I no one I knew would be going there. I parked as close to the front of the store as possible so that Fran wouldn't have to walk too far in the cold. When we got out I noticed the lack of cars in the parking lot. It was the dead of winter, and it was a bit past lunch hour. No one wanted to be buying something from an overpriced grocery store.

"So, what are we getting?" Fran asked as we got out of the car.

"Just some stuff to eat, mostly simple things like frozen pizzas and meals." I wasn't in the mood to properly cook anything. Not like I was capable of doing anything like that. At most I might have been able to prepare some eggs or a burger.

As we entered the store, I noticed Fran's eyes darting around. She scanned the area as if she had never been into a store before. I saw a few odd looks from the store clerks.

"Fran, you're acting like you never been in here before."

"That's because I haven't, this place was always way too expensive for my family." Fran quickly replied.

I found her statement somewhat strange. Sure a lot of people I knew rarely came to Grand Market due to just how high everything was. Still, almost everyone I knew at least been once even if it was just to see what was inside.

It also wasn't like the store was recently built. It had been open for at least ten years, meaning that Fran was still living in town at the time.

"Okay then..." I replied not wanting to drag the conversation in an awkward direction. I grabbed a nearby shopping cart as the two of us went down the rows picking up anything that we thought looked good.

"So, how has everyone been?" Fran asked.

"Pretty good. Dave is planning on moving within the next year, and John finally got enough money to move out of his parent's place. You really should talk to them yourself. I have their phone numbers."

Fran didn't reply. Instead, she just remained quiet as if thinking of an answer.

"No, I'm good. I am sure they are going to swing by your place sooner or later, I am more interested in what you have been doing." Fran's eyes narrowed causing my cheeks to get a bit red.

"Nothing much, just finishing college and hanging around town." I tried my best not to sigh at my own words. Thinking about it, I was a pretty dull guy.

"Why would you want to go to college here?"

"Because it's my hometown."

Fran was about to say something but stopped herself. Either she was going to say something incredibly rude or incredibly stupid... perhaps a bit of both.

"Anyway, you're the one who has been on the road for two years. What have you been up to?" I steered the conversation away from me and back to her.

"You know, here and there. I managed to go all the way to Florida believe it or not, and Texas too." Fran laughed, it made sense she would visit two of the warmest places in the states.

It sounded kind of fun, but at the same time traveling could be a pain. Making sure someone is there to look after my house, which wasn't even getting into what I would have to do for school and taking off a semester.

We finished our shopping, really only making small talk about the things we did during the years apart. It was a weird sense of nostalgia that I never thought I would experience.

We exited the store putting everything into the trunk of my car before we slipped back inside the vehicle.

"Let's go somewhere else!" Fran stated as I scratched my head.

"You do realize we got some cold stuff too right? Plus driving around with you like this..."

"What, are you embarrassed by me~?"

She poked my cheek causing me to mumble something under my breath. "Fine, where do you want to go anyway?"

"I wanted you to swing by the place I'll be working at soon to check it out and get my schedule for the week."

In other words, she was just using me to get around. Not that I minded, but I did have one question for Fran.

"If you don't mind me asking, do you have any idea how you are going to get to work?" While I didn't need my car all the time, I still wanted to have it so that I could go out.

"W-well, I was hoping you could drop me off every single day...either that or I could borrow your car." It was probably the first time Fran seemed a bit nervous.

I covered my face, I wanted to say no, but a part of me realized I wouldn't be able to. The idea that I would have to take Fran to work nearly every other day filled me with dread, but there was no use talking about it.

"Whatever, once you get your schedule we can decide what to do next." After all, there was always the chance that her schedule wouldn't be too bad.

"I work at Green Dusk Bar, it's not too far from here." Fran pointed out causing me to nod.

I had visited that bar before. It wasn't the most expensive bar in town, but it was there if you wanted to get a cheap drink. The bar itself had a habit of hiring more beastkin workers than humans, and they even had a signature uniform.

It didn't take us long to reach the bar in question. It had a neon sign hanging from the front which clashed horribly with the wooden structure of the building itself.

Tacky was the word I was looking for, but I decided to keep my mouth shut. Fran was working there, and I had a bit more tact than to bad mouth a place a friend was employed at.

"I'll be out in a sec..." Fran winked at me before leaving the car and running inside the building.

I leaned my head back taking a deep breath. A whole slew of emotions was overtaking me, I still hadn't decided if I was happy or not that Fran was going to stay with me for awhile. After a minute Fran came back out with a small sheet of paper. She slipped back into the car mumbling about something.

"Ugh, I start work tomorrow and work every other day until the weekend."

"Isn't that a good thing? You're getting hours." At least that is what I assumed. I never held down more than a part-time job, even then I quit the moment things got a bit too stressful.

"Yeah, but I at least wanted a week off before I started work or something. You know, give me some time to mentally prepare." Fran said, honestly it just sounded like she didn't want to start working.

"How early do you need to get there?"

"I work from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m." She sighed but looking at her time she wasn't working that long.

"I'll drop you off and pick you up." It wasn't too early, and it was better than lending her the car.

"Thanks dude."

With that we drove back to my house, I parked the car before opening the trunk. Both me and Fran grabbed as many bags as possible trying to avoid making a

second trip to the car.

We slowly put everything away, well everything we weren't planning on eating at that moment.

I looked at the small panini that Fran bought causing me to scratch my head. It was pre-cooked, though I couldn't imagine it being warm after the trip to her job and back home. Without a hint of hesitation Fran opened the container, her long tongue wrapped around the sandwich almost like a rope crushing it in half. Fran's mouth then widened unnaturally before she placed half of it into her jaws.

My eye twitched trying my best not to stare at the scene. It seemed that Fran noticed what she had done considering her face turned a bright red. She then decided to chew her food, she probably would have swallowed it whole if I wasn't there.

After she was done, she gave an awkward laugh.
"Sorry about that, forgot I wasn't eating alone."

"N-no it's fine." I stared at her for a moment. "You're a snake beastkin right?" I thought I should ask, I knew she told me when we were back in highschool, but I had forgotten entirely.

"Nope, I am a skink beastkin with a bit of ram from my dad's side." She then pointed to the small horns on the top of her head.
"Skink, is that a type of lizard?" I asked.

"We are close to snake beastkin, but there are a few differences between us. First, we skink's tend to be taller, probably due to our more developed legs. Not only that, but snake beastkin have longer tongues. Plus they tend to have fewer fingers than us, ranging from 3 or 4 compared to our five." Fran pointed to her hand which indeed have five fingers.

I didn't know if it made sense that Fran knew a lot about her species and other beastkin, or if it was odd. I never took her as the type to remember irrelevant information such as that, then again perhaps it was because I was human. There wasn't that many differences between races of humans compared to beastkin.

"Never took you as a bookworm." I laughed as Fran tilted her head.
"We learned this in school, don't you remember?" Fran asked as I shook my head.

"You may have learned it, but you have to remember that some classes were for humans and others were just for beastkin."

Sure the core subjects such as math and science were taught to both humans and beastkins, but things like history and societal constructs were taught separately.

I always assumed that this was because beastkin and humans were just too different physically that the same curriculum wouldn't work. Even now in college, there are some classes only for humans and some only for beastkin.

"Can we talk about something more interesting?" Fran sighed while wrapping her tongue around the second half of her sandwich before scooping it into her mouth.

I still squirmed slightly. I knew I said I didn't mind but it somewhat bothered me. I was just thankful she didn't decide to swallow it whole.

"A-anyway what do you want to talk about?" As far as I was concerned we talked about everything that was important, at least for the time being.

"I don't know, like what shows have you've been watching?" Fran got up and walked towards the couch, she kicked off her shoes and grabbed the remote turning on my television.

"Nothing really of note...have you been watching anything good?" I asked slowly taking a seat next to her, moving her legs up so I could sit down.

"No, since I've been traveling a lot I never really got a chance to get invested in a show." Fran stared at the screen switching between channels before turning off the television.

"TV is boring, plus I just thought of something a lot more interesting we could do..." she shifted her position on the couch before staring into my eyes. She had a particular look, a look that sent a wave through my body.

"So, it must be pretty lonely you being in this big house all alone." She got closer placing her hand on my chest.

I felt my heart nearly wanting to rip itself out of my chest. Me and Eva hadn't had sex yet, and I didn't have the chance to relieve myself for the last few months.

"S-sometimes, but you know...I keep myself busy.." I tried to keep my cool, despite me just being in control Fran managed to take that from me in a few seconds.

"So~ remember when you had a crush on me back in highschool?"

I froze the moment those words escaped her lips. "You knew about that?"

"Of course, you weren't very good at hiding it." I groaned, now I just felt like a complete idiot. "Forget I even asked."

There was a moment of silence between the two of us. I felt Fran's hand touch my face, her skin was oddly warm and a bit dry, it was most likely due to her scales.

"Henry, why didn't you ever ask me out?" That was her next question as I choked up.

The truth of the matter, despite my attraction I had a feeling it wouldn't have worked out between us. It wasn't even the fact that she was a beastkin and I was a human, more that we were fundamentally different.

I always found Fran as someone better to admire. Someone you talk to if you wanted to hear a fresh or compelling story. Someone who was better as a friend than a lover.

"I guess you intimidated me at the time."

She stared at me for a moment, as if shocked by my statement. "You're the rich kid, why would you be intimidated by me?"

Thinking about it she had a point, plenty of people probably felt lesser around me just due to the amount of money I had. Perhaps it was just something I never thought about much.

"I guess it is kind of silly." I replied causing Fran to chuckle.

"So, how about now? Do you still have a crush on me?" Perhaps she knew the answer before I even replied. I noticed her lower her head, our lips just inches away from one another.

Without warning, I felt her tongue slip between my lips as it coiled around mine. It tugged on it for a moment, Fran's saliva slowly dripping into my mouth.

I twitched slightly placing my hands on her shoulders. Something was wrong about this entire thing, despite the blood rushing to my head and the lower part of my body I still wanted to say something.

I forced our lips to part, Fran's eyes widening in shock.

"I-have a girlfriend..." Between my gasp for air I managed to choke those words out.

"Oh..." she seemed shocked, but only for a moment as she started to remove her jacket and shirt before placing my weight on my body as if to trap me.

"D-didn't you hear what I said?"

"I did, I'm more surprised that you thought that would stop me~" Fran smiled, the top half of her body was completely bare. My eyes were glued to her breast, causing me to wonder if Fran always had such a perfect figure.

A few noticeable scales were surrounding her nipples. I couldn't act on that information as I noticed Fran pulling my shirt off leaving my chest completely bare.

In an instant our chests were touching, her mouth hovering around my neck. I could feel her tongue against my skin before she whispered something in my ear.

"Henry...if you didn't want this you would have told me to stop by now, plus taking something that isn't mine was always a turn on for me." Fran's words nearly drove me insane.

Without saying another word, I felt Fran's fingers slowly reaching into my pants. Her somewhat dry skin touch my member making me flinch. How long had it been since I had sex with a woman? Probably at least a year.

I felt her nail touch the tip of my penis as she lifted her upper body ever so slightly. Her tongue once again left her mouth as she slowly started to lick my chest stimulating my nipples.

She most likely couldn't speak due to her tongue being out, but her eyes said it all. I was just about to reach my limit when suddenly Fran stopped. Her tongue coiled back into her mouth as I noticed her starting to unbutton her skirt.

"Yeah, I'm not going to let you finish all by yourself..." I notice her pulling down my underwear as I dick finally popped it. It was sticking straight up.

I usually would have been embarrassed, but my mind had gone completely blank. I noticed Fran's hips hovering over mine. I saw a few drops of liquid coming from her pussy.

Without even a hint of hesitation, she lowered them, my dick sliding right inside of her. I heard a yelp come from her. Her insides felt completely different than any woman I had had sex with.

It felt like the skin of my penis was being kissed all over. Each time Fran moved her hips I felt a wave of pleasure overtake my body. So much so that I didn't even notice Fran's tongue wrap around my neck.

I twitched as she squeezed the rope that was made out of her flesh around my throat. I wasn't having trouble breathing, but before I knew it, I noticed her tail coiling around my legs.

There was no escape, at least not until she was finished.

Fran got a crazed look in her eyes, her hip movements increasing in speed. Each time she lowered them I felt myself reaching my limit until finally...

"Gah!" I managed to let out a cough as I felt the semen flow from out of my body and into Fran. The moment it did I could feel Fran's tongue and tail loosening their grip on me.

Fran exhaled collapsing on top of me as if enjoying the afterglow of what we had just done.

I, on the other hand couldn't enjoy it as much as her. Despite how pleasurable it was I still had a nagging feeling in the back of my head. No matter the reason I just cheated on my girlfriend.

"W-what's with that face of yours?" Fran's head shifted so we were staring at one another.

"Nothing, don't worry about it." Anybody could see that I was bothered by what had just happened.

"Geez, stop feeling guilty. You enjoyed it right? You wouldn't have done it if you didn't feel like doing it." She made a good point before continuing. "Plus you haven't had sex with her anyway right?"

"H-how did you kn-"

"A combination of your scent and how much you came. You probably haven't even masturbated in awhile."

I grumbled I underestimated just how good at reading people Fran was.

"What about you? We didn't even use a condom or anything like that..." I pointed out as Fran sat up, my dick finally sliding out of her pussy causing me a bit of discomfort.

"Don't worry about it. Recently some birth-control was released for beastkin. I've been taking that lately, so you don't have to worry about me getting pregnant."

That was at the very least one thing that was off my mind. Still, I couldn't feel too happy about what I just did with Fran.

"Fran, why did you want to have sex with me?" That was all I asked as she tilted her head.

"Because I want you...it's as simple as that." Before I could ask anything else, she got up picking up her clothes from off of the floor. "If you are worried about your girlfriend finding out then you should take a good shower and put some air-fresheners in your car, we women have a pretty good sense of smell."

Fran laughed as she ascended the stairs, most likely heading to the bathroom to take a shower.

I sighed pulling my pants back up and laid back on the couch. My thoughts ran rampant wondering what I could do. Today was only the first day of Fran staying with me, and I had already cheated on Eva.

Either way, it was going to be a long two months.

What do you want to do?

I heard the soft ringing of my alarm causing my eye to twitch. I lifted myself turning my attention to the clock. It was around 8:45 a.m. and I remembered that I had to get up and take Fran to work.

After we had sex the day before we went into our separate rooms, nothing much happened after that. We didn't even speak much, though that was more my fault than anything else.

I yawned rubbing my eyes and pulling myself out of bed. I threw some clothes on and went into the hall and towards Fran's room. I quickly knocked on the door there was no response except for a light snoring from the other side.

I grumbled finally opening it and walking in. There Fran was sleeping soundly, her tail hanging off the side of the bed. I almost felt guilty having to wake her up, though I would have felt even worse if I allowed her to be late for work.

"Hey, Fran..." I kept my voice low not to startle her. When I realized that my voice wasn't going to be enough I placed my hand on her body shaking her ever so slightly.

The moment I did her tail twitch knocking over a nearby lamp. I winced as it hit the floor luckily nothing broke, but the sound was enough to get Fran up.

"Huh, what's happening?" Fran yawned looking at me before turning her attention to the clock. "Ugh, I have to go to work that's right..."

I still didn't understand that if she hated having a job so much why get one? Then again this was coming from a wealthy guy that never had to work.

"Come on, while you're getting ready I'll make you breakfast." I stated causing Fran to smile.

As I left her room, I took a deep breath. I didn't know what to do. I wondered if it was smart to pursue a relationship with Fran or try to keep my distance.

We had sex there was no turning back from that, at the same time it wasn't like Eva knew about it. I could easily act like it never happened and be alright.

I pushed those thoughts to the back of my head before heading down the stairs and to the fridge.

I was going to make something simple for Fran. Since I was coming back home anyway I decided to wait to make something for myself.

Still, I wondered what exactly Fran would want? I opened up the fridge taking out two eggs. I cracked them open placing them in the frying pan before starting the burner. She was only going to be there for a few hours, so she didn't need a big meal.

I honestly wouldn't be surprised if she was just going for training that day and wasn't even going to serve any customers considering how early it was.

After I got done cooking the egg, I set a plate at the small table in the kitchen waiting for Fran to come down. After a while, the skink beastkin descended the stairs in what appeared to be pajamas.

She probably was planning on taking her shower after she ate.

Fran looked at the plate for a moment, without warning she lifted the plate, so it was leveled with her mouth. Her mouth then widened allowing both eggs to fall casually into her mouth.

On the one hand I was happy that she wasn't using her tongue, on the other I wished she would chew her food.

"It was pretty good, but could you boil them next time?" Fran stretched walking back upstairs not even bothering to thank me or even get a drink for that matter. She was probably tired, but that was no excuse to be rude.

I placed the dish back into the sink as I sat on the couch resting my head on the armrest. It would have been a lie to say I wasn't tired, mostly because I wasn't used to getting up so early.

I turned on the television going to the weather channel. I looked at the weather for the week before giving a heavy sigh.

It was cold of course, but what was concerning was the fact that it was supposed to snow later that week. I usually didn't mind it, but the idea of having to dig out my driveway filled me with a certain sense of dread.

I continued to sit on the couch waiting for Fran, after what felt like an eternity she finally came down the stairs. It was a 9:15 a.m. which still gave us plenty of time to get to her job.

I stood up looking at her. This time she was wearing what seemed to be a massive coat with regular jeans, a far cry from the stylized clothing she wore yesterday.

"Are you that cold?" I smiled.

"Of course I am! You know it dropped a whole three degrees since yesterday."

I didn't think three degrees was worth completely changing your outfit. Then again I was warm-blooded, I had no idea what slight changes in temperature did to her.

"Alright...come on." I said as the two of us left the house and entered my car. It didn't take too long for us to get to the bar.

"Well, I'll be seeing you." Fran opened the door as I raised my brow.

"Huh? You still have about thirty minutes left until your shift starts." I checked the time; it was indeed only 9:30 a.m. Even taking into account of having to clock in she probably still had fifteen minutes to kill.

"Yeah, I want to familiarize myself with the layout and make sure everything went through." She replied before leaning towards me giving me a peck on the cheek. "Don't forget I get off at 2:00 p.m." "I won't," I replied as Fran hurried into the bar leaving me alone.

I rubbed my eyes ever so slightly before starting the car once again. I took one more glance at the bar, it seemed like it was a decent place and it wasn't around the seedy part of town or anything like that.

"Heh, me worried about Fran..." I was sure she could take care of herself.

I drove back home, the moment I got inside of my house I kicked off my shoes and jumped on my couch. Despite having a perfectly good bed upstairs I

preferred lying on the couch most of the time.

There was just something about the temperature in the main room and the cushioning on the sofa that just made me prefer it.

Just when I was about to wander off to sleep a sharp ringing sound penetrated my ears causing me to nearly jump from my resting spot. I rubbed my eyes noticing something shaking in my pocket. It was my cell phone.

I looked at who was calling only to see Eva's name flashing on the screen.

I held my breath, my hand shaking. I wondered if it was smart to answer it or not, after only a moment I picked it up. Things would get far worse for me if I decided to ignore it rather than picking it up.

"H-hello?"

"I have nothing better to do, do you want to do something today?"

Eva was blunt, and how she said it wasn't particularly flattering. I was in the same boat however, I had four hours to kill until I had to pick up Fran. Thinking about it, my thoughts were probably far worse than her statement.

"Sure, I can pick you up in about thirty minutes." After I said that I heard a click, I assumed that was Eva's way of saying yes.

I rubbed my face getting up. I needed to quickly take a shower and make sure Fran didn't leave any strands of hair in the car. If Eva noticed one thing out of place, she would find out.

"Shit...I feel like a piece of garbage." I never thought I would actively be taking steps to cheat on my girlfriend.

I took a deep breath quickly heading up the stairs and into the bathroom. After a quick shower I placed all the clothes that had been in contact with Fran into the washer before getting dressed.

I only had a few minutes to make sure that nothing was too out of place in the car.

I walked to the passenger side checking if any hair or scales may have been left

behind. After a quick scan, I deduced that if it was something like a piece of hair Eva probably wouldn't have noticed.

Even if she did I easily could have made the excuse that I picked up a beastkin that needed help. I mean, that wasn't exactly far from the truth.

After I made sure everything was set I got in my car and drove to the apartment complex that Eva was staying in.

The moment I stepped out of the car, there was a certain amount of dread. Like it was the worst possible time for me to see Eva. Perhaps I was just paranoid, but I still couldn't shake that feeling.

I walked up to Eva's apartment and knocked on the door. After a moment she came out wearing what appeared to be a coat with a hood on it.

"Where are you taking me?" She asked a bit bluntly causing me to slouch.
"I thought you had an idea since you asked me."

She was the one who called me after all, and I didn't know what to do. We went out to eat yesterday, and it wasn't like there was a ton of things to do around town.

Eva glared at me for a moment before letting out an annoyed sigh.
"Just figure it out before you start the car." She walked right past me and down the stairs causing me to groan.

There was no use in complaining about it. I was confident there was at least one thing we could do that didn't involve eating at a restaurant.

I followed Eva back to my car as we got in.
"So interested in any movies that are playing?"

"Not really, but I'm sure I can find something to watch." Her comment didn't fill me with a lot of hope. At the very least she was willing to try going somewhere.

After I started the car we drove to the movie theater, due to the combination of it being winter and a weekday barely anyone was there. It was both a relief and somewhat depressing.

We parked in the relatively empty parking lot as I checked the time. It was

around 11:30 am. I checked the screenings. I had to make sure we got into the theater by noon, and the movie itself was no longer than two hours.

Before we got out of the car I noticed Eva's nose twitching.
"Henry, was someone else in the car with you earlier today?"

The moment she asked that question my heart nearly stopped. There was plenty of ways I could answer, but I decided that a basic explanation was for the best.

"Yeah... a friend needed me to drop them off earlier." Once again it technically wasn't a lie. I just left out the part that they were staying with me and the sex.

"I see, I just smelled a light perfume that is all."

I bit my lip. It was probably from Fran's. I didn't pick up the scent, but like Fran said women had the ability to pick up some of the smaller details.

"I didn't even notice." I remained as calm as possible before the two of us got out of the car looking at the signs above.

Luckily most of the showings were around noon or slightly past that. Unless it was an unusually long movie I should have just enough time to make to over to Fran's job and pick her up.

"How about that one?" I pointed to a movie that was starting in twenty minutes. It was a romantic comedy of some kind, at least that is what I assumed from the poster. Eva frowned before her eyes scanned the rest of the posters. With an annoyed groaned it seemed she resigned herself to her fate.

"Fine, everything that is half decent isn't playing for another hour, and I don't want to be sitting here waiting for that long."

I knew she wasn't much for that type of movie. Eva was far more interested in thrillers or dramas. Still, a part of me hoped that we would be able to at least laugh a little while watching it.

We walked up to the doors as the person at the ticket counter had a bored expression on their face. I could only imagine sitting there for hours waiting for someone to show up and buy tickets.

"Uh, two for Seasonal Flair." Wasn't the most exciting name, but it was at least

somewhat unique for the genre.

The ticket holder sighed as he handed us the two tickets as I paid for them. We walked into the theater before sitting in one of the many chairs scattered around the lobby.

Despite skipping breakfast I wasn't interested in getting any popcorn or candy. It seemed that Eva felt the same way since she was standing next to me without saying a word.

What the hell was wrong with us? We felt like co-workers than a couple. We didn't smile or hug. I can't even think of the last time we kissed one another.

This entire relationship felt hollow. A part of me was just waiting for Eva to show a softer side to herself. We were opposites in a way, and people said those attract.

At least that is what people told me, but the longer I was with Eva the more I started to think that was a lie. No matter what type of personalities they had a couple needed some common ground. Eva and I had so little in common that we struggled just to find things to do with one another.

Thinking about it Eva was probably feeling the same way about me.

"Do you want to stand in the lobby or wait in the theater?" Despite her harsh tone, it seemed like she was asking a genuine question.

"We might as well wait in the movie theater." I said as we walked deeper into the building.

We flashed our tickets at the receptionist tore them and allowed us through. After a short walk, we made it to our screening. The moment we entered I realized just how empty it was.

There was only a handful of people, an old beastkin couple and someone sitting in the front.

I grumbled instantly regretting my decision to bring Eva. The only thing I could do was pray that the movie we were watching was at least entertaining enough for us to ignore one another.

When we sat down and the trailers started playing I could feel my eyes glazing over. I wanted to try to enjoy the time I was spending with Eva, but I just

couldn't force myself.

So...once the movie started we sat in silence not saying a word to one another. We sat like that for the duration of the film. I didn't even hear a chuckle from Eva.

The movie itself wasn't funny, but she still could have talked about it. When the movie was over we walked out of the theater in silence.

"Was it really necessary for you not to say a single thing throughout the whole movie?" Eva finally spoke up as I sighed.

"I was kind of waiting for you." I spoke my honest thoughts.

"This was a waste of time, just take me home." Eva wasn't too happy about the whole thing, then again I was just relieved that I still had enough time to pick Fran up from her job.

"I'll drive you back." I didn't even want to argue with her. The faster she was out of my hair the better.

We walked out of the movie theater and back to my car. Once we got in it was only a short trip back to the building as I walked Eva to the apartment. The two of us didn't even say a word to one another, hell we barely exchanged glances.

Eva went inside, closing the door behind her. The moment she was out of sight I felt a weight being lifted off of my shoulders

"I don't think that could have gone worse if I tried." I walked back to my car checking the time. I had around ten minutes before Fran got off, which gave me just enough time to get to the bar.

I hurried and drove back to Fran's place of employment parking the car. I waited for a few minutes before Fran finally walked out. Though she was wearing something completely different to when she went in.

She was wearing what could only be described as a maid uniform. She looked cute in it, at the same time I struggled to hold in a laugh. Those were most likely the uniforms that I had heard about.

It didn't take long for Fran to spot me. She quickly ran to the car causing me to unlock the passenger side door. She was shivering when she got into the car,

probably because her uniform offered far less protection than her jacket.

"Dude, thanks for being on time. If I had to wait outside I would have died."
Fran laughed.

"So how was work anyway?" I asked before I pulled out of the parking lot.

"I didn't have to serve anyone, and they just showed me around the kitchen and stuff. Next time work is going to be in the evening, you don't mind do you?"
Fran asked.

"Nah, it's fine. I probably would have just stayed in the house all day anyway, so having an excuse to go out is good for me."

After all, that was part of the reason why I didn't mind Fran staying with me. She helped me keep my mind off of certain things, and I liked spending time with her for the most part.

"What did you do for those four hours anyway?" Fran asked.

The moment she did I sighed. I just wanted to say that I spent it at home, but I was sure Fran would have been able to see through that lie. Plus I wanted to talk to her about it.

"I went out with my girlfriend."

"From your tone it sounds like it wasn't enjoyable." "It wasn't it, she called me and said she wanted to go somewhere, so I took her to the movies. We ended up barely talking to one another during the entire film."

I could see Fran almost cringe at my comment. Recounting the story was far more painful than thought.

"When I had sex with you I thought your girlfriend was a bit of a hard-ass, but I didn't expect things to be going that poorly for the two of you."

Fran's words struck me harder than I thought. Deep down I knew it, even Eva probably knew it.

"We're just going through a rough patch, that's all."

"A guy just going through a rough patch wouldn't let another woman stay with

him and have sex with her." Fran pointed that out as my eye twitched.

"That only happened once." I quickly shot back causing Fran to shrug.
"It will also probably happen again."

I didn't bother replying, perhaps a part of me knew she was right. That and we were back at the house, and it wasn't a conversation I wanted to continue.

We got out of the car Fran stretching ever so slightly before turning to me. "So what do you want to do anyway? We still have plenty of time to kill."

"I still haven't eaten breakfast, and you're probably hungry right?" Fran simply shrugged. "Not really, but I want to make you something."

I was taken aback by her statement. "You...want to cook me something?"
"Yeah, you cooked for me this morning, so it's only fair."

If she wanted to cook for me, I wasn't going to deny her the option. We finally walked inside as Fran headed straight to the back and towards the kitchen.

I was a bit nervous, mostly because Fran never seemed like the cooking type. I couldn't imagine her being any better than I was, in fact, she was probably worse.

"Are you sure you don't want help?"

"If you helped me it would completely ruin the point of me cooking for you wouldn't it?" Fran said that as she scanned the content of my fridge. "What do you want to eat anyway?"

"I guess I-"

"Never mind I'll surprise you~." Fran cut me off causing me to groan.

I was sure it was going to be okay, it wasn't like we bought anything weird the previous day. Though, there was still a chance that she could make some food abomination from everything that was in there.

I waited, trying my best to stay out of the way pretending to watch television. After a couple of minutes, I heard a sizzling noise from the kitchen while a familiar smell filled the room.

Burgers, she was cooking burgers. A part of me was happy that it was something so simple. I didn't have to worry about food poisoning or anything of the sort.

"It's done~" I heard Fran's voice from the other room as she came back to the main room with a plate in her hand.

It was indeed a burger, though it was somewhat dull with no toppings. It was just a burger and a bun.

Not that I minded that sort of thing, I usually liked most of my foods dry, and burgers weren't an exception to that rule.

Fran handed me the plate before she sat next to me. It seemed that she wanted my opinion on her cooking. I took a deep breath finally taking a bite of the food as I noticed something odd.

Something was dripping out of the burger. It was cheese, somehow Fran managed to cook the cheese inside of the meat.

"You like it? I used to do that all the time when I was younger. We couldn't get a lot of toppings like lettuce and tomatoes, so we mostly used cheese..."

"You probably cut open the burger once you thaw it and place the cheese in it right?"

I got the basic gist of the whole thing, when I finished eating I noticed Fran still staring at me. I had a strange feeling that she was going to ask me another question.

"Why did you go to public school anyway?"

"I don't know, why do you keep asking random questions?" I replied back causing Fran to shrug.

"I asked first."

She was right, plus her question had merit. Someone who had as much money as my family wouldn't send their child to public school.

"Well...I kind of just wanted to see what it was like. I had private tutors until I was in middle school and even after that I went to a weird private school. I wanted my highschool years to be as normal as possible."

The fact that my parents allowed me to decide was shocking, then again they always said that I was a good kid so maybe they weren't worried.

"I see, wanted to take a look at how us common folk live." Fran laughed when she said it like that it sounded kind of bad.

"I wasn't looking down on anyone. I was just interested that's all."

"No, I get it. Honestly, I wouldn't mind a single day in your shoes either."

Despite Fran smiling, I could tell her voice shaking ever so slightly. I didn't get what was wrong, but I wanted to move past that topic.

"Um, Fran do you have any goals?" I just blurted out the first thing that came to mind causing Fran's eyes to widen.

"Why?" "No reason, it's just that you've been traveling a lot and I was wondering if there was anything specific you wanted to do?"

Fran remained silent, she placed her thumb on her lips, her brain probably slowly working. I didn't know if I made the situations worse or not...at least not until she spoke.

"I guess, I just want to live doing what I love."

"Oh..." that was all I said. While I still didn't know what she wanted to do it was a goal most people wanted.

Usually, people wanted three things in life. To get rich, be able to live doing what they are passionate about and find true love.

"You probably don't care. You can do whatever you want considering your parents." Fran said, I knew she was insulting me but she also wasn't wrong.

"Wait a min-" before I could finish my statement Fran pressed her fingers against my lips.

"Let me finish." She spoke again, "don't get the wrong idea. I don't hate you, hell I don't even think I'm entitled to any of your help. Just because I was born poor and you weren't, doesn't mean you should have to give up even a little piece of your happiness."

Fran had an interesting way of looking at the world. I didn't know how to reply. My life had been somewhat comfortable up to that point, so I couldn't agree or disagree with her.

"Still, I also learned if you want something you should take it." Fran smiled as

she placed both of her arms on my shoulders leaning her lips close to mine. Without saying another word, she kissed me. I felt my heart skip a beat, I was just about to undress, but I realized something was forcing me to part our lips if only for a moment.

"Fran...is it okay for you to have sex in your uniform?"

When I pointed that out, Fran nearly jumped off of me checking her dress.

"Shit dude, if I mess this up the new one would come out of my check."

I chuckled. I probably ruined the moment, but I would rather wait and have Fran change than cause problems for her at the bar.

"I'll change right quick, meet me in my room in a couple of minutes." With one last peck on the cheek, Fran got off the couch and headed up the stairs.

I relaxed for a moment as I slowly realized what I had just done.

"W-wait, I wasn't supposed to do that." I held my head. I was supposed to be avoiding sex with Fran not doing it the first opportunity that I got.

I sighed wondering what to do. I did like Fran, a lot in fact. Plus things with Eva had been going pretty badly. Still, this wasn't the right way to go about things. I made a mental note to break up with Eva the first chance I got.

Still, just the thought of doing so made me sick. I didn't want to imagine her face or how she would react. I would leave the part about me cheating on her with Eva out, but it still wouldn't mean the break up would be clean.

"I guess I shouldn't keep Fran waiting." I got up walking up the stairs.

I headed to Fran's room knocking on the door.

"Come in~." I heard Fran's voice from the other side as I slowly cracked open the door. She was in what appeared to be some specialized lingerie. It was a two-piece, the bottoms modified.

That wasn't the only thing that had been modified. There were two holes in the chest which allowed her nipples to poke through, not only that but there was a slit between her legs exposing her vagina.

I was undoubtedly aroused, but I still ended up chuckling.

"W-whats so funny?" Fran's tail whipped around her cheeks turning a bit red. It

was almost as if she was embarrassed.

"N-nothing, I just wondering where or why you bought something like this?"

"I-I picked it up at a store once and I just kind of kept it...you don't need to know the details."

I was sure whatever the story was it would have been entertaining. Either way, the time for talk was over, I slowly took off my shirt making my way to the bed.

I was right on top of Fran, as we started to kiss I slipped my leg between her legs causing Fran to place her arms on my shoulders.

"Henry, could you..." Fran seemed to be having trouble finding the words. I was honestly confused at first before. She then pointed down as I was slowly starting to get where she was going for. "You want me to go down on you?"

She looked away for a moment before mumbling something to herself. "That phrase is so stupid."

I just laughed, guess if you didn't already know the implications it would be kind of silly.

"I don't mind." I said that as I slowly started to spread open her legs. I noticed it before, but now it was even more apparent. Fran was completely bare. She had no hair on any part of her body except her head.

Which made sense, she was a reptile. The fact that she had hair on her head was pretty surprising in itself.

I pressed my lips against her skin letting my tongue touch the lips of her pussy. She was already somewhat wet, as I noticed the texture. Despite being soaked her skin was still slightly rough, it didn't feel anything like a human woman.

While I made my way up I felt Fran's clit on the tip of my tongue. It was slightly bigger than expected as I took my teeth and gently nibbled on it. When I did I noticed Fran's legs starting to wrap themselves around me.

I felt a bit of her fluids against my tongue. It had a somewhat sweet taste to it. I slowly pressed my tongue deeper inside of Fran, her muscles constricting. She let out a small moan, her most precious spot spraying in my face.

Before I could do anything, I felt Fran grabbing my shoulders as if motioning me to sit up. I followed her lead doing just that as she pressed her finger against my pants slowly unzipping me.

I couldn't control my body, the moment she pulled down my pants member popped out, it twitching.

"You...you got this hard from just going down on me?" She gave a weak smile. Her legs were still shaking. The fact that she was able to act so calm despite having just came was impressive.

Fran widened her mouth, her long snake-like tongue slowly coming out. I felt it starting to coil around my dick as I pressed my hands against her head. It seemed she was about to return the favor.

Her saliva felt oddly warm and sticky, almost entirely different to the texture it had when we kissed. I felt something thin enter the tip of my penis as I nearly jolted, my back arching slightly.

Before I knew it her entire mouth had sucked up my member. I could feel her teeth rubbing against my skin, with each stroke of her tongue I grew closer to climaxing.

"H-hey Fran..." I managed to push out a few words causing the skink beastkin just nodded. I took that as my signal to finish as I felt the semen slowly flowing out of me and into Fran's mouth.

Her eyes widened for a moment before she let loose a small gagging noise. I felt her tongue loosen its grip around my penis giving Fran the chance to quickly cover her mouth. I notice her throat move ever so slightly causing her body to shiver.

"It's bitter..." Fran managed to speak a bit before she started to spread her legs. It was clear that she wasn't done. "Can you keep going?" It was the only thing she had to say as I felt my energy returning to me. Despite having just finished I was able to go one more round.

I put my hands on her shoulders, her skin feeling rougher than before. I slowly pushed my hips forward, my tip sliding right inside of her. When I did I notice her feet shifting positions, her reptile like toes curling.

She must have been sensitive, after all, she had just came herself. I pushed myself deeper, once again the folds of her pussy clinging to my skin. I wrapped my arms around her body placing my mouth on her neck peppering it with

kisses.

"Ah...ah..." Fran's voice got louder, her nails starting to dig into my back. I was reaching my limit. I could feel my legs locking up, at that moment I let loose a torrent of semen into the beastkin.

After one final convulsion I pulled out of her. Fran's pussy was still twitching as my fluids leaked out of her.

I collapsed on my back. Luckily my bed was big enough to hold the two of us. I then looked over to Fran, she had an almost dazed look on her face.

"I'm going to break up with Eva tomorrow." I didn't know if it was from the adrenaline from what we had just done or the fact I realize I couldn't keep doing it. Either way, I blurted out something I shouldn't have.

My words apparently snapped her back to reality causing her eyes to slowly shift directions.

"If you think you can do it."

By the way Fran phrased that statement it was clear she wasn't convinced.

"I promise I will." That statement wasn't just for Fran, but also for myself. I couldn't keep it up mentally. No matter what my current relationship with Eva was like I couldn't keep cheating on her.

"Like I said before, it doesn't matter if you are dating her or not. I'm going to keep living with you and doing this." Fran then paused for a moment, "but, don't stress yourself out about it. If you can't do it, then don't force yourself to."

It was an odd reaction from her, but I just ignored it. I was going to break up with Eva the next day no matter what happened.

3

Hard Resolve

"I'll pick you up in four hours!" I said as Fran stepped out of the car.

"Yeah, and since I don't work tomorrow do you want to catch a movie or something?"

A part of me cringed considering my last moving going experience wasn't the best, though I had a feeling that Fran was going to be a better date than Eva.

"Sure, I don't mind, but nothing is playing that is any good."

"That's fine. I just wanted to go somewhere with you." Fran smiled finally walking towards the bar. Once she got inside of the building I leaned my head back giving a heavy sigh.

I had decided that I was going to break up with Eva, at least that is what I told Fran.

"Usually the girl you're cheating with encourages you to break things off... not tell you that you don't have the guts." I groaned placing my head on the steering wheel wondering if I should just go back home.

Just when I resigned myself to the fate of a coward, I felt something vibrating in my pocket. A certain sense of dread overtook me before I checked who it was...of course it was Eva.

I looked at the screen as it continued to shake. Wondering what I should say or even if I could say it.

Against my better judgment, I answered it.

"Hey..."

"We need to talk."

With that Eva hung up, I didn't know if she was being her usual blunt self or something worse. I was wondering what exactly we needed to talk about.

"Maybe she wants to break up with me?"

It would have terrified anyone else, but for some reason I was relieved. If Eva broke up with me then it would save me the trouble.

Or maybe I was just thinking that to lessen the guilt I was feeling. Either way, there was no use trying to postpone the inevitable. I pulled out of the bar's parking lot and onto the road.

It didn't take long for me to reach her apartment. I parked looking up once again. I was far more nervous than I should have been.

The truth of the matter, this was the first time I decided to break up with a girl.. Most of my relationships just ended with us drifting apart and not calling one another.

It was a somewhat haphazard way of ending things, but most of my girlfriends and I were just too awkward to do it properly.

I walked up the stairs knocking on Eva's door. I waited for what seemed like an eternity wondering if she had forgotten. A part of me had hoped that she had forgotten. Unfortunately, the door opened as Eva stepped out.

"You can come in." She couldn't even look me in the eye as I walked in. A small piece of me was worried if she figured out that I had been seeing Fran, but I doubted it.

When I entered the apartment a familiar honey smell entered my nose. I had been into Eva's apartment before, and each time I was shocked by how large it was. Though that may have been due to the condo itself only being four rooms with one of the rooms being larger than all the others combined.

In the back was a kitchen like area with two other rooms on the side. One was a bathroom and the other being Eva's bedroom. The main room just had a television and a miniature piano that Eva enjoyed practicing on.

"What's this about?" I asked bluntly trying not to be too uncomfortable in Eva's room.

"It's about yesterday, and your complete failure to make my time enjoyable."

I groaned, she called me all the way here to berate me. It honestly astonished me, then again it was my fault for coming.

"Sorry." I just apologized hoping the entire conversation to be over, but Eva then walked to her piano pressing a finger against one of the keys.

"I work hard to rent this apartment, I practice the piano in my free time. If I am lucky, I may have two to three days off near a holiday. So when I waste time, when I spend time doing something that is not entertaining or fun that is time I could be using to do something else."

"Aren't you the one that keeps calling me anyway?" I shot back. I knew I probably should have just broken it off there, but I wanted to see her logic.

"...Henry I know you do not work so your time isn't valuable to you, but it is to me. So can we make sure that something like what happened yesterday doesn't happen again?"

I held my breath for a moment thinking about how exactly to respond.

"Eva, isn't this messed up? You're talking to me like I'm some worker instead of your boyfriend."

"Then maybe you should be a better boyfriend."

"Or maybe, we should just break-up." I didn't know if I regretted those words or was relieved that I finally said them.

Eva's eyes widened for a moment, her gaze slowly shifted to the ground. Eva's hand slid off her piano. Her hair covered her face if only for a moment.

"...You've been thinking about this for awhile haven't you?" Her words struck me harder than I thought. It wasn't a sob. She didn't explode in anger and tell me to get out. Eva just asked a simple question.

"Yeah, I don't think we were good for one another, I don't think we ever were."

My words sounded far harsher than I thought.

Eva quietly sat in the chair in front of the piano. A part of me expected her to start playing, but she didn't say a word.

"You can go."

I opened my mouth to say something else, but I decided against it. I just left the apartment.

As I walked down the stairs and back to my car, I wondered if I did the right thing. Even then, I wondered if I did it the right way. I couldn't even imagine what Eva was feeling.

Though that was no longer my problem.

I finally got back to my car and took a seat. I sat for what seemed like an eternity before realizing that staying in the parking lot of the apartment complex was just going to make things more awkward for the both of us.

I finally pulled out of the lot driving to a nearby supermarket. At that point I just sat in my car, the cold winter air forcing me to turn on my heat.

I checked my phone looking at Eva's number. I was going to have to delete it. I knew keeping it around would be far too painful. After one final deep breath I did just that, Eva's number was erased from my phone. The only way I would be able to get it back would be if she called me first...which I highly doubted.

I sat there for a moment finally checking the time. I still had about three more hours until Fran got off work. I didn't want to go back home, mostly because I realized I would have been alone with my thoughts.

I glanced out the window looking at the store.

"I should pick something up..." That was an excuse, after all, Fran and I went shopping two days ago. I just wanted to do something to take my mind off of what happened, even if it was just walking around in a supermarket.

I stepped outside, making my way into the store.

Rows upon rows of snacks and sodas entered my vision. I grabbed a small basket that was placed near the entrance and made my way around the building.

At the very least the trip would allow me to pick up anything that I may have missed when Fran and I were shopping around.

While I made my way through I noticed a familiar wolf beastkin from down one of the aisle.

"Huh...Kurt?" Despite keeping my voice down his ear twitched as he turned and faced me. He slowly smiled before walking towards me.

"Henry, fancy seeing you here!" Kurt grinned hugging me, his black fur nearly getting into my eyes.

"Y-yeah." I pushed him away before smiling myself. I never actually planned on running into one of my friends during the break, most of them said that they

were busy with family stuff.

"So, what have you been doing lately? Still going out with that mean chick."

Kurt laughed causing me to wince.

"We just broke up...today."

The moment I said that an awkward silence followed before Kurt broke out into another laugh.

"Good, she was a piece of shit anyway, well since you're freed up you can come with me to visit my family. My sister is single after all."

I didn't know if Kurt was joking or not, but either way his attitude lifted my spirits if only a little.

"Thanks, but I already made some plans." I replied causing yellow eyes to narrow ever so slightly. He scanned me as if he was reading a newspaper, at that point his nose started to twitch.

He then smelled my shoulders.

"What are yo-"

"No way, you've been hanging out with Fran!" Kurt blurted his statement out before I could even finish mine.

The fact that he instantly knew who it was just by smelling me was horrifying, though I should have expected as much considering he was a wolf beastkin.

"Yeah, she's been staying with me for the last few days. She just got back in town, and she visited me first."

"So you two are dating now huh?" Kurt closed one of his eyes smiling at me once again.

"Pretty much, though knowing her she might just up and vanish again." I was joking, but I still didn't know why Fran left in the first place. If she did come back because she ran out of money, there was a chance that Fran would just leave again once she had some.

"I don't think she would do that to you. She had a crush on you in highschool after all."

I stared at Kurt for a moment, wondering if what he just said was true.

"I doubt that she seemed to have been more interested in other guys at the time. Plus if she were she would have just asked me out Fran doesn't seem like the type to worry about rejection."

"Are you sure about that? Everyone worries about something. Fran was probably worried that a rich kid like you wouldn't want a street rat like her. Even if you did at the time, you'd probably have thrown her away when something better came along."

"Did Fran talk to you about this back in highschool?" Kurt seemed far too sure about his assumptions for it to be a guess.

"A little bit, she was having a rough time...anyway, tell her I said hello!" Almost as if someone had flipped a switch Kurt returned to his usual cheerful self while he walked away.

I groaned, trying to process the new information given to me. Why wouldn't Fran tell me any of that herself? It wasn't a big deal, but it was kind of weird.

"I guess everyone has their secrets and she probably just felt like it was so long ago she didn't need to tell me."

After I walked around the store for a while longer, I finally decided to head back to my car. I managed to kill another hour in the store, not only that, but I even bought some stuff for the house.

Unfortunately, I still had another two hours to waste before going to pick up Fran. Though I had a feeling that the last two hours was going to go by far faster than the first two, mostly because I had something to think about.

"Fran was worried that I would reject her." It was strange. I was filled with a small sense of pride as well guilt.

Was it something I said or did that made her hesitate back then? If it was, then why did she show up now. I couldn't have been the only person that she knew in town.

I grumbled one last time setting the alarm on my clock to the time when I had to pick up Fran. I pulled my seat back and finally closed my eyes allowing myself to drift to sleep.

After what only felt like a few moments I quickly jumped up when the alarm started blaring in my ear. I shot up leaning my seat forward. I checked the clock on my phone, it was finally time to pick Fran up.

I rubbed my face making sure I didn't look too tired as I started up the car driving back to the bar.

Fran was waiting for me outside this time. I checked the time realizing that I was a few minutes late. If it were anyone else I wouldn't have minded, but it was Fran. Her being out in the cold was terrible for her health.

"Dude, what took you so long?" She had a grin on her face while getting into the car

"Sorry." I averted my gaze as she stared at me.

"It's not big of a deal. You were just a few minutes late." Fran replied.

"I broke up with my girlfriend."

I didn't know why I said it like that. Perhaps it was because Fran said I wouldn't be able to, or maybe it was something else.

"Are you alright? You didn't have to do that you know." Fran looked out of the window forcing me to shake my head.

"No, I had to. Having sex with you while dating her wasn't right, if I were in that position I would want someone to break up with me rather than leading me on."

"I guess, I just don't know what to say." Fran ran her fingers through her hair finally managing to look my way. I had no idea that telling her that I broke up with my girlfriend would make things so awkward between us.

"Do you want to start dating?" That was the weakest way I could have put it, but I didn't know what else to say.

"S-sure, I don't mind. I mean we already were having sex, so dating seems like a given." Fran said.

We were officially dating. I figured it would have been a bit more dramatic. It just happened so casually I was a bit disappointed. I could have picked a better time to ask Fran and not three hours after I broke up with my previous girlfriend.

"So, we should get to the movie theater."

"Well, we should swing back your house first so I can change. I don't want to go to the movies looking like a maid." Fran laughed.

She was right, while it would have been funny to see her try and pull it off it was both cold outside and in the theater itself. She probably wanted to wear something warmer than that.

I finally pulled out of the bar's parking lot heading back to the house.

"So, what did you do while I was working?"

"I talked to Kurt for a bit."

When I mentioned Kurt's name, Fran's eyes widened before she smiled. "That guy? It's been years since I've talked to him, we should go see him after the holidays."

"Sure, I don't mind." I replied wondering if I should bring up what Kurt told me about Fran. Things were already kind of awkward, and I knew it wasn't the right time to talk about how she felt way back in highschool.

I pushed it to the back of my mind planning on bringing it up later when we were more relaxed.

We reached the house allowing me to park my car. When we entered the house my body relaxed, despite not wanting to be alone in the building after I broke up with Eva it was still nice to be back after being out for most of the morning.

Fran walked up the stairs most likely getting ready to change as I sat on the couch turning on my television. I knew I wouldn't be watching it for long, but it was still calming.

I rechecked the weather channel. The forecast had changed since last I saw it. They were calling for snow tomorrow instead later that week causing me to groan.

At the very least Fran had off, meaning we could just spend all day in the house without a worry. It would be nice to relax for a day considering how much I had been out since Fran started to stay with me.

"I'm ready~." I heard Fran call from the top of the stairs. I turned to face her scanning her body. She was wearing a fur coat though I highly doubted it was genuine fur. It was paired with a long green skirt that went slightly past her kneecaps.

It was the kind of reserved look that I didn't expect Fran to have, then again it

seemed that fashion took a backseat when she was cold.

"You look good." I got up as Fran brushed her hair to the side.

"I hope so. It was pretty hard finding something that looked good while also keeping me warm." Fran then grabbed my arm. "Come on, hopefully a decent movie is playing."

She nearly dragged me out of the house and back into the car. The moment I started it again I made me think.

"Hey Fran, you need a car right?" The first day she came here she took the bus and walked to my house. Meaning that she either lost her car somehow or never had one, and while I didn't mind driving her around she probably wanted a vehicle to call her own.

"You're not going to buy me one are you?"

"Well, if you wa-"

"Don't do that unless it's cheap...even then I want to pay for half of it." Fran words cut me off as I scratched the back of my head.

"Fran, you don't have to do that." I wasn't planning on getting her anything expensive anyway. Just something she could drive around town and work with.

"I know, but even if you are my boyfriend I just can't accept that."

I sighed as we neared the movie theater. I couldn't argue with Fran. She had the right to buy a car for herself.

As we parked I shivered remembering what happened between Eva and me. I realized that any place the two of us visited would probably give me that feeling.

"Man, all these movies suck!" Fran laughed before she got out as I followed.

"If you see nothing good we can always do something else." I just watched a movie yesterday, and I wasn't in a rush to see another one.

"I don't care about movies, but you already drove over here. Plus I think movies are only as good as the people you watch them with."

It was a small compliment, though I felt the same way. Even if the movie was terrible if you had good company you could still make the most of the experience.

"Oh, how about this one!" She pointed upward to an oddly named movie.

"The Muggy Man?" I almost laughed at the name. The worst part was that I was pretty sure that it was a horror movie.

"Yeah, it looks so stupid and terrible. I love watching that sort of thing." Fran smiled.

"I guess, they can be pretty funny."

Watching something that was meant to be taken seriously and seeing it fail had a certain charm to it, especially for someone who didn't care much for the craft of film-making.

"It doesn't start for another thirty minutes." I checked the time.

"That's fine. We can just hang out in the lobby until it's time. I'm sure there is stuff to do there." Fran replied as the two of us finally made our way to the ticket booth.

The same man that was working there yesterday was working there today. Of course he didn't recognize me, which was for the best. I didn't need him asking me why I was with a different girl.

I paid for our tickets before allowing us to enter the building. "Sorry that you had to pay for my ticket." Fran spoke causing me to tilt my head.

"What? This is a date. I should be paying for most of it."

"I know, but you bought the groceries and took me to work... it just makes me feel kind of like a piece of shit." Fran was rather crass with her words, but she managed to get her point across at the very least.

"Come on. I don't think you're a piece of shit or anything like that. I did all those things because I wanted to."

Fran ran her fingers through her hair. Despite my words I knew it was something that was probably going to bother her for the rest of the day.

"When I get my first paycheck let me treat you to something." Fran stated.

"You don't hav-"

"Just let me alright." Fran cut me off as I gave a heavy sigh.

I really hated when people bought things for me or treated me out. I was so used to my parents just giving me money and letting me get what I want that the idea of someone getting me a gift seemed silly.

I just figured that the person that knew what I wanted the most was myself. "Okay, if it means that much to you." I wasn't going to bring up my grievances with it. If it put her at ease then it was the least that I could do.

"Alright, now come on, I want to play a few arcade games." Fran pointed to the few arcade machines that the lobby had before walking towards them.

I followed, I enjoyed games despite not having the energy to play them lately. Though I never was too big into arcade machines.

Fran dug into her pocket pulling out a few quarters. I had a feeling that was the only bit of money that she had on her.

"Watch, I'm going to beat the score with a single credit." Her tone revealed a bit of pride in that statement.

I watched her crack her fingers as the game finally started. I wasn't too into it, but the way that Fran was focused on the screen was shocking. I hadn't seen her take anything as seriously before, not even her job.

After nearly twenty minutes she finally lost her single credit. It was impressive considering the game she was playing.

"Man, I guess I got rusty." Fran pouted.

"What are you talking about? That was amazing. How did you get so good?"

"Well, like I said when I was younger me and my parents didn't have a lot of money. So this was the only place I could play during the winter since I am cold-blooded and going outside wasn't good for me."

"That sucks, how about after the movie I show you some of the games I have at home?"

Thinking about it, I also had to make sure the house was heated correctly for Fran. Even if I was comfortable it didn't mean she would be.

"That sounds cool." Fran then checked her phone. "We should get our food and head to the theater. I mean, if you don't mind paying for it." Fran frowned.

"Stop that, it's normal for a guy to pay for everything on a date. Plus this is pretty much pocket change to me." I didn't know if I came across as arrogant, but I just wanted to put her mind at ease.

She didn't argue against it as we walked to the snack counter.

"You want popcorn?" The answer was clear if you are going to see a movie you have to bring popcorn.

"No, I don't like it. I have trouble chewing it, and when I try to swallow it whole it messes up my throat." Fran replied.

I was honestly surprised by her comment. I always assumed she was the type that wasn't too picky of an eater since she swallowed most things whole. Then again I had no idea how her taste-buds worked. For all, I knew she could have them in her throat or something.

"Then what do you want? You can get pretty much anything." There was a few different types of nachos and candy scattered around along with drinks.

"I'll just take the bag of Co-nuts." Fran pointed to the box of candy in the glass case as the receptionist took some out.

"I'll take some Nacho's and could you add two drinks to that?" I took out my wallet and paid for everything as we walked to the back of the building towards the theaters.

Fran had already started to eat her snack, I on the other hand decided to wait until we were at least seated before eating.

Once we got in, the only one in the theater was us, not a single other person or beastkin. It made a bit of sense. There were only a handful of people when me and Eva went considering how cold it was and it being in the middle of the week.

"Sweet, no one else is here that means we can talk as loudly as we want!" Fran nearly screamed causing me to wince.

"A-alright, but you don't need to yell." I replied though it was nice that we didn't have to whisper.

We sat as far away from the screen as the trailers started. We sat mostly in silence as Fran watched the screen intently, I guess when she wanted to she could focus.

The movie finally started, and it was terrible. From the effects to the plot, everything was awful. Still, there was a certain charm to it that and Fran's constant laughter made the whole thing enjoyable.

When the movie finished up Fran yawned stretching ever so slightly. She unwrapped her tail from her waist as the credits rolled.

"Man, I wish there were more seats with tail access or something. Wrapping my tail around my waist every time I sit down is a pain."

"This building is pretty old, so they haven't made a lot of changes to the seating to account for beastkin with longer tails." I pointed that out realizing that my house was the same way.

If Fran was going to be staying with me buying a few chairs made for her wouldn't have been a bad idea.

We walked out of the theater Fran grinning like crazy.

"Was the movie that good?" I joked causing Fran to scoff.

"It was just as bad as I thought, but I don't usually get the chance to go to the movie theater so... thanks."

From food to movies Fran didn't get to experience a lot when she was younger. I knew I was rich, but I couldn't imagine someone's family being so poor they couldn't even afford to go to the movies.

"Sorry for asking this but, just how hard did your family have it?" I tried to phrase it as nicely as possible. I didn't want to flat out call them poor or anything.

"Really hard, my mom and dad fought a lot over money and I was a money pit myself. They tended to blame me for a lot of their problems which is why they kicked me out the moment I turned 18." Fran gave a heavy sigh recounting what I assumed to be painful memories.

"Sorry I asked." I realized I completely ruined the mood with my question.

"I rather you ask and I answer than you not say anything, plus it just means that you're interested in my life." Fran smiled as we finally made our way out of the building and back to my car.

Despite her trying to make me feel better I felt guilty. I never noticed any of her problems when we were in highschool. I just assumed that she was the goofy girl

that always had fun with nothing to worry about.

We finally got back home, Fran rushing to the front door shivering. It was comical how much she hated the cold. I slowly opened the door while she groaned.

"Man, I can't believe it's supposed to be colder tomorrow...how do you non-reptiles do it?" Fran sighed collapsing on the couch.

"Hey, we have our limits too. Plus you probably take heat far better than any human could." I said before moving towards the couch, Fran lifting her feet ever so slightly allowing me to sit down. She then placed her feet on my lap giving me the goofiest of grins.

"I guess you're right...still not fair." She pouted pressing her head against the armrest.

"I wish I could lift a couch with one hand...some things can't be helped." I laughed causing Fran to shift positions ever so slightly. It seemed that my words caught her attention.

"Do you mind if I ask you a stupid question?" The way that she asked that made me concerned.

"Sure."

"Do you think I should visit my parents?"

A part of me relaxed since it wasn't about me. Though the question itself wasn't any less difficult to answer.

"I don't think I can answer that." I frowned as Fran's eyes narrowed.

"Don't give me a non-answer like that. What would you do if you were in my situation?"

"I would probably be petty and show them that I didn't need them to succeed. You know rub it in their faces, but that's just me."

My comment wasn't constructive, in fact it probably just made me seem childish. However, my parents had only shown me love so I never really experienced what Fran was feeling.

"That's easy for you to say, you have things you can show off." Fran groaned letting her head rest on the arm once again.

"You haven't seen them in a couple of years, right? Maybe they regret what

they've done?"

"I doubt it." Fran quickly shot that thought down.

"Sorry I couldn't be a bit more helpful."

"Don't be. I shouldn't be putting this on you in the first place. You are already letting me live here for free." Fran said.

We sat in silence for a moment. My thoughts wandered on how exactly I could put her mind at ease over the whole situation. I didn't know how bad the break was, but if she hadn't spoken to her parents in over two years it couldn't have been good.

"I'll go with you if you want to see them." I knew I had no right to poke my face into her family business.

"...Thanks, I'll keep that in mind." Fran smiled before letting out a yawn. "Do you mind if I take a quick nap?"

"Go ahead, though don't ruin your sleep and end up staying up for half the night." I replied before getting up from the couch and heading upstairs leaving Fran to rest.

Despite only having been a few hours so much had happened. It almost felt like a dream.

Still, I couldn't help if wonder if I did the right thing. Breaking up with Eva made sense, but I probably could have done it more tactfully. Not only that, once news got out that me and Fran were dating Eva would probably realize why I broke up with her in the first place.

Regardless, I had the rest of my vacation to think about it. At that moment I just wanted to enjoy the time I had with Fran. I didn't realize just how complicated that was going to be.

Snow Day

I groaned trying to shift in my bed after dinner me and Fran decided to head to bed a bit early. Mostly so we could enjoy our day off, not only that but Fran told me she wanted to be asleep when it started to snow.

I rubbed my eyes trying to lift myself only to noticed that I was stuck, or at the very least something was wrapped around me. I turned my head seeing a large lump under the covers.

I lifted the sheets to see Fran sleeping next to me, her body pressed against mine. Her tail was completely wrapped around my body of course.

"Hey...Fran." I tapped her slightly as I noticed her grip around me tightened. I was worried she was going to break me in half before her eyes finally opened.

"Ah, dude you're up." Fran yawned finally releasing me from her clutches.

"What are you doing in my room? I mean I don't mind." It was just odd that she came in the middle of the night and slept next to me. If Fran wanted to sleep together she could have just asked.

"Sorry about that, it just was freezing last night and I didn't know how to turn up the temperature. So I decided to sleep with you for a bit of warmth."

She could have woke me up, then again she probably didn't want to be a bother. I managed to get myself up while Fran stayed in bed, she was probably too cold to even move.

"I'll turn up the thermostat a bit and make breakfast. I'll get you when it's a bit warmer."

"Thanks." Fran then crawled back under the covers. I then got dressed before heading out the room.

What was weird was I didn't feel too cold at all. Plus the thermostat wasn't a heater. Perhaps Fran's room was just poorly insulated, or her skin far more

sensitive to the temperature.

I headed downstairs and checked the thermostat. It was seventy degrees. The perfect temperature, at least that is what I assumed most people thought. I decided to cut it up by five before looking out the window.

"...Just great." I groaned noticing a significant amount of snow on my car and in the driveway. I was going to have to shovel it so that I could pull out.

Usually I would have just left it for a few days, but Fran had to get to work. "I'll take care of that later, right now I should make breakfast." I walked over to the kitchen wondering what I was going to make.

I still had a few eggs left, and I recalled Fran stating that she preferred them boiled. I placed a pot of water on the burner before getting the eggs from the fridge. I put them in the water as I wondered what I was going to eat.

I always had trouble making something for myself. I had a taste for expensive food. As a result most of the stuff I bought from the store I only ate when I was nearly starving.

Even if I were hungry, if I wasn't in the mood I would much sooner eat nothing. It was a childish way of looking at things, but it was a bad habit I was accustomed to.

"All this stuff would take too long to make." I sighed shutting the fridge. I decided just to eat later. It wasn't like I had to go anywhere or do anything. If I got too hungry I would just cook something then.

After a few minutes of the water boiling, I turned off the burner and took out the eggs. While I was peeling them Fran finally came down still wearing her pajamas. It seemed that she was going to make herself comfortable.

"Thanks for cooking breakfast and turning up the heat. I know I'm probably bothering you." Fran said.

"Nah, it's fine." I replied Fran looking out the window.

"Man, we got a few inches. I wonder if they are going to make me work tomorrow?"

"A job isn't like school. If you are on the schedule they probably will make you

work." I pointed out, at least that is what my dad always told me.

"I know. I just hate going out when it's snow on the ground. I get in my shoes, and it feels weird against my skin." Fran shivered like she was recalling a bad memory.

"Snow is great when you're a kid, but it's annoying as you get older." I replied recounting the times where I got to sleep in or played in the snow. While it didn't happen too often, it was still a pleasant memory from my childhood

"I always hated snow, and snow days were the worst. There was nothing to do at my house, and I couldn't play outside."

"Oh."

Thinking about it, most reptile beastkin would probably hate snow days, even if they got to stay inside unless their house was insulated correctly they probably would have to stay in bed all day with the heat turned up.

I finally handed Fran her plate, without warning she scooped one of the eggs up with her tongue and swallowed it whole. She did the same with the second without even bothering to chew.

"Um, Fran...how can you taste food like that?"

"Huh?" Fran tilted her head before sitting down on the couch. "What are you talking about?"

"You swallow most things you can whole. I can't imagine you getting a lot of time to enjoy your food." I knew Fran had teeth and she could chew things even if it was just a preference I couldn't imagine it being more enjoyable than eating food like everyone else.

"Well, a lot of our kind not only have taste buds on our tongue but also in our throat. So we end up tasting the food either way."

"That's pretty cool actually." I sat next to her turning on the television. I was finding out more about her species which was pretty interesting. At the same time, I couldn't help but feel like a nerd caring about it.

"Cool? I think it's kind of just there."

I guess that made sense, to her it was just eating. To a human or any non-reptile

beastkin it seemed unique.

"Enough about my mouth, what are we going to do today?" Fran pressed her feet against my side.

"I was planning on shoveling the driveway a bit, maybe after that we can play something since I didn't get to show you the stuff that I have in my room."

After all, I did promise her after we got from the movies that I would play a few games with her. We just never got the chance since she was tired and I was a bit busy checking my classes for the next semester.

"That's fine by me, do you need help shoveling?" Fran asked as I just shook my head.

"No, I'll be fine. Plus you'd probably freeze the moment you step outside." I joked, but after her statements against snow I couldn't imagine her being comfortable.

"Okay, just call me if you need me." Fran turned her attention back to the television as I walked to the closet.

I took out a heavy coat with gloves along with snow boots. Finally to top it all off was a hat that covered my ears. I could see Fran from the corner of my eyes chuckling. I probably looked like a complete idiot.

I exited the building as the cold air hit me hard. Despite wearing so many layers, I still had a chill on my body.

I walked behind the house picking up the snow shovel that was leaning against my home. Despite the size of my house I didn't have a porch or garage to place it in, so I just left it outside with the regular shovel.

I dragged it back to the front tightening my fingers around the handle. My fingers still felt cold despite the gloves before I recounted the time I tried to shovel the snow without wearing them.

I made it back to the front as I shoved the shovel into the snow pushing it across the ground. The whole thing took about thirty minutes. I was honestly just happy I decided to do it in the morning instead of the evening.

It wasn't perfect, but it didn't need to be. If we were able to get out of the driveway then it was good enough for me.

I put the shovel back and headed back into the house. I took off my hat and jacket hanging them on the nearby coat rack I barely used. My pants had a bit of snow on them, but I wasn't going to change. My gaze wandered to the couch noticing Fran trying to hook something up to the television. It seemed that she managed to find the game system by herself.

"Man, this shit is way more complicated than I thought." She scratched her head not noticing me.

I thought she would be a bit more savvy with technology than that. Then again she never had a game console, and her mom or dad probably hooked up any DVD player they had.

"Hey do yo-"

"Eh!" Fran nearly jumped up when I approached her. It seemed that she didn't even notice me coming in. "Dude, don't sneak up on me like that..."

"I wasn't sneaking up on you. You just didn't notice me coming in, plus someone who entered my room and took something out like that really shouldn't be making complaints."

Fran pouted slightly. "You were just taking so long."
I didn't think half an hour was that long. Though if there was nothing on television, I could see it becoming dull really fast.

"It's not a big deal, and by the looks of it you couldn't figure it out." I laughed slowly taking the wires from her hands. It seemed she merely got confused due to the input wires being different colors than the old television sets.

"You supposed to plug them up like this." I showed her the back of the television matching the seemingly random colors up. "Also, it won't be on input, but rather HDMI." Fran had a somewhat blank expression on her face. I wasn't explaining everything to her properly.

"N-never mind, you will get the hang of it once you do it more. You wanted to play a game right?" I changed the subject.

"Yep, anything will do, I just want to see something a bit more modern than

those old arcade machines."

The way she phrased her statement made it sound like she had little to no knowledge of games. It wasn't like I was the savviest either, but I had a feeling that she would have difficulty just controlling what was on screen.

I decided to start with something simple. I slowly slid the disk into the system and handed Fran the control. I was perfectly fine with watching her play after all.

"Man, it's been awhile since I've done this with someone." I made an offhand comment causing Fran to turn to me.

"What are you talking about? What about your last girlfriend? I'm sure you two did this sort of thing all the time."

"You'd think, but Eva wasn't the type to...um, how do I say it." I was trying to find the kindest way to put my next few thoughts.

"She wasn't the fun-loving type?" Fran was blunt causing me to cringe.

"Pretty much, she was always so serious. At first I thought she would soften up around me, but she just stayed like that." Fran chuckled before replying.

"Sometimes what is on the surface is all there is. Assuming that there is something more or someone's personality will suddenly shift once you get to know them is just asking for trouble."

"I guess you're right."

"Don't feel too bad, from what it sounds like she probably did the same thing. She probably saw you as some rich prince charming that was going to shower her with gifts and buy her a house. Once she figured out that the image she had in her head of you was completely wrong she probably just gave up."

Fran words struck me straight in the heart. "Gee, thanks..."

Though I had to wonder, how did Fran view me? Kurt said she wasn't the type to use people, and her statements at the movie theater showed me she didn't want to be the kind of person that depended on others.

"If it means anything, even if you were dirt poor you would still be the first person I came to." Fran grinned, I felt my cheeks starting to burn up.

"Just hurry up and start the game." I had almost forgotten why we were sitting

on the couch for a moment.

Fran started playing. I made sure it was a game that she could jump into without having to wait for anything. I watch her play for a few minutes. It seemed that she was enjoying herself.

I had long since lost interest in the game mostly just keeping it around because I was too cheap to sell it for the pennies most people wanted to take it for. I was going to ask her if she wanted it, but it seemed like a pointless question if she was staying with me.

While Fran continued to play, I thought about the situation with her mother and what she could do to help her with it. It was clear that Fran didn't want to see her parents in person, but maybe there was another way to check up on them.

"Hey Fran, do you have a computer?" It was a seemingly random question.

"I wish, most of the laptops I saw on the road was way too expensive. Plus I wouldn't even know what to do with a computer if I had one."

It was crazy. I always took Fran as someone that was at least competent with technology. Someone in their twenties that didn't even have a computer seemed flat out bizarre to me.

"I can give you one if you want."

Fran paused the game turning to me. "I can't get let you buy something that expensive for me. I would rather just buy it myself."

I had a feeling she was going to say something like that, but I already thought of a counter.

"Don't worry. I am not going to buy you one. I have an old laptop from a couple of years ago that I can give you. It's probably slow compared to more recent computers, but I do think you need one." I wasn't just saying that to goad her into accepting a gift.

Like it or not, being connected to others was a big deal. If she wanted to do things like find a better job or even look into schools a functioning computer was necessary. Fran frowned before finally speaking. "Fine, but you have to promise it's an old one."

"I promise." I laughed, I still didn't get why she didn't want to accept expensive

gifts.

After that she played for an hour before the two of us went to my room. I opened the closet in the back pulling out a large book bag covered in dust.

I pulled out a decently sized laptop with the charger included. Despite the dust, I still made sure to charge it and turn it on every few months to keep it working.

"Here you go." I handed Fran the laptop as she just looked at it.

"Um, thanks." She seemed somewhat hesitant to accept it, but after a moment she took it from my hands.

"Do you need help setting it up?"

"I probably will." She gave an almost defeated laugh. "If you don't mind me asking, why did you want to give me this?"

"I just thought you should have one. It would help you a lot finding jobs. You can even look up your family members if you are interested in what they have been doing." I wasn't the most subtle person, the moment I said that she probably realized what I was doing.

"Henry... thank you." Fran placed the computer on my bed and hugged me. Now I was feeling far more embarrassed than I thought I would.

"Come on, let's start setting everything up. I'll even put in the password for the wi-fi for you."

We both sat on the bed, me guiding Fran through everything. She set up her password, by herself of course. I had no intention of looking in her account.

Once I showed her the basic I left her alone to play around for a bit. I needed to straighten up the mess of wires that we left behind as well as cook lunch after all.

As I walked downstairs, I felt myself feeling a bit lighter. Things were going good, but there was still a certain feeling of fear in my chest. Sure things were going great so far, but what would happen if we got bored of each other?

I knew it was unlikely to happen, but I couldn't take what happened to Eva and I happening to me and Fran.

I got to the kitchen feeling particularly lazy. I looked in the freezer pulling out a

frozen pizza. I then tossed in the oven, putting it on the recommended temperature.

I then started to wrap up the wires and put away the game system away. I didn't like leaving them out for too long, just because I had a bad habit of forgetting them and making the room a mess.

"Hey, are you cooking lunch?"

I heard Fran's voice as I turned around. She was at the foot of the stairs, her eyes wandering into the kitchen.

"Yeah, you don't mind pizza do you?"

"Nah, as long as it's not too hot and burns my mouth."

Without warning, Fran jumped over the couch landing on me. I felt the weight of her body impact my stomach her tail landing on my face.

Fran was somewhat heavier than other women. Not in size, in fact her figure was rather slender, but just pure weight. I assumed it was due to her tail.

She shifted her position slightly, her elbows on my chest our face's only a few meters away from one another.

"Geez, you could give me a bit of a warning before you do something like that." I laughed trying to hide the small bit of pain she caused my landing on me.

"Sorry, it's just that when I'm excited, I tend to do stuff like that." She smiled, Fran was giving me a particular look that was making my body shake.

"Fran, I'm coo-" she stopped my sentence with a kiss. She was making a habit of cutting me off.

Fran slowly started to remove my pants, our lips parting. My mind was going blank, the thoughts of food slowly vanishing from my mind being replaced with something else.

Her fingers glided down my best and towards me member. Despite the texture of her skin my body instantly reacted. Fran slowly started to stroke my dick her tongue unraveling from her mouth before it pulled up my shirt.

I knew her tongue was strong, but I didn't realize she could control it so freely. Before I knew it, I felt saliva dripping onto my chest and nipple. She was

stimulating my body forcing me to dig my fingers into the couch.

Her fingers started to move faster my back began to arch ever so slightly. I felt myself nearing my limit, but before I could cum Fran stopped.

"Hey, Henry...I want to try something." Her voice was filled with the kind of confidence that made me nervous.

"W-what?" I was nearly out of breath before Fran flipped me over. I had forgotten how strong she was despite her being shorter than me.

My back and ass were now facing her it was an embarrassing situation to be in, and I had no idea what she was planning.

"Have you ever heard of a prostate massage? Well, you probably have if you are a guy." I could hear Fran chuckle causing me to realize what she was about to do.

"Y-you don't have to do that..." I didn't want to ruin the moment, at the same time I tried to talk Fran out of it.

"Don't worry. I've done this before." Those were the last words that Fran said to me as I felt something brush against my asshole.

I twitched as I felt something slowly going inside of me, it felt somewhat wet as I realized that Fran wasn't using her fingers.

While her tongue slowly started to curl inside of me I felt her hand grabbing my cock stroking it ever so slightly.

I got an odd feeling below my stomach, like someone was pressing against the inside of it. I could feel the tip of my penis leaking ever so slightly causing Fran's hand started to move faster, her grip tightening.

I could feel my body starting to stiffen as Fran continued. I couldn't hold it in any longer. I came, the orgasm I was experiencing went through my entire body. I felt my insides tightening before Fran pulled out her tongue.

"Blegh, it's been awhile since I did that, well now we ca-" Fran cut herself off as a strong smell entered the room.

It was the smell of something burning forcing me to turn my head to see the smoke coming from the oven.

"C-crap." I struggled to get my pants back on, my legs still weak from what we had just done. Luckily Fran was able to make it to the oven and turn it off. She opened it as a puff of smoke filled the kitchen.

"It looks like we left it in there for too long..." Fran said before giving a nervous laugh.

"That goes without saying..." I sighed. "Do you just want to have delivery?"

"Might as well, plus it probably will taste better anyway," Fran replied before I took the cushions off of the couch.

Despite the pizza disaster I still ended up enjoying my day with Fran. There was just something about her that made time fly by. If that was going to be my life from now on, then I had no reason to complain.

5

Normalcy

"Are you sure you want to buy that?" I peeked over Fran's shoulder while she stared at what I could only describe as jars of honey. We were in the grocery store shopping for food for the week, something I never imagined actually doing with her.

It was strange. Perhaps it was the sense of normalcy or maybe the fact I never actually did something like that with any of the girls I dated that made the entire thing feel like a dream.

Fran was the only woman that I dated that I lived with for an extended period. Most of the girls I dated we agreed that having our own place was a smart idea. It was probably because we knew at the time it was nothing serious.

"Of course!" Fran chirped answering my question. "We always have jelly with biscuits, and I want to try something new."

"Fair enough," I replied this was probably just how couples that cared about one another acted.

"Anyway, dude do you have any plans on visiting your folks soon? Christmas is coming, and I was just wondering." Fran asked causing me to shake my head.

"Nah, not this year. They will probably just send a card or something. They make a habit of visiting after the holidays since it's just easier to get around." I never minded their decision. I was always a person that preferred things being relatively quiet, then again I wasn't getting that regardless if my parents were visiting.

"That's good, it means I get you all to myself~" Fran rubbed her cheek against mine, her somewhat rough skin feeling softer than usual.

She was right, I was going to be spending Christmas and New Years with her, which made me realize that I had to get her a gift. There was only a week left, and I still didn't know what to get her.

Fran probably would have been pissed if I got her a car. Plus I just gave her a laptop. The best solution was just to get her a bunch of smaller gifts and hope one stuck.

As I pushed the shopping cart towards checkout aisles I couldn't help but think about Eva. She hadn't even attempted to contact me since we broke up, which was fine by me.

It was a relief, but at the same time it made me feel kind of bad. I broke up with her a couple of weeks before Christmas. I just hoped she was with her family or something so that she wouldn't be spending time alone in her apartment.

"So, are we going to set up some decorations?" Fran asked as we exited the store.

"Huh, for just the two of us?" Christmas decorations seemed like something a family would do and not a couple.

"Yeah! When I was on the road the only decorations I got to see was in hotel lobbies or something. I never really got to set up my own, so it might be fun."

I kept forgetting the situations that Fran was in. I assumed when she was younger that her family couldn't even afford Christmas gifts, let alone decorations. She probably wanted to do it at least once.

"We can go out later on in the week and get some." The moment I said that her expression brightened.

"Thanks, dude, though I have no idea how to decorate anything." Fran laughed as we put the stuff in the back seat of the car.

The two of us got in, but right before I started my vehicle, Fran spoke.

"Hey, do you mind if we swing by the bar? I want to grab a bite to eat, and I don't feel like eating another frozen meal." Fran asked.

"Sure." I didn't even hesitate. Mostly because I never actually got to see what Fran's workplace looked like. I always felt it was weird to go to your lover's job while they were working.

I checked in the back to make sure we didn't get anything that needed to be put into the freezer. Once I did that I finally started the car and got on the highway, it only took a few minutes to reach the Green Dusk Bar.

I got out looking around. There was barely any cars in the parking lot. Not only

that, but I expected half of them to be employees.

"We came at a good time, barely anyone is here!" Fran grinned.

"Of course not, it's barely past noon I think some people have a bit of self-restraint."

"You'd be surprised." Fran gave an irritated sigh.

I looked at the building before we walked out of the car. For some reason it was kind of intimidating, if Fran hadn't been working there I would have been far more relaxed. However, the idea that I could make a bad impression was starting to get to me.

It wasn't helped that I wasn't the biggest fan of bars, to begin with. I didn't dislike them, but I usually preferred going anywhere else.

Right before we entered the building I felt Fran grab my hand gripping it tightly. I had a feeling it was more to show that I was with her than any thing having to do with affection.

As we stepped through the doors, I was surprised by the atmosphere. While I wasn't expecting anything dirty, I certainly wasn't expecting something so lovely.

The temperature was pleasant, and the furniture had a nice steel texture to it. They even had a waitress waiting near the door checking everyone's ID and getting people ready for seating.

"Ah, Fran is this the guy you've been talking about?" The waitress grinned. She was a fox beastkin, far shorter than both me and Fran. Despite that her voice told me that she was probably older than both of us.

"Yep...isn't he a cutie." Fran poked my cheek causing me to grumble.

"Anyway, my name is Yolia." She grinned holding out her paw.

"The name is Henry." I shook her paw as she got out two menus.

"You two can have a seat right over here..." Yolia led us to a booth as we both took a seat.

"Now, what would the two of like to drink?"

I thought about it for a moment. I wasn't in the mood for alcohol that early. "I guess I'll have lemonade."

"I'll have wine." Fran said as Yolia wrote our drinks down on her pad before leaving.

"Order whatever you want today as I said earlier I'm treating." Fran grinned, it seemed like she was happy about that.

"Are you sure? I don't mind paying for my own." I personally still didn't like the idea of Fran paying for something for me.

"Dude, just accept it. Even if it doesn't mean a lot to you, it means a lot to me... "

I didn't have it in me to argue with her. She was doing something sweet for me after all. There was no need to overthink it.

Yolia finally came back with our drinks as she crossed her arms. Both me and Fran had already decided what we wanted. "I guess I'll take the meat salad." I found the name both exciting and funny, so I decided to get it.

Fran's eyes widened as she heard my order before ordering herself.

"I'll just take a side of fries... I have a feeling that we will probably end up sharing the meat salad." Fran laughed, a part of me wondered if it was a price issue or maybe something else.

"That's a good idea, considering how big the salad is." Yolia laughed picking our menus from off of the table.

"Is the meat salad that big?"

"Enormous, even some of the larger beastkin's have trouble finishing it.

Honestly, it should be enough to feed the two of us."

Half of me was worried what exactly it would look like. At the same time, at least Fran didn't have to pay for two meals.

While we sat waiting for the food, I continued to look around. Empty buildings always had a certain charm to them, though that may have been due to the fact I lived in such a big house by myself.

"This is your final semester, right? What are you going to do after that?" Fran asked rather casually.

"I don't know. There aren't a lot of jobs around the area that are in my field. I probably will have to end up leaving town once I'm finished... "

Something about that frightened me. I had been out of state before, but no longer than a week. Just up and moving to a new place just seemed strange.

"That's a good thing. This town is where dreams go to die. Traveling around will

do you some good."

Fran's disdain for the town still confused me. She hated it or at the very least disliked it, but yet she was here. It really couldn't have been just because she ran out of money.

"Well, if I do leave do you want to go with me?" I said that without really thinking just how intimate of a question it was.

Fran looked at me before glancing down at her glass of wine. "Of course, I don't want to be one of those girls that just stay at her boyfriend's house and not doing anything."

"I wasn't imp-"

"I know you weren't. It's just that kind of stuff bothers me. This might sound stupid, but when I think of a relationship I think of two people who are equals. No one person should be doing everything for the other... "

I guess that was the reason why she wanted to buy her own car and treat me every once in awhile. She didn't want to feel like an accessory or a child that needed to be taken care of.

"Fran you do plenty for me." I quickly replied as she shook her head.

"You don't need to say that to make me feel better. We both know that you could probably find someone way better than me."

"..." There was a moment of silence, if there was any doubt that I felt that Fran didn't have a high opinion of herself it was put to rest. I didn't even know what to say to her, and I doubted buying her something would have made her feel better.

"Bah, don't worry about me. I probably just ruined the mood just now." Fran laughed awkwardly.

I couldn't imagine just how long she had those thoughts, Kurt told me that everyone had their issues even if they never mentioned them. I just never thought Fran of all beastkin would have selfesteem issues.

"Here you two go!" Yolia voice broke the somewhat strained conversation as she placed the plate of meats in the center of the table.

Fran was right. The plate was huge filled with various meats and a few piece of vegetables. The meats themselves seemed to have been separated into two sides, cold and hot.

"Thanks, Yolia," Fran smiled as looked over to the plate.

She picked up some of the food before placing it in her mouth. I assumed that even she wasn't comfortable using her tongue in a public place.

The two of us started to talk about pointless things while we ate. Despite enjoying myself, I couldn't get Fran's words from out of the back of my head. I wanted to know how to make her feel better, but I couldn't come up with anything.

Showering her with gifts probably wasn't going to help, it probably would have made her feel worse. At the same time, I couldn't just let her think that way.

I tried to recount our conversations. It most likely had something to do with Fran's parents. I was wondering if I should talk to them, just to see how she was treated.

At the same time, I didn't want to go behind Fran's back to do so. Even then I didn't remember where Fran lived or if her parents were still living there.

"Dude, is something wrong?" Fran's voice caused me to shake my head.

"Nah, it's nothing just something stupid... "

Fran was about to say something but stopped herself. She probably realized what she was going to say was just going to make me worry more.

"There you two go... " Yolia placed a small pad on the table as Fran opened it up. I notice her breathing a slight sigh of relief. Despite how she was acting she was still probably on a budget.

I wondered what she was using her money for? Probably saving up for a car or something else.

"Do you want to do anything else today?" Fran pulled out what seemed to be a little purse placing a few dollars inside of it. She then pulled out what looked like a credit card.

"When did you get that?"

"This? It's not a credit card, it's a debit card or something." Fran scratched her cheek.

I was tempted to explain to her that using a credit card was a better idea just to build her credit, but she probably already knew that.

We paid for the food before Yolia waved farewell. The two of us got into the car before I noticed Fran's eyes fixate on the bar.

"This place... probably won't last a lot longer."

Her words made my heart skip a beat. Was business that bad? Sure it was always a bit slow, but I never thought it was slow enough that they would have to close down.

"I'm sure things will get better during spring and summer." I started the ignition. I didn't know if my words were for Fran or myself.

"I think it only has about two more years, the only people who go there are older men." Fran leaned back in her passenger seat closing her eyes.

I wanted to say she was being negative, but she was half right. A lot of local business were downsizing sure the supermarkets were still there, but a lot of what made the town special was vanishing.

I tried not to think about it as we drove home. I didn't know if it was Fran just pressuring me into leaving the town or if she was just projecting a bit. Either way, we were mostly silent until we got to the driveway.

As I finally parked the car I had to say something.

"Fran, are you alright?" I guess it was a stupid question, but I still had to ask it. "Yeah... sorry if I'm acting bitchy right now. I just... ugh I don't know." Fran placed her hands on her head running her fingers through her hair. "I'm just having an off day that's all."

"It's fine. I don't expect you to always be cheerful."

"Thanks, when you say something like that it takes a lot of pressure off of me." Fran smiled opening the passenger side door.

I followed as we got the groceries out of the vehicle and back into the house. We set them on the table before I started to put them away, Fran taking a seat on the couch.

I wondered if it was a good idea to start a conversation about her parents. At the very least I wanted to know if she had any luck finding out where they lived.

"Henry... do you ever think about having kids?" Before I could ask any of my questions, she hit me with a bombshell of her own.

"W-what makes you say something like that!"

Fran just chuckled. "Don't worry I am not asking you if you want them right now just if you think you would make a good dad."

I looked at her finally finishing putting the groceries away. I didn't know how to answer the question. Despite how kind my parents were they weren't the best parents, often just giving me money or leaving me with nannies.

I loved them, but I also knew that wasn't the proper way to raise someone, and if I did have kids I'd probably emulate those habits.

"I don't know, the most I can say is that I would try to make sure they have everything they needed at the very least."

That probably wasn't a real answer, but it was the only thing that came to mind.

"Heh, I don't think I would make a good mom. I'd probably always be out and want nothing to do with my kid." Fran gave a heavy sigh whipping her tail against the ground.

I was starting to think I wouldn't need to ask if she found anything out about her parents. From the way that she was acting it was clear that she must have read something about them.

"Why don't you go to my room and relax, I'll even hook up some of my games in your room so you can play them." I said.

Fran just pouted. "I would rather spend time with you..."

Watching movies and playing video games to distract yourself from your problems wasn't the best way to go about solving them. At the same time, Fran probably needed some alone time to sort out her feelings.

"Don't worry. I'll be up there in a few minutes. I just need to make sure

everything has been put away properly and check my bank account." Both of them was just excuses.

"...Okay, but don't spend too much time doing boring stuff." Fran jumped up from the couch walking up the stairs leaving me alone.

Once I was sure she was gone I sat on the couch rubbing my head, I didn't know how to handle the situation. I didn't even know what was explicitly bothering her.

While I scrambled my brain to figure it out I heard a knock on my door.

I rarely got visitors. Even if a few of my friends knew where I lived I was usually the one that made an effort to visit them rather than the other way around. The very fact that someone came all the way out here to see me was cause for concern.

"Who is it?" I tried to keep my voice down, doing my best not to disturb Fran. "Eva..." My heart sank when I heard her voice. I never expected her to come all the way to my house.

What could she have wanted? We broke up properly right? What could she want to speak to me about?

I bit my bottom lip, either way I couldn't let her and Fran see one another. It had only been a week or two since we broke up if she figured out that I already had another girlfriend... even ignoring that she would probably figure out I was cheating on her while she was together.

I opened forcing the two of us to stare at one another.

She was wearing a heavy coat with fur trimmings. I could see her car parked a bit ways off. She probably didn't want to park it right next to mine, considering the situation I couldn't blame her.

In her hand was a small trash bag. A part of me expected her to just throw it in my face.

"Can I come in?" I knew I should have said no, but I just couldn't. Despite everything, I couldn't just send Eva away coldly.

"Alright..." I let her into my house as she looked around.

"This place hasn't changed much, though I never did stay here often." There was a bit of venom in her words that I chose to ignore.

"Eva, what are you doing here?"

"I came to return every gift that you have given me." She held out the bag as I scratched the back of my head.

"You didn't need to do that."

"I'm not one to owe a debt, plus having it around..." I heard a hint of strain in Eva's voice.

She didn't want to be reminded of me, she didn't say it, but I could tell just by her voice.

"You know I would have to give everything you gave me back too." I pointed that fact out as Eva scoffed.

"You can try, but you never allowed me to buy you something." Eva response was quick while I thought of a retort, only to realize I didn't have one.

I tried to think of any gifts that she had bought me but I couldn't. I knew that I said that she never bought me anything, but that was just supposed to be an exaggeration. However, now that I had time to remember.

"Huh..." that was my only response. I didn't know what to feel when she told me, it was strange.

"Gifts aren't significant to you. You have the money to buy whatever you want, and at first I was relieved." Eva stopped herself if only for a moment. "Then I realize just how empty it was. I... don't think we could have ever made each other happy."

"Geez," I let that escape my mouth. While I didn't disagree with Eva, she could have said it more tastefully.

"If you have learned one thing about me then it's that I do not like to mince words. Now if you excuse me..." Eva walked towards the door.

"Wait, don't you want to stay for a little while?" I didn't want her to, but it seemed pointless for her to have driven out to the middle of nowhere and leave so soon.

"Henry, don't get the wrong idea. We aren't friends, in fact, this is the last time we will ever be speaking to one another." Eva didn't say another word before she

finally exited the building, her words leaving a slight sting.

Despite how harsh it was, she had a point. Very rarely does people staying friends after a break up work out. Someone always ended up being hurt by it and due to the inability to be decisive.

I was just happy that we didn't share any friends. That would have made things far harder.

"Are you finished?" I flinched as I turned my attention to the stairs. At the top of them was Fran staring down at me.

"H-how long were you there?" I stuttered slightly not expecting her. "Just for a little while. I heard the front door close so I wanted to come down. I then saw that woman, so I decided just to stay up here..." Fran paused for a moment. "So that was your ex?"

"Yeah, thanks for not coming down."

Fran just laughed, it seemed that she was feeling a little bit better. Maybe it was because she was seeing my problems and what I had to deal with.

"Dude, despite my attitude I'm not about to get into anyone's face. I don't want to get into any arguments or anything like that."

That was a surprise. Though I guess as people get older getting into shouting matches and fistfights over a lover is far less appealing.

I sighed sitting down on the couch Fran sitting next to me. I glanced down at the bag that Eva had given me not even wanting to look inside.

It was less about the objects and more about what she said to me. That I never once let her buy me a gift, did I do that?

"Hey Fran, this might seem random but how does it feel when I tell you that you don't have to buy me anything..."

I just wanted to ask, because apparently it did bother Eva despite never telling me.

"Well, it gave me a sense of relief at first. A lot of my old boyfriends told me that, but now I hate it. Like I said before, it makes me feel like a child. If you do something for me, I want to do something for you, no matter how small it is."

I groaned. Maybe that was part of the reason me and Eva couldn't mesh well. She probably felt like I was her superior, and for someone as prideful as Eva it probably frustrated her.

"I get it... " I replied before continuing my response. "I just don't want people spending money on something I could get myself. It's a waste of money..."

Fran crossed her arms, her glare nearly piercing my body. "You dummy, it's not a waste if someone wants to get you something to make you happy. Even if the object itself is worthless, it's the thought that counts."

"I guess." I wasn't going to argue the point any further. It was just something I would have to work on. I was just happy that Fran was feeling at least a little bit better since earlier.

"... Hey Henry, do you mind if I go see my parents?"

I nearly jumped up as she said that. I couldn't help but wonder what made Fran change her mind.

"Of course not, we can go anytime you want...unless you want to go alone."

I wasn't sure if she was comfortable with me going with her. I always felt family issues should be handled by family. So unless Fran and I got married, I couldn't see myself having a place in a discussion between her and her family.

"No, I want you to go with me. I just...damn it I don't know." Fran grumbled leaning her head back.

This was probably why she brought up becoming a parent and her feelings towards it. She had a lot of things to sort out, and she was perhaps trying to come to terms with it.

After all, her parents kicked her out and called her useless. Despite that, they were still her parents, she probably wanted to at least talk to them to see how they were doing.

I looked over to Fran. She just seemed so... crushed. The only thing that I could do was wrap my arm around her and pull her closer.

I felt her skin against my fingers. It honestly felt somewhat calming and strange at the same time. I never was the most emotional person, but it just seemed appropriate.

"Henry..." Fran spoke my name as I chuckled.

"Sorry, I'm probably not the type of guy to do this with."

"No this is fine..." Fran didn't say another word as she buried her head into my chest.

This was all I could do for her, at least until tomorrow when we went to visit her parents.

6

Forgiveness and the Lack thereof.

"You turn here..." Fran's voice was shaky, I honestly never expected to see her so nervous.

I followed her instructions as we came up to a rough looking house. I looked around. We were only a few blocks away from the worst part of the neighborhood forcing me to park a bit further back than usual.

This was most likely the place where Fran grew up, and despite my earlier thoughts, it wasn't that bad. There was at least a community center within walking distance, and it seemed that the people who lived there was making an honest effort to improve the area.

At the very least I didn't feel like I was going to get mugged in the middle of the day.

My eyes refocused on Fran's home. A few of the shingles had fallen off, and there were missing chunks of blinds. It was old, something that was probably even older than me.

Fran took a deep breath taking a few steps before stopping. Perhaps she was waiting for me to tell her it was okay and she didn't have to do it if she didn't want to.

But a part of me knew if I said that it would be doing her a great disservice. It would hurt her far more in the long run...plus I had no right to say that.

Fran's body stiffened as she knocked on the door. No one answered at first, as the two of us waited.

There was a car in the driveway after all. So there was a chance that someone was there.

Fran was about to walk away, almost relieved by the fact that no one answered, but just then the door slowly cracked open.

"Who is i-" A beastkin woman that was the splitting image of Fran walked out. She had a few bags under her eyes and strand of grey hair.

Fran and the woman just looked at one another as I watched awkwardly. "Hey..." Fran was the first to speak causing the woman averted her eyes towards the ground.

"Fran." the woman frowned. I nearly wanted to die due to how awkward everything was. I suppose it made sense that the two of them were acting the way that they were.

From the way that Fran told her story they hadn't spoken in over two years. I couldn't even imagine not talking to my parents for that long. "Can we come in, or do you want us to leave?" From the tone of Fran's voice, she was hoping for the latter.

"No, you can come in." The woman then looked over towards me causing Fran to quickly speak.

"He's my boyfriend, I've known him since highschool, but you probably don't remember him." Fran made a note not to mention my name.

The older skink beastkin just grumbled as she led us into the house.

It was rather small and cramped. No room was more than few feet apart from one another, and it didn't seem to have a second floor. Despite that, it didn't have a homely or old feeling to it.

No, it felt more... decrepit. Like the people living there were trying their best to keep it up and repair it, but the house was breaking down too quickly.

The woman showed us to the main room as she sat on the couch. Me and Fran sat in two chairs next to a small table. Despite my earlier thoughts, there was still a few modern items in the home. Fran's mother even had a cellphone in her hands.

"Your father is asleep right now."

"..." Fran didn't reply right away.

"So why are you back here, you hadn't called in two years I'd figured you wanted nothing to do with us." Fran's mother spoke while Fran grumbled.

"I just wanted to see if both of you were still alive that's all."

Yeah, there was no doubt about it. There was still some anger between the two. I

was starting to think that Fran shouldn't have came here.

The beastkin woman looked towards me as she scanned my body. The frown that was on her face lessened ever so slightly.

"You dress well. It seemed that Fran found someone that was actually worth a damn this time."

"Um, thanks?" I decided to keep the fact that I was probably the wealthiest person in town to myself...at least that was the plan.

"This is Henry. He's from the Reeds. You know the rich folk." A smile appeared on Fran's face. I didn't know if she was showing off or not, but she could have at least told me before blurting something like that out.

Fran's mother looked at me then back to Fran.

"You came back after two years just to brag about your rich boyfriend?"

Fran's eye twitched the moment her mother mentioned that. "I just wanted to show you that I can do fine without your help. I didn't need your help or dad's either, while the two of you were wasting away here I went out and traveled."

I coughed trying not to let the situation get too tense. The last thing I wanted to happen was this to end in a shouting match between Fran in her mother.

"Ah, well Mrs..." I stopped myself realizing I never really heard Fran's last name. Most Beastkin didn't have traditional last names in that sense, some did, but Fran wasn't one of them.

"Just call me Cisca," the older beastkin told me. At least I understood where Fran got her name from.

"Well, Mrs. Cisca, Fran wanted to get a lot of stuff off her chest. Maybe it would be possible to listen to one another."

I knew I was talking out of line, but I had a terrible feeling that this wasn't going to end in hugs and tears.

Mrs. Cisca grumbled, "she probably told you about how terrible we were. Well, she isn't wrong, do you know how stressful it was? How tight money was between the three of us?"

The woman turned away, I knew she wanted to say something else but couldn't bring herself to do so.

"This is stupid, let's go Henry." Fran got up.

"Fran, are you sure? You haven't even seen your dad yet."

"I'm sure. It's not like I'm going to get what I came here for. Plus I'm not even going to get the satisfaction of refusing it."

I had no idea what she even meant by those words, but before I could ask Fran was already heading to the front door. The only thing that stopped her from leaving was the sound of someone entering the room.

It was an older goat beastkin, most likely Fran's father. He looked sick, and I doubted it was just from age. He was missing patches of fur, and his vision seemed cloudy.

"You really shouldn't be out of bed," Cisca stated causing the beastkin to grunt "I heard voices.. The man replied before turning to Fran.

Fran's eyes widened, she seemed just as surprised as me to see her dad in such condition.

"You came back." The goat beastkin gave a weak smile. "I guess I'm lucky."

Fran didn't reply right away. The only thing I could do was just stand there looking like an idiot. I didn't belong, and I was feeling it more and more.

"I'll be outside." I placed my hand on Fran's shoulder as she flinched. Despite my words, she didn't stop me. I guess even she realized that this was a family matter and I had no place in it.

I walked out of the house and back into the cold winter air. I sat on the stone steps before taking a deep breath.

Fran's dad was dying, or at the very least sick. It didn't take a genius to tell that much. I couldn't help but wonder if he was like that before Fran left or if he didn't start showing symptoms until later.

I sat outside for what seemed like an eternity, the only thing that broke the silence was the muffled voices from the other side of the door. Right before I was about to sit in my car, Fran finally came out.

She was holding her shoulders distraught about something.

"Is everything okay?" I knew that was a no, but I still had to ask.

"Shit...just shit." Fran held her head. She looked like she was going to cry. The

playful girl that crawled into my house unannounced seemed so distant compared to the person in front of me.

"Your dad is sick isn't he... "

"He's dying, he's going to be dead soon, and I don't even know how to react!"

"Fran."

"I came here wanting an apology just so I can throw it back in their faces, but it didn't turn out like that." Fran sat next to me placing her knees against her chest.

"It's okay to still be angry at them. You don't even have to forgive them for everything they have done to you. The fact that you came here before he died means that you still have time to make a decision."

"Really?" Fran shot back. "It would have been a lot easier if he was dead before I got here... at least then I wouldn't have to be dealing with this."

I searched my mind to figure out what to say. I had no idea what Fran was feeling but at the same time.

"Then you wouldn't have a choice. At least now you can either choose to spend time with your dad or ignore him." I knew it was a cold comfort for her, but that was the only silver lining to the whole situation.

Fran didn't reply. Instead, she got up and wiped her eyes. "Can we go home?"

"Yeah... being out in the cold isn't good for you anyway." We walked back to the car. I couldn't help but wonder how the conversation went.

Perhaps it was naive of me to think that years of anger and frustration could be solved with a single conversation. Still, the fact that Fran was able to go there at all meant that she made some progress.

Once we got back to the house and went inside Fran stopped at the doorway, she was looking at the ground.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I'm sorry..." that was her response as I froze.

"You don't have to apologize."

She quickly shook her head. "No I have to, I came here and ruined your

relationship with your girlfriend, and now I'm dragging you into my families mess."

"Fran, you know what happened between Eva and me wasn't your fault. Plus I don't mind your family issues, we all got problems after all."

"I know that... I-I just don't want you to toss me out!" She started to sob. All attempts to hold back her tears and voice had failed. She walked up towards me hugging me as tightly as possible. Her tail wrapped around my legs as if to make sure I wasn't going to leave.

"Even if we weren't dating I wasn't going to leave you plus..." I stopped myself wondering if it was appropriate to tell her how I felt. I steeled myself as I manage to choke out my words.

"I love you, Fran." I didn't know if I told her before or not, but this time I meant it. I just couldn't stand seeing her like this.

"You jerk...saying something like that to me." Fran lifted her head, her large yellow eyes looking straight at me. She pressed her lips against mine as we kissed, her tail finally loosening its grip.

"You said you wanted to put up some Christmas decorations right? Why don't we eat lunch and head back out to grab some."

It wasn't much, but going out and doing something fun might help her a bit.

"That would be fun..." Fran sighed heading to the kitchen. It seemed that she was going to be the one cooking.

I sat down on the couch as Fran prepared the food. There was nothing on television, but the sounds helped give some normalcy to the situation. At that moment I just wanted Fran to put her conversation with her parents on the back-burner and enjoy the rest of her day off.

Once she was done cooking, she came back into the living room with two plates in her hand. One for her and the other for me. They looked like miniature pork-chops. I knew that I had bought some, but I didn't know Fran was capable of cooking them.

We started to eat in silence. Once again I was thinking of ways to cheer Fran up before going back to the conversation we had when we first met.

"Hey once I finish my semester we should go on a road trip. Look around for places to live since I need to find a job."

"If this is about what I said, don't worry about it. I was just angry at the time. I don't think the town is that bad." Fran replied.

It was nice to see her say that, but...

"It's not about that. I just think that there is a lot of things I want to do before I die, and I might not be able to do them when I'm older."

Fran's parents got me thinking, while I loved the town I didn't want to die here. I didn't want to be filled with so much regret and frustration that I would start blaming my children for not being able to do what I wanted.

"Henry... " Fran looked at me before a giant grin crept across her face. "Alright, no take backs! Once you are finished there is a ton of places I want to go."

It seemed that was all it took to lighten the mood. I knew that I might regret making such a decision later. Then again I had made plenty of choices most people would have lamented in the past week. One more wasn't going to break me.

All that mattered was that Fran was happy and she could move forward with her life. If I couldn't buy her a car, I could at the very least do that much for her.

Me and You

I looked at the decorations hanging above the television and in the kitchen. I knew it wasn't particularly safe to put them above the oven, but I didn't have the strength to tell Fran it was a bad idea.

"Where is she? She left an hour ago saying she needed to pick something up." I checked my phone for the time. It was a bit past 6:00 p.m., and it was Christmas eve, I knew everyone, and their mother was going to be out.

Which made Fran's decision to take the car and pick something up even more confusing. Even in a small town traffic got bad near the holidays.

Just when I was about to call her again, the door opened. Fran was dragging what seemed to be a random bag of stuff into the house.

"Hey, dude, sorry that took so long." Fran laughed brushing off the specks of snow from her hair.

"So what did you need to get?" I looked over to the white trash bag in her hands. It was impossible to tell what was inside just from that.

"Just some stuff I picked up from a Kurt. Apparently, he kept it since high-school believe it or not and they wanted to give it to me."

Fran opened up the bag, dumping some of its contents onto the floor. There were old yearbooks and what looked like projects from years ago. I was honestly surprised anyone was willing to keep what was pretty much just junk.

"I guess this was his gift to us...cheap bastard." I laughed as Fran scoffed.

"To be fair, if he had gotten us anything you'd probably would have turned it down. Plus this is one of the few gifts that money can't buy~" Fran hummed to herself as she opened up the dusty old yearbook.

Fran quickly scanned the pages before stopping on my picture. I cringed looking at myself. It was the worst kind of blast from the past. My hair was far too long, and my outfit could only be described as trying too hard.

"Man, I look like a dork." I sighed.

"I think you look kind of cute...now if you want to see a dork." Fran quickly turned the pages before stopping on her picture.

Despite her words, she looked pretty much the same. The big difference was her long hair was cut far shorter, and it seemed like someone had split paint over it. "Can you believe that I thought pink would go well with green hair. I was such an idiot back then." Fran laughed as I examined her photo more.

"Really? I think it looks pretty good." I said though I wasn't an expert on fashion so what looked good to me might have looked awful to anyone with any taste.

"Hmm, maybe I should try it again then." Fran ran her fingers through her hair as we continued to look through the book.

It was fun, looking back on it all. A part of me wished we could relive those memories, but I also realize that we could only look back at them fondly because of where we were at the moment.

"My the way, I bought you something." I blurted out as Fran glared at me. "Dude, I swear if it's a car...

"Don't worry, I didn't buy you the car. You made it perfectly clear that you wanted to help get it." I grumbled slightly, but it was her decision. Plus there was still plenty of other things that I could get her.

"So, what is it?" Fran perked up as I walked into the kitchen. I looked down at the bottom drawers before opening them. It was a strange place to hide a gift, but since neither of us used the bottom ones it was the perfect spot.

It was a long black container. I walked back over to Fran giving it to her, as she opened the gift she froze.

"How much did this cost?"

"Nothing too much, I knew you would freak out if I got something too expensive."

That was a lie if Fran figured out how much it cost she'd probably try to make me return it. I took extra care to remove all tags and receipts from the box and bag.

Fran smiled as she pulled out the long golden necklace. She then put it on examining it. "This is legit the nicest thing anyone has ever gotten me."

I could feel my face turning red from her honesty. "I-It's no big deal. I just wanted to get you something nice that's all."

Fran continued to examine the necklace before grumbling. "Geez, it makes what I got you look like garbage."

"Don't be like that. Whatever you got me probably is way better than some necklace." I wasn't just saying that to make her feel better. Fran always thought about what would be the gift that meant the most rather than how much it cost.

"...Alright, come upstairs in a few minutes. I'll get your gift ready." Fran smiled nearly jumping up from the couch and heading to the second floor.

It was probably sex. Perhaps Fran was going to put on some sexy lingerie. While it wouldn't be the most original gift, it seemed like Fran was excited.

I placed everything that Fran brought back into the bag and put it under our makeshift Christmas tree in the corner of the room. After I was finished I slowly walked up the stairs and down the hall to Fran's room.

I knocked on her door. I didn't want to ruin the surprise for myself.

"Come on in~" I opened the door, it was about what I expected. But instead of lingerie, she was in her maid uniform. She was laying on the bed smiling as if beckoning to come over and join her.

As fun as it would be to make a mess of her outfit, I had to ask one thing. "Is it okay for us to have sex while you wear that? I mean we probably will get it dirty."

My words only caused Fran to scoff. "Don't worry. This is an old uniform that we had hanging around. Since it didn't fit anyone else, they decided just to give it to me."

I had a small feeling that the story went slightly differently than how she was telling it but decided against asking about it. After all, this was the first time I actually got a good look at her in her uniform.

It was a low cut shirt, the top of her breast being ever so slightly exposed. It created a clash with the strangely long skirt that past her knees. It was apparent that the outfits were made to be attractive first and foremost.

"Well, what are you waiting for...there is a free spot on the bed just for you." Fran's eyes narrowed as she lowered her body as if she was a predator.

I got on the bed with her wrapping her in my arms. Our lips met, her tongue nearly sliding down my throat. I slip my finger down her blouse. I could feel the skin of her breast hitting my hand causing me to press my thumb against her nipple.

Her body flinched, her lips parting. Our breathing slowly started to become ragged as Fran lifted her leg, pressing her kneecap against my crouch. I motioned my hands pulling down my pants before working my fingers up her thigh.

It was hard to see what panties she was wearing due to her skirt. The only thing I could feel was a string clinging to her skin. I started to pull off what I assumed was her panties as she lifted her legs allowing me to do so.

There were rather skimpy, far more than usual. Fran was probably wearing them just for me, a part of me almost felt guilty having to take them off.

I then lifted her skirt putting my head between her legs. Despite the dress blocking out the light I was still able to see clearly enough. I noticed a few drops coming from her vagina already as I started to move my tongue licking her inner thigh as I made my way up.

"Ah." I heard her voice cry out the moment I reached the lips of her pussy. As my tongue slid across her most precious spot a somewhat sour taste entered my mouth. It made me wonder if she had recently changed her diet.

I continued to move my tongue before noticing Fran's body stiffening. It was clear she was nearing her limit, however right before she came I decided to stop pulling my head from under her skirt

"W-why did you stop?" Fran pouted.

"No reason, just thought it would be better if we did it at the same time." I removed the last piece of my clothing before I grabbed Fran's shoulders pinning

her to the bed. Her face was a bright red clashing with her pale green skin.

I took one of my hands lifting her skirt again as I moved my hips closer to hers. I felt the tip of my penis sliding against the lips of her pussy causing Fran to quiver slightly. I leaned my head forward pressing my lips against hers. I felt her tongue wrapping around mine as if she was drinking my saliva.

I felt her arms wrap around me drawing me closer as I felt my tip slowly starting to go inside of her. The moment it did I felt a pressure as if her insides were trying to suck me in. I felt some liquid splash on my body. Perhaps it was because I had already teased her, but it seemed like she came.

Despite that, her tongue gripped mine even tighter. I instinctively started to move my hips, my dick quickly sliding in. I felt a wave of pleasure slowly overcoming me. Our lips finally parted as I moved my attention to Fran's neck pressing my teeth against her skin.

It wasn't soft like other girl's. Rather, it had a kind of toughness to it. Her body squirming ever so slightly while her hands moved from my back to my head.

Each time I felt a strange the base of my dick starting to twitch. I was nearing my limit as I felt some of my pre-cum mix in with Fran's fluids.

"Fran I..."

"Y-yeah, me too." Her breathing was heavy, at that moment I felt something leaving my body and entering hers.

With each spurt, I felt her body flinch. After my body was completely drained I fell on top of her, my chest shaking.

I slowly slid out of her as we remained silent. A calm came over me before Fran wrapped her arms around me, holding me as if I was some sort of stuffed animal.

We didn't say another word for what felt like an eternity as Fran spoke.

"To be here with you right now, I really can't describe it." Fran said a smile slowly creeping onto her face.

"Yeah." I replied noticing Fran slowly getting undressed. Despite how sexy it was, it probably wasn't the most comfortable thing to be in.

I decided to get undressed myself before the two of us lied on the bed facing one

another.

"...I'm going to talk to my parents tomorrow."

"Are you sure?" I asked the last time she interacted with them was when we went to their house.

"Yeah, I had some time to think about what you said. I don't think I'll ever truly forgive them, but I want to talk to them."

I didn't reply right away. Tomorrow was Christmas, and it was only natural for her to want to speak with her parents.

"Do you want me to come with you?" I said that without really thinking.

"No, I think it's something I should do alone. Plus you should talk to your parents when you get the chance." Fran smiled causing me to take a deep breath, she was right. At the very least I should thank them for not tossing me out the first chance they had.

"I guess you are right." I sighed while Fran's large eyes continued to stare at me. A part of me wondered if I had something on my face before her lips curled.

"Even though I already said it...I love you."

Despite everything we had done I could still feel my face turn red when she said that. "Yeah...I love you too."

Fran pouted making me wonder if my response was the right one. Before I could say anything else I felt her tail wrap around me as she dragged herself towards my body.

"I know it's early, but let's stay like this for the rest of the night..." Fran pressed her head to my chest as I smiled.

There was still so many things that I needed to do and get done, but when I thought of the two of us together those problems seemed so far away.

So, for the time being, I turned off the light, cutting the two of us off from anyone else. At that moment it was just me and Fran, and that was all that mattered.

From the Author

Normally my bundles feature 3 novellas, but since this is a slower to release series it's only going to feature 2 at a time. Don't worry I have no plans on stopping this series or anything like that.

More that it simply is being put on the back-burner while I work on other projects.

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