Conflict of Interests

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Summary

GGG fan series universe

RP conversion fic - Based on the GGG comic which is loosely based around the GGG plot

Gadget, Penny and the Gadgetinis arrive in England on assignment to hunt down Dr Claw with a partner, as Dr Claw and MAD activity has increased drastically. Can they find out what he is up to and thwart any MAD attacks?

Notes

Hello! This is a fic created by converting and editing an RP loosely based around my GGG comic which was loosely based on the old GGG fan project. This RP is between myself and a friend of mine started a while ago. (Nov 2017)

I will post parts as I edit them. It's actually still ongoing, as we are having a tiny break to
allow our muses (And fingers) a rest.

Remember that it may not flow canonically, so there are a few things you might quirk a brow at. (IE: Gadget still being called 'Inspector'.)

MATURE CONTENT WARNING:
Violence
Alcohol consumption
Sexual content

I play:

Penny
Prince
Agent Dick
Chief Littlewood

My friend plays:

Gadget
Dr Claw
Rhiley (OC)
Col. Nozzaire

Universal characters:

Basically everyone else haha

Hopefully you'll enjoy. It has been a lot of fun writing it.
Chapter 1

Chief Littlewood paced around in his office waiting for the call from Inspector Prince who was now officially on assignment. She was to head to a specific hotel under the alias of Miss Taylor, check in and use the hotel room as a base for the ongoing investigations. WOMP US branch had decided to for a coalition with WOMP UK, as the heinous Dr Claw had been found to be having dealings over in the country, even whispers of possible arms deals and as such, Littlewood had placed Prince on the case. She had recently been promoted to Inspector and was eager to prove herself, so he felt it would be perfect. Plus, it would prove she was OK with working as a team, as the visiting Inspector from WOMP US was also bringing two assistants with him.

Finally, the comm link opened and Littlewood pressed the button on his desk to switch it to loud speaker. "Prince? Is that you? Are you in position?"

A female voice chimed in across the speakers. "I'm at the hotel, all checked in."

"Are agent Data and Scooter also with you?"

"Yes, they are here. Data is currently unpacking all my things so I will be able to start my report as soon as I meet up with the US Inspector." She cleared her throat. "It shouldn't be too long. The flight is due in soon and the hotel is only a stones throw away from the airport."

"Good. Let me know as soon as you meet up and brief each other." Littlewood closed the link and sat down roughly in his large teal office chair. From reputation alone, he knew she was going to have her work cut out for her.

It had been a long flight. First the security guard, then the malfunction on the plane... Gadget was glad to be on solid ground again. "All right. This way to the hotel. Once we get situated i will be meeting with the Inspector." Gadget smiled as he grabbed his bag and began the descent to the hotel.

Once they arrived, they walked up to the front desk. "Inspector Gadget and company checking in." he stated as the receptionist looked up at him, a bored expression on her face as she looked up the reservation.

"Just sign here." she said and Gadget happily did so with his pen finger. As it clicked back to normal, the woman handed him a key. "Room three. All the way down to the left." she stated and gadget thanked her as they made their way down the hall.

Prince was pacing. It had been a while and there had been no sign of the other inspector. Scooter had made herself comfortable on the window ledge and was lazily watching the goings on outside the hotel, while Data attempted to try and calm Prince down by getting her to stop by attaching herself to her legs. "Don't worry! They'll be here!"

"I know, it's just that I know if it gets any later Chief will be worried and then he'll probably contact me thinking I'm in trouble and send back up since I know he won't believe any story I tell him and..."

"Whuup. Looks like we got company." Scooter's southern drawl suddenly filled Prince's ears and she looked over to the cherry red bot at the window. "An inspector and assistants, right?"

Data hugged her legs tighter and smiled up into her face. "See, I told you!"
Prince nodded and waited to hear them moving up the hall. Once she was certain they'd entered the
room she gave them a few moments to settle before exiting her room and going in to introduce
herself. She knocked on the door and waited, scratching at her red knitted beanie hat that was still
atop her head.

Once Gadget, Penny and the Gadgetinis were in their room, Gadget smiled. "See? So nice. Cozy."
He grinned as he walked over and nearly tripped onto the bed.

"But Uncle Gadget there is only one bed. Where am I supposed to sleep?" Penny asked as she
looked around the rather spacious room. That was when she noticed the couch. "Great..." She
grumbled as she walked over to sit down. It was actually quite comfy.

Gadget was about to speak when there was a knock on the door. "Digit, would you please get that?"
gadget asked as he stood.

Digit sighed. He had better things he could be doing, but if Gadget wanted the door answering, he
would do it. He waddled over and opened it, only to be subjected to an ear-shattering squeal, lifted in
mid-air by an unknown assailant and danced into the room as if he was a teddy bear.

"OH MY GOSH, YOU ARE ADORABLE!" Prince let him down to his feet and beamed at him,
then over to Fisget who was watching in shock. Shock and mild terror. It was so sudden. What if
she'd been a MAD agent? They were slipping. "Aren't you guys just the cutest things!?"

Digit coughed into a hand which earned him a slight grin from Fidget. He would probably tease him
about it later, but for that moment he was more interested who this strange purple haired, beanie hat
wearing person was. "Uh," Digit shuffled awkwardly, "I take it... You are..."

"Inspector Prince." It was then she noticed Gadget and saluted. "At your service."

Gadget smiled as she introduced herself. "At ease, inspector! It is nice to finally meet you. This is
Digit." He motioned to the blue bot she had just hugged. "Fidget," he motioned to Fidget "And my
niece Penny!" Finally he motioned towards Penny "And I am Inspector Gadget." He reached out to
shake the inspector's hand. Prince waved over at both the Gadgetinis as if she hadn't burst in and
hugged the ever loving crap out of Digit, then waved to Penny before reaching out to take Gadget's
hand to shake. She was beautiful, he couldn't deny... But he couldn't let his guard down! He had a
mission to complete after all. "So what is our mission here? Would you care to share your
information?"

"The mission? Ah yes, sorry. Your friends here had me totally distracted." She made a kissy face at
them, before straightening up properly and removing her hat. She could relax now they had arrived.
Digit felt as though his brain was working over time as Prince sent kisses their way. "The chief didn't
give you any details? I'm surprised."

"Well, uh, actually I didn't get to speak with my chief. Uh... All that was mentioned is there is
possible MAD activity here in the UK." He shrugged as he watched the female inspector.

"Huh. Naughty forgetful Chief. Maybe he's getting old." She laughed a little and ran a hand through
her purple hair. It was then she suddenly remembered that she hadn't even introduced her own
Gadgetinis to the group and yelled at the top of her lungs. Had any other guests been sleeping, they
would have been wide awake for sure. "DATA, SCOOTER!"

Suddenly, two other Gadgetinis poked around the door. One was a deep cherry red with a red face
and seemed to be wearing a metallic copy of Prince's beanie hat, the other was a lighter cherry red
with a pink face and wasn't wearing a hat at all, sporting her purple metal 'hair' clearly. "Folks, this is
Data and Scooter. They are my Gadgetinis."

Gadget nearly flinched at her outburst. As two minis poked their heads around, he raised a brow in curiosity.

Penny's jaw hit the floor. "Wh... What!? But... How!? I made Digit and Fidget, I... What!?”

Prince let out another chuckle. "The Gadgetini programme? Surely you have heard of it? Your designs were so well done they implemented them. I'm testing it out in the field over here. Perhaps in the future, all law enforcers will have their own if all goes well."

Penny was awe-struck. How had her designs been so well-received? How did she not even know about it? Surely she should be angry, but for some reason she wasn't. She felt oddly proud. Digit, on the other hand, was not proud. In fact, he regarded the two other bots with great caution. He frowned over at them both, something which had not gone unnoticed by Scooter. "'Sup with you, Blueberry?"

Digit rumbled with anger. "I am NOT a blueberry."

Scooter just stayed silent and smirked at him. That was easy.

"Well... As for the case, I think it can wait. You guys must be tired after your long journey after all. Why not get some sleep and we can discuss it in the morning?" Prince stretched. It was getting late.

Penny raised a brow in thought. "But, isn't it urgent?"

"Oh, no. It is urgent, but running on fumes isn't a good idea."

"Inspector Prince is right. We should all get some sleep. We will be better on our game if we all have a decent night's sleep." he stated with a goofy smile as he watched Prince interact with the Gadgetinis. "Tomorrow we will regroup and we will get on the same page and work this mission." He put a finger up matter of factly to emphasise his point.

Penny furrowed her brow at her uncle and watched as Prince nodded and guided her two bots out of the room. She gave everyone a quick wink and a wave and made her way back to her own room for the night.

Digit grumbled. "I don't like those two Gadgetinis."

Fidget smiled. "I don't mind them. They seem nice. Maybe the red one has some manners issues, but..."

"I don't like them, I said!" Digit stomped off towards the couch Penny would be sleeping on and slumped against the wall ready to shut down, while Fidget just shrugged and followed suit.

Penny slowly settled on the couch, her mind racing about what she had just learned.

Prince sat on her bed ready to go to sleep and had made contact with her chief. "Yes... Yes, all is well. We have decided to go ahead with the briefing tomorrow when we have all had some sleep. Yes. Oh, yes sir. No, that shouldn't be a problem."

The next morning Gadget awoke with a stretch, feeling rather refreshed. He got up and grabbed his clothes and headed for the small restroom. As he closed the door, we went to walk towards the vanity, but was held back. He looked back to see his robe stuck in the door. He mumbled as he pulled at the offending article. It wouldn't budge so he pulled a little harder. And a littler harder...
Until it finally let loose and he went tumbling into the towerl rack, causing towels and toilet paper to go flying everywhere.

Penny was awoken from the commotion and walked over to knock on the door. "Uncle? You okay?" she asked, mildly concerned.

"Oh yes, d-dont worry about me! Just tripped!" he said as he went to grab the handle to a towel hanger and it broke from his weight and he went crashing back down. "Oh phooey." he mumbled as his hand went from his hat to pull the towel off his head.

Prince was already awake and writing up the start of her report. She had to detail her meeting with the visiting Inspector, so she felt that while she waited for them to all wake up she would get it done. They would need to head down for breakfast and get on with the briefing, as well as head out to start their assignments, so she would probably have no time to do it until much later than night. Suddenly, she heard a crash. Despite still being in her nightwear, she hopped out of bed and dashed out to the hallway, Data and Scooter following. It was from Gadget's room alright, as another loud was heard. She wasted no time in barging in. It could have been a MAD agent, after all. "Is everything OK?"

Penny jumped about a foot in the air as their door was slammed open. Fidget and Digit immediately came on line as they readied for a fight, but was not expecting to see the female Inspector... In her sleepwear. If you could call it that.

As Gadget heard the commotion, he stumbled for the door and ripped it open with his extending arm as he pulled himself back together. "What- what is happening out here?" he asked in a panic. His robe was open, revealing his vest and striped blue boxers. As soon as he saw Inspector Prince his eyes widened and his face turned red. "Oh! Inspector!" he yelled as he hurriedly tied his robe shut. "Is.. Everything all right?" He tried to look away as he fumbled with his belt, but as he went to walk forwards he tripped on it and fell forwards. Right into the female inspector. Everyone stood in silent horror as the good inspector face planted into Prince's... 'delicate cushions'.

Prince stared as the Inspector closed his robe and cleared her throat awkwardly, but was instantly sent into a mental frenzy as he face-planted into her chest. She stood for a moment in silent horror wishing she'd have at least thrown on her own robe so it was more cushioned, before finally letting out a horrified squeak.

Data gasped loudly, Scooter couldn't help but chuckle to herself and Penny just covered her face with both hands thoroughly mortified. Digit, on the other hand, was scowling at both parties.

Gadget reached up to poke the soft mass as he couldn't really be in this predicament. "Ahmsss srry" his voice came out muffled from between her bosom. He quickly pulled his face out before quickly turning in embarrassment, his face was red and tears nearly streamed. He didn't know what to say or do.

Penny just watched on in horror as she had not a clue what to say. Her uncle had really done it this time.

Prince visibly shuddered from her feet to the top of her head, her cheeks stained bright pink. "I... Er..." A sound left her throat that almost sounded as if she was being strangled. "N-No! D-Don't think anymore o-on it!" Her body was very rigid. "I, uh... I'll be... In my, uh..." She pointed to the door and made her way over to it, walking almost like a penguin along the way. "See... See you at breakfast."

Digit looked over to Gadget. with a big frown, only to get jabbed in the side by Fidget. Data and Scooter were still in the room and Scooter was laughing her ass off over what had just happened.
"Oh, oh man! You just... HAHAHAHA... You just... COPPED a feel! HAHAHA!"

Data couldn't help but titter over the terrible police pun, but looked away, her own face tinged with embarrassment for both parties involved.

After that truly embarrassing moment, Gadget quickly got dressed and took his two sidekicks to breakfast to be briefed by Inspector Prince. He had penny stay in the room, promising to bring her something to eat when they finished. He didn't want her involved. This was official business and she would just be put in harms way. Hopefully he would be able to face Prince after the unfortunate... incident.
Chapter 2

Prince had been down in the breakfast room for a while before they showed up and was on her second plate of scrambled eggs and hashbrowns and what was probably her 5th cup of coffee. Just how she liked it, strong, three sugars and lots of milk. It was probably a heinous crime to all coffee lovers, but she didn't care. She looked up to see Gadget and the two bots approaching. "Oh, er... H-Hi." She gestured to the 3 empty seats. One next to her and the other two facing. "Care to join me?"

Gadget caught sight of Inspector prince immediately and nervously smiled. "Uh... Yeah. Sure." He took a seat across from her.

Digit smiled as he took the seat besides Prince and Fidget besides Gadget.

"So what is the plan? What does our mission consist of?" he asked trying not to let the events of the morning replay in his head. All he could do was see her in her nightwear and his cheeks warmed at the thought of laying his head between her mounds of fun again. No. He was a respectable inspector of the law! He could not think such impure thoughts! It was incredibly wrong of him.

"Im sorry!" He had no idea why, he just blurted it out as he covered his face in embarrassment with his gloved hands.

Prince was just taking a bite of a hash brown when he suddenly expressed his apology and she almost choked. "Wh-What? N-No! Think nothing more of it. I.. I shouldn't have burst in like that, but I was just worried a MAD agent had found you."

Digit sat staring up at the purple haired woman. "We could have handled it."

"Oh, I have no doubt." She smiled down at the blue bot and winked at him. "But, I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't spring into action."

Fidget smiled. "So, the mission?"

"Yes, well... About that. There are several reports from an anonymous source about Dr Claw and his agents doing all kinds of nasty things. Also, we have to protect a special agent. It turns out Claw is after him. The agent's name is Gedtag and the hired assassin is only known as Percin. That's all we have on them. Nothing more. We have to protect them at all costs as well as foiling any other plots that may be in progress." She reached for her coffee. "That's all, really."

"Gedtag, huh? What a silly name. Right! Where do we start?" Gadget asked as his extra hand sprang from his hat to grab his breakfast. Simple toast, eggs and sausage, and brought it back to him clumsily before he began eating.

"Silly indeed." She slurped her coffee down and gestured the somewhat shocked assistant, who was baffled by Gadget's extending arm, to grab her another. "I think we last got word that a warehouse was being used to store weapons that Dr Claw was planning on shipping out all over the world. I would say that is out best bet."

Fidget. "That fiend! We should definitely start there, right Digit?"

Digit was miles away deep in thought while staring up at Prince with a blank face. He hadn't even registered a single word that had been said.
"I agree, Fidget. But we must treat this delicately. We could be walking into a trap!" Gadget said as he popped a bit of sausage into his mouth. As the waiter came, he seemed to suddenly trip. Gadget, surprisingly moving out of the way just in time in a rare display of quick reactions, avoiding getting hit with the coffee. "My dear boy you should be more... More..."

Gadget trailed off as something entirely different came over him. Some raw rage. His eyes darkened as he felt his inner thoughts die down, as if suddenly asleep and an entirely new presence came forward.

Prince, however, was not so lucky and she was drenched with coffee due to the waiter's clumsy fall. "Gah, what the... No, precious coffee! Now I'll have to change!"

Digit and Fidget, who had dived to one side, noticed Gadget looked off. Had he been hit by hot coffee? "Uh... Inspector?" Digit tilted his head to look him in the eye. "Are you OK?"

Gadget looked to the blue Gadgetini. "Fine. Never better." A sinister grin crept into his features as he then looked to Prince and stood rather suddenly from his seat. "You are coming with me." He reached forwards, took hold of her clothing and picked her up. After he threw her over his shoulder, his hand on her rear to keep her steady before he walked off.

Prince was in the process of dusting herself off and dabbing at her cherry red wool coat with napkins to try and get out some of the coffee when she was suddenly grabbed and flung over his shoulder. "Yeeeek, Gadget what are y- WATCH WHERE YOU ARE TOUCHING!"

"Wait! Where are you taking her?" Digit yelled in surprise.

Gadget, before vanishing out of the dining room, turned his head slightly in response to the small bot. "Come with me." He all but stomped to their room, making sure no one would follow them.

Digit and Fidget followed close behind, giving each other worried glances as they made it to their room. Gadget put Prince down outside the doorway. "Dont you move from this spot or you will regret it."

"Uh... Um... Yes sir?" What was going on? What was happening? Was this some sort of training exercise?

Gadget looked behind. "You two! Come with me!" he snapped to his two subordinates as he walked inside the room to confront Penny. "Oh penny my dear! We need to talk." he said as his third hand pulled out a rope from inside his hat.

Digit and Fidget raced after Gadget. "What's going on? What are you..." When they heard how he talked to Penny, they inwardly leaped. Something was very wrong. "Inspector, what gives!?"

Penny looked over to her Uncle and almost passed out. He looked so different. Something was wrong with him. She'd seen him malfunction before, but never anything like this. "Uncle Gadget what are you doing!?"

"Keep quiet you." he said as he extended his arms to gather the three of them up and bound them tight before doing the same to the female Gadgetinis who had been off to the side amusing themselves.

"Why dont you all just... Stay in the room today? Inspector Prince and i have somewhere to be." he grinned darkly, admiring his skillful handiwork, before he left the room, shut the door and picked up Prince once more.
Penny yelled out, shuffling and thrashing to try and loosen the ropes. "GRRR AGH what is going on!? What's wrong with you!? What do you mean!?" But it was too late. Gadget had already exited the room and slammed the door behind him.

Prince, who had once again been picked up and manhandled for the second time in a matter of a few minutes, squirmed on his shoulder. "Hey! W-Watch it! What are you doing? Hands off the goods!"

Back inside the room, Penny looked to the Gadgetinis and shook her head. "This is wrong. Something is very wrong with him. We need to escape and I can run a scan using my laptop."

Digit piped up. "Didn't you hear? He said he and Prince have to be somewhere! What if she's in danger?"

Fidget rammed a shoulder against Digit. "Come on dont just sit there!" he said as he began trying to chew his way out of the ropes.

Digit just sat there looking entirely unimpressed iwth his brother as he chewed on the ropes. "Fidget..."

"What?"

"You were made with perfectly good gadgets, use them you dope!"

With that, a circular saw-like blade extended from Digit's hat and severed the ropes that held the two Gadgetinis and Penny together. Data and Scooter were tied separately and Digit couldn't help but feel a little smug as he wandered away from them without assisting.

"Digit, you forgot the girls!" Fidget pointed to them, to which Digit responded with a quick and defiant flick of his tongue.

Scooter and data yelled indignantly at Digit as he stuck his tongue out at them. "Come on guys. We gotta help Uncle Gadget!" Penny stated as she walked over to her laptop.

Digit huffed and stood his ground, but Fidget moved over and untied the girls earning him a hug from Data. Penny set to work on her laptop and sat down on the bed. Her fingers clattered on the keys and her brow furrowed as she concentrated.

"Hey guys, you remember how I am able to track and scan Uncle Gadget? Well... There's something weird going on with his signal. This is... Strange,"

Digit moved over to Penny to look over her shoulder. "How strange? What is?" he asked as Fidget moved over to move him out of the way as they looked.

Penny shook her head. "I can't be sure, but... It's like I'm sensing an extra signal that's causing him to malfunction."

Fidgit stared in shock. "Malfunction? Again!?"

Digit leaped in shock. "Prince! He has Prince! We've not a minute to lose!"

Scooter and Data looked over to the blue bot with a confused expression, before dashing for the door.

Penny looked to Fidget with a brow raised. "Well that got his attention." Fidget stated in exasperation as he and Penny ran out the door after the others in the direction the signal was coming
Meanwhile, Prince was in turmoil as she was bundled off by Gadget in a manner similar to a viking raid. She was both in fear for her life and yet oddly curious about this strange, clearly powerful man and his plan.

It didn't take them long before they reached a warehouse and Gadget unceremoniously tore open the huge, heavy metal doors as if they were paper. Prince shivered at the display of strength. She certainly didn't want to ever get on his bad side, that was for certain.

But, this warehouse... Had he... Found the one that she had mentioned earlier? Was this them working the case? "Oh you genius! I'm not sure about a date as a cover story, but well done!"

Gadget grinned as he walked in with her and stomped over to a crane. "And this, my darling... Is where we get to have a bit of fun." He set her down onto her feet, but kept his arms firmly around her waist.

"D... Darling!? Why are you talking so strangely? Is this part of the cover too? Do I have to copy?" She looked around as she spoke, noting her surroundings. There was no one else about. The warehouse was deserted apart from stacks of wooden crates all addressed to different parts of the world. She looked up at the crane. "Fun?"

Gadget smirked as he grabbed ahold of her as a hand slid from from his hat and brought the crane down. "Oh yes. Loads for me sweet cheeks. Might hurt a bit for you. See I am gonna hook you up to this crane." he said as he took her chin in his hand to force her to look at him. "And then good bye sweetie pie!" he grinned as he moved his face in closer.

"W... What? Wait, woah." As he forced her face to look up into his, she felt her skin prickle. Something seemed very off about him. She knew evil when she saw it and his eyes were exuding a very dark glow. "Good... Goodbye sweetie pie!? What are you talking about!? Gadget!" As his face came closer, she felt her cheeks heat up. They had only met a few hours ago, he was being very bold for his first few hours with her. If this was a cover act he had going on, he was certainly getting really into it. What was happening? "Why are you acting funny!?"

"Funny? Oh my darling there is nothing funny about this." he grinned before crashing his lips to hers in a heated, closed mouth kiss. As he had her distracted, he reached back and cuffed her hands to the lowered crane.

A kiss? She squeaked against his lips and felt her skin heat to the point she thought she was going to combust. It was only after a few moments that she even noticed her hands had been cuffed up high and she wriggled in an attempt to pull away from him. "Mmmph! Gah! What are you doing now!?"

From around the corner of a stack of crates, a MAD Agent was listening in. He had gotten there a short while earlier with his co-worker. He saw Penny coming closer and slipped behind the warehouse with his workmate, peering into the inner part to see what was happening. His teeth instantly gritted.

Gadget smirked as he pulled away. "This, sweet cheeks, is where we depart, i am afraid. You're a real looker, don't get me wrong... It isn't you. It's me! And this will hurt you a lot more than it will me!" he said as he walked over to the controls to raise the crane.

Prince watched him silently. It wasn't that she was deliberately silent, it was the fact that she couldn't even find any words to say. He had stunned her. She was confused, intimidated and oddly excited. "Wait..." She looked over to one side and saw a crate labelled 'To: JAPAN' with the lid open. Was
"YOU ARE NOT SENDING ME TO KAWAII LAND!"

The agent from before was livid as he watched. "I gotta get in there!"

The other held him back. "No, you stay put! If you're seen that's the end o' that and you don't want to
get on the wrong side of Claw and Molly."

"He's... He's... Let go of me!" The man flailed, but was thwarted by the bald agent who pushed him
backwards away from the door. Anymore noise and Gadget would hear. It was suprising he hadn't
already with his super hearing.

"Get a grip!"

Scooter yelled after Digit as they ran. "What are you doing, blueberry!? What's got your knickers in
a twist?"

"Firstly, we're robots, we don't wear... Knickers! Secondly..." He didn't even look back as he dashed
for the location of the warehouse. "I'M NOT A BLUEBERRY!"

Data tailed Fidget as fast as she could, but struggled a little. She was not at all used to running and
her circuits were giving her jip. Penny dashed after all 4 of them and tracked Gadget using her
watch. "He's in there!" She pointed to the warehouse up ahead. It was huge! It towered above them
with all of it's white corrugated glory.

Digit couldn't help but cock a brow ridge. Fidget being right and sensible for once? Wowsers. "But
she's in there and... What if..."

Suddenly, her yelling could be heard from inside.

"Well what are we waiting for!" Digit yelled as he went to charge in.

Fidget held him back. "No wait! It could be a trap!" he yelled as the others caught up. "We gotta use
our heads!" he said.

"Fidget is right! It could be a trap. I've got an idea." she said as she poked at her watch a bit.

Inside, Gadget laughed maniacally as he watched the crane begin to lift her to put her in the crate.
That was when he heard a voice from one side of the warehouse. He was sure they were alone...
"What? Who is there? Show yourself!" he yelled as he turned to look around frantically in all
directions just in case. After glaring around for a while, he turned back to the task at hand. "Have fun
in Japan, Inspector!" he grinned as he went to push the button.

Prince let out an almost shrill squeak as the crane edged her even closer to the inside of the crate. She
did not fancy spending time in a sealed crate. That was certain death. The storage crates were not
meant for live contents and had no air holes.

Digit's audio receptors instantly picked up on Prince's cry and he jolted to attention. "We cant wait!
That was Prince!" he yelled as he fought against and attempted to knock the door down.

Penny had to yell at Digit, which she really didn't want. She just hoped no one had heard her. "No
Digit. We need to think about this. Let's go round the back!" Scooter and Data nodded to her. Digit
had no choice but to follow. They were absolutely right. Not that he would admit it in that moment.
The MAD Agent, Dick, had all but had enough of observing the cruelty towards the woman. He dived almost heroically into the warehouse after Gadget had turned back round and almost exploded when he saw what he was doing. He leaped into action before the other agent could stop him, lunged forwards and punched Gadget in the face, before running out a side door with a triumphant battlecry.

As Gadget heard a pair of footsteps, he turned just in time to get a fist to the face. He yelled out as he was sent backwards into the crane controls and as he moved to try to right himself, he slipped on a wrench and fell backwards knocking the control lever.

Prince let out a surprised yelp and she almost got put in the crate, but was saved at the last moment as she came to an abrupt halt from the wrenching of the lever. Whoever that blurr of teal was, they'd saved her and she owed them bigtime. Though Japan was no doubt a lovely country, she didn't fancy being shipped off to it at that moment, and most certainly not in that crate. "G-Gadget!"

"Oh... What was... Inspector Prince! What happened?" he asked as he looked the woman over. "What are we doing here?" He looked around, noting that they were no longer in the hotel. He walked over towards the female inspector, tripping on the same wrench and ending up in a most familiar predicament. His yelled was muffled by the twin peaks his face was then buried in.

Prince let out a wail as he, once again, buried his face in her chest. It was like he'd switched personality entirely. She would have to talk to the chief as soon as she could, he seemed dangerous! What was even happening? "GADGET!"

It was then that Penny ran in with the Gadgetinis from the rear and covered her eyes as soon as she caught sight of what was unfolding. "UNCLE GADGET!"

Gadget quickly pulled himself from her chest and his face instantly went red. "No! I am so sorry! I would never touch you!" he yelled in his defence. "No! I mean i would touch you, but I- Gah!" He grumbled and whined, unsure of what to say. This was just making things worse.

Digit and fidget didn't know how to react. They both gaped in awe, but for different reasons. Even Data and Scooter were at a loss for words. This was highly irregular indeed.

Prince almost felt like she was about to pass out, but managed to keep herself together enough to speak. "I... N... Let's drop it. We... We're in the warehouse!" She wriggled causing the chain to clatter loudly. "Care to remove the cuffs?" Her arms were hurting and her shoulders felt as if they were about to dislocate any moment from the weight of her body.

Data and Scooter gave Gadget frowns as they moved closer, but stayed silent. Penny shook her head and get to work on informing Chief Littlewood using her watch. She had looked up his number while they were back at the hotel just in case something went down and, since it was his jurisdiction, she couldn't exactly call Quimby on it. Though she would be telling him about it much later on when Gadget wasn't aware. He would probably want to know, still being on the scene and all.

Dick, who now had a rather sore hand, watched on from the doorway again in silence, rage building within him as he watched Gadget near Prince. The other agent, Squirt, sighed and nudged him with his elbow and whispered as quietly as he could. "The heck is up with you anyway?"

Gadget sighed as he walked over and a key emerged from his pinky on his left hand. He quickly undid the cuffs and stowed them away where they belonged. His face was beet red as he helped Prince down. "So this... This is actually the warehouse? Should we split up? Or...?"

Prince dropped down and landed against Gadget's chest. She braced herself with both hands against him and cleared her throat in an attempt to flush out the memories of what had just happened. "I,
"I think we should stick together." stated Fidget as he looked around at the creepy warehouse.

"Why? You scared?" Digit teased as he looked to his brother.

Ignoring the teasing going on between the Gadgetinis, Prince cleared her throat again. "Digit, you and Scooter go that way, Data and Fidget go that way and me and Gadget will, er..." She suddenly turned to Penny. "You might want to leave, it could get dangerous."

Gadget turned to look at Penny as though he had just now noticed her. "Penny! You shouldn't be here! What were you thinking? I insist you head back to the hotel. This could get ugly!" He was trying his very best to focus on sounding official and making sure his niece removed herself from the situation sue to the fact that Prince was still holding on to him. As she shifted slightly, he quickly swallowed the lump that had formed in his throat as his stomach flipped.

"Y-Yes Uncle Gadget I was, uh... Sightseeing! Uh..." She scratched her head and made for the exit, only to come face to face with the two MAD agents. Well, that tore it.

Gadget had been following her with his eyes to make sure she left and gasped as he saw the two MAD agents in close proximity. "Penny!" He instantly took off in a run.

Prince was all but shoved aside as Gadget ran for two agents that had been spotted outside and had to catch herself from falling backwards. She didn't get a good look at them, but she figured she should provide him back up and ran out after him. She yelled to Data and Scooter to start surveying the warehouse and make notes on everything they found on or in the crates while they went to catch them.

Penny was trying to not get swiped by them, as Squirt was intent on capturing her. He figured she would be a good hostage. Penny dodged as the short bald agent lunged for her, but Dick had the smarter idea of fleeing. If Prince saw him... If Claw or Molly found out... But it was too late. Molly was fully aware of the fact they'd been seen. She was watching them from an unknown source and was fuming. Suddenly, her voice boomed over their ear pieces. "Diiick, Squirt! GET BOTH YOUR BUTTS OUTTA THERE OR I'LL CHOP THEM OFF!" Squirt instantly gave up and started running off as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"Come back here! You are under arrest!" Gadget yelled as he attempted to run after the two agents of MAD. He threw Penny a look over his shoulder as he quickly dashed to the side. "Penny get inside and stay with Digit and Fidget. We can handle them." Gadget reached a large, open yard, but they were nowhere to be seen. "Wowzers... They sure are fast." As Prince caught up, he looked over to her. "Did you happen to see which way they went?"

She shook her head and tried to steady her breathing. "They could have split up. You take that way, I'll take this way and we'll meet up around the front of the warehouse." With that, she ran off at full pelt.

Gadget nodded to Inspector Prince and took off to the other side of the warehouse at full speed.

Meanwhile, in the warehouse Scooter and Data had begun searching all the crates. Each one had a different location on them and inside were all kinds of weapons. It was clearly Claw's work as the MAD insignia was on everything.

"Penny!" Digit called her over. "You OK?"

"Yeah." Penny sounded puffed out, but she was unscathed. "I'm fine. Lets get collecting evidence. I
called up the chief. They'll be here soon and we need something to give them."

Digit and Fidget grabbed one of the smaller boxes, but it was still large enough for them to both have to carry. "Here. This has the MAD insignia all over it. I am sure the chief here will be able to pull enough evidence." said Digit as he dropped his side, causing Fidget to flail before finally letting his side go.

Penny chuckled. "Be careful, don't wreck yourself."

Scooter sidled up. "Check yo' self before you wreck yo' self."

"Ohhhhh!" Penny and Scooter both made hand gestures, to which Digit replied by giving them both equally filthy looks.

"You guys... Really?"

Fidget lifted the lid and looked inside. Guns, ammunition of all kinds, what looked like swords and even rocket launchers were all packed in there. "This surely can't be safe... You would have thought MAD of all people would know how to properly store weapons. Don't you think, Data?"

Data, who was busy chasing a floating piece of dust jumped at being spoke to and looked around sheepishly. "I uh... I... I'm on the trees side!"

Fidget just slapped a hand to his face."

"When did the chief say he would arrive?" he asked Penny as he turned to face her.

Penny smiled at Fidget. "Wow, you sure have been a whole lot more responsible since we got over here. Good job on that. It suits you!" She pressed a button on her watch which displayed the timer she'd set for the chiefs arrival. "Any moment now, really."

Outside, Dick and Squirt had split up after all but crashing into each other behind a stack of crates and were running frantically for the exits of the warehouse district. Dick had managed to make it to the fence at the far end and leaped over it with ease. Squirt was over the other side and had come up against trees over the other side of the fence. He thought it would be perfect to hide in and hopped over the wire fence and nestled into the greenery. Prince dashed around and caught sight of Dick just before he vanished. Something inside her jumped.

As Gadget made his way around he saw Prince standing there almost motionless, her face showing an odd sort of expression and her skin paled. "Wowzers. Are you okay? You look like you have seen a ghost."

It took her a moment to shake herself free, but she managed it. She turned to Gadget with a troubled expression on her face. "I don't know, I can't explain it. I thought I... No, nevermind. Did you have any luck?" She cringed and shook her head. "What am I saying? If you had you'd be dragging a MAD agent with you in cuffs. Ugh. Smooth Prince, smooth."

Gadget smiled as he put a hand to her shoulder. "Dont worry. We still have the warehouse with their weaponry. We will catch them another day." he grinned as he turned to head back to the warehouse.

Gadget and Prince's footsteps could be heard from outside moving closer and Penny flinched. "I should get going. I'll see you guys back at the hotel!" With that, she dashed off right as Gadget and Prince made their way into the warehouse again.

"Ah, Data, Scooter, any luck?" Prince waved over at her Gadgetinis, her face still slightly blanched
from her encounter with the unknown person. Scooter nodded. "Yup. Can I go back to bed now?"
Digit grimaced at the red bot. "Lazy so and so!"
Chapter 3

"Well. What do we have here?" Gadget asked as he walked over to the container with the MAD symbol on it. "Well. I do believe these are certainly the weapons you were talking about." he said as he picked up one of the rocket launchers and as he grabbed the handle, accidently squeezing the trigger, causing it to shoot off. "Uh oh!" He ran for Prince and knocked her down behind one of the metal crates just as an explosion tore through the warehouse.

The Gadgetinis dived for cover as Prince was dragged behind a crate by Gadget with a shriek. "Wagh!" She landed in a heap. "Wow. That was close! They didn't even have any safeguards on that thing!" She looked up at the other inspector who had shielded her rather heroically with his body.

"Is everyone OK?" Didgit called out while fanning away some of the dust that had been kicked up from the explosion.

"M'good!" Scooter piped up, spluttering.

"I didn't ask you."

Gadget looked down to Prince, coughing a bit as he fanned away the resulting dust. "Are you okay?" He checked her over to see if she was injured at all as he heard Digit ask the very same question.

Prince nodded to him. "I'm good. Thanks. No injuries here. Well, apart from my butt which is probably really dusty now."

He cleared his throat before yelling out a reply. "Inspector Prince and I are fine!"

Digit yelled back. "She better be! Uh, I mean... Great!"

Scooter suddenly came out of nowhere and rammed into the blue bot on purpose. "Whoops! There's some wide loads on this road!"

Digit yelled as Scooter rammed into him. "GAH! Speak for yourself, bubble butt!"

Data chuckled into her hand and grabbed onto Fidget to pull herself up.

Gadget stood and held out his hands for her to take so that he could pull her to her feet. "That was... Uh... Let's not touch the weaponry anymore." His face took on a sheepish smile with a slight blush.

Prince took his hand and got to her feet, placing the ball of her fist into her lower back. It cracked a little, but she was fine. Her coat was, as she suspected, very dusty though. "Yeah, probably best not to. Besides, I bet they'll be needing to finger print it. Wouldn't want you to get arrested too, would we?" She gave him a wink before trying to dust herself off.

Gadget chuckled lightheartedly as he backed away from all crates. "Perhaps we should wait outside?" He made for the door. The last thing he needed was to set off another rocket or something.

Prince agreed and moved outside, the Gadgetinis hurrying to follow them. When they got out there, convoy of police vehicles were pulling up and Littlewood stepped out. "Ah, Inspector!" He made a
beeline for Gadget and held out his hand to shake. He was tall at around 6 foot 4 and he had a broad chest, but he kept his handshake soft. Something people noted about him. Some would say it was untrustworthy, but he was on the level. He was a good chief. "I trust the UK has been treating you well since your arrival."

"Chief Littleweed. It is nice to finally meet face to face." he said as he shook the chief's hand. He was about to reply when Inspector Prince spoke.

Prince cleared her throat and looked away for fear her face would heat up at recalling the past few hours' events.

"We seized weapons. The crates display the MAD insignia, as well as the countries they were intended for." Digit piped up. "Oddly, no addresses though. Just country names."

"Chief Littleweed. It is nice to finally meet face to face." he said as he shook the chief's hand. He was about to reply when Inspector Prince spoke.

"Yes it was almost as though it had been staged." Gadget piped up as he scratched his chin.

"Staged?" Littlewood, still shaking his hand, looked at the man with curiosity. "What do you mean staged?"

Gadget finally pulled his hand away. "Well, you see, these boxes had the names of countries where they are going, but no address. The weapons have also just been carelessly put in boxes. Obviously not intended for shipping. Something fishy is going on here." gadget stated as he rubbed his chin.

Littlewood looked down at Gadget with a blank stare. "Mmm yes, well... We'll get this all logged. Good job. We'll take it from here, you two go back to base, er... Your hotel. You've earned a rest."

At hearing this Prince breathed a sign of relief. She could use a coffee... or 5. "Thank you sir. Please let us know if we can be of any further assistance." She looked over to Gadget and gestured for them to head off as LIttlewood made his way into the warehouse to see everything with his own eyes.

"Yes sir." Gadget saluted before turning heel to go back to the warehouse to gather his sidekicks. "I don't know Inspector. I have a feeling we will be seeing more of this sort of odd work from Claw in the very near future. What is your take on all of this?" he asked. It was certainly a peculiar situation. He entered the warehouse not long after Littlewood. "Come on Digit, Fidget, let's get back to the hotel!" he yelled from the doorway.

Prince shrugged. "You know, I'm not sure. Why go to all this trouble? Why leave all this stuff so public and easy to find? It's almost as if he wanted us to find it. Like... It wasn't going anywhere at all. The labels are fake. You know?"

The Gadgetinis moved to a safe place and Digit contacted Penny instantly. "Penny, the chief is here with back up. They are going through everything now, but the agents go away, so..."

Penny smiled over the comm screen. "We'll get them eventually, the score is the most important at this stage. Plus, we have to find out what happened to Uncle Gadget!"

Data slowly moved over to stare at the screen.

"Hi Data!" Penny smiled at her and Data waved shyly.

"Um..."
"What is it?"

"I found... This." Data held up a square piece of metal.

Digit looked at the little metal piece Data had a hold of.

"You think that was what made Gadget go crazy?" he asked as he took the little chunk from Data to examine it.

Data scuffed her foot against the floor and held her hands behind her back shyly. "I don't know. Maybe? Penny wants it to examine, so we better get it back to the hotel."

Scooter was busy trying to show some of the officers to extra crates near the rear of the warehouse in an unusual show of energy. Usually she'd let everyone else do the leg work, but since there was more than met the eye (Lel) with what was happening, she figured she should pull her weight.

"Just a second!" Fidget called over. He was just finishing showing an officer a crate full of Japanese style swords and wanted to be sure they marked it correctly. He was, after all, a big anime fan and would not allow them to just mark them as katana, since they weren't all katana at all.

Eventually, all 4 Gadgetinis came marching over and looked at both Inspectors. "Ready when you guys are."

Gadget had spent a few moments rubbing at his chin in thought when the Gadgetinis approached. "Hm... I guess we will just have to wait and see. Keep our guards up though. Who knows what that mad man is up to next." With that, he walked with Prince and the Gadgetinis back to the hotel.

When they got closer to the building, Gadget cleared his throat awkwardly and tugged at his tie. "So listen... Uh... Inspector Prince... If you aren't doing anything later... I mean if you are that is ok..." he continued to babble a bit before Digit elbowed him. "Ah hm... As I was saying... I was wondering if you wanted to accompany me to dinner this evening?" he asked as he fiddled his fingers about in a nervous manner, a slight tint of red dusting the bridge of his nose and cheeks.

Prince turned round as they reached the door of the hotel and smiled at Gadget. "Dinner? Sounds good to me. I hate eating alone when on assignment. It's so boring." She opened the door and wandered in. The 4 Gadgetinis followed, before dashing away up the stairs to go and see Penny with the chip leaving the two alone in the lobby. "Just be sure to fix your gadgets, wouldn't want you malfunctioning again, would we?" She gave him a quick wink before heading for the stairs. "I'm not sure what the hotel's restaurant is like, but I know they say the place down the road is pretty good..."

Gadget smiled a wide, giddy smile as he perked right up. "Ah! Yes. We should go try it then. Shall I come get you about 6?" he asked as he looked to his watch. They had a couple hours yet. That would give him enough time to clean up and make sure Penny was all taken care of.

"Sounds good to me, I'll be in my room getting ready. I think I've earned a nice, long bath." She waved and made her way up the stairs to her room, shutting herself in and drawing a bath for herself.

Gadget watched Prince leave before heading for his own room, a dreamy look in his eye.

Penny almost leaped out of her skin as the Gadgetinis came barging in with the chip. They all fought over who was going to explain everything, but as always, Digit won and told Penny about what had happened when she had left.

"Boy, that's strange." She took the chip and placed it in her scanning device. "I guess we'll have to wait and see what the police come up with. Meanwhile, I'm going to get to work figuring this out."
Suddenly, her belly rumbled loudly distracting the Gadgetinis from their background arguing. "Sorry guys, I'm just really hungry. Think you could go grab me something? Also, where's Uncle Gadget and the other Inspector? Are they back?"


"Huh? Weird how?" Penny almost wondered if the chip wasn't related to his malfunction and was about to throw the theory out the window when Digit finally explained.

"He's babbling around Prince. Looks like a damn fool."

"Oh." Penny went back to work as if it was nothing. "Still, you best keep your eye on them both."

Penny's scan was still in progress. Whatever the chip was, the tech was very good. It was hard to break into and figure out. She wrinkled her nose a little as her stomach rumbled again.

"Penny my dear." Gadget suddenly walked in causing Fidget to almost leap out of his metal housing. "Inspector Prince and I are going to dinner tonight. Would you like me to leave you some money so you can order a pizza? They have a small restaurant here off the lobby as well if you are interested."

he grinned as he moved to grab clean clothes. He needed a bath in the worst way. He smelled of smoke and debris from the warehouse incident.

Penny almost leaped again as Gadget entered, the memory of him grabbing her and binding her with the Gadgetinis still fresh in her mind. "You... Going to dinner, huh?" She cracked a smirk in an attempt to push down her anxiety. "Is this work related?" Digit scowled up at her, but she didn't notice at all.

Gadget smiled as he gathered up his things before heading to the shower. "No, I figured I would treat Inspector Prince out to dinner. It is the least I could do for... Well..." The thought of him defiling not once, but twice, and whatever happened when he malfunctioned... It was the least he could do for her. "Anyways... I shouldn't be too late. Make sure you lock this door and don't answer for anyone but me. Got it?" He smiled as he disappeared into the restroom. He looked around, noticing that housekeeping must have been in. And a repairman... Because everything was where it should have been once more.

"OK, will do." Penny didn't look up from her work, but she was just going through the motions vocally. She never stayed put, not when he was on assignment. It had been something she had always done ever since she went to live with him after her parents deaths. He needed protecting more than her. Those gadgets had scrambled his brain more than she wanted to admit, but her uncle was still there at least. "Pizza sounds good to me, I'll order it soon." She heard the door shut and she turned to Digit. "It's going to take a few hours. Can you tail Uncle Gadget and Prince with Fidget while they go to dinner? Don't get yourself seen, but I just want to be sure they are safe. With MAD on the loose, we can't take any chances."

Gadget was nervous. He wasn't sure why. Prince was a nice enough woman and it wasn't like it was a real date, right? But he still was quite nervous. He smoothed out his coat and straightened his hat before knocking on the door to her room.

Prince was finishing getting ready. She didn't want to dress too fancy, but it was worth making a bit of an effort since the restaurant was a little more upper class. She was just glad that she had had the mind to pack a small black dress when she travelled to the hotel. It wasn't special, Just a plain black tea dress, no fancy trimmings or anything. She opened the door and greeted Gadget. "Oh, hey! Punctual I see. Come in, I'm just about to put my shoes and jacket on, then I'll be ready to go."
As soon as she answered the door, his eyes widened. Wowzers. Did she ever clean up nice. As she offered for him to come in, he could feel his face heat up a little as he accepted and walked through the threshold. "I- uh- yeah. I am always very punctual. It, uh, it comes with the job." he honestly had no idea what he was saying. He was so busy looking at Prince. The black dress she wore was so simple and so modest and yet he felt as though she were some seductive fiend out to get him. "So, uh, what was this place called again? Is it in walking distance or should i call a cab?" he asked as he stood in the middle of the room, unsure where to really go as he watched her finish getting ready.

She sat on the edge of her bed and yanked on her shoes one after the other. "It's a French restaurant I think. My French is horrible, so excuse me as I try to pronounce this, but I think it's called Oriel Grande Brasserie. It's walking distance I think, so no worries about a taxi." She adjusted the small set of gold stud earrings she's put in and stood to go grab her jacket which was just behind Gadget. As she reached, she accidentally nudged his arm. It was hard. Harder than she'd remembered. Was that all the metal inside him? "Sorry, excuse me, I just need my coat and then we can set off."

"Oh! Excuse me. I don't mean to be in the way." he apologized with a smile as he moved a bit to the left so she could get to her jacket. "A french restaurant, eh? Luckily for you I know a bit." he smiled as he walked over to open the door. "Ladies first?" he offered as he held the door open.

"Oh, you do?" She tugged on the sleeves and made her way to the door. "Thank you." He was quite a gentleman, totally the opposite to what he'd been like before. It was very strange. "I enjoy the language, but I never really learned it. The accent is..." She visibly shuddered. "Ohh my, I go weak at the knees for it." "How... How could an accent make you react in such a way? It is just verbal?" he asked as he shut the door behind them and began walking down the hall to the hotel.

"I don't know, it just sounds really... Nice." She hugged herself as she spoke, almost as if she was remembering something. She wasn't, she was just imagining the accent in her minds eye and inwardly melting. "Seriously, that accent gets me pretty hot under the collar. Never understood why really, but there we go." She made her way through the doors and took a breath of the night air in. It was a pleasant evening out. Not too cold. Cool enough to need a light jacket, but otherwise fine.

Gadget thought over what she said. An accent? Making her... Oh. OH! He got it now. But... He still couldn't understand how words alone could make her react in such a way. "So Inspector Prince. Tell me a little about yourself?" He looked over to her as they made it to the sidewalk. Not that he was trying to change the subject, but the thought of her... Just from the way someone spoke? It made him a little uncomfortable.

"Hmm? About me?" She looked to him briefly, before looking up to the sky and pursing her lips. "I'm not really sure what to say. I'm not really good with talking about myself. What do you want to know?" Her eyes watched as a plane went overhead to land at the airport nearby and she grimaced. Flying. She HATED flying.

"Well..." Gadget started as he watched the plane as well. "How about hobbies? What do you do for fun when you aren't at work?" he asked as he smiled at her once more.

Back behind a ways was Digit ducking and rolling from bush to mail box to tree, trying his best to remain inconspicuous as he trailed Gadget and Prince.

Fidget was trying to keep up with his brother as they followed the two Inspectors and kept tripping over. It was surprising no one heard the clanks and he was grateful to the loud jet engines going overhead for drowning out the noise.
"Well, I enjoy uh..." Her brain suddenly got a bit foggy and she couldn't seem to figure out why. It took her a moment, but she finally fixed on something. "I like working with computers."

"I also have a bit of a love of coffee." She grinned sheepishly and looked over to Gadget. "What... What about you? You seem very switched on with your work, do you ever get any downtime?"

"Well, crime never sleeps and so I rarely do myself. I do like spending time with Penny. She is a great kid. And Digit and Fidget..." he said as he found himself walking a little closer to the Inspector. "What about family? I've always just had Penny, until she made Fidget and Digit. Couldn't imagine what it would be like without them really." he stated with a light laugh.

Again, her mind struggled for a moment before latching onto something. "I... Have a mother and... Father somewhere. Other than that I..." They were finally outside the doors of the restaurant and she stood in silence for a moment, before turning to face Gadget. "I don't have anyone else really. I don't even know where they are. I bet it's nice to have Penny and the boys around. I just have the Chief and recently Data and Scooter. I suppose you could say they are very much like my children, in one sense. I know that sounds stupid."

"Not at all! I mean i've got my chief too. He isn't such a bad guy. Guess when you work with someone so long they become family!" he said as he opened the door to the restaurant and offered her to go in first. "And the Gadgetinis are green under the gills and need more education much like teens, so no. I don't believe that sounds stupid at all."

"Quimby, right? I've heard of him. Obviously from Littlewood and his dealings with him." She gave him a smile and a nod as he held the door open for her and she stepped up into the lobby of the restaurant.

It was a nice place, a mix of modern with vintage hints here and there. Wood mixed with sleek glass panelling, art deco style tiled floor and hanging glass and metal pendant lights over the tables in the front and the more intimate tables had tealights placed in vintage style blown glass votives. As they walked further in, they were greeted by the host who smiled politely and asked if they had reservations.

Gadget smiled as he followed her in, but as they were met with the host, he gave an uneasy smile. "Ah... See we didn't make reservations. Werent aware we had to. Just in on vacation ya see..." He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. He should have known. This place seemed pretty semi-classy. "Uh is there any openings we can take?"

The host was still smiling, so it didn't seem so bad. "Yes, we have free tables at the back. We only ask for reservations as it can get quite busy in the evenings, but we don't require them as standard."

He reached to his side and pulled out two menus from the small holder next to his podium and tucked them under his arm. "If you would follow me."

He led them passed the bar and down by a section which had high bar-style seats to a more closed off and intimate section where the tables all had candles. Once there, he pulled out the seat for Prince and offered to take her coat. She removed it and handed it over with a thanks, before plopping down on the plush looking dining chair.

Gadget took his chair, after handing off his jacket. "Here are your menus. Your server tonight will be Allison. She will be with you shortly." he said before walking off.

"Well." Gadget started as he opened his menu. "This place sure is nice." He looked down at the menu and as soon as he saw the prices he nearly malfunctioned. No. He would take care of Inspector Prince. It didn't matter how much the bill came to. But if definitely caught him off guard. "So what
are you thinking? I am kind of eyeing this here Chicken Fricasee. Sounds good." He skimmed the menu with a slightly wonky smile.

"Oof." She eyed her menu carefully and with a somewhat disgusted expression. Those prices were certainly nothing like what she was used to where she lived further up north. "I don't know, this is all so expensive." But, it would be very rude to walk into a restaurant, be seated and then run out again. "I think I might go with the duck."

A short while later, the server appeared with a towel draped over her arm. "Have we decided? Shall I take your drinks order?"

"Just water for me." Truth be told, Prince daren't get anything else for fear of having to remortgage her house. "Thank you." She looked to Gadget just as the server spoke again.

"Very good, and to eat? Any starters?"

"None for me, thank you. Just water and the duck. I uh... I don't think my wallet could, uh..."

"Monsieur?"

Gadget disregarded the server for a moment to speak to Prince. "Nonsense. I will be taking care of the bill tonight. It is the least I could do after all. Order what you like!" He smiled kindly at his dining companion, before turning back to the waitress. "-Ah yes. I will take the chicken fricasse please. Water for me as well.-" He ordered in somewhat broken French before offering to take Prince's menu so he could hand them off to the server. She kind of squinted at her pad, as though she were trying to register just what he had said. There was something about a tennis ball in there, but she did understand 'Chicken Fricasee' and 'water', so she just went with it and hoped it would be correct.

Prince felt terribly guilty as she smiled nervously over at Gadget who seemed to be smiling innocently back at her. He would pay for the food? Could he afford it? Mind you, it seemed as if he'd been in his line of work for many years. Perhaps he was comfortable. She smiled over at him graciously. "Wow, uh... Thank you. But at least let me buy you a drink later to make up for it." She leaned back in her seat and tried to relax a little.

The restaurant wasn't busy at all and, besides and older couple across the way, they were the only ones in the back. The host came sauntering over again, leaned down and lit the tealight on the table, before mincing off again to go and wait for more customers. The candle burned brightly in the dimly lit room and it made the silverware and glassware sparkle.

Digit and Fidget managed to get to the restaurant, but were unable to see Gadget and Prince through the window. They waited until the host had left to go do something before sneaking in. Digit spotted them in the back and so the two brothers hid in one of the booths to the side.

"Normally i would reject the idea of alcohol, but how can i turn down such an offer?" he smiled warmly at her as the host lit the tea light. It was almost... Romantic. At the thought, Gadget felt his face heat up a bit. "So what is it like being an inspector here in the UK?" he asked, trying to get his mind off the subject of romance as the server came with two glasses of water and set them down infront of each. Gadget smiled and thanked the young lady before she walked off.

"Hm? Oh, it's not so bad. We obviously have to have a lot of self defense training. But, I'm sure it's the same for you guys." She took a sip of water. It suddenly felt a lot hotter in there and her mouth was drying out more and more each minute. "What about you? What's it like being, uh... You?" This man was interesting. She'd never encountered anyone like him before. He was both a mechanical and medical marvel to be fitted with such gadgets and also to have survived such a procedure and his
previous malfunctions? Surely he was dangerous. How had he kept his job? She needed to know more.

Gadget smiled. "Well obviously I am no normal Inspector. Actually, I am a lieutenant if you want to get technical... I'm actually uncertain as to why I keep being called Inspector again. I'll have to take it up with your chief. Maybe it's something to do with the mission. Anyway, I was actually a security guard. Had a nasty accident and they put me back together with a few extra parts." he smiled sheepishly. He wasn't embarrassed of himself. Far from it. He wasn't sure why he felt so strange around her.

"So I see. I got to see a couple of your, uh... Features before. So, what about your life before this? Do you remember much about it? You know... Normal things like what you were like in school? Things of that nature?" Her brain prickled as she attempted to recall her own life just in case he asked her the same questions. Why was it so hard to think?

"Yeah, not much. The further back I try to go, the harder it is to recall. They said that was normal or whatever. I don't know. I guess I have always been... Accident prone though." he smiled as the server brought over a basket of garlic bread sticks and marinara to dip. They actually smelled incredible. "So what about you? What did you do before you became an inspector?" he asked as he grabbed a breadstick and dipped it before taking a bite.

Prince watched as he dipped a breadstick and raised a brow. "Huh... Weird thing to serve for a French restaurant. But who am I to argue with food?" She reached over and grabbed her own and answered his question while nibbling on the end of the long breadstick. "I, uh... I think I worked in computers. My head's a bit funny about my past. Not really sure why. It sounds a bit strange, I know, but I think it might have been from an accident I had. The village I grew up in had a small police HQ according to Littlewood and it got blown up. Everyone died apart from lil old me who was fresh as a daisy to the force. According to Chief he found documentation with my name on it there, so he allowed me to keep my job when I recovered, but transferred me to his HQ."

"Wowzers. I am sorry that happened. What caused it do they know?" he asked. He was genuinely curious. That was a scary position to be in. He knew what it was like to lose a piece of yourself so he could totally sympathize.

She shrugged as she finished the stick. "The explosion, they don't know. As for my memory? They said it could have been the injuries from the explosion. I hit my head pretty bad. I don't know... I don't remember it." Breadstick finished, she leaned back in her seat again and smiled over at her dining partner. "I guess what I don't know can't hurt me, I'm not so bothered, but I would like to at least remember my childhood and bits like that."

"I guess we are in the same boat so-to-speak in that department."

The server finally brought their food. "Wowzers that was fast." He leaned back a bit allowing the server put the plate of duck in front of Prince, before placing Gadget's in front of him. "Wow. This looks delicious."

Prince nodded a thank you to the waitress and gave her meal a look over. The duck had been cooked perfectly and the skin was golden and crisp, not at all limp and fatty. She clapped her hands excitedly. "It really does!" She was about to dig in when she remembered that it wouldn't be right without at least toasting their first success. She reached for her water and raised it in the air. "First mission success!"

Gadget took his glass and brought it to hers with a light 'clink'. "Yes. To our first successful mission and a new found friendship." He toasted and took a drink before setting his glass down and digging
in. It was absolutely perfect. The chicken melted in his mouth and his vegetables were cooked to perfection. He let out a very satisfied noise as he took another bite. After swallowing he looked to Prince. "So... What is your name? I do not believe you ever said?" he asked as he forked another piece of meat and ate it.

By the time he asked the question about her name, she too was digging in and almost felt tears spring forth from her tear ducts. It was so unbelievably tasty. She took a moment to finish the mouthful she had before answering him. "My name? I haven't? Well, it's..." Just as she was saying her name, one of the waiters dropped a tray full of glassware and it drowned out what she had said.

Gadget nearly jumped at the sound, losing a bitefull of fricasee to the floor with his fork, and was also not able to hear her properly. He dug at his ear with his pinky before looking back at her. "I'm sorry. I didn't quite get that." he said as he looked at her again.

Prince craned her neck to make sure the staff was OK, before turning her attention back to Gadget. "I said it's..." Another loud crash interrupted her, as a waiter came around the corner with a tray full of food and skidded on a stray piece of broken glass.

Gadget looked back in alarm once more. After seeing that the wait staff was ok, he turned back to Prince. He hadn't heard her once again, but it would have been rude to ask her once more so he smiled and nodded. "Ah. And what a lovely name that is." he forced a smile before focusing once more on his food.

"Oh, you charmer!" She swatted a hand his way, before going back to eat again. Hopefully the accident prone staff would stop hurting themselves. She didn't like loud noises, they made her anxious.

In the booth, Digit and Fidget were watching them with eagle eyes.

Fidget's eyes dashed from left to right. "Nothing yet, though that tripping up and smashing stuff was suspicious."

Digit let out a sigh. "What's he saying now?"

"Hold on, I'll check. Why are you so focused on what Gadget is saying anyway Digit?"

"Er... No reason. Just, uh... Just tell me."

Fidget rolled his eyes. "Why aren't you just using your listening device too?"

"Excuse me, but I am keeping watch!"

As the meal wore on, Gadget found himself smiling more and more. He enjoyed talking to Prince. She was a very nice lady.

"Your bill, sir." The server set the little book in front of him. Gadget smiled and thanked her before opening it up. If they could, his eyes would have bugged out of his head. Well then. Thank goodness he brought enough cash with him. He coughed in his hand a bit before he reached for his wallet. "Well, this was certainly a delicious meal. I hope yours was as good as mine." he smiled at her as he threw the money and tip into the booklet and stood, taking his jacket from the Server before holding out his arm. "Shall we? I think I saw an ice-cream store on our way here if you are interested?"

Prince nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, thank you very much, it was amazing! That duck was so good I could eat it again." She slowly stood, took her coat from the host and put it over her shoulders instead of putting it on properly. It was hot in the restaurant and so she figured she'd not put it on...
fully until the chill of the outside air hit her properly. "An icecream stand? Don't tell me you're still hungry." She moved closer and poked him in the belly with a smirk.

"Well, I mean... If you are too full, we don't have to. I just-" he retracted his offered arm as he began to heat up in the face. "I thought what better than dessert after such a fine meal?" He turned to walk away, but ran right into a server with a giant platter full of food. It went to the floor with a loud crash.

"Oh! I am so sorry! Here!" he said as he offered a hand to help the server up.

Prince shook her hands defensively and followed suit with her head. "Oh, no no no. I... I'd love some ice-" But she was suddenly interrupted as Gadget collided with one of the staff members sending him tumbling to the tiled floor. Slices of beef, sauteed mushrooms and rich gravy had flown into the air and had landed on nearby diners who had not long since been seated and some ended up narrowly missing Digit and Fidget who were still watching carefully.

"Are you OK Gadget? You didn't hurt yourself, did you?" Prince moved over and looked him over as he tried to help up the waiter.

"Oh! No no i am fine! I just hope hes ok." he said as he helped the waiter up.

"No no monsieur, I'm fine. Reelee." he said in a thick french accent. However, the table that caught the brunt of the food were giving them dirty looks. "Ahah ok! Let's uh... Let's get out of here." he said sheepishly as he grabbed prince by the hand and pulled her along.

Prince cringed a little over the mess of the waiter and surrounding areas, before being dragged away by the hand. She followed as fast as she could. He could sure move fast when he wanted to, that was for sure!

"Wow, uh... Hah. That was eventful! Anyway, where is this ice-cream place you were talking about?" She looked back to make sure no one was following them through anger, before turned her head back to face forwards, her hand still in his.

Digit watched as Gadget grabbed her hand and felt a wave of... What was that? He wasn't sure, but he knew he didn't like it. "Come on Fidget, lets follow them. We can't be too careful."
As they got out into the evening's air, Gadget realized he was still holding Prince's hand. "Oh! Sorry. Ah huh... It isn't far. Couple blocks." He looked back behind them to make sure no one had followed them. "So what kind do you like?" He was nervous. Small talk seemed like a good idea so there was no awkwardness.

Prince's hand tingled as he pulled it away and she had to draw it into her jacket for warmth. "Ice cream?" Her mind wasn't on ice cream and she was asking in a more rhetorical fashion to shake her own thoughts back into action again. "Oh, I like coffee flavour. What about you?" She walked to keep up. He being taller than her he walked much faster.

"Me? I am more of a chocolate fan. Its simple," he smiled as he walked besides her. He looked down at her and his heart sped up a bit as he cleared his throat. "Uh... Heh. If you want..." he held out his arm for her to take. He wasn't sure what prompted the sudden chivalry, but he was somewhat nervous she would reject him, which took him by surprise.

"Chocolate is good. I just have a thing for coffee though. I can't resist it." As he held out his arm, she looked from it to his face and back again. Something prickled in the back of her mind again, as if it was trying to connect his gentlemanly action to something from her past, but it just couldn't quite get there. She smiled nervously up at him and hooked her arm through his carefully. "Thank you. How sweet of you. I never expected such gentlemanly behavior when I was told I'd be working with another officer."

"Well, I mean... It's only courteous right? I- you don't have to... I mean..." he was rambling again. Something about this beautiful inspector made his brain work over time.

She pulled herself closer and squished his arm in hers reassuringly. "It's fine. It's nice to see manners! It's a rare thing and definitely not something you see often amongst officers. They are always so focused on the job to bother about it all."

As they walked, the wind picked up into a light, but icy breeze. It sent a few fallen leaves dancing around along the pavements. "I hate how early it gets dark at this time of year..." Prince let out a sigh and looked up at the dimly lit sky, as it glowed a dim blue from the sun going down over the horizon. The clouds were heavy, but it had not forecast rain.

He smiled as she pulled herself in closer. A warm feeling made its way up his chest and into his cheeks as he smiled like a fool. Wait what was she saying? Something about the dark?

"Oh. Yes. It does doesn't it? We still get an extra hour or two in the states right now," he said as they walked. "Though I must say, the scenery is a bit more... Scenish over here." He smiled as he saw the ice-cream shop coming into view.

Prince also spotted it and was hoping they'd have coffee flavour when they arrived. Some places, for some odd reason, didn't serve coffee flavour and to her that was a travesty. "You like it so far? I hear it's not your first time in the UK. Didn't you have a case back in London and at Stonehenge a while back. Oh, also one in Ireland if I'm not mistaken." They reached the front of the shop and Prince released her grip on his arm.

"Heh yeah! I did. But how did you...?" He walked up and pulled the door open to let her walk in first. She never ceased to amaze him. Has she really studied him? But why? How would she...?

She wandered into the store and smiled back at him with a nod of thanks. "The grapevine, as it were.
You caused some stir back then from what I hear." The ice cream parlour was light and had a very retro vibe to it. The floor had white, light pink and mint coloured checkered tiles on it, the walls matched and the seating were comfy looking booths that had a scallop effect, upholstered with a dark mint faux leather. At the counter itself were chrome bar stools in alternating dark mint and light pink faux leather and the menu was made from an old letter.

"Really? I..uh... Hadn't realized I had stirred such a... Ruckous?" he stated as he followed her in. "Well this is nice." He smiled as he looked around. He hadn't realized where he was going and he bumped into the back of Prince. "Oh! Excuse me!"

Prince had stopped to look at the menu without approaching the counter and was rammed into by Gadget who was obviously absentmindedly examining the location. She lurched forwards, but managed to catch herself at the last minute. "Whoops!" She knew he'd probably feel bad about it, so to inject a little humour she made a quip. "We really must stop bumping into each other like this."

Gadget smiled as he scratched the back of his head. "Yeah... Uh... Right." He nervously stepped up to the counter. "I will take a double chocolate in a waffle cone please. Prince, I see they have your coffee ice-cream." He pointed to the part of the menu that had her desired flavour displayed. That would make her happy which in turn would make him happy. He liked her smile. He actually was greatly enjoying her company. In fact, the thought of going home and leaving her when this mission was over raised a feeling in him that he couldn't quite pinpoint. Was that... Sorrow?

Upon hearing they had coffee ice-cream, she virtually ran to the counter, just stopping herself as she almost flipped over the top. "What, yessss!" She beamed up at the sign as her eyes focussed on the big, black lettering. "Sweet!" The assistant stared at her bemused. "Oh, right. Yes. One of those in a waffle cone."

"Would you like any toppings?"

"What are you crazy? And ruin the coffee flavour? No way Jose. Just give it to me straight! I like it without any fuss." Prince grinned widely over at Gadget. "You having toppings? I think they have some weird mix of bubblegum and fudge in sauce from what I read. I bet that's crazy!"

The assistant glanced between the two. "Yes. We call it Troublemum."

A loud snort left Prince's lips. "You hear that?" She jumped to Gadget, a little over-excited about getting her coffee ice-cream and grabbed his arm. "TROUBLEGUM! Oooohh, it's trouble."

Meanwhile, Digit and Fidget and managed to catch up and were watching from outside through the large window at the front. Digit was gritting his teeth over the fact that Prince had grabbed Gadget's arm. But he had no time to dwell on it as his communication screen shot out with Penny on the other end.

"Digit, Fidget. What's the situation?"

"Nothing much." Fidget leaned over to Digit so he could see Penny better. "We're watching them as they go eat ice-cream... It's not fair, I want ice-cream."

"Shut up." Digit shoved Fidget aside and turned his attention back to Penny. "They're in an ice-cream parlour. Nothing suspicious yet, unless you count the physical contact."

Penny raised a brow. "What?"

"Nothing..."
Back inside, Gadget nearly jumped as she ran forwards in such an excited manner. "Troublegum? Oh no. Thank you. Just chocolate in a waffle cone. Thank you." he said as he smiled at Prince in appreciation for her enthusiasm. She was such a breath of fresh air. "Excited are we?" he grinned as he watched her nearly bounce off the walls already.

"Yesss!" She clung to him tighter. "You will not believe how long I've been aching for something coffee-based. I haven't had anything since breakfast. I usually have at least 5 during the day."

The assistant got to work scooping out the ice-cream into the cones and handed them over one by one.

"Oh!" She thrust her ice-cream into Gadget's other hand for him to hold. "And a biiig chocolate milkshake too!" Prince knew he was probably going to insist on paying, but she had no intention of allowing him to, not after the hefty bill at the restaurant. She had given him her ice-cream so that she could remove her card from her pocket and instantly leaned over to pay before he could get the chance.

"What are- Prince I have this." he said as he struggled to Remove his wallet. Finally he called on his trusty gadget hand to removed her card from her hand. "I have this. You said you would be getting drinks. So you get drinks. I offered." he said as he pulled out his wallet with his gadget hand and paid the bill.

Prince alsmot fell forwards again as he yanked her card from her. "Yes, but... That bill at the restaurant was so big and... Well, i just ordered something extra, it wouldn't be right!"

The assistant watched them over his shoulder as he made the milkshake and placed it on the counter as Gadget paid. "Enjoy."

"I dont mind. Honest. If I didnt I wouldnt have suggested," he said matter of factly as he handed her the cone and milkshake.

His hand was much larger than hers and she struggled a little to grip the big glass, but she managed and waddled over to a booth near the window. Once seated, she plopped the glass down and waited for him to find his seat too. "Thank you. Though I owe you big time for all this, I don't think drinks are going to cut it."

Digit and Fidget entered unseen and dashed to the side to avoid getting spotted as they sat in the booth right up against where they had been looking in. "They're sitting down now, Penny."

"Good. Just keep watch, this shouldn't take too long."

"I hope those two annoying girl bots aren't giving you too much trouble." Digit frowned at the thought of Scooter. Data was fine, but Scooter rattled his bolts something fierce.

"They went to their room an hour or so ago. You really should try and get along, you'll be working together after all."

Gadget beamed. "Think nothing of it!" He sat down across from her and began licking at his ice-cream. It was definitely hitting the spot. "So what would you like to do after this? The night is young after all." In truth he didnt want it to end so quickly. He wanted to spend more time with her. He wanted to get to know her. Who knew if he would get the chande to work with her again.

She leaned forwards and sucked on the straw in thought, before poking the spare straw his way. She didn't get it to have all to herself, after all. After a few more slurps, she shrugged. "I think there's a bar a little way back. I think I saw one on the way here. What do you think? I'm not really a bar..."
person, but hey, there's a first time for everything." She licked up the length of the cone, as her ice-cream had already started to melt.

Gadget about malfunctioned at the sight of her licking up the side of the cone. "I- uh.. Thanks." he said as he leaned down to suck through the straw. It was actually pretty good. "Yeah... I am not much of a bar type either but i think it would be... It would be fun," he said as he licked his cone. She was just... Incredible. And he had a feeling she didn't even know it.

Prince leaned forwards and sucked on her straw again. "You said it, sometimes it's good to step out of your comfort zone. This will be interesting. And... You never know..." She leaned in closer. "We might even hear some juicy gossip about MAD activity."

"Yes! Yes. That, uh, makes sense doesn't it?" He felt his heart clench at her proximity. He also felt... Disappointed? But why? It wasn't like he actually thought this was a date, did he? And he was almost certain she didn't.

As he finished his cone, he leaned down to take a drink of the milkshake they shared. Wowzers it really was good.

"How is your ice cream?" he asked with a smile before he took another sip.

Her tongue swirled as she absent-mindedly licked her ice-cream, before looking to Gadget. "It's great, thanks. I'm impressed. Normally the coffee ones don't have a lot of flavour, but this one is really strong. I'd offer you some to try, but you might get my cooties..." She laughed and leaned down to the straw. Taking a big swig, she went back to her ice-cream. It wouldn't be long until they had finished and would be moving on to the bar she had spotted.

In the booth a few rows away, Digit was so occupied with watching the pair that he'd almost forgotten that Penny was talking to them.

"Well, I may be trying to access the chip for a while longer yet, so keep following them. I'll be in touch again soon."

Fidget saluted, but Digit was frowning at the pair through a gap in the seats.

As they finished their ice-creams, Gadget got up to help her out of her seat before they were off for the bar. "Prince, I am going to be honest with you. I have not actually been to a bar before," he said almost sheepishly as he rubbed the back of his neck. "This'll be my first time."

"Never? I mean, surely you've been to one in your work, but... Not for pleasure?" This surprised her, but at the same time she sympathised with him. Bars were not her idea of fun. She had vague memories of being in bars and she didn't like the noise. Hopefully this one would be different. She smiled up at him before grabbing hold of his arm to walk again. She figured since he'd offered it before that he wouldn't mind. "Well, just say the word. If it's too much we can just head back to the hotel. No need to over do it anyway if we are going to be back on duty tomorrow." As they rounded the corner Prince pointed to the bar.

He was taken by surprise as she had taken him by the arm. "I mean yeah, you're right. Ive been to bars but not for pleasure." he nearly choked on the word pleasure. "Oh we-we're here. Huh. I didnt see this on our way to the diner. Looks... Cozy?" he stated as she pulled him along.

Prince was pleased he used the word 'cosy' instead of something more negative. Hopefully inside was also 'cosy'. She pushed the door open and offered for him to enter before hopping in after him herself. The bar was set out in an L shape and was indeed cosy. The carpet was a deep red and the entire place was decked out in old, very dark wood that was almost black. There was a coal fire to
one side of the bar and plenty of seating. There were a few people in there which Prince assumed would increase as the night wore on, but it wasn't overwhelming by any means. At least, not for her. She hoped her companion would be OK too.

Digit and Fidget tried to follow, but had to go round the back through a dark passage way to get a good view through an old dingy window.

In the back of the pub, a man was sat with a group of other guys in the corner and his eyes instantly caught sight of the vivid purple of Prince's hair. His head shot up and his eyes must have looked like saucers. Slick, the man at his side nudged him as he wasn't participating in conversation like he had been. "What is the matter wit'chu?"

"It's... It's nothing. I gotta get some air." The man stood up and made his way towards the front door, walked by Gadget and Prince and he had his suspicions confirmed. He raced outside and tried to control his erratic breathing, as being so close to the woman had almost made him pass out.

Slick looked to the other men and rolled his eyes. "You'd never think he was my son, would you?"

Lenny, the tall slightly overweight one with the more bulbous nose shook his head, but then noticed a flick of purple out the corner of his eyes. He nudged Slick with his elbow and pointed discreetly at Prince.

Gadget let out a sigh. It wasn't nearly as bad as he thought. Minimal people. Cozy atmosphere... Not at all like the run down joints he'd had the displeasure to go into for cases back in the states. He could already feel himself relaxing. He walked over to the bar and pulled out a stool for Prince to sit in before he sat down besides her.

The bartender came up and smiled. "And what can I get for you two this evening?" He put down the glass he was drying and smiled to the pair.

Gadget looked to prince. "Ill take whatever you have. I, uh, dont really drink so I'm not sure..."

Prince couldn't help but feel excited. To be able to introduce him to something he'd never experienced before was thrilling to her. Her face must have been a picture as she slammed down her card on the bar triumphantly. "What strong, dark ales have you got on today?"

The bartender tapped the taps in front of him one by one and listed them off. "Your dark ones are as follows... Greenwoods Hair, Sneklifter, Riggwelter and Titanic, but that's a stout."

"Perfeeeect!" Prince rubbed her hands together and chirped happily. "Two pints of Titanic, please matey blokey!"

The bartender looked at her with a brow raised as he pulled the two pints. After placing them on the bar towels he took her card. "You opening a tab, or paying one by one?"

"Eh, might as well do one by one. I don't know how long we'll be."

"You got it."
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

MATURE CONTENT WARNING

Outside, Dick was still trying to slow his breathing. In all the bars in all the world, she had to walk into that one. Why? This was dangerous. What if the rest saw them? No, they would have no doubt have been spotted by now. Her hair was the giveaway, it shone neon in the dark room. He took a deep breath and went back in, deliberately covering his field of vision as he walked past Gadget and Prince.

A... What? Gadget was incredibly lost as the bartender rattled off drinks. As she ordered a Titanic he raised a brow. Wasnt that a ship? And what was a stout? Was this beer? It had to be. It came from the tap. Unless hard liquor came from a tap over here? He had never been so confused, but he actually trusted Prince, so he would humor her. "A Titanic, huh? Say... Uh.... Is it supposed to be so... Dark?" he asked as he picked up his glass and examined it before taking a sniff. It didnt smell bad. Almost a roasted hint to it.

Prince thanked the bartender, took hold of her glass and raised it to him. "Yes, it's supposed to be this dark. It's decent, though it's not for everyone. I like coffee, so bitter things to me are heaven." She clinked her glass against his and took a good drink of her stout. "Ehhh." She exhaled and patted the bar with a hand. "That hits the spot after ice-cream, that's for sure!"

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As Dick sat down, the other agents all eyed him with suspicion. "What?"

"Oh come off it." Slick folded his arms. "You know very well why we are looking at you. We know who that is at the bar."

"So?" Dick raised is large nose in the air and closed his eyes snobbishly. "What are you gonna do about it?"

"We're gonna call Dr Claw and Miss Molly, that's what!" Lenny reached for his phone, but Dick dived across the table at him and the phone flipped from his hand onto the floor leaving the pair grappling at each other.

"Oi oi! Take it outside if you're gonna do that!" The bartender gave them all the evil eye before going back to draining one of his taps that he was about to turn off and replace the keg for.

Gadget clinked his glass against Prince's before taking a hesitant sip. He wrinkled his nose at the almost bitter hit of flavor, but the after taste was surprisingly delightful. "Wowzers. This isnt bad at all!" he said az he took another health gulp before setting his glass down. As he heard the commotion ob the other side of the bar he looked, but could barely see the patrons as a rather hefty woman was sitting in his line of vision. Wait. Scratch that. That was definitely a man. Wowzers.

Prince tuttered over the commotion. "I wouldn't worry about that, it's not unusual to hear something happen. The bartender usually chucks them out if they get too rowdy." She took another gulp. "How
are you finding it?" She was certainly glad she'd eaten a substantial meal, Titanic was a stronger stout as it was, but this tasted as if it had been sat in the cask for months. It definitely had a bite.

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Dick flailed and eventually sat back in his seat in defeat as Lenny went to grab his phone off the floor. "Go ahead, call them. I bet they'll tell us to..." he put on a mocking tone "...'eliminate them'! And it'll just end up with us all injured or worse. I came here to drink and enjoy myself on a rare moment of time off. Don't spoil it!"

He had a point.

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As Gadget heard the ruckous die down, he relaxed a bit more. "Actually it isn't so bad after you get past the initial metallic bitterness. It has a very unique after taste." He smiled before taking another healthy pull, as his brain already began to grow a bit cloudy around the edges.

"Good, I'm glad you like it. Just be sure to take it slow. If you aren't used to drinking then it could go to your head fast." She relaxed and braced herself on the bar with her elbows. "So..." She peered at him under the brim of his hat. "Tell me about your gadgets? I am curious about them. What kind of stuff do you have in that there body of yours?"

He set his glass down from another healthy pull as he listened to her. Something about taking it slow? Oh. His gadgets! "Well there isn't a lot I don't have. I actually have a mobile phone in my right hand. Keys, pen, helicopter..." he went on listing each gadget hidden within him as he looked at her. He was happy to tell her about himself. As he was happy to listen to her talk about herself. She was a very interesting lady and he very much enjoyed how he felt around her. They barely knew one another for 24 hours and yet he felt as though he had known her a lot longer. The way she acted around him... So... Unique. She was something else and as his head began to cloud a bit more he nearly lost track of his gadgets he listed. "So that is basically all of it. I think I forgot one or two but I'm sure I will remember them before the night is out. Wowzers this is good." He took another pull, as her voice telling him to take it slow sounded deep within his mind. However a louder voice was yelling at him to drink the beautiful liquid faster as each sip tasted better than the last.

"So, you're quite the package, huh?" She raised her glass to her lips once more. "You really are as amazing as they said you are." Prince offered a wink before having another good swig of her ale. He was fascinating. She'd never met anyone like him before. In the back of her mind there was a prickling sensation, but she tried to drown it out by downing the rest of her glass in one go and ordering another. "You good, or are you up for another?"

As he drained his glass completely, he hiccuped rather loudly. "I... Yes! Yes another. If you don't mind?" he asked as the cloud began to take hold. It was so delicious! He couldn't help himself!

She patted him on the back and gestured for two to the bartender. "Wow, I'm glad we did this! I got to introduce you to something new and it's been fun!"

Dick had been spying around the corner and saw her pat his back and then snake her arm around his shoulder. His brows knitted together as a pang of jealousy washed over him. That was not right...

Digit was having very much the same issue as he looked inwards through the mucky old window and almost slipped and fell off the dumpster he was stood on.

Gadget tried to swallow the lump in his throat as she threw her arm around his shoulder. "Y-yeah.
You know what? I am glad we did this too. I was honestly afraid you would reject the idea of dinner with me after all the stuff I had done this morning." His face turned instantly red as he recalled the details of his face between the twin peaks. "I... Uh... Yeah. I am glad you accepted." His speech was slightly slurred, but not to the point of being unintelligible. As the barkeep brought their drinks he clapped his hands like a giddy school boy in a chocolate shop before he took a good swig of his beverage.

Prince let out a loud and hearty laugh as she watched him down his drink. "Think nothing more on this morning! It's all water under the bridge. I know you didn't mean any of it." She joined him in downing the ale, her own brain now comfortably fuzzy. "It's best to forget... Especially if we're working together for a while. And you know what? I like you! You're the best partner I've had so far!"

He smiled stupidly as his face took on a pink tinge from the alcohol. "And you know what?" he said before taking a few more swigs. "You.... Are amazing yourself. And not bad on the eyes." The fuzz completely took over. He downed his stout in no time and pushed his glass forwards. "Nmmm I think I have had... 'Hic'..... Enough..." He said as the slurring became a bit more prominant.

Prince hardly even registered the dirty looks as he took Prince's hand and stood, nearly toppling over again. "Yes. I say we go back to the hotel now." he said as he picked up his glass and slammed the dregs before returning it to its coaster. He attempted to get up, but ended up tripping on the bar stool and fell backwards, causing the row of chairs behind him to fall like a line of dominoes. "Heh. Whoops."

That was strangely funny and she found herself laughing so much she couldn't even stand up straight due to her stomach muscles tensing. She offered a shaky hand to him, still chuckling over the perfect way the chairs had fallen. "You stupid arse!"

The landlord, however, wasn't impressed and gave them a glare.
to tell the street to stop it."

"It is a lot more uneven than the last time we were through here. Obviously the earth shifted!"
Gadget stated as he held on to Prince.

It was a hell of a trek, but they had made it back to the hotel and Gadget had finally gotten her safely back to her room. "Welp... Prince... I'ave had a 'hic' wonderful evening. I... Thank you." he said with a silly smile as he turned to look at her, reaching up to caress her face and nearly missing.

She reached out, the night air having enhanced the drunken effects and patted his face back in return the same way as he was doing with hers. "You too! This was... Like... SO fun. We need to do it again. Because, we... I mean... We won't get long to like... Work together and stuff. You know?"
She swayed a little and used her free hand to brace herself on the wall that joined onto her bathroom.

Inside the room by the window, Data and Scooter were on recharge mode and that meant they were dead to the world and Prince glanced over quickly to make sure they hadn't woken up.

"Yes! Oh yes. Please. I mean... If you want. I quite enjoyed tonight. I... Yes. May I do anything for you before I turn in for the night?" he asked in his gentlemanly fashion. He probably wouldn't have been able to do much in his current state of mind, but he would try none the less.

Prince wobbled a bit again and used her other hand to grab his jacket. "I think... I think it's... That's all. I mean... Unless you can tell the room, the floor and my bed to hold still." It was unusual for her to feel so woozy after just two pints, so her theory about the cask sitting for a while must have been correct. What was originally just over 6% was probably closer to a 9%.

"I... I mean I can try!" he said happily as he walked, no, staggered into her room. "Listen here room! Prince isn't in a mood for your incooperative nature! Behave!" he said as he shook his fist at the room and it's general contents.

Prince wobbled inside a bit as she watched him order the room to stop its shenanigans. "My hero!"
She clapped playfully and laughed as he waved his fist around. The fact that he was trying was brilliant and she was glad he had a sense of humour. She'd hate to have been saddled with a partner who was as funny as a brick to the face.

"All 'n a day's work m'lady" he said as he struck a heroic pose as he attempted to bring her in for a hug. What was the worst she could do? Push him away? He felt... Bold. He supposed they weren't kidding when they called alcohol liquid courage.

She didn't put up a fight, in fact she was still chuckling and hugged him back in return. It was a pity his threats hadn't stopped the room from moving around so much, but she could live with that. She snaked her arms around his chest and held onto him tightly. "Are you a knight in shining armour doing battle against the evils of spinning rooms and shifting floors?"

"For you, anything." he said as he held her tighter. Though the room began to move a bit for him as well. He felt dizzy. He felt as though he would fall at any moment, but with Prince holding him up, he figured he would be safe so he held on a little tighter as his gadget hand emerged to hold the wall and keep it in place. There. Much better.

Neither party seemed to be letting go. Why? Maybe it was comforting, who knew. Prince smiled up at him as she watched an extra hand shoot out to steady them both. "T-Tomorrow, you better drink lots of water and, uh... Eat a good breakfast." He was going to feel it, that was for sure.

"Yes ma'am." he said as he tried to salute her. "You... Uh... You sleep well, Prince." He smiled as he
looked down at her. He didn't want to let go. He didn't want to leave. He kept his eyes on her as best
as he could and she seemed to be coming closer... Or was it he who was moving? He wasn't sure.
But she kept moving as his eyes began to drift closed a bit and before he realized what he was doing,
he pressed his lips against hers.

It was almost as if it happened suddenly, like time sped up. His lips were on hers, but to her she
hadn't even registered it so did nothing about it. She just stood there for a few seconds, her eyes
staring up at him absent-mindedly. Then, suddenly, her mind made the connection and her eyes
widened in surprise. She couldn't think, her brain wasn't allowing it. Suddenly, she felt a prickle on
her skin and she acted without even thinking about it and pushed back against him.

Just as he was about to pull away, nearly sobering at the thought of her rejection, she kissed him
back. He held her tighter as he pressed a bit harder into the kiss, pressing his body a bit closer against
hers in the process.

It was as though fireworks had gone off in his head as she kissed him back. For her to return such an
intimate gesture... It was nearly too much for him as confetti sprang from his hat in triumph.

Had she been sober, she probably would have put a stop to it. They were co-workers. They adhd only
met the day before. It was crazy. Mad, even... No pun intended. Her hands moved further up and
braced the back of his head as confetti rained down, her fingers finally tangling in his black hair. It
was soft, silky, almost fluffy at the ends. Not at all how she imagined.

Gadget nearly moaned into the kiss as he trailed a hand up to push her coat off her shoulders and
moved to press her against the wall so he could hold them both up. He hadn't the slightest clue what
he was doing. He was clearly relying purely on instinct as his tongue jutted out to lick her bottom lip
as though asking permission.

His boldness would have been surprising had Prince not been busy mirroring his actions. As soon as
she felt his tongue, she loosened her lips and allowed him to do what he wanted. Her fingers snaked
through his hair and almost dug into his scalp as she clung onto him for fear of collapsing in a
horrible heap on the carpet. It was a good thing Data and SCooter were offline, or they'd have had a
horrible wake up.

Unbeknownst to them, Digit and Fidget had made it to the hotel and were trying to listen in through
the door. Penny had fallen asleep in front of her laptop, so it was up to them to make sure they were
still both safe.

Back inside the room, Gadget nearly groaned as her tongue entered his mouth. Their tongues danced
in a fight for dominance as he began reaching down, resting a hand on her stomach, slowly moving
north as he memorized the feel of her curves through her little black dress. He had no idea where the
sudden boldness had come from. Normally he was so shy... The alcohol was clearly well-rooted in
his systems.

Prince groaned against his lips as she felt his hands explore her. This man, who was so gentlemanly
and seemingly awkward was acting incredibly bold and forward. The alcohol was clearly the reason
behind it, had he been sober Prince would have no doubts he would never even dream of doing any
of what he was currently doing and that was based solely on the short while she'd known him. She
pulled her lips away by moving her head to the side and took a breath.

He took this opportunity to kiss at the nape of her neck, lightly grazing his teeth against the soft,
pale skin. "I'm not pushin you inta anything you don' wanna do am i?" He slurred as he began to suck
on her ear lobe.
He spoke! She was suddenly shaken from her daze and she turned her head to try and look at him, but he was just out of view nibbling away at her ear. "Wh-What? N... Nooooo." She slurred a little herself, but her speech was still relatively clear. "You pushing? Pffff." Her grip tightened around him as she closed her eyes. What was she doing? What were THEY doing? "I... I mean... You?"

"I think I am actually enjoying myself." He grinned as he leaned back to look at her. She was absolutely beautiful. "You taste better than the ice-cream we had earlier." He leaned back in for another kiss wanting to taste her again.

Her face heated into the most vivid colour. What a huge compliment from such an innocent man. Just as he leaned back in, she let out a small chuckle and dived right on in, pushing backwards harder than he was moving forwards. She caught her teeth a little on his lips and she hoped he didn't mind too much, but hearing such a compliment had stirred something inside her and she just had to show her gratitude somehow.

As soon as he felt her teeth on his lip he felt his chest tighten as well as his dress trousers. Wowzers were those getting tight... He used one hand to try to adjust his hardening member as he used the other to grasp ahold of one of the twin peaks he had accidently molested that morning. My were they soft and perk. He barely registered what he was doing. It definitely was all purely instinct at that point. His mind was so fuzzy and clouded over it was amazing he could function at all.

She pulled away again, but kept her face close so that his large nose was pressed against hers. His breath tickled her skin from how near he was and she tried not to shiver. "Are you OK?" Some confetti fell from the brim of his hat where it had previously landed and fluttered downwards under the fabric of her dress that was slightly gaping open from her position.

It took a moment for Gadget to register that she had even spoken. He quickly gave her a half smile as he continued to try to adjust himself. "Just... My pants are a bit tight right now." He slurred as he tried doing a half squat to see if that would help reposition himself.

She attempted to stifle a small giggle as he shuffled around awkwardly. His dress trousers looked a little tight to begin with, let alone when... Wait, was he...? Did he...? "O-Oh! Oh my!" She peered downwards and noticed that the front of his trenchcoat was sticking out a little way, moreso than usual.

"What?" he asked in alarm as he looked up. Was there something wrong? Did he hurt her? "Is everuthing OK?" he asked as he looked her over to make sure nothing was amiss.

Her lips curled upwards into a seductive smile and her tongue flicked outwards to brush over them. "Everything is -hic- peachy. What say we, uh... Sort out your, uh... Trouser problem? Hm?" She shouldn't have suggested it. She shouldn't even have him in her room like this. But she did. She did and she somehow didn't care. The alcohol was making everything so enjoyable.

His eyes widened as he looked at her in alarm. "I... What? Are you... I mean... Do you... Uh..." he wasn't sure what he was saying at this point he just knew he wasn't sure if he had heard her right. Take care of his trousers? "H-how did you wanna do that?" he asked as he gave her a questioning look.

That was simply adorable to her and she laughed, hiccuped, then laughed again. "Well, I was thinking that we lay you down over there on the bed and I give them a good telling off like you did for me to my room." She winked at him, wondering just how he would take it. He was too much. A gentleman, respectful (When not malfunctioning) and absolutely adorable to boot.

"Do you think that will work? I am willing to try anything at this point." he hadn't quite caught on in
his fuzzy state. He released her long enough to walk over and took off his coat, somehow managing to avoid tugging on the button that inflated it, before he lay back on her bed as he looked at her. "Like this?" He then realized his pants were pointed up a bit.

Prince averted her eyes for a moment. She couldn't help it, it was just out of politeness. Though she knew she would make him feel weird if she did it too long and forced herself to look over to him once again, staggered over and flopped down next to him on the double bed. "Y-Yes. I, uh... I'll give it a shot." She would humour him. Whatever made him feel more comfortable. As she hitched herself up on an elbow, she pointed at his trousers, careful to avoid a certain area. "L-Listen here, you! Th-This good man has had enough of your -HIC- shenanigans and wants you to s-stop being tight!"

As she laid down besides him he watched her every move. "I-uh... I dont think it worked. Is there a plan b?" He asked innocently as he smiled sheepishly at her. "I uh... I am sorry for...uh..." His face went red as he realized, finally, just why his pants were so tight.

"Wh... What?" She shot upwards and stared down at him, her upper body swaying a little from her inebriation. "Why s-sorry? I don't... Why be sorry about it?" To lighten the mood a little and to try and ease his obvious embarrassment, she leaned down and rested her head against the crook of his neck, wrapped her arm over his chest and closed her eyes. "Nothing to apologise for, you silly sausage!"

He blushed as he smiled and nuzzled his face on the top of her head. Something about this woman just put him at ease. "Sorry... It's just... Rude.." he slurred a bit as he reached down to try and adjust himself again. This new position he was in wasnt helping at all.

She shook her head, her face sliding against his white shirt. "Don't be s-silly! It's, uh... Normal and natural and..." She raised her head, her face close to his and stared into his eyes. She could see the pink on his cheeks and knew she had to put him at ease. Not exactly an easy task when one was drunk. She pushed one hand downwards and rested it on top of his as he adjusted himself.

"He-helping?" he was about to question it further when she made contact with his most intimate of areas and he took in a sudden gasp of air as his eyes nearly rolled to the back of his head. His head fell back onto the pillow as his hips instinctively bucked up against her hand.

She never expected him to feel so large against her hand, but he was. She'd pegged him as someone of average size, but it was obvious that whoever had rebuilt him had considered everything. Her mind wandered, wondering if it was normal, or if it too was a... gadget. Synthetic. "Are you OK?"

She ran her fingers over the fabric lightly so as not to overwhelm him.

"I... I think- oh... Yes. Yes that is OK." The fuzz addled his mind terribly. The alcohol had long taken his right mind, his usual shy and timid nature. "I... Oh... Do that some more. Please?" He moved his hand so she could get at him a little better.

She did as he requested and lightly trailed her fingers over the fabric of his trousers. Was he actually getting bigger? She peered down for a second, then back up to his face. "Like this?" Prince leaned her face downwards and ghosted kisses on his pink tinged cheeks.
"Yes..." he said as he barely registered the kisses. "Yes that is... Oh.. That's the ticket." he said as he reached down to unbuckle and unzip his trousers. Perhaps that would help ease the pressure a bit? His erection popped out, still covered in his boxers; white, with red hearts. "That's... Thats a lot better." he said as he lifted his rear so he could remove the offending article and threw it to join their jackets on the floor.

Prince stopped as he unzipped and leaped backwards as he removed the trousers. Once off, he tossed them aside and they hit the floor with a 'ploff' sound. She stared down for a moment, before reaching back out and continuing what he had requested. She had never expected to be seeing him in such a state of undress... "Better?"

Gadget let out a loud sigh as he laid back, his arms behind his head as he closed his eyes. Her hand on him felt absolutely amazing and he wanted to savour the feeling. "Much. I dont feel so... Restricted." He let out a sigh. "I... Uh..." he opened his eyes and looked at her with uncertainty. "I havent offended you, have I?"

"Why would you have offended me?" She attempted to sit up, slipped, flopped down onto his chest, then tried again, this time managing to put both arms either side of his body and stare down at him. Of course, this meant that she had stopped giving him what he wanted, but she needed to ease his guilt. She wanted to say something encouraging, but only managed a big smacker on the lips, before lowering herself back down, her hand returning to it's original place.

He let out an 'oomph' sound as she fell on his chest, nearly knocking the wind out of him. "I... I mean I am not exactly decent, am I? Oh my..." As she took hold of him again he reached his arms around her abd pulled her in for a very sloppy, drunken, open mouth kiss. He reached for her zipper around the back, pulling it down slowly as he continued to kiss her.

As his lips pushed against hers, she let her shoulders go loose to shrug off the straps of her black dress. They slowly slid downwards revealing a black lace bra and her dress rippled and came to a stop at her waist where she was pushed up against him. Her lips and chin were now incredibly wet with his saliva, but she didn't care much. Prince pulled away and carefully gauged his reaction as he slowly slipped her hand into his boxer shorts.

As she pulled back he smiled at her with half lid eyes. "What are you- WOWZERS." He nearly leapt up off the bed as he felt her hand slip beneath the fabric. Her hand was so warm against his skin. "I- Prince... I- oh... Yeah...." He moaned out in an almost gravelly tone as his hips bucked against her hand once more. "That's... Wowzers .... Yes..."

She liked the sounds he was making. It meant that she was doing a good job and that he wasn't rejecting her. There was something incredibly alluring about how innocent he seemed and she just had to ask him. "Gadget?" Her voice was still slurred. "Have you ever... Been with a woman before?"

Gadget shuddered. "Oh i have been with loads of women... Just none of them have ever- ahhh- ever touched me like this." he stated causally. Obvioudly not completely understanding the question. His brain was so clouded over. He could barely register anything othet than her hand on his privates.

For a moment, her brain registered his statement as if he had been with women before. Lots of them. She almost tore her hand away, but then she realised at the last minute that wasn't how he had meant it. "Well, I'm, uh... Glad to be the -hic- first then." She moved her hand a little more firmly and leaned her face down again so her nose was touching his. Something was incredibly endearing about the fact that he had never been with a woman before and something within her made her feel giddy, excited even at being able to help him through his first experience with such intimate contact.
"Ya know, I am happy as well. What... What are you the first at?" He asked as he started unbuttoning his shirt. Boy was it hot in this room. Did she turn the heat up?

Prince watched as he started unbuttoning his shirt. She blinked in surprise. Did he... Did he want to take it further? Under his white shirt was a white vest and she sat up, slipped her free hand under the hem and onto his stomach and brushed her fingertips over his skin. His body was surprisingly firm and it seemed to be quite toned. His trenchcoat gave him a slight puffy, almost squishy appearance, but underneath he certainly wasn't. She was also very surprised that she hadn't felt anything metallic up to that point. His skin was smooth, no metal at all. "The first at... This?" She stroked his member a little faster. "You know... Uh... You said n-no one has touch you liiiike this before and like... -hic-

"Oh! Right you are this... I mean.. If you want to. We dont have to." He was starting to get his wits about him a little more. He was still a bit foggy, but his rationale was starting to come back to him a little as the realization of their position came crashing down on him. "I mean we can if you want. I would like to. But it is definitely..." he stopped talking as he felt her hands on his bare torso.

"You're... So beautiful." He just laid there and looked up at her, drinking her in. He then reached up to wrap his arms around her as he pulled her down into a very messy, passion-filled kiss. What was wrong with him? Was he malfunctioning? He shouldn't have been so bold... But if she hadn't liked it she would have said so. Right? Unless she felt... Obligated? Oh no.... He couldn't think like that. He shouldn't think at all. His head was spinning.

As she was tugged towards him, she moved so that her hands were either side of his head again to brace herself. His kiss was intoxicating and strangely addictive. His lips were super soft and he tasted of the alcohol they'd previously consumed together, which made her do something that probably wasn't such a good idea. She pulled her now wet lips away from his and gave his nose another kiss. "I -hic- have some winennnneee in my mini barrrr."

"W-wine? Ive never had..." he said absentmindedly as he just enjoyed the contact between them. "Doesn't that... Doesn't the mini bar cost though?" he asked as he finally registered what she had said.

She simply shrugged, slowly slithered off the bed and wobbled over to the mini bar. She reached for the wine, missed and grabbed the lamp, then tried again. She succeeded and managed to even grab two glasses without breaking anything. "Hotel's on the... On the uh... On the agency thingy anyway." She hopped onto the bed and thrust the glass into his hand before getting to work on prying the cork out.

"Well in that case..." He grinned as he sat up and took the glass. "Here. Let me." He held out his pinky and a corkscrew popped out. "May I?"

Her face was still rosey as she plonked the bottle into his hand with an enthusiastic nod. "Yes. Yes!" This man was so handy. She had to wonder what else he could do. She sat and waited for him to uncork the bottle, all the while giving him a look over to see if she could spot any hint of any gadgets.

After removing the cork with stumbling hands, nearly dropping the whole bottle, then nearly dumping the contents on her comforter, he finally handed off an opened bottle with the cork. "Here we go... Are you... Ok? Is there something on me?" he asked as he quickly looked down at himself.

Her smile grew wider as he spoke and she had to really concentrate on pouring the wine. "No, nothing. Just... Just um... Admiring, is all." She sloshed it roughly into the glasses, one much fuller than the other to the point of almost overflowing. "Here." She handed the less full one to Gadget,
before raising hers in the air for another toast, a little bit slopping over the top and onto her hand. "To first times and... And... Wine!"

Gadget smiled as he held his glass up and tapped it against hers with a little too much oomph, but the glasses held up. He brought the glass to his mouth and cringed at the taste. It was very bitter, but he didn't want to be rude so he nearly chugged the glass, forcing the liquid down his throat. He smiled as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, a few drips now on his white vest. He looked down and frowned. Well that wasn't very smart. "Wowzers. That wine sure does stain." He reached over to place his glass next to the bottle on the night stand and removed his tie and shirt before examining the stains. "Eh well. For a good cause right?" he grinned as he threw his shirt to meet his pants and coat on the floor.

"You better have brought spares." She gave him an awkward wink, before downing her very full glass. As soon as it had all gone, she let out a long and disgusted 'blergh' sound. "That was awful!" She reached over and attempted to place the empty glass on the bedside table, but missed and it tumbled to the carpet below, rolled and came to rest under the bed. Prince was oddly annoyed by the insultingly bad wine, kicked off the rest of her dress so that she was in nothing but her black lace bra and black knickers and gave the bottle a piece of her drunken mind.

"Oh of course I have. Never fear. I always come prepared!" He said as the sudden wine chugging had brought his already cloudy mind to an even foggier state. As she stripped the rest of her dress off, he felt his heart clench and his member swell even more. "You... You're beautiful... May I... May I touch you again?" He reached out a hand, but refrained from touching until he had permission.

Her head now well and truly kaputski, Prince grinned and nodded like a total goof and slid closer on her knees so he could reach. "You're so... So very kind. I... Oh my. Such a gent-HIC-leman." He wasted no time in grabbing her perk peaks beneath the bra. They felt absolutely heavenly as he leaned in to kiss her. One hand slowly crept further south before he slipped it beneath her knickers. He was breathing heavily as he shoved his hands between her legs and felt he already slick folds. He didn't even realize what he was doing until a finger was shoved in. He nearly gasped at the wet warmth wrapped around his gloved finger. He could feel it even through the leather fabric.

As his lips pushed against hers again in a deliciously wet kiss, she could feel his hands roaming in the most careful and gentle way. He didn't grab her too harshly, nor did he scratch or scrape and when she felt his fingers delve into her, she couldn't help the gasp that escaped her lips. The gasp broke the kiss and her eyes shot wide open. He was being very bold, but she didn't mind at all. The wine had seen to that. As his gloved finger explored her, her breath hitched in her throat. "Oh... Gods!"

He paused for a moment. "I'm not hurting you am I?" He asked in concern as he looked at her with half-lidded eyes.

Hurting her? Good gracious no. Prince shook her head frantically, wishing he would just continue. "No. No no, not at all!" She forced a smile at him and slowly reached her hands up his vest again to feel his smooth skin against her fingers once more. Was the lack of body hair as a result of his modifications? No, she shouldn't focus on unimportant things...

"Good. I am glad." he grinned as he pulled his digit out a bit before shoving it back in. "I... I dont want to stop." He pressed his lips to hers once more, pulling his finger out just long enough to move on top of her. He smiled lazily as he pulled at her knickers, moving them out of the way before shoving his finger back in. His member throbbed impatiently as he began to nibble on her neck and collar bone.
She groaned against his lips as he continued to use those large, gloved digits inside of her and when he climbed onto her, she had to admit it felt thrilling. She stared up at him as he moved her black underwear and slipped her hands up to his neck, fingering at a strange feeling lump in his skin. She could only assume that was where his extendable neck began and smiled to herself. Exploring him the way she was was definitely more fun.

As he removed his digit, he kept his eyes on her as he moved to push down his heart boxers. "Are... Are you sure you are OK with this? I mean... I haven't pushed any boundaries or broken any trusts have I?" His erection fell from its confines to lay on her leg. The warmth of her body caused him to ache in ways he wasn't even aware was possible.

She simply smiled down at him, a drunken and woozy sort of smile that was filled with lust and longing. "Noooo. Nope. Nopeity nope." She shook her head, but realised it wasn't such a good idea as she ended up feeling motion sick for a split second. Once it had passed, she reached out a hand and placed it on his cheek to reassure him. Only, she missed and ended up patting his neck instead.

He smiled as he parted her legs. He had no idea what he was doing and relied solely on instinct. He looked down as he grabbed himself and aligned it with her wet entrance. He rubbed her folds with his member first, nearly nutting on the spot as he shivered. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he looked up at her. He wanted to see her reaction as he slowly pushed himself into her.

She was just smiling and wriggling around under him. She felt naughty, very very naughty and was stifling giggles against her hand. As soon as he brushed himself against her, though, she soon stopped and grabbed hold of the blanket beneath her with a long, sultry moan. She felt as if she'd been longing for such contact, but she couldn't remember when or why.

So far so good. As he pushed the rest of his length in, he groaned. It felt even better than he imagined it would. She was so warm, so tight around him... He had to stop and close his eyes or he would explode on the spot.

Her eyes rolled back in their sockets as he pushed himself all the way inside of her. Had anyone told her this was how the night was going to end, she'd have laughed in their face. "Oh gods!" Her hands lowered and gripped onto his vest for dear life. Prince looked into Gadget's face and saw he had his eyes scrunched shut. Was he OK? "Are... You... OK?"

"I- yeah- I just... Don't move..." he said as the feeling of wanting to explode finally eased up a little. He finally looked at her as he pulled out a bit before finally shoving himself roughly back in. He was really doing it. He was actually being intimate... With a woman... With Inspector Prince. Oh what a way to end the night. "Prince... I... Ahh..." he moaned out as he thrust into her again. He leaned down and slammed his lips against hers in a sloppy open mouth kiss.

She stopped wriggling as he asked and watched him carefully. As soon as he all but slammed himself back into her, she ended up flopping back against the bed in a heap of lustful moans. "Ohhh my... You can do... Do that..." Before she could finish, he'd captured her lips again, though this time felt a whole lot more passion-filled. She couldn't resist poking her tongue out into his mouth and having a good old explore.

His tongue met hers as it snaked its way across into her own mouth as he thrust into her again. And again. It felt amazing. His body was on fire as little tingles shot though his entire body. He used one hand to push away her bra as he began to grope her. He was losing himself to the alcohol and lust. He barely was himself at that point.

Prince could only moan as he took her, her skin becoming suddenly sticky from the exertion. Though he was firm, he was also being incredibly gentle and she found that so incredibly endearing
that her innards fluttered as they kissed. Her fingertips danced over his skin and she found another
join in his flesh on his upper arms. She fiddled with it a little before slipping her hands under the
fabric of his vest to his back.

He couldn't believe how amazing this felt. He couldn't believe he had waited so long to experience
such a beautiful thing. "P-Prince I- ahhh" he moaned as he felt her hands on his bare back. It felt so
foreign and yet so wonderful and the sounds she made were absolutely delectable. He must have
been doing something right to elicit such low and sultry moans.

Oh, he was doing it right alright. Every move he made sent tingles rising through her body and
shivers down her spine. Her fingernails dug into his back as she tried to move her hips in time with
his. "Yes, keep going! Keep going!" Her speech was very slurred, but she managed to get what she
wanted across. Her toes curled behind his rear as another wave of pleasure rolled over her perspiring
form.

After hearing her egg him on, he picked up his speed a little. He grabbed one of her legs and hitched
it over his shoulder as he slammed into her with a more desperate speed. He needed her. He needed
this. Everything that happened today... He was happy it did. Even the rough patches. It didn't take
him long to lose himself. As he spilled into her fireworks went off from his hat as his eyes nearly
crossed, confetti once again raining down.

It was a lot quicker than she'd expected. Much quicker in fact, but she assumed that was because it
was his first time. It didn't matter to her though, in her inebriated state she still felt amazing. Her body
tingled with every move that he made and the delicious warmth that filled her was almost addictive.
"Ohhhh yes! Oh, amazing!" As she tried to catch her breath, she rubbed his back tenderly and
pressed a light kiss just under the brim of his hat, all the while trying to avoid getting hit by the
fireworks and confetti.

"That... Wowzers... I... Did you get to... You know... I mean..." he was suddenly self conscious.
Had he gone without her? He should have had more self control, but she was so delicious he just
couldn't help himself! He slowly pulled out, the motion causing his hips to tingle almost
uncomfortably.

As he pulled out, she squirmed as a slight trickling sensation tickled her. Oh he was just too sweet,
even when drunk. Prince simply nodded. She had gotten what she needed. While it didn't last as long
as she probably hoped, he had somehow hit all the right spots. "Mmm." She stretched her arms
upwards and let out a satisfied hum. "So good."

Gadget let out a sigh of relief. The last thing he wanted was for the pleasure to be one sided. He
relaxed as he laid ontop of her, his face buried in the twin peaks as he sighed in content. It was
amazing. She was amazing. He could have easily fallen asleep like that.

As he lay down his head, she gently placed a hand on it and ran her fingertips through his messy
black hair. It was slightly damp from perspiration and she couldn't help but smile down at the man
who was obviously seeking some form of comfort from her in that moment. The way in which he
had snuggled onto her was endearing and sweet. She didn't say anything, she just lay there and
closed her eyes, enjoying the warmth of his body against hers.

It wasn't long before Gadget had fallen asleep. Both from his release and the alcohol in his system.
He was so relaxed, so content. He couldn't help it.

Prince eventually drifted off herself once she had wriggled to get comfortable. She didn't really want
to wake up dead from the waist down.
Meanwhile, Digit and Fidget had walked into their room as soon as Prince's room had gone silent. Penny looked over to them and they seemed to be wearing puzzled expressions. "Digit, Fidget, is everything OK? Where is Uncle Gadget?"

Fidget went to sit down on one of the small upholstered chairs in the room and allowed Digit to do the explaining. "He's in the other room with Inspector Prince."

"Oh right, probably discussing their next assignment or something. How did it sound like it was going?"

"Well, fine at first, though they were both very drunk."

Penny gasped. Her Uncle? Drunk? That was a huge surprise. The last time she'd ever seen him drunk was years ago when he was competing in a race and a MAD Agent had given him beer. "What? Drunk? Are you sure?"

"Well, I think so. I almost went in after a while, it sounded like there was trouble, but then it went quiet."

Penny raised a brow. "Huh?"

"It almost sounded like he was hurting her so we both thought he'd malfunctioned again, but... It went quiet, so we came in here to report it to you."

Penny's mind whirred a little. "But you say it's fine now?"

"Yes, they've both gone quiet."

"Maybe they both fell asleep because of working so hard..."

"Meh."
Back at the bar, Dick was sat with his back hunched at the table with his fellow co-workers. His mind was doing overtime as he thought back to what he'd seen. He even started to second guess himself, wondering if it really was Prince that he had seen. Why didn't he go up to her? Wait. No, that would have been the dumbest idea ever. He kicked the table leg, causing the other agents to stop laughing and talking and stare at him. "Dude, stop moping. Get wasted with us, it's not every day we get a chance!" Squirt leaned over to Dick and slid a glass to him.

"I don't feel like it."

"Oh fuck off." Lenny folded his arms. "Just do it or leave. You're killing the mood here."

"Fine!" Dick slammed his hand on the table and grabbed the beer, chugged it and slammed the glass down again sending a ripple of cheers through the group. Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea. Maybe he could forget what he had seen.

Rhiley sat at the bar, watching the commotion between the group. The one gentleman looked to not be having such a good time. Such a shame. She leaned over the bar, the top of her bosom popping from her shirt as she whispered to the bartender to send the gentleman with the long chin a glass of Courvoisier on her.

As soon as the bartender came over with the drink, dick reacted in a grumpy way. "What, I didn't order this?"

"It's been paid for." The bartender pointed to the red-head at the bar and made his way back to the basement to finish setting up the new keg.

She watched as the bartender delivered the drink, mentioning who it was from. She smiled as she raised her own glass in a toast.

Dick looked at the glass, at the red-head and back again, only to get jeers and teasing from the rest of the group. He raised his glass as a thank you to the unknown woman and watched as Lenny and Fred moved over to the bar.

"Heyyy. What's a man gotta do to get you to buy him a drink too?" Lenny leaned closer to the woman and eyed her chest rather in a not very subtle manner. Fred simply sat at the bar and stared at her with a smile. He didn't usually talk too much, but since he was a bit tipsy he did. "I like your hair."

"What'cha gotta do? Well seeing as you all were enjoying yourselves, but your friend there wasn't, I figured I would help loosen him up a bit. You lot seemed fine." Rhiley looked to the shorter of the two and gave an unamused look. "Yes. I am sure it is my hair you like. Excuse me." She pushed past them as she sat next to the man she ordered the drink for.

"Rhiley. And you are?" she smiled as she held her hand out to shake his.

The other agents who were still sat at the table grinned at her as she sat and offered her hand for Dick to shake.

"What? Oh, uh..." He swapped his drink to the other hand and took hers giving it a little shake. "Dick. Just Dick."
Pops who was almost crying with laughter suddenly, piped up. "That's cause he is one."

The agents erupted with laughter, Fred and Lenny also joining in as they had heard the burn all the way over from the bar.

Dick just dipped his finger in Pop's beer and started flicking it at everyone. He was used to their jabs. It was nothing new. Clyde leaped out of his seat in terror as the beer rained on him. "HEY! Watch it! You nearly wet my hair!"

Rhiley giggled at the antics of the bunch at the table. They seemed like a good time. "So you guys must not be from around here huh?" she asked as she looked everyone over, then looked back to Dick. "I am originally from the states myself. Moved here for a job opporotunity." She turned to face Dick, and crossed her legs, rubbing a calf against his. Purely an 'accident'.

"We all travel a lot. We're, uh... Work buddies." Pops leaned back in his seat and folded his arms. It was unusual to have any real social interaction with anyone outside of the organisation.

"Yeah," Lenny moved over from the bar with a tray of drinks. "We do missions and s-"

A hand was instantly thrust over his mouth by Fred who was following close behind. Dick just facepalmed and shook his head and Slick, who was busy grinning with his head resting on his palm, simply snorted loudly. "We don't get out often and we move around. We don't really have anywhere we call home. Though Dick here once had a place."

"Dad. No. don't."

"Whaaat? I'm just telling the gal what she wants to hear." He swished a hand dismissively in the air and raised his brows at Rhiley knowingly. "Not sure if he still has it, but it's in this city."

"Dad. Seriously. I mean it, don't bring it up."

Slick slid his way closer and laced an arm around Rhiley's shoulders, more in a friendly way than creepy. "Ahh, don't mind him. My son here has his pants in a bunch a lot lately." He leaned in and whispered. "Girl trouble."

"DAD!" Dick shot to his feet and glared down at him, before necking his cognac and stomping his way out the door. Once outside he leaned against the wall just by the door and rubbed his face with his hands.

Rhiley smiled politely as she looked around at everyone talking and teasing. So that was Dick's dad, huh? She watched as Slick had mentioned girl issues and Dick stormed off. Rhiley furrowed her brow as she watched him walk off. She smiled warmly at the men as she excused herself walking out after downing her own drink. Once outside, she made her way towards the man leaning against the wall.

"So..." she started as she leaned against the wall besides him. "Lady friend causing you grief?"

Rhiley looked at him sympathetically. She wasn't sure why she was so interested. Normally she couldn't give two shits about the guys that came and went out of the bar. Especially on her days off. But this guy seemed... Different?

He looked down at the red-head who had suddenly appeared next to him. Funny, he didn't hear her exit the bar... He was obviously very distracted and inwardly cursed himself. "What? It's... It's nothing. Go back inside, looks like the guys were enjoying the company." He folded his arms and leaned his butt against the wall, his feet angled upwards. "I'm sure you have better things to do that listen to at stranger grouch about... Things."
She smiled as she looked at him. "I'm one of the bartenders here. Thats all I do. Serve people depressants and listen to them bitch. I'm sure yours is more interesting. Besides. No offense, but your friends... Ah... They make me a bit uncomfortable. Kind of an accomplishment really." She joked as she elbowed him lightly.

He raised a brow at her. "They do? I mean... Yeah. I can see why. That's kinda our... Nevermind." He shook his head and straightened up. "I just had to escape. My father has been ragging me over this whole deal for months now, it's starting to actually get to me. I guess it's a sensitive subject."

"Is she still... With us? I mean she is still alive. Right? You dont seem to be mourning. Run off with another guy, perhaps?" she asked as she looked through the glass door of the bar to see his group laughing about something.

He outwardly bristled at her questions. "Its... a bit more complicated than that." He looked away, the pavement seeming a more suitable point of eye contact at that moment. "Lets just say she has very strict parents. We've known each other many..." He sighed. "Look, I don't want to bother you with it, it's hardly what you're wanting to hear while working." He scuffed his boot against the cement of the pavement and stuffed his hands in his pockets.

Rhiley smiled warmly at him. "Honey I'm off the clock. It costs nothing to be a good listener. Trust me. I love a good romance story and it sounds like this one is a doozy." she said as she kicked off the wall and faced him.

He almost flinched at her saying 'love story'. Inside his guts churned at the thought of having to recall it all. "I, well... Uh." He inhaled and held it for a moment before exhaling and leaning back against the wall again. "Her parents are" he hesitated as he tried to find the right word, "Strict. Uptight. Protective, to a certain degree. We've known each other years. We first met when her mother brought her to see, uh... My boss. Her father. She grew up around us all. I was only young at the time and was just starting out in the, uh... Business." He had to be careful not to reveal who he was working for. That would be a disaster and something he couldn't recover from. And what if she was secretly spying? "We got close. We'd meet in secret and date. One day, I decided that enough was enough and I popped the question." He chuckled a little and awkwardly scuffed his boot against the floor again. "I even have the ring still. I proposed without one. I promised to buy one as soon as I could and we were going to elope. I knew her parents would never accept us. And, uh... Well..."

"Thats... Thats so beautiful. What happened to her? Where is she now?" she asked as she looked him over. She could tell it really stung him to talk about it, but perhaps it would help him feel better to relay the story to an outside, more neutral party?

"She's around. I'm not really sure how to explain it really." He took a deep breath again and let it out through his nose and ran a hand through his hair. "Her parents found out. I mean, they are also my bosses, so I got into some deep shit, pardon the French. She uh... Was taken away and I hadn't seen her since. I was told I'd never see her again, but tonight I... Do you remember seeing a purple haired woman at the bar earlier?"

"Yeah. I remembered her. She and her inebriated friend left together. I was worried they were gonna hit pavement. Wait... Is she...? Well she is quite the looker isn't she? At least ya got good taste." she grinned at him. "So what stopped you from going up to her and claiming her as yours again?" she asked innocently as she cocked her head to the side in questioning.

He bit down on his lower lip and shivered. The wind had started to get up and he was outside without his jacket. "She was with someone that doesn't see eye to eye with my, uh... Employer. If I did that..." He scratched the back of his head again. "She is though, isn't she? God, I can still remember the first time we... No, look I'm gonna head home. Thanks for the talk, but I think I've said
too much. I'm gonna go grab my jacket and be off."

Rhiley smiled. "All right. Well if you need someone to talk to..." she said as she pulled a pen out of her back pocket and grabbed his hand to write her number down. "Call me. Or come here. I practically live here anyway. Work the night shift tomorrow too." she shrugged as she walked back in, pushing the door to remain open so he could also enter. She went back to her original seat at the bar and ordered a double as she watched him.

He watched as she scribbled her number on his skin, the pen scraping against his hand in a strange sort of way. Once she was finished he stuffed his hands in his pockets again and made his way back inside. The guys cheered at him and jeered him as he made his way to the table, mostly about being a sulk and a spoilsport. Slick looked over to the red-head with a smirk and nodded at her.

"Oh go soak your head. I'm going home." Dick grabbed his green pilot jacket, wrenched on the sleeves and was about to start making his way to the door when Lenny leaned over to him.

"Home?"

"Home!"

Slick raised his brows at his son. "So you do still have it. That figures."

"And what is THAT supposed to mean?"

"Well, I knew you had your heart set on it all going to plan, but to keep the house?"

"It could still work, you don't know that!" He stomped for the door and slammed it behind him, causing the landlord to look up from the taps at Rhiley.

"The fuck was that about? The ghosts at it again?"

"Yeah, Jasper. Something like that." she looked at the retreating form of Dick as he walked away from the bar and sighed. The handsome ones were always taken.
Dick slowly made his way back to the small cottage he had taken when he had intended to get married. It wasn't anything special, just a 2 bedroomed cottage with lounge, kitchen, dining room, small garage and family bathroom. But it was special. He had chosen it with... Her. Once he arrived, he placed the key in the lock and made his way inside. It smelled of new carpets still and fresh paint. He had worked on it when he had spare time. It was not often, but he had at least managed to get new carpets laid and a fresh coat on the walls in each room. He closed the door behind him, took a deep breath and rested against it with his back. Maybe his father was right. Maybe he should have sold it. He suddenly felt so alone. So alone in a house that now seemed far too big for just one person.

He made his way into the lounge and reached into the old antique walnut cabinet he had discovered in a junk shop, opened it up and yanked out a decanter of Scotch. Once he had poured himself a very generous glass full, he slumped onto the green sofa. Such deafening silence... It was enough to drive a man crazy. He peered down at the number scrawled on his hand and gave a defeated sigh as he reached for the retro rotary phone on the small table next to him and twisted in the numbers one at a time... "Um... H-Hello?"

Rhiley bid goodnight to Jasper and some of her other usual patrons before heading home. She was only about a block away, living in a small studio apartment on the third floor of an old apartment complex. The outside looked rather run down and decrepit, but the inside was far more easy on the eyes.

As she walked up the stairs, she fished her keys from her purse and unlocked the door just as her phone began to ring. She furrowed her brow as she walked over to the wall mounted old phone near her kitchenette and answered. "Hello?" as the person replied she furrowed her brow at the voice. Oddly familiar and yet... "Who is this?" she asked as she placed her bag on her small table in the corner near her window.

Dick paused as soon as she answered and clasped the phone tightly in both hands. "Um... It's uh... You gave me your number earlier. I don't really know why I'm calling, I guess this place is a bit too quiet and I'm drinking Scotch and it's..." He let out a long sigh over the receiver. "I don't like drinking alone I guess."

Rhiley blinked as she held the phone to her ear. He actually called? She honestly wasn't expecting him to call her. "You want me to come over?" she wound her finger in the phone cord, unsure if this was a good idea or not. "I mean... Or you can come here?"

There was silence over the receiver again as he thought to himself. He ringed as he gave her the address of the cottage. "I, uh... I mean, you can come if you want. I don't... It's no big deal if you show up or not. I just... I guess I just needed to hear a voice that wasn't one of my co-workers or my Dad. I guess I'll see you later... Or not. It's no biggie." He put the phone down and swirled his glass in his hands. Fuck it. Whatever happened happened. He would probably just get drunk and pass out anyway. He clicked the TV on and the news was reporting the warehouse filled with crates of weapons. He let out a sigh through his nose as he saw Littlewood being interviewed.

Rhiley smiled as she said goodbye and hung up the phone before heading out. It was a chilly night but not too bad as she walked. She ended up getting turned around once, how she had no idea. The town wasn't that big. And she eventually made it to the cottage. It was a nice little place. Quaint. She reached up and knocked, pulling her jacket a bit tighter as she waited.
Dick slowly made his way to the door and opened it cautiously, just part of his face visible from around the edge. "Oh, uh... You came." He moved back into the hallway and allowed her to come inside. He hadn't expected her to show up, if truth be told. He'd fully expected for her to have just been all talk. Not in a bad way, but it was a common thing amongst some staff of bars to be nice and kind to pacify customers, but not actually do anything about it later down the line.

Rhiley smiled as she entered, ahufting the door behind her. "I told you i would. What, a lot of people stiff ya and leave ya hangin, to they?" she asked as she looked around. She could smell paint. The carpet must have been new as well. She loved the new carpet smell. She smiled as she pulled off her light jacket and hugged it over her arms as she looked to him. He looked... Nervous?

He was deliberately avoiding eye contact. "Mmm, something like that I guess." He shuffled his way into the lounge and grabbed another glass. "All I got is Scotch. Is that OK?" He reached into his cabinet and grabbed the unopened bottle. He had already finished what he had in his decanter a long time ago.

Really? That poor guy. Didn't he have friends besides his work buddies? "Yes. Scotch sounds lovely." she smiled as she followed him to a new room. It was a lovely little house.

He gestured to the sofa with one hand as he handed her the glass in silence, before pacing around the room rather awkwardly. Now and then he'd look over to her, then look away and mumble something under his breath. He was clearly agitated.

Rhiley took a seat on the sofa after taking the glass with a thanks. She took a sip as she watched him pace the room. "What's on your mind?" She hung her jacket over the side of the couch and waited for his reply.

He fiddled with his own glass as he paced in circles, being very careful not to look at the row of photos on the mantle. "Look, I..." He stopped for a moment and looked down at the green floral rug on the floor. "I don't... Usually do anything like this. Invite strange women to my... Our... My house. I mean, not that it's anything!" He raised his hands defensively, some of his Scotch sloshing out the edge of his tumbler. "I just... Fred, Lenny and the guys are all I know besides." He looked over to the mantle, but only for a split second. "I don't entertain."

Rhiley crossed her legs as she tilted her head to the side. "Relax. I'm not some floozy off the streets." she smiled as she watched him pace. "I honestly just thought maybe you needed a friend to talk to. Your... Uh... Buddies don't seem to be the supportive type." she shrugged before taking another sip of the scotch. She had already been a bit tipsy from a few drinks at the bar, but not drunk by any means. She had a high tolerance for alcohol. She stood and walked over to the mantle where she saw several pictures of Dick with lovely young woman with purple hair. "This her, eh? She is very beautiful." she smiled warmly as she looked back at him.

He almost leaped as she spoke about the photos and dashed over. "Yes yes yes." His eyes connected with the photos and he paused, his sudden frantic mood instantly quelled as he just stared at the photos in silence. "She..." He was about to say something, but thought better of it and made his way to the couch and slumped onto it.

"Ya know," she started as she walked over and sat besides him on the couch. "I didn't come over here to help you forget her or anything." she said hoping he would catch her meaning. "You just seem like you needed a friend to talk to." She carefully placed a hand on his shoulder.

He looked down at her hand on his shoulder and felt a strange sort of electricity shoot up his arm and into his scalp. Had he been a cat, he swore his fur would have stood on end. "N-No. I know, I am just..." He leaped to his feet again and went to refill his glass. "It's hard to talk about it. It's so fresh
and..." He let out a sigh and made his way back to the couch. "She was supposed to be here. We were supposed to be..." He took a sip. "By now... Maybe even had a..." He took an even bigger sip and winced as it burned his throat.

Rhiley smiled sympathetically at the man. "Hey, it's ok... Come here." she said as she pulled him into a hug. She felt so bad for him. She knew that hurt. She seen her share of heartache through the years.

As she hugged him, his entire body went as rigid as a board. He was not used to getting hugs, especially not from strangers. Eventually he slowly raised a hand and patted her back, his shoulders loosening a little as he felt suddenly overwhelmed. Eventually, his repressed sadness overflowed and he ended up burying his face against her shoulder to try and force back the tears that were threatening to fall over his cheeks.

As she felt him finally loosen up, she held him a bit tighter. "There. Just let it all out." she soothed as she let out a sigh. This guy was more fucked up than she initially thought. He really did need a friend.

He couldn't hold them back. The tears just started flowing. It must have been the alcohol, it had to be. He was usually so strong and put together, at least around his workmates. Sure, he was moody at times and when it came to Gadget he ran like the wind, but with emotions he was always so... Sure. He tore himself away and turned his head towards the mantle. "Sorry." He sniffed. "This is... Not usually how I act." He almost forgot he was still holding his glass and looked to make sure he hadn't spilled any on her.

Rhiley shrugged. "I have that affect on people. It's what makes me a good bartender." she smiled as she backed away from him. "We can talk about something else? Like... What do you do for a living?" she asked before taking a sip of her scotch. It was very smooth. Almost lethally so.

He actually did leap at that suggestion and his now empty glass went flying in the air. He flailed wildly in an attempt to catch it and managed to just grab it in time before it hit the carpet. "Uhhh, no. I don't think that's such a good idea." He cringed, sat upright again and sighed. "Sorry. I just... My job is complicated and secretive." He wiped his eyes on the back of his hands again and went to grab the bottle over in the cabinet again. "You must think I'm a total loser."

Rhiley nearly jumped as he flailed about. She sat back a bit as he composed himself and went to grab the bottle. "A loser? Honey you got a job, a house, you pay your bills. I have seen some losers in my life. You are far from it." she gave him a genuine smile before taking another drink. "So you're some secret agent guy or something. Not like you work for some evil villain mastermind hell bent on world domination! But i understand if you can't talk about it." she shrugged as she finished off her drink.

He went absolutely rigid again. "Hahahahahaha! What... HAHAAAA... What would ever give you HAHAAAA that idea? Hahahaha oh how silly hahaha... Hah." He scratched his head nervously and almost downed his fresh glass in one large, nervous gulp. He held up the bottle with a shaky hand as an offer to top her up.

Rhiley smiled at the man as he offered to fill her glass. She happily accepted. His behavior was a bit.... Odd, but she would just chalk that up to the booze.

"Yeah you are right. What a silly thought. So how long you in town for?" she asked with a smile.

He shrugged as he made sure to fill it generously. "Beats me." His voice had now started to take on a slurring tone. "However long the boss wants us all here. We have a few jobs to take care of and then..." Had he said too much? No. He didn't give anything away, those 'jobs' could have been
"A few months? Cool. I mean at least ya got a friend in the mean time. You can call me whenever. If im not home i am usually at the bar." she shrugged as she took another drink. Boy was that scotch ever smooth.

He looked over to her then down at his glass. "Oh, uh... Th-Thanks. I don't... Really know why you'd want to, or anything, but... Thanks." He moved back to the couch and splotted down on it, resting one leg on top of his knee and leaning against the arm rest. "The heck did I even see earlier... Was she...?" He couldn't get the imagine of Prince with Gadget out of his mind. Why was she with him? Was this the plan Claw and Molly had all along? And why was she being so friendly.

"Because thats what friends do, isnt it?" she smiled at him. As he referred to his girlfriend earlier she raised a brow. "Truth be told if i were to guess i would say they were on a date. Ive seen it a million times. If they were colleagues they usually talk about work. Friends dont flirt the way they did." she said as she took another sip, but realized how insensitive she sounded. "Shit. Im sorry. I didnt mean to just... I dont have much of a filter when i drink." she mumbled sheepishly as she took another healty swallow of liquor.

He looked as if he'd been hit by a train. "D-Date? F-Flirting? What... WHat did you see? What did you hear?" He sat upright, obviously desperate for her to tell him. "I need to know. She vanished so suddenly and... I didn't even know what had happened to her. I need to know. If this is a plot by..." He stopped himself and placed a hand over his mouth.

Rhiley cocked her head to the side as she watched his reaction. "I... I didnt see much. I honestly wasnt paying that much attention. When you work in this business as long as I have you just kind of pick up on this stuff." she shrugged. And it was the truth. What she got from the two was just in passing. The way they acted towards one another. "They just seemed comfortable with one another." His mind whirred. Truth be told, in his drunken state it was more klunking than whirring and he couldn't help but grip onto the arm of the sofa for dear life. Was she with Gadget? The target they'd been set out to destroy for all these years? No, she couldn't be. It just HAD to be a MAD plot. It HAD to be. There was no way Dr Claw would allow his own daughter to end up with his worst enemy. There had to be more to it. He would just have to approach her. He slurred a little as he flopped back again, his mind now slightly more satisfied with the answer he had given himself. "Ssssorry. This house is just -hic- too big and I'm gettin' antsy."

Rhiley reached out a hand to place on his arm as she scooted a little close. "Is there... Is there anything i can do for you?" she asked quietly as she tilted her head a little to get a better look at him.

He laughed in almost a sing-song fashion. "Nooo, no. No no hope. I think I, uh... Unless you got a way of making this house seem less... Big." His eyes whirled around and took in the room. Why did he ever think he'd get away with it? It was Claw's daughter, after all. Even the agents who knew about it told him it was a lost cause. "Fuck it."

Rhiley furrowed her brows as she tried to think of a way to make things better for him. "I mean... We can go back to my place if you want. Might take your mind off things? Not so big either. I have an open floor studio apartment. Only room is the wash room." she suggested. She needed to change the subject. This poor guy was obviously going to just sit there and wallow if she didnt.

He downed the rest of his drink, attempted to stand and ended up scowling down at his own legs. They were like jelly. And why was the carpet like an ocean? How dare it!? He let out a frustrated groan and collapsed back against the sofa. "Thiss is stupid. Hold still floor!" It had been a while since he had been as drunk as he was and his 'sealegs' weren't ready at all. He tried again, this time
managing to stay upright, though his back was slouched and his grey t-shirt became untucked from his jeans.

"Or.... We can stay right here." he was blitzed. She could tell. Who knew how much he had consumed before she had gotten there. If they were at the bar she would have cut him off a while ago. "How about maybe i try and help you get into bed? Maybe some rest with help ease your mind a bit?" she suggested as she stood and held out a hand for him to take.

He didn't argue. In fact, he didn't think he even knew how to argue. How did he even speak again? Oh right... "Fiiiiine!" His lips mashed together in shock. That had been louder than he anticipated. He grabbed for her hand, missed, tried again, grabbed the coffee table and managed on the third try. "Third time lucky!"

Rhiley couldn't help the smile that made its way to her lips. He was actually kind of cute like this. So innocent, so endearing. As she pulled him to his feet, she wrapped his arm around her neck so that he couldn't trip or fall. "Which way to the bedroom?" she asked casually as she looked up at him.

He knew that gesturing would fail miserably and the idea of moving his hand in any sort of way made him feel oddly motion sick. "Stairs... Left. First door." He managed to speak and pretty coherently too. Success!

Rhiley inwardly groaned. Stairs? Great. This will be freaking fun. As she moved him to the stairs, she was basically ready to carry him. "You think you can make it up there?" she asked as she put an arm around his waist for support.

"I think..." He raised a finger as he blinked at the stairs in front of him, as if blinking would fix his predicament. "I got this." He moved forwards, only to flop forwards and virtually crawl up the stairs like a sloth.

"All right big guy. Here. Let me help you. I dont think you are gonna make it on your own." she tried to hide her smile as she helped him up the stairs. They made it up the first few steps before Rhiley nearly lost her grip on him. "Shit! You okay?" she asked as she tried to stabalize him.

Big guy? Sure, he was tall, but he couldn't quite figure out why she referred to him as... Was it is nose? His big hands? His big feet maybe? Suddenly, she lost her grip a little and he thudded against the carpeted stars with his forehead. All he could muster was a very monotone "ooooouch."

"Dick, I am so sorry." she said quickly as she leaned in to check his face. She frowned as a red spot formed on his forehead. She sighed as she lightly rubbed the spot. "You OK to continue?"

He nodded, though that did absolutely nothing other than turn his stomach again. "S'fine. Had worse. One time Gadget hit me with a h..." He slapped his hands over his mouth, only to go tumbling forwards again against the stairs. Thankfully, he was almost at the top and caterpillared the rest of the way up.

Rhiley let go of him for fear of them both tumbling down the stairs. As he made it to the landing she helped him up once more. "Come on, let's get you in to bed." she said sweetly as she threw his arm around her shoulders once more. She led him to the specified door and opened it. It was a nice set up. She moved him over to the bed and pulled back the covers before helping him lay down.

The room was fairly large and the bed was a four poster made from oak. He had salvaged it, stripped it and done it up himself when he'd had time. He climbed in, not even removing his clothes or shoes and lay there, feeling incredibly small in the huge bed.
Rhiley smiled as she pulled his shoes off for him at least so he could be comfortable before covering him up to his neck. "Can I do anything for you before I leave?" she asked as she looked him over.

He lay there staring wide eyed at the ceiling as she removed his shoes. He was not used to such treatment anymore and he felt very awkward, even in his drunken state. "Um, no. Um. -Hic- I Just..." He didn't know really what he was saying, just that the idea of being alone terrified him.

Rhiley cocked her head to the side as she looked at him sympathetically. He seemed so... Nervous? "What is it? If I can help I will." she smiled as she reassuringly squeezed his hand.

"This is... I'm gonna sound real dumb." His eyes darted left to right as if he was looking around for listeners. It was, of course, just them, unless somehow Dr Claw had found out about the cottage and had planted bugs. "Think... you could... Stay in the spare room? It's... So quiet."

Rhiley smiled as she smoothed his hair back as though he were a kid. "Yeah. I can do that. If you need me that is where I will be. Anything else?" she asked as she looked down at him.

His eyes were blurring and as her hand smoothed back his hair, his brain whirred. The last time he had felt that was... He grabbed her hand and somehow managed to do it first try. "N-No! No." Silence fell as he tried to focus, but everything was blurry. "S-Stay... here?"

As he grabbed her hand she smiled sympathetically.

Wait... Stay here? Did he mean...

"I will be right here. Down the hall I assume. Or did you... Did you mean in here? With you?" she asked, a bit hesitant. She didn't want to give him the wrong idea or anything.

The warmth of her skin against his made his mind do cartwheels. The way she'd cared for him, the way in which she had helped him into bed, the brushing of hair with her fingers... "Pr..." He stopped himself. His eyes were just too unfocused. "I mean... Here?"

She felt her heart flutter as he asked her to stay. "I... Ok. I can stay right here. But uh... Just so you know, I don't make it a habit to sleep with random guys I just met." she teased as she kicked off her shoes and moved to turn the light off before going over and slipping into the empty side of the bed. "You... You sure? I'm not like... Intruding or anything?" she asked as she settled under the comforter, careful not to get too close. It wasn't that hard. It was a large bed.

He lay there as she turned off the light and almost shuddered as she got under the sheets. His mind was playing tricks on him, but he didn't even know it. He inhaled through his nose and as she lay down, a puff of Prince's scent from the pillow next to his wafter into his nostrils and he let out a while as he couldn't hold back any longer. He reached out both hands and wrapped them around her waist.

Rhiley was not expecting him to grab her around the waist and she let out a surprised squeak as she tried to wiggle free, but realized that wasn't going to happen. She let out a sigh as she reached up and smoothed his hair back in a comforting manner. She knew he was upset about his Fiancée possibly being with another man. She had no problems laying here with him if it meant he would get a little bit of comfort. Poor guy.

"Shhh... It will be ok." she whispered comfortably as she continued to pet his head.

Dick nuzzled down against her neck. It didn't smell like Prince, had she changed perfume? But he'd smelled her... The way she was treating him. No, his mind had to have been right. He closed his eyes and all but pushed his entire body against hers.
She let out a squeak, not expecting him to act that way at all. "Uh... Dick?" she tapped his shoulder. "Hey... Uh..." she didn't want to upset him but she had a feeling he didn't know it was her. How could someone so devoted to another all of a sudden... Unless he was using her to cope. He was obviously not in his right mind. "Hey I... uh... I don't mind a good cuddle now and then but..." Ah screw it. It wasn't like he was expecting them to have sex right? She sighed as she wrapped her arms around his neck, holding his head close to her as she continued to run her hand through his hair. Boy this was gonna be awkward in the morning as she was sure he had no idea what he was doing.

He hadn't even heard her speak, he was so clouded by all of his emotions rushing to the forefront. When he shifted, the pillow wafted more of her scent and it was making him woozy. At least, more woozy than he already was. Through his drunken state, he couldn't distinguish any difference. Prince's scent mixed with the very obvious warm body next to him could only mean one thing. His grip became tighter as he let out a long sigh through his nose.

Rhiley let out her own sigh as she closed her eyes, just listening to the sound of his breathing. It was oddly comforting. For him to be holding her as he did. She had never had anyone hold her with such an obvious... Love. It was painfully obvious he though she was his fiancee and as she drifted off to sleep, she couldn't help but hope that some day a man would hold her this exact way, but for her. Not because he thought she was someone else.

He felt safe, comforted, secure and the troubles that had bothered him left his mind entirely as he lifted his head upwards to brush his cheek against the side of her face. His breathing hitched in his throat as he listened to her breathe next to him and he was no longer afraid. No longer afraid of being alone, no longer afraid of finishing his mission and returning to an empty house. He didn't realise it wasn't Prince, but that didn't matter.

She was nearly asleep when she felt him brush his cheek against hers. Was this a bad idea? Should she have really played into his delusions? She was also feeling a bit fuzzy, but she hadn't drank near as much as she assumed he had. She let out a sigh. What was the harm in giving this man a moment of happiness that he obviously needed?

He curled one of his legs over hers and kept his face against her own as his hands carefully moved down her arms. The feeling of her brushing his hair just made it all the more clear in his mind. It was, after all, exactly what 'she' used to do for him. He couldn't hold himself back any longer and pushed his lips against the skin on her cheek, fluttering light kisses against it.

Rhiley's eyes snapped open as she felt his lips against her cheek. Now this was crossing a line. "Dick..." she started as she tapped him on the face. "I really don't think I am who you think I am." she whispered. She was sad to do this to him, but she didn't want him taking it too far.

He stopped and leaned upwards. What was she even saying? "What do you mean?" His voice was terribly slurred and he had trouble staying upright, swaying to and fro. Was she talking about what he had seen? The whole undercover thing? Was she undercover? Wait... Why did she smell different again?

"Dick I'm not your fiance. I am some random woman you met in the bar," she said as she scooted back a little, trying to put some space between them.

He tried to blink his eyes to focus, but he couldn't see all too well. What was she talking about? A random woman? "N-No, I..." He blinked a few more times and slowly rested back on his pillow, before turning over. What an unexpected reaction.

Instantly Rhiley felt terrible. But she knew if she let him, he was going to regret it in the morning and
she couldnt live with herself knowing she let it happen. "I'm sorry...." she whispered before turning and falling asleep.

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The next day Gadget awoke to a warm, cushiony feeling beneath him. He opened his eyes and was met with a giant mound of flesh. He gasped as he sat up quickly, realizing that there was a naked woman beneath him. He looked closely and realized just who that naked woman was. It was Prince! But.... But how?? Then a bunch of broken memories from the night precious came crashing down on him.

Oh.. My god. He didnt.

He did.

The movement of Gadget sitting up so suddenly woke Prince up and she groaned ans stretched under him, before opening her eyes and coming face to face with an incredibly flustered Gadget. "Woah."

Gadget quickly realized the state of undress they were both in and paled.

"Prince! I am... I am so sorry for my unforgivable behavior last night. What I did... Please forgive me. I" he was rambling as he held the blanket around himself and tried his best not to stare at her naked for as he got off of her and sat on the side of the bed for now.

"What?" Prince, bleary eyed, propped herself up on her elbows, peered down at herself and then over to Gadget who had somehow managed to toga the heck out of her blanket. "What are you talking about?" Her mind was fuzzy, but she was remembering the events of the previous night piece by piece.

"I have obviously taken advantage of you in my drunken state and I am so... So sorry. I... I dont understand how you can even talk to me now. I..." he didnt know what else to say. He avoided looking at her to save her modesty as he let out a sigh. "I... I dont normally drink. It had only happened one other time and it didnt end well. I understand if you cant forgive me. What i have done is... Unforgiveable." he said as he buried his face in all three hands.

She sat upright, shuffled over and wrapped both arms around him, her face pressed against his back. "Don't be silly." She could smell his skin and it was causing delightful memories to spring into her mind. "Are you telling me that you regret it?"

He stiffened as she hugged him from behind. "I- No. I dont... I mean we were both intoxicated- I mean... Do you?" he asked as he put a hand to her arms and closed his eyes. She smelled absolutely amazing. Her skin was so soft against his bare torso. She was so warm.

She shook her head in silence, her hair and cheek brushing against his back. At least, she didn't think she regretted it. He was a kind man, obviously very thoughtful, polite and handsome to boot. Maybe not handsome in the usual sense, but in his own unique way. She inhaled his scent and slowly moved so that she could look him dead in the face and used her hand to turn his head to look at her. "Why would I?"

"Well, because you weren't in your right mind last night?" Gadget stated as he closed his eyes, her intoxicating scent taking over his sense of smell. That mixed with the musky smell of their previous night's escapades.... Gadget could feel himself growing harder once more, though he tried to think of
other things to keep it at bay.

"Open your eyes." She almost felt a little hurt. Why was he closing them when she'd turned his head to look at her? He may have said he didn't regret it, but everything he was saying and doing...

"Neither were you. I don't... Understand. Then... You must be regretting it if you are talking like this." Her hands dropped down to her sides as disappointment washed over her.

Gadget's eyes popped open as he quickly turned to her. "No! Not at all! I just... I am unable to control myself, it seems. And i dont wish to offend you is all. No i have absolutely no regrets." he said as he reached over and took her hands into his, bringing them to his bare chest with a smile. He didn't want her to think he was disappointed or regretful. He felt quite the opposite.

A smile formed on her face and she all but lunged forwards and wrapped her arms around the Inspector with relief. "Good! Good! I was so worried! I thought we'd have to part ways because of awkwardness ir something!" She had genuinely feared that may have been a reality for a split second and she had felt her stomach drop at the thought.

He was caught off guard by the sudden motion, nearly losing his balance. He quickly recovered and smiled as he hugged her back, wrapping his arms tightly around her as he let out a content sigh.

"So... I mean... What now?" he asked as he rubbed her back lightly.

The hug was addictive and she kept herself latched onto him. "I don't know. I mean, I have to report in to my chief. I was supposed to do that already, but I haven't. Other than that I don't know until I talk to him... Or... Did you mean something, uh... Different." Her eyes darted around nervously.

Gadget licked his teeth as he cleared his throat. "I- uh... I meant with us." he said as he pushed her away gently, and just enough to look her in the eye.

"Cause I really dont make it a habit to just... um... sleep... with women."

"Well", she raised a brow. "I should hope not, especially after you told me it was your first time."

Prince brushed her hands over his bare shoulders. "A shame really... That you might not remember everything about last night. Unless you can? I mean, you WERE very drunk."

"I.... I wish i could. It is all very fuzzy. I can remember bits and pieces." he said as he tried to recall their antics. "I know we... You know... But i cant really remember details. Alcohol has that affect on me i am afraid." he said as he hung his head in shame. He wished he could remember. It was his first time after all. But he had a hard time piecing it all together.

"Well, that's not fair. Not fair at all." Prince leaned forwards and began to nibble on his ear teasingly. "Before I call the chief, I could always... Help you to remember." She wrapped her arms round the back of his neck and made sure he looked her in the eye. "That is, if you feel up to the task, Inspector,"

Gadget's eyes widened as he realized what she was implying. "I... Uh... I mean... We uh... We can. I mean. If you want." he said as he looked her in the eye. He could feel his face burning with embarassment. "I- i am not really sure... How to... You know..." he said as he hesitantly put his arms around her torso.

"How about you... Lay back and allow me for a moment?" She smiled at him in a seductive manner, pressed a hand against his chest and pushed him back down to the mattress below. "Just say if you're not comfortable. I don't mind..." This was definitely a step up from feeling rejected and she was buzzing with excitement.

"Wowzers... I... Yeah. I can do that." he smiled nervously as he was pushed against the mattress
below. He felt the temperature in the room raise about 10 degrees as he watched her. "I... May I?" he asked as he moved to touch her. He didn't want to do anything without her permission after all.

She instantly hopped on top of him, straddling him with her legs and peered downwards, her purple hair trailing down the sides of her face. "You can do anything you want." She took his hand and placed it in a very innocent area, her belly, and slowly guided it upwards.

"A-anything?" he swallowed a rather large lump that had formed as he felt himself harden beneath her. He took in a deep, steadying breath as she moved his hand further up her abdomen. He rest his hand on one of her legs as he began to shake slightly from anticipation.

She nodded slowly. "Anything. Honestly, don't you think if I was opposed to it, I would have said so by now?" She shuffled on top of him, noticing a certain something beneath her rear. He was sure easy to get worked up, that was for sure. Who knew? She let go of his hand and sat there motionless to allow him to do what felt right for him. She would guide him as best as she could. Hopefully, he would actually remember it this time.

With a bit more confidence behind him, he reached up to grab her perk, soft mound as he ran his other hand up her leg. She was so beautiful. So perfect. Gadget found himself wanting to do more than touch her. "If at any point i cross a line..." he started as he ran the hand on her leg around to her rear and squeezed.

It was almost adorable how careful he was being, as if he was looking at a woman's body for the first time in his life. He was noting every inch of her, it seemed and Prince felt goosebumps raise on her skin from the sensation of his fingertips. "Mmmm, I don't think that's going to be a problem." As he squeezed her rear and closed her eyes and let out a small whimper.

Gadget smiled nervously as the sounds she made lit his skin on fire. He was painfully hard now. Between the sounds she made and the feel of her body, so tight, so soft... It was driving him mad. "What... What should I do now?"

Oh, that man... She lifted herself up a little and reached down between her legs to take hold of him, shifting the blanket that he'd made a makeshift toga out of out of her way in the process. "What do you think you should do next?"

As she grabbed him he nearly went cross eyed. "I... I think I want to kiss you..." he said as he took the hand off her breast to prop himself up. He wanted nothing more than to claim those sweet lips with his own. He did remember that part. Her soft lips on his. The thought sent his mind spinning.

"Then do it." She sat there and waited for him to make his move. He was upright, which was a good start, so she puckered up her lips and closed her eyes ready, her stomach flooding with butterflies at the thought of him taking charge.

He tried not to let his self conscious nature get in the way as he closed his eyes and went in for the kiss. As his lips hit hers, he swore he saw stars. He removed his hand from her rear so that he could wrap it around her shoulders as he pulled her down with him as he leaned back.

The kiss was soft, gentle, but it was still. He was a very conservative kisser when sober, it seemed. She would have to spice it up a bit. Prince pulled away slightly as he lowered her down with him. "Gadget? Do you know how to... French kiss?"

"How to... I wasn't aware the French kissed differently? How does that work?" he asked as he looked up at her. He supposed he could give it a try. What harm could it do?
Prince remembered the previous night he had used his tongue, so perhaps it was something he had
done on instinct and didn't actually know he'd done it. "Aha... Well..." She leaned in closer, so her
lips brushed against his. "I will show you." With that, she demonstrated, in quite the heated fashion,
what French kissing was. She just hoped he didn't malfunction as a result.

As she pressed her soft mouth against his he instinctively closed his eyes as he returned it. As her
tongue pressed into his mouth, he gasped, not quite expecting it. But it still felt absolutely wonderful.
He could feel his member throb as he pressed into the kiss, sloppily shoving his own tongue into her
mouth. He could feel the spit slopping down his chin but could barely register it as he brought his
arms around her to hold her tightly.

That was exactly what she wanted. He reacted in the exact way she wanted him to, so it seemed as if
he did know how to, but maybe didn't know that's what it was. She slowly prised her lips away from
his and kissed the tip of his nose. "Satisfied? What do you think you want to do next?"

He reluctantly let her break the kiss before she kissed his nose. Boy did he like it when she did that.
"I... Can we do that some more? I really enjoy that..." he asked with a sheepish grin. "Maybe...
Surprise me? You do have some good ideas after all." he said as he rubbed her back with one hand
as the other held her tighter.

She looked down at him with a sly sort of grin. "Heyyy, that's copping out. You do what you feel is
best." Since he had suggested more kissing, she obliged and leaned down to give him more of what
he wanted. He tasted good, even though it was morning. Usually people woke up with garbage can
breath, or at least that was what she had heard. He, on the other hand, smelled and tasted just fine.

He could lay here and do this all day. He couldn't believe that the intimate touch could be so
enjoyable as he pulled her in for a deeper kiss. He ran a hand up her back as his hips instinctively
bucked up against hers. He let out a long moan into the kiss, his lips buzzing as the pleasure coursed
through his veins.

As he moved his hips, Prince could feel a certain something pushing against her and she slowly slid a
hand down between them and took hold of him. The gap between them was tight, but at least she
could move her fingers and she did so very slowly so that he didn't end up manifesting an array of
gadgets from the sheer shock of it and whacking her on the head.

He gasped into the kiss as she gave a bit of attention to his throbbing member. It felt phenomenal.
He moaned lightly into the kiss as he bucked his hips up into her grasp.
He pulled away from the kiss, nearly out of breath.
"Prince... I want you..." he practically moaned out as tingles ran up and down his body, before he all
but slammed his mouth against hers once more.

She may have been allowing him to call the shots, but the call was far too much for her and she
ended up guiding him inside her faster than she'd even thought was possible. Once she was sure he
was entirely in, she rolled her hips against his and sucked on his lower lip. She wanted to see his
reaction. She wanted him to show her exactly how he wanted her.

Gadget moaned against her lips as he felt her slide onto him. She was so tight, so warm. It felt
amazing. He wasted no time in bucking his hips against hers. The motion caused him to nearly lose
himself. His senses were working over time as he moved his arms down to grab her waist, his fingers
nearly digging in to her flesh as he pulled away. "Prince... Hn...ngggh" he moaned out as he bucked
his hips up again.

Prince smiled down at him triumphantly. "There we go." Her voice was soft as she moved her hips
in a slow rhythm, making sure to not overdo it to begin with. Even though she wanted him to just
grab her and take her roughly then and there. But that would take time and patience, no doubt, if ever happened at all. She exhaled as she caressed his chest and stomach. "How do you feel?"

"I... I feel. Wowzers. Great. I feel great i- ohhhh do that again." he moaned out as he bucked up against her once more. She felt amazing. To think that this act could give him so much pleasure...

What had he been waiting for? He let out another long moan as he moved her hips up and down against him. She was so intoxicating.

Just what she wanted to hear. She moved her hips, this time keeping the motion going for him to enjoy for longer. As she stared down into his face, she felt an odd sort of fluttering in her stomach. The way that his cheeks glowed a soft pink made her feel giddy. "Tell me what you want."

He moaned again as she moved her hips in a very fluid, constant motion. "I want you..." he groaned as he leaned up and pulled her in for a passion filled, open mouth kiss. Before he could register what he was doing, he had managed to flip them, him now on top as he pushed into her. She was so intoxicating.

Yes! Success! That was exactly what Prince wanted and she felt her stomach flutter as he held her against the bed beneath them. It was now her turn to moan and she did so against his soft lips. They wouldn't be soft for long if she had her way, she'd be having him using chapstick by the end of the week.

Gadget had himself propped up with one hand as he hooked one of her legs with the other. He didn't know why he did it, he just knew that it felt right. It nearly felt as though he were deeper and boy did he enjoy that. He moaned out her name into the kiss as the hand from his hat came out to hold himself steady against the back wall.

Prince looked upwards as he raised her leg and noticed the extra hand. She couldn't help but imagine him using more of them when he got more confident and it sent shivers down her spine. She gasped against his lips as he hit her sweet spot. "Mmmnnn!" She turned her head to catch her breath and groaned. "Nngyyyyy yesss, that's the spot!"

Considering the way she spoke, Gadget assumed he was doing something right. He continued his rhythm as evenly as possible so he could keep hitting her in her sweey spot. He grunted and groaned as he felt an all too familiar pressure building in his abdomen. But he would resist this for as long as he could. It all felt just so amazing.

Prince hooked her arms around him and dragged her fingertips down his back and she leaned up to his neck. Her lips danced over his skin. Each movement sent fresh tingles coursing through her and it was starting to get hard to concentrate. She sucked on his neck lustfully and moaned against his skin as she felt herself begin to tip over the edge.

"Prince... I.... Agh!" he moaned out as he picked up his pace a bit. He was desperate at this point. He needed his release. She felt so amazing. So tight. So warm. He was slowly losing himself as his hips bucked into hers. It didn't take long for him to climax and it was nearly violent as he cried out her name, his gadgets going nuts from his hat as confetti blasted into the room.

Prince scrunched her eyes shut as she avoided getting confetti in her eyes, but in her climax she inhaled and narrowly avoided inhaling blue and red strands of paper. She whimpered against him and slowly relaxed, her hands reaching up to either side of his face to comfort him and congratulate him on a job well done.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. "Uncle Gadget? Inspector Prince? Is everything OK, we thought we heard someone yelling?" Penny, Digit and Fidget had heard.
His euphoria was short lived as he heard a knock on the door and the voice of his niece. He gasped as he sobered quickly and all but jumped off of Prince to grab his clothes.

"Yes, uh, everything is fine!" he said as he tripped over his own foot as he tried yanking his underwear up and fell with a loud 'oomph.'

Prince almost died of fright and as Gadget leaped off of her, she fell off the bed and scurried around to find her clothing. "Oh crap!" Her voice was low, but hoarse from the sheer terror she felt. What would Penny think!? She'd defiled her uncle! After she had successfully managed to get her underwear, her jeans and shirt on (In record time, she assumed), she looked over to Gadget to make sure he was decent. He had a lot more to put on than she did. A vest, shirt, tie, braces, trousers, socks, jacket...

After nearly tripping again, Gadget had finally dressed. He just had to button up his coat. Gadget gave Prince the thumbs up as he quickly buttoned his coat.

She gave the thumbs up back, grinned somewhat sheepishly and unlocked the door. "Ohhh hey Penny. Hello Digit, Fidget. Everything is fine, see?" She gestured to Penny's uncle and offered for them to enter. Penny was relieved and the three walked in the room. "We were a little worried." Penny looked around the room to see disheveled sheets, an empty wine bottle, an empty wine glass and confetti everywhere. The room smelled funny too. "We heard shouting, so..." "We came in case there was trouble." Digit interrupted and looked up at Prince almost proudly. "No, everything is well." Prince then noticed a hickey on Gadget's neck and inwardly screamed, hoping it wouldn't be noticed. Fidget moved over to the girls and sat beside them as Penny sat on the messed up bed. "I didn't hear you come in last night, Uncle. Is everything OK?"

Gadget inwardly panicked as Penny basically asked where he was.

"I- well- i might have had a bit too much to drink last night and i sort of passed out on Inspector Prince's couch. Very embarrassing," he quickly covered as he rubbed the back of his neck. "We were- uh- just talking about what our next assignment was going to be before Inspector Prince here called her Captain. Chief. Person." he said a bit too quickly as he looked everywhere but Inspector Prince in fear that Penny would see through their ruse.

Prince was grinning all too widely. "Yeeessss, uh... Yeah, that's... That's right. We, uh... Were discussing assignments. We got real..." She took a breath. "Real deep into it." Penny tilted her head. "Oh, well, I'm glad you are both OK."

Digit, on the other hand, was concerned about the odd smell and had run a small diagnostic. What it came back with had him rattled. Pheromones? He looked up at Prince and walked closer, the meter inside his wrist beeping internally much louder than before. Prince looked down at Digit at around the same time and he stared up at her in confusion. Pheromones? Was she...? Did she...? His face cracked into an almost besotted grin.

"Never fear, Penny. Nothing bad will happen while your uncle is here. Now, i do believe Inspector Prince has an important phone call to make. Let's head down to breakfast." he said as he ushered his niece out. "Inspector Prince will join us when she had finished?" he looked to her in a questioning manner as he stopped in the door way.

Penny nodded and followed Gadget, gesturing for Digit and Fidget to follow. Digit was oblivious, but Fidget hopped off his seat and started to drag his brother away by the hand.
Gadget looked at Prince with concern as he watched her gesture. Had she gotten sick? Was her throat hurting her?
"Are you okay? I think I have a cough drop in here somewhere." he said as he rummaged around in his jacket before producing a cough drop and handing it to Prince. "We will see you down at Breakfast then?" he smiled, almost lovingly at the Inspector before heading for the door.

Prince stood there, cough drop in hand, before facepalming as they all left. She turned to Data and Scooter who were still offline and let out a sigh as the now empty room seemed a whole lot more empty... And messy. Very very messy. What had they done last night? There was confetti everywhere! How would she face the hotel manager?

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Penny followed her uncle with Digit and Fidget tailing close behind. "Uncle? Is everything OK? With you, I mean? Only..."

Fidget hopped forwards. "Confetti? Were you celebrating that much?"

"That." Penny pointed at Fidget. He had basically highlighted exactly what she wanted to ask about, though she was concerned he may have been malfunctioning because of the chip's effects.

As they walked down, Gadget's face felt hot as they asked about the confetti. "Uh... Well I did get very drunk last night. I can only imagine the malfunction was caused by it." he quickly said as he tried to avoid eye contact.

Penny didn't seem convinced as she looked over her uncle. Something just didn't add up.

"Oh... Hmm. Well, maybe you should get checked out just in case?" As they reached the breakfast room, Penny allowed her Uncle to sit first before sitting opposite. "So, how was your meal last night? It's very unlike you to get drunk. In fact, I think I've only ever seen you get drunk once before." She wasn't angry or disappointed, in fact she was almost happy he was trying things out, but deep in the pit of her stomach she still worried about him. It was then her eyes focused on his neck...

"Oh Penny i am sure it is nothing to worry about. And dinner was great. The food was wonderful. We went out for dessert and Prince bought me a drink at the bar up the street." he said as he sat down and reached for an empty coffee cup to flip over. He was definitely looking forwards to come coffee. He still had a bit of fuzz in his brain from the night previous.

It was then that he noticed Penny staring at him.
"Something the matter?" he asked as he gave her a concerned look.

"Did... Did you hurt yourself when you were out last night?"

Digit and Fidget both leaned to look at Gadget to examine him and they performed a very quick medical scan to be sure. "Nothing major. Just an isolated hematoma on his neck." Digit said it so matter-of-factly, as he didn't even realise what it was.

Did he hurt himself? He quickly produced his mirror gadget and looked at his neck and instantly reddened. "I- uh- i must have! Haha! You know Uncle Gadget! So clumsy!" he tried to play it off with a wave of his hand. Fidget looked at him strangely, a brow raised as the server came to pour some coffee. "Oh! Are those waffles up there?" gadget quickly stood and headed over to the buffet table to get some food. He was absolutely mortified.

Penny's face suddenly blanched as she realised what it was she had been eyeballing. The description that Digit gave and the way her uncle had reacted said all she needed to know. Maybe it was a one
time thing? A drunken mistake? Maybe it was just that, kissing. Her stomach interrupted her musings as it growled and she wandered over to Gadget and stood with her plate awkwardly as she dished out bits and bobs from the buffet. "So, uh... You guys, uh... Are you a thing?" She suddenly realised how forward that sounded and leaped on the spot. "I mean, I don't care either way, it's not my business I just...!"

Gadget suddenly dropped his plate, the sound resounding as it shattered.
"Oh! I uh. Oops." he went to pick up the pieces and tossed them in the bin before coming back to grab another. "I... I am not really sure right now Penny." he said simply as he piled on the waffles absentmindedly.

She didn't want to pry, but she had always looked out for her Uncle. They had been a team for as long as she could remember, whether he knew it or not and to be out of the loop felt a little off.
"You're not sure?" Her mind breathed a sigh of relief. Perhaps it was just a one off, drunken kiss. One he probably stopped mid-way and fell asleep as he had said. But her heart was clenching and her stomach, while hungry, also churned in case there was more to it. "Did... Something happen?"

Gadget nearly dropped his plate a second time as he flailed to catch it.
"No! Of course not. What gave you that idea?" he asked as he poured some syrup on his waffles.

Penny just gave him a look as if to say that she wasn't stupid. "Maybe because when I asked if you were a thing you said you didn't know? Therefore, something MUST have happened." She stabbed a sausage with her fork a little too hard and slapped it on her plate. She didn't like when her Uncle pretended that she was imagining things. Sure, it was fine when she was younger, as all he was doing was trying to protect her, but now? She was 16. Not 10. She wasn't stupid. "Look, hey. Like I said, it's none of my business, but since I'll be around I just wanted to be there for you, like you have always been there for me." She stabbed another sausage.

Gadget sighed. "Penny, I honestly am not sure what is going on right now but i do not want you to worry about it, okay? You are on vacation. You just enjoy yourself." he said as he grabbed a few sausage and walked back to the table. He knew she wasn't a child anymore, but it was so hard to see her as the young adult she was turning into. And he was proud of her. No doubt about that. So proud of her. But he didn't feel comfortable talking to her about that particular subject.

Penny simply nodded and followed her uncle back to the table with her food. She wouldn't push it, if he needed to talk at least he now knew she was up for it. It wasn't like he had anyone else to talk to. Quimby was his boss, Digit and Fidget were not really suitable for human issues as they were robots and all his relatives were long gone.

Prince had activated Data and Scooter and had given them the task of cleaning up the room, with the exception of the covers. She didn't want them to touch those, that would be wrong. Once she had straightened herself out a little, she made her way down to breakfast. She had decided to wait to call Littlewood until she had food in her system, it was for the best. He'd understand. Once she got to the room, she saw Gadget sat with Penny, Digit and Fidget and instantly felt herself heat up by a few degrees. She shuffled over to the buffet, hoping not to be noticed at that moment, she needed to ready herself.

"Oh oh oh Prince!" Digit, in an oddly out of character display of enthusiasm, waved at her and pointed to the empty seat next to him.

Gadget stiffened as Digit called for Prince. On one hand he was excited to see her. He wanted to be with her as much as possible. But every time he looked at her he couldn't stop thinking about their morning escapades and that made his whole body heat up in a most inappropriate way. He turned and smiled at Inspector Prince.
"Hey, care to join us?" he greeted as he began cutting into his waffle.

She held the plate to her chest and smiled over at the group. "Oh! Oh yes! Um... One moment!" She started piling on mounds of scrambled eggs, not even realising her plate was almost overflowing until a member of staff asked her if she was OK. She almost leaped out of her skin. "Perfectly fine! Fine as wine! Oh no, not wine!"

At the mention of wine, Gadget's stomach lurched. Oh yeah. He remembered the foul tasting fermented grapes. Disgusting. Though her jumpiness did concern him. Was she okay? Had she talked to Littlweed yet? Was that why she was so jumpy?

She slowly scuttled over and sat down in the seat that Digit was patting just a little more enthusiastically than he should that was across from Gadget and next to the blue bot. She placed her huge mound of scrambled eggs down and looked between all the assembled parties as she buried her fork, quite literally. It vanished in the huge eggy hill. "Sooo, I have Data and Scooter cleaning up the room..."

Penny choked.

"... and I'll be talking to my chief in a bit after I eat." Prince glanced at Penny. "Are you OK?"

Gadget reddened at the mention of cleaning the room before he looked at Penny with concern as he patted her back. "You really should chew your food before you swallow, Penny." he stated matter of factly before turning his attention back to Prince. "I probably should call Colonel Nosehair and update him on the findings." he said as he forked another piece of waffle.

Prince looked up from her eggs as she attempted to excavate her cutlery. "... Nosehair? Who is that?"

Fidget looked over and leaned his head on a hand. "He's Gadget's superior."

"But, I thought Quimby was."

Penny, after recovering somewhat, cleared her throat. "Quimby was Gadget's old boss. I'm confused as to why he send the message in the first place for this assignment, but it seems like WOMP know about it anyway, so it's all good. I can only assume Quimby got word of it and WOMP, being military, are there in place of the regular police with it being a more... Military matter."

Fidget nodded. "Those weapons certainly weren't run of the mill."

"Exactly. Quimby must have forwarded it to WOMP, General Sir suggested Quimby inform Gadget and that's why we are here." Penny crammed a sausage in her mouth and bit down.

"WOMP have jurosdiction?" Prince felt a little out of the loop to say the least.

Fidget shrugged. "General Sir is American, Colonel Nozzaire is French from the legion originally... I think it's more of a secretive org-"

Digit slapped his hand over Fidget's mouth.

"Oh. OH! I see. Yes, I think I get it. So I guess we have to act like we are working under Quimby and Littlewood, but take our orders from higher?"

Penny nodded. "I think that's right. At least, that's how I'd play it until we got more information. Did Littlewood say anything when you called him?"
"I uh... I didn't get chance to call him, but after I eat I will be. I'll see what I can dig up."

As it was all laid out in front of him, Gadget realized how off the whole thing sounded. But quimby wouldn't lead him on. There was something off here. Maybe when he talked to Colonel Nosehair he would be able to clear this up.

Prince decided to just get another fork and dug at her eggs, the whole time being watched like a hawk by Digit. He was leaning on the table smiling up at her. "Say, is he OK?"

Penny just shrugged and continued getting to work on her next sausage.

Fidget watched the rest of the guests, there weren't many, but he enjoyed people watching.

Penny swallowed a mouthful of sausage. "So, about last night..."

Prince all but choked on her eggs and had to hammer a fist against her chest.

"I mean, regarding me. I was researching places here and I found a park I might want to visit, is that OK Uncle Gadget?"

Gadget had about choked on his bite of bacon as he thought Penny was about to mention the night previous and her concerns. After she spoke, Gadget cleared his throat before taking a drink of coffee.

"Uh yeah. Sure. Go ahead Penny. As long as it isn't too far away. Take Fidget and Digit with you just in case. The MAD agents are still out there after all. I will come as soon as I know what my next assignment is." he said before he took another drink of his coffee.

Take Digit and Fidget with her? Not likely. She would be ordering them to follow him as always, not that he would know that, but she would agree all the same. "Sure thing, Uncle. Just be careful yourself. Anyway, it's only a few blocks from here."

Prince was anxiety eating and had almost finished her entire plate. "I best get onto the chief to find out what's going on." She stood from her seat and wandered over to the door that led to the hotel lobby and pulled out her phone. "Chief? It's me. I'm... I'm sorry I didn't call in sooner, only I got, uh... Yes. Yes, I'm OK. So is Gadget. Yes. No it's nothing to worry about. No it's not MAD related. OK... Mmm. Yep. What now? OK. Check in soon." She hung up and made her way back to the table to drown herself in coffee. "He says you need to get in touch with your superiors, Gadget."

Penny looked to her uncle and smiled. "I'll be back in the room and then I'll head to the park. You guys... Uh..." Her face tinted pink a little. "Stay safe?" She stood and virtually ran from the room while giving Digit and Fidget a gesture to follow her.

Gadget, satisfied with Penny's agreement to take Digit and Fidget, nodded. "Don't worry. We will be." he said as he took his finally bite, the implications all but lost on him as he pushed his plate forwards. "Yes. I shall get in touch with Colonel Nosehair right now." he said as he held out his hand, an antenna popping from his thumb as he held it up to his ear. It didn't take long for the Colonel to answer. He sounded awfully tired.

"Gadget. Do you know what time eet iz?" came his annoyed tone.

"It's about 10 in the morning, sir. But I really must speak with you." gadget stated as a loud groan was heard from the other side. Gadget obviously forgotten they were a good 5 hours ahead of the US.

As he relayed all the information, Nozzaire was silent. Something didn't seem right. The warehouse
was staged?

"Gadget, ah shall be there on thee next flight een. Do not do anyting stupid before i arrive." and with that the line went dead.

Gadget raised a brow as he pushed the antenna down.

"Uh... It would seem Colonedl Nosehair has decided to come here himself. He didnt really give me an explaination." he shrugged as he raised his mug to take a drink.

Prince watched as he spoke and attempted to listen in, but his 'phone', if that's what it could be called, was incredibly good at not allowing outsiders to hear what was being said on the other side. She would just have to wait... She sipped her coffee and finally, when he had done, focused her attention on him again. "Oh! He is? Wow, it must be important then if he's coming over in person."

Gadget wasnt sure what could be so important for the Colonel himself to want to come see this place in person, but he wasnt gonna question his superior.

"I'm not sure it is going to be worth his time, but at least you will get to meet him" he shrugged as he took another sip.

She smiled at him and brushed her foot against his leg under the table. "He that important to you, huh? That's cute." She slid her plate to one side. The remaining eggs had long since gone cold since her discussion with littlewood, so she didn't really fancy them. Her coffee cup, however, looked like it could use a refill.

Gadget stiffened as he felt her brush his leg beneath the table. "I... Uh... Can we maybe talk about this morning? I mean.... Are we...?" he wasnt sure how to approach the subject.

Her foot continued to brush against him, lifting the hem of his dress trousers a little exposing his socks underneath. "Hm? Are we... What?" What was he thinking? Did he want to tell her that was that? Had he had enough time to think on it and had decided it wasn't such a good idea after all?

"I mean... This... Us... Did you-maybe-wanna-try-it?" he mumbled the last part so quickly as he hid behind his coffee cup.

Well, that was definitely different to what she had expected. She had caught when he said, but just barely. She wouldn't be mean and ask him to repeat it when he was clearly struggling with it. Prince raised her own cup to her lips and drank the last drop in it before placing it down carefully. "Why not?"

His eyes widened as he nearly inhaled his coffee. He coughed roughly as he pounded his chest with a fist. "I... Are you sure?" it wasnt that he was trying to talk her out of it... He just wanted to be sure she knew what she was doing. "I- i mean not that i wanna talk you out of it... I mean... I just... Are you sure?"

She let out an almost hissing titter through her teeth. "Why would I not be sure? You got something to hude?" She leaned over the table and tweaked his nose with her fingertips, before resting her chin on her palms to observe him. What would be the harm in it? Sure, it could affect their work, but she was confident that they were both professional enough to not allow that. Heck, he'd been in the force much longer than her and that had to count for something, right?

Gadget blinked. "No, of course not. I mean... A lot of gadgets, but that is about it." he shrugged as he set his now empty coffee cup down. A waiter came by to fill their cups. Gadget happily let him fill his to the brim. The waiter came around to offer some to Prince.
"I uh... I dont know. We havent known each other long... But i feel- i dont know. I just feel hapoy when you are around." he shrugged as he blew on the hot black liquid. It was true. He had never felt so... Fulfilled in his entire life. And he had to admit... He was falling for her. And hard.

"Well, let's see where this takes us. No harm in that, right?" She grinned widely down at her now full coffee cup and sniffed in the delicious aroma. Sure, it wasn't the best coffee in the world, but it would do. She'd had much worse... "Who knows, you might realise you hate me after a few weeks." She offered a teasing wink and took a sip.

Gadget smiled as he boldly rubbed his leg against hers. "I doubt it. You seem like a pretty straight forward woman." he smiled at her.

She used her other leg to scissor his between her and trapped him there with a smirk. "Mmm, well... You never know." She raised her coffee cup at him in a mock toast and slurped some down, before leaning over the table to place a smacker on his nose. The hotel staff looked at them strangely, but went about their business anyway. They were pretty used to public displays of affection in the hotel, after all.

Gadget felt a shiver up his spine as he felt her trap his leg with hers. As she leaned in the kiss him on the nose, he moved his lips up at the last second so that they would be kissing instead. A good choice he mused. Her lips were so soft against him that it was addictive.

Some of the staff frowned over the now more blatant public display of affection, but others smiled as they went about their business. Prince was surprised by his sudden action, but soon eased into it as she clasped his hands in her own and closed her eyes.

It was a sweet kiss. Hardly heated. But it left him breathless all the same. He pulled away, his eyes still closed as a smile made its way onto his features. He finally opened his eyes, giving her a silly grin. "Wowzers." was all he could get out. Who knew such a simple kiss could make him so weak in the knees.

"How long until your Colonel gets here?" She reached up and placed her hands either side of his head and pulled it so his neck extended, sat back in her seat and petted him like a cat. "Think we have some free time to enjoy ourselves? We could go for a wander, check out some sights?" Her fingers ran through his black hair, while the other held his head securely.

His eyes nearly rolled to the back of his head as she petted his head. He didn't even care that she had pulled his head across the table. This felt amazing. Wait was she talking?

"Yeah... Uh.... Probably wont be here until the morning actually." he stated as he tried to concentrate on what she was saying.

She gave him an eskimo kiss on the nose and released him so his head could rejoin his body again. "Well, let's go enjoy the free time we have before he arrives." She stood up and brushed herself free of crumbs, holding out a hand for him to take. "I bet when this investigation really gets into full swing we might not get moments like these."

Gadget's head went fuzzy as she rubbed her nose against his. His head went back into its normal position as he stood, happily taking her hand. "No. I suppose you are right. I do not see us getting much time together once Colonel Nosehair gets here." he said as he intertwined their fingers and led her out of the hotel. "Where did you want to go first?" he asked as the bright sun and clear blue skies greeted them.

She smiled at the sky, it was a rare bright day in winter. The air was crisp, but everything seemed cheerful despite the trees having no leaves. "Let's just wander around, maybe just see what we can
find?" Her hand felt amazing in his, it was as if it fit perfectly and she felt so secure.

"Hey, we can always check out that park Penny was talking about. It actually sounded nice." he said with a smile as he pulled her in, moving her arm to wrap around his as he lead the way.

She held onto his arm tighter as they walked. The park sounded great...
It took Dick a while to drift off, but he did it. The alcohol made sure of that. He slept all the way through, which was a miracle. Normally he'd have expected to have at least needed the toilet once after consuming so much alcohol, but no. He woke with the sunlight streaming through the curtains which had obviously not been shut at all. "Ngh..."

When Rhiley woke up she hadn't the slightest idea where she was. She yawned as she stretched, smacking something warm and solid. She stilled as she realized where she was and who she was in bed with.

Dick had been sound asleep when he was whacked rather unceremoniously awake. "Ouch!" He rubbed his nose, before attempting to focus his eyes on what had disturbed him in such a way. His face blanched pale as he stared at Rhiley. "Y... You..."

Rhiley pulled her hand back quickly as she heard him. "Im sorry! I didnt... Im not used to sharing a bed." as she looked at him, she noticed how pale he was.

"Dont worry. We didnt do anything. You didnt want to be alone." she decided against telling him about how he almost molested her. She was sure he was embarrassed and confused enough as it was.

That still didn't help the overwhelming sense of guilt he was feeling deep into his bones. He all but tore off the sheets and stood up. "What the hell!? What the... HELL!?" He clutched at his head, dragging his fingers down the side of his face.

Rhiley quickly got out of the bed, suddenly feeling very awkward. "I... I think i should go. I am really sorry... You just didnt want to be alone. I had every intention of just staying in your guest bedroom, but you wanted me to stay in here." she tried to explain herself as he bent over to put on her shoes. This was a mistake. This whole thing was one bit fuck up and she never should have come. Damn her and her big ass heart.

He rubbed his face to try and get some sensation back into it. He felt numb. Sure, she said they hadn't done anything, but they shared a bed. They shared THAT bed. "I... Look... Just... I'm..." He couldn't bring himself to form words, he was frazzled. "I'm sorry! I... I don't remember anything!"

She wanted to hug him, to console him. But she couldn't. She felt it might make things worse. "No, i should be sorry. I shouldnt have ... I should have just gone home. We both werent in our right minds... But I didnt black out. Nothing happened. I swear. I am... I should just go..." she whispered the last bit as she moved towards the door.

He was stood in front of the door, essentially blocking her exit. "I must... I must be out of my mind." He raked his fingers over his face again, as he eyeballed the photo by the bedside. "It... It-It... It's... Oh fuck. This is so bad. So very bad." He looked over to her, his eyes full of questioning. "Are you sure? Are you 100% sure?"

Rhiley went from concerned to downright offended. "Excuse me. I hold my alcohol very well thank you. And i think i would know if we did the dirty. There are definitely signs for that shit. Like ya know... Soiled sheets. Waking up naked. Wet between the legs. Ain't nothing extra up there honey." she said as she motioned with her hands. "Sorry, but I think I should go now." she said as she pushed past him. The nerve of him.

He cringed each time she described the 'signs' and felt a little faint with each one. As she pushed past him, all he could think about was the fact that she had been inches from him. Inches. He turned on
his heels and marched after her. "Yeah? Well..." He stomped his foot on the landing, his dishevelled hair bouncing as he did so. "I was just asking! YEESH!" With that, he stormed off into his bathroom and locked himself in.

Rhiley let out a frustrated groan as she grabbed her purse and her jacket and slammed the door on her way out for good measure.

The nerve of that guy! Well. That will be the last time she ever tried to help a stranger out again.

She looned at her watch and groaned. It was nearly noon already! Her shift started in just a couple hours. She let out another groan as she stomped her way down the street. It was like the walk of shame, only she hadn't had the satisfaction of the fun the night before.

Dick hung out the bathroom window after he heard her slam the door. "HEY! Watch it! That's mahogany!" He shook his fist in the air, before sinking back inside to sulk. Something he was pretty good at.

Rhiley groaned, pretending she hadn't heard the man as she walked to the nearest bus stop just as a bus had arrived. How convenient.

As soon as she got home, she fed her tabby cat, Rin, and went to take a shower to get ready for her shift in two hours. She just wanted to forget about the jackass.

After she had finished up at home and made it to work, Rhiley walked through the doors of the bar, shoulders slumped. She threw her purse into one of the locked cabinets before pulling out her apron and shutting and locking it all back up. She wore a tight fitting tube top with a sheer bolero jacket and skinny jeans with holes in the knees. She tied her black half apron around her waist and threw her pad and pen and some straws in her apron before she moved to clock in.

"So how did last night go? Anna said she saw you give some guy your number while she was on her smoke break."

Rhiley inwardly sighed. Great.

"Terri! Nothing happened. There is nothing to talk about." she groaned as she shoved her card into the time stamper and when she heard it click she pulled it out again.

"That's not what Bob said this morning. Said he saw you on the walk of shame on his way into the office." she grinned as she tailed Rhiley back behind the bar.

"Yeah well Bob doesn't know what he is talking about. He starts drinking at 6 in the morning." she mumbled as she moved to count out her till as she smiled and greeted various customers.

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Slick managed to find the cottage and slinked his way inside after picking the lock. Dick had wandered down an hour or so after she had left and had locked it while he wallowed in the lounge.

His father looked around with a frown at the hallway after entering and made a face at the colour of the carpet. After a moment of pondering, he moved into the lounge, gagged over the decor items and then discovered Dick, face down, on the sofa groaning into the gap in the cushions. He placed his hands on his hips. "You sorry sack of sh-"

Dick leaped in fright, flailed in mid-air and landed with a thud on the rug. "WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK ARE YOU..."
"Relax, relaaaax. I, uh..." He held his lockpick up and wiggled it. "Just persuaded the lock a little, that's all.

Dick frowned up at him unimpressed after peeling himself off the carpet. "Well, I don't know how you found this place, but now is not a good time."

"Oh? Not a good time? Why? You seem like you have all the time in the world." Slick grabbed his son's collar and yanked him to his feet properly. He was shorter than Dick, but he had strength behind him. "Stop moping. We gotta get back to work today. Word is that Gadget is getting back up come over. Dr Claw has told us to assemble. Well... Us that are left."

Dick groaned. "Great. First we break them out of jail, then we have to go on that scuddy mission to just watch Gadget and Pr... And and and... We only get one night's break!?"

"Hey, think yourself lucky."

"Lucky!?"

"I saw you leave with that little number at the bar."

Dick's brows lowered until they were a perfect line across his forehead. "No."

"No?"

"No. You may have seen that, but nothing happened."

"Tch, shame." He moved over to his son and laced an arm around his shoulders. "Are you sure you are mine? I wouldn't have let that opportunity pass me up."

Dick unhooked Slick's fingers from his shoulder one by one. "And that is why I got a meaningful relationship and Mom is... Where is Mom anyway?"

"Meaningful relationship!" Slick burst out laughing, a tear springing from the corner of his eye. "Oh fuck if I know hahahaha, probably some place or another. MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIP! Hahahaha! She fucked off! Hahahaha!"

Dick stomped away towards the door ready to leave. "Don't you... Ha. Don't you at least want to know why she's with Gadget?"

Dick stopped in his tracks instantly and turned round to stare in disbelief at his father.

Slick smirked. That got his attention alright.

"Dad? What do you mean?"

"You know... She's his partner."

"Partner?" Dick stomped over, clearly starting to get agitated. "Partner?! What kind of partner exactly?"

"Woah, woah, woah, son. Take a chill pill. Professional partner!" Slick's smirk got even wider as his son's face turned so red he almost turned purple in his rage.

"What do you mean professional partner, she's with MAD, she's Dr Claw's daughter!"

"Shhhh! Not so loud, for Christ's sake! It's..." He smacked his lips. "Complicated."
Dick lunged for him and grabbed him by the collar of his MAD jumpsuit which he was already wearing ready for their next assignment. The lycra stretched under his fingers. "You got five seconds to explain yourself."

"Heeeey-ey-ey-ey is that anyway to treat your ol' Dad? C'mon!" He patted his hands and wriggled. "I was sworn to secrecy, they'd kill me if they knew I told you."

Dick's grip tightened.

"AHHH ah ah ha, no. But... But... I can tell you that she's part of an experiment!"

"I'm listening..." 

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Half way through Rhiley's shift, she couldn't seem to focus. She had dropped a tray full of shots, much to the chagrin of Jasper. And as she attempted her shot at flair, to gain more tips, she dropped an entire bottle of tequila. It was house tequila. Super cheap. But it was still a pain to clean up.

She groaned as she finished picking up the glass, laying towels to soak up the alcohol.

"Deb! Take over please." she called to the waitress of the night. "I need to clear my damn head." she groaned as she threw her apron on the counter and stole a smoke off of a usual patron and walked outside. She didn't smoke often. Just when she was flustered.

From around the corner, Fred lumbered his way towards the bar doors and caught sight of Rhiley smoking. He stuffed his hands in his pockets and cleared his throat as he got closer.

Rhiley took in a hit, then let it out through her nose as she enjoyed the nicotine rush.

As she heard a throat being cleared, she looked up. "Oh! Fred, right? From that group last night."

Fred nodded to her, but stayed silent. He was there to meet up with the other guys. The bar, unbeknownst to Rhiley, had become a MAD rendezvous spot and they were to all meet there and head out ready for the next mission. He was wearing his MAD jumpsuit, but had left the headpiece off. A slow sort of rumbling sound came from his throat. "M.. nn... Light?" He had produced his own cigarette from the pack he kept in his sleeve at the wrist below his glove.

Rhiley smiled as she produced her zippo, flipping it open and igniting the flame before she held it out for him. "Your... Uh... Your buddies joining you tonight?" she asked. What she meant to ask was if Dick would be joining, but she didn't want to outright ask. She still was a bit sore at him.

Fred inhaled the cigarette that seemed comically tiny between his huge sausage fingers and let out the smoke in one big puff into the air, before glancing down at her from the corner of his eye. "Mm." He didn't want to give away too much, after all. "Meeting." He brought the cig to his mouth again and took another drag, half the length of it burning up in one go. His lungs must have been rather good. He let it out and leaned against the wall looking up into the sky. "Work?" He was a man of few words, but he felt that he should at least try to make idle conversation so as not to look too suspicious.

Rhiley blinked as he sucked in half the cigarette in one go. "Huh? Oh!" she quickly shoot from her stare. "Yeah. I am one of the full time bartenders here." she said with a smile as she leaned back against the building with him.

"So what do you guys do? Dick said it was some sort of secret. Is it really that big of a deal?" she
asked as she looked up at him.

He physically jerked. He didn't want to answer that question. Why weren't the guys there yet? What was taking them so long? "We... mmm.. Yeah. Secret." He took a smaller drag and looked away hoping she was convinced, but he doubted it.

"Fine then. You guys keep your secret club a secret." she teased as she elbowed him in jest as she put out her butt. "I gotta get back to it. Im sure i will see you in there?" she smiled at him before she disappeared into the building.

Fred watched and swallowed loudly. That was close. Too close. Was she a spy? Wait, didn't she end up going back with Dick the night previous? Had he told her anything? Now he was anxious...

Suddenly, Lenny and Pops wandered around the corner, closely followed by Bruce, Squirt and Clyde.

"Where's Dick? And Slick?" Pops folded his arms and looked up at Fred who was finally finished with his cig. Lenny peered around Fred to be sure he hadn't squashed them both against the wall with his ass and raised a brow. Suddenly, Squirt shushed them as he gestured down the street where Slick was wandering behind Dick who was striding in his jumpsuit angrily. Slick had a black eye...

"What happened with you?"

"Shut it!" Dick strode past them and straight into the bar.

Slick shook his head and rolled his eyes. "He's just being sensitive."

"Great. Well, can we get on with this before Molly has our balls on the block?" Pops wandered inside after Dick and it wasn't long until the whole group had assembled in the corner of the pub.

Rhiley had somehow pulled her head from her ass with the help of that cigarette and strangely from talking to Fred. He was a man of many words it seemed. It was starting to slow up as dinner rush had finally come to a close. They would have a good hour before the bar rush would be coming in for their saturday night drinks. Rhiley loved working Saturdays. She had a good time partying it up with the patrons. It wasn't work. She was paid to serve people alcohol. Sometimes it got a bit rough, but that was what she had Teddy, their security man, for.

She was cleaning the bar down with the bar mix, as they called it, when the door opened. She looked up, her smile faltering as she saw Dick stride in. Well. His name was certainly fitting, wasn't it? As the others filed in after him, taking their same table from the night previous, Rhiley pulled out her pad and walked over. This slow hour was also the hour she played both bar tender and waitress. There were only two other patrons in at the moment so it wasn't a real hassle.

"What can i get you guys to drink?" she asked as she pulled her pen out of her hair and clicked it as she flipped her pad open.

All the agents wearing their jumpsuits looked up at her in a creepy sort of unison, though Dick cringed into his seat. He hoped she didn't make it awkward. Unfortunately, Slick had other ideas. "Oh heeeyyy, if it isn't the little red-head you went home with last night." Dick glared at him. Clearly his black eye hadn't taught him anything.

Pops waved a hand at her and pulled out his comm system ready for the call to Molly. "We're
workin'.'"

Slick grinned up at her, though he could barely see through his shiner on his left eye. "Nuts to them, I'll take Scotch on the rocks."

Scotch. Dick felt a shiver roll all the way up his spine.

She rolled her eyes at the antics of Dick's dad, used to being riled up after the previous night by a few patrons as well as workmates and not just Terri.

Rhiley turned and raised a brow at the grumpy looking fella. Pops, she believed they called him. She wanted to tell him how their work wasn't making her any tips and they could leave if that were the case, but Slick spoke up.

Rhiley wrote it down. "You wanna get a tab goin? Or did you wanna pay as you go?" she asked, ignoring the shiver that ran up her spine. She tried her best to ignore Dick. She didn't want to even give him the time of day.

Dick drummed his fingers on the table as Pops set up the screen and glanced over at Rhiley, before averting his eyes as fast as he could.

"A tab, I think." He gave her a wink. "Bring a round for the guys, but don't let the screen see you."

Pops grumbled and slapped the side of the screen and it finally jumped to life. If fuzzed at first, but soon there was a ringtone. "Miss Molly? It's us."

Molly's first words were yelled and it almost blew the speakers. "YOU INCOMPETENT HALFWITS!"

All the agents leaped in their seats and squished in so she could see them. "We're sorry, things have just been hard."

"How? How has it been hard? Dick and Squirt bust you guys outta prison, you've had it easy, you even had the night off! Don't give me that shit!"

Lenny reached for the volume control and lowered it with a gulp. "We're here now though, what's the deal?"

Molly waved her fist at the screen. "I'll tell you when I'm ready..." She paused, only to start telling them anyway. "Your next mission is to seek out your blasted target and eliminate them!"

"We know, we know!" Slick leaned forwards, but Molly interrupted him when she caught sight of his eye.

"What happened to YOU!? You look like shit."

"Thank ye ma'am. Most kind." Slick did a mock bow before continuing. "Where do we meet the target?"

"At least one of you is actually listening to me... I will send you coordinates to a cafe that you can use as your location. Take them out there."

Rhiley nodded to Slick as she counted each mentally and headed back towards the counter and grabbed the bottle of RnB scotch. She poured each a shot on the rocks and nearly dropped the platter they were on from how loud the voice on the whatever device they were using. She sounded like an
angry lady. As requested, Rhiley stayed off screen as she served the drinks.

Wait... Take out the target? Busting out of prison? Rhiley tried to feign disinterest as she gave the last shot to Dick, his having less ice in it and more alcohol. She hoped it hurt.

As she moved back to the bar she couldn't help but worry. What the hell were these guys? And why would she get caught up in all this?? Perhaps if she pretended not to hear anything they would let her live?

All the agents saluted, knocking themselves on the side of their heads with their fist as was tradition.

"If you muck it up, I swear that Dr Claw will be making some cuts. SERIOUS cuts. Do you understand? I can get much better agents for him over where you are, all it takes is one call."

Everyone shivered. By cuts, she meant they'd be done away with. Dick let out a sigh. Great, that was all he needed. Extra stress. He slid off camera a little and held his glass to his lips, took a sip and launched forwards spraying it everywhere. "HOLY HELL!"

"WHY ARE YOU DRINKI-" Molly roared, but the screen fizzled and died from the liquid.

"Ohhhh, Dick. You've gone and done it." Lenny chewed on his fingers.

Pops started humming the death march as a joke and Fred started laughing in his dumb little way.

Dr. Claw. Thee Dr. Claw?? Everyone knew who he was. He was not a good person. Rhiley's heart hammered in her chest as she made herself look busy cleaning glasses, but still kept an ear open.

As Dick cried out his distaste for the alcohol, Rhiley couldn't help but inwardly grin. Yes. It had the desired affects. The fact that he may have pissed off who was probably one of their superiors was just an added bonus. She looked up in mock concern.

"Everything okay over there?" she called over as she threw the drying towel over her shoulder.

Pops was frantically trying to reconnect, but the screen was done for. Dick scowled over at her and was about to yell, when Slick covered his mouth with a hand which only sent him flailing in his seat in protest. "He's fine, he's just... Dick."

The rest of the agents laughed and Slick slowly peeled his hand away. "Say, doll, you got a toothpick or something? I kinda need to fix something."

Rhiley inwardly grinned.

"Yeah sure. Coming right up," she said as she grabbed a wrapped toothpick and took it over to hand it to Slick, giving Dick a sly wink before turning back to his dad. "Anything else i can do for you guys?" she asked as she placed a hand on her hip.

Dick's face was a picture. His face went from shocked, to angry, to upset, to angry again in the space of a few seconds. Slick took the toothpick. "Thanks, doll." He unwrapped it and carefully poked it into the flesh under the swelling to drain it so that he could see. He couldn't go out on the mission with an incapacitated eye after all. Blood trickled down his cheek, but the swelling reduced and he could see again. "I got a spare back at my hotel." Lenny was trying to help Pops fix the comm link, but to no avail. "Yeah, looks like we are heading there next then. We need the coordinates before we can do anything. Everyone stood in unison, apart from Dick who was frowning at the floor, and left the bar. It took him a few moments, but he got up and slinked out, giving Rhiley one last sad glance beforehand.
Rhiley watched as the group stood and left the bar. To her surprise, Dick had lingered. She kept up her dismissive facade as she turned back to her job at hand. She looked back at her counter and groaned. They forgot to pay the flipping bill.
Chapter 9

The following morning, Prince awoke to an empty space besides her and stared at it in confusion. "Gadget?" She slowly got up, threw on her clothes and wandered to her bathroom, but he was not in there either. He must have gone back to his room. She couldn't blame him though, he had to set an example for his niece. She smiled as she recalled their time in the park, the pizza they had all shared together in Gadget's room... But that was probably the last chance for goofing off. Nozzaire was due in and that meant work would probably pick up. She yawned, rubbed her eyes and ran a brush through her hair, before exiting her room leaving Data and Scooter to recharge.

She knocked on Gadget's door hoping they were up. No reply. "Gadget? Penny?" She tried the handle, but it was locked. Were they already at breakfast? Oh gods, what time was it? Prince checked her phone and almost squealed as she saw how late it was. The Colonel would probably already be there! She raced down the stairs and skidded into the dining room, her freshly brushed hair now a frantic purple mess.

Gadget, Penny, Digit and Fidget were downstairs in the dining room when Prince skidded in.

"Woah, hey. Where's the fire?" Gadget asked as he looked over Prince and noted her dishevelled appearance. "Are you okay?"

"I..." She huffed and puffed. "I though that I'd missed the Colonel getting here. It's so late! Why didn't you wake me?" She slowly made her way over to the table and slumped in a seat, already exhausted. "Ugh! I need coffeeeee!" She whined and flailed a hand around lazily and a server poured her a cup.

"The Colonel wont be here for another hour or so. His flight got delayed for bad weather." Penny said as she looked up the flight to show Prince.

"And this might be the last few hours we get to relax, so i figured we would let you sleep." Gadget said as he smiled warmly at her.

"Bad weather..." Prince chuckled as she ran a hand through her hair to straighten it out, a slight wave of relief hitting her. "Oof. Well, uh... Thank you. I just..." She didn't say anything else on the subject, she just grabbed her coffee and enjoyed it in silence. Digit was smiling away at her from across the table and eventually piped up. "Did you sleep well?" Fidget gave him an odd look and Penny peered over her laptop at him with a brow raised. "Mmm, yes. I slept very well. I guess that fresh air yesterday did me some good."

Gadget raised a brow at Digit. He had been acting funny for the past couple days now. Of course Gadget had noticed. He was very... Uppity whenever Prince was in the room. It was strange.

"I slept like a baby last night. I think you are right. The fresh air most certainly helped clear my mind. Prince, did you want to accompany me to the airport to greet Colonel Nosehair? Figured we could surprise him with a little welcoming comittty." he smiled as he forked a piece of sausage and bit into it.

"Sure, why not. It might help wake me up a bit. I mean, the coffee is fine, but..." She ran her hand through her hair again and sighed as her fingers caught in a knot.

Penny smiled to her Uncle. "I'm going to head out and catch a movie, if that's OK."

Digit and Fidget looked at each other knowingly. That meant they'd be going with Gadget and
Prince, naturally. Digit, of course, did not mind it at all.

"I'll have to just go and wake Data and Scooter up. I think they'll want to join us. After all, they are part of our little group." Prince got to her feet, wandered out the room and returned a few minutes later with the two girl bots in toe.

"Yeah, that's fine, Penny. Did you need any money?" Gadget asked as he grabbed his wallet from his back pocket. As Prince left. "What kind of movie you going to watch?" he asked as he looked to his niece.

As Prince returned with her Gadgetinis, Gadget stood as he finished his coffee off.

"Oh, it's nothing over my age limit, so don't worry. It's just a film about space battles and aliens. It's uh..." She tried to remember what it was in English money, but since she was smart it didn't take her long. "The ticket is £7.50, so I read online."

Prince smiled over to the group and Data waved happily at Fidget. Digit, on the other hand, was scowling at Scooter who was making a rude gesture at him that no one was even noticing.

"You catching a flick?" Prince overheard Penny's comment to her Uncle. "Ooohh, fun. I've not been to the cinema in years. Have fun!"

Gadget smiled as he handed her more than enough to see the movie and get consessions.

He looked up at Prince in surprise.
"Maybe... When this is all over we will have to fix that?" he asked as his face heated up a bit. It was still foreign to him that Prince was now officially his girlfriend. It was odd to think of such a thing. But he was so happy. He hadn't felt like this in a very long time and he was happy that it was reciprocated.

"Well, Prince, shall we head over to the Airport? Colonel Nosehair should be landing any time now," he asked as he moved over to off her arm to her.

"Ooo, yes! We really should!"

Penny raised both brows at them. There must have been something going on if Gadget had suggested going to the movies. Normally he would shy away from inviting a woman anywhere. She thanked him and stuffed the money in her pocket, before grabbing her laptop and heading out.

"It's a good thing the airport is only a short walk away." Prince moved towards the doorway and waited for Gadget to lead the way. "At least we won't be late."

Digit was happily stood beside her, but Scooter put pay to it by shoving him out the way with her rear end and clinging onto Prince's coat with a smug grin.

Gadget told penny to have fun before she left. He was glad he had brought her along. It was good for her to see other cultures and countries. And as long as she stayed in or around the hotel she would be safe.

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When they got to the airport, a plane was just landing.

"That must be the Colonel's." Gadget said with a smile before opening the door for Prince and the Gadgetinis to go through.
As they walked to the terminal the Colonel would be getting to, Gadget's hat opened up and out popped a sign that said "Colonel Nosehair" in big, red letters.

Prince followed Gadget in, a little wary. Planes... Planes were alright in themselves, but it reminded her of the one thing she didn't enjoy. Flying. She shivered as they waited in the terminal.

Digit stood close to Prince, as Scooter rested against a nearby wall and Data and Fidget talked amongst themselves by the door.

"So, this Colonel of yours... What is he like?"

Gadget smiled as he looked over to Prince.
"He's a pretty cool guy. French. Oh! I think i see him!"

Nozzaire was done. Already he was fed up and he hadn't even stepped off the plane. First his flight was delayed almost 6 hours due to a nasty winter storm. Then he had the aisle seat. Every time the cart went by he was whacked in the elbow or shoulder. And the people he was sat with? Disgusting. The grandma next to him smelled of cat urine and moth balls, the gentleman besides her had packed away his hearing aides apparently and was yelling "what?" every time she spoke to him. The couple in front of him had an infant that wouldn't stop screaming, and the couple with the child behind him.... She wouldn't stop kicking his seat!

Normally he would fly first class, but this was all that was left at last minute.

He was already regretting coming.

It didn't get much better after he stepped off the plane. Some jackass had grabbed his suitcase thinking it was theirs. He had to fight him off it. It was only when he popped it open and showed him the contents did he finally realize his mistake. Nevermind the fact that the case had his name on it!

As he walked through the terminal he was greeted by a sight he had thought he was ready for, but oh was he mistaken. There was gadget holding up a sign that said "Colonel Nosehair".

Oh did he need a drink.

Prince had no idea who to look out for, but she had an idea that he would be wearing a uniform. It was then she noticed a very heavy set guy in an olive green military jacket, decorated well, hauling a suitcase glaring at Gadget as he was walking over. Wow. That had to be him. Has he got closer, he got bigger... And bigger. This guy was massive. She almost felt herself cowering behind Gadget, but he was wearing his usual dumb smile on his face as if everything was normal.

The Gadgetinis hopped over and waited in a neat little row beside them both, saluting properly.

"Ah! Colonel Nosehair! It is good to-" gadget began as he saluted.

"Nozzaire! Eet ees Nozzaire! 'Ow many time must i tell you!" he nearly yelled. He took in a deep breath, letting it out slowly with his eyes closed as he counted back from ten, just as his therapist had taught him.
"Sorry. Ah had a rough flight. At ease Gadgeet." he said as he finally tood tall in front of them, smoothing back his hair.

It was then he realized Gadget had a lovely little lady off to his side with an extra pair of Gadgetinis
next to his own. "And thees must be Inspectar Prince?" he asked as he smiled at the young woman. "I am Colonel Jaques Nozzaire. Eet ees a pleasure to meet you." he said as he moved to stand infront of her, holding his hand out to shake.

The Gadgetinis held their salute as the Colonel spoke. Data and Scooter had been trained to do so on the sight of any superior with uniform or decoration, though Scooter was having a hard time holding hers. Saluting was much more tiring than she thought.

Prince nodded in silence, a deer in headlights look on her face. That guy was huge and when he shouted he was incredibly loud. But... That accent. Oh that accent. She reached out a shaky hand and took his limply. "H-Hello. Y-Yes. I'm she, er, me, er... I am her."

Nozzaire smiled warmly at her as he took her hand to place a gentle kiss to the back of her knuckles. "Gadgeet did not mention how lovely hees partner was for thees mission." he said as he continued to hold her hand, his knuckles brushing the back of her hand.

Prince almost passed out. "Ahhh ahahaha hahaha! Oh you!" She laughed, but ended up snorting at the same time as she swatted her other hand in his direction.

Gadget cleared his throat as he felt a bit of inexplainable anger rise within him. Nozzaire released her hand as he looked at him with a bored expression.

"So since you are here... Does that mean this situation is worse than we thought?" he asked as he subconsciously stepped closer to Prince.

"I am afraid eet ees. Come. I shall explain on ze way to the hotel." he said as he motioned for them to leave.

All the Gadgetinis looked over wondering what the heck was going on. Digit, of course, with a frown. As they started to walk off, they all bunched together and followed. Data was humming a tune, to which Fidget looked back at her curiously. "Are you OK?"

"Fiiine!"

Digit grumbled. "I didn't not expect the Colonel to be so hands on."

"What? Are you jealous, Blueberry?"

"NO! And stop calling me that!"

Data pressed her hands to her cheeks as she walked. "Oh hey, he's dreaaaamy."

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Back at the hotel, Nozzaire checked into his hotel room after explaining what he had planned. The warehouse was obviously planned and set up. They were targeting gadget and Prince, obviously. But this was all he had concluded. He needed to see the scene in person. Perhaps he could find some sort of clue Littlewood had overlooked.

Prince was sat with Gadget in his room going over a few things with Nozzaire. "So, this is the warehouse inside." She slid a photo onto the bed and pointed to the crates. "These are just some of the crates we found, all with the MAD insignia on them. But, they were not stowed correctly for shipment and were all armed. Certainly not the correct way of shipping arms, if I'm not mistaken?" She slid it closer to the Colonel and rooted for one photo in particular of the rocket launcher Gadget had accidentally set off.
The Gadgetinis all stood around and listened, though Data and Fidget were playing amongst
themselves and Scooter had taken the windowsill, the brim of her metal hat lowered over her eyes.

Nozzaire hummed as he looked over the pictures. "No. Eet most certainly ees not how to store
weapons for sheep. You do not arm weapons you plan to sheep they may go off, as we can clearly
see." he said as he glared towards gadget, who nervously laughed. "Ah want you two to lay low.
Our intelligence had eyes on MAD and he had told me that they may try to place an attack on a
nearby cafe. Inspector Prince, ah need for you to get on the inside. Gadget, ah need for you to... Not
screw zis up. We shall smoke zem out and take them out." he said as he laid out the plan.

Prince was in a daze as he spoke, staring at him with her head rested on her knuckles. "Hm? What?"
Her chin slipped off her hand and she had to catch herself, quickly straightening up. "Oh! Yes, can
do! So, I take a job there? I will have to make a few alterations to how I look." She ran a hand
through her purple hair. "Maybe... Black?"

Digit smiled and rested himself against the edge of the bed. "Anything you choose will be lovely..."
He instantly lurched backwards. "Did... Did I say that out loud.?"

Prince gushed at him. "Awww, thank you."

Nozzaire liked her style. Anything for the sake of a mission. "Black would be fine. It is a lot less
noticable."

Gadget frowned at Inspector Prince. Was she okay? She seemed a bit... Distant. Not nearly as
focused as before. Was she ill? "So what shall I do, Colonel Nosehair?" he asked as he looked at the
Colonel who seemed to be turning a bit red.

"You will stay away from this mission. Inspector Prince is a capable woman. You just make sure she
stays safe." he said as he tried to control his anger.

Prince let out a small chuckle as she reached for her diary and added some notes in it. She would
need to find a chemist so she could grab some hair dye, so she stood and brushed down her coat. "I
suppose it would be a good idea for me to go find the hair dye, right? Time's a-ticking and all that."

Data and Scooter leaped forwards, ready to accompany her on her trip.

"Would you like me to come with you? I mean... If you want. I dont have to." Gadget asked as he
sheepishly twiddled his fingers. He didnt want to come off as clingy... But he enjoyed being around
her. Hopefully she wouldnt get tired of him.

"Oh, sure. I mean, if you want to!" She had to admit, she would like the company. Data and Scooter
would be fine, but they would be focused on their usual things. Wth Gadget... "You could even
help me dye it if you want. I can never reach the back, I always have someone do it for me."

Data and Scooter looked up at her questioningly. "Oh, well... Shall we stay here with the Colonel
then?"

Digit scoffed. "What do you think WE are doing?"

"Oh, quiet Blueberry. No one asked you."

Gadget smiled widely as she mentioned him helping with the dye. Oh anything for more time with
this lovely lady.

"Well. Shall we then?" he asked as he held out an arm.
"Yes!" Prince grabbed his arm, almost as if it was perfectly normal and pulled him to the door to go and get the dye from the nearby chemist, leaving Nozzaire alone in the hotel with the Gadgetinis.

Gadget nearly squeaked as he was whisked away.

As they made it to the Chemist's, Gadget raised a brow.

"Can't you just get the dye from a drug store? I didn't even know chemists actually existed outside of big labs." Gadget was highly confused. This was a far cry from the states in more ways than one.

Prince's brow raised for a moment, before she let out a small laugh. It wasn't that she was making fun of him. "What? Oh! Oh gosh, I totally forgot about the differences in language between us." She turned to face him to explain. "See, here we call drug store, or pharmacies 'chemists'. Some do call the a pharmacy, but chemist is a very common term where I live for them. A place that administers drug prescriptions, sells over the counter medicines, as well as toiletries and hair dyes, cosmetics and perfumes."

She would have to remember that... Maybe she could ask the Colonel about differences later on when they returned to the hotel. Just to be on the safe side.

"Oh! So we are going to the drug store! Er.. We are at the drug store!" he exclaimed as he looked up at the sign. It was strange. They both spoke English and yet they were speaking two different languages. "We also call them convenience stores for obvious reasons." he beamed as he spurt off his knowledge as he walked up to hold the door open for Prince.

As she walked by him to enter the store, she grabbed his nose lightly and wiggled it. "Thank you." Once inside, she turned to make sure he was still behind her, then wandered down the closest aisle. It was full of hayfever remedies. Not at all what she was looking for. After stopping slightly, she shyly reached out a hand for Gadget to take. For some reason, she wanted to be hand in hand and wanted him to know it.

Gadget felt his face heat up as he walked in behind her. Oh how she had an affect on him! And as soon as she reached her hand out to take his, his heart beat quickened. He couldn't help himself. He had yet to come to terms that such a lovely creature like her wanted him.

As they walked down the next aisle he instantly flushed as he realized they were in a more "adult" section. "Wowzers... Uh..." he couldn't form words as he looked over the different types and the lubes that lined the wall besides it. Even little "personal massagers". That didn't seem so bad... Until he realized how "personal" they really were.

Prince stopped instantly and cleared her throat. "I, uh... Oh my. I don't think the hair dye is down here."

Suddenly, she noticed that there was someone at the end of the aisle watching them and she turned to Gadget and quietly whispered. "Don't make any sudden moves and don't look directly at them, but I think we are being followed."

It was Jarvis, who had gone in to get himself some throat lozenges. He wasn't following them by any means. In fact, he didn't even know they were in the store until he spotted them from the throat remedy shelf.

Gadget nearly looked as Prince spoke. They were being followed? "Perhaps not? Could be coincidence." he said as he casually picked up a "his and hers" lube to check it over, trying to look casual, but instantly regretted it as he realized what he grabbed, his face heating to an unbearable
degree. "Ah-haha yeah. This one will work honey!" he said a bit too loudly as he ushered her out of
the aisle. He pulled her along to the next aisle quickly as he tried to fend off his embarassment.
Fortunately the next aisle had the hair dye. "I guess we just watch and see if he is really following
us." he said quietly into her ear as he tried his best to make it look like he was just overly
affectionate.

Prince was also following suit in playing the amorous couple bit and was nuzzling up to him, but felt
her stomach swirl as he picked up a box of... "Oh good heavens." She picked up a small adult toy in
her hand just in case and cleared her throat. As Gadget ushered her to the hair dye, she almost felt as
if she was going to pass out. She wasn't a pride by any means, but they certainly weren't that far in
their relationship. "Mmm, yes. Um..." She leaned in to his neck and ear to copy what he was doing
so their cover wasn't blown. "I'm watching him now out of my peripheral vision. You pick up a box
of black dye behind me and I'll pretend I'm, uh... Kissing your face?"

Jarvis slowly slipped passed the throat remedies and pretended to look busy rooting through
toothbrushes. He was watching them. He knew Gadget when he saw him and he certainly knew the
purple haired princess too. Slowly, he moved to the toothpaste, still watching them.

Gadget nodded as he leaned behind him to grab the black dye as he leaned into Prince. As she
moved in to kiss his face, he moved a little at the same time and they ended up locking lips. Gadget
nearly dropped the dye behind his back as his eyes widened. He enjoyed kissing her, touching her,
all of that... But he was never a fan of public displays even if they were putting up a front and he
hoped that Prince would not be offended by his actions.

It was a surprise, but she simply assumed he was playing the part and so she focused on trying to act
accordingly. She closed her eyes and slipped her free hand up his neck to his hair.

Jarvis all but retched at the sight. How could the two be making out in public like that. That was
disgusting and he had to stifle the sound of him heaving into the palm of his hand. He didn't move,
however and knew he had no choice but to put up with the sickening display. After all, how could
he pass up the opportunity to get Gadget once and for all?

Was she... Was this just her playing the part? But oh did her lips feel good against his. He nearly
forgot where he was as his hand popped from his hat to take hold of the goods in his hand as he
moved to take her face in his hands. She tasted to good on his lips. He was losing himself as he
nipped at her lip without realizing it.

Jarvis all but choked back vomit. He really didn't want to see his long-time enemy in such a situation.
The fact that she was even entertaining him was a shock to the system. No, he couldn't take much
more of it. He ended up shifting to behind the counter. The cashier gave him an odd look, but he
silenced him with a threat.

Prince breathed a sigh of relief as the agent vanished, but Gadget had seriously gotten into the role.
As he nipped at her lip she let out a squealing laugh against his lips and tore herself away, keeping
up her act. "Ohhhohoho honeyyy. You are terrible! Wait until we get back home!"

Gadget finally got a hold of himself as he shook his head.
"I... Yes. You are right. Let's hurry then." he said, slipping back into his role as he realized the
person following them could still be around. He held out his arm for her to take before he happily led
her to the counter.

Once at the counter, Prince produced the exact money needed. Of course, she also bought the box
Gadget had grabbed before so as not to look suspicious. With a grin, she greeted the cashier. "Hello!
We're on honeymoon."
The cashier gave them both an odd sort of look, rang up the items and handed over the receipt.

Suddenly, Jarvis sprang up from behind the counter and dived forwards. "I'm gonna get you now!" He attempted to swipe for one of them, but Prince ended up leaping backwards just in time to avoid getting grabbed, recovered quickly and hurled the adult toy at the agent with a loud battle cry.

Gadget was thoroughly impressed with Prince's reflexes as Jarvis fell backwards, not quite expecting to be attacked with a freaking dildo, which had only added insult to injury. "Nice throw, Prince. I will take it from here." he grinned as he produced a set of cuffs and slapped them on his wrists while he was still in a daze. The cashier had all but vanished at this point, having run off to hide. "Should we take him to see Colonel Nosehair first? Or straight to jail?" he grinned as he looked to Prince.

Prince stood with her hands proudly on her hips as Gadget praised her and slapped the cuffs on the now dazed agent.

"Ohhhh no." He wriggled. "You ain't takin' me anywhere. I'm takin' YOU somewhere." Jarvis yanked on the cuffs and attempted to bring Gadget to his knees so he could subdue him, but Prince had other ideas. She all but rugby tackled into him and pinned him down.

"Gadget, sweetie, can you reach in my pocket and grab my phone? I think the Colonel needs to come here."

Jarvis tried to squirm, but the way she had him pinned down made it impossible.

Gadget blinked as he watched her subdue the man, something stirring inside of him, and his pants, at the sight. He nearly didn't catch what she said before he fumbled for her pocket to grab her phone. Why he didn't just call the Colonel himself, he had no clue... But he grabbed her phone and dialed the colonel anyways.

"Ms. Preence. Did somezing happen?" came a concerned voice from the other side. Nozzaire was getting a little worried when he received the call. Why else would she call unless something was wrong? After all, they were only supposed to be gone a short while.

"Hey, Colonel Nosehair, it's Inspector Gadget. You might want to come to the drug chemist store. We got someone here you might want to meet." he grinned at Prince.

"IT'S NOZZAIRE. I will be down in a bit!" and with that the phone went silent.

"He should be down in a minute. Do you... Uh... Need help with that?" he asked, referring to the pinned man.

"Thanks for the offer, but I got this." She offered him a wink as she adjusted her position, straddling the man wider, each limb pinned down completely.

"Hoo boy, I can see why he was engaged to you." Jarvis grinned up at Prince, almost enjoying himself a little too much.

"You have the right to remain silent. Anyway... Me and Gadget aren't engaged, the heck are you babbling about."

Jarvis rolled his eyes, but let out a pained groan as she put more pressure on his limbs.

"Engaged?" Gadget laughed nervously. "Don't be silly. We just met not long ago." he sputtered
before he let out another chuckle. "Not that i wouldn't... I mean... We jusy met and i just..." well. He certainly put his foot in that one. Where the heck was the colonel? It wasnt that far of a walk after all.

"Exactly, I er... I mean. That is to say..." Prince felt her face heat up a little.

Jarvis groaned, but this time from an all together different pain. The pain of stupidity. "Jesus, you guys are idiots."

"Hey!" Prince dug her knees in harder. "Don't be rude!"

"Rude? Rude!? You hit me with a fucking dildo!"

"I mean... She was reacting to you jumping out at us so by all technicalities, you did start it." Gadget pointed out just as the door opened to reveal Colonel Nosehair. "Ah! Colonel! This man tried to jump at us." Gadget explained as he pointed to the man under Prince. "But Prince was quick to take action here. We figured you has a few auestions for him!" Gadget grinned as he motioned to the bad guy under Prince.

"Ah yes. Excellent werk, Inspectar Preence. Do we know who 'e eez werking for yet?" Nozzaire asked as he moved to inspect the man beneath Prince. Lucky Bastard.

As she looked down at Jarvis, her eye began to twitch as her brain tried to connect. She knew he was familiar, but it was as if she couldn't place him no matter how hard she tried. It was there, but she just couldn't... "I'm sure we can guess. But with your help I bet we will find out in no time."

Jarvis grinned up at her again and licked his lips. "You gonna interrogate me, lil lady?"

"Ew." Prince scrambled off of him, after giving him a quick shove with her knees and gestured for Nozzaire to take the reigns, as it were. "I'm sure you'll want to do it yourself, right?"

As soon as her weight was off him, Jarvis kicked his legs out and thrashed wildly as his eyes finally met the Colonel's hulking form. "Shit. Oh no, you ain't getting squat outta me. You stay away."

"Yes... 'E an Ah will have a nice leetle chat on our way to ze police station." Nozzaire grinned as he grabbed him by the cuffs and easily hoisted him up, taking little effort in getting the upperhand as he led him out.

"Ah will see yew both at ze hotel." he said before he disappeared.

Gadget let out a sigh as he turned to Prince.

"Are you all right, Prince?" he asked as he took her by the upper arms and looked her over.

A smug sort of grin plastered on her face, Prince couldn't help but admire the way Nozzaire hoisted the man up with no effort at all. As Gadget approached her and took her by the shoulders, she smiled brightly up at him. "I'm fine. Nothing I couldn't handle. Maye a bit of a bruised knee, but nothing major." She reached up a hand and wiggled his nose again. "We should get back to the hotel and get this hair dye sorted ready for tomorrow. I'm sure Jaques can take care of the rest. Unless you want to secure the scene and look for any evidence that man might have left behind first. I can dash off to the hotel and get this dye done in the meantime."

Gadget looked around, still having a hold on Prince. "I suppose i should definitely stay behind and look for evidence. It is the sensible thing to do after all." he nodded before looking her in the eye. "Be careful." he said as he leaned in and kissed her lips lightly. "I will call if I find anything."
Prince bristled a little from the kiss, but in a good way. "I will. The hotel is only up the road a little, it's not like it's a big deal. Besides..." She moved out of his grasp and winked at him over her shoulder as she grabbed the box of hair dye. "I've already proven I can handle myself."

With that she left the store and made her way onto the dark street. She knew Gadget could handle the search. It was a small store, after all and with his gadgets she was certain it wouldn't take him too long. After adjusting her coat a little to provide better protection from the chill in the air, she began to move her way up the path towards the hotel, box in hand.

She had managed to get half way back to the hotel when suddenly, a figure stepped out of the alleyway to her right and the pair rammed into each other rather harshly. The box of dye flew out of her hand as she landed on her rear end with a 'thud'.

"Sorry." The figure had also landed on their butt and had scrabbled to their feet, offered their hand and suddenly let out an almost choked sounding gasp.

Prince looked up to see a pair of eyes looking down at her filled with strong, confused emotions and a very shakey hand still outstretched in her direction. She felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up, a strange familiarity washing over her. It was the man from the warehouse. He was an agent! She slapped his hand away and got to her feet herself ready to arrest him, when her stomach lurched and she found herself cemented to the spot.

The man, Dick, cradled his hand. The slap had sent tingles up into his arm. "I..."

Prince shook her head. "Who are you? What are you doing here? Why you following me?"

"What? No!" Dick waved his hands in front of himself to dismiss her accusation. "Lord n... Well... Kinda. But not tonight!"

After dusting herself down, Prince stepped closer, attempting to feign confidence. Inside, her stomach was churning and she had no idea why. His mere presence felt strange. "Name! I demand to know your name!"

Dick's face dropped. His heart clenched in his chest and he winced as if he was physically in pain. "But you know my name."

She paused as she watched his reaction, confusion doubled as he spoke. "I most certainly do not, or else I'd not have asked it!" Her eye twitched. Why couldn't she remember his name? Her body was telling her she knew him, but how. Why was he familiar to her? Why did his face and those eyes feel so... "S... Stop gawking, I..." She had to look away.

Dick slowly reached down for the box of dye that had landed beside him when she'd been knocked down and looked it over. He knew he should report it. She intended to do undercover work, that was for certain, but... He held it out to her, tears prickling at the corner of his eyes. "You dropped this."

Prince's head snapped over and she felt panic wash over her as the agent held out the dye. Great. Her cover was blown, surely! But he'd handed it back. She intended to do undercover work, that was for certain, but... He held it out to her, tears prickling at the corner of his eyes. "You dropped this."

Dick stood in silence as he watched her run off down the road and suddenly called out after her. "F... For the record! I always liked your purple hair!"
Chapter 10

Gadget had swept the store and found no evidence as to why the man had been stalking them. Not a single little clue. He let out a groan as he made his way back to the hotel. How was there no evidence?

Once he arrived back, he moved to Prince’s room and knocked on the door. The Colonel must have still been at the local precinct as he hadn't heard from him just yet. This was turning out to be an incredibly odd case.

As he stopped on front of Prince's door, he knocked and waited for an answer. He did not want to be rude and just walk in after all.

Prince had been on her bed the whole time mulling over the encounter in her head and when Gadget knocked she leaped up. "Um... Come in." She wiped at her eyes to make sure he didn't spot that they had leaked. But how could she explain not getting to work on her hair? She had promised to have done it while he was out. She let out a sigh and ran her hand over her face to try and clear her senses.

Gadget smiled as he walked in to see Prince, her face was slightly tinted red and she had yet to start dying her hair.

"Hey, are you all right? Did something happen?" He walked closer to her, but ended up tripping on air before he landed face first in the twin peaks yet again. "Frmny hre keep meeting rike ris." He mumbled before attempting to pull his face back.

As he landed against her chest Prince let out an 'oof' sound and couldn't help but chuckle a little. "Mm, indeed. Though I do wonder if you don't mind so much. After all, it sure happens often." She peered down at his head and gave a small wink. She didn't mind. They had made it clear how they felt and she stroked his hair gently as he attempted to pull back. "I'm OK. I just... Maybe it's the pressure getting to me. It's been a while since I've had anything on this scale going on."

Of course, that was only part true, but it would have to do. She could hardly explain to him about the MAD agent and the odd feelings he had stirred inside of her. She hardly knew what to make of it herself. And the fact that she'd let him get away on top of it all? No. She couldn't think about it. Not at that moment.

As he finally pulled his face free of her bosom, he could not help but smile at her. "You know, now that you mention it, they are quite comfy." He gave a sheepish grin. He meant that honestly. He could easily fall asleep on her. Just everything about her made him relax. "Don't worry. Just... Go easy. And I am here if you need help." He held her chin in his hand to make her look up at him. Oh those eyes. Those beautiful eyes. He could easily get lost in them.

"Thank you. I will." She smiled up at him silently for a few moments, taking him in. Sure, he was not handsome by conventional standards, but she found herself going giddy staring into his eyes the way she was. And the way he stared back... "Same for you too. If you need anyone. I'm here."

She'd had partners in the past, but never anyone who seemed so... Close.

He pushed a lock of her hair behind her ear, but before he realized just what he was doing, he was leaning down to capture her lips with his own. He was still wound up tight from their escapades in the pharmacy and he planned to do something about it. He slowly was becoming more and more confident with himself, and with her. He was actually pretty proud of himself.
She chuckled as she saw his face moving closer to her. It made her happy that he felt confident enough to not even ask for permission and she pushed her lips against his to show him that she was absolutely fine with it.

If anyone would have told her that she'd meet her professional partner and be smooching them by the following day she would have laughed in their face. Sure, she could be impulsive, but this was something entirely different. It felt so comfortable and not forced at all.

He grinned into the kiss before pulling back. "Did you... Uh... Still want help dying your hair?" He rubbed the back of his neck. "Or... Did you want to wait?" He still felt incredibly awkward, but after sharing a bed with this beautiful woman, both figuratively and literally, he felt that they were way past formalities. She had awoken something inside of him that he hadn't realized still existed. Not since before his accident.

"Sure. I feel a little bad asking though. I should have done it sooner, but..." She couldn't say why. How could she? 'Oh, I didn't start with the hair dye because a strange man who happens to be a MAD agent made me cry like a baby and I don't even know why'. No... That wouldn't work. She would have to be satisfied with her earlier reason. "I'd take off your coat and roll your sleeves up though. Wouldn't want you getting it on your stuff. It'd ruin it."

Slowly she got to her feet after rubbing her nose against his. "I'll take the box in and get ready."

"Oh! Ok i think i can handle that." he said as he unbuttoned his coat and put it on a hook near the door. He then undid the buttons on his cuffs and rolled them back. "It does come with gloves, doesn't it?" He walked over to her and rest his hands on her shoulders as he looked over said shoulder to watch what she was doing.

As she stood at the sink she started unpacking all the dye components. Gloves being one of them. "Oh, yes it does. Here you go." She reached her hand up and held them out for him to take. "Good thing too. I'd hate to see your lovely gloves get dye all over them."

"Ah! Thank you my dear!" he said as he pulled them on. "Though, I do have to say that I am sorry to see your purple hair go. I really do like it." He ran his double gloved fingers through the strands. It really was a lovely color on her. He hoped she would want to dye it back when this was over.

The sensation of his fingers in her hair made her shiver and goosebumps rose on her skin. "Not to worry... It's only for this mission, right? I'll wash as much of it as I can out when it's over and work with what I have." She reached for her tie, yanked it off then got to work on her shirt buttons. "I suppose I'll have to let my natural colour show through for a little while before I re-dye it purple." After her buttons were all opened, she tossed her shirt off to the side.

Gadget swallowed hard as she began unbuttoning her shirt. "What... What are you..." as she tossed her shirt to the side he couldn't help but appreciate her gorgeous body. Her lovely physique. She was stacked. She was gorgeous. He couldn't stop staring! Even his inner monologue was babbling. "I... Uh..." He swallowed again as he pulled at his collar, his pants suddenly becoming rather constrictive.

Completely unaware of his inner turmoil, she turned to face him with a smile and yanked on her bra strap properly before she sat down on the toilet ready for him to get to work. "All you need to do is mix the toner and colourant and smear it on my head. It shouldn't be too hard. Just make sure you put it in a bit at a time so you don't get it all over yourself. I'd feel terrible if you did."

He swallowed hard again as he watched her pull at her straps. If she had gone any further he was sure he was going to take her right there in the bathroom, right on the sink. He took in a deep breath and slowly let it out before he did as he was instructed. He couldn't bring himself to talk in fear that
his voice would crack.

Once the mixture had been completed, he moved over to her and slowly worked the black goop into her hair, starting at the roots and working his way out to the tips just as the instructions showed.

It was not long before he had finished and was taking his gloves off and tossing them and the empty bottle in the bin
"There. And not a drop on me." He grinned proudly as he held his arms out to show he hadn't gotten any on himself. "Now I suppose we wait half an hour?" He slowly turned away from her. He couldn't look at her. Not in that state of undress. It was too much.

"Very well done." She shivered a little as the thick sludge that was the hair dye made her head cold. "Thank you. Yes. Now we wait. I suppose we can... Talk meanwhile? Or..." She watched as he turned away and her brows knitted together. "Is everything OK?"

He had to fight the urge to turn around as he slowly let a breath out. "Yes! Everything is just fine! I... Uh... Yes. Everything is fine." He couldn't think straight as memories of their bedroom escapades flew through his mind. Oh goodness, how he just wanted to touch her.

She almost felt a little hurt. Was it her bra? She looked down at it. It was nondescript, black with grey trim and a red ribbon thread along the top. Did he not like it? Was she hideous in it? Or was it the gross hair dye making her look ugly? "I'm sorry if I look hideous like this. It's not the most pretty thing, after all. I guess I must look like a sea monster or something."

Gadget quickly swung around to face her. "No! No that is not the case! Really! I... I cant seem to look at you in this state without wanting to... Well. Let's just say I have very impure and unprofessional thoughts." He felt his face heat up a bit. "I just... You are beautiful. And... Half naked." He looked to the floor in embarrassment. He never considered himself a weak-willed person, but she was sure changing that.

Her eyes widened in realisation as he explained. How thoughtless of her. She should have known better. "I'm sorry, I didn't think. I know we have passed some milestones very fast together, so I guess I thought seeing me in my bra wouldn't be an issue. I am so sorry to put you in that position, Gadget." She reached for a nearby towel to cover herself. Alas, the hotel would end up with a dyed up towel, but she was certain the agency would cover the bill.

"No it's okay! I just... Am not used to it is all. You have nothing to be sorry for!" Great. Now he felt bad for making her feel bad. But... At least with her covered he could actually look at her without wanting to take her on the toilet. "So... Uh..." He didn't know what to talk about. He was still awfully uncomfortable beneath the belt line, but there was not much to be done about that at that current time.

She's noticed that his trousers were poking a little bit outwards and it made her smile inwardly, but to preserve his modesty she didn't mention it or focus on it. "How about you tell me more about you? I enjoy listening to your voice."

It was true too. While his accent was not like Nozzaire's where it made her instantly want to crumble into a messy heap, she was already intensely fond of it. She assumed it was his lower tones. While it sounded slightly nasal, it was still low and occasionally he rumbled as he spoke.

"You.... You do? Well..." Not one to deny a lady what she wanted, Gadget was more than happy to talk about where he and Penny lived, about his life so far, even about how he came to be... Well...Inspector Gadget. By the time he was finished, it was time to wash the goopy dye from her hair. "I... Uh... Did you need help with this? Or..." He wasn't really sure how to help with this part. It
was obviously easier to wash it out in the shower. The thought of him in the shower with her made him inwardly groan.

Hearing him talk so enthusiastically about his life, his job and his niece made her feel almost giddy from happiness. He seemed to radiate a brightness when he spoke of them that she just wanted to bask in forever. When he mentioned the dye, though, she fell to earth suddenly from the high of his reminiscing and it took her a moment to register his question. "Oh! Oh right! Yes. Well... How about I lean my head over the tub and you use the showerhead over my head and use your fingers to get it all out? I know if I just hop in the shower I'll end up getting dye in all kinds of unmentionable places... Including the walls."

He swallowed hard as he nodded, grabbing the second pair of gloves to put over his own before he moved to turn on the shower.
"I... Don't know how hot or cold you want it." he said as he turned towards her before moving so she could adjust to how she wanted her water.

She reached out a hand to check the spray and nodded her approval. "This is fine. It needs to be fairly hot to begin with, but we can finish with a cold rinse to strengthen my hair."

She stood from off the toilet and moved to the tub, knelt down and leaned her head over it ready. "Ready when you are, hon."

Oh this... This woman was going to be the end of him, he just knew it. "Okay. Let me know if I hurt you or anything." He moved closer and began washing the black sludge from her hair. It came out like a river of ink at first, but the water eventually ran clear. It was then that he did as she said and turned the dial more towards cold before he applied the conditioner.

As the water washed away the dye, she kept her eyes closed and let out a contented sigh. The feeling of his fingers running through her hair was simply divine and she felt almost a little... Well... She squirmed a little on her knees, a smile on her face.

As soon as the water turned cold, however, she let out a shrill sort of squeak. She eventually got used to it, but it was a shock to the system. "Ohhh goodness haha. I've gone all goosebumpy."

Those goosebumps only intensified as he applied the conditioner and she let out a small groan, thoroughly enjoying herself.

The noises she made nearly did him in. Wowzers, was she ever riling him up. "Done." He quickly shut off the water and moved to grab her another clean towel for her hair. He could already tell it was... Most certainly... Black. It was interesting for sure. "I... Uh... Can I help with anything else? I... Uh..." He didn't know what to do or say as he watched her.

She got to her feet and reached for the towel that he'd offered to her, placing it over her head. Once she'd scrubbed at her now darkened locks, she all but tossed the towel to the side, jumped up and virtually attached herself onto him, her legs around his hips and her arms hooked around his neck. She didn't know how he'd react, but she wanted to feel him against her after the way those fingers of his had worked her into a bit of a state.

Gadget gasped as he flailed about, not really ready to be pounced upon, and ended up falling backwards onto the floor. He hardly had time to think on it as he wrapped his arms around her waist as his lips quickly made contact with hers. Oh did she taste wonderful. He was quick to deepen the kiss, sucking on her lower lip as his hands roamed her body. Oh how goos she felt against him. This was exactly what he needed and he let his instincts fully take the reins.
Sure, her hair was still wet, but she really didn't care. So long as all the dye was out and she didn't mark his shirt, it'd be fine. Her hands moved up to his hair where she tangled her fingers in it, before she all but crammed her tongue in his mouth.

She was feeling bold, especially after he'd expressed his awkwardness around her lack of shirt. But she needed to show him how he'd made her feel.

He was certainly taken by surprise as he felt her tongue in his mouth. He was more than happy to rub his own tongue against hers as it passed and slid into her mouth as he reached behind her to unclasp her bra. He wanted her. There was no doubt about that.

He had hardly any trouble unclasping the small article of clothing, which was almost as large a surprise as not getting any dye on himself, and he smoothed the straps off her shoulders.

Prince was highly impressed with how fast he'd managed to unclasp her bra and she rewarded him by capturing his long tongue and sucking on it lustfully. For a shy, clumsy, innocent man, he was certainly doing very well. Maybe she was accidentally corrupting him...

Slowly, she pulled back, his tongue leaving her mouth with a 'pop' as she leaned herself back to look at him. She didn't say anything, she just wanted to see his eyes. They said everything she needed to know.

He groaned as she sat back, his hips bucking up of their own accord as his manhood ached to be released. Oh how he ached to be inside of her. How he needed to have her naked against him... He hadn't a clue what had come over him. It was like with one simple move, she took away all his awkward feelings.

"I... I need you.... Prince... Please..." His breathing was ragged as he reached up to touch her. Had her attention not been firmly on him, she would have realised they were still on the bathroom floor. As it was, she didn't notice at all and simply complied with his wishes. She reached down, undid her trousers, slid them and her underwear down, removed her shoes and socks and dumped them in one pile next to the toilet.

Now completely naked, she shuffled back into place on top of his lap on the floor. Her blood was running hot hearing him tell her that he wanted her and she wanted to hear more. Her hands reached back up to his hair and she carressed her fingers through it.

As she stood to remove her trousers and underwear, he reached down to undo his own and pulled them down just under his rear as his member sprang to attention. He moved his hips up as her fingers ran through his black tresses, his eyes nearly rolled to the back of his head as he reached up to unbutton his shirt. It took a minute, but he managed, letting his shirt fall open.

"Wowzers..." His usually nasal voice was low and husky, "What are you doing to me..." He managed to force his words out before he reached up to grope those wonderful twin peaks he always managed to accidentally sink his face into.

She wasted no time in running her fingers up his chest. He may have had a vest on under his shirt, but it wouldn't take long to relieve him of it and she hinted at wanting to help him take it off by peeling back the rest of his shirt from his shoulders and sliding her fingertips under the fabric of his vest. His skin was deliciously warm and she pushed her lips against his, unable to even form a reply of any sort to his statement. She had no idea what was going on, or why she felt so intensely attracted to him. It was like he was a magnet and she the nail.
He let out a sigh as he felt her hands on his bare skin beneath his vest. He was happy she was taking it off as he was sure his hands would be useless. He closed his eyes as he reached up to pull her face onto his. He was nearly breathless as he put all the passion he felt for her into this single kiss.

As soon as she had managed to reach for the hem of his vest, she lifted it upwards over his shoulders, up his arms and finally off of him, allowing him to sit with his entire upper body exposed to the air of the bathroom.

Gadget was more than happy to comply as he raised his arms and back to allow the garment to be removed.

As he kissed her with such passion, such feeling, she felt her insides flutter and squirm. It was beautiful.

After a short moment, she reached her hands downwards between them and rubbed down his belly for a moment before going even lower. Prince grinned against his lips and began to nip and nibble on him in an attempt to hint to him exactly what she wanted.

Oh he got the message, loud and clear. He moved his head to the side as he gasped for air. "Per...perhaps we should move this... To the bed?" He suggested as he moved his hips upwards once more. Oh the way she touched him...

She pushed her body flush against him. Skin to skin. It felt incredible. So much so that it took a moment for her to realise he'd spoken. He was suggesting going to the bed? No time! No time at all! She groaned and began to suck on his jawline, then moved down to his neck. She didn't care they were on the bathroom floor. Not one jot. It was the furthest thing from her mind. "No... I think we're good."

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