Summary

Anon was an everyday average loser who had come to terms with his life of oppressive mediocrity and obscurity.. until he found out he had been accepted into an experimental program to see how well humans and some weird little furry alien people could get along together. Now his life's flipped upside down all Bellaire style, and this less than fresh prince has to figure out to cope with going from living the life of a loner loser to having a new roommate who happens to be the cutest thing he's even seen, even if she's not the same species as him in the first episode of Everyday Life With Mobian Girls!
Free Rent and Full Benefits
Anon brushed his hair back one more time. He wasn't exactly nervous, but perhaps he was a little apprehensive. And a little nervous, too. He hadn’t actually expected to be chosen when he signed up for that weird ‘situational experiment’ that he had come across while browsing the internet. He had only done it because it said that anyone who qualified would have their rent, grocery, and utility expenses paid for the duration of the experiment. At the time, Anon had figured any excuse to have someone else pay his bills was a good excuse, so he filled out the survey and went on with his browsing.

Honestly, Anon had forgotten all about it. That is, until the morning he answered a knock at his door to find a rather professionally dressed woman there to inspect his home and conduct the follow up, face to face interview. Karen was her name. Anon had a hard time believing he had been chosen. He was just an ordinary guy. He had never won anything more than a call in radio quiz before.

Karen had explained to him that he was actually exactly the kind of person they wanted to find. Anon was an extremely generic guy. The kind of guy that you see everyday but never notice. He wasn't super smart, super rich, or even super popular. He was extraordinarily ordinary. He could have been anyone. And that's what made him the perfect candidate to represent the human aspect of their experiment. They needed people like anon to represent the human aspect because the other participants were, well.. they weren't human.

Mobians, they were called. Sure, everyone had heard about them these days, those strange little animal people who had showed up a while back and saved the world from some mad scientist, or something like that. Apparently, at that time, they had stayed with the family of some famous actress. Anon couldn't remember exactly. He knew about as many details as someone trying to remember an old Saturday morning cartoon show that they'd only ever seen a few episodes of.

They had eventually returned to their home, which was a parallel dimension, or something, another fact Anon wasn't sure about, because existing in Anon’s own dimension for an extended period of time threatened to unravel the fabric or time and space itself. Or something. The more Anon tried to remember, the more he realized he didn't know, and in turn, the dumber he felt. So he had given up trying to think and focused on getting the details from Karen.

All this had happened some manner of time ago, and since then, technology had advanced enough to allow safe travel between there and here. Meaning the Mobians could return to earth without the danger of destroying the universe. That was good, Anon thought. Destroying the universe would put a serious dent in his weekend plans.

So, it came down to the government looking for willing participants, sponsors, as it were, to open their homes to the Mobians. The ones that had been here before had integrated well enough, but the higher up suit wearing types thought that seeing as how all that happened while the world was in so much danger of being destroyed might have put a little undue stress on any Mobian-Human relations. They wanted to see how well these interdimensional aliens and humans to get along under normal, mundane circumstances.

Mundane was Anon’s middle name. Anon Mundane Kun. High School graduate, early to mid twenties, worker of a nine to five job (well, seven to three, actually, but it made the same difference), no criminal record. Your everyday average guy. Anon was, simply but, Anon.

Anon had spent the morning getting ready. He wasn't sure what to expect, but Karen had told him he should try to act as normal as possible. Anon wondered how someone was ‘normally’ supposed to act when some alien animal creature was about to move in with them. Now that he was alone and counting down the minutes until his new roommate arrived, he couldn't stop thinking about all
the questions he had forgot to ask during Karen's visit.

Like, if the Mobians were some kind of animal people, was he supposed to interact with them like he would whatever kind of animal they were? If his Mobian partner was a pig, would he not be allowed to eat bacon? If it was a dog, would he have to take it to the park and play fetch? Anon was doing it again. Thinking. Overthinking. He was drowning himself in anxiety before things had even gotten started yet.

He had tried to distract himself by cleaning. He wasn't exactly a neat freak, but Anon wasn't a slob, either. But he knew how to break it down and do a good deep cleaning when he was expecting company. Not that Anon usually had company, but anyway. Then he started trying on clothes. First impressions were important, and Anon was to put on a good one. He tried on that one suit he had for special occasions, the one with the white shirt and the red tie. But he decided that was a little too formal. Besides, he thought it made him look like some weird internet stalker or something.

Anon finally settled on a plain ol’ everyday tee-shirt and jeans. But a clean tee-shirt, not one from the 'it doesn't need to be washed yet' pile. And he found a pair of jeans that didn't have any holes in it, except the ones it was supposed to have where his feet went through. He couldn't decide on if he should wear shoes or not. Anon lucked out and found a clean pair of socks that actually matched, so he pulled those on, but he kept his best sneakers close by, just in case he decided to wear them after all.

Anon checked the time on his cellphone. His Mobian visitor was suppose to show up at noon, and it was only three minutes til. Anon went over to his couch, in all it's dull brown colored glory, and sat down to wait. But as soon as he flopped back onto the middle cushion, he heard a knock coming from his apartment door.

“Well,” Anon took one last deep breath to calm his nerves before he stood back up, “This is it.”

Anon looked through the little peephole, but he didn't see anyone standing on the other side. That was strange. He knew he had heard someone knocking. Now was not the time to be dealing with any of the local apartment kids to be playing stupid pranks. He turned the knob and pulled the door open swiftly. Anon had hoped to stick his head out fast enough to catch a glimpse of culprit so he could complain to their parents about their behavior later.

Anon didn't see any kids. He did see something, but it wasn't a kid. Anon wasn't sure what it was at first. It was short, pink, was wearing a red dress with white trim around the bottom, and a pair of matching red and white shoes that looked way too big compared to the rest of it. Its wedge shaped ears poked up from the top of its head, holding back the red hair barrette that separated the bangs from the rest of its poky pink hair. A pair of bright green eyes looked at Anon. Or was it one eye? It had two pupils, at least. Was it wearing goggles? What was it, anyways? Anon’s brain had stopped working for a moment. It couldn't put the word Mobian together with what it was looking at. Anon hadn't known what to expect when he saw a real life Mobian in person, but he most certainly didn't expect to be thinking 'wow, it's cute'. But he was.

“Hi,” she said cheerfully. Definitely a she. Anon could tell that much right away, in spite of their difference in species. The way her perky little breasts pushed her dress out made in quite obvious. Also she sounded like a girl. “I'm Amy, Amy Rose. Are you, um.. Anon?”

Anon nodded. He tried to speak. But in his mind, he was thinking 'wow, it’s cute' and 'so this is a Mobian’. So, even though what he meant to say was 'yes, I'm Anon, nice to meet you’, what actually came out was, “This is cute.”

Amy blinked confusedly up at. “Um, thanks, I guess?”
“No, no, no,” Anon shook his hands in the air as he tried to gather his discombobulated thoughts into something a little more coherent. “That's not what I meant to say. What I mean was ‘I'm a Mobian'. Wait, no, I'm not the Mobian. You are.” Anon stopped and sighed. Amy was looking confused and a little worried. “Look. Do me a favor. Knock again, ok?”

“O...k?” Amy wasn't sure what was going on, but she was going to go along with it for now. Anon stepped back into the apartment and shut the door. She waited a moment before she raised her hand and cautiously knocked on the door for a second time.

It opened again. This time, Anon was prepared, and, as such, acted a little less retarded. “Hi, I'm Anon! You must be Amy Rose. I've been expecting you! Why don't you come in and make yourself at home?”

Anon held the door open and smiled. He smile began to waver nervously as the little pink Mobian stared up at him with her big green eyes. Eye. Goggles. Whatever. Anon knew that he had goofed. You only had one shot when it came to first impressions, and he had blown his with a sudden case of vocal diarrhea. He had been chosen as a representative of the human race in a experiment on interspecies relations, and he had already ruined it.

A bead of sweat ran down Anon’s brow. He wished he could turn invisible. He wanted to shut the door again and go hide in his room. He wanted to be anywhere but where he was at that moment. But there he was, smiling stupidly, while this little Amy Rose looked at him with an expression of shock and bewilderment.

Until her cheeks puffed up with a snickering laugh. The kind of laugh that left tears in the corner of her eyes. Eye. Goggles. Anon was seriously going to have to ask about that at some point or another. For now, he was more concerned with why she was laughing at him. Had he really made that big of a fool of himself?

“Oh, wow,” Amy finally commented as her laughter subsided, “And here I was, worried I was going to get paired with some super serious family that was going to be all formal and stuff. But you seem like a pretty normal guy to me! Are you always this funny?”

Funny? Anon had nearly shit himself with worry over messing up his one chance at doing something for society, not to mention scoring some free rent. She thought he was being funny though? That was fine, he could roll with that.

“I, uh, just wanted to make you feel welcome,” he said with a smile, proud that he had come up with an excuse on such short notice. “Why don't you come in? If you don't, I, uh.. I'll have to shut you out and make you knock again!” Ok, Anon. Take it down a notch. That last line was kind of cheesy.

It was ok. Anon didn't have to embarrass himself any more at the moment. He stepped aside so Amy could walk in. He had been bumbling so much that he failed to notice the luggage she was holding in her hands. Hands that were covered with thick white gloves. Odd. But who was he to question Mobian fashion? He kicked himself mentally for not having offered to take her things in for her. Another point he could have scored, missed.

“You've got a nice place here, Anon,” she commented as he did a quick spin to take in her surroundings.

'Nice place' was one way to put it. Anon didn't live luxuriously, but he lived pretty comfortably. The living room was spacious enough. Mostly because Anon had little on the way of furniture to fill the space. Good ol’ Brownie the couch, against the side wall, with who knows what living
underneath it. Against the opposite wall was his television. Thirty two inches of flat screened
goodness that he got on the cheap because it had a couple dead pixels out in the upper left corner.
Between the two was a short, dark colored wooden coffee table. This month's water bill and a few
issues of Every Gamer magazine lay across the top of it. The water bill he could toss in the trash,
but he still had a few articles to read in the gaming magazines.

His kitchen slash dining area was directly adjacent to the living area. The light brown carpet
covering the floor of the living room turned into blue and white tile at the border between the two
rooms. His fridge wasn't anything special to look at, it was just a plain bagel colored fridge. But it
kept his food from spoiling too quickly, so there was that. He had a four burner stove, but there
was the fact that only three of the burners actually worked. White wooden cabinets ran across the
wall above like colored counters. His dishes were the garden variety, plainly designed kind that
could be bought at any big department store. At least he kept them all washed. Not even Anon
liked eating off crusty dishes. Most of the time.

In the back, past the kitchen, was a short hallway that led to a pair of bedrooms and a single
bathroom. Even though Anon lived alone, well, until now, but anyways, he had a two bedroom
apartment. When he had originally moved in, there was supposed to have been someone else move
in with him, to share the apartment and the rent. But the other applicant had flaked out at the last
minute, leaving Anon with an extra room and more rent than he wanted to pay on his own. Which
was what led him to sign up to volunteer his home, landing him in the situation he was currently in.

Up until now, Anon had used the spare room to store some of his personal belongings. Once he
had learned he had been selected for the human relations experiment, he had moved all the stuff
back into his own room, to make room for his Mobian guest. Turned out he didn't have as much
stuff as he thought to begin with anyway, so he had plenty of space in his own room for it after all
that.

Luckily, the apartment had come with pre furnished bedrooms. So even though no one else was
staying there until now, there was already a bed, a cabinet, and all the other furniture needed for a
person to call a bedroom a bedroom.

The bathroom, which was placed right between the two sleeping quarters, was everything you'd
expect from a small apartment bathroom. There was a toilet, a sink, a medicine cabinet with a
mirrored face above said sink, and, of course, a bathtub-shower combo. Anon had picked out a
nice shower curtain when he had moved in the had little yellow duckies and little green froggies on
it. He thought it was cute when he got it, but back then, he hadn't had to sorry about having anyone
else to judge his taste in shower curtain design. Just one more thing he had to sorry about being
embarrassed about now. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all.

“So you live here by yourself,” Amy asked after being given the three minute long grand tour.

“Yup,” Anon answered. “Just me, by myself, all alone. Well, until now, I guess?”

“I suppose you're right,” she replied with a friendly smile. “You don't mind if I go put some of my
things away, do you? I only brought a few things, and a couple changes of clothes. The foundation
is supposed to have the rest of my things delivered in the next day or so.”

“Oh, no, sure, go ahead,” came Anon's stuttery reply. “Do you need any help with anything?”

“No, it's ok. I'm just going to put my clothes away for now is all.”

“Alrighty,” Anon said, not knowing what else to say. “I have some extra hangers, if you need any.”
“Thanks,” she smiled again. “I'll let you know if I do!”

Anon smiled to himself, happy that he was at least attempting to be helpful. Amy turned to make her way towards her new room, when Anon piped up and added, “Oh, don't forget. Your undies go in the top drawer.”

Amy Rose paused in the hallway before looking back over her shoulder with a puzzled look and asking, “What?”

“What?” Anon quickly said back. His forehead was sweatier than a sumo wrestler’s loincloth after a weekend long marathon.

“I thought you said something.. about drawers,” Amy answered.

“Oh, uh,” Anon clenched his anus, hoping not to ruin one of his few good pair of pants, “I said to, uh.. be careful, because the top drawer is a little loose.”

“Oh!” Amy’s friendly smile returned. “Thanks for the heads up, Anon.”

“N..n..no prob,” Anon stammered. He hoped she didn't see him shaking. He could certainly feel himself shaking. He was trembling so hard with fright and embarrassment that he could lay under a hotel mattress and earn quarters. If she had noticed, she didn't make any mention of it.

Anon watched her merily turn into the room. Once she was out of sight, he walked weak legged over to the couch and collapsed. He ran his hand across his face to wipe some of the sweat off, then wiped his sweaty hand off on his pants leg. He was going to have to learn to control his nerves, or else he was going to die of a stroke at a very young age.

He hadn't known what to expect when Karen told him he had been selected for all this. He was exceptionally surprised that his Mobian partner has turned out to be a girl. And even more surprised on top of all that surprise that she was so cute. He wondered if she was cute by Mobian standards. He wondered if she had a boyfriend back home. Then he wondered why he wondered if she had a boyfriend. And then he thought of how tight that dress fit around her. Then he started popping a surprise boner and tried to stop thinking about stuff like that.

“Oh, man..” Anon groaned as he lowered himself back down on the couch. “Look, I'm real sorry about the way I've been acting. I'm not usually like this. It's just.. nerves.”

“I understand completely,” Amy responded with a hint of both compassion and sympathy in her voice. She scooted a few inches closer to Anon and laid a hand on his knee as she went on. “I was pretty nervous too, when I came to Earth the first time. It can be scary, getting used to a new situation, but everything is gonna be fine. I don't bite, I promise!”
“Wait.” Anon lifted his head. He turned to face the girl sitting next to him and asked, “What do you mean, when you came to Earth for the first time?”

“Oh.” Amy drew back. It didn't seem like she was intentionally hiding anything from him, but Anon had the feeling there was something he was supposed to know that he didn't. “I was one of the ones that was here a while back, during the Eggman incident.”

“Wait, hang on a second,” Anon scratched his chin. “I thought this whole thing was to introduce Mobians to human society. But, if you've been here before, you've already been 'introduced’, right?”

“Well, yes and no,” Amy thought for a second how best to explain things before she went on. “I guess they figured it'd be best to start with someone that already has a little bit of experience with humans first, instead of someone who doesn't know anything about human culture at all and saying 'good luck’.”

“That actually makes a lot of sense.” Anon nodded as he crossed his arms over his chest. “But, then again.. wouldn't it have been a good idea to have you stay with a human who's already met Mobians? Instead of someone that has no idea about you or your culture? Ya know, based on the same logic and all.”

“That would make sense,” Amy agreed, “But, I don't make any of the decisions, so I can't say why they picked you.”

Because he was the perfect example of the everyday human, that's why. At least, that's what Karen had told him. Of course, now that he was thinking about that, it made less sense than ever. Anon was going to have to cut thinking out of his everyday routine before too long.

“But it's ok,” Amy said, bringing Anon out of his deep contemplation. She went on after Anon looked her way and she knew she had his attention. “You have a real life Mobian sitting right here! So, any questions you have, anything you want to know about Mobian culture, you just ask, and I'll do my very best to answer.”

“Hey, that sounds like a good idea!” Anon leaned forward and rested his elbows on his knees. There was a lot about Mobians that Anon would like to know. He had thought it would've been rude to just start asking questions all willy nilly, but since she had offered..

“What all kinds of animals are Mobians? What do you eat? Do you live in house in your world, or, like, burrows and trees and stuff? Do you have regular animals? Pets? What about religions? How does your government work? What about, like, carnivorous animals? Do they hunt herbivore Mobians like animals in the wild? Do you guys have any weird mating habits? How long is the average Mobian lifespan? Can you see in color, or just black and white? What about-”

Anon cut his barrage of questions short. His Mobian roomie’s eyes were spinning in a daze. If it were possible to make someone lose consciousness with questions, Anon had discovered how to do it. Once Anon had go silent for a couple seconds, Amy came back to her senses. Her point pink hair bounced around as she shook her head briskly to get her attention focused again. Anon suddenly had another question that had to do with Mobians and their hair, but he quickly decided against asking it. He decided against asking any more question for the time being.

“I-Im sorry, Anon,” came her apology, “I was expecting you to have so many questions!”

“It's not your fault,” Anon said rather dejectedly and he leaned forward in a sullen slouch. “It's just.. the more I think about it, the more I realize how little I know what I've gotten myself into.
You're my guest, and I'm suppose to be showing you what humans, as an entire species, have to offer, and I don't even know where to begin!”

“Well that's simple,” she quickly replied, holding a finger up towards Anon. “Just be yourself! There must be a reason why they picked you, even if you don't know it yet yourself. You be you. Do things how you've always done them before I was around, and I'll learn from your example! And I'll teach you all I can about Mobian way of life, too.” And she added after a little giggle, “Just not all at once, ok?”

“O.. ok.” Do things like he'd always done them? When he was by himself? So, eat cereal at eight in the evening, wear the same clothes for two days in a row because why get changed when you never go out, and fart in the couch and time how long it takes for the smell to go away?

No. No, no, no. Anon could not do any of those things. Or any other number of things on a long list of things Anon would do if he were by himself. A very long list. He had to set a shining example for his fellow humans.

“I'll be me,” Anon said with a smile, “That's what I'll do!”

“Good,” she smiled back, “If you do that, things will work out fine, I'm sure!”

Anon was feeling a little better. At least she didn't know anything about him. So if he put on an act, she wouldn't know whether he was being himself or not. Hell, he was Anon. If he had one talent he could rely on, it was that he could be almost anyone! Except that no matter who he was, he was still Anon. Hmm. Another conundrum to worry about.

Other things for him to worry about including the awful groaning sound that suddenly came from his empty gut. Anon had been so absorbed in cleaning and getting things ready that he hadn't stopped to eat any breakfast. And now it was already half past noon. His stomach was empty and angry, and had no qualms about letting him know.

“Oh wow, Anon,” Amy giggled at him, “Skip breakfast?”

It was as if she had actually read that last paragraph. Anon sheepishly scratched at the back of his head. “Yeah,” he admitted, “I guess I did. It's about lunchtime anyway. I anyway. I guess I ought to whip something up. Do you, uh.. have any special, um… dietary needs? Or anything?”

What Anon was trying to ask, in the politest manner he could, was if she could even eat human food, or if she needed some kind of special Mobian food. Shit. What if she did? Was he going to be required to keep half his fridge stocked with weird alien foodstuffs? Where was he going to get it? How was he going to-

“No, not really,” she answered.

Calm your shit, Anon. He was going to have to pick up a case of whatever brand sports drink next time he was out. These fits of worry and anxiety were making him sweat out all the water in his body. He was going to dehydrate if he kept going at this rate. Death by organ failure due to dehydration caused by excessive sweating from severe anxiety. Not what Anon wanted his death certificate to say.

Or, he could learn to control his fears a little better and stop being such a scared little bitch about everything. Anon, controlling his crippling anxiety? Now that was a funny idea if ever he had a funny idea.

“Hey! I've got an idea,” Amy said as she clasped her gloved hands together. This was, like, the...
umpteenth time her chipper voice had drug Anon's mind out of the trainwreck that was his thought process, and she had barely been here a half an hour.

Still, he mused, it was somewhat refreshing. Better than getting lost in thought and losing track of time, only to find himself spending an hour or more doing nothing because he was having a panic attack over something that would turn out to be of minor importance later, only to spend another hour wracked with guilt over having wasted so much time worrying about something that wasn't even a big issue. It was a vicious cycle of hate and self loathing.

“What's that,” Anon asked.

“Why don't we go out?”

Just about the time Anon was getting my mind back on track, it went flying off the rails again. He could see with his mind's eye all the boxcars full of thoughts crashing into a giant pile of twisted, smoldering wreckage. Little faceless thought people cried in agony and anguish as they tried to escape the nightmarish scene. But there was no escape, for they were trapped in the mind of someone who had just gone full retard.

’Why don't we go out’, she had asked. That was a line Anon had never heard from anyone of the opposite sex before. Or from the same sex. But he was glad he hadn't heard it from anyone in that demographic. No homo, and all that. But still. Were all Mobians this quick and forthcoming? She had said she thought he was funny, and a good guy. But, she was a Mobian, an alien to his world, hailing from an entirely different dimension. And he was, well, he was just Anon. Did he dare even let himself imagine..? She was pretty cute, though. And she seemed really nice. Come on, Anon! You'll never get an opportunity like this again! Even if she is a totally different species from you..

“-and grab some lunch,” Amy finished. ‘Why don't we go out and grab some lunch ’. Oh.

Another train of distressing thoughts came barreling down the lines, crashing into the fiery rubble that was already there. Bodies of dead faceless mind people littered the group. There was no hope. Anon's mind was a hellish scene of fire and death.

“Oh, um.. sure, why not,” Anon replied with a jittery, nervous voice.

“And afterwards, maybe you could show me around town? I didn't really get a chance to see much, because they brought me straight over after I got here.”

“Sure,” Anon answered with a shrug. “I mean, there's not a lot to see, at least I don't think so. But I've lived here for a while, so maybe I'm just used to it. Since you're visiting, I guess it'll seem a lot more interesting to you. Maybe we can”

Cut short by his growling tummy. Anon's stomach didn't have time for his senseless rambling. It hungered! Shut the fuck up and let's go eat, you dipshit.

“Maybe we can go get something to eat before your stomach gets any more upset with you,” Amy said with a grin.

Holy shit. Maybe she could read what was in that last paragraph..

Well, all of Anon’s worries about the dietary needs of his new friend and guest were all cleared up now. Turns out that Mobians ate mostly the same kinds of foods that humans did. So the two of them had stopped at Anon's favorite little deli for some midday sandwiches. It wasn't the fancier place in town to eat, but Anon liked it. Mostly because it was right around the corner from his apartment, and because it was relatively cheap. And since Amy didn't have any money on her at
the moment, it was up to Anon to front the bill. She had assured him she would pay him back for it, which had led to another mental train wreck over assuming what she meant, until she explained that she was going to be receiving a weekly stipend, a sort of allowance, during her stay.

Anon ordered his usual. Sort of. Simple ham and cheese, but both spicy brown mustard and honey mustard. He normally got it on toasted wheat, but today he asked them to make it with the whole grain bread. He thought that might make him seem a little more sophisticated. Because what kind of people used bread with seeds in it except for the upper class types? And a soda to drink. He needed the caffeine.

For Amy, it was a smoked turkey and swiss on a fresh croissant, with an iced tea to drink. Well damn. She had gone and ordered something that seemed even more sophisticated than he had. Also, that steamy croissant bun looked really, really good.

The deli was built into the bottom floor of a multi story building that had several other offices and business in it. Anon never paid much attention to what they were, exactly. This meant that the little sandwich shop was a good spot for business, but it was so small on the inside that there wasn't much room to sit. And since the two were a little late making it to the lunch rush, all the inside seats were taken.

That was fine. They had a few round metal tables set up out front of the building just to solve that problem. A cloth awning hung over the front of the building, shading most of the tables and sidewalks out front.

Anon liked sitting outside, anyway. He always liked watching people going way, walking to and fro. He often found himself wondering where they were going, why they were going there, what they were thinking. He wondered if anyone ever wondered anything like that about him. Probably not. He was just Anon, after all.

Today was different, though. Anon wasn't invisible today. In fact, by all the looks he was getting, it seemed like he was actually kind of popular. Except, it wasn't Anon the people were glancing at as they passed by, and he knew that. It was still nice to feel slightly less invisible for a change. Although, he had to wonder how Amy was feeling about it. All these people, staring at her like she was from outer space.. Well, they weren't too far off with their assumptions.

All the sidelong glances and whispered comments didn't seem to faze the little pink Mobian one bit. She chatted away between bites of her sandwich as if it were just another day in town to her. Anon remembered that she had been to Earth before, so maybe she was already used to the staring and murmurs. That must be what she meant when she said they picked a Mobian with previous experience with human society.

Still, who were these people to pass judgement on her? Sure, she was covered in bright pink fur. Sure, her eyes was one giant sclera with two pupils. Sure, she had a cute little tail and just barely poked out from under the edge of her dress. Not that Anon had been staring at it as they walked to the deli or anything.

But all these people had forgotten that old adage about books and covers and judging and stuff. She might have looked drastically different from everyone around her, but she seemed to be a really sweet girl. She was nicer than most humans that Anon knew. And really, she was kind of cute. For not being human and all.

“And that's how we stopped Eggman’s plans for world domination that time.” Amy had been telling him about all the times she and her friends had saved their world from the this mad scientist that seemed to constantly be coming up with new and crazy plans of world domination, often
having to do with collecting these magic emeralds of some sort or another.

“So, wait,” Anon put the piece of sandwich he had left back down on his plate. He ran his finger and thumb across his chin contemplatively as he thought about all the things he had just heard. “So this Eggman, he's human? So there is a human that lives in your world?”

“Well, yeah, I guess he is.” She seemed confounded, like it was the first time she'd thought about it that way.

“And he.. broke the planet up into multiple pieces, so he could unleash some kind of monster that lived inside it?”

“Y-yeah.” Amy had never been questioned about the subject like this before. To her, defeating Eggman and saving the world was a fairly common event. But to Anon, hearing about how many times her civilization had almost ended was astounding. And a lot of the things she said seemed to defy the very laws of nature itself.

“But, I mean, how did everyone survive that? Wouldn't breaking a planet into multiple pieces destroy the atmosphere and play havoc with gravity and the magnetic poles and stuff?”

“I, uh..” Amy stared at Anon with her bright green eyes haplessly, finding herself dumbfounded at Anon’s incessant questioning.

“Jeez, get a load of this loser.”

The voice caught the pair’s attention. It was a group of three guys, all about Anon’s own age. They spoke amongst themselves as they passed, but loudly enough that Anon and Amy could plainly hear their conversation.

“I know, right?”

“All the human girls out there, and this guy is such a schmuck that he has to date his pet.”

“Nah, dude. That's one of those Mobile things. Ya know, those animal freaks?”

“Oh yeah.”

“I wonder if he's even getting laid.”

“No way, man. Dude looks too retarded to even fuck an animal.”

They three were getting too far away to be hear their insulting little chat anymore, but Anon had heard enough. It was one thing for them to talk shit about him. Anon was used to that much. But the stuff they were saying about her filled Anon with the rage of a hundred white knights.

He slapped his hands down on the table and pushed his chair back. The feet made an awful whining noise as they slid back across the cement covered ground. Anon stood from his seat, intent on calling the three out and telling them off. There was always the chance that they would beat the ever loving snot out of him, a very good chance, from how rough the three guys looked, but it was a chance Anon.. really didn't want to take. But he was already standing. Nothing to do now but man up, talk big, and take his ass kicking. He only hoped he would score a few points for standing up to her. But, oh man, this was probably gonna hurt.

“If you three are so cool, why don't you have any girls with you?”
Anon heard the words, but they hadn't come from him. He looked and looked back to see that Amy had risen out of her seat as well. Her pretty little brow was furled up with anger as she pointed an accusing finger at the trio, who had stopped and turned their attention back to her and himself.

“All I see are three guys who are incapable of getting a girl for themselves, so they have to go around picking on other people to make themselves feel better!”

“What's you say, ya little pink rat?” The biggest of the three took a step towards them. Oooh, he was a mean looking one. He was that kind of guy whose face was too narrow for his head, with eyelids that didn't quite open all the way and a nose that seemed to be a tad bit crooked. Probably broken at some point, which meant this guy wasn't a stranger to getting into fights.

“She ain't no rat,” one of the two behind, a scruffy headed fellow with a chipped front tooth added. “I think she's a squirrel or something.”

“She can't be a squirrel, you doofus,” the portly third member of third party explained.

“Why not,” asked ol’ bucktooth.

“Cause squirrels have big puffy tails,” said chubbers.

“I'm a hedgehog,” Amy angrily interjected. Well, now Anon knew what kind of animal she was. Knowledge is power.

“Rat, hedgehog, who gives a flip,” big and ugly replied and he menacingly walked closer. He got a few steps closer and turned his attention to Anon, who, for all his intentions of speaking against them, had remained silent. “So, what about it. She a good fuck, or what?”

Anon barely saw what happened next. He had played video games, read comics, watched action movies, but he had never seen anyone, any thing move so fast in real life. And where did she get that giant yellow hammer from?! The next thing Anon knew, his lunch buddy had cleared the table in a single leap, and driven her oversized down on the head of the jolly not so green giant that had been accosting them. Other lunch patrons began mumbling and backing away. Anon could only remain frozen as he watched.

Time moved in slow motion. Water from an upturned cup waved through the air. A tooth spiraled from the big guy’s head, knocked loose from the force of the hammer crushing his skull. The sound of his two compadres crying out in fear sounded like every slow motion sequence ever. And yet, Anon noticed none of that.

His attention was focused solely on the white fabric material that covered the private regions hidden under his Mobian friend’s dress. When she leapt in the air and swung her hammer down, she bent her body in a way that gave Anon a front row seat at everything she had to show, albeit covered by her undies. Still. Damn. Her pointy little tail was cute.

And just like that, reality came rushing back to normal speed. Amy landed on her feet and held her mallet aloft again, but the two uninjured thugs had already hefted their not so uninjured leader up and started carrying him off, hopefully to seek the medical help he most certainly needed.

Amy planted the head of her mallet down on the ground and harrumphed. Anon could no longer see what he had saw seconds ago, but the memory of it was burnt into his mind forever more.

“Jeez,” she huffed angrily, “Those guys were real jerks, weren't they, Anon?” Amy looked back after a second of silence, wondering why he hadn't responded. “Anon?”
Anon blinked. Too many questions, and not enough answers. Also, panties. He couldn't think of anything to say except, “Yeah.”

Amy leaned the handle of her overly large hammer against a nearby chair and brushed her hands off before straightening out her dress. “Well, I've lost my appetite now. Maybe we can go somewhere else? How about you show me around town now?”

Again, the only word Anon could muster was, “Yeah.”

So, for the next hour or two, Anon showed her around the city that he called home. Anon had lived here for a while now, so he was used to all the sights and sounds of the city. He didn't think it was all that impressive. It wasn't the biggest city around, but it wasn't a little hokey hick town, either.

The downtown area had a few buildings whose many floors towered over the streets below. But, like with the building the deli was built into, Anon had never been curious enough to find out what most of the buildings were even for. He showed her the city library, the city pool, the city park, and all the other recreational places whose locations started with the word city.

Anon trotted around town with his hands in his pockets, sort of shrugging off the sites as they went by. On the other hand, Amy took in the sights with bright eyed enthusiasm. She made Anon promise to bring her by the mall sometime soon, so she could do a little shopping for herself and to buy some souvenirs for her friends. Another date that wasn't a date, but Anon reluctantly agreed to take her before the week was over.

Mister sun eventually starting to turn in for the night, turning the sky a dark shade of magenta in his absence. The two had meandered around long enough and headed back to Anon’s apartment before it had gotten too dark. People in the town continued to stare and whisper when odd pair strode by, but they were fortunate enough not to have any more violent incidents. Amy’s giant yellow mallet had mysteriously made itself scarce, and Anon thought it best not to ask about it. Best not question the working of an alien hedgehog girl’s giant hammer if you didn't have to.

Once they made it back, Amy made a beeline for the couch and flopped down with a tired sigh. “Whew,” she said as she leaned against the arm of the couch, “I’m beat.”

“Sorry,” Anon responded. He had just finished latching the lock shut on the door behind himself. Safety first and all. “I didn't expect to be out so late. You probably didn't want to spend all evening on your feet.”

“Oh, it's no problem,” she smiled, “Trust me, I've done a lot more walking. Besides, I had an excellent tour guide.”

Anon shrugged the compliment off. He wasn't too sure how he was supposed to reply because he wasn't used to getting complimented. “I wouldn't call myself a 'tour guide’. All I did was show you around town.”

“Anon, that’s exactly what a tour guide does,” Amy said to him with a smile and a shake of her head.

“Oh.” Anon didn't know what to say again. He stuffed his hands in his pants pockets again as rocked back and forth on his heels. “So... did you have any plans for dinner?”

“Why, Anon,” Amy suddenly cut Anon a very coy look that sent a sudden shiver down his spine, “I haven't been here for a whole day, and you're already asking me what I'm doing for dinner?”

Oh no. Anon had goofed again. He hadn't meant it like he was trying to ask her out on a date. Now
that he thought about the way he had worded it, he could understand how she might have assumed that. He didn't want her thinking he was some kind of desperate creeper who broke down and asked pretty girls out on dates as soon as they met or anything.

“I... no.. what I meant was,” Anon stuttered desperately.

He paused when he saw her cheeks puffed up. She quickly slapped her hands over her mouth to stifle her laughter. “You really are funny, Anon,” she said after her giggling had ended.

Anon could feel the sweat pouring down his back. If he had taken off his shirt, people could have mistaken the area between his shoulders for Niagara Falls. “Haha, yea. Mister funny guy, that's me.” He wanted to die.

“Would it be too much to ask to order a pizza,” Amy asked as Anon contemplated how high on a scale to ten of how big of an idiot he was. Twelve. No less than a twelve.

“Oh, sure,” Anon replied nervously, “What kind do you like? Any toppings you don't like, or aren't supposed to eat?”

“Not that I know of, unless they've started cooking human pizzas different since the last time I was here,” she answered with a single shoulder shrug. Right. She had been to Earth before. Anon kept forgetting this fact. “But don't get any anchovies,” she quickly added, “They're so gross.” She made a face to emphasize her distaste of the little dried fish.

“I know, right?” That was about Anon's most natural response to anything she had set all day. But who in their right mind wanted nasty little salt crusted fish on their pizza? No one, that's who. At least now Anon could rest easy knowing that she wasn't some disgusting little anchovy eater.

“Cool. Thanks, Anon. You're the best.”

The best, she says? Anon brushed the compliment off as either her just being really nice, or, more likely, the fact that she hadn't known him long enough to tell how much of a let downer he truly was. Ignorance was truly bliss. Anon could only wonder how long it would take for her to realize that he wasn't this great example of humanity that she assumed he was. What would happen when she did?

What was going to happen if she called the foundation in charge of all this and told them that he was a less than ideal roommate and demanded to be transferred to someone that actually had their shit together? Death by embarrassment, that's what would happen.

“Anon?”

His mind snapped back from the visions of his grave back to reality. Amy was eyeing him with a raised eyebrow. He felt like those bright green eyes could see right through him. Anon suddenly felt very naked and ashamed. More so than he normally did.

“Y-yeah?” Ah, that almost ever present nervous stutter.

“Aren’t you gonna call?” Call? Call who? “I would, but I don't know the number.

Anon froze as stiff as a board. Who was he supposed to call? He couldn't remember. Anon had worried himself right into a case of temporary amnesia. He tried rewinded the last few minutes in his mind. He had gotten excited because they had something in common. Anon crossed his arms over his chest and thought harder than Winnie the Pooh sitting on his thinking log. What was it again? Oh yeah, anchovies! She didn't want anchovies on the-
“Pizza!” Anon snapped his finger. “I'm supposed to call and order a pizza!” He felt a splash of pride at the fact that he was able to recall who he was supposed to call, only to have it crushed by the wave of embarrassment at the fact that he had even forgotten such a simple thing.

“Yes, you are.” Amy couldn't help but giggle again. She found Anon's antics quite entertaining, in a good kind of way. She had feared that she might be placed with someone that tried to put on a show, an act, and try to impress her with fake, exaggerated niceness. But there was no way Anon could be faking the way he acted. He was a sweet guy. Scatterbrained, sure. But that was because he was still nervous about things. Which showed her that he was being real about it.

“I'm calling right now,” Anon claimed with enthusiastic flair as he whipped his cellphone out of his pocket. A little too enthusiastically. It slipped from Anon's fingers on his upswing, going flying several inches above his head. His hands turned into a blur as Anon tried frantically to snatch his phone from the air. It bounced precariously from one hand to the other a couple of times before he was finally able to close his fingers around it.

Anon held his phone up like a trophy fish and pointed at it with his free hand, grinning and stuttering, “Pizza. Order. Me. Right now.”

Amy couldn't help but laugh again. No simple chuckle this time, though. Arms wrapped around her midsection and feet kicking around, she laughed heartily at Anon, who merely blinked in confusion as he continued to point at his phone.

“I'll, uh.. go call 'em now,” Anon said sheepishly as he watched his roomie wipe laughter tears from the corners of her eyes. Eye. Whatever. “It'll, um.. it takes about fifteen or twenty minutes to get here, if that's ok.”

“Sure,” Amy replied, the slightest remnant of laughter still present in her voice. “Thirty minutes or less, right?”

“R-right,” stuttered Anon as he started poking at his phone. It wasn't the first pizza Anon had ordered, and he was the type to have the pizza place’ number saved in his phone’s contacts.

“And remember,” her words caused him to pause and look up from his phone screen. Amy Rose turned her head to the side a bit and help up a finger as she firmly said, “No anchovies.”

Anon's eyes blinked again. “Yeah, no anchovies.” He let himself smile half of a little smile as he went back to finding the pizzeria number. It didn't take long to find. Anon didn't have all that many contacts saved, so scrolling down to P for Pizza Place only took a few swipes. One well placed push off his index finger, and his phone was sending out the signal to the nearest cell tower. All that technology, to order a pizza.

“And while we're waiting,” Amy said half to herself, because Anon was busy with his phone against his ear, waiting on someone on the other end of the line to answer, “I think I'll go take a quick shower.”

“That's cool,” Anon was only half listening. And half listening to someone that was only half talking to you meant you only got a fourth of the message. Anon had heard her say she was going to do something, but not quite exactly what it was she was going to do. So, in typical Anon manner, he told her, “Let me know if you need any help back there.”

Amy had only taken a few steps towards the back when she froze. She glanced back over her shoulder towards Anon and gave him a quick, “What?”
“What?” Anon repeated the word. Again. He hadn't even noticed what he’d said this time. But someone at the pizza place had picked up the phone, so he couldn't bother to try to see what he had done or said wrong this time. “Yes? Yes, I need to place an order. Mhmm. Name? Anon. I need one large-

Amy watched Anon as he went on placing the order. One large supreme, everything but anchovies. She wasn't sure if she had heard him right a minute ago. Her back had been turned, and maybe he had been speaking to the person on the phone. Odd. Either way, she felt the need to get washed up after their day walking around out in the hot sun.

She shrugged the whole thing off and headed down the hall. By the time Anon had finished placing the order, she was out of sight. He glanced around the room, even did a little spin maneuver on his heels, but didn't see her anywhere.

Like she had done moments ago, Anon shrugged. He knew she hadn't left. He was still standing by the front door and he was sure he'd have noticed if she had opened it. Or maybe he wouldn't have. She was small and quiet on her feet. Nah. He didn't think she had left. Probably just went to her room. Oh well.

He knew he had a few minutes to kill before the pizza arrived. Since he wasn't presently entertaining his company, he saw it as a good opportunity to entertain himself. As busy as he had been all day, he hadn't had a chance to play any vidya. And everyone knows an Anon can't go a day without his vidya. It's just nature.

He didn't really have enough time to fire up the gaming console he had next to his pixel imperfect tv. And it might seem rude if his guest came back in the room to find him all up in the middle of some hardcore gaming. But if he were playing on a portable device, he could easily stow it when she came back. Only, his mobile gaming device was back in his room. Did he really want to walk the entire ten yards it would take to reach his room, and then walk back, just to play a game for ten to fifteen minutes? Of course he would. He didn't want to, and he would grumble to himself about having to, but he would do it nonetheless. Anons and their games.

Anon turned the corner to go down the hall that went behind the kitchen. He couldn't hear it from all the way in the living room, but now that he was this close he had noticed the sound of the shower running. So that's where she had gone. Anon kept going, his room was the one in the back, past the bathroom. But he stopped a few steps short of his bedroom.

It hadn't occurred to him at first. The thought probably wouldn't have even entered the mind of a normal person. But normal, Anon was not. He was Anon. And at that particular moment, it had just dawned on him that there was a naked girl in his apartment.

Of course, the girl wasn't even the same species as him. She was an interdimensional alien. An animal person. A hedgehog, he remembered her saying as much earlier when she played whack-a-thug at the deli. Real life animals never wore clothes, and Anon never really looked at them and considered them to be 'naked’. Of course, they didn't have a humanoid body, or the ability to speak or any self awareness.

No, he definitely couldn't think of Amy as some kind of animal. Which, once again, brought him
back around to the thought that he had a naked girl in his apartment.

He shook his head briskly, trying to clear his mind. It simply wasn't right to think like that. She was his guest. And, so far, his friend. He couldn't let his imagination run wild with thoughts of her standing in his shower, rubbing her hands over her body as steamy water rained down on her soft pink fur. No, that would be wrong to think. And Anon was being very wrong at the moment.

If only Anon knew how close to reality his imaginings were. The bathroom was as steamy as any sauna worth its name. The mirror above the sink was too fogged up to be of any use. A small, pointy eared silhouette was barely visible through the frog and duck covered plastic shower curtain.

The water felt amazing. Amy rubbed her arms together over the front of her body, before reaching up to lather in the bubbly froth of shampoo atop her head. Eyes closed tightly so she wouldn't accidentally get any shampoo in then and have to deal with that burning feeling because of it, she started at the top of her head and began massaging the shampoo into her hair with her fingers.

Her whole body, save her muzzle, arms, and chest and belly, was covered in a fine, smooth fur. So it was just a matter of working her way down from top to bottom, gently rubbing her scented shampoo in with her fingertips. One perk to being almost entirely covered in hair was that you didn't have to buy shampoo and body wash, since you could wash your body with shampoo.

Anon had his own bottles of shampoo and conditioner over in the corner of the shower, she had seen them when she had gotten in. He even had one of the better brands. Amy had been a little surprised by that. She expected, as a guy, for him to have some cheap two-in-one type product. But she had brought her own. It would be rude to use his without asking anyway. Although, she did kind of want to see how good the conditioner was. Just so she could buy her own bottle, if she liked it.

After a few minutes of rubbing, she had reached the bottom of her shapely legs. Running around all the time trying to help save the world from an egomaniacal scientist really helped keep a body in shape. Now that she was all washed up, it was time to rinse. Amy reached out blindly, her eyes still closed to protect them from the shampoo bubbles, until she found the water knobs. She made sure she had the hot water knob, it was always on the left hand side, and have it a turn.

This was her first time ever using the shower in Anon's apartment, so she didn't know how temperamental his hot and cold shower knobs could be. You had to finesse them. They were a little on the sensitive side, and turning them too quickly could end up changing the temperature of the water more than you expected.

That's precisely what happened. She only meant to turn the heat up a tiny bit, but Amy unwittingly turned the water up a few notches above just a little bit. It wasn't hot enough to scald her or anything, but it was hot enough to surprise her.

She gasped loudly and stepped back. Eyes still closed, she placed a hand on the wall to steady herself as she backed up. Anon's shampoo and conditioner bottles toppled over as her hand bumped into them.

“Oh, shoot,” she grumbled as the plastic bottles fell into the tub.

Separated by only one wall, and that wall being fairly thin, Anon heard the clammer going on in the shower from in his room. He put his search for his gaming device on hold while he tried to figure out what the noise was. He stood as still as possible, forcing his sense of hearing into becoming keener through sheer willpower alone.
Amy stooped over. She risked peeking one eye open so she could see where the bottles of hair product had gone. She got a hand on the shampoo bottle and set it back on the inside edge of the tub. The conditioner bottle was within her reach too, so she stretched her arm out and grabbed it. But smooth plastic bottle get slick when they're wet and can be hard to hold. She tried putting it by the shampoo, but it slipped from her hand at the last moment, knocking the shampoo bottle back over, both bottle falling back into the tub again.

There it was again. Anon turned his head to the side, leaving his ear facing towards the wall between his room and the shower. Anon had lived alone as long as he had lived here, so he never knew you could hear so much from the bathroom. It sounded like Amy might have slipped, or perhaps dropped something. As long as it wasn't the soap, everything would be ok, so Anon shrugged to himself and went back to his search.

It took her another try, but Amy was eventually able to get both bottles back into place. “Ok, now you stay put,” Amy said to inanimate objects while pointing a finger at them. She waited moment, watching, as if the bottles were waiting for her to stop paying attention so they could topple back over on their own. But they didn't. Hair care products weren't smart enough to plot like that.

Amy hmphed and smiled to herself. Now that all that was taken care of, she could get back to the issue at hand of rinsing herself off. She turned back to the stream of water still pouring from the shower head above and cautiously stepped into it. It was hot, almost too hot, but not quite. Actually, after giving herself a moment to get used to it, it felt quite good.

A contented sigh escaped her lips as the hot water seeped through her fur and against her skin. As with lathering up, she started from the top with her hands and began to rub herself down, washing all the soapy bubble off her body as she went.

It had been a long day so far. Waking up extra early, the whole interdimensional travel thing, waiting for the ok from the foundation before she could leave, the trip to Anon’s place, not to mention spending all evening exploring the town with her new friend. But now it was time to relax and let the hot water wash away all the stress.

Speaking of releasing stress, Amy Rose had finished rinsing off. A wandering hand made its way down her body, past her navel, and farther still. She bit her bottom lip as she caressed herself with her fingertips. Hey, a girl had her needs. And this was a need she had been holding out on satisfying for too long. It wasn't healthy to fight these urges. She hadn't really fought them, she just hadn't had a good chance to take care of them until now. So now she was. And boy was she.

Amy wasted no time getting into things. She knew she didn't have too much time to waste before the pizza was delivered. It seemed like a shame to have to rush, but it was better than nothing. She gingerly ran her fingers across her puffy lips, paying extra special attention to the sensitive little clit that just barely poked out from her fleshy mound. She couldn't help but let out a throaty moan as she rubbed herself.

Anon’s head popped up. He wasn't having any luck finding his game yet. He had been down on his knees, trying to see if maybe if had wound up under his bed or something when he had heard it. Was it a moan? He strained his ears again and listened as hard as he could. What if Amy had slipped and fallen in the shower? She could be hurt!

She wasn't hurt, though. Quite the opposite, she was feeling pretty damn good. She had herself worked up into a small fury. The water was running down her arm, dripping off the hand between her legs. She couldn't tell how much of the wetness down there was from the shower, and how much was from herself. She didn't have time to think about it, nor did she care to. She had other things on her mind, like getting off.
Her fingers found their way between her swollen lips at last. Amy gasped as she pushed a pair of fingers into her slick pussy. That was it, the feeling she had been needing, the feeling of fullness she could only get from having something inside her. Oh, sure, she could reach orgasm through external stimulation. But, god damn, nothing beat stuffing something hard up her cunt.

Meanwhile, only a few feet away, completely ignorant as to what was going on mere feet away from him, Anon still listened for any more signs of whether she had fallen or not. He was torn. On one hand, he really was concerned for her safety. He knew hundreds of deaths a year occurred from falls in the shower. On the other hand, he didn't want to look like an idiot by knocking on the door and asking if she was ok. Frozen by indecisiveness, Anon could do naught but hope there was another sign, to let him know if she was ok or not without him having to embarrass himself to find out.

He tried to find his center, to pull some of that pseudo ninja shit, to phase out all his other senses until nothing remained but sound. Except, he wasn't a ninja. He felt kind of dumb, but hey, what else was new? Anon had just about convinced himself to go ask her if she was alright, when it finally happened. He heard something.

It sounded like.. two wet rags being slapped together? That didn't make any sense. A lot today hadn't made sense, but this made even less. Anon had crept closer to the wall. He laid his hand on the wall to brace himself as he placed the side of his head against it.

God, she was so close. Amy speared herself with her fingers as she tried to cum as fast as she could. Sometimes, you just had to go fast. He pussy squelched with each thrust. She was blissfully unaware of how loud it actually was. Most of the noise was drowned out by the sound of the shower, anyway.

She pushed those fingers into her own body over and over again, like a contestant on an oriental game show hitting a buzzer. You all know what I mean. She was lost in the heat of the moment. She craned her spine back and pressed the top of her head against the tiled wall of the shower stall.

“Oh, Anon,” she moaned.

She didn't know why that had come out. There were plenty of other names she could have said, plenty of other faves she could have been thinking of. She surprised herself enough that she slowed down, but not by much. She smiled and laughed a brisk little laugh at herself. Maybe because his name and face were new to her. He was a nice guy, nothing too special, but not too shabby. And this was his shower she was touching herself in. Why not use him as the mental focusing point for her sexual desire?

Anon had jumped away from the wall so drastically when he heard her call his name that he landed square on his ass. He thought, just barely, that the sound he was hearing might have been her.. doing things. But why on this green and blue Earth would she be saying his name while getting herself off? It was a holy shit moment for Anon, to say the least.

He had to hear more.

Coming back to his feet, Anon slid back over to the wall as quietly as he could. If he could hear her so easily, it was safe to assume she would be able to hear him too. Time to play the role of ninja again and be extra sneaky. Anon crept up to the wall and slowly mashed his face sideways against it.

Now that he knew what he was listening to, it was like he was able to hear it better. Of course, the wet slapping noise he heard could have been the water from the shower hitting the wall, but Anon
was letting his imagination make the decisions at this point. Except it was getting louder and louder. It sounded like it was so close, that it was on his side of the wall. Because it was.

Anon didn't know when it started, but at some point during his little auditory voyeurism, his dick had unzipped his pants, climbed out into his hand, and started jacking itself off. Well, no reason to stop it now.

Amy wasn't stopping either. Her free hand had found its way up to her chest, massaging her perky breasts. It felt like a holy of electricity surging through her body each time she pinched a nipple. At this rate, it wouldn't take long before-

She came. It wasn't the most explosive orgasm Amy had ever had, but for a five minute shower quickie, it wasn't too bad. She leaned back against the back of the shower and took a few slow, deep breaths.

Once she started coming down from her sexual high and was able to start thinking a little more lucidly, she went back to pondering why it was Anon that popped into her head while she was touching herself. She had spent the whole day with him, so she figured it was the easiest face for her busy mind to visualize. Still, he was kind of cute. For a human. But there was no way anything could ever happen. Anon wasn't that kind of guy. Or was he? Amy really didn't know much about what kind of guy Anon was. But he wouldn't, they could never, it just wouldn't work. Besides, her heart belonged to another. Then again, she wasn't thinking about her heart. She hadn't imagined marrying Anon. Only having sex with him, that's all. Amy sighed and slouched back against the wall. What was she thinking? She couldn't think of Anon like that. It was wrong, on several levels.

The irony was that, mere inches away on the other side of the wall, Anon having the exact same kind of thoughts. Dick still in hand, wrist furiously pumping, Anon stood with his cheek mashed up against his wall. There was a naked girl in his apartment and she was touching herself in his shower and was saying his name while she did it. Holy fuck it was almost as good as actually having sex. Almost.

Anon was getting pretty close. A few more strokes, and he would be looking for something to clean himself up with. But he never got that far. A sudden knocking sound from the front of the building caught his attention. The pizza! Had it been fifteen to twenty minutes already? Shit.

He frantically tried to wrestle his erect penis back into his pants, but it wasn't going back in without a fight. His dick swore its vengeance against Anon for not finishing what he had started, but he would have to worry about that later. For now, he needed to put the damn thing away. Couldn't very well answer the door with a hard dick waving around. Anon jammed it back through the fly hole of his pants when he heard a second knock from the front and shouted, “Hold on, I'm coming!”

“So am I,” thought Amy as she slowly slid down the back of the shower, all the way down until she was sitting. She closed her eyes and sucked in a lungful of air as the hot water washed over her again.

Those green eyes popped back open with a gasp. Amy quickly covered her mouth with a hand. It sounded as if Anon had been right behind her when he shouted. Probably in his room. That in itself was fine, but.. if she could hear him so easily.. surely, he hadn't heard her.

“Hang on, hang on,” Anon pleaded as he fought with the lock on his door.

“Come on, dude,” a young voice called from the other side of the door. Anon thought he sounded kind of like that turtle from that one movie with the fish that lost his dad. Not that Anon watched
movies like that. “Clock’s a’tickin, brah. Thirty minutes or less doesn’t count if you if yuh don’t open your door.”

“Ok, ok,” Anon replied. He finally wiggled the knob free and pulled the door open.

The pizza delivery boy was everything Anon expected. Young, younger than Anon, his curly blonde hair rolled down out from under his red pizza boy delivery hat, a few inches past his shoulders. He wore the traditional red and white with a stain on one side shirt over a pair of jeans that looked like they were a size of two too big for his narrow frame.

“Gonna be twelve fifty, plus tax, ya know, government's cut 'n all that.” He held out the boxed pizza to Anon. He glanced down a little when Anon reached for the box and gave a sudden whistle. “Whoa, dude. I hope, like, that's not my tip. Brah.”

Anon, pizza box now in his hands, looked down. He had stuffed his dick my in his pants, sure, but that little bastard had pitched a tent big enough for a family of four. Anon sighed and slouched. His dick had its revenge after all.

“I am so sorry,” Anon said sheepishly as he tried to twist his legs around to hide his boner. He held the pizza box aloft in one hand as he dig through his back pocket for his wallet with the other. “Twelve fifty, uh..” Anon squinty as he tried to read the delivery boy’s name tag, “T.. Todd.”

“Ch’yeah,” he said, his golden curls bouncing as he nodded, “Plus Uncle Sam’s cut.”

“Right,” Anon was wrestling with his wallet. He didn't even have that much money in it, but it was still pretty hard to get out one handed. He managed to get a twenty out, even though he dropped his wallet on the floor when he did. With a sigh, he handed it to the young deliverer of foodstuffs. “Here. Keep the change, k?”

“My man,” said Todd. He fist bumped Anon before pinching the bill between his finger and thumb and pulling it from Anon's hand.

“Anon, is that the pizza?”

Anon glanced back over his shoulder when he heard Amy’s voice. She was peering around the corner of the house with one of Anon's blue bath towels wrapped around the top of her head. He could only assume she had another towel around her body, but he knew where assumptions like that led.

“Yeah,” he lifted the box a little in emphasis.

“Oh, good,” she smiled, “I'll be right out! Just have to throw some clothes on.” And then she was gone.


Anon turned back around to see a grinning, nodding Todd starting back at him. He raised a closed hand up for another fist bump, which Anon reluctantly bumped.

“That's one of those Mobian girls, right,” he asked in a half whisper, as if he was talking about some big secret.

“Y-yeah,” Anon said, “I'm in that program.”

“My. Man.” Todd exaggerated both words. “She's a cutie. Wish I hadda signed up for that. But I
still live with my folks, so, yuh know.”

“Um.. yeah?” Anon desperately wanted to close the door before this conversation got much weirder.

“Hey, it ‘splains that,” Todd said as he motioned towards Anon's raging erection. Oh god, it got weirder.

“No, no, no,” Anon sputtered like an old car, “It's not like that at all.”

“Bruh.” Todd gave Anon a wink and shot him the double finger guns. He didn't say anything more after that. He just backed away from the door slowly with that stupid grin on his face.

Todd was still shooting off his finger guns when Anon closed the door with his foot. What was that guy trying to imply? If Amy Rose had been a human girl, the implications would have been obvious. Well, they were obvious anyways, Anon just couldn't believe that anyone would think like that. That anyone else would think like that, he reminded himself. He had spent the last ten minutes pulling his dick to idea of her showering. Anon shook his head. What was he thinking?

He walked away from the door and set the pizza down on the coffee table. He had been holding it a bit too long and it was starting to burn his hand a little. He gave the previously mentioned almost burnt hand a wave to cool it off as he went to the kitchen to fetch some plates from the cabinet.

Amy happened to come back around the corner while he was searching for dinnerware. Anon made a quick mental note of the fact that she was dressed and not just wearing a towel. Or less than a towel. She had traded in her red and white sun dress for a dark maroon sleeveless nightshirt with a pair of very comfy looking lavender colored pajama bottoms. The gloves and gold bangles that adorned her hands were gone, as well as her big red boots.

Hands and feet. Well, hands and paws. But feet not really animal paws. But also not human feet. Feet paws? What else would she have had under her gloves and shoes? Anon had thought maybe she would have claws or something, and that's why she wore the gloves. But they were just a fashion statement, apparently.

Anon let his eyes wander a little bit too long and lost his concentration, which lead to him almost dropping a plate. Amy hadn't noticed him looking her over, but she did notice when the dish flew out of his hand.

“I've got it,” she cried as she rushed over. She sure was fast, Anon thought. She plucked the flying plate out of the air quite nimbly. Anon was impressed. “Here,” she said as she held it out to him, “I think you dropped this.”

“Oh, thanks,” Anon said as he accepted the offered plate. He held it for a moment, the same way he held her gaze. He was beginning to care less about how odd her goggle eyes had first seemed, and now found himself more interested in how pretty and green they were.

“Anon,” Amy said, turning her head down and to the side a bit. She suddenly felt very aware of his gaze. It was just Anon in one of his stupors again, she told herself. But this time, she couldn't help but feel a little giddy at being looked at like that. “Is there.. Is something the matter?”

“Oh! Um, well..” Anon turned his head this way, then that way. He finally turned back towards her and held the plate back out. “Here,” he said, “you use this one. I like that other one up there.”

Amy smiled and relaxed a little inwardly. It was just Anon being Anon. He didn't mean anything by it. The problem was, she felt a little disappointed that he didn't. “Thanks,” she said as she took
the plate back.

Anon smiled too. Then he twisted on his heels and went back to the counter. Damn. That actually was his favorite plate. Oh well, couldn't tell her that now or she'd know he had pulled that line out of his ass. He would have to use one of the old white plates with the blue trim. They were decent plates, but heavier than the ones he liked using. A sacrifice he would have to deal with for now.

“Oooh, this looks delicious!”

Anon spun his head around to see that Amy had made her way to the couch and had opened the pizza box. “And no anchovies,” she added delightfully.

Drinks. Couldn't have dinner without drinks. Not that they were having dinner, Anon reminded himself. They were just two roommates sharing a pizza. Two roommates that weren't even the same species. Two roommates, one a guy, one a girl. A girl who had masturbated in his shower while he listened and stroked it in his room. Yup. Just two roommates. Anon knew he was going to hell, he just knew it.

“Hey, um..” Anon suddenly caught a lump in his throat.

“What's up, Anon?” Amy had already pulled a slice of pizza free from its other wedge shaped dough brothers and taken a bite out of it.

“Um..” What was up, Anon? Think, think. Don't freeze up now! Freeze. Ice. Ice goes in- “Drinks!” Anon hadn't mean to shout, but the thought came to him so abruptly, he couldn't help it.

“Drinks would be nice,” she said with a giggle.

“Yes, they would,” Anon replied. And then stood there stupidly for about six seconds before going, “Oh, right! Drinks. What do you want?”

“Well, what do you have,” she asked before taking another bite of pizza.

Righteo. She hadn't gone through the fridge yet. What did he have? Anon hooked his plate under his arm and swing the nearby fridge door open. Soda, soda, cherry soda, store brand soda, aaand two cans of some fruit flavored alcoholic beverage, because Anon was too weak bellied to drink real beer. Wuss.

“Is soda ok,” Anon asked, poking his head out from behind the refrigerator door. He was worried it wouldn't be. He remembered that she had gotten a tea to drink when they stopped at the deli for lunch. Anon wasn't a tea drinker, so he didn't keep any around in the apartment. Didn't like the idea of a drink made from boiling crushed up dried leaves. No, Anon liked his drinks to be made in a factory, which a shit ton of ingredients that he could barely pronounce, and sealed in brightly labeled bottles and cans.

“Soda's fine,” she answered back to Anon’s surprise, albeit a good surprise. “Do you have cherry?”

He did have cherry! “Yeah,” he replied. He liked cherry as well. So, it turned out Amy was a non anchovy eating drinker of cherry soda that moaned his name while getting dirty in the shower. Plus she was super cute. If only she were human. Or did that really matter?

Anon cracked his head on the top of the fridge when he stood up. Another symptom of having his mind being a hundred miles away. Now that he had a nice throbbing knot swelling up on the back of his head, Anon closed the fridge and joined Amy on the couch.
He set the two cans down and the little wooden table, nudging one over closer to her plate. She would have thanked him, but she had a mouth full of cheesy goodness, so Anon had to settle for a puffy cheeked smile. That was enough for him.

She cracked open her can of soda and chased her pizza down with a shot of cherry flavored goodness while Anon went to picking out a slice. It shouldn't have mattered, it's not like any one slice and more or less special than the others. But, Anon was Anon.

He popped the top on his can after he had selected the perfect slice that was no different from all the other perfect slices. Amy noticed, while taking another quick sip, that Anon spun the tab around after opening his can.

“Whatcha do that for?” she asked, pointing at Anon’s can with her bottom finger.

“Hmm, oh this?” Anon glanced down at his can. “I figured since we both have the same drink, I’d do that so we don't get 'em mixed up. They say if you drink out of the same can as someone else, you might as well be kissing them.”

“Oh really,” Amy noted with a cocked eyebrow.

“Yeah,” he replied, oblivious to the look she was giving him, “Because of all the germs and stuff.”

“Oh,” she said again, playing at the tab on her can with her finger while she thought. “Well, try not to get our cans mixed up, or we'll have to make out.”

“Yeah,” Anon chuckled as he took the first sip of his drink. His poor brain took two seconds too long to process what she had said. He choked down his mouthful of drink and set his can back down. After a short coughing fit, he said, “Wait, what?”

“Oh, nothing.” She smiled a small smile to herself and set her drink back down. It wasn't like she was really coming on to Anon or anything. But it was fun playing around with him.

Anon didn't get it, but whatever. Pizza beckoned.

“By the way,” she said as Anon started in on his slice of the pasta pie, “I really like your shower curtains.”

Duckies and frogs. Anon froze. A string of half melted cheese hung between his mouth and the pizza in his hand, like a thick yellow spider web. He swallowed his mouthful of pizza, which took a lot of effort and hurt like hell because he hadn't even chewed it yet, and said, “I, uh.. I picked that one because I thought, um, the yellow and green go good with the rest of the bathroom.”

“Yeah, I can see that,” she nodded as she thought it over, being someone of a designer at heart herself. “But I just thought the duckies and frogs were cute.”

Derp. That's how Anon felt.

“You wanna watch anything?” Anon asked after a short, uncomfortable pause. He searched for the remote, it was on the coffee table under his magazines. He sneaked the gaming mags down into the little drawer that slid out of the side of the coffee table while she wasn't looking. “I have basic cable.”

“It's fine,” she shrugged, “I don't know what comes on here anyways.”

“Oh, right. That makes sense.” Having a roommate was an entirely new experience for Anon.
Having one from a different planet made it ever more of an interesting experience. Anon thought he remembered an old sitcom based on that exact scenario. He could imagine himself, in the situation he was currently in, being the star of his own daytime tv show. More like a Saturday morning cartoon.

Anon settled for one of those sappy reality shows, the one where all the girls lived in the big house together, all trying to get with that one dude. Anon didn't get what the big deal was. That guy wasn't that much better looking than himself. It was obviously staged. A series about a guy living in a house full of beautiful women that all wanted his dick? But the girls always liked these kinds of shows, so Anon suspected Amy might. Since she was a girl.

Amy wasn't really interested in what was on any of the dozens of cable channels that came included with Anon's lease. She was more the conversation over dinner type. It was nice to have a little background noise, though. But she would rather talk it up with Anon instead of watch a show. And that's what she did.

“So.” She put her hands on her knees. She had finished her piece of pizza already. Didn't take much to fill her tiny stomach, so she wasn't in a hurry to get another piece yet. “Tell me about yourself, Anon. I'm gonna be staying here for a while, and I don't know anything about you!”

Anon blinked at her. He hadn't expected questions. So much for using the tv to keep from having to talk. “Well... um... what did you wanna know?”

“Anything,” she said, shrugging off his blank stare. “I just want to know more about the guy I'm gonna be living with. Make sure you're not some kind of creep, or a secret serial killer or something.”

“Well I'm definitely not a serial killer,” Anon quickly said.

“That's a relief.” Amy feigned placing a hand over her chest as if she really had been worried about it. But then her eyes narrowed. She looked up at Anon with a weird, sideways kind of grin and said, “But you didn't say you're not a creep.”

Oh snap. Anon immediately assumed the worst. He thought maybe she had heard him in his room earlier. Oh shit, dear god, what was he going to do now? He felt like he had the word 'busted' branded across his face in big, bold letters.

He was just about to start spouting expositions and apologies and beg her not to press any charges against him or anything when she told the foundation about what he had done, when she burst out into another fit of that laughter she seemed prone to do when he was starting to collapse under the strain of his anxiety.

“Oh my god, Anon, you should see your face,” she laughed.

Why? Did it have the word 'busted' branded- you know what, I'm not typing all that again. Anon felt his face flush. He tried to hide his shame and embarrassment behind his can of soda by taking a long, slow drink.

“Alright, mister creep,” she said jovially, “I'll be a little more specific. Don't worry, I won't ask you a million questions all at once. I'll give you time to answer.” She gave him a wink.

Anon knew what she was referring too. Great, another reason for him to feel absolutely inadequate again. Thanks, universe, for constantly reminding Anon of his many fuckups.

“What do you do for a living,” was how she started the interrogation.
“Well, actually, I'm upper middle lower management at a local business,” he answered.

“What is 'upper middle lower management,”’ she asked.

“It's, well..” Anon set the drink down and began to make a few motions with his hands as he went, “It's like this, and then, you know. And then I do this, and, well. Yeah. Like that.” Perfect explanation, Anon. Outstanding.

“Oh huh,” she replied slowly with an equally slow nod. “What about family?”

“Sure, one day,” Anon shrugged, “But I'm not ready to settle down right now, besides-”

“No, no,” she cut him off, waving a hand his way, “I meant, like, mom and dad, brothers and sisters.”

“Oh.” It was a good thing she had interjected, it kept him from saying 'I can't find a girl who'd want to start a family with me’. “Sure. I obviously have parents. I mean, I wouldn't exist if I didn't have parents.”

“Oh obviously,” came Amy's reply. “Ok. How about this one. What do you do for fun?”

Play video games. Watch porn. Masturbate until his arm was too tired to go on, and then cry himself to sleep as shamefully as possible. “Oh, well. I like to read. And write, like, just stuff to post online. And I play the guitar. And I like to draw too, I guess.”

“Wow, Anon,” Amy looked genuinely impressed, “You sound really artistic!”

Well that was an odd way to pronounce 'autistic’. Full of crap was what Anon really was. “N-no. I mean, not really.”

“And you play the guitar,” she pressed.

“Yeah. I mean no. I mean. Well, I have a bass, not a regular guitar. I used to play when I was younger. Had to take piano lessons when I was little, but I always liked the bass. So one day I got one. And now I have one.”

“That's cool,” she grinned, “I never expected I'd be staying with a rock star.”

“What? No-” Well now she had him all flustered. “I'm not a rock star. I just kind of play at it. I'm not all that good at it, to be honest.” Anon, being honest about himself? Shocker.

“Oh, I'm sure you're fine.” Amy relaxed back into the couch. She crossed a leg over the other knee, propped her elbow up on the arm of the couch and rested her chin on her hand. She enjoyed these kinds of casual conversations. “One more question?”

“Shoot,” Anon said with a shrug.

“Well, you seem like a nice guy,” here It comes, “So.. why don't you have a girlfriend?”

If you had taken a dull spoon and carved out Anon's chest cavity, he would have minded that less than what he was feeling now. That was the question, the million dollar question. Why didn't he have a girlfriend? Could it be because he was an antisocial, introverted moron with debilitating self doubt? Maybe. It certainly wasn't because of his devilish good looks.

“I, uh..” Time stopped. Everything focused on Anon. Thousands of brain cells, like microscopic Anons scurrying about it his head, clambered and searched through all the disordered clutter in his
mind looking for an answer. “Haven't met the right girl yet.” Good answer, tiny brain Anons.

“Well I'm sure she's out there,” Amy said, nodding. The right girl for Anon? There wasn't a girl like that anywhere on Earth. Any girl crazy enough to like Anon would have to be an alien or something. Spoilers.

“Y-yeah,” Anon sighed remorsefully. “What about you?”

“What about me?” She hadn't expected him to turn a question around on her like that.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” After a few seconds of her staring at him with a look of sudden shock on her face, Anon reneged on his comment. “Boyfriend! I meant to say do you have a boyfriend?”

“Oh, right! Well, the thing is, you see..” Amy slapped her hands over her quickly blushing cheeks. She looked away from Anon and got all wiggly. She obviously had some kind of love interest. A sudden thought dawned on him. But his name was Anon too, and it was him she was thinking about in the shower. That must be it. The alternative made zero sense.

“The thing is?” Anon cocked his head a little. It was very disconcerting to see her taken so aback by a question.

“Oh, ok,” she placed her hands on her pajama covered lap and took a breath. “So, there is this one guy-” Anon knew it. “The only problem is-” Wait. There's a problem? “He doesn't, well.. he's a real busy guy. I don't think that he's noticed we're together yet is all.”

Don't think he's noticed we're together yet. That's what she had said. Anon scratched his nose. Wait. Hold up. “So you and this guy are friends?”

“Of course!” She grabbed at the soft material of her pants legs, a dream kind of look in her eyes.

“And you like him?”

“Of course!”

“But, he doesn't.. reciprocate those feelings?”

“Oh, he just doesn't realize that we're meant for each other yet,” she raised a hand and waved off Anon's skepticism.

“Wait.” Anon suddenly pointed a very accusing finger at the young Mobian and said, “You're saying he friendzoned you? Harsh.” Anon could relate. Oh, Anon could relate..

“I am not in the 'friendzone', Anon,” Amy made air quotes to exaggerate her point. Her eyes narrowed dangerously at Anon. He hadn't seen her look that mad since earlier that day. And then, someone ended up with a hammer shaped dent in his head. Anon suddenly felt very vulnerable. Amy shook a finger at him as she told him, “He just doesn't know that we're meant to be. Yet.”

Wow. Anon looked into those bright green eyes. Those very angry looking bright green eyes. Never would he have guessed that this adorable little bundle of sweetness could have such a seriously disturbed side. Anon hadn't meant to strike a nerve, and her reaction was a little frightening, but, at the same time, It was a little reassuring. Anon had been under the impression that she was some perfect example of her kind. Smart, funny, pretty, able to take care of herself. But, on the inside, she was just as messed up as he was, in her own way. That made her feel a lot more.. real. Relatable. Likable.
Anon turned away and shrugged. “Well, good for you.” He tried to sound as sincere as possible. It worked, because Amy's disposition eased considerably. She wasn't the type to stay mad for too long, anyway. “At least you've got someone. That's better than, uh.. some people.” 'Me’ was what he said in his mind.

Amy didn't feel like talking about it anymore. Which was strange, because she always felt like talking about it, and it didn't even matter what it was about. She gave a quiet little harrumph under her breath as she crossed her arms. But not for long. She couldn't do it. She couldn't not talk. Especially when there was a perfectly good brain to pick sitting next to her on the couch. Well, ‘perfectly good’ might have been a bit of an exaggeration.

“Anyways,” Amy said, segwaying herself into a change of subject. “What made you want to sign up for the program? I would think a lot of people wouldn't want someone suddenly barging into their lives, especially not someone so.. different.”

Anon shrugged. “You're not that different,” was his response to her last statement, “You don't like anchovies, so you're automatically better than most people I know.” And he treating him like he actually existed, too, Anon thought. “As for why I signed up to be a host family for the foundation?” 'Host family’ had such an off sound to it, but anyway. Anon paused for a second to consider his answer. Obviously because they offered to pay his bills for a while. But Anon couldn't tell her that. It would make him sound way too shallow.

“I suppose..” he pondered the thought another moment, finally answering, “I wanted to broaden my horizons. You know, branch out. Try something new. It's not everyday you get the chance to open up your home to someone from a parallel universe, ya know. It was a chance I couldn't pass up.”

Good job, Anon. As far as bullshit stories go, that one was golden. A big ol’ golden pile of bs.

“What about you? You said you lived here before, right?”

“Yeah,” she nodded, “But, like I said, last time was a little bit too, how can I put it? Busy. It was a little too busy to really enjoy things. When the foundation contacted us, they said they would prefer to start with someone that already had some experience with earth and humans, so I fit that category. And I thought it would for a nice little vacation.” She gave a little shoulder shrug and added offhandedly, “And they said it would all be rent free, that everything would be paid for. How could you turn down an offer like that?”

Anon felt dumb for putting so much work into coming up with a reason that he thought sounded smart. Amy kept on surprising him with how normal she was. She sat there, giving him that sweet little smile, while he wondered if she could tell how retarded he felt. He couldn't even count to potato.

All this talking was making her thirsty. She reached over to the coffee table and grabbed the little aluminum can with the cherry logo painted on its side. “Um, Anon?” Amy had noticed something odd when she picked her soda can up. It was almost empty. But she had only taken two or three drinks out of it. Which meant- “I think you got our cans mixed up.”

“I did what now?” Anon looked at her. Then at the can she was holding. Then at the one still on the coffee table. And back at her again. And the can. And back and forth between the three several more times. When he finally looked up at her again for the fourth time, or was it the fifth? Anywho, she was giving him a cheeky little one eyebrow raised kind of smile.

“You know what this means, right?” She held the can up by her finger and thumb and have it a shake. The little bit of soda that was left in it sloshed about, as if it were taunting Anon. Could soda taunt? It could if it was at Anon.
“Y-yeah,” Anon answered. Then he stood and held his hands up in a pleading manner and told her, “I'll go get you another. I'm real sorry about that. I thought I wouldn't get them mixed up. I'm so sorry.”

Amy opened her mouth but Anon had already made for the kitchenette. She set the can back on the coffee table and sighed. She played around with the tab for a second before spinning it back around. In all the times Anon looked at the cans, he hadn't noticed that both tabs were spun around. They say if you drank out of the same can, you might as well kiss. Or so she had heard. Apparently, if Anon drank out of the same can, it meant he had a spaz and ran to get you another. He was a nice guy. A little slow on the draw, but nice.

The rest of the evening went by peacefully. Anon stowed the half of the pizza that was leftover on the bottom shelf of the fridge. Day old pizza was just as good as fresh pizza. Ever better, sometimes. Plus it meant not having to cook anything. And refrigerated pizza was a top tier midnight snack.

Amy never owned up to switching the tab around on her can, so Anon remained oblivious to her little prank. It’s not like she was trying to give him an excuse to try to make a move on her. Really. It wasn't. She simply found it funny how Anon floundered around in situations like that. Even if he had tried anything, she wouldn't have let him. Of course not. Then again, what could one innocent kiss have hurt? It was just a little joke, after all.

“Hey, Amy?” Anon was drying his hands off on a dry washcloth after having washed the grand sum of both plates. She had offered to help, but it was only two plates. Even Anon could wash two plates without help. He was a big boy now.

“Yea,” she asked from the not too far away couch, still idly playing with the tab on her (second) soda.

“I was just gonna say, I think I'm gonna go hop in the shower real quick.” He folded the little rag twice over itself and tossed it on the side of the sink. “Just wanted to make sure that you didn't need anything, since, you know, I'll be in the shower and all.”

“I'm good.” She smiled that cordial smile of hers.

“Oh. Alright.” Anon gave the back of his head an idle scratch, it didn't itch, but he didn't have anything else to do with his hands. “Well, the remotes on the coffee table. Drinks are in the fridge.” He shrugged. He thought he should say more but there didn't seem to be anything else to say. “If you need more, just holler.”

“Will do,” she replied. “Oh, Anon?”

He stopped at the hallway and shot her a, “Hm?”

“Be careful,” she said, and gave him a wink, “It’s pretty dangerous to ‘hop’ in the shower.”

Nope. Right over Anon’s head. “What?”

“Because it's wet,” she explained, “You might slip..”

Anon stared at her either that blank Anon expression.
“You said you were going to ‘hop’ in the shower, and it’s wet, so I said—” Now she was the one with the goofy grin on her face. “Never mind. Don’t worry about it.”

Anon stared a moment longer. “Alright.”

She slapped her hands in her lap and looked down after he had walked away. Her little grin wavered and her eye twitched. She had tried to be funny to keep the mood light, but all she had done was make herself feel dumb.

“Oh I get it now!”

The shout nearly made Amy jump out of her seat. She saw Anon turn back down the hall towards the front of the apartment. “You meant ‘hop’ in the shower, like jumping in it! I get it now. That’s funny. You’re funny.” Anon wagged his finger in the air towards her general direction as he spin on his heels again. He gave another “That’s funny” on his way.

Amy rolled her eyes. Anon. What was she going to do with him? He was so helpless.

Anon shut the bathroom door. He let go of the handle, but then went back to it and turned the little lock on the knob. All the time he had been living by himself, he had gotten out of the habit of having to lock the bathroom door. Didn't have to worry about someone else barging in on him. Until now. Anon knew he probably didn't have to worry about her sneaking in behind him or anything. Or listening through the wall.

Oh man. Now that he had thought about it, he felt like a giant creeper. He was such a creeper, he thought he might hiss and explode at any moment. But he didn't. She had even said she wanted to make sure he wasn't a creep earlier. If only she knew. If only she knew..

Oh well. It was time to get naked. It'd be kind of hard to take a shower with clothes on. So Anon pulled his t-shirt over his head, peeling himself like a piece of fruit. He couldn't help but look himself over in the mirror. Balled up shirt in one hand, he ran the thumb of his free hand down his jawline, cupping his finger under his chin once he reached it. He studied the features of his face. Yup, they were all still there. And his hair. Maybe it was time for a haircut. Maybe not. Who knew?

He turned his gaze down and studied his body. Quite the example of a manly physique if ever there was a manly example of physiques. The statue of David had a picture of him hanging in its foyer. With his rock hard pecs and chiseled abs- Oh wait, there was a smudge on the mirror. There he was, mister reflection, back to his normal ol’ self.

Anon nodded in self satisfaction. He went to toss his handful of shirt into the little laundry hamper he kept on the floor by the door, but caught himself pausing mid toss. He saw something, something he had seen once before, earlier that very same day. They were small, white, and halfway covered by the red dress that lay on top of them. Panties. Amy’s. She had thrown her dirty clothes in the dirty clothes basket, like any normal person would. It was just, Anon hadn't expected to see panties on his way to take a shower.

He had a roommate now, and new roommates came with new changes. One of those changes was that there was obviously going to be more dirty laundry. At least two people's worth. As long as both parties wore clothes. Which they did. So there would be.

Anon cautiously held his shirt over the laundry basket. It would be best to cover the feminine undergarments. Out of sight, out of mind, right? Probably not, but Anon hoped so. He hesitated. It felt wrong to mix his dirty clothes with hers. Like it would be a direct insult to her decency. But he
couldn't leave them anywhere else. On the floor? No, couldn't do that. Then what? Shit.

He finally took the t-shirt and carefully laid it down over her dirty clothes. He stepped back and wiped his brow. There. No big deal, right? Except, he hadn't quite covered all of her clothes. A corner of white fabric peeked out from under the edge of the shirt he had just put down, teasing him, taunting him. Anon yanked down the zipper of his pants and tossed them in the hamper. He didn't even fold or roll them up. He wanted them to cover as much space as possible.

He leaned forward to look into the little plastic basket on the floor. He had to be sure that they were covered. They weren't! That very same corner was poking out from under one of the legs of his pants. What the hell? Anon did a quick back step, nervously holding his hands against the wall to keep himself steady.

Panting, Anon pawed at the shower curtain. Duckies and froggies would protect him from the unhideable panties. Not much clothes left to lose now. Anon pulled his socks off, balled them up, and scored a two point shot from across the bathroom. He slid his thumbs under the elastic band of his own drawers and stepped out of them. An underhanded toss landed them right in the middle of the laundry hamper. Sweet.

He had to know. Had to be sure. Anon stepped away from the side of the tub and took two slow steps towards the dirty clothes basket. He was too scared to look directly into it, so he caught the edge of the basket with his toes and leaned it over towards himself.

Mother of every holy, not only were her panties still not covered, but the two pair of undies seemed to be laid across one another. Such a depraved and lewd act, right out in the open! Anon was appalled. He hooked his foot under the edge of the dirty clothes basket and flipped the entire thing over. It landed on top of the small pile of clothes that spilled out of it. He would have to pick them up later, but at least for now, he couldn't see her underwear anymore.

Anon's chest raised and lowered with each breath. He sat his naked hind end down on the edge of the tub and let out a lungful of air. That had been as tiring ordeal. He wasn't going to able to go through that each time he took a shower. He had two options. Stop bathing, or buy a separate laundry basket for Amy. Tomorrow, he would do some shopping.

Now that he was done with that, he rolled his legs over the side of the tub and stood up. He pulled the shower curtain that he liked so much across the front of the tub and turned on the water knobs.

He gave the water a second to warm up before pulling up the diverter in the tub spout. The shower head coughed up what little air was in the line before bursting to life with a jet of hot water. It felt good to finally be under the shower. He had probably sweated out three pounds of sweat today. He was due for a good scrub.

Using his hands, he rubbed the hot water all over his body. Anon grabbed his bottle of extra manly lavender body wash from the soap rack that hung from the shower head and the luffa sitting beside it. He poured a few drops of the thick blue liquid on the luffa and worked up a nice, frothy lather. It was until after he had rubbed soapy bubble over half his body that he remembered.. he didn't have a luffa. He held it up where he could get a good look at it. Nope. The frilly little cleaning device was a stranger to his home. Which meant it must have belonged to Amy. Which meant she had probably used it on herself. Which meant he was rubbing something all over his wet, naked body that she had rubbed all over hers.

The mental image of her cleaning her petite little frame jumped into his mind. All the little mini brain Anons sat around in front of a big screen that was showing what Anon had on his mind. It
showed Anon's shower, only it wasn't Anon in it, it was Amy, slowly stroking the fluffy luffa across her arms, down her legs, up her torso. Oddly enough, hot clouds of steam just happened to cover her most personal areas, but the little mini Anons didn't care. They all leaned forward in their seats, oohing and aahing as they watched.

Back on the outside of Anon's head, he still held the luffa in his hand. A sudden spasm swept across his body. When he jerked, he tossed the luffa out of his hands and into the air. He grabbed it before it could fall out of his reach and carefully placed it back on the soap rack. Anon ran his hands through his hair as he watched a thick lump of soap bubbles fall off one of the luffa frills, hitting the water in the bottom of the tub with a splat before spiraling down the drain.

Man, living with someone else, living with her was going to take a lot of getting used to. A lot.

Steam poured into the hall as Anon stepped out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist to cover his modesty. He looked both ways before he left the bathroom to make sure she wasn't anywhere around. He had neglected to take any clothes with him when he went to shower, and he felt very embarrassed with the idea of her catching him in a towel.

She wasn't anywhere in sight. She must've either been in her room, or up in the front of the apartment. Either way, the coast was clear, so he started backing down the hall towards his room. Backing so he could keep his eyes ahead in case she happened to come around the bend. He backpedaled all the way through his door and slowly closed it. Safety at last.

He uncinched the towel from around his waist and let everything hang free. The towel whipped around as Anon wrapped it around his neck and began drying his hair. He turned away from his door and spun around-

"I hope you don't mind." Amy was over by Anon's bed, hands behind her back, looking at the bass he kept on a stand against the wall. She could see her own face reflected back off the instrument's metallic blue surface. "I was just curious, and wanted.. to.. look.."

Her words trailed off into an abysmal silence as she turned around. There he stood, as naked as the day he was born, with nothing on but the blush on his cheeks. Anon folded his legs across each other and placed a hand over his crotch to cover as much as he could cover with a single hand. It was hard to tell which one of them had turned the deepest shade of red.

"Ohmygoshismsosorry," Amy said so fast that it came out as one long word, which explains why it was written that way. She shut her eyes and covered her face with her hands for good measure as she made for the door. Anon opened it with his free hand and jumped out of the way just in time, being sure to keep himself covered as best as possible while he did so. You know, just in case she peeked.

Anon quickly shut the door behind her. Some might have called it a slam, but it was only a very vigorous shutting. Anon spun round and leaned his still slightly damp, but totally naked back against it. The towel fell from his shoulders to the floor in a heap. Anon's face was as red as a certain kind of root vegetable.

She has seen him naked. Naked! She has seen his- and not even when it was soft. That little fucker was standing tall and proud. It had been ailing him since, well, since he had listened to her when she had showered. He thought he had tamed the beast, but it has continued to plague him through the whole evening.

It was used to getting more attention. Living alone, he had grown accustomed to handling his needs by himself. But he was also used to having the privacy to do so. He had been keeping his hands off
himself all evening, or almost all evening, but his need was growing restless. It didn't help that the bastard started going crazy every time he looked at or thought about his new guest. Best thing to do now was to put some clothes on, before something else happened!

Meanwhile, across the hall and in the other bedroom, Amy Rose sat on the edge of what was her bed for the time being, hands cupped over her face, green pupils peeking out between her fingers.

“That was.. I saw..” She closed her fingers together and hid her face as she blushed furiously. It's not like she had never seen one before. But she hadn't expected to see that one. She didn't know how Anon measured up to other human men (which was right about average), but compared to all the Mobian dick she had ever seen.. well, humans were bigger than Mobians in general, so it only made sense that that was bigger too.

In her mind, she might have been an embarrassed wreck, but her body was telling a different story. She could feel an itch, a tickle, growing steadily into something more. Was she seriously getting turned on right now? Could she really blame her body? It wasn't long ago she had imagined it, Anon and his.. anatomy. Now that she had seen it, her body was responding the way it knew how to.

She pressed her legs together to try to quell the fires of desire growing between them. This wasn't the time for that. Maybe later. Probably later. Definitely later. But not now. Hey, at least next time, if she happened to think of Anon while she did that, at least she wouldn't have to use her imagination.

By now, Anon had thrown on an old faded tee and some pajamas. Even though he was dressed, he still felt very naked, and even more awkward than ever. Anon had never been laughed out of bed before. Then again, he hadn't been to that many beds. But he wasn't John Hung either. Size not really being the issue, Anon hadn't expected her to see him so exposed on her first day here. He hadn't expected her to see him naked at all, but especially not on the first day.

What should he do now? Should he go apologize? It wasn't like Anon did it on purpose. As a matter of fact, he had gone through great lengths to try to stay out of her sight. How was he to know that she had sneaked in his room while he was in the shower to snoop around? If anything, it had been her fault. Should he wait for her to apologize? What was the proper etiquette for dealing with your new roommate seeing the elephant swing his trunk?

Anon sat on the edge of his bed and lay his head in the palms of his hands. It had happened. It had become too much for him to handle. Tomorrow, he was going to have to call Karen at the foundation and tell her this wasn’t going to work out. He was not setting a good example for human society. If he was to be what they judged humans by, they were going to end up thinking humans were all a bunch of incompetent, bumbling perverts. And they all weren't. Just Anon.

Well, for now, he had better go tell Amy he was sorry. Whether it was her fault, his fault, whoever's fault, he still felt responsible for it. And it was an accident, anyway. It wasn't like she was camping in his room while he showered, waiting for him to get out so she could see the goods. He wasn't going to make her apologize to him for something that had happened so unexpectedly.

Buck up, Buttercup, it's not so bad. Anon figured that this was really about the worst thing that could happen. Which meant things couldn't get any worse. Sure, this girl would probably think he was some whack job perv for the rest of her life, but by tomorrow, she would be gone, taking her opinions of him along with her. She would probably tell her next host family about how much of a failure he was, and they would all have a big laugh about it over the dinner table, but at least he could go back to his normal life again. His everyday, normal, boring, lonely, depressing life.
Anon opened his bedroom door and prepared to step out, but he couldn't, because Amy was standing on the other side of the door in the hallway blocking his way. She had her hand raised, knuckles bent, apparently about to knock on his door when he had opened it. She gasped a little gasp when he swung his door open before she could knock.

“Oh, Anon!” She slowly lowered her hand as the two stared at each other for a moment. Anon scratched the back of his head as he tried to think of how to say what it was he wanted to say. Amy rubbed a hand up her opposite forearm and dug the toes of one of her paw feet into the carpet as she did the same. “Anon, I’m-”

“Look, Amy, I-” They spoke at once, like the scene was straight out of some sappy romance comedy.

They both paused again. Amy was quicker to pick her sentence back up. Anon's brain took a second or two longer to process things than hers seemed to. “Anon, I'm sorry. I had no right to be in your room. I was invading your personal space. Whatever you do in there is totally your own business! I totally understand if you're mad at me about-”

“I'm not mad,” he interjected.

Her eyes snapped up to meet his. “You're not?”

Anon silently shook his head.

“I would be furious if something like that happened to me,” she explained. Her green pupils danced around as she spoke. She was still having a hard time looking at him after what she had seen earlier. “I don't think I could stand the idea of someone seeing me.. like that. Having a picture of me like that in their head. Being able to imagine me like that any time they wanted to.” Her eyes trailed downward a little bit. How was she able to explain what she would be mad about in such detail? Was it because she was guilty of doing those very things herself? Well, obviously!

“I-I-I would never-” Anon said, holding his hands up in a defensive posture. “Yes you would,” one of his little mini brain Anons shouted. He pointed over to the group of other brain Anons still gathered about the screen, replaying the scene he had imagined of her showering earlier. He hadn't even seen her naked, and he had already imagined her that way. Was that worse than what she did?

“I know you wouldn't,” she said before he could sputter out anything more. She put her hands on her hips and looked up at the disheveled Anon with a soft smile. “I haven't known you long, but I can already tell you're not like that. You're as harmless as a kitten.”

Sure, she meant it as a compliment. But Anon felt like it sounded more like an insult. The brain Anons all broke out in laughter at the comment. One of them maid a meowing sound and did little paw motions with his hands and the rest doubled over with even more howling laughter. Anon's cheeks had gone crimson.

“-so I perfectly understand if you want me to leave.”

Anon had zoned out. “What?”

“I said that I'd understand if you didn't want me staying anymore, after I saw you.. you know.” She turned her head down but kept her eyes locked on his. The effect was nothing short of adorable.

“No, no, it's ok,” Anon said as he frantically waved his hands around, “I don't mind, really!”

“You.. don't?” She looked as confused as she sounded.
“Well, I mean, I 'mind',” he explained as best he could, but Anon was no master of words and was having a hard time of making sense of his thoughts and feelings. Story of his life. “What I mean is.. I'm sorry you had to see that. But it was an accident, and I'm not mad at you for it. And I don't want you to leave.”

“You don’t?” Same question, less pausing. This time her expression was less of genuine bewilderment, and more of an eyebrow half raised curiosity.

“N-no,” Anon quickly replied. “It's been nice having someone around all day. And you, well, you..” Come on, Anon. Figure this out. Tell her how you feel. “You're just great.” Oh. Simple, but to the point. “I mean, I'm just.. me. But you treat me like an actual person. Like I'm a person, not like you are. But you are. A person. I mean. What I'm trying to say is-”

Jeezus, what was he trying to say? The world will never find out, because he was cut off before he could finish by a pair of arms wrapping around his waist. Amy pressed the side of her face against his lower chest, all she could reach due to their difference in height, and hugged him tightly. She was a lot stronger than she looked. Strong enough to swing around a hammer that was as big as she was, at least.

Anon didn't know how to respond. He wasn't used to hugging. And this wasn't a mom or a grandma, or some old lady from church. This was a girl, a young girl, a cute girl. The best he could come up with on such short notice was to put his hands on her shoulders, gently patting one with his fingers. Hugging her back might have been a good idea, but that was too much to expect from the Anon we all know and love.

“You're a great friend, Anon,” she said as she finally pulled away from the one sided hug. Friend. She had called him a friend. Whoa. Totally new concept there. “Friend?”

“Sure,” she said, grinning. But her grinned waned as she asked, “You do want to be friends, right?”

“Of course,” Anon almost shouted. He had to remind himself to breathe real quick before he said anymore. “I-I mean, why wouldn't I?” Friend. Friend? Brain Anons scrambled trying to make sense of the word. They ran around in chaos, flipping through dusty old thesauruses and drawing out mathematical equations on big glass panels, but they couldn't figure it out.

No time to think about it anyway, because Amy moved in for another hug. His mini brain Anons were still too busy to help him figure out what it was, but something about these hugs was making him more uncomfortable than they should have been.

Amy knew what it was, though. But she wasn't saying anything about it. She tightened her arms around Anon in what seemed like an innocent enough embrace. Innocent. Ha. Maybe the first hug was innocent. But after she felt Anon's still rigid dick pressing up against her body when she hugged him, the innocence quickly abated. This second hug was purely so she could feel that rock hard cock pushed up against her body again. She was going to have a much easier time imagining that thing splitting her in two next time she imagined it splitting her in two. Well that was an interesting sentence.

“So.. you're really not mad that I saw you.. that I saw your..” She craned her neck back so she could look up at him.

“Nope,” Anon shrugged. Mini brain Anons hustled about trying to figure out what felt so out of place. But, being a part of Anon himself, they were pretty useless when it came to doing any actual good.
“So.. would you be mad if-” Amy’s face took on a look of pure mischief. Her arms came from around his back, her fingers trailing the loose elastic that held his pajama pants against his body. She slipped her index fingers behind that elastic strip and gave his pants a small tug outward as she playfully said, “I did this?”

What happened next was not what she had expected. She knew Anon was prone to overreacting. That was half of why she was messing around with him. The other half of the reason was because she secretly wanted to catch a glimpse of that human cock again. Overreact he did. Amy had only ever seen one other creature able to move so fast in her life, and, for once, he wasn't who she was thinking of.

Anon leapt back with such speed and force, but lacking any grace. Amy’s hands were still hooked in the front of his pajama bottoms, so when Anon inevitably tripped on his own feet and went tumbling backwards onto the floor he carried her right down with him. Anon's landing was a little rougher than hers. Even though his floor was carpeted, he still hit it hard enough to knock the wind from his lungs. Amy landed on top of his, her face pushed up against his chest, her pelvis positioned squarely above the engorged reproductive organ Anon was keeping in his pants.

He rubbed the back of his now sore head and groaned a simple “Ow.”

Amy pushed herself up, straddling his body. “Anon, I am sooo sorry,” she pulled her hands up to her mouth as she apologized, “I have no idea what came over me, really-” Oh yes she did. And she felt it poking at her from behind. Her sentence turned into a gasp when she felt Anon's member. She looked back over her shoulder, she had to lean forward ever so slightly to see it, but there it was. Well, not ‘it’, per se. It was still trapped behind the fabric of Anon's clothes. But it was standing up so straight that it has made quite a lump on those baggy pajamas Anon had put on.

“Oh man, Amy, are you ok?” Anon tried to sit up, but with her weight on his midsection, the best he could do was prop himself up on his elbows.

Still looking back over her shoulder, looking down at that massive swell of flesh in Anon's pants, Amy was hardly aware that he had spoken. She pulled her bottom lip through her teeth. She could feel her heart racing, she could feel each and every beat in her fingers and toes. And that itch, that little tickle she had felt earlier? It had turned into a full blown urge now. There wasn't going to be a later. There was only right here, right now, as far as she was concerned.

She turned around and looked down at Anon after he asked her if she was ok for the second time. She curled her fingers around the fabric of his shirt. She squeezed her thighs together as hard as she could, digging her knees into Anon's sides. “I'm.. I'm fine, Anon.” Her breath was weak, heavy with her desire. She was nervous with anticipation.

“Oh, good,” Anon leaned his head back down. His neck was getting sore from holding his noggin up for so long. “I was worried you might-”

“I'm sorry, Anon,” she chimed.

“What? No, it's ok,” Anon replied, oblivious to the carnal yearning in her bright green eyes as she stared down at him. “It was an accident. No harm, no foul, right?”

She shook her head. She smiled a small smile, still finding his continued ignorance cute. Cute or not, she was about to make her point in a way that would be clear, even to Anon. All her teasing, telling herself it was because she thought it was funny the way he floundered, it had all led to this.

“No, Anon.” She said as she leaned down a little. “I'm sorry- for this.”
And then she did it. Tact be damned, she did it. She closed her eyes, leaned the rest of the way down, and pressed her lips against his. So what if they weren't even the same species? She was kissing a human, and she didn't care. She laid there, legs around his waist, hands full of cottony shirt, lip to lip with a guy she had only known since noon. And yet, this felt right. It seemed like exactly what she should be doing. Almost as if the entire day's events had been preordained by some higher power to lead up to this very moment.

After a few seconds that seemed like half an eternity, Amy Rose, the Mobian hedgehog, broke off her passionate kiss and sat back up. It took her three or four breaths to get back to breathing normally again. Her eyes opened ever so slightly. She swallowed back the lump in her throat and looked down. If Anon's expression had ever been hard to read before, it was nothing compared to how he looked now. Anon stared up, past her, through her, as if he were looking at nothing at all. Alarms sounded. Red lights flashed. Mini brain Anons lay curled on the fetal position, or rocking on their heels with their arms wrapped around their knees, or running around with their hands in the air like they just didn't care. What had happened? His mind was on red alert. Nothing made sense. Nothing. She had kissed him. That was a kiss, right? Lips touched. Yup, that was a kiss. Anon could still taste her, taste her, on his lips. That wasn't an accident. She didn't slip and fall against his face. She didn't mistake him for someone else in a dark room. She had kissed him. A girl had intentionally and of her own free will, under no dures, and under the influence of any mind altering drugs, had kissed him.

“A-Anon?” Amy bit down on her index finger. It was taking longer than usual for Anon to respond. She hoped that she didn't break him. She almost had.

One mini brain Anon had enough sense to push the master reset button. It took a minute. A long minute. But after a patient wait, the brain Anon was rewar ded with the sight of the 'welcome back' message flashing across Anon's internal thought processor. Now that Anon was able to think about, he gave his head a vigorous shake and blinked. He poor eyes had started to go dry from staring so hard for so long.

“I-I-I..” Come on, Anon, you can do this. “I thought you liked someone else?” That's what you ask? Anon, we're going to have to work on your priorities, seriously.

Amy Rose smiled girlishly, her cheek suddenly turning a shade of pink darker than her fur. She cupped her hands over her cheeks and swayed her shoulders as she stared off all starry eyed and innocent. “Well, it's true that my heart does belong to another, but..” Amy’s gaze turned back down to the Anon she was still straddling, the stars were still there, but the girlish innocence had left the building. She had an all too coy look on her face when she said, “He's not here.”

Anon could feel the sweat trickling down the side of his face. “W-wait a second,” he stuttered, “We can't do this! I'm.. and you're.. and we..”

“We're friends, right?” She put her hands back on Anon's chest and leaned down again, her face hovering only a few inches above it.

“Y-y-yeah,” he stammered, “But-”

“Well, the way I figure,” she was dangerously close to his face, “I don't see any reason why our friendship can't have a few.. extra benefits.”

“L-like free rent,” Anon asked. He couldn't think of a way to escape. He wanted to crawl away, but she had him pinned down. Poppycock. Anon was no mister universe, but surely he was strong enough to have gotten her off him if he had've tried. Then why didn't he?
In his head, brain Anon barricaded the large pair of heavy metals doors that led into the control room. Two mini brain Anon, the ranking officers, wearing hats labeled 'logic' and 'common sense' shouted orders and pointed fingers. The lower ranked brain Anons bustled about, some working busily at the controls, trying to find a way to get Anon out of the situation he was in. Most were occupied with holding the door closed, shouldering up to it, building a literal Anon wall around it as something on the other side banged against it.

They were losing ground. It was all they could do to keep the metal doors shut. And then it happened. One brain Anon slipped. He foot slid out from under him and he went down. That one mini brain Anon, that one pair of hands, that one push was the straw that broke the mental camel’s back. The next bang on the door sent the other brain Anons back in a tumbling heap.

The metal doors flung open, knocking many of the mini brain Anons that had been trying to hold his shit flying back. In through the newly broken open entrance rushed a swarm of new mini Anons. But not brain Anons. No, these Anons were different. They were a much rougher bunch, primal even. Mini dick Anons. Their leader strode in behind the first wave the filled into the. A lopsided hat sat atop his head, the words 'sex drive' stitched into it.

He looked one way, then the other, surveying the room as his motley crew rushed in and began beating the brain Anons into submission. Some of his underlings came rushing up to him, with Logic and Common Sense in their captivity. Sex Drive took one look at them and pulled his thumb across the thickest part of his neck. Mini dick Anons cheered as they pair were led off. Sex Drive put his hands on his hips and nodded. He was in control now.

Anon's dick twitch in response to the new chain of command. Amy felt the sudden movement and smiled. He couldn't hold out much longer. Good, neither could she. “I'm not talking about free rent, Anon,” she said in response to his earlier question.

“You're joking, right?” Anon asked nervously.

“Does it look like I'm joking?” Her hands left his shirt and moved to her own. She crossed her arms over her torso and grabbed the hem of her nightshirt. She pulled, and up it came, over her body, over her head, and then tossed onto the floor nearby.

Mini brain Anons and mini dick Anons alike all stopped and stared at the big screen. They sat there in all their glory. Her breasts were so perky and firm that they hardly moved when she took her shirt off. In contrast to the soft pink fur that covered most of her body, her front side was smooth and peach colored, starting from her neck, running down her chest, belly, and down past the edge of where her pajamas hugged her hips. Anon could only imagine what other parts of her were smooth and hairless too.

Mini dick and brain Anons all nodded in agreement that they were indeed a mighty fine pair of hooters. A few of the mini Anons from the different factions even bro fisted or gave each other thumbs up. Once the moment had passed, the mini dick Anon herded the rest of the brain Anons out of Anon’s mental control center.

“I know they're small,” Amy said, diverting her gaze. She crossed her arms loosely over her now bare chest, barely covering herself in an act of faux modesty. You take your shirt off and then pretend you don't want him to see? Women. “You don't think they're too small, do you? I know guys like girls with more-”

“They're perfect.” Anon was surprised by the sound of his own voice. Not in the way it sounded, but that he didn't think he would actually be able to speak. “I mean, they're fine. They.. suit you well.”
Amy blinked. That was such an Anon response. Her cheeks puffed with a snicker. Her laughter
casted her bosom to bounce up and down in her arms. She cupped her hands under them and made
a show of looking them over herself. “Do you really like them?”

“Y-yeah,” Anon said honestly.

“Good.” Amy took her hands off her chest and leaned back down for another kiss. Anon didn't
even attempt to fight. He lay there and let himself be kissed. He even kissed back a little this time.
Way to go, Anon! She kissed up on him several times, each individual kiss taking several whole
seconds. She finally paused her lip locking and looked into Anon’s eyes. “It's ok if you touch me,
Anon. It'd be a lot more fun if you did.”

“Oh, yeah, right.” Oh shit. This was really happening. Until now, he had been waiting on the
punchline, on the 'ha, just kidding', but this was really happening! Anon reached up and ever so
cautiously put his hands on her lower back, just above where her cute little, pink tail poked up.

“There you go,” she said softly, nestling herself down against Anon's body, “Isn't that better?”

It was. He didn't even have to say so. Besides, he was back to thinking he wouldn't be able to make
words if he tried again. And besides again, who needed words? She kissed him again. He kissed
back. Captain Sex Drive pointed out orders for his minions. It was the eleventh hour. Go time.
Now or never. Time to man up. Grab the horn by the bulls, and all those other cheesy metaphors.

Anon wasn't a complete stranger to the female body. He knew his way around one.. mostly. She
had a few features he wasn't used to, like fur, and a tail, but everything else seemed to be the same.
Anon ran his hands up her back, tracing the curve of her spine with his finger tips. She moaned
against his lips while they kissed at the touch of his hands against her skin at last. His hands went
all the way up to her shoulders before heading back down. Down, down, all the way to that little
tail that poked out of a hole in the back of her pajamas. He hadn't thought about it before, but now
he suddenly wondered how different it must be having a tail, how all their pants must have to have
an extra hole cut out for it. But now really wasn't the time to think about stuff like that.

Besides, there was something else he wanted to do while his hands were down there. Something he
had wanted to do for a while, but that he never thought he would get the chance to. And now that
the chance had presented itself, he was going to take it. Captain Sex Drive would see to that. Anon
ran his hands past the little tail that stuck through her pajamas, one on each side, right around the
roundness of her perky little ass, and buried his fingers in the meat of it.

“Oh!” Amy gasped and pushed herself a few inches up.

“Are you ok?” Anon asked, suddenly scared that he had crossed some line he shouldn't have.

“Fine, fine,” she answered as the sultry smile returned to her face, “Better than fine, actually. How
'bout you?” Awful casual conversation for a pair of roommates laying around on the bedroom floor
making out.

“Mm, no complaints,” Anon answered with a sarcastic shrug.

“Good,” came Amy's reply, with another quick kiss. “Now,” she sat back up a little, this time using
her leverage to push her waist back against his groping hands, and the stiff prick that was still
wedged between her cheeks, “Maybe we should do something about that?”

“Something about-” Oooh, she meant his dick. “Like.. what?”

Amy cocked her head down at him, cutting a playfully questioning look. “What do you mean, 'like
what'? Haven't you don't this before?’

“Of course I've done this before,” Anon said almost a little indignantly. He didn't add the ‘just not in a while’ part.

“Mhm,” she nodded.

“I have,” he insisted.

“Ok, ok.” Her bright green eyes rolled as she tried to keep from laughing. “I was only joking. You don't have to take everything so seriously, Anon.”

But he did. Anon always took everything seriously. All part of being a full spectrum autist. He was going to tell her something, then decided not to, and then changed his mind again. He opened his mouth, but before he could get any words out, she started shifting her weight. She was moving. But where was she going? He asked, “Where’ya going?”

“I'm going to take care of this.” Amy reached a hand down, sliding it between their bodies, until she could reach of dick. Anon jumped when she squeezed it, almost hard enough to buck her off. She giggled after steadying herself. “Whoa,” she said, “A little sensitive, are we?”

“Just.. nerves,” Anon reluctantly admitted.

“Well we'll just have to see about your 'nerves’.” Amy kept on backing up. And where did she think she was going? South of the border, that's where.

“A-Amy?” Anon's hands slid across her back as she backed up across his lap. She twisted her torso, backing off his body at an angle so that she was perpendicular with him. Anon pulled his arms back and propped himself up on his elbows again so he could see what she was doing.

It was pretty obvious, though, so she didn't give him an outright answer. Easier to go ahead and show him what she had planned instead of trying to explain the who thing. Her hand ran across his lap, settling on the inner edge of his thing. It didn't take much effort to undo the single plastic button that help the front flap of his pajamas closed. As much pressure as his dick was putting on it, she was surprised it hadn't popped off on its own by now. Anon was wearing a pair of loose boxer shorts under his pjs. His erect penis needed no help finding its way out of the opening in the front of them. The moment her fingers undid the button holding his pajama pants closed, the entire length of his dick jumped out like a wind up Jack in the box, but without the music.

Amy gasped. It was the only decent response. She had let the beast out of its cage. A human dick. Amy wasn't a professional judge of human dicks, which may have been to Anon's favor, but from what she knew about dicks in general, she was pretty impressed. So impressed, that she lost herself in the sight of it for a moment. Slightly curved, penis shaped silhouettes shone in her eyes as she slowly reached for it.

“H-hey.” Anon held a hand out towards her, catching her attention and bringing her out of her cock hungry stupor. “You don't have to do this, really. I mean, not if you don't want to. Really.” It wasn't that he didn't want her to. It was just too good to be true. There had to be some kind of strings attached. He was waiting on the catch, the fine print, the over inflated interest rates after the sixty days same as cash period ended. Buy there were no strings here. Just a cute little Mobian that was as starved for sexual attention as he was, as impossible as that seemed.

“I know,” she answered coolly. She scooted herself up against him until she bare chest pressed against his leg. One of those dainty little hands reached out, its slender fingers wrapping around the
base of Anon's shaft. It was so big (in comparison to her hand) that her fingers didn't even go all the way around it. They went around it enough, though. She tilted his penis towards her face and said with a certain amount of finality, “I want to do this.”

And with that, she gave Anon's dick a sucking kiss, she took the head and about to inches of rod in her mouth. It was almost more than she could handle. But handle it, she did, and then some. Captain Sex Drive sat in the commander’s seat on the middle of the control room of Anon's mind, one leg casually crossed over the other, watching with satisfaction, all the while circuit boards cracked and screens sparked. Anon's poor mind was short circuiting, but CSD wasn't about to stop this ship now that he had set course. The mini dick Anon that had usurped control was content to let everything go to hell, as long as it meant getting Anon laid.

It took a couple of dips, but Amy managed to get past the halfway point of Anon's cock. Anon dug his fingers into the carpet, not knowing what else to do with his hands. He had seen plenty of porn videos where the guy pushed the girl's head down while she sucked, but porn and real life didn't always work the same way, and he sure as hell didn't want to do anything she wouldn't like at this point. So he let her go at her own pace without trying to interfere.

Her own pace was a pretty good one. After a couple minutes of bobbing, and without only two or three gags, she had managed to get the majority of Anon's dick in her mouth. She could swear she felt it going down her throat each time she went down. Anon could swear he was going to blow his load if she kept going much longer. She kept going.

“A-A-Amy,” he stuttered, entirely too stimulated from having his dick sucked to properly speak. He wanted to warn her, possibly stop her. Another thing that he knew some girls weren't entirely fond of was a surprise mouthful of jizz. But he couldn't warn her in time. Anon pulled at his carpeted floor and groaned as he felt his balls empty.

Amy had gone down as far on Anon's dick as she could when he erupted into her mouth. She could feel his cock twitch and swell as he shot wave after wave of his hot, thick spunk down her throat. She had little choice but to swallow, as far back as the tip of his dick was. She didn't mind. She had planned on swallowing anyway.

Anon had nutted, but Amy kept on sucking. Only for a few more seconds, though. Long enough to make sure she’d milked every last drop from Anon's balls. Anon lay back on the floor. More like he collapsed, exhausted from the sudden and vigorous dick sucking. He hadn't been expecting to have his balls dried, hadn't had time to prepare himself, mentally or physically. He felt a twinge of shame at having reached his peak so quickly, but, fuck, the way she was working that dick, who wouldn't have?

Amy wiped her hand across her mouth, not that she had left much to need wiping off. “A little pent up there, eh, Anon?” She smiled at him. Not her usual bright eyed, super cheerful smile. This was an entirely different kind of smile. It both aroused him and scared him at the same time. He could tell from the look on her eyes that she wasn't done with him. “Don't worry, so am I,” her demeanor softened as she explain, but only the tiniest bit, “It's been awhile since I, well.. anyways. I think it's time we took this to the bed. Wouldn't want me to get carpet burn, would you?”

Anon shook his head, feeling completely muted. He watched as she pushed herself to her feet and strode over to his bed, hypnotized by the way her hips swayed with each step. She had to be doing that on purpose. Had to. Or else he hadn't noticed it before. Not that he had gone out of his way to study the way her body moves while she walked. Until now.

He watched her walk the few feet from where he lay on the floor in front of his bedroom door over to the edge of his bed. She looked over her shoulder, a smile curled up the side of her peach
colored muzzle. She wanted to make sure Anon was watching as she slipped her thumbs into the waist of her pajamas and started pulling them down. She definitely had his attention. Anon rolled over to the side, propped up on his shoulder, to watch from a better angle as she started to pull down her bottoms.

She leaned forward ever so slightly and pulled them down, starting with one side, working them down a few inches, then pulling down on the other side two. She wasn't just taking her pants off; she was taking her panties off with them, and she was making a show of it! Her little tail went down for her to pull her PJs and undies both down past it, before popping back up. Her tail wasn't the only thing to pop back up. Anon's penis thought it might try to go back down after Amy had got finished sucking it off. It was wrong. When her pajamas went down, his dick went back up.

Amy pulled them down past her knees, which wasn't all that far, because her legs weren't exactly all that long. They were perfectly suited for her size, which was small overall. Short girl, short legs. Made sense. Anyways. Once she had her jammies down that far, it was easy for her to raise her feet one at a time and step out of them. She didn't quite pull her second foot all the way out. She hooked her toes on the inside of the pant leg and used her foot to toss them over to the side, well out of the way, panties and all.

Naked. She was completely naked now. “Are you just gonna sit there and watch?” she asked, playfully wiggling her round rear end at the gawking Anon. She turned around to where she was facing him and sat on the very edge of the mattress with her legs slightly parted, but because of how she was sitting, Anon couldn't quite see all the goods. He could see enough, though. Enough to know that the smooth patch that ran down her chest and stomach did go lower. She smiled provocatively and said, “Coming, Anon?”

Anon rose to his feet without even using his hands, a move to make even the king of pop jealous. Amy was going to chuckle at first, but when she saw that hard dick sticking out of the front of Anon's pajama flap staring at her, she forgot what it was she was going to laugh at. Instead, she leaned and moved her knees a little farther part in eager anticipation.

So she was smooth all the way down. Anon wasn't sure how that would work, whether the smooth part on her front side ran all the way, if she'd have fur like on the rest of her body, if she would have pubes like a human, maybe she shaved, or what. Didn't really matter. Hot poonany was hot poonany, whether or not it was shaved, furry, or natural bald. Bald was a weird term for it. Captain Sex Drive crossed that out the list of types of poonanies and wrote down 'smooth' in the space beside is. Yeah, smooth sounded way better.

Whatever CSD wanted to call it, Anon was going to get some of it. He wasn't nearly as talented at undressing as she was. Very much so. He couldn't have looked half as sexy taking off his bottoms as she had, so he wasn't even going to try. But he still needed to get them off, show or no show, so he started pulling them down while walking towards the bed.

That was Anon's big mistake. He should have known better than to try to walk and undress at the same time. Once he got his pajamas down below his knees, they became a top level trip hazard. Anon was going to try his luck at stepping out of his sleepwear and pouncing on the naked Mobian that was waiting for him on his bed, but his luck failed him. His PJs became a tangled mess around his ankles, and his pounce turned into an a flailing flop. The look of worry Amy had on her face when she saw him falling turned into a soft laugh once he caught himself on the side of his mattress. Anon landed on his knees, feet tied together by the twisted pajamas wrapped up around his lower legs, arms outstretched, fingers clutching the thick comforter thrown over his bed tightly, face-
Anon blinked. No, he wasn't seeing things. Actually, he was seeing things, he just wasn't imagining it. It being Amy's cunt, in all its smooth, soft, puffy glory, mere inches from his face. Anon could feel the warmth coming from it. It was like something out of a cheesy porn novel. Paperback imagery of Fabio be damned, this was here, this was now, and there was only one thing to do.

Amy's whole body jerked reflexively when she felt him run his tongue up her slit. Anon hadn't expected to have his face buried in poon. A lot of unexpected things had happened today. But then again, if you expected it, it wouldn't be called the unexpected, wouldn't it? She certainly hadn't thought that she was going to spend her evening with her fingers clinging to Anon's hair while her thighs were pressed against his ears.

It was a bit uncomfortable, trying to go down on a girl while she was trying to squish your head like a grape, but he was doing his best. Still, it was starting to hurt his neck. Screw that. Anon reached up and cupped his hands under her knees, where she had the least leverage, and heaved her back. Amy gave a quick, surprised squeak and she fell back on the bed. Now Anon had something her could work with. Still holding her legs, he pushed them to the sides, but not too much, he imagined she was probably pretty flexible, but he didn't want to chance having to stop because she was getting a charlie horse.

Now he had total and unrestrained access to the wet little pussy between her legs. Anon wasted no time. He went down on her like a dog drinking from a bowl on a hot summer day. Amy's back bent involuntarily. Anon was hitting all kinds of sensitive spots now. And he was just getting started.

He placed his fingers on the sides of her swollen lips, they were even softer than they looked, and spread her open. She tried to sit up a little, she was going to file a complaint about being so exposed, but when he started licking the inside of her spread open vagina, she flopped her head back down on the mattress and made a groaning noise that didn't sound anything like a complaint.

Anon had never tasted a pussy like this. Sounds like an odd thing to say, but it was true. Anyone with any amount of sexual experience, even as much as Anon, could tell you that no two pussies taste exactly the same, but at the same time, there is still a universal, underlying sameness to all poon. But this? There was something about it. It was right on the tip of his tongue, pun intended, but he just couldn't put words to it. It probably had to do with the pure, primal, animalistic nature of what he was doing. He still felt like what he was doing was wrong on multiple levels, like the fact that he had only recently met her, and that they weren't even the same species, but now that they were in the heat of things, all that only served to make the whole thing seem even hotter than normal.

It was a sentiment that Amy shared. This was some random person, some guy she hadn't even known the day before. Besides, she already had someone she liked. But here she was, giving in to her sexual frustration, and enjoying every second of it. Enjoying it a lot. Enjoying it enough to cum all over Anon's face.

Fortunately, Amy didn't make too big of a mess. But Anon definitely knew when she got hers. Somewhere between her moaning more than Helen Keller, trying to crush his skull between her knees again, and feeling her pussy spasming out, he figured out what was going on.

Once she relaxed her legs enough for him to free his head, he sat back on his heels and straightened his back. He could see her chest heaving from where he sat. Her breasts were so perky that they didn't even fall to the sides like most boobs did. Nice. Everything on the insides of her thighs was glistening wet with a mix of her juices and his own slobber. Again, nice. The sight of her laying there like that made his already stiff dick jump two more spaces up the hardness scale. It was so hard, he could mine bedrock with it.
Amy was far from done, either. She only needed a few seconds to recover. They had traded oral favors, and he had done an amazing job on his part, no doubt there. But she wanted more now. Just like earlier that evening, when she had touched herself in the shower, she needed more than external pleasure. She needed something in her. And she knew where to find it.

She sat up, still breathing on the heavy side, and gave Anon one of the merry little smiles of hers. Head still down at her crotch level, Anon smiled back up at her. He knew he had done good. If only he knew he was about to done even gooder. She leaned forward, grabbed him by his shoulder, and pulled. Boy, she was a lot stronger than she looked. Anon came off his knees, then completely off his feet, as she pulled him up and onto the bed. But not onto her. No, no. She practically tossed his over onto his back and almost immediately had herself straddled over the top of his body again. This time, there were no layers of protective clothing to keep their bodies apart. He could feel her slick lips sliding across his shaft as she pushed her hips down. It was quite a 'holy shit' tier feeling.

Anon, being Anon, couldn't be satisfied lying there there and getting fucked, though. Come on, did you expect any less? He had to stop, just long enough to ask, “Are you sure?”

Her answer was a mischievous grin and a raised brow as she reached down between their bodies to grab his penis and straighten it. He felt the tip of his dick touch the sopping entrance of her cunt. Time froze for a split instance. He was one with the universe. He could feel everything and nothing at all at the same time, and it even made sense. The meaning of life became perfectly clear. All was bliss. It felt like eternity, but when the moment ended, Anon found himself back on his bed, with Amy Rose the Mobian hedgehog pushing her hips down on him, driving the full length of his penis into her in one shot.

Anon could feel her body tighten around his dick as she impaled herself upon him. She put her hands back down on his torso, kind of roughly, like, she slapped her hands down hard, and grunted out an, “Oh my god.”

All she could think about was how good it felt to finally have a cock in her. All Anon could think was 'please don't fart'. We've all been there. When you get into sex for the first time after too long, you start worrying about all the little things. Like losing control of your bodily functions and blowing the 'ol horn while trying to perform. So Anon clenched everything as Amy started grinding their pelvises together.

Her breasts began to bounce ever so slightly as her grinding grew steadily more energetic. Only a few minutes after she had started and she was forcefully slapping her ass against Anon's lap, driving that human cock in to the hilt with each slam. The usually calm and collected girl had lost herself to desire. She was little more than a sex crazed animal.

Anon put his hands on her thighs to hold her steady because he was worried she was going to buck herself off. He had started thrusting back, but she was going at it with such vigor that there wasn't much left for him to do but ride it out. They were both panting before too long. Anon kept his ac turned down fairly low, but things were still getting so hot that the two of them had worked up a decent sweat. The wet smacking noise it made each time she forced herself down didn't do anything to help.

“Oh god, Anon,” she panted between breaths as she leaned forward. He could tell she was getting close. At least, he hoped she was. Because he was. And he was right, she was! “Oh god, it feels so good. Better than I imagined!” That was about all she said that was coherent. After that, it became a jumbled mix of pleases, oh gods, and saying Anon's name over and over.

Anon slid his hands up her thigh to her waist. He was about to pop like a shaken can of soda. “A-Amy,” he struggled to say while trying to keep up with her, “I'm gonna.. I'm gonna.. You need to
get off before I.."

Amy’s eyes, which had been rolled back and mostly closed for the better part of things, suddenly became bright and lucid again. She suddenly stopped, hips all the way down, dick buried all the way in, leaned forward and asked, rather excitedly, “Are you gonna cum?”

“I-i-if you k-keep moving,” Anon struggled to answer. Every muscle in his body was stiffer than they had ever been in his life. His thighs felt like a pair of rocks, he was squeezing them so tightly to try to keep the jizz from leaving his balls.

“You mean,” Amy's excited stare turned into a sly grin as she slowly dipped her hips forward, pulling herself off all but the very top of Anon's penis, only to push herself all the way back down again, “Like this?”

“Yes,” Anon squeaked in a voice that was much too high pitched for any male to ever speak in.

“Oooh.” She feigned a sound of surprise as she leaned forward again. “So, if I keep doing this, she pushed her ass back down, slowly burying Anon's quivering peen in her pussy again, “Then, you're going to cum?”

Anon silently nodded, focusing all his effort into not blowing his load.

She leaned forward again, this time lowering her face closer to his and whispered seductively, “Inside me?”

Anon nodded again, this time with a stream of tears pouring from each of his eyes. Captain Sex Drive patted his forehead with a cloth as he watched the levels on a nearby gauge climb well past their maximum recommended levels. The pressure was almost too much for Anon to take. Alarms began to sound. Anon wasn't going to survive much more of her teasing. But that didn't stop her.

She moaned as she lowered herself back down. Her eyes rolled back again and she returned to slowly rocking back and forth across Anon's lap. If his toes curled any tighter, they would break. If his fingers straightened out and farther, they would pop off. If his balls got any more full, they would explode. And that would be messy. When at last he had come to the camel’s back breaking straw, he put his hands on her hips and held her in place. It was during the upstroke, so he had about two thirds of his penis out, but his throbbing, swollen head was still lodged within her tight cunt. She gasped and looked back down when he grabbed her, caught totally by surprise at his sudden movement.

“Don't.. move.” His chest felt so tight, he didn't even know how he got the words out.

She froze. She didn't even breath. He could still feel her heartbeat pulsing through his rigid dick. Or was that his own heartbeat? Or both? He couldn't think clearly enough to tell. All he knew was that if she went back down again, he was going to fill her up whether he wanted to or not. Which he did. But he didn't. As in he wanted to, but he didn't think he should. What guy wouldn't want to fill such a young, tight, eager pussy with a load of his spunk?

Anon was a million miles away. He lost all sense of space and time again. He was floating through a sea of stars, focused on nothing more than trying to hold back. Then he heard it. Faint and distant. Then again, but a little louder this time. By the third or fourth time, he could tell what it was. Amy was calling his name. “Anon,” she whispered. “Anon?”

He looked up. Weary eyed and shaky legged, he lay under her on his bed, the upper portion of his penis still inside of her while he still clasped his hands to her waist for dear life. She was looking
down at him with those bright green eyes of hers. She had such pretty eyes.

She worked her hands up his forearms and took his hands off her waist, intertwining their fingers together. She smiled, smiled that sweet, innocent smile of hers. And then dropped her hips back down one final, orgasm inducing time. Mini dick Anons rallied together and cheered as they watch their captain slammed his balled fist down on a big red button labeled 'nut'.

Amy cried out with the glee of a woman fulfilled as she went over the edge. She had been edging as close as Anon had, and that last little push was all she needed to be sent careening into ecstasy. Anon's back lurched and his stomach tightened so hard he feared he might herniate as he shot wave after wave of semen into her. Amy clenched her fingers so tightly around his that it hurt, but at that point, he didn't even feel pain anymore. Even after his balls had finally run dry, he could still feel her pussy twitching and clenching around his dick. He couldn't tell which one of them had cum that hardest. He didn't care. She didn't either.

She collapsed onto his chest. They both panted like a pair of old dogs on a hot porch. He felt the hot mix of fluids running down her thigh and across his waist when he finally pulled his spent penis out of her.

All was quiet in the command center in Anon's mind. Captain Sex Drive and his crew shuffled out the big metal doors they had broken their way into not long ago. CSD took one last look at the big screen, on which it showed Amy lying atop Anon's chest, her little pink body rising and falling with each breath he took. Sex Drive gave a casual salute before he turned and followed his men away, his work done. For now. Logic and Self Control sat outside the entrance with all the other mini brain Anons. Once the dicks had marched off, they picked themselves up and went to check on the damages. The command center was into total disarray. Monitors were cracked, files were strewn across the floor, chairs were overturned, and there was even a light precariously swinging from a loose wire above. It was going to take ages to repair the damage they had done.

Meanwhile, outside of Anon's mind, back in the real world, Amy bent a leg up, hooking it around the side of his thigh as she snuggled her naked body against his. He was too tired to do much more than run a hand gently across her back. Her fur was so soft. And it smelled pretty good, too. Actually, it smelled just like-

“Did you use my conditioner?” Anon bolted up, almost tossing her off himself.

Amy gasped and caught herself before she toppled over. She cut him a puzzled look for a moment before she narrowed her eyes dangerously. “A girl gives herself to you, and the first thing you ask if she used your conditioner?!”

A bead of sweat trickled down the side of Anon's brow. “I was just going to say how nice you hair, er, fur(?) felt.”

“Oh.” Amy glare vanished. She smiled a pleasant closed eye smile and said, “Thanks, I think so too! You'll have to tell me where you got it sometime.”

“O.. ok,” Anon replied.

Then she stretched her arms over her head before swinging her legs over the side of the bed. She hopped off Anon's lap, bent over to pick her clothes up off the floor, and finally turned to say, “Well, I'm gonna go get cleaned up.”

“Yeah,” was all Anon could say. He was still trying to wrap his mind around the whole fact that he just had amazing sex with a pink alien hedgehog girl.
Amy turned and walked towards the open bedroom door. She put her free hand on the doorframe and turned over her shoulder one more time. “Oh, and Anon?”

“Y-yeah?”

“Try not to fall in love with me, k?” She winked, an odd thing to watch her do with her one big goggle eye, but she did it nonetheless. “My heart still belongs to another. But you can borrow the rest of me from time to time, if you want.”

And with that, she rounded the bend and made for the bathroom, probably to get another shower. Anon sat, stunned and confused, naked on his bed. What had he gotten himself into? He had only signed up for this program for the benefits. This was not at all what he had expected. And yet, this was what he had gotten. That was how the first day of the rest of his life ended.
Welcome to the Jungle

Chapter Summary

Amy Rose and Anon have started getting used to their new living arrangements when a mysterious package is delivered along with Amy's personal belongings. A certain jungle badger has stowed herself away to make sure her friend isn't falling victim to any of the man's evil schemes and now Anon has a brand new "friend" to deal with. Things get wild in the second chapter of Everyday Life With Mobian Girls!

Feel free to leave any comments or questions!

“Good morning, Anon.” The voice sounded as sleepy as Anon felt. It was kind of odd, having someone there to say good morning to, because Anon had been living by himself for so long. Odder still, was that she was saying good morning to him from under his own covers.

“Good morning,” Anon replied groggily. Sleep still had a pretty tight hold on his brain. All Anon knew was that it was early, he was still tired, and that he was nice and comfy under the big, thick comforter he kept on his bed. Speaking of being comfy, there was something warm, and very soft, laid across his body at an angle, from one side of his hip and across his chest.

Whatever could it be? Anon ran a hand down its length. Whatever it was, it was covered in fine, soft fur, and smelled an awful lot like the flowery conditioner he was fond of using.

His hands snaked further down the furry form draped across his midsection. It had a slight concave arch down its middle that curved back upwards into a mound of something that was both soft and firm. Anon cupped his hands around this curious bump. It felt an awful lot like a.. like a butt. Butt? No, that didn't make any sense. Still, just to be sure, Anon kneaded it with his fingers. It sure felt like a butt, albeit kind of small. And fuzzy.

“Oh, Anon,” Amy cooed lazily as Anon pawed at her posterior. “Isn't it a little early for that? We haven't even had breakfast yet.”

The fuck. Anon blinked the sleep from his eyes as best he could and looked down. His glance was greeted by a pair of large, green eyes that looked as sleepy as he felt, and a smile that was warm enough to melt butter. But why was she in his bed? And why did she have pointed ears? And why was she covered in pink fur? And why did she have a little tail poking up from the base of her spine, between Anon's hands, that happened to still be groping her bottom. And why was she naked?!

It was a little bit too much for Anon's brain to process so early in the morning. Actually, it was way too much for his brain to process. Anon, fight-or-flight instincts kicking in, flung his blanket up and scooted himself back, out from under her and back up against the headboard of his bed, all while making a very unmanly noise.

“Very funny, Anon,” Amy said, a hint of anger hiding in the edge of her voice. The big grey blanket had landed folded over her when Anon threw it off himself. She looked like a wiggly grey bed monster for a minute as she tried to find her way out from underneath it. She finally popped her head out, pulling it down around her shoulders in a snuggly sort of way. She smirked at Anon, both
a little annoyed and amused at his early morning antics.

Anon stared at that face for a moment. It was starting to come back to him now. He had been pretty surprised at first, as demonstrated by his cowardly retreat, but that was only because Anon wasn't used to waking up with anyone else in his apartment, much less in bed with him. Anon had been living by himself since he had moved into his current place of residence. That is, until the day before.

He had been chosen to take part of an experiment run by an organization known as the Foundation. Shady name, sure, but they had recently found a way to create stable interdimensional travel between Anon's own Earth and a sort of parallel world, called Mobius. From this Mobius came the Mobians. Enter Amy Rose, Anon's newfound roommate and bed partner.

The Foundation was conducting an experiment to see how well humans and Mobians could interact with each other. If only the Foundation knew exactly how well Anon and his Mobian partner 'interacted' with one another. They had never exactly said 'don't sleep with your alien roommate', but it seemed like the kind of thing that might go without saying. Oh well, too late now.

Fast forward a good night's sleep, and here they were.

“S-sorry,” Anon stammered, scratching the back of his head like he was so fond of doing whenever he embarrassed himself. “Just a little startled. I'm not used to waking up to, um.. something so pretty?”

“Are you asking, or saying?” Amy shifted beneath the big blanket that enveloped her body, making her way a few inches closer to the corner Anon had retreated to.

“Saying,” Anon quickly responded, even though he had phrased it as a question. You all saw the question mark. “Definitely saying. I'm not used to seeing such a pretty face so early in the morning.” He wasn't lying. Anon wasn't used to seeing such an attractive example of the opposite gender in person. Much less seeing them first thing in the morning, in his own bed.

“Good save, Anon,” she said with a grin. She was still moving closer towards him, slowly but surely. Anon was only a few feet away, but she was closing that gap while keeping him distracted with idle conversation. “You know, maybe we could skip breakfast after all.”

“Really?” Anon balked. The only reason Anon pulled himself out of bed on the weekends was for food. Breakfast was the most important meal of the day. Everyone knew that. Breakfast was so good, you could have breakfast for dinner. Pancakes, sausages, and scrambled eggs in the evening time were perfectly acceptable. But you couldn't have dinner for breakfast. It just didn't work that way.

“Sure.” Amy had covered half the distance between Anon and herself, and continued to sneak closer with each second. “I don't see any reason to get out of bed any earlier than we have to.”

A girl after Anon's own heart, even if she was from an entirely different species. Breakfast may have been a good reason for Anon to begrudgingly leave the comfort of his bed on his days off, but it wasn't always a good enough reason. Many a Saturday morning were spent wasting away under the sheets. If Amy was in no hurry to get out of bed, neither was he. But he didn't realize her reasoning behind not getting up yet were a little different from his own. Anon wanted to stay in bed because he was a lazy fuck. Amy's plans were a little more active in nature.

“Yeah?” Anon relaxed. He sighed contently and slid his back down the headboard until he was
mostly laying down again, but with his head and shoulders still propped up against front of the bed. Comfortable enough of a position, but not very good for his posture.

“Yeah,” she replied, “I could think of something else to do.” The way Anon had slouched down and pushed his body forward had shortened the distance between them even more. She was practically on top of him now, only a few inches away from his legs. “How about you?”

“Oh yeah,” Anon said contently. He wiggled a little bit farther down until he wasn't squished up against the end of his bed anymore, then put his hands behind his head, with his fingers linked together.

“Yeah?” Whole lot of yeahs going on this morning up in Anon's bedroom. She had made it to Anon's feet by now. It looked like his ankles were slowly being absorbed by a grey blob with a pink face. “And just what did you have in mind?”

“About two more hours of sleep.” Anon laid his head back and closed his eyes.

“Sleep?” Amy halted her approach and eyed Anon with an incredulous expression. The big pile of grey comforter all balled up around her covered Anon's legs up to his knees, but he either didn't to notice, or didn't care. “That's what you want to do? Sleep?”

“Sure.” Anon said as he glanced up, a bit surprised by the sudden change in the tone of her voice. He leaned up and unfolded his hands out from behind his head. “I mean, unless there was something else you wanted to do.”

Amy sighed. Anon was getting a little uneasy at the way she was looking at him. Not so much like she was angry, but more like she was extremely disappointed. Eyelids half closed, lips pursed on a tight smirk. Like she expected Anon to know something that he obviously didn't know. Anon was wracking his brain, trying to figure out what it was he didn't know, what clue he was missing. But he was Anon, meaning he was too dense to figure it out.

“Well, I figured you might be in the mood for a little of this.” Amy dramatically flung the big blanket out from around her petite body. It unfurled, its edges fluttering out to the sides like the cape of a comic book superhero. Except a comic book superhero would have been wearing some flashy, skin tight costume beneath their cloak. All Amy was wearing was her skin tight skin. And fur. Let's not forget that cute pink fur.

While Anon was staring, mesmerized by the perfect, albeit pint sized body on display at his feet, an alarm started going off deep within his mind. A hand felt around the top of the crooked table near the side of the bed. It slapped at the little alarm and danced around wildly as it loudly rang. A very exhausted and disheveled looked Captain Sex Drive lifted his head and blinked at the alarm. It took him about two seconds before he realized why the alarm was going off. Like the minutemen of old, he leapt from his bed, snatched his crooked cap off the corner post of his bed, slid his feet into his boots with practiced precision, and made his way out of his room, grabbing his jacket from the hook by the door on his way out.

Back in the real world, Anon sat there, eyes still fixated on Amy’s exposed body, primarily at her firm, peach colored breasts, while her perky little pink nipples stared back. Amy may have slept in the nude, but Anon had at least worn a pair of boxers. Didn't make much of a difference, though. Once his dick’s engines had been revved up, it sprang up from the little opening in the front of Anon's loose drawers. Whoever said 'let’s put a little flap right here for the dick to come out’ when they created boxers knew exactly what they were doing.

The side of Amy's mouth curled up in a small smile at Anon's sudden arousal. “Oh, look at that.
Maybe you are.”

“I, uh, um..” Anon sweated nervously. Even though she was stark ass naked and obviously wanted Anon to serve up a plate of fresh human sausage for breakfast, he still couldn't wrap his mind around what was happening. Poor Anon. All he could do was take a few uneven breaths before coughing, clearing his throat, and saying, “Good morning.” Full mental collapse. Reboot in process. Captain Sex Drive pulled his hand across his face and sighed.

“Good morning to you too.” Amy couldn't help but give a giggle at how cute Anon was. But what she needed wasn't his cuteness, it was his cock. She leaned forward, placing her hands on the bed to the sides of Anon's legs, and started crawling over the length of his body. “And good morning to you,” she said provocatively to his penis once she was close enough to get her hands on it.

Anon jumped at the feeling of her little fingers touching his stiff dick. Suddenly, he remembered what was going on. Naked girl, hard dick. It wasn't really all that complicated. But after going through a dry spell as long as Anon had been in, it was understandable that he would be so jumpy about things. In the span of a day, he had gone from a chronic masturbater to having sex with a hot furry girl before getting out of bed in the morning. It was a lot to take in.

Which happened to be exactly the same phrase that Amy was currently thinking. Anon's dick wasn't particularly big, but there was a bit of a size difference between them, so what was average to Anon leaned towards the extra large scale for her. But she knew she could take it, because she already had once before, that previous night.

She scooched herself up over his lap. Once she was in position, she lowered her ass down, smooshing her cunt over the shaft of Anon's dick. It twitched reflexively when it felt pussy meat rubbing against it. His dick was more than ready for action. Anon wasn't quite as mentally prepared as he was physically. Come on, Anon. A hot Mobian girl wants pre breakfast sex. Get your shit together.

“Whoa, whoa,” Anon exclaimed, quickly putting his arms back down so he could prop his upper body up. “You're serious?”

“Of course I'm serious!” Amy put the flats of her hands against her hips and gave Anon an aggravated stare. “Don't tell me you've changed your mind since last night. You better not think that was just a one time thing!”

“No, no, it's nothing like that,” Anon explained, shaking his head.

“Then what is it?” Amy tilted her head ever so slightly to the side, but she was still glaring at Anon with that 'it had better be something good' look.

“Nothing. It's just..”

Amy leaned in closer, one brow raised up a little higher than the other, and asked pointedly, “It's just what?”

Anon inhaled deeply and then sighed out an entire lungful of air. He glanced from one side, then the other, but in the end, he didn't have any choice but to look back up at her bright green eyes. He took another breath, much shallower than before, and finally answered, “I'm just nervous, ok?”

“Nervous?” Amy repeated the word again, just to be sure she had heard him correctly. “Nervous? ” See, I told you she said it again. “Why are you nervous? It's just.. well, it's just sex, right?”

“Well that's easy for you to say,” Anon said, the tiniest bit defensively.
“How do you figure that?” Amy still had her hands buried against her hips, but she wasn't looking at Anon angrily anymore. She still seemed a little annoyed, because she'd rather have been fucking than talking, but she still liked talking enough that she wasn't entirely upset that she wasn't getting dicked yet.

“Well, look at you!” Anon tilted his torso, putting most of his weight on one hand so he could use the other to make a sweeping motion through the air. “You're hot. I don't know how Mobians measure hotness, but as far as I'm concerned, you're, like, a twelve. Look at you, with your cute little ears, and this pink fur? It's adorable. And look at your tits! I've never seen such a perfect pair of tits in my life, and I've seen a lo-, I've seen my share of tits. And your ass? And that tail? Just look at that little tail back there! Yeah. A girl like you doesn't have to worry about 'just sex’.”

“Oh, Anon, stop. You're embarrassing me!” Amy's cheeks had gone red enough to stand out against the pink fur covering the rest of her face. She put one hand over one side of her face and waved the other one towards Anon. She had stopped listening to him somewhere during his monologue.

“And then look at me,” Anon said once it seemed like she was paying attention again.

“Well, what about you?” She shrugged a half-hearted shrug. “You're not that bad either.”

“I'm not?” Anon waved that free hand over his own body, at least as far down it as he could with her straddling him. “I'm just, well.. I'm just this.”

“Oh, you're being too hard on yourself,” she replied as she rolled her eyes. “You've got, well..” She looked back down, scanning her eyes over Anon's body once before going on. “Your, um, your eyes are.. You've got a nice, uh..” She blinked as her words slowly trailed off.

Anon spoke not a word. He merely leaned back on his shoulders and crossed his arms over his chest. Amy huffed at him. She was good for a pep talk or compliment competition almost anytime. But this was not one of those times. This was one of the rare instances where Amy did not want to waste her time talking about feelings.

“You're making too big a deal of this,” she said at last. Anon just quietly glowered as he lay back. She groaned and rolled her eyes again. Amy had reached the point where she was done talking.

She looked down, locking eyes with the scowling, pouty faced Anon. While staring him down, she raised her body up just enough to reach and and lift his cock up. She didn't even need any foreplay, she had woken up plenty wet, so she simply dropped herself down on his penis once she had it lined up. She didn't go slow, nor was she gentle. But she had a point to make, and she made it the best way she could.

Anon didn't even have a chance to stop her. Not that he would've if he had the chance, but anyways. One second she was glaring down at him, and the next, she had impaled herself on his dick, taking it all the way to the bottom. Anon jerked back up into an almost sitting position and made a noise that would be impossible to spell, but started with a g sound, and ended with a heavy k.

“W-w-what're you doing,” Anon stuttered in a panic as Amy began to slowly grind him.

“It's called sex, Anon. I know you've done it before. I was there, remember?” She spoke pretty calmly, despite the fact that she had Anon's cock stuffed halfway up her body. Sex didn't have to be wild and loud to feel good. There was no reason to put on a show when all she was trying to do was get off real quick before getting out of bed. She brushed some of her chin length hair back from her
face as she casually rode Anon. She hadn't put her signature red barrette in yet to pin her hair back, so it kept falling across the side of her face.

“Yeah, I remember,” Anon replied. He was being a little fidgety under her. He hadn't expected her to just start going at it like that. He knew he should be enjoying it more than he was, it was sex, after all. He knew the problem was that he was thinking about it too much, and the reason why she was able to enjoy it was because she wasn't thinking about it at all.

“What's wrong, Anon?” Amy had stopped. She noticed that Anon was acting a little apathetic. That's not usually a good way to act when a girl is playing hide the sausage with you so early in the morning. Or ever, actually.

“What? Oh, n-nothing,” Anon replied once he noticed she had stopped. He felt a damn fool now, more so than usual. He scratched at the side of his nose, not knowing what else to do in the awkward scenario he had suddenly created. “Don’t stop, you can keep going.”

“I dunno,” she said kind of sullenly, “I think we might be done for now.” A shame, too, because she wasn't anywhere near 'done' yet. Oh well. Nothing she couldn't take care of on her own. She had thought she wouldn't have to take care of it on her own as often anymore, but she would if she had to.

“No, wait, hang on a second.” Anon reached for her leg as she started pushing herself up and off of his dick. He really hadn't wanted to stop. He did want to get laid, but his sex drive was like an old sports car that had been sitting in a garage for too long. It just needed a little warming up to get running good. And he had just about gotten as warmed up as he needed to get when she had stopped.

It had almost been too late, though. Almost. Amy was still hovering over his lap, even though she had already raised up enough that she was off his dick. Anon could tell that she was actually a lot more aroused than she had seemed at first by how wet she was between the legs. His penis had a nice sheen to it as well.

What was he doing? Here he was, early one weekend morning, waking up to a completely naked chick on his bed, not just willing, but eager to fuck him, and he was being a little bitch about it because he was upset. Captain Sex Drive was beyond disappointed with Anon's behavior at the moment. But Anon had come to an epiphany. He had snapped out of his little pity party. He only hoped it had been soon enough, and that Amy wouldn't mind finishing what she had been so quick to start.

“I'm good now,” he explained, “I just had a lot on my mind.”

“Let me give you some advice, Anon. Friend to friend.” She lowered herself back down, mostly because her thighs were getting stiff, but because his peen had laid back over, she was back to hotdogging it without any actual penetration. Still, it was better than nothing. “When you and a girl are doing the hanky panky, it is not the time to have a lot on your mind.”

“I know, I know. Sorry.” Anon was embarrassed that he had sulked while she was fucking him. “So.. you wanna..?”

“Hmm, I dunno.” Amy made an exaggerated point of rubbing her chin like she was deep in thought. Even though she had just pointed out that during sexy time was not when you should get deep in thought. Typical female one-sided logic, am I right?

“Aww, come on,” Anon pleaded as he flopped his head back.
“I dunno, Anon,” she repeated. She crossed her arms around her bare breast, pushing her breasts up a bit over her forearms. “You don't seem all that into it. Maybe you don't think I'm as hot as you say. If you did, I'm sure you would be a lot more interested in doing, well.. me.”

“No, no, no,” Anon stuttered frantically, switching over to damage control mode. “You're totally hot. Too hot. For me, I mean. That's what's wrong, actually. I'm just not used to being with anyone so.. like you.”

Amy still looked like she wasn't as interested in giving Anon the poon, but not quite as much as she had a moment ago. She was having a hard time keeping herself from smiling. Actually, she couldn't stop it from happening. After a few long seconds of awkward silence had gone by, she finally half smiled, half smirked, and rolled her eyes.

“You're sweet, Anon,” she said at last, “But you need to learn how to give a lady what she wants, when she wants it.”

“So...does that mean you...still want it?” Anon tilted his head to the side cautiously as he awaited her answer.

“Well of course I still want it,” she confessed. “You got me all worked up. I'm going to finish, with or without you.”

“I'd prefer with ,” Anon mumbled, but loud enough for her to hear.

“I'm sure you would.” The sarcasm was palpable. She huffed out a sigh and uncrossed her arms, only so she could plant her balled fists on her hips. She looked down at Anon, in all his cute, awkward, passably attractive wonder, and said in a firm voice, “But you’re gonna do it now.”

“Do what,” Anon asked ignorantly.

“Me , you big lug head!” She pulled one hand off her waist and slapped at his leg in frustration. She just wanted the dick! What was so difficult about that? “But I'm not gonna do all work.” She shook her finger at Anon. “You're gonna have to pull your weight. I did it last night. It's your turn, this morning.”

“O-ok.” Anon lifted his hands, moved them towards her hips, stopped, pulled his hands back a bit, wiggled his fingers, then dropped them to his sides. “Um...what should I do?”

Amy gawked, awestruck at Anon's lack of imagination. After a long pause, she slapped the palm of her hand against her own forehead and shook her head. He wasn't making this easy, but she still had one trick left up her sleeve. If this didn't work, she didn't know what would.

“Hey, where are you going,” Anon asked when she got up and started turning around. Well, that was it. He had ruined his chance. So much for getting laid this morning. Anon sank down into his bed, rather upset at himself for putzing his way out of perfectly good morning sex.

But then, all of the sudden, Anon straightened back up. He had to rub his eyes to make sure he was seeing what he thought he saw. Even then, he still wasn't sure he believed it. Amy hadn't gotten up to leave. On her knees and still kind of straddling him, she had spun around, bent over at the waist so that her nipples were only an inch or two above the blanket, and stuck her perky little ass right up at him.

“Well, Anon,” she said, peeking over her shoulder at him, “This is your last chance. Are you gonna-” Her eyes went wide with surprise a moment before Anon's boxers landed on her face.
Anon had practically jumped up and ripped them off after she had presented herself. Well, she was right. It had been impossible for him to resist her wagging that tight little bottom at him. He had pulled his legs out from underneath her without her even noticing, and now loomed over her from behind, one down on his knees, hands poised precariously over her back end, fingers pawing maniacally in the air. A gasp escaped her lips when she removed his drawers from over her eyes and saw the look of pure, unbridled lust on his face, manifested in the form of a devilish grin.

To ensure that she had finally and completely enticed him, as if there were any doubt about it after the look he had given her, she gave her bum another little wiggle, then flipped her tail up. That was it, the sign Anon needed, the green light for him to get started.

He grabbed her by the sides of her ass and gave her a tug back towards himself. She made an eep noise, but made absolutely no attempt to stop him from snatching her around like that. This was exactly what she had been trying to get him to do the whole time. She wanted this. The night before had been the first time she had actually gotten laid in longer than she would ever let anyone know. She had gone to bed more satisfied than she had in ages, dreamt about it more than she had in forever, and woken up wetter and hungrier for it than, well, than she ever had, as far as she could remember. She was glad she had figured out what Anon's trigger was. Next time she didn't feel like wasting any time on foreplay or talking, she would just get on her knees and give him her ass.

Trigger indeed. Anon was seeing red. Or pink, actually. Human girls were hot. Well, that hot ones were hot. There were plenty of uggos out there, but they don't apply to this particular train of thought. Anyways. Anon had seen a lot of hot human ass over the years. Granted, most of it (meaning almost all of it) had been online, but still. This was a whole nother level of hot. There was something about that little pink butt, about the way it moved, the way she swayed, the way that tail stuck up as if to say 'take me' that made him want to, well.. take her. Not too difficult a concept to convey.

He had to do a little adjusting before he could really get started. She was a tad bit smaller than any girl he'd ever done in this position. Even down on his knees, his pelvic area was still a bit too high to hit the target, with his cock laying over the top of her ass. Looking down at it flopped across there like that, he had to take a moment to admit that it had never looked so impressive before. Not that it had gotten any bigger, it just looked bigger in comparison to her, as opposed to someone closer to his own height.

Ok, enough being impressed at the way his own dick looked. It was starting to get just a little too borderline gay for comfort. Anon scooted his knees up and lowered his thighs down. He wasn't exactly kneeling anymore. More like sitting on his own feet. Which was gross, he didn't want to get ass sweat on his feet, so he wiggled his legs out to the side a little. Now his ass was hovering over the bed. Much better. And he was finally low enough to-

“Put it in.” That's what I was about to write, but Amy beat me to it.

Anon didn't need to be told twice. He hadn't needed to be told that time, but she couldn't help it. She wanted it as much as he did. Maybe more. Probably more. But Anon still wanted it pretty bad. He grabbed his ol’ poker to get a straight shot at her with it. She was still so fucking wet, he could tell, even from this angle. Her ass was too close to his lap for him to really see her cunt, but he could definitely feel it. Hell, a blind man could have found that thing, as hot and wet as it was.

He swiped the top of his cock up her slit once to lube it up with her own juices before he rammed it in. Then he did it again just because it felt so fucking good. Once more for good measure.

“Anon, please..” She was basically begging for it at this point. Well, Anon didn't want to be a rude host and make his new roommate beg like that, did he? No. He wanted to fuck the ever loving shit
out of her sweet little pink ass.

Anon held his dick with one hand, and her waist with the other. Once we was sure he was on target, he gave her a pull while pushing his hips forward. Bullseye. A little voice deep in the back of Anon's mind was telling him to go slow, to start out nice and easy. Anon didn't listen to that voice. He listened to the one that was yelling, 'yeah, fuck that sweet hedgehog cunt!’ instead.

He sunk almost all the way in with his first thrust. Now, normally, this might have caused a little discomfort for both parties involved. But Amy was already so aroused, and her pussy so wet, that it happened without the slightest bit of pain or discomfort. Nothing but pure, unadulterated pleasure.

Anon paused for a brief moment, just to enjoy the way it felt to have his dick back in that fantastic little body. She was wet enough that she had taken the length of his dick without any problems, but she was still tight. Tighter than anything Anon had ever stuck his dick in before. Besides his own hand, but yeah, that doesn't count. He had to marvel at the little Mobian body. It wouldn't seem like she could accommodate so much of...him. At least, not without it hurting her or doing some degree of physical trauma to her body. But she took it, and she took it well. And, by the moaning he could hear her making, she enjoyed taking it.

Now that his dick was mostly in her, he didn't need to use his hand to guide it anymore. He set that thing to autopilot and put his now free hand on the other side of her waist, to better hold her. This was going to get bumpy. He was going to be doing most of the bumping. Bazinga.

“Oh god, Ano-” Her words, if you could call them that, since they really sounded more like a muffled growl, with her face buried in the mattress and all, trailed off almost as soon as she started speaking, growling, whatever, being replaced completely by unintelligible groaning as Anon gave her hips a sharp pull back towards his own, planting his dick the rest of the way in.

What happened next could easily be summed up as 'mindless fuckery'. Grunts, moans, and wet slapping noises could be heard coming from Anon's room for the next few minutes. Anon dicked her as best he could right there on his bed, and she took the dicking like a champ.

After a couple minutes of giving her the meat from behind, Anon started getting cramps on his lower back. It was hard hitting it from the angle. It was worth the pain, but if he didn't do something soon, he was going to have to stop, and he didn't want to stop. But he didn't want to spend the rest of the day stooped over from a sore back, either. Curse her tiny body. Oh, sure, it was adorable as fuck. But when it came to actually fucks, it made her harder to get to. Perhaps whoever was in charge of the universe hadn't intended for humans and Mobians to copulate. Well, fuck them. Anon would find a way to make this work.

He let go of her waist and leaned forward. His hands went down to the bed so he could hold himself up. Leaning over her like this, she seemed even smaller than before. Anon knew that if he ever slept with a human this size, it would have to be illegal, one way or another. Unless it was a midget. But now he was just getting distracted. Focus, Anon.

Now that he had alleviated the growing pain in his lower back, Anon could redouble his efforts at trying to wreck his new roommate's body. Amy was a helpless victim of Anon's thrusting and pounding. He had fucked most of the sense out of her by now, and she wanted him to fuck out the rest. She arched her back as low as it would go, which was pretty damn low because she was a very flexible girl, and pushed her ass back as hard as she could. Whatever she did, it had Anon's dick hitting her at all the right angles. After a dozen or so strokes at this new position, she was mumbling something into the sheets again.

“W-what?” Anon asked between strokes, trying not to lose his rhythm.
“I-said-you’re-about-to-make-me-cum!” She had to talk between thrusts. That’s why there were so many hyphens.

Her words only added fuel to his fire. “Oh yeah?” His speech wasn't quite as strained as hers. But then again, he didn't have anyone trying to turn his insides into puree, either. Definitely no homo. “S-so am I,” he warned her about a couple more pumps. “I-I’ll pull out, a-and do it o-on your back.”

“Don’t-you-dare.” She craned her neck back so she could see his face. There was such a serious look on her face that Anon almost hesitated. Almost. “I-don’t-want-to-have-to-wash-it-out-of-my-fur..” That was the best excuse she could come up with, since her brain was getting jarred around too much for her to think of anything better.

“Then...where?” Anon was sure if it would be ok to-

“Do it inside.” And again, she says exactly what I was going to type.

This time, Anon did pause. But, only for a fraction of a second. “Inside?” Anon had to be sure before he did could do something so...lewd. But, he did remember that she had made him cum in her the night before. Their first time together, hell, their first day together, and she had ridden him until he blew one of the biggest loads he has ever blown, all up in her cunt. This girl didn't play around when it came to fucking.

Amy couldn't hold her head up any longer. She had to lower her face back down, so all Anon could make out was, “Easier-to-clean.”

Well, if she said it was ok. It was definitely his favorite method of delivery. Lower back pain be damned, Anon sat back up on his knees. He grabbed her hips and gave it his all, and it was more than enough. He heard her make a long, low moan onto his mattress. This was it. She suddenly pushed her torso up as her low, guttural moan turned into a squeal. Her pussy started pulsating around his cock like one of those cheap foot massages you give a family member for Christmas. And just like that, with one final, powerful, back cramping thrust, he empties his balls into her, just like she had told him to. He was a good boy like that.

They held that position, backs curved, every muscle in both of their bodies pulled taut for the better part of a minute. Anon had finished cumming before she did. Man, it felt like electricity, the way her cunt kept squeezing his dick even after it had milked every drop out of him.

She eventually relaxed and slumped back down. Anon couldn't keep sitting the way he was, so he flopped backwards on to the bed. Still holding her by the waist, he carried her back with him. She landed back first, sprawled out across his chest. Luckily, she didn't weigh enough to hinder his breathing, because he needed every breath he could get. So did she. Up and down, she lay on him as his chest rose and sunk, like a waterbed, only warmer.

“That...was amazing,” Amy said after panting for a minute or two.

“Yeah.” Anon certainly couldn't argue.

“I could get used to waking up like that every morning.” She wasn't lying. She lay there, eyes barely open, smiling like a damned fool, feeling more contented than she had in a long while. The previous night not counted.

“Every morning?” Anon asked.

“WEEEell..” Amy smirked and turned her head to where she could see his face. “I might give you
“Oh, gee,” Anon sarcastically rolled his eyes, as if he didn't like the idea of fucking her every morning. “Lucky me.”

“Yeah, lucky you.” She twisted, turning onto her side. She closed her eyes and nuzzled up against his bare body. Now that there morning romp was over, she suddenly found herself tired again. She could do with that two more hours of sleep Anon had mentioned earlier. Except,.

“Whoa!” Anon could only yelp when she suddenly sprang up. He pushed himself up after she swung her legs over the side of the bed and hopped off of him. “What's the matter? Everything ok?”

Amy cupped a hand over her crotch and made for the door. “Gotta pee,” was all she said before she vanished into the hall.

Anon blinked. Then he twitched, one of those whole body twitches that goes all the way down to your toes. He had forgotten all about having to take care of any bodily functions after waking up. All that humping and thrusting had put some extra strain on his own bladder. He hadn't noticed before, but now that they were done, and she had mentioned the word pee, he was feeling it.

He threw his own feet over the side of his bed and jumped up. Dick still half hard and flopping around madly with every step, he bolted towards the bathroom right after her and shouted, “Hurry up, I have to go too!”

Yeah. He could get used to doing this every morning.

Breakfast. Indeed, it was the most important meal of the day. Especially when you're day started out with random morning sex and you needed to refuel. A bowl of sugar-packed, store brand fruit flavored cereal loops would have to do. Neither Anon nor Amy really felt up to cooking anything at the moment.

Anon passed her a bowl from the kitchen cabinet. She was a little too short to reach them on her own, and he didn't have any kind of step stool lying around, because up until now he hadn't had any need for one. He made a mental check to look into getting one. Even though she had thanked him for getting the bowl for her, he imagined she wasn't going to want to have to rely on him to get everything down for her that was too high for her to reach.

Mental check complete, he fetched a bowl for himself and trotted over to the kitchen table. It occurred to him that he didn't remember ever actually sitting at the table. It had been there since he had moved in, an oval shaped, four legged wooden table. It had a chair at either end of it, made of the same light colored wood as the table. Anon had always eaten on the couch, or in his room. But not today. Today, he would eat at the table like a civilized person.

He shook the colored cereals out of the box into his bowl until it was about two thirds full. Amy had already filled hers and started eating. Then he poured delicious cow juice in, because what good was cereal without milk?

“Gonna need to get s’more milk soon,” Anon said absentmindedly as he shook the plastic half gallon milk jug. It wasn't quite empty, but it didn't have many breakfasts left to go before it would be.
Anon sat down and started spooning cereal into his mouth. Delicious milk covered looped fruits. Anon wasn't all that picky when it came to cereal. He was partial to anything that left enough flavor on the milk that it was drinkable after he was done eating, but he wasn't against the occasional raisin bran or wheat square. He'd have to ask Amy if she had any preference next time he made groceries. Considerate as always, our Anon was.

“You know, I'm not sleeping with you every night.” Her abrupt comment came rather casually between mouthfuls of cereal.

“What?” Anon paused, his spoon halfway between the bowl and his mouth. A stray loop fell off the side of his utensil and landed back in his bowl with the tiniest splash.

“I’m not gonna sleep with you every night,” she replied before taking another bite of cereal.

“Wait, do you mean..?” Anon was suddenly puzzled. A few minutes ago, she was telling him that she wouldn't mind waking up to some Tomfoolery every morning, but now she was saying she didn't want to sleep with him? It was too early for mind games. Anon's brain wasn't running at full power yet.

“I mean I'm going to have to sleep in my own room at some point,” she explained. “There’s not much point in having ‘my own room’ if I sleep with you every night, is there? If that were the case, you'd be better off using that second room for storage or something. Hey, Anon, what did you use that room for before I got here?”

“Um.. storage.” Anon ate the spoonful of cereal he had been holding. Didn't want it to get soggy. “Does that mean you don't want to, you know..?”

“Don't wanna wut?” She talked through a cheek full of cereal, explaining the improperly spelled words. She figured it out before Anon said anything, though. “Oh, that,” she said after quickly swallowing, “Don't worry, Anon. You're not a one night stand. Amy Rose isn't the kind of girl that does things like that.” She poked her thumb against her own chest as she said that last third person phrase. “Hey, maybe we try out my bed later. If you know what I mean.” She shot Anon a wink.

“You mean...in your room next time?” Anon figured it out all on his own this time!

“Sure.” Amy cut a shrug. “Anything's on the table, I guess.”

Anon repeated her euphemism she had chosen to use. “On...the table?”

Amy rubbed her finger across her chin again and gave his another quick shrug. “Sure, I guess. Never done it there before, but I guess on the table is 'on the table’, too?” She had thought he was actually proposing to have sexual intercourse on the kitchen furniture. And she was ok with this.

“No, I meant...” Anon stopped himself before he said anymore. He had a moment of clarity. Instead of correcting her misunderstanding of his last comment, he just rolled with it. “Yeah, I mean, why not, right?”

She gave him a sly grin. Pointing his way with her spoon, she said, “Maybe later, tiger. Don't wanna tire yourself out too early. We still have the whole day.”

Anon could feel it, the nervous beads of sweat forming on his brow. The whole day. Here. With her. And sex. He was suddenly worried about how much libido this girl actually had. What if he couldn't keep up? What if Mobians were completely insatiable, and he couldn't go the distance? Anon had pushed his balls to the limit before, but there was a bit of a difference between an all day masturbation marathon and actual sex.
Trying to subtly find out if she really planned on giving him the goods all day, or if she was only pulling his chain, Anon asked, “So what do we have planned for today?”

“You know, I haven't thought about it much,” she said, tapping her spoon against her chin. “What do you normally do on the weekend?”

Sleep. Any normal weekend morning, and Anon would still be in bed. And even when he did wake up, he didn't really get going until at least noon. Thanks to her waking him up so early, noon was still hours away, so his normally scheduled weekend program was thrown all out of whack. Not that there was much of a schedule to be thrown.

“Um.…” Think of a good lie, Anon. You can't tell her you lay around the house all day watching tv, or go burn your entire evening at the mall. What do normal people do on the weekend? “I, uh...I dunno.” You hear that? That bouncing noise? That's the sound of Anon dropping the fucking ball.

“You don't know what you do on the weekends?” She cocked her head at him. Anon didn't like the way she was looking at him. Not one bit. It was almost like she knew that he was full of crap.

“Well, uh, see...what I mean is, um..” Come on, Anon, you can think of something. “The thing is, I...” Suddenly, it came to him, the perfect excuse! “I don't have a specific weekend schedule. I do something different each week. You know, I like to keep things fresh, so I don't get bored.” Good job, Anon, you fudged your way through another conversation!

“Oh.” Amy bought Anon's story like a cheap insurance policy. “That makes sense, I guess.”

“Yeah, sure,” Anon replied with a nervous chuckle. He was pretty surprised that she believed him. Maybe she didn't, and she was just being nice to save face. Who knows?

“Well, it's actually kind of good that you don't have anything planned to do today.” Uh oh. That sentence made Anon get nervous all over again. Why was it good for him not to have any plans for the day? She wasn't really considering spending the entire day testing out the limits of his sex drive, was she? Death by snu snu. Not quite as bad as death by dehydration from anxious sweating, but still on the list of ways Anon would rather not go. Then again, dying from having sex with a sexy little hedgehog girl from another dimension would make for an interesting eulogy.

Here lies Anon, fucked to death.

“W-why is that?” Anon poked his index fingers together like an embarrassed character from some cheesy anime as he awaited her answer. His life very well may depend on it.

“Oh, well, the thing is..” Yes? What is the thing? “My things will probably be coming in today, and I'd like to be here when they arrive. So, maybe we could just stay home and hang out? If it's ok with you, of course! If you had anything else planned-”

“Wait.” Anon set his spoon down by his almost empty bowl. He had missed a few fruit flavored rings, but he was too absorbed in their conversation to care at this point. “The mail doesn't run today.” No post on Sundays. Maybe the mail ran all week long where she was from. But, wouldn't she know it didn't run on the weekends from the last time she was Earth bound? Maybe she just forgot.

“About that. That lady from the foundation, miss Karen, she said they would pull some strings and have my things delivered ahead of schedule, since, like, it's all of my stuff. I only brought enough stuff with me to last a day or two, tops.”

“That's cool.” How nice of her. This Foundation sure did have a lot of surprises.
“Yeah.” Amy smiled that small smile of hers. “So they might show up today after all.”

“Well, we'll know one way or another fairly soon,” Anon said.

“Why's that?” Amy asked, looking inquisitive.

“Because my mailman usually runs right around-” And then there was a knock on the door. Comedic timing at its best, eh? “-now.”

Amy and Anon stared across the table at one another, both surprised by the knocking. A few quiet moments later and it knocked again. Well, at least they knew they weren't hearing things. Anon scooted his chair back and stood. It was his apartment, after all. Best he be the one to answer the door, even if it was her things they were expecting. Maybe it wasn't even the mailman. It would be odd for her to be the one to answer the door if it wasn't. Even if it was, Anon knew his local mail carrier well enough that it might still seem weird to have someone new open the door.

“I'll get it,” he said, summing up the majority of that last long winded paragraph in only three words. Four, if you count the contraction as two words.

Anon crossed over the carpeted living room. The fluffy carpet felt good against his bare feet. His living room wasn't very big, so it only took a couple of steps to cross it. It didn't take long before he was at the door. The day before, he had answered his door to find a young pink Mobian girl standing on the other side. Probably not what he was going to see today, though. Either way, he turned the knob and pulled it open.

“Gooood morning, mister Kun!” The middle aged man standing on the walkway in front of Anon’s apartment talked with a flamboyant flair. A little too flamboyant for someone his age, Anon thought. He was wearing the usual white and blue uniform that identified him as a postal office worker.

“Mornin’, Drew,” Anon said in greeting.

“I bet you're surprised to see me today, aren't'cha?” His mail carrier, Andrew, often shortened to the aforementioned Drew, pushed his oval shaped glasses up the bridge of his nose as he leaned in closer to Anon. He was a pretty easy go lucky kind of guy, but Anon knew that he took his job very seriously. “I bet right now you're thinking 'why is Andrew here? The post doesn't run on Sundays!' Well, let me tell you. It's like this…”

“The Foundation made a special request for you to deliver some things to my place, even though the mail doesn't usually run today,” Anon said plainly.

“The Foundation made a special request for us to delivery some-” Andrew said it a lot more excitedly than Anon had, but he stopped about halfway through once it dawned on him that Anon had already said exactly what he was about to say. “Uh, yeah. Exactly.” Drew scratched a spot to the side of his head with a finger as he looked down at the slightly shorter Anon. “How'd you know?”

Anon shrugged. “Someone else already told me.”

Suddenly, Andrew started rubbing his finger and thumb across his chin, which happened to be covered in about two days worth of unshaven, dark stubble. He looked Anon up and down, giving him a quick appraisal before leaning back down and whispering, “Just between you and me, you'd best be careful. That Foundation? I don't know if I trust 'em. And I hear they're supposed to be starting some weird experiment where they bring over those little fellas from that other dimension,
you know, the ones from a few years back? And let them live with regular folk—"

The mailman fell silent. He had caught a glimpse past Anon and seen the little pink figure still sitting at the tiny table in the kitchen. Before Anon knew it, Andrew had thrown an arm around his shoulder and pulled him out to the front of the apartment with himself. “Yo, Anon, what's up? That's one of them, isn't it? A Mobian?”

“Y-yeah,” Anon replied. He knew his delivery man had a habit of acting a little off the cuff, but this behavior was odd, even for him. “H-her name’s Amy. The stuff you're delivering is actually for her. It's her clothes and...stuff.” Anon really wasn't sure what all it was supposed to be.

“I don't know what you've got yourself into, Anon, but if you're dealing with the Foundation, you'd best be careful.” The mailman was looking at Anon with his dark brown eyes from over the top rim of his glasses with a seriousness that Anon was unaccustomed to seeing him display. “Especially if it has anything to do with Mobians.”

“What about Mobians?” Neither men had noticed her creep up to the door behind them. But she had. And now she was standing there with her arms crossed, tapping a foot, and eyeing them with a look that made Anon feel slightly worried. It was strange how such an adorable thing could manage to look so scary.

Andrew the mailman blinked his brown eyes at her. He took a deep breath, then bent at the waist in a low bow. “My sincere apologies,” he said as he rose, smiling rather feebly. Apparently, her glare had unnerved him as much as it had Anon. “I didn't mean anything against you or yours. Really, I didn’t.”

Amy did not look convinced. Andrew looked towards Anon, hoping he might be able to provide some sort of guiding counsel. All Anon provided was a blank faced shrug. Andrew had dug this hole himself, he would have to find his own way out of it. Anon wasn't about to get involved.

“Cross my heart,” he added, making said motion with his finger. “It's the Foundation I'm wary of. They show up out of nowhere after everything that happened, lay claim to all the scrap, start building all these crazy new machines, and no one questions anything. Why, they can even make the postal service run when we're not supposed to! Call me as old fashioned as the Pony Express, but I just don't like it. As far as your peo—” He had to stop himself before he said something that could be taken as offensive. Which was a good idea, as one of her eyebrows had gone up as she prepared to get offended. “I mean, as far as Mobians are concerned, I don't have an issue. As long as you don't tamper with the mail.” Andrew pushed his glasses up again, stood to his full height, suddenly cutting an imposing figure. “Mess with the mail, and then we'll have a problem.”

Amy balked, but only slightly. She quickly regained her composure. Her arms uncrossed, and she planted one hand on her hips, hips that Anon noticed were kicked to one side. “Speaking of mail,” she said, looking up at the mailman almost twice her height.

“Oh, yes! How forgetful of me!” He ran a hand through dark, short cropped hair and gave an embarrassed little grin. He then proceeded to produce one of those nifty digital pads from...somewhere, and handed it to Anon, wagging a little plastic stylus in his other hand. “I know you said the packages are for her, but you're the only person I have on file as living here, so, could you?”

“K.” Well, that was a simple sentence. Anon took both pen and pad and scrawled his name for the sake of the postal service’s records and handed them back to the still smiling man that he had taken them from.
“Bravo!” Andrew gave the digital pad a fleeting glance before putting it back wherever it was he got it from. “Where would you like your packets and parcels taken?”

“My room,” Amy answered. She still had a bit of edge to her. Scary.

The mailman grinned at her rather weakly, then turned to Anon and asked, “Directions?”

“It’s around the hall,” Anon said, turned and pointing it out. “It’ll be the first room. Mine is at the end of the hall.” Anon wasn’t sure why he had added the last little detail, but at least now Andrew knew where not to take the things.

Speaking of Andrew taking things, he actually didn't. He snapped his finger, and all of the sudden several other men, all dressed in the blue and white postal uniforms, came from both sides of the walkway. They carried boxes of all different sizes, walking past Anon, across the living room and dining room, around the bend of the hall, and, hopefully, to her room, not his. Where they came from, or where they went when they were finished, was anyone's guess. Andrew stood by the door, smiling smugly.

“Wow,” Anon said, truly astonished at how quickly and efficiently they had unloaded the packages, and at how quick and mysteriously they had all vanished. “Thanks. Is that all of them?”

“Actually...” The usually jovial expression melted again, into something more akin to a frown. “There is one more box. But there's something a little...weird about this one.”

Anon, forehead beading with sweat, asked, “Weird?”

“Weird.” Andrew repeated with a single firm nod.

“Weird how?” Anon looked even more nervous.

Andrew’s return to a more relaxed position as he gave Anon's anxious questioning a simple shrug. “Just weird,” he said, as if nothing had ever been the material to begin with. “I mean, it's just another package, right? Although,” he paused and scratched at his stubbly chin, “I could swear that I heard it talking earlier.”

“T-talking?” Ok, now Anon was seriously troubled.

“Yup!” The perky mailman snapped his finger again, and, smiling rather menacingly at Anon, said, “Your problem now, bud.” A pair of mainmen came scurrying up, each at the end of a box that was almost as big as Anon was. Big enough that he probably could have fit in it if he knelt down a little. Amy probably could have fit in it standing at full height.

The pair didn't make it a half a dozen steps past the door before Andrew snapped again. He made a downwards gesture with his index and middle fingers. On cue, the two strapping young men lowered the box, stood it on end, and exited the building. Anon couldn't help but notice that none of the main carriers, aside from Drew, had spoken so much as a word. He didn't know which was stranger; their silence, or his exuberance.

“And so ends the day that the post ran on a Sunday!” Andrew waved his hand in the air and bowed again, but on his way back up, he grabbed Anon by the shoulder and pulled him close enough to whisper, “I'm serious, Anon. Be careful around the Foundation. I'm a mailman, so you can trust me.”

“Um.. sure?” Anon nodded. He was so confused..
“And to you,” Andrew turned towards Amy. She had turned her attention to the large box that had been left in the front room, but turned back towards the door when she heard him address her.

“Again, terribly sorry if my worrying left you offended. Do an old man a favor?” He didn't seem that old to Anon, but it's not like he knew his exact age or anything.

“Um...” She looked about as confused as Anon usually did, “O..k?”

Andrew the mailman patted Anon's shoulder in a sort of fatherly manner and said, “Mister Kun here is a special young man. If you're gonna be staying with him, make sure you treat him extra nice, k? Could you do that for me, miss Rose?”

“I, uh...” She didn't know what he meant, so she wasn't sure how to reply. It didn't even occur to her that he had called her by her last name, even though no one had ever told him her full name. How many of you caught that? It was even in italics. Probably just some postal worker magic.

Either way, she didn't get a chance to properly answer. Before she could form a complete sentence, the smiling Drew gave Anon a shove, pushing him back into the apartment, and shut the door behind him, leaving Amy and Anon alone in the living room with the Mobian sized box, bother wondering what exactly had just happened.

“Y-yeah...” Anon scratched the back of his head as Amy turned to him, as if looking for answers.

“That was my mailman. You get used to him. He's really not a bad guy, and he's never missed a day or lost a package. A little weird, but he's honestly the best mailman I've ever seen.”

“If you say so.” She didn't sound like she was all that convinced, but oh well.

“What do you suppose is in this?” Anon asked as he walked a circle around the box, appraising it cautiously. Drew had said it 'talked’. What the hell could he have meant by that?

“I honestly have no idea,” Amy answered. She drew her arms across her chest, but left one hand raised to rest her chin on as she stared at the mystery package, looking almost as perplexed as Anon. “I don't remember packing anything that would require a box this big.”

“Maybe the Foundation sent something extra?” Anon had no idea what it could be, or what they could have sent, or even if they were really responsible. Upon closer inspection, he began to notice little details about the box that different from the others. It seemed a little more worse for wear, for lack of any better way to put it. It had crumpled dents along some of the edges, and small pieces of tape over the sides here and there, even though there was a big sticker labelled 'fragile’ on the side. It also seemed as though it had been placed upside down, a fact made obvious by the 'this side up’ arrow that was turned down towards the floor. Anon had never known Andrew to ever not follow any specifically marked delivery procedures!

While Anon was playing detective and trying to piece together any clues as to what the package could be, it moved. The whole box. It just sort of...shuffled. There was a sound coming from it, like the sound of an animal stirring around in a cage. It was a sound that made Anon and Amy both hop back in fear and surprise.

Then it happened. What happened? Well, let me tell you! The box rocked on its edge, then back to the other side, teeter tottering precariously a few times before finally tilting over so far to one side that it fell over. When it landed, the top burst open, and out flopped a... well, something.

It was small, a little smaller than Amy, with mostly orange fur covering most of it body, marked with darker brown areas around the two fluffy ears atop its head, and down the bushels of hair that came down to either side, well past its shoulders. And it was clothed. Sort of. Nothing like the
pretty red dress Amy had worn the day before, or even anything more casual, like Anon's pants and tee. It wasn't wearing rags, but it wasn't far from it. A simple cloth skirt was wrapped around its hips, cinched up with a woven cord at the waist, and a similarly fashioned simple tube top fitted snugly over it's upper chest, just before the arms. Whatever it was, it had landed on its face, and wasn't moving.

“Sticks!”

Anon had no idea what Amy wanted with small pieces of wood. Maybe she wanted to poke at the thing, to see if it was dead or something. He didn't blame her. It sounded like as good an idea as any at the moment. Anon bent his knees and knelt down by the head of the.. whatever it was. Slowly, he reached out a hand. He was going to give it a gentle shake, just to see if it would react. It did, before he even touched it.

The seemingly lifeless little bundle of orange fur turned into a very angry little bundle of orange fur. It sprang up into a low crouch, hair all bristled, teeth bared, and growling. The shock of its sudden movement caused Anon to rock back on his heels, landing flat of his tuchus. A pair of pale blue eyes glared up at Anon with menacing intent. He would have thought they were kind of pretty, if they weren't staring at him like he was a piece of raw meat.

Like a flash of orange lightning, it pounced. Anon had no chance. He was on his back before he even knew what hit him. Anon was seeing stars. There wasn't just one furry little creature anymore. Now there were three. No, wait. It was still only one. He had just hit his head on the floor so hard that he was seeing multiples. Nothing like a concussion to get the day started! The last thing he remembered before the world went black was hearing Amy asking for more sticks. The hell?

It turns out it wasn't some kind of strange, feral animal, like Anon had thought it might've been in the few seconds before it tackled him to the floor. Nope. It wasn't even an it, it was a she. And she happened to be Sticks, friend of Amy Rose, and fellow Mobian. Of course, Anon had no idea. All he knew was that some furry little orange thing had knocked the ever loving consciousness out of him.

“I am sooo sorry, Anon,” Amy said with a shaky grin as she laid a hand on Anon’s knee. Anon sat on the edge of the couch, hunched forward and nursing the goose egg he had on the back of his head now. “Sticks really isn't a bad person. A little unorthodox, sure, but she means well.”

“What are you apologizing to him for?” Unorthodox but well meaning Sticks stood a few feet away, towards the center of the room. The coffee table, and Amy, separated her and Anon, just to be on the safe side. She stood with her arms crossed over the tube top wrapped around her chest and eyed Anon with a dangerous glare. She was small, smaller than Amy, but Anon had a feeling that she was a lot scrappier than she let on. She had already floored him once. He didn’t want to test whether or not she could do it again.

“Because that's what civilized people do.” Amy gave her rowdy little friend a sidelong glance as she replied.

“What do you mean, 'people’?” Sticks put her hands on the edge of the little wooden table between her and the couch and leaned forward, squinting hard at Anon. “This guy's not a real person. Look at him! He's some kinda weird, featureless homunculus.” She stood on her toes and leaned forward as far as she could, peering so hard that Anon could barely see her eyes. “I bet he doesn't even have a soul.”
Ouch. Anon's vision was becoming blurry with tears. Not only was she vicious psychically, but emotionally as well.

“Sticks, that's not nice!” Amy shook a finger at Sticks as she scolded her. “I'm sure Anon has a soul. And he's not a homuncuwhatever, he's just a regular, normal, everyday, run of the mill, nothing special about him human.” Anon knew she was only trying to make a point, but he couldn't help but feel a little more depressed at hearing all those adjectives

“He's working with those Foundation goons, I know it!” The angry little Sticks pointed an accusing finger across the table at Anon. “I bet he's helping them with some scheme to collect Mobians so they can catalog us, assign a number to us, and keep us locked away at some secret lab!” Sticks grabbed at the ends of her thick tails of hair and whined, “I don't wanna be a scip! They'll lock me in a cage, and then the next thing you know, information redacted!” She slapped her hands over her mouth and gasped. “Oh no,” she whispered through her fingers, “It's already starting..”

“Anon is not working for the Foundation,” Amy said with a sigh. She knew her friend could be a little eccentric, but that didn't make it any less tiring to deal with. She rubbed her brow with the tips of her fingers and she tried to gather her thoughts. “I told you, I'm here of my own free will. I signed up to be part of the Human Mobian relations project. It's an experiment to-”

“Oh, I bet it's an experiment,” Sticks muttered.

Amy cleared her throat, crossed her arms over her chest, and gave Sticks a look to let her know that she didn't like being so rudely interrupted. Sticks mumbled something incoherent, but was otherwise quiet.

“It's an experiment,” she repeated slowly, looking over at Sticks as if daring her to interrupt again. She didn't, so Amy went on. “To see how well humans, like Anon, and Mobians, like me, can get along together under the same roof. Anon signed up for it because he was nice enough to open his home up to a complete stranger for the sake of being a good example of humankind. He is not working for the Foundation, and he is not a whatever you said earlier.”

“Homunculus,” Anon added, holding up a finger.

“Shush, you.” Her words make Anon shrink back into the couch. He shushed. “Now, the real question.” Amy turned her attention back to Sticks and sighed a little sigh. She knew she was about to hear some crazy answer, but she still had to ask. “Why did you box yourself up and mail yourself here?”

“But...” Sticks big blue eyes looked genuinely worried as she tried pleading with her friend. “The Foundation-”

“There is nothing wrong with the Foundation,” Amy cut in. She turned back to Anon. “Isn't that right?”

Anon blinked. He pointed at himself. Was he supposed to be unhushed now? She had asked him a
question, so he guessed he needed to answer. “Well, actually…” His answer wasn’t going to be exactly what Amy was hoping for. “I think a group that calls themselves just the ‘Foundation’ does seem a little shady. As a matter of fact,” Anon rubbed his finger and thumb across his chin thoughtfully, “I’ve been thinking about it a lot lately. They do kind of seem a little shady, when you really-” Amy's low cut glare told Anon it was time for him to shush again. So he did.

“See!” Sticks balled up her hands and banged them down on the coffee table, making Anon jump like a startled cat. “Even the homunculus agrees! They’re plotting something. I know it. I just know it!”

Amy looked over at Anon with a ‘see what you did?’ expression on her face. Anon, forehead damp with anxious sweat, shrugged and held his hands palms up. She sighed once more, pulled her hands across the sides of her face, and twisted her neck back around to look at Sticks. She was going to have a crick in her neck from all this looking back and forth before too much longer.

“How about we go out,” Amy said in a most reassuring tone. “When I first got here-” Which was only the day before, but she made it sound like she had been there for a while already. “-Anon showed me around town. Maybe if he showed you around, you’d see that it’s really not so bad, and that I’m not here against my own will, and don’t need rescuing.”

Anon and Sticks exchanged glances. The two quickly looked at Amy, who seemed pretty happy with her solution, and said in unison, “You want me to go out with-”, ending with “her” and “him” regarding each other.

“Sure.” Amy smiled with self satisfaction. She didn't seem to notice their gawking. “You two can get to know each other, and by the time you get back, I should have all my things unpacked and put up.”

“You're asking me to subject myself to whatever plots and schemes the Foundation is cooking up?” Sticks was the very image of disbelief.

“I'm asking you to take a relaxing stroll around the city with a new friend.” Amy had been trying to remain cordial, but she almost growled that last line out through gritted teeth. If that wasn't enough to express her waning patience, the twitch in her eye certainly was. “Doesn't that sound like a good idea?”

“It's sounds like a load of-” Sticks didn't get to finish that thought.

“Doesn't that sound like a good idea?” Amy repeated the same question, but louder. So loud that I considered using all caps, but all caps is just plain rude, so I went with italics instead. You get the idea.

Anon and Sticks both nodded, wide eyed and silent, both too scared of making her any angrier to say a word.

“Good.” Amy sounded much calmer now. She hopped up off of the couch and grabbed Sticks by the wrist with one hand, Anon by the other. She led them towards the front door and they followed like a pair of obedient puppies. She turned them loose so she could open the door, then took a step back and pushed the pair of the through, onto the walkway in front of Anon's apartment. “Now, you two try to get along for awhile while I try to get my things unpacked,” she said with her usual cheerful smile, but that smile faded into a dangerous glare as she warned them, “Because if you don't, I'll be very upset with the both of you!”

The two of them jumped when the apartment door was abruptly slammed behind them. Still on the
inside, Amy turned around and leaned her back against the door. She sighed as she wiped her arm across her forehead. It wasn't that Amy didn't like Sticks. She did, they were the bestest of friends. She just liked her the most in small doses that were planned out ahead of time so she had a chance to prepare. Having Sticks literally jump out of a box and assault her new roommate so early in the morning wasn't how Amy had expected her day to start.

“She can be pretty scary,” Anon said, standing beside Sticks out on the walkway.

“You're tellin' me,” Sticks replied with an approving nod, “Just wait 'til you've seen her pull out her hammer.”

“I have,” he admitted.

All Sticks had to add to that was the word “Ouch.”

“Yeah.” Anon just nodded.

The unlikely pair stood there in silence for a moment. A single leaf flew by, riding a warm breeze. Awkward didn't begin to explain how Anon felt about the situation. It was only a few minutes ago that Sticks had been physically assaulting him. And now Amy had put them out together? He didn't know anything about her!

Then again, Anon hadn't known anything about Amy when she first arrived, either. And look how well that had gone. Of course, Anon didn't expect that he would end up having sex with another complete stranger. But the point was that he knew he had to at least give her the chance of trying to get to know her. Besides, she was Amy’s friend, and Amy was his friend, so he owed it to her to at least try.

“So...” Anon put his hands on his hips and looked over.

Sticks cut him off before he could say anymore. “Amy said you were gonna show me around town,” she said flatly. She seemed a lot more rough around the edges than her pink friend. He couldn't place his finger on any one particular thing, but everything about this new Mobian just whispered ‘wild’ to him, from the way she dressed, to how she sounded, all the way to the way she kept looking at him. Indeed, she looked pretty wild to him when she crossed her arms, glared up at his way, and said, “So show me around already.”

“Y-yeah.” Anon suddenly felt very intimidated.

Sticks narrowed her eyes even tighter. “What do you mean 'y-yeah’? You got a stuttering problem or something?”

“Y-yeah,” Anon repeated, but then shook his head and and quickly said, “N-no.. I mean, well..”

Sticks balled up her hands and put them on her hips, then leaned up towards him. She was looking at him with such an intent look that it was making him feel shaky. “What's the matter with you? You scared of me or something?”

Sweatdrops, sweatdrops everywhere. Anon swallowed back the lump in his throat. “A.. a little, yeah.” Too scared to attempt to lie to her, Anon simply answered honestly. He felt a little better now that he had admitted it, but not much better. And he was still pretty frightened of her.

She stared at him for a while, with those crystal blue eyes, like a pair of lasers cutting through him. “Good,” she said at last, after what Anon felt like was an eternity. Then she just shrugged. “Whatever.” Sticks suddenly sounded a lot less..,scary. “C’mon, Anon. Let's go.”
Anon stood dumbfounded as she started walking away. He was supposed to be the one showing her around, but he felt like she was the one that was actually in charge.

“You coming, or what?”

Anon snapped out of his daze and took off to catch up with her after she had called back to him. Yeah, it was pretty clear which one of them was in charge.

The park was where they wound up. Sticks hadn't seemed all that interested in the rest of the town. Trees, fields of grass, a sparkling blue lake. Sticks had said this was the only place in the whole city that seemed like it was worth being a place. All she had done during Anon's tour was question why everything was the way it was. Why were the buildings so tall, why were there so many roads, why did everyone look so busy. Anon had never given it much thought. To him, it was just the way a city was supposed to be. Her outsider’s point of view had him questioning things he had never even thought about before.

“There is no way this place is called ‘The City’.” Sticks was currently questioning Anon about the odd name of the town he lived in. “A city has to have a name. You can't just call it the city. That doesn't make any sense at all.”

“Sure it does.” Anon leaned back on his hands. They had found a spot deep in the park, under the shade of an old oak tree, where they could settle down and take a break. Amy hadn't seemed to mind people glancing at her and whispering as they walked by the day before, but Anon thought it would be a good idea to keep Sticks a little farther away from the general populace. She seemed a little too inclined to hiss and growl at people.

“How the heck does calling it 'The City’ sound like it makes any sense?” Sticks pursed her lips, expecting Anon to give her a satisfactory answer. Not that he had been able to give her one so far today.

“It's named after the guy who founded it, obviously.” Wasn't that how most city's got their names?

“The guy who founded the city was named The ?” She was not satisfied with that answer. Not at all.

“Well, no.” Anon scratched that spot on the back of his head. “His name was Theodore. But they shortened it to The when the named the city.”

Sticks crossed her spindly arms over her chest and gave him that 'you're full of shit' look. “I thought Theodore was shortened to Teddy.”

“It is.” Anon saw that she was waiting on him to explain it further. “I mean, it is now . But this was back before people started shortening it to Teddy, so they shortened it to The. So it's called The City. After the guy who originally founded it. See, it makes sense. Right?”

“Not one bit.” Sticks shook her head and shrugged. “It sounds more like someone forgot to name it, then thought up some lame brained excuse as to why they never named it to begin with.” Sounds about right. “But what do I know. I'm just a crazy badger from the jungle.”

Anon had no idea she was a badger. Or that badgers lived in the jungle. “I don't think you’re all that crazy.”
“Eh, that's just because you only just met me.” Sticks picked up a nearby twig and studied it as she talked, looking it over, bending it, biting it between sentences. “But everyone says so eventually. They're right, though.”

“Why does everyone say you're crazy?” It couldn't be because she bites twigs while she talks. “Because you're from the jungle? That's kind of...prejudiced.”

“Nah. Where I'm from, a lot of folks live in the jungle.” She had satisfied her curiosity over the stick for the moment. She pointed it towards Anon and said with a grin, “They say I'm crazy because I'm a paranoid schizophrenic with delusional tendencies.”

“Ah.” Anon nodded slowly. Something about how she had said it so casually made him think she wasn't joking. That only made him even more worried. “I...see.”

“Oh, don't worry about it.” Sticks bit the little twig again. Must have been something she didn't like about it this time, because she tossed it over her shoulder. “The voices haven't been talking to me much sense I got here.” Well, that certainly wasn't what Anon was expecting to hear. “Must be because all these buildings are blocking the government's radio signals.”

“Must be...” Anon didn't know what else to say. He had known a few people with fringe beliefs before, but this little chick took the cake. She took it, wrapped it in tinfoil, and hid it away in an underground bunker.

She was weird, sure. But Anon was actually enjoying her company. So far. She was still giving off plenty of that wild child vibe, but she seemed like a pretty decent girl. Other than the growling at people. And knocking him out earlier. Except for that, and her constantly mentioning how the government was involved in every little thing and everything was some kind of conspiracy or another, she was perfectly normal. Not counting her jungle heritage, or that she was wearing animal skin boots. Perfectly normal.

At least, Anon thought so. But Anon wasn't the only person around that had an opinion. There were others nearby that didn't think as positively about Mobians as Anon, and it seemed like the weren't worried about anyone else hearing their opinions. Anon and Sticks could hear them coming from down the nearby sidewalk while they were still several yards away.

“Hey, Boss, check it out. It's that guy again.” The voice was high and whiny. It sounded vaguely familiar, but not quite familiar enough for Anon to remember where he had heard it.

“Yeah, and he's with another one of those girls.” Again, this voice was familiar too. A little on the nasally side. Where had Anon heard these guys before?

“I don't care who he's with.” A third voice, much louder than the other two, kind of gravely and rude. “That punk owes me for what happened yesterday!”

“But, Boss..” It was the second voice again. It sounded like he really needed to blow his nose or something. “He didn't even do anything yesterday. Don't you remember? It was the girl. She had that big hammer, and she-”

“I know exactly what happened, Orville!” Mister rough voice, who the other two had called Boss, barked angrily at voice number two, Orville. “But he's the man, so he has to be the one that takes responsibility for what happened. Ain't that right, Puck?”

“Yeah, Boss,” Puck, the squeaky voiced one answered.

By this point, Anon had turned around. It was the trio from the day before, the ones that had been
smart mouthing him and Amy at the deli. Puck, the long armed scrawny one with the chipped tooth. Orville, almost as round as he was tall. And their leader, standing proudly in front of the other two, his hair curled into an old school pompadour that shaded his lazy eyes from the sun. It was ironic that they would happen to run across Anon randomly like this.

“Who're these dorks?” Sticks pointed at the three with her thumb.

“Remember when I said that I've seen Amy use her hammer before?” Anon waited for Sticks to nod. He pointed towards the big guy up front, Boss. Specifically, towards the pair of bandaged crossed over each other on his forehead.

“Oooh.” Sticks gave an affirming nod.

But her previous comment had caused some ire with the three would be hard cases. Boss stuffed his hands in the front pockets of the tough guy leather jacket he was wearing and glared at them. “Who're you calling 'dorks’, pipsqueak?”

“These two.” Sticks pointed and skinny and hefty. Then she waved her hand at Boss and told him, “You're not a dork. You're a super dork.”

“Uh, Sticks...” Anon had put his hand on her shoulder, but she didn't seem to notice. She had already gotten up and put her hands on her hips, staring back at Boss just as fiercely as he was staring at her, maybe more so. Anon knew she was a firecracker, but he was still worried. She was barely half his height, and this guy was taller than he was. Sure, she had floored him earlier, but she had taken him by surprise. Not to mention the fact that Anon thought Boss looked a hell of a lot tougher than himself.

“They hell you say?” Boss leaned down. Even bent at the waist, he still looked over Sticks. The shadow of his hair made his facial features look even more jagged than usual. Anon was worried that Sticks was about to start more trouble than they could handle.

Sticks shrugged. “Didn't you hear me? I said you're a super dork.” She looked up at Boss and smiled a bit when she saw his eyebrow twitching. But she wasn't done yet. “I live in the jungle, and even I know that hairdo is two generations out of style.”

Anon felt an oppressing negative energy fall over him. It was like gravity had just become a lot strong, or like he was weighed down under water or something. He noticed that the two peons standing behind boss were also acting like they felt a little uneasy.

“B-B-Boss, take it easy now..” Orville feebly reached a hand out towards his surly leader, but to no avail.

Boss looked down at the little ball of spicy orange fur that had insulted him. His hair couldn't even hide the rage that was burning in his eyes. “The hell you say about my hair?”

“I said it's a relic.” Sticks crossed her arms across her chest. She had found his button and she was going to push it until it broke. “It belongs in a museum somewhere. I bet there are archeologists out there right now that are searching for it.”

“Why you little-” Boss didn't say anymore than that. He reared back, and when he pulled his hand from his pocket, he had a shitty black comb in it. But when he pulled his hand back, he pushed a tiny button on the side of the comb, and out popped a hidden knife blade.

He swung the knife towards Sticks. Anon was still on his ass, but he reached for Sticks, hoping to grab her and pull her out of the way. But Boss was faster. Luckily, Sticks was even faster than he
was. Sticks hopped up as nimbly as.. well, Anon wasn't sure how nimble badgers normally were, but she hopped up very nimbly all the same. She bounced off the top of his hand as he swung, throwing him off balance. She went from his hand to his head, then leaped up and grabbed ahold of a low hanging branch. Sticks quickly pulled herself up into the tree, far out of harm’s way.

The young thug straightened himself back up, but his extravagant hair had been left a mess from being used as a springboard by Sticks. His lazy eyes rolled upwards and went slightly cross-eyed as he stared at his glorious pompadour, or at least what was left of it.

With a flick of the wrist, Boss whipped his comb-knife around, flipping the blade back into its hidden compartment. He quickly ran the teeth of the comb through his hair with one hand, and styled with the other. After a couple lightning fast swipes, he had returned his hair to its original glory. But that wasn't enough to calm his heated temper. Boss looked down. His face scrunched up with anger as he glared at Anon. Sticks had distracted him with her taunting, but Boss had turned his attention, and frustration, back on the hapless young man.

“You!” Boss flipped his comb around again. The tip of the black reflected the midday sunlight across Anon’s eyes. Maybe Sticks was out of his reach, but Anon was still sitting on the ground. “This is all your fault.” Boss pointed the end of his switchblade right at Anon's face. “Ain't been nothing but trouble since I ran into you, you punk.”

“I... I...” Anon couldn't speak. Having a knife toting thug towering over you with no hope of escape was a pretty scary situation to be in. The best Anon could hope for was that he would only get shanked a few times before this guy got bored and left. No, Anon knew that Boss wasn't going to get tired of sticking him with that knife too quickly. Anon could tell by the look on his face that Boss was about to carve him up like a Christmas ham. Oh well. Life had been good. At least he had gotten laid that morning. It would have been a lot worse to die without having gotten any in so long.

“Yeah, that's right.” Boss tossed the knife, letting it spin end over end before safely catching it by the comb end. He did this several times as he slowly strode towards Anon. Anon was paralyzed by fear. Once Boss had come within an arm's length of Anon’s shaking body, he struck. He pulled his arm back and swung wide while shouting, “Taaake thiii-”

There was a whoosh and a crack. Boss toppled over onto his back as something ricocheted off his face. Puck and Orville ducked and covered their heads as whatever it was spun through the air above them. It whirled through the air on a parabolic arc, curving and heading right back. Puck and Orville ducked again as it went right back over their heads. Boss wasn't so lucky. Just as he stood back up, it came around and cracked him over the back of his noggin.

The unidentified flying item happened to be a wooden boomerang, of all things. Anon knew this now because he had watched it twirl up into the tree, where Sticks, standing precariously out on the middle of a limb, had caught it. What he didn't know was where she had gotten it, or how she had thrown it hard enough for it to stay on its course and travel back to her after striking a solid object not once, but twice. He couldn't even manage to throw one straight, let alone get it to come back to him.

“Boss! Are you ok?” Big ol’ Orville ran over, Puck right on his heels. There leader lay on the ground, totally knocked out. A pair of goose eggs jutted from his head, one in the front, the other out the back.

The pair hefted Boss up and each got an arm over their shoulders. His eyes were opened, but spun opposite each other, like a chameleon looking for prey. Anon felt kind of bad. It would have taken some serious trauma to get his eyes to do that. How hard had Sticks thrown that boomerang?
“We'll get you for this!” Puck shook a fist at Anon as he shouted, but had to pull it back real quick when Boss started to lose balance and teeter to the side.

“You guys want some too?” Sticks planted her hands on her narrow waist. Balance didn't even seem to be an issue for her as she stood on the branch. She didn't so much as wobble as she taunted the hooligans on the ground. “I've got plenty more where that came from!”

Orville and Puck shrieked like frightened children when Sticks raised her boomerang over her head. They turned and ran back down the path, with Boss's feet dragging across the ground along the way.

“And don't come back!” Sticks grinned smugly from her perch as she watched the trio disappear over the horizon.

Anon was impressed. Sticks was turning out to be a lot more interesting than he had originally thought she would be. Her unorthodox views of society were intriguing. Her tree climbing skills seemed to be second to none. He still couldn't figure out how she was able to throw a boomerang almost as big as herself with such skill and precision. And the way her tight little ass looked under her skirt- Wait, what?

Anon shook his head and looked again. The way she was casually standing on the branch of the old oak tree gave him a perfect view of everything that her little brown skirt was supposed to keep hidden. Her two round little cheeks pressed together into a line that ran between her thighs.

While Anon stared, the view shifted. The ‘from behind’ angle changed as one of her legs stepped to the side, shifting her body more towards him. Well, holy shit. The line between her booty ran seamlessly up her crotch. She had one of those magic cunts where you couldn't tell where the ass stopped and the pussy started. And right at the top of her crotch was one little patch of dark brown fur. Anon didn't notice how long he had been staring until his eyes started to burn because of how long it had been since he blinked. He had to blink them several times before they felt right again.

“You get a good look?”

Anon was trying to run the last little bit of hurt from his eyes when he heard what Sticks said. He lowered his hands and slowly looked back up. Sticks was still standing up on that limb, he feet planted about a shoulder width apart from each other, all her girly bits plainly visible. Anon glanced at them for a split second, it was hard not to, before looking the rest of the way up at her face.

Sticks gave her head a slow, disappointed shake when their eyes finally met. Anon felt a rush of cold embarrassment run up his spine. He hadn't intended to see up her skirt. But he had. And now Anon could only wonder how mad she was going to be at him because of it. But, much to Anon's surprise, she didn't respond angrily at all. Which was good, because he had seen first hand how much damage she could do with that boomerang of hers.

“I kind of figured this might be the other reason.” Sticks raised an eyebrow as she spoke from her perch. Anon had no idea what she was talking about. He had noticed that she had a habit of saying random things that didn't make a whole lot of sense at times, but this was a little different. “I knew if it wasn't some kind of government funded plan to experiment on us, it had to be this.”

Whatever was she talking about? Anon did not know. He watched as she hopped back off the branch, grabbing it with her hands on her way down. Sticks swung her legs back and forth before letting go of the branch. She came hurtling through the air, right at him. Before Anon could get out of the way, Sticks landed on him at full speed, sending them rolling back across the grass. When
they finally stopped tumbling, Anon was on his back, with Sticks straddling his lap.

“Sticks!” Anon was dizzy and confused. “What are you doing?”

“Isn't it obvious?” Sticks gave her head a little tilt. She tried working the button loose on his pants as she spoke. “I'm trying to do ya.”

“D-do me?” Anon tried to sit up, but Sticks pushed him back down. He tried to crawl away, but she had him pinned down. Why were these Mobian girls so much stronger than they looked?

“Yeah. Do ya.” She said it like it was no big deal. Then she smiled because she had finally gotten the button on his pants undone. She looked back up at him, an odd, playful look on her face. “I mean, that is what this is all about, isn't it?”

“What all what is about?” Anon reached down towards his pants in an attempt to button them back up, but his efforts were in vain. Sticks swatted his hands away whenever they came anywhere near the fly of his pants.

“You, Amy, me, this whole 'Mobian girls living with some random nobody' thing.” Random nobody? Ouch. Sticks placed her hands on his waist, just above the rim of his pants, so she could lean forward over his body. “That's the only other reason I could think that a couple of girls like us would wind up with a schmuck like you.”

“I... I don't follow you.” Anon was still trying to cope with being called a random nobody and a schmuck.

Sticks rolled those pale blue eyes. “It's simple. If this isn't come crazy plot to capture and catalog us, then it has to be some kind of crazy erotic fantasy. Mobian girls move in with Anon, Mobian girls get to know Anon, Mobian girls have sex with Anon. That's the only other alternative.” She leaned a little farther down, which was slightly uncomfortable because she was putting all her weight down on his gut. “Which means, me and you, we gotta do it.”

“What? No! Wait, hold on a second...” Anon had gotten startled by what she had told him. In the previous few seconds it took him to comprehend what she meant, she had snatched his pants open and was already pulling them down. Once he had his head back in the game, he quickly grabbed ahold of his pants and started pulling them back up. They played a little game of tug o'war over his clothes, Sticks never getting them off of him, but Anon never quite able to pull them all the way back up. “H-hang on, Sticks. We can't just do it like this!”

“You're right.” Sticks turned Anon's pants loose right as he went to snatch up on them, which resulted in Anon flopping back and whacking his head on the ground. She poked at her bottom lip and gazed off thoughtfully as Anon sat back up.

“I...I am?” He was glad to hear her agree with him, but he hadn't expected her to be so quick to change her mind.

“Sure.” She lifted herself up and stepped off of him. He watched her as she brushed her skirt back down, it had gotten a little bunch up during their tumble. Glad that she was seeing things his way, Anon set up straight and went to refasten the button on his pants. But Sticks wasn't quite as understanding as he had assumed. Or, he hadn't understood her as well as he thought he had. Either way, Sticks put her hands on her hips and gave him a fussing at as he tried to close his pants up. “Hey, why are you doing that?”

Anon paused and blinked. “Because...we’re not going to do it?”
"Oh, I didn't say we weren't gonna do it." Sticks reached over and grabbed him by the wrist, pulling his hand away from its work. "I just said we can't do it like this. I know how people feel about doing stuff like that out in the open. I don't see what the big deal is, honestly. Everyone does it. But whatever. We'll go do it over there, behind those bushes."

"That's not what I mea-" Meant. He was going to say that's not what he meant, but Sticks snatched on his arm so hard, he couldn't even finish the word. He twisted his body in the direction she was pulling him and stumbled up to his feet. He had a bit of difficulty walking, because he was trying to keep his pants from falling down his legs with one hand, while being led along by someone half his height by the other.

Two dozen or so paces brought them to a little bunch of shrubs. Taller than Sticks, but not as tall as Anon, the brush was the perfect little place to hide to be hidden from anyone that might come walking along. Anon had to let go of his pants so he could use his hand to push the thicket of out his face as they walked through the natural wall of greenery. Without his hand holding them up, his unbuttoned pants slipped down his legs, all the way down past his knees. Well, this caused him to get tripped up, and the next thing Anon knew, he was falling face first through the brush.

Anon broke his fall with his hands, but he still got some scratches on his arms and his uncovered thighs on his way down. "Ouch..." He sat up and began picking sticks and leaves off of himself. He didn't think that leaves could even get into some of the places they had gotten. Or the sticks. Or Sticks. Hold on, what?

Anon's body went rigid when he felt her hands on his penis. Somehow, while he was distracted with pulling leaves and twigs out of his shirt, Sticks had found her way over to his side and pulled his drawers down enough to flop his penis out, which, much to his dismay, was still pretty flaccid.

"Gonna have to do something about this," Sticks said as she flopped Anon's limp noodle back and forth.

"S-S-Sticks!" Anon tried to push her hands away, but he slipped and fell back again. Great. Sticks had him exposed while he was at his weakest and he had leaves and dirt stuck to his back again. Could this situation get any worse? Never say that. Never even think it.

"Well, we'll have to get it up before we can do anything with it." Sticks held Anon's modesty in one hand and brushed one of her big bushy tails of hair back with her other. Then she leaned over and gave Anon's crotch worm a lick.

Even though it was a warm day, Anon shivered, but it wasn't because he was cold. But because it felt like electricity shot through his body when her warm tongue touched his soft penis. "Whoa, wait, Sticks, hold on, no, don't..."

"What's wrong, Anon?" Sticks gave Anon a quick little smirk. "Never had your dick sucked by a badger before?"

"C...Can't say that I have..." Anon was still trying to get away, but the brush was too thick. Everytime he tried to push himself back, he ended up getting scratched up by all the tiny little branches. At least the bramble that Sticks had drug him through didn't have thorns. If it had, he probably wouldn't have been able to move at all. Still, if he didn't manage to get away soon...

"Weeell..." Sticks lowered her head down. Anon’s body jerked involuntarily as she put her mouth over his penis. She gave it a good, long suck, with plenty of tongue action. Her tongue wrapped around Anon's shaft like a snake trying to strangle its prey. If that wasn't enough, she started treated the head of his cock like it was one of those suckers with the chocolate center, and she wanted to
find out how many licks it would take. Anon couldn't help it. He didn't want to get aroused, but by the time Sticks finally pulled her head back, she had roused Anon's sleeping trouser snake. Sticks grinned. “Ya can now.”

“Y-y-yes, I c-can...” Anon tried to lift himself up again, but his arms felt too wobbly to hold his torso up. Sticks had only been down there a few seconds, but it was long enough. It looked like Captain Sex Drive was going to have to pull a double shift today.

“Not too shabby, Anon.” Sticks straddled Anon's legs, just below his waist, and held his penis so that it was pointing straight up. At least, as straight up as it would go. Everyone knows each penis has its own unique curve. Curve included, the damn thing went halfway up her torso. Seeing how big it was (compared to her) made him feel like he was a giant out of some fairy tale story. Well, if he was the giant, she must be Jack, and she was about to climb his beanstalk.

Climb it she did. Her body came up, then went right back down. Right on Anon's dick. It took Sticks about as much work to get all the way down on his penis as climbing a giant beanstalk would. It wasn't an issue of lubrication, Sticks was more than wet enough. It was an issue of space. It took a little bit of twisting and wrenching and pushing for Sticks to get her not-so-big cunt around Anon's not-exactly-huge-but-still-really-big-compared-to-her-cunt penis. Quite a mouthful, eh?

“Yeeaah, that's not too bad.” Sticks settled herself down on the last little bit of Anon's dick. He didn't think she would be able to take the whole thing, but she had proven him very wrong. Now that he was in there, it suddenly felt like a perfect fit. Kind of like that one pair of pants that you think are too small, but you keep them anyway because they still manage to fit somehow.

Anon had more or less given up on trying to fight Sticks off. He would have thought he was being raped, but his straight male privilege meant he couldn't be raped. It was sex he didn't know he wanted. Anon rubbed his hand over his face. He had that sweaty forehead thing going on again.

“Why are you doing this?”

“Well, originally, I was doing it because, you know, it's the whole plot and all.” Sticks gave Anon an explanation that went right over his head, like most of her comments had done so far. Then she did something that he did understand. She made sex happen. Sticks started working herself up and down. She couldn't go too fast because her little badger twat still had an iron grip on Anon's dick, but she didn't need to go fast for it to feel good. “But now? Now I'm doin’ it because it feels sooo fuckin’ good.”

Anon couldn't argue with that. “Y-yeah..” There Anon lied, on the ground, surrounded by a thicket, taking his rape that wasn't really rape like a man. Anon hadn't wanted to enjoy it so much, really, he didn't. This wasn't like what had happened between him and Amy the day before, not at all. This wasn't two consenting individuals that had agreed to have a sexual relationship for the sole purpose of fulfilling their own needs and desires. They hadn't talked about this, planned anything out, or anything. Sticks had decided she wanted to have sex with Anon and he hadn't been able to stop her. And yet, here he was, against his own better judgement, enjoying it.

Sticks was enjoying it too. A lot. Maybe too much. It didn't take much time before her body had adjusted to the size of his penis. Before long, Sticks was easily bouncing up and down on Anon's cock like a little orange piston.

Since Sticks didn't have anything on under her skirt, she hadn't bothered to take it off. That was kind of hot in its own wild, 'I don't care’ kind of way, but it also kept Anon from seeing a lot of the action going on down there. Maybe Anon couldn't see much, but he could definitely hear what was happening. Wet slapping noises were coming from under her little cloth skirt every time she
slammed her body down on Anon.

Suddenly, the squelching stopped. Sticks had stopped her romp for the moment. She had stopped with his penis still all the way inside of her cooch. Anon could feel it squeezing his penis. Not in an orgasmic way, just because she was tight and had gotten herself all worked up. He hadn’t really been able to feel the subtle twitching of her pussy while she was riding him so wildly, but now that she had stopped, it seemed like he couldn't feel anything but the way her snatch gripped his dick. He could feel his own pulse in the shaft of his dick. Or was that her pulse? Did it matter? Not really.

Stopping didn't mean Sticks was done. It meant she wanted to change positions. “Alley-” She twisted at the waist, spinning her upper body around. Her lower body followed suit. All without ever getting off Anon's lap. “-Oop!” Her corkscrew maneuver left Anon digging his fingers into the soft dirt. For a second, he had thought she was going to twist his dick clean off. But she hadn't. Lucky for him, she wasn't quite that tight.

“Oh, that totally hits the spot!” Sticks wasted no time in getting back to the action. She leaned forward, put her hands on Anon's knees, and started riding him again.

Going at it in the reverse cowgirl position gave Anon a somewhat better view of what was happening. Sticks was leaning far enough forward that her skirt had rode up, uncovering that tight little ass of hers. He watched her bounce her little orange butt up and down and watched as her cunt swallowed his dick over and over again. Anon was still amazed that her tiny body could even take so much dick, but it was.

He couldn't help it any longer. It felt too good for Anon to even pretend he wasn't enjoying himself. Who wouldn't get into having some rabid badger girl riding their dick in a bush at the park? Before he really knew what he was doing, Anon had reached up and grabbed her by the waist. Sticks jerked to a stop when she felt Anon's hands on her. After a quick glimpse over her shoulder, Sticks gave him a wink, smiled, and went right back to fucking him like the wild animal she was.

Could Mobians be wild? Maybe they considered being called 'wild' some kind of slur. Like back when the white man referred to native Americans as savages. Why was this what Anon was thinking about during sex? Although, the idea of Sticks wearing a feathered headdress and doing a rain dance- No, no. Thinking like that was definitely offensive to someone. Focus, Anon.

Anon didn't grab her just to hold on for the ride. Sticks was doing a fine job, but Anon still felt like it was time to take things into his own hands. Literally. Because he had her in his hands now? You get it. He started pulling her down with every stroke, slamming her down on his rod harder than she already was. That wasn’t quite enough, though. So he started pushing his hips up to meet her. That was much better. If he was going to get raped in the bushes by a wild animal girl from another dimension, he was at least going to enjoy himself.

He was starting to get kind of hot. Must have caught a case of jungle fever. Was that another racist comment? Did it matter? Anon was too busy getting laid to care. He wished he could at least sit up a little, or hit it at a better angle, but Anon still couldn't move around much because of all the shrubbery. Oh well. He could move enough to do what he needed to, and he was doing it as well as he could. Given his current situation, he didn't think he was doing half bad.

Neither did Sticks. She was only doing this to prove a point, that neither of them had any control over their actions because they were simply pawns in some grand scheme to be used for the pleasure and amusement of some kind of outside force. That was the idea at first, anyways. Now all she wanted was for Anon to make her cum so hard that her brain stopped working right. The
government wouldn't be able to monitor her thoughts if she couldn't think any.

“Oh god...” Sticks didn't really believe in any particular deity, but the words slipped from her mouth as soon as she opened it because she couldn't think of anything else to say. It was almost too much for her to handle.

Sure, Sticks unpredictably spontaneous, and that was putting it nicely. Anyone that knew her knew she had a habit of doing the least expected thing in any situation. But this was pretty random, even for her. Fucking a total stranger that she trusted less than a politician for no more reason than because it was part of the plot was very out of character for her. Or was she doing it because of her character? Too many unanswered questions, too little cares to give.

Anon thought that Sticks could use a slap on the ass. So he gave her one. Sticks yelped when his palm hit her bare ass. Anon hadn't hit her hard enough for it to really hurt, but it still caught her by surprise. A good surprise. She looked back over her shoulder again and gave Anon a grin that made him feel a little nervous all of the sudden. Not too nervous to slap her ass again, though! It was kind of funny to see her go from having such a coy look on her face, to a sudden, wide eyed gasp. But it only lasted for a split second before she smirked and narrowed her eyes again. She was looking at him even more sexually than before, if that was even possible. Oh boy..

“Do it again.” The way Sticks said it made Anon think it wasn't a suggestion. He would've done it anyway, but he went ahead and did it a lot sooner because she said so. Anon didn't think it would be a good idea to upset the feral badger girl that was riding his cock.

Anon even tried switching things up and used his left hand. The angle was a little different because she was slightly twisted, but he still managed to get a satisfyingly loud smack off the other side of her ass. Even though she had told him to keep doing it, it still made him feel like he had a tiny sliver of control over the situation, and, in a small way, her. Every time he popped her backside, it caused her insides to clench down on his dick like an organic vice. Man, did it feel good.

Sticks was feeling pretty good, too. “Yeah, that's right!” A little encouragement never hurt anyone. “Make it hurt like over taxation hurts small businesses!” Wait, what? “Work my ass over like a government controlled healthcare system!” No, really. This chick had issues.

Issues or not, Anon couldn't argue that she was doing some amazing pussy work. But he was going to have to wear a tinfoil condom if they ever did this again. Better wrap it up double, just to be sure.

“Sticks, ah.. um..” What Anon wanted to say was 'I’m about to blow my load’, but between her riding him as hard as she was, and him barely being able to keep his breath, he just couldn't get the words out. What he could get out was the load he had wanted to warn her about.

It may have been too late to warn her, but Sticks didn't seem to mind the feeling of Anon's hot seed shooting up into her tight little badger hole. In fact, she seemed to like it. She squeezed her hands down on his legs, and squeezed her cunt around his penis. Anon didn't even try to hold back. He let her have it all, until his balls felt completely emptied out.

“Jeeze, Anon..” Sticks had stopped riding Anon when she came. Now she was trying to catch her breath, and had to talk between pants. Not like the kind of pants you wear, either. But you knew that already. “If I had known it was gonna feel that good, I would've just done it back at your place, instead of waiting ’til we got way out here.”

“What?” Anon pushed himself up off the ground a little. “You mean, you've been planning on doing this entire time?”
“Oh, sure.” Sticks had caught her breath by now. She was more used to random physical exertion than Anon, much, much more used to it, so she had recovered while he was still in a bit of a daze. Sticks looked back over her shoulder at the puzzled looking Anon she had just fucked. She spoke plainly, as if it were nothing more than a normal, casual conversation for her. It kind of was. This was Sticks, after all. “I already told you, if this isn't some kind of experiment, then it must all be orchestrated by a being from some other plain of existence for their own amusement.”

By the end of her dialog, her eyes had become distant and glossed over. Not nearly as glossed over as her cunt, but that was different. Anon scratched his head. He didn't have a clue what she was talking about. Sticks puts words together in a way that did nothing but befuddle him. Befuddled indeed!

Sticks suddenly snapped out of her stupor and turned her gaze back on Anon, her eyes all bright and clear again. “You know,” she went on, “Like we're all characters in some kind of pervy story.” Definitely befuddling.

“Y.. yeah..” Anon didn't know what else to say. Trying to rationalize what she was saying was making his head hurt. Almost as much as his ass hurt. He was still sitting bare assed on the ground, with all off her weight still on his lap. There was a twig poking at him somewhere nothing had any business poking, and his legs were starting to go numb. He needed to get up, which meant she needed to get off.

How do you tell a wild badger girl that just had her way with you to get off your spent cock? You don't. You have to wait her out until she's ready to get off on her own. Luckily, Anon didn't have to wait too long. Now that the sex was over, and her cunt was filled to the brim with a fresh load of Anon's hot spunk, Sticks was ready to move on.

Anon was a little worried about the mess it was going to make when Sticks started getting up. He was expecting a shiny trail of jizz to run down her thighs the second his penis was out of her, but it didn't. Not a single drop off his man seed saw the light of day. Her snatch was so tight that it closed right back up before any of his semen could escape.

He knew it was rude to stare, but Anon couldn’t help it. It was a one in a million kind of cunt. Sticks had given him one hell of a ride, and he had given her one hell of a load, but you couldn't tell from looking at it. Magic cunt, indeed.

“Kegels.”

Anon shook his head and blinked away his confusion. He had been so busy staring at her perfect undercarriage that he hadn't noticed Sticks was staring back. She had a smirk on her face, like she thought catching Anon gawking like that was amusing. Most girls might have gotten embarrassed, or even a little mad. Sticks wasn't most girls.

“What?” Anon lifted his gaze to meet her icy blue eyes.

Sticks smiled. “Kegels.” That was the same thing she had said the first time. Anon didn't know what it meant the first time she said it, and he still didn't know what it meant the second time, either. Sticks could tell from the ‘I have no clue what you're talking about’ look on Anon’s face that he needed an explanation, so she gave him one. “It's an exercise for girls. Keeps the goods nice and.. good.” She reached around under the front of her skirt and have her cooch a pat. “It would be weird if I walked around with some random guy’s jizz running down my legs. I'm 'talk to myself in public’ and 'everything's a conspiracy theory' weird, not 'trashy trailer park girl’ weird.”

“Y.. yeah..” Anon had never know there were so many different levels of weird. He was learning
so many new things today!

“Alright then.” Sticks took a moment to readjust her top and skirt. It was pretty impressive that she could have random sex in the bushes at the park, take a load of nut, and go right back to looking like nothing had ever happened. Talent. Pure talent. There was no other explanation for it. “We did the deed. Might as well head back now. Unless there's anywhere else left you wanna show me. Not that it really matters at this point. That was just a convenient plot device to set this all up.”

Crazy. That's what she was. And he had stuck his dick in it. Against his own will, maybe, but it had still gone in there. Why did the crazy ones have to be the best lays? Sticks was talking about real life as if it were a videogame, or a Saturday morning cartoon show. Or worse, a poorly written fan fiction.

She was right about one thing. It was time to go. They didn't want to get caught doing this in the middle of the city park. Anon didn't want to have to explain to Karen back at the Foundation why he got arrested for public fornication. Would it be considered beastiality too? Mobians weren't animals per se, they were self aware and had human level intelligence. Was it even right to call it 'human' level intelligence anymore?

“Are you gonna get dressed, or what?” Sticks had her hand on her hip, still waiting on Anon to get off the ground. As usual, Anon had let his mind wander so far away that he had forgotten what he was supposed to be doing. “I mean, if you wanna go again, I guess that's fine, too.” She looked down at Anon, the corner of her mouth turned up in a sly smile. “You don't wanna go again, do you...?”

Say no, Anon. You don't have time for this. Plus, you'll be in big trouble if you get caught. It's not worth the risk. Just say no, Anon. Then again, she did have some amazing pussy game going on. Not to mention, there is something pretty hot about going at it out in the open like a couple of wild animals. He had a feeling she went at it like a wild animal no matter where she did it.

Anon didn't know what to do. But all this thinking was about to give him a damn stroke. His head was spinning, and he hadn't even pulled his pants back up yet. First things first, he had to address the whole not pants issue, so he started tugging them back up his legs. His penis was doing its best to stay hard, so he had to wrestle it back into his clothes before he could zip up. Captain Sex Drive wanted to take Sticks up on her offer to play another round of stuff the badger, but Self Control and Logic had finally succeeded in regaining control over Anon's actions.

He knew he was going to be picking foliage out from every imaginable place for a while, but Anon had finally gotten his clothes back on. He wanted to make sure the coast was clear before the left their little hidey hole, so he pushed a few small branches aside and peeked out.

“Why’re you doing that?” Sticks impatiently tapped her foot while watching Anon peer out of the shrubbery.

“I want to make sure we don't get caught.” Anon let go of the branches and turned his head enough to see her. “Call me paranoid, but I'd rather not get caught coming out of the bushes looking like I just did...well, exactly what we just did.”

“Ok. You’re paranoid. Join the club.” An eyebrow went up as Sticks eyed him. “And what's wrong with what we did?”

“Because...that would be...embarrassing?” He hadn't been expecting to have to explain himself. Not wanting to get caught fucking around in public seemed like common sense. Oooh. He had forgotten, Sticks didn't have any of that.
“You mean to tell me that humans still have hangups about performing sexual acts in front of each other?” Yup. No common sense at all. “It’s not like you're doing something bad, like murdering someone or anything. So what's the big deal?”

Anon didn't feel like explaining all this to her while still standing around in the brush. Besides, the longer they stayed there, the better their chances of getting caught. So he went ahead and pushed his way back out of the bushes while he answered her, with her following a few paces behind. “It’s...I don't know, I guess it's just common decency not to want to have everyone in the world watching you do it?” There he was again, using the word 'common’ while trying to explain things to a very un common person.

“Oh yeah? What about porn, then?” She had a point.

Anon scratched the back of his head as they walked over to the walkway that cut it's way through the park. “That's different. It's the complete opposite, actually. The whole point of porn is to do it to be watched—” He stopped mid stride, causing Sticks to run into the back of his legs. He turned on his heels and looked down at her. “You know about porn?”

“Everyone knows about porn, Anon.” Her voice was a little nasally because she was rubbing her nose. The coarse fabric of Anon's pants was rough of her sensitive little sniffer.

Who didn't know about porn? Of course, she was from an entirely different dimension. Did Mobians have porn? Did they think it was ok to stop and have a quickie whenever and wherever the opportunity presented itself? Maybe they were more animal-like than Anon had thought. That would explain why Amy was so open to being friends with benefits. Every single time Anon started thinking he had this situation figured out, someone did something that made him start questioning everything he thought he knew. And he didn't think he knew much to begin with!

Anon was about to ask her about whether or not they had porn where she was from, but he didn't get the chance. Before he could get the words out of his mouth, he heard a shout coming from behind them.

“There they are, officer!”

Not the words he wanted to hear. A chill ran up Anon's spine as his brain processed the sentence again. What made it even worse was whose voice it was that had said it. He had a hard time remembering the sound of it before, but this time there was no mistaking it. Sure enough, as soon as Anon turned around, he has Boss standing on path, a few yards behind them, his head all wrapped up in white bandages, with his glorious pompadour sticking out of them. Behind him were his two cronies, but to his side..

Oh no. His worst fears were coming true. It was big, it was mostly blue, and on it's shoulders were mounted a pair of big lights, one red, the other blue. An enforcer of the law. The bringer of Justice. Arrester of people who had sex at the park. Anon could feel his legs turning into jelly. It was a Policebot.

He wanted to grab Sticks and run, but he knew that would only make everything worse. Or had it finally gotten so bad that it couldn't get any worse? Surely, things couldn't get any worse than this. But it did get worse. Of course it did.

Sticks eyes went wide with surprise at the sight of the blue and white machine. But the surprise was short lived. She had seen her share of robots before, and she knew exactly how to handle them. With her boomerang.
Anon saw her raise the polished piece of curved wood above her head. His first thought was about where Sticks kept it hidden when she was using it. His second thought came not a moment too soon. It was to try to stop her from throwing that boomerang at the Policebot. Anon saw that look in her eyes. Anon wasn’t a fan of using stat-altering moves, but he had to admit, it was definitely one hell of an impressive leer.

“Hey!” Sticks turned that defense-lowering stare back on Anon when he grabbed her wrist. He had to lower himself down a little so he could wrap his other arm around her waist. “What do you think you're doing, Anon?”

“I'm obviously trying to stop you,” he answered plainly. He couldn't say much else because he was having to focus as much attention as he could on holding her. She was little, but she was feisty. And a lot stronger than she looked. Mobian muscle tissue must've been a hell of a lot denser than human muscles, because their strength to size proportions seemed way off. If the little ones could swing around giant hammers and boomerangs like it was no big deal, Anon wondered how strong the big ones were. If there were big ones.

“Why are you trying to stop me?” Sticks was pushing against the arm around her waist with her free hand while she tried to pull her weapon hand free from his grip. Strong as she was, she lost a lot of her leverage when Anon lifted her feet up off the ground. She was strong, but her small size made her a little bit easier to handle. “Don't you see what those goons brought back with them?!”

“Yes, I do!” Anon jerked his head to the side to keep from getting hit in the face by the end of her boomerang as Sticks squirmed. “And that's exactly why I'm trying to keep you from throwing this thing again!”

“But Anon-”

“No buts! Behave!” Anon was doing his best to hold her back, but his arms were starting to get sore. He knew he wasn't going to be able to hold the badger back much longer.

Sticks didn't have a verbal response for him this time. Instead, she turned her head as far back as she could, baring her teeth and growling at Anon. He recoiled a bit, bit still did his best to contain her. Except now he was feeling a lot more nervous about it. He was going to have to let her go at some point. Anon wasn't sure who she was going to be throwing that boomerang at when he finally let her go, but he had a bad feeling his name was on the list now.

Their little dispute was cut short when a dark shadow suddenly looked over them. They both turned their faces up to see the large, squarish shaped machine standing only a few feet away. They had been so busy squabbling that neither of them had noticed it approach. But they were noticing it now!

It raised an arm and held out one of its hands toward the two of them, its fingers all stretched out in all directions. Its metal palm was smooth and polished. There was a slit that ran horizontally across that palm, about as long and wide as any one of its fingers. A warm red glow began to emit from the narrow hole in its hand, accompanied by a hum. The glow and hum both grew in intensity.

Sticks had stopped her struggling when the Policebot made its presence known, but she suddenly began trying to break free from Anon with a renewed vigor. “Let go, Anon! Let me go before it's too late!”

Anon couldn't reply. It was taking everything he had to keep her still. Even so, as loud as she was being, he wasn't actually paying much attention. That glowing red hand was making him feel about as worried as that ferocious look Sticks had given him a few seconds ago. What was it with
everything making him feel so threatened today?

The light had grown so bright that Sticks and Anon had to squint their eyes. Sticks gave one last mighty push, but Anon squeezed his arm around her midsection so tightly that he winded her. She finally gave up trying to free herself from his grip and used her non-boomerang holding hand to shield her eyes from the light. The hum was so loud, she couldn't hear anything else. This was it. She knew what was coming. All she could do was let out a high pitched whine.

But it was at all what she expected. The blinding red light suddenly dimmed, the ear piercing hum whirring down to silence. Then came a buzzing and clicking. Like an old printer. Sticks blinked her eyes until they adjusted to the light again. What she saw, once her vision returned to normal, was a long piece of paper rolling out of the slit in the Policebot’s hand as it was printed, one line at a time.

“What..?” Sticks wasn't sure what was happening. She looked back at Anon as he set her back down on the ground. She slowly lowered her boomerang. As she glanced between Anon and the machine that was pooping paper from its hand.

“You are currently in violation of multiple city ordinances pertaining to the ownership of domesticated animals.” The Policebot spoke with a loud and monotone voice, exactly how you'd expect a big, hulking robot to sound. Anon stood there silently as his knees shook. The Policebot leaned down and pushed its printer hand closer towards the frightened Anon. “Your pet requires a leash and a collar. Please take your citation.”

“Leash...? Collar?? Pet?!” The inflection in her voice rose steadily with every word Sticks spoke. It didn't take long before her annoyance was palpable. Mostly because she was growling more than speaking. She rambled on through gritted teeth, but Anon could tell what she was saying by that point. And yet, it still made his ears feel hot.

For the second time, Anon had to scramble to get his arms around Sticks before she did something regrettable. One around her waist again, but this time, he slapped a hand over her mouth, leaving her boomerang arm free to flail around. He figured she wouldn't be able to throw it at such a close range.

Anon was right about the not being able to throw the boomerang part. But now he had another problem. Chewing. Maybe putting his hand over the mouth of an angry badger girl wasn't the brightest thing to do. She had muffled her protests through his fingers for the first few seconds. When that didn't work, Sticks began gnawing on the side of Anon's hand. Her teeth were like little needles. But Anon had to endure. If Sticks were to get loose and assault a Policebot, it would spell disaster for them both. He had to do his best to keep her from doing that. So what if he lost a finger or two in the process..?

“Your citation.” The Policebot repeated the phrase as it waved the hand at Anon, waiting for him to take the little piece of paper. Mister Policebot was just going to have to wait, because Anon was going to need to figure out how to free up a hand before he could take anything.

He would have preferred using his right hand, but that was the one that Sticks was biting, and she wasn't letting it go. Anon ended up having to unwrap his other arm from around her waist so he could grab that paper. So now, not only was Sticks chewing on the side of his hand, but all of her weight was hanging from it as well. Anon had to fight back the tears. But he was finally able to reach up and grab the paper that the Policebot had printed out for him.

Once Anon had taken the paper, the Policebot closed its hand up, all but one finger, which it
pointed down at Sticks, hanging from Anon’s hand. “Your pet seems to lack the proper
disciplinary training. You should consider having it put through obedience school before it
causes any more damage.”

By the time the Policebot was done berating Anon, he had a steady stream of water pouring from
his eyes. Every single time the Policebot had said 'pet' or 'it', Sticks had bitten down on Anon's
hand a little bit harder. “Y-y-yes s-sir.” It was hard to talk with a bottom lip that wouldn't stop
quivering, but Anon managed to get the words out.

The Policebot nodded before it turned and lumbered up the path, back towards the three stooges.
They had been making faces and mocking Anon the entire time. The three quickly cut out their
shenanigans and went back to acting like model citizens when the Policebot turned around, though.
The big robotic peace keeper stopped and turned its head towards them when it got close. They all
grinned up at it. The Policebot shook its head before it went on its way, walking with slow and
purposeful gait. Puck and Orville were right on its shiny metal heels, but Boss turned around long
enough to throw Anon the bird, to add one last insult to all the injury.

At last, they were gone. Once they were all out of sight, Sticks finally pulled her teeth out of
Anon's hand and calmly dropped a foot or so to the ground. Anon, on the other hand, acted
anything but calmly. He slapped his uninjured hand over the one that Sticks had been hanging from
and began to howl a string of vulgarities that would make a sailor blush.

Sticks crossed her arms and tapped her foot while she waited for Anon to settle down. After a few
minutes of nursing his hand and waving it around in the air, he had finally quieted down enough.
That's when she cut back into him. Not with her teeth this time, but with her words. “Why didn't
you let me smash that robot?!”

Anon recoiled when Sticks shouted at him. He covered his hand defensively in case she tried to
bite it again. She certainly looked like she wanted to. “W-what..?”

“The robot. Smashing. You didn't let me.” Sticks spoke each phrase slowly. There was a dangerous
edge in gravelly voice. She leaned forward and glared up at Anon with her shiny blue eyes. Sticks
may only have been half Anon's height, but she kept reminding him that she was many more times
as intimidating. “Why?!”

“Why didn't I let you smash a Policebot?” At first, Anon was surprised that he needed to explain a
concept as simple as 'don't fuck with the police' to her, then he remembered the whole 'she's not
from around here' thing. Anon tried to get his thoughts in order, but his nerves were still on edge
from all the excitement. He pinched the bridge of his nose with his thumb and index finger and
sighed. Deep breaths, Anon. “You can't smash Policebots, Sticks. It's kind of against the law.
Actually, destroying a Policebot would be about the most against the law thing you could do
besides killing a real person.”

“Policebot?” Sticks tilted her head down a little and cut her eyes questioningly up at Anon. “That
thing looked like it rolled right off of one of Eggman’s assembly lines!”

“Yeah, well, that's because.. you see..”

Sticks balled up her fists and planted them on her hips while Anon tried to piece together an
explanation. “Out with it!”

Anon jumped back a little when the little badger barked up at him. Poor Anon had always been a
pretty timid person by nature, but the way Sticks shouted and yelled was making it even harder for
him to have a conversation with her. “That’s because they're based off of Eggman's robots!”
Sticks looked completely shocked. Her arms dropped limply to her sides, her mouth hung open, and she stared up with wide, unblinking eyes. She quickly shook the stupid look off her face and went back to her usual, no nonsense taking self. “There are people stupid enough to make robots based on Eggman’s death machines? Are you kidding? What kind of mentally handicapped morons would do something like that!!”

“A..actually..” Anon had to turn away. He could feel his face turning red. He absentmindedly scratched at the side of his nose and finally said, “I work for the company that makes a lot of them.”

“Oh..” Sticks rolled her eyes in an overly exaggerated way. “That kind of mentally handicapped morons. That makes sense, I guess.”

“You don't have to be so mean...” Didn't matter what he said, she wasn't listening.

“Why the heck would you think it's a good idea to take metal cans of death and make 'Policebots' out of 'em?”

“It’s not like I'm the one that decided to do it...” Anon slouched. Sticks didn't care if he was just upper middle lower management. He just worked there, but Sticks was looking at him like he was solely responsible for some horrible massacre. Anon sighed and tried his best to break things down for her. “Eggman’s robots were more advanced than anything we had at the time. A lot of companies started vying over the scraps. It practically turned into a miniature arms race; whoever got their hands on the scrap left behind by Eggman was going to end up with tech that was years ahead of all their competition.”

“Why would people fight over a bunch of garbage? It's just a bunch of scrap. Eggman send his stupid robots to attack everyone all the time. It’s what he does. It isn't like there will ever not be a bunch of junked robots.” Sticks shrugged Anon's explanation off.

“Maybe where you're from. We don't have the kind of technology at our disposal here that he does.”

“So...one man’s junk is another man’s treasure, right?” It seemed like she was starting to understand, so Anon gave her a nod. “Hmph. I tell people that all the time, but they're still always saying I shouldn’t go through everyone's garbage.”

“Yeah, um..” What was he supposed to say to that?

Sticks snapped out of her little internal exposition and turned her attention back towards Anon. “That still doesn't explain why you'd make Policebots.”

“Well, why not?” Anon could tell by the look of her face that 'why not’ wasn’t a good enough answer. “Police work is a dangerous job. People figured why risk human lives, when we can make robots to do it for us? There are a lot of different kinds of robots to do all kinds of dangerous work these days, or work that people just don't want to do. Constructionbots do a lot of the base work on new buildings, and do the demolition work on old, condemned ones. Trashbots, well.. they collect the trash. Most buildings have a Janitorbot. And the army is even talking about testing out some new military models.”

“Oh, that's a great idea!” Sticks threw her hands up in the air and spun around on her heels. “Let's just build a whole army of walking death! You know what? I bet that was his plan all along...”

“Who's plan? What plan?” Anon didn't have any idea what Sticks was talking about.
“Eggman!” Her hands went above her head again, and, once again, Anon jumped back from her sudden outburst. “He probably left behind a bunch of junk on purpose, knowing you would use it to build new robots. Now all he has to do when he comes back is usurp control, and presto, he has an entirely new army at his disposal!”

“I...I think you’re looking into it too much...” Anon’s head hurt from trying to keep up with her latest theory.

“Am I?” She rubbed her chin. “Or am I not looking into things enough?”

“Too much.” Anon wiped his hand across his face and sighed. “Definitely too much.” Anon just wanted to go home...

It had taken most of the afternoon, but Amy had finally gotten the room looking more like it was actually her room, instead of just some spare bedroom. She had changed the dressing on the bed, swapping out the plain colored blanket and sheets for one of the sets of brightly colored ones that she had packed away in one of the boxes that had been delivered.

Next, she had hung several decorations that she hand selected from home all over the walls, because, let's face it, a naked wall is a sad wall. If decorations were any measure of a room’s happiness, then it would be safe to say that Amy had made this a very happy room. Very happy. It was less walls, and more decorations at this point.

Last, she had set out a variety of tabletop items across the top of the mirrored bureau against the wall. A vase, some hair adornments and her brush, and a couple small photos. All the was left was one last picture. Amy held it in her hands and ran her finger over the edge of the wooden frame. At first, she had planned on placing it in the middle of the countertop. But the more she thought about it, the less she wanted to. It was only a picture, but she wasn't too keen on the idea of him being able to see everything that might go on in her room.

Yeah. Might be a good idea to keep this one photo put up for the time being. As long as he wasn't watching, nothing she did while she was here really counted. And if Amy's first day here set an example, then she was going to be doing that a lot. She smiled at the thought of what she had done the evening before, and that morning. And was probably going to do again before the day was over.

Amy felt her cheeks flush. They turned a darker shade of pink than her fur. She held a hand to her cheek and turned away from the picture, feeling a little guilty at letting the face in the photo see her getting aroused at the thought of being with another man. Amy gently laid the picture face down on the top of the dresser. She would keep it there for when she wanted to see him, but not when she didn't want him to see her. That would be best.

There. Now she was done. With her room, at least. All this decorating and organizing had got her to thinking that the rest of Anon's apartment could use a little freshening up. Amy didn't want to call Anon's apartment drab, but, well, it was kind of drab. It just needed a woman's touch. Lucky for Anon, he had the perfect woman to do the touching!

A knock from the front of the apartment brought Amy out of her decoratorial daydream. She stuck her head out her bedroom door just in time to see Sticks swing the front door open. Anon was close behind her, but he was looking a little...worn out. Amy felt a little guilty for sending him out with Sticks unprepared like she had, but she also knew that she wouldn't have been able to get her stuff
put up the way she wanted it had the energetic badger been around. She would be sure to make it up to him later.

“But it's your place,” Sticks said as she walked through the threshold. It seemed like she and Anon were in the middle of a conversation when they got home.

“It's just polite to knock,” Anon answered. He came in behind Sticks and shut the door behind them. “You have to let whoever is here know that you're coming in. In case they’re...I dunno, in the middle of something?”

“Like touching themselves on the couch while holding a lifesize doll of some guy that they fantasize about?” Sticks shrugged at her own comment and went on before Anon had a chance to respond. “Eh, I've walked in on A-”

“Hey, you guys are back already?” A red faced Amy stepped out into the hallway where she could be seen. The others hadn't noticed her listening in on their conversation, and she thought it would be a good idea to say hello before a certain mouthy little badger said too much about a certain pink hedgehog’s personal business. “How did things go?”

Anon weakly shrugged as he let gravity carry his body down to the couch. “It...went.” He was too exhausted to try to think of a way to explain how his evening with Sticks had gone without spilling the beans about how things at the park went. He didn't want to lie to her, but he didn't want to tell the whole truth, either. ‘Your crazy friend raped me and then I got a ticket because she behaves like an animal.’ He could tell her that.

“We had sex in some bushes, then a Policebot gave Anon a ticket. Not because of the sex. Because it was too stupid to tell the difference between a pet-” Sticks stopped to growl something very unpleasant under her breath. She went on after clearing her throat. “And an intelligent, sophisticated person. Like myself.” She grinned at her own self proclaimed compliment. But then scratched at her bare midsection and said very brusquely, “So, where's the can? I gotta go.”

“It's...uh...down the hall..” Anon's hand hung limply in the air, his finger pointed towards the hallway part the kitchen.

Both he and Amy looked absolutely shocked at what they had heard. Amy, because she hadn't expected to hear Sticks say that she and Anon had gotten sexual in the short span of time they had been together. And Anon, because he wasn't expecting Sticks to rat him out, much less to do it so casually.

Sticks walked past the speechless pair. It wasn't until she had turned down the hall before the other two regained their composure.

“You had sex with Sticks ?” Amy’s hair bounced around her face as she whipped her head towards Anon. She had her big green eyes locked on him in a way that was making him uncomfortable. This whole day had made him uncomfortable. Even the couch was making him uncomfortable!

“I-i-it’s not what you think...” He pushed himself to the far end of the couch as he stammered.

Amy stepped closer. She put one knee on the couch, then the other. She put a hand on the cushion to keep herself steady and she crawled her way closer to Anon, one slow inch at a time. Anon pushed his back against the arm of the couch, but he couldn't get any farther away.

“You actually had sex with Sticks ?!” Amy spoke in a loudish whisper. The pitch and tone of her voice rose greatly with each word.
Anon had been embarrassed before, Worried, even. Nervous? All the time. But at the moment, the
only word that could explain how he felt started with fear and ended with full. He had seen what
she could do to a guy she was mad at. He didn't want to be that guy. He felt like he was. He was
scared.

“I.. I..”

She lunged. Anon wanted to scream like a little girl, but when he opened his mouth, no sound came
out. So this was what it meant to be paralyzed by fear. Anon shut his eyes and hoped for the best.
But Anon didn't feel anything crushing his skull like he thought he would. Instead, he felt
something warm and soft around his neck.

He chanced a peek out of one eye. Amy wasn't trying to kill him. She was hugging him! Wait, what?

“A...aren't you mad at me?” Anon was puzzled. Happy she hadn't tried to end his life, but still
puzzled.

Amy ended her embrace and sat back on her feet. She was smiling. Anon didn't know why she was
smiling. He was under the assumption that a girl wouldn't be in a smiling mood after finding out
the guy she was sleeping with had done stuff with her best friend as well. Then again, Anon never
claimed to understand how the female mind worked.

“Mad?” Amy drew her head back and cocked her brow. She looked as surprised that he thought she
was mad as he looked because she wasn't. “Of course not! I'm actually really glad you and Sticks,
eh...” She bobbed her head to the side as she tried to think of a politically correct way to say 'fucked
like a pair of heathens’. She ended up calling her left hand into a loose fist and poking it with her
right finger. “You know."

“But...I mean...I thought...” Anon tried to turn his words into a sentence, but he couldn't manage it.

“It's ok, it's ok.” Amy patted Anon's knee, trying to calm him down before he blew a fuse. Her feet
were starting to go numb, so she resettled herself and swung her legs over the front of the couch.
“See, Sticks has always had a problem, eh...socializing with people. Especially boys. She had a lot
of good qualities, but she's just a little too, mm...brash, she's a little too brash for most guys. So I
think it's great that she finally found a guy she can...do... that kind of stuff with.”

Anon decided not to tell her that he really didn't have much say in what happened. Sticks hadn't
found a guy to do stuff with, she had found a guy she could get away with doing stuff to. “I guess
I thought you would be mad, because, you know...you and I-”

“Whoooa, hold up there!” Amy stopped Anon before he could say anything else by putting her
finger over his lips. “Me and you aren't anything more than friends, remember? I'm not your
girlfriend, Anon. If you want to...well, that's ok, as far as I'm concerned.”

Mind blown. Anon brain couldn't make sense of what he was hearing. 'Hey, guy I'm having no
strings attached sex with, not only am I not mad that you had sex with someone else, but I'm
actually happy that you're doing it with my friend!' This was the kind of unbelievable shit you
would read about in a cheap porn novel, and yet, it was what was happening.

The distinctive sound of flushing echoed down the hall. Seconds later, Sticks rounded the bend,
brushing her hands off on her skirt. “Good,” Sticks chimed in as she crossed over to where the
were. She walked in front of them and pulled the corner of the coffee table closer to the couch
before wedging herself between Anon and the arm of the couch. “Because as far as I'm concerned,
me an’ Anon are gonna be real good friends, if you get what I mean.” She plopped her feet on the coffee table and folded her hands behind her head. But then she suddenly leaned forward and looked over at the pair that were staring at her. “That means we're gonna be havin’ a lot of sex, in case you didn't get it.”

“W.. we got it,” Amy replied. “Just remember!” She held her finger up. Sticks blinked, but remained quiet. Amy smiled and cut her eyes towards the guy sitting between them, who was currently in shock and unable to speak.

“Yeah, what?” Sticks had a half grin on her face.

Amy narrowed her eyes and smiles the kind of smile that made Anon nervous. She wrapped her arm around his and pulled him towards her as she said, “I saw him first.”

“That's fine.” Sticks replied. She locked her own arms around Anon’s other and pulled him back her way. “Because I don't mind sloppy seconds.”

“Oh, Sticks, gross!” Amy shook her head and put her hand on her forehead. She didn't think she was ever going to get used to how blunt her friend could be.

Anon didn't think he would ever get used to living with these Mobian girls. Two days. It had only been two days. He was starting to think he was in over his head. Oh well. At least it was only two of them, right?
Chapter Summary

Miss Karen calls Anon to the Foundation Headquarters and asks him to take care of a little favor. It seems she's misplaced some paperwork and needs Anon to take care of another Mobian visitor... And her daughter. Ever the gracious host (that means he wasn't given any choice), Anon bring the mother and daughter pair Vanilla and Cream the Rabbit hole to his apartment. In spite of her humble visage, it turns out the motherly Vanilla has a deep, dark secret.. lots of middle age women have secret fetishes and desires, but the Vanilla the Rabbit is lucky enough to have the chance to act on hers. Anon gets more than a home cooked meal in this chapter of Everyday Life With Mobian Girls!

Don't forget to leave a comment if you like the story! Any input is welcome!

Anon sat on the edge of the couch, slumped forward, his face buried in his hands. He sighed a sigh that turned into a groan by the time it was over. He shouldn't be here, at home, sitting on his couch so early in the morning. He should be at his job, being a productive member of society. The problem was that he didn't have a job anymore.

“You got fired?” Amy's voice was sympathetic, as was the hand she laid on his leg. It was still early enough that she hadn't changed out of her pajamas yet. She hadn't really been expecting Anon to return home so soon after leaving for work that morning.

“Not 'fired’, exactly...” Anon rested his chin on his palms and cupped his fingers around his cheeks.

“You don't have a job anymore.” Sticks chimed in from over at the kitchen table. She was wearing one of Anon's old tee-shirts, because she hadn't brought any extra clothes with her when she shipped herself in the mail the previous day. At first, she had argued with the other two about wearing Anon's old clothes. She said the only things she needed to wear was her skins, or just her skin. But they had eventually convinced (read: forced) her to wear it. It hung down on her well past her knees, with her feet barely poking out from beneath. She gave Anon a teasing grin and added, “What else would you call it?”

“I’m on...temporary leave,” Anon answered. Then he slumped his head back down and sighed. “...permanently.”

Cut back to about an hour ago. There was Anon, dressed in his work attire; a long, white shirt, buttoned up to the neck and tucked into a pair of tan khakis, with a pair of relatively comfortable loafers poking out at the bottom. Being upper middle lower management meant Anon spent a lot of time going back and forth between the upper management’s offices and the lower management on the work floor, so he had to be dressed well enough to be seen darting through the halls of the offices where people wore suits, but he couldn’t wear anything too good, because he also had to go down around the conveyor belts and machines where all the magic happened.

He was standing in an office. Not just any office, either. The office. This wasn't a crew chief, or even a supervisor. This office belonged to none other than the CEO and president of the Bossco
corporation, Boss Bossman Junior.

Mister Bossman sat in his oversized office chair, which he had turned around away from his desk. He liked to sit like that so he could look out the big window that ran the length of his office, looking out over the bustling production that went on down below. Anon couldn't see anything Bossman from behind except his thick arms draped over the arms of his chair, and the smoke coming from the cigar he occasionally puffed.

In all the time Anon had worked there, he had never been called up to mister Bossman's office, so it has come as a pretty big surprise when he was told that the president of the company wanted to see him. Needless to say, Anon was little more than a bundle of nerves.

"Have you ever seen anything like it before, Arnold?" Bossman swept one of his hefty arms out, motioning towards the window before him. He spoke with a heavy metropolitan accent, his words strung together into short, quick sentences. Anon raised a hand to try and correct the mispronunciation of his name, but Bossman carried on before he could speak up. "My father built this business from the ground up with his bare hands. Well, not with his bare hands. He hired men to do it for him, you know? You understand what I'm saying, Arny? Mind if I call you Arny? Of course you don't. Where was I? Oh yeah. The company. You know what makes a company as great as Bossco? Besides a government contract to mass produce a new line of military grade robots."

"Well, sir-"

"People, Arny!" Mister Bossman didn't even give Anon a chance to reply as he carried on, waving his hands to and fro as he spoke. "People are what make this company great. People helped my old man build it. And it's people that keep it running. You know who you are, Arny?"

"I'm...people?"

"That's right, Arny!" Bossman shook the cigar around emphatically. "You're people. You're only a single person, of course. Don't get me wrong, I know how grammar works. It's a metaphor. You know what a metaphor is, don't you? Of course you do. You're a smart young man. You have to be, you work for me! What do you do here, Arny? An engineer? Some kind of machine specialist or something?"

"I'm, uh..." A glorified gofer?

"Doesn't matter what you do, Arny, not anymore. What matters is what you're going to do." Mister Bossman's voice became a lot more stern as he suddenly changed the subject. "I heard you're in that new program with the Foundation, the one with the aliens. Whadaya call 'em, moonbeams?"

"M-Mobians, sir."

"Whatever. We do some business with the Foundation, you know? Of course you don't. You shouldn't. Our business with the Foundation is strictly confidential. But this isn't about them. It's about you, Arny. It's about you, and what you can do for the company. You're a company man, aren't you, Arny? Of course you are. Everyone at Bossco is a company man. So you want to do everything you can for the company, right?"

"I, uh...hat is...yes sir?"

"Good answer, Arny. Good answer." Mister Bossman reaches around and snuffed out his cigar on a small, round ashtray on the edge of his desk. He left the cigar smoldering in the ashtray and
proceeded to wave his thick index finger in its absence.

Anon was nervous. Of course, Anon was pretty much always nervous for one reason or another. But he was more nervous than usual. Sweat was pouring from his head like water fresh from a pop-up yard sprinkler. He had signed up for the Foundation’s program on a whim. It hadn’t even occurred to him to say anything about it to his boss. Now he was in the president's office, finding out the company he worked for had some kind of ties to the foundation? Anon just knew that this wasn't going to end well.

“Get your things and go home, Arny.” Mister Bossman waved a hand dismissively over his shoulder. “You don't work here anymore.”

So that was it. Anon felt an icy wave of disappointment shoot up his spine. The whole world seemed to lose its color. Sure, Anon was only upper middle lower management, but he still liked his job, and Anon kind of felt like he had a chance of going somewhere with Bossco. Someone must have opened a window, because all those dreams and aspirations had just gone right out it. But wait! There was always that one option. It was a long shot, but it was better than nothing. Begging.

“Mister Bossman, sir...” Anon clasped his hands and fell to his knees. If he was going to beg, he was going to do it right. “P-please, sir. I'm sorry I didn't tell anyone I enrolled in the program. Honestly, I never thought I would be picked for it. It won't impede my work, sir, I promise. I like working for Bossco, sir. Please, sir, you don't have to...I mean, well...am I really terminated, sir?”

“Terminated? Who said anything about anyone being terminated?” Bossman was waving to hand around again as he spoke. He was the type of person who was more vocal with his hand gestures than he was with his mouth. “I didn't say terminated.”

“But, you said...”

“I said you didn't work here anymore. Didn't say you didn't work for Bossco anymore. Just not here. Heavens no. You've got more important things to do than whatever you do here. What did you say you do again? Never mind, it doesn't matter. You don't do it anymore anyway. No sir. From now on, your top priority needs to be staying home and taking the best care you can of that little moonbeam, or whatever you call 'em. Gonna be good PR to have a man in the company be part of the Foundation's program. Yes sir. You're gonna be the face of diplomacy for Bossco. So you just consider yourself on, er...extended temporary leave, yeah, that's it. Until the program is over, that is.”

“Y...yes, sir...” Anon pushed himself back up. He felt like a bigger fool than usual now. But, come on...anyone would've misunderstood what Bossman had meant. Right?

“Well? What're you still doing here, Arny? Go on, get home. Do whatever it is you gotta do to keep your new guests happy. For the sake of the company, ya know? You keep them happy, you keep us happy. Capiche?”

Capiche. Fast forward back to the present. Anon was still in the same white shirt and khakis that he had on while he was in Bossman's office, but now the top two buttons on his shirt were undone, and he had kicked his loafers off by the front door. He sighed again and leaned back, resting his head against the wall behind the couch.

“Waaaait a second...” Sticks scratched her forehead and then gave Anon a look of such disbelief. “The guy you worked for is named Boss Bossman?”
“Yeah,” Anon said as he leaned back up. His neck was starting to hurt anyway. “So?”

“What's your point, Sticks?” The pink haired hedgehog gave her friend an incredulous stare. Anon had told them about everything that had happened to him at work, and all Sticks was worried about was some guy's name?

Sticks was looking at the two of them with her mouth wide open. “Am I the only one that thinks it's weird? That the name of Anon's boss is Boss? Boss Boss-man.” Sticks had to pause. Her blue eyes bounced back and forth from between Anon and Amy. “Really? Nothing? He's a boss. And his name is Boss. Boss Bossman, the boss man?”

“Aaanyways...” Amy rolled eyes away from Sticks, back over to Anon. She rubbed his thigh once more before she put her hands back in her own lap. “Don't feel bad, Anon. Think of it as...an early vacation!”

“Yeah, vacation..” Anon was only paying half attention. He was too busy moping to really listen.

“I don't see what the big deal is.” Sticks rested her arm on the edge of the table as she voiced her opinion. “I've never even had a job, and I've always been just fine. You were just a cog in the ever grinding machine of capitalism, Anon.”

“Sticks!” Amy turned to the badger in the kitchen with a scolding glare. “It's not about 'working for the man'. Anon's job was a part of his persona, of who he is as a person. To have that part of himself stripped away without anyone even taking his feelings into account has left him in a very emotionally vulnerable state. Can't you see how sad and miserable he is right now?”

Sticks gave a quick shrug. “But he always looks sad and miserable.”

Well if that wasn't the icing on the cake. Anon exhaled a heavy hearted sigh. It was one thing knowing he was sad and miserable, but to hear them say it was like putting salt on the wound.

Amy gave Anon a comforting pat on the back. “What Anon needs right now is our support and understanding.”

“Yeah,” Sticks replied with a sly grin, “If by 'support and understanding’, you mean-”

Amy rolled her eyes again. “Sticks, please. Can't you be a little more serious about all this?”

“I am being serious about this! Anon's gonna be fine. There are plenty of dumpsters in a big town like this. If things start gettin' slim, I'll show Anon how to get by-”

“You are not to go rummaging through any trash while we're here.” Amy put one hand on her hip and shook a finger at her little orange furred friend with the other. “Do I make myself clear?”

“Aww...” Sticks looked genuinely distraught. Her bright blue eyes turned downward as she kicked at the air. “But the people around here throw away some perfectly good stuff...”

“You guys, it's ok. Really.” Anon scratched at that spot on the back on his head. It didn't itch. It just felt like it helped him think when he scratched there. “I mean, I really didn't lose my job. I just sort of changed positions. They even said I'm still invited to the annual company barbecue and everything.”

“There you go, Anon!” Amy smiled one of those super friendly smiles and gave him the ol' thumbs up. “That's a good way to look at it!”
“Sure,” said Sticks. She had that look in her eyes. That look she got when she was about to say the kind of thing most people's minds would filter out. “They changed your position to ‘chief of sitting at home and doing nothing’.”

“Sticks!” Amy's brow furled up angrily. Anon hung his head in shame and sighed again.

Sticks shrugged. “What? I was being supportive. I said chief of sitting around at home and doing nothing!”

Amy pulled her hand across her face. She couldn't do anything but shake her head at her friend's uncouth manners. Anon groaned. If he could melt into the couch cushions, he would have. It was like Amy said, it wasn't so much about the income, because the Foundation was handling his bills for him, and he had enough put back in his savings account to get by for a while, as long as he didn't spend like crazy. Or at all. Ok, so maybe it did have some to do with the money part. But it was more about the fact that Anon was a creature of habit, and this was just one more giant monkey wrench thrown into his everyday routine.

On top of that, there was another issue that Anon had on his mind. “I can't wait to see what Miss Karen has to say when she finds out I'm not working anymore...”

Sticks cocked an eyebrow and asked, “Who's Karen?”

“She's the person that's overseeing the program,” Amy answered. “She seemed like a nice person. I don't think you should be worried about anything, Anon. Didn't mister Bossman say that he's always working with the Foundation? He's probably already gotten in touch with them and let them know about the whole situation.”

Anon groaned like a dying animal. Amy's eye twitched with confusion as she watched him slide his body down the front of the couch. “Great. Just great.” Anon continued to slide down the front of the couch until he was sitting on the floor. He pulled his legs up and laid his arms across his knees. “I feel like a kid whose parents still have to arrange everything for him. I should've told 'em that I applied for the program, before they found out like they did. At least I can still call Karen and let her know about my work situation before-”

Anon suddenly made an awful noise and jumped to his feet as if he'd been prodded with a hot iron. But it wasn't a hot iron. It wasn't even a cold iron. It was his cellphone, and it was still ringing away from his pant’s pocket. He reached into his pocket, whipped it out, and answered the call before he even checked to see who it was. “H-hello?”

“My ears are burning.” The voice on the other end of the line was feminine. Probably because it was coming from a female. The woman the voice belonged to reclined back in her office chair and propped her feet of on the edge of her desk. She made sure to keep one leg crossed over the other so no one could peek up the knee length skirt she was wearing, like any proper lady would do when proper her feet up on a desk. With the hand that wasn't holding a phone, she pushed a pair of half rimmed glasses up the nose of her lightly freckled face, then brushed her dark auburn hair back behind her ear. She was an attractive woman, even if a bit on the petite side. Anon knew exactly what she looked like, because he had met her in person not too long ago. She was Karen, from the Foundation, and she had given Anon a call before he had a chance to go through with his plans to call her first. “You wouldn't happen to be talking about me, would you?”

“Yes, ma'am. I mean, no, ma'am. I mean, um...I-I was actually about to give you a call.” Anon grabbed the cloth off the arm of the couch and started dabbing his forehead before he ruined his shirt by drenching it in sweat. It was like she had known he had just said he was going to call. Was she psychic, or something?
“Oh, is that so?” Karen smiled and tapped a finger on her bottom lip. “And what were you going to call me about?”

“Well, um, the thing is...” Anon balked. He looked first to Amy, then to Sticks, but neither of them could offer any help. Now that he had her on the line, Anon had no idea what to say, or how to tell her about everything that had happened. “I, um...I needed to tell you about something.”

“Really? Now that is a surprise!” Karen swapped her legs over and settled back into her seat. She tilted her head to the side to prop her phone her her cheek and shoulder to free up her hand, only to absently examine her fingernails now that she wasn't holding the phone anymore. “And which something did you want to tell me about, Anon? The one about how you got a ticket in the municipal park yesterday, or the one about you being placed on leave from your job this morning?”

Luckily, Anon had sweated out most of the fluid in his body, otherwise he would had pissed his pants just then. His body felt a lot heavier than usual. The room started to spin. Or was he spinning around the room? He couldn't tell. There was a pop. It was the sound of his brain blowing its last fuse. Tiny brain Anons scrambled to reroute power from all non-essential bodily functions in an attempt to keep his life support systems running. His heart skipped a beat or two as he tried to process the fact that Karen already knew about everything. Those tiny brain Anons were doing everything they could to keep it from stopping completely. Cardiac arrest. Go ahead and add that to the ever growing list of ways Anon knew he was going to die.

Karen laughed. “Calm down, Anon. You're not in any trouble. Although, I don't remember you having a pet when we did our interview. You must have gotten it recently.”

“Y-yeah, recently.” Anon shot Sticks a quick, nervous glance. She raised her eyebrows and drew her chin back, not knowing why he was giving her such a worried look. “We, uh, well...she kinda showed up at my front door all of a sudden.”

“Oh, it's a she , eh?” Satisfied that one hand looked fine, Karen swapped hands and started checking her other fingers. “So, what is this new pet? Dog? Cat?”

“Um...” Anon scratched the back of his head while he continued to stare at Sticks, while she pulled her eyelid down and stuck her tongue out at him. “A badger.”

Karen’s hazel colored eyes looked up over her tops of her outstretched fingers at nothing in particular. “A badger? A badger just showed up at your door, and thought it would be a good idea to keep it as a pet?”

“Y-yes?” Anon waited patiently for a reply. One didn't come. “I mean, yes ma'am .”

Karen was smiling again. She happened to find Anon's flustering quite amusing. Since it was so easy to fluster him, she stayed amused. “Don't sweat it, Anon. I've seen stranger. And don't worry about things at work, either. It was actually my idea to put you on leave. I convinced mister Bossman that it would look better for Bossco and the Foundation if our little star didn't have to spend all his time pushing papers at work. You're welcome, by the way. I hope you weren't stressing out over it or anything.”

“N-no, ma'am.” Liar. “Thank you, ma'am.”

“Oh, hush. You're gonna make me feel old if you keep calling me ma'am.” Karen waved her hand towards the phone, as if Anon would be able to see it. “And I'm nowhere near that old. I'm only- I'm a long way away from being old. Anyway, I guess I should tell you what I called you for, shouldn't I?”
Wait. She knew about the ticket and job situation, but that wasn't why she called? Dehydrated or not, Anon felt little dots of sweat popping up all over his head again. The whole ‘what am I in trouble for now’ feeling was setting in again.

“I need you to do me a small favor.” Karen finally set her feet back down on the floor. She grabbed her phone again and rested an elbow on her desk. “You see, the thing is, I kind of forgot to give Miss Amy Rose something. So I need for you to come to the local Foundation office and pick it up, if it's not a problem. Actually, I need you to pick up a couple things, but I'm sure you don't mind. Do you?”

“N-no, ma'am. I mean, uh, just no. No ma'am.” Anon started waving his hand around as words poured out of his mouth like a broken dam. “I-I mean no ma'am like not to say ma'am, not no ma'am like yes ma'am. I mean, uh...you're not old, ma'am.” Anon finally shut up. He had run out of words. Amy was shaking her head. Sticks was covering her mouth, trying her best not to laugh.

“Anon, dear. Get your shit together, ok? You're not as big of a disappointment as you think you are.” Karen leaned back in her seat again, but she didn't put feet on the desk this time. “If you were, don't you think we'd have picked someone else for the program?”

“No, m-” Anon stopped, took a breath, and tried again. “N-no, I guess not.”

“Good! Be here in about an hour, ok? I'll see you when you get here. K, bye!” Karen thumbed the red button on the face of her phone to end the call. She sighed. Sure, Anon and his worrisome antics were amusing, but it was also very tiring. And she had other business to handle. Karen scrolled through a few contacts until she found the number she was looking for. She pushed another button on the touch screen, placing her next call. “Yes? It's Karen. Tell them their ride will be here in about an hour. No, he won't mind. I'm sure they'll get along just fine.” Karen grinned a sly grin to herself. “I'm sure they'll get along just fine indeed.”

Back in Anon's apartment, he lowered his phone away from his ear. He stared at the screen with a typical Anon-tier blank expression for a second before finally turning it off and storing it back in it's pocket. “That was Miss Karen,” he said at last. “She wants me to meet her at the local Foundation office. Said she has something she wants me to pick up.” He turned to Amy and added, “She said it's for you.”

“For me?” Amy pointed a finger at her chest. “Did she say what it was?”

“She said it was...” Anon thought for a second. Nope. Nothing was coming to mind. “Um...I didn't ask what it was.”

“That's ok.” Amy offered a friendly smile. It really didn't matter what it was, she had just been curious. “Let me change into something before we go.”

Anon nodded. “Yeah, ok.”

“Me too!” said Sticks from the kitchen.

Anon and Amy scooted a little closer to each other on the couch as they shared a mutual stare at Sticks. “What are we gonna do with her,” whispered Anon, leaning over towards his pink couch companion. “We can't leave her here by herself. She might...we just can't leave her here by herself.”

“I know, I know” Amy whispered back, her brow turning down in a worried look. “But we can't take her with us, either. Miss Karen doesn't know she's here. She might get in trouble if they find
out she snuck herself over. And, well, let's face it. Sticks isn't exactly the type you'd want to take anywhere like one of the Foundation's offices. I'm not saying Sticks is some kind of crazy conspiracy theorist that thinks anyone wearing a lab coat is plotting something devious, but...

“Wait, I've got it!” Anon pounded a balled up fist into the flat of his other palm. “It might just work. It has to work. Oh, god, I hope it works.”

“You hope *what* works?” Amy looked a little nervous. Anytime anyone talked about a plan with Sticks in it working, she started second guessing things.

“Just go get dressed. I'll handle Sticks.”

“Are you sure?” Amy wasn't very reassured. She knew Sticks a lot better than Anon did.

But he nodded. “Yeah. Well, no. Not really. But I don't think we have any other choice.”

“Well...alright then.” She forced out a weak little smile. But she really wished Anon would fill her in on his plan.

“Why are we whispering?” Neither of them had noticed that Sticks had crept up beside them. Amy nearly jumped out of her fur when she spoke up. “Is this place bugged? I bet it's bugged, isn't it. It's the houseplants. They always put the bugs in the house plans.”

Amy sighed. “I'll be out in a minute,” she said, shaking her head. She wanted to try to lighten the mood before she left, so she looked back over at Anon. With a small smirk, she held a finger up and told him, “No peeking, ok? We don't have time for any of that right now.”

“I-I would never...that would...I...”

Amy smiled again. This time, it came naturally. Poor, sweet, sad Anon.

“I betcha he would,” Sticks said, oblivious to the mood. She regarded Anon with a leering gaze. “I bet you're the type that would listen to a girl shower through the wall, aren'tcha?”

“What? No!” Anon shook his head, but Sticks leaned in closer and stared even harder.

Amy giggled. If she was going to go get dressed, now was the time to do so. She was still nervous about whatever Anon had planned, but not as much as she had been. Not to mention, her curiosity was starting to get the better of her. She wondered what it could be that Miss Karen wanted Anon to come pick up at the Foundation.

With Amy gone to go put on some day clothes, it was down to Sticks and Anon. Sticks spun around and took Amy's place on the couch by Anon. “So..” She had that mischievous look in eyes again. “Did I hear someone say something about a plan?”

“Yeah,” answered Anon. “Remember how you said you didn't trust-” Anon stopped. He glanced around real quick like he was trying to make sure no one was listening, then leaned over closer towards Sticks and started whispering. “How you said you didn't trust the Foundation?”

“You mean how I don't trust a group that uses a cover name as simple as 'the Foundation' that has monopolized the use of a trans dimensional gateway to bring a bunch of people from my world to conduct covert experiments on them?” She didn't even stop to take a breath.

“Y-yeah...”
Sticks smirked. “Of course I remember. What about it?”

“Well, how would you like a chance to infiltrate one of their offices?” Anon had her undivided attention now.

Sticks folded her fingers together and raised her brow in a wolfish smile. “Tell me more.”

The two continued to converse in hushed whispers for the next few minutes. Sticks listened intently as Anon ran her through his plan. She nodded occasionally, added little noises of agreement every so often. It wasn't a very complicated plan, so it didn't take long to explain. Anon thought his best chance was to keep it as simple as possible. Well, that, and that he couldn't really come up with anything better. The real plan was to keep Sticks in check and out of trouble.

Amy rounded the corner of the hall right as the two of them were finalizing their little scheme. “Ok, all set,” she said as she stepped through the kitchenette.

Anon had never seen someone look so good in a pair of tight jeans and a baggy sweater. Ok, maybe he had. But it had been a while. The dark blue denim hugged her hips, while the soft fabric of her magenta colored top wrapped around her curves snugly enough to accentuate them, without looking too whorish. Amy Rose, making normal clothes looks absolutely sexy since, well, only two days, as far as Anon was concerned. But she still did it, and did it well.

“You're staring, Anon.” Amy turned her face away as she sheepishly tugged at the bottom of her sweater.

“Oh, uh, sorry.” Anon ripped his gaze away from her and scratched the back of his head. “I didn't mean to. You, um, you look good in those clothes. I mean, you'd look good out of them, too. Wait, no. That didn't come out right. What I meant was that you'd look good regardless of if you wore anything. No, no, I meant regardless of what you wore! Oh, man…” Anon wiped a hand across the face, wishing it were as easy to wipe away the embarrassment that was burning his cheeks. Show Anon an attractive girl, and he would show you a fool.

Amy giggled, finding Anon's verbal seizure funny. “I get it, Anon. Don't worry about-” Something caught her eye. She brought a hand up to her mouth to stifle another little laugh as she pointed out what had drawn her attention. “I didn't realize you liked my outfit that much, Anon!”

“What?” Anon didn't have any idea what she was talking about. Not until his eyes trail down towards where she happened to be pointing. His lap. Whoa, surprise boner. It had snuck up on him without him even noticing. There was a very distinct bulge under his khakis where his cock was. “Whoa! I, uh, I didn't mean…” Anon pressed his legs together in a failed attempt to hide his bulge. It just made it stand out even more. “I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to…I didn't mean to…” He quickly snatched one of his gaming magazines from the bottom rack of the nearby coffee table and used it to cover the source of his shame.

“Jeez, Anon. That's exactly why you shouldn't wear such restraining clothing.” Sticks started to lift the edge of the magazine to get another look at Anon's crotch lump, but he swatted her hand away. “You'd never see me wearing pants if I had a schlong. Especially not with a belt.”

“Good to know.” Anon didn't care what Sticks would wear if she were a guy. He didn't want to think about that right now. He wanted to think about something that would make his dick deflate. Actually, picturing Sticks as a boy might not be such a bad idea after all. Well, shit. It was in his head now. Sticks, wearing her usual hide skirt, but with a piece of orange sausage peeking out from under it. Gross. He couldn't get the picture out of his mind. What was worse, it wasn't helping to deflate his penis. That observation was worrisome.
“You better not be thinking about me as a guy,” Sticks said, a hint of disgust in her face.

Amy decided not to include herself in the conversation about Sticks and her gender identity, opting instead to change the subject back to the matter at hand. “When did you say we needed to be there?”

“Miss Karen said to meet her there in about an hour,” Anon answered. “So...I guess...in about an hour?”

Amy quizzed Anon a little more. “How long does it take to get there?”

Anon rubbed his chin. He had been there once before, back when he found out he had been selected. All he had to do was remember how long it had taken him to get there. How long had it taken? Let's see.. “I guess about fifteen minutes? Maybe twenty, depending on traffic.”

Amy’s lips pursed into a sly little smile. “So, what you're saying is we have plenty of time?”

“I guess so. It's not like we need to leave right away.” It took Anon a second to make the connection between the look on her face and what she had said. “W-wait...plenty of time for what?” He pushed himself as far back against the couch as he could, but it wasn't far enough. Anon knew exactly what that expression meant. They had a little extra time to spare, but he didn't think they had enough time for that.

Amy did. They had to be there in an hour. According to Anon, it would only take, at most, twenty minutes to get there. That left her a solid half hour to do what she wanted to do, ten more minutes to get cleaned up afterwards, and still be there in time. Oh yeah, they definitely had time for that.

“Sticks? Be a dear, would you?” She laced her fingers together and held her hands up as she leaned forward slightly. Amy spoke in a sweet, innocent tone, but Anon could tell that it was all a ruse. “Anon isn't going to be able to go see miss Karen with that bother, so it's gonna need to be taken care of. Do you mind..?” She trailed off at the end of her sentence and nodded her chin towards the hall.

Sticks got the hint. “You mean this?” She pointed to the bulge in Anon's pants. “I don't see what the big deal is. If I were her, I'd take seeing a guy walking around me with a hard on as a compliment, but whatever.” She shrugged. Then, to Anon's surprise, she turned to him and began pawing at his belt and pants. Her little fingers were a lot more dexterous than they appeared, and it took her only a few short seconds to break his penis free of its prison. “I guess there's no reason to let it go to waste, huh?”

Amy stood there in stunned silence while she watched Sticks wrap her fingers around Anon's cock. Sticks had gotten the hint, all right. The problem was, she had gotten it wrong. “Sticks, wait!” Amy reached out, but she was too far away to reach them, and too late to stop Sticks.

Anon was in a state shock. He hadn't even realized he was erect until Amy had pointed it out. And now, less than a minute later, Sticks had ripped off his pants, letting his stiff dick stand up taller than Alfalfa's cowlick. The next thing Anon knew, Sticks had tossed a leg over his lap, positioning herself right above the top of-

His dick. Sticks lowered herself down onto it. Of course she wasn't wearing anything under that tee-shirt. Why would she be? Anon felt her lips resist his intrusion for a split second before giving way. It took a little effort, but Sticks was eventually successful at taking the whole thing.

“I bet you're not thinking about me as a guy anymore-” Sticks shifted her weight back and clenched
her tight badger cunt around his cock. “Are ya?”

Breathe, Anon. “N-no, not anymore more.” Calm down. It's just sex. Sex you didn't know you wanted. Again. Anon's whole body tensed up as Sticks started rocking her hips back and forth. Yeah, it was safe to say any thoughts of her as any other gender than female were long gone.

Sticks didn't have a very good grasp on the concept of taking one's time. She shifted straight to high gear the minute she got herself settled onto Anon's dick. Sticks made a couple small moans as she ground her pelvis against Anon, tossing in a couple oohs and aahs as well. There wasn't a whole lot of romance involved in what was going on, but that didn't hinder the physically pleasurable part of it.

It would be a lie to say Anon wasn't enjoying himself. It was a guilty sort of enjoying himself, but it still counted. You would have to be a special kind of gay not to enjoy having a feisty little badger girl pumping her cunt on your cock so early in the morning that she hadn't even bothered to change out of her night clothes yet. Anon was a lot of things, but he wasn't gay. He was a man. A very straight man. A man that enjoyed the feeling of pussy muscles massaging his dick.

His fingers curled, grabbing fistfuls of couch cushion. This was it. Anon hadn't expected the sudden, rough fucking on the couch. Had he, he might've lasted a bit longer. But it wasn't about lasting longer to Sticks. It was about getting the job done. And she was.

“I bet you got a nice load saved up, don'tcha, Anon?” She was looking up at him with those piercing blue eyes. She continued her romp without missing a beat as she started taunting Anon. “I was gonna do you last night, but Amy said I wasn't allowed to do you without permission anymore. Said rape is bad. I tried to tell her that you can't rape a male. It isn't rape if you like it, and all men like it.” She grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and pulled his face down closer to hers. She slowed down how fast she was grinding, but increased how hard she was doing it. With a wry smile on her face, she held his shirt and asked, “You like it, don'tcha, Anon?”

Anon answered with a feeble, “Mhm.”

“Yeah, I bet you do.” Sticks let’s go of Anon's shirt. She leaned back, putting her hands on the tops on Anon's legs in order to steady herself. “That's why you're about to bust that nut.” Sticks pushed herself all the way down one last time and held herself there. It was obvious from the way her pussy spasmed that she was having an orgasm. Either that, or she picked a very odd time to do her kegel exercises. Not that Anon would put that past Sticks.

Whether or not she came, he did. His body shuddered with the force of his climax. Anon grunted like a cave man as he shot his first load of the day into the tight cunt that was gripping his dick. One, two, then three blasts of thick nut, and he was spent.

It was over almost as suddenly as it had started. Anon relaxed. His head kind of hurt a little, with good reason. His blood pressure had jumped with the physical exertion of sex. At least the ringing in his ears started going away after a few seconds. Fast, hard, senseless sex. Good stuff.

“There we go,” Sticks said as her body also began to relax. Sexually satisfied, Sticks went ahead and dismounted her trusty steed. Anon had blown a pretty good sized load in her, but her greedy cunt didn't let a single drop drip back out. Which was nice, because Anon would've had to change his pants if she had leaked his cum all over his lap.

“Sticks!” It was Amy. She was still standing halfway between the couch and the kitchen with a dumbstruck expression plastered across her face. She tried to clear her head by giving it a quick shake. Once she could think straight again, she balled her hands up into tight little fists, threw her
arms down her sides, and exclaimed, “Just what do you think you're doing?!” Awestruck to angry in a fraction of a second.

“What?” Sticks cocked an eyebrow curiously. “You said he needed taking care of. You asked if I minded, and I didn't, so I took care of it.” She looked over at Anon, pants still splayed open, cock still fairly hard, and glistening with the wetness she had left on it. “You are taken care of, aren'tcha?”

Again, the only response Anon was able to make was a simple, “Mhm.”

“See?” Sticks looked back to Amy and shrugged.

“I didn't want you to take care of him,” Amy huffed in a low growl. “I wanted you to leave for a minute so I could take care of him!” She was clearly frustrated, and with good reason. Sticks had practically stolen the hot morning sex she thought she was about to get right out from under her. It was her that Anon had complimented. She was the one that had stirred his loins. But Sticks had swooped in and claimed her prize, and all she had done was stand there and watch!

“Oh.” Sticks looked a bit surprised. “Then why didn't you say so?”

“I did say so,” argued Amy.

Sticks replied, “Did not.”

Anon said nothing. He was too sexed out to speak.

“I was doing this .” Amy jutted her chin past the kitchen, towards the back hallway. She did it several times to make her point. “Body language, Sticks. It's body language.”

“Well excuse me for not speaking chin,” Sticks fussed, crossing her arms. Then she lifted a hand and thumbed over her shoulder and added, “Anyways, I'm sure he can go again, if you're so horny.”

“Sticks!” Well, she was hornny. But she didn't like having Sticks point it out so plainly.

“Alright, alright, I get it.” After an exaggerated eye roll, Sticks started heading for the hall. “He’s all yours, now. Knock yourself out. I need to go change, anyway.”

Amy scowled as Sticks strode by. She wanted to wipe that stupid grin right of her face, but Amy settled for giving her a smoldering glare as the smug little badger walked by. Amy harrumphed and crossed her arms defiantly. But once Sticks was out of the room, her arms went limp again. With a sigh and a frown, she walked over to the couch where Anon sat, still dazed and exposed. “How about it, Anon, are you ready for round two?”

“What? Who?” Anon finally snapped back to reality. He swing his head around, looking this way and that, as he tried to remember what was going on. Anon noticed his semi erect penis flopped over to the side of of his leg and quickly tried to cover it with the gaming mag. “Oh man, my bad.”

“It's fine, Anon.” Amy pinched the magazine between her thumb and finger and tugged it away. Anon was reluctant to turn it loose at first, but after the third firm tug, she got him to let it go. The corners of her mouth turned up in a little smile when she saw what she was looking for. “Nice.”

Anon’s penis was half flaccid, but that meant it was still half hard. She grabbed it near the bottom of the shaft and held it up. It had gotten a little too soft to be considered fuckable, but she had a solution to that little problem.
“Hey, whoa, hold up!” Anon scooted himself back, but he had as much luck at stopping Amy as he had with Sticks: none. She dropped to her knees on the floor between the couch and the coffee table and put her lips around Anon's dick. As soon as she did, his arms and legs went rigid. His penis was still pretty sensitive from the quickie Sticks had given him. The sudden feeling of her mouth lips and tongue playing with the tip of it felt about the same as if he had stuck it in a light socket. Or so he thought. Sticking his dick is a light socket wasn't anything Anon had ever tried before, and he wasn't planning on trying it anytime soon, either.

Well, if her mouth was a light socket, and his dick was the bulb, she was doing a good job of lighting him up. Amy hadn't thought it would take much to get him hard again. Anon may have blown one load already, but Sticks had been too fast. Amy knew that Anon couldn't be satisfied yet. He needed more than a two minute rush job. The fact that his penis was already hard proved her right.

She pushed her head down one last time. She made a smacking noise when she finally pulled her mouth off of him. “There we go,” she said, inspecting Anon's fully hardened dick. She ran her hand up and down its length, quite satisfied with herself for getting it so hard so quick. Maybe there were some people that didn't appreciate her feminine prowess, but Anon certainly did.

“You didn't have to...” He cut himself off. Anon was still uncomfortable about what was going on, but his arousal grossly outweighed his discomfort. His brain was confused because his cock had never had so much attention before. His cock, on the other hand, didn't give two fucks. Actually, it did. It had given one already, and was about to give its second.

Amy turned her emerald eyes up to him with a smile and said, “You're right. I didn't have to.” With her eyes locked on his, she first licked the head of his cock, then bobbed her head on it again, putting her hand flat across his lap so she could take it all the way to the bottom this time. The smile she gave him when she came back up was enough to make his heart skip a beat. “But I wanted to.”

Shit. Skip a beat? Fuck that. Anon's heart completely stopped for a couple seconds. He choked on his own breath. Coughing and sputtering, he pounding his chest with his fist until he could breathe normally again. “Y-yeah, but...”

Amy raised an eyebrow. She didn't want to hear any objections out of him. It was too late for that now. “But what?”

“Well, I mean...Sticks just...and, well...” I haven't wiped her pussy juice off of my cock yet. That was the part that he couldn't manage to get out.

Amy cocked her head and gave him an 'is that all?' kind of look. “Oh, come now,” she said. “It's not like that's the first time I've tasted-” She realized she was about to tattle on herself and fell silent, but it was too late. Anon's blank stare told her she had already said enough.

“Wait...” Anon’s finger pointed at her in an accusing way. “Are you saying you and Sticks-”

Amy turned her eyes away and prayed that her cheeks weren't as red as they felt. “Let's not worry about me and Sticks, ok?” She grabbed his dick and swung it back and forth, hoping to distract him. “Let's focus on me and you.”

Anon made no objections as Amy stood up, reached under the bottom of her sweater, and unfastened her pants. She peeled the tight denim down around her legs until it was low enough to step out of. She hooked them on her finger and held them up like a trophy. Her momentary embarrassment had abated. She was back to having that insatiable gleam in her eyes again. Amy
was a woman unleashed.

Unlike some people, she had some self control. There was a fire burning in her, kindled by her own unfulfilled lust, and stoked by Anon's desire for her, but she was in no hurry. Ever the punctual little Mobian, she was already crunching the numbers in her mind, figuring out how much time she had, so she could figure out what to do with that time.

They started off with roughly half an hour. Sticks had wasted about five minutes of that. Five more had been spent on shooing her off, and getting Anon worked back up. That left five minutes for more foreplay, and then another fifteen for him to fuck her little pink brains out.

Amy put a knee on the couch and crawled over Anon's lap. She still had her panties on, but Anon could feel the heat from her crotch warming his dick. Her thighs were amazingly soft. So we're her breasts, even though they were still hidden behind his sweater, Anon could feel them pressed against his chest as she leaned forward.

“C’mere, you.” Amy laid her hands over his shoulders. She pulled him down, and herself up, until their faces met in the middle. She planted her lips against his and kiss him. He was a little slow to return said kiss, because it took his brain a second to catch up to what was going on. But kiss her back he did. When he did, she took the initiative and slid him some tongue. Anon almost broke off the kiss. He wasn't expecting to feel something slide into his mouth. Anon didn't expect a lot of things that had happened lately, but he was quickly learning to just roll with it. A moment later a very wet wrestling match was going on between their mouths. This was a wrestling match that Anon didn't mind losing. Man, Amy was going at it hard.

She finally pulled back. “Didn't get that kind of action from Sticks, did you?”

“I thought we weren't gonna talk about Sticks?” Anon cocked up an eyebrow and tilted his head ever so slightly.

Amy scoffed. Her green eyes rolled slowly before she fixed her gaze back on him. “Ok, you're right.” She shot him another quick kiss and smiled. “Let's talk about us, and what we're about to do.”

Oh snap. This girl knew exactly what to say, and when to say it. Anon's dick was so hard it felt like it might explode. It didn't help (or maybe it did, depending on how you looked at it) that every move she made rubbed her panty covered crotch around on his dick. He was going to have to get those off, and he was going to have to do it soon.

Amy was getting pretty heated, too. Anon wasn't the only one enjoying the feeling of friction between her thighs. It had started as little movements, shifting her weight every now and then and such, but now, she was grinding just for the fun of it. Amy was trying to be subtle about it because she didn't want him to be able to tell she was as worked up as she was, but it was getting harder and harder to maintain control.

She scooted one of her legs up to try to hide another pelvic thrust. Her knee hit something kind of floppy that was laying on the couch. Amy put a stop to her and Anon's current bout of tongue fighting to see what was touching her leg. The old gaming magazine that Anon had covered his nudity with was sitting under her knee, its first few pages slightly rolled up from where her leg had pushed it.

“Let me just get this real quick,” she said as she pulled the little booklet out from under her leg. She rolled it up in her hand like an old newspaper and prodded Anon’s nose with it, and added with a rather alluring smile, “And then we can get down to business.”
Business meant sex. Something Anon was more than ready to get down to. Amy's lap action had reloaded his balls, and they were aching to fire again. He waited eagerly as she spun around and hopped up off his lap. She leaned over to put the magazine in the coffee table, but she was having a little trouble pulling the little drawer out. A perfect fucking time for it to get stuck!

Anon sat up a bit. He was about to offer his assistance, anything to help if it meant hurrying up and getting her back on the couch. But he stopped. Amy was bent over enough to pull the sweater she was wearing over her lower back. Blue. She was wearing blue panties. Anon's view was assaulted by the sight of them. They vividly contrasted against her pink fur, running up from between her legs, over the inner half of her round cheeks. That blue covered booty swayed as she tried to pull the drawer on the coffee table open. Anon stopped staring when he noticed he was drooling down his shirt. It was a drool worthy sight, though. Those shapely legs. That smooth, round butt. And that tail.

Amy finally managed to get the drawer open. It was so hard to do because it was overstuffed. One of the magazines that was already in there had gotten caught behind the latch and kept it from opening. She was trying to fight the magazine in her hand into the drawer on top of all the others when Amy felt it. Hands, on her hindquarters.

In one quick swipe, Anon had her panties pulled down to her knees. There it was, that warm, wet hedgehog pussy. The way she had her back bent made her back end stick out invitingly. Her thick lips were parted slightly, almost as if they were waiting on him to push something in.

“Anon, what-” Startled at having her little blue panties snatched off, Amy tried to stand. But she froze when she felt something bumping her from behind. She was about to ask Anon what he was doing, but she didn't need to anymore, he was making it pretty clear. All she had time to do was gasp.

Anon grabbed her by the waist and pushed himself in until his cock had completely vanished. He held her against his waist for a while, reveling in the sensation of her Mobian cunt wrapped around his human cock.

Amy panted as she leaned her torso over the coffee table. That might've hurt, if she hadn't already been so wet. She wanted his dick in her, but she hadn't expected it to come as such a shock. Anon hadn't seemed so quick to take charge before. He must have been getting more confident. She hadn't even been able to put away the gaming mag. It was still in her hand, rolled up into a thick paper cylinder.

It wasn't a hammer, but it would do. Amy twisted as far around as she could and swatted at Anon with the rolled up booklet, smacking him right in the side with it. “Warn a girl next time, would ya? That hurt.” It was a little uncomfortable at first, but it didn't really hurt. She was just making a point. She smacked him with the magazine again and smirked.

“Ok,” Anon replied. His hand went from her waist to the wrist of the hand holding the magazine. Hitting him with it hadn't really hurt, either. But it was annoying, and Anon didn't want her trying to do it while he was doing her. He reached up and grabbed her other wrist as well, and then said, “Consider yourself warned.”

“Wait, what?” No time for answers! Amy's eyes dilated into tiny green dots as Anon went full speed ahead on her ass. She arched her back as he pulled back on her arms. Curving her spine only pushed her tail up higher. A long, slow moan rolled out of her throat as Anon’s cock slammed against her insides over and over again.

All her scheduling, all her punctuality, it all went out the window as she gave herself over to the
pure carnal pleasure of getting fucked by a man driven mad with lust. If she had been able to think clearly, she would've felt sorry for thinking so little about Sticks getting done so fast. She couldn't tell if it had only been minutes, or if a whole hour had passed. Anon’s slamfest had left her unsure of how long it had been, but she knew she was about to cum.

And cum she did. Amy bucked her hips and pressed her face against the coffee table’s smooth, polished surface. She came so hard that she lost her breath. She thought, as she lay there catching her breath, there might be something to letting Sticks get him worked up before hand, after all.

She could feel his penis slide out of her. He was still hard. Amy assumed it just hadn't gone down yet. That was a wrong assumption. She may have came, but he hadn't yet. Well, technically he had, with Sticks. But he had another load waiting to get out, and he wasn't about to get blue balled right after already cumming once.

“Phew!” Amy put her hands on the coffee table once Anon let go of her wrists, and started to push herself back up. Her legs were pretty wobbly, though. She felt Anon put a hand on her waist again, to help her keep her balance. Or so she thought. Wrong again!

Anon lifted her up and spun her around. The next thing she knew, she was sitting on the coffee table, facing towards Anon. Somewhere during their activities, Anon’s khakis had slid down his legs. He stood between her and the couch, with nothing on but his buttoned shirt, his penis standing proud and tall, and ready for more.

She squealed when he grabbed her by the ankle. He wasn't rough about it, but he stepped around to the side of the coffee table and spun her until she was laying across it from one end to the other. “Anon!” She looked surprised. She was surprised. She was the Mobian, but Anon was the one acting like the animal. It was extremely...arousing. If Anon wanted more, all he had to do was take it.

And so, round two began. Anon positioned himself at the end of the table. He bent his back, leaned over, and put his hands down on the outside edges of the table. He craned his neck down and kissed her. No tongue play this time. Just a quick lip lock before the real action began.

Anon used a hand to guide his penis back towards her wet slit. Once he got the head back in and didn't need to hold his penis anymore, he let go and put his hand back down on the table. He was going to need the extra support. Anon was nice enough to go slow at first, but only for the first few pumps. After that, he went at it like he was trying to break something.

Amy moaned and grunted as Anon put her to work. It was all she could do. Anon had her pinned down against the cool wooden table. And she loved it. Oh, this was exactly the way she needed a man to handle her. She was an attractive young girl, and it was about time she was sexually liberated. Fingers and toys only went so far. But this? This was what she really wanted.

It was about that time that the third member of their party returned. She stepped from around the hall, dressed in her buckskin skirt and wrap around top. “You two about-” Done? No, they weren't. All Sticks saw was Amy's pink tail sticking out from under Anon's dangly bits, her legs wrapped around his waist, and a whole lot more of him than she had wanted to see. Sticks spun on her heel mid step and headed right back down the hall where she had just come from.

Neither of them had even noticed her. They were too busy indulging their immorality to care. What they were doing was probably wrong on a number of levels, but they were both old enough to make their own choices. Besides, they weren't hurting anyone. Theirs was a victimless crime. Except for the coffee table. He was the only one that seemed to have any objections. Its wooden legs creaked stiffly under the stress of supporting their weight. It had never been put through such a rigorous test
of durability before, but it was holding up as best it could. Still, it was only a matter of time before one of its legs splintered, and they all went tumbling down.

Luckily for mister coffee table, it wouldn't come to that. Anon had all that he could take. Amy was saying little oh gods and of yesses in between moans. Anon squeezed his fingers around the rim of the wooden table as hard as he could. He grunted with great effort as he came for the second time. Amy put her hands against his chest and pushed. Not that she was trying to get away, just that her own body was going rigid with the force of her second orgasm.

After few seconds of grunts, moans, and several other noises later, and they were done. Anon's knees buckled. He had to keep them slightly bent in order to reach her down on the coffee table. He had gotten too into the wild sex to notice when they started hurting, but now that his sexual euphoria was over, the pain came shooting up to his brain.

Anon rolled over and collapsed onto the carpeted floor. It was pretty cool in his air conditioned apartment, but he still managed to work himself into a sweat. The carpet wasn't as soft as she was, but it was still plenty comfortable for catching one's breath on. All he could see of her from down there was one arm and a leg hanging off the side of the table. Her arm was moving a little, swaying back and forth with each heavy breath she took. He wasn't the only one who was exhausted.

“Wow. Just wow.” Amy rolled onto her side and smiled down at Anon. She kept her legs pressed together while she lay there. She might've just had her little hedgy brains fucked out, but she still had enough sense to try to keep from letting everything leak out all over the coffee table. That would be a hard stain to explain.

“Yeah,” Anon replied weakly. Either one of these girls was a lot to keep up with. Both of them in a row was almost more than his body could handle. It wasn't used to seeing this much action. Anon felt like someone who had joined a gym after years of saying he would, and then hitting the treadmill for too long on his first visit. He was glad it was happening, but goddamn, he needed to pace himself.

Other than the sound of two worn out bodies gasping, the room had fallen silent. After a while, Amy finally thought her legs might be able to hold her up again. She went ahead and rolled over the side of the coffee table and dropped her feet to the floor. Anon was laying there, so she had to put one foot on either side of him to avoid stepping on him.

He found himself with a perfect view up her legs. Her pussy was puffy and red from the beating he had given it. A little line of clear fluid was running down the inside of her thigh. It was only a fraction of what he had deposited in her.

Amy grabbed at the hem of her sweater and pulled it down when she caught Anon staring. “Oh my gosh,” she said, covering her cheek as she sheepishly blushed. “Anon, don't look! You're terrible!” She stepped the rest of the way over him and headed towards the kitchenette. She was only holding her sweater down in the front, so Anon got a free shot of her ass (and tail) as she walked away. Nice.

Once she was too far away for Anon to look without having strain his neck, he laid his head back down and closed his eyes. He was still upset about his suspension from work, and he was thrilled with the idea of trying to hide Sticks from Miss Karen, but right then, right there, he just wanted to bask in the glory of fact that he had just fucked not one sexy little Mobian girl, but two.

“Come on, Anon!” Amy's voice roused Anon from his daydream. She had come back over to the coffee table to get her clothes. Her blue panties were already on, and she was stepping into her jeans. “Better get dressed. We still have to see Miss Karen, and you certainly can't go like that.”
That being naked from the waist down, with his twice used cock shimmering in the light. Anon pushed himself up on his elbows and looked around. “Where are my-” She flung his khakis at him, hitting him in the face. Accidentally, of course.

“Oh, my bad,” she apologized as she pulled her snug pants the rest of the way up.

Anon pulled his pants off his head. “N-no problem.”

After a few minutes of pulling underwear out of pants legs and straightening out shirts, they were all cleaned up and ready to go. Sticks decided it was best not to mention her little walk-in incident. Anon locked the door behind them as they left the apartment.

Sticks was the one that asked what she and Amy were both thinking. “How far away is this place, anyways?”

“The other side of town,” Anon answered as he tried to fight his key out of the lock.

“The other side of town?” Amy repeated the answer word per word, but clearly in an interrogative way. “We're not gonna make it there in time on foot, Anon.”

“On foot? It's too far to get there by foot. We're not walking.” Anon finally got his key out of the door. It always stuck like that when he locked it. He didn't put his keys away when he was done, though. He started fingering through them, looking for the next key he needed.

Amy watched as Anon strode by, somewhat distracted by what he was doing. “So, what, were we gonna take a cab?”

“Hmm, what?” Anon looked up, holding the key he had found between his thumb and knuckle. “Why would I call a cab? We'd never get there in time if we took a cab.”

Amy was trying to figure out what he had up his sleeve. They had less than half an hour left to get there. If he didn't have some kind of plan, they were going to end up being late, and little Miss Punctual didn't want to be late. “Then what are we-” She didn't have to ask. She watched Anon walk over to a small, light blue colored car, and stick the key he had found in the driver’s side door. “Oh. You...you have a car?”

“Yeah, I've got a car.” Anon glanced back at the girls. They shared a quizzical look between each other before they turned back to Anon and the little blue car. “Why wouldn't you think I had a car?” It hadn't occurred to him that over the last two days, he hadn't used his vehicle. Oh well. They knew now. “You guys coming, or what?”

“This is never going to work, Anon.” Worry hung over Amy's face as she looked out the car window. The towering building that was the Foundation's local headquarters seemed a lot more intimidating than the last time she had seen it. Then again, last time she saw it, she wasn't trying to help someone that wasn't supposed to be there sneak in.

Anon slowed to a stop at the checkpoint at the front of the parking lot. “It's gonna work,” he answered. He rolled his window down and gave a feeble wave to the guard that was walking towards his car. The guard did not wave back. Anon was trying to sound reassuring, but he was beginning to doubt his own plan more and more, and he hadn't had a whole lot of faith in it to begin with.

The guard inspected Anon's identification incredulously. It took a lot longer than Anon liked, but after eyeing Anon's driver's license for a while and punching some numbers into a handheld device, he finally handed Anon back his license and waved him through.
Anon pulled away from the checkpoint slowly. He kept an eye on his rear view mirror, watching as the guard shack grew smaller and smaller. It was only a short stretch from there to the parking lot. The parking lot had a vast expanse of cars, trucks, and a few minivans here and there. It was also very full. Anon drove past row after row, each one as full as the last. There wasn't an empty space to be seen. But even if there had been any, he still couldn't have parked there, due to the fact that those spaces were marked for employees only.

A couple hundred yards later, Anon finally reached the area in front of the building where visitors could park, all three spaces. The Foundation didn't get a lot of visitors apparently. Anon pulled into the middle spot and killed the engine.

“This isn't going to work,” Amy said again, looking at Anon with worry in her eyes.

Anon focused on unfastening his belt. He couldn't look her in the eyes as he answered. “It's gonna work.” It wouldn't have been so bad if he actually believed himself. She seemed worried enough about it. He didn't want to upset her further by letting her see his own anxiety.

“I hope you're right...” Amy sighed as she undid her breath.

The sound of the car doors closing echoed through the expansive parking lot. Anon stopped and looked back over the sea of vehicles. There hadn't been a single soul in sight, other than the guards back at the entrance, and even they were too far away to see anymore. It was like an asphalt desert. There weren't even any birds flying overhead. Spooky.

“It's gonna work,” Anon said again, mostly to reassure himself. Then he opened the back door of his car and pulled out a dark colored backpack. He hefted it up and sling a strap over his shoulder, adjusting it until it was fairly comfortable.

The top zipper on the pack peeled back without any help from Anon. A pair or bright blue eyes peeked out from the darkness between the opened zipped. “Are we there yet?”

“Yes,” Anon answered as he nervously looked around. He hadn't seen anyone so far, but Anon didn't want to risk the chance of getting caught by a random passerby. That would be his luck. “Now be quiet. Stick to the plan, unless you want to end up as some Foundation scientist’s next lab rat.”

“No way.” Sticks narrowed her eyes to little blue slits. “I don't do experimentation well.” She zipped the backpack back up from the inside and went silent again.

Amy rubbed her hand across her forehead. “This is so not going to work.”

Anon didn't reply as he, Amy, and a bag full of Sticks made their way to the front entrance. The big glass doors slid open with a mechanical hiss as they approached. Another pair of guards stood on the other side of the doorway, one on each side. By the guard on the right was a waist high pedestal with a thick ledger sitting on top of it.

Anon knew what the notepad was for this time around, but on his first visit, he was stopped by the guards and told he was required to sign in. A bevy of information was required. Name, date of birth, address, reason for visiting, and several other questions about things Anon would have assumed were too trivial to matter. On his last visit, when Anon had asked the guard by the ledger if it was really necessary, the guard had told him that it wasn't. He always had the option to turn right back around and leave. From anyone else, it might've seemed like a joke, but Anon had the distinct feeling that these guards hadn't been hired because of their sense of humor.
Once Anon had filled in all the required information, he stepped aside and waited for Amy to do the same. He couldn't help but peek as she filled out all the little questions. It tickled him to see her put down the same address as himself. A girl, and a cute one to boot, lived at the same address as himself. Not just on the same apartment complex. There were actually several attractive young ladies that stayed there. But this one was living with him. And they had banged. Multiple times. Still seemed a little unreal to Anon. But here he was, watching her right down the same address.

Now that Amy was signed in, the only thing left to do was to speak to the woman at the front desk, so she could call Miss Karen down for them. This wasn't the kind of place that let people go trouncing about unescorted. Anon couldn't help but wonder what sort of secrets they kept here. He knew that the Foundation had access to some pretty fancy technology. Not only did they order a lot of high end robotics from Bossco, but they were also in charge of the interdimensional gateway that had allowed Amy to cross over to his world. There was no telling what else they had their hands on.

But before they could take two steps towards the front desk, they were stopped when the guard by the sign-in sheet grabbed Anon by the arm. "Hold on," he said in a voice that was as cold and calm as his expression.

Anon nearly jumped out of his skin when the guard grabbed him. "Y-yeah? I mean, yes sir?"

The guard pointed with his chin and asked, "What's in the bag?"

"Bag? What bag?" Anon was quickly falling into that rut of being too nervous to think clearly. The guards hadn't asked him anything about bags the last time he was here.

"Don't play dumb with me, kid," growled mister guard.

Too bad Anon wasn't playing. His ability to sweat more than a whore in church kicked in as he tried to process the question. Bag. What bag? He didn't have a bag. He had come in empty handed. All he had was his backpack. Oh. That bag. But it didn't have anything in it. Except Sticks.

The guard glanced past Anon, to the guard standing on the other side of the entrance. The pair exchanged silent nods, and the other guard began to slowly make his way over. "We're gonna have to check the contents of that pack," said the guard holding Anon.

And then it happened. Anon had the biggest 'oh shit' moment of his entire life. This was it. Amy had been right all along. His plan wasn't going to work. They were busted. The jig was up. End of the line. It would take a miracle to get them out of this mess.

That miracle came in the form of none other than Miss Karen herself. The elevator on the far side of the auditorium dinged, and out she stepped. "Yoohoo, An~on!" Everyone in the room turned her way when they heard her sing-song voice. Her crisp pencil skirt hugged her thighs as she walked across the room, her heels clicking against the hard floor with every step. "Seems like I'm right on time. You must've just got here."

"Yes, ma'am." Anon, his arm still held tightly by the big guard, watched as she quickly closed the distance between them. Even though he knew he was in a world of trouble, he still had to stop and appreciate the way her legs looked as she placed one in front of the other.

When Karen reached them, it was Amy she addressed first. "Hello, miss Rose," she said with a cheerful smile. "Has Anon been treating you well?"

"Oh, yes ma'am," Amy answered, returning the friendly smile. "Anon has been treating me very
She seemed to be smiling a little more by the end of her answer.

“And you.” Karen turned her gaze on the guard holding Anon. “Is that anyway to treat a guest? This young man has an appointment with me, you know.” The guard balked under her scrutiny. It was interesting to see a man his size look so intimidated by her. She wasn't as tall as Anon, but she carried herself with enough authority to make up for her height.

The big security guard stuttered, “Y-yes ma’am.” Anon felt his hand loosen up a little bit, but not quite enough for him to pull his arm free. He did feel sympathy for the guard. Anon knew how it felt to be scared of a girl half his size.

One of Karen's perfectly lined eyebrows rose. “Then you're still holding him because..?” She tilted her face to the side as she waited for an answer.

“Just following procedure, ma'am.” The guard sounded a little more sure of himself now that he remembered he had rules and regulations on his side. “We need to search his bag before he's allowed in the building.”

“Is that so?” Karen put the tip of her finger on the rim of her glasses and pulled them down to the end of her nose. She appraised the man with her dark brown eyes silently for a moment. “Well, don't worry about it.” She abruptly pushed her glasses back up and returned to smiling. “I'll take care of it.”

“Sorry, ma'am,” said the guard, still refusing to relent, in spite of his obvious concern. “But I'm afraid-”

“I'm afraid, too,” Karen interrupted, crossing her arms over her narrow chest. She regarded the man holding Anon by the arm with a sudden cold disdain. “I'm afraid of what will happen if you disobey a direct order from an oh-three, and the head researcher of this facility.”

The fingers wrapped around Anon's bicep released as soon as the words were out of her mouth. “Yes ma'am. Sorry ma'am.” The guard slapped his feet together and stood at full attention. “It won't happen again, ma'am.”

That girlish smile poured over Karen's face again. “Oh, I'm sure it won't.” she replied cheerfully. Scary, how quickly a woman could change her demeanor to get what she wanted. With that impish grin still covering her face, she spun around and said, “Come on, you two. We go to my office!”

Amy was quick to start following Karen back towards the elevator, but Anon hesitated after his first step. He turned back around and gave a quick shrug to the security guard that had grabbed him. Not a sarcastic, mocking shrug, but the kind to emphasize that Anon understood what had just happened. The guard, in a moment of brotherly understanding, shrugged back. He knew Anon knew.

The elevator ride up took a lot longer than it felt like it should. The building only looked five or six stories tall from the outside, but Anon could swear they had gone up at least ten floors. Maybe it was a very slow elevator. He tugged the strap of the backpack to readjust it. Sticks wasn't too heavy, but his arm was starting to go numb from having been in the same position for too long.

Speaking of Sticks, she unzipped the bag a little and started whispering to him. “Psst, Anon! When am I gonna get to do some snooping?”

Anon backpedaled to the back corner of the elevator, squeezing a grunt out of Sticks as he squished her between himself and the wall. “Shh,” he hissed through his teeth. “Be quiet, or you'll get us
“Get caught doing what?” Karen had silently crept over to Anon's side. She had her glasses pulled down to the end of her nose, looking at him with those soul penetrating eyes and a curious smile. “You’re not up to anything suspicious, are you?”

“S-suspicious? Me? N-no, ma'am, of course not.” Anon held up his hands and shook his head.

Karen studied Anon. The longer she stared at him, the more sweaty he got. “So,” she leaned even closer. She folded one arms over her chest, hooking her hand in the other elbow. “What do you have in that backpack? Weapons? Drugs? Or, perhaps...” She pulled on her glasses until they were almost completely off. “Girl scouts cookies?!”

“What? No! Why.. why would I have girl scouts cookies in my backpack?” Anon's face contorted with his confusion at her line of questioning.

“I dunno.” Karen shrugged a carefree little shrug. “Why else would you need to bring a backpack into a highly secured research facility? If it's not cookies, then what is it?” She was smiling, but it wasn't the kind of smile that made Anon feel any less worried.

“It's, well...it's...” An excuse. Think of something, Anon. Anything. Quick!

Karen took her fingers off the bridge of her glasses so she could rest her chin on her palm. “We~ll?” And up went the eyebrows.

Ding. Saved by the bell, literally. They finally arrived at whatever floor her office was on. Karen slowly backed away from Anon. She pushed her glasses back up her nose, then pointed to her eyes, her fingers in a v shape, before pointing her finger at Anon. He felt relieved when she turned around to step off the elevator, but not by much.

Amy politely let Karen exit the elevator ahead of her. In reality, she was waiting for Anon to walk by so she could jam her elbow into his side. He nearly keeled over from the pain. She was a lot stronger than she look, and she was frustrated enough not to care about holding back. She glared at him and mouthed, “Not gonna work.”

Anon wheezed. Breathing hurt.

It wasn't too far to Miss Karen's office. Down one long hallway and around a few corners, and they were there. Anon happened to glance out of one of the windows lining the hall as they passed. He could've sworn the building was only half a dozen floors at most, but it looked like they were a lot higher up than that. His eyes playing tricks on him, that's all.

Karen circled around her desk and lowered herself into her seat. She pressed a few imaginary wrinkles out of her skirt before straightening up and smiling at the two. Anon and Amy took their seats in the two cushioned chairs on the front side of the big wooden desk. Anon slipped the backpack strap off his shoulder and set it on the floor beside his feet.

“What can we do for you today, Miss Karen?” Amy was the picture of politeness when she address the woman on the other side of the desk.

“Well, first things first, I have something for you.” Karen opened a drawer and shuffled around a bit before producing a small envelope. “I was supposed to have this mailed to you, but...let's just say, someone might've forgotten to put a stamp on it, and then that same person might've thought it would be a good idea just to give it to you in person.”
Anon scratched the side of his head after hearing all that. “Were you that person?”

Karen frowned at him. “We don't name names here, Anon. Unless it's someone else. Then we name names.”

Amy sighed. A disappointed look and a shake of the head were all she had for Anon, but it was enough to make him shrink back into his seat in shame. Amy looked back to the envelope in Karen's hands. “Thank you,” she said as she took it. She popped the seal with her finger and flipped the top open. “Oh, it's my card!”

“Card?” Anon's curiosity overpowered his timidness for the moment. He leaned over, trying to get a look at what Amy was holding.

“You didn't think we were going to hand her a sack of cash, did you?” Karen was looking at Anon like he was the last person in the room to get a joke, which happened more often than not. “It's a debit card, Anon. You know, little plastic rectangle, has a magnetic strip across the back of it?”

“Like I don't know what a debit card is,” Anon mumbled like a scolded child as he sank back into his seat.

“Just so you know, that figure we discussed before?” Karen went on talking to Amy without so much as paying any attention to Anon. “It's more or less a suggestion. It's not like it would be a big deal if you were to, say, accidentally go over your budget. I'm sure someone could change a few numbers here and there, maybe change a few deductions...” She stopped herself before she got to rambling too much. “Don't want you to worry about it too much, that's all.”

“I'll, uh...keep that in mind.” Amy forced herself to smile. She thought she had heard wrong the first time they told her how much her stipend was going to be. Amy liked new things every now and then, but she never really considered herself materialistic. As long as she had a closet full of stylish clothes, a home full of classy decorations, the softest towels on the bathroom shelf, maybe a nice throw rug or two...ok, so maybe she was a little materialistic. But she wasn't about to go on a shopping spree or anything. Probably.

“Great. Fantastic! Ok, moving on to the next matter of business.” Miss Karen leaned forward, folding her hands together and setting them on the desk. It was Anon she spoke to this time. “I have a little favor to ask, but I'm sure you're not going to mind.”

“Um...” Anon didn't feel like she was giving him much of a choice, but he still wanted to know what he was about to get into. “What can I do for you?”

“Nothing more than you're already doing.” Karen gave him a wry smile before leaning back on her seat again. “Let me explain the situation first. As you already know, the goal of the Mobian-Human relations project was to study how the two species could get along together under normal circumstances. No fighting evil scientist, no worrying about the fabric of reality getting ripped to shreds.”

Anon nodded when she paused to let her know he was following. The last thing he wanted was for everyone to think he was some half-witted schmuck that couldn’t understand a simple concept like mixing with alien races to see how well they got along.

“Well, we were obviously going to have more than one Mobian participant in the project. Miss Rose here,” she made a gesture towards the little pink Mobian before continuing. “Is only the first of a number of participants from her side of the dimensional rift.”
“O-ok. I'm with you so far.” Anon knew Amy wasn't the only Mobian that was going to be part of the project, but he still couldn't figure out what Miss Karen needed from him.

“The thing is...” Karen stopped and took a deep breath, which she held for a moment before exhaling through his nose. “Out next Mobian visitor is already here, and, we~ll...the same person who forgot to put Miss Rose's card in the mail may or may not have forgotten to go through the potential candidates to find them a family to stay with.”

“I, uh...what did you need me to do?” Anon tilted his head to the side like a puzzled little puppy. “You want me to help go through the files and find a good home or something?”

Karen stared silently. She took her glasses off, wiped them off on her shirt, and put them back on, only to stare even more. After a rather uncomfortably long pause, Karen burst out in a fit of laughter. She slapped her hand on her desk as she bellowed, finally wiping a tear from her eye as she settled back down.

“What?” Anon looked around. Karen looked like she wasn't done laughing, and there was a frown on Amy's face. He even heard a quiet snicker come from the bag on the floor. “What'd I say? What?”

“Anon's a little slow on the uptake sometimes,” Amy pointed out to the researcher. “Sometimes you have to explain things to him.”

“I see, I see.” Karen hooked her hair behind her ears. It had come loose while she was laughing. “No, Anon. I don't need help going through any files. I've already found a family for our new arrival to stay with.”

“Oh.” Nope. Anon still didn't get it. “So, what? You want me to drop them off when I head back to town? I can do that.”

Karen bit her lip. She wanted to laugh again, but she knew she had to act a least a little professional. “Yes, Anon. Drop them off. That's exactly what I need you to do. Here, I'll write down the address for you.” She pulled a small notepad out of her desk and a small silver pen from her blazer pocket and quickly scratched out the address. “There you go!” Karen tore the page from the pad and handed it to Anon.

He looked it over. He thought he read it wrong so he looked it over again. It definitely said what he thought it said, but he couldn't figure out why. “But.. that's my address.”

“Give the man a cookie,” Karen said before losing the fight to hold back her laughter.

Amy groaned and rubbed her forehead. Oh, Anon. He was cute and all, but boy, could he be thick. “It's your address because she wants you to be their human family.” She looked to Karen and asked, “Right?”

Miss Karen gave her a very professional thumbs up and said, “Bingo!”

“But, wait, hold up..” Anon scratched at his cheek with a finger. “I already have Amy and-” He finger froze mid scratch. At least he had enough sense to stop himself before he gave away the fact that Sticks had snuck herself over.

“And?” Miss Karen have Anon a 'I know you're hiding something’ look.

“And.. and..” Oh shit. Excuse time!
“And Anon didn't know he could have more than one Mobian stay with him.” Amy and her calm mind to the rescue!

“Oh, is that so?” Karen nodded to herself, pondering the validity to that answer. “Originally, he wasn't supposed to. But things can change, ya know?” She put one of her dainty fingers under her chin and thought for a moment. “As a matter of fact, it's not one Mobian, but two. So I guess they would’ve broken the one Mobian per household rule anyway. Besides, I'm the lead researcher on this project. So rules only apply when I want them to! Oh, it's so fun to be in charge.”

“T-two more?” Anon had gone from living single, to having a roommate, to a roommate and her crazy friend, and now Karen was talking about two more moving in with him? His apartment had gone from being too big to too small in less than a week.

Miss Karen eyed Anon with a mischievous smile. “That won't be a problem, will it?”

“N-no, I guess...it's just...” Words, Anon. Makes words.

“It would be a shame if you can't help.” Karen got all pouty faced, making a point of sticking out her thick bottom lip. “They came all this way for the program. And they're friends of Miss Rose, as well. I thought it would work out for everyone if you let them stay with you.”

Amy pointed at herself. “Friends of mine?” She had plenty of friends, so the question was which ones it could be.

Her pouty facade gone, Karen cheerfully replied, “Oh, yes. The little one seems quite fond of you, actually. They're a cute pair. Why, I would have taken them home myself, but that would've been against the rules.”

Anon fuzzed his brow up. “But, you just said-”

Karen interjected before Anon could point of the flaw in her logic. “Oh, forget what I said. You'll do it, right?”

“I...well...” The two Mobians he had living with him now seemed like more than he could handle. Could he really stand double that number?

“C'mon, Anon,” Amy chimed in. She was smiling that friendly smile, batting those pretty green eyes at him. “The more the merrier, right?”

Anon slumped. Like he actually thought he had a say in things. “Yeah. I mean, why not, right?”

“Fantastic!” Karen had her cellphone out by the first syllable, and had found the number she meant to dial by the last one. Anon went to ask a question, but the finger she held up silenced him before he could. “This is Karen,” she said to whoever was on the other end of the call. “Yes. Yes, of course. Of course he said yes! Send them in, please.” And then she ended the call and put the phone away. “Alright! All settled! Anon, I would like you to meet-”

She waves a hand towards the door of her office. Anon and Amy turned to look, but there was no one there. “Hmm.” Karen drew her hand back and frowned. “I was hoping they would walk in right when I said that. That would've been cool.”

“Who exactly are they?” asked a bewildered Amy as she turned back around. She was still trying to think of what friends of hers would be traveling as a pair. She knew several sets of siblings, some of her friends were even married. But it was hard to put a finger down an any two people without any clues to go on.
Karen shrugged. She figured she might as well answer since she didn't get the dynamic entry she had wanted. She opened her mouth to tell them, but, before she could get any words out, her guests finally arrived.

“Oh my gosh, Amy!” The joyous exclamation came from the doorway. Anon whipped his head around again to see who the voice belonged to.

She was about as tall as Sticks, and wore a simple red dress with a white collar that barely made it down to her knees. The parts of her body not covered by clothes was covered in beige fur, and she had a pair of long ears that flopped down her back. Long ears flopped down her back? A rabbit. She was a rabbit. Of course she was. As soon as she entered the room, she ran over to where Amy was sitting and threw her arms around the pink girl's neck before she could even get up.

“Cream!” Amy did her best to return the hug from her seat, since the rabbit girl, Cream, had her pinned down. “Wow. I didn't expect to see you!”

“I know, right? At first, I didn't think I would get to come. But I told mom I'm not a baby anymore. Then I said please at least a hundred times.” she prattled on with all the limitless energy of a young teen. It wasn't until she stopped to breathe that she noticed Anon. He held up a hand and wiggled his fingers in the funniest attempt at a wave ever made. “Who's this?”

Before Anon could introduce himself, another stranger entered the scene, and that other stranger was another rabbit. A rabbit that looked like a more grown up version of Cream. The same beige fur, with the same brunette markings on the tips of her ears, around her eyes, and on top of her head.

Rabbit number two was taller than the first, almost as tall as Anon, actually. Almost. Her dress was lavender, instead or bright red, with a slightly darker purple corset fitted across her torso. She had the tail of her dress pulled up a bit with one hand so she could walk faster, probably so she could keep up with the smaller, quicker bunny girl.

“Cream, dear...” She seemed a bit winded. She placed a hand on the door frame and leaned in as she tried to catch her breath. After taking in a couple deep breathes, she stood straight and brushed out her dress. Now that she could speak normally, she started her statement anew. “Cream, dear, you shouldn't run indoors.”

Miss Karen spoke up before Cream had a chance to reply. “It's quite alright, Miss Vanilla, she's just excited.”

Showing off some of that excitement that Miss Karen had mentioned, Cream said, “Look, mom, it's Amy!”

“Hello, Miss Vanilla,” Amy said politely.

“Oh, hello Amy,” Vanilla replied with a pleasant smile. And then she spotted Anon. “And who is this?”

“This ,” Karen quickly said, before Anon could finally introduce himself, “Is Anon. He's been gracious enough to act as a host for you and your daughter in light of recent events. Anon, this is Miss Vanilla the Rabbit, and her daughter, Cream. Also the Rabbit.”

“Um...H-hi, pleased to meet you.” Anon did his best to give what he thought was a polite greeting, then turned to the woman sitting haughtily on the other side of the desk. “Miss Karen, about them staying with me though...”
“I thought we already talked about this.” Arms crossed, Karen frowned up at Anon's comment. “It's not going to be a problem now, is it? Do you have something against rabbits or something?”

As panicked sweat drops started forming on his brow, Anon shook his head and tried to explain his side of the situation. “T-that's not it! I don't have anything against rabbits. It's just, well..”

“I'm terribly sorry if we're imposing.” It was Vanilla, who, until now, had been standing quietly by the door. She stepped around between Anon and Miss Karen's desk, grabbed the front of her dress, and did an old-fashioned curtsy. “Please, don't worry about it. I'm sure Miss Karen can find somewhere else for us-”

“It’s not like that!” Anon was in a pickle now. He didn't want everyone thinking he had anything against rabbits like some kind of...would that be considered being a racist? Anon still didn't know how all that worked. There were some other things going on that he needed to get sorted out before he let anyone else move in with him. One backpack full of things, to be precise.

“Now, Anon.” Karen spoke in such a sudden serious tone that Anon sat up straight and stopped all his fidgeting. “I thought we talked about this already. You're not backing out on your promise, are you?”

“When did I..? I don't remember promising to...” There Anon went again, so tripped up that he couldn't even finish an entire sentence.

“Tell you what.” Karen relaxed back into her cushioned seat. She pressed her fingertips together as her mouth turned up into a devilish grin. “You do me this favor, and I'll owe you one. I'm sure having the head researcher in charge of the Mobian Human relations experiment owing you a favor could come in handy, don't you think?”

Amy decided to toss in her opinion as well. “You're not seriously going to say no, are you, Anon?”

“Everyone, please.” Vanilla spun around, looking at all the faces in the room around her. “It's ok if Anon doesn't want us staying with him, that's ok. I'm sure he has a good reason.”

“But mo~m!” Cream pouted and leaned against the arm of Amy's seat. “I wanna stay with Amy!”

“I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about it,” her mother answered with a sorrowful smile. She didn't like seeing Cream upset, but really, what could she do? “It's up to Mr Anon.”

“C'mon, mister Anon.” Cream turned her attention, and her whines, to Anon. “Ple~ase?”

Even Amy gave him a sympathetic pout. “Anon?”

“What's it gonna be, Anon?” And now Miss Karen was on his case again.

Anon, Anon, Anon. He felt like he was being pulled in four directions at once. It wasn't that he had anything against the rabbit ladies. But, well...Sticks. What was he going to do about Sticks? She was the monkey wrench that was all up in the gears. His options were limited, but he couldn't very well tell Miss Karen that Vanilla and Cream couldn't stay with him because he already had a stray hiding out at his apartment. His only other options were to not give a reason to let them stay and make himself look like a bigot, or let them stay, and deal with the consequences of them finding out about Sticks.

Anon wasn't a bigot. “It's fine, really.” He decided to go ahead and bite the bullet. “I just.. I mean, I wasn't expecting to bring anyone else home with me, but it's ok. I'm sure it'll all be fine. Everything will be fine.” Anon didn't even believe his own words. Vanilla and Cream would rat him out the
moment they found out about the runaway he was hiding.

His plan to hide Sticks and keep from getting caught hadn't saved him, it had only postponed his inevitable doom. Amy had been right, his plan wasn't going to work. It hadn't failed right away, but it was going to take before too much longer.

“Really? We can stay?” Little Cream turned that frown upside down as her youthful energy returned twofold. Her big brown eyes sparkled with joy as she grabbed Amy’s hands. “You hear that? We’re gonna be staying together!”

“I knew Anon would agree,” she replied to the happy little bunny. “He has a hard time saying 'no' to anything if you ask nice enough.” She cut her eyes Anon's way. He could see the look she was giving him. If there had been any doubt in his mind about what she meant, it was gone the moment she gave him a subtle wink.

Well, shit. At least he was going to get to hit that one more time before everything went to hell. Oh, wait. How was he going to smash with two new people crammed into his less than roomy abode? Sticks knew what was going on, and was ok with it. But Anon didn't think a mom was going to want her young daughter staying with someone that was getting it on with his other roommates. If only it had been another sexually active young girl, like Amy and Sticks, it might've been ok. But a mother? With her daughter?

Doing it on the coffee table again was definitely out. It wasn't even plausible to do it in his room, or hers. Anon could already see how things would play out in his head. Amy and himself, in his room, with the door closed, trying to be as quiet as they could while they did the deed. A young Cream, asking her mother why Anon and her friend keep locking themselves in his room, making all those weird noises. And then her mom would put a call in to Miss Karen, badabing, badaboom, bad ending for Anon.

But what else could he do? Again, if he said no, Karen would want answers. He was already going through a lot of trouble not to give those answers. But how was he going to keep Sticks hidden once they got home?

“Anon, yoohoo.” Karen was leaned over her desk, her perfectly proportioned posterior positioned provocatively in the air. It wasn't her ass Anon saw, it was her hand, waving back and forth on front of his face. “Earth to Anon, hello?” Karen cocked her head and glanced at Amy, her auburn hair falling across the side of her face. “Does he do this often?”

“Only when he thinks,” Amy answered with an eye roll.

Anon shook the swirling confusion from his eyes. His head hurt from thinking of so many different ways that he was going to get caught. He had over clocked his poor brain, and it had burnt out on him. But Anon was back to normal after a quick reboot. Normal for Anon, at least. He glanced around the room at all the faces staring at him. “What's going on?”

Miss Karen grinned. She backed across her desk and returned to her seat. “We were talking about how much fun it's going to be having new roommates. I've already assured Miss Vanilla that you're going to be the perfect host, and that she doesn't have anything to worry about. I hope you don't make me out to be a liar, Anon.”

“Yes, ma'am. I mean, no ma'am.” Anon nodded, shook his head, and everything in between. “What I mean is—”

“I know what you mean, Anon.” Miss Karen covered her mouth with her hand and feigned a cough
as she added, “Even if you don’t.” Amy and Cream snickered. Even Vanilla smiled at Karen’s less than subtle jab at Anon.

Anon, still two and a half steps behind everyone else in the room, wasn’t as quick to get the joke. Which only made the joke seem even funnier. It was Amy he turned to, looking for an answer to why everyone seemed to amused. A shrug and a smile was all her got for his troubles.

“Alright then. Now that we've worked out all the kinks! I'm sure you've all had enough of my stuffy old office by now. I know I have!” It was hard to tell if Karen was being serious or not. Probably not, but... it was hard to tell. She addressed the mother and daughter pair in a slightly more serious manner. “Your things should arrive sometime early tomorrow morning. We'll have them shipped to Anon's apartment as soon as they come in. Other than that, I think you're good to go.”

“Thank you so much, Miss Karen,” Vanilla replied with a courteous nod. “We appreciate everything you've done to make this work out.”

Miss Karen returned the polite nod. “Don't thank me, thank Anon.” But before any thanks could be given, she held a finger up and rescinded her previous comment. “On second thought, just thank me. Anon hasn't really done anything.”

They had done all that they had come to do. Karen had given Amy the card that 'someone' had forgotten to put in the mail, and also unloaded the pair of rabbits on him, that 'someone' had conveniently forgotten to do the paperwork for. After everyone shared another chuckle at Anon's expense, they were all ready to go.

Everyone except for Anon. He had a question. “Um, excuse me, Miss Karen?”

Karen pressed her hands against the sides of her face, pushing her cheeks and dislodging her glasses. As nice as it was to have guests, there were other things that called for her attention. “Oh. My. God. What?” Karen hadn't meant to sound so angry. She straightened her eyewear and sighed. “What's on your mind, Anon?”

Anon balked when she first snapped at him, but after she calmed down, he continued. “I was just wondering, why do their things always come a day after they do?” When Karen didn't immediately answer, he went on. “Amy's things came a day after she showed up, and now Miss Vanilla and Cream’s things won't be here until tomorrow. That's just a little, well...I mean, that's kind of weird, isn't it?”

Now it was Karen's turn to sit in silent astonishment. Everyone was so used to Anon's blubbering and tripping over his own words, that his asking a legitimate question had come as a pure surprise.

Cream placed a thoughtful finger on her bottom lip and chimed in. “Hey, yeah. How come we could only bring a few things with us?”

“That's actually a very informed question.” Karen really wasn't expecting them to ask something like that. She leaned back on her seat and straightened her glasses before trying to explain. “You see, the dimensional gateway we built is kind of still in its preliminary phase. It's a prototype, really. One of the biggest issues we're working on is the power consumption. It's takes a lot, and I mean a lot of energy to rip a hole in the fabric of reality, ya know.”

Anon nodded. He thought he had his head wrapped around what she was saying. “So, you can only keep it open for a little while at a time?”
“Bingo!” Karen was glad that she wasn't going to have to spell it out for them. “Until we come up with a stable source of energy to power the gate, we can only keep it open for a few minutes before having to shut it back off. So, visitors one day, their things the next. Each time we use it, we get a little better at controlling the power fluctuations. That's why we were able to bring over two people at once this time! Oh, we're so smart here at the Foundation, aren't we?” Karen's explanation ended with her giving herself an appreciative laugh.

Anon thought for a moment. Though Miss Karen has answered his question, her answer had only led him to think up another question. “Exactly what kind of power source does an interdimensional gateway use, anyways?”

“Double A’s, of course.” Of course, Karen wasn't being serious. But the look on everyone's faces when she said it was totally worth it. She snorted, snickered, and finally belted out a laugh. She had to wipe a tear from her eye before she could say anything else. “Did you really think something like an interdimensional gateway could run off of regular, everyday batteries? No, no, of course not.”

“Then, what?” Anon was more curious than ever after her joking spree like that.

Karen crossed her arms and answered, “It runs off of one giant nunya. As in nunya business. As in it's a top secret Foundation experimental energy source.”

Cream, almost as interested as Anon, added her own question. “The energy source is an experiment too?”

“Yup.” Karen smiled and nodded. “A 'two birds with one stone' kind of deal. If you run two experiments at once, you save half the money. Which means you have more money to spend on other things!”

Anon nodded a slow nod of approval. “So, that's why-”

“Don't make assumptions, Anon.” Karen gave them a shrug. As much as she hated to admit it, she really did have other things she needed to do. Sure, it would be nice to loaf around the office doing nothing all day, and, she did it as often as she could, but she was already behind schedule today as it was. She didn't have time to sit around and tell them about all the top secret projects the Foundation had going on. Besides, she really wasn't supposed to be telling anyone about them anyway. They were top secret, after all.

Amy seemed to pick up on Karen's reluctance to talk about it anymore. “Well, it's been nice getting to see you again, Miss Karen, but we really should be going. Right, Anon?”

“Hm, what?” Anon hadn't been paying much attention.

Amy's big green eyes rolled. She sighed and passed a glance from Cream and her mother. “You'll get used to him in no time, trust me.” Cream looked a little puzzled, but her mom nodded her understanding. Amy hefted herself up out of her seat and turned to Anon. “Come on, Anon. We shouldn't keep Miss Karen from her work any longer.”

Amy seemed to pick up on Karen's reluctance to talk about it anymore. “Well, it's been nice getting to see you again, Miss Karen, but we really should be going. Right, Anon?”

“Hm, what?” Anon hadn't been paying much attention.

Amy's big green eyes rolled. She sighed and passed a glance from Cream and her mother. “You'll get used to him in no time, trust me.” Cream looked a little puzzled, but her mom nodded her understanding. Amy hefted herself up out of her seat and turned to Anon. “Come on, Anon. We shouldn't keep Miss Karen from her work any longer.”

“Right, my bad.” Anon’s mind slowly crawled out of the daze it was stuck in. “Sorry, Miss Karen.”

“It's ok,” the auburn haired researcher replied. “Come on, I'll walk you all out. We wouldn't want anyone to get lost, now would we?”

Anon didn't think they really had to worry about getting lost, it was only a short walk from her office to the elevator, but he had a feeling it would still be better to leave with an escort. The
security guard that wanted to search his bag earlier was probably still down there. He could get in just as much trouble if he got searched on the way out as in.

“You coming, Anon?”

Anon had drifted off again. When he looked back, he saw Cream waving for him from the doorway. Amy and Vanilla were already out in the hallway waiting. He apologized a few times as he scooted his chair back and stood up. The rabbit’s brown eyes rolled from Anon to look back at Amy, who replied to her silent comment with a shrug. Anon was too focused on catching up to the ladies to notice their subtle nuances, as if he would have noticed them anyway. He didn't even notice what he had forgotten until Karen called him.

“Oh, A~non!”

He stopped in place and did a quick one-eighty. And then he panicked. Karen had made her way around her desk, but had stopped to pick up the backpack Anon had left behind. The backpack that Sticks was hiding in. A pang of fear short through Anon like a bolt of ice-cold lightning.

“Oh, my b-b-bag!” Anon had to force his body to move. It didn't want to, being paralyzed with fear and all, but, through sheer willpower alone, Anon managed to take a couple very shaky steps back towards the bag and reach his hand out.

But it couldn't be as simple as that. Nothing could ever be so simple. Miss Karen held the bag just out of Anon's reach. His hand simply swung through the air, grabbing at nothing. Karen reached up and pinched the zipper between her finger and thumb and started pulling back. “So, Anon,” she said slyly, “What do you have in this bag?”

No time to think. Anon had to come up with something right on the spot. Something that would keep her from looking in his backpack. Something, anything.

“Porn!”

Silence fell over the room. Every eye turned on Anon. He was as surprised as everyone else at what had come out of his mouth. But it had stopped Karen from opening the bag, which was all that mattered. She was so focused on him and what he had said that she had completely forgotten that she was about to look in his backpack. She glanced down at it for a second, then quickly pulled back the hand on the zipper and held it back out to him.

“Porn?” She said it in a way that somehow managed to make Anon feel even more ashamed than he already did.

“Y-yeah...” Anon could feel all the different pairs of eyes staring at him, like drills boring down to the core of his soul. It was a price Anon was willing to pay, if it meant keeping Sticks hidden a little longer. He knew he was going to have to tell her about the little stowaway at some point, but not now, and not like this. “You know, like...magazines and stuff.”

Miss Karen couldn't accept an answer like that without making an issue out of it. “Why in God’s name would you bring a bag full of porn into a scientific research facility?”

“Well, I, uh...” The worst part about thinking up a half-assed excuse was that you had to keep thinking up more stuff to follow it up. At least one of the few things Anon was actually good at was coming up with bullshit excuses. “I was worried we’d have a long wait before we saw you, so, uh...I thought I’d bring something to...read?” Yeah. No way anyone was going to buy that load of manure.
Miss Karen’s eyes cut through him like a high-powered laser cutting through steel. This was it. Anon knew his excuse was too farfetched to be believable. He was waiting on her to go ahead and look through his backpack. But...that’s not what happened.

Anon almost didn't believe it when she stuck her arm out to hand him his bag. Scratch that, he didn't believe it. He had to rub his eyes to make sure he was really seeing what he thought he was seeing. He was. She was giving him his bag, without asking any more questions about what was in it!

“W-wait..” Anon was hesitant. He wanted to snatch it from her, but he was also concerned that it might be a trap. “You mean, you're not gonna look through it?”

“Nah.” Karen tried to defuse the situation with a shrug, but it didn't seem to help Anon feel any less nervous. “I wasn't going to look through it anyway. That would be a total invasion of privacy! And, well, to be honest? I don't really care what's in it. If it *is* porn, eh, you're a healthy young man. I guess I can't really blame you for keeping yourself entertained, can I? And if it's not porn..” The look on her face changed. It was a small change, but Anon could see it. It was the way she was looking at him, like all the sarcasm and humor suddenly left her eyes. “Whatever you're hiding must be worth the embarrassment of coming up with an excuse like that.”

“Yeah.” Anon nodded as he reached for the backpack. No, wait. He didn't want to seem like he was agreeing with what she said. So he started shaking his head instead. “N-no! I mean, yeah, that makes sense, but no, I'm not trying to hide anything!” Anon was too relieved to have his backpack back in his own hands to care about what he was saying.

“You're right, Anon.” Karen's smile looked purely jovial again. “You’re not smart enough to come up with a plan like that, are you?”

“Of course I’m not!” Anon agreed before he realized what he was agreeing to. And then he felt like a tool when Miss Karen started laughing at him again.

Anon had reached the point where he was ready to go. What was supposed to be a simple visit had turned into him agreeing to far more than he had originally bargained for, on top of all the stress of trying to keep Karen from finding out about Sticks. It was more than his nerves could take. He was ready to get back home. If he was going to die from anxiety, he at least wanted to do it in the comfort of his own home.

“Alright, let's go!” Miss Karen was tired of waiting as well. She needed to get them all out of her hair before...simply put, Karen had things she needed to take care of, and she didn't want any of them around when she took care of it.

Anon was still a little confused as he watched Karen walk by, but what else was new? He clutched the backpack in his arms, glad to at least know he had *that* back, and turned to follow her out. But the looks on the faces of the three Mobian girls made him want to turn around and sit back down. They were looking at him like he was crazy. Of course they were. He had just told everyone that he had brought a bag of pornography into a scientific research facility, and now he was digging his fingers into it like it was his precious. Even Gollum would think he was crazy. Amy knew what was going on, but her eyes told him she thought he could have come up with a better excuse. Cream looked confused. Maybe she was too young and inexperienced to know what porn even was. Or maybe she didn't know how to react. But her mother was old enough to know what it was. She just looked...shocked.

Anon sighed. He tried his best to avoid their stares as he walked by without making it blatantly
obvious that he was looking away. He swung the backpack over his shoulder comfortably as he headed back with the three Mobian girls out into the hallway. He was so ready for this day to be over.

Karen’s lips pursed into a tight smile. She brushed her hair behind her ear and tried to compose herself, which was hard giving how much she wanted to laugh at Anon. “Ok, let’s go,” she said again, “For real this time, before anything else happens. Shall we?” She held her hand out towards the hall. Poor sulking Anon was a dozen steps away.

The elevator dinged when it reached the ground floor. The doors slid open and the five occupants, six if you counted Sticks, stepped out. It had been a long, quiet walk from Miss Karen’s office to the elevator, and a longer and quieter ride back down to the lobby.

Anon didn't know what to say. His face still burned with embarrassment. Not only that, but he was still thinking of how he was going to explain the whole situation of his backpack not really being full of pornography magazines but actually a stowaway Mobian that he was trying to keep hidden from Miss Karen and the rest of the Foundation to Cream and Vanilla. So far, he hadn't come up with any good ideas. He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he didn't even notice the nervous way Karen was glancing around the expansive lobby as they walked.

Amy was a little more observant, though. “Miss Karen,” she said, pulling the woman's attention away from whatever it was she was look for, “Is something the matter?”

“What? The matter?” Karen glanced down at the little pink Mobian walking alongside her. “Oh, nooo, of course not. Nothing’s the matter… per se.”

“Per...se?” Amy's brow twisted in puzzlement.

“Don’t worry about it. It's nothing, really. I just want you guys to get back home as soon as possible so you can all get back to letting Anon take care of you.” Karen used a finger to pull her glasses down the bridge of her nose and gave Amy a quick wink. “At the Foundation's expense, no less!”

“Um, yeah, I guess so..” Amy's expression furled up. She hadn't been expecting Miss Karen to reply like that, and she wasn't all that sure how to take her comment. Her pace slowed a little until she fell behind Karen, back to where Anon, Cream, and Vanilla were.

“What's up, Amy?” Cream’s ears fell over her shoulder as she tilted her head towards her friend.

“I'm not really sure,” Amy answered. “I thought Miss Karen was looking for something, but-”

“ There you are!”

The smooth walls and polished floors of the lobby carried the loud voice as it called out from beyond eyesight. Miss Karen jerked to a halt so quick that Anon nearly ran into her. The steady tapping of her heels on the tiled floor were replaced by the sound of much heavier shoes stomping their way closer to the group.

Karen brushed a lock of her auburn hair behind her ear and mumbled a quick curse to herself. She had wanted to have Anon and the girls out of here before he arrived. That was the real reason she had asked Anon to come pick up the mother-daughter pair in the first place. She mentally scolded herself for playing around so much in her office earlier, but she hadn't wanted to alarm any of them. It was too late to worry about any of that now though.

“Mister Chelovek!” Karen twisted her body around to face the man walked towards them.
"Doctor Chelovek," the man answered gruffly. And what an imposing looking man he was! He was definitely over six feet tall, but his height wasn't what made him look big. It was... the rest of him.

His shoulders were half as wide as he was tall, and even though he had a bit of a belly, there was far too much muscle on him to call him fat. Stocky, perhaps, but not obese. His legs were as thick as Anon's torso, and his arms were as big around as Karen. There wasn't a single strand of hair on his smooth, round dome. But his face? That was a completely different story.

A mustache to put other mustaches to shame sprouted out from under his oversized proboscis. It shot out to the sides, growing well past his cheeks, and covered all but his thick lower lip and square chin. His eyes were hidden behind a pair of round lensed glasses that seems to be held up by nothing more than the fold of skin between the top of his cheeks and the bridge of his nose.

The wall of flesh that called itself Doctor Chelovek was upon them before Anon could even figure out why they had stopped. He wasn't even walking particularly quickly, but his legs were so long that his stride was twice as long as Anon's, and three or four times as long as any of the ladies'.

"Hey there." Anon shifted the backpack so he could hold it with his left hand, and then held his freed up right hand out to Doctor Cheloveybig. "I'm Anon. I'm part of the, uh... um..." Anon's arm went limp as his words trailed off into dumb silence. The good doctor had hardly glanced at Anon's open handed greeting before completely disregarding him. Ah well. Anon was used to people acting like he didn't exist.

"What is the meaning of this, Karen?" The big man crossed his big arms over his even bigger chest, stretching his tightly fit lab coat to its limits.

"Doctor Karen," she countered wryly. Her usual sense of humor seemed to have vanished. She folded her own arms over each other and looked up at the stern faced man before her without giving an inch. She was only a fraction of his size, but she looked every bit as fierce.

It was an awkward encounter for everyone involved. Cream instinctively stepped closer to her mother. Vanilla noticed her daughter's nervous move and patted her shoulder. Amy smirked as she carefully studied how the two scientists exchanged glares. Anon wasn't sure what to do. He had an itch, but he didn't think that it was a good time to scratch it. Then again, everyone was so busy watching Karen and this other guy stare each other down that they might not notice.

This wouldn't have been a good time for a tumbleweed to roll by, but they were indoors, so the chances of there being any weeds to tumble was negligible. Karen was the one who finally, albeit reluctantly, broke the silence. She wanted to be done with this man as soon as possible, even if that meant forfeiting their silent mental battle. "What is the meaning of what, exactly?"

"This." He untwisted his big arms and swept a open hand across the colorful entourage behind the little redheaded woman. "Since when do we let civilians and specimens run loose in the facility like they own the place?"

"They're not specimens." Karen's voice sounded a lot colder than usual all of the sudden. Anon glanced over from where he was quietly standing. He didn't really like the angry look she had in her eyes, but he was glad they were directed at the other guy, and not him. "They're part of the-"

"Human-Mobian relations program," the burly doctor interrupted. "Yes, yes, I know. Huge waste of resources, I say. Regardless, I'm here to talk to you about that other issue. So please, see your guests out and meet me in the lab."
Karen remained silent as the mountain of a man began to walk past, but her narrowed eyes said everything that her tongue didn't. She would deal with him later. But now that he was done wasting her time, she needed to-

“Is that all they are to you?” It was...Anon’s voice!? Miss Karen snapped her head around towards him, eyes wide with surprise at his sudden outburst, mouth half open, but at a loss for anything to say. The Mobian girls were staring at him with almost as much surprise, but the three of them had no idea how much trouble he could be getting himself into, not like Karen did. But Anon didn't notice how they were looking at him. His full attention was on Chelovek.

The doctor had stopped in his tracks. There he stood, still and silent, seeming even more an actual mountain by the second. Finally, slowly, he moved. He turned his head to look over his shoulder first, locking his spectacle covered eyes on Anon, then twisted his body around to face him. Two steps, that's all it took him to cover the distance between himself and the little man who was suddenly wishing he hadn't said anything. “I’m sorry. Did you speak? I thought I heard something.”

“I...I said...” Anon was really wishing he could go back in time to a few seconds to when the good doctor didn't seem to acknowledge his existence.

The big man leaned forward, still towering over Anon even when bent at the waist, and cupped a hand over his ear. “Ye~es?” He turned his head to the side and waited for Anon to respond.

Anon wasn't sure he could say anything. He could tell his mouth was open. He was fairly certain that his lungs had pushed some air out. But no words came. Come on, Anon. This was no time to balk! He knew if he didn't say something, that he was never going to live this moment down.

“T-t-they’re not just s-specimens.” He forced the word out one at a time. “They’re p-people, just like...just like you and me!”

Doctor Chelovek slowly straightened back up. His ear cupping hand became a mustache tugging hand. He ran his fingers through the prickly hair sticking longways from under his nose and he casually gave Anon a looking over. “People?” His fingers cracked and popped as he tightened hand into a tight fist. “ People ? They're not people . They're animals. They should be collared and caged, not set loose upon the world to do as they please! It was a complete catastrophe the last time they were here, and that was an accident! Now we’re going out of our way to bring them and their problems back ?”

Anon could swear that Chelovek was growing larger and larger as his tirade went on. That, or he was shrinking. Probably that. By the time the big man was done, he was leaning so far over Anon that Anon couldn't see anything other than his moustached face. Well, that was that. Anon decided he was going to keep quiet from now on. Trying to play the white knight was more dangerous than it was worth.

But then there was Amy. Sweet little outspoken Amy. Anon had done a good enough job getting things started, but she was going to go ahead and drive the point home. She inhaled a chest full of air and started marching towards the big man. “Now you look here-” was what she was going to say. But something stopped her.

That something was Miss Karen. She had grabbed the collar of Amy's sweater just before she got out of reach. Amy whipped around and glared at Karen for a split second until she saw the 'now’s not the time for it’ look on her face. Karen subtly shook her head at the angry little Mobian. Karen knew Amy saying anything would only make things worse , and Karen didn’t want things getting out of hand. She looked back at Chelovek and said in a cool, collected tone, “Didn't you need to get
down to the lab, Doctor?"

Chelovek grunted dismissively. He still loomed angrily over Anon. Anon worried that he might have laser vision or something like that. Well, if he did have laser vision, Anon was shaking so badly that he would be a hard target to hit, at least. Luckily, Chelovek decided not to disclose whether he could or couldn't shoot concentrated beams of light from his eyes. He cleared his throat loudly and straightened back up. “I suppose I do. This conversation isn't over.”

Anon gulped. He couldn't tell if Chelovek was talking to him or Miss Karen. Or both. Didn't matter either way. It still scared everything but the literal piss out of him. He was glad to see the back of Chelovek’s shiny head once the giant had finally turned around.

But even with his back turned, even as he was walking away, Chelovek had to make one last derogatory comment. “Someone remind me to take the day off next time it's bring your pets to work day, eh?”

Anon could feel the words cutting through him. It felt like a painful kicking right in his spine. Oh, wait. That was just Sticks trying to kick her way out of the backpack. And it hurt. A lot. Anon tugged at the shoulder strap, giving the backpack a good jostling to try to calm Sticks down before she blew their cover. If Anon thought it would be bad for Karen to find out she was there, he could only imagine how horrible it would be for Chelovek to find her.

“That guy was so mean!” It was a little jarring to hear Cream speak up after having been quiet for so long. Her face was all scrunched up in an angry little pout, but she was still staying close to her mother.

“He is, isn't he?” Karen sighed and pushed her glasses up. At least he was gone. And then, Miss Karen’s stiffness melted back into her usual bubbly personality. “Don't worry about him, though! You're here to enjoy yourselves! I'm sure Anon can find a way to make up for things. Right, Anon?”

Anon pointed a finger at himself. “Who, me? Shouldn't you be making things up to them?”

Karen laughed. The sound of it echoed throughout the acoustic lobby. Even the two guards standing way over by the building’s entrance turned their heads to see what was going on. “Oh, nonono.” Karen used a knuckle to wipe a laugh-tear from the corner of her eye. “I'm much too busy for that. That's kind of your job, anyway. To keep our visitors nice and happy. You can handle that, right?”

Anon shrugged. He didn’t think he could win a debate with Miss Karen, especially when she didn't seem to take her job very seriously. “Well, I guess. I mean, I can.”

“Ok then!” She brushed her hair behind her ear again. “Now, I've said sooo many times already, I've got things to do, and so do you. So, let's get you all out of here before you do anything else to throw my schedule off.”

Anon started to nod, then stopped with a jerk. “Wait...how did I throw off your schedule?”

Karen completely disregards Anon's question and instead turns to the mother-daughter pair, addressing the former. “I really am sorry about all this, Miss Vanilla. I sincerely hope Doctor Chelovek’s actions haven't diminished your opinion of humans in general.”

“Oh, goodness, no,” answered the mother bunny. “We know most humans are actually kind and caring. I'm sure that Mr Chelovek isn't a typical example of how humans feel about our kind.”
Karen slid over to Anon's side and nudged his ribs with an elbow like a giddy child. “You hear that?” It sounded like a whisper, but it was too loud to be one. “She thinks most humans are kind and caring.” Then she slapped a hand over her face and laughed a snorty little laugh. “She thinks most humans are kind and caring!”

“Um...we can hear you, you know.” Amy was standing cross armed, eyebrows arched, staring at the pair of humans.

“Right!” Karen slapped her hand on Anon's shoulder. The one that didn't have the backpack on it.

“Go on, Anon! Show your guests how kind and caring humans are! Be sure to go extra hard at it! You know, since you don't have anything else to do with your time. Not having a job and all anymore.”

Oh. Right. Anon had forgotten about his current lack of employment.

“Come on, Anon.” Amy stepped up and grabbed Anon by the hand when she saw him starting to sulk again. “I'm sure Miss Vanilla and Cream are ready to get out of here. Let's get them back to your place, ok? It'll be fine. Everything’ll be fine.”

“Yeah. Fine. Everything’ll be fine. Yeah.” Anon was in a bit of a trance. He was hearing the words, but he wasn't really listening. Amy guided him by the hand towards the exit, Cream and her mother following close behind.

The guards were a lot more easygoing on the way out than they had been on the way in. They remained stoically silent, but they nodded at the group as they passed by. One of them even looked like he might've been smiling.

At least they were able to park close to the building, so they didn't have to spend a lot of time looking for Anon's car. The girls decided amongst themselves that it'd be best if Amy rode shotgun while Cream and Vanilla sat together in the back. Amy had offered Vanilla the front seat, but she said she was fine riding in the back with her daughter, and Cream hadn’t objected. Anon deposited the backpack in the trunk before coming around to his seat.

The girls made small talk while Anon drove through the expansive parking lot, back towards the main road. The two in the back took turns asking questions about the town, which Amy did her best to answer. Of course, she hadn't been there that long herself, so she had to defer to Anon every so often for information on the things she still didn't know about. It turned out to be a pretty cheary, uneventful ride. Until..

Cream unexpectedly yelped and Vanilla gave a rather surprised sounding, “Oh my word!” Anon had no idea what all the commotion was about, so he instinctively slammed on the brakes. The tires screeched as the little sedan came to a halt.

“Is nobody going to talk about what happened back there?” Sticks had managed to push the middle section of the back seat down from the trunk and was crawling into the cab with everyone else. Anon had kind of forgotten she was back there...he was supposed to have pulled over once they were away from the Foundation lab and let her out. Oops.

Once she had made her way out of the trunk, she put the seat cushion back in place and made herself comfortable between Cream and Vanilla. Sticks looked from one shocked face to the other with a slightly confused look of her own and asked, “What, you've never seen someone crawl out of a trunk before?”

Anon broke out in a sweat. He knew this moment was coming, but now that it was here, he was
freaking out. He was going to have to explain how Sticks had mailed herself to his apartment, and how they were keeping her a secret from Miss Karen. Of course, they would end up telling her, and Sticks would be sent back to her own world, not to mention what kind of trouble he was going to be in. Anon wondered what it would be like to look through iron bars for the rest of his life, since he was probably going to go to prison.

“Wow!” Cream’s excited exclamation brought Anon out of his befuddled funk. “You really shipped yourself through the mail? In a box?”

Apparently, Amy and Sticks had taken the opportunity to explain things to the other two while Anon was still lost in his own imagination. And things were going better than Anon thought they would. Much better. Of course, when you always expect the worse to happen, things usually go better than you think they will. Most of the time.

“Don't worry,” Vanilla told him reassuringly when she noticed he was paying attention again. “Everyone's entitled to a secret or two.”

Well, that was nice. One less thing for Anon to stress over. He was still going to have to tell Miss Karen about Sticks one day, but he was glad that it didn't have to be this day. Why worry today about a problem you can put off until later, right? With that thought, Anon put the car back in gear and pulled back onto the road.

“So anyways, like I was saying.” Sticks called back all the attention to herself and her musings. “Doesn't anyone else think that guy looked like a villain? I can't be the only one that thinks so, right?”

Amy curiously asked, “Who are you talking about?”

“That guy!” Sticks answered so excitedly that her voice squeaked and cracked as she spoke. “The Doctor Chelovek guy. He's totally a villain. I can feel it in my skin.” Sticks started scratching at her arms to make her point.

“Oh, Sticks.” Amy sighed at her imaginative friend. “He is not a villain. Rude and unprofessional, sure. But not a villain. You're just being paranoid.”

“Am I being paranoid? Am I?” Sticks stopped pawing at her arms and shrugged. “Ok, maybe a little. But that doesn't mean I'm wrong!”

Amy rolled her eyes and sighed.

“I dunno, I think she might be right.” Of all people, it was Cream that was agreeing with Sticks. “I mean, he did act like bad guy. Maybe not like a actually villain-type bad guy, but he definitely acted like a bad person.”

Anon added his two cents while checking to make sure an intersection was clear. “He acted like a jerk, that's for sure.” There wasn't anyone coming, so Anon went ahead and made his turn.

Amy put a hand on her forehead and groaned. “Please don't encourage her.”

“You have to admit, he did seem a little familiar.” It was Vanilla’s turn to chime in. “Almost like I've met him before.”

“I know, right?” Sticks folder her arms over each other and frowned up. “But where could we have seen him before?”
Cream had an idea. “Maybe we met him last time we were here, and forgot about him?”

“Maybe.” Amy shrugged.

“No, that can't be it.” Sticks scratched her chin as she tried to figure things out.

“Why not,” asked Cream.

“Because this is the first time I've ever been to Anon's world before,” Sticks answered. “And I could swear I've seen the guy somewhere before.”

“Doesn't seem familiar to me,” Anon commented. He was more focused on driving than the conversation, but that didn't mean he didn't want to be a part of it.

Stick replied with, “That's because you've lived here your whole life.” A very Sticksish reply indeed.

Anon was going to respond, but he didn't know how to. Then he thought he had an idea, even raised a pointed finger. But then he lost it again. The best he could come up with was, “That...doesn't make any sense.” It didn't. Did Sticks care? Of course not.

Before long, they arrived at their destination; Anon’s humble little apartment. He flung open the door in a dramatic flair of showmanship, waiving an arm across his meager living room as if showing off a prized possession. “Voïà! Welcome, guests, to Manoir de Anòn! Two bedroom, one bath, and all the appliances you could ever need to live comfortably!”

“Oh.” Vanilla stood closest to Anon, looking past him into the room. “It looks very...cozy.” She was smiling pleasantly enough, but Anon lost a little bit of his bluster at her lack of enthusiasm.

“I thought it’d be bigger.” Cream followed her mother in as Anon continued to hold the door open for them. Her mother had already taken the wind from Anon's sail, but Cream’s less than optimal comment wilted him like a dry flower. She tilted her head a little, which made her lopped ears flop to one side. “If there are only two rooms, where will everyone sleep?”

“Um...” Anon froze. The world around faded away as he sank into his own mind. A mental blackboard was all he could see. He started grounding numbers, which didn't take long, because there weren't many numbers that needed to be ground. Two bedrooms. Five people. Take five from two. Anon had exactly negative three rooms.

But wait. You could fit more than one person in each room! That's right. Perhaps Cream and Vanilla could share a room. They were mother-daughter, he was sure they wouldn't mind bunking together. But...there was only one bed per room. Miss Vanilla was almost the same size as a regular person. Would she and her daughter comfortably fit in the little twin bed together? And that still left Amy and Sticks. There was no way the three of them could all share Anon’s room. Wait a second...that suddenly reminded him.

Anon snapped his head towards Sticks, who was sitting on the edge of his couch with her feet propped up on the little wooden coffee table. “Where the heck did you sleep last night?”

“What? In my room. Where else?” Her room? Where the hell was that?

Anon had to ask. “Where the hell is your room?”

“The little room in the kitchen,” Sticks answered. Her blue eyes sparkled mischievously as she pointed her thumb towards the kitchen. Right towards...the broom closet?
The four Mobian ladies all watched as Anon jumped over to the kitchen. The broom closet was just that, a single wooden door that was built into the wall of the kitchen. Anon had hardly ever used it. Honestly, he couldn't even remember the last time he had looked in there. No, he was a little scared to. Ok, Sticks was involved. He was very scared to. But open it, he must! And open it, he did.

“W-w-what’s this!!” Anon's broom closet was no longer a broom closet. It was a...very Sticked up room. Instead of a broom and dustpan leaning up, there was a cloth hammock made out of something that resembled burlap strung from one side to the other. The walls were coated with something that looked all crinkled up and reflective. Tinfoil. She had unrolled his roll of tinfoil and taped it to the walls.

“This is where I sleep,” Sticks casually answered. She had made her way over to his side while he gawked at the sight. “See?” She nudged her way past him and flopping into the hammock. There was just enough room between the two walls for her to fit, albeit with one leg hanging over the side. “I slept here.”

Anon was still confused. “But why is there tinfoil all over the wall?”

“Isn't that obvious?”

“If it was obvious, I wouldn't be asking.”

Sticks sighed. “It's to keep the government from filling my brain with radio waves and controlling my subliminal mind, of course. Oh, by the way. You ought to buy some more. I only had enough to do two layers. Everyone knows it's best to do three layers. Especially when you're dealing with a foreign government! Ya know, now that I'm thinking about it, your government is so foreign, I should probably do four layers. Just to be on the safe side.”

The wooden door creaked as Anon slowly closed it. Sticks protested to being shut in, but Anon paid her no mind. He was back in his mental classroom, scratching on the giant imaginary chalkboard with his make-believe chalk. One down, four more to go.

Maybe he was looking at things the wrong way. Sticks was sleeping in a renovated broom closet for crying out loud. Bedrooms were for sleeping in, but that didn't mean people had to sleep in a bedroom! That opened up several possibilities. Bathroom? No. Kitchen? Hmm.. .till no. Living room?

Ok. Anon thought he had everything figured out. Amy and Cream could share her room. They were besties, so they shouldn't mind sharing a room, and they were small enough that there would be plenty of room for them both in the bed. Anon would stay right where he'd been since the beginning, in his room. And Miss Vanilla? He had placed the marker that represented her right over...the couch.

Hmm. On second thought, that might not work out so well after all. It would be a little rude to ask her to sleep on the couch. Not only was she a guest, but she was a guest from an entirely different world, and Anon was representing the entire human race.

So what could he do? He was about to wipe the chalk board clean so he could start all over, but his hand stopped right before he could start erasing everything. It was so simple. Why hadn't he seen it before? Because he was a total retard, that's why. But anyways. He wiped away one mark, and then another. Then wrote one back down, with the other following suit. The Vanilla marker was now placed in his room, while his marker was the one placed over the couch. What would be more generous than a gracious host offering their own room to a guest? Such a selfless act was sure to earn him, and by extension, the entire human race, some good boy points.
The magic mental classroom faded away until Anon was back in the kitchen, still holding the broom closet door closed. Sticks was still fussing at him from the other side, but he had other issues to address before he worried about what she was saying. Which was mostly about what she was going to do to him when she got out.

“Aha!” Anon planted his feet firmly on the ground and pointed a finger directly at Cream. She was so surprised by Anon's outburst that her ears nearly stood on end. Anon had a stupid grin on his face as he exclaimed, “I've got it!”

Cream shrunk back a little closer to her mother and said, “What?”

“What?” Anon blinked dumbly. His pointer finger hung in the air, still aimed at a very nervous looking Cream.

“What have you got, Anon?” Amy looked puzzled, but she had seen enough of Anon to know that he was harmless, so she didn't seem too concerned with the way he was acting.

“Huh? Oh yeah!” Anon re-pointed his finger at Cream, which caused her to flinch again, and exploded with a second bought of energetic excitement. “You asked where everyone’s going to sleep! Well, I've figured it out!”

“O...k?” It didn't seem to Cream like that was the kind of thing to get so worked up about. She really didn't know a lot about Anon yet.

“Please tell us, Mister Kun.” Vanilla didn't look too worried about Anon. Actually, she seemed genuinely amused by his erratic behavior.

“Mister Kun was my dad,” Anon replied quickly. “I'm just Anon. Anyways. Sticks will sleep in her room. Er, I mean, the broom clos- her room.”

Anon paused and pulled the broom closet door back open. A very angry looking Sticks was standing there with her arms crossed over her chest. “It's about tim-”

Anon shut the door before she could finish her thought and went back to what he was saying. “Cream can share the backup room with Amy. Although it's really not a backup room anymore. I guess it's just Amy's room now..” Anon gave his noggin a shake to keep his train of thought on track. “And you, Miss Vanilla, you can stay in my room!” Anon grinned again, pleased with himself for having found a solution to such a (not so) serious dilemma.

“Oh please, just call me Vanilla.” She smiled that little pleasant smile she smiled. “But what about you, Anon?”

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Anon's grind lasted about three more seconds before it fizzled out. “Um...what about me?”

“Where are you gonna sleep?” Amy put her hands on her hips as she waited for an answer.

“Me? Sleep? Oh, oh, right!” Anon hopped back across the room and held his hands out at the couch, the dull brown, lifeless looking couch, like a used car salesman would do to an old jalopy he was trying to pass off as a hot rod. “I'll sleep here, on the couch!”

“No, no, no. That'll never do!” A look of concern crept over Vanilla’s normal bright and smiling face. “I would feel just awful if you had to sleep on the couch because of me! You stay in your room, and I'll take the couch.”

It was a trick. Anon knew it had to be. She was testing him, trying to see if he would actually stoop
so low as to make her sleep on the couch. He was wise to her scheme, and he wasn't going to fall for it! “I don't think so!” Anon was going to show her that he meant business. He did a twist and flopped his body across the entire length of the couch. “This is where I'm sleeping, and nothing you can say will change that!”

Vanilla’s courteous smile returned. “Well...ok. But only if you're sure.”

“I have never been more sure of anything in my life.” Anon rolled over onto his back, stretched his arms out, and crossed his hands under the back of his head. “See? I like sleeping on the couch! A lot of nights, when I'm too lazy to get up and go to my room, I just crash here anyways. So it'll be like normal for me!” Anon hadn't really meant to give away a secret like that, but he was too focused on trying to make his point to filter what he was saying.

Amy rolled her eyes and whispered a quiet, “Oh my god.” Vanilla laughed, but she tried to cover her mouth to hide it. Even Cream grinned at the way Anon was acting. The only one who didn't seem amused was Sticks, who came out of nowhere and pounced on Anon, sending him rolling onto the floor with a loud thud.

Peace soon returned to the Anon residence. Amy took Cream back to her room so she could start getting some of her things set up. Sticks came and went as she pleased. Anon didn't even bother asking where she was going or what she was doing. He was sure she wasn't leaving the apartment, which was the important part. Well, he was pretty sure she wasn't leaving the apartment...

That left Anon and Miss Vanilla, sitting on the couch together, albeit on opposite ends. Anon thumbed his fingers across his knees. The silence was getting a little awkward, even for him, but he wasn't sure what to try to talk about. He couldn't just sit there watching the TV without saying anything, though. He wasn't even sure what was on. It was that stupid dating show again. The one with the one guy with all the girls competing for his affection. What a scripted, made up load of crap. Like anything like that would ever really happen.

“So...” Anon stopped drumming and clapped his hands over his knees. He wanted to start a conversation. He opened his mouth. Nothing. Anon sighed.

“This is such a nice town you live in.” Vanilla was the one to fire up a conversation.

“You think so?” Anon never put much thought into how 'nice' The City was. It was just...where he lived.

“Oh, yes,” answered Vanilla. “Did you grow up here?”

“Like, when I was little?” When else do you grow up? “Nah. We moved around a lot when I was a kid because of my dad's work. We lived...” When Anon tried to draw up a mental map of all the places he had loved as a child, he drew a perfectly Anon shaped blank. “We used to lived a lot of places. All over, really. I guess.”

“And what kind of work did your father do?” Vanilla was showing more and more interest with the conversation.

“My dad? Well, he was.. um..” Anon might not have been able to remember where all he had lived, but he had no problem at all remembering his old man’s face. His dark eyes, those prominent cheekbones, the way he pulled his mustache into two long, thin lines, and that hat. That jet black, brimmed hat. “He’s, um...he does political work.” The mental image of Anon's father tipped his hat farewell as it vanished.
“That sounds fascinating!” Vanilla didn’t even seem to be saying it facetiously. She really seemed interested. “Do you have any plans to do the same kind of work as your father?”

“Oh, hell no.” Anon hadn’t meant to respond so rudely, or so loudly. He panicked and waved his hands as he tried to recompose himself. “I mean, I’m just not really into politics and stuff like my dad is. I’m more of a blue collar guy, know what I mean?” As of recently, he had become a no collar kind of guy, but he was trying not to think about that.

“Ah, I see.” She had been a little surprised by Anon’s original response, but by the time he had finished rambling, she was smiling her usual motherly smile again. “Well, I think it’s nice that you’re such an honest, hardworking young man. You don’t see many people your age who are so responsible as you these days.”

Anon didn’t see what the big deal was. He worked (or, he used to work, but he really was trying to keep that off his mind) so he could pay his bills. No one else was going to pay them for him. That is, until he got involved in the Human-Mobian relations project. Technically, someone was paying his bills for him now. Which was good, since he lost his job over it. Not ‘fired’. Just...temporary permanent leave.

There was someone else in the apartment that didn't really care how honest or hardworking Anon was. “Hey, Anon. You really oughta get some groceries soon. There ain't nothin' good to eat around here. And I even checked the dumpst-” Sticks closed the refrigerator door and looked around to make sure a certain someone hadn't heard her. “Did I say dumpster? What I mean was pantry. Yeah! I checked the pantry for leftover or thrown away food, but there was none there either.” Sticks spoke slow and loud, like she wanted to be sure someone heard her. She peeked around towards the hall that went to the bedrooms. Sticks grinned, satisfied that Amy hadn't heard her talking about doing something she wasn't supposed to do. “But yeah, I couldn't even find anything out in the dumpsters.”

“It is about time to get dinner started,” Vanilla said. She stood up and started straightening the edges of her dress.

Anon had a void where any sort of expression should be. He stared dumbfoundedly at her as she started making to the kitchen. “W-wait, what?”

“Dinner, Anon,” she answered over her shoulder. “I'm sure I can find something to whip up. Don't you worry about it, it's the least I can do to help.”

Another test! “Oh no you don't!” Anon sprang up from the couch and planted his feet on the floor. “I would never let a guest soil her hands in the kitchen like a maid!”

Now it was Vanilla’s turn to look lost. It really wasn't a bother. She enjoyed cooking as much as the next middle aged mother who enjoyed cooking. “Oh, Anon, it's quite alright. You don't have to worry about-”

Sticks barged her way into their conversation before Anon could reply again. “It's not about who can or can't cook.” She turned around and opened the door of the refrigerator door wide enough for them to see what was in it. Which was a whole bunch of nothing, except for a spider web with a little shivering spider sitting in the middle of it. “There's not even anything to cook!”

“Oh dear,” lamented Vanilla.

“Oh crap,” Anon added.
And then the drama started. Sticks fell to the floor and started dragging herself through the kitchen, past Vanilla, all the way to Anon’s feet. “Please~!” She clawed at Anon's pant leg, but he just kind of shook her off. She rolled over onto her back and kept the show going. “Anon, I'm starving! You have to find me something to eat, or else I'll...I'll...I'll eat this table!” Sticks rolled onto her side and grabbed the leg of the coffee table, which she promptly started biting.

“Hey, stop!” Anon reached down and grabbed Sticks by the waist. He tried pulling her away, but Sticks growled and started chewing even harder. “Bad badger, no chewing on the furniture! Those marks aren't gonna come out!” Anon tried prying her loose, even put his foot on the bottom rack of the coffee table to give him something to push against, but she was holding on too tightly for him to break her loose. “Amy!” he draws out the pink hedgehogs name in a shout, “Get the spray bottle! She's doing it again!”

As soon as she was called, Amy came from the hall, a clear plastic sprayer in her hand, and Cream on her heels.

“What's going on?” Cream stopped by her mother as Amy continued on towards Anon and Sticks.

“I'm...I'm not sure, dear,” her mother answered as they watched.

“Sticks, stop!” Amy pointed the end of the sprayer right at her friend. “I'm going to count to three! One...Twooo...” Amy shook the bottle at Sticks to show her she meant business. Sticks responded by clamping her chompers down as hard as she could. “Ok, Sticks! You leave me no choice! Three!”

Somewhere between Amy spraying and Anon pulling, they finally managed to get Sticks to let go of the coffee table. Not without it suffering some damage, though. A poor casualty of war, the coffee table. It never did anything but table coffee as best as it could.

“So, if Anon doesn't have any groceries, what are we going to do for dinner?” The question was on everyone's mind, but Cream was the one that verbalized it. Anon was too busy inspecting the tooth marks Sticks left on the leg of the coffee table to hear her.

Amy sat on the edge of the couch and brainstormed. “We could always eat out?”

“In, out, I don't care.” Sticks was sitting next to Amy on the couch, mostly so Amy would be close enough to stop her if she tried to do anything feral again. She was still wringing the water out of one of her bushels of hair. “Heck, I'd even eat everything in between. I'm starving!”

“You're not starving.” Amy cut Sticks a sidelong glare.

Vanilla did a quick count on the fingers of one hand. “It might be hard to find somewhere that could seat so many people without a reservation, though.”

“What else can we do?” Cream poked at her bottom lip as she tried to help come up with a solution. “Can't we just go to the store and buy something to fix here? After all, mom is a better cook than anyone at any restaurant.”

“Thank you, dear,” Vanilla replied, giving her daughter a pat on the head. Cream seemed pleased at her mother's show of affection, albeit slightly embarrassed that she did it in front of everyone else. “But I'm afraid it would take a while to make a trip to the store. By the time we got back and I made anything up, poor little Sticks would be famished.”

“Oh, Sticks will be fine, really,” Amy rolled her eyes.
Sticks flopped back against the couch and moaned. “Famished!”

Cream bunched her brow up. “We'd have to wait if we went somewhere, but it would take a while to get the stuff to cook something here, too.” She sighed and looked defeated. “So what can we do?”

“Famished--...” Sticks reached a hand up in the air like the was grasping at something. But she made a few gurgling noises and gasped before collapsing into a big pile of playing dead. Except that she peeked a bright blue eye open at Amy and gave her one last, “Famished.”

Amy placed a hand over her face and pulled it down. If Sticks had been any more theatrical, it would have earned her an award. But there was still the problem of what to do for dinner. There were five mouths to feed, and one of them was only going to get more and more annoying until they fed her

“Yeah. Yeah, that's right. Ok. Thanks!” All eyes turned to Anon. He ended his call and went to put his phone back in his pocket when he noticed that everyone was staring at him. He blinked stupidly up at the room full of Mobians. “I...ordered us some pizzas.” He focused his view on Vanilla and Cream as he sheepishly added, “Is that ok? You guys ok with pizza?”

Cream answered for the pair. “Uh, y-yeah.”

Everyone had been so busy worrying about what to do, and dealing with Sticks, that no one had even noticed that Anon had stood there and dialed the pizzaria. One of the few perks of being Anon was that he could get away with doing stuff around people. Half the time, they didn't notice he was there, and the other half of the time, they didn't care.

Vanilla shrugged her shoulders. “I guess I'll have to fix dinner another day.”

Anon turned towards her with a smoldering glare. She was determined into tricking him into letting her do something un-guestlike. Well, he should show her one way or another. He wasn't about to set a bad example for his fellow humans! Not that his fellow humans had ever done much for him. But that was beside the point. This was his responsibility to bare, his duty, his calling, and by jove, he was going to do it!

“Is everything alright, Anon?” Vanilla stepped a little close to Anon. His face was as red as a beet and he had his eyes squinted so tightly that they were barely even open. She placed the backside of her hand on his forehead. Just like she thought, he felt a little warm! “Why, Anon! You're burning up with a fever. I hope you're not coming down with anything!”

“I'm. Just. Fine.” Anon wasn't going to let this rascally rabbit lure him into her trap. It seemed like she wanted to help out, but Anon knew better. He was too smart for her! He was making an ass out of himself was what he was doing.

“Mo~om.” Cream tugged on her mother’s sleeve until she turned around. She craned her head up to Vanilla’s ear, cupped her hand over her mouth and whispered. “Don’t you think you're treating Anon like a little kid? He is older than Amy, you know.”

Vanilla nodded in acknowledgement of her daughter's statement. “You're absolutely right, dear.” And then to Anon. “I'm sorry, Anon. You must think that I'm being a terrible guest. I suppose I'm just not used to being taken care of by someone else. I should...I could relax a little more.”

The gauge that showed how well Anon understood his current situation went from it's usual position down at mildly confused all the way up to flabbergasted in one swift shot. He had spent
this whole time thinking that Vanilla was trying to pull one over on him, but her last statement threw him for a loop. Not a normal loop, either. One of the double twisty over under loops like you make out of plastic tracks for your little diecast cars to race down.

“Um, yeah. Ok. Sounds good.” Anon probably blinked a half dozen times, maybe more. Who counts blinks? He was trying to wrap his race car track looped mind around what was going on. Was she trying to set him up again?

There was no time to think about it. Tap-tap-tap came the knock from the door. Who could that be? Anon rattled his head free of his confusion and went to answer it.

“Sup, dude?” It was everyone's favorite pizza delivery guy, Todd, with his wavy blonde hair and his red and white pizzaria uniform. He was standing right outside the door when Anon opened it. Like, right outside the door. An uncomfortably close kind of right outside the door. He greeted Anon with a lazy pizza delivery guy kind of smile, while balancing a pair of pizza boxes stacked one on top of the other on the flat of his upturned hand. “You guys, like, order some pizza?”

“Y-yeah. But, that was...it's only been...” Anon didn't check what time it was when he actually placed the order, but he knew it had only been a few minutes at most. “How the hell did you get it here so fast?”

“Dude. Delivery is like literally my job. Literally.” Todd gave Anon an upward chin nod and bounced his eyebrows one good time. “You could even say it's my job. Oh, wait. It is my job, isn't it? Chyeah.” His optimistic attitude seemed to know no bounds.

“But..” Anon was still shocked at how quickly he had arrived, even after hearing such a thorough explanation. “It takes longer than that just to cook the pizzas!”

“Oh, right.” Todd nodded and frowned up for a second like it was the first time he had thought about that, but quickly perked right back up and explained. “We keep a pizza or two on the shelf ready to go, ya know, incase you ever call. Like you did. Pretty smart, eh, bro?”

Anon blinked. “You...you really keep pizzas ready just in case I make an order?”

“That's what I said, dude.”

Anon was at a loss for words. He tried collecting a few syllables here and there until he could put them together to form a rudimentary question. “Why...would you do that?”

Todd scoffed Anon's question aside. “Isn't it obvious, my dude?”

“No, my dude,” Anon mocked his unique colloquialism, “It is not obvious. Why would a pizza place keep a bunch of pizzas ready in case one random person orders one?”

“Bro! You're not just one random person, dude!” Todd seemed a little distraught that Anon had referred to himself in such a way.

“I'm not?” That was news to him. Anon has always been just some rando. It was sort of who he was.

“No way, dude.” Todd laughed through his words as he spoke. “You're totally special. Like, totes magotes, dude.”

“For real?”
“For realsies, dude.” Todd leaned his head to the side far enough that he could see past Anon into the apartment. “You know, because you’re in that cool experiment thing, with the alien chick.” Todd saw what he was looking for. Actually, much to his pleasant surprise, he saw more than what he expected. The last time he had been here, Amy was Anon’s only guest. Now there were four female Mobians filling his living room. Todd’s lazy eyelids almost opened all the way when he saw the small crowd. “Holy moley, dude. You’ve got to be, like, the absolute luckiest bro ever!”

Anon didn't feel like he was very lucky. The second he started to think he might be special, and it turns out it wasn't actually because of him, but because he was in the Mobian-Human Relations program. Back to being just another rando. “Yeah, I guess so,” Anon said as he slouched his shoulders.

Todd wasn't listening. He was looking. His eyes were two fat kids, and the inside of Anon's apartment was a candy store. “Dude!” Todd spoke in a whisper. He edged up close to Anon so he could keep their conversation private. “What is up, my main man?”

“W-w-what are you talking about?” Anon tried to retreat, but Todd threw an arm over his shoulder before he could get anywhere. The professional pizza dropper offer was so close that he was rubbing his two day shadow up against Anon’s cheek. No sense of personal space whatsoever.

“I'm talking about the house full of space babes, brah.” Todd's eyebrows bounced up and down most deviously.

“They...they're not space aliens, you know. They come from another dimension, not the moon.”

“He~ey.” Todd shrugged while still shoulder hugging Anon, giving him an unwanted shake. “Interdimensional booty is just as good as space booty, right?”

“I guess so?” Anon suddenly caught on to where this conversation was going. He lifted Todd's arm off from around his shoulder and backed away. “I m-mean no, it's not! Not that I would know. I wouldn't. I don't!” But he would. And he had. But he certainly couldn't let anyone know about it.

“And would you get a load of that.” Todd still wasn't listening. “Total milf, bro.” He was speaking about Vanilla, of course. “Bunny milf, dude. Interdimensional space bunny milf.”

Anon looked back. Vanilla, nor any of the other, was paying him any mind. She was talking to her daughter about something, who knew what, but noticed when Anon gave her a look and stopped talking long enough to shoot him a quick smile before returning to her own conversation.

He couldn't deny that she did have a pretty nice figure for an interdimensional space bunny milf. The dress she wore wasn't very revealing, but it hugged her body in all the right places to accentuate her body without being too showy. Anon had never really shown much interest in older women, but a nice body was a nice body. Besides, Vanilla didn't seem that old. Of course, he had no idea how old she actually was. Or how Mobians ‘aged’. She was old enough to have a daughter. But Cream was still kind of young, so that didn't mean much.

Anon shook his head so hard he could feel his cheeks flopping back and forth. What was he thinking? About what Vanilla looked like under her dress, that's what. But he knew he shouldn't be. It was one thing to think about Amy like that, she was a young, vibrant, sexual girl, and close to his own age. At least, Anon was pretty sure she was around his age. And Sticks? Well, she was a pretty wild...free spirited girl, who didn't seem to care about society’s strict views on what a girl should do, or who they did it with. But Vanilla? Totally different story. She was...well, she was a mom. That's exactly how she acted. Like a mom. And you weren't supposed to think like that about mothers. And Anon never really had. Before. Then again, he'd never expected to have a tight
bodied little Mobian milf staying at his apartment, either.

“Bro? Hello, earth to Anon. You in there, dude?” Todd waved a had in front of Anon's blank face.

Startled, Anon blurted out the first thing that came to his mind. “I wasn't thinking about her!”

“Yeah, no, that's cool dude, whatever. But, like, I can't stay all night. Got other pies to sling.” Todd took the double stacked pizza boxes and pushed then into Anon's chest.

“Oh, uh, yeah, right..” Anon looked around for a place to set them down. The coffee table was only a step and a half away and served nicely. “Hang on, let me find my wallet so-”

“Did I forget to tell you?”

“Tell me what?” Anon stopped patting his pockets.

Todd answered with a grin and a nod. “The pizzas are on the house, dude.”

“You mean...like...they're free?” Anon was.. yes, yes. Anon was confused. Big surprise.

“That's what on the house meant, last time I checked.” Todd scratched through his thick, golden locks and pursed his lips up a bit. “Ya know, I haven't ever actually checked if that's what it means or not. But, chyeah, we're gonna go with that.’

“H-h-hang on a second.” Anon waved his hands about to stop Todd's rambling and then held them palm up while he went about questioning the situation. “Why would a pizza give away free pizza? Not only that, but have them on hand and ready to go at a moment's notice.. for free ?”

Sticks gave her opinion before the delivery boy had a chance to answer. “It's obviously because they're trying to test out a new mind altering drug, and they're using free food to distribute to mooks like you.” She was down on all fours on the coffee table, barely lifting the top pizza box open to peek in. Luckily, her tail end was pointed away from them, because the way she was knelt down had her little badger ass stuck up in the air, and anyone that wasn't blind would've seen what she had under her little hide skirt. “You know, like MKUltra, but with pizza.”

“It's not like MKUltr-” Anon stopped mid sentence. He slung an accusational finger towards Sticks and barked. “How do you even know about project MKUltra?!”

“Hey, you have to keep up with these things,” was all she replied.

“...Whatever.” Anon reached over and slipped his arm around her waist, hoisting her up and holding her against his side like a sack of taters, completely ignoring her protests. He was more interested in hearing what Todd had to say. “So, tell me what's up with the free pizza.”

“Oh yeah, that. Kinda my idea, actually.” Todd's head bobbed up and as he grinned a big ol’ self satisfied grin.

Anon waited, but nothing happened. He shrugged his one free arm to try to get Todd to get on with it. By now, Sticks had stopped trying to kick herself loose, but Anon didn't want to chance putting her back down yet.

Todd ran his fingers through his full, luscious hair. “Right, right. My bad, dude. See, I told my boss man back at the shop about, ya know, you and your special guest. Told him it'd be cool if we were, like, the pizza place that delivered to the guy with the cute alien girls staying with him.” Todd didn't seem to notice when Anon tried to tell him they weren’t aliens again. “Ya know, dude, not
just the pizza place, but like the pizza place. And since you order so many pizzas, we kinda already know what you're gonna order. Man, you order a lot of pizzas, dude. You must, like, never cook or anything. Anyways. My boss man was like, yeah, cool, that's a great idea, keep some pizza on deck for this guy. So, we do. And the whole free thing? He figures we can make it up with all the extra business we're gonna pick up once you- oh, snap! I forgot about that part, bro.”

Anon felt his body go slack. Slack enough that the little badger under his arms slipped loose. Anon knew there would be a catch. There was always a catch. Nothing in life was ever free, especially pizza. “What? What is it?”

“Oh, just, uh...my boss man wanted me to tell you, I mean ask you, to, uh...” Todd scratched the itchy stubble on his chin. It was a weird experience for Anon to see someone else struggle with their words for once. Todd finally cleared his throat and pulled himself together. “You think you could stop by the pizza place sometime, dude? And, like, the ladies too.”

So that was it. “I see.” Anon gave slow, thoughtful nod. “Your boss wants me to parade the girls in there so he can cash in on their popularity?”

Todd shot Anon a thumbs up. “Chyeah, that's it.”

How deplorable! This guy was talking about them like they were just animals! Anon imagined the group sitting in a room full of people pointing, snickering, camera light flashing all around. Sure, they might not be human, and they might be from a different reality, but they were still people, not some pretty sideshow circus attractions. Well, maybe Sticks. Ok, not even Sticks. “That is a horrible idea!”

“Don't forget about the free pizza, dude.”

Anon's rage quickly shrank. “Oh yeah, I forgot about that part.” The imaginary paparazzi were replaced by piles of pizza boxes stacked so high, that no one could even see them. “What about bread sticks?”

“Of course, bro.”

“With cheese? Not just the dry ones.”

“Definitely cheesy, dude.”

“And drinks? What about drinks?”

“Free refills all day long.”

Anon ran his finger and thumb down his chin. There were a lot of factors to consider. Actually, there wasn't. Free pizza. And cheesy bread. And drinks. “Yeah, no, that's cool. Tell him we'll stop by some time.”

Todd lifted a closed hand and grinned. “My man!”

“Uh, yeah...” Anon gave the weakest excuse of a fist bump, but Todd didn't seem to mind.

“Alright! Well I'll be seeing you later then, dude.” Todd shifted his weight so he could look around Anon. “I hope you ladies have a good evening!” He caught Vanilla's eye and grinned. “Especially you, ma'am.” With that, he backed out of the doorway and gave Anon a little salute. He shot Anon the double guns as he backpedaled away, adding a few more my mans and dudes as he went before Anon finally closed the door.
“He seemed like a nice young man.” Vanilla smiled at Anon as he turned around and leaned against the door. “Is he a friend of yours?”

A friend? He was just the pizza delivery guy. Anon saw him pretty regularly, probably often than most people saw their pizza delivery guys, but that didn't make them friends. Anon didn't know anything about him, other than his name. And that he brought him hot, delicious pizza in thirty minutes or else. “Not really, no.”

“Oh, that's a shame.” Vanilla was still smiling, but her expression had changed just enough that it was making Anon feel bad for having said no. “Maybe you should invite him over sometime.”

“I don't think that would be...a...good...” Anon watched as Vanilla's face softened a little with each word until she was practically frowning. There was something about the way she looked that was ramping up the guilt effect. He couldn't even finish his initial thought. “Y-yeah, I'll, uh...I'll definitely do that.”

“That's great and all.” Sticks was sitting on the coffee table by the pizza boxes. She had already opened the top one and had pulled a piece loose, poking at the toppings while the hot, stringy cheese ran off the side.

“Sticks!” Amy planted her fists in her hips. “At least use a plate when you eat!”

“No way,” Sticks replied. “Pizza’s totally a no-plate food, right, Anon?” She didn't wait for an answer. She wrinkled her nose at Amy tauntingly before taking a huge bit of her pizza. Which ended up being a horrible mistake. Pizza went flying as Sticks reeled back and shouted. “That's freakin’ hot!”

As the evening wore on, things started to calm down. Dinner went over well enough. There was hardly any pizza left when they were done, which was always a good sign. Getting Sticks to use a plate ended up being a wasted effort, but it all worked out in the end somehow.

Vanilla insisted on helping Anon clean up afterwards, but he politely refused her help. He said that it was only a few dishes, so it wouldn't be an issue, but the truth was there were more dishes to wash than he had ever had to wash at any one time before. Anon had gone an entire week without washing before and still didn't have as much to wash as after a meal with five people. Of course, he had some of those dishes more than once during that week. Hey, if they weren't too dirty, why not? It saved water. Good for the environment. But Anon decided, while he was elbow deep in hot, greasy water, that next time he might take Vanilla up on her offer to help.

Speaking of Vanilla, she had headed to the back to hop in the shower. Said she wanted to go ahead and get that out of the way before it got too late in the evening. The other three girls had discovered the power of cable television. They were watching one of those animated family movies where all the people were animals. Anon wasn't sure if it was the one where they were having the talent show or the one about the cops. He couldn't tell from in the kitchen. Anon secretly wished he was watching it with them. Those cheesy animated movies were one of his guilty pleasures, but he was too embarrassed to let them know that.

He finished wiping off the last plate and set it on the rack with all the others to dry. There, that wasn't as bad as he thought it'd be. Normally, washing even a single dish felt like a total chore, but it didn't really bug him so much this time. There was something about having other people in the apartment with him that made doing mundane stuff like washing dishes feel a lot more...bearable.
Now that he was done, Anon thought he might as well pop in on the girls and see how they were doing. And he kind of also wanted to see which movie it was they were watching. Except when he walked close enough to see the tv, it was on a commercial break.

Damn. And one is for that stupid dating show that everyone was so crazy about. One guy living in a mansion full of hot women. That was supposed to be every guy's fantasy, right? Ugh. Anon stared at the television screen as it showed short clips from the upcoming episode. He couldn't imagine a show looking any more staged and fake than this mess.

“What's up, Anon?” Amy saw that Anon was staring at the tv in a daze.

“What?” The commercial was over anyway, so Anon peeled his eyes away from the screen and looked over at the couch, where the girls were sitting.

Amy was sitting by the arm on one side, with Cream sitting close by. Sticks was by herself on the other end, with an elbow propped up on the couch arm, resting her cheek on her balled fist. It was easy to tell from the drool on the side of her mouth and her barely open eyes that she wasn't all that interested in the movie. There were plenty of other things she would rather have been doing, but most of them were against the list of rules Amy had made for her.

“You were doing that thing where you look like you're a hundred miles away again.” Amy had only been staying with Anon for a few days, and she had already seen him space out enough times to call him out on it.

“Huh? What? Nooo!” Anon said in his best Mark Wahlberg impression. Of course, Amy having no idea who that was just cut her eyes at him like he had just lost his mind. For a second, he thought he had. So he un-Wahlberged and went back to being regular ol’ Anon. “So, um...anyways. How are you guys doing? Everyone ok?” Smooth, Anon.

Cream perked up and answered in Amy’s stead. “Yeah, we're pretty good. Isn't that right, Amy?”

“Mhmm.” Amy nodded in agreement. “You want to join us? There's plenty of room.” She wasn't lying. All three girls together barely took up half the couch. But space wasn't the issue. Anon was trying to keep up the facade that he didn't want to flop right down on the couch with them, when he did.

“Nah, I'm good. I'll just, uh...” Quick, think of an excuse anon, think of one….Crap. There wasn't really much else to do. “I'll, um...I think I'll just go chill in my room for a little while.”

“But wasn't mom gonna be staying in your room?” It was cute the way Cream's ears flopped over when she tilted her head.

“Oh, yeah...” Well shit Anon had forgotten about that particular little detail. But he couldn't let them know that. “I-I mean, of course she is! What I meant was that I’m going to, uh...I need to get some of my things ready before she stays there. I don't want to have to bust in on your mom every time I need to get something from my room, ya know?”

“I...I guess that makes sense.” Cream seemed to have fallen for Anon's ruse. Amy smiled flatly, and Anon could have swore that she was shaking her head just a tiny bit. She was too smart for him! His tall tales weren't really all that tall, to be honest. It was more surprising that Cream actually did believe the absurdity that sometimes spewed from his mouth.

“Ok! Well...I'll...just be back here then.” Anon motioned over his shoulder towards the hallway in the back.
“Radio transmitters in the fillings!” Everyone snapped their heads towards Sticks when she shouted and sat up, her bright blue eyes were opened as wide as they could be. There she sat, staring ahead with an unfocused gaze. Everyone held their breaths and waited to see what she was going to do next. A moment later, and she collapsed back over the arm of the couch and started snoring.

“Right, well...” Anon nervously edged away from the couch. “I'll just...I'm gonna go.” And go he went.

Once he got back to his room, Anon found himself at a complete loss as to what to do. He stood in the middle of the room and thumped his hands together. One thing he did have the mind to do was exactly what he said he was going to do. Sure, he had spouted all that noise about getting some of his things together on a whim, but it made sense. If he was going to let someone else stay in his room, he would need to keep some clothes handy. ‘Hey, Miss Vanilla, I need to come in and grab from fresh underwear!’ Yeah, no. That wouldn't work.

By the bed was the same backpack he had used to hide Sticks in earlier that day. Looks like it had another job to do! Anon grabbed it and went over to his drawer. He wasn't very picky, he just grabbed whatever clothes were on top and started stuffing them into the backpack. A couple tee-shirts, a pair or two of shorts, some jeans, and let's not forget a pair or two of clean underwear and socks.

There. All packed! Now he was ready to move out of his own room and sleep on the couch for...he wasn't sure how long it was going to be for. Well, no backing out of it now.

Anon flopped his backpack down on the floor by the door so he could grab it on his way out, then flopped himself down on the edge of his bed and heaved a sigh. Now all he needed to do was find a way to kill time for the rest of the evening. He really wished he had taken up the offer to watch that movie. He couldn't very well go back in there now, or he would look like an even bigger doofus. Damn.

Anon sat there, pondering his situation. Something he had been doing a lot lately. And as he pondered, he started doing something else. Listening. Anon didn't even notice that he was doing it first. But he was. Listening to the sound of the shower running in the adjacent bathroom.

Damn those thin walls! The moment he noticed what it was that he heard, his mind raced back to the last time he had listened to the shower running from his room. Amy had been in the shower that time, and he had gone full-on creeper and listened through the wall while she bathed. The thought of a tight bodied young girl naked and bathing with just a thin wall separating them had been more than Anon's sex crazed mind could handle, and he had let his imagination run wild. And now it was starting to run wild again, only this time it wasn’t the thought of a tight bodied young Amy, but of a well proportioned, middle age mother. Cream’s mother. Vanilla.

Anon shook his head. Hard. No, no, no! Get it together, Anon. The last thing he needed to do was start thinking about another one of his guests like that. It probably wasn't a good thing that he had already slept with the first two. Anon thought that was good enough. More than enough! His penis did not agree. It didn't have any concept of 'too much sex'. Already, it was trying to poke it's way out of his pants.

Well shit. He put his hands on his erection and tried to push it back down. That didn't work very well. Anon needed a distraction, and he needed one quick! He looked this way. He looked that way. Aha! He found something that could totally block out the sounds of the shower, and hopefully clear his mind before his imagination ran any more wild.
Anon slid over to the other side of his room. He knelt down by the little black amplifier that had sat forgotten for so long over in the corner. He picked the thick black headphones up, put them over his ears, and plugged them up. He reached over and took the bass guitar off the tripod and plugged it in as well before switching the amp on. It was small, but not too small for him to sit on, so he parked his behind on it and took a long, slow breath.

It had been ages since he had strummed these strings. He ran his hand over the body of the instrument. Its dark blue metallic face was polished to a mirror like finish. Anon liked blue. It was a good color. Although lately he had grown kind of partial to pink as well. Anyways. The little plastic pick was wedged between the strings. Anon pinched in between his thumb and finger and strummed it across the strings.

And then he nearly shit himself. He hadn't thought to check how high he had the volume turned up on his amp. He jumped up as an ear splitting tone rung through his head. The headphones’ short cord went tight and jerked his head back. Anon ended up falling back, landing on his ass with his bass sitting in his lap and his headphones turned sideways across his face.

Take two. Anon had straightened himself back out, and turned the amp down to reasonable volume. Alright. Anon was still a little nervous. Almost making yourself go deaf once an evening was enough, Anon didn't want to accidentally do his eardrums in a second time. He checked the volume knob one more time to make sure it was ok. Check.

Things went a lot smoother this time. Anon put the pick to the strings and plucked them one at a time. E. A. D. G...the G string was a little flat. Anon chuckled to himself. G string. Ha. He twisted the key at the top of the bass guitar’s neck a little and plucked the string again. Much better. Anon kept picking at the strings. Not in any particular order at first. He was still trying to get the feel of things back. After a minute or two, I had all started coming back to him. Before long, he was strumming the opening bit to Sweet Home Alabama. He didn't really like that song, but it was easy to play.

Anon's plan to distract himself with music had worked. Not only could he no longer hear the sound of the shower, he had forgotten about Vanilla and her bathing altogether! Which might actually have turned out to be a bad thing. Anon was so distracted, that he didn't even notice his bedroom door being closed, or the lock being turned to keep it from being opened. He didn't notice Vanilla standing there with a pink bathrobe tied around her body, and one of his plain white bath towels wrapped around the top of her head. He didn't notice the way she was looking at him. He didn't even notice that she was slowly walking towards him.

Anon had moved on past country music and started playing old church hymns, namely Amazing Grace. Simple, classic, hard to go wrong. Everything was going well until he dropped his pick. How it managed to slip out of his fingers was anyone's guess. It hit the floor and rolled away. Anon leaned forward and reached for it. He kept rolling, so he kept reaching. Until it rolled right between Vanilla's feet.

He froze. Anon hadn't expected to see feet. Especially not her feet. He slowly looked up until their eyes met. She was staring down at him with a smile on her face, but it wasn't the same soft, motherly smile she usually had.

"Why, hello, Anon." Vanilla grinned. Too bad he couldn't hear her.

"W-what?" Anon spoke loudly, his hearing muffled by the big headphones over his ears. He quickly realized what the problem was and snatched them off his head, hanging them around his neck. "M-Miss Vanilla! I, uh, I didn't hear you come in. My bad..."
“Don't worry about it, Anon,” she replied. “I could tell you were a little...distracted.” She noted and took a short step back and lowered herself onto the edge of his bed. Then she took the towel off her head, letting her long ears tumble down her back. She uses the towel to dry her ginger orange hair, never taking her eyes off of Anon as he finally picked the pick up.

“I-I'm sorry, I didn't think you'd be out of the shower so soon.” He went to stand up, but the headphone cord snatched again and almost pulled him back down. Anon quickly jerked back up and started untangling cords and throwing everything back in place. “I just came in here to get a few things, and then...well, you see, the girls were watching a movie, a-and I didn't want to bother them, so I was just, and then, but then you, and now I-”

Anon finally wiggled the pick back between the strings of the bass and set the instrument back on its rack. He was going to spew more apologies and excuses, but when he turned around, Vanilla was standing almost right on him. Anon jumped back, but there wasn't anywhere to go since he was already up against the wall, so he ended up sliding back down on top of the amp.

“Don't worry about it,” Vanilla reassured him. “Actually, I'm glad I caught you here.”

“R-really?” Anon blinked.

“Oh, yes.” Vanilla had fluffed her hair up once she had finished drying it. She tossed the towel on the corner of the bed now that she was done with it. “I wanted to thank you for letting me and Cream stay here.”

“That's, well...I mean, it's n-nothing, really.” Anon hadn't really had much of a say in the matter, but that was a moot point now.

“Oh, no. It was very kind of you.” Vanilla started pulling at the knot in the cloth belt wrapped around her bathrobe as she spoke. “And I think kindness shouldn't go unpaid. Don't you agree?”

“W-well, I guess so?” Anon was completely oblivious to the ever loosening knot in Vanilla's belt. “I mean, no. Well, yes, but, I mean...it's o-ok, really. You two are guests. I don't mind. It's actually nice having people around for a change.”

“Really, I insist you let me do something to repay your generosity.” There, she finally got the knot all the way untied.

Anon thought she was about to offer to help out with the chores again. And after having to wash all those dishes and clean up by himself earlier, he was more than ready to accept such an offer this time. “Oh, uh, yeah. I mean, that's cool. If you really want to, I guess-”

The room went silent as Vanilla's robe fell to the floor. Helping out with the chores was not what she was talking about. Anon was dumbfounded. More so than usual. He was dumbfounded by the amazing and very naked body standing in front of him.

Vanilla wasn't a rabbit. She was a fox! The word milf barely began to describe her. Her breasts were full and round. They might not have been as perky as Amy's, but they were still top tier boobies. The cool air had her nipples nice and stiff. Her waist curved in slightly, and then her hips. Damn, those were some nice hips. Childbearing hips. That had beared a child. And still looked amazing. Vanilla wasn't the kind of milf that was just called a milf because she was older and had a kid. She was a straight up milf.

She stepped out of the pile of bathrobe around her feet and walked across the room over to Anon. He was frozen in place by both shock and amazement. The way her body swayed as she walked
was hypnotic. Anon was having a hard time tearing his eyes away from Vanilla's chest as she
approached. They seemed to bounce around with every step she took, until she finally stopped.
Vanilla leaned down to get closer to Anon, which made her voluptuous bosom hang down right in
front of Anon’s face. Anon’s eyes swung back and forth like a pair of pendulums as he stared at the
pair of perfectly round chest melons.

“Up here, Anon.” Vanilla was smiling when Anon turned his gaze up to meet her eyes.

Anon tried to shake the stupid look off his face, but it was simply too stupid to be shaken off. He
could feel his face going red. Why was he so embarrassed? It's not like he had never seen a pair of
boobs in his face before. It's not like getting to second base was new to him. Hell, these last few
days, Anon had been getting to all the bases. So why was he sitting here acting like such a
permavirg? Because he was autistic as fuck and didn't know any better, that's why.

“W-w-what are you d-doing, Miss Vanilla?” Anon didn't think it was possible to make himself feel
more awkward, but referring to the naked lady with her tits all in his face as 'miss' did the trick.

Vanilla brought a hand to her mouth and chuckled. “Well, you see, Anon, the thing is, I sort of
have a little secret.”

Well, that didn't make Anon feel any more comfortable. “A s-secret..?”

“Mhmm.” She reached forward and placed her hands against the bedroom wall, one on each side of
Anon’s head. “The truth is, I'm a humie.”

“A hu..” Anon blinked a bit. His nervous embarrassment was temporarily replaced with a sense of
confused curiosity. “What's a hue-me ?”

Vanilla made a noise that was something like a scoff mixed with a laugh. She hadn't thought she
would need to spell things out for Anon, but she didn't really mind. “A humie is someone from my
world that's into people from your world.”

“I-into..?” Nope. Anon wasn't getting it.

“Yeah.” Vanilla leaned in closer. Like, real close. So close that her nose was almost touching
Anon’s. “ Into . Like this .” Then she pressed her lips against his.

Anon didn't know what to do. His senses were suddenly overloaded. He could feel the heat coming
off of her face. He could smell her damp fur, which smelled an awful lot like his conditioner. He
could even taste her tongue- Hooboy, she had slipped him the tongue! Anon was so shocked that
he forgot to kiss back. Like most good things in his life, by the time he made sense of what was
happening, it was over. Anon was still sitting there making octopus lips when Vanilla pulled her
face away. Well, that was unexpected!

Vanilla seized the opportunity. She got down on her knees and started working on getting his pants
opened while he was still too shocked to protest. Getting the button unfastened and the zipper
down was the easy part. The real issue was getting to Anon’s particulars. His peen had gotten hard
at a weird angle, and she wasn't having any luck fishing it out of his undies. And since he was still
sitting, Vanilla couldn’t pull his pants any farther down than they already were. She was so close
to getting her hands (and other parts) on a human cock, yet still so far away. Why did human males
have to wear so much clothing? Mobian men hardly wore anything. It made getting down to
business so much easier.

After much effort, Vanilla was finally able to pry his penis straight. All that grabbing and pulling
had only made it get harder, so it sprung up all tall and proud. It also snapped Anon out of his daze.

He was still puckered up when he came to, so he was a little surprised when he found himself sucking at the air, instead of a face. He was also pretty surprised to find Vanilla at his waist, staring his stiffy with hearts in her eyes. Hearts in her eyes? How the hell did that work? Wait, no, there were more important things to worry about. Like, why his dick was even out!

“M-M-Miss Van-n-nilla!”

Nope. She didn't hear him. She was too fixated on what was in front of her face. A nice, hard, human cock. “It's...it's magnificent!”

“Magnificent?” Anon knew he didn't have a sad micropenis, he’d have an hero’d long ago if he did, but he couldn't remember ever hearing anyone call it magnificent.

But again, his words were wasted on ears that weren't listening. Vanilla couldn't wait to get her hands on her prize. Anon squeaked when she wrapped her fingers around the shaft of his dick. “I can't believe it,” she said to no one in particular as she slowly ran her fingers up and down the length of his 'magnificent' member. “At last, a real human cock!” Vanilla finally stopped staring at Anon’s crotch and looked up at his face. She was smiling, but it wasn’t her usual gentle motherly smile. No, this smile wasn't comforting at all. And her eyes! The way she was leering at him made him break out in a brand new layer or cold sweat. At least her pupils were back to normal, for whatever that was worth.

“Miss Vanilla, we really shouldn't be doing this,” was what Anon’s mouth said. But his body was saying something completely different. Up in Anon’s brain room, the custodians worked frantically to control the situation. Logic slammed his fist down on a console in frustration as more and more warning lights began to go off. Self Control pointed and waved, directing the little brain Anons this way and that, but there were too many problems, and not enough brain power to go around.

Vanilla set off even more alarms when she gave his dick a good squeeze. “I have to disagree. You see, the last time I was here, I didn't have a chance to satisfy my urges. But I promised myself if I ever came back to your world, I was going to find a nice young stud to fuck, and that I wouldn't stop until he'd filled all my holes.”

All the alarms that went off when she said that! Logic had given up all hope and curled up into a ball on the floor. Self Control was at his wit’s end, but he was doing everything he could to maintain some degree of order amout the chaos. And then he heard it. The banging. He twisted his head back over his shoulder. It was exactly what he feared! A pair of little brain Anons were doing there best to hold the doors closed, but if Self Control couldn't get a hold on the situation soon, they were all in trouble. He looked down at Logic, huddled and shivering on the floor. Poor man. Self Control was honestly surprised he had managed to go this long without cracking himself.

“All your-” Anon’s eye twitched. His poor ears were still not used to such lewd speech!

“That's right, Anon.” Vanilla gave Anon a lecherous grin. “Why don't we start with this one?” She put a finger on her lips and then made her move before Anon had a chance to stop her.

Anon tried to say, “Wait, wait!” But she was too fast, and was grinding her tonsils against the tip of his cock. Anon’s wait-waits quickly turned into whoa-whoas.

It was slow going at first. Sucking on a dry dick wasn't exactly the easiest thing to do. Not a problem. Vanilla was salivating so much that she had Anon’s cock nice and slick in no time at all.
She moaned with pleasure as she greased Anon’s knob, ecstatic that she finally had the chance to live out her secret fantasies. She had obviously had a dick before in her life, the fact that she had a kid proved that. But this wasn’t just any dick. This was a human dick. This was something she had only read about in her fantasy stories and erotica. And here she was, on her knees, sucking down the cock of this tall, furless, non-Mobian, just like one of the characters in her romance novels. She was going to have to tell all the other middle-aged moms all the dirty little details when she got home.

Anon wasn’t enjoying it quite as much as she was. Not to say that he wasn’t enjoying it. But he definitely had some mixed emotions about the situation. The conflict was playing out in his head, much the same way it had the last few times one of these Mobian girls had riled him up. Only this time, the conflict was over almost as soon as it began.

It didn't take long before Captain Sex Drive and his goon squad burst into the control room. Self Control looked over at Logic again as CSD’s thugs started crowding around. Self Control lifted his hands and surrendered. Why bother? It always ended the same way. Logic has pushed himself too hard, and look how he ended up. Self Control wagered that he could at least save some dignity instead of winding up like that.

Mixed emotions aside, Anon has about to bust a nut. It was as if Vanilla could tell, because she started sucking twice as hard as before. Anon made a noise, it sounded like it might have meant to be a word, but when it came out, it didn't sound like any language Anon or Vanilla had ever heard. But she knew what it meant, so she bottomed out.

Anon couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed the only thing that was available: the thick, orange hair between Vanilla's big, floppy ears and blew a load of hot human seed straight down her throat. Anon was totally wiped. He leaned his head back against the wall and tried to catch his breath. But Vanilla wasn't done with him yet.

Vanilla kept her lips sealed tightly around his cock as she pulled her head up, because she didn't want a single drop of his steamy load going to waste. Anon shuddered when she got to the top of his dick. His peen was still all tingly, and Vanilla paid extra attention to it before she finally leaned back.

Anon tried to speak. “That was...that was...” Tried being the key word. He couldn't manage to get a coherent sentence out.

“That was fantastic .” Vanilla decided to say it since it didn't seem like Anon was going to. She hoped he wasn't too tired to keep going, because she certainly wasn't. Vanilla stood up, put a foot down on the amp by Anon, then leaned forward. She put her hands against the wall and looked down at Anon. “But this is going to be even better!”

Anon was still a little woozy, but his eyes still managed to follow as she lowered a hand off the wall and down between her legs. He watched as she ran her fingers over the patch of orange fur over her crotch. It stood out against the beige and light brown fur on the test of her body, but it was the exact same color at the thick hair rolling over the top of her head. Carpet matching the drapes and all that good stuff.

Vanilla slid her hand over her thick lipped cunt and felt the warmth coming from her own body. She knew that things were about to get a whole lot hotter down there. She was going to need a little help from Anon to get things stirred up, though. From the way his cock was still nice and hard, it didn't seem like he was going to mind. She used a pair of fingers to spread herself open, then reached down and grabbed Anon’s still hard cock with her other hand.
Once again, Anon tried to protest, and once again, it didn't make much difference. “Hang o-o-o-” While Anon was busy stammering, Vanilla lowered herself down onto his cock. “O-o~oooah.” Anon felt like his whole body go slack, like a stick of hot butter starting to melt.

He started to slide off the edge of the little amplifier, but Vanilla wasn't about to let her prize get away. She wrapped her arms around his head and held him close, pressing his face against her soft chest. She moaned with pleasure as Anon’s cock filled her. The fact that it was her first human dick made it all feel at least ten times better than any other she had.

“Oh, God, Anon, it's sooo good.” Vanilla wasted no time. She started bouncing and rocking on Anon’s lap the second he was all the way in. Anon tried to respond, but his face was buried too deep in her breasts for him to get out anything but a muffled groan. Vanilla continued to babble euphorically while she rode him. “It's so good, Anon! I love the way you feel inside me!”

Deep in the back corners of Anon’s brain, a tiny voice was still saying he shouldn't be doing this. But that voice was drowned out by his dick screaming about how good it felt. It did feel good. Very good. Just like how he wasn't Vanilla's first dick, she wasn't his first piece of pussy. She wasn't even his first Mobian lay. But she was the first milf he'd ever fucked. Not to say that Amy and Sticks hadn't been good, but Vanilla was in a league of her own here.

He could feel her experience in the way she moved. She wasn't blindly smashing her hips against him in a wild attempt at getting herself off. Every move she made was calculated and well thought out to get as much satisfaction out of it as she could. She was hitting Anon at angles that he didn't know could be hit. With one of her feet up on the amp and the other still planted on the floor, Vanilla was able to move her hips in all sorts of ways. Up, down, left, right, forward, backwards, or any combination she could imagine.

Vanilla could feel the heat building inside her body. She felt an excitement she hadn't felt in ages, a passion she had been missing for far too long. She gave herself over to the pure, unbridled lust that she had been keeping pent up for so long. Vanilla moved a hand as far down Anon’s back as she could and held his body against hers as she slammed herself down on him one last time.

She wasn't the only one that had reached their limit. Anon grabbed the sides of the amp and squeezed so tightly that his fingers started to hurt. Speaking of squeezing, he could feel the inside of Vanilla's cunt pulsing with orgasmic satisfaction, like her pussy was trying to milk his dick. The only problem was that he didn't think his dick had any milk left to give. But he was wrong. His balls tightened up as they pumped another load of jizz up his cock and right into Vanilla's throbbing cunt.

Anon’s ears were ringing from the strain of cumming twice in such a short span of time. It had felt good, but it was also tiring. Especially since it had all happened so suddenly. At least it was over now, and Anon could let his body rest and recover. Or so he thought.

Vanilla wasn't done with him and his penis just yet. She rocked her hips against his lap a few more times before she finally stood back up. She put a finger under Anon’s chin and tilted his head back until he was facing her. “You’ve made me a very happy woman, Anon. But we're not done yet. I need you to do one more thing for me. You don't mind, right? I'm sure a strapping young man like yourself could go all night.”

Anon blushed. Made her very happy? He couldn't remember the last time a girl had said that to him, especially not right after doing what they had done. That little stroke was exactly what he needed to try to go a little longer with her. Anon wondered what she had in mind next. So far, things had been relatively vanilla. Pun intended. Did she just want to do it again, right there on the amplifier?
Poor amp. It had become another victim of Anon’s exciting new sex life. Anon imagine them in a room, sitting in some old metal folding chairs that were positioned in an inward facing circle. It was a support group for all the furniture that had been scared and stained by asses and other body parts. A door not too far away creaked open, and Ampy and Coffee Table greeted Washing Machine and Kitchen Countertop as they joined the group.

Anon shook his head. That wasn't exactly what he needed to be thinking about right now. He needed to be focused on what Vanilla wanted to do next, and, more importantly, where she wanted to do it. The where was easier to figure out. She turned around and walked over to his bed. It was impossible for Anon not to appreciate the way her lower half moved as she walked.

Vanilla brushed her long ears to the side as she turns her head over her shoulder. “Don't keep me waiting, Anon.” She rested a knee on the edge of his bed and beckoned him over with a finger. “I need you, Anon.” Vanilla leaned forward, keeping her back curved in a way that extenuated the shape of her ass. She put her hands down on the bed and crawled the rest of the way up onto it, down on all fours. Her head and torso went down to the mattress as she wiggled her bottom end provocatively. “You want to keep me happy, don't you, Anon?” She looked back and smiled at Anon coyly. “You know what I want. Give it to me!”

Whelp! Anon thought it would be rude to turn down such a generous offer. Besides, it was his job to make sure his new visitors stayed nice and happy, right? So, technically, this was what he was supposed to be doing. Right? Right! Besides, Anon didn't have much of a say in the matter. Up in Anon’s brain’s command center, Captain Sex Drive slammed a throttle forward, and Anon shot up off of the amplifier, led by his rock hard cock.

His feet were drug across the carpet as his rocket-cock pulled him straight towards Vanilla's shapely bottom, like a piece of iron being pulled towards a high powered magnet. A high powered ass magnet. Anon skidded to a stop at the edge of his bed, his rigid cock poised right behind Vanilla's cunt. The velvety soft fur that covered her pussy and thighs glistened in the light, wet from fucking she had given him on moments ago. It was very enticing. Too enticing.

Anon didn't care if they had just gotten done having sex. They were about to have some more! He grabbed her ass with one hand, and his dick with the other. He used the thumb of his add grabbing hand to pull her pussy open to one side. He hadn't really had a chance to appreciate how perfectly pink and inviting her snatch was yet. But now wasn't the time to think about it. It was time to smash it! Anon lined the head of his cock up with her opening, and then-

She stopped him. She reached back and grabbed his cock before he could ram it into her. “Hang on, Anon!” Vanilla let go of his dick and shook her finger at him. Anon wasn't sure what he had done wrong, but he had the feeling he had misinterpreted something somewhere. “I said I wanted all my holes filled.” Yes, yes she did. And he was trying to fill one. So, what was the issue? “You've already done that one.” Again, yes, this was true. But that didn't mean he couldn't do it again , right? “This time, I want you here .”

Whoa, whoa. Anon froze. Vanilla put her hands on her cheeks and spread them apart. Not, like, just to give him a better view, but like, 'here’s my asshole’ spread. Captain Sex Drive poked at the screen on the console in front of him angrily, but it wouldn't respond to his commands. It was completely locked up. Anon definitely appreciated a nice posterior, but he had never really been into the whole buttsex thing. Besides, didn't girls not like it? Then again, Vanilla wasn't a girl . She was a woman . Anon didn't have much experience with women. He also didn't have much experience with sexual things of the anal nature.

“What are you waiting for, Anon?” Vanilla pulled at her ass a little more. Anon swallowed a lump
in his throat. It was the first time he had ever seen a woman expose herself so shamelessly before. Vanilla didn't want to wait any longer. She moved a finger over and began to prod at herself while Anon watched. "Fuck my ass already!"

That was it! Captain Sex Drive had enough. If Logic were still around, he might've been able to make sense of things. But that addlepated wuss was locked away in a cell somewhere, crying to himself like a baby. The good Captain was going to have to figure things out on his own this time. Captain Sex Drive only knew how to handle things like this one way, though.

He straightened up the tattered captain's hat he wore and flipped over a small switch box to his left. There were several toggle switched all in a row, each with their own little label. His finger floated over them, starting at the top, and working its way down. 'Take things slow'? No, not that one. 'Talk your way out of it'? Not that one, either. 'Cry like a bitch'? Ha. No. There it was, the switch he was looking for! 'Fuck it, who cares'. Captain Sex Drive grinned as he put his finger on shiny little metal switch. Click.

Anon didn't realize what he was doing until he was almost done doing it. Anon had one hand on Vanilla's ass, and the other on his cock. He place the head of his penis against her anus and took one last deep breath before turning her exit into an entrance. Vanilla ran her teeth over her bottom lip and moaned as Anon went where few before him had ever gone. Just as there were girls that didn't want anything put there, there were plenty of guys that didn't want to put anything there. Vanilla was glad she had found one that was willing to enjoy this little piece of degeneracy with her without putting up a fuss.

"H-holy shit.." Anon's penis had completely disappeared into Vanilla's ass. He could count on one hand the number of times he had ever put his dick in a girl's butt. It wasn't exactly a feeling he was used to, but boy was it a feeling! He pulled his hips back and looked down. Yup. There was no mistake, he was fucking the butt. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but there was something a little extra hot about doing it this way. It was so different. So dirty. Here was this woman, this mother, whom he had only met a few hours ago, and she was moaning away and he shoved the entire length of his penis through her back door.

And he liked it.

So did Vanilla. Taking it up the butt wasn't exactly her favorite thing to do, and she knew she was going to be sore tomorrow, but this was it, what she had been waiting for all this time. She finally had human dick, she was finally acting out her fantasies. A little bit of discomfort was a small price to pay for the sheer level of erotic pleasure she was getting out of it.

Vanilla slipped a hand down between her thighs and began playing with herself while Anon worked her ass over. It didn't take long before she simply couldn't take it any longer. She loved the feeling of Anon fucking her ass, but she needed something in her pussy too. So she slid a pair of fingers between her moist folds and began to finger herself while he fucked her. She could feel his dick rubbing against her fingers through her own insides, and it felt amazing.

She tried to match Anon's rhythm, but that was proving difficult, because Anon didn't really have a steady rhythm to keep. He would go fast for a few seconds and then slow down. And then go fast for a few more strokes. Then shift his angle. The constant changing kept her surprised. She didn't know what he was about to do next. But it was also making it hard for her to get off. About the time she started thinking he was going to keep going, he stopped. Or he could start going harder and shock her right out of almost orgasming. It was an exciting ride, but it was also starting to get a little frustrating. Vanilla wanted to cum. She needed to cum. And whether he was doing it on purpose or not, he was denying her.
It wasn't on purpose though. Anon simply couldn't get the hang on what he was doing. He was still getting used to the idea that he was ass fucking a milf, and he couldn't find a pace that worked for him. At least Vanilla was enjoying it. She kept rocking her hips and pushing herself back against him. But that's what kept messing him up. As soon as he'd get going good, she would cock her hips to one side or the other, or arch her back a little deeper, and he'd have to change directions to keep up with her.

It didn't help that she was on the edge of his bed like she was. Even though she was the tallest Mobian he had met yet, she was still small, and to get down to her, he had to keep his knees slightly bent. His things were starting to burn. Anon prayed that she came soon so he could stop. He wasn't even worried about busting another nut because she had gotten him off twice already. He just wanted to hurry up and get done before his legs gave out. And there wasn't much time left!

He felt it. A cramp. Oh no! The world stood still as his brain processed the signal coming from the nerve in his leg. The message was clear; Pain. This was it. Anon couldn't take it any longer. Unable to support himself any longer, he started to lose balance. He had been leaning slightly over Vanilla because of how her ass was positioned, so that's the way gravity took him.

Vanilla grunted as Anon collapsed on to her back. His weight pushed her down until she was laying flat on her belly with her arm pinned under herself. Nothing was holding Anon up but her ass so he sank into it deeper that ever before. Vanilla worried for a second that he might actually be too much for her to take! She knew he wasn't the most well endowed of his species, but he was still more endowed than any Mobian she had been with. And now all of him was stretching things that weren't used to being stretched. She dug her free hand into his blanket and whimpered, but she was loving every second of it.

"S-sorry," Anon whispered. He thought he had hurt her and was about to explain what had happened, but she stopped him.

"Oh God, Anon, just fuck me!"

Anon blinked. "Y.. you want me to keep going?"

"Yes ." Her voice was muffled because her face was buried in his mattress, but Anon could swear it sounded like she was growling. "Keep going, Anon! NOW !!"

Muffled or not, when she shouted that last command, Anon almost jumped right off of her. But she wanted him to keep going, so he did. "O.. ok. If you say so-"

"Stop talking and fuck me !"

That kicked Anon back into gear. His hips started moving on their own. At least like this, his legs weren't in a painful bind. That made it a lot more enjoyable on his end. And since he had her pinned down on the bed now, she couldn't more her ass around so much, which meant he didn't have to dance around trying to keep up with her anymore. With no more distractions, Anon really started giving it to her.

He put his hands down on the bed and pushed his upper body up off of her back. There, that was an even better angle! Ass fucking took a little more work than Anon really wanted to put in, especially when there was another perfectly good, easier to get to hole right there besides it, but he wasn't about to argue that it he didn't like it. Anon hadn't expected to blow another load, but all of the sudden he felt like going for it. Why not? Even if he couldn't, he might as well make the most of the situation. Who knew when he'd have another chance to destroy a milf ass like this again. So destroy he tried!
Vanilla whined as Anon doubled down on her. Oh yes, she was going to ache for the next day or two. But she wasn't worried about that. All she could think about was the explosive orgasm she felt building up inside of her. Between Anon trying to tear her ass apart and her own hand being pinned between her thighs, she knew it wouldn't be long now, and when it happened, it was going to be big.

Captain Sex Drive leaned back in his seat. He watched as the gauges on the screen in front of him started to redline. It was time. He reached forward and held his finger over a big red button. He watched the lines of the gauges bounce up and down for a few seconds, waiting for juuust the right moment. And then it happened! Captain Sex Drive pushed the button.

Anon’s back tightened up so much that his spine popped as he jerked back. His hands flailed in the air as he started to lose his balance. He needed something to steady himself. Something, anything! He reached down and grabbed the first thing he could get his hands on before he fell. He didn't even pay any attention to what it was. Anon just pulled and grunted.

Vanilla had enough sense not to yell when Anon yanked on her ears, but she wanted to. She bit down on her bottom lip and groaned as Anon's final thrust sent her over the edge. Her body went stiff as a board for a second and then everything started to jerk and spasm. She came so hard that it made her dizzy! Her body convulsed time and time again until her orgasm finally yielded. Well, she had done it. Vanilla had a human fuck her in every one of her holes. And she had absolutely no regrets whatsoever.

Maybe she didn't have any regrets, but now that her senses were starting to come back, she was slowly starting to feel the after effects of fucking so vigorously. Vanilla wasn't as young as she used to be, and it had been a while since she had gone at it that hard with anyone. It probably didn't help that Anon hadn't removed himself from her posterior yet.

“Oh, hun,” she said once she trusted her voice again. “I think we're done. Mind.. getting off?”

“W-what? Oh, y-yeah, sorry..” Anon had nearly given himself an aneurysm with that last ball-draining nut he had busted. It had taken him almost as long to recover as it had Vanilla. Now that he was able to move again, he lowered his feet to the floor and started pushing himself up.

Vanilla shuddered again when she felt his cock starting to pull out. “Careful, Anon. Don't pull it out too-” Her eyes went big as Anon stood up straight, pulling his penis out of her tenderized ass in one quick motion. Vanilla grit her teeth, dug her fingers into his blanket, and clenched her cheeks together as tight as she could in response to his swift exit. As the sudden shock subsided, she laid her face down on the bed and sighed, “-fast.”

“S-sorry, you say something?” Anon tried to look around her shoulder, but she had her head pressed against his mattress so hard that her face had sunken into it. “I.. couldn't hear you.”

“No, no, it's fine, dear,” came her muffled reply. She counted to five while trying to catch her breath. Ok, she was alright now. At least, alright enough to try to talk again. So she lifted her head and gave Anon a satisfied, although somewhat weak and wobbly smile. “That was amazing, Anon. I haven't felt this good in ages!” She hadn't felt this worn out in ages, either. But she wasn't about to admit that to him! Or anyone else, for that matter.

Anon felt a swell of pride at being called amazing again, but he shook it off before he got too big headed, because he knew he needed to address the situation as a whole. “A-about what just happened..”

“Oh, don't worry about it.” Vanilla slowly rolled over onto her side. She made sure to keep her legs
pressed together. Not because she didn't want Anon seeing her naughty bits, but because it was the only thing that made her ass feel like it wasn't about to fall out. She winced, eye twitch and all, but otherwise was still ok. “I know a young man like you has needs. I don't mind helping you out with those needs every once in a while.” She shot him a quick wink. “I really don't mind.”

“Y-yeah, uh.. ok..” That wasn't exactly what Anon wanted to talk about, but, whatever. What was done was done. But he didn't know what to say now, so Anon just stood there, scratching the back of his noggin, enjoying the sweet fragrance of ass and sweat. He caught Vanilla gazing down and remembered that his pants were still around his knees. “O-oh, uh.. my bad, um..” He quickly started fumbling around trying to pull them back up, almost losing his balance a couple of times in the process.

Vanilla watched in quiet amusement. She hadn't really understood what Amy meant when she commented on Anon’s behavior back on Miss Karen’s office, but she had a pretty good idea now. He was a bit awkward, and he was a little on the clumsy side, but as long as he fucked like he did, she didn't care. Right now, she needed a little time to herself, though. Some time to get herself back in order again. “It's alright, Anon. But why don't you go see how the girls are doing? We wouldn't want them wondering what the two of us are up to back here, would we?”

Well, Amy probably wouldn't care. At least, Anon hoped she wouldn't. She hadn't been upset when she found out about him and Sticks. And Sticks definitely wouldn't mind. Sticks would come up with some theory about how the government was controlling them through their fillings or that the television was actually sending out hypnotic waves or something weird like that. Cream might be upset though, to find out that the guy they were staying with was plowing her mom. She seemed like a nice kid, too. Anon didn't want to upset her like that. He also didn't want her reporting him to the Foundation for making fuckery with Mobians.

Hooboy, Anon. “Y-yeah.” Anon finally got the button on his pants fastened. “I mean no! No, we wouldn't. Want that, I mean. Them finding out about us. Not that there's an us ! I mean, finding out about what we did . Yeah.” Anon stopped short of rambling any farther. Vanilla had her eyebrows raised and was staring at Anon with a sour look on her face while she drummed her fingers across the top of her leg. It got the point across to Anon that it was time to wrap things up and head out. “Um.. I'm going to go, uh.. check on the girls.” He motioned his thumb towards the door and started edging that way. Anon blindly grabbed at the knob because he couldn't manage to break eye contact with her the whole time. Once he found the knob, he still couldn't manage to get the door open. He didn't know that Vanilla had locked it when she closed it earlier. He finally got it open and stepped sideways through it, then gave the most awkward of waves before he shut it behind himself. And then Vanilla was alone.

About damn time! Vanilla waited another second longer to make sure Anon wasn't going to pop back in or anything. It seemed like the coast was clear, so she rolled over into her back and groaned painfully. So much for thinking she was going to be sore tomorrow. She was sore today! Vanilla pushed one hand under her back, slid it between her cheeks and cupped her pained anus. She meant what she said about helping him with his 'needs', but next time, she might forego the backdoor sex in favor of something less painful.

Anon readjusted himself while he was still standing by the door. He had pulled his pants up so quick he had neglected to make sure his junk was straight first. Vanilla had sapped him dry, but his soldier was still trying to march. Brave little guy. Well, not really so little at the moment. Anon gave himself a smile. Vanilla had called him, and his penis, amazing. Hell yeah.

Amy was the first to notice him walk back into the living area with that big shot eating grin on his face. “What’s up, Anon?” It the short time she had known him, she had never seen him walking
around looking like that. Not for no good reason, at least. “Everything ok?”

“Oh, yeah.” Anon walked over to the couch and sat in the spot between Cream and Sticks, the former who had somehow managed to turn all the way upside down and had her head hanging over the edge of the couch, and one leg sticking up the back of it. Somehow, her little skirt was still covering her well enough that she wasn’t completely indecent. Anon just shrugged the sleeping badger off and turned back to Amy. “You could even say things are.. amazing.”

“O~k.” Amy looked skeptical. She had a feeling she would have to question him about it later, though. Whatever it was.

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gravely. “A little plain perhaps. But sometimes it's nice to keep things simple.”

“I did not invite you here to offer me your critique as an interior designer.” Chelovek furled up his brow and stepped towards the desk. He would have to suffer this man’s eccentricities for now, but Chelovek had his limits.

“Yes, yes. We have other things to discuss, don't we, Yaytso?” The chair spun around. In it sat a man who was nearly as round as he was tall, with a head almost as perfectly round as his body. His bright red suit, with its yellow and black markings, was a stark contrast to the plain white lab coat that Chelovek sported. His round face was accented by a large, rosy colored nose, and a mustache of reddish orange whiskers that would make an aged walrus proud. Even though his eyes were hidden behind a pair of blue tinted lenses, his glare was plainly obvious. He pressed his fingers together as he leaned forward over the edge of the desk.

“Yes, I believe we do.” Doctor Chelovek balled up his hands and set them down on the outer edge of his desk. He eyed the man sitting across him. “Doctor Eggman.”
Bump in the Night

Chapter Summary

Anon and the girls get a surprise visit from Miss Karen, and what a surprise it is! She's brought with her another Mobian girl, Sage the Sloth, and needs Anon to let her bunk until they can set up other accommodations. She also needs Anon to let another Mobian, Bump the Deer, stay as well, but Miss Karen seems to have misplaced her. How you lose an entire Mobian is anyone's guess, but Miss Karen has more pressing matters to attend to so she recruits Anon to search for the missing Mobian. Amy and Cream join the search and a few hours and one dead cell phone later, they return home with yet another companion... who's more the happy to show Anon how appreciative she is!

Anon may not be a hunter, but he manages to stuff and mount a deer in this chapter of Everyday Life With Mobian Girls!

As always, comments and questions are more than welcome!
“You can't make me do it!” Sticks yelled so loudly that everyone could hear her from the front of the apartment. The other three girls sat together on the couch. Their faces were a mix of worry and fear. “It's not natural, I tell ya!”

“This is happening, Sticks!” Anon shouted back at her just as loud. Maybe even louder.

“You can't honestly expect me to do that!”

“Of course I do! As long as you stay here, you're going to at least follow some rules!”
“There are laws against stuff like this!”

“Laws are enforced by the government, so you really can't use that as an excuse.”

“If the government would stop you from making me do this, then I'd side with them...just this once!”

Anon and Sticks had been going at it for a while now. It had been particularly quiet morning, until Anon had grabbed Sticks, told her she didn't have a choice, and carried her to the back. The shouting hadn't stopped since then.

Amy, Cream, and Vanilla sat on the couch, listening to the shouting match. Amy and Cream still wore the shorts they had slept in, Cream wearing a dark orange pair, Amy’s a bright yellow. Vanilla had put on a pair of charcoal grey leggings, not wanting to walk around wearing her sleepwear like the younger girls, but the way it hugged her legs almost showed off more than the younger girl’s shorts. The lagomorphs wore sleeved tees, Cream’s with a logo art picture of a Chao on it, but Amy was wearing one of her sleeveless nighties. Hey, they were comfortable!

Cream glanced towards the back hallway, but quickly looked away, afraid of what she might actually see. “Mom, is Sticks gonna be ok?”

“I'm sure she'll be fine, dear,” Vanilla answered with a smile that hid her own concerns.

Just then, as if to prove Vanilla's last comment wrong, Sticks let out a howl that made them all jump. There was a crash, followed by the sound of something, or some one, hitting the floor. The three held their collective breaths as silence fell over the room. It didn't last long, though. Vanilla put her hands over Cream's ears and pressed them against her head to keep her from hearing the torrent of jumbled up swears that Anon suddenly expelled.

Meanwhile, in the bathroom, Anon stood in front of the door, panting heavily. His arms were stretched out to the sides in an attempt to keep Sticks from escaping. Anon was also soaked from head to toe, and there were several ragged slashes across the front of his shirt.

Sticks was crouched down low to the ground between Anon and the tub. She didn't have anything on except for her seashell necklace and a single cloth shoe. Her little greyish brown top was thrown over the shower curtain rod, her hide skirt hung from the side of the sink, and her other shoe wasn't even anywhere in sight.

Sticks stayed low, hair bristled, tail up, with one hand on the floor to steady herself, and the other raised menacingly. So what if she was half Anon's size? Anon knew all too well that Sticks was a lot meaner than her tiny stature let on.

“Dammit, Sticks,” Anon yelled. “You're going to take a bath, whether you like it or not!”

“Like hell I am!” Sticks growled through her teeth. She was not a happy badger. She leapt. But it wasn't an attack, it was another attempt to get past Anon. She went left, but he leaned in and blocked her path. She went right, but he was in front of her before she could get by. So she went low. If nothing else worked, she would go right between his legs.

Anon was barely fast enough to keep up with the little orange blur darting back and forth. When she suddenly hit the floor and shot between his legs, Anon couldn't lean down fast enough to grab her in time. Sticks was so close to making her get away. She almost made it, but then Anon squeezed his legs together and squashed her between his knees.

“Gotcha!” Anon reached down and grabbed her by the waist, making sure he had a very good hold
Anon gritted his teeth. His vision doubled and his legs buckled. His mind was clouded by the searing pain in his crotch, but luckily he still had enough sense not to let go of Sticks.

Sticks realized the folly of her plan when Anon finally fell to his knees. Yes, she had toppled the giant. But if he didn't let go, he was going to topple right on top of her! “Wait! Anon! Let go-” It didn't matter what she said, or how hard she tried to push away. She was stuck, and Anon was coming down!

When Anon hit the ground, all that could be seen of Sticks was one arm sticking out from underneath one side of his body and her tail sticking out from the other. If it had been any other time, Anon wouldn't have minded laying on top of a naked Mobian girl. But right then, all he wanted to do was shelter his boys until the swelling went back down.

Eventually the room finally stopped spinning. Anon put his hands on the floor and pushed himself up. He didn't trust his legs yet, so he flopped on his ass and leaned against the wall while he caught his breath. It hurt like hell, but at least he was still alive. But when he got his hands on Sticks... Sticks!

Anon quickly hopped up. He groaned and grabbed his mangos because they weren't quite ripe yet, but he had to make sure Sticks hadn't gotten away. He looked around the room hoping she was still there. And she was, laying on the ground right where he had fallen. She was still breathing, but unconscious.

Now was not the time to appreciate the way she looked, laying on the floor, naked as nature itself. He couldn't let himself get distracted by the way her perky little breasts rose and fell with each slow breath, or by how smooth and shapely her lithe little body was. Anon had to act while he had a chance, because he knew she was going to start trying to escape again as soon as she woke up.

Anon bent over and rolled Sticks up into his arms. At least she didn't weight much. Anon toted her over to the tub and held her over the water. He was about to drop her in the water when one blue eye peeked open. Then the other.

Sticks was still a little light-headed, but as soon as she turned her head and saw the water in the tub, the adrenaline shot through her veins and filled her with a burst of survival instinct powered energy! She came alive right when Anon let go of her and reached for whatever she could get her paws on. One hand caught Anon by the arm, and the other managed to get ahold of the neck of his shirt. Her momentum threw Anon off balance, and he found himself falling towards the water with her.

The next thing Anon knew, he was sitting in the tub beside Sticks, soaked from head to toe. The strings that tied her hair up had come undone in the water, so her wet orange and brown hair was plastered over her face. She lifted a hand out of the water and pushed her hair back so she could see. The glare she gave him was enough to make him flinch.

Anon went ahead and disrobed. He tossed his wet clothes in the laundry hamper, but he decided it would be a good idea to keep his drawers on. He tried to pretend he was in a pool wearing his swim...
trunks or something, but it didn't help. It was still weird. Oh well.

“Is this a sex thing?” Sticks crossed her arms over her bare chest. She was sitting at the back end of the tub where the water was most shallow, but it was still deep enough to cover her up past her navel.

“What? A sex thing? Of course not.” Anon was sitting at the deep end of the tub. He had to twist and sit against the inside corner so he didn't have the faucet digging uncomfortably into his back. “It's just a bath, Sticks. Don't act like you've never had one before.”

Sticks kept her arms crossed. She turned her eyes away from Anon and snorted through her nose. As angry as she looked, Anon couldn't help thinking that she looked kind of cute, with the way she had her bottom lip poked out, and the water still dripping off her ears.

“Oh, it's not that bad.” Anon settled back into his corner and held his hands up. “You might as well try to enjoy it.”

Sticks growled and muttered something under her breath. Somewhere out there, a sailor's ears blushed. Luckily, Anon couldn't quite hear what she was saying. Well, she could be as grouchy as she wanted. But she was still going to get washed!

“Alright, come on. Let's get this over with.” Anon scooted himself away from the corner and grabbed Sticks by her arm.

“Hey, whaddaya think you doing?!” Sticks whipped her head around and growled at Anon. She tried to pulled her arm away, but he was able to drag her over to his lap. She gave up with a loud harrumph and settled into his lap with her back pressed against him.

“Just calm down, ok?” Anon kept an arm around her waist in case she tried to scoot away again. He grabbed a bottle of shampoo with his free hand and popped the top open. “I'll try to be quick.”

Sticks continued to spew quiet vulgarities under her breath, but had given up the fight. Her little rant went on until Anon squeezed a small dollop of shampoo onto her head. She froze and gasped as the herbal scented solution started to seep into her scalp, but started to wiggle when he started rubbing it into her hair.

“Stop that, or you're going to get it in your eyes!” Right about the time Anon said it, Sticks started growling and rubbing at her eyes.

“What is this, some kind of poison?” Sticks squinted as she rubbed her arms across her face. She drew her head back in surprised when she saw the bubbles all over her arms. “Oh my god, I'm dissolving!” Sticks frantically started trying to wipe the bubbles off, but all she managed to do was make them get even thicker. “I knew it was a trap! This is it for me! Tell them I fought the system to the very end!” She made an awful groan and slumped over, playing dead while he rubbed the shampoo into her hair.

By the time Anon had worked halfway down her body-length hair, Sticks had started making noises again. Anon stopped and listened. The noise she was making was something between a purr and a moan. So that was it! She had actually started to enjoy it! Anon smiled and went back to work.

“Oh man,” she said softly. It was kind of strange, hearing her usually raspy voice sound so content and peaceful. Her body slowly relaxed in Anon’s lap. “This doesn't feel half bad. I guess dissolving ain't such a bad way to go.”
“You're not dissolving, Sticks.” Anon had gotten her hair thoroughly soaped up, so he moved on to her shoulders. “It's just a bath, with soap. There's no need to be so dramatic.”

“Who's being dramatic?” Sticks stretched her arms. She was starting to feel pretty good. Better than she had expected to. “Anything that feels this good has to be some kind of trap.”

Anon sighed. He worked a hand down each one of her arms, lathering her up all the way to her wrists. “It's not a trap, either. You don't have to be so paranoid all the time, you know. It's not like the whole world is out to get you.”

“Sure it is,” Sticks replied. “At least, you have to think it is. Because it only takes getting got one time to be gotten. And I’d rather not get gotten, if ya know what I mean.”

That made sense, in a weird sort of way. “I guess I see what you mean. But it has to be pretty tiresome, being so on edge all the time.” Anon works his hands back up her arms and started running the down her sides.

“You have no idea.” She twitched a little when his fingers went over her ribs. She couldn't help it, it tickled. “But I don't see how people can go around without being worried about all the things that could- Hey!” Water splashed as she jerked her arms up.

Anon froze. His hands had moved over something round and soft. He looked down and blinked. He had accidentally put his hands over her perky little jungle melons. Her firm little nipples were poking out between Anon’s finger. Juuust to be sure, he gave one a squeeze. Yup. Those were her boobs, alright.

“I thought this wasn't a sex thing.” Sticks turned her head up to stare at him with a blank expression. Those big blue eyes looked extremely judgemental.

“I-it's not!” Anon might have said it wasn't a sex thing, but he was still holding her boobs. Oops. Anon panicked and let them go so quickly that it made Sticks squeak.

“Hey, easy!” Sticks cupped her hands over her breasts protectively and scowled. “Those are sensitive, ya know.”

“S-sorry...” Anon felt his cheeks going red. Being scolded by a naked jungle badger was kind of embarrassing.

“...Eh, whatever.” Sticks shrugged the whole ordeal off. She uncovered her chest and gave her ladies a quick looking over, just to make sure they were alright. “You can just make it up to me.”

Anon blinked his usual ‘Anon is confused' blink. “...how?”

She gave him a sidelong grin that instantly made him regret asking. The little badger leaned forward on to her knees. She grabbed the edges of the tub and arched her back until her round little bottom broke the surface of that water. “By doin’ me.” She lifted her dripping tail, giving Anon an unobstructed view of herself.

Her smile vanished when Anon dumped a bucket of water over her. He hoped it would cool her off a little. She needed a good rinse, anyway. But why did she have to do the tail raising? And why did it have to turn him on so much?

Anon could feel his dick growing. This was exactly why he had left his drawers on. “I told you, this isn't a sex thing.” It wasn't. At least, it wasn't supposed to be. But his body seemed to have a different plan. No, dick. Bad. Not now.
Sticks shook as much loose water off her head as she could and gave Anon a heated glare. “Of course it is,” she replied in a huff. “I've seen the commercials for that shampoo stuff! The way it makes all those human women so sex crazy! You rubbed that stuff all over me, and now it's got me in heat!”

“I don't...heat? What?” Anon got his bucket ready. He thought he might need to hit her with another splash of water. “Those women aren't in heat! They're just actors, Sticks. That's not how shampoo works!”

Sticks wasn't listening. She lunged. There wasn't enough room in the tub to maneuver, so Anon had nowhere to go. He tried the bucket, but Sticks was too quick. She caught him under the elbow and pushed his arm up as he tried to dump it over her again, knocking the bucket right out of his hand. It went airborne and came back down right over Anon’s head.

The advantage was hers. Anon couldn't see to defend himself. He grabbed the bucket as quickly as he could, but all Sticks needed was a second. Her hands went straight for his crotch.

Anon flinched when he felt her nimble little fingers tugging at his undies. “Would you stop,” he said as he finally pulled the bucket off his noggin. “We don't have time for this right now, Sticks. For real! We have to get you ready before Miss Karen gets here. Maybe we can do it later, ok?”

“There won't be a later!” Sticks was pawing at his nethers at a frantic pace, but she hadn't had any luck getting them off yet.

Anon set the bucket aside for now and tried grabbing at her. He caught her by the arm and pulled her up, away from his lap. “What are you talking about,” he asked.

“Think about it, Anon,” she replied, looking up at him with a frustrated frown. “What do you think is going to happen when the lady from the Foundation gets here? You think she's just gonna say 'oh she's so cute, of course she can stay’?”

Anon hadn't put that much solid thought into it. He never got past just panicking about Karen finding her in the first place. “Well, uh...”

“Of course she's not,” Sticks barked while Anon stared at her. “They're going to take me away, throw me in a cage like a wild animal, and...and...” Sticks stopped and sniffled. “This could be my last chance to be with someone. And I thought it'd be nice if it was you.”

Anon loosened his grip on her arm and she slowly slide back down. He didn't know what to say. He hadn't considered things from her point of view. Sure, she went a little overboard with the theories sometimes, but this wasn't one of her wild rants. Sticks seemed genuinely frightened. Anon felt very sympathetic all of the sudden. And worried.

“I...I won't let them take you away, Sticks.” Anon put his hand on the side of her face and turned her head to face up towards his. Her big blue eyes looked a little misty, and he didn't think it was because she had gotten shampoo in them.

“You mean it?” She did her best to smile.

“Of course I mean it.” Anon was talking out of his ass and he knew it. If Miss Karen tried to take her away, how was he supposed to stop her? He didn't have any ideas, but he knew he'd have to come up with something.

“Gee, Anon.” Sticks put her hands over his arm and nuzzled up against his outstretched hand. “I never thought anyone cared enough about little ol’ me to go up against the Man, even when they
don't stand a chance.”

That wasn't exactly filling Anon with any confidence. “Don't worry. I’ll, uh..” You’ll what? “I'll think of something.”

“Thanks, Anon.” She gazed up at him with a bright twinkle in her eyes. “So...you wanna do it now, or what?”

Seriously? After all that? Anon furled up his brow and gave her a razor sharp glare.

“Uh..” Sticks batted her eyes at him and laid her head fully on his hand. “I mean, do you wanna do it now, please ?”

Anon rolled his hand over the top of her head and dunked her. She flailed her arms wildly, but he held her under for a few seconds, just for good measure. She came back up coughing, sputtering, and looking very unpleasant.

That was it! She had tried seducing him. She had tried tricking him. She had even tried saying please ! None of that had worked, so she was going to fall back on her original plan; taking what she wanted by force.

“Gimme that dick!” Sticks attacked, faster and harder than before. Anon was not expecting her to strike again so quickly. She straddled his legs and was grabbing at his junk before he could even put up a fight. Her little fingers found what they were looking for. Sticks grabbed the flap on the front of his boxers and gave them a yank. She snatched on them so hard that they almost ripped clean in two. Now that they were out of the way, there was nothing between her and Anon’s stiff dick. “Aha,” she said triumphantly as she grabbed it. “Now I’ve got you!” And have him, she did.

“Come on, Sticks, knock it off!” Anon put his hand on top of her head and tried to push her back, but she had a deathgrip on his weiner and wasn't letting go. He let out a yelp when she gave it a sharp twist. It hurt so bad that his entire body went rigid for a second.

A second was all Sticks needed. Sticks threw herself at Anon with so much force that he slid back across the bathtub. He slid right into the stainless steel tub faucet, hitting it right in the sweet spot on his lower back. Hard . And he did what anyone who had a shiny piece of metal jammed into their spine would do. He jumped.

Sticks had positioned herself over Anon’s hard dick and was about to start easing herself down, when wham , his hips shot up. She threw her arms around his sides and gasped as his cock impaled her. Her eyes were wide with shock from the sudden impact, but she quickly settled back down into a slack eyed smile. She wanted his cock, and now she had it!

Anon straightened up, said a couple of bad words, and rubbed the spot on his back where he had hit the faucet. That shit hurt, but he was ok now. Or was he? Something didn't seem quite right. Could it have had anything to do with the little badger girl grinding on his dick? Oh shit!

Sticks had wasted no time. She wrapped her arms around Anon’s midsection and made one long, low groan as she vigorously worked herself on his dick. He hadn't even noticed that he had given her the pole at first, but now that he had, it was all he could notice. Her heavy breathing, the splashing she made as she bounced up and down, the way her tight little badger cunt squeezed his dick.

“D-damnit, Sticks…” Anon put his hands around her. She was really going at it! He'd have to try to teach her how to take her time one day. But not today. Not right now. He had “gotten got”, as she
might say. So he was going to go ahead and enjoy it.

Sticks didn't speak. She just fucked. It felt so good. Anon's cock filled every inch of her tight little body just right, and it hit all the right places. She kept going, not giving a care about how much water she was splashing onto the floor. She only had one thing on her mind. Cumming.

Anon ran his hands through her thick, wet hair, all the way down her back, until his hands were over her firm little booty. She had a nice butt. Small and tight, but still soft enough to play with. He could tell by the sounds that she was making that Sticks didn't mind him giving her bottom all that extra attention.

She started to going slower, but harder. She had works herself up to a fever, now all she needed to do was push herself over the edge. So she pushed! Stick raised her hips until she was almost off of Anon’s dick, and then pushed herself all the way back down, exhaling deeply with each stroke. Sticks whined and went down one more time. Her legs shook as her pussy clenched down on Anon’s dick. She twitched and jerked a couple of times as her body was overcome by a quick but powerful orgasm.

But Anon wasn't quite done! He needed a little more. She had started this, so he thought she needed to go ahead and help finish it. So Anon put his hands on her hips and started to manually gyrate her.

Her body was limp from exhaustion, but she pressed the side of her face against his bare chest and moaned as he kept the fuckery going. “I thought you said it wasn't a sex thing,” Stick said with a little smile.

“S-shut up..” Anon didn't feel like talking about it. Anon kept bouncing her in his lap, trying to achieve glorious sexual satisfaction. He was close! Anob pushed her all the way down a few more times. Three, two, one, boom! Anon shoved Sticks down until his cock was as deep as it could go and blasted her insides with his semen. Sticks gasped as he flooded her. She had a second little minigasm when she felt Anon’s dick twitching in her pussy.

The pair sat there quietly for a while, too tired to move. Anon’s dick stayed pretty hard, despite him having blown his load. He could feel her muscles expanding and contracting around him as she breathed. It felt pretty damn good. He felt her take one long breath and then hold it. All of the sudden she squeezed down on him extra hard. Things were getting hotter than usual down there, too. It was almost like she was-

Sticks exhaled a contented sigh. “Man, I was holding that in the whole time.”

“Did you just-” Anon didn't want to ask. He didn't want to hear her say it. But he had to. “Did you just pee on me?”

Sticks looked up and cocked an eyebrow. “So what? Everyone pees in the tub. What's the big deal?”

What was the big deal? Anon didn't even reply. He just put his hand on her forehead and pushed her back. She toppled off his semi boner and hit the water with a splash.

“You changed?” Amy raised an eyebrow when Anon rounded the hallway.

“Y-yeah...” Anon had doubled back to his room for some dry clothes after his little fiasco with Sticks in the tub. He was hoping that nobody would notice. Well, so much for that. “Um...Sticks
splashed a lot. She, uh...got me pretty wet.”

Amy raised her other eyebrow. “I bet she did,” she muttered.

“Do what?” Anon had stopped to grab a drink from the fridge and was too far away to hear her snarky remark.

“O--oh, nothing.” Amy rolled her big green eyes and sighed.

“Mister Anon?” Cream leaned around Amy so Anon could see her. She was so quiet spoken that he had almost forgotten she was even there.

Anon popped the top on his drink. Cherry soda. Hell yeah. “What's up, Cream?”

“Um, well...” Cream put her finger on her lower lip and tilted her head ever so slightly. “How come you had to helps Sticks take a bath?”

The room went silent. Anon froze in place with the soda can still on his lips. Vanilla and Amy spun their heads to face the curious little rabbit sitting between them. Cream’s face was the very vision of innocence. Those big brown eyes, those pouty little lips. Fuck. Why'd she have to go and mention the elephant in the room?

“Well, dear,” Vanilla smiled and tried to answer in Anon’s place. “That's because, well...” Sorry, Anon. She tried, but she couldn't come up with anything.

“Sticks is from the jungle.” It was quick-thinking Amy to the rescue! “So she's not used to bathtubs and stuff.” It wasn't entirely a lie. She hoped Cream would buy it.

“Oh.” Cream’s ears flopped from one side of her back to the other as she tilted her head the other way. “I guess that makes sense.” Good! She had bought it! “But...” Oh no! “Wouldn't it have made more sense for you to help her?” She turned her head from from her friend to her mother. “Or mom?”

“That’s because Mister Anon is our host, sweetie,” Vanilla answered.

Cream nodded slowly. Amy quietly sighed, relieved that her young friend wasn't-

“But doesn't that mean he saw her naked?”

Anon spit a spray cherry flavored soda all over the kitchen counter. There was no stopping this girl, was there? She looked so sweet and innocent, but god damn, she was asking all the wrong questions! Cream glanced from Amy, to her mother, to Anon, cutting through all of them with her unblinking gaze.

“Speaking of Sticks...” Amy was determined to shift the conversation before things got worse. “Where is she?”

“Oh, she's, well...” Anon was still choking on some soda that had gone down the wrong tube. His lungs didn't appreciate being flooded with the cherry drink. He balled up his fist and thumped it against his chest until he cleared his throat. “She said she wasn't coming out until she could do something with her hair.”

Amy smirked “Her hair? Sticks is worried about how her hair looks?”

Anon shrugged. “Yeah. That's what she said, anyways.” He set his half empty can down on the
kitchen counter and pull a couple sheets of paper towels off the nearby roll. He needed to get all
the spewed soda cleaned up before it started getting sticky.

“It’s hard enough to believe you got her to take a bath.” Amy got up off the couch and put a fist on
the inside of her hip. “But there is no way I’m going to believe she’s back there doing her hair. Not
Sticks.”

Anon shrugged again. He balled the now wet paper towels up and tossed then in the little plastic
trash can at the end of the counter. “I'm telling you, that's what she said. Go check on her for
yourself if you don't believe me.”

“I think I will.” Amy started striding across the room towards the back hall. She slowed her pace as
she passed Anon and whispered, “You'll have to help me in the tub next time.” She gave him a
wink as she walked on by, leaving him gawking as she walked away. The way her bright yellow
shorts swayed as she walked was hard to look away from.

“So.” Vanilla patted her hands on her legs and brushed out some imaginary wrinkles in her grey
leggings. “What time are you expecting miss Karen to stop by?”

Ah, yes. Miss Karen’s house call. Anon had been awake most of the night worrying about it. Now
the minutes were ticking away until she arrived, and he felt strangely calm. Might have something
to do with the quickie he just had in the tub. “I'm not sure, exactly. I guess she-”

Laughter suddenly boomed from the back of the apartment, cutting Anon off mid-sentence. “Oh
my gosh, Sticks!” Amy laughed again, a loud, hearty laugh that lasted for several seconds. A
moment later, and she appeared in the opening of the hallway, still giggling a little, and wiping a
laugh-induced tear from the bottom of her goggle-eyes. Her other arm was stretched out down the
hall, out of sight, but she seemed to be pulling on something.

“I'm not going out there like this!” It was Sticks. That's what Amy was pulling on. And from the
way she was jerking on Amy’s arm, she was putting up quite a fight.

“E-everything ok?” Anon took a half a step closer to the hall. He didn't know what the issue was,
but he guessed he should at least act like he was ready to help, if she needed him to.

“Oh. My. Gosh.” Amy put her hand over her mouth just as her cheeks puffed up with more
laughter, but managed to stifle it long enough to keep talking. “It's...it's...she looks so...Sticks is..”
That was it, she couldn't talk it anymore. She put her hand over her midsection and laughed so hard
she had to close her eyes.

“It's not funny,” Sticks whined from around the hall.

“It's totally funny.” Amy replied once her most recent fit of laughter subsided. “Come on, show
everyone your new look!” Amy reached with her other hand and tugged, finally pulling her friend
out of the hallway and into view.

Sticks looked different, alright. Anon could hardly believe he was looking at the same wild jungle
badger. Brown sandals on her feet, instead of her mismatched boots. A pair of black shorts sticking
out from under a baggy tee in place of her old hide skirt and tube top. But her change in attire had
nothing on the change in her hair. Gone were the two thick bushes of hair Sticks kept tied with
leather strands. Now, sitting on top of her head, was one large ball of orange, accented with a few
strips of dark brown. Sticks was sporting a fro that would make the 70’s proud.

Vanilla’s hand shot to her mouth. “Oh my!” She didn't burst out into laughter like Amy had, but
the amused smile on her face was hardly hidden by her hand. Cream, sitting on the couch beside her, quietly gasped and stared with wide-eyed wonder.

“W-what happened to your hair?” Anon was flabbergasted. It didn't look bad, but it looked so different that he couldn't help but be shocked.

“*You* happened to it!” Sticks stomped a sandal covered foot against the floor and threw her arms down to her sides in frustration. “You had to go and put all that stuff in it! I tried tying it, but when it dried...well, just look at it!” She stood there in angry silence for a moment, eyeing Anon with a harsh glare. But then her bottom lip began to quiver and her expression shifted from angry to sad. “My beautiful hair...”

Anon felt a little sorry for her, seeing her pouting like that. “I-I didn't mean it looks bad or anything!” He waved his hands in panic because he didn't know what else to do with them. “It's just that, well...what I mean is...I guess I didn't think you cared so much about looks...”

And Sticks went right back to looking angry. “You don't think I care about looks?!” She bowed up so hard that she even made Amy back up a step. “Oh, that's real nice, coming from a guy like you! You don't even have any looks!” Ouch. Well, at least she hadn't called him a- “You stupid homunculus!” Oh. Nevermind.

Anon frowned and scrunched his forehead up. Being called a homunculus hurt his delicate little feelings. “Y-you don't have to call me names,” he mumbled as he pouted.

“That wasn't very nice, Sticks.” Amy put her hands on her hips as she scolded her friend.

“It wasn't any worse than you making fun of my hair.” Sticks crossed her arms and gave Amy a sidelong glare.

The pink haired hedgehog sighed. Sticks had a point. Amy knew it wasn't fair for her to get onto Sticks right after she had been making fun of her just a few moments earlier. “You're right, I'm sorry. Honestly, it actually doesn't look half bad.”

“You're absolutely right!” Sticks reached up and grabbed two big handfuls of the poofy fluff of hair on top of her head. “It doesn't look half bad, it looks all bad!” Sticks pulled and tugged at the ball of hair, but it was so thick that she couldn’t do anything with it.

She growled and stomped her way into the kitchen. Anon nervously stepped back because he thought Sticks was coming for him, but she wasn't. She marched over to her tinfoil lined pantry and flung the door open. “I'm not coming out 'til I get my hair back to normal,” she shouted angrily, and then stepped into the cramped little cubby and slammed the door closed.

“Oh dear.” Vanilla had gotten off the couch and made her way to the kitchen at some point. She had snuck up behind Anon so quietly that he nearly jumped out of his clammy skin when she spoke. “I hope Sticks is alright.”

“S-she’ll be fine.” Anon leaned an elbow on the kitchen counter to try to play off his jumpy reflexes. But his poor heart still felt like it was trying to beat its way out of his chest. “She will be fine, won't she?” He swiveled his head towards Amy, hoping she would have a positive response.

“Well...” She shrugged a one arm shrug and rolled her eyes towards the little cabinet that Sticks had holed herself up in. Anon didn't like the fact that her reply started with well. “When Sticks gets in a mood, there's really no telling how long it'll last. She could forget all about it in a few minutes, or...”
“Or...what?” Anon liked her ending her reply with the word “or” even less. Amy gave him one of her smiles of reassurance, but Anon was not very reassured this time around. “Or what?”

“Or she could stay mad all day.” All Amy could do was shrug again.

Anon slapped a hand over his face and groaned. “I don't need this right now...” He drug his feet over to the cabinet. Knock, knock, knock. Anon tapped his knuckles against the wooden door. “Sticks? Come on, Sticks. You can't stay in there forever.”

“Yes I can!” Sticks reply was loud enough that the door did nothing to muffle it.

“No, you can't.” Anon sighed. He wasn't in the mood to play yes-I-can-no-you-can't with her. “You're going to have to come out at some point. What are you going to do when you have to go to the bathroom?”

“I don't have to come out to do that!”

A little bead of sweat ran down the side of Anon’s face. He gave his head a hearty shake before it could start imagining anything he would reret imagining. “Come o~n, Sticks. You have to come out of there before-”

Knock, knock, knock. The sound wasn't coming from Anon this time. He jerked his head up attentively when he heard the sound. He hoped he was hearing things, hoped it was only his imagination playing tricks on him. But then he heard it again. Knock, knock, knock. Nope. Not his imagination. There was definitely someone at the door. And he had a horrible feeling that he knew who it was.

“No, no, no...” Anon repeated word about a dozen times. He laid his forehead against the cabinet door and pleaded with the angry badger on the other side. “Sticks, please. I'm asking you to do me a favor. Please!”

The only response Anon got was Sticks kicking the door from her side, jarring him hard enough to knock him on his ass. Well, that wasn't very helpful.

“Mister Anon,” Cream said from the couch. “Someone's at the door.”

Anon hung his head and groaned. He was finished, he just knew it. Knock, knock, knock. Shit. Anon had promised Sticks he wasn't going to let them take her away, but how was he going to do that if she was being so difficult? Double shit.

There was nothing he could do but get things over with. Anon put his hands on his knees and pushed himself up. Vanilla was smiling her kind, motherly smile, but he could see a hint of sympathy in her eyes. Amy had her eyes fixed on the apartment door. She wasn't even trying to hide the concern on her face.

Cream piped up again. “Mister Anon?”

“I'm coming, I'm coming.” He took a deep breath. Ugh. Placing one foot in front of the other, he slowly trudged his way across the living room, to tell front door. A hand slowly reached out. Fingers curled tight around the cold, metal knob. With a twist of the wrist, the mechanism click, and Anon finally pulled the door open.

“Hello~o, Anon!” Miss Karen greeted him in her usual sing-song voice. She was being entirely too chipper, given the reason for her visit and all, but that was part of her nature. She was either one of the most optimistic people in the world, or she was bat-shit crazy and just didn't care about
anything. Or both.

Anon had to swallow back a lump in his throat before he could speak up. “G-good morning, miss Karen. How are you toda-”

“Oh, my, Cream, look at you, looking as adorable as ever!” Karen completely ignored Anon and walked right past him into the apartment. Her perfectly cut auburn hair bounced lightly as she made her way over to the couch. “You don't mind if I sit here, do you?”

“No ma’am.” Cream scooted over towards the end of the couch to give the young woman plenty of room.

Karen straightened up her short black skirt before flopping down on the middle of the couch in a most unprofessional manner. She kicked off her heels and propped his feet up on the coffee table, crossing her stocking covered legs at the ankle.

She opened her mouth to speak, but then stopped, frowned, and started to twist her back, trying to dig her shoulders into the couch cushion. “Jeez, Anon. You should look into getting some new furniture. Have you ever heard of lumbar support?

Anon closed the door. He spun around and held a hand up, fully prepared to defend the honor of his modest furniture, but Karen didn't give him a chance to.

“Sooo…” Karen pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose and looked around. “Where is she? In the back?” She put her feet back down on the floor and leaned forward, rubbing her hands together excitedly. “Come on, bring her out! Let's see the the little sneak!”

A blank expression rolled over Anon’s face. She wasn't acting how he thought a professional scientist should be acting, not at all. Then again, when had she ever?

“Aaactually,” Amy spoke up. She spun her index fingers around each other sheepishly as she glanced at the cabinet door out of the corner of her eye. “The thing is, she's, well...we had a little incident a few minutes ago, and she's-”

“Dead ?!” Karen covered her mouth and gasped.

A horrified look washed over Amy’s face. “What? No! She's not dead!”

“Phew,” Karen sighed. She wiped the back of a hand across her forehead and leaned back. “That would have been pretty hard to explain to the higher-ups. 'Hey, did you know that a Mobian snuck herself through our dimensional gateway and got past all of our security measures? Well, she died.' Oh, yeah, I'd have been demoted for sure. Probably cut from the project altogether! And we wouldn't want that to happen, would we?” No one spoke up, so miss Karen just kept on talking. “So! If she's not dead, where is she?”

Amy motioned towards the broom closet with her thumb and said, “She's in there.”

The young Foundation scientist looked in the direction Amy was pointing for a moment. She slowly twisted her head until she had Anon in her sights, her brow all furled up in an awful glare. “Anon Mundane Kuhn!” Oh shit, full name alert! Anon broke into an immediate sweat. Karen rose from and couch and walked over to where the worried young man was standing and put a finger right up in his face. “How could you! Locking a poor, defenseless Mobian in a cabinet like that!”

“I didn't...it's not...I mean..” Words, Anon. Use them to make a sentence. “That's where she sleeps.” Ok, maybe any sentence but that.
“What?” Karen had a fire in her eyes that threatened to burn Anon away like chaff. “You've been making her sleep in a dirty old broom closet like some kind of prisoner or something? Could you possibly be any crueler?!”

Anon may have been the tallest person in the room, but he suddenly felt very small. Very, very small. “No, no, I didn't-!”

“I ought to have you locked up! Let's see how you like being trapped in a little room!” Karen wasn't giving him any slack.

He hadn't known her very long, but Anon never would have guessed the little redheaded woman could be so scary. She had him backed up against the apartment door, shaking her finger in his face the entire time she berated him. The poor boy was on the verge of a breakdown.

“Excuse me, miss Karen?” It was Cream.

“Ye~es?” When Karen spun around, she had a big grin on her face. She put her hands on her knees and leaned down until she was closer to Cream’s level. “What is it, Cream?” She leaned in a little closer and lowered her voice. “Did mean mister Anon do something bad to you, too? Don't worry. I'm going to make sure the bad man goes away for a loooong time!”

Cream leaned away from Karen and shook her head. “N-no, it's not that!”

“No, really.” Karen shook a tightly closed first. “You just tell me what he did, and I'll-”

“Sticks wanted to stay in the broom closet, Miss Karen,” Cream quickly stated, before Karen could get anymote riled up.

“What now?” Karen had to straighten her glasses. Cream eagerly nodded, flopping her ears. Karen looked over at Amy for confirmation. The young pink Mobian shrugged.

“It's true, Miss Karen,” Vanilla added with her usual smile. “I was surprised as well, but she said it was what she wanted.”

Karen ran her thumb and finger down the sides of her chin. “Reeeally?” She spun around against and got all up in Anon’s grill again. “She wanted to sleep in there?”

Anon was still a little shaky, but somehow, he managed to get an answer out. “Uh-huh.” He nodded his head up and down. “S-she turned it into her own little room. Lined the walls with tinfoil and everything.”

“Tinfoil, eh?” Karen scrutinized Anon with her dark brown eyes. All of the sudden, she burst into a hearty laugh accompanied by a full-faced grin. “Well why didn’t you just say so, Anon?” She turned her back to Anon and smiled at the three dumbstruck Mobians staring back at her. “This guy, am I right? What a hoot.” She slapped Anon on the shoulder and laughed again. “Never change, Anon. Never change. Now!” Karen focused her eyes in the broom closet. “Let’s see this little stowaway.”

Amy sighed. “I'm sorry, Miss Karen.” She circled her foot around on the floor and shrugged a half hearted shrug. “But when she gets in a mood, she doesn't always-”

The creaking of old hinges cut though the room. Amy gasped and took a step back as the cabinet door slowly opened. A big orange ball of fur poked out, followed by the rest of Sticks. She closed the cabinet and stood there, arms crossed, in all her afro-topped glory.
“Sticks!” Amy blinked her eyes, just in case she was seeing things. “Y… You came out!”

“Of course I did.” Sticks shifted her weight from one foot to the other. “I figure anyone who gives Anon a hard time like that can’t be that bad. Besides, I wanted to-“

“O~oh my god!” Karen slapped her hands together. Her brown eyes lit up with delight when she saw the angry little ball of fur in the kitchen. “She’s so cu~ute!” The little redhead shot across the apartment faster than anyone who wore a pencil skirt should be able to move, and before anyone knew what was happening, she had thrown her arms around Sticks and lifted her up off the ground.

Sticks made some noises that didn't quite qualify as actual words. Her legs kicked at the air as Karen swung her back and forth a few times, before finally setting her back down. It took Sticks a few seconds to get her orientation back after being ragdolled like that.

“Hey,” Sticks angrily snapped once she was right on her feet again. “Whaddaya think you're doing?!” Her voice cracked on several high notes as she shouted at the elated scientist.

Karen was in a world of her own. A world where she couldn't hear the angry ranting of a certain little jungle badger. “She’s soo cute!” Karen danced past a very surprised Amy, past a confused little Cream, only to stop in front of a very, very worried Anon. Even though she still had a starry-eyed smile on her face, she still scared the religion out of him when she snatched him by the front of his shirt and jerked him repeatedly. “Why didn't you tell me she was so cute?”

Try as he might, Anon couldn't get a word out with her shaking him and spouting about how cute Sticks was. Sure, he thought she was cute, too, but god damn, Karen was making an awful big deal about it.

The ‘cute’ Mobian spoke up. “So...does that mean I can stay?”

“Hmm, what?” Karen glanced back over her shoulder. Poor Anon slumped back against the front door when she let go of his shirt. He couldn't even see straight, much less stand straight. “Of course you can stay. Who said you couldn't stay? Did you think I was going to take you away and lock you in a cage or something?”

Everyone in the apartment gawked at the young woman as she absentmindedly adjusted her glasses again. Amy was the first one to find her voice again. “Well, to be perfectly honest, we were a little concerned-“

Karen laughed. She laughed so hard that she had to wipe her eyes. “What?! Oh, no, no, no. Why would I do that?” She casually walked over to the couch and sat down as she continued her explanation. “As long as she's happy being here, and Anon doesn't mind having her, I don't see any reason to change things. And you went through all that trouble to keep her hidden,” she glances over at Anon with a knowing smile. “So you must like having her around. I say, let her stay! Besides, what my bosses don't know can't hurt them, right?”

“So that's it,” Anon said, putting the pieces together. He had straightened back up during Karen’s little monologue. “You're going to let her stay because you'll get in trouble if they find out she's here.”

The way Karen eased back on the couch and smiled coldly at him made Anon feel uncomfortable. She hooked a finger on the side of her glasses and pulled them down until she was looking over the top of them. “I’m letting her stay here because you'll get in trouble if I get in trouble.” She spoke in a much more level tone than she had the rest of the time she’d been there. But then she pushed her glasses back up and waved her hand towards Anon. “Oh man,” she said, back to her more jovial
disposition. “You should have seen the look on your face!”

Sticks scrunched her eyebrows up. “I have absolutely no idea what to think of this woman.”

“I know, right?” Amy looked as confused as everyone else in the apartment. They were all having a hard time keeping up with Karen’s mood swings.

“It’s a ‘you scratch my back, and I’ll scratch yours’ kind of deal,” said the Foundation scientist, still addressing Anon.

“More like an ‘if I go down, I’m taking you with me’ kind of deal,” he grumbled.

“Yeah, that too.” She winked at him. Who even winked these days? Apparently, Karen did.

“Speaking of scratching backs! I do have a favor to ask.”

“You mean another favor.” Anon glanced across the room to Vanilla, who smiled pleasantly back at him. He was, of course, alluding to how Karen had practically forced him to let the mother-daughter pair stay with him. He didn’t regret that now, for a variety of reasons, but he was starting to get annoyed with how much she was using him.

“Oh, don’t be like that!” Karen knew well and good what he meant, but she brushed his comment off all the same. “Besides, it’s just a teensy weensy little favor this time.” She held her hand up in front of her face and put her finger and thumb together until they were almost touching.

Anon sighed. The last time he had agreed to do her a favor, he ended up sleeping on the couch. He had no idea what she was going to ask him to do this time, but with the whole her letting Sticks stay thing going on, he couldn’t just tell her outright no. She had him by the balls. “What do you need me to do?”

“I am soo glad you asked!” Karen hopped off the couch and practically danced over to where he was. Anon got a ‘not again’ look on his face when he saw her coming. He flattened himself against the door again, but it wasn’t him she was headed to, it was the door. “Uh, ’scuse me, Anon. You’re kind of in my way.”

“Oh, uh...sorry.” Anon blinked and stepped to the side.

Karen turned the knob and gently cracked the door open enough to stick her head out. “You can come in now,” she said to somebody that was still outside, then pulled her head back and swung the door the rest of the way open.

“It’s about time!” It was another Mobian! She was on the short side, even compared to the other Mobians Anon had met. She had a head of thick, dark blue hair that fell a little past her shoulders, with lighter blue fur covering what little of her body that could be seen. Her upper half was hidden by a dark orange sweater with sleeves so long, the ends hung past her hands. She wore a pair of plain brown slacks over the lower portions of her body. Open-toed sandals showed off a pair of feet that ended in three long clawed toes. But her most defining feature was her aura of utter grouchiness, augmented by the scowl on her face and bags under her eyes. She could have given Oscar a run for his money.

“Listen up, everyone!” Karen was being as loud and lively as possible, the polar opposite of the little blue Mobian standing beside her. “I’d like to introduce you all to this little ball of sunshine!” She seemed so serious about how she said it that Anon honestly didn’t think she was being sarcastic. “This is Sage the sloth! Not to be confused with basil or oregano, of course.”

Sage slouched her shoulders and made a disgusted grunt. “That joke wasn’t funny the first time you
told it, and it hasn't gotten any funnier since."

"See?" Karen clasped her hands togetherness the way she did and smiled brightly. "Isn't she just a
doll?" Okay. She had to be kidding. That, or she was just plain looney. Anon didn’t know which
was worse.

"It's a, uh...pleasure to meet you, Sage." Anon scratched the back of his head real quick before
extending it out to the new girl.

"Wish I could say the same." Sage slowly reached her arm out, which pulled back the sleeve of her
sweater and exposed three very dangerous looking claws. Anon recoiled in fear that he was about
to get maimed, but Sage only batted him aside. "Oh, wait. No I don't." She shouldered her way past
Anon and walked over to the couch, where she sat and rested her chin on her clawed hand.

Anon glanced down at the hand Sage had refused to shake, then frowned at Karen. "She's kind of-

"Wonderful? Yeah, she is, isn't she?" Miss Karen was still lost in her own little world full
rainbows, butterflies, and all things cute.

"That's...not the word I was going to use," Anon muttered.

"I'm sitting right here, ya know." Sage was giving Anon an icy glare. Yeesh. He could feel the
cold chill running up his spine. Oh, wait, that was just the regular ol’ fear. Now that she had shut
Anon up, Sage turned her attention back to Karen. "Would you hurry up and tell them why we're
here already?"

"I thought Miss Karen was coming over to meet Sticks," Cream asked from the other end of the
couch.

"Tch, that?" Sage rolled her eyes. "That's not why we're really here."

Amy made her way across the living room, giving the new girl a quick inspection once she was
near the couch. She walked up next to Anon and leisurely rested a hand on her hip. "What's she
talking about, Miss Karen?"

"Oooh, it's nothing much," Karen replied. "I just need you to form a search party and scour the city
for Sage’s friend. She sort of got separated on the way over, and I kind of didn't notice until we
were almost here. See? No big deal!"

"Oh my word!" Vanilla's eyes were wide with motherly fraught. "You mean she's lost?"

Karen nodded. "That's one way to put it, sure. But I'd rather think of it as being 'temporarily
misplaced'!" She leaned up against Anon opposite the side Amy was standing and out an arm over
his shoulder. "I'm sure Anon’s the man for the job! You'll help me out, won't cha? Buddy? Pal?"
She slapped him on the back progressively harder as she spoke.

"Well, I..." Anon’s eyes darted back and forth for a moment. "Wait, why me?"

"Because it's one of those back scratching things we talked about earlier, remember?" Karen
peered up at Anon over the rims of her glasses. "I'm keeping your butt out of hot water by not
telling my bosses about Sticks, so you can do me this little favor, right?" She pushed her glasses up
her nose just right for them to catch the light and shine it right back into Anon’s eyes. "You don't
mind helping me out, right?"

"Hang on a minute..." Anon shielded his eyes with his hand until Karen finally stopped
spotlighting him. “I thought you said you would get in trouble if they found out too!”

“Well, yeah. But which one of us do you think would get in more trouble?” Karen patted Anon on the back. When Anon couldn’t form a rebuttal to that she was all grins again. “I knew you’d come through for me!” She leaned forward and peeked around his torso at Amy. “He’s a great guy, isn’t he? You girls are so lucky that someone like him signed up for the program!”

Amy’s eyebrow went up a little. “Y-yeah, I guess so?”

“Oh! Well, I’ve got some other important business to take care of, sooo…” Karen slowly stepped away from Anon and started edging her way towards the door. “I have faith in you, Anon! Don’t let me down~!”

Her escape attempt snapped Anon out his befuddlement. “Wait a second…” He had questions! “You haven’t told us anything about who we’re supposed to be looking for!”

“She’s a Mobian, Anon,” Karen answered as if that were supposed to settle matters. “You’re not going to say something stupid like ‘they all look the same to me’, are you? Because that would be totally offensive.”

“What? No, I didn't mean-” Anon dropped that train of thought in favor of another question. “What are we supposed to do when we find her?”

“Bring her back here, of course.” Karen had her hand on the knob. She gave it a turn and started pulling the door open. “What else would you do?”

“Bring her back here?” Anon repeated the phrase to make sure he had heard her correctly. “So you can come pick her and Sage up, right?”

“Wow.” Sage made eye contact with Amy and scoffed. “He's not too bright, is he?” The only reply her remark received was an unamused stare from the pink hedgie.

“Did I forget to mention that part?” Karen was already halfway out the door. “I may or may not have forgotten to fill out the paperwork again. Silly me, right? But I knew you wouldn't have any problem letting them stay here, since you’re such a great guy and all!”

Let them stay here? Anon’s brain crunched the numbers. One human, and one, two, three...there would be six Mobians, counting Sage and her lost friend, and that was if they could even find her! Once again, Karen was dumping a lot more on Anon’s lap than he ever bargained for. “Hey, wait a second! You can't just-”

“Oooh, would you look at the time?” Karen glanced down at her wrist, checking the watch that wasn't even there. “Sorry, Anon! Got to run. Important Foundation business and all. You’ll call me when you get everything straightened out, right? Of course you will. Bye, girls!” She did a quick little wave with her watchless hand. “Bye, Sticks! You keep doing you, k? You too, Sage! Be a good girl for Anon, ok? Bye~e!” The apartment door closed, and she was gone.

Sage blew a loose strand of hair out of her face. “Whatever,” she grumbled.

Anon stood there, staring at the door like a dolt. “W-what just happened?”

“I think you just got bamboozled,” Sticks replied.

Amy tries to lighten the mood. “That Miss Karen sure is something, isn't she?” She nudged Anon in the hip with her elbow, giving him the best smile she could muster under the circumstances.
“Oh, she's something, alright,” Sage said as she adjusted herself on the arm of the couch. “She's completely out of her mind, that's what she is. I never should have let myself get talked into any of this.” At least her and Anon finally had something they agreed on.

“Mister Anon?” It was Cream. Of course it was, she was the only one that called him mister. “What are you going to do about Sage’s friend?” A look of sympathy was painted on her face.

“Oh. Yeah.” Anon knew he had forgotten something. Turning to the Mobian on the other end of the couch, Anon scratched at his cheek and said, “We really should go look for her.”

“Who's we? That scientist chick said it's your problem, not mine.”

“But she's your friend, right?” Amy wasn't sure what to make of the new girl. She crossed her arms and gave her a stern look, but tried to make sure she didn't come off as being too condescending, since Sage was a guest. “Aren't you worried about her?”

“Worried? Sure, I'm worried.” If Sage was, she sure didn't sound like it. “But I can be worried right here, while you all go find her. And that's exactly what I plan on doing.”

Ok. Amy was quickly forgetting about her being a guest. “That's a fine attitude to have whe-”

Anon placed a hand on Amy’s shoulder. “No, it's cool, really,” he said, nodding. “I’ll go look for her. I just have to search an entire city...for one person...that I've never met before...” The more he said, the less enthusiastic he sounded.

“Well you're not going by yourself.” Amy wagged a finger at Anon.

“He'd probably wind up lost too if he went by himself,” Sage quietly added.

“That's right, Anon.” Vanilla had snuck up behind him again. “I'll help look, too.”

“I'm coming too,” said a smiling Cream.

Amy nodded. “Yeah, it won't take any time at all, with all of us-”

“If you think I'm going out looking like this, then you're crazier than I am!” Sticks pointing at the ball of fluff on top of her head.

“Can't blame ya.” Sage pushed her hair behind her ear with a sleeve covered hand and sighed. “I'd be embarrassed to be seen in public looking like that, too.”

“Sticks…” Amy sighed.

“Maybe it's better if Sticks stays behind.” Anon rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “We can't leave Sage here by herself, after all.”

“Wouldn't bother me,” the sloth in question mumbled.

“I guess you're right.” Amy didn't look so sure, though. She leaned a little closer to Anon and whispered, “But do you think it's a good idea to leave Sticks here without...supervision?”

“No, really, you can all go.” Sarcastic sloth kept her running color commentary going.

“I see what you mean,” Anon whispered back to the little pink hedgie. “But what can we do? She's...
Amy pondered the problem for a moment. “Maybe we could talk her into hiding in the backpack again? I don't know, it's the best I can come up with.”

“Again?” Sage’s eyebrows moved up just the tiniest bit. She was suddenly showing a little interest in something.

“Maybe it would be best if I stayed behind.” Vanilla had crept up in Anon’s blindspot again and joined their hushed conversation. “I'll keep an eye on the girls. You two go look for Sage’s friend.”

“What about me?” Cream had crawled across the couch on hands and knees until she was close enough to get in on the huddle as well. “I still want to help!”

“That's fine, dear,” Vanilla replied with a smile and a nod.

“Ok. It's settled then,” said Amy. “Me, Anon, and Cream will go looking, and Miss Vanilla will stay here to watch Sticks and Sage.”

“Don't lump me in with her,” Sage grumped. “I don't need to be watched.”

“You need watchin’ more than anyone else here.” Sticks pushed her way under Anon’s arm and stood at his side, her own arms folded over her chest. The private conversation was turning out to be not so private after all. “You're not even a main character!”

Sage gave the badger a heavy eyed glare. “What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“It means I'm watching you!” Sticks leaned closer to the couch and pointed at her own eyes, then Sage.

“Whatever.” Sage huffed and looked away with disinterest. “I don't have to take that kind of talk from someone with hair like that, anyway.”

Sticks threw her arms down to her sides and growled. “Wha-wha-what did you say?”

“Ok, ok. Knock it off, you two.” Anon had to grab Sticks by the back of her t-shirt before she stomped any closer to Sage. Maybe leaving these two at home together with Vanilla wasn't the best idea. Sure, she was a mom, but Cream didn't have nearly as much attitude as either Sticks or Sage. It didn't seem fair to leave her here with them while he-

“Don't worry, Anon.” Vanilla put a hand on Anon’s arm. As if she knew what he was thinking, she reached past him and grabbed Sticks by her collar and gently but firmly pulled her back. “I'll make sure Sticks and Sage get along while you're gone. They won't be any trouble at all.” Sticks had been trying to pull her shirt away, and Sage was watching with a bored look on her face, but when they saw they deathly serious look on Vanilla’s face, they both became a lot more attentive. “Isn't that right, girls?”

They both quietly nodded.

“See, Anon?” The cheerful, motherly smile was back on Vanilla's face when she looked over at Anon again. “They'll be best of friends before you know it! You leave everything to me, ok?”

“Uh, y-yeah...I mean, yes ma’am.” Anon wasn't sure what to make of Vanilla. He was just glad she was on his side.
“So, Sage.” Amy folded a hand over the ridge of her hip. “Can you at least tell us anything about your friend?”

Sage took a long, slow breath and exhaled an exaggeratedly long sigh. “Her name is Bump. She's a deer. And she's not exactly the brightest bulb in the chandelier, if you catch my drift.”

Cream pursed her lips a little. “That's not really a lot to go on.”

“Hey, if you have a problem with it, take it up with that Karen chick.” Sage shrugged. She readjusted herself again before going on. “She's the one who lost her. I tried to tell her that Bump had wandered off, but she just laughed and said everything would be alright.”

Anon nodded. “That sounds exactly like something she would say.”

Amy shrugged and sighed. “I guess we'll just have to comb the city until we find her. Like Miss Karen said, it shouldn't be too hard to find her, it's not like this town is full of Mobians. She ought to stand out.”

“She stands out, alright,” Sage quietly grumbled.

“Well...we're not going to find her standing around here.” Anon scratched his head.

“C'mon, Cream!” Amy signaled for her little friend to follow her. “Let's get changed so we can head out.”

“Oh!” Cream smiled enthusiastically and hopped off the couch. She and Amy headed to the back to change into something more fitting to go out in. They couldn't just go out in their little sleep shorts. That wouldn't do at all.

Meanwhile Anon was still a little uneasy about leaving Vanilla behind to keep an eye on Sticks and Sage. It didn't seem like those two were going to get along too well together. “Are you sure-”

“It's alright, Anon,” Vanilla tried to reassure Anon’s lingering doubts. “I've had to deal with a lot worse than this before! Besides-” Vanilla leaned over and whispered to him, eyes suddenly smoldering with desire. “You can make it up to me later~.”

“I, uh, heh...” A bead of sweat trailed down the side of Anon’s face while he smiled goofily. He knew exactly what she meant by that. He wanted to reply, but when he opened his mouth, nothing came out. Luckily for him, Amy and Cream returned before the situation could grow any more awkward.

Cream rounded the hall first. She was wearing a loose, orange tank top that had a bright yellow star right in the center of it, and a pair of tennis shorts that were the same color orange as her shirt. The bottom of her tank didn't quite come all the way down, leaving a hint of midriff peeking out as she walked. A translucent yellow visor cast a brightly colored shadow over her eyes to shield them from the midday sun that was waiting for them outside. Anon thought she looked very cute. If only she were a little older...No, no, Anon. Don't think like that.

Anon was saved from any impure thoughts about the underage bunny when he spotted Amy coming around the hall. She had changed into her wide rimmed red dress, the very same one she had been wearing the day she first arrived. It hadn't even been a week, but Anon felt like he couldn't remember a time before she had been here. He had liked the way that dress looked on her then, and he still liked the way it looked on her now. The way it hugged her waist and showed off her figure, but still seemed modest and simple. And that flared bottom that rose up dangerously high? How she didn't go around showing off the goods to everyone was a miracle! He had even
managed a peek himself the first day they met. Good times.

“Anon, you're staring.” Amy said with a wry smile. Anon peeled his eyes away from her legs, and his imagination away from what was under her dress, and turned his eyes to meet hers. She just shook her head and gave him a look. Not a mean look. Just a ‘Really? You couldn't help it?’ kind of look.

“S-sorry..” Anon looked away sheepishly. He could feel his face going red, he just hoped no one was paying any attention to it.

Vanilla wasn’t thankfully. She was more interested in the outfit her daughter had on. “Is *that* what you're wearing?” She put her knuckles on her hip as she looked Cream over. Her shorts were leaving an awful lot of leg exposed.

“Mo~om...” Cream’s shoulders sagged a little as she whined. What teen girl wanted to hear her mom fuss about her outfit? Not this one, that was for sure.

Vanilla sighed. “Oh, alright.” She gave her daughter a smile, although it was noticeably smaller than she usually gave. Vanilla didn't like the idea of her daughter going out dressed like that, but she didn't want to make it a big scene, especially not in front of everyone else. She would say something about it later, though.

Anon could tell things were starting to get awkward; He was the king of awkward, after all. “O-ok, well...we'd best get going. Burning daylight, and all that.” It wasn't even noon yet.

“You're *totally* right,” Amy quickly agreed. She didn't want to get caught in the middle of a mother-daughter disagreement anymore than Anon. She grabbed Cream with one hand and Anon with the other and started herding them towards the door. “Miss Karen is depending on us to find Bump! We sure wouldn't want to let her down, would we?”

“Nope,” Anon replied as he pulled the door open. “Not to mention what Sage’s friend must be going through. Lost and alone in a city she's never been to before?” He was polite enough to hold the door for the ladies first.

Cream frowned as Amy put a hand on her back and gently pushed her out the door. “H-hey, what's the rush?”

“Don't forget, she's not even from this world,” Amy insightfully added, ignoring Cream’s protests. “The sooner we start looking, the sooner we’ll find her!”

“That's *so* true.” Anon nodded emphatically and followed the two girls out the door. He turned back one last time and gave everyone still in the apartment a wave. “See you guys later. We'll be back as soon as We find Bump!” Then he pulled the door closed and sighed.

“You guys want to tell me what that was about?” Cream looked back and forth between Amy and Anon as they made their way through The City looking for the lost Mobian. They had decided to travel by foot, since they thought they might miss her if they took the car.

“What was what back where?” Anon didn't have much staff in the short term memory department.

“Back at your place,” Cream reminded him, “While we were leaving.”
Anon rubbed his cheek. Hmm. Nope, no bells were ringing. “What happened while we were leaving?”

“She means with her mom,” Amy added.

Anon thought a little bit harder, and—bingo! “Oh, that.” It only happened a few lines ago, Anon. Try to keep up. “Yeah, we, uh...we wanted to leave before, um, well...” He was trying to figure out a way to say it without saying “before your mom started giving you a hard time about your clothes”.

“Before your mom started giving you a hard time about your clothes,” Amy said in his place. She looked over at Anon who was walking on the other side of Cream and smirked. He knew it was because he got tongue-tied, but all he could do was give her a shrug.

Cream frowned at her pink friend. “What’s wrong with my clothes?” She looked up at Anon with her bottom lip jutting out extra far. “Is there something wrong with my outfit?”

“W-what...?” Anon wasn’t sure how to reply, but the question made him a little nervous.

“There’s not anything wrong with it,” Amy answered. “It’s just, well...you’ve had that outfit for a while, right?”

“Yeah, I’ve had it for a few years, actually.” Cream’s face lit up with a proud smile. “It’s one of my favorites, as a matter of fact.”

Amy bit her lip. She was desperately trying to think of a way to get her point across without hurting her friends feelings. “Ok, sure, but you’ve grown since then, right?”

“Well, yeah.” Cream turned her hands up and shrugged wistfully. “I’m not a kid anymore. I’m practically grown up, you know.”

Amy sighed quietly to herself. “Don’t you think maybe you’ve outgrown those clothes?” She glanced down at her friend’s midsection. Cream’s top looked like it was riding up even higher than before. Her navel was in clear view now. Not to mention the way her shorts looked like they were practically painted on. Amy hadn’t wanted her friend to get scolded in front of everyone back at Anon’s place, but her mom did have a point. “Aren’t they a little...uncomfortable?”

“No way,” Cream replied with a big grin. “They’re super comfortable! Especially the shorts. They’re so comfortable that it feels like I’m not wearing anything at all sometimes!”

Anon had been trying to keep out of the conversation, but that last comment caught him like a slap to the face. He felt his face heating up as blood rushed to his cheeks. Anon had already seen her mother completely naked. He figured Cream probably looked a lot like that, except smaller. And younger. No, Anon. Bad Anon! He gave his head a hearty shake. That was not the image he needed to see in his head right now.

Cream noticed all the motion and turned her attention to Anon. “What do you think, Mister Anon?”

“M-me? I-I wasn't thinking anything, I swear!” The sweat drops running down his face said otherwise. His sweat glands revved up even more when he saw the ‘you’re busted, mister’ look that Amy was giving him.

“My shorts.” Cream stopped mid stride, bringing Anon and Amy to a halt with her, then put her hands on her hips and turned her back to Anon. “What do you think? You like my shorts, don't you,
Mister Anon?” Cream arched her back inwards to give Anon a better view of her shorts. Yeah, sure, her ‘shorts’. Anon could just hear the party van in his addled mental state.

Well now, this was a tricky situation. Anon couldn't help but look. Dear lord he knew it was wrong, but he couldn't help it. All she wanted was an opinion on her clothes, right? That wasn't so bad. That's all he was doing, looking so he could give her an honest answer. Yeah. That's it! Nothing wrong with that, right?

Oh, how Anon lied to himself. He wasn't looking so he could give her an opinion about her clothes. What the hell did he know about clothes? This was the guy who didn't care if his socks ever matched. Anon had zero fashion sense. But he did have some pretty good ass sense. And much to his chagrin, he didn’t dislike what he saw.

Tennis shorts. Whoever invented those sporty little butt-huggers knew exactly what they were doing. Cream’s shorts were hugging her legs particularly well. The way she had her back end pushed out had the fabric of her shorts pulled as taut as possible, accentuating the curve of her tight teen booty. Anon thought he could even see a slight bulge between her thighs. Could it be that the little bunny had a fat vu-

“Anon .” It was the third time Amy had said his name, but he had been a little too distracted to hear her the first two times. The look on her face when he finally stopped leering at Cream was the thing of men’s nightmares.

“Y-y-yeah..?” Anon smiled a very nervous ‘please don't kill me’ smile hoping to dissuade the simmering anger steaming off of Amy. It did not work. It did not work at all.
Amy rolled her eyes. She couldn't really blame him. Anon was a guy, after all, and Cream was hamming it up a little. I mean, did she really need to wiggle her butt like that? Cream was such a sweet girl, but her body was starting to outgrow her personality. She probably didn't even realize the effect she could have on guys like Anon. Amy was going to have to talk to her about it later, girl to girl. For now, they had more important things to do, and she needed to get Anon's head back in the game. The one not in his pants. “Aren't we supposed to be looking for someone?”

Anon scratched the side of his head. “Oh, uh...right.”

And off they went again, with Anon taking the lead this time so he wouldn't have to worry about getting distracted by anyone's shorts or how well they wore them. Amy followed close behind. The smirk on her face was more out of annoyance than anger at this point. She knew Anon was just being Anon, but he could be Anon later, after the missing Mobian was accounted for again.

Cream lagged behind and pouted. Anon hadn't complimented her shorts or what she had in them, and she shook her butt and everything! Oh well. She knew she'd have plenty of chances to make Anon notice her later.

Things were going pretty well back at the apartment. Sage was still nestled against the arm of the couch. She had managed to scrounge up the tv remote and was lazily flipping from one station to the next, pushing the buttons through the thick sleeve of the sweater draped over the end of her hand. Sage didn't really want to watch anything in particular, but she still wanted to see what was on. It wasn't like there was anything better to do. She might have been able to enjoy her aimless channel surfing if it wasn't for that afro-headed nut job staring at her from over the arm of the other end of the couch. After several minutes of being glared at by her silent stalker, Sage finally asked, “What the hell do you want?”

“To make sure you aren't up to anything suspicious,” Sticks answered, not even attempting to hide the ire in her voice.

“Suspicious? Me?” Sage’s eyebrows went up, but only slightly. “You're the one who's acting suspicious.”

Sticks stood up and pointed her finger at Sage. “That's big talk coming from an OC like you!”

“What the hell are you talking about?” The annoyed sloth’s forehead scrunched up in a super annoyed frown. “What the hell is wrong with you period?”

“What is wrong with me, indeed.” Sticks ran her finger and thumb down the sides of her jaw thoughtfully as she stared into space. “That's exactly what I'd expect an original character to say.”

“Whatever.” Sage went back to browsing through the stations, already exhausted with dealing with her. “Where'd your babysitter go?”

Sticks shrugged. “Vanilla? She's in Anon’s room, going through his stuff.” She pursed her lips together and scratched her chin. “There's just one thing I can't figure out...”

“What's that,” Sage asked, barely listening.

“She was smelling Anon’s clothes.”

Sage’s channel surfing came to an abrupt halt. She slowly twisted her neck around and shot Sticks
a doubtful look. “She's doing wha -” Sage stopped herself. She shook her head and pushed herself even deeper into the corner of the couch. “You know what? I don't even care.” Once again, her attention returned to the tv screen. Sage sighed and mumbled to herself, “How did I get stuck with this bunch of weirdos?”

Bunch of weirdos was right. Vanilla stood in the middle of Anon’s room, holding a wad of his clothes in her hands. She held them against her face and took a deep breath, soaking up Anon’s thick, human musk. “God, that's good.”

Back in the living room, where no one was trying to get off to smelling dirty laundry, Sage shook her head. “How did I let myself get talked into this,” she asked once again.

Sticks was about to give an unnecessary answer, when there was a sudden knock at the front door, causing her to pause with her mouth still half open. Sticks looked at Sage, then the door, then Sage again.

Sage didn’t even bother to turn her head. “What are you looking at me for?”

Sticks gave Sage a frustrated frown.

Sage stuck her clawed hand out from the of her sleeve and pointed it down at the spot she was sitting, still looking ahead. “I’m not moving from this spot til I have to, and I still don’t.”

“Fine.” Sticks rolled her eyes, threw her hands in the air, and said with exaggerated flair, “I will answer the door!” She sighed and trotted past the couch, mumbling, “Wouldn't want anyone to hurt themselves.” She didn't mumble it very quietly.

Sage silently mimicked the badger's last remark behind her back mockingly, adding an eye roll to the immature act before focusing back on the tv.

The little jungle badger approached the door and reached for the knob, but her hand froze an inch away from it. She gasped so heavily that it even got Sage to turn her head.

“What are you doing now?” Sage rested her elbow on the arm of the couch and watched Sticks do her impression of a statue. The little freak couldn’t even answer the door without a fuss. “Just open it already!”

After a moment of silence, Sticks finally drew another breath and whispered, “I can sense the government on the other side of this door...”

Neither girl had a chance to say anything else before the door swung wide open. “Hey, Ano-” The postman’s boisterous entrance made Sticks dive out of the way. A big grin was spread across his face at first, but it quickly vanished when he saw someone besides Anon. He pinched the arm of his oval glasses and watched Sticks pick herself back up. “You're not Anon. You're not even a human.”

“Congratulations, you're not blind.” Sage’s sarcasm was as sharp as her claws. “You can tell the difference between a human and a Mobian. Whoo freakin’ hoo.”

Andrew the mailman blinked at the rude observation before kneeling down by Sticks and held his hand halfway over his mouth. “She's not very nice, is she,” he whispered.

“No, she's not,” Sticks agreed. Then she noticed how close the stranger had gotten and jumped back into a crouch. “Hey, you can't come barging in here like that,” she barked at him.
“Barging?” Andrew stood and pressed his hand against his chest. “Me?” He looked around, like he thought she might have meant someone else. “My dear girl, I do not barge.”

“Sure you do,” Sticks replied. “Barging is one of the things government agents do best!”

“He's just the mailman,” Sage added from her seat on the couch. She was still trying to watch the television despite their carrying on. “Not a 'government agent.'” She lifted a hand and did air quotes with her claws.

“My other dear girl.” Andrew turned to Sage with a white glare in his spectacles and spoke in a low tone. “I'll have you know, as a proud member of the postal service, I am indeed employed by the federal government.” Drew stood tall and proud in his official blue and white postman uniform. But a buttoned up shirt with a turned-down collar and shorts didn't look very imposing, especially not on a middle-aged man.

“Whatever.” Sage wasn't paying attention to him anymore. When the mailman looked back down, she had the remote pointed at the television again. Her absolute indifference to everyone around her was astonishing.

Drew’s shoulders melted. “That pose used to make children’s eyes sparkle with wonder,” he said with a frown. “But now?”

“Did it really make children’s eyes sparkle,” asked Sticks. Press X to doubt.

“Well, I'm pretty sure it made a kid’s eyes sparkle one time.” He scratched at his stubbly chin. “Or was he just staring at the sun?” Andrew hung his head with a heavy sigh. “I've always thought being a mailman was cool. Have I been wrong all these years?”

Sticks raised her eyebrows incredulously. “If you thought delivering mail was cool? Yes. Yes you have.” Her answers brought Andrew to tears. Sticks wasn't sure what to do about a grown man sobbing in front of her. Her first reaction was to reel back as if she had just seen something that disgusted her. Because she kind of did. “Look, I would tell you it's going to be ok, but I kind of have a policy against offering comfort to anyone who works for the feds.”

It was about then that Vanilla finally came out of the back room, surreptitiously smoothing down her frazzled hair. “Oh, good morning! I didn't realize we had company.” She smiled brightly at the visitor, cheering him instantly back up.

“My, my. Who is this vision of splendor?” Drew pushed his way past the afro topped Sticks and took Vanilla's hand, completely forgetting the demolition of his worldview. “You wouldn't happen to be Miss Vanilla, would you?”

“As a matter of fact, I am,” she answered, putting her free hand on her cheek and looking away bashfully at his flattery. “And you are..?”

“I am-” Andrew suddenly pulled a small digital pad out of thin air and placed it in Vanilla’s upturned hand. “-here to deliver your things. Sign here, please.”

“Oh, uh... yes, ok.” Vanilla blinked her big brown eyes, slightly deflated. She took the stylus and signed her name on the digital pad before handing it back to a brightly grinning Andrew.

“Ah, yes, everything seems to be in order,” he said. Andrew gave the pad a another quick glance and nod before he put it back...wherever it was that it came from. Then he smiled and gave his fingers a snap. “Alright boys, bring them in!”
With that command, the front door swung open, and in filed a half dozen nondescript men wearing the same blue and white uniforms as Andrew. Sticks shouted something about drones and took off running for her little cubby hole as the men carried in boxes of all shapes and sizes. Andrew stood with a toothy grin stretched across his face while Vanilla and Sage watched his men march back and forth. In only a few moments, the last box was delivered, and the men exited the apartment as quickly and silently as they had entered.

“Well then.” Drew looked entirely too smug for his own good. “If you ladies will excuse me.” He gave a graceful bow and strode to the door, but before leaving, he turned around one last time and said, “Oh, yes, one more thing. Tell Anon I'm keeping my eye on him.” He smiled, but it was slightly more serious looking than his usual smiles. He closed the door behind himself and was gone.

Sage couldn't ignore the scene for once. “What the absolute hell was that all about?”

“I'm...not sure,” Vanilla solemnly answered.

It had been several hours since Anon and the girls had started looking for Bump, and their search hadn't turned up anything yet. They had wandered the streets of The City all afternoon, stopping by all sorts of stores, offices, and any sort of places of interest they could think of, all without turning up a single clue as to where Bump might be. They had even started asking random people that they ran into if they had seen her. Not a single person they asked had seen a Mobian girl that day, aside from the two in front of them.

“I'm starting to wonder if we're ever going to find her,” Amy said as she parked herself on a wooden bench to rest her poor, tired feet. “It's going to be dark soon, and we're not any closer to finding her yet.” She threw her arms over the back of the bench and sighed.

Cream brushed her ears back over her shoulders and took a seat on the bench as well. “But we can't give up. Maybe we should try the park again?”

“We could try the park again, we could try the burger joint again, we could even try the library again.” Frustrated that they were making so little progress, Amy huffed. Leaning back against the hard wooden bench wasn't as comfortable as she had hoped it would be, so she sat up straight and slouched her shoulders. “We've tried everywhere already. Walking around all willy nilly isn't getting us anywhere. What we need is a plan.”

“What did you have in mind?” The sound of Cream’s stomach protesting ended her sentence prematurely. She was slightly embarrassed at how loud her belly growl had actually been. “Oh, uh...I guess I'm getting a little hungry, heh.”

Amy understood. Her stomach wasn't too far away from making those kinds of noises either. “It is almost dinnertime, and we did miss lunch. Maybe we should head back...”

Cream’s big brown eyes looked to Amy sorrowfully. “Amy, we can't stop looking!”

“I'm not saying we give up the search yet,” Amy said reassuringly. “But we definitely need to regroup. Who knows, maybe Bump found her way there while we were looking?” Wishful thinking to say the least, but she was willing to believe. “What do you think, Anon?” Amy waited for his reply, but it never came. “Anon..?” Her bright green eyes darted back and for as she looked around the area for her human companion, but he was nowhere in sight. She brushed back her
pokey bangs back and let out a growl. “You have got to be kidding me. We lost Anon!” The little pink Mobian cradled her face in her hands and groaned. She was so busy being frustrated with Anon’s disappearance that she didn’t notice the shadow looming over her.

Cream put a hand on her friend’s shoulder to get her attention. “Um, Amy?”

When Amy uncovered her eyes, she saw a human shaped silhouette cast on the ground. Her expression softened. She sighed a sigh of pure relief because she hadn't lost Anon after all. She looked back with a big grin on her face and said, “Boy, am I glad to see-”

It was a familiar face, but it wasn't Anon’s. Amy knew that scowl, that slightly crooked nose, and who could forget that jet black pompadour sticking out over the top of his head? It was the same jerk who had picked a fight with her and Anon before, Boss, accompanied by his faithful cronies, Puck and Orville.

“You expectin’ someone else?” Boss was chewing on a toothpick while he talked.

Amy glared back up at the thug. “I was expecting anyone but you.” The tension between them was so electric the air crackled.

“Hey, Boss, where's that other guy?” Puck sloched lazily to the side, his hands stuff in his pants pockets. “I don't see him around anywhere.”

Boss snorted. He swapped the toothpick from one corner of his mouth to the other and asked derisively, “What's wrong, pinkie, your boyfriend dump you already?”

“He's not my-” Amy stopped herself. She wasn't obligated to explain her relationship with Anon to this oaf. “We were looking for someone and we got separated. That's all.”

“You hear that, Boss?” Orville slapped a hand against his rotund belly and chuckled. “She said they're separated.”

“Hmph.” Boss spat his toothpick out onto the ground, then sneered down at Amy. “I figured it wouldn't work out. That guy was a total loser, but who would even want to-” Don't say it. “Screw a rat?” He said it.

Amy’s face got as red as her dress. She already had enough to deal with, she was not going to sit here and put up with this right now. She got up, standing on the bench so she was tall enough to get face to face with the human. “Now you listen to me!” Amy jammed her finger against his nose. “It has been a long day and I do not have time for you or your stupid attitude right now!”

Puck and Orville shrunk back from Amy’s outburst, but Boss stood his ground, albeit with a considerably wary look on his face. He still remembered the blow to the head he suffered the last time they met. He grinded his teeth, trying to think of good comeback. “Oh yeah? Well-”

“Excuse me, mister?” Cream had quietly been watching the conversation up until now, but had finally decided to speak up. Everyone, Amy included, turned and looked at the young hare. She was gazing up at Boss with her big brown eyes. Boss stared back at her with a stupefied look on his face, momentarily stunned by the power of her cuteness.

“Look, Boss, there's another one,” Orville said, pointing out the obvious.

“I can see that,” Boss barked at him.

Cream cleared her throat. When Boss looked back down, she batted her eyes at him and said,
“We’ve been out all day looking for someone, but now we can't find her or Anon either-” Cream turned it up a notch with a sniffle. “Do you...do you think you and your friends could help us look?” And another sniffle for good measure. “Please?”

Puck snickered. “Yeah right, like we would ever help-”

Boss planted his fist in the top of Puck’s skull so hard that his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. Boss looked down at his scrappy little friend while he nursed the new knot growing out of the top of his noggin and shouted, “Who the hell put you in charge?”

“But, Boss, I was just tellin’ them-” Puck flinched and covered his head with his arms when he saw Boss raise his fist again.

“Last time I checked, I make the decisions around here!” Boss poked out the thumb of his balled up hand and jabbed it against his chest authoritatively. “If I say we help ’em look, then we're gonna help ’em look!”

“Are you saying we're going to help them look,” Orville asked with a skeptical but interested expression on his round face.

“What if I am,” Boss snapped. This time it was Orville’s turn to cower. “You got a problem with that?”

“No problem here, Boss,” Orville answered meekly, trying to avoid the wrath of Boss. Orville didn't want a goose egg messing up his perfectly trimmed bowl cut. “It's just...”

Boss balled up his first and shook it again. “It's just what?”

Orville quickly answered, “It's just a little out of character for you.”

“I got to admit,” Amy chimed in, drawing the attention of all three boys. “It does seem kind of odd. I mean, the last time I ran into you guys...” Amy extended an arm and flexed her hand at the wrist, finishing her sentence by feigning a swing.

Boss knew exactly what she was referring to. For all his threatening of the other two, suddenly he was the one defensively covering his precious pompadour from her invisible hammer. He hadn't had very much luck when it came to these little Mobian girls and his stylish hairdo.

Luck or no luck, Boss straightened himself back up and put on his toughest face. He set his jaw and looked down the bridge of his ever so crooked nose at the pink girl standing on the back of the bench. “I don't have to explain myself to you or anyone else. If I want to help you guys look for that loser, then you're just gonna have to deal with it, ya hear?!”

Wait, was this guy actually offering to help look for Anon? Amy looked at Boss incredulously. “But...why?”

“Because I'm Boss, and I do what I want!” He shouted so loud that a couple people walking down the sidewalk turned to see what was going on. Boss quieted down a bit and added, “And because...” His narrow eyes glanced Cream’s way for a split second, but she caught him looking and beamed back at him with a smile. “Well, because I'm Boss. That's all that matters. You guys ought to be thankful that a guy like me wants to help!”

“Y-yeah, no..” Amy was stupefied. She had no idea what to say. So this was how Anon felt all the time. “We, um...thanks?”
“You're damn right thanks .” Boss shoved his hands into his jeans pockets and turned away. “So shut the hell up and let's go find that guy. The thought of that loser walking around my town like he owns it is making me sick, so the quicker we find him, the better.”

Cream reached over the back of the bench and tugged on the sleeve of his tough guy leather jacket. “Don't forget, Mister Boss, sir, we have to find Bump too.”

Boss looked down at her from the corner of his eye and made a low growling noise. “Yeah,” he finally said, looking back out towards the city. “We'll find your other friend, don't you worry about it.” He grunted again and started walking away.

Cream’s smile spread from one side of her face to the other, but Amy, Puck, and Orville all watched Boss walked away with equally confused looks on their faces.

“What's gotten into him,” Amy asked once she pulled her jaw back into place.

“I have no idea.” Puck scratched his curly brown hair, but he winced when he hit that spot where Boss clonked him.

“There's definitely more going on here than he's letting on.” Orville stroked his chin. But he turned his hands up and gave his heavy shoulders a shrug. “Oh well. If Boss says we help look, we help look. Shouldn't be too hard to find them with all of us looking, right?”

“Huh?” Amy was still baffled. It took her a second to process Orville’s comment. “O-oh, right. I hope so, at least.”

Cream wasn't content to just sit there and look silly while Boss got farther and farther away. She whipped around the bench and sprinted after him. “C'mon, Amy,” she said, looking back over her shoulder. She caught up to Boss and slowed down to match his pace, walking beside him. Cream gave him another smile but he grunted and looked the other way. But Cream didn't mind, she just smiled even bigger.

“God. Fucking. Damnit.” Anon frowned at his phone. It was completely dead. Must have forgotten to charge it the night before.

Anon had planned on calling Amy to ask where she and Cream were. He didn't know when it had happened, or how it had happened, but he was talking to the girls about where to look for Bump next, and the next minute, they were gone. There were no payphones near him as far as he knew, so with his cellphone dead, he had no way to reach them. He had to deal with finding three lost Mobians now. Fantastic.

Ok. Amy and Cream weren't lost per se , but he knew miss Karen would still hang his ass out to dry if she found out he had so carelessly gotten separated from them. Really need to step your game up, Anon.

Anon sighed heavily. He didn't know what to do. Should he keep looking for Bump on his own? Or should he retrace his steps and see if he could find Amy and Cream? He had to make a decision soon. The sun was setting, casting a pink glow over the edge of the sky. It'll get dark not too long. Curse Miss Karen for expecting him to find her lost Mobian for her. Curse himself for not plugging his phone in before bed. And curse The City for being so damn big!

He shoved his phone back in his pocket. His mind was made up. He would have to head back.
Anon figured the girls would have done the same by now. Hell, maybe they had even found Bump already, and everyone was waiting on him to come back home! Boy, wouldn't that be swell. If this was a sitcom from the sixties, that’s exactly how it’d work out. But it wasn’t, this was Anon’s life and nothing was ever simple.

Shoulders slouched and head hung low, Anon stuck his fingers in his pockets, hooking his thumbs over the outer edge, and started dragging his sore feet across the sidewalk towards home. He spotted a piece of chipped rock laying on the sidewalk and started kicking it as he walked, but after the second kick, the little stone bounced off the edge of the sidewalk and rolled right down a storm drain. Anon sighed again and asked no one in particular, “Why can't things ever be easy?”

“Well, if everything was easy, it wouldn't be so much fun,” a mysterious feminine voice replied.

“*Fun*?” Anon blew raspberries. There was nothing fun about wasting your whole day looking for someone and not finding them. As far as Anon was concerned, that was the opposite of what he considered fun. “If this is what you call fun, then I would rather be bored.”

Anon turned and pressed his back against the brick retainer wall that ran along the side of the sidewalk. His aimless wandering had brought him to one of The City’s residential neighborhoods. Most of the homes were built on little knolls. It had something to do with flooding back in the day, but that was back before Anon’s time, so he didn't really know or care much about all that. All he knew was the houses looked pretty fancy up on their little hills, with their little brick walls built around them, and their little fences around their yards. Compared to the apartment he was staying in, these were practically castles.

“You seem down,” the voice observed after hearing Anon sigh. “What's the matter?”

Anon almost started talking about how bad his day had been. Having to fight literal tooth and nail to get Sticks to take a bath (of course, he was going to leave out the part about doing the jungle boogie in the tub), about how miss Karen showed up and dumped even more Mobians on him, how he had spent all day on this wild goose chase, how he had gotten separated from the girls, and about his stupid phone being dead because he was too stupid to remember to plug it up...but he stopped himself, and just sighed again instead. “I don't really want to talk about it...”

“Oh, come o~on,” she coaxed. “It can't be any worse than the day I've had.”

“If I were a gambling man, I’d bet money that my day has been worse than yours,” Anon replied. “But I'd probably lose that bet too, that's just how bad my luck is today.”

She chuckled at Anon’s woeful lamenting. “At least your head isn't stuck in a fence.”

“I...guess,” Anon replied with a shrug. “I have that much going for me, at lea~” And that's when Anon finally realized he hadn't actually seen the person he had been talking to for the last few minutes. He was too busy being depressed. He looked left and right, but he didn't see anyone else anywhere on the block. In front of him was just a two lane street. And behind him was one of those brick walls. “Uh, where are you, exactly?”

“Oh, come on,” she coaxed. “At least your head isn't stuck in a fence.”

“She chuckled at Anon’s woeful lamenting. “At least your head isn't stuck in a fence.”

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“Up here!”

*Up here?* Anon followed the sound of the girlish voice and looked up. Looking back down at him from a few feet above his head was the cutest little blue-eyed brunette. Her head was sticking out from between two black iron fence posts. How she had gotten it through them was anyone’s guess, because her head seemed to be slightly wider than the space between the posts. And also-
“Y-you’re a Mobian!” Playing the role of Captain Obvious in today's program will be Anon.

It was true, she was a Mobian. She had a short, cream colored snout with a light tan fur around the rest of her face, except for one patch between her eyes that was dark brown like her hair. A pair of slightly pointed ears poked up out of the mess up hair on top of her head. Anon wasn't sure if it was intentionally styled like that, or if she just needed to brush it.

“A what now?” She tilted her trapped head and turned up her eyebrows.

“A Mobian,” Anon repeated, slightly slower.

“Oo~ooh.” She nodded, rattling the old iron fence as she bobbed her head. “Yeah, I think I’ve heard some people calling me one of those. But my mom always said I was a deer...” She stuck an arm through the bar to her side and poked her cheek, humming to herself thoughtfully.

Anon’s face was even blanker than usual. He had absolutely no idea what to make of this scatterbrained girl stuck in the fence above him. There were so many questions, Anon didn't know which one to ask first. Where had she come from? How had she gotten in that yard? How did her head get stuck in the fence? And-

Lightbulb! Anon was suddenly a lot more alert. The most important question of them all, and he thought of it last. “Is your name Bump?”

She refocused her big blue eyes on him and said, “It totally is!” Completely oblivious to the fact that Karen had asked Anon to look for her, Bump was quite surprised that some complete stranger knew her name. Maybe they had met before and she had forgotten. “So, uh...what was your name again?”

“Anon,” he replied.

Well, wasn't that a coincidence and a half! “Your name is Anon? That is so cool! See, I was supposed to be staying with this guy named Anon, but I got lost and couldn't find Miss Karen before we could get there. Oh, Miss Karen is this super nice lady who works for this big company that does a lot of experiments and stuff. It's called the Foundation, I think. That's actually why I'm here. See, me and my friend signed up for this thing, Miss Karen calls it a social experiment, so I'm supposed to be living with this guy I've never met, so they can see how well we get along or something. Which is totally cool because I get along with just about everyone. Oh, and-

“I'm Anon.” He had to stop her before she sat there and told him her entire life story.

“Uh, yeah?” She seemed puzzled that he interrupted her monologue. “You said that already. Oh! Are you, like, special, or something? That's totally cool if you are, I mean, more power to you and all. But, like, should you be out by yourself?”

What the absolute fuck? “I'm not spe-” He stopped himself when he noticed how tightly his fists were clenched. Take a breath, count to five, calm down. Try again. “You're supposed to be staying with a guy named Anon. I'm Anon.”

“I know, that is such a cool coincidence.” She finally understood! “You have the same name as the guy I'm supposed to be staying with. Isn't that neat?” Then again, maybe she didn't.

“It's not a coincidence.” It was still pretty coincidental, running into her like this but that wasn’t the point. Anon pushed his palm across his forehead. He was starting to get a headache. “I am the guy you're supposed to be staying with.”
“Whaaat?” Bump’s bit blue eyes sparkled with disbelief at his statement. “So wait, you’re the guy that I’m supposed to be staying with?”

This couldn't be real. Fed up, Anon threw his arms in the air and shouted, “That's what I've been telling you!”

Bump squinted at him. “Are you sure you're the guy I'm supposed to be staying with?”

Anon wondered what might happen if he told her no. Probably nothing good. “Yes,” he groaned.

“Well excuse me,” she said indignantly, sounding an awful lot like those hot preppy girls that Anon never actually talked to. He usually didn't talk to many girls at all, but he talked to those kind even less than the rest. “You don't have to act so upset about it. I was only trying to make sure you were the right guy, and not just some other guy named Anon who might have signed up for the experiment thingie.”

Yes, because there were sooo many other guys named Anon that had signed up for the highly selective government program that running into the wrong one might be something she had to worry about. Yeah, no. This chick was two french fries short of a happy meal. Anon was starting to see what Sage meant.

Anon took a deep, calming breath. “I think we're getting off on the wrong foot here. Let’s start over, ok?”

“Ok,” Bump replied simply with a grin.

Alright time to move on. “First of all, how exactly did you get stuck in that fence?”

“I stuck my head through it, obviously.” Oh, yes, right, of course.

“Well...yeah.” Anon needed a little more info than that. “But why did you do it?”


Anon rubbed his face. Hooboy. “How can you not know why you did it?”

Bump didn't know why Anon was so obsessed about this. It was just her head stuck, that's all. It's not like it was the end of the world or anything. “Like, I sort of live in the moment, so I don't really think about what I do sometimes. And if I don't think about what I'm doing, how I am supposed to remember why I did it?” There was that perfect logic at work again.

Anon had about as much as he could take. “I guess you don't even know how you got up there to begin with, do you?”

“Of course I do!” Bump pouted indignantly. Anon gave her a simple yeah right look. “No, really,” she said. “I hopped over the fence. How else do you think I got up here?”

“You just hopped over the fence?” Anon didn't believe her. The fence itself was at least five feet tall, and it was up on a brick wall that was about the same height. Did she honestly expect him to believe that she jumped ten foot in the air and-

Why not? After some of the things he'd seen the other girls do, why was this so hard to accept? The only thing that made sense anymore was that nothing made sense anymore.
“You know what?” Anon tossed his hands in the air. “Whatever. Who cares. You're up there. The end.”

“Whaat?” Bump’s eyes got as round as saucers. Except, they were already as big as saucers. So they got as big as... even bigger saucers. “The end? What do you mean the end? This can’t be the end!”

Maybe a month long hiatus, but not quite the end.

“I didn't mean...” Anon sighed. He tried to wipe the exasperated expression off his face, but he couldn't quite get it all off. Anon began to examine the situation a little more thoroughly, hoping to find an easy way to fix it.

Ok. The situation was head = stuck. The solution was obviously head = un stuck. The problem was how Anon was going to get to that solution. Equations and mathematical symbols filled the air around Anon’s head as he thought. They began to gain speed as the flew and spun around his noggin, until they began moving so fast and erratically that the equations began crashing into one another. Anon’s eyes spun as the symbols fell to the ground on streaks of fire and smoke.

“Hell~ooo down there,” Bump called. “You ok?”

Anon gave his head a hefty shake. “Yeah, sorry,” he replied. “I was just trying to think of a way to get you out of there.”

“Well that's simple,” Bump said with a smile.

“H-how?” Anon really wanted something to be easy for once.

“All you have to do is jump over the fence and get me out.”

Ah, yes. That was all he had to do. Jump over the fence and- Wait a second! Anon could just jump over the damn fence like she and! God damnit. Anon’s face melted into a droopy frown. “I can't jump all the way over this freakin’ fence,” he explained. It seemed like nothing could ever be easy after all.

Well, he had to do something. And to do it, he'd need to be on the other side of the fence. If he couldn't jump it, he would have to find some other way. He hadn't noticed a gate along the way he'd already walked, so he looked ahead. Aha! About a dozen or so paces away was a set of stairs built into the concrete wall that led up to an arched gate made out of black iron bars like the rest of the fence.

Anon strode up to the gate, feeling much better now that he had found an easy way into th-

Fucking ass on a stick, it was locked. Anon didn't want to believe it. All it had done when he pushed it was rattle. Maybe he needed to pull it. Yeah, sure. It would be like one of those funny moments when you tried to walk into a store and crashed you against the door, only to see the 'pull' sign on the handle afterwards. Anon looked over at Bump, who happened to be staring right at him. He gave her what he thought was a confident smile (it wasn't) and pointed at the gate he had failed to open. “I-I was just testing it,” he explained.

Ok, Anon, it's time for the real deal. He took a deep breath, wrapped his fingers around one of the iron bars on the gate, pushed, and- nothing. No, this couldn't be right. He shook the gate. It didn't budge. He put his other hand on it and pushed as hard as he could. Nope, nothing. Anon put a foot against the side of the fence for leverage and began shaking the gate like a fat kid trying to get a vending machine to drop a bag of chips that got stuck. The iron fixture rattled and clanged and
made all kinds of other awful noises, but didn't open.

Anon heaved one last time, he heaved a little too hard. The gate didn't move, but Anon did. He pulled his own hands off the iron bars and took a tumble down the stairs under he landed half upside down on the sidewalk. Anon mumbled a mouthful of dirty words as he righted himself.

“Are you still testing it?” Bump was still watching. She didn't have much else to do, stuck in the fence like she was.

“Um...” Anon grabbed the edge of the concrete wall and pulled himself up. “Y-yeah. It's, um.. I think it's broken.”

Bump gasped. She tried to move her hand to her mouth, but she couldn't get her arm far enough around the fence to get to it. “Oh no,” she exclaimed. “What are you going to do now?”

She believed him? Anon scratched the back of his head. Well, at least that gave him a chance to play it off. “I'll just, uh..” Anon looked around. The fence ran as far as the eye could see in either direction. It probably went around the entire block. Going around it was out of the question. There had to be some way to get to the other side. Ugh.

Anon didn't want to think about it too hard again. There was really only one thing left to try. He didn't want to do it, but he didn't seem to have any other options at this point. He was going to have to go up and over.

His locked his fingers together and cracked his knuckles. It wasn't that tall of a fence. It just looked tall because it was up on the concrete wall. He grabbed the bottom of the fence and hoisted himself up onto the edge of the retainer wall. There wasn't enough space for anon to get his whole foot on, so he ended up having to stand on his toes to keep his feet from slipping back off.

Anon looked back down. He knew the sidewalk was only a few feet away, but it suddenly felt like he was a lot higher than he really was. Anon wasn't really that scared of heights, but he was particularly fond of them, either. Oh well. He was here now, and here was pretty much halfway there. All he had to do now was climb over the fence, and then he could figure out how to get Bump free.

Ok, Anon. Deep breaths. Steady now! He put his hands across the top of the fence and prepared to jump. He was hoping he could jump high enough that he'd be able to pull himself right over. He was wrong.

Maybe if he had better footing, things might have worked, but just as he went to jump, his left foot slipped right off the edge of the retainer wall. Before completely losing his balance, he managed to get one arm over the fence, and used it to hang on for dear life.

His legs swing and kicked as he frantically tried to find his footing again. He threw his other arm over the top of the fence and finally hoisted his torso over it. Now that he had the majority of his weight resting across the fence, he stopped to catch his breath. Climbing fences was not something Anon listed as a person talent.

Bump had been watching the entire time. “You really can't jump, can you?”

Anon almost told her to shut her trap. Aaaalmost. But he decided to save his energy for trying to haul the rest of his carcass over the fence. He heaved, he hoed, and then he swung a leg over. Three limbs down, one to go. So Anon swing his weight one more time.

Anon’s alley-oop turned into an alley-oops. His foot got hung between two of the iron bars, but the
rest of his body was already moving. There was no grace, there was only gravity. Anon tumbled over the top of the fence and landed head first. Anon was ok though, his face broke his fall.

He pushed himself up and spit put a mouth full of dirt, then patted himself down to make sure he was still ok, or at least mostly ok. Nothing was broken or missing. A little sore, perhaps. Ok, a lot sore, but he could deal with sore.

“Well!” Now that Anon was sure he was ok, he brushed his pants off and resumed his quest to free the stuck Mobian. “That was, uh... fun.”

“If that's what you call fun,” said Bump as Anon walked her way, “I’d rather be bored!”

Anon scoffed at the fact that she had the wit to use his own sarcasm against him like that, but he didn't think too much of it. He was more focused on trying to figure out how to get her out of that fence. It only too a few steps before he closed the distance between then and came up behind her, and that's when he saw-

Her butt was so perfectly round and perky that it looked like it might burst out of the shorts she was wearing at any moment. It was so round and... out there, like she was some kind of rap guy’s girlfriend. Anon’s peripheral vision slowly faded away until he could see nothing but the tightly stretched blue shorts that barely covered her privacy.

Bump turned her head one way, then the other, but she wasn't able to see what was going on behind her. She had no way of knowing about the pair of hands slowly creeping towards her from behind. “Hey, Anon,” she said, unsuccessfully trying to catch a glance back, “What's going on back th-” Bump eeped with surprised when she felt the fingers digging into her soft flesh. “Ano~on! What are you doing?”

What was he doing? Anon snapped back to his senses to find himself holding two handfuls of the softest ass he'd ever held. Wait. Ass? What? Where did that come from? Anon gave it another squeeze, just to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He wasn't.

“A~non!” Bump squealed again and started pushing against the bars while Anon groped.

“W-what?” Anon looked around, trying to find the source of the voice, but there was no one else in the yard. Except...wait a minute! He was squeezing a butt and they were typically connected to the rest of a person, so...

Oh. Right. Anon had forgotten all about Bump. How you could forget about someone while feeling them up was a mystery to him, but Anon had done it. It really was a nice butt, he couldn't really be blamed for getting so distracted. It was plump enough that it spilled out between his fingers. But now that he remembered who's butt it was, there was only one question left. Why was he still squeezing it?! Anon quickly let go of Bump’s posterior and held his hands up as if he had never touched it, but it was a little too late to act innocent now.

“What are you doing ,” Bump asked for the umpteenth time.

This time, Anon finally paid enough attention to answer. “I was, uh...” Well, he tried to answer, but he was Anon.

“Are you...are you trying to push, or what?” Bump seemed to think Anon’s intentions were a lot more noble than they actually were.

“P-push?” It took a second, but Anon realized what she thought he was trying to do. “Y-yeah! Of course. Push. That's what I was doing.”
“I don’t think it’s working.” Bump did her best to shrug with her arms hanging through the fence. “Maybe you could try pulling instead?”

“P-pull?” Anon looked down at the bubblicious booty in the tight blue shorts. “Y-yeah, I guess I can, uh.. do that.” Anon gave his fingers a wiggle to loosen them up and hovered them over her butt. He wanted nothing more than to keep kneading her ass like a fresh batch of dough, but he didn’t want to push his luck too far. With a reluctant sigh, Anon moved his hands a few more inches and put them on the uncovered part of her waist between her low cut shorts and high cut top.

“On three,” Bump stated cheerfully. “Ready?”

Anon dug his heels into the ground. “Ready!”

“Ok!” Bump put her hands on the iron bars. “One.. Two.. Three !” Bump pushed against the bars as hard as she could while Anon pulled. She tried craning and twisting her head to get it to go through the bars but no matter what she did she kept getting stuck on her jaw or cheek.

Anon pulled so hard his face started turning red. “I don't.. think it's.. working!” He was starting to get worried that this was going to end up hurting her, but he remembered that these Mobians were a tough little bunch. Still, the thought remained, if it was taking this much effort to get her out of the fence, then how the hell had she got herself stuck in the first place? “Maybe.. we should...stop…!”

“Don't shtap!” Bump had a cheek squished up against one of the bars, slurring her words. “I'm awmosht loose! Pull harder !”

Anon grunted with effort. He thought he had pulling as hard as he could, but he managed to bend his knees and pull a little bit harder. It was like trying to force a round peg through a square hole. Anon really didn't think this was going to work. He was about to stop, when all of the sudden, pop.

Anon went tumbling back across the lawn when Bump’s head finally slipped through the bars. She stumbled back a few steps and tripped over her own feet before she could regain her equilibrium, but her extra cushioned backside broke her fall.

“Oh my gosh ,” she said as a bright smile lit up her face. “It feels sooo nice to be out of there! You're, like, my hero, Anon!” Bump looked around, but her hero was nowhere to be found. “Anon? Hey, where'd you go? A~non!” She kept calling, but no Anon. Bump pushed her lips together and pouted. “I wonder where he went..”

Anon was a lot closer than she thought. You could say she was sitting right on top of him. That's because she was sitting right on top of him. Specifically, his face. She hadn't been able to hear him because his voice had been almost completely muffled by her cushiony tush.

“Who~a!” Bump looked down and finally realized what she was sitting on. “I didn't know you were into that kind of stuff, Anon!”

Anon’s response was muffled beyond hearing. He was trying to tell her to get up, but she couldn't understand him.

“Um, ok then.” Bump thought Anon wanted her to do something other than get up. Bump’s big blue eyes did one big roll as she settled back. “I don't know why guys like my butt so much. It's, like, a butt, you know? But whatever. I owe you one for getting me out of the fence, so I guess it's ok.” With a final shrug, Bump started grinding her ass across Anon’s face.

Anon had always dreamed of drowning in booty, but not like this. His need for air winning over his
Anon reached up, grabbed her by her waist, and flung her off. He sat up and gasped for breath now that he wasn't being smothered anymore. Suffocated by booty. Not exactly what Anon wanted on his epitaph.

“Gee whiz, Anon.” Bump had ended up down on all fours after being thrown off Anon’s face. She looked back over her shoulder with a puzzled smile on her face and said, “I never would've taken you for the kind of guy that wants to get down to business so quick, but it's cool, I guess. I figured we'd end up getting around to it at some point, since I'll be staying with you.”

What kind of business was she talking about getting down to? Anon had barely recovered from his most recent near death experience, he didn't have enough brain power built up yet to play any mind games. But Bump wasn't talking about playing games of the mind. She had something a bit more physical in mind. Anon didn't need much brain power to figure out what was going on when she hooked her thumbs in the waist of her tight blue shorts and started pulling them back.

Wait a freaking minute, was she really talking about doing this, right here, right now? She was!

Anon’s eyes zoomed in on the area below her little tail as the shorts slowly crept lower and lower. He didn't know if she was going so slow on purposes to be a tease or if she was going slow because her shorts were so tight that they were hard to get off, but he did know that he was only another inch or two away from seeing her-

“There you are, mister Anon!” It was Cream’s voice. Why did he hear Cream’s voice? Was this some kind of audio hallucinations brought on by his recent lack of oxygen? It couldn't have been a hallucination, because Bump heard it as well. Anon knew this because she snatched her shorts back up and had a deer in the headlights look of her face. “We've been looking all over for you, mister Anon!” No, no, it really was Cream. Anon saw her coming up the sidewalk now, followed by Amy, and...oh shit, it was those guys.

“Am I glad to see you guys!” Anon hopped up and dashed over to the fence, happy to see that the girls were ok, but a little worried about their current company. He knew they wouldn't have given Amy a hard time, he'd seen how easily she could handle them before, but he was still felt a little uneasy when he saw them. Anon got to the edge of the fence and knelt down just as Amy and Cream were made it to the other side and whispered, “But what are they doing here?”

Amy balled her fists up and said, “They have been helping us look for you all evening! Do you have any idea what time it is? And why haven't you been answering your phone? Everytime I try to call you, it goes straight to voicemail!” She had started wagging her finger at him by the time she was done with her mini tirade.

Anon sulked like a scolded puppy. “M-my phone went dead,” he murmured, “I.. I forgot to charge it last night.”

“You forgot to-” Amy’s eye twitched. She took a long, calming breath and started rubbing her temples. “Remember who you're talking to, Amy,” she said to herself. “It's just Anon. He can't help it.”

“Look at 'em, they're arguing like an old married couple.” Puck grinned a goofy buck-toothed grin at his own joke. He and the other two humans had stayed back when Amy and Cream ran ahead. He cupped his hands over his mouth and shouted, “Get a room already!” Pick snickered and snorted until Boss buried his fist in the top of his curly haired head.

Boss left his friend crumpled on the sidewalk and purposefully strode over to the fence, right up to Amy’s side. Amy's head barely reached the top of the concrete retainer wall, but Boss stood several feet taller than her, so he was about eye level with Anon, since Anon was still crouched
down. Boss stuck an arm between the bars of the fence, grabbed Anon by the collar of his shirt, and roughly pulled him up against the iron bars. “What the hell did you say?!” Boss shouted.

“I-I-I-” Anon put his hands on the bars and frantically tried to pull himself free, but Boss had him in a deathgrip and wasn’t about to let go.

“Shut up, punk!” Boss yelled. He yanked on Anon’s shirt even harder, mashing his face and body against the cold pieces of iron. “Do you see this chick right here?” Boss pointed at a very shocked looking Amy standing beside him. “She’s been spending all her time walking all over this town lookin’ for you and your ugly mug. And what do you have to say?” Boss scrunched up his square-jawed face up in a way to mock Anon and said, in a similarly mocking voice, “I forgot to pwug my phone up.” He drew up his brow and glared down the bridge of his slightly crooked nose. Playtime was over and Boss was wearing his warface again. “The fuck kind of excuse is that? Grow a pair and be a man, you little shit stick!”

Anon sweated profusely. “W-w-what do you want me to say?”

Amy and Cream watched in shock as the surly young man held Anon against the fence. Amy planned on intervening if Boss got any rougher. She would give him one good bonk on the head, just like he had given Puck, except she was going to use something a lot harder than his fist.

But what Boss said next caught everyone by surprise, including the little pink hedgie. “You could start by telling her you’re sorry.”

Anon blinked an Anon blink. “...w-what?”

Boss clanged Anon’s face against the iron bars and growled, “I said apologize to her, you fuckin’ moron!” Everyone fell silent. No one had expected Boss to demand and apology from Anon, and it wasn't even for himself, it was for Amy. Even Puck and Orville exchanged a few puzzled glances.

“I...I'm sorry,” Anon said quietly after a long and very awkward pause.

The solemn moment was shattered when Boss banged Anon’s face against the fence again. “Say it like you mean it, you dick!”

“I-I-I..” Anon stuttered and stammered but then Boss shot him an electric glare and he froze again. Something about that last panic attack had pushed a mental reset button in Anon’s head. He relaxed his body and stopped trying to push himself away from the fence, then took a deep breath and said in a very level tone, “I'm real sorry, Amy. I didn't mean to wander off like that, I shouldn’t have been paying more attention, and I'm sorry you had to waste your whole afternoon looking for me.”

Amy had been keeping a watchful eye on Boss, but by the time Anon was halfway through his apology, he had her full attention. She put her hands over her cheeks to hide the rosy blush that had started to show after hearing Anon gush all over the place like that. “Oh, Anon, It's ok, really. I know you didn't do it on purpose and-”

“Oh, wow, good apology, Anon!” Bump's sudden outburst made Anon and Amy jump with surprise. Mostly Amy. Boss still had Anon by the neck of his shirt, so he couldn't exactly go anywhere. Bump slid up beside Anon with the biggest grin on her face and said, “That's exactly what I should say to Miss Karen the next time I see her! You don't mind if I borrow your apology, do you?”

“N-n-no,” he said, still all mashed against the fence. It was kind of difficult to hold down a conversation when you were being forced to hug a cold, iron fence.
Amy was less worried about Bump stealing Anon’s lines and more worried about who she was. “Anon, who is this?” Amy didn’t wait on Anon to introduce them, though. She was a smart little hedgie and put two and two together on her own. “Are you Bump, Sage’s friend?”

Bump smiled and pointed her fingers at her own cheeks. “That’s me!” She big bright smile turned into a curious, wide eyes stare. “But who are you? You’re not Sage. Is she lost too?”

Cream peeked out behind Boss with a smile on her face big enough to rival Bump’s. “Miss Karen dropped your friend off at Anon’s apartment earlier today!”

The Mobian doe stuck her bottom lip and pouted. “You mean she didn’t help look for me?”

Bump’s pout was short and fleeting. She shrugged and added with her usual energetic smile, “Yeah, that sounds about right.”

Boss suddenly let go of Anon’s shirt which sent him falling back onto his keister. “Alright, we helped you find your loser friend and the chick.” He turned his steely eyes down to Amy. “We're cuttin’ outta here now.” With that, he turned his back on them and started walking away, headed up the sidewalk towards his two waiting lackeys. “C’mon,” he barked at them once he was a little closer. “Let's get out of here before these guys makes me wretch.”

“Mister Boss!” Cream broke away from Amy’s side and chased after the gruff young man.

“Cream, wait…” Amy tried to catch her arm, but Cream got too far away too fast for her to reach.

Cream ran up to Boss and grabbed him by the wrist. “Mister Boss, wait!”

“Hmm?” Boss stopped and looked down and brown-eyed bunny gazing up at him.

The little Mobian girl wrapped her arms around his wrist in a tight embrace. “I just wanted to say thank you. Thanks for helping us find mister Anon! I heard Amy and mister Anon talking about a really mean, ugly guy named Boss too, but that couldn’t be you. You’re such a nice guy, Mister Boss!” Amy and Anon exchanged a pair of nervous looks after being dry snitched on by their little friend.

Puck thought Cream’s comment was comical, as made evident by his snickering. “Didja hear that? She thinks Boss is a nice gu-” A fist to the face from the arm Cream wasn’t latched onto ended Puck’s sentence early and sent him barreling down to the sidewalk. Again.

“No, your friends were talkin’ ‘bout the right guy.” His answer made Cream’s joyful smile wilt. Boss shot a knowing look at Anon and Amy, but then looked back at the little bunny girl and patted her head with his free hand. “I'm the toughest badass in the whole town. You know what that means?” Boss waited for a response. After Cream shook her head, he said, “That means I do whatever the hell I want to! I guess today I felt like helping out a bunch of losers like you, so I did. That's all there is to it, you got that?”

Little Cream smiled again and nodded. “Ok, Mr Boss!” She let go of his arms and took a step back.

That was about the time Puck finally started getting back up. As soon as he did, Boss raised a fist and scowled at him. Puck made a whiny cry and covered his head with his hands in anticipation of a blow that never came. Boss put his hand back down and started walking off again.

“Come on, Puck.” Orville tapped his skinny friend’s shoulder to let him know it was safe to uncover his head. Puck cautiously peeked out from under his arms. When Puck saw that Boss has already left, he sighed and lowered his lanky arms to their normal slouched position, then ran up to
sidewalk to catch up. Orville twisted his hefty body around to face Anon and the others, gave the
group a shrug, and then slowly sauntered off in the direction of his friends.

Anon and Amy just gawked while Cream waved her hand high in the air. This day was getting
weirder and weirder. After a minute or two of blank-faced starring, Anon gave his head a vigorous
shake, then asked Amy, “W-what was that all about?”

“I'm not entirely sure.” Amy leaned back against the concrete wall and crossed her arms over her
chest. “We ran into them after we noticed you were gone. Honestly, I thought they were going to
give us problems, but then...I don't know what happened, exactly. All of the sudden, that Boss guy
said he would help look, and,” Amy shrugged and gave Anon a quick smile, “Here we are!”

Anon was certainly glad they were there. He sat back on the grassy lawn and stretched his legs out.
“Yeah, well-”

“That guy was sooo cool!” Bump came up behind Anon, pet her hands on his shoulders, and
leaned against his back, with her breasts resting on top of Anon’s head. “He was, like, way manlier
than Anon, don'tcha think?” The buxom doe looked down at Amy, who was looking back up at her
from down on the sidewalk with a curious crease in her forehead. It was the first time Bump had
actually given the pink Mobian a looking over since she and Cream had showed up. “He~ey, I like
that dress! Do you have any more like it? You totally have to let me try it on sometime! I bet I'd
look a~ma~zing in it. Not that you don't, you're pretty cute. Isn't she cute, Anon?”

“Um, y-yeah.” Anon was only slightly distracted by the pair of funbags draped over his head,
despite that slight insult. “Totally cute.”

Amy folded her arms over her chest and gave Anon a hot glare that reminded him to pay more
attention. Anon laughed half-heartedly but his laugh slowly died off when he saw that Amy’s
expression didn't change. Once Anon was acting like he had his mind out of the gutter, she lowered
her arms back down to her sides and sighed. “We should head back now. It's getting pretty late, and
everyone's probably starting to wonder where the heck we are.”

“Y-yeah...” Anon shrugged Bump off his back and picked himself up. He brushed his pants legs
off and said, “About that...”

Amy looked exasperated. Why did she know there was going to be some kind of problem? “What is
it now?”

“Well, uh, the thing is...” Anon scratched the back of his head and looked around. When his eyes
scanned back across Amy, he saw the ‘get on with it’ look on her face and decided to get on with it.
“The, uh.. the gate is kind of locked.”

Amy seemed rather confused by his answer. “If it’s locked, then how did you get in there in the
first place?”

“He didn’t jump over it, I can tell you that.” Bump leaned against Anon’s side and pointed a thumb
at her own chest. “But I did.”

Amy had no idea what the deer was trying to tell her, but she seemed awfully proud of herself.
“Good...for you?”

“Is this the gate that’s locked?” Cream had been so quiet that no one noticed her walk over to the
big iron gate.

“Yeah, that's it,” Anon answered. “I tried everything I could think of, but I couldn't get it-” While
Anon was still talking, Cream reached up to the gate and started fiddling with the latch. She lifted a small bar and gave the gate a small tug. Anon watched the gate swing open without any resistance and quietly said, “Oh. I...didn't try that.”

The trip home went smoothly and without anyone else getting lost. It had been a long day, and Anon was ready to crash by the time he saw his little apartment building. He had made his share of bad decisions in his life, but right then, the one he regretted the most was not taking his car to go look for Bump. He’d been pounding the pavement all day and his calves felt like jello. Extremely tired and painful jello.

Bump appraised the modest little multi story complex. “This is where you stay, Anon?”

“Yup,” was his simple answer.

“It looks... cozy.” Even though Bump gave Anon her best attempt at a grin, it was painfully obvious how much she wasn't impressed.

Anon shrugged. He knew it wasn't the ritziest place to stay, but it was home, and he was super glad to be back. “Cozy is one word for it,” he said as they neared the door. Anon stepped ahead of the girls. He might not be able to offer them five star accommodations, but the least he could do was get the door for them. “And here we are,” he said as he put his hand on the knob. “My cozy little abode.”

Anon turned the knob and gave the door a push. He held his hand out as the door creaked open, but neither Amy, Cream, nor Bump seemed interested in going in. In fact, all three of them stepped back in unison. It was like there were trying to get out of the way of something. But what? Anon turned around and looked through the door just in time to see an orange blur streaking straight towards him too quickly for him to get out of the way of whatever it was.

It happened to be a wild-eyed Sticks. She tackled Anon so hard that it knocked him right off his feet. The next thing he knew, he was lying on the walkway in front his his apartment with Sticks sitting on his chest, wildly grabbing at him. At least it looked like she had been able to take care of that mighty fro, and had her hair back down in the two big bushy tails she normally kept it in. “The frogs,” she shouted as she frantically clung to her shirt. “The frogs are turning gay! They're putting chemicals in the water and turning the frogs gay!”

Anon looked up at the crazy badger’s big blue eyes and simply said, “...what?”

“Weren't you listening?!” To be fair, it was hard for him to listen to anything with her shaking his head around the way she was. “I said they're turning the frogs gay!” Sticks threw her head back and turned her hands up towards the evening sky and wailed, “Who wants to live in a world full of gay frogs?”

“What the heck are you even talking about,” Anon asked as he tried his best to sit up, a difficult task with a raving jungle girl sitting on you. “Who's turning the frogs gay? And where the hell did you get a crazy idea like that?”

Sticks grabbed back onto Anon’s shirt, looked straight in his eyes, and said in the most serious tone he had ever heard her speak in, “The internet.”

Bump watched the whole procession with curiosity in her eyes. She held a hand up by the side of her mouth and whispered to Amy, “Is she always like this?”

“Pretty much,” was Amy’s wry answer.
“She was annoying the hell out of me earlier,’’ came Sage’s droll voice from within the apartment. She was sitting in the same spot on the edge of the couch where she had been when Anon and the others left hours ago. “I downloaded her some whack-job conspiracy theorist podcasts to listen to so she'd leave me alone, and, well, this happened. She's your problem now.”

“Gee, thanks.” Anon groaned and laid his head down on the cement walkway while Sticks continued to prattle on about things like lizard people and spooky scary skeletons. He was done being physically abused today.

“ Sage !” Bump hopped right over Sticks and Anon, ran through the open door, jumped over the side of the couch, and fell all over her friend. Sage muttered some protests and tried to push the energetic little doe away, but Bump was too happy having been reunited with her friend to let her go. “I missed you sooo much! I’m so glad you're ok, Sage, I was sooo worried about you!”

Sage put her sweater covered hands on Bump’s head and pushed her back a few inches. “Why the heck were you worried about me,” she fussed while she continued to fight off Bump's hug-assault. “ You were the one who got lost, you big idiot! Get off me, damnit!” Bump did not get off, despite her friend’s avid demands. She managed to slip her head under Sage’s hands and nuzzled up against the sloth’s flat chest. Sage wiggled and wormed until she could see over the top of Bump’s head. “Would you get her off me?!’’ she angrily shouted to Anon, still laying outside with Sticks sitting on his chest.

“I would, but...’’ Anon shrugged the best shrug her could shrug in the position he was in. “She’s your problem now.” It looked like Sage had a few more choice words for him, but Bump climbed back over the temperamental sloth and drown her in another hug. Well, that was one problem solved, now for the other one.

“-And that's how we know it was an inside job!’’ Sticks was still talking about all the new truths she had recently discovered, even while Anon wrapped his arms around around her waist and stood up.

“Come on, Agent Mulder,’’ he said as he carried her in under his arm, “The truth will still be out there tomorrow.”

The rest of the evening segwayed along rather nicely. Vanilla managed to whip something up for dinner while Anon was in the back taking a much needed shower. Once he was all washed up and had some fresh, clean clothes on, it was time to eat! He hadn't realized how hungry he was until he saw the meal Vanilla had prepared, and then he suddenly felt like he hadn't eaten anything in weeks.

There were potatoes, carrots, and pieces of meat all diced up in a thick brown broth, served with fresh, steamy white rice. Anon had no idea where Vanilla had found all the ingredients to cook with, but he was glad she had. Before he knew it, he was working on his second helping of the makeshift stew. Even with all Anon’s guests, there wasn't much concern about running out, because Vanilla had made an entire pot of the savory concoction.

Anon knew he probably had the pot hidden away under a cabinet or something, but he was afraid to ask Vanilla exactly where she had found it. There was no telling what else she may have found while snooping around. Except, she hadn't been snooping . Or had she? Anon found himself suddenly wondering what the motherly rabbit had been up to the time he had been out. Oh well, it couldn't have been anything too bad. She was the oldest out of all the girls, and that meant she was
probably the most mature. It's not like she had any weird secret fetishes like sniffing his old laundry or anything.

As he usually did, Anon had drifted so far off in his own strange little thoughts that he completely lost touch with the real world. It took the third or fourth time Bump asked her question before Anon stopped daydreaming and heard her. “W-what? Sorry, I, uh, didn't hear you...”

Bump looked back over her shoulder while she and Cream tended to the load of dishes in the sink and asked her question one more time. “I was wondering where me and Sage are going to sleep?”

“W-where you're going to sleep?” Anon halted halfway between the table and the sink with a few more used dishes in his hands. His brain was using a lot of processing power contemplating the question he had heard, and it was too much to focus on and walk at the same time. “What do you mean?”

Bump turned her head and looked over her other shoulder, like it would give her a better view or something. “What do you mean, what do I mean?”

“I mean what do you mean?” Anon was still brain-locked in the middle of the kitchen, so Cream came over and fetched the few dishes he had in his hand.

Bump went ahead and spun around to face Anon while Cream went to working the dishes over in the hot water. “I mean where are me and Sage gonna sleep?”

“In your beds, duh,” was what Anon wanted to say, but there was something about that statement that didn't make sense, something that was keeping his brain from letting the words come out of his mouth. But what? He thought it over word by word. In. Your. Beds. That was where people normally slept, wasn't it? Except for Sticks, who slept on a makeshift hammock in his broom closet, but she wasn't a very good example of being normal. Anon couldn't figure it out, but he knew there was something he was missing.

“She means your place is too freakin’ crowded.” Sage didn't even bother looking up from the laptop in her lap as she clarified things for Anon. “Vanilla’s staying in your room, Pinkie Pie and Fluttershy are sharing the other, and this one,” she jutted a claw-thumb out the end of her sweater's baggy sleeve to point at the badger sitting on the middle cushion of the couch, gazing off into nowhere with wide-eyed intensity while she clutched a small mp3 player in her hands, “You've got her sleeping in a cabinet. I guess you've got an attic or something? You expect me and Bump to sleep in the crawlspace?”

And just like that, Anon found himself in yet another wonderful ‘oh shit’ moment. That's what was wrong with the answer he wanted to give earlier. In their beds? They didn't have any beds. They didn't even have a room in Anon’s apartment, because they were all already taken. Why hadn't he thought about that when Miss Karen asked him to let two more people stay with him? Because he was retarded and hadn't been thinking about details like that, that's why. But Miss Karen should have known better. She was much smarter than Anon. She even knew Sticks was staying in the kitchen closet, so why had she left two more girls with Anon, when his apartment was already at capacity?

“Miss Karen said that she'd have everything taken care of by tomorrow.” Amy had excused herself to the shower after dinner, but she had finished up not long ago, thrown on a pair of shorts and a tee, and walked in on the last part of the conversation. “Haven't you talked to her yet, Anon?”

Anon turned around and gave Amy a quizzical look. “Um, no?”
Amy sighed as she walked through the small dining area. She strode over to the couch and sat on the empty spot beside Sticks, who seemed to have no concept of what was going on around her because of whatever was playing over the little earbuds she was listening to. “She messaged me earlier and said she'd been trying to get in touch with you all afternoon. I told her your phone had gone dead earlier, but I'm sure you—” Amy stopped and took a moment to think about who she was talking to. She sighed again and rested her chin on the side of her upturned hand. “Anon, have you charged your phone yet?”

“U-um..” Anon patted his pockets down in search of the phone. He found it tucked in the right hand side pocket of his pants, but lo and behold, the device was as dead as disco. Anon poked at the screen in hopes that his phone would somehow magically light up, but it did not. “I, uh...I forgot to plug it up when we got home...”

Cut ahead to a few minutes later, and Anon had found a phone charger and plugged it in a receptacle over the kitchen counter. Bump and Cream had finished up the dishes during the short interim that Anon searched for the charger, so Bump pulled up one of the wooden chairs by the little kitchen table and sat backwards in it, watching with curious excitement while Anon tried to resurrect his phone from the dead.

All he had to do was plug the cord into the bottom of his phone, aaand...Whoops. He had the end of the plug upside down. He flipped it over and tried again, and.. What the hell, it still wouldn't go in! Anon looked at the end of the charger to make sure it wasn't bent or anything. It wasn't. He checked the bottom of his phone to make sure he was trying to stick the plug in the right spot. He was. Well shit. Anon tried to plug it up again, and.. Finally!

As soon as Anon got the plug in, a green outline of a battery with two zeros sitting side by side popped up on his screen. Little green bubbles rose from the bottom of the black screen towards the empty battery icon and began to fill it ever so slowly. A few seconds of green bubbles later, and the right hand zero ticket over to a one, meaning Anon’s phone now had one whole whopping percent of battery power!

The wooden chair Bump was straddling creaked as she leaned towards Anon. “C’mon, Anon, turn it on!”

“Hang on,” he answered, “It needs to charge.”

“But it is charging,” Bump replied, leaning a little closer.

“Yeah, but it's not charged enough yet.” The numbers on the screen only said zero-two.

“Yeah, but, it's plugged up, right?” Bump scooted forward more, hanging her voluptuous chest over the back of the wooden chair. “So why don't'cha go ahead and turn it on?”

“Because it will charge faster if I leave it off,” Anon answered.

“Yeah, but-” The chair creaked as only old wooden chairs could as Bump set it off balance. There was too much 'weight' hanging over the back of it, and the front two legs were lifted off the ground as the whole seat started to lean back. Bump's eyes went wide when she felt her balance suddenly shift but she was too surprised to do anything except hang on and hope for the best.

Anon might not have been the quickest thinker in the world, but he had some decent reflexes. Before he even knew what he was doing, he was holding his cellphone in one hand, with his other stretched out under the back of the chair. He had saved Bump from kissing the floor, but something didn't quite feel right...
“Nice catch,” Bump exclaimed, clinging to the sides of the back of the chair. “But could you, uh.. set me down now?”

Anon took a quick glance down and saw what the problem was. He hadn't caught the chair, he had caught her by her boob. So that's why the chair suddenly felt so soft and warm. Oh, wait...he was holding her by her boob! It took him an extra moment to really grasp the situation even after he had seen it with his own two eyes.

“Yeah, they're pretty nice,” Bump admitted plainly. “But I really don't want to fall over, sooo.. you think you can let go? You can touch 'em later if you want~.”

“W-what? No, I, um..” In a moment of panic, Anon shoved her back, sending Bump and her wooden seat skidding across the kitchen floor.

“What's going on over there?” The creaky screech of the chair’s feet sliding across the linoleum covered floor drew Amy’s attention. She had joined Sage and Sticks on the couch, but, unlike the other two, she didn't have a device to distract her. She pushed herself up in her seat a bit to give herself a better look and asked, “Is everything ok?”

“E-everything's fine!” Anon tried to play things off a smoothly as he could, but with voice still cracked with nervousness. He held the phone in his hand up wiggle it in the air, adding, “J-just charging my phone so I can call Miss Karen!”

“...Okay,” Amy slowly nodded. She didn't know what Anon had done, but he was acting like he had done something. Oh well, it was just Anon. “You'd better hurry up and do that. It's already pretty late.”

“Late, right, yeah, uh..” Anon lost his words and stood there in dumbfounded silence until Amy subtly motioned with her head towards the phone he was holding up. “Oooh, right! Call Miss Karen! Yeah, let me just turn my phone...” It had only charged to six percent, but Amy was right about it being late, so that would have to do.

As Anon held down the power button on the side of his phone, he wondered what Miss Karen was going to have to say. After the day he had, Anon hoped it would be good news, but, knowing miss Karen, she was probably going to ask him to do her yet another favor. Well, he'd know what she had to say soon enough. His phone flashed the logo of his service provider across the screen and played the little intro diddy.

The moment his phone was back on, it started buzzing so wildly that he almost dropped it. He fumbled and juggled it between his hands for a moment until he got a good firm grip on it again. He blinked and peered down at the little screen as the notifications started popping up. Miss Karen really had been trying to reach him all day. He had half a dozen missed calls and even more texts, all from the same number.

“Hey Anon, you find Bump yet? Call me!”

“Haven't heard from you yet, hope everything’s ok”

“Called Amy. She said you're lost. Call me.”

“Still haven't heard from you. Did you die?”

“If you're dead, can I have your stuff?”
“That last message was a joke. I don't want your stuff.”

“But you really should consider writing a will just in case”

“You find Bump yet? Caaaaall meeee.”

“I'll have the diagnostics on your desk in the morning.”

“Sorry that last text was meant for someone else.”

“Anon if you're not dead I swear to God I'll kill you!”

Anon felt the sudden nervousness of a child who knew he had done something wrong and was about to be in trouble, and had no way of getting out of it. Miss Karen had asked him to do one simple thing, and he had turned the whole day into one giant fiasco. Anon knew she was about to chew a giant piece of his ass out, but he also knew it was no more than he deserved. Well, no point postponing the inevitable any longer. Anon hesitantly hovered his thumb over the call back button for one last moment before finally pressing it, then put the phone to his ear and waited for miss Karen to pick up on the other end.

“Hello~o!” Miss Karen’s singsong voice came over the receiver.

“H-hello, Miss Karen,” he said back, “This is Anon. Anon Kuhn.”

“Anon, is that you?”

“Y-yes, ma’am. I would have called earlier bu-”

“I haven't heard from you all day!”

“Yeah, s-sorry about that. I was trying to say-”

“I bet you're still talking, aren't you?”

“Uh, yeah? What do you-”

“This is a recording, Anon. You got my voicemail.”

“I got-” Anon pulled the phone away from his ear and looked at the screen with an incredulous glare. He couldn't believe she would do something like record a fake voicemail message to make him think he was talking to her. No, wait, that's exactly the kind of thing she would do. Anon rolled his eyes and put the phone back up to his ear to hear what else she had to say.

“You can stop making that face now.” Whoa, uncanny. How did she know he was doing that? “So, yeah. I'm going to assume you found Bump by now and are back at your place, and you're wondering where Bump and Sage are going to sleep.” He was wondering where Bump and Sage were going to sleep. “I bet you completely forgot about the hide-a-bed in your couch, didn't you?” Oh snap. Anon cut his eyes past Bump and looked at the old brown couch that Sage, Sticks, and Amy were sitting on. He had forgotten that it had a pull-out bed in it, but how did she know about it? “And now you're wondering how I know about it, aren't you?” Damn it, she was good at this. “You told us about it on your sign-up sheet when you joined the Human Mobian Relations program. A-Anyway. You keep up with Bump and Sage for tonight. I should have some new arrangements for everyone by tomorrow. Got to go now, ok? Be a good boy, Anon, and don't do anything I would!”
The message ended with a beep. Anon didn't have anything to add, so he pushed the end call button and set his phone back down on the kitchen counter.

Bump had been watching the entire time with her big, curious eyes. She turned around and sat front-facing in the old wooden chair while Anon walked past her. “What'd she say, Anon?”

Anon didn't answer right away. Instead, he walked over to the three sitting on the couch and said, “You guys think you could hop up for a second?”

“Sure, Anon.” Amy didn't understand where Anon’s request was coming from, so she hopped right off the couch. “What's up?”

“Here, help me with Sticks, please.” Anon put a hand on little miss conspiracy theorist’s shoulder, but she was so into whatever she was listening to that she barely noticed. He coaxed her onto her feet, then Amy stepped in and guided her a few steps away from the couch. That left Sage.

She looked up from under her half-closed eyelids when Anon’s shadow fell over her. One long claw popped out of her baggy sleeve and pointed down at the couch she was sitting on. “I don't care what you're up to, but I am not getting off of this cushion.”

Anon gave the begrudged sloth a shrug. “Fine with me,” he said.


“Fine,” Anon said back with a hint of finality, then leaned over Sage, grabbed ahold of the sides of the cushion she was sitting on, and picked it up off the couch, Sage and all. She was actually a tiny bit heavier than he expected so he grunted a little when he lifted.

“Hey! What th.. what the hell do you think you're doing?” Sage didn't seem at all pleased with what Anon had done. Sage didn't seem like she was ever pleased with anything, but she seemed noticeably less pleased about this particular thing.

“You said you weren't getting off,” Anon calmly explained as he set her down on the floor over to the side, “And you didn't.” He was cracking wise about the situation, but Anon was secretly sympathizing with her. How many days had gone by when he spent the whole day on that exact cushion, wasting the hours away on that exact laptop? Wait a second... that exact laptop? “H-hey,” Anon suddenly noticed she had been on his laptop all day! “That's my laptop, right?”

Sage turned her ever present frown up at Anon and said, “Yeah, so what?”

“I...I thought I had a password on it,” he said in bewilderment.

“You did,” Sage turned her attention back to the laptop. “But password one two three is kind of the worst possible password anyone has ever had, ever.” Well, it had to be something simple enough for Anon to remember, and he'd never had to worry about anyone else using his laptop before. At least she hadn't gone through his browser history or anything. “Oh, by the way.” She turned her eyes back up and gave Anon a slightly more serious than usual look. “You should use incognito mode more often. At least clear your browser history every once in a while.”

Well...shit.

“So...” Amy was standing to the side with Sticks, still wondering why Anon has asked them all to get up. “What's going on?”

Oh, yeah. Anon had forgotten about the whole couch thing for a moment. “I, uh...it's the...here, let
me show you.” Anon handed one of the two remaining cushions to Amy, then the other. Underneath was a black plastic mesh looking fabric with an exposed metal handle to pull on, which Anon grabbed and did just that.

The old springs and joints of the fold-out bed creaked to life as Anon pulled it out of its couch-shaped shell. He got it about halfway out before he backed up into the coffee table. Oops. Anon put a foot of the side of the little wooden table and pushed it out of the way, then pulled the bed the rest of the way out of the couch. It wasn't anything special, a single layer mattress laying over the meshy plastic bottom, with a set of plain white sheets and a comforter with a simple green and white checkered pattern print laid over it, but it was a bed.

“Tada!” He called one hand up on his hip and held the other out towards the couch-bed.

“It’s… a bed.” Amy's powers of observation were unparalleled.

“Yeah.” Anon nodded. “Miss Karen said she’d have everything taken care of tomorrow, so Bump and Sage can sleep here tonight.”

“It's looks sooo cool!” Bump came flying past Anon and hopped over the side of the bed. The springs holding the trampoline-like mesh under the mattress squeaked under Bump’s weight while she bounced around. “Wow,” she exclaimed as she floundered around, “Come on, Sage, you have got to try this!”

The sloth rolled her eyes and said, “I think I'll pass.”

“Awww, come on.” Bump settled down and crawled over to the edge of the mattress. “You’re missing out on all the fun~.”

“If you say so.” Sage didn't even bother to look away from the screen.

“Suit yourself,” Bump said as she lazily rolled off the side of the mattress. “I'm gonna go ahead and get ready for bed!”

“Yeah, sure, whatever.” Was Sage even listening? Didn't matter. Bump rushed past her and Anon and ran off to the back.

Amy rested a hand on her hip and said, “She's very...energetic.”

“Y-yeah,” Anon replied as he sat on the edge of the couch-bed.

Seeing Anon sitting there put a thought in Amy's head. She stroked the side of her muzzle with a finger and asked, “Hey, Anon, if Bump and Sage are going to sleep here, then where are you going to sleep?”

“Ah...” Anon realized he didn't have an answer. Boy, that was happening a lot today, wasn't it?

“Why don't you sleep on the floor?” Sage didn't even look away from the laptop as she offered her idea. “That lady from the Foundation said she’d have somewhere else for us to stay tomorrow, so it'd only be for one night, right? At least then we'll be out of this crummy little apartment.”

“Well, yeah, I...I guess so.” Anon wished Sage hadn't called his apartment crummy. At least he had a solution to the whole sleeping arrangement problem, even if he wasn't exactly thrilled about the idea of sleeping on the floor. Oh well, like she said, it was only for one night.

Before anyone had a chance to suggest anything else, Bump came running back into the room with
her pajamas on shouting, “Wheee!” She zoomed past Sage and took a flying leap onto the couch bed, landing so hard the she bounced Anon right off the side. Bump bounced a few times before she noticed Anon’s legs sticking up. She crawled over to the edge of the mattress and asked, “Whatcha doin’ down there, Anon?”

“Come on, Sticks, we should get ready for bed, too.” Amy took Sticks by the arm and started walking her around the unfolded couch, paying close attention not to step on Anon, who was still laying face down on the floor. After stepping over him, she turned back and asked, “You sure you're gonna be ok, Anon?”

Anon slowly raised a hand and gave her a wobbly thumbs up. “Ju~ust peachy,” he groaned. It was only for one night. He kept telling himself that while he lay face down on carpet. Just one night. It's not like anything else could go wrong, right?

It had been a long, exhausting day, and Anon was so glad to be off his feet, even if he was lying on a pallet on the floor at the foot of the couch-bed. All the girls had said their goodnights and gone to bed. That had been over an hour ago. They all had to be asleep by now. All of them except for Sage. At some point or another she had moved from the floor up to the couch-bed with Bump, but she was still on Anon’s laptop doing whatever it was she had been doing on it all day, and god dammit if the light from the screen wasn't just bright enough to keep him awake. Anon reminded himself that it was only for one night as he groaned and rolled over for the umpteenth time.

Anon wasn't the only one whose sleep was disturbed by Sage and her incessant browsing. Bump stirred under the green and white blanket for a moment before she sat up. She stretched her arms high above her head and yawned then tried to rub the sleep out of her eyes. When Bump saw that her friend was still awake and typing away on the laptop, she leaned her head onto Sage’s shoulder and mumbled, “Mm, whatcha doin’?”

“Nothing,” Sage mumbled. “Go back to sleep.”

“O~okay,” Bump said through another yawn. She flopped back down on her pillow with a pomf, but she didn't stay there for long. After a few seconds of restlessly rolling from one side to the other, Bump sat herself back up and moaned.

“What's wrong now?” Sage grumbled.

“I'm thirsty,” said Bump with an extra-heavy pout.

Sage sighed. She was in the middle of typing a long comment in reply to something some idiot had posted, and Bump's constant interruptions were making it hard for her to focus. “If you're thirsty,” she said slowly, “Then go get something to drink.”

“Oh, yeah, ok,” Bump sleepily replied. She scooted over to the edge of the bed and wiggled her legs out from under the blanket then hopped down and stretched again. She started making her way around the couch-bed, rubbing her eyes one at a time as she went. Even with the sleep rubbed out of them, Bump still couldn't see where she was going very well because of how dark the room was.

If Sage had been holding the laptop around the other way, it might have provided enough light for her to see where she was going, but as it was, Bump was practically blind. She squinted her eyes but that didn't help, so she kept her hand on the side of the couch-bed and held the other one out to try to feel her way around.

There wasn't much of anything for her to run into until she got around the the front of the outstretched bed. Bump snagged her foot on something on the floor and she fell end over end.
before she had a chance to catch herself. Whatever it was lying on the floor, she had landed right on it.

“Yeowch,” Bump said as she sat up. She started rubbing her lower back when she noticed she was moving. To be more precise, the thing she was sitting on was moving. It was grabbing at her thighs, too. And muttering. “Oh, hey, Anon,” she said once she realized who’s face she was straddling. “What’re you doing down there?”

Getting smothered by Mobian thighs, that’s what! “Mmph!” Yeah, it was kind of hard to talk when most of your face was buried under a deer girl’s ass. Whoever coined the phrase ‘thick thighs save lives’ had never had their head stuck between a pair of Mobian legs. Anon grabbed Bump’s legs just above her knees and tried to get them apart but didn’t have much luck. “Mmf!!”

“Hang on, Anon, and I’ll...I’ll...a~ah...” Bump mistook his muffled complaints as his attempt to do...something else. “Alright, mm, Anon, give me a second to, aah.. Ok, ok, let’s do this!”

Anon gasped for air when the weight on his face lifted. “Jesus Christ on a stick,” he exclaimed, not caring whether or not his choice or words would offend any religious readers. “I thought you were going to suffocate me! You’ve really got to stop...sitting...on...” Anon paused mid sentence when something soft landed on the floor beside his head. He had to squint to make out what it was. It looked an awful lot like.. like Bump’s pajamas and panties. Wait, if Bump’s clothes were on the floor, then that meant-

It meant exactly what he thought it meant. He looked back up just in time to see Bump lowering herself back down again, but this time there wasn’t anything separating his face and her crotch. Just like that, Anon found himself in the middle of the most awkward surprise kiss situation ever.

“There ya go,” Bump said in a surprisingly nonchalant tone. “I didn’t figure you for the kind of guy that’d be into this, but I don't mind.”

Maybe she didn't mind, but he definitely did! What was it with these Mobian girls treating him like he was some kind of sex toy they could play with anytime they felt like it? Ok, so Anon normally wouldn't mind, but he was so close to going to sleep (not really), that the last thing he needed was the new girl deciding to get randy all the sudden. Or... was it exactly what he needed?

He had a sudden thought. Leave it to Anon to have a epiphany while a hot furry girl was sitting on his face. What was different tonight than any other night that would keep him from falling asleep? Other than those two things, what was different?

Sex. That's right, sex. He had gotten so used to getting some over the last few days that he probably wouldn't be able to go to sleep without hitting a piece. Yeah, that must be it! Lucky for Anon, his next fix was right on top of him. Alright then, if Bump really didn't mind, which she obviously didn't, then he would just have to take her up on her offer.

He grabbed ahold of her thighs and gave her one good lick all the way up her slit to get her started. Bump jerked with surprise when she felt Anon’s tongue sliding across her slit and his penis shot straight up at the taste of her. There was nothing quite like the sweet flavor of lady-fruit to harden a cock, and Bump’s was nice and ripe.

“Oo~oh, Anon...” Bump lurched forward and grabbed hold of the top of Anon’s head. “K-keep going!”

Bump’s encouraging words were completely rhetorical by that point as Anon was already
vigorously making out with her crotch. The only problem was he was buried under all that ass and he was going to need to come up for air at some point.

Anon placed his hands under her knees and pushed her up and back while wiggling his own legs out from under her and sitting up. She made a startled ‘whoop’ but rolled onto her back without any objection. He could barely make out her silhouette lying on the floor in the darkness, but he didn't need to see too well to know where he was going. Anon pushed her legs back even more and folded her up like a little Mobian pretzel until her bottom was raised up off the floor so he could get back to what he was doing.

That was much better. Now Anon had more room to work with, and work he did! Anon went down on that little doe until his tongue got tired, and then he kept going a little longer for good measure. By the time he was done slobbering all over her crotch, he had to wipe his face off on his sleeve.

“Whew, Anon, that was, hoo.. that was pretty good.” The little doe lay on the floor and basked in the warm satisfaction of having her carpets thoroughly cleaned, blissfully unaware that Anon was busy removing every article of clothing from his body.

A now very naked Anon leaned back down over Bump and started licking her again. He started between her legs but worked his way up her waist, across her midsection, and right between the curvaceous hills of round perfection on her chest. It felt like licking extra-fine velvet, a totally different experience than licking hairless human skin.

Bump shuddered as Anon worked his way up and kissed the side of her neck. He kissed her cheek, then her forehead, and then pushed himself up and gazed down at her. Bump looked back up at the human laying over her and said, “Just fuck me already, big boy!”

That was the green light Anon needed! He was already in the right position, all he had to do was get ol’ mister penis lined up and *boom*, copulation! She moaned as her body was penetrated by human cock, she was already so wet that she took the whole thing in one go without any problem.

Sweet, sweet poon. He wasted no time getting to work now that he was in. Anon hooked his arms under her knees, raised her hips up, and put her in a full-on mating press. Bump grunted under the strain of Anon practically folding her in half and slamming his meat into her over and over again. The only sound in the room were sporadic grunts and the wet slap of flesh on sweaty flesh as Anon pounded that Mobian pussy like a boxer determined to go all twelve rounds.

Anon fucked hard and fast, fitting an entire hour's worth of love making in a five minute fuck session. He drilled her like he was trying to strike oil, and then, before Anon could even think to warn Bump or ask if it was ok, he pushed himself in as far as he could and blew the absolute without a doubt no denying it biggest load he had ever blown in his entire life.

Bump dug her fingers into Anon’s back, wrapped her legs around his waist and locked her ankles together to hold him down, not that she needed to because he wasn't going anywhere until his throbbing rod had pumped every drop of his hot, human seed into her. “O~oh shi~it,” she moaned as her tiny Mobian body spasmed with sexual contentment. “That was sooo good!”

“Y-yeah..” The sudden burst of sexual excitement had left Anon a little too winded to properly reply, much less pick himself up off of her. But he couldn't just lay there on her, so with a strained grunt, he put his hands on the floor and pushed himself up. Bump unhooked her feet as Anon sat back on his knees. He was off her, but he didn't trust himself to stand all the way up just yet. Nothing like some good post-sex dizziness to let you know you'd handle business the way business was meant to be handled. That, or you needed to drink more fluids.
Bump scooted back a few inches and sat up as well. “Oh jeezus, Anon,” she said as she say there with her legs still parted. “You came so freakin’ much! Do all humans cum like this?” She reached between her legs and wiped up some of the jizz that had leaked onto her thigh with her fingers while she prattled on about how Impressed she was with how much seed Anon had planted in her garden. “I haven’t had this much in me since that one party I went to, but that was a looong time ago. Ok, so maybe it wasn't *that* long ago, but this is totally just.. wow!”

Anon was glad that Mobian girls were so easily impressed. He wondered how pathetic male Mobians had to be if all these girls thought he was impressive in the sack. Maybe one day he might actually *meet* a male Mobian. Surely, Miss Karen wasn't planning on only having females be part of the Human Mobian Relations Program? That would be... weird.

And there Anon went, thinking about the most random shit at the most inappropriate time to be thinking about it. Why was he wasting his time thinking about what boy Mobians were like when there was a perfectly naked and exposed *female* Mobain right in front of him? Because he was Anon, that's why. As retarded as he was, Anon *was* still a male, and apparently more desirable than his Mobian counterparts (oh lord not this again..), so he *did* eventually bring his attention back to the aforementioned naked female on the floor in front of him.

Bump had gotten up and changed positions while Anon had been letting his mind wander. She was facing away from him, and was down on her hands and knees with... with... with her perfectly shaped ass sticking right up in the air pointed straight at Anon's eyes. She was pawing around on the floor in the dark looking for something, but for what, Anon had no idea. Nor did he really care. There was a primal force driving Anon that overwhelmed all of his other senses, and that force was Captain Sex Drive. He was sitting on the edge of the Captain's seat in the middle on Anon's mind's control center with his fingers clamped tightly around the ends of the armrests. His eyes were trained on what was displayed on the main view screen; the crystal clear picture of Bump's naked posterior as she knelt on the ground in front of Anon.

It was one of the most beautiful things he had ever seen in his entire existence, but he had far more important things to do than sit there and ogle like that. He was the Captain, after all! He shook off the awe and began shouting orders to his crew of mini-Anons.

They frantically manned their stations, but the crew's efforts yielded no results. Finally, one mini-Anon turned to the Captain and pointed to a blinking red gauge. They had exhausted all of Anon's stamina already, he simply didn't have the energy for another round of pussy pounding.

Unacceptable! Captain Sex Drive slammed his fist down on the armrest of his seat so hard that his mini-Anon crew all jumped in unison. He began pointing and shouting orders again. The crew balked at first but when CSD stood up and shoot his fist in the air, they jumped to the task at hand. They worked to bypass any and all unnecessary systems in an attempt to reroute as much energy as possible to Anon's primary weapons systems.

Captain Sex Drive watched with vested interest as the little red gauge slowly began to fill, eventually reaching enough power to change green. It was *barely* enough, but it was still enough. CSD flipped open a covered hatch on his armrest that hid a single big red button and jammed his finger down on it.

Anon felt a sudden rush as his penis jumped back to full attention again. The way Bump was wiggling her bare ass at him was too much for him to take, so he wasn't going to sit there and take it anymore. Except that's exactly what he was going to do. Take it. Her butt. You get the idea. Anon wanted to out his penis in her again. Was that so hard to explain?
“Hmm, where are they?” Bump was feeling around blindly, complete oblivious to the shadowy figure looming over here. “Oh come on, where did I put them? Hey, Anon, did you see where my panties went?”

So that's what she was looking for! Not that it mattered, she wasn't going to need them again for a few more minutes at the very least. Anon scooched across the floor on his knees a few inches until he was right behind her and then grabbed ahold of the nook of Bump's waist.

“Anon?” Bump's ears twitched when she felt his hand on her hip. She started to turn around towards him, but she was too slow. “Whatcha doing back there, An-” The rest of her question turned into a sharp gasp as Anon plunged his cock back into her. She didn't mind getting doubled down on, it just came as a surprise was all. Bump's reflexes kicked in the moment Anon re-dicked her, she curved her back and pressed her buxom chest against the floor while pushing her ass back against Anon. “O-ok,” she said kind of breathlessly, “Let's do it again, that's cool. J-just next time, let me know, ok? That's a lot of dick to take all at once!” Her fingers dug into the carpet as Anon went for that first slow pump. “Oh man, that's a lot of dick to take..

But take it she did. Anon looked down and watched as he pistoned his dick into her over and over. That ass was totally legit. It was da bomb. Bootylicious. It was the kind of butt 90s rap artists wrote songs about, and he was fucking it. Hell to the mother fucking yes! And that tail? Oh yes, that tail. It wasn't pointy and stiff like Amy's, but it wasn't a ball of fluff like Vanilla's, either. It was a cute little handful of perfectly soft fur that he just had to-

“Whoa!” Bump's entire body jerked as Anon wrapped his fingers around her tail and used it to pull her ass back. He had slowed down a little, but what he lacked in speed, he more than made up for with sheer force. Plap, plap, plap, Anon slammed his cock into her wet Mobian pussy nice and hard until Bump started to make whiny groaning noises.

“You like that, don't you” he asked as he drilled her cunt like a Texan trying to strike oil.

“Ye-e-es,” Bump moaned between thumps. She was loving every inch of Anon's rock hard human dick as he shoved it in her with enough force to rearrange her organs. He was hitting things that no Mobian dick has ever been able to hit before. The shape, size, and feeling of human cock were all so perfect, it didn't take long before she was nothing more than a simpering mess. “Oh my gawd, Anon.” Bump had reached the point where her legs were quivering so much that they were starting to go numb. “I'm going to cum, Anon! I'm... going... to...”

Well, there was no need for her to say it again. She came so hard that she almost pulled Anon's carpet right off the floor. She dipped her back so low that any human contortionist would have turned green with envy and pushed her ass up and back as hard as she could one last time to get as much of that gloriously satisfying human cock in her as she possible could while she spasmed and shook with orgasmic fury.

Anon kept thrusting as the little doe moaned with absolute satisfaction. She might have been satisfied, but he was still running in sexual-overdrive. He was about to smash this feet until- Oh, wait, nevermind. The sensation of Bump's pussy convulsing around his painfully hard dick was enough to throw him right over the edge of his own orgasmic plateau. Anon didn't even have time to prepare himself for the nut he busted, and it was so sudden and powerful that it bunched up every muscle in his body, especially in his back and around his neck. He gritted his teeth and held on for dear life while he blasted Bump full of a second load.

The pair finally uncoupled and fell to the floor. Anon went backwards and laid out his back with one arm sticking out to the side and the other laid over his own chest, which rose and fell with each labored breath he took, while Bump scooted forward across the carpeted floor until she was laying
flat on her front, at least as flat as she could lay with those perky ta-tas propping her up.

“Jee whiz,” she said, rolling herself over onto her back. She was out of breath too and it was kind of hard to breathe with her face mashed against the floor. She took a couple quick breaths, then inhaled one big, long lungful of air and said, “Hooboy, that was totally something else!”

“Y-yeah, something else.” Anon was still in a state of mental limbo, he didn't even know what he was saying, he just repeated what he'd heard her say.

“Seriously, that was, like, really good!” The compliments kept rolling off of Bump's tongue. She sat up and pulled her feet together so she was sitting almost cross-legged, then looked over towards the folded out couch bed and said, “You should totally let Anon do you too, Sage!”

“Yeah,” Anon continued to mumble, still in repeat-mode. “You should totally let me do you too, Sa-” Lucidity hit Anon like a bucket of ice-cold water to the face. He went to sit up, but shot up a little too quickly and whacked his head against the metal edge of the fold-out bed, sending out the kind of 'ting' sound you can only make by striking a hollow object against a piece of metal. Injured, but undeterred, he nursed the swollen goose egg on his forehead and sat up again, this time more cautiously. “S-Sage?! W-what're you.. when did..”

“That's right, loverboy.” Sage was laying on the couch-bed, still idly tapping away at the laptop. The pale bluish light reflected in her cold, emotionless eyes as she gazed over the top edge of the laptop's screen. “I've been here the whole time.” She turned her piercing stare away from Anon and back to whatever she was doing on the laptop. “I swear, guys get so fucking stupid when it comes to sex. Some little bimbo puts out and it's like nothing else matters.”

“Aw, c'mon, Sage.” Bump lifted herself over the edge of the bed and crawled over to her friend's side. She twisted around, sat longways, and started pulling on Sage's arm. “Don't be like that! You should really give Anon a shot, he is absolutely a-ma-zing!”

“Suuure,” Sage replied with everyone ounce of sarcasm she could possibly muster. “Let me just take off my panties and fuck some guy I don't even know. That sounds like sooo much fun.”

Bump was oblivious to the facetious tone in her friend's voice. “That's the spirit!”

Sage just rolled her eyes. “Just get off the damn bed, you're smearing all over the fucking sheets.”

“Huh?” Bump glanced down and parted her legs a bit. “Oh, whoops!” Ha, sorry, it's been a while since a guy came that much in me.” Bump didn't even notice Sage's disgusted grunt, she just swung her legs over the side of the bed and hopped back down. “I'll go get cleaned up! Hey, Anon?” She paused for a second while walking around the front of the couch. “If you find my panties, could you just throw them up on the bed?”

Anon, still suffering from shock, said, “Uh, y-yeah, sure..”

“Thanks, Anon! You're the best!” Bump leaned over and gave him the quickest peck on the cheek as she walked by. She got halfway across the kitchen when she turned around and said, “Hey, I know! We should see if Amy wants to sleep with you! She's cute, and she totally looks dee-tee-eff!”

“What?! Anon swiveled his head around so fast his neck cracked. Ow. “You can't say anything to Anyone about this!”

Bump pouted. “Aw, why not? I bet she'd be up for it.” Bump put a hand against her cheek thoughtfully and mused, “Amy seems like she's really pent up. I bet she has relationship problems.
I bet she could use a good friend with benefits. Oh well! I gotta go clean up, I can feel you jizz running down my legs!"

Sage growled from behind the laptop screen and said, “God, Bump, don't you have any self respect?”

Bump didn't hear what Sage said, or maybe she didn't care. Either way, she turned back around and headed towards the back to freshen herself up, leaving Sage along with an Anon who was only just now considering the consequences of what he had done. The sex had been amazing, but he hadn't bothered to think who she would tell about it. Or who Sage would tell about it.

“H-hey, uh, Sage..” Anon worked at getting his britches back on while he spoke. “You're not going to, uh.. I mean, you wouldn't..”

“What, tell Miss Karen that you fucked Bump the first night we were over?” Sage was giving him that stone-cold stare over the top of the laptop again. Did she ever make any other expression? She scoffed and went back to typing. “Don't worry, I don't really care who you screw, just leave me out of it. I've got better things to do than let some complete stranger use me like a fuckdoll.”

Anon was slightly relieved that Sage was so unconcerned with the situation. “Uh, y-yeah.. I mean, no! I mean, uh-”

“Oh my fucking god,” Sage suddenly blurted out on a more annoyed than usual tone, which was saying something because she also sounded pretty damn annoyed. “Do you always act like such a loser? If you're going to stutter like that, then just shut up.”

“I, uh, um.. S-sorry.” Well holy fucking shit, that was rude. He did shut up, though. Not because she told him to, but because he really didn't have anything else to say. And because she told him to. Besides, giving Bump the ol’ double-tap had left him exhausted, and now that all the adrenaline had wore off, he suddenly realized how tired he was. He straightened his little makeshift pallet up and laid down. His last thoughts before drifting off to sleep were him hoping Bump wouldn't tell everyone about what had happened.

“It's absolutely magnificent, isn't it?” Miss Karen starred at the gemstone resting on the platform before her in absolute awe of its sheer size. Her green-tinted reflection gazed back with equal fascination, slowly shifted from one angle to the next as miss Karen walked around the pedestal holding the Master Emerald upright. “A true wonder, even on your world. Isn't that right, your majesty?”

“It certain is.” She stepped towards the emerald and nodded in agreement. Miss Karen was relatively short by human standards, but when she stood beside the human scientist, she barely came up to her chest. Yet another Mobian, this time with dark chestnut fur covering most of her body and lighter brow marking accenting her face and eyes. “And please,” she added, “You can call me Sally.”

“Ohoooh, nonono, that won't do at all!” Miss Karen waved her hand emphatically as she spoke. “I would never do something so unprofessional!” The scientist adjusted her glasses and collected herself. “Besides, what's the point of having a member of foreign royalty hanging around if I can't call her your majesty?”

Sally gave the human at her side a sorta kinda maybe just a little worried but not too worried glance and said, “Um, ok..” She then looked back at the Master Emerald, which only looked even larger in comparison with her own height, and said, “How did you ever-”
Karen gave the Mobian a knowing smile and finished her sentence for her. “Convince the Guardian to let us borrow it?” Miss Karen let Sally have a moment to ponder the thought before she gave her an answer. “As a matter of fact.. I didn't.”

“Then..” Sally was baffled.

“*She didn't convince him.*” The voice came from the far side of the room. Sally turned to look, swearing she knew she had heard that heavy accent before. She saw now another human stranger, but a familiar face, a *Mobian* face. Sally knew who that blue-hued fur, those round ears, and that earthy colored duster belonged to. It was none other than her geologist friend, Relic the Pika. “*I did.*”

“Miss Relic here was a crucial part in our program,” Karen explained as the Relic closed the distance between the room and came closer. “Honestly I don't think we *could* have convinced your Guardian friend to part with the Master Emerald without her help.”

“Even so, I wasn't sure he would let us study it even *with* my help,” Relic added with a small sigh. “You know as well as I do just how stubborn he can be, *especially* about this.”

“Yes, but..” There were any number of questions in Sally's head just waiting to be asked. “*How did you do it?* I've known him longer than you, and I can't imagine him letting *anyone* take it off the island for any reason! *How is the island even-*”

“*Floating?*” Miss Karen was good at that. “*We* had a hand in that. And by we, I mean the Foundation.” Again she passed to let the young princess process the situation before giving her more details. “We simply installed a high-end magnetic feedback relay in the heart of the island.” She saw the 'I want to say I know what you're talking about but I actually don't' look on Sally's face, so she quickly added, “It makes the island push back against the planet's field of gravity with equal force, so the island stays afloat!” Now that she had explained all of that, miss Karen moved the conversation on. “We'll be moving the Master Emerald, along with some other items of interest, to the safehouse tomorrow.”

“Do you really think that's the best idea,” Sally inquired. “Wouldn't it be safer to keep it here?”

“Oh heavens no,” miss Karen exclaimed, sounding almost painfully surprised that Sally would even suggest such a thing. “We can't keep it *here*! There are all kinds of crazy nut jobs who would *love* to get their dirty mitts on such a thing and abuse its power!”

“I can name one or two,” Sally mumbled, garnering a nod of agreement from Relic.

“*Why it'll be much* safer at the safehouse,” Karen went on. “There won't be anyone to mess with it there except for me and miss relic here, not to mention we'll have you and your royal guard to keep it safe while it's there!”

“I wouldn't exact call it the *royal guard*,” Sally replied.

“It's only some of your world's mightiest heroes,” Karen pretended to count an imaginary number on her fingers and then threw her hands up when she reached an uncountable sum. “*How many times have you all saved your world again?* And you don't think you're enough to watch over one little Master Emerald in a secure location. Why, *your majesty,*” she really enjoyed playing that term up, “I feel as if there in no one else more capable of the job than you and your friends.”

“Well, we've certainly done our fair share of protecting our home,” said the Mobian princess, “*But the real* hero was-”
“Nonsense,” miss Karen interjected before Sally could name names. “I've crunched the numbers, calculated all the risked, and thought of every possible situation, and I have every faith that you and your friends are more than enough to make sure what needs to be done is done.”

“It'll be quite alright,” Relic added. She put a hand on Sally's shoulder to reassure her doubts. “He may have been the big shot super star but everyone knows you pulled as much weight as him, maybe even more!”

“Thanks, Relic,” she replied. Sally looked back over at the human scientist and asked in a professional tone, “What all is left to move to the safehouse tomorrow?”

“Well, this big boy, for starters.” Miss Karen patted the side of the Master Emerald. “Then we have some prototype robots we were working on. The project got shut down after we started using Egg-tech, but I've got a feeling they might still be useful. And then there's..”

Sally waited for her to finish, but Miss Karen seemed to be lost in her thoughts all of the sudden. “There's what?”

“Oh, so sorry,” Karen said, her usually smiled returning now that she had snapped out of her daze. “Actually, it's a very special project, possibly even more important than this is.” Again, she gave the Master Emerald a hearty pat.

Relic, feeling she knew more about the Master Emerald's significance, said, “I find it quite hard to believe anything could be that important.”

“Oh, believe it,” Karen replied, but not in her normal chipper tone. Her voice was almost flat, and she was starring dead ahead over the rims of her glasses again. “This Master Emerald of yours has unimaginable potential, but we're working on something that could rival its power. Maybe even surpass it. And it will be up to you,” she quickly turned her eyes down to Sally, “To keep it safe.”

Sally was a bit taken back by Karen's sudden change in demeanor, but her face softened back into a smile almost just as quickly. Sally half smiled at first for a moment, but then, wanting to show how you to the task she was, set her face into a stern look and said, “You can count on me, ma'am.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!” Miss Karen drew her head back as if she were suddenly surprised. “What with the sudden attitude? You don't have to take things so seriously, your majesty! I was joking around!”

“Oh! I, uh..” Sally felt a sudden flush of embarrassment. She looked away from miss Karen, seeking comfort in the eyes of her fellow Mobian. Relic smiled and nodded, and that was just what Sally needed to being a smile back to her own face. “Alright then,” she said at last. “You can leave everything to us.”

Karen beamed. “I knew I could count on you, your majesty!”

Sally huffed a heavy sigh and told then woman one more time, “You really don't have to call me that.”

“Oh I know,” Karen replied. “But it's just so much fun!” She laughed heartily at Sally's expense. Even Relic couldn't help but stifle a small chuckle at the human's behavior. Sally finally caved and laughed right along with them.
Southern Comfort

Chapter Summary

Things are getting a little cramped in Anon's apartment thanks to his six new roommates. He takes a little time to make a grocery run but things go south in a big way when he meets a cybernetic belle on the run from some deadly prototype combat robots. It's RIP for the penne as Anon and Bunnie Rabbot run for their lives! Anon risks his life in a last ditch effort of heroism and all he gets for his troubles in laid.. oh, and a magical macguffin stuck in his chest. Now classified as Foundation property, Anon in moved to the "safehouse" where he ends up getting the royal treatment and learning all about holograms. Things are starting to get exciting in this chapter of Everyday Life With Mobian Girls!

Comments are questions are the life-blood of my motivation so don't be shy!

It was a beautiful day in The City. The sun was shining, birds were chirping as they merrily flitted about, and puffy clouds drifted lazily across the blue sky above. It was the perfect day for someone like Anon Kuhn to catch a little me time.

Me time was something he never thought he'd actually need to catch. Until about a week ago,
Anon had more time to himself than he knew what to do with. And then the girls started showing up. Now Anon was sharing his little two-bedroom apartment half a dozen other people, and they weren't even human!

Anon didn't mind that they were a different species; he knew very well that they weren't human when he signed up for the Human Mobian Relations program. Of course, when Anon signed up, he thought he would be opening his home up to one guest, not six, and he never expected things would get sexual! Now here he was, probably the only person on the entire planet that had sex with an alien. Four aliens, as a matter of fact. Harkness would be proud.

Ever since he opened his door and met Amy Rose, the first of his off-world visitors, his life has been a non-stop rollercoaster ride. He wasn't used to things being so hectic. Mundane was literally his middle name, after all. So much had happened in such a short time, everything before the Mobians arrived seemed like an entire lifetime ago. Everything was so different now, and yet it already seemed so normal, almost as if he had known the girls his whole life already, or if he had done this a hundred times before. He barely knew the girls and thinking about them already made him feel nostalgic. Time was funny like that.

But Anon was on his own today. He had used the excuse of buying groceries to get out of the house by himself for a little while. Sure, he had an unlimited supply of pizza he could order anytime he wanted, but Man could not live on pizza alone! Besides, as much as he liked all the attention they gave him, the girls were wearing him out. He didn't know how lax relationships were where they came from, but they were almost insatiable creatures when it came to sex, and he was but one man. The luckiest man in alive, sure, but there was still only so much he could do before he needed time off to rest, so a trip to town by himself was exactly what he needed. That and Vanilla had offered to handle the kitchen, and he was looking forward trying her cooking.

He had opted to walk instead of taking his car. Sure, that meant he could only buy as much as he could carry and it would take longer, but he was in no hurry and there was a grocery store only a few blocks away from his apartment. It wasn't the biggest grocery store in town; it was more like a glorified convenient store, but had most of the usual amenities a guy like Anon would ever need to buy, at relatively competitive prices.

Anon took his time shopping. He grabbed one of the little blue baskets stacked by the front door and started browsing. It was weird, doing some real grocery shopping for a change. He had to buy more than cereal and instant noodles this time around. No sir, this time he had to buy fruits, vegetables, bread, and all the other pieces of the food pyramid he had forgotten existed.

A few minutes into shopping and Anon realized he was not the best at it. He didn't have any idea how to tell a good tomato from a bad one, but he faked it as best he could. He picked a few up, squeezed some, one in particular a little too hard, he even smelled a couple. Anon ended up picking the two biggest and reddest he could find. Big was good, right? When he got to the deli counter in the back, he was taken back by how many cuts of meat there were to choose from. There were chopped steaks, flat steaks, ribeye ste- (Anon saw the price of those and moved right along...). What was the difference between top and round sirloin? What the hell did marbled mean? Anon tried to play his ignorance off by asking the butcher to give him whatever was good. The butcher responded by asking Anon how much he wanted to spend. Damn, this wasn't going to be easy.

And then he found the pasta! Until now, Anon’s knowledge of pasta had been limited to spaghetti and macaroni, but there were elbows, ribbons, penne, shells, angel hair... all the different choices were making Anon dizzy.

He settled on a box of penne because he liked the way they looked, and because it was fun to say.
Penne. Penne, penne, penne. If a food had a fun to say name, surely that meant it was good to eat, right? Anon had no idea what the fuck he was doing.

By the time he made his way around to the checkout line, he had filled his shopping basket to the brim. As confusing as or was, grocery shopping turned out to be a lot more interesting than Anon expected it to be. He would definitely have to do it more often, but maybe he'd bring Vanilla along next time. Anon had a feeling that she probably knew more about picking produce than he did.

The cashier rang up and bagged Anon’s items. Somehow or another, his one basket full of stuff ended up filling two large paper bags. Anon paid, thanked the cashier, and picked up his bags. Oof. He had to cradle them against his chest with his arms underneath to carry them. The big brown sacks blocked off Anon’s peripheral vision, so he was only able to see directly ahead, and he suddenly wished he had gone ahead and brought his car.

And so, Anon began the journey home. So far, it had been a pretty peaceful day. No random guys harassing him, no crazy, unexpected guests showing up at his home, no miss Karen calling him to her office so she could unload half a family on him, and no spending all day combing the city for a lost girl, he hadn't even dicked down any of the girls yet! No sir, today was going to be a nice, slow, relaxing, completely uneventful day.

Or so Anon thought.

As soon as the store’s automatic door slid open, a small group of people pushed their way past Anon in a hurry to get in, spinning Anon on his heels. Somehow, Anon managed not to drop either of his bags. He momentarily wondered what was going on as he watched the group rush towards the back of the store. He figured there must have been a sale or something going on that he didn't know about. Oh well. If there was, he had missed it. No big deal, he had gotten everything he came for anyway. All he had to do now was get back to the apartment, so he ignored the frenzy pack of people clamoring down the aisles and headed outside.

Thanks to the bags blocking his vision and muffling his hearing, Anon was blissfully unaware of the chaos going on around him as he stepped out of the store. Everyone was running this way and that in a hurried panic, trying to get off the street and into the nearest building as fast as they could, while beams of red light shot through the air around them, leaving scorch marks across the ground and along the sides of buildings.

Anon was on complete autopilot now, so he didn't notice the red deaths rays whizzing by precariously close to his head, nor did he hear the sound of metal feet kerplunking against the sidewalk as a certain cybernetic limbed Mobian barreled his way. She was running as fast as she could, carrying a black leather briefcase under her one organic arm. She wasn't even looking where she was going as she ran, because she was too busy looking back at the source of the laser fire which was coming from half a dozen robots that were in hot pursuit.

The machines had round bodies with heads covered by a protective canopy. A single menacing red eye shone out from under their metal hoods. Spherical shoulders protrude from the tops of their torsos, with thin, tubular upper arms and much thicker, cylindrical forearms. The robot's left arms ended with a rounded, three fingered hand, but their right arms all had built in laser cannons, and they were not shy about using them.

One of those machines fired a blast from its arm cannon that grazed the edge of the parcel the Mobian clung to. She twisted at the waist in an attempt to protect the briefcase, but ended up throwing herself off balance. Her metal fingers scrapped across the sidewalk as she used her mechanical arm to steady herself without losing any of her speed. She straightened up and plowed ahead, looking up just in time to see- “Get outta th’way!”
Anon thought he heard something. He tried to see where the shouting was coming from, but he couldn't see much of anything over his bags. Not from the front, that was for sure. Anon looked left. Nope. He looked right. Not there, either. So he spun around and looked back-

He was moving too slow to get out of the way, and she was moving too fast to stop. Crash! The collision knocked the bags out of Anon’s arms, and the briefcase from hers. It also sent Anon to the ground hard enough to knock the wind out of his lungs and leave him stunned. Everything went strangely silent, except for a high pitched ringing in Anon’s ears. The world around him was moving in slow motion. He saw his bags floating throw the air. The groceries he had just purchased where flung out. Tomatoes exploded into red viscera as they hit the sidewalk. The cut of meat left a reddish-pink trail as it slid across the concrete ground. And the penne- Oh god, not the penne!

Anon tried to save it. He reached out for it, but he was too far away. The little blue box that held the angular cut noodles fell, hit the sidewalk, and split right down the middle, sending pieces of pasta flying everywhere. There was nothing he could do but watch as the little noodles exploded into a thousand tiny pieces.

“Penne!” Anon’s sorrowful cry fell on deaf ears. He didn't have much time to lament the loss of his precious pasta. The mobian slipped her mechanical arm around Anon’s torso and threw him over her shoulder. He blinked, surprised that she could lift him so easily.

“C'mon, sugah,” she said with the thickest southern accent Anon had ever heard. “We ain't got time t’be sittin’ around here. We gotta go!” She started running. Probably a good idea, since the laser shooting robots were getting closer by the second. “It's Bunnie, by the way.”

“W-what?” Between being jostled around on her shoulder and being shot at by the robots, Anon was having a little trouble focusing.

“My name,” she grunted as she ran, heading straight for an intersection. A small red sedan came to a screeching halt when it saw her coming, but it stopped right in her path. She couldn't afford to stop again, the robots would be all over her if she did, so she did the only thing she could do: she jumped clear over the top of the car. She hit the ground on the other side of the street and kept on running without missing a step. “...is Bunnie. Bunnie Rabbot.”

“Bunnie.. rabbow?.” Anon tried to enunciate the word like she had, but her accent made it difficult to be sure if that's how she had said it. That, and the whole being carried over her shoulder thing, that made it a little hard to concentrate as well. “You mean like bunny rabbit?” Anon was just noticing the long pair of ears sprouting from the top of her head, one that stuck straight up, and one that bent about halfway down.

“No, not like bunny rabbit.” She sounded a bit testy. She wasn't fond of people mispronouncing her name, even if it was by accident, and running from killer robots would make anyone sound a little rough.

“Oooh, wait, I get it now! Like bunny robot, because of your, uh..” Cybernetic limbs? The armed wrapped around his torso was a mechanical one, and Anon could see her legs were mechanical as well. They weren't like the fake looking prosthetic legs he was used to seeing. They were sleek and shiny, except for one big black scorched spot on her lower calf. Wait, would it still be called a calf if it was cybernetic? Her legs might have been cybernetic, but the rest of her looked pretty organic. The way she was holding him over her shoulder gave him a pretty good view of her amazingly toned ass as it rocked back and forth while she ran. It didn't help that all she was wearing was a tight fitting pink leotard. Maybe it was hard to find pants when you had robotic limbs?
“Not like bunny robot either!” She took a sharp turn at the end of the block to try to throw the robots off. She gave Anon a rib crushing squeeze to make sure he didn't go flying off when she swung around the corner, and because he had called her a robot. “It's Bunnie Rabbot. Rah-bow. Wuttaboutchu?”

Anon did not speak fluent hick. “Huh?”

“Yer name, sugah.” She looked back over the shoulder that didn't have a human laying over it. The robots whipped around the corner as easily as she had and were still hot on her tail. She hadn't thought she'd lose them that easily, but it was worth a try.

“My name? Oh, it's, uh- oof!?” A brief pause while she tackled a pair of public trash cans, hoping they were slow the pursuing machines down.

“What's that, hun? I didn't hear you.”

“A-Anon,” he groaned. Being handled like a piece of cargo had left him in a pretty sore state. “M-my name is Anon. Anon Kuhn.”

“Well if that ain't the strangest name I've eva' heard.”

“Oh come on, it's not any weirder than Rah-bow.”

She gave him another squeeze and said, “Now don'tchu go insultin’ mah name, or I'll drop you and let those ton cans getcha.”

“Tin cans?”

“The ones that're chasin’ us!!”

Anon didn't understand what was so scary about recyclable material. He was also a nincompoop and hadn't bothered to look up the whole time she had been carrying him. In his defense, watching her puffy little cotton ball tail bob up and down while she ran was pretty distracting, but he went ahead and looked up to see what the big deal was and- “Oh shit, there's a bunch of robots chasing us, and they got lasers!”

“Y'ain't that bright, are you?”

Anon wasn't paying any attention to her because he was too focused on the robots that were following them. His fear suddenly subsided when he noticed something oddly familiar about the laser-firing chunks of metal. Then it dawned on him. He actually knew exactly what they were!

“Hey, wait a second,” he said curiously, “Those are Type-4 mass production military models. They shouldn't be ready for live testing for another month or two!”

“I dunno, they seem pretty ready t'me!” Bunnie ran through another intersection. She didn't have the right-of-way and ran right through oncoming traffic. The sound of rubber tires screeching across the street as drivers slammed on their brakes drowned out Anon's girlish screams. Bunnie made it through without getting hit, but several of the vehicles weren't so lucky, bumping into each other as they swerved to avoid her and the human she was carrying. Bunnie didn't want to see anyone's property get damaged like that, but she had more important things to worry about than people's insurance rates going up and hoped the little traffic jam would slow her pursuers down.

It worked, though not as well as she'd hoped. The drivers of the vehicles who had gotten out to shake fists and toss swears at one another all scattered when the robots started pushing their way
between and climbing over all the vehicles. It didn't stop them, but it gave Bunnie time to put a little distance between them. Fortunately, it was enough distance to get her out of firing range.

“Can you drive?”

The question came right out of the blue. Anon didn't even realize she had asked him anything at first. “Huh, what?”

“Can you drive,” she repeated, “Y'know, a car?”

“Oh! Well, yeah, I can drive,” Anon answered, not sure what his ability to operate a motor vehicle had to do with anything. “But I left my car at home today. I was just going up the street to get some groceries an-”

“Ok, you drive, I'll shoot!”

What the heck was she talking about? Anon expressed his confusion in the form of a very puzzled look. He got his answer in the form of Bunnie suddenly hefting him off of her shoulder and into the driver's seat of a bright yellow, open-top jeep that was parked in front of a meter on the side of the street. It was one of those fancy ones with the extra large wheels and big round lights mounted on the roll bar. You know, the kind of jeep that looked like an off-road vehicle but probably cost so much that its owner would never even drive it down a dirt road, much less through mud.

“H-hey!” Anon flopped around until he was sitting upright in the leather covered seat. “What the heck are you-”

Bunnie leaned across from the passenger side and pointed her mechanical hand towards the steering wheel. The tip of her index finger popped open and a small metal rod with several little offshoots jutted out. She jammed the protrusion into the ignition switch and the jeeps engine roared to life. She looked at Anon and shouted, “Floor it!”

“D-do what?!?”

“I said floor it, sugah!” Bunnie pulled her finger free from the ignition and jammed it down on the shifter knob. She aimed a leg towards the gas pedal below Anon's feet, and the mechanical limb stretched out like a telescopic pole, pressing the accelerator all the way to the floor.

The jeep lunged forward with enough force to push Anon back into the seat. For what it was worth, the jeep's motor wasn't just for show. Anon pushed himself upright in the seat and fumbled with the buckle (safety first!), then grabbed the steering wheel and swerved the jeep onto the road before they hit the vehicle parked ahead of them. The prototype robots had caught back up to them in the time it had taken Bunnie to jump start the car, but they pulled off just as the red laser beams started coming their was again.

Bunnie pulled her leg back once Anon decided to put his foot down. She twisted around in the passenger seat and grabbed ahold of the metal bar that ran across the top of the jeep. She put her foot out the open space where the door would be on a normal vehicle and stood on the chrome plated step-bar. “Try t'keep us steady so I can get off a couple of good shots,” Bunnie said in a commanding tone.

“Shots with what?” Anon hadn't had an opportunity to give her a looking over yet, but he was pretty sure he hadn't seen her carrying any kind of firearm. The road ahead was clear as far as he could see, so he chanced a peek over at her to check. Nope, she didn't have any weapons. So what was she going to shoot?
The answer came in Bunnie's cybernetic left arm. She held onto the roll-bar with her right arm and leaned over the side of the jeep, holding her mechanical limb out towards the robots behind them. The metal plates covering her arm began to shift, twist, and slide in different directions. Her fingers straightened and sunk back into a recess in her hand that was then covered by one of the sliding metal plates. Lastly, two semi-circle pieces in the middle of her now fingerless palm opened up to expose a perfectly round opening from which a deep red light started to shine.

A laser arm! Her arm could transform into a laser just like the robots chasing them! Well, not *just* like theirs. Her was a lot sleeker, cleaner looking, definitely higher quality. She looked down the length of her arm, liked up a shot with one of the little robots, and-

The sound of an air horn billowing ahead of them pulled Anon's eyes back to the road just in time to avoid running head on into an oncoming semi truck. Anon had started drifting across the divided lane while watching Bunnie's arm go all Michael Bay, and he cut the wheels so hard to avoid the truck that it knocked Bunnie right back into the passenger's seat.

"I said to hold'er steady!" Bunnie did not seem very happy with Anon's driving skills.

"I, uh...sorry?" Anon glanced her way but made sure he only looked away from where he was going for a split second so he didn't accidentally float across the lanes again.

Bunnie sighed and pushed her flopped over ear aside with her non-weaponized hand. "No harm done I s'pose. We're outta their range anyway, and they can't keep up with us on foot at this speed, so-

"A-actually.."

Bunnie cut Anon a furled glare. "Actually what?"

"Uh, well.. i-if those are the Type-4 models, which I'm pretty sure they are, then they should be equipped with.. with.." Oh, he really didn't want to say it.

"They're equipped with what?" She was going to make him say it.

Anon swallowed a nervous lump out of his throat and said, "Boosters."

"They got-" Bunnie didn't bother to finished the question. She stood up on the seat and looked back. She hoped to see the robots shrinking off in the distance, but, like her own arm, they were capable of making changes to their own bodies to suit different situations.

Their legs had drawn most of the way into their lower bodies, and a pair of small rockets had sprouted from their backs. They flew a few feet above the pavement, but it wasn't how high they could fly that was the issue. It was how fast. They were closing in faster than Bunnie liked. What Bunnie really would have liked was for them not to be able to fly at all, or shoot lasers, or be chasing her in the first place, but so far things didn't seem to be going her way.

"You gotta get us off the main street," she shouted to Anon as she grabbed ahold of the roll-bar and swing back over the side of the jeep. "I can't really cut loose like I need to with all these people around! You gotta get us somewhere there ain't any people before someone gets caught in the middle of all this!'

"You mean someone else," Anon grumbled.

"Sure thing, sugah, whatever you say." She wasn't listening, she was busy lining up her shot again. With all the other vehicles and people on the sidewalks, she had to make sure each shot was aimed
perfectly. Not that she was a bad shot or anything, but she'd already caused plenty of damage trying to get away and she didn't want to cause any more if she could help it.

The barrel of her gun-arm began to glow and hum to life. She had the robot that was closest to the front end in the middle of their formation right in her sights so she fired a beam of red hot energy directly at it. It wasn't a bullseye but it was close enough. She hit it in its side and blew a good sized chunk of metal away, revealing a mess of severed wired and busted lines in the gap left behind. The shot punched all the way through the robot's torso and took out one of the rockets on its back, sending it spiraling out of control. It was going too fast to get its bearing and it spun right into one of the robots bringing up the rear.

The good news was that those two robots were out of commission. The bad news was they went careening out of control in the process. One crashed into the side of a building, blowing out the big glass windows on its front and sending debris flying over the heads of several bystanders who could do little more than crouch and cover their heads with their arms. The other spun through the air until it bounced off a light pole which well across the sidewalk in a shower of sparks, then crashed into a back of a parked vehicle before exploding with enough force to set off the alarms of other nearby parked cars.

Bunnie's brow bunched with worry and her teeth gritted with frustration at the situation. Fighting back wasn't an option as long as there were other people around who could get hurt, but she couldn't risk the robots catching up to her and her package. “C'mon, sugah, get us outta here!

“I'm trying!” Anon wasn't handling the situation as well as she was. Getting chased and shot at and practically kidnapped by this cyborg-bunny girl who stole a car and had a gun for an arm...it was all a little too much for him to take. He thought he had gotten used to weird shit happening but nooo, they just had to get worse! All Anon wanted to do was buy some god damned groceries and relax, but apparently that was too much to ask. Well, this was the hand fate had dealt him, as bad as it was, so he had to do like she said and get them out of the middle of town.

Anon knew most of the roads through The City. He'd lived here long enough, and gotten lost enough times, that he'd learned most of the roads and where they went. He also knew which part of town was the least populated and how to get there. He saw the sign overheard for the turn nearby and knew he was close, but at this speed, he was only going to get one shot at it, and even then, he wasn't a fucking stunt driver. This was insane! He was either going to die by getting blasted into Anon flavored Swiss cheese, or by careening out of control in a stolen vehicle. Well, the turn was coming up, so there was only one way to find out!

“Hold onto something,” he shouted.

Bunnie looked ahead and saw what Anon was about to do, so she ducked back into the open topped cab and wrapped both arms around the roll-bar. Anon threw a hand on the emergency brake lever between the front seats and snatched it back. He cut the steering wheel as hard to the right as he could while the back wheels locked up, sending the whole back end of the vehicle swerving. He released the e-brake and punched the gas, hoping beyond hope he didn't fishtail out of control and roll the jeep over.

He lucked out and managed to drift the jeep all the way around the sharp bend of an off street that led away from the main street. They drove under another sign that read “Warehouse District Ahead” but Anon didn't need to look at it, he already knew where he was heading.

“Holy shit, I can't believe that worked,” he yelled in a nearly hysterical pitch. Sweat was pouring down the side of his face and he was sure his heart was beating so hard, it was going to pop right out of his chest.
“That wasn't too shabby.” Bunnie’s compliment gave Anon enough confidence to feign a small smile, but he knew the only reason they didn't crash was because he lucked out. There was no way he'd ever be able to pull something like that off again even if he tried. Bunnie looked back to see where the robots were. They had been going too fast to make such a sharp turn and shot right past the intersection. Well, at least they were out of their hair, for now. She sat back in the passenger seat and sighed with relief now that she had a moment to catch her breathe. “Where we headin’?”

“Downtown,” Anon answered, glad that things had calmed down enough to have a halfway normal conversation. “There used to be a lot of factories out this way, but a lot of places closed when Bossco robots started getting popular. No reason to keep hundreds of people on the job when a couple dozen robots can do the same thing, you know?”

“It’s a damn shame is what it is.” There was a palpable edge in her reply. She obviously wasn't a fan of machines taking the jobs of living people. “All those people losin’ their jobs to a buncha ol’ tin cans, ain't nothin’ right 'bout it.”

“Um, y-eah, I guess so?” Anon scratched at the back of his head. He'd never really been one to put much thought into things like the socioeconomic repercussions of replacing a human workforce with tireless machines. “I guess I hadn't really thought about it that much…”

“Speakin’ of robots ..” Bunnie suddenly shifted an accusing gaze in Anon's direction. “You mind tellin’ me how you know so much 'bout them ones that was chasin’ me earlier? That ain't the kind of stuff just anyone ought to know about.”

“Oh, well, that's, uh…”

Bunnie raised her eyebrows as she waited for an answer.

“I, uh…I work for the company that makes them,” he answered, slightly perspiring under the heat of her piercing stare. “Well, that is...I mean, I used to work for the company that makes them. I, well…” Anon slouched forward and quietly added, “I'm sort of on permanent temporary leave…”

“What's wrong, hun,” Bunnie teased, “You get replaced by a robot or somethin’?”

“No!” Anon was insulted by her verbal jab. No robot could replace him in upper-middle-lower management! How could they build a machine to do...all the things he did at work? Actually, now that Anon was thinking about it, that was exactly the kind of stuff someone would make a machine to do. Great, now all he could think about was one of those mono-eyed, pipe-limbed mechanoids wearing a buttoned down shirt and slacks walking up and down the halls of the Bossco company office delivering papers and parcels to all the different executives and managers. His shoulders sank even farther down as he mumbled, “That's not what happened at all.”

Bunnie wasn't paying Anon any mind. She was looking at all the big, squarish buildings they were passing as they drove by. She hadn't noticed at first, but off in the distance, she could see the light reflecting off the surface of a large body of water. A very large body of water. The City happened to be a coastal town, with the largest part of it's industrial area, the part they were driving though, built along the water's edge so barges and freighters could dock near the factories to load and unload supplies and products. If it weren't for all the silos, warehouses, and the fact that were driving in a stolen vehicle, it might have been a pleasant seaside cruise.

“Ah’m just glad we finally shook them infuriatin’ robots,” she said with a sigh. Bunnie picked up the black brief case she'd been carrying since before she ran into Anon and set it in her lap. “Ah’ve really gotta get this here to miss-”
Bunnie had started to relax a little too early. Out of nowhere, two of the Type-4 robots appeared from around the side of one of the smaller buildings to their left. Still propelled by the boosters mounted on their backs, they made a wide arching curve and flew into the middle of the road, right in Anon's path.

“Oh shi-” Anon cut the wheels and tried to swerved around them but they sped straight towards him in a game of two-on-one chicken. Anon was able to avoid the one farthest to the side, but the Jeep's chrome-plated bumper rammed right into the other. It held onto the hood of the jeep and aimed its laser arm towards Anon's face.

All Anon could see was the menacing glow of the Type-4's single red eye and the matching glow of its weapon as it prepared to fire. Lady luck smiled on Anon one more time, though. He ran over a pothole and the sudden jolt broke the robot's fingers loose from the hood. It made a loud beeping sound before it was drug under the jeep and mangled between the road and the vehicle's massive frame. The jeep lurched upwards and cleared the ground by several inches before crashing back down with enough force to make the shocks whine. Bunnie focused on keeping the black case safe in her lap while Anon somehow managed to keep from losing control of the vehicle. Hey, Anon wasn't so bad at these death defying high-speed chases after all!

“I...I thought I was going to die.” He hadn't, but Anon wasn't entirely sure he hadn't soiled himself in the process. He put a hand on his forehead and wiped away the beady sweat that threatened to get in his eyes and exhaled an anxiety fueled sigh.

He wasn't out of the woods just yet. The second Type-4 had managed to grab ahold of the back bumper before it sped by earlier and had even kept it's grip after the four-wheel drive jeep had gone airborne. It hefted itself up into the back of the jeep and beeped angrily as it grabbed a small, round device from a compartment that opened up in its lower torso.

Before the robot could do anything else, Bunnie jumped up and aimed her cannon-arm at its face. A beam of red hot light shot out from the end of her arm and punched a perfect hole through the machine's head right where it's single red eye had been. It beeped a few low, drawn out beeps as its systems slowly shut down, then finally went limp and fell right over the back of the jeep.

“That was a little too close for comfort,” Bunnie said, her cannon arm still smoking from the deadly blast. Too close indeed. She didn't even notice the Type-4 had dropped the spherical object it had been holding until it rolled up to the front where she and Anon were. Her lavender shaded eyes got a big as dinner plates when she saw it flashing a bright red warning light at her feet. She knew what it was, but there was no time to react. She simply covered her face as best she could with her silver arm and said, “Oh shi -”

A ball of blinding light engulfed the jeep and it's passengers. Anon couldn’t hear anything except for an ear splitting whistle that sounded like it was coming from inside his own head. Time slowed to an absolute crawl as the world began spinning around him, except it wasn't the world that was spinning, it was the jeep. The controls had completely locked up, nothing worked, not the steering, not the breaks, nothing. The jeep skidded sideways and then slammed into the curb before tumbling end over end.

She watched everything unfold through a pair of yellow and red binoculars from the top of one of the taller factory buildings. It had taken longer than she had expected, but everything had gone exactly how she had planned. Well, almost exactly. She hadn't expected the Mobian to get help from a random human like that, but even with help, the Mobian hadn't been able to get away.

“Uncle Eggy is going to be so proud of me,” she said with a gleeful smile. “He said this was 'grown-up' work and I shouldn't get involved, but I took care of that pesky animal without any
problems! Now he'll have to let me be his assistant! Whahaha!” She held a white-gloved hand over her mouth and laughed loudly.

No one would have thought she could come up with such an ingenious plan. Hacking those prototype robots and having them do her dirty work for her? Her uncle still treated her like a child, which probably had to do with the fact that she was still a child who's age was barely even in the double digits at most, but this would prove that she was grown up enough to help him carry out his nefarious plans! She stood on the edge of the building and laughed proudly to herself while the wind tussled her wild hair and billowed the rim of her red and black dress.

“Cookie, miss Omelette?” A small orange colored, round bodied robot with big, glowing green eyes and a long, cone shaped head stood beside her with a tray of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies in his outstretched hand.

“Hm? Oh, sure.” She grabbed one of the cookies and bit it in half in a single bite. Even an evil genius in training liked a nice, hot cookie. “Hey, dis is pwetty gud,” she said through a mouthful of half chewed cookie. “Did you make these yourself, Humpty?”

“Yes, ma'am. I have prepared a selection of confections for miss Omelette.” How a synthesized voice could have a such heavy Italian accent was anyone's guess, but his did. “Including muffins, scones, steussle, and danishes.” He stacked tray after tray of the various desert items together as he listed them off until he had a veritable tower of sugary delights swaying precariously in his hand.

“Maybe later, Humpty,” Omelette replied. “We have work to do first, then we can stop for snacks.” She turned and started walking away, but then stopped, turned back around, and reached for one of the plates in Humpty's hand. “...Maybe just one scone.”

Humpty looked up with an ever present smile the lit up as he spoke and said, “Yes, ma'am.”

“Come along now, Humpty,” Omelette said, scone in hand. “We'll take the Eggbeater down there, get that case, and get it back to Uncle Eggy before he even notices we're gone! Whahaha!”

She laughed her best evil laugh as she strode over to the Eggbeater, her flying vehicle. It was a small, roundish contraption with an open top. Inside was a single seat which Omelette sat in, surrounded by a dashboard covered in buttons, levels, and several small screens. The Eggbeater was a technological wonder that her uncle had built just for her, and was leagues beyond what the people of this planet could build. The best part about it was that it had a completely environmentally unfriendly power source!

Humpty trotted around to the far side of Omelette's metal pod as fast as his stubby legs could carry him, his leaning tower of deserts suddenly nowhere to be seen. Attached to the side of the Eggbeater's main body was what looked like a wheel-less bicycle, complete with tassel handlebars and a woven basket hanging from the front. When Humpty climbed up onto the seat, a metal rod automatically popped up from the back of the Eggbeater and unfolded onto a four-blades helicopter styled propeller. He put his big metal feet on the pedals and started moving his tiny legs much faster than they looked like they'd be able to move. The internal gear system sprung to life and the propellers spun with enough force to lift the Eggbeater into the air.

“Never forget today, Humpty,” Omelette said over the sound of the whirling blades, “Because today is the day we become real villains!”

“Yes, miss Omelette,” her little mechanical minion replied. Then he rang the bell on his handlebars for good measure.
Anon's head hurt. His ass hurt. His legs hurt. His back hurt. His, well... everything hurt. But at least he was still alive. Mostly. The jeep had come to rest upside down, god bless that heavy duty roll bar or else he and Bunnie would have been little more than a nasty smear on the pavement. What a minute, where was Bunnie? Was she even ok?

Anon felt around until he found his seat belt and unbuckled it. He fell the few inches he was hanging over the group and landed on his head, but it was already hurting so bad that one more bump didn't bother him to much. He crawled out from under the side of the wrecked vehicle and pulled himself up. His legs felt like jello that had been beaten with a sledge hammer, but he willed himself to stay upright and began looking for any signs on the cybernetic Mobian. Hopefully she wasn't in any worse condition than he was.

He had only taken a few steps when he heard a groan come from the other side of the jeep. He hobbled his way around the front of it, hoping he wasn't going to see anything too gruesome when he found her. He didn't. Phew. She was laying on her back a few feet away from the jeep. Her pink leotard was ripped across the side just below her breast and her mechanical limbs looked a little scuffed up, but at least she was in one piece.

“H-hey, are you ok?” He dashed over to her side and knelt down. Her eyes were closed but she rolled her head from one side to the other and groaned again, so that was a good sign. Right?

“Sugah-non?” She slowly opened her eyes and looked up at him. Ok, she was conscious. That was good. It was starting to seem like things were going to be ok. And then she winced and said, “I can't feel my legs.”

Panic crept over Anon like a wave of ice. “Oh god, oh god, oh god...” Anon wasn't exactly a very religious person, he just didn't know what else to say. “I-is something broken? Is it your back? O-or your neck? Or-”

“Nothin's broken,” she said. “They're just offline.”

“Offline?” How could legs be offline? It's not like they were-

Oh, right. Cyborg. He had forgot.

“That little bastard dropped an EMP grenade,” she huffed.

“EM...like, electromagnetic pulse?”

“Exactly like electromagnetic pulse,” Bunnie answered. She strained and pushed herself up with her flesh and blood arm while her mechanical one hung limply at her side. “It did a number on my arm and legs. They're completely powerless. It's gonna take a few minutes for 'em to come back on.”

Anon sighed and sat down on the pavement beside her. “Well, that's not too bad...right?” He wasn't sure how her limbs worked, or in this case, how they didn't work. “They don't hurt or anything...do they?”

“Noaw,” she answered. Then she winced again as another bout of pain shot through her small body. “But the parts of me Ah can feel sure as heck do!”

“Same.” Anon wished he had mechanical limbs that didn't feel any pain when they were out of power. Or did he? Was it in bad taste to envy her for having prosthetic limbs just because he was a little banged up? Probably.
“At least we ain't gotta worry about them dadgum robots anymore.” Bunnie was trying to look for the silver lining.

Then Anon had to go and ruin it. “Wait a second…”

Bunnie looked over with a concerned expression. “What?”

“You took two of them out while we were still in town, and two out a little while ago..” Anon held his hands up and counted on his finger. “That means there are still two more-”

He froze. Bunnie heard why. She didn't have to see them to know that the nearby beeps and boops were coming from the last two remaining Type-4 robots. Anon crept back over to the jeep and carefully peeked over the top of it, which was technically the bottom of it now. There they were, fifty yards away. Perhaps closer. Anon wasn't very good at measuring distances by sight. However far away they were, they were getting closer with every step (They were walking again.), scanning the entire area with their glowing red eyes.

“Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!” Anon scrambled back to Bunnie as the string of expletives poured from his mouth. “They're headed right this way! You can blast them, can't you? With your arm, like you did before?”

“Ah cain't do much nothin’ like this.” Bunnie looked like she was barely able to keep herself propped up as it was. “Ah don't think Ah can even stand up yet.”

Ah, right. Cybernetic limbs plus EMP equals a whole bunch of not good. Anon ran both hands across his face and whispered quietly, but worriedly, “Then what are we going to do?”

“We're gonna get the heck outta here is what,” Bunnie declared.

“B-but your legs!” Anon gestured down the pair of metal limbs. “How are you going to walk if you can't even stand?”

“Didn't say Ah was gonna walk,” she replied. “Yer gonna hafta carry me.”

“I...what?!”

“All we gotta do is hide in one of these ol' buildings ‘til mah batteries charge back up,” she explained, trying to calm him down. “As soon as they do, Ah'll turn those two tin cans to scrap.”

“Yeah, ok, hide, good plan.” Anon nodded emphatically, but he was obviously still freaking right out of his mind. Still, trying to hide was a much better plan than sitting there until the robots found them. “So, how do I, um…” Anon was unsure of what to do next. Carry her? Duh. But how? Just throw her over his shoulder like she had done to him earlier or...?

“Jus’ take mah hand.” Bunnie leaned forward towards Anon and held her non-metal arm up to him. Anon grabbed her by the wrist and she wrapped her fingers around his own, then said, “Ok now jus’ hoist me up across yet back. Yah know what a fireman's carry is, don'tcha?”

As a matter of fact, he did, although he had never actually done it before. This was as good a time as any to learn though. He knelt forward and pulled her and sideways. Instead of laying her over his shoulder and facing behind him, he had her sort of lying across the back of his neck, with Bunnie's torso over one shoulder and her legs over the other. She was heavier than she looked with her cybernetic legs. Anon grunted as he tried to stand. She wasn't much more than half his height, not counting that one ear that stuck straight up, but she felt like she weighed twice as much as he did.
“Ah swear t’god if you say anything ’bout how heavy Ah am, Ah'll gut’cha like a fish.” Seemed like she was a tiny bit self conscious about her weight.

“N-no, no, you're, uh...that's not it. I t-think I hurt my back when the car flipped over. Yeah, that has to be it!” Anon's buckling knees told a completely different story.

“Don't forget that briefcase.” Bunnie pointed at it lying on the ground by where she had been. “Ah cain't begin to tell you how important it is. Jus’ hand it to me, wouldja?”

Oh dear God in heaven above, why hadn't she mentioned that before he stood up?! Anon's eye twitched with a healthy mix of frustration and physical stress and he squatted down. He grabbed the case and passed it up to her waiting hand, then took a deep breath and pushed his legs back up again. This definitely counted as his weekly exercise.

“Alright, jus’ get us over to that buildin’ over there and we can find somewhere to hide.”

“Y-yeah..” Anon could already feel his back starting to get tight. “S-sounds like a plan!” So he started briskly trotting towards the big abandoned factory building they had crashed in front of, hoping the pair of robots were still too far away to notice them.

They made it inside the building just in the nick of time. Not a second after they disappeared into a halfway open roll-up door, Omelette landed the Eggbeater. She brought it down a few yards away from the overturned vehicle, just to be on the safe side. She hopped over the side of the pop and marched a few steps closer to the rubble, with Humpty climbing off of his seat and following close behind.

She turned to the two searching robots and barked, “Have you found that stupid bunny girl yet?”

The pair answered with a chorus of beeps and whistles.

“Not found yet, miss Omelette,” Humpty translated.

Omelette puffed up her cheeks and growled. “Well, keep looking,” she shouted angrily. “We have to find her!”

“We have to find her!” The robots under Omelette's control weren't the only ones in The City looking for someone. Back in the heart of the city proper, miles away from all the action down in the Warehouse District, a certain pair of mechanized minions were in the middle.of their own wild goose chase. Orbot, the rounder, redder, and somewhat more intelligent of the two, anxiously tapped his fingers together and said, “Doctor Eggman will be absolutely furious if he finds out we let Omelette out of our sight!”

His squarish, yellowish, slightly more simplish companion rubbed the top of his flat block of a head and said, “Then maybe we shouldn't tell him?”

“He'll find out whether we tell him or not,” Cubot snapped back angrily. “That is,” he went on in a calmer tone, “Unless we find her and return before he discovers she's missing.”

“Now that sounds like a good plan,” Cubot announced with refreshed enthusiasm. “We should start looking for her right away!”

“I...we...” Nope. Orbot gave up before he even got started on his reply. He shook his rounded head and sighed. Well, he made a sighing type noise. Robots can't really sigh because they don't have lungs, but dammit all if Orbot didn't give it his best effort! “Oh. What I would give for some competent help...”
Orbot wasn't paying attention to where he was floating across the ground with his anti-gravity engine and bumped right into someone's leg. "Oh!" He fumbled back a few inches, startled by the sudden collision. Orbot righted himself and started looking up to see the rest of the body that leg was attached to. "Terribly sorry, I didn't mean to run into you. I was a bit distracted, and...oh my." Orbot withdrew a bit when he met the menacing eyes of the young man he'd run into.

Most of his face was obscured by a shadow cast from the outrageously long pompadour jutting out from the top of his head as he glared down at the knee-high robot. To make matters worse, he wasn't alone. Behind him were two slightly less imposing but still considerably unsavory looking fellows.

Boss took a moment to stare down the cowering little robot before he spoke. "What the hell kind of bot are you supposed to be?" His voice was a gravely as ever. Orbot held a finger up and prepared to give an answer but it was a rhetorical question anyway, so Boss just kept talking. "I've never seen a model like you before. Or that one, either." He meant Cubot, of course. "What about you guys?"

"Nope," Orville answered. "Don't think I've seen either of these models before."

"They look cheap," was Puck's humble observation. "I hate cheap shit that breaks easy."

The metal shutters that acted as Orbot's eyelids shifted to show the current level of his frustration. "We most certainly are not cheap! I can assure you that we are made out of only the highest quality parts and material!"

"Oh yeah?" Boss leaned down and glared at the little red robot. "Then what the heck kinda robot are you?"

"Well, that is...we're..." Orbot poked the tips of his fingers together, trying to think of way around the invasive question.

"We're minions," Cubot blurted out.

"Minions?" Boss cast an accusatory look Cubot's way.

"Hey, I saw that movie," Puck piqued up.

"He's not talking about that," Orville whisper to his skinny companion through the side of his mouth.

Puck worked his fingers through his curly mop of hair and said, "...Oh."

"What my companion means to say is that we are personal assistants...of a sort." Orbot prayed to whatever god robots believe in that his answer would suffice.

Boss snorted. "Just what the hell kind of personal assistants run into people on the side of the fucking road?"

Curses. Orbot knew his silent prayer would go unanswered because there was no such thing as a robot god. It would seem he would have to come to up with a more elaborate answer if he was going to convince this brutish thug to let them be on their way. He and Cubot didn't have the time to be wasting on-

"Our boss told us we were s'posed to keep an eye on his niece but she gave us the slip," Cubot started explaining before Orbot could stop him. "So now we're trying to find her before he realizes..."
she's missing. He's gonna be pretty mad if he finds out we were watching TV instead of watching next.

“W-w-we weren't watching TV!” Orbot waved his hands as he frantically tried to deny the last bit of Cubot's comment.

“Sure we were.” Cubot was completely oblivious to Orbot's failing attempt to save face. “You said you wanted to marathon that Downtown Abbey show. You know, the one with the big house and all the funny accents.”

“It's Downtown Abbey.” It was Orville that corrected him.

“Thank you,” Orbot said with his cylindrical arms crossed.

“I don't care what the show is called,” Boss shouted. “If you two nerds are done, we have a bigger problem to deal with!”

“What's that, Boss,” asked Puck.

“We gotta help these numbskulls find that girl, you idiot,” he shouted angrily.

“Oh boy!” Cubot clasped his hands together joyously. “Did you hear that, Orbot? They're gonna help us look for her! Maybe now we'll find her in time for you to finish our marathon!”

“Hmm…” Orbot rubbed his finger across the bottom of his round head, where his chin would be if he had been built with one. “It would be easier to find her if we had help from someone with intimate knowledge of the area. The only problem would be…” he looked up and shrugged. “-We have no way to compensate you for your time.”

“Yeah,” Cubot added, “We're flat broke!”

Boss shook his fist at the two robots and yelled, “It's not about gettin’ paid, you dumbasses!” Years of getting yelled at had taught Cubot and Orbot to reflexively cover their heads with their arms. Boss straightened himself and started walking past the pair of quivering bots. “There's no telling what kind of trouble she could get into on her own out there,” he said as he stormed by. Cubot and Orbot cautiously uncovered their heads and shared a quick glance with each other before watching Boss walk away.

“Do we follow him,” asked Cubot.

“May as well,” answered Orbot.

Puck and Orville were left by themselves as the two small personal assistants (minions) started to follow Boss. “We've been helping find people a lot lately,” Puck mused. “If we keep this up, we ought to start our own detective agency or something.”

“I dunno,” Orville replied thoughtfully. “Boss acts like a hard ass, but he'd end up doing too much work for free. Besides, I feel like that's already been done before.” He shrugged his thick arms and sighed. “Come on, we'd better keep up or he'll be yelling at us next.”

Anon was glad when Bunnie decided they had gone deep enough into the warehouse to hide. The muscles in his back and neck felt like they had been tied in knots, and his poor legs felt like jelly. Anon had no idea what kind of factory it had been while it was open, but it was chock full of overhead cranes, conveyor belts, and enormous machines that had been used to do god knows what. The odd pair settled down in an area deep within the abandoned structure where a bunch of
old wooden pallets were stacked up. Neither of them had seen nor heard either of the Type-4s since they entered the building, so that was good. Anon hoped his Mobian companion's limbs recharged soon so she could take care of their mechanical pursuers and he could get the hell out of here and go back home where things were nice and normal. Ok, not so much normal, but definitely better than this.

“Are you going to be ok?” Anon carefully lowered her to the concrete floor. He winced at the sound of her metal legs scraping against the cold stone surface as he set her down.

“Don't worry 'bout me, I've been through a lot worse than this before.” She was smiling, but Anon could swear she looked as nervous as he felt. At least she was doing a better job of hiding it, if she was. Bunnie used her one good arm to prop herself up against one of the stacks of pallets in an effort to get more comfortable. It was a fairly futile effort. “I jus’ need a little time to recharge mah batteries and I'll be right as rain.”

“Yeah.” Anon knelt down and sat with his own back against one of the makeshift pallet walls. Bunnie was looking through the slates in the wood, probably keeping an eye out for the robots that were hunting them, so she didn't notice Anon looking her over. Everything until now had been so chaotic, first with her running into him on the sidewalk and carrying him over her shoulder, then him having to focus on driving while she tried to fend off those machines, he hadn't really had a good chance to look at her yet. Except for her ass. He'd gotten a real good look at that. It was a nice ass. But the rest of her..

She had a great figure. For starters, she was hella fit. Not like a roided-out bodybuilder fit, but Bunnie had a nice, toned body under that tight pink leotard she wore. Her breasts were slightly larger than Amy's, but not quite as big a Bump's. They were nice and round, but still looked very perky. Of course, that could be because of how her one-piece outfit was holding them up, but he was pretty sure that they would look just as nice without that leotard on. Bunnie's waist was slim and she had some great hips as well. Anon would've bet his left nut that she'd have had thighs to die for if her legs hadn't been prosthetic. But they were, which led Anon's train of thought to it's next stop.

“So, how'd you, um..” He cut himself off because he wasn't a complete idiot and knew how rude it would be to ask her about her limbs out of the blue like that.

“Whatcha say, sugah?” Bunnie was hardly paying him any attention.

“It's just, uh..” How did one ask a person about something as personal as their prosthetic limbs? Well, if that person was Anon, they would just get straight to the point. “How did you get your cybernetic limbs? Were you in some kind of accident or something? We barely have the kind of technology it takes to make fully functioning prosthetic limbs here. The technology on your world must be-?”

Bunnie shot Anon a look. It wasn't quite a glare, but it wasn't far from being one. More of an extremely annoyed stare. “You ain't got much of a filter, do yah?”

“I-I'm sorry.” Anon looked away and scratched the back of his head sheepishly. She was right, though. Once he opened his mouth, he had an awful habit of not knowing when to shut it again. That was one of the reasons he was so prone to keeping it closed. “I didn't mean to...I wasn't trying to be rude.”

The expression on Bunnie's face slowly softened. She knew Anon didn't mean any harm. As far as she knew, he was some random human who had never seen a Mobian before, much less a cybernetic one. She still wasn't happy to be talking about it, but there wasn't anything else to do.
while they waited. “There was this fellow named Doctor Eggman who attacked my hometown back when Ah was still knee high to a grasshopper.” She held her hand a fee inches above the ground for emphasis. “Some...stuff happened. Ah got hurt real bad and the only way to save me was, well...” Bunnie grabbed her disabled mechanical arm with her still working organic one and held up up, flopping it back and forth a few times before letting it fall back to the floor.

“Eggman...” Anon rubbed his chin. Where had he heard that name before? Oh yeah! “Wasn't he that guy that caused all that trouble a few years ago?”

“Ah heard he came here before,” Bunnie replied as she tried to adjust herself. She couldn't feel her legs, but her ass was still flesh and blood, and it was starting to go numb from sitting on the cold concrete floor. “He tends to get around a lot and brings trouble with him wherever he goes.”

“But you guys took care of him...right?”

Bunnie tried to resituate herself while she went on with her story. “Oh, we've been taking care of him for a long time now. I'm sure he's holed up somewhere plannin’ his next new scheme, but ain't nobody seen hide nor hair of him for a while.” She leaned back against the stack of wood and took deep breath. Small talk with strangers wasn't exactly her favorite activity. “Sure wish mah batteries would hurry up and get charged.”

That comment just gave Anon something new to bug her about. “How do they work? Your batteries, I mean. You don't need to plug them in or anything to keep them charged?” Anon suddenly visualized her with her legs and arm plugged into a wall receptacle to charge like a cell phone or handheld.

“They run on bioenergy,” she answered. You could tell by the tone of her voice that she wasn't nearly as enthusiastic about the conversation as Anon. “As long as mah ol’ ticker is beatin’, it keeps them charged. I don't exactly know how it works, it jus’ does. Well, it usually does.” She looked down at her limp limbs with a frown.

“Is there any way to charge them faster?”

“Like I said, it's a tied to mah heart beatin’. Ah suppose if my heart were to beat faster, they'd charge faster.”

Anon smiled optimistically. “Well it shouldn't take long then! My heart's been racing this whole time. I'm sure-”

“Sorry, sugah.” Bunnie shook her head. “Ah've gotten used to situations like this. Ah'm sure it's pretty scary for you, but this kind of stuff is pretty normal for me. It'll take a lot more than this to get my heart racin’.”

“Oh...” And then the optimism was gone. “Isn't there anything you could do..?”

“There is this one thing I can do, but...” Bunnie shook her head again and laughed at whatever it was she had stopped herself from saying. “There ain't no way I could do that.”

Anon gave her a curious stare. “Do what?”

“None of your business, that's what,” she snapped back.

“Oh, uh... sorry?” Anon shrank back away from her. She seemed to be very annoyed all of the sudden and Anon didn't want to risk setting her off. He scratched his cheek either through tip of his finger while glancing this way and that, not wanting to make eye contact with her while she was so
upset. “I figured, you know...if there was anything you could do to speed things up...I, uh, I'll shut up now.”

“It ain't you, sugah-non,” she said apologetically. “It's jus’, well... it's kind of embarrassin’.”

Anon picked at a piece of stray wood he found lying on the ground and absently mumbled, “I’d take a little embarrassment over being hunted by a pair of deadly robots any day…”

Bunnie scrunched her brow up as she contemplated what Anon had said. She knew he wasn't trying to tell her what to do, but he was still right, and she was letting her modesty get the better of her. They had been lucky to stay hidden so long already, but she still needed a while before her limbs would be usable again, and if they were found before then, it wouldn't end well.

She made up her mind to go ahead and do what she had to do. “Can I have a few minutes to muhself?”

“Hm? What?” Anon had been playing with the giant splinter he picked up earlier and somehow poked himself in the finger with it when he looked up to see what she was talking about.

“Jus’ go over there for a while, would?” Bunnie pointed at a stack of pallets over in the corner. “I need some personal space so I can.. so I can charge my batteries faster.”

“Uh...ok.” Anon gave her the famous blank eyed stare. “But why do I have to-”

“Jus’ do it!” Somewhere far away, Shia LaBeouf was smiling. “And don'tchu look, either!”

“Ok, ok!” Anon didn't know what the deal was, but he didn't want to aggravate her. “I'm going, jeez...” He stayed low to the ground and crouch-walked over to the dark, lonely corner behind the pallets where Bunnie had directed him. After he made his way around to the back of the pallet-tower, Anon flopped down on the ground, crossed his arms, and pouted like a child that had been grounded because that's exactly how he felt.

Finally. Bunnie watched Anon to make sure he got all the way out of sight, then checked her surroundings one more time to make sure she was absolutely alone because she didn't want to get caught with her pants down. That was just a metaphor because she wasn't wearing any pants. What she was wearing was that tight fitting leotard. No buttons, no zippers, all she had to do was reach down between the parts of her thighs that were still flesh and blood and pull the stretchy material of her one piece suit aside. It would be kinda hard to touch herself with the fabric in the way.

Bunnie pulled the bottom of her leotard to the side, wedged it in the little fold between her thigh and crotch, and started rubbing her fingers over her lips. She spread herself open and tentatively ran her middle finger up the middle of her slit. Bunnies sighed, not because she was enjoying herself, but because she wasn't. She wasn't anywhere near being turned on, and it was hard to really get into masturbating if you were doing it because you had to and not because you wanted to. Being fully aware of how severe their predicament was, Bunnie knew she was going to have to make due.

If her body wasn't going to get wet enough on its own, she was going to have to give it a little help. It was nothing a little saliva couldn't fix. Bunnie put two of her fingers in her mouth and snaked her tongue over them until she was sure they were nice and slick then started rubbing again. Much better! Wet fingers felt a lot better than dry ones against her sensitive parts. Maybe she'd be able to enjoy herself after all!

Bunnie massaged the mound between her legs to give herself some time to enjoy the slowly building excitement, before dipping a freshly-licked finger inside. Trying to get off in a decrepit
old factory with some random guy sitting right around the corner wasn't her idea of a good time, but there was something strangely arousing about the whole situation.

Masturbating with the risk of being caught made things more exhilarating. What would that guy say if he saw a hot mess with half her hand in her cunt? She dwelled on that thought while fingering herself and before long, she was getting turned on. Very turned on. The thrill of getting caught neatly outweighed the pang of guilt over being some kind of depraved pervert.

After a while of self-indulgence, the only thing Bunnie could think about was how close she was to getting off, but she needed more, so she stuck a second finger in and really started to go at it. God, so close! Plap, plap, plap. Bunny slapped her palm against her sopping pussy, filling the air with wet squelches. There was an orgasm in there somewhere and she was determined to find it, but it still wasn't enough! “I need a good hard cock,” Bunnie thought, “but where would I find--” The idea that popped into her head was worth a quick mental reprimand. It wouldn't work. Or would it? She pulled her bottom lip through her teeth and glanced around. “It's not like anyone would know.” She would know.

Could she live with herself? Sure. It's not like this was the first time something unorthodox had to be done to ensure her survival. The memory of the time Bunnie had to go undercover as a stripper came to mind. Was this situation that any different?

Necessity or not, having sex with a different species was pretty extreme. Bunnie slowly stopped working her fingers and removed them from herself, pulled the bottom of the pink leotard back into place, then took a deep breath to calm her nerves. “Can you c'mere fer a second, Sugah?”

“Who, me?” Anon peeked out from behind his tower of pallets.

Lips pursed into an annoyed smirk, Bunnie asked, “Do you see anyone else here? Of course Ah mean you! Get ovah here.”

“O-ok.” Wondering what Bunnie could need, he ambled over to where she was sitting. Anon hoped it was to tell him her limbs were working again, but that wasn't the case obviously. Once close enough to see them, anon could tell they were still as limp as they had been. “So, uh...what's up?”

“Look here, sugah.” Bunnie spoke in a flat tone that was strict, but not angry sounding. “Ah'm 'bout to ask you for a favor, and you gotta swear you won't tell a soul.”

“...What kind of favor?” As if that didn't sound suspicious.

“Promise me.”

Anon flinched at the sudden exclamation. “I-I promise!”

“You gotta understand, this ain't easy for me to ask.” She turned her eyes away, unable to bear looking at him while forcing herself to say all this. “We're in a real pickle here and, well, time ain't a luxury we can afford to be wastin’. Ah don't want you to think any less of me for askin' this, but, I need you to... to...” Bunnie was being so serious all of the sudden. Well, she had been pretty serious this whole time, but now she was being so grave.

He wasn't able to make out that last part so he leaned a little closer. “To what?”

Eyes aglow with fierce determination, Bunnies glared up and bluntly demanded, “Ah need you to fuck me.”

“Ooooh.” Anon nodded. “You need me to fuck you.” Then he stopped nodding and jumped back.
“You need me to do what?! ”

“Don’t be so loud,” she hissed. “Ah don't blame you for not wantin’ to, what with us being different species and all, but Ah need a jolt to get mah batteries into gear, and the idea of catchin’ a piece of strange in an ol’ abandoned buildin’ like this...” She paused and pointed her finger right at his nose. “Ah ain’t some kind of weird sex freak or nothing, you got that? But... It's got me all kinds of hot ’n bothered.” Bunnie loathed admitting it, but it was true.

Somehow, having sex was supposed to help recharge her power? That didn't make any sense at all. Luckily, Anon had come to terms with the fact that nothing in his life made sense anymore. Still, that was the last thing he expected to hear, and this did not seem like the time to be dropping his pants and dicking down another horny Mobian. Although, she said she needed it, and he had no way of knowing how her limbs actually worked anyway. Think, think, think... Anon didn't know what to do.

“What's takin’ you so long?” Bunnie knew exactly what he needed to do. Her. “Ain'tchu done it before? Don't tell me you don't know what to do...”

“What? That's not it!” Anon's face scrunched up with a mix of embarrassment and hurt pride. “I know how to do…it. I've done it before, you know.”

“Good for you, sugah.” The sarcasm went unappreciated. “Then hurry up and do it again, will ya?”

“It's not that,” he fussed. “I just, I mean...is shis really ok?”

Bunnie glared at him dangerously. Her mind was made up about it and arguing about it was not something she wanted to do. “Not really, no. But we're gonna do it anyway.” Necessity.

“Yeah, but...”

Bunnie reached over and grabbed the neck of Anon’s shirt, pulled down, and mashed their lips together in a not so innocent kiss, forcing her tongue into his mouth to seal the deal. After playing a quick round of tongue-tag, she broke off the kiss, let go, and said, “Man up and fuck me, sugah,” then slid her hand back down, pulled her leotard aside again, and said with distinct finality, “Don'tchu go easy on me, either. Ah'm a lot tougher than Ah look.”

“Y-yeah. I mean no! I mean–“

“Jus' shut up and show me yer cock, Sugah-non!”

Anon jumped to attention. “O-ok!” Down went the zipper and out came the penis. It's sudden exposure elicited a small gasp from the Mobian. The sudden gasp caused Anon to look down to see what was wrong. “Oh shi-” He was only flying at half mast, if that. That's what was wrong.

“Wow,” Bunnie couldn't take her eyes off it. “Ah've nevah seen one so big before...”

“I, uh...” Anon almost started apologizing for his lack of arousal before realizing she had actually given a compliment. “Wait, what?” He looked down again. So big? It was barely a chub! “I'm not...it gets bigger than that.”

Bunnie's eyes slowly traveled up until they met his. “It gets bigger?”

“Y-yeah..” This whole conversation was starting to get a little uncomfortable, especially for someone standing there with his cock dangling from his pants like that. “I'm just not...you, know. I mean, it's kind of cold in here, and...”
“Oh mah stars,” Bunnie whispered under her breath, her hand moving towards the impressive package all on its own.

“What are you–” Anon instinctually tried to move away when he saw the hand coming but reacted too late. Soft but unbelievably strong fingers wrapped around his raging semi before he could back up. Bunnie wrapped her fingers around his half inflated penis and gave it a tug. Oof. Having your half hard cock yanked was just a tiny bit uncomfortable. Yeah, no, that shit hurt like a mother fucker. Anon couldn't go any farther back without her pulling his dick out by the roots, so he went the only direction he could go. Forwards.

Anon stumbled, almost tripping up on the pants pulled down his legs, but managed to catch ahold of the stack of pallets in front of him. Phew! It would have been pretty awkward to bust his ass right in front of her. Good thing he– wait a second. Where was she? Anon looked down and stiffened. Uh oh. Two big, green, lavender shaded eyes were staring up at him from beneath the cock that was flopped across the face below...

“Oh shit!” Anon cringed in slight panic. It wasn't a question of if she was going to kill him, but how. He didn’t think she would appreciate him trying to smother her with his junk, accident or not. “I am so sorry! I didn't mean to-”

She didn't kill him, though, or even seem that upset. Those big green eyes crossed to focus on the human flavored sausage resting across her face. A sharp gasp escaped the astounded Mobian's lips, but the most interesting reaction was when her pupils turned into a pair of perfectly shaped hearts. That didn't seem healthy...

Instead of worrying about the possibilities of permanent vision impairment, she stuck her tongue out and tilted her head back, licking the entire length of the human cock along the way. When she got to the end, put her lips over his penis and lowered her head back down.

Half of his rod was in her mouth before he even knew what was going on. No words came out when he tried to speak, only a few weird noises and then a grunt. She slowly worked her way to the bottom of his schlong, a pretty good feat considering the size, even if it wasn't even all the way hard, and used plenty of tongue on the way back up. The way she circled her tongue around the head of his penis sent jolts of excitement coursing through Anon's body. He groaned and clamped down on the rough wood with his fingers, almost unable to contain himself.

Not wanting the human to blow his load too soon, Bunnie made sure not to go too fast. She could feel his cock getting harder while working. It was, without a doubt, the biggest cock she had ever sucked in her entire life. Before long, there was more swallowing going on than anything else.

Anon's fingers dug into the pallet as he held on for dear life, afraid that his dick was going to get sucked right off. There was no doubt in his mind that he wouldn't be able to take much more of this. Preparing to blow the inevitable load, Anon groaned and told her, “I'm about to–”

And that was the sign it was time to stop. With a loud, wet smack, Bunnie pulled her mouth off the meat pole, leaving a thick string of pre cum hanging between it and her lips. The salty thread broke midways, forcing Bunnie to catch it with her fingers before it dripped on her clothes. Of all the things to explain later, a cum stain on her leotard wasn't something she wanted to add to the list.

Well, it was now or never. He was as ready as he'd ever be, and so was she. Almost forgetting why she was doing this, Bunnie reached down, spread the lips of her pussy, and said, “Put it in me!” Just to be sure he got the message, she used her finger to rub herself. “Right here, sugah!”

Still reeling from coming so close to popping one off, Anon found himself lost in the moment.
Bunnie looked so vulnerable laying there like that, but could probably still kick his ass three ways to Sunday if she wanted to, even without her cybernetic limbs working properly. Yet here she was, pussy spread like a wet, pink bull's eye, begging him to do her! Well, not so much begging as ordering.

In a fit of nerves, Anon wiggled out of his pants until they were down around his ankles and said, "A alright, if you say so…" He carefully knelt down, placing a hand flat on the ground to keep from completely laying over her, then got into position. He lined the tip of his cock up with her awaiting hole…and then stopped. It was so close he could feel the heat pouring from her excited body, but Anon's conscience decided to pick now of all times to start working. "I...we..." His words, like his actions, faltered. "This isn't right…"

"I know it is.." In a sign on sympathetic understanding, she place her hand on the back of his neck and pulled his head down against her shoulder. The thought of how wrong this situation was played through her mind one more time as her hand slowly slide its way down his back. With it firmly over the base of his spine, she pressed her cheek against his face and whispered, "That's what makes it so hot, sugah."

"Wait, wh–?" It happened too fast to stop. Without warning, Bunnie slapped a hand over his exposed backside and pulled down, shoving the entire length of his erect manliness into herself. "Oh mah stars," she gasped when the cock plowed through her. "There's jus' so much of it!" Using her one good arm, she pushed Anon back up enough to look down between them. Their bodies were connected by the flesh colored column that was his dick, with the better half of it still buried inside her.

Her eyes rolled up and looked at the unfamiliar face above. A man she had only met a little while ago. A man she knew nothing about, besides his name. Guilt and pleasure mixed into an emotional cocktail that left her with an overwhelming desire to be fucked by this stranger who was filling her with more dick than she'd ever had in her before.

Anon could feel every subtle twitch her body was making. She must have really needed it if it felt like this and he hadn't even started moving yet. Maybe it had something to do with her batteries or her prosthetic limbs? "You want me to keep going?"

Well, of course! Unsure if she could even trust her own voice yet, Bunnie simply nodded.

"Ok then." Anon put his other arm down to support himself before really getting started. It would be pretty embarrassing to get a cramp or something. "Let me know if you want me to stop, ok?"

Bunnie shook her head. "Don't stop," she whispered with the hint of a whimper. "Please don't stop."

Jeez. Mobians were insatiable, but she had said please, so Anon did the only polite thing he could do and pushed his big human dick further into her tight Mobian pussy.

Bunnie bit her bottom lip and whined as Anon pushed his fuck stick in deeper. "Oh mah sweet lord," she moaned, every muscle in her body tensing up from being filled to the brim with dick. She pawed at his back with her one hand and growled, "Jus' like that, keep doin' me jus' like that!"

Anon kept doing her, all right. She was the one with the cybernetic limbs, but he turned into a pussy fucking machine. Two strokes, that's was all it took for Anon to get properly adjusted, then any reservations about fucking another random Mobian girl went right out the window.
For having been so slow to get started, the human was actually a pretty damn good lover. Instead of only straight humping like most Joe Blows, he dipped his hips down low and came back up at an angle, hitting everything just right with each thrust. Then again, there wasn't much he wasn't hitting with that big piece of human meat.

Bunnie wished she could do more than lay there and take it, but a little writhing was the most she could accomplish given the current situation. At least her lungs still worked, so what she lacked in mobility, she more than made up for with vocalization, moaning "ooh"s and "aah"s, even throwing some "oh mah god"s in for good measure.

As satisfying as it was to hear her jubilant exclamations, Anon didn't think it was a good idea to be so loud. Of course, he wasn't worries enough about it to actually stop, but he did try to address the issue. "Don't you think…you should… keep it down," he asked, only able to form a small portion of the question between thrusts.

"Ah…Ah can't...help it." Likewise, she was only able to speak between each cervix-poking jab of his cock. "It jus' feels… sooo good !" That last part came out sounding like a low, gravelly moan.

Anon bottomed out and came to an abrupt stop. "Maybe we should--"

Bunnie grabbed him by the collar and growled, "Don't you dare stop!" The anger quickly subsided into a sorrowful, desperate expression. "Please, sugah," she begged as much with her eyes as with her words. "Please don't stop. Please …"

Goddamn! There was something about the way she begged for it that was so fucking hot. It suddenly occurred to Anon how badly she needed this, not to charge her batteries, but because she was a woman with wants and needs like any other. Not to mention those killer robots were probably still looking for them. This could very well be the last time either of them had sex! Ok, so that was a morbid thought, but still… motivation! Why was he hesitating so much? Stupid, ignorant Anon. Get your shit in gear and give her what she wants! What she needs! Anon didn't say a single word, merely gave a silent nod as affirmation. He slowly drew back until only the very tip was left in, then rammed it back in with a mighty thrust.

That was what she wanted! The surge of ecstasy from being filled with all that human cock again made Bunnie shudder uncontrollably. Sounds came from her throat that were supposed to be words but ended up being nothing more that a garbled mess of grunts, gurgles, and moans, and then, right there on the floor of the old abandoned factory, Bunnie Rabbot came. It wasn't the biggest orgasm she'd ever had, but it proved just how good human cock was. The best part? He was still going!

Anon was putting the meat to down so hard he didn't even notice her pussy throbbing around his cock, he just kept slamming right through the spasm. He did notice that everything was wetter than before which meant he could start going even harder. Half a second was all it took to hook his knees under her mechanical thighs and boom, he was hitting everything at a totally different angle. Bunnie said she was tough, so Anon took out all the stops and commenced to fucking the cyborg harder than he'd fucked any of the other Mobian girls.

It was almost too much, but Bunnie loved it! Continuing to get fucked while cumming was amazing and something she never had the pleasure to experience before. She wanted to tell him how good it felt but all that would come out of her mouth were more unintelligible moans that that got louder and louder until a hand suddenly covered her mouth.

As sexy as the senseless moaning was, Anon remembered there were still a pair of deadly robots looking for them and making so much noise wasn't a good idea. At first, it felt a little rapey to hold her down like that, but then he caught the look in Bunnie's eyes and instantly knew she loved it.
Bunnie grabbed ahold of Anon with fingers barely able to wrap all the way around his wrist. The steady rhythm of their heavy love making jarred every coherent thought from her head making her moan through the fingers covering her lips. Moans turned into desperate whimpering, and those desperate whimpers turned into one final gasp as her body was wracked a full force climax.

Anon knew exactly what was happening this time. This wasn't some small stealth-gasm like before, this was a full-blown, back-arching, pussy clenching, power-gasm. It scrambled her brain as bad as the EMP bomb had done to her limbs. Thinking. Going. Fucking. Overdrive. Sexy. Anon slammed his hips against her a few more times and then joined her in orgasmic release. The stop-and-go fucking had left one hell of a load built up in him and when it finally broke loose, there was no holding it back. He pushed his cock in as deep as it would go and then exploded, flooding every square inch of her that wasn't already full of dick. There wasn't much free space so a good bit of his seed ended up leaking out of her pussy as it continued to clench.

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Bunnie tore Anon's hand away from her face and let out a torrent of f-bombs that would make the devil blush and wash his ears. Even after the throbbing and convulsing had subsided, Bunnie lay there and whispered a few more fucks between ragged breaths while hot spunk dripped down her ass, tickling her tightly clenched butthole as it ran by.

Having a pussy full of baby batter felt good, but feeling it running down her ass like that felt so.. so dirty. Reveling in a newfound sluttiness, Bunnie flexed the muscles between her legs, tightening everything down around Anon's cock and pushing more of his hot love juice out with quite an audible squelch. She looked up with her best poker-face, hoping he hadn't heard, but the look on his face said he had.

"Heh, it ain't nevah made a that sound before," she said with a slightly embarrassed chuckle. She bit her lip and squeezed again. It sounded like someone playing with a can of that play-slime. Very wet and very sloppy. This time it was a little harder to control her laughter and Bunnie ended up snorting through her nose. She slapped her hand over her mouth, unsure which sound was more embarrassing. Definitely the pussy-fart. And then she laughed again.

Anon didn't know what to say. She was acting so casual and that was totally throwing him off. But hot damn, the way it felt when she clenched her pussy was amazing. "You're a little freak, aren't you," were the first words that came out of his mouth. Then his brain processed those words and he suddenly became very worried they might have sounded offensive. "Not because you're small, and have robot limbs. I don't mean that kind of freak! I just meant, you know.. freak."

"Why, sugah, you sure do know how to sweet talk a lady, don'tcha?" Bunnie wasn't as upset as he thought she might be. A little annoyed perhaps, but not really offended. She knew what he meant, even if it came out funny. "Now get offa me so I can get mahself cleaned up." With that, she swatted his arm.. and knocked him clean off of her and into the stack of pallets, sending a few of them tumbling to the ground.

They both froze as the clatter of wood hitting concrete echoed through the building. After a few seconds of silence that seemed to go on forever, they finally thought it was safe to breathe again. Bunnie looked down to see the reason why her little love tap had sent Anon flying like that. It was because she had hit him with her cybernetic arm, which was she was still holding aloft in the air.

Anon saw her arm was working too "Hey! Your arm is- ow." He say up and grabbed at the arm on the side that she had hit. He didn't know which side would have the bigger bruise, that one, or the one that had hit the pallets. "Your, uh, arm is working again."

"Sho nuff," she answered. She held up the limb and tested each finger, then squeezed them all into a fist, turned her hand around, and repeated the entire process. "At least, it's startin' to."
"Come again?" Anon paused in the middle of stuffing his peter back in his pants and looked back up at her.

"It's like.. you know when you been sitting the wrong way fer too long and yet legs go numb? How it takes a while fer 'em to feel right again?" Bunnie waved her mechanical arm around. It moved, but flopped back and forth with all the grace of a boneless fish. "It's sorta like that. I'm all powered up now, thank you very much for that, but it's still gonna take a minute fer everything to start workin' proper again."

"Oh, that's cool." Anon got his junk tucked away safe and sound and fastened his belt. "I guess we'll be alright after all! As long as those robots don't find us before-" He stopped. An all to familiar beeping noise came from behind him. From very close behind him. Anon slowly looked back over his shoulder to see a bright red glow shining between the slats in the pallets. "-then "

The robot smashed its way through the stack of pallets with no regard for who or what was in its way. One moment Anon was sitting there feeling good about having gotten a piece of tail, and the next minute he was sailing through the air again, much more violently than before, surrounded by a shower of splintered wood and nails. He flew several feet before hitting the ground hard and rolling a few times before losing enertia. He had been hit so hard that even once he stopped moving, he still couldn't get up. He tried, but his body simply wouldn't respond.

Maybe he just needed to recharge his batteries? No, wait, this wasn't the time for jokes. Who needed batteries? That's right, Bunnie did. Bunnie? Bunnie! It all came back in a rush. Anon forced his body to roll over. It hurt. Everything hurt. But he had to move. He looked up and saw Bunnie. She was backing her way away from the robots as best she could, but her limbs were barely more usable than his were right then. He turned his head and looked the other way. Not one but two red-eyed robots were making their way towards her. He had to do something, he had to move, but nothing was happening.

God damnit, why had they been so loud? Why had he fucked her so hard? Why did she have to be a screamed? Why did he have to knock over that pallet stack? Dammit, dammit, dammit! Anon fought through the pain and pushed himself up to his knees. The ringing in his ears was finally starting to go away, but all he could hear now was the menacing beeps and blips of the two machines and Bunnie frantically yelling him to run. Run? He could barely crawl, much less run. And where would he go? Besides, he couldn't just leave her there. But what could he do?

A sudden bout of pain caused him to double down on the ground again. When it passed he willed himself back onto his knees and tried to stand. By some miracle, Anon was able to get on his feet, although he was about as steady as a palm tree on a hurricane. He put his hand out and used the nearby pallets to keep his balance. What now?

Bunnie's shouting cleared his mind a little. She was waving her organic arm at him and yelling. "Run," she screamed.

Anon froze when he saw her. The look on her face was.. it was the look of someone who knew they were about to die. Only a few seconds ago she had been laughing, smiling, moaning, and now.. This couldn't be happening! One of the robots stepped forward and aimed its gun-arm right at her. The hollow opening in the middle of the barrel started flowing as red as its eye. Anon couldn't believe this was happening. His body finally moved, but he didn't even know what he was doing. One step, then another. He was walking, then running, every step more agonizing than the last, but he had to move. He reached down and grabbed the only thing that stood out in his blurry vision. Fingers tightly clenched around the handle of the leather briefcase she had been guarding so fiercely. Anon swung all his momentum into one last leap, throw himself between her and the
robot, then held the black leather case up like some kind of shield. The last thing he remember was the terrible sound of Bunnie's scream and a flash of red light.

Everything was very hot.

And then everything was very cold.

It felt like the world was a sea of ever changing colors that swirled and shifted with no logical sense or purpose. Anon groggily wondered why everything was moving when consciousness finally coursed through his nearly lifeless body once more and he realized it wasn't the world that was moving, but himself. Arms and legs flail wildly as Anon tried to make sense of his predicament. Why was he falling?

After a few moments of twisting and shifting his center of gravity, Anon got himself turned around face down with his arms out to his sides and legs slightly bent, like someone who had just jumped off the Battle Bus. Yes, I made a Fortnite reference. Now that he was in a more controlled freefall and slightly less panicked, Anon could take a minute to process what the hell was going on.

What was going on, indeed. Anon was falling though...well, he didn't exactly know where he was falling. He didn't see at all what he expected to see, like clouds, a blue sky, birds flying, or any of that kind of stuff. No, no. The "sky" was full of geometric shapes of all sizes and colors. There were a bunch of strange, house-sized spheres floating around, each dotted with smaller perfectly round blue orbs, and there were these weird masses of flashing discs and cubes that seemed to be slowly rotating around a hollow center, but the most striking thing to catch his attention was a single open tube-shaped path that snaked its way across the distance for as far as far as the eye could see.

Anon traced the mysterious halfpipe with his eyes as it curved and looped across the expanse, haphazardly meandering around all the other floating oddities like a brightly colored ribbon, and noticed it made its way right across where he was falling. Oh yeah, he was still falling. Wait a second...

Panic swept across Anon like a cold wave as he suddenly remembered the old metaphor: it's not the fall that kills you, it's the abrupt landing. He started waving his limbs again with redoubled but pointless effort, flapping his arms like featherless wings that did nothing to slow his decent, watching the whole time as the path below grew larger and larger as he barreled towards it.

Hands went up to break the fall but it did little good. Anon's body crumpled as he crashed into the ground at terminal velocity, tumbling like a bad-physics ragdoll until his heels doubled over the back of his head in a very unnatural and considerably painful way, skidding another dozen yards on his face until finally coming to a complete stop.

Anon jolted upright and reflexively started patting himself down to see how bad the damage was. There was absolutely no way he landed from a fall like that without some kind of bodily damage, and yet...Anon was astonished to discover there wasn't so much as a bruise on his body, much less any broken bones. His clothes were fucked to hell and back again, what tatters of his shirt that were left looked like an old burnt rag. His pants weren't much better off, but at least there was enough of them left to keep his modesty in check.

"Always like to make a dramatic entrance, don'tcha?"

As if Anon's heart wasn't already trying to beat right out of his chest, hearing the unfamiliar voice
and feeling a hand placed on his shoulder caused a near jump-out-of-skin moment. "Jesus Christ in a handbask-" Anon leapt forward and spun around, but saw...no one? What the absolute heck?

"Over here, ya meschugener!"

Anon tried to hone in on the source of the Yiddish slang, but he didn't see anything, except for a pair of...floating white gloves?! Anon starred, perplexed, until one of the gravity defying gloves waved, then he jumped back another few feet and shouted, "Jesus Christ in a handbasket!"

"I think you said that already, kid." The voice came from the director of the handwear, but...there was nobody there?!

"B-b-but you're just gloves," stammered Anon, master of the obvious.

"What were you expecting, a giant panda?" The gloves, they spoke! But how? Gloves couldn't talk. Or float. Or move on their own! And yet, they did! Gesturing in the air as if worn my someone who talked as much with their hands as their words the whole time. "Besides, you shouldn't act so surprised. It's not like this is the first time we've met." The gloves stopped and positioned themselves as if one was resting on an invisible hip while the other stroked an invisible chin. "Then again, it's the first time we meet every time we meet, isn't it? Funny how that works."

A sudden calmness overcame Anon. "I'm dead, aren't I?" That had to be it.

"Whatever do you mean?" The gloves hovered over as they spoke, one finally coming to rest on Anon's shoulder, who oofed at the sudden weight. It looked like an empty floating glove, but it felt like an entire grown man was leaning against him. "Kid, trust me, you've never been more alive in your entire life. If you could call it a life. You've got to live to have a life, you feel me?"

"Dude." It seemed not even spooky floating gloves weren't shy at taking shots at Anon. Insults aside, Anon had questions, and it didn't seem like there was anyone else to ask them to. "Well, if I'm not dead, and I don't see how I'm not, then where am I? And who the hell are you?"

"This-" The gloves rounded behind Anon's back, switching shoulders to lean on, as the other swept in a big upwards arc, towards all the floating spheres and flashing shapes in the sky, "Is the Special Zone. And me?" The floating hand came down about belly height to Anon, point inward towards a body that wasn't there. "I'm...well...you can call me Mister Handy. Not like one of those floating robots now, you hear me? Those guys give me the creeps. How do they float around on the jet thruster things without burning a whole through the carpet? Don't make no sense, I tell ya. And I don't trust something what don't make no sense."

Anon wondered if this Mister Handy appreciated the irony of his own words. "Ok, ok...not that any of that makes sense. So, how did I get here?"

"Funny you should ask. Most people have to jump through hoops to get here, and I don't mean that metaphorically either." Mister Handy clapped Anon's should and added, "But you? Let's just say you and Chaos have a special relationship. It's like you've got your own VIP pass! Kinda cool, ain't it?"

"Y-yeah, really cool." Anon tried to sound impressed, but he really wasn't. "But that doesn't really answer my question."

"Ok, ok. I'm getting to that! Don't lose your shirt. Or maybe do! That might actually make it easier to explain." Mister Handy made his way, by whatever means of locomotion he used, across the strange checker-board patterned halfpipe and floated right up to Anon and poked a thick, gloved...
finger into Anon’s chest. “The answer’s right here.”

"Don't feed me any of that 'you had the answer inside you all along' bullshit." Anon's flat expression mirrored his tone.

"No, really! It's right here." Mister Handy grabbed ahold of the tattered edge of what was left of Anon's shirt and pulled it to the side like an old curtain.

And then Anon saw it. Protruding from his chest right where his sternum should be was a smooth, multifaceted surface. The shiny object lodged between Anon's pecs caught the light and shone in what he could only call the most dazzling display he had ever seen. It was absolutely beautiful. Mesmerizing. But then Anon remember, whatever it was, it was sticking out of his fucking chest!

"What the absolute fuck," he yelled, snatching the remnants of his shirt away from Mister Handy. The fabric was in such bad shape that it ripped away like someone doing an Incredible Hulk imitation, leaving Anon standing there with two handfuls of what used to be a shirt, and a shiny thing still sticking out of his torso.

"That's what I was trying to tell you," Mister Handy calmy commented.

"What is this?" Anon disposed of the shredded garment in his hand and proceeded to paw at his shiny new chest doodad. There was nowhere in it's angled surface for him to get ahold of no matter how much he clawed and scratched at it. Whatever it was, it was in there pretty damn good. How deep it went, he had no idea, but it couldn't be too deep because it didn't seem to hurt, or bleed, or impede the function of any of the organs it looked like it punctured. "It looks like some kind of diamond!"

"Emerald." The talking gloves floated around Anon as if they were examining his reaction. "It's called a Chaos Emerald. Most people come here to get one, but you're the only schmuck I know that's ever brought one here. Like I said, you and Chaos, you got a special relationship. Real special."

"Chaos Emerald." Anon repeated the word to himself as he gazed down. He tapped his knuckles against the gem in his chest, making a distinct tink-tink sound, like when people tapped drinking glasses together. "So I'm in the Special Zone, taking to a pair of floating gloves, and I've got a Chaos Emerald stuck in my chest."

"That seems like a pretty good summary to me," Mister Handy jovially agreed.

Anon wiped his hands across his face and sighed. All this, because he wanted to buy some damned groceries. "Ok. Next question. How the hell do I-"

Mister Handy chimed in, "Get home?"

"Y-yeah," Anon replied with a slow, skeptical nod. "How did you know?"

"Because you ask every time," Mister Handy answered all matter of factly.

Anon didn't know what the hell he meant by 'every time', but he wanted to know how to this time. "So…?"

"Usually, you'd have to run to the goal posts." Mister Handy balled one glove up and motioned over an invisible shoulder down the checkered path. "Collect some rings, dodge some bombs, and eventually you'd come to a checkpoint. Then, if you have enough rings, I give you an Emerald and send you on your way. But like I said, you're a special case. You didn't come here by conventional
"Then what do I do?" There was a mix of aggravation and worry in Anon's voice. The prospect of being trapped in this weird, brightly colored limbo land wasn't Anon's idea of a vacation, and Mister Handy wasn't giving him any straight answers.

"You do what you always do."

"And that is?" This time there was slightly more aggravation than worry, accompanied by a twitching eye. Anon was about done with all this Cheshire Cat tier crypticism.

"You tap your heels together three times and say there's no place like home."

"That...are you serious?"

Mister Handy's handy hands turned palm up in a shrug. "It worked for Dorothy, didn't it?"

"Well..." Anon paused before answering and took another look at his surroundings. He definitely wasn't in Kansas anymore, that was for sure. But could it really be that simple? You know, why not? It wasn't like he was in any position to be questioning what did or didn't seem plausible at this point. "Yeah, ok." So he shifted his stance until his legs were close together, but not quite touching, then conducted the ritual of tapping the back of his feet together once, twice, thrice, all while saying, "There's no place like home. There's no place like home. There's no place...like..."

It was when he heard the snickering coming from the gloves that Anon realized he'd been utterly bamboozled. "Seriously?"

Mister Handy fluttered about in the air as he burst into a hearty laugh. "Oh man, if I had eyes, I'd be cryin' right now. I swear, no matter how many times I see that, it's never not funny."

"I'm so glad you find all this amusing." The level of sarcasm was painfully gratuitous. "Seriously though, how they heck do I get out of here?"

"Alright, alright, don't get your kippah all twisted up." Mister Handy hovered over toward Anon's once more and rested a hand on his shoulder again, although this time is was a much lighter touch than before. "I'm gonna be real with ya, kid. All you gotta do is want to go back for some reason."

"I want to go back because this place is seriously weirding me the fuck out," Anon hurriedly replied. He pointed a finger up as one of the blue sphere covered planetoids floated by and added, "Do you see that? That's weird, dude! What the fuck even is that thing?"

Mister Handy ignored the rhetorical question and opted to better explain his previous answer. "What I mean is you have to think of something you want to go back to. Right now you're like a ship lost in the fog. You need some kind of lighthouse to guide you back to where you want to be."

Anon was paying a little more attention now, and asked in a much calmer tone, "A lighthouse?"

"That's right, a lighthouse," Handy repeated. "You know, some kind of beacon to draw you back to where you came from. If you ain't got nothing worth going back to, you're never gonna get there! And believe you me, kid, you do not want to get your signals crossed. If you think this place is weird, well...let's just say there's a lot of other places you could end up weirder than this."

Anon was still thinking about what Mister Handy told him. He crossed one arm over his chest and rested his elbow in that hand while he rubbed his chin with the other and pondered. What kind of "beacon" did he have? What was there from his life to focus on? He wasn't exactly a career man, so
it's not like he was too worried about his job, and all thinking about that did was remind him that he was still on permanent temporary leave of absence. Ok, how about...hmm. What did Anon have in his life worth going back to? Oh! How about that latest RPG he hadn't beaten yet! No, no. That was a stupid idea. Anon frowned and grumbled to himself because it seemed like the more he thought, the more he realized his life was lacking. Hell, he hadn't really had much of a life until-

It hit him like a ton of bricks. The girls! There are still there, probably worried to death about him. As far as they knew, he was still out buying groceries. He had no idea how much time had passed, if time even worked like normal in this limbo world. If his body was still laying in that old abandoned warehouse where he'd been blasted...and what about that Bunnie chick? He had to get back and make sure she was ok!

"Looks like you got something on your mind," Handy said while observing Anon. "Think you found your lighthouse?"

"Yeah," Anon said with a nod. "That's a dumb analogy, the whole lighthouse thing, but I think I've figured out what to focus on"

Mister Handy wagged a finger at Anon's nose. "Hey, don't knock it if it works, right?"

"Right, sorry." Anon didn't have time for a better apology than that. Now that he remembered what he had to get back to, he was in an extra hurry to get back to it. "Ok, so what do I do?"

"Just close your eyes and think about whatever you thought about," Handy replied. "I'll take care of the rest."

"Yeah, yeah. Got it." Anon closed his eyes as instructed and took a deep breath, standing as still as he possibly could.

"You thinkin' about it?"

"Mhm." Anon focused as hard as he could, a feat in and of itself as being focused wasn't exactly what Anon was known for. At first, his mind was a completely blank slate, an empty black void of metal nothingness, but then, one by one, he began picturing their smiling faces, their bright, gleaming eye..

"Thinkin' about it real good there, pal?"

"Yeah." Anon could see every detail of the Mobian friends waiting for him back home, from the tops of their pointy, or floppy, ears on their heads right down to their tails. Their soft, curvy tails. Hey, a mental anchor was a mental anchor, right? "Ooh-ho, yeah."

"Alright then, ya bubkes. You just keep that thought in your head now and...here...we...go!"

What came next felt like a pressure against Anon's chest, and then suddenly he was floating, no, falling. Again. Anon's eyes popped open for an instant and what did they see? Mister Handy's hands, as if there was any other part of him to see, fingers spread wide and floating right about where he had just been standing. The damned talking glove man had pushed him! Pushed him right off the edge of the spiraling half-part into the never ending abyss of colors and shapes below!

Dude, what the fuck?!

"Keep thinkin' about it, bucko," Mister Handy shouted as he and the half-pipe quickly rose away. "If you lose your anchor, well...let's just say it's gonna be a loooong trip!"

"What! The! Actual! Fuck!" Anon couldn't think of anything else to say as he plummeted away.
Mister Handy's handy hands came together fingertips to fingertips and thumb to thumb, like someone someone might do when shouting, which is exactly what the bodiless pair of floating gloves did. "Think about your anchor! Take care of yourself until the next time, capiche?"

"What do you mean-" It was too late. The spiraling pathway was already so far away that Anon could barely make out the movement of Mister Handy waving farewell.

With the wind whipping in his ears again and those strange sphere-covered masses flying by as he fell, Anon started to panic. He flailed and tumbled like before until he was facing downwards again, not that it helped his situation out. There seemed to be no bottom to this place. Would he just keep falling forever and never land? That almost seemed worse than there being a bottom for him to eventually hit! His heart raced, pumping adrenaline fueled blood through his body and he worried about his predicament.

Then he remembered Mister Handy's words. He had only said it half a dozen fucking times. Think about his mental anchor. Think about them. Think about the girls. But what would that do? Who the fuck knew! He'd just been pushed off the edge of mother fucking Snake Way by a pair of floating Jewish gloves! Why was he still worried about whether or not something made sense? So he closed his eyes and thought as hard as he possibly could.

Vanilla's cooking. Sage cracking his laptop password. Sticks with her hair all poofed up. Bump stuck in that fence. Damn. They'd only been in his life a few days and he already had so many interesting memories. Kind of made the rest of his life seem even more dull by comparison...but that's not why he was thinking about it! No, no. Focus, Anon! He squeezed his eyes so tight he started to see stars. And then colors. White. Red. Blue. And then pink. Pink like Amy's fur. Like her cute little ears. Like her pointy little tail. Like her firm thighs. Yeah. Amy. She was the whole damn package. He could see her face clear as day, smiling, those big bright green eyes sparkling like little emeralds. He could swear he even heard her voice calling out to him.

"Anon..."

All of the sudden his body felt light. Not like 'oh shit in falling so there's no resistance against my body', but that weird kind of hollow feeling you get when you're riding and elevator down, or when you're just about to go to sleep and it feels like the entire world suddenly falls out from under you. And just like all those late nights after staying up too late watching television, his body jerked-

Anon bolted up, sweating and panting as he looked around the room. Before he could even gather his bearings, something fast and pink came straight for him, blocking his entire view. The next thing he knew, he was trying to push something soft and warm off his face. It took a bit of effort, but when finally got the obstruction to stop smothering him and saw what, or more precisely who it was, he blinked his usual Anon blink and said, "Amy?"

"Oh my gosh Anon, I've been so worried about you!" Her words came in a rush, with a hint of a sniffle as if she were about to start crying or recently had been. After a short pause to compose herself, Amy cleared her throat and amended her comment. "We've been worried about you. All of us."

"All of..." Anon still had no idea what was going on. Another round of blinkage, this time to clear his vision, and then he took a good look around. He was in a small room, like a bedroom, but with less furniture. To his right, Amy was sitting on the edge of the bed he was lying on with her head still lying on his arm in concern. To his left side there was a big machine with a monitor on it that displayed a bunch of different numbers and lines, and running from that machine were several tubes...that he now noticed were taped to his arms and forehead. Wait a second. This wasn't a bedroom! This was a hospital room!
"Jus' take it easy there, shug," said a vaguely familiar voice.

Anon leaned over to look past Amy to see a long eared, yellow furred Mobian laying in a bed adjacent to his. "Oh, it's you! Uh...Bunnie?"

"Now don't tell me you done gone and forgot my name," she replied in her signature southern drawl. She narrowed her lavender accented eyelids a bit, arched a brow and added, "Not after all we've done been through, I should hope."

"What? No, no, no!" Anon shook his head emphatically. "It just slipped my mind for a second, that's all!" Indeed, his memory has been a muddled haze since coming to, but now everything was starting to clear up. Him, her, the robots, hiding in the warehouse, charging her batteries, getting shot by that laser...

Getting shot by that laser?! Anon's expression went blank as he relived the event in his own head. He remembered trying to block the shot with that briefcase, as if that would stop a beam of red hot energy, but he was obviously alive, somehow. But he could remember getting shot, how it felt when the briefcase burned away right in his hands, and then...he remembered seeing something bright and clear, whatever had been in the case Bunnie had been trying to protect. The laser hit it, and there was a flash and the red laser shot off in all directions, as if refracted by some mirrored surface, and then...Anon remembered his chest hurting. Like he'd been stabbed right in his solar plexus.

It was when he started pawing at his chest that he noticed he was wrapped in several layers of white bandages. "Wait, what happened? What is.." There was something under the bandages right in the center of his chest that felt like a hard lump. "What's going on?"

"Calm down, Anon," Amy said as reassuring as possible. "Do you remember being attacked by those rogue robots?"

Anon nodded. "Y-yeah. They chased us to the docks, and.." Well, he didn't want to tell too much of the story.

"Yeah, that's where we found you and Bunnie," Amy went on. "Something happened, and, well..." Amy was having a hard time figuring out how to explain everything to the bedridden human. As if by some struck of luck, she was spared having to by a distracting knock on the door.

"Hey, Amy. How is-" It was yet another Mobian, one Anon was unfamiliar with, sticking her head through the partial opened door. Her fur was light brown, kind of like Bump's, with similarly beige colored facial fur, but this newcomer had a bright auburn quiff of hair on top of her almost perfectly round head, and her sharp blue eyes locked onto Anon the instant she looked in the room. "Oh, he's awake! How're you feeling, Anon?"

"I guess I feel ok," he said to the stranger, then glanced at the little pink hedgehog sitting on the edge with a 'who's that' look on his face.

"Anon, this is Sally. Sally Acorn" Amy held an introductive hand towards the Mobian stepping the rest of the way through the door, sporting a pair of tight black shorts and a sleeveless denim jacket that didn't quite cover her entire midsection. It was was so painfully 90s..."Sally, this is Anon."

"It's nice to finally meet you," said Sally the Acorn as she approached the bed. "I've actually heard a lot about you from Miss Karen and the other girls. They all say you're a pretty good guy."

Anon was a little worried about what she might have been told while he was unconscious. "Well,
uh...I try."

"You did a lot more than try." Sally walked around to the area between Anon and Bunnie's beds and turned so she could lean what Anon suddenly noticed was a rather nice looking butt against the side of Bunnie's bed, still facing Anon. "If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have gotten Bunnie back in one piece."

"Y'mean mostly in one piece," Bunnie added.

A most puzzling comment. Anon curiously looked her way. He hadn't noticed before, but after taking a closer look, he noticed she was sitting there one arm less than the last time he'd seen her. Not only that, but the area under the blanket over her bed where her legs should be was suspiciously flat. "W-wait a second! Your arm, your legs..."

"I'm fine, shug." Bunnie dismissively waved her only hand. "That EMP grenade did a little bit more damage to mah cybernetics than I thought."

"I thought..." A cybernetics specialist, Anon was not. "What about your batteries?"

"Her batteries?" Sally cocked her head inquisitively at the question. "That shouldn't have been a problem. Bunnie's limbs are fitted with the latest high-efficiency, self-charging capacitors. They would've recharged within minutes of the EMP blast. The problem was some of her mechanical interfaces were shorted out."

"Wait..." Anon rubbed thumb and finger against his chin, all the while giving the cybernetic-less cyborg a sidelong glance. "You didn't say they were self-charging."

"Shucks," Bunnie waved her hand twice as hard as she had a moment ago. "I might've forgotten about that little detail. What's it matter now, right, Anon?"

"At any rate," Sally interjected. "Miss Karen is having her cybernetics repaired. Human technology isn't quite on par with Mobian for the most part, but the Foundation...well let's just say they've got toys that would make a certain evil scientist jealous."

Now it was Anon's turn to cock his head. "Evil scientist?"

"Don't worry about that," Amy said, laying a hand on Anon's closest shoulder.

"Right, sorry." Sally hadn't considered Anon's obliviousness to her own planet's history. "Anyways, have you told Anon about.. you-know-what yet?"

Amy made a sort of half-worried looking smile. "Not yet. He just woke up right before you stopped by."

"Hmm." Sally glanced down and nodded thoughtfully. "You know, it might be better to let Miss Karen tell him."

"You're probably right," Amy replied.

Anon had been looking back and forth between the two Mobians during their exchange, but as he continued turning his head from one to the other, he slowly lost interest in what they were saying, and started focusing on other things. Without realising it, he had started comparing their figures. Amy had a slightly fuller chest, although that jacket Sally was wearing might be hiding more than it seemed...but Sally's shorts weren't hiding much at all. Amy had a fantastic booty of which Anon had no complaints, but got damn, this new girl's butt looked like it could split those tight black
...girls who wore shirts that didn't go all the way down to their waists knew *exactly* what they were doing.

"Anon, stop that," Amy whispered harshly, prodding Anon's ribs with an elbow.

"Hm, what?" He looked down and saw his hand splayed across her upper thigh, creeping dangerously close to the edge of her dress, which he promptly snatched away and hoped no one else had seen.

"You'll go see her as soon as you can, won't you," asked Sally, seemingly oblivious to Anon's idle hands.

"Go see..?" Maybe Anon should have tried paying a little bit more attention.

"Miss Karen," she answered, a half-amused smile forming on her face. "Haven't you been listening?"

No. "Y-yeah." Liar. "I just, uh..

"Anon's still pretty tired." Have no fear, Amy Rose is here...with a quick, convenient excuse. "He just needs a little more rest before he can get up and start moving aro-eeep!" Emerald green eyes dilated with surprise at the feeling of fingers pressing against her inner thigh. Anon had slipped his hand around the back side of her dress and was trying to push it between her legs right there in front of Sally and Bunnie. If her dress didn't have such a wide rim, they would definitely be able to see the fingers slipping under the edge of her panties. "He needs to get some m-more rest before h-

One of those sneaky fingers slid between the soft womanly folds hidden behind her panties and brushed against her little love button. With one eye twitching from a mix of sudden sexual shock and a moderate dose of annoyance, she ever so slightly raised one leg and cross it over the other, catching Anon's hand and wrist between her thighs, thighs that were considerably stronger than they look, as Anon was unfortunate enough to learn when she flexed them, nearly breaking his fingers in the process.

Amy smiled and leaned her body closer to Anon, but the look in her eyes was cold enough to turn a Gorgon into stone. "Get your hand out of there," she growled through gritted teeth quietly.

"I'm trying to," Anon whined under his breath. He really was trying, but those deceptively soft looking legs had his hand in a death grip. The worst part was that he didn't even notice he had his hand under her dress until she tried to crush it. "Let go!"

She appraised Anon's apologetic expression for a moment before relaxing her legs enough for him to pull his hand out. Then, as if nothing had happened, turned back to Sally (who didn't seem to suspect anything) and said, "Actually, it seems like Anon might be just fine. Why don't you go on ahead and let Miss Karen know he's up? He should be down in a few minutes." She looked back at the human, still smiling, but with an assertive look in her eyes. "Isn't that right, Anon?"

That look was enough to put the fear of God and atheist. Anon swallowed the nervous lump hanging in the back of his throat and said, "Y-yeah, of course!"

"Alright. She's waiting in the lobby, so I'll go ahead and let her know you're coming." Sally pushed away from the edge of Bunnie's bed and made for the door. "Don't be too long, ok? I know you just woke up, but you need to hear what she has to say sooner than later, trust me."
affirming nod from Anon, the red haired Mobian went to leave.

Anon paid considerably more attention to Sally's departure than was necessary. It was the first time he'd gotten a good look at her from the back, and good golly Miss Molly did she look good from behind. There was this strip of fur that matched her hair running down the back of her neck that went all the way down her back, as it could be seen in the space between her low cut top and short. The red stripe ran the length of her body all the way to the top of the cute little fluff of tail sticking on just below the waistband of her shorts.

Speaking of those shorts, whatever kind of material it was made out of looked like it was designed for the sole purpose of fitting perfectly around her ass. Like, no, you don't get it. That booty could perform miracles. It was just so.. there. Anon wanted a pillow made out of that booty. If he could just-

"Hellooo? Anon?"

Anon snapped out of his trance when the door clicked shut and turned to Amy, who was giving him a serious case of the stank eye. "Did you say something?"

"I said you have some clothes in the dresser over there." If that's what she had actually said or not was anyone's guess. "I was going to ask if you needed any help getting dressed, but you seem to be doing juuust fine."

"I, uh.. y-yeah, I think that's ok." Damn. Anon had a sneaky suspicion she had caught him checking out that new booty, but god damn, that was a booty that simply couldn't be ignored. And yet, as intimidating as a jealous alien hedgehog girl seemed, the idea of Amy being mad at him for checking out another form was oddly arousing. Then again, pretty much everything about her aroused him. As a matter of fact, he was feeling a sudden urge to-

Oooh, no no no. Anon shook the lecherous thoughts out of his head before that had time to grow into anything more. There wasn't time for that now! Well.. how much time did he really need? No, no! He couldn't do anything with Amy right now even if she let him because Bunnie was in the bed right next to them, lying there with nothing on but a thin hospital gown, looking quite vulnerable without her mechanical augmentations, as if Anon could just slide over there and have his way with her.. that is if she even put up a struggle. As he remembered it, she was more than willing to take his dick not too long ago. Maybe a good fucking would make her-

"You ok, sugah-non?" Bunnie was looking at him with one eyebrow cautiously raised. "You look like y'got something on yer mind."

"Hm? I.. what?" Jesus bloody son of Christ, Anon's head was running a hundred miles an hour, and all he could think about was getting his dick wet. Yes, Mobian girls were the hottest things he'd ever seen, and yes, they seemed to have a strange fondness for giving him the business, but what the fuck was going on? It was like he couldn't help himself. "I'm just.. guess I really am still tired, that's all."

A gentle hand was laid in his shoulder. "I really don't think you should be up so soon," Amy said, looking at him with honest sympathy. "But Sally's right, you should see Miss Karen as soon as you can. Once you've talked to her, you can head to your room and get some more rest. Trust me, you're going to need it." Her soft smile took on a sudden hungry look, kind of like how Anon had just been looking at Bunnie, then she leaned a little closer so she could whisper, "And once you're feeling a little better, maybe you come find my room."

Ok, that was it. It was fuckin' time. Anon still had a hand near the edge of her dress, and in one
swift move had it under her bottom. Ah yes, nothing like a handful of Mobian ass! Amy's lewd expression melted away in surprise the second he started pawing under her dress. Before she could react, Anon had his hand down the backside of her panties, and then half a moment later, there was a human finger pushing its way into her.

"I guess you feel better than you look," Amy said quietly. There was no denying how wet she was, but she had just enough sense to reach back grab Anon's wrist before things went any further. "Save it for later." With that, she said off the side of the bed and straightened her dress. "Oh, yeah!" Amy stopped halfway to the door and turned back. "All you have to do to reach the lobby is turn right and take the hallway to the end and take a left. The elevator is right there, you can't miss it. The lobby's on the first floor. Try not to get lost, ok?"

"I'll try not to. Right, left, first floor."

Amy gave him a wink on her way out the door and said, "See you soon, Anon!"

"Well you two seem awful friendly with each other," Bunnie said once the door shut behind Amy. Anon did not like how the lop-eared Mobian was smiling at him. "W-who? Me and Amy?" He pointed at himself, getting nothing but a raised-eyebrow nod from Bunnie. "W-we're just friends, that's all! She was the first one of you guys-" Ok, saying it like that made it sound kind of racist.. "I mean, she was the first Mobian that I ever met. She's been staying with me for.." Damn. How long had it been now? "Um.. a while."

"Whatever you say, sug." Bunnie smiled and brushed her flopped ear to the side, but her coy look subsided after a moment. She sunk into her mattress and put her hand on the shoulder with the missing augmentation, slowly caressing the round metal plate that covered her shoulder.

Noticint the drastic change in her demeanor, Anon asked, "You ok?"

"I'm fine, sug." Bunnie smiled again, but it was a different, somewhat empty looking smile. "Jus' ain't feeling myself right now. Don't you sorry none about me, I'll be right as rain as soon as they get mah parts workin' again."

Anon hadn't put much thought into how she was actually feeling. Half her body was mechanical, but it was still her body, and now she was stuck in bed with both her legs and an arm missing. That had to be rough. He knew she was putting on a strong face but now he felt hella-guilty for thinking what he'd thought earlier, the whole deal about wanting to take advantage of her and all that. What the fuck had come over him? Jeeze.

"R-right," he said, now drowning in his own shame. "Well, uh.. I guess I ought to get dressed." He was going to get up, but there was still the issue of having all those cables and sensors taped all over his body.

"Jus' pull 'em off." Bunnie was smiling a little more naturally now, even more so after Anon pulled a few of the sensors off then freaked out when the machine's alarm started blaring. "The red switch." She pointed, but Anon still had trouble finding it. "No, no. The red one! To the left, sug. There?" Aaand he finally got it turned off. "Yer hopeless, you know tha"?

Anon shrugged. "I've heard that a time or two." Now that he was 'unplugged', he pulled the sheet back and swing his legs over the side of the bed. At least someone had put some of those cheap hospital pants on him while he was unconscious. It would be nice to get some real clothes on, though.
The first step was the hardest. As in, as soon as Anon tried to take a step, he nearly busted his ass. His poor legs felt like they were rubber, and if he hadn't grabbed ahold of the side of the bed so quickly, he'd have definitely taken a spill. At least Bunnie found it comical. Oh well. Anon righted himself and cautiously took another step. Ok, much better. Other then the floor being cold as fuck. Why did they have to keep infirmary rooms as cold as refrigerators?

Anon did the quick-step shuffle over to the dresser and pulled open the top drawer. Sure enough, there was a shirt, a pair of pants, and some very warm looking socks neatly folded and waiting for him to wear. Nothing fancy, just the usual Anon-special tee shirt and jeans, but that was better than nothing! He quickly retrieved the clothes only to encounter his next dilemma. The room he was in was just that: a room. There didn't seem to be any area where one might find the privacy usually desires for the changing of clothes.

"What's wrong, sug? Don't tell me y'done gone and got all modest all of the sudden." Bunnie smirked and gave her head a slow shake, then made a show over covering her eyes with her hand. "Well go on. I promise not t'peek."

It wasn't like there was anywhere else to change, so, with the most reluctant frown plastered on his face, Anon started to disrobe. The hospital issued cloth pants came off easily enough. Anon didn't even pay any attention to the fact that he was wearing a different pair of undies that before he was hospitalized. Modesty only mattered while one was conscious, anyway.

Now that he had the hospital jammies off, it was time to put his big boy pants on. And how do you put pants on? One foot at a time, duh. And Anon put his pants on just like the next fellow, so he leaned over and stepped into the denim legwear..

"Not bad, sug. Not bad at all."

Anon jerked up and looked back. Bunnie's no longer had her hand over her eyes, instead favoring to rest her cheek against her knuckles as she watched the human dress. "I thought you said you wouldn't peek!"

"I ain't peekin', sug. I'm watchin'. " Now she was looking at him almost the same way he had looked at her earlier. "And I like what I see."

"Oh come on!" Anon hurriedly pulled the pants up both legs and then pulled the shit over his bandage-wrapped torso. He sat on the edge of the dresser and raised his feet one at a time, pulling the white socks over each one in turn. He gave his toes a wiggle before putting them back on the floor, now protected from the cold by his cottony foot-armor!

"You remember how t'get there," Bunnie asked once he was dressed.

"Yes, I remember how to get there." Anon's answer was a bit on the sassy side. "Right, left, first floor."

"I didn't mean nothin' by it, sug." "What? No, I.." Anon hadn't intended to come across so offensively. "Sorry." His shoulders slumped as he apologized, "I'm just a little testy, I guess. I don't know what's gotten into me. Are you gonna be ok?"

Bunnie found a small measure of humor in his completely undue concern. "I've been through a lot worse than this, sug. I ain't really hurt, I jus' don't like being stuck in this bed is all. Makes me feel like ah'm jus' an old maid or something. Sally'll be back by t'keep me company once she's done
talkin' with Miss Karen 'bout all that other business. Now you go on, it's rude fer a fella to keep a woman waitin'.'"

Anon nodded while trotting backwards towards the door so he could keep facing her while talking. "You're right. Miss Karen can get pretty.. eccentric. I'd rather not keep her waiting any longer than I have to." Thinking about it how 'eccentric' the woman could be made Anon stop on his heels. "Yeah, I'd better not keep her waiting," he said mostly to himself, then shook the thoughts out of his head and said to Bunnie, "I'll, uh.. I'll see you around, I guess." He pulled the door open, slipped out backwards, and turned to his right, but anyone who is properly picturing the scene in their mind would know that his right facing backwards would be the wrong direction.

"The other right," Bunnie called out before he got too far.

"Yeah, yeah," Anon replied a moment later as he came walking back by.

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