

## Everyday Life With Mobian Girls

### Episode 5: Southern Comfort

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 with 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 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 death 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 through the air. The groceries he had just purchased were 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 and-"

"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 jeep's 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 way 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 arm was a lot sleeker, cleaner looking, definitely higher quality. She looked down the length of her arm, lined 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 furtive 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-" Bunny didn't bother to finish 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 Bunny liked. What Bunny *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.

Bunny'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 overhead 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 through, 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 they 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 its 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 its 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 as 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 its 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.

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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.

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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. "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?"

"Naw," 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!"

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"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 as gravelly 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 *her*."

"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 *Downton 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."

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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 hell a 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-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 few 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 it 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 greatly 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 midway, 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 of sympathetic understanding, she placed 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 slid 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 worried 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 than 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 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 buttohole 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* 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? Damnit, damnit, *damnit!* 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.

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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 by 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 calmly 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 its 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 means, so I can't send you back."

"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 taping 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 the 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 it 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 an 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 hand 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 stroke 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 partially 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 introductory 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 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 girls butt looked like it could split those tight black shorts at a moment's notice. She had the cutest little fluff of a tail, too. And oh man, that *midriff*...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-eep!" 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-he...aah..."

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." After getting an 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 shorts. 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-

"Helloooo? 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.

Noticing 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 hell-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 than 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.