



"Have you seen this man?"

The woman stared at Doug as he held up a small flyer. It was a strange enough question that was made even stranger by the fact that it was coming from a man in a manky bear suit.

"Um, no," she mumbled while shuffling by Doug, "sorry."

Doug scoffed. "Skank," he said under his breath.

He took the flyer and placed it onto a nearby pole. With his other paw, he reached into his suit and pulled out a stapler, awkwardly flinging it up and stapling the flyer into the pole. His lack of thumbs caught up to him, however, as he dropped not just the stapler, but the leash that was wrapped around the wrist of his suit.

"Damn it," he angrily muttered. Looking back, he saw Lawyer Dog—AKA Lionel Barkz—sitting idly on the sidewalk, leash hanging loosely around the neck of his tiny little lawyer suit. Despite being free from the leash, the dog remained still. "Whatever."

Doug reached for the stapler and fumbled it around with the grace of an already graceless fat man inside a restricting bear suit, eventually managing to slip it back into his suit pocket along with the rest of the missing person posters.

He looked up at the freshly stapled flyer.

There he was. Ace Marshall. The man who fucked the love of his life, Lexy Chapel. His smug, smirking face stared back at Doug, almost like he was mocking him.

Yeah. I did it. I fucked Lexy. Then I left. What are you gonna do about it, bitch boy?

Above his picture was the same question that Doug had been asking every person he went by along the street.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

The bottom of the flyer had a whole list of contact options, from a phone number, an email, and various social media handles, all belonging to Lexy Chapel. Ace hadn't been seen since before Taking Hold of the Flame and Lexy was making it one of her many missions to somehow find the man.

It made Doug sick to his stomach. While Lexy's best case scenario was someone actually bringing Ace back into the fold, Doug's ideal result from this manhunt was finding Ace, all right...finding him dead in a ditch.

Still, this is what Doug did for love. Love sometimes requires sacrifice. What's sacrifice if not trying to help find the man who defiled the love of your life? *That* was sacrifice. The ultimate sacrifice, even.

That, and juggling dog walking duties.

Doug got back to his feet and sighed. This man-on-the-street shtick wasn't working, but if it's what Lexy wanted, then it was what Lexy was going to get. If Doug was going to turn her from the whore with a heart of gold into the housewife with a heart of gold, he was going to have to keep treating her with the utmost respect that he had shown her all this time, such as when he respected her decision to marry Autumn because, quote, "lesbians are hot."

"C'mon, dumbass dog," he said to Lawyer Dog before continuing down the street. Being the good boy that he is, Lionel followed along, his leash dancing on the pavement alongside him as he went.

Not only was the shtick not working, but it was boring as anything. Normally, it would be both him and Clyde walking down the street together, but ever since Sarah Wolf finally got her hands on the Hairless Penguin and locked him in a cage before beating him within an inch of his life, Clyde had been in recovery mode. He had to undergo tests for a concussion, receive stitches, go to therapy for having

experienced a horror movie in real life, and was now holed up in his house with his weird Russian wife, a mixed-race baby that he had technically kidnapped, and the physical and mental reminders of an attempted murder.

The worst part of it all—to Doug, at least—was that were Clyde there, *he* would have been the one to be walking Lawyer Dog. Doug was pulling double duty. He was working the job of two men—or maybe one-and-a-half men considering he had just decided to not hold Lawyer Dog's leash anymore. Either way, while his cause was noble, he couldn't help but feel pissed off at all of this extra pressure.

All he could do was take it out on the dog.

"Hurry up, fat ass," he called back. "We have a job to do. Stinky mutt."

In the distance, Doug spotted a skatepark. While he hated the youth, he couldn't deny that the suit formed a strong connection with them. It was mostly children that seemed drawn to the Dancing Bear, but the park seemed to be mostly filled with teenagers or very young adults. Still, Doug figured this was his best chance to get someone to actually listen to him. One of these kids had to have some information on Ace and his whereabouts.

"Heya, kids!" Doug yelled out while waddling further into the skate park.

He got the attention of a group of young people, none of them any older than nineteen.

"Oh, shit, it's Pedobear!" one with shaggy blonde hair and a stupid earring yelped excitedly. Swiftly, he took his phone out and started filming Doug as he continued to waddle closer. "That suit's a W, bro! Big W!" The stench of the suit hit the teen as Doug came to a stop next to him, however. "Hold up, that might be an L. You stink, dog!"

Doug looked back at Lawyer Dog, who sat obediently at his heels. "Yeah, he smells like shit, I know," he said, turning back to the teens. "Anyway, I just had a couple of questions for you guys."

"Anything for Pedobear, dog!"

"Why do you keep calling me that? My name is Dancing Bear. Bear for short."

"You dance?" another boy with a shaved head said, using his skateboard to scoot closer to them even though he was less than four feet away and could have just used his feet like a normal person. "Dance then, dude!"

"Dude, Pedobear, dance!" the blonde demanded, still filming.

"Look, I'm not here for that," Doug said as he dug into his suit pocket. He struggled to grasp a flyer. "I just needed some help—"

"Not gonna dance, dude? That's an L."

"You keep saying this and I don't know what it means."

"Oh, my God," the lone girl of the group squealed, walking up to the scene. "That bear suit is so *cute*!"

"Nah, yeah, that suit is a definite W," the blonde said again.

Like it did with everyone, the smell of Doug's suit finally hit the girl. "Oh, wow," she gasped in a desperate attempt to suck in some fresh air without any toxicity in it. "That's, uh...*wow*. He's a lot cuter from a distance!"

"The suit's a W, but the smell's an L. For sure, bro."

"God damn it, look," Doug snapped, finally managing to get a flyer out of his pocket. He held it out towards the teens. "Have you seen this man?!"

"That your boyfriend?" the skinhead asked.

"What? No!"

"Bro, bigotry," the blonde interjected. "Big L. You're out here catchin' Ls all day, bro."

"No, it's not that—"

"Yo, everyone," he screamed while panning his phone around the park, "this dude hates the gays!"

"He's just not my boyfriend is all I'm saying! He's the love of my life's boyfriend," Doug explained.

Everyone stopped to look at him.

"Uh...what?" the skinhead said.

"Polyamory?" earring asked. He shrugged and nodded. "Okay, that's kind of a W, actually."

"Sounds more like a cuck."

If Clyde were here, he could do most of the talking. This experience had at least taught Doug that Clyde taking the lead when it came to conversing with stupid children was actually a notable talent. It was hard enough to get a word in, and whenever Doug managed to, the same word was somehow turned against him. This was a game of vulgar chess. Doug had never even played checkers.

"Listen, it doesn't matter who the fuck he is," Doug said.

"Whoa, swearing Pedobear."

"The point is that me and my dumbass dog here—"

On cue, Lawyer Dog barked, making Doug jolt back in surprise. Everyone else, though, was absolutely thrilled.

"Oh, my God," the girl chimed back in, rushing forward and squatting next to the dog, who was ever so happy to be receiving his first pet since the excursion began. "Okay, *this* is way cuter than the suit. Smells better, too!"

"We're just looking for—wait, what? Hold on, that dog isn't cuter than me," Doug insisted, stepping closer to the girl who responded by recoiling slightly.

"Seriously, feel me! Wait, how old are you?"

"Dude, that's that TikTok dog," the skinhead mentioned.

Doug sighed. "Yes, this is the stupid law dog."

"Come to think of it, you look pretty familiar, too," said the blonde teen. "Hey, you got TikTok?"

"I'm extremely famous on YouTube. I'm on the Happy Farmstead Friends show."

"Nah, I never heard of that one."

"Screw you then."

"No, bro, I swear, I've seen you on TikTok," the kid pressed.

Had his memory served him better, he would have recalled that *this* was the man in the bear suit that found the planted briefcase full of fake money in a video that went semi-viral on the social media platform. Unfortunately, he had spent his entire life consuming countless videos on all sorts of apps, most of which were no longer than thirty seconds long due to the severe ADHD that he developed, most likely in part of those very same clips that made it hard to imagine watching anything approaching a minute.

So, amongst all of the bullshit nearly bursting through the seams of his mind, he didn't remember Doug from the video. But Lawyer Dog was popular and adorable enough that nobody could ever forget that fluffy little face and tiny suit.

"Hey, can I take a video with him?" the teen asked, having already started taking a video with the dog. "Lawyer Dog, baby! Let's go! Catchin' Ws here at the skatepark! And we found Pedobear!"

"Stop calling me that."

"Hey," the skinhead said, grabbing Doug's attention, "wanna see a trick?"

"I don't give a shit about skating, I'm just looking for—"

"It's not skating! Check this out. Hey, wait, what's that?" the kid asked while pointing at Doug's chest.

"Huh?"

But as Doug looked down, the skinhead flicked his finger up, skidding it across the nose of the bear head. While Doug stumbled back and wiped at his face, the group laughed like it was one of the funniest things they'd ever seen.

"Holy shit," the blonde said, "he got you! Nice!"

"Aw, leave him alone," the girl said half-heartedly. "He's so dumb."

Doug couldn't believe it. He was being bullied by a bunch of children. The dog wasn't even doing its job; instead of devouring these predators, he was just accepting their pets and scratches. This was supposed to be a dog of the utmost intelligence. Apparently, all that was needed to turn him into a slobbering, useless idiot was a pair of human hands.

"Screw you, stupid kids," Doug barked while shoving the flyer back into his suit pocket and bending over to attempt to grab Lawyer Dog's leash. "Give me my damn stupid dog."

"Wait, I got another trick," the skinhead said while tossing his board to the side and sliding behind Doug, getting on his hands and knees.

"Oh, snap, lemme help," the other one said, still filming.

"Gimme the dog—"

Suddenly, the blonde reached out and lightly shoved Doug back. While the force was mild, it was the skinhead on all fours behind him that proved to be Doug's downfall. Before he knew it, Doug was falling to the ground. Following the thick thud of his body pounding pavement, obnoxious laughter surrounded him.

"Yo, grab the dog! Let's go, baby! W!"

Doug pushed himself up to his knees just in time to see the three snatching up Lawyer Dog and running away.

"Wait! My dog!"

He didn't care for the thing...but he *did* care for Lexy. Her love would inspire him to do something he hated to do: run. He was going to run, chase down these little psychopaths, and make sure the dog was returned to its rightful owner.

With great determination, he shot up and stepped forward, ready to break into a rare sprint. But instead of his foot hitting the ground for a running start, it landed on the discarded skateboard. Without even having a chance to balance himself, Doug was flung back and into the air. The blue sky was the last thing he saw before cracking his head against cement.

Doug leapt up, almost falling right out of bed.

"My dog!" he cried out.

Before he could panic any further, a pair of hands reached out and grabbed the shoulders of his suit. He looked to see that they belonged to Lexy Chapel.

"Hey, hey, you're okay," she said gently.

"Lexy, the dog—"

"What dog?"

"Lawyer Dog, I lost the—"

"Aw, honey, we had to put him down."

"Oh, okay," Doug replied nonchalantly.

"Yeah, he bit one of those fuckboys," Lexy explained. "Once a dog bites someone, they have a taste for human blood. From there, it's all over. They can't be saved. You know how much we've been dealing with the vampires during this whole conspiracy. No way was I letting one inside the circle!"

"Thank God. I hated that dumb dog and his stupid suit."

"It *was* stupid, wasn't it?! Ha!"

Lexy took her hands from the suit and reached for the nightstand. Looking around, Doug realized they were back in his room. Lexy seemed to pay no mind to the fact that it looked like a waste management facility confined to a 100 square foot area. Doug had no memory of being transported here. He figured it must have been quite a bump to the head he took at the skatepark.

Lexy leaned over and started applying a bandage to the head of the bear suit.

"Lexy, I don't think—"

It was only then—with her chest spilling out in front of his eyes—that Doug noticed Lexy's sexy nurse outfit. His eyes felt like they were popping out of his skull. They seemed bigger up close. He pondered if boobs in real life had the same kind of trickery as side-view mirrors. *Objects may be larger than they appear?*

"You don't think *what*, silly?" Lexy giggled.

Doug gulped. "I...don't...think this is real," he said while Lexy continued to wrap the bandage around his head. "Lexy, the suit—I don't think it needs bandages. My head does, though."

Lexy's soft laughter faded. She continued to apply the bandage, but with a curious look on her face. "What do you mean?"

"If the suit is scuffed, we can just clean it. My head, though—that could use some bandages."

"This *is* your head," she said, finishing up the dressing of the wound. She brought her hands down, leaving one on Doug's thigh. She glanced near her hand and giggled again. "And so's that!"

"Hm?" Doug hummed curiously. He looked down and saw a massive penis sticking out between his legs, all covered with black fur. It was the biggest wang he had ever seen, which was notable when factoring in the amount of pornography he'd consumed in his thirty-plus years of living. It looked like a prop, even when ignoring the fact that it was furry. "Jesus Christ!"

"Mmm," Lexy moaned playfully while eyeing the incredible hog.

"Oh, my God," Doug muttered, completely frozen in awe. He couldn't stop staring at his glorious unit. "It finally happened. I finally turned into an *actual* fucking bear. This is awesome! It's like fucking *Animorphs*, but with more cocks! Hell yeah, dude!"

"Boy, you sure are *ready*, aren't you?!"

Doug reached down and flicked the mighty shaft of ebony. *Hard as a rock*. "Fuck yeah, I *am*!"

"Well then...on your marks," Lexy said, her fingers dancing along the fur of Doug's suit, slowly waltzing towards the furry *willy*, as her kind would say, "get set..."

Her hand got closer and closer. This was it. No longer was her touch only felt in his dreams. It was here, right now, coming true. Doug felt like his heart was on the verge of exploding. He just hoped that the more important organ would explode before his heart had the chance to, all with the help of Lexy Chapel.

The goddess. The queen. The world.

"DOUGLAS!" a shrill voice rang out, literally rattling the walls.

Lexy's hand stopped. Doug's mind cried out in silence. It was so close. Not even an inch away.

"What was that?" asked Lexy.

"Nothing," Doug quickly replied, "just keep going."

"Um...okay—"

"DOUGLAS!"

"God damn it," Doug growled. He shook his head before cupping his hands around the mouth of his suit and screaming out, "WHAT, MOM?! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!"

"MOW THE DAMN LAWN!"

"The lawn?" he said, quickly spinning out of bed and heading towards the window. He ripped open the curtains. "THE LAWN IS FINE, YOU DUMB—"

His voice got caught at the sight of the lawn. Grass crept up towards the window, on par with his neck. He could've sworn he just trimmed it last week. This made no sense.

He shut the curtains and turned around, expecting to see Lexy in lingerie with a bottle of lube, but he was instead greeted by his mother, screaming right in his face, "MOW THE DAMN LAWN, DOUGLAS!"

As her piercing voice seemed to swallow the room whole, Doug hoped that his mother hadn't seen his giant bear cock.

Doug's eyes shot open. Standing above him wasn't Lexy, nor his mother. It was someone else's mother.

"Are you okay, sir?" she asked.

"Ahh...God," Doug groaned. He carefully sat up. "Where am I?"

"The skatepark. Do you need us to call someone, hon?"

"Wait, wait, wait," Doug mumbled. He reached down to feel between his legs, groping the area furiously. Much to his dismay, there was not a penis to be found. Not even a small one. "*Shit.*"

"Oh, great, you're a pervert," the woman said. Doug turned to her to see her grabbing what he assumed was her son's hand. She turned her back and led the boy away, muttering to herself, "God damn drunks loitering."

Doug sighed and stood up. *Just another dream*, he thought. *Of course*. He looked around, trying to find Lawyer Dog so he could just go back to Lexy and get this day over with.

Then he remembered everything. Not the bear cock stuff, but the fact that some zoomers had taken his dog.

He looked around in a panic. As far as he could see, the kids were gone, having taken Lawyer Dog with them. There was no telling how long he had been out. It could have been minutes, hours, or even days. He could have been in a minor coma while these kids were roaming around with Lawyer Dog, doing only God knows what.

As much as he hated the stupid thing, he couldn't let Lexy down like that. After everything he learned about her, he had no room to mess up. He had to be the shining example in her life that there's more to men than chiseled abs and a high school education. If he was to lure her from whoredom, he had to do romantic things, like not lose the group's mascot/legal representative.

After the typical clumsy struggle of taking his phone out of his suit pocket, he used his paw to scroll through his contacts. *Penguin*. If there was anyone who could bail him out in this situation, it was Clyde.

But he was on the mend still. Plus, Clyde had already lost the dog the very first day they had gotten him, which Doug had to take into consideration.

It looked like this was going to be a solo job. While the man-on-the-street act failed miserably when it came to finding Ace, Doug was determined to make it work for this dog that had only made his life miserable up to this point.

"Wait," he called out towards the fleeting mother and son. As best he could with a likely concussion, he waddled towards them. "Wait, wait, wait!"

The mother turned and glared angrily as Doug came to a skidding stop. "What do you want, creep?!" she asked.

Doug took a moment to catch his breath after waddling maybe six or seven feet. Just before the mother had enough of watching this fat man in a bear suit heavily heaving after a less-than-mild jog, he turned his phone towards her. On the screen was a picture of Lawyer Dog. He looked as happy as an animal could be as he stood there posing in his tiny suit.

"Have you seen this dog?!"