Beating The Ferret

Bregor witnessed Abigaël from afar, the girl cuddling with her new pet by the campfire, Mrs. Mogwoggles. They looked so content with one another, Abigaël cheered as the little ferret successfully jump through a little hoop she had made from the party's abundance of rope.

In the male elf's eyes was a hint of sadness. Now that the thief of the group had finally acquired a replacement for her dead critter, the ranger felt downcast as can be.

He slumped down against the stem of the tree he sat in, turned his gaze towards the night sky and let out an inaudible sigh. He was supposed to be on lookout, but considering how Vincent would just casually behead any goblins or bandits that tried to come into their proximity, he allowed himself some slack.

Even from the long distance, Bregor could still make out Tugglebutt's drunken snores. The half-ogre casually scratched his behind in his sleep, while muttering something racist about elves in general.

Bregor couldn't care less about the drunkard's rambling, and instead thought back to a couple of weeks ago, when life was a little less complicated for the elven ranger.

~o.O.o~

Abigaël Aîdelbaüm sobbed loudly as she sat in front of the grave of the recently deceased Mr. Mogwaggles, grabbing at Bregor's arm for support.

Out of the three other companions, only he had decided to keep her company, as she mourned the death of her pet. Vincent was off somewhere sharpening his sword and depleting Alendar Falls of its apple juice, Tugarub, probably celebrating the little critter's death, by drinking of course.

“H-he was always there, you know? Always willing to do a high-five, always willing to fetch things as long as he could carry it.” She wiped her snot-covered nose and continued, “E-even when we went to Dalamar’s tower for the first time he stayed in the pouch. He was afraid and wet all over himself, but even so, he stayed.”

Bregor remained silent, but slowly put his arms around the little elf’s shoulders, into a light, compassionate embrace. She didn’t resist, and put her arms around his anorexic back, and continued sobbing.

The ranger tried to come up with some soothing words, but found that he was unable to say anything to the thief that would be comforting, and opted to keep his mouth shut.

The little elven rogue’s grief was drowned out by the giant waterfall to any of the townspeople, that happened to pass the pair.

It was Abigaël’s wish that Mr. Mogwoggles would be buried next to the beautiful fall of Alendar, since the little ferret had apparently enjoyed swimming.

As her sobbing grew louder and more heartbreaking, Bregor tightened his embrace around the girl, genuinely glad that he didn’t carry around Brightblade’s severed head anymore.

“I wish there was something I could say to make you feel better, Abi, but I can’t think of anything, I’m so sorry.” He whispered tenderly into her ear.

For all his overpowered stats and slick charisma he couldn’t ease her heart.

Abigaël slowly ceased her sobbing and pulled her head out from his chest, looking into his eyes.

Bregor noticed for the first time that her eyes were red, not only from crying, but their color was red like blood. He contemplated for a moment how odd that actually was for an elf, but it was not like he disliked them, in fact, they probably acted as a +1 modifier to her charisma, slightly bumping her from ‘mediocre’, to ‘slightly fair’.

“I-I don’t think I want to be alone tonight, Bregor...”

The ranger only nodded slightly. Even with the sad death of Mr. Mogwoggles, the party had to get going. Tuddabud would probably start arguing about ‘lurking dangers’ and whatnot, when he cared to sober up that is. They were on a quest to redeem themselves, for their earlier, unfortunate ‘misunderstandings’ with the law, and therefore had no time to linger. If he was going to ease her broken heart even by a little, he would have to do so tonight.

The orange sun was already long gone on the horizon, the evening air started to fill the surrounding mountain range with its chilly grasp. Winter was coming.

Abigaël burrowed her head into his lanky chest again, and whispered in between her now toned down sobs. “Please make me forget, even for just awhile.”

~o.O.o~

Bregor sat on the edge of the bed, motioning for Abigaël to join him. The nude elf fidgeted for a bit, but walked silently over. The thick rug on the floor soft under her bare feet.

They had ordered a small room in a rural inn, far away enough not to be bothered by any wanderers, villagers or noisy half-ogres. Bregor had secretly slipped the barkeep an extra gold piece, and had shot him a look that said; *‘We wish not to be disturbed’.*
The barkeep, obviously not initiated in the art of “look-shooting”, just grabbed the extra dough greedily and nodded towards him.

Abigaël sat down next to Bregor on the small bed, well small for normal sized elves anyway, crossed her legs while avoiding his gaze.

The ranger carefully put his hand to her face, pulling back strands of hair that covered the side of her face, and gently started caressing her cheek. He continued until Abigaël seemingly started to relax, then moved his hands to her shoulders, slowly massaging them, while his lips started to wander on the left side of her neck, kissing it tenderly.

Slowly but surely Abigaël’s silence turned into quiet moaning. Bregor’s little, anorexic elf hands shifted positions, caressing her backside with the affection of a lover. Quiet moaning soon turned into louder sounds of pure pleasure as Abi got more and more excited.

After a while of foreplay, Bregor carefully pushed her down onto the bed. Their eyes met, her exotic, red eyes reflected in his pale-green anorexic irises. He took in the beauty that was Abigaël, and positioned himself over her, closed in on her face and kissed her crimson lips. The thief returned the kiss, hungrily. She grabbed his neck and pushed him closer to herself, as if not wanting to let go.

While passionately satisfying her orally, Bregor occupied himself with her upper body, his hands lightly dancing over her perky breast, tweaking a nipple causing Abigaël to quietly moan in between breaths. His soft fingers soon slid along the lips of her pink ferret, stroking teasingly through the moisture that had already gathered there.

Finally Abi broke the kiss and whispered in his ear, panting. “I-I want all of you Bregor.”

The ranger nodded and shifted position, eager to take it to the next level, since he hadn’t been this excited since his earlier forced stripping experience. He stopped caressing her body, little to the thief’s disappointment. He carefully wrapped her legs around him and smoothly entered her private lockbox. All through the night they made sweet, anorexic love to each other.

~o.O.o~

Morning came all too quickly, and the two elves who had shared a bed left as soon as they were dressed, joining up with Vincent and Bubblebutt outside their usual inn.

The warrior and cleric didn’t question why they hadn’t returned after burying the ferret, well Vincent didn’t, Tuddabug was too hungover to care.

Bregor noticed that Abigaël started to become distressed as they were close to the place where she had traded in the life of her pet for some merely hundred and fifty gold pieces. He reached out to comfort her, but she shrugged him off her, instead opting to go and fetch her horse.

‘Time will probably heal her wounds,’ he thought to himself. ‘Maybe she’ll come around someday, and maybe...’ He trailed away, contemplating the possibilities, while they made their way to Bremer.

Half an hour into their journey to the neighboring village, Vincent decided to chip in with some words of encouragement to the thief, whom he saw was staring blankly into the sky.

“You know, Abigaël? There could always be some place else where you could purchase a new ferret, maybe Mr. Mogwoggles the Second?”

Despite his lack of tact, the thief actually brightened up at this words. “Really? Do you think there’s a shop that would sell ferrets?” She said with glee.

Vincent grinned. “Hah. No!” Then he made his best impression of Abigaël, trying to purchase a ferret from an imaginary pet shop owner.

The thief grumbled at his mockery but didn’t say anything coherent.

The prince was not quite done yet. “Well, Bregor’s a ranger you know. He could probably be on look-out for one.”

She turned towards the ranger and winked. “If you do happen to come across a ferret, there’s some gold in it for you.”

Bregor smiled and said he would do his best. Inside he sighed at the reward. ‘Only gold, huh?’

Rubberduck wanted none of the conversation and just held his pounding head while murmuring. “Fucking elves and their fucking vermins.”

Vincent Longborn halted abruptly. The party slowed to a halt. The prince looked up in the sky, distant from reality, then laughed and yelled. “Mr. Cockwoggles!”

~o.O.o~

Bregor suddenly came to from his flashback. Groggily he glanced over at the campsite, nothing eventful had happened luckily. Abigaël was still cuddling up with Mrs. Mogwoggles, Vincent sharpened his daggers and Telletubby snored loudly.

Absentmindedly he wiped himself clean on the oak he was sitting in. He thought it was nice to go back in time for a while, relive that night he had with her once again.

Abigaël Aîdelbaüm had moved on however, and he could only sit there, beating his own ferret.