

Heavy paws dug through what was left of the snow. Horns raised high and proud as the lass seemed to trot through the plains. It was an odd sight, Jorogumo hardly left anywhere without Reese by her side, but this...this was a personal matter. The kadin had been tracking a plicilope that had gotten away from her weeks ago. Though there were far easier pickings, even within its own species, she was determined to bring THIS one home. Trekking through the steam fields, Joro began to slow down. Its tracks came through here not long ago. However, something shifted in the area. Broken plants as if they had been stomped over and signs of struggle were present too. What was this?

Cautiously, she began to lower herself, making sure she used whatever she could for cover. That's when she saw it, the plicilope. It looked startled, ears flashing about as it looked from side to side warily. It was confused, someone was definitely here. With them both. Upon a closer inspection, Joro noticed claw marks on its flank. It wasn't much, but blood dripped from their wounds. This was fresh! The hunt was likely still on. Joro placed her head on the ground. It was certainly tempting to make a move, but where was this mystery hunter? What would happen if she leaped out and the stranger did as well?

She observed for a very long time, the plicilope was anxious and eventually was back on the move. Even then, Joro was still keeping a distance. She did her best to keep herself shrouded by shrubs and stones. That's when she noticed, ever so slightly a tint of blue with red on their back revealed itself. Barely anything could be seen, but the small movement of their thin horns gave their position away. What were they planning? Joro narrowed her eyes and watched carefully. The plicilope ran further. The terrain was shifting, some flat, long, rocky plates began to lower into the valley. It almost looked like a staircase. When it was low enough just to see its antlers, the stranger revealed themselves properly. Joro looked up as they also had their head lowered to the ground, looking straight at her.

Her bright green eyes seemed curious, the kadin in front of her was not an enemy. She clearly wanted to join in on the hunt. Joro huffed and began to move in closer. She began to make her way down toward the plicilope's side, as she did, the odd kadin followed closely. Now scared, the plicilope was about to bolt before Joro leaped to their throat and attempted to knock it down. All at once, the blue-ish grey ryno lunged at their flank, pushing toward the opposite direction. It almost seemed as if they were going to swing each other around. Once she felt the plicilope give in to her strong jaws, Joro began to growl. But the stranger didn't let go.

"WHAT IS IT WITH WANDERERS!? This was my hunt, I wasn't about to share it with you! Don't think I haven't heard of you lot." Joro hissed, her maw dripping with blood now.

The kadin tilted her head at such a remark. No one truly seemed to be bothered by their presence before, most welcomed their pack members with open arms.

"I beg your pardon? I had no intent on stealing this catch from you, I just wanted to help!"

“Then move down wind, I didn’t need any assistance...Draconis.”

While the offer was sincere, it seemed Joro didn’t truly trust Dragonic Heart’s words. In fact, she stood there rather...confused. A stranger had heard of her and was rude off the bat. Could she have heard something...unfavorable of the kadin? No, not likely. Maybe she was just like that. With a bit of a heavy heart, she let go of her ‘end’ of the plicilope.

“Fine...yeah, whatever, it’s fine. You just looked troubled is all.” Part of her wanted to keep arguing, but the other half wanted Joro just to take the catch.

Jorogumo, in her hotheadedness, attempted to drag the plicilope home on her own, but no matter what she tried...she was struggling to grab it. Draconis saw her struggle and with a huff, turned the other way to continue her journey...but something wasn’t sitting right with her. No, it wasn’t like her to just leave like that. As Joro attempted to toss the animal over herself, she quickly learned she couldn’t throw it over herself. Given she was within earshot now, the grumpy kadin heard Draconis sigh as she pushed the plicilope onto Joro’s back. With a small glare, Joro pinned her ears back.

“...Thanks.” She murmured.

“No problem, sorry if I scared you earlier.”

“If that’s how you scare others, I’d work on that approach. It’s pretty bad.”

Joro turned to head back to her camp to look for her partner, but when she attempted to do so, the carcass began to slide off her side. Quick to react, Draconis used her horns to push it back into place. She could tell that even though her guard had dropped a tad, this ket was not ready to trust her just yet.

“I’m headed back toward one of the big geysers a little ways north, if we’re walking the same way, I can keep an eye on that.”

Joro was no fool, she knew exactly what the kadin was doing.

“I think I’m headed past that one.” An odd silence grew between them as they began to walk.

“I suppose...if you’re still headed along the steam path, you could join my partner and I for a bite.” Draconis stopped in her tracks for a moment. With a small smile and slight skip in her step, she kept going.

“I’d like that, but only if it was on the way of course.” Her eyes closed as she held her horns up high.

“It might be. I won’t insist if it’s not.” There was a little scoff between them.

Maybe, just maybe, this could work.