

Y'know, ice cream wasn't really Damian's thing.

Or, no, scratch that; Damian liked ice cream well enough. Going to an ice cream parlour specifically to get some, though? Not something he did all too often, come to think of it. That was definitely one of the fun things about all of these blind dates, though; going out and doing something you've never, or rarely just rarely, ever done before. That, and all of the interesting new buns you meet in the process, of course.

Still... There was also some genuine curiosity about this place. That and his mystery date, of course. Double curiosity for the price of one.

He'd taken to leaning against the parlour wall while keeping an eye out for this date of his; arms crossed as he occasionally breathed out wisps of golden smoke.

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Eating on dates - wasn't *Delulu's* thing.

However, these blind dates definitely were. She had been on her fair share of them at this point and had met a plethora of different characters, but there was something addictive about the whole process. About the prospect of *love*. Or something of the sort. At least a new infatuation.

She hummed lightly to herself as she approached the ice cream parlour. It was cute, aesthetically. So even if she wasn't in the mood for ice cream at least she could appreciate the sweet vibes. Delulu glanced at her phone for the general details of the date, it included the time and a general location as to where she would meet them. Vague. And as she looked up from her phone she saw a doll who seemed to be loitering outside the cafe - and Delulu was, to put it lightly ... staring. "Oh - *hot~*" She murmured under her breath, absently pocketing her phone and approaching him.

"Hellooo~ What brings a bun like you to a place like this?" She asked, playfully.

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It didn't take very long for Damian to notice the doll he'd been keeping an eye out for, and... *Hmm...* Now wasn't that a sweet looking little thing? As he uncrossed his arms, his previously neutral expression turned into a grin as he moved to close the distance between them.

He couldn't help to arch an eyebrow before laughing a little at her playful greeting. "Oh, y'know. Following instructions on who to meet where and when. Like a deal. Or a planned kidnapping." He joked in response. "I'm Damian, if that wasn't clear. Y'ready to get this mission started?" He asked with a playful grin. Cocking his head in the direction of the parlour's entrance.

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“Kidnapping?” She repeated, a delighted glint in her eye, “What a wild thing to say~” She said, clasping her hands together, already pleased with his first impression so far. She had met several buns on these dates, many sweet, dare say *normal* buns. But *this* one seemed like they’d be able to humour her for a while. “Well of course, let’s find out who our prey is this evening.” She grinned, heading towards the door to the cute ice cream shop. “Delulu, by the way. Or Lulu if you’d like.”

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Ooh, that went over surprisingly well. Not only that, but she went ahead and even added on to the little ‘kidnapping’ joke he’d made. *Fun*. He liked that in a bun.

Leading the way, he held the door open for Delulu before following her inside. Once inside, he’d be lying if he didn’t admit that the menu was... Some kind of intense. It was *huge*. It had options, and some of the options that came with options, came with options. Everything seemed...highly customizable.

“Well...this is going to make finding the target a little tricky.” He murmured, mostly to himself. Though a little louder, “Wonder if I’ll get anything if I just start rattling something off.” Honestly he was one part impressed, one part amused. Still, he couldn’t, *wouldn’t*, be giving the menu all of his attention.

“If y’can parse through all of that mess, feel free to get whatever y’d like. S’on me~” he offered with a grin.

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“Mmmm.” She hummed with a slight nod of her head to his mumbling statement as she too looked over the menu. She hadn’t planned on getting anything, but her sweet tooth was screeching at her to get something. Where one bun can get overwhelmed by choice, another just sees an ocean of opportunity, “Oh, woow. Aren’t you just a sweet gentlebun~” She cooed playfully.

Delulu placed her hands behind her back, rocking on her hooves making a few other murmurs and sounds like she was having some sort of internal debate. “Yeah. Okay! I know what I want,” She usually did. “How bout it Damian, you still struggling over there? I can help if you’d like.” She tilted her head to the side, a coy grin on your face, “You have any preferences, cravingsss... Whattare you into~?” She paused, thinking about her phrasing, “Ice cream wise.”

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Truthfully, while the menu *was* a lot, it didn’t take Damian all that long to make his mind up. After all, it wasn’t like they were here for *just* the ice cream. Still...

There was a glint of something that flashed through Damian's eyes as Delulu questioned him on his preferences, but as soon as it appeared it was gone. Instead he simply grinned and nodded in response. "Oh yeah, *lots*. *Ice cream* wise, though? 'm probably just gonna be sticking to the usual." Which in his case was just ube... And he thought he'd try some of the alcohol-infused toppings.

"Besides; think I'd rather get to know *you* better than this menu anyway."

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"Ube, hmmm? How fitting." She said playfully, in a hint to his purple features. She was no better in what she was to order, which was vanilla ice cream with strawberries, cake crumbles - strawberry sauce, marshmallow sauce AND whipped cream. A combination that too would compliment her pink features.

The grin on her face turned coy in response to his statement pertaining to getting to know her over the menu. "I dunnoooo, it's a *pret-ty* interesting menu. So that's your loss~" She joked, but allowed them to place their orders. Lulu wasn't supposed to be here for the ice cream at all, but dammit the promise of sweets got her a little excited, she had to admit.

She went ahead and found them seating while Damian took care of the tab. It was at a high top table by the window in the further corner or the parlour. Lulu took her seat, making sure she could still see him as she waited excitedly for her icecream and company.

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Well wasn't *that* some kind of ice cream order. Certainly more complex than his, though not like this was a competition on who had the most complex and/or fitting ice cream order. Still, hers *was* quite fitting also.

"One of the few losses I'm more than willing to deal with.." He retorted, continuing the play a little longer... But yes. He hung around, waiting for the buns behind the counter to get their order ready so he could pay, but also made sure to keep a look out for where Delulu was going. Thankfully it didn't take too long to get everything done. In a matter of no time at all Damian was making his way to where Lulu was seated; two ice creams in hand.

"Pink 'nd White Surprise for a Miss Delulu?" He questioned playfully as he slid her order towards her before taking a seat himself. Glad for the sweet treat, but even more glad that that was out of the way so they could maybe talk about something else besides ice cream now. Not that a little bit of one's personality couldn't be gleaned from the whole process.

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Lulu clapped her hands together in delight of the treat that was brought before her, and getting her ice cream was pretty great too. She took her spoon, pawing at her ice cream. "So, Damian," She started, not looking up from her bowl as she got together a tasty first bite, "How many of these have you been on?" She asked looking up at him as she took in a mouthful of ice cream.

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Damian was a little slower to start on his own treat, though he was definitely his own kind of eager to see how this place's ice cream held up quality wise. Not just quantity wise. He'd been mid spooning when Delulu went and asked him her question. "Oh, y'know... *A few.*" He replied vaguely, though with enough emphasis on 'a few' to give the impression that that *might* be underselling the amount. Only looking back at her after having shoved a spoonful of ice cream into his mouth.

Whoa... This syrup was *bitter*, but also a little sweet. He *liked* it.

"S'a pretty fun 'nd easy way to meet other buns, yeah?" He eventually continued. "Among...*other* things, of course. How's about you, though? Been on a buncha wild 'nd crazy blind dates like this one or what?" He joked as he prepared another spoonful of ice cream. Without breaking eye contact with Delulu.

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A snort of a laugh escaped her in response to his answer. It's the type of response she had given before, amongst her "few" dates. She snuck another bite as he spoke, nodding along in agreement.

"Wild and crazy, huh?" She grinned, "I dunno, Damian - For a second there I thought we were gonna get into some real *trouble.*" She teased, twirling her spoon around her cup, pausing for a moment to feign a thought. "Then again, the day is still young~"

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Now, Damian was well aware that there wasn't anything particularly 'wild and crazy' about a date at an ice cream parlour. Other than the comment he'd made near the start of this date. Still... He pause for but a second, taking a moment to take Lulu's words in, before speaking again. "S'that so? *Well...* That *could* be arranged... Depending on your definition of trouble."

Several thoughts went through Damian's head. Most, if not all, of them quite possibly ending with him, at least, getting banned from the parlour, but, well... There were other ice cream parlours in burrowgatory, yeah? "... How fast can you run?" There was a bit of a teasing tone in that question, but... He was also pretty serious about that question.

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She shifted in her seat, his ominous words peaking her interest and catching her attention. Forgetting about her ice cream for a moment. "I'm pretty fast, if I do say so myself." Lulu looked around either side of the parlour, a devious glint in her eye as she looked back to Damian. "Why do you ask~?"

Lulu wouldn't directly admit as to what it was she was looking for during her dates. It wasn't so much a quick hookup or connection - she wanted to find company that intrigued and inspired her. A bun to find stimulating for however long they would. And in this moment, she found it hard to contain her excitement for *whatever* it was that Damian had in mind.

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Damian nodded in a mock thoughtful way as Lulu answered his question. 'Pretty fast,' huh? "S'that so..." There was a bit of a silent pause as Damian played with his ice cream a little; pretending to think about what he was going to say, and do, next.

Suddenly, he held up three clawed fingers, lifting his head up to look back at the lust bun before him. A mischievous smirk on his features. "You've got a three second head start to prove it. *Don't let me catch you~*" And as he spoke the last of his ominous words, he started to lower one of the three fingers he had raised.

Time's ticking, Delulu.

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Her eyes widened in pure delight. "*I'm* the target?! I *knew* it." She said with a squeal and a brief clap of her hands. And then when it dawned on her that she was on a timer, her true manic nature started to show through her previous coy facade. "Wait - THREE SECONDS?!" Lulu's mind started going a mile a minute as she tried to process what was about to happen, three seconds is nothing! What is she supposed to do with three seconds?!

Lulu quickly took her last spoonful of ice cream, borderline stuffing her mouth as she quickly got to her feet - almost knocking down her chair in the process. A few of the other patrons turned towards the shuffle in time to see the strawberry haired bun make a mad dash towards the exit. With her mouth full of ice cream just hollering a muffled, "Outta my way!!!" To anybun that was in her path.

Whaddya know - she was indeed, pretty fast.

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There were so many emotions going through Damian in the three short seconds he'd given Delulu to get a running. Pretty much all of them bordering on wild amusement at her reactions.

From her apparent *delight* at being a target, her freaking out about how 'little' time she'd been given... To her stuffing her face with ice cream before bolting.

Really, if Damian hadn't had a target to chase after, he'd probably be laughing quite a bit right now. True to her word though, she *was*, indeed, quite fast. Was it fast enough to outrun Damian, though? Well...

He did like a challenge either way.

Caring less about his own ice cream, once he was done with his countdown it was his turn to slam his hands on the table as he started to get up himself. Drawing quite a bit of attention towards him in the process. Not that he paid attention to any of that... For once. No, he had a *target* to catch.

And so he did.

He *might* have been growling a little bit himself as he started to give chase; moving this way and that as he did in an attempt to close whatever distance was between him and Lulu. Not against pushing anything, or anybun, in his way to make that possible.

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Adrenaline was pumping through Lulu as she ran, her little skeletal hooves working double time to keep her upright and ahead. She made it out of the parlour, and not too long after heard what she could only assume was Damian not too soon after.

Daring to glance over her shoulder to see just how much distance between them and screaming again when there was not much. "Oh FuCk-" She exclaimed through breathy laughter and more squeals as he was quickly gaining on her.

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The laughing between running and screaming definitely did help make things seem...less dire, but it still wouldn't surprise Damian if a concerned bun-izen eventually called for some kind of help if things carried on for *too* long, so...

After letting things drag on for who knew how long exactly, the pride bun expelled a little extra energy to sprint and lunge at his target. Catching her in such a way that he still took the brunt of the fall damage. After all, it wasn't like he was trying to *hurt* her. Unless that was something she'd wanted, which... He wouldn't know.

"Oh, well look who's been caught~" He breathed teasingly. Moving to stand up with his 'captive'; holding onto her as if she were a bag of potatoes. "Now what to do with you..." He mused to himself.

Well, what was next was any-bunny's guess.