

The dragoon and the salamander

The following story is a Final Fantasy® IX fanfic. All of the characters belong to Square®-Enix®.

Another city, another Inn where to spend the night at. Same old worn sheets, same old stinky rooms, same old mouldering beds. She sighs. Sitting onto a dirty creaky stool in front of the window, she stares thru the thick glass at the clouds above. Where were they now? She couldn't even remember the name of the town they reached for a couple hours before, how much she could care. What are they all after, she doesn't care for as well. The only thing she knows is what SHE wants, and it's not the utopic will to save the world, nor some self-declared-hero mouse that disappeared years ago with no trace now, not anymore at least... she just doesn't want to feel like being left apart anymore, used and then put apart like an old rug, all dusty and heavy, left and forgotten in wet basements... to her party, she's feeling like she's good only for fights, some odd war machine worth slobbering dogs and overgrown snakes. Her blue eyes stare at the lance she's laid against the wall, looking at it with hatred and rage. She looks at her own dusty, skinny, sexy hands, so agile and skilled, still so filled with cuts and scars. Too many for her young age. She looks at her claws, sharp and shiny like the best mithril daggers... a mild smile appears on her face, she being so proud of them. But then, it slowly fades away, as a dreadful feeling of emptiness and loneliness starts to taunt her heart. It aches... It aches too much. Her eyes get wet and filled with hot tears, she can feel them stroll down her furry sweet cheeks as she deeply sighs, still staring up, lost in her own thoughts.

“Let's see if Freija is up to come along, kay?”

She can hear muffled voices out of her room door. Gidan. She sweeps her tears away with the palm of her hand, and gets up from the stool, as a couple knocks echo in the almost empty stone-walled bedroom. She churrs lightly, and walks to the wooden door. She wonders... who's come along with him? What could he want now, that's almost sunset time? Oh well... At least someone remembered of her, it was enough. She opens the door, a cracking sound preceding the appearance of the young rat girl. Gidan and Amarant were standing right in front of her... looking at her with quite the astonished glance.

“What.” She coldly says, as the two males look at her, surprised to discover there was such a curvy girl under that big red coat she uses to carry around. Her breasts are mildly covered by silky bends, nicely tied on her back with a fine ribbon, while her bottom is barely hidden by a good pair of simple still extremely nice underwear, coming in a smooth white colour, sweetly matching with her soft-looking fur, while her white hair messily fall over her shoulders, lightly covering her cheeks and her sky blue eyes.

Amarant, the big rough red-haired bounty hunter, faking absolute disinterest speaks to her with his usual detached yet deep voice. “We're heading out for a drink. Just me and the monkey here. (Gidan eeps, but nods). Were wondering if you'd have liked to join us, that's it.” He looks at her, she yawning lightly before idly scratching her thigh, and nods. “And huh, nice way to greet guests too.” Finally Gidan finds the occasion to talk, and noticing her too-wet-to-be-like-that-just-for-being-sleepy eyes, he inquires: “So, uhm, are you ok? You ain't lookin' too good at all... Is it all right?” She just nods, and he finds it wise to drop it there. “Well, you comin'?” The tin-can man is sleeping, Dagger is out with the children trying to find some treats for them, and Quina... oh well, she'll be just fine.” He grins roguishly at her, “hey c'mon don't lemme use my charm to convince you now!!” She sighs and shrugs, “Bah, hold yer horses, or you will creep me for sure. She stretches out a bit and gets back into the darkness of her room, fully dressing back up with her big

dress and her fierce shiny lance along., and emerging a couple minutes later from the shades dressed and briefly combed.

The trio gets out of the small inn, and walks down the semi-deserted dusty road to a building that once was a windmill, now adjusted to be some sort of pub. As they get in a strong aroma of wine hits their nostrils, making Freija feel like if she her brain was merry-go-rounding. The three just sit to the first free table they find in handy, and give a look around, waiting for the waitress that still looked too busy with other customers to take care of them yet.

“It will rain soon” Amarant randomly states. Freija blinks... she just notices how odd it is for Amarant to hang around with them, but them just lets it all drop, not up for making too many out of place questions.

“Three beers hon, and of the best quality!” Gidan blinks to the waitress as she comes to take their order, not even giving them enough time to decide what they wanted to drink at all.

It really got little alcohol to unleash the blond monkey boy tongue, making him talk, laugh and giggle about his own old love stories, before just starting to stalk the nice-looking waitress.

Amarant and Freija remain alone... she looks at her half-empty glass, while his one is still full of that golden bubbling fluid.

“Is... is it all right, for real?” Amarant suddenly says.

The sensual dragoon blinks again, smiling softly. “Why, so kind, thanks for asking...” She gently nods “I’m fine, really.”

Amarant hisses lightly in reply as his hand toy with a gil he’s just found into his pocket... the conversation among the two gets soon interrupted by a long, embarrassed coma. She just decides to get up, pinning herself up with her paws as she looks down at him. “Well, I’m going. Thanks for asking anyway.” The salamander guy just nods as she takes her leave, her tail waving behind her as she slips out of the pub, avoiding some drunk people barely standing in the middle of the way.

At night, it starts to rain. How melancholically beautiful is such a endless ticking... so simple yet so filled with meanings.... KNOCK KNOCK. Her sheets envelop her body, too warm to allow her to get up and go to the door. KNOCK KNOCK. What time is it?? It’s pitch black out... KNOCK KNOCK... She doesn’t even wear a bra, dammit! She just grabs her bedsheets, covering her bare body, still sitting onto the dusty bed, and shouts to the door: “Who in earth is so idiot to come distur-“ “It’s me, Amarant.”

After a couple seconds of astonishment, a gentle smile appearing on her face. “Please, come in.”

Taliesin