

“We just be sayin’ sometimes that mouth of yours and those hands get ya in more trouble than we can get you out of.” Lulaire’s cousin brought up as Lulaire sighed. She did not want to spend breakfast having this conversation.

“A’right! A’right! Sheesh, it’s breakfast, come on! I’m workin’ on it. Pass the bacon.”

~

Lulaire grunted as she lifted another bale of hay onto the wagon. She raised her arm and wiped off the sweat off her forehead. There was another temperature jump but at least it was finally dry. She could hear the leaves rustled as the sea winds went through the farm.

“A’right, lemme get up on there then we go on to fill up them hay feeders. Are ya ready, Bafforr?,” Lulaire reached out and gently scratched the Narglatch’s forehead. It grunted in pleasure at the scratches. Lulaire went up onto the wagon’s bench. She turned to check behind her to make sure the hay was secured and wouldn’t slide off the wagon if they hit a hole somewhere.

“A’right, on!” The wagon jolted forward as the wood creaked under the pressure of the heavy hay and the pair of them started to move. Lulaire’s orange hues glanced around to make sure everything looked good. No animals in distress or giving birth too early. A silver glint caught her eye and she turned her head to look at the direction and saw the empty hay feeder and the orbaks standing around it, being rather loud.

“A’right, hold on to them horns, I’m a comin’ with ya food.” She chuckled as they stopped by the hay feeder. Once again, she grabbed the massive hale bale and made her way to the feeder as she tossed it over and the orbaks wasted no time to headbutt each other to feed. Lulaire ignored the roughhousing as she continued to feed the other surrounding hay feeders. Eventually, the rowdy orbaks had made their way to the more open hay feeders.

A shrill and blood-curdling screech filled the air and even the hungry orbaks moved away from the sound. A predator got a hold of an animal? Lulaire couldn’t pinpoint what animal it was based on the noise it made. Without hesitation, she ran towards the sound to make sure it wasn’t any of the farm animals being attacked. They had other animals to protect them but something was wrong.

Sure enough, the barks followed after the screech of pain. Lulaire used the sounds of commotion to help her find out where it was coming from. All of the guardian canines and felines were at the fence, focused in one direction. She whistled and she can hear Bafforr responded in the distant and the movement of the wagon. Bafforr was on the way.

Lulaire made a running start to the fence and focused the force on the bottom of her feet and leapt over the fence. It didn’t take long to hear the poor yips and yelps. She saw five of them just

beating up a helpless Vulptex. It was dying and did not have much time left. She needed to be fast.

“Hey! Stop that!” The group stopped at hearing Lula shout towards them.

“Get off of our property, Lula-”

“Give me that Vulptex-”

“This is none of your business, schutta-”

“I said, give me the vulptex-” She pushed her way through the group and one of them grabbed her arm and yanked her forward. She grabbed his hand and twisted it into a hand lock before shoving him away. The group was shocked at her movements. They didn’t expect Lulaire to know some things.

“Ya keep yer hand off of me, ya rancor’s breath!!” The group stopped in their tracks as the Vulptex was barely breathing. What did she just say? Lulaire took this opportunity as she bent down and grabbed the Vulptex just as Bafforr and the wagon arrived.

“Hey-” They all went after her. She hopped onto the wagon’s bench and placed the Vulptex underneath.. One of the group grabbed her and yanked her sideways as she elbowed them in the temple but ended up hitting the eye as they cried out in pain. She slid down the bench and kicked the other one that took the injured one spot. With a yelp from the kick, they fell forward and slammed their head at the edge of the wagon’s bench. She went for a punch at the one climbing into the wagon but an arm wrapped around her neck and pulled her back. One of them had slipped to the back of the wagon. Lula’s instincts kicked in, she shoved one of her hands between her neck and the attacker’s arm.

She was dragged backwards onto the hard wooden floor and struggled against their choke hold while the other went to hold her legs down. She heel kicked them in their fucking nose, then the jaw, just managing to pry free from the hold and threw herself back to the bench. The grabber went to grab her back again but was met by an elbow strike to their temple.

“Bafforr, go!” Lulaire shouted as Bafforr bellowed and started taking off. The jolt of the wagon had the grabber rolled off of the wagon and she felt high bumps. Bafforr must’ve ran over one or two of them.

“So much for keeping my mouth and hands shut, huh?” She grinned at the injured Vulptex who was hiding underneath the bench. She checked over its injuries.

“Well. It look like ya will lose that arm but I’ve seen fiery ferocious tripod critters, ya gonna be one, okay?” She kissed it on the forehead as they made their way back to the farm.