

A month has passed since Laurie Dawson, the Renamon and Lennier Puraw, the Dorumon found their spot in a forest and after avoiding their pursuers for a while, they assumed they wouldn't be searched for in that forest, at least for a while.

The two began to setting up a proper camp. At first they got long sticks and branches which were still stable and stuck a few of them into the ground, making sure they had a fork like form at one end, and that end pointing upwards. They laid in the fork a stick and leaned a set of branches against this tops. They placed on top of the construction more of the sticks and covered the entire thing with leaves to form a makeshift tent.

Once they did that, Laurie took a few thicker branches and used her sword to cut and sharpen them so they would have makeshift spears for hunting. their next issue was fire.

They had searched quite a while before they found fire stones and even longer to find the dry materials and something that was easy to light up.

Once they had the fire, they kept feeding it while going and keep finding food. While Lennier mostly got berries and fruits, Laurie often went to the stream and used her makeshift spears to catch fish.

After many mistakes, Lennier figured out how to make small daggers from a few more fire stones, so they needed something that would help them connect the sticks to these improvised blades to make better spears and a set of daggers for hunting as they wanted to get furs as blankets and simple clothes, meat separated from parts of a body they prefer not to have on it.

Lennier was working on some fur as Laurie came back from a hunting trip, bringing a few small animals with her.

Looking at them, Lennier nodded, "That solves the matter of today's dinner."

"Indeed," said Laurie and sat with the Dorumon, grabbing one of the stone daggers to get the fur off, and separate the tasty parts from those who are not... very desirable. She put the meat with some hot stones, water and herbs into a bag made of leather and began preparing a meal out of it, while Lennier got their bowls out he had carved out of wood.

While they wait for the meal to be ready, Lennier stated, "I am making backpacks from the things we gathered... we should be able to keep on soon."

The Renamon nodded to this, "That is good to hear... we have been around far too long."

The two had watched out for search teams. While they managed to avoid being found, their camp couldn't be moved that easily, which was something they were aware. Thus, Lennier started crafting bags and other things that they could use to move their new tools and belongings.

"How is the work doing?" asked Laurie while putting some more fire wood into their fire while readjusting some of it with a longer stick.

"A bit more complicated... might take a bit longer before I can show you a working one. Which means I am right now wasting leather... sadly."

"I see," stated Laurie and she checked on their meal.

Once the soup was finished, they each took a bowl and began enjoying the meal. No words were shared between them while they ate. Once they finished, they cleaned everything up and put the rocks back to the fire to have them hot again for the next meal.

Lennier moved towards Laurie and asked, "So... the same tomorrow?"

"The same," she answered, meaning that she will hunt again while he collects and tries making the bags and backpacks.

Lennier laid down as Dorugamon and Laurie curled in, taking his offered warmth. They switch who would digivolve and warm the other while the mentioned other would slept until it is his or her turn.

"Lennier..."

"Yes, Laurie?"

"Thank you... for being such a good friend and companion."

Turning his head they looked into her eyes for a while, closing in a little before Lennier said, "You're welcome..."

She laid down and closed her eyes. Lennier gazed at the soon sleeping Renamon. Despite his back being in the cold, he felt warm whenever she slept on him and he watched over her and the fire during the night... mainly over her.

On the next morning, Lennier was woken by Laurie and after a quick meal he moved out to collect new berries and herbs to keep up their current stock. As he collected, he stopped as he saw a group of digimons. Carefully, he neared them and almost cursed: the digimons had the insignia of the BlackThunder! They were the reason why Laurie and him were running around and living outside the villages and cities. For some reason they are after the Renamon and Lennier is helping her to keep her off the hands of the group. Grabbing what he had collected so far, he moved carefully away, ensuring he wouldn't get their attention by stepping on a twig or so and moved as fast as possible back to their camp.

"Laurie! We have to leave. Now!"

"What? Why?" questioned the Renamon.

"BlackThunder!" was the simple reply and Laurie was instantly gathering up their stuff.

They put the fire out and packed everything they could take with them and began moving. They decided to go straight towards the mountain to get above the tree line for a good view if they were using flyers. If they were, back to the forest and keep under tight trees and bushes to avoid their sights.

As they kept on moving, they turned away from the mountain in order to reach a cliff. Their plan was to get to the bottom of it and follow the river for a while. The problem was that the only safe way down was a tight passage, which didn't allow any kind of mistake, else they'd get down very fast with a sudden stop.

They moved on the path, Lennier leading as he could see the path better thanks to his shorter height and if it was safe. They continued walking down.

The duo paused here and there so Lennier could have a better testing about the ground. At one spot he told, "Better be careful... that part of the path is not very stable."

"Thank you for the heads up," replied the Renamon. They moved carefully and once they passed it, they resumed their normal walking.

But then the Renamon stepped on a spot that was overlooked by Lennier but the ground still broke off and she shouted in surprise while falling down.

"LAURIE!" called Lennier in surprise and jumped to grab her arm. She held on Lennier, trying not to let go. The Dorumon pulled, while digging his feet into the ground, gritting his teeth.

"Lennier!"

"Cut the bags!" he grunted, trying to pull her up, or at least keep his ground. Listening, Laurie grabbed a stone knife and cut the straps. The bags are now falling down but thanks to the release of weight, he was able to pull her back on the path and once she was on solid ground the two fell on their backs and panted. Lennier stated, "That was close..."

"I agree," said Laurie with a sigh, her heart beating fast with the adrenaline. She sat up and looked down. "We should see what is still useable..."

"Not much... at this height, the fruits are smashed and the stone tools broken," Lennier shook his head. "With some luck the meat didn't spoil."

They moved down and the bags with the meat were luckily not damaged, so they could use the meat still. But the stone tools were indeed broken and the berries smashed, though some herbs and fur were salvageable.

They collected the still useable loot and went to clean up the spot as far as possible to cover their tracks and they followed the river. They kept on for the

day and at the evening they happened to find a another cave. They went in and prepared their camp.

"Lennier... thank you for pulling me up back there."

"I couldn't let you fall," Lennier smiled and the Renamon smiled back and gave the Dorumon a kiss on the nose. Smiling surprised by that, he nuzzles her before the two made a small fire and prepared their meals... leaning closer to each other after their bellies were full.

The two nuzzled shortly before they fell together asleep.

On the next morning, Lennier awoke and blushed as he noticed that he was being holding tight by a sleeping Laurie and that his head was pressed between her breasts, which gave him the trouble... what should he do now? Should he try to and free himself at the risk of waking her, or wait until she wakes but having an awkward moment.

Debating within his mind, he decided to wait a little, as he really wanted this for a while. Since they met, in fact.

Upon their first meeting, Lennier was a simple merchant for trading cards and on a trip to restock new goods. Not knowing who Laurie was, he gave her a shelter for the night in the small apartment he had rented, only to find out the next day that she was hunted by the BlackThunder. They broke into the apartment and Lennier had to run with her, as they thought he was helping her for some reason and since then, he was on the move together with the Renamon. All this because of a simple crush that caused him to help her...

Neither Laurie nor Lennier really knew why she was hunted, but the Dorumon had to admit: she was very nice and he hoped this would be more than a simple crush.

This train of thoughts was stopped as he heard a moan, and noticed that Laurie was waking up so he tried to free himself from her embracement. He managed to do it and got some of the berries and roots they had left and prepared a small breakfast with water from the river.

As she opened the eyes and slowly stood up, Lennier stated, "Morning Laurie... slept well?"

"I did... thank you," said the Renamon and yawned. "What is for breakfast?"

"Roots and berries... and water," stated Lennier.

"It is time we find a village," she muttered. "Something better would definitely good. Then again... where should we have the money?"

"From what we have left, we can at best buy two bottles of water and that's it," stated Lennier.

"I am more than aware of it, Lennier" said Laurie and went to eat her share of the breakfast.

Once they finished their meal, they collected their belongings and the Dorumon carefully moved out of the cave and scout the near area with sniffing for danger. As he found nothing, he went back to Laurie and they continued their path. As they left the river at the end of the canyon, they were now heading north, according to the moss on the trees.

They kept walking until Lennier stopped.

"What is wrong?" asked Laurie but then she noticed it as well... the smell of something rotting. The two looked at each other.

"Shall we?" asked Lennier.

Laurie thought for a moment before nodding and they headed for the source of the smell. They found a dead digimon, probably dead for a few days now.

They found his ID and made a makeshift grave with his name. They also found he had a lot of money with him and for their surprise, human credit cards. They took the money but left the cards. They knew it was terrible 'stealing' from the dead, but their current situation demanded that they did so.

With this amount they could get a few good rations and a few nights in a cheap motel.

"You know," stated Lennier. "I wonder why he went so deep into the forest if there must be safer paths."

"We might never know," said Laurie. "But we should keep on."

Nodding in agreement, they continued their way up north until they found a path and decided taking it. They followed until they saw a small town in the distance... with a motel.

"Finally... we can hope for a hot bath," said Lennier and smiled, looking for the fake IDs they got in one of the past towns, as they didn't get the chance to use them yet, the risk of being discovered by using them should be very low.

Once he found it them among their bags, they moved towards the motel and hope hoped for the best...