

# OCPD

By **Xelccit**

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*Blake tries--fruitlessly--to figure out what goes on in Rayce's head, and fish-boy tries to defeat the mighty Cinnabon without utensils.*

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## 1 - OCPD

"In a world where cinnamon rolls are so mighty that they must be eaten with forks...one brave hero decides to fight back. He will take the mighty cinnamon roll down with *no eating utensils* whatsoever." Rayce grinned as he narrated the fate of the unfortunate Cinnabon in front of him, seemingly oblivious to the fact that the dragon across the table from him was wearing one of the strangest expressions that had yet to be seen on him. The lack of a sarcastic response of some sort tipped the nymph off that something was wrong, though, and he glanced back at Blake. "...What?"

"I just realized something," the man said after a slight pause, his face going blank again. "And it would explain so much about you, if not for the occasional deviation..."

Needless to say, that gained Rayce's attention. With his previous goal of mauling the Cinnabon utensil-free temporarily set aside, the younger of the two propped his chin on his hands and promptly looked a great deal more interested. "Blake, if there's anything out there that could explain me, I think I would know about it already."

"Maybe not," the dragon disagreed, also shifting so he was sitting a little straighter in his chair. "I think you may be OCD."

Of all things he was expecting, that was probably the last of them; while the nymph was quite sure that he had some sort of personality disorder, it couldn't be that one. "That's definitely the most original theory up to date," Rayce said, shaking his head slightly. "But you're wrong. I don't think it's possible for me to be OCD."

"That's why those aforementioned 'deviations' confuse me. Half of what you do points towards obsessive-compulsive disorder, while the other half...just confuses the hell out of me. Or..." He trailed off, looking thoughtful once more. "Since you seem to be denying it, there's a possibility that it's OCPD..."

"I honestly don't know what you're talking about," his boyfriend replied, honestly looking quite perplexed. "Do you, perchance, have anything to back this hypothesis up with?"

Blake started counting off on his fingers. Well...he would have, had he not been cut off halfway through his third word. "My theory i--"

"Hypothesis," Rayce repeated, not realizing that he was going to wind up fueling the other's argument. "It's not a theory unless you've devoted a great deal of time and thought to the subject, and...since this is the first I've heard of it, I'm disinclined to believe that you have any actual *research* done."

The dragon sighed softly and continued, though this time he had a smirk. "You're a perfectionist, for starters. How many people who haven't made it past high school science could really tell someone the difference between hypothesis and theory? And how many more would give a damn if they were used interchangeably?"

"So I'm well read," the nymph argued, crossing his arms with a huff. "It proves nothing."

"Speaking of books," Blake added, his smirk widening. "Explain to me why you can't figure out how to shelve all your books?"

Rayce's look made it clear that he thought the answer was so painstakingly obvious that only some sort of primeval pond sludge wouldn't know the answer. "I'd sort them by author but then everything's uneven, and I can't sort them by size because if I go from largest to smallest or vice versa, everything looks uneven. Then, there's the possibility of making it look kind of palindrome-y, but that has yet to work out because nothing matches properly..." He stopped the mini-rant upon noting the dragon's smug expression, as if he had proved something. "...What?"

A brief silence followed, during which Blake went from being cocky to faintly surprised. "And nothing strikes you odd about that? Definitely seems like OCPD," he mused to himself, only to bring up another point when the nymph looked about ready to argue. "Fine, whatever, it's completely normal. Then, explain to me why you had to buy a *fifth* tank and a dozen fish to go in it."

"Again, for the sake of evenness. That way, it'd go 'fish tank, brown tarantula, dogface, brown tarantula two, fish tank two'. ...Kay, so it might be a bit weird, but I don't see how a couple of small little pet peeves translate to Obsessive-compulsive personality disorder."

"That's not all, though. You are insanely stubborn and--"

Once again, he was ruthlessly cut off.

"I'm half Irish, I learned from the best."

"Regardless of that," Blake started again, wishing they were in a place less public than the mall so he could duct tape the younger man's mouth shut without getting too many odd looks. "You've also got bizarre fears and other odd habits that can't really be explained by anything *reasonable*."

"Like what? My haptophobia is obviously common enough that it's got a name, if that's what you mean."

"So I guess there's nothing abnormal about hyperventilating then attempting to rip someone's head off?" Literally, at that; the poor girl nearly wound up bleeding to death. The only reason she hadn't was because the dragon had quietly pulled her out back to take care of the situation himself. Upon returning, it was noted that he smelled faintly of smoke and charred flesh of some sort.

Rayce rolled his eyes, now looking extremely exasperated. "Now, to counteract everything you've already said. Just think of every time I've ever been injured--I fight *against* medical attention of any sort, which goes against the whole 'liking everything neat and orderly' complex. I don't really have rigid morals, I don't hoard my money in case of a future catastrophe, and I really have no issues with brushing off work in favour of hanging out with you and the rest of the freaks."

"That's the part I can't figure out." Blake rested his elbow on the table, ignoring all those things he had been told about good manners. "But then there's the most interesting thing, though that's probably

because you're more neurotic than anything."

The resulting groan of annoyance he received was faintly amusing, and the nymph seemed to know exactly what was coming. It was understandable, as that was one thing that people at home always mocked him for.

"Yes, I'm sure you know it very well, but it has to be mentioned. You won't sleep in a room that's on ground level unless the window is completely covered up, hence the bookcase bolted over yours. You won't sleep in a room that's on the second story if there's a balcony or some sort of platform underneath it, but you have no problems with the third story even if it *did* have a balcony. That alone classifies you as extraordinarily odd."

"But I have a reason for that," Rayce protested. That was new; he usually grumped when the subject was brought up, but this time it seemed he was really desperate to close the case. "It's another of those childhood trauma things, which is probably why it makes no sense, but...when I was four or five, and my bedroom was on the first story, I could have *sworn* that something would periodically come by and stare at me through my window. Since I was taught to fear the Lamia, I freaked, but my tiny brain's logic dictated that it wouldn't be able to reach the third story because...snakes can't jump, or some crap like that."

Blake arched an eyebrow, not sure what to say at first. Finally... "...Why the frack is this a problem if you realize the flawed logic?"

"Childhood trauma, like I said. Stuff like that doesn't just go away. Say, Blake...why're you so interested in figuring out how my mind works?"

"Curiosity, I suppose. You don't make sense to me, and my first instinct is to fix that."

"Well, your first instinct is stupid. I'm not OCD."

"No, just OCPD."

"I hate you."

"Love you too, nymph. \*Cough\*You'reOCPD\*Cough\*"

"...What was that?"

"Nothing. Go back to your cinnamon roll."

"You're damn right it was nothing. Blake, I love you, but you should realize that there will be no getting into this brain o' mine anytime soon."

"We'll see about that..."