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Animal Café

Chapter 24 - Comfort pets

"Alright, Clara. Let's put your hat back on, so you are well disguised when we walk back in the building."

"Oh, and her raincoat too!"

"Right!"

It was a terrible idea when we left the building, and it was still a terrible idea now that we tried to sneak back in. To reach the pethouse at the top of the big insurance building, we were about to enter using the back door, but we would still have to walk through some common areas before reaching the elevators near the lobby.

The problem was that I was still helplessly wearing Trixie's white rabbit latex suit with its long springy ears along with my new sexy nurse uniform. Since my friends didn't want me to take it off, they opted for a doubtful solution, disguising me so I could walk around incognito. The problem with that brilliant idea was the way they dressed me up to hide my identity.

Accalia placed the hat on my head, the one in which she had cut two slits so my rabbit ears would pop up on top. How was that supposed to help if my ears were still towering over my head? Then Misti helped me put on that black plastic raincoat that was only making my bright white latex legs stand out even more. Were they doing this on purpose to play, or were they really convinced that it would work?

"Cool! No one will recognize you like this, Clara!"

Unfortunately, it was the latter. We were so going to get in trouble for this. I could feel it.

Misti was the first of us to get inside the building. Like a ninja, she cracked the door open, looking left and right, and silently disappeared inside. Accalia did the same exact thing right after her. With her broken harm, Trixie would be the one staying at my side.

Twenty seconds later, the door reopened, and Misti poked her head out.

"Clear! Let's go! Accalia is distracting the security guard!"

Trixie pulled me inside, and we followed Misti. What did she mean by "Accalia is distracting the security guard?" Were they not pushing this a bit too far? Half-crouched, we hugged the wall as if we were about to escape a prison.

"Crouch!"

Trixie reacted quickly, but not me because the fear of getting caught petrified me. Since I was still standing, I realized that we were right in front of the security desk, and they wanted to crawl below the counter level so the security personnel wouldn't see us. But before I understood the plan, if there was even one, it was too late. I got a perfect view of what was going on inside that office and froze in place.

What I saw was not right at all. Accalia was sitting on the guy's desk, and he was freaking out about it.

"Miss! Please! Get off the desk. You can't be here! You must leave."

"Aww! Why? I was just curious about all those little TVs you have on your desk."

"Miss! We are not allowed to speak to you. Please, I could lose my job if my boss finds out you are here."

"Oh! What's this?"

"It's... it's just a stapler."

"What is it for?"

"... to... staple papers? Come on. Please! Miss! You have to go!"

"Oh! And what about this?"

"That? But... that's just a phone... No, please, don't press those buttons..."

It was crystal clear that Accalia was just buying us time. She capitalized on the fact that the security guards had been told not to interact with us to distract them. That way, we could make some progress without being intercepted or reported.

A small hand grabbed my wrist and yanked me sideways.

"Clara! What are you doing!? Follow us! Hurry!"

I crouched and followed Trixie and Misti. We needed to quickly get away from here before Accalia ran out of everyday office supplies to inquire about.

With my long ears bouncing around, we swiftly reached the elevator area where a couple of people stared at me, effortlessly seeing through my disguise. Fortunately, they didn't speak to us because it would have been very problematic. With a bit of luck, they would just go back to their busy schedule and think they had dreamed all this.

After what seemed like an eternity, the elevator doors opened for my friends and me to engulf ourselves inside it. Hurriedly, Misti swiped her card on the reader and drilled the P button with

her little finger. I couldn't believe it. We pulled it off! We managed to return home without being intercepted.

But just as the doors were about to close fully and I regained my ability to breathe, a hand unexpectedly blocked the doors, making my rabbit heart stop.

"Heeeey! Don't leave me behind! That's mean! I don't even have my card on me."

"Hurry! Acca! We have to get out of here!"

Our small Asian friend squeezed in, and Misti resumed her frantic button pressing until, this time, the doors closed entirely.

"Feeeww! We made it! Haha."

"Yes! But I think we scared Clara... She is shaking."

"Awww... Poor rabbit. We will have to give her a massage or something."

Both Misti and Trixie sandwiched me in a warm hug, making my plastic raincoat crackle. Accalia, her, fixated the control panel to observe the numbers go up. Finally, after a second eternity, the letter P flashed, and the bell rang.

We were home.

We all walked out of the elevator and headed toward the two big wooden doors separating us from the pethouse. At this point, all risks were gone because nobody outside us had access to this special floor.

Trixie unlocked the door and pushed it open with her delicate shoulder, allowing us to all trot into our safe zone.

"AH! See! Easy peasy! We are great ninjas!"

"Haha! Yes! We are safe now!"

"Let me take your hat off, Clara. You look silly."

Accalia reached for my head and pulled off the little hat, liberating my bouncy white ears. Then, she took my raincoat off, exposing my brand new nurse outfit.

But our happiness was short-lived. A dissonant male voice startled us all.

"... and all of you, you sit down in the living room... now."

In shock, we all turned toward the kitchen, where the voice came from. A man was standing there, making himself a sandwich using our food.

Misti and Accalia were awfully quiet, probably as terrified as I was, but Trixie reacted in a non-distressed way.

"Aw! Crap! Come, guys. Let's go sit. It's okay. I'll deal with this."

"I wouldn't say it's okay, Trixie, and you know it."

"Blaaah!"

I was glad to be in costume right now because hiding was all I wanted to do. At first glance, Trixie knew this person quite well, or else she wouldn't have reacted the way she did.

Motivated by fear, we made our way to the living room couch. It was a three-seater, but the four of us fit on it quite easily because we were so small. I sat between Trixie and Misti, and Accalia was at the other end. What was going on? Who was he, and what was he doing in our apartment? And why was he eating our food? The bread he was using was the special bread I had dared to order from the fridge's screen, and I still felt guilty about it. Seeing a stranger touching it was not cool.

It took him a minute to calmly finish assembling his sandwich, and then he walked to the living room and sat on the sofa in front of us. He didn't seem to carry any specific emotions, and certainly, the view of a giant white rabbit didn't seem to bug him.

He took a bite in his snack and interrogated Trixie between two chews.

"So... Trixie. Who's paying for the penthouse?"

"... Not me!"

"Correct. So, what would happen if the person paying for the penthouse couldn't pay for it anymore?"

"... we wouldn't be able to stay here anymore."

"That's right. So, what would happen if the clients coming to this building to do serious business were to see rubber animals running around the place?"

"... It was just one... not many."

"Don't be a smartass, Trixie."

"Aaaah! They would think the company is not serious. Stop treating me like a child. I know where you are going with this."

"So, if you know, why did you guys break our agreement? How does it make sense?"

"... It was fun... I mean... yeah... we probably shouldn't have done it. Are you going to call Lucy now?"

"Should I? Maybe I should. It's not the first time you are involved in something like this."

"Bleeeh!"

Without background, it was tough for me to understand what was going on. I chewed hard on my mouthpiece, making my muzzle wriggle, and tried to follow the conversation. It seemed that part of the secret about the pethouse got exposed. The insurance company financed this luxury apartment, and perhaps this man was the owner. It also seemed that Trixie was aware of this and was also supposed to know about some non-interference rules, but she broke them anyway. And now we were all in trouble because he was one phone click away from calling Lucy.

But before he did that, he turned to Misti, Accalia, and me. I had no idea if my two friends knew as much as Trixie did or if they were as ignorant as I was.

"And you three? Weren't you told that the pets weren't allowed in the building?"

Accalia nodded, Misit was about to cry, and I shrugged because that was the only thing I knew how to do when wearing a costume.

"Alright. I'm calling Lucy. She is the one who is going to have to deal with you."

As he said that, a lightbulb finally turned on inside my brain.

This man... I saw him before.

Yes. On Christmas day. All the pets were in front of the café, taking pictures with random people and selling cakes for charity. This man. Yes. It was him. He was the one from whom Lucy had demanded the ludicrous amount of ten thousand dollars for a simple picture with the whole crew... and he had actually paid that large sum without frowning. And shortly after he left, Trixie had explained something to me...

He was Lucy's HUSBAND!

Suddenly, I got all excited, proud of having completed this association all by myself, and I pulled on Trixie's arm while pointing at the man.

"What is it, Clara? What are you doing? We were having a conversation here."

I kept bouncing on my seat and pointing at the guy. I also tried to pretend to take a picture of him with my cushy paws, which was not easy to do.

"What!?!... Oh! Oh, I get it now. Yes... That's him. Good job, Clara. You managed to say something as a pet."

I sat back in my seat and stared at the man with a sense of pride. So many questions needed answers, though. Why was he Lucy's husband? Why were they not living together? If this guy was wealthy, why was Lucy residing in a small apartment near the café? Why did she even run a café?

But there were more pressing matters because he plunged his hand in his pocket and pulled out his phone. We were definitely going to lose some privilege here. Were we going to get evicted? What would happen then? I just moved in here recently. What would happen if I were to lose my new home? Would I have to move out of the city to find a cheaper apartment? All of that made me very nervous. Misti was also distraught based on how hard she was holding on to my arm. The last time she got punished by Lucy was still fresh in her memory, and on top of that, she had a natural tendency to see the end of the world coming as fast as I did.

But one of us didn't seem terrified, and it was Trixie. She and her broken arm stood up and walked to the man. Before he could dial and without any hesitation, Trixie punched him really hard on the shoulder... which had no other effect than hurt her last good hand.

"Oww! You hurt my hand!"

"Hum... Do you realize that you are the one who just punched me?"

"Still, you can't do that. I'm already injured."

"Do what? Stay in front of you while you are attacking me? Give me a break."

What did Trixie do!?! By now, my face was probably as white as the mask I was wearing. Why did she have to do something so senseless? We all knew our rabbit girl was impulsive and not always acting smart, but this was a whole new level of insanity. There was no doubt about it anymore. We were screwed and could kiss goodbye to our beloved pethouse and perhaps even our animal café. And the worse, no matter what it could be, was to come because Trixie was not even done yet.

"Don't call Lucy!"

"What else do you want me to do? You keep breaking the rules, and you are only listening to Lucy apparently, so I'll let her handle this."

"No! If you call her, it should be about something more important! Coward!"

Dying! This option seemed appealing. Please, heart. Stop beating! It was too much stress for me to endure, and Misti even started sobbing. Accalia hugged her knees and rocked back and forth, too, trying to get some self-reassurance.

Trixie had obviously struck a nerve because Lucy's husband stood up and stared at her from above, a stare that the rabbit girl returned with even more severity. This altercation wouldn't end well. He was six feet tall, and Trixie was only five foot two. But the height wasn't the only thing; that guy was fit too. Not bulky or anything, but if he decided to use his strength to kick us out of the apartment, he wouldn't have any issues controlling the four of us all at the same time. At least, the good news was that the conflict appeared to be only between the two of them. It was good to be somewhat irrelevant.

"And what is that supposed to mean, exactly?"

"You exactly know what it means!"

"Watch your mouth, Trixie... This is none of your business..."

"It sure is! Who do you think is keeping Lucy company every single day? Should it not be her husband fulfilling that role?"

"AH! Good one! Do you really think that I didn't try to make things better between the two of us?"

"You didn't try hard enough, apparently! When was the last time you called her for something other than business?"

"I'm not going to warn you again! Keep your nose out of our private life!"

"Why can't you just say it! You just don't care about her!"

Ouch! These last words from Trixie had the same effect as if she had thrown a heavy brick in his face. He turned his back to her and looked at the ceiling, exasperated. After a short moment, he abruptly turned back to Trixie and pointed a finger straight at her nose. For a moment, I thought he was going to punch her blonde head, which wouldn't have been entirely undeserved. But instead, he raised his voice and flat-out rejected her accusation.

"Don't you DARE to say that EVER again! I LOVE Lucy!"

His carefully selected words worked. Trixie, perhaps, understood that she went a bit too far this time around, and she didn't find a way to add another word. Instead, an expression of regrets formed on her face.

"Ah! Whatever! You guys, just stop walking around the building in costume, okay? It truly makes things difficult for me."

Without any goodbye, He grabbed his sandwich, walked to the door, and exited the apartment, leaving us in our traumatized state. Trixie did the same, but instead, she went upstairs and disappeared into one of the bedrooms. Her strange facial expression was hard to miss, as it was a mix of frustration and sadness.

Misti, Acca, and I just looked at each other in silence. What have we just witnessed? Being the most sensitive one, Misti finally cracked.

"Bwaaaah! We are going to get evicted! Baaah!"

"Nooo... Come here, Misti. Nobody is going to get evicted. It's just a little conflict between Trixie and this guy."

"Bwaah! I didn't know walking around in costume was so serious. We got scolded."

"I didn't know either. Alright. Trixie probably doesn't want to play anymore. Let's get Clara out of her costume. We can go take a shower together, and then we will have a chat with Trixie. She needs to tell us the full story because those little secrets seem to be chewing everybody from the inside. Do you want out of your costume, Clara?"

I nodded—more than ever. At least the costume had helped me to ride the storm a bit more gracefully.

The hot water running all over my body felt great. After I turned back into a human and the white rabbit costume had been neatly folded away, we all headed to the large bathroom and took our shower together. More and more, I was getting comfortable being naked around my sexy friends. And now that we were all soap-covered, it was ever more pleasant.

Of course, we didn't say anything because we were still experiencing the aftershock of Lucy's husband's impromptu visit and the major crisis that ensued. So, we needed a bit of innocent affection to lower our high anxiety level.

There was something about Accalia's tanned skin that just felt amazing. Was it because of her Asian genes? Was it even possible that it was softer than ours? All I knew was that I pictured her in my head as delicious wet caramel that I wanted to eat. While Misti washed her hair and whined about the shampoo in her eyes, Acca and I spent a bit of time rubbing each other. Small slippery boobs were just the best. She was in great shape, and her curves were just flawless; I could spend the whole day rubbing my hands around her tiny waist. All the pets were pretty much like that. It was probably due to their playful nature, running around the lounge all day and

having their diet well-controlled by Lucy most of the time. Even Trixie, who was eating all the garbage food she could get her hands on, managed to maintain a pretty respectable silhouette.

In my case, since I stopped working in a place where I had to stand all day long, I could feel my body mass flagging. I would really have to be careful and keep being active. Was sex a valid workout? Because I was getting quite a bit of that since I moved to the pethouse.

Accalia grabbed my soapy butt and squeezed it with her fingers. It was a bit inappropriate considering what happened only a moment ago, but kissing her felt good. I think I was getting better at kissing. Our kisses were softer and more erotic... the way our tongues slowly rubbed on each other was more relaxed, more slippery, and wetter, all that without being messy. I loved kissing my friends more and more, and in this case, it was an excellent way to vent out our anxiety.

Misti eventually joined us, sandwiching me between her and Acca. I felt so lucky and had learned to accept what felt good. Before discovering the café, doing something like this with two cute girls was not something I had remotely considered, but I was delighted to have this now. It was important to me. The way the blonde girl was sucking on my earlobe while rubbing my belly from behind just drove me nuts.

That said, even if we wanted more of this, it was time to move on. We were all in agreement that we shouldn't leave Trixie alone for too long. It was okay to give her some space, but we had to check on her and do whatever we could to make her feel better.

We dried each other using the large soft towels, making sure not to use Vix's special one, and we exited the room wrapped in them like curvy sausages.

The bedroom door was still closed, which meant the bunny girl had not left it yet. When we walked in, in the middle of the bed was a little ball covered by the comforter. Trixie had curled under there to hide from the world.

After climbing on the squishy mattress, we all sat around her and began petting her through the thick blanket. She looked so much smaller than usual. Then, her small voice pierced her hiding spot.

"I'm sick of this!"

We looked at each other, and Misti, who was the best person to talk to Trixie, tried to dig deeper as she didn't know much more than I did.

"What is it, Trix? Sick of what?"

"These secrets!"

"What secrets?"

"Shane and Lucy messed-up relationship, the café, the pethouse... Why do we have to endure that?"

"Shane? Is that his name?"

"Yes, and I'm going to kick him in the face."

Perhaps it was not the best reaction ever, but we all chuckled when Trixie said that. Imagining the tiny girl jumping high up in the air to reach this tall guy's face with her foot was quite amusing.

"So, Trix. What's going on exactly?"

The little ball under the comforter took a deep breath in and let a long sigh out mixed with a groan. Clearly, something was bugging her.

"Vix and I know the whole story. We tried to stay out of it to respect Shane and Lucy's lack of desire to talk about this, but now I'm tired of it. They are acting like children, and it's Vix and me who have to pay the price. Not being able to talk about them while everybody else is wondering what is going on is draaaaining! I know Vix is sick of it too. She told me more than once."

"But... What secret? What is going on between the two of them? If they are married, why are they not together or divorced?"

"Aaaaah! See! That is exactly it! I can't talk about it! It's their private life."

"Whatever, Trix. If it's hurting you or Vix, it's not worth carrying this secret on your shoulders alone. It's not fair."

"I knooow! But what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, I don't know."

None of us had any good ideas. On the one hand, Lucy had the right to keep her private life private, but on the other, if Trixie and Vix were victims of the situation because they happen to know something we don't, then I agreed with Misti; it was not okay.

Trixie-ball migrated from the center of the bed to the edge of the blanket. It was quite amusing to see her trying to find the exit, but it was not as funny when the little blonde head finally popped out. It looked like she had cried at some point and her eyes were a bit red.

But the good news was that her expression morphed into one of determination. It was Trixie, after all, a brave little woman.

"Aww. You guys are not naked. I would have loved it if you had been naked."

"..."

"Alright... Follow me. I have an idea."

"Follow you? Where?"

"We are going to play ninja again."

Whatever Trixie had in mind, it made me nervous. After having been discovered roaming around the building, I thought that we would have stayed inside the pethouse for a while longer, but she seemed to suggest otherwise. Breaking the rules after having broken the rules was probably not the best of ideas. One thing that worried me the most was that I probably could not say no to whatever plan she had crafted in her rabbit head. But she was my friend, and I would have to follow her.

"We are so going to get caught!"

"Shhh! Acca! Just stay in the shade."

"Trix! There is no shade here. It's an office hallway lit by ceiling neon lights. Why are you hugging the wall anyway? It doesn't make any difference."

"I'm a ninja!"

Accalia rolled her eyes at her friend's childish behavior while unable to comprehend what she was trying to achieve. Not only Trixie decided that we would all go on a risky excursion to the office floor, heading to an unknown destination, but on top of that, she forced Misti to wear the latex bunny costume, which was multiplying the risk level by a million. I was trailing at the back of the convoy next to Misti-bunny, holding her arm tightly not to lose her.

"Where are we going anyway? We are so not supposed to be wandering around on the office floors."

"Our access cards grant us access to the whole building, so technically we are allowed. But, anyway, it's late, and everybody went home already."

"True, but if everybody went home already, why are we here?"

"Aaaah! We are going to see Shane."

"Shane? But why? And he probably left the building already."

"Nah! I'm sure he is still here."

"How do you know that?"

"I just know, alright!"

"Sheesh... Relax. I'm just telling you that this is super weird."

"Ah! It's right there... Look!"

Right around the corner, a fancy reception desk with neat green plants separated us from two massive wooden doors, similar to the pethouse ones. A single one of these was probably worth more than my total net worth. Why were insurance companies making so much money? Shouldn't they return all that extra profit to their hard-working employees or something?

Fortunately, nobody was sitting at the reception desk, so we circled it and lined up in front of the massive doors.

"So? What now, Trix?"

"We break-in!"

"WHAT? What is this place anyway?"

"The CEO office. Mmmph!"

With all her might, Trixie turned the golden door handles and slowly pushed the doors open as if she was a superhero. Being this small had its disadvantages, but seeing her struggling was kind of entertaining. Interestingly enough, we had broken so many rules so far that this last-ditch effort didn't feel as dramatic as it should have been. Perhaps we could end up in jail for this, but somehow, even though Trixie was a nutcase, I trusted her very much.

When we entered the CEO's office, it was exactly like in a movie. The room was HUGE, and there was a big desk at the foot of a wall of windows.

"Is this... Shane's office?"

"Yup. Well, I think so. Where is he? Ah, over there, maybe."

Inside that giant office, there was also a big lounge room with big leather couches facing some oak shelving units full of books and a giant TV. So luxurious. Even the squishy carpet made me feel out of place.

We walked around the couches, and we finally found Shane, asleep on the couch, and in front of him on the coffee table, a half-emptied bottle of spirit. I wasn't an expert in interpersonal relationships, but to me, it looked like someone had medicated himself after an emotional altercation with a certain vocal bunny girl.

Trixie didn't care. She rushed to him and poked him randomly in the chest until he emerged from his slumber.

"Hey! Wake up! We need to talk!"

"Hmmm... Trixie? What the hell are you doing in my office? Oh my God! You took the rabbit out of the pethouse again!?"

"Come on! Sit up, Shane! We need to talk!"

"Aaaah! What do you want, now?"

"Just talk. Misti, sit on him!"

Misti jerked back, making her long ears bounce back and forth. She looked at Accalia and me, then back at Trixie. Was this why her friend had asked her to wear the bunny costume out of the blue? Was this the plan all along?

"Come on, Misti! That's your job! You are a café pet. Sit on his lap!"

"I don't want her to sit on me! Why would she do that anyway?"

Unfortunately for Shane, even though Misti was a bit shocked by this request, she was indeed a café pet, and sitting on people was something very natural to do. So she fast-walked to him and jumped on his lap, twisting mid-air so she could land her back against his chest. All he could do was open his arms, not to directly touch the rubber bunny that was trying to find the most comfortable position to sit.

"Aaaah! Get her off me! You know I'm not into this."

"No! You have to hug her."

"... Hug her... WHAT? Why? She is not my girlfriend."

"She is your comfort pet. Hug her. Then we'll talk."

"You are crazy, Trixie."

"Hug her!"

"No!"

"Hug her!"

"No!"

"Hug her!"

"Aaaah! Whatever... There. Happy?"

"Yes."

"What do you want from me, now?"

It was very impressive to me. Trixie was so bold and courageous. I would never have the necessary skills to break someone like she just did. When he finally wrapped his arms around

Misti-bunny, it really made me feel funny. That was how the pets got to me at first. They made me touch them and hug them until I let go of my fears.

But now, I was very curious to see where this unsolicited visit would go. So Trixie emptied her bag.

"So, I'm sorry we walked in the building with a giant rabbit earlier. We shouldn't have done it."

"Ah, it's okay. Just don't do it again. You didn't come here just to apologize, right?"

"No. I want you to talk to Lucy."

"That again? I told you! I tried all I could. There is so much I can do. It is what it is."

"No no no. Let me explain. See my three friends here? They don't know anything about you and Lucy. Only Vix and I know the full story."

"Well, it's our private life. I don't see why we should put it on display for everyone to see. You and Vix have been around us for a long time, so that's why you know more, and we appreciate your discretion."

"Nah, you are missing the point, Shane. When you showed up at the penthouse earlier, you scared my friends. If you had worked on your relationship with Lucy, it wouldn't have happened."

Shane hugged Misti-bunny just a bit more. What Trixie told him was indeed not what he had expected to hear.

"I... I did?"

"Yes! But that's not all. You are hurting Vix and I. Probably even more Vix because she is sensitive."

"I'm not hurting her... What are you saying! I'd never do such a thing."

"Yes, you do. I mean, not just you, but Lucy too. Vix and I are sick of keeping all those secrets from our friends, and we have a lot of friends. If you two were to fix your heads, we wouldn't have to carry that weight. But now, we are done with it."

Shane was now crushing Misti in his arms. He was now glad to feel her comforting presence.

I remember on Christmas day when Shane walked away without taking his ten thousand dollars picture with him. Vix had grabbed it from my hands between her two cushy paws and brought it back to him. From afar, I saw him talking to Vix lengthily while rubbing her arms, as if she was his daughter or something. It was unlikely that it was the case because Vix was in her early twenties and Shane looked mid-thirties, but I was really wondering who she was to him.

Clearly, when Trixie confronted him about how difficult it was for Vix to keep silent about everything related to the pethouse, I could read guilt on Shane's visage. It was my conviction that he never had any intention to hurt them, and hearing that he might have inadvertently done this was not a feeling he enjoyed. Good thing Misti was there to comfort him with her little rubber body. He would have to be careful not to crack one of her ribs, though.

"So, I would like you to man up, and once and for all have a good discussion with Lucy. I'm done with this. You two have to act like adults."

"I... I tried..."

"I know... but this time, tell her what I just told you. Then she will listen. We are worth gold to her. It should help you get to her and open an adult discussion."

"..."

"Alright, guys. Let's go back to the pethouse. We are done here."

Trixie walked around the couch and headed toward the exit. Acca and I, as puzzled as before, followed her obediently. Tonight, she was our leader. But then, as we were about to go through the door, Trixie turned around.

"Oh... Can I have my rabbit back? I mean... Misti is not off work often at the same time as me and..."

"Yes yes... You can have her back... You don't need to give me details, please!"

"Cool! Come, Misti! Now I'm in the mood to have wild pet sex."

"AAaarr! Trixie! I said I didn't want to hear those details! Get out of my office now!"

As Shane shook his head, Trixie's proposition had cheered Misti up, and she danced her way back to us before throwing herself in Trixie's arms.

Despite this incomprehensible drama, I was under the impression that we wouldn't sleep a lot tonight.

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