

“Stubbs & Airin Kick It”

The front door to the gang’s apartment slams. Inert looks up from *American Dad* and at Stubbs and Lucid who come back laughing and holding a box of pizza. Inert jumps up at the sight of the food.

“Whatchu got there?” Inert licks her lips.

“Pizza!” Stubbs says happily. “Want some?” but before Stubbs can even ask, Inert’s already inside the box and eating a slice of pepperoni pizza. Stubbs puts the box down after she grabs another slice and sits on the couch. Lucid joins him soon after. Inert, hungrily eating the slice of pizza, grabs a chair from the kitchen and places it around the TV table. She sits down munching on the food.

They sat there for a few seconds getting lost in the TV. Finally, Inert spoke up.

“That girl Airin, you know her?” Inert asked Stubbs her mouth full of food.

“Yeah, I met her earlier. I gave her your contact, is that cool?” Inert swallowed the pizza.

“Yeah, that’s cool. But she wants a delivery to her house and I don’t want her to see my face,” Inert scratched the back of her head. “Sooo, could you possibly make a run down the hall here and give her her dank? I’ll pay you five bucks.” She asks.

“Yo, I don’t want your fucking money,” Stubbs says sternly. Lucid and Inert both look at Stubbs questioningly. “Kidding,” he smiles. “But seriously; you can keep the five bucks. I’ll just go real quick,” he and Inert stand.

“Thanks, dude,” she says. She walks to her room and grabs a baggie filled with weed and a card attached to it. The bag looks to be about a quarter of an ounce. She walks out and hands the bag to Stubbs.

“What’s the note for?”

“For first time buyers, I always write a note saying thank you and whatnot for the person’s business,” Inert answers.

“True,” Stubbs walks towards the door. “I’ll be back soon. I’m probably going to chill with Airin for a little bit,”

“Use a condom,” Lucid cracks.

“Hah hah, *you’re* funny,” Stubbs opens the door and walks out. He starts walking down the right of the hall and towards Airin’s door.

Room 207, room 207, room 2—here it is.

Stubbs stands at a door that has the numbers 207 of it. He combs his hair back with his hand and sighs. He knocks on the door and waits.

He hears footsteps walking towards the door. The door finally opens and there stands Airin wearing grey jeans with a really small T-shirt on. You can clearly see her stomach; she has a green bellybutton piercing and a white belly aside from all her spots. She still has her fohawk spiked; her gauges and her snakebites in too. She looks extremely attractive. Stubbs tries to play it cool.

"Hey, Stubbs!" Airin smiles. Her white teeth shimmer.

"Hey, Airin! I just thought I'd stop by. I have something for you from Lucy,"

"Aw, hell yeah! Come on in!" Stubbs walked inside and into Airin's house. He was inside a large white living room with white carpet and a big flatscreen on the left of him. There's a door past the kitchen to his right that leads to the patio. To the left, there's a hallway that most likely leads to her room and bathroom. It looks kind of like Stubbs's apartment but a lot smaller and not as dark. Airin leaves her blinds up so the light can get through.

"This is a really nice place you got here," Stubbs says while looking around.

"Thank you! I try to keep it nice," Airin responds. "Take a seat at that couch over there, I'll be right back," Stubbs did as he was told.

Airin came back out and plops on the seat next to Stubbs. She handed him \$40 and Stubbs pulled out the bag with a note attached to it. He handed it to Airin.

"What's this note for?"

"Lucy gives notes to first-time buyers."

Airin reads aloud:

I hope you enjoy this, Airin. I appreciate our business. If there's ever a problem with your substance, you call me and let me know. I'll sort it out personally. Stay safe and stay high – Lucifer.

"Well that's nice of her!" Airin announces. She has a smile on her face. She looks at Stubbs. "You wanna smoke?" She holds the bag up. "I just picked up," she smiles again. Her canines are stunning.

"Yeah, bro, I'll match you," Stubbs offers.

"Sounds good! I'll be right back with the bong!" Airin gets up off the couch. Her hips and tail sway rhythmically as she pads into her room. She grabs a purple bong with a beaker bottom and two honeycombs. It's a nice one and a half foot bong. It looks kind of like Stubbs's but his is red and has three honeycombs and an umbrella; and the top part of the bong swirls around.

She walks out and towards the couch where Stubbs is.

Stubbs sights the piece. "That's a nice bong!" Stubbs exclaims.

"Thaaanks. I got it for my birthday!" She smiles again and places it on the table. She takes a seat.

"How old are you?" Stubbs asks.

"17! What about you?"

"16,"

"No way! You're very mature for your age!" Stubbs chuckles.

"Thanks, dude,"

"Well, after all: age is just a number, am I right?"

"I could not agree more," Stubbs grins. Airin pulls out her dank and starts loading it in a gram sized bowl. Stubbs takes out his Altoids can. "You wanna load it, or..."

"Yeah, that's cool! I like loading!" She says as she grinds the bud in her hands.

"Fasho," he hands the Altoids can filled with weed to Airin. "Load however much you want," he says.

"True," she grabs the can and sets it on the table. She continues to grind the weed. "You got a girlfriend, Stubbs?"

"Nah, I'm single," he answers. "What about you? You got some sugar in your life?"

"No, sir! I've been single for a little while now," She starts. "My boyfriend of two years cheated on me with a twink from Cali,"

"That's rough. I'm sorry to hear about that," Airin laughed.

"I'm more sorry for *him*! Faggot caught HIV with city-boy "Hollywood". Asshole got what was "coming" if you feel my drift.

"That was a little fucked up, dude. But I understand why you're angry," Airin sighed.

"You're right. That was kind of fucked. I'm just mad that he could just throw everything away in a single act of selfishness," Stubbs nodded his head. "I mean, if he was gay, why didn't he tell me sooner instead of making me waste my time expressing my love to him when *he* didn't even feel the same way!"

Stubbs felt sick.

"I feel you," he says. He tries changing the subject. "How long have you been smoking?" Airin finishes packing the bowl and places the bong on her knees. She puts her mouth on it and lights the bowl with a lighter. She inhales a decent hit then exhales a cloud of smoke. She coughs a little but she catches herself. She looks back at Stubbs and passes the bong to him.

"About two years," she answers. Stubbs lights the bong and hits it. He inhales a good while then raises his head and exhales an even whiter and bigger cloud of smoke than Airin's. "Nice," she says. "How about you?"

"Same. Two and half years," he passes the bong to Airin. They continue to smoke. They also continue their smalltalk. Once the bowl is about three hits left from cache, they start to feel pretty high.

"You feelin' it?" Airin asked.

"I feel somethin', young blood," Stubbs sniffs. His eyes feel heavy and he's content. He's unwind now and he's now able to say what's been bugging him this whole time. "Airin," he begins. "Can I just say that I think you are extremely attractive?" she blushes. "I'm not kidding, dude. You have *such* a nice body, your eyes and teeth are remarkable, your piercings are a huge plus, and your hair? Don't even get me started. You are honestly one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen, if I can just get that out there," Airin is more red than a stop sign.

"Dude, thank you so much. You don't know how much that means to me. I think you're a really rad guy. Your red and blue eyes are awesome. I love your attitude though, dude," Stubbs smiles. "Like, I honestly had no idea you were 16. I thought you were, like, 20. You're very mature and I feel really comfortable around you. Not to mention you're hot as fuck," Stubbs laughed.

"Thanks, dude. I had to say that. It was bugging me,"

"I'm glad you got it off your chest," she smiles. Stubbs smiles. They keep eye contact.

All of a sudden, Airin leans towards Stubbs and meets his lips. Stubbs backs up quickly.

"Whoa, whoa... Airin... You gotta know I'm not looking to be anything more than friends before we do this,"

"Dude, that's perfect. I'm just looking for some fun," She answers honestly. Stubbs is relieved. He doesn't want her having the wrong idea.

He places his hand on the back of Airin's neck and pushes her towards him. He licks her neck before placing his mouth on it and biting hard. Airin tenses up and moans with her teeth clenched.

"Do that again," she breathes in demand. So he bites again and she groans even louder this time.

Airin pulls Stubbs towards her and they fall back on the couch; enjoying themselves as friends.

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"That was rad,"

"Dude... Yeah," Pause. "Can I smoke a cigarette in here?" Stubbs asks.

"No. Here; let's go to the patio," Airin offers. She gets up off Stubbs, off the couch, and starts to put her clothes back on. Stubbs sits up and does the same. Once they're decent, they walk towards the patio door and open it. A cold breeze hits them immediately and they are repelled from the door.

"I'll get some blankets," Airin scurries back and grabs two knitted blankets. She walks towards the door again hands Stubbs a blanket (his is red; Airin's is purple). They walk through the door and into the cold. They sit down in their seats and enjoy the view.

(The gangs' apartment, and Airin's as well, is behind a body of water. There isn't really a beach -- The sand, aside from its far length, is only four feet wide. There is a park behind the shore a few yards to the right from the apartment complex. That's where Relik goes to pick up his shrooms. There is only one road between the apartments and the shoreline. That road leads deeper into the city. There are buildings on the other side of that road but they're small, private owned companies.)

Airin and Stubbs look from the patio. It faces the water, the road and a building right in front of them, but it's small enough to see over. They can see people on the streets walking; people on the shoreline walking their dogs.

Stubbs reaches in his pocket and finds a pack of Marlboro: Reds (Special Blend) and lights up a cigarette. He holds his pack out for Airin offering her one if she would like it; his lungs full of toxic smoke.

"Nah, I'm good," she responds. Stubbs's hand retreats back into his pocket and places his pack back in place. He smokes the cig and watches from the view.

"That's good you don't smoke cigs," he starts.

"Yeah, I never got into them. I only smoke dank,"

"That's good. Only stick to dank. Cigs kill,"

"Says the guy who's smoking a cig," Airin grins. Stubbs chuckles.

"I know, I know. I'm a hypocrite when it comes to cigs. I know they're bad for you, and I know how risky it is. It's gross too. I don't know why I keep doing it," he looks at the cigarette in his hand. "I keep telling myself 'I'll quit eventually' but will I? I say, 'I'll enjoy it while I'm young; I'll quit when I get to about 25,' but what's stopping me from quitting now?" He smokes the cigarette. "I guess I'm just as prone to addiction as everybody else,"

"That's deep, dude," Airin says respectfully. "I wish you luck. It would suck to hear you got cancer from a bad habit,"

"It would suck to hear you got cancer period,"

"That's true," They sit on the patio and stare out into the street. There are people in a bookstore not too far from the apartments. That's where Stubbs and Relik get all their books. There's a small organic grocery store to the right of the bookstore; people in the windows shopping and picking out fruits. The next store is an almost empty Starbucks. There are people inside on their laptops and drinking coffee. The last store is a knitting store called "Cool Wool." That's where Inert "secretly" gets her wool and stuff to knit beanies and sweaters for the rest of the gang on Christmas (as well as whenever she feels the need to knit. It's one of her secrets the gang keeps to themselves).

Everything looks almost broken down. It's an old neighborhood they live in in the outskirts of the city. There is graffiti on the walls of some buildings but it's not gang graffiti; it's poetry and some graffiti art. There are some posters on the walls of gigs that people are attending.

There is one man and his dog sitting outside of the grocery store. It's the homeless man "Patches;" an old veteran bat wearing an eye patch. He wears blue jeans with brown and tan patches on them he stitches up with the string in the wool shop. He's wearing a thick striped blue and yellow sweater with ripped red high top Converse. He's a nostalgic, blood thirsty (literally), creature. He drinks a lot and takes pills. He lives in the alleyway between the bookstore and the organic store in a big box. If you ever see him, he is usually high off those pressurized air cans. His dog is a German Sheppard.

"You know him?" Stubbs pointed to Patches.

"No. I've always seen him around though," Airin responded.

"His name's Patches," he announces. "He's alright," Stubbs puffs on the cigarette.

Time passes as the two cats watch from the patio, looking down towards the shore and the tides lightly coming in, rain easily tricking down from the cloudy skies. The sun's presence is missed, but the rain is looked upon. So much is enjoyed about Seattle's atmosphere, and it's hard to even care about the sun.

"Where are you from, Airin? Tell me about yourself," Stubbs inquires.

"Well!" She starts. "I was born in New York! I lived there ever since I was a kid. Born and raised!" she thinks. "I moved here recently. I was living with my boyfriend. He was an actor in lame horror movies. We got a lot of money and we were living happily in New York, until that incident happened and we separated,"

“Me and Pat, that’s his name, would go to malls and shop and shit. It was hella fun. We would crash peoples parties all the time. People were too chickenshit to say anything, it was great,”

“I love going shopping though. I shop whenever I can. I always get new merch. It’s rad. This shirt?” she points at her black shirt with three red B’s and a W and a weird logo. “Triple B W, dude,” she moves her fingers towards the shirt and back. “That’s where it’s at. Best rappers of all time!”

“I’ve heard of them! Weren’t they at that concert not too long ago? The one ri—”

“*Yeah!* That was them! Did you go? They were the shit!” Airin smiles and her eyes shine.

“I did! I went with my roommate Inert!”

Fuck! I shouldn’t have said that!

“That’s rad! They had a hella good show going on! It was crazy too! People being thrown everywhere, drugs galore, I saw people getting their ass kicked too!”

She doesn’t seem to care. She doesn’t know Inert’s Lucifer anyway.

“Yeah! I saw people getting ripped apart!”

“I knooow! Wasn’t it wild! Anyway, yeah, I’m a pretty big fan of 3xBW. I only got into it when I moved here though. I moved here from New York about a year ago. I’ve just been chilling around here for a while. I got inherited a lot of money from my dad’s passing. He was a really wealthy guy. I’m living off that now,”

“Right on. Sounds like not too bad of a life,”

“Yeah, it’s cool. What about you, Stubbs? What’s your deal?”

Stubbs scoffed and sighed at the same time. He shook his head. “I don’t have much of a story. I moved here from Arizona about two years ago. I always loved it here. Great place. I moved here with my friend Inert. She’s a deer. She helped me manage the place and get settled. I met Relik, my moth friend, at the bookstore right here,” he points at the store under them. “We were chilling for a while until he moved out of his parent’s home and into the apartment,”

“Then my old friend, Lucid, a gecko/lizard mix, moved from Utah to here. We were friends when I lived in Arizona. He visited me every now and then and we’d smoke. Then I moved here and we lost contact for a few months. He got a hold of me one day and told me we should move in together. I said, ‘I already got a place if you trynna move in,’ and he did. I live with my three best friends. They’re all pretty rad,”

"That's cool, dude! You should bring 'em over sometime! We'll all smoke!"

"That'd be cool, but Relik and Lucid don't smoke. Only me and Inert,"

"True. Well you guys are welcome to come by whenever! I'm usually always alone," she laughs lightly.

"I'll let them know that," Stubbs smiles. Airin smiles. Stubbs finished his cigarette a while ago.

He looks at his watch.

4:46.

"You hungry?" Airin asks. Stubbs thinks. He doesn't know if he should eat her food. But if she's offering it, then it must be cool. He takes a chance.

"Yeah, dude. If that's cool," he says politely.

"Of course it's cool! C'mon. Let's go inside," she stands as does Stubbs. They leave the blankets on the patio and walk back into the warm white apartment. Airin walks to the kitchen left of the patio door. She turns the lights on and puts on a white apron. Stubbs finds that kind of funny that she's using an apron. He doesn't see that very often.

He sits on the couch and waits patiently as Airin cooks. It smells bomb. Like macaroni and cheese. His mouth waters.

"You can smoke a bowl while you're waiting, dude! It's cool!" Stubbs thinks that's rad. He gets out his Altoids can and picks out weed. He grabs the bong sitting on the table. He packs the bowl. When it's ready, he takes out his lighter and lights the bowl. Smoke fills the glass tube. It's all white. He clears it and exhales coughing. He catches himself after a few seconds and lights it again. This continues until Airin is about finished with the food.

"Alright! Come and get it!" She says aloud. Stubbs takes the last hit before it caches. He gets up and walks towards the counter. There are chairs across it. It looks like a bar. He sits down and Airin puts a plate of macaroni and cheese with peas and hotdog slices in front of him.

"My parents would cook this for me! Same thing!" Stubbs announces.

"Mine did too! It's really good and really easy to make!" Stubbs takes a fork and begins to eat the food furiously. It tastes amazing. Just like Mom used to make. "How is it?" Airin asks.

"Hella," Stubbs responds with a mouth full of food. Airin laughs.

"Good!" Airin removes her apron and hangs it on the rack again. She sits down beside Stubbs and pulls out a pipe and her weed. She begins grinding up the dank and putting it in the pipe. Once she finished, she lights up. She takes a

big hit and exhales. Not a cough. Stubbs is thinking that he should go home soon. He looks at his watch.

5:07.

He finishes the food; his stomach is content.

"Hey, Airin,"

"Yeah?" she looks at Stubbs.

"I think I should get going,"

"Yeah, I got to go meet some friends at the mall at 5:45," She gets up as does Stubbs. "It was rad chilling with you, dude!" they walk towards the front door.

"Yeah, it was fun!" Stubbs says. They reach the door.

"Bye, dude," Airin hugs Stubbs and Stubbs hugs back. In the middle of the hug, Airin bites into Stubbs shoulder.

"Ow! What was that for?" they break apart.

"Something to remember me by," Airin winks and pushes Stubbs playfully out the door. It slams and Stubbs is alone in the hallway.

Now what? Might as well go back home and smoke some dank.

He pads towards his apartment. Once he reaches it, he opens the door and walks inside. Lucid looks up from the couch and at Stubbs.

"How was it?"

"Hey, Stubbs!" Inert chimes from the beanbag across the room.

"Hey, Inert!" Stubbs walks around and to the couch beside Lucid.

Lucid grins. Stubbs looks at Lucid.

"It was nice, not gonna lie," Stubbs finally admits.

"That's good," Lucid nods. They both get lost in the television. Inert is on the bean bag by her room. She's on her phone. Relik is probably sleeping or he's out in the woods.

"What were you guys up too?"

"Inert just got done partying—Isn't that right Inert?"

"This game is so fucking fun! It's like *Scrabble* but I get to *choose* the letters! They even have a *tickle device* built in!"

Lucid shakes his head. "She's been texting on her phone for the past hour. She laughs every time her phone vibrates," Stubbs also shakes his head. A message tone rings. Inert bursts into giggles and hick-ups.

"What'd she smoke?"

"Some dabs. She had ecstasy too,"

"That's hilarious,"

“Yeah,” Lucid says. “Just let her be. I don’t want anything to happen; I’m trying to watch TV,”

“True. We’ll, I’m probably gonna go to bed. Today’s been a long day,”

“Alright. I’ll be here,” Stubbs gets up and walks past Inert and into his room. He plops on the bed and sighs a long sigh. He closes his eyes and soon falls into a deep sleep.