

Alice stepped through her front door and quickly closed it behind her, the thud masking the sound of something softly thumping against her hallway wall. Taking a deep breath, she lay her head back against the cold, hard wood behind her and closed her eyes, her shoulders heaving as she sighed heavily. This time, she heard a soft rustling ahead of her. The cat opened her emerald green eyes and fixed them on a red, helium filled balloon floating only a foot or two in front of her, still bobbing back and forth from her sigh. Her eyes narrowed to slits, noting the three other balloons floating alongside the first. Did Laura seriously not clean up after her party? *Again?*

Groaning in annoyance, Alice pushed herself away from the door and walked past the balloons, as she dug a hand into her jeans pocket. She'd just finished an eleven hour shift at the gas station where she worked, and she was in no mood to clean up after her irresponsible flatmate. She pulled out a fresh pack of cigarettes as she walked, passing the flat's small utility room. Alice knew better than to look in there, but even out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a mountain of dishes, cutlery and enough empty bottles to put an alcoholic to shame. It was also where Laura and her friends smoked weed, so that would explain the empty snack food packaging strewn all over the floor.

Frowning, the feline pulled a cigarette free of the pack, set it between her lips and then slipped the pack back into her jeans. She patted her pockets, feeling for her lighter as she pushed open the door leading into their living room, her eyes downcast. Something swayed into view suddenly, making Alice meep in alarm as she looked up. A blue balloon bopped against the unlit tip of her cigarette set between her lips, making her arch her neck backwards instinctively.

Growling, Alice batted the balloon aside roughly and lifted the cigarette clear of her muzzle with the other as she stepped into the living room. For a long moment, she stood just inside the doorway, her narrowed eyes panning from one side of the once spacious room to the other. Early morning sunlight shone in through the apartment's glass, balcony doors, spilling across an entertainment centre, whose xbox was still on but which seemed otherwise untouched. Then her eyes moved on to the table, which was piled high with plates of fast food, empty soda cans, cups stained with drink, an ashtray stuffed to the brink with cigarette butts, crisp and chocolate bar wrappers and bags still full of junk food.

Next was the coffee table, set beside the one comfortable couch in the apartment, which was in a similar state as the kitchen table. Except this one also included several dozen tobacco pouches of varying brands. Some of them looked empty, though others looked either full or at least half full. They sat in a pile near the

edge of the table, alongside several lighters and rolling papers. Alice couldn't see a single square inch of the coffee table's surface from where she stood. The kitchen itself, set opposite the balcony's doors, looked like it had been ransacked by a gang of thieves; overturned bottles still dripped alcohol into growing puddles on the floor, cabinet doors hung open alongside drawers, more ashtrays, dirty cups, plates and cutlery. Alice's long tail curled in anger.

Then there were the newest additions to the room. A pink, inflatable chair that Alice could only describe as a throne sat to one side of the balcony doors. It had a tall, comfortable looking seat cushion, broad arms complete with cup holders and a thick, ridged back that looked like it could easily support someone leaning back against it. It was also stained down one side by a dark, thin layer of liquid, though whether it was alcohol, coffee or something else, Alice had no intention of getting close enough to find out. She also thought she could make out some melted chocolate crusted to one of its arms, alongside one of the only semi- empty ashtrays in the apartment. That just reeked of Laura's incompetence. It had probably been a birthday present for her friend and despite its night long life, it already looked like it had been in a war between carelessness and gluttony.

What could only be another birthday gift for her flatmate lay on Alice's couch; a life sized, inflatable sex doll, obviously intended as a gag gift. It had been fashioned into the shape of a doberman, an image which instantly brought a scowl to Alice's lips. She'd dealt with their breed before, on more than one occasion, and had grown to dislike them. Not surprising, she knew, considering that she was a rather slim cat without any great athletic skills. Felines and canines had never had the best relationship where she'd grown up, unless the feline happened to have been great at sports. That was only the first reason she scowled, though. The second was the fact that this love doll came complete with a large, upright silicone dick, complete with a knot. There were gag gifts, Alice thought, and then there were gifts that screamed, 'Hey, can you fuck this?'

Groaning, she also noted that the doberman love doll had a noticeable, but slight burn across its muzzle, surrounded by ashes. Obviously, Laura hadn't been too careful with this gift either. It was stained across its stomach and again, Alice had no intention of finding out what it had been stained with. A glint caught her eye and she looked up, her eyes focusing on a large mylar balloon set next to the entertainment centre. Then, she thought as she heaved another sigh, there were the balloons. The one that had caught her eye was still spinning gently in the draft created by the door opening. It was square in shape, as tall as her torso and just as broad. Its mylar surface had a glossy black sheen to it, with the words, 'Happy Birthday Laura!' scrawled

across its surface in a reflective, elegant silver style. It turned slowly as she watched, a corner tapping against the entertainment centre almost soundlessly.

The helium filled, latex balloons dotted the room in clusters, all weighed down by brightly colored weights. Most of them were more light bulb shaped than actually round, which made Alice wonder how any of them had survived contact with her friends lethally sharp claws. *Maybe she just hadn't mauled them like she had everything else*, she thought in annoyance. Some had been tied to the backs of the chairs set around the table, others had been dropped in seemingly random places around the room, while still more had been gathered into the corners of the room. Other, smaller, air filled balloons had been strewn across the floor of the room, and Alice could clearly see the shredded remains of several that had probably been unlucky enough to get caught under the feet of her friends guests. Several more mylar balloons dotted the room, all of them glinting irritably in the sunlight as they turned this way and that. Squinting against them, Alice gave the room one last sweep and decided that she wasn't about to start cleaning up. Not after an eleven hour shift.

She lifted the cigarette to her lips and made her way over to the inflatable chair, stepping over a balloon along the way. Picking up the mostly empty ashtray resting on its arm, she walked back towards her couch. Weaving around the table carefully to avoid toppling its mountain of trash, the white furred cat flopped onto the couch with a heavy thump, landing beside the inflatable doberman sex toy. It had almost certainly been called a gag gift, but to Alice, it was just a sex toy. It might as well have just been a dildo. Patting her pockets, Alice felt her lighter in her jacket and quickly pulled it out. She'd been dying for a smoke since her last break almost four hours ago, and she wasn't about to let Laura's mess keep her from it any longer. Looking down her short, broad muzzle, she flicked the lighter into life and held it to the tip of her cigarette. She drew on it, watching the flame catch and dropped the lighter back into her jacket pocket.

Alice went to throw her feet up on the coffee table as she took her first real drag on her cigarette, then thought twice about it. With the cigarette's tip burning bright, smoke wafting from it, she instead leaned against the arm of the couch, hurriedly kicked off her shoes and curled her legs up alongside her. Resting her left elbow on the couch's arm, she lifted the cigarette clear of her muzzle and held it delicately to one side. Opening her muzzle, she inhaled the mouthful of smoke gathered there down into her lungs with a deep breath. Closing her eyes, she tilted her head to one side and exhaled a thick plume of smoke into the air over the coffee table. Her shoulders slumped with the exhale, her craving for her cigarette subsiding almost immediately as

her muscles finally relaxed. Alice opened her eyes and tried to stretch out her legs, starting as she felt her feet touch the inflatable sex doll.

Turning her head to look at it, Alice reached for the inflatable with her free hand. She was about to grab it by its waist when she realised that that would bring her hand uncomfortably close to its dick, and instead stretched further towards it so that she could grab it by its neck. Its thick, taut vinyl squeaked softly and slid free of her grasp, which irritated the cat even more, though she couldn't help noticing just how smooth and sturdy its skin felt. Even Laura, with her boundless energy and insatiable sexual appetite, would probably have a hard time bursting it, she thought. This time, Alice grabbed it harder, making sure she sank her claws into the inflatable to get a better grip on it. Their razor sharp tips indented its surface and this time, her grip held. She lifted it off the couch and tossed it over the coffee table, watching as it thumped against the apartments hardwood floor -- its dick wobbling obscenely.

Alice turned her head back towards her left hand so that she could take another drag, smoke curling from its tip as she drew the smoke into her mouth. She could almost feel the thick smoke flowing over her tongue as she stretched out her long legs on the couch. Lifting the cigarette clear and again holding it to one side, she drew the smoke down into her lungs, her ample chest rising as it filled her. Her shoulders fell heavily again as she exhaled a long, thin stream of smoke this time, focusing it into a plume off to one side. Despite the chaos around her, Alice felt herself relaxing utterly into the habit. If it were up to Laura, they'd live in a permanent party house, so she knew she'd still have to clean up after her friend, but that could wait. She groaned aloud, unable to help herself, as another one of the mylar balloons caught the sunlight and momentarily blinded her.

Alice ground her small fangs together, annoyed by the stupid decorations and shifted slightly in her seat, getting more comfortable. As she did so, she heard a soft scratching sound above her and glanced up to see three latex balloons floating just overhead. Looking up at them, Alice frowned thoughtfully. She'd have to wait for them to go down on their own before she could even throw them out, an added nuisance to her already aggravating responsibilities. As she watched, though, Alice saw the rising smoke from her cigarette flowing off the nearest balloons long neck and up over its bulbous head before dissipating. Or maybe she didn't have to wait, she thought somewhat acidly. She leaned forward to flick the excess ash off her cigarette into the ashtray she'd brought over and then turned back to the balloons overhead.

She lifted the cigarette and stretched her arm towards them, laying her ears back in readiness. The sex doll had taken a pretty bad burn, but she knew the balloons

wouldn't quite be up to the same level as it when it came to heat. Alice touched the burning tip of the cigarette to the closest balloon, and it burst with a surprisingly loud bang. The other two balloons were blown backwards by the blast, and Alice positioned the cigarette in the path of one so that when it swayed back towards her, it tapped against the smoking ember. It exploded promptly, and the third balloon jerked against its string. Quickly, Alice burst that one too with a sharp jab of her arm.

Returning the cigarette to her muzzle, she treated herself to another long, deep drag. The third was always the most satisfying, Alice thought as her eyes drifted closed, the smoke hitting her system almost immediately. Lifting the cigarette away from her muzzle, the cat allowed herself a second to swirl her tongue around her mouth, tasting the heavy smoke before she drew it down into her body. Holding the cigarette delicately to one side, Alice exhaled through her nose this time, sending two long streams of smoke billowing into the air. She'd always enjoyed doing that ever since she started smoking, but it did little to brighten her tired mood. Alice winced as the mylar balloon by the entertainment centre caught the sunlight, dragging her attention back to the fact that the xbox had been left on. Sighing, she heaved herself off the couch and again carefully circumnavigated the table. This time, she kicked one of the balloons on the ground as she passed, knocking it into the air. As it descended, it brushed against her shoulder, but Alice ignored it, letting it bob softly against the ground in her wake.

Stooping, Alice turned off the xbox with a soft 'ping'. Rising, she took another drag from her cigarette as her eyes focused on the huge, birthday balloon just beside the entertainment centre. Briefly, she wondered whether she should just jab it with her cigarette and be done with it, but she knew that Laura would probably be more upset by that than anything else. Besides, it was a pretty, sparkly balloon, and it looked like the kind that would definitely cost money to buy. Inhaling the smoke into her lungs, her lithe shoulders rising, Alice grabbed the balloons string in her free hand and lifted its weight off the ground. She exhaled a lungful of thick smoke over the balloons surface as she looked around the room, wondering where to leave it. Her smoke hit the balloon and flowed across its surface like water, coiling and wafting back on itself before it began to fade away into nothingness, but Alice hardly noticed.

Holding the string in her right hand, her cigarette in her left, Alice walked towards the kitchen, turning her head to one side as the balloon bopped against her cheek annoyingly. She resisted the urge to take another drag, knowing that it would probably be a very bad idea with the balloon that close to her face. She dropped the weight next to the kitchen table and watched the balloon bob after it before floating skywards again, tugging at its string. Whatever about the latex balloons, it still looked like she'd have to wait for the mylars to lose their buoyancy on their own before she could get rid of them.

Glancing down at her cigarette, Alice saw that there was only maybe two good drags left on it and flicked the excess ash into the nearest ashtray, regardless of the fact that it was already overflowing.

Taking another deep drag on it, Alice turned away from the table and bumped straight into another trio of balloons, these ones tied to the back of the chair. The cigarette already burning ember bright at the end of her muzzle, Alice jerked her head backwards. As she moved through, the balloons swayed towards her, drawn by the rush of air and one scraped against the side of her cigarette before she could lift it clear of her lips. She had a split second to lay back her ears before one exploded in her face.

She swatted the balloons aside with her free hand as she finished taking her drag and let her hand fall to her side, safely keeping her cigarette away from the other balloons. One of them drifted back towards her, and Alice spitefully blew a cloud of smoke over it. Then she lifted her cigarette and jabbed first one balloon and then the other with it, bursting both in a shower of ash, embers and shredded latex. Lifting it to her lips, she took a deep, final drag with obvious pleasure. As she drew her mouthful of smoke down into her lungs, Alice turned to regard four balloons tied to another, nearby chair. Closing her muzzle, she let the smoke sit in her lungs for a long moment before exhaling through her nostrils. Walking around a corner of the table, Alice poked one of the balloons with the remains of her cigarette, bursting it with a boom. Still holding the cigarette delicately between her two foremost fingers, she burst the remaining three one after the other.

Content, Alice turned away from the burst balloons hanging forlornly around the chairs and started back towards the couch and its waiting ashtray, smoke swirling from the spent cigarette in her hand. That should be enough for now, she thought to herself, her mind wandering towards her bed and the comforts of sleep. As she crossed the room, her right foot came down on one of the balloons littering the floor and slid clear with a loud squeak, almost tripping her. Looking down at the small, purple balloon through eyes slitted with anger, Alice growled deep in her throat, lifted her right leg and slammed her foot down on it as hard as she could. The balloon somehow held under the impact, its neck bulging outwards with a tight creak. Letting off the pressure slightly, Alice drove her foot down onto it again, harder this time. Still, the balloon refused to burst. Gritting her fangs now, she stomped on the balloon again and again, its neck snapping out and back in time with her impacts. Grinding her heel into it, making it squeak as it was scraped against the floorboards, Alice dropped to one knee and touched the tip of the cigarette to its long neck. It burst under her, at last, with a surprisingly soft pop.

Grunting, Alice stood and walked over to the table, where she stubbed out her cigarette in the ashtray. Noticing another small balloon almost hidden under the coffee table, the feline reached down and picked it up by its knot. Gripping the body of the balloon in her left hand, she let her claws bite into the latex surface to hold it in place as she stretched the knot with her other, creating a long, smooth neck. Without hesitating, Alice opened her muzzle as far as she could and chomped her jaws shut on the balloons exposed neck, bursting it with ease. Balling up the balloons remains, she tossed them onto the couch, where she could pick them up later.

Figuring it would only take a minute, *and* that it would be a good way to relieve some of her stress, Alice walked over to the kitchen in search of something she could use to burst the remaining balloons. Of course, Alice found the cutlery drawer empty, which annoyed her further, if only because she knew she should have expected it to be. She found a knife that looked like it had been used to cut pizza and picked it up delicately between her forefinger and thumb. Despite her flat mate, Alice had always been squeamish when it came to old food stuck to cutlery. Carefully, she rinsed the knife off as best she could under the water faucet and dried it using a few sheets of kitchen roll, which she then tossed in their relatively empty bin.

*Sure*, she thought in annoyance, *Laura could leave a mountain of rubbish lying all over the place but she couldn't throw any of it in the garbage. Again, just typical.* She set to work bursting the balloons scattered around the floor of the apartment with her knife. As soon as she stabbed one, the feline would scoop up its remains and throw them either into the bin or onto the couch, depending on which was closer. As she worked, she idly wondered if Laura would be mad that she'd burst all her balloons and quickly decided that she didn't care. She'd come home after an eleven hour shift to find their apartment looking like it had been abandoned after a violent robbery. A robbery where the thieves had taken the time to order in fast food.

She stepped lightly over Laura's inflatable doll and stooped to burst another balloon with a swift jab from the knife. Alice couldn't help but like how much quicker the knife was than her foot as she tossed the burst pieces onto the couch. At another time, when the apartment wasn't in such a mess and when she wasn't on the point of collapse from exhaustion, Alice might have actually enjoyed popping the balloons. The ones they'd filled with air had been a lot smaller than the helium filled ones, but there was also more of them. One sat alongside the inflatable throne, which from its position, Alice guessed had been used as a gaming seat, and she carefully nudged it away from it before she popped it. Setting a foot on a second balloon, she leaned over it and

poked it with the balloon, the knife easily bursting it. Another three pops quickly followed, before her eyes found a cluster of five, helium filled balloons floating nearby.

Gingerly, she poked at one with the knife, but instead of bursting to make her life a little easier, it simply swayed backwards. She tried again, this time stabbing at it harder with the knife, but the balloon refused to pop. Frowning in annoyance, she grabbed the knot of the nearest balloon in her left hand and pressed it against the nearest wall, holding it in place. Lifting the knife, she pressed its point into the balloons tight skin, careful not to put too much pressure on it in case it burst and the blade hit the wall. Amazingly, the latex indented under the slight pressure instead of popping, the balloon groaning as it was caught between the blade and the wall. Still frowning, Alice slid the knife's edge deeper into the balloon and was rewarded by it exploding into a million pieces.

Knowing that there had to be an easier and quicker way to finish off the balloons without risking the wall, Alice tossed the knife onto the couch and dug her hand into her jacket pocket. Pulling out her lighter, the cat grabbed the string of the nearest balloon and pulled it close. Alice flicked an ear irritably as the blue sphere bopped against her nose. Lifting the lighter alongside the balloons already long neck, she flicked it to life and watched, momentarily mesmerised, as the flame was reflected in its surface. Then, blinking, she laid back her ears and moved the flame up to touch the latex. The balloon held for a surprising second before bursting with a bang, blowing out the flame. She grabbed the knot of the next balloon in line, a lime green one and held it steady as she lit the lighter again. Quickly, she moved the flame up to the balloons neck and pressed it against the latex decoration. Another boom and another balloon burst.

Alice plucked the third balloon out of the air and again, the lighter's flame did its work. Picking up the burst balloon pieces, she dropped them in the growing pile on the couch and plucked back up her knife to finish off her work on the balloons resting on the ground. Already, their numbers had been thinned drastically, and Alice was eager to see the job finished. After only another minute, she'd burst the last of the balloons on the ground and dumped their remains on the couch. As she did so, her green eyes returned to the pile of tobacco pouches resting on the coffee table's surface next to a plate bearing the remains of a pizza. Curious, Alice returned the knife to the kitchen and then slumped back into her couch with a relaxed sigh.

Sitting up, she leaned forward over the table and scanned her eyes over the gathered tobacco pouches; Golden Virginia, Samson, Cutters Choice, Amber Leaf and even a Clan pouch, which Alice found odd since that was a pipe tobacco. Laura probably used it in her hookah pipe, Alice figured. Reaching out, the cat slid aside a

plate, giving her a better view of the pouches on display. It was pretty easy to tell which ones Laura had used by the claw indentations and ragged edges on them, probably from where her friend had chewed them absently while waiting for their food to arrive. As she'd noted before, several of them looked like they'd been thoroughly emptied before they were dumped on the table. One or two, though, looked like they still had something left in them.

Reaching out, Alice felt the first Golden Virginia tobacco pouch, discounting the Amber Leaf and Cutters Choice pouches since she already knew she didn't like those brands. She felt some tobacco through the laminated pouch and scooped it up. Opening its outer flap, she quickly slit open its ziploc seal with a practiced claw. The scent of tobacco reached her small nose as Alice pulled open the pouch and looked inside. There was about a quarter of the pouch left; more than enough for her to be able to roll her own cigarette. She had almost an entire ready made pack in her pocket, but Alice figured that she might as well get something out of the mess she'd found when she got home. That was coupled with the fact that cigarettes or tobacco pouches left unattended in their apartment had always been fair game to anyone who wanted them.

Resealing the pouch deftly, Alice slipped it into her jacket pocket, alongside a set of rolling papers. As she was about to rise, the white feline spotted a thick looking Golden Virginia pouch and quickly picked it up. Even just feeling how heavy it was in her palm, she could tell that the pouch was at least three quarters full. Shrugging, she stood and slipped that pouch into her jeans pocket as well, just for safe keeping. Returning her attention to the room, even as she felt herself drooping towards exhaustion again, Alice spotted a few last helium filled balloons weighed down in one corner of the room. She'd already burst every last balloon she'd found on the ground and most of the other helium filled ones. She had also left the mylars in peace, besides nudging one or two aside during her balloon massacre. Groaning tiredly, she trudged across the room to the last remaining balloons, the pouch in her pocket crinkling against her thigh softly. She batted the nearest, pink balloon begrudgingly. Her anger and frustration had ebbed away, leaving her feeling just tired and in desperate need of sleep.

As the balloon swayed back towards her, Alice clapped it between her hands roughly. The squeak it emitted as it tightened under her grip reminded the cat to lay back her ears a second before she angled her razor sharp claws into its surface. They indented the thick latex, making its neck bulge downwards under the pressure. Seeing an opportunity to end the balloon with as little effort as possible, Alice quickly turned it upside down in her hands, keeping the pressure on so that the neck extended up towards her face. Just as obscene as the sex doll, when you look at it from a certain

angle, she took a moment to muse as she looked down at it. Opening her mouth slowly, since doing anything fast probably would have taken way too much effort, Alice leaned down and bit into its neck as hard as she could.

Her fangs slid across its smooth latex with a wet squeak, unable to get a grip on the taut latex. Resisting the urge to sigh, Alice opened her mouth as wide as she could and bit at it again, determined to fit at least some of the balloons neck into her muzzle. This time, her fangs actually bit into the latex, though the balloon didn't burst even under this added pressure. Growling in annoyance at this unpleasant surprise, Alice gnashed her teeth into the latex caught between her jaws with a series of sharp, wet squeaks as she pressed in on it from either side with her hands. The balloon creaked ominously as it tightened in her grip and, with one final effort of her jaws, it exploded.

Annoyed, and in no mood to make that much of an effort with the rest of the balloons, Alice batted the next one to catch her eye into the wall in annoyance. Setting her jaw, she slashed at it with her claws, determined to burst it as quickly as possible. The green balloon bopped off the wall with a hollow thump and as it floated back towards her, Alice grabbed its knot in her left hand. Holding it down by her chest, she lifted her right hand with fingers splayed and set her claw tips against the tight latex. Looking down at the balloon, she gently indented its surface with the tips of her claws and then dragged them across its surface, leaving behind a row of grooves that were quickly filled by the latex. Perking up her ears, Alice did it again, listening as the balloon creaked under her claws. Laying back her ears, she dug her claws into it, pressing it against her chest. The slim cat jumped as it burst loudly, blowing the other balloons backwards around her as she dropped the tattered remains on the floor. At least it had been easier than the first one, she thought, that one had been freakishly strong.

Looking up, she squeaked in surprise as one of the others bopped softly against her muzzle. Narrowing her eyes, Alice snatched the balloons string out of the air and dragged it closer. Moving her hand up to grip its knot, she turned it upside down and smoothly set its bulbous head between her thighs. It was wider than she'd expected, but Alice still managed to clamp it between her legs. The balloon tightened quickly, its neck extending outwards as she put as much pressure on it as she could between her thighs. What little muscle she had tensed around the balloon, squashing it between her legs. Still holding the knot, Alice stretched out the balloons neck as far as she could, hoping that would help to burst it. When it didn't, she lifted her left hand and extended her forefinger. Unable to keep herself from grinning, the cat jabbed the balloons thick neck with her claw, making it explode between her thighs. Dropping the shredded knot, she looked up to see two balloons remaining; one a deep emerald green like her eyes,

the other sky blue. Two more, she thought, and then she could collapse gratefully into her bed.

Not wanting to waste any more time, Alice grabbed the blue balloon in both hands and squeezed. The latex creaked as it tightened in her grasp and she turned her head to one side, closing her eyes in preparation as she dug her claws into the balloon. It burst with a satisfying bang, and Alice dropped the tattered pieces. Her eyes focused on the final balloon, watching as the sunlight streaming through the balcony doors shone over its surface. Maybe she didn't *have* to burst all of them, Alice thought sluggishly. The green balloon matched her eyes, after all.

The white cat spent another minute gathering up all the piles of burst balloon pieces she'd left scattered around the room and dropped them in the garbage can. As she passed the coffee table on her way back to collect the lucky balloon she'd decided to keep, though, Alice's eyes roved over the remaining tobacco pouches resting there. Pausing mid-stride, she reached down and shuffled the pouches around, searching for another one with some tobacco left in it. Her hand came down on one and she felt some still left inside. Lifting the pouch, she turned it over in her hands, looking down at a lions head printed on its dark blue surface. Samson, she thought, frowning down at the tobacco pouch as she tried to remember if she'd ever tried it before. It looked more pristine than the others meaning that her flatmate hadn't gotten her claws into it yet. Unfolding it with a flick of her wrist, Alice lifted the pouch to the tip of her muzzle and inhaled its scent. The Samson tobacco had a strong, heady smell to it. Figuring it would do, the cat quickly folded it back up and set a corner between her fangs. Clamping them down on the soft, laminated plastic, she held it there as she walked over to the last surviving latex balloon left in the apartment. Catching up its string just a foot under the light bulb shaped balloon, Alice strolled slowly back over to the door she'd entered the room from and sluggishly pulled it open with a groan of annoyance.

She walked back down the apartment's narrow hallway again refusing to look into the kitchen as she passed, with the balloon bopping against her shoulder every step of the way. Alice nudged open the door leading to her bedroom with a foot and stepped into its warm, comforting darkness. When she'd begun to work the night shift, the first thing the feline had done was buy her room a set of thick, black curtains to keep out the daylight when she got home so that she could sleep in peace. When she'd moved in with Laura, she'd also downgraded from her four poster, king sized bed to a single mattress, though it was still piled high with luxuriously soft cushions. Besides her coveted bed, the room was sparsely furnished, with a chair in one corner and a dresser along another wall to hold all her clothes. A thick, oak wardrobe had also been manhandled into the room by some of Laura's more muscular friends and that was

where Alice kept most of her work clothes after they'd been ironed. The balloon swayed in front of her and tapped gently against the tobacco pouch in her jaws, reminding her that they were both still there.

Tossing the balloon aside, Alice leaned over the bed and opened her short muzzle, dropping the pouch onto its covers as she dug into her pockets. Her cigarettes, phone, keys and a lighter went on her nightstand, while the other two pouches and the rolling papers joined the first on the bed. Turning away from it, Alice pulled off her jacket and tossed it into the wash basket beside her dresser. Closing her eyes for a long moment, the cat ran her hands through the fur covering her head and let out a pent up sigh. Spurred on by the prospect of sleep, she unbuttoned her blue, employee's shirt and dragged it off over her head, leaving her chest covered by a black, lacey bra. Curling her tail in pleasure, Alice reached down and unbuttoned her jeans as well before she dragged off her belt and dropped it at the foot of her bed. Her jeans quickly followed, leaving her in just her bra and a matching, black thong. Turning towards the bed, Alice's eyes fixed on the tobacco pouches and she cocked her head to one side. She *did* want to know what Samson tasted like, but the effort of actually rolling a cigarette just then seemed like an impossible chore. Instead, the feline picked them up and set them next to her cigarettes on the nightstand, telling herself that she'd try one first thing in the morning. Or whenever she woke up, at least.

Growling in tired annoyance at the world, Alice threw back her covers and climbed lazily into bed. With an adoring purr of comfort, she dragged the blankets over her shoulders and sank into the welcoming embrace of her mattress. Opening her short muzzle, Alice yawned loudly, the sound ending in a soft squeak. She wasn't even sure when she'd closed her eyes, but before she knew it, the white furred cat had fallen into a deep, fitful sleep.

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