

Sex Talk

In the back of her mind, Katie hoped the pattering of rain would be joined by thunder. Sneeze, her boyfriend, was sitting on the couch an angle away from her, his trademark knit hat almost covering his eyes, headphones wrapped around his ears and nothing wrapped around his chest. The tiger was practicing his guitar and toying with foot pedals, probably thinking of new ideas for songs, and he hated to annoy her with his repetitive exercises. Katie's own work, bundles of chemistry tests in color-coordinated folders, was ignored as she watched Sneeze's fingers work the fretboard, his tail tapping a beat, head shaking gently, eyes nearly closed, face tight with concentration. Koopa, the dog, was snoozing on the couch next to him. Katie bit her lip. Thunder would make the scene perfect.

On cue, a flash lit up the room, followed by a hard crash of thunder. Katie's teeth pinched her lip tighter. Thunder had fascinated her for years, a sound created by the motion of charged particles bouncing off one another; it was ridiculous, defied sense.

It was a turbo switch inside her underpants.

Koopa's head jerked upward, gaining Sneeze's attention. He looked up at the flash, his eyes puzzled. "It's raining?" he asked, pulling off his headphones.

It had been raining steadily for the past hour, but Katie ignored his question. She shuffled her papers over and stood. "Hey bayyyy-by," she said, moving to him. In the few steps to the tiger, she made herself as sexy as possible, straightening up to the tip of her average stature, teasing her dirty-blonde hair, sucking in her stomach and pushing out her chest. She pulled the guitar from his hands and took them in her own. "I think you should play something different now."

Another flash, crash, rumble. Katie bit her lip again.

Sneeze scratched one black ear. "Yeah, I suppose I should get out my acoustic, what with that gig coming up."

Katie felt her nethers groan. "That's not what I meant," she said, attempting a sultry purr and slipping into his lap. Her arms wrapped around his neck, one hand pulling his hat back so she could see his eyes. Even bound in her clothes, Katie could feel the tiger's fur; thick and soft, deep enough to swallow her fingers and let them bask in the heat of his slightly pudgy body. Perfection.

Sneeze gave her a quizzical look. "Are you asking me to play Halo with you?"

Katie's face faltered as her genitals outright screamed. Perfect but for the fact he was a blithering idiot. "No," her voice was flat. She grabbed the sides of his striped face in both hands. "Let's have sex."

“Oh. Oh! Ohh . . .” Sneeze’s eyebrows wiggled and his hands reached around her waist. He reached up and gave her a warm, lingering kiss. Finally Katie’s sex drive began to feel appeased. Sneeze’s kisses moved down her chin and along her neck.

“Why didn’t you just say so?” he laughed. The sliver of annoyed sarcasm in her brain, *I did say so*, was pushed away as his kisses went lower, lips pressing to the cotton of her t-shirt as he moved down her chest. Simultaneously his hands worked along the edge of Katie’s shirt, calloused pads massaging the small of her back and lifting the fabric only just so.

Katie’s mouth fell open, a moan trapped in her throat. His touches were in the most familiar places but all of her nerves felt tied together with flimsy LEGO string, sensitive and fragile to so much as a breath. As his hands and lips moved along her chest and back, the strings of her nerves vibrated deeper into her and made her yearn for more; her vulva, her breasts, her nipples, her clitoris were begging, pleading, aching for the tiger to *get on with it*.

Crack, crash, rumble. The storm was *right* overhead. Katie’s moan finally escaped and she pulled Sneeze’s furry, slightly squishy body closer and clung to him as her body shivered. She pushed his head right into her B-cup breasts, inadvertently trapping the tiger. She only released him at his chuckle, letting him pull away and look at her with dull green eyes. She was his first, his *only*; she taught him everything he knew about intimacy, yet he could still reduce her to a quivering heap.

She couldn’t meet his gaze, blushing too furiously, and her eyes settled instead on the collar around his neck, the gold tag Sneeze wore on it. ‘Sneeze <3 Katie’ it said, three lines, her first Valentine’s gift to him, the culmination of his long years of lonely waiting until she finally *did* want him.

Frankly, it was cheesy as hell. But Sneeze loved it, and he loved her, and his whole body radiated with that awful smoochy love warmth; vexing and wonderful and infuriating and irresistible. She didn’t talk about how very, very much she had fallen in love with her not-so-secret admirer. Katie was never able to wrap her head around how she could stand it but right now she loved the feeling, and didn’t care if it was awful and cheesy – even though she couldn’t look Sneeze in the eye. So she just blushed.

“Well,” he said, “can’t keep m’Little Wing waiting.”

“Tch,” Katie said, if only to keep her throat from doing something worse, like saying *he* was the one keeping her waiting with his incredibly thick head. He stood and lifted her, bridal style, all in one motion. She gasped and scowled at him for surprising her. He chuckled again and kissed her forehead, and walked over to the bedroom.

“I love you baby,” he said. She held tighter. A blithering idiot, alright; *her* blithering idiot. And he was fantastic. And it was fantastic; if her nerves really *were* LEGO string then Sneeze was a master weaver, knowing exactly when and how to pull and relax, twist and straighten, until finally her muscles and nerves sighed with happy exhaustion and post-coital elation. So. Fantastic.

So very fantastic.

Really, very, so fantastic.

After the afterglow, when they had cuddled and whispered and other gush, a thought lingered at the back of Katie's mind. She didn't sleep, didn't feel the least bit tired. No, this thought wormed around Katie's mind no matter how hard she tried to push it away. So, with Sneeze still somewhat damp and wrapped around her she pulled her phone from the bedside table and texted their friend April.

"Hey wanna grab some lunch tomorrow?"

A minute or two passed. April worked as a cook in a bar-style restaurant; she ought to still be awake. The phone buzzed.

"Lunch may not be good how about coffee in the morning?"

"Cool :)"

That was odd, April wasn't much for mornings. Katie dismissed it and snuggled back into the tiger. April told her the name of the place, it sounded familiar but Katie didn't put too much thought into it. She let the rhythm of Sneeze's open-mouthed breathing put her to sleep.

Katie woke up before Sneeze (which was normal) and extricated herself (he was a heavy sleeper) to get ready. Before she left she pecked the tiger on the cheek with a whispered "I love you," then drove out to April's coffee shop.

Four-foot-high pine green letters reading "Earthy Bill's" immediately told Katie why the name was familiar; it was a rapidly-growing chain, and this franchise had opened just a few weeks ago. Sneeze's next gig – him playing on his own, without the band – was at this same place.

Katie caught up with April as she entered the door. Her best friend was a picture of beauty; sleek tan fur, large bright eyes, and a trim, healthy figure. She contrasted her traditional beauty by brushing the fur on her head inward into a mohawk and dying the tips red. "Hey," Katie said with a smile.

"Sup!" the fennec beamed at her, large ears perking up.

"Oh, not much," Katie said as they got in line. "Just wanted to talk, catch up."

April's tail switched side-to-side. "Oh, I'm the same old-same old." One ear twitched a wide arc.

"You seem jittery."

April shook her head. Quickly. "I feel fine."

"I can help who's next!"

The two walked up to the ferret at the register. "Hello April," he said with a smile. "Usual, or are you going to surprise me?"

"Uhh," April's cheeks tinged with color, "I'll just have a mocha. And she's with me."

"Medium coffee, please," Katie said.

The ferret, Weston according to the tag, turned and got Katie's cup. April handed him a gold card with "Earthy Bill's" emblazoned on it. "So," Katie said as they walked to a dispensary counter, "you're a regular."

"I like Earthy Bill's."

"You have a gold card. Doesn't that require like, spending two-hundred dollars or something?"

"It requires thirty stars. Purchases. Whatever."

"This place *just* opened, how have you come in here *thirty* times?"

April scowled at her as another barista called her name. Katie held up her hands.

"So, what did you want to talk about?" April asked as they took a table.

"Oh, nothing much –"

"Bull."

Katie pulled her mouth to one side.

"Well hello ladies!" A friendly, deep voice came from behind them.

"Max!"

"Hey!" April offered the tall, fit wolf a seat. He stood straight and was very handsome, with grey eyes that beamed with intelligence. To the dismay of many women, he had come out as gay in middle school. "How are you?"

Max didn't sit. "Pretty good, enjoying my Saturday morning. And you?"

"Katie has a problem."

"No I don't!"

"Well then let me get drink, fast as I can." Max scurried off to the counter. Katie scowled at the fennec.

"So . . ."

Katie gave up. "Well, last night, Sneeze and I –"

“Did you guys have a threesome?” April interrupted.

Katie’s voice caught. “Um . . . no, we, uh –”

“Oh my god, are you having an affair?”

“*What?! No!*”

“Oh.” April looked to the side, then back at Katie with an eyebrow raised. “Is *he* having an affair?”

“*No!* Nobody’s having an affair!”

“Well that was a surprise,” Max said, shaking his head.

“The affair?”

“There is no affair!”

“What? Who’s having an affair?”

“Not them,” April said, pointing to Katie.

“Will you –”

“Duh,” Max said, “Sneeze isn’t smart enough for infidelity.”

“Ain’t that the truth.”

“I’m right here,” Katie said, scowl deepening.

They both looked at her; Max took his seat. “Face it Katie, he’s *dumb*,” Max said. “I mean, he’s my best friend, I love the guy n’ all, but . . . *damn*.”

“Did I tell you he asked me if cheese was made from cheese sauce? He was serious,” April added.

“We all know he’s dumb,” Katie said.

“And yet you’re still sleeping with him,” Max said. He raised his cup to his muzzle with deliberate smoothness. Katie glowered.

“It’s actually pretty cute,” April said. “The whole . . . years of unrequited love angle –”

“It’s basically straight from a Disney movie,” Max said.

“Disney movies are cute.”

"Anyway," Katie said. She had come here needing April's help; how she and Sneeze's relationship began was old news. "Last night, Sneeze and I . . . we, uh . . . well yeah . . ."

"And it wasn't any good?" April asked.

"No, it –"

"He asked for anal?" Max said.

"No –"

"Premature?"

"Couldn't come?"

"Too rough?"

"Used a knuckle?"

"No," Katie silenced them. "He, uh . . . used a move . . . that I didn't teach him" Katie's voice trailed off. The other two looked at each other.

"Oookaay" Max said. "This is an issue because . . ."

Katie held out her hands. "So, *where'd* he get it from?"

April and Max sat back, faces in thought. "Huh," Max said. Realization breathed into them as they remembered Sneeze had never had another girlfriend.

"So he *is* having an affair," April said, not looking at either the wolf or human.

"*He is not having an affair*," Katie sneered. Then her face lightened. "Is he? No, of course not. But . . . that's ridiculous!"

April and Max looked at each other. Katie's arms flew out. "Where did it come from?!"

"Maybe he got it from porn?" Max said.

"That cat had better not be watching porn!"

"Well, he *is* a guy, I mean, a little wanky should be expected."

Katie glowered at the wolf. "No."

Max's grey eyes narrowed. "Why?" he asked slowly. He waited a beat then added, "How much are you giving him?"

"Hey, maybe he came up with it on the fly!" April said.

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe he just combined known moves into an unknown sequence, giving the *illusion* of a new move." She held up her hands and twiddled her fingers.

"Is he smart enough for that?" Max asked quietly.

"He *is* a musician," Katie said, "it would be just like improvising a solo!"

"Yes, but what are the odds of this same solo occurring," Max asked, "in the span of, say, a week?" The women ignored him.

"And that is something he would do!"

"He just played a solo!" April exclaimed.

"Two? Three?"

"He played a solo," Katie repeated and smiled.

"Except instead of the guitar it's on —"

"Yes Max we know." Katie's voice went flat again.

He hesitated. "*Your vag!*" Katie rolled her eyes.

"See," April said, "you got all worked up for nothing. Would you like a refill?" She pointed to Katie's cup.

"No thank you."

"You sure, I'll only be a moment." The fennec's bushy tail switched.

Katie gave her friend a sideways glance. "I'm fine."

"Okay," April held up her hands. Her ear twitched.

"I'm just gonna list some numbers and you tell me which is your favorite," Max said quickly, leaning into the table with one finger raised.

Katie sighed.

The three of them talked for a while more before deciding to go about their days; April had to get ready for a double shift and Max, who worked at the same school as Katie, had his own stack of tests that needed to be graded. Katie decided to run some errands.

She felt elated. *Why Sneeze* doing something new bothered her so much, she couldn't say. She *knew* he wasn't having an affair, he loved her too much and that was that. As for porn . . . frankly she didn't think he had the energy. But this solution made sense. Sneeze was an inventive lover, open to

trying new things and “perfecting” techniques. It was really quite reasonable. He just flipped some stuff around, transposed this, that or the other.

It made perfectly reasonable sense.

Reasonable, perfect sense.

She’d test it to be sure.

When Katie got home, Sneeze was playing his acoustic in a black polo with “Music Plaza” stitched in red on its breast and his knit cap obscuring his eyes. Koopa sat at his feet, enraptured by the music.

“Hey babe.”

“Hey Kitty,” Katie said, walking to him, “what time do you work?”

“Three to close,” he said, playing a flourish on his guitar. “And I have that acoustic gig tomorrow, don’t forget.”

“Right, should be fun.” Katie checked the time on her phone. Perfect.

“So, you don’t have to be at work for . . . a while.” She slipped on to the couch and leaned against him. She rested her chin on his shoulder.

His dull green eyes brightened. “No, but we’re getting a few new Les Pauls in today, and I was hoping to check ‘em out while they’re still fresh.”

Katie trailed a finger along his chest, enjoying the give of his flesh. “Mm,” she leaned into his ear and purred, “sounds nice . . .”

“Oh, it should be,” his voice bubbled and he turned to look her in the eye. “One of ‘em is a 1960 reissue – I prefer a ‘59 – but if the reviews are right it ought to play like *melted butter*. And I’m told the humbuckers on this . . .”

Katie didn’t have time for this.

She reached forward and kissed his flapping maw. Surprise easily melted into reciprocation. He gingerly put his guitar down, wrapped one arm around her waist. The other brushed her dirty-blond hair behind her ear, and then continued to gently stroke. Suddenly, this didn’t seem so forced. Still, Katie had a purpose. She broke the kiss and said, “So, you know that thing you did . . .”

“I put the plunger back under the sink this time,” the tiger said defensively.

Katie closed her eyes. “No, no, the thing from last night.” The look she gave him left little to the imagination. Still, he had to concentrate, ears lowering on his head. “The sex move?”

“Ohh, you mean the pushy-pully thing with the ah-ah-ah bit?”

Katie knit her eyebrows. “Uh . . . no . . . “

“The lefty-righty uh-uh-uh?”

“No . . . “

Sneeze pulled his mouth to one side of his muzzle and looked off to the side. Katie sighed. “It was kinda twisty-turny, uppy-downey —“

“With an mn-mn-mn?”

“Uh,” Katie thought a second. “Yeah, actually.” She surprised herself by agreeing.

“Mm, did you like it?”

“Oh, yes, *very* much.” Which was true, it was *amazing*. All the more reason to figure out where it came from.

“Would you like it again?”

Katie bit her lip. Heat burned up from her loins; when did *that* fire start? Her body urged her to move forward, press against Sneeze and drown in him, let the master weaver play with her threads again. *Dammit libido, this is not conducive to deductive reasoning!*

He pressed his lips to her. Reason and passion both flickered through her mind. He pulled her closer, into his thick fur and thin layer of yielding flesh. His tail worked its way over her back and the tip tickled her cheek. *Oh. Ooh.*

“Well, maybe tonight —“

What?

“—don’t have time right now; don’t want to . . . do things halfway.”

Oh no. Oh hell no.

She grabbed his head. “You have time.”

“Uh, well, I’d still have to shower —“

“You’ll wear that stink with *pride* if you have to,” Katie’s voice a growl.

“Uhh —“

Her lips attacked his and she pulled him on top of her. Koopa barked and trotted off, wanting no part of this. Through the side of Sneeze’s mouth, somehow, escaped a garbled but genuine “I love you Kate.”

Despite her unexpected desire, Katie tried her best to remain focused and logical. Between shaking so hard she nearly fell on the floor and gripping Sneeze's buttocks for leverage, she thought she recognized some of what he was doing from previous sessions. After screaming so loud the birds in the tree beside the window flew off, she realized parts of it were not transposed or modified, but utterly new. And, just before she pulled him tight to her with one arm clamped to the back of his head and the other squeezing the base of his tail and they tumbled together into an earth-shattering climax, when she looked up at him as sweat matted his fur and his mouth hung open and light hit him in all the right ways to make her realize how utterly beautiful he was, she came to the conclusion this was an original move she had no knowledge of. It could have ruined her orgasm.

It didn't, but it *could* have, and this left Katie very bitter.

Sneeze sat up, fur incredibly disheveled. "Woo," he breathed. "That was . . . "

That was incredible, you dirty scumbag ass.

He leaned back down and gently kissed her. *You are a massive jerkface.*

"Love you."

"I love you too." And she meant it, with all her heart, despite the profanities ripping across her mind.

"And I hate to hit it and quit it, but," he stood and looked over himself, "I'm . . . pretty dang wet." He stumbled toward the bathroom. When Katie heard the water running, she rummaged through her pants for her phone and hit speed-dial.

"Hello?" April's voice was crowded by background noise.

"He did it again."

"Huh?"

"Sneeze. He did the move."

"Move?"

"The sex move! The twisty-turny mn-mn-mn!"

"When?"

"Just now."

"Now?!"

"Now!"

April didn't say anything.

"It is definitely *not* a mashup of other stuff."

April was still silent. Finally, she replied, "It is *two-thirty in the afternoon*; jeez, how often *do* you do it?"

"It is—" Katie quickly checked the time on her phone, "*—two thirty-one* and that is not the point!"

"Dear god, you're still stewing in the juices, aren't you?"

"April!"

"I'm sorry, I've gotta call Max."

"*April!*" Katie checked the screen of the phone only to see the line was dead. "Ugh!"

"What's up?" Sneeze said, jolting Katie's attention from the phone and her cursing mind. He sat next to Katie's legs, naked and dripping. He quickly grabbed his shirt from the floor. She noticed he was even wetter than before.

"Oh, uh, April just called about a really good word I played on Words With Friends."

"Really?"

"Yeah." It was a flimsy lie. "Used an 'x.'"

"What was it?"

She blurted out the first word that came to her. "Extricate."

Sneeze nodded. "That is good." He finished dressing quickly, water drenching his clothing, kissed her, and ran out the door. "Bye Little Wing!"

Katie absently waved, too focused on "extricate's" nine letters and glad Sneeze wasn't too bright. She got a text from Max.

"I'm going to go with once a day ;) bow chicka wow wow"

Frowning, Katie redialed April. "Whaaat?" the fennec answered, "Some people spend their days working, not *boning* y'know."

"Where did this move come from?!" Katie was utterly vexed, she couldn't stand it. She still didn't believe it was an affair, but he had been single a long time, porn was a possibility. At this point it really didn't matter, it was enough she *didn't* know the answer.

"Hell if I know Katie. We'll meet up for coffee tomorrow, talk more then."

"Coffee?"

“Yes coffee, gotta problem with that?”

“No, it’s just . . . ”

There was a pause. “I *like* Earthy Bill’s. Go wipe Sneeze’s jizz off yourself.” And then the line went dead.

Katie filled the rest of her day by grading the tests. It was fairly dull for the most part; most of her students didn’t seem to grasp the concepts of the last few lessons. At least she figured out what to focus on this week.

When Sneeze came home they heated up some leftovers. Sneeze told her how his coworkers hated one of the CD’s in the work mix because it was “anti-music.” When Katie asked if it was da-da, Sneeze agreed that yes, it was most certainly crazy. She decided that was a good time to walk the dog.

They finished out the night with Katie reading a book (*Marie Antoinette, Serial Killer*) in the bedroom as Sneeze rehearsed in the living room. The warm sound of his acoustic guitar, matched with the gritty, unrefined honesty of his voice soothed her, helping her sleep. His strong arms helped too.

Sneeze worked the next morning, so Katie milled around the apartment. Oddly enough, April didn’t want to meet up until later in the afternoon, which seemed highly unreasonable for coffee, but Katie didn’t object. She needed April’s help with the sex move problem, which occasionally caused her to randomly spew curses at either the wall or Koopa. Whichever was closer.

When the time finally came, Katie hurried out the door and to the coffee shop. She was surprised at how crowded it was. April was already there, miraculously at an otherwise unoccupied table, sipping something froufy and expensive-looking from a straw. “Hey,” she said as Katie took a seat, “want something?”

“Nah, I can’t drink coffee in the afternoon.”

“Well, they have smoothies and stuff.” The fennec gestured at her drink. “These frappuccinos don’t even *have* caffeine, they’re like, twenty ounces of sugar.”

Katie looked her friend up and down. “That’s alright . . . ”

April’s shoulders slumped and her eyes quickly darted toward the counter and back. Katie looked and saw the same ferret who served them yesterday.

“Aa-ha!” Katie exclaimed, pointing at April. “That’s why you’re in here so much; you’re trying to flirt with ferret dude! Wesley, Watson –”

“Weston.”

“Weston!”

April blushed. “I will have you know the rewards program here is –”

"Fffflirting!"

April's ears swept back on her head. "*Fine*. The coffee's crap and over-priced, and I'm only here for the man-candy. Happy now?"

"We have got to stop meeting like this." They both turned to see Max. He took a chair with them. "What's this about man-candy? Don't stop on my account."

"What are you doing here?" Katie asked.

"Delicious man-candy, apparently," the wolf replied. "No, Sneeze invited me to the gig. I haven't seen him play solo in a long time, so he picked me up."

Katie gasped. "I completely forgot his gig was *here!*" The crowd should have been a hint. "*Oh no,*" she squeaked as she saw Sneeze wave at them.

"Hey Little Wing," Sneeze put his guitar case down near them and kissed her cheek. "Hey April! Are you here to see the show?"

"I'm here for *A* show," the fennec murmured before taking another sip.

"April's flirting with a barista," Katie said to Sneeze. She was irritated by the lack of discussion of his sexual knowledge and trying hard to hide it.

"The one at the register?" Max blurted out.

"Yes, the one at the register. So I have a thing for tall weasels who work around hot fluids and have an impeccable ass. Is that so wrong?" April's cheeks and ears were full of color.

"How can you tell he has a nice ass?" Sneeze asked. "The counter comes up to his ribs."

April shot him a look. "Instincts."

"And they are damn good instincts," Max said, mostly to himself, but everyone heard. His eyes shot open wide.

"Thank you Max," April said. "Sneeze, I don't expect –" She stopped dead when the wolf's words sank in and slowly looked at Max. "What did you say?"

Max's mouth fumbled. "These . . . are . . . nice seats," he said quietly. Katie burst loudly into laughter. Sneeze knit his eyebrows together.

"Max," April hissed, "*how* do you know about Weston's *ass*?!"

The wolf's eyes darted around and he played with his fingers. "Well . . . you see . . ."

April cried out and dropped her head on the table. "I'm confused," Sneeze whispered to Katie. She had stuffed a knuckle in her mouth to try to stifle her laughter.

“He used to work at Banera Bakery and I *love* me some broccoli cheddar soup and one day we just started talking and –“

“Why are the cute ones *always* gay?!”

“Who are we talking about?” Sneeze looked around the room.

“We don’t know he’s gay, he could be bi! I mean, I never really *asked* him –“

“Were you the first?” April asked, speaking into the table.

Max was taken aback. “Uh, I don’t –“

April looked over at him, lifting her head from the table. “Were. You. The first?”

Max hesitated. “You know that doesn’t prove anything!” April groaned and hit her head on the table again. The *thunk* could be heard over the crowd. “Hey, he knew the Uptown Swizzle and as far as I’m concerned that’s a straight person move.”

“Oh, everyone knows the Uptown Swizzle. It’s the Kevin Bacon of sex; you’re only five degrees away from it no matter what you’re doing.”

“Sneeze didn’t!”

“That doesn’t count . . . “

Sneeze nudged Katie with his elbow. “You *love* the Uptown Swizzle,” he purred into her ear with an eyebrow wiggle.

“What?” Katie looked at him. “I’ve never even heard –“ Realization hit her like a ton of bricks molded into a cannon ball and shot from a speeding truck. She stood and sharply pointed to Sneeze, then Max, then April. She inhaled a loud and dramatic lungful with each jerk of her arm. “You . . . you taught my boyfriend a sex move! *THE sex move!*!”

The other three looked at each other.

“Oh, Katie it’s not a thing,” April said.

“Yeah. I was playing a gig at the restaurant one night, Max was there –“

“We decided to grab a bite,” Max said, “after April’s shift. We were just talking –“

“And it sort of, came up,” Sneeze finished.

“My *vagina* came up?”

April tilted her head. “Well, when you say it *that* way –“

"Shut up!" The human pointed to Sneeze. "You were telling stories about my vag!" She shifted to April. "You were telling him what to do with my vag!" She turned to Max and hesitated. "You were *listening* about my vag!"

"I was not an active participant –"

"Ahh!!" Katie waved her finger. "I am so incredibly disgusted with you! I have been crawling up the *walls* with where you learned that!" Katie quickly ran through her long list of teenage dramas and novels for a precedent of who to be angriest with.

"If you wanted to know where I got it why didn't you just ask?" Sneeze asked, exasperated.

Katie began to say something but caught herself. Her face faltered and she sat back down. "I never did, did I?" April and Max looked at her, they both raised their eyebrows synchronously.

"If you don't want me to do the Swizzle anymore I won't, but –"

Katie held up her hand and silenced him. "I didn't say that."