

‘Horizon Village: Sparkling with Serenity!’

A sign beside the village states, a couple of furry creatures roaming throughout it: Socializing, admiring the environment, and even taking photos, too! A fair amount of houses lay throughout the village on the right and left side, a small bridge sitting in the middle. One of the houses is larger than the rest, containing a simple clock ticking at the top along with the double doors in front of it.

Sitting by the house lies three individuals: A black wolf, a tanuki, and the only human villager as far as one knows. The wolf wears a black shirt with blue shorts while the tanuki displays his brown uniform, looking professional in comparison. As for the human, he has a blonde hair with green eyes, wearing a white shirt with a heart symbol and blue pants. The trio are in the middle of a discourse, nods and hand gestures ensuing.

“What do you think we should do to improve the economy?” Greg the black wolf says, caressing his chin.

“Perhaps splitting the bill equally for each villager?” Maurice the human suggests, rubbing his blonde hair. “Could even motivate some of them to work extra hard at their task, if you think about it!”

The brown tanuki tilts his head, lowering his eyelids a little. “Hmm, unsure: The village is doing fine with the 1/3rd payment approach.”

“You think so?” Greg shrugs. “No offense, but I’ve seen a few villagers believing the system could be better. Even saw Mr. Resetti going on a complaining tirade over how little he got paid for his guarding post.”

Tom Nook contemplates briefly. “Hah, that’s fair. But to be honest, he always complains about even the slightest of details being off.”

Maurice shakes his head. “Yeah, but still: His complaints regarding money isn’t invalidated because of what he tends to do.”

“Hmm...” The three succumb in thoughts about the topic and—

SLAM!

They jump.

“What in the!?” Greg exclaims, all eyeing the source by Nook’s house: Two felines leap out of the house, one being yellow with an Egyptian themed outfit, the other being blue with a business suit. The former folds her arms, glaring at the trio while the latter trembles with tears in his eyes.

The wolf quirks his brow. “Is something the ma—”

The yellow feline, Ankha, points at Raymond. “THIS. **PEASANT!**” She stomps at the blue feline, causing him to flinch. “By the Gods, he’s one of the reasons why you imbeciles can’t do your job *right*.”

Maurice sighs. (Here we go again...)

Greg blinks. “Such as...?”

Ankha walks forward, glaring directly into the wolf’s blue eyes. “He couldn’t sew my night clothes...” Her head jolts around, shouting, “**PROPERLY!!!**”

"I-I'm sorry!" The blue cat snuffles, his lips quivering. "I...I just wasn't feeling well." He caresses his arm. "In truth, my mind has been thinking about the breakup. How much it hurts to have Marshal and I go our separate ways because he felt we're no longer clicking with each other, thinking that he's hurting me ov—"

"Blagh!" Ankha shakes her hand. "Hush: It's all but excuses to slack off."

The wolf lowers his brow as Raymond quivers further. "Hey now, that's not—"

Ankha lifts a finger. "Silence: My complaints aren't finished." Greg snarls quietly as Maurice shields his face, shaking his head. Tom Nook stares with utter confusion before Ankha continues, "You also can't scrub my windows, know the difference between Fish-o-Let and Fish-u-Let, get a request done and fast for the life of you, and just so many more I could *LIST* off but we'll be here forever if I did."

Maurice eyes the blue feline: Raymond shivering like crazy, tears wailing up. He looks back to Ankha, worried. "Um...Ank—"

Ankha glares at Raymond, her arms folding. "Perhaps that's why Marshal broke up with a useless servant. And *you're* supposed to be a businessmen, too?" Scoffs. "I pity your own row of peasants."

The cat stands there: Tears sliding down his cheeks, his mouth agapes. The man then cries loudly, running away. Ankha looks off, her chin lifting. Greg snarls, walking up to the yellow feline.

"HEY! You didn't have to hurt that poor fella's feelings."

Ankha opens one eye, her poker face ensues. "Peasants should perform their tasks properly. When they don't, what's their purpose?"

Greg quirks a brow. "What?"

Tom Nook scratches the side of his head. "Is there...*any* particular reason why you keep calling us 'peasants'?"

Ankha stares down at her nails. "Well you all do jobs here. *Why wouldn't I?*"

Nook tilts his head. "I...guess that makes sense?"

Greg shakes his head. "Nah, it's stupid." His hand gestures towards Ankha. "Don't validate her crappy mentality, Tom!"

The tanuki shakes his head, adjusting his tie. "Apologies."

The feline yawns, staring at a house with a rabbit symbol afar. "Now excuse me, I'll be off to Sasha's place to get my nails done." She struts over to the place, her eyes closing, her hips swaying.

Greg eyes the feline, shaking his head. "Ugh..." Groaning, he bawls a fist. "I'm so *sick* of Ankha's bullshit, man! What's her deal!?"

Tom lifts a finger. "She could be having a rough time and is struggling to convey it."

The wolf throws his hands up. "Cut the crap, Tommy: She's been like this for the past couple of weeks since she got here. All we've seen is her being a prick!" He looks over to Maurice. "Including him, which is surprising, honestly."

Maurice tilts his head. "Why's that?"

The wolf points. "You're the one that gave her a home to stay in. So it's confusing to why she's being rude to you."

The villager stares off. "I...have my reasons." He succumbs to quietness afterwards.

The wolf blinks briefly. "Huh...Alright then." Stretches. "I'll head back home. Got a paperwork to file for Tom here, anyways."

Tom nods, waving. "Feel free to hand it to me whenever you can."

Greg turns around, heading towards a bridge besides Nook's home. "Mhm, I gotcha." From there, Maurice and Nook go into their retrospective home.

Throughout the next couple of days, Ankha shows her usual rudeness towards the villagers: Telling Mabel and Sable to have better clothes at their clothing store, tossing a tissue on the ground in front of a sobbing Audie before stating it's her fault without knowing why she's crying, barging into a shouting match between her and Mr. Resetti about how he needs to construct somewhere else—all while Maurice and Greg watch on in embarrassment. Many more mean behaviors exude from the feline, even having a few villagers walking away from her as fast as they can. And then...

That day happens.

...

"No, I'm not doing that," Maurice says to Ankha: Both being inside of his house as he holds a bowl pertaining a goldfish. Greg is besides the duo, shielding his face.

Ankha rolls her eyes. "Yes, Maurice: You are." Eyeing her black nails, the feline huffs. "Toss that goldfish back into the lake. It's not hard."

"Why would you want that?" Maurice asks, clenching his bowl.

"The fish looks poor: It's making our home feel like a peasant's, which I don't want."

"There she goes with that 'peasant' crap..." Greg murmurs within his hands, grumbling.

Maurice shakes his head, perplexed. "I'm not doing that, still. Sorry."

"Maurice. Listen: I love what you do for me. Genuinely." Ankha clasps her hands. "So I expected you to pay that same respect towards me."

"But it doesn't have to involve my fish being thrown away!"

"Oh it does!" Glares. "The refusal of this simple request shows the ungratefulness you've bestowed me!" Ankha snarls, her arms folding.

Maurice whimpers. "But Ankha: I've grown attached to this fish ever since I've caught it! I waited hours upon hours to catch one, so that's why it's really special to me."

Greg trembles.

"So you ditched our bonds for a mere fish now?" Ankha sighs, her head shaking. "Is that's it?"

Greg trembles further.

"What!? No no, that's not at *all* what I'm implying and you know it!"

Greg trembles *even* further, borderline feeling as though steam is oozing out of his ears.

"Then do as I asked: Throw. The. Fish. Away."

The wolf stomps his foot down, growling at Ankha. "**HOLY FUCKING SHIT, THAT'S IT: I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* OF YOUR BULLSHIT!**"

Ankha stumbles back, hand to chest. She snarls. "How dare—"

"Shut the fuck up right now, you pretentious asshole!" Greg points. "You've done nothing but cause drama and headbutts toward everyone here: The many times you kept jabbing at my appearance, how you made Raymond cry by telling him he deserved the breakup, the general insults you've given to Mabel and Sable's clothing store, and overall being the worst person I've ever met!" The wolf snarls. "You've done nothing but hinder others well-being, your friend included! You're telling him to *throw out his treasured GOLDFISH!* And for WHAT? To have the house look 'high' and 'mighty'!?"

Maurice yelps. "Now now, let's not try to—"

Greg glares at the human. "NO! I'm *tired* of her ass constantly being this uptight towards everyone she meets! She needs a *good* lesson in common sense, straight up!"

The feline gasps, about to raise her maw until—

"The village was actually fine without you." Greg folds his arms, glaring at Ankha. "Honestly."

The yellow cat gasps once more, her eyes widening.

"Greg!" Maurice shouts, misery spreading across him.

"I...I—" tears begin to wail up, the feline sniffing, her teeth gnashes. "Excuse me." She runs off to her bedroom, shutting the door afterwards. An audible cry can be heard.

Maurice stares in distress, shaking. Greg huffs, shaking his head.

"Greg..." The human eyes the wolf. "Y-You didn't have to go *that* far!"

The wolf closes his eyes, sighing. "Fuck her, Maurice: She's been a thorn ever since she got here. For literally no reason!" He glances at the villager. "Can you *blame* me for being so rough on her?"

Maurice eyes his goldfish bowl, slumping. "...Not really, no." Tears start forming.

"So it begs the question," Greg taps his arm while Maurice puts the bowl on the counter beside him. "Why put up with this crap? Why keep enduring Ankha's shit knowing she's like this? Does she even *care* about you, dude?"

"She..." Maurice mumbles.

Greg quirks his brow. "She what?"

The human turns around, tears raining down his cheeks. "She does care! She saved my life from a near death experience by the waterfall!"

The wolf is taken back by this. "Wait, what?"

The villager gazes at his hand. "Yeah: I put up with the rude behavior for the sole fact that I owe her my life, granting her a chance to stay here when she was otherwise homeless."

"I—" Greg stumbles for a moment. "I didn't know that, Maurice." His head shakes, a frown returning. "But it doesn't excuse the crap she's done, though! You should know that!"

Maurice caresses his bowl, sniffing. "And so does she."

"What? So if she's aware, then why—"

"She struggles to admit her true feelings to others, secretly wanting to be everyone's friend. But doesn't want to outright state it because she felt it'll make her appear 'weak,'" Maurice explains, gripping the bowl's edge. "I tried telling her that kind of mentality will only cause others to not like her, even doing my best to support her." Twirling a finger around the bowl, he sighs. "The rude stuff she said: The bowl, the hurtful feelings she said to Raymond—it was all her own way of conveying that she likes us."

"That's...so confusing and backwards." Greg scratches the side of his head. "Especially after she straight up told you to toss your fish away!"

The human nods. "Yeah." Whimpers. "And now, my effort of aiding her doesn't seem to help all that much."

"Hmm..." Greg sighs. "Regardless, I wish all of this was handled well. I genuinely *tried* to get along with her, but couldn't because of the way she's been acting, dude."

"I know..." Maurice slumps once more. "I'm sorry about *all* of this."

"Man...It's ashamed too because I like—" Greg pauses, scratching the side of his snout while staring off. "Nevermind."

"..."

"..."

A brief moment of silence is exchanged, both giving each other melancholic looks.

"...I'll, uh," Greg stares off. "Go stop by Isabelle's house to gather some bells." Nods. "I'll give you and Ankha some space."

Maurice sighs, staring down. "That's for the best, yeah..."

...

Nighttime arrives: The moon casting its light upon the Horizon Village. There's barely anyone roaming around at night, only displaying a hippo villager playing their harmonica by the bridge.

Inside Maurice's house, Ankha weeps into her pillow at her room, sniffing. "I—" sniffles once more. "I didn't anticipate things to get this worse. I can't believe I've been so rude to everyone here for so long, including Maurice himself!"

Ankha shuffles around in bed, whining. "I'm awful: A disgrace to this village. I'm..." She whimpers. "I'm a stupid jerk! A jerk who struggles to tell others how she really feels and just...hide it using the worst technique possible." Soon, she falls into silence: Her face remaining buried within the pillow.

Ankha gazes out of the window, staring directly at the full moon. "I—" she contemplates for a moment. "...I think I know what I'll have to do."

...

During the next day, Greg roams around the fairly lively Horizon Village: Staring at his phone displaying K.K. Rider performing his recent concert. The wolf bops his head to the enthusiastic tune Rider plays, licking his ice cream.

"Man I swear he knows how to work that guitar in unique ways." He smiles. "He's amazing."

"Ankha, please don't do this!" Maurice's voice shouts, catching the wolf's attention.

"Hmm?" Greg heads over to Maurice's location: Seeing Ankha having her belongings in hand while by the villager's front door, the human standing in front with stress. Greg walks forward. "What's happening here?"

Ankha sighs, staring down. "...I'm leaving Horizon Village."

Greg leaps back. "What!?"

"I've been a nuisance—a disgrace to everyone here. And I regret all of it." The feline whimpers. "I wish I was honest: About wanting to befriend everyone, thanking them for their efforts, and just...wanting to talk to them." Sniffing, she gazes at Greg and Maurice. "You two included."

She wipes a tear, staring directly at Maurice. "I'm...sorry about telling you to throw away your fish." Her ears lower. "I just wanted your attention, knowing your constant business with Nook's taxes."

"I-I—" Maurice sniffles, tears climbing. "It's okay! I forgive you, Ankha! You know I always do despite the times you've genuinely angered me!"

"Which I appreciate." Ankha whimpers. "But clearly I didn't appreciate it enough..."

"Look, Ankha: We can fix this! I can help you become a better person, alright? Just please don't leave!" he pleads once more.

Greg bites his lower lip, shaking. "I—" whimpers. "Shit, I'm with him on this: I'm sorry for the outburst I gave you! Hell, I'm even sorry for saying that incredibly harsh stuff about the village being fine without you!"

The yellow feline shakes her head. "No no...You are right. I went too far despite how I really feel. You don't need to apologize, Greg."

The black wolf tears up, his heart beating with panic. "Ankha..."

Maurice holds his hands together, bringing it back and forth. "Pal, please don't do this!"

Ankha grits her teeth, more tears streaming down that borderline messed with her eyeliners. She grips her luggage. "Thank you for all you've done to help, Maurice. You've tried, but ultimately...I failed you and everyone else..." She takes a deep breath, closing her eyes before exhaling. "Goodbye."

(No!) Greg trembles. (No no no no NO! I...I haven't even—) Ankha moves out of Maurice's way, readying to leave the porch. Greg clenches his fists. (**Screw it!**) He gets in front of the feline and kisses her.

"Hmm!?" The feline's eyes widen, gazing at the wolf. Maurice stares in shock, raising his brow.

"Huh???"

The black wolf pulls back: He and Ankha blushing. "I—" he shivers, caressing his arm. "I like you Ankha, okay!? I...I like you a lot!" His ears lower. "Could possibly even be in love with you. I-I'm not sure, yet."

Ankha backs up: Hand to chest, blinking in perplexion. "I...What?" She tilts her head. "Why? Despite how poorly I've treated you along with the others, you...love me anyways?"

"Yes. Maybe. I—" Greg sighs. "Sure, you've pissed me off to the absolute *high* with your mistreatment towards others, myself included. But—" his hand lays on his chest. "There...was a small part of me that loves you. Even from the moment we first met and I've gotten to talk to you a few times *before* the rudeness." He strokes. "Something in me thinks that there was a sliver of hope for you, that you were just misunderstood all along."

He eyes Ankha, staring in melancholy. "And that gut feeling was right."

Ankha blinks, her maw agaping at the knowledge she received. She tries to say something a few times, but couldn't express it in proper words. She looks up the wolf's appearance: Admiring his fairly muscular physique, gazing at the pecs behind his shirt along with the built biceps.

The feline looks away, brushing her hair. "...Admittedly: I like you a lot, too." Shrugs. "I'm not sure about the 'love' part, but...still."

Greg quirks his brow: Giving Ankha a similar exchange, gazing upon her voluptuous assets and big tits shielding behind her Egyptian attire. He smirks. "That explains why you were really mean to me compared to everyone else, huh~?"

Ankha giggles. “Guilty as charged~” She leans close, her lips nearing Greg’s. The two waste zero time kissing each other again, Ankha dropping her belongings to caress Greg’s cheeks. “Mmf.”

“Mmf...” Greg picks her up, the two having their eyes closed in bliss. Maurice watches on in bewilderment, his hand to his chin.

(Wow...Never knew the two felt this way about each other,) he thinks.

Ankha then eyes the human, pulling back from the kiss. “Maurice: You don’t mind if Greg and I have some...*alone* time in my room?”

The villager blushes deeply. “U-Um, yes? It’s your room, after all! I don’t know why you have to a-ask me, haha.”

Ankha purrs. “Fair enough.” Her tail wags, gazing into Greg with temptation. “Let’s head on in, dear...”

As the two enter inside, Maurice eyes down at the luggage on the ground, standing beside them. (I’ll watch her stuff as she...) Blushes once more. (P-Proceed with *that* business of hers’.)

...

BURST!

The bedroom door flings open: Greg closing it while the duo makeouts vigorously. Once he puts Ankha down, they strip each other down from their clothes, tossing aside any panties and shirts and skirts. Greg’s abs and big cock thrive in enthusiasm while Ankha’s big tits and wide hips bounce in excitement—the two kisses proceeding.

Their tongues tangling, their bodies nudging—Ankha lifts her leg slightly while Greg grabs it, her pussy pressing against his dick. “Mmmm~” The two simply moan, Ankha’s tits rubbing up on the wolf’s chest. Soon, Greg pins her on the bed: His dick trembling against her pussy, the wolf licking the feline’s tit, cupping the other.

“Nggh...Ah.” Ankha huffs, biting her lower lip and gazing down at the dick teasing her cooch. “Just, mmm, put it in already!” Greg wastes no time shoving that fat humanoid rod into her: A happy moan echoing out of her, feeling the shaft already going to town. “Ah! Yes!”

Greg pummels her in missionary, stroking the bedsheets while Ankha grips the back of his head, moans echoing between them. Greg blushes, panting. “I, mmm, can’t believe this is happening!”

Ankha mewls, her legs spreading. “Same, ngh!” Her tits jiggle and jiggle, moans ushering along the way. “We were just, mmm, at each other’s necks the previous times, too!”

“And here we are: Having sex with each other, mmm.” His balls hammer the feline’s behind, the wolf moaning and grunting. “Irony, isn’t it?”

Ankha giggles. “Truly~” She kisses him a couple of times, both whining with glee. “Oh do me harder, Greg! Plow me up so wonderfully, ah!”

Upon leaking his pre-seeds, he nods: Speeding up while pulverizing her insides, groaning. "Fuck!" Is all he states, the bed squeaking from the menacing thrusts. His dick is lathered in juices as Ankha mewls, wrapping her legs around him.

She eyes up the ceiling, pure joy spreading across her. "Oh this is amazing! Ah, I've never felt this *alive* and *joyful* until now!"

Greg grunts. "Glad that you, mm, feel that way!" He slams over and over, his dick twitching, plapping against the womb many times. "Fuck, I'm getting close, Ankha!"

Ankha shivers, mewling more and more. "S-Same here!"

Greg thrusts more quickly, groaning. Eventually he gropes Ankha's tits, gnashing his teeth. "Ngh!" He slams one last good time, howling. "I LOVE YOU ANKHA, AAAAH!!!"

Ankha meows. "NYAAH!!!"

The two climax: Ankha's juices spraying over the wolf's dick as cum flows throughout her, a few seeping out of her pussy. The two eye each other, staring lovingly before bringing themselves into another deep kiss, their eyes closing.

"Mmf..." Ankha purrs.

"Mmf..." Greg groans.

The feline's tail wraps around the canine's, both moaning softly. After what feels like eons, the kiss subsides: Their foreheads touching one another.

"...Thank you, Greg." Ankha sighs in relief. "For this. I, mm...needed it."

"Same here, Ankha." Greg smiles. "Same here." He pulls his cock out, a fair bit of seeds seep out of Ankha's pussy. The feline moans, rubbing the wolf's chest.

"I won't leave the village." The yellow feline scratches the side of her nose. "I can't regardless now, hah."

Greg blinks with obliviousness, his head tilting. "Why's that?"

Ankha squints, a cheeky smile spreading across her. "*You came inside~*"

Greg takes a moment to think about that answer before eventually blushing, chuckling. "Man." He stares off. "I forgot about THAT crucial detail."

Ankha giggles, tapping his snout. "That much you did, dear."

The wolf then licks her cheek, prompting another giggle. "It's fine: I'm sure I'll make for a great father, anyways." His eyes close as he smiles, showing off his teeth.

"I'm not doubting you in the slightest. Although..."

"Hmm?"

Ankha scratches the side of her head. "How are we going to explain to our child that they're born because of their parents arguing with each other?"

"...PFFT, HAHAAH!" Greg chuckles, Ankha joining him. "I'm for humoring the answer, if so."

Ankha rolls her eyes, shaking her head while smiling. "Of *course* you would." She then lowers her head and ears, whimpering. "I'm once again sorry for all the rudeness I've caused here. I...doubt most of the villagers will ever warm up to me." She nods. "But regardless, I'll still do my best to become a better person. And actually express how I truly feel about someone instead of hiding it behind rudeness."

Greg smiles. "I appreciate that, Ankha. And don't worry too much about others not warming up to you: It takes time for them to give you another chance once you've shown to become better." He caresses her cheek. "You can do it. I believe in you."

Ankha is speechless, blushing before nodding. "Thank you." She leans close. "And Greg?"

"Yes?"

"...I love you, too." She kisses the wolf, Greg embracing it as the two's eyes close.

...

Months has passed since Ankha's decision to stay in the village: Having given birth to a wonderful black and yellow wolf-cat child, who's playing at the village's playground with the other kids. Ankha and Greg are sitting at the bench watching them, the former wearing an all white dress with a white hat while the latter has an all black outfit, his shirt covering his biceps. The wolf rests his arm around Ankha: The latter giggling at their child, Ridley, building stacks of sandcastles only to scoop up some sands to destroy it.

"Hey!" a familiar soft voice says, catching the duo's attention. Maurice is seen eating some kebabs with two other individuals: Raymond the cat and Marshal the squirrel. Maurice has a red shirt and gray shorts on while Raymond and Marshal display a matching blue outfits, giving themselves a casual look to it all.

Greg waves. "Hey there, Maurice!" The three walk towards the parents as the wolf smiles. "How's things going for ya?"

"Pretty swell. Gotten some nice kebabs for free thanks to the couple special Raymond and Marshal got," Maurice answers.

"Ayy, glad to hear! Free food is always great. Can confirm."

Ankha giggles. "Likewise."

Greg gestures towards Raymond and Marshal. "Speaking of couples though, congrats on you two getting together, again."

Raymond holds the squirrel's hand, nodding. "Th-Thank you."

Marshal sighs. "It was tough: Trying to figure out *exactly* how I felt about Raymond. I've been so on and off about it that it led to the break-up happening in the first place." The squirrel looks down. "I didn't mean to have

it come off as a you thing, Raymond. It just...It all felt like it was happening so suddenly, and I was having issues deciding what my feelings really are."

The blue cat rubs his partner's back. "Hey now, I've t-told you that it's okay. The break-up did hurt a lot, but I understood why you did it."

Ankha eyes the two, her ears lowering.

Marshal smiles softly. "Yeah. And now that I figured my feelings out, I've realized that I really do love you and want to be with you, Ray Ray." He giggles, nuzzling the feline. Raymond purrs, returning the favor.

Ankha smiles shakily. "I'm happy for you, Marshal. And Raymond, too: Lovely to see you know your true feelings for him." Sighing, she stares off at the kids playing tag. "I know what it's like not knowing how to express yourself properly." Another sigh escapes her, the yellow feline whimpering. "I'm sorry for the way I've behaved back then. It was...uncalled for." She glances.

A hand rests beside her shoulder, the lady turning to see Raymond smiling. "It's okay! You've learned from your past mistake, s-so...we forgive you, Ankha."

Ankha perks up, staring with a plead. "Really?"

"Absolutely!" He pauses for a moment, looking away. "Erm, well: Except for Mr. Resetti. He's still pretty grumpy about how you acted towards him."

The black wolf waves his hand around, snorting. "Ah who cares: That man's always grumpy, to be honest." A laugh spawns from the group.

Maurice grins behind his hand. "True." He then digs in his backpack, taking out his phone stick. "Say, you guys want to take a group photo while at it?"

Greg shrugs, smirking. "Sure. Why not?"

"Can I join, too?" a soft, innocent voice asks, everyone looking at the wolf-cat child. Ridley is holding a small ball in their hands, a gift given to them from their birthday a few days ago. "Pretty please?"

"D'awww." The group simply says, heart-warmed by the child's request.

"Sure thing, Ridley! Come sit on my lap, dear." Ankha spreads her arms out, readying for the child to rush over. And that much Ridley does, running by and hopping on their mother's lap: Hugging her.

Maurice raises his phone stick in the air, aiming towards the group. "Alright." He closes his eyes, his kebab besides his cheek. "Say CHEESE!"

SNAP!

The photo displays the following: The five all smiling at the camera in glee while Tom Nook is in the background, staring at Mr. Resetti undergoing his embarrassing rants at the fellow villagers.

This has been: Ankha's Relief.