

Goats and Witches Part 1

By StogieGoat

Sitting on the northeast end of the continent was a suburb called Strongpoint. A relatively small but bustling neighborhood, peppered with quaint homes and mom and pop businesses. Sig a very peculiar, blue-furred goat man was busy closing up his cigar shop for the night. The Smokin' Goat, as he had named it, was the only dedicated cigar establishment in town. A couple of liquor stores in the area had humidors, however, they were not as well stocked or provide the variety this indie shop had. Sig clicked the lock shut on the security gate. *Time to go home, put up these hooves, and watch some flicks,* He thought to himself.

He started walking toward his car. Just as he put his hand out to grab the door handle, he was startled by a voice.

"Hey! Are you that goat that owns that smoke shop?"

Sig whipped around to see who was speaking. Standing there was a white-furred she-wolf. She was wearing a short black dress under a black leather jacket and thigh-high boots. Her eyes were a piercing blue and her hair was like spun silver.

The goat, stammering replied. "Oh, hey... Y-yeah, that's my place."

"Oh great, glad I caught you before you drove away!" She said, smiling.

Sig couldn't take his eyes off her. She was quite stunning. Sig's brain was still trying to wrap around the fact that someone like her had approached him of all people.

“Since you seem to have a car and all, I was wondering if you could maybe assist me for just a moment?” She asked cheerfully.

Sig snapped back to his senses. “Oh sure, sure I got a few minutes.”

“Oh great! Do you have jumper cables?” She asked.

Sig replied. “Oh, indeed I do! Where's your car at?”

“Right over there!” She said pointing across the street to a little red coup parked right out in front of the local occult bookstore.

A couple of minutes later Sig was pulling his car right up in front of the white wolf's little red coup. She hopped out of his passenger seat with a little swish of her tail. Sig caught himself staring a little too long again. *Stop that goat!* He internally scolded himself. Sig grabbed the jumper cables from his vehicle. It was only a matter of minutes before the red coupe roared back to life.

Pleased, the she-wolf grinned. “Way to go goat! You’re a lifesaver.”

Sig blushed “Ah, it’s no trouble at all... miss?”

“Bayley. She replied”, still grinning. “Your names Sig? Is that right?”

He smiled back “Yeah, that’s me. So... You work here?”

“Yep. I’m the co-owner.” The she-wolf shot back.

“Ah, you must know a lot about folklore and ancient religious text?” The goat inquired.

“Hmmm, well you could say that goat.” She replied in an intentionally coy tone.

“Well, I’ll need to come inside one day when I have the chance.” The goat replied. Not wanting to waste any more of the she wolf’s time he tried to excuse himself politely. “Well, I bet you want to get home -”

The wolfess interrupted. “Hey, um. Wanna go to the diner at the end of town and grab a bite? On me... y’know..for helping me out?”

Sig’s heart thumped in his chest. He gulped. “Oh, yeah, I could eat something.”

Still perky, she said. “Good, cus I am gonna need you to follow me home. Chances are this thing is going to need to get towed to a shop in the morning anyways. You are cool with driving over to the diner, right? “

Sig, was stunned in disbelief that this pretty she wolf would even give him the time of day. He stammered again, “Y-yeah sounds fine by me.” *Holy shit, is this happening? He screamed internally.*

A half an hour later Sig pulled up to the twenty-four-hour diner. Not the most upscale joint, but far better than grabbing drive-thru food to be sure. According to the Strongpoint gazette, the pancakes are “To die for.” Before long the goat and she wolf were sitting down waiting for their food order. Bayley leaned back in the booth stretching her back. “Ooof, what a day, huh goat?”

Sig Scratched under his chin tuft. “Sure was.”

Bayley leaned forward placing her elbows on the table and rested her chin on top of her hand paws. "Mmm, so your fur is ... an interesting color. I gotta ask do you like... dye it?" She asked curiously.

Sig chuckled slightly. "No, I... I am not sure why." He trailed off looking down at his hooved hands. "I was born this way. I've been like this always."

"Really? Like... what did your parents tell you growing up?" The she wolf prodded further.

"Well, all I know is that every generation or so in my family a child is born with some weird marking of some sort. I was told... well... Naw, you'll think it's silly." he chortled.

"Bayley looked him right in the eye. I own and operate an occult book store... try me." She said sharply.

Sig took a deep breath. "Okay, well, I was told that it's the family curse."

This made the she wolf perk up. "Well... first, I was curious but now, I'm intrigued."

The goat continued "Well... the story goes, that one of my family's descendants had a fling with a witch. And well. That relationship went sour. So, it goes without saying. it's not a good idea to scorn a woman who is capable of hexing you."

"She must not have been that angry. Strange fur color isn't so bad. I think it's kind of cool." She said with a toothy grin.

"Yeah, guess I got off easy." Sig said in agreement. "It's probably just a story. I'm sure there's a more reasonable explanation. I mean, the doctors all said I was healthy otherwise

growing up. So... Meh, it is what it is. I could have done without the bullying in school thought.”

He looked down at the table for a few seconds. “I- I’m sorry wasn’t trying to drag the conversation down.”

The she-wolf patted his hand. “No... That’s fine. I’m the one who asked.”

Just then their waitress popped out of the kitchen, tray in hand. Her white striped, and bushy tail bobbing behind her. She slid the plates down in front of the couple.

The waitress chimed. “Just let me know if ya’ll need anything else. Y’all enjoy your meal, now.” The skunkette bounced herself over to attend another table.

Sig scarfed down a bite of his tuna melt. “Sorry, just... I was really kind of hungry.” He apologized for digging in so quickly.

“Ah, stop apologizing, you’re the one who helped me out tonight after all.” The Wolfess grinned again. “So, did you go to Highschool on the south side or the east side? I kind of feel like I would have remembered you?” She pried deeper.

“I survived four years at East side.” He answered.

“Sorry, you had a rough time.” She said with a bit of empathy.

“Ah, it’s all good, those years are far behind me now. I know I sound bitter, but there were good times too. Oh yeah, there was this time in my senior year. I won a radio raffle for tickets to that big-ass metal festival they have at the park every year. And let me tell you -”

“Wait, hold the phone!” She interrupted. “You? You’re into heavy metal?”

“Hell yeah, I have been to the Metal Weekend at the Park six fuckin’ times.” He stated proudly.

“Nooo way! Really?” The she-wolf said incredulously. The two seemingly new friends, chatted about their tastes in music for the next 30 minutes occasionally stopping to consume the food laid before them. As fate would have it, they shared a common taste in music. After they had both had their fill, they paid the waitress and sauntered out to the parking lot.

Sig and Bayley had thought this would be a good time to loudly blast some metal anthems in the car, whilst not caring the slightest how poorly they sang along. Soon they arrived back the she wolf’s residence. She lived with her sister in an old Victorian-era home with an old wrought iron fence.

Sig had expected the she wolf to just let him drive off alone. “Well, guess this is my final stop for the night,” Bayley exclaimed. She opened the car door. Seeming to think twice about it, she turned to the strange cursed goat. “Hey, um... You wanna maybe go do something together sometime. Like ... there's a concert next week?”

Sig was stunned like a deer in headlights for just a moment. Again, he was losing his mind internally. *Did... Did she just ask me out? No way... No way this is happening?* He managed to stammer out a reply. “Uhh. Yeah s-sure sure.” He fumbled around in his pocket for a moment and produced his cell phone.

After they exchanged numbers The she-wolf smiling said. “Thanks for the jump and the ride tonight. Oh...and. If you feel like it, you can call me tomorrow night after work?”

Sig had a grin on his face that just about nothing could wipe off at this point. "Sure, that'd be cool."

"Great! Talk to you tomorrow then goat." She said enthusiastically as she patted the roof of his car. She shut the car door then quickly made her way up to the porch where Sig watched her enter the house. He took a deep, heavy breath before starting his short journey back home. He felt a weird stirring of emotions that he knew he wouldn't shake for a while. But he welcomed them, he hadn't felt this in a long, long time.

End Part 1