



The Bad Boys of Assjacket: Magic and Mayhem Universe: Magic and Mayhem Book 9

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Category: Urban

Description: A dare is a dare.

No self-respecting, slightly chubby, good-lookin', crime lovin' cat would ever pass up a dare. So I didn't.

Now, me and my boys are in hot water trying to figure out how to live on the right side of the law for a whole freakin' week!

This is complicated by a couple of hairy issues... — The half-headed bear in town had his privates pilfered. We have vowed to return his giggleberries. Legal means are not working. — Sassy's Canadian tutors show up—the very same furry, cat-burgling dames who we've been in love with our entire nine lives. In order to woo the gorgeous broads, we need to be at our criminal best. — We need the help of a foul-mouthed troll who throws tantrums like a three-year-old serial killer and wants to bump off everyone.

Throw in a cryptic message from the Goddess, humans invading our town and evil, sticky-fingered groundhogs, and we have a hot mess on our paws. I hope we have a few of our kitty lives left because the Bad Boys of Assjacket are going to save the day or get eighty-sixed trying.

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Once upon a time in the far, far away kingdom of West Virginia, there was an exquisitely enchanted place called Assjacket.

Don't laugh. Okay, fine. Laugh. It's a crappy name, but I've heard worse... Toad Suck, Arkansas... Hooker, Oklahoma... Monkey's Eyebrow, Kentucky.

I rest my case.

Of course, it wasn't originally called Assjacket. But one bright sunny, cloudless, and slightly humid day, a potty-mouthed witch renamed the town. Or more likely, Zelda forgot the name and pulled the dreadful new moniker out of her ass. It's not important to the story, so we'll skip that part. Anyhoo, after that fated day, no one could recall the original name.

Was it a spell?

Was it providence?

Was the original name worse than Assjacket?

Who knows, but it has nothing to do with the tale, so please forget it was brought to your attention.

The enchanted town of Assjacket was filled with beautiful, magical misfits who happened to fit perfectly together—Shifters, Witches, Dryads and Warlocks... and three very handsome and lovably chubby talking cats. The cats paid me to say that—a lot. Although, I do adore them and would've spoken highly of the felonious felines

without the bribe.

Even the leader of the witches, the illustrious and questionably dressed, Baba Yaga, aka Baba Yostuckintheeighties, had planted roots in the lovely town of Assjacket.

Of course, Baba Yaga was having relations with Zelda's warlock father, but that's another story for another time.

Back to this one...

Time after time and battle after battle, the Assjackians were torn to pieces—mostly metaphorically speaking—but always managed to put themselves back together with loving care for each other.

The magic was very real as was the love.

But in any good story, there is always a twist—usually dastardly, and in Assjacket's case, always slightly profane.

For you see, the enchanted Assjacket was held together by an ancient secret—a mystical, magical secret... a circular-ish kind of oval-ish magical secret. A secret so old it had been forgotten. It didn't help that the Assjacket historian had run out of toilet paper and had used the important documents for his own personal hygiene hundreds of years ago. The idiot who went by the name of Goober was run out of town never to be heard from again. Thankfully, that's another story. And trust me, you don't want to hear that one. It's rather smelly.

Pardon my odoriferous digression.

As the saying goes, if history is forgotten or used to wipe one's ass, it's bound to cause a shitshow—pun sadly intended. Actually, that's not the saying at all, but it is

what happened in the enchanted town of Assjacket when an important piece of the magical historical puzzle went missing.

Magicals live a very private existence in public.

It's the way it always has been and the way it must remain.

If the talisman disappears, the magic will follow. Somewhat like the circle of life... no wait, not the circle of life at all... more like if something circular-ish goes missing, chaos ensues.

The lines of safety for those who wield magic will blur and the danger shall grow dark and deadly.

It will take some very brave heroes to save the day.

If the day doesn't get saved...

It will be the end of magic as we know it.

And that would suck.

xoxo The Goddess

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Making my way into the kitchen and plopping my shapely, furry backside down on the kitchen table, I eyed the cheesecake perched on a plate ten inches away from me with lust. Cheesecake was sexy. Zelda would probably notice a paw print if I swiped a taste, so I sat on my paws and refrained. I was already in trouble. Actually, I was always in some kind of trouble. Trouble was my specialty.

I decided to wait until she'd turned her back then hide it under the table. A missing cheesecake was easier to explain than one with cat hair all over it.

"Don't even think about it, Fat Bastard," Zelda said, with her back to me.

The witch was good—very good.

"No worries, hot pants," I lied. "Dat oral bacteria in cheese don't agree with my flatus."

Zelda rolled her eyes and tried extremely hard not to ask me what I meant. She failed. "I will so regret this," she muttered, sitting down at the table and putting some distance between me and the cheesecake. "What the hell does flatus mean?"

"Kinda like a sphincter," I explained as she wrinkled her nose. "It's dat reflex dat expels intestinal gas through the butthole."

Zelda let her head drop to the table with a thud. "I have got to stop asking questions that I don't want the answers to."

"Anyhoos, weese have an outstandin' idea, dollface," I told my witch, making a last

minute, split decision not to lick my nards. I'd already pressed my luck with the fart talk.

I'd come to the realization lately that cleansing my gangoolies during serious conversations didn't end well. Of course, refraining from my harmless habit was ridiculous since ball-licking was a way of life for me and my boys. As cats and familiars to the second craziest and most powerful witch in existence, we had to look sharp. Shiny giblets were a top priority. Not to mention, glistening cojones appealed to the dames.

"Those words terrify me," Zelda said, eyeing me warily. "The last outstanding idea you idiots had ended in my digging your three fat furry asses out of a hole. Literally."

I shrugged my kitty shoulders and chuckled. "Dat was just a little misunderstandin'."

Zelda scrubbed her hands over her mouth. I knew my witch was doing her best not to laugh. Made me love the red-headed, gorgeous, insane broad even more.

"You think that getting a visiting group of six violent groundhog Shifters wasted then shaving them and dying what was left of their fur to look like they were diseased skunks was a little misunderstanding?" she inquired. "Not to mention, they buried you asshats fifty feet underground for the little misunderstanding."

"Dem groundhogs is buttdongs—tried to steal everything in Assjacket dat wasn't nailed down. Weese did youse a favor," I reminded her, trying to reason my way into forgiveness. Getting buried alive wasn't what I'd call a good time, but we had a few plans to get the rat-bastard rodents back.

"Yes, the groundhogs are sticky-fingered buttdongs, and because of that, they're christening the brand spanking new Assjacket pokey for the next month," Zelda shot back with a laugh. "But you can't shave Shifters when they're passed out. It's

wrong.”

“So youse is sayin’ weese shoulda shaved dem when they was sober?” I asked, scooting a little closer to the cheesecake. “Dats an interesting thought, and weese will take it under consideration for next time.”

“Nope,” Zelda huffed, exasperated. “There will be no next time. Your shaving drunk-Shifter days are over. You feel me, Fat Bastard?”

“I hear your words, yet I don’t knows what they mean,” I replied, using one of the techniques my felonious comrade, Boba Fett, swore by. I batted my eyelashes at my witch then went for my balls by accident.

“Mouth off your yam bags unless you want me to zap your tiny marbles off your obese carcass,” Zelda warned. “And here’s an idea for you three idiots. Why don’t you try living on the right side of the law for a change?”

“Could youse define right side of the law?” I asked.

“Cease all criminal activity,” she shot back, grabbing her purse and walking to the front door. Sadly, she also grabbed the cheesecake.

“Could youse define all?” I queried.

“For the love of the Goddess in mom jeans,” Zelda groused with an eye roll. “Stop breaking the law. Find something legal or at least mostly legal that you three dummies enjoy or you’ll be spending the night with the thieving little groundhog shits in the slammer.”

“Could youse define lea...” I started only to be cut off by Zelda’s dangerously raised brow and sparking fingers.

“I dare you,” she said with a devious little grin pulling at her lips. “Go without committing a crime for one week, and I’ll buy you the big screen TV for the cat room that you’ve been begging for.”

There was no way on the Goddess’s green earth I was about to tell my witch we stole a big screen TV three days ago. Didn’t think that would go over too well at the moment.

“Youse have yourself a deal, sweet cheeks,” I said before I realized the words had come out of my mouth. But a dare was a dare. No self-respecting cat could resist a dare.

Fuck. The boys were gonna kill me.

“Anyhoo,” Zelda continued as she opened the front door. “I have to go pick up the twins from their playdate with my dad and Baba Yaga. I’ll be back in a few hours.”

She walked out of the front door. Closed it behind her. Opened it back up and peeked her head back inside. She caught me mid nard slurp.

“What was the outstanding idea you wanted to tell me about?” she asked, ignoring that I had my balls in my mouth.

“I forgot,” I lied, pretty sure she didn’t want to hear about our plan to spray paint the word bunghole down the middle of Main Street.

She waited twenty-three seconds for me to come clean.

I politely refrained. I also removed my balls from my mouth. It seemed like the right thing to do.

Zelda sighed dramatically and shook her head. “Whatever it was, don’t do it.”

“Roger dat,” I said, giving her a thumbs up.

* * *

“Youse did what?” Jango Fett demanded, gasping for breath as he logged time on the treadmill.

“It was a dare, numbnuts. I couldn’t pass up a dare,” I hissed then squinted at him in disbelief. “What exactly are youse doin’ on a treadmill?”

Jango Fett looked like he was about to have a heart attack. That would be a problem since Zelda had left the premises. Our red-headed, green-eyed witch was the infamous Shifter Wanker. Zelda could heal all Shifters and magical beings, including her three magnificent, good-looking, law-breaking, yet extremely lovable familiars.

Of course, we did have nine lives being cats and all, but I was pretty sure we were down to three or possibly two.

“He can’t lick his giggleberries,” Boba Fett whispered with a sad shrug. “Too fat.”

It took a lot to shock me into silence. But the devastating thought of not being able to get to my wrinkled grapes did it.

“Jango,” I choked out in an emotional whisper. “Youse dumb mug. Youse’ll be able to get dem mitts back on your marbles in no time. I believe in youse.”

Jango glanced over mid-stride and flew off the treadmill. A girthy, screaming ball of flying fur launched about twenty feet into the air and landed with a sickening thud. After a full minute of impressive profanity, Jango got back on his paws and wiped the

sweat from his brow. His furry chin dropped to his chest. It didn't have far to go since his stomach was as big as his ass—which was fucking huge.

“Thank youse,” Jango said, still breathing hard. “Dat means a lot to me, Fat Bastard. Gotta get back into shape so I can visit my meat clackers.”

“Youse can do it, paisano,” Boba Fett said.

“Hey now,” Jango complained. “Don't youse be talkin' about no pie.”

“My bad,” Boba apologized.

“Apology accepted. So, now dat I'm done with my exercise for the day,” Jango said. “Youse better explain yourself, Fat Bastard.”

“How long did youse jog?” I asked, wanting to avoid the smackdown that was headed my way.

“Forty-five seconds,” Jango announced with pride then narrowed his gaze at me. “Youse told Zelda weese was goin' on the straight and narrow?”

“WHAT?” Boba shouted. “Youse was supposed to tell her weese are gonna spray paint the word dingleberries on Main Street.”

“It was bunghole,” I corrected.

“It was?” Boba asked, confused. “Coulda sworn it was dingleberries.”

“Happens to everybody. Dingleberries and bunghole practically rhyme,” Jango assured him, waddling over. “Can't believe youse told Zelda weese would refrain from felonious activities. What the hell are weese supposed to do?”

He had me there. I had no clue.

“Weese could start a business,” Boba suggested.

“Card sharks?” Jango proposed.

“Dat’s iffy,” I pointed out. “Maybe a little more legal. Too damn hard not to cheat.”

“Pyramid scheme?” Boba offered.

“Umm... pretty sure dat’s fuckin’ illegal,” I told them. This was hard.

Jango snapped his toe beans and a six-pack of beer appeared. “Youse guys want one?”

“Shouldn’t youse be drinkin’ water if youse ever wanna see your love sac again?” Boba questioned with a huge grin as he grabbed a beer.

“F-youse,” Jango grumbled. “It’s light beer.”

I paced our quarters, aka The Kick-ass Cat Pad, and tried to figure out what we should do. Thinking was incredibly overrated and exhausting. Glancing around, I looked for inspiration in the massive suite that Zelda’s mate, Mac, built for us. It was feline heaven. The bright yellow room had strategically placed scratching posts, and three miniature beds lined the wall under the bay window where we spent hours staring at birds, planning illegal activities and napping. A pilfered collection of paintings depicting Garfield, Grumpy Cat, Sylvester, Mr. Bigglesworth, Monty and Cat Woman on the crapper were some of our finest possessions. There was catnip and a fridge filled with frozen pizzas, beer and Spam. Cat food was for losers. We lived the good life on pepperoni, cheese and mystery meat products.

“What are weese good at?” I asked my boys.

“Killin’ shit,” Jango said.

“Spray paintin’,” Boba added.

Jango flopped down on the thick green shag carpeting that we’d requested and burped. “Cheatin’ at cards.”

“While youse both are correct, I’m thinkin’ Zelda won’t go for dat. Spray paintin’ dead people after we fleece dem for dough doesn’t sound legal to me,” I pointed out. “Also, weese are gonna have to return the big screen TV.”

“Why?” Boba asked.

“Cause weese stole it,” I told him, smacking him in the back of the head.

“And dats bad?” he asked confused as he walloped me back.

“Yep, dats bad.”

“I got it!” Jango yelled, ripping open a bag of pepperoni sticks and inhaling them. “Weese can combine all the things weese are good at into a business.”

“All the things weese are good at are criminal,” Boba reminded him.

Jango was a dumbass, but he might have made an excellent point.

“Dis is true, but what if weese spray paint dead people and charge for it?” I suggested, waggling my brows.

“Dat’s a business?” Jango asked, scratching his head.

My smile widened and I nodded. “Yep. Dat’s a business.”

“What the hell kind of business is dat?” Boba questioned.

“Weese are gonna open a funeral home,” I announced.

Boba wrinkled his nose in distaste. “Weese are?”

“Yep, Assjacket ain’t got no funeral home,” I pointed out.

“Might be because Shifters and witches don’t croak dat often,” Boba said, popping another can of beer.

He made a superb argument, but I needed a nap and couldn’t think of anything else. “Not a problem,” I assured them. “If nobody dies, weese don’t have to spray paint dem. Win-win.”

“I like it,” Jango said, nodding. “Weese could pilfer a building and set up shop.”

“I like it too,” Boba said. “And just so weese don’t get thrown in the big house, weese can borrow a building instead of pilferin’ it.”

“Good thinkin’.” I told him. Weese can borrow Roger the rabbit Shifter’s office. He’s on vacation for two weeks and weese only have to be law abidin’ for one week. The bunny won’t even know.”

“Perfect.” Jango grinned, warming even more to the idea. “Weese have tons of spray paint just in case weese accidentally off someone or an Assjackian kicks the bucket.”

I knew I could count on my boys. The plan was coming together.

“Wadda weese gonna call it?” Boba inquired.

“Maybe somethin’ dat rhymes with dead?” I suggested.

“Got it,” Boba said. “Dead and Shred.”

I almost puked in my mouth. “Dats fuckin’ disgustin’.”

“It rhymes,” Boba huffed, flipping me off.

Jango chuckled. “I can top dat. Youse Kill It—Weese Grill It.”

“While I dig the thought behind it, no f-in’ way,” I said with a laugh. “Hows about The Dead Bed?”

“Nah,” Jango said. “Should be more fun. Youse know, somethin’ dat makes people wanna bite the big one and come to our place.”

“Fine point. Well made,” I said, laying down on my bed in preparation for a nap. “What do people do when someone buys the farm?”

Boba raised his hand and waited to be called on. I rolled my eyes. “Speak.”

“They mourn,” he said. “Weese could call it Sworn to Mourn.”

“Closer,” I said, getting under the blankets. “Not quite right yet.”

“Grieve and Thieve?” Jango suggested, giving up on his diet and grabbing a pie we’d absconded with from the Assjacket Diner yesterday.

“Sounds a little shady,” Boba said, removing the pie from Jango’s paws and swallowing it whole.

The hair on the back of Jango’s neck stood up on end, and he hissed viciously. Pie was pie. You didn’t fuck with a man’s pie. Ever. They beat the hell out of each other for three minutes and twenty-six seconds. Smackdowns were a regular occurrence for us. Nails were out, chunks of fur flew and the language was salty. It was a good healthy way to communicate. Couldn’t let that shit stay bottled up. Last time we tried being socially acceptable, we’d ended up incarcerated for six months after an unfortunate spray-painting incident at the Super Bowl. We’d learned our lesson and tried to whack each other daily to avoid stints in the pokey.

“Youse girls done?” I asked. Both of them were bloody and laughing like dummies.

“Yep,” Jango said. “But when Boba drop kicked me into the garbage can, I had another idea.”

“Spill it,” I said, yawning.

“Bereave,” he announced, pumping his paws over his head.

“What’s dat mean?” Boba asked, mopping the blood off his whiskers and sipping on his beer.

I sat up. “It’s like when youse eighty-six someone and den youse feel guilty for offin’ him even though he deserved it because the jackhole bilked youse outta 10K.”

We sat in silence and mulled over the possibilities. They were endless.

“Youse Better Bereave It!” Jango shouted.

“Hows about Bereave It or Not?” Boba bellowed, not wanting to be left out.

“Or...” I said with a naughty grin. “Don’t Stop Bereavin’.”

“Dems all good names,” Jango said. “What are weese gonna do?”

“Three owners. Three names. Youse assholes in?” I asked.

“In like Flynn,” Boba said.

“I’m in with a grin on my chin drinkin’ gin with a twin and her kin on a spin...”
Jango said, not to be topped by anyone.

“Shaddup,” I said with a laugh. “Youse are gonna give me a headache. I’d suggest a nap and den a trip into town to borrow a building.”

“Should weese get permission to borrow Roger’s office?” Jango asked as he settled himself on our cat-sized couch for a mid-morning snooze.

“Nah,” Boba said, curling up on the floor. “Much easier to apologize after a minor pilfering.”

Truer words had never been said.

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“Dat could work,” I said, casing Roger’s office while hiding behind the enormous half-headed cement bear in the middle of Main Street.

Sadly, the cement bear was also missing his nards due to the sticky-fingered groundhogs. With half a head and no balls, Assjacket’s mascot was a sad sight to see. It broke my heart to look at the ten-foot bear without his spangle berries. I’d get his stone nuts back from those thieving groundhogs soon. They’d pay for castrating the grizzly and for trying to bury us alive.

“Youse think dat hurt? When dem groundhogs pulled off his marble bags?” Jango asked, staring at the empty spot where the bear’s jewels used to reside.

“He’s a rock,” Boba pointed out. “But he does look kinda sad about his missin’ boulders.”

I shook my head and sighed. “Poor son of a bitch don’t even have a name. Just ain’t right to have no balls and no name.”

“Let’s name him,” Jango suggested. “Weese can spray paint his name over his missin’ junk until weese get his crotch nugs back for him.”

“Dat’s beautiful,” Boba said, wiping a tear from his eye. “Youse are a sentimental guy, Jango.”

“Thank youse,” Jango said. “I try. Hows about weese name him Sturgill?”

“His nuts or his name?” I asked, wanting to be respectful and get it right.

“Weese are namin’ his junk too?” Boba asked, confused.

Jango nodded solemnly. “I think weese should. Seems right. Hows about weese call him Sturgill and name his bits Little Sturgill?”

Nodding, I patted my comrade on the back. “I like it. Easy to remember if his nuts and his name are similar.”

“Yeah,” Boba said. “Although, Sturgill’s concrete dong pillow isn’t little. Maybe weese should name his clams, Big Sturgill. Youse know, so he doesn’t get his feelings hurt.”

“He’s a rock,” I reminded Boba.

“Rocks got feelings too,” Boba insisted.

Glancing up at the sad, magic bean-less bear, I saluted him. “Sturgill and Big Sturgill it is. Youse ass hats ready to break into Roger’s office?”

“I still think it was a better plan to spray paint the word dingleberries down the middle of the road,” Boba commented.

“Bunghole,” I corrected him again.

“What did youse just call me?” Boba hissed.

Jango shook his head and gut punched Boba. They proceeded to pummel each other once more, while I pondered how easy it would be to pick the lock on Roger’s door in broad daylight.

Ignoring the smackdown, I stared at the building and grinned. Main Street was

deserted. It was always deserted. The Shifters of Assjacket were fucking brilliant. The town looked like a total dump on the outside so humans would just drive right through without looking back. However, inside the ramshackle structures, everything was pure enchantment. All magical beings lived very public but private lives. If discovered, we'd all end up getting eighty-sixed by humans terrified of what they didn't understand... which would suck.

"If youse jackholes would quit tryin' to off each other, weese could break in and start rearrangin' the place."

"Weese still need to graffiti Sturgill's meat kiwis," Boba reminded me, taking one last swipe at Jango.

"Incoming," Sassy shouted as she strafed our heads on her broom.

"Holy shit! Duck," I shouted at my boys.

Landing upside down and swearing like a sailor on a bender, the witch jumped to her feet and pretended like we hadn't just seen her pink lacy underpants.

"Sorry aboot that," she said, yanking her dress down and brushing the gravel out of her blonde hair. "Sure glad I'm wearing underpants today. That could have been embarrassing."

Sassy was a hot dame. The dingbat was Zelda's BFF and a magical menace. We liked her immensely. We hadn't started out on the right paw with the crazy broad, but we'd come to a truce. She'd waxed us not too long ago for firing her adopted chipmunk Shifter sons, Chad, Chip, Chunk, and Chutney from our underground poker parlor. That had been a bad day. We'd had to disappear for a while. As embarrassing as it had been to be hairless, it had been nice not to hack up hairballs for a few weeks.

“What did youse say?” I asked.

“I said sorry about that,” she replied. “It’s Canadian.”

“Boots are Canadian?” Jango asked.

Sassy nodded. “Yes, they are, eh?”

“Wait.” Boba scratched his ass and eyed her in confusion. “Did youse just ask a question or confirm dat boots was Canadian?”

“Yes, eh?” she said with an eye roll. “Canadian is a very difficult language to master. I’ve hired tutors from Toronto to come down and teach me. They’ll be arriving later today. In the meantime, I’ve been watching Strange Brew and drinking beer.”

“Beer?” I asked, my ears perking up.

“From Canada, eh?” Sassy said. “I’m not really a drinker, and it’s next to impossible for a witch to tie one on, but Bob and Doug McKenzie drink a lot of it and speak Canadian fluently.”

“Makes sense to me,” Boba said, nodding. “Youse want a beer now?”

“You have Canadian beer, eh?” she asked.

Dat I do,” Boba announced, clapping his paws together and conjuring up a cooler. “Youse want Alberta Crude, Helles Half Acre, O Canada Maple Ale, Beth’s Blackout Oyster Stout or KickSled Cream Ale?”

Sassy leaned over the cooler and peeked in. “So many choices, eh?” she mused. “I have to think about it.”

Jango grabbed a can and popped the tab “What do boots have to do with beer?”.

“Everything,” Sassy explained. She picked up a can of Alberta Crude and sniffed the contents. “This one smells very Canadian.”

The broad downed it in one noisy swallow. Impressive.

“I’ll have one of each,” she said, picking up a can of O Canada Maple. “A variety of Canadian beer will relax my brain and make it more open to absorbing the nuances of the language, eh?”

“Whatever youse say, Sassy,” I agreed, sampling Beth’s Blackout Oyster Stout. “Dis is nice. Havin’ a brew at noon in the middle of Assjacket with good friends.”

Thirty minutes and twelve beers apiece later...

Sassy burped and giggled. “Why are we hiding behind the half-headed bear?”

“Crap,” Boba said, wobbling on all fours. “Weese gotta paint Sturgill’s name on his nuts.”

Sassy glanced around. “Who’s Sturgill?”

“Weese named the bear,” I explained. “His name is Sturgill and his missing gangoolies are Big Sturgill. Weese are gonna spray paint his name over his missing privates so people will know what to call him.”

Sassy stood up and grabbed the can of spray paint from Boba Fett. “I’ll do it.”

We watched in appreciative shock as Sassy misspelled Sturgill in neon blue. The ten-foot, ball-less, half-headed cement bear now had the word Seagull painted right above

his crotch. While the witch was a looker and could hold her booze, she couldn't spell for shit. Whatever, it was the thought that counted.

"Done," she announced. "You still didn't tell me why we're hiding behind Sturgill."

"Cause weese are casin' Roger's joint," Boba said, handing everyone another and eyeing the crappy job Sassy had done on the bear. "Weese are goin' on the straight and narrow."

"For one week," I added.

"Righteous," Sassy said, downing her thirteenth beer. "Have you hairy dummies ever played beer pong?"

"Invented it," Jango Fett said with a grin. "Youse wanna go?"

Sassy scrunched her nose and tugged on her long locks. "I have to think about it."

We sat for nine minutes and twelve seconds while Sassy drank two more beers and thought about it.

"I'm done thinking about it. The answer is yes," she announced.

"Youse want boots?" Jango asked, confused and staggering a bit on his paws.

While we could hold our liquor, Canadian beer was fucking strong.

"Everyone wants boots," Sassy explained, waving her hand and producing a beer pong table, twenty-two plastic cups, and ten balls. "You weenies ready?"

"Born ready," I said with a grin.

One hour later. No clue how many beers...

“So lemme get this straight,” Sassy said, only slightly buzzed. “You’re going to open a legal business?”

“Bingooooo,” Boba said, slurring his words. “Weese are openin’ a numeral dome for sssled steeeeeple.”

Sassy tilted her head to the side and stared at Boba. “Are you speaking Canadian?”

Boba shrugged. “Could be.”

“I think you are,” Sassy confirmed. “Very impressive. I still have no clue what the hell kind of business that is, but my tutors will be able to explain when they arrive. Do you need any help?”

Jango was on his back staring straight at the sun. He was a drunk dumbass.

“Weese could use a model to practice on,” he said. “Also, I think I’m blind.”

“I used to model,” Sassy said, tossing her hair and making me dizzy. “I’m more of an actress now after my starring roles in the Assjacket Community Theatre musical productions of Mommie Dearest, Jaws and Shaun of the Dead, but I could strut the runway again for a good cause. I’m all about good causes—Canadians are very nice people. Being nice will make me more fluent.”

“Youse wanna be our model?” I asked, seeing three of her.

“Sure,” she said, hopping to her feet. “Let’s do this. I have an appointment with my Canadian experts in an hour.”

“Are youse good at pickin’ ssssslocks?” Boba slurred. “Weese can’t get into Roger’s office.”

Sassy laughed and shook her head. “Why did you leave your socks in Roger’s office? Sounds kind of kinky to me. No worries. I have a key. I’m supposed to water his plants while he’s gone. We can grab your socks, and I’ll strut around the office and model for you. You can take pictures of me, and I’ll be the gorgeous face of your new business.”

There was something seriously wrong with the plan, but for the wasted life of me, I couldn’t put my paw on it.

“Sounds good to me,” I said, grabbing Jango by the scruff of his neck and dragging him across the street. Boba staggered behind us.

Again, I racked my brain for why this was stupid. I came up with nothing. Therefore, it wasn’t stupid. My logic was outstanding.

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Roger's office was perfect for our venture, and we didn't even have to break in. Our life on the right side of the law was going swimmingly so far. Zelda had remodeled the rabbit's office a year ago, and other than a little dust and having to get rid of the furniture, it would work. There was a nice waiting room for the bereavers, and a big office to spray paint the stiff. If we threw down some drop cloths, the rabbit wouldn't even know we'd borrowed his place for the week.

"Okay, I'm feeling very Canadian and in my groove," Sassy yelled, getting into it. "I'm about to do a half twerk and toss my hair about, eh? Stand up on the table so you can get a full body shot. It will bring Assjackians into your business for sure."

"Don't weese need to spray paint her face?" Boba asked, staggering around and pushing all of Roger's office furniture into a storage closet.

"Nah," I said, taking picture after picture with my stolen cell phone. "Weese can paint the photo after."

Boba nodded then passed out in a drunken stupor.

"Should I show more cleavage?" Sassy inquired in all seriousness. "Sex sells."

Jango glanced over and shrugged. "Youse think dead people like boobs?" he asked her.

"Everybody likes my boobs," she said, adjusting her dress to show an obscene amount of both boob and side boob.

Again, I had a bad feeling. Not that I didn't enjoy ogling Sassy's rack—I did. It was outstanding. However, my brain was still soaked with Canadian beer, and I couldn't figure out how this might backfire.

"I've got about fifteen more minutes until I have to meet my tutors," Sassy explained. "Let's set up a shot of all of us in the splits. I think that showing we're flexible will be an excellent selling point."

"The splits?" Jango asked, appalled. "Can't do no splits. My nards are too big, and I don't wanna squish dem."

Sassy considered his issue and nodded her head thoughtfully. "I can see how that might not appeal," she acknowledged. "But, if you want good business, you have to do the splits. I read it on the internet."

It was hard to argue with that logic. I was also semi-wasted.

Positioning a passed-out Boba Fett into the splits was the easiest part of the setup. Alcohol and lack of consciousness were in our favor.

Jango suffered a serious racking incident as he slid into the splits, and I was fairly sure I might have torn myself a new butthole in the process of being flexible for business. Sassy had no problem.

We set the camera on a timer, and it took rapid-fire shots of the split catastrophe. Sassy smiled. Boba drooled. Jango cried and I cussed. Getting out of the splits was more difficult than sliding into them.

Limping over to the phone, I did my best not to incinerate Sassy for such a fucking horrible idea. "Okay Sassy, youse should probably go now," I said through gritted teeth as I prayed to the Goddess that the burning in my crotch area would subside.

“Weese got all the pictures weese can survive.”

“Awesome,” she said. “Let me know if I can do anything else for you guys. Helping feels great!”

“Any more help and my nuts will be lodged in my esophagus,” Jango muttered.

“Weese are good,” I told her. “Thank youse.”

Sassy hopped on her broom and hovered in the air. “Welcome. I’m all about being a good Canadian, eh?”

Jango dragged his damaged, bulbous body over to the door and opened it wide. “Dat’s f-in’ great. Youse have a good time with dat helpin’ shit... far away from us.”

“Will do,” Sassy shouted as she strafed our heads and blasted through the front door leaving behind bright blue sparkles. “I’ll stop by later to see the pictures.”

“Dat broad is dangerous,” I said as we watched her narrowly miss crashing into the Assjacket Diner as she flew off into the horizon.

“Understatement,” Jango agreed as he clapped his paws and produced ten ice bags. Tossing me one, he placed the other nine on his junk. “Should weese get Boba out of the splits?”

“Sure.” I limped across the room and pushed the down-for-the-count cat over. “Mission accomplished.”

“I’m never drinkin’ Canadian beer again,” Boba grumbled as he came to. “Makes my marbles sore.”

Jango laughed. I laughed. Boba electrocuted us with a wave of his paw.

We were back on track.

* * *

“Holy shit. Dem pictures suck,” Jango lamented, shaking his head in dismay.

My brother in crime was correct. All of the pictures of Sassy twerking were blurry. The only ones that had come out were the photos of the group splits—or giggleberry destroyer as we called the move.

“Weese need a photo for the sign. All legal businesses have signs,” Boba said, admiring his flexibility. “Even though weese can’t walk right because weese fractured our man jewels, I think weese should go for it.”

Snapping my toe beans, I enlarged the clearest picture to thirty feet by fifty feet. It was horrendous. The look of sheer terror on Jango’s face as his nards became one with the floor was only eclipsed by the expression of excruciating pain on my mug. Sassy was grinning like a fool and Boba looked dead.

Eyeing the photo with great doubt, I had an idea. “If weese spray paint it, maybe weese can make it work.”

“I don’t know,” Jango said, still icing his package. “It’s not our best look.”

Boba shrugged. “I think the picture tells a story.”

“The story of the demise of our gangoolies?” Jango grunted with a laugh.

“Nah, follow me, boys,” Boba insisted. “Go from left to right. I look dead.” He

pointed to himself.

“Can’t argue dat,” I agreed.

“And den Jango is cryin’ like a girl cuz I’m dead,” Boba went on. “Fat Bastard, youse is feelin’ the pain of never seein’ me again, and Sassy has nice hooters. Perfect for a funeral home.”

While my brain was no longer marinated with Canadian beer, knowing how to run a legal business was still a stretch for all of us. Silently, we contemplated Boba’s observations.

“Boba might have a point,” Jango conceded. “Not real happy with how big all of our guts look, but it’s a shinin’ example of bereavement, and Sassy’s melons do look great.”

I nodded. We were making rancid lemonade out of rotten lemons minus the sugar, but the effort was there.

“Sometimes,” I said. “Even when the result sucks bunghole, if the elbow grease is obvious den it’s a win. I firmly believe dat riskin’ our joysticks and dong pillows to go on the straight and narrow says a lot about our upstandin’ character. Weese should probably omit the part about bein’ wasted durin’ the photo shoot.”

“Roger dat,” Boba agreed. “Weese can spray paint little coffins over our bellies to minimize girth and let the people know weese don’t plan to just throw bodies into holes.”

“Brilliant,” I said, grabbing a can of paint and getting to work.

“Also, let’s paint some fire in the background to show the public dat weese will

creamface dem as well,” Jango added, dropping his ice packs and diving in.

“Should weese add prices on the sign?” I asked. “Dat seems real professional to me.”

“Sure,” Boba said. “Five thousand clams for a coffin. Five thousand for a creamface. Five thousand for diggin’ a hole and five thousand for a custom spray paint. Makes it easy if all the prices are the same.”

I smiled and sighed with pride. “I just want youse assholes to know, I never could have done this without youse. While I’m sorry I took the dare, this is some meaningful fuckin’ time spent together. Aside from our swollen meat clackers, I’m real proud of us.”

“Sturgill is proud too,” Boba said, tearing up.

“How do youse know dat? He’s a rock.” I said, confused.

“I don’t,” he admitted. “Just wanted to add somethin’.”

“Let’s do this,” I said, grinning. “The faster weese get the business up and runnin’, the faster the week is over and weese can go back to a life of petty crime.”

We were a team—a team of douchebags. But that didn’t matter. We’d bonded as kittens in a gutter left to die many moons ago and had been together from that day forward. We had each other’s backs through thick and thin, legal and illegal, and stupid and really stupid.

Going on the straight and narrow for a week would be hard, but with my assholes by my side, it was doable.

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“No, just no,” Zelda said, staring up at the enormous sign with an expression of shock on her face.

“What do youse mean, no?” I demanded, insulted.

The sign had turned out great in my humble kitty opinion. It took us thirty minutes to enhance it with spray paint and an hour to hang it since it was fucking huge. We could have used magic to put the massive signage up, but we figured as straight and narrow businessmen we should do some physical labor. We also decided never to do that again. It was magic or forget it for anything else associated with our legal venture.

The little array of coffins over our guts made us look slim and trim, and we’d highlighted Sassy’s rack with lime green glitter and purple neon lights. The added touch made her hooters the star of our business. An hour ago, I figured Sassy would love it, but Zelda’s appalled reaction made me question my judgement—not that I actually had any judgement, but still.

In the end, since we had to write all the prices on the sign, we’d opted for one name—Don’t Stop Bereavin’. We played Rock, Paper, Scissors to determine the name, but when I lost, I called foul and changed it to a burping contest. Suffice it to say the leftover Canadian beer in my system made me the winner after I recited the entire first scene of Anchor Man during one outstanding and gag-worthy burp.

“Does Roger know you defaced his building with Sassy’s boobs?” Zelda asked.

“Not yet,” I replied, again doubting my wisdom. “He’s on vacation.”

She shook her head and ran her hands through her hair. “Mmkay, Assjacket doesn’t need a freakin’ funeral home,” Zelda informed me. “It’s an insult to my abilities as the Shifter Wanker. You feel me? That’s smack talking my skills of keeping clumsy-ass Shifters alive. You’re my familiars. You’re supposed to have my back.”

“Didn’t think about dat,” I admitted, feeling kind of bad. “But I’d like to point out since youse is the best fuckin’ Wanker in the Universe, weese won’t actually have to spray paint or creamface any stiffes. It’s a win-win for stayin’ on the right side of the law without actually havin’ to do nothin’.”

“Help me Goddess,” Zelda muttered, still staring at the sign. “I’m going out on a limb here and hoping like hell you meant cremate and not creamface.”

“Son of a bitch,” I screamed, glancing up in horror as I gaped at the truly disgusting faux pas we’d made. “Weese are gonna have to change all of our social media.”

“You put this shit up on social media?” Zelda choked out.

“Dat’s what legal business owners do,” I huffed with an eye roll. “Youse are the one who said weese should stay on the right side of the law.”

“My mistake,” Zelda replied with a pained laugh as she wiggled her fingers and fixed the wording on the sign. “Take down the social media. It’s a very bad idea.”

“Done,” I promised, pulling out my pilfered cell phone and deleting all fifty accounts I’d created.

Zelda sighed dramatically, walked over to Sturgill and sat down on the cement bench in front of him. My witch let her head fall to her hands and she groaned. “Did Sassy actually agree to be the face and boobs of a funeral home called Don’t Stop Bereavin?”

“Not exactly,” I told her, hoping she didn’t notice the word Seagull painted over Sturgill’s junk. “Weese was imbibin’ a bit, and I think Boba told her weese was openin’ a numeral dome for sssled steeeeeple.”

“Translate,” Zelda said.

“Funeral home for dead people,” I supplied with a grin. “He slurred a little and Sassy thought he was speakin’ Canadian.”

Zelda couldn’t bite back her answering grin even though she tried damn hard. “Goddess, this is a hot mess. However, it’s my fault. I never should have dared you.”

My brows rose in shock. “Youse takin’ it back?”

Dares were very serious business in the magical world. There was a price to pay for not taking a dare and a steeper price to pay to take a dare back.

“No way,” she said. “If I call it off, I have to accept a dare from you. Not happening. You asshats are insane.”

“Pot, kettle, black,” I shot back with a chuckle.

Our witch defined insanity and I loved her with all my kitty being. She was the perfect witch for us, and we were the perfect familiars for her. She regularly threatened the pound or setting us on fire, but that came with the territory. We were a lot to handle—literally. All three of us were on the chubby side, but I liked to think that there was simply more of us to love.

And Zelda loved us. Showing us by electrocution every now and then was just her way. Of course, we usually deserved it...

“Do you want to tell me why the bear is sporting the word Seagull where his privates used to be?” she asked.

“Not particularly,” I answered.

Turns out I didn’t have to.

“Weese named him Sturgill and named his stolen nards Big Sturgill on account of his hairy beans bein’ huge,” Jango Fett announced as he waddled out of our place of business and joined the conversation.

Boba was right on is heels.

“And Sassy, wantin’ to be Canadian, helped us out,” Boba explained.

Zelda eyed us like we’d rolled in dead bugs—which we enjoyed from time to time.

“Okay. Still doesn’t explain why Seagull is painted over his junk.”

“Sassy can’t spell,” Boba said.

“Got it.” Zelda laughed. “It is sad that Sturgill’s bits got pilfered.”

“Weese are gonna get dem back,” I promised. “Dem sticky-fingered groundhogs did it. Youse don’t rip off a man’s dong pillow when he’s only got half a head to start with. It’s wrong.”

“You idiots are going to stay away from the groundhogs,” Zelda warned. “Mac is the sheriff, and he’ll take care of it. Am I clear? Apparently, they show up every couple decades or so and Mac has to run them off.”

Mac was a werewolf, Zelda’s mate and the badass King of the Shifters, but

groundhogs were tricky little bastards. To get into the mind of a criminal, you needed to be a criminal. We were criminals. And we were destined to return Sturgill's junk. I felt it all the way to my toe beans.

"I hear what youse is sayin'." I nodded and hoped she didn't catch the omission.

Zelda stood up and glanced once more at the enormous billboard that we'd attached to the front of Roger's building. "At least it's only a week," she muttered. "Has Sassy seen this travesty yet?"

"Ummm, nope," I said, wondering if we were in for a waxing from the flying wanna-be Canadian menace.

Zelda laughed. I glanced over at my boys who shuddered and were clearly thinking along the same hairless lines as me. Maybe we should remove the sign. Getting waxed sucked.

"Good luck with that, asshats." Zelda snapped her fingers and disappeared in a blast of sparkling green crystals.

"Are youse guys thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?" Jango asked, looking up at the sign with an unsure expression on his hairy face.

"Kinda," Boba added. "But weese worked hard on dat sign and weese look hot."

"While I agree dat weese are sexy, I'm a little worried Sassy might not like what weese did to her rack," I said.

"Well den, let's get rid of..." Jango said only to be cut off by the live version of the boobs under debate.

“Incoming!” Sassy squealed.

In a landing that defied aerodynamics, the witch crashed through the front window of our place of business in a blur. The most horrifying part was that Sassy had three passengers on her broom— the Canadians, who may or may not be dead at the moment.

“Youse think anyone lived through dat?” Jango asked with a wince.

“Sassy’ll be fine,” Boba assured us. “Saw her crash into a tree the other day and come out without a scratch. Don’t know about dem Canadians, though.”

“Well, if they kicked the bucket, they came to the right place,” I pointed out on a brighter note. “Weese might have our first stiff.”

“Ohhhhhh! I’m so sorry about that,” Sassy cried out as we heard some impressive hissing and swearing. “That wasn’t very Canadian of me.”

“Dem Canadians is pissed,” I said with a laugh and then choked on my own spit as Sassy and her three tutors walked out of the building and onto the street.

The Universe tilted on its axis, and I forgot how to breathe. Jango and Boba’s reactions were the same.

“No f-ing way,” Jango whispered.

“Are weese dreamin’?” Boba asked.

“I sure as hell hoped weese ain’t dreaming,” I choked out, unable to take my eyes off the beauties in front of us. “Should I punch youse in the head to make sure weese are awake?”

“Good idea,” Boba said.

Jango nodded his agreement. “Punch Boba.”

“Why me?” Boba demanded. “Why can’t Fat Bastard punch youse?”

Jango glared at Boba. “Well, youse is the one who said it was a good idea and my giblets are still screamin’ from the massive racking earlier.”

“Sounds reasonable,” Boba agreed then turned to me. “Hit me, bunghole.”

“Wait,” I said confused and a little uncomfortable. “Are youse speakin’ Pirate? Youse want me to hit your bunghole?”

Sassy nodded and called out, “Yes, that was Pirate. I’m fluent in Pirate from watching Pirates of the Caribbean two hundred times. Boba clearly wants you to punch his bunghole. Kind of kinky and gross, but that’s exactly what he said.”

Boba threw his hands in the air. “Whoa, if I was speakin’ Pirate, I didn’t know. I take dat shit back.”

“Happens to me all the time,” Sassy chimed in. “I have been known to speak up to ten languages in one sentence. Half the time I can’t even understand what I say.”

That gave everyone pause. Me and the boys stared at Sassy like she was nuts—which she was—and the three Canadian beauties stared at her like she’d grown another head—which she had not.

Par for the course with Sassy.

“While I’m all for bein’ punched,” Boba said. “I’d prefer to keep my bunghole out of

it.”

“Roger dat,” I said, winding up and walloping my compadre in the gut.

Unable to control himself, Boba clouted me back. Jango immediately forgot about his injured doodle-knockers and jumped into the foray. Boba cold-cocked Jango while Jango whaled on me. Of course, I whacked the shit out of Boba at the same time. It was a symphony of knuckle sandwiches, and no one came near anyone’s bunghole.

“Umm... are you asshats done?” Sassy called out. “Kind of un-Canadian to beat the shit out of each other.”

With one last slug to both of my boys, I nodded at Sassy. “Weese are done.”

We were also bleeding and limping. Whatever. We were manly cats with a penchant for smackdowns. It was one of our better qualities.

The bored and disinterested yawns of the Canadians proved they were impressed.

“The dames are real,” I whispered. What was a feline fella to do when he laid eyes on three of the most beautiful and felonious cats in the Universe? “It’s time to show dem weese mean business.”

We’d been chasing these furry broads our entire lives. They were slipperier than eels. How they’d ended up in Canada was a mystery, and one I would love to unravel. Life was about to get very interesting.

My heart pounded like a jackhammer in my chest, and my tail twitched spastically. Boba squealed like a girl. Jango adjusted his junk.

Not to be outdone by Jango, I quickly went for my own junk. It was an inspired

move, and I wished I'd thought of it first. Gangoolie grabbing was a sign that a male cat was taken with a female cat. Taken was an understatement. I stumbled as I went for the gold and grabbed Boba Fett for balance. He was worse off than I was, and we both went down in a heap. Jango tripped over us as he ogled the Canadian beauties and racked himself. It wasn't sexy. It wasn't cool.

It was not our finest moment.

"Mmmkay," Sassy said, eyeing us and trying not to laugh. "These are my Canadian tutors, Poutine, Annie Surely, and Blythe. Aren't they just about the most awesome gals you've ever seen?"

I was speechless.

Boba Fett was speechless.

Jango Fett was trying to breathe through his second rack of the day.

The cats had our tongues.

Again, not our finest moment, but we were face to face with all of our dreams come true. Poutine—all curvy, white, fluffy and rude. Annie Surely—black and white fur, curly whiskers and a shitty attitude. And Blythe—gray tiger-stripe with an eye roll that deserved an award and an outlook on life that sucked. They were f-in' gorgeous.

"Poutine," I said, puffing out my chest and sucking in my gut as I untangled myself from my boys. "Youse is lookin' as hot as ever."

"Bite me," she hissed, sending joy through my furry frame.

"Annie Surely," Boba said, eyeing her warily. "Youse is still a babe."

“I’ll cut your tongue out of your head,” she snarled.

Boba grinned and gave me a thumbs up.

Sadly, due to his nards being injured, Jango sounded like a girl. However, that didn’t stop my brave brother. “Blythe, humpin’ youse is my fondest dream.”

Damn, he was good. Why didn’t I think of that?

“Get in line,” Blythe snapped and gave him the middle finger.

Nothing had changed. It was just as romantic as it had always been.

“You know my Canadian tutors?” Sassy asked, surprised.

“Weese are acquainted,” I said, winking at Poutine, who made the international I’ll slit your throat sign. Poutine was everything I wanted in a dame, and this time she wouldn’t get away.

“Old news,” Poutine purred.

“This is awesome,” Sassy shouted, missing all of the death threat foreplay going on. “I’ll host a dinner tonight. We can have a picnic under Sturgill and his missing bits. I’ll just pop home for aboot an hour and have Jeeves make us some food, eh?”

“Youse do dat, Sassy,” I said, wondering if the furry gals were packing enchanted weapons.

They wouldn’t dare use them since any magic shot at us, went back onto the attacker—times ten. We might be girthy, but we were deadly and seriously good looking.

Sassy hopped on her broom and flew right into the sign we'd just put up. It hit the ground with a loud crash, and we all dodged the debris.

“Sorry,” she yelled. “We can make another sign tonight!”

We watched in appalled silence as the witch flew down Main Street upside down squealing with glee. When Sassy was out of sight, I glanced over at Poutine who gave me the finger. All was right with my world.

And then, in a move so brilliant it brought a tear to my eye, Boba dropped to the ground and raised his back leg high. Jango and I immediately followed his lead. Ball sac maintenance was a sure-fire strategy to let the gals know of our undying love for them. I went to town on my giblets like my life depended on it.

True love was true love.

We loved the violent cat burglars—had for decades. Maybe we hadn't been clear in the past, but the vigorous ball bath ritual we were performing would clinch the deal. Win-win.

Or we'd just have spotless nuts.

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Doing the f-ing splits, having a smackdown with my boys then licking my giblets to impress a gal was rough on a guy. The sheer amount of stretching involved had been excruciating. Thankfully, the plan seemed to be working. Poutine, Annie Surely and Blythe were no longer staring daggers at us. They appeared bored and uninterested. It was a dead giveaway that the dames were dazzled.

“Enough,” Poutine ordered in a tone that made my kitty Johnson jolly. “Your message has been received, and we are open to negotiation.”

Annie Surely and Blythe nodded as they sharpened their nails.

Jango and Boba sucked in their guts and flanked me on either side. I was truly shocked that Jango had been able to reach his nugs, but when love was on the line, a man would do dangerous and painful things.

“Didn’t know youse gals was Canadian,” I said, making a little polite conversation before we got down to business.

All three of the dames rolled their eyes in unison. It was hot. I was tempted to keep making small talk to get them more pissed off, but decided it might backfire like everything else we’d done lately.

“That’s part of the issue,” Poutine hissed, pointing one heck of a sharp claw my way. “None of you ever paid attention... to anything.”

Boba raised his hand and waited to be called on. Annie Surely snarled at him. He grinned and took it as a yes. “In my defense, I was so enamored with your hairy

bubble-butt it was hard to think about anything else.”

That earned a giggle from Annie Surely.

Boba took a bow and gave everyone a thumbs up.

Shit. I needed better lines.

“And in my defense,” Jango said, eyeing Blythe like she was a fat juicy mouse.

“Youse got the curves dat gives me the swerves. My brain goes insane when youse shakes dat snooty booty. Dat’s why I might have missed dat youse are Canadian... umm... eh?”

Damnit. The son of a bitch had picked up some Canadian from Sassy. Talk about good...

Blythe purred with delight and gave Jango the middle finger salute. He pumped his paws over his head in victory.

All eyes were on me. I felt the flop sweat coming on fast. Unfortunately, my bullshit-o-meter started moving instead of my Casanova-o-meter. Something wasn’t right with this picture. As much as I wanted to ignore it—and I really wanted to ignore it—I couldn’t. We were the fat felonious familiars of the glorious and profane Shifter Wanker. Zelda was the protector of this town and we were an extension of our insane witch. The life we lived now was a gift from the Goddess herself, and I wasn’t about to take the Goddess for granted even if Poutine was the most bootylicious cat in the Universe.

“Before I wax poetic about your furry teats,” I said, narrowing my eyes at Poutine.

“While I didn’t pay attention to where youse dames lived, I did pay attention to what youse did for a livin’. Youse are cat burglars, not Canadian tutors. Are youse down

here to fleece Sassy? Cause if youse are, weese are gonna have a little problem. Like I'm gonna have to kick your fine ass problem."

Poutine's brows shot up in surprise. She laughed. "You've found a conscience, Fat Bastard?"

My name on her lips was heavenly, but if she was here to pilfer shit from my idiot friend, we had a complication.

"Occasionally," I said, playing it cool and hoping I wasn't drooling. "What's it gonna be, Poutine? Are youse really a Canadian tutor or is youse here for nefarious reasons?"

Poutine walked toward me—furry hips swaying from side to side. Her eyes were narrowed to slits.

I lost a few brain cells. The broad was hotter than a firecracker lit at both ends.

"So, if I'm here on a job, you want nothing to do with me?" she purred, inches from my face.

"Depends on what the job is," I shot back, trying to remember my name.

Her grin grew wide as she circled me like I was a car for sale. I loved every second of it and prayed to the Goddess that the broad wasn't here to mess with my people. Sucking in my gut, I made a mental note to use the damn treadmill. With my brain in my ball sac at the moment, it was difficult to remember to puff out my chest and suck in my belly.

"We're legit Canadian tutors. It's a difficult language to master. However, we are also here on a job," she said with a quick and delightful slap to my fat ass.

As enjoyable as her love tap was, her answer wasn't delightful at all. Jango and Boba weren't pleased either. The hair on my neck stood straight up and my boys hissed with displeasure.

"Dis is my territory," I snapped, heartbroken but refusing to show it. "Youse will perform no job in Assjacket."

"Is that the actual name of the town?" Annie Surely inquired, looking bored.

"No," I said. "It ain't. And weese ain't tellin' youse what the real name is."

I had no fucking clue what the real name of the town was. Ever since Zelda named it Assjacket, it had stuck like glue.

"If youse are here for a job, youse don't deserve to know the name of the town," Jango huffed, no longer trying to minimize his spare tire. My compadre was letting it all hang out. His fucking stomach touched the ground. It was disgustingly impressive. "Dis town is special. Weese haven't been run out of here, and weese have a witch. She's fuckin' crazy, but she's ours. Youse hot asses will not mess up the only good home weese ever had. I don't care how blue my gangoolies get. They might even fall off and dat will be your fault."

My man Jango was pissed... and fat.

"Dat's right," Boba grunted. "And anyways, weese don't even know the real name of the town. So there."

"Not helping," I said to Boba.

"My bad," he replied. "I can see how dat don't actually support the argument."

“No worries,” I told him. “Just clap your trap shut for a bit.”

“Roger dat,” Boba replied.

It was a standoff. A tragic standoff. While I was aware that we’d have to explain to Sassy why we’d dropped kicked her Canadian experts out of town, I was willing to do it for the sake of Assjacket. Sassy was known for blowing up buildings when she was put out, but since she’d mated with Jeeves, the nicest Shifter in the Universe, she’d gotten the habit under control. Or I hoped she had.

And even though my heart was shattering, I had to cat-up and defend my territory. This day was sucking all kinds of ass.

“Interesting,” Poutine said, looking wildly unconcerned about what was going down.

The dame was hot.

“Spit it out,” I said, holding my ground even though I was tempted to cleanse my dong pillow again to turn her on. “Name the job youse is here to do.”

“Can’t,” she said.

“Won’t,” I shot back.

“Actually,” Blythe said, yawning. “For the first time in a while, Poutine isn’t lying. We have no clue why we’re here. The Goddess sent us. Only thing she said was that the key to history was in the name, and then she asked us why women rub their eyes in the morning. She also mentioned that toilet paper was very expensive.”

“Why do dames rub their eyes in the morning?” I asked, wondering if the Goddess was losing her marbles. Those were some shitty directions. Although, I did agree

about the toilet paper.

Blythe shrugged. “No clue. However, the silver lining is that we actually are Canadian tutors and someone needed our services and...” She stopped speaking when Poutine shot her a shut the hell up glance.

“And?” I pressed, not sure I was buying what the gals were selling, even though I wanted to. “Youse will come clean or youse are out of here. Sassy can’t spell and she’s an idiot, but she’s our idiot. It youse think youse are gonna take advantage of her or any of the other dumbasses in dis town, youse have another thing comin’.”

“Think,” Poutine corrected me with a smile. “It’s another think coming.”

“Youse sure?” I asked, wanting to keep the dame smiling for the rest of her life.

“Quite,” she purred.

“Expound on the and,” I ordered.

Poutine rolled her eyes and glanced back at her girls. They rolled their eyes and nodded.

“Fine,” she grouched. “And... we wanted to see you three imbeciles.”

Again, my heart pounded in my chest. Again, my tail twitched spastically. Again, I was pulled back to earth by reality.

“The Goddess don’t send people on missions with shitty directions,” I pointed out.

“Apparently she does,” Poutine shot back. “And I’m pretty sure the Goddess wouldn’t have sent us to one of her favorite places in the Universe to rob it blind.”

“She said Assjacket was one of her favorite places?” I asked, surprised.

All three lady cats nodded their gorgeous heads.

“Give us a moment here,” I said, grabbing my boys and yanking them over to Sturgill. Huddling together under the nard-less bear, I eyed them. “What do youse assholes think? My brain is in my crotch right now, so I’m not sure I’m makin’ good decisions.”

“What if weese ask the Goddess for a sign?” Jango suggested. “See if the gals are tellin’ the truth?”

“Not a bad plan,” Boba said, his brow wrinkled in deep thought. “But somethin’ tells me if weese don’t believe the broads without proof, they’ll hold it against us for eternity.”

I could live with a broken heart. I could not live if I brought harm to the town that had taken us in and loved us—illegal habits and all.

Love versus responsibility—decisions sucked.

“What if weese asked the Goddess real quiet like?” I suggested, thinking maybe we could get the confirmation we needed without depriving our Johnsons.

“How?” Jango asked, glancing over at the gals.

“Somethin’ like dis—real respectful-like,” I whispered. “Are youse there Goddess? It’s me, Fat Bastard. Weese got a little issue here with some hot dames dat are turnin’ our giggle bouncers blue. If youse sent the broads here for good give us a sign—youse know, somethin’ like dat.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” Boba said, holding up his paws. “Dat’s not the way to word it. If weese think they’re tellin’ the truth—which weese do—den weese ask for a sign if they’re here for evil.”

“But Fat Bastard already asked the first way. Weese are screwed if they’re innocent,” Jango pointed out then screamed like a girl as a searing three-pronged bolt of purple lightning blasted from the sky and landed squarely on our asses.

“Mother fucker,” I screamed, rolling on the ground to put out the fire.

“Shit,” Jango squealed as he clapped his paws and conjured up a pool of ice water. Dropping into it, he doused his flaming butt.

“Son of a bunghole,” Boba shouted as he joined Jango in the icy water. “I think all the hair on my ass is gone.”

It was not a good scene. I was fairly sure my giblets were bald. There were several ways to look at it, though. The gals were on the up and up. I wasn’t sure I believed that they didn’t know their mission, but I was sure they weren’t here to mess with my town—my singed ass was proof. The good news was we could court the she-devils, run our legal business and get Sturgill’s nards back from the groundhogs.

Poutine sauntered over with her girls by her side. “So, I’m guessing the Goddess proved I wasn’t lying?” she inquired way too casually.

“Are youse mad?” I asked, squinting at her.

“Would have done the same thing,” she replied, pulling me to my feet. “However, you will pay, Fat Bastard. And the price will be steep.”

It was the sexiest thing the dame had ever said to me. “It will be my pleasure,

Poutine. My absofuckinglute pleasure. And while we're at it, weese can commit the perfect crime."

Poutine yawned rudely. "What's the perfect crime?"

I grinned and grabbed my bits in respect for her beauty and horribly sexy attitude. "I'll steal your heart and youse can steal mine."

Poutine tried not to smile. She failed. "You're a cheesy asshat, Fat Bastard."

"Yep, but I'm your cheesy asshat," I replied.

"We'll see," she said, flouncing away.

Boba patted me on the back. "Dat was so smooth, I almost wept."

"Youse are the master," Jango conceded.

"Thank youse," I told them. "Weese have our work cut out for us with dem dames, but I've never felt more alive. Are weese all in?"

"Like Flynn," Boba said with a wide grin.

"I'm in with a grin on my chin drinkin' gin with a twin and her kin on a spin..." Jango said then took off in a sprint as we began to pummel his rhyming ass.

The bloody wrestling match with my boys felt great. It was also a second macho display for the dames. If we were going to win their violent, crime-loving hearts, we were going to have to play our cards right.

And of course, cheat.

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“I’d like to propose a toast,” Poutine said, raising her can of Beth’s Blackout Oyster Stout high. “To Assjacket, cryptic messages from the fabulous Goddess and old friends who may or may not survive the night.”

The dame had a way with words that made my heart skip a terrified and joyous beat. While Sassy and the gals sipped on beer, me and the boys stuck to water. We couldn’t risk another brain-pickling. We had sexy, hairy, female criminals to woo.

The sun setting on the horizon resembled a beautiful big orange and pink testicle. Poutine’s white fur glistened in the early evening glow. I knew I could happily stare at her thieving, lying face for the rest of my nine lives and be a very happy cat.

“So, let me get this straight,” Sassy said, handing out sandwiches as we sat on the bench under Sturgill and watched the sunset. “You’re Canadian cat burglar tutors, eh?”

“No,” Poutine explained patiently for the fourth time to a confused Sassy. “We’re Canadian language tutors who are also cat burglars.”

“World-renowned cat burglars,” Jango added with pride.

That got a smirk from all three dames. Jango had always been smooth with the ladies, but he was outdoing himself this fine evening.

“That’s wonderful,” Sassy said with complete sincerity. “Which means I’ll learn about cat burgling Canadians?”

“Say yes. Trust me. This shit could go on for days,” I muttered to Poutine, scarfing my sandwich and going for another.

It was clear that Sassy hadn’t made the sandwiches because they were edible. Her mate Jeeves, a good man, was a kangaroo Shifter and chef who had obviously saved us all from food poisoning. Sassy burned water.

“Umm... yes,” Poutine said, following my advice. “That’s correct.”

Sassy squealed. “That is so exciting! After I learn Canadian, I’m going to become fluent in British. Do any of you furry gals speak British?”

Poutine, Annie Surely and Blythe looked puzzled. Sassy was good like that. She was a weapon of mass confusion.

“I plan to learn all the languages of the world,” Sassy went on, not needing an answer to any of her questions. “Canadian has stymied me. It’s complicated—so much ado about boots.”

Blythe laughed and patted Sassy’s head. “It’s very much like American just add about and eh to most of your sentences and you’ve got it.”

Sassy was flabbergasted. “Do you mean to tell me I’m already fluent in Canadian, eh?”

“Yes,” Annie Surely said.

“Oh my Goddess,” Sassy screamed, jumping to her feet and knocking the picnic basket to the ground. Sadness overwhelmed me as she stepped on and destroyed the delicious looking blueberry pie that was supposed to be dessert. “You gals are the best tutors I’ve ever had. Not that I’ve ever had tutors, per se, but you rock!”

“Our pleasure,” Poutine said. “You are an excellent student.”

Sassy blushed profusely at the praise and shook her head. “I’m really not. People don’t think I’m smart. No, wait... Actually, I don’t think I’m smart—I can’t spell and I mess shit up all the time. But everyone in Assjacket loves me just the way I am.” She glanced up at the beautiful sunset and wrapped her arms around herself. Sassy’s voice lowered to a whisper. “That never happened until I came here—people loving me with no strings attached. I’m ninety percent sure with a twenty-three percent chance of error minus thirty-one percent plus twelve and three-fourths percent chance that I love myself too. Assjacket is magic. The real deal. So, I suppose learning to speak in tongues is for me, not to prove anything, you feel me? I don’t have to prove myself to anyone anymore.”

There was a long moment of enchanted silence. The sunset blazed a brighter pink and a mist of glittering lavender sparkles rained down from the darkening clouds. The Goddess agreed.

The furry dames were seriously moved and rubbed themselves on Sassy’s nice gams. Poutine was purring and not one claw was out. Blythe and Annie Surely had the most pleasant expressions I’d ever witnessed on the broads. Sassy might not be the sharpest tool in the shed, but she was gorgeous inside and out.

The nutty witch’s honesty was humbling. “Youse might not be able to spell, but youse can knock down a building better than a fuckin’ demolition team,” I told Sassy.

She gave me a little grin and a giggle. “I am kinda good at that.”

“Amazing,” Blythe purred.

“And youse was an f-in’ star in dem Assjacket Community Theatre shitshows,” Jango added. “The way youse remembered dem lines without having to write dem down on

your hand was incredible.”

“Thank you,” Sassy said as her smile grew.

“Ohhhhh,” Annie Surely said, clapping her paws together. “We would love to see you act.”

“And youse adopted dem chipmunks when nobody else would,” Boba reminded her. “Dat was some crazy shit, but youse became a mom of four fuzzy weirdos who are old enough to be your great grandpappies. Dat takes nards and smarts. Youse have kept dem fuckers alive for years. Don’t youse forget dat.”

“I have,” Sassy said with a wide grin. “I think I might be kind of awesome! Jeeves loves me, and he’s the nicest man in the Universe.”

“And one of the luckiest,” Poutine said. “You are quite fabulous, Sassy.”

“Goddess,” Sassy muttered, sitting down on the pie she’d stepped on without noticing. “I freaking love Assjacket. And...”

“And?” I asked, ready to pump Sassy up some more if she needed it.

“And,” she said, looking down and wincing. “There’s something squishy under my bottom.”

“Dat was dessert,” Jango told her, waving his paw and making the blueberry mess disappear.

“Ohhh,” Sassy said with an embarrassed giggle. “I’m so sorry aboot that, eh. How aboot we go over to the Assjacket Diner and have some cheesecake, eh? It would be aboot the worst thing ever if we didn’t end the evening with dessert, eh?”

“Youse got yourself a deal, dollface,” I said, chuckling.

“Awesome!” Sassy said, wiggling her fingers and cleaning up the rest of the picnic mess along with the remnants of our massive billboard she’d destroyed earlier. “Did any of you guys catch how much Canadian I just used?”

“We did,” Poutine said with a laugh. “Such a smart witch.”

Sassy squealed and skipped down the deserted Main Street toward the diner.

“She’s truly lovely,” Poutine said as we all followed. “Is everyone here just like her?”

I chuckled and wrapped my tail around her furry shoulders, hoping the move wouldn’t mean I was about to lose a nard. “Nobody is quite like Sassy,” I said. “The Goddess broke the mold after she created dat gal, but the rest of the idiots in town are just as special.”

Poutine glanced over at me with a look I couldn’t decipher. But at least she didn’t slice off a gible. Things were looking up.

“Do youse like cheesecake?” I asked, as we moseyed over to the diner. “Wanda the raccoon Shifter makes the best cheesecake in the Universe.”

“I’m liking a lot of things about Assjacket,” Poutine muttered with an eye roll.

Her gals giggled and nodded. They also rolled their eyes. Jango waggled his brows and Boba whistled a happy tune.

As good as life had been for us in Assjacket, it had just gotten a whole lot better.

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The inside of the Assjacket Diner was as delightful as the two Shifters who owned and ran it. DeeDee the deer Shifter and Wanda the raccoon Shifter were the best. The gals turned a blind eye to the fact that we regularly pilfered baked goods. That's what I called classy—the owners and the joint.

“Wanda, youse hot patootie!” I yelled as we entered the diner. “Youse got some cheesecake for me and my pals?”

Wanda laughed and eyed the new gals with curiosity. “Don't I always have cheesecake for you, Fat Bastard?”

“Dat youse do,” I said gallantly as I led the gals over to a large six top table.

The Assjacket Diner was full of charming décor and freaking delicious aromas. The tables were all dark heavy wood covered in charming Shabby Chic-ish tablecloths and kitschy mismatched napkins. A little girly for my taste, but the food was to die for—especially the cheesecake. Floral teacups and saucers like a grandma should have sat atop the tables and screamed for the Shifters and witches to drink from them with an extended pinkie.

While we could hold a cup as well as any witch or Shifter, Wanda kept special kitty saucers for us to drink from. Without missing a beat, she placed a saucer of sweet cream in front of each of us.

Blythe shot a covert glance at Poutine. Poutine was delightfully shocked. Annie Surely's mouth hung open. Maybe Sassy had been wrong about Canadians. Maybe they weren't as nice as the fantastic idiots in Assjacket.

Maybe the dames wouldn't want to leave...

"I'm Wanda," Wanda told the gals as she served up huge hunks of cheesecake. "You must be Sassy's Canadian tutors."

"We are," Annie Surely said, purring her content as Wanda gave her a scratch on the head. "And full disclosure, we're also cat burglars. But we're not here to steal anything—just here to tutor Sassy and check on a few things for the Goddess."

Wanda leaned in and smiled. "Thank you," she whispered. "Sassy is so happy she can speak the language now. However, all the talk about boots is a little much."

"Sorry about that," Blythe said with a laugh.

"Not to worry," Wanda assured her, grinning. "Anyone who makes our Sassy feel on top of the world is good in my book. And dessert is on me." She eyed me and the boys with amusement. "Not that you would have paid anyway."

On that slightly embarrassing note, she winked.

"Wanda?" Poutine asked as she walked away. "Do you happen to know why women rub their eyes in the morning?"

Wanda thought about it for a moment then shook her head. "Sorry, sweetie, I don't."

"No big deal," Poutine said. "Just thought I'd ask."

My gal was trying to figure out the cryptic message from the Goddess. I'd help my lady get to the bottom of it. I might not pay for my meals, but I was a damn good partner in crime when it came to solving magical mysteries.

“I love it here,” Blythe announced, slurping loudly from her saucer of cream.

“Me too,” Annie Surely added, peeking over at Poutine.

Poutine shrugged with boredom, and I grinned.

So far, so good.

“Where did Sassy go?” I called out to Wanda, looking around the empty diner.

“Jeeves is in the kitchen cooking up a storm for tomorrow,” Wanda said as she wiped down a few tables. “She went back to display her new language skills and most likely to make out.”

“Youse closin’ soon?” Jango asked Wanda.

“Yep, but take your time,” she replied. “Gotta do inventory tonight, and DeeDee has the evening off. I’ll be here for another hour or two.”

A wonky day had come to a perfect end.

Almost.

Nothing good lasts forever. I just wish it would last for more than twenty-four fucking hours before it blew up.

They walked in the front door looking surprised and confused. There were three of them. A mother, a father and a spoiled rotten female kid. Humans.

“Da fuck?” Boba choked out.

“What’s wrong?” Annie Surely asked, glancing around in confusion.

“They never come here,” Boba whispered, pointing at the trio. “Never.”

“Dis is bad,” I muttered. “Very f-in’ bad.”

“Oh my goodness gracious,” the woman cried out, whipping out her cell phone to snap pictures. “This place is so charming. I just love it!”

“Are you open?” the man called out to a wildly alarmed Wanda.

“Umm... I was just...” Wanda trailed off, unsure how to respond.

“Great,” the man said. “We’ll grab a table.”

“I’m hungry,” the kid whined. “I want to eat. NOW.”

“We will, honey,” the woman assured her mollycoddled spawn then turned to Wanda.

“We’re in a bit of a hurry. Get someone over here to take our order immediately.”

“Service here is crappy,” the man muttered, checking his phone.

“What do you expect,” the woman snapped. “They’re rednecks.”

I wanted to zap the shit out of the humans for being rude to Wanda, but that would give away a secret that wasn’t mine to give.

Wanda was still frozen in her spot, unsure of how to handle something that had never occurred. Humans never stopped in Assjacket. And if they did, they’d never stepped foot into one of our establishments. The town looked like shit for a reason. What in the Goddess’s mom jeans was happening?

“Get down on the floor,” I hissed frantically at my dessert companions. “Dem’s humans. It don’t look right if cats is sittin’ at a table eatin’.”

Without a word of complaint or any backtalk at all, we slipped out of our chairs and under the table. We couldn’t even help Wanda. Talking cats were a big fucking no-no.

“What do weese do?” Boba Fett asked, pulling on his whiskers and peeking out at the hot mess.

“Weese can’t say nothin,” I ordered, freaking out. “They can’t have no clue about the magic. They ain’t supposed to be here. Somethin’ bad is happenin’ in Assjacket.”

“Look at me, Fat Bastard,” Poutine hissed. “There is more than one way to skin a cat. If you can’t use magic, you use something else.”

Next thing I knew, she’d punched me right in the kisser. I saw f-in’ stars. Poutine had one hell of a right hook. Normally, I’d find that hot. Right now, I was grateful the dame pulled me back to reality.

“Text your witch,” Poutine whispered. “Tell her we need backup who can talk to humans and make them leave. Blythe and Annie Surely get ready to stage a cat fight. Make sure you use claws and draw copious amounts of blood. Jango, groom yourself. Swallow enough fur so you can hurl an enormous slimy hairball. Boba, what disgusting talent do you have?”

“Youse name it, I can do it,” he promised.

Poutine sized him up as I watched in admiration and amazement. My dame was badass under pressure.

“Can you pass wind on command?” she asked.

Boba laughed. “I fart like a champion.”

“Understatement,” I said, patting my comrade with pride.

“Outstanding,” Poutine said, all business. It was hotter than Satan’s underpants. “Boba, slink under the tables and place yourself strategically near the humans. When Jango pukes up the ball,” she began only to be cut off by a horrified squeak from Jango.

“Whoa. I thought weese was talking a hairball, not my giggle nuggets,” he said, paling under his fur. “I’m all for bein’ a team player, but if possible, I’d like to keep my nards.”

“Hairball,” Poutine said with an eye roll.

“Got it,” Jango said as he began grooming himself like his life depended on it—which it very well might.

Poutine continued as cool as a cucumber. “So, Jango will hurl the hairball when Blythe and Annie Surely start choking each other. Boba, you will then blow a room clearing stinky. Got it?”

“Roger dat,” Jango said with a mouth full of fur.

The others nodded and waited for a signal to begin.

Poutine patted Boba on the head. “Boba, you move now. When you’re set, the rest will follow.”

“Youse got it, boss,” he said and slunk away.

“Poutine, youse and me will head for the back room and hit the fuse box. No electricity, no service.”

She nodded. Her eyes sparkled with excitement.

“Mom, there’s a kitty,” the awful human child squealed, pointing at Boba, who didn’t slink with his usual finesse. “I want it. I want to keep it.”

“Oh darling,” the woman said, eyeing Boba with a sour expression on her face. “We can’t have a cat. I’m allergic, and they’re filthy animals.”

“I WANT IT,” the spawn of the underworld screeched.

The woman looked to the man. He shrugged and pulled out a fat wallet filled with bills. “How much for your cat?” he asked Wanda.

“Cat’s not for sale,” Wanda told him firmly.

He laughed. “Come on. Everything’s for sale, lady. How much?”

Wanda stood taller and eyed the rude human with distaste. “I told you the cat is not for sale, mister. And the diner is closed.”

“Hey now,” the man said, flashing a few hundred-dollar bills. “We just want a bite to eat. I understand the cat isn’t for sale. No harm. No foul.”

“I want that cat,” the child wailed.

Patting the horrible little human’s back, the mother whispered, “Don’t cry. We’ll take

the cat when we leave. That mean lady won't even notice. No one tells us no."

"Like hell they will," I hissed, debating how criminal it would be if I pilfered the asshole's loaded wallet once the lights went out. I was supposed to be living on the right side of the law this week.

"Wouldn't be criminal at all," Poutine said with a grin. "I'll be your second and we can split the take."

"Did youse just read my mind?" I asked, shocked and delighted.

"Maybe," she said with a wink. "I know how you think, Fat Bastard."

"How do youse know?" I asked, more in love with the felonious feline than I thought possible.

"Because great minds think alike," she purred sexily then became all business again. "Everyone... go."

I'd never witnessed such a shitshow without an ounce of magic involved in all my years. Neither had Wanda. She dropped into a chair and hid her face in her hands to disguise her laughter. No one was gonna mess with the best cheesecake maker in the Universe—not on my stolen watch.

Jango coughed and hacked like he was a ten pack a day smoker. Staggering around the room like he was gonna die, he stopped right at the feet of the horrified human woman. He looked up at her innocently then ralphed a gelatinous, phlegmy globe of skank like I'd never seen. The size of the hairball he puked up belonged in the record books. I'd never been so proud or grossed out by my buddy. Even Poutine couldn't hold back a few sympathy gags.

Blythe and Annie Surely were fucking maniacs. The broads took Poutine at her word when she'd requested copious amounts of blood. Wanda was gonna have to do a major mop to clean up the sticky mess. And I thought our fights were violent... We didn't hold a candle to the savage she-devils. It was bloody poetry in motion. The humans were terrified.

However, the shining moment of the entire presentation was compliments of my man Boba. With his fat ass positioned high and his bunghole aimed perfectly, he shot a stinky that singed my nose hairs. The cat's sphincter was positively vicious. The screaming that ensued—by all of us, including Wanda—was music to my ears even if the aroma permanently damaged my nostrils.

There wasn't even time to shut off the lights. And because of Boba's outstanding anal audio vapor loaf, it didn't matter. The unruly pampered shit of a kid screeched and hightailed it out of the diner, followed by her overindulgent mother. The father was dry heaving and trying to stand up.

"Give me your back paw," Poutine insisted.

"Why?" I asked, confused.

"Just do it," she hissed.

Far be it from me to deny my dame anything. I put my foot into her paws, and she launched me like a grenade across the diner. I landed with a thud right in the middle of the human's table and hissed at the man like I had rabies.

His eyes grew huge, and he fell backwards in his chair, hitting the ground like a sack of potatoes. He crawled out of the diner on all fours whimpering like a loser.

However, his wallet didn't make it. It was now safely in my possession thanks to my

brilliant broad. Normally, I didn't like to share my loot, but this time was different. Poutine could have the whole f-in' take. That was how much I loved her.

"Oh my Goddess," Wanda choked out, crying she was laughing so hard. "You've earned yourselves a cheesecake every day for the rest of your lives. Thank you. I wasn't sure what to do."

"Our pleasure, dollface," I said, checking on Annie Surely and Blythe who were healing slowly. It was a good thing Zelda was on the way. She could wanker the dames right back to perfection.

"What's all the noise about, eh?" Sassy asked, running out of the kitchen with Jeeves right behind her.

Jeeves gagged. "And what's that smell?"

They were an excellent couple. Sassy was a hot blonde dame with nice hooters and Jeeves was a good-looking kangaroo Shifter. Although, his fashion sense was a little iffy. This evening the man was wearing lime green jockey breeches with a yellow tank top and purple converse tennis shoes. It didn't matter. He was the nicest fuckin' kangaroo in the Universe—never had an unkind word for anyone.

"I farted," Boba admitted with a grin as Annie Surely gazed at him with an expression of pride and adoration on her bloody mug.

"That was certainly some fart," Jeeves said with a chuckle. "You okay? You need some seltzer or a cracker to settle your stomach?"

"No, he doesn't," Wanda said, running her hands through her hair and sighing. "Boba's anal acoustics saved the day. There were humans in here."

Sassy and Jeeves froze and glanced around in shock.

“In here?” Sassy asked. “Inside the diner?”

Wanda nodded and began to pace. “Yes. It makes no sense. The town is glamoured to keep humans away. I mean, I thought it was.”

Jeeves righted the chairs and got everyone a nice hot cup of tea.

“The history has been lost—no way of knowing how the town was protected,” Jeeves said as he made sure everyone was comfortable then sat next to Sassy and held her close. “As the story goes, the historian who was keeping the books used the pages as sanitary paper.”

“Youse are tellin’ me some numbnuts wiped his ass with the sacred history of Assjacket?” I asked, pulling a Jeeves and putting my arm around Poutine. She hissed a little but didn’t coldcock me. I considered it a win.

“History?” Poutine asked, thinking aloud. “Do you happen to know the name or species of the historian who wiped his ass with the past? This information might pertain to something the Goddess sent us here to do.”

My gal was as hot and hairy as she was smart.

“I’m sorry I don’t,” Jeeves said, shaking his head. “It was before my time, but that’s the rumor.”

“What was before your time?” Zelda asked as she and Mac burst through the front door of the diner.

Zelda glanced around at all the blood, winced at the hairball then eyeballed the new

cats in town. Her brow raised as she noticed that me and the boys had each staked our claim and were protecting them. Not that the dames needed protection. After what I saw tonight, I was pretty sure they could hand us our fat asses.

“Somebody start talking,” Zelda said, pulling up a chair and joining the group. “Now.”

“Humans was in town,” I told her as her eyes grew wide. “And they came into the diner.”

Zelda glanced up at Mac, who stood behind her with an expression of surprise and anger. “Mother humper,” she muttered as her fingers began to spark. “We have a problem.”

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After a round of introductions, we dove right into business and got Mac and Zelda up to speed. Stress was high. When Wanda was stressed, she fed people. When I was stressed, I liked to eat. It was a win-win.

“Oh my Goddess. You cut the cheese and asphyxiated everyone?” Zelda asked Boba with a wince as we finished filling them in on the situation.

“Yes, he let one rip,” Wanda confirmed with a chuckle. “It was a disgustingly fabulous finale to the very scary event.”

Mac shook his head and ran his hands through his hair. “I don’t get it. Why are they stopping in town? I had two humans stop by police headquarters this afternoon asking for directions. No one stops at headquarters. No human stops in Assjacket at all.”

Zelda pulled Blythe onto her lap and began checking her injuries. “No one until today. The magic is wonky. I can feel it.”

“Do I need to spread some more green goop?” Sassy questioned sleepily, leaning on Jeeves.

Zelda shook her head no, and carefully healed Blythe. “No. It would be a waste of goop. This feels different. It’s not the balance of magic that’s off, it’s...”

“It’s as if the glamour was removed,” Mac finished her thought.

Gently putting Blythe down, Zelda picked up Annie Surely and examined her wounds. “Exactly. But was a glamour ever put on this town? I can’t feel it if it was.”

“Me neither,” Sassy agreed. “If it was glamoured or warded, it wasn’t a witch or warlock who did it. Should we consult Baba Yoknowitall?”

“Nope.” Zelda put a healed Annie Surely down and gently patted her head. “This is my town and I’ll solve the problem. Is there any record of the history of magic for the town?”

“Oh shit,” I said with a mouth full of cookie. “Pun intended, by the way.”

“Dude,” Zelda said, eyeing me. “Swallow the cookie and finish the thought or you’re gonna lose a nard.”

“I like her,” Poutine said with a giggle. “She’s vicious.”

“Thank you,” Zelda replied to Poutine. “I’m also materialistic, and I try to have a shitty attitude at all times. However, that’s been a failure as of late. I’m too fucking happy.”

Mac laughed and planted a kiss on the top of his mate’s head. “Too bad. So sad. However, I think I know where Fat Bastard was going with his crappy pun.”

“Youse just made a pun,” I accused Mac with a chuckle.

“Yep. Couldn’t help myself,” Mac replied grinning. “As the story goes, there was an Assjackian historian who went by the name of Goober. He used the historical journals to wipe his ass when he ran out of toilet paper a few hundred years ago. Apparently, everyone was so pissed, he was chased out of town never to be heard from again.”

“Goober, you say?” Poutine asked, her ears perking up with interest.

Mac nodded.

“Was he a Shifter?” Blythe inquired, glancing over at Poutine.

“Probably,” Mac confirmed. “But it was before I was alive and the records are gone, so it’s a guess on my part. Why?”

Annie Surely snapped her fingers and produced a little notebook, reading glasses and a pen. “Well,” she said, flipping the pages. “While most Shifters don’t match their names with their breed, those that begin with the letter G often do—gerbils, giraffes, gazelles, geckos, goldfish.”

“Shut the front door,” Zelda said with a grunt of disbelief. “There are goldfish shifters?”

Mac laughed. “Umm... no,” he said. “However, the rest of the list is accurate.”

“But Zorro is a goat Shifter,” Sassy pointed out, mentioning one of the newest and best additions to Assjacket.

Blythe nodded thoughtfully. “Hmm... does he happen to be a fainting goat Shifter?”

“He does,” Zelda said. “Does that make a difference?”

Annie Surely took notes and kept talking. “It does,” she said. “Your friend Zorro isn’t just a goat. He’s a fainting goat so therefore, the lack of a G name makes sense. Is there anyone from Assjacket still alive who might have known this Goober with the dirty ass issue? I feel like it’s a clue and possibly why we’re here.”

“You came here to teach me Canadian,” Sassy said, falling asleep on Jeeves.

“Dat’s true,” I said, patting Sassy’s head as she nodded off. “However, the dames are also here on behalf of the Goddess.”

“Need a little more info on that,” Zelda said, tense and beginning to spark.

Poutine quickly chimed in. My gal was a smart broad. When Zelda got an itchy trigger finger, the explosions were sure to follow.

“The Goddess was a bit cryptic,” Poutine explained. “She told us to go to Assjacket, and that the key to history was in the name, then she asked us why women rub their eyes in the morning. She also said that toilet paper was expensive.”

“Toilet paper is expensive,” Sassy pointed out.

Zelda nodded her agreement with Sassy then took a stab at the riddle in the cryptic message. “Eye boogers?” Zelda guessed

“Possibly,” Blythe said, wrinkling her nose. “But it doesn’t connect. Unless eye boogers have something to do with the glamoured safety of Assjacket.”

“I hope not,” Zelda muttered. “That would be all kinds of gross.”

Mac sat down next to Zelda and squinted across the table at Jeeves. “Have you seen Fucking Derrick lately?”

“Umm... that’s kind of rude,” Zelda said.

“Not rude at all,” Wanda chimed in as she passed a plate of chocolate chip cookies around. “That’s his name. Fucking Derrick. He’s at least a thousand years old if he’s a day.”

“How is it dat I’ve lived here for a few years and didn’t know dat weese had a Shifter in town named Fuckin’ Derrick?” I asked, taking the plate off of Wanda’s hands and setting it right in front of me.

“Not a Shifter,” Jeeves said with a slight shudder.

“Fuckin’ Derrick is a warlock?” I asked, making sure Poutine and the gals had as many cookies as they wanted.

“Not a warlock,” Mac said, not hiding his shudder at all.

Zelda rolled her eyes so hard I was sure they were going to get stuck. The dames were wildly impressed.

“Mmkay,” she said flatly. “Since I’m clearly not getting laid tonight, I’m grumpy and not in the mood to play the guessing game. That’s Sassy’s thing and she’s sound asleep. Someone needs to tell me what Fucking Derrick’s species is.”

“Fucking Derrick is a troll,” Mac said with a groan. “And I’m not sure he’s still alive. Haven’t seen the tiny guy in at least a decade—angriest little bastard I’ve ever had to deal with.”

“Youse are shittin’ me,” I said, impressed. “I heard dat trolls was extinct.”

“They might be if Fucking Derrick has passed,” Jeeves said, cradling Sassy in his arms. “I’m going to get my gal home. Let me know the plan, and I’ll be ready.”

“Go,” Mac said. “I’ll call you if I need you.”

Jeeves nodded to all. “It was lovely meeting you Poutine, Blythe, and Annie Surely. Welcome to Assjacket and sorry we’re a mess at the moment.”

Jeeves, holding a sleeping Sassy, quietly walked out of the diner and into the night.

“So, we’re about to turn over some rocks to find a troll named Fucking Derrick?”

Zelda asked Mac with a laugh.

“Looks like it,” he said. “It’s a long shot. Not even sure he’ll know anything helpful even if he is alive.”

“But since the clues we have suck ass, we have to start somewhere,” Zelda pointed out. “Poutine, tell me again what the Goddess said.”

“She said that the key to history was in the name and then she asked us why women rub their eyes in the morning. And of course, that toilet paper is expensive.”

Zelda groaned. “That’s about as clear as mud. What is it with magic weirdos who wear embarrassingly high-waisted jeans and have soccer mom haircuts being so dang cryptic?”

Everyone, including Zelda, jerked their gaze to the ceiling in terror. The Goddess wasn’t particularly easy going about her fashion choices and Zelda had no filter. Holding our breath, we waited for the Goddess to zap the shit out of Zelda.

“Maybe she’s sleeping,” Wanda whispered, still looking up.

“Or she’s giving you a pass,” Mac suggested with a shrug.

Zelda shot him a glare. “Why would the Goddess give me a pass? She never gives me a freakin’ pass. I have a permanent scar on my left butt cheek to prove it.”

“Maybe because she knows what a little shit Fucking Derrick is and she feels bad for you,” Wanda surmised.

“Fucking Derrick is that bad?” Zelda asked, paling a little.

“He’s that bad,” Mac confirmed.

“Youse want us to help search?” I asked.

“We would be happy to aid you,” Poutine added.

“No, but thanks,” Zelda said, closing her eyes for a brief moment. “Fat Bastard, take the gals to our home. My dad is with the kids. I want extra protection on Henry and Audrey tonight. All of this is making me itchy.”

“Roger dat,” I said, taking Poutine’s paw in mine. “Weese will guard the house and dem babies till youse find Fuckin’ Derrick and shake him down for info.”

And maybe we’d find a little time to play kissy face with the dames.

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“Unbelievable,” Fabio said with a shocked and delighted laugh as he stared at the full house Blythe had slapped down on the card table. “Have you lost a hand yet?”

“We cheat,” Annie Surely said with a giggle.

“I do too,” Fabio said, shaking his head in wonder. “Never have I had my ass handed to me like this during a poker game in all my centuries—very impressive.”

“Thank you,” Blythe purred,

The dames cheated at cards better than we did and that was high fucking praise. Fabio was floored by their scam artist skills. And Fabio would know. The warlock was one of the most famous swindlers in the Universe.

Poutine purred and smiled as she counted the chips that she and her gals had hoodwinked out of us. I beamed with pride that my gal was such a conniving crook.

My dame looked right at home in the Kick-ass Cat Pad, and I felt an unfamiliar pang of melancholy. Our home had never seemed so right until this very moment. My boys felt it too. I could tell by the way Jango let his gut hang out—literally—and Boba’s cat-ate-the-canary smile never left his mug. I wanted the dames to stay. Forever. Assjacket had to be way better than Canada even with the human shitshow going on. I could talk about boots all day if that made the cats feel at home. Hell, I’d steal them a damn boot factory.

It was an excellent idea. I’d have to share it with my boys later.

Although, we might have to kidnap them. They'd understand. The broads were as criminal as we were. The thought calmed me and made me happy.

"Zelda looks just like you," Poutine told Fabio as she studied his face.

"That she does," Fabio agreed with a dazed smile, still stunned at the amount of money he'd just lost. "My son Zach does too. They're my pride and joy."

"Youse are a great dad," I said, patting one of my favorite people on the back.

The warlock truly was a great dad. The moment he'd found out about Zelda, he'd searched high and low for his daughter. Having no luck, he went to her sorry excuse of a mother and the vile abomination cursed him with a spell. Fabio had been turned into a cat and had to earn Zelda's love without revealing who he was. Of course, Zelda had accidentally mowed him down with her car three times and did a stint in the magical pokey for it. Luckily, cats have nine fucking lives, and Fabio hadn't kicked the bucket after all. In the end, it turned out peachy. When Fabio was dying in his cat form, Zelda finally admitted her love for him. Before our eyes, he'd morphed right back into his human form... in his birthday suit. Zelda had been in therapy for a few years over that one. Seeing your dad's Johnson wasn't the most auspicious beginning, but they worked it out.

Then Zach was discovered. That story was a little more tragically complicated, but they were now a wonderfully happy and extremely dysfunctional family. And while Fabio had it bad for his kids, he was over the moon about his grandchildren.

Fabio winced. "Not exactly a great father," he contradicted me. "However, I'm working on making it up to them."

"Youse are doin' a bang-up job," Jango assured him. "Youse didn't know about Zelda and Zach. Once youse did, youse stepped up and loved dem kids hard."

Boba nodded and gave Fabio a thumbs up. “Dat’s right. Dem kids are lucky mother humpers. Me and my brothers in crime started our life starvin’ in a gutter after bein’ beat to shit and escapin’ the bag weese was shoved into. Dat’s why weese like havin’ a little extra meat on us now,” he explained, slapping his big belly with pride. “Just in case the food runs out, youse know? Used to be a little self-conscious about my sexy, flabby jiggle, but I just figure there’s more of me to love. Took us three f-in’ days to claw our way out of dat bag and swim out of the river weese was tossed into. Talk about suckin’ bunghole. Swimmin’ is for dogs, not for cats.”

The room went silent. Fabio glanced up at the ceiling, sad and pained. Annie Surely wiped a tear from her eye and Blythe stared at the floor. Only Poutine looked straight at us. Her expression was filled with pity. I didn’t like to be pitied. We’d turned out just fine—relatively speaking. Our past was the past and I liked leaving it there. Boba had done some therapy with Roger the fucking rabbit and was more open to exploring our shitty beginnings. Me? I was more of a block-it-out kind of guy.

“Dat’s a hilarious story,” I shouted, forcing a laugh while giving Boba an I’m about to remove your nards with a dull butterknife look. “Boba has one hell of an imagination.”

“Yeah,” Jango chimed in, not making eye contact with anyone. “Dat Boba is a laugh fuckin’ riot.”

Boba looked wildly confused, but went with the flow. “Right,” he quickly added. “Musta gotten a horror movie mixed up with real life. I’m such a dumb mug. My bad.”

No one believed a word of our pathetic cover-up. Normally we were smooth liars—had to be. We could goof with the best of them, but we were clearly off our game. A change of subject was in order. We’d gone from the joy of cheating to harsh reality. Not a good way to woo the she-devils.

“Fabio, my man,” I said, avoiding Poutine’s intense stare. “Do youse happen know a troll who goes by the name Fuckin’ Derrick?”

Fabio paled considerably and shuddered. “Derrick or Fucking Derrick?”

“Fuckin’ Derrick,” I confirmed.

“Are you positive?” Fabio asked, worried. “Absolutely positive?”

It was becoming increasingly clear that old Fucking Derrick was a f-ing nightmare. Whatever. We’d dealt with all kinds of asshats in our time. How bad could Fucking Derrick be?

“Yep, I’m sure.”

Fabio sighed, put his elbows on the custom card table we’d stolen and rested his chin in his hands. “Unfortunately, yes. I know him. Why?”

The dame’s ears perked up and our sad past was forgotten for now. Annie Surely clapped her toe beans together and produced her little notebook, pen and readers.

With her pen poised over the paper, she began to grill Fabio. “Is he still alive?”

“Yes,” Fabio replied tightly.

“Is he in Assjacket?” Blythe asked.

“Again, unfortunately, yes,” he said, looking a bit confused. “Why? If you’re thinking about finding him, I’d recommend against it. Fucking Derrick is an asshole.”

“Weese heard dat,” I said, realizing Fabio didn’t know what was going on. “Weese

have a little story to tell youse.”

Fabio sat up straight and took in the worried expressions on all of our mugs. “Does this story have a happy ending?”

Lying wasn’t an option right now, even though it would be a hell of a lot easier. “Remains to be seen,” I admitted.

Glancing over at the baby monitor to confirm his grandbabies were still sleeping soundly, he nodded. “And your story will explain why you have the death wish of locating Fucking Derrick?”

“Yep,” I said.

Fabio shook his head and leaned back in his chair. “I’m all ears. Tell me this story.”

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The atmosphere in the room had done a three-sixty. There was enough magic to choke a fella. Poutine, Annie Surely and Blythe were awed by the new arrival and had bowed low when she'd poofed in with so much lime green glitter we would be vacuuming it up for a f-ing year.

We'd told the entire story twice. Once to Fabio and then again to Baba Yaga. As soon as we'd finished sharing the shitshow with Fabio, he'd insisted that Baba Yaga be brought in on it.

"That just won't do—won't do at all," Baba Yaga, aka Carol, snapped, pacing the Kick-ass Cat Pad and magically enhancing the décor in her stress. "Humans can't know about Assjacket. All the magic in the Universe hinges on our secrecy."

"Weese are gonna solve it," I promised. I was pretty sure the crazy dame didn't hear me—just kept pacing the room and yacking to herself.

"I do love the shag carpet," she muttered as she stared at it. "But the green has got to go."

With a wave of her hand the grassy green carpet we'd begged for turned into glittering rainbow strands. It was fucking heinous, but I wasn't in the mood to be electrocuted by pointing it out.

While I didn't mind new shit in the Cat Pad, the massive disco ball now hanging from the ceiling was a little much. However, I kept my trap shut when I noticed how much Poutine and the gals seemed to like it. And I did have to admit, I was digging on the pyramid of lava lamps and bean bag chairs.

Baba Yaga's warning about the magic made me a little itchy, though.

"Carol," Fabio said, grabbing her hand and pulling her onto his lap. "Calm down. Zelda and Mac are searching for Fucking Derrick. They'll find him and get to the bottom of it. I'm sure of that."

Baba Yaga shook her head and scooped up a surprised Poutine. Absently stroking my dame, she worried her bottom lip. "Bad idea to let Zelda near Fucking Derrick. He'll try to kill her, and she'll blast his rude tiny ass into the Next Adventure. If we're dealing with a dead Fucking Derrick, we'll never find out if the little shit can help. It's just a terrible plan."

"Whoa there, Baba Yobadnews. Fuckin' Derrick is gonna try to off Zelda?" I asked as the hair on the back of my neck shot up and my boys began to growl and hiss.

Baba Yaga shrugged her slim shoulders and shook her head. Not a single hair moved. It was sprayed into an eighties hair-do that defied gravity. Not to mention, her purple spandex pants and off-the-shoulder ripped sweatshirt were all kinds of wrong. Amazingly, the hot babe made it work.

"Fucking Derrick tries to kill everyone," Baba Yaga said in an ominous tone.

I didn't like that one bit. "Dat's not workin' for me."

"Me neither," Jango Fett hissed.

"Dat's not gonna happen," Boba Fett joined in. "Zelda is our witch. I'll eighty-six any mother f-er who tries to hurt our insane nutjob."

"Good boys." Baba Yaga gave us a curt nod then turned her attention to the cat in her lap. "You do realize you've arrived a bit early," Baba Yaga told Poutine. "I'm not

due to retire for a least another few decades.”

“What?” Poutine asked, confused.

“No worries,” Baba said, patting her head and nodding to Annie Surely and Blythe. “We can get started with your training sooner rather than later.”

“Training?” Blythe asked as perplexed as Poutine.

“But of course,” Baba Yaga said.

Annie Surely tilted her head and gaped at the crazy witch. “I’m sorry, you must be mistaking us for different Canadian cats.”

Baba Yaga stamped her foot and set the shag carpet on fire. “I am never mistaken.”

Fabio wiggled his fingers and doused the flames with an indulgent smile for his certifiable lover. Baba Yaga made Zelda look easy.

Pointing a highly manicured nail at each of the dames, she cocked her finger and drew them in. “When I retire as Baba Yaga and Zelda takes over, I’ll be more of a pedestrian witch, so to speak.”

Everyone was still confused. Baba was good like that. It was far different from Sassy’s gift of leaving everyone speechless. Baba Yaga knew exactly what she was doing at all times.

“Is there more to that story?” Poutine inquired carefully.

“Isn’t there always?” Baba Yaga shot back with a mischievous grin. “When I retire my bobble-headed warlock minions will retire as well—thank the Goddess. Those

nosey little men drive me nuts. I'm constantly tripping over them—very inconvenient.”

Baba paused and enjoyed the mass bewilderment she was creating.

“I see,” Annie Surely lied, covertly glancing over at her gals.

“Do you?” Baba inquired.

Poutine rolled her eyes. “No. We don’t. Get to the point, lady.”

You could hear a pin drop. The silence was deafening, and the terror was real. No one talked to the supreme leader of the witches like that and lived to tell.

Diving like the Devil was on my ass trying to steal my Johnson pillow, I landed on top of Poutine to save her from the wrath of Carol. I’d had a good life, and I was fairly positive I had at least one left. If I didn’t, it would be worth it to die for the dame I loved. No question about it.

Baba Yaga’s delighted laugh rang out. The broad was nuts.

“Perfect,” she trilled. “Fat Bastard, that was so sweet.”

“Dat was sweet?” I asked, a little worried I’d crushed the love of my life.

“Yes!” Baba Yaga shoved me off of her lap and made sure Poutine was still breathing. I was a big beefy guy. “You put your own life on the line to save one of my familiars.”

“Your familiars?” Poutine asked, squinting at the witch.

“That’s right,” Baba confirmed. “And as I said, you’re a bit early, but since there’s love in the air, I understand why.”

As terrified as I was at the prospect of my dame being a familiar to Carol, I was also elated. Carol and Fabio lived in Assjacket. Me and the boys lived in Assjacket. The dames would have to live in Assjacket as Carol’s familiars. That meant we had longer than a few days to woo our ladies.

“Sooooooo,” Poutine said with a rude yawn. “That means we’re moving to Assjacket?”

Annie Surely and Blythe yawned as well. Blythe even added an eye roll. The broads were totally into it. It was all I could do not to take a victory lap around the room.

Baba Yaga never missed anything. She watched the silent show play out with a little smirk on her lips. “I suppose it does.”

“Whatever,” Poutine said, trying to sound disinterested. “We can make that work.”

“Excellent,” Baba Yaga said. “First mission. Find Fucking Derrick before Zelda and Mac do. Zelda has a terrible temper, and as much as I’d love to hear that the little shit was six feet under, I’ll save that wish for another time. The future of magicals is on the line.”

“We’ll stay here and watch over Henry and Audrey,” Fabio said.

“Roger dat,” I said, saluting them both. “Do youse have any clue where Fuckin’ Derrick’s hideout is?”

“Check the bridges on the outskirts of town,” Fabio instructed. “Fucking Derrick likes to hide under them. But be very careful.”

Baba Yaga clapped her hands and a mist of funky smelling rainbow glitter rained down on us. “That should help.”

Sneezing, I waved my paw to clear the stench. “What was dat?”

“Troll perfume,” she replied. “A little stinky, but it might help lure him out. Oh, shoot. Does anyone happen to speak troll?”

“Fuckin’ Derrick doesn’t speak English?” I asked, wondering how in the hell we were going to communicate with him.

Baba Yaga raised a brow. “Of course, he does, but he’s a shit and will mess with you.”

Annie Surely raised her hand. “I speak troll.”

“Me too,” Blythe said.

“Me three,” Poutine added.

The dames were coming through again. It was hot.

“Wonderful,” Baba Yaga said. “He’ll probably speak troll until you get him pissed off. When a troll gets angry enough, he will forget his native tongue.”

“Not. A. Problem,” I said with a grin as Boba and Jango chuckled. “Weese just happen to excel at pissin’ people off.”

“That you do,” Baba Yaga said with an eye roll. “Get moving. There’s no time to waste. The fate of our kind is on the line.”

The shoes were big. There was a chance we couldn't fill them.

However, cats didn't wear shoes.

We were going to kick ass.

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Fucking Derrick wasn't an asshole. He was a colossal, gaping crevasse of an asshole, the likes of which I'd never come across—and I'd met some true f-in' assholes in my life. The troll's reputation had not been exaggerated.

“Duleakum iniuakum iniir glogzag gulouse, dussholuth,” Fucking Derrick bellowed.

He was about a foot tall and his voice was so high I was pretty sure he didn't have nards. A bushy, wiry, gray beard covered most of his little face exposing only his crazed purple eyes. He reminded me of a compact Bigfoot with a serious attitude problem. The troll's hands and feet were small like the rest of him, but it was clear the miniature son of a bitch was a killer.

Fucking Derrick's bellow sounded more like a squeak, but the fact he stomped around like his clothes were on fire told the story of his fury.

“What the hell did he just say?” I asked, dodging the fireballs the jackoff was shooting out of his nose.

I avoided getting hit for the good of the troll and for the good of Assjacket. Any magic thrown at me or my boys went back on the aggressor times ten. Didn't know if Fucking Derrick could survive that. Since I needed to shake the troll down for info, I very kindly let his fireballs hit the ground around me.

“He said, get out of my house, asshole,” Poutine replied, interpreting for the troll as she expertly evaded the arsenal coming our way.

We'd found him under the first bridge we searched. Finding the troll had turned out

to be the easy part, drawing the little turd out into the open for a meaningful conversation was another thing altogether.

“Dat’s kinda rude,” Boba pointed out, eyeing the tiny maniac. “Youse should be a little nicer and maybe youse wouldn’t have to live under a bridge.”

The wee man looked like he was going to split in half he was so put out. “Shrakituth glogzag dussholuth.”

Annie Surely laughed. “He just told you to bite his asshole.”

Boba flipped the troll off. “While dat may be what youse dig, I’m not into bitin’ bungholes. Youse really need to work on your manners.”

“Yeah,” Jango added. “Weese ain’t here to off youse unless youse keep actin’ like a douche. Weese just want some intel, youse ugly mother f-er. Youse feel me?”

Fucking Derrick lost his questionably sane mind. He spit fire and flung himself on the ground. The tantrum he threw would have made a homicidal toddler proud.

“Gorotu glogakuth glogzag dusakun gutcarg. Duleakum hakosakum,” he grunted, kicking his itty-bitty legs so fast they were almost invisible.

“Umm.” Blythe shook her head and tried not to grin. “He just said that you make his ass itch and to get lost.”

While we were probably in grave danger from the idiot troll, it was difficult not to laugh.

“Piss him off more so he speaks English,” Poutine advised as she and the gals scampered in circles to avoid the poisonous darts Fucking Derrick was now throwing.

“On it,” I said, dancing away from losing one of the lives I had left. “Hey, youse!”

Fucking Derrick glanced up from his tantrum and glared at me.

“Yeah, youse,” I said, pointing a sharp claw at him. “Where’d youse get dem gauchos? 1980 called and wants dem fugly pants back.”

“Nice,” Boba said as he back flipped out of the way of a double fireball.

We were in trouble here. Half of me was tempted to let the shit nail me with a fireball so it would eighty-six his psycho little ass, but as much fun as that would be, it would also be stupid. I was many things, but in battle, I wasn’t stupid.

“Keep goin’,” Jango said, rolling like a fat furry ball to steer clear of the flames.

“Hey Fuckin’ Derrick,” I yelled. “Youse are so ugly, I heard youse didn’t get hit with the ugly stick... I heard youse got walloped with the whole f-in’ tree.”

The troll roared. It sounded like a ten-year-old girl at a Justin Bieber concert. The insult worked. However, in hindsight, it was far more pleasant not to know what the jackoff was saying.

“There’s a tree stump in my ass that has a higher IQ than you,” he snapped in a voice that sounded like he’d swallowed a vat of helium. He also flipped me off.

“Dat’s gotta hurt—havin’ a tree lodged in your sphincter,” I shot right back. “And if I was as ugly as youse, I’d shave my ass and walk backwards.”

“Really?” the troll shrieked.

“Yep,” I replied, staying on my toes so I could move quickly. For a fat cat, I moved

fast.

Fucking Derrick stood up with a nasty look on his mug and slapped his tiny hands on his gaucho covered hips. “Well, you’re so fat, even Dora can’t explore you.”

“Burn,” Boba said with a chuckle. “The mini bunghole biter has some zingers.”

I grinned.

Fucking Derrick grinned.

It wasn’t pretty, but it was a good sign that he’d stop trying to kill us. I kept going.

“Dat was smooth, Fuckin’ Derrick,” I complimented him. “But when youse entered the Ugly Contest, they said professionals weren’t allowed.”

The troll raised a bushy eyebrow. I wasn’t sure if it was a sign of appreciation or if he was going to double down on trying to bump me off.

“Yeah, well, you have more rolls than a bakery,” he grumbled.

“Dat may be true,” I said with a shrug. “But when youse went through the haunted house at Halloween, youse came out with a job application.”

“Maybe,” Fucking Derrick conceded, getting into it. “When you got on the scale, it said it needed your weight, not your phone number.”

The troll was good.

“At least I’m not so ugly dat I scare the shit out of the toilet,” I countered.

He paused and thought that one through. Dropping into a squat, I motioned everyone to get behind me. There was no telling what the troll would do.

“I might borrow that one,” he said. “Do you mind? It was outstanding.”

My mouth hung open for a brief moment. The rules had just turned on a dime. Now, I just had to turn the insult game into an intel game.

“Be my guest,” I told him. “Youse wanna keep goin’?”

“Absolutely,” Fucking Derrick said, rubbing his tiny hands together. “Are you ready to graduate to stupid?”

I nodded and gave the insane freak a thumbs up. I could do stupid any day of the week.

F-in’ Derrick let it rip. “You’re so stupid you brought a spoon to the Super Bowl.”

“Dat’s nothin’,” I told him. “Youse are so stupid, youse tried to schedule your yearly physical with Dr. Pepper.”

The troll grinned. His little teeth were as sharp as hell. “You’re so stupid, you took a ruler to bed to see how long you slept.”

“Stealin’ dat one,” I said. “Youse are a worthy opponent. However, youse are also so stupid dat youse stuck a phone up your ass and thought youse was makin’ a booty call.”

Fucking Derrick froze. His eyes filled and his beard-covered chin fell to his tiny chest.

WTF?

“I think youse made him cry,” Boba whispered.

I felt awful. He was such a tiny little dude. I mean, he was a fucking insane asshole, but I wasn’t trying to make him cry.

“I didn’t think dat one was dat bad,” I said to my boys. “Did youse?”

Jango shook his head. “I didn’t think dat was bad at all. Maybe Fuckin’ Derrick has never gotten any booty.”

I nodded. “Dat’s a possibility. He’s ugly as fuck. Now I feel really bad.”

Fucking Derrick had advanced to sobbing. It was pathetic. It was all fun and games until a phone gets lodged in the booty then everything falls apart.

“What am I supposed to do now?” I asked, unsure how to handle the bizarre situation.

“Apologize,” Poutine said.

“Seriously?” I asked, glancing over at my dame.

She shrugged. “Can’t hurt.”

Here went nothing. “Hey, umm... Fuckin’ Derrick, youse okay?”

The troll continued to cry. Shit.

“Well, youse know... I was just joshin’ youse, right? I mean, youse already said youse had a stump in your ass, so, naturally I thought havin’ a phone up your ass

wouldn't be a biggie. Maybe a phone and a stump in your ass is just too much to have in your ass. I didn't think about it like dat. If I had, I would have gone with the line, youse are so stupid, youse climbed a glass wall to see what was on the other side."

"That woulda been better," Fucking Derrick said through his tears. "Less invasive."

"Got it," I told him. "I'll be more careful with how much an ass can hold in the future. Dis was a good lesson for me. Sorry about dat."

"You are?" he asked. "Truly sorry?"

"Yeah," I said. "Youse are an asshole and youse tried to kill us and all, but youse don't deserve to cry. I feel real bad about dat."

"Apology accepted," the troll said, still sniffing.

Poutine grabbed my paw and gave it a squeeze. I felt on top of the world. My dame was proud of me. I was kind of proud too. I was on a nice guy roll.

"Hey now," I said. "Chin up, tiny dude. Youse need to grow some giggle nuggets and get some thicker skin. Youse are a badass who lives under a bridge."

Fucking Derrick gave us a small smile. "You're right. I don't see people all that often and I forget how to be socially acceptable."

"Join the club," Jango said. "Weese are completely socially unacceptable."

Boba raised his hand.

"Speak," I told him.

“Fuckin’ Derrick,” he said. “Could I make a suggestion?”

“Please do,” Fucking Derrick replied.

“If youse wanna be socially acceptable, youse should probably stop tryin’ to eighty-six everyone youse come across. Just a thought.”

The troll nodded thoughtfully and took in what Boba had suggested. Had it not occurred to the asshole that offing people might make him unpopular?

“Thank you,” Fucking Derrick said. “I haven’t had so much fun in a century.”

If this was his idea of fun...

“Youse are most welcome,” I said, putting out my paw in a gesture of peace, hoping he didn’t bite it off with his sharp little chompers. “I’m Fat Bastard. Dis here is Boba Fett and Jango Fett. The gorgeous dames are Poutine, Annie Surely and Blythe.”

The troll shook my paw and left it in one piece.

“I’m Fucking Derrick,” he replied. “And I’d very much like to apply to be part of your group.”

I wasn’t sure how to respond to that one. Hanging with Fucking Derrick seemed like a really bad idea.

“You don’t have to apply,” Poutine said, stepping forward and patting the troll on the head. “All you have to do to be in our club is help us figure out why the magic has gone awry in Assjacket. That will make you a friend for life.”

“Fuck,” Jango muttered under his breath. “Dat might have gone a little too far.”

I couldn't agree more, but the look of pure excitement and joy on the little asshole's face gave me pause. He was a lonely tiny asshole, which made him more of an asshole than if he had some friends. Fucking Derrick would probably always be an asshole, but maybe he would end his killing spree if he had some wise-guy comrades to kick his miniature ass into line.

"What do you need to know?" he asked, all of a sudden looking shy and childlike.

He was still hairy and ugly, but it was kind of sweet.

I glanced at my posse and everyone nodded and smiled. "Weese need youse to tell us about the Assjacket historian named Goober, who wiped his bunghole with the magic journals and got run out of town. Weese think it might be connected to the fact dat humans have started to stop and stay in Assjacket."

F-in' Derrick looked wildly alarmed. "Humans in Assjacket?"

"Yep. It's bad," I said.

The troll had a meltdown and tossed out cuss words I didn't even know existed. It lasted for the better part of twenty minutes. About ten minutes into it, we all sat down and enjoyed the show. Annie Surely took notes.

"Youse done?" I asked when he flopped down to the ground after a particularly heinous round of filthy words.

"I am," Fucking Derrick said, wiping the sweat from his brow. "I feel so much better."

We were going to have to remember not to take F-in' Derrick out in public until he got a handle on his mouth. He was fucking disgusting.

“I take it dat youse might have some info for us?” I asked, praying to the Goddess it didn’t set the little freak off again.

He nodded and took a deep breath. “I do. You cats smell great, by the way.”

Score for Baba Yaga. The stinky troll perfume was a hit.

“Thank you,” Poutine said. “You have a gamey aroma as well.”

Fucking Derrick giggled. “Thank you, and yes, I have intel. Goober is an asshole, and I should know, because I’m an asshole,” he said.

I couldn’t disagree with that.

The troll went on. “He comes back every decade or so to try to destroy Assjacket for banishing him. The King of the Shifters has always been successful at running him off.”

“Dat’s Mac youse are talkin’ about,” I told Fucking Derrick. “Youse think Goober is here now? Youse think he’s causin’ the humans to show up?”

“It’s a possibility,” Fucking Derrick said. “There’s a chance that the groundhog didn’t use all the history journals on his ass and knows how to harm the magicals in Assjacket.”

“Back the fuck up,” I shouted as my stomach dropped to my toe beans. “Did youse just say Goober was a groundhog?”

“I did,” the troll confirmed. “If there was anyone who would be aware of the talisman that keeps Assjacket hidden from human eyes, it would be the ass wiping groundhog.”

The information floored me.

“Is it possible that one of the groundhogs who buried the three of you fifty feet underground for getting them drunk and shaving their fur then dying them so they looked like diseased skunks is Goober?” Poutine asked.

“How did youse know about dat?” I asked, embarrassed that my dame knew we’d been buried alive. It wasn’t very manly.

“Word gets around,” she said with an eye roll. “Just answer the question.”

I nodded. “Very possible. I say weese pay a visit to the Assjacket pokey and interrogate a few groundhogs. Weese might be able to solve the problem with a few well-placed testicle punches.”

“Can I come?” Fucking Derrick asked. “I’d probably recognize Goober. He’s cross-eyed. And I’m very good at nard punching since I’m so short.”

This was a conundrum. It was incredibly risky to take the shit-mouthed troll anywhere, but he had come through for us... and even though I was sure I would live to regret it, we were going to come through for Fucking Derrick.

“Can youse control dat potty mouth and not eighty-six anyone if weese run into our friends?” I asked.

“Oh yes!” he said, dancing a little jig. “I will happily refrain from killing your friends. Also, could you define potty mouth?”

Shit. Whatever. As long as he didn’t bump anyone off, we should be fine.

“No time,” I told him. “Hop on my back, little buddy. We’re poofin’ into town.”

Fucking Derrick squealed like a girl and jumped on my back. He was as light as a feather.

When I made mistakes, I made big ones.

I just hoped this wasn't one of the largest.

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“I can pick that lock in five seconds,” Poutine announced, extending her claws and looking around to see if we were being watched.

My dame’s cat burgling skills were hot.

It was the middle of the night. Thankfully no one was up and there were no humans wandering around.

“I’ll time you,” Blythe said, conjuring up a stopwatch.

The brand new Assjacket pokey was at the far end of Main Street. It was as nondescript and rundown as the exterior of every other building in town. However, the inside was a magical fortress. Zelda and Sassy had warded the building and the bars on the cells to ensure that no one could escape. Hopefully, this was going to be a piece of cake. And while I was busting groundhog chops, I was going to get Sturgill’s sac back. The bear was still nardless. That fact drove me nuts. A man’s giblets were sacred—even if he was a bear made of stone.

“Three seconds,” Blythe said as the lock popped and Poutine opened the door. “New record.”

“Are there alarms on the building?” Annie Surely asked, wielding a set of wire cutters.

“Nope,” Boba said, waddling through the door. “Don’t need no alarms. Zelda and Sassy warded the joint.”

Fucking Derrick was beside himself with glee, hopping around like he had to take a leak.

“Youse good?” I asked him as I followed my posse into the pokey.

“Oh yes!” he said. “I’m just so excited to have a playdate.”

I shook my head and laughed. Fucking Derrick was a piece of work.

“Fat Bastard,” Jango Fett called out. “Weese have a little situation here.”

I didn’t like the sound of that and neither did Fucking Derrick. Blowing fire out of his nose, the little troll zipped ahead of me. I was right on his heels.

The sight I saw was not good. Not f-ing good at all.

Poutine’s tail twitched in distress. Annie Surely scribbled notes while hissing and snarling. Blythe stared in disbelief. Boba and Jango paced and muttered. I said a few choice words, including some I’d just learned from the troll. Only Fucking Derrick was calm, cool and collected.

“They dug their way out,” Poutine said, pointing at the hole in the middle of the cell floor.

“Zelda must have missed warding the floors,” Jango pointed out.

I shook my head and contemplated our next move. “Sassy did the floors,” I said. “And don’t nobody say nothin’ to her about this. She’ll be so upset, dat the broad will blow up the whole town. Youse feel me?”

Everyone nodded and mentally plotted and planned.

“Wadda weese gonna do now?” Boba asked. “Dem groundhogs could be anywhere.”

Glancing around, I closed my eyes and tried to think. There was no way I could fit my fat ass in that hole and go after the thieving groundhogs. The future of all magic was on the line and my butt was too big to do anything about it.

“May I make a suggestion?” Fucking Derrick inquired.

“Does it involve youse losin’ your shit?” I asked. “Cause weese don’t have time for dat.”

The troll giggled. “Oh no, my last tantrum should hold me for at least another hour.”

“Oh my Goddess,” Poutine said under her breath, swallowing back a laugh.

“Go ahead, tiny dude,” I said. “Tell us what youse got.”

“I, Fucking Derrick, will go hole diving and find Goober, the cross-eyed asshole,” the troll announced, squeezing his little body between the bars of the cell and getting electrocuted.

Everyone cringed and gasped as the idiot fried himself. The sound was freaking awful, but the troll just shrugged it off and gave us the okay sign.

“Dat had to hurt,” Jango said with a shudder. “Youse are insane. My kind of guy.”

It was a little weird to hear the troll speak about himself in third person, but I was going with it. The foul-mouthed freak was a brave amigo. Half of his beard got singed right off his ugly mug when he squished himself into the cell. It smelled almost as bad as Boba’s earlier anal explosion.

“Holy shit!” I said, holding my nose. “Are youse okay, little man?”

“I’m fine,” Fucking Derrick yelled, pumping his tiny fists over his head in victory. “I think I might have lost some facial hair. Do I look okay?”

“Is dat a trick question?” I asked, not sure which way to go here.

“You look like a lovely, brave troll,” Poutine quickly said, so I didn’t offer up that he was as fugly as he’d always been.

“Thank you,” Fucking Derrick said, blushing. “I love having friends. It’s so nice knowing people I don’t want to kill.”

I nodded. “I can see how dat would appeal.”

Waving my paw, I conjured up a magical GPS and two transmitters. If Fucking Derrick was going in the hole, we were gonna have his back above ground.

“Wait,” Boba said, pulling on his whiskers. “What if dem groundhogs are still in the hole and they hurt Fuckin’ Derrick. I don’t like dat.”

“Me neither,” Jango said. “I’m still a little on the fence about F-in’ Derrick in general, but I don’t want no groundhog to mess with our boy.”

The troll cried out with delight and put his tiny hands over his heart. His wide smile almost made him look cute. Almost.

“I am moved more than you will ever know that you fabulous cats care about my wellbeing. This has never occurred in all my years,” he said as tears formed in his crazy purple eyes. “But worry not, my fat friends. If I come across the groundhogs, I shall eat them.”

“Da fuck?” Boba asked, squinting in shock at Fucking Derrick.

“Youse can do dat?” I asked with a gag. “Youse can eat six groundhogs?”

“Oh yes!” Fucking Derrick said, waving his hands like it was no big deal. “Not my usual style at all, but in an emergency like this, I can eat at least ten.”

There was a full minute of appalled silence as we digested the unappetizing method.

“Umm... we can always hope that they’re not in the hole,” Poutine pointed out with a wince.

“From your mouth to the Goddess’s ears,” I said, sliding a transmitter under the bars for the troll. “Put dat on youse. We’ll be able to track your movement and follow youse. Maybe swallow it. Dat way, it can’t fall out of the pocket of your gauchos.”

Fucking Derrick sucked in a breath through his teeth and shook his little head. “I can’t swallow that. I have a gag reflex.”

“Are youse shittin’ me?” I asked. “Youse just said youse can eat ten groundhogs, but youse can’t swallow a tiny transmitter?”

“I know,” he said, shrugging. “Crazy, right?”

“Can you suck it up your nose?” Poutine asked.

“Oh no, no, no,” Fucking Derrick said. “That would be much worse. I’m quite concerned that my nostril fire would destroy the transmitter and it would be useless.”

I exhaled a deep breath and adjusted my giggleberries. I couldn’t believe what I was about to suggest, but we were wasting time and we didn’t have that luxury at the

moment.

“Fine. Youse can’t swallow it and youse can’t snort it. If youse lose it, weese are screwed.”

I glanced over at Boba, Jango, Poutine, Annie Surely and Blythe. All eyes were huge, including mine. My people knew where I was about to go, and they were terrified. The last time I’d made a similar suggestion to Fucking Derrick, he’d cried and threw a twenty-minute tantrum. It was a risk, but I had to take it. Our futures depended on it.

“Fuckin’ Derrick,” I said, trying to word my request as delicately as possible. “If I ask youse somethin’, can youse promise me youse won’t lose your shit?”

“Youse might wanna rephrase dat,” Boba suggested.

“My bad,” I said in agreement with Boba. “If I make a suggestion, do youse promise not to blow fireballs and have a psycho tantrum?”

“I do,” Fucking Derrick said. “If that’s what it takes to have friends then I will commit to it, Fat Bastard. Ask away!”

“Okay,” I said, nodding for everyone to take cover just in case. “How would youse feel about shovin’ the transmitter up your ass? It wouldn’t get lost dat way and weese could track youse.”

Fucking Derrick threw his tiny hands in the air and laughed like he was unhinged. It was nightmare inducing.

“Already did it,” he squealed. “When you were trying to figure out how to ask me, I took that little metal nugget and shoved it right up my ass! I’m good to go.”

“Alrighty den,” I said with a pained chuckle. “Weese will be right above youse the entire time. Hopefully, youse won’t have to eat nothin’. But if youse do, spare Goober. Weese need to shake dat slimy groundhog down for info.”

“Will do,” Fucking Derrick said. “Won’t eat Goober. Got it.”

Poutine walked over to the cell and bowed to the troll. “Thank you, Fucking Derrick. We are in your debt.”

“Nah,” he said. “This is the best day of my life. I’ve never had friends. I owe you.”

She shook her head and smiled. Then she froze. “Wait. Do you have any idea why women rub their eyes in the morning?” she asked the tiny man.

“Of course,” Fucking Derrick said. “Everyone knows that a woman rubs her eyes in the morning because she doesn’t have balls to scratch!”

“Dat’s it!” I shouted, feeling light-headed. “The magic dat holds Assjacket together is Sturgill’s dong pillow. Dem groundhogs stole his gangoolies because they knew it would destroy the glamour.”

“Brilliant!” Poutine said.

“Not following,” Fucking Derrick said, looking confused.

“Doesn’t matter.” My adrenaline spiked. “Go hole divin’ for dem groundhogs. Weese have a set of nards to find, my friend.”

Never in a million years did I think that wrinkled grapes would be the key to the magical Universe, but I never thought I would call someone named Fucking Derrick my friend either.

Life was full of surprises—good, bad and seriously profane.

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After forty-five minutes of traipsing through the woods on the outskirts of Assjacket, we were getting antsy. The escape tunnel the groundhogs had dug was long and zigzaggy. I was concerned if there was enough oxygen for Fucking Derrick, but the transmitter kept moving, which meant the troll was still alive.

“Dat was some shit about eatin’ ten groundhogs,” Jango said, huffing and puffing with the exertion of hiking.

“Our little man is psychotic,” Boba said with a chuckle.

“True dat,” I said, pushing branches out of the way so the dames didn’t get whacked in the face.

Turned out, the gals were doing the same thing for us. My heart beat an erratic rhythm in my chest as I realized we all might be buried alive soon, and I’d never told Poutine how I felt. I was pretty sure she knew after all the gangoolie cleansing I did in her honor, but words were important to dames.

Clearing my throat, I took her paw in mine. It would have been better to stop and declare my intentions on bended knee, but we couldn’t lose Fucking Derrick.

“Poutine?”

“Yes, Fat Bastard?” she replied with a little smirk on her stunningly beautiful, hairy mug.

“I know dat I’m not the greatest catch, but I want youse to know dat humpin’ youse is

my wildest dream come true. I will worship youse every day I have left in this life and I will worship youse in the Next Adventure. Youse are my dream cat and youse are perfect. I love how good youse are at cheatin' at cards and youse have got a mean right hook."

Poutine raised a bored brow and stayed silent as we trekked through the forest. My dame was digging it.

I needed to take this baby home. "And, umm... I just want youse to know dat I would die for youse and I love youse. I love youse to the moon and back. Forever."

"So smooth," Jango said. "Youse are the man, Fat Bastard." He clapped me on the back and turned to his dame. "Blythe, I would like to pilfer everything dat Fat Bastard just said except change the name to Blythe."

Blythe giggled and rolled her eyes.

"I'm gonna third dat motion and change the name to Annie Surely," Boba added, giving his lady a quick peck on the cheek.

Annie Surely yawned and pecked him back.

"So, in conclusion," I said, gaining confidence from Poutine's annoyed expression. "I would like to ask for your paw in marriage."

"Do you have a ring?" she inquired, her eyes twinkling with delight. "Because until you steal me a huge rock, you better keep those questions to yourself, wise guy."

"My bad," I said, grinning. "Weese will rectify dat tomorrow."

"Big," Poutine said. "Huge."

“Whatever youse want, youse will have,” I promised then stopped dead in my tracks.

The GPS stopped moving. Was Fucking Derrick okay? Was he eating groundhogs?

“Get low,” Poutine hissed. “I see the groundhogs.”

We all dropped to our haunches and peeked through the bushes. They were all there—all six of them, and they still looked like diseased skunks. We’d done a real bang-up job on those groundhogs.

The distance between us and our goal was about a hundred yards away. Far away enough for us not to be detected, but not close enough to see exactly what they were up to. Moving nearer wasn’t an option yet. Making our presence known was risky without a plan in place. Under other circumstances, I’d barrel right in and kick some ass, but the main objective was recovering Sturgill’s dong pillow. Keeping our target in mind was the name of the deadly game.

“What’s the plan?” Jango whispered. His fat body was tense and the hair on the back of his neck stood straight up.

“Figurin’ it out,” I told him, scanning the campground that the evil rodents had set up.

They had found a small clearing next to a stream. There were two makeshift tents and a pile of six sledgehammers. In the middle of the clearing was a pyramid of flat rocks with one large flat rock on top—an altar of sorts. They sat in a circle around the altar with their hands clasped in front of them and chattered animatedly.

“What the heck are they doin’?” Boba asked.

“Looks like they’re at church,” Annie Surely said. “Praying.”

“Not church,” Poutine hissed, her eyes narrowed and her claws out. “It’s a ritual of some sort.”

Blythe snapped her toe beans and produced six sets of binoculars. “Use these. We have no room for error.”

“Wadda weese lookin’ for?” Boba asked.

“Gangoolies,” I whispered. “Sturgill’s gangoolies. They’re the keys to the magical Universe.”

There was a moment of respectful silence as we slowly raised the binoculars to our eyes. I could feel it in my gut that we’d only have one chance to get it right. Doodle knockers were delicate things—even stone doodle knockers. Our attack had to be precise and calculated.

The end game was to retrieve the testicles.

Failure was not an option.

As much as I wanted to eighty-six Goober and his gang, that was a secondary plan of action.

“I see Goober,” Poutine hissed. “The one who just stood up is cross-eyed.”

“Holy shit,” Jango said with a grunt of laughter. “How does dat dude see anythin’ but his nose?”

Jango made a fine point. However, with the success that the dastardly groundhog had thus far, it was clear he could see just fine.

“I have a question,” Boba said.

“Is it pertinent?” I asked.

“Definitely,” he replied.

“Speak,” I said tersely, wondering if we should poof into the groundhog camp and take them by surprise or circle the camp and run in from all sides.

“Where is Fuckin’ Derrick?” Boba asked.

I froze. It was an outstanding question. Where was Fucking Derrick?

“Shit,” I muttered, scanning the camp to locate the hole the hogs had come up through. There was a chance the hole wasn’t in the camp at all and they’d crawled out then walked to where they’d set up. There was a chance that the troll was miles away by now... or he was dead in the hole.

Checking the GPS, my chest tightened. I’d only known Fucking Derrick for a few hours, but he’d weaseled his ugly mug into my heart quickly.

“No signal,” I whispered. “The troll has stopped moving.”

Again, there was silence. There were even a few tears.

“Fuckin’ Derrick was a good man,” Boba said, swiping at his eyes. “I loved him.”

“Youse barely knew him,” Jango pointed out.

“But I loved him,” Boba insisted. “Dat shit-mouthed little mother f-er was the real deal. He shoved a piece of metal up his ass and died for the cause. Fuckin’ Derrick is

responsible for savin' the magical Universe."

"And don't forget he also had a stump in his ass," Annie Surely reminded everyone.

"How could I ever forget what dat little psycho asshole did for us," Boba went on eulogizing the troll. "Dat sweet little son of a bitch will never be forgotten. His ugly mug will live on."

I bowed my head in reverence for the troll. Boba was right. Not only had Fucking Derrick led us to the evil groundhogs, but he'd also answered the Goddess's cryptic question and revealed the testicular key to the entire puzzle.

"Fuckin' Derrick is a hero," I said. "His death will not be in vain."

Poutine nodded and sniffled. "We will find the stone nards and place them back on Sturgill in honor of Fucking Derrick. Maybe we should have a monument of Fucking Derrick placed on Main Street next to the half-headed bear."

"Dat's a beautiful idea," I said, smiling sadly at my gorgeous dame. "Youse have a heart as big as Sturgill's stone marbles. I love youse, Poutine."

"And I love you, Fat Bastard," she said with an eye roll.

As devastated as I was at Fucking Derrick's untimely demise, I was humbled by Poutine's love. I'd waited all my nine lives to feel like this. The irony was that tomorrow was on the line. Along with all of the magical Universe.

But if I was offed saving my people, I was going on to the Next Adventure knowing that I'd found true love... even if it had only lasted a moment.

"I see Sturgill's wrinkled grapes," Jango snarled, staring through the binoculars.

“They’re on top of dat alter.”

“Oh my Goddess,” Blythe said. “They’re grabbing the sledgehammers. They’re going to crush Sturgill’s nuts.”

“Not today they’re not,” Fucking Derrick said, bursting out of the ground by our feet with a mouth full of dirt.

“Youse ain’t dead,” Boba said, hugging the filthy little troll. “Youse is alive! And, umm... seriously in need of a bath.”

Fucking Derrick grinned and adjusted his gauchos. “I heard everything you said about me. I love all of you so much I’m not sure I can contain it.”

That was concerning. Fucking Derrick’s purple eyes were dilated, and the tiny dude was breathing erratically. He looked like a tsunami about to blow.

“It’s been an hour,” Poutine said, checking her pilfered watch.

“What?” I asked, not following.

“An hour,” she repeated. “Fucking Derrick wasn’t due for another tantrum for an hour. The hour is up.”

My brain clicked. My grin grew devious and wide. The timing was either perfect, or we were all about to bite it.

“Fuckin’ Derrick,” I said, grabbing the troll by the shoulders and looking him in the eye. “Youse need to suck dat shit up until I give youse the okay. Youse feel me?”

He was panting now and his expression was terrifying. He nodded spastically. “I can

hold it for another few minutes and then it's going to rip."

"Dat's all weese need," I promised. "Poutine, youse and the gals will cause a diversion. Poof in on the far-left side of the camp and beat the shit out of each other."

"Roger that," she said, extending her claws and gathering her girls close. "Lots of blood, high pitched hissing and chunks of fur flying."

"Perfect," I said, all business. "Jango and Boba, weese will go right for the nards. Flank me and fend off the hogs."

"What am I going to do?" Fucking Derrick asked, ready to blow.

I grinned. "Youse are going to shoot the biggest fireballs out of your nose dat youse have ever shot... at us."

The troll started to cry. "But I love you. I don't want to eighty-six you."

Boba and Jango slapped each other high fives and laughed. We'd developed many skills over the years. One of them was to redirect the magic shot at us onto someone other than the one who had attacked. Of course, we'd never actually used it in battle, but today seemed like a good day to try it out.

If magic was destroyed, we were goners anyway. If we were going out, we may as well go out spectacularly.

"Youse ain't gonna kill us," I promised an on-edge Fucking Derrick. "But I want youse to get behind dat big rock on the right side of the camp when youse have your psychotic break. Youse feel me? Dat way if what weese do goes wonky, youse will survive it."

“I can do that,” Fucking Derrick said, wiping his nose with his sleeve. “And I do love you.”

“And weese love youse too,” I said, shaking my head. “The goal is the balls. The rest is for fun. On three?”

“On three,” Poutine said. “Let’s save the magical Universe.”

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“No!” Goober snarled, coming at me with his razor-sharp claws raised high and his ugly mug contorted with fury. “Those are mine.”

“Not anymore,” I shot back as I grabbed the giblets off the altar and shoved them into my mouth.

The reality of Sturgill’s nuts in my mouth was alarming, but I needed all four paws to fight the hogs. The mouth thing was a last-minute decision. I hadn’t thought that part through. At least they were stone. It would have been a lot more difficult if they were squishy.

“Whatever youse do, don’t swallow dem nuts,” Jango said as he took a blast from Fucking Derrick and redirected it at the aggressive and out-of-control groundhogs.

“Don’t matter if he swallows dem,” Boba pointed out as he slashed his way out of a choke hold. “Fat Bastard can crap dem out. No biggie.”

I rolled my eyes and took a searing hit from Fucking Derrick, pushing it onto a shocked and enraged cross-eyed Goober. “I’m not crappin’ out Sturgill’s giggle nuggets,” I told them with my mouth full. “Not happenin’.”

“Give me back the talisman,” Goober bellowed, baring his teeth and brandishing his knife-like claws.

I wasn’t sure who the dude was looking at. The angrier he got the more his eyeballs rolled around. At this point, one was looking left and one was looking right.

“Youse talkin’ to me?” I grunted, taking another hit from Fucking Derrick and sending it straight at Goober.

“Yes, I’m talking to you,” Goober hissed, gnashing his teeth. “You will die today, cat. And then the magic will follow. I will be avenged!”

“For what?” I demanded. “For wipin’ your ass with the sacred papers? I mean, dat was pretty fuckin’ stupid.”

Goober laughed like a maniac. “I didn’t wipe my ass with the journals, I stole them and sold them. The ass wiping was a brilliant cover. Getting run out of town and letting them think the journals were covered in poo and flushed down the toilet was better than being killed for betrayal. I got paid a lot of money for those papers.”

“Youse are a douche,” I growled. “Why would youse sell the f-in’ history?”

Goober turned purple with rage. “Because I want to rule the Universe.”

I squinted at the idiot. “Den why didn’t youse keep it? Seems pretty dumbass to me.”

“Yes, well, I figured that out after I sold them,” he admitted, diving at me and getting a vicious swipe across my face that almost made me spit the nards out of my mouth.

“So, now, everyone dies. And you will be first.”

“Not today, asshat,” I snarled, hoping I was telling the truth. The odds were bad. Goober and his gang were f-ing lethal.

“I’m not the only one who knows the secret of the dong pillow,” Goober kept monologuing. “If you defeat me—which you won’t—there are others who will come.”

“Who? The idiot dat youse were stupid enough to sell dem secrets to?”

“Stop throwing that in my face,” he roared. “It’s embarrassing.”

While the plan was working, the groundhogs were not going down. It was getting dicey. The gals had created an excellent diversion for us to snag the testicles, and now they stood beside us in battle. I was terrified of Poutine getting hurt, but my gal was a maniac—as deadly as I was.

Blood and fur were flying. Boba was getting buried alive, and I wasn’t sure who was winning. We were still breathing, but it wasn’t looking good.

“Six against six,” Jango yelled as he went paw to paw with one of the hogs. “Everybody pick a hog!”

“Shrakullshiakum. Ashevebag dugainsakum ashiizz,” Fucking Derrick screamed as he ran out from behind the rock completely on fire.

It was f-ing insane. Even the hogs were impressed.

“What did he say?” I asked, dodging blow after blow. They were all now gunning for me since I had the nards in my mouth.

“He said, bullshit. Seven against six,” Poutine yelled as she took a flying leap and attacked the groundhogs that were sneaking up on me from behind.

“Fuckin’ Derrick,” I shouted. “Youse be careful, little man.”

“Fucking Derrick guakun gulungrzag!” the troll grunted, running toward the smackdown like a well-aimed bullet shot straight from the bowels of hell.

His mouth was wide open and his sharp little teeth glowed. The troll's purple eyes were wild and his gauchos were flaming. It was like the best/worst B horror movie I'd ever seen. It was a truly gorgeous sight.

"Did he say what I think he said?" I called out as I tried to dig Boba out of the hole while protecting the treasure in my mouth.

"If you thought he said he was hungry, then yes," Poutine answered as she and the girls clawed the groundhogs like there was no tomorrow.

At this point, I wasn't sure any of us would see tomorrow.

"I hakovuth gorotu," Fucking Derrick cried out. "Ushhiakun guakun guoum glogzag guriendakun."

"Take cover," I commanded as I yanked Boba out of the hole by the scruff of his neck and got under a bush. "Fuckin' Derrick is gonna have a snack."

"No f-in' way," Jango choked out as he covered the gals with his girthy frame. "Dat's disgusting. Fuckin' Derrick is the man!"

What we saw, none of us would ever be able to speak about. It was the most horrifying display of a psychotic troll break that I'd ever witnessed. The groundhogs hadn't even seen it coming.

I mean, who would have seen that coming? The troll was tiny. The fact that he could actually ingest six large groundhog Shifters was beyond medical and scientific logic. But then again, magic defied logic and Fucking Derrick defied every law of nature on the books—magic or no.

"Holy Goddess," Poutine said with a wince as we watched Fucking Derrick do his

thing.

I really wanted to look away, but to honor the foul cannibalistic sacrifice the troll was making I kept my eyes on the debacle. “What did he say before he, umm... youse know...”

Poutine gagged a bit then pulled herself together. “He said that he loves us and that this is for his friends.”

Slapping my paw to my forehead, I sighed and tried not to puke. “Youse do realize weese are stuck with him forever now.”

“Yep,” Poutine said. “Forever.”

“Fat Bastard,” Fucking Derrick called out, covered from head to toe in groundhog blood and guts. “Shall I spare Goober or can I eat him?”

“I will kill all of you,” Goober shouted, going for Fucking Derrick’s neck with his toxic claws extended. “Everyone dies today!”

“Eat him,” I instructed. “He’s an asshole.”

Fucking Derrick did as he was told.

The troll was certifiable, but that was already a given.

He was also the hero.

And that would never be forgotten. The new Assjackian history journals would honor Fucking Derrick’s revolting sacrifice for the rest of time.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:25 am

The streets of Assjacket were filled with humans mulling about. It was wrong on every level. The sun had barely risen, and the town was inundated with people who didn't belong.

"Act like cats," I hissed as we moseyed down Main Street trying to avoid getting stepped on by curious and pushy humans. "Weese have to get to Sturgill fast. This is out of control."

Wanda had put out a closed sign on the diner, but it didn't deter the humans from barging in and demanding service. Mac and Zelda looked exhausted and defeated as they stood in the middle of the street unsure what to do. Sassy and Jeeves had joined them and were as bewildered as my witch and her mate.

"Weese need to tell Zelda dat weese got the balls," Jango said, running interference so the dames didn't get squished.

"She don't know about the significance of the nards," I reminded him, as I weaved in and out of the humans. "Weese just need to glue dem back on and den explain."

"Roger dat," Boba said, trying to hide the blood and guts covered Fucking Derrick behind him.

The excitement of the humans ramped up as more arrived by the busload. They had no clue they were immersed in magic, but they knew something was very special about the small town. The situation was bad—very bad.

"Should we poof to Sturgill?" Poutine asked, worried. "It could take an hour to get

through this mess if we have to behave like regular cats.”

“Too risky,” I said. “Weese gotta trot. Fuckin’ Derrick, get under Boba’s belly and hang on. Weese don’t want youse gettin’ spotted. Youse are kinda hard to explain.”

“Not a problem, friend,” Fucking Derrick said as he barnacled his little body under Boba.

“Dat tickles,” Boba said with a giggle.

“Suck it up,” I told him. “Weese got some magical surgery to do and no time to lose.”

Getting to Sturgill ended up being the easy part even though we’d all gotten stepped on multiple times. Repairing his junk was another matter altogether. I knew our actions might look a little iffy to the humans, but at this point we didn’t have a choice.

“We’re about to be discovered by humans, and you’re trying to superglue balls back on a statue?” Zelda demanded, pushing through the mass of people and catching us in the act.

“Dollface, weese have an issue,” I said, sweating up a storm as the nards dropped to the ground for the tenth time.

Nothing was working—not glue, not paste. We’d even tried chewed up bubble gum. The balls were not cooperating. It was a tragedy waiting to happen.

“Women rub their eyes in the morning because they don’t have balls,” Fucking Derrick said from underneath Boba.

“Who said that?” Zelda questioned, glancing around warily.

“Fuckin’ Derrick,” I told her. “It’s a long story, but the little asshole saved the day. He’s socially unacceptable and has a few bad habits, but weese are his friends.”

“Little confused here,” Zelda said as she was joined by Mac, Sassy and Jeeves. “Does Fucking Derrick know how to re-glamour Assjacket? And where is he? I can hear him but I can’t see him. Is he that tiny?”

“Pleasure to make your acquaintance,” Fucking Derrick said, rolling out from underneath Boba.

Zelda screamed and Sassy squealed in horror. Mac and Jeeves stared at the bloody little man with open mouths. I couldn’t blame them. The troll was a hot mess, but he was our hot mess and we were keeping him.

“Fuckin’ Derrick is lookin’ a little rough at the moment,” I conceded, patting the tiny asshole on the head. “But as soon as weese clean him up and get him a new pair of gauchos, he’ll be as good as new.

“Mmkay,” Zelda said, unconvinced. “Still not understanding why you’re trying to glue Sturgill’s privates back on.”

“They’re the talisman,” Poutine explained. “The nuts are the keys to the magical glamour of Assjacket.”

“Not sure how you reached that conclusion,” Zelda said, groaning as another bus load of humans arrived in town.

“Excuse me,” a man said, barging into our conversation. “I’d like to buy the town. Do you know who I can talk to about that?”

Zelda’s mouth dropped open, and she shoved her sparking hands into her pockets so

she didn't zap the man sky high. Mac, thinking quick on his feet, stepped between Zelda and the human.

"The real estate office is about twenty miles down the road," Mac told him. "You'll have to walk. The road turns into a trail and a car won't fit."

"Thank you!" the man said, wandering away. "I want to buy this place, tear it down and put up condos. I have a great feeling I could make a killing here—it's got a real magical feel if you know what I mean."

"There's no real estate office twenty miles away," Sassy said, squinting at Mac.

"Yep," Mac replied. "I know."

"Ohhhhh!" Sassy slapped her forehead. "I get it."

"Weese need help," I said, frantically trying to reattach the giggle nuggets. "Dem humans will go away if Sturgill gets his junk back."

Zelda was still perplexed. Grabbing the balls from my paws, she squatted down and looked me in the eye. "I can cast a spell. I really don't want to do that with a human audience, but convince me why the nuts are the key."

Poutine moved to my side. "It's in the Goddess's message. She said the key to history was in the name. The name was Goober—he was one of the groundhogs who was in the pokey."

"Keep going," Zelda said.

Poutine nodded. I put my paw around her furry shoulders. My dame was amazing.

“The answer to the riddle of why women rub their eyes in the morning is because they have no balls,” Poutine went on. “Like Sturgill.”

“Fuckin’ Derrick helped us with dat one,” I chimed in.

“Yes, I did,” Fucking Derrick said, pumping his tiny fists over his head.

Zelda scrubbed her hands over her mouth and tried not to laugh at the troll. She glanced up at Mac who shrugged and shook his head.

“Mmmkay,” Zelda said, covertly wiggling her fingers and removing the blood and guts from Fucking Derrick. “You’re beginning to persuade me, but there has to be more.”

“There is,” Poutine explained. “The groundhogs stole the gangoolies, and Goober the groundhog is the one who stole the history—hence the key being in the name. He came back to steal the nards to take revenge on Assjacket for banishing him. We put two and two together and here we are.”

“What about toilet paper being expensive?” Zelda asked, still not a hundred percent on board.

“No clue on dat one, other dan it’s true. Ass paper is expensive,” I told her.

“Surround Zelda, eh?” Sassy insisted, taking charge. “We can hide her while she casts a spell. I didn’t follow any of that, but I know about trust and I trust the cats.”

I grinned at Sassy. She grinned right back.

“Fine,” Zelda said, taking in the human chaos around us with a pained expression. “Desperate times occasionally call for possibly stupid measures, but I trust the cats as

well.”

Zelda took a deep breath, and we stayed close. Fucking Derrick hopped up on her shoulder much to Zelda’s horrified surprise, but she went with it. At least he wasn’t covered in guts anymore.

“Is this completely necessary?” Zelda asked the troll.

“Oh yes,” Fucking Derrick said with a giggle. “I shall watch to see if any humans observe what you are doing and, if so, I will eat them.”

Zelda paled. “Someone tell me he’s joking.”

No one said a word.

“Alrighty then,” Zelda said with a gag. “Can I ask one more question?”

“Shoot, dollface,” I told her.

“What happened to the groundhogs?”

Again, no one said a word. We all just glanced up at Fucking Derrick who patted his full belly and burped.

Closing her eyes and groaning, Zelda gently plucked Fucking Derrick off her shoulder and put him on the ground. “There will be no eating humans. Am I clear? I will kick your little troll ass so hard, your sphincter will be lodged in your mouth for the rest of time. You feel me, Fucking Derrick?”

“I do, O’ Great One. No eating humans. Got it,” Fucking Derrick said crossing his heart then hiding behind Jango Fett.

My witch could instill terror in anyone, even a maniacal troll. Zelda was going to be a fantastic Baba Yaga when her time came.

“Zelda,” Mac said in an urgent tone. “Cast the spell. We’re being overrun.”

The humans were packing into Assjacket like tuna in a can. It was terrible. Zelda nodded and stayed low.

“Goddess on high, please hear my call,

Our problem today centers around a testicle ball.

And yep, I realize you think I’m drunk,

But my desperate plea is to repair Sturgill’s junk.

The humans have come. The humans must go,

Their presence in Assjacket is fucking up the magical flow.

The end of enchantment draws near if we drop guard,

Bless us with your grace and reattach the bear’s umm... nard.”

“So mote it be,” Sassy whispered. “The f-bomb was inspired.”

“Thank you,” Zelda said.

The Goddess heard. In a gust of sparkling lavender-scented wind, the wrinkled stone grapes floated back to their rightful home. The humans grew confused and slowly began to leave the town. The buses filled and screeched away. The man looking to

buy the town shook his head in disgust at the rundown appearance, got into his expensive car and left quickly. The Assjacket Diner emptied and humans literally ran away. It was a beautiful sight.

And Sturgill?

The half-headed cement bear had a smile on his face. And I swear the son of a bitch winked at me.

“All’s well that ends well,” Zelda said, sitting down on the bench in front of Sturgill and watching the mass exodus of humans. “But I still don’t understand the part about toilet paper being expensive.”

“I do,” Fucking Derrick announced, coming out from behind Jango’s ample ass with his hand raised politely.

Zelda sighed and eyed the little freak with trepidation. “If it has to do with eating anyone, I don’t want to hear it.”

Fucking Derrick laughed like Zelda had made the best joke ever. After three minutes and forty-two seconds of uncontrollable guffawing, the tiny asshole got ahold of himself. “Goober didn’t use the Assjacket history to wipe his ass. He sold the magical secrets and let everyone think he’d flushed it, so he wasn’t killed for being a traitor.”

Mac growled and Zelda began to spark again. “So, someone else has the secrets to end the magical Universe?” she ground out.

Poutine and the gals gasped. Jango chuckled and Boba shook his head. I simply grinned. That Goddess was a sneaky one.

“Toilet paper is very expensive... according to the Goddess,” I reminded my witch.

She rolled her eyes and laughed. “Unreal.”

“What’s unreal?” Sassy asked, confused as usual. “I mean, I totally agree that toilet paper is expensive. My chipmunk sons go through so much, I made them start pooping in the woods and using leaves. It was out of control. I can’t even tell you how many potties have gotten backed up because of their healthy and enormous pooping habits. You’d think such small little guys wouldn’t be able to lay cable like they do.”

“That was entirely TMI,” Zelda told Sassy.

“Oops, my bad,” Sassy said with a giggle. “But I still don’t get it.”

“May I?” I asked my witch.

“You may,” Zelda replied.

“Goober the cross-eyed jackhole sold the secrets to the Goddess—which is what she was tellin’ us in her cryptic way,” I explained to Sassy. “Dat groundhog was an evil dumbass.”

“Glad I ate him,” Fucking Derrick chimed in.

“Zip it,” Zelda warned.

“Got it,” he replied, saluting Zelda.

“So, no one else is comin’ to steal Sturgill’s gangoolies,” I said. “Weese have solved it with the help of some hot dames and a tiny maniac. The bear has his balls, and Assjacket is safe.”

“This calls for some Canadian beer,” Sassy announced, waving her hand and conjuring up a full bar in the middle of Main Street.

“Umm... it’s seven AM in the morning,” Zelda pointed out with a laugh.

“But,” I said with a wide grin. “It’s five o’clock somewhere.”

“Can’t argue that,” she agreed, popping a tab. “To Fat Bastard, Jango Fett, Boba Fett, Poutine, Annie Surely, Blythe and... Fucking Derrick, who is now a vegetarian.”

“I am?” Fucking Derrick asked.

“You are,” Zelda informed him with a dangerously raised brow.

“Got it!” he said. “Vegetarian.”

I glanced around and smiled. Life was perfect. Sturgill had his nugs again. Assjacket was back to normal and the magic in the Universe was safe. But the very best part... was that the love of my life was by my side throwing back Canadian beer like it was water. My pride swelled. My dame could hold her booze.

“Youse wanna go shoppin’ today?” I whispered, waggling my brows.

“For what?” she asked, feigning boredom.

I had the broad’s number. She might play like she didn’t give a crap, but the sparkle in her eyes gave her away.

“For a rock.”

“A huge one?” she inquired casually.

“Massive,” I told her.

“Enormous?”

“Biggest youse have ever seen,” I promised.

“Stolen?” she pressed.

“Absolutely.” I knew I was supposed to be on the right side of the law this week, but Poutine’s happiness was worth losing a dare over.

Poutine grinned and her fluffy tail twitched. It made my heart sing.

“I’m in,” she said, tossing her beer in the trash and taking my paw in hers. “For the rest of my nine lives, I’m in.”

More beautiful words had never been spoken. Looking up at the sky, I winked at the Goddess.

“Thank youse,” I whispered. “Don’t know what a guy like me did to deserve a dame like her, but I promise to love her with all of my criminal heart.”

The sun grew brighter in the sky and a shower of silver and lavender crystals rained down from the clouds. My friends and family danced in the magic.

I was a bad boy. But sometimes even bad boys came out on top. Jango, Boba and me had been through a lot in our kitty lives, but we’d always had each other’s backs. Now we had friends, family, an asshole troll to take care of, and love.

The Bad Boys of Assjacket had turned out just fine.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:25 am

Once upon a time in the far, far away kingdom of West Virginia, there was an exquisitely enchanted place called Assjacket.

And yes, I do know the original name of Assjacket, but I'm not going to tell.

The enchanted town of Assjacket was filled with beautiful magical misfits who happened to fit perfectly together—Shifters, Witches, Dryads, Warlocks, three very handsome and lovably chubby talking cats, three gorgeous and sneaky female cats and a maniacal troll with a few unsavory habits.

However, you'll be delighted to know that Fucking Derrick did indeed become a vegetarian and is now the main babysitter for Zelda and Mac's twins. The children adore the strange little man, and he would lay down his life for them.

Time after time and battle after battle the Assjackians were torn to pieces—mostly metaphorically speaking—but always managed to put themselves back together with loving care for each other.

The magic was very real as was the love.

Love... it was what made the magical world go round.

Fat Bastard and Poutine, Jango Fett and Blythe, and Boba Fett and Annie Surely all tied the knot on the very same day. The wedding was officiated by Sassy who performed the entire service in Canadian. It was about the sweetest thing I'd ever witnessed, eh?

The weddings of the cats were a glorious thing to behold. Every single moment was delightful and filled with true love. Of course, most of the decorations were stolen, but that was no surprise. The wedding cake was of questionable taste, but again, that was to be expected. The massive cheesecake made by Wanda and shaped like a set of gangoolies was delicious. I had two pieces myself.

But in any good story, there is always a twist—usually dastardly, and in Assjacket’s case, always slightly profane. However, for now, all was quiet and wonderful. The twist had been unraveled and the magic was safe.

In the end, good outweighed evil and heroes came in tiny unhinged packages.

But most importantly, the rings were HUGE and love prevailed.

Magicals live a very private existence in public.

It’s the way it always has been and the way it must remain.

I have confidence in my people. They will take loving care of each other until it is their time to move onto the Next Adventure. I have chosen my children well and watch them proudly from above.

And that does not suck at all.

xoxo

The Goddess

The End... for now.