

The biggest disaster to ever hit Yoli's home had finally come...In the form of sheer unrelenting mud. It covered absolutely everything from rugs, floors, furniture and even somehow BOTH the walls and ceilings. The culprit was sitting in the remains of Yoli's once treasured plants...

The purple Impup Bigaro (who was hardly that due to all the dirt)...Was using the saddest look he could muster to try to guilt his way into avoiding any punishment. Yoli stood before him, arms firmly crossed against her chest, brow furrowed and right foot tapping angrily. She had to stay furious, to stand firm and stick to her guns on this.

One cuddle of that little mudball and all the training she had endured to get him to listen was over in an instant. Yoli angrily sighed and grabbed her ears, wrapping them over her mouth as she muffled a frustrated scream.

She was supposed to be the professional conartist...Not this little guy-!

After a moment she removed her ears and strode forward, extending her hands and the words "bath" escaped her lips. Bigaro's expression instantly changed from the sad dishelved look...Into one of sheer "nope".

He literally zipped between her legs and was gone in mere moments. Yoli blinked. Then acknowledged the hunt was on.

She tore after him, her pace of sheer determination and was upon Bigaro in moments. She chased him through the house, even more mud flying from the Impup's paws and double coating the floors. Through chance, she managed to snatch a laundry basket filled with clothes (that obviously contained the evidence of a prior muddy nap) and scooped Bigaro right up into it.

She bolted for the bathroom, locked the door and promptly set down the basket to begin "the process". The tub was filled just high enough for her pet, pet-friendly bubble bath foaming and toys bobbing to provide some distraction from what must be done.

Yoli grabbed up Bigaro and plunked him in the warm water...Only for the most blood-curling "death" screams to begin. She scrubbed and wrestled, more water on the bathroom tiles than within the tub itself. The near-deafened bun would not yield, this pet would be cleansed.

After what seemed to be eons, Yoli drained the remainder of the now dirt-coloured water and rinsed Bigaro for a final time. The Impup looked to be half his size, slicked and shaking with Yoli presumed to be his utter discontent for her.

Yoli grabbed the last clean towel in the entire house, wrapped it around Bigaro and proceeded to fluff him dry. She grabbed a brush, styling the semi-dried imp to resemble some sort of punk rocker, a row of back spikes akin to a mohawk and grinned triumphantly at her work.

She stood and wondered what she would ever do about the state of her home and a rather sly idea crossed her mind. Roughly an hour later, several blackmailed or in-debt buns arrived to help clean house. They scrambled to complete this task, the reward of freedom from Yoli's money-hungry iron grip far too great to lose.

Yoli hated letting go of a good loan-shark styled debt...But for the home she and her precious Bigaro shared, it was well worth the price.