

Allie's Midnight Visit

By C. Jade Wyton

Allie is getting more confident playing outside. After a lifetime stuck in Mori's lab, she has discovered the joys of rolling around in the dirt. And so, tonight, while her mother is sleeping and unable to stop her, she finds her way to her Auntie Wonda and her friends and quietly plays in their camp while they rest.

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The dirt was soft and comfortable, and Allie was having the time of her life rolling around in it!

Just around a month ago, her mother had taken her, Moonbeam, and Blossom out somewhere called "The Jones House" to see her Auntie Wonda, and Allie had learnt about teleporting.

It had been a sad, sad thing. Auntie Wonda was very very sick and hurt, and it had made Allie very sad. Especially when Moonbeam had given her little whines and suckled on her mother's dress for comfort.

Allie had tried to comfort Auntie Wonda, too. But apparently climbing on her wasn't a way to help.... Though, she was better *now*. Better enough that she was travelling again! And Allie had been able to watch everywhere Auntie Wonda went through the magic necklace she wore.

And it made Allie want to be there with her, seeing all the wonders!

So Allie had tried to teleport, too! And then she'd gotten in trouble.

And now she had a stupid magic harness on....

But only her mother had control of the harness.... And her mother was currently asleep (sick, sadly). And there was *nobody* to stop Allie from sneaking her way into the camp where Auntie Wonda and all of her friends slept!

So she had. And then she had rolled around in the dirt!

She rolled for at least ten minutes before going back to the camp and sniffing at everyone.

She'd found Auntie Wonda, sleeping. And Eulogy, Elegy, and Franch in a little pile together. And she also found a weird, stinky lady who wasn't asleep but was too distracted by a talking magic mirror to notice her!

Allie had crept around camp, examining everything. Putting things in her mouth and playing with things she knew she wouldn't be allowed to touch with adults around.

She found Auntie Maggie's pack and took a loaf of bread out, pulling it apart with her hands and spilling crumbs everywhere as she ate.

Then she found her Auntie Wonda's pack and ate some of the sweets she found inside, stuffing one little handful in her pocket to share with Singer, Blossom, and Gix when she went home.

Then she found Eulogy's pack. She opened it, saw his gun, and quickly backed away; not knowing what this strange, cold, metal thing was but not liking how much it smelt like some of the tools Mori had kept in his lab.

She backed up into the strange lady with the mirror, who looked down at her with a curious hum and a cock of her head.

Allie hissed and swiped at her, before rushing around the camp playfully on all fours. The woman simply watched on a moment before shrugging and returning to her mirror.

Then, as Allie ran in circles, she saw Cirrus resting under a nearby tree and gave a happy gasp.

She made her way over and knelt at his side, examining him closely.

She then proceeded to stare at him, her nose gently brushing against his cheek as she stared.

And stared.

And *stared*....

She stared and stared and stared. For at least ten full minutes. Maybe closer to twenty.

The entire time she was barely blinking, breathing heavily, and drooling uncontrollably.

Then, as Allie's dark green spit dribbled down to his hand, Cirrus made a little noise. And so Allie leant closer, her snout pressing into him as her forehead touched the side of his head and her big, wide eyes met the single eye that Cirrus peeked open.

'Hey, Allie-cat...' he mumbled sleepily. 'What're you doing here?'

Allie pressed firmer into him, her eyes becoming even wider as her breathing grew heavier and she sniffed up her black thickened snot.

'Does Raven know you're out?'

'Nnnnn.... Nnnnno...' Allie breathed. 'Wa... waaaaan... t.... Want... dirt.... Pl... plaaaaaay....'

'Aw, yeah... there's lots of dirt here, huh?' Cirrus leant comfortably back against his tree and closed his eyes. 'You have fun, little Allie-cat.'

Allie felt him gently watching her with his mystic powers; almost like he had taken her hand with his mind.... And she was unbothered, as she was too excited to be given permission to play in the dirt.

And with this permission, she decided to quietly scoop up handfuls of dirt from beside Cirrus and, one at a time, carry them over to Eulogy to slowly but surely bury him as he slept.

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