

# Kick

By C. Jade Wyton

*It's Mimi's first time meeting Becky's girlfriend, Mattel. She's come over to wait for Becky to get home so they can go on a date together. And because Isa has to leave, Mattel and Mimi are left alone together in Becky's room.... But! Oh no! Mattel is looking at things that she's not supposed to! Mimi knows this is wrong, but Mattel must not. That's okay, though! Mimi will just be a good girl, and let Mattel know that's not allowed. She's sure to listen, because if Becky likes Mattel, then that means Mattel must be good! Right? R... Right?*

***Contains descriptions of animal abuse and romantic abuse/manipulation.***

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Mimi was a good girl.  
Mimi was always a good girl.  
Even when Mimi was naughty, Mimi was a good girl.  
Mimi knew this because Mimi's mama, Becky, always said that it was a good girl.  
*Whatever a girl was supposed to be....*  
Mimi gave a yawn, and rolled onto its back; letting the warm sunset light shine in through Becky's window and onto its underside.  
*Mimi liked being a girl, it thought, because its Mama Becky was also a girl.*  
And it loved everything about its mama.  
It couldn't wait for her to get home! She was at her martial arts class, and Isa was getting ready to go out to a movie; which meant that today was Saturday.  
Or, as Mimi knew it... Meat Scrap Day.  
It was the *best* day! Because it was the day when Mimi got all of the meat scraps that Isa had left over from the week.  
Beef, and pork, and chicken, and salmon, and mince, and even sometimes—Mimi's mouth began to water—there would be a *sausage!*  
Once, there were *two* sausages!  
Oh, that had been a day!  
Mimi felt itself trembling with excitement as it imagined those delicious, tasty leftovers it would receive tonight.  
*So, so excited!*  
*So excited it could just—*  
Mimi quickly sprouted long, spider-like legs and hurried to its litter box to pee; knowing Becky didn't like when it went on the bed.  
*Yes! See!*  
*Mimi was a good girl!*  
It was feeling very proud of itself as it made its way back to the bed. It leapt up in one big bound and found its way back to the warm sunny spot it had nestled into before.

*Mama Becky would be very happy with Mimi!*

*Yes! Yes she would!*

*She would pat Mimi!*

*Pat pat!*

*And then give Mimi a kiss!*

*Because Mimi was the best! And always made her happy!*

*Happy happy!*

Then, Mimi heard footsteps on the stairs and gave a curious chirp.

It recognised one pair; Isa! Isa was coming upstairs with.... A light-footed stranger that Mimi didn't recognise....

Mimi shuffled in place, listening out at the strange, high voice that sung through the air.

'Really, Isa! It's fine! You don't have to stay, I can handle myself!' they laughed— And Mimi could hear it was a woman! 'You go to that movie you want to see, and I'll just wait for Becky in her room.'

'Hmp,' Isa snorted, her voice now just outside the door. 'Mattel—'

'Yes?'

'Ah— Mm...' Isa sounded frustrated. 'Wouldn't you rather wait *downstairs?*'

'Oh, no!' Mattel giggled, sweetly. 'I think I'd prefer to wait in Becky's room. I know— I've never been here before and I shouldn't just, well, *invite myself in* but.... Between you and me? I'm not exactly... *comfortable* around Mr Bloom. With all Becky's told me I think I'd rather not have to talk with him.'

'No?' Isa asked, sharply. 'Well. What a shame that he's not home today, then.'

'Oh, he's not?' Mattel asked. 'Oh... well— Still. I think I'll wait in here....'

Isa grumbled as Becky's bedroom door was hurriedly opened— And inside stepped a tall, blonde elf girl in a cute blue and pink dress.

*Oh!*

Mimi thought.

*Oh!*

*This was the special girl Mama knew!*

Mimi had seen her in photos and smelt her on Becky when the girl came home from her dates!

*Sniff. Sniff sniff.*

*Yes!*

This was definitely Mama's special girl friend.

*Her girlfriend.*

Mimi recalled the word with a joyful chirp.

*Mimi was the smartest mimic!*

'Well, fine,' Isa said, her sharp eyes glaring into Mattel.

Mimi blinked, and shuffled.

*Did Isa not like Mattel?*

How strange!

How very, very strange!

Isa liked almost all of Becky's friends! Because Becky had good friends!

Very very nice friends!

Like Adam, and Jezzibeth, and Jareth.

All good friends who gave Mimi treats and gently itched its seams!

So it was strange that Isa didn't like Becky's girlfriend. The friend that Becky had decided was *special* and would be her mate.

Because if Becky liked her even more than she liked her friends like Adam and Jareth, then Mattel must have been the *best person ever!*

'And Mimi's not had dinner, either,' Isa said, grabbing the mimic's attention.

*Isa was talking to Mimi?*

*Oh, no, Isa was talking about Mimi!*

Mimi gave another chirp, and skittered over to the two women's feet.

'Tell Becky that, would you?' Isa said slowly. 'Mimi has *not* had dinner.'

'You have *not* fed Mimi,' Mattel repeated, giving a thumbs-up. 'Got it.'

'Hm,' Isa grunted before, with a strange amount of hesitation, turning and leaving the room.

'Byeeee, Isa!' Mattel called sweetly after the drow, waving a hand as the stairs creaked in the hall. 'Bye bye! You enjoy your movie!'

The front door shut loudly and Mattel's hand dropped to her side.

'Hm?' she hummed, looking around. 'So this is Beck's room. It's so.... *Hmm....*'

Mimi gave a chirp to get the woman's attention; bouncing in excitement as Mattel looked down at it.

*Friend!*

*Pat!*

*Play!*

*Oh?*

Mimi stopped, slowly sinking down as Mattel's gaze grew sharp.

*Had Mimi done something wrong?*

'Ew,' the woman muttered under her breath before stepping over Mimi. 'Spider legs.... Disgusting.'

*Disgusting?*

*Mimi was disgusting?*

Mimi looked itself over.

*No!*

*No Mimi was not!*

*Mimi was the cutest!*

*Mama Becky always said so!*

*Mattel must have been talking about something else!*

Mimi gave a confident chirp and quickly skittered after Mattel; brushing close to her heel as she explored the bedroom.

'*Mhm!*' Mattel gave hum— So sharp it was almost a chirp, as she came to Becky's special collection of dolls.

These were *special* dolls that Mimi knew not to rip apart! That's why they were on the high shelf, where it was hard for Mimi to reach!

So that Mimi would remember they were *special* and *forbidden* and *not* for playing with!

Gifts from Adam, and Jareth, and Katie, and Isa— And one special one from Becky's own mama, when she'd gotten very very sick and then never come home.

Mattel glanced over the cute dolls with a smile— But paused when she got to the Clapping Music Monkey.

Mimi wasn't sure what it was actually called, but Adam had given it to Becky

as a gift. It was *vintage* he said.

Very special!

Very rare!

With hands that clapped two metal plates together, and smiling teeth and wide red eyes that Becky adored.

Mimi had thought it was another mimic when it had first moved— But no. It was not alive.

‘That is....’ Mattel paused, and Mimi tried to guess the word she would say next.

*Cool?*

*Rare?*

*Funny?*

‘Horrifying.’

*Oh?*

*Mattel didn’t like the monkey?*

Mattel shook herself out in a shiver, making a face as she turned away.

How strange, Becky’s mate was!

She didn’t even like Becky’s favourite toys!

*How very, very strange....*

Mimi gave a curious chirp and hurried after the woman as she continued to wander.

She made her way slowly around, peeking at all the shelves— Even once carefully moving one plush to glance at the others behind it.

And then she reached Becky’s drawers, and—

*Gasp!*

She opened them!

*Oh! Oh!*

*No no!*

Mimi gave a loud trill to try and get Mattel’s attention.

*No!*

*No!*

Those were Becky’s things! That nobody was allowed to see!

Not even Isa went in there! And Isa went in everywhere!

Another loud trill, and Mimi hurriedly bounced around Mattel’s feet.

*Stop!*

*No!*

*Bad!*

*Mama’s stuff!*

*Mama’s space!*

*Stop!*

*Growl!*

Mimi nipped at Mattel’s heel; using more lip than teeth in its warning.

*Stop!*

‘Ow!’ Mattel gave a cry, pulling her foot away and staring down at the mimic. After a moment of glowering, the girl slammed the drawer shut and put her hands on her hips. ‘What?!’

Mimi gurgled, and laid down obediently.

*It had made its point.*

Mattel wasn't looking through Becky's drawers anymore, so it didn't need to tell her off again.

*Mattel had understood!*

*Mimi had been a good girl!*

*Mimi had let Mattel know that Mama Becky didn't like people going in her drawers!*

*How good a girl Mimi was!*

Very happy with itself, Mimi rolled over to show its underside and began to purr; just like Becky had taught it to when asking for attention.

It didn't need to growl or nip anymore, now that Mattel knew not to look in the drawers!

*Becky was sure to be very happy with it!*

*And happy with Mattel, for being such a good listener—*

Sharp pain shot through Mimi as the hard, pointed tip of Mattel's high-heeled shoe met its side.

*Pain!*

*Pain!*

Mimi gave a cry as it tumbled across the floor, skidding to a stop several paces from where it had started.

*It had been kicked!*

Stumbling to its spidery feet, Mimi let out a confused, fearful gurgle-whine.

*Why had it been kicked?!*

Mattel had known it was there!

She hadn't tripped!

*Why had she kicked Mimi if not tripping?!*

'Get the hell away from me!' Mattel growled, taking a pace towards Mimi and lifting her foot again; barely missing Mimi as she tried again to kick the critter.

'Get! Get, you disgusting thing! Go on!'

Mimi gave another cry and ran.

*On purpose?!*

Mimi had been kicked on purpose?!

It didn't understand!

Nobody had ever kicked Mimi *on purpose* before! Only by accident!

Never ever on purpose!

*No person had ever ever EVER kicked Mimi on purpose!*

Mimi fearfully retreated under Becky's bed; letting out a whimper as it pressed back into the far corner and shifted into a book.

*Mattel had kicked Mimi!*

*Mattel had kicked Mimi on purpose!*

It shivered, and gurgled, and stayed as still as it possibly could as it heard Mattel returning to Becky's drawers.

She tutted and scowled and let out a huff at what she found.

Then, when she heard the front door slam and the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs, she quickly shut the drawers and hurried to the bed to sit down.

Mimi saw her feet dangling off the side of the bed, crossed in a fake-cute way that made it look like she had been sitting down the entire time— And she

hummed cheerfully.

*So cheerfully, after kicking Mimi!*

The bedroom door opened and Mimi heard Becky give a happy cry.

‘Mattel! Oh my god! Hi!’ she exclaimed, rushing forward and throwing herself onto the woman. Both their legs disappeared from Mimi’s view as they tumbled backwards onto the bed in a giggling mess. ‘I wasn’t expecting you to be here! I thought we were meeting at the restaurant!’

‘I know— I wanted to surprise you,’ said Mattel, her voice higher and sweeter than it had been when she’d snapped at Mimi. ‘I thought it would be nice to walk there together. And I was thinking afterwards, we could—’

Mimi trembled as it heard Becky and Mattel chattering above it.

*Bad.*

*Bad!*

*Mattel was bad!*

*And Mama didn’t know!*

*Mattel was bad, and Mattel was sitting with Mama!*

Mimi pressed itself tight against the floor and trembled.

*Mattel would hurt Mama, too!*

*And Mimi was too scared to stop her!*

‘Okay! That’s— Yeah! Just let me just throw on some clean clothes and set Mimi up for the night!’ Becky said, jumping off the bed and stripping down to change. ‘Mimi! Mimi, baby! Come here, girl! Come on!’

Mimi didn’t move.

*No.*

*No!*

*Mattel was still out there!*

*Mattel would kick Mimi again!*

‘Mimi?’ Becky called again as she slipped into a fresh shirt. ‘Baby? Pspsp! Baby? Where are you.... Mattel? Did you see Mimi when you came in?’

‘Hm, no. I didn’t. Maybe she’s sleeping,’ Mattel chirped her lie, jumping up and adjusting Becky’s clothes as she did. ‘You said she was a mimic, right? I hear they sleep a lot!’

‘Yeah, they do but —*Mimi! Pspsp*— Mimi’s usually awake at this time, waiting for dinner.’

‘Oooh, yes! Of course! No— Isa said she fed Mimi already,’ Mattel lied again, her hands moving to adjust Becky’s hair. ‘I told her you were thinking of staying at my place after our date, and she gave Mimi her dinner early so you wouldn’t have to worry about coming home to do it tonight!’

*Lies!*

*Oh! It was all lies!*

*Mimi had not been fed!*

*Isa had told Mattel so!*

‘Oh— That was really nice of her,’ Becky gave a giggle as she let Mattel clean her up. ‘Though— We didn’t discuss me going to your house....’

‘*Hmh!*’ Mattel giggled. Then she took Becky’s hands in hers and pressed their noses together affectionately. ‘What’s a little white lie, hm? Consider *this* my invitation.... Would you like to spend the night with me? My parents are away on

business until tomorrow afternoon, so they won't be there to judge us.'

*No!*

*No!*

Mimi silently urged Becky to say no.

*Don't go with her!*

*She's bad!*

*She's very very bad!*

'Of course I would!' Becky replied, accepting Mattel's kiss before letting herself be led towards the door.

'Perfect!' Mattel chirped. 'Now, come on, we're going to be late!'

'Oh, yeah— I was just hoping to see Mimi though—'

'Mimi'll be fine,' Mattel urged, her voice sickly sweet. 'If we miss our booking they'll give our table to someone else! Come *on*, hurry up!'

'Right— Right sorry, yes, I'm coming!'

Becky's bedroom door closed behind the girls with a soft *click*.... Though, it wasn't until Mimi heard the front door shut that it dared to slip out from its hiding place.

It sniffed around anxiously before climbing onto Becky's chair and making the leap to the windowsill.

*There they were.*

Dancing down the street together like nothing was wrong.

Like Mattel was good.

*Oh!*

But Mimi knew.

Mimi knew the truth....

Mattel was bad....

Mattel was very, *very* bad....

*Growl.*

*Snarl!*

Mimi leapt from the sill, and dug its teeth into a nearby doll— Pretending the yellow-haired collectable was the blonde-haired woman that had lied to its Mama Becky.

*Bite!*

*Maul!*

*Hiss!*

*Snarl!*

*Bite!*

*Snarl!*

*Angry!*

*Maul!*

*Kill!*

—END—

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