

# Mimi's Bath Time

By C. Jade Wyton

*It's bath time for Mimi Bloom, and the little mimic is very excited. Bath time is the best time for being naughty— Especially when Becky's father, Ken, is the one helping get the bath ready.*

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It was Bath Time, and Mimi loved Bath Time.

Not because of the bath itself— Mimi didn't care about the bath or soap or water (in fact, Mimi was rather annoyed that Bath Time washed away its beautiful adolescent alpha musk).

No.

Mimi loved Bath Time because Bath Time was Naughty Time.

Once every two weeks, Mimi would be scrubbed all over its little body, and it would be very very naughty and wiggle around and nip at hands and steal the wash cloth!

It was a very fun game, it thought. To wiggle and bite and steal.

Though Mimi's pépé, Ken, didn't seem to agree.

Neither did Isa or Barbra, of course. But they were strict about making Mimi sit still, and Mimi knew it had to listen to them eventually....

Ken, though, was an omega. And Mimi could push him around all it wanted!

And today, Isa and Barbra were too busy to help Becky with Bath Time.

*Chirp! Chirp!*

*Water! Bath!*

Mimi leapt around the bathroom as Becky ran the water, holding her hand under the tap to make sure it was coming out at the *perfect* temperature.

Not too hot, and not too cold! It had to be *just* the way Mimi liked it, or Mama Becky would let it all out with that fantastic suctioning sound that the bath made as it drained, and then she would run it again.

And again.

Until it was the right temperature for Mimi to have its bath.

'How's the water, mon bébé?' Ken asked, watching as Mimi ran in and out of the bathroom.

It crawled under Becky's bed, retrieving a toy and shaking it around so a cloud of stuffing sprayed the room. And then it dropped the toy again and bolted back into the bathroom, using its long spider-like legs to clamber up the tiled wall.

*Chirp!*

*Trill!*

*Climb!*

*Play!*

Becky turned off the tap and held her hand in the bath water for a long moment before giving a hum and a smile.

'Mhm! Right! Good and right!' she said, removing her hand and picking up the shower stool from beside her.

She carefully placed it in the bath, making sure there was only an inch or two of water above it, before turning to Mimi and motioning with a hand.

‘Mimi! Come!’

Mimi made a fart noise and clambered onto the roof.

Ken sighed, but Becky giggled and stood up, reaching out her hands in a grabbing motion.

‘Mimi!’ she repeated. ‘Warm! Water is warm! Come! Bath time!’

*Bath time!*

Mimi gave a loud trill and dropped from the roof, landing in Becky’s arms as Ken gave a terrified gasp and missed catching the mimic by a hair’s length.

Ken let out a long breath of relief as Mimi chirped and wiggled in Becky’s arms, and he rubbed the bridge of his nose. ‘Petite bête coquine, tu vas me faire une crise cardiaque!’

Mimi wiggled in glee as Becky turned and gently placed it on the stool.

‘Too cold?’ Becky asked as she gingerly put the mimic in the water.

*Just right!* Mimi gave a joyful trill and dunked its face into the water, shaking out its entire body as it did to splash water around.

‘Good good!’ Becky grinned, petting Mimi down its back. ‘Water good. So now it’s ducky time.’

*Ducky time!*

Mimi gave a loud, excited scree as Becky stood up to retrieve several rubber ducks from her sink.

The girl dropped them into the bath, and the mimic leapt off the stool into the deep water so it could paddle over to them and sink its teeth into them.

*Bite!*

*Wheeze!*

*Chomp!*

*Squeak!*

*Bite!*

*Wheeze!*

*Shake!*

Mimi shook the rubber duck violently, splashing water all across the bathroom and Becky and Ken— One of whom giggled, and the other of whom made a horrified choking sound.

‘Good girl!’ Becky cheered, clapping her hands as Mimi played. Then, she opened the cupboard under her sink and peered inside. ‘Uh-oh!’

‘Uh-oh?’ Ken echoed, holding up a hand to shield his face as Mimi splashed more water around. ‘Why uh-oh?’

‘No soap!’ Becky exclaimed, slapping her hands against her cheeks loudly in worry. ‘All gone! Mimi’s got no soap! Bad! Very bad! Oh no!’

‘Oh, ma choupette! Shh.... It is okay. I think Isa bought some the other day,’ Ken reassured, cupping his daughter’s face so she couldn’t smack herself. ‘Why don’t I go downstairs and get it for you?’

‘No! My job!’ Becky declared, wiggling out of her father’s grip. ‘You do it wrong.’

‘You think I’d do it wrong?’ Ken asked, looking hurt.

‘Mhm! You don’t know mimic soap like I do,’ Becky nodded, then pet Ken on

the knee. 'Not your fault! My job. I have to get soap. The soap. Soap. From downstairs. You watch Mimi. Yep! You watch Mimi while I get soap.'

Ken winced, at that. 'You want me to watch Mimi while you go downstairs...?'

'Yep! That's your job for me!' Becky nodded, decisively. 'Do *not* let her out! She stays. In the bath. Okay?'

'Uh—'

'Okay?'

'O-Okay....'

'Good!' Becky headed for the door. 'Keep her! In the bath! Not gone long!'

Mimi gave a curious chirp as Becky headed out of the room. It swam back to its stool and clambered on, giving itself a light shake before turning and looking at Ken and watching as he crouched down to poke nervously at one of the rubber ducks.

*Pépé Ken.*

Who was now all alone.

And had been told to keep Mimi... *in* the bath....

Mimi had never *ever* wanted to get out of the bath more than it did in that exact moment.

'Ooh, *no*,' Ken mumbled apprehensively. 'Do not look at me with those eyes, Mimi Bloom. You stay in that bathtub! You stay— Oh no!'

Mimi leapt for the edge of the bath, and Ken leapt for her, barely managing to block her off as he knocked her back into the water with his arm.

*Ah!*

*How fun!*

Mimi swam along the edge of the bath, zipping from one end to the other as Ken tried desperately to stop her from climbing out.

'Non! Non, non! You stay!' Ken cried, his voice wavering.

Then, he slipped, and let out a squawk that echoed Mimi's own as he fell over backwards and landed flat on the ground.

*Pépé Ken!*

Mimi clambered out of the bath with a loud trill and raced over to lick at Ken's face.

'Ow,' he whined, slowly rolling over. 'Oh, my balance is so bad.... Ow.... Mimi— Do not lick me, girl! I'm okay! I'm okay....'

Ken was okay?

Mimi took a step back, wiggling its body playfully as it gave a cautious chirp; clearly still concerned that Ken was hurt.

'Ah, good girl,' Ken sighed, reaching over to pat Mimi but flinching away in fear as it let out a trill and began bolting around the bathroom. 'Oh— No! Stop! Back in the bath! Mimi— You must get back in the bath!'

Mimi had other ideas.

It sprinted out of the open bathroom door, ignoring Ken's horrified cry as it slammed the side of its face into Becky's carpet and began rubbing itself dry.

'Oh, no! Mimi! No!' Ken exclaimed as he tried to scoop the animal up.

As soon as he leant over, however, Mimi jumped to its feet and ran; rubbing itself against everything it passed as it evaded being picked up.

It knocked over plush toys, and books, and games, getting water everywhere

as it did.

‘Mimi!’ Ken cried as the creature made for Becky’s bedroom door. ‘No!’

‘Mimi, *sit!*’ Becky’s order was firm as she entered the room, and Mimi immediately planted its behind onto the ground and sat still. Becky then lifted a hand and pointed into the bathroom. ‘Bath!’

Mimi chirped and ran back to the bathroom. It paused at the door, wiggling playfully as it waited for Becky to catch up, and then jumped back into the bath with a quiet *splash!*

‘Good girl,’ Becky mumbled, putting a bottle of mimic soap on the floor by the bath. Then she frowned, and pointed at Ken as he tried to enter the bathroom. ‘Out!’

‘Wh-What?’

‘Bad at this! Yes you are!’

‘Becky? Honey—’

‘Nope! You leave! Now!’

Ken opened his mouth, but when Becky stomped her foot he closed it again, looking defeated and retreating out of the room.

Mimi gave a victorious trill as he did, before climbing onto the stool and sitting still for Becky.

Becky sighed, crouching down on her knees, and then pet Mimi on the head.

‘You have to be nicer to Dad,’ she told Mimi. ‘Mum said so.’

Mimi made a fart noise; which Becky mimicked with a raspberry.

Then, she squirted a glob of the soap into her hands and reached over to massage it into Mimi’s skin.

Mimi gave a contented sigh as Becky worked her hands over its body; massaging deep and firm over its back, under its belly, and between each leg—

*Over* each leg, rubbing with circular motions over the harder ball-like joints until they were loose and relaxed and Mimi was all but melting into its mama’s hands.

‘Good girl,’ Becky cooed as she moved up to the top of Mimi’s head and between its eyes.

*Purr.*

*Purr.*

*Sigh.*

*Purr.*

Mimi couldn’t help but slowly close its eyes as it was lovingly spoilt.

And when Becky scooped warm water over its back and began massaging the soap back *out* of its skin, Mimi thought that, if it were not careful, it might fall asleep.

*Purr.*

*Purr.*

*Chirp.*

*Purr.*

‘Good girl,’ Becky said again, and Mimi felt itself lifted out of the bath; though it didn’t open its eyes as it was wrapped in a towel and settled in Becky’s lap.

She continued drying the creature with the same massaging motions she had used to wash it, and Mimi gave a contented sigh as it got comfortable and settled

down.

'Good baby.'

*Purr.*

*Lick.*

*Purr.*

*Lick.*

*Lick.*

*Purr.*

*Snore....*

—END—

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