

Mew Nash

By JamietheGuardian

Submitted: January 3, 2008

Updated: June 27, 2008

*About an American Mew Mew.
*

*
*

Nash is the red fox, but she's a 'black' red fox! She meets new friends as she goes and new Mew mews!!

1. Mew Mews? In America?

Nash jumped on her skateboard and rolled down the interstate.

Her eyes narrowed as she jumped and flipped with her skateboard into the air. She landed perfectly upon the cement and caught her small travel agent. (the skateboard, lol)

She sniffed prudently and brushed a small speck of dust from her mini skirted dress. Her green tank top matched it perfectly. Hey, punks like to be pretty too.

Her black sweatband on her left wrist had the anarchy sign. She grinned that rebellious grin of her and pulled the bag off her back. Nash reached into the sack and pulled out a can of spraypaint. She shook it up and let the magic begin.

A man looked down from the huge building. Firey red hair, spiked and chin length, flared from his head. He looked at a girl with light brown hair and nodded.

"So...is this really one of the last Mew Mews? I mean, we don't want to make any mistakes, do we?"

The man chuckled.

"No, we don't Lucia. I just want you to trust me on this one, alright?"

Her wolf ears twitched in slight alarm, then nodded in agreement. He pointed down toward a cement wall.

"Have a look," he offered. Lucia walked forward, followed with another girl with gray hair and dark gray cougar ears and a gray tail. They looked down.

"Her? But, she looks like one of those punks or emos who act like their life is either miserable, or just so worth living for, they do random stuff that breaks the rules," said the gray haired girl.

Lucia giggled, letting out a small growl like a wolf in her amusement.

"You make it sound like a bad thing, Annabelle." Lucia said, still laughing. "Besides, you are just like her. I'm sure you'll become good friends."

Annabelle puffed up indignantly and was about to object, but was silenced by a wave of the man's hand.

"Yes, you will have to get used to her. Well said, Lucia."

Lucia took this opportunity to stick out her tongue and wink at the same time. Annabelle turned

red and growled, loud enough to make a dinosaur stand down. Lucia growled playfully back, elbowing her lightly.

After a moment, Annabelle smiled. The red-haired man then became serious again.

"Alright, beginning phase 3. Mew Mew three, get ready to be animorphed!!" He said, pointing the laser down at the mahogany-haired girl. "Ready girls?" He asked aloud.

"Right!!" They acknowledged, balling their fists and holding them up to their faces, both of their tails and ears were twitching with excitement. It was time to roll....

Nash smiled at her lovely piece of work, her green eyes glittered with pride. She stuck out her tongue happily. It said 'WEEP FOR THE CHILDREN' with a picture of an abandoned baby in a dumpster.

Her heart sank when she thought of all the kids who didnt have real parents and the ones who had drug addicted or abusive parents.

She was one herself, so she had ran away. 2 months agao today, to be exact. If they had wanted her back, they would have called in with a missing child report. She had seen no posters, nor any missing bulletins. Typical.

Nash suddenly heard a ferocious noise.

A blast sounded from somewhere above her head, from behind. She felt a force hit her straight into her back. She cried out in alarm, wobbled around for a moment, and dropped the canister of spraypaint.

"Ahhh..." she groaned, falling to her knees.

A bright light shone in front of her.

A fluffy looking canine bounded over toward her.

What was it?

It jumped a final time, and disappeared inside her.

A warm feeling spread throughout her body. It was so warm. Suddenly, it felt as if she were shrinking. Before she could inspect herself, she wrapped her arms about her shoulders and fainted.

2. A Big Mistake

Nash felt her self come to.

She squinted, then opened her eyes. She looked up into a pair of brownish eyes. It startled her and she squealed, jumping to her hands and knees, which were now paws.

Nash stared at her paws. Four of them. White paws and black fur. And a fluffy black tail with a white tip.

"Huh? What happened?!" She barked. It almost sounded like a yip or a growl. She scratched her ear with her left hind leg and sighed in satisfaction of the itch being relieved. The girl frowned and picked up her walkie talkie.

"Um, Luke. I think you made a mistake, and a big one, too." The microphone crackled to life.

"Alright, shoot." The man growled. The girl frowned again.

"Well, for starters, she didn't turn into a Mew Mew, and second, she turned into a fox." Nash stared at the girl, almost not hearing her predicament clearly. That girl had wolf ears!

She stared, and then came back to reality. She had been turned into a fox! And what the heck was a Mew Mew? She put her paws on her perky ears and tried to get the girls attention by jumping up and down beside her.

"Yes, Luke, the transformation went wrong. Yes, you made a mistake. No, I'm not lying to you. She's just not a Mew Mew." Nash bounced as high as her small paws would let her.

"I'm sorry, Lucia, but this can't be reversed. She'll have to work as one of our spies. Anyway, bring her up here and I'll reverse the effect." Lucia blushed and looked at Nash, then back at the walkie talkie.

"I'm not sure if she'll like that, Luke."

"Do you have a better solution? Oh wait, I'll let you do it then. Go on, ahead then Lucia. Pucker up for her." Lucia blushed hotter.

"Gross, never!" She retorted as she picked up Nash by her small fluffy scruff.

"Hey!" She tried to object, but it came out as an angry squeak. Lucia looked down at her as she turned off the walkie talkie.

"You are kinda' cute. Come on, then. Let's get up there!" She said, then took a terrifying leap. Fear shot through Nash. She took grip onto Lucia's clothing and neck, holding on for dear life, eyes wide.

"EEEEEEEEEEhhhhh!!" She screeched. Lucia howled as they soared to the top of the roof. As they landed on the top of the skyscraper, her fur frizzed and she trembled uncontrollably. Lucia

began to stroke her fur and calm her down.

"Oh, you're fine. Just inhale and exhale. We're not flying anymore." Nash still trembled, and she felt nauseous from the ride. She squeaked at her. Lucia grinned and walked to the sky roof door and into a dark room, which soon lit up. A red haired man and a gray haired girl stood in front of a computer. They turned around. "Luke," Lucia said, "I've brought her."

Luke stood and took her from her arms.

"You're cuter than I'd thought you'd be." He said. "But before I do anything more, I'll explain, since I know you can understand." Nash nodded her fuzzy head and sneezed.

"Awww," said Lucia. The gray haired girl just snorted. Luke narrowed his eyes.

"Listen closely, Nash. You have been injected with red fox genes.

Though you are a black in color, you are still a red fox.

We were trying to give you the genes so you could become a Mew Mew. Mew Mews are girls with special powers to save the world, girls who are infused with animal DNA, understand? Anyway...." he said and held her up close, and kissed her softly.

Nash jumped away as she transformed into her old self again, blushing from head to toe. She looked at her hands. They were normal again.

"Hey, I'm me again! Thank goodness." She said, more relieved than she had ever felt.

"Sorry about that, but that's the only way you can change back into human." Luke informed. "You either got the wrong DNA, or the genes won't work for you either way. But I had made sure your DNA would qualify for becoming a Mew Mew. I guess we have no use for you except as one of our spies or our helpers."

Nash stood up straight.

"So I was supposed to become one of,....those guys," she said, pointing at Annabelle and Lucia, "And you made a mistake on me, so i don't have any powers, correct?" Luke nodded, a sheepish look on his face. It made him somewhat cute, but that didn't matter right now.

All Nash felt like now was the failure of the extraordinary experiment used to save the world. Luke looked at the computer.

"See, here," he said, waving his hand for her to come see. She did and looked over his broad shoulders. "It says everything went okay, but it didn't. You turned into a fox, and that's not supposed to happen until your final phase is over. Hopefully, it's just a premature transformation. But until we figure it out, you're our new Mew spy."

Nash rolled her eyes, unable to believe what she was hearing.

"It seems I don't have a choice," she said. Annabelle snorted through a growl.

"That's right, you don't. Now listen to Luke so you don't screw up or do anything stupid, alright?" Nash glared. What did she have that pissed this girl off so much?

"No." She said simply, turning away from Annabelle, her nose in the air with a prissy attitude.

That would show her who's rude. The cougar girl grabbed her by the collar of her green shirt.

"You listen to me, big mouth. Or I'll.."

"You'll what? Threaten me? Kill me? Well that's a laugh. Just like a cougar, they can't hold in their temper."

Annabelle reeled back her fist and Nash closed her eyes, but the punch never came. Luke was holding back her fist while Annabelle stood there in shock, a fresh blush spreading across her face.

"That's enough, Annabelle. You don't run this project. Back away." He said. Annabelle blushed hotter and turned away, her arms crossed angrily in defeat. "Don't worry about her," he said to Nash, then got a Cheshire cat look on his face, "She just does what I say because she's head over heels in love with me." He mumbled, just loud enough for everyone in the room to hear. Annabelle turned on her heels and fire shone in her eyes.

"In your dreams, girly man!!" But the blush went beet red, betraying her words with truth. Luke smiled.

"Mm hmm, you're also jealous that I had to kiss her and not you." He jested. Annabelle trembled now, angry and embarrassed of the truth hidden behind her seemingly rebellious personality.

Nash almost couldn't believe he was doing this. How dare he make fun of someone's love?

"How dare you?!" She shrieked at him. Luke's smile left him in surprise. "You're a jerk for making fun of what's inside of her heart. If she loves you, don't turn it down with a jerky attitude!" Nash stopped to take a breath and realised that they were all staring at her. "What? Is there something on my face?" She asked, touching her face. Then she saw it. Her fox tail was swishing around, but she hadn't transformed. Or had she?

3. No Way!

Nash felt her head. Fox ears poked rudely from the sides. Her tail swished again.

"What the-?" She said, unable to understand what had happened.

"She transformed! Well, sorta..." Lucia said, pointing. Luke held up a hand.

"Don't be alarmed. It will happen when you get mad, sad, or romantic feelings. The same with all of you. This will happen from now on, so keep your emotions in control, or you will ruin your identities. Understood?"

"No way!! This can't happen! What if I fall in love?!" Annabelle screeched. Luke just smiled at her.

"It seems you already have." He joked. Annabelle blushed and growled.

"Shut up, will you?"

Luke shook his head.

"Don't wanna." He said, a tender look on his face now. He held out a hand. "Come here. And you all may go home for now, until I call you for duty." Nash pushed her ears back in, and with Lucia, left the two alone.

Luke grinned.

"Oh, come here, I said."

Annabelle, with tears in her eyes, ran to him. Her ears and tail immediately popped up as she wrapped her arms around him.

"W..why are you so mean...?" she murmured into his black jacket. He chuckled.

"Because you're mean." He teased, tickling her chin. Annabelle just purred as he lay a gentle kiss upon her forehead, wiping a tear from her cheek. "I tease everybody, just you the most. You know I love you." Her cougar ears had disappeared, but then they reappeared at that exact moment. Her tail, too. He chuckled. She looked up at him.

"What's so funny?" she asked, an angry look growing on her face.

"You are...you with your cat ears always popping up when you don't want them. Its adorable." She smiled and put her head into his chest.

"Alright, lets start the 4th phase. We'll get the next girl the day after tomorrow. I hope Mew Mew number four will be ready for us. She may be shy, but she'll be a powerful ally. Phase 4, begin!!"

4. The Next Mew

A girl with dark blue hair walked across the stadium, watching her older brother pitch to another boy.

Her pigtails shook and the bells upon her hair ties rang a little tune.
The boy looked up and yelled at her.

"Hey! You can go home, sissy! I'm gonna go soon!"

She nodded and began her walk home. Her green eyes shimmered in the distant light of the sun. She inhaled and looked up at the rising moon. It seemed so different tonight. And now, a dark form appeared in front of the moon, casting a shadow.
She chirped in surprise and jumped back.

The form rested in front of her and floated about a foot from the ground.

"Hello, kid. Time to die," he snarled in a smooth voice. Her eyes widened as she jumped away from his grasp, but not quickly enough. He grabbed her wrists and held her down on the ground.

"Who do you think you are?!" She shrieked.

"You wanna know who I am...?" He growled, a smile could be heard in his smooth voice.
"I am....."

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The computer flared in annoyance. Trouble was abroad. Luke hopped out of his chair and checked the monitor.

The next Mew was in town.

And being attacked.

He immediately grabbed the phone and called the Mew Mews.

Nash slid through an alleyway on her skateboard. It was getting late. What was with this Mew Mew thing? She didn't get it at all and it almost seemed unreal. She decided to ignore it. She hadn't become one of them, anyway. Why worry? All she had were fox genes that would make fox parts pop up when she was aroused. No big deal.

NOT!!!!!!

Her cellphone rang. She halted her board and picked it up. Luke.

"Hey, you are in the vicinity of an attack upon the next Mew Mew. She is not holding up

well. The alien will vaporize her! She's not become a Mew Mew yet! Save her!"
Nash felt her skin prickle. She didn't know what to do!

"No way!" She yelled. "This isn't my fight! You are the one who found me in the identity system and checked my genes to see if I was compatible or not for an animal experiment! Screw you!"

"Do as you're told. Or you will be responsible for a young girl's death." And he hung up. Nash felt her heart sink.

Death. A young girl.

Damn. She would kill him for this guilt trip when it was over. She heard a scream. Nash flipped her skateboard and hurtled off in the direction of the scream. She zoomed through a park and found two figures struggling in the dark. The long haired one screamed. It was the new Mew.

It looked as if he was trying to rape her. And no girl deserved that, no matter how cruel or bad. Nash jumped off her board, letting it fly into the male figure's chest. He let out a grunt of pain and backed off. The girl jumped away and ran toward Nash.

Hiding behind her, the girl whimpered.

"You okay?" Nash asked as she watched the dark form rise from where he had fallen. The girl nodded, but kept her eyes tightly shut. The dark form shook his head as if he were shaking something off.
Probably his embarrassment.

"You have a lot of guts for a human," he growled, wiping his face from rocks and gravel. "Now you'll die as well. That Mew isn't worth anything."

Nash narrowed her eyes.

"Then why are you trying to kill her? And how can you float? Are you an alien?"
He twisted his head, making his hair move slightly.

"That's what they called me in Tokyo, too. Interesting. Is that all that humans can think of us as?"

"Well, I would consider you a rapist. Unless you'd prefer alien."

He smiled and walked into the light. His clothing was primitive, and yet, it looked very good on him.

"I wasn't trying to rape her, I was trying to dispose of her. I can sense the power in her. She will put a halt on our progress to take over the US instead of Japan. Now move out of the way, cutie. I don't wanna have to hurt you to get to that brat."

The blue haired girl shook her head wildly in fear.

"No! No! No! Don't let him take me!" Nash realized that this girl was very young; about twelve-ish. Jeez, and most of the Mew Mews present were about fifteen and sixteen. This kid was more a child than a Mew Mew! Nash shook her head defiantly.

"Don't count on it. She's just a little kid. And you're...eh...how old? Fifteen?"

He grinned.

"Fifteen exactly. You may have seen me on those Tokyo previews fighting the Japanese Mew Mews. I promised I wouldn't attack their home anymore. I said nothing about attacking yours. Heed my warnings, kiddies. Remember my name, for you will not have seen the last of me. Well, if you survive, that is."

He pulled out two weapons and flew at them. "My name is Kish. Prepare to die!"

Nash squeaked and ducked just in time. He was super fast and she hadn't been prepared for what he was going to do. And, he really had looked familiar.

"Heads up!" A voice rang out. Nash looked around. A small round object flew at her. She caught it. A Mew Mew pendant. A head popped out of a bush. It was Annabelle. "Give it to her! She'll know what to do!"

"Oh, right!" Nash said, feeling stupid. She handed the pendant to the girl, who just stared at it. "Don't gawk at it!" Nash snapped. "Take it and transform!!"

Kish twisted in midair and started flying at them again. Nash began to fume. This little kid wasn't being much help. When Kish got close enough, Nash jumped into the air and axe-kicked him right in the kisser.

"Ow!" He yelled and jumped back. "I told you to stay out of this!" Nash glared at him.

"No can do, you jerk! And you!" She yelled, turning to the little girl. "Take this and do your job!" The girl took it and an aura began to glow around her. Annabelle jumped.

"Feline Flash of Fury!" A weapon appeared in her hand. It looked like claws on a glove. "Animal Rage!" Slashes of aura flew out of them and zoomed toward Kish. He jumped and flailed and dodged as best he could.

"Metamorphosis! Mew Air!" White wings flashed from the little girl's back. Her pigtails grew longer and a white shirt skirted dress appeared on her. A white scepter appeared in her hand. "Cloud Tempest! Winds of Zeus!" She threw her scepter into the air and lightning shadowed with clouds formed into a ball and was hurled at Kish.

His eyes widened and he flew out of the way, but it followed him. The ball exploded on him with a tremendous crack. He shrieked in pain and fell backwards. Kish then sat up, furious with his loss.

"Blast it! You'll see me again." He then looked at Nash. "And you too, you feisty little rebel." He added with a wink, and then disappeared. Nash just glared. Next time he winks at me like that, he'll regret it, She thought.

"Nice job, kid." Nash said, elbowing the girl as she changed back. The little girl blushed.

"And you did terrible." Said Annabelle, aiming her criticism at Nash. The little blue-haired girl just looked up questioningly. Nash scowled at her nemesis ally.

"Yeah, and what's your name again?" She said, ignoring her partner's comment. The girl smiled.

"My name is Tiffany. How do you do?" She said, doing a little curtsy. At least she was polite like Lucia.

"And I'm Nash. Pleased to meet you." she said, holding out her hand. Tiffany took it and shook it heartily. Cute. "So, what animal is she, Annabelle?"

Annabelle tilted her head. "I think she was a type of bird, but I couldn't tell. All we know is that it's a white bird. Maybe a Cockatoo or something. Whatever it was, it sure was adorable."

Tiffany blushed. Nash grabbed her wrist. "Come on, I'll take you home. And tomorrow, we'll go talk to Luke and see what kind of nonsense he'll spout out this time."

Annabelle blushed and growled protectively, but Nash just ignored her. She had no business with that grouchy feline Mew.

5. So This Is Kish.

Lucia looked at Tiffany. Tiffany stood straight, trying not to look small and insignificant to her new partners. She looked stoic. Nash almost burst out laughing at Tiffany's outward appearance. At least she was trying to do well. Her cheeks were turning red with embarrassment.

"Now now, leave her be, Lucia. She's new,...and very young." Luke chided gently. Lucia sniffed, unsatisfied.

"But she's so small. I mean, what is she supposed to be?"

Luke smiled.

"She's a Pacific White Dove. Now, go bustle about your duties. I need to speak with her about her powers and 'HER' duties."
Her wolf tail popped out as she twisted around on her heel and left. Luke then turned to Nash and Tiffany. "Now, this Kish you speak of, is he one of the aliens from the Tokyo incident?"

Nash shrugged. "That's what he said. He talked about the Japanese people calling them aliens, too. Do they, like, know all our dialects? Because I don't think that someone that young would know all our languages in that amount of time. What are they, super humans? I mean, he could fly! Float. Whatever!"

Luke chuckled. "Well, they are aliens. From a different galaxy or world. You just never know, but we need to keep them from taking over the USA or we'll have worse on our hands than just aliens."

He turned in his computer chair and pushed a button. Slides of attacks appeared on the screen. "These are the past attacks upon Tokyo bay and the city. There are only three aliens that we have caught glimpses of. Do any of these aliens look like Kish?"

A picture of a grayish-purple haired alien popped up. Nash narrowed her eyes. This alien was too tall and almost adult-like.

"Nope. I haven't seen him yet."

Luke switched the pictures. "These photos were sent to me from my cousin Elliot in Japan. He was the Head of the first Mew Mew project. He had five girls become Mew Mews and they fought the aliens first. See these girls?"

He pointed to a random picture with six girls striking a pose next to each other. "Those girls are Ichigo, Mint, Lettuce, Pudding, Zakuro, and their recent member, Berry. They have been fighting since last year and they have been killing off the rest of the alien predasites left on the planet after the aliens retreated and left in peace. It's weird. We don't know what's gotten into them. They left and told us all to live in peace. Unless...."

The picture switched. A smaller alien with dark hair and menacingly childish eyes. It wasn't him. "Nope," said Tiffany, shaking her pretty blue hair.

"Good." Said Luke. "None so far. Those first two were called Pie and Tarb. And now the last one." Another picture showed up. Dark green hair. Yellow-gold eyes. The primitive alien clothing.

Nash stood up. "Yeah! That's him! It's Kish!" She exclaimed.

"Yeah!!" Tiffany affirmed loudly. Luke narrowed his eyes at the alien.

"Then we have a big problem."

Nash felt like growling.

"Oh, great. More bad news," she gushed angrily, taking a breath.

"He promised not to attack earth anymore. The Japanese Mews even have proof of his promise. It makes me wonder what got into his head to attack us and try to destroy little Tiffany, here. It just doesn't make sense."

Nash rolled her eyes. "Duh, it's just some weird alien who wants revenge for losing in Japan. Or he's mad cuz' he's not a human and can't get any."

Tiffany looked oblivious.

"Whats 'can't get any' mean?"

Luke glared at Nash. "Nevermind, Tif. Just get your waitress outfit on and ask Lucia and Annabelle. They know what to do and don't worry. I'll keep you on your feet."

"Okay."

"Finally! Work is over!" Nash blew out and flopped down upon a table.

Tiffany was already sleeping on a chair while Lucia and Annabelle cleaned up, whispering to each other constantly. A black fox ear popped up from Nash's scalp as she listened to their distant conversation.

And of course, Annabelle was muttering angrily under her breath.

"...and we don't even need her. She's got no power. The only power she has are her human ones, and those won't work on the battle field."

"Uhn." Lucia grumbled, but Nash couldn't tell if it was in agreement or not. Lucia looked as if

she didn't care.

"And-" Annabelle continued huffily, "She's short. And shes-"

"Knock it off, Annabelle." Lucia suddenly said, making Nash jump slightly. "She doesn't want to be here, and obviously, neither do you. None of us do. But that's what makes us better fighters. We either unite or die. She hasn't done anything to you as of yet, so keep your constant complaints over people you barely know to yourself from now on. And besides, her human power is greater than most. She'd be a great spy, dontcha' think?"

A spy? That sounded like more fun than turning into a stupid animal and doing silly performances to make your powers work. Didn't Luke say something about that before, too?

Nash pretended not to hear, but she was way on top of the spy idea. Spying on the enemy. What adventure and excitement! Danger too, but most of all, ADVENTURE!! Her ears went back in and she skipped toward Luke's computer lab after changing out of her uniform.

She went in to see if he was there. He wasn't. She tiptoed inside (just in case) and sat on the leather spinning chair. She pressed the 'location' button and typed in "Aliens"

She got her answer. Empire State Building. Tip Top. And heights were not her thing. Nash shivered. No way was she going to some crazy top of one of the highest building in the world.

No sir.

She turned and ran into Luke. She squeaked loudly in surprise, making her ears and tail pop out, all hair and fur standing on end.

"What where you looking at?"

Nash blushed. "Ummm...the empire state building.. pretty v-v-view from the top, huh?"

Luke snorted. "I suppose, but why were you looking on my computer?"

"I-I don't have any powers and I overheard the girls say something about me being a good spy or something."

Luke looked up into the ceiling, as if pondering the suggestion, but he looked a bit angry.

"That's not a bad idea, but it would be very dangerous. Especially for one without powers." He reminded.

Nash puffed up. "Try me, big guy. I can do it better than all them out there. Just say go and I'll go. Remember how I kicked Kish's @\$@? I can definitely do it! Come on, whaddaya say?"

Luke was shaking his head, frustrated. "Fine, go. Just don't get killed. Your first assignment will be tomorrow at 6 pm. Unless we have any attacks, your plan will be secret."

Nash nodded proudly. New assignment, here I come.

It was 5 pm the next day. No attacks or problems, just the same boring old work, since the others had school today, Nash was by herself until 3:20. She was anticipating the mission only for herself and she was ready to go. She moved around tables, washing nicer and better than the day before.

It was almost closing time when a silver-haired boy walked in. He looked around and looked straight at Nash.

"Hey," he acknowledged with a wave, "Is Lucia here?"

At that moment, Lucia walked out, rubbing her wet hands upon a dry rag. She looked up at Nash and began to say something when she caught sight of the kid. Her cheeks went bright pink.

"M-Matt. What are you doing here?"

The boy smiled. "As the usual."

Annabelle grabbed Nash and pulled her away from the two and behind a table where they could watch.

"What's happening here?" Nash demanded in annoyance.

"Love" Annabelle said simply, "And it's biting Lucia on the @\$\$\$. She's gonna have to fall in love sometime."

"Aaah, love amour." Tiffany said, hearts popping up in her eyes.

"Where'd you come from?!" The two said, wild-eyed with confusion.

At that moment, Lucia looked over. The three eavesdroppers ducked, hoping not to be seen. Lucia sighed, and then whispered something to Matt, which resulted in his exit of the cafe'. Tiffany popped up.

"Awww, that poor boy. She sent him away."

"What was up with that?" Nash wondered aloud. Annabelle shrugged.

"She's done that four times already. I don't know why she won't give him a chance."

Tiffany's eyes narrowed. "Ahh, she's playing hard to get. That silly wolf-girl. She would be so much happier if she'd just try it out."

"True, true," Annabelle agreed. Nash sighed. She remembered when she used to be just like

Lucia except she was just really Emo-like. Lucia at least had some spirit to her. Now that Nash had changed, she hoped that she could help solve Lucia's love constipation.

If they tried hard enough, it would come out. Or maybe it already had, but wouldn't be seen by the normal standards.

Nash huffed. She would help Lucia. She would!