

Jo? You around?

It's early enough in the evening that you're probably still up. Proper night's hours away.

Pick up, man. I know you keep your phone in your back pocket. It cannot be comfortable to sit on.  
Bzz bzz.

Cool your jets broseph, I'm around.

Just doing paperwork at the moment. The usual business. Glass of milk, some cookies. No gifts.

What's shaking? The busy bee in your bonnet? Lay it on me.

It happened again. This time she crawled in through the pet door. Might need an iron frame soon.

She came in for dinner? (And sure, I got you covered. Easy peasy order to place.)

Yes. I didn't realize she could actually fit through the gap. I'm not certain she does, to be honest.

I'm assuming that the wards the priest put up weren't of any help, then.

No. I followed all of his instructions. He'd just blessed the house too. Catie's been sleeping in my room.

There's been enough salt in this place to brine an army's worth of pickles, Jo.

I'm actually sick and tired of smelling sandalwood. I think it's going to have a soporific effect on *me*, and I'm pretty sure that I'm human. Catie doesn't seem to mind it too much, though.

If the way you moaned and groaned after that apple pie eating contest is any indication, yeah, I'd have to agree with that assessment. Something supernatural wouldn't be that much of a crybaby over it.

You weren't even there for that! How'd you know?!

Ol' Mike's reliable for that sort of thing. It's a small town. People talk. The houses have eyes.

Ugh, of course. He's such a blathermouth. He's lucky he's a lovable bastard.

Hey, what's a best friend without at least a little light hearted ribbing?

I know, I know. I see it enough between Tony (the other Tony) and Maxwell.

Ooh, first name basis. Saucy. *Definitely* saucy.

Next thing you know, you'll be kissing and telling in the confessional booth. Remind me to bring a little holy water in a spritzer bottle to douse down the bench before I have a seat, eh?

Don't even start...

I'm just teasing. Did you feed her? They're usually pretty insistent on that sort of thing.

It would've felt wrong not to. So, yes, I did.

They look identical, Jo...

Such a soft boy. Who's the bleeding heart now?

Definitely still you.

I'm not the one who drives roadkill to Deadwood Clinic, even though you know it's futile more than half of the time. The odds aren't in your favour, and still- you insist.

Everything deserves a chance.

11% is enough. 11% is more than enough.

Case in point. I rest the point, your honor. I think the jury can see the case's facts plain as day.

Haha, very funny. What'd you feed her? I thought you were having trouble, given that it's a bit difficult to find a palatable substitute for salt and pepper. And you do most of the cooking.

Some of the pasta. I didn't salt the water before boiling it, because Catie doesn't like it, and I just omitted the sauce... We keep those separate because Catie likes to dip her noodles in it.

So you fed her *just* noodles? Dude, you're not in college anymore. This is hilarious.

I fried an egg up, and it's not too difficult to throw pesto together when you're alright with whipping out the food processor. I didn't just feed her cooked pasta. I'm not a barbarian.

Mhmm, pine nuts. Zesty. Didn't know those were in season? Your baby eats better than I do.

If you want some, there's still some left over from dinner. I already set out an extra serving by the window, so whatever's in the fridge is free game. Feel free to take some for the road. And Irene.

I might just have to take you up on that offer. You suck at measurements for a finance guy. <3