

It was Saturday morning, and Sullivan was all manner of frazzled. He couldn't sleep, some spring in his old bed kept poking him in the catspuds all night! It got to the point where if he rolled over wrong...well...something other than the sheets might have ripped!

Getting out of bed was rather dangerous too in that regard!

Luckily that cruel curl of metal had only caught on his briefs, and though the waistband elastic seemed intent on strangling his fuzzy, fat feline balls, he managed to juuuuuust extracate himself without more than a few metal pokes to the back of his pouch!

"Hmph, I shoould buy a bed today." Though going to the store always seemed to result in some wacky adventure! No, today was for relaxing! Maybe a niiece long walk in the park.

Erf...no, that's not a good idea. The bike-shorts incident might still be fresh in everyone's memory! He gruffed yaaaaawned, and mewled to himself, idly scratching at his bare chest as he wandered naked to the kitchen.

That was always a chore, always having to be eeextra cautious. You never know when you're going to accidentally get your huuuge fat bobcat balls almost caught in the food processor again.

Still, there was something under his apartment door! A pamphlet! He paused on his way to make coffee to pick up the scrap of paper instead.

"Ha, a rare plant exhibit! Perfect! Nothing dangerous about that!"

And so he set off on his newest adventure.

Oddly there wasn't much of a crowd! Which suited the lynx just fine. He paid his little voluntary donation, got a ticket, and opened the door into...whoa my it's humid! He felt all of his fur suddenly go damp, but the air was fresh, the sun shining through the greenhouse windows above, and above all, not a mechanical device in sight!

Sullivan relaxed like he hadn't had in aaaages!

"Sir, oh sir!" The little mouse squeaked from behind the reception desk. "Don't forget, please keep to the path. The plants have a very specialized diet!"

"Ha! Alright, I'll be careful!" Hee, at least the guy had a sense of humor it seems! With that, he slipped into the humidity and began his walk.

The path curved around, showing off rare ferns, curious flowers, and...hrrm. He hadn't seen that particular type of climbing vine before! "Stranglevine! Hmph, they do like to give them some curious names." Stepping forward, the cat edged off the path, better to read the tiny-tiny print of the descriptive plaque. "Likes to...slowly curl up around any warm-blooded animal's legs, and ensnare, constrict, and eventually even burrow into...huh! Well that's silly, what animal would stand still long enough!" Sullivan crossed his arms, finding this first exhibit rather silly indeed. The plant even quivered in agreement. "Hmph, darn shorts, always so itchy. I wonder if they sell any baggier clothes at the gift shop."

Hmph, he didn't remember these shorts always being so itchy! Probably some tag that he had forgotten to removed, a tag slowly squiggling up his leg, poking and proding and worming and poking up against his specially made underwear! Yowl, sharp!

The lynx turned, scratching at the bulge in those tight shorts, twisting back onto the path. There was a riiiiip, quickly followed by a feline groan! "Arrg, I only just got these specially made!" He grimaced, looking around, and peeking at the damage. How on earth he managed to tear that inner liner, and his special briefs, he wasn't sure! Erf...now his balls were just going to flop about down his pantsleg!

Well, he didn't want to waste his ticket, no one will notice! He continued on the path...all as that poor poor vine plant quivered in disappointment!

Sullivan was still trying to adjust his torn shorts by the next exhibit. Yikes! So many mouths! "Huff, those look far too big to be flytraps!" And he was right. "Venus Mousetraps. Plant has special...hairs to...hrrrm." He really had to half wade into the exhibit to see the plaque on this one! Oops, he almost stepped on one particularly small pod! Whew, that would have really irked that mouse at the desk!

"Hrrm. Plant has special hairs to sense heat and movement from warm-blooded, fat, fuzzy rodents, and special teeth...well that's silly. why would a plant need teeth! Huff, why do they always have to have such small print." He brushed aside the tickling feeling along his thighs, crouching to get a better look.

Quite unawares that his huuuge, low-dangling spuds had slipped out of their torn shorts, fatly dabbing along the 'lips' of one open trap.

"Known in some circles as a StealthTrap due to their silent nature? Well it's a plant, of course it's silent! Hmph." He scratched idly at his balls, sending them swaying.

The mouse in the security booth was openly panting, zoooooming in on the monitor before hitting 'record' He could see aaaaall that Sullivan couldn't! He wriggled in his seat, watching those ooooh so nice balls just flirt, dangle, and kiss the side of the snaptrap, nudging against those sensitive hairs!

Any moment and the plant would silently clap shut! Any moment and the mouse would get to see those balls become a biiiig pair of bulges in a nicely filled set of leaves! Aaaany moment....!

Sullivan sneezed, shaking his head, rocking backwards on his heels. Huff, so much pollen in this place! He stood up, feeling something brush against his thigh before stepping back. H uh, he had thought that particular trap was open before! Must have caught a fragment of his shorts on there, given the fabric in it's mouth! Oh well!

The lynx continued on, leaving both trap-plant and mouse unsatisfied!

"Hmph, this is getting silly! Maybe I should have just gone to the zoo." Sullivan sighed, continuing on the path. Still, at least it was relaxing! And freeing! And his pants didn't feel nearly as constraining now.