

## Quid Pro Quo

(Season three of London's Night Stalkers)

### Chapter 22 - Amman

**“Laura didn't hate airports; she just hated all the mindless fuss and bureaucracy that came with them. Delays too of course. Once she'd been stuck for five hours with a book to read and just one tiny sushi place to feed hundreds of people....And she didn't even like sushi.”**

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Laura had pre-warned Tim about bringing Akiva to her apartment in the Silver Dawn chateau. Simply turning up with him would have been a little thoughtless, bordering on rude. Some of her human emotions had faded rapidly once she'd become a vampire, though not the underlying code of behaviour. For the most part, she was still a well-mannered young woman, even if she sometimes had no real idea why it mattered. She'd used the metal disc under her skin to bring Akiva from his squatted apartment in Jerusalem.

“I meant to ask you Laura, am I allowed to be here ?” Asked Akiva. “I worked for the Silver Dawn, but they found out I was helping you. There were rumours I was on their rogues list. Now you're their favourite vampire am I alright again ?.....It's all become a little confusing.”

“No problem, I talked to Nathalie and they never really marked you as a hostile. The ID you carry was never compromised, so you can still use the passport they gave you. As for getting back on the Silver Dawn payroll..... I'll leave you to talk to her about that.”

“I quite like being independent of them, but I will talk to Nathalie.”

She led him into the kitchen, her first ever personal kitchen. Laura had lived in quite a few places, always sharing a kitchen. There had been a sink and a hotplate in one bedsit, but that didn't really count. Having her own kitchen felt like an important rite of passage. Tim was sat at the table with a pot of coffee ready.

“I laid out the weapons of the fallen.” He said. “How you managed to carry them all is amazing, it took me quite a while to pick them all up off the floor.”

“There were many more, I only managed to carry a tenth of what was there.” She said. “Let's take our coffee into what seems to have become my armoury.”

Tim had acquired two trestle tables from the facilities management people, he had developed a few useful friendships in a remarkably short period of time. Spaced out on the tables were the weapons Horus had let her take from the realm of the Gods.

“They're beautiful and every one of them has a story.” She said. “Sadly each story led to the death of a hero who served the Ancient Gods.”

“I didn't feel anything when I handled them.” Said Tim. “Do any of them carry an enchantment of some kind ?”

“I have no idea Tim.” She said. “We need to choose one each, these are the only weapons likely to hurt Yosef. They will definitely kill his guards and those who serve him.”

“I quite like the short sword with the curved blade.” Said Tim.

“A good choice Tim, a scimitar and who knows, it might have chosen you to wield it.” Said Akiva.

An interesting idea, though it might have just been that Tim found it attractive to the eye with its silver blade and red leather handle. Laura used the same process though, quickly choosing a mace made of a metal that glinted like gold under the harsh fluorescent lighting.

"I'll use this and one of the daggers, we should all carry a dagger too." She said.

"How do we get our weapons into Jordan?" Asked Akiva. "They can hardly go on the plane with us. This will be my choice, it is rather.....Pretty, in a way."

It probably had a name, though Laura didn't know it. An axe head one side and a sharp spike the other, all on the top of a hardwood handle of some kind. He'd chosen well, the weapon suited Akiva.

"We'll go empty handed Akiva, just like respectable tourists. Once we're ready to strike at Yosef, I'll simply come back here and bring everything we need to Amman, including a few handguns."

"We're definitely going to kill everyone in his house?" Asked Tim. "No way of dumping them in the middle of nowhere, or threatening them?"

Tim had a natural leaning towards compassion and mercy, which was a problem. It might well get him killed one day.

"No one must know Yosef is dead Tim. He's going to vanish, taking his entourage with him, or so it will look to those who know him and the authorities. He isn't a criminal to most in Jordan, or a monster. If he dies and we're identified as his killers, there will be dreadful consequences."

Akiva stopped playing with his new toy and sipped at the coffee Tim had made.

"You make good coffee Tim Chance." He said. "So.....How do we kill someone who is supposed to be unkillable?"

"Yosef Khatib is likely to be tough, but he's a creature made of flesh blood and bone, just like us. When I talked it over with Mabina, the way to kill him was obvious and simple. It's hurting him enough to get him to talk that still needs some work."

"So Mabina Gladitch knows Yosef?" Asked Akiva.

"Yes, they were once lovers for well over a century." She said.

"I never knew that, she sounds a very useful person."

"She is Akiva, I was tempted to delay going to Jordan so I could ask her to join us. Mabina has a temper though and even less idea of restraint than me. As we're not declaring war on Jordan, I decided not to take her with us. Her ideas and knowledge were useful though."

"Come on then." Said Tim. "Tell us this easy way you're going to kill Yosef?"

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It wasn't a proper hospital bed, though Ronnie Neophytou wouldn't have minded being treated there herself. Not that she was in any hurry to get shot twice in the guts, or shot anywhere else for that matter. Alex was in a room the retired doctor had added to his house when he and his wife had a houseful of kids.

"Jennie needed a room of her own, she was the one who always needed her own space. We added the room and Jennie always called it her private motel room."

He'd told her, though she still didn't know his name. Easy enough to find out, she obviously knew his address. 'The Doc,' as everyone knew him, had taken early retirement from the NHS to look after his wife. Alzheimer's maybe, at least according to Noah, or maybe his wife had advanced dementia.

When the bills began to pile up, The Doc had started treating the injuries that for one reason or another, couldn't end up in the local hospital's emergency department.

"Better than the horse doctor Tom used to know." Noah had told her.

The room had all the machines that went ping, drip stands and even a button to call The Doc in an emergency. Ronnie hadn't realised how easy it was to obtain just about anything medical for a price,

including blood. O-Neg of course the universal donor. Alex had needed two pints of it to keep her alive during the surgery. Alex opened her eyes and looked around the room.

“Crap ! I was hoping it had all been a dream.” She said.

“You woke up yesterday and the evening before.” Said Ronnie. “Noah was here then, he said you told him to fuck off quite a few times.....I brought you some flowers.”

Ronnie had no idea what the flowers were, but they’d cost a small fortune. She’d even bought a vase for them to go in. There they were, standing on the set of drawers to the right of the bed. Was Alex the sort of woman who liked flowers ? It appeared she was.

“Oh, thank you Ronnie, they’re beautiful.....Are you alright ? Has Tom been stomping about because you killed Imran ?”

“He’s not happy Alex, no one is happy about it. The strange thing is that Tom gave me an envelope with a lot of cash in it. A bonus he told me, for being flung too far into the deep end and surviving.”

“That sounds like Tom. He likes you, I can tell. Plus he’ll want to keep on the good side of Simon. I’ve no idea what he’s into with Simon and I don’t want to know. The changes I’ve seen over the past few years though.....No, Tom won’t want to upset Simon.”

“That’s nice to know.” Said Ronnie.

“If Simon ever needs some new friends, keep me in mind Ronnie. You know I can be.....Versatile was the word Tom used, though I expect he had to look it up.”

“I’ll keep you in mind.” She lied.

Simon was Simon and Tom was Tom and never would she help someone cross over between those worlds. She liked Alex and had already arranged a date with Noah, but they were part of what Tom called his original core business. The money was good, Tom had given her an extra thousand pound bonus, mainly for getting Alex to The Doc before she died. But Ronnie was determined to have as little to do with that side of Tom’s business as possible. It made the drug trade look almost civilised.

“I brought some chocolates, but The Doc confiscated them.”

“Yeah....If I eat solids too soon, I might puke up half my guts.....Or something like that. Do you fancy watching an old movie ? The TV is hooked up to the house Wi-Fi.”

“Yeah, sounds great.”

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Liz had expected to feel really down when Laura had taken Brendan back to London. She’d imagined a few abrupt comments from Clara, as she realised it might be a while until she shared a bed with Simon again. Not that the sex the previous day had anything to do with beds. Liz thought the bruises on her back from rough sex on an even rougher floor, might take weeks to go away. It had been fun though. Far from feeling miserable, she couldn’t help sharing a grin with Clara.

“Do you ache a bit ?” Asked Clara.

“All over, then there are the bruises.”

“Enough you two.” Yelled Mabina. “Not all of us had fantastic sex....You wouldn’t even let me borrow Brendan for an hour or two.”

“Of course I wouldn’t.” Said Liz.

“It’s not as if we haven’t had sex before.”

“He’s all mine now Mabina.”

For some reason a grumpy Mabina just added to the feeling of wellbeing, to the general post coital glow. Liz couldn’t help grinning at Clara again, as she sprinkled a little salt on the ground.

“How far now ?” Asked Clara.

No specific details were needed, there was only one crucial distance they all thought important. The number of miles, yards and finally, feet to reach the next gate.

"Gate seventeen is about.....Sixty yards away." Said Liz. "We might just be able to see it if we aim our lamps along the road."

Their hounds had been quiet for a while, probably still lethargic from eating all the leftovers from Laura's impromptu feast. Quiet usually meant there were no enemies about worth growling at. Liz was quite surprised to see three of the large creatures of Anubis standing in front of the gateway.

"Useless damn hounds.....Guard dogs should be noisy, at the very least." Said Mabina.

"Blame Laura, she overfed them." Said Liz. "I'm not even sure if they're supposed to eat cold lasagne."

"We know the routine, hack away at them until they die." Said Clara.

"Try not to get bitten." Said Liz.

"And hope they vanish just before we get there." Added Mabina.

The hounds had tasted good living and had obviously liked it. They did move when Liz sent them to attack the creatures waiting at the gate, though they didn't do it with any enthusiasm.

"Useless brutes." Muttered Mabina.

The hounds trotted rather than ran and just as they were close enough to begin snarling, the enemy vanished. More mind games probably, it had happened several times before.

"They left a present." Said Clara. "Come on good doggie, let Clara have the parchment."

Of course Clara tried to read the writing on the piece of parchment, anyone would have tried.

"Gibberish to me.....This looks to be your sort of thing Liz."

In one way the parchment was a good thing, they now knew which of the Ancient Gods was trying to stop them getting to the final gate. The surprise was that it seemed to be an attempt to settle an old score with Mabina. Liz read the page of Sumerian script three times, just to be sure she understood it perfectly.

"We've been threatened with a curse." She said.

"Another one." Said Mabina.

"This one looks a little more serious than the last; it's from the God Thoth. It appears Laura and Mabina stepped on his toes in their size nines, or sat on his hat. Either way he says that if we enter the twentieth gateway, we'll suffer dreadfully and after a painful death, be banished to hell for eternity. Lots of details of the painful death....Putrefaction of limbs, boils in painful places, hideous malformations.....Shall I continue?"

"No thank you, I get the gist of it." Said Clara.

"Thoth would do it too.....Nasty bastard." Said Mabina. "And don't look at me like that, I know we're being listened to, but he hates us already."

"We can't stay here for eternity." Said Liz.

She used hand gestures to activate the gateway, before turning to see who was with her. The hounds had the luxury of not knowing they'd all been threatened with a curse. She wasn't surprised that Clara and Mabina were right behind her.

"I never believed all that stuff about Howard Carter being cursed." Said Clara. "All nothing but weird coincidences and bad luck."

"His entire team did die relatively young." Said Mabina.

"Ready !?" Yelled Liz, mainly to stop Mabina talking.

"No." Shouted Clara.

The road on the other side of the gate was identical to the one they'd been walking on for so long. The beautiful marble statues were there, the perfect marble cobbles, even the wonderful balustrades on either side. It was all so perfect, so wonderful. It was just that they'd seen so many miles of it.

"Oh, more of this road..... How far Liz?" Asked Mabina.

"About twenty six or so miles, maybe twenty seven."

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Patsy Smart had been through one of those mornings that were about fifty-fifty. Someone had brought back a Skoda water pump and given her an earful about the time wasted trying to get it to fit. Her fault, she'd got one digit wrong in the part number. On the plus side George had asked her to marry him. George was a regular she liked to see come through the door, a real gentleman. Old enough to be her dad, but an offer of marriage always made her day. So far she was running at three proposals a month and she suspected a few weren't kidding. By one thirty she was feeling a little tired and hungry.

"Going to lunch." She yelled in the direction of her boss.

Two cafés she liked that were quite close and a sit down Chinese food place that she sometimes treated herself to. She'd be a bit late back, but she had put in a few extra hours the week before.

"Chinese I think.....I'd kill for chicken fried rice." She muttered.

Patsy hated trying to use her phone while walking, trying to avoid bumping into everyone coming the other way. When her phone showed a number calling she didn't know, she stood in a shop doorway.

"Hello."

"Hi Patsy, have I caught you at a good time?"

A voice she knew, though it had been a long time since she'd heard from her. As far as Patsy was aware Judith had no idea that it was her who'd shot and killed Magda. Three bullets in the chest....Even Patsy was still amazed at her own brutality that night.

"Judith, this is a surprise."

"I know Clara is away, we are aware of where she's going and fully support her actions. Is Simon in London? I really wanted to talk to one of them."

It was awkward with Laura now working for the Silver Dawn. Patsy decided that being honest about her misgivings was probably for the best.

"Simon might not want me to discuss his business with anyone." She said.

"You're loyal Patsy, that's good. I know you're also good friends with Laura."

"Yes I am."

"Good, good.... You do owe me Patsy and I'm not going to ask you to do anything dreadful."

Patsy knew what was coming, though she had to ask.

"Why do I owe you?"

"The Psochics are an order of occultists Patsy. Do you really think I couldn't ask a few questions of those entities most fear to mention and find out who killed Magda. Not that I intend to take revenge, at least not personally. There are some though who wouldn't be as forgiving. As I said, you owe me and I just want one very tiny favour."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'm worried about Laura's new job, she is now head of security for the Silver Dawn and they did try to kill Jake quite recently. I have to say that Jake shares my concerns. We need some assurances that Laura doesn't intend to start some kind of war against us."

“How do you expect me to do that ? I can’t talk for Laura.”

“No, but you can talk to her and gauge her reaction. Does she sound hostile toward us, should my order be worried ? You’re not silly Patsy, you can find out if Laura means to harm me or the Psochic Order.”

Of course she could do it, Patsy was about ninety percent certain that Laura didn’t care enough about Judith and her people to be bothered to harm them. The favour had to look a big one though, one big enough to get Judith to rip up her tab.

“Alright, but this will have to wipe the slate clean Judith. No coming back for another bite when something else happens to make you nervous.”

“Of course, I promise....This is a one off.” Said Judith.

“If it isn’t I will talk to Simon and other people I know. Try to blackmail me again and I won’t be the one having to look over my shoulder.”

“Patsy, I think we understand each other perfectly. Find out if I need to be worried about Laura and I will never ask another thing of you.....Ever.”

“Good, I’ll call you as soon as I know something.”

Patsy strode into the Chinese and ordered the best thing on the menu. Actually the best thing she actually liked on the menu, some of the most expensive stuff sounded vile. Her day was picking up from fifty-fifty and was now more like seventy-thirty in her favour. She’d handled the situation with Judith well. To hell with rushing back, she was going to order something for dessert too.

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Laura didn’t hate airports; she just hated all the mindless fuss and bureaucracy that came with them. Delays too of course. Once she’d been stuck for five hours with a book to read and just one tiny sushi place to feed hundreds of people....And she didn’t even like sushi. Airports she knew were better than those she didn’t. Get to know an airport really well and you know where everything is that can turn a dreadful five hour delay into a slightly less dreadful five hour delay. Not that she knew the airport at all, or the city for that matter.

“Have you used this airport before ?” Asked Tim.

“No, I’ve never visited Rennes before.” She replied.

“I’ve used Rennes–Saint-Jacques Airport quite a bit.” Said Akiva. “It’s a bit of a shit hole, but all airports are.”

No taxi, a Silver Dawn minibus had dropped them and their luggage outside the airport. It was beginning to feel like a company outing, rather than the start of a favour for an Ancient God.

“Good, you’ll know the best ways to get comfortable during the inevitable flight delay.” She said.

“There might not be a delay.” Said Tim.

“It’s air travel.....There are always delays.” She said.

Akiva nodded at her, he knew what she meant. They weren’t flying direct of course, Tim had laughed when she’d even asked if that was a possibility. Lots of connections to be made through multiple airlines. They were harmless young people travelling for pleasure, Laura had even bought some bright clothes in primary colours. She was probably going to fall in love with Amman, but hate every minute of getting there. She stood in the entrance hall and looked around.

“Oh, it doesn’t look too bad.” She said.

“Coffee before we check in.” Said Akiva.

They found a place with empty tables and bought coffee and nibbles. The entire meal looked fairly decent, but cost enough to make Laura gulp.

“Captive clientele once you’re in here.” Said Akiva. “The prices are even worse once they’ve got you in the departure lounge.”

There’d be a sushi place in the departure area there always was, as if fate was mocking her.

“Call me a spoilt brat, but after using the Egg for a while, I hate all.....This.” She said.

“Still the safest way to travel.” Said Akiva.

“Yeah right.” She said.

The coffee was good and the nibbles weren’t bad for something that came out of two layers of plastic wrap. They were at a table far enough away from the other coffee shop customers to avoid being overheard. It seemed only natural when Tim decided to try and satisfy his curiosity about Akiva Yatsko.

“Where is home for you Akiva ?”

“Nowhere and everywhere I suppose. Definitely not Jerusalem, though I’ve lived there for a while now.”

“But where were you born ?” Asked Tim.

“Ask Laura, I’m sure she found looking at my Silver Dawn file too tempting to resist.”

Akiva obviously didn’t want to talk about his past, which annoyed her. He was certain to have looked at her file held by the Silver Dawn and the files of everyone connected with the house in Hornsey.

“Which file Akiva ?” She asked. “The official one kept by HR, or the genuine file they keep in the deepest archive. You’re right of course, looking you up was too tempting to resist and as I was there anyway, looking up Yosef.....”

“Tell Tim everything if you want. I know all about him and all your other friends and acquaintances.” There was something about the way he said friends and acquaintances that annoyed her. Laura dug about in her shoulder bag and brought out a slightly battered notebook.

“Alright, stop me if I get too personal.” She said. “Your name appears to be genuine, given to you by a Jewish mother of Armenian descent. As for your father.....No one really knows for sure. Probably he was a human mutation of some kind, like Daniel before he became a vampire. I was probably one too..... We’re rare and often don’t survive to be adults, but Daniel seemed to think we’re out there in relatively large numbers. His theory was that we’re very good at hiding in plain sight.”

“I hope my father is dead, he abandoned my mother when I was born.” Said Akiva.

“The Silver Dawn have tried to enhance some of the differences in your DNA.” She continued. “With mixed success. Your file mentions a disturbing refusal to follow orders. I must admit, I liked you better when I read that.”

“A contrarian my instructors called me. Is that enough to keep you happy Tim, or do you want to hear about the eight schools my mother had to apologise to after I was expelled from all of them ?”

“Just one last question, why are you here Akiva ? What’s in it for you ?” Asked Tim.

Poor Akiva, that question left him speechless and with the facial expression of someone who’d just seen their puppy fall off a cliff. Laura knew the reason, she’d worked it out quite some time ago.

“No matter what you do, Horus will never think you’re worthy.” She said. “I get the feeling you’ve asked him too many questions. Gods like yes men, even if they claim not to.”

“But you’re worse than me.”

“If you’re asking why he puts up with me.....I have a theory that I might share with you one day, or I might not.”

“I get it now.” Said Tim.

“Come on, we should check in.” Said Laura.

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Daniel knew a storm was brewing, he'd been feeling it gradually arrive for a year or more. When he began to see the shadows he just ignored them. It was Gwen and her reaction he was worried about, until it was obvious she couldn't see the shadows that kept to the edges of their small holding. He tried to avoid discussions about otherworldly things with Gwen; there was no telling where they might end. She knew he wasn't an average kind of man, no curry every Friday night and watching all the soaps for him. She'd even seen a few volumes from his well-hidden library of arcane literature. They had an unspoken pact, don't tell and don't ask. The US military had probably never intended the phrase to be used that way, but it suited Daniel and Gwen perfectly. Jack was different, he now knew that a lot of what the public believed to be fiction, was true. Just after breakfast on a bright sunny morning, and his idyllic existence looked under threat again.

"Daniel.....Daniel, come and look at this." Yelled Gwen.

Footprints out near the chickens, footprints of quite a few people. Not boot prints in the mud, that might have been easier for Gwen to accept. Bare feet with five toes had left their marks from the chicken shed, right around the main house.

"Too small for an adult." Said Daniel. "Might be kids playing a prank Gwen. Has anyone new moved into the area, someone with kids?"

"I haven't heard of anyone, but that does explain it. I'll ask around and if I find out who it was, they'll get a piece of my mind. Look, they've been right up to the lounge windows."

"Dreadful the way some folk bring up their children." Said Daniel. "Come on Jack, we'll see how far these footprints went during the night."

Jack followed along as Daniel went round the pig pen and further out, right to the far end of the orchard that kept them in apples for most of the year. The bare feet that looked about the right size for a young teenager, ended abruptly just past the orchard.

"Looks like they flew away Jack."

"Must have, I guess."

The moment had come to have a rare serious word with Jack. Lying to Gwen was often the kindest way to observe the whole don't ask, don't tell business. But Daniel wasn't going to put up with being lied to or treated like an idiot.

"Come on Jack, it's the shadows isn't it, they've become more solid?"

"They can't hurt anyone....They'd like to, but they can't. They're not even supposed to be here."

"Where are they from Jack?"

"The world of dreams. You should see them there...Terrifying."

"Is this the worst they'll be in our world?"

"Yes, Wiremi said they can't hurt anyone here and.....Once I do what I have to do, they'll be gone."

Wiremi the seer from the realm of dreams. If Laura hadn't spoken of him so often, he'd have assumed Jack had an invisible friend.

"Do you still see Wiremi in your dreams?"

"Yes, almost every night."

"Can you tell me about what Wiremi says you have to do?"

"Not yet."

No use yelling at him, Daniel had already tried that once. Jack went completely quiet for a while, almost as though he'd lost the power to speak. Gwen had gone crazy, making him sleep on the sofa.

"Just remember that you have to come back after it's done Jack. Otherwise.....It would destroy your mum."

"I know."

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Amman, the capital of Jordan. A population of about four and a half million. Laura never overdid the tourist thing, though she had Googled the city before arriving. Founded in around seven thousand BC, the history of the place had hit her as soon as the plane had landed at Queen Alia International Airport. All that time, all the lives that had been lived in the city. It felt like swimming in an ocean of history and the feeling grew as, holding her shoulder bag, she walked into the lobby of the St. Regis Hotel.

“Oh, this is perfect Tim.....More beautiful than the online pics.”

Akiva had used a different pre-booked taxi from the airport to get to the Four Seasons. Tim had wanted some alone time with her and after so much travelling around recently, she was happy to share some...Oh, she hated the phrase, but there wasn't a better one.....Quality time with him.

“I know hotel chains can be a bit samey, but I like the feel of this place.” Said Tim.

A young guy with a trolley had taken their luggage, so they just had to check themselves in and book a table in the restaurant. The feeling of being on vacation had set in so fast, that even checking in seemed like work.

“Twenty four hour room service....I died and went to heaven.” Said Tim. “I'm used to working in places like this, not getting pampered in one.”

“The hotel in Jerusalem was pretty luxurious.”

“Yes, but I was on my own most of the time.”

Had he been ? Yes, thinking about it, she had neglected him. It made her glad that Akiva was in a different hotel in another part of the city. Tim was going to get all her attention, apart from when she was torturing Yosef of course.

“We'll go into full decadent mode after we've done what needs doing, I promise. Until then we have to remain focused.” She said.

“But we can use room service ?”

“Oh yes.”

Checking in was a breeze and their bags were already in their room when they got there. There was a wonderful view of the ancient city.

“I feel the history of this place Tim, I feel I could drown in it. I think Horus did something to me, I can feel him. I actually know where he is, the famous Yosef Khatib.”

“Is he far away ?”

“I can show you.” She said, pointing towards the window. “There, so close that we could easily walk to his place after our meal and scout out the neighbourhood.”

“Shall we ? Do you want to do that ?” He asked.

“No, not tonight. I think we both need a long hot shower after our journey.”

Showering together always ended up with sex, lots of sex. By the time the phone rang they were in a rush to get dressed for dinner. The dress code was smart casual, which seemed to rule out most of her wardrobe. Smart hoody, or casual stalker she could do easily, but no one ever seemed to have that as their dress code. As usual for such things, she was going to put on a little black dress and be a smidgen overdressed for dinner. Tim got to the phone before her.

“Yes, it's really beautiful.....Do you want to talk to.....Alright.”

“That was Akiva, he likes the Four Seasons and will see us in the morning.”

“He'll settle in....Good looking guy in a five start hotel. He won't be on his own for long.” She said.

“So you think he's good looking ?”

“Well.....I wouldn't chuck him out on a cold night.”

Tim lunged and started tickling her. Laura had noted that despite her vampire strength, a well-aimed tickle and she was completely incapacitated.

“No Tim, we’ll crush my dress....We’ll pick up the fight after dinner.”

“Alright...Turn around and I’ll zip you up.”

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