

It was dark, silence thick in the air as everyone slumbered. Time had no meaning as the dreaming rested.

If the creek had not been so loud, the recuperation would have continued.

Yet, there was the sound.

The blade was up and singing through the air. Stopped with an audible chink of metal hitting bone.

Aay'han was up, she moved faster than she had in a long time. Her body lashed out at the form hovering over her.

The impact was sharp, again hitting the collagen and calcium phosphate boheamouth towering over her.

"That wasn't very nice..." The voice was deep, rumbling almost.

"Neither is breaking and entering." Aay'han spat. She hopped on one foot as she nursed the other in her hand, rubbing at the painful area.

"... You left the door unlocked." It replied without much concern.

"*Osik*... Trinni..." The curse came thick and fast, not even care given to the fact she had no clothes on.

The more astute would note the Being did not move overly much, did not even breathe, even.

This passed Aay'han by as she hopped back to the bedside, flipped on the light and rolled on her foot to flop onto the bed.

Not paying enough of a care to the level of threat the Being stood over her. She pulled on a vest that had been strewn onto the end of her bed. Next came the shorts, she stood once more and pulled them up over the prominent hip bones.

When she decided to look up she saw It's face and frowned. The visage was of porous bone and deep black abyss-like eyes peered at her, a small spark of curiosity laced them.

"Well? What do you want?" The question broke the silence that had developed between them.

"A drink?" It quipped. Now the light was on she could see it wore a red robe with a white trim of sherpa.

"Forgive me if I seem rude, but you seem ill-equipped for that." She replied candidly to the skeleton that stood before her.

"I think I'll manage." It replied with the disconcerting grin that would never leave.

"Then by all means." Her hand waved towards the table and two chairs. Upon the table was a bottle and some metal cups. Strewn along the hardwood was the dust remnants of tobacco.

When the Being sat she heard the creaking of joints. It carefully poured the spiced alcohol into the two cups.

Aay'han slumped into the opposite chair and it pushed the cup across to her.

"So, Aay'han Agrona Beviin, have you been naughty or nice?" As It spoke she took the offered drink and took a sip.

She took time to consider the question, her hands put the cup down and busied themselves rolling herself a cigarette.

When it was lit, the small smoulder added warmth to the room. She exhaled slowly, the plume of smoke danced above and around them.

"... I'm not a good person..." She eventually replied. Her partner leaned onto the table, elbows pressed to the table. The cup rested on the non-existent lips.

"Oh, I don't know about that...I've seen and known much worse." As It spoke It reached into Its sleeve and pushed a small parcel wrapped in shiny paper.

Aay'han cocked her head to one side with curiosity. She didn't take it immediately, even though curiosity clawed at her insides.

"What is it?" She asked, suspicion laced her voice.

"Your Father asked me to drop it off." The Being replied, as the voice reverberated It stood and before her eyes they had vanished.

Aay'han blinked, she felt tears prickle in her eyes. She kept staring at the gift, her hands worked automatically smoking the remnants of the cigarette as the tears fell.

When she had nothing left to smoke she stubbed it out in the ashtray before picking up the gift.

Her hands trembled so much she had to put it down again. Eventually she managed to rip through the paper to look at the gift.

To her surprise it was a hologic, the image must have been old, it was them.

It was her parents.

The tears came anew as she looked, a mixture of perfect joy and utter despair.

