



She was a blond
D.A.Sanford

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By D.A.Sanford

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Warning: Contains adult content due to graphic descriptions of any or all of the following:

Battles, Language, Sexual

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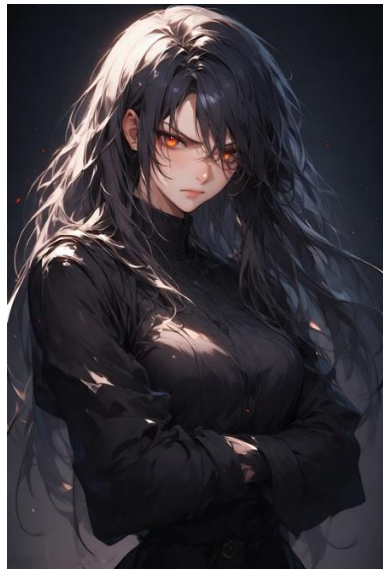
Craig



Felicity



Jaylin



Bee



Jed

The dream or is it

She came to me in one of those dreams that you feel are real. Those dreams that are tactile. You can feel, sometimes smell and taste. Those ones that you cannot help but remember. The woman was in a lowcut dress. The type that only have that thin shoulder strap, so thin that they are almost threads.

Shapely, she was not the typical take a bite of food and then throw it up in the bathroom. She has some meat on the bone but in a seductively pleasing way. A figure that you see throughout time in many of those paintings hanging in galleries by famous long dead painters.

She was a blond, if I remember right. She came up to me and said that I really needed this. She actually hugged me then a slow soft kiss. Her lips were different than my wife's. Not that my wife's lips were not soft, but these were very soft and very warm.

I was told by her that she was instructed that I needed that and that we would meet soon.

When I woke that's all I can remember but it felt real and felt really good.

It's morning and I am alone in my bed which is in the RV that I call home.

Incompatibility was the ruling of the divorce court. Bee got the house and most everything else. She never liked the old RV that I bought so she graciously let me have it. At least the judge split the monetary assets. She had a six figure salary. I had, I'll just say, a far lower income. Even though I did not get the house, she, since her salary was large, had to assume the mortgage and got no alimony.

I drove away with my meager possessions, the ones that she did not get. I had enough to now rent a spot in a year round camp site. I had my job so I still had my income or so I thought.

It seems that Bee still is not done with me. There was a constant stream of process servers being sent to my place of work. I was brought into personnel and told that they could no longer put up with it and I was fired. They contested my unemployment.

The not so funny thing was that all of her allegations were dismissed as baseless. I found that I needed to leave this entire area. I drove for days on end. Sleeping in the various rest stops. The tank was approaching empty and I saw one of those last chance to get gas signs.

I filled up and asked if there was a camp site near by. Given the directions, I drove until I saw the sign for the camp grounds and turned onto the dirt road. I was told that it was a few miles down the dirt road but I have been driving for more than a few miles.

Finally I see what turns out to be a cabin with a sign that says "Your Dream Camp Grounds"

Walking into the office, I am stopped in my tracks. There she stood, my dream girl. I am just in awe.

"I told you that we would meet. Welcome to your new life Craig. This is a whole new world for you. Bee's new boyfriend had her add him to everything. Between the new mortgage and draining all her accounts, she is broke and was fired from that job. That will teach her for dating the owner's son. He has gone through it all and is dating another."

"How the hell do you know all this?" I'm actually a little angry as I continue. "You appear in my dream, you know all this. You must have been stalking me. Why?"

She has me sit. Then she tries to explain. I could tell that she is trying to put something in a way that I would comprehend. Looking at me she tries.

"This will be hard for you to understand. We are in a pocket dimension. This was created for you. You see, going the way you were. The events that were happening were not just accidental. They are the result of a force that wants you to get totally angry. Provoked enough, you will unleash a power that, if uncontrolled, can destroy worlds.

That power has been used by an entity that hates the universe. It was thrown out of the conclave of gods for cruelty to worlds it was sent to help. It's excuse was that he judged worlds as hopeless when only finding a small portion of the population as corrupt.

He was stripped of that power and cast out. They chose a being on a far away world. It was their thought that it would never be found. They were wrong. The entity found the host and now is trying to get that power back. By getting the host so angry, that power will activate, blow up that world and kill the host. In that brief time, the entity will be able to assimilate the power.

It wants to destroy the entire universe. It knows that it will perish at the same time but it does feel that the universe will agree that it is better to perish with it than exist without it."

"Let me guess. No maybe I don't want to know. I am the one they put that power in. Now the gods blessed me as guardian of that power. "

“Yes they did. I am here as your teacher. Also I was created from your dreams to be your distraction. The defuser. I am going to both train you to channel your feelings then wield the power for the good of the universe.

Your first task is, since I am from your dreams, you get to name me. Please pick something good.”

“I have always thought that Felicity was a pretty name. It means happiness, good fortune. That is what I will call you.”

She is delighted. Felicity comes over to me and, now in reality, hugs me as she did in my dreams. I held on for a very long time because she is warm. Not just physically but I can tell that her feelings are warm, comforting, calming.

When we finally break, she tells me that we will remain here in this pocket dimension until I am ready to travel.

“This will be the time that I will get you to understand that the anger you feel towards the world is what he wants. I will show you how to get mad. Anger is rage which becomes uncontrollable. Mad makes you plan, figure out what needs to be done. It is calm rational thinking. This is what I will teach you to do when you get mad.”

It is night, I'm overwhelmed and tired. “I need a parking site with the hookup. I'm tired. We can discuss this further in the morning.”

“No need,” she says. “This cabin has bedrooms. No need for the RV, right now. You go to bed and have nice dreams. Maybe I'll come into your dream again.”

She sounds as if she wants to be invited.

I go into the room and like I have been doing in the RV, I just lay on the covers and fall asleep fully dressed. There were no dreams that night, that I can remember. That is good because, until last night, all I had were bad dreams.

Morning

I wake and find that there is a shower. How long has it been since I have had a real shower. Not that garden hose the RV calls one. It was a long and enjoyable time. I dried off and came out. All my clothes were gone and brand new ones were laid out on the bed.

The jeans right down to the sneakers are all the ones that I like.

I come out of the room a new man. Grabbing the coffee Felicity had poured for me I look out the window only to see my RV burnt down to the frame.

“WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO MY RV!”

I am getting angry but Felicity comes over and hugs me from behind. It calms me down, somewhat. Then she says to me,

“That was a wreck. It will not suit our needs. You were very angry at the sight but now you are calm and rational. That is my task. Look out the other window.”

I do and there is my RV but it now looks like it did when it was new.

“That frame was not your RV. You jumped to a conclusion and got angry as opposed to asking if that was your RV burnt up. That is the first lesson you need to have. Investigate the situation before going off halfcocked.”

She is right! I did not ask anything calmly. Looking at the spot where it was, I saw the burnt frame and assumed it was the RV when it actually was moved and now is in new condition.

“I’m sorry. I need to look and think before reacting.”

Now I am getting a passionate kiss along with a tight hug. She is very happy and showing it. To my amusement, I am embarrassed that my plumbing that did not work for a long time is now working and she is giggling.

“Later.” Is all she would say with a wry smile.

She ushered me to the table and proceeded to serve me a breakfast I have not had in as long as I have been on the road. There before me, besides a coffee refill, was four eggs over easy, sausage, home fries, toast and OJ. All of it was cooked to my liking.

She had the same.

We just talked about what was going to happen today.

Felicity told me that this pocket dimension was as large as we needed. "Today, we are going to take a drive to get the feel of the new RV. See the sights and do some training."

She did hint about the need to pull off the road and stop for the night.

We ate and then she just threw the dishes into the sink then told me that they would be washed when we got back.

Even though the RV was in an old condition, I still had a phobia of keeping it clean. That included the dishes. Laundry was every other day, when I could find a laundromat. I slept in my clothes only because you never know when an emergency will arise.

In other words, if the ex found me and has me served. I would need to drive away fast and I am not in the mood to become a nude driver.

I am irritated. "They cannot be left for later." She is flippant when she tells me that it is the way she does it. If I wanted them washed, I was to do them. Now getting angry, I stopped and saw her wry smile forming.

"Good, you spotted yourself and drew yourself back from the edge. You have made your first step. Let's wash this up and then look at the RV to see what we will need."

Felicity is right. If I am not to blow up the world, I need to gain control of my impulse to jump to anger. I now remember that I used to be that way until my ex started her path of destruction through my life.

This time, I give her a hug. I told her, while I washed and she dried, "I used to be a very level headed guy but all the things that my wife did to me both during and after the marriage put me on a offensive position. Lash out at the slightest. Please continue to test me. Pull me back when I seem out of control. If you do not know, when I start to lose control, my mouth will not stop the profanity from vomiting out. I used to have almost perfect control of that."

"Noted." Is all she said.

Stopped just inside the door, I am amazed. The RV, from the outside, is a midrange size. The inside is extremely larger. Outside, shed size, inside, a palatial mansion. I really need to clarify this. The exterior dimensions are eight feet wide by twenty feet long.

Inside, well let's just say that it has a full sized kitchen, living room, four bed rooms each with a bathroom. Again, all full size. Not true, all are extra large.

“Craig, there are things that you will see that defy your worlds understanding.” She explains. “You are amazed. Your reaction is what was needed. You reacted to the change in a positive manner. Not ‘What the hell did you do to my RV.’”

She crossed her arms and tried to look pissed but I had to laugh.

Smiling, she tells me to get into the driver’s seat. I do and look in the side mirrors. I see my normal RV, not this palace on wheels. The dash backup camera shows the normal exterior.

“You drive it like normal.” She tells me. “Like this pocket dimension, if you were not invited in and spotted it, you would have only seen something that is the size of a blueberry. You could have handled it like that berry. That is this RV now. When we take it out on the outside road, people will only see a normal RV. If anyone comes in, the inside will appear as a normal RV to both the invited and us. It will revert to this when they leave or are invited to travel with us.”

I am caught up in the utter fantasy that is unfolding before my eyes. A luxury estate on wheels that only select people can see..... Wait a minute. My mental brakes have just been put to the floor.

“We need to back this rig up. What do you mean ‘invited to travel with us’? I was under the mistaken impression that it would be you and me traveling. It seems that I am wrong in thinking that. You need to explain why.”

She has a smile that makes me shiver and then she tells me that it will become apparent when we meet that one. I will tell you that each will contribute to your control. Especially the last. That one will be the one that will be needed to conquer the last of your out of control. Then we conquer the evil one. or should I say, she will conquer the evil one.

“You will just have to put up with that last one. She is as needed as you are.

She keeps saying that one but now, besides herself, she has mentioned two others. Control, control, I breathe in and out.

“You are going to stop at the two or should I count the bedrooms again?”

”Don’t worry, you and I share a room.” She giggles.

Now she has gotten my attention. This just may have become interesting. Then she almost cause me to loose control of the RV when she mentioned our bedroom has a very large walk in shower and tub.

After getting over the frustration that I am driving a mansion, I realized something basic, I just needed to say to Felicity, "Since this is the same rig on the outside, I only need to drive the front of this. Make turns like normally I would. I just need to remind myself that anything I drove, I drove the outside, not the inside."

Now I could feel the tension drain out of me. I feel a kiss on my head but what was cradling my neck was a distraction. I tell her about it but she told me that this also was a lesson in control.

We continue to drive around. How big is this space? More and more things pop out in front. There are road closures and other distractions mainly Felicity's flirting and other physical distractions from within the RV mansion.

There were actual traffic jams. She threw everything in my way. Each time I approached road rage, I would receive a shoulder rub or other things. She would have me stop in the middle of the road, tie up traffic and just pull out the BBQ. Soon there were people doing the same and we all had a ball.

After a while, those things were not bothering me. I actually stopped to move a turtle out of the road. It started to be fun. Felicity even started a chant for me.

"Right now, you have nowhere to go and all the time to get there."

I have calmed down quite a lot over the past few days. She is right about that saying. I told her of a cartoon magazine that had a character That his catch phrase was no problem.

This is good because I am getting control of my impulses. Felicity is really happy but there is now something that is throwing my progress in a tail spin.

Standing in the middle of the road is a smaller woman.

Rather than hit her I start to go around but my brakes are applying by themselves. I now get a better look at her. Her looks are petite but the look on her face says different. Damn she has horns and red eyes.

I don't get a good feeling about this.

Enter Jaylin, my tormentor

The door opens and she gets into my face. ‘

“Felicity should have taught you better. You should have tried to run me down. You would not have been able but trying to go around shows you are too soft. Hold out your hands, palms up.”

There was no way that I would not comply. She puts her palms on my palms. Then closed her eyes. Within a minute, her eyes opened suddenly. Her red eyes were blazing. She looks at Felicity with squinty eyes and her face is twisted into a look that would melt steel.

“Felicity How much have you told him” She demands.

Felicity looks like she is not phased as she holds her thumb around a half inch from her index finger. The woman goes over to her and reaches up and finger flicks Felicity’s forehead. Knocking her backward into a chair.

Now back in my face she asks me what Felicity has told me. I tell her about the evil entity and that there will be four of us traveling. I do ask about the fourth but was told not to worry.

“We won’t get her until we leave this pocket dimension. I will tell you that I will love it when we pick her up. You will have your control severely tested because even though your potential abilities are almost on par with the evil one, she will show you what her simple power can do.”

She orders us both to sit on the couch.

“My name is Jaylin but you have not earned the right to call me that. For now, you call me master but only when addressed.”

I was going to object but that stare.

“You are going to be trained, but since you are a primitive species, I will start with symbols your undeveloped brain can handle.”

She has to be trying to get me to explode. She is doing a great job. I do remember to control my breath. Control, plan, no anger. Do not give her the satisfaction.

“Good!” Jaylin tells me. “That is exactly the response I was trying to elicit and yes, I can hear what you are thinking. Only when I want to so you will never know. Guard your thoughts. Jed can also read thoughts.”

She sees me puzzling then looks to Felicity. "Please tell me that you at least told him the evil one's name. Craig, Jed is the name of the evil one. He used to be a model of justice but his anchor, his wife, died suddenly and he wants to take it out on the universe itself. She never let him have his tantrums. That will be the last one to join. She is the reincarnated wife of his but she does not know it. You will not be able or want to tell her until you know it is time to use her as your final card."

Jaylin sits on my other side. "I still will be tough on you. Always trying to make you lose control. I will hit you when necessary but I want to see you pull yourself from the edge. In the final battle, Felicity will not be there to use her tits to bring you back from the edge."

She smiles. She is just as beautiful as Felicity. I control my thoughts as best as I can. Mentally I start singing the lyrics to "Pop goes the weasel." She tells me that it is a good start.

"I will start teaching you how to use your powers by using the suits in a deck of cards. Each suit will mean a form of both defensive and offensive magic.

She holds out her hand and the hearts cards appear.

Hearts are health

“Hearts are health. You will be able to heal but the knowledge when to stop.”

Setting those cards down on the coffee table, I go to pick them up but she really strikes my hand away with a force that feels like she broke all the bones in my hand.

“Don’t you ever touch any cards before I give them to you. If you did, it would trigger that power but Jed would not get what he wants. You would terminate the multi universes. Not just ours.”

She takes the two of hearts and holds it up. “This is the weakest of the suit. Ace is the strongest. Individually they are powerful but as a complete suit, you would not be able to control it. I will give you the next card when I figure you have mastered the last one given. Now picture those broken bones, by the way most are shattered, picture them returning back to whole.”

She is monitoring what I am thinking. She sees me picturing that and she mentally tells me to take the two of hearts with my good hand and touch the broken hand.

I do just that. Instantly, I could see the real bones realign and heal as if they were never damaged. I open my eyes and see that I actually had the card in my good hand. She held the remainder of that suit.

I can only look at her, my hand and the rest of that deck.

“Now you can heal your own body, especially that broken heart of yours.”

I look at Jaylin then to Felicity and tell them that they have gone a long way on doing just that.

“I’m not joining you both in that shower.” She tells me. I cannot tell if the red in her face is blushing or anger. Maybe I do not know. I feel that I need to get in the driver’s seat and contemplate while I drive.

We start to drive.

I see up ahead an injured animal in the road. It was thrashing and trying to get up. I stop the RV and get out. It was a doe that looks like it was hit by a car. I can’t tell if the swelling of her belly is from the accident or if it is pregnant.

Remembering my hand, I close my eyes and picture the belly. It is pregnant. I also see that the legs are broken. The baby is also injured. I use the two to start to heal the doe's broken bones but it is not enough.

I feel more power as I feel the next card being placed in my hand without so much as an explanation as what it does. Now I know that I need to heal the baby before I finish the doe. Other wise she will run off and lose the baby.

I heal the baby and feel another card. Now I can calm the two and make them sleep for as long as I need. I work on the doe and finally finish the healing. It was now time to gently wake the doe and baby.

She woke but did not bolt from me. She stood and nuzzled me then just wandered off into the woods.

It was only then that I saw Felicity and Jaylin standing there. Both are smiling. I realize that I now have more cards. I put them into my shirt pocket and pat the pocket.

"I have always wanted to be able to do that. It hurt me to see the dead animals on the highway. In my early adult life, there was a turtle crossing the rural road. I stopped and went into the road picked it up and put it into the pond on the other side of the road. I still get a good feeling every time I remember that. Thank you Jaylin for helping me to heal that doe."

She does say that she actually wanted it for supper but this is better. I know or hope that it was her trying to make a joke.

The more cards I gained the harder the challenge. By the time I had the king of hearts, I knew exactly what the next one was. The ace of hearts.

Each card, I have the choice as to treatment or no treatment. The ace is ultimate. Do you heal the worst or ease their way to the final life. I want to heal but now the ace shows me my inner feelings. Who am I doing it for?

Is that person better off being physically healed when mentally the person is at worse a vegetable. Who am I to make that decision? But I now know that I will have to make those decisions. That is the ace of hearts.

On this road, Jaylin tells me to stop. There before me is a nursing home. I do not want to go in but I know it is for my betterment so I go in.

"Are you my son?" I see a woman in a wheel chair at the nurses station. She looked lonely. I am told that she asks that to every male. You can tell that she is no longer

visited by anyone. I pull up a chair and sit next to her. I hold her and let her just lean on me.

I talk to her and she drifts off to sleep.

The nurses smile and tell me that I was the first to do that. Most just walk by.

We see all conditions of ailments. Most still have their minds but when I say I can ease their pain, I am told that they are okay with the pain because it makes crossing over a very easy choice.

Jaylin tells me that we need to get back on the road. As we pass the nurses station they stop me and tell me that the woman had passed. "She was at peace. She went with a smile. Her son finally stopped to see her. Her son was killed in a battle long ago"

They thank me. I don't know what to say.

We get into the RV and she hands me the ace of hearts. The world does not end.

"You have mastered the hearts. That dread you had about making that decision was false worry. That woman was just looking for someone to see her. The time you spent with her gave her the peace to be able to let go and go through that door. You don't need to make the decision. You need to just comfort someone that has no hope, no peace. That is what the ace of any of the decks is. What does the person want, not what you feel."

She hugs me for the first time. Then she says that clubs are for offence as well as defense. Back to getting beaten up.

Clubs, not for meetings but for beatings

She has a grin that would frighten even the bravest to run or drop dead on the spot. Jaylin has Felicity sit by me. "Grap him if he tries to run." Is the only instructions she gives her.

"You now have a good hold on the hearts. We will go on to the next suit."

She slams the suit cards on the table and lifts her hand. I thought it would be the diamonds but no, she has put down the clubs. Knowing enough, this time, there is no way that I even want to touch that suit stack. It only means that I am going to have my ass handed to me.

Jaylin has a bad streak of mistress in her. I look over and again that smile and this time a chuckle. I know that she can hear my thoughts but this time I don't care. This woman is frightening me. I don't think that I have ever been this apprehensive of education since the math teacher tried to explain algebra to the class.

"Clubs are strength." She tells me. "Most assume the literal meaning. A club to beat everyone. A show of force. It can be that but strength is totally different. Strength is being scarred but stepping up to face a stronger opponent anyways. Strength is courage to face a situation knowing that you may not have enough resources at hand but having a plan."

I am told that we will be stopped several times along this part of our trip through the pocket dimension.

"You will not know when so plan but not in specifics. By the time you get to the ace of clubs, you will be able to plan on the fly without even knowing it."

In theory, that sounds as plausible as an algebra example where $A+(BX^2)=C$ with $C=9$. Jaylin must have given me a mental nudge with that example.

To an undisciplined bag of hormones that only let fast cars and thoughts of sex fill his skull of mush. The now me sees that the example is very simple. $A=5$ $B=2$. That answer comes with time to set the other thoughts aside and calmly think.

I look at Jaylin and see a different smile. It is one of satisfaction that I now understand it.

"Felicity, please take him into the bedroom and show him my appreciation."

In the morning, I came out in my undershorts to get my breakfast when I noticed Jaylin is just standing there, outside the RV. I get the gut feeling, no it is more like a lower sudden pucker.

I go out just dressed as I am. Ass beating time. Mine not hers.

She surprises me. Jaylin hands me the two of clubs. She smiles and tells me that, by coming out to face her, I learned the first part of strength. Facing the situation knowing that you may be beaten.

“Get your butt inside and get dressed.” Felicity instructs me. “There is a diner just up ahead. I want a diner breakfast.”

Sure enough, there was one of those dining car makeover diners. Polished metal siding with full wall windows. It has been expanded to be able to have booths but it still felt like home.

We were welcomed and told to sit where we wanted. We took a booth and the waitress came over and gave us our menus. She told us that she would be back with coffee.

I do notice that there are a lot of men at the counter. They were eyeing both Jaylin and Felicity then looking at me. I could see envy and could tell that a few were going to be trouble.

Look and think.

We talk as we are waiting for our meals. I see a few getting up and coming over. Mentally, I'll talk calmly to them. Try to project confidence while trying to defuse. The biggest seems like a quick hit to the jaw.

“What can I do for you?” I ask. They are eying my two. Both of the women were projecting frailty. I almost have to fight the urge to laugh.

The big guy tells me that I need to go outside and drive away. “These beauties need real men. Not a limp dick like you.”

Now both women start to laugh at that one. I know exactly what I am going to do.

I'm not the tallest but I am six foot with a toned body. The big guy is one of those who have six pack abs but they are well protected by a very large fat belly.

I stand and he is ready to see me leave. He won, in his mind but I rip off my shirt showing abs that don't need protection. Then I step out of my pants showing an erection that is bigger than average. The women in the diner are cheering.

“Sorry to disappoint you but this ain't limp. Now why don't you step outside, I'll follow.”

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