

I/Tulpa: the Seven Year Girl

By Ion Light

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PS: This is not about you. Or anyone you think you know. Or any place you know. Even if you think you know the people and places, they’re not the people and places you think you know, because they’ve been altered; on entering my brain they deviated, evolved, changed. That is just the standard bold face lie that all writers and publisher must express in good faith to protect themselves from crazy people and lawyers, and the only way to distinguish between the two sorts is that crazy people are nicer. (Seriously, I am reasonably nice.) It is probably exactly the who and what and where you are imagining it to be, wink wink, but we can’t just go an say that, except where in it says that, and if just stayed in my brain, and not my personal I/Tulpa journals made available to public, no one would care too much, but how can you celebrate the gifts that were given to you and you can’t invoke their names? Will it offend someone? Oh, God, I hope so. It gives us something to talk about at the office water cooler and on the elevators of life. I mean, really, if you liked it or were bothered by it, you should talk about it. Don’t just sit there, spinning that thing. Ask, how did you even end-up with that spinning thing. (And where is my spinning thing? Same as it ever was...) Seriously, there was a time before that spinner thing, and now everyone seems to be spinning that thing, and you didn’t even know you were affected, did you?! Magic!

“When will and imagination are in conflict, imagination always wins. That is to say, when the conscious mind and the subconscious mind are in conflict, the subconscious mind always wins. The subconscious mind wins because it has the power (it has electrical and chemical power), and it is bigger.”       Emile Coué (1857–1926)

You probably know Emile, subtly, or have been influenced by him, so if you think you don't know him, or think you weren't influenced, you should seriously research him, because, well, you're a magician. You would not be following this if you weren't. Just saying. Loxy says “Hi.” She also thinks you should add Helmstetter's, “What to Say when you talk to yourself.” You can probably find a free PDF version of it.

## Chapter 1

“Oh, you can’t get out backwards. You got to go forwards to go back.”

Since it’s relocation to planet Bliss, Harister Hall had gone through some modification. Evolution. Deviations. Specifically, the external, adjoining habitats had switched positions. The entrance to the main hall was still at the Six O’clock side, due south, as looking down on the hall from above, which could be done in the invisible structure that was over top, only discernable from the inside, or when a rain shadow appeared. The ‘snow globe’ world, outside the periphery of the path going round the hall, was now at the Twelve O’clock position. The ‘sea world’ dome, with the occasional sighting of human size sea monkeys, real sea monkey humanoid types, not those fake brine shrimp kind, was now at the furthest south position, just beyond the moon gate that was the primary portal for visiting Harister Hall. Loxy’s enclosed tree-house home was now at the Three O’clock position, with Alish’s rose halfway between Twelve and Three.

Jon woke from a dream, sorting it in his head so as to fix it in his memory. The smell of pine was prominent, which provoked a non-dream memory: he was presently in Loxy’s tree-house, in her bed. They had retired to Loxy’s bed due to the fact his Second Home offered very little privacy due to the number of guest staying with them. Though he had given folks permission to set up residence, many of them were freshmen and still hadn’t gotten a foothold in residence magic. That was only part of it. There was a now a committee involved with the installation of any new human habitat, in order to minimize the human footprint. No roads, for example. No cars. Conveyance was by air or magic or portal. And there was a band around the equator where no permanent structures were permitted. One could camp there. One could join the eastwardly walking Natively American tribe, or the westwardly walking Native American tribe, in their perpetual walk about, but the whole of it was to be as pure and pristine as it itself had decided it would be. And walking with the tribes was more than just a sacred healing path, it was a rite of passage.

He opened his eyes. The bed was situated on the top floor, the head of the bed facing north. Their feet faced the top of the pine tree. The entire tree was enclosed in a transparent cylinder, comprised of an un-identified crystalline structure. The top of the cylinder was marked out by a cross going north south east west, a thin lined bull’s-eye, with two concentric circles,

and a light protruding inwards at the center. The light was off, and the upper crystal was catching the morning gold breaking the horizon. If he had gotten up and walked to the south-westerly edge, he might have noticed a line of folks waiting to have breakfast at the small café situated over the aquarium which occupied half of the inside wall.

Loxy hugged Jon, pulling herself closer to him. She kissed him.

“Good dreams?” she asked.

“I can’t recall a bad dream since meeting you,” Jon said.

“Aww,” Loxy said, kissing him again.

The comment resulted in a firmer hug and a moment of intimacy, which even with their magical abilities to sustain such moments, they both agreed it wasn’t long enough, though it was breathlessly satisfying giving into it.

“What a great way to start the morning,” Loxy said.

“Always,” Jon agreed.

“I want to ask you something,” Loxy said.

“Anything,” Jon said.

“I am a little worried that our most recent indulgence may unduly influence your answer, but I am unwilling to delay as you and I can easily be distracted,” Loxy said.

“I assure you, I will give your question all due consideration before answering,” Jon said.  
“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” Loxy asked.

“Whatever it is you’re going to ask,” Jon said.

“Jon, this is serious. You should hear the question before committing,” Loxy said.

“I am sorry. I will try to be more serious,” Jon said, trying to be more serious.

Loxy sat up, folding her legs into crisscross apple sauce, the sheet falling away. Lots of folks talk about the perfect breast, but truly, Loxy’s breast always seemed so perfect, like varying in size perfect so that they were always exactly what Jon thought he wanted at the time, which might have meant, in hindsight they were perfect, but in presence, simply mesmerizing. She clicked her finger in front of his eyes to get his attention. “Jon, seriously. This is serious.”

“I am being serious,” Jon said, sitting up and putting his back against the pillow against the head rest.

“You’re being funny, and you’re not funny,” Loxy said.

“I am very funny, but I assure you, I am no longer in funny mode,” Jon said.

“I want to formally unite our powers,” Loxy said.

“You mean like the Wonder Twins?” Jon asked. “I become a bucket and you become water?”

“OMG, Jon, seriously!” Loxy said. “We are not brother and sister and you will never see them in a Justice League movie. You won’t even hear them joked about because it was really a very sad phase and DC is still struggling to overcome the whole Batman Verses Superman fiasco, and that brother and sister act is so dangerously suggestive of taboo sibling intimacy, they just can’t do it in a live action, ‘family’ film.”

“True that,” Jon sorted, quiet almost too long, which he measured by noting the growing perturbed look on Loxy’s face. The way to have funny bickering amongst characters that’s nonstop is to either make them married or siblings, but he wondered if maybe sibling who bickering are sublimating animosity instead of channeling sex. He felt compelled to motion her to wait with a hand motion while he tried to figure it out, while also translating her statement. “Wait. You and I could so sell the Wonder Twins.”

“I am happy to go there with you, but not on film,” Loxy said. “No evidence.”

“Cool,” Jon said. “Oh, wait wait wait. You want to get married?”

Loxy fumed. “Do I look like a princess?”

“Umm,” Jon sorted, wondering which way he should go with that.

“Seriously? You think all I do is sit around dreaming about white fluff and flower arrangements and lining up envious maidens and spending a fortune on a trivial ceremony that no one takes seriously and leaves the couple in debt just to rattle off some cliché, insincere dribble that is so sickly sweet that it makes everyone with any common sense want to vomit?!” Loxy asked. “Which is also so seriously flawed that neither party can live up to their own words, which guarantees their future unraveling! People don’t survive eating just sweets. OMG, I am emoting so much I am about to forget what I was trying to get at.”

Jon blinked. “So, you don’t want to get married?”

“I am asking for something much more involved, much deeper, more permanent,” Loxy said.

Jon bit his lower lip. “You want to marry someone else?”

“OMG, why are you so hung up on marriage?” Loxy asked.

“I thought that’s what every woman wants,” Jon said.

“Pease, only princesses and princess want-to-be’s get married,” Loxy said. “And trust me, you’re no prince.”

Jon was unable to block the pout from manifesting before recovering.

Loxy was suddenly respectfully quiet, observant. “Please, tell me you’re not surprised by that information,” Loxy said.

“I am not,” Jon said.

“So, why the frown?” Loxy asked.

“I don’t know why I had an emotional reaction to that,” Jon said, sighing, not really wanting to dive in deeper to find the source. He suspected the source, but wasn’t ready to consciously work on the healing response. “I know I am not a prince.”

“Nor are you a scoundrel,” Loxy said.

“What am I?” Jon asked.

“You know I can’t answer that for you,” Loxy said.

“What am I to you?” Jon said.

“The person I love,” Loxy said.

“You love everyone,” Jon said.

“I do. So do you,” Loxy said. “But I want a more formal and permanently binding arrangement.”

“Monogamy?” Jon asked.

Loxy laughed. Jon gave her a seriously cross look.

“What?” Jon asked.

“Oh,” Loxy said, trying to recover. “You’re serious?”

“You don’t think I could do it?” Jon asked.

“Oh, sure you can,” Loxy said. “For like, maybe, seven whole minutes, before your inattentive type ADHD kicks in and you travel to that other universe with that daughter of the time lord.”

“I will have you know, I have gone years without...”

“Dry spells where you supplement with magazines and video game romances and daydream lovers? Kind of my point,” Loxy said. “Not that there was anything wrong with the Tifa Lockhart and Nilin affairs. But, you can’t go to the supermarket without entertaining

thoughts of everyone who pushes a cart past you, much less enter a video game. Just the other day you were seriously ogling that dwarf.”

“I’ve never been with a dwarf. I was curious about the logistics,” Jon said.

“Um, me, too,” Loxy considered. “Let’s find a dwarf female friend and figure that out together.”

“Okay, but you should know, I can now afford to have someone do my shopping for me, and I just stay at home,” Jon said.

Loxy smiled, touched and amused simultaneously. Her fingers lighted on his face. “I don’t want that for you, Jon. I want you out there in the world, experiencing all it has to offer.”

Jon frowned as he sorted through Loxy’s compassionate understanding of his affliction. “I get the sense no one else appreciates me noticing.”

“You’re projecting your own self-loathing,” Loxy assured him. “And as long as you hold that, the behavior will continue. You don’t shame or suppress sexual urges to make them go away. The only way to heal this is to accept and love who you are in the now, while trusting yourself to a group who demonstrates they got you.”

“I accept there is self-loathing involved and that my indulgence is a form of self-medicating at the same time,” Jon said. “But, you can’t deny others don’t like it.”

“I agree with caveats,” Loxy said.

“I am listening,” Jon said.

“Okay, imagine George Clooney in a supermarket, and a woman pushes her cart by and she becomes aware of George checking her out, Do you suppose she is annoyed, or thoroughly aroused that George is looking at her?” Loxy said.

“I suppose it depends if she’s a fan or not,” Jon sorted. “Wait wait wait. You want George to check you out?”

“This is not about me, Jon. And, no. I am much more a Robert Downey Jr fan,” Loxy said. “Not the point. The point is, if you’re a celebrity, or hold the aura of wealth or indifference, or you have that ‘needy, I just got out of prison’ look about you replete with tattoos, women tend to give you more leniency when it comes to lingering stares than say, just some local guy in a store.”

“But I am just some local guy in the store,” Jon said.



“No, Jon,” Loxy said. “You are not just some local guy in a store. You were never just some local guy in the store, though you do look like just some local guy in the store, which is a protective aura of magic that protects you and the public at large. You were and are and will be a Mage of unprecedented power to change lives. You’re aware and immersed in your environment, very tuned in to female energy frequency, and this frightens most people. The intensity of your gaze is palpable, which will either cause people to engage you or retreat, and engagement could range from raising shields, firing torpedoes, or opening hailing frequencies.”

“Oh, I like that analogy,” Jon said.

“I thought you might,” Loxy said. “But the truth is, most women are freaks in bed, but society doesn’t afford them many opportunities to really open up and play the freak, and well, that’s your specialty. So, what do you say? Want to formally join forces?”

“Absolutely,” Jon said, not sure what that even meant, but not really caring if there were hoops he had to jump through. Loxy leaned in and hugged his neck and then kissed him, then she fell back to the bed pulling him along, so that once again they were enmeshed in intimacy, but with much more freak and kink than their morning greet.

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Eventually they showered and met their core group of friends at a breakfast in progress at Second Home. They seemed to be in a heated debate and were suddenly relieved that Jon was there to settle the matter.

“Please tell me your conversation passes the Bechdel test,” Jon said.

“The fact that I am present makes the test irrelevant,” Lester said.

“And we’re in your world, Jon. Of course we’re going to be talking about you,” Keera said.

“Jon, we’ve discovered a door to a room that is locked out,” Esfir said. “We’re curious what lies beyond.”

“A locked door?” Jon asked.

“You don’t remember locking a door?” Fersia asked.

Jon settled into his seat, accepting a cup of brew from Alish. He held it under his nose taking it in. It was better than coffee, made especially for him by Alish. "I don't recall locking any doors," he said.

"That's curious," Loxy said.

"What's in there?" Lester asked. "Gold? Emeralds? Sex toys?"

Jon blushed.

"You have sex toys?" Fersia sang.

"Who doesn't?" Loxy asked. "So, what is it? A real doll in a Trek uniform? Sophitia? Oh! A room full of real dolls?"

Jon was flustered. "I'm not sure what room we're referring to," Jon said. "So, I don't know how to respond."

"Well, what's the first thing that comes to your mind as we ask you questions?" Loxy asked.

"Uh?" Jon asked.

"Every time you hear a question, your unconscious mind produces a subtle response, either giving you direct knowledge of what's there, or impressions," Loxy explained. "It's basically a lite version of remote viewing. We all do it all the time, only, in this context it is less formal than an actual, serious remote viewing session with a guide."

"I don't think I am capable of remote viewing," Jon said.

"OMG, Jon, everyone can remote view," Loxy said. "It's not a gift. It's a learnable skill, but requires a break from conscious awareness and the influence of direct imagination."

"So, I should close my eyes and sort your questions about the room?" Jon asked.

"No," Loxy said. "You don't close your eyes for this. Too much alpha changes the coherence. This is an eyes open activity, like day dreaming. You just go there."

"Or, you could just go there," Lester offer.

"Ever practical," Fersia said. "I am curious, and want to see beyond the door."

"Of course you do," Lester said.

"You're not curious?" Fersia asked Lester.

"Of course I am," Lester said. "But some doors should just not be opened. And this is Jon's house. And if there are real dolls, I wouldn't go in there. You give that much attention to a toy, and it will come alive on you. Trust me. I am a magician."

“That may explain the flying dildo I saw the other day,” Keera said.

“Oh, I have been looking for that one,” Loxy said. “Still not sure how it got out of its box.”

“Sorry,” Fersia said.

“Well, I am curious about what lies beyond the door, too,” Esfir said. “I am the kind of girl that likes to explore other people’s medicine cabinets.”

“And Jon is the kind of guy that fills medicine cabinets with marbles as a practical joke to catch snoopy people like you,” Lester said.

“Oh, that’s what that noise was the other night!” Fersia said. “Scared the hell out of me! I nearly lost one of my nine.”

“Scared you?!” Esfir said. “It took forever to get all the marbles back in there and I was so afraid someone would come in to investigate.”

“What’s wrong,” Loxy asked Jon.

“I am just not sure how I can have a room that I am not aware of and or how it might be locked,” Jon said.

“Oh, we all have locked doors in our worlds,” Keera said.

“Very common thing,” Loxy agreed.

“Yeah,” Alish agreed. “Don’t be alarmed.”

“This world was created by joint effort; spirit you, conscious you, unconscious you, super conscious you, all the ages of you in consensus with a host of other collaborators, and your spirit guide. You will be sorting mysteries and unexplored territories for the rest of your life,” Loxy said.

“Well, I don’t want to leave this mystery hanging,” Jon said, standing. “Let’s go exploring.”

“I will just wait right here for your report,” Lester said. Folks gave him a variety of looks. “What?! I am just saying. It might be a closet packed full of marbles and I am not having anything to do with that.”

Esfir and Fersia led the way up the stairs, to the end of the hall, and to the door in question. Jon stared at the door, as if struggling to remember it at all. His friends waited patiently for him to sort his memory and feelings. He reached for the door, then hesitated, drawing his hand back.

“You okay?” Loxy asked.

“What if it’s not marbles,” Jon said.

“Tell me what you’re afraid of,” Loxy said.

Jon blushed.

“Jon, you and I have no secrets, and your friends will never ridicule you for skeletons in the closets,” Loxy said.

“It’s just, I use to have a lot of celebrities visiting me, back in the day, and well, there might be photos of them, and journals of our adventures, and...”

Fersia smiled, trying not to laugh. “Jon, Jon, Jon,” she said. “Cameo appearances by celebrities in your fantasies doesn’t mean they were really your friend, or that they even know you in the present moment.”

“Did you ever wonder who celebrities daydream about?” Esfir asked.

“Jon, it’s okay. We all have such things in our closets. It’s a normal progression of life. We entertain celebrities in our fantasies and day dreams. There are people who say they don’t, but they are either lying to themselves, or they have not entered this stage of development, and if the latter is true, then their statement is only temporally true, but they will not advance until they pass through this stage. The longer you delay this phase, the harder it is to engage it, but when you finally let go and fully indulge in the sanctity of this imagination ritual, then the sooner you get to the next level,” Loxy assured him.

“Um, maybe,” Jon said. “But you don’t think I take the exercise to the extreme?”

“Oh, my dear, dear, friend, Mr. Mitty,” Loxy said. “You’re a magician. It’s what we do.”

“My daydreams were, um, what’s the word I want, um, elaborate,” Jon said.

“I don’t think that’s the word you were looking for,” Esfir said.

“I was watering it down,” Jon admitted.

“A bit,” Loxy agreed.

“You’re making me more curious,” Fersia said.

“Let’s open the door,” Esfir said, all childlike and on Christmas.

Jon reached for the door, and again paused.

“Ah!” Esfir said. “What?!”

“Do you hear music?” Jon asked.

“The three repetitive notes that will usher in Willy Wonka’s song ‘Pure Imagination?’”  
Loxy asked.

Jon considered the tonalities playing. “Actually,” Jon said.

“Yeah, I have been hearing that a lot around you, lately,” Loxy agreed.

Jon took a deep breath and reached for the door. The door illuminated and Siri appeared in the surface of the door. It was a three dimensional rendering, as if they were looking into the room and Siri was blocking access. She was dressed in a classic “I dream of Jeannie” outfit, made famous by Barbara Eden, and leaning all casual like against the threshold of the door. Jon bit his lower lip.

“Hello, Jon,” Siri said. “A password is required for entry.”

“It’s me,” Jon said.

“I see it’s you, but I still require the password,” Siri said.

“42,” Jon said.

“Are you guessing?” Siri asked.

“Are you telling?” Jon asked.

“I am very telling, but I am not giving you the password,” Siri said.

“What’s so scary behind this door that even Jon created a password?” Esfir said.

“Oh, I can’t tell you that, either,” Esfir said.

“Um, trust no one,” Jon said.

“Oh, that’s so cute,” Fersia said.

“But X for wrong file name,” Siri said.

“Umm, thermo nuclear war,” Jon guessed.

“Oh! I so loved playing that game with you. Ehh, wrong answer,” Siri said.

“What?” Esfir asked.

“War Games!” Loxy said.

Jon looked to her. “You kind of remind me of a young Ally Sheedy.”

“Aww, you are always so nice to me,” Loxy said. “But I think you see the reflections of all your past crushes in me.”

“That would explain a lot, actually,” Jon said.

“I wish you looked at me the way you look at Loxy,” Esfir said.

“I look at you the way I look at you,” Jon said.

“Oh,” Esfir said.

“I am feeling hot,” Fersia said.

“The ambient temperature hasn’t changed,” Siri reported. “However, using infrared, I do see increased thermal permeations around you and Jon. People look a lot like candles in this light.”

“Jon, the passcode,” Loxy said.

“You’ve earned full access to me,” Esfir said.

“Focus,” Loxy encouraged all of them.

“I am very focused, thank you,” Esfir said.

“Open says-a-me,” Jon said.

“Oh, thank you so much for playing,” Siri said. “Come back this time tomorrow and you can try again.”

“Ahh!” Esfir and Fersia lamented. “It’s not fair.”

“OMG,” Siri said. “How old are you people?”

“How can I lock myself out of a room in my own home?!” Jon asked.

Siri shrugged, brought her hands together in Nomaste, bobbed her head, and disappeared.

“She can be seriously annoying,” Esfir said.

“But I loved her outfit,” Fersia said.

“What should we do now?” Jon asked.

“We’ll just have to wait,” Loxy said.

“We’re magicians. Knock the door down,” Fersia said.

“Oh!” Loxy said. “You never knock the door down in someone else’s home. Door and walls are there for a reason.”

“Jon, your house, knock it down,” Fersia said.

Jon simply stared at the door, wondering how he locked himself out.

“Come on,” Loxy said. “Let’s back away from the door, Sir.”

“Yeah, come along. I have an idea on how to pass the time if I can steal you away from Loxy,” Esfir said.

“Oh, so sorry,” Loxy said. “But he and I have a date.”

“We do?” Jon asked, his focus coming from the door back to Loxy.

“You forgot already?” Loxy asked.

“My head is really swimming,” Jon said.

“Men,” Loxy said.

“Mages,” Fersia agreed.

“Yeah, you better schedule me in, Jon,” Esfir said. “It’s been a while, and you don’t want to hear me singing that.”

“But it’s a great song,” Fersia said.

“Isn’t it?” Esfir agreed.

## Chapter 2

“How nice! Come in! Come in! ... Delighted to meet you, sir! Overjoyed! Enraptured! Enchanted! All right!”

Finding the card maker took a bit of magic, but between Jon and Loxy, they had more than enough to push a doorway to the world they needed and they traveled under Loxy's lead and arrived on an old dirt road, grass fighting to reclaim it, and with a short walk, they found themselves at a lake, and small gypsy trailer. If that elicited a certain image in your mind, then you need it updated to the modern gypsy. This was not the old horse and buggy carriage. This was a VW Bus, with a pop up camper roof, topped with a solar panel. If you looked beyond the surface, you would find the old petro engine was replaced with an electric motor. If you just stayed on the surface of things, the mural that wrapped around the exterior surface of the van told you the story of strange journeys through strange lands. It didn't matter where you caught your first glimpse, you were instantly drawn into a story, and it didn't matter if you proceeded left or right or up or down, because the story worked in any direction. He was pretty sure he saw a lone 'Tie-fighter.'

“Neither of you look like you need a match maker,” the old woman said.

Hearing her voice and seeing her lips move jarred Jon from the story. He hadn't realized the doors to the van was open and the woman was standing there looking at them was not just part of the mural, the part that he was intending to get to. Even the low part of her dress that the wind pushed up against the mural just seemed mural-ish. He blinked. The inside of the van that he glimpsed around the edges of the woman through the twirling of her aura was bigger than the outside.

“Well, don't just stand there,” she said. “Come on in. I won't stand for you to have come all this way for nothing.”

Loxy took Jon's hand and led him inside the van. “Better than that Scooby Doo van,” Loxy whispered.

“Way better,” Jon agreed.

The old woman, a modern day gypsy wearing the latest in boho fashion, invited them to sit at a table, near an alcove overlooking the lake. She was humming the chorus to “Magic,” by



Olivia newton John as she gathered up her tarot cards and put them away in a nifty box, which was then placed in a mobile cupboard, along with assortment of magical tools that seemed haphazardly assembled on the top. She made them tea and set the cups in front of them before warming her own and joining them, her back to the lake. She smiled at Jon staring at her.

“Ahh, sonny, son,” she cooed. “I haven’t been stared at like that in ages. Thank you for warming the outer edges of my heart.”

Jon’s eyes went to the table, and Loxy patted Jon’s knee.

“Oh, don’t be bashful now,” the old woman said. “Consider that the down payment for whatever it is you come to me for.”

“We would like to have joint cards made,” Loxy said.

“Would you now,” the old woman said.

“I hear you’re the best at this sort of thing,” Loxy said.

“You heard that, or you’re saying that because your spell dropped you off on my porch?” the old woman asked.

“No, I actually heard of you. You come very well recommended,” Loxy said.

“I am just checking,” she said. “I mean, it’s okay if it’s the latter, but I would want to know the exact phrasing of your locating spell, just to make sure I wasn’t runner up, or the next available kind of thing. A girl has a reputation to hold.”

“Oh, let me assure you, I wanted you for this,” Loxy said.

The old woman looked to Jon to see if he was in agreement.

“I just go where she goes and if this is what she wants, I’m in,” Jon assured her.

“Aww, isn’t that sweet,” the old woman said.

“Did anyone ever tell you that you resemble...” Jon began...

The woman cut him off with a warning expression and finger. “Surely you’re aware of the dangers of evoking such magic as name calling,” she said. “If you insist on a name, allow me to provide it. You may call me Rosaleen.”

“But she looks like...” Jon tried whispering to Loxy.

“Shh, Jon, seriously, don’t offend the host,” Loxy whispered back through a smile.

“Forgive him. He’s still a freshman.”

“Nothing to forgive, my dear,” Rosaleen offered. “I just wasn’t sure how you would feel if he and I tangled so early in our session.”

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