Summary

Freya always had a curious interest in old legends, who'd have thought she'd end up meeting one.
(set in modern day London)
It was a typical Tuesday afternoon and the bright florescent lights and loud noise of chattering customers filled the large supermarket as Freya wandered round, picking the odd item from different shelves and placing it in her basket as she went. The usual weekly shop was normally always such a bore, until just recently that is. She walked along, stopping to pick up a tin and as she glanced across the isle her sights landed on the tall male figure stood there, looking at something on a shelf opposite. At least six foot tall, dressed in a long black coat, dark glasses and beautiful long silver hair in a ponytail that hung almost down to his knees, a long fringe in his eyes and a rather distinctive scar that ran across his face just visible beneath the hair and glasses. Freya quickly looked away as he glanced up at her, a slight pink tint to her cheeks as she walked past him. He watched her go, his lips curving in to a small smirk as he did so.

Freya's mind was now swimming with thoughts as she stood there running her things through the self-service till. 'surely not' she thought, the machine beeping loudly as she ran her last item through. 'that's the third time I've seen that guy in here.... no way, what would someone like that be doing in a grubby old supermarket?' she thought as she stood there stuffing her shopping in to a bag. "Would you mind hurrying up?" an old woman said rudely as she walked over to use the machine, snapping Freya from her chain of thought. Freya glared at her as she picked up her bag "impatient much?" she said and walked away.

Freya had always thought the stories her Grandmother had told her as a child were simply that, just exciting and elaborate stories. But due to curious researching and odd occurrences over the years she wasn't so sure anymore. The strange things that have been going on just recently strengthening her doubt. "I guess it is kinda weird" Freya muttered to herself as she stood there in her modest little kitchen, unpacking her shopping. "And that guy really does look almost exactly the way Nan described him... and the way he's depicted in that beautiful old artwork." she said as she began placing things in the cupboard above. "Just like the guy I saw in Trafalgar Square. The vibes that were coming off that guy really gave me the creeps, and those eyes..." she said, shuddering as she thought about the tall dark figure she'd seen that day, those peircing fuchsia eyes staring at her from afar. Definitely not normal. "Great, now I've gone and given myself the total wiggin's." she said and shook her head "What did I do with that nice relaxing chinese green tea" she said as she rummaged through her cupboards.

A whole week had passed and once again Freya found herself wandering round and round the noisey supermarket. "Ok, what's next" she muttered to herself as she walked along looking at the list in her hand. "Hmmm... next isle down I think" she mumbled and tossed the list in the basket. She walked up the tinned isle, looking up as she stopped at the shelf she needed. She looked up at the top shelf, a handleful of tins sat at the back "Oh typical" she huffed. Being barely five foot three was quite a problem when it came to reaching high places and naturally she'd decided to wear her flat shoes today. She stretched up her right hand, standing almost on her tip-toes, her finger tips just brushing the tin as she reached. Freya suddenly stopped dead, her eyes wide as she felt a cold hand on her left shoulder.
A pale, slender hand reached up and gripped one of the tins, "They seem to put alot of the more common items on top... I'm begining to think they're doin' it on purpose. Anything for a good laugh I suppose" came a male voice, as he lifted it down. An odd, rather unnerving voice.

Freya turned her head and looked up to see a strange gentleman stood behind her, his hand still firmly on her shoulder as he looked down and grinned at her. The very same strange gentleman she'd seen before.
"Here ya go, love" he said, handing her the tin.
"Th..thank you" she stuttered, her cheeckes now flushed a bright pink.
"Ya very welcome" he replied as he stepped round her, his cold hand slowly slipping from her shoulder.
"By the way... " he said, glancing back at Freya as he gripped the half filled trolly beside him "You don't have to run away everytime you see me. I don't bite" he said and turned to face her. Freya looked away from him in embaressment, her cheeks now a burning red. "Well, at least not in public anyway" he grinned.
Freya let out an uncontrolable giggle, placing her right hand over her mouth as she tried to calm herself.

The silver haired man reached over, gently pulling her hand away. "Such a pretty smile" he said as he looked at her "So, is there a name that goes with this smile?" he asked curiously.
Freya glanced up at him, an overwhelming mixture of intense feelings building up inside her. "i-it's Freya" she said hesitantly.
"Freya hmm?" he said as he stepped forward a little closer to her and lent upon the end of the trolly, smirking at her "I don't suppose I really need to introduce myself do I" he said in a low, teasing tone as he lowered his dark glasses to reveal a pair of bright luminous yellow/green eyes, just visible through his silver bangs.
"Wh-what?" she stuttered, a suprised look on her face as she stared at him.
"It's not very often these days, that I come across a person who recognises me... not a human anyway" he smirked.
"S-so you are..." said Freya, her voice almost a wisper. A look of shock on her face, her jaw dropping slightly as she stared at the strange man infront of her.
"Indeed I am my dear, but what puzzles me is how you'd know that" he replied, reaching out his hand and gently slipping a finger under her chin, smirking as he closing her mouth. "Such a young and innocent thing. A puzzle indeed" he said and smiled.
"I-I guess it all depends on your point of view, what you believe I mean" Freya replied quietly, looking at him.
"Go on" he said, watching her intently.
"Stories my grandmother told me, passed down from her grandmother.... as well as things I've read in books" she replied, nervously.
"I'm intrigued" he grinned, taking the basket from her hand and placing it on top of his trolly "Come now, let's finish up here and you can tell me all about it over a nice hot cup of tea" he said, excitedly.
"Oh, and as for introductions... they simply call me.." he began
"The Undertaker" said Freya, interrupting him. Then blushed, realising she'd done so.
"The very same" said Undertaker as a dark smile crept across his lips.
The small London cafe was almost empty as the two sat there quietly talking. "I thought somethin' was odd, the second time I saw you in there. The way you were looking at me. I knew" said Undertaker, pouring himself another cupful of tea.

Freya's cheeks turned pink and she looked down in to the half empty cup in her hand. "Yeah... I didn't mean to weird you out like that. It's just.. when I first caught glimps of your face.. something just clicked" she said with an awkward shrug.

Undertaker grinned at Freya "But what I want to know is, how would such a sweet young thing know so much about something so old and well forgotten?" he asked as he topped up her tea.

Freya looked at him for a moment, a perplexed expression on her face. "Forgotten? I wouldn't say forgotten" she replied and took a sip of her tea.

Undertaker nodded, signaling for her to continue.

Freya smiled "You're actually quite a legend. The rouge grim-reaper who escaped to the world of the living" she said, looking at him.

Undertaker put his elbows on the table, resting his chin in his hands. "And what else do you know?" he asked, his tone almost a teasing one.

Freya thought for a moment "Well, there are a few stories. Some people say it was for love, that he fell in love with a human girl" she said and looked at him smirking at her "Yeah well, you always get a few romantics. Then there are a few who say he was working for someone and got caught, so was on the run. Then there's the one my Grandmother told me" she said and took another mouthful of tea. "Which was" Undertaker asked, watching her closely.

"She told me he was very smart and came here, out of curiosity. Because he found the living so fascinating but his curiosity got him in allot of trouble. That he started playing around with things he wasn't supposed to" she replied and glanced up at him "I wonder which is closest to the truth" she giggled.

"Do you really want to know?" said Undertaker, reaching over with his right hand, lightly running his fourfinger round her jawline.

Freya simply nodded at him. He grinned "Well. If you know so much about me, then you know I don't give out info for nothing" he continued.

She stared at him and a small smile slowly grew across her face "jokes. Right?" she replied.

Undertaker nodded "Give me ya best" he said, grinning.

Freya took a deep breath "ok... Maria, a devout Catholic, got married and had 15 children. After her first husband died, she remarried and had 15 more children. A few weeks after her second husband died, Maria also passed away. At Maria's funeral, the priest looked skyward and said, "At last, they're finally together." Her sister sitting in the front row said, "Excuse me Father, but do you mean she and her first husband, or she and her second husband?" The priest replied, "I mean her legs."

Freya grinned. Undertaker looked at her and burst in to a fit of laughter, eventually resting his head on the table as he calmed down. He sat back and took a deep breath "The last two stories aren't that far off the truth my dear. It's true, it was fascination that drew me here in the first place.. but there were other things that kept me here" he replied, watching her curiously. He smirked at her "If you know the legends about me then surely, you know the legends about the queens watchdog" he said.

Freya grinned "You mean that old legend about the demon butler" she replied.

"So you do know it" said Undertaker, giving the waitress a nod to replace the now empty teapot. "The creepy thing is.. I saw a guy who looked just like him a few weeks ago in London. Just the way my Grandmother discribed him.. and those eyes..." she said shuddering.
Undertaker rested his hand on hers "Yees. You mentioned your Grandmother before. Where did she get the stories from? if ya don't mind me asking" he asked.

"From her grandmother. Who claimed she saw the legendary reaper with her own eyes.. the night the ship she was on sank" said Freya, looking at Undertaker "She'd tell tales of the walking dead hunting the passangers and a gentleman with long silver hair and bright green eyes, a huge scythe in his hands as he battled a dark lord and his demon butler" she replied, allowing him to take her hand in his.

"Alot of people just thought it was nothing but a silly story, just something to entertain the little ones. But then I started looking in to it. I found the whole thing fasinating, these old legends.. stories.. the idea of life beyond death, demons.. grim-reapers. It's increadible" she said with a smile.

"And the fact you're sittin' here, having a conversation with a grim-reaper. A supposedly rather dangerous grim-reaper at that, doesn't frighten you?" said Undertaker with a curious look.

Freya shook her head "Heh, we all die eventually. Why not make the most of it while I can" she replied and grinned.

Undertaker laughed "interesting philosophy" he giggled. He glanced up at the clock on the wall then took Freya's hand, lifting it up an gently kissing the back of her fingers. "We really must do this again. It's all been so intriguing" he said as he stood up.

"Do you really have to go?" she said disapointedly as she looked up at him.

"Afraid so my pet. But I'm sure it won't be long, before we see eachother again" He replied, petting Freya on the head. But before she could react, he was gone.

A small smile crept across her lips "He called me his pet" she giggled, a slight pink tint to her cheeks.

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It had been two weeks since the incounter with her strange new friend and as Freya stood there checking herself in the mirror the thought crept in to her head 'I wonder what he's doing right now'. She shook her head "That's not important right now" she muttered and headed over to pull on her shoes. "Stupid job center" she groaned and opened the front door, heading out.

She sat there at the desk, an awkward atmosphear as the person opposite sat there flicking through her paper work. "I can see you've been looking for work Miss Brylee but with your limited qualifications, I'm afraid the choices aren't fantastic" he said, looking at her. "I can see you've avoided a couple of low level office type jobs that came up, so... what was it you really had your heart on?" he asked sympatheticly.

"Well, I know it's a bit of a weird one but... I really want to be a mortuary technician" she replied. He looked at her with an odd expression on his face "Really?" he asked, curiously.

Freya nodded "I told you it was a weird one. But, I did it for work experience way back when and I found it fasinating. Unfortunatly I didn't have the qualifications.. or the money for uni' to persue it at the time" she said with a sigh.

The gentleman looked at her for a moment then looked over at his computer. "Hmmm.. well, I haven't got anything here for local hospitals or morgues" he said and looked at her. "However.. though I'm really not supposed to..." he continued, then glanced either side of him to make sure nobody was listening. "There may be a privet company that might be interested. I'm not sure about the pay or the hours but that's just one of the chances you'll be taking" he said with a shrug.

Freya nodded "If it's a step in the right direction, I'm fine with that" she replied.

The Gentleman picked up the phone on his desk, dialing a number in. "Hello Sir. This is Mr Geoffreys from the Job Center...... Yes Sir....... I was wondering if you were still interested in taking on an assistant?......... Yes Sir....... it's a young lady....... Yes Sir...... of course...... Yes, understood....... Thank you very much Sir, good bye" he babbled down the reciver, Freya watching him curiously.

He put the phone down and smiled at her. "Ok Miss Brylee, This gentleman's a little odd and can be a bit firm but he's a nice enough fella. You start bright and early, Monday morning at eight" he grinned, and wrote an address down on a piece of paper, handing it to her.
"Good luck" he said, shaking her hand as she stood up. "Thanks" she said, and odd feeling of suspicion creeping in on her as she looked at his grinning face. Then headed out.

The Gentleman walked over to one of his female co-workers "What are you grinning about?" she asked. "I only went an finally bundled one off on that creepy old funeral director" he said, laughing. "You're joking. That's just mean" she replied, frowning.

"Hey, she was looking for a mortician's job of all things.. and she's been so awkward up till now" he said with a shrug.

"Awkward or not, that's a bit OTT. I've heard some weird stuff about that guy. That he does stuff with the bodies and shit like that" she said with a shudder. He laughed again "Ooh nice, a professional necrophiliac. Hah, annoying little twit has no idea what she's in for" he said and shook his head. "How long do you think it'll be before she's back in here?" he grinned.

"Pfft.. I doubt the poor thing lasts more then a week. I know I wouldn't. What about you" she replied, smirking.

"Three days. Three days and she'll be back here begging for me to find her something else.. I'll bet you lunch over it" he said, a smug look on his face. "You're on" she replied.
Monday morning rolled round and as Freya stood there outside the odd looking, well aged funeral parlour, a strange feeling swept over her. 'This place looks kinda familiar' she thought to herself as she pushed the door open and walked quietly in.
The shop was dimmy lit, the old fashioned victorian-esque decor matching the ageing shop front. Several coffins were displaid around the room, either stood up against the walls or laid on the floor. Freya looked round, taking in this increadible sight.
"Told you it wouldn't be long" a husky voice came from behind her, startling her.
Freya turned around to find a familiar figure stood there, grinning at her. "Un...Undertaker!" she stuttered, staring at him.
"I'd 'ave thought the sign would give it away" he said, gesturing towards the door with his thumb then began to laugh as he watched her puzzled face. "I take it you didn't notice" he giggled, shaking his head as he took her hand and led her over to the door. He pulled it open and leaned out, pointing up to the large sign across the shop front reading "Undertaker".
Freya giggled as she followed him back inside "I was so nervous over this whole thing, I didn't notice" she said, smiling at him.

Undertaker stood there, looking her up and down. She was dressed smartly in a long sleeved blouse and black trousers, her long brown hair pinned up in a bun. "So, I understand you're in search of a job" he smirked.
"Well, that is why I'm here" she replied with an awkward shrug.
"Thing is... I've been looking for an assistant. Oddly, nobody seems to want the job" he said, crossing his arms as he lent back against the counter. "Funny how things seem to connect in the strangest way" he added, grinning at her.
"Sooo..." said Freya, twiddling her fingers awkwardly as she looked round the room.
Undertaker moved towards her, smirking as he drapped his arm over her shoulders "Well, let's start with the basic rules and such. Then I'll write up a short task list for you. Sound reasonable to you my pet?" he said, looking at her. Freya nodded, smiling.

Two weeks had passed and as Freya stood there placing the final urn from her list up on the shelf, she felt a pair of cold hands creep up, resting firmly on her shoulders.
"All done I see" Undertaker said cheefully.
"Yup" she replied, smiling. A smile that disapeared as she felt him give her shoulders a squeeze.
"tut tut, I thought we talked about that my pet" he said, a clear grin on his face.
"Yes Undertaker" said Freya, giving him a discreet glance.
"That's better. I've a reputation to uphold after all" he said, turning her to face him "Although I must say, you've done so well so far. Two weeks and already you've managed to sell three of my most expensive coffins all on your own. I'm actually quite proud" he grinned, petting her on the head.
Freya giggled "I guess I'm just a good sales person" she said, looking up at him.
"Yes.. but then, some men will do anything for a pretty face" he smirked, giving her a playful prod.
Freya's cheeks turned pink and she looked away in embarresment.
Undertaker turned around, making his way across the room. "Do me a favor pet, shut up the front 'ere for me. I've still a couple of things to do out the back" he said, turning and tossing her a set of keys.
"O..ok.. eh.. I mean, yes Undertaker" she replied, watching him as he disapeard in to the next room.
She looked down at the keys in her hand "Does this mean he's upping my resposibilites?" she said quietly and walked over to the door, turning the sign over from "open" to "closed". She locked the door, a thought creeping in to her mind as she stood there 'He thinks I'm pretty'. Her cheeks turned
pink again and she shook her head. "Oh stop it" she muttered quietly and walked round, tidying the shop.

It was quiet as Freya sat there at the counter, no sign of a customer all morning. She sighed and stood up, grabbing a dust cloth as she headed towards the nearby shelves. "Better to keep busy I guess" she muttered and began quietly humming as she stood there cleaning the shelves, not noticing the dark figure creep up behind her. Suddenly something grabbed her from behind, startling her. A pair of cold hands gripped her hips tightly, pulling her firmly against the figure behind her. Freya stood frozen, her heart pounding fast in her chest. Their hot breath on her neck as they lent in close. "What did I say about paying attention" a husky voice said in her ear.

Freya closed her eyes, taking in a calming breath. "You scared the hell out of me" she said with a relieving sigh. She felt his grip tighten on her hips, his long nails begining to dig in and her eyes shot open. "Fully intended my pet" said Undertaker, smirking. "You let your attention stray. Including, turnin' your back to a fully open door and so had no idea someone was behind you" he continued. His lips almost touching her ear as he spoke, well aware he was making her uncomfortable. Freya looked down at the floor and nodded "Yes Undertaker. It won't happen again" she said quietly.

"Good girl" he said softly in her ear then released his grip. Walking away, leaving the room in silence.

Freya walked over to the counter and sat down, a stunned expression on her face. The phone began to ring, making her jump and she grabbed it. "H..hello, this is the Undertakers funeral parlour. How can I help you?" she asked and waited for an answer. "Hello. Could I speak to Miss Brylee please?" a male voice asked.

"Speaking" she replied.

"Oh, Miss Brylee. Is that you? Hi, it's Mr Geoffreys from the Job Center. How are you?" he asked in a cheery voice.

"Fine. Thank you" she said, awkwardly.

"Well, it's been a couple of weeks since we sent you off... just thought I'd check up and see how things were going. So..." said Mr Geoffreys.

"Things are going well, I'm quite happy" Freya replied, glancing down and touching her hip. The slight sting of his long nails still lingering.

"Well... That's great. Eh.. could I speak to the Funeral director?" Mr Geoffreys asked.

"you mean the Undertaker? certainly. Just a moment" said Freya, smirking. 'Funeral director, pfft... at least get the title right' she thought to herself. She stood up and lent in to the next room "Undertaker. There's a gentleman on the phone for you. Mr Geoffreys from the Job Center" she said, watching the Undertaker as he stood there with his back to her working on a body.

He turned to look at her, a small grin on his face. "In which case pet.." he said, beconing her with a bloody finger.

Freya walked over to him, watching as he pulled off the bloody gloves and placed them on the table. "I'm done with this chap so while I'm dealing with Mr Geoffreys, would you do me a favor my pet.. and clear these things away for me" said Undertaker, gesturing towards the table with his thumb.

Freya nodded "Yes Undertaker" she said as he swept out of the room. She looked at the table, several blooded tools and cloths scattered around. "Ok" she said gathering up the cloths and throwing them in the bin. "And as for these..." she said as she collected the tools and put them in the nearby sink. She cleaned each item, being careful not to catch her fingers and put them each away in their rightful place.

She then began to wipe away the leftover blood on the table, her back to the door.
"How very curious" said Undertaker, standing in the doorway. Making her jump.

"Wh... What is Undertaker?" she replied, calming herself.

"Most folk run a mile at the idea of touchin' a dead body. And the sight or smell of congealing blood tends to make many heave" said Undertaker, approaching her. "You, however... don't seem to be bothered at all" he said, looking her up and down. A grin on his face.

Freya shrugged "Why would it bother me? it's just a body after all" she replied and walked over to wash her hands. "It's just a vessel right? a shell, the being within has already been collected and gone on to... where ever it goes next. Right Undertaker?" she said as she lent back against the side.

Undertaker walked over to her, a smirk on his face as he stood infront of her. He lent forward, placing his hands on the side either side of her, pinning her there. "You know there's a punishment for being cheeky, don't you my pet" said Undertaker, his face inches from hers.

Freya stared at him, blushing. He lent in close "I've let you off easy so far.. but not this time" he said in her ear, his hot breath making her shiver. "Tell me your best joke... and I'll let it slide" he teased, moving closer to her. His body almost touching hers as he looked down, grinning at her.

Freya's cheeks flushed red, she looked away from him. Now racking her brain for an answer. She took a calming breath and gave him a sideways glance as he leaned over her "Two nuns were riding their bicycles down a street. The first nun says, "I've never come this way before." The second nun replies, "Yeah, it's the cobblestones!" she said with a slight smirk.

Undertaker stared at her for a second, a huge grin creeping across his face then he threw his head back bursting in to a fit of laughter.

Freya smiled as she looked up, watching him cackle. An odd feeling of satisfaction flowing through her, a feeling that began to fade as she realised he still had her pinned in place.

He calmed himself and again leaned in close "Your good" he grinned, reaching up with his right hand and hooking a loose piece of hair behind her ear "Now tell me my pet.. there must be some reason why you're so interested in the job. Why you're so amune" he said in an almost seductive tone, gently touching her cheek with the back of his fourfinger.

Freya shrugged "Well... I've always been a curious person. As you know, I loved the whole idea of a truth behind the supernatural. I also have a love for science, for anatomy" she said, glancing at the chilled body on the table. "See, I spent three weeks working in a morg for my work experience, I found it so fascinating.." she said, her voice trailing off in to a sigh.

"You set your heart on doing it for a living. How cute" said Undertaker, placing his hand on top of her head, ruffling her hair a little.

Freya gave him a slight frown "Unfortunatly... it never happened. I just didn't have the qualifications. It's why I jumped at this chance when they offered it to me" she said, looking up at Undertaker "I had no idea it was You they were bundling me off to" she said with a soft giggle.

"Beginin' to regret it?" he asked, watching her.

She looked up at him, a suprised look on her face. "No. Defintly not" she said, shaking her head.

"Glad to hear it my pet" Undertaker replied, gently stroking her head. "If your goal is technicians job, then I'm willing to teach you. But, it'll be on my terms" he said, looking down at her. A devious smile on his lips.

Freya looked at him 'Hmm.. this might be a one off offer. But he still scares me.... Should I trust him?' she thought to herself. She took a deep breath "Ok.." she said softly then stood up straight, looking at him "I'm willing to listen and to follow your instructions. Undertaker" she said firmly.

Undertaker grinned at her "And you'll be willing to atone for mistakes or misbehaviour?" he said with a smirk.

Thoughts of the current situation flashed through her mind 'I better learn some new jokes' she thought to herself. "Yes, Undertaker" she replied.

He put out his right hand "Then we have a deal, my pet" he said.

Freya placed her hand in his, shaking it lightly. He tightened his grip, lifting her hand up and gently kissed it. "Eh... so. What did Mr Geoffreys have to say?" she said, looking away as her cheeks began
to tint.
"Oh.. he won't be bothering us again" Undertaker replied as he moved away.
Freya watched him make his way round the other side of the body "What do you mean?" she asked.
"He was asking about matters of temporary stays and such... I told him I'd already decided to take
you on full time. He's sending the paper work for me to sign later in the week" he explained as he
rolled the body over to the freezer.
Freya stared at him, a stunned expression on her face.
He shut the freezer door then smirked at her "you didn't think I was going to let you go so easily.. did
you?" he said and made his way back over to her. "I knew there was something special about you
when I met you. And now.... I believe I just may have obtained myself a worthy young soul, to take
on as my assistant" he said, teasingly.
Freya giggled "Oooh, I'm honoured" she replied with a grin.
Undertaker lent forward, slipping a finger under her chin, resting his thumb at the front. "What did
we say about being cheeky?" he said, tightening his grip slightly.
"No cheekiness involved. It's quite sincere. Honest, Undertaker." she said, fighting back a smirk.
He let go, grinning at her. "Well, since we're done here.. why don't we shut up early and head out for
a little celebratory somethin'. My treat" he said, gesturing her to walk ahead of him.
Nearly three months had passed and things had been progressing slowly but well. Though sometimes finding his teaching methods unorthodox and a little eccentric, Freya didn't mind. After all, with the more up to date methods aside, how many med students and learning morg tech’s get to learn about past historical methods.. physically, or gain their info from an eye witness. Not to mention the other little secrets she was picking up along the way.

The pace had been slow but her curiosity, constantly peaked. One of the only things that bothered her was Undertakers lack of recognision for personal space. Often leaning over her as he instructed her or generly standing or sitting a little too close. Right now being one of those times. Freya stood by the table, looking down at the chilled body laid out on it. She took the scalpel in her hand and took a deep breath.

"Go ahead my pet" that familiar husky voice said softly in her ear. Undertaker was right behind her, glancing over her shoulder. "I'll only step in, if you really need me. Come now.. you've been working up to this" he said, a small grin on his face. She felt a cold hand resting on her hip "Show me how far you've progressed" he said.

She took a deep breath and placed the blade on the cold skin. 'Ignore him. Concetrate on the body' she thought to herself, she sighed 'Not that body' she thought, her cheeks tinting pink as she tried to clear her mind.

"You alright my pet?” he said, curiously. A smirk to his lips as he noticed the pink to her cheeks. Freya shook her head "Yeah... eh yes Undertaker" she replied and slipped the blade in, dragging it down the skin.

She slowly opened up the body, cutting through the ribs with a loud crack one after another and removing the cage.

"Oddly satisfyin' isn't it?" Undertaker said in her ear. A grin on his face as she glanced at him. Undertaker pointed at the lumpy mass inside. "Well?” he said, giving her hip a small squeeze.

Freya took a deep breath "We start with the intestines" she said and slowly removed organ after organ. She then proceeded to check and weigh each before putting them in a bio-degradable bag. Cleaning the body before putting the bag back inside and stitching it up.

Undertaker slipped his arms around Freya's waist as she stepped back "I'm so very proud my pet. You've come so far, so quickly" he said as he looked at the body infront of them.

"So.. so I didn't screw anything up?” Freya asked, looking up at him. A smile on her face.

"You did perfectly, pet" he replied then grinned at her "I think I better keep an eye on you. I just might be out of a job" he said and laughed as he walked over to the table, wheeling it to the freezer. "Now you've done you're part my pet, I'll take this dear lady and spend some time making her beauitiful before we send her off” said Undertaker, shutting the freezer door. "But before I do that..." he said, heading back over to Freya "Why don't we head out for some lunch?" he grinned, linking her arm in his. Freya fighting not to blush as he led her out.

It was quiet as Freya stood in the back room, cleaning the last of the days used tools. She closed her eyes and sighed softly as shook her head. 'What's the matter with me? I'm a grown woman and I keep blushing like a school girl. It's embarressing’ she thought to herself frustratedly. Not noticing the tall dark figure sneak up behind her. As she opened her eyes she noticed two hands resting on the sideboard she was working on, one either side of her. Realising the Undertaker was stood right behind her, she froze.
"Didn't we talk about not paying attention?" he said, tapping his fingers on the sideboard.
"Sorry Undertaker. I... I guess I just got lost in thought for a moment" she replied.
"Hmmm... clearly a quite serious thought" said Undertaker and lent forward, against her. "If somethings botherin' you my dear, you can always come and talk to me. It's what frieends are for" he said in her ear, reaching his left hand up and resting it on her shoulder.
Freyas heart was beating hard in her chest, her cheeks begining to turn pink. "I.. I know. It.. it's nothing. Really" she said quietly, taking in a releaving breath as he walked away.

The shop bell suddenly rang and as her curiousity grew, Freya headed over to the back room door and peeked out. Standing there infront of the counter was a tall man with firey red hair, almost as long as Undertakers. Dressed in a long red coat and very fashionable glasses and boots.
Freyas heart was beating hard in her chest, her cheeks begining to turn pink. "I.. I know. It.. it's nothing. Really" she said quietly, taking in a releaving breath as he walked away.

"Oh my god... it can't be" she thought to herself, not noticing the blonde haired gentleman stood beside him now looking at her. Dressed in a suit and hat with glasses, now looking straight at her and smirking. "So Undertaker.. who's your pretty friend?" he said loudly, interupting the other two gentlemens conversation.

Undertaker glanced over at Freya as she gave him an apologetic look. He smirked at her, gesturing for her to join him. "This rather shy little thing, is my assistant. Freya" he said as she stood beside him.
"Freya huh? a pretty name too" said the blonde gentleman with a wink, making Freya blush.
"Freya, these two gents are associats of mine. Mr Ronald Knox" said Undertaker, pointing at the blonde.
"Pleased to meet you miss" he said lifting his hat.
"And Mr Grelle Sutcliff" said Undertaker, pointing at the red-head and giving Freya a descreat smirk.
Grelle looking her up and down then rolling his eyes. He then looked back at Undertaker "Rude!. It's very insulting to refer to a high ranking lady, as a simple gent" he huffed.
"Oh, my apologise" said Undertaker, smirking.
"High ranking?" Ronald muttered, scratching his head.
'I knew it. He's the famous blood red haired reaper.. or is that she?' Freya thought to herself. "It's nice to meet you" she said, smiling.

"Now, they're here to ask me about "that" particular matter, so be a dear and go make us up a pot of tea.. hmm?" Undertaker said, hurrying her out of the room.
Grelle looked at him, frowning "What do you mean "that" particular matter?" he said, slamming his hands on the counter and leaning close to Undertaker "Don't tell me she knows" he growled.
Undertaker sat back in his seat, a smirk on his lips. "Of course she knows. She's my trusted assistant" he replied with a grin.
"She's a human!" Grelle snapped, glaring at the silver haired reaper.
"She's a very special human. I wouldn't share my secrets with just anyone yaknow" said Undertaker, wagging a finger at Grelle. He glanced at the doorway then back at the red-haired reaper "Oh yes, I have great plans for this one.. you wait and see. Now, back to the business at hand. You know the rules.." Undertaker grinned.

Freya grinned as she heard Undertaker burst in to laughter. "Such a tourment" she said quietly as she picked up the tea tray and headed in. "Your tea Undertaker" she said, placing it on the counter. Smiling as she handed each gentleman, now sat atop the layed out coffins a cup full of tea.
"Obedient little thing, isn't she" Grelle smirked as he watched her walk back over to Undertaker.
"Oh I wouldn't say that" said Undertaker, giving Freya a playful prod and making her giggle "Now, where were we?" he asked, looking at Ronald.
"I asked you, if and what exactly it was you told that brat and his butler about it. So?" Ronald replied sarcasticy.
Undertaker gave Freya a glance then looked back at the blonde reaper "Indeed I did speak to his
"Lord-ship" he replied.
"And" said Grelle with a frustrated look.
"I simply told him the same as I often do" Undertaker shrugged.
"Which is?" said Ronald, watching him.
"The bare minimum. The long and the short of it, just minus the filling" Freya smirked, as she ran her hand up and down the inside of a cheap, basic unpadded coffin. Undertaker giggling at her subtle joke.
Grelle looked at him then at Freya sighing as he shook his head 'Good god, he's making himself a minion' he thought to himself. A curious expression creeping across the red-haired reapers face as he watched the young assistant, her attention now on the Undertaker. "How cute" he muttered as a dark smile grew across his lips.

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It had been a slow day, without a single customer to be seen and the funeral parlour was eerily silent as Undertaker sat there at the counter, a letter in his hand.
Freya popped her head in from the back room, noticing the frustrated expression on his face.
"Undertaker, is something wrong?" she asked, watching him.
The silver haired reaper looked round at Freya and gave her a small smile, along with a sigh. "Seems his Lord-ship wishes to see me. Beconing me to come to him with some haste, no less" he replied, looking at the letter "Cheeky bugger" he muttered as he placed it down on the counter.
Freya's eyes widened as she stared at him 'Please don't tell me he's going to leave me here in charge, all alone. I'm not ready for that' she thought to herself as she watched the reaper stand up and straighten his clothes.

Undertaker looked at Freya, raising an eyebrow. "Freya my pet..." he said in a somewhat teasing tone.
"Yes.. Undertaker" she replied, now dreading his answer.
Undertaker smirked "Would you care to join me on this little business trip? I'm sure you're likely to gain at least somethin' useful from it" he said, his smirk growing in to a grin as he began to giggle.

Freya stared at him for a moment "Wait.. you said Lord-ship. Do you mean... as in.. Lord Phantomhive?" she said, a smile appearing on her lips.
"Hee hee heee.. interested are we?.. come with me, and you'll find out" Undertaker teased, offering Freya his hand. "Besides, these stuffy old do's are always such a bore.. at least this time I'll have you to keep me entertained with a few of your best jokes" he grinned. Freya shaking her head as he leading her out.

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There was a look of wonderment on Freya's face as the cab pulled up outside the manor. "This place is huge" she said as Undertaker helped her out of the car.
"And that's just the front" he replied, with a smirk.
'I know Undertaker has dealings with the Earl, but he's always done everything over the phone. At least while I'm there... Is he really "the" Earl Phantomhive?' she thought to herself, glancing up at Undertaker.

The two made their way up the steps to the large doors, one door slowly opening as Undertaker raised his hand to knock.
A tall gentleman dressed in a black long tailed suit, with black hair stood before them. "Mr Undertaker. We've been expecting you" he said in a smooth, well spoken voice. "And who might this lovely young lady be?" he asked as he stepped aside, gesturing for them to enter.
Undertaker took Freya's hand, leading her inside. "This is my assistant, my apprentice if you will" said Undertaker as he looked at the gentleman. He nodded at Freya "Go ahead pet, introduce yaself" he said, giving her a incourging pet on the back.

Freya stepped forward, taking a deep breath "I'm Freya Brylee. Pleased to meet you" she said with a nervous smile.

"Isn't she cute?" said Undertaker, grinning as he stood behind her. Resting his hands on her shoulders.

The gentleman in black gave her a bow. He stood up straight and smiled at her "I am Sebastian Michaelis. Head butler to the house of Phantomhive. And the pleasure is all mine my lady" he said charmingly. "Now, if you'll please follow me" he said, and headed down the hallway.

"Lady?" Freya said quietly and giggled, begining to blush. Undertaker grinning at her.

Sebastian led the two guests in to a large, lavishly furnished room. Several people sat casually round it, talking and drinking.

Near the middle was an old fashioned high wingback armchair, a smartly dressed boy of about thirteen or fourteen years old sat in it. He looked over, now watching them closely.

"Master. Our final guest has arrived" said Sebastian, gesturing for them to go and make themselves comfortable.

"Ah, Mr Undertaker. It's been a while" said the boy as he stood up.

"Indeed it has MiLord" Undertaker replied, grinning.

The boy then shifted his attention to Freya, looking her up and down.

"Ah yes, I brought my lovely young assistant with me. I hope you don't mind MiLord" said Undertaker, smiling.

"No, of course not" the boy replied, gently taking Freya's hand and lifting it, kissing the back of her fingers. "Welcome to my home my lady. I am Ciel, Earl Phantomhive" he said proudly.

"Freya Brylee. Pleased to meet you my Lord" she replied, smiling.

Ciel gestured for them to take a seat on the sofa opposite him, Freya feeling more and more nervous as she sat down. All eyes seemingly now on her.

"So the Undertaker has gained himself an assistant" came a male voice from the other end of the sofa. "And quite a lovely one, don't you agree Ran-Mao?" he continued, the gentleman leaning forward slightly to take a better look at Freya. A chinese gentleman, dressed in traditional attiar, the young lady sat beside him the same "Pretty" she said, nodding.

Freya began to blush again, shifting in her seat and moving a little closcer to Undertaker.

"I'll ask you to please refrain from teasing my guests thank you Mr Lau" said Ciel, frowning at him. He then looked over at Freya, giving her a clearly forced smile "I do apologise Miss Brylee, he means no harm" he said, Freya simply nodding at him. "This gentleman is Mr Lau. He's the head of the chinese trading company, Kong-Rong. The young lady beside him, his companion Ran-Mao" said Ciel, gesturing towards each of them as he spoke. He then looked across the room "The gentleman in the chair over there is my good friend Chlaus" said Ciel, giving him a descrete wave. The cheerful bearded blonde gentleman looked over, raising the glass in his hand "A pleasure" he smiled.

"And the gentleman he's conversing with, Baron Diedrich. Also a close family friend" said Ciel. The dark haired, slightly over weight gentleman simply nodded at them in acknowledgement.

"Pleased to meet you all" she said, her nerves begining to show.

Sebastian approched the Earl and as he stood there talking to him Undertaker lent close to Freya "Are you alright my pet?" he said quietly. Resting his hand on hers. Freya looked up at him "Y..yes Undertaker. Just a little nervous I guess. I've never been around so many... important people before" she replied, almost wispering.

"You mean upper crust people" he smirked, looking at her. "Hee hee, I can read you like a book my dear" he teased, giving her a playful poke.
Freya giggled, her cheeks turning pink again. "And I quite understand my pet.. but there's nothing to fear my dear, they're just people at the end of the day" he said softly, giving her a wink.

"Undertaker" said Ciel, watching him. Undertaker looked over at him "Yes MiLord?" he replied.

A smirk crept across the Earls face as he looked at Freya "Might your lovely assistant be interested in a tour of the estate?" he asked.

Undertaker looked at her "Well my pet? I'm sure it'd be much more interesting then sitting here listenin' to us waffle on about red tape and paper work, hmm?" He said, grinning.

Freya smiled, knowing his simple words clearly had a deeper meaning. 'That's a hint to go see a few things for myself. It's why he brought me' she thought to herself. "Ok Undertaker" she smiled.

Sebastian watched the two of them, a smirk on his lips. He then glanced across the room "Tanaka. You know the history of this great manor best" he said beconing an older gentleman stood by the door.

"Indeed I do Sir" Tanaka replied.

"Would you be so kind as to give Miss Brylee a tour" said Sebastian, offering Freya his hand and helping her to her feet.

"Certainly. Feel free to ask any questions my Lady" said Tanaka as he lead her out of the room.

Ciel frowned at Undertaker "The next time you decided to bring along a friend, call ahead. The last thing I need is outsiders interfearing in my business" he growled.

"Outsider? what ever do you mean MiLord?" said Undertaker with a rather devious grin.

Sebastian gave him a suspisious look "Just what, exactly have you told her?" he asked, curiously.

Undertaker raised a finger to his lips "Now that would be tellin', Butler. And you know I don't give out info so freely" he grinned.

"Enough already. It isn't important, what's important is why you're all here. Undertaker do you have the folder I asked you to bring?" said Ciel in a demanding tone.

"I do MiLord" he replied, pulling a paper folder from his robes and handing it to the Earl.

"And it's all in here?" said Ciel, looking at him.

"Every gruesome detail MiLord.. including colour photos" Undertaker grinned, nodding. "Hee hee.. I still can't believe you went to such lengths to get the info out of me in the first place... hee hee hee" said Undertaker and began giggling.

Ciel frowned at him "Quiet you!" he growled. "And you too" he said, shooting Sebastian a disaprooving look as the butler stood there, struggling to keep a straight face.

"I now have everything I need from everyone" said Ciel and handed the folder along with several other items to Sebastian "Time to get to work" he said.

"Yes my Lord" Sebastian replied and headed out of the room.

It was quiet as the two left the Phantomhive manor. Undertaker smirking as he noticed the Earl stood at the window, watching them go. "Soo.... do you think the info will be useful to his case?" asked Freya, breaking the silence as they approched the cab. "I believe so pet. Though I feel a little guilty, taking the credit for it" said Undertaker, helping her in.

"That's ok. We did it together.. and you're boss, right?" she grinned.

"So how was you're little tour of the famous.. or should I say infamous Phantomhive manor?" said Undertaker, ruffling her hair.

"Certainly interesting. Though I was a little disapointed that I didn't get to speak to the all famous "demon butler" heh" she said and giggled.

"Yees.. I think he may have been on to us. Smart chap that butler" Undertaker grinned.

Undertaker stood there outside the funeral parlour "Quite an interesting day" he said as he turned the
key. "Ladies first" he grinned as he opened the parlour door and stepped aside. Freya rolled her eyes, smirking. "Lady? pfft" she muttered, walking inside. The Undertaker walking in behind her, closing the door.

She stood there in the dark room, her sight adjusting slightly as the odd random candle was lit here and there behind her. "That's better" she sighed. Suddenly tensing up as she felt a pair of hands creep up on to her shoulders from behind. "Agreed" came that usual slightly un-nerving voice in her ear. Freya felt the reapers grip tighten as he moved close against her, his long nails beginning to dig in. His hot breath on her neck as he lented in close "And finally. We're alone" he said in a low, husky voice. Making her shudder.

Undertaker turned Freya to face him, a grin on his face. But before she could react he pushed her backwards against the counter, placing his hands down either side of her and pinning her there. He lented in close "Do me a favour pet, and tell me a good joke" he said, his face inches from hers. Freya turned her head to the side, her cheeks now flushed. "O..ok" she said, trembling as she felt his hot breath on her neck.

"Umm... oh, did you Hear about the new restaurant called Karma?, There’s no menu: You get what you deserve." she said with an awkward smile.

Undertaker grinned at her and shook his head "You can do better then that my pet" he said. Freya took a deep breath, thinking hard. “What do you call a deaf gynecologist? A lip reader.” she said with a slight smirk.

Undertaker gave a small giggle "That's better. Go on" he grinned. He moved closer to her, smirking as he watched her blush and turn her head away again. "Make it a good one" he said huskily in her ear.

"Ok... What do a bungee jump and a hooker have in common?... They’re both cheap, fast, and if the rubber breaks, you’re pretty much screwed." she said with a giggle.

Undertaker threw back his head, bursting in to laughter. Freya quietly slipping past him as he cackled, but before she could get away he grabbed her arm. Undertaker grinned "You know... as fascinating as it is, exploring those charmin' cadavas who come and go.." he said and turned her to face him. Then pushed her backwards half on to a coffin, allowing himself to land on top of her. "Undertaker!" Freya squeeked, staring up at him with a shocked look.

The silver haired reaper pinned Freya's arms down, grinning as he began to nuzzle her neck "I'd very much like to explore a.. lovely, soft.... warm one instead" he said and gave her earlobe a playful nibble, his grin growing as he felt her squirm "Yes.. This soft.. warm.. pale, silky skin. That heavy breathing.. and that pounding erratic heartbeat" he continued, lightly running his tongue up her neck "As I.... ravish, this beauuutiful body" he wispered as he felt her begining to panic. He began to giggle, growing in to a full on laugh as he pulled up and looked at her shocked face. "Hee hee hee... just too easy to tease" he giggled.

His giggling stopping as he felt a hand reach up and touch his chest.

Undertaker looked down to see Freya looking straight up at him. She lent up, close to his ear "You can ravish me.... if you want to" she said in a soft voice. A stunned expression shot across Undertakers face and he pulled away, standing up. He stared at Freya as she lay there atop the coffin, his face now emotionless then turned around, walking out of the room. Leaving her there, her heart pounding and her head now swimming with conflicting thoughts.
Two days had passed and the atmosphere in the funeral parlour was awkwardly tense. The two hardly speaking to each other and completely avoiding eye contact.
Freya finished tidying up in the back room and as she walked over to the window she sighed 'I should have kept my mouth shut' she thought to herself, watching the rain begin to run down the glass.
A figure approached Freya as she stood there staring out of the window. "You seem so lost sweety" came an oddly familiar voice.
Freya looked up to see Grelle standing beside her. She smiled, sighing. "Heh, life can be so tormenting sometimes. Like someone somewhere up there is having a laugh at my expense" she replied.
"What do you mean?" Grelle asked, watching her.
"I spend so long with nothing but loneliness and fails, then suddenly I make a new friend and finally manage to get a job doing something I love. Then after finally giving up on the whole thing..... I go and end up..." she said, trailing off in to a sigh.
Grelle smirked "Say it" he said, leaning in close. Grinning as Freya shook her head "You fell in love" he teased.
"Heh, yeah.. see, and there's the catch" she said, glancing up at him.
"Oh?" he said, a curious look on his face.
"The other night... I stupidly made my feelings known. He however, made it quite clear he didn't feel the same" she said, turning away from Grelle. "And yet, this is the person who was quite happily joking and teasing me before-hand. See what I mean, about having a laugh at my expense" she said, a clear quiver in her voice.
"How very cruel. To play with a girls heart then coldly turn her away" said Grelle, pulling her in to his arms "But alas, I too know exactly how that feels" he sighed and petted her on the head. "Hmm.. Perhaps sweety, he simply wasn't worthy of your love. We all have a special someone, perhaps he just wasn't the right someone. Yours is out there waiting for you" he said comfortingly, a slight smirk on his lips as he caught the glimps of movement behind them in the reflection of the window.

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It was late evening, the rain still pouring outside as Freya slowly made her way in to the front.
Tidying away the last few things on her list.
Undertaker watched Freya as she walked across the room, an eerie silence as he approched her. "Not worthy hmm?" he said huskily in her ear, knocking the books she was holding from her hands and turning her to face him.
Freya stared at him but before she could speak he grabbed her, shoving her backward over the coffin just like he did before. Taking off his hat and outer robe.
"Undertaker... wha.. what are you doing!" Freya stuttered as he leaned over her.
"What I should have... in the first place" he said, moving on to the coffin as he kissed her.
"Un.. Undertaker... please..." she said, staring up in to those hypnotic yellow/green eyes.
"Tell me my pet" he said seductively, gently running his long nailed finger up her thigh "Doesn't the idea of fallin' for a reaper frighten you?" he said as he slowly began undoing her top.
Freya reached up, running her fingers through his long silver hair "Depends on the reaper" she replied, moving up and gently kissing him on the lips.
Undertaker grinned at her. "What?" she said, looking at him curiously.
"How ironic" he said, giggling and kissed her neck.
"What is?" she asked.
"Freya my sweet.. has anyone ever told you the meaning behind your name?" Undertaker said, his voice that husky seductive tone. Freya simply shook her head.
He moved in close "Freya, is the name of the great Celtic love goddess" he said softly in her ear. Freya giggled "I guess that is kinda ironic... I'm named after a goddess of love, and I fell in love with a god of death. Well, a retired one at least" she replied, gently touching his cheek.

Undertaker giggled, moving close and kissing her passionately.

Freya ran her fingers along the reapers bare skin as he moved atop of her "This isn't going to get in the way of our professional relationship is it?" she said as Undertaker gently kissed her neck. "Certainly not my pet" he replied, a grin growing across his face "But at least now I'll have my lovely warm specimen to explore when I get bored" he giggled, nibbling Freya's neck and making her giggle. A giggle that quickly turned in to a gasp as she felt Undertaker slowly penetrate her, followed by groan.

Freya wrapped her arms tight around Undertaker, gripping small handfuls of his long silver hair as she groaned with pleasure, sweat running down his back as he moved against her. Every kiss, every caressing touch, every rythmic grind making it more intense and pleasurable as the night went on.

Faint hints of sunlight began to creep in to the dark parlour as Freya opened her eyes, a small smile on her lips as she felt a pair of arms pull her in close to the body beside her. "Morning" she said softly.

Undertaker held her tight "So, am I worthy?" he said in her ear, smirking.

Freya slipped her arms around him "Never doubted it" she replied.

Undertaker sat up, stretching. "Guess we better tidy up before we open" he grinned, pointing out the scattered clothing.

Freya giggled gathering her things, handing Undertaker his as she headed to the bathroom.

"Might be an idea to leave some extra clothes here from now on, hmm pet?" said Undertaker, tidying the back of Freya top.

"Oooh, looking to make this a regular thing hmm?" she teased, giggling as he pulled her close.

"If you behave, my pet" he grinned and lent in, nuzzling her neck and making her giggle.

"Such interesting "great plans" of yours" came a voice from across the room.

Undertaker looked up to see Grelle there leaning against the door frame, watching them and grinning.

"Hello Grelle" said Freya, a grin on her face.

"Oh just look at that smile" said Grelle with a giggle "I'm guessing that "romantically suggestive" kick in the pants worked hmm?" he said, smirking at Undertaker.

Freya looked at him "Wait.. so,you knew?" she said, pointing at Undertaker. A confused expression on her face.

"Of course I knew, silly. I just needed to get him to confess. I do love playing cupid" Grelle grinned. He then looked at Undertaker, a more serious expression on his face. "You'd best take care of her" he said, walking up to the silver haired reaper. "If you break her heart... I will destroy you. I don't care how attractive you are" he said and took Freya's hand "Us girls have to stick together" said Grelle, grinning as Freya giggled.

"You have my word" said Undertaker, glancing at the red-haired reaper as he gently caressed Freya's cheek.

"Well, I have work to get on with. Souls to reap and such....." Grelle sighed, heading for the door. He looked back at Freya "We can catch up over a coffee and a girly chat sometime hmm?" he said with a wink.

"Sure" said Freya, waving as the red-haired reaper left.

"Cheeky bugger" said Undertaker as he pulled Freya back in to his arms, holding her tight against him. He looked down in to her eyes "I was getting round to it" he smirked.

"Guess I'm just a little too impatient" Freya giggled and nuzzled him. "Can you blame me though, after chasing you for so long.. my legendary reaper" she said, looking up at him.
"Happy my pet?" Undertaker asked, gently stroking her head.
Freya giggled "A very happy pet. After all, I'm the Undertaker's pet" she replied
He grinned as he led her across the room, holding her hand tight. "Indeed. No longer a pursuer of
legends... but a part of one yourself" he said and looked at her "The young assistant, known as the
Undertakers pet... his apprentice... his accomplice and loving lady" he said with a devious grin.
"Accomplice?" she said, looking at him curiously.
"I do believe you're ready my pet" he said as he lent against the counter.
"Ready... for what, Undertaker?" she said, watching him.
"Why... my next lesson, my curious young pet... and next phase of my plan" he replied, grinning
"Hee hee hee... we're going to have so much fun" he giggled, pulling her close.

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