12/10/2021 Theme: Silver Bells (Owen & Karina 16)

-OWEN-

Rule No. 1: Never make deals with faeries.

Rule No. 2: Never wish someone's memories away.

Rule No. 3: Never discuss personal matters with a girl in front of her friend.

I'd already broken the first two. I wasn't about to break number three, but we needed to speak in private. Jar her memory. It was the only way to find the Chamber.

We slipped down the main passage, expecting traps at every turn. Quin and Karina were as thick as thieves, but this had the Master's hand all over it. What was the ranger's real purpose?

"She's quite grown up," Kili telepathed. "No wonder you're smitten."

I grunted, unable to speak without giving him away. His "spice" in my tea had dulled my memory, but Karina in the flesh brought every ache into focus.

Tinkle, tinkle.

"Bells?" Karina whispered. Quin stumbled, knocking us over like bowling pins. I scrambled out from under them and pulled Karina to my side, intending to help her friend.

"Move, Owen!" Kili ordered as thick fog separated us. Karina struggled for a few feet before returning the grip on my hand.

"What happened?"

I had a sneaking suspicion I wasn't about to share. "You know me, Karina. You have to remember."

"But I don't." She bit her lip. "And yet, I do. I'm so confused!"

"Come on, sweetheart. Where is that door?"

"Hold on! Who are you calling 'sweetheart' – me or the door?"

The floor heaved, tossing us off balance. Karina's hand slipped from mine, cold air between us. I hugged her waist and flew into an alcove as the hall ceiling collapsed.

We were pressed tight against the wall but alive. Kili tapped my scalp as I held my girl.

"You. Please remember me, Karina. Our lives depend upon it."

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FFM is on break, but I need to finish this story! My hubby came up with this prompt. Tune in every Friday. The rest: my Highlights or my website on The Art of Shorts page (link in bio).

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