

Keith's Vacation

By: Lyrissa

"I can't believe I'm finally here," Keith said, laughing with an almost childlike wonder.

"Well I'm glad that you're happy but could you please move along? We have a schedule to keep!" the tour guide barked, her previously pleasant Irish brogue marred by irritation.

Keith Johnstone was broken out of his reverie and stepped down from the ancient, weather-worn stone he had perched on with a sigh. His shoulders slumped a little as he trailed after the rest of the flock of tourists, most of whom showed no deeper interest in their historic surroundings than a quick picture and some chatter about 'how old everything is'. Keith couldn't believe how flippant the other members of his group were. Here they all were on the ancient isle of Ireland, deep in County Donegal where countless generations had lived, toiled, fought and died, and these people saw it as nothing more than a footnote for their social media? With his messy dark hair, black t-shirt, jeans and sneakers and backpack slung over one shoulder he seemed like a very average young tourist, but his light brown eyes burned with a curiosity matched by none of his temporary companions in the county tour.

"Shallow," Keith mumbled as he shuffled after the others, casting one final glance at the old stones scattered at the side of the road.

The one he'd been standing on still showed very faint impressions in spiral patterns that indicated it had once been a marker of some kind. Maybe for some kind of pre-Christian worship, maybe just to demarcate a border, but Keith found every little scrap of history he found immensely fascinating. He looked over the thin row of trees towards a small farmstead in the distance, beyond which were more green hills.

"Did you visit here, great-grandnan?" he mumbled to himself, trying to picture his grandmother many generations removed strolling through the green grass of the field, simple dress rustling in the warm breeze and red locks fluttering behind her.

"Mister Johnstone, please," the tour guide said impatiently somewhere ahead on the gravelly road. "The bus needs to leave in one minute if we're going to make our next stop in time."

"I'm coming," Keith said, trying to keep his disappointment out of his reply.

As he clambered into the bus the guide shot him another annoyed look, as if she simply couldn't understand why an American boy would want to dawdle. Maybe she was more used to the younger tourists being more keen on visiting the local pubs than in the historical sites. Keith decided as he sunk into his seat and pulled his jacket over his arms that the next time he managed to save up enough to come here he would stay well away from guided tours, schedules and times. He wanted to see the Emerald Isle for himself, at his own pace, and he now realized that while being driven around and catered to seem pleasant on paper it proved to be unfilling for his voracious appetite. Yes he had gotten to see most of the amazing sites and landmarks of the county. The lush Glenveagh National Park and the majestic castle within. Killydonnell Friary where monks had once struggled to write down precious knowledge to keep it from being lost to time. Carrickabraghy Castle and the famine village of Doagh, reminding everyone of the tragedies of almost two centuries past.

And now the bus was grinding its way south along a beautiful, sunlit road lined with lush green trees towards the last stop of today's trip. Keith's eyes tried to drink in every tiny scrap of land, every flicker of color and every little detail as they continued their journey, and something tugged at the far

distances of his mind. At times he tried to imagine his ancestor Ellen O'Malley and consider what she would have thought and felt about this land. To her it would have been home, though it wouldn't remain so for her entire life. To him it was only a tourist location, an exotic place to visit. Or was it? Keith kept feeling as if there was something more to his visit, as if something had guided him here and was even now whispering within him. But that was nonsense, of course.

"It's gorgeous isn't it," said the slightly plump woman sitting across the aisle from Keith. Her steel grey hair was set in a vast number of curls and she was snapping pictures through her phone as they drove past. "It's so green everywhere!"

Keith nodded absentmindedly. In his mind's eye he pictured Ellen O'Malley standing by the side of the road, great trunk containing all her belongings in life next to her as she waited for the coach that would drive her down to the station, from where she would leave County Donegal forever, never to return.

"He cannot be the one."

"He is the one. Many generations have passed but he carries the blood."

"The blood is still strong in him."

"Will he listen?"

"We will soon know."

"He is the one."

Keith was awoken from his light nap by the bus pulling to a stop and the old lady across from him getting up and tapping him on the shoulder. He yawned and peeked out the window as he gathered his things and headed after her. Outside the landscape was just as gorgeous as ever, with gently rolling hills dotted by some distant farms and homes, and a rather sizeable pine forest perching on the crest of one like a dark blanket. Ahead of them, around 300 yards from the road on top of a small mound were a series of craggy stones jutting out in a surprisingly regular fashion, surrounded by verdant grass. Keith realized that the area around the ancient monument was probably still in use as some parts were fenced off, but the guide was already motioning for the group to start moving so it appeared they were allowed to come close after all.

"Where are we?" he asked a young couple who trudged along him at the rear of the echelon of tourists.

"Oh this is the ... let's see... Beltany Stone Circle," the flaxen-haired young woman said with a distinctive southern twang. "Last stop for today."

"Oh right. Thank you," Keith said with a polite nod, running a hand through his messy dark brown hair.

Keith fumbled around for his phone and snapped a few pictures. As much as he disliked being 'one of the crowd' he did want some personal memories of every place he visited for when he tried to put

everything into order later. From what he had read before the trip the Beltany Stone Circle was quite old and had been regarded with great reverence by the locals for centuries. There had been many ancient tombs in the area, and more probably lay undiscovered, slumbering under the green hills even now. Perhaps his ancestors, the ancestors of Ellen O'Malley, had gathered here to venerate the dark Celtic gods of prehistory, long before missionaries and kings brought the Christian God to the Isle. The tourists continued through what seemed like a sheep paddock, carefully avoiding both dry and fresh dung left by its inhabitants.

"...festival even today known as Beltane may be connected to it..." the guide said as they walked up the long path towards the circle, but Keith wasn't paying much attention to her, instead trying to absorb the full beauty of the area.

Something was tugging gently at the back of his mind, and it was steadily growing more insistent. He'd felt it ever since he finally decided to book his trip, and it had been with him on the flight, the train and every step he had taken on Irish soil. Everything around him felt ... right somehow. Welcoming. Comfortable. And this place, this ancient site somehow felt the best out of all of them.

"...to please not littler and not try to climb the stones..." the guide droned as the small group moved up the final push of the gentle slope to the circle itself.

While nothing even remotely close in size and scope to Stonehenge, to Keith the stones seemed immense and otherworldly, as if they ruminated on secrets forgotten long ago. He stepped into the circle after the others, going from stone to stone and letting his fingers gently trace over their coarse surfaces, occasionally standing up to admire the rolling hills and distant houses. Someone was driving a tractor across a field so far in the distance it looked like a bug crawling across a blanket, and Keith found himself chuckling. His fingers brushed against the top of a stone that only went up to around his waist.

"This feels like home," he said to himself.

"He's here!"

"Finally!"

"It's been so long!"

"He needs to stay."

"The others must leave."

"Come mist."

"Come fog."

"Come darkness."

Keith wasn't even aware of when he'd lost sight of the rest of the group and the guide. He had been going around the circle at his own pace, heading to the far distant edge of it while the tour

guide had been giving her lecture near the other end. At some point the sound of her voice had become somewhat blurry, then muted and when Keith looked up from his reverential study of the megaliths he saw that a thick, cold fog had somehow rolled in very suddenly. This seemed very improbable, since it had been a clear, sunny day just a few moments earlier with no rain clouds in sight. Keith looked around and realized that he could barely see the edge of the trees and the paddock beyond the stone circle, and suddenly he felt very uneasy. Something brushed against his neck and he shuddered, but when he spun around he saw nothing and when he felt at his neck he found only a few drops of chilly condensed water.

“Guys? Miss Llewellyn?” he called and his voice sounded strangely muted in his ears as if he was underwater.

Keith was suddenly noticeably aware that he was lightly dressed as the clammy fog wrapped around his bare arms and caused him to shiver. He clenched his bag close and ran through the now moist grass in the center of the circle.

“Hey! Where are you? Hello?” he shouted, but received no response. “Anyone?”

And then suddenly the ground seemed to give way under Keith’s sneaker, and the circle of stones swirled around him until it faded into the mist and darkness and he was falling freely. He tried to scream but no sound came out, and then he was gone.

“Blood of the old land.”

“Son of our chosen one, many ages removed.”

“We called you from across the sea.”

“From across time.”

“Now we call you.”

“Home.”

“Home.”

“Home.”

Keith woke up slowly, as if from a good night’s sleep. He lifted his tired eyelids slowly, his vision blurry and his memory fuzzy. Vague flickers of falling through the ground (‘that isn’t possible’ his rational mind said firmly) and going from a cold, wet place to somewhere dry and warm. And then his surroundings began coming into focus and he snapped awake immediately.

“What the f-“

He was stretched out on a leather blanket suspended on a wooden frame which formed a simple but serviceable bed, his sneakers still on his feet and still moist and muddy from the trek through the grass. He sat up, staring around and trying to make sense of things but the visual impressions he got

refused to line up with the exciting but very mundane tourist trip he had been on. Underneath his feet was a large circle made from stone tiles carefully placed in the ground in spiralling patterns. Rising at the outer circumference of this floor were a series of broad, carved wooden pillars that held up a flat, conical roof that covered the entire area. Each pillar bore elaborate patterns similar to those Keith had seen in the Celtic heritage museum earlier and a simple lamp that shed a soft illumination within the confines of the building. Unfamiliar scents trickled into his nostrils, the smell of some kind of meat roasting, a sickly sweet aroma he couldn't identify and something metallic and tangy. Outside the open sides of the building he was in was a wild, untamed forest the likes of which he had never seen outside of a movie. Ancient, gnarled oak trees encrusted with moss and climbing tendrils of ivy. Towering holly trees with their spiky leaves rustling like spear tips in the faint breeze stood forbidding in the dusk and occasionally the flap of wings indicated a bird had dared to move in the oppressive silence. Keith slid off the cot and rose to his feet, making sure he wasn't injured from... whatever had happened to him. No bones seemed to be broken and he couldn't even find any bruises, which reassured him. His bag was gone, and despite searching among the sparse furniture inside the open temple (that's what his mind told him it was) he couldn't find it.

"Hello? Is anyone here?" Keith called, but nobody answered.

At least not vocally.

That subtle tug that had been at the back of his mind the entire journey had grown from the slightest of whispers into a soft, deep sensation. Someone or something wanted to speak with him, and Keith was too fascinated to refuse. Besides, anything that was powerful enough to bother to pluck him from his trip to... wherever he was probably could just have killed him if it had malicious intent. He abandoned his fruitless search for his bag and walked back to the cot, sitting down on it and looking around expectantly.

"Well? What do you want then?"

There was a rustle in the dark leaves of the undergrowth just outside the pillars of the temple. Outside the circle of light something stirred, rushing through the dark forest and towards the expectant visitor. He saw them as strands of smoke first, barely visible to the naked eye as they snaked through the air, pouring in from the midnight outside into the warm golden light. As he watched they coalesced into three vague figures, dim outlines that accumulated more and more wispy tendrils until each stood taller than a man, their upper tip almost scraping the ceiling. Keith shivered a little despite the air being warm as he felt himself in the presence of something ancient and very powerful, and when three sets of glowing dots opened in the upper lumps of each shadowy figure he felt a chill rush down his spine.

Keith did the only sensible thing in his situation and turned to run.

He cleared the cot in a short bound and skidded across the spiral-set stones heading for the dark edge of the forest outside the circle of life. He was halfway through the building when the three tall shadows manifested right in front of him again, advancing towards him. Keith felt a twinge of panic, backing away and stumbling across a small wooden chest. He broke his fall and only bruised one elbow, but now he was on the floor and helpless as the dark shapes towered over him, eyes glowing like stars in the night sky.

"He seems cowardly."

"He is just startled. I sense courage in him."

Keith felt like the voices went straight past his ears right into his brain, and he couldn't help but feel that they were actually speaking some language that he had never heard before, even if he clearly understood what had been said as English. Feeling himself grow bolder as he realized the shadows weren't making any threatening moves, he got up to his feet again, twisting his aching elbow gently.

"I'm not scared, just... well. What is this place? Who are you?"

The silence rustled for a moment as the shadows whispered in the gloom.

"This is Mag Mell."

"Or Tír na nÓg"

"We are the Morrigan."

"We have watched you for your whole life, Keith Johnstone."

"We need your help."

Keith shook his head to make sense of what he had just heard. "Wait. Morrigan? THE Morrigan? Goddess of death and battle? I know about her... you from studying my Celtic background, but--"

"We are her."

"Your ancestors worshipped me, Keith Johnstone."

"We kept an eye on your line even when Ellen O'Malley left this isle."

"Wait," Keith said, holding up a hand. "Are you saying my great-great... my ancestor worshipped you?"

The shadows rustled.

"No."

"When Ellen O'Malley lived, none of your line had worshipped us for centuries."

"But it is not your worship we seek."

"We called you because we need you."

Keith blinked, trying to rationalize what a goddess could possibly want with a young man from America. He had always been fascinated by his ancestry and the Celtic culture they came from, sure, but it was a far removed thing for him. Perhaps he had simply slipped in the wet grass and was dreaming all of this as he lay unconscious. He pinched his arm, and yelped at the sharp pain. His surroundings did not change, nor did the three shadows vanish. They seemed almost curious at his behaviour, observing him intently through their pinprick eyes.

"Ehm. I guess I'm not dreaming. So what can I do for you? I'm just a mortal, you're a goddess! Or three goddesses! Not exactly sure how it works."

"For millennia the old gods have played games with mortals and with each other."

*“Even in this era when many of us are forgotten, we still crave entertainment.”
“But we are weak. Centuries of neglect has drained our ability to manifest.”*

“Therefore we wish to choose a champion for the games.”

“One to be our avatar.”

“To represent us.”

“To be us.”

“We want someone of the old blood, Keith Johnstone.”

“One who has a deep affection for the past.”

“We want you to be our champion.”

“Hold on now. Games? Champion? What am I going to do, I’m not an athlete! I mean I try to stay in shape, but unless this is a video game tournament-“

“You will get a share of our power.”

“You will represent us.”

“You will be us.”

Keith couldn’t help but feel attracted by this utterly bizarre idea. The idea that the Celtic gods of old were real was wild enough, but the idea of being the avatar of one of them seemed very appealing to Keith. Brushing off his pants a little, he tried to appear disinterested in the face of the dark shapes, hiding his growing excitement.

“Well, say I accept your offer,” he said, trying to sound nonchalant. “What would that entail for me? I mean I have a life back home, I don’t want to commit to this thing fulltime.”

“It is only temporary.”

“For when we call on you.”

“It is a great responsibility, but do not worry.”

“We do not take this lightly.”

“We will protect you and watch over you.”

“And share our power.”

Keith considered for a few moments, his eyes wandering past the shadowy goddesses to the dark forest beyond. The offer intrigued him more than he could possibly admit, and there was no way that he wasn’t going to accept. He felt like he had suddenly been catapulted into a fantasy novel as the protagonist, and he was eager to find out more about this strange side of the world that had been revealed to him.

“Alright, sure. I’ll do it! You need a champion, goddess? I’ll be the best champion you’ve had in a thousand years!” he said, a broad grin plastered across his face.

“Good.”

“We knew our trust was not misplaced.”

“Open the chest, champion.”

“You will find what you need within.”

Keith wondered what they meant for a second before he realized that the Morrigan meant the small wooden chest that he stumbled over. He wondered for a moment just how much the goddess had influenced his journey and actions, but he reasoned that if they could just control him then they wouldn’t have bothered asking in the first place. Maybe him stumbling over the chest was just fate telling him that he was making the right decision. He picked the container up, finding it relatively light, and carried it back to the cot where he put it down and reached for the lid. The chest was bound in finely crafted metal that held the dark wood in place, and the young man found the lid unlocked and easy to lift. He gasped as he stared down at what he had just revealed.

“What... is this?” he stammered.

Without waiting for a reply from his shadowy watchers, Keith reached down into the chest to pull out a soft, rubbery object that felt warm and inviting to his touch. A slack face with elegant, imperial features hung limply in his hands, the straight nose and soft, plump lips empty of substance. He turned the object over in his hands, noting the craftsmanship that had created the lustrous raven black hair and subtle ochre face paint of the mask. He carefully placed it down on the cot and reached into the chest again, this time pulling out a carefully folded object that unfolded to reveal the empty body of a woman of great beauty. The suit had wide hips and a nicely shaped bosom, well toned thighs and calves and fingers and toes topped by dark red nails. The same swirling ochre patterns seen on the mask adorned the bodysuit and the skin felt pliable and soft to the touch, yet not fragile. Keith marvelled at the beauty of the costume, putting it down next to the mask and searching inside the chest again.

“What... am I supposed to do with this?” he asked the shadows as he pulled out a skimpy outfit consisting of a purple top, a loincloth with a broad belt, sandals and some other minor things.

There was no reply from the shadowy figures, and Keith went back to studying the strange costume. That’s the only thing he could imagine it being, since the skin and mask were fully empty and the suit had a long seam on the back that allowed entry. The woman that the outfit depicted must be very beautiful, and Keith felt she reminded him a bit of a raven with the wing-like tufts of her hair. And then it hit him.

“Wait. This is YOU isn’t it? You want me to wear this and become you?”

“Yes.”

“It is our corporeal form, Keith Johnstone.”

“Do not worry, wearing it will not let us possess you or anything like that.”

"It is merely what you would consider... a costume."

"If you put it on, we will give you our power."

"The choice is yours."

The rational part of Keith's brain was screaming that he should stop this nonsense right now and demand the spirits send him back immediately. Nothing good could come from being mixed up with ancient, dark gods like this. And yet...

The costume lay there on the tanned leather of the cot, almost begging to be filled.

"Can I have your word that I can stop whenever I want?" Keith asked. Part of his brain demanded this small concession, at least.

"We swear by our ancient name, Keith Johnstone."

He nodded, and picked the suit up, turning it over in his hands. He wasn't sure if a goddess could lie. Maybe this was all some kind of trick. Maybe he was being pranked right now, and somebody would turn up and scream 'gotcha' any minute now. But Keith only knew one thing. He wanted the offer from the Morrigan to be real, and he wanted to wear the suit that dangled in his grip. He quickly began stripping out of his t-shirt and jeans, flinging them onto the floor of the temple with little regard. They were already dirty and scraped and he had a change in his suitcase when he got back to his hotel room. He pondered what the Morrigan really wanted with him and how long he would have to serve her, but even as he flicked his socks and underwear off to join his other clothes his curiosity overwhelmed every single other thought in his head. The skin of the woman was inviting in his hands, and when he turned it over it seemed like the open seam urged him to slip inside.

With a wide grin he pushed his leg down into the wide one of the suit, going all the way down until he could wiggle his toes into those of the costume. He placed his now disguised foot back on the floor and repeated the process, feeling the soft, otherworldly substance of the costume wrapping around his flesh in a pleasant manner. It was still a bit big on him, with the thighs especially being a little slack, but Keith was too enraptured by the process to notice. As he aligned his second leg he felt the groin of the bodysuit push up against his own, meaning his shaft was now sandwiched in between his legs while a tight, shaven snatch covered the front of his crotch. Keith tried not to fondle his body as he thought perhaps the goddesses watching would take offense, but then they seemed to be fully okay with letting a mortal man wear their form. Was this actually the body of the Morrigan, he pondered. Or just something they had created? He shrugged, realizing the difference was probably mostly theoretical.

Pulling on the right arm of the suit, Keith found the hands smooth but strong, with the arms also well shaped as if the shape of the goddess was one of physical perfection. He couldn't help but use his disguised hand to smooth out the tummy of the suit, feeling it growing a little tight around his waist as he pulled it closer to him. His other arm was soon also covered in the skin of the Morrigan, and he reached behind him to heft up the suit so he could close it. The empty breasts flopped against his chest as he fiddled with the seam, pulling it up along his back carefully so as not to get it stuck or chip any of his new nails. He could feel the shadowy figures watching him, though they didn't seem to be surprised by his willingness to don the form of the Morrigan. Maybe they'd picked him because they knew he'd be fascinated by it. Keith pulled up the seam to his neck and suddenly felt like the bodysuit was a lot more comfortable. He could feel the soft tickle of the gentle breeze, and the warm surface of the stone tiles under his feet. He experimentally reached up to heft the breasts on his chest gently, and a faint tickle of pleasure streamed through the back of his mind.

Looking down, Keith now saw that he seemed to be a beautiful, curvaceous woman from the neck down. Her slightly darker skin heaved with every breath and her thighs rustled gently against each other as Keith crossed his legs. He couldn't feel the stiffness of his manhood between his legs anymore, but somehow this did not worry him. Almost hungrily he reached for the mask, spreading the back open wide and plunging his face into it, completely oblivious to the difference in facial structure and size. It was like diving into a warm pool, and Keith gasped a little as the beautiful features of the Morrigan slipped seamlessly over his own. The soft curls of her raven hair tickled his fingers and back, and Keith quickly adjusted the seam to tuck it into the neck of the bodysuit, where it seemed to meld in and vanish instantly. With graceful steps, Keith walked across the stone floor to a large polished bronze shield that hung on one of the pillars, and gazed on.

"I'm... her!" the beautiful woman in the reflection gasped.

She had intense green eyes that seemed to see beyond what a mortal normally could, and the wing-like shapes in her hair bobbed gently as she moved. The dark nipples tipping her soft breasts were stiff and a ripple of pleasure ran through her painted skin as she regarded her beautiful features.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" she said, vaguely aware that she was no longer speaking English but a tongue much older and forgotten.

There was no response, and when she turned around the shadowy figures were nowhere to be seen. Instead there was a quiet, reassuring presence in the back of her mind, as if someone was with her, giving her guidance and feeding her power. She flicked one hand at the branch of a dark oak tree outside the temple and a pale purple arrow flew from her palm, snapping the branch cleanly in half. A grin spread across Keith's lips as she realized that the triple goddess had been telling the truth.

"I am the Morrigan now," she said plainly, walking back to get dressed. "All will know my power, my cunning, and my beauty. I will guide my enemies to the afterlife, and my allies to victory."

As she dressed, a raven landed on the cot next to her, cawing softly as if it was welcoming her home.

"Victory is ours!" Nike shouted as she crashed into Set, sending the monstrous god sprawling.

Behind her two identical beautiful goddesses duelled, each one a perfect Nordic beauty with their beautiful forms revealed by their tight outfits. Suddenly dark magic lashed out from the hand of one of the Freyas and the other one gasped and collapsed. The triumphant Freya grinned manically before her valkyrie form rippled and changed back into the Morrigan, who chuckled.

"You were a good opponent, Queen of the Valkyries. But not good enough," she said as she walked away.

Though initially intimidated by the idea of actually doing battle as the Morrigan, Keith had quickly taken to it. She lived the sensation of using her divine trickery and dark sorcery to overcome her opponents, and the voice of the triple goddess assured her that nobody was permanently hurt or slain in the so-called games, which made her relax even further. The fact that alliances were ever-changing meant that sometimes she would fight one god or goddess in one game, then ally with them in the next. Most importantly it was fun, even if defeat could be painful. With a flash of light

the Morrigan and her allies vanished from the battlefield, reappearing in the beautiful Roman styled temple that was their temporary home base. The Morrigan grinned and dusted off her hands as her faithful raven landed on her shoulder when she suddenly heard a slight whimper. Turning around she saw the normally stoic Japanese goddess Ameterasu, the Shining Light. She had been on the Morrigan's team in this game, and had proven to be a terrifying opponent with her speed and radiant strikes. Now she seemed a little taken, however, sitting down on a marble bench and holding her side. The Morrigan strode over, gazing down at the strong features of the other goddess with human concern.

"Ehm. Are you alright, sun-goddess?" she asked tentatively, not sure of how to broach the subject.

Ameterasu looked up and smiled, spreading a sense of warmth between them. "I'll be fine, I think I just need a breather. Could you give me a hand?"

The Morrigan quirked one eyebrow as the Japanese goddess turned around, brushing her straight dark hair aside and exposing the back of her lacquered armor. She motioned for the Morrigan and the Celtic goddess managed to lift the neck armor off Ameterasu's shoulders once she had unbuckled it.

"Thanks," the Japanese goddess said in a voice that the Morrigan suddenly felt was odd coming from the stoic sun-goddess.

With a deep sigh Ameterasu reached behind her neck and pulled, and with a wet schlorp noise she tugged until her whole head sloughed off, deforming her beautiful features. The Morrigan gasped as she suddenly found that the sun-goddess had the head of a pale redheaded girl with a faint sprinkle of freckles across her cheeks on her shoulders.

"What in-" she mumbled before realizing that she had never bothered to think that other gods may be in the same situation as she was.

The girl who wore Ameterasu's form grinned up at her, brushing her neck-length hair from her face and picking up a glass of water to refresh herself.

"Yeah, I dunno why she picked me to be her avatar either. I'm only one quarter Japanese! I'm Bridget, but only call me that when I'm off-duty."

The Morrigan gasped for words for several awkward moments during which Bridget stared at her in confusion and she felt the other gods on her team look over at them with amusement.

"I'm... Keith. When I'm not Morrigan, I mean," the Celtic goddess said, blushing a little and trying to keep her voice down. "Ehm. Is that weird?"

Bridget stared up at her in complete disbelief and then broke out in an infectious, honest laugh. "Weird? Weird? Look around you, look at what we're wearing."

The Morrigan found herself joining in Bridget's laugh. "Nice to meet you Bridget."

"Nice to meet you too, Keith. Want to join me for some food to celebrate our victory?"

"I would be honoured," the avatar said with a broad smile.

Keith's vacation had taken a strange but very pleasant turn.

