

Jareth's Secret Diaries

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*Summary: Delve into the dark and twisted mind of a sociopathic power hungry narcissist. Kidding. How does a powerful diva spend his days? Bugging the mortal victor of the Labyrinth among other things. Drabbles from Jareth's perspective. J and S. Title taken from LOTR 'The very secret diaries' written by the now famous Cassie Claire. Disclaimer: I don't own Labyrinth or associated characters. ***Chapter 1*: The Week of the Dreaded Shopping Trip***

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(Monday)...

That insolent, insufferable girl—mortal clothes are so miserably boring. I refuse to dress my royal body in such boring clothes. But then she says I can't come to her show unless I can 'at least try and pass for human.'

Of all the insults. Really.

(Tuesday)...

Terrible day. Kicked two goblins out of the tower window because they were...horror of horrors...singing. I'd rather listen to a wildebeest in heat.

Have a massive headache. Still haven't changed her mind.

(Wednesday)...

Was dragged through a large, lifeless store called Barney's – full of the ugliest clothes ever. Told Sarah I'd behead anyone who dared set up such a shop in my kingdom. Silly girl paid me no mind and pushed me to try something called a Zegna suit. Laughed when I asked if the suit was made of Zegnas...whatever they are.

Most boring outfit ever. Bought leather shoes made by someone called Ferragamo. They're adequate.

(Thursday)...

That annoying, miserable scab of a dwarf says Sarah has a date with someone called Bret...or is it Blane. Terrible mood. Will soak in jasmine scented bath and take extra time to condition hair. I bet Blake's hair is not as soft as mine.

(Friday)...

Sarah wasn't really impressed with soft, conditioned hair. Silly girl. Got her priorities wrong. Met Bland...not his name, but it should be. Dullest person ever. Gave Sarah a look and told her she could do much better than that.

Got hit on the head by something called a paperweight. Not to self – it's not made of paper. Have major headache.

(Saturday)...

Have thrown out all Goblins and their chickens from castle – have a few hours of peace. I wonder what Sarah's up to

...conjures up crystal...jumps back as he sees Sarah glare at him...

How does the minx know when I look in? It's not fair. What's the point of being a magical king when I can't even stalk my mortal obsession?

(Sunday)...

Sarah's art show was an all-day affair. Bland wasn't around—she must have taken my advice seriously. Unfortunately, was careless enough to tell her 'she must be smartening up.' Barely avoided another paperweight thrown in my direction. I swear, that girl's plotting regicide.

Had dinner at a Burmese restaurant – note to self: get the cook to learn how to make khao suey.

****Chapter 2*: The Week of the Inopportune Interruption***

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(Monday)...

Sarah says something called 'Fashion Week' is starting – tells me I might like attending a few shows with her. Says she's putting up some of her art work on something called a runway. Not meant for running apparently. On an interesting note – was told I could wear what I wanted. Hmm. Decisions, decisions.

(Tuesday)...

Terribly annoyed. Was told Sarah is still 'seeing' Bland...stupid girl. Clearly hasn't smartened up like I'd previously thought. Am going to impress her with my killer outfit for this show she's taking me to – then she's going to be sorry.

Ha! Bland's clothes are duller than his personality if that's even possible. Told Sarah Higgle's more interesting—perhaps she should consider taking a romantic interest in him instead. Mercifully, there were no paperweights around.

(Wednesday)...

Tobias has grown to be a rather boisterous and unruly child. Definitely glad not to have kept him –asked me if Tina Turner knew I stole her wig. Sarah laughed for a good minute before taking out her lighted contraption and showing me an image of this...Tina Turner.

Don't understand the joke—this Tina Turner has good hair.

(Thursday)...

Some very interesting new developments...

Sarah, the insolent girl, decided to barge into my chambers to 'inspect' my outfit without prior notification. She walked right into the sight of me pleasuring the Night Mistress, Wyn – her thighs wrapped around my neck, her arms bound and stretched – her voice hoarse with need.

Poor Sarah turned a bright shade of red and ran for her life.

(Friday)...

Wore black dragon hide pants and jacket, with Ferragamo shoes and an ivory colored shirt. This so-called fashion show possibly the most interesting event I've attended in the human realm...well, recently anyway. Have fond memories of Louis XIV's Court.

Sarah sat next to Bland and refused to make eye contact. Looks like she won't be barging into my chambers any time in the future. Was oddly attractive initially, now just seems prudish.

(Saturday)...

Visited Sarah for brunch – still refused eye contact. Told her that this new *prudishness* is getting a bit tedious—after all, it's not like I think she's weaving baskets with Bland. In response, she mumbled something about 'we don't do anything like *that*.'

I only smiled and told her she was missing out. She scoffed a rather weak scoff. Oh, precious thing, your resolve grows weak.

(Sunday)...

Was quite happy for half the day – got a pedicure, a massage, hot oil treatment for my hair. Was preparing to spy on Sarah when all hell broke loose.

Blasted goblins and their obsession with chickens. Had to break up a fight. Am now covered in chicken shit. Desperately need a vacation.

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****Chapter 3*: The Week of the Great Political Debate Disaster***

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(Monday)...

Was invited to dinner with Sarah's family for something called Thanksgiving—where, apparently, people are thankful for food.

When asked whom are they thanking, some kind of god? Sarah replied with a shrug. Apparently her family adheres to multicultural, atheist beliefs—whatever that means. But she did say there'd be lots of wine of the halfway decent variety. Bland is off somewhere else with *his* family.

Will consider going.

(Tuesday)...

Am really beginning to get annoyed with Sarah's insistence on my wearing human clothing. She brought over some denim pants by some fellow called Paul Smith—I told her it looked old and torn! She laughed and said it was 'artfully distressed' – thought it'd make me look like a stylish but gracefully ageing rock star.

Am thoroughly depressed—what *did* she mean by 'ageing?' Am going to open up a bottle of Absinthe that's been sitting in my bar for the last two centuries.

(Wednesday)...

Dear gods, my head.

Woke up this morning to find two people called Jamie and Cersei Lannister in my bed—apparently, not their real names. Met the two last night at some human costume party...then my memory gets a bit fuzzy.

Do remember indulging in some rather adventurous acts—didn't know humans still had it in them to be so much...*fun*.

(Thursday)...

Dressed myself up in the torn Paul Smith denim pants along with, what Sarah called, an ironically plaid, pink shirt. Paired the outfit with rich, brown, metal tipped Ferragamo loafers. Must say, like this Ferragamo fellow.

Sarah's family—where do I begin? The dinner started out alright – there was a massive dead bird in the middle of the table, and apparently we were all to share said bird. It was rather bland though, I much prefer Burmese cuisine to a slow roasted bird with mild gravy.

Things got rather uncomfortable quite quickly. Sarah's father started asking me questions and I replied just as Sarah had asked me to—told him I headed a company that traded in derivatives, mostly offshore. Mr. Williams took it upon himself to go on a rather long tirade about human banking institutions and corruption, and the suffering of people who couldn't return the sum of money they'd borrowed.

I didn't get it—told him that perhaps people shouldn't borrow what they cannot pay back instead of asking their king or other leaders to take on their problems. After all, one can't live an entire life on borrowed money.

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Things got stranger still when he asked me how I ran my company—hadn't discussed that with Sarah so improvised. Told him that my word was law and people followed it without question. I think the man was shocked—kept calling me a tyrant.

(Friday)...

Took a much needed break from Sarah and the goblins and headed off to some place called Bali.

Put Higgle in charge.

(Saturday)...

Quiet.....so quiet. There's a Caprioska in my hand, the sun's warm, but not too warm above my head. The breeze is salty and serene. Ahhh.

Note to self—consider moving to Bali.

(Sunday Night)...

Castle is in absolute disaster—found Higgle in a traumatized state. Knew I should have put the knight in charge instead. Am completely sick of this nonsense. Have told the goblins that I'll bog each and every single one of them if the place isn't pristine in the next hour.

Must remember to tell Mr. Williams that tyranny works better than anything else I've ever tried.

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****Chapter 4*: The Week Molly Came Along***

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(Monday)...

Have to negotiate a peace treaty between trolls, ogres, and dwarves. Gods, somebody kill me now. The High Court thought I should be the one to do it as I deal with goblins on a daily basis.

Why couldn't the fates have made me the king of the unicorns?

Fuck that thought—I hate unicorns—those pompous little cretins. They're all 'look at me, I'm so pretty.' They look like a demented cross between a horse and rhinoceros.

(Tuesday)...

Castle is in disarray...*again*. On the brighter side, I have some leverage to use against the goblins in case they become unruly—threaten them with trolls and ogres. Turns out both species find goblins highly attractive. Goblins don't return the sentiment.

(Wednesday)...

What a night. Had to play nursemaid to Sarah and an idiotic friend of hers. Oh, and save said idiot's life.

Just when I'd finished a long, grueling day of court and was ready to jump into a relaxing, vanilla scented bath, Sarah showed up, spouting some nonsense about her friend being drugged. Apparently, they'd gone to a club and taken Molly—*not* a person.

Sarah's brilliant friend then decided to snort, as Sarah put it, a line of coke—*not* the beverage. Turned out said coke wasn't really coke, but who knows what, and said idiotic friend (IF) was having a bad reaction. Fortunately, was able to flush out toxins from IF's system and put her to sleep.

Proceeded to give Sarah a lecture on the dangers of taking badly made, cheap drugs for an hour. Stupid girl didn't hear a thing I said. Kept going on about how much she loved my castle, my furniture, my clothes, and my package. She eventually went off to sleep and woke up extremely embarrassed the next day.

Am confused. What package is she talking about?

(Thursday)...

Went to check up on Sarah. She was brusquely apologetic. Told me to take nothing she said at face value as she was rolling on E—same thing as Molly, apparently.

Told her that she said nothing of importance, and she gave me a look. Or perhaps I should write 'a look to end all looks.'

No idea what's going on in that complicated brain of hers. Thought mortals would be easier to decipher than this, but Ms. Plucky Heroine proves me wrong. *Again.*

(Friday)...

Met with a visiting princess...turns out she's an acrobatics enthusiast.

Have discovered that acrobats can do all sorts of things that should be illegal in all 7 realms. Oh gods. Am not able to move.

(Saturday)...

Had to babysit young Tobias—was asked why I was walking 'all weird.' Told him he'd understand when he was older. And better acquainted with acrobatics. All sorts of hot, slippery, agonizing acrobatics.

(Sunday)...

Went to brunch with Sarah, who seemed to be over whatever it was that was bothering her. Have discovered a newfound love for bagels with cream cheese and smoked salmon.

Good news. Sarah is no longer seeing Bland because, apparently, she has to get *something* out of her system. Wonder what this '*something*' is—hmm.

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****Chapter 5*: The Week of the Colossal Fuck Up***

(Monday)...

Sarah's been acting strange lately—no clue what's up with that. She came over to give me a 'trench coat' saying I'd look good in it...said it was an old school Helmut Lang she found in a consignment shop. Don't like the idea of used clothing, but damn, the coat looks good.

Told her to stay for dinner—she just looked at me blankly—opened her mouth—and then said she had to leave. Something's up—but what?

Why is *this* mortal woman so fucking complicated?

(Tuesday)...

Sarah showed up three times. Three times in less than three hours. First—she wanted to see me wear the trench coat. Then, she decided she wanted some lavender tea that the goblins make especially for her. Speaking of said tea, how the fuck she managed to get those unruly cretins to cater to her whims is a profound mystery.

Then she showed up asking me if I wanted to have dinner with her—worded very abruptly. Am beginning to worry.

(Wednesday)...

I now know what's going on—finally understand *what* Sarah wants out of her system. Am left very confused as to the next step I should take.

Went to dinner with Sarah—who seemed a tad nervous. Her way of dealing with nervousness was to guzzle as much alcohol as possible—which was fairly effective. We 'bar hopped' from one decrepit scene to the next. Not my style, but Sarah thinks the places I like are too stuffy.

Took her home—where she promptly jumped me on her couch. Never thought our first kiss would have her literally pin me down, and attack me with her mouth. Loved every minute of it. Girl's got a lot of strength for a mortal. Took every fucking ounce of strength to pull myself away and force myself to transport back to the castle—told her she wasn't in her senses and to call me when she woke up.

(Thursday)...

Haven't heard from Sarah all day—am getting a tad anxious. Can't go check up on her as have dignitaries visiting.

(Friday)...

Had a big fucking fight with Ms. Stubborn Mule. She called me a passive aggressive bastard—said I pursued her relentlessly, and when she finally responded, I pushed her away. She's not entirely wrong, but the silly girl wouldn't listen to my reasoning. It didn't help that the entire time, I wanted to back her up against the wall and kiss her till her lips were bruised—but I didn't.

She's so...young. So inexperienced with life. And I refuse to be *something* that she gets out of her system—that too, when she's sozzled. Of course, all of this leaves me confused as to what exactly I feel for her.

Princess Acrobat also among visiting dignitaries. Avoided her advances—am left wondering why. Worried that I'm turning indecisive. Wish I could have my feelings surgically removed—damned things are so inconvenient.

Blast it. Am going to use Sarah's method and cope with alcohol.

(Saturday)...

Have never felt this miserable in all my existence. Curse Sarah Williams and the day she walked into my life. Well...*demand*ed my presence in *her* life, more accurately.

Princess Acrobat was lounging around my chambers, waiting for me when Sarah apparently showed up because she wanted to ... 'talk.' She left without saying a word. Must have wished me out of her life as I can't get in touch with her.

(Sunday)...

Had to resort to asking Hedgewart for help. Ye gods...can't believe I have to rely on the miserable little scab to sort out my relationship. The dwarf said Sarah was perfectly fine—that she was visiting her family and preparing for a trip overseas. Am confused...there are many seas in the human realm, which one is she going over?

Oh. And also said, apparently—don't know how well I can trust Higgle with this—that she didn't want to see me any time soon.

Here I sit—completely alone—like an idiot. Like a miserable idiot, to be more precise. I tried doing the 'right' thing—didn't take advantage of her when she was pissed out of her mind. Didn't I? Hogbrain says yes, at least.

So fucking not fair.

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****Chapter 6*: The Week of Sexual Revolutions***

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(3 years later)...

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(Monday)...

Note to self—have gotten old. Engaging in sexual activities for a prolonged period causes problems...all kinds of embarrassing problems.

Princess acrobat was at the gala last night—avoided her like the plague. Am convinced *it* would have broken off if I had used it yesterday—exhausted of living up to my own expectations.

Am perfectly fine that it's been three mortal years since I last talked to Sarah. Am perfectly fine that my sex life has gotten dull and boring. *Everything's* gotten dull and boring, really.

(Tuesday)...

Visited Dr. Morgenstern today—don't know if it's a waste of time or whether it's helping. Trying out the whole mortal thing of 'talking about your feelings.' Don't get the point of the doctor—may as well talk to Hedgewart.

All he does is ask 'well, how do you feel about that?' or 'why do you suppose, that is?' or 'are you being honest with yourself?' or worse, 'do you *think* you're being honest with yourself?'

If I could answer that bloody question, I wouldn't need a bloody doctor, would I?

(Wednesday)...

Sarah called.

Sarah called.

The infuriating, stubborn, absolutely gorgeous Sarah called.

...and I did not answer.

Must discuss situation with Dr. Morgenstern. Will refrain from bogging him if he asks 'how do you feel about that?'

(Thursday)...

Caught Higgle skulking around the throne room, muttering something about Sarah. Turns out she wants to, and these are her words, 'reach out.'

Reach out.

Fucking reach out!

After disappearing for three whole years, she wants to reach out. Told Higgle to tell her that I was busy. The little scab muttered something about not being my messenger. One icy glare set him straight.

(Friday)...

Couldn't help it—caved on the whole 'don't meet Sarah' decision and met her for dinner. Don't know whether to be shocked or annoyed. One thing's for certain, Sarah Williams never fails to surprise.

Met her at a Sushi place (ps, must try serving sushi at the next gala) with one of those conveyer belts that kept moving. Very distracting, those things.

She looked...*different*. Her hair was shorter, her clothes more...sophisticated, her face more chiseled. Afraid she's aging, as mortals are wont to do...but never mind that...she was all...*mature*. Told me she was sorry about her embarrassing behavior that night—she'd never have jumped me if she didn't think I'd wanted her to—that she's not some sort of date rapist.

Instead of telling her that she could fuck me all she wanted—and I *certainly* wanted—*want*—her to, I gaped at her like a deranged pigeon. Will tell her tomorrow night—she's asked me to attend her show.

(*Saturday*)...

Fuck it all—seriously, fuck the fates. Though I think I actually did that one time Dionysus threw a crazy party. Sarah, turns out, is 'seeing' someone. A tall, thin, razor sharp faced woman with very short, dark hair and icy blue eyes.

Sarah said she's had it with cocks. Which, in turn, means: I'm fucked. And not literally. Apparently, women are excellent at giving each other epic orgasms. According to Sarah, she's going through a major sexual revolution, and some other strange thing that I didn't understand at all.

Basic translation: I, Jareth, the Goblin King, am not getting any.

Bought a ton of gardenia scented conditioner to cheer myself up. Sarah may not want to fuck me, but I'll still have the softest hair in all the seven realms.

Also—note to self—next time Sarah Williams offers to fuck my brains out, take her up on it—even if she's so drunk that she's blind, deaf, and mute. Who knows what sexual revolution she'll go through next?

(*Sunday*)...

Decided to go out and mingle...and have a sexual revolution of my own. Have wasted the last three years pining after Sarah, having so-so sex in the process.

No more.

I, too, deserve epic orgasms, dammit!

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****Chapter 7*: The Week of the Fragile Male Ego***

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(*Monday*)...

Have been hanging around the city after therapy. Not sure how that's going—Dr. Morgenstern says I must learn to accept my flaws. The man doesn't seem to understand that I don't have any.

Sarah seems to be doing well—she's moved on from LED installations, and started working on what she calls procurement. Apparently, it's something really complicated—sounds like she buys artwork for rich people. Asked her if that's truly what she wishes to do with her life—got a shrug for an answer.

(*Tuesday*)...

The worst fucking thing happened to me today—okay, maybe not *the* worst, but something pretty bad. I've been scrubbing every inch of my skin for the last two hours—have turned pink—am dangerously close to resembling a plucked chicken.

Went to a massage parlor—tried something new—spontaneous. Started out okay—halfway through, the woman asked me if I'd like a blow job for an extra twenty dollars. Can you believe it? Couldn't she see how gorgeous I am—do I look like some desperate sod that needs to pay someone for sexual favors?

Had been about to give her a piece of my mind, but something else occurred to me—that the massage bed probably had a layer of semen to it. Vanished out of there right into my bathtub.

(Wednesday)...

Went to Sarah's show—not her artwork but other people's apparently—the woman she's seeing was also there. Kept a safe distance from her—she looks like she wants to punch my crown jewels every time we converse.

...also met Bland.

Poor, unfortunate Bland. Sarah seems to have given his fragile male ego a swift kick to the balls. He's convinced that Sarah's current choice in partners stemmed from his own lack of 'maleness' or whatever it is that fragile ego-ed human males think. Told him to stop giving himself so much importance.

What a narcissist.

It's clear to everyone that Sarah's...willingness to explore...has everything to do with me and my sexy presence in her life.

(Thursday)...

Blasted goblins. They managed to set the throne room on fire.

How does one set fire to stone?

Who the fuck knows...apart from goblins.

Instructed Higgle to give them a demonstration on 'fire safety.'

The throne room now seems to be filled with a chorus of 'fire baaaaaaad.'

Blasted goblins seem to love saying it—pretty sure they have no idea what it means.

(Friday)...

Note to self—call up the fates and ask them if I've seriously offended them somehow. Apologize profusely. Grovel if necessary.

My luck seems to have gotten worse. Was called to the human world...turned out the caller was Bland, who'd clearly had a few. Apparently, Sarah'd instructed him how to 'summon' me for shits and giggles.

He threw himself into my arms and started crying...and he would not shut up. V annoying. Had no choice but to bring him to the castle and hear all his problems—how he'd been in love with Sarah—how she'd dumped him, rather cruelly—even by my standards. How he'd lost his apartment, his dog, his job—good lord. Come to think of it, he has *worse* luck.

Had to put him to sleep and then take him back to his current, rather shabby apartment in the morning. Couldn't have him waking up at the castle—and, as Sarah would say, freaking out. I even conjured up some breakfast for the poor sod. Am proud of myself—could have turned Bland into a goblin and gone on with my life—chose to babysit him instead.

Must have a serious talk with Sarah—I refuse to be the caretaker of her moronic, deranged ex.

(Saturday)...

Was minding my own business at the farmer's market, when Sarah shows up to be all 'sorry about Bland. I never thought he'd actually call you.'

Infuriating mortal.

Mortals, rather—the whole lot are beginning to grate on my nerves. Told her to take care *not* to alert other humans of my powers...that she wouldn't like the consequences. Must have sounded more frightening than I intended to—she choked out another apology and left.

Feeling simultaneously pleased and displeased. My chest ached when she looked at me with fear in her eyes. Will schedule an emergency session with Dr. Morgenstern.

(Sunday)...

The good doctor is a blithering idiot. Can't believe I've wasted years on his proverbial couch.

Told me, in a very serious tone—that I'm hung up on Sarah.

Those were his words—*hung up*.

Told the man I'm not hung up on Sarah—my feelings go beyond that. I crave Sarah—I adore Sarah—I live for Sarah. 'Hung up' – what a ridiculously simpleminded term.

Had an epiphany today—fuck wasting time in Dr. Morgenstern's office...I need to have an honest conversation with a certain green eyed mortal.

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****Chapter 8*: The Week of Objective Study(ies)***

(Monday)...

I take back everything I said about Sarah being mature. She is *such* a child.

I'd transported into her miniscule residence to borrow some delicious human food substance called Nutella...but she wasn't there.

Decided to...*study*...Sarah from an objective perspective...like how Dr. Morgenstern said I should.

Was in the process of going through her dresser drawers when she showed up and started screaming, and promptly told me to 'get out.' Which I did. The woman's damn scary when she's angry.

What is her problem? Can't she see that I'm trying to study her objectively?

(Tuesday)...

Had to resort to asking Tobias for help...in procuring the delicious substance known as Nutella. Being the demon spawn that he is, he refused until I did something for him in return. The little beast wanted me to give him a crystal that would do all his homework...forever.

Have no idea what homework is, but told him magic doesn't work like that. Then the kid said very calmly, he wanted me to set my goblins loose on someone called Mrs. Stout. She's the one who assigns him all the dreaded homework, apparently.

(Wednesday)...

Blasted council says I should throw the yearly 'coming of spring' party this year. Which means, I have to get the castle in proper shape...

...which means I have to discipline the goblins...

...which means my sanity will soon disappear...

...and never return.

(Thursday)...

Ms. Self Righteous showed up at the castle today and gave me a disdainful look. To be fair, I was covered in chicken shit as I'd been chasing chickens all morning.

She had the nerve to accuse me of causing mayhem in the human world. Toby's English teacher, Mrs. Stout...well...she had such a fright that she had something called a nervous breakdown.

Told Sara it wasn't my problem that humans were so weak...and she called me 'an overgrown child.'

Can you believe it? None of this would have happened if she hadn't overreacted to my *objective study* of her personal life.

(Friday)...

The goblins have staged a revolt...they call it the 'we love chickens' revolt. The damn things are furious that none of their ...pets...? I don't quite know what the goblins think of chickens. One doesn't eat a pet, I suppose, so it can't be pet.

But then again, I did eat my pet tarantula...Jarvis wasn't all that delicious to be honest.

Anyway, the goblins are bloody pissed at losing their chickens...they've composed a song and everything...about how much they miss their chickens.

The Goblin King...such a *great* title to have.

(Saturday)...

Broke down and apologized to Sarah...wouldn't have done it, but desperately needed her help.

As aggravating as she is, the mortal definitely pulls through in difficult times. She suggested that I let the blasted goblins keep their blasted chickens in the castle, and move the party into a clearing in the Labyrinth.

Not a bad idea, the Labyrinth is quite beautiful this time of year. Hosting the party there would definitely have certain advantages.

Have made a list of everyone I don't like...will ask them to take a long leisurely walk right into the Fiery Forest.

(Sunday)...

Well...well...well...

Ms. Self Righteous...Ms. Perfect...Ms. 'oh I'm *so mature*'...well, guess what I caught her doing today?

Looking through my dresser drawers.

And you know what she did when I caught her? She had the nerve to say 'turn about is fair play' and disappear back to her world.

Of course, I *must* pay her back.

Look out, my precious mortal, I don't have the best record of playing...*fair*.

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