
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 02:41:40 GMT
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From: Tawnyangel22 Sent: 7/19/2006 1:54 PM

Tracy Island -- Thursday July 19th, early evening --

Kat had just showered and changed when her doorbell chimed.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, John."

She opened the door. "Hi, John, come on in. Would you mind if we didn't go for a walk? I'm rather hungry, so I wondered if I cooked a meal, you'd care to join me."

"I'd like that very much," John replied.

"It'll only be a quick meal cooked in my wok."

Grinning at her, he remarked, "Perhaps I should warn the family to get ready with the fire extinguishers."

Kat rolled her eyes at him. "Gosh! I'll never live that down will I? Actually, I have become quite adept at wok cooking. Maybe I could teach you to use it as well."

"Oh, I'm not sure about that," he replied, "I don't get much time to cook while I'm here at base, and there's really no place for a wok on Thunderbird Five. I'll just enjoy your cooking."

Kat cooked a quick stir-fry using vegetables, bean sprouts, herbs and a dash of Soya sauce.

They sat down to eat. Kat watched as John looked at his plate. "I hope everything is okay." She sounded a little worried.

John began to eat. "It's fine. In fact it's quite tasty," he added, "although I have to admit that I haven't had truly vegetarian food before."

Kat looked relieved. She hadn't been too sure whether John would like the meal or not.

After they had finished, John helped her clear up, and then sat down on her sofa, his long legs, stretched out. Kat made them both some coffee and joined him, curling her legs underneath her.

"So, how did your day go?" he asked

"It went fairly well," Kat replied. "At least I know my way around a jetpack. I also checked over the mobile crane. But I haven't forgiven Gordon; I'll find some way to get him back."

John laughed. "I wish you the best of luck. It's not often he's caught out."

"I've been thinking about poor Callie. To think that that monster tried to get information out of her, she must have been quite traumatised."

He nodded in agreement. "Yes; thank goodness Dom arrived just in time."

"So that person who stole the hoverbike in the tunnel was the Hood. I think I had a lucky escape."

"Yes, I think you did, Kat," John replied.

Suddenly Kat tried to stifle a yawn.

He noticed. "Hey you must be very tired; you've had a long day. I'll head back to the villa, and let you get some rest."

"I'm sorry John; that must seem rude of me."

"Not at all. Thanks for the lovely meal. How about we spend some time together this weekend? We could watch a movie in the theatre, and maybe I can reciprocate by cooking you a meal."

"I'd like that very much, thank you," she replied.

As he left the apartment, he said, "Goodnight Kat, sleep well."

"Goodnight John."