

March 7th, 9:45am

Brandon sat out by the pool. There was no one about and the silence was welcome. He was thinking back to the rescue and how close he had come to dying.

Christopher walked outside. He was happy that Asterix had been found, but the little cat was going to be angry with him for a long time. He saw Brandon sitting by the pool, and he groaned. A little too loudly, loud enough for Brandon to hear.

"Hey CJ, you got a minute? I need to talk to you." Brandon's voice was level.

"Yes, Brandon," Christopher said in a flat voice, then walked over to where his colleague was sitting. "What's the matter?"

"Look, we need to talk and try to work things out. We can't be at each other's throats all the time." Brandon looked Christopher directly in the eyes. "If I offended you in any way, let me know." There. Now it's up to him.

"Well." Christopher paused. "You can be a very arrogant sod. And you upset Asterix." Christopher looked at him. "But I think that I can try and forgive you after what you did out there on that rescue."

"I didn't think I was coming across as arrogant. Just rooting for the home team. As for your choice of sport, I apologize if it seemed like I slammed you. I'm used to extreme sports, such as extreme skydiving and powerboat racing."

"I'm sorry." Christopher sighed. "First impressions and everything. You reminded me of the American colonel who came over with Scott. He was arrogant and annoying."

Brandon smiled slightly. "You can't judge everyone by the actions of one person." He sighed, gazing off into the distance.

"Look, mate." Christopher moved closer. "We have to work together, so why don't we bury the proverbial hatchet right here, right now."

Brandon looked for any kind of deception on Christopher's part, but could see none. Smiling, he extended his hand. "Deal, CJ. I don't expect it to happen overnight but this is a step in the right direction."

"That's settled then." Christopher shook the offered hand. "But there are a few things..."

Uh-oh. I knew there would be a catch. "What might those be?" Brandon asked, his voice not betraying his thoughts.

"You'll have to teach me about those extreme sports and I'll teach you about my favorite ones." He paused. "And please call me Christopher or Chris."

Sure thing, Chris." At that moment, Asterix decided to put in an appearance. He walked up to where Christopher was sitting, winding himself around his legs in greeting. Christopher picked him up. "I was going to come back with your chicken. He does get impatient." Christopher held Asterix to Brandon. "He is a friend now." He chuckled. "I'd love to know how you got here, you naughty cat." Asterix just purred.

From a discreet distance, Gordon watched the interaction between the two men. "I'd heard those two weren't getting along. Looks like I heard wrong." He watched the byplay a little longer before turning and walking back the way he had come.

Post by MagicMaster8 and TheWrongTrousers on 31/08/2004

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