



Jason's excellent adventure where – for one night – everything goes right.
For Jason, that is.

Written for msbuffy

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Lugging the old desk up the stairs, Jason wondered for the tenth time why in the hell his sister waited until the last minute to decide it had to go into the attic.

And why in the hell he hadn't ducked her, roping him in to doing it.

Then finding a stray bit of chicken stuck in his teeth, he remembered why.

Sookie had brought him some wings he hadn't ordered, when he'd been at the bar with Hoyt that afternoon. But Jason had been nodding his head at accepting the free basket, not realizing she'd been bribing him into pulling a groin muscle.

But that didn't explain why she wanted it moved right the hell now, so he huffed, "Why am I breakin' my back again? Gran's old desk ain't never done anythin' to you, so I don't know why you're sendin' it into no man's land."

The attic in the old farmhouse had always given Jason the creeps.

Things went in, but they never came out.

In his mind, that was a job for Scooby Doo.

Better yet, if he'd had Fred and Shaggy there, at least *they* could've helped him get the desk up the stairs.

They probably would've come prepared with snacks and everything.

And Daphne would have been nice to look at, while she watched him flex his muscles.

Jason loved redheads. Even cartoon ones.

But then he loved blonds and brunettes too.

No one could ever accuse Jason Stackhouse of being a discriminator. He was an equal opportunity hound dog.

It probably wasn't what their Gran had in mind when she'd raised them to not judge others, but it still counted in Jason's little black book.

But it was another blond who he loved in a sisterly way that spoke up and said, "That old desk takes up too much space and I need the room to put up the Christmas tree. No one ever uses it anyway."

"That ain't true," Jason argued.

He used it all the time to set down whatever he had in his hands on his way by.

"Your empty beer bottles don't count," Sookie huffed. "But you can count the water rings on the wood to see how many you've left on it *after* you get it into the attic."

With that she flounced back down the stairs, while Jason silently wished he'd had a brother instead.

At least *he* could've helped him lift the desk.

"I *heard* that," she called out behind her, which made Jason amend his wish.

He wished he had a brother who didn't have a freaky head thing going on.

"Keep it up," she yelled up the stairs. "And you won't be getting any of the cookies that are about to come out of the oven."

Dammit all to hell.

Cookies were his weakness and she knew it.

She didn't even need her freaky head thing to know it either.

Resigned to his lot in life, Jason dutifully moved the desk into the attic – after he'd crept through it like a cat burglar, with his trusty baseball bat in hand, prepared to take out whatever creepy monsters he might've come across.

So he hoped Sook wouldn't go looking for Gran's old dress dummy any time soon. While he felt bad for hitting a woman, to him she'd looked like the headless horseman's girlfriend.

Even Scooby Doo would have taken a swing at *that* and *he* was a *professional*.

Deciding that made it okay, Jason hid her corpse behind some old boxes, knowing Sookie might not feel the same, and then he shifted some other things around to make room for the desk before moving it into place.

But when he'd set it down, he heard something come loose inside of the desk and took a peek, hoping he hadn't broken it.

Seeing a secret compartment had popped open inside, Jason reached into the desk to investigate, now that – in his mind – he was an honorary member of Scooby and The Gang.

He'd been hoping to find a long lost treasure, like a bag of long forgotten candy. So he was more than a little disappointed when he pulled out a weird looking round green compact instead.

He shook it a little, hoping to find at least a few jellybeans inside because – as far as he was concerned – they had a shelf life of forever.

But hearing nothing and unable to open it, Jason clutched it in his hands, grumbling to himself that nothing was going right for him that night and said to no one in particular, "Just once, I wish I had one night where everything went *my* way."

Feeling a weird charge run up his arm, Jason yelped and dropped the green compact on the floor, with his head whipping around, wondering if the Ghost of Jellybeans Past had just passed through his body.

But seeing nothing, his eyes went back to the green compact still spinning on the floor and knowing he had yet to get Sookie a Christmas gift, he picked it up and shoved it into his pocket to re-gift it to her.

She liked old ugly crap like that and he would get a good laugh outta watching her not being able to open it.

Besides, there was nothing better than free stuff.

That was what got him there to begin with.

Damn Buffalo wings.

Wandering back downstairs, his nose led him straight into the kitchen where he saw every available space was filled up with cookies.

Chocolate chip and oatmeal raisin. Sugar cookies shaped like Christmas trees and a whole battalion of gingerbread men.

He didn't even care that half of them had fangs.

Suddenly famished, Jason stared at them longingly wishing Sookie would let him have them all, but he knew she would only give him a few of each because the rest were for the church's Christmas Eve party the next day.

Standing up from where she'd been bent over in front of the oven, pulling out yet another tray of cookies, Sookie's head whipped his way with wide eyes and said, "You're probably starving. Why don't I pack all of these up for you to take home?"

His lips parted in surprise, but he wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth – even if he'd already taken care of the headless horseman's girlfriend who didn't even have a mouth.

So while Sookie began boxing up the other cookies, he put his own mouth to better uses by filling it with a chocolate chip cookie, when she interrupted him mid-cookie moan by asking, "Were you able to get everything on the kids' Secret Santa Wish List?"

Cookie crumbs flew out of his mouth, with Jason choking on both the cookie and the reminder, and his hand found the ugly green compact hidden away in his pocket, wondering if that had been one of the things on Lisa and Coby's list.

Honestly, he'd forgotten all about the Secret Santa gig. Hell, he'd only said he'd go in halves with Sookie and volunteered to do all of the shopping to impress the cute chick who'd been watching them draw names at the time.

Downing half of the glass of milk Sookie set down in front of him, he managed to catch his breath and hedged, "Define *everything*."

Halting her actions, Sookie turned and stared hard at her brother, before pointing the tip of the Christmas tree shaped sugar cookie at him and accused, "You didn't do *any* shopping, did you?"

“Define *any*,” he innocently tried again, with his eyes falling to the floor.

“Dammit Jason!” she snarled. “The party is *tomorrow*. And *tomorrow* is *Christmas Eve*! How are those kids gonna feel when they get there and have no presents to open?”

With the way she was slamming the cookies into the boxes, Jason had a feeling he would have nothing but cookie crumbs to eat, but he knew better than to say anything about it when she was so mad.

Then quickly finding the bright side, Jason decided that was as good as a box of Cookie Crisp cereal.

He’d pour them into a bowl with milk and eat them with a spoon.

Problem solved.

Having forgotten all about what they were just talking about, Sookie reminded him again by adding, “You’re lucky the stores are open late. So as soon as you get these into your truck, you need to get your butt to Shreveport and hope like hell they have everything on their list.”

“Why can’t you go?” he grumbled, having also forgotten all about the fact he’d been the one to volunteer to do the shopping.

“Because I’ve gotta bake more cookies now that I’m giving all of these ones to you!” she yelled back. “And I don’t even know *why* I’m giving them to you, but I *am*. So now you’re going shopping and you’re not coming back until you’ve gotten every last thing on those lists!”

Jason thought she sure was bossy, but as much as the thought of going shopping didn’t appeal to him at all, the thought of giving back the cookies so she could do it instead was way worse.

Shopping, he could do.

Baking cookies from scratch, he could not.

Decision made, once he had all of the cookies loaded into his truck – along with a pilfered bowl, spoon, and the gallon of milk from Sookie’s refrigerator – Jason set off towards Shreveport.

The good thing about vampires coming out of the coffin was that all of the chain stores and malls in the city stayed open real late now. But since it was December 23rd, he knew they would be packed with last minute shoppers.

Not wanting to waste his whole night when he had boxes of cookies just waiting to be eaten, Jason shoved a fistful of cookie crumbs into this mouth and put the pedal to the metal as soon as he hit the interstate, hoping to shorten the normally forty-five minute drive.

Reaching speeds that would make the ghost of Dale Earnhardt proud, it wasn’t long before he noticed the flashing red lights in his rearview mirror and he grumbled internally again about how nothing was going right for him that night.

Pulling over, Jason turned off his truck and shook his head at the cost of paying for the surefire speeding ticket that would be coming his way. But seeing it was Andy Bellefleur who was slowly making his way towards Jason, he knew that fine had just doubled.

For some reason Andy didn't like Jason all that much, but what Andy didn't know was that Jason admired him. He'd always thought he himself would make a kickass cop.

Not only that, he could make it to Shreveport in no time at all if he had a police cruiser at his disposal.

Rolling down his window at Andy's approach, Jason reached for his wallet to get his license and registration when he heard a growled out, "Stackhouse. You have any idea how fast you were goin'?"

Wishing to himself that he could be a cop for the night, Jason could then show Andy just how fast he could really go.

He bet that cruiser could easily hit one-twenty.

"Naw," he replied.

But knowing his boyish charms would be wasted in this instance, Jason hoped to play on Andy's fatherly sympathy, when he added, "I was just tryin' to make it to Shreveport to get Arlene's kids some Christmas gifts. You know...they ain't got no dad, so I was wantin' to help 'em out some."

Shaking his head, Andy couldn't figure out what possessed him in that moment, but he couldn't stop himself from saying, "We could get there a lot faster in my car. How 'bout I deputize you for the night?"

"Really?" Jason asked with wide hopeful eyes, suddenly looking forward to going to Shreveport more than ever.

"Really," Andy replied with a sour look on his face, wondering why in *the hell* he was thinking this was a good idea.

Five minutes later, Jason was sitting in the driver's seat of the police cruiser, with the interior now smelling like Gran's kitchen thanks to the backseat being full of cookies.

But starting the car, he looked down at himself before looking back over at Andy and asking, "Shouldn't I be in uniform? You know, since I'm *deputized* for the night?"

Five minutes later, Jason was sitting in the driver's seat of the police cruiser, with Andy sitting in the passenger's seat wearing nothing but a white wife beater and holiday boxer shorts that said, 'No Peeking!' and Jason wearing Andy's two-sizes-too-big uniform.

Flying towards Shreveport, with lights and sirens blaring, Jason guessed they would reach the city limits in about fifteen minutes and he couldn't stop grinning from ear to ear.

Andy *wasn't* smiling, but decided he wasn't completely off his rocker for going along with the insanity now that he was holding a bowl full of cookie crumbs and milk. So he shoved another spoonful into his mouth and asked, "What're you lookin' to get in Shreveport?"

"Not sure," Jason grinned. "The list is in my wallet though."

He'd glanced at it when Sookie had shoved it his way two weeks earlier, but he hadn't noticed what items were written on it. He only knew where it was at all because he'd written down that cute chick's name and number on the back.

Jason was like Rain Man when it came to keeping track of the women in his life.

By the time they reached the exit for Shreveport, Andy had a pretty mean milk mustache going and both men were covered in cookie crumbs. Jason had killed the lights and sirens about five minutes earlier because they were a lot more annoying than the movies made them out to be, so coming up to a traffic light he stopped as it turned red rather than blast through it.

As an officer of the law for the night, he knew he had to lead by example.

Besides, he wanted to shake the cookie crumbs out from where they'd fallen inside of his borrowed shirt, not wanting his chest to look like a cookie crumb decorated Christmas tree.

In Jason's experience, you never knew when you might find yourself shirtless and in the company of a lady.

But thinking of ladies and being in Shreveport reminded Jason of one lady in particular.

Pam was real nice to look at and he sure wouldn't have minded looking at her while he was in town doing his shopping. And with the way she could sometimes scare people just by dropping her fangs, he bet he wouldn't have to wait in any lines at the mall either.

Boy, he sure could've used her help that night.

Still sitting at the red light, the windows had been down because Andy was lactose intolerant and the gas he was making would fuel a small African village for an entire month. But Jason wasn't expecting the voice that was suddenly in his ear, saying, "Stackhouse."

Jumping in his seat, cookie crumbs flew out of the window and pelted Pam's body like a shotgun blast. Jason automatically reached out to wipe them from her front – perhaps lingering a bit longer than necessary – and smiled with his greeting of, "Hey Pam. What're you doin' here?"

Eying Jason's hand still groping her left breast, she brushed it and the rest of the cookie crumbs from her black leather Fangtasia getup, while grimacing, "I'm not sure."

"You feelin' okay?" Jason asked with concern. And recalling how Sookie had come across a soap opera Eric with no memories, he added, "You know your name? Who you are? Quick! Who's the president?"

Jason couldn't honestly say he could recall who the president was, but he was pretty sure his name started with an 'O'.

Osama?

Oprah?

Opera Man?

Snickering to himself, he knew that last one wasn't right. But he sure did like Adam Sandler's SNL skit.

And thinking of Adam Sandler – and given the time of year it was – it was no real surprise when the first few lyrics of The Hanukkah Song started to play in his head.

He was swaying to the, *'Put on your yarmulke, Here comes Hanukkah...'* and nearly missed it, when Pam replied, "I know who I am."

"Huh?" he asked, having forgotten what they'd been talking about.

But while they'd been talking, the light had turned green and the car behind them had finally gotten fed up at waiting for them to move, so they blared on their horn.

Pam's head whipped their way and her fangs dropped down, with the driver throwing his car into reverse and speeding backwards the same way he'd come.

That reminded Jason of his earlier 'No lines, No waiting' wishes, so he put on his charmulke and said, "I know a pretty little lady like you probably has better things to do, but what do you say to helpin' a fella out by comin' along to the mall to do some last minute shoppin'?"

He left out the part where he wanted her to scare the other people away, so he wouldn't have to wait in any lines.

Jason figured that part would just happen naturally with someone like Pam.

Pam stared at her little telepathic friend's brother, still unsure why she'd felt the sudden urge to be at his side, when she'd been working the door at the bar. She wasn't even sure how she'd found him so easily.

He'd never had her blood.

But she would damn well make sure she had a little bit of his, if she was going to be stuck in a crowded mall two nights before Christmas.

There was nothing worse than the smell of bundled up vermin, with desperation and eggnog leaking from their pores.

So she had no explanation for why she agreed with a bit out, "Fine."

Sliding into the backseat, Pam had to first slide the numerous cookie boxes out of her way and wondered if they'd robbed a bakery at some point along the way. She coughed to cover up the unintentional giggle-snort when she spied two fanged gingerbread men in one of the open boxes, one with yellow icing for hair and the other with chocolate brown bangs.

Snapping the head off of that one, she tossed it onto the floorboard and crushed it with her shoe, hoping it was spelled as a talisman of sorts and had ended Compton wherever he happened to be at the moment.

Now *that* would be a Christmas miracle.

Piping up from the driver's seat, Jason said, "Pam. This here is Andy. Andy. This here is Pam."

Turning in his seat, Andy nodded at Pam and muttered, "Ma'am."

Wondering if out there somewhere, someone had a spelled fanged gingerbread version of her – it was the only explanation for how she'd come to be there – she gestured towards the milk mustache on Andy's face and offered sourly, "You have a little something...there."

But having to inhale in order to speak the words, Pam noted her reply wasn't the only source of something sour in the car and choked out, "What. Is. That. Smell?"

Having a Toys R Us in the same strip mall as Fangtasia, Pam recognized it from their dumpsters.

Teacup humans soiled diapers, like Bill Compton spoiled a good time.

Jason guffawed from the front seat and said, "Breathe through your mouth. Andy and milk don't get along."

"Don't get along?" she snarled through the hands she'd covered her face with. "The Hatfields and the McCoys caused less carnage!"

"I forgot to take my Lactaid this mornin'," Andy chuffed in embarrassment.

Rolling down the back window for Pam, Jason wasn't all that surprised when she stuck her head out of it, looking like one of those stately longhaired Afghan dogs.

What he didn't know was that she was keeping her eyes peeled for Christmas carolers.

One lit candle was all it would take for the car to go up in flames, like a redneck Bruce Willis Die Hard movie remake.

Finally arriving at the mall, Pam sped out of the car to the entrance, welcoming the smell of eggnog infused vermin over what she'd been forced to endure on the ride there. But seeing the gaseous one walking towards her, she was surprised he didn't leave a cloud in his wake.

She was sure he was the inspiration behind Pig Pen from the Charlie Brown cartoons.

Taking in the 'No Peeking' sign on his boxers, she glared at him and said, "That warning isn't sufficient."

What he needed was one of those yellow placards to denote the nuclear wasteland below his waistband.

Or some yellow crime scene tape at the very least.

Caught up in the hustle and bustle of the mall shoppers, Jason ignored their exchange and straightened his shoulders as he took in the crowd, knowing all of his experience playing football was about to come in handy.

But he needed to know where he was going first, so he pulled the list out of his wallet and was relieved to see there were only a few items for each kid.

Bypassing the clothes and socks he was sure Arlene had written on there – because no kid in their right mind would want that – his eyes went straight to the good stuff. Lisa wanted some charm bracelet, which wasn't cool at all in his Y chromosome opinion, but he lit up seeing Coby had written that he wanted a hover board.

He never would've guessed him and a kid would have the same likes.

Feeling his Marty McFly coming to the forefront, Jason turned towards his partners and said, "We need a toy store."

Having spent more time in the mall than she would ever admit to – but Eric's credit card could attest to – Pam tilted her head to the side and said, "East wing. Lower level."

Nodding, the three of them ventured inside, like the Island of Misfits had come to Shreveport, with Pam in her black leather cat suit, Andy in his skivvies, and Jason in an oversized uniform, looking like a little boy playing dress up in his daddy's clothes.

The fact no one seemed to register the oddball group in the crowd demonstrated just how busy the mall was with frazzled shoppers. A few times Jason had to throw his shoulder into them to break through the horde in front of him and it took Pam grabbing onto his collar from behind to steer him in the right direction.

Andy trailed in their wake still wearing his milk mustache, with neither one of them willing to walk downwind of him.

But reaching the entrance of the toy store, Jason panicked seeing it was filled to the brim with shoppers. He could barely see anything in the store past the people, so he lifted Pam onto his shoulders and asked, "Can you see any hover boards?"

"Is that like an emery board?" she asked. "Because if it is, then we're at the wrong store."

Then glancing down at her nails she thought she could always use a good manicure.

"I don't know who makes them," Jason replied. "But this is the store that would have them. I just can't see inside with all of the people in there."

With the vicious looks on their faces, all vying for the battery operated goods for sale, Jason didn't think even Pam's fangs could scare them away.

Maybe she could get that chick Thalia to come help?

"I got this," Andy remarked, with a casual wave of his hand as he moved past them and into the store.

One by one, the people Andy passed by went from harried to hurried, covering their faces and fleeing the store, like rats from a sinking ship.

The unseen silent and yet deadly cloud following his every step.

Jason watched a man turn green, dropping the Darth Vader Lego alarm clock he'd been clutching to dry heave into the nearest trash can, while another woman made it as far as the kiosk selling personalized Santa hats before passing out from holding her breath.

But having already programmed his body to breathe through his mouth, Jason was unaffected by the noxious odor that was managing to empty the stores on either side of the toy store too. So he was still standing and able to see Andy put the spoonful of milk laden cookie crumbs into his mouth before using it to point at the shelf where the last hover board sat.

"Sweet!" Jason exclaimed and headed for the door, forgetting he still had Pam on his shoulders, which resulted in an unfortunate run in with her head and the door frame.

Now lying on her back on the dirty mall floor, Pam was miffed, of course. But seeing her opening, she laid it on thick and swiped at the tiny head wound that was already closing before showing the drop of blood on her fingertip to Jason and saying, "I'm losing too much blood. I need to feed to replenish it or else I'll meet the true death."

Take that Meryl Streep, Pam thought.

She deserved an Oscar for that performance.

Jason was torn between wanting to snag the last hover board and helping the pretty vampire. But since Andy seemed to have the hover board covered – in an invisible cloud of gas – Jason decided the pretty lady would be his priority.

He never turned down a pretty lady.

Especially one lying on her back, no less.

Helping her to sit up, Jason's head whipped around and eyed the cart selling roasted nuts, while he asked, "Do they sell TrueBlood here?"

They did, Pam knew, but the synthetic blood was conceivably the liquid version of what Andy's ass smelled like and she wanted no part of either.

So she feigned dizziness and slumped backwards in Jason's arm, slapping the back of her hand up against the already healed wound on her head to hide it from sight and said, "There's no time. I need blood now."

Then opening one of her closed eyes to stare at Jason, she deadpanned, "Real blood."

"Oh," Jason breathed out. Then shrugging, he said, "I guess you can have some a mine."

Pam didn't give him the chance to rescind his invitation and latched onto his neck before he even saw her move. Preparing the skin with her tongue, she paused to spit out the stray cookie crumbs she found there, before moving in for the kill.

So to speak.

Her master would be very upset with her if she harmed his bonded's brother, so she only took a small sip – or three, maybe four – before sealing the wound and trying to find any of the fairy blood she knew his sister's blood contained on her tongue.

All she could taste was the fact he'd had Buffalo wings at some point in the very recent past.

Disappointed, she shoved him backwards and stood up, throwing a halfhearted, "Thanks," over her shoulder as she walked into the toy store.

Jason was just thankful his pants were two sizes too big – they hid the reaction his body had to Pam's bite – and he felt a little like a pedophile for walking into a toy store with a hard on.

But seeing Andy licking the now empty bowl clean, he knew what could help him out with his little problem and inhaled deeply.

Through his nose.

Crisis averted, Jason grabbed the last hover board and took it up to the register where the clerk was breathing in and out of a plastic shopping bag pressed against his face.

But after he made his purchase, he was forced to wait while Pam picked out a Thor action figure and a Tinkerbell doll, mashing their faces together and dramatically crying out, "Oh Eric!" before dropping her voice as low as it could go and grunting, "Oh Sookie!"

Shaking his head at her playtime porn, while Andy went and got himself an eggnog milkshake, Jason decided to give the hover board a spin.

He'd just gotten it out of the package and was about to give it a go, when he heard someone further up the mall shout out, "Stop! Thief!"

Turning towards the sound, Jason spotted the guy running from another store with the shoplifted loot in his hand. So he looked at Andy, who was now walking towards him with his milkshake held in front of him, and said, "Shouldn't you do somethin' about that?"

"Outta my jurisdiction," he huffed, more from the brain freeze he'd just given himself than anything else.

But seeing Jason's WTF look, Andy jutted his chin back at the man wearing his uniform – with a part of him wondering how he was going to explain the blood on the collar to Halleigh – and said, “You been deputized. Go...*deputy*.”

“Right!” Jason exclaimed and jumped to his feet, in hot pursuit of the robber.

Or was it burglar?

He always got those two confused.

But his thoughts led him to wonder whatever happened to the McDonald's Hamburglar.

And Grimace too, which Barney was an obvious rip-off of.

That always pissed him off and it helped to fuel his run after the thief. Still clutching the hover board, he held it like a football and shouldered his way through the crowds, when he finally spotted a clear path towards the guy about fifty feet ahead of him.

Now regretting having eaten so many cookies – because he felt like he was about to toss his – Jason threw the hover board out in front of him and landed on it with both feet, with his momentum sailing him and board across the parquet path before him.

But it still wasn't fast enough. The guy was gaining ground and Jason stared hard at his back, wishing with all of his might that he could go faster or for the guy to trip on something.

And then he did.

As though he'd stepped into a Three Stooges skit and onto a banana peel, Jason watched the guy go flying one way, while his stolen loot flew the other way.

His hover board seemed to have sped up too because before he knew it, he'd glided up just in the nick of time to catch the bag of stolen goods on its way back down, with him coming to a stop where the guy was now laying on his back.

With his shoe pressing on the guy's shoulder to keep him there, he pulled his too big pants up a bit with one hand and held the loot in the other, while staring down at the guy and growling out his favorite Home Alone line of, “Merry Christmas ya filthy animal.”

The gathered crowd, watching it all go down, burst into simultaneous applause and cheers, with Jason alternately bowing and pulling his pants up, just as the mall security arrived and took the criminal away.

When Pam and Andy finally showed up – with Pam still upwind of Andy – she picked out the charm bracelet for Lisa and used her own charm to get him a nice discount, with the glassy eyed sales guy nodding in agreement that the trinket was only worth half of what they were charging for it.

After one last stop they were soon on their way again. Dropping Pam off at Fangtasia, Andy dropped Jason off at his truck still parked on the side of the road where they'd left it, and before long Jason was back at the farmhouse.

"I can't believe you got it," Sookie remarked with a smile, knowing the hover boards were a hot commodity that Christmas.

She didn't question the fact it was no longer in its box.

This was Jason, after all.

Sookie figured she'd just put a bow on it and call it a day.

But seeing him staring longingly at the new batches of cookies she'd baked in his absence, she looked back at him incredulously and said, "You can't possibly want more cookies."

"Andy ate most a mine," he grumbled and rubbed his tired eyes with two balled fists.

Her lips parted, wondering what her brother was doing with Andy Bellefleur of all people – Andy hated them both – but they closed again, with Sookie deciding she didn't want to know.

Especially if their run in was because her brother was the suspect in another homicide.

So she swallowed her inquiry and only said, "Fine. Go sit down and I'll bring you a plate."

Putting a few sugar cookies shaped like collies, wolves, and panthers onto a plate, she went to pour him a glass of milk, but discovered the entire gallon jug was gone.

She didn't need to be a detective to know who had stolen it either.

Stomping into the living room, Sookie was about to give him a what-for for taking things without asking – again – when she found Jason sound asleep on the couch.

Shaking her head, she knew there would be no waking him up. He slept harder than any vampire she knew, so she set the plate on the coffee table in front of him and grabbed the old hideous afghan from the back of the couch.

But just as she was about to drape it over his prone body, a flash of color caught her eye and she reached down, pulling the picture out of the pocket it had been sticking out of.

All but throwing the blanket over him then, Sookie ran from the room in search of her cell phone, leaving a trail of giggles in her wake.

Eric was going to laugh his award winning ass off when he got her picture text of Jason, Andy, and a fangy smiling Pam, all gathered around a somewhat frightened looking mall Santa Claus.

~Fin~

