

Wren entered Jesse's room without knocking early in the morning. He walked up to the bed where his friend was still in deep sleep and gave him a hard smack on his head.

"Wake up!"

Jesse groaned and pulled the covers over his head, "Go away, you terrorist. The sun hasn't even come up yet. Go back to sleep! Or... jerk off, or whatever the hell it is you do this early..."

Wren rolled his eyes and sat down on Jesse, straddling him. He covered Jesse's mouth with his right hand over the covers, the other hand reaching in under as he dug his fingers in to Jesse's side, tickling his ribs.

The body-shaped lump under him didn't fail to react. Muffled screams were heard as he trashed about under Wren, his body squirming desperately as he tried to get away. Jesse clawed at Wren's arms, trying to get him to release his grip, as it didn't seem to work, he reached upwards instead swatting his hands around wildly, managing to give Wren a couple of hard slaps to the face.

Wren snickered as he released Jesse, pulling the covers off his head. Jesse was panting heavily, trying to catch his breath as he glared up at Wren.

"Th-there is seriously something very wrong with you!!" he panted as he pushed Wren off him and sat up in bed.

"Consider it as revenge from when you woke me up by stabbing me with a knife," Wren grinned.

"God... I just lost five years on that," Jesse took a deep breath and exhaled, "So, what do you want? I would assume there is more to this than just assing around with me."

"I need help."

"With what?" Jesse asked as he got out of bed, stretching his back.

"With..." Wren stopped himself as he looked at his friend's choice of clothing, "Why... are you wearing boxers with tiny rockets on them?"

"Do not question my excellent choice of clothing!" Jesse said, raising a finger towards Wren before looking at himself in the mirror, "So, on what subject can I enlighten you today?"

"Sunnie turns twenty in a week. I dunno what to get her," Wren mumbled as he lay down on Jesse's bed, staring up in to the ceiling.

"Clothes?" Jesse suggested.

"No, she has plenty."

"Jewelry?"

"It feels pointless to buy her anything since she usually just buys whatever she wants herself, with my money."

"Uuh... take her out to dinner and fuck her brains out afterwards?"

Wren frowned, tossing a pillow at Jesse, "Come on! You're not even trying!"

"I don't even have a girlfriend! Why the hell are you asking me for?!" was the reply, sent back with the pillow that planted itself right in Wren's face.

Jesse sighed as he snapped his fingers, a black mist surrounding his body. A few seconds later it disappeared, revealing the young man fully clothed in a colorful t-shirt and baggy jeans, "She's really in to General Mega, right?"

"You know she's crazy about that show. Remember what she was like when we went to that convention?"

"Of course. I was the one who got her the tickets," Jesse smiled, "Anyway, you could take her to the actual set where they film it. Allow her to meet the actors or something."

"I wasn't aware that it was an open set."

"Oh, it's not. But, you could probably bribe your way in. Or threaten them. The latter will probably work best, but wouldn't be that nice."

"Hmm, that's actually a pretty good idea. Thanks Jess," Wren smiled.

"Of course. I'm here to serve you, my master," he bowed deeply to Wren, letting off a playful snicker.