

Burroring Trouble

by: Viki

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A/N: Yes, I know the title word is spelled wrong, but it was done purposefully. You'll see why when you read the story.

Jessica couldn't help but snicker as she watched George trying to coax the donkey out of the road. The little animal was going nowhere she didn't want to go, and at this point in time, she didn't want to move out of the road.

George glared at Jessica. "Lass," he growled. "I've a mind to just lift her up and move her meself."

Jessica shook her head, laughing as she moved over to where George was and reached out to gently pat the animal on the head. "You do, and she'll kick."

"And how do you know that?"

"Research?" she suggested.

"Research, Lass?" George asked with a raised eyebrow. "What aren't you telling me?"

"Trip out West. I was stuck with a friend out in the middle of nowhere and trying to get back to the town we'd been staying in. The little burro that was blocking our path kept us from making it back to town before dark. We tried everything. My friend wound up with a good swift kick in the shin for his efforts."

"But she's just a wee mite."

"She's a miniature donkey, and yes, she's very little, but that doesn't mean she's any less able to hurt you." Using both hands, Jessica gently scratched behind the animal's ears, laughing when a little bray slipped out.

George stood and shook his head as he watched Jessica. "How do you figure to make her move, Lass? That looks like it's only making her happy to stay just where she is."

"Maybe earning her trust a bit will help."

George rolled his eyes and slapped the donkey on her rump.

Wrong decision.

Jessica, from her place in the dirt, sat glaring at George. "George Sutherland, why did you do that?"

George glared right back. "It should have worked!"

Standing up and brushing herself off, Jessica shook her head. "Well obviously it

didn't."

Standing up himself, George scowled at the small animal as he brushed the dirt of his posterior. "Bloody thing."

Jessica bit her lip to keep from laughing. "You must admit, this is better than being stuck in the middle of a murder case," she told George as she walked around to stand beside him.

Looking down at her, George shook his head. "I'm not sure about that. At least being stuck in the middle of a murder case, I know what I'm doing."

"True." Jessica sighed and reached out to pat the donkey on the back. "Oh George, what are we going to do? It's going to be dark soon, and it's getting cold."

Reaching out to rest his hand over Jessica's, George started to answer but found himself on the ground again, Jessica half on top of him. "Bloody thing!" he yelled as the donkey brayed and ran off.

Jessica laid against George's chest and laughed. She couldn't help it. This was all so ridiculous.

George shook his head and laughed with her. "We're a dusty mess, Lass."

Sitting up, Jessica looked back at him. "We could always just tell people we were burrowing trouble."

"Ach, Lass!" George laughed as he grabbed her to him and squeezed. "That was bad."

Jessica smiled as she pulled back and patted his cheek. "No one ever said I was a comedienne."