

Flaming Wench 1

"Where the devil is me ale?" A fist the size of a ham shank pounded the smoothly polished bar impatiently in time to it's owner's drunken shouting.

"In the barrel where it belongs, you're cut off Landen; now get out of my tavern. Go home to your wife and sleep it off." Passing a full tankard of mead to one of her more patient and less drunken customers Eleri Forsyth used her free hand to shove her long red hair back from her face. "I swear, I've had it, tomorrow I'm cutting it off... All of it!" Spinning on her heel the small statured woman started to walk into the kitchens.

"M'lady no, that would truly be a loss that this town would never withstand." Eleri paused as she felt a familiar grip on her hair; smiling broadly she turned and was wrapped into a fierce hug. Smoothing his hands through her coppery locks Drakan Forsyth laughed quietly.

Leaning back in his arms Eleri looked into his eyes questioningly. "What's so funny?"

"Well, let me see... You first took over this tavern what...Five years ago? And unless I am mistaken, you make the same threat every night. You are constantly threatening to cut off all of your lovely hair and yet you never do. Why is that?" Drakan kept his arm around her waist as he led her into the kitchen.

Once inside she pulled away to pour him a drink from her private stores. Handing the brimming tankard to him she sat back to watch him drink it. When his eyes widened and shone in surprise she laughed. "That mead was brewed exactly three hours after you left for Ariach. Had you come back when you said you would, it wouldn't be half so strong. As it stands only Traveric can stand the stuff." Dancing around the kitchen, dodging the assorted kitchen help she assembled him a dinner plate and brought it back to him with a flagon of ale.

Smiling under all of her attention Drakan leaned against the wall and contemplated drinking more of the ale, then decided it was best he didn't and set it aside. "My lady Eleri, you still didn't answer my question." Reaching out a hand he caught her around the waist and pulled her up against him, smiling as she let out a startled squeak.

"What question?" Turning in his grasp she pulled a spoon and eating knife out of her apron pocket and pressed a bite of stew into his mouth when he opened it to speak.

Laughing at his look of consternation she backed out of his reach and took his mug of mead out front. Looking around she was shocked at how few customers there were.

Walking over to the fireplace she approached the raised platform upon which sat her kitchen help, Jayden McNevin. Seated in at her normal table, she had the perfect view of the entire tavern. To her right sat her husband, Traveric McNevin, holding their young daughter Jasmine. Together they oversaw the running of Eleri's Inn when she had to be away.

Looking around she smiled at it all. The smoothly polished bar top, the neatly hung mugs above it, the tables and chairs around the room. Grinning at the last customers, a group of fishermen, as they walked out the door Eleri sighed happily. This was her favorite time of day. With the customers gone she could oversee the clean up and then send the staff home. Rising up onto the toes of her shoes she spun around in a circle of joy.

"Mistress Eleri, perhaps there are other ways to spend your energy?" With a weighted glance towards the kitchen doorway, Jayden winked at Eleri and sent her into a fit of giggles.

"Perhaps there are Jayden. I trust you and Traveric can make sure the place gets cleaned? I'm going for a walk." Grabbing her shawl from under the bar and wrapping it over her shoulders she wasted one moment running her hands over the soft green wool. Flipping her hair over the top of it she spun in a quick circle, smiling at the matching green of her skirt and shawl, the contrasting black of her bodice and the white of her chemise.

Walking into the kitchen she had to fight not to burst out laughing at the sight of three wenches nearly fighting with each other just to take Drakan's plate to the sink for him. Shaking her head when Drakan reached out to her for help she cleared her throat and smiled as the three girls leapt away from him.

"Ladies, ladies, ladies. This is not proper behavior. Proper behavior would be for you to call on me. Drakan is my cousin and my special guest after all."

Smiling broadly Drakan leaned back against the counter top, calmly holding out his trencher and mug. He quickly stopped smiling when Eleri grasped his outreaching wrist and led him to the sink. Smiling sweetly she let him go and walked over to the back door.

"Eleri, what are you doing?" Drakan watched her warily.

"Why your Cousin, I am waiting patiently for you to put your dishes in the sink and then join me for a walk under the stars. I grew up with Alyeeanna Blackthorne we played hard and we worked hard, then the moment she became queen the oddest thing happened. She became so weak and helpless that she could not even take care of her own dishes. Such a pity... But you are neither weak nor helpless, my lord, I trust you can clean up after yourself." Flicking her gaze to the trio of staring serving wenches she narrowed her eyes slightly. "Ladies, there is cleaning to be done before you are dismissed to leave. I suggest you get to it."

As the girls scurried to get out of the kitchen Drakan chuckled and placed his dishes in the sink then walked over to wrap his arms around Eleri in a firm hug. Pressing his lips against her ear he whispered, "No one ever speaks to me like that."

Turning her head slightly Eleri whispered back, "My Lord, I know for a fact that is not true. Both Ladies Laurein and Breylynn have spoken to you like that. Aye, like that and worse. What you meant to say, is that no other commoner has ever spoken to you like that. Now that, that is true." Smiling she rubbed her temple over his jaw, a gesture she made often and for two different purposes. The first being to remind him of who and what she was the second to let him smell her perfume. Dragon's blood.

Hearing the growl growing in his throat she laughed quietly, reaching up to rake her nails up his neck and through his dark, reddish brown hair. Pressing a quick kiss to his cheek she tried to run out into the night, but she slipped on a patch of rain dampened grass and he just managed to catch her before she fell.

Feeling herself being drug back against him she sighed happily, whimpering in pleasure as she felt his hand grab a fistful of her hair, moaning as she accepted his kiss.