

Skyrim: The Chronicles of Tarah
Chapter 1: Whiterun
2/8-11/15

The vixen exhaled as she trudged along the cobblestone path into the trading hub of Skyrim.

“By the Eight, it is good to see civilization again,” Tarah muttered under her breath. “Khajiit caravans...not the best way to travel...”

Slowly, the vixen stretched, feeling her back pop...then sighed.

The nomad's life...not the greatest life...

The vixen frowned as she passed by a well-used forge, the human tending to a very hot piece of steel...and glaring at her as she passed.

“Guess non-humans aren't all that welcome here either,” the vixen muttered, heading along the street. “Not at all like Elswyr...”

“Hold, Khajiit!” a gruff male voice ordered.

Tarah sighed and hung her head.

“For the thousandth time, I am not...” she began, turning around to face the speaker...

...then froze...

...as five city guardsmen were standing in a line in front of her, the largest of them fully a head taller than her.

Oh, Mara...

“You are new to Whiterun Hold, are you not, Khajiit?” the tall guard asked brusquely.

The vixen sighed again and rubbed her eyes.

“I am Vulpius, not Khajiit,” she stated rather harshly, having given this explanation to every town guardsperson she'd seen since leaving Elswyr. “And yes, I am new to your hold and your

land. Is that a problem?"

"You came in with the Khajiit caravan, did you not?" the tall guard grumbled.

The vixen tensed, feeling hostility radiate off of the guard.

"I apprenticed under Ahkari, head of the caravan, in exchange for passage here," Tarah stated, meeting the guard's glare with equal disdain. "I am only in your hold to get some fresh food and then I will be back on my way."

The vixen turned to leave...

...only to have a hand clamp onto her right arm, roughly.

"Not so fast, Khai...Vulpus," the guard ordered.

Tarah sighed...then tugged her arm free.

"What?" she snapped, fully letting her irritation show.

The guard took a step closer to her, letting his Nordic size attempt to intimidate her.

"Our hold could actually use someone like you," the guard stated.

Tarah blinked, very puzzled.

"Someone...like me?" she asked, still on guard...but also confused.

"Yes," the guard gruffly replied. "We have a need for someone of your...skills..."

The vixen's eyes narrowed.

"My "skills",," she commented. "You mean to say you believe I am a thief since I was with the Khajiit, is that correct?"

One of the guards did cough softly, drawing a glare from the tall one...who then turned back to the vixen.

"We have a need for someone who is not a Nord," the guard stated. "If you will come with us, the Captain will explain."

Tarah frowned.

Five against one...I see two with axes, one bow, one sword...and the handle of a greatsword on the tall one...definitely not

good odds.

“Very well. Once I get food for the caravan, I will talk with your captain,” the vixen stated and turned to leave again.

“He would want to see you now, Vulpus,” the tall guard barked.

“By Mara, you are a rockhead, are you not?” the vixen snapped, turning to glare at the guard. “I have said twice now that I was only here to get food for the caravan waiting outside your hold's walls and that is what I intend to do.” She stepped closer to the tall guard, her ears forward. “Now, you can either help me accomplish that and then I talk to your captain...or your captain can go marry a Hagraven for all I care.”

One of the other guards chuckled at that, drawing a slight shove from another guard.

“Either way, the task that I was sent in here to accomplish gets done first,” Tarah snapped, then turned and walked toward the marketplace.

And if you try anything...by Mara, you will regret it, she added mentally, taking comfort in the presence of her dagger and shortsword on her belt.

...

“And here you go,” Ysolda said, gently wrapping each bundle of meat. “That will come to thirty Septims.”

The vixen nodded as she reached into a belt pouch.

“Thank you. It's good to know some merchants here sell to non-Nords,” Tarah stated, counting out the Septims in her paws.

“Well, I learned about being a merchant from a Khajiit caravaneer,” Ysolda stated. “Makes no real sense not to sell to whomever wants my wares.”

Tarah's left ear twitched. “Oh? Which caravan?”

“Ma'dran's caravan,” Ysolda answered with a mix of caution and pride. “Why?”

“I apprenticed under Ahkari,” Tarah stated, passing the Septims over to the human. “Worked my way into her caravan...and wound up here.”

“Ohh...I bet you could share some good stories,” Ysolda pressed, a smile crossing her face.

“Perhaps...but sadly, not today,” the vixen stated. “I have to get these back to the caravan.” The vixen gathered up the bundles of meat and smiled. “Another time, maybe?”

The Nord smiled. “I look forward to it.”

Tarah nodded...then turned and walked back toward the entrance to the Hold proper...and scowled.

As she'd expected, the same five guards were waiting by the entrance to town.

Defiantly, the vixen strode right up to the five Nords...then stepped toward the Hold doors.

“Wait...you said...” the tall guard began.

“After I drop off the meat,” the vixen stated, not even bothering to look back.

She heard a soft huff...then the sound of oiled leather following behind her.

...

Ahkari's ears twitched slightly...and the mature Khajiit looked up.

She smiled when she saw her apprentice padding down the road from the Hold, bundles in her arms...

...then frowned, spotting a small pack of guards following behind the Vulpius.

“By Shor,” Ahkari hissed under her breath, getting up from her seated position.

“Has your apprentice gotten into trouble, Ahkari?” a darker Khajiit asked softly, padding over next to her.

“It appears we will soon find out, Zaynabi,” the older

Khajiit whispered...then stepped around the campfire to greet their guests. "Tarah...you have brought more than what was asked for."

The vixen set down the bundles of meat on a bedroll...then sighed, bowing.

"My apologies, Mentor," she stated, "but sadly, these guards seem interested in me."

"Interested?" Ahkari mused, idly skritchng the underside of her muzzle. "Interested how?"

"That is none of your..." the tall guard began, only to be cut off with a harsh glare from the vixen.

"It would appear that Whiterun may have need of...someone like myself," the vixen stated. "These...ahem...fine gentlemen..."

Ahkari did her best to hide a smile at the Vulpius's sarcastic comment.

"...appear to need the assistance of a non-Nord," the vixen continued. "Someone with special...skills."

"Ahhh..." Ahkari mused, smiling slyly. "And did you show any of your special...skills in town, dear Tarah?"

"I did not, Mentor," the vixen stated flatly. "I had just passed by the forge when these five showed up and made their proposition."

Ahkari studied the vixen for a bit...then looked at the guards. "This is true, yes?"

"Aye. We saw the caravan arrive...and saw this one, this...Vulpius..." the tall guard stated, gesturing at the vixen. "We approached and..."

"I see," Ahkari stated, cutting him off. Then, she looked at the vixen. "Well, Apprentice...what are you going to do?"

The vixen sighed...then adjusted her belt slightly...and Ahkari smiled, seeing the vixen's sword and dagger still on her person.

“I said I would meet with their captain and hear his proposal,” the vixen stated. “After that, I do not know. I suppose it depends on what he asks for.”

Ahkari looked at the vixen...then nodded slightly.

“Be safe, Apprentice. The sands would be much colder without you,” the elder Khajiit stated softly.

“As they would be without you as well, Mentor,” Tarah stated, bowing to her.

Then, the vixen turned to the guards.

“All right...let's get this over with,” the vixen stated in an annoyed tone.

Ahkari watched as she led the five guards back toward the Hold...and sighed.

“I fear she will be leaving us...at least for a while,” the elder Khajiit stated softly.

“Aye,” Zaynabi stated, her ears twitching. “A shame. She was a good emissary for us.”

“Indeed...but she also bore a lot of trouble for us as well,” the elder Khajiit stated, watching the vixen snap at the tall guard for some slight she could not see.

...

“Captain Frostreaver, Sir.”

The white-haired Nord glanced up from the other side of the table...then nodded. “Leave us.”

He heard the guard leave...then eased himself upright, his armor making small squeaks.

“Please, sit,” Frostreaver stated politely.

“I prefer to stand,” the fox across from him stated, less than politely.

Frostreaver nodded. “As you wish. Now, I'm sure my guards have told you why you are here, yes?”

As he watched, the Vulpius began to idly pick at the fur on

its right arm.

“They did mention needing someone with...skills,” the fox-being stated calmly.

Frostreaver frowned at the emphasis on the word skills...then went on.

“Whiterun Hold has had a string of burglaries recently...and, as I'm sure you have noticed, my guards are not exactly subtle individuals,” the captain commented.

“Indeed,” the fox replied. “I've taken to calling the large one Rockbrain.”

Frostreaver let out a soft chuckle, sounding a bit like a snoring bear as he shook his head.

“The fact is, we need someone who is more subtle...more...”

Frostreaver froze, staring...and noticed three things:

The fox was now leaning back in the chair.

It had a dagger in its left paw, where there was none previously.

Its green eyes were locked onto him.

“You wanted someone...” it began, delicately cleaning the claws on its right paw with the tip of the dagger, “who was not known here. Who couldn't be pegged for one of your guards. And someone who could be a thief...”

The fox's eyes stared into his...and Frostreaver, a guard who had fought to take Whiterun Hold with Ulfric Stormcloak, was intimidated by that stare.

“...especially since they travel with Khajiit,” the fox finished...then glanced back to its claws, delicately cleaning them with the dagger's point.

Frostreaver slowly sat back down. *By Talos, she did all of that in total silence! She must be a thief...or...*

“Yes,” he stated calmly, the chair on the other side of the

table groaning a bit as he settled back down. “Now, we can pay you ten Septims a day...plus another hundred when the burglar is caught...”

“There are flaws with your plan, Captain,” the fox interrupted.

Frostreaver blinked...as the fox waved the dagger around.

“First off, it will not take whoever is doing these burglaries long to catch on to being followed or watched for,” it stated.

“Secondly, being one of the few non-Nords in Whiterun...at least, that I've seen...it also would not take them long to figure out exactly WHO is tracking them either.”

He watched...as the fox set the dagger's point into the edge of the table, then leaned forward.

“And third...I have not accepted your offer, yet,” it finished.

Frostreaver crossed his arms.

“Now, this is what I am going to do,” the fox stated, calmly, a sly smile on its muzzle. “I am going to go back to the caravan for the night...and consider your offer. If I decide to accept your offer, I will return and we will discuss this burglar. If not, obviously, I will stay with the caravan.”

He watched as the fox got up...and rose with it.

“That is...fair,” Frostreaver stated.

The fox nodded...then smiled.

“That's your dagger, by the way,” the fox added.

“Shouldn't leave things like that under your table, Captain.”

His eyes widened as the fox turned to leave, its tail swishing a little bit...

...then he chuckled as it left.

...

“It would seem your fox is coming back, Ahkari,” a silver-furred Khajiit whispered, noting the red Vulpius padding down the

path from the Hold.

“Surprising, is it not, Kharjo?” the elder feline asked...then stood up from the fire. “Welcome back, Apprentice. What news have you from the Hold?”

The fox greeted the elder Khajiit with a bow, then a gentle embrace.

“It would appear that they do indeed have need of someone with...skills,” Tarah stated, sitting down on the far side of the fire, as custom demanded.

“Oh? What would cause a Nord to need a non-Nord?” Ahkari asked softly, watching the fox nibble on some of the meat.

The fox chuckled softly. “It would seem that the Hold has had a number of thefts recently, before we arrived...and they need someone more subtle than their rock-brained guards to find them.”

Ahkari let out a purring chuckle. “Indeed they do. So, what did they offer you?”

“Ten Septims per day,” Tarah replied, taking another small bite of the meat. “Plus another one-hundred once the thief is caught.”

“A rather large amount,” Kharjo commented. “They must be desperate.”

“Or the Jarl themselves was a victim,” Ahkari added...then looked at the Vulpius. “What have you decided, Apprentice?”

Tarah swallowed the bite of meat, then sighed.

“I have not decided, yet, Mentor,” she replied, her voice oddly subdued. “I said that I would take the night to consider the offer.”

Ahkari watched as the fox looked up, smiling slyly.

“Besides, if it is my last night with you all, I could not pass up one last bowl of Elsweyr fondue,” the vixen stated, grinning.

Ahkari let out a soft laugh, as did the other Khajiit.

“Then let us have fondue and share stories this night,” Ahkari stated.

...

(the next morning, just after sunrise)

...

Ahkari slowly stirred, letting her body wake gradually.

Mmm...this cold land does not agree with me, she thought, easing herself out of her bedroll. *The land chills my bones and fur.*

Then she looked back...and smiled...

...at the form of her apprentice, still in the large bedroll, snoozing peacefully.

That is why I am glad you stayed, the Khajiit mused, lightly petting the vixen's head. *You warm my bones and my soul, little fox.*

The Khajiit gently continued to pet the vixen's head.

You have brought much joy to my heart, little fox...but I know you are leaving. This does darken my soul a little.

Ahkari sighed softly.

Still, you do need to make your own way in this land...and I know you will do well.

The elder Khajiit slipped her necklace off...a simple silver chain with a gleaming cobalt sapphire in the center.

I remember when you made this for me, all those years ago, Ahkari mused, staring at the gem. *You felt it was flawed, because it was off-center...but it was not.*

Her gaze turned from the gem...to the sleeping fox.

It is beautiful...as are you, my little fox.

Ahkari smiled...then placed the necklace in the vixen's pack.

I know I will see you again, she thought...*if for no other reason than to return this to me.*

She blinked...as the fox began to stir...and quickly adjusted the vixen's pack back to its original state.

“Good morning, Little Fox,” Ahkari purred as the vixen

stretched.

Ahkari watched as the vixen yawned, her ears sliding flat against her skull and her muzzle opening very wide.

“Ugh...good morning, Mentor,” the vixen stated...then blinked slowly. “Is it really morning? It still seems dark outside.”

Ahkari chuckled softly.

“Perhaps if you were not looking at the back of the tent, Apprentice,” the elder Khajiit stated.

The vixen chuckled softly. “A good point.”

Ahkari watched as the lean vixen slipped out of the bedroll, completely naked...and felt herself wish she could spend one more night next to that form.

“You have decided then, yes?” the Khajiit asked, glancing away.

She heard the fox sigh. “Yes...I have. I will be taking their offer.”

Ahkari nodded, closing her eyes.

“But, I will find you again, once this is done...”

She turned to look at the vixen, who was slowly getting dressed.

“After all, where else will I get Elsweyr fondue?” Tarah asked, smiling.

The elder Khajiit chuckled softly.

“You are more than capable of making that yourself, Tarah,” Ahkari stated.

“I know...but for some reason, it always tastes better when you make it, Mentor,” the vixen replied, slipping into a pair of soft leather boots...then kneeling, facing her.

“This is not goodbye,” Ahkari stated, beginning the Khajiit farewell.

“The sands will bring us together again,” Tarah replied, finishing the farewell...

...then leaning forward, embracing the elder Khajiit gently.
“Stay well, Ahkari,” the vixen said.
Ahkari felt a single tear leave her eye. “You as well,
Tarah.”

...
Frostreaver sighed as he looked out the small window in
the barracks at the sun rising over the horizon...
...and spotted the Khajiit caravan taking down their tents,
preparing to leave.

“I suppose it was too much to hope for,” he mused aloud.
Then the white-haired Nord turned around...
...and nearly jumped out of his armor.
Sitting across the table from him...was the red-furred fox,
dressed neatly in a green doublet and grey pants, a sly smile across
its muzzle.

“So...tell me about these burglaries,” the fox stated.
Frostreaver smiled a little...as he sat down in the chair.

...
(a week later)

...
Tarah smiled as she walked down from the Cloud District
toward the marketplace.

*Well, that was rather painless, she mused. Can't believe
that one of the guards was actually clever enough to pull something
like that off.*

She patted her belt pouch, smiling at the sound of many
Septims clinking together.

*And it did pay rather well...though I believe a good
portion of that was for discretion...ah, well.*

The vixen smiled. *Now where was Ahkari's caravan go-*
“RUN!”

Tarah spun around at the sound behind her...and saw

several people running toward her.

“Werewolves! Werewolves in Whiterun!” an older female screamed...

...then plowed into the vixen, bowling her over.

Several people stepped on her, causing her to wince in pain as she scrambled out from under the mob.

Slowly, she got up...and held her left arm, rubbing it gently.

Did...did she say...?

“Rrrrrrrr...”

The vixen's ears shot up...and she slowly turned around...

...and saw a large, black-furred bipedal form behind her, its features vaguely resembling a large wolf...its red eyes locked onto her.

Oh, blessed Mara...

The vixen forgot about the Septims. Forgot about finding the caravan. Forgot about everything as the werewolf padded toward her, sniffing around the vixen.

What do I do?

RUN! Her brain screamed...but her body would not move.

She watched, frozen as the werewolf slipped behind her.

Oh Mara, please protect me, she prayed...

...then her eyes slammed shut as she felt the large form press against her, its paws resting firmly on her shoulders.

Then, the vixen's eyes shot wide open...

...as she felt a very large tongue lick the back of her head, splaying her fur out all over.

What in the...

To her shock, the werewolf gave her head another long lick, its tongue actually moving her head forward a bit.

Is it...licking me?

“Rrrrrrrrr....”

She froze, a small tremor shooting through her body at the new sound...

...as a second werewolf, this one a bit larger than the one behind her padded over.

“Rrrrrrrrrrr.....swrrrrtrlllll.....” the newcomer growled.

I would really like to soil myself now, please? She asked her body...

...then felt arms wrap around her...

...and heard and FELT a deep growl from behind her.

“Mmmmyrrrr.....swrrrrtrlllll....” the one behind her growled.

Tarah blinked.

Wait...did it just say....sweetroll? She asked herself.

Then she watched as the larger werewolf padded closer, another feral growl leaving its muzzle.

I would REALLY like to soil my clothes now...

Then, the newcomer let out a yelp of pain...and turned around...

...and Tarah had a very good view of the arrow sticking out of the newcomer's back...

...then squeaked softly as the one holding her spun and ran.

...

“Are they all contained?” Frostreaver asked, examining the five slumbering werewolves in the pen.

“Aye,” a tall guard stated. “The sleeping potion the Companions gave us worked wonders.”

“And no one was injured?” Frostreaver pressed.

“Only Wylem,” the tall guard replied. “He ran into a wall running away from one of them.” The guard gestured at the sleeping pile of werewolves.

Frostreaver chuckled softly. “See that the priest checks him over.”

“Captain!”

Frostreaver turned toward a smaller guard who was approaching, remembering that this was the guard assigned to watch the markets.

“What news, Gilrenth?” the captain asked.

“Belethor says there is a werewolf in his shop,” Girenth declared.

“Damn,” Frostreaver cursed. “How much of that potion do we have left, Jarkeld?”

The tall guard checked the bottle, shaking it.

“Enough for two shots in this bottle, Captain,” Jarkeld replied.

“Bring it and your bow,” Frostreaver ordered, beginning to run toward the market.

...

Frostreaver scowled as he approached the Breton's shop...and saw the Breton stomp over to him.

“Do you have any idea what I have had to deal with today?” Belethor grouched. “First the caravan leaves, and now there is a werewolf in my shop!”

Frostreaver glared at the Breton...and fantasized about simply crushing his head with a war-hammer.

“Where is the werewolf?” he asked calmly.

“In the back,” the Breton snapped. “You had better get rid of it or I'll bill the Jarl for any damages that creature does to my shop!”

“Oh, shut up!” Jarkeld snapped at the Breton.

Frostreaver stepped toward the door, his war-axe at the ready.

“On three,” he whispered to Jarkeld.

The tall guard nodded, an arrow already nocked in his bow, the arrow's head glistening.

“One...two...three,” Frostreaver whispered, easing the door open.

Nothing jumped out at them. Nothing made even the slightest noise.

Frostreaver cautiously stepped inside, his eyes scanning the shop.

He saw several items on the counter that most definitely did NOT belong in Whiterun...but decided he would talk with the Breton later about them.

Then, he heard a sound that made the hair on his neck. Deep, heavy breathing.

Frostreaver looked back at Jarkeld...and the other Nord nodded.

Good. He heard it too.

Frostreaver pointed at the very back of the store...toward the Breton's storage area.

Jarkeld nodded, the guard raising his bow again.

Carefully, they crept around the counter...and Frostreaver carefully opened the door.

Then, both he and Jarkeld stared, stunned.

Lying on the floor of the storage area, was a large black-furred werewolf...sound asleep.

Frostreaver chuckled softly...

...then noticed a bit of red mixed in with the black fur.

He crouched, peering a bit closer...

...then noticed a familiar red-furred fox, being tightly held by the werewolf, its eyes wide open and looking at him.

Help me, the fox mouthed.

Frostreaver covered his mouth, to hide a smile that crossed his face.

Jarkeld let out a soft chuckle...which caused the werewolf's ears to twitch slightly...

...and caused its arms to squeeze the fox tighter, adding to the fox's distress.

“Mmmrrr.....swrrrrllll....” the werewolf muttered softly, going back to sleep.

Frostreaver did not even try to hide his smile this time...drawing a glare from the trapped fox.

Help me, you rockbrain! She mouthed quietly.

He motioned for Jarkeld to back up...and walked back to the entrance of the storage area, closing the door behind him.

...

Tarah stared in utter shock as the guard left her behind.

You bastard! I swear I will get you back for this! She cursed, hearing the two guards' footsteps recede, followed by another door closing.

She fidgeted a bit...which caused the werewolf to squeeze her just a bit tighter and closer.

She tried to look back at the werewolf...then sighed softly.

At least you're big and warm, she thought, trying to find the good in the situation.

...

Frostreaver stepped back out of the shop, chuckling softly.

“Did you get rid of that werewolf?” Belethor whined from behind him.

The captain forced the smile off of his face, standing tall and proud...then turned around.

“The werewolf is currently asleep in the back of your shop,” Frostreaver commented. “Since it was asleep, we decided to simply leave it there and let it sleep off its condition.”

“You **WHAT?**” the annoying Breton screamed. “You **LEFT** it there?”

Now, Frostreaver became annoyed...and leaned forward, toward the Breton.

“Of course, I could order my men to go back inside and remove the werewolf...along with all of those nice illegal items you have in there...” Frostreaver stated calmly, his mention of the illegal items causing the Breton to flinch and look away. “Or, we can simply post a couple of extra guards here, in case the werewolf wakes up again, before morning.”

Belethor looked everywhere but at the captain, considering his words.

“But...but where will I sleep?” the Breton whined. “That shop...it's my home as well!”

Frostreaver scowled at the Breton...

...then tossed a small bag of coins at him.

“Get a room at the inn,” the now-grumpy Nord stated, then walked away.

...

(the next morning)

...

Tarah shuddered as she walked out of Whiterun Hold.

“By the Divines, that was an experience,” she cursed, smoothing out her shirt and checking that her weapons were back on her belt.

Then, she sighed.

“Probably the warmest I'll ever be in this cold place,” she mused, padding down the cobblestone path from the Hold.

“Ahhh....there she is. My favorite little Vulpus.”

Tarah scowled, at the sadly, familiar voice.

“Not now, Sam,” she grouched. “I've had a very rough night.”

“Oh, believe me...I know,” the voice replied. “After all...having a werewolf think you are a sweetroll...”

The vixen stopped...and turned...

...as a lanky Breton, clad in black robes approached her,

grinning from ear to ear.

“...well, I suppose that would make for a VERY interesting evening, wouldn't you say?” Sam quipped happily.

Tarah let out a soft growl...and stormed back down the path toward the outskirts of the Hold.

“Oh, come on now! Don't tell me you didn't enjoy yourself? Not even a little?” Sam prodded, padding along next to the vixen.

“Damn you back to Oblivion, you wretched little...” the vixen snapped.

“Ah, ah, ah...such language, my dear Tarah,” the Breton stated. “What would your grandfather say?”

The vixen let out a very annoyed huff.

“I am sure he would say much less kind things...Sanguine,” the vixen snapped.

Sam...Sanguine...smiled.

“Quite true, my dear...but then, he wasn't as much fun as you have proven to be,” the Daedric prince declared. “Makes me glad I won that bet with him...”

“...and became a curse and blight upon my family all of our days,” the vixen remarked, turning back to where the caravan had been camped. “Damn...they've been gone for a week...”

“Oh, come on,” Sanguine whined. “You cannot say that I haven't made your life so much more interesting than it was!”

Tarah turned toward the Daedric prince, outraged.

“Interesting? **INTERESTING?** You caused a werewolf to treat me like a damned sweetroll!” the vixen screamed. “Not to mention that incident in Bravil...”

“Not my fault,” Sanguine replied.

“...or Cheydinhal...”

“Again, not my fault,” Sanguine remarked. “That mage blowing up was simply a coincidence.”

Tarah sighed...then aimed one finger at the Breton...while slipping her right paw behind her back, wiggling her fingers.

“Or that one incident in Riften...which you **WERE** responsible for,” Tarah remarked, shaking her finger at the Breton.

Sanguine chuckled. “Oh yes...now, that one, I will claim responsibility for. After all, she was such a charming Argonian...”

Tarah watched...as she saw the giant move closer, its footsteps shaking the ground a bit.

“Oh, Sanguine?” the vixen asked.

“Yes my dear Tarah?” the Daedric prince replied warmly.

“Could you take two steps to your right?” the vixen asked, batting her eyes at the Breton.

Sanguine smiled widely.

“Now see...you're starting to get more interesting,” he replied, taking two steps to the right...

...placing him right where the giant's club landed, squarely on his head.

...

Tarah smiled, skipping away from the brawl between the giant and the Daedric prince...who was currently being hammered into the ground.

“Indeed,” the vixen replied, dismissing the illusion spell...then smiling as the giant continued to pound the Breton into the ground with its club.

“A real shame the Whiterun guards did not ask exactly what my “skills” were,” Tarah mused. “Ah well...”

The vixen padded to the carriage by the stables, enjoying the sounds of the giant roaring and the club smashing into flesh...then hopped into the back of the carriage.

“Where to, Miss?” Bjornhelm, the driver asked.

Where to indeed? She mused. I know Ahkari's caravan is likely headed to Dawnstar or Riften next...but then there's that

persistent boil Sanguine.

She scratched at the underside of her muzzle.

He'll expect me to go to a very populated area...try to lose him...soo...

“Morthal, please,” the vixen replied, passing a small bag of gold to the driver. “And quickly, please.”

“Aye lass. I'll make the ride fast,” Bjornhelm replied, feeling the weight in the pouch. “Hya!”

Tarah leaned back against the carriage wall...smiling as the giant finally wandered off from where the Breton had been.

“Finally...a few minutes of peace,” she mused, letting her eyes close.

...

Sanguine slowly emerged from the small crater, brushing his robes clean...

...then he chuckled.

“She is SO much fun! And clever too!” the Daedric prince commented...then sighed.

“Ah well...enjoy your few minutes of peace, my dear. You have earned them.”

The Breton began to whistle as he walked down the road.

“After all...we will see each other again,” Sam Guevenne mused, turning in the direction of Riften at the crossroads.

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