

“Would you like seconds?” Meranda asked Moekin used a biscuit to sop up the last of the gravy on his plate.

“No thanks, I am stuffed to the hilt. Your cooking always hits the spot.”

“Dad, tell us again how you single handedly killed that Ancient Red Dragon that was gonna eat Moekin.” Gabe asked as Meranda cleaned the table.

“So it was ancient, I thought it was a hatchling, and I seem to remember that there were three of us there” Moekin said with a chuckle.

“Well, uh...”

“Never mind about that, we were just coming to the good part”

“There we were in a clearing on the mountain just past Devil’s Peak. When we spotted that damned white hared bastard Dark Elf.” Kestel continued on.

“Now be careful what you say around the children Kestel.” Moekin said.

“Sorry, Moekin, I just get so angry about the fact that he got away.”

“It was not your fault, my old friend. He was just a sneaky fiend, the way that he led us into that trap with that dragon.”

“I know, given the chance we would have had him and his head on a pike to bring back to that poor village that he raided.”

“Never the less, the Dragon was slain, the Dark Elf did get away. But we rescued the captives and returned them to the village. With that said its way past our bedtime. Milo you need to get up early if you want to go hunting with Moekin.”

“Can I go to?” Gabe Whined.

“No, you are too small.” Snorted Milo

“Am not”

“Some day you will be big enough to go.” Moekin stated to Gabe with a wink.