

The Wishbone Conspiracy: 2204 words... AND a scene snippet

By Holly Lisle

Today I'm just posting a snippet because it surprised me.

I have this big, scary, rich guy in the story who's powerful and dangerous... and here's where Cady meets him:

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With that said...

I'd been awake for over thirty-three hours, had eaten enough food for ten people during the banquet, had enjoyed the music and entertainers, and had found my host the most terrifying specimen of genetically altered humanity I had ever seen – and yet found myself laughing at his stories.

He was warm, friendly, funny.

He was sitting at the head of the same table as the rest of us, telling us a story about hunting down a pack of predatory saurids that had been attacking a village, and when he got to the part where one of the monsters had circled around behind him and bit a chunk out of his ass, he stood, turned around, and yanked down one half of his pants, and showed us a missing chunk of posterior the size of my head and shoulders.

He laughed. "I still got t' little devil, and skint and et him. And got what's left of 'im stuffed and 'anging on me wall."

I was laughing so hard my eyes watered. One of the braver men said, "Why don't you have reju fix your – er – posterior?"

"And give up me gorgeous scar? Are ya daft, man? The ladies love it. And how else could I show 'em me ass in polite company?"

It was a good fiction writing day. Now on to the other stuff.

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