As I entered the Winking Skeever with Bishop, I could see Casavir sitting near the bar. I walked to him, greeting him. I could hear Bishop snarl as he wrapped his arm around my waist.

"My lady, it has been awhile", Casavir said with that low bass of his. I could not help but to shiver a bit. The knight took my hand and placed a kiss upon it. "I hope your travels have been safe, my fair lady." Bishop snarled again, pulling me closer to him.

"Paladin, you keep your hands of her. She's my wife now."

"Wife?!" the knight gasped, utterly surprised, a slight panic crossing his face before he could collect his composure. He looked at me as if to ask if the ranger spoke the truth. I flashed Bishop's ring I had kept on my finger ever since the wedding. As a sign that I belonged to him now.

"My lady, please tell me this is a joke! You certainly should not let yourself be with this savage wolf any longer!"

"Keep your mouth shut, paladin! She is mine."

Bishop's snarl grew into a dangerous growl as he pulled me closer when he said the two last words. "I told you, didn't I? She's capable of handling herself and her own decisions. If you don't believe me, come outside and let's have a.... talk."

The way he said 'talk' was intimidating. A taunt. This would not end too well.

"I cannot bear to see her light being corrupted by your kind!"

"Then come outside. Let's have a duel. I've always wanted to smash that holy face of yours."

"Choose your weapon", Casavir said with a low voice.

"I could easily shoot an arrow between your eyes blindfolded. My knife is enough for this little spectacle", Bishop laughed arrogantly.

"Very well."

Once outside, Bishop turned to me, his eyes blazing with excitement. "This won't take too long, my love." As a seal to his words he placed his rough, velvet lips upon mine. The kiss lasted for a small lifetime before he stepped away.

I watched as the two men started to stare each other. They pulled their weapons, Casavir had his two-handed sword, Bishop had his puny but effective hunting knife.

I was placing bets inside my head. Casavir had more fighting experience and he had his restoration magic. Bishop had lived a life of a ranger as long as he had breathed the air of Tamriel. He could move fast, and he could penetrate any armor through their weakpoints. Bishop was deadlier with his bow, but I had seen him use his knife just as effectively. As for Casavir, the heavy armor he had slowed him down where Bishop could just dance around him taunting and smirking as every last sweep of the heavy sword would not hit its mark.

"Just a word, Casavir. Remember that a wolf is most dangerous when driven into a corner. I cannot promise I leave you unharmed, but if my instincts take over, I cannot stop myself."

"We fight till one of us admits defeat", Casavir said. "Gentleman's honor, Bishop."

"Very well. Let's begin."

They started to circle around each other, eyes locked, scanning for weakpoints. It looked like a dance. It was taunting, it was intimidating. A wolf and a knight. Bishop flashed a smirk so wide it made him look like wolf that was about to leap on a mammoth's throat.

Then they stopped circling around. As if the dance had come to an end. The air felt heavy from the tension those two men had built up till then.

Then Bishop moved. Casavir quickly blocked with his sword. But Bishop rolled behind him, striking his knife right under the steel plates covering Casavir's side. The knight grunted, sweeping his sword towards the ranger that rolled away from the swing.

Bishop was playing cat and mouse. I knew he was not going to kill, but the dangerous smirk on his face made me worry...

"Heh, I let you do that", Casavir laughed as he healed his wound.

"Just admit defeat, next time I might get through your heart", Bishop said arrogantly.

"I'm not giving up until the Dragonborn sees you in the light she needs to!"

"You and your saintly fake holiness!"

Bishop leaped towards Casavir, who blocked. I could not see Bishop's sharp attacks but the sound of steel hitting steel echoed and was hanging in the air for a long time. Somehow Casavir was lying on the ground, Bishop stepping over him. The knight reached for his sword but Bishop stepped on his wrist and pressed it against the stones.

The ranger kicked the sword further away and leaned down to stare at the knight who was now at the mercy of Bishop. The ranger smirked widely, looking like a wolf that had just slayed a mammoth all by himself. I guess it wasn't very far from the truth...

"Looks like it's a checkmate."

"Be cursed, Bishop."

"Go ahead! I bet the divines themselves would just love to listen to your empty prayers of me getting my just reward, hmm?" Bishop laughed and the he fell into a serious silence before he opened his mouth again. "She belongs to me, paladin", he snarled dangerously. "Now be a good little boy that you are and go cry your sins in a corner of a desolated temple!"

Bishop stepped away and walked towards me. The smile on his face showed utter triumph. His arms pulled me against him and his lips were on mine again. From a shy ranger that could only show his feelings when we were alone, he now didn't care if we stood in the middle of a street, kissing and holding each other as if we were facing the storms of an ocean. With nothing but each other keeping our heads on top of the waves and our lips were the air we needed to breathe.

"Let's leave this hypocritical knight lick his wounds for his sorry excuse of an ego, my love. We have other and more important matters to attend to."

"Like what?" I asked from the ranger that looked at me with undressing stare. Gosh his eyes smoldered me, kept me imprisoned and his arms closed around me like a cage I never wanted to escape.

"Hmm let's see... I'm hungry, first of all."

"Well, the inn is right there..." I whispered. Did I really sound so helpless as I heard my words?

"Did I ever say I was hungry for food, my love?" he asked, grinning cunningly. I ran my fingers through his hair, just to hear his pleasant silent moan. I left my hand on his cheek. His amber eyes stared at me deeply, burning me inside out.

"You are impossible, you know that."

"Ah, but you love it."

"More than you can ever imagine, my darling husband."

"Mmm, feeling naughty, are we?"

His voice was low, seductive. For some weird reason my feet started to walk towards the inn, the ranger following me keeping his hands on my hips...