

Cillian Baine

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It's just a post of mine that I made on an rpg. I know it's short, but eh. Anyway, someone suggested that I should continue on, making a short story. What do you think?

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Razielj83/53367/Cillian-Baine>

Chapter 1 - Charms and All

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1 - Charms and All

"Oi! Get the frack out of me kitchen!" A roar erupted from the kitchen. His voice echoed through out the restaurant, making all the occupants suddenly quiet as their attentions were now focused at the back of the room. [br]

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"I said get out!" the man bellowed again. His face was scarlet with anger, his dreads tangled up from shaking his head too much, and his eyes blackened with hatred. "*B-but, sir...*" a man stuttered, who was slowly stepping away from the other, backing into a wall. "*I just wanted to say that I wanted my ste--*" he was cut off, when a butcher's knife lodged itself into the wall, centimeters away from his head. He looked up at it, then towards the other man, who was now holding several knives in his hand. The blood rushed out of his face, making him ghostly pale. "**Cillian!**" a woman's voice chimed. The man holding the knives looked towards the woman and huffed loudly. Cillian slowly lowered his arms and sighed. The other man relaxed until he saw Cillian eye him. His eyes widened again, before he rushed out of the kitchen. Cillian quickly followed behind, with a knife in his hand still. As soon as he out of the kitchen, he stabbed the nearest table and let out another growl. "That'll teach you not to complain about *my* steaks not being rare enough!" Cillian grunted, as he pulled the knife out of the table and treaded back into the kitchen.[br]

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"Damn bastard..." he mumbled, wiping the sweat from his brow. "**What in Hell did you think you were doing!?**" the same woman yelled. Cillian's eyes widened; out of all the people in the world, Merce` was the only human who could scare the living shoot out of him. [br]

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Cillian had met Merce` a few years back, in an instance a friendship bloomed between the two. With her shy, intelligent ways, and his witty, asshole life style, the two seem to be perfect. Hardly did she raise her voice; when she did though, that meant Hell was coming. Anyway, the two didn't have many things in common, except for love of cooking and the will to start something. After several months of planning and arranging their restaurant, *Karma*, was born. They've been working together ever since, through thick and thin...[br]

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"**Well?**" she questioned him again. Cillian blinked a few times, and chuckled nervously. "I'm soorry," he said, his accent thick. He scratched his cheek lightly and smiled a little. "**SORRY!?! Is that all you can bloody say?! I'll be shocked if he doesn't file a report on us!**" Merce` flailed her arms wildly. "**I can see it now, 'Attempted murder by angry, Irish chef!'**" "But..." Cillian started to say but, was cut off from Merce`'s own roar. A small chuckled came from Cillian, as he slowly returned to his normal stature. "**What? What's so damn funny? Gah! I'm tired of looking at you! Just go home for tonight...**" Cillian smiled broadly, and stated, "You can't be angry at me forever. I know your weakness..." Merce` looked up, seeing Cillian was suddenly in front of her. he bent over slightly and kissed her forehead.

"You're cute when you're angry..." he said softly, before laughing. Merce` blinked a few times, as a blush crept into her face. She quickly snapped back to reality and glared at Cillian. "**GET OUT!**" She didn't have to repeat herself, Cillian was already out the door. [br]

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A quiet sigh escaped Cillian's lips, as he pulled his jacket over his shoulders, to appear *normal*. Steam from his breath slowly seeped from his mouth, as he sighed. He looked up into the clear sky, seeing only a small sliver of the moon. Another chuckle escaped him, as he started towards the street, ready for anything...