Mawhaha!

by karrenia_rune

Summary

Every so often the Queen of Hearts has to practice her evil laugh, just to make sure she isn't getting rusty from disuse.

Notes

Also written and posted for the live journal community 50scenes, prompt #38 malevolence, Table 1

Disclaimer: Alice in Wonderland and the characters who inhabit that universe are the original creations of Lewis Carroll. They do not belong to me and are only 'borrowed' for the purposes of the story.

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She titled her head back and arched her back as far as it would go without actually popping and cleared and then sucked in a deep breath of the evening air. A few seconds later she let it out in a great gushing exhalation, holding onto it for as long as she possibly could.

All the while clasping her fingers about level with her breastbone and rocking back and forth on her heels. The effect seemed to be not only startling bust satisfactory, although she did not have much empirical evidence upon which to judge such things because she could not recall ever seeing anyone else do this.
“What are you doing? The King of Hearts remarked with his brow furrowed in concerned and somewhat disconcerted lines.

“What does it look like I’m doing?” she asked.

“I thought you were having a fit of apoplexy, my dear,” he replied.

“How sweet,” the Queen of Hearts absently remarked. “No, no, if you must know I am practicing my evil laugh so that I might better project the impression of a tyrannical ruler.”

“You are not a tyrant,” he replied. “Imperious, quick-tempered, stubborn, but not a tyrant.”

Her eyes widened a bit considering both what he had said and what he had left unsaid and even in her own mind wondering if the proper reaction should be indignation or compassion, and wondering if judging by his stance and an expression of resignation on his face, that he half expected the former; opted for the latter. She smiled sweetly at him and patted his shoulder. “I know, I know, but I’ve found that I have become settled in my ways.”

The King of Hearts, who had also half-expected a burst of indignation, flailing limbs and a fit of temper, seemed both surprised and mollified when none of his expectations were forthcoming. “I suppose we both have, at that. But,” he held up one finger, the next time, my dear, that you feel compelled to uh, practice this, just promise me one thing.”

“Which is?” she asked.

“Warn me ahead of time.”

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