

Lake Slaying

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After-math of a horrible situation. Yeah i know that's a bad summery but its a good short story. Please R&R^

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Lake Slaying

The night air was brisk, sticks and twigs on the ground cracked under his boots. The moon was full and blood red, how ironic. The lake glowed a slight reddish tint under the moons brilliant radiance. The thick smell of blood was in the air. It comes from a man walking down the fissure like indent to the lake. He was almost 6ft tall it seemed. His boots fell abnormally soft on the ground; the only noise made from them was the occasional stick or twig that busted under his footfall.

Eyes dark blue, with malicious anger smoldering deep within. Baggy jean slacks, spattered with blood along with his white muscle shirt; that was ripped and tattered from the struggle. His black hair was short and spiked forward. It waved back and forth as he stumbled around. He inadvertently slipped and tumbled down the hill some. The man groaned and slowly stood up steadying himself. A snarl worked its way out of his throat. The blade he had been carrying was now jammed in his shoulder. Slowly he lifted up his arm and wrapped his fingers around the hilt. His grip tightened, as he twisted the blade lose, grunting in pain as he tore the serrated dagger out of his shoulder. Fresh blood flowed from the wound freely now. It seemed black in the dark of night. Stopping at the rim of the lake he looked down at his bloody reflection revolted.

“Look at your self you old mutt Azul.” He muttered in a raspy voice. Spinning the knife by the hilt and blade, in his hands. “You’ve become even worse then him.” Azul growled in torment. Images of what he had done flashing though his mind. His joints were aching, muscles burning, and all the bones in his body felt like they were melting. Azul made his way to a nearby bolder. He leaned against it the smell of his blood and his grandfathers’ blood mixing in his nose. Blood spurted from his mouth as he coughed, his knees buckling. Turning around so his back leaned up against the stone, his breath ragged and shallow. He closed his eyes evoking what had driven him to do something so horrific, and to someone who he shared his blood with.

Ever since he was young his grandpa made it a point to poke fun at him. Belittled and tormented Azul. Remembering this caused his lips to curl and a snarl to erupt from his throat. His grandfather had both wealth and power. All the family agreed with his ideals. All but him that is. They always pushed him around. Mocking him, not just with words either. They would push him around, like a pack of savage and ravaging animals thirsty for blood.

“Now ain’t that ironic.” Azul whispered mockingly, a look of loathing on his features. Deep blue eyes cracked open looking down at his blood stained hands. “What’s worse...” He gave a hefty sigh, leaning his head back against the rough stone. One leg was bent up, and the other folded underneath it. One arm resting across the hip of his folded leg, the other on the knee of his raised leg, the serrated blade held loosely in that hand. He tapped the teeth against his leg softly. “...I’d do the something all over again given the chance.” His lips curled in a sickened way.

A sharp howl caused him to stand abruptly. Eyes wide as he looked around, knife firmly gripped in his hand. It came again. He about-faced in an instant. There on a stony outcrop, stood a glorious white wolf. Shoulders hunched up, neck bent down, so its head was even with its shoulders. On either side of the wolf’s white coat there was a golden band of fur that traveled around it’s shoulders down the sides and back up to the hips. The marks were shaped like a lighting bolt and rightly so seemed to burn in the moonlight. Feral golden eyes locked with his refined ones. It seemed like an eternity before either made a move. “You and I ain’t so different ya know?” Azul’s voice came out strained. The wolf moved and

was now sitting back on its haunches, giving Azul a bemused look. “Both now outsiders just trying to make our own in this cruel world.” Azul couldn’t help but laugh. He remembered how his parents had tried to raise him up like a good boy. Making him go to Sunday school, taking him to church, and saying a prayer before supper. His laugh rippled through the crisp night air. It sounded more like a mix of a frightened animal, and an animal showing its bravado. By the time Azul’s laughing had subsided, the wolf had made its way down the outcrop, and towards him. Azul moved down onto a knee. Taking his hand he placed it on the beast’s head, who he was again eye to eye with. This time closer and this time he smiled. The knife now pocketed in his jeans. “I tell you what friend. God ain’t anything more than a small bemused child with an ant farm.” Azul looked up to the blood red moon peering over the trees of the dense forest, looking down at him and his companion. His cohort followed his gaze, eyes shining bright, tail wagging in anticipation. For what the wolf didn’t know but was sure it was for something. “He ain’t got no plans for us my friend...We gotta do as life dictates and strive, for all that we can.”