

Sky Gang's Mercy

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Well, this is the first story I've ever uploaded anywhere, and I'd like you to please, if possible edit it or at least comment on it. Thanks!

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Chapter 0 - Prolouge

2

0 - Prolouge

Sky Gang's Mercy

Book I

Forest to City

Prologue

Oh, I hope it can't hear that...

He thought, listening to the thump of his own heart. Each paw was slowly and quietly placed forward of his body as he began to stalk the mouse, his silver eyes glinting with anticipation. Suddenly, the mouse froze and the cat did as well.

Mouse dung! He thought, squinting his eyes. Without thinking, he leapt and landed on the back end of the little creature, leaning forward and swiftly breaking its neck with his teeth.

Lifting the mouse up from the ground in his jaws, he triumphantly began to pad back towards the center of his gang's territory, near his abode.

His thick paw pads thudded on black asphalt as he crossed the park towards a huge oak. It was night, and he was still rather close to the edge of the city, and his gang's territory. He hoped he would get back to his mate, Silver, soon.

Suddenly, a low growl came from behind him. Silver eyes widening, he slowly turned his head. There, right behind him was a huge grey bloodhound.

One of the Dump Dogs. Lethal, stray, and a huge annoyance to avoid at all costs. Unless you were in a Team. Which he just happened to not be in at the moment.

"Oh.... Sky Gang have mercy." He whispered.

"Hello there, Stirke. Nice to see *YOU* again." The dog said with a huge, wolfish grin. Stirke let the mouse drop, and before it was even on the ground, he was off running without much hope that he would make it very far. But the bloodhound was faster, and had caught up with him in seconds. Stirke let out a defiant hiss and spun around, knowing he would die today. But he would do as much damage as he possibly could.

Swiping out a massive black paw, he slashed the mutt across its muzzle. And jumped back in one swift movement. The hound howled and let out a guttural snarl, leaping forward and attempting to bite the cat's neck.

"Oh, no, beast, I'm going to do more damage than that before I die." Strike hissed before launching himself upwards and catching at the dog's ear with a long, white claw.

The dog let out a terrifyingly shrill cry of pain before he landed on the tomcat, lowering his jaws to hover over Strike's neck.

"Any last words, cat." He growled, malice and hate dripping from every syllable, extra emphasis on the word cat, as if he were saying cow manure.

Stirke hissed in the wolf's face and meowed, sounding out every word slowly,

"Beware, beast, because if you mess with us any longer, something very bad will happen. Make sure to

tell your WHOLE horde that, too.” His eyes narrowed, and as he was about to say one more thing, the wolf let out a terrible growl and snapped the cat’s neck. Strike’s eyes widened for the last second of his life, and then the fierce spark died, his body went limp, and his spirit left his body to soar with the Sky Gang for the rest of time.

The dog grunted and lifted the cat’s massive body leaving one important clue—A golden chain with a tiger’s claw at the end laying on the ground that had been passed on for generations in Strike’s family. As the wolf swaggered away, the sun shone on the chain and dancing light patterns were alit in the air. The breeze ruffled through the trees, and a voice that flowed with the wind was barely heard by the birds, and fell on the deaf ears of the dog. One single word was heard:

Beware...