

Blood Lust

An unexpected journey

Von PsychoMantis

Kapitel 2: His silly deer

The sun started to rise when the wolf woke up. She was still there, by his side. Resting. He could feel her heartbeat, her breath, her warmth. Only this time, he is not hungry. His mind was clear. In this moment, his energy levels weren't low and he could now face any challenge. But for now, the wolf just wanted to watch her. "What did hurt you so bad?", he would think, "You silly deer." Something inside him started to admiring her. After being abandoned by his pack, many moons ago, she was the only one who was brave enough to face him without having any fear. She dare to stay without a care. Minutes were passing by and he would just watch the deer. "What a fearless silly creature you are."

The wolf moved his head close to the deer, inhaling this already familiar scent of the brown fur, his head starting to rest on her neck. He liked the fact that for the moment he wasn't lonely. Finally he would feel some peace and maybe this deer would feel the same. All the time, all these battles he's been having, all these cold nights, the wolf was always alone.... Her heartbeat drumming softly, relaxing him and sounding like a lullaby. And so he fell asleep again. A peaceful sleep he did not have for a long time.

Hours have passed and the sun moved across the sky, shining down on them, but not strong enough to melt any of the snow. The deer woke up, feeling his presence and his head on her neck. "What is he doing?", she is thinking. Not moving a muscle, the deer stays motionless and observes the situation she is in. "Okay he is sleeping. But why am I still alive? What does he really want?", were thoughts which occupied her mind, should she move or not. It would definitely wake him and he could instantly kill her. Should she run after moving, or not. The deer started to listen to his breathing. It's slow. Relaxed. Somehow, for reasons she can't explain, she is feeling safe. "He is a predator.", the deer would think. The dry red blood on his muzzle was a solid poof for her thoughts. She must have a death wish but for now she feels protected. "Only to be eaten later.", a voice would tell her, "But he preferred to eat a fox instead of you.", another voice in her mind started to speak up. "Why?", the deer asking herself, "why?", only one way to find out. She couldn't stay like this forever anyway...

The deer started to move a little stretching her muscles. The movement made the senses of the wolf go alert and he woke up, as she had predicted. He moves his head away from her and she turned to him. Their eyes focusing on each other, the wolf facing his prey and the deer facing her predator. Both trying to understand what is

happening, watching each other, the wolf relaxing again and the deer focusing on his eye. So many questions. "Why?", they are both thinking the same, but will they ever get answers? Questions to themselves, why they behave like this and questions about each other. The wolf is not attacking and the deer is not running. His hazel eyes and her green eyes absorbing each other, she lost herself in his eyes, they almost seem... gentle. The deer turns her gaze away from him, everything about him confuses her and she can't sort her thoughts.

Her instincts suddenly kicking in and she jumps up, not moving away from the wolf and she looks back into his hazel eyes. A fox... one of them chasing her managed to catch her hind leg, damaging her and making it for her now impossible to escape from anyone... She was lucky, no blood was drawn but the damage was done and the deer knew that who ever choose to take her down would succeed. The deer was holding her leg up above the snow, clearly in pain and the wolf moved his body against her, forcing her to lay back down. She was sure that he will position himself above her and would devour her any second...

But instead the wolf circled around her, moving as close as he would dare too and licks her leg. Her green eyes watching him, wondering if he is tasting her, but it felt much more gentle... like he was trying to stop her from hurting. The wolf stops and inches closer, laying down next to her and facing the creature who seem to be as confused as he is.

Minutes were passing and they were both enjoying the sun and feeling awkward seeing each other. Once again deer broke the ice and tried to stand up. She knew she needed to feed and she recalls that she had seen some grass nearby. The wolf jumped up wondering why the deer isn't resting but decided to move closer to her so she could lean and rest against him. The deer felt an awkward safety but she knew it will be for the best to use that for now. She leaned against him wondering about her own actions and why she is acting this way.

The wolf on the other hand, he knew that she was in weak condition and in need of help. The moment he would decide to leave, predators would approach and the wolf couldn't let that happen. He knew that letting her feed would help and benefit her. He couldn't just abandon her... What the wolf could do for now, before he goes take his path is wait until she gains some strength. It almost felt like that the deer was pulling the wolf closer... Her eyes were like magnets and he just couldn't resist. So he made the choice to help her move and step by step they started moving.

Finally, together, they managed to reach the area where there was grass. The wolf helped her down slowly not to hurt her and then she looked at him. "Why is he trying to save me?", the deer would think again as the wolf was moving a few steps further so she could eat in peace. "That's a pray you are leaving behind.", he would think but this time he would be sure about what he was doing. So the wolf sat down a few meters further. Watching her eat somehow made him happy. He was watching her closely, every move of her and he enjoyed it, but every time she turned to him he looked away. Suddenly his nose picked the up the scent of some flesh. He jumped on his feet and tried to understand which direction the smell comes from. The deer started to watch him and his movement. The wolf managed to pick out the direction the scent emerges from, he can feel the flesh...

Instantly he starts running to the direction of the smell. He may have decided not to eat the deer for now but that doesn't mean that he won't eat at all. The wolf was

moving, faster and faster. His strong feet making big leaps and in two minutes he reached the area. It was the dead foxes he had killed the other night. The ice had preserved the meat in good condition so he started ripping the flesh out.

After the wolf was done eating and he could feel his energy boosting. His hunger totally disappearing and his blood lust fulfilled. He was now ready to go back and face her. He made the choice to walk now, so he has more time to think clearly. "Why are you really doing this?", a voice in his head would say. "That creature is alone and hurt like me", he would think.

"You may be full for now, but never forget that that pray is tasty."

"I am no better than that creature."

"You are a predator. This is your territory."

Finally he reached the area where she was eating. Her brown fur made him forget his thoughts and just watch. The deer noticed him, he moved over to her and sat close to her but keeping some distance. His face was once again red from the blood covering his muzzle. The deer's eyes showed so many emotions, a mix of all of them. Thoughts that she could be next went through her mind but a question came up too, why, she is still alive. Mistrust because of blood but the feeling of safety because of his eyes. The wolf decided to put his face down again into the snow and closed his eyes.

The wolf started to remember when he was a puppy. Playing with his friends, running around chasing them and being chased back. He was so carefree, he didn't need to worry about food. Neither his friends. Their parents would mostly hunt and they would all feast together. But the previous day he had joined too, in the hunt for food. He could feel equal to the other wolves while running and chasing the prays, even though he was actually just running behind them and was just barking. He was so happy having friends...

As he was playing, everyone parents would be relaxing after a good hunt, but his father would stand on the top of the hill. Thinking of the next move and calculating the weather conditions. Scouting the area for possible threats but also trying to get a scent of a pray and looking at his pack if everything was okay. Their eyes would look back with respect. He was a great and strong leader...

The wolf opened his eyes and saw hers staring back at him with hate but also comfort. But he couldn't deal with this right now, he was feeling so empty right now so he moved a bit further and pushed his head into the snow. The wolf was trying to clear his mind...

Once the wolf closed his eyes more memories came, forcing their way into his mind. He started to remember his hard training. That he had to surpass his limits many times and that his father was so demanding when it came to that. The son of the leader couldn't be weak. The wolf could always find comfort with his mother but even then, she had to obey to the leader. He knew that his father was good and wise but he was pushing too much.

Sometimes the wolf could only watch his peers playing with each other as his father's strict eyes were watching him at his training. He remember all the times he wasn't allowed to eat after the pack had a hunt because he was too weak, because he had failed his training or failed to operate in hunting. The times that the wolf had wounds from training but had to be strong. "Predators aren't allowed to have weaknesses." His coevals would sometimes mock him for that, "The son of the leader cannot be

weak!" That message was so loud in his head, but no matter how hard he tried, it would never be enough. "I won't be weak again!", the wolf was thinking as he was trying to push all these thoughts away and trying to hide his head under his paws in the snow. "Mother.. please forgive me...", his paws covering his eyes and the snow making his nose numb...

And so, he opened his eyes and saw the deer looking at him with questions in hers. For a second the wolf was feeling empty but then he came to his senses. He had decided to protect that deer until she was able to walk properly, he had no time to be off guard or even weak. He stood up and started walking around patrolling the area. Some movement would be good for his mind also.

Eventually the deer got bored looking at him all the time and decided to feed again so she started eating and the feeling of hunger started to leave. Suddenly the wolf stopped because the sun had started fading and he needed to find a shelter for the deer. He was aware of the dangers of the night and he didn't want to lose his stamina by entering into a fight. The wolf remembered that there was a hidden small cave nearby and from his experience he knew that the cave would be a better place than here, so the wolf went next to the deer and helped her stand up. Even though there were many demurrals all over her mind, her body moved easily and showed no resistance.

They both walked together not that far until they reached the area with the cave. The wolf made her sit, his intend was that she waits for him so he could go check if the area was safe. Thankfully there was no one there so once again the wolf would steady the deer gently and accompany her to the cave and moved gently away from her. She lowered herself on some old straw and watched him. Since he wasn't feeling tired the wolf decided to sit close to the entrance, to guard the area so no one could threat that deer. His deer.