

# Blood Lust

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## Kapitel 1: How we met...

The cold wind is pushing between the trees, making their branches move back and forth, the hazel coloured eyes searching the snow layered ground and his paws leave a trail behind him. His fur is glorious, his paws are barely visible in the snow since they are covered in white fur and it works up his legs. The fur changes it's colour, his strong upper legs turn grey, with a hint of brown and his fur turns darker, almost like the night sky. His ears, which are covered in almost black fur, pick up the noise of careful, soft steps and he tilts his head. The sweet smell of the prey is lingering in the air, his nose is twitching and picks up the scent. His instinct takes over, he starts to see red, like the blood of his prey and the wolf starts running to the east.

He sprints between the trees, his steps echoing in the otherwise so silent morning hours and his ears search for the sound of his prey. The smell makes his mind go running, it tells him to move forward, to capture what ever he has picked up. The wolf knows he is getting closer, the prey is not far off, the lust for blood is driving him insane and he enters a open plain...

The snow is covering everything, the tree line looks naked and frozen, his ears turn left and right and he looks to the centre of the field. That is where she rests, in the middle of the snow field, her brown fur giving her away to any predator and the wolf narrows his hazel eyes at her. The deer turns her head, she has unusual eyes for a deer, the light almost reflect them green and the wolf inches closer to her. He moves slow, his before so loud steps almost silent in the snow, his lust for her blood is increasing and the wolf knows he has to try her. The wolf can almost taste her flesh, he expected the deer to run for her life, but she just turned her head and looked at him. Her unusual coloured eyes reflecting nothing but pain...

The wolf is close to her, his snout moving through the air, the smell of the deer enters the nose of the wolf and his eyes widen. He shakes his head and lowers himself in the snow, the wolf saw something in her eyes. He decided to ignore his hunger for her flesh and wants to know more about this deer, the wolf was used to fear...

He watched many creatures do stupid mistakes while running for their life, yet she just looks at him with her ever so sad eyes. The wolf expected her to run, like they always do and he would jump up, chase her till she gets tired. He would drive his fangs into her hind leg, the wolf would slow her down, the deer blood would stain the white snow in red sprinkles and he would not let go of her flesh. The wolf would use his front paws to wrestle her into the snow, he would position himself over this "fearless" deer, his paws trapping her body and the damage to her hind leg stops her from moving. The wolfs snout would show the sharp fangs which he will drive into the neck of this helpless deer... All these images snapped into his mind. He would be once again victorious against this cold night.

He showed her his teeth but the deer just stayed motionless in her spot. The wolf was hungry, weaken by this merciless winter, so he was hoping for an easy prey. His energy levels from starvation were low, everyone was fighting for themselves in these hard times. He started coming close but the deer did not care. Her eyes were so empty, the inner pain was so intense, her eyes giving him a message. "Finish it". The

message was clear as the full moon was last night in the sky. It was the first time he would see no fear. Only emptiness. All his preys would do many silly mistakes but this silly deer did not care. "Run", he would think, but she would not move a muscle. Something in his mind started stopping him. Something the wolf had never heard before would tell him, "Don't do it." The inner struggle suddenly became strong. He didn't know what to do. The wolf was so hungry but his brain wouldn't let him. So, the only thing he could do is, lower his head and sit down to deal with himself. This beaten creature did beat him by doing nothing.

The wolf buried his head in the snow, hoping the smell of the deer would not reach his mind and tries to fight this urge to taste her flesh. Would his urge to eat win? His brain is split, between killing to survive and watching this deer resting in the snow. The cold numbs his nose and the wolf lays in the snow, watching the deer, her eyes focusing on him and he feels something weird. The wolf moves through the snow, still on the ground, not surrendering but to inch closer to her. His fangs still showing, the will to kill hasn't left him and the wolf is right next to her. The deer turns her head, showing of her throat to him, "Eat me now.", she tells the wolf but he rests next to her. His mind still fighting over what to do and her head turns back to him. His snout is touching her fur, she radiates a warmth the wolf hasn't felt in a long time and the deer rests her head on his neck.

The wolfs breathes in the smell of the deer, her whole being drives him insane, "Do it!", the wolf opens his mouth further and reveals all of his lethal fangs. The deer starts brushing her head against the fur of the wolf, a little whine escapes his mouth and she continues to push against the wolf. His hunger... so intense and demanding, but he just can't drive his fangs into her flesh...

The ears of the wolf start to pick up a unfamiliar noise, his head shots up and the wolf sits in the snow. The deer pulled her head back and looks at the wolf, sitting in front of her and ignores everything around her. Crack... another sound... the wolf picks up another scent in the air and turns his head to the right. A deep howl can be heard and the wolf knows another predator is in the area. He will not be able to devour the deer once he decides too and knows he can't fight in his condition. The wolf starts to growl and the deer jumps up, he was not growling at her... but at what was coming...

A group of foxes enter the view of the wolf, under normal circumstances he would fight them off, but the hunger weakens not just his mind, his body too. The foxes start circle around them, four in total, in size much smaller than the usually strong wolf, but he will not fight them today. The wolf lets out another growl and the deer gets startle, she jumps up and starts to run for the trees. The foxes move in closer and run after the deer, the wolf knows if he wants to have her flesh, he needs to stop them. The wolf chases after the foxes, he manages to reach one and rams his body into the animal. The fox stumbles and whines...

The wolf continues his pace, he can only see two foxes and wonders where the fourth one is. He is leaping over the ground, faster and faster, but he starts to fall back when something knocks him off balance. The wolf rolls over the ground, that something bites into his neck and a deep growl escapes him. He shakes the predator of him and jump back on his feet, his hazel eyes look at the fox and he shows off his fangs. Without a warning the wolf jumps the fox, placing his paws around the fox, growling at the animal beneath him and drives his fangs into the neck of the now helpless fox.

The fox cries for help, which makes the wolf just bite harder and blood starts to come out of the wounds. The wolf, such a lethal predator, needed just one bite to find the vein and end this life.

You would think he stops chasing the deer, but no, this dirty flesh wouldn't satisfy his need, this wolf, he wants that deer. The wolf inhaling the fresh morning air, hoping to find this deer, his deer... but the smell of the dirty fox blocks out everything. He starts running, into the direction the foxes went and he hopes, that his deer is unharmed. His paws leave a trail of blood, the drops from his muzzle tainting the white ground with red sprinkles. "Faster...", he thinks...

The wolf searches the forest, sniffing the ground but nothing, he can't pick up her scent. He moves silent through the forest, hoping he could pick her up somewhere, but his search would be without hope. It is quiet, too quiet for his taste and behind a tree he spots the red fur of something. The wolf lowers his head and points his ears, a growl almost escaped his mouth but he was able to tame himself and starts to creep up on the red fur. His strong hind legs push him forward and before the fox knew what hit him the wolf bites his neck. The fox escapes a painful cry and tries to wriggle himself free. The wolf loses his grip and the fox drags himself through the snow, leaving a bloody trail behind and the wolf points his ears again. He jumps the fox and bites into his hind leg, stopping him to escape any further and puts his full weight on his prey. The fox collapses under the weight of his much bigger predator and falls victim to his wounds.

The wolf digs his fangs into the neck again, ripping the skin apart with ease and the blood of the fox is covering the white ground beneath them. He starts to devour the fox, biting into the flesh, covering himself and the snow in red. Bit by bit he rips out parts of the flesh, his fangs gnawing away on the corpse, feeding his hunger and restoring his energy. The flesh isn't what he had hoped for, but it will do till he finds his deer.

The wolf licks along the flesh, wondering if he should hide the rest of his prey, but he knew once he finds the deer he will have more tasty flesh to try. His muzzle is a deep shade of red, he shakes himself, sprinkling the ground in more red and starts to turn his head. The morning air smells hopeful, his nose twitches and he moves his ears. He can't hear her but his nose picked up her scent, she can't be far from here...

The wolf lets out a deep howl, hoping his deer will know it is him and show herself. He starts running, "Where are you?!", the wolf leaps up a hill, the trees thickening and he knows she has to reveal her location to him. The wolf comes to a stop on the hill, letting out another howl, her scent... she must be close and his ears pick up something. He moves his snout over the snow, hoping to find her alive when he spots some brown fur on the ground. His nose inches closer to the strands of fur and his eyes widen. It has her scent... Another howl, it almost sounds painful...

The wolf walks down the other side of the hill, his ears pointed and nose sniffing the air. He picks up another noise and turns around, seeing her, covering herself under a bush and the wolf moves closer to her. He lowers his head, indicating he means no harm, but his blood covered muzzle shows what a lethal predator he is. The deer jumps up, trying to move closer to him, the wolf notices her limping and decides to walk towards her. He circles her, looking for blood but he can't see any big wound. The deer lowers herself next to a tree, she holds her hind leg in a weird place and the wolf notices some of her fur is missing. His deer looks at him, "Finally you are here to

finish me.”, her eyes are talking to him and he lays down next to her. He nudges a little against her leg and she pulls away, her eyes reflecting pain. The wolf thinks, how he will have a feast of her later, till then, he will keep his deer safe. He lays next to her, in the shade of a tree, watching her ever so sad eyes and he wonders why she just gave herself over to a predator. The wolf rests his head in the snow, his ears listening for any unfamiliar noise and the deer lowers her head on the neck of the wolf.

## 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 preys, 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.