

# Blood Lust

## An unexpected journey

Von PsychoMantis

### 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 wolf's 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, weakened 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 wolf 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 an unfamiliar noise, his head shoots 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 off 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 notice 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 notice 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.