

We Will Always Be Ferals

It was a fairly tough night as you ran through the damp forest. The leaves making squelching noises as you run quickly, trying to ignore the feeling of the mud and leaves squelching through your pawed feet and the wet leaves catching on your claws. You hadn't meant to have gone this far from your hive. You were just planning for a little stroll and instead you were ambushed. You started panicking a bit as you saw the trees beginning to thin out. Slowing, you panted as you glanced around yourself before skidding to a stop and causing the mud and leaf mulch to splatter up onto your muscular, sleek, grey legs. You looked around the forest seeing the other areas are thicker and more overgrown and will likely cause you to have to go slower least you trip, thus causing you to let out a slight snarl of annoyance and despair. You gulped in massive takes of air before breaking off into a run again in case if they were still following you.

A couple of A-grade assholes ambushed you for a little bit of fun, but once they managed to actually slice their claws through the flesh of your arm all bets were off and they chased you. You held your injured arm that was still weeping that damned candy red blood that you detest so much and what had gotten you into this mess in the first place. You skidded to a halt again as the smell of saltwater hits your nose along with the sound of waves washing upon the shore. You cursed under your breath, just your fucking luck to have been chased out all the way to the ocean. That is a sure one-way ticket to getting yourself culled with your blood being on display and practically a target to all the pan-rotted dumbasses in the area, as if saying, 'LOOK HERE AT THIS FUCKING DUMBASS! RUNNING AROUND WITH HIS MUTANT FREAK BLOOD ON DISPLAY! AN EASY FUCKING CULL FOR ALL YOU PAN-ROTTED NOOKCLICKING FUCKERS!' But noooo... you had no other choice other than to go down that path lest you face those fucking cheeky highbloods again.

You heave a heavy woe-is-me sigh and continue running onward to the beach and most likely sure death. The muddy leaves underneath you then turn into sparse grass which starts turning into sand as you run onward to your most likely death. The only good thing about being this close to the ocean is that there is the high possibility of there being well hidden caves in the cliff sides that you can maybe and hopefully rest in while you heal, hopefully undisturbed. You soon start seeing the dark blue of the ocean surf and the fishy smell from it grows stronger as you stop half-way on the beach glancing around for a cliff face nearby that may behold a cave. Ah! There's a cliff side! You then quickly run to your left at the dark scraggly shape of the mountain and praying to god that you can make it there without being caught. You kept your injured arm closer to your chest to try and keep as much of the candy red blood hidden but some is still trickling down your arm and you now have to make sure it doesn't drip as well. Otherwise... you're fucked.

As you near the cliff you glance amongst the rocks but keeping a wary eye upon the ocean in case if a seatroll rises from its depths to chase after you. Upon reaching the cliff side you notice a disturbance in the side with hanging moss dangling down and quickly go up to it, feeling the side of the wall before placing your hand on the moss. Perfect! It is a cave! You quickly go inside upon this revelation and sniff warily around the cave in case if it is being used. Doesn't seem like any creature is using this cave... It only smells of dampness and slight salt. You wander deeper into the cave and came to an opening that doesn't have a draft and sigh as you sit down by the wall. At least it's slightly warmer here and you are out of that cold sea breeze... Looking down at your wounded arm

you flinch inwardly at the bright blood before lapping at it gently and cleaning it up of the bright red blood. At least it stopped bleeding for now... Looking around for a piece of moss or leaf to cover the wound up you find none and snarl a little in annoyance. Of course... you then tear off a piece of the cloth hanging from your waist and wrap it around the wound. 'Well... It's better than nothing...' You grumbled to yourself as you curled up to go to sleep. 'I can see if those douchebags are still there tomorrow... and then see if I can make it back to the safety of my hive...' you closed your eyes at this last thought and drifted into a deep sleep due to your tiredness from the 'excitement' of the day.

You quickly startle awake as you hear a low snarl. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuckkkk.... You had no idea that this cave was being used! You quickly scramble up to your feet, wincing a bit as it jostles your still injured arm and glance around you to see bright yellow eyes slitted at you and white shark fangs bared along with violet fins flared out. Of fucking course... it had to be a bulgemunching seadweller... You bare your fangs in warning and hiss at the seadweller a little. You do not want to pick a fight with him... But if he makes a move, you might have too... His yellow eyes narrow as he looks you up and down with a scrutinizing gaze; you glare back at him and do the same back while he is to you. He has a finned tail and strong legs undoubtedly meant for swimming in the strong currents of the ocean. He has fins along his back and on the elbows of his arms while his hands and feet are webbed. His hair is swept back and has an obnoxious shock of purple going up the middle as if anyone needs a reminder that he is a violet asshole. His horns are swept back and lightning bolt shaped, "Ey landdwweller. Wwhat are you doin 'ere, this close to the ocean?" You glance back up to glare into his bright yellow eyes, seems like he has a fucking gaudy highblood accent to boot.

"That's none of your fucking business assfins. I was just fucking planning on leaving if you oh so don't bloody mind asschute." You snarl at him as he then looks like an offended shark before snarling back at you. "Wwhy you fuckin little... I should havve ya culled for that fuckin offense!" You barked out a sarcastic laugh as the seadweller puffs up more like a meowbeast mixed with a pufferfish. "Fucking try it fishbreath! I'd like to see you fucking try!" The seadweller glares you down coldly once more and you are trying to get your fucking mouth to shut up but it just keeps running off with sentences that are a sure fire way to being culled, seems like thinkpan to talk gash are disconnected from each other. Whoop de do. You then feel a cold chill as the seadweller's cold look then turns to a smirk. "I wwouldn't try an run black fer me darlin. Don't take to kindly too landdwwellers. But if ya wwant ta try wwith me I could make an exception~." You almost gagged as he said that and putting on your most disgusted face, sneer back at him, "Me fucking pitch with you? I just fucking met you, asshole! So don't go trying and make a move on me if you don't even fucking know what you are doing in that panrotted thinkpan of yours! So fuck off and let me leave assfins!"

The seadweller chuckled at your little rant, sauntering closer and leering over you. You gave him your most disgusted look and flicked your ear in annoyance. "Fuck off fishface. I'm not in the fucking mood for your stupid shit-eating shenanigans... Especially creeps like you who are rotted in the bloody pan and will practically throw themselves on a troll to be in a quadrant with them. So, Fuck the. Hell. Off. I'm not in the mood for your stupid fucking games. If ya want to be in a fucking shit eating quadrant with me. Get to know me first. Don't just fucking assume and throw yourself at

the troll in hopes that they'll magically fucking agree to be in a quadrant with you." You were panting pretty heavily after your ranting and the fucking seadweller in front of you just looked stunned. "Wwoww... doncha havve a mouth on ya..." he whistled out low and high and you flattened your ears to your head with a snarl before getting up to your feet and moving to get away from the stuffy douche. "Go fuck yourself on the rustiest thing you can find and then fucking try drowning yourself." You snap out irritated and push past him when he tries to stop you and quickly walk out of the cave before breaking into a run. You can hear the seadweller yell some inane thing from behind you but you don't turn round and just keep running in hopes that he won't follow.