

Gone to Pieces
By Holo

Verace's vision was blurry as he opened his eyes. He was laying on a concrete floor that was covered in blood. Blue blood. His own. "Fuuuucckk." He blinked and tried to move his limbs, but nothing felt right. He tried to remember what he had been doing. Some sort of blood ritual... Something must have gone very, *very* wrong. He did his best to look around. He couldn't move his head, and only one of his eyes was moving the way he wanted it to. He figured out why as he peered through the blood soaked ground around him. His other eye was out of its socket. Still connected, but popped out.

He tried to reach out for it. He felt his arm move, but it couldn't see it. He strained his good eye, and began to notice that that bloody lumps all around him were his limbs, blown off and strewn about. Putting himself back together would be a real pain in the ass. He tried to move his arm again, and he felt around with it out of sight. It plopped against something wide and soft, and he felt the sensation of a hand on his chest. One arm was still attached at least, which would make things easier.

With effort, he managed to get his arm to drag his body towards his head until he could see it. Once in view, it was easy to get his arm to scoop up his head and place it on the stump of his neck between his shoulders. He hit himself on the top of the skull with a fist, and there was a cracking of bone as his head snapped back into place. The blood in his fur retreated back through his skin, and the shredded flesh and muscle knit themselves back together.

Carefully, he grabbed his loose eye and pushed it back into the socket. His vision cleared, and he blinked a few times to get his eyes to swivel into its proper place. He could now clearly see that he was still missing an arm, both legs, and one tail. He rolled over onto his belly and clawed his way across the ground, morbidly grateful that all of the slick blood made it easier to slide around with just one arm.

Verace grabbed his other arm next and jammed it into the socket with a loud *pop*. He grimaced at the pain, but it faded as the injury healed itself. He was looking less bloody and more complete, even though he was forced to use his arms to drag himself over to where his legs had landed. One was upright against a shelf, and the other had landed on one of the shelves higher up. He grabbed his standing leg in his arms, twisted his body, and pushed his leg back into place against his hips. He yelped again from the sting and shock, and shuddered as the feeling passed.

He grabbed the shelves and pulled himself to his feet, or in this case, foot. He balanced on one leg with one arm on the shelf for support as his other arm grabbed his missing leg and painfully reattached it. He sighed with relief once he could stand on his two legs. All that was left was his missing tail. Not finding it on the floor or furniture, he looked up to see it dangling from a slow-spinning ceiling fan. Verace sighed and considered getting a ladder, but reconsidered the effort.

He moved to the wall switch instead and turned the fan up, making it spin faster until it flung his tail off. The bloody thing hit the wall with a splat, and Verace had to peel it off before sticking it back where it belonged. He felt better balanced with it attached, and gave both his

tails a good swish. The blood ritual had fucked up something awful, but that wasn't going to stop him from trying again tomorrow.