

The Wolves Realm

Chapter 1

'Him'

It was dark. The wind blew mildly causing the shop signs to swing. Plenty of people in the streets at this time of night. Mostly drunks. The ones who weren't drunk were on their way to their favourite taverns to get drunk. As was what he was doing. Walking to The Three Wolves tavern. After a days work he thought that he deserved to go out and get as drunk as he wanted to. So he was walking down the road, passing all the other folk of a couple of different species. Plenty of wolves, a few bunnies and a couple of coyotes. No other species could afford to waste their gold and silver on ale and rum. Wolves rule in this realm. If you weren't a wolf then you had a bad job that wanted a lot of time and gave next to no pay... When you got paid, if ever. Bunnies though, they make very good merchants and therefore make quite good money. Coyotes, they are the only other species that the king allows to serve in his palace alongside wolves. Only a handful of coyotes serve in the palace though, and they are not allowed to directly serve the king.

He continued walking down the dark street. The two story buildings on either side of him were made out of stones. This is the upper class part of town. He hated walking this way. The long way. Haven't taken the short way for ten years or so. Ten years ago. That's when it all happened, and that's why he and no one else had ever taken a shortcut through that part of town since it happened. All that's left in that part of town are abandoned ruins that used to be stores and peoples homes. "It was for the best. Not that I had a choice" he thought. "It was a long time ago anyway. Things have gotten... Better." He stopped next to an alleyway where he could see 'that' part of the castle. Ruins as far as he could see. Some buildings still standing, most have collapsed. Furniture and belonging probably still in all the buildings since no one ever goes into that part of town. People believed that it's haunted by ghosts. He chuckled as he thought of this. Ghosts don't exist. But then again. When an occasional person seems to wander in they never come out again. Tried sending in knights once to search for some person who wandered in. The knights have never been seen again. No, he thought. Ghosts do not exist. It's just some sort of crazy person. A rat or something. But even rats are afraid to go in there. He turned to his left and continued his walk down the street passing a couple of white bunnies who were slurring out a whole lot of gibberish.

He stopped outside of a two story stone building identical to all the other buildings around. The only difference was the what the wooden sign read that hung over the door swinging as the wind was blowing. The Three Wolves Tavern. Only took an hour he thought. Used to take ten minutes the old way. He checked his pockets to make sure that he had his gold and silver. Pulled out numerous coins and proceeded to count them. 24 gold and 56 silver. Good. More than enough. He grabbed the door handle, opened the door and walked in making sure to close the door behind him and looked around. There was about six tables positioned around the room all of which were occupied. There were about nine poles, in rows of three evenly spaced out holding up the second floor. The stairs to the second floor were in the left corner on the other side of the tavern. They went up the wall then half way up reached the other wall and turned at a 90 degree angle up the rest of the way to the second floor. Only species he could see here were wolves. More than usual. Bunnies and coyotes never came to this tavern, they had their own taverns on the other side of the castle. In the poorer districts. He walked over to the bar, walking around one of the poles and a table and sat down on a stool at the bar. The bartender was serving a red wolf at the moment so he waited. Funny that he thought. Bartender. Been going to this bar for about seventeen years and yet he has never known the bartenders name. Or maybe the bartender told him and he was to drunk to remember. "You're usual commander?" Said a voice. He looked up to see the bartender. A green wolf. Quite large in build and could easily beat a man senseless. "Yes" he replied. The bartender turned around and started getting his drink ready. He turned around on the stool to see the fire was going on the other side of the tavern. Fire. All the memories started coming back. The flames... The screams. "Your drink commander" said the bartender's voice behind him. He turned around on the stool so that he was facing the bar

and bartender and saw his pint of ale on the bar with foam making a layer on the top. "Twenty silver still or have you raised the bloody prices again?" He asked.

"This is on the house commander"

"Well that's new"

"Business has been good lately"

"Yeah. There are quite a lot more people here than usual. What's making business so good lately?"

"That" said the bartender nodding his head in a direction off by the corner of the stairs.

He turned around and tried to find what the bartender was nodding at. Couldn't see anything at first until he realised what a group of people were crowding around. Standing by the stairs were two pink wolves and a purple one. All females and quite good looking as well. All three of them must be in their early twenties. "Damn" he said smiling. "New whores?"

"You bet. You look like you need one"

"Nah. Not tonight" He said. Too tired from the events of the past forty eight hours. Then again. Thinking about what happened over the past forty eight hours is more reason to have one.

"Actually... How much?"

"The shorter of the pink ones. That's Shenai. She's a good fifty silver. Taller of the pinks is Niki. She's three gold. And the purple. That's Hannah. She's six gold."

"Six gold? Is she really worth it?"

"I think so. Otherwise I wouldn't be charging that"

"You'd know wouldn't you?" He said chuckling.

"Well I have to interview them somehow don't I?" Said the bartender with a smile on his face.

"She'd better be worth six gold" he said pulling out some gold coins from his pocket. Counted out six and placed it on the bar. He then stood up and walked over to where Hannah was standing. "I believe you're mine for a while tonight" he said.

Hannah eyed up and down him before she looked over to the bar and got given a nod by the bartender. She then took him by the hand and started walking up the stairs. Yes, he thought. This is going to be a good night.