

The Wolves Realm

Chapter 3

'Him'

About nine years ago

He turned around and looked at the big wolf behind him, Killer he heard them call him. Very big and Black all over. Killer looked like he tear off your head like tearing a piece of paper. Not even one of the soldiers. So why was Killer here? He knew. It was in case he didn't do what the king told him to do. The king knew he was soft. Not like the rest of the members of the Kings high command. So what would happen if he failed to follow his orders? Simple. Killer would kill him. Right there and then. But what was it the king wanted him to do? He had no idea. All he knew was that Killer had a letter for him. It had the kings orders and he had to open it when they got to their destination. What is their destination? He didn't know that either. Only Killer knew where they were heading.

He looked forward again. He was sitting on the front of a carriage up with the driver. There was about three other carriages behind them all filled with soldiers that would do anything he commanded them to do. They had been on the road for about two weeks now. Imagine if you had to walk this way. Take you half a year or so. Each of the carriages had four horses pulling. Horses that they found in the wild. Non-anthro. They were too slow evolving. And now they were made to pull carriages. Not that he knew much about evolution. Only what he had read in books at the library. Can't do that anymore. He looked to his left to look at the trees. They were riding through Brywen Woods. Lots of non-anthro beasts lived in here. In matter of fact he was sure that a majority of the horses came from here. Then he saw two yellow looking eyes watching as they rode past. Probably just some non-anthro beast, he thought... He hoped.

He turned to the driver on his right. "So where do you think we're going?" he asked.

"I don't want to talk about it sir" The driver replied keeping on looking forward.

"Why not?"

"That big fella"

"What about him?" He asked.

"He said that if I said anything about the way we're going he was going to..." Said the driver suddenly stopping himself.

"Going to do what?"

"I don't want to talk about it sir" The driver replied.

"Right" He said looking behind him again to look at Killer. And there he was. Looking right back at him. Grinning. He quickly turned back again and looked forward trying to figure out where they were going. Not that he could. He had never been to this part of the realm before. But why was Killer grinning? He had no idea. Might as well try to rest for a short while.

He awoke. They had stopped in some sort of small village. Some of the soldiers had gone. Probably stealing the villagers ale and rum. He got down from the carriage and felt to cold ground on his feet. He walked around the other side of the carriage. He then looked down at the other carriages and noticed that all of the other carriages driver were still there. Except for his. Odd, he thought. It was the army's policy that while on duty all carriage driver had to stay with their carriages at all times. Which is when he suddenly realised that Killer was also gone.

He took a quick walk around the village and couldn't find the driver or Killer. So he went back to the carriage and sat waiting for one or the other to show up.

After what must have been about half an hour he saw killer walking back to the carriage. At this point all of the soldiers had come back. So he stood up. "Have you seen the driver?" He asked Killer.

"He had a bit of an... Accident" Killer replied.

"Accident?...." As Killer got closer he suddenly realised that his paws had some sort of red liquid on them.

"Yes. An accident. Problem?"

"That's not... blood... is it?" He asked.

"Not it is not" Killer replied growling. "I spilled some red wine on my paws."

"Right. Well, I'm gonna have to select one of the soldiers to drive the carriage then.

"Well would you hurry it up? I'm sick of this place" Killer said hopping back into the carriage.

If Killer was one of the soldiers and not directly serving the king he would have been punished for talking like that to one of the highest ranking commanders in the army.

He quickly selected one of the soldiers to drive the carriage. One the new driver was set he hopped back onto the carriage next to the driver and they started moving.

A short distance out of the village he heard a lady scream in the village. He had a good idea of what she had just found... More like who she had just found.