

Nathan's phone rang that morning. The wolf ran and read the message "A party?" he thought, and left the phone on the table again. He wasn't sure if he should go to the party, and walked across his room. "Should I?" He asked to himself. After a few minutes, he decided to go. Nathan was a white and grey young wolf. He was 19 years old and he moved away to live alone. He was a bit shy but at least he could be funny and kind. He felt nervous about the party, he had never been to one. Finally, when the party was about to start, he began getting ready. The young wolf decided to wear a black T-shirt and white shorts, and brown shoes. Afterwards, he left his house and locked the door.

For Nikola, it started with a simple e-mail from an old friend of his, "A party, eh?" It was all so sudden, just to be invited out of the blue, even suspicious. But images of beer and drunken good times began swirling through his head and he was reminded of why he'd enjoyed one of this guy's parties so much last time. Taking only a few seconds to reply, he was committed and ready to head over. It was to take place in about an hour, so the cat had plenty of time to ready himself. He was only about 20, not long turned 20 in fact but he'd been living with a roommate of his for about 4 weeks, finally having been able to leave his rather unpleasant parents. His roommate, Alex, was kind of a loner, hence why Nikola hadn't even bothered to invite him to tag along...maybe he'd sneak out and cheekily text him about it halfway through the evening.

It was about a 15 minute car drive to the location, in the middle of the local town's forest; it was certainly nothing he couldn't handle, but now the problem was that he'd turned about and was still about 20 minutes early.

Nathan thought he could arrive on time but when he was walking suddenly he heard the music. The wolf began to run afraid to be late on his first party. "Damn it!" he exclaimed to himself. He ran as fast as he could, there were beads of sweat on his forehead and his heart beat faster and faster. When he finally arrived there, he saw people dancing, drinking and talking. He just knew a friend of his there, but he didn't see him yet.

Finally some people began to turn up after half an hour of sitting alone on a stump. Several other people turned up with massive kegs on their shoulder, "Finally, some booze," the cat thought to himself as he watched the others arrive. After another 15 minutes, the party was booming; loud music, lots of drinking, and still some time before midnight. Nikola wasted no time in indulging in his favourite beer, 'Curiously Content'. It did feel a little awkward how there was a surprisingly large number of faces that he hadn't really seen before, he kind of expected his friend to turn up, it was his party after all. Walking more to the edge of the massive group, dancing and drinking, he needed a bit of fresh air. While turning to walk away, he bumped into someone, almost knocking himself over, "Oh shit, I'm sorry....!" he said worriedly, having spilt most of his beer over greyish-white wolf before him.

"Damn it!" he shouted, and smelled his clothes "Oh great now they smell like beer..." He ignored the cat and turned to walk away. He found a little river and tried to wash his t-shirt there, but the smell of alcohol remained "Oh this is perfect! Now I have to go back and change it..." he thought his first party would be awesome. He put his clothes on again and began to walk away from the people "Maybe I'm not ready for a party" he whispered sadly. He looked at the cat. Even if he was sorry the young wolf was mad at him. But at least he knew it wasn't his fault. Nathan stayed outta there, looking at the people, and then he turned and walked away.

Now Nikola just felt bad about that, and with his timid disposition, he really wished he hadn't spilt

his drink on the poor guy. "Fuck, I'm already getting dr-drunk," he told himself, being a lightweight when it came to drinking anyway. "Wait," the cat called out to the wolf as he turned to leave, "I'm so so-sorry *hic*...that I did that," he tried to explain but was a little too hammered to offer much, "you can ta-take my shirt, if you want, mon ami...." he said with a glossy smile and a gaze at the other with a pair of glazed over eyes, "trust me...ev-everyone's gonna st-stink of the booze here..."

Nathan stared at his eyes for a moment, thinking if he should accept his shirt. "And will you walk there shirtless?" he asked while lifting up an eyebrow "Well, fine" he sighed and took off his shirt, handing it to the drunk cat "At least wear mine, I don't want someone to get a cold".

"S'alright," he chuckled in a very unhealthy fashion and discarded his shirt, handing it over, "nah, I'll be...I'll be all cool, don't worry," he responded, blatantly declining the other's soaked shirt, "I feel warm enough," he explained, but that probably was just the beer making him feel warmer. The cat's fur rustled into the gentle breeze, it was black like the night, save for small strips of blue tattooed along the bridge of his muzzle - the black colour of his fur was considered to be highly unlucky in the feline culture, however it hid him well in the woods at night, something which wasn't particularly true while he was inebriated. "I'm go....gonna do something...Go ahead to the pa-party, alright?" He offered as he felt something welling up in his throat. Without warning, he made a mad dash towards the river and proceeded to chuck up his guts into it, clearly he'd had too much to drink.

"Mmmh... if you're sure..." he put the cat's shirt on and came back to the party, wondering if that guy would be fine alone. He took a glass of water and finally he met his friend. They talked for a long while, and he made Nathan to meet another friend of his. "Hey come on!" exclaimed one of the guys "What are you doing drinking water? It's a party!" The wolf didn't know what to answer. "Well hehe sorry, but I don't really like alcohol" he excused. Suddenly one of them handed him a glass of beer "Come one, try it" he said with a smile. Nathan took it and gave it a gulp. He felt strange and a bit warm, but he smirked "Oh good not bad!" he exclaimed and giggled. Then they continued dancing and drinking, but the young wolf didn't drink the beer again "I need to leave this somewhere" he thought.

After retching quite a bit, Nikola sat next to the flowing water a little bit, feeling calmed by the sound of the liquid trickling over the rocks. He had to calm himself a little before going back to the party. Without a shirt, he was a little worried about getting hypothermia, but surely it wouldn't hurt just to stay here a little longer. "Hey," a voice suddenly called, prompting the drunken kitty to turn his attention to a group of three other men, all of whom were clad in black masks covering their faces and very seedy-looking hoodies. "Er....ç-ça va?" he drunkenly asked the men, but they weren't having any nonsense tonight, "well, guys, we've been looking for a little kitty for a while, haven't we?" The leader said, speaking in a very gruff, heavy voice, prompting the other two to nod in agreement. "Guys....I ain't a k-kitty..." he insisted, trying to stand up but stumbling around a little bit. "You're coming with us," the second one commanded, speaking with a weird lisp. Before he could react (which is to say, not all), the men closed in on Nikola and dragged him away, gagging him tightly but not before he let out a yell, "HELP! Aidez-moi!" But he was silenced very quickly.

The wolf went to the closer river. He looked around and shed the beer into the water "I don't know how can people love this" he talked to himself. He was ready to come back with his friends but

suddenly a familiar voice could be heard between the trees. "It was... that cat?" he asked and then he heard a scream "And he seems to be in danger!". Scared, the wolf ran in the direction of the voice. When he was close, he saw three men dragging the kitty away, and covering his mouth with his hand. Then Nathan ran and pounced one of them "Hey, let him free!" he exclaimed, trying to push them away.

"Hey guyssss, we have a witnessss," he second man said again to his other two accomplices. Immediately the three men turned around to the wolf pouncing on them. The men were quite large compared to the ambitious canine who was trying to help the cat, they were easily able to overpower him, then gag him with a cloth soaked in chloroform, "Just ssssssleep, little wolfy," the second figure told him as they began loading the two into a van.

When the wolf woke up, he felt dizzy and strange. The last thing he remembered was some men trying to kidnap the cat, and a cloth over his mouth and nose. He was in a dim room, and he tried to move, but he noticed his arms were tied up with chains to the ceiling, and his feet trapped on metals stocks. After surrendering the ropes, he noticed he wasn't alone. Next to him the same kitty was tied up like him. Nathan tried to talk, but his mouth was blocked with a metal muzzled. Then he heard some steps coming from outside the door, and a big light entered in the room with three big silhouettes.

The three men stepped forward towards the two. Nikola was still out cold, still passed out from the beer and the hit over the head which knocked him out. Luckily, the kidnappers had a method to wake him up so he would be sober. Shedding their hoods, the first man stepped towards them, a very gruff looking tiger with several scars lining his face, his piercing eyes were intimidating to look at. The second was a lizard, a long, forked tongue protruding from his mouth (hence the lisp), and the other was a husky, who hadn't seem to talk very much yet. Nikola was shackled to the wall beside the wolf, his wrists in cuffs attached to the wall and his feet were elevated on a pile of books and were both tied to the ground, but he still had his shoes luckily, the same couldn't be said for his shirt which he'd lent to the wolf beside him. The cat began to wake up, the men having given him an unusual drug which could make someone pop back into normality from a drunken haze. "Where am I...?" He groggily spoke as he began to come to. He looked around the room, then to Nathan, then the three figures, quickly holding his breath and staring in fear, "Merde...."

The husky, the third man of the group finally spoke up, "You kids are gonna be here for a long, long time."

END OF PART ONE