

“You aren’t exactly in your prime...” Vespvr rose a brow at the strange rouge that had been staying near some of Hamaru’s territory since that day they had met at the boarder of Mwanga. Though neither really knew the other Kasim made himself at home around the board edges without really consulting either Hamaru or Mwanga. No Kasim never was one for formalities. But the offer of food inticed him to stay. The survive he had too, and Vespvr guarantied more then simple birds.

Kasim lifted himself onto the arena wall looking down into the pit. His ears high as he grinned like a child. “Why worried?” He laughed hardily as he looked back over his shoulder. Standing tall and without his cape it was very obvious he was still thin for his size. A fragile thing from what he had once been, yet he did not seem to notice. He seemed focused. Set on challenging the pit. He wanted the glory. He wanted to once again hear the cheers of the crowd. Without a second thought the leopard was gone over the wall and into the pit.

Kasim jumped into the arena in a heart beat. The scent of blood sending his heart racing as the crowd roared around him. He crouched ready to fight as his opponent stepped forward. A leopon stood tall before the full leopard, claws carving into the dirt of the arena. They called him the Mortician, that was the word they used around the fans. This would be a fight to remember Kasim was sure. His tail lashing as he watched his challenger approach.

A cocky smile crossed Kasim’s face as he crouched into a fighting stance. He craved this, missed this long since he had left the lab. Now this was entertainment. This got his blood pumping.

Kasim Struck out first, a swift ‘thwap’ sounded as his paw landed against the leopon’s face. He hit and he hit hard but the leopon struck back just as hard, if not harder with a paw against Kasim’s chest. Kasims limbs trembled as he stumbled back. His cocky smiling faltering before again and again the two continued to clash wildly.

Blood flew.

Breaths where heavy.

The fight was brutal.

The crowd went wild.

Clash after clash, claw for claw, the two opened skin and blood dripped now from Kasim’s forehead, shoulders and back. His tail lashed back and forth wildly as his chest rapidly filled and exhaled. He trembled from exhaustion his eyes wild as he began to realize how rusty his skills had become. With a growl Kasim charged the Mortician aiming for a pin. He was sudden stopped clashing again as paws his his shoulder holding the two still there. Then teeth ripped into Kasim’s Scarred neck. Kasim’s heart almost stopped. He felt the warth of blood on his neck and chest. The world slowed down as the leopard fell to the floor. The scar once more ripped open as he lay there in shock. The crowd roared the leopon’s monique in cheers. Kasim’s heart raced and his world faded to black.

Kasim woke with a sudden start. His heart pounding in his ears as his brow furrowed. How? How could he have let himself get so weak. The leopard felt at his throat. Was it torn out, was he..... dead.

No he felt very much alive and herbs pressed against his wounds. Though he rasped and wheezed as he tried to figure out where he was. His ears flickered back as a voice spoke out.

“That.... Was reckless. Foolish really.”

He looked back to see Vespvr. She or some of her pride must of dragged the leopard from the ring and attended to his wounds. Embarrassment filled the leopard as he growled before wildly coughing and again wheezing. “I... I can win....” He rasped breathing heavy as he stood on shaky limbs.

This wouldn’t be the last they saw of him. Oh no.... Kasim would return, and he would have his day in the arena.